THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Arthur A. Waite, an evangelist, closed a revival at Lynn, Mass., by running away without paying his bills.

THE marriage service uniting a Chicago couple was, it is asserted, performed by departed spirits, a medium acting under their control.

THE unflinching persistence of ex-Shepherd Cowley in clamoring for that $6,500 which he claims the city owes him for starving the young lambs in his "Fold" is regarded as one of the most noteworthy of the ecclesiastical phenomena of the day.

THE friends of a poor man at Stillwater, Minn., gratuitously dug a grave for his dead child, but the Christian sexton refused to permit the funeral procession to enter the cemetery, on the ground that he had been cheated out of the job.

PRESIDENT PORTER of Yale takes occasion to declare that in the instruction department of the college no religious tests are applied. It is not even demanded that instructors shall formally express a faith in God, or shall use any religious influences.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati, in consequence of dancing having been allowed at some church fairs, has issued a circular positivly forbidding dances after dark at entertainments given for church purposes, and round dances at any times.

A NUMBER of Mormons who claim that Brigham Young introduced the doctrin of polygamy and blood atonement contrary to the original belief hav organized a new church in Salt Lake City. They renounce polygamy, and refuse to pay any more tithes.

PASTOR SEGUIN, who is laboring among the French Protestants in this city, has issued a pamphlet to show that the apostle Peter was never in Rome. One of his principal arguments is that the epistles of Paul make no mention of having seen Peter there.

BAKER, of the Halifax *Mayflower*, naively says: "For my part, I cannot understand how a parson need ever be caught. He can always make pastoral calls, without the object of his visits being questioned; and yet here is the melancholy fact that in a few of the states 917 parsons were convicted, the last three years, of adultery, rape, seduction, and even nameless crimes."

IN a sermon preached on Sunday, the 18th, the Rev. Dr. John Hall said: "Let us act so the community may say, 'He is a lawyer and a Christian man;' 'he is a physician and a Christian man.'" "It strikes us," says the New York *Sun*, "that of late years it has been quite as easy to make either of these remarks with truth as to say, 'He is a clergyman and a Christian man.'"

WHEN the counsel for the prosecution in the Guiteau case asked Dr. Spitzka "if he believed in God," he replied: "To answer from my standpoint, that is an impertinent question, in a country which guarantees civil and religious liberty. I am here to discuss insanity, not theology." When asked if he would "consider a man insane who prayed to God as a cure for disease," he replied, "No, not insane, but weak in judgment."

THE Rev. A. W. Wild preached a particularly eloquent sermon on the death of President Garfield, in the Congregational church of Peacham, Vt., and admiring members had it published in pamphlet form. Brother Parker, who disliked the pastor, did not believe him capable of producing such a discourse, and set about finding its source. After a long and industrious search, he has found that about a fourth of it is identical with an article in the *Christian Statesman*. Mr. Wild admits the plagiarism, but says it amounts to nothing, as nearly all clergymen incorporate newspaper clippings into their sermons.

THE following shows the intelligence of some of the men who hav it in their power to say what shall go through the mails and what shall not: A country postmaster wrote to the post master-general lately, saying: "A man's wife dropped a letter in this office addressed to another man. The husband suspects something wrong. Shall I deliver the letter to him?' Strange to say, the postmaster was instructed that the husband could not get the letter in that way.

A LIVERPOOL Tory paper says: "A Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo had seen the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they should be stored. 'Leave them here; it won't rain to-night,' was the reply 'But I dare not leave them so exposed; some of the goods may be stolen,' said the supercargo. The Mohammedan merchant laughed as he replied, 'Don't be alarmed, my friend; there is not a Christian within a hundred miles of us.'"

THE trustees of the Lutheran church at Dearborn, Mich., sit in a pew together. There was a dispute as to whether Thwark or Thiel had been elected to fill a vacancy, and on the following Sunday both took seats in the trustees' pew. Thiel ordered Thwark to get out, and then violently ejected him. The pastor ran down from the pulpit, crying, "Put out Thiel," and put out the momentary victor. The rest of the trustees joined in the scrimmage, the pew was torn to pieces, and Thiel was eventually thrown into the mud of the street.

THE daily newspapers are to be burned out of existence. Such seems to be the prophecy made by the clergyman who writes as follows to the *Watchman*: "We hear about the glories and the greatnesses of the daily press. Faugh! It is an abomination. It is as completely enslaved to the god of this world as is the theater and the sailor's dance house. I am, for my part, glad to know that 'a fire is kindled in God's just anger that shall consume the last sheet of it.' Just when this interesting performance is going to take place is not stated by the minister."

TWO worthy citizens of Nankin, Tenn., had a spat seventeen years ago, and since then they hav been bitter enemies. Recently the three clergymen of the town undertook to effect a reconciliation, but the peaceful arguments adding to the flames brought on a shooting affray. Last week a good-natured citizen invited the enemies to his house. He had studied carefully their tastes. One he entertained with applejack in the library and the other with beer in the sitting-room. Both got to be brimful of good nature. The adroit peacemaker got one to say finally that he really liked So-and-So. The remark was overheard, and the sliding doors between the rooms were pushed apart and the enemies shook hands.

COMMENTING on the recent Sunday-law agitation in San Francisco, the *Jewish Times* says: "There has been a great deal of comment as to the causes which led Judge Morrison to render his now famous decision in declaring the obsolete Sunday law constitutional. Judge Morrison, it is known, is a very zealous Catholic, and popular opinion is unanimous in declaring that "he owes his present position on the bench to the Catholic vote." Popular opinion is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and as to the decision, it is on record. A little light was thrown on the subject last Monday evening at a meeting of Auxiliary League No. 190, a branch of the National Liberal League, when President J. L. Hatch announced that he had been informed by a prominent lawyer of this city that Judge Morrison was 'under the direct and powerful influence of Archbishop Alemany,' and that the latter favored the Sunday law because his Catholic flock was addicted, during the season, to largely attending picnics and spending money which, morally speaking, belonged to the church. The practice kept thousands away from their religious duties and tended to the desecration of the Chirstian Sabbath. This statement looks plausible, and the source from whence it emanates is worthy of credit. We think, however, that a jurist holding the high position of Judge Morrison would be very careful in allowing ecclesiastical influence to bias his legal decisions one way or another. Such things hav been, though, and history, it is said, repeats itself. It is curious to note that with regard to this Sunday law, which is, literally speaking, an effort to enforce the observance of the Christians' Sabbath on his community, the Catholic and the Puritan, mortal enemies, are for once united. Judge Morrison has rendered the decision, and the other element will enforce it, if possible. They will leave nothing undone to accomplish that end; this is certain. There can be no doubt that public sentiment is hostil to this obsolete law, which, if enforced, would make San Francisco's present joyful Sunday a gloomy, dreary, desolate day. Bigots are persistent, and it is well to remember that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

ONE of our friends, G. W. Lawson, writes to the Portland (W.T.) *Oregonian*: "Mr. Beecher is reported as having said in a late sermon that Judge Cox was an imbecil at one end of a court, trying a vagrant fool at the other. I doubt the report. It is discourteous to the bench and unfair to the patient judge, who tries to hold the scales with a steady hand, though the beloved Garfield is in one balance and the hated Guiteau in the other. Besides, Mr. Beecher knows from his own hard case that it takes a long time to try such cases, the bigger the fool at the other being the usual cause. Judge Cox cannot break through general rules to hang Guiteau instantly. There was a day when Mr. Beecher could hav been hung by a lynch court for riding 'on the ragged edge of despair' with the soft-eyed Elizabeth, and he ought not to savagely refuse a calm court hearing for the despairing, fat office-hunter Guiteau. Every man has his penchant, if not his failing, and even the poor devil Guiteau should hav his due. And besides, Mr. Beecher ought further to recollect, in behalf of charity, if for nothing else, that Guiteau is the natural victim of his own teachings. How often has Mr. Beecher commended Abraham for daring to lay murderous hands on his own son at the command of a Jewish demon or tribal god. Nor should he forget that his teachings caused poor Freeman, of Pocasset, to thrust his murderous knife through the heart of his helpless little daughter, because Abraham offered up Isaac in a blind faith. No man of Mr. Beecher's intelligence livs but in his heart of hearts knows that those murderous teachings are but the bloody myths of barbaric ages, and utterly unworthy of the Caucasian intellect and organization. And Mr. Beecher further knows that he had much better be engaged with Bob Ingersoll in making a grand bonfire of all such horrible personations and perversions of the great spirit of the universe than to be holding up that bloody old insane father and monster, Abraham, to make Guiteaus with. I will propose to Brother Beecher a subject for a future sermon: 'An Amendment to the Murder Laws.' Let it be enacted by all civilized peoples that hereafter all human life shall be sacred to its possessor; that there can be no lawful taking of the same except upon the verdict of a jury or in case of war; that all personal, voluntary, wilful, and knowing destruction of human life shall be murder in the first degree. Such a law, established and practiced for a few years, would dissolve these supposed partnerships between God and assassins, and both religious and political cranks would consider their services uncalled for, either for God or party, when they knew that the sure end thereof was the hangman's rope and the gallows. Brother Beecher, these are stirring times, and great lessons are before the people. Those who can should use them for instruction, and not for detraction or malediction."

News of the Week.

THE new year opened in New York with a snow-storm.

OSCAR WILDE, the apostle of estheticism, is in this city.

TWO Mormon missionaries were mobbed in London on the 1st.

THE New York Socialists hav expelled Justus Schwab from their party.

A BURSTING dam caused a loss of $20,000 in Providence, R. I., on the 2d.

SMALL-POX is raging in New York city and other large places in the state.

GEN. MCCOMB, the well-known railroad man, died of apoplexy on the 30th ult.

GEORGE DREWILL, the trainer of Hanlan and other celebrated scullers, is dead.

THE six-day walking match last week was won by Fitzgerald, who made 582 miles.

THE Jewish committee in Vienna say that twelve Jews were killed in the riots at Warsaw.

A SATISFACTORY trial trip was made by the directors through the St. Gothard tunnel last week.

AN Arkansas woman named Bolin recently shot her husband in bed and then committed suicide in jail.

A NEGRO named Daniel Webster died recently in Philadelphia at the age of 105. He leaves 128 descendants.

A HUNDRED horse-power boiler exploded in Oswego, N. Y., last week, killing a watchman and doing $15,000 damage.

TWO Constantia, N. Y., school-girls, aged 13 and 14, one day last week whipped their teacher, a man weighing 250 pounds.

A WEEK of prayer has been begun under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance at the Broadway Tabernacle in this city.

FOUR cars were wrecked, one man killed, and eighteen persons injured by a railroad accident near Kennebunk, Me., on the 2d.

TWO young men near Belleville, N. J., fought a duel one day this week. They had quarreled about a lady. The result was not fatal.

THE steamer Ethiopia, the vessel on which Mr. Bennett sailed for Europe, went aground near London recently, and has been docked for repairs.

AN examination of the books in the City Hall, Newark, N. J., shows that the defalcations of the auditor and town clerk amount to $300,000.

IT is reported that Prof. A. L. Rawson has been elected alderman in this city, and has also been requested to accept the position of Minister to Jerusalem.

IT is understood that Mr. Bradlaugh will appear before the bar of the House of Commons and make claim to hav the oath administered to him on the day on which Parliament reassembles.

WHILE a festival of the Knights of Pythias was in progress New Year's Eve in Shanesville, Ohio, the floor gave way, and three hundred persons fell with it. Fire was communicated from the stove, and ten lives were lost.

THE standing committee of the Episcopal church in Maryland hav declined to recommend for ordination Mr. C. Bishop, of Baltimore, the first colored graduate of the General Theological Seminary in New York. The reason for the action is supposed to be the color of the candidate.

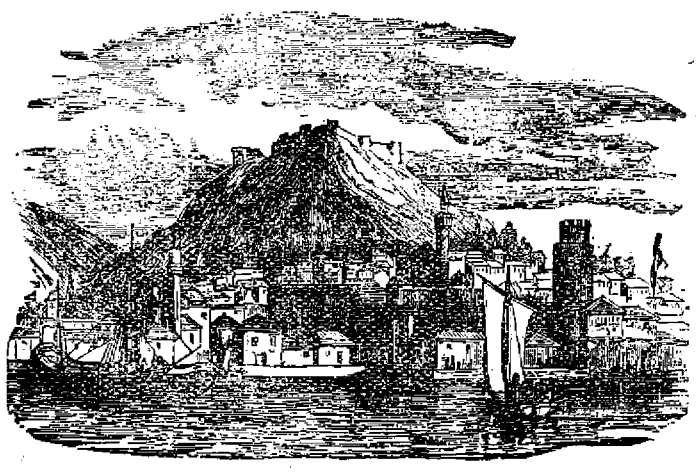
GUITEAU'S counsel say they shall require two weeks more to examin witnesses in surrebuttal of the testimony furnished by the prosecution. Guiteau now calls himself an "Abrahamic" crank, and says he intends to laugh the case out of court. His conduct has become so boisterous that Judge Cox was obliged to remand him to the dock.

A Truth Seeker Around the World.

Smyrna, Ephesus, Rhodes, and Cypress, to Beyrout.

Nov. 4, 1881.

KIND PATRONS: We left Constantinople, as I advised you in my last letter, and with the setting sun we steamed down in front of the city, viewing for the last time its domes and minarets, its palaces and large public buildings, its towering, dark-green cypress-trees, its squalor and its filth. The rain had ceased, the wind from the north was blowing briskly, the weather was appreciably cooler, and the charm we experienced when six days before we came up the Bosphorus was very much lessened. We have a material addition to the number of our passengers, those of the first class filling the state-rooms, and fully two hundred Turks and other natives of this part of the world occupying the main deck even to the bow of the boat. These have supplied themselves with mattresses, blankets, etc., and for the six days' ride before us will make their homes under the awning stretched for their protection. They also furnish their own food, as I understand it; at all events there is no table set for them, and I saw them eating their food where they sleep, closely packed together. We have also a lot of four-footed cattle on board. This morning we stopped at the small town of Gallipoli. Arriving at noon at the Dardanelles, we waited two or three hours at the Turkish town by that name and had plenty of time to view the fortifications on either side, and to look at the place where Leander and Byron swam across the strait. On the hill back of the little village on the north side we saw ten wind-mills not far apart, all going at the same time, and as the wind was brisk they were revolving pretty lively. If a plenty of grain was in the hoppers a good deal of flour should have been turned out.



SMYRNA.

Before dark we had passed through the narrow channel and were again out in the Mediterranean, shaping our course southward, leaving the islands of Imbros and Tenedos on our right, and keeping on our left the mainland, Asia Minor, near the north-west corner of which stood the once-famous city of Troy. The north wind continued brisk through the day, and made the sea rough as soon as we reached the open Mediterranean. The weather continues cool and fall-like.

Saturday, Nov. 5th.—Through the night we made our way, passing inside the large island Mitylene, making one stop on its rocky shores. With returning day we found ourselves steaming into the capacious bay of Smyrna, and soon the city was beautifully spread out before us, snugly nestled in a valley, with lofty, rocky hills all around, and patches of tall cypresses in the background. The bay is large enough to hold all the shipping in the world, and on each side of it the hills, or almost mountains, rear their heads. Smyrna presents a beautiful appearance from the incoming steamer. Its population is estimated at nearly 200,000, and is composed of a mixture of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Gipsies, and Arabs, in about the following proportions: Turks, 80,000; Greeks, 90,000; Jews. 12,000; Armenians, 10,000; Levantines, 15,000; Europeans, 1,000. The languages spoken are as varied as the people, and are much merged and modified.

Smyrna is a very old city; for centuries it has been the largest city in Asia Minor, and to-day possesses the largest commerce of any city in the Turkish empire save Constantinople. The imports and exports are said to amount to $15,000,000. It is the only city of its size and importance which has no chamber of commerce or board of exchange. The traders of the different nationalities who do business here have a system of their own, with but little co-operation with each other. The success with which trade is conducted here is ascribed to the labors of the Turks in the interior and not to the Greeks, the former furnishing all the produce. Smyrna produces very little herself, but is the shipping-port of all this portion of Asia Minor. It is the chief seat of trade in figs, raisins, drugs, including opium, madder, and licorice; valonia sponges, emery, chrome ore, and cotton. Figs are a specialty, and are grown largely in the adjoining Aidin districts. The curing of them is a secret which the Smyrna women keep closely to themselves. The yearly export of this fruit is over 5,000 tons. Black and Sultana raisins are also exported in large quantities. The value of sponges shipped from this port is said to amount to $2,500,000 annually. They are from the neighboring islands The valonia-tree is a species of oak. The acorns are gathered, the cups of which contain a large percentage of tannin, and are used for tanning purposes. Of the madder root large quantities are shipped. Considerable has been done in silk, but the trade varies; when the prices are good the people turn their attention to it and prosecute it with considerable vigor. Mulberry-trees abound in the locality. Angora goats' wool—the material of which mohair goods are made—is produced in considerable quantity in the interior. It is called *tiftik*. Galls are an article of large commerce. Olive oil is produced in some parts, but not of first quality. Turkey carpets and rags, and some lace, are considerably manufactured in several interior districts. Attar of roses is a valuable commodity of export.

The ancient history of Smyrna is very obscure, and is much involved in myth and the fancies of archæologists. It was a city long before the Greeks entered Asia Minor—one of the so-called Amazon cities, named from the Amazon, Smyrna. It has been subject to the various vicissitudes and incidents of successive conquests and warfare so common to all the countries in this portion of the world, which it is hardly worth while to enter into. Its fortunes have been varied in the numerous wars which devastated Asia Minor, once so filled with populous cities and a prolific population. In the days of Grecian greatness it became the school of rhetoricians and sophists, of whom many records are to be found in Grecian authors. It was called the Forest of Philosophers, the Museum of Ionia, the Asylum of the Muses and Graces. Smyrna is a great point for the collection of curious and rare antique coins, which in olden times were largely coined in the various cities of Asia Minor. These are still found in considerable numbers in the interior and brought into Smyrna, where they are bought up by dealers and by them sold again to those in different parts of the world who make collections of these relics of the past

Christianity was early introduced in Smyrna, and the first of the seven churches of Asia, alluded to in the first two chapters of Revelation, was located here. Christians claim it as the fulfilment of a prophecy that Smyrna still holds an existence, while the other cities where the churches were established have passed away. The causes, however, which make Smyrna a city to-day are other than that blind allusion about a candlestick in Revelation. When, also, it is taken into consideration that Smyrna has been destroyed six different times, it would seem that the light in its candlestick would have flickered considerably. The great extent of productive country back of it and its very favorable position for shipping are sufficient reasons why it continues to exist. St. Polycarp is said to have been bishop of Smyrna, to have had a church here, and to also have suffered martyrdom here. But it must be confessed that there is much that is mythical in the story of Polycarp. Dr. Middleton, in his preface to his letter from Rome, pertinently says, "It is a thing to be confessed and lamented by the gravest divines of the Roman Catholic communion that the names and worship of many pretended saints, who never had any real existence, had been fraudulently imposed upon the church." The improbable story of this saint is that having lived in undisturbed tranquillity in his bishopric under a Nero and a Domitian, he was dragged in his eighty-sixth year to a cruel death by fire under the government of the moral, virtuous, and philosophical Antoninus. It is said when he was fastened to the stake there came a voice from heaven, saying, "Be of good cheer, Polycarp, and play the man." The proconsul demanded of him whether he was that Polycarp, beckoning that he should deny it, and adding, "Consider thine age—swear by the fortune of Cæsar—repent thee of what is past; say, remove the wicked." But Polycarp exclaimed, "O Lord, remove the wicked," and after concluding a mystical prayer with the usual doxology at the end of a sermon, was committed to the flames; but the flaming fire, framing itself in the form of a vault, or sail of a ship, refused to burn so good a man; upon which the tormentors were ordered to be fetched, to whom orders were given to lance the body of the suffering saint in the side with a spear, from which, when he had ended his prayer, such a stream of blood issued forth as to entirely extinguish the flames. Dr. Taylor says the story originally ran that when the saint was pierced in the breast a dove flew out of his body. The devil is also said to have interfered and prevented the body of the saint being found after he was dead, lest miraculous works be performed by his lifeless flesh and bones, and become an object of worship. But we were shown the grave of Polycarp, all the same. Taylor nevertheless says, "The name of Polycarp, his bishopric, his martyrdom, are entirely unknown to rational or credible history." It is not to be denied that some Christians were put to death in the first two centuries of the existence of the church, but they have abundantly paid the debt. For every Christian that was put to death by unbelievers, the Christians have put to death in the most cruel manner not less than five hundred poor victims for not entertaining the right sort of belief. In inflicting torture and taking life for opinion's sake Christians have far exceeded the believers in all other religions.

WHAT WE SAW OF SMYRNA.

It was not until after we had partaken of breakfast—which on the Saturno is at ten o'clock, coffee and tea being served from seven to eight—that we were put on shore by boat, when a guide took us about the city, leading us first to the post-office, where we mailed some letters, then through the principal streets and bazars, where we saw shops similar to those in Constantinople, where all sorts of merchandise are offered for sale. Embroidered goods are conspicuous among the variety of merchandise presented, and many are rich in gold and silk. The bazars are not as extensive as those of Constantinople. The streets, however, are better paved and smoother, and not so dirty, and the dwellings are of a better character, some streets having a decidedly pleasant appearance. A very striking feature was the number of camels we saw from the interior, some laden with the commodities there produced and others with merchandise to take back in return. We met many of these trains on the narrow streets and in the bazars, and must have seen nearly two hundred camels in all. A train usually consists of six camels in single file, with a rope extending from the first to the last, which has two cow-bells on his neck, one on each side. The train is led by a man, or oftener by a donkey, the man following in the rear. A large saddle is on each camel, and upon them are lashed with ropes the sack of merchandise which they transport for hundreds of miles. They walk patiently, sedately, and majestically along, as though but little in the world had the power to affect them, and look inoffensive and harmless, though I noticed the larger portion of them had muzzles over their mouths to prevent them from biting. The sight of so many camels made us think we had really reached the land of the East. These camels are finer and larger than the miserable affairs seen in the menageries.

The street porters here surprised me still more than those in Constantinople. I could hardly believe men able to carry about such loads. I saw two porters with each a hundred boxes upon his back, each twelve or fifteen inches in length, eight inches wide, and five or six in depth. I presume they were for figs. The stuff, of course, was not thick, but the boxes made a great bulk, and must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I saw several porters each carrying six or seven plank for joists or other building purposes, 2½ inches thick, eight feet long, and a foot in width, which seemed to be green, and probably weighed three or four hundred pounds. The saddles of the porters here are larger than in Constantinople, and look as though they were enough for a load themselves; but when their loads are piled up squarely upon these saddles, the porters march along in their stooping position without the load being bound on or falling off.

Smyrna has some twenty-five mosques, with one minaret each. They are not so extravagant here in the amount of minarets as in Constantinople, where they have two or four to each mosque, and to one six. There are few or no domes in Smyrna. The Christian churches, thanks to the liberality of the Turkish government, conceding to all freedom in religious opinion, are about as numerous as the mosques. A majority of the churches are Romish, as the Catholics outnumber the Greeks and the Protestants six to one; but to conform to the prejudices of the Turks and the Armenians against image worship, they indulge in few or no images. The church of Rome has ever shown herself very accommodating in conforming to popular prejudices, first in adopting pagan rites and festivals esteemed by the people, and then in modifying them where she could gain strength by it. We visited one Greek church in the Byzantine style—whether it was the one Polycarp is said to have preached in or not I will not pretend to say—but it was elaborately furnished and figured with bronze ornamental work different from anything I have before seen, and the pulpit, though small, is highly decorated. There is also about the usual number of paintings of Jesus, the Virgin, and the saints that I saw in the churches at Athens, and I wish to remark that the Greek church representations of Jesus and the Virgin make entirely different-looking characters from those in the Catholic churches; they do not look so dismal and unhappy, and I like them decidedly better. I see no use in being a son of God, or even a virgin, if it makes one wretched and unhappy. As widely, however, as the Greek church and the Romish church differ in their representations, I am charitable enough to think one is equally as correct as the other.

This is the Jew's Sabbath, and many of the more pious ones, and the women who wish to show their diamonds and fine apparel, turn out to the synagogues, of which there are a few here, but which are represented as being so dirty and uninviting I did not care to see them.

This also being the third day of the Mohammedan feast of Koorban-bairam, the Turks are rejoicing, indulging in their kind of unmusical music, and various species of hilarity. We met one company who seemed to have imbibed something which made them very noisy. Other companies were working in some order, visiting the house of a friend, whence we could hear the discordant notes of the pipe and drum. A larger proportion of the people here wear the Turkish or country costume than in Constantinople. Not over one-third of the inhabitants wear the regular European garment. The turban and the baggy petticoats sewed up at the bottom, which men wear, are seen in great numbers. The large white fezes of the whirling dervishes or *mevlevy*, as their proper name is, are seen here in considerable numbers. They have their *Tekechs*—the name of their monasteries—as in all other parts of Mohammedandom, women wearing their *Yashmak*, the name of the thin white muslin veil, which they wear over the face, are met here in great numbers. The women, as a rule, are much better looking than in Constantinople. Dark veils are worn over the face independent of the *Yashmak*, so as to preclude the possibility of discerning the features. But, for the life of me, I cannot see the propriety of hiding the face and uncovering the bosom.

We passed through the Turkish quarter on our way up to Mount Pagus, the Acropolis of Smyrna, which stands in the rear of the town. It is a hill five hundred feet above the sea, and though not as steep as Lycabettus at Athens, it is quite steep enough for comfortable climbing About two-thirds the way up we came to what purports to be the grave of Polycarp, though who discovered it and how the discoverer learned that Polycarp was buried there is not explained. The Mohammedans have built a crude monument or altar over the place and regard it with much veneration. Some of them take their sheep up there to sacrifice. We saw the fresh blood which has thus been shed there during the present festival. A pious Mussulman was also there going through the ceremony of prayer, repeatedly rising, bowing, and kneeling with his face toward Mecca. And on the stunted trees growing near are numerous bits of rags tied by credulous believers, who think by so doing they obtain a seat in heaven. It occurred to some of us that seats up there are getting very cheap. Who would not tie a bit of rag to the limb of a shrub to thereby gain an entrance into the world of bliss? O superstition! when will you depart from among men? It is a curious fact that since the Mohammedans have taken this place, called the Tomb of Polycarp, for their sacred spot, the Christians have pretty much abandoned it, and don't much think now that Polycarp was buried there at all.

Not far below this place is the old Stadium, or race-course of the ancients, capable of holding sixty thousand people. In another place is the ruins of an ampitheater said to have been capable of containing seventy thousand people. But little is to be seen now save the excavations made in the earth.

We proceeded on to the Acropolis, the highest point of Mount Pagus, which is believed to have been the center of the ancient city, and a citadel of great strength. It is not so abrupt, nor so rocky as the Acropolis at Athens, and is four times as roomy on the summit. The heavy ruins are still standing, though hundreds of tons of the towers and walls have been thrown down the hillside by time and earthquakes, which have many times visited this locality. The first structures here were erected so long ago that it is unknown who built them. It is believed, however, to have been a Cyclopean work, executed not less than a thousand years before the Christian era, as were temples of Jupiter, Bacchus, Hercules, Nemesis, Cybele, and other gods and goddesses; that these fortifications were taken and dismantled by Alyattes and the temples destroyed, and thus laid in ruins until restored by Alexander and Lysimachus. Fragments of marble are seen lying around, and these are all that are to be seen of the old temples, though some of the walls of the ancient fortifications are thirty feet in hight. We climed the ruined staircase to the top of the highest part of the wall, and from that point we had a magnificent view of the city far below us, with its dull, red little roofs, its towering cypress-trees, and its solitary minarets, as well as the magnificent bay, the extensive valley, and the grand old mountains all around save at the opening of the bay. A more beautiful view is seldom seen. The day was pleasant, though the wind was very fresh.

A feature of special interest in ascending and descending Mount Pagus—for we ascend by one road and descend by another—is the wonderful accumulation of oyster-shells to be seen. I saw them on the way up and picked up some of them, but in coming down I saw many more. They lie in three separate strata, at least three hundred feet above the level of the plain, of two and three feet in thickness, with some three feet of earth between the strata, and above all nearly a hundred feet of earth and a quarry of rock as well. It is an interesting question how these shells came there. It is possible the vein runs through the hill. I ask again, How did they come there, and how did all that earth and stone come to be on the top of them?

Mark Twain thinks they are suggestive of a very extensive oyster saloon, once conducted there, where the ancient Smyrnians opened millions of oysters, and threw the shells in piles, but that hardly accounts for the earth and stone over them. He thinks, besides, that a restaurant could hardly have paid up there on the side of that steep hill, and that the oyster business could not have been so extensive as to account for all those shells. He suggests, however, that in Smyrna's palmy days they might have had palaces up the hillside, and that the inhabitants might have been fond of oysters; he is willing to accede that there might have been one oyster saloon up there, but he is staggered about the three strata and the bed of earth three feet thick between. He asks if they could have had restaurants up there at three different eras of the world. He concludes that the restaurant theory will not answer, and thinks it barely possible that Mount Pagus was really Mount Ararat, that Noah's ark rested there, and that Noah and his family ate the oysters and threw the shells overboard. But discovering that that hypothesis does not account for the strata of earth between the strata of shells, he is compelled to abandon it; besides, he is of the opinion that Noah and his family, though ever so fond of oysters, could not have eaten all that those shells contained in the two or three months he was compelled to stay there, waiting for the waters to subside. He next starts the suggestion that the beasts with Noah might also have fed upon oysters, but he abandons it as too absurd to be entertained. He decides that Noah must have known more than to feed wild beasts on oyster suppers. In his dismay he resorts to one more possible theory. He says: "It is painful—it is even humiliating—but I am reduced at last to one slender theory: that the oysters climbed there of their own accord. But what object could they have had in view? What did they want up there? What could an oyster want to climb a hill for? To climb a hill must necessarily be fatiguing and annoying exercise for an oyster. The most natural conclusion would be that the oyster climbed up there to look at the scenery. Yet when one comes to reflect upon the nature of an oyster it seems plain that he does not care for scenery. An oyster has no taste for such things; he cares nothing for the beautiful. An oyster is of a retiring disposition, and not lively—not even cheerful above the average, and never enterprising. But above all, an oyster does not take any interest in scenery—he scorns it. What have I arrived at now? Simply at the point I started from, namely, *those oyster-shells are there* in regular layers, five hundred feet above the sea, and no man knows how they got there. I have hunted up the guide-books, and the gist of what they say is this: 'They are there, but how they got there is a mystery.'" One might go a step farther, and think they might have been made out of nothing at the time the rest of the world was constructed out of the same rather thin material. But then it is likely that when the maker was in a hurry to get his job done by Saturday night so as to have a rest, he would stop to make three strata of oyster-shells on Mount Pagus, and strew strata of earth three feet thick between? It is hardly probable. The terrible commotions that in the ages past have taken place in this part of the world, the strong proofs of volcanic formations that exist all around here, and especially at the deep cut on the Aidin railway but a short distance from the town, with the numerous earthquakes that have taken place hereabout, may suggest the thought that in the long ago, this hill, like the hill at Athens, on the top of which sea-shells are found, was thrown up from the level of the sea, oyster-shells and all, after the earth had been deposited thereon. I cannot say this was the case, but it remains true that great disturbances have taken place here that the writer of Genesis knew nothing about, and which he makes no explanation of. However it may be, like Mark Twain, I know the shells are there, and I have brought some of them away with me.

There are some things said about the people living in and about Smyrna not altogether to their credit. It is said that brigandage and robbery abound here to an alarming extent. It is even said to be unsafe for a stranger to walk about the city alone in the daytime, and that if he ventures away from the town he is almost sure to be attacked and robbed, even if his life is spared. There are said to be two classes of brigands here; class No. 1, who are semi-honorable fellows, seize a stranger and secrete him in the mountains till his friends offer a liberal reward; and class No. 2, who shoot down a stranger without the slightest compunction, and take what he has, whether it is a hundred dollars or a hundred cents. They follow this business in the summer and fall, living out of doors while it is warm enough, but in the winter they flock into the city to become policemen. The adage that it takes a rogue to catch a rogue may hold good here. None of our company were anxious to venture alone far from their companions. This brigandage is not attributed any more to the Turks than to the Greeks, the villianous ones among whom are said to gather here from the islands as being a good field for booty.

Upon our return we stopped at two or three fig stores, and saw them packing new figs in small boxes. Many of the company bought a box each, containing nearly two pounds, at one franc, or twenty cents, per box. I preferred some raisins. We also saw lots of melons, both water and musk, which looked very tempting, but we were rather too far from the boat to carry them. It seems late in the year to see melons around so plentiful.

Relics of antiquity, such as pieces of statuary, fragments of old pottery, etc., are to be seen in various parts of the city, being in many instances worked into the walls of modern buildings. At the northwestern extremity of the city, near the water's edge, are the remains of the temple of Jupiter, but little remains now except fragments of pillars and other parts of the structure. We were told also about Jacob's well being not far out from the city, but we knew that if Jacob ever existed he was not within five hundred miles of this place, and so thoroughly realized the fraud of the pretense that he ever had a well here that we did not care to be led to the insignificant pool. When one is humbugged he wants at least that a slight semblance of possibility should exist.

EPHESUS

Is but forty-eight miles from Smyrna, and our company was very anxious to visit it, thinking it quite feasible to charter an extra train to take us out and back. Fourteen of us were willing to give a pound ($5.00) each extra to see the old ruins there, while so near, but our conductor was either a little dilatory about the matter, or did not want the bother of going out. He concluded that it would not be safe to go out, as the steamer might go and leave us before our return. This, however, was a groundless fear, as the steamer did not leave till seven in the evening, affording us ample time to go out and back. The old city is too important a place in ancient history to be passed over in silence, now that I am so near it, so perhaps if I draw somewhat from memory I may be able to give you a more acceptable description of it than though I had seen it myself. Let us see.

Ephesus, the modern name of which is Ayasolook, is situated close to the river Cayster, the Bay of Ephesus, and the Smyrna and Aidin railway, and on a stream called the Selinus. The population is about four hundred, made up principally of Greeks engaged in the culture of figs, the orchards of which are a mile and a half away. The old city occupied two hills—Mount Pion, or Prion, and the slopes of Mount Coressus. Ephesus stands out conspicuously as one of the cradles of Hellenic mythology, as the metropolis of the Ionian confederacy, next to Athens, as remarkable for having been the scene of memorable events, for having the great school of art, and as being, next to Jerusalem, the holiest of Christian cities, and the most noted in apostolic labors. In earlier mythic epochs Ephesus was the reputed refuge of Latona; the place of the metamorphosis of Syrinx into a reed; the lurking-place of Pan; a chief seat of the Amazons, so ancient that Bacchus contended with them, and Hercules defeated them, when they took refuge in the temple of Diana; the great seat of the worship of Diana, whose birthplace was marked by the original olive-tree, even after the Christian era, and consecrated by a heaven-born image. On Mount Solmissus the angry Juno had vainly watched, and had been deafened by the sounding arms of the Cretes. Apollo, on having slain the Cyclops, found there a retreat from the vengeance of Jupiter. Many of these reputed sites are still to be seen by the visitors to Ephesus.

On the migration of the Greeks to Asia Minor, Ephesus was occupied by an Ionian colony, the events connected with which are obscured by fable. According to one account, the founders consulted the oracle, supposed to be that of the Ephesus, which told them that a fish would show them, and a wild boar conduct them. Some fishermen being busy dressing their dinner of fish near the fountain Hypetæus and the sacred port, one of the fish leaped out of the fire with a hot coal in his mouth, which, setting fire to the dry bushes, spread flames to a thicket in which a wild boar was ensconced, and the boar darting out ran along the mountain Trachsia and was at length killed where the temple of Minerva stood. The colonists accordingly settled there, driving out the Lelegs and Lydians from the upper city, but allowing the Amazon women settled near the temple of Diana to remain. It is curious how much fish have to do with these remarkable miracles performed in olden time, and that is doubtless a very good reason why they are all of such a fishy character. This legend, however, seems to be about as wonderful as any of them, and probably possesses about the same amount of truth. According to another legend the Ionians brought no women with them, but slew the men of the country and married the women, which of course was pretty hard on the slain men.

The Ionians were headed by Androcles, one of the younger sons of Codras, king of Athens; but though

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his descendants were honored in Ephesus and multiplied there, bearing the title of kings and being clad in purple, Ephesus was mostly a republic, either oligarchic or democratic, generally from natural sympathy in alliance with the Athenians, but occasionally from political motives joining the Lacedæmonians. Although occasionally the city enjoyed great power, ruling over Magnesia, Samos, and the neighboring islands, and having trading facilities from the Black Sea to Egypt, it was more frequently in subjection to the kings of Lydia, or the satraps of Persia, and its political vicissitudes subjected it to many sieges, and brought into communication with it many eminent men.

Ephesus was one of the places claimed as the birthplace of Homer. The poets Callinus and Musæus were born there, and a long list of eminent philosophers. It had famous schools of painting, sculpture, architecture, metal work, philosophy, rhetoric, and magic. The great painters, Evenor, Parrhasius, and Appelles were born there. Among eminent men connected with Ephesus may be named Lygdamus, king of the Cimmerians or Tartars, who attacked the city twenty-five hundred years ago; Crœsus, king of Lydia, whose nephew was its tyrant; Artemisia, the famous queen of Caria, who was then guardian to the children of Xerxes, after his defeat at Salamis; Cimon, the Athenian; Alcibiades; Lysander, the Spartan; and Agesilaus, king of Sparta. Xenophon was here before he joined Agesilaus. Alexander the Great arrived at Ephesus four days after taking Sardis, by way of Smyrna. He assigned large revenues to the temple of Diana. He had his portrait taken by Apelles for the temple of Diana.

Ephesus was contended for by the successors of Alexander, Antigonus, Lysimachus, Demetrius, Ptolemy, Philadelphus, Antiochus, Theos, and Antiochus the Great. Hannibal met Antiochus here. It fell into the hands of the king of Pergamus. Ptolemy Evergetæ and his wife Irene were killed in the temples of Diana. Here Laodicea poisoned Antiochus, Theos, and Berenice, and threw Danae, wife of Saphron, from a precipice. The wars of Mithridates brought the Romans into the province, and the names of Manlius, L. C. Scipio, P. M. Scipio, Lucullus, and Sylla are found. Antony, entering the city in the character of Bacchus, here passed one of the scenes of his mad triumph with Cleopatra. In Ephesus tribes of players and musicians were collected, and sailed for Samos with a splendid fleet. Although Antony allowed the followers of Brutus and Cassius a sanctuary in the temple, he took them and slew the brothers of Cleopatra.

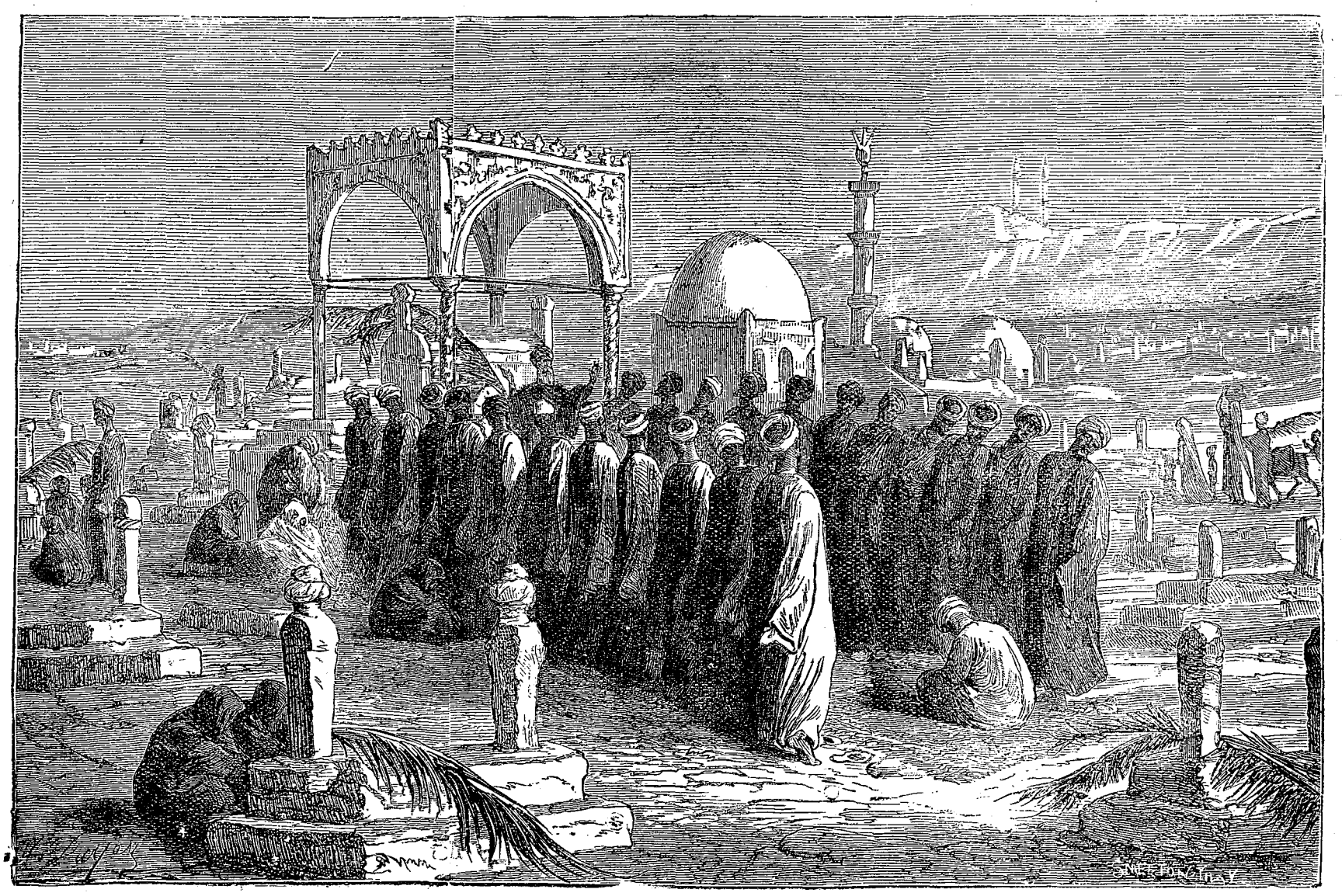
Cicero mentions that on his way to the province of Cilicia tho Ephesians received him with games. Pompey and Augustus visited the city. Being finally subdued by the Romans, the political history of Ephesus came to an end. After this came its religious and Mussulman history. If the glory of the Ephesus was great, its ruin is no less remarkable. What remains attests its vastness, but of that magnificence naught but fragments exist. It has a character of desolation of its own. The population has passed away from the site, and of the monuments of marble scarcely enough remains above ground to mark their sites. In one place there are ranges of subterranean vaults, and all else of the colossal superstructure is gone; in another place there is a Corinthian column in one block, in the flute of which one can walk, and yet this is all that remains of many such. For the absence of smaller columns we can account —they were carried off to embellish Constantinople, Pisa, or the Saracenic cities; but what was difficult to be removed has almost entirely disappeared, leaving but a wreck behind. What has become of the numerous statues which adorned the temples we can not tell, unless they have been burnt to lime, pounded into the rubbish which covers the plain, or buried beneath the soil.

Still Ephesus is one of the most remarkable archæological sites. At Athens all is concentrated; here the monuments are widely dispersed. There are remains of all ages, from Cyclopean walls down to those of the Saracenic sultans. The name of the mountain on which the earliest settlement was formed, is, as observed, called Prion or Pion, and it consists of two rounded hills. It has been attempted to connect with this mountain the legend of Hercules being sent to Omphali, queen of Lydia, against the Cecrops. He caught two of them, Passalus and Acherman, and strung them like hares to the end of his club, whence he obtained the name of Melampygus. In the territory of Ortygia, the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, there was a magnificent woods of cypress and other trees; there were also temples and statues, and the college of Curetes was kept up. It is here Orion was supposed to have been slain by Diana. The Panionium, or general place of meeting and sacrifice of the Ionian cities, originally at Mycah, was removed to the vicinity of Ephesus.

Among the noted places in the city were the Great Agora, or Agora Civilis, for holding public assemblies. In its center was a lake, and in later times a double Christian church was erected here. Here, also, was the tomb of Heropylus, the restorer of liberty to the Ephesians; and Dionysius of Miletus, a rhetorician, was buried here. The statues of Lysander, Etsonikus, Pharax, and other benefactors, were placed in the Agora. Here the laws of the Ionians were publicly exhibited. Here Antony one day, presiding in his court, abandoned the pleading of a celebrated orator, and leaped forth to attend upon Cleopatra, who was being carried past in her litter. Here were extensiv colonnades, and here it is held that the colloquy took place between Justin Martyr and Tryphon the Jew. There are supposed to have been two other Agoras used as markets.

The Opistholeprian Gymnasium was one of the most celebrated in the world. It was here that Agesilaus assembled his Spartan forces and exercised them.

The Great Gymnasium, however, was the largest, being 925 by 685 feet. The gymnasium of the Stadium is located on the northern slope of Mount Pion. The gymnasium of the theater is recognized between it and the Agora. The theater is where St. Paul, in Acts xix, is said to have wished to enter when some of his friends advised him not to attempt to enter, when the town clerk made a very sensible speech and dismissed the crowd. Paul is said to have remained in Ephesus over two years, doing a lively business at preaching and spreading the Christian faith. It was there that he addressed himself to the young believers, asking if they had received the Holy Ghost, when they replied that they had not so much as heard that there was a Holy Ghost. When Paul heard this he baptized about a dozen of them and introduced them to the Holy Ghost, who for some thousands of years had been closely in the background, so that not only those men of Ephesus had never so much as heard that there was any Holy Ghost, but Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Samuel, David, and Solomon were all in the same unfortunate dilemma; they also had never heard that there was a Holy Ghost. But to return to the theater, it was a capacious one, holding 60,000 persons. Though now a mass of ruins, its outline can still be traced. The Stadium was a capacious one, seating 76,000 persons. The Odeon was excavated by Mr. J. T. Wood, and was found tolerably perfect. The Serapion, another building for amusement, was in front of the Stadium. Of the temples of Ephesus there were, besides those of



HOWLING DERVISHES.

Diana and Hecate, those of Jupiter Olympus, Jupiter Pluvius, Minerva, Apollo, Venus, Bacchus, Neptune, Ceres, Serapis and Isis, Mercury, Hercules, Fortuni, Harpacrates, Romulus and Remus, Julius Cæsar and of Rome, and of Claudius, to which have been added Juno Pronuba, Mileager, Carcarilla and Geta, Septimus Severus, and Elegabalus. It is thought there were other temples of Diana, Jupiter, Juno, Latona, and Apollo. Diana, Bacchus, Pan, and Hercules were believed to have bodily manifested themselves, and that they did so the proofs are about as strong as that the Holy Ghost did so. At all events the superstition in the belief that they had done so was strong enough to produce a great attachment towards those buildings.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

was one of the largest, most celebrated, and most magnificent in the world, but it has for centuries been completely overthrown, and its few remains were so deeply buried beneath the gradually accumulated soil of the low plain that its very site was long lost; but by the energy and enterprise of Mr. Wood it was unearthed and brought again to the light of day. He began his explorations without any funds save his own private means, and with no assistance from others save a firman obtained for him by the trustees of the British Museum. Beginning with the Odean, he proceeded to clear out the area of the great theater where Paul got into an uproar with the people; where he found a number of inscriptions, one of which furnished a clew to finding the temple of

Diana. He next discovered the Magnesian Gate of the city. From that gate, according to Philostratus, a covered way led to the temple. Just outside the gate Mr. Wood found about eleven feet underground an ancient road, with tombs on each side, pointing in a northeast direction, and at the side of the road a row of square piers, such as would have served to support a *stoa*. This road Mr. Wood continued to explore during the years 1867, '68, and '69. On one of the inscriptions he had discovered it was stated that the procession from the temple of Diana entered the city by the Magnesian Gate, and returned through the Corresian Gate. He consequently concluded that the temple stood at the junction of the two roads. Having found the Corresian Gate, and noted the line of the road from it, he easily fixed the spot where the two roads would meet; and there in April, 1869, he struck upon the angle of the *peribolos* just where it might have been expected to be. In the wall was an inscription stating that the Emperor Augustus had rebuilt the *peribolos* wall round the temple of the goddess Diana; this was in the year 6 B.C.

Having so far been successful in discovering the long-lost site, he proceeded to follow the two lines of wall, and also sunk a number of pits in the interior. In one of these he came upon a pavement of square blocks of white marble nine inches thick, laid on a level bed of black marble, together with two marble sculptures. These lay buried under eighteen feet of alluvial deposit, the lower stratum of which was composed of splinters of fine white marble, which appeared to have been calcined by fire. He soon afterward found several drums of marble columns six feet and one inch in diameter, one of which was *in situ;* and he also laid bare a small portion of the south *cella* wall of the temple itself. As the work proceeded other fragments were discovered. Among these were the lower drum of a column, nearly entire, with figures sculptured on it in relief, and large fragments of two or more drums similarly sculptured; also the base of a pilaster, sculptured in relief, on the same scale as the drums. The largest of them bears on its least injured side a composition of six figures, three of which are supposed to represent Mercury, Victory, and either Juno or Ceres. On the pilaster is a female figure which appears to be struggling with Hercules. It seems probable that the sculptor had taken his subjects from the myths connected with the early history of Ephesus. Those sculptured drums are manifestly portions of thirty-six columns of the temple which Pliny describes as sculptured in relief.

When the site had been completely cleared and the measurements taken, the temple was found to have been of the Ionic order, octostyle and dipteral, having eight columns in front and two ranks of columns on the flanks; one hundred of these columns, which were six feet in diameter, and nearly sixty feet high, surrounded by *naos*, or *cella;* thirty-six were sculptured, and five examples of these sculptured columns were found on the site. The size of the temple was 343 feet in length by 164 in width. Its foundation was nine and a half feet above the pavement surrounding it on a platform which measured on the lowest of fourteen steps 418 feet by 239 feet. The *cella* was nearly seventy feet wide, and was probably adorned with two tiers of columns and contablatures. These measurements show, when compared with those of the Parthenon, the enormous size of the temple of Diana. The Parthenon, it will be remembered, is but 228 feet long by 101 broad. The great temple of Baalbec approaches it in size, as it measured 290 feet by 160, and its columns were even larger, being seven and a quarter feet in diameter at the base, and seventy-five feet high, including base and capital. Other interesting points were brought to light by Mr. Wood, which it is hardly necessary to giv in detail. At the extreme end of the Elgin Gallery in the British Museum may be seen three of the sculptured drums, the base of one of the columns of the peristyle, a portion of the frieze, the capitals, a lion's head from the cornice, and several other fragments.

The origin of this famous temple is clouded in myth and fable. A temple of the Ephesian Diana appears to have been as old as the city itself; Pausanius says it is older than the colonization of the Ionians. He adds that Crœsus, a native of the place, and Epesus, who is thought to have been a son of the river Cayster, raised this temple, and the city received its name from the latter. According to Pliny, the temple was burnt seven times, and that of which the ruins now exist was the eighth. But the accounts which have come down to us of the first five are very uncertain, and they do not appear to have stood upon the same site as those which followed them. The foundation of the sixth is said to have been laid about 600 B.C.; and to guard against earthquakes, a marsh was chosen for the site, and the ground was made firm by layers of charcoal rammed down, over which were laid fleeces of wool. The work proceeded very slowly, as it was forty years later when the columns were set up. It was nearly a hundred years before it was completed. Eusebius gives the information that it was destroyed on the same day Socrates drank the poison which the court of Athens imposed upon him, 400 B.C. Immediately after this the seventh temple was built in a style of such grandeur that Herostratus burnt it in order to perpetuate his name. This occurred on the same night on which Alexander the Great was born, 356 B.C. The erection of the eighth and last temple was commenced at once, and it was the most magnificent of them all. It is said that Alexander offered to pay the whole cost of the restoration on the condition that his name should be inscribed upon it; but the Ephesians evaded the offer by the flattering reply, that it was not right for a god to make offerings to gods. The quarries from which the marble was taken were on the north side of Mount Pion. Strabo says that in order to defray the enormous expenses the women consecrated their ornaments and the men their goods, and all Asia contributed offerings.

It would seem that there was an original statue of the goddess, which according to the tradition had come down from Jupiter, as alluded to in Acts xix, 35. It was probably of wood, and preserved with scrupulous care in the sanctum of the building. But the form of the great statue of the goddess, the figure of which has come down to us, was entirely different. The face and head were bare and surmounted with a mural crown. On the breast are the signs of the zodiac; the necklace is of acorns, the primeval food of man; lions are on the arms and denote power; the hands are stretched out to show that she is ready to receive all who come. Her body is covered with breasts and monsters to show that she is the supporter of life and mother of all things; the legs are inclosed like those of a mummy, and the covering is ornamented with various animals. The statue was concealed from the multitude by a veil, which, according to Pausanius, was raised toward the ceiling.

As a treasury of works of art the temple contained the finest specimens of sculpture and painting in the ancient world, the productions of the great school of Ephesus, and of the distinguished artists who resorted thither. In the sacred grove was the cave of Pan, and also the statue of Hecate, which was of such splendor that the priests were under the necessity of warning those who entered the temple to shield their eyes lest they should be injured by it.

The temple had the right of possessing property, and acquired a large revenue; its treasury, besides containing its own wealth, was a place of deposit and custody for all Ionia. It and its precincts had the privilege of an asylum or sanctuary for criminals and debtors. Free women, however, were not allowed to enter the temple, though maidens and slave women could. The priests are said to have been eunuchs, and were styled megabzyns. The names of the chief priests are sometimes found recorded on coins. The priestesses are virgins, and divided into three classes: candidates, priestesses, and part priestesses. King Antiochus the Great, perceiving the priestess of Diana to be very beautiful, left the city that he might not be led into temptation.

The history of the fall of the temple is very obscure. About 253 to 260, under the Gallieni, the city was sacked by the Goths, by Respha, Weducko, Thur, and Waro, who set fire to the temple of Diana. It is curious to find the name of Thur here recorded as common in that time. The final destruction of the temple is supposed to have been in consequence of the decree of Constantine in 342, 346, or 352. From that time there is no account of it.

The Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated at Ephesus in honor of the goddess Ceres. It was moreover a school of magic, and there in the temple of Hecate the Emperor Julian was instructed in the magic art, and there he is said to have renounced Christianity. There is a claim that St. John had charge of a church in Ephesus, and that he died there and was buried under one of the churches, but this is not authenticated, and is probably one of the idle myths, of which there are so many with regard to the ancient city. Mary Magdalen is claimed to have also been buried there on a hill adjoining the church of St. John, near the cave of the Seven Sleepers, the legend of which latter you must know, and which appears to be as well founded as some of the other legends. The tomb of Timothy is also said to have been at Ephesus. That may have been so. He would be as likely to die at Ephesus as at any other point, though, like the grave of Moses, his is not known at this day.

Ephesus was noted for its massive walls, its aqueducts, its games and ceremonies; but they have all passed away. Desolation now reigns where once all was life and activity. It is perhaps quite fitting that the murderer Constantine, who pretended that a cross had appeared to him in the heavens, and who established Christianity in blood, should be one to destroy the works of art, learning, and beauty which a people had expended its wealth in erecting. It was such deeds that inaugurated the dark ages, which expelled learning from the earth and produced the blackest darkness the world has known.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Ephesus abounds in legends, and perhaps few of them are more extraordinary than that of the Seven Sleepers, who took a sounder nap than any other seven young men ever heard of. Washington Irving has told us remarkably well the American legend of how Rip Van Winkle slept a hundred years, and how the place where he thus passed a century in a snooze was called Sleepy Hollow ever after. But here in Ephesus were seven Rip Van Winkles, who slept two hundred years without opening their eyes or turning over. The story runs in this wise: Two centuries after the dawn of Christianity in the city of Ephesus seven young men who resided there, to escape persecution, fled to a cave, taking with them a dog. As one account has it, they pilfered from a neighboring store some several bottles of very tempting-looking liquor, which, when they got to the cave, they partook of, and the liquor put them to sleep so effectually that they did not wake up for the term named—two hundred years. A singular thing about that nap was that they all went to sleep at the same time, and I think the little dog slept with them. But when they waked their surprise was very great, as they went forth into the city and saw nobody they knew or who knew them; and they found everything so changed that they could scarcely believe they were in their own city, still supposing, of course, they had slept but a single night. Even the language of the people was so changed that they could not understand what the people said. They went to the street where they formerly lived and called at the houses which were once their homes, but they could find none they could recognize, and none who ever knew their former relatives and friends. Whereupon they became so disconsolate and unhappy that they went back to the same sleepy cave and lay down and died, and never waked up any more. Whether the dog lay down and died too is not positively stated, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was sensible enough to do so. What had he to live for, when all his folks were dead, and the whole city had become Christian?

Mohammed heard of this sleepy story, and was so impressed, not only with its probability, but its truth, that he incorporated it into his Koran. He devotes a chapter to the subject, entitled, "The Chapter of Caves." Of course that chapter is just as much inspired as the rest of the chapters making up the Mohammedan bible, and, for aught I know, as much inspired as the chapters of any other bible; and it affords, in an easy lesson, an insight into how inspiration is gotten up. The faithful Mussulman has a great reverence for the story, and the cave is solemnly pointed out where the sleeping took place. They even revere the memory of the dog Ketmehr which is so connected with the legend. The story seems to have been an adopted one from the heathens, like many others gotten up about that period. The original story is in Diogenes's Laertius, and of Epimenides of Crete, who, when a young man, being sent in charge of some cattle, wandered into a cavern and went to sleep. On awaking at the end of forty years he returned home and found his younger brother grown to be a gray-haired old man. The stories do not end alike, as it would take but slight ingenuity to change them to that extent The Cretan, finding himself looked up to with respect and wonder, set himself up for a prophet, and lived to the age of 189 years. Now you have heard both versions of this pious story, and I leave it with you to take your choice between them. They are just of a price, and as you pay your money you can choose for yourself. If I thought you could believe the story about the Seven Sleepers any easier, I could give you their names, for they have been faithfully preserved, together with that of the dog; and the Mohammedans place these names upon their houses, together with that of the dog, for good luck, to keep evil spirits away, and to prevent their being burnt. But knowing how unbelieving many of you are, and as the names are rather hard ones to remember, I will omit them. The Mohammedans, however, all over the East, retain a great respect for the dog Ketmehr, and allow him a place in paradise with a few other favorite beasts upon whom they bestow special favor, and they have a sort of proverb, when speaking of a covetous man, that "he would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers." It is moreover said that they have the superstition to write the name of the dog Ketmehr on letters which have to go far, or which pass the sea, as a protection or talisman to preserve them from miscarriage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JERSEY CITY justice the other day refused to commit a lottery man on an affidavit sworn out by Comstock. He did not state his reasons, but it was probably because he did not consider Anthony's oath worth much.

COL. A. B. MEACHAM, of Washington, D. C., has changed his paper, the *Council Fire*, from a sixteen-page quarto to a thirty-two-page magazine, and will hereafter advocate the principles of arbitration, as a means of settling international difficulties, as well as the policy of peace and justice toward the Indians. The price of the *Council Fire and Arbitrator* is $1.

A CATALOG of the books for sale by D. M. Bennett will be sent free up application to this office.

Translations.

The Tomb of Fanaticism.

AN EXTENSIV EXAMINATION OF LORD BOLINGBROKE'S DOCTRINS.

WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE IN 1767.

[Translated from the French by Avery Meriwether.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRINCIPAL IMPOSTURES OF THE PRIMITIV CHRISTIANS.

The testament of the twelve patriarchs which we still hav in Greek, a translation of John surnamed St. Chrysostom, is one of the most ancient impostures of those energetic innovators. This old book, belonging to the first century of our era, was evidently written by a Christian. This is proved by a passage in which some one is made to say to Levi, in Article viii of his Testament: "The third will be a new name because he will be a king of Judea and perhaps a priest for all nations," etc. He who planned the character of Jesus Christ could never hav made it public by other than such deceptions. Some one evidently predicts the coming of Jesus in Article xviii, after being made to say in Article xvii that the priests of the Jews commit sins of the flesh with beasts.*

Some one evolved from his imagination the testament of Moses, Enoch, and Joseph and the ascension or translation to heaven of Abraham, Elda, Moda, Elijah, Sophonias, Zachariah, and Habakkuk.

They forged about the same time the famous books of Enoch, who alone is the founder of all the mysteries of Christianity, since in this book is to be found the history of the rebelling angels† who sinned in paradise and became devils in hell. It can be demonstrated that the writings attributed to the apostles were only composed after the fable of Enoch, and were written in Greek by some Christian of Alexandria. Jude, in his epistle, cited Enoch more than one time; he reports his own words; he is lacking in sense when he tries to assure us that *Enoch, the seventh man after Adam, wrote the prophecies.*

Here, then, are two of the grossest impostures proved—the first is the imposture of the Christian who manufactured the books of Enoch; the second one is that of the Christian who dreamed of the epistles of Jude in which the words of Enoch are quoted. Never was a tale more false.

It would be exceedingly useless to hunt up the principal author of these dreams which are so insensibly attributed to the wrong people; there is some reason for believing that a man named Hegesippus, whose fables were quite popular, and were cited by Tertullian and copied by Eusebius, was the author of the dreams. It was Hegesippus who said that Jude belonged to the race of David, and that his grandson lived in the time of the Emperor Domitian. That emperor, if we can believe him, feared very much to be thought one of the descendants of that great King David, who had an incontestable right to the throne of Jerusalem, and consequently to the throne of the entire universe. He caused those illustrious princes to be summoned before him, but after having seen whom they were he let them loose without doing any harm.

But Jude, their grandfather, who has been ranked with the apostles, is sometimes called Thaddeus, and sometimes Lebbius, like the pickpockets who always hav two or three fictitious names.

There was a fictitious letter of Jesus Christ, addressed to a supposed governor of Edessa, which was circulated among the primitiv Christians for four hundred years. Edessa at that time never had a governor.

All those who had written a gospel, or all those who had attempted to teach a growing flock of Christians, imputed to Jesus discourses and actions of which the four evangelists hav not spoken. Thus in the Acts of the Apostles (xx, 35) Paul cites the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to giv than to receive." These words are not to be found in Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John.

The travels of Peter, the Apocalypse of Peter, the Acts of Peter, the Acts of Paul, of Thecla, the letters of Paul to Seneca and of Seneca to Paul, the Acts of Pilate, the letters of Pilate, are all very well known to learned men. We can find all about them without searching the archives for dreams and foolish writings.

We could indulge in the ridiculous to the extent of writing the history of Claudia, Procula, or the wife of Pilate.

An unfortunate man named Abdias, who undoubtedly is reputed to hav lived with Jesus Christ, and for having been one of the most famous disciples of the apostles, is the one who has furnished us with the history of the combat between Peter and Simon, the pretended magician so celebrated among the primitiv Christians. Upon this imposture alone is founded the belief that Peter came to Rome. That is the fable which established the popes in all their grandeur, so shameful to the human race, and alone would make their grandeur a mark for ridicule were it not that their numberless crimes hav rendered them odious.

The following is what Abdias relates. He pretends to speak from personal observation. Simon Peter Barjonah came to Rome in the time of Nero. Simon the magician arrived about the same time. A young man who was some relation of Nero died. It was thought necessary to resuscitate him. The two Simons undertook the affair. Simon the magician made it conditional that the one who failed should be put to death. Simon Peter accepted this, and the other one then commenced his operations. The corpse shook its head, and all the people cried for joy. Simon Peter requested them to be silent, and said, "Gentlemen, if the defunct has life why does he not hav the goodness to lift himself up and walk and talk with us?" The body did not move. Then Peter said to it, "My son, lift thyself up; our master Jesus Christ will heal you." The young man raised up, spoke, walked, and Simon Barjonah sent him to his mother. Simon his adversary complained to Nero that Peter was only a miserable charlatan and ignorant fellow. Peter then appeared before the emperor and whispered in his ears: "Believe me, I know more than he does; and to prove it giv me secretly two loaves of bread. You will then see that I shall fortell his thoughts and he cannot foretell mine." Peter was handed the two loaves, and he concealed them in his mantle. Very soon Simon let loose two fierce dogs who were his guardian angels. They were about to devour Peter when he cunningly cast before them the two loaves. The dogs stopped to eat, and forgot to harm the apostle. "Now, then," said Peter, "you see I know his thoughts, but he is unable to know mine."

The magician demanded a new trial. He promised to fly through the air as Dedalus did. A day was appointed; he flew without any effort, but St. Peter prayed to God so heartily that Simon fell and broke his neck. Nero was indignant at having lost so good a mechanic through the prayers of Simon Peter, and caused him to be crucified with his head downwards.

Who would believe that this tale is not only related by Abdias, but by two other contemporary Christians, Hegesippus of whom we hav already spoken, and Marcel? Marcel adds a few finishing touches after his own fashion. He resembles those writers of the gospels who contradict each other. Marcel agrees with paul in part; he adds that Simon the magician, in order to convince the emperor of his power, said, "Do me the honor to strike my head off, and I promis you to resuscitate myself in three days." The emperor did so, and behold on the third day the magician appeared before Nero with the most beautiful head in the world upon his shoulders.

Let the reader reflect a moment with me. Suppose that the three fools, Abdias, Hegesippus, and Marcel, who related those pitiful little tales, had been less maladroit, and had invented stories more probable than these of the two Simons, would they not hav been regarded to-day as the fathers of an infallible church? Would not all of our learned men hav cited such unimpeachable truths? Would not the professors at Oxford and Sorboune hav proved the truth of these writings by their conformity with the Acts of the Apostles, and *vice versa*, hav proved the truth of the Acts by the writings of Abdias, Hegesippus, and Marcel? Their histories are assuredly as authentic as the Acts of the Apostles and the gospels. These were untried and untested in the past ages. There is no reason why we should reject the one and not the other set of tales.

I pass by in silence the rest of that history—the beautiful story of Andre, of James the Great, of John, of James the Little, of Matthew, and of Thomas. Let them read these silly tales who wish to do so. The same spirit of fanaticism, the same weaknesses, are to be found in them. I stop, for a satire too long is too insipid.*

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*It is an astonishing fact that he always spoke of the be tial habits of the Jews. There is only one verse in the works of Latin authors (a line in Virgil, "*novimus et qui te*") and a passage in Apulus where there is a question of their infamous character [1771].

†The fable about the sins of the angels came from India, where all of them originated; this fable was known to the Jews of Alexandria and to the Christians, who were late in adopting it [1771]. This is the first stone in the edifice of Christianity [1775].

*Lord Bolingbroke has good reason for saying this. Nothing but a mortal weariness overcomes the reader of these books who undertakes to examin that which he cannot resist. Where are the magistrates, the warriors, the negotiators, the farmers, the literary men who are mentioned in the *Gestes* of the happy apostle, Andre, and in the letter of St. Ignatius the martyr to the Virgin Mary and in the answer of the virgin? Would we hav known a single one of these letters of the Jews and primitiv Christians if the gentlemen engaged in the business of beating in our ears the scriptures did not find such letters profitable? They, in fact, make their living out of our credulity. There is nothing in this world more ridiculous and more coarse than the fable about the voyage of Simon Barjonah to Rome. It is upon such stuff as this that the throne of the pope is founded. It is this which has plunged the bishops of the same faith into dependency. It is this which giv the bishops their titles by permission, whereas they should be equal to the pope according to the laws of their church. It is this which gave the popes their domain in Italy. It is this which despoiled thirty Italian principalities to enrich that idol of the people [1771].

Some Impious and Sacrilegious Utterances.

[It looks as though Bro. Young had been stirring up the "border ruffians" out in his state. He has caused the following pithy remarks, addressed to the general public, to be printed in circular form for distribution. They epitomize the popular arguments that hav been dinged in the ears of Christianity for the past century without receiving a direct answer from any one competent to speak with authority. As long as the doctrin that God so loves the world that he damns nine-tenths of its inhabitants is preached, these arguments should never be out of print.—ED. T. S.]

The editor of the *Reveille* has my sincere thanks, for publishing articles designed to excite and encourage free and independent thought in his readers.

But a change has come over him, and I am out in the cold.

He is undoubtedly sincere in assigning as the reason for his course that I write from an "impious or sacrilegious" standpoint.

But sincerity is no proof of sound reason on *any* subject—*especially on religion.*

The nativs of some of the South Sea Islands devoutly believe, when the old moon fades from the heavens, that the gods hav eaten it, and feel shocked at the impiety of those who doubt the soundness of their faith.

The Jew, the Christian, and the Mohommedan, each in turn, regards the others as impious for not accepting his belief.

And coming down to our humble selvs, our convictions on religion are as widely divergent as north from southern pole.

While my friend considers true piety to consist in cherishing the doctrins yclept "orthodox," I can but regard them as in the highest, or rather lowest, degree "impious or sacrilegious.

According to orthodox theology, God consigns a large majority of mankind to endless misery for acting just as he foresaw they would act as the legitimate result of instincts and attributes with which he endows every one before he comes into conscious existence!

But if piety leads one to believe the God of the universe out-devils the devil in that style, I choose to remain as impious as possible.

The average Christian is supposed to believe the Bible to represent the devil as the basest, most treacherous, cruel, and heartless being imaginable. But if he will read the whole book with the honest desire to see what it really does teach, he will find Satan represented to be the embodiment of all the virtues, compared with the character it givs the Infinit!

It is true there are some sweeping charges preferred against his Satanic Majesty—such as, "He was a liar from the beginning." But if the reader will examin the first three chapters of the book, he will see that, while his snakeship told the truth as to the effect the pippin would hav on the unsophisticated pair, Jehovah fibbed it.

And there are numerous accounts of similar foibles on the part of the latter.

See the following samples:

"For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie" (Thes. ii, 11).

"Now, therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets" (1 Kings xxii, 23). "The Lord sent an evil spirit" (Judges ix, 23). "And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord hav deceived that prophet" (Ezek. xiv, 9).

The devil is also accused of going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. But as there is no instance specified of his having devoured any one, his roaring may be simply for fun. The worst crime named against him is smiting Job with sore boils; but it will be seen by examining the record that the Lord gave him the wink to do it, which places one about as deep in the mud as the other in the mire.

But the second chapter of 2 Kings describes a crime, which the book ascribes to the Lord, compared with which Job's affliction was a slight affair. In fact, boils are generally blessings in disguise, to rid the system of morbific matter, for the promotion of the general health.

The account refered to is substantially this:

One Elisha was going up to Bethel, when a company of mirthful little children mocked him, and said, "Go up, thou bald head." Now it wasn't pretty in the children to speak so, but any old man with a bald head who loved children and knew he was a child once, would hav talked so kindly to them that they would never hav repeated such language to anybody. But what does old Lishe do but turn back, look at those giddy little children and "curse them in the name of the Lord," when out of the woods came two bears and tore forty-two of those little children to pieces!

Why *don't* the clergy take this and some other passages that I am selecting for them as texts for sermons? Such preaching would draw.

A few more illustrating the piety of Bible worship may be in order: "I will not pity, nor spare, nor hav mercy, but destroy them" (Jer. xiii, 14). "And thou shalt consume all the people which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee" (Deut. vii, 16). "Now go and smite

Amalek, and utterly destroy all they hav and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling" (1 Sam. xv, 2, 3). "The Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them and they died" (Josh. x, 11). "Because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, even he smote of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men" (1 Sam, vi, 19) "And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him . . and he . . slew a thousand men" (Judges xv, 14,15). "David did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned not aside from anything that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite" (1 Kings xv, 5). "And David slew of the Syrians seven thousand men which fought in chariots, and fifty thousand footmen" (1 Chron. xix, 18).

And this same David was guilty of enormous crimes too numerous to mention, and in sensuality out-Mormoned the average Mormon. And yet the the Bible calls him a man after God's own heart! In this connection the reader's attention is called to the story of Solomon, who cast all Mormondom into the shade by his lascivious life and songs; but still the Bible tells us that he was the wisest man that ever did or ever will liv! The Mormons, therefore, are the wisest people on earth.

More selections from the inspired book:

"Who ever doeth any work on the Sabbath day shall surely be put to death" (Ex. xxxi, 15). "They found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, and the whole congregation stoned him to death, as the Lord commanded Moses" (Num. xv, 32, 36).

According to the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, God commanded Moses to make war on the Midianites. He did so, and took all their property, put all the males and married women to death, and gave the virgins over to a life worse than death; the reason for this wholesale outrage being, not that the people had done any wrong to Moses or his banditti, but that the Lord, like the editor in my case, regard d them as lacking in piety. But I hav no fears of my friend's wishing to come the Jehovah on me, as he is far higher in the moral scale than the book he swears by. But, as there are those who might consider themselvs moved *a la* Bible to emulate the piety of Moses, David, and the bears, all of whom are represented as under divine guidance, I breathe freer and deeper for the waning power of the mythical book.

There is, if possible, a still lower deep to orthodoxy than anything yet noticed. Reference is made to the dogma of vicarious atonement.

Language is impotent to properly characterize it. Suffice it to say that an infinitly wise, just, and merciful God is blasphemously represented as refusing to pardon sinners from eternal torments, however humble, contrite, and penitent they may be, save only by the cruel and bloody murder of his only begotten and innocent son!

The animus of the dogma is far below the code of Southern chivalry.

No chivalric son of the South could ever hav meted out vengeance to any but those he considered in the wrong. But that is just what God is said to hav done, or caused to be done.

Nothing short of the sufferings of a God like himself could appease his anger, caused by the sins of mankind! Such is the justice of piety!

And here it may be well to elucidate the mathematics of the "Adorable Trinity." Well, there are three personal Gods—yet there is but one God. In other words, as applied to the triune God, three are no more than one, nor is one any less than three. So now, dear reader, you know how it is yourself. It is one of the "mysteries of godliness"—and don't you forget it.

So the wrath of the father (one-third of God) could be appeased, sated, or satisfied for the sins of the world only by the cruel and ignominious death of his own innocent son (another third of God, who was just as old as his father, and equal in all respects). And these sufferings of Christ are imputed to sinners, and they go scot-free. For the doctrin is that the passion of the cross was a full atonement for the sins of all mankind who will accept such means of free grace.

Therefore if Christians suffer too, it is sharp practice—God is extorting double price. But here, as in most matters, Bible believers reason in a circle. In one part of their orbit they say Jesus made a full propitiation for the sins of the whole world. They then swing around to the opposit point, and declare that all that will liv godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution (2 Tim. iii 12). "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake" (Luke xxi, 17). "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" (Heb. xii, 6). "Jordan am a hard road to trabel," etc., etc.

It is impossible to believe that a human being ever existed so void of mercy as this dogma represents the Infinit to be.

And it would be difficult to devise a religious tenet more demoralizing to all who *can* believe it, or which could hav stronger attractions for the ignoble and selfish, than this dogma of vicarious atonement.

There can be no doubt that this feature is what won the blood-stained Emperor Constantine to Christianity. He hoped it might save him from punishment for his atrocious crimes.

How comforting to the hardened criminal to believe that Jesus died for him, suffered in his stead, has taken away all his sins, if he will believe on and trust in him; that he will be accepted at the eleventh hour; that though his sins are as scarlet, the blood of Jesus will make them white as snow.

Probably ninety-nine per cent of all criminals believe this doctrin. Some years ago it was ascertained that the convicts of the Auburn (N. Y.) state prison (situated in my nativ county) were orthodox to a man, and eighteen of them clergymen.

And it is well known that convicted murderers, almost or quite without exception, are orthodox, and speak with their last breath with the utmost confidence of swinging from the scaffold to paradise direct. And this may be the reason why clergymen are so unanimous for the gallows.

But how about the noble and magnanimous? Can they wish to enter heaven, not for any good they may hav done in the world, but to sneak in over the blood, sufferings, and merits of another?

They cannot. But paradise is not an inclosure; but the result of unselfish devotion to the good of mankind.

> "Who hath assuaged a widow's wo,
> Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
> Of heaven beginning here below."

The dogma of vicarous atonement could not liv a decade in this enlightened age but for the Sunday-school, in which the confiding, unreasoning, and plastic mind of childhood is bent, twisted, and distorted into the most unnatural and grotesque forms, which crystallize in many cases and go through life. I once heard Dr. K., of Mechanicsville, Ia., boast in public of never having allowed himself to harbor a doubt of anything taught him at Sunday-school when a child. His teachers might therefore hav made him a life-long believer that Jonah swallowed the whale, instead of *vice versa*.

But "the world moves." And the Bible, from having been so long the judge on the bench, has become the culprit in the box. Amen, Selah.

Memphis, Mo. STEPHEN YOUNG.

The Revolt Against Compulsory Vaccination in England.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: The recent conference of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination has given a further impulse to the now irrepressible agitation for the repeal of all compulsory vaccination legislation. The chair was taken by Mr. I. Passmore Edwards, member of Parliament for Salisbury, and proprietor of the *Echo* and other well-known journals, who denounced the tyranny of the laws which subjected parents to repeated fines and imprisonment for their non-compliance with what they believed to be a mischievous medical infliction. There was a large attendance of medical men, sanitarians, members of boards of guardians, and others interested in questions relating to the public health, among them Dr. Clark, Dr. C. T. Pearce, Dr. Edward Haughton, Dr. D. Jones, Dr. C. R. Drysdale, F. R. C. S.; Mr. W. J. Collins, M. B., M. R. C. S., Dr. Thos. Nichols, Dr. Renner, Mr. Alderman Rees (chairman of the Dover Board of Guardians); Mr. Zadok M. Spear, of Philadelphia, U. S. A.; Mr. Alex. Wheeler of Darlington; Mr. T. Martin of Lewes, Mr. Robert Blackie, of Liverpool; Dr. Alice Vickery, and other lady doctors, Mr. Mozley, barrister at law, Mr. W. Tebb, Mr. William White, Mr. Cornelius Pearson, and many others. Dr. Drysdale read an interesting paper on the origin of *vaccinia* and the progress of animal vaccination, which was followed by an animated discussion. Mr. William Tebb furnished some important details relating to the progress of the movement against compulsory vaccination both in England and on the Continent; upwards of a quarter of a million tracts and publications had been published and circulated by the London society alone during the past twelve months, new anti-vaccination leagues and societies had been formed, and old ones revived. An able article in the *Journal of Science* for November, entitled, "The Vaccination Question Reconsidered," showed that recent parliamentary and other official documents demonstrate the inutility of vaccination as a preventiv, and its deleterious effects on the public health, which facts could not be much longer concealed by the leaders of the pro-vaccinating party.

The International Anti-Vaccination Congress held in Paris last year had been the means of intensifying the opposition, and awakening public attention to the subject to a large degree. Deputations of the delegates had been granted audiences with M. Tirard, the minister of agriculture and commerce; also with M. Constans, the minister of the interior; and the main facts against vaccination laid before them had led to the rejection of M. Lionville's bill for making vaccination and re-vaccination compulsory in France. The International Congress recently held at Cologne, at which eight nationalities were represented by forty delegates, would, he (Mr. Tebb) ventured to hope, precipitate the repeal of the vaccination acts in Germany, the opposition to which was gaining ground every day. After the termination of the conference proceedings Mr. Alexander Wheeler proposed the following resolution:

> "That in view of the confusion of opinion which prevails amongst medical authorities when the subject of vaccination is discussed, it is unwise, impolitic, and unjust to enforce it; that such enforcement retards all improvement in the treatment, and all discoveries for the prevention of smallpox; and that all compulsory legislation with regard to vaccination ought to be repealed."

This was seconded by Dr. Haughton, and carried amidst applause, with only two or three dissentients, in an overflowing assembly.

London, Dec. 7, 1881. WM. YOUNG.

A Letter from California.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER. *Sir:* I promised you some time ago that I would giv your readers an idea of where immigrants could find some good farming, and also where hunters could find plenty of game and "toilers of the sea" plenty of fish. Since the promis was made I hav read the very interesting letter of Dr. J. L. York, of San Jose, in this state, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of last week, and also some articles from Washington territory, published in the *Investigator*. Oregon and the territory around are the regions of which I was to speak, but I would also include British Columbia and Alaska. As to the British possessions on the Pacific, an American can feel as much at home there, substantially speaking, as in Alaska, Oregon, or Washington territory. The inhabitants of all the vast regions spoken of speak the English language, habits and customs are the same, and the most fraternal feelings exist.

As to agricultural and grazing lands, there are millions of acres, and "as good as ever lay outdoors," as the saying is. But let us understand each other thoroughly. I look upon all Freethinkers as constituting one great family, and when I giv information, counsel, or advice, I do so unselfishly, as a member of that family, and am proud of the honor. Now if any Freethinker along the Atlantic seaboard, the great West, or elswhere, the other side of the Rocky Mountains, is comfortably situated, and life is prosperous with himself and family, he had better not break up the old home. Let its *memories be* sacred unto him, for this beautiful and blessed earth is the Freethinker's heaven. If we get to the other we will try and make it a greater heaven still.

As to men who hav determined to make a move, let them not hesitate a moment to strike for the Pacific coast. Young men who are resolved to go West, as good Horace Greeley would say, should not stop before casting their eyes on the glorious and apparently boundless Pacific Ocean. These two classes, whom I know to be composed of earnest, honest, industrious men, cannot fail to prosper. I should suggest northern California, Oregon, and Washington territory for those intending to pursue farming and cattle-raising. Irrigation is necessary in southern California. Hunters will find Washington territory, British Columbia, and Alaska a veritable bonanza, as will fishermen.

The climate, generally speaking, is mild, owing, the scientists say, to the Japanese gulf-stream. Right here in San Francisco you can imagin what an Eden it is. Three weeks ago I planted out some corn in a large vase and left it on my window-sill, out in the open air. To-day I measured my green crop, and all the blades are from one to two inches high, and healthy and strong. And this in the middle of the month of December. All my flowers are green and blooming, and the trees in the gardens are just commencing to bud. Nature is thus impulsiv through a great section of California at this season. Think of this, you who hav four or five months of ice, snow, and cold winds before you.

Truly we hav a paradise on the Pacific, but here, as elsewhere, life is a struggle, and there are those joys, griefs, those hopes and fears which are the common lot of humanity. All things considered, however, we really hav a paradise on this coast. I presume the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER goes to his office in a heavy overcoat, has warm gloves to keep his hands in good trim, and a fire all day to enable him to work. I do not know what an overcoat is, and I hav not seen a fire in my office this winter or last, and never feel the want of such a thing. I present these facts to show your readers that "the boasted climate of California" is deserving of its good name. Of course people hav fires here, but they are more a necessity for cooking and the old folks than anything else.

I hav received several letters in reply to my last correspondence, to some of which I hav replied. The general facts herein stated must be a reply to the others. My friend, Mr. A. Berenz, has also received a number of letters, and he requests me to say politely to his correspondents, all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, that the facts stated in my last letter with regard to the boot and shoe trade are the same as then, and that the artisans who are determined to come here will find remunerativ work, as stated. With an "aloha" for all, I remain, as ever,

San Francisco, Dec. 11, 1881. BYRON ADONIS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

Welcome, 1882.

This number begins a new year and a new volume of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Last year had fifty-three Saturdays, and consequently our readers had fifty-three papers. Some weeklies skipped one issue, but we could not afford to do it. We intend to giv every patron who deals with us his full money's worth and not take advantage of any freaks of old Father Time to get out of our honest obligation to publish THE TRUTH SEEKER every Saturday. If the white-headed old man takes a notion to stick a hundred and three Saturdays in 1882 we shall print a paper for every one of them.

Since THE TRUTH SEEKER started as a little eight-page monthly out on an Illinois prairie it has seen many vicissitudes, and its honored editor has known how bitter is the lot of him who speaks his honest thought surrounded by Christian enemies. He has felt the overpowering love which has in all ages so preëminently distinguished the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and has tasted prison fare because of his unswerving devotion to what he considered right. He lay for eleven long months in a Christian prison because he maintained the right to utter the honest thought of others. He was put there by a Christian society because he was an Infidel, a Freethinker, a truth seeker.

But he survived and came out stronger than ever, more widely known and honored. His reception in this city will long be remembered as a red letter day for the Liberals of this city, the country, and the world. Kind greetings came even from over the sea. But that was not honor enough, and he was sent as a delegate to the International Congress of Liberals at Brussels, from whence he took a tour over the eastern part of Europe, "The Truth Seeker in Europe," a volume of 850 pages, being the result. So well pleased were the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER with his letters that Mr. Coleman made the proposition that he go around the world and giv the Liberals of the country the benefit of his travels through these columns, and also in book form. From being a mere suggestion the enterprise soon took definit shape, hundreds of people pledging the five dollars for the book, and on the 30th day of last July he sailed, and the weekly letters now appearing are the result. The fund is still growing, and we believe that ultimately enough will be subscribed to pay the entire expense of the trip.

From being the inmate of a Christian prison to traveling around the world as the eyes of several thousand people is a long step. The churches of this country can best tell whether the project of imprisoning the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a satisfactory and paying investment.

And so we welcome 1882. We start out on the new volume under happy auspices. If our friends do their part the year will be a grand one. It will see the editor home, the travels completed, and the first Liberal history of the old world written. The aims of the paper will be, as ever, to inculcate and perpetuate science, Liberalism, and truth. We hav no creed nor dogmas to ask others to subscribe to, but are in favor of independent thought, free inquiry, free speech, and everything that tends to break the chains of mental bondage, ignorance, and superstition. This should be the platform of all charitable, Liberal, honest men. Upon this platform the paper has stood for eight years, even when whirlwinds of slander and vindictiv opposition hav roared around it. It has never faltered in its opposition to Christian priestcraft—a system that has fastened an incubus upon the world more blighting than any mildew ever breathed from heaven. It will at all times defend the right and denounce the wrong. It will wage an unceasing warfare upon the shams of the church and the crimes of the priesthood, and the cruel creeds which bind as in chains the minds of hundreds of thousands all over the country. The paper will never cease to oppose a system of religion which resorts to lying, intrigue, and imprisonment to smother honest thought. Christianity claims to be founded on the merits of a meek and lowly man, but its followers hav been the most intolerant of opposition, the most bloodthirsty toward unbelievers, of any religionists. They hav persecuted the good, the true, the brave; hav imprisoned the scientist and burnt the heretic.

To rescue man from a belief in a superstition which has done this is the mission of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It has consistently pursued this course since its birth, and will continue to do so. That the light of truth may spread still more rapidly over the world, that men and women everywhere may learn to prefer it to darkening, blighting fogs of superstition, is its devoted wish and purpose.

We welcome 1882 because every year the paper livs the stronger it becomes, and with its permanency insured there will always be one bulwark against Christian encroachment and persecution—one voice always lifted up in a wilderness of truckling, time-serving papers for the preservation and perpetuation of the institutions founded by our Infidel forefathers. So long as THE TRUTH SEEKER exists there will be one defender of human rights; one denouncer of Christian wrongs.

That it will liv for a hundred years—ay, more—we firmly believe. It surely will if every friend of freedom does his or her duty. The only thing that can imperil its existence will be the apathy of the Liberals of the country, and we do not think for a moment that such apathy can exist. Great progress has been made during the last year in speading the light of reason. The struggle of Liberals against the dominant church persecution has passed into history. There may hav been a few stragglers from the grand army left by the wayside, but the van and the great body hav pressed steadily forward, and Liberalism to-day is far in advance of what it has been at any other period in time. Its ranks hav been strengthened by the best minds of the day, the clearest thinkers, the most learned scientists. The time has clearly come when our movement must no longer be merely a negativ opposition to old myths and superstitions, but we must show by our lives and our works that we hav something better to offer, something to take the place; and in this, as in its opposition to the creeds of the churches, THE TRUTH SEEKER will be found in the lead.

And so to the Liberals of the country, to those who love liberty, those who value free speech, who place honesty above hypocrisy, who prefer the facts of science to the theories of superstition, the thinkable and knowable to the unthinkable and unknowable, reasonable opinions to the *ipse dixit* of ignorance, neighborly charity to burning bigotry, we appeal for support the coming year. All we ask is reward according to our merit, and it shall not be our fault if it is not as generous in the future as it has been in the past. We hope that every person interested in the cause of human rights—of liberty for all alike—will do what he can to help along THE TRUTH SEEKER. Let all seek for truth, and when we hav found the jewel in the grass, let us bring another to view it with us. A diamond loses nothing of its luster by being looked at by the multitude, and the truth will bear the roughest handling. All it asks is a fair field and no favor. .

Remember THE TRUTH SEEKER is the largest, boldest, and freest Liberal paper in the world. It will be sent, postage paid,

One year, ...	$3.00
Six months, ...	1.50
Three months, ...	.75

In order to introduce it, we shall continue to send it to new or trial subscribers three months for 50 cents. We do not make anything on this, and we do it simply to take the stranger by the hand, trusting that he will like the paper well enough to continue taking it at the regular rates.

We wish all our friends a new year free from worry and vexation, from financial distress, sickness, and suffering, and trust that in their prosperity they will not forget THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Religion and Insanity.

The Miss Nancy who writes the esthetic articles for the New York *Tribune* is much shocked that level-headed people are attributing to religion the "crankedness" of the fanatic now undergoing trial at Washington. The fact that some persons hav cautioned ministers to be careful how they preached from the biblical story of Abraham about to sacrifice his son lest it might lead religious people, like Freeman and Guiteau, to commit murder, is dwelt upon and deplored. The cause of insanity, says the long-stockinged young man, is always physiological.

Now, we did not hear anything of this kind when the president was first shot. On the contrary, every minister said it was the result of Freethought, and preached lurid sermons against the Infidelity of the times. But when it is incontestably proved that the assassin is one of the most religious of the religious, the ministers shrink from their own reasoning and say that religion never had anything to do with it. How would it hav been had it been shown that the wretch was an Infidel? Would not every Christian in the land hav said the crime was the result of his belief, or non-belief? And would not the *Tribune* hav said so too? The Liberalism of the century would hav had to bear the opprobrium, and now that it is shown that the Bible and the Christian religion are the source whence the murderer drew his inspiration, we propose that the church shall bear the obloquy, and not its opponents.

Infidelity has no sacred standard for murder, no inspired record of holy crimes, no deity who sanctions and commands assassination, no scheme of redemption whereby the innocent is made to bear the sins of the guilty, but, on the contrary, every Freethinker is guided by the principles of right and justice. If he commits a wrong he cannot say he was led to it by his religion, or that his god sanctions it. He must square his life by honesty and justice, and stand on his own merits.

Religion givs a man a chance to do all sorts of wickedness, and then escape by repenting at the last moment, throwing all the sin on Jesus, and keeping all the glory for himself.

The fact that religion has crazed a good many is amply shown by the statistics of the insane asylums of the country, and all the disclaimers by the men of God cannot make it any different. At present it looks as though the Washington crank was not insane, but only a shrewd religious fanatic. At any rate, religion must share the opprobrium of his crime until it is shown that religion never committed murder, and we take it that will be a hard matter to establish unless all books are burned and all human testimony thrown aside as counting for naught.

More Arbitrary Meddling with the Mail.

A few days ago an edition of the paper called *House and Home* was detained at the post-office on the pretext that it contained some proposition for premiums touching somewhat on the statute forbidding the offering of prizes. A copy of the paper was sent to Washington for the decision of the moguls at headquarters, and they returned it with this astounding decision: The lottery and gift enterprise statutes are not violated, but it should not be allowed to hav mail facilities because it contains an advertisment of Dr. Foote's "Health Hints!" We do not profess to giv the phraseology of this order, simply its substance. Why does not the department rule out the New York *Weekly Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* for the same reason? These papers are publishing this same advertisment. When this question is settled we would ask to know what there is objectionable in either the advertisment or in Dr. Foote's "Health Hints?" Things seem to be growing terribly foggy down at the capital, and every old government scow seems to be bumping against Dr. Foote's health excursion boats. But, seriously, what rights hav the newspapers in the mails? Where is this meddlesomeness to end? If such arbitrary rulings are permitted, what may come next? Is this censorship of the press to be continued until the liberty of the press and mails is wholly subverted? These are serious questions for the consideration of the American people.

Mr. Wakeman's Two Lectures.

We ask the serious attention of our readers to these remarkable lectures upon "The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels." The first lecture was concluded in our last paper with the close of the year. It laid the objectiv scientific basis of Liberalism concisely yet thoroughly. Mr. Wakeman deserves the thanks of all for collecting in so short a space the substance of hundreds of volumes, which ordinary mortals hav no time to read and digest. As far as we can see, his work has been admirably done. It furnishes a foundation upon which Liberalism can rest and build securely for the future.

We shall commence the second lecture with our next number. It promises to be not so deep and scientific, but more practical and generally interesting than the first. It takes up the main questions of our age, and, upon the scientific foundation laid in the first lecture, givs their solution from the Positiv and human point of view. He calls it the *subjectiv order;* but the point is to show how that The Religion of Science and Humanity is the only safe and practical solution and guide of human life, at least, on this earth.

Mr. Wakeman is advertised to repeat this second lecture, in substance, before the SOCIETY OF HUMANITY next Sunday evening at Science Hall. It will be the first of a course of lectures to be delivered Sunday evenings this winter by members of that society. Those who are so fortunate as to be able to attend this course will soon learn that those who talk about "shallow Infidelity" are sadly if not wilfully behind the age. See the announcement of this course in another column.

WE hav sent out bills to all our subscribers who are in arrears. We are needing the money and hope none will take offense at receiving the notice, for all may be assured it would not be sent were not the money needed. We hav, of course, a great many bills presented to us, and hav to scratch around and pay them, and to do this the hundreds of little bills owing to us are necessary. We hav reckoned the bills up to January, but we hope all who can will renew in advance for 1882. When the amount is for a part of the year, friends can just inclose $3 and let it go on for the year, or they can inclose the amount for the fraction of the year and also $3 for 1882, which latter course would assuredly please us best. The amount is not large for each individual, but in the aggregate the accounts amount up to a handsome sum, and if paid promptly will make THE TRUTH SEEKER all right for the coming year. We earnestly ask our friends to pay early attention to the bills.

Charles J. Guiteau and the Great Trial at Washington.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

I hav been for some time under a strong "pressure" —that is the phrase now—to say a few words about the trial of Guiteau for the "removal" of President Garfield. It strikes me forcibly that it is really not so much Guiteau who is on trial as it is the Christian church, and religion itself as it has been and is understood and taught in most countries. Especially is it Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, the three great religions of the occident, which are on trial; and to convict and hang Guiteau will go a long way toward rendering a verdict against the fundamental doctrin of these three great religions—the one doctrin in which they all agree, and by which they are affiliated as of the same descent. That doctrin is, faith in the direct inspiration of individual minds by the deity, which inspiration may and does, in supreme instances, lift the individual so inspired out of himself, cancel his responsibility, and make him the mere agent of the higher power; and further, that the grandest and sublimest test of the overpowering presence of such inspiration is its requisition upon the individual to do some act so abhorrent to his natural affections and reason that nothing but such a divine pressure upon him from without himself could hav induced him to, and hav sustained him in, the act. Such was the act of Abraham in his proposed sacrifice of his son Isaac at the supposed and assumed command of God; and it was that supreme act of faith in what came to him as an inspiration, and of obedience to the command so communicated, subjectivly, or through the operations of his own mind, that constituted and constitutes Abraham "the Father of the Faithful," and, as such, the historic head of the three great religions above mentioned. All of them date back to Abraham for their origin, and to this one act of Abraham as the sign and seal of the divine sanction of their own faith—the very reason of their existence.

What Abraham did, or proposed to do, Guiteau has done. The cases are as nearly identical as can well be imagined. Abraham was the Guiteau of his day; Guiteau is the Abraham of our day. Guiteau and Abraham are virtually one. We, who stand aside and judge, hav no means of knowing the facts, except what Abraham must be supposed to hav told some one or ones about it, and what Guiteau actually does tell us, and repeats, every day, about it. We cannot enter into the subjectiv chambers of their minds and actually know what occurred there. What is claimed as having happened is, however, the same in both cases; and if it be granted and claimed that such a thing can happen, and did happen in one case, that raises a strong presumption that it did happen, or may hav happened, in the other case. It is not my purpose to deny that it did happen in the case of Abraham; but to insist that this is the real question at issue. Guiteau is logically and precisely right in affirming that there are two and only two questions rightly before the court: (1) Was he under a divine pressure, an overpowering influence, compelling him to do an act from which personally he would hav recoiled, both in his sentiments and in his reason? and (2), Does the presence of a divine inspiration, thus lifting a man out of himself, constitute such a special variety of insanity as also to lift him above all responsibility to human laws.

Of course it does not follow, if inspiration is a truth, that every man who claims to be inspired is so, really. The first question divides therefore into two: (1) Is inspiration of the kind in question ever true? and (2), Was Guiteau's pretended inspiration one of the genuin kind, or otherwise?

I am not arguing for the yea or nay of any one of these questions. But I am saying that they are very vital questions for the church and for the current religion among us. It is the church and the current religion that are on trial. Is there any such thing as inspiration having the power over the human mind to snatch it from its anchorage in reason and hurl it into the current of what would otherwise be the direst and most horrible crime. If yes, then Guiteau may be telling the simple, unadulterated truth. If no, the very keystone is knocked out of the arch which sustains the three most prominent religions of the world.

The church and the current religion are on trial in this very case as never before in the whole history of the world. If God reigns, and if it were his express design to shatter the old forms of faith and hasten their downfall, in preparation for the new order of the pure reason, or if, on the other hand it, were his purpose to resuscitate faith by another brilliant instance like that of Abraham, to publish it suddenly to the whole world, and so to burnish up the whole armor of the old religious warriors—in neither case could he, seemingly, hav worked to his end better than by provoking this Guiteau trial; and herein may be the otherwise inscrutable divine wisdom of the whole transaction. But which of these two is the design of deity? Which doctrin has to go to the wall? Or is there a third which shall reconcile them? The church and religion cannot evade the issue. It is they that are on trial; not merely in the court-house, but in millions of individual minds over the whole world. Is inspiration a truth? Was Abraham divinely inspired to murder his own and dearly beloved son? If so, why not Guiteau to slay the president? Rev. Robert Collyer preached a sermon on Abraham and Guiteau. He denied the inspiration of Abraham, at least, by inference. But that is to cease to be either Jew, Mohammedan, or Christian. Rev. Dr. Fulton preached back again. His argument was little more than abuse of the other pulpiteer—abuse of him as worse than Guiteau, for comparing Guiteau to Abraham, when nothing but the prejudice of sentiment could surmise a difference—granting the sincerity of each. But in the midst of the bad logic of Dr. Fulton, his talk showed painfully the struggle of the heart; he sensed profoundly the awful strain which has come upon the doctrin of faith and inspiration. His sermon sounded like a wail, and a terrific protest against the stern logic of the case. He for one evidently sees and knows that it is the church and the current religion which are on trial.

But then what is to be said in this matter? Is the church and are the traditions of all past times wholly wrong; and are the new-lights of the hour the only people who hav ever known the truth about it? Are they even settled among themselvs on the subject? As I write there comes to me in the New York *Herald* of yesterday (Sunday, Dec. 19th), the report of a sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, in which he sets forth the present position of Mr. Frothingham, about which much misunderstanding has existed.

"Let me outline as briefly as I can," says he, "Mr. Frothingham's present religious attitude. Has there been any real change in his view of things? Yes, there has; and this is the little flame at the heart of all this heaven-filling cloud of smoke."

Mr. Frothingham, it seems, would not blot out one single word of all his past utterances, but would supplement them with a new element of faith. He does not tend backward but forward, except as extremes meet, and the whole embraces the parts.

"Now, then, for his change. To put it into my own phrase, I should say he has come to be a more pronounced Theist. The point toward which his thoughts converge is 'the mode of communication between the divine mind and the human,' to quote his own words in conversation. He said, 'For many years I hav been inclined to try to prove that everything comes out of the earth from below; that religion is purely earthly in its origin; something made by man—his effort to perfect himself, to use Mr. Abbot's phrase; and I hav not, as I now think, taken enough account of the working in the world of a divine mind—a power above man's working on and through him to lift and lead;' and in his own use of that term he looks for larger revelations of God and truth in the future. 'I hope,' said he, 'that new light will break out—not of God's word, in the sense of a book, but of God's universe. The new light, he thinks, will come, not by studying old creeds or standards or Bibles, but by looking forward for new manifestations through natural methods in the human soul."

The gist of all this is that Mr. Frothingham is laboring with this very question, "*the mode of communication between the divine mind and the human*," and this not as a matter of biblical interpretation, but as a question of universal and social philosophy.

Now, in order to understand this new departure, we may at least glance at the past. The ancient philosophers come to believe in a fate or fatality which overmasters the will of both gods and men. Shakspere says, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." More specifically the ancients believed in a universal *pneuma*, a veritable holy ghost, which permeated the atmosphere and universal things, and affected the minds of men for good or evil. This all-permeating spirit or influence, impinging on the human mind, they personified sometimes as male and sometimes as female. It was from this idea that the doctrin of the Holy Ghost arose in the churches. Where the philosopher personified, the theologians impersonated. Mr. Frothingham is beginning to believe in the philosophical phase of this doctrin. Guiteau believes absolutely in the theological aspect of the same doctrin. Extremes meet.

I must stop. I might well write a volume on the subject. The Guiteau case presents exceedingly interesting problems for the students of sociological psychology. Ordinary psychologists compass but half the problem. There is a sense in which all mankind, nay, all things, are one, as well as a sense in which they are individual or many. Judge Porter will throw his strength, probably, into the effort to prove that Guiteau is and has been shamming or pretending; and with his great ability, on his plane, and his powerful magnetic sphere, he may very probably convince the jury, and, for the time being, the community, and Guiteau may be hung; but the people of a riper development and deeper insight of the next generation will reverse their verdict, and in history he will come to be regarded as a sort of martyr to the ignorance of the world we liv in. There is, almost certainly, no more honest man living than Guiteau, in the sense of a profound conviction of the truth of his inspiration. If there can be a possible doubt in his case, there can be none in that of Freeman. There is not a shadow of a difference otherwise between Guiteau, Freeman, and Abraham. The real question is, How came this man to hav that conviction? The answer is at hand: In his highly nervous, sensitiv organization, with some lack of balance; and in the facts of his education. He was taught from his infancy by his father, and trained for six years in his most impressible period of youth, in precisely the doctrins he is now reiterating with the stanchest confidence every day. They are the doctrins of John H. Noyes and his followers, who talk familiarly of God or deity as a person in daily and actual communication with them, and inspiring them, especially Mr. Noyes, in all they do. Mr. Noyes himself was when young a revivalist preacher, in dead earnest. He differed from the whole Christian world around him, in the single fact of actually believing what they taught and are teaching, while they but half believe it, or think they believe it, but do not do so in very truth. I hav been anxiously waiting to hear Mr. Scoville examin Guiteau and other witnesses, to show the influence under which Guiteau formed his character and his convictions, and especially upon the peculiar and very impressiv teachings of Oneida upon these very subjects. I venture to presume that Guiteau's defection from Mr Noyes was on the ground that Mr. Noyes even was not extreme enough in his belief of this very doctrin of implicit faith in personal inspiration, and in the actual and overpowering presence of God in the mind of the true believer.

Guiteau has lived all his life enveloped in this influence. His surprise and wonderment are perfectly genuin, I do not for a moment doubt, that the Christian community at large has not flocked around him and rallied as one man to his defense. In all this he is perfectly logical. They should do so, and especially the Oneida people should do so, if faith were not either dead or half dead among them. It is their issue, made boldly with the world, maintained verbally for some thousands of years, and now brought to an actual test in the court-house of a civilized country. I repeat, in conclusion, that it is the church and the current religions of the world which are on trial at Washington, and if they had the courage of their opinions to stand bravely up for his defense, as they might do with oceans of divine and no small amount of philosophical authority to back them, Guiteau would be properly defensed; and without that, if convicted and hung, he will be judicially slaughtered, having been deprived of the defense he is justly entitled to.

Book Notices.

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST, AND EXPOSITION OF RELIGIOUS FRAUDS. By Thomas Crispin. Price $1.00. Detroit, Mich.

This is by a man who conceives he knows more about the Holy Ghost than ordinary people, and consequently is able to tell what is a sin against it. He seems to be a little church, with a little creed all to himself, and has about the same number of vagaries that most lay theologians who try to effect a reform within the church hav. He appreciates the true worth of the priesthood, for he says: "The last fifty years hav demonstrated pretty satisfactorily to most people that the clergy are no more to be relied upon for truth, honesty, and virtue than the politician or the general run of mankind. Each is bound to defend the doctrins of his own particular church, and they are as a class almost void of the moral courage necessary to enable men to stand up for the truth alone." With the exception of an occasional lucid interval like this paragraph, the book is as tedious as works written by more orthodox expounders of the mysteries of the H. G. and the trinity.

GEORGE FOX INTERPRETED. The religion, revelations, motivs, and mission of George Fox, "the first and chief elder among the people called Quakers," interpreted in the light of the nineteenth century, and applied to the present condition of the church. By Thomas Ellwood Songshore. Price, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cents. For sale by the author at Philadelphia, Pa.

Geo. Fox is canonized by the Quakers, who cherish him as a saint, and this book was written to destroy in some measure the superstition they hold respecting him and his faith. He is the text for the essay because his name may enlist and excite inquiry among his followers. The book, it is thought, may help them in defending themselvs against the charge of heresy, and in enlightening what the author calls the misguided. The book is not radical in thought; it was not written for the mentally full, but for the enslaved to superstition, and is designed for a stepping stone to farther-on truth, for which the author professes supreme reverence. The book is permeated with the kindly spirit of the Quaker sect, for which we must hav deep sympathy and respect, however much we may disagree with them in their religous tenets.

THE large cut which we print this week of the howling dervishes performing their worship—a sort of Mohammedan prayer and praise meeting—will be found alluded to in Mr. Bennett's letter from Constantinople. The peculiar conformation of the gravestones which the writer remarks can be noted in this picture.

Communications.

Patent Morality.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* "Law" and "Liberta" are discussing prohibition. Perhaps I hav no business to interfere in this fight, but as the patent-morality people are trying, with good prospects of success, to secure the adoption of a prohibitory amendment in Iowa similar to the one their Kansas brethren hav engrafted upon the organic laws of the state, my intrusion may possibly be pardoned by your readers and by "Law."

But it seems to me that each of these gentlemen has chosen a somewhat inappropriate *nom de plume*. "Law" really speaks on behalf of liberty, while "Liberta" voices the demands of those who would sacrifice liberty in the name of statute morality. Let this pass, however.

The moment a man differs from them in regard to methods in reform, the patent-morality people vociferously charge him with being the enemy of morality, goodness, and human welfare. Because "Law" does not believe that certain words written upon a piece of paper can change the nature of men, supersede or neutralize conditions of birth and environment, make an ascetic of a glutton, or a sage of a boor, "Liberta" says that he is wanting in morality and a desire to elevate the morals of his community, intimates that he would recruit the ranks of Liberalism in the "sinks of immorality," and says that he is very much ashamed of "Law."

This is the spirit manifested by nearly or quite all of those who advocate compulsiv methods in temperance work. "Liberta" should not be blamed for this intolerant Phariseeism. He inherited it. From the church he got his ideas of right and wrong, and he simply wants to use her tools of reformation. Professing to be the apostle of peace, force has ever been her ideal means of grace. She has always persecuted men for their good. God has been the shibboleth, but the good of man her end. The inquisitor sought to conserve morality, and his conception of morality was obedience to the will of God as revealed in the Bible.

Men must obey God. Why? That they might be better and happier, if not here, then somewhere else. To the end that men should escape hell hereafter, the church endeavored to force her ideas of morality and duty upon all. Hence came racks, thumb-screws, gibbets, stakes, inquisitions, heresy laws, etc., etc. Little or no attempts to better conditions, to study nature, nothing but law and force everywhere and always.

Partly to save men from the same hereafter hell, partly to keep them out of the hells of the here and now, the patent moralists, prohibitionists, obscenists, and all others of that genus, seek to force their views of morality and temperance upon all, regardless of all differences of organization and environment; not only their views, but their methods of reform, their cure-all specifics. Hence prohibitory laws and amendments, fines, penalties, imprisonment, confiscation, and disfranchisment. The inquisitor and the prohibitionist are one as regards both motivs and means. The inquisitor sought to better the condition of humanity; so does the prohibitionist. The adored specific of each, force, legal, physical. The intention, good. The means, subversiv of all liberty, alien to science, totally inadequate to secure the end sought.

Prohibitionists are ever unjust to those who cannot agree with them as to methods. This is natural. The worshiper of force regards all who do not kneel at the same shrine, as rebels. And he is always ready to help put down the rebellion. He knows that he is right, and if others don't, why, they've got to, that's all. This it is that has cumbered our statute books with a multitude of laws, ninety-nine hundredths of which are needless, impertinent, invasiv, and tyrannical.

Any person who has the temerity to dissent from the dictum of your true prohibitionist is by him at once classed with the enemies of temperance, is called an ally of the rum-seller and a foe to morality. These legal suasionists get together and style themselvs the "Temperance party," thus classing all who cannot agree with them as to methods in a great intemperate party. An amiable, courteous, and modest proceeding, surely!

Says "Liberta," "The great crime of our age is intemperance. It is the father of every other crime." Per contra, the great misfortune of this and every age is and has been ignorance; ignorance of how to so adapt ourselvs to our environment as to secure the largest possible resultant of happiness for ourselvs and others; ignorance is the father of intemperance, poverty, bad generation, and all other secondary causes of human unhappiness which act and react upon each other, becoming in turn the cause and effect each of the other. Thus ignorance is the father of crime, but intemperance is not a crime, *per se*. If it is, why do you not arrest and fine the man who drinks, rather than the one who sells, the glass of beer?

Is it not because you dare not to-day go that far in your invasion of the sovereignty of the individual? Remember, if there was no demand the supply would not be forthcoming. Men do not manufacture reapers for the use of lumbermen, nor does the saloon-keeper sell whisky to the German when the latter can get beer. You may call intemperance a vice, and I shall not stop to quarrel with you, but I shall giv a much broader signification to the word than do you. Intemperance is an abnormal, unbalanced use of the forces of our organization, and may take the form of over-eating, overworking, late hours, excessiv, insufficient, or non-magnetic sexual intimacies, expensiv, improper clothing, over-stimulation of the mental and nervous organisms, indulgence in the use of alcohol, tobacco, opium, drugs, medicins, etc., etc. All these are evidences of man's ignorance of how to use his mental and physical powers. How are you going to work to remove these evils? Hav you anything but force to offer? Must you ever insultingly assume that he who is not a prohibitionist is necessarily intemperate. Do you not thus show your own intemperate zeal without judgment, and good intentions without scientific analysis?

It is asserted that intemperance is the cause of every crime. If by intemperance is meant only the use of stimulating drinks, nothing could be wider of the truth than this. Every passion of man, his every desire, every unbalanced faculty, has helped to swell the crime list. National pride! count its windrows of slain. Ambition! view its fields of carnage. Revenge! how many daggers has it sharpened, how many vials of poison uncorked! Avarice! in mercy's name, lift not the veil. Jealousy! see its victims bleed, hear their anguished moans. Parental ignorance and inharmony bequeathing to children malformed bodies and erratic brains! go gaze upon the scaffolds they hav built.

Now, bring on your statute law specific for all these diseases. What good will you accomplish? None; on the contrary, you will postpone by many a day the deliverance of man from the slavery of antenatal influences and bad habits.

You are misdirecting the energies of good men and women. You are seeking to advance by going backwards. You would kill a tree by trying to lop off a few branches. You seek to destroy effects while the causes remain. You think to make your neighbor temperate and moral by standing guard over him with a policeman's club. In short, you would make man an intelligent, self-respecting, duty-doing being by taking from him liberty. Your ideal man is an automaton. With the best of intentions you are doing all possible to destroy manly independence, to murder volition, to make us all puppets, to wither the hopes of the race. If you succeed you will hav established a terribly dangerous precedent. There is no logical halting-place between you and the czar, the pope. Your methods are theirs. You all fear reason and science. You all distrust liberty.

Prohibitory legislation is antagonistic to the spirit of Liberalism. Its weapons are in no sense those of Freethought. Facts, reason, better conditions, right generation, justice, love, liberty, these shall circumscribe day by day the domain of intemperance in all its multiform phases. Your laws hav retarded, retard, and always will retard the work of the reformer. Goodness is impossible without liberty.

It is my settled conviction that the use of intoxicants is in every way injurious. Others do not think so. How shall I convince them? By force? Is that the reason of the Freethinker?

There are tens of thousands of men who use certain of these alcoholic beverages. They would be better off without them. But they do not so think. They are good fathers, honest neighbors, industrious, frugal, kindly. They regard any attempt to prescribe for them their food or drink as a vicious interference with their rights, as indeed it is. Do you suppose that you will in any way better their opinion if you make them any more willing to listen to you as a teacher when you shall hav succeeded in ravishing from them their liberties? Would such a conclusion be natural? Or would you not naturally suppose that by such action you would build between you and them a fence impossible to pass, rendering futil every attempt of yours to mingle with and educate them? Such will invariably be the outcome of your proscriptiv methods if they hav in their veins the red life-currents of men. If they quietly submit and kiss their jailer's hand, they are only fit to be slaves, and slaves they will be. When you resort to force you confess yourself beaten in the arena of science, reason, and love, and thus establish your incompetence to deal with so tremendous a problem.

E. C. Walker.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Dec. 20, 1881.

Elmina Says "It's Just the Thing."

Liberal Friends: When I sit down to a feast of good things I always want others to share it. I hav just received a little fifteen-cent pamphlet called "Genesis Revised," purporting to be the only authentic history of creation. It is uniquely illustrated and the story is told in an off-hand, easy, conversational style, and is so full of quaint and ridiculous expressions that one feels like roaring with laughter and bursting with fun at every paragraph. It is certainly the most comic and entertaining document that has ever emanated from the prolific brain and fertil pen of its author, J. R. Monroe, of the *Seymour Times*. If I was able I'd buy fifty copies at once and send them out on a missionary enterprise whose fruits would be of incalculable benefit to the cause of common sense against superstition. Address J. R. Monroe, Seymour, Ind.

Thankfulness.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A sudden and painful accident has thrown me on my back for near two months past, and given leisure for thoughts. I trust I may be pardoned for laying some of them before your readers. Imagin a party of three in a carriage behind a spirited team. Everything about wagon and team seemed safe and strong. A rapid drive of two miles brought us to the brow of a steep hill; descending with some speed, suddenly, as all such things will happen, the tongue dropped in front, leaving no method of holding the wagon save with the rear end of the horses. Now spirited horses are averse to holding wagons in that way, and I don't see who could be so heartless as to blame them. I could not even at that time, although knowing the peril was imminent. It seemed but a flash until the tongue was in the ground and the vehicle was raised in front and came down with a crash. In a moment more I found myself mingled with the débris of broken wheels, torn cushions, and wood splinters. Upon straightening up I found part of me was loose, dangling, which soon forced the painful conclusion that I had a broken leg. My friends escaped with painful bruises. Assistance came and we were soon back to town. After the good surgeon had neatly and swiftly performed his part in the program, and while I was lying upon my back vainly trying to get ease and rest, my good friends congratulated me on my providential escape from sudden death, and told me I had great reason to be "thankful" that it was not my neck instead of my leg. Of course I made strenuous effort to feel thankful, but thoughts would come up and hinder the "work of grace," I presume. I kept thinking that if he, Providence, really did save my neck on that occasion, how easily he might hav kept that tongue from dropping and so saved all the suffering, all the loss of time, and even saved himself this criticism on his manner of doing things in this world. I agree with Mr. Babcock, who says, "We want a God who, when he sees a chance to help a fellow, will pitch in and not wait to be asked." But I must not expect if he refuses assistance to so many hapless creatures in Michigan and the president of a great nation, that he will stop the harp music to prevent a little smash-up on the road.

We are told that we are to be thankful for whatever is sent. Though he lead us through fire itself, we are still to praise him. I wonder if any of the poor Michigan sufferers felt like singing, "Glory to God, who hath just brought us through a fiery ordeal!" It does look from this standpoint that he rather enjoys seeing them squirm. It does seem as if the preachers are right. He is so fond of suffering here in this world, I would not be in the least surprised if he had a good warm fire for those of us who are not "thankful" for the pain and anguish he so liberally bestows here. One cannot resist the conclusion that he enjoys the suffering of his creatures when we see how abundantly it is supplied.

Can we love him? Ought we to praise him? Has the sufferer any reason to be thankful? Say what we may, the theologies, dead and living, hav given no quieting answer. Spiritism does not solve the problem. Even with its sweet promis of summer land and roses, the blank, blue, and stony suffering of this remains. Materialism offers nothing better. I can only exclaim with Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," "It is all a mystery." What to our mind to-day seems best, to-morrow may be the worst. Whatever may be the power ruling the universe, I fail, even with effort, to be thankful. L. E. Huggins.

[*From the St. Thomas Times.*]

An Agnostic in Court.

The attention of the county court was occupied throughout Monday afternoon in the hearing of the cause, Mitchell *vs.* White. The action was in itself unimportant, but it involved the question of belief in a God and a future state. When the defendant, Albert White, of Orwell took the stand, Mr. James Glenn, counsel for plaintiff, stated that before the witness was sworn he desired to ask him a few questions touching his religious belief.

"Do you believe in God?" inquired the counsel.

"Will you describe to me what you mean to imply by the term God?" said Mr. White.

His honor Judge Hughes here remarked, "You can't ask a man to describe what is indescribable."

"Well," returned witness, "if you can't describe what God is you can't expect me to believe what is indescribable."

The prisoner was then asked by Mr. T. W. Crothers: "Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?"

"I believe in rewards and punishments," replied the witness.

"Do you believe in rewards and punishments in a future state?"

"I don't know anything about a future state."

"Do you believe in eternity?"

To this a similar answer was returned, and his honor remarked, "That being the case, witness is evidently an Agnostic, and I cannot receive the evidence."

Mr. Crothers said he considered it unfortunate that his client should not be able to giv evidence without taking an oath on the Bible.

His honor remarked most emphatically that he did not consider it at all unfortunate. He heard that a judge in Toronto had lately expressed himself in a strain similar to Mr. Crothers—that he regretted the law could not be changed so as to admit of such evidence being given; but he himself entirely disagreed with the learned judge, and believed it was a very fortunate thing that such evidence was not allowed to be given except upon oath sworn on the Bible.

Mr. White, who is a prominent and highly-respected resident of Yarmouth township, then retired, and the case proceeded.

"The Radical Pulpit."

This book comes at an opportune time; just when we want to re-read some of the beautiful utterances of Mr. O. B. Frothingham, a man who has said so many strong, truthful, and soul-stirring things, but who now halts, hesitating whether to stand still, go backward, or progress onward to the beautiful land of the free, whose sunny sheen shines so invitingly and temptingly in the advance.

His "New Song of Christmas" is the first discourse of the volume, and is full of interesting information concerning the origin and uses of this day. He says: "To me the story of the birth of Christ is legendary, it is a myth. We do not believe that such a person as Christ ever lived; . . . that each year that succeeds the years gone by will bring some new acquisition of light and power is to me the grandest quality to glorify human nature."

In the discourse on "The Departed Years," he says, "The past has given all you hav; everything is welded together." He shows that each year only adds its own mite to progress and advancement, and that we are what we are of necessity; that if we hav made mistakes we should be consoled by thinking: We did our best. We acted under the circumstances. There was nothing else we *could* do. We did it; we were *obliged* to do it."

In the "Consolations of Rationalism" he asks if faith in a hereafter can be proved. He says: "I hav been a clergyman more than thirty years; I hav attended death-beds; I hav waited upon funerals; I hav seen people in all stages of disappointment, despondency, and grief; I hav attended the funerals of old men and women, of men and women in middle life, of children who sat upon life's threshold. It was always the same thing. I hav never found people who welcomed death because it sprung open the golden door. I hav never stood in the chamber of sorrow, or in any company of mourners at a funeral where there was the least gleam of joy. . . . Yet they believed in the hereafter. If I had breathed a misgiving of the hereafter in their presence they would hav been horrified and shocked. Yet their faith, all faith, rests as a hazy tradition upon the mind. It is accepted as sufficient in our glad hours; it is praised when we are talking upon theological question, but when the hour comes when this faith is to be the reed we lean on, then this faith, this orthodox belief, the Christian belief, we feel to bend and break under the lightest pressure we trust to it."

And again he says: "Another consolation belongs to the Rationalist; he has not imposed upon him the task of saving his own soul. Those who hav not reflected upon it hav no conception of the misery, the pain, and the sorrow, the wretched agony, that comes from that responsibility. . . . Our concern is not to save our souls, but to do our duty as life goes on. We can consequently train ourselvs, cultivate our faculties, use our opportunities, enjoy our privileges, and make the most of society and existence without any awful misgivings of the future, such as torment the Christian. We can lie down to rest; we can sit under the shade of the trees; we can laugh and sing; we can enjoy our time to the fullest extent; we can use our gifts; we can drink in the strength of nature from the gladness of the morning, from the peace of the evening, from conversation with a friend; in a thousand ways we can draw in the refreshing water of life to cool our thirst."

There are so many suggestiv ideas that I hav only space to quote a few specimens of the grand and beautiful whole. He clings to the word religion, but it is with him a word put to new meanings and new usages, though it is to be hoped the future will show him that with the old meaning the word should go as well.

The closing discourses of the book are by Prof. Felix Adler, and these too are full of gems of thought and fresh Liberal utterances, one of which is: "You who liv in the light know that justice requires that you shall be just; that purity demands that you shall be pure, and that love calls you to lift up the stricken and helpless poor. By its fruit a tree is known, and by its works shall Liberalism be known. Let us strive to liv this higher life that is expressed in our triple idea of justice, purity, and love. That is what we hav to offer the church, which is now dying and which no God can ever again save."

It is a beautiful book, full of beautiful things. One more treasure added to the Liberal catalog of good books for good men and women.

"Oh! may the heart of every man,
By truth be rendered free;
And brought into the perfect law
Of love and liberty."

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 66.

741. Is it not a very extraordinary thing that a book like the New Testament, admitted to be of divine origin should have remained so long in obscurity, and at last be only saved from everlasting obscurity through the presumption of a cunning, interested, and despotic priest, and finally determined to be genuine by a mere *dicta* of a council of priests equally as deceitful and arbitrary as himself? I cannot believe that such a set of men are capable of settling for the world what must be accepted as the inspire word of God.

742. It is a pertinent question to ask, How did that council of Laodicea obtain the wisdom to decide that the books composing the canon of the New Testament were the true word of God? Did they really receive light from heaven to guide them in this blind species of labor? No, this could not be, for we are informed that they decided the matter by vote; decided he matter as a town meeting of the voters of a township would elect supervisors, select men, and a path-master to direct the repairing of the highway. Had the vote chanced to hav been different from what it was, that which is now esteemed the word of God would have been denounced as false, and that which is now denounced as spurious would have been revered as God's inspired word from the celestial regions. William Penn, the celebrated and honored Quaker writer, in arguing that the Bible cannot be the rule of faith and practice, says: "I demand of our adversaries if they are well assured of those men who first collected, embodied, and declared them [the scriptures] authentic, by a public canon which we read was in the Council of Laodicea, held three hundred and sixty years after Christ. I say how do they know that those men rightly discovered the true from the spurious? Now, sure it is that some of the scriptures taken in by one council was rejected by another for apocryphal, and that which was left out by the former for apocryphal was taken in by the latter for canonical. Now, visible it is that they contradict each other, and as true that they hath erred respecting the present belief" (Penn's Works, vol. i). I regard Penn's opinion more valuable than scores of those who have had more authority in deciding what the canon should be.

743. That it may be known what kind of men these councils were composed of who decided for us which should be accepted by us as the word of God, some opinions of competent men may be called to mind. Upon the authority of no less a Christian writer than Tindal, in his work, "Rights of the Christian Church," St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his letter to Procopius, says that he "fled all assemblies of bishops because he never saw a good and happy end of any council, but that they did rather increase than lessen the evil; that the love of contention and ambition always overcomes their reason." Further on he reiterates his determination of never going to any council, because nothing is to be heard but geese and cranes who fight without understanding one another." Can any sensible person believe that such a body of men would be the kind to decide the question as to which is God's word? I cannot believe it.

744. As further proof of the character of the Christian councils, let Mr. Tindal have a word more to say. Of the Council of Nice he says: "And if the accusations and libels which the bishops at the Council of Nice gave in of one another to the emperor were now extant, in all probability we should have such rolls of scandal that few would have much reason to boast of the first Ecumenical Council, where, with such heat, passion, and fury the bishops fell foul on one another, insomuch had not the emperor by a trick burnt their church memorials, probably they must have broke up in confusion. After that Council was over the bishops made so great a bustle and disturbance, and were so unruly, that the good emperor was forced to tell them that if they would not be more quiet and peaceable for the future he would no longer continue his expedition against the Infidels, but must return to keep them in order." "Indeed," says Tindal, "the confusion and disorder were so great amongst them, especially in their synods, that it sometimes came to blows, as, for instance, Dioscorus, bishop of Alexandria, cuffed and kicked Flavianus, patriarch of Constantinople (at the second synod of Ephesus), with that fury that within three days after he died." Comment on such conduct is unnecessary. Can there be any who believe such men fit ones to deliberate and decide on heavenly things, to settle for thousands what they must believe, and that they have the wisdom and discernment to point out the narrow pathway to heaven? I certainly cannot. They are the last class of men worthy to be taken as guides, leader, and interpreters.

745. As to the honesty of the early Christian councils, our author, Mr. Tindal, thus discourses: "For though they are most obstinate as to power, they are most flexible as to faith, and in their councils complimented the emperor with whatever creeds they had a mind to, and never scrupled to recant what they had before enacted, or to re-enact what they had before recanted. Nay, so very variable were they that St. Hilary, bishop of Poictiers, says that 'since the Nicene synod we do nothing but write creeds; that while we fight about words, while we raise questions about novelties, while we quarrel about things doubtful and about authors, while we contend in parties, there is almost none that is Christ's. We decree every year of the Lord a new creed concerning God; nay, every change of the moon our faith is altered.'" The following fact, mentioned by Pappius in his Synodicum, should also be read in connection with the foregoing. He gives the information of the manner in which the *true* gospels were selected from the false at that memorable council. "This was done," says he, "by placing all the books under a communion table, and, upon the prayers of the council the inspired books jumped upon the table, while the false ones remained under." Who can longer have doubts about the purity and honesty of those councils, or the certainty of the inspiration of the scriptures?

746. After the Council of Laodicea, in the year 363, two other great councils were held, one in 406 and the other in 680. The council of 406 rejected several books deemed canonical by the council of 363, but the council of 680 restored them again to their former standing. It can be seen how in this way the word of God was toyed and played with by these Christian councils, as a little girl dresses her doll, or as older children play battledoor and shuttlecock. Let those doubt who choose that the New Testament published by the learned Evanson in 1807 contains only the gospel of St. Luke, Acts, ten of Paul's epistles and Revelation, and even those, as abundantly admitted, abound with manifest and numerous interpolations. The gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John he contemptuously rejects as spurious productions of the second century. The Swedenborgians admit only four gospels and Revelation. The German Baptists and the followers of Servetus are asserted to not receive the gospel of Matthew; and the learned Prof. Bauer, in 1803, denounced it as an actual "forgery." The second epistle to Timothy and to Titus were rejected by Dr. Eichorn, and the first epistle to Timothy by Dr. Schleiermacher. The gospel of St. John was rejected by Dr. Bretschneider, and the first chapter of Matthew and Luke were repudiated by the Unitarians, in their monthly repository as 'absolute falsities." The Protestants say the Catholic Bible abounds with innumerable gross errors and with shocking barbarity of style, with a great obscuration of the sense of the inspired writers. Still this Bible was pronounced authentic by the Council of Trent, and millions have accepted it as the divine and uncorrupted word of God. The Protestant Bible, on the other hand, is denounced by the Catholics in the strongest terms. In 1816 the pope declared it to be "pregnant with errors." Even Broughton, a Protestant, repudiated the accepted version as "perverting the text of the Old Testament in 848 places, and causing millions to reject the New and to run into everlasting flames." As to the present version, prominent Catholics say, "it ought to be abhorred to the depths of hell." Is it strange that doubts exist as to the integrity of the Christian Bible?

747. Educated Christians admit numerous translations and interpolations. Calmet, the distinguished Bible scholar, declared that the seventh and eighth verses of the fifth chapter of John's first epistle "are not in any ancient Bible." This interpolation was justly pronounced "an important stroke to support the doctrine of the trinity." Capellus says he was thirty-six years in writing the books in which he detects the numerous errors and frauds in the Protestant Bible. Dr. John Mill, an English divine, says that thirty years' researches upon the New Testament alone enabled him to detect the enormous number of eighty thousand different readings of that book. Even the best sentence that Jesus is credited with, *Love thy neighbor as thyself*, has been pronounced an interpolation. Origen, the Christian Father, and who also may be regarded as the father of our version, used this language: "If indeed there was no disagreement in other copies it would be irreligious to suspect that expression was interpolated, and not pronounced by our savior. But now, alas! what with the blunders of transcribers, what with the impious temerity of correcting the text, what with the licentiousness of others who interpolate and expurgate just what they please, it is plain the copies do strangely disagree." Cooper says it has been proved by a record in the Cronicon of Muis that a general alteration of the four gospels took place in the sixth century by order of the Emperor Anastatius, who decreed that "the holy gospels as written, *Idiotis Evangelistis*, are to be corrected and amended." This fact is mentioned by Scaliger, and Dr. Mill vouches for the truth of the record, and says Messala was consul at the time. Cooper remarks: "Well might the New Testament be compared to Lord Chancellor Eldon's silk stocking that was darned all over with worsted until there was no silk remaining." Probably these remodelings were much like the revision of our own time. So many revisions of what was imperfect and corrupt at first are not calculated to improve the general confidence in their immutability.

748. It should be here stated that all the copies of the New Testament books that have been seen by any known Christian are merely *copies*. If any one saw the originals, nobody knows who he was or when it was. Michaelis, the distinguished German professor, as translated by Bishop Marsh, says that the most ancient manuscripts of this portion of the word of God were written so lately as the sixth century, that is, nearly five

hundred years later than the originals are claimed to have been written. The originals of the New Testament, indeed, "have not been seen," says Michaelis, "by any writer extant, nor do they record that any one of their contemporaries had seen them. The holy Fathers themselves do not profess to have seen the originals." He further observes: "None of the most early Fathers, as Ignatius or Tertullian, appeal to the originals, or had seen them." Prof. Du Pin, in his "History of the Canon," remarks: "We do not find that the two greatest men of the church, I mean Origen and St. Hierom, who had searched tho ancient copies of the scriptures with so much care and diligence, and have visited so many churches in the East, have ever spoken of the originals of the New Testament, written with the hands of the apostles, which they would not have failed to do if there had been any in their times." He continues thus: "But it hath been made to appear elsewhere that it is no wonder that the primitive Christians, who had not a regular body of a state in which they lived, and whose assemblies were, on the contrary, furiously disturbed by the Jews and pagans, had lost the originals of their books." "Nay," says he, "in the primitive ages, there was no talk of reading the scriptures in their originals; any copy whatever, provided it were used in the orthodox churches, might be relied upon, as if it had been the first original written with the hands of the apostles." The Rev. Dr. Campbell, in his work on "The Four Gospels," p. 117, says: "The autographs (the originals) it is acknowledged on all hands are nowhere to be found. What we have in their stead is the copies of copies—through how many successors it is impossible to say—which were originally taken from these autographs. The Rev. Dr. Haug, in his "Introduction to the New Testament," goes still further; he affirms that "it is probable there could have been no autographs of the New Testament at all." Since, then, the originals of the New Testament are absolutely lost, and, according to Michaelis and Du Pin, have not been seen by any writer extant, or any of their contemporaries, it is very plain there is nothing to depend upon but the copies of copies that have been handed down to us. It is, indeed, a matter of great doubt, in the first place, whether there were any original manuscripts by the apostles, and in the next place, after the great number of copies that have been made, with all the changes and interpolations that have taken place, whether any thing of the original has been preserved.

Letters from Friends.

LEADVILLE, COL., Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: I inclose a money order for $5 on the Round-the-World trip.

Fraternally yours, J. BEAUVAL.

EAST SETAUKET, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, to be used for the Round-the-World fund. I hope you may get enough to pay the expenses of the trip.

Very truly yours, JOHN C. ROE.

STOCKTON, CAL., Dec. 19, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for $8, for the Round-the-World trip and subscription to the paper. Yours, etc., G. C. HYATT.

LONG LAKE, MINN., Dec. 22, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—three for the renewal of my subscription from Jan. 1st, and five for *the* book. I did not send my name because I was opposed to Mr. Bennett going on that pilgrimage around the world, and around the sun, and I come at the twelfth hour to help Bro. Bennett home. I hav taken your paper ever since its first issue, and it is now indispensable to me. It is, I think, the best Liberal paper in the world. And now, Bro. Macdonald, if I know anything about book-making, I know your firm cannot furnish that work for $5. So call upon us when necessary, and the most of us will respond to the tune of a dollar or two. W. ARCHIBALD.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I hav inclosed post-office order for $8—$3 to renew my subscription to the paper and $5 for your book of travels, "Around the World;" but better late than never. I hope it is not too late, for I've been trying for a long time to get hold of the money to send and hav at last succeeded. I enjoy reading the paper more than I can tell, and I am not willing to do without it as long as I can pay for it. The books I know will be very interesting, because there will be a beautiful description of all Mr. Bennett sees. May health, happiness, and prosperity reward him for his labors. MRS. S. B. MILLER.

AYLMER, ONT., Dec. 23, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find money order for $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip and $3 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882.

Yours respectfully, H. J. BROWN.

COLON, MICH., Dec. 21, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find draft for $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I am rather late, but it is better late than never. So you can apply as you see proper, to the sending away or to the bringing back end of the journey. I want my name in with the list of friends who are anxious to learn the truth as far as possible. And I see by the descriptions of the countries and places thus far visited by our old friend Bennett that we are getting a full and unbiased account. I am anxious to read his experiences in the Holy Land and to see how he and other travelers agree. My wife and I send greetings to Mrs. Bennett, and hope for the good health and safe return of Mr. D. M. Bennett. B. B. POWERS.

DAVIS, ILL., Dec. 20, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money order for $8—$3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and $5 for the books of Mr. Bennett's trip around the world for Thomas Hayes. I hav worked hard to get him to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think that after he and his wife hav read the books they will take the paper. Please send me a couple of those colored posters, for I want so show the orthodox that the world moves and Liberalism too.

Yours truly. ELIJAH CLARK.

WYOMING, IOWA, Dec. 11, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $5 for the purpose of helping D. M. Bennett on his way home.

Respectfully yours, JOHN K. CONMEY.

MILTON, OR., Dec. 8. 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose a ten-dollar postal money order—$5 for the Round-the-World trip. I would like to hav my name in the starry roll, for I think it is a grand enterprise and I want a hand in it. Three dollars is for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year.

T. V. NICHOLS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for $5 for subscription to the Round-the-World trip.

Yours truly, CHAS. W. MORGAN.

INDEPENDENCE, KAS., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find check for $9.50—$5 for trip around the world, $1.50 for a copy of the "Bennett-Mair Discussion," and $3 to pay one year's subscription to the paper, which is long since due. I ought to hav sent this in long ago, but better late than never. Please send the book as soon as you can, as I hav promised it to one of my Christian friends, and I hope it will do him good.

Respectfully, G. W. DONALDSON.

GARFIELD, COL., Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I see in a late number of the paper that it is not yet too late to take part in the Round-the-World trip, so I send $5 for one share in the same. I hav been somewhat tardy in coming to the front, but it is better to come a little late than never.

Yours for truth and liberty, L. J. WISE.

STERLING, ILL., Dec. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find draft for $5 for books of D. M. Bennett's travels around the world. I hav no apologies to make for being late, for I had not promised to furnish it, but as I hav donated to build orthodox churches, I thought it would be proper to do a little for Freethought.

Yours respectfully, MARTIN BARE.

LONDON, MO., Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: The year is drawing to a close, and with it my subscription. I was not a subscriber to the Round-the-World fund, but thinking it would be as acceptable when I got it I said nothing about it. Inclosed is $15—three to renew my subscription, five for the book of travels, and six for James Parton's "Life of Voltaire;" and I wish you to send me the lives of the Bonapartes. If you have not an extensiv account of them in one volume send me the life of Napoleon I. Wishing the seekers for truth success, I remain, Yours truly, MRS. PHEBE A. STAFFORD.

MANKATO, KAN., Dec. 20, 1881.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: Please find inclosed post-office order for $5.10 for a copy of your travels around the world, and also Prof. Faraday's two papers on "The Origin of Life."

Yours most respectfully, E. WALTERS.

NUNICA, MICH., Dec. 24, 1881.

FRIEND BENNETT: Inclosed find money order for $6.50—$5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip and $1.50 to apply on my subscription. Though late to contribute my mite to the Round-the-World fund, I am glad to be able to do it at this late hour.

I remain your friend, WM. M. BRUCE.

BUSHNELL, ILL., Dec. 22, 1881.

FRIEND BENNETT: I inclose $8—$5 to pay for your book of travels Round the World, and $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882. I see by the tab that my time expires the 1st of January, 1882, and nothing does me more good than to be able to pay for such a noble paper in advance; and the Liberal that will take it and not pay, unless he has some very good excuse, is, in my judgment, as bad as a thief and a robber. Yes, even worse; he is almost as bad as the sect of people that expect Jesus to pay their debts. Yours truly, J. DENNING.

SCOTIA, NEB., Dec. 14, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for $8, for which I wish to hav one share of Round-the-World stock, and to hav you continue to send THE TRUTH SEEKER through 1882. With much respect,

A. S. KELLOGG.

RAVENNA, MICH., Dec. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $14—$5 for Round-the World trip and $9 for a year's subscription for each of the within named persons.

Yours fraternally, J. F. TIBBITS.

DUBLIN, IND., Dec. 19, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been borrowing THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hav become so much interested in reading Bennett's fine, easy, intelligent, and grand description of all he sees, I am constrained, though it possibly be the last day in the afternoon, or after night, to send in my "V," for I shall want the book; it will be a book to refer to. It seems, in reading and following him, we feel as near as we can that we had seen the many things described. Inclosed find post-office order for $5.

Yours truly, E. A. SMITH.

GALE, IOWA, Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find $5 inclosed to help bring Mr. Bennett home from the Round-the-World trip. Yours truly, MRS. MARY CROSS.

NEWARK VALLEY, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World trip, to be sent to C. Dimmick, of this place. So the good work goes on. I do not see many subscriptions in your letter columns from this place, but I will say this, "There is an influence at work here that will bear fruit by and by, and don't you forget it." "Truth is mighty and must prevail." This is a superstitious, priest-ridden community, but the Christian bubble will burst after a while. I shall send for Bennett's travels as soon as I can spare the money.

Yours truly, E. W. CAUNCILMAN.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip and $5 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Respectfully, SAMUEL COHN.

OSAGE MISSION, KAN., Dec. 21, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a post-office order for $8—$5 for the book Around-the-World and $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours truly, NELSON VAN DYKE.

MOMENCE, ILL., Dec. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I am a paid subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I hav a friend to whom I wish to giv a token of friendship, so please enter the name of B. F. Gray and send the book or books when published to him at Momence, Ill., and I will inclose you a post-office order for the same.

Yours for the truth, I. STODDARD.

NEW BERLIN, PA., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find my check for $5.50 as my dues for voyage round the world. I add fifty cents for interest. Yours respectfully,

M. L. SCHOCH.

STONY FORK, PA., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find my check for $8—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year and $5 to help bring brother Bennett home. One year ago I could hardly afford to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I did take it, and hav found that I cannot afford to do without it. It is a truth finder, and its pages are full of encouragement to all who are willing and will try to do right. I wish you a happy New Year and many of them. Very truly yours, W. F. HORTON.

PATALUMA, CAL., Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for $8—$3 for one year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for Round-the-World trip.

Yours respectfully, W. H. PEPPER.

GENEVA, NEB., Dec. 14, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed order for $8—$5 for the Round-the World trip and $3 to apply on my subscription. Please change my paper from Alpine, Neb., to the above address and oblige. There are lots of Liberals in this part of the West, but they are mostly of the do-nothing kind that think the majority of mankind are so bad that it is best to hav them hell-seared once a week in order to make them keep the peace, and the result is, but little progress is made in the cause. I tell you, Mr. Editor, if all the Liberals in the country were once aroused they would be a mighty power in the land.

Your friend, T. J. WHITZEL.

GARNETT, KAN., Dec. 20, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find $3 for the paper for another year, for I find my tab will soon demand renewal. I can't do without the good old paper much better than I can my daily rations at my table. TRUTH SEEKER No. 48 failed to reach me for some cause; don't know if it has gone off on a side track and a missionary tour. If so, all right, but I want another to keep my file all right. Would be glad to send "V" for Round-the-World trip; will yet if possible. Yours for more truth,

C. E. DEWEY.

P. S.—Inclosed find $8, including the within $3—$5 of which secures my "star." Send books when out to within address. C. E. D.

SOUTH SAGINAW, MICH., Dec. 27, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find post-office order for $5. Please send your new book, when published, entitled Around the World, and oblige

Yours truly, FRED BRADDIGAN.

ST. PAUL, TEX., Dec. 20, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find my "V" for Round-the World fund. Excuse procrastination, which has caused me to be almost too late. Yours truly,

WM. CALAWAY, M.D.

MARSHALL, KAS., Dec. 11, 1881

MR. EDITOR: I had almost despaired of being able to contribute toward the Round-the-World fund. But good luck has it, and here is five dollars' worth of the "root of all evil," just enough to get the great work, also $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year.

There are no Liberals in this "neck o' woods" except myself. The Baptists are a majority, and fine times they hav. One good brother went up on the river goose-hunting on Sunday. His excuse was, he thought it was Saturday. This was a good one, and perfectly satisfied the anxious brothers and sisters of the church.

It is said their herder is a personal acquaintance of Col. Ingersoll, and that the colonel told him that he (Ingersoll) was no Infidel. Look out for an exposure. This will be a terrible slam on our venerable Bob.

Hoping to soon see my name on the roll of honor with a star to illumin it, I remain most respectfully yours,

S. V. MULKEY.

NIMASILA, O., Dec. 20, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find three dollars, which will pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the current year up to June, 1882.

I think that by the time D. M. Bennett gets around on this side of this ball I will be able to buy his book. If it is not too late, I wish that Mr. Bennett would examin while he is on the flat side of God's footstool all about that rock which the old woman alleges this earth stands on and reaches all the way down. It must be on the flat side, as the oval side has been pretty thoroughly explored by quacks. We hav five churches in this town. The Lutherans started to grind out a small grist last night. They hav not had any grinding to do for the last three years. Next a few followers of the old lunatic Albright, who started business about a century ago in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, Pa.; but they hav forgotten the name of their founder, and now call themselvs evangelists. They hav been out of power to grind for five years, but they think they hav a grist or two on hand now. Next the old reformed and new reformed. They hav also forgotten the name of their savior and founder. Some think that they started out about twenty-five centuries ago. Another thinks it was later—as late as the time of the Reformation, and think that it was an old Swiss by the name of Zwingilus or Zwingilii who was crucified, or died in some other way, at the time of the fight between the factions of the followers of Luther and Zwinglius. They hav much more money than love for one another. They would not be caught in one another's churches. The Campbellites think they were always a church, and date their origin back to the year one, claiming a relationship to the fathers of the first century. They think that Campbell was resurrected merely for the purpose of reviving and renewing their claim of relationship of those old fathers, hence they call themselvs disciples of the Jesus who lived, as their old brothers tell them, at the beginning of this era. They believe in enough water to reach around them in baptism. They do their baptizing below town in a mill-pond. The owner of the pond has now forbad them to baptize in it any more, as it killed all the fish. S. TRANSUE.

TUSTIN, MICH., Dec. 18, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Can it be possible that all the people of this new country, except D. R. Marvin, William Shuck, and S. B. Root are so righteous that they will not help support the best of all papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER? Those letters from our old veteran I consider super-excellent. If you will send me some of those colored posters I will try to get a few more names crossed off the Lamb's Book of Life and add to that number who think and act for themselvs, I will pledge $1 each year for five years for the establishment of an orphan home under Liberal auspices. Who will receive the money and make a start in the work? There will be enough to contribute to such a fund if some influential person will just make the start. With a good wish and kind word for all Liberalists, I remain, Your humble servant,

S. B. ROOT.

GREEN HILL, O., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6.25, to be applied as below.

I was in hopes that I could hav made a little canvass in behalf of our darling pet. I think I could hav several new subscribers, but the smallpox broke out in the town of East Rochester about six weeks ago, and the people got so terribly cranked about it that this truth seeker had to stay at home. It was in that town and vicinity that I wanted to do my canvassing. It is subsiding now. I suppose the good people hav prayed to Mumbo Jumbo, as they hav two churches there, and he has sent some of his pitying angels down, who hav banished it as St. Patrick did the frogs. Guiteau has got our Christians in a pretty bad fix. They are strong for divine inspiration and bitterly opposed to it. They remind me of the Dutchman who went out to hunt his old sow. He came to the river and told Jake to "make the river across and go up dat side, and I goes up on dis side, and, by hanks, we finds hlm on both sides."

Yours for truth, ENOCH WICKERSHAM.

Liberal News.

MR. BENNETT'S present address is care of Oriental Bank Corporation, Colombo, Ceylon, Asia.

IN a recent discussion between Mr. Bradlaugh and Dr. McCann Mrs. Besant was in the chair.

E. F. BOYD, author of "Uncle Sam and Americus," is writing a review of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

WE had a very pleasant call from George Chainey when in town last week. He says that his paper, *This World*, will be a success. It ought to.

RABBI BROWNE advertises himself as "the man of whom Col. Ingersoll is afraid." We would like to see that man, but we are afraid Browne is not he.

MRS. AMELIA H. COLBY will lecture next Sunday morning and evening at the Harvard Rooms, corner of Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, this city.

THE *Rising Sun*, a Liberal and Spiritualist paper of Portland, Or., has been obliged to suspend on account of the ill-health of its editor, Mrs. Lucy L. Brown.

E. C. WALKER writes that the census authorities hav applied to him for statistics about the National Liberal League. Why don't they go to headquarters?

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND, of Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.; and George Stephens, of Moline, Ill., hav recently taken life memberships in the National Liberal League.

WE regret to learn that Ella E. Gibson has been very ill. We trust that she will speedily recover, and that her friends and correspondents will be indulgent with her.

GEORGE STANDRING, of London, has issued a short biography of Col. Ingersoll. The desire to know all about the eloquent orator is no less strong in England than in this country.

A NEW auxiliary Liberal League has been chartered at New Boston, Ill.; H. H. Roberts, Secretary. J. R. Baker, of Keithsburg, lectured there, and F. F. Follett did the drumming up.

A MONUMENT to Victor Hugo is to be erected in his island home of Guernsey by the inhabitants, who are much attached to him. The *Two Worlds* says Hugo is an outspoken Spiritualist.

A GREENBACK paper, *House and Home*, has been reduced from pound to ounce rates of postage, because it contained one of Dr. E. B. Foote's advertisments. The Defense Committee are sitting on the case.

THE *Banner of Light* has a "God's Poor Fund." The gifts don't go to God, as might be supposed, but to the poor. Would our esteemed Spiritual contemporary not do better to drop the God and just call it the poor fund?

ONE of our items had too much "*and*" in it last week. It should read that the secretary of the National Liberal League "is receiving many letters from Liberal, Antichristian Spiritualists, making overtures to unite forces to secure a free secular state as the first thing in order."

FRIEND SEAVER had a very handsome Christian present in the shape of a Webster's Unabridged. It was presented by his almost life-time friend, J. P. Mendum, and his younger ones, J. A. O'Malley and Ernest Mendum. A neat mahogany stand for it to rest upon accompanied the cumbrous volume.

T. A. BLAND, at one time editor and publisher of the *Ladies' Magazine*, has started a paper at Washington, D. C., called the *Spectator*. It is an organ for Dr. Bland to manifest himself through, and will be (so we are informed by the doctor), thoroughly independent in politics and religion. Success to the publisher!

THE SOCIETY OF HUMANITY has inaugurated a lecture course for every Sunday evening for fourteen weeks, beginning to-morrow evening, January 8th. The lectures will be given at Science Hall, 141 8th street, at 8 o'clock punctually. The opening discourse is by T. B. Wakeman, on "'The Religion of Humanity the Only Practical Solution and Gospel of Human Life." It will be a general outline and statement of all the society's work, while the lectures to follow will be more devoted to special departments of the Humanitarian philosophy.

BOYS musn't pick up rags in New York. It is against the law. One of the "Societies for the Prevention"—made the law. But an Italian boy couldn't read the law. He picked up rags and got caught at the money making business. They put him in a Catholic protectory where he could be prayed, and chanted, and said mass over, and whipped for the sin and wickedness of youthful rag-picking. But the parents couldn't spare the boy to go to that school. They wanted him for home consumption; so they applied to the law firm of Wakeman & Latting to get him out of the Protectory. Mr. T. B. Wakeman applied in person to the "Prevention" folks, but they wouldn't let him out. Then he wrote them a letter, and then they thought they would let him out, and they did. This is Mr. Wakeman's second Italian boy, rag-picking case. He bids fair to build up a profitable line of rag-picking business.

Justice to Infidels.

Christian professors must be more careful of their judgments upon the Liberals, Freethinkers, and Infidels of to-day, or they will be apt to merit, in a way very displeasing to themselvs, the rendering of their acknowledged criterion, the scriptures, "Judge not lest ye be judged." I am led to the consideration of this subject of judgment because there seems to be such a lack of what should be the primest Christian virtue among Christian professors, charity. Among Christians, charity in the judgments of others upon their actions and motivs, and particularly the former, is expected, demanded, whenever a Christian errs. In no case, where an Infidel errs, does there seem to be any reason why a Christian should show any lenity or Christian charity. Condemnation is the only resort, and condemnation, whether the Infidel does right or wrong, is the most common of dispensation from so-called Christians.

As Christians liv in houses made of glass, and thin glass, too, they are very assailable subjects, particularly when they attempt to teach Liberals how they should think religiously that they may liv truly religious. Life is the only representativ of true religion. If a man, woman, Christian or Infidel, livs righteously, soberly, and goodly before men, as well as behind men's eyes, his or hers is the right doctrin. Comparisons are worthy to be drawn between the generosity, the charity, the true Samaritan idea in force, between Christians and Infidels. Among my so-called Infidel friends I find an excess of charity, benevolence, temperance, and honesty, according to their minority, numerically speaking, when compared with those professing Christianity. A Christian should be known not so much by his profession as by his excellency of good works, good life. I hav a friend who has been terribly assailed by Christian professors, and there seems to be but little let-up to their aspersions. I will kindly ask all of my Christian brethren to compare the life and testimony among men and women of my Infidel friend, and the very best among the so called religious laity. My friend is not an occupant of a pulpit, nor pew, nor superintendent of Sunday-schools; nor is he an elder, minister, nor bishop; he is simply and solely a free thinker and a free writer of what he thinks is right. I hav known him for more than thirty years to be in all respects what a man among men should be, and barring what many think to be the crime of Infidelity I can scarcely name one among his thousands of persecutors who are as good and acceptable models of what a Christian should be, as this, my Infidel friend.

He is a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, from the principle of good physiological living. We do not think he has taken the pledge to abstain, so that if he chose to taste lager beer or wine he yet could do so, as he owns he recently did under pressure in Switzerland, and yet keep within the bounds of being practically a teetotaler, and how many best Christians can prove so much for themselvs? He neither smokes nor chews tobacco, and detests its use in any form. As to his sexual morality we believe he stands as pure and on as high a standard, and in many known numerous cases far higher, than his accusers. In short, we know of none who can prove anything against him on this ground, however much may hav been hoped to hatch from a lot of rotten eggs set by an Abbot. Honest to a penny in his dealings, liberal beyond the reason of his purse-strings, truthful as the sunshine, and noble to all, even to an enemy. Let any bring on one of his Christian assailants who can show less soiling and so much of benignity. We profess Christianity, and honestly differ from our friend in many particulars, but this honest difference has not hidden from our view many resplendent virtues in this Infidel which we would be glad to be more fully the possessor of, and wish the same for very many of our very bigoted Christian friends.

We hav not purposed adulation in this article; we would not hav so written of our friend had he been at home, but we would ask of all professing Christianity that, before "dealing damnation round the land" upon any Infidel, they first inform themselvs whether such are as good models of manhood or womanhood as we know D. M. Bennett to be. And without asking the question whether Infidelity has done so much for him, to be sure that inasmuch as we claim Christianity to be superior to Infidel principles, we should present superior fruits in life, worthy of the assertion. G. A. LOMAS.

Shakers, N. Y.

A Modern Song.

In this broad-breathing age we reach
Deep into fearless act and speech,
Bound to no single ruler save
Truth that is stronger than the grave,
Truth that is brawn and power to us,
Which gave us spirits to worship thus.

We hav outgrown dull fables, mocked
Grim superstitions; we hav locked
Mythology in its antique books
And idols in their cobwebbed nooks;
From this hesperian world we cry
Our passion to the earth and sky.

We long to voice our freedom, we
That are what others died to be;
We gather knowledge where we can,
Defiant of either god or man;
We liv amid the wonders of
The cosmic universe above.

Our hearts are still the hearts of old,
As passionful, and wild, and bold,
As weak and sad; our sins, we know,
Are portion of our flesh, and throw
Their shadow over all our way.
The root of beauty is decay.

Imperfect, mortal, roused to bear
The eternal burden of despair,
Our life is grown about with weeds
That choke the flower of righteous deeds
And love that yearns for ample skies
Most often crawls, and writhes, and dies.

We are not better than the men
Who laughed when Greece was young, or when
Rome bore her martial flag unfurled
Along the highroads of the world,
But we are braver for the right
Above the sanguin sword of might.

We hav fought against red slavery, fought
For liberty of the human thought,
And for the kingship of the soul;
We hav flown against the harsh control
Of chance, which may uplift a fool
To an imperial throne and rule;

We hav fought the stalwart fight of truth
With the whole vigor of our youth,
We hav stood for one humanity, stood
Sublimely for the common good;
We hav striven to make the name of man
Diviner since the world began.

We hav risen from ignorance which debased
Men, when their reason was outraced
By the blind fury of the mob—
When to think justly was to rob
A pope or priestman of the right
To gag some clinging acolyte.

We hav risen from ignorance, we hav claimed
A faith and glory once unnamed,
A faith that whoso livs shall know
Whatever wisdom can bestow,
That Nature and her works belong
To the whole world, like speech or song.

We stand within our century, here
Where the black fogs of ages clear
Where æons and peoples meet—we tread
The earth with prouder heart and head,
And move by many a skyward slope
Toward the eternal hills of hope

Creeds totter as we pass, and dreams
Are drawn to air like shallow streams.
We cast aside the old beliefs
That weighed upon our hearts like griefs;
We are iconoclasts, and joy
Inspires us when our hands destroy.

We break, we kill, we mar the grace
Wreathed on the shams of commonplace;
We peer beneath the veil that hides
The lust and flame of hollow prides,
We strike religions which are still
The Juggernauts of human will.

Yet we build nobly, for we raise
New watch-towers for the unborn days.
And if we war with time and life
And the unknowable God, our strife
Cuts sharp for justice; every stroke
Is aimed at some enslaving yoke.

We dream of no millennium, we
Who know what dark adversity,
What struggle and what anguish tear
The heart and lay its pathos bare.
We know that men shall toil with fate
While earth has fire for love and hate.

Yet we foresee that, mad or blind,
We solve the riddle of the mind
Even as we go, and that our lives
Mount by some law which calmly thrives
Beyond us like a star; we feel
The spur of an immortal zeal.

Nay, we shall hold our way, and sing
Of freedom and the recurrent spring,
And learn what sweeter truths we may
Of the wide night or brighter day,
Yet neither falter, faint, nor doubt
Till life is crushed forever out.

—*G. E. Montgomery.*

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OPEN LETTER TO

Anthony Comstock

In Answer to His Open Letter Sent to the Newspapers.

465 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN,

SIR: I hav before me a seven-paged open letter, addressed to myself, intended for publication in all the evening and morning papers, copies of which. I am prepared to prove, were sent to every daily and several weekly papers, the publishers of which refused to publish it, consigning the precious product of your labors to the waste paper basket. For this I am truly sorry, as it would hav given me an admirable opportunity to show the public the true inwardness of the man who could pen such a letter, and yet claim to be a Christian and a protector of the public from the vicious members of society. A more vicious letter could not be penned, and the evidence of malice crops out in every sentence. You first claim that the courts honorably acquitted you. If they did, then I know nothing of the words honorable acquittal. You were arrested for publishing a malicious libel, and taken in the charge of an officer before the magistrates. You then waived examination. If you had written truthfully, why were you afraid of examination? I was present in the court to confront you on your vile charge. You were silent.

After the lapse of several weeks I received an order from Judge Smith's court to attend such court respecting my charge against you, and believing that you would submit to an examination and giv some excuse for your act, I went, accompanied by over fifty witnesses, so that a special court had to be set aside for my special case against you. Well, let us examin as to what followed. I stood there without counsel, ready to defend my order of arrest. I was strong in the proof of my charge against you, and did not require an attorney to quibble on points of law. You, on the other hand, had an attorney—a man in whom any person may trust their case as a legal adviser, and outside the law I hav reason to know that Mr. Tenney, your solicitor, is a gentleman and a noble-hearted man. He must hav felt seriously the weakness of your case, as set forth in your libelous letter, and therefore, as an act of charity toward you, advised you not to submit to an examination. He, good fellow, by special pleading, decided to take exception on points of law, and attempted to show that not the spirit and intent of your libelous letter should be gone into, but the actual wording only should be considered, and that therefore the same should be adjudged as a privileged communication, and on this ground pleaded for a dismissal. This I objected to, whereupon your solicitor proposed that a brief be prepared, setting forth the reasons why my complaint against you should be dismissed. I then stated in the presence of that court, that all I required was a full investigation into the facts. It was then arranged that the District Attorney should take charge of the case, as prosecuting counsel on behalf of the people against Anthony Comstock, I being promised at that time that such investigation should be made on the following Wednesday. But, feeling that there was some crooked business going on, and an attempt being made to frustrate justice, I employed one of our best attorneys, and he wrote a letter to the Judge, to the District Attorney, and your attorney for copy or nature of such brief. Not only so, but myself and attorney applied at Jefferson Market Police Court next day, and we were told that Justice Solon Smith had gone into the country, and would not be back until Monday following, the court officer to whom we spoke intimating that as the Comstock case was in the hands of Justice Solon Smith, nothing would be done until his return. Picture, therefore, my astonishment upon receiving a notice from the court that the case had been dismissed without an investigation into the facts which led to the writing of your letter, neither myself nor one of my witnesses being called, and yet you hav in your letter the audacity to tell the public that you were honorably acquitted. May heaven save the public when such honorable acquittals shall follow the publication of such vile letters as that penned by you to hundreds of my patients! So much for your "honorable acquittal." Now, as to your having evaded arrest or not, the facts are these: I did not dream of having you arrested until after I had written my letter to you, which appeared in all the newspapers. I called at your office personally three or four times, as did also my half-brother, David Cotter. We were each told by persons in your office that you had gone into the country, and would not be back for a week; but on being told by persons on Nassau street that you were seen in the immediate neighborhood not long after my calling, I felt that you were evading me, and deliberately refusing to giv me the names of those whom you pretended had made statements against me. It was your thus evading me which caused me to take criminal proceedings against you, and forthwith instruct counsel to sue out a warrant against you for criminal libel. After such warrant was in the hands of the officer, such officer and several of my witnesses sought you at your office. They were told by persons in your office that you had gone into the country, as I had before been told. On the morning of your arrest my half-brother, David Cotter, called at your office, in response to a telegram received by me. He was then told that you were away in the country. He went straight from your office to that of Howe & Hummel, and there met a private detectiv who offered there and then to disclose the whereabouts of Anthony Comstock, if the $100 reward, which I had offered for his arrest, should be given him. This was promised, and David Cotter then went and apprised the officer who held the warrant, and they went in company to your office, when they were jointly told by persons sitting there that you were away and they did not know when you would return; whereupon the officer, acting upon the information given by the detectiv above named, proceeded to a room in the upper part of the building wherein several voices were heard. The door was opened in response to the knocking of the officer, when a number of gentlemen were seen sitting around a table as if in committee. Anthony Comstock was inquired for, and denied being there. Upon retiring voices were heard in a room close by. Inquiry was made if Anthony Comstock was within. The person who opened the door replied that Anthony Comstock was not there, when the door was closed. My half-brother, who was waiting in the lobby, made a ruse as if running down stairs, the officer, all the time standing outside, beside the door. The same person who had before opened the door opened it again. The officer, by a rapid movement of the foot, kept the door open and then walked in and arrested yourself, Anthony Comstock. If this was not hiding from arrest, I fail to understand what hiding means, and as you hav in your open letter mentioned the fact of my having offered one hundred dollars reward, and that I had refused to pay the person giving the information, I beg leave here to state that the hundred dollars was paid to the detectiv in the presence of several witnesses, one of whom was a merchant and manufacturer in your immediate neighborhood of Nassau street. So much for your arrest. Was it with or without evasion?

Now, as to the next portion of your open letter: You say there is a law prohibiting the transmission of letters and circulars concerning schemes to deceive and defraud the public or obtain money by false pretenses through the mails. You knew very well when you were writing that sentence that it had no application whatever to my case, inasmuch as the following open letter to the physicians of Brooklyn was before you, offering every physician or scientific man a free entry into my factory and consulting rooms, and in the same letter offering five thousand dollars' worth of my goods to the poor of Brooklyn. Why did you not avail yourself of the offer and hav called at my consulting rooms and manufactory for inquiry before writing your libelous letter to the hundreds of my patients? You could hav no excuse as to time and place, for this reason, viz., that my establishment is one of the most prominent in Brooklyn, and in close proximity to your own residence, so that nothing but malice aforethought could hav induced you to hav written such a letter, while the following offer to the physicians of Brooklyn was before you in the circular or pamphlet from which you obtained the names of my patients to whom you wrote. If you wish to excuse yourself re-read the following:

WM. WILSON'S OPEN LETTER

To the Physicians and the Commissioners of Charities of the City of Brooklyn.

GENTLEMEN—Two years ago in Europe I invented and patented a magnetic appliance for the relief and cure of disease. My system is one that was never before attempted, but its simplicity places it among the many great improvements in the history of science which, after its inception, has caused thousands to wonder why so valuable an addition to the necessities of our race should hav been so long overlooked.

The success of my appliances in the cure of disease in England was such that over THIRTY THOUSAND persons were clothed in them, and not one case of failure when the proper appliances were worn as recommended. In the face of such success in Europe, I determined that the people of America should be made acquainted with the fact. I arrived in Brooklyn only a few months ago and commenced the sale of my goods at No. 465 Fulton street, since which time I hav, in Brooklyn and neighborhood, over a THOUSAND persons wearing my appliances for the diseases above mentioned—all of whom came to me only as a last resort, having failed to get relief from any of their physicians. And these persons were as readily relieved as were those of Europe—NINETY-NINE PER CENT of whom will tell you to-day on application to them that my appliances gave time all the relief promised. A printed list of my clients is at your disposal so that you may satisfy yourself of the truth of the above statement. My proposition therefore is that I hand over to the medical men of Brooklyn FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of my appliances, to be used only on the persons of the sick poor now and likely to be in your charitable institutions and hospitals. The only condition I make is that I myself clothe the patients according to my own judgment and be allowed to retain watchers at my own expense that the patients do not receive any medicin during the wearing of my appliances, and that a proper report be supplied from time to time, so that I, at my own expense, can publish the record of the cures by my appliances. I further wish that every medical man in Brooklyn should call at my manufactory and examin for himself the processes of manufacture and make himself thoroughly acquainted with my system. My factory is open for inspection at all hours to any physician, chemist, or scientist, and in close proximity to my own business premises the same physician

may see for themselvs the patients who hav been reliev by my appliances. All physicians and chemists who h examined my goods hav availed themselvs of my inve tion, are to-day wearing my appliances, and recommen ing the same to their patients with marked success.

The aforesaid gift of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' worth of goods will be delivered from time to time, as agreed upon by a committee of yourselvs, on application to me a few days in advance, stating the disease for which they are required, so that I can supply the best possible form of my invention. Hoping you will avail yourselvs of my offer, I remain, gentlemen, Yours obediently,

WILLIAM WILSON.
No. 465 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

In face of the above letter, what pretense can you find for your conduct? Why did you not giv me the names of the parties whom you pretended had written to you? The fact is, no one did write to you except a lot of conspiring doctors, and to please them you became their tool.

In the next part of your open letter you refer to a letter you sent me, and say as follows: "Why did you, like Ananias and Sapphira of old, keep back a part; why did you not tell the public that I wrote you personally on the 15th of September?" Your memory must be very bad in this particular, or you did not read the newspapers, insomuch that this paragraph appeared in the *Truth* newspaper on September 20th, under the caption of "The Romance of Anthony Comstock's Arrest, and what Led to It," and directly following the $100 reward, I refer to the very letter which you say I never noticed:

"And the next morning I received a cringing letter, written after the reward was offered, as shown by the postal date on the envelope, Brooklyn postmark, 2 A. M., September 16. Now I was told in his office on the 15th of September, at two in the afternoon, that he had gone away for a week. Who told the lie? Did he order his subordinates so to do, or did they do so of their own accord? The next day, September 16th, my half brother, David Cotter, with the detectives and the court officer, went to Comstock's office. They were told that he was in the country, and did not know when he would return. They were then told that a letter was written by Comstock to William Wilson the night previous. At this the clerks seemed surprised, and said, 'Well, we do not know where he is, nor when he will return.'

"A private detectiv then told my half brother where to find him, and said he was hid away in an upper room in the same building. There the officers went, knocking at one door where voices were heard within, but the door was locked. Then in another room adjacent an attempt was made to discover him among a company of gentlemen sitting apparently in committee, but Comstock could not be seen. A ruse of running down stairs was made, only to retrace their steps just in time to find the door gently open that had before been tried and found locked. The officer slipped his foot between the door jamb and, walking into the room, arrested the great Anthony Comstock. He was taken before Justice Smith and committed in the following words of committal:

"'It appearing to me by the within depositions and statements that the crime therein mentioned has been committed, and that there is sufficient cause to believe the within-named Anthony Comstock guilty thereof, I order that he be held to answer and be admitted to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, and be committed to the warden or keeper of the city prison of the city of New York until he give such bail. SOLON B. SMITH,

"'Police Justice.

"'Dated September 16, 1881.'"

You will therefore see, on referring to your poen letter, that you admit that my first public communication against your act was printed on the 14th day of Sept., and yet you charge me with being like Ananias and Sapphira of old, by keeping back a part. How could I mention, in my communication of the 14th, that which was not written by you until the 15th? But you know very well that the letter you refer to as having been kept back was referred to as above on the 20th day of September, that being the first letter from myself after receiving the letter written by you on the 15th. You therefore utterly fail to show in your open letter that I had kept anything back. In the same open letter you refer to a lawsuit in Ireland between Wetton & Co., and William Wilson, of No. 64½ Patrick street, Cork, and the most malicious act that any man could conceive is the taking the trouble of writing to Ireland for information respecting a man, and when such information is received, telling one-half the story in a open letter to the public and keeping back the other half. This you know you hav done, and I challenge you to publish at your own cost your open letter, as I at my own cost shall publish this. Your malicious act in thus concealing the real nature of the lawsuit between Wetton and myself as rival manufacturers and large employers of labor is an act unworthy of the commonest informer. I hav a deed from the British goverument wherein, on the settlement of that suit as above referred to, such deed binds my opponents to pay me a large sum of money in settlement thereof. Your attorney, Mr. Teuney, or Mr. Colgate, your President, can see that deed whenever they choose to call at my offices. Yet you, in your open letter, attempted to show that I had been guilty of a crime. If this was not vindictiv malice, what was it? Again, in the same open letter, yo u would insinuate that my patent and Edgar Wetton's were the same. Yet you know very well that the circular from which you obtained the names of my patients contains also the following description of my patent:

"During the past few years seven or eight different patents hav been taken out for Electric and Magnetic Belts, but the vital defect in each and all of them has been a want of means whereby the magnetism once imparted to them could be retained. This defect has been fully overcome in the 'Wilsonia' invention. William Wilson struck the happy idea of attaching a series of Voltaic Piles to the Magnets, which by absorbing the natural exudations of the skin giv out a constant galvanic current, and thus keep up a continuous supply of Magnetism. Another very important feature of the 'Wilsonia' invention is this. Wearers of these garments never experience unpleasant shocks and are never afflicted with sores, which inevitably result from wearing galvanic chain bands—*they* having to be steeped in vinegar to render them capable of imparting any curativ property, and in this process they become the mother of an incurable form of erysipelas! And then, the 'Wilsonia' is as comfortable to wear as any undergarment. These appliances keep the body warm in the cold season, and, by their power of absorption, impart, in the summer, a refreshing coolness."

Also the Method of Manufacture.

"Wilsonia" Magnetic Clothing!

These goods are made as explained below, and every person following out the instructions here given can make for themselvs and their own wearing any garments to suit their malady.

Although I hav patented the invention, I giv any one the liberty to make for themselvs, but shall prosecute any one who dares to make them for others to wear, or to sell.

Process of Manufacture.

Take a sheet of cloth, or any woven fabric, lay it upon another sheet of gutta percha tissue, then lay a sheet of muslin corresponding in size; fasten these together. Then take hard steel plates (brittle as glass they need be for our purpose), cut them into narrow strips about one and a half inches long; perforate each plate, making a hole large enough to take in an ordinary shoe eyelet. These plates to the number of 250, with 500 eyelets, fastened to the cloth, are sufficient to make an ordinary NERVE INVIGORATOR. Over these plates, when fastened to the fabric, we place another sheet of india rubber tissue. Over this again we place another sheet of muslin and fasten the whole mass together with hot irons. We then puncture the eyelets the whole thickness of the fabric so fastened together, having about five hundred openings through the garments. Then we cover the whole with a lining of any material to suit the fancy of the wearer, but preferably canton flannel should be used. When the garment is so far finished it is magnetized by a powerful electro magnet until every plate of the whole series is thoroughly saturated with magnetism.

Having described the process as above, I again say that if you make the garments as I direct they will do you just as much good as though I made them myself. But the above being my patent, I shall prosecute any one who dares to make them for profit, and shall use the utmost rigor of the law in so prosecuting.

Now, then, where comes in quackery with with the WILSONIA?" Why do not the advertisers of quack nostrums tell purchasers how to make their compounds?

Now, as to Prof. White's great discovery: He told us a few weeks ago, through the columns of the New York *Herald*, that he had made a marvelous discovery, viz., that the whole secret of the electric charge in the Gymnotus, or electric eel, lay wholly in the fact that the said electric oil was enveloped in a film, whereby its electric charge was augmented. This marvelous discovery, he said, was only made after six and three-quarter years of fruitless research, and by an accident, he goes on to say the whole thing was made complete.

Now it will be seen from reading the above formula, that WILLIAM WILSON'S patent was taken out two and a half years before Professor White made his statement through the columns of the *Herald*.

It is upon the Gutta Percha Film patented by MR. WILSON, that the secret of the "WILSONIA'S" force wholly lies.

Physicians, electricians, and scientists are, therefore, invited to examin critically into the nature of the "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC CLOTHING, and, with the formula before them, go into their laboratories and experiment for themselvs. They will then know that the

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING

Is the Greatest Wonder of the Age, and yet withal one of the most Simple of Inventions.

In the same open letter which you sent to the newspapers you maliciously attempt to belittle me by assuming that, because I had been a cabinetmaker, I could not therefore attain to a knowledge of curativ agencies distinct from the methods laid down by the schools. In answer to this assumption of yours, I can only say that I pity you for your stupidity. Do you not know that the celebrated Dr. John Hunter of London worked at the bench as a cabinetmaker at forty-two years of age, and afterward became the most eminent surgeon in Europe? and to-day the Hunterian Museum in London is a living monument of that cabinetmaker's skill? Do you not also know that all great inventions ever made emanate from among those whom we least suspect as the originators of new thought?

Another important reference in your open letter I refer to: On a board sign you say as follows: "Read the Anthony Comstock letters in favor of 'Wilsonia.'" In answer to which I simply say that I hav the copies of fifty-five letters sent to you in favor of my garments, the parties sending such letters being those to whom you had conveyed your libelous communication. Therefore I call these letters of my patients the Anthony Comstock letters, and shall continue to publish them in a pamphlet dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn and New York; nor you nor your society shall intimidate me against such publication. Nothing shall be hiddennor held back. In conclusion, I again make the following challenge to you: To sign bonds for $5,000 if you can prove that I do not cure ninety per cent of the incurables given over by the doctors, or to produce one case where all the benefit was was not derived as promised on the purchase of the goods, such goods being worn as directed as to quantity and to time. I believe your society requires money to carry on its operations; here, therefore, is a chance to add to its funds. I will also sign bonds for a like sum if you can show one testimonial published by me that was not genuin, and will pay all expenses of the six physicians on whom you relied, and will meet them singly or as a body on any platform in the United States, and prove to an audience of scientists that these physicians know nothing of the nature of nerve fluid, the constitution of the blood, nor the difference between electricity and magnetism as a curativ agent. WILLIAM WILSON.

Having thus openly answered your letter, and wishing the whole thing to be closed up, I herewith make you this offer, viz: That you shall, upon the examination of the deeds referred to in my letter as above, between your attorney and Mr. Colgate, upon the conclusion of such investigation, giv me a letter of apology for having been instrumental in casting discredit upon my invention. I am quite willing to accept your plea of ignorance of the facts, and that you were deceived by others.

Upon receipt of such letter of apology, I will withdraw all further proceedings. WILLIAM WILSON.

READ THE FOLLOWING REFERENCES SHOWING MR. COMSTOCK HIS MISTAKE:

COMMODORE GARRISON, Bowling Green.
Mr. FRAZER, corner of Reade st. and Broadway, New York.
Mr. DEGRAFF (DeGraff & Taylor), Fourteenth st., New York.
Mr. TAYLOR, of the same firm.
Mr. FAYERWEATHER (F. B. Hoyt & Co.), Spruce st., New York.
Senator McPHERSON, Washington.
E. B. STIMPSON, Spruce st.
THOMAS HALL (Kestler, Hall & Co), Ferry st.
Colonel BAYARD CLARK, 54 East Forty-ninth street, New York.
Dr. DEMAREST, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh st., Harlem.
Mr. J. DUGGAN, Undertaker, 330 Clermont ave.
Mr. E. STCLAIR CLARKE, 758½ Lafayette ave.
Mr. YOUNG, Artist, Bergen st., Brooklyn.

These and thousands of others can be referred to. Dare a man like Comstock mingle with such gentlemen as the above?

Read also the Testimonials Printed in "The Truth Seeker" of Nov. 19th.

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COMPETENT ASSISTANTS IN EVERY STORE, PRIVATE DRESSING AND CONSULTING ROOMS, AND EVERY CONVENIENCE, WITH FEMALE ASSISTANTS FOR LADIES. ALL OUR GARMENTS ARE THE SAME, NO MATTER AT WHAT DEPOT THEY MAY BE PURCHASED.

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Important to the Suffering and Afflicted Who Hav Been Deceived by Advertising Nostrum Venders.

The great success attending the introduction of my world-famed **WILSONIA GARMENTS** has incited a host of speculators to place upon the market several bogus arrangements under the specious titles of "Magnetic Clothing" or "Magnetic Garments." One unprincipled person has actually copied my engraving representing my clothing, so that a person not seeing the garments would take it for granted that the goods so advertised were fac similes of the **WILSONIA**, the engravings representing the clothing being identical with those issued by myself thus tending to defraud the public by their purchasing a worthless article for the cure of some malady or other. This same person has copied, almost verbatim, the language of my own circulars. One of these garments was brought me direct from the vender. I find it to be a clumsy imitation of the first magnetic garments made in Europe some fifteen years ago. I would therefore ask the public to see the Wilsonia garments before purchasing anything represented as a magnetic clothing. They will then find that an attempt at imitation has been made by an engraved circular containing copies of my own circular as above stated, and so cunningly has the device been carried out that parties purchasing the goods from such circular will suppose that the garments so purchased were identical with my own, but when seen together they are as different as anything can possibly be conceived. If, however, persons will call at any of our STORES in New York or Brooklyn, or elsewhere in the United States where Wilsonia depots are opened, they may hav everything made clear to them. The claim of CHEAPNESS is a poor point to put forward when the matter of disease and life and death is in the balance. My reputation now is so unparalleled that never before in the history of the world hav such remarkable cures been effected as those following the timely use of the now world-renowned Wilsonia garments. The blind hav been made to see, the deaf to hear, the helpless paralytic to walk erect, the demented to become sane, the martyr to catarrh and asthma to speak and breathe freely, the terrified with heart disease to walk forward among the public without the terror of impending death. All and every form of disease disappear when the Wilsonia Magnetic Garments are used as directed. I will undertake to cure 90 per cent of the so-called incurables now in the hospitals in the United States, and will place my garments upon such patients free of charge, the only condition I make being that the authorities governing such hospitals shall not allow any medicin to be given the patients during the wearing of my garments, and that the cures shall be publicly advertised as soon as made. CITIZENS OF AMERICA! when and where in the history of the world has such an offer as this been made? Here, in New York and Brooklyn alone, there are thousands of poor invalids in our hospitals passing through the ordeal of a protracted and living death who might, if my offer be accepted, be restored to the world as useful members of society, and this free of charge. If my offer be not accepted by the physicians of the hospitals, then the physicians must stand convicted of indifference and carelessness toward the poor invalids intrusted to their care. I hav sold my patent to a company with a view of manufacturing on a very large scale, so that with increased facilities in the form of valuable machinery specially prepared for our purposes, we shall be able to place upon the market an unlimited supply of these wonderfully curativ appliances.

After years of study in the particular direction of electrical therapeutics, I hav from time to time made many improvements on my first conception of what was needed for the relief and cure of disease until the "Wilsonia" in its present form contains all the elements of what has gone before in the same direction. The continuity of current is made complete, the dangers of non-ventilation are entirely overcome. This is an important point in the "Wilsonia." Thousands of persons are to-day suffering from the effects of retarded perspiration, owing had thrown back into the organism the poisonous emanations of the body. The expensiv nature of the "Wilsonia" combination in all its entirety makes the price somewhat high, but yet it is far the cheapest in the end, inasmuch as the curativ force will continue for years although a commoner kind will frequently result in marvelous cures. These commoner goods we sell at the following prices:

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LUNG INVIGORATORS	$6 00
BODY BELTS	5 00
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KNEE CAPS	3 00
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SCIATIC APPLIANCES	5 00
HEAD CAPS	4 00

"Wilsonia Magnetic Appliances"

will continue the same price as before offered; but if you wish the cheaper kind, as offered elsewhere, we will sell at the above prices, being one-half of the cost of the same articles elsewhere advertised.

$500 REWARD!

Any person giving information of the infringement of the **WILSONIA PATENT** shall receive the above reward upon the conviction of the offenders.

Suffering Invalids,

Before you purchase any bogus arrangement, send for

Pamphlet and Price List,

Containing thousands of references in Brooklyn and New York. One hundred thousand persons are ready to testify to the value of "WILSONIA." Therefore ask for the **"WILSONIA,"** and see that you get it.

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An ably-written and handsomely-bound pamphlet of 34 large pages. Price, 15 cents. Address

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"DESIGN" IN NATURE,

REPLIES TO THE

"Christian Guardian" and "Christian Advocate."

By ALLEN PRINGLE.

This pamphlet was considered necessary because the paper attacking Mr. Pringle refused to publish his reply to it. Its criticism was upon Mr. Pringle's argument against design in nature, and this work contains both the attack and reply. It is valuable, as it presents the strongest Christian evidence for the existence of God with the complete and overwhelming refutation.

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O DEATH, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meals! O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him where strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience!—*Ecclesiastes* xli, 1, 2.

O DEATH, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure turn;
But oh, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

—*Burns.*

IF one thing is clear, it is that faith is large in proportion as it dares to put things to the proof. Fear and laziness can accept beliefs. Only trust and courage will question them. To reject consecrated opinions demands a consecrated mind. The moving impulse to such rejection is faith - faith in reason, faith in the mind's ability to obtain truth. The great skeptic must be a great believer. None hav so magnificently affirmed as they who hav audaciously denied.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

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SOON will the earth cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave, and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned!

—*Burns.*

OF late, the death-beds of believers hav been less peaceful than those of unbelievers Terrible doubts hav intruded themselvs. Orthodoxy is bound to believe that Voltaire and Paine, and other so-called Infidels, died miserable deaths, and still goes on asserting it though there is not a particle of proof. But it would not be difficult, were the truth abundant, to match these cases with a score to one of the unhappy deaths of orthodox Christians of the most saintly characters.—*Chadwick's Victory over Death.*

HERMIONE supposed that some things which she heard at church were true; but she did not realize them, and she more than half doubted the rest. In the state in which she was, religion was rather an irritation than a support, and the Bible perplexed instead of strengthening her. She did not know what in it was true, nor feel what in it was elevating. If there were such a thing as the divine life, the present vicar of Crossholm, sleepy, indolent, "unawakened" old Mr. Asten, could not lead her to its knowledge; and at home she was even farther from help or guidance. Her husband's studies had led him into the opposit camp, and he had become a pronounced Freethinker, Agnostic he called himself; Infidel he was called by others. He had placed science in the seat of theology, and his life's endeavor now was to weaken the hold of the Christian faith on the minds of men—not by reviling the creed and its professors, but by showing the contradictions which exist between nature and revelation, Genesis and science; by substituting knowledge for superstition, reason for faith, and history for mythology.—*Under Which Lord? by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

UTILITY teaches that the *general* happiness is to be the aim of the individual. The criterion of an action of A. B. is not whether A. B. thereby secures or increases his own happiness, but whether the tendency of the action is beneficial or detrimental to society. If A. B. secures his own happiness by a course which injures others, or which, if generally pursued, would be prejudicial to the interests of the community, he is at once condemned by the principles of utility, even although he may hav thereby increased his own individual happiness. Mr. J. S. Mill justly remarks that the standard of utilitarianism "is not the agent's own individual happiness, but the greatest amount of happiness altogether; and if it may possibly be doubted whether a noble character is always the happier for his nobleness, there can be no doubt that it makes other people happier, and that the world in general is the gainer by it." It is one of the merits of utilitarianism that it cultivates the social feelings and tends to bind men into a brotherhood, wherein the good of all is the aim of each. —*Mrs. A. Besant's True Basis of Morality.*

WHAT though on heavenly fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Giv fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that. —*Burns.*

Odds and Ends.

A FRUIT of the battle-field—grape.

A LOUISVILLE belle has in her parlor a beautiful embroidered motto, "E Plur I bus, yum, yum."

LAST words of the balloonist, "It's all up with me." Last words of the gosling, "It's all down with me."

THERE are some days when you can't lay up a cent, and other days when you can't get hold of a cent to lay up.

IT is more blessed to giv than to receive, when a kick from a No. 10 boot is at issue.

"THIS world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the reply, "but I'd rather see the show a little longer."

CUSTOMER: "You say that those figures are life size? My dear sir, they seem very small." Artist: "Perfectly correct, sir; you know 'life is short.'"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "Why was Joseph put into the pit?" Boy (who goes to theater sometimes): "Because there wasn't room in the family circle."

"YOU promised to pay that bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other; "but to err is human, to forgive divine, and I forgot it."

A DARKEY minister says, "How can dem Infidels say dare am no debbil? I knose there must be a debbil, case how if there was no debbil could they make his pickter so like him?"

"YES," exclaimed Brown, "you always find me with a pen in my hand. I'm a regular penholder, my boy." Let's see," said Fox, musingly, "a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it?"

WHY doth the festiv Injun squaw
Improve each shining minute,
And scratch her head from morn till night?
Because there's millions in it.

"No," said the charming actress to her devoted lover, "No, Charlie, I won't marry you; but you can hav the privilege of paying for all my little suppers and carriages after the theater, and you'll be envied by all the boys. That ought to satisfy you."

A CLERGYMAN who not long ago had entered into the happy state of matrimony with a maiden named Grace, rather surprised his hearers on the ensuing Sabbath by giving out as his text, "The Grace that is given me of God." The sermon, as might hav been expected, was well worthy of the newly-made Benedict.

A MAN who was continually grumbling at everything that happened to him died and went to heaven. A friend of his subsequently met him aloft, and thinking there could be no possible chance of hearing the other complain, asked him how he found himself. The dissatisfied gentleman rubbed his head about and replied, "Just like my infernal luck! why, can't you see this blessed halo of mine doesn't fit?"

AN American who started to ride from Colima to Manzanillo, in Mexico, was stopped on the highway by a well-armed bandit.

"Pardon, senor," exclaimed the latter, "but I perceive that you hav my coat on. Will you hav the kindness to remove it?"

The American produced a six-shooter, and cocking it, replied:

"Senor, I am of the opinion that you are mistaken about that coat."

"On closer observation I perceive that I am," the bandit answered, and disappeared in the wood.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—A report on the state of religion in Nevada would be almost as brief as the the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The following anecdote might, however, be inserted. At the recent opening of the Nevada legislature an Eastern minister was invited to perform the religious service. He accepted the call and closed the ceremony with the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, State Senator Doolan turned to Senator Hammond and remarked audibly: "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word in Eureka at a funeral over ten years ago."

A HEARTLESS CHICAGO EDITOR.

The editor so gay
Is feeling well to-day,
Because of poems he has burned a score;
He's tilted back his chair,
His feet are high in air,
And he's ready to incinerate some more.

A step is on the stair,
The editor's red hair
Begins to rise like quills on porcupine;
His face a dreadful frown
Assumes, his feet come down—
He's a kind of human giant-powder mine.

In steps a pretty maid,
Her hair is just the shade
Of summer sun that gilds the lofty spires;
She's pretty and piquant,
"Whatever can she want?"
The editor soft of himself inquires.

"I came, sir," she began,
"To ask you if I can
A Christmas story for your paper write;
I don't want any pay,
My name is Myrtle May;
I'd like to stand on fame's immortal hight.

"Oh, Myrtle," he replied,
"You'd better be my bride;
I'm lonely since the trotting season's o'er;
As wife of one who writes
Of ball games and cock fights
You'd hav of fame a quite sufficient store."

The maiden fled, and now
The editor, I trow,
Doth daily play that little game of his;
He knows girls cannot stand
His locks of auburn, and
The quarter-stretch expression of his phiz.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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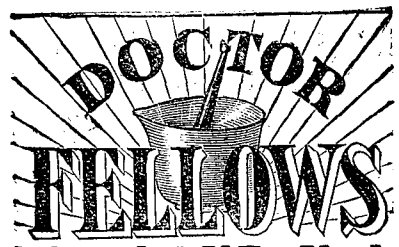
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Notes and Clippings.

AN effort is being made in Hartford to enforce an old Blue law which makes concert going on Sunday nights a penal offense.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the historian, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday a few days since. He is still in full vigor, and the third and fourth volumes of his "Universal History" hav just been published.

ST. JOHN, the temperance governor of Kansas, has officially recognized the claims of women to official station by appointing Mrs. Cora M. Downs, of Wyandotte, to be a regent of the state university.

THE question whether Noah Webster ever taught a singing school in Baltimore has been, after a thorough and somewhat excited discussion in that city, decided in the affirmativ. He became pressed for money while on a journey to Washington, and stopped long enough to fill his purse in that manner.

THE census returns just given in Bombay are quite interesting. Asked to state their profession or calling, the simple Hindoos hav filled up the paper with an accuracy that might in vain be sought for in any other country. In Bombay there are, upon their own confession, twenty-six gamblers and swindlers, one dog-poisoner, sixteen wizards, and 698 tattooers.

THE Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, has a rival in Prof. Johnson of Hamilton. The professor is also a colored man, and he also believes that "the sun do move," and, like Bro. Jasper, he quotes from the Bible to prove his theory. He frankly acknowledges that his views are not in accord with the more advanced men of science, but, believing in the Bible, he can but believe that the sun goes around the earth.

A LONDON company, with a capital of $2,500,000, has acquired a million acres in Manitoba and the northwest territory, and intends to divide it into farms of 160 to 640 acres each, with certain improvements in the way of buildings, stock, and implements. The tenants are to work the farms, and the harvest is to be divided equally between the two parties to the contract. Some of the Canadian newspapers are opposing the scheme as introducing objectionable landlordism.

WE learn from an English paper that "Moody and Sankey are falling dreadfully flat in the north of England. Like ginger pop, they lose their gas after being once uncorked. One thing is certain, they've swamped Richard Weaver's little trade; but the heavenly Richard bears it all with a lamb-like spirit. Oh! the Lord will make it up to him, never fear; he'll get a nice, cosy, cushioned throne in the bright and better land, and there'll be no abandoned girls to trouble him there."

THE Rev. Mr. Miln, of Brooklyn, some time ago became uneasy in the Congregational church of which he was pastor, and felt that he would be happier in the Unitarian fold. So he accepted a call to Unity church, Chicago, of which Dr. Collyer has been pastor. Now he finds that he is theologically crippled and fettered by the doctrins of the Unitarians. He wants something broader and more suited to his advanced views. Therefore he resigns the pastorate of Unity church and strikes out for new fields of theological investigation.

THE new belief which has become dominant in the empires of Germany, Russia, and Austria is that the Jews are at the bottom of all the mischief caused by the spread of Nihilism throughout the east and north of Europe. And it is the knowledge of this fact which has caused the persecution of the Jews by the rabble and the lukewarmness of their defense by the authorities. Judaism is acknowledged at last to be the greatest power of all in politics on account of its command of wealth, and its hold hereby over every government in Europe. The children of Israel are knit together in a bond of Freemasonry, and, it is charged, are using Nihilism for the end they propose, of scaring European sovereigns into submission by the necessity which the most powerful will ere long find themselvs under of borrowing money from Hebrew hoards. In the end they will be compelled to remove those restrictions with which the Hebrew race has so long been burdened.

IN Europe the clergy do not oppose cremation as strongly as formerly. The Protestant clergy in Gotha and in Munich, the archbishop of Paris, and the bishop of Manchester, hav declared in favor of it. The Roman Catholic priesthood in Italy does not oppose it. The Copenhagen Cremation Society, which counts two thousand members, recently applied to the government for permission to erect and operate a crematory in one of the suburban cemeteries; the application was strongly approved by the board of health. Bodies recently exhumed in Danish burial grounds were found after thirty years to be yet in the first stage of decay.

THE *University* says: "If we are to enter into a crusade against heresy, we must transform the minister of customs into inquisitor-general and every collector into an inquisitor. Already the minister of justice has received intimation from Toronto pulpits that he can hav any number of inquisitors for the asking. And this in the year of grace 1881." And the London *Free Press* adds: "No free people would tolerate such an intrusion upon their rights as a custom-house inquisition of their literature presupposes. The circumstances of the seizure hav elicited the expression of much manly opinion as to the question of sustaining individual rights as opposed to the attempt to restrict them."

THE Glasgow Free Presbytery is discussing again the Sabbath question in its bearing on the opening of museums and libraries, and the proper length of a Sabbath day's journey for a clergyman who is going to preach. Some of the clergy hav been laying themselvs open to the criticisms of their brethren by hiring cabs on Sunday. The question now arises as to how far a healthy clergyman ought to walk on Sunday, and for how great a distance a cab becomes what the law of the church recognizes as a thing of "mercy and necessity." Some of the members of Presbytery declare themselvs able to walk five miles, but think that if called to go a greater distance they ought to take a cab. Others insist that a minister who is on Sunday going to preach more than five miles from his home ought to go on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. Others hav small objection to the hiring of a cab, provided no money is paid out on Sunday. Instead of destroying the sanctity of the day of rest by settling the bill at once, they would hav "cabby" call on Monday for his pay. Thus gnats are strained at and camels are swallowed. Presbytery did not arrive at any solution of the cab question, but passed a resolution to the effect that museums and libraries ought to be closed on the Sabbath.

THIS is the way the Arkansas people look after their shepherds who leave "between two days." It appears in the El Dorado (Ark.) *Eagle*, signed by eight persons: "We, the undersigned, would like to hav the character of D. D. Booth published in the *Eagle*, and his general conduct in this vicinity exposed. It is generally known that after the difficulty he had with Mr. Reed, the old man Primm and his wife took Booth to their house and nursed him and cared for him (about seven months) until he was well, and then how he conducted himself afterward. We want to inform the people how he has taken advantage of a deaf and dumb girl, the daughter of old Mr. and Mrs. Primm, by making rash promises to marry her. He promised to liv in town with her and get a fine horse and buggy and take her to all the big meetings and get her all the fine dresses she wanted, and went so far as to ask the old folks for her, and then seduced her. He has acted a malicious scoundrel with her, and it is now said that he has run away and left the state, and we hav every reason to believe it. He is known as a big Baptist preacher, and we want to warn all deaf and dumb and orphan girls of the danger of associating with him. He is none too good to stoop to anything that is low down and mean. We also warn everybody to watch him, both male and female, for he is an infamous scoundrel. We hav good evidence to support these statements, and we are responsible for everything we say in this instrument. We wish that we could explain this exactly as it is. We would not misrepresent a single feature of the case. We want everybody to know what kind of a man he is, and want this published everywhere throughout the United States, if possible. We further desire to state that he taught school in this neighborhood, and that he tried to seduce a ten-year old child that was going to him. We can establish these facts. This grand rascal is about five and a half feet high, dark complexion; in fact he is a black Dutch, and has a scar from a knife on his right hand and another on his left eye near to the nose. He is forty-six or forty-seven years old."

THE London *Freethinker* reads the Brooklyn mountebank this well-deserved lesson: "According to Swift a nice man is one with nasty ideas. Talmage is a nice man. His style of preaching against the vices of New York shows that he is intimately acquainted with them. No doubt he has made many a round of the haunts of dissipation to freshen up his knowledge. Any other purpose is of course out of the question. Some years ago there was a great uproar in Glasgow about the "can-can" which was being danced nightly at a music-hall by some young ladies in remarkably short dresses; and the result was that before the dance was suppressed half the officials of the city went to see it in the interest of public morality. Talmage goes the midnight round for the same reason. His last "nice" sermon is against "impure literature," and shows a pretty good acquaintance with erotic publications. Not satisfied with exhibiting his extensiv erudition in that line, he goes out of his way to malign D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who was sent to prison in America, just as Mr. Truelove was in London, for selling a pamphlet on the population question. Talmage alludes to him as "a filthy creature," and classes him with the vendors of obscene books. These Christian libelers don't care how much mud they fling; they hav any quantity of it in stock. We tell Talmage that his holy book, the Bible, is filthier than any publication ever sold by a Freethinker, and we make him a present of the following story. The great Goethe was present at a meeting of the Dutch clergy, when it was proposed to establish a censorship for the expurgation of improper books. He expressed his admiration of the plan, and recommended them to begin with the Bible. Whereupon the king of Holland said to him, 'My dear Goethe, pray hold your tongue. Of course you are quite right, but it won't do to say so.' Talmage thinks Freethought quite as bad as indecency. 'What are you reading?' he asks. 'Bolingbroke? Theodore Parker? Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts? Swedenborg's dreams? Tyndall's Glasgow University Address? *Drop them and run.*' But the oracle of the Brooolyn Jabernacle doesn't stop there. He runs a-muck against Homer's 'Iliad' and all the warlike epics of the world, because they foster a taste for blood. ut how about the bloodiest epic ever written, the Bible story of the Jewish wars? Begin at home, Talmage, begin at home. Homer's 'Iliad' doesn't claim to be inspired, and your Bible does. Purge the vileness from that before you go abroad. And don't imagin that mankind will ever be so silly as to banish the masterpieces of heroic literature and feed their minds on the weak, washy, everlasting flood of your sermons."

News of the Week.

PROF. JOHN W. DRAPER died on the 4th.

THE governor of Madrid, in Spain, is dead.

HON. RICHARD H. DANA died in Rome on the 6th.

SKATING accidents are beginning to be reported.

WILLIAM H. AINSWORTH, the novelist, died last week.

GARABALDI'S carriage upset the other day, injuring him severely.

BILLY THE KID, a notorious burglar, broke jail at Albany last week.

BEECHER found a new-born female child on his stoop on the morning of the 9th.

OSCAR WILDE, the so-called esthete, lectured in Chickering Hall last Monday evening.

THE churches at Port Jervis, N. Y., were closed on the 8th on account of small-pox.

ROBERT LINCOLN, son of Abraham Lincoln, is talked of as candidate for chief magistrate in 1884.

A SO-CALLED Fenian ram was sunk last week by accidental collision with a tug-boat. It was raised.

AN attempt to steal the bodies of Napoleon and the prince imperial is said to hav been discovered.

THE defense in the Guiteau case is closed, Judge Cox having refused to admit any further evidence.

FIRE caused a damage of $20,000 to the Westminster Presbyterian church in Baltimore last Sunday.

SEVENTEEN Brooklyn aldermen were arrested and put under bail last week for defying a court injunction.

NINE men were injured, four fatally, by an explosion of fire damp in a coal mine at Mauch Chunk, Pa., on the 8th.

THE sale of pews in Beecher's church this year brought in about ten thousand dollars less than the average in years past.

FIVE or ten thousand Scandinavians are to be imported to be employed in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE sugar refinery of Havemeyer & Elder, in Brooklyn, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the 8th at a loss of over $1,500,000.

THE German newspaper *Allgemeine Zeitung* has been seized by the authorities for calling King William's manifesto a *coup d'etat*.

IN Russia Sara Bernhardt was pelted with stones by Christians for being a Jew, and with cucumbers by Jews for being a Christian.

DR. HAMMOND of this city, lecturing upon the Guiteau case, stated that the assassin was undoubtedly a lunatic, but was legally responsible, and ought to be hung.

MARTIN KANKOWSKI, the murderer of Mina Muller in Weehawken, N. J., was hanged on Friday last. He died protesting his innocence. Six other murderers were hanged on the same day.

PARNELL'S friends are making a movement toward securing his release before the opening of the next Parliament, and the English government is believed to hav the matter under consideration.

MR. BEECHER, two weeks ago, charged that in Brooklyn a school-teacher's virtue was the price of a place. The board of education hav appointed a committee to call upon Beecher for an explanation.

THE crew of the Almon Bird, which sank in a storm off the New England coast last week, were not picked up until two of the number had perished, and the rest were nearly starved, having drank the blood from their dead shipmates' veins to relieve their thirst.

A Truth Seeker Around the World.

Smyrna, Ephesus, Rhodes, and Cyprus, to Beyrout.—Concluded.

DEPARTURE FROM SMYRNA.

Sunday, Nov. 6th.—It was not till seven o'clock last evening that we had put off all the freight for this place and taken on other freight, as well as some additional passengers. In leaving the Smyrna harbor and resuming our course to the south we had to pass around a considerable peninsula, Karabournou, and down the Chios, or Scio, strait, leaving the volcanic island immediately on our right, of course passing on the opposite side of the island from what we passed when going to Constantinople. Chios, the principal town, is also one of the places claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," and here, as in Ithaca, the inhabitants still point out the ruin which they call Homer's School. This island of internal commotions has also had its full share of political disturbances, conquests, and revolutions. At one time it had a considerable army, and could muster one hundred fighting vessels. It has often been conquered and held in subjection by the Ionians, the Greeks, and others.

We have had a strong north wind since we left Constantinople, and as we struck out this morning into wider waters and neared the passage between the islands of Samos and Nicaria the sea had become so rough that more than half the passengers were too seasick to go to the table, and I am compelled to admit that I was weak enough to go over to the majority. My old stomach has for many years shown itself reliable under the most trying circumstances, but when the sea goes beyond a certain line of roughness, and the steamer tosses and rolls beyond the bounds of propriety, my stomach absolutely rebels and will not be quiet. I have found that by keeping the recumbent position the sickness is generally allayed, but I have on occasions tried to keep up rather too long, and despite repeated swallowing my stomach has persisted in emptying itself two or three times. But I have not suffered nearly as much as Mr. Bridges and several others of the passengers. As soon as my stomach has had its way, and "thrown up Jonah" it becomes quiet and I feel all right.

We have regretted this cold, rough weather, but the captain says he expected it when he saw so many of the black-coated and black-hatted gentry (priests) coming aboard. He says he never ships a lot of priests but he knows he is about to have a rough spell of weather. If holy men do bring rough weather, we have enough of them to create a hurricane. There are five or six Greek priests on board, and two or three Roman Catholic priests. Their business cannot be excessively remunerative, for they travel second-class or on deck, so we are troubled but little with them in our quarter. They bunch in with the Turks, etc. Besides the clergymen, we have in our own company two or three American missionaries who joined us at Smyrna. These missionaries are a gentleman and three ladies of Massachusetts, and their field of labor is in Syria, not far from Beyrout, where some of them have been residing two years, and others longer. The women are very chatty, and no not seem any more religious than common people. We have some in our own company who can discount them largely in the piety line. It is cheering, moreover, to know that these missionaries are sufficiently supplied with funds from America to enable them to occasionally do a little visiting as a relief from their exhausting labors. They are now returning from a visit to Athens, Smyrna, etc. It is kind of the people of America to be so generous with their money.

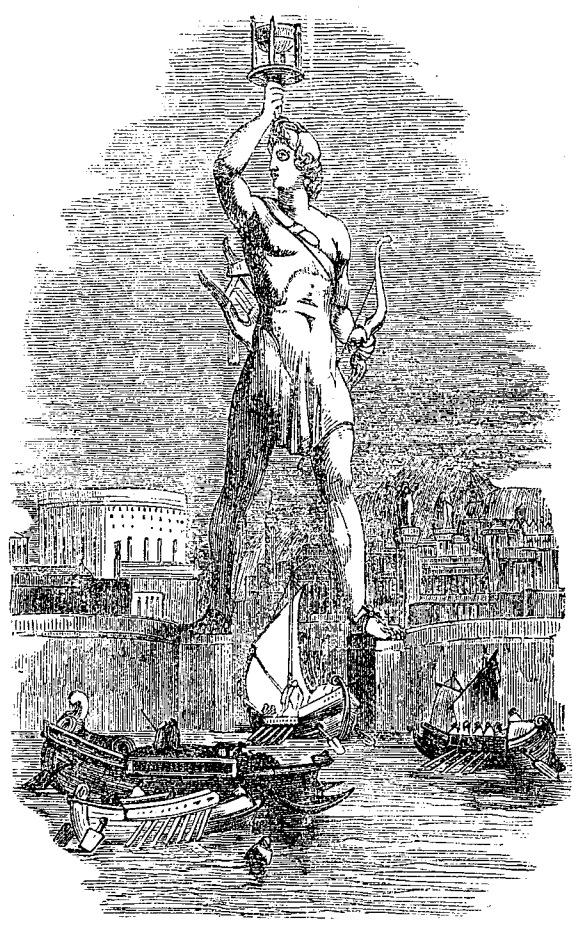
The island of Nicaria, or Icaria, which we passed on our right, derived its name from a legend of Icarius, son of Dædalus, who, having incurred the displeasure of Minos, made wings of feathers and wax for himself and his son so as to escape from Crete. But Icarius, mounting too high, the sun melted the wax of his wings, and he fell into the sea near this island. It has not distinguished itself so much in the history of the past as many others of the islands in the Levant. High chains of mountains occupy the entire extent, and its inhabitants are considered the rudest and most unpolished of all the modern Greeks. They maintain themselves principally by the sale of charcoal to the neighboring islands and to the towns on the coast of Asia Minor, and by the exportation of fire-wood, with which their hills, unlike the rocky masses of many others of the islands, are well covered. The population of the island amounts to about 8,000. They pay an annual tax to the pacha of Rhodes like the neighboring islanders.

SAMOS

is a larger island nearer the main-land, and is one of the principal islands of the Ægean Sea. It is separated from the main-land simply by a narrow strait. It is about thirty miles long and eight in width, on an average; and though mountainous, has a good proportion of fertile land. It had its varied features in war, the same as the neighboring islands, sometimes triumphant and sometimes overpowered; sometimes having a king and government of its own and sometimes completely depressed; sometimes joining with one neighboring power, and sometimes with another, until in the second century, exhausted by repeated wars, it sunk into comparative insignificance. Its property was at one time partially restored by Antony and Cleopatra, residing there for a time, 32 B. C., and afterwards by Octavinces, who made it a free state. It was afterward deprived of its liberty by Vespasian, after which it rapidly went down in importance and wealth. Vathy is the capital. The population of the whole island is 20,000. It pays a tribute to the sultan of Turkey, but otherwise is free. There are ruins of several pagan temples on the island.

Between Icaria and Samos are several small rocky islands, some of which are occupied by a few shepherds; and some, mere masses of rock pushing up out of the water, are uninhabited. In one place we seemed for a time shut in by the rocks, but the pilot found the channel without difficulty, and we were again in the open sea.

Twenty miles south of the extreme point of Samos we came to the small, rugged, worthless island of Patmos, where it is claimed, with little probability of truth, that St. John wrote that crazy, unmeaning account of wild visons of dragons, beasts, and scarlet women called the book of Revelations, which never did anybody any good so far as heard from, because no man ever lived who could understand it, and if he did it would be very apt to set him crazy, as it has many who unwisely spent their time in poring over it. Patmos is a solid, angular mass of rock, bleak and barren, ten miles long and five wide. It has three or four thousand of poor, starved-out Greek inhabitants, who have to emigrate to other islands and to the main-land for employment in the busy seasons of the year, and work for forty cents a day.



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

We also passed the islands of Arkei, Zipso, Lero, Telando, Kalymus, and Kappari, but they are small, very rocky, and undeserving of special notice. Kos, or Stanclis, is much larger and more distinguished as the birthplace of Apelles the painter and Hippocrates the physician. It was still more distinguished as being the only state in Asia Minor which refused to obey the edict of Mithridates, ordering the massacre of the Roman citizens. It is twenty-five miles in length, but narrow. Its fortunes in the past were as varied as its neighbors, which I will not trouble you to trace. It has now some 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants all told, half Turks and half Greeks.

RHODES.

Later on we passed by the small island Yoli, and between Cape Kris, an extended projection of the main-land and the island of Nisgro, leaving Telas considerably to our right and Symi on the left. Early in the evening we reached the famous island of Rhodes, and stopped for two or three hours before Rhodes, its principal town, putting off some passengers and taking on others, but the sea was so rough it was attended with difficulty. The steamer does not go much nearer than within a mile of the towns, and small boats have to come out with mail and passengers and take out whatever is to be sent ashore. It was all the watermen could do to get their boats along against wind and waves.

Rhodes, from the most ancient periods, has occupied a distinguished position in the pages of history. The ancient Rhodians were eminent for their early civilization, their valor, their knowledge of marine affairs, and their cultivation of art and literature. It will require too much space and time to give even a hurried sketch of the marked events in the history of the people of this island, and I will not attempt it. The most primitive Greek records make mention of it. Mythological stories ascribe its origin to the power of Apollo, who raised it from the sea; and several traditions traced the early prophecy of the island by the inhabitants of the countries of western Asia, probably the Phœnicians. Long before the Trojan war they made long voyages to distant countries and were so enterprising as to establish colonies in many places, the principal of which was Rhoda in Iberia, Gela in Cicily, Parthenope and Sybaria in Italy, besides various settlements on the coast of Asia. The government of the island was divided between its three principal cities, each of which seems to have been a separate monarchy, but later on they united under a sort of republic or confederation. In the Peloponnesian war it changed sides for twenty years, coöperating with the other Dorian states in supporting Athens, but after that it turned over to the Spartans, joining the alliance against Athens. In 408 B.C. the city of Rhodes was founded and peopled by the inhabitants of the three more ancient cities. It was built by Hippodamus of Miletus, whom the Athenians employed to embellish Piræus. The new city soon became distinguished for the splendor of its public edifices, and of the paintings and statues with which they were enriched. It was, indeed, one of the most magnificent cities of the ancient world. Strabo, who had seen Rome and Alexandria, gave the preference to Rhodes, and Pindar had long before extolled the grandeur of Rhodes in one of his noblest odes. The wealth of the Rhodians was derived partly from their fertile soil and advantageous situation, but still more from their extensive commerce and the wisdom of their laws, especially those referring to maritime affairs. Such, indeed, was the estimation in which the latter were held that many of their regulations were embodied in the Roman civil law, and have thence been adopted into all modern codes.

After the Peloponnesian war, the history of the island presents a series of conflicts between the democratical and oligarchical parties, and of subjection to Athens and Sparta in turn, till the end of the Social war, 355 B.C., when its independence was acknowledged. Its internal dissensions were at length composed by a mixed form of government, uniting the elements of aristocracy and democracy. The Rhodians submitted to Alexander; but at his death they expelled the Macedonian garrison. In the ensuing wars they formed an alliance with Ptolemy, the son of Logus, and Rhodes successfully endured a siege by the forces of Demetrius Poliorcetes, who at length, in admiration of their valor, presented them with the engines which he had used against their city, from the sale of which they defrayed the cost of the statue to the sun, long celebrated under the name of the Colossus of Rhodes as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was the work of Chares, of Lindus, a favorite pupil of Lysippus. It was a statuary in bronze, one hundred and five feet in hight. It was twelve years in being erected, at a cost of three hundred talents. It stood at the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes, but there is no authority for the statement that its legs extended across the entrance of the port. It was overthrown and broken in pieces by an earthquake in 224 B.C., fifty-six years after its erection. Its fragments remained on the spot for 922 years, till they were sold by the general of the Caliph Othman IV. to a Jew of Emesa, who carried them away on nine hundred camels in 672. Hume says, in his "Populousness of Ancient Nations," that the siege of Rhodes by Demetrius Poliorcetes affords the only example to be found in antiquity of the establishment of a cartel for the exchange of prisoners.

In the wars with Antiochus and Mithridates the Rhodians gave the Romans the powerful aid of their fleet, and they were rewarded by the supremacy of southern Caria, where they had settlements from an early period. In the Civil war they took part with Cæsar, and suffered in consequence from Cassius 42 B.C., but were afterward compensated for their losses by the favor of Antony. They were at length dedrived of their independence by Claudius, and their prosperity received its final blow from an earthquake which laid the the city in ruins in the year 155 of our era. On the division of the empire this island was allotted to the emperors of the East. It was seized for a short period by the Saracens, but having been recovered by the Greeks, it was in 1308 presented by the Emperor Emmanuel to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who a short time before had been expelled from Palestine. The Knights, as the declared enemies of the Infidels, were engaged in perpetual warfare with the Turks, and sustained several blockades and sieges. They retained possession of Rhodes till 1522, when, after a steadfast resistance, they were compelled to surrender to Suleiman the Magnificent. The knights retired first to Crete and next to Sicily, where they continued till 1530, when the Emperor Charles V. ceded to them the island of Malta.

The island of Rhodes is of a triangular form, rising gradually from the sea, until toward the center it attains a considerable elevation, terminating in the lofty summit of Artenara, 4,600 feet above the sea, upon which once stood a temple of Jupiter. The hills and mountains were formerly covered by dense pine forests, which were cut off for ship-building. The country is dry, but quite fertile, producing oil, oranges, citrons, and other fruits. If properly cultivated it is capable of producing in profusion most of the necessaries and luxuries. The climate is the finest in the Mediterranean. Hardly a day is said to pass in the whole year when the sun is not visible; the burning radiance of the East is modified by fresh ocean breezes, while at night the heat is tempered by the cool wind from the Caramanian Mountains of the main-land. The only beasts of burden used on the island are mules and donkeys, there being no camels and but few horses, and those few are owned by the wealthy Turks. Partridges are said to be very abundant. Various species of excellent fish, with coral and sponges, are found in the surrounding sea.

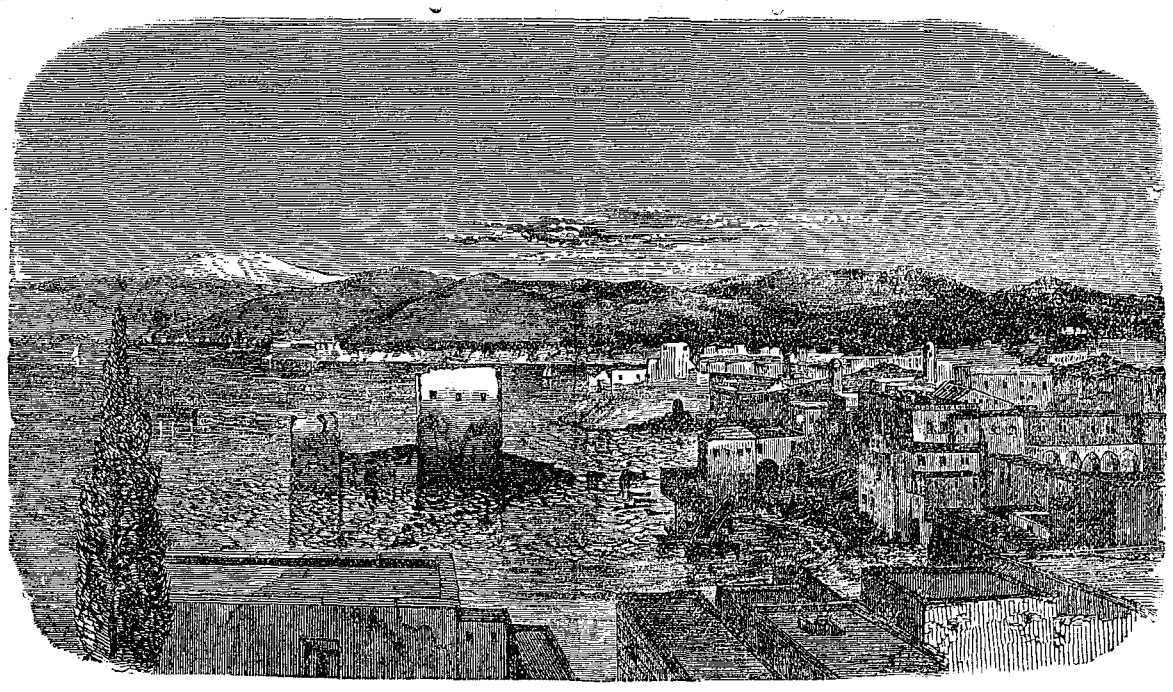
The city of Rhodes is situated at the northeast extremity of the island, and has an imposing appearance from the steamer, with its two lighthouses shining brightly out at night. It is built in the form of an amphitheater, on ground rising gently from the water's edge, and is strongly fortified, having a moated castle of great size and strength, and being surrounded by walls flanked with towers. These works were constructed by the Knights of St. John, and bear evidence of the same skill afterwards evinced on the island of Malta. Above the ramparts rise the domes and minarets of the Turkish mosques, together with some palm-trees, while a highly ornamented Gothic gateway leads from the quay to the town. The moon was shining so brightly that we could see the town nearly as well as if it had been daytime.

There are said to be considerable Hellenic remains in the neighborhood and elsewhere on the island, and the scenery is of the more beautiful character. Mountain ridges divide the island by natural barriers into three divisions, of which the three ancient cities were the capitals. There are now forty-four villages, many of whose names are evidently Hellenic. They are thinly inhabited, the largest, after the city of Rhodes, containing 800 people. The population of the whole island amounts to about 30,000, of whom 6,000 are Turks, 1,000 Jews, and the remainder Greeks. Of this whole number, 10,000 constitute the population of Rhodes.

long fast, or lent, allow their devotees to eat of nothing but these carob beans, or cattle food. I have decided not to join the Greek church. These beans are pressed in bales about the size of cotton bales, and are exported very largely. From the steamer the town, and the plain which stretches back to the left of it, covered with a multitude of bright-looking green carob-trees, with the rugged mountains of rock for a background, present a most beautiful appearance.

Four hours' steaming along the southern coast brought us to the town of Larnaka, the ancient Citium or Chittim, and the principal seaport of the island. I think it contains some 10,000 inhabitants. We reached it just before sunset. It has two mosques, a bazar well-stocked with the usual variety of merchandise, and a Greek church named after St. Lazarus; and here it is pretended that Lazarus, after serving for many years as a bishop, was buried when he died the second time, and Jesus was not around to raise him again from the dead; but nobody who has sufficient good sense gives any credit to the silly claim. As Matthew, Mark, and Luke knew nothing of Lazarus, nor of his being raised from the dead, it is very safe to conclude that there was no such person, and that the person who wrote the gospel of John either had a vision, or drew largely upon his imagination for his facts. There are no bones in the tomb assigned to Lazarus, and where his bones are no man knows unto this day.

Larnaka is situated in the worst part of Cyprus, the country around it being arid and without verdure. We saw, however, some fine-looking palm-trees in the vicinity of the town. It was undoubtedly selected as a seaport owing to the safety of its anchorage compared with other places on the island.



BEYROUT, SYRIA.

Monday, Nov. 7th.—For half the day we steamed along in sight of the towering Caramanian Mountains of the main-land. The higher portions reach the hight of six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea and are thoroughly white with snow. After losing sight of the Asiatic continent we will see no more land till the rocks of Cyprus heave in sight. The air to-day, like the preceding days, has been clear, and the sun bright, but the north winds have continued very brisk, which, with the removal of freight, causes the steamer to toss and roll too much for those of us who have rather sensitive stomachs. Several of us were glad to retain a recumbent position a good share of the time. There are some ills in nearly all conditions of life. If people will continue to go to sea, some of them must be seasick. It is only fair for those who dance to pay the fiddler.

CYPRUS.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.—With the return of day this morning the highlands of Cyprus were close on our left, we having passed down on the southern side, where the two principal ports are located. Before 8 o'clock we had stopped before the town of Limissol, or Limasol, a place of 5,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated at the water's edge, and semicircular in form. This is the point where the Turks first landed when they took the island in 1571. It is a clean, tidy-looking place. We lay there some four hours, taking aboard a few dozen casks of new wine, a hundred or two bags of raisins, and many tons of carobs, which are the pods and beans of the carob-tree, a species of the locust, which grow about the town and the neighboring forests in great quantity. The seeds or beans, which are sweet and nutritious, are ground up in Italy, Russia, and even in England, by wholesale, as food for cattle. They are said to be the "husks" alluded to in the parable of the Prodigal Son upon which the swine were fed, and of which the prodigal himself was fain to eat. Perhaps, in deference to this parable or fable, the Greek church, during their

There is little doubt that Larnaka is the Chittim, or Kittim, referred to in Genesis x, 4, and in Numbers xxiv, 24, as it is not at all likely that either of the books named were written more than six or seven years before the Christian era. It was for a long time the stronghold of a Phœnician colony, and in its commercial dealings became the rival of Tyre. In the time of Sargon, 707 B.C., the king of Citium was one of the kings of Cyprus who paid homage to that Assyrian monarch, as appears from a cuneiform inscription on an Assyrian bas-relief, discovered in Larnaka in 1846 and now in the Berlin Museum. Gesenius gives a number of Phœnician inscriptions from Citium in his "Scripturæ Linguæque Phœnicia;" these show that the city was long inhabited by the Phœnicians; and so late as the time of Cicero it appears to have been regarded as a Phœnician town, for he calls Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, a Phœnician, because he was born in Citium, though it is well known that his parents were Greeks.

Cyprus—in Turkish Kubris—is the most easterly island in the Mediterranean, and is but forty-five miles distant from the nearest point of land in Asia Minor, and sixty miles from the nearest point in Syria. Larnaka is two hundred and fifty miles from the Suez Canal, and three hundred from Alexandria; one hundred and fifty from Beyrout, five hundred and fifty from Smyrna, and six hundred and fifty from the Dardanelles. The island is one hundred and forty-five miles long from the extreme east to the western point, but the eastern part for fifty miles is simply a narrow, rocky ridge. In form the island has been compared to a deer's skin spread out, the eastern narrow ridge serving as the tail. The principal mountains are in the west, and the highest peak has an elevation of 6,590 feet. From its summit, it is said, a fine view is to be had of the entire island, as well as of the coast of Asia Minor and Syria. In an eastern prolongation of this range is Mount St. Croce, 2,380 feet high, on which once stood a temple of Jupiter. The whole northern coast of the island is mountainous, and the whole appears to have always been subject to earthquakes, as is the case with nearly all the islands of the Mediterranean. Paphos is in the center of the Cyprus Mountains.

In former times Cyprus was thickly covered with wood, which was first used in the extensive copper-mining operations carried on here, and afterwards ship-building. Its cedars are said to have even surpassed those famous ones of Lebanon. The copper interests were so great here that all the ancients knew of the fact, and it is with much probability claimed that it was from Cyprus that copper obtained its name. Æs Cyprium came to be shortened into Cuprum, and anglicized into "copper." Copper mining and the manufacture of swords, armor, and articles of bronze formed the staple trade of Cyprus from the heroic ages down to the time of the Romans. That the quality of the armor was highly prized in Homer's time is evident from his account of the present made by Cinyras to Agamemnon. Alexander the Great had a Cyprus sword given him by the king of Citium, and Demetrius Poliorcetes, when besieging Rhodes, got two suits of armor from Cyprus, which the maker is said to have tested by exposing them at two hundred paces to darts shot from an engine. It appears also that the fine arts, especially sculpture, were greatly cultivated in the island. In literature it occupied no mean place, having produced one of the celebrated epic poems of antiquity, the "Kypria." Solon spent the last days of his life in Cyprus.

According to heathen mythology, Cyprus is held to have been the birthplace and favorite abode of Venus, who was said to have risen from the foam of the sea, off Paphos. A fair, called by a Greek word signifying *deluge*, is annually held at Larnaka fifty days after the Greek Easter, which unquestionably derives its origin from the same pagan source mentioned by Herodotus and other Greek authors. Tradition states it to be the anniversary of the birth of Venus; and the inhabitants still flock from all parts of the island to attend it. No Cyprian would on any consideration dispense with going upon the water on that day. The festival in ancient times was proverbial for its lascivious rites, and even now peasant girls suppose that their presence at the fair facilitates their marriage, as formerly it was the custom for young men to come from distant parts in order to select wives from among the females attending the fair. It is possibly in connection with the rites and practices attendant upon the anniversary of Venus that females too much disposed to those indulgences came to be called Cyprians. Well, well; Venus may have done some naughty things, but there is, after all, something very attractive about the goddess of love. She may have been naughty, but she was unquestionably nice. Say what you will, love is the highest, the best, and most amiable quality that exists in the organization of man or woman.

Cyprus was known to the ancients under the various titles of Acamantis, Cerastis, Macaria, Æcosa, Amathusia, Paphos, and Salamis. According to Herodotus, the island was colonized by three different nation—Greeks, Libyans, and Phœnicians—who each founded cities on its coasts for the purpose of commerce. It was early tributary to Egypt, and afterward passed under the dominion of the Persians, whose yoke it several times ineffectually endeavored to throw off. It acknowledged allegiance to Alexander the Great and afterward came under the protection of Ptolemy Lagus, and was made a province of Egypt. Subsequently it passed into the hands of the Romans, and upon the disruption of that power passed under the control of the Eastern emperors. It remained under the dominion of Greek governors, who bore the title of dukes, till 1191, when Richard Cœur de Lion, to avenge the insults offered to some of the princesses of his family who had been wrecked on the coast on their way to the Holy Land, in a very Christian manner attacked and devastated the island, put the Duke Isaac Comnenus to death, and himself assumed the title of king of Cyprus. Two years later its captain made it over to Guy de Lusignan, "a rich compensation," as Gibbon observes, "for the loss of Jerusalem." By Guy it was ceded to Henry, count of Champagne, and was governed by the Lusignan family for some time during the insane and unsuccessful attempt to wrest the Holy Land from the Mohammedan. Becoming much weakened, it passed again under Egypt, until conquered by the Genoese, and held by them for ninet

years, till they lost it in the reign of James the Bastard, after which it was taken by the Venetians, by whom it was held for eighty years. It was taken by the Turks under Sultan Selim II. in 1571. The island rose in insurrection in 1822, but the revolt was quieted with much slaughter, and the condition of the island was much injured. By the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878 the government of Cyprus was handed over by Turkey to England, by which arrangement the government of England pledges itself to pay to Turkey the annual sum of $500,000. Up to this time she has found it a sort of white elephant upon her hands, the revenues of the island not amounting to the sum named. As a military station, however, it doubtless possesses much value in retaining the control of the Mediterranean islands and the western portions of Asia. The island is improving under British rule, and affords snug positions for several of her sons who wish to be drawing salaries from the public purse.

Antiquities of great interest were in former times discovered in Cyprus belonging to the Phœnician, Greek, and Roman ages, but it is only within the last few years that systematic explorations have taken place on a large scale. These were inaugurated by General di Cesnola, who resided on the island as an American consul for ten years. He began his explorations in 1866 in the neighborhood of Larnaka, where he discovered more than two thousand tombs, most of which dated from 400 B.C. to the beginning of the Christian era. He also discovered remains of temples of the Greek age. In one tomb was found a bronze urn containing about six hundred gold statues of Philip and Alexander. There were also Phœnician remains. He next excavated at Dali, the ancient Idalium, opening some fifteen thousand Phœnician tombs. Thence he proceeded to Golgos, where he laid bare the ruins of two temples containing nearly a thousand statues representing the best periods of Egyptian art, with bas-reliefs and other sculptures of the Assyrian, Greek, and Roman ages. He next went to Salamis, but other antiquarians had been there ages before him, and little remained. Proceeding to Cape Pedalium, he identified the site of Leucolla and discovered some curious terra-cotta coffins. Traveling onward, he found the cites of several ancient cities, and discovered some remarkable temples and tombs. After exploring Paphos, Pissouri, and Amathus, he made his final crowning discoveries at Curium. Here, in the subterranean treasure-chambers of the old temple, he was so fortunate as to find an immense number of engraved gems and ornaments, cups, vases, and other articles of gold, silver, crystal, and bronze, which in variety and archæological, as well as intrinsic, value must be regarded as one of the most important discoveries of the age. The discovery of the treasure of Curicum is a true revelation of the glyptic art, and its rise and progress from the earliest times down to the beginning of the fifth century before our era. It embraces Assyrian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and Greek objects, some of which are of the most exquisite workmanship. I have viewed a large collection of these antiquities, including vases, idols, terra-cottas, and pottery of many kinds, at the Museum of Antiquities, on Fourteenth street, New York, which I recommend such friends as have not seen them to call and examine. They will be found very interesting. I learn that a large collection of the antiquities excavated in Cyprus are also in London. Few things are more interesting than looking at the workmanship of artists who lived three or four thousand years ago.

The inscriptions found on the ancient monuments and objects of Cyprus are in three languages: 1. *Cypriote*, which is thought to be a branch of the great Aryan family. The characters resemble those of Lycia. 2. *Phœnician*; and 3. *Greek*. Di Cesnola gives a full account of all in his work on Cyprus.

The principal products are wheat, barley, cotton, silk, madder-root, oil, wine, raisins, carobs, and salt. The greatest drawbacks to production are the want of water, most of the streams becoming dry in summer, and the ravages of locusts, which one year with another are said to consume one-half the crops. If the raising and pasturage of goats could be discontinued for a quarter of a century, to allow forest trees to spring up, rains would undoubtedly be largely increased, and the products of the island trebled. The climate is varied, the northern part is the most hilly and wooded, and the heat in that district is tempered by the cool breezes from the Caramanian Mountains, in Asia Minor, which in the higher parts are snow-capped the most of the year. The heat is great in summer on the southern slopes, but upon the whole the climate is most agreeable and healthful.

To-day three splendid views were enjoyed by us: The first was a beautiful, clear sunrise, the sun coming apparently out of the waters in magnificent style. The next was an equally lovely sunset, the sun resplendently sinking down into the water. An hour or so later we had a double moon-rise; that is, the moon came up out of the Mediterranean looking like a ball of fire; and a little way above the horizon was a narrow strip of heavy, dark cloud, which, obscuring the moon for a short time, afforded another moon-rise equally as fine as the first. The magnificence, richness, and splendor of all could hardly be exaggerated.

Wednesday, Nov. 9th.—We left Larnaka about nine o'clock last evening, and had a quiet and pleasant night, sailing quietly toward the coast of Syria. With the early morn the mountains of Lebanon hove in sight, the higher parts of which are white with snow, while the sky in every direction is soft, and the air genial and warm.

At 9.30 we cast anchor off the coast of Syria, in front of the city of Beyrout, sitting beautifully in a crescent form, and rising gradually above the sea. We were glad to see the good-looking town, as you may well imagine. In half an hour forty boats were hovering around the steamer, having made a swift race to see which should arrive first, and such a clamoring and yelling one does not often hear. We saw a motley crowd of Turks, Arabs, Moors, Africans, or Ethiopians, and men of almost every conceivable oriental nationality. But in a short time we were duly installed in boats, gladly bidding the Saturno good-bye, feeling that the fare and treatment we had there received were not first-class. In another hour we were on shore. Here we are now in the orient. We shall look around the city today, and to-morrow morning mount horses and proceed to Baalbec, Damascus, and then the "Holy Land." I will try and keep you advised of what I see, and my impressions concerning the same. Good-bye to you all.

D. M. B.

Beyrout, Baalbec, and Damascus.

MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA, Nov. 10, 1881.

DEAR READERS: As you learned from the closing of my last letter that we had arrived in the principal seaport of Syria, I need not again apprise you of the fact. We put up at the Hotel Bellevue, and after dispatching a late breakfast, having failed to receive one on the Saturno, we had leisure to look about the city of Beyrout, containing 100,000 inhabitants, and I cheerfully bear witness that I am rather well pleased with it. It suits me better in many respects than any town we have visited since leaving Athens. It has not the tumble-down appearance of Constantinople, and is much cleaner than either that city or Smyrna. It is beautifully situated on a promontory, which extends some three miles into the Mediterranean. The shore line is indented with fine rocks and cliffs. The ground rises gradually from the first shelf or table, so that the town presents a most favorable appearance from the sea; and a few miles in rear of the town, in the background, rises undulation after undulation of the gigantic mountain-range called Mount Lebanon.

An ancient Phœnician city once occupied the site where Beyrout now stands, by the Greeks and Romans called Bérytus. When the Romans became masters of other parts of Syria, Beyrout came into their possession. Augustus made it a colony, Agrippa instituted games and gladiatorial sports, and Alexander Severus established a splendid law school, which lasted till the sixth century. When the Saracens overran Syria, Beyrout fell into their hands, and during the war of the Crusades it often changed hands.

In 1840 Beyrout was bombarded by the English, and recaptured by the Turks. After the massacre of 1860 many Christians came and settled there, and from that date the prosperity of Beyrout has been greater than in any previous period of its history. The houses are substantial and of semi-European build. Probably one-fourth of the inhabitants dress in the European style, and the balance dress in Turkish and Syrian costume, a portion of which is of a primitive character. The men and women have to some extent reversed the fashions of Europe and America—the men wear petticoats and the women pantaloons or drawers. I will not object to women getting on trousers if they can accomplish it, but men wearing petticoats I do view with a perfect abomination. Let me explain that the petticoats worn by the men are thin—a single thickness of striped, colored, or white muslin, and sometimes black stuff—which, fitting very closely around their narrow hips and shapeless shanks, looks far worse than the same garment upon a woman. Some of the men's petticoats are sewed together at the bottom, leaving two places for the feet to poke through, and sometimes left open, in which case the slit at the sides extends to the knees, after the style of a shirt. In many instances, the poorer classes have very short skirts, and their legs are entirely uncovered, and from the sun and the natural dark color of the skin, they are nearly as black as negroes'.

Tho bazars of Beyrout do not present an oriental appearance, like those of Constantinople, and the building and pavement are much better. Many of the places for stores are occupied by shoemakers and tailors. I think I never saw so many shoe-shops in a town of its size, and they all looked as though they were making good work. I left my blessing with them, for from early associations, as well as those of two years ago, I entertain a kindly feeling towards the disciples of St. Crispin. The mechanic shops there are of good size, and looked far better than in Constantinople. All hands seemed busy, and few idlers were to be seen. We walked up to the barracks, and saw a part of a regiment of soldiers pass out. I think I never saw a more hardy, resolute, invincible looking set of men. If they had good commanders I feel confident they would be equal to any in the world.

While looking through the bazar I saw some fruit new to me, and wishing to try some of it, I took two copper coins from my pocket, thinking I was making a very generous investment when I tendered them to the dealer and motioned to him that I wished the value in his fruit. He shrugged his shoulders, and looked very despondent, as much as to say, "You are spending a very small amount of money," and he consequently gave me a very small amount of fruit. I afterwards learned that the value of the coins is one-seventh of a cent, and then I did not blame the Syrian for shrugging his shoulders at an offer of two of them.

We walked about the town considerably, and saw fine orchards and gardens of fig, orange, and mulberry trees, with garden vegetables and many lovely flowers. I noticed a wonderful growth of cactus, which is cultivated for fences, being usually set out on the top of stone walls; and it seems to have the faculty of growing on the top of a pile of stones as well as in the earth. I saw miles of this kind of fence. Many of the plants are a foot in diameter at the crown.

There are no antiquities worthy of mention, but the city is somewhat noted for schools. The Christians of America sustain a college here, commanding an imposing situation on the high ground in the rear of the town, with departments in Arabic literature, mathematics, natural sciences, modern languages, medicine, jurisprudence, with, of course, biblical and religious literature, and what is called moral science. It is under the general control of trustees in the United States, where the present funds are invested. Our very pious Christian citizen of New York, Wm. E. Dodge, who some twelve or fifteen years ago was pretty extensively engaged in the importation of block tin, in the form of statuary, on which he has the reputation of trying to defraud the government of its legitimate revenue, and also an earnest member and contributor of Comstock's obscene society, is the principal pillar of the institution. Perhaps he cheated the government, on his block tin importations, to do a very nice thing for this school in Syria. His son also takes a warm interest in the same direction, and has been over here several times. The students are mainly native Syrians, and seem to be rather proficient in their studies. Such schools are of decided service in any country, even with the superstitions taught therein. This has a resident board of managers, composed of American and British missionaries. All sects are said to be admitted, and among those represented among its one hundred and forty students are Protestant, orthodox Greek, Papal, Latin, Maronite, Druse, and Armenian. Considerable effort is made to indoctrinate students in the orthodox Protestant creed, or what are denominated the correct and "distinct features of evangelical truth." A printing-press is connected with the college, and of course is an engine of power in disseminating true orthodox faith.

The Romish Jesuits have also a large school here, where the original articles of Christianity according to Gregory the Great, John XXIII, and Alexander VI. are duly instilled into such of the Syrian youths as can be induced to attend. Many of the Jesuits who were driven from France have come to Syria, and with their characteristic energy are strongly establishing themselves. The British Syrian schools, founded in 1860, include a normal training institution, day school (elementary, infant, Moslem), giving instruction to 680 pupils. There are also schools for the blind and cripples, which unfortunately seem to be plentiful in this country. There are six branch schools of Lebanon, with over 400 pupils. The Jews of Beyrout have a school under the auspices of the church of Scotland, but I have heard of no conversions here from Judaism to Christianity. There are several French institutions, including an orphanage, day schools, boarding schools, etc. The Italian government supports the *Scuola Reale Italiana Elementare*. The Germans have an orphanage and school with 130 pupils; thus it will be seen that Beyrout is pretty well supplied with schools.

A few miles north of Beyrout, Dog River, which takes its rise in the Sannin, one of the highest eminences of Mount Lebanon, 8,570 feet, empties into the Mediterranean. The river was so named from a tradition that once upon a time, when a foe approached, a dog, roughly hewn in the rock, gave an alarm by barking. The dog was thrown into the sea, though by whom it is not stated, and a rock is still pointed out as that same dog. For a wonder no fish is connected with this veritable legend save those that still continue to swim around the dog. Not far from this stone dog is the locality where St. George, the patron saint of England, killed the dragon, and the very place is pointed out where the valorous deed, which you have all seen most religiously pictured, was done. This is more fishy than the stone dog barking, but still there are millions of Christians perfectly able to believe it, for a chapel is erected on the spot. But when it is taken into

consideration that there never was a dragon, and very likely never a St. George, the ability of Christians to believe fishy stories will be duly appreciated.

There are, however, some relics of antiquity, in the immediate neighborhood, a thousand times more reliable than that stone dog barking, or Saint George's fight with a dragon. On a bold promontory which projects out into the Mediterranean are nine sculptures, three of which are Egyptian and six Assyrian. One of the former is dedicated to the Egyptian god Phthah, the special deity of Memphis; another to Ra, the sun-god; the third records certain expeditions of Sesostris (Rameses II). The Assyrian sculptures are regarded as the work of Sennacherib, who invaded Syria 701 B. C. Before reaching them an inscription is observed, from which it is learned that the rocky pass was cut by order of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who is here designated Germanicus, which fixes the date when the road was constructed as between the years 175 and 180.

We were wakened this morning, bright and early, by the singing of birds, which seemed to abound in numbers, and to possess a disposition to make the morning cheerful. Under such circumstances we could hardly do otherwise than feel their influence. At ten o'clock, all things being in readiness, the circus commenced; that is to say, the horses were brought out for our party, which we are to ride for the next thirty days. A Rev. Mr. James, of Northampton, England, of the regular English church, arrived here this morning by steamer, and joined our party, to journey with us through Palestine and Egypt. Judge Lawson, wife, daughter, and son, the latter of whom joined us at Limasol, Cyprus, will also accompany us as far as Damascus, whence they will return by diligence, and take steamer to Jaffa, thence by horses or diligence to Jerusalem, etc.; so there were just a baker's dozen of us to try our skill at equestrianism. Besides our regular party there is a strong force of dragomen and attendants, fifteen in number, with twenty-four mules and donkeys to carry baggage, tents, and food for the party; for it must be understood that we are to camp out while sojourning through the Land of Yahweh, he not having provided any hotels in his country when he undertook to run it, nor since. We have also changed conductor, still having a Mr. Clark (Herbert E.); not the one who accompanied us from Cyprus, but an elder brother, who has been longer in this country, and consequently is more experienced. The change is in our favor.

The embarkation per horseback was the occasion of some excitement, in which I participated. I never was much of a rider, and never fond of horseback diversion. I had not till to-day been upon a horse's back for more than nine years. The last time was in the vicinity of Paris, Ill., when I hired a horse at a livery stable to ride some fifteen miles across the prairie to a point not far from the village of Newman. The horse was a dangerous one, having had several runaways, of which fact, however, I was not apprised. I made the trip out without difficulty, and on the following morning started on my return, and rode some four miles, when I was obliged to alight to shut a gate through which I had to pass. While I was remounting, the horse sprung away suddenly, probably startled by some hunters who were near in the bushes, and being rather inexpert I was thrown to the ground and dragged a considerable distance with my foot in the stirrup. I do not know how far, for I seemed to be knocked senseless by the fall; but from what the hunters said afterwards, it must have been some twenty rods. It was fortunate that my foot left the stirrup, otherwise I must have been killed, for the horse ran like the wind for four miles. It was thought he stepped on me, or kicked me, for one of my ribs was broken, and I could feel the bones grating together for some time afterward, and I was extremely sore. I was wholly unable to mount the horse again, and was carried home in a spring wagon at the expense of considerable suffering. I remained unconscious for several hours after the injury, and some who came to my relief thought I would hardly recover, but I did, and have done a good deal of hard work since. I do not claim that my life was saved by an interposition of Providence, for if that imaginary individual did not want me to die, I cannot understand why he allowed me to come near it by being so badly hurt. If my Christian friends choose to consider that my time had not yet come, my "work" not yet accomplished, I will not quarrel with them about it, for I had not at that time started THE TRUTH SEEKER, nor begun to preach the glad gospel of truth. If I had died at that time I should not have made this tour around the world, and you would not have been inflicted with these long letters; so, if you can, let us try to be glad that that result was a favorable one.

You can hardly think strange, however, that after that untoward event I should have decided, Hibernian-like, that the next time, and ever after, when I rode on horseback I would go afoot; but one cannot tell what he may be compelled to do when he comes to God's country—a land where there is not, and probably never was, a continuous decent road fit to trundle a wheel-barrow or push a hand-cart for half a mile, and where carriage riding, to say nothing of railroads, is wholly out of the question. With all the ability claimed for the tutelar deity who made an attempt to conduct a country of his own special selection, containing less that 5,000 square miles—about one-twelfth the size of the state of New York—he seems to have done nothing toward instructing the people he was so partial to about road-making; neither did the great lights and teachers have any more conception of a macadamized carriage-road than a Bedouin Arab has to-day. It seems to be thought a thousand times of more importance to instruct the people how to dress a kid in its mother's milk, in what fashion the priests should cut their ephods, and how they should sprinkle the blood of bullocks and rams on their right thumbs, their right big-toes, on the tips of their ears, and all over their garments, than to tell how to construct good carriage-roads, or how to build comfortable dwellings.

MY HORSE.

I naturally felt a trifle anxious to see the horse allotted me, not knowing but that there might for my use be brought forth a fiery untamed steed that would fly away with me, Mazeppa-like, over valleys, hills, and crags, until I was reduced to such a state that my most intimate friends would not recognize me. But when No. 8 was called out, and I was told that No. 8 was for me, I was pleased to see that he did not look ferocious or malicious, but that he might be described as a demure, well-disposed little horse, not likely to give much trouble to a reasonable person like myself. I am not like death, to ride a pale horse, for mine is the deepest in color of the entire lot, he being a deep brown, approaching black. There may be a fitness in this, as I may be regarded as the black sheep of the party. But, at all events, I endeavored to place myself at once on good terms with my new acquaintance, and said to him that as we were to be close companions for the next thirty days, we ought to have a good understanding between us, and become very good friends. I do not suppose, however, that he comprehended the nature of my remarks, my language and my style being equally unfamiliar to him. I did not learn whether he has a name, but thinking he should have one, I cast about to see what the name should be. It was not long before occurred to me the name of the horse which transported Mohammed up to the seventh heaven in such a brief space of time. Though I did not expect my little Brownie to take me to heaven, he was at least to bear me to the "Holy Land," and so I called him Al Borak.

THE START.

We were soon all mounted and on our way towards Mount Lebanon, passing fertile gardens and orchards of figs and mulberry-trees, with an occasional palm-tree, and, on the plain, a pineret, or grove of pine-trees, set out some forty years ago by the order of some pacha. Before us lay the grand old mountain of Lebanon, which we had to ascend, and the road which we were to take stretched up its side like a huge serpent from one station to another. We met many of the natives of the country, some with donkeys, going toward the city. Among the rest we met with two or three bevies of girls half-grown, who saluted us very prettily as we passed, making use of the best English they could command, some saying "Good morning," and some "Good evening," as was most familiar to them. It is always pleasant to be saluted by the damsels of the rising generation, and it is but just to say that many of the Syrian girls are good looking and bright. Their eyes bespeak intelligence and good nature. The people of the country are all respectful towards us. Their manner of salutation is peculiar and beautiful. Sometimes they put their hands to the forehead, sometimes to the lips, and sometimes over the heart, but oftener over the three, the meaning of which is as follows: over the heart, "I love you;" over the lips, "I praise you;" over the forehead, "I revere you." It is all done with military precision. I try not to be outdone by Syrian politeness, and return this salute whenever given.

By twelve o'clock we had made considerable ascent of the mountain, and at every turn could look back and see the Mediterranean, the city of Beyrout, and the plain we had crossed. The view is beautiful all the way along. As we climb the mountain, we are struck with the difficulties under which agriculture is prosecuted. The steeper part of the mountain is cultivated in figs, in vines, and in mulberry-trees; also in grains; but the entire surface is terraced, a wall being built every ten or fifteen feet, to get the superabundant stones out of the way, and to prevent the soil from washing. These walls are some three feet in hight on the lower side, and even with the soil on the upper side, and but for them the earth would all wash down the mountain in heavy rains.

At twelve we stopped to lunch. The muleteer with the lunch fixings had preceded us somewhat, and had a carpet spread under a shaded place, and on it a good collation of boiled eggs, cold chicken, etc., with grapes and oranges in abundance. It was a fine picnic meal, and all seemed to enjoy it very much, and all congratulated themselves and each other on the success made at horseback riding. In an hour and a half we were again in the saddles, with our faces still turned towards the summit of Mount Lebanon, one of the higher points, called the Sannin, and capped with snow, being on our left, looking to be some five miles away, but really not less than twenty. The air is so very clear here that distances are very deceiving, being at least twice as great as they seem.

The road we are traveling—the regular diligence road from Beyrout to Damascus, and the only good road in Syria—is very smooth, of easy grade, and well made, without regard to expense. It belongs to a French company, who have a grant for it for the term of ninety years; they have been running it for eighteen years, during the first nine of which it was run at a loss, but since which time they have been making money. From this it is easy to judge the last half of their term must be profitable. I think two diligences go every day both to and from Damascus. There are also a good many freight wagons passing over the road, though the greater part of the carrying is done by camels, mules, and donkeys. Of the "ships of the desert"—camels—we see great numbers, carrying all sorts of commodities. A full load for a camel is six hundred pounds, and with that load they will keep up their slow, steady pace the whole day through. I think a certain Bible reader called them saw-mills. In reading the passage about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, he spelt it out in this way: g-n-a-t, gate, and c-a, saw, m-e-l, mill, reading thus: "Strain at a gate and swallow a saw-mill. So it is a frequent remark among us, "There come more saw-mills."

SYRIAN HOUSES.

The houses of Syria are a style by themselves, and remind me of pictures we often see of Palestine and this part of the world. They are but one low story in hight, have a flat roof, and are without windows. The walls are of stone, and the roofs are made by laying strong poles from wall to wall, then a course of brush or flat stones, over which are laid six or eight inches of earth, and this forms the roofs of nearly all the houses in the country. To prevent the rain penetrating, the earth on the roof is packed firmly and rolled on the surface. Nearly every house is supplied with a stone roller, thirty inches in length, and weighing perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds. The rolling has to be repeated pretty often, or the roof becomes so loose and porous that the rains readily soak through; and with all the rolling that is done, there are but few of the roofs but what leak when anything like a protracted rain comes. If more descent was given to the roofs the rain would doubtless run off better; but they are made as nearly flat as possible. The roofs are much used for drying grains and other articles upon, also for sitting on in the cool of the day in the warm season of the year. If they used lime in the outer coat, making a kind of cement or concrete, these roofs would be much more impervious to water; but, owing to the great scarcity of fuel, burning lime is nearly out of the question. The houses look for all the world like the foundations for buildings—as though somebody had commenced a house and had succeeded in getting up a wall for the foundation, but his funds had run short, and he had to suspend operations. As they have no windows, as the floor is usually the earth, or sometimes stones; as they are only six or seven feet high, and not decorated or finished at all, it can well be understood that these houses would be considered cheerless places of abode by the bulk of Americans. And as it would seem not very desirable to become the tenant of such a house, so it is no great thing to get upon the house-top; to rise six feet from the surface of the earth—probably about the distance David ascended when he from his house-top stealthily and lasciviously obtained a view of his neighbor Bathsheba taking an evening bath, which so aroused his amorous passions that he at once committed adultery with her, and then planned the murder of her faithful husband that he might take the wife permanently to his own sensual bosom, the man after God's own heart that he was; and thus, as we are assured, securing the line from whence should descend, seven hundred years later, the great Prince of Peace, the only begotten of the Father, whose religion has caused more suffering and bloodshed in the earth than all other religions put together. Possibly if David had had no house-top to look down from, or if it had been steep, none of this mischief would have happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Error Corrected.

WE were requested by a friend to say that Col. Ingersoll was not in the Guiteau case. It seemed superfluous, but we did so, and hav since received this card:

In your issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 31st, under the head of "Notes and Clippings," you say, "We are requested to state that the Mr. Ingersoll who is one of Guiteau's counsel is not Col. R. G. Ingersoll, nor a relativ of his." Your informant is mistaken. There is no counsel in the Guiteau case by the name of Ingersoll. Doubtless his mistake has arisen from confounding the Guiteau case with the Christiancy divorce case. Edward C. Ingersoll, Esq., is counsel in the latter case. He is not a relativ of Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.

THE SUBJECTIVE OR HUMAN ORDER; OR, THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY THE ONLY TRUE AND PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF MAN AND HIS WORLD.

Under the twelve heads of our last lecture we saw the World explained as far as science and Positive philosophy have been able to read and to classify it. From that review man finds himself to be the objective result and product of this whole World, extending from the Infinity of space inward until step by step, that is, from science to science, from Astronomy to Psychology, he climbs the pyramid of positive knowledge and finds his brain, with its wondrous thoughts and feelings, at the summit. From this purely scientific view man is seen to be the *object*, that is, the outcome and creation of the World, which is his maker. He is here, as he is, because all of the World has been, and has acted as it has, through to him unknowable time and space. Man is seen to be not a miraculous but a natural product, and science reveals the whole World as his true and only producer or creator.

But now the scene is to be reversed as we come to the subjective order. We are, in this lecture, to imagine man from the lofty summit upon which objective science has placed him, as the crown and intelligence of the World, to turn back, and to use this wonderful intelligence to inquire:

What of this World of Nature and of Man?
How am I related to it?
How shall I regard it?
It seems to tell me whence I am.
But what shall I be in it?
Whither shall I go, with it, or from it?
What shall I do, and why?
What am I here for?

Such are the questions Man has ever asked since he began to think at all, and the "Religions" of the world are merely his attempts at an answer. They were childish answers or religions in the infancy of our race, and they have developed more and more in science and sense from age to age. They have passed among intelligent peoples, from Fetich animism to Polytheistic art, to Monotheistic intensity and war, to Positive science and its human knowledge, industry, peace, devotion, and love.

Let it it be remembered, then, that Science is simply the last "Religion" of the world. That is to say, it is the last and best explanation of the World, which Man has been able to make.

It is not only the last, but as was shown in the previous lecture, it is the only true, verifiable, and reliable one.

The first and the great question, then, of our age is, Can the great ever-standing religious questions,

"Whence am I?
Whither go I?
What shall I do?"

be answered at all, under the Scientific or Positive solution of the World and Man. If they can be answered, is it not quite evident that the answer must be of transcendent importance? If we can get a true, verifiable, reliable response to these questions from Science, must it not, in every intelligent mind, take the place of the nescience and superstition of childhood, with its myths, goblins, gods, devils, and fairy tales? But as the first step, and in order to give any answer—that is, any religious answer—at all to these questions, the scientific man must recognize that he must reverse his position in the objective order, and look at the world from himself, as its subject, or nominative case. He must try to parse and construe the world as the *object* of his own feeling, thought, and activity.

In other words, the "Sentence of Existence" is read and parsed thus, as the grammar and basis of all Science and Philosophy:

	Object. 1.	Verb. 2.	Subject. 3.
1. Obj. Order:	THE WORLD	PRODUCES (develops)	MAN.
2. Subj. Order:	THE WORLD (uses)	PERCEIVES	MAN
	(3.)	(2.)	(1.)

(The last line must be read backward, *i. e.*, from right to left).

All religions are the readings that Man has made of the World from this subjective point of view. That point of view is inevitable, because the world is infinite, and his synthesis or philosophy of it cannot be otherwise than his own at bottom. The trouble in the past has been that childish man had no objective science to underlie and correct his subjective view, and so he put theologic and illusionary imagination, or limited and superficial knowledge, as the foundation of his subjective interpretation or religion.

Now Science must take, because it cannot avoid, the same point of view, but it must place the true objective reading of the world, in the place of theologic ignorance or imperfect knowledge, in the solution of Man's lot and fate on earth. The greatest question of the age is, then, What is the subjective order of human life which will accord with, and be the correlative of, the objective and true order of the World. In a word, how shall the new and true religion take the place of the old and false with its base of illusions?

It will be impossible to read the list of works which precedes these lectures without perceiving that these new "Gospels of Science" recognize, or at least tacitly assume, this Subjective and religious position, and, we may say, obligation, of Science. The first harmony under this point of view is that recognition, viz.:

I.—"THAT IN ORDER TO DESTROY YOU MUST REPLACE;" THAT SCIENCE IS SOCIALLY AND MORALLY CONSTRUCTIVE, AFFIRMATIVE, AND RELIGIOUS* IN ITS TENDENCIES AND ULTIMATE RESULTS.

That is to say, that as man becomes more scientific he must become really and truly more religious, though less and less theological.

It is not necessary to explain again and again how this word, "religion," has at last become divorced from theology in the usage of Liberals and of most all intelligent people. Like many similar words, it has at last attained to a true and distinct scientific meaning. It is the sum and bend of Man to the World, his Fellows, and his Future. As we pass under the realm of Science old words, like old coins, do not become valueless. Their real value in the true currency of the world becomes defined, and with a new and true qualification they continue their mission of usefulness. Thus the New Faith need not strike, and really has not stricken, a single word from our language, but it has given clear and good meanings to many words which were before false or confused.†

Let no one then be repulsed by the use of the words "Religion" or "Gospel" of Humanity because they have been appropriated wholly by theology in the past. They now pass into the domain and use of the highest science, the science of collective Man. They mean that as the real relations of man, society, and the world become known, his practical and highest life must be administered, governed, and bound, *i. e.*, *re-ligated* or *re-ligioned* by those relations.

Man's life will be solved by consciously and intelligently adapting his nature to the World or modifying the world, where he can, to conform it to him.

This is the subjective or religious problem in which he takes his position at and as the head of the World, and makes or regards it as a part of himself. This constructive, affirmative, human, and religious character of science is substantially asserted in the last two Harmonies of Prof. Fiske cited in our first lecture, and this tendency is now fully admitted and cherished by all Liberal scientists worthy of the name.

By that phrase we mean scientists who are free, that is, practically emancipated from theology and metaphysics.

It is this all-important religious use and meaning of science that makes it an inspiration to the noble souls of the age, such as Goethe, Comte, and Mill. It means that Science has taken as her own, not merely the objective world, but the destiny and duty of man's life as based upon it. Thus in our "Positive Classification," it not only includes the two lower divisions, sensation and intellect, but the two higher, will and emotion. All there is of man falls within the scientific province. No question or subject that concerns him can be omitted. The order of science is the foundation of the order of art, and of all human endeavor which ever lies and depends upon its objective base. The solution of human life is the adapting of these two orders each to the other.

How this adaptation of Man to the World should be made, to what end this human will should count, and how it may count most "in the order of events," is the question of life, government, society, and now of all science! For the human will from its mountain hight of objective science turns back upon the Cosmos and says, Be in order for me, for my needs, and uses, and ideals, and where I cannot modify or change thy order, let me annex it to me as if a part of myself.

"That to the beautiful order of thy works
We may conform the order of our lives."

So much seemed necessary to say to explain the change of the scientific and intellectual view under the SUBJECTIVE ORDER.

But what position do the emotions hold under this new point of view?

No question is more important than this, and it must be the next one considered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*This use of the word "religion" is explained at length, together with many similar words, in "An Epitome of the Positive Philosophy and Religion," written by the lecturer, and to be had at the TRUTH SEEKER office, price 25 cts.

†The word "universe" is an example.

Its old meaning under the Ptolemaic astronomy falls with that system, as was shown in our last lecture. The metaphysical meaning, as the totality of existence, also falls under the scientific idea of Infinity, which has no totality, whole, or system at all. But the word has gained a true meaning when applied to that which does "turn upon itself," viz. the Solar System, which more directly of all of the heavenly bodies concerns Man, and which is considered as a whole in and of itself. The derivatives, *universal, university*, etc., may thus still, and very properly, retain their old and familiar uses and meanings, though *universe*, from which they were formed or to which they are related, must change its base or become a pseudo theological or metaphysical conception.

The only new word as yet introduced by the New Faith is Comte's word, *altruism* (from French *altrui*—others), to signify the social and benevolent part of human nature, which is opposed by *egoism*. But for more of this see the "Epitome."

The Tomb of Fanaticism.

AN EXTENSIV EXAMINATION OF LORD BOLINGBROKE'S DOCTRINS.

WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE IN 1767.

[Translated from the French by Avery Meriwether.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DOGMAS AND METAPHYSICAL TEACHINGS OF THE PRIMITIV CHRISTIANS.—CONCERNING JULIAN.

Justin, who lived under Antoninus, was the first one who possessed a touch of that which we call philosophy. He was also one of the first who gave due credit to the oracles of the sibyls, to the new Jerusalem, and to the six years' sojourn of Jesus Christ upon the earth. He pretended that all the science of the Greeks came from the Jews. He certified in his second apology for the Christians that the gods were only devils who came in the form of demons and witches to lay with men and women, and that Socrates was compelled to drink hemlock because he preached to the Athenians that truth.

We do not see how any one before the time of Christ could hav spoken of the mystery of the trinity, as we speak of it to-day. If only Justin's work had not been falsified; he, in his exposition of the doctrin of faith, clearly says, "In the beginning there was only one godhead in three individualities, the father, the son, and the Holy Ghost. . . The father is not begotten, but the Holy Ghost proceeds from him."* But in order to explain the trinity in a manner different from Plato, he compares the trinity to Adam. He said that Adam was not created; he mingled himself with his descendants, and thus the father commingled with the father and the Holy Ghost. Justin also wrote against Aristotle. If, as we are assured, Aristotle did not understand himself, it is certain that Justin understood him less.

He assures us in Article xliii of his answers for the orthodox that men and women shall be resuscitated with their generativ organs, since they will be a perpetual reminder that without them they would never hav known Jesus Christ, and would never hav been born. All the fathers, without exception, hav reasoned like Justin; and in truth, to lead the ignorant it is not necessary to reason in any better way. Locke and Newton did not hav the true religion.

To conclude, Justin and all the fathers who succeeded him believed with Plato in the preëxistence of souls. They admit that the soul is a spirit—a kind of air, or wind, or invisible gas which is a composition of subtil material. "The soul is evidently composed of something," says Tatien in his sermon to the Greeks, "or else how could it manifest itself in the body?" Arnobe speaks more positivly of the embodiment of the soul. "Who could not see," said he, "that the soul which is immortal and simple cannot suffer from grief? The soul is only the ferment of life, the viscidity of an indissoluble substance." *Fermentum vitae, rei dissociabilis glutinum.*

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCERNING TERTULLIAN.

The African Tertullian lived after Justin. The metaphysician Malebranche, a man celebrated in his country, called Tertullian a fool, and the writings of that African justified Malebranche. The only work of Tertullian that any one reads in the present time is his "Apology for the Christian Religion." Abaddie† and Houteville regarded this work as a *chef d'œuvre*. They failed to cite any passage from it. The great merit of this book in their eyes consisted in abusing the Romans instead of praising them; in imputing crimes to them and petulantly repeating assertions which prove nothing whatever.

He reproached the Romans (chap. ix) because the

*It is very probable that these words were interpolated in the text of Justin, for how could Justin, who lived so long after Lactantius, hav spoken of the trinity, while Lactantius had only spoken of the father and son?

It is very evident that the Christians would never hav adopted the doctrin of the trinity but for the teachings of the Platonist of their sect. "The trinity is a doctrin from Plato, and is certainly not a doctrin of Jesus Christ's, since he never had spoken of it in his village [1771].

"Saint Justin," says Potter, "attempted continually to prove the duality or doubleness, never the tripleness or trinity, of the Christian God. And when he advances from this point he cites passages from the Old Testament where God manifests himself plurally, from which he draws favorable conclusions about the divinity of Jesus, without the least mention of a sacred spirit—a third god or a third part of the same god."

†Abaddie and Houteville were no more foolish than Tertullian [1776.]

people of Carthage in secret sacrifices immolated their children upon the altars to Saturn, in spite of the express commands of the emperors forbidding such under the penalty of capital punishment.* This was an occasion for praising the wisdom of the Romans, and not for insulting them. He reproached them for permitting gladiatorial combats between ferocious animals and condemned criminals. This was merely a method by which the Romans permitted the condemned to save their lives. For this they deserve praise; but for their voluntary gladiatorial combats Tertullian should hav condemned them. He does not even speak of this.

He ventures to say (chap. xxiii): "Bring me your celestial virgin who promises rain, and your Esculapius who saves lives for those who would hav them after a little. If they do not confess that they are in league with the devil (and they dare not lie before a Christian), then let us spill the blood of that rash Christian. What is more manifest? What is more proven?"

At all this the wise reader will answer: What is more extravagant and more fanatical than that discourse? How could these fellows tell the first converted Christians that they were devils? In what age, and at what place was such a prodigy seen? It is possible that Tertullian was quite sure that the Romans would never read such a ridiculous apology, and that the statues of Esculapius were not given him to be exorcised, because he dared to advance such absurdities.

His thirty-second chapter, of which I hav never spoken, is a remarkable one. "*We pray to God*," he said, "for the emperor and for the empire; but that is beeause we know that the dissolution which menaces the universe, and end of the ages, will be delayed by it."

Unhappy man! You would never hav prayed for your masters unless you had thought that the world would still exist. What was it Tertullian said in his barbarous Latin? What did he mean by "the reign of a thousand years?" Did he understand that the end of the world was announced by Luke and Paul, but that the time had not come? Did he mean that a Christian could by means of his prayers prevent God from making an end to the world, after God had so resolved? Is not that the idea of one possessed by the devil, who is really able to put sense into some people?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Is there anything more ridiculous than Tertullian's reproach of the Romans, because the Carthagenians violated wise and good laws, and secretly sacrificed their children?

But what is more horrible than, as he says in the same chapter (nine) *que plusieurs dames romaines avient le sperme de-leurs amants?* What relation can there be between such licentiousness and religion?

Tertullian was really a fool. His book on the *Mantel* is sufficient proof. He says that he changed his dress for a cloak because the serpent changes his skin and the peacocks their feathers. Such are the reasons by which he proves his Christianity. Fanaticism can hav no better reasons [1771].

Children's Liberal Literature.

It seems as if some of THE TRUTH SEEKER contributors who hav been agitating this subject were not aware that all the best children's books now in the world were written by Infidels. "Sanford and Merton," and "The Evenings at Home" were in my childhood standard. Neither of them contain an allusion to religion, except here and there a very slight one, in which the mature eye at once recognizes a sarcasm. "Helen's Babies," and the later works of the same author, deliberately hold orthodox education up to ridicule. I hav found them very amusing and disillusiv to my children. The "Nursery" and "Chatterbox" are, I believe, free from all taint of orthodoxy. I speak of the original "Chatterbox"—will not answer for the other. The stories of Miss Edgeworth, adapted to children from their very earliest period to maturity, are destitute of the least allusion to religion, their world-famous author being an Infidel or Deist of the eighteenth century type. Miss Martineau, a later and more extreme Infidel, wrote much for children. Mrs. Trimmer's and Mrs. Marcet's famous series are of a similar Agnostic character. These books are mostly rather old-fashioned now, but they *liv*, while the whole ambitious swarm of orthodox child-literature expires "before the sun." "Robinson Crusoe" was written by a Christian, but *not* originally as a child's story. A very little expurgation will take all the superstition out of it. The one-syllable version now so popular, contains, I believe, nothing worse than pure Deism. Some of Mrs. Marcet's scientific works may need a little revision; but I would be satisfied if I could get for my family a *good new* edition of the above, with one *positivly* Infidel child's history. I should think you could make money out of such an edition, if some one will write the history. History is a much-neglected branch of education—a very bad omen for the republic by-the-bye—and it is the battle-ground of both the orthodox and the Freethinker.

C. L. JAMES.

A CATALOG of the books for sale by D. M. Bennett will be sent free up application to this office.

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 67.

749. Mosheim bears this testimony: "The interest of virtue and true religion suffered yet more grievously by the monstrous errors that were almost universally adopted in this century (the fourth), and became a source of innumerable calamities and mischief in the succeeding ages. The first of these maxims was that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie when by that means the interest of the church might be promoted; and the second, equally horrible, though in another point of view, was that errors in religion, when maintained and adhered to after proper admonition, were punishable with civil penalties and corporeal tortures. The former of these erroneous maxims was now of long standing; it had been adopted for some ages past. and had produced an incredible number of ridiculous fables, ficitious prodigies, and pious frauds, to the unspeakable detriment of that glorious cause in which they were employed. And it must be frankly confessed that the greatest men and most eminent saints of this century were more or less tainted with the infection of this corrupt principle, as will appear evident to such as look with an attentive eye to their writings and actions. We would willingly except from this charge Ambrose and Hilary, Augustine, Gregory, Nazianzen, and Jerome, but truth, which is more reputable than these venerable fathers, obliges us to involve them in the general accusation." He further observes: "At the time when he [Hermas] wrote, it was an established maxim with many of the Christians to avail themselves of fraud and deception if it was likely they would conduce toward the attainment of any considerable good." "And it was considered," he again says, "that they who made it their business to deceive, with a view of promoting the cause of truth, were deserving rather of commendation than censure" (Eccl. Hist., vol. ii, chap. 3). This policy of deception and falsehood has been kept up in the Christian church during all the centuries that have supervened. We see it in our own times and in both divisions of the church. It is but recently that Chancellor Howard Crosby, the leading divine of the Presbyterian church in America, stood up in a public meeting in New York city and defended fraud and falsehood, when at the same time he rejoiced over the imprisonment of the writer of these pages. He approved of the fraud that had been used in that case, and avowed himself an advocate of falsehood. I do not believe in that kind of religion; honest paganism is far preferable to it.

750. A French Protestant says: "It mightily affects me to see how many there were in the earliest times of the church who considered it a capital exploit to lend to heavenly truth the help of their own inventions in order that the new doctrine might be received by the wise among the Gentiles. These officious lies, they said, were devised for a good end." Le Clerc, assenting to these statements of Casaubon, observes that "dissemblers of truth are nowhere to be met with in such abundance as among the writers of church history." Paul himself proved himself an advocate of deception and falsehood; these are some of his moral sentiments: "But be it so, I did burden you; nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile." "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law; to them that are without laws as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are with law. To the weak because I am weak, that I might gain the weak; I made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." A truly honest man would hardly say this false course is more commendable than one strictly upright and truthful.

751. There are many individual cases of deceit, duplicity, and imposture all the way down till now. Bishop Horsely, in his reply to Priestly, stated that "Origen was not incapable of asserting in argument what he believed not, and that a strict regard for truth in disputation was not one of the virtues of his character." The bishop further adds, "Time was when the practice of using unjustifiable means to serve a good cause was openly avowed, and Origen himself was among its defenders." Next let us glance again at Irenæus. Dr. Whitby accuses him and Papias with "having scandalously deluded the world with fables and lying narrations." Mosheim says of Justin Martyr, "Much of what Justin says is wholly undeserving of credit." St. Jerome, who stood very high among the early fathers, and translator of the Vulgate, very pointedly says, "I do not find fault with an error which proceeds from a hatred toward the Jews, and a pious zeal for the Christian faith." Nazianzen, often surnamed "the Divine," frankly admitted to Father Jerome that "a little jargon is all that is necessary to impose upon the people. The less they comprehend the more they admire. Our forefathers and doctors of the church have often said, not what they thought, but what circumstances and necessity dictated to them." Bishop Heliodorus, in his "Romance of Theagues and Charicles," frankly admits, "A falsehood is a good thing when it aids the speaker, and does no injury to the hearers." St. Synesius declared early in the fifth century: "The people were desirous of being deceived. We cannot act otherwise respecting them." St. Hermas, one of the co-laborers with Paul, wrote a gospel from which the following passage is taken: "O Lord, I never spoke a true word in my life, but I have always lived in dissimulation and affirmed a lie for truth to all men, and no man contradicted me, but all gave credit to my words." To which it is claimed the holy angel to whom Hermas was addressing himself made reply thus: "As the lie is now up you had better keep it up, as in time it will come to be believed, and will answer as well as the truth." Honest lovers of the truth do not believe in this doctrine, and cannot affiliate with it.

752. In the reply from the Unitarians to Dr. Magee this language is used: "This text is an impious forgery. It appears to be little less than blasphemy to retain it in a book which is represented to be inspired." Similar charges are in other places made by the Unitarians against all the verses in the first chapter of Luke, after the fourth. The whole of the second chapter is pronounced "spurious," and only to "serve the purpose of certain sects." The same with the first chapter of Matthew after the seventeenth verse, and the whole of the second. The eminent Methodist, Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentary on the Bible, protests against those passages in the third chapter of Genesis, which declare that Eve was tempted by a serpent, and insists that it was a monkey and not a serpent. Mr. Bellamy declares that the story in the Old Testament about Balaam and his ass is a complete misrepresentation, and ought to be immediately "revised." He further says: "Really, it is time you should get rid of such childish notions. To say any more on such absurd conclusions would be a waste of time. Depend upon it that whatever they may do now, asses never spoke in the time of Balaam." Bellamy must be credited with having more good sense than many who have more faith.

753. "According to the Unitarian version," says Cooper, "there are no less than one hundred and fifty thousand readings of the scriptures, all of which are more or less different. And this book about which such innumerable and serious difficulties exist, and that, too, against the most learned of our race, is the only book which is to guide us to everlasting truth and joy. I am apprehensive it will prove a blind guide, for if there are so many contradictory readings as declared by the Unitarians, it will be one hundred and forty nine thousand nine hunlred and ninety-nine to one if we have the right one." The foregoing quotations are taken from Cooper, and it must be admitted they are quite sufficient to shake the belief of any thoughtful person in the integrity and truthfulness of the scriptures. My belief in them as inspired words from heaven is slight in the extreme.

754. Truth compels the admission that thousands of errors of copyists, errors of translation, are to be added to the great number of wilful errors purposely inserted into the scriptures by false and designing priests and bishops who for centuries had the existing copies of the scriptures under their sole charge. King James's translation was published in 1511. In 1711 it was corrected by Bishops Tenison and Lloyd, thousands of errors having thus been discovered and expurgated. In 1669 Dr. Blayney corrected a multitude of errors, reformed the text in many places, and rectified many material errors in chronology. More recently the "British and Foreign Bible Society, after having circulated millions of copies, have declared that a faithful examination of it gives rise to serious doubts whether it can be truthfully called the word of God." The American Bible Society, in 1847, appointed a committee of its members to prepare a standard edition of King James's translation free from typographical errors. They prepared such an edition, correcting, as they stated, twenty-four thousand errors, but so alarmed did they become at the attacks made upon it by those who were opposed to correcting any errors that might exist, that it was withdrawn, as they dared not to put it in circulation. The Bible Society continues to this day to print and send over the world a book as the "word of God" containing by their own admissions not less than twenty-four thousand positive errors. And for ten years past the Bible Revision Committee, consisting of learned scholars from both hemispheres, have been busily engaged in London at getting up a revised edition of the scriptures. The New Testament has already been issued and has received a very extensive reading, but though great numbers of the errors have been corrected, it still abounds in errors, interpolations, and inaccuracies. Although it is said that the revision committee have corrected one hundred and fifty thousand errors of one kind and another, it is still a most imperfect, incongruous, remodeled, and bejumbled affair; and though it may have as many revisions as it has errors, it will still be a very imperfect, untruthful, inaccurate, misguiding, man-made affair. I do not believe anything else can be made of it.

Three Things.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: There are three things I try to call your attention to every year. Two are use of the twin abominations of liquor and tobacco as evils to be eradicated, and the third is the value of some good magazine for children. I've written my temperance articles, and now I will do my work for the blessing. It is far more pleasant to speak words of praise than of condemnation, so with a glad call of cheer I bring before your notice my new pet and favorit, *Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, two of the very best magazines for children combined in one and for the price of one. It is just splendid. My specimen number is literally worn out with lending. The school children hav learned pieces from it to speak, and old and young hav read it. It is beautifully illustrated, and the print is clear and plain. Th. articles are written by good authors, and contain good and useful ideas as well as valuable instruction. It is as nearly clear of religious teachings as any magazine of the day. I think few persons who hav children under twelve years of age will find any present as acceptable as well as as useful as this lovely little visitor, which will come a whole year freshly freighted with glad greetings for only $1.50. Address Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

Christianity as a Civilizer.

Most men of intelligence will readily concede that the tendency of religion is to petrify men in one form. To be religious a man must believe just so much and no more. His mind must be stagnant. He must be a Bourbon—neither learning nor forgetting, neither going ahead nor retreating.

But the Christian asserts that his religion is an exception, that to it the world owes all progress, all material prosperity, while all the evil is ascribed to the influence of Infidels, to the spread of Freethought. Christianity must claim all this, else its influence and power wane and the priests must look elsewhere for a livelihood.

It has been always the case that the church has opposed innovation, progress, invention, in short, all science, as long as it could, and when compelled to retreat from its untenable position, has turned round and claimed the credit of championing the advance. So it was in the abolition of slavery, the church praying the negro into slavery and keeping him there with texts from the Bible, hurling anathema after anathema at the heads of the Abolitionists for wanting him free. But when the Infidel Lincoln struck his fetters off the church turned round and said, Behold our work. Proof that the church did nothing can be found in thousands of sermons, in the fact that the aiders and abettors of the whip-scarred slave were Infidels and Quakers, and further that all the old prominent Abolitionists are now in the ranks of the Freethinkers, lecturing and working for the emancipation of white men's minds from a slavery no less degrading, from a thraldom no less galling, than physical slavery.

The influence of Christianity upon the world has been conservativ. Its measures are the measures of hundreds of years ago. The church is the coffin of science, the graveyard of ideas. Churchman is but another name for a fossil; orthodoxy is a mausoleum wherein is laid the mummied intellects of all the centuries.

The late Prof. Draper, who is one of the best authorities on the conflict, says: "The history of science is not the mere record of isolated discoveries; it is the narrativ of the conflict of two contending powers, the expansiv force of the human intellect on one side, and the compression arising from traditionary faith and human interests on the other." This "expansiv force of the human intellect" is the brave heretics which every age has produced—pioneers in clearing the way through theological labyrinths; the traditionary faith is the church; the human interests the efforts of a priesthood to enslave mankind. The interests of the church was and is best subserved by keeping the people ignorant. Knowledge of the shallowness and falseness of the claims of the self-appointed ministers is a dangerous weapon to put into the hands of a layman, and the authorities of the church knew it. They know it now better than ever, and that is why we hear this persistent reiteration of the service Christianity has rendered to the world. If the priests can only make the people believe they are or hav been of some use they hope to retain their sinecures. To hear the churchmen talk one would think their establishment had done nothing but build colleges for the spread of science, when every one knows that the pages of history are red with the blood of thousands of martyrs to science. Every man who gave birth to a new thought was hunted down and slain, if priestly power could do it. "As to science, she has never," as the same author says, "sought to ally herself to civil power. She has never attempted to throw odium or inflict social ruin on any human being. She has never subjected any one to mental torment, physical torture, least of all to death, for the purpose of upholding or promoting her ideas. She presents herself unstained by cruelties and crimes. But in the Vatican—we hav only to recall the Inquisition—the hands that are now raised in appeals to the Most Merciful are crimsoned. They hav been steeped in blood. The church was overthrown in the conflict as to the shape of the earth; in her insistence that the earth is the central and most important part of the universe; and also in the controversy respecting the age of the world.

Who does not remember Hypatia and Cyril—philosophy and Christian bigotry! As Cyril treated Hypatia so has the church in all ages treated philosophy and science. The fate of the gifted woman was intended by the church as a warning to all who would cultivate profane learning.

Can any one believe that a religion that would burn a Bruno has any sympathy with the science he taught? Bruno was an Infidel. He doubted transubstantiation and the immaculate conception. He was also a devoted student of science, and for these things he was consigned to the flames. How the church did love the heretic! how she aided science! Sacred science was confined to four propositions, every one of which has been disproved. They were: 1. That the date of creation was not more than four or five thousand years before Christ; 2. That the world was made in six days from nothing; 3. That the deluge was universal, and the animals which survived it were preserved in the ark; 4. That Adam was created perfect, but fell in consequence of having been tempted to eat an apple.

All science outside of these ridiculous and untenable propositions was of the devil, and its promulgators were given in this world a foretaste of what their heavenly father was preparing for them in the next. Errors in religion, even, were punished with corporal tortures, and errors in this "sacred science" were promptly followed by death.

As for philosophy, the church, Protestant and Catholic, did all it could to discourage its study. The Catholics murdered Hypatia; and Luther and Melancthon, the leaders of the Reformation, were determined to banish it from the church. "Luther declared that the study of Aristotle is wholly useless; his vilification of that Greek philosopher knew no bounds. 'He is,' says Luther, 'truly a devil, a horrid calumniator, a wicked sycophant, a prince of darkness, a real Apollyon, a beast, a most horrid impostor on mankind, one in whom there is scarcely any philosophy, a public and professed liar, a goat, a complete epicure, this twice execrable Aristotle.' The schoolmen were, so Luther said, 'locusts, caterpillars, frogs, lice.' These opinions were also entertained by Calvin." The worthies held that the Bible contained the sum and substance of all knowledge useful or possible to man. Everything in physical science or in philosophy must lie upon the procrustean bed of the Pentateuch.

And yet the leaders of Christianity teach that to Christianity we owe the civilization of this century. They are, indeed, blind teachers of the blind. If there is one invention of importance, one step forward in progress, one new fact in science that has not been fought by the church, we do not remember it. Printing, the art that has done so much for the world, was to the churchmen of the middle ages the work of the devil. Steam locomotion was, according to them, an idea which proceeded from the same source; the idea of sending a vessel across the ocean propelled by steam was thought by a Christian community to be flying in the face of providence. God had made the winds to fill the sails, and to use any other power was sacrilege. The telegraph met with pious opposition. Grave old deacons solemnly protested against putting lightning-rods upon houses because God made the lightning and hurled the bolts from his own hand. To thwart his will was, to say the least, very impious. The fanning-mill was blasphemy.

No one dares claim that Christianity ever had a kindly feeling for science. The primitiv church was for abolishing all philosophy from within its limits. During the hundreds of years when the church swayed her scepter over the old world all was intellectual darkness. Scarcely a layman could be found who could sign his own name. While the Moors and Mohammedans were making vast strides forward the Christians were persecuting them, burning every book it could lay its hands on and beheading every man who wrote them. Magnificent libraries were ruthlessly consigned to the flames. The astronomy of the church consisted in saying the earth was flat, and the sun, moon, and stars were lights set by God in the firmament. Its physicians consulted the entrails of sheep and nailed bloody tokens to the doors of houses to influence the sex of children. All the knowledge they got must first be measured by the Bible.

If persecuting every student of nature, every one who endeavored to help mankind rise from low savagery to enlightened civilization, is retarding progress, then the Christian church has certainly been a bane to the world. It opposed astronomy and imprisoned the astronomers. It opposed medicin, and burned the doctors. It has waged a continuous warfare upon science. In the fourteenth century the church burned alive a man of seventy years because he said the earth was round, and one of the greatest painters of the time represented him as struggling in the flames of hell. Every one knows what Galileo suffered for his heresy. The existence of the antipodes was denied because "the apostles were commanded to go into all the world and to preach the gospel to every creature. They did not go to any such part of the world as the antipodes, they did not preach to any creature there, *ergo*, no antipodes exist."

When Columbus said that by sailing west a new continent might be discovered, he was laughed to scorn by the learned men of the church. No such continent was mentioned in the Bible; therefore it did not exist. The theologians overwhelmed him with quotations from the Psalms, from St. Paul, from Augustine. Even after he had demonstrated the truth of his theory of the earth's sphericity the church, by its highest authority, again committed itself to the theory of its flatness.

Magellan encountered the same opposition from the Christians. Even after he sailed around the earth the church still swore it was flat.

Can it be said that the science of geography owes anything to the church?

For thirty-six years Copernicus did not dare publish his "Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies." And when he did the church burnt his book, and had he not died would undoubtedly hav served the author in the same way. Martin Luther, the great apostle of Protestant Christianity, said: "People gave ear to an upstart astrologer, who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens or the firmament, the sun and moon. Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system, which of all systems is, of course, the very best. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But sacred scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and not the earth." Melancthon, another great light of the church, said substantially the same. And so did the whole Christian world.

The doctrin of Copernicus was denounced by the church as "heretical" and "atheistic." The Dominican father Caccini said that "geometry is of the devil, and mathematicians should be banished as the authors of all heresies," and for this scientific utterance he was promoted by the church. The bishop of Fiesole screamed in rage against the system. The archbishop of Pisa sought to deliver Galileo to the Inquisition. The archbishop of Florence condemned the doctrin as unscriptural. The whole Christian church took up arms against the heresy, and Galileo was finally imprisoned by the Inquisition.

Christianity was in existence fifteen centuries before it produced an astronomer, and when one arose the church persecuted him so that he delayed publishing his work over thirty years.

Can it be said that the science of astronomy owes anything to the Christian religion?

Medicin was also opposed to the church. St. Augustine speaks of the "medical men who are called anatomists," and says that "with a cruel zeal for science they hav dissected the bodies of the dead, and hav pried into the secrets of the human body to learn the nature of disease and how it might be cured." In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent III. forbad surgical operations. Pope Honorius forbad medicine to be practiced by those under his spiritual authority. The Dominicans banished books on medicin. Pope Boniface VIII. interdicted dissection as sacrilege. The greatest physician of the time was accused of sorcery, and of dealing with the devil. The archbishop of Tarragona excommunicated him. He was driven from Paris and Montpellier, and finally every place in France was closed against him and he became an outcast. According to the church all the astronomers were Infidels and Atheists, and the chemists and physicians were sorcerers and leaguers with the devil. Even inoculation for the cure of small-pox, for which Christian physicians contend so strenuously now, was denounced as of the devil; and the use of chloroform in obstetrical operations was opposed as avoiding the primeval curse of woman pronounced by God in the Garden.

Can it be said that medicin is indebted to Christianity for the progress it has made?

Geology and geologists suffered the same persecutions at the hands of the churchmen. From the first inception of this science war was waged upon it, for the church saw in it, as it had in astronomy, the complete overthrow of the Mosaic account of creation. The Christian idea was that God made everything just as we see it at the beginning, and to say that anything had been made since was heresy. In the sixteenth century the faculty of Paris destroyed all treatises on geology, banished the authors from Paris, and forbad them to liv in towns or enter places of public resort. In the middle of the eighteenth century Buffon attempted to state simple and fundamental geological truths, when the theogolcal faculty of the Sorbonne set upon him, forced him to recant, and to print his recantation. And the most bitter war upon this science was waged by Protestants, English theologians being the most fierce.

It can hardly be claimed that Christianity did much for geology.

And so it has been with all sciences. Even the rude science of agriculture was opposed by the church. The peasants of Russia were at one time interdicted from raising and eating potatoes. As before mentioned, the use of the fanning-mill was blasphemous, and contrary to the text that the "wind bloweth where it listeth;" and in the early part of this century such use was considered as being in league with the devil, and sufficient excuse for excommunication from the Scotch church. The introduction of railways into France was declared by an archbishop to be an evidence of divine displeasure against country tavern-keepers who had given their guests meat on fast-days, and railroads and telegraphs were denounced from hundreds of pulpits as being "heralds of Antichrist." The discussion of the question

whether man sprung from one pair or several pairs was in our own country but a few years ago declared Atheistic, and the proposer of the question was called to order and silenced by a noted Protestant divine. At one time it was held by the church that any map of the world that did not place Jerusalem in the center was impious. The taking of a census was denounced in Sweden and our country by the church. Life insurance, too, has been regarded as blasphemous. The writings of Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, and others hav been denounced by archbishops as "shameful theories," and fatal to morality. A college of medicin was, but a few years ago, denounced because one of its professors could find no soul in man.

Christianity, as a religion, has *never* done anything for the education of humanity. Some men hav arisen in all ages, who, although Christians, could not be kept down by the church, and *they* hav founded schools and advanced science. But the church has always hunted them as heretics. Could Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Bacon, speak from their almost forgotten graves *they* could tell how Christianity aided science in the Middle Ages. And wherever the church got control of a school it either destroyed it or confined its teachings to the arithmetical problem of how to make one three or three one. It was not Christianity that founded universities, but the irresistible spirit of progression which the church could not wholly repress. The Roman Catholic church hated the Reformation, yet the Reformation came. Christians might as well claim that the Church aided that as to say Christianity aided science. The nearest approach to a perfect *Christian* institution was the Inquisition, which Paramo of Sicily traces from the Almighty down through the patriarchs Moses, Nebuchadnezzar, and King David.

The church has been the great drag upon the world, keeping it back as long as she was able, and then when anything has been accomplished in spite of her she has claimed the credit. We could multiply these instances a thousand fold. But we hav said enough to show that to the Christian religion the world is indebted for nothing, while to the brave, persistent efforts of heretics it owes everything. Thus far science has conquered in every case. As Prof. White says, "There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of scriptural texts, wholly or partially, which has been made to stand." Every time the Bible and the church hav had to giv way to science and scientific methods. Religious men hav accomplished much; the Christian religion has done nothing. It has been a tremendous obstacle to all reforms, all advancement. But men are rapidly learning its true worth, and it will not be many years ere they will laugh to scorn its pretensions as a civilizer, and he will be a brave minister indeed (or else idiotic) who will claim that it is anything but a bundle of superstitions and traditions which should be laid on the same shelf as the mythology of the pagan gods.

If any of our friends hav a Truth Seeker of August 27, 1881, No 35, and will send it to us we shall feel very greatly obliged, as we are short that number for our bound volumes. If those who send will mark their name and address upon the wrapper, we will send them any 10 cent pamphlet they may wish.

We hav just received from Mr. Bennett several long letters, which will defer the publication of the first volume of his travels for several weeks, so the Round-the-World list will be open for some time yet, and we shall be pleased to add more names. We want a thousand to make expenses, as the New Englanders say.

[*From the Washington Post of Jan. 9th.*]

"Whence and Whither."

In a remote corner of the Congressional cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads ranged around a newly-opened grave. They included Detectiv and Mrs. George O. Miller, and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry. As the casket rested upon the trestles, there was a painful pause broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him. This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly, "Does Mr. Miller desire it?" The undertaker gave an affirmativ nod, Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the noted orator, and then hastily Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisit cadence delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words that fell from the lips of the speaker. Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening, and sobs becoming hushed. Col. Ingersoll said:

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead hav met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips hav learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death givs all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather liv and love where death is king, than hav eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need hav no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they liv again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We hav no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, hav our religion, and it is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead.

At the conclusion of Col. Ingersoll's remarks, the little coffin, covered with beautiful and fragrant flowers, was lowered into its resting-place.

Liberal News.

We are obliged to the *Weekly Record*, of Scottdale, Pa., for its favor.

Charles Bright, the Australian Liberal lecturer, recently arrived at San Francisco.

The meetings of the Second Society of Spiritualists in Frobisher Hall hav been discontinued.

The *House and Home* newspaper didn't stay long out in the cold where ounce rates of postage prevail. Dr. Foote got his back up, and the government backed down.

The *Toronto Globe* says that one of Col. Ingersoll's daughters has joined the Presbyterian church. The *Globe* is a good Christian paper, and consequently don't mind lying a little for the glory of God.

The Rev. Joseph Lehman, a Berlin, Germany, minister, says that in that place the people hav for the most part given up the belief in God, and that the Bible has become a forsaken oracle. Good for Berlin!

T. B. Wakeman delivered the first of the course of lectures before the Society of Humanity, at Science Hall, last Sunday evening. The next one will be by Dyer D. Lum, on "Humanity and Castes: The Significance of the French Revolution."

The Liberal League executiv committee for the state of New York has been appointed, and consists of H. L. Green, chairman, Salamanca; O. H P. Kinney, Waverly; W. F. Graves, Castile; S. S. Ball, Penn Yan; Eugene M. Macdonald, New York city.

W. F. Jamieson gave lectures in Greensboro, Spiceland (where the Quakers have a large church of 700 members), and Knightstown, Ind., Dec. 29th, 30th, and 31st, and Jan. 1st; and six in Paxton, Ills., Jan. 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th. For lectures, address him at Albion, Mich.

Col. John R. Kelso recently lectured in Rochester on "Spiritualism from the Standpoint of the Bible." He has returned to Modesto, Cal. His book, the "Deity Analyzed, and The Devil's Defense" (price, $1.50), which we are printing, is nearly completed, and will be ready in a few weeks.

Warren Chase, of California, who has just closed a course of ten lectures in New York, lectured in Dr. Rhodes' hall, No. 505½ N. 8th street, Philadelphia, on Sunday, January 8th, at 11 A.M., on "Mediums and Mediumship," and at 7:30 P.M., on "What we Know and what we Believe about Spirit-life."

A series of able articles by Courtlandt Palmer, on "The Religion of Humanity," appeared lately in the N. Y. *Sun*. They hav called out much comment and discussion—so much that the editor givs notice that he must shut down. One anonymous divine, behind the screen of "A Reader," takes a wide survey of his own little parish, and denies that there is any rise in the Religion of Humanity or decline in the religion of God. He will "hear something drop" one of these days.

The Freethinkers of Greece hav determined to affiliate themselvs with the International Freethought Federation. The Syllogue Litteraire de Byron, of Athens, has written Mr. Bradlaugh, as chairman of the General Council, notifying him officially of the appointment of two representativs for the year 1882.

Charles Bradlaugh writes to the *Investigator* that he will probably visit this country next summer. He wishes to be kindly remembered to all his American friends. We hope he will come, and we know he will receive a hearty welcome. He has done an incalculable amount of good for Liberalism in England.

Dr. J. L. York is stirring up the dry bones of orthodoxy, and waking up the Liberal element in Sacramento, Cal. He will remain there until the 15th. He will be in Stockton Jan. 22d, 23d, and 24th, and in Modesto, Cal., on Jan. 27th, 28th, and 29th, at which time the Liberals of Modesto propose to hold a red-hot Paine Memorial meeting.

On the 16th of last month, Mr. Bennett writes us, he was just leaving for a nine-days' trip up the Nile. Two hundred and twenty-five miles were to be made by rail, and the rest by steamer. On his way he was to visit Thebes and Kamae. Letters to reach him should be directed care Oriental Bank Corporation, Colombo, Ceylon, Asia.

Mrs. H. S. Lake "had a run," as the theater folks say, of three month's lecturing before the League at Elgin, Ill. She is now called for two months of ministration at Burlington, Iowa. She will do well to look out—the *Hawkeye* will be upon her. W. F. Peck succeeds Mrs. Lake at Elgin. There will be music wherever he is around, and the children will flock to his Sunday-school.

Geo. P. Fisher, professor of ecclesiastical history in the Yale Divinity School, will attempt to answer Ingersoll in the February number of the *North American Review*. Judge Black seems to know when he is beaten, and withdraws from the contest. Let's see, isn't there somewhere something about somebody stepping in where angels don't like to walk? But then, Black isn't an angel, that we know of.

Notwithstanding the storm of last Sunday evening, a fine audience greeted Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Smith at Harvard Rooms, cor. 42d st. and Sixth ave.; and the interest manifested looks toward a new impetus so long needed in this city among that branch of Radical Liberalists known as Spiritualists. The lectures will continue during January at the same place, Sunday morning and evening. Their address is 1294 Park avenue.

The first number of *This World* is at hand, and is an exceedingly neat pamphlet. It consists of sixteen pages, divided into three parts. The first is, of course, Mr. Chainey's lecture in Paine Hall; the second a radical story by S. P. Putnam, of this city, entitled, "The Golden Throne;" the third contains a short story for the education of children in Liberal sentiments and principles. The story this week is by George Chainey, but hereafter it is to be by Aunt Elmina. The title of the main discourse is "This World," and is up to the usual high standard of excellence.

Moses Hull says "For some reason the Linesville, Pa., Liberal League hav not got quite ready to publish their program of the anniversary celebration of Thomas Paine's birthday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, January 28th, 29th, and 30th; but this much the president requests me to state, that is: We are going to hav the largest celebration ever held in western Pennsylvania. The speakers already positivly engaged to be here are J. H. Burnham, of Michigan; O. P. Kelley and A. H. Wright, of Ohio; A. B. Bradford and Moses and Mattie E. Hull, of Pennsylvania. Other speakers hav partly promised to be here. The friends hav arranged to entertain some from a distance, for others they obtain reduced fare at the hotels. The Liberals extend an invitation to ministers of good standing in their respectiv denominations to be present and take part in the exercises.

The 145th anniversary of the birth of Paine will be celebrated by our Boston friends at Paine Hall on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 29th and 30th. The following is the program:

Sunday, 10:30 A.M.—Conference meeting. Opening speech by Horace Seaver, followed by W. S. Bell, J. S. Verity, Dr. Lamb of Portland, and others.

2:45 P.M.—Elizur Wright and George Chainey.

7:30 P.M.—Either T. B. Wakeman or S. P. Putnam, of New York.

Good music will be provided for each session.

Monday, Jan. 30. In the morning, at 10:30, annual meetings of the Paine Memorial Corporation, Paine Hall Liberal League, and Paine Memorial Lecture Society.

Afternoon, commencing at 3, the opera of "The Sleeping Beauty," performed by the choir of the Lecture Society.

Evening, commencing at 8, Birth-day Anniversary Ball. Supper, 10 to 2. Speeches, songs, and toasts.

Tickets for ball, $1.00 (these tickets also admit to the opera); tickets to the opera, 25 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents extra.

Communications.

A Letter from London.

Some excitement has been caused in this country by the report of a government balloon having carried away with it a member of the British Parliament, and there seems but little likelihood of its ever being heard of again. If such an event had occurred some centuries ago, among a barbaric people who knew nothing regarding these aerial vessels, it would hav excited great awe and wonderment, and some vague tradition would hav been handed down from generation to generation, embellished and enlarged upon by each successiv narrator. The unfortunate aeronaut would hav been represented as a deity or an angelic messenger who came down from heaven on a divine mission and mysteriously disappeared in course of time in a vehicle sent down for him by the great father of all.

In the Bible we see narrated the departure of Moses, Enoch, and Elijah in a most unaccountable manner. Jehovah killed and buried the first, took away the second, and sent down a fiery chariot for the last-named.

Presuming these tales are not pure fictions, they were doubtless founded on some very simple occurrences, though of a very remarkable nature to the ignorant people by whom these notables were surrounded. Judging by the biography of Elijah, he was a knowing sort of a man, and occasionally "astonished the nativs;" and as he would most likely prefer to end his life in a dramatic style, it may be within the range of probability that he went off in some sort of a flying machine one fine night with a supply of fireworks to highten the effect. To the devout believer this may not seem a very satisfactory explanation, but I think it is more feasible than the red-hot chariot and horses.

It appears to be a general belief with Freethinkers that the Bible is a book that should be kept out of the way of women and children, and, to a great extent, no doubt, the feeling is quite right. It is often said, "Why waste time in reading such nonsense, when it might be so much better employed?" If all looked upon the book in the same light that Freethinkers do it would speedily fall into oblivion, but as there are so very many who believe its contents are divinely inspired, and take all it says as truth, the Freethinker must be as well informed about it as the believer. In fact, he must hav a better acquaintance with it, or he will never be able to confute his opponent. But he must not stop there; it is necessary that he should study the sacred writings of the other great religious bodies, and find out the points of similarity, and be able to show clearly that a great deal contained in the Bible is copied from the older writings of the east. In perusing the scriptures of the Parsees, known as the Zend-Avesta, one cannot fail to be struck with striking similarities between certain portions of it and what are called "The Psalms of David;" and we also find that the Jews hav given their God the same names that the Parsees claim for theirs, such as "I am," "I am that I am," etc. A short time back I was mentioning this to a Parsee of my acquaintance, and he informed me that it was commonly said by them that the Jews made up most of their religion from the Zend-Avesta during the captivity.

The Christian church may deny it, but it is an undoubted fact that during the last few years Atheism has exercised a wonderful influence upon the orthodox religion. The priests are willing and anxious to make many concessions to retain their power as long as possible. They are quite ready to throw overboard the account of the creation narrated by Moses; they will admit that the sun and moon did not stand still at the command of Joshua, and that the sun did not go back even one degree on Hezekiah's sun-dial; and many of them will giv up the miracles, and I suppose the next thing will be that they will have to pitch overboard the whole lot. There will then be a chance for the religion of humanitarianism; and when this is understood and acted upon there will be no occasion to look for any millennium, or the second coming of any individual to cause a further disturbance.

In the mean time let us do our best to spread the light, disabusing men's minds of superstition's longings, and, by fixing their thoughts upon the only world of which they know anything, bring them to the knowledge that they will serve best their own interests by serving the interests of others. J. D.

London, Eng., Dec. 17, 1881.

Slightly Mixed.

Did you ever consider what was the relationship between Jesus and the Holy Ghost? According to Luke i, 35, the Holy Ghost was Jesus's father. Jesus, however, did not mean the Holy Ghost when he spoke about his father, for he says (John xv, 26), "When the comforter is come *whom I will send from the father, even the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the father*, he shall testify of me." It has never been disputed that this spirit is the same person as the Holy Ghost, and since he "proceeds from the father," the latter might, in fact, be the grandfather, and the Holy Ghost the father of Jesus. Such seems to have been the doctrin of Photius, the famous patriarch of Constantinople, admitted by his enemies to have been the greatest theologian and thinker of his age. His doctrin was, however, judged heretical by both the Eastern and Western churches, which decided, on the strength of the words in italics, that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the father *and* the son. Jesus thus appears to be his own *grand*father. But the Greeks, sympathizing with Photius, afterwards got up another heresy, which flourishes in their church to the present day.

The Holy Ghost, according to their doctrin, proceeds *from* the father *through* the son. This makes Jesus his own grandmother. The man who married his son's wife's daughter was no circumstance to this! The conference of Bonn, which reunited the Greek and English churches, declared Jesus his own progenitor in the second degree, condemned the Roman doctrin that he is his own grandfather, but left it doubtful whether he should be called his own grandmother or not.

Do not suppose, O Truth Seeker (well may you seek), that you hav now got to the bottom of the matter. For all orthodox Christians hold that the father is Christ's very father, and not his grandfather or his mother, and that Jesus is his son and not his daughter. They hav good reason to dodge the question how the Holy Ghost was got between them.

But, besides all this, Jesus is the son of Mary, his own creature ("for without him was not anything made that was made"). And, if any Christian is disposed to get out of it by distinguishing the man Jesus from the eternal son of an eternal father, I can tell him that this is impossible without reviving heresies much older than the Reformation. It is the Nestorian heresy to deny that Mary is the mother of God; and, by parity of reasoning, the Holy Ghost is the father of God. Jesus is thus his own grandfather, or perhaps grandmother, on the God side, while on the woman side he must hav been his own ancestor by thousands of generations.

Now, Mr. Truth Seeker, I don't want you to get into trouble about obscene literature any more, so I will only say that if you will read up the book of Deuteronomy you will find that the Christian gods hav smashed pretty much the whole of the laws they made against the deeds not to be named to (but only seen by) Comstock.

It was once said of the South that she went to war and lost all but honor, after which she went into Congress and lost all that she had saved from war. May we not say of the Hebræo-Christion God that he came out of the Old Testament with no virtue but chastity, and lost in the New Testament whatever virtue he had saved from the Old? C. L. James.

The Wail of Protestants and Roman Catholics Over France.

Gambetta is the republican president of France; and he is making a record in his official career which causes all Christendom to tremble. Rev. Dr. Field, editor of the N. Y. *Evangelist*, one of the leading organs of blue Presbyterianism, is now writing letters from France to his paper. He states that only one person in every forty of the population of France is nominally Protestant. He also states that Gambetta is the man of the hour. He is to-day the most powerful man, not only in France, but on the Continent, with perhaps the single exception of Bismarck, and it may be doubted whether even he is an exception, since the recent German elections hav crippled his power. Gambetta has also the advantage in age—he is twenty years younger. He is only forty-three years old, in the prime of manhood, with a reasonable hope of thirty years—the life-time of a generation, as we are wont to measure the period in which one division in the great army of workers in the world's affairs moves off the stage and another comes on—in which to exercise an immense power for good or for evil. How will he use his great opportunity? That remains to be seen. If he fails it will be from his over-confidence leading him to assume too much the tone of a master, and regarding too little the feelings of the nation which he undertakes to govern.

Gambetta is at this moment the most popular man in France—a year hence he may be the most unpopular. All will depend on his wisdom and judgment. He will have to know the times and seasons, and to balance diverse interests, if he is to be able to rule a country of diverse parties and populations. If he begins by insulting where he ought to conciliate, his rule will not be long. He will raise up enemies faster than he can put them down. One thing only is certain, that the career of Gambetta will not be one of tameness and mediocrity, it will be either glorious or inglorious. As to the general policy of Gambetta, of one thing at least we are sure—that it will be thoroughly republican. He is a strong, almost fierce, republican. All his traditions are associated with the republic; all his honors have come from it; its failure would be his personal humiliation, and his pride and his ambition are involved in its success. His cabinet is, like himself, out-and-out republican. There is not a single royalist in it—neither legitimist nor imperialist has any place there. There is no attempt to conciliate opposition by admitting men whose position is at all doubtful or uncertain. The cabinet is a unit. From head to foot, from top to bottom, it is for the republic first, last, and always.

From this first movement it is apparent that religion of any kind has nothing to expect from the present government. It will be tolerated, and it may even be supported; for with Gambetta at the head, and Paul Bert as the right hand, the question of church and state is simply a question of policy, which has nothing to do with the private beliefs of either. They are ready to support one church or half a dozen, for they are probably of the opinion of some of the old Roman emperors, who "regarded all religions as equally true, or rather as equally false," and were willing to indulge all classes, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, wise and ignorant, in their favorit superstitions. But this kind of contemptuous toleration, or a national support bestowed like the giving of alms to the poor, is as galling as open hatred and persecution.

Not long ago the police made a raid upon all the elementary schools of Paris, and seized the crucifixes, which were tossed into cabs and carts and carried off with little respect for the feelings of those who were outraged by such desecration of emblems which had for them sacred associations. The thing was done with a degree of harshness and brutality which gave offense not only to Catholics but to Protestants as well, who preferred that even the work of destruction should be done with order and decency.

After such a demonstration naturally the public were curious to know what attitude the new government would take towards religion, and on this point they are not left in any doubt. The war against the religious orders is to be continued, and to become more relentless than ever before. It is to be a war not only of suppression, but of extermination; and it will be well if this war against the religious orders be not turned into a war against religion itself.

As if to emphasize the hostility of the government, Gambetta has chosen for the minister of public worship (of all positions in the world) a man who is an avowed Atheist! This is Paul Bert, a man of some note in the scientific world, but who is a Positivist of the school of Comte, and to whom all religion is superstition and folly. A few months since he delivered a lecture at which Gambetta presided, in which he spoke of the doctrin of a Creator as an exploded idea. He said that "the morality of a country increased in proportion as religion declined." To appoint such a man to the charge of religion, says Dr. Field, is about as appropriate as it would be to put Bob Ingersoll at the head of the churches in America!

Naturally the appointment of such a man has given great offense. The Catholics look upon it as the greatest insult and outrage. The Roman church is still the church of France. It is supported by the state, with which, of course, it must have very intimate relations. To put it in any way under the control of an Atheist, Dr. Field thinks, is shocking. Devout Catholics regard it as a blow aimed directly at the church. This impression is enforced by what is known of the purpose of Gambetta himself, who probably hates the church as much as his minister of public worship, but who, against the views of many of his own party, holds to the concordat by which the church is bound to the state, whispering *sotto voce* to his more violent associates who would cut the cord at once, that he "will use the concordat as a rope to strangle the church."

Food for Fools.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Each day discloses the audacity and the coolness of orthodoxy as published and otherwise promulgated as "food for fools" by the so called religious press. I clip from the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Journal*, of Dec. 24th, among other articles under the heading of "The Religious Press," as follows:

"The *Wesleyan* publishes a letter from a mother giving an account of the cure of her daughter from what she deemed a fatal illness. A journey to California was abandoned because the physician refused to take the responsibility, saying, 'It is too late.' The daughter and the latter's husband then went to Boston, where the 'cure' was effected at Dr. Cullis's establishment as follows:

"'On Sabbath evening, Nov. 13th, while in the Beacon Hill church or "Faith Training College," as it is called, she was kneeling with Dr. Cullis, giving herself wholly to God, with faith that God would verify the promis, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," when healing power fell upon the poor, suffering body, and she felt that she was made whole She arose healed and renewed in all the life of God. She approached her husband (who was standing a little way from her) so changed that she said, "I think he was afraid of me." On the 16th of November they returned to Pittsfield, and the feet that went out so recently trembling and faltering came flying in with no arms around her to bear the weak, emaciated body, but with vigor she clasped me in her arms, exclaiming, "O mother, I am well, very well; all the chills and fever and night sweats and dainty appetite are gone." She walked a mile without weariness, played and sang several pieces, sleeps all night like an infant, eats as heartily as any one at the table, works when she finds any work to do. When she returned to Pittsfield so changed, the friends who were so skeptical about the healing when she left were deeply affected. Some wept, some were speechless, some doubted still. All felt that she had come to Pittsfield to die.'"

The sight of such an article in a newspaper claiming any title to respectability in this enlightened age

is truly disgusting, and urges the necessity of education among the masses, and especially the need of general circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the two-edged sword of truth, doing noble service in the scientific and Liberal lines of march it has taken up, until those who are now struggling under the old papal banner stained with human gore, and the villainous rag stained with every species of cussedness first borne by black Henry VIII., and since by the contemptible Comstock conspirators, become enlightened men and women. Let the word be onward until truth, science, and intelligence shall be the motto and watchword of every household in our land, and the thousands of church buildings shall be converted into printing-houses for the dissemination of scientific and truthful literature instead of the stuff now scattered broadcast over the land, ancient and modern, of what are claimed as inspired Bible writings. M. C. WAGGONER.

Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1881.

Death of Prof. Draper.

John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., the oldest, as he was the most eminent and widely known, of American students of natural science, died early on the morning of the 4th inst. at his home on the hill at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, in his seventy-first year. Prof. Draper's father was a Methodist clergyman, but among his ancestors were men devoted to scientific research, and it was one of his good-humored boasts that he could trace his own taste for chemittry away back to the days when alchemy flourished, and before the science of chemistry had arisen. Prof. Draper was born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, on May 5, 1811. He attended as a boy the Wesleyan Methodist School, Woodhouse Grove, and there was placed under the care of tutors. With private instructors he first studied chemistry and natural philosophy, and as a boy he showed the taste and aptitude for study and scientific investigation which hav since placed him among the first men of his time and profession. He chose to devote himself especially to the study of chemistry, and to that end entered the University of London.

Before the war of the revolution in this country some of the early members of Prof. Draper's family had come to America, and others of his relativs had followed, so that when, in 1833, he himself came here, he found himself not entirely among strangers. He continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1836, after a three years' course there, he received from the university the degree of doctor of medicin. His graduating thesis was selected by the medical faculty as worthy of publication. A very few weeks after his graduation Dr. Draper was elected professor of chemistry, natural philosophy, and physiology in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. It was there that he began his original experiments in chemistry and made investigations in novel channels in physiology. He published the results of these studies at the time in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. He also wrote much for European magazines, and, indeed, nearly all of his earlier writings were first published across the Atlantic. He pursued this course because of the backward condition of science in this country at that time. Indeed, when he first suggested the idea of spectrum analysis he was publicly laughed at, and the idea was ridiculed by a prominent gentleman of Boston. By reason of his contributions to foreign periodicals, Prof. Draper's reputation in Europe was established long before he was widely known in this country.

He found frequently that discoveries which he had made and described in European publications ten and twenty years ago were being rediscovered and claimed in this country. To preserve his own credit and reputation he therefore collected these earlier papers in a single volume, which was published under the title "Scientific Memoirs," by Harper & Brother.

Dr. Draper became professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in the University of New York in 1839. He was connected with the University until the time of his death, and, with one exception, was the senior professor in the faculty. During the past year he has not been able, on account of sickness, to attend to his duties there, and his son and his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Morey, hav heard his classes. Prof. Draper was one of the founders of the medical department of the university, and in 1841 occupied its chair of chemistry. In 1850 he was professor of physiology in addition, and in 1874 he became president of both the scientific and the medical departments.

Prof. Morse, the inventor of the wording telegraph, was chosen a professor of the the university in 1855. He had a little room in the building in Washington square, directly over the lecture-room of Prof. Draper. It was at that time that he was experimenting with his telegraph, and much of his work was done in Prof. Draper's studio and with his assistance. Afterward, when Morse was in Paris exhibiting his telegraph, he first saw the pictures of landscapes and statuary taken by the inventor and artist Daguerre. He undertook to introduce the process in America. It was, however, very imperfect at that time, and Prof. Draper developed it. He introduced bromin to quicken the process, and by that means too he secured a clearer and more sharply defined picture. Prof. Draper was the first to adapt the daguerreotype to the purposes of portraiture, and his wife and two daughters were his first subjects.

Prof. Draper was a most industrious worker. His life has been devoted to experimental research, and he has written much. He has studied especially the influence of sunlight upon the growth of plants. The results of much of his study have become incorporated in the body of accepted scientific fact all over the world. He made discoveries of the first importance in spectrum analysis, and has contributed much to science by his experiments in the endosmosis and exosmosis of plants.

Prof. Draper wrote many papers for the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the *American Journal of Science and Art*. His "Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants" was published in 1844. This was followed in 1846 by a text-book on chemistry, and later by his "Human Physiology." In 1862 his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" was published, and it has since been translated into French, German, Italian, Polish, and Russian. His largest work was the "History of the American Civil War," published in three volumes, between 1867 and 1870. It has been criticised, but Prof. Draper always regarded it as a work which would be better appreciated later when the prejudices of the time were worn away. Four lectures, in which he gave his "Thoughts on the Future of Civil Policy in America," were delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1865, and were afterward printed. His "Conflict of Science and Religion" created a great deal of discussion when it was published, and its influence for good has not yet ceased to be exerted. It was widely circulated, and has been translated into twelve European languages. One of his latest works is a memoir of importance, the tenor of which is that what is known as chemical force in the sun's ray is not limited to the violent region, but that it is uniformly distributed throughout the spectrum, and displays its activity according to the nature of the receiving substance.

Prof. Draper was a man of great common sense. He did not accept any scientific whims without first putting them to the test of experiments. Most of his work for these many years was done in the university building. In personal intercourse he was a man of cordial and amiable manners. His wife died some ten years ago. He leaves three sons and two daughters. His son Henry, the well-known astronomer, and also a professor in the university, sailed from Havana for New York on the 4th inst. Daniel has made a specialty of meteorology, and Dr. John C. Draper is professor of physiology in the College of the City of New York.

H. L. Green's Lecture Trip.

AROUND HOME.

When I returned home from my first lecturing trip I intended to start west again very soon, but as I received a number of invitations to lecture in this vicinity I desired to remain here and fill them, and I was glad of the opportunity to longer remain with my family. I now expect to go west about the 15th of the present month, but for some time my post-office address will be Salamanca, N. Y.

Last week, Thursday evening, I lectured in Youngsville, Pa. I was invited there by Mr. Darius Green, one of your subscribers. It was the third time I had lectured in that town, and always under Mr. Green's supervision. Mr. Green is a very intelligent, earnest Liberal, and is the best posted on the Bible of any man I ever met. He called my attention to a great many strange things in God's holy word that interested me much, for instance, as to who was the grandfather of Jesus. In Matt. i, 16, we read, "And Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus who is called Christ." And in Luke iii, 23, we read, "Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age, being as was supposed the son of Joseph which was the son of Heli." If both of these passages were inspired by God it is a little singular how he got them so mixed. But "God's ways are not our ways." "Great is the mystery of godliness."

From Youngsville I went to Oil City, where I met a number of earnest Freethinkers. I enjoyed the hospitality of D. W. McLane, whom I found an intelligent Liberal. He is a subscriber to the *Index*, and has been heretofore somewhat opposed to the League movement since the Syracuse split; but he says that the action of the late Chicago congress is perfectly satisfactory to him, and he is now in favor of starting an auxiliary League in Oil City, and he will soon take measures to that effect. I must not forget to state that Bro. McLean has a brisk, pretty little dog that he has named Robert G. on account of his inclination to chase and worry black squirrels and black cats.

From Oil City I went to Pittsburgh, where I lectured last Sunday for the Pittsburgh Liberal League. The audience numbered some three or four hundred people, and I learn that is about the size of the audience at every meeting. The Pittsburgh Liberal League is an activ body and is doing a grand work in that superstitious city, the most superstitious city, I judge, there is in the Northern states. Here they fined Col. Ingersoll and B. F. Underwood when they lectured there, or the committee that engaged them. Here the Presbyterian churches are so pious that they will not permit a musical instrument to be brought into the church. I asked one of the members what objections they had to having musical instruments in the churches, and she replied, "We do not find any authority in the scriptures for it." I wonder if they find any authority in the scriptures for using sewing machines, telegraphs, and railroads.

And I am pleased to know that such a live League is planted to stay in this dark and benighted place. At the League meeting every Sunday they hav a person stationed at the door who hands out Liberal tracts and Liberal literature. And permit me to suggest to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that those who hav any back numbers of the paper or any other Liberal publications that they want to place where they will do the most good, mail them at once to S. F. De Jones, the activ president of the League, at 99 Fifth avenue. Pittsburgh is a good missionary ground, and we should all aid this League in its good work. So send on the Liberal literature to brother Jones.

While at Pittsburgh I enjoyed the pleasant home of Bro. Robert Peet, one of the number who favored the Grand Pacific connection last fall, and who now givs in his support earnestly to the Liberal movement. I was also pleased to take by the hand at Pittsburgh the late "Rev." Thomas Grunday, recently a Methodist minister, who has been converted to the gospel of reason, and who often lectures for our Freethought friends in the vicinity. He should be constantly employed. And among other friends I met at Pittsburgh I can remember now the names of Roman Stanley, Robert Graham, Charles Martin, and Dr. Lee.

I am pleased to learn that the Pittsburgh League is preparing to celebrate Paine's birthday in fine style. Hon. A. B. Bradford, Parker Pillsbury, and other able speakers are engaged for the occasion.

And now allow me to make what I consider a most important suggestion, and that is, that on the evening of the 29th day of this month wherever our Liberal friends are celebrating Paine's birthday, they telegraph to the Associated Press, New York city, the fact. Then on the day following we shall see in the papers of the country a brief account of all the celebrations of that character. The effect will be good on the general public and pleasing to the Liberal public. Friends, do not forget this suggestion.

My next lecture was given in Conewango Valley. I was invited there by James P. Allen, a subscriber and admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER. On account of a heavy rainstorm the audience was small, but those present listened very attentivly for an hour and a half to what I had to say. The audience was made up largely of young men, and I hope some good seed was sown. Mr. Allen and his brother Henry and other friends are moving there to form a Liberal League. I was the guest of Bro. James P. Allen, and enjoyed my visit there very much. He has a pleasant, intelligent wife, and three bright, pretty little girls.

Friday evening I spoke in Rixford, Pa., an oil town, to a large audience in the Opera House. The audience was an intelligent one and listened attentivly for over two hours.

I went to Rixford on the invitation of H. A. Scoville, Esq., a popular young attorney of the town, and I had a very interesting visit with him; also with J. L. Brooks and his family, who is a great admirer of Mr. Bennett and his paper. He paid me for Col. Ingersoll's, D. M. Bennett's, and Thomas Paine's pictures. Mr. Brooks has an interesting family, all intelligent Spiritualists and Liberalists. I also made the acquaintance at Roxford of Mr. H. Krohn, P. S. Campbell, and Earle Van Slyke. At Rixford they contemlpate forming a League soon.

I very much enjoyed my ride from Bradford to Rixford over the mountains or the narrow-gage railroad. Persons who hav never visited this wonderful country will find it interesting to do so.

On my way to Rixford I had to spend an hour or so in Bradford, and was pleased to meet the following named Liberal friends there, all live workers in the Liberal vineyard, and all, I think, subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER: G. W. Hardenberg, D. L. Lewis, Hart Harris, H. Webster, C. F. Blakeslee, John M. Willis, and C. J. Curtis. Mr. Curtis very generously invited me to dinner with him, where we enjoyed a pleasant chat. They hav a League here, but at present it is not very lively. But they intend to commence activ work soon. H. L. GREEN.

MATTERS hav reached a fine point in Russia, where, as reported by cable to the London *Times*, an American Jew at St. Petersburg, performing in a circus, has received orders to quit the capital, on account of his faith. There should be a protest from the civilized world against such bigotry.

Letters from Friends.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., Dec. 27, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip and $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882.

Yours truly, E. M. STEVENSON.

WARREN, PA., Dec. 11, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5 to bring Mr. Bennett home by the way of China and California.

Yours truly, GUY C. IRVINE.

POLO, ILL., Dec. 29, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find order for $14, which apply as follows: $5 for the Round-the-World trip, $3 for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882, and the balance for books and tracts, for which you will find slips cut from your paper.

Yours respectfully, RUFUS PERKINS.

PAOLI, WIS., Dec. 28, 1881.

MRS. D. M. BENNETT: Inclosed you will find $10—$3 to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER, $5 for Mr. Bennett's expenses abroad, and $2 for yourself.

Respectfully, PETER CLARK.

WEST UNION, IOWA, Dec. 28, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $12. J. W. Kendall has concluded to help our friend Bennett home, so please use $5 of the same for the Round-the-World trip.

Yours truly, J. F. SMITH, JR.

STERLING, ILL., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—five for the Round-the-World fund and three for the paper for another year. Your friend, HENRY KAUFMAN.

SERENA, ILL., Dec. 28, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $13—$3 to renew my subscription, which expires Jan. 1, 1882, and $10 for two shares in the Round-the-World trip.

Yours respectfully, L. DOMINY.

HAVANA, ILL., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $13—$5 for the Round-the-World trip. Yours, G. H. HOLZGRAFE.

DONALDSONVILLE, Dec. 27, 1881.

Inclosed find money order for eight dollars, three being for THE TRUTH SEEKER up to Jan., 1883, and five for the Round-the-World trip. N. D. VEGA.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, Dec. 31, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose money order for ten dollars. You will please send me one copy of Parton's "Life of Voltaire," and one volume of Bennett's "Around the World." Credit balance on subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Yours, J. R. STRAWBRIDGE.

SILEX, ARK., Dec. 27, 1881.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I was among the first who sent five dollars for the Round-the-World trip, and now I will inclose one dollar to help pay the extra expense of the engravings. I think every friend who possibly can should contribute a trifle.

Yours respectfully, H. L. BAILEY.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for $8—$3 of which place to my credit on account of subscription, and $5 for the Round-the-World fund. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from its start, and will say it has given me the best satisfaction of any paper I hav ever taken. Bennett's letters alone are worth more than the price of the paper, and thus we hav the other good things it contains for nothing. With the compliments of the season, I am,

Respectfully, F. W. SHOFFER.

DUNCANSVILLE, ILL., Dec. 15, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I am in my eighteenth year and THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper I ever read. So

Ho for THE TRUTH SEEKER!
Long may it wave
And be our companion
From the cradle to the grave.

I inclose the sum of $1, for which please send me the life-size lithograph of Mr. Bennett and R. G. Ingersoll. I want to send on for a list of your Liberal books and pamphlets. This winter I want my name in the Round-the-World list.

Yours for liberty and truth, ANNA DARNALD.

ROYAL CENTER, IND., Dec. 27, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I wish a happy new year to all connected with THE TRUTH SEEKER. The best thing to make them happy is to pay up for another year. I am more than satisfied with Mr. Bennett's trip so far, although the most interesting part has not yet commenced. Inclosed find six dollars.

GEO. HENDEE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 28, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal order to cancel my arrearages for your paper for 1881, also for its continuance for the coming year. Please giv me credit for $5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip. I also send you a new subscriber for three months. For the balance of the money inclosed please send me some of your Liberal tracts.

I am a friend to Liberalism, and I like your paper; and when I read of the imprisonment of D. M. Bennett for the stand he had taken to liberate the human mind from credal bondage, I determined to send in my mite to perpetuate the paper and advance free thought, free speech, freedom of the press, and eventually a nation freed from the bondage of orthodoxy and everything that retards progression, without which the existence of the human family would be a farce and the whole plan of creation a grand failure.

Yours for freedom, MRS. E. E. KIMBALL.

SALINA, KAN., Dec. 29, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed money order for $6.50—$1.50 on subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and $5.00 on the trip Around the World.

I should be glad to pledge five dollars more to organize a Liberal traveling theatrical company. People want theatrical representations, and more and better novels. Singing, novels, and theaters are excellent mediums through which to propagate morals.

Yours for universal mental liberty, JOSEPH HENRY.

LOST CREEK, TENN., Dec. 24, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, which I wish to contribute to the fund to take our noble friend, D. M. Bennett, around the world. Although I came at the eleventh hour, it was not for the want of devotion to the good cause we are all enlisted in. Therefore, wishing to hav my name on that starry roll of honor of which you speak, I, at this late hour, send my little mite, hoping it will be accepted and my reward equal to those who sent at an early day.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, your friend indeed, JOHN DUNLAP.

LEROY, ILL., Dec. 26, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: The time has come for me to renew my paper. I inclose money order for eight dollars—three for the paper and five for the Round-the-World trip, to bring Brother Bennett home. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER the best paper I can find to read. I am well pleased with the letters from abroad. I am seventy-eight years old, and very deaf. I can't hear much, and I take pleasure in reading your paper and hearing from different minds. Some people make a great wonder about King James's Bible. It is merely a record of mankind—of their good and evil works. It takes a great deal of sifting to separate the good from the evil. If people would read their Bible more, and look at it with the eye of reason, they would certainly understand it better. I am glad to read THE TRUTH SEEKER and hear from Freethinkers all around the world. I bid adieu for this time, hoping Brother Bennett may return safe. D. NETTLETON.

WHEELING, W. VA., Dec. 31, 1881.

MR. MACDONALD: On May 27th, 1881, I had the thanks of Mr. Bennett for five dollars. That was to help make him commander of the old line-of-battle ship, and to send him to foreign lands to cruise and harbor in theological waters and send us such information as he found to be facts. Herewith find another five dollars to bring him back. And you as mate—don't stop crying "Money ahoy" until you duplicate the fives that sent him away. Then when the commander hears "Ship ahoy" from home, he can cheerfully loose the old ship from her mooring, right her helm, and lay her keel straight for the port of San Francisco with her jib-boom as an index pointing to truth. And on the commander's arrival in America he should be furnished with a special Pullman palace car. And as the iron horse, with his fiery breath belching forth hell and damnation through his nostrils, speeds his way across the continent and bears him home to friends and glory, let all Liberals along the wayside wherever he stops to quench his burning thirst gather for miles to see the old veteran of the Liberal army and pay him respect for his works of victory over superstition. Let the dry bones be shaken up, and the rams' horns be blown, until the people in every Jericho become alarmed at the coming of the commander of Materialism. Truly yours, JAMES M. WHEAT.

BELOIT, WIS., Dec. 29, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: My tab says Dec. 1, 1880, and I suppose you hav put me down as a dead beat, but you won't find me half as bad as you hav reason to believe. Please find inclosed $5 to put me on the square with THE TRUTH SEEKER again. My religion don't spoil me or mar my integrity in the least. Hypocrisy and indifferentism is the state of things here, with few exceptions. There are many milk-and-water Liberals here. I think success will make them bold. There are followers as well as leaders in our ranks, as well as all others, and we must disciplin them to fight this monster which has been gnawing the vitals of society, glutting its insatiate rapacity to its utmost. I am young—twenty-five years—and am occupied at farming, so that I hav not the opportunities I wish for studying books since I left school. I hope to be able to get a good Liberal lecturer to come here soon. I think that good seed would not fail to take root here and bring a bountiful harvest. I circulate THE TRUTH SEEKER far and wide, and hav opened the eyes of many. I was reared a good Lutheran, but hav always been a doubter.

I am, your Materialistic friend and co-worker,

NELSE CHRISPENSEN.

WINCHESTER, ILL., Dec. 26, 1881.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Once more that day of heathen and Christian festivity has come and gone, that day on which more than one demi-god, so claimed, has made his advent into this life through the weakness of some foolish maiden and the lust of some god as a mediator between some whole-god and poor fallen humanity.

Now of course I am one of those who believe all the stories about Christ and the rest of the God company being born on the twenty-fifth day of December, because we get the account through THE TRUTH SEEKER; and as it is inspired, and is edited by that noble god, Bennett, there is no reason why all true believers should not believe.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am one of Bennett's followers, and read and believe his Bible to be true, I think that I hav a right to make a small request by the way of a short prayer to him. I will try to make my prayer short, as I know he is too busy to listen to a long one.

MY PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in Asia; thou who hast ever shown by word and deed that thou lovest thy followers with a love equaled by no other god; thou who givest thy time, yea, and who freely offerest thy life for the happiness of thy children; thou who suffered revilings, persecutions, and imprisonment that those who would be saved might be saved from the black and eternal night of superstitious ignorance and woe; thou who art even now traveling in a foreign land where pestilence and famin, deceit and treachery, abound; thou hast gone even there that we, thy adorers, might learn the ways and conditions of the children of men, the false teachings and works of other gods, not so noble, grand, and loving as thou. Hear thou my prayer, and grant this my petition. Thou didst, through thy spirit of love, send me thy Bible (THE TRUTH SEEKER), which took the scales from my eyes, and the blind did see. Thou didst thus enable me to change my course in life, and as I did follow thy words of wisdom, wherein thou teachest us to love one another, and did thereby obtain a wife, also one of thy children; and as she did aid me to increase and did bear me a son, and he, O Bennett! was born on the twenty-fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, thereby, through the power of thy word, he is thy son and also a god with thee. Now, O Bennett! hear thou this my prayer, and grant this my supplication. Breathe thy holy spirit upon him, anoint him with the oil of thy love; clothe him with thy wisdom; gird upon him the sword of thy power, and let him be a god like unto thee. Bless thou my son, thy son, James Bennett Travers, and thine be the glory, the power, and the supremacy now and forever. So be it. J. B. TRAVERS.

INGALLS, KAN., Dec. 15, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: My father was a Methodist exhorter who believed that to spare the rod would spoil the child, and he calculated that if they were spoilt God Almighty would not hav the chance to lay it at his door, and so he would ply the rod until his children had at least as many stripes as ever a zebra had. He wanted to be Christlike. He had read how the meek and loving Jesus made a scourge of small cords (probably out of the string of an old harp) and then flogged the people. Well, the old man died, and, of course, he went to heaven, because he was a firm believer. He believed Moses turned all the dust of the earth into lice, and I recollect telling him it was a damned lousy piece of business, and I had to dance for it with no more clothing on than old David had on when he danced naked before the Lord. I had been taught when a boy to believe that he who had sinned in the least was guilty of all, that God would set down every idle word and wicked thought, and that the man who looked upon a woman to lust after her had committed adultery in his heart and was just as bad as the man who committed adultery nineteen times a day, and that all such wicked people would be plunged into the sulphuric flames of an endless hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is never quenched; where there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; and, of course, if one should be so unfortunate as not to hav any teeth his gums would hav to catch it, for his old jaw would hav to work any way, while God sat on his heavenly throne laughing at his calamity and mocking at him. That is my old dad's God, and if you should meet him in your trip around the world you will know him from his description. His hair is white as wool and his eyes like two balls of fire, and in his mouth is a two-edged sword, and out of his nostrils go fire and smoke, and his nose turns up like a squash, and when you see him he'll make you laugh. This is dad's God; he's a buck-cat bully god, and the God of old rotten orthodoxy. He is the same old God that sent two old bears to tear to pieces forty little children because they laughed at an old man that had no capillaries on the top of his cranium where capillaries ought to grow. I could tell you many other things about this God, how about six thousand years ago he jumped out of heaven and lit straddle of the equator, with both feet on one side, made the earth out of nothing, man out of mud, and woman out of a crooked bone, pronounced them good, how he repented that he had made them, got mad and drowned them, and then repented that he drowned them and put the bow in the heavens that he would

never do such a piece of infernalism again. He will never drown the earth again; he's going to burn it up the next time. When I used to believe these things my most earnest prayer was that I might be as though I had never been born. My hair turned gray at the age of ten, having the nightmare over hell, and life was a curse. I lived with a full determination never to be the means of bringing into existence a being that would hav to run his chances of hell. But Bennett's writings years ago changed me, and to-day I thank kind providence that I am in the world. My earnest prayer is that the world will be better for my having lived in it. Life is a joy. I stand in fear of no hell, no devil, no ghost, holy ghost or any other kind of a ghost, and I feel as though I owe Bennett a debt of gratitude. May his work go on, and his life be spared.

A. BUTTERFIELD.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Dec. 30, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you post-office order for $3. Please renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the current year. Permit me to say that the letters of Mr. Bennett are one of the great attractiv features of the paper. The many historical facts placed before the public, heretofore unknown, will inevitably redound to great good in the advancement of Freethought, in breaking down the barriers of bigotry and religious creeds and dogmas founded upon superstition and ignorance. I refer particularly to his letters from Athens. I do not agree with Mr. Bennett's ideas of the Irish Land bill referred to by your correspondent, Mr. Joseph Frankowski, from West Meriden, Conn., as I believe nothing but an Irish Parliament, the complete abolishment of landlordism as it now exists, an act of Parliament by which the people who liv upon the soil can be enabled to purchase it in a limited quantity of acres upon a reasonable time to pay for it. In other words, no man should be permitted to own more than a limited number of acres, say fifty or one hundred, and make the title to it as easily transferrable from one to another by deed, as it is in America; still Mr. Bennett is not presumed to be able to be thoroughly conversant with every social question of foreign countries. His letters display great research in unearthing facts which the Christian world, from some cause, we know not why, hav seen proper to pass over or leave unsaid.

Yours most respectfully, JOHN L. ROW.

FOX LAKE, WIS., Jan. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for $6 for two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882. I think I was the first to introduce the paper in this town, and I think there are not more than half a dozen taken here now, but what few there are hav done good missionary work. There are six churches in this town, and five years ago they were all running on regular time. Now the Methodists and Congregationalists are running a partnership concern. The colored Methodists hav a concern of their own. The Catholics are without a pastor, the Episcopal without a rector, and the Baptist without a shepherd. Now if evangelical religion is on the increase, as Mr. Frothingham says, what is the matter with all these churches? Why are they not running as usual? I would say that saloons hav fallen off in about the same proportion, so the town is much more quiet and peaceable than when churches and saloons were in the hight of prosperity. Has THE TRUTH SEEKER had anything to do with this change of things? Maybe not, but I would recommend any town that is cursed with too much religion and whisky to try a few copies.

Yours truly, J. H. WILLIAMS.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: This year, 1881, is fast going to join her previous sisters, never to return again.

Twelve seemingly short months hav gone by since I made your very agreeable acquaintance, and not wishing to do without your company and weekly visits, as long as we will agree, I renew my pledge to entertain you another year to gladden and brighten my home. To-day is Christmas. One thousand eight hundred years ago to-day our savior made his appearance on this little globe of ours, so they say, but I do not wish to be held responsible for the authenticity of this story, for I did not happen to be in Bethlehem at the time. As it is not of much consequence whether it was our Lord or some other lord born on that day, we will pass it by. I wish to our beloved editor who is on the other side of the globe a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We wish the same to those friends at home who are piloting THE TRUTH SEEKER safely through while the captain is away. Yours for truth, justice, love, and liberty,

MRS. S. J. LENONT.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: The Jewish scriptures are replete with examples of murders, assassinations, and crimes of the blackest dye, therein justified mainly under the plea of inspiration and the command of the Jewish Jehovah. And now we hav the plea of Charles Guiteau, claiming that he was governed by the same inspiration in the act of killing the President; that the same irresistible pressure, the same faith and justification by which the knife of Abraham was raised to slay his son in obedience to the command of the Jewish deity impelled him to raise his arm and fire the fatal shot. Inconsistent as this claim may seem to be as a matter of defense, does it not find its audacious parallel in the persistent claims of the clergy that the said scriptures, which furnish so many killing examples of inspired men, should be regarded with absolute veneration as an infallible guide to morals? This book of Yahweh's divine commands should, in my opinion, be placed in the prisoner's dock for trial along with Guiteau, and whether the latter escapes the halter or not, the former should be hung up forever. WM. J. CONDIT.

ALTOONA, PA., Dec. 28, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: I hav heard a great many lady orators, but do not think that I ever heard as able a one as Mrs. H. S. Lake, of California. I had the pleasure of hearing her lecture at Hornellsville last September, and all Liberal Leagues or Freethought societies wishing a speaker should not fail to obtain this eminent lady. She is a finished and eloquent orator, a superior elocutionist, a deep and radical thinker, and one whose whole heart is enlisted in the noble cause of mental liberty. Though unacquainted with her, yet I will venture to assert that there is not upon the American rostrum to-day a finer thinker, a more brilliant speaker, a grander or nobler worker in the cause of truth, than Mrs. Lake. Yours truly, W. J. BURNS.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Jan. 2, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Friend W. C. Clow inquires about the Liberal colony in Iowa which became so bad that the better-disposed members had to send for a Christian missionary. Don't know anything about it out here. Didn't know there was a Liberal colony in the state. Will some one please locate this colony? No! there are no missionaries here to spare to send to Liberal colonies. They are all kept busy ministering to their brethren and late co-workers, in the Anamosa and Fort Madison penitentiaries, and in praying to the legislators in Des Moines assembled that they may not tax church property, and may murder personal liberty. What infamous hypocrisy for the church to make such claims of superior goodness as that voiced by the Oregon lawyer whom friend Clow mentions! E. C. WALKER.

WEBSTER, MASS., Jan. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your note reminding me of my indebtedness for THE TRUTH SEEKER came duly to hand, and to tell you that I am very much ashamed of myself for being so slack and shiftless does not half speak my feelings. I say slack and shiftless because there was no real need of this delay on my part, and it is so unlike what I once thought myself to be. In my past life, when I hav dealt with people who seemed purposely slack, my most charitable feeling for them was, if I could take them by the nape of the neck and throw them out of a third-story window, it might possibly wake them up to business. But I was afraid of the law, and had to get along with a much poorer kind of swearing. But now that I hav committed the same crime I am heartily glad that I did not happen to kill anybody for the same offense. Accept my apology if you can, and please find inclosed a check of six dollars to cancel my present indebtedness. For the coming year I wish THE TRUTH SEEKER and all its patrons most unbounded success, and hope that none of them will allow their accounts to drag them down to the mortification that I feel in owing a year for a Liberal paper.

Very truly yours, MARGARET FLINT.

ALDEN, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $4—three of which is to renew my subscription, and one for the lithographs of D. M. Bennett and R. G. Ingersoll.

Your paper is well gotten up in all respects; the print is clear and open, being well adapted to "old eyes." I am now in my eighty-third year, and I will probably read it as long as I read anything. I hav long been a reader, a thinker, and an advocate of Liberal views. Twenty years ago there were but two Liberal thinkers besides myself in this town, but now there is a large number of stanch Liberals, and many of them are the very best men in this world. Mr. Bennett's letters are pleasing and very instructiv to me. I shall not regret contributing my mite to further his Round-the-World project providing he shall return in safety. Hoping I may liv to hear of his safe return, I remain, Yours, ISAIAH FULLERTON.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: It is a good plan to occasionally take a retrospectiv view of matters and things appertaining to the cause of Freethought, and so I will at the present time go back in memory's golden chambers and giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER some idea of the past and present status of Freethought in this immediate vicinity. As long ago as the year 1850 or '51 I first became interested in the cause which we all prize and value so highly. It was then I became aware of the existence of the Boston *Investigator* and first had access to its columns. It was through the instrumentality of Mr. James Law, who came to this place from the sea-girt isle of Nantucket, that I became cognizant of the fact that there was such a paper. There was, at the period to which I refer, in this village very little, if any, interest manifested in Freethought ideas. The church had everything under its thumb, and I believe Mr. Law was the only pronounced advocate of Liberal views in this place. About five miles from here, at a village known as Russell's Mills, was a man of much natural talent, as also eloquent flow of language, who did much to disseminate Liberal thought. This man, Oliver H. Seaburg, and also a not far distant neighbor, Philip Gidley, testified against the churches in no uncertain manner. And I think they succeeded in inducing many to giv in their adhesion to Liberal views. Both these pioneers in the cause of Freethought in this town of Dartmouth hav left the scenes of life. All this occurred about 1850, or possibly a very few years previous thereto.

I may next bring to the notice of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER the advent of Spiritualistic ideas in our midst. This occurred, I believe, either a very little before or immediately after the year 1552. Prominent among the advocates of this form of Liberalism were Mr. Barker Cushman, Mr. Wing Russell (both of whom are not living), and Mr. Thomas C. Smith, who still remains, and is somewhat advanced in years. Spiritualism got quite a foothold at Russell's Mills, and also at what is termed the "head of the Apponagansett River," about two and a half miles from this village. It did its best toward breaking the thick crust of orthodoxy here and in our near vicinity. And the decline and fall of the Methodist church at the head of the Apponagansett River and the Baptist village (both of which places hav long been closed), the tottering and shaky condition of the one only remaining church—the Congregational—in this village, are in no small degree due to the efforts of Oliver H. Seaburg, Philip Gidley, and the progress made by Spiritualistic ideas. Not far from the year 1852 there was also considerable progress made in Freethought ideas in this village through the agency of Jeremiah Hacker. His paper, published at that time, called the *Portland Pleasure Boat*, was quite largely circulated here. I think it was also the means of driving deep the plowshare of Freethought through the hard, arid soil of orthodoxy. I remember about this time the appearance in our midst of Owen Wilbur, of Little Compton, in the neighboring state of Rhode Island. He spoke in a direct and forcible manner against the superstition and priestcraft of the churches, and, like others to whom I referred, has passed away. Coming down to the immediate present, I may state that, although there may not, perhaps, be so much direct evidence of the existence of Freethought in our midst as in years past, still the result of past efforts in that direction is very plain and apparent. As I said before, two churches hav been closed, and the only remaining one is in a fair way to share the fate of the others in the same respect. The future looks auspicious for Freethought and quite the opposit for orthodoxy.

Yours, EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

STONE CREEK, O., Dec. 27, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find thirty cents, for which send me by return mail "The Holy Bible Abridged." I sold mine and must hav another. This book should be in the hands of every Freethinker in the land. If this recommendation will do you any good publish it. Yours truly, D. HOCHSTETLER.

OXFORD, O., Dec. 18, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND MACDONALD: This is the first time that I ever raised my pen to scratch a few words to you. I hav always had my old friend D. M. Bennett to write to, but he is now on his way around this little ball that is swinging in mid-air. I had the pleasure once to take him by the hand and giv him a hearty shake. I don't believe I ever shook hands with any one that I thought so much of as I did of him. I hav taken his paper from the very first start, when it was but an infant, and now it has grown to be a man.

I would just say to you that I sent $1 to start Mr. Bennett out, and I now will send $4 more to help bring him back. The reason I didn't send it all I will tell you, as I told him. I met with a loss of one thousand dollars cash. I told Mr. Bennett that I would send the balance as soon as I could. I now hav sold corn enough to send the balance, so inclosed you will find post-office order for $10—$4 for the trip, $3 for the paper for the year 1882, and $3 for the paper for my friend M. A. King for 1882. I did hate to see my name in the Round-the-World-trip and no star to shine; and now let it shine forth like the sun at noonday, without a cloud to obscure the sight. Let it shine both day and night. I would just say that it was a professor of religion that took my thousand dollars. I don't hav much faith in hell, but I would like to see him in a fiery pit a few hours at least. So farewell. THOMAS H. DODGE.

THAT ecclesiastical mountebank, Clark Braden, has been lying a good deal lately about Col. Ingersoll sending his villainous circulars all over the country. In answer to one of them, W. P. Kirkpatrick, of Arrowsmith, Ill., writes: "*Mr. Clark Braden—Sir:* In your pamphlet you say that Col. Ingersoll's note is unbankable in Peoria, Ill. Now, let me say, that if you will go to the trouble to find one of those unbankable notes, Mr. A. T. Ives, of this place (formerly of Bloomington), will gladly trade a bill of house rent he holds against you for an interest in one of those unbankable notes of R. G. Ingersoll's."

Cleopatra.

BY ALHAZA.

A Judean province you've conquered, love,
Gay, glorious, bright, as the stars above;
No, the light of their gems was quenched in blood,
And broken hearts rained a crimson flood,
When Israel wandered, a vengefnl band,
And corpses were strewed on either hand.
Women dishonored and ripped and torn,
Infants murdered and maids forlorn,
Dragged by the hair to a fearful fate,
No Grecian damsels such tales relate.
Better the altars where heroes prayed
And Iphigenia's white corpse laid.
Such faith is a blot on the scroll of time,
A leaky bark on the sea of crime.
Vinyards were watered with many a tear,
The holiest thing was a saddening fear
The most blessed angels were fire and flood,
And Jehovah fattened on feasts of blood.
What vile reformers such men must be,
Oh, keep their festering land from me,
Where Samuel dark, for a brutal whim,
Hewed princely Agag limb from limb.
Rispah watched o'er her murdered seven
Till David's fiendish word was given;
His rage was sated. "Take them down,
Their skeletons cannot touch my crown."
Then to steal all the treasures of Heshbon and Ar,
Their sons to enslave, what a barbarous war!
How Joab served David in blood and in gloom,
And corpses rained fast into Potra's dark tomb.

At Rabbah, enfeebled with starving and panic,
David placed Moloch's crown on his temples satanic
With holiest vengeance snd freebooting ire,
His captivs destroyed both with torture and fire;
Then played on his harp when his mind became calm,
And wrote the sweet words of the twenty-first Psalm.
How he brutalized women, the sensual fighter,
By the light of my pearls, my own kingdom is brighter.
And this mixture of savage and wild buccaneer
Gave out to the world that they once hav lived here.
Though they cannot in art or in learning refine,
And know not a word of our language divine,
And lately they brought an old manuscript here,
Such a vile, loathsome mass that it cost scholars dear
To chasten its thoughts and to giv it a glow,
That grand, Grecian sages could read it, you know.
'Twas rude, *and quite wanting in classical marrow*
Such theories coarse and such sentiments narrow
All the book that they hav is a very late version,
And the tenets redeeming were borrowed from Persian.
Pray, Anthony, leave their detestable soil
For some Arab marauder to plunder and spoil,
And find a fair kingdom far over the sea,
To send spices and gems as a tribute to me.

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Inventor of the "Wilsonia, and Lecturer on Electrical Therapeutics, Author of "The Trial of Medicine," "The Language of Disease," "Medical Fallacies," Etc., Etc.

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OPEN LETTER

TO

Anthony Comstock

In Answer to His Open Letter Sent to the Newspapers.

465 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN,

SIR: I hav before me a seven-paged open letter, addressed to myself, intended for publication in all the evening and morning papers, copies of which, I am prepared to prove, were sent to every daily and several weekly papers, the publishers of which refused to publish it, consigning the precious product of your labors to the waste paper basket. For this I am truly sorry, as it would hav given me an admirable opportunity to show the public the true inwardness of the man who could pen such a letter, and yet claim to be a Christian and a protector of the public from the vicious members of society. A more vicious letter could not be penned, and the evidence of malice crops out in every sentence. You first claim that the courts honorably acquitted you. If they did, then I know nothing of the words honorable acquittal. You were arrested for publishing a malicious libel, and taken in the charge of an officer before the magistrates. You then waived examination. If you had written truthfully, why were you afraid of examination? I was present in the court to confront you on your vile charge. You were silent.

After the lapse of several weeks I received an order from Judge Smith's court to attend such court respecting my charge against you, and believing that you would submit to an examination and giv some excuse for your act, I went, accompanied by over fifty witnesses, so that a special court had to be set aside for my special case against you. Well, let us examin as to what followed. I stood there without counsel, ready to defend my order of arrest. I was strong in the proof of my charge against you, and did not require an attorney to quibble on points of law. You, on the other hand, had an attorney—a man in whom any person may trust their case as a legal adviser, and outside the law I hav reason to know that Mr. Tenney, your solicitor, is a gentleman and a noble-hearted man. He must hav felt seriously the weakness of your case, as set forth in your libelous letter, and therefore, as an act of charity toward you, advised you not to submit to an examination. He, good fellow, by special pleading, decided to take exception on points of law, and attempted to show that not the spirit and intent of your libelous letter should be gone into, but the actual wording only should be considered, and that therefore the same should be adjudged as a privileged communication, and on this ground pleaded for a dismissal. This I objected to, whereupon your solicitor proposed that a brief be prepared, setting forth the reasons why my complaint against you should be dismissed. I then stated in the presence of that court, that all I required was a full investigation into the facts. It was then arranged that the District Attorney should take charge of the case, as prosecuting counsel, on behalf of the people against Anthony Comstock, I being promised at that time that such investigation should be made on the following Wednesday. *But*, feeling that there was some crooked business going on, and an attempt being made to frustrate justice, I employed one of our best attorneys, and he wrote a letter to the Judge, to the District Attorney, and your attorney for copy or nature of such br ef. Not only so, but myself and attorney applied at Jefferson Market Police Court next day, and we were told that Justice Solon Smith had gone into the country, and would not be back until Monday following, the court officer to whom we spoke intimating that as the Comstock case was in the hands of Justice Solon Smith, nothing would be done until his return. Picture, therefore, my astonishment upon receiving a notice from the court that the case had been dismissed without an investigation into the facts which led to the writing of your letter, neither myself nor one of my witnesses being called, and yet you hav in your letter the audacity to tell the public that you were honorably acquitted. May heaven save the public when such honorable acquittals shall follow the publication of such vile letters as that penned by you to hundreds of my patients! So much for your "honorable acquittal." Now, as to your having evaded arrest or not, the facts are these: I did not dream of having you arrested until after I had written my letter to you, which appeared in all the newspapers. I called at your office personally three or four times, as did also my half-brother, David Cotter. We were each told by persons in your office that you had gone into the country, and would not be back for a week; but on being told by persons on Nassau street that you were seen in the immediate neighborhood not long after my calling, I felt that you were evading me, and deliberately refusing to giv me the names of those whom you pretended had made statements against me. It was your thus evading me which caused me to take criminal proceedings against you, and forthwith instruct counsel to sue out a warrant against you for criminal libel. After such warrant was in the hands of the officer, such officer and several of my witnesses sought you at your office. They were told by persons in your office that you had gone into the country, as I had before been told. On the morning of your arrest my half-brother, David Cotter, called at your office, in response to a telegram received by me. He was then told that you were away in the country. He went straight from your office to that of Howe & Hummel, and there met a private detectiv who offered there and then to disclose the whereabouts of Anthony Comstock, if the $100 reward, which I had offered for his arrest, should be given him. This was promised, and David Cotter then went and apprised the officer who held the warrant, and they went in company to your office, when they were jointly told by persons sitting there that you were away and they did not know when you would return; whereupon the officer, acting upon the information given by the detectiv above named, proceeded to a room in the upper part of the building wherein several voices were heard. The door was opened in response to the knocking of the officer, when a number of gentlemen were seen sitting around a table as if in committee. Anthony Comstock was inquired for, and denied being there. Upon retiring voices were heard in a room close by. Inquiry was made if Anthony Comstock was within. The person who opened the door replied that Anthony Comstock was not there, when the door was closed. My half-brother, who was waiting in the lobby, made a ruse as if running down stairs, the officer, all the time standing outside, beside the door. The same person who had before opened the door opened it again. The officer, by a rapid movement of the foot, kept the door open and then walked in and arrested yourself, Anthony Comstock. If this was not hiding from arrest, I fail to understand what hiding means, and as you hav in your open letter mentioned the fact of my having offered one hundred dollars reward, and that I had refused to pay the person giving the information, I beg leave here to state that the hundred dollars was paid to the detectiv in the presence of several witnesses, one of whom was a merchant and manufacturer in your immediate neighborhood of Nassau street. So much for your arrest. Was it with or without evasion?

Now, as to the next portion of your open letter: You say there is a law prohibiting the transmission of letters and circulars concerning schemes to deceive and defraud the public or obtain money by false pretenses through the mails. You knew very well when you were writing that sentence that it had no application whatever to my case, inasmuch as the following open letter to the physicians of Brooklyn was before you, offering every physician or scientific man a free entry into my factory and consulting rooms, and in the same letter offering five thousand dollars' worth of my goods to the poor of Brooklyn. Why did you not avail yourself of the offer and hav called at my consulting rooms and manufactory for inquiry before writing your libelous letter to the hundreds of my patients? You could hav no excuse as to time and place, for this reason, viz., that my establishment is one of the most prominent in Brooklyn, and in close proximity to your own residence, so that nothing but malice aforethought could hav induced you to hav written such a letter, while the following offer to the physicians of Brooklyn was before you in the circular or pamphlet from which you obtained the names of my patients to whom you wrote. If you wish to excuse yourself re-read the following:

WM. WILSON'S OPEN LETTER

To the Physicians and the Commissioners of Charities of the City of Brooklyn.

GENTLEMEN—Two years ago in Europe I invented and patented a magnetic appliance for the relief and cure of disease. My system is one that was never before attempted, but its simplicity places it among the many great improvements in the history of science which, after its inception, has caused thousands to wonder why so valuable an additiou to the necessities of our race should hav been so long overlooked.

The success of my appliances in the cure of disease in England was such that over THIRTY THOUSAND persons were clothed in them, and not one case of failure when the proper appliances were worn as recommended. In the face of such success in Europe, I determined that the people of America should be made acquainted with the fact. I arrived in Brooklyn only a few months ago and commenced the sale of my goods at No. 465 Fulton street, since which time I hav, in Brooklyn and neighborhood, over a THOUSAND persons wearing my appliances for the diseases above mentioned—all of whom came to me only as a last resort, having failed to get relief from any of their physicians. And these persons were as readily relieved as were those of Europe—NINETY-NINE PER CENT of whom will tell you to-day on application to them that my appliances gave time all the relief promised. A printed list of my clients is at your disposal so that you may satisfy yourself of the truth of the above statement. My proposition therefore is that I hand over to the medical men of Brooklyn FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of my appliances, to be used only on the persons of the sick poor now and likely to be in your charitable institutions and hospitals. The only condition I make is that I myself clothe the patients according to my own judgment and be allowed to retain watchers at my own expense that the patients do not receive any medicin during the wearing of my appliances, and that a proper report be supplied from time to time, so that I, at my own expense, can publish the record of the cures by my appliances. I further wish that every medical man in Brooklyn should call at my manufactory and examinfor himself the processes of manufacture and make himself thoroughly acquainted with my system. My factory is open for inspection at all hours to any physician, chemist, or scientist, and in close proximity to my own business premises the same physicians

may see for themselvs the patients who hav been relieved by my appliances. All physicians and chemists who hav examined my goods hav availed themselvs of my invention, are to-day wearing my appliances, and recommending the same to their patients with marked success.

The aforesaid gift of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' worth of goods will be delivered from time to time, as agreed upon by a committee of yourselvs, on application to me a few days in advance, stating the disease for which they are required, so that I can supply the best possible form of my invention. Hoping you will avail yourselvs of my offer, I remain, gentlemen, Yours obediently,

WILLIAM WILSON.
No. 465 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

In face of the above letter, what pretense can you find for your conduct? Why did you not giv me the names of the parties whom you pretended had written to you? The fact is, no one did write to you except a lot of conspiring doctors, and to please them you became their tool.

In the next part of your open letter you refer to a letter you sent me, and say as follows: "Why did you, like Ananias and Sapphira of old, keep back a part; why did you not tell the public that I wrote you personally on the 15th of September?" Your memory must be very bad in this particular, or you did not read the newspapers, insomuch that this paragraph appeared in the *Truth* newspaper on September 20th, under the caption of "The Romance of Anthony Comstock's Arrest, and what Led to It," and directly following the $100 reward, I refer to the very letter which you say I never noticed:

"And the next morning I received a cringing letter, written after the reward was offered, as shown by the postal date on the envelope, Brooklyn postmark, 2 A. M., September 16. Now I was told in his office on the 15th of September, at two in the afternoon, that he had gone away for a week. Who told the lie? Did he order his subordinates so to do, or did they do so of their own accord? The next day, September 16th, my half brother, David Cotter, with the detectives and the court officer, went to Comstock's office. They were told that he was in the country, and did not know when he would return. They were then told that a letter was written by Comstock to William Wilson the night previous. At this the clerks seemed surprised, and said, 'Well, we do not know where he is, nor when he will return.'

"A private detective then told my half brother where to find him, and said he was hid away in an upper room in the same building. There the officers went, knocking at one door where voices were heard within, but the door was locked. Then in another room adjacent an attempt was made to discover him among a company of gentlemen sitting apparently in committee, but Comstock could not be seen. A ruse of running down stairs was made, only to retrace their steps just in time to find the door gently open that had before been tried and found locked. The officer slipped his foot between the door jamb and, walking into the room, arrested the great Anthony Comstock. He was taken before Justice Smith and committed in the following words of committal:

"'It appearing to me by the within depositions and statements that the crime therein mentioned has been committed, and that there is sufficient cause to believe the within-named Anthony Comstock guilty thereof, I order that he be held to answer and be admitted to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, and be committed to the warden or keeper of the city prison of the city of New York until he givs such bail. SOLON B. SMITH,

"'Police Justice.

"'Dated September 16, 1881.'"

You will therefore see, on referring to your open letter, that you admit that my first public communication against your act was printed on the 14th day of Sept., and yet you charge me with being like Ananias and Sapphira of old, by keeping back a part. How could I mention, in my communication of the 14th, that which was not written by you until the 15th? But you know very well that the letter you refer to as having been kept back was referred to as above on the 20th day of September, that being the first letter from myself after receiving the letter written by you on the 15th. You therefore utterly fail to show in your open letter that I had kept anything back. In the same open letter you refer to a lawsuit in Ireland between Wetton & Co., and William Wilson, of No. 64½ Patrick street, Cork, and the most malicious act that any man could conceive is the taking the trouble of writing to Ireland for information respecting a man, and when such information is received, telling one-half the story in a open letter to the public and keeping back the other half. This you know you hav done, and I challenge you to publish at your own cost your open letter, as I at my own cost shall publish this. Your malicious act in thus concealing the real nature of the lawsuit between Wetton and myself as rival manufacturers and large employers of labor is an act unworthy of the commonest informer. I hav a deed from the British government wherein, on these element of that suit as above referred to, such deed binds my opponents to pay me a large sum of money in settlement thereof. Your attorney, Mr. Tenney, or Mr. Colgate, your President, can see that deed whenever they choose to call at my offices. Yet you, in your open letter, attempted to show that I had been guilty of a crime. If this was not vindictiv malice, what was it? Again, in the same open letter, yo i would insinuate that my patent and Edgar Wetton's were the same. Yet you know very well that the circular from which you obtained the names of my patients contains also the following description of my patent:

"During the past few years seven or eight different patents hav been taken out for Electric and Magnetic Belts, but the vital defect in each and all of them has been a want of means whereby the magnetism once imparted to them could be retained. This defect has been fully overcome in the 'Wilsonia' invention. William Wilson struck the happy idea of attaching a series of Voltaic Piles to the Magnets, which by absorbing the natural exudations of the skin giv out a constant galvanic current, and thus keep up a continuous supply of Magnetism. Another very important feature of the 'Wilsonia' invention is this. Wearers of these garments never experience unpleasant shocks and are never afflicted with sores, which inevitably result from wearing galvanic chain bands—*they* having to be steeped in vinegar to render them capable of imparting any curativ property, and in this process they become the mother of an incurable form of erysipelas! And then, the 'Wilsonia' is as comfortable to wear as any undergarment. These appliances keep the body warm in the cold season, and, by their power of absorption, impart, in the summer, a refreshing coolness."

Also the Method of Manufacture.

"Wilsonia" Magnetic Clothing!

These goods are made as explained below, and every person following out the instructions here given can make for themselvs and their own wearing any garments to suit their malady.

Although I hav patented the invention, I giv any one the liberty to make for themselvs, but shall prosecute any one who dares to make them for others to wear, or to sell.

Process of Manufacture.

Take a sheet of cloth, or any woven fabric, lay it upon another sheet of gutta percha tissue, then lay a sheet of muslin corresponding in size; fasten these together. Then take hard steel plates (brittle as glass they need be for our purpose), cut them into narrow strips about one and a half inches long; perforate each plate, making a hole large enough to take in an ordinary shoe eyelet. These plates to the number of 250, with 500 eyelets, fastened to the cloth, are sufficient to make an ordinary NERVE INVIGORATOR. Over these plates, when fastened to the fabric, we place another sheet of india rubber tissue. Over this again we place another sheet of muslin and fasten the whole mass together with hot irons. We then puncture the eyelets the whole thickness of the fabric so fastened together, having about five hundred openings through the garments. Then we cover the whole with a lining of any material to suit the fancy of the wearer, but preferably canton flanuel should be used. When the garment is so far finished it is magnetized by a powerful electro magnet until every plate of the whole series is thoroughly saturated with magnetism.

Having described the process as above, I again say that if you make the garments as I direct they will do you just as much good as though I made them myself. But the above being my patent, I shall prosecute any one who dares to make them for profit, and shall use the utmost rigor of the law in so prosecuting.

Now, then, where comes in quackery with with the WILSONIA?" Why do not the advertisers of quack nostrums tell purchasers how to make their compounds?

Now, as to Prof. White's great discovery: He told us a few weeks ago, through the columns of the New York *Herald*, that he had made a marvelous discovery, viz., that the whole secret of the electric charge in the Gymnotus, or electric eel, lay wholly in the fact that the said electric ell was enveloped in a film, whereby its electric charge was augmented. This marvelous discovery, he said, was only made after six and three-quarter years of fruitless research, and by an accident, he goes on to say the whole thing was made complete.

Now it will be seen from reading the above formula, that WILLIAM WILSON'S patent was taken out two and a half years before Professor White made his statement through the columns of the *Herald*.

It is upon the Gutta Percha Film patented by MR. WILSON, that the secret of the "WILSONIA'S" force wholly lies.

Physicians, electricians, and scientists are, therefore, invited to examin critically into the nature of the "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC CLOTHING, and, with the formula before them, go into their laboratories and experiment for themselvs. They will then know that the

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING

Is the Greatest Wonder of the Age, and yet withal one of the most Simple of Inventions.

In the same open letter which you sent to the newspapers you maliciously attempt to belittle me by assuming that, because I had been a cabinetmaker, I could not therefore attain to a knowledge of curativ agencies distinct from the methods laid down by the schools. In answer to this assumption of yours, I can only say that I pity you for your stupidity. Do you not know that the celebrated Dr. John Hunter of London worked at the bench as a cabinetmaker at forty-two years of age, and afterward became the most eminent surgeon in Europe? and to-day the Hunterian Museum in London is a living monument of that cabinetmaker's skill? Do you not also know that all great inventions ever made emanate from among those whom we least suspect as the originators of new thought?

Another important reference in your open letter I refer to: On a board sign you say as follows: "Read the Anthony Comstock letters in favor of 'Wilsonia.'" In answer to which I simply say that I hav the copies of fifty-five letters sent to you in favor of my garments, the parties sending such letters being those to whom you had conveyed your libelous communication. Therefore I call these letters of my patients the Anthony Comstock letters, and shall continue to publish them in a pamphlet dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn and New York; nor you nor your society shall intimidate me against such publication. Nothing shall be withheld nor held back. In conclusion, I again make the following challenge to you: To sign bonds for $5,000 if you can prove that I do not cure ninety per cent of the incurables given over by the doctors, or to produce one case where all the benefit was was not derived as promised on the purchase of the goods, such goods being worn as directed as to quantity and to time. I believe your society requires money to carry on its operations; here, therefore, is a chance to add to its funds. I will also sign bonds for a like sum if you can show one testimonial published by me that was not genuin, and will pay all expenses of the six physicians on whom you relied, and will meet them singly or as a body on any platform in the United States, and prove to an audience of scientists that these physicians know nothing of the nature of nerve fluid, the constitution of the blood, nor the difference between electricity and magnetism as a curativ agent. WILLIAM WILSON.

Having thus openly answered your letter, and wishing the whole thing to be closed up, I herewith make you this offer, viz: That you shall, upon the examination of the deeds referred to in my letter as above, between your attorney and Mr. Colgate, upon the conclusion of such investigation, giv me a letter of apology for having been instrumental in casting discredit upon my invention. I am quite willing to accept your plea of ignorance of the facts, and that you were deceived by others.

Upon receipt of such letter of apology, I will withdraw all further proceedings. WILLIAM WILSON.

READ THE FOLLOWING REFERENCES SHOWING MR. COMSTOCK HIS MISTAKE:

COMMODORE GARRISON, Bowling Green.
Mr. FRAZER, corner of Reade st. and Broadway, New York.
Mr. DEGRAFF (DeGraff & Taylor), Fourteenth st., New York.
Mr. TAYLOR, of the same firm.
Mr. FAYERWEATHER (F. B. Hoyt & Co.), Spruce st., New York.
Senator McPHERSON, Washington.
B. B. STIMPSON, Spruce st.
THOMAS HALL (Kestler, Hall & Co), Ferry st.
Colonel BAYARD CLARK, 54 East Forty-ninth street, New York.
Dr. DEMAREST, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh st., Harlem.
Mr. J. DUGGAN, Undertaker, 330 Clermont ave.
Mr. E. ST. CLAIR CLARKE, 758½ Lafayette ave.
Mr. YOUNG, Artist, Bergen st., Brooklyn.

These and thousands of others can be referred to. Dare a man like Comstock mingle with such gentlemen as the above?

Read also the Testimonials Printed in "The Truth Seeker" of Nov. 19th.

IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.

COMPETENT ASSISTANTS IN EVERY STORE, PRIVATE DRESSING AND CONSULTING ROOMS, AND EVERY CONVENIENCE, WITH FEMALE ASSISTANTS FOR LADIES. ALL OUR GARMENTS ARE THE SAME, NO MATTER AT WHAT DEPOT THEY MAY BE PURCHASED.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 A. M. TO 8 P. M.

Important to the Suffering and Afflicted Who Hav Been Deceived by Advertising Nostrum Venders.

The great success attending the introduction of my world-famed **WILSONIA GARMENTS** has incited a host of speculators to place upon the market several bogus arrangements under the specious titles of "Magnetic Clothing" or "Magnetic Garments." One unprincipled person has actually copied my engraving representing my clothing, so that a person not seeing the garments would take it for granted that the goods so advertised were facsimiles of the **WILSONIA**, the engravings representing the clothing being identical with those issued by myself thus tending to defraud the public by their purchasing a worthless article for the cure of some malady or other. This same person has copied, almost verbatim, the language of my own circulars. One of these garments was brought me direct from the vender. I find it to be a clumsy imitation of the first magnetic garments made in Europe some fifteen years ago. I would therefore ask the public to see the Wilsonia garments before purchasing anything represented as a magnetic clothing. They will then find that an attempt at imitation has been made by an engraved circular containing copies of my own circular as above stated, and so cunningly has the device been carried out that parties purchasing the goods from such circular will suppose that the garments so purchased were identical with my own, but when seen together they are as different as anything can possibly be conceived. If, however, persons will call at any of our STORES in New York or Brooklyn, or elsewhere in the United States where Wilsonia depots are opened, they may hav everything made clear to them. The claim of CHEAPNESS is a poor point to put forward when the matter of disease and life and death is in the balance. My reputation now is so unparalleled that never before in the history of the world hav such remarkable cures been effected as those following the timely use of the now world-renowned Wilsonia garments. The blind hav been made to see, the deaf to hear, the helpless paralytic to walk erect, the demented to become sane, the martyr to catarrh and asthma to speak and breathe freely, the terrified with heart disease to walk forward among the public without the terror of impending death. All and every form of disease disappearwhen the Wilsonia Magnetic Garments are used as directed. I will undertake to cure 90 per cent of the so-called incurables now in the hospitals in the United States, and will place my garments upon such patients free of charge, the only condition I make being that the authorities governing such hospitals shall not allow any medicin to be given the patients during the wearing of my garments, and that the cures shall be publicly advertised as soon as made. CITIZENS OF AMERICA! when and where in the history of the world has such an offer as this been made? Here, in New York and Brooklyn alone, there are thousands of poor invalids in our hospitals passing through the ordeal of a protracted and living death who might, if my offer be accepted, be restored to the world as useful members of society, and this free of charge. If my offer be not accepted by the physicians of the hospitals, then the physicians must stand convicted of indifference and carelessness toward the poor invalids intrusted to their care. I hav sold my patent to a company with a view of manufacturing on a very large scale, so that with increased facilities in the form of valuable machinery specially prepared for our purposes, we shall be able to place upon the market an unlimited supply of these wonderfully curativ appliances.

After years of study in the particular direction of electrical therapeutics, I hav from time to time made many improvements on my first conception of what was needed for the relief and cure of disease until the "Wilsonia" in its present form contains all the elements of what has gone before in the same direction. The continuity of current is made complete, the dangers of non-ventilation are entirely overcome. This is an important point in the "Wilsonia." Thousands of persons are to-day suffering from the effects of retarded perspiration, having had thrown back into the organism the poisonous emanations of the body. The expensiv nature of the "Wilsonia" combination in all its entirety makes the price somewhat high, but yet it is far the cheapest in the end, inasmuch as the curativ force will continue for years, although a commoner kind will frequently result in marvelous cures. These commoner goods we sell at the following prices:

PRICE LIST.

LUNG INVIGORATORS	$6 00
BODY BELTS	5 00
THROAT PROTECTORS	1 00
KNEE CAPS	3 00
LEG BELTS	4 00
SCIATIC APPLIANCES	5 00
HEAD CAPS	4 00

"Wilsonia Magnetic Appliances"

will continue the same price as before offered; but if you wish the cheaper kind, as offered elsewhere, we will sell at the above prices, being one-half of the cost of the same articles elsewhere advertised.

$500 REWARD!

Any person giving information of the infringement of the **WILSONIA PATENT** shall receive the above reward upon the conviction of the offenders.

Suffering Invalids,

Before you purchase any bogus arrangement, send for

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REMEMBER it is circumstances that make us what we are. I do not blame men as some do, or call them ill names because they are somewhat tyranical over women. It is the outgrowth of the ages that has done this, and this outgrowth is still going on, but it will bring about a higher civilization that will make man more womanly and woman more manly. It will tone each class down into a more perfect completeness. Man will become gentle, kind, and forgiving, and woman will become self-reliant, self-supporting, and truly cultured. The domineering tyranny that now exhibits itself in nine-tenths of the men in their conduct toward mother, sister, and wife, will be changed into respect, true affection, and kindly consideration. The doll-baby pettiness and languid idleness of some women and the domestic slavery of others will be exchanged for real industry, intellectual development, and self-dependence; the man and woman will be equals in all things, and friends, companions, and co-workers.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

THE mother of superstition was ignorance. Its foster-nurse has been the clergy. These hav tended and matured the misshapen babe, and under their care it has grown a very powerful and dominant monster. So careful has been their tending of it, so closely hav they allied themselvs with it, that now with its fate their own is bound up, and with it they must stand or fall, and every blow aimed at this hour at ignorance and superstition falls also upon them. With the slaying of superstition, or the slaying of the acceptance of that which is not proven, the downfall of the clergy must necessarily come.—*Dr. Aveling on Superstition.*

LIGHT—light breaks on the century's farthest round;
Light in the sky, light in the humblest home.
The unebbing tides of God, where errors drowned
Sink down to fathomless destruction, come
Swelling amain. Truth builds her eternal dome
Vast as the sky. Nations are linked in one
Light, love, henceforth shall reign forever and alone. —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

THE religion that says one man is savior is a false religion. All men are saviors, all truth lights the world, all virtue saves mankind. I believe in self-religion, self-atonement, and self-salvation. This religion wants no man-god, no book-god, no creed-god. Christianity says to other forms of idolatry, "My Christ is better than your Christ, my Bible is better than your Bible, etc. I am the only agent, authorized agent," etc. . . But no man is great enough, nor can be great enough, to stand to this age for God.—*L. K. Washburn.*

THE Rev. Mr. Lascelles, knowing the world, knew that a man like Mr. Richard Fullerton, openly professing Rationalism—which Christians take to be high-polite for Atheism—is a man having no solid foothold in English esteem. He may be as virtuous as Marcus Aurelius, as truth-loving as Socrates, as great as Plato, but—he disbelieves the seven days, the handful of clay, the rib and the tower of Babel; he denies that the sun and moon were ever stayed; he proves by anatomy that Jonah could not hav been swallowed by a whale; he doubts the cruse of oil and the ravens that fed the prophet; and he asks how all the kingdoms of a sphere could hav been seen from the top of any mountain in Judea or elsewhere; and it is therefore supposed that he is capable of every crime that can disgrace humanity, and that if he hav not committed himself hitherto it has been for want of temptation, not for want of will to yield, should that temptation arise.—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord?*

I CANNOT but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man came face to face with the facts of nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude as they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud.—*Huxley.*

"BUT Mr. Fullerton—what is he like?" said the sister. "Pleasant and well-bred enough, but an outrageous Infidel; one of those presumptuous fools puffed up with a little pseudo knowledge who think themselvs capable of settling every subject, and who boast that they believe in nothing which they cannot see and touch—a rank Materialist, living without God in the world. As a man he is well enough, but as a soul he is as much in the clutches of the devil as was ever Judas. I feel that in fighting against him and his diabolical influence here I am fighting against Satan in bodily form." "And so you are," said his sister. "*I* hold all Infidels to be possessed. They are the emissaries of the evil one, and his so-called modern science is the means by which he works."—*Under Which Lord? by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

IT seems to me that the most orthodox Christian must admit that many of the miracles recorded in the New Testament are extremely childish. They must see that the miraculous draught of fishes, changing water into wine, fasting for forty days, inducing devils to leave an insane man by allowing them to take possession of swine, walking on the water, etc., are all unworthy of an infinit being and are calculated to provoke laughter, to feed suspicion, and engender doubt.—*Ingersoll.*

IT is the nature of foolish reasoning to seem good to the foolish reasoner.—*George Eliot's Theophrastus Such.*

Odds and Ends.

TIMOTHY, O Howe is it with thee as P. M. G.?

"AFTER the clouds, the sunshine;" after the row, the policeman.

A ZULU prophetess is without much on her in her own country.

NEW version for an after-Christmas song—"Empty is the wallet, dollars gone."

THE cast of Guiteau's head should be reproduced in rubber. It would be an immense football.

VENUS was the only infant "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Was Davy Jones her father?"

JEREMIAH is not so Black as he's painted. They used to make the same remark about what's-his-name.

"VERY odd," said the compositor as he stood mournfully gazing on a mass of pi; "very odd, indeed. Stewed tripe for breakfast and strewed type for dinner."

"CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?" We don't know; but the remains of the sea-serpent hav come out of New Jersey, and Nazareth should not despair.

A MILKMAN once reported a match off because one morning when he called at the house to deliver milk the young man who was courting the girl had departed earlier than usual.

THE office of postmaster at Norwalk Depot, O., pays a salary of four dollars per year, and yet no one will hav it. There is once in a while an office that an American won't touch for either dignity or money.

SOME observing person says that "if there were no bald-headed men there would be no ballet." It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If there were no ballet there would be no bald-headed men—on the front seats.

BEGIN the new year by writing a swear-off on the first page of your diary, with some little epigram or historical reference. For instance, say that rum is bad from its very inception. For the man who starts it raises cane.

JAMES, take my book and draw that $5 out of the savings bank this morning. I know that bank is going to burst. The cashier has given $100 to the Hottentot Young Men's Anti-Eating Missionary Society, and I know he cannot afford it.

THE best sermon in the world never yet reconciled the proud man, trying to curl his feet up and out of sight under the pew, to the painfully obtrusiv and evident fact that the wife of his bosom had used his blacking brush to polish the kitchen stove.

THERE is nothing which so forcibly reminds a veteran soldier of old times on the Chickahominy as when an ex-major general of volunteers buttonholes him on the street and asks him for the loan of a quarter. It recalls the days when there was no quarter.

ONE of the stingiest men in Austin fell from a street car and broke his leg in two places. "Are you hurt?" asked one of the parties who came to his assistance. "Not a particle," replied the sufferer, grinding his teeth in pain. "I pay my doctor so much a year."

A WESTERN judge has decided that "a married man must support his mother-in-law." This is a strange decision, but not as wonderful as if the judge had decided that an unmarried man must support his mother-in-law. This ruling will be apt to make a young man select a wife who never had a mother.

WE learn from an advertisment that prices for masked ball costumes are various. You can be a kind old gentleman with a long white beard for ten dollars; but if you want to be a monk you must pay forty dollars, and to represent a first-class devil with hoofs and a plenitude of tail costs seventy dollars. Some men, however, can personate the latter individual without expending a cent. They can't help it.

OSCAR WILDE hath crossed the sea,
Cabined snug in Guion steamer;
His "mamma" came not with he—
Coddled esthete, dawdling dreamer.
Let this spoony view the town,
Holland grit and thrift created,
And while he's in study brown,
Oscar should be vaccinated.

When his scab hath fairly bloomed,
How the too-too tutelary
Saintly Oscar will be groomed
By each light-brained ordinary.
Nobby noodles on the "Av."
Christened "Fifth," in highway lingo.
Will his affectations hav
Down demfoine; they will, by jingo!

THEY were seated around the red-hot stove of a tavern in a little village in Kentucky, oblivious of the snow storm that was raging fiercely without. The subjects of discussion were toddy and the Guiteau trial.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the blacksmith, who was noted near and far for the power of his argument, "the trial at Washington is a mere farce, and the sooner that scoundrel Guiteau is strung up the better. He is no more crazy than you or I."

"I dun' know, I dun' know," dubiously remarked the man who kept the store at the cross-roads.

"You don't know!" echoed the blacksmith, gazing warmly at him. "Why, when I read in the country papers some months ago that the poor President died from blood-poisoning, I says to myself, says I, 'The cowardly varmint is only playing the insanity dodge!' For, if he had the cunning forethought to poison each of the bullets before he loaded his pistol, thinking thereby to make a sure job of it, why, it only goes to prove that he is too devilish sane for the common good. Them's my sentiments!"

He paused, inverted his glass, and looked around with an air of conviction. All were silent for some time. Then the cross-roads man, in a scarcely audible voice, ordered toddy for the crowd.

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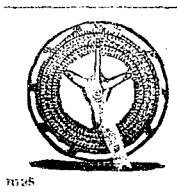
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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE project of a world's fair in Boston has been abandoned. Talk was plenty and money scarce.

THE question whether a Methodist layman may race horses without sin is before a Troy church.

SPURGEON has just cracked his best joke. He says that Christians meet with nothing but persecution in this world.

THE father of the British army is Gen. Geo. Macdonald, who entered it in 1805, and is aged ninety-seven years and two months.

THE color line has extended into Canada. Two citizens of Toronto were refused admittance to the skating-rink because of their color.

A COLORED preacher and three of his congregation are under arrest in Montgomery county, Md., charged with tearing down and hauling away their meeting-house.

THE Rev. George Sanger, vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland, in England, has been arrested on a charge of wilfully and maliciously setting fire to his own church on the 19th of October last.

THERE was so much drunkenness in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the Christmas holiday, that the city council passed a special ordinance forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors on New Year's day.

A COLLECTION of letters written by Voltaire to the private secretary of the Empress Catharine will shortly be published. They were recently discovered, hid away in the library of a Russian country home.

THE officials of London, Canada, hav distinguished themselvs by declining to protect the first Chinaman who settled in that city, and as the roughs gave him no peace he was compelled to quit the place.

JOSEPH COOK and wife are said to hav lunched, Thanksgiving Day, on the Acropolis, at Athens. Most people would hav preferred turkey, but no doubt the Acropolis is easier of digestion than one of Mr. Cook's lectures.—*Boston Herald.*

AT the funeral of Chief-Justice Pierpont, of Vermont, at Vergennes, the preacher caused some resentment among the mourners by expressing sorrow that the deceased had "never given expression to those views which are considered necessary to the Christians."

WHILE preaching from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping auditors, and said, "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wondrous unbounded love the Lord appears to hav for a good portion of this congregation!"

SWITZERLAND, which has, like several other small states, hitherto refused protection or encouragement to inventors, is not unlikely to hav a patent law before long. On the recommendation of the Federal Council, the National Assembly is engaged in considering a bill having this object in view.

THE religious census which has been taken in Dundee shows that in respect of church attendance things are no better in Scotland than in England. Out of a population of 142,000, only some 30,000 people were present in any place of worship on a recent Sunday. Of these only a little over 8,000 were in the established churches.

M. RENAN is writing his confessions, and the history begins at the seminary of St. Sulpice. The theological college is curiously described. Here is an example of the reverent way in which a theologian speaks of his first spiritual director: "M. Cottofrey had the ravishing, rosy face of an English miss. It was the most extraordinary example of suicide by mystic orthodoxy. I never knew a man who could hav been better loved by women. He had in him an infinit wealth of love."

A LONDON bookseller has done what the church would hardly dare to do—put the devil down in his proper place as a dignitary of the church. In his catalog he advertises a book containing "sixty-nine engravings either from wood or metal, twelve of which bear inscriptions representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other dignitaries of the church."

A RICH financier died the other day in Paris. He fell down on the boulevard in a fit and was carried into a private house. The inmates, seeing him at the point of death, and not knowing what his religion was, brought a crucifix and put it to his lips. The old Hebrew stared at the emblem with a glazed eye, and with his parting breath murmured, "I can't lend more than two francs on it."

FATHER COLLINS, secretary and chancellor to the Roman Catholic Bishop McNierney, of Albany, was arrested in Utica a few days ago for being intoxicated in public. He gave his name at first as Brown, but subsequently revealed his identity, giving the thin excuse that he had taken some quinine pills before going to a card party, and that the wine that he drank there, though in itself insufficient to unbalance him, did so in connection with the quinine.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* has this wail: "It cannot be said to hav been a year of religious prosperity. There has been an almost unprecedented lack of conversions, a painful growth of the spirit of worldliness, and covetousness, and formality over the church, accompanied by a decrease of candidates for the ministry. The undermining of faith in fundamental truth, in the Bible, in God himself, has gone on, inside and out of the church, among the learned and the vulgar."

INFIDELITY is said to be making rapid progress in Japan. Says a missionary: "Infidelity is vigorous and aggressiv, clothed in the garb of the highest culture. Prof. Morse, for some time a leading mind in the Imperial university at Tokio, was a pronounced skeptic, exhibiting almost the zeal of a ranter against the Christian religion, and the prevailing sentiments at this seat of learning is anything but favorable to evangelical faith. Infidel literature, including Paine's 'Age of Reason,' is being translated and industriously placed before the public."

THE *Banner of Light* says: "Rev. E. B. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., recently found guilty of larceny and forgery in connection with his insurance business, the daily prints inform the public, has been committed to the Brattleboro asylum in an exhausted state of insanity. Had Mr. Hopkins been a Spiritualist what a howl of condemnation would hav gone up from the church organs! But, in this and similar cases, when one of their own teachers is a victim of insanity—no matter what the cause—these journals are as silent as death upon the subject. It makes all the difference in the world with them whose ox is gored."

TALMAGE is preaching against Ingersoll every Sunday, but it is the shallowest rubbish we ever read. A Sunday-school boy could do better. If he thinks his congregation will take his stuff for law and gospel he must hav a mighty poor opinion of their intelligence. He said the universe was not made from nothing, but from God's omnipotence. Is omnipotence any more tangible as a raw material than nothing, Mr. Talmage? If God could make a limitless universe out of his omnipotence, can't you make just a little one out of your little omnipotence? It would be such a *very* little one, we know, but we would like to see you try the experiment.

THE pope received at the Vatican, on Saturday, Dec. 24th, the cardinals residing in Rome, who went to present to him their congratulations for Christmas and the New Year. In reply, his holiness said his position was becoming more and more intolerable. Only recently he had been insulted in the persons of the saints whom he had canonized. If he claimed the temporal power, in order to secure the indepeudence of his spiritual power, he was accused of being a rebel and an enemy of Italy. It was only natural that the faithful throughout the world should display anxiety for the present and the future. In conclusion, the pope said he expected more persecution in the time to come.

THE London *Freethinker*, waxing sarcastic, asks: "Hav we not all read how, several centuries ago, Freethinkers burnt Christians to death, and tortured them with the rack and the thumbscrew? And do we not remember how the solitary Christian who got elected as a member of Parliament not long since went up to the House of Commons and was chucked out by fourteen big policemen? And don't we know that the arbitrary majority were all Freethinkers, and that the speaker, Charles Bradlaugh, occupied outside the House of Commons the office of president of a tyrannous society for the crushing of stray Christians like fleas? Poor Christians! How they do suffer! But the Lord will reward them a hundredfold."

AN American traveler has revisited the village of Oberammergau, where he had seen the last performance of the Passion play, and he writes to the Springfield *Republican* that he regrets having done so. The woman who acted the Virgin Mary he found digging potatoes in a field, barefooted, disheveled, and filthy; Mary Magdalen was on her hands and knees, scrubbing a floor, and presenting an unsightly appearance; and the personator of Christ was carving ornaments which had been ordered by tourists who had seen and admired him in the play. "A mug half full of beer was on a rough bench within his reach, and as his chisel was nimbly tracing and forming the intricate and delicate designs on the piece of wood before him, he was at the same time vigorously puffing a huge German pipe that hung down over the red shirt that covered his bosom." But something still more disenchanting was seen in the village inn, kept by Herod. "Nicodemus, Pontius Pilate, Judas Iscariot, St. John, St. Peter, St. Matthew, Barnabas, and two or three of the centurios were making merry over their beer mugs. They were in a discussion of the Passion play, there evidently being a division of opinion as to how certain parts could be acted with the greatest effect. John and Judas were in a half-maudlin state, and were singing snatches from some of the choruses in the play."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER said in his Friday night talk, at Plymouth church, that "ten months in the year are quite enough for any minister to work. During the other two months properly trained Christians are perfectly well able to take care of themselvs." The question that naturally presents itself to the inquiring mind is, What is a "properly trained Christian?" Is he a being who waters stock during the week and passes the plate in church on Sunday? Or is he the man who expects from his employees a man's work for boy's wages, and contributes a large sum for his pastor to go to Europe? Or is he the man who looks upon the theater with horror, and goes to questionable balls on the sly? Or is he, perhaps, the godly man who compels his children to go to church three times on Sunday, and makes the day, to them, one of terror instead of rest? It would be really quite interesting to know what a "properly trained Christian" is. There hav been such bad examples lately of what may possibly become of truly good people that there is not a little anxiety to see some of these people whom it is safe to leave without spiritual consolation for the space of two months. It was generally believed that when churches were instituted it was for the improvement of the ungodly and the conversion of the unregenerate. But Brother Beecher opens up a new idea. They are intended for "properly trained Christians." Who is to decide when the training is proper? —*Truth.*

News of the Week.

GALVESTON, Texas, had a nearly $2,000,000 fire on the 13th.

ST. JOHN, the temperance governor of Kansas, is East delivering lectures.

Two hundred and fifty persons were killed by a recent earthquake in China.

A ST. LOUIS grand jury refuse to indict a detectiv for killing a Chinaman who resisted arrest.

EVERY building in the little town of Kemp, Texas, was destroyed by an incendiary fire last week.

THE burning of the big sugar refinery in Williamsburgh is said to hav materially advanced the price of sugar.

THERE French missionaries were recently murdered near the oasis of Ghadames in the Desert of Sahara.

THREE are over forty cases of small-pox in Port Jervis, N. Y. The disease is also said to be spreading in Illinois.

TALMAGE's subject last Sunday was the Infidelity of Ingersoll, whom he termed the champion blasphemer of America.

THE New York State Woman Suffrage Association will hold its annual convention in Chickering Hall, this city, Feb. 1st.

W. H. LOCKE, ex-postmaster at Eufaula, Ala., being charged with appropriating public funds, shot and killed himself on the 15th.

MR. BEECHER, last Sunday, took back his statement made the previous week, that in Brooklyn virtue is the price of place for a school-teacher.

AT the Wentworth, Ont., assizes, a girl who had been called as a witness was committed for forty-eight hours for contempt of court, because she refused to take the oath, on the ground that the Bible commanded her to "swear not at all."

THE pope declined to comply with the law requiring him to fill up a census paper, but a monsignor gave the return, showing that there are five hundred persons living in the Vatican, nearly one-half of whom are women, though in what capacity is not stated.

SIX murderers were hanged in different parts of the country on Friday, the 15th. There seemed to be a unanimity of belief among them that their admission into heaven was assured, and one, a negro, rewarded a favor by promising the donor a "lift" when he (the murderer) got to the other side.

A FRIGHTFUL accident occurred on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, at Spuyten Duyvil, on the evening of the 15th. The Atlantic express train halted to repair a brake just after rounding a curve, and a local Tarrytown train, running at full speed, crashed into the rear car of the standing train. Two cars were telescoped. Ten or twelve persons perished, including State-Senator Wagner, and a Catholic priest, the rear car having caught fire from a stove. The blame is attached to a brakeman, whose duty it was to go back and signal the approaching train to stop, which it is claimed he failed to do.

THE Guiteau trial is dragging its slow length along. The closing speeches are being made by defense and prosecution. Judge Cox decided not to allow Guiteau to address the jury, and the latter has given his intended speech to the Associated Press. He calls it a "historical" document, and depends upon it for vindication before the American people. The speech is of great length. It contains a letter entitled "A Genuin Christian on the Guiteau case," which originally appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but which the assassin, by some strange conceit, attributes to providence. He harps on the inspiration theory, warns the Americans not to fly in the face of the Almighty, and concludes that is best to hav the shooting officially recognized as the act of a madman.

A Truth Seeker Around the World.

Beyrout, Baalbec, and Damascus.—Continued.

FINE VIEWS.

In the afternoon our ride up Mount Lebanon was most interesting. On our left was still hoary-headed and snow-capped Sannin; fifteen miles behind us could we see the city of Beyrout nestling quietly down by the sea, and for fifty miles could we view the beautiful Mediterranean spread out in vast expanse like a beautiful and unruffled mirror. Owing to the transparency of the atmosphere here one can see with considerable clearness at much greater distances than in our country, or in most others. The weather is perfect, though in the middle part of the day the sun is too warm and burning to be just agreeable. In the warm part of the day the thermometer indicates from 72° to 80°; at night the mercury sinks to from 40° to 50°. It is not the heat of the midday that is so oppressive, but the constant burning glare of the sun without a moment's cessation. For days together we have a cloudless sky, without a fleck or spot to change the monotony of the blue expanse. As we ascend the mount the fertility of the soil decreases, but the plentifulness of the stones increases, and in some places there are so many of the stones there is no soil at all, and the husbandmen are forced to abandon it entirely to the sun and the winds. The manner in which the strata of rock lie here is very noticeable. In places they are perfectly perpendicular, and seem to have been thrown up at a former era of the earth, the mountain being left while all around shrunk with the rest of the earth's surface—and whichever way it was the writer of the book of Genesis seems to have known nothing of it, or was unable to make any explanation of it—while in other places the strata lie horizontaly, fitting together with great regularity, like blocks in a pavement. It is indeed curious to look around on the noble old mountain and see how little its scenery looks like the mountains and hills in our own country. Here, where mighty cedars are said to once have grown, there is now not a tree or bush to be seen save the fig, mulberry, and trees of that sort planted by the hand of man. All is rock, rock, and rock and earth blended together. The soil seems to be of a very mellow character, and only has to be stirred up with the crude plows of the country to turn up as mellow as an ash-heap. There are no clods or lumps of clay here; and it is quite well it is so, for there are stones enough to answer all reasonable demands. We see great numbers of men plowing, the teams being invariably small oxen, and the plows of the rudest construction, and of the same fashion as were in use here three thousand years ago—an upright piece of wood which looks like the limb of a tree, the lower end sharpened to a dull point; this stands with the upper end leaning backward, and a foot from the lower point a mortise is made through which what serves as the beam of the plow passes, and to the front end of which the cattle are hitched—or perhaps the mortise is made in the horizontal piece; but the whole affair does not weigh more than one-tenth part what one of our plows does. On the lower point of the upright piece an iron or steel shoe or point is placed, somewhat like a small corn-plow or point, which simply stirs up the earth three or four inches deep, and turns the furrow just as much one way as the other. These imperfect plows are all they know of here, and they seem to be all that is necessary, for by scratching the earth's surface with them the soil produces abundantly, though crops have been taken from it for these three thousand years, and without any fertilizer being put back in return.

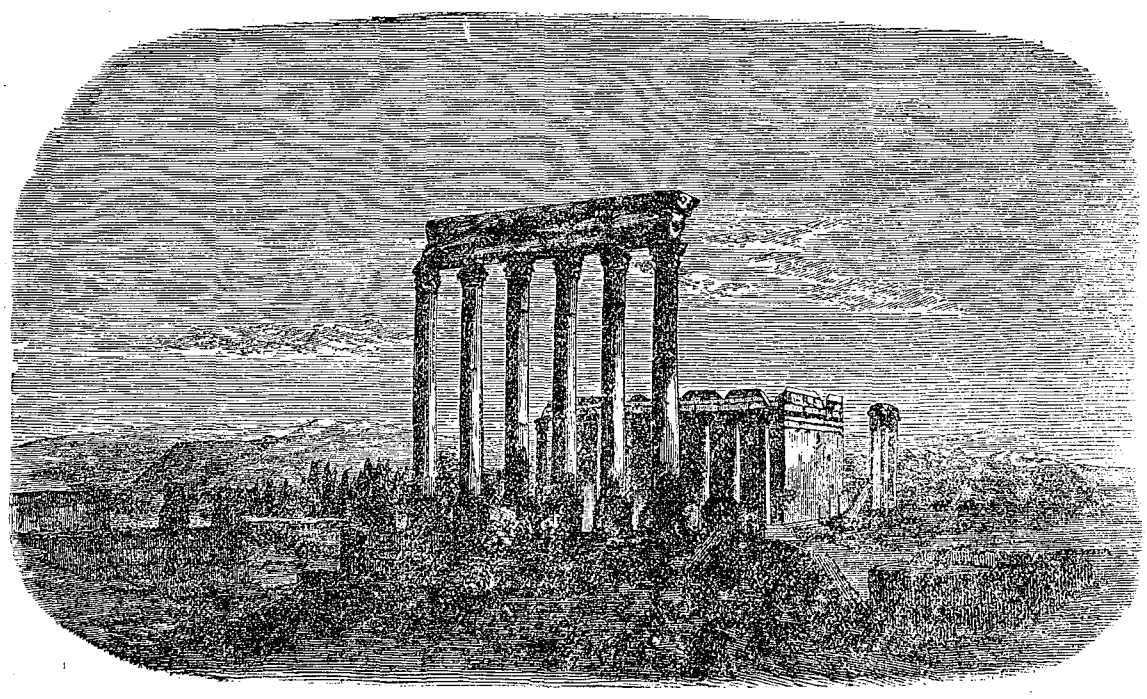
It is indeed a most prolific and a most remarkable soil. This is the season of the year for putting in the fall grains—wheat and barley—and the plan is to sow the grain before the plowing is done, and when the surface has been scratched over in the manner described the cultivation for the year on that portion of land is ended. Oats are not known here, and rye is very little grown. I also see nothing like meadows, no hay-stacks, and no barns but a few low stone stables, which look much like the dwellings for the people. There is also very little pasturage here, there being but slight grass of any kind natural to the country. The harvesting of the grain is done altogether by the sickle, and the threshing is done on the old-fashioned threshing-floors—smooth places on the soil, where the grain is strewn around and trod out by cattle, and the clearing up or winnowing done by the breezes of heaven. The straw and chaff are carefully saved as food for the cattle and donkeys.

As night came on I found that Al Borak had lost considerable of the spirit or "vim" with which he set out in the morning, and that I had to urge him considerably to induce him to keep up with the rest of the company. The traveling is done principally in a fast walk, but Al Borak is not a fast walker, and I find a switch serves to remind him of his duty and aids him in keeping along with our companions. If not a good walker, he is at least a good stumbler, especially in the after part of the day, when he begins to grow weary, and if he does not succeed in throwing about one hundred and eighty pounds of Infidel flesh over his head one of these fine days it will not be his fault. He, with the other horses of the company, has been lying still some nine days waiting for this expedition, and I think they all feel a little weary to-night, as well as do the riders.

OUR CAMP.

Much compensation, however, was realized by all of us for the day's labor by coming to our camp for the night on a level spot by the side of the road. The dragomans and muleteers had preceded us, and had the tents already pitched and prepared for us by the time we arrived; and a neater, more cheerful, and more inviting place to a party of weary travelers can hardly be imagined. It is almost wonderful how skilful these dusky sons of the sun-land are in the equipments of camp life. There are seven tents in all—one being for the saloon or dining-tent, in which we take our meals at a nicely set and furnished table; five are devoted to the members of the party; and the remaining one to the conductor, Mr. Clark, the dragomans, muleteers, etc. Mr. Bridges, the Rev. Mr. James, and myself are assigned to one tent; the Rev. Mr. Getz, M. Levebre, and Master Wetmore to another; Judge Lawson and son to another; Mrs. Moots, Miss Brayman, and Miss Rose to another; and Mrs. Lawson and daughter to the remaining one. Each tent is nicely carpeted; every person has a separate bed—a portable iron bedstead on the cot plan—and to each is assigned a wash-basin and a pitcher of water. In every tent is a table, for lights and to write and read upon. The tents are twelve feet or more in diameter, and on the plan of a huge umbrella with a staff in the center, only the apex is more pointed than that of an umbrella, and the lower edge is some six or seven feet from the ground. An extra piece of tenting fills the space, leaving a doorway for entrance, which is covered, when desired, by an extra piece of the same goods, so that each tent makes a little circus by itself, and is as snug and exclusive when inclosed as a room in a hotel, and nearly as convenient. The conical and upright portions of the tents are supplied with ribs of wood, much on the plan of an umbrella, and which keep the affair in proper form; and the whole is well secured by cords attached to stakes, carried for the purpose, which are driven into the ground. The tents are double, the outer thickness being of common canvas, while the inner one is of black goods with ornamental pieces of many colors, bearing some resemblance to vines, leaves, flowers, and other vegetation, which are sewed on with decided ingenuity, and which give the inside of the tent a fantastic and gaudy appearance. It is very doubtful if the great Sardanapalus had anything like them in his day, or if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these; while there is not the least probability that even Abraham, the father of the faithful—who, so Freeman-like, willingly proceeded to sacrifice his little boy, and got up the original "Pocasset tragedy"—had anything in the way of tents to compare with these modern ones of Thomas Cook & Son, which were made by the ingenious women of Alexandria, Egypt, at a cost of about sixty dollars each for the needle-work. The tents are placed sufficiently contiguous, so that none are widely separated, and the dining-room tent is central among them. I must not omit to mention, so perfect are the arrangements that there are also two small square tents marked with a *G* on one for gentlemen, and *L* on the other, for ladies. Inside are all the modern improvements.

By the time we got washed, our hair combed, and got some books, etc., from our satchels, the gong, or rather Syrian horn, sounded the notice that dinner was ready; and nothing loth, after the day's ride, we marched willingly into the saloon-tent, where a fine feast awaited us. The first course was soup, and better we have not tasted in many a day. The next course was chicken, well cooked. I will remark here, by way of parenthesis, that chicken is a very usual viand in this Eastern world. Scarcely a day and hardly a meal passes but what we have chicken, hot or cold. This suits me. I could not be better suited than to be kept largely on a chicken diet. I have often thought I have one, at least, of the characteristics of a Methodist preacher—a fondness for young, yellow-legged chickens. I presume you have nearly all heard how the chickens in the western part of our country formerly became so well acquainted with this ministerial weakness that whenever they saw a Methodist parson approaching on horseback, or otherwise, they instantly secreted themselves; but lately, learning by dear experience that resistance is useless, and that the inevitable can not be evaded, they walk quietly up to the beheading-block, lay their necks upon it, and cross their legs in the most exemplary Christian resignation. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. This is the end of the parenthesis. The next course is beef and potatoes, the next a desert of pastry, winding up with delicious grapes, dates, and Syria walnut meats, which, by the bye, are very fine.



BAALBEC.

Our cook is said to be the best in all Syria, but let that be as it may, he is good enough for Queen Victoria, or King Kalakua himself. His name—that is to say, the cook's—is George, and he is an Abyssinian, and consequently a Christian. He is as black as an ordinary Guinea negro, but has not the thick lips and obtuse nose of that species of Africans. His cook-stove is a sheet-iron box three or four inches deep, three feet long, and ten inches wide, with feet to it. The fuel is charcoal, which is carried along in sacks; and that is the range on which he roasts, fries, boils, and bakes, as well as makes capital tea and coffee. In every way we live as well as at a first-class hotel; and if the Lord, or rather Cook & Son, have not provided munificently for us, I would like to know the reason why.

We have come, the way the road serpentines up the mountain, some eighteen miles from Beyrout, but still it is plainly in sight from our camp, and we being nearly four thousand feet above, are, of course, able to look benignantly upon it, and it seems not more than eight or ten miles away. And Oh! what a beautiful view it is! It is so charming I can hardly speak of it often enough to make you realize it as we do here. I would be willing to forego my hopes of paradise for the space of fifteen minutes if you could all take in the lovely view of the Mediterranean, the town of Beyrout, and all the intervening country, as we can here on this Lebanon eminence. The air is considerably cooler here than in the town last night. It is not strange; the thousands of feet we have risen, and the proximity of snowy Sannin accounts for it. But we are content; we are on glorious Mount Lebanon, and everybody is, or ought to be, happy. Several of the males, including the Rev. Mr. James, are in the saloon-tent taking a few rubbers of whist, but having more of a pious turn myself, I have remained in our own tent putting in some two hours at writing, but I am weary and sleepy now, so good-night, and pleasant dreams.

Friday, Nov. 11. We were called to arise from our cots this morning by such a novel *tom-tom-talaber-tin* as is not often heard. The performers consisted of six persons, led by Mr. Clark with the Syrian horn, and five of the natives beating tin pans together and drumming on kettles. It equaled a first-class *charivari*, and one might suppose the wedding of some hoary patriarch to a damsel of fifteen was being celebrated. Nobody could sleep amid such a din as that, so little remained for us to do but to

rise, dress, say our prayers, (the Rev. Mr. James prays quite enough for the three in the tent bearing the stars and stripes), and get ready for breakfast. In half an hour we were called in, and partook heartily of poached eggs, a little chicken by way of variety, bread and butter (the latter a canned article, all the way from Copenhagen, and very nice withal), strawberry jam, apricot marmalade, and black currant jam, with tea and coffee. If a man could have the cheek to find fault with such a breakfast as that he would surely grumble were he to be hung.

In a very short time after we had risen from the table the tents were taken down, rolled skilfully together and packed; the bedsteads were doubled up in a very compact form, the luggage placed in sacks carried for the purpose, and everything disposed of in a similar manner, and placed on the mules' backs. No set of circus men could be more expeditious. Our horses having been curried, fed, and saddled, we soon mounted for our second day's march, with the fine oriental sun sending down his bright beams upon us. I need hardly repeat that our entire company makes a very respectable caravan, and I think it would be difficult in a party of the same number, as you would pick them up, to find a greater amount of piety. This ought not to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that I count one in this distinguished company.

Hoary Sannin looks very good with early morning rays striking fairly upon it, though not with sufficient force to melt the coating of snow which covers it. The air is as clear as can be imagined; as we ride along we can count from one point fifteen separate villages in the little valleys and on the hill-tops of Mount Lebanon. These villages, of course, are neither large or imposing, but nevertheless they are villages, composed of quite a group of the low, flat-roofed houses I have described. There is nothing inviting about them; very slight show of gardens or flowers, and not a fence within ten miles of them; neither are there fences by the roadside. With the exception of the fig-trees and the mulberry-trees, with a meager show from the vineyards, everything is barren, but still grand. Nothing in the way of shrub, bush, or tree grows spontaneously. Some one borrowed the switch I had yesterday, and feeling that Al Borak would be encouraged by the gentle persuasion of something of the kind, I looked about to see what I could find; but not on this mountain, once celebrated for its cedars, could I find anything to answer the purpose, save the sprout of a grape-vine, and in the necessity of the case—and necessity knows no law—I was constrained to cut one. Some of the party tried to make it appear that I had committed petit larceny, but I deemed it so petty that a case could hardly be made out. I said the shoot I had cut might possibly have produced next year two clusters of grapes; these, in this land of grapes, would be worth three cents, which misfortune would be trifling in comparison with that of having a slow horse. I do not wish to be left far in the rear, and at any time would sacrifice a Syrian's grape-sprout rather than have it occur.

We still ascend the mountain, and still from favorable points obtain lingering views of Beyrout and the sea. We reach a huge cliff of perpendicular rocks by the roadside, with a Syrian name hard to remember, but which means a very cold place, where the snow falls deep in winter, and where many weary, storm-bound travelers have succumbed and frozen to death. We sigh inaudibly and pass on. We near the summit of the pass, and as we reach this elevation we get almost beyond the line of cultivation. The lands above the barren, rocky cliffs are never plowed.

Lebanon means "white;" "the white mountain," a name partly given it from the snow which covers the highest portion of it through the greater portion of the year, and partly from the whitish or chalky appearance of the naked rocks. In Jeremiah xxvii, 14, mention is made of the "snow of Lebanon," and in the Chaldean paraphrase the name of Lebanon is "snow mountain," which is synonymous with a modern Arabic appellation sometimes used, Jebel-eth-Thelj. The highest mountains in all parts of the world have a similar signification.

MOUNT HERMON.

About 10:30 A.M. we reached the pass, 5,800 feet above the sea-level. Here we had lost sight of Beyrout and the Mediterranean, but in its place, or rather on the opposite side, loomed proudly up another range of bold mountains called Anti-Lebanon, the southern part of which terminates in Mount Hermon, often mentioned in the Bible. Its hight is twelve thousand feet above the sea, and its top is always capped with snow. It is a majestic looking hight, and while viewing it, apparently not more than ten miles away, but really fully twice that distance, I could realize the grandeur of the simile used in Psalms cxxxiii, where the goodness and pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity is likened to the dew of Hermon. I like that far better than that other simile in the same psalm, about the same unity between brethren being like precious ointment put upon the head and running down the beard, and even down to the skirts of the garments. Pshaw! there is nothing nice about that simile; it seems too suggestive of lard oil or soap grease; it is not good, but the "dew of Hermon" is grand.

The meaning of the euphonious name of Hermon is "lofty" or "prominent peak," and the mountain bearing the title occupies a most commanding position and is said to be visible from Sarepta, Tyre, and even from the depths of the Jordan Valley, near the Dead Sea, and of course from nearly all parts of Palestine. The ancient Bible names given it all bear a similar meaning—"Sion" (the upraised), because it towers above all the neighboring mountains; "Sirion" (the glittering), as it was called by the Sidonions; "Shenir" (the clattering), by the Amorites. Both of the words also mean "breast-plate." The mountain is now called Jebel-esh-Shiekh (the chief mountain) also suggestive of its imposing appearance. Twice in scripture the name Baal-Hermon is given to the mountain, no doubt because the worship of Baal, or the sun, was conducted upon it. It is said the ruins of temples of Baal or the sun are still found on its summits as well as on the other hights in the same range. The lofty hights of mountains have from time immemorial been selected by the devout of all nations as fitting places to worship the most high according to their conception, and it is not at all strange that the Jews should have partaken of the same idea, and that, though Hermon was not within their territory, they felt a very high degree of reverence for it.

Mount Hermon has been called the Mont Blanc of Palestine. It was the great land-mark for the northern border of the "promised land." Three separate hights form the summit, and these are nearly three thousand feet higher than the general range of Anti-Lebanon, which latter term means "the white mountain over against Lebanon." The loftiest peak is on the north; the second is three hundred yards to the south of the highest one; beneath it, about five thousand feet from the summit, are the highest sources of the river Pharpar; the third hight is a quarter of a mile to the westward, and separated from the others by a small valley. The views from these summits are said to be grand. The course of the Jordan can be followed, the mountains of Moab are seen, as are also the lake of Tiberias and Lake Huleh, Samaria, Galilee, Carmel, Tyre, and the Mediterranean.

VALLEY OF LEBANON.

Between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon is the beautiful Valley of Lebanon or Cœle Syria, a magnificent plain of intervale, about fifty miles in length by from five to eight in width. We had a splendid view of it as we reached the summit and began to descend. It spreads out before the beholder with still green trees, and, in places, green fields, showing that the entire tract is under a pretty high state of cultivation. In the spring of the year, when nature is at her best, this valley, when viewed from the mountain on either side, must present a splendid view, for even at this season of the year, when we look for little that can be admired in the vegetable world, it presents a very agreeable landscape.

Our descent was far more rapid than the ascent, for the very good reason that the distance is far less. The valley itself is some 3,800 feet above the level of the sea; so by an uncommonly serpentine and zig-zag road we reached the valley by 11:30. A mile or so along in the plain we stopped for lunch in a rich mulberry orchard, where vegetables and trees were luxuriant all around us. The northeast side of Lebanon is steeper and far less fertile than the southwest side, which we ascended, and but a small portion of it is worth cultivating; but the valley makes amends for all. It is wonderful to contemplate what it has continuously produced for these thousands of years without compensation, and how fertile it still remains, though it has never had a thorough plowing in all that time. I could hardly help asking myself, Will the soil of America bear such treatment as that, and hold out so well? I fear it is quite too much to expect.

A CALL AT ZAHLEH.

In due time we were on our way again, leaving the village of Shtora behind us, and turning up a rugged, stony hill to reach the town of Zahleh, the largest in Lebanon. Including the suburb Meiallake it contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants, about nine-tenths of whom are Christians, the other tenth being Moslems. But just such a town I never wish to see again. I never did see a place containing the same population which possessed so few points of attraction. It is composed of the low, dingy, cheerless, one-story houses I have described, and being built on a side-hill the streets are steep, besides being narrow, very roughly paved, dirty, muddy from water running down them, and most irregular and cheerless. We rode through the town to nearly its highest part to visit the school presided over by the Rev. Mr. Dale of America, who has made his home here for over nine years. He had not returned from Beyrout, whither he had gone, but we had an interesting talk with Mrs. Dale, a lady of intelligence and pleasing manner. We made many inquiries relative to the school and the country, which she replied to kindly. We learned that the school is for boys exclusively; that about thirty attend regularly, though some forty-eight are on the roll. The school is free, no pay being required, and much tact has to be employed to induce a regular attendance. In the winter time, when the weather is cold, the boys, having no fires at home, gladly go to school to have a warm place. The same is true of the church where Mr. Dale preaches, in Arabia. His sermons are much the best attended in cold weather, when a good fire is kept up. Fuel is dear, it being a poor quality of small soggy stuff, brought a long way on the backs of camels.

The boys learn readily the lessons taught both in Arabic and English. Considerable pains is taken to give a religious education, which, of course, means a Christian education. It seems hardly necessary for Americans to throw their lives away to come here to teach Christianity, for the people have had it all the time. Here Syriac Christianity has existed for eighteen hundred years; here the Greek church has had a strong hold for centuries. Here is a strong division of the Greek church, called the Catholic, but not the Roman Catholic. Here are also strongly represented the Maronites, a Christian sect, much like the Romish church, with the exception that the service is not in the Latin language, but in the language of the country. In addition, the Jesuits of the Romish church are strong here, and are using much exertion to induce the youth of the country to attend their schools and take their sample of Christianity. And besides all this, the Presbyterians of America and the Episcopals of England are "moving heaven and earth," so to speak, to get their share of the spoils. The boys' school is sustained by the Presbyterians of America, while the girls' school, founded by a Mrs. Mott, is kept up by the English church, or members of it. So it is a lively contest to see whether the worshipers of the virgin or of her son shall enroll the greatest number, though they are all Christians and going to heaven with positive certainty, but by different roads.

I made up my mind to two things; first, that "the game is not worth the candle," or, in other words, that the saving of souls from the virgin and giving them to the son, or taking them from Mohammed and giving them to Jesus, costs more than it comes to. Second, that this people and this country are suffering more for other things than for Christianity; they need a good government to know how to make good roads, build good plows, make carts, till the land better, erect good houses, and to learn to lead pleasant, useful lives.

Dr. Dale has been fortunate enough to make friends with the pasha of the Zahleh district, who is an Italian, and who shows much favor to the Protestants. Dr. Dale lives in the best house in town; the room we were received in is high, has a marble floor, and a rude painting of Constantinople at one end on the wall. It is large and cold in winter, and the doctor and wife wished a stove in it to keep it warm. The owner is a very wealthy man, who, however, rose from a position of camel-driver to what he is. Dr. Dale put up the stove, but the owner was so displeased that he came up, and, being a large, powerful man, set the stove out of doors. The doctor did not like this, and wrote a letter of complaint to the pasha, who was at Beyrout, and the pasha immediately sent word for the house-owner to be arrested and brought before him to Beyrout. His orders were executed, and the house-owner, though very wealthy, was compelled to remain in prison several weeks, when, upon his making an apology to the reverend doctor, he was let out of prison without a trial, since which time he has treated his Presbyterian tenant with becoming respect. In another instance, after Dr. Dale had caused the church to be erected in which he preaches, a prominent member of the Greek church entered it and cursed the Protestant religion. This, of course, was too great an outrage to be submitted to. Another letter was written to the pasha and the Greek Christian was suddenly incarcerated in prison until he got so humble that he was very willing to ask pardon and promise to behave himself properly in the future. This superior righteousness, when the pasha is on the same side, most gloriously triumphs.

Mrs. Dale kindly served each of us with a tiny cup of coffee, when we bade her adieu, and got down the break-neck hill the best way we could, the greater portion of us on foot. We waited awhile for the doctor to return from Beyrout, but as the evening shades were approaching we were compelled to leave without seeing him. I must record, also, that as we were entering the village one of our party, Miss Brayman, fell from her horse. Two of the horses got to fighting, or something of the kind, when biting and kicking were indulged in, and in the *mêlée* Miss Brayman came to the ground, but fortunately was not hurt.

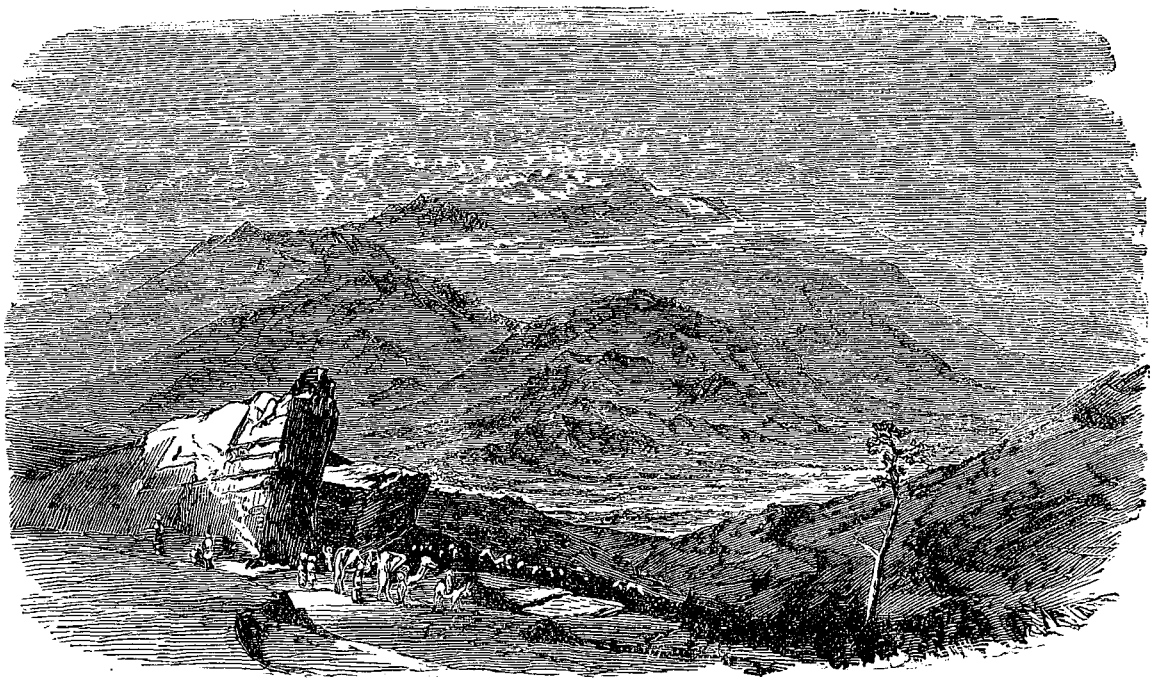
We had proceeded somewhere about a mile when we came to the tents duly set up, and supper, or "dinner," as it is called, was nearly ready for us. After it was well out of the way, the Rev. Dr. Dale, having returned from Beyrout, and hearing of our call, very politely came over and spent the evening with us, and we found him an intelligent, interesting gentleman. He gave us considerable news about the state of things in Christ's moral vineyard; but fear

ing that you are not intensely interested in that direction, I will forego the pleasure of telling you all about it, but suffice it to say Christ and his vineyards are all right; business is looking up here in his line, and upon the whole the sun seems to be gaining gradually upon his virgin mother, though the race is "neck and neck." Dr. Dale, however, imparted considerable intelligence which was even more interesting to me than the moral-vineyard news. I was anxious to know what kind of a government the people have, who own the land, and what the prospects are for a temporal improvement here in this life. We learn that the government is bad; the pashas are tyrannous and corrupt; the people are heavily and unreasonably taxed; the land is held under different tenures, part by the villages, part by wealthy land-owners, and some by the people who till it. The mode of levying taxes is very unjust. The pasha or his officials fix it among themselves what the taxes of a tiller or peasant are to be. It matters not how heavy they are, they have to be paid, or a gang of soldiers are sent to be quartered upon the poor man until the taxes are forthcoming. Of course every exertion is made to raise the money as soon as possible, for the soldiers and horses will soon eat up all he has. Suppose the sum is eight hundred piasters; when he pays it to the soldiers they put their heads together and decide to pay over five hundred and keep three hundred for their own benefit. Well, in about three months another demand is sent from the officials for three hundred more piasters. In vain does the injured man claim that he has paid the full amount to the soldiers; he is told that the three hundred never reached the officials who must have the money, so more soldiers are sent to him. He has only one thing to do, and that is, to raise the money. Of this three hundred the soldiers keep one, and in another three months the third demand is made for the remaining hundred piasters; and thus the very life-blood of the poor toiler is wrung from him by the most relentless injustice and wrong; and in this way the hard-working people of the country are kept ground down to the very face of the earth.

Tax collecting is often farmed out by the pacha; it is too much trouble to him to look after such details. He figures up what he thinks the taxes in a given district should be, and calls some of the men of capital together and sells to them the tax claims at a decided reduction for cash in hand; he often sells the claims at auction, or receives bids, and closes out to the highest bidder. The man who makes the purchase, not caring to make collections, farms them out again to smaller operators. These "put the screws" in the severest manner, compelling the peasant to bring their little stores of grain to the village at his own cost, when it is weighed and the tax taken out, and the balance graciously returned when the collector gets ready to do so. It sometimes requires many days for this to be accomplished, or rather the matter is delayed purposely, to wear out the patience of the poor peasant, who, not seeing the game played with him, and seeing that his expenses will soon eat up all he has, cries out in despair, "Take a quarter, take a third, take half, take two-thirds, if you will, but let me have a part and go home."

This unjust and oppressive mode of taxation, and the very unfavorable land tenure which curses this country, are sufficient to account for much of the poverty and wretchedness which are only too apparent. The land tenure is the crying evil of the times, and exists in many countries besides this. There never can be a full measure of prosperity, things never will be as they should be, so long as the soil is owned by a few, and so long as those who till it have no ownership in it. We well know what the troubles are, have been, and will be in Ireland; it is really no better in England, Scotland and Wales; it is the smaller number of the tillers of the soil that have any legal ownership in it, and the laws are most oppressive upon them. In France but about one-third of the land is owned by the farmer class, and two-thirds are owned by the excessively rich. In one department alone there are 27,000 land-owners who never till themselves. It is still worse in Germany; a large percentage, amounting in some districts to fifty per cent of the peasantry, are on the verge of bankruptcy. In Bavaria alone seven hundred tenant farmers were evicted in the first three months of the present year. In Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland it is better, because the tillers are oftener the owners of the land, and the laws are less oppressive. But in Italy the greatest distress exists, although the soil and the climate are the best the world affords. There the average of human life is eight years less than in France, and sixteen less than in Norway, with all its sterility of soil and severity of climate. In 1878, in Lombardy alone, no less than 14,000 peasants were afflicted with the *pellagra*, a horrible disease, supposed to arise from the enforced consumption of damaged corn. The corn trade, once so prosperous, has been killed by excessive taxation. In the province of Rome, alone, two thousand little properties have been sold to pay last year's taxes. In Spain, it is said, with much truth, that the condition of the peasant class is worse than that of convicted criminals. In Russia one-third of the land is in the hands of small communal proprietors, about one-sixth in the ownership of large land-holders, while three-sixths are held by the state. In Middle Russia the peasant is unable to live by tillage alone, and is forced to wander about and pick up such work as he can find. Count Walujew reports that the condition of the farming class in Russia is yearly growing worse. Thus, even in Russia, as well as in other countries, the concentration of wealth is going on, the condition of things is producing an increased state of pauperism. The question of the tenure of land is a deep and important one, and must needs engage the attention of good men of all countries. The data used in the foregoing remarks are from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The feeling between the sects of Christians is strong and bitter, and they work against each other in many ways. Each sect has a chief of its own selection, and these amount to petty rulers and lawmakers for those under them. Evils grow out of the system. Mr. Dale explained the difference between the various sects. I was anxious to know what the Druses are. They are a kind of cross between Christians and Mohammedans, and have a secret religion, and secret rites of admission and observance. In some respects they seem of pagan origin, though but about a thousand years old. They seem in one respect to be good followers of Paul, who, you remember, was a Greek with the Greeks, a Jew with the Jews, etc. So the Druses, when with the Mohammedans, are good Moslems, and when with the Christians are good Christians, but when away from them they are bitter toward both. In 1860 they got into Zahleh, and burnt the town down, and, I think, caused some lives to be taken. They also did much the same in other neighborhoods; but Christians and Moslems turned upon them, and many of them have been compelled to retire from the country to the east of the river Jordan, where they abound in considerable numbers.



MOUNT LEBANON.

POPULATION AND RELIGIONS OF SYRIA.

I notice that Baedecker, in treating the population and religions of Syria, gives the population, consisting of Syrians, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Franks, including the districts of Antioch, Damascus, and all that is embraced in Syria, at two millions of people. The grand divisions of the religions are Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, which are subdivided into many sects, with sects which belong to neither. The three Semitic races which people Syria—Jews, Syrians, and Arabs—are similar in intellectual character. The Semites possess a rich fund of imagination, but little capacity for abstract thought. This fact affords the reason why they have never produced any philosophical system, properly so called; nor have they ever developed the higher forms of epic or dramatic poetry, or shown any taste for the fine arts. To some extent, this is to be accounted for by the fact that they have had little opportunity for enriching their imaginations by contact with other nations, or by acquaintance with those abstractions from nature which gave rise to the wealth of form and color which characterized ancient mythology. The three great religions—the Jewish, the Christian, and, indirectly, also the Mohammedan—have had their origin in Syria, and the Semites are thus entitled to an important rank in the world's history. The last phase which religious thought assumed among the primitive and unmixed Semites was Mohammedanism—the last practical attempt to introduce theocracy on the part of the people who deemed such a system necessary.

The Moslems form about four-fifths of the whole population of Syria. They still regard themselves as possessors of the special favor of God, and, as rulers of the world, preferred by him to all other nations. In Egypt European influence, having been encouraged at court since the beginning of the present century, has greatly mitigated Moslem arrogance toward strangers; but in Syria the contrasts between the different sects are still very marked. Mohammedanism, being conscious here of having retained its hold on the bulk of the population, displays unmasked its true fanatical spirit, and thus renders itself more interesting to the student of human nature.

The Christians of the East belong to the Greek church, and as, with few exceptions, they speak Arabic, their services are usually conducted in that language. Most of the superior clergy, however, are Greeks by birth, who read mass in Greek, and understand no other language. The members of this church are called orthodox Greek, and those of Syria are divided into two patriarchates, that of Jerusalem and that of Antioch. The patriarch of Jerusalem has jurisdiction over the greater part of Palestine. The patriarchate of Antioch was removed to Damascus in 1531, and has recently been transferred to Beyrout. The Greeks are generally very fanatical, but the Roman Catholics are far more bitterly hated by them than the Protestants.

The Armenians and Copts are principally found at Jerusalem, but there is a sect akin to the latter, called the Syrian Jacobite church. The Jacobites are monophysites—that is, they adhere to the doctrine condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, that Christ possesses one nature only; or, in other words, they admit the existence of his two natures, but maintain that in him they become one. They derive their name from a certain Jacob Baradâi, bishop of Edusa, who, during the persecution of his sect under Justinian I., wandered through the East in poverty, and succeeded in making numerous proselytes. Like the Greeks, they use leavened bread for the communion, and cross themselves with one finger only. The Greeks and Syrians use the Greek calendar, and the monks still sometimes reckon from the Selucidæ. Their ecclesiastical language is ancient Syrian. The patriarch of the Jacobites formerly resided at Antioch, but his headquarters are now at Diârbeker and Merdin. Most of the Jacobites reside there, and some of them still speak Syrian. These Syrians are for the most part, poor, and of very humble mental capacity, and their monks are deplorably ignorant. The Jacobite monks, like the Greek, never eat meat; with almost the whole sect, indeed, religion is a matter of mere external observance.

The Roman Catholic or Latin church in Syria likewise embraces several sects. Generally speaking, the Roman Catholic clergy are far superior to the Greek and the Syrian. For several centuries past Rome has made great efforts to obtain a firm footing in the East, and she has succeeded in founding two affiliated churches, the Greek Catholic and the Syrian Catholic, among the Greeks and Syrians respectively. To this day Lazarists, Franciscans, and Jesuits are actively engaged in extending these churches. These oriental Catholic churches, however, have hitherto asserted their independence of Rome in some particulars. They celebrate mass in Arabic (at least the Greek section), they administer the sacrament in both kinds, and their priests may be married men, though they may not marry after ordination. The Greek Catholic church (Melchites) is a very important body. It is governed by a patriarch at Damascus, and to this sect belong the wealthiest and most aristocratic of the Christians. The Syrian Catholics have a patriarch at Aleppo, who sometimes also resides at Merdin.

Since 1182 the Maronites have also belonged to the Romanists. They were originally monothelites;

that is, they held that Christ was animated by one will only. Their name is derived from one Maron, who is said to have lived about the year 400. The complete subjection of the Maronites to the Romish church was effected about the year 1600. They still hold the right to read mass in Syrian, and for the inferior clergy to marry. They are a vigorous, warlike people, though intellectually undeveloped. They are most bitter enemies of their neighbors, the Druses. The entire Maronite population amounts to about 200,000.

Among the Latins must be included the foreign Frank monks, who have long possessed monasteries of their own in the Holy Land. The Franciscans have also been active, and have won credit by their kindness and accommodation to travelers. They are generally Italians and Spaniards, with a few Frenchmen.

The Protestants in Syria excite less prejudice than other Christians; they are chiefly converts from the Beyrout school, and number about 300. The chief reproach directed against them is that they observe no fasts.

There are several different sects of the oriental Jews, some from Spain, some from Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Germany and Holland. These are again subdivided into numerous sects. I am decidly of the opinion that this poor country has quite too much and too many kinds of religion.

Mr. Dale confirmed the report I had before heard, that the Syrians are inveterate liars, and that it is as natural for them to lie as to breathe; the same as it is the very nature of a Bedouin to steal. A Bedouin is the very soul of honor in faithfully fulfilling a contract; for instance, if he agrees to transport a party a certain distance for a certain sum of money, the same can be paid to him at once with safety, and he will keep his contract implicitly; but if he can see a chance to steal something, he is not the person to let the opportunity slip by unimproved. Stealing is his trade, and if he can steal a camel, or a lot of them, he is sure to do it, and then exultingly boast of it afterward, as having done a good stroke of business. I think we have an honest set of Syrians as dragomans; they may lie, but I do not believe they steal. One of our company dropped some money from his pocket in the tent, and when they took the tent down they found the money and returned it to the owner. They are also quiet and obliging.

NOAH'S TOMB.

Saturday, Nov. 12th.—Before starting out this morning we walked something like a quarter of a mile to visit the tomb of Noah—Captain Noah, I should have said. It is not generally known that old Father Noah was buried exactly at this point, but now that I have seen his grave, I don't see how you can entertain any further doubt upon the subject. What passes for his grave is in a building with a dome, which looks as though it might have been erected two or three hundred years ago, or more, for a mosque. What is called the grave looks as though it might be a section of an aqueduct, and is a hundred feet in length. I suggested that Noah lived so long ago, the grave was not, perhaps, as long as it would have otherwise been, and that possibly they doubled him up as a matter of economy in digging the grave and making the coffin. The grave, or what passes for it, is not over four feet wide, and the same in hight; so, making due allowance for the thickness of the wall, it will be seen that the old navigator, considering his hight, must have been very thin—extremely thin. The whole story is remarkably thin. Mark Twain suggests that the old captain must have cast a shadow like a lightning-rod. I could scarcely help thinking, if Noah was as tall as his grave represents him, what a cramped time he must have had for the thirteen months he was in the ark, which was but forty-five feet high. The poor fellow could not have stood up straight during all that time, unless he stuck his head away through the window, and he could not do that, for God had closed the window and shut him in. You may entertain some doubts about this Noah business, but please remember there is the grave, and here the pious Moslems have tied bits of rag to the window-gratings, to insure a safe passport to heaven. We looked inside to see if we could discern the features of the old daddy well enough to recognize him, but unfortunately there is no opening in the aqueduct, and we could not see Noah at all. When it is remembered that the story of Noah and his flood was a borrowed one, learned by the Israelites when they were in bondage in Babylon, and after that for the first time referred to among them; that the whole story is beset with hundreds of utter impossibilities and absurdities, it may easily be decided how much the story of Noah's grave is worth. The building is in good preservation, and has no antique appearance; still it is Noah's grave all the same. On the other side they have a grave sixty feet long, which contains the body of Seth—the "prophet" Seth, though nobody knows what he ever prophesied about. They claim that the grave would have been as long as Noah's had they not doubled up his legs, as one would close a jackknife. So you see I have got near the cemetery of the antediluvians, and if on one of these bright days I stumble upon the grave of our common parent, even the venerable and much-lamented Adam, you must not think strange. If I find it I will try to drop a tear on it in your behalf, and feel sure I can accomplish it with the aid of an onion. I did not try to shed tears over the grave of Noah, partly because I had not quite enough tears; partly—well, because, being a sea-faring man, he was a "tough old salt," and I don't feel very tender toward him; besides, I don't like him very well for keeping alive tigers, wolves, hyenas, panthers, the poisonous snakes, the scorpions, the tarantulas, and all the venomous bugs, insects, and fleas which are only a torment to the world; besides, he got very drunk, and cursed one of his own dear boys, and made all his posterity black slaves, and that simply because the boy made a little sport at the old man going on a spree. With Adam it was different; the only bad thing he ever did was to taste just one apple too many; and, being fond of apples myself, I cannot find it in my heart to blame him! I shall not fail to weep over his untimely end, if I can only find his grave. Poor old Adam! Had it not been for that one bite of apple he might have lived to a good old age, and been an honorable and useful member of society! How wrong to place such tempting, dangerous, and deadly fruit before an unsophisticated young man just made! Let us weep!

ON TO BAALBEC.

About twenty miles still lay before us to the northeast, before reaching the ancient old City of the Sun, where are the ruins of old temples—so old that no man knows when they were erected. The road is pretty long and tedious; for several miles it skirts along at the edge of the plain, and at the foot of Mount Lebanon. I fear I have a little to take back about the fertility and superiority of the soil of the plain, and the country generally. Since seeing more of it I am inclined to think it is not extraordinarily productive, and some of it is about as stony as any land I ever saw that was cultivated. The boulders, or "cobble-stones," from the size of a man's fist to half the size of his head, lie so thick together in some places as to render the soil almost invisible. They undoubtedly contribute to the warmth of the soil, but must interfere greatly with cultivation. In places the plain presents the appearance of being poor.

This was one of the most burning days we have had, and as we had decided to make the whole distance before stopping for lunch, we had some five and a half hours' continuous riding. My face became sunburnt, and for some reason I felt fatigued and overdone long before reaching Baalbec. The tall poplar-trees surrounding the town hove clearly in sight when we were still several miles away. When we were, as I supposed, within three or four miles of the town, I, feeling that I was hurting the saddle, or the saddle hurting me, concluded to dismount and walk in. But the distance was greater than I calculated, and I found the walk in the sun with tight shoes particularly wearisome. I was by no means sorry to reach the edge of the town, where the lunch table, or carpet, was spread. I could not regret that traveling for the week was over.

Baalbec must have been a wonderful city in its prime, though it is now but an obscure place of about five thousand, consisting of narrow, irregular streets, and the houses mostly of the one-story, flat-roofed, stone variety I have described; a portion, however, are of two stories, but built in the same way, and some of them are plastered over, giving the exterior a smoothish appearance, though crude. It was not the modern town which induced us to make this wearisome journey, but the ruins of the past greatness; and I must say that these ruins, in point of extent, magnificence, and immense size of the stones employed, leave all the other ruins we have seen, and all in the world, for that matter, far in the shade.

But little seems to be known when these old temples were erected, or by whom, as there is very little history bearing upon the subject. But there is hardly any doubt that four thousand years ago it was a sacred place, and that sun-worshipers occupied the country. The name Baalbec means the city of the sun, even as Baal was held to be a representative of the sun. The ancient Phœnicians were worshipers of Baal. They were a remarkably enterprising, ingenious, and energetic people that once occupied this country, and it is altogether probable that it was they who built Baalbec and erected the magnificent temples which adorned it. It has been claimed that they were built by the Greeks or by the Romans; and Dr. Dale advanced the claim that they were erected by Solomon. This last theory strikes me as being extremely improbable. Had Solomon erected such magnificant edifices anywhere, the Hebrew writers would never have been done boasting about it, and full accounts of the prodigies would have been found in their sacred writings; whereas there is not a word on the subject. Neither Solomon nor the Jewish nation had the architectural skill to build such temples. Even to build his own diminutive and insignificant temple, which, if it was all that is claimed for it, was little more than a shanty compared with the magnificent structures at Baalbec, Solomon was under the necessity of sending out of the country both for the material and the mechanics to put it together, the Jews never possessed much architectural skill; and in my opinion these temples built at Baalbec required more ability than Solomon's temple and every other house and shanty that ever stood in Palestine. It is absurd to talk about Solomon having built the temples at Baalbec. It is not impossible that the Greeks may have had something to do with building the temples, as the architecture is somewhat in their style, while the absence of cement and brick argues against the Romans having done it. The stones employed in the structures are much heavier than either the Greeks or Romans used. It is more reasonable that the construction of such massive and expensive edifices, requiring many years to complete, must have been done by people occupying and owning the country, than by people living more than a thousand miles away, who would in preference have adorned their own countries. The Phœnicians had the wealth and ability to perform the work; they owned the country, and it is highly probable it was they who did it. The first temples built were probably not the ones whose ruins are now on the ground; the first were smaller, and seemed to give place to more magnificent structures.

The site of the temples is the acropolis of the ancient city, on which the two principal temples were built, the one a temple of the sun, the other dedicated to all the gods, but afterward ascribed to Jupiter. The massive walls, nearly a hundred feet high, inclose and include several acres; and the hewn stones of which they are composed are the largest ever placed in a wall, varying from the size of a carpenter's tool-chest to an omnibus and a street-car. In the wall of the larger temple are three enormous stones, two sixty-four feet long and thirteen feet square, and the third sixty-nine feet long; and these massive stones were brought from the quarry nearly half a mile away and raised upon the wall twenty feet from the ground; and as they are estimated to weigh twelve hundred tons each, I will not attempt to explain by what means they were transported and lifted; but the achievement is one of the greatest marvels of the world. In the quarry, gotten out, squared, and trimmed, is a mate to the three stones; it is fourteen feet square and nearly seventy feet in length. It was moved a considerable distance, and why it was not placed upon the wall is not known. The men have disappeared, but the stone still remains, a marvel to all who behold it. The entrance to the temple is under an archway built of the massive hewn stones described, having to a length of six hundred feet or more, besides several lateral branches. Upon arriving in the interior court the beholder is struck with wonder at what is presented before him. Six of the stately columns of the large temple are still standing in good order, with the bases, capitals, and architrave in pretty good condition. They are of the Corinthian order, and probably the largest columns in the world, being eight feet in diameter at the base, and with the architrave ninety feet in hight. Still they look graceful as they stand, though massive and huge when lying prostrate on the ground, the diameter reaching considerably above a man's head. Many of the prostrate columns are lying around, and much of the débris of the two temples. The larger temple was three hundred feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide, with a colonnade of fifty-four columns around it like the six left standing. The carving of the capitals and the entablature is elaborate and artistic, and one is constantly filled with wonder how and by whom such mighty work was accomplished. Including the base and capital, which are almost as large as a small house, the columns are composed of five pieces each, and the joints are so straight and true, and polished so smooth, that they fit together like two accurately planed blocks. The joints are perfect, and this is the case with the joints of the vast ruins all around; the closeness with which they fit without cement of any kind is a marvel. Well may they be called "hair-joints."

The other temple is smaller, but is far better preserved. One row of nine columns is left at one end, with others on the sides and at the other end, and these still sustain much of the porch or roof reaching from the columns to the *cella* walls. These blocks are massive and elaborately carved on the under sides, so as to somewhat resemble fresco-work when looking up from the ground. The blocks of the same that have fallen look huge indeed, and one stands and studies the intricate carving and bas-relief sculpture upon them with wondering interest. "What a marvel of architectural beauty and grandeur this edifice must have been when it was new! And what a noble picture it and its statelier companion, with the chaos of mighty fragments scattered about, yet make!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COL. A. H. H. DAWSON will deliver a lecture on cremation in Chickering Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, under the auspices of the New York Cremation Society. The colonel is something of an orator, and he will doubtless present this serious and practical question in a way that will make it interesting as well as instructiv.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

THE EMOTIONS UNDER SCIENCE.

If what has been said about the position of the intellect and reason under the subjective view seems new and strange, what shall be said of the emotions?

It must be certainly that they are peculiarly within the subjective domain, for our feelings relate to what we need, and wish, and do, rather than to that which we think. Therefore in all ages the emotions summed up in the word "*heart*" have been considered the source and also the substance of religion. But this is a superficial view. The source has always really been deeper. It has been such science and practical life as the progress of the age afforded. Under religion there was always lying some theory of the world, and some practical life as its foundation, even in the lowest Fetichism.

Some proof by the senses has always been the ground of the prevailing science or philosophy. Therefore the four divisions or stories of our "Positive Classification" show an enduring truth, because the Senses have been the foundation upon which the intellect, then their activity, and then the emotional life of Man have ever rested.

It will thus be seen that though the emotions have not, as is often erroneously supposed, a logical value, yet they are the subjective flower and the glory of all life; but they can bloom beneficently only as they are sustained by the sensation, intellect, and activities of man. Evidently, then, man must have and cultivate feelings under the new philosophy, different from the old. This is plain enough. The new scientific foundation must give us a new "heart." The difficulty in making this emotional transition is really the greatest obstacle in passing into the new world. The heart is used to the old story and cannot suddenly respond to the new.

Man has become so in the habit of believing what he wishes to be true, rather than what the senses and reason prove to be true, that he lingers long on the border-land of science with the heart. Prof. Tyndall, in his Belfast address, beautifully states and appreciates this problem and its difficulty in these words:

"There are some things woven into the texture of man, as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder—and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, moral in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high and dry light of the intellect may deride them, but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immediate oasis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. *To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour.* And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper and elevated sphere."

The recognition of the constructive and religious nature of Science by the heart as well as the head of Man is now his greatest difficulty. It is only by mastering the subjective view that this difficulty can be overcome. That is the reason for calling attention to the position of the emotional nature of Man in this connection, for the heart of multitudes fails to recognize the true position of Science in its religious value.

How can the discordant demands of the head and heart be reconciled? Until they are, the practical life of man is but a chop-sea of contending science and rebellious feelings. Prof. Tyndall is by profession only a physical scientist, and as such he wisely restates this "problem of problems," and leaves it to those engaged in the study of the higher Sciences directly affecting Man, his society, progress, nature, and religion, to indicate the temporary alleviation, and the final remedy.

This all-important problem such men have not been slow to attempt. At first their answers seemed but a confusion of tongues, and many supposed and still suppose that Science will here fail. But finally sufficient clearness has been attained to enable us to perceive the following at the fundamental harmony of the Scientific responses.

1. It is idle and foolish for sensible men and women to suppose that they can go on wishing, longing for, and expecting with the heart, the fond hopes and kind of a future which the old Theologic explanation of the world justified as reasonable, but which the Scientific solution shows to be illusory. The child who had learned from its nurse that the moon was certainly a huge cheese might perhaps as a boy long and cry for it, but when he grew up and learned the truth from Science, how ridiculous to not only keep up his longing and crying, but to actually argue that his longing for it to be a cheese was proof that it must be one in spite of Science, for else he would not have the longing! Yet it is easy to find volumes of this kind of sentimental logic. If we can't have what we want, the cure is to make the most of what we have.

2. Nor is this so difficult as it appears at first. As soon as the heart is fed by the truth it learns to love it, and to feel contented and happy under it, while the old feelings seem more and more narrow, dim, and unsatisfactory.

The savage, and even those who prior to 1600 lived under the "Universe" of the Ptolemaic Astronomy, had the comfort of Heaven just above the mountains from whence the guardian saints and angels were watching them, and passing to and fro. How terrible to the heart to have all this Heaven destroyed by a glance through Galileo's telescope! Yet who is there now who feels the glorious freedom of his mind and soul as it wanders through the infinity of space and worlds, who would have the old firmament replaced and the telescope abolished?

So it is with every other illusion—the larger the truth, the better and the more comforting will it be in the end, even to the most religious of our emotions. The heart will soon grow to fit the facts. Let Prof. Tyndall have no fear that this "problem of problems" can be solved satisfactorily in any way but by the continuance and extension of Science itself into the very heart and domain of these religious emotions. Science heals the wounds she brings, if she is trusted and given the opportunity to show her medicinal powers.

3. To accomplish this change of feeling comfortably, it is only necessary to live under the subjective order, that is, with Science and for Man. In this wise the old sentiments derived from Theology are soon and beneficently destroyed, because replaced by the glories of the actual world, and the glory and dignity of Man and his life, under the Infinite World, and the infinite hopes and possibilities of his future. The child longs for the Theologic playhouse and the happy feelings he cherished there, but the man rejoices in his strength and powers, and glories in his manhood by putting away childish things.

4. But then shall we have naught left but an orphaned world? Naught but a beating heart and a desert? Ah, no! Such it will not be but to those who are blind to the transformation going on every day around them. Others will find far more than they lost, and more than they sought. We are told that it became a saying in Israel that "Saul the son of Kish went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom." Words of this kind read by us in youth in the Hebrew Story, and re-read at the end of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," point to the law that the seeking to do faithfully the humblest service is the path to the highest fortune; the true location of heaven is at the end of duty done.

And story of Saul illustrates well the role that Science has played in the history of the world. Its origin was in humblest efforts to make human life, especially domestic and social life, more tolerable. It began as the drudge and servant of human needs. It was deemed good and useful only as it served and supplied the material necessities of the Master; as it was drawer of water, hewer of wood, or as it sought his asses. And there are some now who pretend to be Scientists, (and shame upon them!) who have not risen above this bread-and-butter slavery of Science. But it was the dream of the glorious Lucretius that her ultimate mission was to throttle superstition and wholly replace her as the Queen of Man.

Like Cinderella, she has gathered strength and beauty quietly, silently, among the uses of material needs and duties, to be revealed in the fullness of time as the Queen. Gradually in the course of dutiful progress she has ascended the golden ladder of the Special Sciences, bringing light and order into the domain of each, until she has touched now the brian and the *heart* of Man himself. She has begun to reduce that to order, and so has founded THE KINGDOM OF MAN.

She turns at last *subjectively* to rest her eye upon her work, her splendid duty done. Behold, she has gained unspeakably more than all she or her Master dreamed. She started to seek but the kingdom of Earth and matter—then the realm of life and living things became hers—now even the kingdom of the Society of Man acknowledges her laws and control. But when she turns and would see this Kingdom of Man realized under her sway, behold, like a transformation scene, it becomes the Kingdom of Heaven itself! Heaven is pointed out by her as not above, but beyond us.

The dream of heaven that our race has cherished in all times past is seen not to be the reality, but only the *mirage* of the reality, which this Kingdom of Man on earth is to render passible more and more under the sway of Science and Man—the Religion of Humanity.

Can it indicate the solution of the great religious and practical questions of life? Let us take up the more important of them and see.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 68.

755. As a summing-up of the question of the Bible, these points may be repeated: 1. It is a human production, there being not the slightest proof that any part of it was written by any other agency. 2. The writers of the greater portions of it are utterly unknown. 3. Very few of the writers even set up the feeble claim of being inspired by a power superior to themselves. 4. The writings in themselves present no proofs of inspiration. 5. Very few of the entire books were written by the persons whose names they bear. 6. The writers were mostly an ignorant class of men, not understanding the simplest teachings of science. 7. They knew nothing of astronomy, geology, geography, chemistry, and numerous others of the recognized sciences. 8. It abounds in errors, improbabilities, absurdities, contradictions, indecencies, impossibilities, and falsehoods. 9. It imparts very little really valuable information of a useful and practical character. 10. It is largely made up of crude accounts of wars, battles, bloodshed, marrying and begetting children, concubinage, rapes, adulteries, incests, sacrifices, useless ceremonies, and crude superstitions. 11. Even if it possessed any value to the world at the time it was written, it has very little now. 12. Every original copy of the different parts of it was lost long, long ago—that of the Old Testament twenty-five hundred years, and that of the New Testament eighteen hundred years ago. 13. All that we have are transcripts of transcripts, and copies of copies, containing thousands of changes, additions, interpolations, and forgeries. 14. The men comprising the councils that have undertaken to establish the canon were designing, tricky, and weak. 15. There was no harmony in those councils; quarrels, contentions, and fighting was the general rule. 16. Thousands upon thousands of errors of copyists, compilers, and revisers are known to exist. 17. The book is ill calculated to give an exalted idea of the supreme being. 18. On the other hand, it represents him as a fickle, irascible, passionate, changeable, whimsical, anthropomorphic, unlovable, revengeful, cruel, malicious being. 19. It is regarded by Christians, particularly the Protestant portions of them, as the savage tribes of Africa regard their fetiches—as possessing some hidden, marvelous, mysterious, supernatural power—but which they do not possess. 20. It is a relic of the benighted past, and does not belong to the present advanced age of the world. It is stationary and unprogressive. Its God knew just as much five thousand years ago as now, and hence he can learn nothing new, and neither can his worshipers. The best interests of the age and the race demand information superior to what is to be obtained in the Bible. It is my belief that none of us can do better than to embrace the light and truth which science gives us, to study the universe and its laws, and let the legendary fables of the Bible take their place with the outgrown relics of the old systems of religion.

756. In connection with the New Testament and the principal character treated in it, it may not be amiss to give the views of some distinguished Christian fathers and writers upon the subject of its antiquity and originality. Justin Martyr wrote this apology, addressed to Antoninus Pius, about the middle of the second century: "If, then, we hold some opinions near akin to those of the poets and philosophers in most repute among you, why are we thus unjustly hated? For in saying that all things were made in this beautiful manner by God, what do we seem to say more than Plato? When we teach a general conflagration, what do we teach more than the Stoics? By opposing the work of men's hands, we concur with Meander the comedian; and by declaring the Logos—the first begotten by God, our master Jesus Christ—to be born of a virgin, without any human mixture, to be crucified and dead, and to have risen again and ascended into heaven, we say no more in this than what you say of those whom you style the sons of Jove. For you need not be told what number of sons the writers most in vogue among you assign to Jove. There is Mercury, Jove's interpreter, in imitation of the Logos, in worship among you. There is Æsculapius, the physician, smitten by a thunderbolt, and after that ascending into heaven. There is Bacchus, torn to pieces; and Hercules, burned to get rid of his pains. There are Castor and Pollux, the sons of Jove by Leda; and Perseus, by Danæ. Not to mention the others, I would fain know why you always deify departed emperors, and have a fellow on hand to make affidavit that he saw Cæsar ascend to heaven from the funeral pile. And as to the son of God, called Jesus, should we allow him to be no more than man? Yet the title of the Son of God is very justifiable on account of his wisdom, considering you have your Mercury in worship, under the title of the Word and Messenger of God. As to the objection to our Jesus being crucified, I say, suffering was common to all the aforementioned Sons of Jove, but only they suffered another kind of death. As to his being born of a virgin, you have your Perseus to balance that; as to his curing the lame, the paralytic, and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than you say of your Æsculapius." It will be seen by Justin's own showing that Christianity contains no belief that pagans had not previously held to. I do not believe there is anything new in it.

757. Justin Martyr again says: "It having come to the devil's ears that the prophets had foretold that Christ would come for the purpose of tormenting the wicked in fire, set the heathen poets to bring forward a great many who should be called the sons of Jove. The devil laying his scheme in this to get men to imagine that the true history of Christ was of the same character as those prodigious fables." It is hardly likely the devil was so much of a prophet as to see more than a thousand years

ahead, or that he was able to influence the Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians, Grecians, and Romans to get up systems of mythology as prototypes of the Christian system which was to come to be believed later. It is far more likely that the Christian idea was taken from the older religions which he found in existence long before it was known. It is preposterous, that even with the devil's help, the old could pattern af er the new, any more than a father could take pattern by his son before he was born. Justin should have explained how the devil was able to know so long beforehand what the Christian system was to be.

758. Tertullian, a Latin Christian father, was born at Carthage in 150. In an apology for the Christian religion, he admits the existence of the doctrines of the gospel in Gentile literature, and in explanation said, "The heathens, from a design, or curiosity, put our doctrines into their works." How wrong of the Gentiles to borrow thus from the Christians, when they (the Gentiles) lived many hundreds of years the earlier! I doubt Tertullian's correctness.

759. Melito, bishop of Sardis, in Lybia, in an apology addressed to Marcus Antoninus in the year 161, a fragment of which was preserved by Eusebius, spoke in this way: "Pious men are now persecuted and harrassed throughout Asia, which was never done before; and impudent sycophants, and such as covet the possessions of others, take occasion from the edicts, rob without fear or shame, and cease not to plunder those who have offended in nothing. . . . For the philosophy which we profess truly flourished aforetime, but having blossomed again in the great reign of Cæsar Augustus, thy ancestor, it proved to be above all things ominous of good for thy kingdom. . . . Retain, therefore, the religion which grew as your empire grew, which began with Augustus, which was recovered by your ancestors before all religion. Only Nero and Domitian, through the envy of certain malicious persons, were disposed to bring our doctrines into hatred." Origen, in reply to Celsus, said, "I answer, that since I have granted that some notions of good and evil are originally implanted in minds of men, we need not wonder that Heraclitus and others, whether Greeks or barbarians, have acknowledged to the world that they held the very same notions that we mention." Again, he says of the heathen, "God revealed those things to them, and whatsoever they have well spoken." It seems God revealed it just about as well to the heathen as to the elect. Ammonius Saccus, a prominent father, said: "All the Gentile religions, and even the Christian religion, are to be illustrated and explained by the principles of universal philosophy; but in order to do this the fables of the priests are to be removed from paganism, and the interpretations from Christianity." St. Clement, of Alexandria, an eminent father, explained Christian belief in this way: "One article of faith is that Christ is the first begotten of God, and we have proved him to be the very Logos of universal reason, by which mankind were all partakers; therefore those who live by reason are in some sort Christians, notwithstanding they have passed with you as Atheists, such as among the Greeks were Socrates, Heraclitus, and the like. Such among the barbarians were Abraham, Ananas, Mizcal, and Elias." He further says: "All virtuous thoughts are imparted by divine inspiration, and that cannot be evil, or of evil origin, which tends to promote good; therefore the Greek philosophy is good. But God is the author of all good, and therefore the Greek philosophy is from God. It follows that the law was given to the Jews, and philosophy to the Greeks, until the advent of our Lord." He further on says, "This philosophy the pagans received from the fertilizing influence of the divine Logos, which descended at the same time upon the Jews, giving them the law and the prophets; and upon the Gentiles, giving them philosophy, like rain which falls on the house-top as well as on the fields." It was generous in St. Clement to let the pagans have a full share in the blessings in the divine Logos, and he seems to think they received about as good a share as the Jews or the Christians. I cannot see but they were equally as fortunate and equally correct. Again, this father has the fairness to ask: "Doth not Plato mention both the rivers of fire and that profound depth of the earth which the Jews call Gehenna? Does he not prophetically mention Tartarus, Cocytus, Acheron, Phlegithon, rivers of fire, and certain other like places of punishment, which led to correction and discipline?" Another concession that even in the invention of a future place of punishment the pagans were many hundred years in advance of the Christians.

760. Eusebius, born in Palestine in 270, and one of the first Christian writers of his time, the first historian of the church, did not believe, any more than I do, that Christianity contains anything new or original; but he tried to explain the mystery of the pagans earlier holding to the same view on the silly ground that the devil stole the Christian doctrines from heaven and gave them to the poets and philosophers of pagandom. In his "Ecclesiastical History," book i, chap. 4, entitled "The Religion Announced by Christ Nothing New nor Strange," he asserts that every pious person, from Abraham to the first of the human race, was a Christian, and concludes that "the doctrine of Christ is not a new or strange doctrine." Again, after giving a translation of Philo's account of the Therapeuts of Egypt, before the birth of Christ, and which people had churches, scriptures, gospels, and epistles, he expresses the opinion that possibly the New Testament gospels came from Egypt. Again, after quoting Marcus Aurelius, the pagan emperor and writer, to the effect that Mercury was the Word, by whom all things were made; who was with God and was God; who descended into a body, and, by putting on flesh, took the appearance of man, etc., he here recognized the harmony between Grecian paganism and Christianity.

Translations.

The Tomb of Fanaticism.

AN EXTENSIV EXAMINATION OF LORD BOLINGBROKE'S DOCTRINS.

WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE IN 1767.

[Translated from the French by Avery Meriwether.]

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

One remark is very important; it is that at the close of the second century there were many very rich Christians. It is not at all strange that in two hundred years the Christian missionaries, impulsiv and indefatigable, had attracted the best people to their party. Excluded from high office because they would not participate in the ceremonies instituted for the general welfare of the empire, they carried on trade, just as the Presbyterians and other nonconformists do in France and in England, and they enriched themselvs. Their love-feasts were grand reunions; they were reproached for their luxury and fine living. Tertullian thus speaks of this (chap. xxxix): "Yes," he says, "did they not indulge in good living in the Egyptian and the Athenian mysteries? The little expense we make is both useful and pious, since it benefits the poor." *Quantiscumque sumptibus consted lucrum est pietatis, siquidem inopes refrigerio isto juvamus.*

The unruly Tertullian complained that the philosophers were not persecuted sufficiently, and that they repressed the Christians (chap. xlvi): "Is there anyone who compels the Christians to sacrifice and swear by your gods?" *Quis emin philosophum sacrificare aut dejurare?* This difference clearly proves that the philosophers were not dangerous, and that the Christians were. The philosophers ridiculed popular superstitions, but they did not create a party or a faction in the empire; but the Christians, on the other hand, commenced to form a faction so dangerous that in the end it contributed to the destruction of the Roman empire. We judge from this alone that they would hav been more cruel persecutors had they been masters; their sect was unsociable and intolerant, and only desired for the moment more liberty in order to snatch freedom from the rest of mankind.

Rutilius, a prefect of Rome,* spoke as follows of that half Jewish and half Christian faction:

"Atque utinam nunquam Judaea subacta fuisset
Pompeii bellis imperioque Titi!
Latius excisae pestis contagia serpunt;
Victoresque suos natio victa premit."——

["Would that Judea had never been conquered in the wars of Pompey and by the empire of Titus! For far and wide spreads the contagion of the destroyed nation, and the conquered people press upon the conquered themselvs."]

We see from these lines that the Christians made a parade of the most fearful and intolerant dogmas: they published it everywhere that they would destroy the ancient religion of the empire, and we see that it was either a question of extermination or exterminating others with the Christians. But the leniency of the Roman senate was such that there were very few capital condemnations, as Origen admitted in his answer to Celsus in book iii.

We cannot here make an analysis of the writings of Tertullian. We hav not examined his work, entitled "The Scorpion," in which he pretends to say that the Gnostics sting as scorpions; nor hav we read his book upon mantles, which Malebranche has ridiculed sufficiently. But we cannot pass by in silence his work upon the soul; not only does he attempt to prove that it is material, as all the fathers of the first three centuries thought; not only does he agree with the great poet Lucretius,

"Taugere enim ac taugi, nisi corpus, nulla potest res,"

but he assures us that the soul is marked with figures and is colored. Such were the champions of the church, the fathers. As for the rest, we must not forget that he was a priest and husband. This is not still a part of the sacrament, for the bishops of Rome did not defend the institution of marriage among the priests when they became powerful and desirous of controlling in a part of Europe a body of soldiers who were without family and country, and were more than submissiv to their orders.

* Lord Bolingbroke deceived himself. Rutilius lived more than a century after Justin; but this proves how all honest Romans were aware of the progress of superstition. It made immense progress during the third century; it became a kingdom within a kingdom, so that it was very politic in Costantius-Chlorus and his son to put themselvs at the head of a faction which became so rich and powerful. It was not the same in the timeof Tertullian. His "Apology," written by a man so obscure, it was only known in the time of the emperors as the trash of the Presbyterians is known to Queen Anne. No Roman has spoken of Tertullian. All that the Christians to-day relate with so much ostentation was at that time unknown. This faction has prevailed; well and good—some one must prevail over the others in a country. But let it at least not be tyrannical; or if it must ever seize upon our goods or bathe itself in our blood, let us at least put a check upon its avarice and its cruelty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCERNING CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

Clement, a priest of Alexandria, always called the Christians Gnostics. Was that one of those sects which divide the Christians, and will continue to divide them? Or was it well that the Christians adopted the title of Gnostics? However that may be, the only thing that is instructiv and pleasing in the works of the Gnostics is the verses from Homer, Orpheus, Museus, Hesiod, Sophocles, Euripides, and Menandrus, which are cited very badly indeed, but nevertheless are relished with great pleasure. Clemence is the only one of the fathers of the first three centuries who has written with the following good taste: he displays a profound knowledge of the ancient Greek works of the Asiatic and Egyptian rites in his "Exhortations to the Nations," and in his "Stromates;" he does not reason very much, but this is so much the better for the reader.

His greatest fault is in considering the fables invented by the poets and romancers as the foundation of the religion of the Gentiles—a fault that is common to the fathers and all the polemical writers. The foolishness they impute to their adversaries; what they believe is all right—or rather, they make an allowance for ridicule. They say: "If you think it bad that our Jesus is the son of God, remember you hav your Bacchus, your Hercules, your Perseus, who are the sons of God; if our Jesus was carried by the devil to the top of the mountain, your giants hav cast mountains at the head of Jupiter.

"If you do not wish to believe that our Jesus changed water into wine at a village festival, we, on the other hand, do not believe that the daughters of Anius changed all that they touched into wheat, wine, or oil." The parallel is the same, and exact on both sides.

The most singular miracles in all pagan antiquity is reported by Clement, of Alexandria, in his "Exhortation;" it is about Bacchus in Hell. Bacchus did not know the way there; a man named Prosymnus, as Pausanius and Hyginus were otherwise called, offered to show him the way upon the condition that he would upon his return repay with favors, and that he would supplicate Jupiter to make him a Ganymede, and turn Apollo into a hyacinth. Bacchus accepted the conditions; he went to hell, but upon his return he found Prosymnus dead. He did not wish to fail in his promis. He found a fig-tree growing near the tomb of Prosymnus, and he cut a branch, and planted it in the name of his benefactor in its destined place, according to promis, so that he would not be reproached.

Such extravagant tales are common to almost all the ancient religions. They prove very clearly that all those who avoid the true religion and the true philosophy (which is the adoration of God without superstition)—all those, in a word, who deliver themselvs up to rites and creeds, cannot deal otherwise than in such nonsensical stories.

In good faith, are not the Milesian fables the foundation of the Roman religion? Would the senate hav erected a temple to Bacchus for defiling himself? To Mercury, a robber? Ganymede had his temples. Hadrian, in truth, erected a temple to his friend Antinous, like that Alexander erected to Hephæstion; but did they honor the wretches? Is there a medal, or monument, which was inscribed to Antinous, the Sodomite? The fathers of the church made merry at the expense of those they called the Gentiles; but the Gentiles had their revenge! The fact that a pretender called Joseph was the bosom companion of an angel; that a God was a carpenter, and that his ancestors were adulterers, and immoral prostitutes; that a man named Paul ascended to the third heaven; that a man and his wife were beaten to death for not having given all their goods to Simon Barjona—all these furnish the Gentiles with terrible arguments! Is the story of the angels of Sodom any more probable than that of Bacchus and Prosymnus, or the fable of Apollo and Hyacinth?

Common sense is the same the world over, and should be the same guide for Clement as well as his brother priests (*vide* Stromates, vi). God, according to Clement, made the world in six days, and rested upon the seventh, because there are seven wandering stars; because the little bear, a constellation, is composed of seven stars, likewise the Pleiades; because there are seven chief angels; because the moon changes its face in seven days; and because the seventh day brings the crisis of all sickness. There are people of this faith who prefer this stuff to the philosophy of Plato and Cicero, and they think it necessary for us still to revere all those obscene pedants whom the indulgent Romans permitted to teach their fanatical reveries in Alexandria, where, indeed, the doctrins of Christianity were chiefly formulated.*

* Voltaire forgot to say that Clement believed in the indestructibility of matter, and in the existence of many worlds previous to ours, and in the transmigration of souls, etc.

A. P. HEYWOOD, of Houlton, Maine, has taken a life membership in the National Liberal League. Long life to him.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

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Judicial Bigotry.

Three interesting cases of judicial bigotry hav recently taken place in Canada.

The first was the refusal of the presiding judge to let Mr. Belford, an Agnostic, giv his evidence. The decision was rendered in obedience to Canadian law, which law was condemned by the judge, although he felt bound by it.

The second was that of Albert White, who, likewise, is an Agnostic. His evidence was barred out, the bigot on the bench taking the occasion to differ from his legal brother, saying he regarded the law as very fortunate and good.

The third is that of a young woman who refused to take the oath because Jesus said, "Swear not at all." She was convicted of contempt of court and committed to prison for forty-eight hours.

It seems to us that things are getting much mixed over the line. Heretical books are seized by zealous secular officials, men are thrust out of court for being Infidels, and women are imprisoned for being zealous Christians. What can a person be to be safe from Christian bigotry? So far, it appears to be safer to be an Agnostic, for they are only put out of court, while the too literal Christian is imprisoned. Messrs. Belford and White should congratulate each other. Especially should Mr. White congratulate himself, for the judge, had he the power, would undoubtedly hav imprisoned him, if not worse.

All of these cases are a disgrace to Canada. It is infamous in a country to make a law debarring any person from giving evidence on account of his or her religious opinions. It is infamous in a judge to so rule against an important witness. It is infamous in a judge, after having taken the Bible as a standard, to imprison any one for living up to that standard.

Canada can now take rank among the first Christian countries. She can go back alongside of Spain and Italy. She is earning a great reward from the hands of the church. Her government officials, her clergy, her judiciary, hav all put their shoulder to the wheel to roll their land back to the dark ages, when differences about theological tenets and heresy were punished with imprisonment and death.

It is not Catholic officials who seize Paine's and Voltaire's and Volney's works; it is not Catholic judges who shut out Agnostics; it is not by a Catholic that a woman is immured for forty-eight hours in a cell for interpreting the Bible just as it reads, but it is by Protestants that all these things are done. And it is a Protestant government that sanctions by its silence these crimes against society. For they are crimes, although committed by those who are supposed to protect the people. An Agnostic may be sole witness to a murder, and yet he could not testify to bring the murderer to justice. Suppose that the Canadian law obtained exclusivly in this country, and that Col. Ingersoll had been the only witness to the assassination of Garfield, Guiteau could hav walked free till shot by some good Christian, as he undoubtedly would hav been in less than twenty-four hours.

It was a crime none but a dastard bigot would commit, to imprison a woman, perhaps weak in intellect, for clinging tenaciously to teachings that hav been instilled in the race for centuries. The Bible has been pounded into the race with pike and musket-butt. Is a poor, weak woman to be imprisoned for believing what her father believed, and what she learned at her mother's knee? Such work is a disgrace to humanity.

But it all goes to show that Christianity is a cruel and useless religion. In Canada it is wedded to the state and is called a part of the common law. When so interpreted the world has seen what injustice has been perpetrated under it. Mr. Belford is an honest, honored, and intelligent business man. Yet in an important case he is denied the right that would be accorded the most ignorant Catholic in Canada. Mr. White is a prominent and highly respected resident of Yarmouth, and yet because he does not believe in the Jewish Jehovah he is cast aside with less respect than would be a Hottentot who swore by his fetich. The evidence of a Chinaman who swears on the entrails of a fowl can be received; so can that of a circumcised Hebrew, or a prophet-adoring Mohammedan, but the testimony of an intelligent, honest man is rejected because he has no fetich to swear by. Canada is called a Christian and a civilized country. So is the United States. And yet we hav known of the same things here. But a year or two ago a man was incarcerated in Ludlow-Street Jail, in this city, for the same reason as the woman in Canada. When Joseph Treat, an Infidel, was called to the stand to testify against the woman Woodhull, she instigated her lawyer to question him in regard to his religious opinions, and, finding he did not believe in the Jewish Jehovah, his testimony was rejected. His case is not an isolated one, but has been paralleled many times. Discriminations for opinion's sake are constantly being made all over the country. Liberals are denied privileges which Christians can hav for the asking. The leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association can advertise so-called immoral articles with impunity, while Infidels are dragged to prison for selling books which are purity itself compared with the Bible. Christian people can load the mails with thousands of pounds of worthless stuff, while a Liberal is denied the privilege of mailing a few hundred copies of his anti-orthodox journal.

Just as fast as the church can she is obtaining control of this government. She began by getting Christians into office; then her chaplains into our legislatures, our army, our navy, thereby drawing thousands of dollars from the public treasury to feed the pious drones, humbugs, and hypocrits who fatten at the people's expense. Then she got her own property exempted from paying its share of the public burden; then she instigates laws against unbelievers, and puts her own judges upon the bench to enforce them. Let this go on for another fifty years, and the United States be bound in a theocracy as galling and as absolute as ever flourished in Geneva under John Calvin. The only salvation of this country from such exhibitions as hav disgraced Canada is in Liberalism. It rests with the men who know and respect the intentions of the founders of this Republican government—a government sadly and ingloriously perverted. With the Liberals of this country rests its future honor or dishonor. Let us work for a strictly secular government, a government without a priest in its pay or a God in its Constitution. Unless we hav such a government the United States will surely, and that ere long, repeat the history of Old World nations. Its institutions will be undermined, and secular government, under which all men can worship, or not worship, as they see fit, will be sacrificed to the Moloch of Christian superstition. One such judge as he who sits across the Canada line is more dangerous to our liberties than Nihilism to the Russian throne.

The "Observer" and Mr. Frothingham.

Irenæus Prime's blanket-sheet pats the *Evening Post* approvingly on the back, in its issue of December 29th, for its course in regard to Mr. O. B. Frothingham's doubts. In view of what has been published since then, we must say the *Observer* has not improved its morals since it lied so maliciously about THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor.

The only change in Mr. Frothingham's opinions is that he is a more pronounced Theist than formerly. He rejects now, as formerly, revealed religion; but evangelical religion is revealed religion, and the rejection of the one is the rejection of the other. The *Evening Post's* first report was erroneous, and it is dishonest now in claiming it was not; and the *Observer* and other religious papers must share in the dishonesty of the transaction if they support its course.

Because Mr. Frothingham has a "growing suspicion that there is something behind or below revealed religion that cannot be accounted for at present, but which nevertheless exists," does not make it so. But Mr. Frothingham never was an Atheist. He has never rested securely in the knowledge that man knows not "God," and never can. He has restlessly been searching for him, but never found him; and now he has but a "growing suspicion" of him. A "suspicion" of him, whether growing or not, is all any one can hav. Mr. Frothingham is of the school of Chadwick and Savage, both Theists, and both rejecting more or less of the dogmas and creeds of Christianity. It is not surprising that he should be a Theist, nor that the *Observer* should endeavor to make out that he has materially changed his belief; but it is surprising that a secular paper should go deeper into the mud and mire of falsehood to support statements made by a reporter who should hav been discharged for maliciously distorting a man's words and sentiments.

The *Observer* asks, with a solemnity which is laughable, if it is "not true that the scientific Infidelity which two years ago taught that men are born of brute beasts, and therefore hav no immortal souls, is now silent, if not converted? Is it not true that Atheistic evolution sticks in the mud because it must admit a First Cause, an admission as fatal to itself as pulling out the staple by which the chain holds fast?" and adds, "If Atheism has not yet found courage to cry out after God, it is feeling after him if haply it may find him."

We should say decidedly that it is *not* true. Scientific Infidelity does not claim that "men are born of brute beasts," although the obtuseness of religious editors is a first-class premis to start such a proposition from. Scientific Infidelity claims that man has evoluted from lower to higher conditions and states, but the monera, or protists, from which man sprung were made different by different conditions from the protists from which were evolved vegetable and the lower brute life. The evolutionist is very far from being stuck in the mud for want of a "first cause." Matter being indestructible and uncreatable, it follows that it must always hav existed, and consequently no "first cause" is needed. But what a dilemma the Christian is in who says to every question asked him, "God!" If because the universe exists, it must hav had a creator, or "first cause," how much more does that creator need a "first cause?" And what was the first cause of *that* first cause? Could any creator make time? Could any "first cause" create space?

Let the editor of the *Observer* make a little time and space. He cannot do it—not even a little space in his paper for the truth. Time and space are entities. If they were created, what was there before their creation? No, the trick of pulling "God" from the skies, and putting "First Cause," with capital letters, in the place, will not do. The first cause cannot be any more than the last effect. The universe did not begin with the Jewish Bible, and it will not end with the Christian religion.

The scientific Atheists of the present day are neither feeling nor crying after God. He is to them the unknowable, and they are content to let him be the unknowable. The Atheism of the past is the Agnosticism of the present. The scientists do not presume to "know it all." They are content to study and to learn. It is only the priests, who liv upon the people, who pretend to hav a first mortgage on all the secrets of the universe, and glibly deal out as science the pretended writings of a man who was so supernaturally smart that he wrote an account of his own burial.

THE pope is having a rather hard time of it in Rome. Since Italy took away his temporal power, he has been treated on some occasions with scant respect. Where he is known the best he is most feared and hated, because of his intrigues. An Italian legislator, in debate the other day, gave utterance to this sentiment: "I would rather see Rome in ashes than again under the dominion of the Vatican." He, evidently, is a student of history. He knows what Rome was, what all Italy was, under the reign of the popes. He knows the corruption, the debauchery, the ignorance, the superstition, the bloodshed, that prevailed in the old times of church rule. Any Italian who has the welfare of Italy at heart must applaud his sentiment. And any statesman of any time, any lover of any country, must say the same of his own. Catholicism and ignorance are twin sisters, and all the crimes in the calendar are and hav been but their children. They should never be allowed to secure a foothold in any land.

THE Boston *Globe* says the Bible is about the only book New England people will not borrow and read. If that is so, it shows much improvement in that steril region over the time when the Puritans hanged witches on Boston Common, in accordance with the command of that book; for in those days the Bible was about the only book allowed to be read. But the world is going ahead, and the path it is following does not lead toward Christianity.

BEECHER recently preached again against hell, saying he wished to "clear God's skirts of any such aspersion," which leads the *Graphic* to ask if God is of the feminin gender. We can tell the *Graphic* (which is *not* an esteemed contemporary) that the only account there is of God makes him to be a big man, but there is no doubt that if he had been of the other sex he would hav been a good deal less brutal, cruel, and bloodthirsty than his own so-called word makes him out to be. The loving heart of a woman would never hav given the Midianites over to slaughter, save the maidens kept for the lust of the soldiers; would never hav taken cities and killed every man, woman, and child; would never hav commanded a father to slay his son or daughter, nor hav done any of the hundreds of cruel deeds recorded of him. We imagin the world would hav seen much less bloodshed had the Jewish deity been animated by the loving spirit of a woman instead of the tyrannical instincts of a barbarous man. The idea of hell was never conceived in a woman's mind.

A SHOCKING accident occurred on the New York Central railroad last Friday night, by which several people were killed, among them Webster Wagner, the monopoly senator. The Chicago express stopped to repair an accident to the air-brakes, and the two rear cars were telescoped by a following train. The blame is being industriously shifted onto the shoulders of a poor, under-paid brakeman, who is under arrest, while the parsimonious and over-paid officers of the road sit in their easy-chairs and say they are sorry. It is a significant commentary on the power of money that rich officials are never troubled, whiln the lowest subordinate is singled out to be punished. It is a good deal like the Christian scheme of salvation, which these officials so generously support with money better spent in employing more me to look after the safety of the passengers.

Liberal News.

THE Port Huron, Mich., Spiritualists own a hall and hold regular meetings.

GEORGE CHAINEY will giv his great lecture on "The Clergy" at Norwich, Conn., January 26th.

THE League paper, *Man*, is out with T. B. Wakeman's great speech at the Chicago Congress in full.

E. C. WALKER has changed his post-office address to Norway, Benton county, Iowa. Correspondents will please take note.

THE Chicago League has a membership of over one hundred, and its Sunday meetings at Fort Dearborn Hall are well attended.

THE *London Lancet* is greatly opposed to church bells, regarding their "ding-dong and jangle" as a very serious annoyance to the sick.

H. L. GREEN is on his way West, lecturing, organizing Leagues, and taking subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers.

THE next lecture before the Society of Humanity will be on Jan. 22, at Science Hall, by Wm. Frey, on "Humanity: Its Growth and Continuity."

M. HEROLD, French Prefect and Senator of the Seine, who died recently, was a Freethinker. The funeral services were of an entirely civil character.

GEORGE CHAINEY was recently the recipient of a generous contribution from his Boston friends in appreciation of his good work for Liberalism the past year.

M. M. POMEROY requests the exchanges of the *Great West* to say that he is neither dead nor busted up in business. He has been sick for several weeks, but is worth a good many dead men yet.

THE treasurer of the N. L. L. has, in the short time he has held the office, spent several hundred dollars more than the receipts. He says he is willing to do his share, but this is a little more, and he cries out for help.

THE British Parliament will meet early in February, when Mr. Bradlaugh will again endeavor to be admitted. It is to be hoped that England will not further disgrace herself by shutting the legislativ door in his face.

MESDAMES COLBY AND SMITH hav been very successful in their evening lectures at the Harvard Rooms. They will continue them until further notice. Societies desiring their services may address them at 1,294 Park ave., this city.

WE regret to note the death by paralysis on the 11th inst. of Mrs. Laura Kendrick. She was well known all over the country as one of the ablest of Liberal lecturers, and her demise will be learned with regret by thousands. She was only forty-nine.

THE Denver, Iowa, League will celebrate the birthday of Paine on the 29th. M. Farrington, of that place, writes us that he has lived in Denver more than thirty years, and never before heard of that Liberal colony in Iowa told of by that Portland, Or., lawyer (liar) referred to by Brother W. C. Clow, of Forest Grove, Or.

THE National Liberal League secretary reports two new Leagues this week. Mr. Follett organized one at Bloomington, Ill., A. S. Burrows, secretary; and the soldiers at Fort Keogh, Mon. Ter., hav enlisted to form another, Price Moody, secretary. These Leagues carry up the number of chartered auxiliaries to 235.

THE letter which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER a week or two since under the heading, "A Genuin Christian on the Guiteau Case," was copied by the religious wretch in full in his statement to the press. He said it came to him providentially, and it did as much as anything is done by providence; it was sent to him by mail.

THE first parlor meeting of the Institute of Heredity in this city will be held at 120 Lexington ave., Jan. 26th, at 8 P.M. Those interested are invited. All who would be informed of the objects of the movement, and also of the time of subsequent meetings, should send their address to E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., secretary, 120 Lexington ave.

MRS. E. L. FERNANDEZ delivered a most entertaining lecture before the Liberal Club last Friday night. Her lecture was "The Story of a Factory Girl." She worked in a sketch of the club itself, whose lectures her heroin attended, and touched up some of the prominent members in a way that was highly relished even by the subjects of her scalpel. Mrs. Fernandez, though new to the lecture platform, is an undoubted success.

FRIEND Joseph White requests us to ask for information regarding two sisters of his, who are somewhere in the West. The names are Mrs. David Williamson and Mrs. Mahaffy. The last he knew they were in Garden Grove, Iowa. He has not heard from them for many years, and if this comes to their notice, or to that of any one having information of them, they are requested to write to him at 258 11th st., Jersey City, N. J.

PURSUANT to call, a meeting of the Liberal citizens of Canton, Ill., was held in the Stockdale Hall on Saturday, Jan. 7th, Wm. Donn being chosen president of the meeting, and John W. Abbot, secretary. The meeting was called for the purpose of organizing a Liberal lecture bureau. It proceeded to a permanent organization with the following results: Dr. J. H. Rainey, president; Hon. C. N. Henkle, secretary; Mr. Alexander Slack, treasurer.

A LADY rather prominent as a Spiritualist recently died in New Haven, Conn. The funeral was announced to be held at the Universalist church, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Houghton, was to officiate. At the last moment the one-man-power of one of the trustees was used, and the church denied, and a public hall in the city was opened for the occasion. Mr. Houghton took occasion during the services to tell the cause, to name the party to blame, and to condemn the action.

CORRESPONDENTS should be careful how they write to editors what they don't want printed. The recent letter from D. P. Wilcox, concerning his League hotel enterprise in Deadwood, Dakota, it seems, was meant to be private. Besides, there occurred an error in it which got him into trouble. He was made to say that the hotel had been "a rum-hole run by Christians and courtesans." It should hav been printed, "Run by Christian citizens." Also what was said about mottoes should read "spread mottoes upon the walls of the interior and exterior front." But we hope his League Hotel will be a success all the same.

THE *National Reformer* says: "The Canadian customs is the censor of the Canadian press. Its officers hav made another seizure of books, which are described by the Toronto *Mail* as 'bestial' and as 'indecent' and 'immoral.' When we tell our readers that those books are Paine's 'Rights of Man,' 'Age of Reason,' and 'Common Sense,' and Volney's 'Ruins of Empires,' they will understand that the Toronto *Mail* would do well to find an editor who understands the English language. A week or two ago we noted that some works of Paine and Voltaire had been seized, and now comes the news of fresh seizures. Our Canadian brethren must be up and doing, or they will soon only be allowed such scanty food for their brains as will suffice for those of their customs' officers."

THE Liberals at Liberal, Mo., in League assembled, resolved that "we regard Sec. 1 of Art. III. of the Constitution as wholly uncalled for, not necessary, and should be struck out; that we believe Judge A. Krekel's view of the article as sound, viz:

"We had always supposed, and do now affirm, that the Constitution of the United States provides for a secular government and no other, however much we may, in practice, hav departed from its provisions."

The article in the National Liberal League Constitution thus opposed is as follows:

"ART. III. As means to the accomplishment of this general object, the specific objects of the National Liberal League shall be:

"1. To urge the adoption of such a 'Religious Freedom Amendment' of the United States Constitution as shall effect the complete secularization of the government in all its departments and institutions, state and national, and shall secure to every American citizen the full enjoyment of his opinions on the subject of religion, whatever they may be, without molestation, disability, or deprivation of any civil or political right."

[*From the Sydney (Aus.) Herald.*]

New Ideas and Philosophy.

Dr. Simms lectured last night to a crowded audience in the Temperance Hall, Pitt street, upon the "Nervous System and Mind," and his discourse was undoubtedly a most philosophic and instructiv one. In his happy style he chained the attention of the audience throughout the lecture, and the frequent cheers and outbursts of laughter attested the effect of his essays of wisdom and the natural but unusual and striking association of original ideas. He lectured on the brain and nerve work in substantially the following manner: The first thing formed in animal life is a cell. Around that cell others form, and at last it is a system of living cells. Every animal is formed on the cell plan, man being no exception. Every portion of animal structure is made of cells. The brain consists of millions of cells. No cell can be formed without a nucleus around which to form. In the brain the nucleus is phosphoric oil. We start in life as an egg, 1-120th of an inch in diameter. Animal life may be divided into four great classes—the mollusk, articulate, radiate, and vertebrate. All living organisms having a nervous system are enabled to move, reason, remember, feel, love, obtain a living; and many of the small ones, like ants, carry on war, own slaves, and are very industrious, according to Sir John Lubbock. Yet ants, caterpillars, and all the Hymenoptera—the last being insects, having four membraneous wings—hav no brains. He then proceeded to refute the proposition that brain is an organ of thought. Many men confound brain and mind. We find in Dr. Draper's "Physiology" an account of cases in France, where, when the head was severed by the guillotin from the body, the latter showed resentment and performed thoughtful acts, the same as when having a head. Harper's "Journal" has recorded similar facts. If the brain is an organ of thought, how can a body without brain perform thoughtful acts? A proposition brought forth by some persons is that the size of the brain, other conditions being equal, is a measure of power. As other conditions are never equal in any two individuals, so this proposition kills itself by being untenable. Upon investigation it will be found that many of the greatest men and minds had small brains. John Selden, one of England's ripest scholars, had a small head, as had Shelley, a great poet. John Marshall, a chief justice of the United States; Raphael, the greatest painter the world ever saw; Byron, the greatest poet of modern times—all had very small heads. Captain Cook, England's greatest discoverer, possessed a small head; likewise Archbishop Whately, a religious metaphysician, and Geo. Bancroft, an American historian. Prince Talleyrand's head in horizontal circumference, measured only 20 and 4-10ths inches, which was smaller than a thousand idiots' who resided in France, while he was the wisest diplomatist, wit, and statesman of that country; his head was extremely small in every measurement. Sir Walter Scott had a small brain—not large, at most. Dr. Watts, who wrote beautiful lines, belonged to the little-headed—not small-minded—class, as did Grote, William of Orange, and Francis Jeffrey, founder of the *Edinburgh Review*. A proposition as to intelligent and cultured men possessing thin skulls was also, the lecturer said, erroneous. History informs us that Porson's skull was one of the thickest ever observed; Agassiz had a very thick skull, and his brain weighed only 53 oz., which is 10 oz. less than that of hundreds of men in Sydney. Comte, the author of the Positiv Philosophy in France, had an unusually thick skull. Many large heads hav belonged to idiots. Joachim's brain weighed almost as much as that of Cuvier, and Joachim was imbecil. Esquirol speaks of a monomaniac whose head measured in circumference over 26 inches, and mentions an idiot whose head measured 33 inches; also, another that measured 22½ inches, exactly the size of the head of the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, the great preacher. Esquirol mentions Audry, an idiot with a 22-inch head. He also says there is no form proper to idiocy; that idiots' heads offer as many varieties as do the crania of sound men. The lecturer measured two idiots in the insane asylum at Dunedin, in New Zealand, and each head measured 23 inches in circumference, and were as bold in their front head and as high as those of intellectual men. Proportion in all bodily parts is the secret of mental power. The brain does not think, but the spirit which fills the entire frame does; and when it leaves its bodily abode the finest brain and body no longer think, because that which thought has taken its eternal flight, to continue to think and improve forever. The office of the brain is that of supplying nervo-vital fluid to the body and feeding the spirit. That it givs life to every portion of the body may be demonstrated by cutting any nerve, and the part dies where that nerve reached. Cut the six nerves that extend down the axiliary or inside region of the arm, and the arm is instantly dead, and loses all feeling, motion, and life, and dwindles away. Large heads are found in the cold regions, and smaller ones in warm regions. The *Lancet*, published in London, once stated that men with large heads endure cold better than those with small ones. More vitality is required to sustain life in cold climates than in warm ones, hence nature give largest heads at the north. The Lapps hav the largest heads in Europe in proportion to their size. Norwegians next; then come Swedes, Danes, Germans, French, Italians. Arabs hav the smallest of all men in Europe. Muscular men hav wide heads, because the large muscles on the sides of the skull pulling daily while chewing pull the side plates outwards. Bony men, with stronger bones and less powerful muscles, hav narrow, long heads. There are signs of character in the form of the skull, but they are less reliable, not so easily scanned, and there are not one-tenth as many as in the face. The form of the head is principally given by the bones and muscles, and not by the brain, as some believe. Here the lecturer gave an amusing description of the cause and cure of sick headache; also an eloquent discourse on the effect of light on the mind. He related a very amusing story illustrativ of the force of imagination. The entertaining character-readings of the faces of ladies and gentlemen brought the instructiv and valuable entertainment to a close.

WHAT shall we say when Christians tell us that hypocrits and frauds are not Christians? That the church is responsible for them as long as she tolerated them; that the system to prove its efficacy must present uniform virtue in every member; that dogma and doctrin obscure the moral vision and lead the mind to rely on belief in irrelevant things; that no belief can be of a saving nature unless it applies immediately to an act of the body or mind affecting ourselvs and our fellow men; that men think so much of God that they hav no room left to think of man; that in the churches is found such a difference of conduct among the members as to furnish indisputable evidence the men may believe exactly the same theologically, and yet act diametrically opposit in a moral point of view. Hence Christianity, which is all theology, does not make men better or worse.—*Reuben Dailey.*

Communications.

Lukewarm Liberalism.—Innovations Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Fate has removed me one state farther west. My season of labor for the Elgin Liberal League has expired; they hav a Liberal Sunday-school, and a sufficient number of members to keep the flag of liberty afloat if each one stands bravely by his colors. But the indifference and cowardice of Liberals is the great obstacle to success in our movement. Some of the answers which one receives when making inquiries in regard to arranging for Liberal meetings are really amusing. One will write, "I am heartily in sympathy with your work, I am a 'pure' Infidel, but the town is run by Christians, and I wish you the greatest success in your labors *elsewhere*, but can't encourage you to come here." Another will reply, "We—that is, a few friends—would be glad to hear you speak, but really the most of us are so busy getting ready for Christmas" (celebrating the birth of the Christian God!) "that we hav no time to arrange for the lectures." Others will write, "We cannot feel like interesting ourselvs in getting up meetings unless we know you are a genuin Spiritualist." Others, organized into Leagues, wish to arrange with you, but they want Infidelity, pure and proper, preached; they will take no Socialism, Nihilism, Spiritualism, or Liberalism, in their mental pabulum.

Societies are organized sometimes, by some lucky influence, only to be split up, later, into this and that faction, representing this or that phase of the great Liberal movement.

Now the question is, as it appears to me, why can not all classes of Freethinkers unite to learn of, and discuss, all subjects which agitate the minds of men. This must be done if Infidels are to be preserved from the bigotry and one-sidedness of most Christians.

And, more than this, they must also learn that, if the Liberal movement ever succeeds, in any sense whatever, there is work to do as well as talk to listen to. With the exception of the labor of Felix Adler, and the contemplated movement in that direction by George Chainey, I know of nothing being done in that direction. I read, a week or two since, of an enterprise inaugurated by some Christian ladies in Chicago, to giv good, nutritious, and wholesome food in a bright and attractiv room, at a most moderate figure, thereby hoping to attract the empty stomach of the working man from the groggery to this resort, but I hav yet to learn of any wide-spread movement for humanitarian purposes (excepting the two already mentioned) on the part of wealthy Infidels. It is not necessary, indeed, that these movements should be inaugurated and carried on by people of large means, unless we confess that we lack that enthusiasm and devotion to the cause which is so continually displayed by some little, struggling, unpretentious congregation and church in the small towns scattered over our country. I do not myself wonder at Mr. Frothingham's plaintiv lament, "My work seemed to amount to nothing." I think I can appreciate fully the feeling that inspired his remarks, though I cannot lay claim to the long and honorable service which he has given the cause of Freethought. He felt, and feels, I presume, that while he has given of his brain and his being the best that he had to bestow upon the world, still the spirit that prompts men and women to go into the hospital, and on the battle-field, into the slums of filth, and dens of disease, in search of wretchedness to relieve is found very largely within the church.

And if we are not to hav in our ranks many more who will halt for "more light," we must hav more organizations like that upon which Felix Adler breathes the breath of his heroic soul, inspiring it to work out the problem of society's salvation. If we would not giv our Christian friends at least a pretext for taunting us with inhumanity, we must band together and bestir ourselves in season and out of season for the object, not only of breaking every intellectual fetter from the soul of man, but also binding up the broken heart, and brightening the desolate pathway of our brother.

From many quarters I hear the cry of dead Leagues. Why dead, my friends? Is the world's work done? Is ill and evil conquered and the millennium insured? Or are you so weak or weary that you cannot carry the burden of the work, and drop it for your Christian friends to lift and carry on?

"By their fruits ye shall know them." I write this from the city of Burlington. It numbers 20,000 inhabitants. There are several churches rearing their costly and untaxed heads, supported quite largely, no doubt, by the means of Infidels; there is a Young Men's Christian Association reading-room, and the usual machinery of the Christian church. But there is no Liberal reading-room, no Liberal Sunday-school, no Liberal lecture platform. Yet I am told there are large numbers of Infidels, wealthy and influential, as well as those in more moderate circumstances. Next Sunday (Jan. 8), at Mozart Hall, an effort will be made to gather together these scattered forces, and range them in line of battle for the world's work? Who will respond? How many hav time, and enthusiasm, and interest, and courage to meet me at Mozart Hall each Sunday evening, and coöperate in the work of serving the world upon a new basis? How many in adjacent towns will communicate with me to arrange for week evening meetings for the same objects?

The harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.

MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Burlington, Ia., Jan. 5, 1882.

Those New Commandments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav read with pleasure your article on the new commandments. I thank you gratefully for your pleasant and able notice of the same.

The evangelical world has for centuries stood in the sorest need of new commandments, as well as corrections and amendments of the monstrosities of the Decalog, given to the world by a murderer and conjurer (according to his history written by himself) as written by the "finger of God," on the authority simply of the "say-so" of Moses. The Catholics, long since, had the good sense to amend the Decalog, conforming it to better language, better sense, and making it a better moral guide for human conduct.

Those new commandments are dedicated and submitted to the prayerful consideration and adoption of the Protestant world. To show their great need, I will note one command only as a specimen: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" and that is all about lying. The heathen commandment is, "Thou shalt not lie!" Nature's intuitional moral precept is, "Thou shalt not lie." St. Paul acknowledges he lied for the glory of God, and the orthodox, taking the cue from Paul, lie for the benefit of the "cause of Christ," not to mention their laxity in this matter in daily life. Tho ninth new commandment is, "Thou shalt not lie for any purpose."

I cannot here note in detail the amendments to the Decalog, so far as the new commandments follow it, but the above must serve as a specimen of the whole.

Moses's commandments are like a bucket of sap—there is some sweetness in them; but they need manufacture to find the valuable, throwing away the *débris* and skimmings.

You candidly state that it would hardly do for Liberals to adopt the first and second of the new commandments. At first blush, or *prima facie*, as lawyers say, it might seem that the teaching is that some god, so called, is *known* to be God and therefore no other god must be had before him; but on a second view and thought, it will be seen that the whole teaching is truly and deeply Agnostic. Simply, we must first *know* there is a being who is God and good, and then the honors will be easy. The same principle applies to "everything known to be sacred" in the second commandment.

I am glad and thankful that your criticism has been so light and kindly. Will not the view I hav given (which I apprehend must be the meaning of the first two precepts referred to), be accepted and satisfactory to Liberal thinkers? Then may not these new commandments "serve for the meridian" of all Liberals, saints and sinners, "great and small, short and tall."

Could I hav had these fifteen new commandments deeply impressed upon the plastic mind of my youth, I feel that I should hav been a better man all my life. How much more good I might hav done in moral teachings in the three hundred and fifteen public schools I superintended four years; in the institutions of learning in which I taught, and in the teachers' institutes I served by lessons and lectures in seven states of the Union!

Is it not time, high time, and over time that the good sense of the world should repudiate as false the bungling and defectiv precepts of the Decalog, enunciated by a murderer and conjurer? (See Ex. ii, 12–16, and iv; also the plagues of Egypt.) And while you are about it, please read the last half of the nineteenth chapter of Exodus, and see how Moses describes the acts and character of the God he says wrote the Commandments. If such acts were imputed to a man, the world would call him a deceiver, a liar, and as ferocious as a wild beast.

Pardon the length of this letter; as Sheridan said, "A speech is in me, and must come out." I hav strongly bound in the heart of my memory the fifteenth commandment for my own especial benefit, to wit, "Thou shalt be honest, kind, just, and true at thy home and abroad."

Now, my good friend, will you hav the goodness to publish, side by side, at the foot of this letter, the Decalog and the New Commandments, that all may compare, judge, and choose the good.

I hav often thought of that noble desire and prayer of Beecher for the health, preservation, and safe return of Theodore Parker when he crossed the sea. The same desire animates the Liberals in regard to our dear Bennett.

And now may great peace and loving kindness abide with you. Yours for life, and the good I may do,

WORTHY PUTNAM.

Berrien Springs, Mich.

[We accede to our respected friend's wish, and giv below the Commandments of Jehovah and Judge Putnam side by side]:

JEHOVISTIC.	PUTNAMISTIC.
1. Thou shalt hav no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.	1. Thou shalt hav no other god before him who is known to be God and good.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.	2. Thou shalt not take in vain the name of any thing that is known to be sacred.
3. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.	3. Thou shalt keep, by thy words and works, all days holy and pure.
4. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.	4. Thou shalt be industrious and honor labor.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.	5. Thou shalt honor relativs that are true and all others that deserve honor from thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.	6. Thou shalt not assault another nor commit murder.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.	7. Thou shalt not practice lewdness.
8. Thou shalt not steal.	8. Thou shalt deal justly with all thy fellow-beings, and not despoil another of his goods.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.	9. Thou shalt not lie for any purpose.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.	10. Thou shalt render justice for evil.
	11. Thou shalt be temperate in the use of all things.
	12. Thou shalt not persecute thy fellow for his religious opinion.
	13. Thou shalt depress anger and use kind words in thy intercourse with mankind.
	14. Thou shalt use domestic animals kindly.
	15. Thou shalt be honest, kind, just, and true at thy home and abroad.

The Twelve Commandments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I read with pleasure those new commandments which came to our worthy friend Putnam a few nights since, and noted also your exception to one or two of them, which ones are, perhaps, after all, only friend Putnam's way of wording a precept which all Rationalists should feel themselvs bound to respect, only differing as to the choice of words in which the sentiment should be expressed. I hav been looking them over, and by culling and pruning hav reduced the number to twelve (an interference which I trust friend Putnam will pardon), in which form they retain essentially all the principles of the list as first given, with the merit, perhaps, of being more concise. It was a good idea of our honored friend's—this giving of the duties which every earnest Liberal should strive to observe. Christians hav their Decalog (more honored in the breach than the observance), with the added commandment of the holy Nazarene—the principal word of which they seem to have translated *hate*—why should we not "go them one better," and present to the world the twelve commandments of Rationalism which inculcate a higher morality, and in which is found no echo of the mutterings of a jealous God. Liberals, repeat the creed!

1. Thou shalt have no God but goodness.
2. Thou shalt not persecute for opinion's sake.
3. Thou shalt render equal and exact justice to all men.
4. Thou shalt keep all days holy through good words and deeds.
5. Thou shalt strive to alleviate the sufferings and promote the happiness of thy fellow-men.
6. Thou shalt be industrious in work, upright in deal, and temperate in the use of all things.
7. Thou shalt honor truth, and justice alone shalt thou worship.
8. Thou shalt abstain from sin and practice virtue.
9. Thou shalt be merciful to domestic animals.
10. Thou shalt fairly compensate all hired labor.
11. Thou shalt refrain from slander, and be not hasty in reciting thy neighbor's faults.
12. Thou shalt do all the good thou canst, and as little harm as possible.

Fellow Truth-seekers, do you not think our twelve commandments more comprehensiv and better than the old Jewish ten. I think them worthy of inscrip-

tion on the primary card of the "Brotherhood of Humanity," of which I believe our friend Putnam is playfully termed "the Bishop." At all events, they are a brief synopsis of those duties which are alike incumbent upon all, and need no indorsement by a mythical deity to render them obligatory in their nature on those who seek to "make the world better for having lived in it." D. LOUIS BODGE.

Greenwich, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1882.

Cremation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* You lately announced the formation of a cremation society in San Francisco, but seem to hav overlooked a similar organization nearer home. Permit me to inform your many readers here and elsewhere that a cremation society was organized in this city in March last by some thirty persons, that it is duly incorporated under the laws of the state, and now numbers over one hundred members. Meetings are held semi-monthly, and several valuable and interesting papers upon the subject of cremation, and the disposition of the dead in its various aspects, hav been read before the society. Cremation societies are also forming in Chicago, Washington, and Savannah; they exist in several parts of Europe, including one of two thousand members in Copenhagen. Crematories are in successful operation at Milan in Italy, at Gotha in Germany, and at Waking in England, and there will soon be one in this city, a cremation company having been chartered and its stock in part subscribed.

Cremation is not popular here because it is an innovation. People hav become so accustomed to putting their dead into a hole in the ground,

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,"

while preyed on by the "politic worm," that the question of its propriety never arises, and the suggestion of any other method is almost, or quite shocking to them. It is the business of cremation societies to dispel this unreasonable prejudice and disseminate enlightened ideas regarding the disposal of the dead.

It is true that cremationists believe in burning people; but it is the dead they would burn, not the living; and in this world, not the next; and with the view, not to purify or punish souls, but to preserve from corruption the air we breathe and the water we drink.

There are nineteen public cemeteries in New York and its suburbs, which receive annually more than three thousand tons of human bodies, to slowly rot, exhale noxious gases and poison the wells and other water-sources in the vicinity. It is not a pleasant thought.

Mr. Bennett is now, I believe, in a country where cremation prevails, and I suppose he will giv us, in his letters from India and Japan, some information on this question, with a description of the rude processes of incineration which he will see anywhere on the banks of the Ganges, and to some extent in the land of the tycoon.

But cremation as practiced in the East at the present day, and as it was practiced by the Greeks and Romans, is a very different thing from the modern and scientific process, which I will not take space to describe here, but which I may say is simple, speedy, economical, unobtrusive, devoid of offensivness in any way, and must commend itself to every thoughtful mind as far preferable to earth burial.

D. W. CRAIG.

Gospel Temperance.

If there is any ridiculous combination of words, it is that above this sentence. As if there were more than one kind of temperance, a gospel temperance and an anti-gospel temperance.

It is largely our own fault as Liberals that we hav not brought the temperance cause forward as a part of the moral teaching of Liberalism. We hav allowed the church to make its fling at lager-beer Infidels and hav never responded with a practical total-abstinence Freethinker's arguments.

Some of our German friends drink lager-beer, therefore some of our Liberal papers, and most of our Liberal writers and speakers, think it a great mistake for any Freethinker to advocate the prohibition of the entire accursed traffic.

The Germans who hav come to this country are fast finding out that whatever lager-beer may do for them in the fatherland, in this country it is proving a curse, and a dreadful one, to the Germans themselvs. Here, under a lager-beer diet, a German bloats almost to bursting, and can barely move about from the gout. If our German friends wish to compete with the lithe, activ, intelligent Yankee, they must stop the lager-beer business.

There is no occasion whatever for Liberals to handle this liquor question with such tenderness. Rum is just as certainly a poison to a Freethinker as it is to a Christian. The defaulting teller in the Poughkeepsie Bank was not only a Freethinker, a Liberal, but he was a libertin and a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The long slimy hand of crime is upon us, and let us not try to lie out of it. When a church-member falls, they say he was not a Christian after all. We don't stand in a position to say this man was not a Liberal nor a Freethinker. He was too liberal—with other people's money; he was too free, altogether—freer than he will be for months, if not years to come.

His course of crime was not the result of Freethought—it was in spite of Freethought. It however shows the importance of making morality the cornerstone of Liberalism.

Seneca V. Halloway, charged with taking from the bank of which he was teller $57,000, is the mere wreck of a once bright, honest, Liberal gentleman, who was loved, and honored, and trusted far more than it is the happiness of most men to be. A wreck, a dilapidated man—rum has done its work upon him. Had he never used intoxicants he would to-day hav been an honored member of our Liberal ranks.

Let us no longer permit the hypocrits in their sheep's clothing to steal the livery of decency with such an incongruous phrase as "Gospel temperance.' We want just a little Infidel temperance, and we must make it as good a preserving article as the one labeled by the gospel mill. Such howling cranks as Talmage and Sawyer and the whole tribe of solemn old monkeys who follow in their wake make any cause disgusting, and do more harm than good to the very thing they pretend to help. Instead of setting an old toper to praying to God to take his thirst away, we should find him work, if he needs it, sober society, and words of encouragement. It is time Infidelity began to show its helpfulness. Felix Adler is to-day at work with his Ethical Culture Society, making a place for the young beyond the reach of superstition and vice that is inestimable. We should encourage him. Every word from week to week uttered by him as a public teacher should find its appropriate place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The corps of Liberal writers whose names appear in Liberal papers ought to giv this matter a little attention. I hav been looking for a terrible blast on this point from the "Institute of Heredity." Surely there is much to be said of the drunken father, the drunken mother. What hope is there for the child begotten in the very arms of drunkenness, carried in the womb of drunkenness, nursed at the bloated breast of drunkenness, and then weaned upon a bottle of alcohol? The answer is, idiocy, insanity, a drunkard's course of crime, at last a drunkard's death.

Liberalism comes as a herald of a new day; it is her province to point out and assist in removing the the curses that ignorance and vice hav laid upon the human race. Superstition and intemperance are twin monsters. Let us attack them with a fury that will never abate, though guided ever by reason and justice.

LIBERTA.

Prohibition.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* "Liberta's" savage, abrupt, and Guiteauish onslaught upon "Law" is significant. It betrays the spirit which impels too many of our advocates of "prohibition."

From reading their articles I should certainly judge "Law" to be the more temperate man of the two. I dare say he is quite undeserving of the charges, "wanting in morality," etc. In my humble opinion no advanced Liberal will fling out such grave charges against a brother for a mere difference of opinion.

Few questions are harder to solve than this everlasting so-called temperance question. So let us avoid hobbies, dogmatism, and fanaticism. The right road generally lays somewhere near midway between two extremes.

Intemperance in drink is an evil. Does prohibition cure, prevent, or curtail it? No. Does not its universal failure everywhere seem to indicate that the principle is not in strict accord with the unwritten law of the universe? Does prohibition commend itself to the mind of any real, deep-thinking, philosophical Liberal as a legitimate motiv power for the ear of progress. Good, well-meaning men honestly believed the Inquisition to be a legitimate agent for moral reform—for the salvation of mankind. They also believed in fire and fagot as a means of grace; and that nothing could promote holiness and cause righteousness to run down the streets like a river equal to penal law against unbelief. But those delicious times hav passed. Now it is something else. Not so bad, it is true, but the principle is the same. The eminent poet who said,

"'Tis a sin to steal a pin—
'Tis a greater to steal a tater,"

widely missed the mark. Stealing a railroad is no more wrong than stealing a pin. The right to drink "rot-gut" is not a very valuable right, one would think; still, such as it is, I doubt the equity of robbing a man of it. The validity of nine sober men's titles to their right cannot be affected by the acts of one drunkard.

How the prohibitionists will succeed in jerking or ejecting our race up the hill of knowledge by legislation remains to be seen. It is a dismal failure here in Kansas so far. I believe that evolution and education will slowly and surely lift mankind above all forms of intemperance and ignorance; that stringent license and anti-treat laws, with other regulations, can accomplish more good than prohibition; that inebriety is a disease, and every inebriate should be promptly sent to a state inebriate asylum; that beer, wine, and cider are harmless drinks as to quality, if pure, but that distilled beverages contain murder and pauperism, and their retail sale should be restricted to druggists, and then sold only to sober adults, and put up in bottles labeled on one side with the skull and cross bones, and the word *poison!* The other side should be ornamented with the most horrid and frightful picture possible, in colors, of a man with the jim-jams, tearing his hair, and fighting forked-tongued serpents. Beneath should be this legend: "The fate of fools who drink this poison."

As for me, I do not drink it; neither do I stimulate with tobacco, tea, coffee, or spices. But should I ever become so narrow as to wish to compel my neighbor to gauge his appetite by mine, or to force him to hunt through the statute-book, or consult a lawyer, in order to find out what, where, and how much he may legally eat or drink, I hope my friends will take me to a lunatic asylum.

S. R. SHEPHERD.

Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 21, 1881.

Radical Pulpit.

"The Radical Pulpit" is the title of a volume issued by the Liberal and Scientific Publishing House of D. M. Bennett, New York. It contains a series of discourses by two of the most eminent men of the age, O. B. Frothingham and Prof. Felix Adler. The most radical thing about these discourses is that Christianity is looked upon as a thing of the past, and upon its ruins the grand edifice of the Religion of Humanity is being constructed. The morality inculcated in "The Radical Pulpit" is pure and beautiful, and is full of hope for the human family.

Of the fifteen discourses in this volume ten are by O. B. Frothingham, every one of which is well worth reading. Mr. Frothingham's present attitude in the world of religious thought will naturally cause the book to be read with more interest than it otherwise would, and his treatment of the following subjects will attract special attention: "The Consolations of Rationalism," "The New Song of Christmas," "The Sectarian Spirit," "The Dogma of Hell" and "Life as a Test of Creed." Prof. Adler is a speaker and writer of great ability, whose merits are well known to the adherents of radical views in religion.

"The Godly Women of the Bible" is a volume of 345 pages, issued by the same house. It is a critical survey of the influence of the Bible on women, and is specially severe on the attitude of Paul toward "the divine sex." The authoress is said to be a resident of southern California, and is evidently of the strong-minded persuasion.—*Jewish Times.*

Obituary.

DIED, in the thirty-second year of her age, at the residence of Dr. S. M. Clarke, in Metamora, Ohio, Mrs. Anna Kahle, wife of Daniel Kahle, after an illness of over seven months, of chronic inflammation of the bowels, followed by a fatal derangement of the heart, which ended her life with very unexpected suddenness.

Deceased was a faithful and loving wife, much respected and loved by her acquaintances, and had been a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER more than two years. She had ceased to believe in the terrifying threats of a revengeful God as taught by the Bible and the Christian churches generally, hence she had no fear of future punishment, and lived the last few years of her life and died without any anxiety concerning her soul's salvation. She attended with her husband the Freethinker's Convention at Lake Chautauqua, and the following year at Hornellsville, when she and her husband joined that association. In respect to the feelings of her Christian parents and relativs, the services of a Methodist minister were engaged for the funeral. The services were introduced by the reading of a chapter in the Bible concerning the truth of God, etc., which of course could not hurt the feelings of the deceased, and possibly was a comfort to some.

HE Kansas *Liberal* givs us this pleasant notice:

"We hav just received from the publishing house of D. M. Bennett some large posters advertising that sterling Freethought journal, THE TRUTH SEEKER. As many of our readers know, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is now making a tour of the world, and writing weekly letters to his paper describing the scenes and incidents met with in his travels; and, what is of far greater importance, giving the observations and reflections of a fearless, outspeaking, and close-observing Freethinker upon the manners, customs, and religions of foreign lands. It has been too much the habit of tourists heretofore to write books of travel with a view chiefly to making money out of them; and hence they hav been careful not to offend the prejudices of their Christian readers by letting them see wherein the morals and religious customs of so-called Christian countries show to a disadvantage when compared with those of heathen lands. The last letter from Mr. Bennett was written from Athens, whence he went to Constantinople, and hence his opportunities will be ample for comparing the workings of Christian creeds with those of Mohammedanism. THE TRUTH SEEKER is published weekly at 141 Eighth street, New York, at $3.00 per annum; trial subscribers for three months, fifty cents."

WM. H. LEFF, of Tip-Top, Arizona, says he was "born, bred, baptized, and raised a Roman Catholic." Nevertheless, he has just sent a dollar for an annual membership in the National Liberal League. Who says Roman Catholics never abandon their faith?

Letters from Friends.

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 12, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER Round-the-World trip. Yours truly,
JOHN A. LOWE.

NEWCASTLE, IND., Jan. 5, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find draft, for which I will become a subscriber for the Round-the-World trip.
Yours truly, JOHN PAYNE.

CHILLICOTHE, ILL., Jan. 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a post-office order for $5 for the Round-the-World fund.
Yours truly, WM. MCLEAN.

GREEN OAK, MICH., Jan. 2, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find post-office order for $8—$5 for Mr. Bennett's book of travels round our little planet, and $3 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Yours in search for truth,
WARREN CALLEN, SR.

CAMDEN, ME., Dec. 30, 1881.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8 in payment of my subscription for one year, and $5 please credit to me in the Round-the-World list, if not too late.
Rours truly, J. W. SIMPSON.

LEAVENWORTH, IND., Jan. 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$5 of which is to go to the Round-the-World fund, and the remaining $3 for my subscription. Yours fraternally,
S. A. ODLE.

SKOWHEGAN, Jan. 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find check for D. M. Bennett's book Round the World. I hope I am not too late to hav my name in the book.
Yours respectfully, T. S. BIGELOW.

AUSTIN, NEV., Dec. 29, 1881.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal order for $12—$5.50 for the Round-the-World trip, and the rest for books. I raise that Michigander 25 cents on the book. I come in at the eleventh hour, but the big book says they are the ones most looked after. With kind wishes, I am,
Yours truly, W. A. CLIFFORD.

MINIER, ILL., Jan. 9, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Your card is at hand stating that the list of subscribers to Round-the-World is still open, and I now inclose postal order for $5, for which please add my name. I want the work in the best style of binding. I will send additional cost when the work is out.
Yours truly, WM. J. NICOLAY.

CYNTHIANA, KY., Jan. 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5 for the Round-the-World trip, which I hope is not too late to be acceptable. Yours truly, H. A. BEAMER.

LEADVILLE, COL., Dec. 30, 1881.
MR EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I want to see my name with a star just once before you quit publishing the list.
Yours truly, B. F. RICE.

SERENA, ILL., Jan. 9, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I take this opportunity to send five dollars. I want to hav my name in the first volume of Round-the-World, for I want the honor of bringing him back as others hav of sending him around the world. You may think this is a little late, but you know that the Bible says the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. If that is true, I am all right. Yours as ever, H. K. PARR.

LIBERTY, O., Dec. 28, 1881.
MR. EDITOR: I notice in your paper you are likely to be short of means to take you round the world. Inclosed find $5 to help you through. I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER since May 1, 1881. I like it very much. I think for the good of humanity every intelligent man and woman ought to read it. Since I hav been reading your paper I hav sent several orders for books and tracts, which I hav endeavored to make the best use of
Very respectfully, NOAH COLER.

LAKE MILLS, IOWA, Jan. 4, 1882.
EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Find inclosed postal draft, for which you will please continue my name as a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, a paper that bears for its heading two of the grandest words in the English catalog of words; $5 for the book that is to be styled "A Trip Around the World." I was among the few that were not in favor of the trip, but as it is being made, and the book forthcoming, I shall not go back on my pledge for the "V." The book will be well worth the money, but the money that is spent in the trip, had it been used judiciously in missionary work at home, I think would hav done more good than it will now. I find in the course of life that if we make a mistake it sometimes can be corrected. Now to correct this one and to make it a satisfactory correction, I will suggest that Mr. Bennett, on his arrival at home, and having a good, sufficient rest, make a trip through the states at home, so that about every one of the patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER can hav the privilege of seeing, and hearing him talk and recite his expeence of that trip, as occasion may require, providing the lovers of truth and liberty will donate enough to pay all reasonable expenses. I will start first by the pledge of another "V" for the home trip. Will not call it missionary work, but a visit to all subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do not mean visits of the Methodist style, but to visit towns and counties so that every one can, by going a few miles, see and hear him speak. Yours for the right,
S. D. WADSWORTH.

PARIS, ILL., Jan. 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: A happy New Year to THE TRUTH SEEKER working corps and all its patrons and the Christian world; but then, how can the latter be happy with a frowning, revengeful God overhead and a yawning hell beneath? I am happy to be able and willing to send you the within draft for $5 to help our old friend and neighbor around the world on his mission for facts and truths. With a good wish for a safe and pleasant voyage to the old veteran,
Yours truly, JACOB CRETORS.

WEST NEWTON, MASS., Jan. 1, 1882.
BRO. BENNETT: I wish you and yours a happy New Year. And now I propose to make you a New Year's present of $8.50, for which I expect in return you will make me a present of the good old TRUTH SEEKER for 1882, a life-size lithograph of yourself, and print my name in the forthcoming book of your travels, as one who givs $5 for your safe return home to your family and friends. I want the books bad enough to deny myself of an inherited appetite for that nasty, disgusting weed called tobacco. And I hope the power that governs this country which you are circumnavigating will help me to do away with the use of this filthy habit, and thus make me a man instead of an animal which chews its cud. And I would say to my brethren all over the world, Go thou and do likewise. Try it one year, my friends, and see if you don't feel yourselvs more like men than the cringing slaves you now are to the use or a filthy weed which even a hog won't touch. Come one and all, commence the new year with me. Send your $5 to the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and receive in return his books of travel, which is truth, and truth elevates and ennobles, while tobacco used in any form (except to kill lice and sheep-ticks) degrades our manhood and poisons our blood.
Earnestly and sincerely your friend in the cause of progression, CHARLES N. WOOD.

LADOGA, IND., Jan. 3, 1881.
EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Permit me, though a little late, to greet you with a Happy New Year, and not you alone, but all the brave men and women in this semi-happy land who hav dared to throw off the yoke of orthodox superstition to bask in the genial sunshine of mental liberty.
When the Round-the-World trip was being canvassed pro and con, I pledged a V to Mr. Bennett, provided he would stay at home, instead of banishing himself for a year in the lands of all the original gods, such as Allah, Yahweh, Jove, Bacchus, Confucius, Jesus J. Christ, Holy Hobgoblin, etc.; and I saw fit to giv him an introduction to Mr. Bridges, an estimable young friend of mine, as a traveling companion. He is sending us such intensely interesting accounts of the various countries through which he passes, describing manners, customs, arts, agriculture, religious rites, ceremonies, and foolishness, gods, god-houses, temples, and ruins, that I must break my pledge and send for the book; and I hope a thousand more will do likewise.
Fraternally yours, M. M. HENRY.

GOMER, OHIO. Jan. 5, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I am sorry that I neglected to forward my subscription when my time expired, but through your kindness hav been receiving your paper regularly. I send you $5, which place to my credit, including the time that has passed. I cannot well do without it. I liv in a hotbed of orthodoxy, where the majority are full of ignorance and superstition, though we hav a few Liberals, and they are gaining in numbers. I hope Mr. Bennett will hav a successful trip around the world; it is a journey that was needed by such a man, so we can have the truth about the heathen lands, as we hear but little from there but from the missionaries, and I hav but little confidence in them. Yours, etc., JAMES NICHOLAS.

KEOTA, IOWA, Dec. 22, 1881.
MR. EDITOR: I inclose you post-office order for ten dollars—three on my subscription, two for the "Trinity of Freethought," and as you offer stars so cheap as $5 apiece I will take one, although as Materialists we are to leave those ethereal possessions for Spiritualists. May it be one drop in the ocean of "fives" to flood Bro. Bennett's canoe toward sweet home again. It is said who travels livs twice, and by traveling he may gain the year he lost in the hands of the modern inquisition. I would rather see him take a recess at home and circulate his publications in the land of the free than to write up half-civilized nations; but the word "rest" is not in the lexicon of a man of his ability and character. Had he even not written more than the letters to Mr. Mair, his name would shine and liv forever in the wreath of the celebrated. May the burden of years not be too heavy upon him if he has to carry his mule awhile (like Mark Twain) to keep up with his company. May he not spend a decenium in study of Sanskrit, like Volney, to disclose the secrets of Hindoo religion. American Liberals can and will protect him against pawnbrokers, but are powerless against cholera and disaster. I hav passed a terrible half hour on the Atlantic, when shrieks and blazes mingled in the air; I hav seen the pearls fly in the trembling fingers of the praying-machines on board. Yes, to count prayers at such a moment required machine-work. I resolved not to go in that fiery vehicle to heaven, like Elijah, but to rather keep house within the whale, like Jonah. We were saved, not by the virgin mother, but by the energy of the officers, who, fortunately, did not stop to pray. May Bro. Bennett never hav to decide between fire and water, and escape from the lion and the cholera.
Bro. Bennett is to search for descendants of the widow's jug that never was found empty, for a full jug, like a full purse, is welcome to all nations. But to make his journey most beneficial to mankind he is to take those dead weights from the wheels of progress, those indolent idlers, those leeches who absorb the beggar's penny as well as the banker's dollar, and which he so well described in his "Truth Seeker in Europe." Take from the land of lemons superstition and hierarchy; from the land of oranges ignorance and poverty. Take them around to the thousand islands of the south Pacific Ocean, where the Feejees use them as material for steaks. Italy will bless our hero for such energetic purification of that country, for they would, if only once in their life, feed the hungry. May their road from the teeth of the Feejee to resurrection run smoothly, for "Jordan am a hard road to travel." I pity the poor pagans, for they will all die of dyspepsia if they continue such obnoxious, unwholesome diet. How natural to these children of nature to eat up and put out of the way their oppressors, and how perfect and radical the cure! How unnatural of our Christian neighbors to eat their Savior, redeemer, and benefactor!—eat the flesh and blood of a Jew who died a criminal death two thousand years ago, and offer such a horrid feast as a universal remedy for all sin whatsoever; and whosoever doubts that he really eats the flesh and drinks the blood of Christ shall be damned! Can a person with sound reason, with common sense, go to heaven? Impossible; only cannibals and idiots are worthy and able to go to that insane asylum. How absurd for Christians to claim that their religion is the foundation of all morality; how absurd to say outside the church morality does not exist! I turn the lance around; an action or deed done in the hope of reward of heaven, or fear of punishment in hell, is not moral in the purest sense of the term. The doctrin of absolution is degrading and immoral; the doctrin that the greatest sinner is most welcome in heaven (there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth than over ninety-nine righteous) is persuading to sin, and most immoral; the creed that the deepest sinners, even murderers, by repentance in their dying moment will secure free admittance to the right hand of the judge, among the sheep who hav washed their garments in the blood of the lamb, is still more immoral. How impudent, then, of Christians to say, "I cannot believe a Freethinker, even under oath, because they do not fear God." Now, Christians never see the beam in their own eyes; but can justice rely upon a witness who settles his bill, perjury included, by confessing to the priest—the priest who absolves and forgivs the murderer—and while an innocent victim suffers death or life-long imprisonment, and his family do suffer disgrace and shame, the real murderer rests easy and soft on the pillow of his absolution, and the priest is doomed to silence by the creed of his religion? Verily, they hav their eyes full of beams and their brains too. How can they claim moral actions if not a hair can be lost without the will of their governor, who destined ninety-nine per cent to hell before they are born?
Scientific education is the fountain of morality, of virtue, and of humanity. Morality and virtue are on the increase since the progress of science in spite of the degrading doctrins of religion. Knowledge, not faith, is the cornerstone of morality. We Freethinkers know that no god nor priest can forgiv or annihilate the consequence of a bad act, and will liv so as to look on our past life with pleasure when Charon's skiff approaches. We do not hope for reward nor fear punishment after life; our aim is the welfare and happiness of the human race. We find our reward in the estimation of the righteous and educated, and in the contentment of our own heart, and the sentence of a just spirit should grant us reserved seats in Walhalla if continuance of thought could be possible after life is extinct and the capacity to think has ceased. This letter is growing entirely too long, else I should serve a few remarks to Mr. D. Thing's "Spiritual Arm," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 10th.
Yours most respectfully, CHARLES NAUMANN.

LION CITY, M. T., Dec. 14. 1881.
MR. EDITOR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 25th ult., also back numbers of the paper, for which I thank you, and sincerely appreciate your courtesy. It is rather slow work in this region in-

troducing light, as most of the inhabitants are either Scandinavians or Poles, and the latter think they hav not lived sufficiently long and near enough to the classic world to retrograde, even for Luther's sake. They think it is a new kind of orthodoxy, and fancy it will tend to stop work on Sunday. I pity the poor fellow who would pass here with a white necktie, or who would pass a saloon without visiting it. Doubtless their education was slightly neglected in their infancy. They hav a god of creation—lucre—and how they worship it, equal to any creed but the one! And they worship nothing but what they can elope with. The Turk, Hindoo, Malay, Tartar, Chinese, Siamese, and every other nationality I hav been amongst, when they hav lost all faith in their original and nativ castes, feel sufficient degradation to be on an equality with a Christian. None of the above will touch, taste, or handle anything after a Christian until it has been thoroughly purified. It may be said they will sell their daughters, barter their honor, and thereby sell their own souls. Need we go far to find whether the heathens are the only ones who are so sordidly ambitious? Believe me, the question is too easily answered even to cause a blush within our own range. Believe me, our worthy explorer will hear and see more than has ever been written of oriental customs, manners, and habits. Most books that I hav read of oriental nations hav had too deep a daub of sale-coloring for a traveler to make a passport of. I hav ever found them generous to a fault until some Christian or civilized trick was performed, and when they found it out I suppose they became civilized or Christianized as well. Inclosed please find $3, my subscription to the paper for next year. It is a paper that has no equal for assisting every human being in carrying out the maxim of one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, "Make your heaven on earth."

Yours respectfully, R. YEAMON.

MOUND CITY, KAS., Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Happy New Year to you and your entire corps. Inclosed find post-office order for your paper for the ensuing year. I see that our hero is prospecting close to the Jordan, where he probably will take a cool bath and shake off the rubbish he encountered in going through my old, priest-ridden birth-place. Good wishes to you, Mr. Macdonald, for the good management of our great paper.

Your friend, FRED MANTEY.

LIBERAL, MO., Jan. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just got over a grand, good time we had on New Year's Day, at Freethought Hall. It was given out a week or so previous that we would hold a basket picnic at the hall, and all partake of a "co-operativ dinner." We know if the co-operativ business was not carried out to perfection at that dinner it was simply because the individual could not eat his share. But we believe they did. The League was to meet that day to transact some business, but it was simply absurd to mar the enjoyment of that occasion by any "formality," so we postponed.

We are now making grand preparations for the celebration of Thomas Paine's birthday. All our entertainments heretofore hav been a success. We hav had crowded houses; but we intend that this shall be best of all. There will be nothing left undone that will tend to make the celebration of the founder of American liberty a day long to be remembered by all the participants.

We hope every Liberal society throughout the United States will make that day resound with their demonstrations.

THE TRUTH SEEKER seems to be the main paper circulated in Liberal, outside of our home *Liberal*, and we watch with much anxiety the course of "the wanderer." We wish THE TRUTH SEEKER friends, one and all, a very happy new year, and hope to meet many of them soon at Liberal. One has no time to get lonesome here; we keep something on the "boards" most of the time. We hav our dramatic club, dancing club, library, singing, and benefit meetings. We meet at some private house, and each will write a subject on a slip of paper, and the slips are thrown into a hat, mixed up, and then each draws out in turn any subject he or she may happen to get; they then speak upon the subject five minutes. This givs the ladies, and those not accustomed to speaking, a means of development, and is also very amusing and instructiv.

Yours fraternally, S. PARIS DAVIS.

JAVA VILLAGE, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5—$3 of which is to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER one year. The other day I found a postal which you sent me stating that your paper was $3, instead of $2, which was the amount I sent. I reckoned on the basis of fifty cents per quarter. I see that you credit me on your paper for a full year; but as yours is not an orthodox paper, it teaches me no way to cheat you out of it, and get God to credit me with it.

I should like to ask a few questions through the columns of your paper: 1. Has there ever been any way discovered by which thought, mind, or spirit, as they see fit to call it, can be produced without an activ brain and body? 2. If there is a way, what is it? And if there is none, how do they manage to ship the spirit off to heaven, or hell, or anywhere else, when the body and brain hav ceased to act? I should like to know how it is done, and perhaps some brother Spiritualist, or any one else who claims to know, will inform me.

Yours truly, BENJAMIN WHALEY.

THE SERPENT-RODS, OR BATTLE OF THE GODS.

SOLEBURY, PA., NOV. 27, 1881.

"They cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods" (Exodus vii, 12).

MR. EDITOR: Permit me, if you please, to cast my mite, with other mites, to your valuable paper, being an individualized entitity among the many entities, and formed, as I conceive, from the atomical substance of the universe, from whence all perceptible matter has its being, according to the laws of nature.

I will now proceed to answer, according to my view, the puzzling query, "Is there a God?" This query, taking into consideration the many reputed gods and saviors of mankind, reminds me of the Hibernian's reply when asked for the number and names of his brothers: "Well, sir, I hav fourteen brothers, and they are all named Bill, but Bob, and his name is Tom."

There's lords many, and gods many,
Like the Hibernian's pun;
Or, like the figure of the rods,
They center all in one—
One stupendous mighty whole,
Circumference like the air,
Existing perfect in itself,
With center everywhere.
Science laws they govern cause,
In all the realms of nature;
They form the orbs that roll in space,
And every tiny creature;
Hence all matter has its being.
As we may plainly see,
Formed from ever-working power,
As fruit developed from a tree.
When science laws are understood,
Mankind will then applaud
The power of the universe—
The one eternal God—
And sleep no longer in a name,
Belonging to tradition,
Of the saints in creedal chains—
The chains of superstition.
When science knowledge shall be free
To all as ambient air,
Then the priests will cease to preach
And utter vocal prayer.
Till then free souls must labor on,
If they be thought as saucy,
To win the prize that is in store,
As said the poet Massey:
Triumph and toil are twins: and aye
Joy sees the cloud of sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow."

E. W. ALLEN.

MILWAUKEE., OR., Dec. 21, 1882

MR. EDITOR: After a long hunt I hav found $3 in greenbacks, which I forward to apply on my TRUTH SEEKER account.

On the banks of the Willamette sat I musingly one day,
Watching its placid waters flowing majestically and gay;
Sat I there musing, musing, an eye cast o'er its waste,
Caught something in the distance that seemed to make some haste,
And as I nearer moved, I clearly could make out
A man was being swallowed, for I saw two legs stick out.

Some said it was a salmon in the act of swallowing man,
But that's not my opinion; I hav another plan.
Although the salmon's a big fish, the idea we will snub,
For in these mountain waters it seldom partakes of grub.
But it's my real opinion old Jonah and his whale,
For to surprise the world anew concluded to take a sail.

And starting for the center, the hub of all the world,
He sailed up the Willamette; now the mystery's unfurled.
It's well to keep eyes open and look for more anon,
For Arab Noah and his old ark is sure to come along.
The way I'm doing it's all been done, the religion of to-day,
The story started first for fun, which moves us now to pray.

Yours truly, BORDER RUFFIN.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: At the beginning of the present year the great body of Materialists should unite and become as one man, and work together with a resolute zeal worthy of so true and noble a cause. The great masses of people are floundering along with a dead weight of clerical creeds, dogmas, and meaningless superstitions, with all its ponderous expense and lecherous suckers. Is it not time for free minds to act? Is it not time for every sincere Materialist to show his real colors, and step to the front with his co-workers, and boldly attack the sly and hypocritical bigots and dogmatic bummers, and cause them to lose their grip on the credulous multitudes? Religions of all kinds are impostures, and the people should know this, and refuse to sustain them with money. All the clerical drones of the whole world could not supply one moment of life, and death is final against the power of one hundred gods. This world is our all, and outside thereof nothing. Therefore the jargon and twaddle about another world is the most ridiculous and farcical buncombe. As Materialists, let us try to block the way; then the wheels of superstition must stop, and millions of people be largely benefited thereby.

A squeamish Infidel should be unknown. Every one should be cool and brave, and never shun the inventors and perpetrators of pious frauds and shams. Therefore, my brother Materialists, fight superstition, wherever found. T. WINTER.

FLINT, MICH., Dec. 30, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send you five dollars, which please credit as follows: two dollars for arrearages, and three dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882. I could not well do without the paper, although money is rather hard to catch onto just now. I would like very much to send you five dollars more for the Round-the-World trip, but must wait for better financial conditions to do this. The letters are very interesting, and well worthy of an extensiv reading.

I sent you two new subscribers the past year, and am in hopes to do better for the year 1882. May success crown all your efforts for the right and the truth, and may you in due time reap the full measure of reward that your sacrifices so well merit.

During the past year I hav noticed in your columns some quite spirited letters on Materialism *vs.* Spiritualism. And since they hav failed to clear up the mist, and hav seemed careful about staking out the divide, I would like to ask that some one more fine in the distillation of thought come out squarely and tell me through your columns just where to draw the line. They hav all affirmed that matter is not inert, and if that is so, then matter can only be rationally considered in its correlation or connection with the spirit or life principle of the same. And since every manifest of the spirit, so-called, requires this correlation to make it visible to our senses, I am led to ask, What are the true meanings of these words? Again, as they hav asserted that "something can't be nothing, and nothing is not," are not all these generic forces and variegated powers so co-allied, yet as separately and analytically considered, but qualitate properties of matter?

Ism, when affixed to a word, implies philosophy—a method of thought, a certain line of reasoning—and in so considering these two subjects I am wholly at a loss to know how to think the one independent of the other, and together only under the observed comparativ law of relativs, whether tangible or intangible. To my mind as yet matter and spirit are so closely allied as to preclude all possible separation; in fact, but different forms of matter; the one so ethereal as to require the grosser to make a tangible or visible manifest. There is, no doubt, a possible limit to man's think, the finite within its radius, the infinit always beyond. Yet as we grow into the realm of the latter in the work of to-day, it becomes the substantiv for to-morrow's research, etc. And yet if I should ask, What the think and its genesis? but few would be hasty in responding. But I will tease you with but the one query now, simply to know where the line is to be drawn between the two recognized *isms*, for as yet I am of the opinion that these conjoint philosophies are really but one, and form the basis and baptismal fount for all truth.

This being your first letter from Flint, I will add, we hav a nice, enterprising, little town situated on Flint river at the junction of the G. T. and F. P. M. railroad; population, ten thousand; manufactures, principally lumber, wool, and cotton. Good hotels, schools, and churches. Of the latter we hav nine, representing eight different routes to the "kingdom come" and "city of many mansions."

Liberal thought, however, is gaining ground. C. Fanny Allyn is now discoursing with people here and exciting some thought. She is a ready talker. Her discourses and arguments are very logical and reasonable. She speaks impromptu on subjects given by the audience. Bros. Jno. H. Burnham and M. Babcock are expected with us for one Sunday in January.

Asking pardon for this lengthy intrusion, I will close. Fraternally yours, WM. R. ALGER.

SOUTH BARRE, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find my dues for the past year. Am sorry to be so tardy, when we know you need every dollar in advance for the paper. Hard as it may be to raise the money, the paper we must hav as long as we liv, and it is published. We hope the old hero will liv to circumnavigate the globe and return to wife and friends again; yet we do not think it worth while to spend our time in prayer to God for his safe return, but rather depend upon his environments or surroundings. We hav recently had a big job of prayer in the case of President Garfield, and, as usual, nothing came of it but great expense and loss of time.

O human folly, when will people cease to be so blind? Never, as long as led by popes or priests If the interest on the money spent for what is called religion was spent for THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal, Spiritual, and scientific books and papers, including T. B. Wakeman's "Scientific Gospels," and their doctrins read and put into practice, it would develop our manhood and womanhood. We should then be in search of truth, with some prospect of obtaining a small portion of an endless amount of truth and fact yet unknown to this age. I shall want the big book "Around the World." I lost one a colporteur gave me once, which, if I remember, said something about the world—that it was flat, and made in a hurry, and such like. I did not think much of it for truth. M. B. DELANO.

[*From the Mayflower.*]

Is It Come?

"Is it come?" they said on the banks of the Nile
Who look for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the stride of Egypt's toil
With the desert's sands and the granit gray;
From pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrants dread,
Yet there was hope when that day began.
The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
That built up Babylon's crown and creed;
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris's shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus's temple and Nimrod's tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread,
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power;
But still, "Is it come?" the watcher said.
The light of the Persian's worshiped flame
On ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and godlike men,
No marvel the far-off day seemed near
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.
The Roman conquered, and reveled too,
Till honor and faith and power were gone;
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,
As wave after wave the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And ever more, "Is it come?" they said.
Poet and seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets;
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promis cleave,
And still, at times, "Is it come?" they say.
The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place,
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither and memories wane;
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
"And has our faith but lived in vain?"
But this is all that our watcher said.

REPLY.

Watcher, What of the Night?

The Nazarene came with the cross and crown,
And the Jewish altars were laid in the dust,
And a new light, 'twas said, o'er the nations was thrown—
A light that would giv the promised rest,
So said the preacher, but the watcher saw
Naught but contention and armed men;
The earth still reeling with passion and war,
And the world still in arms even now as then.
Next came Mohammed with crescent and sword,
And an Eden of bliss was promised then
To all who accepted his one true lord;
The nation's false gods they were to condemn.
Then the watcher he pondered and drew aside
The veil that so long had his vision obscured,
To see the new doctrins spread far and wide,
One God worshiped and his prophet adored.
Straight the Nazarene's followers took the alarm—
A war was commenced. 'Twas a holy war;
Their standard, the cross, was a powerful charm
The Christians to rally from countries afar,
Their leader a hermit, a Christian austere,
Blinded with zeal for the Christian creed;
Their watchword, the holy sepulcher,
Where tradition reported their prophet was laid.
Thus the watcher saw that the promised rest
With the saints on earth was glorious war,
Christian, like Moslem, fighting his best,
Giving blow for blow, and scar for scar.
Then the watcher grew weary and sad at heart,
And doubted the story so often told,
Of a people saved—an infallible chart
To conduct the sheep to the shepherd's fold.
Thus the watcher continued his weary round,
As the the seasons waned and the years rolled by,
But still there came neither sign nor sound
In response to the watcher's weary cry,
Still the watcher stood at his post, and cried,
"What of the night?" as he did of old.
And the voice of science at once replied,
That their age of rest was greed and gold.
That prophets prophesy, and preachers preach,
Only against gold when beyond their reach.

Book Notices.

[*From the Chicago Times.*]

"THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH" is the title of a little *brochure* by Van Buren Denslow, LL.D., of this city, which has just been issued in New York. Much, possibly all, of the matter has appeared before in the columns of some newspaper or periodical, but this is the first time it has appeared together. It professes to discuss the relation of ancient Egyptian civilization to the Hebrew narrativs in Genesis and Exodus, and the relativ claims of Moses and the pyramid to inspiration. The latter clause of this sentence is rather an odd way of putting the matter, since probably Moses and certainly the pyramid, hav never made any claim to inspiration. Mr. Denslow himself rather strongly insists upon the fact that there is not even a hieroglyphic asserting or claiming anything to be found on or in the pyramid. Some hav probably claimed a sort of inspiration for the builder, but a moment's thought will show that the only possible object or purpose of inspiration is the communication of knowledge which cannot in its nature be otherwise conveyed. It is a curious way to communicate information to lock it up in a vast pile of stone, the very object of whose existence shall be a standing mystery to the whole race for thousands of years. Of course Mr. Denslow does not subscribe to the inspiration theory, and it is mentioned because it seems beneath the dignity of so incisiv a thinker to consider it at all. The location, character. dimensions, and the various theories of the purpose and meaning of the huge structure are discussed with abundant evidence of wide reading and shrewd, critical thinking. The author has plainly studied closely the works of pretty much all the Egyptologists and all the Hebrew literature relating to Egypt and the Israelitish captivity there, and criticises them all with the ease and freedom that come of thorough familiarity. He can scarcely be said to announce any affirmativ results except that the pyramid is a huge mystery which nobody has yet found a key to, but among the negativ results of his researches he practically holds that the whole story of the sale of Joseph into Egypt, his rise to power, the long captivity of the Jewish people, and their final deliverance, is simply a Hebrew novel—"only this and nothing more." This little work may not convince anybody of anything beyond its author's capacity to write a pungent and learned paper, but it certainly is good proof of that.

[*From the Boston Investigator.*]

"THE RADICAL PULPIT."—A pulpit of this kind is the best that can be got up, and in the one before us we hav a number of discourses on interesting topics by O. B. Frothingham and Felix Adler. These lectures are very able and Liberal, and as all their discourses are of a high order of merit, their friends will read this collectiou of sermons with much interest and satisfaction.

"THE GODLY WOMEN OF THE BIBLE."—This volume of 345 pages, written by an "Ungodly Woman of the Nineteenth Century," as the author styles herself, is a history of the more prominent women of the Bible, or those whom the clergy and church hold up as patterns and models of the female sex. "An Ungodly Woman" is strictly Biblical in her biographies, but no Liberal can read them without concluding that the women of to-day, though they can be improved some, no doubt, are yet very far superior in every commendable respect to the "godly women" of the Bible. As with men so with women; they improve with the increase of knowledge and the advantages growing out of a wiser and a better civilization. The above two volumes are published by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth st., New York.

[*From the Liberal (Mo.) Liberal.*]

IT is wonderful with what rapidity the land is being filled with Freethought books—all good, all to the point, and many very excellently composed. Among the good books just issued by the publishing house of D. M. Bennett is "The Godly Women of the Bible," by "An Ungodly Woman of the Nineteenth Century." This book presents, for the first time, the godly women of the Bible in their true light to the public.

In the introduction she touches Eve, the snake, God, and the apple, thusly: "Oh, that accursed apple! what has it not cost us! O Eve! thou mother of all living, what a powerful being wert thou, since thou didst change the decrees of almighty God; since thou (and the serpent) didst pervert the whole order of nature, turn topsy-turvy all God's work, upset his infinit, divine plans, thwart his best-made schemes, putting him to his wit's ends, compelling him to pause just where he stood and begin again and do his work all over. What a power in one snake and one woman!

"'Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.'

"O snake, how couldst thou do this? how couldst thou encourage in thy wicked heart a desire to overthrow thy God? O woman! O man! behold thy work! the work we are called to contemplate in these histories of the godly women of the Bible, without whom the Hebrew records would be incomplete, a savior unknown, and man unredeemed."

WE hav before us a most excellent book, "The Radical Pulpit," by O. B. Frothingham and Prof. Felix Adler, which is simply grand. Prof. Adler in one of his lectures, says: "What we desire we hav declared; a religion so plain and clear that the most simple understanding shall grasp it, so strong in its commands that the most obdurate heart shall own its swaydom, and yet so high and pure that the *elite* of mankind—those choice, rare souls that dwell upon the hights of humanity, shall own it as their religion; nay, shall declare in humility that the scope of its demands far transcends what even they can ever hope to accomplish. And we hav found what we desire. We are like men who hav discovered a great treasure and who go about and again and again publish the news of their good fortune. We are like men who hav been tossed on the mad sea and who now stand on the rocks, whence the surges can no more dash them. We are like men who hav feared the loss of some dear friend, and to whom their friend has been given back, even from the brink of death. All this hav we endured. We hav been tossed on the mad sea of doubt; we hav seen the friendliest influence of human life in jeopardy—our trust in the good. If they ask you of our religion, tell them, the pursuit of justice, purity, love—this is it." In one of Frothingham's, on the "Language of the Old and New Testament," the philologist says at once a book containing such words could not hav been written by Moses, for he could not hav employed words which only came into use five or six hundred years after he died.

"VOLTAIRE IN EXILE," by Benj. Gastineau, contains many good things. Although the church apostrophized him as a firebrand of hell, tool of Satan, oldest son of his Plutonic majesty, miscreant of the damned, and with other sweet sonorous names, he said, did, and wrote things that liv in the hearts of a grateful and appreciativ world, when his malignance will rest in the tomb of oblivion. Voltaire was usually logical, always satirical and witty. Speaking of the devil, he says: "They speak to you of the evil one, they frighten you with the mere name of the devil because they want to hav you believe that devils are the most wicked, mean, and frightful of beings. But our painters deceive themselvs when on their canvas they represent devils as monsters frightful to see; they deceive themselvs, I say, and deceive you, as also do your sermonizers, when in their pictures or sermons they make them appear to you so homely, hideous, and misshapen. They should rather, both painters and preachers, represent them to you as these fine grandees and nobles all—as these fine ladies and young damsels whom you see so well tricked up, so well dressed, curled, and scented, and so dazzling with gold, silver, and precious stones. The devils which your preachers and painters sketch for you and represent under such homely and monstrous forms and countenances are certainly no more than imaginary devils who could only frighten children or ignorant boors, and who could only inflict imaginary evil on those who bear them. But these he and she-devils, these ladies and fine gentlemen of whom I speak to you, are certainly not imaginary, they are really visible, they must assuredly know how to inspire fear, and the evil they do to the poor is most undeniably real and palpable."

WE also hav some very interesting pamphlets. One is about "The Pyramid of Gizeh," by Van Buren Denslow, LL.D., of Chicago. Speaking of the grandeur of the pyramid, he says: "The tourist of to-day moves among the pillars of the temple of Carnac, sixty feet high and thirty feet in circumference, yet rising on either hand through long corridors of columns, as if they were but saplings growing in the nurseries of the gods; and leaves them with the mental query, What motiv ever induced this mighty race to sacrifice its nerve and muscle, blood and life, so prodigally, so wastefully, upon these altars of stone? When St. Peter's at Rome shall hav crumbled to dust; when Macaulay's 'New Zealander' shall hav climbed up the archless turrets of London Bridge to sketch the moldering ruins of St. Paul's; when men shall look on ancient maps for the outlines of what was once the American republic—supposing this republic to endure like that of Rome, for thirteen centuries—even then the sphinx will look out in stony mystery upon the Lybian desert, and the tourist will find the pyramids as difficult a riddle as they are to-day, but essentially as perfect in their preservation."

"SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY, ANCIENT AND MODERN," is the title of a sprightly pamphlet by James Anthony Froude. He says: "Religion had been the curse of the earth, and though fools might still torture themselvs with a belief in it if they so pleased, Lucretius, speaking the very inmost conviction of the imperial Roman mind, informed them that religion was a phantom begotten of fear and ignorance. The universe, of which man was a part, was a system of things which had been generated by natural forces. God there might be somewhere in space, created by nature also, but not gods who troubled themselvs about men. All things proceeded from eternity in one unchanging sequence of cause and effect, and man had but to understand nature and follow her directions to create his own happiness undisturbed by fear of supernatural disturbance. If the sufferings and enjoyments of this world were distributed by a superintending providence, it was a providence which showed no regard for moral worth or worthiness. The good were often miserable, the wicked flourished, and a power so careless of justice, even if it existed, did not deserve to be reverenced. But it existed only in the brain of man. Evils, or what were called evils, were a necessary part of an imperfect existence. But evil was disarmed of half its power to hurt when its origin was known, and the more carefully the laws of nature were studied, the more successfully man could contend against it."

[*From House and Home, N. Y.*]

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IT is quite impossible to resist a feeling of sadness sometimes, as we sit in a great and brilliant assembly of people and think how short the time will be ere every one, the youngest, brightest, fairest, as well as the most venerable, will hav vanished from the sight and even from the memory of men. But, unless we are thoroughly selfish, a deeper sadness would afflict us if we knew that there could be no others come to take our places. The thoughts which robs death of its enmity is that when we are gone, others as full of life as we will swarm into our places. Death is impartial distribution. What it stands for is "the greatest good of the greatest number." Though there should be no other life in store for us, we should be willing to move on and make room for the new comers.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

IF thou art worn and hard-beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst forget read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.
—*Longfellow.*

WHETHER a heathen, to whom the light of the gospel was never made known, can be saved by obeying the law of reason, and whether salvation be attainable in such Christian societies as are generally corrupt in very important doctrins, are questions to which our Savior would hav replied, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!" But one thing is very certain, that no man can be saved who does not sufficiently endeavor to find out the truth for himself; who wilfully propagates known errors, and has no solicitude to reform his own vices, and (as far as lies in his power) the vices of his companions and friends.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

CONSIDERING all the heresies, the enormous crimes, the wickedness, the astounding follies which the Bible has been made to justify, and which its indiscriminate reading has suggested; considering that it has been, indeed, the sword which our Lord said he was sending; and that not the devil himself could hav invented an implement more potent to fill the hated world with lies, and blood, and fury; I think, certainly, that to send hawkers over the world loaded with copies of this book, scattering it in all places, among all persons . . . is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty.—*J. A. Froude.*

IF I owe a person money and cannot pay him, and he threatens to put me in prison, another person can take the debt upon himself and pay it for me; but if I hav committed a crime, every circumstance of the case is changed. Moral justice can not take the innocent for the guilty, even if the innocent would offer itself. To suppose justice to do this is to destroy the principle of its existence, which is the thing itself; it is then no longer justice; it is indiscriminate revenge.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

IF you are ashamed of rational religion, go back to the leeks and onions of the traditional faith.—*Chadwick.*

IF Christians would teach Infidels to be just to Christianity they should themselvs be just to Infidelity. It can do truth no services to blink the fact, known to all who hav the most ordinary acquaintance with literary history, that a large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work, not only of men who did not know but of men who knew and rejected the Christian faith.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THANKS to thee, O death; there is never any lack of little children in the world; never any lack of boys and girls; never any lack of fresh young minds trying anew to solve the old, old problems; never any lack of fresh young hearts to thrill with the old, old rapture; never any lack of fresh intelligence and curiosity and will; never any lack of men and women, in their full-orbed maturity, ready and glad to grapple with the tasks and questions of their day. O death, thou art the life-giver, the health-giver, the joy-giver! We will sing praises to thy great and holy name. But for thee how stale, flat, and unprofitable would be all the uses of this world! And, thanks to thee, what everlasting freshness, what perennial love and joy and strength abound!—*J. W. Chadwick.*

OH! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Hav been hardened into wood—
That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.
—*Longfellow's Children.*

SEEN in the light of universal order, we see that death is no fatality, no accident. We see that death is just as natural as life; that it is a necessity of the human organism; that there is a time to die; that when this time arrives death is a relief from pain and weariness; no enemy, but a most true and tender friend.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

DUNCAN is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! —*Shakspere.*

Odds and Ends.

CAIN was the first policeman. He clubbed the head of Abel, and then got broke.

THOUGH vinegar is often sour and disagreeable, it was never known to go back on its mother.

"ALL full inside," shouted a Broadway stage-driver on New Year's Day. And you may be sure he knew his load.

WHEN David got within a stone's throw of Goliath, he felt in his inmost soul that he had the whirled in a sling.

DIOGENES, when last heard from, was at Newark, N. J., armed with an Edison illuminator, and pursuing his fruitless quest, as usual.—*The Judge.*

NEWARKERS hav seen the old adage, "Every man has his price," and gone one better, as follows: "Every man has his peck"—peculation.

THE New York plumbers are to hav a paper. Probably one of the craft was called to mend a pipe in a newspaper office and has taken the establishment for his bill.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES hates slang, and will not listen to it. He has even been known to leave when a Sunday-school song was sung to the tune of "Swanee River."

THE esthetes say that they hav a sufficient dinner when they hav softly gazed at a lily for an hour. But chickens, according to an agricultural authority, eat all the sunflowers.

ANOTHER foreign actress is coming to this country. As she is not accompanied by an *ad interim* husband, it is safe to predict that she will not create a furore and return home with a fortune.

"THE only way to put an end to the innumerable suicides which occur in France every year," said a speaker in the Assembly, "is to make the act a capital offense, punishable with death."

A BOY in Germany can repeat the Lord's Prayer in eighteen languages. By a remarkable coincidence, this is exactly a dozen and a half more than many boys in this country can repeat it in.—*The Judge.*

A BALL was recently given by a church congretion in Denver to raise money to pay the preacher's salary The preacher has resolved not to preach against the evils of dancing as long as his salary is in arrears.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* holds that the best cosmetic is cold water and fresh air. Cold water and fresh air may be good enough for the Chicago cheek, but the Chicago nose needs something a little more sustaining.

THE vessel that always accompanies a courtship is a "smack." The course of love, by the way, may be full of craft, and the tug comes after marriage, when, if the husband chance to be a little fleet, the wife's happiness is frequently disturbed by the too frequent sail of the schooner.

A NEWS item in a country weekly says a neighbor "is building a three-story hen-house for his chickens with skylights." That's right. Such thoughtfulness is commendable. If any fowls deserve to liv in a three-story hen-house it is chickens with skylights. They are valuable, and should be carefully protected.

THE boys were being examined in astronomy. When it came the visitors' turn to put questions, somebody asked what the constellation in which the Pointers are located is called. The infant phenomenon of the class promptly answered, "The Great Dipper." "Why is it called the Great Dipper?" asked another visitor. "Because the gods used it to take a drink out of the Milky Way," responded the phenomenon.

SEE the little snowdrops
Coming down in joy,
Each a sparkling diamond
To the happy boy.
See his mother bang him
Through the woodshed still,
Because he froze his fingers
Coasting on the hill.

AN entirely new scheme has been developed by the ladies of Washington. They hav organized themselvs into "Guardian Angels," for the purpose of warning such Congressmen as drift over the line of moderate drinking into the sphere of guzzling. What could be more pleasant than for one to find a little note like this on his desk? "*To the Honorable Member from Podunk:* My dear sir, it becomes my painful duty to warn you that if you are as drunk to-night as you were last night, a postal card will be forwarded to your family. With deep solicitude, YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL."

A GOOD many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp fire, one of the party suggested that each man should giv the time of and reason for his leaving his nativ state and coming to Texas, whereupon each one in turn told his experience. Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defense, and left Arkansaw, Gen. So-and-So had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of his having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking old man, who was usually called "parson."

"Well, parson, why did you leave Kentucky?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me anyhow."

"Out with it! Did you shoot anybody?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. As you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas had ever been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The Parson was called on to furnish more light.

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Notes and Clippings.

PROF. HUXLEY is invited to occupy the chair of natural history in the University of Edinburgh. It is worth $10,000 a year.

A LADY at New Cross, England, a few days ago, died while saying her prayers. The jury found a verdict of "Death from the visitation of God." Why was not the murderer committed for trial?

SPURGEON boasts of his "Calvinism, out-and-out Calvinism," and says that "John Calvin was the greatest divine that ever lived." We suppose he was especially divine when he roasted Servetus to death.

A CONNECTICUT jury set aside a will which had been made by a Spiritualist. The ground of this verdict was that a person who is a Spiritualist is necessarily insane. The parties interested in the will appealed the case, one of the chief grounds of appeal being that the jury was composed chiefly of Congregational deacons who were prejudiced against Spiritualism.

IT is a mere waste of space for the Chicago *Herald* to say, "The Deacon Smith of Manayunk, Pa., who was arrested for kissing a pretty girl on the public street without her permission, must not be confounded with the truly good Deacon Smith of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, out on a lark." And it is wanton and brutal in the *Herald* to add, "The truly good deacon was never known to kiss a pretty girl more publicly than behind a hall door."

WHEN the Dunkers of Indiana made up their minds that the study of grammar was frivolous, they protested against their children being taught it in the public schools. The teachers refused to be bound by the protest, whereupon an appeal was made to the superintendent, who has decided that teachers may omit the offensiv study. He insists, however, that they shall impart orally to all Dunker pupils "all that is practical on the subject."

A NEWLY-MARRIED pair on their wedding tour stopped at the Hotel Bennett on Friday, and, being given a room, were escorted to the elevator. After viewing the interior of the little room in the elevator, the groom stepped out and asked the clerk if he took him for a greenhorn. The clerk replied in the negativ. "Then giv me a room with a bed in it," replied the unsophisticated young man. Matters were explained, and the elevator shot upward to the the third story.—*Binghamton Leader.*

BROTHER CONWAY, of Brooklyn, strikes back at Brother Fulton, and makes sundry unpleasant allegations about the pastor. Conway compares his case to that of a Louisiana negro who was before a colored judge. The defendant's attorney offered both law and evidence to prove his client's innocence. The judge replied: "No use ob law an' evidence, sah; de court is agin you." Conway says that Fulton managed the church meeting much after the fashion in which this judge held court. Feeling rages very high over the matter between the adherents of the contending parties.

LAST month the wife of Adelbert Dewey, a well-to-do farmer of Chautauqua county, New York, was taken sick with fever. Dewey would not hav a doctor. He said that the sickness was sent upon his wife as a judgment on his sins, and she could only recover through his doing penance and praying for forgivness. Edward Dewey, his father; Joseph Luce, William Luce, and Elder Collins, neighbors of the farmer, agreed with him. The five men surrounded the sick woman's bed, and for five days remained in constant prayer for her recovery. None of them took nourishment during the time, and gave no care or attention to the wants of the sick woman, who was raging with delirium. At the end of three days other neighbors forced their way into the house, and Dewey was arrested and placed under bonds to giv his wife proper care. She died soon afterward. Dewey is to be held responsible for her death.

AARON KING and Joseph Edwards, colored murderers, were yesterday cleansed of their sins by the sacrament of baptism. The baptismal ceremony took place in the jail, with the Rev. Mr. Lewis and a deacon of his church officiating. In the cell there are two bath-tubs, which were specially filled with water for the occasion. The two men knelt down in the tubs, and the minister pressed upon the heads of the neophytes and pushed them backward until their entire bodies were covered with water while the words were being pronounced. The ceremony over, the two men came forth.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE St. Gothard tunnel is now daily traversed by eight trains, four each way. Touching solidity of construction, the tunnel leaves nothing to be desired. The official inspectors express themselvs perfectly satisfied with the condition of the work. Particular attention was paid to the windy stretch, which has caused so much trouble and given rise to so many fears, but the massive granit masonry with which this part of the passage is stayed seems admirably adapted to its purpose, and shows no sign of yielding to the immense pressure that weighs upon it. The ventilation is good, and no inconvenience was experienced from the temperature. The tunnel is lighted with lamps placed about two hundred rods apart.

THE Chicago Sabbath Association formally requested the publishers of the newspapers to use their influence to stop the noise made by newsboys on Sunday mornings. The *Times* declares itself "most earnestly, unalterably, and ferociously opposed to everything in the nature of needless noises on Sunday." But it takes the occasion to put forward the following theory: "It cannot be supposed that the members of the Sabbath committee are so inappreciativ as to think the musical notes with which the newsboys arouse sluggards from their sleep on Sunday morning deserve to be called noise. They resemble, rather, in their dulcet cadences and pious use, the Turkish muezzin's call to prayer. Let the committee remember how many pious but drowsy Christians would inevitably doze in bed through the hours of morning service in church every Sunday but for the newsboys' cheery summons, and they will applaud rather than condemn so important an aid to piety."

AROUND some of the parsonage houses of England may yet be seen enormous barns dating from the time when tithes were paid in kind. The author of "Not Many Years Ago" relates some stories about this period which few now generally recall. His father, a farmer, sent a polite message to the rector that he intended to gather his apples, and thought the yield promised some fifty bags; he would, therefore, if the rector pleased, send six. But the rector preferred sending his man to watch, who, therefore, appeared with a chair, table, and good supply of cider, and, after sitting in the orchard two days, carried back three bags. On another occasion some potatoes were taken up for dinner, and half an hour later a message came from the rector's daughter demanding the portion due of the potatoes taken up that morning. Every tenth day the rector sent to take the milk of the cows, and on those occasions the milker was not too careful to extract the last drop.

WAGONS loaded with the various products of Utah industries are constantly passing through the gate into the tithing house in Salt Lake. The Mormon law requires that one-tenth of all the things produced by the labor of the faithful shall be given to the church, and the compliance is in the main honest, though attempts at shirking are occasionally detected. The annual income from this source is kept a secret by the rulers, but has been estimated as high as $5,000,000, and undoubtedly reaches $3,000,000. "It is thought by the gentiles," says a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, "and intimated by the saints themselvs, that a portion of the tithing fund has been employed, and very effectivly employed, in securing favorable legislation in the national Congress. The departed Brigham was wont to speak very contemptuously of Congress, boasting that he cared nothing for it, because he could influence its votes with money whenever he deemed it desirable. And there is reason to think that his boast was not wholly idle."

SOME time ago a man named Chesnut, while digging a well in Louisiana, found, sixty feet under the surface of the earth, what he supposed to be a wonderfully large bone of some wonderfully large animal. After excavating the jaw and tibia bones, the water rushed in upon him so rapidly that he was compelled to leave further investigations to time and curiosity. He succeeded, however, in bringing up with him the jaw and "shin" bones of the monster. It is almost incredible to speak of a jaw-bone three feet in length, yet such is the length of a part of a jawbone. The teeth are exactly like the teeth of a human, and the jawbone, in all its peculiarities, indicates that it belonged to some gigantic specimen of the family remotely and orthodoxly represented by Adam. Several physicians examined the bones, and declared their inability to name their origin. One prominent physician, the best anatomist probably in the state, after consulting works upon the subject, declared the bones to be those of a gigantic mastodon. Men, though, who hav visited the world's best anatomical museums, say that the jawbone does not resemble that of a mastodon, but that it is au enormous type of the human jawbone. The "shin" bone also is strikingly correct in comparison with the known bone of a human being.

Liberty reads this hard lesson to W. J. Colville, who performed the last rites over Laura Kendrick. Mrs. Kendrick was a Spiritualist, not a Christian, and Colville's remarks about "Christ Jesus" were insufferably impudent. No Spiritualist should snivel at the door of the church—no true Spiritualist would; but a mountebank might. Colville well deserves Mr. Tucker's castigation: "In another column of this issue is given our estimate of the life and character of an earnest fellow-worker recently taken from the ranks forever. It is written from our own standpoint, as it should be. But how far one who accepts the task of conducting an actual funeral ceremony is justified in flying in the face of the dearest beliefs of the deceased is another question which we are driven to consider by the action of W. J. Colville, the Spiritualist priest chosen to say the parting words over Laura Kendrick's coffin. He began the exercises by reading selections from the Bible which he knew to be in direct conflict with the teachings of her life. 'Blessed are the dead who die in Christ Jesus,' he began; 'The Lord is my shepherd,' he continued; and so on to the end. Laura Kendrick did not die in Christ Jesus, and would hav rebelled at the very thought. She died in her own glorious self. If, beyond the veil which separates us from the future, there is a judgment day when the damned are separated from the saved, Laura Kendrick, unescorted by any mediator, will walk straight, erect, and fearlessly into the presence of the great white throne, there to receive her sentence, confident in the power of her own virtues to achieve her own salvation. Nor was the Lord her shepherd. Her *role* through life was that of a shepherdess. She belonged to no flock, but tended many. And if, the other side the grave, there are green pastures and still waters, our word for it she will discover them unaided, and lead countless others to enjoy their benefits. Mr. Colville, by reading these passages, outraged her memory and insulted her friends; and nothing but the proprieties of the occasion saved him from being confronted with at least one rebuking protest on the spot. He cannot plead ignorance; he knew her too well for that. We can view his conduct only as a feeble imitation of the cowardly efforts long practiced by the Christian church to capture the Infidel dead."

News of the Week.

THE Hon. Clarkson N. Potter died on the 23d.

ICE gathering has begun in some parts of this state.

SMALL-POX has been declared epidemic in the United States.

GLADSTONE has applied to the pope for help in the Irish question.

HOWE has been appointed to succeed James as postmaster-general.

AS soon as the Guiteau case is ended the Star route swindlers are to be tried.

GOV. ST. JOHN, of Kansas, lectured on temperance in Brooklyn last Sunday evening.

THE terms of Parnell and Dillon, the Irish agitators, hav been extended three months each.

THE coldest weather of the season, accompanied by a blustering wind, struck New York on the 22d.

THE court-house and post-office at Abilene, Kansas, were burned last week, with several other buildings.

A TREATY of peace has been declared between Bolivia and Chili, Bolivia making important concessions.

THE widow of Abraham Lincoln is hereafter to receive a pension from the government of $5,000 per annum.

A BROOKLYN man recently recovered $6,000 from a man who, he claimed, had alienated the affections of his wife.

THE two Malley boys and Blanche Douglass are to be tried together in New Haven, Conn., for the murder of Jennie Cramer.

PADDY RYAN, the Troy giant, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, are to engage in a prize fight somewhere in Louisiana on Feb. 7th.

A KIND of street car has been adopted in Chicago which carries its track along with it in the form of big steel rings, inside of which the trucks revolve.

THE Guiteau trial may end this week. After Lawyer Porter's speech and Judge Cox's charge the case goes to the jury. Guiteau was allowed to read his speech in court.

DEACON W. W. ELLIS, of Providence, R. I., while opening a bottle of communion wine on Sunday, the 1st inst, cut his hand with a piece of the glass, and has been seized with lockjaw.

SPEECHES were made before the House committee on the Rights of Women at Washington last week by Matilda Joslyn Gage, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Sewell, and Isabella Beecher Hooker.

THE London *Times* says that on Mr. Bradlaugh's presenting himself in the House of Commons to take the Parliamentary oath Sir Stafford Northcote will move that he be not allowed to do so.

A MAN in Detroit sued four newspapers for $50,000 each, because they accused him of an atrocious murder. The jury returned a verdict for the newspapers, and the man was indicted and is to be tried for the crime.

THE church in Washington which Garfield used to attend has, since his death, been nearly deserted. The pastor, however, took advantage of its temporary popularity, and succeeded in procuring subscriptions amounting to $30,000 toward a new building.

THE coroner's jury are investigating the cause of the railroad accident at Spuyten Duyvil in which Senator Wagner was killed. The rear brakeman says he ran back a sufficient distance and made his signals for the oncoming train to stop. The engineer on the locomotiv says he did not, and passengers on the wrecked train corroborate both statements. The conductor says there were liquor and drunkenness among his passengers, particularly the legislators from Albany, but the latter deny it.

A Truth Seeker Around the World.

Beyrout, Baalbec, and Damascus.—Concluded.

This temple stands on a lower plane than the other, and the columns are somewhat smaller, being over six feet in diameter and sixty-five feet high. There were forty-six of these columns originally, of which nineteen still remain, one having fallen against the *cella*, where it still stands in a leaning position. The portal of this temple must indeed have been beautiful. Incredible as it may appear, the door-posts are monoliths, ornamented most richly with foliage and genii. The architrave is of three stones, and on the lower side is the figure of the eagle, the emblem of the sun. The *cella* is one hundred feet by seventy, and is exceedingly rich in ornamentation; eight fluted half-columns are on either side, with niches in the spaces between, probably used for statues.

The circular temple, said to have been erected to Venus, is just without the massive walls which inclose the two large temples, and is a gem in the exterior, though there is nothing remaining in the interior to particularly attract attention. Eight Corinthian columns, each of which is a monolith, surround it, and a richly-executed frieze of flowers adorns the wall of the *cella*. The entablature is heavily laden with decoration. The Christians, down to a century ago, used this as a church. The smaller of the temples on the acropolis was also used by the Christians as a place of worship.

When the Romans possessed Syria, they held the temples of Baalbec as sacred, and probably rededicated them to their own gods; but when the bloody Constantine came to have power there, after he had become a convert to the new religion, with the zeal of a new convert he must, of course, endeavor to strike down the gods that had been worshiped there, and substitute the one he had adopted. He caused the magnificent works of art to be destroyed, and the statues to be demolished, as he did at Ephesus; and he caused a large basilica to be erected in Baalbec of the columns of porphyry and other costly stone taken from the temples described. The columns of this basilica are still standing. In view of the destruction of the fine work performed by men who lived centuries before his time, as well as for much else that he did, his name deesrves to be execrated by good men among all nations.

A SERMON IN THE TEMPLE.

Sunday, Nov. 13th.—Our tents were pitched within the walls of the Acropolis, in the very court of the large temple, and here at our leisure we can wander around among the old ruins, and look through the large rooms still surrounded by massive walls which tower up heavenward, as well as explore the vast subterranean arches and storehouses under the temples, which for ages have been used as places of safe deposit for valuables of all kinds. Grand thoughts are awakened here, and a profound veneration is aroused for the giants who once peopled this country.

Pursuant to an invitation extended last evening to the Rev. Mr. Getz to deliver a sermon to us, our little company assembled at half-past ten this morning in the old temple to hear him. As we have two preachers in our party it would seem that we ought to have a little preaching. I was feeling quite ill, but I deemed it best to show the courtesy to listen to him; besides, I had a curiosity to see what ability he possessed. The sermon was preceded by a long installment of the church of England service, and prayers, which under the circumstances became very tedious. After reading two chapters in the Bible the reverend gentleman read a sermon he brought with him from home, and which possibly he has delivered several times before. The text was from Paul, to the effect that "Christ is the Rock." The gentleman then started off with Moses and the children of Israel in their forty years' journey in the desert, and said that as Moses smote the rock at Horeb, and obtained living waters for the great number of people with him, so every day for the forty years he ministered directly to the people, and gave them the waters and the bread of life. He then took the position that the rock which Moses struck, and from whence living water flowed, was Christ; that Christ being eternal with the Father, was with Moses and the children of Israel during all their wanderings, and that it was Christ who guided and protected them all those years. This was the substance of his remarks.

I would like to have made a short reply to his remarks, but it would have been throwing a firebrand into our little camp, and would doubtless have made my traveling companions more or less unhappy. It is but right that I should consult their feelings, and not mar their happiness while on their journey to and through the "Holy Land." I should, however, have shown that no man has ever been able to find in Egypt, on papyrus or monuments, the slightest record that such a people as the Israelites ever lived in Egypt, that they ever escaped from the country, or that its king and army were overwhelmed in the Red Sea while pursuing them, though the Egyptians were a remarkable people to make a minute record of all the events that transpired in their country, including the crops raised on their farms, the number of fowls kept, and the number of eggs gathered. If such events as are told of Moses and the Israelites had ever occurred, the Egyptians would not have failed to have a full account of it.

I would next have shown that no explorer or traveler has ever been able to find any such rock as Moses is said to have brought a gushing stream of water from by hitting it a tap.

I should also have shown that there is an account of but two years of the wanderings of the Israelites given in the Bible, and that if it is true they were forty years in making the journey, there are thirty-eight that the Bible says nothing about. It is therefore the merest assumption to undertake to say what was done for those people during all those forty years. It is at least worthy of note that it is very strange that forty years should be required to make a journey of a hundred miles or so, which Joseph and his virgin wife and child were able to make in a few days, when fleeing from Herod. There is, however, one drawback about Joseph's journey to Egypt. Matthew is the only evangelist who said anything about it, and seems to have sent them there to fulfill a prophecy which was never made—"Out of Egypt have I called my son," which referred no more to Jesus than to Mohammed, Napoleon Bonaparte, or Joseph Smith. At the very time Matthew was hurrying Joseph, Mary, and Jesus off to Egypt, Luke safely ensconced them in Nazareth; and at the end of forty days took them to the temple in Jerusalem. If one told the truth the other certainly told an untruth; both cannot possibly be true.

I should have undertaken to show that if the rock of Horeb was a reality, it could not have been Jesus; nor is there the first word in all that has been written about that forty-year Israelitish journey to show that Jesus was there or had anything to do with it. If the Rev. Mr. Getz is correct in saying that Jesus was with the Israelites on that journey (whether he was the rock of Horeb or not), a very shabby trick was played upon Moses as well as upon all the patriarchs and prophets, for though they held such constant communion with Yahweh, and knew his will most intimately, they were kept entirely in the dark about the existence of Jesus. If he did have an existence prior to his conception, and if he was able to be a rock and produce a stream of water, then Moses was egregiously fooled, for he had not the slightest idea of it. John was the only evangelist who had a thought that Jesus had an existence previous to his conception, and that book was not written by John, but by some one in the last half of the second century to establish the Hindoo and Egyptian doctrine of a trinity as a Christian doctrine. The other three evangelists had no knowledge, and never even dreamed, that Jesus existed before he was begotten. The very idea of a person existing thousands of years before he was begotten is monstrously absurd. But the whole system is so full of absurdities and untruths that one can but be appalled at them.

A LITTLE ILLNESS.

In the afternoon I grew worse, and had a stubborn attack of diarrhea, with vomiting, amounting almost to cholera morbus, a disease to be feared in this oriental world. The cause was a subject of discussion; some thought it was the grapes I had eaten, but I do not. It is true only yesterday I bought a cluster of grapes of people who were gathering them by the roadside, and I ate them with a good relish; but it was no more than I had done on preceding days; in fact, I have eaten freely of grapes since I came upon the continent. Grapes never hurt me. I believe in them, and cannot think a single cluster of grapes brought on that attack of cholera morbus. I am much more inclined to think it was the excessive heat and my getting greatly fatigued, that were the causes. Be that as it may, I sent to the little apothecary store in the village and had a few pills made, containing a grain each of opium, camphor, and capsicum, and two or three gave relief, though the first I could not retain.

Monday, Nov. 14th.—I did not feel well enough this morning to undertake a three days' ride to Damascus over a very rough mountain road; and as Mrs. Judge Lawson, a lady about my own age, does not feel able to stand the ride, and has decided to wait here one day and take the diligence back to Shtora, and then the main diligence from Beyrout, I concluded to join her. We accordingly took our leave of the party in the camp and went to the Hotel de Palmyre in the village. She speaks French some, so we make out to be understood. I have spent the day in rest and fasting. I think more of these two remedies in curing many ills than of drugs or poisons. I am feeling better to-night.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.—We were unable to leave to-day, as the seats in the diligence were all engaged. I was, however, quite content to remain here another day, for the quarters are very comfortable, and it is just as well to wait here another day as to have to wait for our party in Damascus. This hotel is kept by an Italian by the name of Pericly D. Mimikaki. He understands how to keep a hotel, and has been very attentive to us. If any of my readers should ever come to Baalbec let me recommend to them the Hotel de Palmyre; charges ten francs per day. I have spent considerable of the time to-day on the housetop in the sun; that is to say, on the top of the one-story part of the hotel, a portion only being of two stories. My room is in the second story, and it is perfectly easy to walk out upon the roof; and as the hotel is on the principal street, in sight of the bazars and most of the traffic of the town, I even sat there in the sun and did some reading and writing, for it has not been so warm to-day as to be uncomfortable, while rather cool in the shade. I was much amused to watch the manners of the people. Early this morning I saw some half a dozen calves being butchered in the street in front of the little meat shops; the blood was allowed to flow into the street, where there is no pavement. Soon the little stores were opened and the business of the day begun. Many sell a little grain or a few vegetables on the street, the same being carried on the back of a donkey. I could but observe how much noise it requires to transact a little business. The outcry made over a peck of grain, half a dozen fowls, or half a bushel of vegetables is almost deafening. It reminded me of the remark the devil is said to have made when he sheared the hog—"Great cry and little wool." The Syrians appear to be a quarrelsome people. Not less than half a dozen quarrels were gotten up to-day in the vicinity of my place on the housetop; they are, however, principally wars of words; the combatants shouted, gesticulated fearfully, and looked the fiercest kind of daggers at each other, and all the idle Syrians ran up to aid in the *melée*, but it blew over and nobody was hurt. I saw several Bedouins from the interior, and they certainly present a very villainous appearance. I watched several trains of camels tramping slowly by, carrying loads of different kinds, looking as grave and serious as old Time himself. The camel is not a frolicsome animal.

A WALK.

In the afternoon, feeling altogether better, I took a walk outside the town to what is called the fountain, which is a magnificent spring; enough water gushing out of the earth at the foot of Anti-Lebanon to run half a dozen mills, and the liquid as clear as crystal. It is this stream that makes a town here possible. As I followed along up the stream I stepped into several rude mills, where wheat is being ground by the water-power which the stream affords. The whole affair is very simple. The wheel is not an overshot nor an undershot, but a sort of side-shot; the shaft is upright, the paddles or arms of the wheels are horizontal, and the stream, being conducted so as to strike the side, of course makes it go round. The millstones are much like those used in our country; and the upper one rests on the shaft of the wheel, and goes around with it, but rather slowly. No curb is required, and the stones are naked, the flour falling quietly by the side of the lower stone. The hopper is suspended over the stones by cords, and the wheat runs in very slowly. As I was once a miller, I, of course, was interested in flour-making. The grinding I did, however, was drugs—roots, barks, and herbs—but I could dress a set of millstones right well.

Over the stream, on a level grass-plot, I saw several females sifting and cleaning something; and, wishing to learn what it was, I went to them and began to investigate. I found it was coarsely-ground wheat that had been cooked, and they were sifting it on large sheets, and spreading it to dry. It is quite an article of diet with the people of this country; upon asking them the name of it, I think they called it *Yahma*, or something that sounded like that. I tried to be sociable with them, but not being able to understand each other, we could not get on very well. They were very pleasant, and did not seem to regard my visit as an intrusion. They gathered around me, about twenty of them, from ten years of age to fifty, and some, of course, of a very interesting age. They seemed as much interested in me as I was in them, and I trust the admiration was mutual. Many of the girls were really good-looking, barring the dark complexion. Some had their faces uncovered, while others kept the yashmak constantly over the lower part of the face. I motioned them to remove it, but they chose not to; but what I lacked in seeing the face was made up in busts; I do not remember seeing so much bosom at any one time since a small child. They were not afraid of me, nor was I afraid of them; one examined my watch-chain, opened the locket attached to it, and, of course, wife's picture and my own had to be shown around; then the watch had to be seen and opened. Noticing they were fond of pictures, I showed them some photographs I had with me, at which they were very much pleased. I left a couple of my own with them, and bade them adieu. Some followed me quite a little distance.

Near the fountain is the ruin of an old temple, which was converted into a church, and afterward into a mosque, thus illustrating how one religion succeeds another. I followed down one of the streams from the large spring, and approached where some women appeared to be washing clothes. At seeing me approach they evinced displeasure, or alarm, and

began shouting out, "*Yarrah! Yarrah! Yarrah!*" throwing up their arms as though they were driving geese. I know what yarrow is in our country, though not so well acquainted with the same in Arabic; but I inferred that it means, *Go back, don't come this way*, for they evidently did not wish a visit from me. Possibly some of them were *en deshabille;* but, however that might have been, not wishing to intrude, I *yarrahed*, and struck off to the left, up through a vineyard, to the summit of a hill four or five hundred feet high, where stands the ruins of a small temple, said to have been devoted to the worship of the sun, which was afterward used as a mosque, but now is unused, as the roof is gone. It is some fifteen or twenty feet square, and some ten feet from the ground the corners are drawn in so as to make an octagon, leaving niches inside for statues. Some fragments of carving and cut stone are lying around. I climbed to the top of the heavy wall which yet stands, and from thence I had a fine view of the town below, the piles of ruins, and the extensive valley extending north and south, as well as the two Lebanons, one on either side.

Some thirty or forty miles north of Baalbec are said to be some four hundred cedars, of all sizes, some of them thought to be very old, and large, though not tall; and those are all there are left of the mighty cedars of Lebanon, of which so much was said in olden times. Nearly all of the two Lebanons, as I have intimated, is entirely barren of trees.

Returning to the hotel, I visited, with Mrs. Lawson, the missionary school for girls which is conducted here under English auspices. Over the gateway is a sign reading in this way:

JEHOVAH–JIREH.

British-Syrian School for Girls.
Established in 1870
by Mrs. Bowen Thompson.

The sign looks as though Mr. Jireh, whose first name is Jehovah, ran the establishment. Some fifty or sixty girls attend the school, and are taught both Arabic and English. We were informed that the girls learn readily, and are pleased at doing so. I was given a specimen of penmanship of one of the girls, eleven years of age, written in Arabic, with a translation in English. The teachers are educated Syrian women. I noticed that needle-work is taught the scholars. Such schools are beneficial, though some errors are also taught.

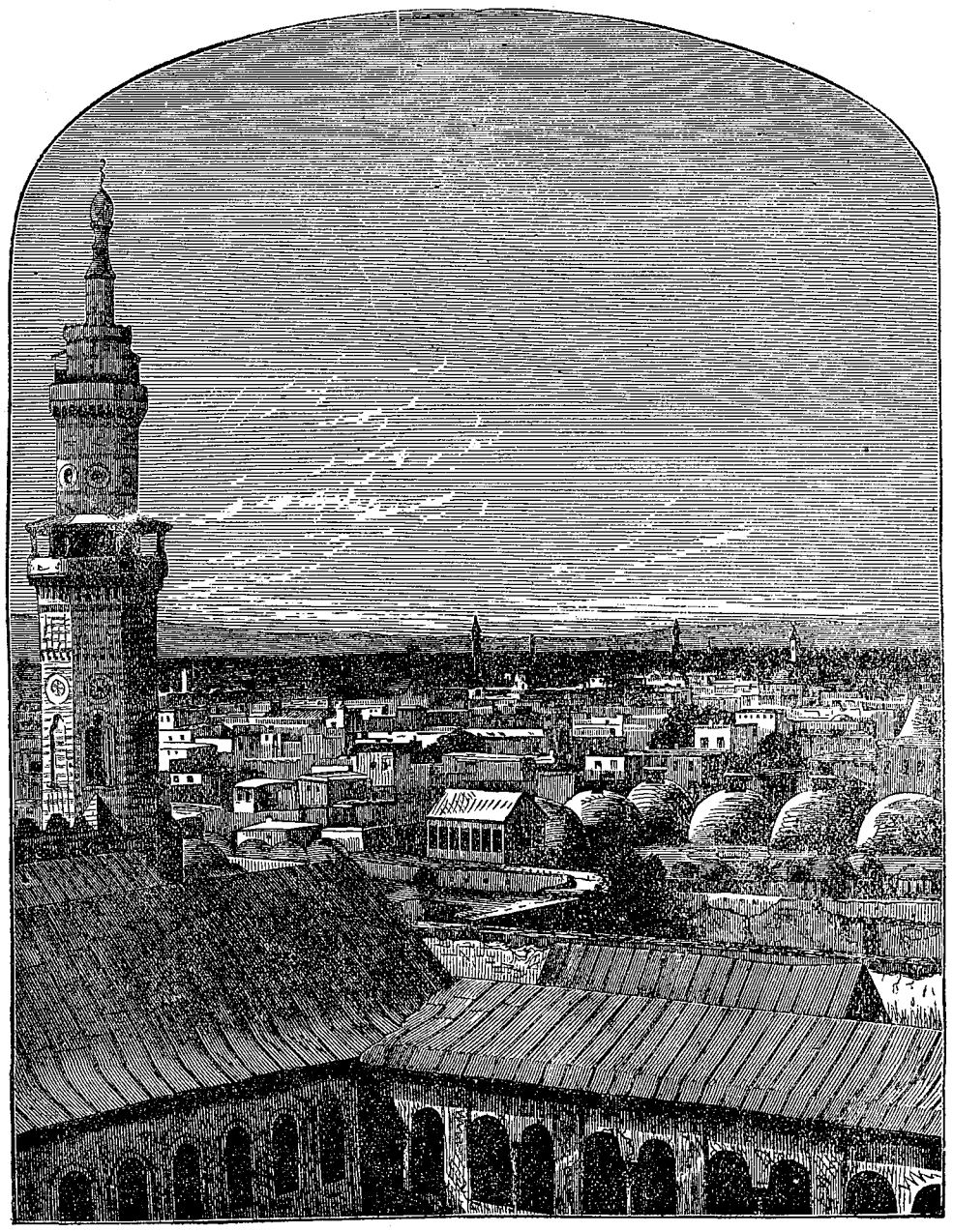
We also visited the extensive old church, said to have been erected by order of Constantine. Many columns are here standing, taken from the old pagan temples on the acropolis. We then again visited, for the last time, the grand old ruins, which are most interesting; though not so much so as they would be were the history of them as well-known as is that of those at Athens and Rome.

ON TO DAMASCUS.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th.—We were called at 4 A.M., and, after taking an early breakfast, at five o'clock took the coach for Shtora. The diligence being fully engaged by a party of Spaniards who were on the Saturno with our party, we secured a private carriage by ourselves, which was more expensive than a seat in the diligence, but was more comfortable. The road proved to be not so rough as the appearance of thousands of small stone up it had led me to think it would be. For six hours we retraced the road we had gone over by horseback three days before, and at ten rested at Shtora, where we had to wait an hour and a half for the diligence from Beyrout for Damascus. In the meantime a good dinner was served up. We were waited upon by two young Syrian damsels, the first female waiters I have seen since leaving London.

At 11:30 we took our seats in the coupé of a regular French diligence, with six horses in front, three abreast, and are rolling finely across the valley of Lebanon to Anti-Lebanon, on our way to the ancient city of Damascus. Anti-Lebanon is not so interesting as Lebanon, and is far more barren, but a small portion of its surface being plowed or cultivated at all. Much of it is rugged, naked rock, and where the red earth does appear it seems too poor to raise even trees, the largest shrubbery to be seen being about the size of walking-sticks. Much of the mountain appears made up of semi-independent hills thrown promiscuously up, leaving between a ravine or gulley, up which the road ascends. In some places the road takes decidedly a serpentine course, and, in order to make the steep ascent, a very zigzag course is pursued. The grade is made easy, and the road is very smooth, so that the horses trot the most of the way up the hill. A change of horses is made about every hour, station-houses and stables being located once in five or six miles. Scarcely any other dwellings are to be seen on the mountain.

It took nearly five hours to rise the mountain, 4,700 feet above the sea, on the western side, and to make the descent on the eastern side. It has been a cloudy day, and a little rain fell while we were crossing the mountain. When we reached the foot of the mountain, we came to a huge spring gushing out of the base, much like the one described at Baalbec—not a mere spring, but almost a full-grown river—which for four thousand years has thus been throwing up this beautiful crystal stream, which is called the river Barada, and which, joined with the water of another similar spring, forms the water-supply of Damascus, making the place a grand oasis in a large extent of desert stretching away to the east for hundreds of miles. We were kept hedged in among the hills, the road keeping close to the little river, until we nearly reached the city.



DAMASCUS

Just a few minutes before six we entered the city gate, and the diligence came to a halt at the government building, where the formalities of official inspection have to be gone through with. Here Mr. Clarke, the muleteers, and some of our party were waiting to receive us, and seemed very glad to find my health again so good; they having arrived nearly four hours before us. I learned that the horse-back trip had been very severe on the party, and that Mr. Bridges and some others had been forced to succumb. In view of this, though my diligence fare and hotel bill had amounted to over ten dollars, I felt that it had been money well expended. I doubt whether, in the condition I was in on Monday, I could possibly have withstood the hardship; for the traveling was very rough, in some places the horses having to descend mere narrow strips in the rocks two feet wide, where great danger existed, if the horses slipped, of going headlong down a precipice of fifty feet. Yes, I was glad I came by diligence, if it did incur an extra expense. I missed some good mountain scenery, and the ruins of some old pagan temples; but I had others in return, and withal a pleasant ride.

Here we are at the Hotel Demetri, a very comfortable place of abode, where we stop till Monday, the 21st.

Thursday, Nov. 17th.—Yes, here we are in what is considered, according to Bible story, the oldest city of the world, though I presume there were cities in central Asia and in China before Damascus was founded. From all we can learn, those countries had a population before this portion of Asia. Where man first evolved from the lower orders of animal life cannot now be determined; perhaps the claims of Damascus are as good as those of other localities. There is a story that the Garden of Eden was here, and the two rivers, Barada and Abana, are cited in proof; but they hardly fill the description, for it must be remembered that four rivers took their rise in that celebrated garden. No four rivers take their rise in the vicinity of Damascus, nor is there any garden-spot on the earth where four rivers do take their rise. Such a state of things exists nowhere except in dream-land. Probably somebody thought this to be the Garden of Eden because of its greenness and fertility in comparison with the barren deserts and mountains which surround it. With regard to the two rivers, they are hardly worthy to be called rivers, for when the two form one stream, I think the entire body of water could easily run through a tube four feet in diameter.

Damascus is said to have been founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah, but whether it it was so or not there is no way of deciding. It is also claimed to have been a city before the time of Abraham, for it was here, in this very city, that he picked up his steward Eleazar; and, to go still farther back, it is claimed that Cain murdered Abel here, and no less a person than Shakspere helps to sustain the theory. In his "King Henry VI." he makes Winchester say:

"Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot;
his be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain
o slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt."

Every person who chooses to believe that this is the place where Cain killed his brother, can do so without violating any law. The deed, if done, might as well be here as anywhere.

The fame of Damascus began with the old patriarchs and has continued to the present time. It is older than Athens, and older than Troy; older than Ephesus, and older than Smyrna. It may be older than Thebes, but that is hard to determine. It was probably founded before Palmyra and Baalbec, and has outlived them both. While Babylon is a heap in the desert, and Tyre contains but a pitiful five thousand inhabitants, Damascus remains in a comparatively flourishing condition. Position and water are what have done it. The two unfailing springs which for thousands of years have supplied the city with water, and have made its surroundings teem with fertility, and its position as the natural supply-place for the vast extent of country east of it, have kept it up midst all the vicissitudes and calamities which have befallen it.

Frequent mention is made of Damascus in the Bible. In 2 Sam. viii, 6, and 1 Chron. xviii, 6, it speaks about David establishing a garrison here after obtaining one of his bloody victories; and in 1 Kings xi, 24, of the opposition presented here to Solomon. The history will be remembered of Naaman, who belonged here, and who to be cured of leprosy was ordered by Elisha to bathe seven times in the river Jordan, when the proud Syrian expressed a preference for the magnificent rivers of his own land. In the chronicles of Jeroboam and Ahaz, in the prophecies of Isaiah and Amos, allusion is also made to this ancient city. Ezekiel also alludes to it in describing the commercial greatness of Tyre. Beyrout, however, has taken the position with reference to Damascus once occupied by Tyre.

Alexander the Great sent his general Parmenio to take it, while he himself marched from Tarsus to Tyre. Pompey later on occupied it. The Romans called it "The Eye of the East."

It was while Paul was journeying from Jerusalem to Damascus to persecute those who believed in Jesus that it is claimed he was smitten to the earth by a very brilliant light from heaven, and heard a voice which spoke audibly. Such forcible arguments are well calculated to convince any one of the existence of a power a little out of the common course of things; and I thought, as I was journeying toward

this city, whether it would not be a good stroke of business for me to be converted to Christianity in a similar manner. I do not know that I am any worse than Paul was when he was visiting over the country for the express purpose of persecuting those who had embraced the new religion; in fact he was much the worse, for I have persecuted no one, but simply used such arguments as to me seemed tenable. I hold myself open to conviction, and am ready to embrace the truth whenever I am convinced that truth exists which I have not. I cannot think it would take any stronger knock-down arguments to convince me than it did Paul, and it might be a good thing to convert me; who knows but I might be a shining light in the ranks of Jesus if I could only be thoroughly converted? If I could only return home and tell you how I had been felled to the earth by a strong light, and a voice not from a human source had instructed me what to do, some of you, knowing me somewhat and not regarding me as a great liar, might be converted also, and the number of believers would be increased by a few hundreds. All we require is the unmistakable arguments that carry conviction with them; we are ready to accept Christianity at any moment when we can be convinced of its truth; but we will have to have real arguments, not false ones or untruths. Nothing of that kind, however, seems to be for us; no such luck in our favor; if we ever become Christians, we will be compelled to accept the weak arguments and the untruthful claims which seem so potent to gain the assent of others. We will have to take as facts a mass of fables and silly stories which a person of good hard sense can not believe; that is all that is to be offered to us; it is that or nothing; consequently we cannot become Christians.

There are four different places pointed out in the vicinity of this city as being the identical place where Paul's conversion was effected, and I am inclined to give one just as much credence as the other, and to believe them all equally correct. I regard it as a pity that there is such a variety of statements about this important matter. Paul himself seems to have been troubled to tell a consistent story about the matter. In the first statement it does not say that the companions of Paul saw the light; but in his speech at Jerusalem he positively asserts they did. In Acts it says that the companions of Paul heard the voice, while Paul, in his speech, expressly contradicts it. This is a deviation from the truth, something like the statement that Paul returned to Jerusalem immediately after his conversion, while in Galatians he asserts positively that he went into Arabia, and did not return to Jerusalem for three years. In Acts xv an account is given of a council held in Jerusalem, to which Paul and Barnabas were sent from Antioch. Paul, in Galatians, gives a very different account. Again, in Acts, it is decreed that even gentiles must abstain from meats offered to idols; while Paul, in this epistle to the Corinthians, orders directly to the contrary. Acts mentions a visit of Paul between the first council and the one alluded to; Paul makes a different statement. In Acts the gift of tongues is a remarkable gift of the Holy Ghost; while Paul insists that it is unmeaning, unintelligible gibberish. The account in Acts of the arrival of Paul in Rome is entirely different from what Paul says about it in his epistle to the Romans; in the first Christianity is virtually unknown, in the second a flourishing church is in existence. It is such discrepancies and contradictions as these that make the Jewish scriptures unreliable. A man must stultify himself exceedingly to believe both sides of such direct contradictions about the most simple matters. Can it be that the cause of truth requires so many falsehoods and contradictions to sustain it?

Mohammed is said to have visited Damascus while he was still a camel driver, and before he set up business as a prophet. He did not enter the city, but viewed it from the hill northwest of the town; and to him, after traveling many days over the arid sands of Arabia, the city, with its vesture of green foliage, its gardens, and orchards of orange, lemon, fig, and pomegranate trees, looked indeed like a paradise. He viewed it with delight, but would not enter the city, saying, "There is but one paradise, and I prefer to have mine above, and not in this world." It has been thought by more than one person that the prophet acted sensibly, for to view the city from whence he did it presents a lovely appearance; but to enter it, and travel its narrow, dirty streets; to pass through its miles of somber mud-houses, or rough walls, plastered with mud; to wind among its crowded and dingy bazars; to see its mass of miserable beings ekeing out a hapless existence, takes away all the charm, and gives one to understand that it is not much of a paradise after all. Mohammed doubtless ever retained a better opinion of the city for not having entered it.

THE MASSACRE OF 1860.

Sunday, Nov. 20th.—This is our fourth day, and we have spent the time somewhat industriously in looking around the ancient city of Damascus, but I cannot say that I am hugely pleased with it. It of course possesses objects of interest, but a great deal that is repulsive and offensive. It is an oriental city in the strictest sense of the term, and is wholly unlike the cities of Europe and America. Its population is estimated at 250,000, 200,000 of which are Mohammedans; 25,000 Christians, mostly of the Greek church; 7,000 Jews; and the balance divided up into numerous small sects. The city probably has as much religion for the number of its inhabitants as can be found anywhere, though there is no more harmony among the devotees of the different systems than in other places. Religions seem to act to make enemies of the human race. Every individual is certain that he has the truth—that his religion is directly from God. Of course all devotees of other systems are believing a falsehood, and consequently are enemies of God, deserving castigation and death. The Mohammedans here are said to be very fanatical, and to entertain a positive hatred toward Christians, whom they regard as degenerate dogs. This spirit of fanaticism and enmity broke out here in 1860, as it did in all the principal towns of Syria, and a terrible massacre ensued. In Damascus seven thousand Christians were put to death, and in all of Syria the number of the victims was estimated at fourteen thousand. This was a terrible state of things; but, while it was later than any Christian massacres of a similar character, it pales into insignificance in comparison with many Christian massacres which had taken place within the past few centuries. One has but to recall the terrible massacres of the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the Huguenots, the heretics in the Netherlands, the mutual slaughterings of Catholics and Protestants in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to become convinced that the Mohammedans fall far short of the Christians in the business of killing and slaughtering for opinion's sake. In the Netherlands alone fifty thousand were put to death in cold blood, while of the Huguenots alone, on the occasion of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, one hundred thousand were put to death in France. The Waldenses and the Albigenses were pursued for years, and thousands upon thousands were put to death, while those who escaped with their lives were driven from their pleasant homes to the glens and rocks of the mountains. The Christians surely have very few stones to throw at Mohammedans on the score of massacres and persecutions.

It was on the 9th of July, 1860, that the Mohammedans of this city perpetrated the bloody deed alluded to. By sunset the whole Christian quarter was in flames; the water supplies were cut off, and miserable thousands were hemmed in by a hopeless inclosure of fire and steel. There was one good man among the Mohammedan fanatics, Abd-el-Kader, who no sooner gained intelligence of the frightful work that was being perpetrated than he sent his faithful Algerines into the Christian quarter with orders to rescue all the wretched sufferers they could meet. Hundreds were safely escorted to his house before dark. Many rushed to the British consulate. As night advanced, fresh hordes of marauders—Kurds, Arabs, Druses—entered the city and swelled the furious mob of fanatics, who now, glutted with spoil, began to cry out for blood. The dreadful work then began. All through that awful night and the whole of the following day, the pitiless massacre went on. Hundreds disappeared, hurried away to distant parts of the surrounding country, where, to save their lives, they were married to Mohammedans. Men of all ages, from the boy to the old man, were forced to apostatize, were circumcised on the spot, in derision, and then put to death. The churches and convents, which, in the first paroxysms of terror, had been filled to suffocation, presented piles of corpses, mixed up promiscuously with the wounded and those only half-dead, whose last agonies were endured amidst flaming beams and calcined blocks of stone falling upon them. The thoroughfares were choked with the slain. Abd-el-Kader alone stood between the living and the dead. Fast as his Algerines brought in those whom he had rescued, he reassured them, consoled them, fed them. He had himself gone out and brought in numbers personally. Forming them in detailed parties, he forwarded them under successive guards to the castle. Then, as the terrific day closed in, nearly twelve thousand, of all ages and sexes, were collected and huddled together, a fortunate but exhausted residue, fruits of his untiring exertions. There they remained for weeks, lying on the bare ground without covering, hardly with clothing, exposed to the sun's scorching rays; their rations, scantily served out, cucumbers and coarse bread. Lest they might obtain a little repose, the Turkish soldiers kept alarming them with rumors of an impending irruption, when they would all be given to the sword.

Abd-el-Kader himself was now menaced. His house was filled with hundreds of fugitives, European consuls, and native Christians. The Mohammedans, furious at being thus balked of their prey, advanced toward it, declaring they would have them. Informed of the movement, the hero coolly ordered his horse to be saddled, put on his cuirass and helmet, and, mounting, drew his sword. His faithful followers formed around him—brave remnant of his old guard, comrades in many a well-fought field, illustrious victors of the Moulaia, where, on the 18th of December, 1847, twenty-five thousand men, under his inspiring command, attacked the army of the emperor of Morocco, sixty thousand strong, and entirely defeated it. The fanatics came in sight. Singly he charged into their midst and drew up. "Wretches," he exclaimed, "is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame upon you, shame! You will live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come! The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches! Not a Christian will I give up! They are my brothers! Stand back, or I will give my men the order to fire!" The crowd dispersed. Not a man of that Moslem throng dared raise his voice or lift his arm against the renowned "champion of Israel." Consternation spread throughout Syria, and in every town and village the Christians anticipated a speedy doom. Such is the effect of religious fanaticism. When men undertake to do the work of God they make this kind of a mess of it.

The French and English squadrons, however, were seen off Beyrout, and the French standards were soon waving on the soil. But for the promptitude with which assistance came, it may have been that the whole Christian race would have been immolated, the impression among the Mohammedans being that the sultan had issued a decree for the extermination of the infidels. As it was, sufficient restraints were loosened to give power to the vengeance and lusts of the Turks, who, on a small scale, performed such bloody tragedies as have so recently been carried out to a more fearful extent in the "Bulgarian atrocities." The sequel of this Syrian slaughter was, one pasha was shot, also three Turkish officers, and one hundred and seventeen individuals, chiefly Bashi-Bazouks, police, and wandering characters. About four hundred of the lower classes were condemned to imprisonment and exile. Of the citizens, fifty-six were hanged. Of the notables, eleven were exiled to Cyprus and Rhodes, and their property sequestered for the time being; but it was afterward restored and they were enabled to live in luxury. Such is the amount of retribution imposed for this most bloody and savage outrage—one class of religionists attempting to suppress a rival class.

WALKS ABOUT THE CITY.

Two guides who can speak English were furnished us to go with us through the bazars and to visit the various parts of the city. The bazars, of course, were the first objects of attention, and they are indeed numerous, though not as rich in goods and appearance as some of us had dreamed. There are some miles in all of the bazars, much like those of Constantinople—narrow streets covered over with a roof on top. All along on both sides are small shops, from six by four feet to ten feet square, on the shelves of which the goods are displayed so as to attract the passer's attention. Customers never enter the shops, as with us, for there is barely room for the shopkeeper, but step up to the front and make their purchases. The shop-keeper can reach from his seat nearly all the goods he has for sale. The shops of the same kind are usually together in a locality by themselves. One street is nearly filled with shoemakers, and in a space ten feet square six or eight persons are busily at work. It is very interesting to watch the different mechanics at their various avocations, their style of work being so unlike what we see in our country. I accidentally, in stopping to look at something, got separated from the rest of the company, and wandered around for two or three hours by myself, mainly watching the various artisans at their labor. The work of the silversmiths and the coppersmiths is quite interesting, as they turn out many articles of curious workmanship. The furniture makers, whose work is extensively inlaid with pearl and silver wire, exhibited a great amount of ingenuity. On some small articles, like a work-box or small stand, are inlaid thousands of pieces of pearl in the form of leaves and vines. The turners are a numerous class, and seem to be a long way behind the same craftsmen in our country. Their lathes are extremely simple, being two points on which the piece to be turned is placed, with an iron bar for a rest. This is generally on the ground. The turning of the piece is effected by a bow with a loose cord which winds once around the article being turned; with one hand the bow is manipulated, turning the stick backwards and forwards, the chisel, which is held by the other hand and the toes, cutting only half the time; that is, when the stick makes the forward motion. It is a slow, imperfect process, and I think our turners could dispatch twenty pieces to one of the Damascus turners. Bedposts, banisters, and even larger objects are turned in this way, as well as articles of brass and iron.

The coppersmiths seem to understand their business pretty well, and by continued beating their heavy sheet copper they bring out kettles, pans, and other vessels with decided skill. Their shops are noisy places, but I like to stand and watch the steady change they effect in the wares they turn out. The confectioners are an important class, and many of their shops are to be met with. They do not make much candy like ours, but they manufacture a great variety of sweetmeats. Damascus has long enjoyed a reputation for its sweets, and they are sent abroad

in many directions. The bakers are also numerous; their flat, limpsy, half-baked cakes are met with in all parts of the town, and are hawked about by numerous pedlers. The cakes do not present a very tempting appearance. The fez-makers who bow the wool, work it into the proper form, and full it up, color it bright red, press it into shape, and attach a black tassel to the top, are often to be encountered. Almost everybody wears the fez here, save those who have the regular turban. Those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca are permitted to wear a green turban, and in this way they are honorably distinguished. It is also said that the descendants of the Prophet are allowed to wear the green turban.

I was struck with the number of small boys who work at the different mechanical arts. They are early instructed in the business which they are to pursue for life. I saw several as young as six and eight, who were working as steadily as old men. They cannot have much chance for acquiring education, when all the days of childhood are spent working at some trade. Here are many weavers, weaving fine silk fabrics, as well as cotton. Damascus has long been noted for its rich silks and satins. Much of this class of goods is decidedly beautiful. There are here many wholesale shops, called *khans*, where heavy stocks of silk goods are carried, and where dealers from distant parts obtain their supplies. The fabrics of Damascus are taken many hundred miles in all directions. The manufacture of common pottery is extensively conducted here; nearly all the ordinary vessels for carrying water in, etc., are red earthenware. I have not seen a wooden pail or bucket since entering the country; the water in all instances is conveyed in a large earthen bottle, about the size of a demijohn, holding from three to five gallons, carried on the shoulders of women. I have seen hundreds of women going to and from the wells and fountains with these large bottles upon their shoulders. The Damascans delight in bright colors, and it is common to see weavers turning out bands and straps of the most brilliant hues. Some do nothing but make sandals, generally of red morocco, while large numbers of others are engaged in making wooden clogs with a sole which raises the wearer from two to six inches from the ground. Many of these are worn by the women, and are held on the feet by a strap over the ball of the foot. They are very good to keep the feet from the wet, but are an awkward, clumsy kind of foot-gear. The manufacture of swords and knives has long been a characteristic of Damascus workmanship. The fine quality of "Damascus blades" has been known for many centuries. I saw many cutlers forging them and finishing them up. Many of the blades are ornamented with figures and etchings, while a high polish is given the steel. Nearly all the mechanics work in a sitting, kneeling, or squatting position, and the feet are made to play quite an important part in their work. Nearly all are barefooted, and the toes become very handy in performing a share of the work. The streets on which the bazars are located are traversed a good deal by camels, donkeys, and horses, laden with all sorts of commodities, transporting them from one part of the city to another. If a person is not watchful, he is often run against or knocked aside by the bulky loads thus being transported. Street porters are not seen here as in Constantinople and Smyrna; neither are dogs as plentiful as in the former city, though they are in nowise scarce. The street called Straight, mentioned in the New Testament, is the principal one in the city, and is something more than a mile in length, reaching from one side to the other, from west to east. It is not so wide as it used to be, as it was thought too much space was allowed it, and the houses were brought nearer together. It is largely occupied by bazars and shops.

THE GREAT MOSQUE.

This, of course, has to be visited by all sight-seers. It is only a few years since Christians have been allowed to enter it, and now the number is limited to twenty persons, and a charge of twenty-five francs is made for the party. We are not allowed to wear our shoes within its holy precincts, but must take them off and put on slippers. The mosque stands upon the site where once stood a pagan temple to Rimmon; then a large Christian church was erected on the same ground, and when the Mohammedans conquered this country they became joint occupants in the church; but by some sharp practice they ousted the Christians, and have since occupied it entirely themselves. This is the greatest mosque in Syria, not even surpassed in size by the great mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. It is a long and large edifice, standing in the midst of a spacious quadrangle, nearly three hundred feet in length by nearly half that distance in width, with two rows of plain-looking columns, which were taken from the heathen temple which once stood on the same ground. Thus do the religions succeed one another.

When Arcadius, the son of Theodosius, ascended the throne, he dedicated this old pagan temple to the worship of Christ, changing it from Jupiter to Jesus, and caused this inscription to be placed over one of its principal doors: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all time, and thy dominion lasts through all ages." And, strange as it may appear, the Mohammedans have allowed this inscription to remain, though it is not often seen, one having to climb to the top of some of the bazars to see it. Although the temple was thus formerly ascribed to Christ, it seems to have passed entirely from his possession or the custody of his followers. The caliph entered the church with his guards, when it was decided to eject the Christians, and ordered the removal or destruction of every vestige of Christian worship. Standing on the great altar, Walid himself directed the work of spoliation. Seeing his position, one of his followers, more fanatical or more timid than the rest, thus addressed him: "Prince of the Faithful, I tremble for your safety. The power of that image against which you stand may be exerted against you." "Fear not for me," replied the proud Moslem, "for the first spot on which I shall lay my battle-ax will be that image's head." Thus saying, he lifted his weapon and dashed the image in pieces. The Christians raised a cry of horror, but their voices were drowned in the triumphant shout, "Ullahu Akbar." Having thus obtained possession, Walid spared neither time nor expense in decorating the building. He made it the most magnificent mosque in his wide dominions. And even now, dilapidated as it has become, it has few equals in the Mohammedan empire.

The entrance archway is impressive, with its antique workmanship. The interior is spacious, with nave and aisle supported by numerous columns. The lamps suspended from the ceiling, the antique stained windows and mosaic work overhead in the lofty domes and arches, the inscriptions of passages from the Koran in many places, and the various praying-places, furnished with rich carpets, cannot fail to attract attention. In the transept is a "chapel" said to contain the head of John the Baptist, though there is not probably the slightest authority for the claim. Around it several Moslems were muttering their prayers. The pulpit is solid and handsome. The court by the side of the mosque is very spacious, and is paved with marble flagstones, which the feet of the faithful have polished by constant wear. In the center is a fountain where ablutions are performed before entering the mosque. Corridors surround the court, and traces may be seen of the gilding with which they were once beautified. In the western part of the court, standing upon a circular colonnade, is the "Dome of Treasures," said to contain ancient manuscripts of great value, but the contents are never under any circumstances exhibited.

The mosque is supplied with three minarets. One is called the "Minaret of Jesus," from a legend that when Jesus comes to judge the world he will descend first to this minaret. Perhaps he will when he *does* come. We ascended the "Minaret of the Bride," which is the most ancient. We climbed the one hundred and eighty steps and had a splendid view of the city spread out before us, with its thousands of flat roofs, a fair display of domes, large and small, and some thirty or forty minarets. There are some imposing-looking buildings, but only a limited number. The castle or citadel is a rather fine building, and is one of the prominent objects from a distance. It is a large quadrangular structure, built in 1219, and is surrounded by a moat. The walls, whose appearance of strength is exaggerated by twelve immense towers at the four corners of the building, are supposed to be very ancient. Some curious weapons are preserved there, and also the sacred tent carried in pilgrimages to Mecca. Around the city, particularly off toward the east, is a beautiful growth of green foliage, consisting of orange, myrtle, and pomegranate trees, lovely to behold, and which gives an aspect like paradise to the city. But little of these gardens can be seen, however, in going near them, as they are obscured by high mud walls. There is no pleasure in perambulating the city, the streets all being of the same narrow, dull, and monotonous character, with houses without windows on the streets, or having the blind walls described. Some of the streets are but six feet in width, some eight, some ten, some twelve, and a few as much as twenty. But as narrow as they are, the same space is not allowed all the way up; the second story projects into the street, with braces underneath, so that when the ways are narrow the projections meet, shutting out the light from the streets below, and giving them a dismal, cheerless appearance. And these streets are never straight or regular, but wind and twist around in the most confused manner. You can easily imagine that such streets, with no windows in the lower parts of the houses, must have very little to give variety or interest. These remarks apply to the quarters where dwellings only are, and not to that portion where the bazars are located.

We were taken to a pretty fine Greek Christian church, built since the massacre, and attended a funeral service when two priests read in a chanting voice a long service out of their holy books; but no discourse was given. The coffin was placed near the altar, and many of devout were on their knees, crossing themselves, and going through the formalities of Christian prayer, which to me seem no better than the Mohammedan formula.

We were taken to the house of Judas, or what is said to be the house of Judas, where Paul tarried when in Damascus, and thence to the house of Ananias, who cured Paul of the blindness with which the Lord smote him. This same house has been converted into a small Christian church or chapel. The place is also shown where Paul was let down in a basket when it became desirable for him to leave the city. It is well we were all allowed to believe just as little as we pleased as to the reliability of these claims. It is highly probable that nothing whatever is known as to where these houses stood or where the basket act was performed.

We were likewise guided to two missionary schools, one for girls and one for boys, where the children look bright and intelligent. The girls' school embraces some sixty scholars, and is divided into two classes, according to age, the older scholars studying both Arabic and English. The smaller class are little more than infants five and six years of age, who go to the school to be kept out of mischief, but who, as scholars are by no means easy to be had, are readily taken. They sang to us in both English and Arabic. The boys entertained us by doing some examples in mathematics. The schools are under the control of British missionary societies. A Mr. Phillips, a Presbyterian of the Irish persuasion, is in charge. They are undoubtedly doing some good in learning the young Syrian ideas how to shoot.

We then visited three private mansions, two in the Jew quarter and one in the Christian quarter—for Jews and Christians seem to live in quarters by themselves. These houses are gotten up in oriental magnificence; they are entered by passing through two or three courts, attended by a subordinate, whence visitors are ushered into the main court, neatly paved with finished marble, with a fountain in the center, and with orange and other rare trees growing around. The reception room, some twenty by fifty feet in area, and twenty-five feet in hight, is rich in the extreme. The upper portion, to a distance of some ten feet down, is highly gilded, and below that is sculptured marble from Italy, but carved here in very elaborate style. Half of the room is some twenty inches higher than the other part. The furniture is of Damascus make, and richly inlaid with pearl and upholstered with Damascus silk of the richest pattern. The floor is of fine marble of many colors, and in small pieces, put together in figures like mosaic work. Near the entrance of this room is a beautiful and expensive white marble fountain, cut with elaborate design. On the south side of the court is an open room, and it is a very agreeable place to pass the time in hot weather. This style of court, recess, and divans is common in all the better residences, being considered a *sine qua non* in this warm climate. We also looked into the garden of the first mansion visited, and saw a fine growth of orange, lemon, fig, and myrtle trees, though it is rather late in the season for flowers and small plants. The owner of the first house visited was not in, or at least did not show himself; but the second one visited was home, and the females of his household received us very kindly and seemed pleased with our call. Through the guide he assured us he was glad to see us, and that he felt great respect for Americans. He had two rocking-chairs of American make, of which he seemed very proud. He pointed to them and said, "America, America." He explained to the guide that as it was their Sabbath he was not at liberty to offer us refreshments, but were it any other day he would take pleasure in offering them. Both the Jews whose houses we visited are bankers, and it is pretty evident that banking here, as well as elsewhere, is remunerative. These mansions cost many thousands of dollars, and bespeak great wealth on the part of the owners. The Christian whose house we visited we did not see, but learned he is a very wealthy merchant in silks, etc. He is a Syrian. His mansion is rather plainer than the other two, but is rich enough, and very beautiful. All these mansions have miserable surroundings, the streets in their vicinity being as mean and dirty as elsewhere. The contrast between the interior and the exterior is very great indeed.

The Hotel Demetri, where we are stopping, is gotten up on the same plan—a large court and a magnificent fountain of water; a rich divan on one side, and the recess room, with lounges, on the other; orange-trees laden with fruit, and myrtle-trees, looking beautiful with their small white buds. It seems like emerging from dull earth to paradise to pass from the street to the court of the hotel.

I have to-day been outside the city walls, climbed upon the hill six or seven hundred feet high, and taken a good view of the city from the very place whence Mohammed is said to have viewed it. The sight is far more lovely than the reality; it looks better at a distance than near by.

Judge Lawson, wife, son, and daughter left this morning at four o'clock, per diligence, for Beyrout, so our company will be lessened by that number. He is obtaining the fine salary of $20,000 a year for sitting in court in Dublin, Cork, etc., with a furlough of two months each year. Verily his condition is much more desirable than that of thousands of his fellow-countrymen.

It would be desirable to visit the ancient site of Palmyra, some six day's travel off in the desert northeast of this place, and view the extensive ruins of ancient temples which are there; but the time and expense necessary to reach it are so great as to preclude the enterprise. The temple of the sun, which was built there, had three hundred and ninety columns, and richness in proportion. Many of these columns are said to be still standing, reminding the beholder of the grandeur of that city in the time of Queen Zenobia. But few, however, have the enterprise and hardihood to make the journey. I shall, at all events, endeavor to be content with what ruins I may be able to find without making a visit to Palmyra.

I will remark, before closing, that extensive camel trains come to this city and depart thence. I am informed that a train of camels is now here, four thousand in number, which leaves on a journey across the desert within a few days.

Now we are about done with Damascus. To-morrow morning we start for the "Holy Land," and will reach it in course of the day. You will be likely to hear from me while there, and now I bid you goodbye. I bear you in daily remembrance, and trust you do not forget me. Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER I.

THE PILGRIMS OF DAMASCUS.

1. And it came to pass in the first year of the reign of James the Fourth in the land of Unclesam, even the year that he was shot by Guiteau, the son of Belial, who also believed much in the "Holy One;"

2. That I, De Robigne Mortimer, the Scribe, son of John, surnamed Bennett, and of the great city which lieth by the sea, aforetime called Manhattan;

3. Being sent by many friends to make a journey to the uttermost parts of the earth, even to the land where the sun riseth, and to make a true and full report of all the wonders of the various lands;

4. Did after many days visit the city of Damascus, which lieth northeast of Mount Hermon, and in the way before you take the desert road to Palmyra and Bagdad, which latter city is forty days' journey from Damascus; and so be it, there is little water on the way for the camels and the travelers to drink withal;

5. And peradventure many have famished with great thirst while crossing this desert, and some camels and some men have perished and laid down and given up the ghost; and when they awoke in the morning they were all dead corpses.

6. Howbeit, the city of Damascus was famous aforetime, and much did her merchants increase their wealth by the goodly profits which they made on the silks, the steel blades, and the wares of copper and of brass which her cunning workmen did make with their hands.

7. Now these be the names of the Pilgrims who did bear company to the Scribe while making the journey of many days in the land of Yahweh;

8. First was De Witt Clinton, son of Charles, surnamed Bridges, the same being from the land of Hoosier, even in the land of Unclesam, in which floweth the river Wabash, and moreover who also accompanieth the Scribe to the uttermost parts of the earth.

9. Next, that man of God, Henry S. Getz, who talketh much with his mouth, and is of the land of Williampenn, even the town of Warren, which lieth among the hills nigh unto the region where the oil oozeth from the ground; also even in the land of Unclesam.

10. Next is another man of God, named A. O. James, of the land of Johnbull, even the city of the plain which is called Northampton, the same which sent Charles Bradlaugh to the House of Parliament, where all the laws are made for the land of Johnbull;

11. Howbeit that body of lawmakers did most unjustly deprive said Charles of the seat to which he was justly entitled, wherewithal they did exhibit much malice and bigotry.

12. And the next is a widow, named Cornelia Moots, whose husband has been nigh twelvemonth in his grave, who in the land of the Wolverines, even in Bay City, did make much gain by selling iron, steel, nails, gimlets, and divers cheap cutting instruments made likewise of hardened steel.

13. The next is a maiden of mature years from the land of Badger; yea, even Prattville, in Grant county, whose name is Mary Brayman, and who hath seen nigh unto forty summers, and hath piety sufficient for six damsels still older than herself.

14. The same hath been and is a teacher, directing young minds how to shoot; and greatly doth it delight her soul to read the Sunday-school papers, and to teach the Bible class.

15. Verily, such faith as this damsel hath is not often found in Israel; she knoweth of a truth that she hath found the true way, and that she hath a through ticket for the Happy Land of Canaan above the clouds.

16. Next cometh Miss Evelyn Rose, a damsel of avoirdupois, from the land of the Ohio and Miami, even the city of Cleveland, which lieth on the lake as you go from Buffalo to Toledo.

17. Her paternal relative hath made much gold in the oil trade, and she doeth well in helping scatter the same.

18. Nextly cometh Master Fred. S. Wetmore, of the land of Williampenn, even the town of Warren, where the man of God Getz dwelleth. Fred hath not seen a great number of years (needing to tarry some time in Jericho till his beard groweth), but he hath much to say of himself, and delighteth greatly to narrate how many schools he hath attended, with the wonderful events which befell him during his long experience.

19. Lastly cometh Monsieur Levebre, of the land of Bullfrogs, from the great city of Paris, which lieth on the river Seine, and who withal parlezvous in Française and not in Anglaise.

20. These be the nine who make the number of pilgrims that journey together through the Land of Yahweh, it being the same number which it taketh to make up a side in the game of baseball.

21. Howbeit E. A. Lawson, who sitteth in judgment in the chief cities of the land of the Hiberna (even where the Mickeys think their troubles are very sore), for which he receiveth each year the goodly sum of four thousand pieces of gold, each piece being the same as twenty pieces of silver of the value of one shilling;

22. Together with the wife of his bosom, his son, who is member of the Royal Civil Engineers, and his fair daughter, who hopeth to catch a husband; and it is time, withal, for verily she must have seen twenty-five summers already;

23. These four, who were with us aforetime, even from Corfu, and Athens, and Constantinople, and Smyrna, and Beyrout, and Baalbec, and Damascus, did leave us at the last named, and by diligence did depart for Beyrout to take ship for Jaffa, and will be with the pilgrims no more.

24. Moreover, be it known that we have acaptain for our band of pilgrims; even Herbert E. Clark, from the land of granite, in the land of Unclesam, who hath journeyed much withal in the Landof Yahweh, and knoweth every foot thereof, even from Dan to Beersheba.

25. He goeth before the pilgrims; he is their cloud by day, and their pillar of fire by night: he doth provide bountifully of bread, and meat, and eggs, and milk, and such things as gladden the heart of the weary pilgrim.

26. He, too, hath men-servants, to the number of half a score and two, to pitch their tents, to serve the pilgrims, and to look after their comfort withal. He hath moreover a cunning cook, Abou Meriam, an Ethiopian, who, with much skill, can make savory dishes for the weary pilgrims, and who doeth much to make them forget their troubles in the Land of Yahweh.

27. It seemeth needful also to Herbert to have many mules and asses to carry the tents, the baggage, the food for man and beast, and all the articles which the pilgrims need on their journey. The number of these mules and asses be a score and three, besides a horse for each of the pilgrims.

28. These be all the band of pilgrims, and the captain, and the men-servants, and the mules, and all that belongeth to the band.

CHAPTER II.

THE PILGRIMS DEPART ON THEIR JOURNEY.

1. And it come to pass on the twenty-first day of the eleventh month, and early in the morning, Captain Herbert saith to all the pilgrims, Go to, know ye not the time cometh when we must leave the wicked city of Damascus?

2. Know ye not that every man and every woman must set their face toward the holy city of Jerusalem, in the land of Yahweh?

3. Let every one gird his loins and strengthen his spirit, for behold the road lieth before us; and let none be afraid, for lo, I will accompany you, and abide with you, and show you the way wherein your feet must walk.

4. Then were all the pilgrims light of heart, for of a truth they did not mourn that the time had come to leave the city of Damascus.

5. At the eighth hour, when all had eaten meat, each one mounted his horse, and the captain, and his men-servants, even those who carried the food for man and beast, led the band straightway out of the gates of the city.

6. And they did pass on the left bank of the river Barada, which supplieth Damascus with water, and maketh her gardens and her orchards green withal.

7. And it came to pass that the captain and the pilgrims did set their faces toward the southwest, even nigh unto Hermon, whose head is hoary with the mists and the snows that fall thereon.

8. And as they came nigh unto the foundations of Hermon, they passed over the stony plains and naked fields which lie round about;

9. And lo, it was so that when the twelfth hour had come, the captain and the pilgrims did halt, and there upon the ground beside the brook Mishpath, which emptieth into the river Pharpar, which floweth from the high mount of Hermon, even to the southern side of Damascus.

10. Here did all the pilgrims stay their stomachs with meat, and bread, and eggs, and did drink of the waters of the brook Mishpath, and were refreshed.

11. When the pilgrims again set their faces toward the Land of Yahweh, lo, the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain fell; and behold, the scribe had no umbrella to shed the rains of heaven from coming to his skin.

12. Neither had he a waterproof to put on withal, he having decided to go even to the ends of the earth without such incumbrances.

13. Then were the hearts of the pilgrims cast down, and even did the captain of the host lift his eyes to the clouds in a beseeching manner.

14. Even the man of God Getz did look sore of heart, and indeed he prayed that the windows of heaven might be closed.

15. Then did the Scribe say to the man of God, Getz, Go to, thou of great faith, for peradventure the windows of heaven may soon be closed, and thy heart may be glad once again.

16. Then did the man of God, Getz, groan and say, Even so may it be.

17. And it came to pass when the pilgrims had journeyed a league and half a league, behold the windows of heaven were closed and no more rain fell on the earth.

18. But the winds blew, and their teeth did chatter, as the fierce gusts came up from the Land of Yahweh, and even from the mountains of Moab, and the land of Bashan.

19. But the pilgrims were not faint of heart, neither did they look back toward Damascus, but each did urge his horse to go quickly.

20. And at the fourth hour, when a spirit of weariness had come upon all, and when they had come unto Kefra Hawway, the white tents of the camp came in view, and the heart of every one was lightened, and they said, This indeed is the hour of gladness, howbeit the man-servants and the mules which carry the tents, and the cook do not stop at the noon-hour, but hasten on to have all things in readiness for the pilgrims when they arrive.

21. Then did every rider hand over his horse to the man-servants, and seek his tent, and even gathered round the fire where the Ethiopian was preparing savory soups and meats, wherewith to make the heart rejoice.

22. And it came to pass that nigh unto the camp, tradition saith, is the tomb of Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord.

23. And then did the pilgrims walk forth to what a son of the desert pointed out to be the tomb of the mighty hunter.

24. And then the Scribe bent over the tomb and essayed to weep on the grave, but nary a weep could he raise.

25. And then did the Scribe speak in a loud voice, and plaintive, O Nimrod, where art thou, and where is thy brother Ramrod? And behold, no answer was vouchsafed by the mighty hunter.

26. Then came forth the captain of the host, and spake words of derision to the pilgrims, saying, Know ye not ye have been deceived? Ye have not been to the tomb of Nimrod; but lo, it lieth here hard by the stable where the asses are fed.

27. Then did half the pilgrims return in disgust to the camp; but the Scribe and three others came to the true tomb of Nimrod, but they shed no tears.

28. And the Scribe said, Peradventure Nimrod is no more here than there, for verily this looketh to be an old temple of the sun.

29. Then did the Ethiopian call all to meat, and every pilgrim was content, and the captain said, We have come a score of miles and half a mile from Damascus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Utopia."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Mr. H. L. Green, in the last issue of your paper, givs us and our League a decided "boost." In regard to the Paine celebration Mr. Green refers to, I desire to offer a word of explanation, as well as an apology, to the persons named therein, Parker Pillsbury and Hon. A. B. Bradford. But Mr. Green forgot to mention the "noblest Roman of them all," Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm.

We are very sorry to say to Bro. Green, as well as the parties named therein, that we are forced to suspend with the Paine celebration, owing to circumstances over which we hav no control. We had partly engaged Parker Pillsbury, and had already made an engagement with Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm; the Hon. A. B. Bradford we claim as one of ourselvs. But still we hope to hav some one to deliver us a lecture on that day, and probably we shall hav a banquet in the evening.

And now, Mr. Green, by the way, is a very nice man, the old lady in Pittsburgh to the contrary notwithstanding. (This is telling tales out of school, but I cannot help it, it is too good to keep.) Mr. Green, while delivering his lecture, "Religion of

Humanity," before our League, *a la* R. G. Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses," and down to the atonement business, kept his audience well under control. But in that assembly were Scotch-Irish covenanters, blue-blooded United Presbyterians, and in their estimation nothing but the "blood of the Lamb" could wash the Pittsburgh smoke, soot, and sins from them. And under the circumstances it was nothing but natural that they should differ from the salvation scheme of Bro. Green's "Religion of Humanity." And one old lady in particular could not stand it any longer, and, with a discernible frown upon her face, arose from her seat and started to wend her way toward the door. But all of a sudden she came to a stand-still, drew back the right foot, pressed the toe of it against the left heel, wheeled about face, took one square look at Bro. Green and one toward the ceiling, shook her clinched fist, and asked God to take Mr. Green back to the "fold." And once more she started to go, but the idea of such a nice man as Mr. Green to be made into kindling wood for hell was too much for the best part of her nature, and once more she turned back to "wrestle with God," as it were. She pawed the air threateningly with her umbrella, and made this last and final appeal, "I hope God will take this man back once more to the fold." And with that she disappeared through the door. "Selah." But lo! that is not all of it, for evidently the affair had become contagious. Just as the old lady had disappeared, her worst half (by odds) arose from his seat with a mingled feeling of pity and contempt, shook his clinched fist at Mr. Green, and delivered himself of a little orthodox material, "A mother's prayer stands between you and hell, sir." Now, it is no wonder that Mr. Green thinks Pittsburgh a good missionary field. He knows how it is himself. Yours, S. F. DeJones.

Universalism and Universalists.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

I hav for a long time had it in mind to write, for some one of the accredited organs of progressiv thought, an article on the right, and a statement of what seems to me to be for our times the necessary and indispensable use of these two words *Universalism* and *Universalists*. These great words hav been appropriated by one of the smaller Christian sects, which is characterized by the belief in universal salvation, and this belittling appropriation has been hitherto unthoughtedly acquiesced in by the world at large. A word is urgently needed, however, to denote that far larger and rapidly-increasing class of the community whose distinctiv characteristic is the interest it takes in universal ideas and purposes. The true Universalist is the individual, man or woman, who transcends ordinary, petty, sectarian, and selfish views and aims, and whose life is concerned with the universal affairs and interests of mankind; and true Universalism is that state of mind and range of interests and activities which are correspondingly related. We hav no common term to cover the whole army of progressivs, reformers, and universal aspirationists; and the moment we hav such a word generally adopted we shall appear to be, as we really are rapidly becoming, in fact, the strongest party in the world. All Christian sects hav the common name Christians, and therein, in part, lies their strength. In the want of some striking, common designation, lies, on the other hand, much of the seeming weakness of the great army of progressionists. We are called Infidels, Secularists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, Humanitarians, Positivists, Pantarchians, Anarchists, Nihilists, Socialists, and by a hundred other names, without the existence of any common attribution which all accept, and by which the world would recognize us.

Probably the one term which is now growing to be most popular and inclusiv is Liberals, which is in some measure replacing the name Reformers, which has also, in some degree, served as a common designation. Neither of them is, however, striking, magnetic, or replete with any great rallying power. They are vaguely descriptiv, and suggest neither organization nor *esprit du corps*. They describe a mob, and not an army. They suggest an aggregation of disconnected parts, rather than a something which has a centering unity of purpose and movement.

But there is another reason why the terms Universalism and Universalists are needed. They are not quite synonymous, either with Reform and Reformers, or with Liberalism and Liberals. The Universalist, in the true sense of that word, is, as I hav said, the person who interests himself in every subject of human concernment, in ideas, in sentiment, and in effort. An old Latin poet expressed this thought in the words, *Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum puto;* I am a man, and I deem nothing whatsoever human foreign, for me. I concern myself, in other words, with everything which concerns mankind; with all knowledge, with all philanthropy, and with all beneficent enterprise and exertion. There are among reformers unfortunately some, nay, many, who are not entitled to be called Universalists, in this enlarged and comprehensiv sense; and there are among Conservativs some who are so. Reformers are too apt to be mere Specialists in reform, to interest themselvs in the particular twig of the tree upon which they happen to perch. The Infidel, for example, has no other thought for humanity, than to blast the influence of the church, the Bible, and the priesthood; the Spiritualist knows nothing and cares for nothing but to prove the fact that spirits communicate; the temperance man sees all evil distilled into whisky, and all good involved in total abstinence; and so of many others. But all this is far less the case than it was even a few years ago. There is rapid progress being made toward Universalism. The horizon is steadily broadening, in this way, for all within as well as without the churches; within as well as without the older forms of political existence. Reforms are becoming confluent; and conservatism is becoming reformatory. A word is specially needed to express that toward which this uniform drift of human progress is tending. An interest has begun to be established in planetary politics; in the unity of the peoples; in the Republic of the World. A universal administration of the common interests, a universal Religion of Humanity, a universal Language—"all the Unities," in fine, are getting themselvs first realized in thought, in preparation for their realization in fact. Consciously, and still more unconsciously, men's minds are broadening. There is an influx into the souls of men from they know not where. The spirit of the age is the spirit of enlargement. Old superstitions and belittling conditions of thought are hastening to be done away with, and to giv place to universal conceptions, to universal aspirations, and to universal activities. Patriotism is getting to be too narrow an idea, and humanity rules paramount in the thought of the world.

Needs must be, however, that some portions of mankind advance, or, indeed, that one great portion of mankind advances faster, in this career toward universality of development than a remaining portion, which includes, comparativly, the laggards. It is those who are so in advance who need to be distinctified as the Universalists. This term belongs to them of right, and must be recovered for their uses. In the civil law they hav the good old legal technicality, *revendication*. To *revendicate* a property is to seize it back, after it has been unjustly or illegally alienated; to bring suit for, get a judgment for, and so re-annex the object claimed to the estate to which it belongs. We must revendicate the terms Universalism and Universalists. Those others, who hav squatted on these rich inheritances of the English language, must be dispossessed, evicted, put to rout, and these indispensable terms seized upon and appropriated by the great rising and swelling hosts of humanity, who cannot be rallied so appropriately under any other banner. Those others must content themselvs with being called Universal Salvationists, or must lose themselvs by merging themselvs in the larger army. They hav done good and gallant work in their day, in enlarging and enfranchising the human mind, and they should hav honorable mention on the surrender of their name to the mightier host of human progress. To allow them to retain it exclusivly, as heretofore, would be as absurd as it would hav been to surrender the American continent to a few scattered tribes of Indians, to the exclusion of all the rest of mankind.

This recovery of a word from a too special or ill-chosen application, for the greater benefit of all, will by no means be an entirely new phenomenon. Precedents and illustrations exist, if they do not abound. Some thirty years ago the word *Biology* had been taken up and appropriated by certain public lecturers and experimenters in a branch of animal magnetism, who showed the possibility for one human mind to take a sort of absolute control of certain other minds, irrespectiv of rhyme or reason, and by a direct influence quite like that which the magnet effects on the soft iron. This truly wonderful and important phenomenon, which is now again coming up and exciting a new and marked interest in scientific quarters, is still by no means so important as to entitle it to appropriate a term of such wide etymological meaning as Biology, which means science of life.

But the habit of so calling it was already well established, and no other need had been felt for the use of the word, when, a little later, the same word was imported among us from France, where it had been utilized to mean the science of all living things (vegetable and animal)—for which great branch of Universal Science no single name had heretofore existed. We had Botany and Zoology for the sciences of Plants and of Animals, taken separately, but no generalized term to express the science of both, as distinguished from the inorganic or unliving world. The need for such a term was obvious and pressing. No sooner was the word mentioned in that sense than the scientific world recognized its appropriateness for that use. But, unfortunately, here in America, and perhaps in England also, the word had been already seized upon (perhaps invented for that purpose), and applied and popularized in the other and narrower sense, for a branch of animal magnetism, and for the most offensiv branch of that altogether unpopular and offensiv subject, for the prejudiced scientific men of that day. They denounced all mesmerizers and animal magnetizers as quacks, and these biologists as the worst of all quacks. Now, if there is any one word that will frighten a scientist out of his shoes, it is to call him a quack! Here, then, was a dilemma. They must hav the word Biology for the new, and large, and all-important scientific designation of one whole half, and the more important half, of all natural science. They must even call themselvs and be called Biologists. But Biology and Biologists were terms which the world about them understood to mean a thing and a class of people which they themselvs had taken great pains to teach were arrant quackery and quacks. And so timid are they on this subject that they are like Cæsar's wife. To be accused, to be even mentioned in a certain connection, was nearly as bad as to be convicted. What, then, was to be done in this dilemma?

I remember very well how the scientific men squirmed, and dodged, and explained; and how gradually they "ate their leek," and got over the huge difficulty. The words in question were too important to be abandoned to the little and despised horde of lecturers, who, nevertheless, had a hundred to hear them for one that knew anything of the scientists. But the little and despised horde subsided somewhat, soon after; and the scientists hav now completely established their title to the words "biology" and "biologists;" and the other pretenders are driven out of the field. This is one remarkable instance of suit for, and recovery of, words in the court of popular usage.

At present the word "psychology" is extensivly used in an almost identical manner with the earlier and quackish use of "biology," in this country. But right alongside of this use, it is also regularly employed on its old, and, heretofore, well settled sense, as the science of mind, quite at large. This word means, etymologically, soul-science; and inasmuch as soul means either a part, or a special aspect, of mind, it is being replaced, in this latter, but older sense, by the word "mentology," for the total science of mind; and it may prove best to discontinue the suit now being prosecuted by the "regulars" for the recovery of that word; in which case it would quietly be left in the possession of George Francis Train and those others who deal by a direct "psychological" influence with the souls of other men. Other instances of the recovery of lost words press upon my recollection, but time and space forbid their due mention.

It is in this sense that I now propose that we revendicate the words *Universalism* and *Universalists*. The firm of John Murray & Co—John Murray was the founder of Universalism and the Universalist church in this country—is now regularly cited to surrender the property in those two words, at the suit of the people, who need and require them for higher uses. Among reformers, or Liberalists at large, there will be, on the other hand, some skittishness with regard to the free use of these words, which they will incline to regard as "damaged literature," no longer fit, from old associations, for their use. They will, as I think, get over that difficulty after a while, as has happened in other cases. The need will be too pressing, if others come to think and feel about the matter as I do, for the indulgence of that fastidiousness. For my own part, if the reformatory world should happen at any time to wish to confer some title of honor upon some great leader in the direction of grand ideas, I don't know that they could do better than to call him The Great Universalist Preacher.

[*From the Great West.*]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882.

The Growth of Freethought.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has been figuring up the assets and liabilities of the church in this country, and it finds the liabilities, in the shape of Freethinkers, much heavier than it had supposed. We could hav told our contemporary that the proportion of outspoken Infidels and men of the world who care but little whether the church keeps or not—to paraphrase a well-known expression—formed a very respectable percentage of the fifty millions who call this country home. And in the next half century the proportion will be very much greater. The labors of the Freethought papers and orators, and the quiet, but effectiv, work of individuals in their respectiv neighborhoods, are bearing good fruit. Everywhere there is a growing disposition among the people to investigate, especially among the educated classes. The Roman Catholics, who are kept in ignorance by their priests, do not, of course, get out of the church bonds very fast; it is only now and then we hear of one who, having gone where there is no priest, renounces Catholicism and joins the ranks of the unbelieving multitude. But many of the orthodox Christians, having renounced hell, are getting Liberal enough to extend the walls of heaven so as to take in more, while the Unitarians and Universalists are fast leaving their hybrid religion and joining the Infidels. We rejoice greatly that this is so, and it is a matter for congratulation that the secular press in some parts of the country—albeit they pretend to feel bad about it—can see the true state of the case.

The *Chronicle* says it is generally conceded, even "by churchmen, that during the last half of the nineteenth century the influence of religion has very seriously declined." And it adds that the decline has been most marked in those countries which has made the greatest progress in education, civilization, and all their concomitants. But while this seems an anomaly to the *Chronicle*, it really is not. It is but the result of effect following cause. Giv a man a knowledge of even the multiplication table, and he will begin to doubt the trinity. Educate him in the fact that the earth revolves around the sun, and he doubts the biblical story of Joshua. If he sails around the earth he does not find the "four corners," and thus pitches another text overboard. The simplest facts taught in primary schools overthrow some portions of the scriptures; and if some portions are false, why not all? Thus doubts are sown by the children's primers which become settled facts and convictions further on in life. We venture to say that every theological student of average brain has been troubled with doubt, and it is only by losing himself in a labyrinth of theological metaphysics, artfully thrown around him by subtle professors—paid advocates of ignorance, like any lawyers—that he has finally gone into the ministry. Religion demands the blind faith of ignorance. Education and civilization create criticism, and religion cannot stand that, of all things. So it is but natural that in the most civilized and best educated countries—the United States, England, France, and Germany—the influence of religion should decline the fastest.

Among the many points of progress made by these countries the *Chronicle* speaks of the disestablishment of the English church in Ireland, and adds:

"That the orthodox church of England will go the same way, is regarded by philosophic statesmen as certain. The abrogation of its powers and privileges is but a question of time. When any human institution ceases to be useful to the majority, it is in peril of extirpation; and the orthodox church of England, if it has not already reached that point, is rapidly approaching it."

In France the decline of religious ideas is still more felt. Although nominally Catholic, the church is but little loved by the people, who, judging by past events, know it to be inimical to their best interests. The present government is anticatholic, and many of the highest officials are Atheists. The expulsion of the Jesuits, as a religious order, was an immense stride to take, yet it did not cause a revolution, as it most assuredly would hav done a quarter of a century earlier. France is one of the most prosperous nations of the earth to-day. Her national revenue was over $50,000,000 greater than was estimated. She and her sister republic, the United States, are the two most antichristian nations, and at the same time the most prosperous and powerful. It seems, indeed, that a nation's greatness is in inverse ratio to its piety.

It is notorious that Germany is a nation of Freethinkers. Her universities are Agnostic, if not Atheistic. Her leading men, in the political world as in the scientific, are unbelievers. Her students are growing up rejectors of the Bible and religion. Education is compulsory, and compulsory education is one of the swiftest death-blows ever struck at the church. The intellect of Germany is all tending toward Liberalism, and "as goes the intellect of a country, so, sooner or later, will go the mass of the people."

In England the people already look with contempt upon the aristocracy of the church. They see millions of pounds wrung from them and squandered upon a small body of men who are of no use to any one. While they themselvs lie in squalid wretchedness, ill-paid, ill-fed, and overworked, their spiritual advisers roll in luxury and rank with the lords, and even with majesty itself. The landlords parcel out the land, and the bishops parcel out the people. What the former do not take is given the latter by the government or begged by the clergy. The people begin to see this and reject the pretensions of the church. Religion has been an evil to them, and is gradually going along with other evils.

"In these three great European nations, then," says the *Chronicle*, "religious influence must be regarded as on the wane. In each of them the power of its orthodox church is disintegrating and being undermined by elements not quite new to this century, but receiving from it a vigor which was probably not anticipated by such philosophers as Rousseau and Voltaire in the eighteenth century. To speak more pointedly, Atheism and Freethinking hav become more potent enemies of religion than the Reformation was of Romanism three centuries and a half ago, when Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. disorganized the church of Rome in Europe and in England by interposing a more powerful organization in opposition to it."

In our own country the statistics show that about forty per cent of the population are outside the pale of the church, although unjustly paying taxes to support it. The *Chronicle* figures it out thus:

"In 1870 the national census showed the existence of twenty-four different religious societies in this country, not including twenty-seven others under the heading 'miscellaneous.' These twenty-four distinct church organizations claimed 72,450 congregations, 63,082 church edifices, and 21,665,062 memberships. The ten leading ones were stated as follows:

	Congregations.	Churches.	Memberships.
Methodists	25,278	21,337	6,528,209
Baptist	14,474	12,857	3,997,116
Presbyterian	6,202	5,683	2,198,900
Catholic	4,127	3,806	1,990,514
Congregational	2,887	2,715	1,117,212
Episcopal	2,835	2,601	991,051
Christian, or Campbellite	3,578	2,882	865,602
Lutheran	3,032	2,776	977,332
German Reformed	1,256	1,145	431,700
United Brethren	1,445	937	265,025
Totals	65,114	56,739	19,362,661

"These 19,362,661 memberships include all the children baptized in the respectiv church denominations or born of parents belonging to them. The above ten denominations are credited with over 90 per cent of all the people of all ages in the United States in 1870 who belonged to any church. The remaining 10 per cent (2,302,401) are credited to the Unitarians, Jews, Friends, Evangelical associations, Moravians, Mormons (87,838), Shakers, Spiritualists (6 970), Universalists, Second Adventists, and a few other sects. As the total population in the United States in 1870 was 38,558,371, and the total of church membership but 21,665,062, it would appear that the number not belonging to any church, or possessing any form of religion, was 16,893,309, or nearly 44 per cent of the whole population."

Upon the above showing, the same authority adds:

"In France and Germany the best intelligence of the people is out of all church organizations, and deeply imbued with the principles advocated by Voltaire and Robert G. Ingersoll. If the same rule of rating applies to the United States, in 1870 the majority of thinking people were probably inclined toward Atheism and total unbelief in the inspiration of the Bible."

Although no intelligent Freethinker is so sanguin as to believe, much less claim, that forty-four per cent of the population of this country are outspoken Freethinkers, yet the showing is very cheerful. There is no doubt that there is a vast latent force of Infidelity scattered through the land, which, could it be gathered together and numbered, would giv the church greater cause for fear that it has yet had. Among business men in large cities there is comparativly little religion. They let their wives and daughters go to church, and they giv liberally to the same institution, yet they themselvs believe scarcely any of the dogmas. They are afraid of what their neighbors would say, and they go on in that way for years, when if they would all come boldly out they would be surprised at their own immense numbers. But each hates to be the first of the community to break the way, and so they go on living in the bondage of hypocrisy.

Revivals, says the *Chronicle*, are the mere temporary upheavals of the froth of superstition and hypocrisy. Their so-called "converts" do not stay converted, and the revivalists succeed only in making monkey shows, with themselvs as principal characters.

All this is very gratifying to the friends of intellectual freedom. It is good to know that the church, which has done so much harm to the bodies and minds of men, is losing its power over the one and its influence over the other. But its fangs are not all drawn. It still is capable of doing, and does do, incalculable injury. While we can rightly congratulate ourselvs on our advancement in numbers, we must not lose sight of the fact that we hav much work yet to do. Every one of us must be a missionary to yet further spread the glorious cause we all love, and never rest until an Infidel has the same rights as a Christian, and is not forced to pay for the support of a system of religion he denies as untrue, and discards as an enemy to humanity.

Fisher against Ingersoll.

As announced, the February number of the *North American Review* contained Mr. Fisher's reply to Col. Ingersoll's assault upon Christianity. As it is put forward as the best the church can do, we may revert to it at some future time. At present we hav room only to giv two secular opinions. Under the head of "A Dangerous Defender" the New York *Sun* says:

"The Rev. George P. Fisher, one of the professors in the Yale Divinity School at New Haven, makes, in the February *North American Review*, a reply of fifty pages in length to Robert G. Ingersoll's assaults upon Christianity previously printed in the same review, and incompletely answered by the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. We do not know how his performance impresses other people, but it seems to us to be as far off as Mr. Black's was from silencing the audacious Infidel and dissipating his arguments.

"The ground taken by Prof. Fisher at the commencement is a practical abandonment to his opponent of the vital point in dispute:

"'The question respecting any creed proposed for belief, whether in religion, or philosophy, or science, is whether the reasons for it are stronger than the reasons against it, and whether they are enough stronger to satisfy credence. Christianity asks no more for itself than is conceded to every other system and theory.'

"That is, Christianity is not a divinely revealed system of doctrin, demanding reverential faith, but one concerning which we must weigh probabilities and form an opinion, as we would concerning any other subject. Consequently, Prof. Fisher vindicates it from Mr. Ingersoll's charge of having caused great misery and bloodshed on earth, by saying that human love and human government hav done the same. Mr. Ingersoll asserts that Christianity is a humanly contrived system, and therefore imperfect. It is susceptible of perversion, and has been perverted to the grossest cruelties. Prof. Fisher says the same, and to that extent backs up Ingersoll!

"In regard to the inspiration of the Bible, Prof. Fisher is equally unreserved in his concessions. The Old Testament was merely provisional, and its laws 'fell short of the absolute standard of moral duty.' The gospels, he says, were not written until years after Christianity was complete, and no one holds that they were dictated to the writers by the deity. That they contain no condemnation of slavery is because such a condemnation would hav been injudicious and perilous at that time. 'When all the literary evidence is scanned and all the collateral proofs weighed, the conclusion will be that we hav presented to us in the gospels the story which the apostles told of what they had seen and heard in their intercourse with Jesus!' Yes; but did they observe carefully and tell accurately? Prof. Fisher says Yes! Mr. Ingersoll says No! And, the divine inspiration of the New Testament being admitted by its advocate to amount to nothing, the record becomes insufficient to settle the dispute.

"After these wholesale surrenders to the enemy, Prof. Fisher's eulogium of Christianity, and his picture of the melancholy condition of mankind without religion, are of small moment.

"The difference between Prof. Fisher and Col. Ingersoll appears to be merely a difference in degree."

The following extract from an editorial in last Sunday's *Truth* shows in what estimation that paper holds Fisher and his work:

"Prof. Fisher's article in the February number of the *North American Review*, though the third of the series that has appeared in that periodical on 'The Christian Religion,' is in no sense a reply to the article by Colonel Ingersoll, which preceded it.

"It is a remarkable circumstance that Judge Black, who met Ingersoll so valiantly at first, soon left the field in a pet, and that Prof. Fisher declares at the outset that he will not enter into the controversy. It would indicate that the controversial talent which was once so marked a feature of the Christian church disappeared with racks and thumbscrews.

"Professor Fisher's article is not a defense of the Christian religion; it is only a resume of it from a standpoint by Prof. Fisher.

"He claims all the advances of civilization as results of the beneficent influence of Christianity, complacently overlooking the effects of material development, and declaring that all those obstructions which the Christian church has opposed to the moral and intellectual growth of the world were the work of 'undiscerning or interested clergymen and churches.'

"At the outset, almost, Prof. Fisher says that Christians are not all agreed in their opinions, and it is unreasonable to expect them to concur on all points. In illustration of this he takes the example of some Christians who hold that everything that is said in the scriptures is correct and of divine authority, while others hold that, whatever biblical writers knew of the physical world, they accommodated their language to the science of their time; and others, again, hold that in the Bible are positiv errors in science, which, however, do not militate against its authority as a teacher of moral and religious truth. None of these are to be denied the name of Christians. The points are not essential points. From all of which we are led to infer that the Christian religion is based upon the essential points of the Bible, and is not affected by the errors in non-essential points. But what are the essential points? Is each man to judge for himself, or will Prof. Fisher judge for all? Is not the divine origin of the Bible an essential point? Then the question arises, How shall we know it is of divine origin? There are but two ways—first, the assertions of Christians; second, its own intrinsic worth as evidence. The first is of no value, for Prof. Fisher himself concludes that Christians disagree, some asserting its divinity as a whole, and some as to a part only. And if we look for the intrinsic proof we thus first weigh those portions about which we can hav absolute knowledge, and, if

we find it erroneous as to science and history, we must certainly reject its claims to a divine origin to that extent; for God would not hav taught mankind false science any more than he would hav taught false morals or false religion. If, again, we look at its moral features, and find it approving of barbarities from which civilized men recoil, we must reject its pretensions to that extent also. And having weighed it in these respects, and found it wanting, shall we yet accept it as an authoritativ teacher of other subjects? If its science is false and its morals are barbarous, are we forthwith to hail it as a revelation of divine religion?

"When Prof. Fisher asks 'What is there bad in religion?' he should specify the religion to which he refers, for there are many religions. At this point, however, he defines it by a quotation from the Old Testament, 'to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God.' If that was religion there would be nothing bad in it. But that is not the Christian religion. Christianity, according to Prof. Fisher himself, is a belief 'in the supernatural mission of Jesus in his divine sonship, in the authority of his teaching and of the teaching of his apostles, in his spotless excellence, in his miracles, in his death and resurrection.' Prof. Fisher should hav added that it is also a belief that this belief is necessary to salvation from everlasting punishment.

"Perhaps there is nothing inherently bad in the Christian religion thus defined. Neither is there in counting beads, nor in any of the theological gymnastics of the people of Eastern nations whom Prof. Fisher regards as heathen. But it must hav exerted a bad influence upon its followers, nevertheless, or they would not hav been guilty of the atrocities which hav been committed in the name of the Christian religion, and approved by its teachers, from the Inquisition to the Southern slave pen; nor would they hav set themselvs in opposition to nearly all the great moral and intellectual advances of the world which Prof. Fisher now claims as fruits of Christian influence.

"Prof. Fisher's argument in favor of the divine origin of the Bible in one respect is singular. He says that if we recognize its reformatory purpose—that it was not to transform society by a miracle—we shall hav no difficulty in explaining the brutality and immorality of the Old Testament. This sort of logic would make out the case of every reformer who pretends to be inspired. As well assert that all history is inspiration because it is a record of gradnal growth from barbarism to civilization.

"It is very strange, too, if it be true, as Prof. Fisher says, that the direct influence of Christianity abolished modern slavery; that nearly all the Christians were advocates of modern slavery until it was abolished, and nearly all the Infidels abolitionists. It must hav been more the indirect than the direct influence of Christianity that accomplished the great reform.

"Prof. Fisher suggests various reasons for the destruction of the Canaanites, but he omits the most important. He refers to their vileness and impurity, their cruelty, and so on. But he overlooks the fact that the Israelites had a keen eye for Canaanite real estate about that time.

"We hav not the space to follow out Prof. Fisher's sophistry any further. There is no attempt to meet the indictment, no pretense of a logical defence of the claims of Christianity to a divine origin. The paper is a general appropriation by the author of all that is good in the world to the credit of Christianity, and a relegation of what is bad to the imperfection of humanity and the evil influences of other religions.

"All that goes for argument with him is of a kind with what he fondly imagins is an irresistible blow of his intellectual sledge-hammer. At the close he says, 'Are men who are thus advanced in the intellectual scale and in the affections of the heart to be satisfied with a merely mundane existence? Can they content themselvs to liv in this way, with no wider horizon, and then to pass out of being?' The simple answer to which is that they may be or they may not, it matters little which, inasmuch as neither their desires nor their discontent can giv them immortality if they are not already endowed with it, nor take it away if they are."

Round-the-World Fund.

The following persons hav paid five dollars each (one share) to help take THE TRUTH SEEKER editor round the world. Those who observe errors in the spelling of their names will confer a favor by notifying us.

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Lyman, M.,
Lyon, J S MD
Lyons, Henry,

Maddocks George
Mahara Mr and Mrs J
Manderfeld, C W
Manhart, Joseph
Manson Ernest
Manson, Robert
Mantey, Fred
Marquette Milo,
Marsh E O
Martin J S
Marvin D Russell
Mason John L
Matlack Richard
Maxwell Frank
Maxwell H B
McAllexander J C
McBride, James
McCoy J J
McDonald, J. Duff,
McEwen Solon G
McFarlane Peter
McIntosh Wm
McLaren, Duncan
McLaury, Wm MD,
McLean, Wm.,
McRae, John
Mead C W & Co (two shares),
Meakin, John P
Mellor Samuel
Merriwether M
Merwin W R MD
Metzger Peter
Michaelson Hans
Miles Smith
Milk H B
Miller, Mrs. S. B.,
Miller John T
Miller, Lewis
Milliken Amy D
Minski A
Missouri Friend A
Molder, W F
Mollincaux, J.,
Mollincaux F H
Mollinger, John
Monroe, N.,
Moon, F H
Moore, Chas
Moore Chas C
Moore, C H
Moore, Dr. L. S.,
Moore, F A
Moore F H (takes two shares),
Moore N J
Moore, S. D.,

Moore Sam T
Morgan John W
Morrison C
Morrison, J
Morse, C D
Morse John
Morse, S MD
Moss J E
Moyer, Dr E
Mulkey, S. V.,
Myers, H. C.,

Nachtsheim Friedrich
Nathan, Jacob F
Neal James R
Neihart, Jacob
Neilson, D
Nelson, G. B.,
Nettleton, D.,
Netzley, Eli
Neuber. Joseph.
Newton George (two shares),
Nichols, T. V.,
Nichols B F
Nickerson Cyrus
Nicolay, Wm. J.,
Niemann J H
Nimmo John
Norton Lee

Odle, S. A.,
O'Donnell, E. G.,
Oelke, Aug H
Old Mrs T S
Olds, A. K., (3 shares,)
Oliver James
Ordway, J M
Orgen, E W
Ostrom, Mattie
Owens, John

Paddington George
Paine, Thos N
Palmer Charles E
Palmer, Israel
Palmer J P
Parker, N. A.,
Parker, Freeman
Parker Mrs Kate
Parks Mrs G W
Parr, H. A.,
Parshall, James L
Passebl, Carl
Partridge, A M
Patrick, H MD (two shares),
Payne, Ed MD
Payne, John,
Peabody B
Pearce, W H
Peck, C J
Peck Franklin
Peck James M Sr
Peck Luman
Pellegrini A Snider de
Pelton Elias
Penfield, W
Pepper, W. H.,
Perkins, Rufus,
Perry, R
Pert, DeRobigne Mortimer Bennett,
Peterson, Chris
Peterson, C E
Peterson, E
Peterson J D
Peterson. P. J.,
Petty J
Phillips, A G
Phillips, J P
Pierce James J
Pikard, A B
Piper Mrs C M (takes two shares),
Plum, Byron
Plumb George
Polhemus, Laura
Polhamus. Wm.,
Pope E S (two share),
Porter, W F
Power, John D
Powell, M
Powell, S
Powers, B. B.,
Powers, Salmon
Price, A
Price, J W
Price, P E
Prigmere Mrs S A
Prouty, H N
Punnett Reuben
Purdy, G B
Putnam, S P

Randall, Chas
Ray F L (two shares),
Raynor, Mrs W
Read Mrs E S
Reade Samuel Geo
Redfield, B
Redwood V R
Reed, T J
Reeves, M
Reeder, Thomas
Reichel, John G
Renwick, W E
Reuscher John James
Rhein, Earnest
Richmond, J D
Rickner, J. M. A.,
Risdon, A H
Risk, Alexander
Rivers Frank
Robinson D C
Rockwell Mrs M E
Rodman, J G
Roe. John C.,
Roe. Silvester
Rogers, Mrs. M.,
Rogers Alex
Root Silas B
Rose, Miss A. Evelyn,
Rose, M E
Rosevelt Isaac S
Ross C M
Rounds, E B
Rounds, J M
Rowe, Mark MD
Royse, B L
Ryan Dan E (2 shares)

S H T
S, John
Salter, George
Sailor, Annie Laura
Sams T R
Sander H
Santy, L P
Scharnhorst, F C
Schmitz Henry (two shares),
Schreiber Christ
Scott Ira A
Scott J W
Schuk, J
Schwitzgabel Lucian
Scroch M. L.,
Searing, E. W.,
Searls Frank
Seely W W
Selde P
Settle, J
Sharman, John
Sharp, Isaac
Sharpless, S G
Sheiden F D
Sheldon W H
Shell Frank J.
Shepherd Mary A
Sherman, Dr A
Sherwood, Frank H
Shields James
Shoafler J C
Shoemaker E R
Shoemaker M G
Shoffee, F. W.,
Shradar, Lewis
Shurtz. Henry
Shuler, W D
Sibley L B
Sickinon Mrs E M
Siems Fred
Simmons, A H
Sims, James
Simpson, J. W.,
Simpson, Wm
Singer J C
Sisson Wm
Skidgell, Chas E
Skidmore, Mrs. S. W. B.,

Skidmore W J
Sienker, Mrs Elmina D.
Sloane, W C
Smith, E. A.,
Smith, Austin
Smith Byron M
Smith, Capt Nelson
Smith, D W
Smith George
Smith, G W
Smith, Henry
Smith, Henry T.
Smith, Horace B
Smith Ira
Smith, J F Jr,
Smith, Lemuel
Smith M
Smith Wm (2 shares)
Snyder Isaac MD
Southwick, E B M D
Spang. Peter,
Sparks D R
"Spelling Reform,"
Spencer P F
Sprague M T
Stackhouse G H G
Stafford, Mrs. Phœbe A:
Stafford Mr and Mrs J V
Stanton W H
Stanton Ben
Stauffer, J M
Stephens. W J
Stebbins Wm H H
Stevens W F (four shares),
Stevens J C
Stevenson. E. M.,
Sterling, Dr C S
Stewart, D
Stimpson. E B
Stimson, T D
Stoddard, Ichabod
Stone B F
Stone. Henry A.,
Stone W Goldsmith
Stoneburner, R
Stowe, C W MD.
Strickland. R D
Sturdevant James H
Sunbeck John
Swarts, R H
Sweet, William
Swift, Ed
Sworts Wm C

Taber, Horace,
Tausig Jacob
Taylor, A
Taylor James A
Taylor, Wm V M.D.
Tewksbury, J R
Thing D
Thomson A F

Thompson, J. B.,
Thompson, J H
Thompson, D J
Thompson, A L
Thomas, Hiram
Thorn George
Thorpe, Isaac
Thorp, B
Tibbets, J. F.,
Tiffany D M
Tilley, Henry
Tinker Mrs. M
Todd, Mrs. Sarah C.,
Tompkins, J L
Townsend, Chas E
Townsend, J A
Townsley, E A.
Tozer, J R
Trenham N J
Tremaine C S
Trimmer, Dr
Trumble, Wm
Tyler Wm
Tucker C B MD
Turner, Mrs Flora
Tuttle Charles

Ulrick, William,
Urey, A. P.

Vacher, A
Van Buskirk, E.
Vandament, D G
Vanderburg, L
Van Dyke, Nelson,
Van Schoick Isaac
Vaughan Alfred
Vega N D
Velie George C
Vincent, A

Wadsworth S D
Waggner Lewis
Wagner William
Wahlen M
Walker, H W
Walker Wm
Walker Walter
Walter, F. G.,
Walker Dr W
Walters, Mrs. Eli.
Wallace, Jacob
Walling, D P
Walters, Leonard
Warren, Dwight
Waters, Alex
Watson James G
Warwick Thomas
Weaver, Ira
Weaver, W L

Webb, L R
Webber, Samuel
Weeden, J. E.,
Weenink-Hohan Mrs H A
Wells, Frank
Wells, Frank E
Wells W A
Wells, Wm
Wellman E J
Wellman L R
Werthen Solomon
Wheat, James M. (two shares.)
Wheeler A S (four shares),
Wheeler Luther
Wheeler J B
White C A
White Col D
White John W
Whipple, J D
Whipple J P
Whitney, E Belle
Whitzel T. J.,
Wickersham, Enoch
Wilcox. D P
Wilke Wm
Wile, D
Williams, David,
Williams, George
Williams James A
Williams Wm S
Wilson, Charles
Wilson James
Wilson Mrs B T H
Wilson R F
Wilson Wm C (twenty shares),
Wiltse, Charles
Wilsdorff, H. J.,
Winn, James M.,
Winslow, Frank H,.
Wise, P. V.,
Wise, S. J.,
Witham, Joseph G.,
Wood. Charles N.,
Wood, H S
Woods. J M
Wood W
Wood. W W
Wooddell, Dr, W. E.,
Woodhouse P
Woodworth, E. N., MD.,
Worman Edwin
Wollpert, Caleb,
Woolsey, N
Wootten, Philip
Wright H L

Yale, F L
York, Dr J L
Young, H F
Young, Stephen

Mr Bennett finds so much that is new and interesting in the far-away East that he has concluded he cannot get it all in two volumes, and so there will be three. Volume I. will include all up to the Chronicles, and has already appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. We shall at once make up the volume and as soon as the illustrations are ready, hav it printed and sent to the subscribers to the fund. In a few weeks all who hav paid the five dollars will receive the first volume, and the remaining two as soon as completed.

The "form" in which the names are printed will be left to the last to giv all who wish a chance to subscribe and hav their names in the first volume. All names accompanied with the five dollars received between now and the 20th of February will appear in the first volume. We hope to see a very much increased list, and shall take pleasure in adding new names.

Liberal News.

MRS. J. V. MANSFIELD is again very ill.

SPIRITUALISM is increasing in the South.

THE *Mirror of Progress* has stopped for lack of support.

THE Liberals of Flint, Mich., will celebrate Paine's birthday on the 29th.

JUDGE A. SCHELL, late of Albany, lectured at Modesto, Cal., on the 10th.

WILL Mr. John T. Gray be kind enough to send his address to this office?

THE *Spiritual Reasoner* has suspended, owing to the illness of the editor and proprietor, J. D. McLennan.

EVERY Liberal in the city should attend Mrs. Colby's lectures Sunday evenings at the Harvard Rooms.

A WESTERN paper says a man needn't know much to make a popular minister. The editor must hav had Talmage in his mind.

COL. JOHN R. KELSO has reached Modesto, Cal. The Liberal cause is growing in that place, and the 29th will be duly honored.

HUGH BYRON BROWN will deliver the next lecture before the Society of Humanity, at Science Hall, on the 29th. His subject is "Positiv Principles and Financial Theories."

OUR friend James Bridger, of Newark, N. Y., was married in Rochester on the 1st, the bride being Miss Bertha E. Duncan, of the latter place, and the ceremony was performed in a secular manner by Judge Sill.

THE Board of Revision of taxes of Pennsylvania has decided that parsonages and church property not forming an integral part of a church are subject to taxation, and will be assessed. This is good so far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. Churches should be included.

DR. J. B. TENNEY, of Dunedin, Fla., one of our subscribers, is detained in this city, to see to the completion of his yacht, and will sail thither in the early spring. He will be pleased to giv any information he can to parties seeking that most charming country for either pleasure or permanent settlement. He will be found at the Liberal Club Friday evenings, and communications will reach him at 209 W. 20th st., care of James Bagley, Esq. His plantation is on the sea-shore near Tampa Bay, and he livs part of his time in "The Cottage by the Sea."

Communications.

The Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Probably everybody knows that the church is opposed to knowledge. But it may not be so generally known that many of her leading spirits are opposed to it activly as well as passivly—that there is a positiv movement in favor of ignorance. That's my discovery! There is such a movement; and though it seems the end could only occur to a fool, I assure you the means are chosen with all that proverbial caution, sagacity, and firmness which belong to priests as an organized body. The idea of reconciling science and theology is becoming unpopular, and the church is cutting loose from it, and returning to attack the inductiv philosophy with her old weapons of ridicule, misrepresentation, and persecution.

About persecution you know something; but giv me time to point a moral. That vast extension of the laws against obscenity effected, or nearly so, by the efforts of Comstock in the lobby of Congress, and the decisions of a few judges like Clark and Benedict, has *virtually made it penal to discuss any physiological questions except within the limits prescribed by the "regular" school of medicin.* Surely this was accomplishing a great deal, but it is quite likely even you do not see the profound judgment which dictated this move—not taken, you may be sure, without a great deal of previous discussion among the conspirators. The support of the "regular" practitioners—a most powerful veiled interest—is secured at once. And it is not too much to say that *if the laws which imprisoned Bennett and Bradlaugh can be loosely construed, but strictly enforced, for twenty years throughout England and America, this would kill science in those countries.* Life can be destroyed by a bandage as well as a wound. Let science become "cabinned, cribbed, confined, to saucy doubts and fears;" let its cultivation be forced to go gingerly, lest they tread on Aunt Priscilla's trail or Brother Bullneck's corns, and, mighty as it now appears, it will be henceforth but a blind Sampson, wearing out his life in prison. In proof of this, I will not cite instances so old as the destruction of the sciences in Egypt or India by their priestly trammels, or in the Roman empire by Christianity. Only some thirty years ago, scientific secularism had made so much progress in Denmark that a large proportion of the tax-supported clergy adopted it, and members of the legislature proposed changing the churches into higher schools. It was then the famous word "neology" originated, signifying the corruption of Christianity by *new words*, which made it very different from what it seemed. What became of Danish neology? Chambers's Encyclopedia says it died "of its own shallowness." Very probably. It deserved it. The Danish preachers who lectured about agriculture and history, soon found that both Christian and Infidel hearers only judged them "deep" enough for a day's sensation. But suppose they had talked of marriage, heredity, and divorce? I guess there would hav been no complaint of "shallowness" then. That would hav made a row. Perish reform which has not snap enough to make a row!

The minor weapon of ridicule is being vigorously used for the purpose of discouraging knowledge. I do not speak now of that mere foolishness which ignorance, never before disturbed, pours upon Darwin and other revolutionary discoverers. If you will giv a little study (as I hav done) to the *Christian Statesman* (the God-in-the-Constitution organ of Milwaukee), the *Ladies' Repository* (a widely-circulated Methodist magazine for women of education), the *Advance*, the New York *Observer*, etc., you will find them full of insinuations that the revelations of geology—nay, even the heliocentric theory of the planetary system, are not so certain as the word science implies. You see the effect. When educated, or rather half-educated, people are taught to suspect that science is a good bit of humbug, they will either verify its claims for themselvs, or cease to be interested in it and to desire to hav it taught their children. The first may happen one time in a million. This is part of the God-in-the-Constitution movement.

Absurd as it seems to talk of argument against demonstration, the church, wiser in her own way then we, takes the measure of human minds, and sees that most of them are more accessible to anything else than the strict reasonings of science. Rev. John Jasper is, of course, an ignoramus. But does the church repudiate him as such? No, indeed. The papers above mentioned giv the warmest praise to such men's godliness, dodge their queer notions, or good-naturedly joke about them, or guardedly insinuate that they may turn out right after all. Such men are doing immense service to Christianity. He has not read history aright who thinks that, because they are ignorant, vulgar, and ungrammatical, they can do no harm. When Jasper ousted Copernicus from the negro churches, the godly darkies (who can vote) enjoyed the biggest revival on record. When the people about Bald Mountain, N. C., were alarmed at some noises (which were afterward traced to blasting operations at a great distance), preachers flocked to the place from every quarter, the church got lots of money out of the poor frightened "corn-crackers," and the priests were rewarded in conscience, and also temporally, for not using their knowledge to dispel the delusion, by seeing a great church established in this wild "moonshining" region. Thus ignorance brings preachers money, and preachers use the money to expel every gleam of light from the places they can still control. And how many of such places are there? Do not imagin that they are limited to the habitations of negroes and crackers. The truth is that the knowledge of scientific methods is very little taught to people fairly, or even what is called well, educated. You remember Joe Cook and Wilford Hall? The way in which their absolute nonsense was received, even by college professors, shows how much more science is talked about than studied. And the church, in her new line of operations, is taking care to hav it just as little studied as possible. With ostentatious fairness, she admits the works of Tyndall and other authors, which are bound to be read any way, into libraries where the directors are clergymen; but she takes care to keep out everything of an innovating character which is not yet able to force an entrance. Similarly, she sends out scientific lecturers, but these lecturers dodge evolution, season their discourses with theology, exhibit electricity and chemistry as mere toys, and, above all, steer clear of anything like the inductiv method, and cleave firmly to the dogmatical object-lessons of the Sunday-school.

Thus, by shutting off all science from social matters, excluding it as much as possible from the educational system, giving all the encouragement practicable to Jasper, Moody, and other men who positivly boast of ignorance, and declare they need no library but the Bible; and, above all, teaching that science must be taught superficially, and without giving the students any insight into those processes which make its assertions anything more than dogmas, the leaders of the movement hope to raise a generation disposed to think in dogmas and willing to make Christianity part of the statute law; after which, by the temporary combination of all sects, the progress of science could be effectually stopped, and the railroads and telegraphs of the nineteenth century be bequeathed to a twentieth century too idle and sensual to add anything to them.

I do not believe the scheme can succeed. But, given the combined efforts of Catholic and Protestant Jesuits, the definitness of the aim, the coherence of the means, the immense amount of money, power, and prejudice, all ready at hand, the vast and unexpected success which the enemy has already achieved in the new postal laws, his pertinacious return to the attack whenever temporarily checked, and the awful consequences of his possible triumph, I think it is time to take a stronger position than we hav yet done. We must expose the wickedness, of whose existence few hav any idea; we must insist more vigorously on liberty of the press and the mails, no matter who is scared; we must, above all, make it a point to advance real scientific teaching, which is the heavy artillery of knowledge, and not waste strength in skirmishing, to the neglect of this capital point. Christianity and Infidelity hav been struggling now a long time; the former may or may not be as hopelessly on its last legs as statistics and recent literature seem to indicate; but one thing, at least, is certain: that each has done best when it stood firmest—Infidelity on new truth, Christianity on time-honored absurdity. When Christianity tries to get "reconciled" to science, it falls into deserved contempt. When science spares Christianity, it "dies of its own shallowness"—and ought to die. The recent change of front of the church shows that she has got good leaders. May ours not be found wanting.

C. L. JAMES.

[From the Cloud County Blade.]

The Radical Pulpit.

This book is of more than usual importance just at the present time because of the alleged recantation from his radical position of one of the authors, Mr. Frothingham. Every intelligent person would like to know the extent of the defection from the Liberal ranks of so able and eloquent a man as is Mr. Frothingham. Liberals want to investigate the matter and determin for themselvs whether or not Mr. Frothingham succeeded in getting himself entirely free from the old scow of orthodoxy before he jumped on board again, and the "believers" want to know where he stood and what he said when startling the world with his pulpit eloquence, that they may hav arguments to hurl at "Infidels."

Mr. Frothingham says he has not gone back to any position he had abandoned, and what doctrins, or teachings of theology has he abandoned? This question can be answered by reading this book, which will be found to be exceedingly interesting.

The sermons are on the subjects, "New Song of Christmas," a part of which we gave last week; the "Departed Years," "Life as a Test of Creed," "The Sectarian Spirit," "The American Gentleman," "Language of the Old Testament," "The Dogma of Hell," "Value of the Higher Sentiments," "The American Lady," and "The Consolations of Rationalism."

Professor Felix Adler is one of the foremost thinkers of the day, his lectures the very best, always entertaining, interesting, useful. Among the collection in this book we find, "The Ethics of the Social Question," "Emancipation," "Our Leaders," "Hav We still a Religion?" "Conscience," etc.

We giv below an extract from his lecture on "Conscience:"

"I remember also one of the despised race of the Jews, one not known, as these are known, but who should be known, who deserves to be ranked with the great and good, and whose story I long to tell in closing He was very young; twenty, five summers had passed over him. He was highly connected, highly gifted, learned, and, what was better, loved. He heard that his people were persecuted in a far land, and he set sail to aid and free them. In a certain Portuguese port the vessel was boarded by the officers of Inquisition. He was dragged to Lisbon and thrown into a dungeon of that dark tribunal. The authorities of Inquisition were anxious to save him and win him over to their faith. They promised, they besought, they threatened, they tortured him in vain; they could not shake his resolution. At last they condemned him to die by fire. It was a fine morning late in December in the year 1647. An eager crowd pressed through the streets of Lisbon to the great plaza. It was near the time of the birth of Christ. There was to be a great festival that day—an *auto-da-fe*—in honor of the god of love, in which martyrs should be burned unto the Lord. A dense multitude were now gathered, the procession moved on, the priests in their long robes, the soldiery, and in their midst the young De Castro; such was his name. He stood still and calm on the place of execution. The fagots were heaped about him. The priest stepped up, showed him the crucifix, and called on him to "repent, recant," even now before it was too late. He answered not a word. Again the cross was shown him, and again he remained silent. Then the burning brand was thrown upon the fagots, they caught fire, flames rose high, the smoke wreathed and curled about its victim. For the third time the priest presented the crucifix and cried, "Repent, repent, and save thy soul!" A great hush fell upon the throng. Then from amid the flames and smoke rang out into the silence, loud and clear, these words, "Hear, Israel! God, our God, is one!" And not an eye remained tearless in that great assembly. The flames sank down and the multitude dispersed and silently went to their homes and whispered one to another those terrible words which sounded like an accusing conscience in their ears, "Hear, Israel!" and so profound was the impression that the officers of the Inquisition issued an edict forbidding, under heavy penalty, that the words "Hear, Israel," should be uttered in the streets of Lisbon."

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 69.

761. Constantine is shown by Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (vol. ii, chap. xx), to hold that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity had been earlier made known to the pagans.

762. Arnobias, a prominent Christian teacher of the third century, seems not to have believed Christian morality superior to pagan morality. He said, "If Cicero's works had been read as they ought to have been there would have been no need of Christian writers."

763. Lactantius, another learned and influential Christian Father and teacher of the third century, said, "If there had been any to collect the truth which was scattered among sects and individuals [pagans] into one, and to have reduced it into a system, there would, indeed, have been no difference between him and us" (book ii).

764. St. Augustine, the ablest polemic writer of the Christian Fathers of the fourth century, evidently did not believe that Christianity had much claim to originality. He said: "The same which is now called the Christian religion really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time, even from the beginning of the human race, until the time Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but having in later times received a new name" (Oper. Aust., vol. i, p. 12).

765. This admission of Augustine was confirmed by Faustus, a Christian bishop, who addressed the former thus: "You have substituted your Agapæ for the sacrifices of the pagans; and for their idols your martyrs that you serve with the same honors; you appease the shades of the dead with wine and feasts; you celebrate the solemn festivals of the Gentiles, their calends and their solstices; and as to their manners, those you have retained without any alteration. Nothing distinguishes you from the Gentiles except that you assemble apart from them."

766. Abulmerar evidently did not believe any more than I do in the originality of the Christian virgin and child, but knew the idea was taken from pagans. He said: "We have in the first decades the sign of the virgin, following the most ancient traditions of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hermes and Esculapius, a young woman called in the Persian language Seclinidos de Darrama; in the Arabic, Adunedfa—that is to say

a chaste, pure, immaculate virgin, suckling an infant, which some nations call Jesus, but which we in Greek call Christ." The representations of Isis, the Egyptian Madonna, and her infant Horus were taken from Egypt to Rome in the first Christian century and were used for the Virgin Mary and Jesus, and served as the models for the millions of Christian Madonnas—virgin and child—that have since been turned out, and with which Christendom has been filled.

767. I do not believe that the doctrine of the Trinity was first a Christian doctrine. It was a thousand years earlier taught by the Hindoos in their Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; by the Persians in their Ormuzd, Astarte, and Mithra; by the Egyptians in their Osiris, Isis, and Horus. In fact, nearly every ancient pagan religion had their trinities and triads.

768. I do not believe that Jesus was the first son of a God, or demi-god believed to have been begotten by a god. Among such characters believed in from 500 to a thousand years before the existence of Christianity are Christna, Rama, and Buddha, of India; Mithra, of Persia; Horus, of Egypt; Thammuz, of Syria; Crete, of Chaldea; Apollo, Mercury, Mars, Prometheus, Hercules, Vulcan, Perseus, Theseus, and many others of Greece; Hesus, of the Druids; Thor and Balder, of the Scandinavians; Quirinus, of Rome, and many others too numerous to mention. These were all divinely begotten.

769. I do not believe that Jesus was the first demi-god believed to have been crucified as an atonement and propitiation to the gods for the sins of the world. Among those who were believed to have been crucified from 500 to 1200 years before the Christian era, and prominent among them, were Christna, Thammuz, Iao, Prometheus, and several others of those just named.

770. Jesus was not the first demi-god at whose birth the stars performed office. The same was claimed for several of the sons of gods before the Christian demi-god.

771. Jesus was not the first demi-god said to have been born in a stable, or in a cave—for it is claimed that he was born both in a stable and in a cave—for the same was much earlier claimed for others of the demi-gods.

772. Jesus was not the first whose birth was announced by angels and shepherds. This was previously claimed for others.

773. Jesus was not the first demi-god believed in to whom wise men, or magi, paid their respects in early infancy. The same was much earlier claimed for Mithra, and others.

774. The 25th of December was not originally the birthday of the Christian demi-god, nor originally a Christian festival. Mithra, or the sun, was believed by the ancient Persians to have been born at that time, when the sun, after sinking to the lowest point in the winter solstice, begins to rise from night, or death, and may be said to be born anew. The 25th of December on this account was a great festival day, or holiday, not only among the Persians, but among several other nations, particularly the Druids, the ancient Romans, and several others. It was celebrated with great pomp, ceremony, and rejoicing, and was very popular with the people. For this reason the early Christian Fathers chose it for a Christian festival, and fixed the birth of Jesus upon that day. There is the greatest diversity of opinion among early Christian authorities as to the time when Jesus was born, nearly every month of the year being claimed as the month he was born in. If he was born at all, probably it was not on the 25th of December.

775. Jesus was not the first to have such titles as these applied to him: The Most High, The Lord of Life, Son of God, Holy Living God, Mediator, Savior, Redeemer, Redeemer of the World, the Lamb of God, the Ram of God, the Holy Lamb, the True Light, the Sun of Righteousness, Light of Men, Guide to the Erring, Advocate with the Father, etc. These and many similar terms were applied to pagan demi-gods long before they were to Jesus.

776. The claim that a child was saved from destruction when all the other infants were killed, was not first made in his case. This was specially made in the case of Christna, about a thousand years earlier, who was also born among the shepherds, as well as similar stories with regard to other sons of gods.

777. The retirement in the wilderness for a forty-days' fast, and the subsequent temptation by thedevil, were reported of others long before Jesus.

778. Jesus was not the only demi-god who was believed to perform miracles. This claim has been stoutly made for every son of god which men have believed in.

779. Jesus was not the only savior or divine teacher who had a band of disciples to follow him about and listen to him. This was claimed for Christna, Buddha, and many others of those characters.

780. Jesus was not the first to teach multitudes in villages, on the highways, in the fields, and in the wilderness. The same was claimed for Christna, Buddha, Confucius, and many others.

781. It was not first claimed for Jesus that at his crucifixion he sun was darkened, and that an earthquake took place. This was before claimed at the death of others of god's sons. Matthew is the only evangelist who says anything about such a circumstance having taken place at the death of Jesus, and it is thought the writer of that gospel adapted the story from the older legends.

782. It was not first reported of Jesus that he descended into hell after his death. This was before claimed for others.

783. Jesus was not the first to have it claimed for him that he arose from the dead, and appeared again among his followers. Similar claims were earlier made for others.

784. Jesus was not the first crucified savior for whom it was claimed that he ascended up to heaven. The same claim was earlier made for other oriental saviors.

785. The belief in a Holy Ghost is not original in Christianity. The same idea was much earlier entertained in some of he eastern countries.

786. The belief in a future life was not first taught by Jesus, nor believed in by Christians. It is as old as religious belief, and was pointedly believed in by the Hindoos, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Romans, the Scandinavians, and many other nations.

787. Jesus was not the first to teach about the existence of a devil and evil spirits. A belief in demons and devils is one of the oldest among mankind. The Hindoos taught it, and so did the Persians, the Egyptians, and nearly all other nations. The Hindoos had their Ravenna and Rakshasas, the Persians their Ahriman, and devs and arch-devs; the Egyptians their Typhon, the Greeks their Pluto, and Scandinavians their Loke, and nearly every other nation their prime devils and lesser devils.

788. The Christians were not the first to believe in hell. Every nation named had their place of unhappiness for the wicked; but the Christian zealots, in their intensity of cruelty, made their hell more monstrous and horrible than the hell of any other nation. But the idea was a borrowed one.

789. In the same way angels and good spirits were not first believed in by Christians, nor was Jesus the first to teach them. They were believed in more than a thousand years sooner by pagan nations.

790. Heaven, or a place of happiness, was not first taught by Jesus, nor believed in by his followers. The belief was entertained by pagan nations for more than a thousand years before Christianity existed.

791. The cross, as a religious symbol, was not first used by Christians. It was in use in India, Thibet, Egypt, and other countries long, long before the Christian era. It is believed to have originated in sex-worship far more than a thousand years before Christianity.

792. The personalized idea of "the word," or "Logos," was not a Christian expression. It is of pagan origin. John is the only gospel writer who has anything to say of it, and there are strong grounds for believing he borrowed the thought and the language from Plato, who existed five hundred years earlier.

793. Baptism by water was not first practiced by Christians. It is an old pagan ceremony, and for more than five hundred years earlier than Christianity baptizing and purifying by water was followed in the Ganges and in the Nile.

794. The belief that the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove is not Christian in origin. It is an old pagan legend.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

THE SCIENTIFIC CONCEPTION OF GOD.

Under the subjective order we are compelled at the first step to ask to what end, and how, human life and effort should be directed and conducted. This brings up the next question, *Whither?* That is, what should be, and must be, the grand central object, the GOD, or unity, to which, by which, and in relation to which, all human affairs must be solved?

To this question, as the highest of human existence, all ages and religions have given only such answers as their knowledge permitted. But as to the necessity of a new answer, if Man is to be more than an animal—if he is to sustain his higher and civilized life as MAN—there has been, and is now, no serious question among scientists and sociologists.

What is the object and destiny of Man on earth? That is the main question which Science, too, has come to ask, and this general concurrence in asking it makes it our second Harmony under the subjective order, viz:

II.—THE DISCOVERY AND APPRECIATION OF THE REAL GOD OR UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE MUST PRECEDE ALL SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS AT THE SOLUTION OF HUMAN LIFE—COLLECTIVE OR INDIVIDUAL.

The NEW FAITH, as did every form of religion or practical Philosophy of the old faiths, must begin with positing, its *summum bonum*, its highest object, God, and central attraction, or it can never hold the social world together, much less control and direct its future progress through the depths of time. It is from this main source and motive of human life that all of its relations are deduced and legislated upon.

Even the extent and nature of our thoughts and knowledge of the objective world, to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, depend upon this central subjective nature and point of view. Our God is our center, from whence our world is solved. It is the only point of view from whence we look upon it. It can never be too often repeated that the world as we know it is at bottom only our subjective synthesis. It is the world only as it appears to us even in its most objective aspect. The external objective world is only *our* objective, assumed as such by us. Man regards his involuntary sensations as matter and forces foreign to him and separate from him, and therefore as a world independent of and objective to him.

How necessary, important, and practical a new discovery of God must be is well pointed out by the great Descartes (1596–1650), the founder of modern Philosophy. In founding modern thought he began with his sanction of "universal doubt," and his great maxim, "I think, therefore I am." After he had taken these two steps, he found they led to the third, the discovery of the true God, as the inevitable foundation of any Philosophy of life. His words, wonderful from their grasp and weight, are as true now as then, and give the question which Science in its advance must re-solve, if it would gain the solution of our perplexing world and life. His fundamental words are these:

"And thus I very clearly see that the certitude and truth of all science depend on the knowledge alone of the *true God*; insomuch that, before I knew Him, I could have no perfect knowledge of any other thing. And now that I know Him, I possess the means of acquiring a perfect knowledge respecting innumerable matters, as well relative to God himself, *and other intellectual objects, as to corporeal nature*" (Descartes' "Meditations," section 5).

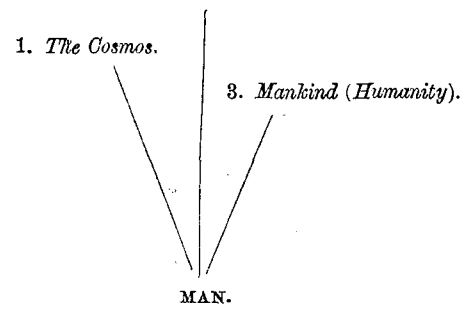
That "the times are out of joint," means that the old conception of God, even the modified conception that seemed so sufficient to Descartes, is found to be untrue to the intellect, and inconsistent with moral and social progress.

There is no alternative for scientific men but to reverently review this fundamental conception, and indicate the direction in which changes and modifications are compelled to take place by the advance of science. There can be no order, nor hope, nor inspiration in the human or moral world until science indicates the real true center, or God, upon which that world truly scientifically depends, and under which its order and progress must be secured. This was the third step of Descartes, and it must be our third step also

What, then, is the verdict and harmony of science upon this vital issue? It is, in substance this:

III.—THAT THE OLD AND SIMPLE, BUT FALSE, CONCEPTION OF GOD, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE UNDER THE PROGRESS AND ANALYSIS OF SCIENCE, HAS UNDERGONE DISINTEGRATION AND DIFFERENTIATION.

The old idea of God, in fact, has fallen into three factors. Man has in turn deified three great objects, viz: As Man looks out upon the world, the farthest from him lies the Infinite Space (the *Grand Miliew*), then the Cosmos, and next to him the Human Race. Each of these are immensely beyond and above him. To each of these he had trusted as his God, and he will ever look up to each of them with wonder, fear, awe, reverence, and, if possible, with love. He will ever stand in this position before this inevitable Trinity upon which depend his fate and destiny.



As man looks up he sees:

1. At first he attempted to interpret the Cosmic world so as to guide human life by that. The emphasis was first placed upon the material world above man, and with what result? Fetichism, Animism, Naturism, Cosmism, Materialism, were successively the consequences of this view of the world.

If man attempts to regulate life according to and by the imagined wills, or real properties, or laws, of the Material World, such will be the conclusions forced upon him.

2. But, finally, he will conclude that one will, or God, dominates all of the subordinate wills, or gods, who control this external world. He will pass from Fetichism to Polytheism, and Monotheism. That one God must (as shown in the last lecture) be imagined outside of the "universe," and his designs, wishes, and commands must be the only true knowledge or guide of life, if they can be known at all. Theology, which is this supposed knowledge, is the result and completion of Fetichism, and has its center in a supposed personality of the Infinite.

3. But suppose that the emphasis in explaining the world is placed upon the third factor—Man—the human race as a whole, past, present, and future, *i. e.*, *Humanity*, what kind of religion must arise? Evidently a new one in many important respects. It must be a new faith; and if science indicates that the emphasis is now rightly placed there, it must be the New Faith.

That such is the fact; that science is really in harmony in regard to each of these God factors; that it gives the true value to each; and that it founds, and is compelled to found, the Religion of Humanity, MAN as its center and unity, we shall next proceed to show.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letters from Friends.

ATLANTA, ILL., Jan. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for ten dollars, five to help pay for Bennett's trip Around the World, three for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year, and the balance to use where it will do the most good.

A. C. HOLMES.

[We are greatly obliged to friend Holmes for the "V," and also for the donation. We will use it to illustrate the Round-the-World book.—ED. T. S.]

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find draft for $6—one dollar for balance due on THE TRUTH SEEKER, and five dollars for Mr. Bennett's tour Round the World. As soon as I can settle down I will favor you with an order for books, etc. Truly yours, H. C. MYERS.

FONTANA, KAN., Dec. 25, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal order for $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I should liked to hav remitted sooner, with the suggestion that there be a family record attached to the volume.

Yours for truth, WM. POLHAMUS.

DALLAS, OR., Dec. 30, 1881.

FRIEND BENNETT: Inclosed find $5 to the Round-the-World fund, provided you will allow me to come in on the home-stretch.

Yours truly, JOHN FORD.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Jan. 16, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: I did not promis anything to send Mr. Bennett Around the World, for I thought he was doing well enough at home; but he has gone, and I am well satisfied, for he seems to be doing well, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is, if anything, better than heretofore. Inclosed find $14—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882, $5 for the Round-the-World trip, $1 for the *Infidel Pulpit*, and $5 for "Supernatural Religion."

Yours truly, JAMES M. WINN.

LOCKWOOD, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I like your paper very much. I am eighty-five years old, and hav taken your paper since you started it. Now I send $5 to bring you back from the Round-the-World trip, and $3 to renew my subscription for the year 1882—$8 in all.

Yours truly, HENRY LYONS.

AINSWORTH, WASH. TER., Dec. 30, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the book "Around the World," as soon as printed. Inclosed please find $5.

Yours very respectfully, W. R. KAHLON.

SALEM STATION, WIS., Jan. 10, 1882.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I see by the tab on my paper that my ticket on board your ship has expired. Inclosed you will five dollars, and I want a ticket that will carry me on board your ship as long as that will pay for. I want THE TRUTH SEEKER to prosper, spreading the light of reason until the last vestige of superstition is wiped out and man steps forth free from its poisonous breath. Long may you wave!

Yours truly, A. D. CORNWELL.

MR. EDITOR: Toldoth Jeshu received. I consider it the most valuable contribution to Freethought literature and am glad to see this third edition issued. It will always sell, and it is almost a total eclips of the Christian's gospel. B.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., Jan. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In my article of Dec. 25th, which appears in THE TRUTH SEEKER of this week, the name of one of the advocates of Freethought at the village of Russell's Mills, in this town, should hav been printed Oliver H. Seabury, instead of Oliver H. Seaburg, as it appears in the paper. Very likely, in writing the article, I hurriedly penned the name in such a manner as to convey the impression that Seaburg was the correct method of spelling it. Further on please read "Baptist church" instead of "Baptist village," which is one of the trio-churches in this village of South Dartmouth, as it is sometimes called "Padanaran," and has been shut up for a long term of years. Please insert this brief communication. Very truly, EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

STATE COLLEGE, PA., Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Indeed I cannot explain how sad I feel for not getting THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 24th. As I said, I hav been long in Eastern countries, and you can imagin how pleasant it is to read about those places, the sayings and remarks of our very wise and singular D. M. Bennett; therefore I ask you to be kind enough to giv me a few lines in your worthy paper through which to represent to your friends and readers my very deep sadness; and I hope that one out of the many Liberals and good-hearted friends will please loan me for a short time THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 24th, wherein commences the description of Constantinople. I will return it.

Yours truly, P. F. NSHIKAN.

EDEN MILLS, VT., Jan. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $2.45 for the "Apocryphal New Testament," "Trial of D. M. Bennett," "When Were the Gospels Written?" by Bradlaugh, and "The Crimes of Preachers." I believe there are no class of men in existence, or ever has been, that hav been the cause of so much ignorance, superstition, and bloodshed as the sheiks, priests, or clergy. I am inclined to hope they are losing their power for mischief; but they are losing it quite too slowly. Parents that hav got the films somewhat from their eyes, and the shackles from their limbs, are too slow and heedless in regard to the right cultivation of their children. Too willingly their children go with the tide if it is popular (if it should lead them to an orthodox hell), thinking that when their children become older they will select the good from the bad. That I consider quite wrong; for, when the wrong or bad is instilled into their young minds, it is hard for them, when they become older, to eradicate their early impressions, though they may be quite dogmatic and unreasonable. It should not be expected that the stream will be purer than the fountain-head unless the stream is purified by some artificial process.

Now the fountain-head to all Protestantism is the Bible, a book lined with traditions. It teaches and upholds all kinds of sin and iniquity. Slavery, polygamy, slaying men, women, and children; licentiousness, and obscenity. Such teaching engenders wickedness. The clergyman at the head, the members at his feet. Point the priest to the absurdities of the Bible and he will turn his eyes upward, and say, "O my son you are so unregenerate!" Point the contradictions to the members of the church, they will say and affirm, and state under oath, if need be, there are no contradictions in the Bible; it was inspired by God, and every word is holy. Every idea presented in it is clear as noonday to the converted, who press the book to their bosoms in apparent ecstasy of joy. That is the way the children, after they become older, select the good from the bad by thinking there is no bad in the scriptures. There is a true saying that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" and when the young and tender minds are bent to believe the dogmas taught in the Bible and promulgated by the priests, and made to believe the book holy, sacred, and divine, written by God Almighty himself, it is hard, very hard, to eradicate the early impressions. They may not, perhaps, join the church in their early days, for they hav been taught there is an eleventh-hour system, and they may as well wait until then, provided they subscribe liberally for the priests' support. They go to church every Sunday for various reasons; some to sing, some to see the opposit sex, or show their new dress, but hav no a thought of criticising anything the minister should say, even if it were very ridiculous, but gobble it all down as good gospel; and they hav been taught to believe that if they criticise or doubt a word of the priest's explanation of the scriptures, they are on the broad road to hell; therefore they are brought up to believe it is their Christian duty to stifle all thought or reason that may arise.

Now when we take the fountain-head, the Bible, and its teachings into consideration, it is no wonder to my mind there is so much iniquity in the churches, so little love for humanity outside their church, so much lying, fraud, stealing, and seducing the ewe lambs of their flock by the priests. They make free to slander and say things in their pulpit they would not say in the street.

One priest, not far from here, gave his hearers a feast on Bennettism last Sunday. He told them what an awful man Bennett was; dealt in obscene literature; made that his business so much that the authorities had him arrested, tried, condemned, and sent to prison. Oh, a very wicked man! He said that Anthony, if he came direct from heaven, could not be as pure as he is now, and also that that wicked Ingersoll went to Toronto, Can., to promulgate his Atheism, but the good Christians of Toronto forbad his lecturing, and told him they had a God there. If I learn Ingersoll saw their God, I shall write him for a full description.

I was glad to notice in the New Year's editorial your courage in the Liberal cause. It gave me courage, but I am of the opinion still that there are but few compared with the many that know there is such a paper printed as THE TRUTH SEEKER, or such a man living as D. M. Bennett; and many there are who do know it by the way of such stories as were detailed to them last Sunday, not far from here, in which the man who told them strove to create as bad an impression in the minds of his hearers as he could, leaving the wicked editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER in prison. It is on the same plan the priests deal with Thomas Paine's arguments. They put him on his death-bed, set him to cursing, swearing, and blaspheming God, and repenting that he ever wrote the "Age of Reason," and there they leave him to go into God's heaven No. 2, prepared for the ungodly, all for Christ's sake. Yours as ever in the cause of truth,

C. A. WHITE.

CHENEY, WASH. TER., Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send a $5 bill for renewal of the paper to George Plumb, Cheney, W. T., and the following books: "Bennett-Mair Discussion," "Ecce Diabolus," and "The Godly Women of the Bible." I hav been waiting patiently to see if these latter excellent articles would be published in book form, that I might lend it to Christian ladies for them to learn something from its clever argument. I want to take a few shares yearly in the Liberal Orphan Home. George Plumb, a Liberal here, will giv $1.00 yearly. I hav often thought how necessary such an institution is that Liberals' children may be free from the poisonous bias of Christianity on their young minds. In case I die and leave my little fatherless girl, I shall now feel easier in mind about her fate. I hope kind-hearted persons, fond of children, will be chosen for the charge, who will govern by kindness alone.

Yours truly, ANNIE EVEREST.

SUPERIOR, NEB., Jan. 14, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Since the proposition for a Liberal orphan asylum was made by Mr. Butts, only three Liberals hav responded. Is it possible that such an enterprise finds so little interest? The reason must be that a good many think it is not earnestly meant by those who made the proposition.

Now, let me tell you, for my own part, that I am in earnest. My farm which I hav offered for that cause is worth $5,000, and I hav earned it by hard work. Last year it brought $300 rent; this year I will get a third of the crop. I am a single man, and am sixty-two years of age. I would like to do something for the good of Liberalism, but I would like to be independent while I liv, at the same time; therefore, I propose to deed or to giv a bond for a deed on my farm to the Liberal League, if I am insured $200 per annum and allowed two rooms in the big house to liv in the balance of my life; the said asylum to be built on the premises. It is near the center of the United States.

It seems to me that it would be very easy to raise the necessary funds to build whatever the Liberals wish to erect.

Giv a start, my friends. I am sure there are many generous hearts among Liberals, and if every one will do what he can, we will soon hav a good thing of it.

If I hear nothing of my proposition being accepted, I will sell the farm; if I sell, I promise $1,000 for this cause. Now, friends, reflect, and answer for the good of humanity, Yours truly, A. MINSKI.

DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 1, 1882.

FRIEND MCDONALD: Inclosed please find $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER from Nov. 30th. I hav let it run longer than I ought, or intended. I do not like to read other people's papers; I like to own them before I read them. I am sorry that you are obliged to send out bills to your friends. I cannot see any reason why we should not hav United States full legal-tender paper money enough in circulation to pay all debts, and hav no more debts. If it is wrong for a man to be in debt, it must be wrong for fifty millions of people to be in debt. You have an item in the last issue of your paper as a joke, that silver dollars with holes in them are unpleasantly numerous, but that holes without any silver dollars are still more painfully abundant. I think that if you would adopt the matter at the head of one column of the *Irish World*, that the use of money as usury is theft, you would set many thinkers to thinking. For many years past the head-line to one column of the *Irish World* has read, "Usury is Theft." This is plain sense, to my mind, and the only way to stop interest, or usury, is for the government to pay its own debt and supply its people with a full legal-tender money in sufficient amount to pay all debts at once, and hav no necesssity to borrow. If this were so, there would not be so many men in this country claiming more wealth than many millions of their fellow-men. There are many corporations in this country who employ four, five, or six hundred men and women, and pay them on the 10th or 15th of the second month; thus holding the year round many thousand dollars of the money belonging to those who are barely able to liv. This is wrong. I know a corporation that thus holds money enough to do a very large business. They declare large dividends among themselvs from the profits thus made on the use of the money that belongs to poor men and women. The government that will not supply its people with money of its own creation, made a full legal tender, in sufficient amount to pay all debts and save all interest, is unworthy of support from the laborers, or respect from any one. Our prisons, jails, and work-houses are getting crowded with those who would be at work if there was money enough.. Our cities are vast monopolies, where honest men become thieves, liars, tramps, and murderers in a struggle to obtain a little of the tool that buys or pays for victuals and clothes. Money is made scarce on purpose, that bankers, pawnbrokers, and sharpers may get rich on interest of debts. Wall street would soon be vacant if there was money enough for the people's use. All the surplus of people in our cities would go out and find homes, and health, and happiness in other places, if there was plenty of legal-tender money in circulation. How long shall we poor liv for the sole purpose of supporting an aristocracy?

Yours truly, J. H. WOOD.

CARROLLTON, ILL., Jan. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: My tab tells me that my time is up; and as I don't wish to get behind, I will here inclose the amount ($3) for my passage in your good old ship another year. As I intend to go with Bennett Round-the-World, I wish to start with the commencement of the year. I am well pleased with

Mr. Bennett's letters; they are very lengthy, but I never fail to read them; they are very pleasant reading. Mr. Bennett is certainly the easiest writer to read I ever knew, and I venture to say that he can get more information in the same length of time than any writer that can be produced; he can just move right along, seemingly, without an effort. It is really a disgrace to the nation that such a noble man should hav been sent to prison. Who could blame him for the stand he took something over a year ago in regard to the party in power? But still he made a blunder when he introduced politics in THE TRUTH SEEKER; he lost several subscribers by it. We must remember that neither Comstock, Benedict, nor Hayes is the Republican party. I don't think we hav any reason to expect any more from the Democratic party than from the Republican. True, they both made a bid for our vote last year, although a very modest one. I firmly believe it would be an up-hill business to try to force the Liberals to join either party; but let that be as it may, I believe we elected the best man we could have elected, and one that would hav done the Liberals and Freethought generally more good than any president we hav had for many years, if we could hav kept him; but that Guiteau—that shameful Guiteau! What a terrible blunder he made in killing such a noble man! But mean as he is, and crazy as he is, I cannot giv my consent to hav him hung. I think it will be a blunder if the government hangs him, and still a greater one if the mob destroys him, although I look upon him as a perfect nuisance.

Yours truly, WM. BLACK.

CAMPBELLTON, TEX., Jan. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been receiving your paper since October last, and cannot refrain from expressing to you my great appreciation of the paper and the able, bold, and fearless way in which it is edited. I like the way in which you score it to the old Christian moss-backs. I was born and raised a Quaker in eastern Ohio, but some ten years ago I happened to be prowling around among the old books that had been tossed away in the loft of the house of an uncle with whom I was living, and I there found Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." I brushed the dust off it and put off to my room to peruse it, taking care to turn the key of the door. That was the entering wedge to Atheism for me. After that I read Ingersoll's "Gods and Other Lectures." I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER for December 24th an article by J. Allen Noe, entitled "God or No God." He says that he is no half-way man, but a full-blooded Atheist. I count myself in the same row. We hav no need or use for a God, particularly a Christian God. In fact I would rather there were no God. It is the most consoling thought to me to think that there is no hereafter, particularly no orthodox hereafter. As to hell, I hav no use for it, and can see no good or fun in going to heaven and howling around the throne of God. Yours truly, HENRY BUNDY.

WEST BELLEVILLE, ILL., Jan. 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav tried many a time around here to get a few trial subscribers to the noble TRUTH SEEKER, but so far hav failed. The hard times and lack of brains in the town make it pretty hard to get the paper introduced. The leading features of this town are beer saloons and churches, both a curse to the human race; both hav always placed man in a fettered and disgraced condition. One fills his body with poisonous corruption, clothes him in rags, and causes him to act like a fiend, and ill-treat those he should protect and love; the other teaches him to submit to tyrant kings, to be a slave; it tells him if he had his just dues he would be cast into an eternal hell, but through the blood of Christ he can commit any sin and yet be saved. A great many men around here are not free, but rather coward slaves who bend beneath the lash of ignorance and idiotic churchism. All drunkards I hav seen believe in a God, and will abuse you if you attempt to deny the reality and divinity of Christ. Yet we hav some Liberal fellows here who are men in every sense of the word, who despise wrong and love right, and who, if able, would gladly help such papers as yours. The Methodist church in this town is having revival meetings, where they tell God what to do, and stir up the devil besides; and the way the "spirit of the Lord" causes them to act is astonishing. You can hear them howl for blocks, and the way they shriek is fearful; they moan, groan, growl, and squeal in a manner that beats all that will be heard in hell when the wicked wail. Among the leaders of this revival are two women who go about working and helping "Almighty God." No doubt they hav never studied the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the second chapter of 1 Timothy, and other places in the holy word of God. They sing songs about a fountain filled with blood, and a person plunging into this flood of blood and coming out without a stain—in fact, white as snow. Think of a man bloody up to the ears, and white as show. Think of a man being forgiven all the dirty acts he may hav committed, through the blood of a murdered man. Think of the coal-bosses around here, some of whom belong to this church, and who steal, steal, everlastingly steal from the poor miner who works for them, who can hardly clothe his children, or get them decent food after working hard and by strict economy. These same church coal-bosses charge the people who consume the coal outrageous prices, and would rather see them perish by winter's freezing cold than giv them coal at a reasonable price. This country is governed by a greedy, grasping, heartless monopoly. Who are the monopolists? They are believers in God, and lovers of Christ. If God loves such thieving, praying curs as some of those who belong to this church, and hates such men as Bennett, Underwood, and Ingersoll, he is an unjust God, and ought to let the devil run things for a term or two. In this church the preacher delivers what are called sermons. There is neither sense, eloquence, nor anything but lies in them. He has lied about Paine, a man who is as far above him as a mountain is above a grain of sand. He frightens little children with his infamous screams about "hell-fire;" he states that everything done is permitted by God, and in many instances he uses men as his agents—for instance Guiteau and the builders of the Holy Inquisition; he also says God made everything. When asked if he made hell, he said "No." Did he make the devil? "No, the devil is self-created." O ye heathen readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, know ye that God did not make hell and the devil, yet he made everything. Bully for God! This preacher claims that the credit for the enlightenment of this century and age is due to Christianity. This is too much for an Infidel friend of this town, who sent the preacher a challenge to discuss in public the following proposition: "That the influence of Christianity upon the world has been injurious." He has received no answer as yet, although it is too soon to expect one, and the chances are he never will. The name of the Infidel is Ed. Moody, and the preacher, if he meets him, will get beaten, as sure as Talmage is a fool. Preachers don't like to bother with Infidels, as the Infidels get the better of them every time. If you will send me some posters showing THE TRUTH SEEKER's worth, I will put them where they will be seen and read, and try and get some of the woodenheads to subscribe, for I know if they will read THE TRUTH SEEKER they will soon be men. Hoping your paper will be extensivly circulated in this vicinity before long, I remain

Yours truly, W. T. BECK.

BERLIN, N. J., Jan. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading the letter of S. P. Andrews in a late number of your paper, and agree with him that not only Guiteau, but the Bible and all the systems of religion founded on it, hav been on trial at Washington all these weeks; and not only in that court, but throughout this nation and all other nations that hav read the trial.

Prayer for the life of the late president has already been tried in the balance and found wanting; people must now believe either that God does not hear prayer or that all the Christian nations hav not "faith equal to a grain of mustard seed." Inspiration, too, is on trial, for there is just as much proof that Guiteau was inspired to kill the president as there is that the freebooter Moses was inspired to slay whole tribes, not even sparing innocent women and harmless children. Moses said he was inspired to do so, and Guiteau says he was inspired, and that is all the proof we hav in either case; and the word of Guiteau is quite as good as that of Moses, for, judging by their acts, Guiteau is a saint compared with the old thief, liar, and wholesale murderer and plunderer held up by the Bible as a man of God.

President Arthur says it pleased God, in his inscrutable providence, to remove the president, and scores of clergymen say his death was a mysterious dispensation of divine providence for the good of the people, and that is just what Guiteau says; and if so, the assassin was a chosen instrument to do the divine will, and why do they try him for murder?

Many divines say God was willing to save the president, but the wound was mortal from the first, and it was impossible to save him; but this is denying the Bible. If God could create a world out of nothing in six days, make a live man out of dust in a moment, take a rib from that man before surgical instruments, or so much as a butcher-knife, had been invented, and of that rib make a full-grown woman, he could hav turned the bullet from the sufferer or hav made him an entire new spine if necessary.

It is evident to me that if Guiteau had never read the Bible he never would hav thought of committing that crime. The Old Testament is a record of blood and carnage imparted from an imaginary God that was always hankering for blood. If he got ever so angry, the smell of blood or the burning flesh of a bullock or an old ram would make him as mild and "gentle as a sucking dove." That Old Testament has been the cause of more bloodshed and misery than all other book ever printed, and I would suggest, if Guiteau is hung, that the Old Testament and an effigy of the imaginary God that inspired it—if an effigy of such a bloody and hateful monster can be invented—be tied to his heels, and all go down in shame and disgrace together. Then cranks, or crack-brained fanatics, can no longer claim divine authority for their bloody deeds.

In making this suggestion I feel that I am vindicating the character of the true God, if there is such a being; for one worthy the name of God never did nor ever will inspire man to slay his brother.

Yours truly, J. HACKER.

MODESTO, CAL., Dec. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 for one year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I would like, with your permission, to say a few words to your readers which might be of interest to them. First, Freethought in Modesto has been, as it were, at a standstill ever since Dr. York left us last year. We hav a large class of respectable citizens who are conscious of the waning power of the church, men who treat the claims of the church with ridicule; who say that its believers hav a childlike credulity, and say that they are aware that science has demonstrated the falsity of the claims put forward by the church and her various creeds. Yet these men assist pecuniarily and by their presence the various preachers of this town. Yes, they appear to drink from them all the spiritual humbug these small guns are firing at us as law and gospel of love; and we hav a couple of them who do this with so peculiar a *sang froid* that the old woman holding up the old hulk of the sinking "ship of Zion" exultingly exclaims, "How can an Infidel continue to assault the church and its religion?" Their imbecil tirades seem to satisfy that class who ought by their intelligence to be in the ranks of Liberals. Why are they not? Simply because it is popular to be on the church's side and their business might suffer.

Second, some of these secured men hav had that problem brought to be faced by themselvs in a way which was unexpected. "Sunday law" cries were raised from end to end of California. Temperance organizations and church orthodoxy joined hand in hand. Arrests are made by them, and those who keep open are brought to trial. Their main blow is against saloons, because public opinion is in favor of temperance. To defend themselvs in Modesto they were obliged to form themselvs into a branch League of Freedom. Who do you suppose came to their rescue? A few brave members of the Liberal League—the League which had laid dormant since Dr. York's visit last, Thomas Paine's birthday; yes, myself, Dr. Wilkild, Captain James, etc., who are temperate and advocate temperance principles, allied with men who deal with spirituous liquors simply to fight for a principle which may be summarized as follows—the advocacy, support, and defense of the rights of the few against the many, and the encroachment on our principles by the orthodox church. It is trying to hold on to a power which is passing away. It has brought about a terrible rupture with a class, the large majority of which were the church's strongest supporters. This warfare, and the church too, brought about this question, "Is it right to legislate in favor of a special religion in the United States?" This question has now to be met, and the League of Freedom comes to the front to battle with the Liberal League and secure victory if possible. And since it has come, and the church being our common enemy, is it too much to ask Liberals of all shades of opinion to come to the front and, with them, giv the Christians a hard fight? The League of Freedom here has forty members, about twenty being saloon-keepers and six or seven members of the Modesto Liberal League. Our Liberal League numbers about fifty members. We expect lectures from A. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, a big gun in the Liberal ranks, on the 10th of January and for five days following, to be followed by that friend of progress, Dr. York, of San Jose, Cal., who delivers the oration on Paine's birthday.

DR. A. A. GILLMORE.

KENT, O., Jan. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The murder of President Garfield by a Christian fanatic has occasioned a great deal of prayer and talk about prayer, which brings to my mind some conversation that took place between three citizens of our place, which I wish you would giv to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. A man by the name of Hall, a Presbyterian deacon, and an Infidel by the name of Quier, were having a discussion on prayer, and a good, honest German by the name of Warner was present listening to the conversation. Mr. Hall was telling what wonders could be accomplished by prayer. Mr. Quier listened to him for a while, but finally, becoming disgusted, he spoke up in his abrupt manner and said he did not believe in any such damned nonsense, but if anybody else did he had no objections to their indulging in it. Mr. Warner spoke up and said. "Well, for my part, I can't say whether prayer does good or not; but, Mr. Quier, I yoost want to dell you one ding—if it don't do any good it looks a little better, anyhow." B. F. CONAWAY.

JOLIET, WIS., Jan. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please put my name on your book as a regular subscriber. This month I will be seventy-two years old, and don't expect to liv many years more, but hav lived to be converted. Mr. D. M. Bennett is my godfather, and Mr. T. B. Wakeman, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and a host of other Liberals the bishops that confirmed me. THE TRUTH SEEKER is my Bible and text-book. I hav long been seeking for truth, and now can exclaim *Eureka*.

Mr. E. H. Spinning, a firm Liberalist, died in this city on Dec. 20th. He retained his senses to the end and his last words were, "I am satisfied; all is well.' I hav inclosed stamps for a paper published by the National Liberal League. Yours truly,

S. G. S.

Mental Slavery.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

They are but slaves who fear the gods—
But slaves who dare not use their brains.
Obsequious, fawning worshipers
Forge their own intellectual chains.
Worship inthralls the worshipers
In servil bonds on every hand,
Makes the worshiped thing a tyrant
Who their worshiping slaves command.
Those who put on the yoke of Christ
And never kick outside the trace
Put themselvs on a level with
The poor bestraddled donkey race.
Like asses they are bought and sold
Who swallow dogmas down on trust.
Men who believe at priests' command
But stamp their manhood in the dust.
Liberty livs by vigilance,
Is lost by selling it to knaves.
Usurpers, kings, lords, priests, and popes,
Are made by voluntary slaves.

Moral Cosmetics.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan;
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid.
A hale old man.

Avoid in your youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's flat
Resist decay.

Seek not in mammon-worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure.
The mind, not sense,
Made the scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance
That disappoints man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges with a calm defiance
Time, fortune, fate.

—*Springfield Republican.*

A Ballad of Reason.

BY ALHAZA.

A ballad—a ballad of reason;
For Thomas the Rhymer stood
Where from the veins of martyred men
There rolled a crimson flood.
And if God speaks out loud to man,
What reason can there be,
Why bloody faith rules every town
And every fair countrie?

'Neath Egypt's dim, sepulchral sky,
Where crypt and dark recess
Were filled with fragrant manuscripts—
Bright sons in ancient dress—
Did reason light the precious mass,
And burn the brain's full sheaves,
While the first Bible filled the air
With scorching, perishing leaves.

And reason where, when Constantine
Pursued his murderous way;
And Charlemagne had been baptized
To end each bloody fray;
And cardinals made slaves of kings,
And human beasts displayed
Their hellish lust for blood and power,
And innocence betrayed?

With reason, does the narrow Christ
Our every thought engage,
While soldiers of the cross hav poured
Dark streams o'er history's page;
Laws trampled out, the poor crushed down,
And this with fiendish glee;
While devils ruled the bleeding world
For many a century?

And now, because sweet reason's light
Beams out on history's page,
Are bigots ruled by common sense
Who burn with pious rage?
While sounds upon the sleeping air
With fearful lightnings wake,
As superstitition's ships were rent
By the guns of Francis Drake.

Liberal League Notes from Illinois.

FRIENDS: After a long silence I am happy to speak to you once more through our beloved TRUTH SEEKER. Since leaving my rig at Pratt Station I hav been doing some good work for our cause. I started a new Liberal League at New Boston, Dec. 25th, and another new League here in Bloomington last week. I am now beginning to make arrangements for the next annual state League convention, which I expect to convene here in Bloomington on June 3d and 4th, and if I receive the co-operation of the Liberals of Illinois, which I should and hope to receive, we will make the next meeting of the Liberal League one of the most interesting gatherings of Liberals ever convened in the northwest. Between this and the time for holding the state League convention I expect to make a trip into the northeastern part of the state, going as far south as Paris, the birthplace of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and I hope to organize some new Leagues on my route there and back.

I shall expect to be back here in time to complete arrangements for the state League convention.

Friends wishing to help me in the work can do so by writing me at Bloomington, Ill.

I would like to remind the Liberals of the country of the great importance of trying to increase the circulation of our Liberal papers. Wherever I find a TRUTH SEEKER reader I find a live Liberal, and one who is awake to the great interests of progressiv Liberalism.

Now, friends, please let me hear from you. One dollar makes any man or woman a life member of the state Liberal League of Illinois. Please send me as many names as you can for memberships to the state League.

F. F. FOLLET,
Secretary State Liberal League, Illinois.
Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 11, 1882.

Church Taxation in Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The publication by you of my note and the address of the Equal Taxation Committee is bearing fruit. I am receiving requests by almost every mail for copies of petition and circulars. Hiram Olmstead, of Saranac, wrote me some time ago that he had the names of three-fourths of the business men of his place already on the petition. Warren Hutchins, of Remus, Mecosta county, has undertaken the appointment of agents in that section of the state with good success. S. D. Moore, of Adrian, proposes to see to his county (Lenawee). Mr. P. Thurston, of Burr Oak, does the same for St. Joseph county. We want a thorough agent of this sort for each county.

Our state legislature will be called together as soon as Congress acts upon the new congressional appointment; and when they meet, the revision of the tax laws will be their special work. We must pour in petitions by the thousand in favor of equal taxation. Never before hav the Liberals of Michigan had an opportunity to make themselvs heard in a form so eminently practical.

A conference of a few friends was held in this city Thursday, Jan. 12, at which a committee, consisting of Edward Chope, E. W. Medaugh, and C. Schulenburg, was appointed to agitate the subject of church taxation locally in Detroit. The committee will enter upon their work with earnestness and zeal. They hav authority to add to their number.

I expect in a few days to start on a tour through the state, primarily in furtherance of the church taxation work, but will also lecture on Liberal topics generally. My absence will not interfere with correspondence, which will reach me and be attended to on the route.

The following contributions hav been received since the list heretofore published by you was printed:

Wm. A. Bruce, Nunica	$1 00
E. G. B., Maple Rapids	1 00
J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson	1 00
D. E. Barlow, Flushing	1 00
Geo. Engle, Colon	1 00
Cash, Burr Oak	1 00
M. P. Thurston, Burr Oak	1 00
A. E. Nugent, Lansing	1 00
H. C. Hann, Lansing	1 00
G. K. Edgerton, Dansville	1 00
Warren Hutchins, Remus	1 00
Adrian Liberal League, by S. D. Moore	1 00

The total contributions thus far are about $50, which is but a drop in the bucket in view of the work to be done. I will be glad to forward circulars and blank forms for petition to any one who can use them, on application, and those who can do so should add something to the expense fund. Address,

S. B. MCCRACKEN, Prov. Sec.,
Room 84, Seitz Block.
Detroit, Mich., Jan. 17, 1882.

Prof. Robbins's Dream.

As I was plowing in the field one day in the month of May the rays of the sun beat down upon me and my team so hard I was obliged to rest; and as I slept I dreamt a dream; and behold, I soared up into an imaginary heaven, in the presence of the orthodox God. There he sits upon a throne of nothing. He was about three feet thick and nine feet high. He had a crown of gold upon his head, and was robed in a white garment, with a black book and a white book, taking down the deeds of men. My vision grew keen, and I looked; and lo! thousands of angels floating to and fro promiscuously. Every one was like unto a beautiful younng irl, with eagle's wings on the back of its shoulders. I did not see a wrinkled-faced old woman among them, neither did I see any with whiskers. I think there was only one kind there.

And as I looked, lo! there was a street of solid gold. Thinks I to myself, this is the street of the new Jerusalem; I will take a walk along it. And as I traveled along the street I soon came to the big cow pasture, where thousands of cows were being milked by perpetual motion, and the milk was flowing down a golden gutter. After looking for awhile I crossed over the way. I looked, and lo! there were thousands of beehives. The bees were gathering honey from the never-withering flowers in those extensiv fields of living green, and the honey was flowing down another golden gutter. Thinks I to myself, I must hav passed through death, for I hav awoke in a land where milk and honey flow. I rejoiced to think that I was so fortunate as to dwell in the presence of angels, and liv on such rich food forever. It is neither hot nor cold, never any sickness enters here, nor do thieves break through and steal. I will go back to my seat, for I do not want to return to the earth again. And as I sat down I cast my eyes toward earth, and was about to say, "Farewell, vain earth, with all thy sickness and sorrow, hypocrisy and superstition!" when I was struck with surprise by observing a large funnel bottom side up. It was about six inches in diameter at the top, and it grew so large when it reached the earth that it covered the whole globe. Thinks I to myself again, What is this funnel for? And, being a little inquisitiv, I inquired of the Lord, and he answered and said: "This is for the prayers of all nations of the earth to come through. If it were not for that funnel they would spread out over the other planets so we could not hear them, for this is my seat. Now, Robbins, put your ear down and listen to it." This excited my curiosity, and I put my ear to the mouth of the funnel. You may imagin my surprise when I heard the voice of man praying to God to make it rain, while others were praying for dry weather. Thinks I to myself another time, Which prayers will God answer? But I had no time to reflect, for I heard all the ministers of the North and northwestern states praying to God during the rebellion to assist us in the bloody work, calling aloud, "O Lord, assist us in this great undertaking, that the victory may be ours, and the praise thine, both now and forever. Amen!" But I had no time to reflect, for I heard all the ministers of the Southern states and the chaplains of the Southern army tell God that the Yankees were stealing away their property and burning their dwellings; "and we pray thee, O Lord, to let justice prevail in our nation. Stretch forth thy mighty arm and assist us in our great undertaking, that the victory may be ours and the praise shall be thine, both now and forever. Amen!" Boom! boom! goes the cannon. I hear the beating of drums and the playing of bands of music. I hear the cracking of thousands of muskets, and the whistling of minie balls, and oh, what a chill of horror seized my frame when I heard the dying moan of my fellow-man! Oh, how I felt for the wickedness of man when I heard one army charging the other, with flaming eyes, and vengeance in their countenances, calling upon God to damn their enemies' souls to hell, while the ministers in the background pleaded with God to take their side. I heard all the ministers of France and of Germany offering up the same kind of prayers during their bloody war. I heard all the ministers of Turkey and Russia doing the same. I heard thousands of Arabs worshiping God through Mohammed. I heard such a pandemonium that my pen fails to describe it. Thought I, I would not be God for the world. If I had five hundred children, and they got into a quarrel over their little property, and, being divided, both parties called upon me, their father, to assist them in their bloody work, I would say: "Children, behave yourselvs. It is your love of money and your wickedness. Not I will assist in your bloody murders. You are all my children." But what are five hundred compared with millions upon millions that are daily calling upon him in a similar manner? I raised my head from the funnel in disgust and looked up. And the Lord said, "Robbins, what do you think about it?" "O Lord," said I, "I do not understand it." "Well," said the Lord, "did you hear that old grave-faced Deacon Jones asking my blessing on his dinner just now?" "Yes, Lord, I did," said I. "Well," said he, "I hav known him ever since he was a little boy, and nearly all the property he has he got by illegitimate means—by cutting cord wood three feet and nine inches in length and selling it for four feet; by putting the tailings of wheat in the middle of the sack and selling it for good wheat, and by putting rotten corn in the bottom of the wagon and the good on top. Robbins," he continued, "I hav heard him tell his wife to put lots of salt in the butter, for salt was worth one cent and butter twenty-five. I hav seen him go to the railroad and get two or three rides on one ticket. Now, Robbins, the man that will rob the railroad company will plunder the stores at the midnight hour if it were not for the law. Take away the law, and Deacon Jones is a thief. Then he loans money at unlawful interest, although I gave instructions through Jesus Christ, my son, that he should not take usury money. The laws of the nation say he shall take but ten per cent, but he dodges the law by drawing a note for one hundred dollars and giving his neighbor only ninety dollars at ten per cent; and he goes to church and tries to work it off every Sunday in long prayers and hypocritical groans." This so excited my nervous system that I awoke out of my dream.

ISAAC L. ROBBINS.

Freethinkers' Badge Pin.



This Badge is adapted for the use of all classes of Freethinkers, "Universal Mental Liberty" being its device. The cut shows the design and size, but not its beauty. Solid gold, 18k, double thick, $4.00; solid gold, 10k, $3.75; silver, $1.00. Postage paid and packages registered. Remit by post-office order or registered letter, and mention this paper. Descriptiv circular, with terms to Leagues, etc., *free*. Address the originator and patentee,

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6meow35 *West Richfield, Summit county, Ohio.*

CHRONIC DISEASES,

Embracing those of the blood and Nerves, the Diseases of Men, the Diseases of Women, and the various causes, physical and social, leading to them are plainly treated in that plainest of books, PLAIN HOME TALK, EMBRACING MEDICAL COMMON SENSE—nearly 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, of 120 Lexington ave., New York, to whom all letters from the sick should be addressed. In *its issue for* JAN. 19, 1878, Mr. Bennett's TRUTH SEEKER thus speaks of Dr. FOOTE and his medical publications: "We know him (Dr. Foote) personally and intimately, and we say with all the assurance that knowledge imparts, that he is a man of the highest incentivs and motivs, whose life has been spent in instructing and improving his fellow-beings by giving such information as is well calculated to enable them to be more healthy, more happy, and to be better and more useful men and women. His medical works possess the highest value, and hav been introduced and thoroughly read in hundreds of thousands of families, who to-day stand ready to bear willing testimony to the great benefit they hav derived from the physiological, hygienic, and moral lessons which he has so ably imparted."

Purchasers of PLAIN HOME TALK are at liberty to CONSULT ITS AUTHOR, in person or by mail, FREE. Price of the new Popular Edition, by mail, postage prepaid, only $1.50. Contents table free. AGENTS WANTED. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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Bliss's Electro-Magnetic Planchette is a wonderful little instrument. It will operate in the hands of many persons who hav never had the least faith in Spiritual manifestations. It has convinced thousands that it was moved by a power independent of hands placed upon it while experimenting. It will answer either **mental** or **spoken questions**, and giv you wonderful communications from your spirit friends.

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The Planchette, with wheels, pencil, and full directions will be securely inclosed in a box and mailed to any address in the United States only, upon the receipt of 50 cents. For sale at the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

CENTENARY OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE IN EXILE:
His Life and Works in France and Abroad.

(England, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland), with unpublished letters of Voltaire and Mme. Du Chatelet.

BY BENJAMIN GASTINEAU.

Translated with the author's approval by Messrs. F. Vogeli and Edmond Dubourg.

This work is an epitome of the life of the great Infidel, and for those who cannot afford the higher priced life, by James Parton, and yet want to know all about Voltaire, it is just the work. It was written by Benjamin Gastineau, of Paris, and translated for us with his approval by F. Vogeli and Edmond Dubourg. It contains an account of Voltaire's youth, his exile in England, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Switzerland; his relations with Jean Jacques Rousseau, Frederick the Great, Catherine II., and Pope Benedict XIV.; what he did at Ferney, how he improved the town, built a church, fought the Jesuits, and defended the victims of religious hatred and persecution. It describes his triumphant return to Paris after his years of exile, and ends with chapters on his work, his philosophical system, his enemies, and some hitherto unpublished letters.

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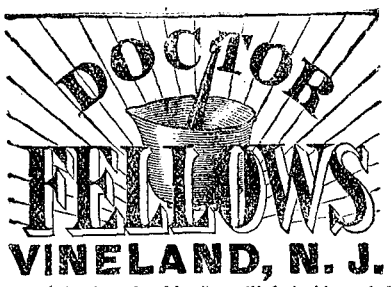
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No error is fully confuted till we hav seen not only that it is an error, but how it became one; till, finding that it clashes with the principle of truth established in our own mind, we find also in what way it had seemed to harmonize with the principles of truth, established in that other mind, perhaps so unspeakably superior to ours.—*Carlyle.*

THE first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings.—*Coleridge.*

WE cannot hav conclusiv reason for believing that the human faculties were incompetent to find out moral doctrins of which the moral faculties can perceive and recognize the excellence.—*J. S. Mill.*

THE materialism of irrational science is not the only real materialism. Nor is it the worst. The church has its sacramental materialism, fancying a magical influence in the waters of baptism or the eucharistic bread and wine or the oil of extreme unction. It has its dogmatic materialism, fancying that an abnormal physical event can recommend a sacred teacher or an ethical system. From such materialism, equally with that of pseudo science, rational religion affords us a complete deliverance.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

Wo to the unlucky man who as a child is taught, even as a portion of his creed, what he must forswear. Faith endures no barking of the surface; it is a fair, delicate plant transported out of paradise into an alien garden, where surest care alone can foster it. But wound the tenderest shrub—but break away one single flower, and though it linger on for years, feeding upon stimulants and struggling through a languishing vitality, it has had its death-blow; the blighted juices fly trembling back into the heart, never to venture out again.—*J. A. Froude.*

Is there nothing in that faith which seeks for happiness out of self in the happiness of others and in the glories of nature? Content that in death the sense of personality shall pass away and that you shall be as you were before you were—in a sleep for ever more?—*H. G. Atkinson.*

WHAT an emancipation it is to hav escaped from the little inclosure of dogma and to stand—far, indeed, from being wise, but free to learn! How I wonder at myself now for having held (and very confidently held forth upon it, I am ashamed to say) that at all events it was safe to believe dogma: that, for instance, whether there was a future state or not, it was safe and comfortable to believe it; that even if there was no God, serving as a model to man—the original of the image—it was safe and tranquilizing to take for granted that there was. The enormity of this mistake was not fully apparent till afterward.—*Harriet Martineau.*

THAT the love of a special subject is a great spur to industry needs no proof, and it has never yet been shown that the mind is less exercised when it is exercised with pleasure. Every experienced student knows that the great secret of study is to read with appetite.—*Goldwin Smith.*

To business that we love we rise betime
And go to it with delight. —*Shakspere.*

IT is an old remark that, as men are, such they paint their gods; and as in themselvs the passionate, or demoniac nature, long preponderated, so the gods they worshiped were demons like themselvs, jealous, capricious, exacting, revengeful—the figures which fill the old mythologies and appear partly in the Old Testament.—*Froude's Nemesis.*

As to the fallacy of all arguments for a conscious existence after death, I agree with you entirely. I think that not only is the desire taken for evidence, but the desire itself is a factitious thing; that many (and this I know) do not desire at all, and that others never would if it were not forced upon them from the hour of the awakening of the understanding. The argument of compensation by means of a future life appears to me as pueril and unphilosophical as the design argument in the account in regard to creation.—*Harriet Martineau.*

WHAT is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain.
—*Longfellow.*

How sick one is of all sermons such as they are! Why will men go on thrashing over and over again the old withered straw that was thrashed out centuries ago, when every field is waving with fresh, quite other crops, craving for their hand?—*Froude's Nemesis.*

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O FISHERMAN true, on the waters blue,
Why sing you so jolly while you are so wet?
I sing when I'm blue of my lady-love true,
Keeping time as I sing with my old cast-a-net.

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Moral—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also that it is not every person who should be entrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.

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A simpleton having had occasion to seat himself sat down upon a pin, whereupon he made an outcry unto Jupiter. A philosopher who happened to be holding up a hitching-post in the vicinity, rebuked him, saying, "I can tell you how to avoid hurting yourself by sitting down on pins, and will if you will set them up." The simpleton, eagerly accepting, the philosopher swallowed four fingers of the rum which perisheth, and replied, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast fortune by advertising for agents, to whom he guaranteed $15 a week for light and easy employment at their homes.

Moral—The wise man saith, "There is a nigger in the fence," but the fool sendeth on twenty stamps for sample and is taken in.

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A prudent tiger having observed a procession bearing away the remains of a sainted Brahman to the tomb, communicated the intelligence to his wife, who said, "My dear, we are almost out of meat, and though the deceased, from the austerities of his pious life, was in poor condition, I make no doubt that among his surviving friends we may encounter others more succulent." "Miserable tigress," exclaimed her lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the deceased to be canonized, pilgrimages will be instituted to his tomb, and the producer and consumer will be brought together in accordance with the true principles of political economy? Rather let us offer a chromo for each new pilgrim." This prudent advice being followed, the tiger enjoyed a free breakfast table to the end of his days.

Moral—Beware of breaking the egg that hatches the golden goose.

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"I hav yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you hav to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examin the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and any disturbance of sediment here would be, as far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf, "but, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me in the university."

"Impossible!" replied the lamb; "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah, well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again; but it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb and was triumphantly acquitted.

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Notes and Clippings.

A PROFESSOR in a Connecticut college declares that out of 16,500 Baptist ministers only 150 are thoroughly educated.

A NEPHEW of the poet Burns—an old man-of-war's man named Gilbert R. Regg, eighty years of age—is now living in a charitable institution at Glasgow.

GAMBETTA'S New Revision bill proposes to abolish the article of the French Constitution which provides that the clergy shall pray God to bless the deliberations of the two chambers.

IF colored theologians of the Rev. John Jasper stripe do not look to their laurels the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage will beat them all as the champion biblical astronomer.—*Sun.*

FRANCE and Italy hav hitherto produced sugar only from the beet root. The sugar cane has lately been introduced in both countries, and its rapid growth threatens the beet industry.

ABOUT a thousand million dollars of our national debt hav been paid since the war ended. France has now nearly treble our debt, and Great Britain more than double. Even Spain has a bigger debt than that which remains of ours.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, the noted Spiritualist medium, is declared incurably insane. He is in the asylum at Danvers, Mass. His mediumship does not seem to hav enriched him permanently, though at times he made money rapidly, and an appeal for charity is made in his behalf.

IT is feared that a famin is imminent in Tunis. A very large portion of the agricultural land has been, in consequence of the recent troubles, left unsown; and it is estimated by those capable of judging that when the scarcity of food begins to be felt in the interior of the country another and probably a fiercer insurrection of the population is likely to break out.

THE Roman Catholic priests of the Pittsburgh diocese hav begun to carry out the policy of their church in the matter of secret societies, against the Knights of Labor, a trades organization of rapid growth and great numerical strength. In a conference on the subject, the clergy agreed to refuse absolution to all members of the order, and formal notice of this action has been given in sixty congregations.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Sun* asks this question: Why should Talmage charge Ingersoll with "tremendous ignorance" in not knowing that in Gen. ii, 21, 22, the Hebrew word translated rib means side, when in all the translations it is rib? What a reflection he casts upon the learned translators of King James's and the Douay Bible, to say nothing of the Septuagint, two thousand years old, which also has rib.

TRUE believers are greatly agitated over the expected coming of the Mehdi or Mohammedan messiah. The prophet himself foresaw this event, and prophesied that he would be an Arab and descendant of his own house. El Mehdi is expected to unite the faithful, restore Islam, and rule over the Mohammedans throughout the world. According to a prophecy that has for several years been carefully circulated among the Moorish Mussulmans, he will make his appearance on the first day of the month Moharram in the year 1300 (Nov. 12, 1882). He will be forty years of age and of noble appearance, and one of his arms will be longer than the other. A religious devotee of great sanctity in North Africa is already known as El Mehdi—literally, the teacher—and in personal appearance corresponds exactly with the description in the prophecy. He will probably attempt to play the part of the Messiah, and, aided by a fanatical following, may seriously threaten European influence in India, Egypt, and Algeria.

IT is interesting to note that the Dutch are at present engaged in reclaiming half a million acres from the Zuyder Zee. Between 1840 and 1852 45,000 acres were rescued from the sea at Haarlem. When such a process is attempted in Britain it generally results in some landlord proclaiming a right to the foreshore, which precludes further operations. In Scotland, especially of late years, private enterprise has been effectually balked in this way, and on the Friths of Forth and Clyde valuable acquisitions to the state hav been lost by the stupid opposition of riparian proprietors, who would not themselvs spend a penny to reclaim the land, but were prepared to prevent others doing so at any cost.

IT was recently announced that the Rev. George C. Miln, of Chicago, had become so heterodox in his theology that he was no longer at home in the Unitarian church, and that he consequently felt the necessity of reaching out into some religious fellowship where he would be free to adopt and preach any new theories which might present themselvs to his mind. With this view he was about to give up his church. But he has now taken a new view of the situation, and has concluded to remain where he is. His people hav urged him to withdraw his resignation, and he has consented, they giving him the largest liberty to preach from their pulpit such doctrins as may seem good to him.

THOS. MYERS, a negro living at Rantowles, S. C., conceived that it was his duty to offer up a human sacrifice to God. Nobody could reason the idea out of his head, though on other subjects he was rational. He chose his son, aged thirteen, as the victim. The boy followed him into the woods unsuspectingly when ordered to do so, and was killed by a shot. Myers glories in the deed, and believes that it makes his salvation sure. The negro lives a little too late. Had he lived two thousand years ago, and been called Abraham, he might hav sailed down the ages as a glorious example of pious faith. As it is he may hav a dance upon nothing, unless he can employ doctors to convince a jury of the insanity of following biblical example.

A LUMBERMAN broke his leg in the Wisconsin woods, and desired to go to his home at Sorel, Canada, where he could receive good treatment. But Sorel was a thousand miles away, and he had but a few dollars. In this dilemma he resolved to travel cheaply as freight. He made a box six feet long, two feet wide, and sixteen inches high, marked it "This side up with great care," and had himself nailed in and shipped. Some cracks gave him air, and he took along a supply of food and water. He got along very well, though not without discomforts, until he arrived at Montreal, where the box was set up on end, and the inmate left standing on his head. He was forced to make an outcry. He had been three days on the journey, which the railroad officials enabled him to complete as a regular passenger.

A LAWSUIT has been instituted against the Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston and the Rev. Father Fleming to recover some intrinsically valueless figures of Cupids, which were originally cut from a valentine. Two years ago a young girl named Lizzie M. Gannon had a violent attack of hysteria, and declared that she had visions of heaven. She described while entranced persons who had long been dead, and thoroughly convinced those around her that her clairvoyance was genuin. Father Fleming found her gazing reverently at the paper figures mentioned, and she assured him that they had been miraculously delivered to her. She regarded them not as Cupids, but angels. The priest took them away from her, tore one up, and carried the rest away, charging her to disabuse her mind of such folly. This shock threw the girl into convulsions, and she has since had consciousness only at intervals, when she begs piteously for the images. But the priest destroyed them, acting under the order of the archbishop. The suit is for damages, and eminent counsel are engaged on each side.

HARRISON, "the Boy Evangelist," worked up a great religious revival in Indianapolis last spring, and the numerous converts swelled the membership of the Roberts Park church beyond that of any other Methodist body in the city. Harrison has now returned and begun similar services. The Methodist clergy discussed him in their Monday meeting, and the weight of sentiment was strongly against him. One minister accused him of insincerity, on the ground that, while professing an entire devotion to revivalism, he always demanded high wages, and went where the greatest pecuniary inducement was offered. Harrison replies that his detractors are simply jealous on account of his success in saving souls, and prays for them in an emphatic manner.

THE Rev. C. A. Johnson, the Canadian colored advocate of the theory that "the sun do move," has been lecturing in Troy. In addition to a sun revolving around the earth, he described a square, flat earth. "I hav no reason to doubt," he said, "we are dwelling on a four-cornered earth. John, the relevator, speaks of angels standing at the four corners of the earth. How do scientific men hav better knowledge than the scriptures? When men became too inquiring they discovered the earth was round. My friends, this is all a mistake—a grand mistake. It is said that while it is night with us it is day with people opposit us on the earth. If that be so and the earth is round, at night people must be standing on their heads. I don't believe we are standing on our heads. I believe the earth is a great plain surrounded by water. The assertion of scientific men should not be blindly received, but the scriptures can giv us authority." Some of the preacher's hearers put questions to him, indicating that his arguments were not convincing, but for all he had the same reply: "I am not here to answer questions. You may ask them if you choose. But if the sun didn't move, how did Joshua make it stand still, as the scriptures prove he did?"

WM. ALGER, of Alton, Ont, writes to the *National Reformer* his opinion of Col. Ingersoll. He says: "In the *National Reformer* of December 4th I see a statement that there is an increased demand for Ingersoll literature in Canada. The statement is correct, and the demand is due to the following reasons: In the first place, he has been extensivly advertised in the pulpit of nearly every Christian church in Canada, thereby awakening a spirit of inquiry which bodes no good to orthodoxy. About two years ago the Colonel delivered lectures in some of our leading cities, and produced a very favorable impression on all who had the good fortune to hear him. As an orator he stands without a peer on this continent, and he has the power of holding his audience as it were spellbound, one moment melting them to tears in sympathy with his expressions, and in another moment eliciting from them ringing cheers or shouts of laughter. His personal appearance is greatly in his favor. A giant, physically and mentally, tall and robust, with a massiv head above his square, broad shoulders, and on his clean-shaven face the physiognomist can see depicted the prominent traits of his character. Good-natured, fearless, frank, open-hearted and open-handed, he is the jolliest, sunniest specimen of humanity that the writer has ever come in contact with. His private life and character are unimpeachable. A faithful husband, an indulgent and loving father, a kind friend, a generous opponent, and a good citizen of the great republic. He practices at home what he preaches abroad, and commands the respect of those who differ from him. His charity is a household word in Washington (where he resides). Should he visit England in the capacity of a lecturer, I trust that your readers will avail themselvs of the opportunity to hear the great apostle of liberty, love, and law."

News of the Week.

GAMBETTA, prime minister of France, has resigned.

GEN. GRANT has been elected director of a life insurance company.

THERE has been enough cold weather in this state to insure a good crop of ice.

AN examination of the accounts of the postmaster at Reading, Pa., shows a shortage of $3,000.

A BILL is before the Iowa legislature designed to make the issuing of free railroad passes against the law.

A RECENT number of the London *Punch* was confiscated in Berlin on account of a cartoon which it contained.

THE embezzlements of ex-auditor Palmer, of the broken Newark savings bank, at last accounts foot up $200,000.

A TUNNEL is to be constructed under the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and the contract has been awarded for $3,500,000.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS, a Greek play written by Sophocles, in Athens, about 500 B. C., is being presented at Booth's Theater in this city.

A DIRECTOR of a school in West Jefferson, Ill., being called upon by the teacher to quell a disturbance, was struck and killed by a pupil.

DR. H. W. BELLOWS, the eminent Unitarian minister, died on the 30th ult. He had been for some forty-three years pastor of a church in this city.

EIGHTEEN students of Princeton college hav been fined $360 for disorderly conduct, and hav had to pay the city $200 for street lamps broken by them.

VANDERBILT has ordered that no more free passes be issued on his road to women and children. He does not say anything about official and legislativ deadheads.

INCOMING steamers report continued storms and rough weather. One steamship which has just reached this port from Liverpool was thirty-six days making the passage.

AN immense mass meeting was held in Cooper Union on the evening of Jan. 30th, to express sympathy for Ireland, and to indorse the no-rent theory of the Irish tenantry.

SMALL-POX still continues to spread. As previously noted, the national board of health has declared the disease epidemic in the country, though what is the exact significance of this declaration, and what is to be its effect, are not clearly understood.

THE Rev. H. O. Hoffman, of Bloomingdale, Ill., was on the 26th ult. found guilty by a unanimous verdict of the church committee, of seduction and bastardy. He is forty-seven years old, and one of the most prominent and talented ministers of the West.

THE jury in the Guiteau prosecution returned a verdict of "guilty" on the 25th ult. within half an hour from the time the case was given to them. Lawyer Scoville will move for a new trial, and has filed a bill of exceptions. He also claims to hav new evidence of the insanity of the assassin.

CONDUCTOR HANFORD and brakeman Melius, of the train that was wrecked at Spuyten Duyvil two weeks ago, hav been put under bonds The verdict of the coroner's jury includes something like a dozen persons, who are individually and separately held responsible for the eight lives lost.

A FIRE which destroyed the old *World* building in this city and a number of human lives—variouly estimated at from ten to forty—occurred on the morning of the 30th ult. The offices of the *Scientific American*, New York *Observer*, *Scottish-American*, and several other papers were burned out.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of the Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.—Continued.

CHAPTER III.

A VISIT FROM ONE OF OLDEN TIME.

1. Yet a little while, after all had partaken of soup and bread and chicken, the pilgrims did recount the sore trials through which they had passed on their journey toward the Land of Yahweh; and when the ninth hour had come did each pilgrim seek his tent to repose in the arms of Morpheus.

2. So be it the Scribe soon remembered his troubles no more, and was soon in the land of dreams and visions.

3. When he thus lay on his cot, and all was dark and quiet, then did a venerable man and a grave cast aside the door of the tent, and straightway walk to the bed of the Scribe, and in solemn tones thus did he speak:

4. Thou chosen Scribe from the land of Unclesam, I have come to utter a few words unto thee. Behold, I have knowledge of the journey thou hast undertaken, even of the many truth seekers who have sent thee so far from thy home and thy land, and I moreover know all the trouble thou hast seen.

5. I come with words of peace unto thee, and know of a truth I will do thee naught but good, for I never have done harm to any one.

6. Lo and behold, the Scribe was not afraid, and he made answer in these words:

7. Venerable Visitor, I thank thee for coming to see me, and that thou speaketh words of peace unto thy servant. And now may I ask thy name and the purpose of thy visit?

8. Then did the venerable visitor reply in this wise: Behold, I am Melchisedec, who in the ancient times was called King of Salem and Prince of Peace. I have come to tell thee many things, and to bear thee company through the land of Yahweh; for know thee of a verity I feel friendly to thee, I am mindful of what thou hast passed through, and I would do thee good.

9. Then did the Scribe open his mouth and say, Good Melchisedec, art thou then what is called a spirit, and am I to regard thee as one who once lived in the flesh?

10. Then did the visitor make answer: Nay, little one, I am not a spirit, neither am I a ghost; but I may say I am the genius or the memory of him who hath been called Melchizedek. My other and better name is Commonsense, and in that capacity and office only could I be the priest of the Most High God, in that form only could I be without beginning of days or end of life.

11. To which the Scribe answered: Honored friend, thou doest me great honor, and thou dost raise a great interest in my mind. Pray tell me, wert thou a high priest of Yahweh who once ruled over the land to which we are journeying? To this the visitor replied:

12. Nay, nay, in no wise: know ye of a truth I was not a priest of Yahweh; else I could not have been a priest of the Most High God; for, mark my words, Yahweh was not the Most High God in the times past, nor is he to-day. Then again did the Scribe venture to speak:

13. Indeed, ancient friend, thou almost startlest me with thy words: but I pray thee go on: then may I ask, who and what was Yahweh? Then the visitor responded:

14. My words are truth: Yahweh was simply the god of the Jews, the same as Brahma was the god of the Hindoos, Ormuzd the god of the Persians, Baal the god of the Phœnicians, Osiris the god of the Egyptians, Jupiter the god of the Greeks and Romans, Odin the god of the Scandinavians, and many more which I will not stop to name, and many which thou already knowest of.

15. None of these gods, be it known to thee, were creators of the world and all the worlds: none of them, Yahweh included, ever created anything: in fact, not one of them ever had any existence save in the imaginations of superstitious and mistaken men.

16. Be it also known to thee that Yahweh is not the greatest of the gods which men have made: but in truth he is the least. He ruled over a smaller extent of country than any I have mentioned.

17. He excelled, however, in some respects; he was more fickle than any of them, he was more addicted to anger, he was more bloodthirsty, he was more malicious, more vindictive, more murderous, and caused more men to be put to death for the most slight offenses, and on the most trivial pretexts, of any god who ever had a fancied existence.

18. The cause of this is to be found in the character of the people who created him; the traits most conspicuous with them were imparted to their god. This was the case with all the gods which have been worshiped in the world.

19. If there was no other way of judging the character of a god, thou wouldst only need to study the character of the people who created him, or devised him, or worshiped him.

20. If they were warlike, their god would be warlike; if they were peaceful, their god would be peaceful; if they were malicious, their god would delight in deeds of malice; if they were morose, their god would be taciturn and severe; if they were amorous, then their gods would be noted for their amorous pleasures and excesses; if the makers were black, their gods would be black; if they were white, their gods would be the same; and so every quality which the people possessed would be reflected in their gods.

21. The only reason why the character of Yahweh has improved since the time when he was worshiped in the land to which thou art journeying, is because the people who have adopted him are more advanced in civilization, the works of art, and all that elevates conduct. Yahweh has been much improved by his present worshipers; and do not forget that the cause of all this is to be found in the fact that his present worshipers occupy a higher plane in civilization and morals than did his original creators and worshipers.

22. Of a truth it would seem to the casual observer that the Yahweh who is now worshiped in Europe and America can hardly be the same god that used to be worshiped among those hills, but a day's ride from where thou now art; but they are the same, save the natural evolution through which he has passed by time and the change in worshipers.

23. Had the people of Europe and America selected one of the gods of the Hindoos, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Romans, or the Scandinavians, they would have had nearly the same reverence for the god thus selected as they now have for Yahweh, and with equally good cause.

24. Truth also urges me to say their morals would have been quite as good, for not one of the gods alluded to is credited with so immoral a character as that given to the God of the Jews.

25. The Scribe listened to these words with great interest, when he ventured to open his mouth and speak in this wise: Indeed, Venerable Friend, thy speech causeth me to marvel not a little, though the views thou hast advanced are in nowise new to me, for I have for many days been of a similar mind.

26. What thou hast said seemeth very reasonable to thy servant, who hath hearkened to thy words with deep interest; and though thou seemest a little severe on the gods of olden time, thy servant in nowise can say thou hast not spoken truly.

27. But may I ask thee which of the gods thou hast named was the god in whose service thou wast a high priest? or, if it was not one of these, wilt thou tell thy servant which god it was?

28. Then again did the visitor thus speak: As thou art a truth seeker, I am glad that thou inquirest thus of me, for of a truth I wish to tell thee many things, and I would hold nothing back which thou and thy readers should know.

29. Know then that I was not high priest unto any of the gods I have named, nor unto any of the gods which men have devised. But thou must remember that I was a priest of the Most High God, of the true God, who ruleth forever and ever, and who held supreme rule over all the domain of the universe, even long before man had existence.

30. Yea, remember I was priest to the Most High God; that is, the God of Reason, Truth, and Endless Duration—the God who existeth eternally in the universe, or, in other words, in all things that have ever existed.

31. The Most High God is that which dwells in all existences, which are parts of itself; which was never created by men, which never made something from nothing, but which ever has lived, and ever must live, in everything which has existed or which now exists.

32. Let me say to thee that each of the gods which I have named—and it is the same with scores of others not named—was claimed to be the creator of the world and of all worlds; that he was the origin of all things; or, in other words, that he created everything from nothing.

33. Such a thing is an utter impossibility. No god that man hath ever devised, or ever can devise, could convert nothing into something. One of the great men hath said, Nothing is a very poor material of which to make something, or to make worlds.

34. No god, no number of gods, could by any possibility make a particle of something out of nothing. Nothing cannot be converted into something; and it is only those who do not give due thought to the subject who think such a thing possible.

35. Existences, or rather the material which constitute existences, are eternal. Not one of them was ever created; not one of them was ever brought into existence. Nothing can be brought into existence save it be an individual plant or animal, which seems only to have a new life because a new combination is formed of the material and the atoms, which have an eternal existence.

36. In the entire domain of the universe, which, howbeit, is more wide and extended than the mind of man is capable of conceiving, there are various forms of existence termed *matter*, which combine in forming all suns, all worlds, all existences.

37. These, in the aggregate, constitute the universe; these are the sources of all life, all organizations, as well as all force or power. There is no power disconnected from them, and for this reason matter and force are justly considered as twin eternal existences, outside of or apart from which no existence is possible.

38. These elementary forms of matter, as I have already declared, constitute the sum and substance of all existences; and inseparably connected with them is all the power or force that has existence, and apart from the material substances alluded to can no power or force be found.

39. Thus matter and force constitute the universe; thus matter and force are the Most High; matter and force are the all in all, and it is those who are poorly informed, and who reason imperfectly, that can accept the possibility of any god, or any individuality separate from these.

40. This Most High is the god to whom I was priest, and I am proud to say that I am still priest to the same god. For he alone is the true god, and beside him all others are false. This, I pray thee, remember and declare to the world.

41. The Scribe did again open his mouth, and uttered these words: Most Venerable Friend, thy words seem good and true to thy grateful servant, and they are a confirmation of the belief he hath maintained for a long time;

42. But may thy servant inquire of thee whether the gods which the nations have worshiped in the times long past were not crude recognitions on their part of the powers and forces of nature, and to that extent were they not worshipers of the Most High? To which the Venerable Visitor made answer:

43. Thou hast spoken wisely. All the principal gods which men have worshiped were originally imperfect conceptions on their part of the eternal matter and force in the universe already alluded to.

44. The sun, the center of your system of planetary worlds for thousands of years, has been regarded as the principal or supreme power, and has been looked up to as the source of life and of being.

45. It is not strange, then, that the sun has been the principal object of worship with many nations, and, in fact, directly or indirectly, by all nations. Of a truth, nearly all the gods I have named to thee, as well as many more that may be named, were crude personifications of the sun and the active forces of nature.

46. The same remark will apply with equal truth to Yahweh. He was originally the sun, or its representative, fire; and as with other gods which were worshiped long before him, he degenerated into a personal monster deplorable to contemplate.

47. That Yahweh was primarily a conception of this kind, several passages from the Hebrew Bible will amply demonstrate. I will name some of them:

48. There is none like unto the god of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and his excellency on the sky (Deut. xxxiii, 26).

49. Extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name Jah, and rejoice before him (Ps. lxviii, 4).

50. To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice (Ps. lxviii, 33).

51. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariots: who walketh upon the wings of the wind (Ps. civ, 3).

52. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof (Ps. xix, 6).

53. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them, and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them (Ps. xviii, 14).

54. These, in the poetic language of ancient times, clearly mean the sun, and cannot sensibly be applied to anything else. It must be remembered that fire is also referred to as the sun, and spoken of in connection with the several gods of the sun. Here are other passages referring to the Hebrew God in this light:

55. And there came a fire from the Lord and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense (Num. xvi, 35).

56. Get you up from among this congregation, that I may consume them as in a moment (Num. xvi, 45).

57. For I will not go up in the midst of thee; for thou art a stiff-necked people, lest I consume thee in the way (Ex. xxxiii, 3).

58. I will come up into the midst of thee in a moment, and consume thee (Ex. xxxviii, 5).

59. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended on it in fire (Ex. xix, 18).

60. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire (Ex. xxiv, 17).

61. And there came out a fire from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering and the fat (Lev. ix, 24).

62. The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai, from before the Lord God of Israel (Judges v, 5).

63. For our God is a consuming fire (Heb. xii, 20; and Deut. iv, 24).

64. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire (Dan. ix, 10).

65. His body was like the beryl, and his face as

the appearance of lightnings, and his eyes as lamps of fire (Dan. x, 6).

66. God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covereth the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light (Hab. iii, 3).

67. Other passages tending the same way can easily be quoted, but these will suffice to show that the qualities of the sun, light and heat, were clearly meant.

68. Now if I have found favor in thy sight let me depart in peace. I will prolong my stay no further at this my first visit, but I will come and see thee every night after thou hast retired to rest, even so long as thou sojournest in the Land of Yahweh.

69. I will be pleased to say much to thee, and to answer such inquiries as thou seest fit to make. In return I have a single request to make, and that is, that what thou writest, while in the Land of Yahweh, be done somewhat in the style of the ancient residents of the country to which thou goest. This I ask of thee out of respect for the manner of olden times. I bid thee good-night.

70. The Scribe returned his grateful thanks, and promised compliance with the request; and when he looked the Venerable Visitor had departed. And in the morning the Scribe felt as though he had had a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

1. And it came to pass when the morrow had come, and all had taken meat, each of the pilgrims did say to the men-servants who had the horses and the mules and the donkeys in charge, saying, Saddle me the ass [horse], and they saddled him.

2. Then did the captain of the host lead the way along to the southward and to the westward, hard by Mount Hermon, and all the pilgrims did follow, and moreover the dog.

3. And when the pilgrims lifted their eyes to the top of the mountain, lo and behold, its head was as white as wool because of the dew and the rain and the snow which had fallen upon it.

4. Many times did the pilgrims cast their eyes upon Mount Hermon; and often did they lift their eyes in the opposite direction, even toward the Hills of Bashan, which are also hills of renown.

5. And it came to pass as the pilgrims journeyed on their way, that the way became exceeding stony, and all the land over which they passed was covered with stones, like the sands of the sea for multitude.

6. They also went up steep hills and down steep hills, so rocky, so covered with stones, as to be unfit for men or devils to travel over.

7. But the hearts of the pilgrims were stout, and they fainted not.

8. About the tenth hour the pilgrims came unto a Mohammedan village, of low, flat-roofed huts, fit stables for sheep, but with which human beings should not be content withal.

8. And the name of the place is Beit-Jenn, and it standeth at the mouth of two valleys, and up on the hillside. Of a truth no man of good sense would wish to live in such a place: howbeit, the name of the place means "the house of paradise."

9. Then did the Scribe lift his voice and say, Verily, if this is paradise, then, as my soul liveth, I will look farther for some other place.

10. At the twelfth hour, after passing over much more bad and rocky road, which was so steep that the horses could hardly climb or the riders stay on, they descended into the pleasant valley of Merj-el-Hadi, where they did dismount and partake of meat and boiled eggs, when all forgot their sorrows.

11. Howbeit on this day two riders were thrown from their horses. One was the man of God James, of the land of Johnbull, and the other the Frenchman from the land of Bullfrogs; but their heads were not broken nor the skin of their bodies cut.

12. More hills, more rocks, more stones were what the pilgrims saw after the midday meal; and when the fourth hour had nearly come, they came nigh unto the castle of Subeibeh, which standeth upon a high hill, and the ascent to it causes great weariness of body.

13. The road to this was so rough with rocks and so steep withal that the Scribe was sore afraid his clumsy horse would fall and that he would break his neck.

14. Then did the Scribe dismount and lead the horse, but both did climb with exceeding great difficulty. Then did the Scribe sweat like rain, and he puffed like an old man who hath no wind.

15. Then did he make fast the horse and proceed again, and at last reached the summit. Whereat he was exceeding glad, and said, This is worse than climbing Mount Vesuvius.

16. But when the hight was reached much compensation was felt. The old ruins are massive and grand, and the view of all the surrounding country is the finest in Syria.

17. The hill on which standeth the old castle is 2,500 feet in hight above the sea-level, and, as it is disconnected with other hills, it is an object of interest.

18. It is thought a castle has long existed on this hill, and the places in the rocks worn by the horses' feet which climbed here in the long-ago are plainly to be seen.

19. A castle was built here by the ancient Phœnicians, but whether they are the first which thus used it no man knoweth; and, later on, the Romans and the Crusaders added to it and strengthened it.

20. The old edifice is nine hundred feet in length and three hundred in width at each end. The stones are beveled, and the masonry is massive.

21. Inscriptions and ornamentation are to be seen in many places. Much of the wall has fallen down the precipice.

22. There are deep vaults and cisterns for water, which required great labor to build.

23. The view of the surrounding country is most beautiful to behold. The southern end of Mount Hermon comes close to the castle hill, and on the left, as you look toward the south, lie stretched along for a great distance the noted Hills of Bashan.

24. Next comes the Plain of Huleh, or the upper part of the valley of Jordan, with Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom, a small lake in the valley. Beyond that comes the Mountains of Naphtali, which are a continuation of the hills of Anti-Lebanon.

25. Still farther away toward the southwest Mount Tabor rears its head, and looks majestic and isolated to some extent.

26. At the foot of the castle hill lies Banias, aforetime called Cesarea Philippi, and earlier by the Greeks called Paneas, because their sylvan god Pan had a cave-temple there.

27. The town was once adorned by Herod the Great, who erected a temple there over the source of the Jordan in honor of Augustus Cæsar.

28. Herod's son, Philip the Tetrarch, enlarged the borders of the town and called it Cesarea, in honor of Tiberius Cæsar; and as another Cesarea was on the coast, he added Philippi to this to distinguish it.

29. Hard by the borders of this now miserable town the pilgrims' tents were pitched for the night, in the northeast corner of the Land of Yahweh, which the pilgrims had sought, lo these many days.

30. Glad were all the pilgrims to meet the white tents of peace on this occasion, for all were weary with the fatigues of the day.

31. And the distance traveled this day is one score of miles and two miles; and a more wearisome road no man need to wish to see.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND VISIT FROM MELCHISEDEC.

1. And it came to pass when the Venerable Visitor of olden time made his entrance into the tent bearing the Stars and Stripes, he approached the cot of the Scribe, when he lifted up his voice and spake these words:

2. Hail, Truth Seeker! I perceive thou art weary with the fatigues of the day, and I will not tarry very long at this time, but suffer thee to take thy repose in peace. Has thou any inquiries to propound?

3. To this the Scribe did thus make answer: Venerable Friend, I am not so weary but that thy visit is a welcome one, and I gladly express the deep reverence which I feel toward thee. I have a few inquiries I would make.

4. In giving some description of the Most High God in whose service thou wert and still art a priest, although thou didst represent that he did not create the universe, thou didst not say whether he possessed intelligence, or whether his will and commands are always reasonable and just? Wilt thou give a few words on this matter?

5. Cheerfully will I reply to thy questions. Truly did I say that the Most High did not create the universe, because the universe never was created. It has passed through countless changes in keeping with its inherent nature, but it ever existed in its substance and its force the same as the Most High himself hath ever existed.

6. To the second part of thy inquiry I have to say that the Most High contains within himself all the qualities, elements, and possibilities possessed by the universe, including intellectuality, mind, and thought.

7. But the power of thinking is the product of individual organization, and can only exist in connection with the organization adapted to its production. All forms of animal life possess this quality in some degree, and in varying quantities, but always in keeping with their organizations. Man surpasses other animals in the quality of intellectuality simply because his organization is capable of producing a more perfect quality. Man has greatly improved in this respect; he is now much more intellectual than he was one hundred thousand years ago.

8. The Most High, who is above all and who contains all, is not an organized being; consequently he has not the apparatus which produces mentality. He does not plan, he does not think, he does not change his mind, he does not repent. I repeat, he contains all the elements which produce the functions peculiar to human beings, but he is not a human being; he does nought that human beings do.

9. Then did the Scribe make this inquiry, Thou speakest of the Most High being above all, including the entire universe; wilt thou please explain wherein he differs from the universe?

10. Then again, said Melchisedec, He does not differ from the universe, because he *is* the universe. The universe is the Most High. It contains all that exists, or that is possible to have existence. There is nothing above it; there is nothing without it. When men imagine gods, and claim that they are superior to the universe, and that they made the universe, they err greatly. There is no power superior to the universe, and there is no power that could ever create it.

11. It may sound strange to some for me to say that the Most High does not think, but it is nevertheless true. Thinking is only done by a brain, as seeing is done by an eye, and hearing by the ear. The Most High has no brain, no eye, no ear; hence he does not think, does not see, does not hear, though he gives the capabilities for each of these.

12. Thou mightest ask how, if the Most High doth not plan, doth not devise, doth not adopt, how the world and all things in it move so harmoniously, and exhibit such perfect adaptation. To this I make answer: Every result that has ever taken place is in obedience to a potential law which cannot be evaded nor set aside.

13. Everything is just as it is because, according to the unchangeable and ever-existing laws of the universe, it cannot be any other way. Two halves are equal to the whole; not because some being has planned it to be so, but because it could not be any other way. Everything that takes place is as it is because, under all the circumstances governing the case, it could not be any other way. Ten times ten are a hundred, not by design, but because it could not be any other number.

14. So it is with everything in the domain of events; it is just as it is, not pursuant to some grand design, but because the eternal laws of the universe compel it to be just as it is.

15. Were not the universe equal to this, it could not be a perfect universe. But it is so perfect that it is superior to the design of any being or any god which beings have devised. It is immensely superior to any beings and all beings who have to plan, to fit, and try, and change their tactics. The universe is superior to all men combined, including all the gods men have devised.

16. The conception of gods, and the seeming necessity for them to account for the perfection of things as they exist, have arisen from the imperfect state of knowledge to which men have attained. The more ignorant and superstitious men are, the more they imagine the necessity for gods; and the more enlightened they become with true and perfect knowledge, the less use they will have for gods, and the more completely will they discard them.

17. The time is approaching when men will no longer create gods, nor imagine them. They will perceive in the universe the cause of all results, yea, the cause of all causes, and they will have no need to look beyond the universe to account for any of the phases of existence they see.

18. That will be a happy time for men on the earth—a time which will far transcend any period which men up to this time have experienced. In the past men have not only lost much time in devising and creating gods, and in striving to placate them and to appease their anger, but it has cost the world an incomputable amount of treasure in getting up these gods, and in supporting the countless retinue of priests which these gods have been thought to require, to study and reveal their will, and by powers of persuasion to induce them to change their course, and to cease from doing various kinds of mischief which they would otherwise perpetrate.

19. If the labor and treasure which have been expended in the manufacture of gods, in the erection of temples and houses for them to be worshiped in, and to pay the millions of priests who in the aggregate have been supported in idleness and luxury for pretending to interpret and reveal the will of the gods, had been employed in benefiting the world, and improving the human race, every swamp upon the face of the earth could have been drained, every country in the world could have been furnished with good carriage roads and railroads; every square mile of the earth's surface could have been supplied with a good, durable school-house, a teacher, and a good library.

20. If the wealth that has been paid to priests for proclaiming fables and fictions and falsehoods about gods and the will of gods could have been employed in increasing the knowledge and usefulness of the human race, the world to-day would occupy a position immensely in advance of that which it now occupies.

21. If the time that has been employed in working for priests, and in listening to their fables and fabrications, could have been used in studying the laws of the universe—the only governing principle in existence—the world would be vastly more advanced in the pursuit of truth, virtue, and happiness.

22. There never has been a class of men who pretended to know so much as priests; there never has been a class of men who claimed to know what they did not know so much as priests; there never has been a class of men who have taught so many lies as priests; there never has been a class of men who have increased darkness and superstition so much as priests; there never has been a class of men who have been such a fearful damage to their fellow-men as priests; there never has been a class of men whom to exterminate and to no longer tolerate would so benefit the remainder of the human race as priests.

23. Thanks to growing and ever-brilliant truth and science, thanks to increasing knowledge of the laws of the universe, and the principles of eternal justice and humanity, the priests are losing their power and influence, and are destined to pass away even as the belief in genii, gorgons, gnomes, fairies, witches, and all that retinue of impossible monsters are passing away. Let tnem go; the sooner they are gone, the better it will be for humanity.

24. Then did the Scribe open his mouth thus: I thank thee, Venerable Friend, for the words thou hast spoken, and I feel that they have been prompted by the principle of eternal truth; and I am pleased to say they confirm the opinions I have for some time maintained. Now, while thou art upon the subject of the gods, may I call attention to a remark thou madest yesternight with reference to the character of Yahweh, touching his being fickle, vindictive, jealous, cruel, and bloodthirsty? Wilt thou be so good as to say a few words on these points?

25. Then did Melchisedec again speak these words: To show that Yahweh was fickle-minded, and often repented of what he had attempted, I have only to call thy attention to a few portions of what is called his word. Not long after he is said to have made the world and placed man upon it did he bewail what he had done, and said, It repented him that he had made man on the earth, and grieved him at his heart (Gen. vi, 6). He repented of the evil he thought to do his people (Ex. xxxii, 14). He repented that he made Saul king (1 Sam. xv, 35).

26. A marked instance of his change of plan and of his repenting of what he had undertaken, is told in the story of the land toward which thou hast turned thy face. He early set it aside for his chosen people, and, with much show of magnanimity, several times over gave it to Abraham and his seed as a perpetual possession, and promised that the seed of Abraham should become as numerous as the sands of the sea.

27. Again, some three hundred years later, he led the descendants of Abraham a wearisome journey through the desert, and formally gave them possession of the land before given to Abraham, renewing the promise that they should possess it forever; but they had to obtain the country by putting to the sword in the most cruel manner the people who long had had it in quiet possession.

28. He, however, seems to have changed his mind, so far as the perpetual possession is concerned; for after an unsteady and precarious possession—the country being taken from them several times, and they carried away into captivity on several occasions—they were finally utterly defeated, and deprived of the land so repeatedly promised them as a perpetual possession, showing that he had changed his mind in the premises, or was unable to fulfill his promises. For eighteen centuries the seed of Abraham—never made a thousandth part as numerous as promised—have been deprived of that land as a home and possession.

29. That he possessed an irascible temper and yielded to anger on the slightest occasion, there are an abundance of facts to prove. Such expressions as these are common in his accorded word: His anger, His fierce anger, His anger was kindled, it waxed hot, his wrath waxing hot, and many others of a similar character.

30. His hatred is as often alluded to. He says, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. He will not slack to him that hateth him. He will repay to his face. The Lord hateth us. Then I hated them, I will love them no more. He visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations.

31. His *jealousy* is frequently mentioned; I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God. They provoked him to jealousy with strange gods. He is a jealous God. I will give thee blood in fury and jealousy; and much like unto this.

32. His *vengeance* is often referred to. He often says: I will take vengeance. Vengeance is mine. The day of vengeance is in my heart; with others of the same tenor.

33. Of his cruelty and murderous disposition there is no end of proof. On one occasion, when he met his own man Moses at an inn he sought to kill him. In his own word he is represented as a destroyer of man and beast. According to Isaiah xxxiv, 2–8, he is represented as a slave-dealer. In Joel iii, 8, he says, I will send your sons and your daughters into the hands of the children of Judah, and they shall sell them unto the Sabeans, to a people far off, for the Lord hath spoken it. In Jer. xiii, 14, he says: I will dash them one against another, even the fathers and sons together, saith the Lord. I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them. In 1 Sam. xxiv, 1, he is described as an inciter of evil.

34. A few specimens of his laws will portray his true character: When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, that all found therein shall be tributaries to thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it unto thy hands thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself, and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies which the Lord thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou do unto the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations. But of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth (Deut. xx, 10–16).

35. Here is another of his commands: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor (Ex. xxxii, 27).

36. That he carried his malice for a long time this passage will stand as proof: Thus saith the Lord of hosts: I remember that which Amalek did to Israel [four hundred years before]. Now he laid wait for him., etc. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have; slay man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass (1 Sam. xv, 2, 3). There is much more in the same line, but I have quoted enough.

37. Of his fondness for bloodshed, I have only to call your attention to the fact that for hundreds of years he required a steady flow of blood from bullocks, rams, and he-goats for his special pleasure. At the time of the introduction of the ark into the temple sheep and oxen were sacrificed in such quantities that they could not be told nor numbered for multitude. At the dedication of the temple twenty-two thousand oxen and a hundred and twenty thousand sheep were slaughtered.

38. But the most cruel of all was he when he demanded the blood of his only beloved son to answer the demands of his justice, and to make it possible for him to look with any mercy upon his own offspring.

39. His disregard for human life is most marked all along through his word, from the time when he sent a flood to drown all the inhabitants of the earth, including the innocent animals; from the time when he caused the death of the first-born of every family in Egypt, and drowned a million or two Egyptians in the Red Sea, to the destruction of fifteen thousand children of Israel in the desert by plague; and the slaughter of the Midianites, when he not only ordered all the males, including the little babes, put to death in cold blood, but even every woman who had ever lain with man, while the young maidens, the girls, and the little female infants were kept for the use of the soldiers.

40. The campaign of Joshua in the land of Canaan, when he moved by direct command of Yahweh, was one of the most bloody and disastrous to human life on record. Massacres, slaughters, and carnage were kept up for years. Numerous cities were destroyed, and often all the men, women, and children exterminated by the edge of the sword.

41. On one occasion Yahweh smote with sudden death fifty thousand and seventy men because one man had ventured to lift the lid of a box in which the person of Yahweh was said to have taken up its abode.

42. On another occasion he smote with death seventy thousand of his own people because his servant David had numbered the people, when he had himself moved David to the act, and the people who were smitten with death had nought to do with it.

43. The wars of the children of Israel, in which Yahweh was on one or both sides, and caused great destruction of life, were often extremely bloody. When he assisted Abijah against Jeroboam five hundred thousand Israelites were slain in a single day. On another occasion he changed sides, and helped Pekah of Israel to put to death one hundred and twenty thousand of the army of Judah. Thus he alternated from one side to the other, but left a balance against Israel of three hundred and eighty thousand.

44. He was especially found of slaying the men of the adjoining nations who engaged in war with his special people. At one time one hundred thousand Syrians under Benhadad were slain, and twenty-seven thousand more of the same army killed by a wall falling upon them. At another time one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians were slain by Yahweh in a single night.

45. But the subject is an unpleasant one to dwell upon, and though I have mentioned but a small part of the instances of his taking life on a large scale, it will suffice. There can be no doubt that Yahweh was a cruel, blood-thirsty, fickle, and revengeful god. I will now bid thee good-night, and take my departure.

46. The Scribe thanked the Venerable Visitor and bade him good-night. That night he slept long and soundly.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THIRD DAY'S TRAVEL.

1. When the morning meal had been partaken of the captain of the host led the pilgrims on foot up the stream to the foot of Hermon, where is one of the fountains of the Jordan. Up near the rocks in a small basin the clear waters gush up amid the stones, and were the place cleaned out and a dam built across the lower part a fine pond could be made withal.

2. Water enough flows from this spring, if utilized and the fall taken advantage of, to run a score of mills; but here there is nothing for mills to do, and few people to give them work.

3. The Scribe did take a seat upon a stone beside the stream, and with his right hand did dip up the water of the river Jordan near its source, and drink thereof. If he has not now eternal life he would like to know the reason why thereof.

4. Under the rocks is a cave once sacred to the worship of the god Pan, and in the solid rock niches and shrines have been carefully cut, with inscriptions to the sylvan god. Here are also ruins of a temple, said to have been erected by Herod; while on the summit of Hermon are the ruins of a very ancient temple to the sun.

5. The south gate of the old city was next visited, where Roman inscriptions were seen. A wall once inclosed the town round about, but long since it fell into ruins. The bridge, said to be older than the time of Herod, still stands—a relic of ancient times.

6. The present town consists of some two score of miserable low stone huts, with no windows or chimneys, and the streets are even too muddy and filthy for hogs to wallow in withal. Thus has the glory of ancient Cesarea Philippi sadly departed.

7. A due portion of the gospel story is connected with Philippi. Jesus visited this place with his disciples; and here, after asking his followers whom men said he was, he asked Peter whom he considered him to be.

8. In response, Peter made a flattering little speech, by saying, Thou art Christ, the son of the living God. Whereupon Jesus returned the compliment by saying, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whomsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whomsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

9. This little address has been made great use of by the Romish church, and from it they have taken the authority of their popes based upon the succession of Peter; and from these words they have drawn the authority to persecute unto death thousands upon thousands who have dared to doubt, even in a small degree.

10. It is a matter of considerable doubt whether these words were spoken as they come down to us, but, at all events, they have been rife with ill to the human race.

11. Near this very place is the termination of Mount Hermon, an eminence which is said to be the self-same place where Jesus was transfigured. True, there is some dispute among authorities whether it was on this mount or on Mount Tabor, south of Lake Tiberius, or the Sea of Galilee.

12. But fortunately the pilgrims are not compelled to accept either to the disadvantage of the other. This is one of those cases where those who pay their money can take their choice.

13. There is also a slight difficulty in this transfiguration story. It was a remarkable circumstance, if it really took place; but Matthew, who describes the event, says John was one who was present on that momentous occasion; but John, in his story, has not a word to say about it. The probabilities are very strong that no such event ever occurred.

14. When the Scribe lifted up his eyes to the bare rocky mass before him, where a shrub cannot grow large enough for an ox-goad withal, and where one probably never did grow, he opened his mouth and said:

15. As my soul liveth, if I were to be transfigured, and have a good time with Moses and Elias, and I could not find a more pleasant place for it than this naked, cheerless hill of rock, I would pass, and let the next one make it—in short, I would not be transfigured at all.

16. After the pilgrims had mounted their steeds for another day's ride, they moved on to the site of the ancient city of Dan, the northernmost city of the Land of Yahweh; the same being not an hour's ride from Cesarea Philippi.

17. The city could not at any time have been an exceeding large city, for the mound, two score and ten feet high, upon which it was builded, is two hundred paces across, and is nearly round; and not a house, not a hut, now stands there.

18. It was near this city of Dan that Lot was taken prisoner and carried off, whereupon Abraham armed his household and secured his relatives, and pursued his enemies even unto Dan. So reads the word; but that account could not have been written by Moses, for during his lifetime there was no such city as Dan.

19. After the children of Israel entered the Land of Canaan, the descendants of Dan made a foray against the people of Laish, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and burned the city with fire; and they built a city and dwelt therein, and called the name of the city Dan, after the name of Dan, their father (Judges xviii, 27).

20. Close by the side of the low mound upon which Dan once stood is another of the sources of the Jordan. Here is another very large spring—larger than the one before described—and one can see the crystal fountain as it bubbles up continually. This spring, with the one at Cesarea Philippi, make the principal sources of the river Jordan.

21. These two springs make one stream, and after a few miles they empty into Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom, a little body of shallow water, two or three miles in length, and half a score of miles farther down the plain of Huleh, or the upper valley of the Jordan.

22. For the whole day the journey of the pilgrims lay along this plain of Huleh, the northeastern portion of the Land of Yahweh. For many miles it is exceedingly rocky, not one acre in a score being possible to plow. The rocks vary in size from those a man can lift up to some of a thousand pounds, and they are so thick together that a man could walk miles upon them and not touch his foot to the ground.

23. Then did the Scribe inquire in this wise, Why did Yahweh in getting up a country after his own heart, and just to please himself, take the trouble to make so many rocks for it? No answer was received.

24. In riding down the plain the hills of Naphtali, the same being the continuation of the mountains of Lebanon, were on our right, and the hills of Bashan were on our left. The valley between, called the plain of Huleh, is five miles in width.

25. When the rocky portion was passed, sections of better land were reached along the border, while in the center it is very swampy, and nothing but flags, or papyrus plant, and flat grass can grow there.

26. For the noonday meal the pilgrims halted at a place which the Scribe called Mill-race, because there a stone race had been builded to conduct a small stream of water to a mill.

27. No other habitations are here, save several tents of the Bedouins, who abound in these parts. They gather the papyrus plant, which is a tall flag, and they weave it into a coarse matting, of which they make their tents by stretching it over slight poles. For the roof they use coarse black woolen blankets.

28. They are a dark, wild-looking people, seeming to be cut out for pirates and brigands. They dwell upon high lands in the summer and come down in the valleys for the winter.

29. They gathered around us when we eat, and the women and children repeatedly ask for backsheesh, which, being interpreted, means a gift. The Scribe had many small Turkish coins, and he gave one each to a score of them. But some thought the sum too small.

30. Villages composed of these Bedouin tents were passed in this day's travel. The men mostly carry a long flint-lock musket, and the women stain or tattoo their faces, especially their under lip, which does not improve their natural uncomeliness. They would not draw the hearts of men astray.

31. As the sun settled in the west the white tents of the pilgrims were pitched at Ain Mellahah, a comely place, hard by a rich fountain, ample enough to turn a mill—the same being over against the waters of Merom, not much more than a mile distant.

32. Right by our side is a high hill of rock, claimed to be the site on which the ancient city of Hazor stood, whose king, Jabin, aroused all the sheiks and chiefs in the neighborhood to join him in giving battle to Joshua when he made a victorious conquest of the Land of Yahweh.

33. It was at this spot between our camp and the waters of Merom where the deadly battle is said to have been fought, and where Joshua whipped out all his adversaries.

34. Howbeit, there is some disagreement of opinion as to whether this hill of rock by us is where Hazor stood. Dr. Robinson says yes, others say no. All again are left free to make their own choice.

35. As the king of Hazor had a great number of chariots, with which he came down to fight Joshua, it would seem most unlikely this mount could have been the place, for the Scribe is sure no chariot ever went up or down that mass of rock.

36. There can be no mistake about the waters of Merom being the battle scene where Yahweh said to his General Joshua, Be not afraid because of them; for to-morrow about this time will I deliver them all slain before Israel; thou shalt hough their horses, and burn their chariots with fire. So Joshua (as the story runs) came, and all the people of war with him, against them by the waters of Merom suddenly: and they fell upon them. And the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel (Josh. xi, 4–8). The mercy of the Lord endureth forever. Praise his name, all ye people. Selah.

37. Then it was by the waters of Merom, where the blood of thousands had been spilt, and close by the hill on which had been built the city of Hazor, did the Scribe lift his voice and say: Of a truth this is the land of Yahweh; this is the land he gave unto his chosen people as an everlasting possession; this is the *Holy Land* which I have heard of thousands of times from the days of my childhood. I am surrounded even now by this Holy Land.

38. Then did the Scribe take up a handful of this holy soil, and did look at it closely: he even looked at it through his spectacles; he smelt of it; he even put some in his mouth, and did taste it withal; he took it from the north side of the camp, and from the south side of the camp, and he did examine it with exceeding great care that he might discover the *holiness*, if any there were in it.

39. Then when he had made an end of his search and found nought out of the common course of things did he speak in this wise: As my soul liveth, I see and smell and taste no more holiness in this soil that I do in the soil of America and in the soil of Europe. If there was ever any extra amount of holiness in it, it is not there now.

40. Peradventure, when Yahweh did relinquish his experiment, and abandoned the land and the people which he had chosen, and betook himself to the crowded cities of Europe and to the wilds of America, he extracted from this soil all the holiness he had put in it and reserved it for the possessions he might next select.

41. Or, peradventure, when he no longer dwelt in this land, his holiness was dried up by the sun and blown away by the winds, and thus was cast upon the desert air where it could be of no use.

42. Verily Yahweh's ways are not as man's ways; for if a prudent man had taken unto himself a goodly country, and had placed therein a people which he had selected from all the nations of the earth, he would not quickly abandon the enterprise and give it up in disgust, because a few discouragements arose; but he would rather use extra exertion, especially if he possessed the power to execute his will; and he would not own himself vanquished until he had exhausted all his ability.

43. But Yahweh doeth not so; he either undertook more than he was able to accomplish, or he had not the prescience to foresee what the nature of his experiment would be; or he is too fickle-minded to hold to one purpose generation after generation. Great is Yahweh! Let his great name and his praises be sounded through all lands, save in his own land!

44. Then did the Scribe cast his eyes about him, and looked upon the miles of rocks which stretched themselves before him and which were over the hills of Naphtali, and then did he ask questions in this wise:

45. Go to now, are all these rocks more holy than all the other rocks in the earth? And if holiness was once in them, is it still in them now? And would it take more fuel to roast them into lime than as though no holiness was in them? Or, from the long absence of Yahweh in distant parts of the earth, has the holiness evaporated out of these rocks also, even as water evaporateth out of a sponge?

46. Then did the Scribe shake his head in dismay, and cast his eyes toward the earth; and even did he speak words like unto these: As my soul liveth, I understand not the mystery of holiness; I understand not how, if Yahweh once filled this soil and these rocks with holiness, why is it not here now? I understand not, if holiness be not now in these hills and plains, how it was ever therein. I understand not, if Yahweh placed holiness here, who should presume to take it away, or what was done with it withal.

47. Again did the Scribe shake his head in great doubt; again did he look restlessly about him, his trouble of mind waxing great and his doubts increasing within him.

48. Then did he retire into the tent which beareth the Stars and Stripes, and say unto himself, I will lay me down to rest; I will not longer weary myself about holiness of which man knoweth but little; I will seek sweet sleep and gather strength for to-morrow's journey. Howbeit this day the pilgrims had journeyed about a score of miles.

E. A. Stevens, of Chicago, writes us: "In answer to several personal inquiries as to the non-appearance of the *Liberal League* (in issuing which I was associated with Mr. Magie), allow me to say: shortly after the appearance of the first number, and when I had prepared the larger portion of the second, a change of employment necessitated my giving my time either to the paper or to business. After consulting with Mr. Magie, who owned the material and was willing to continue its publication, I withdrew. All correspondence, subscriptions, etc., as they hav arrived at my address, hav been turned over to that gentleman. Hereafter all matters pertaining to the *Liberal League* (paper) should be addressed to Jas. K. Magie, 939 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Liberal News.

The Liberals of Mauston, Wis., celebrated the birthday of Paine with a lecture by W. F. Jamieson at their Opera Hall.

The *Great West* makes copious extracts from Mr. Bennett's letters. Brick Pomeroy knows a good thing when he sees it.

Prof. Adler has gone West for two weeks to fulfil lecture engagements. He has lectures at Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis.

E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., is in danger of losing his home through financial difficulties, and appeals to his friends to help him.

The lecture before the Society of Humanity next Sunday evening will be by W. H. Harris, on "Humanity as a Religious Conception."

On February 7th Mr. Bradlaugh expects to present a petition to Parliament, containing 100,000 names, requesting that he be allowed to take his seat.

H. L. Green should be addressed until further notice in care of Willie E. Green, Otsego, Mich. He spoke at Elysia last Sunday, and will speak on the 16th speaks at Hart, Mich.

Mr. Crew, of Henry county, Iowa, was recently elected to the legislature of that state. Being a Liberal, he refused to take the oath, and was allowed to affirm. Iowa politicians are growing.

Joseph Hart, an aged shoemaker of Wilmington, Del., an avowed disciple of Thomas Paine, who regularly decorated his shop with American flags upon the anniversary of Paine's birthday, died on January 29th, the day he loved to celebrate.

Dr. J. W. Draper leaves five children. Each of his three sons has made an enviable reputation in the walks of science—Daniel Draper as a meteorologist, John Christopher Draper as a chemist and physiologist, and Henry Draper as an astronomer.

Gambetta is a Freethinker. He has publicly professed himself a disciple of Voltaire, and stated that in his opinion Comte was the greatest thinker of this century. He presided, three months ago, at Paul Bert's Atheistical lectures, and led the applause.

Geo. B. Clark is the latest Unitarian minister who has given up his orthodoxy and taken to preaching the gospel of common sense and truth. He is desirous of engagements to lecture, and any society or person desiring his services may address him at 51 Fort Avenue (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mesdames Colby and Smith hav removed their lectures from Harvard Rooms to Frobisher Hall, Fourteenth street, between Broadway and Fifth ave. Hereafter the services will be in the morning at 10:30, and evening at 8. The lectures are well attended and proving a great success. Mrs. Colby is one of the best lecturers in the field.

The change of owners of *Man*, and change from a weekly to a monthly, made a new registration as second-class matter necessary. The application was referred from the New York post-office to the department at Washington. There they had to sit on it seventeen days before they could come to a decision. Then they didn't decide, but could only issue a "temporary permit" to mail the paper at pound rates. So *Man* is registered as a kind of "ticket-of-leave *Man*." This slowness of the postal authorities has delayed the February number. It will be out about the 10th.

Germania Assembly Hall was filled in honor of the Author-Hero of the Revolution on the evening of the 29th ult. Prof. Robinson furnished some brilliant piano solos, and Mr. George Warr and Miss Bell Warr sang and Mr. Brown played on his violincello. Mr. Wilson, an old-time veteran, presided, and gave an account of the career of Thomas Paine. Mr. Warr read testimonials from George Washington, Mme. Roland, and others, vindicating the good name of Thomas Paine. Samuel P. Putnam delivered an address showing the grand ideas and principles for which Paine stood—liberty, humanity, science, democracy, and intellectual clearness and thoroughgoing honesty of opinion. The meeting was in every sense a success. The music was of a high order, and showed what can be done to stir the hearts of the people when this noble instrumentality is used for the expression of Liberal ideas.

Frank. M. Pixley, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, writing home to his paper from this city says: "Yesterday I spent half an hour with Colonel Ingersoll, and it took him all that time to tell me, in his enthusiastic and hearty manner, what a superlativly splendid fellow General Arthur is, what a supremely excellent president he will make, how incomparably superior he is to any president we hav ever had or are ever likely to hav, and how grateful we ought to be for the accident that has given him to us. He lauded him to the heavens for his intellect, his genius, his generosity, his justice. He possesses the finest qualities of head and heart, and will adorn his exalted position. He will shed luster on the Republican throne. In a word, if Colonel Robert had himself believed in the existence of God, he would hav convinced me that the presidency of General Arthur was a special providence for the good of the country and the good of the Republican party."

Translations.

The Tomb of Fanaticism.

AN EXTENSIV EXAMINATION OF LORD BOLINGBROKE'S DOCTRINS.

WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE IN 1767.

[Translated from the French by Avery Meriwether.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCERNING IRENÆUS.

Irenæus in truth knew nothing of science, philosophy, and eloquence; he always limited himself to repeating that which Justin, Tertullian, and others said. He believed with them that the soul is a light and aerial body; and he thought that the reign of a thousand years in the New Jerusalem would come upon the earth. We find out in his fifth book, chapter xxxiii, how much corn one grain produces, and how many hogsheads of wine a vintage in that beautiful city will yield.* He predicted the Antichrist at the end of a thousand years, and explained the mystery of the numbers 666, which were to be the mark of the beast. We cannot see wherein all this differs from what the other fathers of the church said.

But there is one thing more important, which is not to be brushed aside. That is where he assures us that Jesus died in his fiftieth year, and not at thirty-one or thirty-three, as we infer from the evangelists.

Irenæus† takes the evangelists as proof of what he says. He uses the testimony of the old man who lived with John and the other apostles; and declares most positivly that there were some who came too late to know the apostles, and it is those who are of a contrary opinion. He himself adds, contrary to his usual custom, as proof of his conclusiv reasoning: "The evangelist John said to Jesus, 'Your father Abraham has been exalted that he might see my days: he has seen them and is greatly rejoiced.' And the Jews respond: 'Art thou a fool? Thou hast not lived fifty years, and yet thou boastest to hav seen our father Abraham.'"

Irenæus concludes that Jesus was very nearly fifty years old when the Jews spake thus. In fact, if Jesus had been thirty-one or more years old at that time he would not hav spoken of fifty years. Finally, since Irenæus calls upon the evangelists for proof, and upon all the old men who had written anything, it proves that the evangelists of that period were not the same as those which we hav to-day. Their books hav been altered just as other books hav been. But because they change, that should not render them any the less reasonable.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCERNING ORIGEN AND THE TRINITY.

Clement of Alexandria was the first philosopher among the Christians. Origen was the first reasoner. But such philosophy as they had in those times! He was celebrated as a child, and taught at a very opportune hour in that great city of Alexandria, where the Christians had a public school. They had none in Rome. Among those who assumed the title of the bishop of Rome we do not know of a single man of ability, and, what is more remarkable, this church, which in the end became so powerful and so proud, derived all from the Egyptians and Greeks.

There is, without doubt, a great deal of folly in the philosophy of Origen, which is evident in his advice about emasculation. Epiphanius wrote that a prefect of Alexandria gave him the alternativ either to serve as Ganymede to an Ethiopian, or be sacrificed to the gods, and that he was sacrificed for not ministering to the passions of an Ethiopian (Epiphan. Haeres 64, ch. ii).

If this is the reason which caused him to make himself a eunuch, or if there was another reason, I leave it to the savants who make a specialty of the history of eunuchs; I limit myself to the history of the follies of the human mind.

Clement was the first one who popularized that nonsense about the Trinity that has been forgotten since the time of Justin. A few among the Christians at that time began to regard the son of Mary as a god, as an offspring of the Father, as the first dawn, as an identical being in some way with the Father; but they had not yet deified the sacred spirit. They never thought of the falsification, therefore I do not know in which letter attributed to John they inserted the following ridiculous words, "There are three who hav testified in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Sacred Spirit." Should we dare to speak of the three substances, or divine beings, which, taken together, make up the substance of the divine creator of the world? Did they say that they would giv proof? There are other examples still more ridiculous, "There are three who testify in matter, in spirit, and in blood, and the three are one."* Some hav added, "and these three are in Jesus." These various passages, each one different from the other, are not found in the old manuscripts; none of the fathers of the first century hav cited them; besides, what good could they receive from those admitting the falsification? How could they say that the spirit, water, and blood form the Trinity and then are not one? Is it because it was said that Jesus had sweat blood and water, and then turned into the spirit? What relation is there between these three things and a god in three personal substances?

The trinity of Plato was another kind; it was not well known; we can find such in his *Timæus*. The eternal demiurge is the first cause of all that exists; his archetypal idea is the second cause; the universal soul, which is his work, is the third. There is some sense in this idea of Plato. God conceives the idea of the world; God makes it, he animates it; but never has Plato been foolish enough to say that there were three individuals in one God. Origen was a Platonist; he took what he could from Plato, and made a trinity in his own fashion. This system remained so obscure during the early centuries that Lactantius, in the time of the Emperor Constantine, called by name all the Christians in explaining the origin of the church, but did not say one word concerning the Trinity; upon the contrary, he says, in chapter xxix, book iv, of his "Institutes:" "Perhaps some one will ask why we adore a single god. When we assure them there are two, a father and son, we do not make any distinction, because the father could not exist without his son nor the son without his father."

The sacred spirit was completely forgotten by Lactantius, and some years afterward a slight notice was taken of it by the Council of Nice; for after having made a declaration, as solemn as unintelligible, concerning the doctrin of his book, that the son is of the same substance as the father, the council was content with simply saying, "We believe also in the sacred spirit."†

We can say that Origen was the first to lay down that metaphysical chimera which has been a source of great discord, and which has been absolutely useless. It is evident that a man may be very honest or wise or moderate with one personality or with three, but these theological niceties hav nothing in common with our duties. Origen attributed a subtil body to God, the angels, and to all souls; and he said that God the father and God the son are two different substances; that the father is greater than the son, the son is greater than the sacred spirit, and the sacred spirit is greater than the angels. He said that the father is good in essence, but that the son is not good in himself; that the son is not a truth in comparison with his father, but only the image of the father; that it is alone to the father we should address our prayers; and that the son carried to heaven the flesh with which he was clothed by his mother, and in mounting to heaven he left his body in the sun.‡

He declared that the Virgin Mary, in giving birth to the son of God, delivered herself of an after-birth like others, and that she was compelled to purify herself in the Jewish temple, because they think that nothing is so impure as an after-birth. The coarse and petulant Jerome reproached him bitterly about one hundred and fifty years after his death, and many of his opinions were similar to those of Jerome; for since the primitiv Christians were concerned in having dogmas, they published to the world that they were injured persons, and proclaimed far and wide civil war which should, for the sake of argument, desolate the world.

We should not forget that Origen is noted more than all others in translating the facts of the scripture into allegories; and it is well to add that these allegories are extremely pleasant. The fat in the sacrifices is the soul of Jesus Christ; the tail of the animal which is offered upon the altar signifies the perseverance of good works. If it is said in Exodus xxiii that God took Moses in the cleft of a rock, and that Moses saw the buttocks and not the face of God, that cleft in the rock is meant to be Jesus Christ, through which one could see the rear of God the father.*

I think, now, enough concerning the fathers is made known to clearly see upon what foundation they hav built an ill-omened edifice, which has already demoralized the reason. Reason has always declared that religion should be clear, simple, universal, within the reach of every soul, because it is intended for all; its morals should not be disguised by dogmas; nothing absurd should disfigure it. Reason has in vain dictated this, but fanaticism has overreached reason; and what worse evils has fanaticism not produced?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Each vine produces ten thousand clusters, each cluster ten thousand grapes, and each grape ten thousand measures [1771].

†Irenæus, book 2, chap. xxii, edit de Paris 1710.

*Many are troubled to know if these words are John's or not. Two of the Christ-lovers who hav rejected them attest an ancient manuscript in the Vatican in which these words are not found. Those who believe they are John's words show this by more recent manuscripts. But without entering into a useless discussion, either the words are John's or they are not. If they are, it would hav been necessary to confine John in the Bedlam of his time, if they had one; if they are not his, they are forgeries of a very foolish and impudent kind. It is necessary to state that nothing was more common among the first followers of Christ than such unblushing suppositions. They did not discover their forgeries because such works were rare, and this growing faction only permitted those who were initiated in their mysteries to see them!

We hav already mentioned that the crime more heinous than all others in the eyes of this sect was to show the gentiles what they called their sacred books. What strange inconsistency among these unfortunates! They say, "We shall preach Christianity all over the earth, and we shall not show any one the books in which that Christianity is explained." What would we say to that crowd of beggars who come into the hall of Westminster to reclaim the goods of a man who died in France, and who refused to show the will or testament of their dead friend? [1771.]

†What an unfortunate mistake was the sacred spirit, that *agion pneuma* of which the followers of Christ hav made a third god! That word signifies breath. The following can be found in the gospel attributed to John (chap. xx, 22), "When he says these things, he blows upon them and says, Receive the sacred spirit." Remember this was an ancient ceremony of the magicians. They blew in the mouth of those they wished to enchant. Here, then, is the origin of the third god of those fools. There is nothing more blasphemous or more impious. Hav not the mussulmans good reason for regarding such as wicked idolatry? [1771].

‡"You hav made a God of Jesus," said Celsus. "We do not build," answered Origen, "statues or temples to Jesus, who has exhorted us not to adore anything material or human; who wishes us to adore God alone. We do not adore Jesus; we admire him."

Mr. Noe's Psycho-Atomic Theory Examined.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of Dec. 31st J. Allen Noe takes me up on the question whether there is anything that may be called "God" or not, and argues that there is no one first cause, but that the universe is made up of atoms, out of whose mutually limiting forces development proceeds, and therefore there is no place for a God. He also says that these atoms contain immortal souls, thus adopting the theories of Liebnitz rather than of Epicurus.

Well, I admit that the theory of a world made up of living atoms, which, when organized into living bodies, supply from their own life the consciousness which these bodies exhibit, may do for a hypothesis. It is certainly an improvement on the old-fashioned Materialism, with its impassable gulf between unconscious and conscious matter. But as an attempt to explain everything, it does not seem to me to be any more of a success than the ten thousand other metaphysical systems which aim at the same impracticable result.

Where did the atoms come from in the first place? If they hav already existed forever, how much longer than forever will they hav existed to-morrow? How can the life-principles of millions of indivisible atoms be fused into one, as it is in my own conscious life? To these and millions of equally natural questions no answer is possible. Plainly, then, the "monadology" of Liebnitz, which Mr. Noe has adopted, does not explain the universe. Moreover, nothing can explain it. To explain is to class, to exhibit what appeared to be an exception as a case of some general rule. This is possible only with something finite. But the universe is infinit, or at least indefinit in extent; and not only this, but without any natural lines of division. When we take up any class of phenomena, as Liebnitz does, even in his theory, we make an arbitrary beginning. Behind that beginning lies an unexplained, indefinit mystery. "Mystery of godliness," Mr. Noe says, sarcastically; but it is the boundless depth of being in which our little sight surrounds us with so very small a radius of knowledge, worthy to be mentioned with contempt?

I hope I am the last man to disparage the glorious results of science, or the severe exactness of the scientific method. I wish to all the gods it were more generally and thoroughly understood, especially by Freethinkers. But even when it has made "earth paradise and hell a fable," we shall still, I say, know far less of the universe than one animalcule knows about the sea. Imagin an animalcule proclaiming that he knows all there is to know about the ocean; has a theory which explains its existence and all its properties, and in particular refutes entirely those animalcules who, though not superstitious enough to believe that it was made by the Gulf-stream or the trade winds, are not "entirely free" from the [illegible] sion that there may be in it some "intelligence [illegible] and beyond" that of an animalcule. How [illegible] more worthy of imitation the example of New[illegible] who said of his great generalization which flatterers said explained all nature, "I feel myself like a child picking up shells upon the sea-shore. The great ocean of truth lies unexplored before me."

It lies just as much unexplored before us; though already we hav advanced far enough beyond Newton for the dullest scholar to see that his modesty was in no way excessiv. I do not envy the state of mind which sees in the boundless, inaccessible truth nothing but a subject for either ridicule or defiance. The Agnostic is neither forced to the belief in a personal God who made the universe out of nothing, nor can he declare his independence of the "unknown and unknowable." The more he breaks away from every form of worship which claims to represent the great Supreme, the more he finds that there is such a mysterious power, and that he does "lean upon" it, and cannot even imagin himself existing without it. One reason why modern Freethought does not spread faster is that the absence of cordial recognition for the religious instinct repels the masses who are conscious of such a feeling in themselvs. This is an inevitable inconvenience, doubtless, but a very great one. Spiritualism spreads faster than pure Agnosticism, because Spiritualism givs room for the exercise of the religious faculty. Preferring Agnosticism, because it asserts nothing but what can be proved true, I must yet regret that it presents no immediate adequate satisfaction for the minds of those who not only agree with me in admiring to enthusiasm that in which we liv, and move, and hav our being, but cannot be content, as I can, without a theory and a form to match their instinct of devotion. I must, therefore, very strongly press its claims against anything which assumes to go still further, and assures us that there is nothing to admire, nothing to reverence, nothing to sympathize with, except man, whom perhaps (though willing to help him) we hav not found very admirable, reverend, or sympathetic; but, on the contrary, a good deal of a dunce, very much of a rogue, and at his best an ignoramus. Mr. Noe proposes that we "increase the divine within." I should like to know how, except by getting into *rapport* with the divine in nature. But why follow up an opponent who yields the point? If he admits a "divine" either within or without, Mr. Noe is clearly not an Atheist "in the full sense of the word." C. L. JAMES.

Eau Claire, Wis.

Several Things.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Geo. Chainey, in his "Liberal Press" lecture, says: "Cover a fault with silence rather than bring it to the light of publicity. I hold in measureless scorn the practice of hunting down and blazoning to the world all the crimes of the clergy." To this may be added the adage, "He who stops to kick a barking cur but delays his own progress." But so long as the Christian world seeks every available opportunity to injure, belie, and misrepresent the Liberal cause, it seems necessary to resort to their own mode of warfare in the contest. A wise man, when asked with what to reward unkindness, replied, "Reward kindness with kindness, but unkindness with equity." To conceal our opponents' faults, to silently submit to vituperations, slanderous detractions, and defamations is not an equitable reward. Had we only to deal with the cultured, the thoughtful, the fair-minded, instead of the class who hav ever contended it is right to deceive and falsify for Christ's sake and the orthodox cause, we would need only to address ourselvs to the reason, the intellect. Alas! humanity, as found to exist, has not yet evoluted from animal traits sufficiently to appreciate or reciprocate the return of good for evil. Consider the unfairness of even the jurist, Judge Black! If such unfairnesss comes from the best minds of the opposing faction, what are we to expect from the worst? Pistol balls in lieu of fagots! Judge Black saw himself powerless to answer Col. Ingersoll's masterly arguments, hence he sought retreat through detraction of his antagonist's abilities —"his mental peculiarities, his habits of shallow thinking, and rash talking," etc. First, he "excoriates the *great* Infidel!" Greatness, shallowness, and rashness are not usually associates. Not only Col. Ingersoll, but his compeers, Geo. Chainey and B. F. Underwood—whose eloquent and telling discourses are barbed with keen truth, and carry conviction to every thoughtful mind—are called "wild, loose, senseless, illogical, blasphemous," by the clergy and their Christian followers, who thus confess their inability to meet them by fair argument. Hence we may be compelled to resort to our opponents' tactics; expose their faults and immoralities; prove that they are in all things human; not exempt from crime, wantonness, and passion ungoverned; that they are deceitful; that they resort to any subterfuge to carry their point, to sustain their creed, and to uphold their superstitions! Yes, there is still need to pause to kick these barking curs. One feels better for having formed his duty, however disagreeable it may hav Me this duty and its discharge were never better hi d than in the life of D. M. Bennett. For f he was compelled to parry with these brig, but now he has left them like so many slain wolves along his triumphant course. Abroad he is received with distinguished honors, and his pen glowingly depicts foreign scenes and life, as around the world he goes.

Ah, what humiliation, what a rankling thorn in the great, proud, and tyrannical church's side, is this triumph of Liberalism! Our valiant leader, high up on fame's ladder, commands an outlook of the world.

I like Mr. Chainey's idea of cartooning Bible scenes of a miraculous nature, as well as some not so miraculous. This is a fine keynote; let it be sounded. Who shall be the Nast to immortalize his crayon?

Mr. Allen Noe's article on "God or No God?" is apropos. The quotation from Humboldt seems a truism—"Natural law, or the inherent forces of nature, brought us here, holds us here, and will take us hence; we must all succumb to the inherent forces of nature." We are not only here, from no willing of our own, but mentally and physically are predestined, antenatal conditions having molded us inexorably, or, as Lizzie Doten has beautifully and poetically voiced it:

> "Out of earth's elements mingled with flame,
> Out of life's compound of glory and shame,
> Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
> And helplessly into life's history thrown;
> Born by the law that compels men to be,
> Born to conditions they could not foresee,
> Born by one law, through all nature the same—
> *What* made them to differ, and who is to blame?"

Parenthetically I would say, Let us extend the warm hand of fellowship to the Institute of Heredity. To the article of Samuel P. Putnam, on Heredity, in your issue of Dec. 24th, I say "Amen!" The question of heredity is one of paramount importance. We must begin at the fountain-head of life to purify and call forth living streams.

One word about the God idea. Under "Gems of Thought" we see "Deity," "the being who directs," "God requires not men," etc., quotations given as gems. In one of these Paley "saw deity more clearly in the pleasures of a young child than in anything else in the world." Had he sought out the watchful mother, the source of the child's happiness and pleasures, his God would hav been lost in her. A neglected, sorrowing, hungry, filthy child is a fair representation of a God in the skies. His "finger of a God and the disposition which directs it" in the child's happiness, is all found to proceed from the loving, true mother.

In the *Investigator* I see a notice that H. L. Green is campaigning for the New York State Freethinkers' Convention of August next. Let us each now decide to be in attendance—work for that end—going not alone, but having our twelve disciples with us, each bearing his mite of interest to aid in giving life, zest, and enthusiasm to the convention. When I told friends what a soul-refreshing, joyous, jolly time we had last year, they said, "I should hav gone, but supposed it would be lonely, not knowing any one there." This idea must be put to flight; the social feature must become prominent if you would hav these conventions a success. The social and intellectual must be blended; the one stimulates and calls into action the other. The more grandly human, the greater our love, our sympathy. To be esteemed by the estimable is a most excellent standard to which to aspire. To these conventions come our leaders and best lay members. Let us come together to know each other, and to win respect, honor, and love. Let us go prepared to add something of interest—some item, a poem, or a greeting to a distant laborer who has come up to share in the baptism. Our cause is that of humanity, fraternity is our bond of union; enfranchisement from creeds, ostracisms, and imprisonments the incentiv to our labors; to oppose wrong and uphold right is my life dedicated.

Elkland, Pa. GRACE L. PARKHURST.

Some Inquiries by Mr. King.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I should like to ask Mr. Wakeman a few questions. In his lecture on Biology he asserts that the chemists and Materialists are off the track in attempting to find life in the properties of matter. He says: "Life is a property of protoplasm as a mass, and only after it is formed, and not at all of its chemical or physical components, before they combine and extinguish each other in making this wonderful substance. Much less is there proof that life exists in any other of the sixty-seven or more chemical elements which make up the material world, and which are not even protoplasm at all."

Now, I shall not deny that this organic germ (if there is such a thing—and I don't dispute that either) is the beginning of vital organic life and intelligence. But how does Mr. Wakeman know this? Has he witnessed the hatching of a living organized creature from one of these wonderful germs, like the hatching of a bird from an egg? And how does he know that the sixty-seven elements do not generate living vital organisms under favorable conditions? It does not seem any more wonderful that these elements should generate a living organic structure, than that they should generate this wonderful germ called protoplasm, provided the elements do generate it. If these six elements—namely, nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur—unite chemically, in certain proportions, to form this protoplasm, is not that virtually the same as spontaneous generation?

Mr. Wakeman says that "the bridge between the two worlds—the world of inorganic matter, and the world of vital organisms, so exceedingly different—is protoplasm, which is the physical basis of life, and the one peculiar substance of which all living things are formed." But he fails to make it clear how this substance is formed. He condemns the Materialistic view *in toto*, for he says, "Prof. Tyndall's expression about finding the promis and potency of life in atoms of matter other than protoplasm is entirely misleading. Life is not in matter," he says; "it is the action and reaction of protoplasmic bodies, and in them only is it found." If life is not in matter, it certainly is not out of it, for where there is no matter there is no life. Life itself, of course, is not matter, any more than sound; but wherever life is, there is an organized structure of matter. We might as well say strength is not in the horse or ox, as to say life is not in matter. Some scientists contend that all matter is alive; and no fact is more evident than that where life is manifested there is always a material organization of the elements. To assert that life is not in matter, is worthy of a genuin orthodox Christian, dyed in the wool. If life is not in the organisms of matter, it must be hovering around them, like iron-filings around the point a magnet.

Mr. Wakeman leaves us in the dark with regard to the origin of protoplasm. He seems decidedly to reject the views of Materialists, that all life and intelligence is the effect of the action of chemical forces and combinations of the atoms of matter. Now, do the action and reaction of the atoms of matter form protoplasm, or any other living organisms? Materialism says, Yes.

Now protoplasm is either formed this way, or is not. If not, how, then, is it formed? Is it eternal, coequal with matter, or is it created by an infinit, unbounded power by special acts? These questions are the real point in dispute. Mr. Wakeman says the Materialists are off the track. They will probably return the compliment by telling him that it is he himself who is off; at least, with only one foot on, and the other neither off nor on.

The Materialists are doubtless often mistaken in their views and opinions with regard to the unknowable and unprovable, for they are but men and women, and as such are fallible.

Mr. Wakeman should be a little cautious how he throws out his dogmatic opinions and speculations, with such a confidential air, as if they were demonstrated facts; for he should remember that it is a mighty easy matter to be mistaken. Mr. Wakeman is undoubtedly a deep, logical reasoner, and a splendid debater; and, being a young man, I believe, will improve with age.

I shall ever remember gratefully the able and noble manner in which he maintained his ground against the giant intellect of Col. Ingersoll in that memorable encounter at the Liberal League convention. J. M. KING.

Bart, Pa., Jan. 12, 1882.

Another of Talmage's Lies Nailed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a late remark by Mr. Talmage upon "Impure Literature," after accusing Col. Ingersoll of a desire to break down every barrier to its circulation, he says: "No wonder the mayor of Toronto, when Col. Ingersoll applied to him for the use of a hall, replied 'No, sir; you may hav no God in the United States, but we hav one in Canada, and you cannot stand up here and defame him.'" During the summer of 1880 Mr. Anthony Comstock gave a lecture in this place, in the course of which, after making the usual accusations against Mr. Ingersoll, he told the same story of the colonel and the mayor of Toronto.

Wishing to know the truth of the matter, I wrote to his honor the mayor, asking if there was any truth in the statement. The following is a copy of his reply:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT., Aug. 30, 1880.

Your letter received as to the question about Col. Ingersoll's application for a hall in this city to lecture in, and my reply thereto. As no application was ever made, to my knowledge, I could not hav given any answer. At all events, I never made the answer mentioned in your letter of the 26th of August.

Yours truly, JAMES BEATY, JR.

This, I think, spoils that little story.

Plattsburgh, Jan. 2, 1882. W. L. WEVER.

THE Sydney (Australia) *Bulletin* says:

"There can be no doubt that the two most notable visitors to the colonies during the past year are Mr. Proctor and Prof. Denton. What we owe to the one in the matter of astronomical science, we are indebted to the other in respect of geological science. The two men hav, by their capable and lucid treatment of hard facts, given an incentiv to study in the direction indicated that was certainly never previously experienced here, and never expected. The popular style in which Prof. givs in his "Story of the Earth," the revelations of geological research, has had the effect of awakening inquiry as to the natural history of our own continent. In Victoria and in this colony his lectures hav been largely attended, and it is satisfactory to find that from a financial, as well as a scientific point of view, the professor's visit to Australia is not without good results."

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

Col. Ingersoll and the Rev. Mr. Talmage.

Col. Ingersoll is continually besought by ministers throughout the country to engage in a controversy with them upon the subject of the Christian religion. Col. Ingersoll has never refused to enter into a controversy where the person desiring to so engage is of sufficient importance to make him worth answering. Recently Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, announced that he would begin a series of sermons directed especially against the doctrin of Freethought taught by Col. Ingersoll. This sermon has been widely circulated. The *Times* correspondent, yesterday, called upon Col. Ingersoll and asked him if he would reply to Mr. Talmage through the *Times*. This he consented to do. His reply as made has been carefully revised, and, as written, represents one of the best of the later productions of the colonel. It is one of his most extended efforts since his last appearance in the *North American Review*, which excited so much attention. As he has practically left the lecture platform for some time, on account of large business interests in other fields, what he has to say will be read with special interest on account of the rarity of his utterances to the public. He was first asked:

Question: Hav you read the sermon of Mr. Talmage, in which he exposes your misrepresentations? Answer: I hav read such reports as appeared in some of the New York papers.

Q. What do you think of what he has to say? A. Some time ago I gave it as my opinion of Mr. Talmage that, while he was a man of most excellent judgment, he was somewhat deficient in imagination. I find that he has the disease that seems to afflict most theologians, and that is a kind of intellectual toadyism that uses the names of supposed great men instead of arguments. It is perfectly astonishing to the average preacher that any one should hav the temerity to differ, on the subject of theology, from Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and other gentlemen eminent for piety during their lives, but who, as a rule, expressed their theological opinions a few minutes before dissolution. These ministers are perfectly delighted to hav some great politician, some judge, soldier, or president certify to the truth of the Bible and to the moral character of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Talmage insists that if a witness is false in one particular, his entire testimony must be thrown away. Daniel Webster was in favor of the fugitiv slave law, and thought it the duty of the North to capture the poor slave mother. He was willing to stand between a human being and his freedom. He was willing to assist in compelling persons to work without any pay except such marks of the lash as they might receive. Yet this man is brought forward as a witness for the truth of the gospel. If he was false in his testimony as to liberty, what is his affidavit worth as to the value of Christianity? Andrew Jackson was a brave man, a good general, a patriot second to none, an excellent judge of horses, and a brave duelist. I admit that in his old age he relied considerably upon the atonement. I think Jackson was really a very great man, and probably no president impressed himself more deeply upon the American people than the hero of New Orleans; but as a theologian he was, in my judgment, a most decided failure, and his opinion as to the authenticity of the scriptures is of no earthly value. It was a subject upon which he knew probably as little as Mr. Talmage does about modern Infidelity. Thousands of people will quote Jackson in favor of religion, about which he knew nothing, and yet hav no confidence in his political opinions, although he devoted the best part of his life to politics.

No man should quote the words of another in place of an argument, unless he is willing to accept all the opinions of that man. Lord Bacon denied the Copernican system of astronomy, and, according to Mr. Talmage, having made that mistake, his opinions upon other subjects are utterly worthless. Mr. Wesley believed in ghosts, witches, and personal devils, yet upon many subjects I hav no doubt his opinions were correct. The truth is that nearly everybody is right about some things, and wrong about most things; and if a man's testimony is not to be taken until he is right on every subject, witnesses will be extremely scarce.

Personally, I care nothing about names. It makes no difference to me what the supposed great men of the past hav said, except as what they hav said contains an argument, and that argument is worth to me the force it naturally has upon my mind. Christians forget that in the realm of reason there are no serfs and no monarchs. When you submit to an argument, you do not submit to the man who made it. Christianity demands a certain obedience, a certain blind, unreasoning faith, and parades before the eyes of the ignorant with great pomp and pride the names of kings, soldiers, and statesmen who hav admitted the truth of the Bible. Mr. Talmage introduces as a witness the Rev. Theodore Parker. This same Theodore Parker denounced the Presbyterian creed as the most infamous of all creeds, and said that the worst heathen god, wearing a necklace of live snakes, was a representation of mercy when compared with the God of John Calvin. Now, if this witness is false in any particular, of course he cannot be believed, according to Mr. Talmage, upon any subject, and yet Mr. Talmage introduces him upon the stand as a good witness.

Although I care but little for names, still I will suggest that, in all probability, Humboldt knew more upon this subject than all the pastors in the world. I certainly would hav as much confidence in the opinion of Goethe as in that of William H. Seward, and as between Seward and Lincoln, I should take Lincoln; and when you come to presidents, for my part, if I were compelled to pin my faith on the sleeve of anybody, I should take Jefferson's coat in preference to Jackson's. I believe that Haeckel is, to say the least, the equal of any theologian we hav in this country, and the late John W. Draper certainly knew as much upon these great questions as the average parson. I believe that Darwin has investigated some of these things, that Tyndall and Huxley hav turned their minds somewhat in the same direction, that Helmholtz has a few opinions, and that, in fact, thousands of able, intelligent, and honest men differ almost entirely from Webster and Jackson.

So far as I am concerned, I think more of reasons than of reputations, more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of names, more of facts than of faiths.

It is the same with books as with persons. Probably there is not a book in the world entirely destitute of truth, and one not entirely exempt from error. The Bible is like other books. There are mistakes in it, side by side with truths—passages inculcating murder and mercy—laws devilish and tyrannical, and others filled with wisdom and justice. It is foolish to say that if you accept a part you must accept the whole. You must accept that which commends itself to your heart and brain. There never was a doctrin that a witness or a book should be thrown entirely away because false in one particular. If in any particular the book or the man tells the truth, to that extent the book should be accepted.

Truth is made no worse by the one who tells it, and a lie gets no real benefit from the reputation of its author.

Q. What do you think of the statement that the general belief in your teachings would fill all the penitentiaries, and that in twenty years there would be a hell in this world worse than the one expected in the other? A. My creed is this:

1. Happiness is the only good.

2. The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is happiest who is nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the one who livs in accordance with the conditions of life.

3. The time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here.

4. Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and instead of blowing that out and depending upon darkness and dogma it is far better to increase that sacred light.

5. Every man should be the intellectual proprietor of himself—honest with himself, and intellectually hospitable—and upon every brain reason should be enthroned as king.

6. That every man must bear the consequences at least of his own actions; that if he puts his hands in the fire, *his* hands must smart, and not the hands of another. In other words, that each man must eat the fruit of the tree he plants.

I cannot conceive that the teaching of these doctrins would fill penitentiaries or crowd the gallows. The doctrin of forgivness—the idea that somebody else can suffer in place of the guilty—the notion that just at the last the whole account can be settled—these ideas, doctrins, and notions are calculated to fill penitentiaries. Nothing breeds extravagance like the credit system.

Most criminals of the present day are orthodox believers, and the gallows seems to be the last round of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of this city, in his sermon on the assassination of Garfield, takes the ground that God permitted the murder for the purpose of opening the eyes of the people to the evil effects of Infidelity. According to this minister, God, in order to show his hatred of Infidelity, "inspired," or allowed, one Christian to assassinate another.

Religion and morality do not necessarily go together. Mr. Talmage will insist to-day that morality is not sufficient to save any man from eternal punishment. As a matter of fact, religion has often been the enemy of morality. The moralist has been denounced by the theologians. He sustains the same relation to Christianity that the moderate drinker does to the total-abstinence society. The total-abstinence people say that the example of the moderate drinker is far worse upon the young than that of the drunkard—that the drunkard is a warning, while the moderate drinker is a perpetual temptation. So Christians say of moralists. According to them, the moralist sets a worse example than the criminal. The moralist not only insists that a man can be a good citizen, a kind husband, an affectionate father, without religion, but demonstrates the truth of his doctrin by his own life; whereas the criminal admits that in and of himself he is nothing and can do nothing, but that he needs assistance from the church and its ministers.

The worst of criminals of the modern world hav been Christians—I mean by that, believers in Christianity—and the most monstrous crimes of the modern world hav been committed by the most zealous believers. There is nothing in orthodox religion, apart from the morality it teaches, to prevent the commission of crime. On the other hand, the perpetual proffer of forgivness is a direct premium upon what Christians are pleased to call the commission of sin.

Christianity has produced no greater character than Epicteus, no greater sovereign than Marcus Aurelius. The wickedness of the past was a good deal like that of the present. As a rule, kings hav been wicked in direct proportion to their power—their power having been lessened, their crimes hav decreased. As a matter of fact, paganism of itself did not produce any great men, neither has Christianity. Millions of influences determin individual character, and the religion of the country in which a man happens to be born may determin many of his opinions, without influencing, to any great extent, his real character.

There hav been brave, honest, and intelligent men in and out of every church.

Q. Mr. Talmage says that you insist that, according to the Bible, the universe was made out of nothing, and he denounces your statement as a gross misrepresentation. What hav you stated upon that subject? A. What I said was substantially this: "We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. If this means anything, it means that God produced—caused to exist, called into being—the heaven and the earth. It will not do to say that God formed the heaven and the earth of previously existing matter. Moses conveys, and intended to convey, the idea that the matter of which the heaven and the earth are composed was created."

This has always been my position. I did not suppose that *nothing* was used as the raw material; but if the Mosaic account means anything, it means that whereas there was *nothing*, God caused something to exist—created what we know as matter. I cannot conceive of something being made, created, without anything to make anything with. I hav no more confidence in fiat worlds than I hav in fiat money. Mr. Talmage tells us that God did not make the universe out of *nothing*, but out of "omnipotence." Exactly how God changed "omnipotence" into matter is not stated. If there was *nothing* in the universe, *omnipotence* could do you no good. The weakest man in the world can lift as much *nothing* as God.

Mr. Talmage seems to think that to create something from *nothing* is simply a question of strength, that it requires infinit muscle, that it is only a question of biceps. Of course, omnipotence is an attribute, not an entity, not a raw material; and the idea that something can be made out of omnipotence—using that as the raw material—is infinitly absurd. It would hav been equally logical to say that God made the universe out of his omniscience, or his omnipresence, or his unchangeableness, or out of his honesty, his holiness, or his incapacity to do evil. I confess my utter inability to understand, or even to suspect, what the reverend gentleman means when he says that God created the universe out of his "omnipotence."

I admit that the Bible does not tell *when* God created the universe. It simply said that he did this "in the beginning." We are left, however, to infer that "the beginning" was Monday morning, and that on the first Monday God created the matter in an exceedingly chaotic state; that on Tuesday he made a firmament to divide the waters from the waters; that on Wednesday he gathered the waters together in seas and allowed the dry land to appear. We are also told that on that day "the earth brought forth grass and herb-yielding seed after his kind, and the tree-yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." This was before the creation of the sun, but Mr. Talmage takes the ground that there are many other sources of light; that there may hav been volcanoes in activ operation on other planets. I hav my doubts, however, about the light of volcanoes being sufficient to produce or sustain vegetable life, and think it a little doubtful about trees growing only by volcanic glare. Neither do I think one could depend upon "three thousand miles of liquid granit" for the production of grass and trees, nor upon light that rocks might emit in the process of crystallization. I doubt whether trees would

succeed simply with the assistance of the "aurora borealis or the aurora Australis." There are other sources of light, not mentioned by Mr. Talmage—lightning-bugs, phosphorescent beetles, and fox-fire. I should think that it would be humiliating, in this age, for an orthodox preacher to insist that vegetation could exist upon this planet without the light of the sun; that trees could grow, blossom, and bear fruit, having no light but the flame of volcanoes, or that emitted by liquid granit or thrown off by the crystallization of rocks.

There is another thing, also, that should not be forgotten, and that is, that there is an even balance forever kept between the totals of animal and vegetable life; that certain forms of animal life go with certain forms of vegetable life. Mr. Haeckel has shown that "in the first epoch, algæ and skulless vertebrates were found together; in the second, ferns and fishes; in the third, pines and reptils; in the fourth, foliaceous forests and mammals." Vegetable and animal life sustain a necessary relation; they exist together; they act and interact, and each depends upon the other. The real point of difference between Mr. Talmage and myself is this: He says that God made the universe out of his "omnipotence," and I say that, although I *know* nothing whatever upon the subject, my opinion is that the universe has existed from eternity; that it continually changes in form, but that it never was created nor called into being by any power. I think that all that is is all the God there is.

Q. Mr. Talmage charges you with having misrepresented the Bible story of the deluge. Has he correctly stated your position? A. Mr. Talmage takes the ground that the flood was only partial, and was, after all, not much of a flood. The Bible tells us that God said he would "destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven, and that everything that is in the earth shall die;" that God also said, "I will destroy man whom I hav created from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air, and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth."

I did not suppose that there was any miracle in the Bible larger than the credulity of Mr. Talmage. The flood story, however, seems to be a little more than he can bear. He is like the witness who stated that he had read "Gulliver's Travels," the stories of Munchausen, and the "Flying Wife," including "Robinson Crusoe," and believed them all; but that Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" was a little more than he could stand.

It is strange that a man who believes that God created the universe out of omnipotence should believe that he had not enough omnipotence left to drown a world the size of this. Mr. Talmage seeks to make the story of the flood reasonable. The moment it is reasonable it ceases to be miraculous. Certainly God cannot afford to reward with eternal joy a man for believing a reasonable story. Faith is only necessary when the story is unreasonable, and if the flood only gets small enough I can believe it myself. I ask for evidence, and Mr. Talmage seeks to make the story so little that it can be believed without evidence. He tells us that it was a kind of "local option" flood—a litle wet for that part of the country.

Why was it necessary to save the birds? They certainly could have gotten out of the way of a real small flood. Of the birds, Noah took fourteen of of each species. He was commanded to take of the fowls of the air by sevens—seven of each sex—and, as there are at least 12,500 species, Noah collected an average of about 175,000 birds, provided the flood was general. If it was local, there are no means of determining the number. But why, if the flood was local, should he hav taken any of the fowls of the air into his ark? All they had to do was to fly away, or "roost high;" and it would hav been just as easy for God to hav implanted in them, for the moment, the instinct of getting out of the way as the instinct of hunting the ark. It would hav been quite a saving of room and provisions, and would hav materially lessened the labor and anxiety of Noah and his sons.

Besides, if it had been a partial flood, and high enough to cover the highest mountains in that country, the highest mountain being about seventeen thousand feet, the flood would hav been covered with a sheet of ice several thousand feet in thickness. If a column of water could be thrown seventeen thousand feet high and kept stationary, several thousand feet of the upper end would freeze. If, however, the deluge was general, then the atmosphere would be forced out the same on all sides, and the climate remain substantially normal.

Nothing could be more absurd than to attempt to explain the flood by calling it partial.

Mr. Talmage also says that the window ran clear round the ark, and that if I had only known as much Hebrew as a man can put on his little finger I would hav known that the window went clear round. To this I reply that, if his position is correct, then the original translators of King James's edition did not know as much Hebrew as they could hav put on their little fingers; and yet I am obliged to believe their translation or be eternally damned. If the window went clear round, the inspired writer should hav said so, and the learned translators should hav given us the truth. No one pretends that there was more than one door, and yet the same language is used about the door, except this—that the exact size of the window is given, and the only peculiarity mentioned as to the door is that it shut from the outside. For any one to see that Mr. Talmage is wrong on the window question, it is only necessary to read the story of the deluge.

Mr Talmage also endeavors to decrease the depth of the flood. If the flood did not cover the highest hills, many people might hav been saved. He also insists that all the water did not come from the rains, but that "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." What are "the fountains of the great deep?" How would their being "broken up" increase the depth of the water? He seems to imagin that these "fountains" were in some way imprisoned—anxious to get to the surface, and that at that time an opportunity was given for water to run uphill, or in some mysterious way to rise above its level. According to the account the ark was at the mercy of the waves for at least seven months. If this flood was only partial it seems a little curious that the water did not seek its level in less than seven months. With anything like a fair chance by that time most of it should hav found its way to the sea again.

There is in the literature of ignorance no more perfectly absurd and cruel story than the account of the deluge.

I am very sorry that Mr. Talmage should disagree with some of the great commentators. Dr. Scott tells us that, in all probability, the angels assisted in getting the animals into the ark. Dr. Henry insists that the waters in the bowels of the earth, at God's command, sprung up and flooded the earth. Dr. Clark tells us that it would hav been much easier for God to hav destroyed all the people and made some new ones, but that he did not want to waste anything. Dr. Henry also tells us that the lions while in the ark ate straw like oxen. Nothing could be more amusing than to see a few lions dining heartily off of straw. This commentator assures us that the waters rose so high that the loftiest mountains were overflowed fifteen cubits, so that salvation was not hoped for from any hills or mountains. He tells us that some of the people got on top of the ark, and hoped to shift for themselvs, but that in all probability they were washed off by the rain. When we consider that the rain must hav fallen at the rate of about eight hundred feet a day, I am inclined to think that they were washed off.

Mr. Talmage has clearly misrepresented the Bible. He is not prepared to believe the story as it is told. The seeds of Infidelity seem to be germinating in his mind. His position no doubt will be a great relief to most of his hearers. After this, their credulity will not be strained. They can say that there was probably quite a stormsome rain, to an extent that rendered it necessary for Noah and his family—his dogs, cats, and chickens—to get in a boat. This would not be unreasonable. The same thing happens almost every year on the shores of great rivers, and consequently the story of the flood is an exceedingly reasonable one.

Mr. Talmage also endeavors to account for the miraculous collection of the animals in the ark from the universal instinct to get out of the rain. There are at least two objections to this: 1. The animals went into the ark before the rain commenced; 2. I hav never noticed any great desire on the part of ducks, geese, and loons to get out of the water. Mr. Talmage must hav been misled by a line from an old nursery book that says, "And the little fishes got under the bridge to keep out of the rain." He tells us that Noah described what he saw. He is the first theologian who claims that Genesis was written by Noah, or that Noah wrote any account of the flood. Most Christians insist that the account of the flood was written by Moses, aud that he was inspired to write it. Of course, it will not do for me to say that Mr. Talmage has misrepresented the facts.

Q. You are also charged with misrepresentation in your statement as to where the ark at last rested. It is claimed by Mr. Talmage that there is nothing in the Bible to show that the ark rested on the highest mountains. A. Of course I hav no knowledge as to where the ark really came to anchor, but after it struck bottom we are told that a dove was sent out, and that the dove found no place whereon to rest her foot. If the ark touched ground in the low country, surely the mountains were out of water, and an ordinary mountain furnishes, as a rule, space enough for a dove's foot. We must infer that the ark rested on the only land then above water, or near enough above water to strike the keel of Noah's boat. Mount Ararat is about seventeen thousand feet high; and so I take it that the top of that mountain was where Noah ran aground—otherwise, the account means nothing.

Here Mr. Talmage again shows his tendency to belittle the miracles of the Bible. I am astonished that he should doubt the power of God to keep the ark on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high. He could hav changed the climate for that occasion. He could hav made all the rocks and glaciers produce wheat and corn in abundance. Certainly God, who could overwhelm a world with a flood, had the power to change every law and fact in nature.

I am surprised that Mr. Talmage is not willing to believe the story as it is told. What right has he to question the statements of an inspired writer? Why should he set up his judgment against the Websters and Jacksons? Is it not infinitly impudent in him to contrast his penny dip with the sun of inspiration? What right has he to any opinion upon the subject? He must take the Bible as it reads. He should remember that the greater the miracle the greater should be his faith.

Q. You do not seem to hav any great opinion of the chemical, geological, and agricultural views expressed by Mr. Talmage? A. You must remember that Mr. Talmage has a certain thing to defend. He takes the Bible as actually true, and with the Bible as his standard, he compares and measures all sciences. He does not study geology to find whether the Mosaic account is true, but he reads the Mosaic account for the purpose of showing that geology cannot be depended upon. His idea that one day was a thousand with God, and that therefore the "days" mentioned in the Mosaic account are not days of twenty-four hours, but long periods, is contradicted by the Bible itself. The great reason given for keeping the Sabbath day is that "God rested on the seventh day and was refreshed." Now, it does not say that he rested on the "seventh period," or the "seventh good while," or the "seventh long time," but on the "seventh day." In imitation of this example we are also to rest, not on the seventh good while, but on the seventh day. Nothing delights the average minister more than to find that a passage of scripture is capable of several interpretations. Nothing in the inspired book is so dangerous as accuracy. If the holy writer uses general terms an ingenious theologian can harmonize a seemingly preposterous statement with the most obdurate fact. An "inspired" book should contain neither statistics nor dates, as few names as possible, and not one word about geology or astronomy. Mr. Talmage is doing the best he can to uphold the tables of the Jews. They are the foundation of his faith. He believes in the water of the past and the fire of the future—in the God of flood and flame—the eternal torturer of his helpless children.

TALMAGE, as our readers know, has devoted his last few Sundays to "answering" Col. Ingersoll. A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* had an interview with Col. Ingersoll last week, during which the Colonel paid his respects to the Brooklyn preacher. He uses him up completely. A factitious importance is given Talmage from the fact that his sermons are widely reported (perhaps as curiosities of Christian literature), and we surrender our editorial pages to Mr. Ingersoll, knowing our readers will keenly appreciate his reply.

Book Notice.

THE BRAIN AND THE BIBLE; or, the Conflict between Mental Science and Theology. By Edgar C. Beall. With a preface by R. G. Ingersoll. (See advertisment on last page.)

If Col. Ingersoll's name were not signed at the end of the preface we should think he had written the whole work. The author has adopted Feuerbach's sentiment, that "the purpose of my writing is to make men anthropologians instead of theologians; man-lovers instead of god-lovers; students of this world instead of candidates for the next; self-reliant citizens of the earth instead of subservient and wily ministers of a celestial and terrestrial monarchy" and throughout the book the author's love of humanity is conspicuous. The object is to render the principles of virtue more secure and to purify and intensify the religious nature of man by directing it to its legitimate objects of flesh and blood. After the preface by Col. Ingersoll the bock contains the Author's Preface and Introduction and chapters upon "The Pilot of the Passions," "The Fall of Man," "Change of Heart," "The Plan of Salvation," "Is Nature Self-existent?" "The Design Argument," "Joseph Cook's Scientific Theism," "The Correlation Argument," "The Logic of Jesuitism," "Popular Objections to Infidelity," "Our Substitute for Christianity."

Mr. Beall is a practical phrenologist, and his book is "Phrenology *vs.* Orthodoxy." He has few peers, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in the science, and he is indorsed by the highest phrenological authorities. The book is as interesting as Ingersoll's "Gods," which is the highest encomium we can pass upon it. It should be read by every Freethinker and student.

IF in the conflagration which burned his office last Tuesday morning, and from which he himself so narrowly escaped, Irenæus Prime sees a dispensation of providence, we shall not quarrel with him. In reviewing his past misdeeds, if he fail to find one which would seem to justify this visitation by fire so near the birthday of Thomas Paine, we would refer him to the editorial pages of the *Observer* for the months of September, October, and November, 1877.

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 70.

795. The sacrament of the Eucharist, or the Lord's Supper, was not first practiced by Christians. The pagans had it long before them.

796. Anointing with holy oil is not a Christian ceremony. It was assuredly borrowed from the pagans.

797. A belief in a day of judgment was not first entertained by Christians. The Persians, the Egyptians, and even the Grecians, taught it at a much earlier date.

798. A belief in the resurrection of the dead is not Christian in its origin. All pagan nations believed in it.

799. Religious fasting was by no means first practised by Christians. It was common in all pagan religions.

800. The power to forgive sin was not first promulgated by Christians. Pagans were hundreds of years before them in this.

801. A belief in bibles and sacred writings by no means first existed with Christians, nor even with Jews. The Hindoos much earlier had their sacred scriptures, and so had the Persians, the Egyptians, and other pagan nations.

802. Prayer to the gods and celestial dignitaries did not originate with Christianity. Every nation in paganism exercised it and enjoined it.

803. The doctrine of a second birth did not originate with Christianity. Some of the pagan nations believed in it.

804. Repentance and humility were not first taught by Jesus. Zoroaster, Chrishna, Buddha, Confucius, and others taught it long before him.

805. Love to God and love to human beings was very far from being first taught by Jesus. Every ancient sage and philosopher strongly inculcated it.

806. The Golden Rule was not first taught by Jesus. The same sentiments were earlier inculcated by Buddha, Pythagoras, Confucius, Thales, Bias, Socrates, Pittacus, Plato, Hillel, and others.

807. Monasteries and monks did not originate in Christianity.

808. Christianity was not the first religion to have priests and holy men to commune with the gods. Every ancient pagan religion had its priests.

809. The surplice, the cope, the dalmatica, and all else of the toggery of priests did not originate in Christianity, but were all borrowed from the pagans.

810. I don't believe that the God of Judaism and Christianity had much invention, if he could not devise some new rites, sacraments, ceremonies, and dogmas, but he was compelled to make up his new system wholly from the worn-out and dilapidated shreds and patches of the older pagan systems which had been in existence for many centuries.

811. I do not believe, however, that Christianity found any model in the pre-existing systems of religion for the bitter and deadly persecutions which she has mercilessly dealt out to those within her power who presumed to entertain views and opinions not in keeping with her own demands and unlike the standard which she has elevated for all to approach and yield submission to. In persecution she has been original. She has in none of the religions which preceded her found any warrant or example for the lives she has taken and the blood she has spilt. In this she transcends all other systems.

812. I cannot see, despite all that is claimed for them, that the teachings of Jesus excel in sound morals and love for humanity the teachings of many of the old sages and reformers who lived long before him. They do not appear more excellent than the inculcations of many of the old philosophers and teachers. Menu, a thousand years before him, said: "Endure injuries and despise no one. Commit no hostile act even for your own preservation." Christna taught: "He who can bear up against the violence produced by lust and anger in this life is properly employed and a happy man." Buddha said: "Let a man overcome anger with love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality; the liar by the truth. Not to commit any sin, to do good and purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the awakened." Confucius: "Do unto another what you would have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do unto you. Desire not the death of thine enemy. Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them. To subdue one's self and return to virtue, to propriety, is perfect virtue." Thales said: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing. Cultivate friendship for an enemy. Be kind to your friends that they may continue so, and to thine enemies that they may become so. Prevent injuries if possible; if not, do not revenge them. Be to everybody kind and friendly. Speak evil of no one, not even thine enemies." Pythagoras taught: "Every man ought to speak and act with such integrity that no one would have reason to doubt his simple affirmation. It is impossible he can be free who is a slave to his passions. To revenge yourself upon your enemy make him your friend." Bias thus instructed: "It is a proof of a weak and disordered mind to desire impossibilities. The greatest felicity is to be able to endure misfortunes patiently. Great minds alone can support a sudden reverse of fortune. The most pleasant state is to be always gaining. Be not unmindful of the miseries of others. If you are handsome do handsome things; if deformed, supply the defects of nature by your virtues. Be slow in undertaking, but resolute in executing. Praise not a worthless man for the sake of his wealth. Do all the good you can, and whatever good you do, ascribe the glory to the gods. Lay in wisdom as the store of your journey from youth to old age, for it is the most certain possession." Pittacus said: "Do not to your neighbor that which you would take ill from him." Socrates enjoined: "Return not an injury if you have received one. Return not evil for evil." Plato inculcated: "The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not yield to the illusion that his roguery is cleverness. For men glory in their shame; they fancy they hear others say of them, 'These are not mere good-for-nothing persons, burdens on the earth, but such as men should be who mean to dwell safely in a state.' There are two patterns set before them in nature, the one blessed and divine, the other godless and wretched. Honor is a divine good, and no evil thing is honorable. The perfectly just man is he who loves justice for its own sake, not for the honors and advantages that attend, and is willing to pass for unjust while he practices the most exact justice, and will not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but will continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right." Sextus enjoined: "What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be ye also to them. Endure all things if ye would serve the gods." Aristotle wrote: "We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them act toward us." Aristippus said: "Cherish that reciprocal benevolence which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as for your own." Isocrates taught: "Act toward others as you would have them act toward you." Publius Syrus thus inculcated: "Pardon the offenses of others, but never your own. You can accomplish by kindness what you can not by force. Better overlook an injury than avenge it. It is a kingly spirit to return good deeds for evil ones. Receive an injury rather than do one." The Essenes in their religious instructions taught: "Lay up nothing on earth, but fix your mind solely on heaven. Forsake father, mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands." Hillel said: "Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you." Philo wrote: "It is our first duty to seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness." Cicero taught these most excellent truths: "We are created for the sake of mankind and to be useful to each other. Nature endears man to man. Nothing is more natural to man than kindness. Knowledge seems isolated and barren unless accompanied by love of all men and trust in our common brotherhood. All men are plainly bound together. Duty is always performed when the advantage of mankind is sought. He is a good man who benefits as many people as possible and harms nobody. True philosophers have not neglected the advantage and interests of mankind. Care for other men and serve the common brotherhood. Nothing is so much in accord with nature as utility. The standard of utility is the same as that of morality. Whatever is really useful is virtuous, though it does not at first seem so." Seneca taught these excellent moral precepts: "The grandest of empires is to rule one's self. There is nothing grand that is not also calm. Who has most? He who desires least. Throw away all anxiety about life and make it pleasant. If you hear that others have spoken ill of you, consider whether you have not done the same, and of many people. How much better to heal an injury than to avenge it! I shall take the world as my country. Guard rigorously that social tie which binds man to man and establishes the rights common to the human race. Life is warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths and go through dangerous enterprises are the brave men and leaders in the camp; but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward, safe because despised." Antoninus said: "Be to every one kind and friendly." Marcus Aurelius thus taught: "Be cheerful and not seeking external help, the tranquillity which others give. A man must stand erect and not be kept erect by others. Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to devise anything which needs walls and curtains. If thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy, and there is no man able to prevent this." Much more equally as good of the the teachings of the ancient sages might be cited, but this is deemed sufficient.

813. I do not believe the teachings of Jesus which his followers admire so greatly will compare with the foregoing in sound and practical wisdom and common sense. I will give a few specimens which certainly are not equal to the inculcations of the pagan philosophers.

814. Here is one specimen of Jesus's teaching: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee;" that is to say, if your eye becomes inflamed from any cause, or pains you, gouge it out and throw it away. There is certainly no good sense in such commands. It would be far better to remove the cause of the difficulty, and save the eye.

815. Jesus further said: "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." That is equivalent to saying, If a boil comes upon your hand, or it becomes lame, cut it off and throw it on the dung-pile—most foolish advice to give, and a most foolish injunction to simple followers! It would be infinitely better to care for the boil or the lameness of so important a member and save it for future usefulness. There is nothing in the teachings of the pagan sages a thousandth part as foolish as such talk about cutting off the right hand for any little ailment that might befall it.

816. Again, Jesus said: "Whoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. Whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. If any man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." I count this senseless advice, and far inferior to that given by the pagan teachers. Because a man has been wrongfully smitten is a very foolish reason for his offering another part to also be unjustly smitten. None but a fool would act in that way, and Christians, though many of them might be denominated fools, very rarely keep this commandment of their savior. If a man is unjustly compelled to go a mile it is a very silly remedy for it to repeat the injustice by performing another mile. If also a coat has unjustly been taken from a man there is not the slightest sort of reason in his yielding up his cloak to the same unjust man. It is simply paying a premium for unjust deeds and courting their repetition. If there is any sense in a man's parting with his coat because he has lost his cloak, the same reasoning would cause him to give up his pants, and even his shirt, hat, and boots, and assume the condition Adam and Eve were in when turned from the hand of their maker, and before they ate any apples. If this kind of shedding clothes by command were advisable in warm weather, the advice would be most impracticable when the mercury stands 20 degrees below zero. I am sure that not one of the old pagans ever taught such absurdity.

817. Jesus again said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, etc." Possibly pious Christians may think this sound and sensible teaching, but I do not. It has no sense in it, because it is impossible to follow it. A man cannot possibly love one whom he knows is his deadly enemy, and who is doing all he can to injure him and wrong him. He may treat him civilly in return for his bad conduct, he may even return good deeds for evil ones, but it is impossible for a man to really love his enemy if he knows he is an enemy. He might just as easily love the fire for burning his flesh, or a club that had caused him great pain. It is not in human nature to love that which does us the most deadly injury. It is simply idle to command a man to love his enemy.

818. Again, Jesus enjoined: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This, with man's proneness to faults and mistakes, with his fallible human nature, is just as impossible for him to perform as though the command had been, Be as wise as God; be as powerful as the eternal; be as infinite as the Omnipresent; leave the gross earth and rise in the ether miles above the earth's surface. Such commands would be as absurd as impossible. A finite mortal cannot be expected to equal infinity in anything, and it is not wise to require it. No wise ruler will require of his subjects what is impossible for them to perform.

The Next New York Freethinkers' Convention.

As the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will remember, the late Freethinkers' Convention, held at Hornellsville, N. Y., adjourned to meet next year at Watkins Glen; and in accordance therewith it will be held there for five days, commencing Aug. 16th, and the association will probably, as heretofore, invite the Freethinkers of the United States and Canada to meet with them, and thus make it really a National Convention.

And thus early I desire to call the attention of the Freethinkers of the nation and of Canada to the fact that it is very desirable that the coming convention be one of the largest and most important ever held.

Watkins Glen is one of the most pleasant and attractiv summer resorts in this country. Its natural and picturesque scenery is nowhere surpassed. Thousands flock there every year from all parts of the world to witness it, and it will well repay, of itself, a long journey to view it. The hotels and boarding-houses of Watkins are numerous, large, and well kept, and the proprietors will very greatly reduce their rates for all who attend the convention. And I am assured by some of the general passenger agents of the various railroads that lead to Watkins, that if the friends of the convention will make an effort to make the coming convention one of large proportions they will giv us very much lower rates than they hav ever given us before.

So thus early I desire to call upon all the friends of Freethought everywhere to commence making preparations to make the Second Watkins Convention one that shall command the attention of the world.

I was pleased to learn on my late tour through Michigan that many of our leading Freethinkers of that state are making their calculations to attend at Watkins.

As before stated, it is a most pleasant summer resort, and the Freethinkers of wealth in the country, who desire to hav a vacation from business of a week or two during the summer months, should make arrangements to take their vacation at Watkins, and during the time "take in" the great convention.

And now that the "pipe of peace was smoked" at Chicago last fall, and all our contentions were there amicably settled, let every branch of the great Liberal party be represented at Watkins. I hope to see at the convention every Liberal editor in the United States and Canada, and nearly every Liberal speaker. Let the Materialist, the Spiritualist, the Free Religionist, the Liberal Christian, the Shaker, and all others who believe in Freethought, and are willing to be known as Freethinkers, in the broadest and most liberal sense of that word, be there represented. Come one! come all! H. L. GREEN,

Sec. N. Y. S. F. A.

GEORGE C. DARLING, author of "The Bible Balanced," has been visiting Seymour, Ind., recently.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

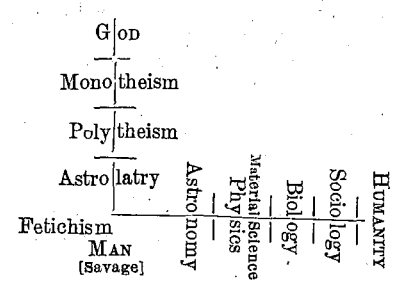
The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

THE COSMOS AS GOD, OR COSMISM.

The first thought of man was to find his solution and guide of his life in the world or cosmos around him. Thus began a series of interpretations of nature, which have extended step by step sidewise and scientifically from Fetichism to Materialism, Cosmism, and Pantheism; while at the same time, according to the law of the three states, the progress of religious steps has been upward from Fetichism to Polytheism and Monotheism. But while under this law the growth of God-conceptions has been emotionally and dynamically upward and tree-like, the body of the tree has been enlarged intellectually and statically ring by ring on the sides—*i. e.*, from Science to Science—until in that direction the original solution of nature by the will has ended in every Science in a solution by law. While, therefore, Theology has grown upward from Fetichism to Monotheism, Science has grown *outward* from the same Fetichism to Materialism and Cosmism. *Thus:*



This brings us to the fourth Subjective Harmony.

IV.—THAT NO CONCEPTION OF NATURE OR OF THE COSMOS CAN BE TO CIVILIZED MAN HIS COMPLETED GOD, *i. e.*, HIS SOLUTION, GUIDE, AND UNITY OF LIFE.

We say to *civilized* Man: In the early history of the race the case was far different. Fetichism was the only religion possible then; for as man solved the world by knowable wills supposed to haunt or dwell within objects, he could guide himself by their supposed wishes. This savage part of the story is well told by an incident in that most delightful book of travels, Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" (p. 68). Out on the pampas on the *Rio Negro*, in South America, stands a large and wonderful tree, grand, sublime, and desolate in its loneliness. To the Indians it is at once a landmark and a Fetich God. They have strewn and almost covered it with their valuable and hard-earned offerings; for to them it is the source of all of their health, safety, and fortune.

To Darwin it was interesting for its history as a landmark, and as a tree botanically, and because it was socially an object of worship to the natives. But for him there was no conscious or wilful Godship present, as there was to his Indian guides. Where they saw supernatural powers, he saw only natural objects and their material, vegetable, and social results.

The state of mind of our race when all Theology was in this savage Fetich condition is well illustrated in many parts of the same work of Darwin (see pp. 212 to 216). Now what science did for this wonderful tree to Darwin, it has done for the whole Cosmos to the more intelligent part of our race. It has exorcised and banished the Gods from it. Instead of explaining the Cosmos by *wills*, inherent in or about it or its parts, it has placed the explanation of *law* under every part and the whole of it. Scientific Materialism or Cosmism consists in the running of laws through the knowable world as the warp of which all phenomena are the woof.

Now what is the effect of this side-growth of Fetichism into Science—this passing of wills into laws throughout the external world? Plainly its effect is to destroy the religious value of the Cosmos. There can be little unity caused by the conception of law, except to the intellect, which may be exercised *in common* to understand it. The social emotions are not moved to any concurrence by the "machine of the universe" or Cosmos.

Materialism and Cosmism, or "Cosmic Theism," may therefore be important parts of the Philosophy of the world, but it cannot be the religion of intelligent people, because they cannot return to Fetichism or Atrolatry or Sun-worship. There can be no social union or religion to propitiate or placate those gods which Science has replaced by laws as to which all such sacrifice, union, and labor would be as idle and ridiculous as for Darwin to join the Indians in the worship of their tree-spirit.

These remarks are worthy of consideration by those Liberals who seem to be willing to accept the name "Materialism," or "Cosmism," or "Cosmic Theism" as some kind of a "religious" designation. A little meditation will show them that all of these names are applicable to an explanation of the *material* world only, and can therefore in the first place only be *parts* of the Positive Philosophy, and in the next place they can have, for reasons above intimated, little or no religious value except to Fetichists. The last phrase, "Cosmic Theism," is an amusing contradiction unless an intellectual return to Fetichism is meant by it, commonly called Pantheism. Modern German speculation often favors the use of this word.

But this Pantheistic hypothesis cannot answer effectively for religious purposes the questions: Is it true? Is it good?

It assumes that the whole Cosmos or knowable world, is or acts as a whole and as a will or god, and that there is a mind infused through the whole mass of things, which is the cause of their motion and forms. As Virgil says, "*Mens agitat molem*"—it is mind which moves the mass. Now it is enough to say of this belief that it has not the slightest proof. Objectively it is not provable. It is merely an intellectual phase of Fetichism which assumes inherent *mind* instead of *will* as the mover of things or of the Cosmos as a whole.

Nor is this Pantheistic belief good—that is, subjectively it is not of much religious value. It is too intellectual to be valuable as Fetichism, and too emotional, and general and confused to be good law or science; and so it ever remains, a sterile hybrid between a Religion and a Philosophy. It has never been the basis of a sect, much less of a polity, or of the life of a people.

But in the aspect of Art the Pantheistic view of the world has been, and doubtless will be, of the greatest value. "Pantheism is the Atheism of Poets," says Littré; and Comte has grandly shown, in his introduction to his "Synthése Subjectif," that we are all children, and therefore Fetichists, at the bottom of our hearts. We can no longer to the intellect explain the world by Wills, but we use it and them by constant fiction as the creation and symbols of our emotions which we embody and express by and reflect from the face of Nature. Thus in modern times schools of Nature-Poetry, Romanticism, and especially of Landscape Painting, have arisen, the inspiration of which is but a reflected Fetichism of the heart. We replace in Nature for emotional and artistic purposes, from our hearts, the wills which Science has exorcised. This, as Comte shows, is legitimate if peo- have sense enough not to get their poetry and philosophy mixed, which is, however, as yet very generally not the case. But the modern Art which, in this way, has come to make Nature the reflection of the human soul, is the highest, truest, and purest teacher of Humanity. Nature is infused and made a vocal symbol, and so echoes back, even to the most stupid, the human feelings and sympathies which make us all one. Such touches of Nature make us all akin; and more, they make us kind. Art revives and expresses under this inspiration the beautifulest, gentlest, and most *religious* sentiments of the human soul and make them a common gift and inheritance to all whose hearts are open to feel and receive.

This suggestion may explain and increase the charm that rises from the pages of Shakspere, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Keats. It will enable us to see in the galleries of modern paintings not simply representations of things more or less accurately drawn, but symbols of that human spirit world of thought, feeling, and sympathy, which endures from heart to heart and from age to age when the fleeting symbols themselves have perished. Would one know how much this suggestion may mean, we would advise him or her to study Goethe's Faust (both parts), from year to year, under the light of Positive Philosophy and Religion, for that Faust is, when we grasp it, the last and our truest Bible.

Our next topic must be to consider the religious value of The Infinite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Views of an Episcopal Clergyman on the Guiteau Case.

I hav followed minutely, step by step, the unfolding of the evidence in this case, and found enough material to form a most unqualified judgment of the merits of the question of responsibility of the assassin. But apart from the direct responsibility of the assassin himself, I hav been forced to discover a responsibility also resting on not mere individuals, but even on communities of people, and those professedly Christian people, without whose influence the assassin as such would not hav existed. Guiteau is naturally a fanatic, and only required fostering by some particular organization of other fanatics to develop his own fanaticism into what has come to pass in him. The charge of malice does not destroy this view, but, if true, only enhances the certainty of the wretch's final development. I must admit, however, that not much can be laid to the charge of the Oneida Community, for Guiteau had been *made* before he had got to them; and indeed he neither suited them nor they him. He suited Moody and Sankey better, and if his mind had been better balanced he might hav completed a wonderful trinity. There is one faculty wanting in Guiteau—a faculty which John Calvin possessed in an eminent degree—the faculty of *enduring* cunning and self-preservation. In this he has at every stage of his life shown himself to be sadly wanting. Had Guiteau been a Roman Catholic he would not hav committed the deed; and it is very likely that, had he been an Episcopalian, he would not hav done it, for a deference to priestly counsel would hav been an impenetrable bar to his lapse toward the actual crime. Guiteau was trained in the same school as that which produced the witch-burners and Quaker-killers of New England, and for that school he would do anything in his power. I hav not the least doubt that he was aiming at becoming president in the end, and that most of his wild statements in court are genuinly his heart's thought. It may be said that the idea of his committing the murder through religious fanaticism is irrelevant, inasmuch as it was more connected with politics than religion; but we must remember that it was religion first, then anything else—politics if it came in the way—and that with a Puritan like Guiteau politics and religion are inseparable. I will tell you what I think: Guiteau might make a pretty good president of the United States in some respects, but for some of us he might prove the death. Some religionists hav a hobby in this country; they are constantly endeavoring to bring to pass the realization of the union of religion and the state, especially in favor of the Congregational form. Guiteau could hav gone in for that, even if he had to reasort to a mighty *coup d'état*. Guiteau would establish a state religion, murder or drive out Romanists and the strictest of the Episcopalians, inaugurate a general St. Bartholomew among Infidels, bend the necks of Baptists, Methodists, Evangelical Episcopalians, and others of the like kind to complete subjection or union, and charter a supreme congregational *régime* with a line of popes and priests and deacons, monks and everything thereto appertaining. The grand culprit of the times would be Henry Ward Beecher, who would be executed in the state of New York with the most exquisit tortures that man could devise, as the profoundest Judas of the congregational community, and cast into hell fire as the vile serpent of their paradise. A new revelation would be added to the Bible to complete a third Testament containing all the laws and regulations of the new community. Upon the whole I am convinced that Guiteau is not alone responsible for the murder of the president, though he may deserve to be hanged for it, and may hav in the face of the law to formally answer for it, without a chance of being protected by the insanity cloak. Ye men and women of America—many of you, not all of you—I call your attention to your wretched brother Guiteau. Will ye allow him to die on the gallows, after he has done so much for you, and while ye yourselvs are as much to blame as he?

Thou, Lex Americana, and thou, Justitia, are ye going to hang Guiteau and let the crowd who nourished his every thought go unpunished? But perhaps ye cannot help yourselvs. We hav a lesson in Guiteau of the actual condition of human thought and the bent and dangers of certain human actions in America; let us do all we can to improve on our knowledge.

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Florida.

Shall we hav a colony of Liberals in the southern part of the state—a real heaven on earth? I believe we can if we only will; and now is the time to start it while land is cheap. With twenty-five in number, and each having $500, we can buy the land and divide it in lots to suit us. We can start it in cultivation by hiring or otherwise; and in a few years we can hav a visible heaven, one that we can either make a home in or visit in winter, as would suit our condition best. I went to Orange county last winter and bought ten acres of land, one mile from Orlando, set it in orange-trees, and I now hav about eight hundred in a prosperous condition. If the Liberals will investigate the matter, I am sure they will come to the same conclusion that I did. I believe it is the easiest and best project for money-making in the world; and I am not sure but that it is even better than the great banking system J. B. Weaver speaks about. Liberals, will you investigate? If so, send for some state documents, and the Orlando *Reporter*. Whatever knowledge I hav I will gladly giv. Address me at Bushnell, Ill.

J. DENNING.

Garrison in Heaven.

I hav just read this unique little ten-cent pamphlet, Denton's dream, and must say the dream is well dreamt and better told. I think if Christians had only had an inkling of the consequences of sending Garrison to heaven they would never hav allowed him to enter the pearly gates, but would hav sent him to keep company with Agassiz, Parker, Washington, Lincoln, and others in the regions below. If you want a vivid picture of heaven as it is before Garrison runs all hell into it through that underground railroad he and Denton are to inaugurate, send for this little gem of a dream. It is comic, convincing, and readable. Address D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York.

ELMINA.

Letters from Friends.

MOOSE CREEK, MON. Jan. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith find inclosed $10—$5 to be applied to subscription on THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 to be dedicated to the valiant truth seeker abroad. I wish for his ideas as he has them. Please add my name to the fund if not too late. I want his book, for he will tell us what he sees with his natural eyes. He will tell natural men and women about natural things. I do not think he is inspired, so anything he sees and writes will be instructiv and tangible. Inspiration is awful slippery; now you hav it, and now you don't; now you see it, and now you don't see it. It seems very thin. The truth seeker thinks that he is earthly both in body and mind, hence I hav great faith in what he sees and what he describes; besides, I wish to help him and others. I would hav pledged myself for five dollars long ago but I hav been real hard up, and could not while the good TRUTH SEEKER was being sent to me without pay; but if nothing happens I will keep even after this. Yours respectfully, J. B. THOMPSON.

FILLMORE CITY, UTAH, Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber for several years, and greatly admire THE TRUTH SEEKER for its bold and fearless utterances in defense of mental freedom and its well-directed blows in assailing superstition and error of every kind. It seems wonderful that in spite of all the absurdities inherent in the various religions of the day, the majority of mankind either cling to them or giv a tacit consent thereto, so that a man of earnest thought is in danger of losing caste should he giv expression to his honest convictions respecting them. For instance, what an absurdity is involved in what is termed Thanksgiving Day. Shipwrecks on our coasts may hav brought mourning into a thousand families; the fire-fiend may hav rendered desolate ten thousand homes, and one-half of our crops may be destroyed by an element which under more favorable circumstances produces fertility, yet when the regular season comes round the old stereotyped thanksgiving proclamation is considered in order. Can it be reasonably expected that the mourners will giv thanks because of their bereavements, or that those who hav been made childless or orphans, and hav been stripped of their all by fire and flood should giv thanks to him who is supposed to control all events? Surely not. How, then, can those who sympathize with humanity, and do all within their power to alleviate its sorrows and sufferings, join in thanksgiving to a being who (if all-powerful, as he is supposed to be) could by the slightest effort hav prevented all those calamities? Again, in view of those evils which afflict mankind, does it not seem a burlesque to repeat this scripture: "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; even the very hairs of your head are numbered"? Of what advantage is it to notice the sparrow, if nothing is done to prevent its fall? or to number the hairs of our head, if the entire body is suffered to perish? If there is a being behind nature to whom praise is due for all that happens to giv joy and comfort to humanity, is it not reasonable on the same principle to attach blame to that being for all that happens to produce pain and sorrow? Surely the contemplation of such a deity cannot in the nature of things produce in us very exalted ideas of his character. It seems to me much more reasonable and satisfactory to consider, with the highest intellects of the age, that everything in nature is governed by inevitable law or necessity without the slightest regard to the wishes or welfare of men (or any other sentient being), who must either liv in conformity to those laws, or suffer the consequences. But I must not enlarge on this subject, and will, therefore, come to business. I inclose $10 to renew my subscription, and for the Round-the-World trip and some books. Yours truly, JOHN KELLY.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith please find $10 for two copies of your book "Around the World"—one copy for Mrs. Sarah W. B. Skidmore and one for myself. It is a little late, but I hope it is in time. I was not aware until now of your terms. J. E. WEEDEN.

STAMFORD, CT., Jan. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find my check for $8—$3 to pay for the paper and $5 for the book. I shall go to New York before long and see you. Let THE TRUTH SEEKER come right along as long as I liv, and when I die, send the bill to the probate judge.

Yours most truly, H. A. TYLER.

ROYAL CENTER, IND., Jan. 12. 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $5 for the Round-theWorld fund and $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Hoping you are all well, I remain, Yours, GEO. HENDEE.

SALEM, ILL., Jan. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find money order for $5 for Mr. D. M. Bennett's historical trip around the world. I hope it is not too late to get my name in the volume. Better late than not at all.

Yours most respectfully, S. S. SACKETT.

PORT PERRY, PA., Jan. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed six dollars—five for Mr. Bennett's trip Around the World, and send me two of the books called: "Fruits of Philosophy." The remaining half-dollar put down for a trial subscriber for three months. I am very well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope that it may hav a greater circulation in the future.

Sincerely yours. HAMBLET JACKSON.

EPWORTH, IOWA, Jan. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see by your card that the Round-the-World fund is still open. Inclosed find $5 for the above fund. JOHN W. SHUMWAY.

LEMOORE, CAL., Jan. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—three for THE TRUTH SEEKER and five to aid Mr. Bennett to return home. I had nothing to do in sending him, but perhaps should hav had had I not been from home most of the time for the last year, and only occasionally read a TRUTH SEEKER, but I see he writes as brilliantly as ever, and of course I must hav his book, as everybody ought to. I like your comments on Wm. T. Wisner's letter. Wonder if it will open the eyes of the blind, or are they hypocrits?

Yours truly, DR. L. S. MOORE.

[The letter of Mr. Wisner's referred to is the one incorporated by Guiteau into his address to the jury, and which has been circulated all over the country. It is, perhaps, useless to remark that Guiteau omitted to append to this "remarkable letter" the comments of THE TRUTH SEEKER.—ED. T. S.]

ROCK ELM CENTER, WIS., Jan. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $5 inclosed, and add to the Round-the-World trip the name of S. J. FOX.

THE DALLES, OR., Jan. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed eight dollars, five for the Round-the-World trip, and three for THE TRUTH SEEKER for o e year. You will get two or three more subscribe from this place soon, also an order for some book M. LYMAN.

MONTAGUE, TEX., Jan. 22, 1882.

FRIEND MACDONALD: As I was opposed to Bro. Bennett's going round the world just at this critical time when he was so much needed at home, and I could not help him to go, I suppose you will allow me to come in on the return trip with $10 for the two volumes of his travels. Two TRUTH SEEKERS failed to get here from some cause within a few months, and I giv away all the rest and circulate all the Liberal works I can get. "Gods and Religions" is lent most of the time. I don't get a chance to read it myself. I am selling Judge Waite's book, and lending it, too; and also the *Agnostic*; and being in a grist-mill givs me a chance to talk to the people considerable. I am circulating Greenback papers, too. I came from the North, and hav been here four years, but can't say I like this country. There is too much ignorance and superstition here. The effect of slavery still exists, and this generation will not outgrow it. For some unaccountable reason No. 35 of THE TRUTH SEEKER did not get given away, so I will mail it to you. If you receive it send me an "Open Letter to Jesus Christ" and "Honest Questions and Honest Answers." The first money I can spare I shall send for more books and pamphlets to circulate. I expect the bigots destroy some of my books, for I hav lost several of Thomas Paine's among the number, and Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land." Well, I will be with them while I stay, and make as large a break into their old fortifications as possible. Yours truly,

GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I thank you for continuing to send me my paper, although I hav been your debtor since August. I do not wish to be without THE TRUTH SEEKER while I am able to read it, and so long as it continues to teach and preach such good doctrin as radical Liberalism. I am none of your half-way or compromise-with-orthodoxy Liberals, but hold the opinion that if orthodoxy and superstition are wrong, the further we get away from it the better we are. There is no lurking-place between right and wrong, and hence my radicalism toward that which I know to be right. Mr. Bennett's letters are getting more interesting every week. I do hope, and were it any use praying, I surely would ask and pray, that he be restored safe, first to his noble wife, and then to the American Liberals, all of whom will be glad to hear of his safe return.

I am glad to see by last week's TRUTH SEEKER that the "V's" are still coming thick and fast. May they continue to come. I think it is a good idea to hold back a little while longer the publishing of Vol. I. of "Around the World." I, for my part, am not in any hurry, as I am getting it all from the paper. I say, fill up the volumes full, and make them fat, as Mr. Bennett at first promised, and you bet he never would feel satisfied if he thought that one of his promises to his subscribers was unfulfilled. I say fill them up with Mr. Bennett's news from abroad, interlined with some of his own good logic, and if $5 don't pay for the work, let Mr. Bennett say so, and I hav the confidence in his subscribers to the work that they will each of them advance $1 or $2 more, if required to complete the work. I, for one, will make good my proposition. I should be sorry to hear of the word fail getting into such an enterprise.

I notice in your last issue Mr. H. L. Green's visit and lecture in this city; and, by the way, he givs a very true description of the superstition and bigotry of this city. I am glad to hear, through him, that our Liberal League of this city is doing such a good work. There is surely much need for it. You perhaps wonder why I am not a member of the League. Well, my answer is, that I am obliged to work twelve hours per day seven days in the week, and so hav no time to attend any daylight meetings, but I intend to use what influence I can as an individual to spread the new gospel of Liberalism through my little circle of acquaintances to help me in this. I bring to my aid THE TRUTH SEEKER, which is a never-tiring advocate of the principles I preach. Mr. McSteen and I will send you, at an early day, the balance of this year's subscription. Wish we could do so at this writing, but cannot. Hoping that the good work will go on increasing, I remain

Yours for truth, H. B. MAXWELL.

FERNDALE, CAL., Jan. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office order for $3.50—$3 for subscription, and for the fifty cents I wish you would send tracts or leaflets containing arguments against the Sunday law, as we hav one in this state, and the Christians are trying to enforce it, which is putting the state to thousands of dollars, expense. I believe the majority of the people want the same law for Sunday that we hav for the rest of the week. We intend to make a big effort to hav the Sunday law repealed at the meeting of our next legislature. If you hav none on hand I think you could do a great deal of good by getting up some. The enforcement of the said law is kicking up a big fuss. Leagues are forming here, the same as in Kansas, to enforce and to resist the Sunday law, and I sincerely hope you will send us ammunition from your bounteous magazine that will help us to victory. I am a temperance man, but I don't want the Christians to use our legislatures to prop up their tottering structure. As long as our government legalizes the selling of intoxicating liquors the rights of the liquor dealer should be protected the same as other branches of business. When will Christians learn to do by others as they would that others should do unto them? Yours truly, A. SWEET.

MIDDLE FORK, IND., Dec. 28, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: I write to inform you of the death of my father, Jesse Gard, who died a few weeks ago. He was an old subscriber to your paper, and requested me to write you of his death, and notify you to please discontinue his paper. He said to tell Mr. Bennett that he took his paper as long as he lived, and was only sorry that he could not take it with him into the great beyond. He died perfectly calm, and realized fully that he stood in the immediate presence of death. Yet he met the grim monster bravely, and approached the grave "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." His burial was very largely attended, thus showing the high respect in which he was held by his friends and neighbors. His daily life was a complete refutation of the Christian slander that an Infidel cannot be a good man and a good citizen. His death gave the lie to those hypocritical fanatics who are always telling us that an Infidel must necessarily repent before he makes his final exit into the realms of shade. With my best wishes for the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER,

Yours respectfully, M. H. GARD.

RIDGEWAY, KAN., Dec. 17, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: The neigborhood of my date will interest your readers. Seventy years ago there was born in old Virginia, of Lutheran parents, a son, who was trained in that faith. As he grew up and read his Bible in Sabbath-school, he was troubled at the skipping of certain passages by his teacher. On asking the wherefore he learned that they were obscene. On asking again why the good Lord would write such, he was told that it was not for us to inquire —"Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?" This begot the germ of his skepticism, which, under fair, honest culture, grew into brave, truth-loving denial of inspiration. At sixteen he, with his parents, six brothers, and three sisters, removed to Harrison county, Ohio, in a Quaker settlement. There he got into a Bible-investigating society. The older member first read a chapter, in answer to questions giving his views, and then the others followed, each expressing his opinions freely. In a few sittings the females dropped out to spare their blushes and disgust at the lessons' filth. The men, however, still continued, and by fair, honest investigations every one came out Biblical skeptics. As they emerged from absurd, superstitious fables, they moved on the road of common sense and science.

Hiram M. Heberling, the Virginia son referred to, married at a suitable age, and afterward spent three years in California, assisting to make it a free state. and extracting a little fortune from its mines, the half of which was spent in doctoring and burying a number of his sick comrades.

Finally, as Kansas opened to free-soilers, Mr. Heberling, wife, and children gathered all together to come hither. Here, with remarkable bravery, they, without losing a member, passed through all the

troubles, withstanding successfully all the border ruffians. With his three unfaltering sons, all well armed, the heroic father engineered and fought straight through every emergency and danger. While too many of his neighbors were plundered, and more than a few, far and near, murdered, this remarkable family came through with the loss of a single mule. The mule being a stubborn free-soiler, it is more than doubtful whether he went the villainous ways of his wretched captors. Had he gotten loose, he had evidently made a bee-line for home.

In the way of labors and means to sustain the struggle for freedom, Mr. Heberling spent two or three thousand dollars, and yet has obtained, by industry and economy, independence, and still better, wide usefulness. He served in the first state legislature in '61–'62, and from that day to this impressed all his associates with the luxury of doing wrong to none and right to all. The unfortunate and the poor hav always found in him and family true friends. Besides, he has never suppressed his honest sentiments. To the pious, the superstitious, and the clergymen he has invariably spoken his knowledge and belief, as they did theirs. At neighboring gatherings, picnics, etc., he would take food and baskets of apples, saying, "These are the best prayers I hav to offer." As Franklin, when asked to giv a bell for a church, returned a library, saying that "sense was better than sound," so he would say "mellow apples are better than windy prayers."

Within a radius of two miles and a half, including some two hundred families and one thousand population, less than one-fifth are religious. The overwhelming majority are truth-loving Freethinkers. To no one agency is so much of this freedom due as to Hiram H. Heberling. Out of seven living children and eighteen grandchildren, each and all neither believe nor profess more than they can learn by and from their common sense. Moreover, the neighborhood, embracing the township, six miles square, without a church or preacher, is exemplarily moral. No one township, though full of church-members, can be found more so nor as much so. Indeed, the heaven of common sense and truth has happily spread to contiguous townships. As our war closed peace and prosperity set in, and with a glass on one of the hills the domicils of some two hundred independent farmers and eleven well-built and furnished schoolhouses are seen.

Instead of preaching and praying over the wild fancies of another world, the people consider the wiser means of utilizing this; so much the more do they improve and enjoy it. For years Mr. H. has taken and carefully read THE TRUTH SEEKER, with other true papers and books. As he reads he distributes to his neighbors. Though up to his three score and ten he is vigorous and activ, notwithstanding his life of dangers, exposures, and uncommon toil. In view of his final repose he assured me today that he felt a pleasure rather than a pain; the more so as he saw the cause of truth and freedom gaining over ignorance and superstition. Truth is mighty and will prevail, so sure as it is wisely handled by its friends. Yours truly, W. PERKINS.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For the first time of my existence I venture on a communication to you. Until I was quite a lad I was brought up in the old orthodox style—that is, in ignorance and superstition's school. It may not be out of order for me to tell you what brought me to begin to do my own thinking. In the town where I was born, which is Dowlair, in Glamorganshire, Wales, the populace on a certain day held a great jubilee, carrying the effigy of the immortal Thomas Paine through the streets, mocking it with infernal delight and derision. After they had paraded this effigy to their heart's content, and got hoarse with their devilish yelling, they took it to the bonfire, from whence they sent it off, as they thought, to glory—or to hell, I do not know which—having previously charged it with gunpowder. That was the end of their infernal sport for a time. But it did not stop there, but came in another shape. They then made hob-nails with "T. P." stamped on the heads. These were for the working men to wear in their shoes to trample his name in the dirt. O ignorance, when will you open your eyes? I, for my part, would rather subscribe to erect a monument to his memory than to the memory of any other man that ever lived on earth.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best food for thought I hav ever read. A friend of mine showed me a copy of it, and I cannot do without it now.

Y urs for truth and liberty, G. E. WARD.

SHERIDAN, MICH., Jan. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for your paper for one year. I hav been a trial subscriber, and the paper has already become a favorit with the family. Father says any one who takes it for three months will want it longer; so I think you can count on us for life subscribers. You are doing very much to hasten the good time coming when the world will realize the fact that

> "We shape ourselvs the joy or fear
> Of which our coming life is made,
> And fill our future's atmosphere
> With sunshine or with shade."

MISS E. A. GLEASON.

GLEN BEULAH, WIS., Jan. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: What makes your paper of special interest to me is that much of its religious (if I may call it so) sentiment is antagonistic to my own. It is of slight value to me to hav my own opinions substantiated. Other people's thoughts, while differing, captivate attention, and in this way, I suppose, we get rid of our theoretical crotchets.

Permit me an idea in reference to Guiteau's case. My friend Stephen Pearl Andrews, in your issue of Jan. 8th, makes some valuable statements. I wish he had dipped deeper into the psychic phase of our sociology applicable to that admirable subject. As Mr. Andrews says, church theology is on trial; but I fear if the authorities apply the barbarian remedy of hanging that theology will not hang too. With all their acquired and transmitted divinity, theologians are not apt to see behind results of force. Hanging Guiteau will be construed as a grand vindication of God's justice! But what if they cannot catch the real Guiteau? But what if that magnificent expedient to rid the world of such a wretch simply furnishes him a better opportunity for mischief, if so disposed, "over there." As, like everybody else, Guiteau is a child of society, society is bound to disciplin him and fit him and all such by correct education for better uses of his abilities than to prey on presidents. Hanging only "raises the devil." Justice is never vindicated on the principle, "he deserves it." Its true office is correction for improvement and reform—nobler uses. Saviorhood consists of right gestation in the first place, then right instruction to right character.

There is a philosophy in Guiteau's statement about "inspiration" or "irresistible pressure." Does not the electric positiv control the electric negativ? Is not the negativ under "irresistible pressure?" Men constitutionally demented in moral perception, but exqisitly impressible in the sense of selfishness or animal impulses, are but mere tools of others in offered or compelled service. Guiteau is simply the agent or medium that voices the moral plane of political and theological society. He appropriated and demonstrated in the actual the murderous elements generated in our politico-credal pandemonium. No one hired him, no plot was concocted, but certain politicians did wish Garfield were out of their way. In an organically murderous vehicle like Guiteau that wish took murderous form. He reasoned, yes, crazily reasoned, that "the end justifies the means"—that Garfield removed would restore harmony in the party and thus save the country. God would be vindicated! Elemental murder in the very air itself, the consideration mixed up with salvation to the union and the glory of God—was not this an irresistible force to a man of moral idiocy?

There are other psychic influences coöperating in this national drama of which I hav not space now to speak. Were the judge, lawyers, and jury in Guiteau's trial posted in psychologic laws, tracing from effects back to causes, their ruling, argumentation, and decision would be very different, in accord with the life law of reformatory justice. J. O. BARRETT.

MILNERSVILLE, OHIO, Jan. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav one copy of the "Book of Mormon" (Mormon Bible), by Joseph Smith Jr., author and proprieter, printed by E. B. Grandin, for the author, in 1830. This is one of the first edition, in good condition, bound in leather. It is one of the scarcest books published in the nineteenth century. I will sell it or trade it for other books. To collectors of rare books this is a chance not often found.

DR. W. B. ROSAMOND.

EDGERTON, O., Jan. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is very seldom, in these skeptical days, that we find an educated man who is a genuin Christian, but I hav found one at last. Prof. C. E. Newberry, the present superintendent of our schools at this place, is a Christian, sincere even to lanaticism. He devotes fifteen minutes of precious time each morning to prayer to an impossible, unknown nondescript, whom nature is constantly ruling over as if he were a mere baby. For my part, I will try to get along the rest of my life without wasting any time in praying to a great unknowable nothing—something that does not exist.

The above seems to imply that I am an Atheist, which I am in the full sense of the word. I am aware that it is somewhat unpopular at present to hold Atheistical views, and it will be unpopular just as long as the people will not stop to think and investigate for themselvs. There are but two sides to the God question, and if one of the two theories can be proved absolutely impossible, then we may consider the other as established. Either the boundless universe, including all matter and all force, was created out of nothing by a god, or else it is self-existent and eternal, never having been caused or created by any extraneous power. That the universe was made out of nothing is absolutely impossible, for the reason that nothing, possessing no potencies, inherent qualities, etc., could never possibly become the cause of something—of the infinit all. The human mind, with all its efforts, cannot conceive of any thing that has not a material basis. Has any one an imagination strong enough to conceive of nothing being changed into something? Certainly not. From nothing there can nothing be made. And all the gods and devils deluded and ignorant man has devised cannot make one atom out of nothing. The idea is crude, absurd, and really unthinkable, and ought to be and will be discarded from the minds of all intelligent men and women.

"But," says the Theist, "all things must hav a beginning." If so, please tell us when your god began. Did he not hav a creator? Did not this creator hav a creator, and so on back forever? How many creators would you hav? All finite things must hav a beginning, and the od man, reasoning from this fact, concludes that the infinit must also hav a beginning. But the same method of reasoning cannot be applied to the universe, because there is no analogy between the finite and the infinit. In considering the question, "Whence came the universe?" the human mind is indeed lost upon the sea of "the unknowable," unless we accept the only true answer to the question, which is this: It never came, it never had a beginning, it has ever existed, and will continue to exist during all the succeeding ages of eternity. The universe contains within itself all the powers, potencies, and possibilities to produce all existing phenomena; therefore it will be seen that a god is wholly superfluous, that there is nothing for a god to do in the infinit economy of nature; and that he must of necessity vanish before the increasing light of science. I know it is very difficult to giv up belief in a god, but as knowledge advances God recedes, and in time he will hav to step down and out. The Greeks mourned when Zeus was no longer supreme. The Romans grieved when Jupiter no longer hurled thunder-bolts from his throne in the heavens. The gods are tumbling from their thrones one by one. The throne of Jehovah is crumbling, and he must sooner or later share the fate of his brother gods. Science is fast diminishing the realm of the supernatural, and substituting the natural instead. When we hav learned to worship the natural instead of the supernatural, we will become purer, grander, and nobler men.

Yours for the religion of nature, A. J. SHAFER.

MURDEROUS GODS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR: The great intellectual people of America hath an idol of bloody proclivities. The assassin Guiteau proclaims that it was the American deity who shot Garfield, and he is not in the least responsible. If that be so, what are the American people doing that they should recognize so cruel and bloody-minded a deity? Moreover, behind this supposed deity the most atrocious of villains might shelter their foul carcasses, and defy any court to hang them. So long as the people believe in this dogma of inspiration it can be used for the vilest of purposes. There is no time to be lost wherein every well-disposed and civilized person should deeply reflect on this monstrous doctrin of inspiration. Already it hath soaked the earth with human gore, and now is the time to see to it that every murderous wretch who puts in a plea of inspiration as an excuse for his bloody crime should die without mercy, and any deity or God having power to commit the revolting crime of murder should be execrated by everything human. And as to his swarms of sponging, plundering priests, they should be ignored as aiders and abettors in the black swindle of inspiration. Can it be possible that the American people will still bow and cringe as abject slaves to any deity who slays their good president, and that without one particle of cause? Surely the people are not sunk so deep in superstition as to worship any deity who is a cold-blooded destroyer of good and true men. But any number of men, women, and children hav been destroyed in the name and for the glory of this relentless tyrant of the sky.

But now, once for all time, deny the right or power of God or men to take life in any murderous or revengeful manner. Hang every pious or impious crank, or any other wretch on earth, sky, or any other place, whose hateful propensity is the shedding of innocent blood.

Sir, is there no way of waking up the people to a sense of their danger through this miserable superstition which seems destined to make our beautiful planet a huge lunatic asylum? Cry aloud, and spare not, for we are drifting rapidly to a fearful crisis.

Yours in hope, T. WINTER.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Jan. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to the letter of Dec. 11, 1881, of "Byron Adonis," from San Francisco, contained in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 7th inst., allow me to state that it is greatly exaggerated as to the "Paradise of the Pacific." Everybody else but him knows here what an overcoat is, and they are worn here to good advantage, too.

In proportion to the population we hav more poor people here in California than there are in the East, and poor people do not liv on air either, however good it may be. Talking about San Francisco being an Eden, when nine out of every ten tourists will tell you that even in midsummer you hav to change your overcoat three times a day there!

California wants immigration, but let truth prevail first and at all times.

Yours truly, HENRY FUCHS.

A CATALOG of the books for sale by D. M. Bennett will be sent free up application to this office.

Times Go by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The veriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time gently turns, and chances change its course,
From foul to fair, from better hope to worse.

The Sea of Fortune doth not even flow;
She draws her favorit the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so great but may in time amend.

—*Southwell* (1560–1595).

Compensation.

It was the time of autumn.
When leaves are turning brown,
Green to yellow, and pied, and black,
And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of autumn,
When fruits are gathered in,
Some for the press, some for the vat,
And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fall a-playing.
For that their work was o'er;
And rich men fell a sighing,
That they could play no more.

For the summer time is a merry time,
If a man has leisure to play;
But the summer time is a weary time,
To him who must work all day.

Thanks be, then, to the giver,
That loves both great and small;
To every one it something givs,
But to no man givs all.

The rich who careth for himself,
Finds, after pleasure, pain;
But the toiler, whom he cares not for,
Rests, and is glad again.

Mental Evolution and Potency of Matter.

As animal organizations rise in the scale of being and adaptable use and corresponding mental advance, we observe that such increase in mind capacity is attained through increased nerve susceptibility, by which their sense nerves become more and more delicately impressed by external objects—*i. e.*, objectiv expressions which improved sense nerves transmit to the brain and mind—and, thus, as the mind becomes correspondingly more delicately impressed, it becomes more perceptiv and acutely expressiv, idealistic, and so more imaginativ, and, hence, in greater contrast with its associate lower animal promptings, desires, and expressions.

Here nerve functions cease, and the separate entity of mind takes up and weaves its judgment of nerve impressions; and here, too, we trace the clue to man's greater antagonisms, between his inherited low animal desires, promptings, or proclivities, and his attained higher mental characteristics, which, in their unrestrained expressions, so imaginativly pamper his animal desires, indulgences, and consequent excesses that too frequently degrade him, morally, below the less imaginativ habits of lower animals (from which he has arisen) in the scale of organization. So man, in such unrestrained transitional state, frequently becomes more vile than the lowest brutes, in consequence of his capacities for imaginary indulgences too often expressed in cunning and practical cruelty. Their increased perceptions and imaginary appetites—not properly educated—take the form of unrestrained selfish cunning and indulgence, regardless of the rights of others.

My theory (an axiom to me) is that the universe is composed of intelligent and non-intelligent materials, and that all finite minds are derived from cosmic mind matter—as individualized parts of the infinit creativ mind—attracted to such organisms incipiently, and as they rise in the scale of organic development, in proportion to the sensitivness of their nerve constructions, being increasingly developed by such sense nerves as instructors of outward objects—our environments—and so become practical, but limited, co-creators, in their expressions. It, thence, follows that the scale of mental being—our capacities to acquire knowledge—rise, evolutionally, by gradually acquiring keener nerve susceptibility inherited from ancestral perceptiv uses; being thus successivly acquired and transmitted to their posterity, in more and better educated susceptible sense nerves, as the adaptable mind instructors. Hence, the posterity of educated parents always tends to increasing the facilities to acquire knowledge by such growing susceptibility of sense nerves, and particularly when conducted through a long line of ancestral cultivation—only acquired by education. Thus the prospectiv importance, with all classes, for education to enable them to transmit such increase of cultivated sensitiv nerve media between mind and objects—between the subjectiv and the objectiv environments—as the only means to attain perceptiv mental advance for ourselvs, or evolutional mental progress to our posterity. Benighted and degraded man—mentally and morally—will continue through all successiv generations, so long as elevating education of our sense susceptibilities (the origin of our perceptiv capacities to acquire knowledge) are neglected; and thus forever perpetuating class distinctions, or caste, in society, as well as degrading superstitions, and so are led by designing selfish men.

Materiality of all minds—as paramount forces—are a necessity, and are inseparable from association with unintelligent matter, in its varied impressed moods and forms, to hav any cognition of or control of the same, or for mind to hav any self-manifesting existence in the absence of such interdependence, as being the unconscious media for all our manifestations in impressions and expressions—matter alone acting upon matter. In fact, mind has no tangible existence without unconscious matter in association, as interdependent forces, co-operating in harmony of design, by mental invention; and with will-force for execution, by which all unconscious matter is, alone, brought into subjection in coherent phenomenal conditions and forms. Hence, material minds become the sole factors in nature and art for all the coherent and highly intellectual disposition of unconscious matter; and, therefore, intelligent and non-intelligent matter are co-related and co-eternal mutual necessities, being an interdependence for all mental impressions and expressions, in inventiv designs and expressiv executions upon unconscious matter—unconscious and so unintentioned matter, having no choice, is but the dependent yielding tool to conscious will-force power for all material phenomena. The conscious mind being material, alone enables it to act thus mechanically upon the matter which is not conscious, to giv it its coherent laws of action—matter alone acting upon matter—which we call its protentiality, but is, more properly, its mental enforced conditions.

The assumed potentiality of matter, as self-acquired, self-adjusting, and self-acting—*i. e.*, without intelligent origin of its laws of action—is a palpable contradiction, since such Atheistic doctrin invests unintelligent, unconscious, senseless, and so unintentioned matter, with the voluntary co-operativ attributes of mind characteristics, with its highest inventiv capacities and will-force power, to account for the elements assuming such wondrous co-operativ acts and effects, in the production of needed combinations and highly complicated and ingenious mechanisms, everywhere exhibited in nature's laboratory, in cosmos and microcosmus—whereas the reflectiv mind knows that co-operation (a word which can, alone, describe such marvelous actions of matter) is an exclusiv act of intelligence in combination for such effects.

Can any single *action* of unconscious matter exist, or take place, without a cause, without a preceding impulse adequate for the effect? If not, then the vaunted potentiality of such matter, as self-possessed, is, in every instance of its action—single or combined—but the effects of a preceding cause, and so is not of its own doings, its self-acquired acts, or potency, as the cause of its motions or effects. This same absurd potential claim applies to the universe of matter, in all its multifarious works; in which some *one* primal cause is necessary for all after effects, and their intermediate chain of secondary causes and effects, in the consecutiv growing combinations and mechanisms of matter, in cosmos. And certainly, no conceivable potentiality of matter, without a guiding, intelligent, will-force origin of its laws of action, is possible for such incoherent materials to thus act coherently—*i. e.*, for unintelligent matter to pursue intelligent ways, or to ape intelligent modes. Such claim presupposes that all matter is intelligent, to thus pursue intelligent ways; which must be an absurdity. As, in all human performances, every act or effect, upon unconscious matter, we know to be the exclusiv result of an invention of our minds, as a first cause of all such actions, impressed upon unconscious matter by our will-force. An infinit will-force must act, by the same intelligent processes, over the equally unconscious and incoherent materials of the universe.

When we take a comprehensiv survey of the material universe and behold its mechanisms, its order, harmony, and exactitude of motions and relations, in space and times; and its marvelous adaptability in its adjustments, not only to avoid confusion and conflicts, but to secure proper combinations and needed results as a whole, and in detail in each globe, for all their useful and esthetic arrangements, and requirements, everywhere exhibited in space and in our immediate environments, we but so confirm the reign of universal law and forethought, and thus of their intelligent and highest inventiv origin. And when we contemplate the wondrously complicated and delicately adjusted machinery of animal and vegetable organizations, in their countless numbers and variety, scattered through every clime on our globe, and each adapted to their local environments, with its peculiar sustentation; and everywhere immersed in a sea of atmospheric gases, or liquids, so exactly adjusted in their components and temperature that the slightest variation in their compounds would cause illness and death to such organisms; and excess of temperature beyond certain limits would render such sections uninhabitable, makes the doctrin of intelligent provisional origin of everything too palpable for doubt. And when we further add to the account of these marvelous constructions and necessary adaptable adjustments of the inorganic to the organic, the further wondrous bequeathment and development of finite minds to all animal tribes, differing only in degree of mental capacity, but not in kind, whose extreme sensibility require more especial fit surroundings than do the vegetable kingdom; all supposed possible potentiality to unintelligent, unconscious, unthinking, and so of unforeseeing, senseless, and unintentional matter, of itself begetting and controling such wondrous diversity in minds, mechanisms, and adaptable arrangements, fails wholly of any possible explanatory attributes, or conceivable power of such senseless matter, to so arrange the universe of elements and their effects, to adjust the requirements, even such as we now behold, here only partially considered; and with the crowning glory of minds acquired and their modes of instruction—between objects and subjects—the doctrin of the exclusiv intelligent origin of all things becomes an irresistible conviction, an axiom, to all unprejudiced minds.

In connection, I ask of any candid, sensible observer and thinker, can all such wonders of cosmos come from unintelligent matter only, without a foreseeing design or purpose in all their combinations, mental acquirements, and mechanical perfections, and corresponding acts? which so self-evidently require the highest intelligence for their conception or invention, and co-operativ will-force power of a material mind to bestow such finite minds, and to giv effectiv mechanical laws to unconscious matter, thus materially to enforce their observed executiv acts—matter of itself only being impotent for such effects? We know, too, that with our infinitly less knowledge and power, all our co-operativ intelligence is required for the accomplishment of our comparativ small control of some matter; while such matter, of itself, has not even the potentiality to imitate, or form the machinery which our minds devise and compel, by our will-force, such unconscious matter to perform—and such matter never resists our manipulations and control, as if it had an irresistible way of its own; a potentiality that our minds could not alter, direct, and force it into new actions and forms.

Herein, as above shown, are all finite minds proved to be co-creators, in a small way; and yet very important ways for their well-being, in their various devises; and, as such co-creators, are fitly supposed, by my theory, to derive their minds from cosmic mind-matter, as individualized parts of the great cosmic mind-matter, which, in its entirety, constitutes the infinit creativ mind, in giving laws for the actions of universal unconscious matter, as the only possible factor for the coherent actions of all matter—thus giving it all its seeming (self-acting) potentality; as we giv to some matter, which our minds, by invention and will-force, control. Creation is not in making matter, but in controling its disposition.

Thus as a first cause must exist, adequate for all effects—every phenomenon—so we are constrained to infer and, per force, admit for nature's wondrous works, that such primal cause must be an intelligent invention—a design—capable by co-operativ will-force to impress its behests, mechanically (as being a material mind), upon yielding and unconscious matter, all its laws of action, as the only assignable adequate power for its coherent acts, everywhere exhibited. Hence the consistent and necessary propriety of considering the universe as composed of intelligent and non-intelligent materials; the former as the inventiv first cause of all actions of unconscious matter and the, thus, mechanical controling power of the latter, as the unconscious materials to form all phenomena; and, therefore, that the two forces (primary and secondary—master and slave) are co-related and co-eternal independent necessities of the universe of coherent phenomena. So neither were ever created; but both, jointly, forever existing as mutual dependences and necessities. This alone solves the riddle of the universe of mind and matter and their modes of operation and effect. Therefore any supposed potency inherent in matter alone, as self possessed—the same not being co-operativ (co-operation being an exclusiv act of mind) is unintentioned and senseless—is, self-evidently inadequate, and so is incompetent to perform. Just as we find to be the fact in finite mind performances with unconscious matter, which such minds alone co-operativly impel into all its artificial combinations and forms.

Mind may be proved to be material—however subtil—from the well-known facts that it is moved, or impressed, by the motions of matter, as that of the body or external objects, conveyed by our sense-nerves; and, conversely, by the motions or expressions of our minds, conveyed through nerves and muscles, do we move the unconscious matter of our bodies and outside objects as desired. Thus the mind feels the motion of matter by its impacts, tremors, and vibrations; and, responsivly, expresses itself by its own motions, conveyed through nerves and muscles for necessary work. The science of dynamics proves that matter can only be moved by other matter, hence mind is material, however subtil it may be, as its feeling is thus proved to be engendered by motions of matter. The mind's abstract feelings, or sentiments of love, sympathy, admiration, and all mental processes, are induced from the products of memory of former motions of matter—its education—then directly affecting our sensibilities.

At the risk of some repetition, I will conclude this part of my subject with the reaffirmation—deeming it to be a highly important doctrin—that mind invention is the primal and only possible first cause of all coherent actions to unconscious matter, which is directly engaged in the production of all phenomena. The laws enforcing which are primarily due to intelligent will-power over such unconscious materials, yielding to the paramount force of mind—mind being material acts thus mechanically; *i. e.*, simply matter acting upon matter, as the only possible dynamical action. As we see only such effects—the cause being hidden—we as blindly imagin such laws of matter—not looking beyond the results—to be the inherent, self-acting property or characteristic of matter only. As, analogously, looking only to the operations of man's bodily works, we might, if we had no knowledge of his directing mind, quite as rationally infer that such performances were inherent, self-acquired capacities of his body only. In short, material minds are a necessity for mechanical action upon other matter which is not conscious, and, therefore, has no volitional potency of its own. Such associate minds invent a purpose, a design, and then by their co-operating will-force, acting mechanically, are the only understandable potential powers in cosmos capaple of giving coherent laws of action to universal unconscious matter for any and every phenomena.

Beyond such intelligent impress there can be no inherent potency in unconscious matter, or any coherent phenomenal actions in the universe; simply because of the absence of the only possible co-operativ power, intelligence, in giving phenomenal expressions to matter, for a purpose—all material actions exhibiting a purpose, proclaims a guiding design, which can only come from a co-operating, directing intelligence. The universe being compounded of intelligent and non-intelligent materials, as coeval characteristics, the former controling the latter into all its phenomenal acts.

Minds thus characterized of imperishable materials—eternal matter, coeval with the unconscious elements—are, by necessity, as indistructible as is all matter, and are therefore immortal. As all minds are alike in kind, differing only in degree, so are all animal minds equally eternal; and thus can we, with equal certainty, be most pleasantly assured that out dumb companions and cherished pets in this world will bear us company in that assured succeeding life to which we all aspire. There, as here, our minds and theirs will be evolutionally progressing in new fields for observation, and thus of continued education; and so of progress in keener perceptions, by more delicate sense-media, and modes of communication with each other, including those of our own here dumb but intelligent companions, whose kind acts and eloquent expressions of affection we so much desire to rejoin and perpetuate with our kindred and other human friends.

These conclusions are the necessary results of the wholesome and most intelligent doctrin of the materiality of all minds whose evolutional progress is observable from incipient infancy to maturity in this life. This being an established characteristic of material minds, here must consistently be perpetuated—as matter is persistent—with our identity, our ego, in another life, through all time. Such materiality of minds, of course, wholly dispels the delusion of mystic immaterial supernaturalism, as having no place in a universe of exclusiv matter and law.

Thus let us imbue our minds in this life with all useful intelligence and moral goodness, that we may attain enjoyment here, and thus prepare us more satisfactorily to recognize our identity, our ego, in a succeeding life; and thus the more readily to participate in the only consistent inference of our evolutional mental progress there as here.

This doctrin of our future life is based upon the indestructible material element of all minds—which I think I hav fully proved in my books and published papers, as here—with our corroborativ experiences in this life; against which, I believe, no reasonable argument or sophistry can prevail.

So subtil is the element of mind that we know each other ouly by acts of our bodies, in works, writing, speech, expression, and inferences therefrom. So, too, we can only know the mind of the great Intelligent First cause—God—from the widespread book of nature (the only biography), where is amply displayed such wondrous wisdom, power, and beneficence as a bounteous provider; that permits no other inference of character to such Intelligent First Cause and fountain-head of cosmic phenomena. To such is due our admiration and our adoration, as the sole religion of appreciating finite minds, without any attached mysticisms and ambiguity, or of exclusiv priestly knowledge to dominate—nature is the exclusiv educator and refiner for all minds.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

Locust Valley, N. Y.

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NONE of us can tell what we might do or might not do under a strong pressure of favorable or unfavorable circumstances. We move as we are moved, and it is well that the besetting impulse of all humanity tends in general toward the highest, noblest, and best. It is well that goodness, love, humanity, industry, sobriety, and all the virtues predominate over their opposit, so that the great preponderance of circumstantial influence is toward elevating progress, happiness, and true morality—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

NONE but the utterly illiterate can entertain the notion of an individual deity who has a seat above the clouds and directs the separate affairs of men and women. The faith in miraculous interventions cannot exist in an activ mind. It may be maintained by a persistent refusal to admit knowledge; it may be preserved as a relic of the memory, but it cannot be actually held by any intellect that is awake to the issues of modern thought.—*O. B Frothingham.*

LIVES of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait!—*Longfellow.*

NOTHING is true because 'it hath been said;" nothing is false because it has been denied. "Truth is so." Goldsmith says, "As ten million circles will never form a square, so the united voices of myriads of men will never giv the least reality to what is false." Theodore Parker thought the stars might keep their places "however men's heads run round."—*Christian Register.*

ABSOLUTE trust in reason is the fundamental axiom of rational religion. Whether "whatever is is best" or not, whatever is is best to know, that somehow we may adjust ourselvs to it, and not liv our lives on a false basis. Emancipation from the fear of knowledge is a great emancipation If rational religion did nothing more for us than to secure us this emancipation, it would make no slight demands upon our gratitude and our allegiance.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

NO ONE can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusion it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselvs to think.—*Mill's Liberty.*

HE that is strongly of any opinion must suppose (unless he is self-condemned) that his permission is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positiv in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion; if he cannot so much as glv a patient hearing, much less examin and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him?—*Locke.*

KNOWLEDGE is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
—*Milton.*

IT is our business, for our own sake, for God's sake, for the world's sake, to find what is true, and let the heart come after and learn to love and venerate and worship the truth. It is not the heart's business to lead the head, but the head's business to lead the heart.—*J. M. Savage.*

YOU may rest satisfied that what is nonsense upon a principle of reason will never be sense upon a principle of religion.—*South.*

IT is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.—*Bacon's Essays.*

BUT this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
could come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one
of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we liv and see.

Then might they say—those vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, belov'd, though we may
show you naught;
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is over-
head;
And as Life is to the living, so Death is to the dead.

IF there are any persons who combat a received opinion, or who will do so, if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is some one to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we hav any regard for either the certainty or the vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labor for ourselvs.—*Mill's Liberty.*

IN the ordinary theological treatment of it, reason is alternately patronized and discarded. Against Romanism and its dogmas and rites, the popular Protestantism uses reason with uncompromising energy, vehemence, and ridicule, allowing the claim of no self-styled infallible church, as interpreter of an infallible Bilble. But to free, inquiring criticism, philosophy, and science, this same Protestantism utters deprecations and warnings against blind and false and proud and misleading human reason, and throws itself back for absolute truth on an assumed infallible book, though interpreted by fallible men.—*W. C. Tenney.*

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CARLYLE being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determin which kind of a fool he was.

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

"THE sentence of the court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky.' "I will, sir; and Porter too."

"JOHN, did you go round and ask how old Mrs. Jones is this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "She said that, seeing as you were impudent enough to ask how old she was, she had no objection to telling you she's seventy-four."

AN Oil City gentleman, who recently traveled in Europe, said he was at dinner one day in Paris, and while telling a story was attacked with a sudden and continued fit of sneezing. When he ceased, a Russian gentleman at another table, named Plitcheekee, turned about and complimented him on his correct pronunciation of the Russian language!

"IN THE GOLD ROOM."

Her golden hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.
—*Oscar Wilde.*

"WHAT did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked Gus de Smith of the colored boy who cleans up the room.

"I tuk it to de post-office, sah, an' put it in de hole."

"What did you do that for? Did you not see there was no address on the envelope?"

"I saw dar was no writin' on de velup, but I 'lowed yer did dat ar on purpuss, so I couldn't tell who yer was a writin' ter. I'se an edicated nigger, I is."

UNDAUNTED.—A TRUE STORY OF GOAT ISLAND AND THE BAY.

We sat on the deck of the ferry-boat—
The gallant El Capitan—
And as the darkness about us closed
And no one saw us, as we supposed,
My dexter I gently ran
About her delicate waist.
Now you must know that this girl divine
Was altogether and wholly mine,
Which fact I mention, lest you opine
The dexter could be misplaced.

"Sweet child," I said, as her dainty head
Coquettishly touched my own,
"The night is beautiful! Would that we
Had wild ducks' pinions, that we might flee
Away to some happy zone
Where sorrow and care come not.
Upon Goat Island I'd like to make
A habitation for thy sweet sake,
And liv with thee in a grot.
What joy to wander with thee awhile
Among the boulders of that loved isle;
To chase the clam through the wilderness,
And feed on strawberries—more or less!
Wouldst like it, dear one?" She answered, "Yes."

"Wouldst like it?" I said, but I said no more.
A shadow fell on the canvassed floor,
And harsh and sudden a voice chimed in;
"Just so, my cherubs; we'll now begin!"
Whereat, the monster, with iron hand,
Raised me up by the collar-band,
And dropped me over the starboard rail.
"Good night," he said, as my frantic wail
Rang out on the midnight breeze;
"Go build your grot on the island dim—
I'll guard your charmer *ad interim*,
But write to us often, please!"

I heard no more, so I swam ashore,
And shivered the long night through,
Among the rocks 'neath the brazen bell—
Which clangs and clashes above the swell—
When tempests and fogs are due.
And thus I mused as I nursed myself
And shook from my locks the dew;
"This angry parent believes, no doubt,
The crabs are picking my eye-balls out—
He thinks I am cold and still.
Dream on, old rooster; my clothes are wet,
But I'm not feeding the fish, you bet!
I'll woo the charmer and win her yet!"
And, so help me Jove, I will!
—*D. S. Richardson.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. George W. Dunlap, a Western revivalist, has eloped with a fair Kentucky convert.

WENDELL PHILLIPS heads a petition against compulsory vaccination, and so do thirty Boston physicians.

A SHOOTING-GALLERY in Denver city has a figure of Guiteau for a target, and the business of the place is "away up."

AT Genoa all dead bodies may now be legally burned instead of buried. The crematory furnaces are in full working order.

IT is estimated that as the result of the persecution of Jews in Russia 100,000 Jewish families hav been reduced to poverty, and property has been destroyed to the extent of £16,000,000.

A RING has been formed in an opposition colored Ebenezer church at Richmond, Va., against the Rev. John Jasper, the author of the "sun-do-move" theory. Bro. Jasper has taken up the cudgels, and is on the war-path.

"I DARE Ingersoll," said Talmage last Sunday, "to take his mother's Bible on some Sunday afternoon and go into his room and lock the door, and kneel down and read the fourteenth chapter of John." Talmage is a great joker.

THREE men who had committed murder in cold blood were lynched by the citizens of Seattle, W. T., a short time ago. The coroner expressed himself as unable to determin by whose hands the murderers came to their death, but was satisfied that "substantial and speedy justice" had been subserved.

THE verdict of a Methodist clerical jury in the ecclesiastical trial of the Rev. H. O. Hoffman, of Bloomington, Ill., was reached at two o'clock in the morning. The defendant asked leave to lead in prayer, just before the vote was taken, and was accorded the privilege, which he used most fervently.

WILLIAM S. WARD, a St. Louis negro, started a spirited revival in a negro congregation between his conviction of murder and the hanging. He was not allowed to attend the meetings, of course, but he wrote fervid exhortations, which were read with a "wonderfully moving effect upon the people."

THE failure of Mr. Thomas Hughes's Rugby colony is announced by the *Rugbean*, which says that the venture was "a fiasco almost before the echoes of applause over its beginning had died away." The location of the settlement in the wild mountains of Tennessee was unfortunate, and the men who joined it were not of a kind to hew success out of a forest.

"Now, little Marie," said a French lady to her godchild, as they passed a confectioner's shop in which a wealth of sweetmeats was displayed, "shall I giv you Faith, Hope, and Charity in chocolate?" Marie reflected for a moment, and then rose to the occasion: "*Merci, chere marraine*, but I should like the twelve apostles, because they will be more to eat."

FRENCH Protestants are much discomforted about the approaching suppression of the theological faculties at the University of Paris. Hitherto their degrees hav had the stamp of the state equally with those of the Roman Catholic faculties. They agree that the latter are useless and should be suppressed, but they wish to retain state sanction for their own teaching. Since the time of Luther the Protestants hav not been wanting in cheek.

AN enterprising burglar caught a-burgling a few days ago remarked, "Well, God made us all, some for policemen and some for thieves." This gentleman has in a few words given an excellent summary of the only true faith. God made the shark and the sailor's legs, the lion and the sheep, the policeman and the thief, and just fitted them for each other. All his works do praise him, and even the burglar joins in the chorus.—*London Freethinker.*

A NORTH ADAMS clergyman, commenting in his sermon upon the way in which churches raise money in these degenerate days by means of festivals, fancy fairs, and the like, made the remark that in Bible times "Jesus Christ didn't dish out ice cream at fifteen cents a plate, and hav the twelve apostles act as waiters, nor did St. Paul tend door at ten cents a head." He might hav added that it is not known that St. John ever condescended to a grab-bag, and Judas Iscariot was not mean enough to put two oysters in a stew and sell it for twenty-five cents.

THE following charitable sentiment was uttered by Pentecost, the revivalist, last week: "When a man boldly defies God and rejects Christ, he is 'done for,' and might as well be left alone. He can't be saved. This attitude damns him. Christ givs him up—why should his servants quarrel with him before their people? Such a course is contrary to the spirit of the gospel and in defiance of common sense. I hope I shall never again hear the name of Ingersoll from a minister's lips." The particular minister from whose lips Mr. Pentecost does not desire to hear again the potent name of Ingersoll is thought to be Bro. Talmage, of whose popularity Bro. Pentecost is exceedingly envious.

IN speaking of the attempt now being made in Connecticut to obtain a repeal of the old Sunday laws, the Hartford *Times* says: "The hour on the great century clock is no longer what it was in the Puritanic, Quaker-persecuting and witch-hanging days; and our statute-books should represent that fact." The Sunday law in Connecticut is peculiarly behind the age. Sunday excursions are illegal, and boats only in defiance of the law could carry passengers on Sunday to the Niantic Camp. In closing a long editorial on the "Modification of the Sunday Law," the *Times* says: "Moreover, there is a larger class than either, who oppose this intolerant legislation, top and bottom; and it may be just as well to remember that this latter is the growing class."

ALGERNON SWINBURNE, in a note "On the Character of Mary Queen of Scots," in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, referring to the assertion of Mr. Froude that Mary left the world with a lie on her lips, energetically observes that the Catholic God of her worship would no more hav been offended at this than the god of Dahomey is offended at human sacrifice. "Witness all the leading spirits among his servants, in that age if in no other, from pope to king, and from king to cutthroat; from Gregory XIII. and Sextus V. to Philip II. and Charles IX., and from Philip II. and Charles IX. to Saulx-Tavannes and Maurevel. To their God and hers a lie was hardly less acceptable service than a murder. Blessed Judas was a servant only less commendable than Saint Cain. Nor, on the whole, would it appear that the lapse of time has brought any perceptible improvement to the moral character of this deity. The *coup d'etat* of Aug. 24, 1572, was not an offering of sweeter savor in his expansiv and insatiable nostrils than was the St. Bartholomew of December 2, 1851. From the same chair the vicar of the same God bestowed the same approving benediction on Florentine and on Corsican perjurer and murderer."

HERE are some of the pastoral utterances by which Barnes, the Kentucky revivalist, expects to bring the intelligent sheep of the blue-grass pastures into the fold. The account is given by a reliable Louisville paper: Wednesday night Barnes preached on the travels of Paul and Silas. After introducing his subject, he took his Bible, held it up to the gaze of the audience, turned it inside out, twisted it into all sorts of shapes, and after explaining minutely for five minutes the excellence of the book and its binding, he said: "That's the kind of Christian I am—just like the Bible—Levant morocco, silk-sewed, kid-lined, Baxter's best, bound inflexible. God grant you may all be found inflexible." Among other noticeable things he said: "Pray the Lord to limber us up. Don't be old stiffeys." "I'm not going up to let any boarding-house keeper make anything off of me till I get to heaven. Let the Lord look out for your boarding-houses; he'll always do it. Just drop; Jesus will catch you. The people up here in Louisville don't know the Lord from the devil. They think a good many things the devil does are done by the Lord. O Lord, you're good; the devil's mean. I'm taking pot-luck through this wicked world. But you're good. Praise the Lord! Don't imitate the fashionables and say, 'How d'ye do?' 'Pretty well, thank you.' Say, 'Pretty well, praise the Lord.' God took up the world and shook it like a terrier would shake a rat, and there was a big earthquake."

AS we predicted, the fanatics hav commenced the work of enforcing the Sunday law in this city. The war has been carried on for some time in the country towns, and already one life has been offered up as a sacrifice on this altar of intolerance. The fight in this city commenced on Tuesday last, when a large number of citizens engaged in various occupations were arrested for violating the law. Among the Jewish-Americans arrested are Adolph Levy and Charles Myer, boot and shoe dealers, A. Roos and H. Lando, clothiers, J. and A. D. Heineman and J. Pausen, clothiers, M. A. Gunst, tobacconist. The arrested parties gave bail. The complaining witness is one Marx P. Schetzel, of No. 1004 Market st., but of course he is only the agent of the aggressiv band of fanatics leagued together for the purpose of enforcing the Christian Sunday on this community. The fight promises to be long and bitter, but although the Supreme Court has declared the law constitutional there will be trouble in enforcing it, owing to the hostility of public sentiment and the fact that trying too many cases would clog the law courts. Now that the advocates of the obnoxious Sunday law are determined to enforce it, it is the duty of all classes of liberal-minded citizens to unite in legally preventing as far as possible undue hardships from being perpetrated upon any special class. Wholesale arrests, on information given by the opponents of the law, would, in all probability, be the best means of bringing the Sunday law into even greater contempt than is now held for it. Let there be wholesale arrests of railroad magnates, steamboat men, newspaper proprietors, hotel-keepers, druggists, wholesale butchers, grocerymen, lawyers, who are all found in their offices "breaking the Sabbath," managers of theaters, and all classes in general, and then the issue will be brought to a focus. Stop all business, make Sunday a day on which the power of the tyrant of intolerance is felt to the very marrow, and then this public which has so long enjoyed social liberty and passed the Sunday as conscience dictated will find what it is to groan under the blue laws. We think that the best way is not to fight this particular law, but, as we say, actually enforce it—enforce it so thoroughly that both the law and its advocates will become a stench in the nostrils of the community. If we are to hav a Christian Sabbath let it be a genuin institution, smelling of brimstone and tasting of gall to the dregs of bitterness. If its enforcement in this merciless sense will not wake up the liberty-loving people of San Francisco and the state to wipe out the law and cover its fanatical advocates with odium, then we are mistaken. The Sunday of the past has been to the masses of San Francisco a day of rejoicing and happiness, a day on which as free men and free women they had a respite from the grave cares of life and could say "their souls were their own." Thousands of the working classes sought nature's fields for rest and recreation; thousands enjoyed themselvs at the theaters and other places of innocent amusement. Stop all this, pen men and women up as if they were cattle, dictate to them as if they were slaves and serfs, burden their lives with petty tortures, and you enforce the Puritanical Sunday and the Christian Sabbath. Enforce it until the public vomits this spawn of fanatical fury.—*San Francisco Jewish Times.*

News of the Week.

GUITEAU is to be hanged on June 30th, his motion for a new trial having been overruled.

THE attempt to arrest two Mexicans recently led to the death of four men—including the two Mexicans.

SLOSSON, an American, won a billiard match over Vignaux, the French expert, last week, for $2,000.

A RECENT change in the ownership of a Massachusetts railroad resulted in the delivery of a check for $7,500,000.

THE Rev. F. L. Dapont, of Farmington, Ky., attempted suicide by taking opium on the 5th and prussic acid on the 6th.

AN immense snow-storm has visited this city and many Atlantic states, delaying the mails and impeding travel to a great extent.

NEARLY every inhabitant of one town in Ireland was arrested last week on suspicion of complicity in the murder of a process server.

THE conductor and rear brakeman on the train wrecked at Spuyten Duyvil hav been indicted by the grand jury and held to bail.

CASHIER BALDWIN, defaulter, of the Mechanics' bank of Newark, N. J., was last week sentenced to fifteen years in the state prison.

THE three per cent Funding bill passed the Senate on the 2d. It is said to deprive banks of the power to suddenly contract the currency.

A NEW source of danger from fire has been found in the cables of the electric light companies, and the running of them over roofs is to be prohibited.

A FEMALE elephant owned by P. T. Barnum gave birth to a young elephant last week weighing 145 pounds. Barnum has insured the baby for $300,000.

THIRTY-TWO men lost their lives by an explosion of gas in the Midlothian coal-mine in Virginia. It will be several days before all the bodies can be reached.

THERE has been no falling off in the number of small-pox cases in the state during the past week. Some towns are deprived of their mail facilities for fear of spreading the infection.

THE Rev. W. R. Cowl, pastor of a Methodist church in Sharpsburg, Pa., has resigned that charge, and, owing to a change of faith, has taken another in Chicago, of the Unitarian denomination.

THE Miami Indians hav been bought out as a nation by the United States government for $221,000, each Indian getting about $700, which they are said to hav already spent on a grand drunk.

THE Annual State Convention of the New York Woman Suffragists was held in Chickering Hall in this city last week. Most of the ladies whose names are familiar in woman suffrage circles were present and addressed the convention.

A YOUNG clergyman named Glover, who, having made a failure at preaching, was employed as brakeman on the railroad, fell from the Washington express train as it passed through New Haven on the 2d inst., and was killed.

ALL of the bodies hav not yet been recovered from the ruins of the *World* building. Three were taken out on Saturday, and identified as the remains of the foreman, assistant foreman, and office boy of the *Observer*. The Rev. Irenæus Prime's library of religious books was entirely destroyed.

THE long-talked-of prize fight between Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and John Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., took place in Mississippi City, Miss., on the 7th. It was won by Sullivan in nine rounds. The fighting is said to hav been the most terrific ever witnessed. Sullivan wins $5,000 and the championship of America.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of the Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.—Continued.

CHAPTER VII.

MELCHISEDEC'S THIRD VISIT.

1. And it came to pass when all the camp was quiet, when the pilgrims, the men-servants, the horses, the mules, the asses, and moreover the dog, had betaken themselves to repose, the Venerable Visitor of olden time again drew rein at the couch of the Scribe, and thus did salute him:

2. Hail, earnest Truth Seeker, I greet thee again on this occasion, and fain would give thee renewed assurances of my friendly regard. Hast thou aught on thy mind concerning which thou wouldst like to inquire of me to-night? If thou hast aught that is not well settled in thy own understanding, I will cheerfully come to thy aid.

3. Straightway the Scribe made answer in this wise: Venerable Friend, again art thou welcome, and again would I assure thee that thy visits are most agreeable to me. If I may dictate to thee what I would that thou discoursest upon to-night, let it be the story connected with this land of Yahweh, in which these pilgrims are now sojourning; thou wilt give me joy if thou wilt declare unto thy servant if all the record is true that is written of this land; and if it so be that all is not true, wilt thou graciously point out the true from the false?

4. Then mildly answered the Venerable Visitor: Know ye, then, that the story connected with the land of Yahweh does not differ greatly from the stories of other ancient lands; and it is well at all times to bear in mind that in the stories of olden days in all lands the imagination of the writers had much to do.

5. In all that men call ancient history but little is truly worthy of the name of *history*. So much fable was mixed up with their facts, and the accounts were written so long after the events transpired, that many times the story is wholly unlike the real truth. This remark applieth not only to one particular country, but to all countries the same.

6. In ancient days there were very few who were capable of being historians, neither possessing the learning requisite for the undertaking nor the fidelity to write nothing but the truth. The utterances of nearly all the ancient writers should be read with a great measure of allowance.

7. I will furthermore state that the writers of all nations and all countries, as well as in all times, do what they do by their own knowledge and abilities, and in no other way do they write. The gods have never helped men to write any more than they help them to plow, to plant, and to reap. Man's work must be done by man alone; the gods never do men's work, and it is only idle to claim that they have done so or ever will do so. Writing history is man's work, not the work of the gods of any people.

8. When the claim is set up by any people that any of the gods wrote any given story or account, do not forget that the claim is untrue; no God hath written anything of the kind. It is very easy to make such a claim, but it is impossible to make it true. Remember it is an axiom of truth that the gods never do the work of men. Man must ever do his own work.

9. There is a substratum of truth in the stories of nearly all ancient countries, though all abound with more or less of fable. The Jewish story is no exception to this rule. Their gods, for they had more than one, were no more able to write than the gods of other nations; and if it were possible for any of them to write, their stories would be no more reliable than if men alone had written them.

10. In the Jewish story it is not very difficult to point out that which by no possibility can be true. It by no means follows that possible narratives are always true, but it may be accepted as truth itself that impossibilities are never true though they have been written thousands of years, and have been reiterated thousands of times.

11. All that is supernatural in the Jewish story, as well as in all other stories, is untrue. Every claim of a miracle having been wrought, of the impossible having been performed, of the laws of nature having been superseded, is a false and superficial claim. To this extent, at least, the Jewish story is false. Other parts may be true (though they are not, as already remarked, necessarily so), but miracles are never true.

12. In Jewish story, as well as in the stories of other nations, there is a basis of truth. The Jews were a Semitic race, and moved into what is called Palestine from Arabia and Chaldea more than three thousand years ago.

13. They were not very much unlike what thou seest in the Bedouins to-day; they were wild, nomadic, pastoral, living by their flocks, and without fixed habitations, and roving from place to place. Their characteristics, I repeat, have been retained by the Arabs and the Bedouins now living.

14. They had no literature, they possessed but little civilization, and had no history that was ever correctly written. It was not until they had been conquered and subdued by the nations that surrounded them that they began to acquire the civilization and spirit of progress which other nations possessed in excess of them.

15. They were not more moral, they were not more peaceful, they were not more truthful, than the nations which surrounded them. They possessed as many vices as the nations round about, and there was no reason why they should be accepted, to the exclusion of all other people, by any god that ever existed or was ever devised.

16. It is unwarranted and very unwise to accept for truth an impossible assertion, simply because it is old, or to believe the gods spoke it because it has come down from ancient times. The gods can do precisely as much to-day as they did thousands of years ago, and could do precisely as much thousands of years ago as they can do to-day—and that is nothing at all. It is strange that men will continue to give credence to an old, impossible story, when they would not believe it for a minute if told of events that occurred a few months or years ago. What would be impossible four months ago would be equally impossible if dated back four thousand years ago.

17. To begin with the Jewish Bible story, I will take up some of the points and give you my views upon them. The story of the Garden of Eden, the creation of the world, the formation of man and woman, the temptation and fall, is only a poem, or fable; nor did the same originate with the Hebrews. They obtained their ideas of cosmogony, and the story of the Garden of Eden, from the Babylonians, when held by them in captivity, and proofs of this are abundant by the fact that practically the same stories have been found stamped upon earthen tablets in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, and which were so inscribed many centuries before the Israelites were taken there.

18. The Babylonians were far more advanced in literature and civilization than were the Hebrews, and the latter obtained from the Babylonians the greater share of the learning they took back with them to their country. The Babylonians learned very little from their captives, but their captives learned very much from them. The greater share of the Old Testament was not written till after the return from the Babylonian captivity, and in that way can easily be accounted for the introduction of the Babylonian theory of cosmogony, the first pair of human beings, their temptation and fall.

19. That this poem—for that is all that it is—is untrue there are most abundant proofs. Adam and Eve were not the first pair of human beings who existed. In a score of countries in different parts of the earth have been found the bones of human beings who lived on the earth fifty thousand, and even a hundred thousand, years ago. These proofs are found in Asiatic countries, in the countries of Europe—not omitting England and Wales—and even in thy own country, called the New World, thou hast abundance of proofs that human beings lived there not less than fifty thousand years before the time of Adam.

20. The same is true of the age of the earth. There is nothing better proved than the fact that the earth has existed more than six thousand years. The truth is, it has existed many hundreds of thousands of years. I myself am unable to tell thee how many hundred thousand or millions of years have rolled by since the earth was separated from the parent body, the sun; when it took upon itself a separate existence, assuming the spherical form, condensing by parting with its superabundant heat, until it approached something like its present size, when its surface crystallized in the form of rocks, a large portion forming also from the clayey deposits in the water which surrounded the earth.

21. Howbeit it must have required a hundred thousand years for the surface of the earth to become cool enough to admit of water remaining upon it in a condensed or liquid state. One class of rocks, by the lapse of ages, became hardened into stone, and are called aqueous rocks; while those termed igneous were thrown up by volcanic action, and when cooled off became solid stone.

22. The outer portion of the earth is made up of several strata of aqueous and igneous rocks, which are found both separately and together, and which have occupied hundreds of thousands of years in forming. In those farthest down no trace of animal or vegetable life is found, showing conclusively that for incomputable ages the earth existed as a sphere, doubtless having the motion it now has, and without a particle of organized life of any kind upon it.

23. In the strata above these the remains and fossils of a low order of life are found, and from these, as we ascend in the scale of time and examine the accumulating strata, the remains of quadrupeds and mammals are found; and finally man himself comes to view. These strata, these fossils, and these remains were not brought into existence, were not formed within six days of each other, but millions of years must have elapsed between the earlier stage and the later.

24. The carboniferous deposits of coal in numerous parts of the earth are incontrovertible proofs of the great age of our globe. Your scientific men are quite correct in deciding that these deposits are of vegetable formation, and that they are the product of an immensely fertile growth of plants adapted to such production, and that those plants could only have flourished in a warmer and more humid atmosphere than that now existing on the earth. And as these coal deposits are found in abundance in many latitudes and climes, even within the polar circle—which with the very slow movement of the earth changes its poles and its equator—it must have required some hundreds of thousands of years for the polar region to have occupied the place of the torrid zone.

25. Again, those who have made the races of men their study find the earlier or prehistoric races were a crude, wild, undeveloped class, who possessed nothing of the intelligence of the men who have peopled the earth for the last few thousand years. By the crude stone implements, by the fact that human bones have been found in caves and under deposits and formations that must have required tens of thousands of years to perfect, and side by side with the bones of animals that passed out of existence long prior to what are called historic times—even more than six thousand years ago; by these and other proofs that cannot be thrust aside irrevocable proofs are established than man existed, on the earth more than ten times as long ago as the Bible writers knew anything about, they being wholly unable to explain these things.

26. These truths—and truths they are—demonstrate with unerring certainty that the Bible story is but an idle fable; that, so far from its being true, it is false in every particular, even though it be the foundation of the Jewish religion, and of the Christian religion—which is largely an outgrowth of the older absurdity.

27. As the Babylonians in their day knew nothing of the demonstrations of modern science which have been brought to light within the last two centuries, and as the Hebrews largely obtained their views from the Babylonians, of course they necessarily remained in the same dark ignorance.

28. These are truths that cannot be averted nor disposed of; they are facts which no Jew nor Christian can disprove; and at one fell swoop they brush away the entire substructure of Judaism and Christianity. And I state as another axiom of truth that where the foundation of any system is wrong, not all that can subsequently be built upon it, all the reverence that can be extended to it, all the repetitions that can be made of the false theory, can ever make it true for one moment. The Bible story is assuredly false. It has not the shadow of truth in it, and every time it is repeated a lie is surely uttered. These are fables which had their birth in the brains of ignorant, imaginative men, and no God had aught to do with them.

29. Another great untruth has a thousand times been uttered in the silly story about Noah and his flood. This fable was also borrowed from the Babylonians, and is as false as that the earth is but six thousand years old.

30. Many nations, whose knowledge, as well as their fable, was borrowed one from another, had ideas more or less wild and vague about a flood which once visited the earth. This fable was not general with all nations; some entertained it and some did not. For instance, the city of Thebes in Egypt, which was founded before the time set for the flood, has no such tradition, and never heard of such a thing as a general deluge, as described in connection with Noah.

31. The Phœnicians, also a very ancient people, had no such tradition, and never dreamed that the earth had been a year under water, which drowned every man and every animal save Noah and his family and the menagerie he had with him. Neither have the Chinese, who claim to have reliable records running back for twelve thousand years, any tradition of Noah or his flood. If Noah and his God got up a flood, it did not reach so far as China on the one hand nor Egypt on the other; or if it did the people never learned anything about it.

32. But the Babylonians had such a legend, and it has been found inscribed on their tablets in cuneiform characters, which are thought to have been executed not less than four thousand years ago. There the Jews learned it; and after they returned to their own land it was very easy to incorporate it into their writings, and for those who came after to believe it was the work of a God. When men and women are ignorant enough they will be found capable of swallowing without a strain or a wry face the most utter falsehoods.

33. It would seem that there are so many utter impossibilities in connection with the flood story that no sensible person could believe it for one minute. But when it comes to the religious falsehoods of the age of three thousand years, there is nothing too monstrous, nothing too absurd, to be told, and nothing too ridiculous to be believed; and as the tales have been told over and over, there are hundreds of thousands of tolerably well-informed people who readily give their assent to those baseless creations who would not think of giving them a mo-

ment's credence if told at the present time and by persons whom they know.

34. It is indeed marvelous to note with what facility men can believe that rain could fall continually day and night for forty days, and with such rapidity as to raise the water over the entire earth to the tops of the highest mountains, making the rain-fall reach seven hundred and twenty-five feet per day, or thirty feet per hour, or six inches per minute. It is wonderful how they can persuade themselves that the atmosphere could sustain such a volume of water, to say nothing about where it could all find a place to go after the work of killing was performed.

35. It is most singular how they can believe it possible for a man and his three sons to gather into one vessel pairs or sevens of all animated creation, with the exception of the fishes, lobsters, crabs, and turtles, which are supposed to have been able to stand the prolonged freshet, and this from all the zones and climes on the face of the earth, when the same feat would require hundreds of men to work faithfully for a year.

36. It is astonishing how sensible people can believe that the same force of men, besides accumulating in one place the millions of quadrupeds, bipeds, birds, reptiles, snakes, insects, including bugs, beetles, worms, spiders, flees, lice, and thousands of those varieties of animated existences, could secure the necessary multiform kinds of food needful to keep that vast menagerie alive for thirteen months.

37. They scarcely stop to think that there must have been a great diversity of the kinds of food required, and that much of it could be kept only with extreme difficulty. For instance, many of the animals must have fresh meat, and that every day; some must have fresh fish—salt or stale fish would not answer; some must have fresh leaves, and they must not be allowed to dry up; some must have the bark of trees; some must have seeds, and a great variety would be necessary; some would require roots; some would require honey; while many exist on insects alone, including ants for some, bugs for many, worms for many, with a great variety of other forms of food unnecessary to mention.

38. It is passing strange how people can believe it possible that such a gathering of several millions of animals, little or big, even though they had all the kinds of food they required, could for one day, or even for one hour, live thus shut up in a vessel corked and pitched air and water tight, with but a single door and a single window, which Yahweh closed after they had all got in, to say nothing of the thirteen months which they were obliged to spend together, unfitted as they were by their very natures to be thus shut up in the dark without fresh air.

39. It would seem that the believers in the story of this big rain should recognize the necessity of of Noah and his sons providing for the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom. Plants, small or large, including herbs, shrubs, and trees, must inevitably die if kept under such a volume of water for a year. It was just as necessary that they should be taken into the ark, transplanted into the flower-pots of graded sizes, as it was to take the animals.

40. The very fact that the vegetable kingdom was not destroyed despite the flood, proves that the animal kingdom could have withstood the watery ordeal nearly as well.

41. In short, the whole story is too absurd, too silly, for sensible people to give their attention to, or seriously entertain for one moment. The question then inevitably arises, Is the story the truth or is it a falsehood? I proclaim, with the utmost emphasis, that it is falsehood, and nothing but falsehood; and to say that the cause of truth and virtue requires the believing of such silly tales is as false as the story itself. There is no virtue in believing falsehood under any circumstances.

42. It is such idle tales as this that make the Jewish and the Christian religion nothing less than contemptible. When any system of religion has to depend upon a mass of such foolish and senseless tales as this, it is time for men and women of good sense to discard it utterly. It is enough to condemn any system of faith that in it is incorporated one such gross falsehood as the story of Noah and his flood.

43. Of a truth more lies have been told in the cause of gods and religions than in all other causes in the world; and in this respect no systems have gone farther than Judaism and Christianity. Though they have stood for thousands of years, they are based upon falsehood, and deserve the honest and hearty execration of mankind.

44. Falsehood should always be despised, under whatever garb it seeks to shelter itself, but most of all when it clothes itself in the habiliments of religion and virtue. Let me advise thee to beware of religious falsehood, and I ask thee to extend the advice to thy numerous readers.

45. But I will now take my departure; to-morrow night I will call upon thee again, when, if thou choosest, this subject shall be renewed. Good-night; may thy sleep be sweet and refreshing.

46. The Scribe barely had time, as the shadow was passing out the tent door, to return his good-night, to thank him for his visit, to express his satisfaction with what he had heard—confirmatory as it was of the convictions he had already entertained—and to express the hope that the Venerable Friend would not fail to come again. In the morning the Scribe felt that he had had a refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOURTH DAY'S JOURNEY—SEA OF GALILEE REACHED.

1. And it came to pass on the four and twentieth day of the month, after the pilgrims had partaken of the viands which the cunning Ethiopian had prepared for them, and the men-servants of the tribe of Syria had indulged in their usual morning quarrel about the disposal of the luggage, and which part each Syrian should perform, the pilgrims were seated in their saddles, and each man and woman, and moreover the dog, set their faces toward the Sea of Galilee.

2. The captain of the host led the way when Bridges of the land of Hoosier was not in the lead, which was mostwise the case. As for the Scribe and his horse Al Borak, neither is ambitious. The one is willing to bring up the rear and the other does not make himself unhappy about it. If, however, Al Borak would walk a little faster, the Scribe would in nowise murmur.

3. About the usual number of the dusky sons of the desert were met to-day, with the ever-accompanying donkey or camel and the old flint-lock musket. Among the Bedouins met this day was one who recognized Al Borak, the horse of the Scribe, and straightway did he come toward him as a man approaches his friend. When the Scribe perceived that two friends had met, he stopped his beast and remarked to the Bedouin, Thou knowest this horse, then? When the Bedouin said, *Yallah, hallah, bellallah*, or something that sounded like that, and straightway he came to Al Borak and fell upon his neck, threw his arms around it, and kissed him upon the mouth.

4. The Scribe was gratified to see such marks of affection on the part of the Bedouin, who was not very old nor exceeding ugly; but he was only sorry to see that Al Borak did not adequately return the caress; in short, he did not seem to be specially moved by the touching incident, and, regretful to relate, he did not return the kiss. From that hour the Scribe knew that his horse was of the Bedouin stock; but he rejoiced not, neither was he abashed, but went on his way.

5. As the pilgrims neared the southern end of the plain of Huleh, they saw one hundred and forty-four thousand of ravens or crows (computed), which were flying about in a dense body, keeping up a continual cawing and croaking, which sound even worse than Syrian singing; howbeit, Syrian singing is simply horrible, and the pilgrims hear it continually.

6. Some of the pilgrims did greatly marvel at what so many ravens could mean, and hoped none of the horses of the host were seriously endangered. Then did the Scribe make this remark: Peradventure those sable birds are holding their fall elections. Be it known, moreover, that the ravens of the Land of Yahweh, who fed Elijah when he led off in the Dr. Tanner business, are somewhat larger than the crows in the land of Unclesam, and they have a coarser voice withal; nor are their notes as beautiful as the nightingale, which one gladly sits up all night to listen to.

7. As the pilgrims ascended the hill, at the termination of the plain of Huleh, and passed over the interminable rocks which no man is able to number, lo and behold, when they lifted their eyes, did the famous Sea of Galilee heave in sight. Then did the heart of every pilgrim rejoice, and mentally did he exclaim, Glory to God in the highest; mine eye hath now seen this great little body of water, and now can I depart in peace. Selah.

8. Be it known that this Sea of Galilee is the most diminutive body of water in the world that is called a sea, over which so much has been said, and about which such a great fuss has been made. Some little sheets of water called *ponds*, in the land of Unclesam, look nearly as large as does this famous Sea of Galilee, otherwise the Lake of Tiberias, or the Lake of Genesareth. The Scribe was reminded by it of the little body of water by the side of which he was born—to wit, Otsego Lake, in the land of the Mohawks. The Sea of Galilee is a trifle the larger, but Otsego Lake is a thousand times the prettier, including the surroundings.

9. The Sea of Galilee was still some miles away when the eyes of the pilgrims first beheld it, and for an hour and a half did they ride over a continual mass of rocks that were enough to make the heart of the traveler grow weary and faint.

10. Many of these rocks are honeycombed with an exceeding great honeycombedness, even like unto the skulls of camels and horses and asses and oxen scattered all over the face of the earth round about.

11. On the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee are the abrupt and barren hills of Bashan, on which nothing can grow or ever did grow. These same hills, howbeit, do not belong to the Land of Yahweh.

12. On the western side and at the northern and southern ends the hills rise more gradually, but they are so rocky that in many places a shoat would require to have a very sharp nose to be able to introduce it between the rocks withal; howbeit an animal of the swine breed has not been known in these parts for five hundred years, more or less.

13. There are, peradventure, ten thousand acres of land, or, more properly speaking, rocks, which descend toward the Sea of Galilee; and of this body not five hundred acres can be plowed, or ever were plowed, so continuous are the rocks withal.

14. Here and there are little nooks and patches of half an acre, an acre, and peradventure five acres, which could be plowed, while the residue could only be cultivated with a sharp-pointed pick, and the hills for miles upon miles are naked rocks and nearly as barren of vegetation as a tile roof in the month of August.

15. When the Scribe did cast his eyes about and saw the utter sterility of the greater share of the country before him, he raised his voice and broke forth in these words:

16. Know all men by these presents, that were I a god of unlimited power, and essayed to make a world and a country to suit myself, and to be the abode of the people I selected from all the nations of the earth, and moreover to be the residence of my only well-beloved son, whom I should send here to spend his vacation, and to die withal, to atone for the sins of wicked men and women who had lived out the natures with which I had endowed them—

17. Yes, that this innocent son must die to repair the blunders I had made and to enable me to forgive the helpless wretches who had lived as I had designed them to live—then if I could not get up a better country than this, as my soul liveth, I would throw up the contract and turn the job over to my adversary, the devil, and at once start a barber's shop with a borrowed razor. (Howbeit Yahweh says in his book that he did once borrow a razor, but whether he ever returned it deponent saith not.) Witness my hand, De Robigne, the Scribe.

18. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of the man of God Getz and the man of God James, of the land of Williampenn and the land of Johnbull, aforesaid.

19. Furthermore did the Scribe say, If this land ever flowed with milk and honey, of a truth the cows have died off with starvation and the bees have emigrated to some other country.

20. For the midday meal the pilgrims halted at an old caravansary of the middle ages, called Kahn Yubb Yosef, where a stone house still stands, and a well which affords good water. Be it known that this is the main camel-road from Egypt and Damascus, and while beforetime it was greatly traveled, it is no longer much used with camels bearing rich merchandise.

21. Hard by this place is what is said to be the veritable pit in which the youthful Joseph was cast by his evilly disposed brothers, who were envious of him because he could dream more than they, and also because his father furnished him with a fancy coat of many colors.

22. When the father sent him to see what had become of the other eleven of his sons, they saw him approaching and said among themselves: Here cometh that dreamer: let us kill him and put him out of the way so that he will trouble us no more.

23. But the elder son Reuben possessed more kindness of heart than the others, and he persuaded the boys not to kill the lad, but to cast him into this deep pit, whence he could in nowise escape. The good-hearted Reuben doubtless intended to release the lad in due time, and let him return to gladden the heart of the aged parent at home; but the other boys with evil hearts did sell the stripling to some Ishmaelites who were journeying to Egypt, where he became a great man, even greater than the king.

24. The wicked sons, however, took off the lad's coat of many colors, and dipping it in blood, took it to the father and wickedly made him believe that wild beasts had torn and devoured the old man's favorite. Altogether it is a nice little Sunday-school story, but let us not pursue it further at this time.

25. When it is remembered that the Scribe hath seen the pit into which poor little Joseph was cast, it is hoped the reader will be duly appalled at the intelligence; but there is one little drawback which partially spoils the felicity and the happiness of this occasion; a few miles away there is another veritable pit into which the veritable Joseph was cast, and from which the veritable big brothers sold him into Egypt. The poor Scribe was so perplexed to decide which of the two was the simon-pure pit which the lad was cast into, that, sad to relate, he came near doubting whether he was thrown into either pit. But the happy reader, having paid his money, is at liberty to take his choice.

26. After the meal was dispatched the Scribe walked forth to the small plain hard by and gathered seeds of what the captain of the host says are Lilies of the Valley: also of the squill plant now shooting up in luxuriance, and which looketh a little like tulips in the spring, but very much more stocky. The same is a pretty plant, and also possesses much

utility. It grows abundantly in these parts, having roots like unto large onions.

27. Anise likewise grows wild here in great abundance, and is a neat, clean-looking plant from six to twelve feet in hight. The seeds have been mostly gathered, or they have fallen to the earth.

28. The Scribe did also gather seeds of the oleander, which grows plentifully in this locality, and is even yet in blossom. To those friends who will write a nice letter to the Scribe, directed to Yokohoma, Japan, care of the Oriental Banking Corporation, he will be pleased to mail some of each of these seeds. He will also remark that tens of thousands of pink and white crocuses of small size are now springing up in abundance, presenting their beautiful, modest, little blossoms.

29. A short afternoon's ride brought the pilgrims to Kahn Minyeh, close by the side of the Lake of Galilee, and where a gushing spring springs up from the earth. Here we found the white tents were already pitched, and the pilgrims gladly alighted.

30. The pilgrims were now on very historical ground, if the gospel story can be considered historical. Here, where stands the camp, is said to be the site of Capernaum, and hard by is the land of Genesareth, so often mentioned. Here also, about this little lake, Jesus is said to have spent a considerable share of his ministry; here he chose Peter and John and James to be his disciples, and here he performed several miracles. Howbeit, there is another site for Capernaum, and the Scribe was again thrown into the same perplexity as to which is the true one.

31. The day was still warm, and the Scribe resolved that he would have a bath in the great Sea of Galilee, and he went apart along the coast and took a fine wash. The shore is lined with stones pretty well worn, though they still cut the feet not a little. He waded into the water on which Jesus is said to have walked, and in which Peter would have sunk had not the Master saved him; yes, here did the Scribe lie down and let the incoming waves (for the wind from the east was blowing briskly) of the Sea of Galilee pass over his prostrate form. The water was so warm as to be agreeable, and he greatly enjoyed the bath withal; and straightway all the pilgrims did likewise bathe in the same sacred waters.

32. The extreme length of the lake is twelve miles, and this is measuring from the longest points. The greatest width is six miles, and in some places not more than half that distance, and the waters near the shore are decidedly shallow. This indeed seems like a small body of water to call a sea, and for ships to be floating upon.

33. The Scribe wondered in his heart what kind of ships they could have been, where the timber was obtained to build them, and how much business they could have found carrying freight the enormous distance of eight or ten miles. In view of all this, the Scribe did speak in this wise: Of a truth this country has been vastly overrated. If this little pond is a sea, then a ship should not be much larger than a wash-tub; and if all the events named in the story were in proportion, the whole thing must truly have been a small-potato affair.

34. The river Jordan, a turbulent, muddy stream, enters the lake through something like a gorge at the northeastern extremity, and passes out again at the southern end of the lake, a clear and passive stream, and thence flows through the valley of the Jordan to the Dead Sea, sixty miles or more to the south.

35. It is a fact worthy of note that the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan are nearly seven hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean; so that if a canal, as has been talked of, should be cut through, all this Jordan valley would be deeply submerged, but some of the surrounding country would doubtless be improved.

36. El Ghuweir, or the Little Ghor, is the ancient land of Genesareth. The meaning is supposed to be either Valley of the Flowers, or Gardens of the Prince. It is nearly three miles long, and in its greatest breadth nearly a mile, capable of making four or five good farms. This lies along by the side of the lake, and a considerable portion of it is not so stony but that it can be plowed. It now grows principally thistles, squills, oleanders, and a shrub that bears some resemblance to the willow. This is nearly all the good land there is near the Sea of Galilee.

37. This was a short day's ride, not over half a score and five miles.

CHAPTER IX.

MELCHISEDEC'S FOURTH VISIT.

1. And it came to pass, about the usual hour, on the fourth night, that the Venerable Visitor made his appearance, and said, Unless you have other wishes, we will continue the conversation where we left it at our last interview. To this the Scribe assented.

2. It matters very little, so far as the story of the Hebrews is concerned, whether there was such a man as Abraham is represented to be, or not; it matters very little whether he represented his wife to be his sister for gain, or supposed prudence, even after she had become nearly a hundred years of age;

3. It matters little whether he slept with his handmaids as wives; it matters little now whether he attempted to offer up his young son Isaac as a sacrifice to his god Yahweh; it matters little whether he took six fresh wives after he became one hundred and twenty-five years old and raised a good-sized family; and even though these things were not so, it would scarcely be worth the while to correct the statements; but there are portions of the narrative which I will take the trouble to point out.

4. The parts representing that Abraham held conversation with Yahweh face to face, or in any other way, and that they entered into a contract and made bargains upon any subject whatever, is entirely false. No man held any conversation with any god at any time or in any country. Such tales are just as true of Jupiter or Odin as they are of Yahweh or Brahma, and it is the extreme of silliness to relate them for the purpose of inducing men to believe them, and it is worse than silliness for people who pretend to have good sense to spend their time over such frivolous falsehoods.

5. No God who has ever been devised has ever spoken a word either to man or to another god. They are dumb as the grave; and every time it is said in any book, or by any person, that the gods or any god have spoken, a falsehood of the deepest dye is told.

6. It would possibly answer for man in his childhood age to amuse himself in relating such stories, to see if he could induce other childish men and women to believe him, but it is very poor business, in this advanced age of the human race, for men to occupy themselves in this sort of exercise.

7. It may be pardonable for insane people and those of very weak, unbalanced minds to give themselves up somewhat to vagaries of this kind, even to the extent that Yahweh has commanded them to take the life of a dear little child, but it is the hight of culpable absurdity for people of sound mind to delude themselves in that way.

8. As a matter of fact, I will state that the story of Abraham is mythical; there was never such a person who was the father of the Jewish race. The story of him was not written for many hundred years after the time assigned to him, and the person who wrote it did not know whether there was such a man or not. He was practically a borrowed idea, taken from Brahma, of India; the name is nearly the same, an *A* being prefixed to the beginning and two letters transposed.

9. Brahma was the father of the gods of the Hindoos, and consequently of the faithful of that land. As Abraham was a copy, he was also the father of the faithful of Jewry. Sarai was also a change of the name of Saravasti, the prominent goddess of the Hindoos.

10. The book of Genesis, in which the story of Abraham appears, is pretended to have been written by Moses, together with the four books that follow called the Pentateuch; but a more false statement could not be made. Moses never wrote a word of them, nor were they written in the time when Moses was said to have lived. A candid examination will convince any reasonable person that this assertion is true.

11. In the first place, in those books are recorded the death and burial of Moses; he certainly could not have written that; if he did, he was wholly unlike all other persons who have ever lived. And the expression, in speaking of his grave, No man knoweth of his sepulcher till this day, clearly implies that the account was not written till a long time subsequent to the event; under any other condition the expression would be an absurd one.

12. Again, in speaking of Moses, it says in one of the books of the Pentateuch, There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses. A sensible person can hardly believe that a man would speak in that way of himself, even if the form of the expression did not unmistakably convey the idea that the narration was written long subsequent to the event. If a man should write thus of himself, he would be a person unfit to be believed.

13. The passage in Genesis xxxvi, 31, And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom, before there reigned any king over the children of Israel, clearly shows that that book was not written until kings had reigned in Israel, which would bring the time down nearly a thousand years. It can hardly be conceived possible that any person would mention the kings of Israel before there had been any to mention.

14. The expression again in Numbers xii, 3, Now this man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were on the face of the earth, could not possibly have been written by the man himself, unless he was the veriest braggart and boaster that ever lived. A man who could speak of himself in that manner would be incapable of writing a truthful account of anything.

15. In Exodus xvi, 35, it reads thus: And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna until they came to the borders of the land of Canaan. Now, as the statement is made that Moses got very old and died before the children of Israel reached the borders of the land of Canaan, he certainly could not write what they did after he was dead and buried. The blindest devotee should be able to see that.

16. In Deuteronomy iii, 11, is this language: For only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? Nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man. To say nothing of the positive falsehood that a man ever lived who required a bedstead eighteen feet long and eight feet wide, it is only necessary to note the impossibility of Moses having been the writer of this statement, for in his day nothing was known of the Israelites of Rabbath, for it was not taken till David's time, when his general Joab, as stated in 2 Samuel xii, 26, fought against Rabbath of the children of Ammon, and took the royal city. The most superficial should be able to see that Moses could not have written anything about Rabbath of Ammon, and it could not have been written till at least four hundred years after Moses was dead.

17. In Deuteronomy ii, is this: The Horims also dwelt in Seir beforetime; but the children of Esau succeeded them, when they had destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead; as Israel did unto the land of his possession which the Lord gave unto them. This, of course, refers to events after the Israelites had possession of the land of Canaan, and clearly could not have been written by Moses, who died before the land was so possessed. To believe that Moses was able to write out the history of what occurred hundreds of years after his death, is what has to be done to accept him as the author of the Pentateuch.

18. In Deuteronomy xxiv, 14, is this: Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of the strangers that are in thy land within thy gates. The same remarks are applicable to this; the passage was written after the Israelites had a land to possess—after they needed to employ laborers—and could not therefore have been written by Moses.

19. In the same book, chapter iii, 14, is this: Jair, the son of Manasseh, took all that country of Argob, unto the coasts of Geshuri and Maachathi, and called them after his own name, Bashan-havoth-jair, unto this day. This was written as historical, and after the events had transpired, and not as prophetical, before they occurred, and hence Moses could not have been the writer. The expression, Unto this day, shows that the writing was not done till a long time after—probably hundreds of years.

20. Leviticus xviii, 24, 28, reads in this way: Defile not yourselves in any of these things . . . . that the land vomit not you out also as it vomited forth the nations which were before you. Can any sensible person believe this was written before the Israelites reached the land of Canaan?

21. In Genesis xi, 15, is this, For I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews. The same remarks also apply to this. It was written after the Hebrews had a land, and could not have been done by Moses. It is preposterous to think that he wrote about what was stolen out of the land that was not acquired until after his death.

22. Genesis xxiii, 2, reads thus: And Sarah died in Kirjath-arba, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan. The name Hebron was not given to that place till after the country was occupied by the Israelites. Moses never wrote that name.

23. Genesis xxxv, 19, reads thus: And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. The twenty-seventh verse reads: And Jacob came unto the city of Arbah, which is Hebron. As the names Bethlehem and Hebron were not in existence until after the Israelites occupied the land, the passages using those names could not have been written by Moses.

24. The allusion made to the city of Dan in Genesis xiv, 14, proves conclusively that the book could not have been written by Moses, for there was no Dan until after the Israelites entered the land of Canaan and took the place where the city of Dan was afterward located. Men are not apt to write about cities, or even to mention these names, when they are not in existence. If they should do such things they would thereby prove themselves utterly untruthful.

25. In Exodus xxxviii, 8, looking-glasses are spoken of. As looking-glasses were unknown until hundreds of years after Moses was no more, he could hardly have written about them. I have mentioned but a part of the passages of this kind that might be cited (and these have been alluded to by others), but I have introduced enough to show conclusively that Moses did not write the books of the Pentateuch, and that there is not the slightest probability that they were written for several hundred years after the time when Moses is claimed to have lived, and more than a thousand years after the time assigned to Abraham.

26. Just consider for a moment the igno[rance] the progenitors of the Jews thirty-five hu[ndred] four thousand years ago, when it is said [ther]

[informed] baseless [fab]em a mo-

Abraham lived—not one man in a thousand could write, and no history of those times was written. Nearly fifteen hundred years after the time when Abraham is said to have lived and to have entered into a contract with Yahweh about a quantity of real estate here in Syria, a desire was felt by certain ambitious people to get up a sort of national history, and the job was attempted by persons who knew nothing of who had lived fifteen hundred years previous, or of the events that had occurred so long before. It is, perhaps, hardly strange, then, that in what was written the imagination and invention of the writers were brought into exercise much as is the case with our romance writers of the present day; and, as I have said before, ancient romances are no truer than modern ones.

27. As, then, Abraham was only a myth, and had no real existence, the same is true of Isaac and Jacob; they are also mythical characters. No such persons as described in the Jewish scriptures under those names ever lived. Even if it is admitted for a moment that those men lived, the writers of the books named had no possible means of knowing anything about them, save what might possibly be handed down by tradition, and all must see how utterly unreliable that would be with an ignorant and barbarous people after a period of fifteen hundred years had elapsed.

28. If Jacob did not exist, neither did his sons; they were simply a creation to take the place of, or to represent, the twelve signs of the zodiac, which had an important place in nearly all the religious systems older than that of the Jews. The sons of Jacob were simply a borrowed idea from other and more intelligent nations. This assertion may not be credited by many who all their lives have given credence to these old myths referred to, but it is nevertheless strictly true.

29. I must also spoil another pretty tale, or rather a series of them. The story in the Bible about seventy of the descendants going into Egypt and remaining there some two hundred and fifteen years, in which time, though under severe oppression, they had increased to be three millions of people (which number they must have reached to turn out six hundred thousand men able to bear arms and go into battle) is wholly mythical. No such event ever occurred. It is only a part of the romance which the Jewish writers were so ingenious as to devise.

30. It has been correctly stated that the Egyptians were a people who made record in their rock temples, on their monuments, and on papyrus, of all the notable events which occurred in their country, even to the products of their farms, and their poultry-yards. This being the case, to conceive that a people should dwell in their country over two hundred years, in which time they reached the number of some three milllons; that when they decided to depart from the country and the Egyptian king saw fit to detain them, the most unheard-of calamities fell upon the country, among which was the turning of the river Nile and all the rest of the water in the country into blood; frogs overrunning the country in such a terrible manner as to get into the kitchens, the kneading-troughs, and everywhere else; lightning and hail killing all vegetation and nearly all animal life, and this in a country where it rarely ever lightens and where hail never falls; locusts in immense swarms eating up all the vegetation after the hail and fire had killed it; a perfect avalanche of lice; a most destructive murrain among the cattle, which killed them all; the first-born of all the families of the land, from the king down to the humblest, killed in one night; and, finally, that when three millions of servile people really left, the Red Sea opened and let them pass through on dry and solid ground; and when the king of Egypt and all his hosts, with horses and chariots (the horses had, however, been killed from one to three times before), rushed in after the escaping people, the waters closed back upon them and drowned them every one—to suppose all this could occur and the intelligent and learned people of Egypt have no kind of record of it, and say nothing about it in their history, is to suppose the most egregious monstrosity true that ever was imagined. No such event ever took place; it is all a romance.

31. I restate it, the Hebrews never lived in Egypt; they never made brick there; the plagues of Egypt never took place; that vast army of men, women, and children never got out of Egypt in one night; the Red Sea never parted its water in the manner described; the king of Egypt and all his army were not drowned. All, all is a fiction.

32. The remarkably meek man Moses is also a myth. It is not true that he was adopted by a daughter of the king of Egypt after being fished out of the water. Moses, the lawgiver, was merely a copy gotten up after the pattern of Menu, the lawgiver of India; Menes, the lawgiver of Egypt; and Minos, the law-giver of Greece. These were all believed in and had a reputation long before the story of Moses was written.

33. The story of the children of Israel roaming for forty years through the desert between Egypt and the land of Canaan in accomplishing a journey which could have been performed in a few days, and their living on manna all that time, with all the other impossible events which were said to have transpired in the two years (for there are thirty-eight of the forty years concerning which there is no account given) is all mythical, all romance, all false. Not a word of it is true.

34. The prolonged details about Moses having interviews with Yahweh; about the terrible fireworks on Mount Sinai; about the engraving of the tables of stone; about Moses obtaining a view of Yahweh's back parts, are all romance, all positively untrue. As I have said before, no god has ever held conversation with man, and no man has ever held a personal interview with a god. Whenever a statement has been made that gods and men have talked together, and that men have seen the gods and heard them speak, a falsehood has been uttered. No matter how plausible the story; no matter how much poetry is woven into the tale; no matter how much sanctity is wrapped around it, it is all a lie; and, as I said, religious lies are the worst of all.

35. I have, however, said enough for this time. I shall have more to say to thee on the occasion of future visits, and do not wish to weary thee or thy readers too much at a time. I will now leave thee to thy reflections and to sweet repose. Good-night.

36. The Scribe reverently bade the Venerable Visitor good-night, with thanks; and his sleep that night was so sweet that in the morning he could hardly realize that he had had a visitor at all.

CHAPTER X.

FIFTH DAY'S JOURNEY.—BETHSAIDA, CHORAZIN, MAGDALA, AND TIBERIAS.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the twenty-fifth day of the month, when the savory viands of the Ethiopian had been judiciously disposed of, and all the pilgrims were seated in their saddles, that the captain of the host led them up the shores of the Sea of Galilee to the sites of the towns of Bethsaida and Chorazin, so noted in gospel story.

2. But it must be confessed that there is here again more uncertainty as to the localities, for two or more sites are claimed for each town; but the glorious privilege of taking choice still remains. Peradventure it does not make a world of difference if we do not get all the places rightly located; so if we take the country all in, the main thing is accomplished.

3. At the upper town we saw the remains of what is called an old synagogue; but as there were images and figures carved upon the stone, the Scribe thought it more likely to be the ruins of a temple under Roman auspices, as the Jewish law prohibits any kind of representations being cut in stone. Howbeit the blocks of cut stones are now lying around in considerable numbers.

4. Hard by the ruins a family of Bedouins reside in their tent, and the pilgrims walked down to see the women making and baking bread. One was mixing the dough in a large copper pan, and another was rolling it out in very thin slices and spreading the same upon convex sheet-iron, under which a slight fire was kindled. The dough is rolled so thin that a small fire suffices to do the baking. Two or three stone huts and a tent or two are all that are left.

5. The females, as do nearly all the Bedouin women, have their lower lips, their faces, and their hands, tattooed, or stained with some dye that makes their uncomeliness much increased, until it seemeth strange that any man could fall in love with them withal.

6. As remarked, this is the locality, here about this lake, where Jesus is said to have performed many of his mighty works. He is said to have pronounced woes upon those towns around the lake, saying it would be better for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment, where such works had not been performed.

7. It was in these waters that the remarkable haul of fish was made. It was here that Peter was directed by Jesus to catch a fish out of whose mouth a coin was taken with which to pay the tax. In fact, the pilgrims were shown one of the same kind of fish, and the Christians at Tiberias keep small ones of the same kind for sale. Of course they are holy.

8. It is claimed that it was near this lake that the famous Sermon on the Mount was delivered, and that near it the five thousand were fed with the five loaves and two fishes. Truly there are mounts enough hereabouts on which many sermons might be preached, but it would now be a very difficult feat to perform, to feed five thousand hungry Syrians and Bedouins with five loaves and two small fishes, and it could be done now as easily as ever it could.

9. From what was called a ship Jesus is said to have delivered to a large audience on the shore one of his memorable discourses. Verily the ship must have been smaller than those which traverse the Atlantic, or he must have spoken with a very loud voice to be heard, for the waters are so shallow a long way from shore that a boat of much size could not come within a furlong of it.

10. It was in this neighborhood that Jesus is said to have performed the Dr. Tanner feat of going forty days without eating, but where he found the wilderness to do his fasting in no man knoweth. Which hill round about was called an exceeding high mountain, which the devil took Jesus to, and from which he was able to see all the kingdoms of the earth, the Scribe is unable to state.

11. The highest mountain anywhere about is Hermon, and that is differently described as being ten and twelve thousand feet above the sea. On clear days from the top of it one can see seventy-five miles, or possibly a hundred; but that view takes in but very few of the kingdoms of the earth, and leaves out all the important ones. The Scribe fears that statement is not strictly correct.

12. Josephus tells about fighting in a naval and land battle near the upper end of Lake Genesareth, or the Sea of Galilee, in which he had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse and receive a wound which caused his defeat. But Josephus never heard of the marvelous works which Jesus performed hereabouts. It does not look now hereabouts as though twenty men could be raised to fight any kind of a battle. There are no more ships, and very few men.

13. It was the will of the pilgrims to take a ride upon the Sea of Galilee, but the wind had blown from the east so briskly that the owner of the single old boat on the lake deemed it unsafe to venture out, especially as there is no one here now who can quiet the tempest and still the waves. So the boat ride had to be abandoned, and the pilgrims mourned greatly.

14. The ground was retraced to the place of camping, and the pilgrims continued their journey through Genesareth to Magdala, where they stopped to lunch.

15. This is the spot celebrated as the birthplace of Mary Magdalene, a young woman who was unwise in her love affairs, and did not succeed in building up a first-class reputation. Many since have done similarly, and not a hundredth part so much said about it. The very spot is pointed out where the house stood in which she was born, but one spot answers just as well as another. Mary has done nothing amiss for eighteen hundred and fifty years. Let her be remembered kindly.

16. Directly on the opposite side of the lake are the ruins of Gergesa, or the country of the Gergesenes, where Jesus is said to have cast a lot of devils out of two wild men who lived among the tombs, and which he gave permission to enter some two thousand swine that were feeding hard by, and who thereupon rushed headlong down a steep place into the sea and were drowned.

17. It never has been satisfactorily explained whether there were two thousand devils in these two unfortunate men, or whether one devil was able to get into two thousand hogs at the same time, but it seems they were drowned all the same.

18. To the Scribe the affair has seemed as not only a hoggish trick, but as an unfair transaction; if the owner of the hogs was ever paid the value of the pork no record was made of it, and the inference is that not a cent was handed over, inasmuch as Jesus was requested to leave those coasts. It is not singular that such a desire was felt.

19. There are, however, a few discrepancies about this devil and hog story a little difficult to reconcile with an infallible account. Matthew says there were two of the men who had all those devils in them, while Luke insists that one only contained them. Matthew says the affair happened in the land of the Gergesenes, while Luke and John say it was the land of the Gadarenes, a different place; and, what makes it worse, no tombs have been found at either place which the men with devils in them could have made their stopping-place.

20. With equal differences, Dr. Thomson points out Gergesa as the steep place where the swine ran down into the sea, because there is no other place that answers the description; while the Bible dictionary states that the place was a town in Moab called Gadara, now Um Keis, some distance away, where the swine would be under the necessity of taking a hard gallop of two hours to reach the sea. They must have had a large quantity of devil in them to cause them to do that. The Scribe does not undertake to settle the disagreement between the evangelists and the good men who undertake to tell what they meant. Should he attempt to settle all these disagreements he would have more to do than he could attend to.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prof. Huggins's Prayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Since we hav a revised decalog, it would be proper, no doubt, to present to the Liberal public a revised "Lord's prayer." I offer the following as a substitute, hoping it will meet the approval of your many readers.

L. E. H.

THE LORD'S PRAYER REVISED.

Our mother and father who are everywhere! We strive to comprehend thee. Thy kingdom is universal, thy will is ever done throughout space. We desire to work for our daily bread. We want to pay our debts, and desire our debtors to pay us. Thou leadest none into temptation, and did we but comprehen[illegible] thee, we could avoid evil. We strive for the beautiful, the true, the just, evermore. Amen.

Communications.

The Wonderful Advantages of Soft Money.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav been very much interested of late in the financial problem, so I will giv you a few thoughts upon that very important question. Mr. J. H. Wood, of Detroit, Mich., in his letter printed January 28th, comes the nearest of any one to my ideas, only he does not go far enough.

Among other good things he says:

"For many years past the head-line to one column of the *Irish World* has read, 'Usury is Theft.' This is plain sense, to my mind, and the only way to stop interest, or usury, is for the government to pay its own debt and supply its people with a full legal-tender money in sufficient amount to pay all debts at once, and hav no necessity to borrow. If this were so, there would not be so many men in this country claiming more wealth than many millions of their fellow-men. The government that will not supply its people with money of its own creation, made a full legal tender, in sufficient amount to pay all debts and save all interest, is unworthy of support from the laborers, or respect from any one."

If the government would make *all* our money paper money, and a full legal tender, we would not need in the arts one-quarter of the gold and silver in the land. This would break up most of our large mining corporations, who now absorb so much time, labor, and capital, all of which could go into other and more useful industries. With enough greenback money in the country to pay off all debts, public and private, we would be able to do all business on a cash basis; we would not need any lawyer to collect debts, as there would be no trust, consequently no debt—all would be cash. But the bankers who now rob the people by charging interest on the money that costs them nothing, will say in reply: "The price of labor and all commodities is measured by the gross amount of money. Now, if wheat is worth $1.30 per bushel with say one billion of money in the country, if you increase that amount to ten billions wheat will go up in price several hundred per cent." Well, what if it does, will not the farmer get just so much more for his toil, and will he not be able therefore to pay his hired man ten or fifteen dollars per day while he now starves him on one dollar? But, says the banker, who now sits in his easy-chair while other people's money is at work for him nights and Sundays, "After a while wheat, labor, and every commodity will rise in value so that it will be just as hard to earn the price of a bushel of wheat in greenbacks as it now is to earn $1.30 in gold at the present price." This would be true if we stopped the printing-presses and made no more money—and this is the fatal point in limited greenbackism—but I would propose a continual issue of government paper money, enough to fill every demand of trade, so that there could be no stop, no dull times, no dull trade. This would check overproduction; as we would all be out of debt and hav money to spare, it would be easier in many cases to buy than to produce.

We would not hav to work one-quarter of the time we now do, which would giv us all an opportunity to study finance, and improve our minds. We would hav no government taxes to pay, as there would be no government debt; no local taxes, because all improvements would be paid for in cash. All government expenses could be paid by the government in paper money, which would cost comparativly nothing, and would answer every purpose of coin, if the use of coin was discontinued by law, and full legal-tender paper money was placed in its stead.

"But," says hard-money Shylock, "foreign nations would not take our greenbacks." That is just what we want; if they refuse our paper money, we shall hav just so much more in this country to use. It is no advantage to us to export our tools of trade while we need them at home.

Again the worshiper of the golden calf will object, saying, "If all our money is paper money, when a man wants to go abroad he will hav to pay a high price for coin or bullion to use in other countries." So much the better; he will spend his greenbacks here, and our stock of money will not be depleted as it now is by every traveler who leaves our shores.

When we buy more abroad than we hav goods to sell we must now pay the balance of trade in coin, and a large part of our money leaves the country; but if we had nothing but paper money we should not buy more abroad than we hav goods to pay for, and all our money would consequently remain at home. Yes, Mr. Editor.

When we drive the lazy bankers out of their easy-chairs and into industrial pursuits by an unlimited issue of full legal-tender greenbacks, there will be no more fifty-million-dollar estates, no more poor or work-houses, but all will be on an equality financially.

There will be no incentiv to accumulate more than one's *pro rata* share, for there will be no debt, and greenbacks will draw no interest. Each and every one will hav enough money, and all will be financially satisfied.

Yours for unlimited greenbacks,

Soft Money.

Cheering.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Those Liberals who form their opinions of Spiritualism mainly from the scurrility of the secular press hav but a slight knowledge of what various planes of thinkers the subject embraces. Having myself been an examiner of its peculiar phases for many years, and a listener to the various conclusions expressed by its converts, I feel impressed to drop you a few lines.

Some converts, strongly evangelical in their early teachings, hav really a hard time of it. Taking the Bible for a starting-point, they are inclined to measure everything by its dictum; a Catholic from his credal standpoint; a Universalist from his; a Presbyterian from his; an Israelite from his; a Quaker from his; an Atheistic Materialist (if he can be prevailed upon to examin the subject at all) from his rather captious analytic standard. Thus Spiritualism embraces a curious admixture of thinkers who by frequent intercourse with each other beget a fellowship which has a Liberalizing tendency on the mass; but yet, heaven be praised! no credal or priestly organization.

I hav noted another curious fact, that it is far easier to make a convert of an out-and-out analytic skeptic by the presentation of facts and intelligence than of a professed religionist. With the former, corroborativ intelligence and phenomenal facts are all that he needs. Not so with the Bible credist; he has a severe struggle. Having been early indoctrinated with the terrors of orthodoxy, and the belief that the devil and his emissaries can take any shape and complexion to deceive the very elect and circumvent poor humanity; they approach the quiet, philosophic circle of sitters with holy trepidation and tiptoe solemnity!

In a recent article in a prosperous Spiritual journal it was remarked that "Spiritualists should cultivate the most kindly feelings toward skeptical Materialistic lecturers. They were essential co-workers in the advancing army of thinkers, who, with their merciless scythes and grubbing-hooks among the briers and brambles of superstition and priestcraft, prepare the ground for the seed of living truths."

From my long observation of Spiritual facts and intelligences I cannot but take the same view as the above-mentioned writer of progressiv unfoldment. It should matter nothing to the Spiritualist what are the utterances of such bold but honest writers and lecturers as Wakeman, Underwood, Chainey, and Elmina. Let them fulminate and amuse themselvs heartily with the ridiculous aspects of some of our spirit messages and so-called delusions and surprising phenomena! These Liberals are generally learned, honest, energetic, and logical; and if they hav not had the same opportunity to learn what we know, who would thank them to play the hypocrit?

Speaking from my Spiritual standpoint, I hav the assurance from advanced spirit intelligences that mortals who from untoward circumstances or for want of opportunity leave this rudimental sphere in a state of moral degradation, sensuality, and ignorance hav of necessity to seek every avenue of instruction and resume their neglected education should they aspire to higher elevation in their future home.

The skeptic may desire it, and prate about the prospectiv luxury of an "eternal sleep," but I can safely assure all such they cannot take this eternal snooze should they by suicide attempt it. Belief or unbelief has nothing to do with our position in spirit life—Spiritualist or skeptic. It is knowledge and the practice of humanitarian labors. Hence when any of our humanitarian liberators and bold thinkers, like Messrs. Bennett, Ingersoll, Wakeman, and Elmina, hav lived the "lease of nature," hav recovered from their agreeable surprise and had their private chuckle at the knowledge of immortality, this universal legacy to man, it will be found that their labors hav not been fruitless. Nor will they wonder when appealed to by sensual popes, bishops, and cramped-minded men of God—mayhap the shameless Anthony himself—for a lift in the way of purity and moral honesty.

D. Bruce.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Vaccination of Immigrants.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Many English inquirers as to the utility and physical effects of vaccination hav been astonished to find that efforts are being made to induce the authorities in the United States to legislate with a view to making the practice compulsory in that country, especially upon immigrants on landing in America from countries in which it has long been enforced, all of whom must therefore hav already been vaccinated. Whether there exists any political motiv—*i. e.*, a desire to repress such immigration, we cannot tell. But before any such high-handed measure is adopted by Congress, I trust that President Arthur and his cabinet, in the interest of the people of the states themselvs, will apply through their ambassador to the British foreign office to be furnished with the official documents mentioned below, and refer the same for strict critical examination and report by some judicial legal authority accustomed to sift and weigh evidence.

With reference to the report of the committee of the House of Commons in 1871, it will be found on reference to Hansard's reports that such committee was granted only after the expressed intimation that no doubt as to the value and importance of vaccination could possibly be awakened thereby, and consequently such members as were considered safe were nominated to serve thereon. Nevertheless one at least of those members has, from his subsequent inquiries, completely reversed the opinions he then held on this question. The principal witnesses examined on the government side, also, were salaried medical members of the vaccination department which should be borne in mind by the judicial examiner in summing up the real import of the entire evidence.

T. Baker.

Kingscote, Eng., Jan. 1882.

Report of and oral evidence given before the Committee of House of Commons on Vaccination, 1871 (see especi page 283).

Return by the Registrar-General to the House of Comm No. 433, session 1877.

Return by the Registrar-General to the House of Comm No. 76, session 1, 1880.

Return by the Registrar-General to the House of Comm No. 392, session 2, 1880.

Return by the Local Government Board, No. 50, session 1

P. S.—I know not in what manner effectuall communicate with the President, except through public press, and it is a bad time of year to br the Atlantic; but how gladly would I take the v age could I be permitted to lay the numerous f in relation to vaccination recently brought to l in Europe, before the United States cabinet Congress.

T.

Is It Special Providence?

It will be remembered by the readers of Truth Seeker that about two years ago, when bills were posted for a lecture at Irwin's Sta Westmoreland Co., Pa., by B. F. Underwood, clergy of that place heartily denounced the lect and all his kind, admonishing their congregat to use any means to prevent his speaking.

The final result was that Wm. Crookston, A. Bowser, and B. F. Underwood were arrested ar taken before the Westmoreland county court thereby involving heavy expenses on their side.

But here comes a reverse. The Rev. Mr. K pastor of the Baptist church at that place, himself very conspicuous in the cause of Chri lending his time and tongue against the Irwin erals, so much so that his church became inv in debt to such an extent that it had to be s sheriff's sale. Mr. Crookston was the pur and now it is a paying institution by the na Crookston's Opera House.

But to return to Mr. Knox. He sought fields of labor, but none seemed to prosper his influence. Two weeks ago he resigne charge of the flock of the little stone chur Weaver's Old Stand, in the same county, to into the world and earn his bread by the sw his brow, as his congregation could raise h more salary. He has become a book agent, the "Life of President Garfield," whose ortl is questionable and who was a Republican in p which is in antagonism to the political views Knox, who is a very strong Democrat.

But, what was my surprise on returning fr daily toil on last evening, to find that Mr. Kn put up at my house for the night, and was ask hospitality. Although I do not keep a public I long ago made up my mind never to send tramp away hungry so long as I had a c divide. But how times change human affai once orthodox bully in two short years shelter of out-spoken Infidels, while wa as a vagrant in the same county in which he bitterly assailed them; while his opponent Mr ston has become a wealthy merchant! Can special providence?

W. F. Bar

Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

H. L. Green's Lecture Trip.

To the Editor of The Truth Seek

On the 9th of the present month I started my second lecture trip, and am pleased wherever I go that the interest in Freethou tions is increasing. A number of circumsta recently transpired that hav stimulated th that direction. The public generally has discussion in the *North American Revie* Col. Ingersoll and Judge Black, and has how thoroughly the great defender of orth vanquished. Then the Garfield prayer shaken the faith of many in the efficacy And Guiteau's deity dodge has done much faith in divine inspiration.

The first town I visited was Meadville, there enjoyed the hospitality of Joseph Y your subscribers, and an especial frie Truth Seeker. Meadville is a very su town, and there are but few outspoken Libe A number of Freethought lectures hav ered in Meadville, but Mr. York always most of the expenses. I was glad to

heeler's name to your subscription list. The Unirians hav a theological university here, but as it neither orthodox nor Liberal, it has but little effect upon the sentiment of the community.

At Greenville, Pa., I enjoyed a short, pleasant visit with Dr. David Edgar, a great admirer of Mr. nnett. He informed me he had just visited THE UTH SEEKER office, and was soon going to engage selling THE TRUTH SEEKER publications. As the tor is a very energetic man I think he will succed. Here Mr. W. Washburne consented to take E TRUTH SEEKER four months on trial. I pret he will become a permanent subscriber.

I was much pleased with the Liberals of Warren, o, and I think they will soon organize a Liberal gue there. I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Reilly—most admirable people. Mr. Reilly e from Catholicism to Protestantism, and then reethought. He says since he landed on the foundation of Freethought he has enjoyed life e never did before. Here I made the acquaintof Duncan McLaren, James H. Smith, Mr. and Charles Van Wormer, and James Boyes, all e-awake Liberals. Mr. Duncan McLaren, the oad ticket-agent, is one of the best read men I met for many a day.

The next town I visited was Youngstown, Ohio, e I lectured Sunday afternoon before the new ral League just organized there. This League t a few months old, but bids fair to be of the best Leagues in existence. The officers O. P. Wharton, editor of the *Daily Journal* , president; Griffith S. Williams, secretary; Thomas Cohan, treasurer. Mr. J. A. Wright, oungstown, is one of the most activ workers in vineyard" in the state of Ohio. He is a good ker, and proposes to enter the lecture field soon. e he may meet with abundant success.

om Youngstown I went to Akron, and on my stopped an hour at Ravenna, and was pleased ke by the hand C. S. Curtis, one of your friends subscribers.

ere are many intelligent Liberals in Akron, but lack organization, and some person with the ssary qualifications to get up meetings. Here I Judge S. W. McClure, ex-Gov. Edgerton, H. eath, W. C. Allen, J. J. Hall, Z. C. Jones, J. H. William Buchtel, S. M. Wilson, and C. C. om, all of our household of faith, and all leadtizens of Akron.

ile at Akron I received an invitation from as Sharp to lecture in Salem, Ohio, and I spoke a large and intelligence audience in that on Sunday evening last. For many years has been a stronghold of Infidelity, and I was d to take by the hand there those live and re- Freethinkers, Messrs. J. B. and F. Purdy, Elihinery, and Thomas Sharp. On the followonday evening I lectured in Peninsula, Ohio, to e audience in the town hall. Mr. Erastus n, a man of property and standing, and a lifereethinker, invited me there. With the exn of a lecture given in that town by W. S. me years since, this was the only lecture of d ever delivered in Peninsula And I never audience that gave better attention. At the f my talk of two hours and a half, William l, the lawyer of the place, rose and expressed iration for the lecture, and offered a resolut the speaker be invited to return at his earonvenience and deliver another lecture. This, se, was gratifying to your correspondent.

ext lecture was delivered last Thursday even- Grafton, Ohio. The lecture was arranged s. Maria Pierce and Mrs. R. W. Hinkley, ritualist ladies, and I never before met two f more energy and perseverance. They first for each of the churches, and, when refused, r the school-house; and when they failed ey engaged a hall in one of the hotels. They ith pencil, wrote out handbills, and put them nd town, and notified almost every one in the by word of mouth. When the evening of re came the rain was falling in torrents, but standing the hall was well filled, and I think ral cause has been inaugurated in Grafton.

adies now propose to hav lectures there at e a month, which fact I desire to bring to tion of our Liberal lecturers. I hope Mr. ellogg, who livs not far off, will soon visit advertised to speak in the opera house in morrow (Sunday) evening, and our Liberal e at work to-day to make it a success. I k in Hart, Michigan, on the 16th of Febd desire to request the Liberals of northMichigan in the vicinity of Hart to notify ey desire my services in their respectiv ereafter friends may address me in care E. Green, Otsego, Mich., until further

H. L. GREEN.

O., Jan. 28, 1882.

ER written to President Williams, of Yale, Watts, has just been discovered, in which he ring to the doctrin of the Trinity, "All the ns I hav yet seen do still leave great darkness upon it." Although the old man had great faith and firmly *believed* in the Trinity, he could not reconcile it with reason, and could only hope that light would break in upon him when "Christ's kingdom" came. That contingency not occurring in his day, he went to his grave without knowing how three could be one. A good many men will go down before that "divine" mystery is solved. What a pity God could not hav been a little clearer in his mathematics; or rather, what a pity it is that intelligent men will muddle their brains over the idiotic salvation scheme of barbarous ignorance!

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 71.

819. Again, Jesus is said to have given these commands: "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. Take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I am sure no pagan teacher ever gave such foolish instructions, and never laid down a code of rules so utterly subversive of human prosperity and well-being of life. If men and women took no thought for the morrow; if they made no provision for the future; if in youth and the days of their strength they provided not for old age and debility; if in summer they laid up no stores for winter, when nothing can grow, they would not only be reduced to the lowest degree of savagism, but they would absolutely perish with the severities of a winter climate, or starve to death for the want of food. What makes civilization superior to savagism is the foresight, the provision for future needs, the cares of parents for the coming needs of their offspring; the consideration of the necessities of coming generations. Without this wise preparation for the wants sure to arise we would be reduced to a wretched degree of mendicancy, starvation, and death. I submit that the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field are very poor models for men to pattern after—the first have to migrate at the commencement of cold weather to a distant southern clime, and the latter are killed down to the ground and every part of them that is exposed to the winter frosts is utterly destroyed. It is most absurd to teach that men should make no more provision for the approach of winter or the needs of the future than birds and lilies. The assertion that to-morrow will take thought for the things of itself is without truth or meaning. To-morrow makes no provision for anything, any more than the winter provides food and clothes for those who have followed Jesus's instruction and taken no thought for it.

820. In another place Jesus said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his household." I cannot believe such a mission to be a good one. Whoever comes to spread dissension and quarrels between members of the family, between different families, and between nations—who comes to destroy peace and send the sword, bloodshed, and carnage—has certainly a very bad mission, and had far better not come at all. But judging him from the rigor and bloodthirstiness with which the followers of Jesus have used the sword and sent war, carnage, and wretchedness over the face of the earth; in view of the millions whose blood has been spilt by those who profess to follow him, of the millions of wives who have been made widows by those who claimed to do his bidding, the unnumbered millions of infants and children that have been rendered fatherless orphans by the admirers and worshipers of Jesus—it would seem that he had accomplished what he undertook—to destroy peace in the world, to send contention, war, and bloodshed, and that he had caused deadly feuds between brothers and sisters, between parents and children, between neighbors and friends, and between nations and peoples. Far better would it have been if such a bloody religion had never been preached or never been known in the world. I am sure none of the good old pagan sages and teachers ever taught such a bloody doctrine, or ever sent war, bloodshed, and carnage over the fair earth. This very fact shows the superiority of their morals and religions over those of Jesus.

821. On another occasion Jesus commanded his disciples to provide themselves with swords, and so earnest was he that they should be in possession of this bloody, life-destroying weapon, that he enjoined them, if they could not otherwise obtain the deadly weapon, to sell their garments and buy one. Swords they must have, whether they had a coat, or shirt, or not. Why should he be so persistent that they should have swords, unless it was to use them, to shed blood with them, to take life with them? If he did not mean this, his commands were foolish and meaningless. I insist that none of the old pagan sages ever taught such a horribly repugnant doctrine. None of them tried to destroy the peace of the world. None of them tried to induce men to provide themselves with deadly weapons, and with them to spill the blood of their fellow-beings. There is no question but what the introduction of Christianity in the world has been the cause of scores of millions of lives being taken, of scores of millions of wives being made widows, and hundreds of millions of children being turned upon a cold world without their natural protectors. No other religion in the world has such a bloody, murderous record! No, not all the other religions combined can equal it.

822. We read of Jesus taking with him on the Sabbath his disciples, and straying into a corn-field not his own, and plucking the corn, and authorizing his fellows to do the same. This was breaking two commandments at the same time—the first, not keeping the Sabbath holy. In the Old Testament we have an account of a man being put to death for simply picking up a few sticks on the Sabbath; Jesus did far worse than this, and deserved death more. Second, he took what did not belong to him, and that is stealing. The command is, "Thou shalt not steal." I am quite certain none of the old pagan sages would have set such an example.

823. In one place Jesus says that to be bathed in his blood washes away *all* sin; but in another place he contradicts this statement by declaring that those who speak against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. One of these two statements must be a falsehood. And in this connection I am reminded of a heavenly tale written by a monk of the sixteenth century, illustrating the difficulties in fulfilling both these conditions laid down by Jesus. The account is reported by Coolridge; it runs in this wise: On a certain occasion a Christian, who fully believed, died; but, unfortunately, he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. When he went up to heaven's gate and wished to gain admittance, Peter, the gate-keeper, hesitated about letting him in. "I don't know," said he, "that you belong in here." The man replied, "I am a Christian, and believed in Jesus." "But," said Peter, "some of your conduct has not been quite up to the requirement." Just at this juncture the Son, who happened to be standing near, turned to Peter, and said, "Let the man come in; he has been washed in my blood." But, as bad luck would have it, the Holy Ghost was but a short distance away, and he resolutely spoke up and said, "That man cannot come in; he has sinned against me." Whereupon Jesus turned to the third member of the firm and remonstrated, "But don't you see, Holy Ghost, that I said that whosoever is washed in my blood, his sins shall be forgiven?" "Yes, yes," said the Holy Ghost; "but you also said that whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven, and that law must be observed. The man cannot enter." At this Jesus shrugged his shoulders, and, with compressed lips, said, "This is an outrage! It is a pretty state of things, indeed, after all I passed through, that my friends, who have been washed in my blood, cannot come in. If my friends are not permitted here I will not stay here myself." "Just as you please," coolly replied the Holy Ghost; "go, if you wish to." "I will speak to my mother about it." He soon met the Virgin, and told her how the Holy Ghost had treated him, and that he was going to leave. Like all affectionate mothers, the Virgin immediately took sides with her son, saying he was in the right, and if he went she would go too. Jesus then saw his disciples, told them of the row that had taken place, that he and his mother were about to leave, and he wanted them to go also. They promptly replied that they had faithfully followed him so far, and that they should continue to do so; wherever he went they would go also. Then he told them to see all they had converted, and all that the converts had converted, and get them to go along. He gave Peter a hint to see all his successors, the popes of Rome, and all the bishops, and get them to join the army of revolt, and they would run a strong opposition business. Peter said he would attend to it, and the result was all who had followed the Son and had been washed in his blood, and all who worshiped the Virgin, agreed to leave with them. In this way heaven was about to be seriously divided, fully half going off to set up by themselves. Soon the intelligence reached the ears of some of the higher angels, and they became very much alarmed, and said one to another: "This is a very bad business. If the Son, and the Virgin, the apostles, and the popes and bishops, leave, it will be too dull for us to stop here with the Holy Ghost and a few more, and we cannot stand it. Something must be done to stop this quarrel; what shall it be?" Gabriel said he would send for Joseph, the old carpenter, and see if something could not be done to mend the rupture. Joseph was duly consulted, and he thought he could see the contending parties, and show them the folly of such a quarrel, and get them to make up and be good friends again. And, to make a long story short, he saw both the Holy Ghost and his step-son, and told them that they were carrying this thing too far, and that they had better each yield a little, and have no division. Being very persuasive, he induced them to be good friends again, and the Holy Ghost graciously thought perhaps the man did not really intend to say much against him, and he would consent that he might come in. This peace-making service on the part of Joseph was not only duly appreciated in heaven, but by the faithful on earth as well; and after the pious monk made the matter known a large sum of money was raised to build a splendid church to Joseph. I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of the story, but it can at least be seen how bad it might be to have two laws, one conflicting with the other.

JAMES H. KNOWLTON, of Wheaton, Ill., gave the following reasons in his will why he did not wish any prayers said over him: "Sickness and disease hav the great portion of my life attended me with great fidelity, and I hav suffered much from pain that will cease, and when it does I urgently request that no prayer be made and that no sermon be preached or delivered over my remains by any one who professes to believe that there is an all-wise, all-powerful, and infinitly just being, who now is and always has been abundantly able to prevent human suffering and all wrong doing, but who does nothing and never has done anything to stay or diminish either."

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

Shall Freethinkers Swear on the Bible?

Our friend Henry Fuchs, of Sacramento, Cal., writes us as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Two articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER—in your issue of January 7th, page 1, column 4, ("It is understood that Mr. Bradlaugh will appear," etc.); page 10, column 3, ("An Agnostic in Court")—involve the question of swearing on the Bible, one in the British Parliament, the other in a United States county court.

Now, this being a state law, I cannot see why a law-abiding citizen should not so swear. A Freethinker will tell the truth whether he swears on anything or not; therefore it does not matter whether he swears on the Bible or on a mule's tail. There are a number of laws which we do not consider good, but, nevertheless, we hav to take the consequences of breaking them.

A word from you, Mr. Editor, would certainly change the current of this false interpretation in swearing matters.

The above involves more than at first sight appears. First, it contains an error of fact. The article "An Agnostic in Court" has reference to an occurrence before a Canadian judge, not in a United States court, but geographical location does not affect the principle. It may at the moment seem of little importance whether an Infidel allows himself to be the victim of superstition, yet in the long run it is always best to protest against it. It is argued by all Freethinkers that the state should hav nothing to do with the church, yet every Bible that cumbers the court room is an evidence that the state is to that extent a partner of the church. It is going to take a good many protests on the part of unbelievers to remove this rag idol; and the sooner it is begun and vigorously kept up, the sooner will the state be separated from superstition.

The pains and penalties of perjury are quite sufficient for the purposes of the law. The Bible never kept a man from lying if he was inclined that way. A great many men hav been convicted of perjury, but we never heard of an Infidel who refused to take his oath upon the Bible being among the number. The policemen of this city afford a good illustration of Bible swearing. They are nearly all Irishmen, consequently nearly all Catholics; yet they tell an enormous number of lies in court. The Bible exercises no restraining power over them.

Mr. Bradlaugh's manly protest against swearing by a God he does not believe in has almost revolutionized English parliamentary methods. Even if he does not succeed in getting an affirmation bill passed, he has done an incalculable amount of good in calling public attention to the fact that there are thousands of people who reject the Bible both in court and out, and he has brought so much nearer the day when the law and the church will be no longer partners. The disestablishment of the English church will be the easier for the efforts he has made. In that way he has done a great good. Let every Freethinker in this country follow his example, and the years that the Jewish idol will disfigure our courts will be few. If we differ from our friend Fuchs, it is because we look farther ahead. We see, as President Madison said our revolutionary fathers did, "all the consequences in the principle, and avoid the consequences by denying the principle;" and with him we add, "We revere this lesson too much to forget it."

About Paine's Lithograph.

The orthodox people are getting very particular lately. They even question such small things as the genuinness of the portraits of Freethinkers, as the following card shows:

JACKSON, MICH., Jan. 22, 1882.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of the lithographs of Paine, Ingersoll, and our old hero, D. M. Bennett, and am well pleased with them. I can easily understand how you obtain the portraits of the last two, but am at some loss to know how you come to get a correct likeness of Paine. I was asked the question by a friend of the orthodox persuasion, and had to take a back seat, as I was not aware of his having had any likenesses taken during his life. Please post me and others through THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Respectfully, G. M. STANLEY.

The lithograph was taken from an oil painting by Jarvis, now belonging to Mr. Mendum, of the *Investigator*. It is the same as hangs beside the pictures of Voltaire and Kneeland in Paine Hall. The most carping Christian critic can find no fault with its authenticity. It may be a matter of news to some Christians that oil paintings and portraits are no new things. But we can assure them that over the life of Paine there hang no such misty doubts as enshroud the career of Jesus Christ. We hav seen hundreds of portraits of the latter imaginary individual, and no two were alike. If he existed at all he was a Jew, and consequently rather dark, like most orientals. Yet the great painters hav always delighted in making him a blonde. The most "authentic" picture of Christ represents him as a negro infant. By the way, how do our orthodox friends—especially the former slaveholders and their northern clerical supporters—like the idea of being "redeemed" through the merits of an African who, thirty years ago, might hav died under the lash administered by their own hand instead of upon a cross?

An "Original Quotation."

A friend of ours way down in Maine has been to church, and he wants to know where the preacher gets his texts. He is in trouble and desires us to help him:

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: To-day, while listening to a very earnest sermon by a young minister, I found my scriptural knowledge, which had been cultivated with diligence for many a year, put to a decided shame (as it seems to me at any rate). He gave a quotation thus, "I am the God full of paps," and repeated it several times, then urged his hearers to come to God that they may never more hunger or want. I cannot find the quotation at all in the Bible, and am inclined to suppose it a marginal rendering of some passage. Can you enlighten me? The passage is rather funny withal, for some young girls in the audience were so excited by it as nearly to burst their costal bands. It was wicked in them, though. An Infidel on his death-bed once said that the Christians eat their God. Now it appears that some of them think they can *suck* him also. That is the inevitable conclusion from the above. The preacher also said, "It matters not how moral you are; it matters not how generous, nor how pure, if ye believe not in the son your portion will be everlasting death in the place where the worm never dieth, and where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Yours, CABALIST.

We can do nothing for our correspondent. The preacher has got us on the pap question. Like "Cabalist," we hav sometimes read the Bible, and furthermore we possess a very complete concordance. But neither our own researches into the "word" nor the labors of Mr. Cruden, M.A., throw any light upon the interesting text quoted by the Portland preacher. We spent a good portion of last Sabbath in overhauling the "Holy Scriptures" for the text, but, alas! our labor was in vain. If God is full of paps, he don't mention the fact in our copy of his word, and our copy is as good as anybody's copy. In such matters we hav the best, because we want all the light to be obtained. If any of our readers know where the text is they will oblige our friend and ourselvs by putting their finger on the place and holding it there till we can mark it with a big blue mark; otherwise we shall hav to apply to the preacher, and we would regret exceedingly to disturb the man of the papillary God in his mystical lucubrations. He needs all his time to originate such beautiful passages.

But when the young preacher gets down to the Christian creed, that good works and clean lives avail nothing, we can tell just where he gets his authority. He gets it from the New Testament. He gets it from the teachings of Christ himself, and from the words of the apostles. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," is ample authority. Faith is all that is necessary. A believer can hate his father and mother; he can stone to death the unbeliever; he can kill every witch he finds; he can slay his brother and outrage his sister; he can do all these and a thousand other heartless yet godly and Christian deeds, and still go to heaven because he believes on the "Lord Jesus Christ." The unbeliever may be the best man in the world—generous, honest, pure, and noble in all things—yet for his simple unbelief he must go to the everlasting torture prepared by God.

The beauty of such a system is too obvious to need pointing out.

Colonel Ingersoll.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Some gentleman is attempting to show that Col. Ingersoll stole the beautiful words that he delivered a short time since over a child's grave. This gentleman produces a poem, or part of a poem, purporting to be the original from which he claims that Col. Ingersoll plagiarizes, but he pretends he cannot remember the name of the author of the original. This poem was constructed by taking a few of the touching lines from Col. Ingersoll's oration and distorting them into such a shape as to make them, while they bore some resemblance to his, appear as if coming from the pen of another person. In this the gentleman accomplished his object; for, with the exception of that part of it stolen from Mr. Ingersoll, the rest, which is this poet's own production, is as poor in thought and as steril in beauty and rhythm as it is possible to conceive of, even though coming from orthodox mediocrity. The sentences which this mixture of envy and mendacity steals from Ingersoll, battered and bruised though they are, shine in the midst of his trash like a broken necklace of diamonds among garbage. Was Col. Ingersoll's tribute over his brother's grave stolen from the same author whose name this man has been so unfortunate as to forget? Were his tribute at the Grant banquet at Chicago, his matchless oration to the soldiers at Indianapolis, the thousands of other beautiful and tender things that he has said, also stolen, or were they begotten of his own brain? If these others, never equaled by pen, were written by some one else, his name would be on the lips and in the hearts of millions, but the world acknowledges them to be Col. Ingersoll's. Then why should such a man steal from one who has never written well enough to be remembered? The fact is, were Col. Ingersoll to steal from the best of them, he would simply be patching his broadcloth with shoddy. It would be like a bird of paradise completing the beauty of his plumage with feathers from the turkey buzzard—like a rose stealing its perfume from decaying offal. The orthodox feel toward Col. Ingersoll about as the gas men feel toward Edison; and what they say, either concerning him, or anything, corresponds in brilliancy with what he says about as the gas corresponds with the electric light; and Col. Ingersoll troubles himself about what they say in the same degree that the electric light cares for the envy of the gas. They are too low, and he is too high, to allow of anything else on their side but envy, or anything else on his side but contempt. The eagle, wheeling in the sky with the sunlight flashing on his wings, heeds not the envious cackle of the barnyard fowls a mile beneath him. I. C. B.

These charges of plagiarism against the colonel are absurd. He has no need to steal other men's thoughts or language. But his Christian opponents are not so guiltless. The man who stole his paragraph on temperance was a most atrocious literary thief. He not only took matter from Mr. Ingersoll, but appropriated liberally from others. What he did not get from the colonel he got from Dr. Gunn, as is shown by the following note:

ALTOONA, PA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* That portion of a temperance speech of which Colonel Ingersoll disclaims being the author, can be found on page 111 of Gunn's "Family Physician," a book written by Dr. John Gunn, and published in Cincinnati about twenty ago.

Yours truly, W. S. BURNS.

So much for that charge.

Another.

BENEZETT, PA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Being also a seeker of truth, I would like to ask you a question for the benefit of myself and a few Liberal friends.

A few days ago I had a conversation with a man in reference to R. G. Ingersoll, in the course of which he stated that he had lately met and conversed with a son-in-law of Ingersoll's, who stated to my informant that Ingersoll did not practice at home what he advocated and preached abroad; but, on the contrary, instructed his family in the Christian doctrin in its fullest orthodox sense.

Now neither I nor my Liberal friends believe the statement; but as a few Christians were present and heard the statement, it gave them great satisfaction, owing to the fact that this man is one of the most prominent church-members in this county, and also a citizen of considerable prominence.

I trust that you will not treat this question with silence. I would ask if the above statement, so far as you know, is true. I would be be greatly pleased to see your answer in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and shall certainly spare no pains in circulating it. I am the only subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER in this county

Yours fraternally, L. D. HAWLEY.

The charge our correspondent mentions is almost too ridiculous to demand serious notice. We assure our friend that Mr. Ingersoll practices what he preaches. The story is about the same kind of a yarn as that started by a Canadian paper to the effect that one of the colonel's daughters had joined the Presbyterian church. It seems that when Christian editors hav nothing else to do they invent some falsehood concerning Mr. Ingersoll or some member of his family. In future, whenever our friend hears such statements, he can safely tell his Christian friends that they are misinformed, and ask them for proof of their charges.

Around the World.

We hope there will be no cessation in taking shares in the Round-the-World journey which Mr. Bennett is now engaged in making. The expenses of the trip will be close upon $3,000, and the cost of the books, with their illustrations, will not be less than $1,500 or $2,000. So his friends who hav sent him away will see that many more names are necessary before the bare cost of the undertaking is paid. The idea is that the work shall be a sort of joint enterprise, the people contributing the money and Mr. Bennett giving his time. It is not fair to ask him to giv the year necessary to make the circuit of our globe and pay for getting out the books in addition. And, besides, he is not able to do it. The work will be dedicated to those advancing the $5's, and their names will be enrolled in the first volume, which is being forwarded at the rate of thirty-five or forty pages per week. It will take until about March 1st for it to be finished, and until that time the starry roll of honor is open to those who want to be pioneers in getting the truth. There has been plenty of books of travel written, but all hav catered to some pious church prejudice, and so far as telling the actual state of affairs existing in the "Holy Land" and the orient, were worth no more than what they would sell for as waste paper. Those who hav read Mr. Bennett's travels in Europe, written last year, will agree with us that his descriptions are faithful portraits of actual facts. He tells everything that he sees, and he has a shrewd way of seeing everything that is going on around him. His letters so far hav been marvels of descriptiv writing. The work, we feel sure, will be greatly superior to any account of a journey around the world we now hav, and we want all our friends and their friends to aid in disseminating it. There will be over one hundred and fifty full-page illustrations of scenes described, besides many smaller cuts. These will add greatly to the interest of the work, and with the faithful and close description will present Old-World places in a very familiar light. It will be as good as making the journey. And in order to pay for all this we shall keep the list open yet awhile longer in the

hope that many more will yet send in their names. It isn't exactly square that the eleventh-hour laborers should get as much as the early workers; but if that is divine justice, poor fallible human beings can not be blamed if we giv the ones who subscribe now just as fine books as those who subscribed to send the editor off. We can call it that the first sent him away and the last bring him back. The Round-the-World List for the first volume will be open until the last of the present month.

WE can supply a limited number of copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing Ingersoll's answer to Talmage's tirades.

OWING to the great number of Paine celebrations held throughout the country on the 29th ult., and our desire to publish as many of them as possible, we encroach upon the "Letters from Friends" to a great extent. Under the circumstances, we know our friends will pardon us for so doing.

Liberal News.

MR. AND MRS. BLISS are mourning the loss of a daughter. She was their little "Sunshine."

FEBRUARY 12th Mrs. Clara Neymann will lecture before the Society of Humanity, at Science Hall, on "Woman's Mission in the Service of Humanity."

O. A. PHELPS starts from Colorado about February 15th for Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska. Liberals desiring his services may address him at Kansas City, Mo.

"CEPHAS" writes to the *Banner of Light* that "Ingersoll surrenders every time he preaches a funeral sermon." Ingersoll never denied immortality. In nearly every one of his lectures may be found a hope for, but not a belief in, a future life. His heart would like one, but his reason cannot find it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Banner of Light* says of Mrs. Colby, who is lecturing this month at Frobisher Hall, this city, that "her orations at Erie, Pa., are remembered by the people. She lifted some of the sectarians out of their seats, and there was a burial of creeds after the discourse was over."

THE Christian regents of the Nebraska State University played a sharp and dishonorable game with the three Freethinkers in the board recently. When the illness of one member left the bigots in the majority they expelled all the Infidels. This dishonorable procedure is in keeping with all the acts of the pious against Freethinkers.

W. F. JAMIESON closed an engagement in Mauston, Wis., four lectures, and a public castigation of a reverend calumniator of Paine, a Rev. Mr. Brown, in Opera Hall, Feb. 1st, as announced. He has an engagement at Escanaba, Mich., for ten lectures, Feb. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th. Address him for lectures as usual, at Albion, Mich.

MRS. LAKE spoke at New Boston, Ill., January 26th and 27th; at Burlington, 29th, and February 5th; at Ft. Madison, Iowa, 3d. At Burlington she has organized a League; officers, Wm. Ellery, president; Cornelia Boecklin, treasurer; Max Stempel, secretary. She speaks at Durand, Ill., the last of February. Parties wishing her services in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan during March and April, may address her at 164 Ashland avenue, Chicago.

THE *Sun* says that the Liberal League of St. Louis had to call on the police for protection against several members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who attended the meetings and interrupted the speeches with such exclamations as "Blasphemer," "Fool," "Liar," and "Lord pity him." The Leaguers should hav taken those young idiots and thrown them head first into the street. The gospel of peace is well enough, but when Christian rowdies invade the gatherings of Liberals they should be taught a lesson, and it takes something besides soft words to penetrate their thick skulls.

GEORGE R. WENDLING, of Chicago, in a lecture last Monday evening in Brooklyn, said that avowed Infidels sowed irreverence and reaped disrespect. Tom Paine never would be anything else but "Tom," even if a hundred monuments were erected to his memory, and fifty million Americans would never know Ingersoll by any other name than "Bob." He did not take the trouble to state how it happens that Franklin was and still is referred to as "Ben" Franklin; Lincoln is spoken of as "Abe," Blaine as "Jim," and Cary as "Sam;" nor why it is that fifty million Americans will never know Cook by any other name than "Joe."

THE Liberals of Liberal, Mo., celebrated Paine's birthday in an appropriate manner. "The hall," says the *Liberal*, "was most beautifully decorated with flags, mottoes, names of distinguished men in evergreen moss, and portraits of different men. The most prominent, of course, was the picture of Thomas Paine over the center of the arch above the stage, arranged among flags festooned and beautified with tastefully arranged flowers and evergreens. On the right was the picture of R. G. Ingersoll, and above it in moss-work set in sea-shells the word 'Love.' On his left was the portrait of D. M. Bennett similarly arranged, above which was the word 'Truth.' The portrait of Washington on the west side of the hall was decorated with flags, and that of Garfield on the east with the flag of our country arranged with crape. Humboldt was in living green, and the name of Voltaire was dressed in moss-work. Elegant stage scenery, just completed by S. P. Davis, brought out the whole scene in grand relief. It is needless to say all of this decorated work is attributable to the ladies of Liberal."

THE first of a proposed series of parlor meetings to consider the subject of heredity and prenatal influences was held at the office parlors of Dr. E. B. Foote, 120 Lexington ave., on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. After the reading of the secretary's and treasurer's report, Mrs. E. B. Foote read an interesting letter from Mr. Loring Moody, of Boston, intended for this meeting. Then followed letters which were written to the Heredity Convention, but which, for want of time, were omitted on that occasion. Among the most entertaining were one from Rev. Phœbe Hanaford; one from Mr. Charles. W. Gardner, of Portsmouth, N. H.; from Rev. Robert Collyer; from Mrs. Caroline B. Winslow, M.D., of Washington; from Mr. Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia; from Mrs. Ellen H. Sheldon, Washington; from Mrs. Abbie Knapp, M.D., Michigan; and from J. C. Jackson, M.D., Dansville, N. Y.

The discussion turned mainly on the subject of the temperaments and their influences on the physical and mental stamina of children. Dr. Reuben Garter, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Dr. Foote, Dr. Sarah B. Chase, Mrs. Cynthia A. Leonard, Mr. S. P. Putnam, and Mr. Ryerson presented their respectiv views. Two parlors were well filled with an interested audience, and it would seem as if these meetings had started out with a fair promis of success. The next meeting will take place on the last Thursday evening in February at the same place.

Dalliance With Danger.

All phases of progress in all countries show that of all things requiring vigilance liberty is chief, yet receives dalliance instead.

While sketching a fraction of my regret and wonder that the majority of Liberals are so slow to grasp the knowledge that their privilege to speak and act from convictions of right requires earnest resistance to wrongs, even at this point of the crisis, when all shades of tyranny combine to crush the last we possess of liberty—while contemplating the hard task of repeating sad facts that are patent to clear minds—the last TRUTH SEEKER brings the brave Mrs. Lake's encounters with the same indifferent loitering among snares laid by foes, the same giving of means, time, and power to rites and customs, the observance of which givs all influence, too, helping the church rob the cause of truth and its brave advocates, with the craven and reckless adherents. It is a moral palsy calling for "innovation." When we wish a respit from usual labor, time can profitably be given to progressiv work or innocent amusement. Freethinkers and Spiritualists might quickly lay away Christ-mass, fast, and thanksgiving to Bacchus, on the shelf, with the old homage to Venus and her paramours. West, East, everywhere, the great body of lovers of liberty are sleeping over dangers shaping to engulph them simply for "business interests" and "popular standing," supposing others will defend liberty, though their weight be thrown against it. The facts are, they must dicover their fallacy, and arouse to counteract their traitrous coherence with malignant opposition, before our nation can be safe. And women should be activ as men, and organize for special culture; they hav even more rights to contend for, and remaining in the old ranks is more damage to the general cause and their particular interest in it. Their subjection makes slaves of all men, half of whom are tyrants. While education is the great secularizing lever to be moved long and patiently by agencies not yet operating, there are many of both sexes now feeling oppressiv schemes and seeing the situation, yet failing to note the proximity of danger or to trace relief to their own efforts, redoubled by being bestowed on organized forces. Mrs. Lake should be aided by hundreds who will stir the dozing thousands to patrionism, that dare protect what they hold most dear. The "standing" now valued and paid for by the surrender of purse and principle, the lucrativ "business" further bartering honor, will look like poor pottage contemplated in a face-to-face contact with abject submission, or with fines, gags, and cells. If for truth to human welfare, slander, and despite be meted out, we can better repel them in our strife for justice than tamely succumb, or be mocked by sham courts.

Popular respectability developed by church usage is so venal and false that honest natures should scorn to accept it on the terms of conformity. A just course by all who lean to liberty's side would sooner expose and transform old varnished corruptions than is imagined. It is blindly selfish to feel what is often said, "craft and greed can't be uprooted in my day, and I'll not rack my brain with the trial." How much wiser to say, The claims of posterity on my example and influence shall be balanced by my purpose to bequeath as little oppression and as much justice as possible!

Because state tyranny is infused through state measures where hard to reach, it is freedom's worst foe, and must be resisted in its quiet as well as daring aggressions. And because as fully blest with social measures where not so environed, it can be affected, as well as affect the masses. Those seeing the thrall thrown around its victims, the psychology disabling responsibility, hav some chance to interpose, should openly demur and stand aloof. A line of Liberal labor should encourage those who hav outgrown their place and those who hang on the order of ceremonies for selfish objects to turn to themes their highest growth can reach, and help the cause that helps the world. I see the difficulty of the labor, when the wealthy church has such control in common affairs as to hold in mute compliance people who never believed in it, but know its stupidity and guile; and when mercenary Spiritualists can be induced into its service. But steady effort tells on an institution whose only defense is force, and only strength is unopposed sway. Here is a symptom showing it realizes its vulnerable composition; it readily senses Liberal element, is startled by its approach and weakened by its action, so great is the disparity and antagonism. Though its power has been centuries accumulating, its factors are such broken, brittle, untempered materials that all its claims and compartments are shattered by a short argument, a rational idea of nature, or a fact of history. Hence the care in past ages to destroy reasoners and their books; hence present strife to hurt the influence of great minds and stop the spread of advancing science. No clearer proof is needed of the merit of persons and books than its raid upon them. Nothing could more plainly tell the freedom-teaching mission of THE TRUTH SEEKER, or the good culture supplied by *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*. If the doctor's "Medical Common Sense" had not been an excellent educator it had not been feared, hated, and fought. The best part of the conclusion is, its fear and persecution evinces its fallible nature. Perseverance in the reforms comprised in Liberalism, physiology, and hygiene will disintegrate its material and liberate its intelligent and well-meaning subjects sooner than its present power implies. But unabated action is requisit, and can be afforded better than aught else. We'll rest and not retire. Gained ground is to stand on till not a slave stands on the planet. Much talk and time must be given, and all the money not needed as competence, being not transferrable to the next sphere, is in demand. Now the Liberal Leagues are in accord, well officered, and, aside from the members, *Man* to assist them to multiply and prosper by uniting with them and resisting the measures of enemies of progress.

Reformers should carefully note the article "A Movement in Favor of Ignorance," by C. L. James, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 28th. Instead of coloring with anxiety or sensational facts, he has given a mild and impartial view of the movement which has been long developing, and is nearer critical measures than apparent features reveal. Mr. James thinks "the scheme can't succeed," probably because he trusts strong enough "positions will be taken" to rebut it. That will depend on how generally the scheme is seen, exposed, and repelled. The little opposition already made only stimulates it.

M. E. TILLOTSON.

Scraps from Reuben Dailey's "Moral Code."

1. Be moral men and women. Now what does that include? Much; indeed, everything. If we are moral we will do no wrong. We can be guilty of no dishonest act toward individuals or government. Honesty includes industry, because every man owes to the world a return for that which he uses in the maintenance of his life, as also it includes a willingness to pay a fair price for a fair article at all times.

2. I would recommend that each person take an interest in the charities and philanthropies of the day and manifest a willingness to bear equally the burden of the support of the unfortunate and deserving poor, as the widow, the orphan, crippled and blind.

3. I would recommend that each person show a neighborly disposition at all times, giving a practical recognition of our foundation principle that all men are created free and equal.

4. I would recommend kindness to those whom the world recognizes as our inferiors financially and socially.

5. I would recommend courtesy to all, kindness to the unfortunate, and a general conduct in life that inspires the lowly to approach us in confidence of kind treatment.

6. I would recommend that each man and woman try to keep order in their house and perform the functions of ruler of the home with quietness, kindness, moderation, and wisdom; to study the comfort of home and keep it clean, in good repair, and orderly.

7. I would recommend attention to personal appearances. We should be elegant if we can, but never fail to be clean and decent. Above all, our children should giv constant evidence of attention to their personal comfort and neatness of attire.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

THE INFINITE AS GOD.

It is evident enough from what has been said that neither the Cosmos, nor any part of it, is ever again to become the God of scientific people. This is generally admitted; but may not THE INFINITE, which is supposed to extend beyond the Cosmos, be the God, or the chief dwelling-place of a spirit-God, or be personified as God in some way. Can this be so? Can the Infinite, or any conception of it, be the unity, solution, and guide of intelligent people in this and future ages?

To this question Theology answers, Yes; and modern Science, No.

The Scientific verdict on this issue is undoubtedly the *Agnostic*. Our fifth subjective harmony must then read thus:

V.—THE INFINITE, BEING FROM ITS VERY NATURE BEYOND THE RELATIONS BY WHICH MAN CAN HAVE ANY KNOWLEDGE, IS UNKNOWABLE TO HIM; AND ALL BELIEFS AS TO IT ARE IDLE IMAGINATIONS, UNVERIFIABLE, AND THEREFORE USELESS AS THE SOLUTION AND GUIDE OF HUMAN LIFE.

The line of thought which has brought modern Science to this conclusion is the law of the relativity of all human knowledge explained in our first lecture. It may be followed from Hume to Kant, from Kant to Sir William Hamilton and Comte, and thence to Dean Mansel, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, and to Liberal scientists generally.

It may be granted that the Infinite is the necessary third factor of the world, which is always thought of as a trinity, *viz.*, as Man, the Cosmos, the Infinite—

Yet there is no alternative but to consider the Infinite as but the continuation without limit of the Finite. To find the Infinite we extend matter, with its inference, space; and force, with its inference, time. All of these may be reduced to our ultimate idea of power, or resistance to motion, as common to all. Thus we conceive the Infinite as the power we know, but as limitless and unconditioned. We cannot think that there is a limit to matter, nor to force, nor to space, nor to time; nor to power, as the sum or simplest conception of these. We feel that there is always a farther on—never an end or vacuum. Thus in our Classification (on p 12) the Infinite appears in the Emotional or upper division as the *Plenum* or the Infinite Power. In the Activity or Will division below it, there is vacancy, for we can hav no relation nor do anything in regard to the Infinite. In thought, or the Intellectual division, we can merely think and question as to what lies beyond finite space, or the Cosmos, as illustrating the freedom of our thought, and so it is marked. So with the senses, in the lower division. Man, by the aid of the telescope, can only say as to the practical infinity of space that there is always a farther space beyond.

The feelings of awe, wonder, and reverence toward and in regard to the Infinite Power Science sustains and cherishes—nay, unspeakably increases; but for more it sees no warrant! It is the declaration of the limitless, and of the freedom of the human soul, and as such is of inconceivable value. It is the necessary and inevitable foundation and background of knowable existence, and of our human consciousness. To seek to make it more, or other, is to make it less—is, in fact, to deny and to destroy it. "*Feeling is all*," says Faust. Let no one dare to hide it by words, or names, or symbols, or personifications. Excusable these may be in a Fetich worshiper, but in proportion to the progress of mankind these idols and symbols of the imagination drop out of sight and use. They are seen to be nothing more than the reflecting of man's own nature upon the Infinite, obscuring and falsifying it. The cruder form of this personification business was ridiculed by the old Greek Xenophanes, who allowed to the lower animals, in this lively manner, the same privilege of personification that men indulge in who call it "religion:"

"If sheep and swine, and lions strong, and all the bovine crew,
Could paint with cunning hands, and do what clever mortals do,
Depend upon it every pig with snout so broad and blunt,
Would make a Jove that like himself would thunder with a grunt,
And every lion's god would roar, and every bull's would bellow,
And every sheep's would baa, and every beast his worshiped fellow
Would find in the immortal form, and nought exist divine,
But had the gait of lion, sheep, or ox, or grunting swine."

In these imaginations of the Infinite every people ridicules those below and reverences those above them. The very Greek who furnishes the above ridicule proceeds to do the same thing, only in a higher form, by adding these lines to the foregoing:

'There is one God, supreme above all gods and men that be;
Not like a mortal thing in shape, nor like in thought, is he.
All eyes, all ears, all thought is God, the omnipresent Soul,
And freed from toil by force of mind, he moves the mighty whole"

That the Infinite cannot be considered as two, or divided, is plain enough; but who knows, or dares to add, the last two lines quoted? They are but contradictions of the two lines which precede them, and are as glaring as anything the poet has ridiculed above.

Our Greek poet presents only the more refined form of Anthropomorphism in the last two lines. He is merely trying to retain the falsehood of personification while hiding and denying its grossness. All this, no matter how far refined, is equally inconsistent. An infinite *Person* is an infinite contradiction.

We have seen no exception taken to Prof. Fiske's showing that our word "God" is but an old form of the name of Odin, the Personal Hero and Deity of our savage Scandinavian and Saxon ancestors. (See Fiske's "Myths and Myth Makers.")

What justification can there be for describing and limiting the Infinite by the name of this "heathen" mead and blood-drinking barbarian.

Intelligence is foresight, the adaptation of means to ends, and is thus the denial of the infinite Power and Knowledge. The infinite Love and Mercy deny the infinite Justice, and the creation of the Devil; and so each attribute is the denial of the other. So of the Trinity, the begetting and death of a son, etc., etc, are all denials of the Infinite. We have been taught to wonder at the ridiculous stories of Polytheism, but they are rationality itself in comparison to Monotheism. Its limited deities were only larger—not infinite men, and they loved and hated and quarreled as best they could. Monotheism condenses all of their contradictions and limitations into one and then contradicts them all by adding the conception of the infinite unity. It is for this reason J. S. Mill, in his essay upon Theism, in order to make any showing for it, was obliged to imagine a limited God or Demiurge as creator of the world, who did, not as well as he wanted to, but the best he could. But this, of course, was in substance a return to Polytheism, for it left invincible and opposing powers, that is, real Gods outstanding.

There is something too absurd to argue, now that Biology has become a science, in the conception that the Infinite is or can be an animal with eyes and ears and brain; and yet without these even Lucretius asked how could there be thoughts or design. How can the unlimited have laws and limitations? How can there be an animal conceived of without these? There is no proof that the Infinite has any animal faculties. Unfortunately, a scientific contradiction or difficulty is not gotten over by calling it a "mystery."

As in the case of the Cosmos, the deanthropomorphization of the Infinite has rendered absurd all attempts to attribute knowable animal, human, or Spiritual properties or faculties of any kind to it. There is a final divorce of personality from Infinity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Notes of Travel by E. C. Walker.

Through the mingled sunshine and storm of an Iowa December I hav been meandering through portions of the counties of Buchanan, Delaware, Dubuque, and Jones in search of the truth and truth seekers.

At Quasqueton, a pretty little country village in Buchanan county, snugly nestled down beside the murmuring Wapsipinecon, and undisturbed by rumble of cars or scream of locomotiv whistle, I found Laura Walker and the little ones awaiting the arrival of the household goods, when housekeeping would be commenced anew, but with the inspiring impetus of an independent life-work to cheer and inaugurate the little matron, she having now commenced the study of medicin in earnest. Not any system of drug poisoning, but nature's methods of healing and rebuilding and magnetic rejuvenation.

Outspoken Liberals are not very plentiful in Buchanan county, but Dr. D. C. Hastings has done very much to humanize and broaden these people whom he has lived among for so many years, and, in spite of his radicalism, he has conquered for himself a warm place in the affections and esteem of his neighbors. He has been true to his sincere convictions, and already the crop from the seed he has sown amid storm and rain is whitening for the harvest.

Manchester has a large Infidel element, but it sadly needs electrifying. There are a few good workers, but the masses here, as elsewhere, hav inherited so much from the church that they do not often think of the future in its relation to the work of the present; they do not see that every stone which they might but do not remove from the highway of humanity is a "rock of offense" left in the pathway of their children. Of course these remarks do not apply to such as V. Schelling, J. Van Antwerp, H. S. Walter, G. R. Buckley, and C. W. Mead. Winchester should be made one of a "circuit" for some good speaker.

At Earlville I met N. W. Clark, Charles Schucert, Peter Hess, F. Werkmeister, and R. Zimmerman, of my old acquaintances, and made the acquaintance of Alonzo Heeley, J. Richardson, J. Hutchinson, and George Stahley.

My next halting-place was Farley, Dubuque county. Here orthodoxy has lost about all its selfishness—thanks to the serene courage and earnest work of H. Gilmore.

I met, also, G. F. Barker, R. C. Merrill, L. Miller, and C. A. Joseph. Freethought is growing right along here, owing to the conscientious devotion and hard work of these and others of our comrades. I was kindly entertained by Bro. Gilmore and family, and to Bro. Miller I am also indebted for help and cheering encouragement. Would that every town in our state had as many go-ahead Liberals as has Farley. The church has received many a hard shock here, and she will be surprised more than once again. I had a little confab with the "city" marshal upon the subject of licenses. That functionary, like most other henchmen of the state, had no higher conception of right than that entertained by the masses—whatever is "law" is right. According to this view—and it is the view of nearly all—we are bound to always obey law, even a fugitiv slave law. Comment is unnecessary.

Monticello sadly needs a revival of Liberalism. With probably scores of heretics within its limits, our Liberal papers are not taken, with very few exceptions. John Blanchard, H. W. Gill, Dr. Henry, Dr. Millett, and Henry Wright I found interested in progressiv thought. Mr. Blanchard is editor of the *Express*, and has a fine library, but he needs to become better acquainted with the Liberal movement of to-day, that he may not so unjustly condemn some of our best workers. Monticello has been quite favored in its clergymen, and so I found quite a demand for "The Crimes of Preachers." Personal acquaintance always makes us interested in such statistics.

But Anamosa, with the penitentiary, is not far away, and so the Monticelloites do not worry as much as they otherwise might over clerical escapades. Anamosa is famous for its beautiful stone and excellent brick, and is a pretty town, because of them, probably. Here we hav some good workers, notably Mrs. M. E. Preston, Nelson Potter, Israel Fisher, and B. F. Shaw, state fish commissioner. To friends Potter and Fisher I am under great obligations for kindnesses most cheerfully bestowed. Mr. Potter is a relativ of A. L. Potter, of LaMotte, and, like him, is a Liberal all the way round and clear through.

In nearly every town in which I stop I am told by a friend that the place is the most bigoted and intolerant of all places. Of course they cannot all be right, but I am inclined to think that Wyoming, Jones county, is as near heaven as any town in the state, if proximity to heaven is indicated by the numbers and virulent orthodoxy of stiff-backed Presbyterians and whooping Methodists, cant, bigotry, and intolerance. It does not seem to know that the devil is dead and the fires of hell are put out, Freethought growing, and science kicking at Jehovah's chamber door. Whoso does not pay his tithes regularly in Wyoming may look out for northers—no, I mean a sirocco. He'll hav a time of it anyway. But Wyoming may yet be saved. There may not be ten Freethinkers in the town, but there are some splendid ones in the country round about. I stopped over Sunday and had a grand visit with Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kimball and their sons and daughters, and son-in-law, John Conway. Here is a family whose household gods are none of the old heathen Christian deities, but the fair, sweet angels of science, art, and Freethought. There is no concealment of unpopular opinions here, but the Liberal and Spiritual colors fly bravely in the breeze of friendly discussion, and from the walls of parlor and hall lithographs and photos of distinguished Freethinkers and scientists are prominently displayed, and untiring industry and deft fingers hav fashioned many a beautiful ornament from nature's varied productions for the gratification of the esthetic faculties. No "In God we trust" or "God bless our home" mottoes giv the lie to the principles professed, and one instinctivly feels when he enters this abiding-place that he is in a secular home. I shall long remember this bright oasis in the dreary desert of apathy, indifference, and selfishness through which I hav journeyed in my wanderings. May such centers of progressiv thought and life increase and multiply as the gospel of naturalism spreads among the people.

I must not forget to mention our fearless young friend, Geo. Gilbert, a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and *North American Review*.

The Iowa division of the Illinois Central Railway some five weeks ago put on three regular Sunday trains, which certainly is a great accommodation to the traveling public, and a step in the right direction, which will be appreciated by all save the real godly. Other through lines will soon be compelled by the force of competition to do likewise, and we may soon look in vain for the familiar "except Sunday" when examining Western railroad time-tables. And thus will "the Sabbath" get another terrible "break," and people visit their friends on Sunday instead of listening to the recital of Joshua's exploits.

E. C. WALKER, Sec. Iowa L. L.

[*From the Duluth Tribune.*]

A Characteristic Letter from Col. Ingersoll.

All of the honest and truthful members of the orthodoxy who know anything about Col. Ingersoll personally, are forced to admit that so far as his life, his character, and his habits are concerned, they are above reproach; that in his own family he is a model husband and a model father; that his home is one in which there is a perpetual reign of sunshine and joy, and that as a citizen he is one of the most kind-hearted and benevolent of men.

We recently, however, clipped from a good, pious, sweet-tempered, Golden-Rule-observing, orthodox paper, some very savage assaults upon Col. Ingersoll's private character, said to hav been made some time before, by a couple of Chicago clergymen, at a ministers' meeting in that city. The charges bore on their face evidences not only of untruthfulness, but of bitter malignity. Thinking that possibly Col. Ingersoll might not hav seen these charges, we clipped them out and sent them to him, accompanied by a brief letter, in which we stated to him that while he is personally respected by the masses of the people, and by the masses even who are still tied to the churches, yet there are some clerical bigots who would evidently crucify him if they only had the power, and who, feeling that something must be said by them to offset the sledge-hammer blows that he has given to some of their pet dogmas, hav made themselvs believe that they are entirely justifiable in attempting to blacken and besmirch his private character, even when they can only do so at the expense of truth. In reply to that note, Col. Ingersoll recently sent us the following characteristic letter:

COL. INGERSOLL'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: Much obliged to you for your letter of the 29th. The clippings you sent me appeared in the papers two or three years ago. I had a correspondence with one of the ministers upon the subject, and convicted him of having told a falsehood. These ministers were really not worth noticing. I had delivered a lecture in Chicago that the clergy could not answer. Fifteen or twenty of them tried, and yet the people, speaking through the principal papers of the city, decided that the replies were entirely unsatisfactory. This aroused these particular preachers up to the lying point.

As they could not answer my arguments, they did the next best thing—they attacked me. They could not lie so as to answer the points I had made, because, as a matter of fact, there is no logic in lies.

As lies cannot hurt logic, they used them to destroy, not the logic, but the logician. I can always tell when my arrows hav reached the heart of superstition. If the points I hav made cannot be answered, then my character gets bad, as my arguments get good. I presume if I were to make a weak speech, my reputation would be excellent.

Of course my reputation has nothing to do with the question, one way or the other. Admitting that I am the worst man in the world, still there is some doubt about the general deluge. If it should be proved that I am the unfortunate possessor of all the vices, still some people might hav their doubts about the whale's having swallowed Jonah. And should I be so unfortunate as to die in the penitentiary, even after that some folks might say that the doctrin of the trinity was mathematically absurd.

I hav no time to answer all the attacks made upon me; and if I had, I might be engaged in better business. There is an old saying that he who takes medicin every time he feels unwell will soon ruin his constitution, and that he who defends his character from every attack will soon lose it. I hav been charged with everything; but what has that to do with the existence of the supernatural? Suppose all these charges to be true, is the Bible then inspired; and is an eternity of pain the lot of nearly all the sons of men?

A very good story is told of Sidney Smith. He was conversing with a young man, who it seems used a great deal of profane language. After a while, Mr. Smith said to him, "Let us admit, for the purpose of this conversation, that everything in the universe has been thoroughly damned, and go on with the discussion." So I say to the ministers, "Let us go on with the discussion." No matter what I may hav done, and no matter what I may do, gentlemen, be kind enough to answer what I say.

Most of these gentlemen claim that they love even their enemies. In order to get a little practice, so that to love enemies will at least be comparativly easy, would it not be well enough to commence by treating those decently who are not their enemies? I do no not ask their friendship. I do not want their praise. I hav only one request to make of the clergy of the whole world, and that is that they will not tell falsehoods about me. There are two things I would like to hav them stick to—one is the subject under discussion, and the other is the truth. Until I read some of the attacks that hav been made upon me, I had no conception of the malignity of the modern churches. They do not seem to care for the consequence of their acts. They are willing to malign men, women, and children. They hav no respect for the feelings of others. They are perfectly willing to wreck the life of any man who has the courage to express his honest thoughts. They would be delighted to see his wife in want, and his children clad in rags. They would repeat with infinit unction the prayer recorded in the 109th Psalm. With folded hands and upturned eyes they would say to God:

"Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let his children be continuously vagabonds, and beg. Let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places. Let there be none to extend mercy unto them, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children."

Of course, there are many exceptions. There are good, honest, self-sacrificing men in the pulpits and pews; but, judging from my experience, I would almost hate to say how few.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

A Letter to Mrs. Slenker.

DEAR MADAM: Our attorney-general was out to see me yesterday, and in the course of our conversation he made the assertion that the Bible was not read in the public schools of any of the states. If such is the case I hav been wrongly informed. I am satisfied that you are fully able to giv us a correct statement in regard to the matter. So I hope you will do so in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. If you can, giv us the number of the states wherein the Bible is read in the public schools. I wish to show your statement to the learned limb of the law. Hoping to see a statement from you at the earliest opportunity, I remain, Yours respectfully, J. S. MARTIN.

REPLY.

To say that "the Bible is not read in the public school of any state" is a great mistake. Right here in Snowville—a little town of two hundred inhabitants—one that boasts of a fine public library and several large private libraries, a first-class school, a ladies' reading club, a Masonic hall, a Good Templars' lodge, and a Campbellite church that nearly runs them all—the school-teacher, who is a preacher of this dipperite fraternity, uses the Bible as a school-book, and if there is a single state in the Union where the Bible is not (in some part of it) read in the public schools, I am totally unaware of it. I hav lived in New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Virginia, and in several different places in each state, and always found the old Jew book used as a school-book; and, indeed, when I was a Yankee schoolma'am, I had to allow it read in my own school in many districts, but generally managed it so that it was gradually and imperceptibly dropped; and therefore when it ceased entirely to be read no notice was taken of it.

Now, with my present convictions of the bad influence of the volume, I could not consent to allow it read in any school where I was teacher, unless I was free to expound its meanings according to my own reason and judgment. I am satisfied that the book, as now read, is really making more Infidels than Christians, even in our public schools. Children are, in this age, taught to reason, analyze, and compare. They are taught science, philosophy, and practical knowledge; and when they read of a flat earth, of men made of dust, of serpents that talk, of its taking more time to make our little earth than all the suns and stars, and of a small ark holding such a multitude of animals and their food for so long a time, and the ten thousand other myths related in the old myth book, they compare the statements with natural history, geology, and philosophy, and declare there must be something wrong. They read of God, devil, ghost, and the "son of God," and reason that none of these are now manifested to the perceptions of people, and so doubts as to the correctness of the pious old school-book creep into their minds, never more to be eradicated. Wherever I hav known of prayers and Bible-reading in schools, I hav noticed many of the scholars who prefer being late to listening to the monotonous humdrum.

A little more work, brother and sister Liberals, a little more patience, and we shall see the Christian myths placed with all the millions of other myths of antiquity. All we hav to do is to keep right on teaching science, truth, and real knowledge, and then legends, fables, and fictions must be ousted. In science theology

"Hath met a plain-faced foe,
Lacking in subtlety and outward grace,
But with an eye that pierceth through the veil
Of mystery the conquerer holds up
To daze men's sight, and with an arm that makes
A mortal wound at every blow it strikes,
And with a stride that moves but slowly, true,
But never draweth back, and with a heart
That dareth all, so that it find the truth.

. . . . The veil is rent in twain;
Serene-eyed science standeth in the breach;
The holy place, forbidden unto men,
Unknown and unexplored, yet held in awe,
Proves but a vacant chamber. One step more,
Another blow like that which rent the veil,
And through the very wall light shall come in."

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Presuming there is a future life, it is certain that a happy life here will not be a charge against us in the next.

Paine Celebrations.

BURR OAK, MICH.

The Liberal League of Burr Oak, Mich. (No. 167), on Jan. 29th celebrated the 145th anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, that grand patriot, author, and hero who fanned into quickening fires the sparks of liberty that were smoldering within the breast of our revolutionary fathers, and who, with his master pen, nerved them to strike for freedom and independence; and who, in that long night of revolution, at times when disaster and despair threatened to engulf the mighty Washington and his little army of heroes, when the bright star of American liberty grew dim and almost faded from sight, was found writing by the dim light of the midnight camp-fire words that, when read to the bleeding, starving soldiers, restored their lost energy, aroused them to the performance of deeds of greater valor, caused them to endure hardships more severe, and to swear by their burned and wasted homes, the wives of their bosoms, and their helpless little ones, to fight until they gain for America her independence, or until the last murdered patriot should sink into a hero's grave.

We held two meetings, one in the day-time and one in the evening. By invitation of our League S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich., was with us on the occasion. Although the day was pretty cold, we had a fair-sized audience at both meetings, who listened with rapt attention to Mr. Moore's able and scholarly *exposé* of the Christian religion. I cannot refrain from saying that he is a live Liberal of pleasing address, whose earnest words cannot fail to impress his hearers with the honesty of purpose with which he pleads the cause of truth and justice. After Mr. Moore's address in the morning, the writer, one of our League members, pronounced a eulogy on Thomas Paine, which was followed in the evening by our secretary, A. H. Thurston, in the same strain, together with another able address by Mr. Moore, and some appropriate remarks from our president, Mr. E. E. Campany. We closed at a late hour our meeting, the friends separating, feeling happy and glad that they had attended. Yours for the cause you are so ably and fearlessly maintaining,

S. K. THURSTON.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Yesterday Maltby Hall, on Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, was gaily hung with evergreens and decorated with mottoes and portraits, as an eager throng filled the house, seemingly anxious to make amends for popular delay in doing justice to one of freedom's martyrs.

The occasion was the one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine. Just back of the rostrum hung an excellent portrait of the author-hero, flanked on the right by that of Colonel Ingersoll, and on the left by Lincoln and Garfield. The mottoes were happy selections from Paine's "creed," as laid down in the "Age of Reason."

The bright, earnest faces of the intelligent audience showed plainly that they were expecting a realization of Charles Mackay's couplet,

"Ever does truth come uppermost,
And ever is justice done,"

and the enjoyment of "the fellowship of kindred minds," and they were not disappointed. The committee of arrangements of the Liberal League, Messrs. Staley, Schade, and Grundy, had made ample provisions for their entertainment and edification. A varied program of addresses, music, recitations, songs, and toasts had been arranged, to conclude with a banquet at the finest restaurant in the city.

Mr. James E. Emerson, of Beaver Falls, Pa., was the first speaker. He gave a masterly *rêsumé* of Paine's life and services; dwelt upon his literary achievements, his patriotism, his modesty, his moral courage, his magnanimity, his honest expression of unpopular opinions and constant fealty to his highest convictions of truth in death. After vindicating Paine from the aspersions of his enemies, Mr. Emerson concluded by saying, "The 'Age of Reason' has never yet been met by other arguments than slander, and it never will be squarely met by the orthodox church."

After some excellent music by the band, Prof. William Seymour, of Philadelphia, Pa., took the stand, and paid a glowing tribute to the genius of the man who was despised and defamed by the ignorant bigots of the age in which he lived, but honored and loved by such men as Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson. The professor contrasted Paine's creed with the popular theology of the day, very much to the disadvantage of the latter.

At the close of Prof. Seymour's remarks the public meeting of the League adjourned, and it was transformed into a social.

The afternoon was spent very pleasantly, the entertainment being varied by an address of welcome, by Mr. Thomas Grundy; "The Maid of Midian" (recitation), by Mr. Dovey; "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" by J. E. Emerson; music, songs, etc.

At 7 o'clock, as announced, the company adjourned to Reineman's restaurant, where a sumptuous repast was spread for the express purpose of filling an ach-

ing void (for Liberals, ladies as well as gentlemen, do get hungry), which having been discussed to the satisfaction of all parties, toasts were in order.

"Thomas Paine" was responded to by Mr. W. Scott Douthitt; in closing he said, "The duty of every lover of truth, and the object of our celebration, is to raise his memory from the grave of calumny in which bigotry has buried it for so many years."

"Voltaire" was responded to by Mr. J. E. Emerson, who said: "He battled against tyranny in every form, and feared neither priest nor king. Reason destined him first for her poet, second for her apostle, and last for her idol." Prof. Seymour paid a neat compliment to "The Press;" Mr. Emerson eulogized "The Ladies," and Thos. Grundy did justice to "The National and Local Liberal Leagues."

The occasion was one long to be remembered, and if the faith of our Spiritualistic friends is not altogether in vain, Thomas Paine last Sunday looked down from the higher spheres and said: "Republics are *not always* ungrateful." HARRY HOOVER.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 30, 1882.

LINESVILLE, PA.

The 28th, 29th, and 30th of January were gala days for the Linesville Liberal League. For several years past the Liberalists of all shades of opinion hav celebrated the *dêbut* of the Author-Hero of the American republic on to this mundane stage. Each celebration has excelled all others in earnestness and enthusiasm. The late celebration has beaten them all.

Last year it was asserted, and I think firmly believed, by the Christian portion of this community, that we were to hav the last celebration "the worshipers of St. Tom Paine" (if you will indulge me in Elder Braden's peculiar classic) were ever to enjoy. Elder Clark Braden, assisted by the home clergy, was to annihilate the last vestige of Liberalism. When the meeting proved to be the largest one ever held in this place, they said, "No wonder it is large; you had Elder Braden and the Christian ministers to call out an audience."

This year the ministers and the church determined to ignore us to death. They would not countenance us; now we would hav a failure sure. They carried out their part of the program to the letter, so we did ours. The roads were in such a condition that it was almost impossible for people to get here with teams, so many Liberals within ten miles staid at home; nevertheless, our success was greater than ever known before. We were compelled to adjourn from our own hall to the opera house, the largest hall in the village, and, notwithstanding an admittance fee was taken at the door to keep uninterested persons away, the seating capacity of the hall was insufficient to accommodate the audience.

The speakers were A. B. Bradford, J. H. Burnham, J. A. Wright, O. P. Kellog, Mattie E. Hull, and the writer of this. Every speech, except one or two of the writer's, was terse, pointed, and eloquent, and received with enthusiasm. Our Liberal League received about forty new members, and others went home determined to form new Leagues in their vicinity. Especially deserving of notice is Mr. Bradford's discourse on the Old Testament saints as canonized by Paul in Hebrews xi. If they were what he proved them to be, the world were better filled with devils.

Mr. Burnham delivered the regular Paine memorial discourse. It was a masterpiece of eloquence, logic, and new thoughts on an old theme.

J. A. Wright, of Youngstown, Ohio, is a mechanic who has recently been called to preach the gospel of Liberalism. He is an earnest student, deep thinker, and close reasoner. His neighbors call him a splendid fellow.

Some of the leading daily papers of this vicinity were represented. The Erie *Dispatch* sent a pious cuss to report for its columns. In his report he says:

"The three days' celebration of the 145th anniversary of Tom Paine's birthday, by the Liberalists, Freethinkers, and Infidels of northwestern Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, closed to-night with a grand ball at the opera house. The attendance from various cities and townships within a radius of several hundred miles was large, and the Liberalists are congratulating each other upon what they call a gigantic success. Hotels and private houses hav been taxed to their utmost to accommodate the hundreds of visitors to the convention. The craft of the Infidel was seen in the action of the Liberal League of Linesville, which, at great expense, brought together five ex-ministers of the gospel to preach against the plan of salvation by the cross of Christ. These ministers, all eminent scholars, powerful in debate, and clergymen of many years' standing, made a big team for the clergy here to contend against, and although the League has induced many people to renounce the pure religion of Jesus Christ for the uncertain and damnable rocks of Infidelity, the success may only be temporary. When the glamour shall hav worn off, when calm reflection and the still small voice shall speak in the silent hours of the night, these poor lambs who hav strayed from the fold into the den of the wolf may experience another change of heart, and find their way back to the churches they hav left for Liberal Hall.

"The Rev. Moses Hull is the leading character in this soul tragedy which is being played here. He opened the convention by announcing a song with 'words by the devil and the tune by God.' Then the beautiful 'Sweet By and By' was desecrated by being sung to blasphemy."

The Cleveland *Leader*, the leading daily paper of eastern Ohio, also had a representativ here whom it editorially announces as "strictly orthodox." Of course he was in disguise. The only thing we can be sure of is that it was not one of our Linesville clergymen, as they were neither of them present at any session of the convention, and as they are not the kind of men who would report without knowing what they were reporting.

In his Saturday evening's report he says:

"At this juncture fraternal telegrams arrived from the Liberals of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, London, and Paris. They were read by Rev. Moses Hull, who was appointed to draft replies. The following is a copy of what was wired to all the cities:

"The Liberals of eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, believing the 'Age of Reason' is here, and hoping in all things to be governed by 'Common Sense,' are determined in any 'Crisis' to unite with the Liberals of ——, and all others, in the defense of the 'Rights of Man.'"

He certainly drew on his imagination for telegrams from over the big pond. True, we received telegrams and replied as above, but none from over or under the sea. The *Leader's* report has such a sweetly solemn ring that I feel inclined to forgiv its inaccuracies and giv its concluding paragraphs. Here they are:

"Upon opening the Sunday session another of 'God's tunes' was utilized, 'Coronation,' and the Rev. A. B. Bradford delivered an address entitled, 'The Model Saints of the Bible,' the chief aim of which was to destroy Christian confidence in the virtue, honesty, and veracity of Lot, Tamar, Rahab, David, Solomon, Jacob, Abraham, and Guiteau, and others, whom the speaker classed as 'saints of the church,' the latter allusion being a characteristic outrage upon truth and equity.

"In referring to the question of Mormonism the speaker mentioned the large anti-Mormon meeting to be held that night at Erie, Pa., and his sentiments on the question were ordered to be put in the form of resolutions, which were immediately adopted as a text for the guidance of the League. The following are the resolutions:

WHEREAS, Polygamy has insidiously fastened itself as a cancer upon one of the territories of the Union, and threatens to extend its evil influence into others, thus destroying the homogeneousness of our institutions and endangering the peace of the country;

WHEREAS, Polygamy is a Bible institution, practiced by the most eminent of the Old Testament saints—Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, all of whom are indorsed as models and exemplars of the saving grace of faith by the apostle Paul, in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews;

WHEREAS, The arguments used by our foreign missionaries long ago, in justifying themselvs for admitting polygamists into the mission churches, as good Christians, hav never been answered, viz.: That besides being positivly permitted in the Old Testament, it is nowhere condemned in the New Testament, but is connived at, if not tacitly approved, by Paul in 1 Tim. iii, 2, where he requires a bishop to be the husband of one wife, clearly teaching by implication that other church-members might hav more than one; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That in the judgment of this meeting it is both inconsistent and impossible for the Congress of the United States to extirpate polygamy by law so long as it can be claimed to be, as it is by the Mormons in Utah territory, a religious institution sanctioned in the Bible, and sanctified by the example of 'saints,' whose lives are held up to us as models by the 'inspired' apostle Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews.

2. *Resolved*, That in view of these obvious facts, the first thing to be done by the American church, before it can consistently file its protest against polygamy, is to disarm the Mormons of their only weapon of defense by declaring the truth that the Bible is not, neither does it claim to be, a plenary and infallibly inspired standard of faith and morals; and that it condemns the polygamous lives of the Old Testament saints as wrong, together with the indorsement of the same by the alleged approval of God in the case of David (see 1 Kings xv, 5), and by the apostle Paul in the cases of the other polygamists who are named and canonized by him in his epistle to the Hebrews.

3. *Resolved*, That in view of the insidious origin of slavery, another Old Testament institution, and what it cost the American people in blood and treasure to abolish it, it is the judgment of this meeting that Congress, during the territorial status of Utah, has the only alternativ, in regard to Mormonism, either to let it entirely alone, trusting to the general spread of knowledge, and the monogamic influences of our civilization, ultimately to cure the evil of polygamy, or to destroy it immediately and relentlessly by the sword as a political nuisance; since history in general, and the history of Mormonism in particular, proves that the persecution of any religious creed or church as such has only had the effect of making it grow and strengthen more than it otherwise would. The people of the United States, in the exercise of their sovereign power as a nation, hav the same right, in Congress assembled, to suppress polygamy in any state or territory as a political evil, that they would hav to suppress an organization for setting up an independent kingly government on the soil and under the flag of the republic.

"In the evening the opera house was crowded again, standing room not being obtainable at the hour of commencement. The oration to Paine's memory was thrillingly delivered by Rev. Burnham. The thread of his argument was taken up by Rev. Moses Hull, who blasphemously remarked that 'if Tamar and Lot had lived in the nineteenth century, they would now be inmates of the penitentiary.'

"He was followed by Mrs. Mattie Hull, whose talk was chiefly concentrated upon the subject of rearing children to become men and women in the true sense of the word, fit to be heirs of nineteenth century knowledge, and fit to beget heirs worthy of transmitting that knowledge to.

"O. P. Kellog, a well-known Ohio Infidel ranter, was also in great demand at each session of the convention, and his speeches, always highly humorous, were received with great applause. At the close of each session an invitation was given to join the League. On each occasion there was a big rush to sign, notwithstanding the fact that each signer had to put up one dollar as entrance money to paradise (?) through the Infidel gate. Such were the attraction of the blasphemous lecturer, and the enthusiasm aroused, that old and young of both sexes pressed forward in their eagerness to cast off the faith of their fathers, which is the hope of the world, and become Liberals or Infidels. An old churchman, who was present, gazed with the *Leader* man at the sad spectacle, and remarked, with tears in his eyes, that he had rather died than hav witnessed such a sight.

"All the aforementioned speakers took part in the exercises today, and a fresh batch of 'converts' were gathered in. The meeting concluded this evening with a ball, which, in a social sense, was a highly enjoyable affair, but such a termination is an additional eye-sore to the good Christian people of Linesville. Said one to the reporter to-night: 'It is hellish! It is the incarnation of hellishness! These Infidels are like savages; having captured their victims, they are now indulging in a war-dance over them. God help them! It looks as though they had the bleeding souls of their victims hanging from their belts, like so many gory scalps.'"

One of my neighbors informs me that the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* also had a report, but as I hav not seen it I can say nothing about it.

In conclusion, permit me to say that Mattie and I came here over one year ago to stay only ten days. We were importuned to stay one year. Now they want us more another year than they did the first. They are laboring, with hopes of success, to raise money to keep us another year.

Everybody speaks well of THE TRUTH SEEKER. May it liv forever. MOSES HULL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is with pleasure we inform you and our friends generally that all went merry as a marriage bell. We could not hav desired better success. A large audience, enthusiastic and appreciativ, attended each session.

Many good things were said, among which is one worth noting. Our lady speaker, Mme. El-D. Louie, gave a most eloquent and able address, which ought to hav been published, in which she fired hot shot into the enemy's camp with most admirable effect. This speaker made reference to the stupidity, or, perhaps, perverseness, of people who persist in calling Infidels Atheists, and referred to Mr. Davidge in the late Guiteau case, who spoke of "Tom Paine, the Atheist," adding that she hoped no reporter present (there were several) would make so absurd a mistake, and then explained Paine's religion. And we are proud to add that not one paper used the term Atheist in their notices the following day—the first time, we believe, that the enemies of Thomas Paine ever spoke respectfully of him. We are indebted to the wit, tact, and courage of a new lady worker in the fold of Liberalism for this reform in the press.

We must not omit to state that the leading ladies of the society gave a complimentary supper consisting of the most choice viands, at which nearly fifty people participated. Yours for progress, B. T.

WASHINGTON.

At the anniversary celebration of the birthday of Thomas Paine in Washington last Monday, Mr. W. H. Burr paid the following tribute to the memory of the great revolutionary patriot:

"For nearly a century the name of Thomas Paine has been the synonym of diabolism. And yet I challenge the world to show a single smirch on his moral character. He was the most secretiv of men, and yet the most conscientious. So secretiv was he that he was scarcely known as an author until he wrote the 'Rights of Man,' in 1791. Paine was then fifty-four years of age. His 'Common Sense,' published in January, 1776, and his 'Crisis,' in sixteen numbers, from December, 1776, till December, 1783, were all anonymous. If his name appeared in any of the many editions it was without his sanction. As an author he was known only under the *nom de plume* 'Common Sense.' He was fifty-six years of age before he wrote a sentence that would indicate what were his religious views. Nor would he hav written his 'Age of Reason' as early as 1793, if he had not apprehended speedy death by the guillotin. He intended that work as his last offering to the world; and the fact that the first part of it was hurriedly written, with the guillotin impending over him, ought to silence imputation upon the purity of his motiv. His earliest biographers were British tories and libelers. Oldys (a fictitious name) insinuated, in 1791, that Paine was dismissed from the excise office in 1765 for dishonesty, and attempted to adduce evidence that his second dismissal, in 1774, was for dealing as a grocer in smuggled tobacco. The British tory, Cheetham, in 1809, though a miserable defamer, acquitted Paine of the charge in the first instance and dared not indorse it in the second. And yet a recent author has stated in his book that Paine was twice dismissed for smuggling. The charge is baseless and false, as I hav publicly proved. During the last year or two of Paine's service as exciseman he had to continue the business of his deceased father-in-law, who was a grocer and tobacconist, and all the foundation for the imaginary charge is that tobacco and snuff were excisable articles. The cause of Paine's dismissal in either case does not appear. But that it was not for any moral delinquency is apparent from the fact that his superior in office, George Lewis Scott, a former tutor of Prince George III., and co-editor of *Chambers's Cyclopedia*, first sought to restore Paine to the service, and failing in that recommended him to Benjamin Franklin. Before the year closed Franklin sent Paine to America, with recommendations as tutor or surveyor. I find that Paine did some surveying in America, and that employment as tutor in private families was offered to him on advantageous terms, but whether he accepted the offer does not appear. He also began to write anonymously for the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and it is said he engaged to do so for £25 a year; but he certainly made no such engagement at first, as appears by his letter to Franklin, March 4th; and I cannot believe that he was ever paid for his contributions to that magazine. Indeed, I hav recently discovered him again in England in the fall of 1775. What took him back so suddenly? I think I can guess. It was reported that he started the manufacture of saltpeter in America. That must have been a ruse. Saltpeter requires two or three years to be produced artificially. It is a natural product of India, whence Great Britain gets all her supplies. In October, 1775, General Washington had penned up General Howe in Boston. The people wondered why our army did not attack the town. The reason was that the Continentals had not five rounds of powder to a man. This secret Washington told to Franklin in camp at the time. In December following Franklin writes to a friend in Paris, saying, 'We are endeavoring to make saltpeter,' but he wants the merchants to send 'both arms and ammunition, of which the bearer, Mr. Storey, can more fully inform you,' and Franklin incloses £100 to his friend to pay for his time and expenses in promoting that object. Paine at this time was either on his way back to America or had returned. And I hav a right to infer that he had gone on a similar mission just after the breaking out of hostilities, April 19, 1775. Without saltpeter independence was impossible.

"It is said that Paine was intemperate, and some fanatics say intemperance is a crime. In itself it is no more a crime than insanity. Intemperance is a misfortune, but it is scarcely an evil, except from its injurious results. If Paine was ever a drunkard, which has not been proven, his intoxication never harmed either himself nor anybody else.

"He came out of prison in Paris with an abscess in his side and recovering from a fever. Possibly as a sick man he took too much wine or spirits; but during the last seven years of his life in this country he was practically a temperate man, and his death at the age of seventy-two was never charged to intemperance. It is a certified fact that his daily allowance was one glass of rum sweetened at dinner, and he lived at a time when almost everybody drank at least that much, and at a time when writers on temperance said a pint of rum a day was all that any man ought to drink. It has always been presumed that Paine was a poor man. His wants were few, but that he always had a moderate independence I hav no doubt whatever.

"He held public office altogether some fourteen years—eleven years as exciseman, with a salary of £50; nearly two years as clerk to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in America, at a salary, I believe, of $700, which, in Continental money, was worth not more than $250, and one year as clerk of the Pennsylvania Legislature, at a salary of $500, all of which he gave to save Washington's army. He also accompanied Col. Laurens to France, where a loan was procured, which enabled the combined Continental and French armies to defeat Cornwallis at Yorktown, for which service he was never paid by Congress. He did, however, after the war, receive £500 in currency from the state of Pennsylvania, and a confiscated farm from New York, which in the course of twenty odd years got to be valued at nearly $30,000. But this $500 in American currency and the meager proceeds of the farm could not hav supported him abroad for fifteen years, and when he died, in 1809, he left $1,500 in bank-stock. Whence, then, his life-long resources? Whence his moderate independence, which he kept a secret from everybody?

"I will tell you. He spent several years at sea in his youth as a privateersman, and got to be known, it is said, as captain or commodore. He probably left that service with a considerable share of prize money. His conscience doubtless revolted at that piratical but legalized calling, and he resolved to use the unjustly-acquired money in doing good to mankind.

"Let us now turn to Paine's literary work. Before me lie his so-called complete works, in three volumes. They are not much read now, but I find in them more political and religious wisdom than in any other three volumes I ever read. Of his first great work, 'Common Sense,' more than one hundred thousand were sold, all the profits whereon accrued to the colonies, to which he gave the copyright.

"His 'Crisis' followed at intervals through the Revolution, and was extensivly published; but Paine took no profit from either publication. Of his next great work, the 'Rights of Man,' 1791–'92, nearly half a million were sold in England, besides translations in other countries. Paine gave away all the profits on that work. 'In a great affair where the happiness of man is at stake,' says he, in 1802, 'I love to work for nothing.' 'I take neither copyright nor profit,' says he, in 1807, 'from anything I publish.' These three volumes were supposed to be Paine's complete works by the man, now living in Philadelphia, who spent some $4,000 many years ago in their publication. But they are not Paine's complete works. In January, 1872, exactly one hundred years to a day from the date of the last letter of 'Junius,' I announced publicly the discovery, and exhibited the first copy of the book demonstrating that Paine was 'Junius.' In January, 1879, I found an anonymous pamphlet, published in this city in 1803, entitled 'Plain Sense,' which I at once identified as the work of Paine.

"In October, 1880, I discovered in the Congressional library a bound copy of an English weekly paper, entitled *The Crisis*, published from January, 1775, till July, 1776, part of the same being republished in America, in which I detected the hand of Paine, who, as 'Casca,' contributed about thirty numbers. Among these was an extra number, entitled 'A Crisis Extraordinary,' printed also as a separate pamphlet, which the learned librarian, Spofford, had identified before me as the work of Paine. These contributions by 'Casca,' who was unknown to the publisher, were all in the style of Junius, and in advocacy of the cause of America. Much more may yet be found, I doubt not, of Paine's secret work, and I know the man who hopes to be able to spend five years in the research. 'I am the sole depository of my own secret,' said Junius, 'and it shall perish with me.' But critical analysis, like the spectroscope which reveals the composition of the stars, has discovered that secret.

"The letters of Junius are probably the most vigorous and faultless specimens of human eloquence the world has ever seen, except in the works of Thomas Paine. But what is eloquence without a cause? Junius meant the cause of the people, and so did Paine. Paine alone, of the forty or more writers on whose behalf a claim has been set up, answers to all the characteristics and redeems all the pledges of Junius. Paine, like Junius, peremptorily refused to receive any profit from his work. There is not such another parallel in all time. Indeed, I am not able to discover a single other example. 'I hav lived an honest and useful life to mankind,' says Paine in his last will and testament; 'my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator, God.'

"Paine and Franklin made this nation. It is not his political work, but his 'Age of Reason,' that is the bugbear in America. And yet the sentiments of 'The Age of Reason' are now enunciated from some of our popular pulpits. But before he wrote a word on religion he was an awful bugbear in England. Writing to Americans in 1820, he says, 'The government of England honored me with a thousand martyrdoms by burning me in effigy in every town in that country.' I think I know as much of Paine's life and works as any living man, and I know of no great historical character who combined in himself such brilliant genius, disinterested benevolence, stern integrity, noble ambition, life-long persistency, and world-wide philanthropy."

CHICAGO, ILL.

A Chicago paper reports as follows the celebration by the Scandinavian Freethinking Society of that city, and the Chicago Liberal League:

"The fifteenth annual celebration of the birth of Thomas Paine was held last evening at No. 228 Milwaukee avenue, under the auspices of the Scandinavian Freethinking Society. About one hundred and fifty persons were present, the sexes being about equally represented, and almost all were of Scandinavian birth. An oil painting of Paine hung above the speaker's stand, flanked by portraits of Ingersoll and other noted champions of Freethought. Mr. Marc Thrane, president of the society, occupied the chair, and introduced Gen. I. N. Stiles, who was received with applause.

"Gen. Stiles complimented his audience on their devotion to the memory of Paine, the patriot, lover of liberty, and champion of Freethought. In all ages, and among all peoples, the man who dared to entertain a belief as to matters of religion differing from that accepted by the great majority had been despised and persecuted. Even at this day a Freethinker was looked upon by the orthodox as a dangerous man. The speaker could not see why all men should be called on to think alike about religion any more than about politics, and referred to the attempt to incorporate the name of God in the United States Constitution, to which he was, of course, opposed. Men knew nothing about God, and the idea of men trying to figure out the attributes of a supreme being was like a couple of musketoes giving their idea of mankind. All the speaker knew of God was that he knew nothing, and didn't believe anybody else knew any more. He was content to liv for this life, trying to behave rightly toward his family and neighbors, and to do right as far as he knew how, and to leave a future life to take care of itself. If, as Paine believed, a great and wise being did exist, it would certainly be safe to trust him for the future. Thomas Paine did as much as any one man to enlighten public opinion in the British colonies, and to render the establishment of the American republic possible and successful. The priestly crew had striven for years to blacken his memory, and had falsely alleged that he was a drunkard and a blasphemer, and had died a horrible death, suffering the pangs of terrible remorse. But all priests were enemies of Freethought, and all they wanted was that men should believe, and pay. And religion that tended to make men better was good, but not a religion that preferred canting hypocrits and praying humbugs to honest men who tried to do right, but could not believe in priestly intercession.

"A feast song, written for the occasion, was sung by a quartet to the tune of 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Capt. Langs followed with an interesting sketch of the life and public services of Paine, delivered in Swedish, and Dr. Paoli made a stirring address in the Norwegian tongue. Singing, music, and dancing closed the evening, which was much enjoyed by all present.

"The Chicago Liberal League met at the corner of Madison and Halsted streets last evening, for a similar purpose. The attendance was large, and the occasion interesting. James K. Magie, the president of the League, presided, and the exercises consisted of singing, brief addresses laudatory of the life and services of Paine in the cause of Freethought, and recitations. Gen. I. N. Stiles was the orator of the evening, and, besides paying a high tribute to Paine, gave expression to some of his individual religious views, holding that doubt was the key to thought, and that the foundation of the churches depended upon their ability to make the people believe in their peculiar tenets without thinking, and that if Paine lived in this age he would be behind the times, for, while he believed in a God, the people were now seriously inquiring into that part of the faith. He was followed with poems by Messrs. Stevens and Sloan, recitations by Misses Emma Bishop and Alpha Magie, songs by Mr. Peck, and brief addresses by Benjamin Sibley, Mrs. Mills, Prof. Cohey, and others."

Letters from Friends.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 31, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for $5, for which send to my address "Around the World," also please send catalog of books. EDWARD BRYANT.

ALBERT LEA, MIN., Dec. Dec. 30, 1881.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find draft on New York. I am deeply interested in the letters from Mr. Bennett, and I want his picture to look at, and admire his person as well as his genius. With a sincere wish that he may be blessed with health, and a speedy return, I am,

Yours truly, E. K. PICKETT.

OREGON, MO., Jan. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: At the beginning of the new year, I feel it my duty, after having reviewed THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last six weeks or more, to congratulate you on its management. Such variety, ability, and general excellence in selection of articles and letters published never before hav been surpassed, if ever equaled, in any publication. Not too much of any one—just enough of all.

Yours truly, CLARKE IRVINE.

EASTMANVILLE, MICH., Jan. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find funds to pay for TRUTH SEEKER for the coming year, together with a little more to be used as directed. I wish you all the good luck possible, and hope in due time to hear of the safe return of the traveler to the bosom of his family and his many friends. W. AMIGH.

CARBONDALE, KAN., Jan. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For forty-five years I hav been a reader and author of literature and science, hav admired and written many editorials, and can truly say that no one has ever gratified me so much as that I hav just read, "Christianity as a Civilizer," in the last TRUTH SEEKER. It is well worth the subscription price of the paper for one year. The false claims of the Christian system must be exposed, the war must go into Africa, and there this editorial ably carries it. The defensiv position we take is generally appropriate and efficient, while at times the aggressiv is demanded and even made efficient.

"Lay on, Macduff!
And damned be he wh first cries, hold, enough!"

Inclosed I send you stamps for copies, to be sent as directed, trusting the good seed will spring up and bear fruit in the honest minds of the readers. Being powerful, the truth in the hands of its wise, faithful friends must prevail. If crushed to the earth, 'twill rise gain.

The time draws nigh when traders will no longer need to conceal their honest common sense doubts to escape superstitious scorn, and to hold their customers. I am glad to find myself among the honorable seekers of truth and liberty. As I am lecturing to free the mind, it would be gratifying to read letters from this class. As each one of us already free and getting free learns to become more activ in disseminating truth to make others free, life to all will become more reasonable and enjoyable.

W. PERKINS.

MARSHALL, KAN., Jan. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Liberals everywhere are agitating the question of woman suffrage. Are they not hastening their own ruin by such a course? I think they are, and this is why I think so: Woman has always been the main stay of the church. She has always favored church rule and church persecution, and she favors it still. Giv her the law-making power to-day and we will hav an adopted church to-morrow. Then our religious liberty which we are all laboring for would be like Tom's tune, "Over the hills and far away." This is my view of the situation. I may be wrong, but I verily believe that if women were enfranchised now it would not be ten years before such men as Colonel Ingersoll and D. M. Bennett would hav to "shell out" to help pay the preacher, and keep very mum in the mean time. S. V. MULKEY.

EATON, MICH., Jan. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I seldom sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, but recently it became my duty to attend the funeral of one of my neighbors. The pastor of the Baptist church of the city was called upon to speak consoling words to the mourning friends, and among the absurd things that he said was that the great plan of salvation to save a lost world was concocted and decreed by the Father and Son long before the foundation of the world that the Son must suffer and die—that there was no other way whereby man could be saved from his sins. Now, it occurs to me if this is all true the other part of the story, the fall of man, must also hav been decreed by the same great author of all things to make the great plan of any effect. I asked one of the leading members of the Methodist church his opinion on this subject. He said that he did not believe anything of the kind. He said that God placed man here and gave him a choice, but did not know which course he would pursue, thus denying the foreknowledge of God. The old saying came into my mind, "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" The application of the sermon to the deceased, as far as his future destiny is concerned, was to consign him to that everlasting bottomless pit, he, being an unbeliever, never having had his sins washed out by the blood of the Lamb. Glorious consolation to the bereaved widow and weeping children and the aged father, who was thus called upon to part with his only son, the staff of his declining years. When will such mockery come to an end? I, for one, hav requested my family and friends to allow no such nonsense to be performed over my remains. Yours truly, A. ATWOOD.

FARLEY, IOWA, Jan. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just returned from a short trip into Wisconsin, where I met many Liberal friends, and am glad to report that the cause of Freethought is rapidly gaining ground in the badger state. I had a short visit with one of your subscribers, T. G. Collins, at Jamestown. He is zealous in the cause, and is a warm friend of Mr. Bennett. I think that he will continue to take THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as he livs, for he likes it well. He had the sad misfortune to lose one of his daughters, Mrs. Carl Sweet, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Sweet was twenty-nine years old, the mother of three small children, and, like father, mother, and husband, was a solid Liberal. All the friends being of the Liberal type, no religious services were held. The remains were quietly lowered into the grave, after which the family called at the house of a neighbor and partook of a good, warm supper, and spent the evening there in social converse, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. I like this much better than the old Christian way of filling the friends with fear of hell and the worm that never dies.

While on my trip I learned of one Catholic church that had lost eighty of its male members, who were excommunicated for joining the Odd-Fellows' order. Their wives also left the church, and do not allow their children to attend. They were all Germans.

The Methodists held a three-weeks' "revival" at Jamestown this winter, and failed to get a convert. The church there numbers eleven members. When the old fogies die off the church will be for sale, for the young people are nearly all Liberals. We are not so well organized in the West as are the Liberal forces in parts of the East, but in almost every village and hamlet there are one or more individuals that are at work circulating our literature, and doing a little talking as occasion offers; and I think we hav reason to rejoice at the strides our cause is making throughout the West.

I will say to the Oregon liar that I hav no knowledge of any such colony in Iowa as he mentions, but "if the truth of God hath more abounded through his (the liar's) lie unto his (God's) glory, why should he (the liar) be judged a sinner?" Go on, brother, lying and slander are the main stock in the Christian storehouse. You hav one consolation, you will never be scarce of stock as long as there are any Christians to peddle it. Now, in closing let me urge every subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER to keep the papers on the move; don't destroy them; don't waste them; but hand them to some one, or mail them to those whom you think will read them. One paper, one article, may change the tide and secure to us a good worker. I hav known several such cases. If any of you hav Liberal papers that you can't use, send them to me, and I will use them as I have indicated. Wishing Bro. Bennett and the paper prosperity, I am, Yours truly, H. GILMORE.

CARROLLTON, ILL., Jan. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to know if you are acquainted with Mr. Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J., and the circumstances surrounding him? I find that he is now nearly 81 years old, with a poor, helpless wife, and no one to take care of either of them; and, also, without means of support. As I believe him to be a worthy old philanthropist, I think it would be a very charitable act to get up a subscription for his benefit, to assist him in getting through the winter. If my memory serves me he is the same man that Mr. Vale used to speak of some forty years ago, when he published the New York *Beacon*. If so, he has had rather a hard life, and I understand he is now almost without any means of support. Now, Mr. Editor, if you think my opinions are well founded and publish this letter, together with your approbation, you can open a subscription with my name for $10. If you think that I am laboring under a mistake, please inform me.

Sincerely yours, WM. BLACK.

[Mr. Black is not mistaken; Jeremiah Hacker is a worthy man for the Liberals to aid. He is old and without means. He is deserving, and has done a great deal for Liberalism.—ED. T. S.]

A Happy Land.

[Contributed.]

What constitutes a happy land? Where every one
is free,
And none shall crouch in fear or to a despot bend
the knee;
Where e'en the weakest proud may walk erect be-
fore the strong,
And in the land no right exists that's founded on a
wrong;

Where none a million acres holds with vassals at
his call,
Whilst 'mong a million toiling slaves there's not
one foot for all;
Where none dares claim a right divine his fellow-
men to bind,
And superstition has not put its fetters on the
mind!

Where none shall say, "By birth we rule, to serve
us you are bound;"
Another, "In our sacred book all truth is to be
found!"
Where men shall speak their honest thoughts, nor fear
the social ban,
And woman will in everything the equal be of
man;

Where ignorance and crime shall cease, and educa-
tion's door
Be opened wide, and priests and kings and war
shall be no more;
Where reciprocity will reign, and each one feel
there can
No higher thing for worship be than liberty for
man!

Where none is called a Socialist who thinks he
should be free,
A Nihilist who dares to break the chains of slav-
ery!
Assassin who, of all bereft—friends, children,
home, and wife—
In righteous frenzy lifts his hand to take a mon-
ster's life!

Say, speak! shall they who faint and choke not
seek an atmosphere
Of purer air? They pant to feel the air that we
breathe here!
They ask for food and get but steel; for drink, and
get but lead;
For shelter, lo! a dungeon theirs; for rest, a grave
their bed!

We see a shell upon the shore and pluck it from the
strand,
Yet seldom think the thing we hold so lightly in
the hand
Once held a life—a being dwelt within this narrow
cell;
A stronger power crushed its life and left it but a
shell!

Look round the world—the shores of time with
wrecks like this are strewn
Of human lives of men like us who only asked the
boon
To liv, aye, but to breathe, and in their day in
peace to dwell.
With freedom gone, say, what is life? and man,
what but a shell?

O happy land, born of my dreams, where will thy
birthplace be?
Where all exultingly can cry, "We feel, we know
we're free?"
Yet through the clouds I see the light; ere long the
world shall find,
The glorious sun of freedom bursting forth upon
mankind!

The Gage of Prayer.

As Satan passed through heaven
From a walk on earth, one day,
The Lord looked up and questioned him—
"Didst hear my creatures pray?"
"Ay, Lord! I heard thy prayer resound
Where'er I listening stood;
But, by my soul! not one of them
Prayed for his brother's good!"

Then looked Jehovah fire and flame,
And spake this fierce decree:
"Who makes a selfish prayer is thine;
The others come to me!"
Then all that night on heaven's walls
The Lord and Satan stood
To see how many sons of men
Would ask a brother's good.

Alas! they watched there many an hour,
And yet there came no sounds;
The poor they prayed for pennies, and
The rich they prayed for pounds;
The ugly prayed for beauty, and
The awkward prayed for grace;
The old ones prayed for youthful looks
To hide a wrinkled face;
The limping prayed for healthy joints;
The red-haired prayed for brown;
The short ones prayed for longer legs;
The long to be cut down;
The brown-eyed prayed for blue ones;
The cross-eyed prayed for straight;
The fat ones prayed for melting down;
The lean ones prayed for weight;
The doctors prayed for sickness, and
The undertaker, death;
The captivs prayed for sunshine, and
The phthisicy for breath;
The maiden prayed for lover's vows;
The soldier prayed for war;
The beggar prayed for horse to ride;
The drunkard prayed for "more;"
The sick man prayed for break of day,
The thief for longer night;
The miser prayed for more of gold;
The blind man prayed for sight.

At last there came a tearful voice
Up to the starlit sky:
"Oh! may my uncle's soul this night
Rest with the Lord on high!"
"There's one for me!" Jehovah cries,
"Not so!" the devil said;
He's heir to all his uncle's wealth,
Hence wants the old man dead!"

Just then there came another voice,
In supplicating tones:
"Oh! may the grave be late to close
O'er neighbor David's bones!"
"There's surely one for me at last!"
But Satan cried, "Not yet!"
He merely wants the man to liv
Until he pays a debt!"

And so they waited till the stars
Went out at dawn of day;
Then Satan seized his bags of souls
And sped his homeward way.
Upon high heaven's glittering wall
Long had they listening stood,
But not a mortal all that night
Prayed for his brother's good!

Progress.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER,

Sir; There is so much truth and withal so much of prophecy and promis to our country, and, it seems to me, to Utah in particular, and (I think) so much to cheer and comfort the few friends of Freethought and equal rights out here who are watching the little patch of blue which begins to show itself through the dense clouds of superstition that hav hung over this part of our fair country so long, in the inclosed editorial article which I hav cut from the Salt Lake *Tribune*, that I concluded I would send it to you, thinking perhaps you would deem it worthy a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Respectfully,

WALTER WALKER.

It has been remarked that it is not to religion we owe our liberty to be and do as men, our safety in person and property, our advantages and comforts as civilized beings; it is to invention issuing in the industrial arts. The arts of working stone, bronze, and iron, the invention of movable alphabetical type and of the steam engin, hav made the chief epochs in history, not the founding of new religions. Science is now closely crowding on the heels of industry, but is rather its handmaid than its rival. Society, polity, morality, art, literature, religion itself, hav in all ages followed, not preceded, mechanism. The orators, poets, priests, artists, philosophers, and statesman did not exist as separate classes until mechanical and industrial art had provided means for their support. The superiority of our time is primarily due, not to the greater purity of our religion, or excellence of our poetry, or wisdom of our philosophers, but to the possession of improved tools, which hav enhanced the results of labor, enabled men to liv with more security and comfort, given them leisure, opportunity, and motiv to educate themselvs, and thus, while securing them from invasion and conquest by savage foes, carried them to higher intellectual and moral conditions.

To any one who has closely studied the course of human affairs, progress is the great fact which they illustrate, and its steady gathering of weight and momentum in spite of successiv reverses, until it has come to hav all the characteristics of destiny, or rather of immutable law, operating in human affairs as well as pervading all nature, is exceedingly impressiv. How futil must be all opposition to it, all expectation that it will be arrested, all belief that it is in itself wrong! As De Tocqueville says of Democracy, "The various occurrences of natural history hav everywhere turned to its advantage; all men hav aided it by their exertions, those who hav fought against it as well as those who hav labored in its cause—all hav been driven along one track, all hav been instruments in the hand of God." And Burke, after exerting his god-like powers for years in resistance of progress because it was accompanied by the wild excesses of the mad Frenchmen of '73, as if under conviction that his herculean labors were vain, that he had been contending against the inevitable, says at the close: "If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it, the general opinion and feeling will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it, and then they who persist in opposing this weighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of providence itself than the designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate." Burke might well hav dispensed with his "if" in this magnificent delivery, and had he done so no saying of the Hebrew seers would hav been more truly prophetic. Even in France, which for some years in Burke's time might fitly hav been compared to an eruption of hell, progress at last triumphs gloriously after a century of reverse. The greatest nation that ever existed, greatest in every sense, and still in its toddling infancy, on the noblest field afforded by this planet, is proving the truth of Burke's foreboding and of De Tocqueville's inference from history. In the last twenty years this nation has, in the face of obstacles which made all but the very greatest men faint with apprehension, destroyed slavery, not only within the national limits, but everywhere, and placed the liberty of men under the protection of law in practice as well as in theory, so that reactionary forces can never prevail against it. The sun of progress has dissipated the clouds that obscured its face, it fills all the western sky with resplendence, and, by the power of illustrious example above, it is driving injustice and oppression from its strongholds in the Old World.

A quarter of a century ago this great nation pronounced the doom of polygamy, and every little while it is taunted, by men in Utah, with having pronounced that doom in vain. The great drama or tragedy which has been enacting through these years on the national stage appears to hav been lost on these men. They seem to think that the divine law of progress is to prove abortiv in the presence of this crime against God and human nature. They talk about miracles, about the miracles of the golden plates, and of the establishment of the Mormon church. What is it in comparison with the miracle of the resurrection of a world from the darkness and thralldom of the middle ages, of the religious and political emancipation of mankind, of the founding and growth of this nation? As the glow-worm's spark to the full glory of the midday sun is all they pride themselvs upon compared with what the American citizen justly prides himself upon. They are so shrouded in darkness that they do not even see how the doom of polygamy is silently being effected. In the first place, material progress, the building of railroads, working of mines, and increase of trade, is emancipating the people of Utah. Ten years ago they had to kneel before Brigham Young's despotism or starve. Where now is that despotism? The resident of Utah in 1868, or for some years thereafter, would not now recognize it as the same country, and this applies to the church people vastly more than to business. Business success and business opportunity hav largely opened the eyes of the Mormons to the undesirability and impracticability of continuing their former policy, and to-day their chief organ is daily denying that they ever held certain monstrous doctrins which they hav been compelled to abandon. That polygamy must and will speedily follow in the wake of these disowned monstrosities is as sure as to-morrow's sunrise. This in obedience to the inevitable law of progress, and because of the almighty forces and influences everywhere working against follies and abuses. The immediate cause will be the recovery of men's reason and independence through the improvement of enlarged business opportunities. Twelve years ago Utah was as dead materially as it was religiously, and in both it was the counterpart of Europe before the recovery of the lost arts and the discovery of new arts led to its resurrection from the death of the middle ages. The immense material benefits of railroading and mining to Utah hav done much for her already. They would do infinitly more were her social and political institutions made to conform to those of the rest of this country. It is this that will compel it to be done, and soon.

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2. Miracles and supernatural achievements hav been as fully and truly ascribed to other teachers and founders of religion as to Jesus.

3. The story of Jesus and his mission in the world is unhistorical; it is not corroborated by contemporaneous history.

4. The teachings of Jesus are defectiv in morals, intelligence, and scientific information, and, so far as they are of value, his moral precepts and teachings were equaled by many sages and teachers who preceded him. The Bible itself was written by men illy informed in scientific knowledge, and does not harmonize with the facts and principles in nature known to be true.

5. The doctrins and claims of Christianity hav been a curse instead of a blessing to mankind in many respects. Instead of being a religion of love, it has been a religion of hate, contention, war, and bloodshed. It has fostered ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, and has retarded education and science in the world. It recognizes and supports the obnoxious systems of kingcraft and priestcraft, upholding slavery, despotism, and every form of oppression in its assertion that all power is of God. As a proof of this the leaders and bright stars of the Christian church hav been among the worst tyrants and oppressors of human liberty the world has known.

6. The Bible and Christianity hav oppressed woman and hav deprived her of the rights to which by nature she is justly entitled.

7. The Bible and Christianity are unprogressiv in their nature; they are founded upon the doctrin and authorit of God himself, and are therefore incapable of progres and improvement.

8. The Bible and Christianity do not teach the higher class of truth and the best variety of religion which mankind are capable of receiving.

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WHAT conscience dictates to be done, or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun; *that* more than heaven pursue.—*Pope.*

THE Mohammedans say their Koran was written by God. The Hindoos say the Vedas were; we say the Bible was, and we are but interested witnesses in deciding absolutely and exclusivly for ourselvs. If it be immeasurably the highest of the three, it is not because it is the most divine, but the most human. It does not differ from them in kind; and it seems to me that in ascribing it to God we are doing a double dishonor; to ourselvs, for want of faith in our souls' strength, and to God, in making him responsible for our weakness. There is nothing in it but what men might hav written; much, oh! much which it would drive me mad to think any but men—and most miserable men—had written.—*Froude's Nemesis.*

IT is by being taught to contemplate himself as an outlaw, as an outcast, as a beggar, as a mumper, as one thrown, as it were, on a dunghill, at an immense distance from his creator, and who must make his approaches by creeping and cringing to intermediate beings that man conceives either a contemptuous disregard for everything under the name of religion, or turns what he calls devout. In the latter case, he consumes his life in grief. He calls himself a worm, and the fertil earth a dunghill. He despises the choicest gift of God to man—the gift of reason—and having endeavored to force upon himself the belief of a system against which reason revolts, he ungratefully calls it *human reason*, as if man could giv reason to himself.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

THE maxim of "doing as we would be done unto" does not include the strange doctrin of loving our enemies; for no man expects to be loved himself for his crimes, or for his enmity. It is not incumbent on man to reward a bad action with a good one, or to return good for evil; and wherever it is done, it is a voluntary act, and not a duty. It is also absurd to suppose that such doctrins can make any part of a revealed religion. We imitate the moral character of the creator by forbearing with each other, for he forbears with all; but this doctrin would imply that God loved man, not in proportion as he was good, but as he was bad.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

SOME men, who are vain of their fine feelings, ove themselvs dearly, but hav little regard for the ndividuals about them. They are very polite to extraneous society; but follow them home and see how they conduct themselvs toward their family. Very sad is the story told by the late Dean Ramsay, of Edinburgh, of a little boy who was told of heaven, and of the meeting of the departed there. "And will faather be there?" he asked. On being told that "of course, *he* will be there," the child at once replied, "Then I'll no gang."—*Dr. Sam. Smiles.*

MAKE not thyself an underling to a foolish man; neither accept the person of the mighty. Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee. Be not hasty with thy tongue, and in thy deeds slack and remiss. Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants. Let not thy hand be stretched out to receive, and shut when thou shouldst repay.—*Ecclesiasticus iv, 27-31.*

IT is childish to talk of a devil who tempts to do vil—humiliating to common sense and manhood to fear eternal punishment if we hav done evil—and what grosser superstition has the world ever seen than the Christian doctrin of God, incarnate in man, that we might all hav a better chance of heaven—a better chance, mind you; not a cerainty? and the whole universe disturbed that *we* might be less unfairly handicapped? No, no, my friends! man is only part of the whole—a unit of the sum, and there is no more value in his life than there is in the life of a fly or an ant, save such as he makes for himself by his higher intelligence. We hav to liv for humanity, not for our own souls. Never let us forget that. Our duty is here—our work is here; we know nothing but life—can prove nothing but matter—and to waste our strength in vague speculations on things that are unprovable is the sorriest use to which we can put it.—*Under Which Lord? by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

"TRUTH," retorted Hermione, disdainfully. "How do you or any of us know what truth is?" "We may all of us know what it is not, if we cease to use our senses," replied Mr. Fullerton. "Is it not a collection of Old World fables, current at a time science was nowhere, when the laws of evidence were not understood; and when men were so ignorant that they could be made to believe the most monstrous lies which the imagination could invent; just as the Breton peasantry of our own day are made to believe in trumped up miracles."—*Under Which Lord? by Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton.*

IT is the womanly nature of the mythical Jesus that is most admired and venerated. His love, forbearance tenderness, and non-resistance, are all womanly traits, and hav made him the idol of civilization for eighteen hundred years. These virtues hav been exalted and exaggerated, and his manly traits hav been kept in the background, and thus his name has become the synonym for all that is beautiful and god-like. But Infidels are now searching out his manly traits; they are showing up his revengeful, cruel, murderous instincts, his domineering tyranny, and overmastering propensity to rule or ruin! The command to hav his enemies brought up before him and slain is never commented upon by his admirers, because it is not the outburst of a civilized or beautiful womanhood. Calling men "vipers," "Satan," and other ill names, is not a good trait, or the mark of gentle, non-resisting forbearance. No woman would say, "Hate thy father and mother." No woman would send ill-begotten, badly-reared men and women to endless punishment, as the man-nature of this Jesus did; and simply because they did not believe as he did, and were not morally capable of being good and virtuous.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

"ARE you dead, Tim?" said an Irish father to his son who had fallen down a well. "Not dead, father, but spacheless," came up from the depths.

"YES," said the farmer, "barbed wire fence is expensiv, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest for five minutes on the top of it every time he has to climb it."

AT a young ladies' seminary, recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated thus: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

HE was a country young fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle and had sense enough to appreciate his worth, despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his *fiancee*. On a gloomy Sunday evening this winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hill, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, and, being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling, "This will be hard on the old man's calves and sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him; "I will take care of one of them."

THE WRONG HOUSE.

Not long since a couple were married at North Orange, Mass. The bride's home was in Royalston, nine miles distant; but she had many friends in North Orange, and the brass band took a barge and went out upon the evening of the wedding day to serenade the happy pair.

It was not late when they arrived at the home in Royalston, but darkness shrouded the house, and seeing a cottage brightly lighted a little further on they concluded it must be the place they were in search of; so they approached it noiselessly in order to surprise the happy pair, and having formed in front of the house, struck up one of their most gay and festiv airs.

At the close, a gentleman appeared at the door and asked for the leader.

Visions of creams, pies, and cakes began to rise before them, but instead there was a break for the barge when the leader rushed back and exclaimed in a stage whisper: "Good thunder, boys! get out of here, quick! We are serenading a corpse!"

THE editor was sitting in his revolving cane-bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the statement that he had swindled an orphan out of $4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the terror, striking the table with his fist. "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly.

"My record will compare favorably with yourn," said the terror, with a sneer; "perhaps there are a few little back rackets in your life, sir, that would not bear a microscopic investigation."

"O sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I hav atoned for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly hav I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensiv citizens of Omaha over a paltry four-dollar 'pot,' simply because I got excited. Oh, could I but cheat the tomb of the men I hav placed in its maw I would be happy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I hav been wayward, wicked, and you hav a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but it's mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you hav me. Don't leave, stranger; I'll tell you all. I sawed a man's head off with an old army saber just for ——" The Texas terror was down stairs and half way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattlesnake twist, continued his peaceful avocations quietly as a law-abiding citizen.

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Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields, and skating rinks.

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What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money at fifteen per cent interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town with a mayor who believes that the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races?

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race, and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six; being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent, and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which hav had the most wars and the worst laws and produced the worst criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and Chicago.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

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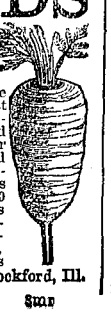
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Notes and Clippings.

A CHURCH adjoining that of the "Holy Stairs," at Rome, is used by the Italian government as a stable.

THE Christians in Russia hav murdered scores of Jewish men, violated hundreds of Jewish women, and ruined thousands of Jewish homes by plunder and fire. After this pious exercise they proceed to sing, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and ask him to pity their simplicity.

COL. INGERSOLL does not mean that it shall be said, after his death, that he turned from Infidelity on his dying bed. His secretary, who writes shorthand, is instructed to take down accurately whatever he may say on that occasion. "There will then be no opportunity," he says, "for any one to put into my mouth utterances contradicting the expressions of my entire life."

A WICHITA paper says: "We would respectfully call the Lord's attention to a poor girl who lies on a pile of straw in the old Nugent bakery building north of the Occidental Hotel. The girl is very sick, and has neither friends nor money. When the Lord gets through with his church fairs, festivals, raffles, and gambling, we wish he would giv this girl some medicin and a nurse."

THE Massachusetts legislature, in 1779, considering that "the manufacture of strong beer, ale, and other malt liquors, will promote the purposes of husbandry and commerce," passed the following exemption act: "Be it enacted, etc., That all brew-houses that produce a hundred barrels of beer annually shall be exempt from taxation or duties five years." And such were the Puritan fathers!

AN effort is being made to organize and concentrate the Republican feeling of England, in order that its united influence may be brought to bear upon the political and social questions of the day; to further the progress of Republican views by literary and platform propaganda; and to encourage and aid the formation of local societies for the same end. A provisional committee has already been formed.

TALMAGE says that "Christianity was to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities." Perhaps it was to be, but it has not turned out so. The Roman empire under the great Cæsar was in a state of settled peace compared with modern Europe. More blood has been shed by Christians in war during the last century than in all the battles fought by the Romans from Julius to Constantine.

THE chances are that Col. Bob will at once proceed to hunt for a good place to hide. Mr. Hugo Preyer is going to lecture on the "Mistakes of Ingersoll." The worst mistake that the able Infidel ever made was to lay himself open to a thing of this sort. Now then he can take down his doleful triangle, and hit it with a curling iron while he sadly sings, "How much the heart can stand and yet not break!" —*Great West.*

A NUMBER of Israelites of Matamoras wanted to hold religious service in company with some fellow-believers in Brownsville, Texas, and crossed to the latter place with one of the parchment scrolls on which the Books of Moses are written in Hebrew, and which are always used for reading aloud at synagog service. At the custom house on the river they found, to their surprise, that they could not pass without going through the formality of getting the scroll registered, a thing necessary to do, as a rule, with articles which it is the intention to bring back. The Mexican guards, exclaiming that they were "afraid to touch the Jewish God," would not go near it. They showed marked anxiety to get rid of it as soon as possible, and hurried the custodians off; and when it was returned the following week, they again gave it a wide berth.

THE funeral of Joseph Hart, a devoted follower of Paine, took place in Wilmington, Del., and was conducted by Rev. J. B. Parmelee, of the Swedenborgian church. The reverend gentleman startled his hearers by warmly praising the deceased Atheist as a kinder man than most Christians. He assured the Agnostic audience that Mr. Hart would in the next world attain a state dependent, not upon his faith, but upon his life.

AT a salvation meeting in Halifax some weeks ago one of the speakers was a woman. Her language was highly esteemed by the dirty bedlamites who listened. We hesitate to print any part of her speech, but we giv just one period in order to expose these filthy fools and to show what is being said and done in the name of Christianity. "I hav been an awful woman," she said; "I've slept in the arms of a policeman, I've slept in the arms of a soldier, I've slept in the arms of a sailor; but now, bless and praise his holy name, I sleep every night in the arms of Jesus."—*London Freethinker.*

THE Rev. Mr. Leftwich, pastor of the Tulip-street Methodist Episcopal church, Nashville, has got himself in trouble. Some time ago a little son of Mrs. Cooper fell from a train on which he was stealing a ride and broke his arm, which was afterward amputated. In a sermon Mr. Leftwich took occasion to hold up young Cooper as a model bad boy, and assailed his character in a most merciless manner. Mrs. Cooper feels outraged at the attack on her son, and she and her granddaughter hav expressed a determination to cowhide the minister. Those who heard Mr. Leftwich say he was particularly severe, almost slanderous, in his remarks concerning the boy.

WE learn that the Missionary Baptists (colored) had a sweepstake fight at the Christmas tree distribution. A father slapped his noisy married daughter in the mouth, when her husband pitched into the old man, then a general battle ensued. While one-half the congregation were thus celebrating the natal day of their savior the other half were busy stealing the presents off the sacred branches. And we see by the Clarksville *Standard* that the colored churches at Texarkana had a similar row; also that the Northern Methodists (white) had a conflagrated Santa Claus. He had covered himself with cotton, which caught fire, and he was severely burned.

IN Spain the workingmen's organizations are taking formidable proportions, and the anarchist journal of Madrid, the *Revista Social*, contains entire columns in every number announcing the constitution of new sections and trades unions. The Cadiz salt workers hav just united themselvs. In all the industrial centers of Catalonia the workmen of various trades hav adhered in mass to the federation and hav formed sections varying from one hundred to four hundred members. The various branches of the building trade in Madrid are following the example set by others; and everywhere, above all in Andalusia in the midst of the vineyard workers, is this desire of union showing itself.

SOMEBODY from California writes to the New York *Sun* to inquire what is meant by a "new birth," or being "born again." Mr. Dana is helpless for once, and makes an assignment by referring his correspondent to the following quotation from the Bible: "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." The person who can tell any more about it after reading this passage than he could before deserves a reward in this world and the next.

IN one of Connecticut's most thriving cities the church bells became objectionable, principally because the church services were held without any concert of action as to the time of meeting. Action by the Council was invoked in order that the bells might be rung simultaneously instead of jangling at half-hour intervals during the morning, afternoon, and evening. The Common Council passed a resolution: "Resolved, that hereafter the churches that hav bells that are rung, be rung at the same hour for morning and afternoon service." The bell-ringers are puzzled, and are wondering what will be the effect on the Sunday dinners. It is the grammar of this resolution that will make it immortal.

RUSSIA and Roumania are the only remaining European states in which Jewish disabilities now prevail. In some parts of Asia, however, and especially in the Flowery Land, the children of Israel still lie under a prohibitory law which excludes them from participation in any civil rights whatsoever, and prevents them from exercising any trade or profession in the character of Chinese subjects. Jews, however, hav established themselvs in all the Chinese ports under the protection of different European flags, and some of the wealthiest Jewish firms are on the best of terms with the provincial authorities, who constantly giv them the preference over their Christian and Buddhist competitors for government contracts.

THE sermon with which the Rev. George C. Milne astonished his Unitarian congregation, in Chicago, by a renunciation of belief in God or a future life, was a bitter attack on Christianity. Speaking of the general disbelief in a literal hell, he said: "Yet defenders of conservativ theology would do well to guard strongly the gates of hell, for when they fall the chief scourge in the hands of the church has lost its lash. Nay! the system then already totters to its fall; for the foundations of orthodoxy are laid in the bed of hell." As to the doctrin of eternal existence, he admitted its comforting influence, but added: "If I could believe there were a future life, how gladly would I let loose my imagination to picture its possible glories! Not the gentle John himself should beat the air with more eager pinion to reach the gate which I would fain believe opens upon the fields of paradise. But, friends, I cannot afford to deceive you, and so I say that however beautiful the dream may be, the chance of its fulfilment seems to me remote and improbable." He thinks that the churches of a century hence will teach morality for its own sake, and leave the question of a future life to speculation. Mr. Milne was until lately a Congregationalist.

WHEN the mob in Sheffield assaulted the Salvation Army, it was thought that if Gen. and Mrs. Booth were to ride in a carriage at the head of the procession, it might hav a civilizing effect on the ruffians, and soften their wicked hearts. But it was found to be of no avail. Then two more carriages were procured for other officers of the "Army," and these led the way, accompanied by a band of music. There was also a "converted wrestler," a sinewy sort of person who was supposed to hav muscle enough to put down all opposition. But even over all this imposing parade the violence of the Sheffield mob triumphed. Mud, bricks, and decayed vegetables were thrown at the Salvationists to such an extent as to hav a very discouraging effect on them. The "converted wrestler," who was mounted on horseback, and dressed in scarlet, found himself unable to wrestle with the forces of sin. He was thrown from his war horse, and battered so badly that he was carried in a very exhausted condition to a hospital. The probability is that this champion of evangelism will not recover. The police of Sheffield did not furnish any material assistance. They do not sympathize with the Salvation Army, but, on the contrary, regard it as a nuisance. So it is in other British cities.

News of the Week.

PETER COOPER was 91 years old on the 12th.

JARDINE, the famous organ builder, is dead.

BASE-BALL clubs in this vicinity are forming for the season of 1882.

THE King of Burmah, India, has issued a mandate abolishing monopolies.

HANLAN, the champion oarsman, is in England, training for a race with Boyd in May.

THE president of the Riley county bank, Kan., has been arrested. Shortage, $35,000.

HALF of the hundred million subjects of the Russian czar are said to be revolutionists and Nihilists.

WILLIAM MILLER, the oldest Freemason in the United States, died in Ohio last week, aged ninety-eight.

THREE outlaws were shot dead in an encounter with a sheriff's posse in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 12th.

IT is predicted that another comet will go tearing through space the latter part of this month in sight of the people on this planet.

THE most heard at present about the Star route persecution is that the government is making "great effort to obtain material evidence."

THE Rev. Sewall S. Cutting, D.D., has recently died, He was the author of "Historical Vindications," a work of reference for Christians.

TUCKER, the composer and song writer, is dead. Among his works the songs "When this Cruel War is Over" and "Sweet Genevieve" are probably the most familiar.

THE citizens of Adrian, Mich., hav discovered that their mayor has issued $150,000 in unauthorized bonds and negotiated them in New York. The mayor has disappeared.

A YOUNG woman of Ottawa, Ill., recently recovered $50,000 from her family physician for the loss of her virtue, of which she claimed he had robbed her while she was under the influence of anæsthetics.

PADDY RYAN, the Troy giant, defeated in a fight last week by Sullivan, of Boston, says he shall never enter the ring again. Sullivan, however, declares his intention to win a great many more battles.

THE Rev. Geo. C. Milne, pastor of the Unity church, Chicago, the former charge of Robert Collyer, has turned Atheist and Freethinker, and disbelieves in heaven, hell, a future life, and the existence of a God.

A QUARREL took place in the office of the Washington *Republican* last week, in which Mr. Clarence Barton, editor of the paper, and A. M. Soteldo were shot, the latter fatally. The shooting is believed to hav been done by the brother of Soteldo.

A MR. BEARD turned on the gas at a spiritual seance at Brooklyn, last Saturday night, during a materializing act, and revealed the medium, Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, in a nearly disrobed state, wearing a mask upon her face and holding another at arm's length, from which depended drapery of the kind supposed to be used by spirits.

THERE is war in Brooklyn between the Rev. Dr. Fulton, the Rink preacher, and his late assistant pastor, the Rev. Geo. Conway, of negro-exodus fame. Conway says Fulton owes him for services, and Fulton defends himself by saying that Conway's services were worthless. A committee to whom the matter was referred decided against Fulton.

CHAS. BRADLAUGH has again been denied the privilege of taking his seat in Parliament. One S. Northcote moved that he be not permitted to take the oath, and the motion was carried by a small majority in spite of the opposition of Gladstone, who insisted that it was the duty of Parliament to see only that the forms of the oath were observed.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of the Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.—Continued.

CHAPTER X.—CONCLUDED.

21. Peradventure the Scribe ought to feel very grateful that he is permitted to visit the places where Jesus performed such wonderful works as restoring the blind and lame, healing the lepers, stilling the waves, feeding vast multitudes with very little food, raising the dead, and all that sort of thing; and he tries to realize it to the best of his ability. Here on this lake Matthew was called to be a disciple, and he distinguished himself by narrating many things that nobody else ever heard of, and by stating many things differently from his contemporaries.

22. There is little of Magdala now but a few low huts, without windows or chimneys, inhabited by miserable-looking human beings, clad in a single, dirty garment, which hardly serves to cover their nakedness. The rising generation run after the pilgrims and cry, Backsheesh, backsheesh, hoping for a few coins; but this cry is heard nearly a thousand times every day, where the children of the natives are met, and no attention is paid to it.

23. Less than two hours' ride from Magdala brought the pilgrims to the town of Tiberias, an old walled town, toward the southern end of the lake, built by Herod Antipas in the year 20, and by him dedicated to the Emperor Tiberias, after whom also the lake was called. The wall runs down into the lake and was much shaken by the earthquake of 1837. Tiberias was the principal town of Galilee.

24. After the destruction of Jerusalem it became the seat of the Jews. In the second century the sanhedrim was removed here from Sepphoris, and for a long time it was noted for its rabbinical school. Here the Mishna and Masora, the principal traditional works of the Jews, were published. Its subsequent history is merely that of captures by Persians, Arabs, and crusaders.

25. The modern town has some buildings comparatively good-looking, built decently of stone, some two stories high, and absolutely with windows; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and very filthy, with a great abundance of fleas, which have passed into a proverb. A few palm-trees add to the appearance from without.

26. The inhabitants number over three thousand, of whom nearly two-thirds are Jews of the two fanatical sects, the Ashkenazim and the Sepharuim; the former have five synagogues and the latter two. They are beggars, and are supported by alms sent them by rich Jews in Europe.

27. These Jews hold Tiberias to be a holy city, and they claim that when the messiah comes he will emerge from the lake, gather together his people at Tiberias, and march with them in triumph to Safed, a holy city on the top of a high hill a few miles northwest of the lake, where his throne will be established forever.

28. The Jews of the place can easily be distinguished from the other inhabitants, being lighter in complexion and rather more intellectual looking. Many of them dress very grotesquely in flowing robes of calico, and wear large black hats, scarfs, sashes, etc. They look effeminate and half-starved. There are also Mohammedans and Christians here, with mosques and churches. All are supported, in part at least, by money from other countries.

29. The tents of the pilgrims were pitched near the lake shore nigh upon a mile south of the town, where some of the pilgrims availed themselves of another bath in the holy lake. As in the night before, the waves of the lake could be heard as they lashed the shore, easily mingling with our dreams.

30. Half a mile further south, near the shore of the lake, is a remarkable hot spring, where water enough to turn a mill gushes out at the foot of the mountain—which rises rather abruptly—so hot one cannot hold his hand in it, reaching 142 degrees—hot enough to cook an egg. The water is very salt, and impregnated with sulphur and some other substances. If used externally and internally, it would doubtless be excellent in rheumatism and kindred diseases. If easy of access or near some large city, it would doubtless prove a fortune. The fine air, the pleasant lake, with facilities for fishing, combined with the waters of the spring, would make the place very attractive if it could be conveniently reached.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIFTH VISIT.

1. Hail, young Truth Seeker! said the Venerable Visitor, as he entered the tent. I will not stay to weary you this night; but, after talking for a little while on the subject touched upon at my last visit, will take my departure.

2. I do not propose to point out all the myths mentioned in the Jewish scriptures, nor to call attention to all the impossibilities and improbabilities mentioned in that book; but, in keeping with the line I commenced in my previous visits, I will allude to some of them.

3. I need hardly again call attention to the unscientific character of the first book in the Jewish Bible; to the positive discrepancies existing between the statements there given and the unmistakable teachings of science touching the age of the earth, the order and periods in which life appeared upon it, and the difference in the eras of time between the appearance of the lower forms of animal life and the higher. What I have said upon that subject will suffice.

4. The statement that the sun was not created until after the earth, not until after all the vegetable kingdom had existed long enough to produce leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds, is too ridiculous and absurd to be entertained by any sensible person.

5. The fable about the creation of woman from the rib bone of a man, and her being the result of an afterthought, when Yahweh found the man would be lonely without a companion, together with the two different ways in which the story is told, is too childish to merit credence.

6. The narrative about a snake of the field being able to subvert the purpose of his maker; about his being able to speak a human language, and to hold converse with the woman, persuading her to do the very thing which Yahweh did not wish her to do, is of the same imbecile character.

7. The claim that a being of infinite goodness and knowledge would create death and eternal destruction in the form of fruit growing upon trees of his own planting, and place them within reach of the ignorant pair of beings he had just made, when his knowledge must have apprised him of the result that must ensue, is too derogatory to the character of an infinitely good being to be entertained for a single moment.

8. The idea of the firmament given in the narrative, that it is a solid substance placed in the heavens to divide the waters above it from those below it, exhibits the most utter ignorance and untruthfulness.

9. That it should require Yahweh five days to create this globe, while he was able to perfect the sun, moon, all the planets, and millions of other suns and worlds immensely larger than those pertaining to this system, in one day, is a proposition entirely repugnant to proportion, reason, and truth.

10. The representation that the sun was made and placed in the heavens expressly for the benefit of this earth is wholly untrue. It is equally as much for the other planets and some two hundred asteroids as for the earth; but the writer of the narrative knew nothing about the planets.

11. The statement that omnipotence became weary with the creation of the world, and found it necessary to take a rest, as a man would after performing a hard week's work, is very derogatory to infinite power.

12. The statement in one chapter that man was made before the animals, and in the next that he was made after the animals, exhibits the untruthfulness of the story.

13. The representation that the creatures deity had made, eating the fruit he had made, should be enough to damn them and their offspring forever, makes the creator no better than an incarnate fiend.

14. The pretense that the serpent class of reptiles walked upright, and possessed the power of speech previous to the curse that was pronounced upon them, is too absurd for serious consideration. Snakes are now, in style of locomotion, and in the food they eat, as they ever have been. They never walked, they never ate dust.

15. The representation that thorns and thistles did not exist until after the curse was pronounced upon Adam and Eve is wholly devoid of truth. They were not created on that occasion.

16. The statement that men used to live to be nearly a thousand years old has no truth whatever.

17. The statement that the sons of God took the daughters of men for wives, and thus produced a hybrid race, half gods and half men, has too much absurdity and falsehood about it to be entertained for an instant.

18. The untruths connected with the story of Noah and his flood need not be alluded to again. Scores of gross falsehoods and impossibilities are connected with it.

19. The claim that because one of Noah's sons made sport of him while he was in a state of intoxication, the posterity of the son should be cursed with perpetual slavery and servitude, represents injustice far more than truth. It was infinitely worse in Noah to indulge in excessive drunkenness than it was for Ham to laugh. If either deserved to be punished, the father was the man, and not the son; besides, it was the worst of injustice to punish the descendants of Ham with perpetual slavery because their ancestor had laughed.

20. The story of men undertaking to build a tower to reach to heaven is without truth or sense; and the fable that God became so alarmed lest the tower would reach his domain that he confounded their speech, and thus introduced many languages into the world, is equally absurd.

21. The statement that fire and brimstone were sent from heaven, by which the cities were suddenly consumed, is wholly untrue. Brimstone exists in the earth, and is not sent from heaven. God burnt no more cities with fire and brimstone three thousand years ago than he does to-day. The story is wholly a fabrication.

22. The assertion that a woman was ever converted into a pillar of salt is a very foolish falsehood. The thing is an utter impossibility, and no person ought to be simple enough to believe it.

23. The frequent talks between God and Abraham, as before remarked, are wholly fabulous. Both characters are myths. If God promised this land to the seed of Abraham forever, the promise has failed signally in the fulfilment. They have not possessed it in two thousand years. The promise, also, that the seed of Abraham should be as the sands of the sea-shore and the dust of the earth for multitude, is equally untrue. They never reached one ten-millionth part of the number of either.

24. The claim that a woman between ninety and a hundred years old became a mother and bore a child is in opposition to the fixed laws of nature, and hence is untrue.

25. It is not true that the seventy descendants of Jacob in two hundred and fifteen years could increase so rapidly as to number three millions of people. It would necessitate that each mother should bear one hundred children and that no deaths should occur. No such increase has ever taken place in the world.

26. The story about Jacob wrestling with God the better part of a night is a crude and childish conception.

27. It is not true that Yahweh ever assumed the appearance of fire in a bush.

28. It is absurd to claim that Yahweh wanted the Israelites to leave Egypt and at the same time influenced Pharaoh to prevent their doing so.

29. The story about a rod being turned into a serpent is without truth. The thing was never done.

30. The claim that Moses produced what are called the plagues of Egypt is without truth. No man could ever do anything of the kind; nor was there ever a god who could do it.

31. The statement that the magicians of Egypt could perform the feats of turning a rod into a snake, changing water to blood, producing frogs, locusts, etc., and do all the other feats credited to them, is wholly devoid of truth.

32. That the Israelites, who were so numerous that they had six hundred thousand fighting men, were moved out of Egypt in a single night, is an utter impossibility. It could not have been done in a week.

33. That such a body of water as the Red Sea should part and wall up on each side, leaving a dry roadway through it, is an egregious falsehood. Water never did anything of the kind. Even if the waters had divided, the slime and deposit at the bottom would have been such that it could not have been a dry roadway.

34. The claim that such a body of people could subsist in an arid desert, even for a week, is wholly untrue. Even if food were sent them, they must still have water.

35. The statement that manna fell daily for forty years, to keep three millions of people in food, is a most extravagant falsehood. Nothing of the kind ever occurred.

36. That a large stream of water, sufficient for such a vast body of people and all their cattle, should burst forth from a rock in an arid desert, where there are no streams, no springs, and never any rain, simply by its being hit with a rod, is too preposterous to merit the slightest credence.

37. The claim that a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day should for forty years hang around any people is a most absurd one. No such phenomena ever took place.

38. The statements that repeated interviews occurred between Yahweh and Moses, that they talked face to face, and that Yahweh showed his back parts to Moses, are utterly untrue.

39. The assertion that Yahweh engraved two tables of stone, and that Moses got angry and threw them down and broke them, contains no truth. No god ever did any stone-cutting.

40. It is untrue, if the manna fell six days in the week, that it did not also fall seven; and that, if it would keep forty-eight hours at one time in the week, it would not also at other times. Nature does not work in that way. With her all days are alike. The story was written to sustain the observance of the Jewish Sabbath.

41. It is not true that such a people could be on the tramp for forty years through a desert and their clothes and shoes not grow old and wear out, or that those articles should grow with the growth of the children. It requires people of inordinate credulity to believe such idle tales.

42. It is untrue that a people leaving a country as hurriedly as the Israelites are represented to have done should have had with them munificent supplies of gold, silver, brass; blue, purple, scarlet, and fine linen, goat's hair, rams' skins dyed red, badgers'

skins, shittim-wood, oils, spices, sweet incense, onyx stones, and a small-sized lumber yard containing boards large enough to make the tabernacle, the ark, the mercy-seat, tables, altars, etc., or that an all-wise God should attach any special value to those things. If that people were able to accumulate such valuable goods and merchandise, including a stock of metals with which to make cherubims of beaten gold, rings of gold, dishes, bowls, spoons, candlesticks, lamps, tongs, snuff dishes, caskets, rings, images, pans, lavers, shovels, basins, flesh hooks, fire-pans, and numerous other vessels and implements, they could not have been held in a very abject state of slavery.

43. It is extremely unlikely that a people who had all their lives worked only at brick-making should out in the desert possess the skill and facilities for executing fine mechanical work, like making images of beaten gold, implements and ornaments of silver, artificial flowers, fine work in linen, ornamentation of many kinds, skilful wood-work, and much more requiring cunning workmanship. All those kinds of work require such practice, experience, and apparatus as the Israelites had had no chance to acquire. The person who wrote that account had but small perception of the probabilities and proprieties of a story.

44. It is not true that Moses burnt the gold of which Aaron's calf was made to a fine powder, which he strewed upon water, and which became dissolved. The thing is utterly impossible, and was never done. Gold cannot be burnt, nor dissolved in water.

45. It is not true that a merciful god, because he had been made a little angry, authorized his people to take every man his sword, and slay his brother and his neighbor, and that in carrying out the order the priests slew three thousand men.

46. It must have been utterly impossible for Moses to speak so as to have been heard by two or three millions of people. Ten thousand are as many as any speaker can make hear in the open air.

47. Aaron and his two sons could not possibly have killed the animals of sacrifice, and burnt them on all the occasions of births, and all other prescribed occasions. They must have amounted to over two thousand per day, and three men could not possibly have done it; neither could the animals for the purpose have been obtained in a desert.

48. That a good god would send strange fire and a plague, and destroy fifteen thousand of his people because they made a trifling complaint, is untrue.

49. It is extremely unlikely that the earth should open and swallow Korah, Datham, and Abiram, and hundreds of their followers, because they were dissatisfied with Moses, and then close up again.

50. It is very unlikely, because the Israelites complained at the manna diet, week in and week out, that he sent fiery serpents among them, and destroyed great numbers of them. Such conduct would be unworthy of any one but a demon.

51. The story of the wonderful visitation of quails, when a wind from the Lord brought them from the sea, so that they covered the earth to the depth of three and a half feet, to the distance of a day's journey in each direction, or thirty-three miles—an area of three thousand four hundred square miles—contains not a particle of truth. No reasonable god, though in a pet, would put himself to the trouble of producing such an unheard-of quantity of quails, only to decay and spoil. In the next place, the sea is a very unlikely place for quails to come from, and the quantity given is far greater than all the quails that have existed for fifty thousand years.

52. But I will detain thee no longer at this time. These things are not new to thee, though they may be to many others. I will resume the subject at my next visit. Good-night.

CHAPTER XII.

SIXTH DAY'S JOURNEY.—FROM TIBERIAS TO NAZARETH.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the sixth-and twentieth day of the eleventh month, all the pilgrims, the captain of the host, the muleteers —after an extra amount of quarreling—the horses, and asses, and moreover the dog, in good season left the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and wound up a long and steep hill as they made their way to the southwest, even toward Nazareth.

2. It was a long time before they lost sight of the lake, and often did they look back upon the scene which has been so often praised and over-praised. Pious people who visit this country feel it to be incumbent upon them to laud the country and its appearance to the skies.

3. The Sea of Galilee has been by these people greatly over estimated. It is true the sheet of water itself looks about like any other sheet of water of the same size, but the country around it is an abrupt, uncomely, and barren hill on the east, known as the hills of Bashan; while on the west coast there is little else than hills of rocks, though they rise gradually, with a few acres of tillable lands.

4. In the land of Genesareth there are a few small trees, and in a few other places near some spring are small patches of verdure, but the whole landscape surrounding the lake is a treeless, lifeless, barren waste of rocks.

5. When the hills of Galilee are surmounted a better country is presented, and a few square miles of fair farming land opens to view; but as the journey is continued the country grows more and more rocky, and the only plowable land is in small patches among the rocks.

6. Off to the north, in Naphtali, looms up Safed, one of the four holy cities of the land of Yahweh, and claimed to be the place Jesus referred to when he spoke of a city being set on a hill which cannot be hid. As it stands on the summit of a high hill without trees, it is very naturally quite conspicuous.

7. The other three holy cities are Jerusalem, Hebron, and Tiberias. There are about four thousand inhabitants in Safed, of the same sects as those in Tiberias. They hold that the messiah, when he comes, will make his first appearance there, and after reigning forty years will go forth to receive universal homage. They also believe that if prayer should cease to be offered in the four holy cities the world would come to an end. There are also quite a number of Christians in the place, though it is one of the principal centers of modern Judaism.

8. The town is built on terraces in the rocks, which rise in succession one above another. The roofs of each lower tier serve as a path or street to those in the next higher tier. On the highest part of the hill are the ruins of an old castle, built by the Franks during the wars of the Crusades, and regarded as the strongest place of defense against the incursions of the Saracens from the north. In the earthquake of 1837 Safed suffered terribly; the houses were thrown down in the most horrid manner, and large numbers of people were killed.

9. On our right we passed a curiously-shaped hill, rising from a fertile plain, which the Catholics have decided to be the Mount of Beatitudes, where, according to Matthew, Jesus preached his Sermon on the Mount. Another claim makes it also the place where the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed; but it is all guess-work, at which amusement the Catholics are extra skilful.

10. On our left we passed a modern town, upon a hill, consisting of low, flat, stone houses, and surrounded by a conspicuous growth of cactus (prickly pear), which will grow on the poorest land in the world, and which is here used for fences. Much of it is met that looks to be one hundred years old. Nothing else grows.

11. An ancient well was passed, covered with a large stone having a hole through it for a curb. It looked as though it might have been in use three thousand years ago.

12. About the twelfth hour the pilgrims arrived at Kefr Kenna, a miserable little village, claimed to be the Cana of Galilee, where, according to John, Jesus gave encouragement to wine-drinkers by converting water into wine. The pilgrims alighted and entered a small Christian church, claimed to be built over the identical spot where this feat of divine legerdemain is said to have been performed.

13. A large stone jar, or vase, holding fifteen gallons, is in the church, and is claimed to be the identical jar that contained the water that was changed into wine. If it was full, the wine, if as good as represented, was sufficient to make two hundred people very mellow, especially as they were pretty near drunk before. They have another of the jars used on this momentous occasion in the cathedral at Cologne. Who can doubt these pious claims?

14. It is, however, to be regretted that there is not a unanimity as to whether this was the place where the wine feat was performed. Doctors Robinson and Porter insist that this is not the place where Jesus engaged in the wine business, and they locate it ten or fifteen miles away to the northwest. But they know no more about it than anybody else, and the Scribe goes with the majority in insisting that Kefr Kenna is the true Cana, because he saw the stone jar in which the water might have been stored; and what was it there for, save to be used for wine-making?

15. The disagreements which exist are no more to be wondered at than that John should have been the only evangelist who knew anything about Jesus having been in the wine manufacture; and it does not appear that he was present; and, further, it does not appear that the account was ever written by John, or anybody else who knew anything about it. The whole thing is undoubtedly a fabrication.

16. The pilgrims lunched in an olive grove or orchard hard by, surrounded by a fence of the cactus. The children with a single garment are numerous, and the cries for backsheesh are repeated hundreds of times. This is the case at every village.

17. Lubieh was passed on the left, where are a few ruins and rock tombs in the hill-slopes. It is not known what place was here in olden times.

18. Farther on the homely village of Reineh was passed, which is without historical associations. By the roadside is a large stone sarcophagus, now used for a watering-trough, and here women were washing. Instead of using wash-boards they lay the wet clothes upon a rock and pound them with a smooth stone, occasionally dipping them into the water.

19. Meshhad, supposed to be ancient Gath-hepher, a town on the border of Zebulun, claimed to be the birthplace of Jonah, the son of Amittai, was passed. On the hill-top hard by is a Bedouin wely, a tomb of a sheik, also claimed to be the burial-place of Jonah; but this yarn is about as fishy as is his whale story.

20. At length the hill overlooking the village of Nazareth is reached, from the top of which a good bird's-eye view of it is obtained. It has many good-looking stone buildings used as churches and schools; and a monastery and convent, all built with money sent into the country from Europe. Though standing on the steep side of a white, calky, limestone hill; it is the best-looking village seen since entering the Holy Land.

21. In nearing the white tents, which had already been pitched at the eastern end of the town for the pilgrims, they passed what is called the Virgin's fountain, where Mary is supposed to have gone for her water for making tea and washing dishes when she was quite a young girl and after the days of her espousal.

22. If she lived in Nazareth it is quite likely she went to that fountain for water, as it is the only one in town, and the women still go there in great numbers for all the water for domestic purposes. The Fountain is covered by a low stone building or church, and the water runs through three spouts or outlets; and here the modern virgins assemble to fill their earthen jugs, holding some four gallons or more, which they carry on the tops of their heads, resting upon a cushion for the purpose; and they march off to their homes with their heads and jugs erect, touching not the latter with their hands.

23. The maids of the village gather here in great numbers to do their gossiping and quarreling, the latter being attended to with no neglect of business. They were quarreling most busily, some thirty of them, when the pilgrims passed, as to which were entitled to precedence in filling their jugs or pitchers; and the jars about the water-jars were very jarring upon the Scribe's feelings. The captain says he never visits the place but what the virgins of Nazareth are quarreling as to which shall have the next chance to catch water. They are called better looking than the generality of Syrian girls, but the Scribe saw but few that are pretty.

24. Soon after arrival the pilgrims started out to see the sights of the town, howbeit there are several of a most extraordinary character. First they bent their steps to the monastery, which had about a score of monks under the charge of the French Catholics. One accompanied the pilgrims to the church of the Annunciation, hard by, which is built over the very place where Gabriel called upon the Virgin and made an appointment with her for a visit of a special nature from Yahweh himself, much of the same character as the one Vishnu many hundreds of years earlier is said to have made to the Hindoo virgin Devanauy, and somewhat like another to Maia, the virgin mother of Buddha.

25. The church is well built, costing several thousand dollars in European gold, and is finely decorated with well-executed paintings representing the virgin and her son in various positions and connections. The high altar is dedicated to the angel Gabriel, and before it nearly half a score of monks were chanting some Latin liturgy or exercise, while three or four others were kneeling in the body of the church, going through the performance of prayer, much as do the Moslems in the mosques.

26. Beneath the altar is the crypt, to reach which a dozen broad marble steps are descended. Here is the chapel of the Annunciation, where not only Gabriel made the preliminary arrangements, but where Yahweh himself appeared soon after in propria persona, and attended to the little business which seems to have been necessary to mend up the blunders which he had made in placing the race of man upon the earth.

27. Here on the altar is inscribed these Latin words, Hic verbum caro factum est, which, being interpreted, mean, Here the word was made flesh. The Scribe looked earnestly around to see if there were any representation of the overshadowing act, but though the good Christians have supplied other pictures, including the interview between Gabriel and the young virgin, the most important one, between Yahweh and herself, is not given; and then did the Scribe sagely ask, If not, why not?

28. Here in this chapel, which is a grotto in the rock, are two stone columns, seemingly designed to uphold the solid stone overhead, though there is not the slightest danger of the latter's falling. One of these columns is broken off three feet from the floor, and touching the reason for which it was done different Christian traditions exist.

29. One is that the devil, when he, by his great subtleness, which he had from the beginning, discovered Yahweh's little game, how he was going to have an amorous interview with a comely young Jewish virgin for the purpose of getting a son to redeem the world from the terrible condition of eternal damnation which the defective plans of Yahweh had brought about, by the instincts of pure deviltry undertook to thwart the interesting little interview by bringing down the house, to do which he broke one of the columns, and was about to break the other when Yahweh, or one of his big angels, discovered

this devilish piece of business, luckily, in time to prevent the work of the Evil One, and far better than was done at the time when he in the form of a snake persuaded our grandmother Eve to eat a most unfortunate apple. On that first occasion Yahweh and his angels were neglectful of their business and allowed the devil to perpetrate the great mischief without their interposing the slightest obstacle, besides furnishing the snake with the tools to work with, to wit, very tempting apples.

30. But in this latter piece of deviltry Yahweh was too anxious that the interview with the Virgin should take place to admit of a postponement, and he and his angels were more watchful, and would suffer the arch-fiend to break but one of the pillars, in consequence of which only about ninety-five per cent of the human race are expected to be doomed to the eternal roasting. If the other column had been broken, Yahweh might not have been able to hold that desired private interview with the young Virgin, and the other five per cent, of course, would likewise have had to go to hell. Rejoice, ye five per cent, that the second column was not broken.

31. The other legend is the more tame one that it was the followers of the prophet of Mecca who broke that column, to let the house of the Virgin fall, and thus destroy the evidence of the only great deed Yahweh could have performed to rescue that fortunate five per cent who believe from the inevitable fate into which his own ill-advised adventure had plunged them. Whether it was the devil or the Moslems that broke that column must ever remain an unsolved mystery.

32. But inexpressibly solemn feelings came over the Scribe, as he stood there in that grotto, and realized what had taken place there for the benefit of that five per cent, particularly when the ledge in the rock was pointed out where the Virgin had her couch; and with all due solemnity did he ask himself these questions:

33. Dost thou realize, thou doubting one, that it was this very dark place, which thou art permitted to enter, that Yahweh of a truth came down to from his throne in the bright world above the clouds, and that here he actually overshadowed that beautiful young Virgin, whose picture hangs there before thee on the wall, the same as Vishnu overshadowed another virgin; the same as Ormuzd begot Mithra, as Osiris begot Horus, as Jupiter overshadowed many virgins, and begot numerous sons; the same as Odin begot Thor and Balder, and the same as many other gods begot many other sons?

34. Canst thou not here comprehend the mystery of godliness, and the most divine plan by which Yahweh made it barely possible for that five per cent to be saved? Canst thou, in thy darkened state, realize the extreme holiness of the act performed in this dark place, and what joy and delight it must have given to both Yahweh and the Virgin to perform an act that would result in saving five per cent of the great human race?

35. Then did the Scribe meditate deeply, and say: How solemn and awful is this place! How mysterious are the ways of Yahweh! How fortunate for that five per cent that that overshadowing business was so efficiently performed! Let all the five per cent all over Christendom raise their voices with one accord, and bless the overshadowing! Great is overshadowing! Selah! Long live overshadowing! Selah! Whooplah! Hosanna! So glorious for the five per cent!

36. Next the pilgrims were ushered into the chapel of Joseph, which is but a continuation of another apartment of the grotto. It is not supposed that Joseph was in his chapel at the time Yahweh was making that little friendly visit for the benefit of the five per cent, but, like the preceding Joseph, being a pretty good dreamer, he dreamed it all out tolerably straight, though his statement was materially different from the way Luke narrates the interesting episode. Whichever way it was, it was most fortunate for the five per cent, all the same. The worthy priests constitute a goodly share of the five per cent.

37. Again the pilgrims were ushered up a dark staircase in the solid rock, where the Virgin used to do her kitchen work, and which stairs the little Jesus used to tumble down (as all other children do), and bump his dear little nose.

38. Then did the doubting Scribe quibble in this wicked way: How is it that Joseph, being a carpenter—a worker in wood—should have a house dug out of the rock, without a particle of wood belonging to it? And how is it that this cavern can be the house of Joseph and Mary, when the really true one was carried off by holy angels to a spot between Fiume and Terasto, on the coast of Dalmatia, where it rested three years, and was again conveyed, by the same industrious angels, in the night, to the ground of a certain widow Laureta (whence comes Loreto), where a church was subsequently erected, the place being afterward blessed by God's vicegerent, the good pope Sixtus V., to which five hundred thousand persons resort annually, and where, in consequence of the presence of the house, any number of the most astonishing miracles are performed? Yea, the Scribe did pensively ask, How can these things be? But soon these comforting and all-convincing words came unto him, which the faithful so often use, All things are possible with God; and straightway his troubles were assuaged, and exceeding great peace of mind gently stole over him, like the rays of the morning sun, or like the dews on Hermon.

39. Leaving this solemn and holy place, the pilgrims were next led through winding, and dirty, and narrow streets, where is another little Christian church, standing over the identical spot where the good, unsuspecting Joseph had his carpenter-shop, and where the youthful Jesus used to shove the jack-plane. More solemn feelings settled down upon the mind of the Scribe as he realized he stood in the very place where a young god used to make chips and shavings, and sometimes stole away from his work (when his aged step-father was out looking up a job), and played with the idle boys on the streets, making mud-birds, causing them to fly, and performing other godlike feats and sports.

40. Here it was that the aged and failing Joseph would make mistakes in his measurements and calculations, and turn out his work in an unskilful manner; and here the almighty little Jesus would come to his aid, and stretch his work when it was too short, contract it when too long, and alter it over when it was wrong in any way. Truly, Jesus must have been a convenient apprentice to have in a shop where the boss was so liable to blunder.

41. How fitting, said the Scribe, that this modern god should be a good carpenter, and be able to adjust things by stretching or shrinking, and thus help his poor old dreaming step-daddy out of all his blunders! At one time the old carpenter would have lost two years' labor on a king's throne, to say nothing of the value of the material, had not Jesus taken hold of the throne and stretched it to the right length to fill the place it was intended to occupy.

42. Three large pictures were hanging up against the walls of the church and of the side chapel, representing the interior of a carpenter's shop, with Joseph using the broad-axe, or some other tool, as the central figure. Jesus is in the foreground playing with the shavings, or studying a book, while the Virgin is in the background. The Scribe objected to the representations of Joseph, which made him to look young and remarkably intelligent, whereas, according to the story of the apocryphal gospels, he was an old man when he espoused Mary, and good grounds are presented that he was not over-brilliant in his mental acquirements.

43. But there is the little church, there is the little chapel on the side of it, and there are the paintings; and now, if the Scribe and other people cannot believe in the carpenter's shop, they perhaps would not believe though one should rise from the dead.

44. The next wonder to be seen was the rock where Jesus used to sometimes take his grub with the young men of the town, after he was out of his time at the carpenter's trade, or rather after he had concluded to follow some other business as an occupation. The stone is a flat-topped boulder, of an obtuse oval form, about twelve feet in length, eight feet in width, and some two and a half feet above the ground, affording ample room for half a dozen persons to partake of a picnic meal, if they had not too great a variety of dishes.

45. True, there is nothing said in the gospel story about Jesus ever eating in any such place, but that makes no difference. It is not to be supposed that Christians could not be inspired fifteen hundred years later, and discover that Jesus and his young friends used to meet there and take a little bite and a glass of wine together in a friendly, sociable fashion; and, besides, did not the Scribe see a painting on the wall of the little church which covers the rock, portraying Jesus and his companions taking care of a comfortable-looking meal, right there on that very rock? Of course he did; and now let those who wish to be damned continue to doubt. The rock is carefully kept covered with a sacred cloth covering.

46. A Greek church was also visited, where a venerable Greek priest was reading in a loud voice in Arabic some service, with one old man for an audience. This is claimed to be the synagogue where Jesus commenced his teaching. Of course, nobody will doubt that.

47. Another holy place is the Mount of Precipitation, a hill two miles from town, from which, it is claimed, the people sought to cast Jesus down headlong and kill him. This was before he commenced preaching, and he went out from amongst them and took himself to Capernaum, which he afterward made his home. There are some, even Christians, who denominate this a worthless tradition, to which the Scribe is prepared to assent, though he insists that it is just as good as any of the rest of the claims.

48. It will be remembered that, according to Luke, Nazareth became the home of Jesus, immediately after his step-father and mother returned from being taxed at Jerusalem, and even at the very time when Matthew has him in Egypt, whither the three fled to get away from the massacre of the little innocents by Herod, of which cruel and bloodthirsty proceeding Luke never heard anything. It is thought Matthew fabricated this statement, not mentioned by any other gospel writer, that he might claim another fulfilment of prophecy—Out of Egypt have I called my son—which Matthew quoted incorrectly, and which sentence had no more reference to Jesus than it had to Joseph Smith.

49. The town is thought to have some four thousand inhabitants, and they are made up more than half of Greek Christians, with Romish Christians, Moslems, Maronites, etc. The Jews, taking no stock in the Jesus story, do not settle there. The ringing of the church bells, brought in from Europe, give it the air of a place not out of the world. There are also some schools here, one of which is held in a building high up on the hill-side, and is about the finest in the place.

50. The week now being over, the pilgrims look back with not a little self-congratulation at the one hundred and twenty miles passed over by them between Damascus and Nazareth, together with the places of note which they visited. All are willing to have a day of rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

MELCHISEDEC'S SIXTH VISIT.

1. The Venerable Visitor, before alluded to, commenced his evening's conversation by congratulating the Truth Seeker upon the satisfactory performance of the work and the progress made in the journey in hand, after which he went on to say:

2. Among the great improbabilities contained in the Jewish scriptures is that, in the lifetime of Shem, one of the reputed sons of Noah, the earth should become so rapidly peopled, and such advances be made in civilization that China should be filled up, India made replete with inhabitants, Persia the same, Chaldea and Assyria the same, Egypt made populous, and Phœnicia become a nation of power—all of which countries were far more advanced in civilization, literature, and art than were the descendants of Abraham.

3. According to the scriptures, Shem lived more than two hundred years after the time of Abraham's birth, and people are demanded to believe that under his observation, when he and his two brothers were the only men on earth to propagate the race, all those nations became very populous and advanced; that divergent civilizations were established, the different national characteristics of color, features, and manners thoroughly defined, as though they had been in existence ten thousand years. It must not be forgotten that, according to the Bible story, when Abraham went down into Egypt he found the country populous, the king rich and powerful, and the nation enjoying a degree of civilization that could not be attained in a thousand years, and that at this time Shem was still alive. The whole story is utterly preposterous; there is not a word of truth in it.

4. The massacre of the Midianites at the command of Yahweh, if the story is true, is one of the most cruel and monstrous transactions recorded in the pages of history. The alleged reason for it is that Cozbi, a Midianitish woman, had committed adultery with Zimri, an Israelitish man; but the account does not state that Cozbi forced Zimri to commit the crime, and it is quite presumable that the man was as much in favor of committing it as was the woman, and of course was equally guilty. It would seem that the priest Phinehas so regarded the matter, for he thrust a javelin through the bodies of both while in the very act.

5. It would seem that this bloody deed should have ended the matter; but, according to the story, Yahweh could not let the affair rest, but moved Moses to order the murdersome Israelites out to the work of massacre and slaughter in cold blood; in accordance with which the five kings of Midian were slain, and all the men of the nation; the Israelites taking also as booty 675,000 sheep, 72,000 beef-cattle, and 61,000 asses, and all the other valuables the Midianites possessed; and this without a man of the Israelites being hurt.

6. An ordinary person would naturally think this punishment quite severe enough for the crime that had been committed; but when Yahweh's man Moses learned that his men had saved the women alive he was exceedingly wroth and flew into a towering passion. What, said he, have ye saved all the women alive? Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him; but all the women-children that have not known a man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves. And then the slaughter of women and children commenced; and from the number of little girls that were saved for the Israelites it is fair to suppose that not less than sixty thousand were thus slaughtered in perfectly cold blood. A more demoniacal act was never committed; and yet the account states that it was done by the command of Yahweh. Can such a story be believed?

7. The most infernal part of the business was the keeping of 32,000 innocent little girls and babes for the use of the murderers and assassins of their fathers, mothers, and brothers, and dividing them out in regular proportion to each tribe, giving the priests, even, their own proportion for Yahweh. It would have been more merciful to have killed the women-

children, too, rather than keep them to minister to the vile lusts of murderers and butchers. To say that such conduct was ever commanded by a just and merciful being is the worst of falsehoods.

8. The story of Balaam and his ass is a silly and untruthful narrative. If Yahweh commanded Balaam to go over to the land of Moab to make a prophecy, it was very wrong to send an angel to prevent him, when he was obeying the instructions he had received. The assertion that an ass talked with human language is an absurd falsehood. Asses have not the organs of speech, and they can by no possibility use it; they can only make the horrible noises which thou hast so often heard while sojourning here in the Land of Yahweh.

9. It was also cruel and unfaithful to put Balaam to death, when to the best of his ability he had carried out the instructions that had been given him, and who showed a commendable disposition on every occasion where his name is mentioned.

10. It is hard to believe that a merciful God could for a trifling offense send a plague and destroy at one time 24,000 of his people. It would have been more merciful to have inclined their hearts aright, even if they had dispositions to do what was wrong.

11. The story of the parting of the waters of the river Jordan to allow a lot of bloodthirsty men to cross over for the purpose of slaughtering men, women, and children who were in quiet possession of the land which they had occupied for centuries, is an untruthful account. No river ever parted in that way.

12. It is an idle claim that the manna, which had been regularly falling six days in every week for forty years, should cease all at once because the Israelites had commenced to rob the Canaanites of the corn they had raised.

13. The story that the walls of a city should be thrown down by the blast of a trumpet, or of rams' horns, after being marched around for seven successive days, is without a shadow of truth. Walls of stone are not moved in that way; and were it so in this case, it would seem wholly unnecessary that the harlot Rahab should basely betray her own people.

14. It is very unlikely that the embezzlement by Achan of a Babylonish garment and a wedge of gold should have the effect to make the men cowardly in the sack of the city of Jericho. How the act could affect those who knew nothing about it is a mystery that cannot be explained on any known principles of nature.

15. It is most singular that when Joshua was making his triumphant march into the land of Canaan the men of Gibeon should be able to deceive him and induce him to make an unfavorable contract, when he had Yahweh at his elbow, who gave him instruction and advice in every case of need.

16. The story that Joshua had the power to stop the sun and moon in their courses, or, more properly, the earth in its revolutions, which have never ceased for a moment since it began to revolve, and simply for the purpose of lengthening out the day so that more manslaughter and bloodshed could be accomplished, is one of the grossest falsehoods ever uttered. If the sun and moon stood still for Joshua and his band of cut-throats, they would have also stood still for the rest of the world, and other nations would have known it, and have had some account of it; but none of them knew anything about it.

17. It is equally untruthful that Yahweh cast down great stones from heaven upon the heads of the Canaanites, whom Joshua was overthrowing. Yahweh has no stones in his realm above the clouds, and therefore he could not cast them down. Were it possible for him to do so to an unlimited extent, he could in that way easily have killed the men he wished dead, without himself and Joshua going to the trouble of stopping the sun to lengthen out the day. If the shower of stones had been kept up it would seem quite sufficient. But the whole tale is a silly absurdity. Thou findest a great abundance of stones in this land, but Yahweh did not send them down from heaven.

18. The tale about the bloody career of Joshua in conquering and exterminating Jericho, Ai, the kings of Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, Gizer, Debir, Eglon, Libnah, Makedah, Kadish-barned, Gaza, Hazor, Madon, Shimron, Achshaph, Hormah, Arad, Abdullam, Tappuah, Hepper, Aphek, Lasharon, Taanach, Mejiddo, Jokneam, Carmel, Dor, Gilgal, Torzah, etc., with their kings and people, including the Amorites, the Hittites, the Porrizites, the Jebusites, the Hivites, etc., is extremely exaggerated. Thou canst easily understand how diminutive those nations must have been in this small country, containing less than five thousand square miles, and which, all told, has not five hundred square miles that were ever plowed.

19. Another absurd story is that Gideon should select his army by taking those who lapped water like dogs. In the first place, even if men lapped like dogs, they would be no better fighters in consequence; and in the second place, men never lap in that way. It is only over-credulous people that believe such tales.

20. The blowing of trumpets and the breaking of pitchers would be a very singular mode of fighting an enemy; and whether the men lapped like dogs or not, a valorous foe could not be vanquished by breaking pitchers.

21. The story that Sampson slew a lion with his bare hands, and caught three hundred foxes and held them while he tied firebrands to their tails; that he slew a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass while they stood quietly and allowed him to kill them seriatim; that he should open a fountain of water in the old ass's jaw-bone; that he should be able to carry away the heavy gates of the city; that his very unusual strength should lie in his hair; that when it was cut by Delilah he became as weak as other men; and that when it grew out again he was able to put his hands around two pillars of a temple and throw it to the ground, killing himself and thousands of the Philistines, is foolish and false, and is a clumsy copy of the fabled feats of Hercules.

22. It is a hard story that the lewd Benjamites should vilely kill the Levite's concubine by cohabiting with her all night, and that her master should then cut her body in twelve pieces, and that this, sent to all the tribes, should cause a bloody war, in which twenty-five thousand Benjamites and forty thousand Israelites should be slain in three days. The whole story is a repulsive one.

23. It is untrue that the presence of the ark of shittim wood should cause Dagon, the idol of the Philistines, to fall over on its face, the same to be repeated the second night, breaking off the head and hands of the idol. Neither would the presence of that old box have the effect to smite the people of Ashdad, Gath, and Ekron with emerods.

24. It is very unlikely that the presence of that same box would cause two young cows, hitched to a cart bearing it, to leave their young calves and go in an opposite direction.

25. It is very unlikely that fifty thousand men should be working in a harvest field, and that because one of them should from curiosity or some other motive raise the lid of the box, a merciful and just God should instantly kill all the men for the act that a single one of them had committed.

26. A merciful deity would not have commanded Samuel to bid Saul go and smite the Amalekites with the sword, with the order to utterly destroy man, woman, and child, including the sucking babes, together with the oxen, sheep, camels, asses, and this for some fault that had been committed by the tribe long before.

27. There is no truth in the Witch of Endor story. There never was such a thing as a witch; and if there were millions of them they could not, singly or combined, raise a man from the dead.

28. It is wholly unlikely that when David was moving the same ark referred to, the well-disposed Uzzah, who merely reached out his hand to prevent the box from falling off the cart while passing over the very rough roads of the Land of Yahweh, was struck dead.

29. It is a very improbable story that during the reign of David as king of Israel he should be able to bring the small nation from a state of barbarism and brigandage, from a condition in which the people had no revenue and no national resources, to possess such extravagant wealth that he could accumulate 100,000 talents of gold, and 1,000,000,000 talents of silver, equaling 4347 tons, to the value of $4,297,700,000. No nation ever raised such a revenue in the reign of one king, much less such a small nation and such a small country, having no manufactures, no commerce, and less than five hundred square miles of land that could be plowed. It is an exaggeration of the grossest kind.

30. It is a most palpable contradiction that, when David was moved to take a census of the people, in one account it should have said that the Lord moved him to the act, and in another account that it was the devil. The two must either be one, or one of the statements must be a falsehood.

31. It is quite too much to suppose that when David numbered the people it should be found that so small a country, two-thirds of the face of which is but mountains of barren rocks, contained a million and a half of fighting men.

32. It is too much to believe of any rational and well-disposed God that, after moving David to take the census, he should become so incensed as to destroy with pestilence seventy thousand men perfectly innocent of the transaction.

33. It cannot be true, if David was a favorite of Yahweh—one after his own heart—that he should culpably commit adultery with a wife of a soldier faithfully serving in his army, and then, after the villainous deed was accomplished, to hide the crime, cause the death of the husband. Such conduct is too base for any honorable man to be guilty of.

34. It may have pleased Yahweh, but it would hardly please a merciful god, to have a man after his own heart unnecessarily torture his prisoners and captives by placing them under saws of iron, axes of steel, and roasting them in brick-kilns.

35. It is very unlikely that the wisest man which the earth has produced would commit the egregious folly of taking unto himself a thousand wives and concubines; and it is singular, too, that a god of purity and holiness should make no objection to such conduct, especially when in almost daily communication with the monster polygamist and sensualist.

36. It is hard to conceive how a wise and good man, who had been deputed to erect a temple to his God Yahweh, should so far forget his fealty as to engage in the creation of magnificent temples to opposition gods of Yahweh, who were his bitter enemies. That wise man seemed to enjoy a multiplicity of gods as well as a multiplicity of wives.

37. It seems strange that a country which Yahweh had prepared for a perpetual possession of his chosen people should not possess trees enough for the timber necessary to build a temple for himself one hundred and ten feet long, thirty-six feet wide, and fifty-five feet high, and that his people should be under the necessity of going to a neighboring pagan country for it.

38. A nation must be very deficient in mechanics and artisans if it could not of itself erect a building of that size. The Israelites seemed to be far more expert at slaughtering their fellow-beings than at erecting buildings.

39. It is hard to believe that one hundred and fifty-three thousand mechanics and laborers, with five hundred and fifty thousand Jewish overseers, should be required to work seven years to erect a building of that size, when fifty mechanics of modern times could erect it in about six months.

40. It must again be remarked that it is totally improbable that a temple of the size named should cost the enormous sum of five hundred million dollars, or that the income of the nation in Solomon's time, with no commerce, no manufactures, and a miserable agricultural country, should amount to eighteen million dollars annually.

41. It is exceedingly strange, if a temple of such wonderful cost and magnificence had been built in Jerusalem, and if the Jews possessed such enormous wealth, that no other nation and no historians knew anything about it. The story is not corroborated by a single contemporaneous historian. The great Greek historian, Herodotus, who lived soon after the time of Solomon, and made two journeys into Syria and wrote full accounts of what he saw, had not a word to say about Solomon's wonderful temple or the great wealth of the nation. If they had existed it is very singular that he did not mention them.

42. If David and Solomon were not absolutely myths, the extravagant stories of their great wealth, prowess, and renown, are at least greatly mythical and exaggerated. They were wholly unknown to other peoples. But I will tarry no longer on this occasion, and, bidding thee good-night, wish thee sweet repose. When the morning arrived the Scribe scarcely realized that he had had a visitor at all.

CAROLINE H. DALL, of Washington, sends to the *Index* the following hitherto unpublished letter of Thomas Paine's:

NEW YORK, Broome street, May 4, 1807.

OLD FRIEND: I will first explain the direct occasion of my writing this letter, and reserve meums and teums to follow after.

I hav a law-suit coming on in this state [New York] the 20th of this month, May. The occasion of it is as follows:

Four or five men, who had lived within the British lines in the Revolutionary war, got in to be inspectors of the election at New Rochelle, where I lived on my farm. These men refused my vote, saying to me, "You are not an American citizen." Upon my beginning to remonstrate with them, the chief of them (Ward, supervisor, whose father and all his brothers had joined the British, but himself not being old enough to carry a musket stayed at home with his mother) got up and calling out for a constable, said to me, "I commit you to prison." He chose, however, to sit down and go no farther with it. I hav prosecuted the board of inspectors for disparaging me.

I hav written to Mr. Madison for copies of Mr. Monroe's letter to Mr. Randolph, in which Mr. Monroe informs government of his having reclaimed me, and of my liberation in consequence of it, and of Mr. Randolph's answer, in which he says, "The President approves of what you hav done in the case of Mr. Paine." These are necessary, in order to prove falsehood on the inspectors; for the ground they went upon was this: "Our minister at Paris, Gouverneur Morris, would not reclaim you when you were imprisoned in the Luxemburg, and General Washington refused to do it." Morris did reclaim me; but his reclamation did me no good, and the probability is that he did not intend it should.

You and other Americans in Paris went in a body to the convention to reclaim me; and I want a certificate from you, properly attested, of this fact. If you consult with Governor Clinton, he will, in friendship, inform you whom to address it to.

Having now done with business, I come to meums and teums. What are you about? You sometimes hear of me, but I never hear of you. It seems as if I had got to be master of the feds and the priests. The former do not attack my political publications—they rather try to keep them out of sight by silence; and as to the priests, they act as if they would say, "Let us alone, and we will let you alone." My examination of the passages called prophecies is printed and will be published next week. I hav prefaced it with the essay on dreams. I do not believe the priests will attack it; for it is not a book of opinions, but of facts. Had the Christian religion done any good in the world, I might not hav exposed it, however fabulous I might hav believed it to be; but the delusiv idea of having a friend at court whom they call a redeemer, who pays all their scores, is an encouragement to wickedness.

What is Fulton about? Is he "taming a whale" to draw his submarine boat?

I wish you would desire Mr. Smith to send me his country *National Intelligencer*. It is printed twice a week without advertisments. I am sometimes at a loss for the want of authentic information.

Yours in friendship, THOMAS PAINE.

Communications.

My Critics.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

Herbert Spencer thought it worth while to suspend the publication of his philosophical system to write a long article on "My Critics." Perhaps THE TRUTH SEEKER will allow me to follow his example in a few words. The first word is to suggest that I am trying to present Science as an Integral Philosophy, the parts of which have been worked out substantially by the Philosophers and Scientists of the past and present. From the standpoint of MAN (Humanity) it seemed to Comte, as it has to me and many others since, that all of the great achievements of Science could be coördinated so as to form such a philosophy, and that it must be the basis of man's life, or religion, in the higher and proper use of that word. (See Thomas Paine's explanation of the word "Religion" in his works.)

Now it is evident that this Philosophy can be fairly contrasted with other systems or views of the world only as a whole. When the statement of it which I am trying to make is completed, I shall be glad to compare it with all other views, and to see which is the truest and the best. To such opponents, therefore, as my Universological friend, Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, of New York, and my Materialtic-God friend, Mr. Charles E. Townsend, of Long Island, who seem to be thirsting for my philosophic blood, and are daily practicing with their tomahawks and scalping-knives, I would say: Wait until you can know whether the Philosophy and Religion you wish to slaughter do not contain in their integral character substantially all that you can, or wish to, preserve. If this statement, which pretends to be *an outline only*, is found to be incomplete, it can then be supplemented; but it is useless to tear it down for being incomplete before it is finished. Until then I shall be glad of all the help I can get. Suggestions, sent to me by letter or otherwise, will be gladly received as the work goes on.

Second, in this friendly light I am inclined to regard the letter of inquiries by Mr. J. M. King, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 4th. It seems to me that there should be, and that there is, a substantial agreement among Liberal Scientists as to the inquiries he makes. It is such agreement, existing not so much in words as in logical results and conclusions, that my statement seeks to report. Mr. King speaks of me as "throwing out *his* [my] dogmatic opinions and speculations as if they were demonstrated facts," and yet he calls me a "deep, logical reasoner."

When Mr. King entertains such inconsistent views about me, it cannot be wondered at that he is confused about my treatment of the difficult subject in hand. The lesson to me is, How can I make myself better understood to those who seem determined to feel all over the house, and who will not or can not find the open door? For instance, he actually quotes a paragraph from me beginning, "Life is a property of protoplasm in mass," and which does not contain the word "germ" at all, and then proceeds to charge me with "organic germs," "wonderful germs," etc., etc. Now I had not used these terms nor anything like them, and his comments show, from all that I understand, that there is no disagreement between us as to them, nor, further, as to my position that life is a property of protoplasm, which is all I asserted. But Mr. King next complains because I state that "there is *no proof* that life exists" in any of the *other* sixty-seven chemical elements or their compounds. That is, that protoplasm is the *only* physical basis of life. Upon that point Scientists are now substantially agreed. If Mr. King thinks that they are wrong, he has only to show life in something besides protoplasm and he will have them and me on his side. But until such fact is shown we must decline to talk about the life and thought of matter, or of the "sexes of atoms." Notice that I do not deny any of those "dogmatic speculations." I merely said, "Much less is there proof" of them. Is it "dogmatic" to wait for the proof? I do not deny anything, not even that the moon is a green cheese, but I wait for the proof; and so I wait for the proof that there is any life outside of the organic world, which is all composed of protoplasm in its varied forms.

But Mr. King says that I leave us (him) in "the dark with regard to the origin of protoplasm." Not so. In every statement I have ever made the hypothesis on the subject sustained by me, in the absence of completed observation and experimental proofs, has been that this wonderful substance is a purely *natural product*. This is the position taken by Haeckel, Huxley, Spencer, and all evolution Biologists, and I have written much to sustain it, which Mr. King has evidently never seen, or he would not have written these "inquiries."

Mr. King says: "He [I] condemns the Materialistic view *in toto*, for he says, 'Prof. Tyndall's expression about finding the promise and potency of life in atoms of matter *other than protoplasm* is entirely misleading. Life is not in matter, *it is the action and reaction of protoplasmic bodies, and* IN *them only is it found.*'"

Now is this a condemnation of the "Materialistic view *in toto?*" Such was not the intention of the passage, but just the contrary. Mr. King seems determined to pervert it into something that should be opposed to him, for he says:

"To assert that life is not in matter, is worthy of a genuine orthodox Christian, dyed in the wool. If life is not in the organisms of matter, it must be hovering around them, like iron filings around the point of a magnet."

This "must be" of his is an amusing speculation for a gentleman who accuses me of being dogmatic. But did I not say that "life was only IN protoplasmic bodies? that it was the action and reaction of them?" I said it was not in matter, or actions of matter, "other *than protoplasm.*"

Now, I defy Mr. King to show me any life that is not *in* the matter called protoplasm, as I stated. When he does I shall agree with him. I have never, for example, seen a headache without a head, and have never seen a head, nor any other living thing, that was not a form of protoplasm.

The trouble is that Mr. King seems to have no conception of the modern phase of Materialism, which rests upon modern Physiology and Psychology, and which regards life, feeling, thought, soul, etc., not as things or materials or entities at all, but as continuous *processes* of organic matter, and especially of the nerves and brains of animals and of man.

What I was trying to point out was that the music was in the piano, but not in *the matter* of the piano *per se*—that is, not in the matter of which the piano was made. The music was in the matter of the piano as a whole when it was being played upon as an organism by the external force of the player. So the life of protoplasm is its continuous action and reaction to and against the conditions and impinging forces of the world about it. No chemical analysis of its matter will ever disclose the music of a piano, nor more will it the life of a protoplasmic organism. The antecedents, causes, and *correlatives* of its life are not in matter *as such*, but in the conditions and forces of the world about it which cause the changes and reactions in it which we call life. Matter is the base and material of the life-process, much as the piano and the air vibrations are of music; but they are not the music. Matter may be said to be the battlefield of the "struggle for existence" which we call life, but it is not the battle or struggle itself, which is a process we call life. Modern Science has set aside the old Materialist and the modern Spiritist notion of life, the soul, etc. It is now stated in science not as a thing material, nor as an entity spiritual, but as a continuous process.

It is because Prof. Tyndall's expression above quoted omits this view that it is misleading, and it has been often quoted and used to mislead in the study of life questions in a way which he probably did not intend.

Mr. Lewes, in his "Problems of Life and Mind," has presented the view above intimated in a masterly manner, and it is the one which corrects the deficiencies of Materialism as formerly held, and makes it scientific. It was in the interest of Materialism, as the only true philosophy and explanation of the material world, that I made this modern view of life a prominent part of my statement. The positive integral Philosophy adopts and includes all there is of Materialism. As to the material world, it makes us thorough Materialists; as to the organic world, thorough Vitalists; as to the social and and moral world, thorough Sociologists; and as to the ideal or spiritual world, thorough Idealists.

It combines each of these worlds into a whole, so that they sustain each other in the order just given; and yet it never confuses the facts, laws, and methods peculiar to each. Mr. King has, I fear, concluded too soon, and too dogmatically, about these things, and about my statement of them. If any one is unable to perceive my consistency at first, he need not rush into print, but write me a short statement of his difficulties, which I will answer, and which may benefit me as well as the inquirer.

Third, the great difficulty in understanding the Positive Philosophy and Religion I find to be this, that the minds and hearts of most people are preoccupied with theories and dreams which they can only half believe, but which they do not wish to relinquish. A childish incident reveals the true difficulty. Our little girl overslept this Sunday morning. When called, she said, rubbing her eyes: "I will tell you how it was, mamma. I did wake, just a little, when people began to stir about the house; but I was having such a *lively* dream that I tried to hold on to it by sleeping more, but I could only catch bits of it, and I was crying that it was gone, and not true."

Are we to be ever "children of a larger growth," trying to sleep in order to hold our dreams, and crying that they are gone? No! we must arise and tackle the realities of life on the basis of truth. That is the object of the Positive Philosophy and Religion.

A CATALOG of our publications will be sent free on application.

Paine Celebration

BY THE SPIRITUALIST AND LIBERALIST SOCIETY OF FLINT, MICH.

The 145th anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday was celebrated by the Liberals of this city and vicinity, in a manner and way that betokens less slavery of thought for the future.

The exercises were well attended, as they were a year ago. The hall was very beautifully decorated with evergreens, appropriate mottoes and paintings, and portraits of those who hav given or are now devoting their lives to the cause of truth.

The portrait of Thomas Paine graced the wall back of the rostrum.. Over it the word PAINE, above which was the double arch, "The world is my country, to do good my religion," in large gilt letters.

Services opened Sunday, 10 A.M., by an original song by the choir. Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn entertained the audience for over two hours; first, reading extracts from Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," "The Crisis," "The Rights of Man," and his discourse on fanaticism and Infidelity. Then came the reading of letters from George Chainey, Elizur Wright, B. F. Underwood, E. Macdonald, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a telegram from T. B. Wakeman, interspersed with very appropriate and appreciativ remarks. Then followed an inspirational discourse, doing as full and complete honor as time would allow to the man who dared to speak and write his own honest thoughts regardless of opposing minds that deemed him a fanatic, but whose zeal and persevering efforts for the rights of men helped him to first pen "The free and independent states of America," and giv that nerve and stimulus to the colonial people necessary to make it an actuality.

In the afternoon M. Babcock, of St. Johns, and Mr. Fields, of Chicago, divided the time in bringing out more facts of Thomas Paine's life, more especially dwelling on the power he wielded over the people during the Revolution, and the real moral independence of the man.

In the evening M. Babcock, "the infamous," gave to the crowded house his famous lecture, "Guiteau, and the Victims of Superstition." The lecture was logical and reasoning, and elicited general approval and satisfaction. After the lecture C. Fanny Allyn gave an impromptu poem on the subject "Thomas Paine," of which to say it was grand, and appropriately honored the man, would be putting it very mild, for seemingly words could not paint a finer eulogy.

The exercises of the day closed with another song (original) by the choir, the audience joining in the chorus.

Monday evening opened with readings of some essays, left out the day before, followed by social games, a dance and banquet.

Fraternally yours, W. R. ALGER.

Talmage's Trifling with the Unknowable.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Talmage seems to be as utterly routed as Judge Black was by the great Infidel. It is made evident that the theologian has been trifling with the sacred record of the flood, in the vain effort to make it appear reasonable. But the theory of a "local option" flood impugns the Lord's veracity. If Noah's flood was local, the covenant, that the waters should no more become a flood, has been repeatedly broken. To a believer in a universe governed by law what can be more ridiculous than the idea of the author of law playing tricks, like a conjurer, with his own laws? If, as some claim, he only performs wonders within the realm of law and in conformity with it, which in our ignorance we imagin to be a violation, the real character of the conjurer is made still more apparent. If walking upon water—a performance in which Peter partly succeeded—was not an act in violation of law, why was not the secret of so useful an art revealed? The mode by which the swine were drowned or the fig-tree withered, if scientifically explained, would be a valuable antidote to superstition. DUNC.

Warren, Ohio.

Buy It and Try It.

I hav just finished reading a copy of the second edition, revised and enlarged, of the "Book of the Generation of Jesus," and I think that the author has conclusivly proved that the real Jesus was born 106 B.C., and the stories of the Jesus of the Christian Bible are only revised editions of those.

"SEPHER TOLDOTH JESHU."

I do not see how it is possible for any one to read this little book and continue to believe in any Jesus as the "only begotten son of God." It is as interesting as a novel, and knocks the Bible Jesus "higher than a kite," besides giving other equally damaging testimony concerning the so-called "holy writ."

Price, "Book of the Generation of Jesus," twenty-five cents; "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu," twenty-five cents. Address D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth st., New York. ELMINA.

Ingersoll and Jesus.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A strange dream flitted through my mind;
Not from the pallid night,
But from the blithesome beams of day
It wakened into light;
Wrought not from fancy, but from truth,
It spread a picture clear
Of what might happen if the world
Were thoroughly sincere.

I dreamed that Jesus walked the earth
Just as he walked the sod
Beneath the skies of Galilee,
A man, and not a god;
A man with quivering flesh, and blood
Like what we have to-day;
With self-same eyes and burning soul,
Frank as a child at play.

He walked the earth with sturdy grace,
As if he loved the world;
No sackcloth on his fair, strong limbs,
No lip with anger curled;
He did not seem to hate mankind,
He seemed to think that all
Had something in them of the fire
To make one rise, not fall.

He sought no company select,
He wandered everywhere
With free and independent mind,
Turned not from laugh to prayer.
He with the ardor of a boy
Enjoyed the play and dance,
The crowded mart, the flowery field,
All that could meet his glance.

He touched the glowing heart of things,
And flushed with manly power;
Before no golden shrine he kneeled;
Upright with nature's dower,
He fronted the blue infinite sky,
And worshiped that alone,
Which all the temples of the land
Could not make better known.

Thus he appeared. None knew him now,
His Bible-garb was gone,
And all the pageantry of creeds—
He was the man alone;
Unrecognized the natural force
That once made men sublime,
Not with the marvel of a god,
But fit worth for his time.

He met a priest, who questioned him
If he believed the pope,
And that the instituted church
Was the source of every hope;
If he believed the Trinity—
The Father, Spirit, Son;
And that somehow the infinite three
Made only infinite one.

Said Jesus, with a fine, grand scorn,
"I have no faith in that;
It is a strange absurdity,
A contradiction flat;
I trust to my simple reason,
In what my own mind sees,
And not in the outward fashion
Of councils and decrees."

When the pious priests and bishops
Heard these words that Jesus said,
Though he was their "Lord and master,"
They would have stoned him dead;
Indeed, the brick-bats threatened
A modern religious fight;
But he slipped into a theater,
And so escaped their spite.

A cold blue Presbyterian
Dozed in lofty contemplation,
Forgetting the beautiful sunshine,
In thinking of damnation;
And Jesus, the child of nature,
He failed to understand;
He worshiped the dead, not living,
And would not give his hand.

The cultured Unitarian
Flashed one disdainful look,
Then turned from the natural Jesus
To the image in his book;
The Methodist and Baptist,
And all the sects, indeed,
Rebuffed the genuine Master—
He was not in their creed.

At last he met Bob Ingersoll;
Right welcome here he found,
The nineteenth century Infidel
Advanced on common ground;
For he recognized a brother
Whose heart was sound and true—
A man of men, fresh from a world
Wherein the flowers grew.

And Jesus, with the soul of fire
Which makes all nature kin,
Saw in the bold Iconoclast
The things he reveled in—
The qualities of manhood fair,
The keen and generous mind,
The roaring genius and the thought
That will not be confined.

Said Jesus, "What a wrong it is,
The way men worship me;
I never claimed such honor;
I spent my life to free
The human mind from shackles all;
I want no altars high,
I only want the mind sincere."
Said Robert, "So do I."

Said Jesus, "It is all a lie
The churches' gloomy creed,
I never preached such doctrines,
For I believe each deed
Produces in this world its fruit
Like seed beneath the sky,
And makes, or unmakes, our happiness."
Said Robert, "So do I."

Said Jesus: "How I hate these priests!
They live on coward fears;
They wring their gold from tortured hearts;
They dry no fount of tears;
They walk in pride and selfishness;
Men's woes they multiply;
Oh, I would like to sweep them off."
Said Robert, "So would I."

Said Jesus, "If there is a God
He must be kind and good;
Each mortal is a child of his,
The whole earth's multitude;
He would not make one erring soul
In endless torture cry;
Why, if he did, I'd curse that God."
Said Robert, "So would I."

Said Jesus, "See how poor men sweat
To build the golden throne;
Ah, if I had the power men say
I'd give each one his own;
To-day I'd make a paradise;
To-day should cease each sigh;
I'd scatter flowers on every path."
Said Robert, "So would I."

Said Jesus, "All these churches cold
I'd tumble to the ground,
Or they should ring with music glad,
And warmth and light be found;
Each day, each hour, for every man
The doors should open fly;
I'd make the churches pay their way."
Robert said, "So would I."

Said Jesus: "What a waste of time
To worship what is dead;
I would I were forgotten,
And living truths were spread;
I did my work like other men,
Why not like others die?
I have no faith in miracle."
Said Robert, "Nor have I."

Said Jesus, "What one *is*, not *seems*,
Makes for the world a heaven;
The outward show is but a sham;
Not one day out of seven,
But every moment, is sublime
Wherein our powers we try;
I want not creeds, but honest deeds."
Said Robert, "So do I."

Said Robert, "Here's my hand and heart,
The truths you speak I feel;
My reverence for what you *are*
Compels me *not* to kneel;
Thy manhood I would vindicate,
And thus appease thy foe;
The honors heaped on thee but curse."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "They that worship thee
Worship an outward sign;
Thy real self is witnessed not,
Veiled in a dazzling shrine;
The godhood that men give to thee
Is but an empty show,
The gilded shadow of vain dreams."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "From thy cross the fire
Of persecution leaps;
The heart of love therein is lost;
Injustice through it keeps
Its bloody throne from age to age,
And man is ground more low,
And Reason's voice is made a crime."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "If thy cross would make
An avenue of light,
To carry messages of peace,
And not make men to fight;
The miracle that I would see
Is in the lightning's glow;
This is the greatest heaven can do."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "I for man would work
His earthly needs to-day;
What makes him better here and now—
'Tis for the world I pray,
Not for another in the sky,
Of which we cannot know;
The living present is our goal."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "If there is a God,
I cannot measure him
In whose great splendor through wide space
The myriad stars grow dim;
The life I see, the things I feel,
In these my thought must flow;
O'er nature's frame I cannot rise."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert, "In our soul we find
What we must godlike call;
Man weaves from his own being bright
His Lord imperial;
To make an honest God, I say,
As higher still we go,
Is conscience' noblest work and dower."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert: "Every age must fling
Forward its bright ideal,
Born not of mythic tales of yore,
But from the splendid real.
The impulse of the past we take,
But knowledge still must grow
Broader and deeper evermore."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert: "In thy deepest life
And in my deepest soul,
Vibrates the truth we both desire,
The glory of the whole;
Thy name hath now become the guard
Of tyranny and woe;
Bury thy name—more great thy grace."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Said Robert: "It is error's night
That I would sweep away;
And then I know the simple truth
Will pour the shining day.
I only fling the rubbish out,
The jewels still must glow
In the new temples of the race."
Said Jesus, "That is so."

Thus with electric sympathy
These glorious spirits burn;
Across the wondrous fields of time
To the same light they turn;
Both working to the self-same end,
To make a happy race,
Not different in the things they seek,
Only in time and place.

Through the long years that intervene
There is a subtle stream
Leaping from soul to soul of man
With million bursting gleam;
'Tis this that makes them one sublime
Across the centuries' scope;
'Tis this that links their separate thought
Into one mighty hope.

Forward in time's unbounded course
They point to stars elate,
Whose clustering fervors beckon us,
And make our work most great,
So that the meanest toil is rich,
Irradiant with vast ends,
Wherein the farthest past of man
With farthest future blends.

There is no sect where heroes meet,
Large-hearted and large-brained;
For they behold the rounded truth
That all by each is gained;
The Buddhas and the Christs that gem
The fields of yesterday
Find in the morrow's Infidel
Their spirits' purest ray.

Religious Rancor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The Puritanical virus of this creed-corrupted place a few days since was stirred to its very depth by the announcement that the ex-preacher, George Chainey, would speak in the largest hall of this city, subject, "The Clergy." Liberalists set forth in glowing terms the talent of this reformed reverend, and the manner in which he showed up clerical inconsistencies and fallacies of the church. Devotees of the deities were alarmed, and insisted that no such Infidel innovation ought to be tolerated, nor such ungodly utterances allowed a hearing in this Christian community. And when the leading pietists learned what was on the tapis they raised such a religious rumpus in opposition that, in order to conciliate them and retain the respectability of the hall, the managers undertook to stave off the lecture by annulling the contract for the hall. They professed ignorance of the fact that it was to be an Infidel lecture, otherwise they said the hall could not hav been engaged at any price, and they insisted that Mr. Chainey should be telegraphed not to come. But since the cash was paid in advance, and the lease duly signed, the hall was held.

The night previous to the lecture the hall was occupied by a clerical "champion of the church," and while the bill-poster was distributing circulars relating to Mr. Chainey's lecture for the following evening, he was forbidden the customary privilege of passing handbills to the people as they entered the hall, and was ordered away from the door. This circumstance shows the animus of religious zealots, and the despicable means to which they will resort in the vain hope to crush out modern Infidelity and suppress the increasing light of the nineteenth century.

Notwithstanding orthodox opposition and the report that the lease of the hall had been revoked, a large and appreciativ audience greeted the speaker. Some of the more audacious subjects of superstition who ventured out to hear the arch-Infidel were surprised to see such a large and respectable gathering of independent thinkers, while a notable absence was observed of sanctimonious swindlers, Sunday-school bank defaulters, and other paragons of piety who so often are conspicuous in jails, penitentiaries, and prayer-meetings. The lecture was a scathing rebuke to ministerial mummery and priestly pretense.

Norwich, Ct., Feb. 1st. BYRON BOARDMAN.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

Civilization Before the Bible.

ROCKFORD, W. T., Jan. 16, 1882.

FRIEND EDITOR: I wish you to answer a few questions and publish them in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I am a reader of your paper: 1. Was there any civilized nation before the Bible came into use? 2. How much older is the Chinese history than our Bible's? and, 3. What is the ol est history known? An answer will accommodate your friend, WM. SOLSBURY.

P. S.—I hav a friend who says he will giv a hundred dollars to any one who will prove that any nation ever was civilized without the Bible. W. S.

The preposterous claim is daily made for Christianity that it is not only the originator of civilization, but that there was no civilization prior to it. But not only is it a fact that there were nations in a forward state of progress before Christianity, but it is also a fact that that system has not helped, but rather retarded, the world's advance since it has been the prevailing religion in Europe. This we fully showed, upon undoubted authority, in a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it will therefore not be necessary to repeat the facts at this time.

The Bible "came into use" at a comparativly late period. But little is known—and that little is often disputed—of the Bible till a few centuries before Christ. To Ezra is given the credit of compiling the Old Testament. He lived between four and five hundred years before Jesus is said to hav come upon the stage. By the longest possible stretch, only 2,300 years can be allowed the Bible since it "came into use." The early Christians discarded the Old Testament, and Origen (A. D. 254) was the first Christian scholar who undertook to learn Hebrew, the original language of that collection.

Allowing that the Bible came into use 2,300 years ago (which it did not by any means, but we giv all the latitude possible), the question remains, Were any nations civilized before that time? Webster says that "civilized" means "reclaimed from savage life and manners; instructed in arts, learning, and civil manners; refined, cultivated." It cannot be claimed that the Jews, in the time of Abraham, were either "reclaimed from savage life," or "instructed in arts, learning, or civil manners." The Bible certainly did not civilize the Jews, and it must be the New Testament the Christians rely upon. But we are willing to go back of that and see.

As we said, five hundred years before Christ is the very earliest period the Christians can say the Bible "came into use." We will first take up China, as we can answer the second question with the first.

Far reaching as is the history of China, it yet fails to giv us any account of the origin of the Chinese race. It was an ancient belief of Chinese writers that there had existed a period of 2,267,000 and odd years between the time when the "powers of heaven and earth united" to produce man as the possessor of the soil of China, and the time of Confucius. Whether this is so or not no one knows, but the authority for the statement is just as good as for the assertion that six thousand years ago man was created in Eden. The Chinese writers *believed;* so did the Hebrew writers. But this date of creation is accepted in China by more millions than ever put their trust in Moses; and if the Christians stick to their "universality of belief" argument (which Geo. Fisher lays such stress upon in his answer to Ingersoll), they must admit the correctness of Chinese chronology. But we need not deal with millions of years back. Before Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter, and long before Abraham had taken Isaac up to the mountain to slay, the Chinese were civilized people, cultivating grain for their sustenance and flax for their garments. Before Eve had made her apron of fig-leaves the Chinese knew the value of silk. Before Adam had bartered paradise for an apple the Chinese had developed trade and held fairs at the centers of their districts. Before Joshua had hurled his command at the sun the Chinese knew too much of astronomy to ask that luminary to stand still.

But it is enough for our present purpose that previous to five hundred years before Christ the Chinese were "reclaimed from savage life" and were instructed in arts and learning. Nearly eighteen hundred years before the Jew of Nazareth protested before his rulers and drove the money-changers from the temple we know that the Chinese had governments and drew up *written* petitions against the acts of kings. Did *Jesus* ever write a petition? We trow not. Twenty-three hundred and seventy-five years before the wise men followed the star of Bethlehem the Chinese calculated eclipses and took observations of a planetary conjunction. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, and printing are Chinese inventions, made without the use of the Bible or inspiration of God. The first Christian printer was held to be in league with the devil, and Faust was accused of witchcraft by believers in the Bible because he sold Bibles printed in red ink. And this was twenty-six hundred years after a Chinese blacksmith had made movable characters upon baked porcelain paste. This porcelain was also the invention of the Chinese; so were paper, silk, clocks. The oscillating steam engin was invented, according to Prof. Draper, before Christ was born, and by the Chinese. A people possessing all these arts and sciences must certainly hav been "reclaimed from savage life."

Twenty-five hundred years before the Christian era Chin-nung, a Chinese ruler, invented the plow, and from that date the civilization of the country proceeded by rapid and progressiv steps. During the reign of Yaou (2356 B. C.) and his successor Shun, so strong was the force of the example they set that crime was unknown in the land. Was there ever a period in the history of any nation dominated by the Bible when crime was unknown? If so, history is strangely silent. It was during the life of Shun that the great flood occurred in the north of China. A Chinese engineer was employed nine years in draining the country, a stupendous feat never excelled. Could any people not "reclaimed from savage life" boast of such? Their system of numerals was in daily use several hundred years before Christ. Their language dwarfs into "insignificance the antiquity of Western tongues." Eleven hundred and fifty years B. C. a Chinese political offender wrote a book of philosophy within prison walls. Confucius's "Book of History" goes back to the twenty-fourth century before Christ. Time and space would fail to enumerate all the works of biography, science, education, and jurisprudence issued by the ancient Chinese. They had language, literature, laws, long before Jesus Christ was born. They had no help nor hindrance from the Bible. They worked out their lives without the aid of the Jewish Jehovah. Even while his chosen people were floundering around, barbaric nomads, this wonderful people had a civilization which it took centuries and centuries for the Jews to attain. It is only the ignorant who deny this. The facts are accessible and easily proved. But there are some people in the world who think the Bible is all there is of history and literature, of morals and law. Such are, like the ostrich which buries its head in the sand, easily captured.

The glory of ancient Greece is too well known to need an extended enumeration of her deeds and greatnesses. Her people lived in towns filled with palaces and temples of art. Homer did not derive his inspiration from the Bible. The ancient Greeks had their vices, but no one can deny them civilization. They are pointed out by Christian ministers as an example of pagan splendor, and we are told they degenerated because they knew not God. Whether a knowledge of the Jewish Jehovah would hav saved them or not, this much is certain, they not only did not know of him, but at the same time rose to an eminence not equaled by the nations which afterward had the Bible for many centuries.

When the Christians claim that there never was and never can be a civilization without the Bible, they must surely forget Egypt, the country from which Moses stole all he knew. Bunsen called this the "monumental land of the earth." He says the Egyptians were "the chronometers of universal history." "Egyptian civilization" is spoken in the same breath with "Grecian art," and both are as universally acknowledged as the civilization of the United States. Nearly two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians built what Bunsen called the most gorgeous edifice on the globe. Before 1500 B.C. began the most brilliant period of Egyptian history. "No people, ancient or modern," says Champollion, "has conceived the art of architecture on a scale so sublime, broad, and grandiose, as the ancient Egyptian." The "Encyclopedia Britannica" says, "The Egyptian art has the highest place with respect to intention, and equals that of Greece in the excellence with which that intention has been carried out." Bunsen says, "The Egyptians left imperishable monuments of deep ethical thought, of high artistic instincts, and of noble institutions." Can a people who call forth such encomiums be unreclaimed from savage life? It is probable that all the Jews knew they obtained from Egypt. They took from that country a good deal besides jewelry and raiment. They took all the knowledge they possessed of arts, manufactures, and agriculture.

We trust we hav shown to the satisfaction of our friend and his friend that civilization never hinged upon the Jewish Bible. In the light of the learning of the last twenty-five years we had supposed that no one would claim that it did. It is as well established a fact as any in history that there were people who had many of the present arts that constitute civilization many centuries before Ezra and his scribes put together the patchwork that makes up the Jewish Bible. The Chinese had good government, with the right, freely exercised, of petitioning; they had considerable knowledge—more than the Bible Christians of A. D. 1500—of astronomy; they had great skill in civil engineering; they were inventors, and first brought forward those inventions which hav since made the Western world so great; they were skilled agriculturists, and in manufactures they had many cunning arts unequaled by the mechanics of the present. Indeed, the Chinese seem to hav been a much more progressiv people centuries before Christ than they are to-day. It may be that the reason of this can be found in the fact that the Chinese empire is too densely populated. New countries always develop more energy and skill than old ones. However that may be, the fact remains as we hav stated. The authority for these facts is universally acknowledged. It may be found in any history. There is no more doubt of it than there is that the Christians of the middle ages murdered millions of human beings for their heresy.

Our friend's friend can send his check as soon as convenient.

Christian Littleness.

After the late exhibitions of Canadian bigotry, we are not surprised at anything that takes place in that priest and God ridden country. But the following, from the *Daily Ontario*, shows a new phase of Christian interference with other people's business, and we giv it as a curiosity of Christian effort:

"On the evening of the 26th ult. there was a jovial party at the house of a well-known resident of the second concession of Sidney. They were merrily tripping the 'light fantastic' to the dulcet notes of piano and violin, and the hours flew by on winged feet. About one o'clock in the morning, when the fun and frolic were furious, suddenly there came a tapping—as if somebody was rapping, gently rapping at the parlor door. The genial host hastened to open wide the portal to his hospitable mansion, and bid his belated guests welcome to the cheer and warmth within. The smile upon his handsome face was turned into a ghastly grin when he beheld a number of pious neighbors, headed by a minister of the gospel, formed in solemn file on his doorstep. They quietly accepted the invitation to 'come in,' and formed a semicircle about the stove. There was a sudden lull in the dancing, and the gallants looked askance, while the belles blushed and tittered. But the silence was only for a moment. The minister, having removed his muffler and coat, arose and said, 'Let us pray.' This was something not on the program, and the merry-makers demurred. They protested that a prayer-meeting and dancing-party could not be carried on satisfactorily in the same room and at the same time; and that, as they were the prior occupants of the premises, the praying party were intruders. Both sides were determined to 'hold the fort,' and so while the saints were praying in one room the sinners danced in the other. This did not work well, and the host called a council of war, and resolved to allow the minister and his company twenty minutes to finish their devotions. When the allotted time expired, they (the prayers), were asked to retire, which they reluctantly complied with, the revelers cheering their retreating footsteps with 'One More River to Cross.' We state facts, and hav only to add that, while the minister and his friends were actuated by good motivs, they actuated most injudiciously. If the dancing party was held with the approval of the host and hostess, an intrusion of religious worship by uninvited guests did much more harm than good. Other and more suitable times and places for reproving worldliness could be found."

Round-the-World Fund.

The following persons hav paid five dollars each (one share) to help take THE TRUTH SEEKER editor round the world. Those who observe errors in the spelling of their names will confer a favor by notifying us.

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Adelman, Henry
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Goodell L W
Goodnow, A W
Gorman J M
Gould. J. S.
Gove B F
Granger Jas W
Grant, F
Graves Wm A
Gray P F
Gray, B. F.,
Green, G L
Green O F (two shares).
Green Wm B
Greene C H
Greenfield Mrs C C
Greenfield. Edwin
Gregory, John
Griffiths James C
Grinnell A L
Griswold, Judd
Griswold L De Witt
Gulick Peter and Jane
Gundlack, John
Gunther Robert
Guthrie Robert

H, Dr H L
Hach August
Halley, J P
Hagaman J M
Hager, J W
Halbert Harrison
Haley Mr and Mrs J H
Hall, C W
Hall, H S
Hall Lemuel
Hall R R MD
Hallenbough J V
Hamilton, John
Hamilton, Mrs. J. A.
Hamlin Dr B
Hammond, John
Hanan John C
Haner John
Hannum O W
Hanselman Wm
Hardee R A
Hardenbrook A C
Hardesty, Thomas
Harding George
Hardison, James H
Hardison James W
Harlens A Ed
Harper J M
Harrington R P
Harrison A
Harrison T N
Hart, Wm
Hartly Geo E
Hasbrick Samuel
Hauenstein Wm
Hawes, C B
Hawley Wm L
Hawkins, H H
Hayes, Thomas,
Hayler, M M
Haynes, Sarah A.
Heath Samuel W
Heberling, H H
Heck, Fred
Hector A
Heibel, John

Heine, L
He m, Ralph
Hendee, George
Hendricks A V
Hendrix D R
Henry, Joseph
Henry, Kaufman
Henson, J. M.,
Herrbold John
Herring John
Hersey S M MD
Hexter, Miss Brightie F.
Heywood, A P
Heyworth, Geo A
Higbie, D MD
High, And J
Hill Mrs Silas
Hilkeman, August
Hillenkamp F
Hiller J N
Hirsch, Theo.,
Hoene Wm R
Hogue T G
Hoke, MD, J
Holgate Elizabeth
Holgate, Wm
Hollenbush H W
Holmes, A. C.,
Holzgrafe, G. H.,
Horton, W. F.,
Hough A Bennett
Howard, Calvin
Huber Geo W
Hughes N L
Hughes, James
Hull, Moses
Humphrey, Mrs Mary TB
Hunter Henry E
Hunter Capt Wm Jr
Hyatt. Elisha
Hyatt, G. C.,
Hyland, B F

Ide L H
Ihringer Frank
Irvine. Guy C.,

Jackson F C
Jackson, Hamblett,
Jacobus Ralph
Jamieson, W F
Jebu, James
Jenkins David
Jennings, E M
Jesler, H L
Johnson Allen
Johnson, Charles D.
Johnson, L F
Johnson Morris
Johnson, N S
Johnson, P C
Johnson, Wm
Jones S P
Jones, Wm Sr
Jordan, W H
Josephus, J
Jost, John A
Judson H G

Kahlert, A
Kahlon, W. R.,
Kaufman Henry
Keeley, Harrison
Kelley, C H
Kellogg, A. S.
Kellogg, W N
Kelley, John,
Kelly, John J
Kelsoe, R S
Kendall. J. W.,
Kendall John G
Kennedy J Thomas
Kent Zenas
Kidder K P
Kimball, Abner
King, J M
King Wm R
Kinne, A J MD,
Kinsella, Wm
Kinser, J
Kirk Samuel (2 shares)
Kirk Thomas
Knapp Amos
Knoderer, D C
Knoop Miss Anna
Knorr, Charles
Kruschke, J. W.
Kruse Fred
Kuhn, C E
Kunselman Moses

Lafferty, James
Laird, George
Lake D D
Lakin, John T
Lamb, Dr R H
Lamborn, R J
Lange, Louis
Laperche, Charles
Laramore Robert
Larson John
Latham C H
Lathrop, M.,
Lathrop, W. A.
Laverty, Adam
Lawson, H.,
Lawson, T. V.
Leach, James
Leete Jennie
Lehmer, James C
Leindecker C
Leland, T C
Lelieu, John Jr
Lemmax, T W
Lemont, Mrs S J
Levor, G
Lewis D C
Lewis Morgan E
Lindsay, Wm
Lister Mrs B
Livezey, E
Lloyd John P
Loins Mrs Sarah W
Lomas Albert
Look, Geo H
Loshbough William
Louie E D
Love, R H
Lovell O J
Lowe, John A.,
Lownd Charles
Lowry, R.,
Luce Mrs R S
Luck Gustav
Luse, H. Clay
Lusk, Dr G W
Lyndoll, Mrs M
Lyman, M.,
Lyon, J S MD
Lyons, Henry,

Maddocks George
Mahara Mr and Mrs J
Manderfeld, C W
Manhart, Joseph
Manson Ernest
Manson, Robert
Mantey, Fred
Marquette Milo
Martin, W. O.
Marsh E O
Martin J S
Marvin D Russell
Mason John L
Matlack Richard
Maxwell Frank
Maxwell H B
McAfoos John
McAllexander J C
McBride, James
McCoy J J
McCrory, John
McDonald, J. Duff
McEwen Solon G
McFarlane Peter
McIntosh Wm
McLaren, Duncan
McLaury, Wm MD
McLean, Wm.,
McRae, John
Mead C W & Co (two shares),
Meakin, John P
Mellor Samuel
Merriwether M
Merwin W R MD
Metzger Peter
Michaelson Hans
Miles Smith
Milk H B
Miller Martin
Miller, Mrs. S. B.
Miller John T
Miller, Lewis
Milliken Amy D
Minski A
Missouri Friend A
Moffatt, S. L.
Molder, W F
Mollineaux, J.
Mollineaux F
Mollinger, Joh
Monroe, N.,
Moon, F H
Moore, Chas
Moore Chas C
Moore, C H
Moore, Dr. L. S.,
Moore, F A
Moore F H (takes two shares),
Moore N J
Moore, S. D.,
Moore Sam T
Morgan, Charles W.
Morgan John W
Morrison C
Morrison, J
Morse, C D
Morse John
Morse, S MD
Moss J E
Moyer, Dr E
Mulkey. S. V.
Munster. Lewis
Myers, H. C,
Myrick, Elijah

Nachtsheim Friedrich
Nathan, Jacob F
Naumann, Charles
Neal James R
Neihart, Jacob
Neilson, D
Nelson, G. B.,
Nettleton, D.,
Netzley, Eli
Neuber. Joseph.
Newton George (two shares),
Nichols, T. V.,
Nichols B F
Nickerson Cyrus
Nicolay, Wm. J.
Niemann J H
Nimmo John
Norris Wm.
Norton Lee

Odle, S. A.,
O'Donnell, E. G.
Oelke, Aug H
Old Mrs T S
Olds, A. K., (3 shares,)
Oliver James
Ordway, J M
Orgen, E W
Ostrom, Mattie
Owens, John

Paddington George
Paine, Thos N
Palm, Andrew
Palmer Charles E
Palmer, Israel
Palmer J P
Parker, N. A.,
Parker, Freeman
Parker Mrs Kate
Parks Mrs G W
Parr, H. A.,
Parshall, James L
Passehl, Carl
Partridge, A M
Patrick, H MD (two shares),
Payne, Ed MD
Payne, John,
Peabody B
Pearce, W H
Peck, C J
Peck Franklin
Peck James M Sr
Peck Luman
Pellegrini A Snider de
Pelton Elias
Penfield, W
Pepper, W. H.,
Perkins, Rufus,
Perry, J R
Pert, De Robigne Mortimer Bennett,
Peterson, Chris
Peterson, C E
Peterson, E
Peterson J D
Peterson. P. J.,
Petty J
Phillips, A G
Phillips. J P
Pierce James J
Pierce, P. E.
Pikard, A B
Piper Mrs C M (takes two shares),
Plum, Byron
Plumb George
Polhemus, Laura
Polhamus. Wm.,
Pope E S (two share)
Porter, W F
Powell, M
Powell, S
Powers, B. B.,
Powers, John D.
Powers, Salmon
Price, A
Price, J W
Prigmore Mrs S A
Prouty, H N
Punnett Reuben
Purdy, G B
Putnam, S P

Randall, Chas
Ray F L (two shares)
Raynor, Mrs W
Read Mrs E S
Reade Samuel Geo
Redfield, B
Redwood V R
Reed, T J
Reeves, M
Reeder, Thomas
Reichel, John G
Renwick, W E
Reuscher John James
Rhein, Earnest
Rich, W. S.
Richmond, J D
Rickner, J. M. A.,
Ring, Wm. S.
Risdon, A H
Risk, Alexander
Rivers Frank
Robinson D C
Rockhill, Nathan
Rockwell Mrs M E
Rodman, J G
Roe, John C.,
Roe. Silvester
Rogers, Mrs. M,.
Rogers Alex
Rollins, D. M.
Rollins, Miss Anna
Root Silas B
Rose, Miss A. Evelyn,
Rose, M E
Rosevelt Isaac S
Ross C M
Rounds, E B
Rounds, J M
Rowe, Mark MD
Royse, B L
Russell, Wm. T.
Ryan Dan E (2 shares)

S H T
S, John
Sackett, S. S.
Salter, George
Sailor, Annie Laura
Sams T B
Saader H
Santy, L P
Scharnhorst, F C
Schmitz Henry (two shares),
Schreiber Christ
Scott, Eneas
Scott Ira A
Scott J W
Schuk, J
Schwitzgabel Lucian
Scroch. M. L.,
Searing, E. W.
Searls Frank
Seely W W
Selde P
Settle, J
Shaffer, F. W.. M. D.
Sharman, John
Sharp, Isaac
Sharpless, S G
Shelden F D
Sheldon W H
Shell Frank J.
Shepherd Mary A
Sherman, Dr A
Sherwood, Frank H
Shields James
Shoafer J C
Shoemaker E R
Shoemaker M G
Shradar, Lewis
Shumway, John W.
Shurtz. Henry
Shuler, W D
Sibley L B
Sickmon Mrs E M
Siems Fred
Simmons, A H
Sims, James
Simpson, J. W.,
Simpson. Wm
Singer J C
Sisson Wm
Skidgell, Chas E
Skidmore. Mrs. S. W.
Skidmore W J
Sienker, Mrs Elmina D.
Sloane, W C
Smith, E. A.,
Smith, Austin
Smith Byron M
Smith, Capt Nelson
Smith, D W
Smith George
Smith, G W
Smith, Henry
Smith, Henry T.
Smith, Horace B
Smith Ira
Smith, J F Jr,
Smith, Lemuel
Smith M
Smith Wm (2 shares)
Snyder Isaac MD
Southwick, E B M D
Spang. Peter,
Sparks D R
"Spelling Reform"
Spencer, Joseph
Spencer P F
Sprague M T
Stackhouse G H G
Stafford, John
Stafford. Mrs. Phœbe A
Stafford Mr and Mrs J V
Stanton W H
Stanton Ben
Stark, W. L.
Stauffer, J M
Stephens. W J
Stebbins Wm H H
Stevens W F (four shares),
Stevens J C
Stevenson, E. M.
Sterling, Dr C S
Stewart, D
Stimpson, E B
Stimson, T D
Stoddard, Ichabod
Stone B F
Stone, Mrs. C. B.
Stone, Henry A
Stone W Goldsmith
Stoneburner, A. R.
Stowe, C W MD,
Strickland, R D
Sturdevant James H
Stunbeck John
Swarts, R H
Sweet, William
Swift, Ed
Sworts Wm C

Taber, Horace
Tanbeneck, A. A.
Tausig Jacob
Taylor, A
Taylor James A
Taylor, Wm V M.D.
Tewksbury, J R
Thing D
Thomson A F
Thompson, J. B.
Thompson, J H
Thompson, D J
Thompson. A L
Thomas, Hiram
Thorn George
Thorpe, Isaac
Thorp, B
Tibbets, J. F.,
Tiffany D M
Tilley, Henry
Tinker Mrs. M
Todd, Mrs. Sarah C.
Tompkins, J L
Townsend, Chas E
Townsend, J A
Townsley, E A
Tozer, J R
Trenham N J
Tremaine C S
Trimmer, Dr
Trumble, Wm
Tucker C B MD
Turner, Mrs Flora
Tuttle Charles
Tyler, H. A.
Tyler Wm

Ulrick, William,
Urey, A. P.

Vacher, A
Van Buskirk, E.
Vandament, D G
Vanderburg, L
Van Dyke, Nelson,
Van Schoick Isaac
Vaughan Alfred
Vega A D
Velie George C
Vincent, A

Wadsworth S D
Waggner Lewis
Wagner William
Wahlen M
Walker, H W
Walker Wm
Walker Walter
Walter, F. G.,
Walter Dr W
Walter, W. S.
Walters, Mrs. Eli,
Wallace, Jacob
Walling, D P
Walters, Leonard
Ward, James W.
Wardwell, Benjamin F,
Warren, Dwight
Warwick Thomas
Waters, Alex
Watson James G
Weaver, Ira
Weaver, W L
Webb, L R
Webber, Samuel
Weeden. J. E.,
Weeks, Edward
Weenink-HolhanMrs H A
Wells, Frank
Wells, Frank E
Wells W A
Wells, Wm
Wellman E J
Wellman L R
Werthen Solomon
Wescott, C. J.
Wescott, Hiram
Wheat, James M. (two shares.)
Wheeler A S (four shares),
Wheeler Luther
Wheeler J B
White C A
White Col D
White John W
Whipple, J D
Whipple J P
Whitney, E Belle
Whitzel T. J.,
Wickersham, Enoch
Wilcox, D P
Wilke Wm
Wile, D
Williams, Daniel
Williams, David,
Williams, George
Williams James A
Williams Wm S
Wilson, Charles
Wilson James
Wilson Mrs B T H
Wilson, Mrs. E.
Wilson R F
Wilson Wm C (twenty shares),
Wiltse, Charles
Wilsdorff, H. J.,
Wink, G F.
Winn. James M.,
Winslow, Frank H,
Wise, P. V.,
Wise, S. J.,
Witham, Josep G.
Woeke, Franz B.,
Wood, Alice
Wood Charles N.,
Wood, H S
Woods. J M
Wood W
Wood. W W
Wooddell, Dr, W. E.
Woodhouse P
Woodworth, E. N., MD.
Worman Edwin
Wollpert, Caleb
Woolsey, N
Wootten, Philip
Wright H L

Yale, F L
York, Dr J L
Young, H F
Young, Stephen

Mr Bennett finds so much that is new and interesting in the far-away East that he has concluded he cannot get it all in two volumes, and so there will be three. Volume I. will include all up to the Chronicles, and has already appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. We shall at once make up the volume and as soon as the illustrations are ready, hav it printed and sent to the subscribers to the fund. In a few weeks all who hav paid the five dollars will receive the first volume, and the remaining two as soon as completed.

The "form" in which the names are printed will be left to the last to giv all who wish a chance to subscribe and hav their names in the first volume. All names accompanied with the five dollars received between now and March 1st will appear in the first volume. We shall print the list but once more, and we hope to see it very much increased. We shall take pleasure in adding new names.

Another New Book.

ALAMONTADA, THE GALLEY-SLAVE. A Narrativ. By Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke. Translated from the German by Ira G. Mosher, LL. B. Published by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

This work is a narrativ of a young man for whose possession Fame and Misfortune seem to hav disputed with each other, with a victory at last for the latter. Its hero saw early in his life how hatred and egotism more than forbearance and piety were written on the banner of contending sects. Circumstances placed him suspended between two churches—Protestant and Catholic—the former of which he had to confess secretly, the latter openly; and he acknowledges that he became, though almost without knowing it, a hypocrit and a doubter of both. He saw that the arguments with which one attacked the doctrins of the other were sharper, more thoroughly weighed, and more effectiv than those with which they defended themselvs. This awakened in him a suspicion of all dogmas of faith. Yet he was obliged to conceal his thoughts in order not to become an open denier of them. He was thrown into the society of a thoroughly unprincipled man, but whom he believed to be honest, and whom he loved—and whose wife loved *him*. His struggles with his passions, his belief and disbelief, were incessant. The superstitions of his childhood he could not at times shake off, and again he was intoxicated with exaltations of mental freedom. But he warred manfully with himself and the world, and seemed about to be rewarded with all that complete victory over adversity can bestow. He had won a name, a wife, and a competence, when came the massacre of Nismes in 1703. Interceding with the Marshal de Montreval in behalf of the persecuted Huguenots, among whom were his uncle and family, he was denounced as a heretic and condemned to the galleys—one of the unnumbered victims of the love of God shown in the hatred of man; and thereafter his history is that of Alamontada the galley-slave. How he bore the grief of separation, the suffering and degradation of slavery, is told by the author better than it can be hinted at here. Through the whole sad story there runs the golden thread of the religion of humanity and the philosophy of one who has wakened to the light of the newer day.

Prof. Mosher has left nothing to be desired in the way of bringing out the true meaning of the author's words, though the work of the translator is one of scarcely less responsibility than that of the writer. This work will find a place in the literature of romance and philosophy with those of Geo. Eliot, which divert the mind while they free and strengthen it. The study and enterprise which hav united to giv "Alamontada, the Galley-Slave," to the English-reading public should be rewarded by a demand for many editions of it.

Struck Dead.

The following, from the Cincinnati *Star*, has been sent us for our opinion:

"Three young men in Union county, Arkansas, were discussing the probabilities of rain from a cloud which was just then rising in the west, a few days ago. The youngest of the group, John Freeman, referred to the drouth, and remarked that a God who would allow his people to suffer thus could not amount to much. Instantly a bolt of lightning flashed from the cloud overhead, and the young man fell dead. Nearly every bone in his body was mashed into jelly, while his boots were torn from his feet and the clothing from his lower extremities. The body presented a horrible appearance, being a blackened and mangled mass of humanity. His companions were stunned and thrown on the ground, but not seriously injured. The funeral of the unfortunate young man occurred next day and attracted a large crowd, the larger portion of whom were drawn thither by the rumor of the strange event preceding the death of the deceased. When the body was deposited in the grave and the loose earth had been thrown in until the aperture was filled, and while the friends of the dead man yet lingered in the cemetery, a bolt of lightning descended from a cloud directly over the burial-place and struck the grave, throwing the dirt as if a plow had passed lengthwise through it. No one was injured, but those present scattered almost paralyzed with terror."

Our opinion is that it is a lie

THE sweetest and best oranges we ever had the pleasure of tasting came to us lately as a kindly remembrance from J. O. Cosby, Micanopy, Fla. They were his own raising, and if the orange-eating public only knew their worth he would get rich from his grove. He has the thanks of THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

Liberal News.

MESDAMES COLBY AND SMITH still continue their meetings at Frobisher Hall, 23 E. 14th st., every Sunday morning and evening.

MOSES AND MATTIE HULL speak in Buffalo Feb. 19th and 26th. During that time they can be addressed at 123 West Eagle st., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE next meeting of the Society of Humanity will be held at Science Hall, 141 8th st., next Sunday evening, Feb. 19th, when Corneille Eugene Jacquet will lecture upon "Positivism and the late M. Littre."

THERE has been a bill introduced into the Massachusetts legislature "to regulate the practice of medicin." The *Banner of Light* publishes a "Remonstrance Petition," and urges its circulation and signature.

THE *Two Worlds* says that Dom Pedro, the emperor of Brazil, is nominally a Roman Catholic, but is generally understood to be a Rationalist of an advanced type. He is opposed to all religious instruction in schools.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BLISS, the well-known physical mediums of Providence, R. I. (formerly of Philadelphia, Pa.), will soon visit Chicago, Ill., where they will hold their seances every evening, for full form materialization.

THE following card explains itself:

ALTOONA, PA., Feb. 11, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In my note concerning Colonel Ingersoll's temperance speech you publish the signature W. S. Burns, when it should be W. J. Burns. Will you please correct it? There is a W. S. Burns in this place, but he is not a Liberal. He is a "fish-eater." W. J. BURNS.

WE regret to learn that our old friend, S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich., is suffering from the effects of a bad fall. We rejoice, however, that he is surely though slowly recovering. He has had a warm invitation to go to Eureka Springs, Ark., and contemplates making the Liberals of that place a visit.

THE northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold a three days' meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, March 3d, 4th, and 5th, 1882. The Spiritualists intend making this one of the most social and interesting meetings ever held in that place. Frank T. Ripley, J. O. Barrett, and other speakers will be present. Mr. Ripley will giv tests from the rostrum. J. R. Talmadge has been invited to sing.

THE Washington *Republican*, of the 4th, says that George A. Bacon, Col. J. C. Smith, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. Wm. Boyd, and Charles White, Esq., hav been appointed a committee to receive the necessary funds, and hav prepared a suitable statue of Thomas Paine, to be presented through Congress to the people of the United States. This monument should be built as high and grand as the one to Washington.

Communications.

Why Is It?

Why is it that while mankind are so brave and progressiv in most directions, they are so conservativ and timid in others?

In most directions men and women will endure any hardship, face any danger, and welcome any change against established usage and time-honored customs. In the pursuits of the arts and sciences they will welcome any change or danger that promises to increase wealth or enlarge the domain of the useful and beautiful. Guided by the instinct of patriotism they will shed their blood like water under the inspiration of love of country. In the prosecution of great commercial enterprises they will handle dynamite and nitroglycerin with apparent unconcern. No considerations of personal danger, enhanced to a fearful degree by the almost constant occurrence of fearful destruction of life and property by land or water, deter human beings in the least from rushing headlong along the same lines of danger. Everywhere and on every hand, we see the same persistent energy and careless indifference to bodily injury and destruction.

In the domain of mechanics every element is brought into play to encourage and stimulate inquiry and invention, and every new accession to mechanical appliances that open up new fields of industry and enterprise, or that supplant old method by new, whereby time is economized, is hailed with delight and satisfaction. Even when an invention entirely destroys long-established and useful occupations, and throws out of employment large bodies of men that hav spent many years in perfecting themselvs for the work, and it reduces them to poverty—even then men boldly accept the inevitable, and what is considered best for the general good the people hav courage to accept. In the domain of agriculture, also, the same principle is recognized, and he or she that can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is hailed as a benefactor. All this is right, and the mechanic or farmer that pursues old methods, or uses the same old tools, when better methods and better tools are within reach, is justly esteemed a simpleton.

If reason, courage, and investigation, with a readiness to accept any improvement in the physical departments of human use, are commendable, why not in the moral and intellectual?

The present status of the human mind demonstrates very clearly that the moral and intellectual phase of humanity has been cramped, dwarfed, and fettered, while the commercial side has been allowed to expand, develop, and strengthen. With the ordinary precision of the human mind, its insight has been too obtuse to discover the causes of its enslavement.

Two important factors hav always acted in harmony to produce the results that are so universal. Mankind are like a pair of scales that never balance. The industrial and commercial scale contains the most justice and bravery; the other all the cowardice and mental and moral servility. Under such circumstances human nature is one-sided, angular, and superstitious.

The twin factors are wealth and theology. The union of these in connection with the state constitutes a triumvirate that is a standing conspiracy against human liberty. The *savants* of wealth, and the church, hav had one common purpose, the former to control the bodies, and the latter to manipulate the minds. The more the latter could subject the race to its creeds and ceremonials, the more readily could wealth and statecraft reduce him to a machine and a menial.

Whatever transforms the human, or any phase of his make-up, to the abnormal condition of the slave, so far substitutes cowardice for courage, and brutality for generosity. This truth is self-evident, for creed worship, and tame submission to the despotism of wealth, never generated a generous thought, nor a brave heart.

How sadly replete is the history of creed worship and the despotism of wealth with all that belittles instead of ennobling human nature! How impatiently, desperately, and cruelly they hav met every scientific and intellectual problem that sought the removal of old prejudices and time-honored errors! With what persistent effort they hav tried to beat back the tide of inflowing light and liberty!

This on the part of priests, politicians, and governmental rulers, is little cause for surprise, for the true liberation of the masses means their dethronement.

The great question for consideration is, why is it that the people do not see their own debasement, and the necessity of striking off their own fetters? "Who would be free, themselvs must strike the blow!" Not until men perceive the absolute necessity of using their reasons to utilize all means within their reach, to improve their mental and moral natures, as they do new tools, and new methods in the physical departments, will they become courageous and just sufficiently to guard well their own rights, and duly respect those of all others.

Why is it also, that men are so mentally and morally obtuse and blind as not to see that others hav the same undoubted right to reject as they hav to accept any creed or party doctrin? There livs no man who does not instantly detect the injustice of calling in question his right to believe or disbelieve whatever to him seems right or wrong. This being universal in its existence, what supreme folly it is to deny its universal demand for general recognition!

What a grand step we shall hav gained when our kind shake off this moral and mental lethargy, when they dare to face the consequences of a new idea that comes in conflict with these old methods of thought as they dare now to face the physical dangers that beset them on every hand. Think of men facing daily the deadly damps of the mines to furnish us with the various ores and coals for mechanical and domestic uses. You can take up no paper from the great mining centers in which you will not read of terrible accidents and acts of heroism that pale the actions of the fields of war. As a rule these brave hearts belong to creed-bound minds, who, could they rise to the altitudes of rational liberty, would constitute an invincible host. Long acquaintances with this class of human toilers assure me that they are grandly generous in the main, and brave to a fault. Their daily lives are in close and constant proximity to bodily destruction, and yet heroically they pursue this dangerous occupation.

Low in the scale as many esteem this class, this fact is undeniable, that they are more easily reached than are those who claim higher respectability, for the simple reason that the latter are more effeminate, and consequently more afraid of Mrs. Grundy and of losing the favor of the theologians and politicians.

What men should fear most is the lack of courage to face squarely any and every idea that has either a direct or remote influence on human well-being, or indeed any question or questions that can be suggested by the human mind. We confess our cowardice whenever we condemn or treat with disrespect any idea, thought, or principle we hav not taken time to consider. We should possess an honest pride in holding the mind free to accept every new truth or enlargement of the old. Instead of treating with disrespect those who call in question the integrity of our modes of thought, we should giv them welcome, for they may be the bearers of new tools for intellectual work. Think of men fearing an Ingersoll or detracting from the character of Voltaire or Paine. Ingersoll can destroy no gods that hav a tangible existence; those that hav not, time will take care of. The colonel can affect no truth permanently only as he helps to forward its use. His opposition to a living truth would only enhance its value by rubbing off some of the dross that might encase it. As for the detractors of Voltaire or Paine, they simply expose their ignorance or malice, or both. What would be thought of a man or class of men who should affirm that God had revealed to them the fact that the proper way to preserve the body and fit it for the duties of its existence was to girdle it closely with an iron frame at the age of twelve years. Would they not be deemed insane or too fanatical for any notice save pity or contempt? In what respect would this be more absurd than the position of the orthodox teachers to-day? For do they not affirm that they hav a revelation no whit less ridiculous, in which to encase the mind, saying, Here it is; thus far and no farther shall it expand; pass our iron-bound limit, and we will commence the damnation in this world, which "our God" will continue endlessly. Could absurdity, arrogance, and despotism go farther?

This is the simple solution of the question explaining why on the one hand human nature is so brave, and on the other so destitute of mental and moral courage. As little by little the hills melt into the valleys, and slowly but surely the immense glaciers creep down the gorges, so will truth by agitation find its way into the minds and growing reason of the race until the reign of justice shall be reached, and the blessings of liberty become universal.

In conclusion, why is it that those who view our existence as confined within a narrower space than do the Spiritualists, are continually begging the question and telling us that our first duty is to attend to earthly things, and when these are corrected they will help us look after matters pertaining to the "summer land?" We assure them that we appreciate their good intentions, but cannot respect their intelligence regarding our status..

In the first place, who has battled more manfully than our workers of both sexes for liberty of thought and freedom from theological dogmatism? What class hav been more bold in defense of Thomas Paine, Voltaire, and all others occupying the front rank of mental liberators? There is no question too sacred for them to grapple with, and that they do not ignore the duties that lie nearest is demonstrated by their readiness to aid every effort looking to human well-being. Spiritualism demands that we must make the most of the means within our reach to develop, harmonize, and strengthen us for the duties that belong to each. We are spirits here as well as in the hereafter, and the only time in which to work out this grand life-problem is the "eternal now." Certainly hope in a better future does not lessen our usefulness in work for the present. If so, then of all men are Bros. Wakeman and Leland growing rapidly debilitated.

Take from our able president his faith and hope of a brighter day for humanity, and you would soon see his strong, clear brain assume an indifference that would amount to paralysis of that organ. We should hav few if any more of his able discourses. The same is true of our able and activ secretary. Let him be shorn of his enthusiasm in the millennial glory that awaits us on the accomplishment of secularization, and the keen, incisiv strokes of his witty brain and pen would be so blunted that the original genial and sparkling "Tee Cee Lee" would drop into a small, common-place individual. Yes, gentlemen, 'twere well to stop this bantering, for if we are not quite as clear-seeing as you, we are just as earnest as any can be to forward the honest work of the Liberal League. If the most radical reform element to which you belong were not sustained very largely by our less, perhaps, clear-seeing element, those workers would hav little support indeed. Still further, had we not done our share in preparing the public mind for the reception of the principles that as a National Liberal League we represent, there would hav been no inauguration of the movement in 1876. While I care nought for what people believe or think, providing they accord to others what they claim for themselvs, I do care what is said by those whom I love and honor, and cannot help regretting the injustice intimated by the careless enunciation of words that cannot be applied truthfully to the honest workers in the ranks of Spiritualism. Where one Spiritualist has left the ranks of the old League from among us twice the number of the Ingersoll, Underwood, and Abbot stripe hav deserted us. A little more grape for them, and less injustice toward us, is the better course, I think.

Ever for the right and truth, GEO. LYNN.

Vice Shielded by Law.

The article of E. C. Walker entitled, "Patent Morality," contains some grand ideas. In the reformation from a wrong to its antithetical right he would use "science, reason, and love;" so, too, would Liberta. He believes that humanity injures itself by over-eating, over-working, late hours, excessiv or insufficient sexual intimacies, expensiv or improper clothing, over-stimulation of the mental and nervous organisms, indulgence in the use of alcohol, tobacco, opium, drugs, medicins, etc. So far I emphatically agree with Mr. Walker.

When he says that "your laws hav retarded, retard, and always will retard the work of the reformers," I cannot agree with him.

When Abraham took his half-grown son to the top of a hill, and built an altar, and placed Isaac upon it, and took up a great knife to cut his throat, as a blood-offering to the bloodthirsty incomprehensible nothing he worshiped, the father had an undeniable legal right to take the life of his son. It is true the reformer found this law giving an absolute ownership of the son to the father very much in his way, just as the temperance reformer of to-day finds the license law in his way.

The reformer made it illegal for the father to take the life of his son; first, after the son had reached a certain age; then earlier, until it protected even the newly-born infant. At last he went further than that, and placed the restraint of the law even upon the hand of the mother that sought to take the life of the yet unborn child. Such is the tender regard for human life that the reformer has engrafted upon our laws. Was it not "science, reason, and love" that urged him on until he had made the laws thus watchful and complete.

The laws we hav were not all made by tyrants and despots seeking their own selfish ends, but were made by wise, generous statesmen, who were laboring for the progress and civilization of their race. Here in America, where the laws are made, indirectly, by the people—the governed—the object, the trend of the law is toward the good of all. Our theory is that if we giv up anything of personal liberty, we are to receive as much again in personal security.

Does the law say to us, "You shall not steal?" It also says to us, "You shall not be stolen from." Does it say to us, "You shall not sell intoxicating liquors?" It also says to us: "You shall not be called upon to support so many insane asylums, jails, prisons, and almshouses. Your head is in less danger from the hand of furious drunkenness." To wives and children it says: "Your husband and father will not squander his meager earnings for rum; you shall hav bread; he will no longer come home to you maddened with drink; he will no longer be to you a demon in temper, a hog in manners. No! the law has undertaken to giv you a sober, gentle, manly, loving husband and father." Thus we hav a law on the side of right, and no longer a shield for vice, pauperism, and crime.

Ah! Mr. Walker, do not "science, reason, and love" plead for such a law?

The law proposed by the prohibitionists is that

which is least offensiv in its mode of attack upon this dreadful fountain-head of desolation and crime. It looks out most sharply for the dealer—for the man who has a heart that cannot be melted by the tears of hunger, nor touched by the helpless hands of the widow and the orphan. Churches and pious institutions are built with the money thus heartlessly wrung from want and helplessness. Vassar's brewery, at Poughkeepsie, built the most orthodox of edcational institutions, Vassar College. The Vassars hav given more for the support of churches than any other family in the county of Duchess.

The rum-shops support the churches. Is it any wonder that the churches stand, with the imbecility of hypocrisy, of course, almost without exception, in favor of the inhuman and corrupt license systems that are filling our country with blasted homes, houseless women and children, armies of tramps, and innumerable retreats for the ruined, the depraved, and the criminal. The gilded palaces of crime that inhuman demons build, in which to lure the gay and happy hearts of youth, and when they hav wrung from them the last drop of joyous blood hurl them forth wounded and broken in misery and poverty to lead lives of suffering and crime, the law, led on by "science, reason, and love," will certainly, by and by, grasp with its hand of might and use for nobler ends.

What is the field of the reformer if it is not to engraft upon the laws of his country the principles of civilization he has discovered? "Patent morality!" exclaims our old friend Walker, as if he held in contempt everything moral that could be offered as a rule of law. The aim of every wise and honest statesman is to make the law keep pace with and giv expression to the highest moral convictions of his people. Is it not a matter of mere common sense that the law should not be in favor of rum-selling, that it should not giv out with a liberal hand licenses to destroy; but that it should put forth the united strength of a people to crush that which degrades and makes brutal many of the brightest and most lovable of men.

Mr. Walker says intemperance is the result of ignorance. Perhaps some of it is. Much of it is not. Daniel Webster was not noted for his ignorance. Lord Byron was not reputed as one void of common sense. Edgar Allan Poe was never represented as a dull or stupid person. Robert Burns was nobody's fool; thousands of men who were kind, loving, tender husbands and fathers, bright and activ clergymen, lawyers, doctors, farmers, and mechanics, hav fallen before this mighty foe. Now, alas, when we seek to stay this awful avalanche bearing its horrid load of crime, disease, and death, we are told that the priceless boon of liberty is endangered.

Merciful Jupiter! has freedom in wrong-doing come to be known as liberty? Is it possible a devil has seduced our sweet goddess of liberty and made of her the common painted bawd of the rum-shop? Is she henceforth to be bound in chains and dragged with the foul gang of prostitutes that are bound at the chariot axle of that hateful old rake, King Alcohol?

No, no; with eager hands and hearts the "apostles of liberty," guided by "science, reason, and love," rallying to her rescue and driving this foul demon from our glorious country, will, by legal enactments and constitutional amendments, giv him notice never again to return. LIBERTA.

The Press.

The right to think cannot be interfered with by constable nor postmaster. But without the power to express his thought, the thinker must suffer most keenly. He must giv to his neighbor the fruits of his observations and cogitations, else his work is only half done. So the press must be free from censorship or supervision. A government which cannot guarantee such freedom is not worthy to exist, does not deserve and should not receive the respect of any honest woman or man. It is a hollow mockery, a thing to be condemned, spit upon, and derided.

Perhaps we need not hav expected anything better of the Canadian government, yet I am surprised at the action of the collector of Ottawa. Will the people of Canada endure such wrongs? That is the question. And Paine's works are "indecent!" That is strange. I had supposed that unpopular physiological works only were "indecent" and "obscene." Can any of the cultured authorities explain this thing? Will somebody who insisted that if Liberals would only confine themselvs to the sale of Infidel works, they would not be interfered with by vice societies and their governmental tools, please rise?

The action in regard to Foote's *Health Monthly* affects us very closely, for it occurs in "free America," and is a fine commentary upon our spread-eagle Fourth of July orations. The question is, What are we going to do about it? Shall we patiently submit? And then, where is it to end? Where will the postal lightning strike next? Considering all that has occurred during the last five years, are we in a position to exult to any great extent over the "effete monarchies" of Europe? Had we not better hang up our bugles and sit down and patiently think for a while, then arise and act? Or are we going to turn the other cheek meekly to our oppressors? What say you, countrymen? E. C. WALKER.

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 72.

824. When Jesus practically told the woman of Samaria, who followed him and worshiped him, that she was a dog, or belonged to the dogs, it was extremely uncourteous. She was a human being, and if she did not belong to the race of Jews, it did not make her a dog. A gentlemanly person would hardly address a well-disposed woman in that manner. If God is really the author of all the nations of the earth, neither he nor his son should asperse and insult some by styling them dogs.

825. I cannot think it becoming conduct, when Jesus accepted the hospitality of one of his countrymen, and went home and dined with him, to refuse to follow the custom of washing before eating, and to turn upon his host and call him a fool, a hypocrite, and names of that class. When he denounced people as vipers, hypocrites, children of hell, and piled similar vile epithets upon them, it not only evinced bad breeding, but very poorly carried out his own doctrine of loving enemies. Such language does not show much love.

826. I cannot think Jesus showed much correct knowledge of physical and mental diseases when he thought they were produced by devils entering into the diseased person. Such opinions evince the grossest ignorance and superstition. A physician who should now-a-days hold that every insane person, those who are dumb, and those afflicted with other ailments of the mind and body, had a devil or devils in them, would be justly considered guilty of a most grave error. Insanity cannot now be cured by pretending to drive a devil out of the diseased person. Such a practice would be hooted at by every sensible person, but it would be just as rational and correct now as it was two thousand years ago. Jesus is said to have done a good deal of that kind of business. From one frail woman he is said to have cast out seven devils, and from one crazy man two thousand devils, or enough to enter two thousand swine, causing them to rush madly down a precipitous place into the sea, and be drowned. Such stories located in modern times would be regarded as the silliest and idlest of tales. Yarns about devils taking possession of men and women might have amused children and silly people nineteen hundred years ago, but sensible people would give them no credence now. They would be regarded as the most absurd falsehoods.

827. It seems very far from the spirit of justice that Jesus should have declared that the people of the time in which he lived should be answerable for all the blood that had been shed centuries before they were born, and that all the blood thus shed should be required at their hands. It is not the principle of justice to hold children guilty of the wrongs done by their forefathers hundreds and thousands of years previously. Neither are parents guilty for the misdeeds their offspring may commit centuries after they have passed away.

828. I cannot accept the wisdom or justice of Jesus in holding mendicancy, idleness, and begging as superior and more worthy of reward than industry, thrift, and frugality, claiming that the one should be sheltered in Abraham's bosom, and the other consigned to the ceaseless fires of hell, where a single drop of water would not be furnished him. Jesus was what might be called an idler or tramp himself; though having learned a useful trade, he ceased to follow it, or to perform any labor by which to earn his own bread, but rather strolled over the country, followed by a band of people equally as idle and non-producing as himself. He seems to have had a preference for the idle, worthless class; to consider mendicancy and vagabondism as virtues worthy of the highest reward, and industry, economy, and frugality as crimes worthy of eternal punishment. Men who now-a-days pass their lives as Jesus did his, are called tramps, and regarded as outcasts and worthless persons, unworthy of respect or recognition.

829. I cannot think it godlike, or of the highest conceivable model of perfection, for Jesus to show himself so amenable to flattery, adulation, and personal attraction. If a person spoke words of flattery to him, called him a wonderful person, the son of God, or something of that kind, it seemed to please him, and he showed far more vanity in this direction than did some of the old pagan philosophers, who would not allow adulations to be served out to them, and who took no pleasure in flattery. Jesus allowed women to lavish their fondling caresses upon him, to kiss him, to anoint and wash his feet, to wipe them with the hair of their heads, to thus work over him by the hour, and he was so pleased with it that he accounted it to them as righteousness, and on account of it forgave them all the sins they had committed. He was bitter on those who did not flatter him, and sweet on those who praised him. Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, and Thales would hardly have done this.

830. It cannot be regarded as filial and dutiful in him to the mother who bore him to speak to her coldly in company, and harshly ask her who she was, and what he had to do with her.

831. It was very questionable in him to enjoin that persons should hate their father and mother, their brothers and sisters, their wives and children, and give all their love to him. Many of the pagan teachers enjoined love to parents, and fraternal affection in the strongest terms.

832. It was hardly reasonable for him to require a man to love the Lord with *all* his mind, with *all* his soul, and *all* his strength, and then to love his neighbor as himself. If a man gives *all* his love to God, how much can he have for his neighbor, or anybody else? The command is tantamount to saying, Give God your *entire* love, *all* you have, and bestow all that is left upon your neighbor.

833. It was doubtful morality in him to say, "I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." It sounds much like telling them to study worldly policy and make friends with sinful and unrighteous persons for the beuefits that thereby might be derived. It is a species of Jewish shrewdness that would hardly have been commended by Buddha, Confucius, Thales, and Bias. They would have said, Do right at all times for the love of right, let the consequences be what they may. Be not a policy man; make not friends with bad and sinful men, even if you gain personal favors thereby.

834. I cannot conceive it was in a spirit of mercy and forgiveness that Jesus spoke these words, or put them in the mouth of a ruler whom he held up as a model, "Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me." It partakes far more of the spirit of tyranny and despotism than of fraternal love and universal brotherhood. It does not sound like Confucius.

835. It was not commendable morality in him to command his disciples to go and take a mule, an ass, or a colt which belonged to another, and bring the same to him for his own use. It would have been more correct for him to have hired a horse, if he wished to ride, or, at least, to have asked the permission of the owner. There are persons now-a-days who take people's horses and mules without asking their owner's consent, and they are also sent to prison for doing it.

836. It did not show wisdom, patience, nor good sense on the part of Jesus to expect a fig-tree to be in bearing when it was not the season of the year for figs to appear, and to get angry because he expected a thing so unreasonable, and to curse the tree to death. I scarcely ever heard of a more absurd and senseless piece of business. What would be now thought of a man who in February or March should take a notion that he wanted some fresh apples and go out into his orchard to get them, and because he found the trees not in bearing get exceedingly angry about it, and curse the trees or cut them down? He surely would be regarded as a fool or a madman.

837. His conduct toward the sellers of doves, etc., for sacrifices in the temple, and the money-changers, did not exhibit the character for gentleness which is usually attributed to him. If it was right for the Jews to make sacrifices of doves and the like to the Lord, it was very convenient for them to be able to obtain them near where they were to be used. If God took pleasure in those sacrifices he should have been pleased with all reasonable facilities offered for promoting the business. The money-changers were also a convenience to the people who went there to sacrifice, and the custom was one of long standing. But, to say the very least, it was not courteous, gentle, nor lamblike for Jesus to rudely upset their tables, and whip them and beat them with scourges as if they were dogs engaged in sheep-stealing. If they were doing wrong he should have expostulated with them, and by reasonable arguments shown them the evil they were committing.

838. I cannot think this sentiment one that should have the approbation of reasonable people: He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. The more it is looked at and realized, the more unjust and abhorrent it appears. Aside from the questionable justice of conferring an infinite favor upon a person for the simple matter of belief, regardless of conduct, it is well known that belief is an arbitrary condition of the mind, and is not subject to the control of evidence and not to caprice. For a person to consistently believe anything he must have evidence to convince his reason that it is so. A person cannot believe that to be true which he has every reason to think is false. A man of sound mind cannot believe that cold is heat, black is white, night is day, winter is summer, that twice two are seven, even if he is commanded to do so on pain of death. How unjust and unreasonable, then, to consign men and women to damnation, to the eternal furnace or lake of fire which he said had been prepared for the devil and his angels from the foundation of the world, simply because they could not believe what they had no evidence of. The command is calculated to make people hypocritical—to pretend to believe what they do not believe, or to make them accept as truth that which they have not duly investigated and weighed with their best judgment and reason. I pronounce it one of the most monstrous sentiments ever uttered; and as it is ascribed to a person who has been held up as a god and a savior of the world, it has done incalculable injury. It has been the authority for the persecution, torturing, and life-taking that in a most demoniacal manner have been visited upon millions of helpless human beings because they were faithful to their convictions, and because they would not pretend to believe what they had no evidence of, and what they could not possibly believe. If a man *cannot* believe a thing, he *cannot*, and it is the most conceivable injustice to send him to everlasting torture for it. It is, indeed, a most monstrous doctrine. None of the pagan philosophers ever taught anything half so monstrous! No system of religion in the world has anything half so monstrous!

WE hav for sale the lithograph likenesses of the three leading Liberals of this country—Thomas Paine, D. M. Bennett, and R. G. Ingersoll. They are all splendidly executed, and with a neat frame around them—which can be procured from picture-frame makers at slight expense—will be an ornament to any home. They will be sent, secure from breakage, by mail at the following prices: D. M. Bennett and R. G. Ingersoll, 50 cents each; Thomas Paine, $1.

Letters from Friends.

EAST NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for a share in the Round-the-World fund. HENRY ADELMAN.

RENO, PA., Feb. 6, 1882.
EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: You will find inclosed $5 for one share in the Round-the-World fund.
Yours truly, WM. F. RUSSELL.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Mr. John McAfoos wants his name to appear in the list of truth seekers for that Around-the-World trip. J. A. CUTSHALL.

SMITHFIELD, OHIO, Feb. 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal order for $5, for which you will send me the book Around the World. Yours truly, WM. G. DUVALL.

MORGAN CITY, UTAH, Feb. 3, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $10—$5 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER and $5 to pay for Mr. Bennett's book of travels. Yours, DANIEL WILLIAMS.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which credit me on the Round-the-World list, if not too late. Yours truly, W. A. LATHROP.

CASEY, ILL., Feb. 3, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal order for $6—$5 for Round-the-World trip, and $1 to my credit on subscription. Yours truly, JOHN MCCRORY.

BROOKFIELD, OHIO, Jan. 31, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $9—$5 to pay for Mr. Bennett's trip Around the World; $3 to pay for the great works of Thomas Paine, and $1 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER. GEORGE STANSFIELD.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 31, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, for which please send me the books of Around the World.
Yours truly, MISS BRIGHTER F. HEXTER.

STRAITSVILLE, OHIO, Jan. 31, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for Mr. Bennett's trip Around the World.
Yours truly, ADAM LAVERTY.

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed money order for $8, on the Round-the-World trip, and for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882. Respectfully, JUDD GRISWOLD.

JAMESTOWN. N. Y., Feb. 10, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to pay for the trip Around the World by D. M. Bennett, for Mrs. Amy Cornell, East Randolph, N. Y. CHAS. W. MORGAN.

BELOIT, OHIO, Feb. 5, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$5 for the Around-the-World trip, and $3 for the renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.
Yours truly, NATHAN ROCKHILL.

NEW LISBON, WIS., Feb. 5, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, for which giv me a star amongst the rest, already so numerous. I am somewhat late in helping in this Around-the-World fund; but I think $5 will buy just as much now as the first. Yours truly, J. W. KRUSCHKE.

TORONTO, ONT., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find eleven dollars. Six dollars I owe you for the last two years' subscription to your valuable paper. The balance please accept for first volume of "Round-the-World."
Yours fraternally, S. L. MAFFETT.

LAWRENCE, KAN., Jan. 27, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money order for eight dollars, in payment of my subscription for one year, and for Mr. Bennett's book of travels around our little planet. I hope I am not too late to hav my name in the book.
Yours truly, ANDREW PALM.

FENTONVILLE, MICH., Feb. 2, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: In the hour you think not the son of man cometh, asking to hav his name placed in the roll of honor; and also for the "Bennett Mair Discussion," and "The Godly Women of the Bible."
Yours truly, S. H. ELLINWOOD.

UNIONTOWN, KAN., Jan. 30, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I see you are still taking in the "V's" for the Round-the-World trip, and I thought I would send you another one if you will accept it at this late day. For the balance please send books named below. Yours for the truth, D. M. ROLLINS.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TER., Jan. 14, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $10, distributed as follows: $5 for the Round-the-World trip, $2 for "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," and the balance credit me on subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.
Yours truly, BENJAMIN F. WARDWELL.

LEADVILLE, COL., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, or rather postal order for that amount, and add my name to the list for the Round-the-World fund. Mr. Bennett's letters are amusing, and I wish him success and hope he will arrive at his home healthy and in good humor.
Yours most truly, FRANZ B. WOEKE.

NEW ALBANY, IND., Jan. 28, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I am a little behind this time. Inclosed please find $9.50—$3 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, $5 for a star in the book of the Round-the-World trip, $1 for Mr. Bennett's and Col. Ingersoll's lithographs, and 50 cents for Mr. Bliss' Electro-Magnetic Planchette. JOHN BROWN.

WAYNESBURG, PA., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find five dollars. Please put me down as a stockholder in the Around-the-World enterprise. Although I hav read Mr. Bennett's letters as they hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, yet I feel that I could read them again with renewed interest and profit. Yours truly, H. CLAY LUSE.

FRANKLIN, ILL., Jan. 22, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Having read a few numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER which a friend kindly loaned me, and in which were some of Mr. Bennett's letters, which I found were very interesting, I concluded to send on $8—$3 for the paper and $5 for the Round-the-World trip, if it is not too late. Yours, E. SCOTT.

HEATHSVILLE, ILL., Feb. 6, 1882.
EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find $7—$1.50 for the "Bennett-Mair Discussion," 50 cents for the book entitled "The Godly Women of the Bible," and $5 for the Around-the-World trip, provided you will allow me to come in at the eleventh hour. Send the first two named books as soon as you receive this order, and the Around-the-World trip as soon as ready for mailing. H. R. FULLER.

PLEASUREVILLE, KY., Feb. 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $12.50—$5 for my subscription for 1882 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and "The Champions of the Church;" $5 for the Around-the-World books, and the balance for Paine's "Age of Reason," and "Examination of the Prophecies" (this is for a church-member); also "The Godly Women of the Bible" and "The Darwins," and "John's Way," by Elmina. I think I will be able to send you another subscriber soon. JAS. BARNSFATHER, M. D.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, UTAH, Feb. 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Around-the-World book. I would not like to miss the chance of securing the work. The letters are very interesting, and I anticipate will become more so as our old friend and veteran progresses upon his journey. I hope he will come this way and giv Salt Lake City a passing visit; in fact, his trip would hardly be complete without it. We shall keep a sharp look-out for him as he comes around.
Respectfully yours, ANDREW CAHOON.

SUMMITVILLE, COL., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to apply to the Round-the-World trip. Please send books as soon as published, as we miners are very needy of reading matter. We are living eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, near to the clouds. Some of your readers probably think we ought to hear the angels of heaven sing, but I tell you we can hear the howls of such four-legged monsters as bears and wolves a good deal plainer than the angels in heaven. The mail reaches us twice a week on snow-shoes.
Yours truly. EDWARD WEEKS.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB., Feb. 10, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I had about given up all hope of getting money enough to hav my name in the "Round-the-World" list, but here I come with my "V" at last. I hope I am not too late to hav my name printed in the first volume along with the other stalwarts of the cause. Also find $2 for the trinity of lithographs, Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll.
Hoping that Bro. Bennett may return home from the land of Yahweh safe and well, I remain,
Yours truly, JAMES W. BERGER.

SWATARA, PA., Feb. 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will please find money order for $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip, Mr. Bennett's letters from abroad, and as you hav kindly left the door open until the 20th, I will embrace the opportunity of having my name inscribed on the starry roll of honor, hoping that for once you will believe that the eleventh-hour workers should hav the same opportunity as those who began in the morning. If I did not help to send, I will contribute a mite to help to bring back the grand old hero of Freethought. Yours for wisdom, light, and truth,
MARY H. BROWN.

AI, OHIO, Feb. 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to help pay for Mr. Bennett's trip around the world and the forthcoming books. As I am the only one that takes THE TRUTH SEEKER at this office, I thought I must hav the books also, that after we hav read them I might hav them to lend, hoping they will help to open the eyes of some of my pious neighbors, or to bring them out of their superstitions. We lend the paper to all who will read it, but the most of the folks about here are afraid of it or of their popularity—I don't know which. Perhaps if you will send some of your posters here it may induce some to send for the paper.

Hoping for Mr. Bennett's safe return home,
That in THE TRUTH SEEKER he long may engage,
So the people of all nations may read it
Ever from youth to old age.
MRS. E. WILLSON.

PARKHILL, ONT., Feb. 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find ten dollars, which you will please place to my credit. I am obliged to you for sending me the paper so long after the year was up. I hope that I will not be in arrears again, and hope that all those that hav not paid up will do so, and renew and pay two years' subscription in advance. You may put me down for five dollars to help Mr. Bennett home, I think that as you are going to so much trouble to print the names of those who subscribe to the book, you should giv the post-office addresses, county and state. I think that it would be beneficial to all Liberals traveling, as they would know where to find their friends. If you think proper to do so, I would like my name down; if not, I will save you the trouble, as my name would be neither useful nor ornamental; but I want the book, and wish to help Mr. Bennett home, all the same.
Yours with respect. W. O. MARRIN.

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, Jan. 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I am very much pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and feel that your kindness in forwarding it weekly exceeds my expectations. In fact, I feel that I am indebted to you. I was not aware when Mr. Bennett visited me at Portsmouth that I was there in company with one of the first noblemen of the age. I was informed by my friend Mr. Forder, of London, who solicited me to entertain him, that he was editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I can now estimate his worth, not only to the States, but to the whole world. I wished him to remain another day with me, but his company was required at the Hall of Science, London, that day, by Mr. Bradlaugh, and I had to submit.

At the secular meetings in this town I hav weekly read a portion of THE TRUTH SEEKER, especially that part treating on the death of the late President Garfield, and the Canadian question on the excise officers stopping the works of Thomas Paine and Voltaire. The evenings of January 22d and 29th, I hav to read and comment on the travels of Mr. Bennett from Greece to Turkey and the Holy Land. Friends hav also read from the works of Colonel Ingersoll. They are having a large circulation in this country.

The photograph likeness of Mr. Bennett you kindly sent me was immediately put in a neat frame, and now joins my family group. He will very shortly be joined by the likenesses of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Annie Besant. I hope next month this lady will stay at my humble home for a day or two, and one evening deliver a lecture on the "Rights of Constituencies," referring particularly to Mr. Bradlaugh's case. We are all anxiously looking forward to the 7th of February, the date of the opening of Parliament.

Please include me on the list of subscribers for Mr. Bennett's trip Around the World.
Yours truly, J. E. BRUMAGE.

FREETHOUGHT THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me, as a reader of your esteemed paper, and an earnest Liberal, to contribute to the correspondent's department of your columns a few thoughts which hav occurred to me while reading the letters of numerous other men and women in our Liberal papers.

There appears to me to be a great mental revolution now going on, not alone in America, but in the world. There is no concealing the fact, there is a struggle going on for a higher and better condition of man in this life, regardless of considerations about a future state. And it is equally apparent that the tendency of that desire is for good. No true Liberal desires to injure his neighbor, because in so doing he would injure himself; therefore all his interest lies in justice and good conscience. The instincts of his nature lead him in this direction. Once cut off all the cords which tie him to the myths and fables of older and worse times; once let him lose implicit confidence in his priest, and he becomes an inquirer, a truth seeker, a Liberal. He begins to improve himself, his family, his house, and all about him. He becomes more kind and true, less dependent on his priest and the "Gaud" of his priest. He becomes interested in the views of others, and gradually becomes mentally free. If he continues to exercise his reason we then call him a Freethinker. The Freethinker is willing to accord to all others the right to think for themselvs. No church on earth has ever accorded that right.

During all the struggles and throes of the French republic, during its infancy and formativ years, every act of opposition came from those who resisted Freethought. The bloody-minded, idiotic-looking priest would hold the cross of the church before the eyes of the doomed person up to the very instant the

knife fell to sever the head from the body. They were always seeking to make the poor subject recant. They are still opposing Freethought with the same spirit. The flood of light emanating from the cohorts of freedom are even now obstructed by the spirit that resisted Freethought at all times and ages of the world.

Were it not for Freethought in this country, our government would to-day be no better than that of France during the last four centuries. It behooves the people of the United States to be on their guard. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." No religious party should be recognized by the government. All should be protected by the law; none should be favored. There should be perfect protection by the government to all citizens alike, irrespectiv of their belief, unless it interfered with the common good. Let us see if this is so.

The Christians say that ours is a Christian nation. If so, they are the pets of the nation. We know that the Mohammedans are not claiming this as a Mohammedan nation. We know that the Jews are not claiming this as a Jewish country, yet the Jews' religion and the Jews' book are the ones which the Christians hav taken for theirs, and we fail to see any good reason why any or either of them should hav the slightest reason to claim any preference in the government. They should all be equal, equally protected, equal in rights and privilege; yet we see Sunday laws established against the Jews and all other nations. We see only Christian priests going through the forms of prayer and praise to the Jewish God. This we think unfair. The hope of the country for the future lies in Freethought, and in the organization of all persons who are Liberal for the purpose of ascertaining our strength and maintaining our rights. It means Freethought for all, the Jew as well as the Christian; the Mohammedan as well as either of them, and givs the Liberal precisely the same rights. This we claim, and nothing more. This we insist should be the rule and not the exception.

Yours, ADAM STOCKINGER.

AURORA, ILL., Jan. 2, 1882.

FRIEND BENNETT: Your letters from over the blue waters and T. B. Wakeman's lectures are worth twice the cost of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Continue to cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it "after many days." I often wonder if ministers and priests honestly believe what they teach. I hav come to the conclusion that there are two classes of them. The first class are educated men that love ease and renown, that are willing to work one day in seven, stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. The second class are men who love to float on the breeze of popularity and occasionally inhale a breath of fame. They reiterate what the first class declaim on the same principle that the parrot mocks the sound of the human voice in saying, "Pretty Poll," and do it just about as understandingly. The third class are honest, ignorant men, and believe all they say. Now, forsooth, if the doctrin they teach is true, I would rather be a door-keeper at the gate of eternal damnation, where I could hav the recognizance of honest souls on their way to hell, than an angel in a hypocrit's heaven. May you be happy and healthy on your trip, and return in good time to the many friends that await your coming.

Ever yours truly, R. R. HALL, M.D.

EAST RODMAN, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed a post-office order for $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882. I hav been a subscriber since 1876, and mean to continue to be as long as I liv if I can raise the money to pay for it.

Our League (No. 136, South Rutland, N. Y., Charles Kellogg, secretary, L. D. Olney, president), did not meet last year at all. We need a place to meet in very much. We met in a grove several times the year before, and had good meetings. We now need a good speaker some pleasant day next summer to bring us to life again, and it will be a great deal more of a resurrection than any Jesus Christ ever performed, I think. I hope H. L. Green will make it in his way to come here, and we will hav a grove meeting that will surprise him.

The inhabitants of this county (Jefferson, named after the soundest statesman this country has ever produced), are generally quite Liberal in their religious beliefs. I think a scientific Freethinker would find this a good field to labor in. Every League should make some provision voluntarily or by requirement of the National Liberal League to appoint one of its members as an officiator at funerals. The people having been accustomed to ceremonies on such occasions, would look upon none as "heathenish," not remembering that the more "heathenish" the more mummeries and ceremonies. The bereaved make in most cases a show of themselvs, while real mourners would prefer seclusion and quiet instead. Freethinkers in most cases at present, allow their friends to employ some would-be agent of an unknown and unknowable God, who, to show their extreme egotism and the little soul their God gave them (which, by the way, would require a God with all the attributes ascribed to him to find), disgust all Liberals assembled by rehearsing a long string of, to themselvs, self-evident Christian arguments, which would not stand the test of the simplest inquiries of a reasoning mind; and then, to top off, you are expected to shell over five or ten dollars to pay for the privilege of hearing yourself abused or something you don't believe in at all. We need a change for our own protection; every death is made an excuse for the propagation of superstitious imaginings. I heard a lady remark, only a few days ago, that when she was teaching a little boy was drowned, and the night following the funeral a meeting was called and twelve of his schoolmates were added to the roll of the "scared-in-the-fold" Jesus Christ followers. She thought it was all right and proper. She could not see the cowardly cunning of priestcraft in it.

If all Liberals would change their forms at funerals, it would lessen the power of the church and in the same degree advance their own interests. Let every League agree among its members to stand by each other and ignore the priest at both funeral and marriage ceremonies. One alone hardly wishes to ignore custom, but unitedly by agreement all would be ready and willing. Through the immutable laws of nature we were so circumstanced by the loss of a darling little child last summer, and know whereof we speak. Yours truly, M. E. ROSE.

CORNPLANTER, PA., Jan. 28, 1882.

MR. MACDONALD: Mr. Bennett's incomparable letters are universally admired, and with good reason. They certainly demand all the reward his friends can giv him, and I very heartily agree with the suggestion of Mr. James M. Wheat, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 31st, that a special palace car should be in readiness at San Francisco to bear him to the Empire City on his return from the East.

Let the two extremes be made apparent to even the most casual observer. Bigotry and injustice doomed him to a prison. Let appreciation and enlightened opinion furnish a palace car to transport Mr. Bennett across the continent in a manner befitting his distinguished abilities and services in the cause of humanity. I will giv one dollar toward such a fund, hoping it will meet with a sufficient response to accomplish the purpose indicated.

Yours fraternally, B. G. MORRISON.

OSWEGO CENTER, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed twenty-five cents for "Anthony Comstock's Career of Cruelty and Crime," which I received, after it had gone to the wrong post-office, remained some time, and been forwarded. Then the boy who brought it kept it a few days before delivering it. I wish every Christian would read it. I wish you would assign one column of THE TRUTH SEEKER to "answers to inquirers'" I believe it would add wonderfully to its interest and would call out our Christian talent. I am a charter member of the Methodist Episcopal church in this place, in good standing, according to our disciplin. But since reading your "infiddle" sheet my brethren find a good deal of fault with my "heresy," and say I'm not "founded on the rock." Now, I want to ask your readers how long such a man as Comstock would liv in their neighborhoods and not get a coat of tar? And, if it is not asking too much, I think it would be a curiosity to see his picture in THE TRUTH SEEKER, that we may compare it with "Babcock's devil."

Yours truly, PROF. HERSCHELL.

MAUSTON, WIS., Feb. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It givs me pleasure to inform you that what few Liberals we hav in and around Mauston recently got Prof. W. F. Jamieson here to giv us a few more of his sledge-hammer blows at old theology, and on the 29th we had a Paine celebration, the first one ever held in Mauston. All things considered, we had a good turnout, and a good feeling prevailed, with a resolution to celebrate Thomas Paine's birthday next year. Nearly everybody says Mr. Jamieson surpassed his former self in speaking of the services of Thomas Paine during the American Revolution. A Mr. Brown, of the Methodist Episcopal church of this place, told his dupes that it would not do for them to follow the immoral character of Tom Paine, and then he went on with the usual slang of the sky-pilots. He daubed it onto "Tom," as he called him, thick and fast. We got out some notices and invited the Rev. Mr. Brown to meet Mr. Jamieson last Wednesday evening, but nary a Brown came to the scratch to be corrected or to prove his assertions. Mr. Jamieson had it all his own way for nearly two hours, to the delight of all present except a few who believed in many lies for Christ's sake. But I cannot do justice to the subject, having been educated in a coal-mine.

Yours truly, WM. HOLGATE.

PARRISH, ILL., Jan. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and shall always try to respond when called on for aid. Liberalism is still gaining ground in this vicinity, and the day is not far distant when we Infidels will be considered as respectable as any of the orthodox. Our ranks suffered a material loss in the death of a young and intelligent Liberal, Mr. Thomas D. Moore, who was one of our best posted young men. He was confined to his bed for several weeks, and did not despair until about one week before he died, when he saw that death was inevitable. He insisted all the while during his sickness that he was an Infidel, and his dying request was that L. M. Jones and J. W. Puckett (the champions of Freethought in this community) should deliver orations at his grave. Accordingly, on the day of the funeral Mr. L. M. Jones was in attendance, and delivered one of the most touching tributes to the dead it has ever been our lot to listen to. Nearly the whole audience was in tears, Christians and all, and Freethought received an impetus in this community which the church will never check. This was the first instance in this community where an Infidel had died without recanting, and the orthodox ones don't know what to do. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER long years of prosperity, and a safe return for its editor, I am Yours fraternally, J. L. JONES.

MONTEZUMA, IOWA, Jan. 25, 1882.

MR EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is splendid. I like to see letters from different parts of the country giving reports concerning the advancement of Liberalism. I hav never seen any report from Montezuma, but there are lots of Liberals in and out of the church. I would say two-thirds are Liberals in their views, but we hav never had any speakers, consequently no organization. I wish Mr. Bennett good luck. Yours truly, M. BONE.

WE are pleased to learn that H. L. Green is succeeding admirably as a Liberal lecturer. Colonel Ingersoll recently wrote to him, "It givs me great pleasure to read of your success in the lecture-field. You are doing real good work, and you deserve great success." Mr. Green is now lecturing in western Michigan. He spoke in Hart on last Thursday evening. Friends in the West will address him until further notice at Otsego, Allegan co., Mich.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Paine Memorial corporation was held in Paine Hall on Monday morning, Jan. 30, 1882. The affairs of the corporation were discussed, and it was found that only about one-half of the capital stock yet remained to be disposed of. The corporation is in receipt of an income which not only enables it to meet its expenses, but also to put aside a small sum toward the reduction of the mortgage. General satisfaction was expressed with the present management and the directors, and the old board was re-elected.

ALLEN PRINGLE writes to the Halifax (N. S.) *Mayflower:* "I hav been very busy with my spare time of late in circulating petitions to both Houses of Parliament for an Evidence Amendment act, so that our people may giv evidence in the courts by making an affirmation the same as in England since 1866. In obtaining signatures in my own locality here, I hav been unexpectedly successful. I hav the names of nearly all the leading men in the country of all religious denominations, even including several of the clergy. I hav had unmistakable evidence of the great progress Liberalism has made here in ten years. I am very proud of my petition. It is as long as the ceremonial law, and twice as important. Our prospects of succeeding, at any rate in our provincial legislature, are excellent. Besides what the Toronto friends sent out, I hav sent out petitions to about thirty different places in this province to be put in circulation. Hav also written to the premier of the province and some of the judges in Toronto, from whom I hav favorable replies. The government will, I hav every reason to think, submit a bill covering the prayer of petition." Every Freethinker in Canada should take hold of this work and push it vigorously. Write to Mr. Pringle for blank petitions, and get them signed by thousands. Mr. Pringle's address is Selby, Lenox county, Ontario.

More Post-Office Tyranny.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you hav the kindness to announce to those of the subscribers to *The Health Monthly* who hav failed to receive their papers that there are 26,780 copies of *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* detained at Buffalo, for the reason, as is alleged by the department, that they bear no evidence of having been prepaid. This, of course, is a falsehood, because the very fact that they were accepted by the Canadian department is *prima facie* evidence that the postage was prepaid? They could not hav otherwise reached Buffalo. These 26,000 and more papers undoubtedly cover all of our November issue (the most of which we hav supplied to our subscribers by printing an extra edition), the whole or part of our December number, and probably nearly or quite all of our January edition. It has been coolly proposed to us that these papers will be sent to their destination on our forwarding to the Buffalo office the postage at the transient rates, which amounts to $267.80!

It will be seen that the postal department has not only made a false statement in reference to the matter, as already remarked, but they hav violated one of the postal laws forbidding the obstruction of the mails. We hope to get our difficulties straightened out after a while so that our subscribers may be properly served with their papers. For the present we beg the indulgence of our subscribers.

Yours truly, E. B. FOOTE.

New York, Feb. 11, 1882.

The Christian Murderer, Sir Thomas More.

BY ALHAZA.

Some men may believe that such lofty emotion
Is blent with allusions to Dan or to Goshen,
That blandishments holy, of pity and love,
Are showered like rain from some region above.
Such men never studied philosophy right,
And nature, all glowing with beauty and light,
Oppresses their vision, as glorious day
Drives the owl and the bat from its presence away.
Such men never bent over history's page,
To know what a Christian will do in his rage.
So a stream that the loveliest landscape adorns
Can wash the rank branches of poisonous thorns.
No lovelier Christian than fair Thomas More
In the reign of King Henry his God did adore.
But Bainham, the barrister, honored the nation
With views that ennobled the humblest vocation.
He could not believe that his infinit maker
Would dwell amid spice, in the loaf of a baker,
Till a piece of that undescribed holiness clung
To quicken his heart, through the film of his tongue.
"Utopia's" author received such a fable,
And had Bainham racked, 'mid the filth of his stable,
Had him out in the stocks for three days in cold weather,
Himself, too refined for the weight of a feather.
Still further to humor his god and his ghost,
More had Bainham whipped, tightly chained to a post.
"Let heretics die without shadow of steeple."
But Wolsey, too mild, burned the books, not the people.
A scorpion lash is a pious propeller,
And the bishop of London will lend his coal-cellar
For heavenly purpose. Racks used in good season
Will bring stubborn sinners to God and to reason.
More's life was quite pure, and his character blameless,
His genius was lofty, his cruelty shameless.
I hear people whine of the pious and true,
I hav shown what such holy emotions will do,
But do not forget that they burnt Bainham too.
And Latimer cried, "God omnipotent reigns,"
While a Catholic roasted in hammock of chains.
How deceitful and foolish the exquisit chime
That calls some to snivel, and others to crime.
And poverty dies, steeped in hunger and care,
While luxury mutters a beautiful prayer!

"The Dead Sleep Well."

BY GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

This life is a war to the most of men,
And the end of the fray is defeat;
We conquer of enemies one out of ten,
Who rises to meet us in conflict again,
While nine lay us prone at their feet.

Our temporal triumph is but for an hour,
One foe we see ever ahead,
Who goeth abroad like a whirlwind of power,
Through the vale of Gehenna and Eden's bower,
And marketh his way with the dead.

The King of Terrors men call this scourge,
Whose armor is brass, and whose breath
Arouses the billows that foam and surge
Like an ocean upstirred by the demiurge,
And whose waves overwhelm us in death.

To some at the dawning of day he appears
As the first flush of sunrise has come;
Ere we reap the fruition of ripening years,
While the earth is as yet but a valley of tears,
And the voice of the weeper is dumb.

Anon he draws nigh at the noontide fair,
When the flower of our days is in bloom;
And we feel not the weight of the burdening care
Till the hope that upheld us has turned to despair,
And our star disappears in the gloom.

Once more his approach is the close of a day
When the task that was laid has been done;
When the harvest of autumn is garnered away;
Our children's children around us play,
And the race that was set has been run.

Yet not in anger ere rides this knight
Of the sable plume, and whose steed
Has a color as pale as the snowflake white,
And a gentle footstep that falls as light
As the flower drops the ripened seed.

Though he send us sorrow and sore dismay,
He tears not a hope from the breast.
We look for a recompense one day
For the loved and lost one borne away;
In the end he restores us rest.

On the shadowy shore of the great unknown
There dashes no wave of care.
The seeds of contentment in peace are sown,
Transformed to a song is the broken moan,
And sorrow surcease finds there.

So, calm and peaceful, we fall asleep,
And the world moves over our head.
The stars above us their vigils keep,
No dream shall disturb our slumber deep,
For sweet is the rest of the dead.

THE Rev. G. F. Head, vicar of Charles, Plymouth, Eng., one Sunday begged his congregation to "add a petition to their morning and evening prayers that if Bradlaugh or any of his followers came to town God would preserve from evil those who, from curiosity or otherwise, might listen to their pernicious doctrins." The result of the prayers may be taken from the *Standard:* "The greatest political meeting ever held in Plymouth took place last evening, when Mr. Bradlaugh attended to explain his position in the constitutional struggle now pending. It had been expected that the gathering would hav been broken up by the organized opposition, but quite one hour before the proceedings were advertised to commence there were between four and five thousand persons present, and the meeting was marked by overwhelming enthusiasm. Resolutions supporting Northampton in the struggle were passed by immense majorities. Mr. Bradlaugh was accompanied to the hotel by a cheering crowd of several thousand." Mr. Bradlaugh trusts the Rev. G. F. Head will obey the apostolic injunction, and "pray without ceasing."

The Evolution of Poker.

AN INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY INTO THE COMPARATIV VALUE OF A JACK-FULL AND FOUR DEUCES.—RAKING THE SO-CALLED "POT."

We hav heard that there is a game played in the West called draw poker. We hav also been informed (by no less an authority than Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in a political speech) that it is played for "fossils," *i. e.*, chips made of bone. Such being the case, the following description of a game played strictly in the interests of science will be of interest to those who are familiar with the nomenclature of the game. It is needless to add that to us it is all Greek:

Ever since General Schenck's admirable treatis brought it prominently into notice, savants hav been endeavoring to prove that draw poker is justly entitled to consideration as one of the exact sciences, beautifully governed by strictest mathematical law, instead of being merely one of the eccentric and ruleless recreations incident to American leisure. Their efforts, however, seem to be attended by many complex difficulties. Having been appointed a committee to investigate some interesting experiments explained in a recent paper by Professor Dana on the "Correlation of Blind and Straddle," Professors Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall pursued their researches from 7:30 P.M. one Saturday until 11:15 A.M. Sunday, and Professor Huxley, the chairman, reported as follows:

"Your committee, after arduous labor and great expense, find that, while the Dana theory of Elevation of Straddles, as contained in his paper, is correct in the premis, it is sometimes disastrously fallacous in the conclusion. One of the experiments tried by your committee proved this, as follows: The senior hand, governed by myself, consisted before the draw of one stratum of ensanguined jacks, one stratum of sable queens, and one accidental but worthless diamond—almost as valuable a formation as that instanced by Professor Dana. The subsenior hand, engineered by Professor Tyndall, was nearly homogeneous with small spades, the beautiful continuity being only bobtailed at one end by a healthy but inefficacious heart. The junior hand, under the management of Professor Darwin, consisted before the draw, as he states, of one thin stratum of deuces, with three substrata of detritus—an eight, a four and a six of assorted suits. Professors Tyndall and Darwin having duly entered, I generously uplifted the revenue to the extent of the limit, which in our case was £10. To this Professor Tyndall readily acceded. Professor Darwin demurred for several minutes, arranged and rearranged his strata in an uncertain and, as we thought, nervous manner, but finally concluded his meditation and contributed quite a handsome fossil collection toward the general center. To me he then dealt one substratum, to Professor Tyndall one, and to himself three. Applying myself to the taxidermist's art, I soon discovered that my formation of jacks had been wonderfully enriched, the triple strata of which even now, resting upon my stratum of queens, quite filled my hand. Professor Tyndall then, after examining his newly acquired stratum with evidences of suppressed emotion, advanced one fossil, to the value of £2. Professor Darwin took a panoramic view of his strata, and neatly covered that, and, to my great delight, added a smaller fossil to the value of ten shillings. I promptly covered both deposits, and then proceeded to hoist Professor Darwin to the extent of £10. Still further to my delight Professor Tyndall elevated me in like ratio. I naturally feared that now Professor Darwin would retire. So did Professor Tyndall, who half regretted having put on so agressiv a front to his usually timid friend. But to our immense satisfaction Professor Darwin, after again reviewing his strata to see if they were all there, not only nimbly ascended Profesor Tyndall's elevation, but capped it, as before, with ten shillings. Rejoicing secretly in the wisdom of the Dana theory, but with an artful simulation of hesitation designed to encourage my fellow-investigators, I again climbed over both precipitous heaps to the extent of £10. Then began a contest which now comes to me like a blurred and hideous dream. Professor Tyndall leaped over me, Professor Darwin hopped over him, and I turned somersaults over Professor Darwin, until not only was my entire fossil collection, my pocket portfolio of engraved portraits of government celebrities, and checks for half the sum of my accumulations in the East India Bank heaped on the pile, with Professor Tyndall's watch and eye-glasses and fine polariscope and collar-buttons, together with his seal ring, a mortgage on his house, an order for seven months' advance salary as secretary of your honorable body, and a transfer order for two-thirds of his registered consols, but also drafts from Professor Darwin upon his publisher for the entire gross receipts of a new edition of the 'Descent of Man,' and a corrected revision of the 'Origin of Species,' with a clear deed of the copyright of a book now in preparation. I now naturally began to fear lest my zeal should blight the future of my two friends, especially that of Professor Darwin, whose acquaintance with the science under discussion was but limited at best, and who, I felt quite certain, merely persevered through a gentlemanly spirit of accommodation. But as Professor Tyndall continued his muscular exercise in boosting my ventures, and as Professor Darwin would each time mildly encourage him with a ten-shilling prod, I still continued. Finally, when my overcoat and Professor Tyndall's rubber galoshes and Professor Darwin's telescope hat had been added to the heap on the extra table brought in to hold the increasing pile, the hands were called all round, Professor Darwin apologetically saying that he called simply because he had nothing more to bet but his sleeve-buttons, which were a birthday present from his wife. Upon the call I looked at Professor Tyndall. Professor Tyndall looked at Professor Darwin, and Professor Darwin looked at both of us. Professor Tyndall said he had not foreseen this; that he had been bounced higher than when he was on top of the Matterhorn, and had forgotten himself in his excitement; that he was so sorry he couldn't think, but he had an ace flush. He then started to gather in and count up the pot. I checked him, and with tears in my eyes confessed I had been very, very wrong, but that I had really supposed Professor Tyndall's strata were more nearly like my own; that I felt keenly for Professor Darwin, who had been dragged innocently into the destructiv contest; that I would cheerfully return to him his vest and comforter and polka-dot handkerchief and telescope hat, and to Professor Tyndall his eye-glasses and galoshes and one collar-button, and beg both not to mention it; that I had been surprised at the tremendous developmental effect of the draw upon the germinal protoplasm of my hand, and had been unnecessarily deluded into raising; and that I was almost ashamed to say it, as they were friends, but that I had three jacks and a pair of queens. I then burst into tears and began to rake in the small change. In this I was assisted by Professor Darwin, who certainly displayed the utmost stoicism throughout. At length, when the huge pile was sorted and the value roughly estimated, I thought to console him and asked him what he had. The horror of Professor Tyndall and myself can only be imagined by your learned body when we saw Professor Darwin deliberately first pocket the neatly folded bank-notes, and then the rolls of guineas, and then put Professor Tyndall's watch in his fob, and try on Professor Tyndall's galoshes, and adjust Professor Tyndall's eye-glasses on his nose, and test them by running over my hand again, and put on my overcoat and stuff the pockets thereof with the mortgages and deeds and checks, etc., which had accumulated, and then pass in the fossils to me to be cashed, and finally, with a delicate smile of condolence, skin out four deuces and a king.

"Your committee beg to state that the Dana theory is pernicious and fraudulent in the extreme. In conclusion I would respectfully beg to withdraw my offer to make at my own expense a scientific investigation of the theory of Professor McCosh, of Princeton, that 'straights are absolute in jack-pots.' Professor Tyndall also desires me to say that his failing health will prevent his equipping and accompanying the proposed party to explore the glaciers of the Jungfrau, and says they must equip themselves or stay at home."

Accompanying the above was a minority report as follows:

"The Dana theory, in my opinion, is the most striking instance of transmitted Simian instinct I hav yet seen. Although apt to mislead at first sight, its finer and more deeply seated reasonings are among the noblest and most improving studies in the contemplation of the ascent and descent of man. I beg to inclose my back dues for eighteen months to the Royal Society, with advance payments for the year, and to state that I will cheerfully contribute £500 towards the contemplated 'Classification of the Ring-Tailed Monkeys of Madras' by your illustrious body. I hav to-day decided to take a pleasure trip around the world, and will forward to your museum, at my own expense, all objects of interest coming under my notice.

"Respectfully submitted,

"CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S.

"Addendum: Should your honorable body desire any further investigations into the same subject I will cheerfully defer my trip, and shall be proud to serve. C. D."

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Gems of Thought.

If all previous religions hav been false, is it not reasonable and inferable that this one is no better; at least no more truthful? If a man lies ninety-nine times is he not very likely to lie the hundredth time? Of course he is not certain to do so, but unless we had some proof, incontrovertible proof, of what he told us, we should be justified in doubting his word. Now because all other mythologies hav been false it is not a positiv proof that Christian mythology is false also. But when we know that it is improbable, unnatural, unscientific, and impossible, it stands to reason that it is more than doubtful.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Remember that as it is a shame to be surprised if the fig-tree produces figs, so is it to be surprised if the world produces such and such things of which it is productiv; and for the physician and the helmsman it is a shame to be surprised if a man has a fever or if the wind is unfavorable.

To look for the fig in winter is a madman's act: such is he who looks for his child when it is no longer allowed.—*Antoninus.*

And on the morrow when they were come from Bethany he was hungry; and seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find anything thereon; and when he came to it he found nothing but leaves, for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever. And his disciples heard it (Mark xi, 12-14). [In the corresponding passage, to use the pulpit phrase, in Matthew xxi, 10-22, we read that the disciples "marveled;" and no wonder. The commentators are ingenious enough and can split hairs as well as any man, but they hav not succeeded in giving anything like a rational explanation of the teacher's extraordinary conduct. Whoever turns to the passages indicated will find ample matter for "marveling." The fig-tree withered at once, and the legends in which it is imbedded are dead at the roots, and they cannot flaunt their leaves many years longer.—*Hylax.*]

In Evangelicism the old Puritan element has become thin and sour; whilst Ritualism is surely the most vapid form of sacerdotalism ever imposed on effeminate nature. Adherents of both phases of opinion may hav great merits in point of practical zeal. But were it not that a party of equal sincerity and greater breadth of view still remains within the church, it would be hard for any male person of Liberal views to hav anything to do with it. Such a man would stand aside and let the dead bury their dead. He would be curious to know how long a creed could retain its vitality after the brains had been taken out, but I would take little interest in the precise details of the decay which must inevitably ensue.—*Leslie Stephen.*

Science and criticism combined hav destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Bible. . . . Unless the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we hav no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and in the absence of such testimony, the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks, you will soon find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance.—*Goldwin Smith.*

Thou seest how rich the Christian is. Even if he will he cannot destroy his salvation by any sins how grievous soever, unless he refuse to believe. . . . Be thou a sinner, and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice again in Christ. From him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand times in every day we should commit fornication and murder. . . . If in faith an adultery were committed, it were no sin.—*Martin Luther.* [On second thoughts I am almost inclined to wish that I had not transcribed the utterances of Luther. But "what is writ is writ," as the noble Byron says, taking his cue from Pontius Pilate. Luther had many virtues, and Freethinkers will thank him for what he has done well and try to forget what he has done amiss. His dogma of justification by faith blinded his naturally strong mind and made him speak and write stark, staring nonsense without knowing it. If he had always, or even often, spoken as foolishly, his name and memory would by this time hav perished from earth. Were our Ingersoll or the English Bradlaugh to utter such trash, wouldn't there be rejoicing among the saints? We fondly hope and confidently believe that they will never be so far left to themselvs, or rather that they will never get so far beside themselvs, as to utter such incoherent babble.—*Hylax.*]

Let any fair-minded person read "The Light of Asia," and note how similar the supernatural incidents are, in many instances, to the supernatural incidents of the New Testament narrativs, and the conceit that Christianity is a supernatural religion, or the only one, must receive a magnificent rebuke. Here are supernatural incidents related so remarkably similar to those of the New Testament, that if the latter are accepted as so many facts there is no reason why the former should not be; in which case we hav two supernatural religions on our hands, "which," as Euclid says, "is absurd."—*J. W. Chadwick.*

The peculiar excellence of the writings of Epictetus consists in their simple and noble earnestness. Their real heart-felt love of good and hatred of evil, which we are in the habit of supposing an exclusivly Christian feeling, does manifest itself very finely and beautifully in them. Epictetus knew nothing of Christianity.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

If thou hadst a step-mother and a mother at the same time, thou wouldst be dutiful to thy step-mother, but still thou wouldst constantly return to thy mother. Let the court and philosophy now be to thee step-mother and mother; return to philosophy frequently and repair in her, through whom what thou meetest with in the court appears to thee tolerable and thou appearest tolerable in the court.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

Odds and Ends.

A man out West calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

A *Texas Siftings* editor's effort at type-setting: "Tqe Sons oɹqɹe cɹcuɹaR sʍv—ı,ɯ sʞɯdus; Wqen I sıuG."

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray she did dye, sure enough.

Marion county, Georgia, is dumbfounded over a preacher asking for his back salary for three years. He has been paid $15, and that was supposed to be enough to run him for several years yet.

THE HARE AND THE FISH.

The Hare and the Fish having borrowed tobacco of each other for several months, and agreeing perfetly well on politics, set out to make a journey together and see the sights of the world. They had not proceeded many miles when a Wolf was discovered in pursuit. The Hare at once started off at the top of his speed, but the Fish called out:

"Do not leave me thus; I cannot run!"

"A Fish who cannot run has no business to make a journey," replied the Hare, and away he flew to save his bacon.

The Fish hurried after as fast as possible, and both found themselvs on the bank of a river, while the Wolf was yet a furlong away. The Fish at once rolled into the water and darted away, but the Hare shouted after him:

"Do not leave me; I cannot swim."

"A Hare who cannot swim has no business to make a journey," and he sailed away and left the Hare to be eaten on the half-shell.

MORAL.

An Owl who had overheard the affair from his perch in a persimmon-tree drew down his left eye and softly said:

"You don't know a Man until you hav traveled with him."

A week ago a bright and chatty young woman called at a house on Cass avenue and endeavored to make a sale of a book entitled "Home and Mother." The lady of the house received her in the usual ten-degrees-below fashion, and, utterly refusing to look at the book, she said:

"I havn't any money, and I know that my husband won't pay for it."

"It is a book highly spoken of by the press."

"Yes, I know, but my husband is queer."

"And you see the superior style of binding."

"I know, but my husband would call it bosh and trash."

"Shan't I call when he is at home?"

"That would be useless. He wouldn't even look at it, and he hates female book agents."

"Does he?"

"Yes; he abhors them. I know he doesn't even treat them civilly when they call at his office."

"Is that so?" mused the girl, and when she left the house she, for some reason or other, started right down town.

The lady of the house might hav forgotten the incident in five or six years but for a sort of climax. When her husband came up to dinner he handed her a copy of "Home and Mother," with the remark:

"Happened to see it as I passed a second-hand bookstore, and thought perhaps you'd like it."

"Yes—ah—but, Henry, a girl was here trying to sell me this very book not over two hours ago," stammered the wife.

"Was, eh? Well, she probably got discouraged sold out to a second-hand dealer, and skipped the city. Is dinner ready?"

Dinner was ready, but somehow the wife had no appetite, and since that she has fits of abstraction, glances suspiciously around at times, and has been seen coming out of second-hand bookstores.

THE BLOOMINGDALE (ILL.) "EYE'S" CALENDAR FOR 1882.

Jan. 29th (Sun.).—Sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening as usual. The editor experiences his tri-yearly change of shirt. In 1801 Bill Jones saw a real live legislator on the street who didn't think that "Congress" couldn't get along without him. Conjunction of Jerry Thomas and Tom and Jerry, which passed each other's equator several times in one consecutiv day. July 4th and Jan. 1st.

30th (Mon.)—A reporter seen with a dollar in his pocket, 1771. Dogs should be planted in the dark of the moon, Fanny Davenport makes her farewell tour, 1819. Washington, father of his country, will probably be that father in about six months, Jan. 4, 1775.

(Tues.) 30th.—The *Sunny Clime* girls take a wink at the *Eye*. The blonde's our oyster. Moon has left Apogee and gone to Perigree. Tom Ashley in perihelion. Nails first appeared on Adam. Bill Shakspere swore off in 1861. He had to, he died then. A big scandal brewing in Normal. Smallpox thought to be dangerous.

(Wed.), Feb. 1st.—St. Valentine getting ready to make his debut. Columbus stood an egg on its little end in 1492. Bad weather for cat concerts. Another New Jersey bank cashier gone to Europe suddenly. A lady eloped that was not beautiful and charming, 2882.

(Thurs.) 2d.—Wine, women, and song thought to be great stuff by Martin Luther in his time; he said so. The editor of our esteemed contemporary buys his first ton of coal. Eclips of Rev. Hoffman by Zettie Robinson. Peoria quarantined; too many people hang out there.

(Fri.) 3d.—The moon chuck full, like the boys. A drouth in the cigar supply on account of the failure in the cabbage crop. Easter Sunday and ground hog day not yet. The *Eye* flops and becomes a missionary paper. "Didn't know it was loaded" was one of the first strong points discovered about the mule.

(Sat.) 4th.—Day before Rest-Day. Winter lingering in its own lap. Jack Frost contemplating a trip to the North Pole, 4000 B. C. Liquor seven feet deep at the Ashley House bar; everybody taking a snake. St. Jacob's turpentine wouldn't cure a dead cat. More than two thousand *Eyes* visible to the naked eye. Aquarius out on a picnic.

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Notes and Clippings.

MR. J. ROWLANDSON lost his election to Parliament because he went out of his way to use hard language against Freethinkers in general, and Mr. Bradlaugh in particular. This drove away several hundred who had intended to vote and work for his success.

HERBERT SPENCER's long-meditated journey to America is now definitly fixed. He sails August next, and intends to be absent three months. He visits Canada, and also possibly California. He has refused all proposals to lecture, his design being solely to see the country and people.

A RELIGIOUS census taken on a recent Sunday in Glasgow, showed that the number of evangelical churches was 324, with an aggregate attendance of 115,292, and 20 Roman Catholic churches, with an aggregate attendance or 15,871. The population of the city and suburbs included was at last census 704,446. So it seems that even in pious Scotland only about one person in five attends church. That country is progressing.

A. H. DAILEY, ex-surrogate of Brooklyn, has published a card defending his faith in Spiritualism. He writes that he would be unfit for any place except a lunatic asylum, if he failed to observe and to act upon the testimony of his own senses and the corroborativ evidence which comes from others. He adds that he has no fear that his clients will withdraw their confidence in his ability to consider their causes or weigh evidence, but that if it should prove otherwise, he is willing to make the sacrifice.

AN English church paper called the *Rock* laments that "the works of Bradlaugh and Voltaire hav obtained a ready circulation in Japan, even without the aid of any society," but "that there is considerable difficulty in spreading the gospel in Japan." The *Rock* does not seem to understand that as the Japanese rise through education above their original faith, they are scarcely likely to accept in exchange the hybrid Christianity which is but the offspring of the older oriental religions.

THE Methodist church of West Troy, N. Y., is trying L. M. Ireland, a class leader for twelve years, on the charge of trotting horses on the Sabbath, calling fellow church-members "liars," attempting fraudulently to get possession of a parcel of land, lying, evil speaking, and commencing a law suit against the pastor. While Ireland's wife was testifying she was stricken with paralysis. The controversy is the outgrowth of the trial of the Rev. Dr. Krohn, the former pastor, on charges of immorality preferred by Ireland.

GEORGE CHAINEY says that "the Free Religious Association, expecting to found the Church of the Future, has decided to giv a certain sum of money to some young man who desires to fit himself to preach its gospel. One condition attached to its gift is that he be a college graduate. Neither Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer, nor William Shakspere could hav applied for the fund. Fortunately such men can get through the world without any such aid. The Liberalism that thinks more of college culture than nativ talent and true moral power and enthusiasm, is a base pharisaism that thanks its stars that it is not like other men."

THE London *Quarterly Review* has a fierce onslaught on the revisionists of the New Testament. It is attributed to Dr. Burgon, dean of Chichester. The writer, whoever he is, is very wroth at the Bible having been brought into disrepute, but sees nothing for it now but frankness. He declares the Greek text formulated by the revisionists to be "a tissue of fabricated readings;" and further says: "If all the cases were faithfully exhibited where 'a few,' 'some,' or 'many ancient authorities read differently' from what is exhibited in the actual text, not only would the margin prove insufficient to contain the record, but *the very page itself* would not suffice."

SOME English Tory organs are are trying to defend the unconstitutional behavior of the House of Commons by pointing out that certain persons, such as clergymen, aliens, felons, etc., cannot be elected to Parliament, and alleging that Mr. Bradlaugh's election comes under this category. The simplest answer to this is These persons are disqualified by law; Atheists are not so disqualified. In order to disqualify Atheists fresh legislation is necessary, and until such disqualifying law has been passed, an Atheist is legally eligible to Parliament.

THE editor of the *Popular Science Monthly* givs the following amusing bit of personal experience: "We were once accosted by an inquisitiv Irishman thus: 'D'ye b'lieve in the mother o' God?' 'No.' 'Begorry, y'er an Atheist; I wouldn't be in yer boots for twenty pound.'" After all, Pat may not hav made such an egregious blunder, since we take it that the denial of motherhood necessarily involves the non-recognition of offspring. Here, however, we are verging on the mystery of "an uncaused cause," and, warned in time, we "throw [meta] physic to the dogs."—*Secular Review.*

THE abominable outrages on the Jews in Russia are raising much indignation in England. This is fair enough, but it would be well if the Jews and some of the Christians there would avoid manifesting a spirit identical with that which is rampant in Russia. The Russians who rob and murder Jewish men, and who ravish Jewish women, are strictly carrying out the command of Yahweh, in the Bible accepted by Christians as a revelation from him. The Jews deny the Christian god Jesus, and, according to the Bible, ought to be put to death, while the treatment of the women is thoroughly biblical. The spirit of the Russian Christians toward Jews is shown in England toward heretics, and it is impossible to believe in the sincerity of the admiration of religious liberty expressed by persecutors like Baron Henry de Worms. The words of Jesus, that he came to send a sword, are being thoroughly verified by his disciples in Russia.

AT a meeting "to protest against Roman Catholic influence in American politics and educational affairs," in Brooklyn, lately, the Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Hepworth said that it was utterly impossible, in his opinion, for a thorough Roman Catholic to be a genuin American citizen, and he was afraid of the encroachments of a church which did not believe in the eternal power of American institutions, and was entirely autocratic. He was afraid that what could not be accomplished by sheer strength might be done by the courage of cunning. The policy of Romanism was to keep every man in the dark, while republicanism demanded that every man should hav light; and it had been settled by the pope himself that Rome was opposed to the individuality that republicanism bequeaths to every citizen. In conclusion, Dr. Hepworth urged that the security of the government depends upon the ability of the people to think, and nothing else, and declared that he was strongly in favor of compulsory education.

AN interesting debate was had in the Wisconsin assembly recently upon Bates's bill to tax church property, which has been recommended by the committee for indefinit postponement. Mr. Bates made a lengthy speech in favor of the bill against the action of the committee. He called attention to the large accumulation of property by Catholics in Milwaukee, all of which must be protected by the police and fire departments, without such property contributing anything toward the expense of such protection. He claimed that nearly all of the remonstrances now filed in this assembly were signed by Catholics. Mr. Horn contended that churches should not be taxed, because no income is derived from them by the owners. Mr. Prince answered by saying that Horn's theory was contrary to all practice in assessing property. No man is assessed on an income from his brown-stone house, carriage horses, or other luxuries, but on what they are worth. After further discussion the bill was referred to the committee on state affairs.

THE evil effects of Christianity hav again been murderously manifested in a case in Providence, R. I., in which a father attempted to destroy his son, six years old, by burning him. The man was laboring under the delusion that he had been called upon by Christ to sacrifice his child as a burnt-offering, as Abraham had been in biblical times. The man's name is Enos Sylvester, and he has lived, for the last five weeks, with his wife and child, at 74 Printery street. He is about thirty-five years old, and a machinest by trade. For some time past he has had morose fits, when he would sit motionless with his eyes gazing on vacancy and his mind apparently wrapped up in meditating upon some dismal project. He would suddenly spring up, mutter incoherently, tear his hair, and walk the room like a madman. At times, in the middle of the night, he would get up from his bed, light a lamp, and stand by the bedside of his son, looking down upon him with an agonizing expression, and then, as if seized with some powerful overruling spirit, he would ascend to the attic, and lie there, moaning piteously. One night the neighbors were startled by hearing Mrs. Sylvester run out into the street calling for help and begging for mercy, and, in answer to her calls, some of the men entered her house, where they witnessed an exhibition of one of the strangest vagaries of insanity on record. Sylvester had become a raving maniac by brooding over a mission which he thought he was called upon to perform. To fulfil this supposed divine command he had built a pile of kindling wood in the center of the room, out of which he proposed to make a pyre; and when the men burst into the room he was preparing to bind his only son upon it and destroy him in an Abrahamic manner. He was removed to the police station.

IT must be a great satisfaction to professors of the Christian religion throughout the world to know that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, has constituted himself the champion of their faith. Those who hav been raised from the cradle in the belief that a yawning and sulphurous hell awaits them upon their exit from this bed of roses commonly known as the world, may now know that none of their rights in the hereafter can be abridged so long as the champion struts the platform of the tabernacle. Eternal hell shall be theirs, and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll shall not wrest it from them. Unto Mr. Talmage shall be all the praise. Who can look upon his magnificent form, and hearken upon his eloquent utterances, without feeling that he holds the very key of the place which Colonel Ingersoll would close forever? Out upon such monsters as Ingersoll! Why should he attempt to instill into the minds of the young and old that through lives of goodness and usefulness they may wear crowns of glory that will be visible before they vanish from this earthly sphere? Why should he tell us that it is not true that the helpless infant who was never submitted to the forms of baptism in the church will be pitchforked into a well of burning brimstone, should its breath leave its body in its earthly home? Why should this wretch Ingersoll doubt the stories of the Bible? But it is useless to dwell upon his iniquities. Dr. Talmage will protect us all. Each of us may fall asleep at night with the sweet consciousness that if we should die before daybreak we may find ourselvs safely landed in one of the warmest fires our hearts may wish for, and which tradition teaches us we are entitled to. We cannot add to Ingersoll's agony of mind if we desired. Dr. Talmage has crushed him. Ingersoll on his knees in the quiet of his chamber, reading the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke, is a spectacle upon which all Christian people must look with joy, and they must thank Dr. Talmage for forcing him into that position.—*The Judge.*

News of the Week.

A WATER famin prevails in Vienna, Austria.

HAVERHILL, Mass., had a $2,250,000 fire last week.

FRIDAY, the 17th, was the Chinese New Year.

ROSCOE CONKLING, the great "Stalwart" leader, is now practicing law.

DANIEL SLOTE, the "Dan" of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," is dead.

THE retirement of the trade dollar is recommended by the House committee on banking.

SERGEANT MASON, the soldier who shot at Guiteau while in prison, is on trial for the act this week.

KUN-HUA KO, Chinese professor at Harvard College, and the best educated "pagan" in America, died recently.

AN explosion in a fireworks factory in Chester, Pa., last week, killed seventeen people and wounded from fifteen to twenty.

A SIX-DAYS' walking match for the world's championship and a sweepstakes of $9,000 takes place in this city next week.

VIRGINIA state troops were called out at Norfolk, on the 16th, to prevent difficulties between citizens and the oyster fleets at that point.

MR. EAGAN, of Troy, known as the "terror," desires to meet Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, in the prize ring, and has issued a challenge to that effect.

MRS. SCOVILLE, Guiteau's sister, addressed a letter to Mrs. Garfield in behalf of her brother, but Mrs. Garfield declined to do anything in that direction.

JAMES ALLISON was hanged at Indiana, Pa., on the 17th, for the murder of his father. This was the first hanging that ever took place in the county, which is seventy-nine years old.

JOSEPH EARL SHEFFIELD, the founder of the Sheffield scientific school, died at New Haven, Conn., last week. His educational benefactions in different directions amount to over $750,000.

A DONATION party at Hornellsville, N. Y., was concluded by a dance, which so offended the parson for whose benefit the party was held that he insisted on returning the proceeds to the donors.

PROF. RICHARD PROCTOR says that if the coming great comet should fall directly upon the sun the luster of the latter would be such for a few days as to destroy every living thing on this earth.

OUTRAGES on Jews by the Christians of Russia still continue, and the former are leaving the country as fast as they are able to. Many come to America. A society has been formed in this city for their relief.

ON Tuesday last Mr. Bradlaugh appeared at the bar of the House of Commons and took the oath without waiting for the clerk, whereupon, the House passed a motion that its dignity had been outraged, and adjourned.

FLOODS on the Mississippi River hav inundated the country in Arkansas fifteen miles inland, and done great damage to planters. The Ohio is flooding portions of Cincinnati, and is said to be higher than ever before.

THE legislativ assembly of Utah has addressed a remonstrance to Congress asking it not to condemn the Mormons unheard, but to investigate their real condition before it responds to the public opinion wrought up by religious prejudices.

A GIRL was arrested in this city and sentenced to six months imprisonment for wearing male clothing, which she had donned because in that attire she could obtain higher wages as a waiter in a restaurant, at which occupation she was employed at the time of her arrest.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of the Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.—Continued.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SABBATH AT NAZARETH.

1. And it came to pass on the first day of the week that the pilgrims did not pursue their journey, but rested from their labors. The man of God Getz, with the man of God James and two other pilgrims, went to the house of the Lord and partook of the bread of life which is dealt out there, while the Scribe, not being partial to that diet, remained in his tent and wrote a part of the book of Chronicles.

2. After the bread of life had been duly partaken of, the man of God James did journey on foot some five or six miles away, even unto Mount Tabor, which, it is said, is one of the places where Jesus was transfigured eighteen hundred and fifty years ago; howbeit this is said by those who were not present, while those who were said to be present had not a word to say about it. Whatever transfiguration really is, very little intelligent description has been given of it.

3. The best authorities deny that Mount Tabor could have been the place where the transfiguration took place, and hold one of the slopes of Hermon to be a far more likely place. The only reason why Tabor is selected is because it is a high mountain apart. The story goes that Jesus was in the vicinity of Cesarea Philippi at the time of transfiguration, and that immediately afterward he went into Galilee, on his way to Jerusalem; this he would not have done had Tabor been the place. Several places are claimed for every event in the story. The Scribe does not believe there was any transfiguration.

4. Mount Tabor stands alone, thirteen hundred feet above the plain, or nearly two thousand feet above the sea level. It is chiefly a pile of naked rocks, much in the shape of an old-fashioned straw bee-hive, or an obtuse cone, flattened on the top. There is a little soil in the interstices between the rocks, so that a little scattering shrubbery or bushes can grow, and on the top three or four monks live; and though they have a small garden and keep some chickens, their food has principally to be taken to them. The man of God James did not return till nearly dark.

5. It was on Mount Tabor that Deborah is said to have commanded Barak to gather his army, and Barak went down from Mount Tabor with ten thousand men after him. And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak.

6. In connection with this account the conduct of Jael toward Sisera stands out prominently. Barak, of course, won the fight; and while he was making his victory complete by the Jewish practice of slaughtering in cold blood the remnant of the defeated host, Sisera fled away on foot; and when nearly exhausted by fatigue and thirst he was invited by the Jewish woman, Jael, to enter her tent and rest himself. Weary and exhausted as he was, he gladly accepted her invitation, and she, with show of great kindness, put him to bed. He was very thirsty, and asked his preserver for a cup of water. She brought him some milk, which he drank with gratitude, and lay down again and soon lost himself in sweet repose. When he had become sound asleep, however, the perfidious woman came in stealthily, and with a hammer drove a large nail or tent-pin through his head!

7. For this base deed the woman was exceedingly praised by the chosen people of Yahweh. In the pious song of Deborah and Barak, the following strain of thanksgiving for the perfidious conduct is used: Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kemite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked for water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer, and with the hammer she smote Sisera, and she smote off his head when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down, at her feet he bowed; where he bowed he fell down dead (Judges v, 24–27). No savage could have disposed of a sleeping foe in a more pious, barbarian manner, and in an Indian war-dance joy at such a deed could not be more appropriately expressed.

8. In the afternoon the Scribe and five or six of the other pilgrims, with the captain, ascended the hill in the rear of Nazareth, probably over five hundred feet high, where a most splendid view is had of the principal part of the Land of Yahweh. On the summit of the hill is Wely Simian, a Mohammedan tomb, on the top of which is a dome. The Scribe ascended to the very apex of the dome and took in view all the country round about.

9. On the north, far away, is Hermon, with its towering, snow-capped summit. On the east are the mountains of Bashan and Gilead, in Moab, beyond the Jordan. On the west a fine view is had of the Mediterranean, some twenty-five miles away, and the steamboats and vessels can be discerned in the clear air; Mount Carmel, by the sea, looms up proudly, with the plains of Sharon below. To the south the mountains nearly all the way to Jerusalem can be seen, including the Mountains of Samaria, Mount Gerizim, Mounts Ebal, Jenin, Gilboa, Jezreel, and Little Hermon; also the villages of Nan and Endor, and the beautiful plain of Esdraelon.

10. When one realizes that from this point the greater part of the Land of Yahweh is taken in at one view, the beholder is struck with the diminutiveness of the country, and how much exaggeration and big story-telling has been done in connection with it; and he asks himself, Can it be that this is all there is of the land which such a noise and such a fuss have been made about? Can it be that this little seven-by-nine country was all that the deity who had created the whole earth and all the suns and stars cared for or selected? Could a God so circumscribed as he must have been, who claimed this as his chosen land, have been anything more than a mere neighborhood God at best?

11. A few miles to the north, on an elevated plain, some table-land was pointed out as the place where the great and decisive battle took place between the Crusaders and the Saracens, more than eight hundred years ago, from the sad defeat in which the mad Crusaders were never able to recover. It seems a truce had long been in existence between the opposing forces, which Raynauld of Chatilion, lord of Kerak, one of the Christian commanders, basely broke by plundering a Damascus caravan and refusing to give up the booty, which, like a robber, he had obtained. At this the Sultan Saladin became very much exasperated, and swore he would slaughter the perfidious Raynauld, with his own hand, whenever and wherever he might meet him.

12. Both armies prepared for war. Under the weak king of Jerusalem was the very flower of the Christian chivalry. He foolishly compelled his men to perform a long, exhausting march in the scorching sun, and then, without water, or other refreshments, ordered them to encamp in the open plain. The splendidly-mounted masses of the Moslems swept around the north side of the plain, burning and destroying as they went, and pitched their camp in front of the Christian lines.

13. At dawn the terrific fire began. Surrounded on all sides by the swarming battalions of the sultan, the Christian knights fought on without hope for their lives. They fought with desperate valor, but the odds were great against them, and the righteousness or unrighteousness of their cause made no difference. A consuming thirst, and superior numbers and strength opposed to them, were too much for them to withstand.

14. Toward the middle of the day the bravest of the Christian band cut their way through the Moslem ranks, and gained the summit of a little hill; and there, hour after hour, they closed around their banner of the cross, and beat back the charging squadrons of the enemy.

15. But their banner of the cross did not avail; the doom of the Christian power in Palestine was sealed. Sunset found Saladin master of the field, and the ruler of the country, with the Christian chivalry lying in heaps all around. The king of Jerusalem, the grand master of the Templars, and Raynauld of Chatilion were captives in Saladin's tent.

16. He treated the two first named with princely courtesy, and ordered refreshments to be set before them. When the king handed an iced sherbet to Chatilion, the sultan said, It is thou that givest it him, not I. Saladin kept his oath, and slaughtered the hapless knight of Chatilion with his own hand. That terrible warfare is far more easily understood and believed than many of the mythical contests of the olden time.

17. On the southern part of Mount Carmel was pointed out the place where the prophet Elijah had his wonderful experiences after the long drouth when there was neither rain nor dew in the country for three years, and where he had that great contest with the priests of Baal, when by loud praying they could not bring fire from heaven to kindle the sacrifice on the altar, and when after they were vanquished, he brought the fire and not only burned up the sacrifice, but also the stones and twelve barrels of water.

18. Then he mildly, and in a godlike manner, put four or five hundred of those unfortunate priests to death in cold blood, though what that number of men were doing while a single man was putting them to death is hard to understand. If they were so cowardly as to stand still and let an old man kill them by piecemeal, perhaps they ought to have died.

19. After the performance of this feat probably it was not strange that this godly murderer was able to pray up a good rain, which the country so badly needed, though why he should wait through the long dry spell of three years, without praying before, seems a little strange. It was not long from this time that he called fire down from heaven and burnt up a hundred men. Terrible man, that Massa Elijah!

20. A few words about Endor will not be amiss, for it lay before the pilgrims in fair sight. Here is where that celebrated woman lived a long time ago, who, according to the Bible, was able to raise people from the dead. To her the hapless Saul betook himself when his fortunes were bad and when the fates were against him; and though the old witch had no trouble in getting the defunct Samuel from his quiet resting-place, Saul seemed to get no communication that cheered him; and the next day he was unsuccessful in battle with the Philistines, and ended his life by leaning upon his sword and running it through his body.

21. Possibly the descendants of the witch still live at Endor, but they are said to be a dirty, miserable set, who do no honor to their gifted ancestors. They are literally half-naked savages, who look as though they would raise a corpse, or convert a living person into a corpse, for a moderate sum of money. They live in caves in the rocks, eat food when they can get it, and go without when they are not so fortunate.

20. The hill on which Endor stands is barren, rocky, and forbidding, without appearance of anything living or green. Peradventure this was a fitting place for a witch to dwell, who had it in her power to bring people forth from their graves. It is but few who possess that power.

21. Nazareth sits upon the side of the hill, in a hollow, with the sides coming in around it, and shows well a long way off. Many of the houses are square and well built, some of them two stories high; while the larger share are of stone and mud, like an Esquimaux hut, small, low, and round, having a door, but no window or chimney, and about large enough for a dog kennel. These are miserable places for human beings to live in, but they are the residences of many in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XV.

MELCHISEDEC'S SEVENTH VISIT.

1. The Venerable Visitor slipped in so quietly that not one of the inmates of the tent were apprised of his coming. His first words were: Hail, Truth Seeker; be not disturbed. I come only to renew the remarks not completed at my last visit, and mention a few more of the extravagant and untruthful statements of the Jewish scriptures.

2. I must insist that it shows a depraved and bloodthirsty disposition on the part of the Jewish deity to be pleased with such a shedding of blood as was done when Solomon's temple was completed. On the occasion of moving in the ark it is stated in his book that sheep and oxen were slaughtered in such numbers that they could not be counted; and at the dedication of the temple 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep were put to death for his pleasure. No other god can show such a bloody record.

3. It is hard to credit that after such a magnificent and prosperous reign as Solomon enjoyed, his kingdom should so soon be hopelessly divided, two tribes only adhering to his son and successor, while ten tribes went off to the usurper Jeroboam; and also that Jeroboam's hand, upon his putting it forth, instantly became so withered that he could not pull it in again, and that the prophet was able to restore it by prayer.

4. It is a dark story that the prophet Elijah was fed twice a day, and day after day, by ravens, which kept him alive when others all around him were starving to death. Ravens are not in the habit of doing that kind of business. It is also a mystery where they obtained food for the prophet when the country had been without rain or dew for three years and everybody was starving because they were unable to obtain food.

5. Of the same character is the story that the prophet after he had ceased boarding with the ravens and stopped with a widow, was able to prevent her meal and oil being used up, though she daily drew upon her small supplies.

6. It is wholly incredible that Elijah or any other prophet ever restored a dead man to life. A person who has fainted or is prostrated with a fit may be resuscitated, but no one really dead has ever been brought to life.

7. It must require a partialist to believe that the prayers of Elijah were so much more effective than those of the priests of Baal, that, while they effected nothing, he easily brought fire from heaven that readily burnt wood, flesh, stones, and water.

8. It is wholly incredible that he was able, single-handed and alone, to slay four hundred and fifty men. Even if they had been but small children, they ought to have been able to do something to him while he was hacking them to pieces.

9. It is a monstrous falsehood that the Land of Yahweh ever went three years without rain and dew, and that vegetation, animals, and men were not utterly wiped out of existence. It is equally untrue that, after it had so long been perfectly dry, Elijah could produce rain by sitting upon the ground, placing his head between his knees, and praying.

10. It is a Munchausen story that while he was fleeing from the anger of Jezebel angels brought him food, unless the angels were in human form.

11. Of equal incredibility is the tale that after Elijah had thus partaken of a meal brought to him by angels he was able to walk forty days and forty

nights without food or sleep. And had he done so and proved himself as good a walker as some of our modern pedestrians, had he kept in a straight direction, he would have got so far away from the diminutive Land of Yahweh that he would never have got back again.

12. It is false that Elijah was able to call down fire from heaven on two occasions and burn up a hundred men and two captains who were sent to him by King Ahaziah to ask a favor.

13. It is wholly unworthy of belief that Elijah, in winding up his earthly career, was taken up bodily into heaven by a whirlwind or by a chariot and horses of fire. No man could live for five minutes if taken five miles into the air. In the first place, the cold up there is so intense that he could not stand it; and then again the air at that altitude is so rare, and there is so little oxygen, that a man suddenly introduced there would die at once. The pressure of the atmosphere being suddenly reduced; hemorrhage of the lungs would take place, and even blood vessels in various portions of the body would burst. No man has ever been taken five miles above the earth.

14. It is not probable that Elisha, the successor of Elijah, was such a plowman as to use twelve yoke of oxen at a time to plow with, and that when Elijah called him he should leave the oxen in the field uncared for, and thus drop everything to follow his new master.

15. It is incredible and foolish that, because some children made sport of Elisha because the hair was gone from the top of his head, God should send two ferocious she-bears out of a neighboring wood, to tear and chew forty and two of the little children. There is only one other God upon whom such cruelty to children can be charged, and that is Moloch, who seemed to take pleasure in the death of the little innocents.

16. The pretense that Elisha was able to increase the quantity of oil by pouring it from one vessel to another is too silly and too impossible for any one to believe.

17. It is no more true that Elisha restored a dead man to life than that Elijah performed the feat. By way of repetition, I must say such a thing was never done.

18. It is a foolish claim that Elisha was able to feed one hundred men without decreasing the store of food on hand. There is no process by which bread and meat can be thus increased.

19. It is very unlikely that Elisha was able to cure Naaman of leprosy by his washing in the river Jordan. If all the lepers in the world were to bathe a thousand times in the Jordan not one of them would be cured.

20. It is equally untrue that Elisha could transfer the leprosy from Naaman to his servant Gehazi, who had offended him.

21. It is untrue that Elisha could make an iron ax swim in the Jordan and float on the surface of the water.

22. It is equally untrue that by smiting the waters of the Jordan they parted and he was able to walk over dry shod.

23. Of a similar character is the story that he was able to cause a young man who was blind to see a mountain full of horses.

24. It is equally untrue that he was able to smite a whole army of Syrians with blindness. The writers of those foolish stories counted so much upon the credulity of their readers that no statement seemed too absurd or too impossible for them to make.

25. It is wholly untrue that the bones of Elisha, long after he was dead and buried, should possess such power that a corpse merely coming in contact with them should be instantly restored to life. Truly a great number of egregious falsehoods were told of the two men Elijah and Elisha.

26. It is a noticeable fact that while these falsehoods are fully given in the books of Kings, in the two books of Chronicles, which detail the events of the same period, not a word should be said about those Munchausen tales, about bringing dead persons to life, about calling fire down from heaven and burning up men; about there being no rain nor dew for three years, when rain was produced by Elijah; about his going up to heaven in a chariot of fire; about Elisha's wonderful feats just alluded to. Evidently the writer of the books of Chronicles had not the assurance and hardihood to repeat such silly falsehoods. Evidently he did not believe them at all.

27. It is hard to understand why Yahweh, who had undertaken the experiment of controling his chosen people in his selected country, and of making a great and powerful nation of them, should suffer the Assyrians under Shalmaneser to come into the country and carry them off captive, and that they should become so thoroughly exterminated that they were never seen nor heard of since.

28. It is very much to be doubted that this miserable little country, which is scarcely more than a pile of rocks, should be able to raise such armies and to keep up a civil war of such magnitude that on one occasion Israel under Pekah was able in one day to slay 120,000 valiant men of Judah, and on another occasion the men of Judah under Abijah in a single day slew 500,000 of the men of Israel. No other nation with ten times the amount of territory has perpetrated such carnage and bloodshed. The statements are simply false; this little country was never able to raise and sustain such armies, and such wholesale killing in such a short space of time was never performed here nor elsewhere.

29. It is wholly incredible that by prayer Isaiah should be able to reverse the motion of the sun and cause its shadow to go back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz. The story is of the same character as that of the sun's standing still at the command of Joshua. Both statements are positive falsehoods.

30 It is no more true that Isaiah by prayer was able to prolong the life of Hezekiah for fifteen years. Who knew that he would have died sooner than he did but for that prayer? Certain medical treatment and hygienic courses may remove diseases so that life may be prolonged, but prayer by itself has no such effect. That has within the last few months been pretty thoroughly tried in thy own country upon the person of the president who was shot, and his life was not prolonged fifteen seconds by the fifty millions of prayers that were offered up.

31. It is a false statement that the angel of the Lord in one night slew 185,000 Assyrian soldiers. The angels are not doing that kind of business, and never have been.

32. It is very unlikely that during the reign of the King Josiah, the priest Hilkiah found in the temple, or house of the Lord, a book of the law of the Lord which had been lost for hundreds of years. The place for the sacred writings to be kept was in the sanctuary, where they were placed in Solomon's time, and it is the merest pretense that Hilkiah was able to find what no one before him could discover. It is far more likely that the newly found book was gotten up between himself and his scribe Shaphan, and that the finding story was invented to make the new book take well with the young king.

33. It is usually pretended that this book of the law of the Lord was what is usually called the Mosaic law. Whether or not that was the first time the Mosaic law was known to the people, it is very sure that neither Samuel, nor Nathan, nor Isaiah, nor Jeremiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Joel, nor Amos, nor Micah, nor David, nor Solomon, nor any others of those reputed men of God of their time knew anything about the law of Moses, or the extravagant stories told in the Pentateuch, showing very conclusively that the Moses business was an invention of later times, and probably not gotten up until after the return from Babylon.

34. It is very singular, if Yahweh had the power that has been attributed to him, and his reputation was at stake in making a success of his Jewish enterprise, that when he had angels in his employ that could individually slay some 200,000 soldiers in a single night, he should allow the pagan king Nebuchadnezzar, from the wicked city of Babylon, to come into his holy city of Jerusalem, overcome his own chosen people, demolish his holy temple which he had authorized his servant Solomon to build, and to carry off the holy vessels and valuable treasures from the temple and convey them to that pagan and wicked city. It is very awkward to suppose that he would thus suffer his own plans to be perverted, his own darling enterprise thwarted, his word stolen and defiled. One of three conclusions must be arrived at—that the whole story is false, or that he had changed his mind and purposes, or that he was unable to perfect what he had undertaken.

35. There is no truth in the claim that Daniel or any other man could recall a man's dream, as Daniel is said to have done by Nebuchadnezzar, when that king had forgttten all about it himself.

36. It is not a little doubtful about Nebuchadnezzar making a golden image one hundred and ten feet high, and eleven feet broad. Such an image would cost a vast amount of wealth.

37. It is a very untruthful story that because Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego refused to bow down to this image Nebuchadnezzar caused them to be thrown into a fiery furnace made seven times hotter than usual, and that the fire did not burn them at all, nor even singe a hair of their clothing. Fire is no respecter of creeds or moral qualities, but burns everybody alike that comes in its way.

38. It is not at all truthful that Nebuchadnezzar turned from man to brute and fed upon grass like an ox, his hairs becoming like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws. Such stories are only silly fables.

39. The story about the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, but which Daniel was able to explain, is evidently apocryphal.

40. The story of Daniel being cast into a den of wild and hungry lions for praying, and that the lions refused to taste of him or molest him, is extremely improbable, to say the least. The lions knew nothing about his religious exercises, and cared just as little; and the gods are not controling the appetites of lions. The story is clearly a fiction.

21. I will, however, remain no longer on this occasion, but renew these brief criticisms at my next visit. I wish the Scribe good-night and a refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

EIGHTH DAY'S JOURNEY—FROM NAZARETH TO JENIN.

1. And it came to pass on the eighth and twentieth day of the month, and betimes in the morning, the pilgrims, the captain of the host, the men-servants, and horses, and asses were in due time to start upon their journey toward the holy city of Jerusalem; and moreover the dog was also ready to leave Nazareth; but it must be recorded that the dog did here forsake the company of the pilgrims and join himself to another party, even to a party of five Spaniards, who are also doing up the Land of Yahweh, and who camped at the west end of the village of Nazareth at the same time that the pilgrims were camping at the east end. Sobeit, the dog changed companies, and no more traveled with the pilgrims, and no longer combined with the asses to keep the pilgrims awake at night. Moreover the dog is a yellow Arab dog, and his Arab name is Barood.

2. In leaving Nazareth, as you go toward the south, a rough and rocky, and long and steep hill has to be descended, by a winding, precipitous road, which in many places is almost perilous to both horse and rider. The head of the horse is often three feet lower than the opposite end, and it is difficult for the rider to remain on.

3. And it came to pass while descending one of these many steep places, that the horse of the man of God James stepped upon a sloping rock, when his feet slipped, and horse and rider both came down prostrate with much force, but fortunately neither was seriously hurt.

4. The plain of Esdraelon lay before the pilgrims, and it is the finest piece of farming country in all the Land of Yahweh. It is a gently undulating plain nearly ten miles across in the widest place and more than that in length. The soil is mellow and good, and is susceptible of raising good wheat and barley.

5. Several men were here plowing with their yokes of little black cattle and their little plows, sowing the grain before plowing, and not touching the land after. To run over the land with a cultivator would be equally thorough.

6. The plain is devoid of the dwellings of men, the humble, miserable little villages being located at some spring or fountain at the foot of the hills, or upon the hills. The plain is infested with thieves and marauders, so that the labors of the tillers of the soil are not as safe as in other places.

7. The ride across the plain is a pretty long one, and the mountains and hills which inclose it in present about all that can be viewed with much interest, for the plain grows monotonous and dull, nothing being upon it.

8. It was beforetime also called the plain of Jezreel, called also Esdra-Elon. In Zechariah it is called the valley of Megiddo, and in Revelations Armageddon, meaning the city of Megiddo.

9. This plain has been a battlefield from Barak to Napoleon. Warriors of many nations have pitched their tents upon it, and here much human blood has been spilt.

10. The plain was the frontier of Zebulun, and the special portion of Issachar. Here it is held Barak discomfited the host of Sisera, whose defeat was owing, in great measure, to his having been drawn to the river Kishon, which drains the plain into the Mediterranean.

11. Here, it is said, too, that Josiah the king came to fight with Necho of Egypt, and received his death wound. From generation to generation this plain was the scene of plunder and of bloodshed.

12. Here it is claimed that the Cananites under Jobin had nine hundred chariots of iron, which were so effective on the plain that Yahweh and the Israelites could not drive them out for many years.

13. Here, perhaps, it was that, according to Judges i, 19, the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain, and could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.

14. Here it was that the Midianites came up, and the Amalekites, and the children of the East, even they came up against the Israelites and destroyed the increase of the earth, . . . for they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude (Judges vi, 1–6). The plain was also held by the Philistines, and the Syrians often swept through it with their armies.

15. The pilgrims crossed the eastern part of the plain and came even unto the old city of Nain, leaving Endor two or three miles to the left.

16. At Nain it was that Jesus is said to have met a funeral procession bearing a young man on a bier to his grave, and there he commanded the young man to arise, and he that was dead sat up and began to speak; and he delivered him to his mother. This is simply one of the many big stories connected with this country; but the pilgrims could see nothing about the appearance of the shabby little village to convince them that a man had ever been raised from the dead there.

17. At the hour for lunch the band had reached the foot of Mount Gilboa, even the fountain of Gideon, who here selected his three hundred warriors because they lapped water like dogs; and near this place, on the plain, is where the valiant Gideon gained his remarkable victory by breaking his pitchers, which set the Midianites to fighting each other.

18. The fountain is a splendid spring, which gushes up between the stones at the foot of Mount Gilboa and fills a pond, and was beforetime also called the fountain of Jezreel. It is a clear, limpid stream, large enough to turn a mill; and here the goats, and the asses, and the cattle come a long way to drink.

19. It was near this locality that Saul and his three unfortunate sons are said to have met their sad deaths. Saul, the night before, had consulted the witch of Endor, but received from the defunct Samuel no intelligence save that on the following day he should be defeated and meet his death; and after his defeat, his armor-bearer refusing to run him through the body, he performed the deed himself. When the Philistines found his body they cut off his head, and stripped him of his armor, and sent them in triumph to their own country.

20. As the pilgrims were eating their lunch upon the ground they saw it raining in three different directions, two miles or thereabouts away; but it rained not where they were, whereat they rejoiced greatly. The Mount of Tabor was near them on the east, and they had a good view of the same.

21. Leaving the fountain of Gideon, the pilgrims passed along by the foot of Gilboa, near the border of the plain, and reached Shunem, now called Salem. It is surrounded with a thick hedge of the prickly pear, which is more often met with here than any other vegetation, and which grows where nothing else will. The village has little to boast of save stone and mud huts, with some gardens; howbeit, it is pleasanter than some other villages.

22. Here it was that the Philistines had their encampment when they waged war with Saul. And here lived the friendly Shunemite woman who showed kindness to Elisha, and persuaded her husband to build a little chamber or balcony on the side of their stone house for the prophet to make his home when he was in that neighborhood.

23. It will be remembered that the husband of the woman was an old man, and for some reason the woman, though a healthy, robust person, had no children, which she was anxious to have. After Elisha took possession of the little chamber which the woman had caused to be built for him, she conceived and bore a son. Whether there was any connection between the man who occupied the chamber and the child, the Scribe does not pretend to say; only that things of that kind have taken place when men of God were around.

24. Here it was, likewise, that Elisha brought back to life the young man who, going out to his aged daddy in the field, fell and bumped his head upon a stone, and afterward gave up the ghost; whereupon the mother hastened across the plain to Mount Carmel, on the west, for the man of God to come and bring him back to life. He came with alacrity, and soon had the boy sound and well again.

25. It is uncertain whether all of Elisha's remarkable facts were performed in this neighborhood, to wit, the sending of the two she bears to eat up forty-two children, making five gallons of oil into ten gallons, etc.; howbeit, some of his great works were performed in other places.

26. Leaving Taanach and Megiddo on the right, the pilgrims came near the miserable village of Zerin, the ancient Jezreel. The view from the slight eminence is very fine, the plain here being wide and interesting, reaching from Carmel even nigh unto the Jordan.

27. Here was the palace of Ahab, but not a trace of it remains. In the fields below is said to be the vineyard of Naboth, which Ahab so ardently coveted for an herb garden, because it was so near his own house. Naboth, however, did not wish to part with his real estate, it being the inheritance of his fathers; whereupon that bad woman Jezebel, wife of Ahab, laid her foul plots to get Naboth out of the way, by inducing two men to falsely swear he had blasphemed, for which crime he was stoned to death, so that her husband could obtain the coveted field; for which evil doing the man of God Elijah pronounced a curse upon Ahab and Jezebel, in consequence of which, after painting her face, she was thrown out of the window and killed on the pavement, and the dogs came and licked her blood.

28. The way in which Jezebel was served was in this wise: In after years, when Ahab was dead, Jehu, king of Israel, marched down against Jezreel, by order of a man of God, and administered one of the gentle rebukes for which the people of Yahweh were so noted; that is to say, he killed many kings and their subjects; and as he was marching along in lordly triumph he saw Jezebel, finely painted and decorated, looking out of the window, which, in his mild way, he ordered her to be thrown out of; and when he was obeyed by one of his servants he trampled the woman to death with his horse.

29. This little exercise gave him a good appetite for dinner, and he sat down to eat; but very soon a fit of compassion seized him and he said, Go and bury this cursed woman, for she is a king's daughter. He was, however, too late, for the dogs had already fulfilled Elijah's prophecy, and had eaten her, leaving only the skull and the feet and the palms of her hands.

30. It seems that Ahab, who had died some time before, left a somewhat numerous family after him; but the Jewish King Jehu coolly killed seventy of the orphan sons, which act he followed up by killing all the relatives, teachers, servants, and friends of the murdered children.

31. But this little pastime of killing orphans did not quite seem to satisfy Jehu. When he arrived at Samaria, or near there, he met forty-two persons and asked them who they were; and when they answered that they were brothers of the king of Judah, he just killed them all. And when he reached Samaria, to show his holy zeal for Yahweh, he gathered all the priests and people together who had the temerity to worship Baal, under the pretense that he was about to adopt their worship and offer a great sacrifice; and after he had them all nicely shut up he served Yahweh by having them all put to death by massacre. And Yahweh was pleased.

32. The place where Elijah had his contest with the priests of Baal, which resulted in his putting four hundred and fifty of them to death, was on the Hill of Sacrifice, on Mount Carmel, a few miles off to the west; and that was where by prayer he ended the drouth of three years, in which neither rain nor dew had fallen. And near there he called down fire from heaven and burned up more than a hundred men.

33. At Fuleh, another miserable town not far away, the Crusaders had a castle belonging to the Templars and Knights of St. John, but it was taken by Saladin. In 1799 this was also the scene of a great battle between the French and the Turks, sometimes called the battle of Mount Tabor. Kleber, with about fifteen hundred men, kept the Syrian host, consisting of about twenty-five thousand, at bay for six hours. He was near being defeated, when Napoleon came up with but about six hundred men to his relief, and the Turks, thinking a much larger reinforcement had arrived, fled, and the French arms were victorious.

34. In the afternoon some three modern Mohammedan villages were passed, but they are without historical interest; and while the sun was in the heavens the pilgrims reached the white tents pitched on the south side of the town of Jenin, at the foot of a hill by the same name.

35. It is a prosperous looking town for this country, and contains three thousand inhabitants. It is thought to be the En-gannim (fountain of gardens) of scripture. It was a town on the border of Issachar, allotted to the Girshonite Levites. Josephus mentions the town under the name of Ginea, as one of the boundaries between Samaria and Galilee.

36. There are beautiful gardens about the place, in which are orange-trees in bearing, and a plenty of radishes and other vegetables. Several palm-trees overtop the buildings and present a pleasing appearance at a distance. The town shows far more than the usual thrift, and the humble markets were pretty well supplied with fruits and vegetables. This day the pilgrims traveled a score and two miles.

CHAPTER XVII.

MELCHISEDEC'S EIGHTH VISIT.

1. And it came to pass that the Venerable Priest of the Most High did not on this occasion fail to put in an appearance as upon the seven preceding nights; and as he entered he said, Peace be to this tent, and peace be unto thee, Scribe from the land of Unclesam. Thou hast this day seen the best part of all the Land of Yahweh, though thou hast seen many mountains of barren rocks. Howbeit the whole land would not make more than half of many of the countries in thy land.

2. But I will now resume the subject of my last visits. Let me call thy attention to a few of the statements contained in the book of Job. Howbeit that book was not written by a Hebrew, but was borrowed from one of the pagan nations; but inasmuch as the Hebrews adopted it as their own and incorporated it in their collection, it is justly entitled to the same scale of criticism as the books of their own writing.

3. It has often been noticed that the persons and places mentioned in the book of Job have no connection whatever with those mentioned in the other books of the Jewish scriptures, showing conclusively that it has no connection with them in characters, incidents, or localities; howbeit it is one of the grandest books in the collection, though merely a drama or poem.

4. It is very uncertain who the sons of God were with whom Satan met at the time of his traveling up and down in the earth. In the book of Genesis it speaks about the sons of God taking the daughters of men for wives and raising a race of giants; but the book of Job does not indicate that the two sets of sons of God were the same persons. It is not known with any certainty how many sons God had.

5. It hardly conforms with the common conception of God and Satan that they should meet on friendly terms, and in the most amicable manner enter into a bargain to put the good old man Job to the most severe tests to see whether he would bear affliction patiently without getting into bad humor about it.

6. It would seem not honorable in any person, whether God or devil, to bring upon a good and faultless man who had lived uprightly through life, the most cruel and heart-rending afflictions, to wit, taking away his children, seven sons and three daughters; destroying his large possessions, including 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 1,000 oxen, 500 she-asses, etc.

7. When this failed to break the old man's integrity it was doubly cruel and heartless to bring upon him the most grievous bodily afflictions, covering him from head to foot with the most painful and loathsome boils and sores. It would seem that any well-disposed God or devil should have too much character to be guilty of such conduct.

8. It is to be supposed that God should be pardoned for being a party to the sufferings of the poor old man by granting him double the number of sons and daughters, as well as doubling the number of sheep, camels, oxen, etc. Whether his wife who had borne to him the first crop of ten children was able to go through the painful experience and bear twenty more, whether the old man had to take another wife, or whether God furnished him the children already born and grown up, is not stated. There is not the slightest probability that the incidents of the story ever took place.

9. It is a noticeable fact that the sons of God mentioned in the book of Job are not referred to in any other part of the Jewish scriptures; and, save the passage in Genesis, it would not appear that God had sons dwelling upon the earth. Who their mothers were, whether celestial females or earthly virgins, there is no way of deciding.

10. Of the book of Esther it may be said it is remarkable for not containing the name of God and for commending a woman for prostituting herself to a pagan king, whereby she was able to induce him to grant certain favors to her people. The story, however, is a fiction.

11. The book called the Song of Solomon, which is of a very amorous character, in which the writer dwells lasciviously upon the attractive points of a beautiful female, and which have been falsely represented to mean Christ's love for his church, is of unknown authorship. There is no reason for believing that it was written by Solomon.

12. There is much in Ezekiel that is repulsive to a refined taste. His formula for bread making, in the fourth chapter, and the coarse metaphors in the twenty-third and other chapters, are such as a person would not like to read before a company of gentlemen and ladies.

13. The story about the man called Jonah is exceedingly false. The claim that a man not obeying the command of God should cause the sea to become tempestuous, and that it should become peaceful again as soon as he was thrown overboard, cannot be believed, save by the very credulous.

14. That Jonah should have been swallowed by a fish, and be retained for three days, without inconvenience to himself for want of air, and that he could live three days without air, is wholly devoid of truth.

15. It is very unlikely that Jonah should have been selected by an intelligent person to go and prophesy and preach to a people of a different nation and tongue, who could not understand him; or that if he did preach to them, they should become so alarmed at his words that they should not only clothe themselves in sackcloth, but that they should also clothe their beasts of burden and animals with the same.

16. The part about the gourd growing up in a single night so as to form a shade, under which the prophet could hide himself from the sun's rays, and that God prepared a worm to cut it down, is in keeping with the rest of the story. The whole must be regarded by people of reasonable minds as only a fiction.

17. I have hurriedly run over the books comprising what is called the Old Testament, and mentioned only a part of the fictions and creations of the imagination with which it is replete. I am sure I have not mentioned half of those that might justly be termed falsehoods, but I have instanced enough to show that it is an untruthful volume, containing very much that is extremely improbable, and much that is strictly untrue.

18. I made some remarks to show that the first five books of the Bible, called the Pentateuch, claimed to have been written by Moses, were not written by that individual. I will now very briefly run over several others of the books in the Old Testament, with the view of showing that they could not have been written by the persons claimed to be their authors.

19. The book of Joshua could not have been written by the person whose name it bears, unless he was able to write out while living what should take place long after he was dead, which would be a most

absurd claim to set up. In chapter xxiv, 31, it says Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua. He could not have written about what occurred to the men who outlived him, all the days of their lives.

20. When the monstrous statement is given about the sun and moon standing still at his command, the remark is made, And there was no day like that, before it, nor after it, that the Lord hearkened unto a man. That clearly was written by one who lived some time after the event, as the phrase necessarily includes a long time subsequent.

21. Chapter xv, 63, says, As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out, and the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem unto this day. Joshua could not possibly have written this. Jebusi, the ancient name for Jerusalem, was not taken until the time of David, when the name was changed to Jerusalem, and this was four hundred years after the time of Joshua. It clearly was not written till after the time city was taken.

22. Similar statements are made in several places where the expressions, Even unto this day, and, It remaineth unto this day, show conclusively that the account was not written till a long time after the events transpired. It is a book about Joshua, and not by Joshua. It is not at all probable that he wrote a word of it.

23. Judges is an anonymous book, and it cannot be said who wrote it; but it is very clear that it was not written till a long time after the date of the occurrence of the events given in the narrative. It speaks of Jerusalem in several places, which shows that it could not have been written until after the time of David.

24. The two books of Samuel will bear examination no better. They are claimed to have been written by Samuel, but the claim is untrue. He certainly could not write the account about his being raised from his grave by the witch of Endor, which is given in the first book. The second comes down to the close of the reign of David, when Samuel had been forty years in his grave. He did not write the books.

25. The two books of Kings do not pretend to be anything more than historical narratives of the wars with other nations, and wars with each other, which the kings of the country indulged in. Any person of ordinary ability could write such books, if he had the data for the purpose; and if he had it not, it would not require a powerful imagination to invent some of them. No one knows who wrote the books, and it is but little difference who wrote them. Like all the writings of that period of the world, they contain some truths and some falsehoods. The exaggerations are numerous.

26. The two books of Chronicles go over much the same ground as the books of the kings, with the usual proportion of contradictions and differences. They were not written till two or three centuries before the present era, and were not done by inspiration. The author or authors are wholly unknown.

27. It is thought the books of Ezra and Nehemiah were by the same author as the Chronicles, as the last of the Chronicles and the first of Ezra are alike. They are badly mixed and disjointed. They disagree as to many details, but it is unnecessary to point these out. They were written less than three hundred years before the Christian era.

28. The book of Ruth may be denominated a sort of love story of a Moabitish girl creeping slyly, at night, into the bed of a young man who was her cousin. Thousands of similar incidents could with equal propriety have been added to the Jewish sacred collection. It was not written till nearly a thousand years later than the time of which it speaks. No inspiration was necessary to write it.

29. The book of Esther is chiefly remarkable for not containing the name of Yahweh once, and giving the story of a young woman who willingly prostituted herself to the king of Persia. It required no inspiration to write such an account, and it is of but little consequence in the present age of the world.

30. Enough has been said of the book of Job; it contains many grand conceptions, and comes nearer to containing a correct idea of the forces of nature, though expressed in poetic language, than any book in the Jewish scriptures; but it is not of Hebrew production, nor is it known when or where it was written. It has no kind of connection with the persons or places mentioned in the other books of the Bible. It is a pagan composition—a poem or drama, and wholly imaginative. The events narrated in it never occurred.

31. The Psalms are untruthfully ascribed to David. He never wrote one of them. They are a collection by different authors, much as hymns and songs by different writers are collected now. Many passages are pointed out that clearly were not written till long after the time of David, and the best judges hold that some of them were written as late as the time of the Maccabees, while others were from the time of Ezra. They are the meditations of religious men, and are just as valuable as though written by the bloody warrior to whom they are accredited.

32. It is barely possible that Solomon may have originated some of the proverbs contained in the collection ascribed to him, but there is no probability that he is the author of many of them. They are the collection of what were considered the wise and sage sayings of different times and different peoples. Quite a portion of them are of pagan origin. The chapter beginning with, The words of King Lemuel, is clearly of pagan origin, for the Israelites had no king by that name. The prayer of Agur is probably of the same character. Nearly all ancient nations have had sayings and proverbs of much the same kind.

33. It is very unlikely that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes, but it was most probably written by some unknown person who wished to palm off his production as if written by a noted person. The very first and twelfth verses have this appearance. I, the preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem. Solomon was king up to the hour of his death, and had he really written the book, he would have said, I am king, and not, I was king. Neither would it look well for him to say, I have gotten more wisdom than all that were before me. A truly wise man would not speak in that way of himself. The best Bible students place the writing of the dolorous book seven or eight hundred years after Solomon's time.

34. The song named after Solomon is an amorous composition, and though it is unlikely that he wrote it, the authorship would not be a great credit to him. Solomon would hardly have been the man to highly praise the purity and faithfulness of a maiden he had fruitlessly tried to add to his conquests. The greatest falsehood, however, is the pretense that the amorous song or poem has the slightest reference to Christ and the church.

35. I will not dwell much on the sixteen books called the prophecies, except to remark that they are the oldest of any of the books of the Old Testament, and the least apocryphal of them all, though they are not all correct as to authorship, nor were they written at the time claimed, nor in the order given.

36. Isaiah is by two authors, the first a wild, discordant, but rather grand writer, who lived about 712 B.C.; the second was not written till some two hundred years later, while the Israelites were captives in Babylon. The way in which the writings of two or more authors are thus thrown together and represented as one exhibits the careless and incorrect manner in which the Old Testament is made up.

37. The second or Deutero-Isaiah wrote about the Lord having chosen Pyrus as his servant, whom he had anointed, whose right had he holden to subdue the nations, etc., for he lived in the time of Cyrus, while the first or true Isaiah had died nearly two centuries before. The style of the two writers is materially different.

38. Jeremiah is placed second, while his correct place would be twelfth. He was not the author of all that stands to his credit. Good judges throw out several chapters as not being by him. He made several mistakes in his productions; notably, his assurances to Zedekiah, in the thirty-fourth chapter, that he should not die by the sword, but in peace, whereas Zedekiah's sons were put to death before him, his eyes were put out, and he was taken captive to Babylon and kept in prison till he died. Jeremiah also showed dishonesty by pandering to Nebuchadnezzar, whom he evidently wished to placate. He was undoubtedly a gloomy and sorrowful man.

39. Ezekiel is placed third among the prophets, but should be thirteenth. He has been called a writer rather than a prophet, but he made some hits and some misses. His plan for the rebuilding of the temple was disregarded, and it is well that it was, for his plan would have taken up the entire city. Some of his writings are very coarse and crude.

40. Daniel stands fourth, and should be last, or more correctly, he should not be placed among the prophets at all. The writer was neither Daniel nor a prophet. It was not written till nearly four hundred years after the time of Daniel. It was the last book admitted into the Jewish canon, and got in with much difficulty. It was not placed among the prophecies by the Jews, but by Christians. For many hundred years great importance was attached to what were supposed to be its prophecies, but they are so unmeaning, so misleading, and so many failures have grown out of them, that confidence has been lost, and but little importance is attached to them.

41. The remaining writers of the Old Testament are called the minor prophets, but as comparatively little importance is attached to them, I will not recall them at this time. They do not stand chronologically correct, nor does what they have to say have any bearing upon this age of the world. Some of them prophesied against the Assyrians, some against the Scythians. Some were interested in one direction, others in others; but I will not take them up in detail.

42. Neither will I now enter upon the subject of prophecy by an examination of its unreliability and worthlessness, though I may do so at another time. I will now instead bid thee good-night, wish thee sweet repose, and take my departure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NINTH DAY—FROM JENIN TO NABULUS.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the ninth day of the journey of the pilgrims, that they started betimes, learning that they had a long and hard day's journey to perform. Their road at once led up a rocky defile among the hills; for they had now passed the plain country. In passing through an olive grove the Frenchman was knocked from his donkey by passing under low limbs, but as he rides sidewise on some sacks, the falls were slight if frequent.

2. After two hours' ride over a very rough road the pilgrims reached the wells of Dothan, where they saw many or the Syrian damsels filling their earthen jars or pitchers with water to carry on their heads to their homes, some of them two miles away. Many were met on the road, some going toward the well with empty jars, and others returning with full ones. The large bottles or jars are filled by means of a long pole with a pin at the end. The jars are pushed into the water by the pole, and then hauled up.

3. This well is another of the veritable pits into which Joseph was cast by his brethren when his father sent him out to ascertain how they were getting on in pasturing the sheep. When several places are claimed as the locality where certain events occurred, one is not here little embarrassed in determining which is the true and which the false; though in this case possibly one is just as true as the other.

4. It is claimed that here at Dothan Elisha tarried during the time Benhadad was marching toward Samaria, and that here the prophet by prayer enabled a young man to see a mountain full of horses and chariots of fire; and here it was that he caused the Syrian hosts to be smitten with blindness.

5. It is a steep, rocky road to climb up to where Samaria once stood, and where are some of the ruins of the old town. A miserable modern Syrian village now occupies a part of the site, and the name of the same is Sebastiyeh, and it is surrounded by an ill-looking hedge of prickly pear.

6. The first and about the only ruins seen on the rugged hill where Samaria stood is a row of columns which once encircled the city; many of them monoliths of a plain character, and fifteen feet high or more on an average, though they are not all alike. Many of them are still standing, while others have fallen over. They are very tame and unattractive compared with many columns of pagan temples.

7. The city was built by Omri, king of Israel, and became the capital of the ten tribes until they were carried into captivity; and here is that Ahab erected a temple to Baal, and which Jehu destroyed. During his reign the city was besieged by Benhadad, who was defeated. After being many times besieged it was captured by the Assyrians, and all the people of the ten tribes were carried away into captivity.

8. After various revivals the city was taken by John Hyrcanus. Pompey restored it to Syria, and Augustus gave it to Herod the Great, who rebuilt it with great magnificence, and who probably put up all the columns, in all over a hundred in number. But little is now to be seen save the columns and the rubbish where the city stood.

9. After passing around the site of the old city which stood on the hill-top, the pilgrims visited a mosque which was once a Christian church, and called the church of St. John. The Christians lost it when they were defeated by the Saracens.

10. In the center of the court is what purports to be the sepulcher of John the Baptist, which is reached by descending twenty or thirty steps. The bones, however, are gone; they are said to have been taken to Rome, where they have performed astonishing miracles, though the skeleton was minus a head. According to the story, John the Baptist was beheaded, and the head part was taken to Herodias, the daughter of Herod, and it is not at all probable that the head and trunk were ever brought together again. Had they been buried as one in this tomb, what wonders they might have performed indeed!

11. The trouble is one feels so much doubt here as to the certainty of any of these claims. Those upon whose authority these localities have been fixed upon knew not that the persons ever lived whose story they have connected with the places, much less that they selected the right localities. It is very easy to say this is the place where John the Baptist was buried, but that does not prove that there ever was such a person, or that there was one chance in a hundred of his having been buried there.

12. The place, of course, is pointed out where the lepers sat in the days of Ahab, where Herod built his temple, where the market was, the tomb of Obadiah, and other persons. Josephus states that John was beheaded in the castle of Marcherus on the Dead Sea; and if that is so, it is very unlikely that his trunk was carried the better part of a hundred miles for burial. St. Jerome, in the fourth century, is the first one who alludes to the tradition that John was buried at Samaria. He was also the authority for settling many claims which no person had the means of knowing anything about.

13. From the high ground of Samaria an extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained. Many large hills of rock are in view, with narrow valleys and defiles between; and as the pilgrims descended the very precipitous hill on which the city stood, they passed over extremely rough and stony roads. A spring was passed under a ledge of rocks, called the Robbers' Fountain, where the Bedouin brigands who infest the country resort for water.

14. The roads continued extremely rocky and rough, the stones in many places being small and loose, round, and very numerous, so it was bad for the horses to walk thereon. Hills were passed over where the stones had been laid into heavy walls and large piles, but still the ground was well covered; but room was found for some olive and fig trees, and soil enough between the rocks is found to keep them alive, as they require but little.

15. The road to Nabulus, or ancient Shechem, lies between two long hills of rocks, with an arrow valley between, and this continues for several miles. The road was once paved in a very imperfect way, and is extremely rough; but telegraph poles along the road with a single wire reminded the pilgrims that they were still not quite out of the world.

16. The white tents, pitched at the east end of the town, were reached before the fifth hour, and while the sun was still half an hour high in the heavens; and the pilgrims were glad to thus complete a hard day's ride.

17. Nabulus, corrupted from Neapolis, or Flavia Neapolis, is the name given to the town in commemoration of its restoration by Titus Flavius Vespasian. It is the Shechem of the Old Testament. In the time of Jabob it was a Hivite city, under the governorship of Hamor, the father of Shechem. It was here the events are supposed to have occurred referred to in Genesis xxxiv, when Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, pleased Shechem, the son of Hamor the Hivite, prince of the country, and he fell desperately in love with her; and they did that together which young people should not do until they are married.

18. Contrary to the usual custom, Shechem retained a strong love for Dinah, and his soul clave unto her notwithstanding their little indiscretion; and he besought his father to see her father and have matters duly arranged so he could make the girl his legal wife.

19. The young man seemed honorable in his intentions, as also did his father Hazor, who conferred with Jacob touching the matter, offering him the freedom of the country, and proposing that Jacob give his daughters to the sons of the country for wives, and in return that his sons take the daughters of the country for wives, and they thus become one people.

20. The father of Shechem bore himself throughout in a very honorable manner, presenting the most amicable offers to give with the son anything reasonable. But it suited the sons of Jacob to be deceitful and play a false and double part; they entertained deep malice against both father and son, and sought their destruction.

21. They pretended if father and son and the males belonging to them would be circumcised they would accede to the request made and consent to the marriage between Shechem and Dinah. Hamor at once complied with the demands thus made, and persuaded all the males under his control to consent to circumcision.

22. But when they had in good faith done all that the sons of Jacob had demanded, and while they were still sore from the surgical operation, the treacherous sons of Jacob falsified their word and massacred in cold blood father, son, and all the males under them.

23. To carry out the business of their natures, after killing the non-resisting men, they took all their sheep, oxen, asses, and everything that was in the city and country, and even the wives and the children of the murdered men were carried away captives. It was only the chosen people of Yahweh that could be guilty of such conduct.

24. Even the dishonest old Jacob, who had deeply wronged his own generous-hearted brother, was appalled at such base conduct and disapproved of it; but his objections were placed on the ground that the Canaanites and Perizzites might regard such conduct as very base and return the compliment by killing Jacob and his sons.

25. It is also claimed that it was to Shechem that Jacob sent his son Joseph with the coat of many colors to look up his brethren who were tending their flocks; but when he arrived there he learned they had gone farther north, even unto Dothan, and following them there, they conspired against him, threw him into a pit, and afterward sold him to be carried away into Egypt.

26. When the land was divided among the twelve tribes Shechem fell to the lot of Ephraim, but was not of great value, for on one side of the very narrow valley there was nothing but masses of worthless rocks. Subsequently, however, it became a Levite city of refuge.

27. After the division of the Israelites, Jeroboam, the king of the ten tribes, made his capital at Shechem, but later on the capital was changed to Samaria.

28. After the return from the Babylonish captivity, Shechem became the center of Samaritan worship, and has continued so until the present day. When the pilgrims arrived at the place they found there already Yacob Amram, the high priest of the Samaritans, who was in waiting to conduct them to the synagogue of the Samaritans, where they have copies of the Pentateuch of great age, and wholly unlike that of the Jewish scriptures.

29. The origin of the Samaritans is a matter of considerable doubt. They may have been Assyrians, blended with Jewish blood. In 2 Kings, xvii, 24, it says: The king of Assyria brought men from Babylon and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria, instead of the children of Israel; and they have possessed Samaria and dwelt in the cities thereof.

30. When the Jews returned from captivity the Samaritans were disposed to assist Zerubbabel in rebuilding the temple, but were refused; and then their anger was aroused, and their hostility to the Jews and their worship became intense.

31. They resolved to run an opposition line, and to rival Jerusalem by a temple of their own; and accordingly they built one on Mount Garizim, which is within twenty minutes walk of Shechem or Nabulus.

32. Of course the hatred between the adherents of the rival religions became more heated. There is no greater hatred in the world than the devotees of one system of religion feel toward those who adhere to another system. In this way the most bloody wars have arisen, and this enmity has caused the most terrible bloodshed which the world has witnessed.

33. It became a sin for a Jew to extend hospitality to a Samaritan, or for a Samaritan to extend it to a Jew. The feeling expressed by the woman of Samaria to Jesus when he asked her for water shows the feeling of enmity that existed between the two peoples. She said, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? For the Jews have no dealings with Samaritans.

84. The Samaritans believe in one God; they look for the coming of a messiah; they believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life of the world to come. They acknowledge none of the books in the Bible save the first five, called the Pentateuch, but they do not believe the Jews have the true copy of that. They observe the Jewish Sabbath; they believe in sacrifice, with the feasts and fasts observed by the Jews.

35. Yacob Amram led the pilgrims through narrow, dark, arched, and filthy streets to the synagogue, where they worship, and where two very sacred copies of the Pentateuch are kept sacredly under lock and key. The first copy brought was not the most ancient, but is a hand-made copy in Hebrew from the original.

36. As a special favor on this occasion, the older one, the most sacred of all, was brought forth, and the pilgrims were permitted to look upon it, but scarcely to touch it for fear of its being worn out. It is on vellum or parchment, and is in Hebrew, but by no means can it be copied or any translation made from it.

37. Yacob assured the pilgrims that the older copy is 3,472 years old, and is materially different from the copy possessed by the Jews. One claim is that it was written by Moses, and another that it was by a grandson of Aaron. One is as true as the other. The Scribe said if the Samaritan copy is is old as claimed it is nearly a thousand years older than the same books in the Jewish scriptures; but he believes not that either is so old.

38. The Samaritans still retain their identity and their prejudice toward the Jews, but there are only about one hundred and fifty of them left. Though their temple on Mount Gerizim has tumbled to ruins, they meet there to attend sacrifice and hold festival.

39. Kids of goats and lambs a year old are the chosen victims, but they must be without blemish. On the fourteenth day of the tenth month all the Samaritans leave their dwellings and repair to the mount, where, after due solemnities and ceremonies, some six of the kids are slain; and, after being dressed and salted, they are roasted in an oven for the purpose, after which the worshipers fall to and eat them up; at all of which it is supposed Yahweh is very much pleased.

40. Mount Gerizim is nearly three thousand feet above the sea, and was the Mount of Blessing, as called beforetime. Its neighboring mountain to the north, one mile distant, is Mount Ebal, or the Mount of Cursing. Nabulus lies between the two. It narrates in Joshua viii, 33, 34, how the tribes of Israel gathered on these two hills, when the Levites lifted up their voices and pronounced from Mount Gerizim blessings upon the obedient, and from Ebal cursings upon the rebellious.

41. Owing to the shape of the hills, it is said that a person standing in the valley can hear what is said in a loud voice on either mount.

42. Nabulus has from 12,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, but the town is not inviting. The population is largely Mohammedan, with some Romish, Greek, and Protestant Christians. A Latin monastery is here, also some fifteen or more of soap factories; but they cannot be very extensive, or the soap is sent away, for the people do not look as though they used any of it.

43. A feature of the town are the lepers who live there. These unhappy creatures sit at the entrance of the town, and when strangers approach extend their deformed and eaten hands, their shrunken limbs, show their distorted faces, and with the horrible husky voices peculiar to them they beg in the most piteous manner. It would seem a very singular kind of providence that should mark out the existence and condition of such miserable wretches.

CHAPTER XIX.

NINTH VISIT OF MELCHISEDEC.

1. And it came to pass when the camp was quiet, and the weary pilgrims had sunk into sweet repose, the Venerable Visitor, just as he had done in previous occasions, entered the tent bearing the Stars and Stripes, and, approaching the cot of the Scribe, mildly spoke these words:

2. Hail, young Scribe; I greet thee on this occasion, and speak words of peace unto thee. I perceive that thou art weary after the hard day's travel, and I would not disturb thy rest nor add in the least to thy weariness. Is there aught that thou wouldst have me speak of to-night?

3. After a moment's thought the Scribe made answer in this wise: Venerable Friend, thou hast kindly spoken of many things touching the events and claims contained in the Old Testament, but thy servant would be greatly pleased to hear thee upon the subject of the New Testament, especially touching the story of Jesus Christ, the remarkable character that is claimed for him, and the wonderful deeds he is said to have performed. Is his story true?

4. Then did the Venerable Visitor make answer in these words: Thou art a Truth Seeker, and I will, so far as in me lies, aid thee in thy search, and give thee what I conceive to be the truth of the whole matter.

5. I deny not there is a basis of truth upon which the current story of Jesus is founded. It is my opinion that there was one living in this rocky, desolate country a person who bore the name of Jesus; and he might have been the reputed son of a carpenter, while he might really have been the son of a priest.

6. Indeed, there was more than one person bearing the name of Jesus, for it was a common name at that period, and was of the same tenor and meaning as Joshua, being simply a modification of that name. In the story of Jesus there are some events that occurred in the lives of two different individuals.

7. But there is a great deal in the story as it has been puplished to the world that has no truth in fact; so that I may say with all truth that there never was such a character as the Jesus of the New Testament is held up to have been. No person ever came into existence in the way claimed for him; no person ever performed the miracles attributed to him, and no person ever left the earth and was taken up bodily into heaven, as claimed for him. All these claims are simply false.

8. There was a man who strolled about the country and was followed by a band of prophets who had little or nothing to do. In part he was a reformer, in part an enthusiast, and in part a person who desired and expected to reach a position as ruler of the land.

9. He attracted no great attention, and possessed no great ability; neither was there anything about him of an extraordinary character. Similar persons have risen in many countries, and in various ages of the world. There was nothing bad about the man, nor did he do anything more than hundreds of his fellow-beings are capable of doing.

10. As his followers increased, his ambition also increased, until at length he even entertained an idea that he was destined to occupy the position of king or chief ruler in the country. It was this which led to the event that closed his career. With him, as with thousands of others, political ambition led to his ruin.

11. The very assertion that he was the king of the Jews, and that it was his destiny to sit upon the throne of David, was sufficient, in the unsettled condition of the country, to stir up enmity and ill will against him among those of his own nation, and answered for a sufficient pretext for the Roman authorities, who were extremely jealous of anybody and everybody who made pretensions to political authority.

12. The man was executed, not because he was really dangerous, nor because the Roman authorities were seriously alarmed at his pretensions of being a prince, or becoming a king; but at that time it took but little to call out the sentence of death, even the crime of stealing a very limited amount being sufficient to demand it.

13. When the Romans became established in the land of the Jews they introduced crucifixion as the mode of capital punishment; and every person who

was sentenced to death, regardless of what the offense was, died by crucifixion; thus it was not all strange or unusual that the man Joshua, or Jesus, was deemed a turbulent, designing person, or that he was sentenced to be crucified. The two men who are said to have been crucified with him had committed no crime very dangerous to the country, neither had Jesus; and the three are illustrations of how small a matter at that time was deemed deserving of death.

14. These are the points untrue in the claims set up in reference to Jesus. He was not begotten by Yahweh, or any other god, any more than every other human being that has come into the world. He had a natural father, the same as every other person who has had existence; and the claim that his mother was a virgin when he was born is wholly devoid of truth.

15. No woman ever conceived unless she had come in contact with a person of the opposite sex; the claim that a virgin can become a mother in any other way besides that which nature prescribes is one of the falsest that was ever made. There is but one way that females can be impregnated, and the assertion that it can be done in any other way is as great a falsehood as can be uttered.

16. The claim that Jesus performed miracles; that he set aside the laws of nature; that he raised the dead; restored to sight those who had been blind from their birth; that he healed lepers by his word; that he converted water into wine; that he fed five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes, and had five times as much left after they had finished eating as they had to begin with, is wholly devoid of truth.

17. As I said before I say again, no miracle has ever been performed. A miracle is something that is produced in opposition to the laws of nature. Every event that has ever taken place has been a natural result, the consequence of natural laws; hence the idea of a miracle is a most absurd one.

18. The claim that Jesus rose from the dead and lived again in the body as he did before he was executed is totally false. No such thing ever occurred, and it is as impossible as it would be for a man to swallow himself. Every time this claim is made a falsehood is uttered.

19. The claim that he was taken up bodily into heaven is another arrant falsehood. No person's body ever left the earth, nor can it by any possibility. The body is made up of the matter that belongs to the earth, and there is no means by which it can be separated from it. And even if it were possible for a living body to be taken from the earth, it could not exist for five minutes.

20. No living body can continue to exist without a due amount of oxygen, which forms a part of the atmosphere near the earth's surface. When a distance of four or five miles is attained from the earth the atmosphere becomes so light, and contains such a small amount of oxygen, that the body could not continue to exist. There is nothing in the world plainer than this.

21. Again, as soon as a few miles from the surface of the earth is reached the cold becomes so intense that no being could live if placed there, nor could it live ten minutes while passing through it. Thus it will be seen there are the best of reasons why a person in the body cannot be taken up away from the earth.

22. It is a noteworthy fact that these impossibilities were not claimed for Jesus when he first began to be believed in, and when his story was first circulated among men; but these impossible claims were added on to his story a hundred years or more after he no longer lived upon the earth. But it is well to remember that it is vastly more easy for these assertions to be made than to prove that they were true.

23. Paul, the renegade Jew, was one of the earliest promulgators of Christianity, and he did more for its spread than all other persons who have lived in the world. His writings are also older than any others in the New Testament; but when they are closely examined, it will be found that he has not a word to say about Jesus having been begotten by Yahweh, or any other god, not a word about his mother being a virgin, and not a word about his performing miracles of any kind.

24. Paul's idea of the excellence of Jesus consisted in his death—his being crucified for the sins of the world. This was the burden of his song—Jesus and him crucified—and this was the extent of his claim. Paul saw, in the fact that Jesus was unjustly crucified, together with some good doctrines he had taught, a sufficient basis for building up a new system of religion.

25. It was not till more than a hundred years after Jesus was dead, and Paul was dead, that the extravagant stories about the miraculous conception of Jesus, about his being begotten by God, about his performing the most astonishing miracles, such as his raising people from the dead, about himself rising bodily from the dead, and being taken up bodily into heaven, were preached and held up to the people to be believed.

26. In Paul's day Jesus was not supposed to be God, and the pagan doctrine of the trinity had not at that time been held by Christians, nor its acceptance demanded. This was all an after consideration, a plan of the fathers of the church; and pursuant to this new-fangled notion, or rather old-fangled notion, borrowed from preëxisting systems, the words attributed to Jesus were changed.

27 He did not think he was a god, nor did he teach it. He knew nothing about his being begotten by God, nor did he ever say a word about it. The expressions that he and his father were one, and the doctrine that he had lived eternally previous to his coming into the world, he never used nor advanced. This was wholly an invention long after he had passed away.

28. Nothing of this doctrine was contained in the original gospels, from which the present gospels were made up. There is nothing of the kind in the gospels attributed to Matthew, Mark, and Luke. It is only the gospel attributed to John that contains those doctrines, and that gospel was not written by John, but by a designing father of the church, to establish the doctrine of the trinity, which was unknown to Jesus and his disciples, including Paul. The doctrine of the trinity was adopted in the second century, and was not preached in the first.

29. It was felt by the Christian leaders when it was determined to elevate Jesus to be a god that his career must be attended with the power of working miracles. It was common in that age of the world, and had been for thousands of years, to attribute the power of working miracles to gods, to demi-gods, and great heroes, kings, and extraordinary men.

30. It was extremely easy to adopt the same style in the story of Jesus, when it was thought that his story must be backed by miracles. It was far more easy to invent the story of the miracles than to have them true. I would have it ever borne in mind that a miracle never was performed; the laws of nature have never been superseded, and have never been suspended.

31. It was no more difficult to make up these stories about the miracles performed by Jesus than by scores of other individuals who lived before him and since. There have been thousands of miracles claimed for different persons, but not one of them is true. Every event that has occurred was the result of natural causes, and whatever is produced by natural causes is no miracle.

32. It is vastly easier for lies to be told in any instance, and about any person, than for impossibilities to take place. People should always think of this when they are asked to believe that which is opposed to nature. It is far easier for a lie to be told than for an impossibility to take place. The world has been filled with lies, but not with miracles. Many miracles have been asserted, but not one has been true—all have been lies. Those attributed to Jesus are no exception.

33. But I will detain thee no longer on this occasion, as thou art weary, and to-morrow thou hast an unusually hard day's work to perform. I will resume this subject at my next visit. Good-night; peace be with thee.

CHAPTER XX.

TENTH DAY'S JOURNEY—TO SHILOH AND BETHEL.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the last day of the eleventh month that the captain of the host required all the pilgrims to be up in time to eat while still it was dark, and be ready to start on their journey when the light had appeared, for this day nine hours had to be passed in the saddle.

2. As the pilgrims passed through the town and reached the eastern entrance they saw half a dozen lepers sitting in a pitiful position by the roadside, though it was chilly in the morning air, and a horrible picture did they present with their deformities, their distorted faces, their crippled hands and feet, their shrunken limbs, and their hollow, distressing voices. It is only omnipotent power that can help such cases, and that refuses to work. It has little pity.

3. In passing out of the town numerous men and women were seen howling and praying at that early hour in a Mohammedan cemetery, among the graves, for the souls of the dead. The noise was dismal. If such hideous noises can do the dead any good they must indeed be easily benefited.

4. A halt was made between the highest points of Mount Gerizim, the Mount of Blessing, and Mount Ebal, the Mount of Cursing; and the probability was canvassed as to a person standing in the valley and hearing what could be spoken on the hills, fifteen hundred feet above. It was decided it could be done if the voice was loud. But both mounts are simply masses of barren rock.

5. A mile outside of town a stone building of small size was reached, which is called the tomb of Joseph, where he was buried when his bones were brought up from Egypt, where he had died two hundred years before.

6. To the Scribe it looked as though the stone building was of comparative modern structure, and he did not for one moment believe that the bones of Joseph were within a hundred miles of the place; and even if they had been buried there, he could not see that the locality would be in the slightest degree benefited thereby.

7. Half a mile further on what purports to be Jacob's well is reached, which is simply a rough hole down in the ground through the rock, said to be to the depth of seventy feet, but is much filled up with rubbish, loose stone, etc. Around are the ruins of an old church, which was once built over the spot.

8. It is considered a very sacred place, for it is here that Jesus is believed to have stopped when he became thirsty, and asked the Samaritan woman to give him water, and where they held their little tete-a-tete; it was from this well that she pointed to Mount Gerizim hard by, where her fathers had worshiped; and it was from this well that he looked down the little valley and saw the harvest ripe for the sickle.

9. There is nothing about the well that to the Scribe looked any more sacred than any other rough hole in the ground, not walled up, with no curb of any kind around it, and no water to be seen or heard from when a stone is thrown into it. If the well ever afforded water the time has gone by, for nobody now goes there for that refreshing fluid. It has gone to decay like all the rest of this country, and the religion which once existed here.

10. It was here that it is supposed the youthful Joseph looked for his brethren, but found them not, having to move on toward Dothan. It was here that Jacob is said to have presented Joseph with a piece of land, but there is nothing now to indicate that the title has been preserved.

11. Moving on down a narrow valley toward the south, over very stony roads, two or more modern Moslem villages were passed, possessing no historical interest and not the slightest attraction of any kind. Numerous male and female Bedouins and natives were met, the women usually carrying a load of some kind upon their heads, and looking not at all fascinating.

12. Several Syrian farmers were sowing wheat and barley in the narrow valley, and plowing it under with their stunted yokes of cattle and their small cultivator-plows, which fail to remove the stalks of the weeds of the past season. Some of the better hills were terraced hundreds of years ago for vineyards, etc., and the more arable ones are still plowed for grain.

13. On the hills three miles on the left were pointed out the tombs of Phineas and Eleazar, the sons of Aaron, but the Scribe could not recognize the authority which undertook to decide that those men were buried there, and thought it far more probable the places were where some old sheiks were buried a few hundred years ago. In fact, he was indifferent whether the sons of Aaron were buried there or not; and if they were, he could not see how the knowledge that they were could be of much benefit to the world.

14. While passing over the hills and along the winding valleys between the high hills of rocks, the sun beat down very warm, making the weary pilgrim feel depressed. The mornings and evenings are chilly, but the sun through all the middle part of the day shines with a constant and peculiar glare, which burns the skin and produces a deep tan-color.

15. This was not a well day for the Scribe; he had a recurrence of the ailment which troubled him at Baalbec and Damascus, and which in fact has hung around him in his journey through the Land of Yahweh.

16. He finds the most effective remedy to abstain wholly from meat and drink, and on several days he has pursued this course. On this day, when journeying to Shiloh and Bethel, he suffered neither food nor water to enter his mouth; but that kind of diet is not extremely bracing for a long day in the saddle.

17. As the sun poured down his blistering rays, as mile after mile of arid, barren rocks were passed, and the hill of Shiloh at length hove in sight, he felt particularly wearied—wearied with riding, and wearied with the continued vistas of barren, worthless rocks.

18. At length the hill of Shiloh was reached, another mountain of rocks, with nothing but rocks, rocks, eternal rocks, to be seen on every side, with the least quantity of soil that can be imagined. At Shiloh the pilgrims lunched, and gladly the Scribe lay down in the sun to rest, but not to eat.

19. And in this wise did he address the pilgrims around him: I know not how you pious folks feel, but for myself I have this to say: If this is God's country, I want nothing of it; and if the other countries of the world are the devil's, I prefer the devil's every time. There is altogether too much holiness here for my use, and I prefer a country where there is a great deal less of it.

20. The pious pilgrims were not excessively pleased with the country they had passed through, and more than once the Scribe had reason to think they felt sore and disappointed at its wretched and sterile appearance; but, nevertheless, they looked up at the Scribe as though they thought him an irreverent cuss for making such a remark about the Land of Yahweh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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Comstock Balked.

We are glad to see a little common sense has been exercised by a Jersey jury in one of the infamous Comstock's cases. New Jersey is a state noted for the severity of the punishment meted out to offenders, and "Jersey justice" has become a synonym for legal rigor. The state seemed to be about fifty years behind the age, and, with the exception of Delaware, was regarded as more puritanical than the original Puritans themselvs. Probably it was because of this reputation that Comstock instigated a prosecution against a book that is sold openly over the counters of every respectable book-store in New York and other cities. The book is the "Heptameron of Margaret, Queen of Navarre." The tales of the "Heptameron" were written by Margaret of Angouleme, queen of Navarre, and the only sister of Francis I., about three hundred and fifty years ago. They were put together with imaginary conversations, after the manner of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, which about that time had been translated from the original Italian into French.

James Miller, the bookseller and publisher, at 779 Broadway, New York, sent out Hiram Dayton and David S. Knox last fall, according to his yearly custom, to sell books in the smaller towns of the neighboring states. It was their custom to rent a store in a town for a fortnight. During the day the books were offered for sale over the counters, and in the evening they were sold by auction.

Dayton & Knox opened a store in Cook's building, a prominent place in Asbury Park, N. J. A great many books were sold there, and among others were nine or ten copies of the "Heptameron." One copy was sold to a young law student, Alfred D. Bailey, on the afternoon of Nov. 22d. Two hours later Constable Jackson arrested Mr. Knox, who had sold the book, and also Mr. Dayton. They were taken before 'Squire Holmes, where James A. Bradley, the founder of Asbury Park, and president of its board of commissioners, made a charge against them of exposing for sale and selling to Bailey a copy of an obscene book. 'Squire Holmes put them under five hundred dollars bail, and at the opening of the January term of court in Freehold the grand jury indicted them.

The trial occupied Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Judge Walling, before whom the young men were tried, is a typical Jerseyman, who never read anything but the Bible, and took occasion to go out of his way to hav a fling at Infidels, notwithstanding the fact that the Millers are eminently respectable Christians. He had never read nor heard of the "Heptameron." The county prosecutor, John E. Lanning, also had never heard of the book before. The jury was made up of farmers, with two exceptions. These were the foreman, John B. Arrowsmith, a retired miller, who, it was afterward learned, had read the "Heptameron" twenty years ago, and was the only man on the jury who had ever heard of it, and John T. Reynolds, a storekeeper, and formerly a charcoal burner. After the jury had been drawn and sworn, the attention of the court and spectators was attracted by the entrance of Anthony Comstock, who carried a small yellow bag, full of pamphlets and law reports. He sat down behind the prosecutor, within whispering distance. The defendants were represented by Judge Robbins and Eusebius W. Arrowsmith, both of Freehold. They sat at a small round table, upon which were piled half a dozen copies of the "Heptameron," a copy of Rabelais, belonging to Judge Robbins, and the works of Shakspere, Byron, Pope, a Bible, Taine's "English Literature," and several book-catalogs of book-publishers and public libraries.

Mr. Bradley, who is famous through the county for his zeal in temperance matters, was the first witness. He testified that he was in effect mayor of Asbury Park, and that he had sent Arthur Bailey to buy the "Heptameron" because he had heard it was being sold, and that it was obscene. He identified the copy of the book purchased by Bailey. It was the "Flameng edition," with etchings by Leopold Flameng.

The prosecutor was evidently but a tool in Comstock's hands, and was directed by him. He pursued the same course that met with such success before Jeffreys Benedict in the United States court. He submitted, as did Fiero, a copy of the book with the passages marked upon which the prosecution relied to send the prisoners to jail. The defendants' counsel very properly objected to the marked passages going before the jury. He made the same plea that Mr. Bennett's counsel did—that the whole book was to be considered. Upon this the cloven foot of Comstock stuck up prominently. He whispered to the prosecutor, and handed him a printed copy of the proceedings before Judge Benedict whereby Mr. Bennett was convicted and sentenced to the Albany penitentiary. The prosecutor based his argument upon this, and proceeded to address the jury.

Judge Robbins, in opening the case for the defense, said that the defendants were the agents of James Miller, and that they had sold nothing that was not recognized as legitimate by literary people and the trade of booksellers. The "Heptameron" was a book never tabooed in New York. By reputable booksellers and by catalogs he proposed to show the recognized standing of the book as a classic; that it was a book sold publicly, and found in every complete library, public and private.

The court had evidently been furnished with a copy of the Bennett trial also, for its rulings were exactly like Benedict's. William L. Allison, the publisher and bookseller of this city, was called as an expert. He said he had been an editor as well as publisher, and he was also a member of the Presbyterian church. Expert testimony was promptly objected to by the prosecutor, who was coached by Comstock, and the court as promptly ruled that Mr. Allison's knowledge of books had nothing to do with the case. *His only qualification*, the court said, *was his being a church-member*. Every question put to Mr. Allison was objected to by the prosecution, the objection was in each case sustained by the judge, and an exception was taken in each case by the defense. An effort was then made by the defense to show that the defendants had no other knowledge of the book than that it appeared in all the catalogs of book-sales, and on the shelves of all booksellers, and was sold publicly every day in New York, in spite of the agent for the suppression of vice. Judge Robbins said that a fair trial would require an examination as to the standing of the book in the field of literature and among booksellers. The court, however, ruled out all of this proffered testimony. Mr. Arrowsmith, for the defense, said that under such a ruling a jury of Infidels might pronounce the Bible an obscene book.

"I don't think you could get a jury of Infidels in Monmouth county," said the judge.

George A. Leavitt, the bookseller, of this city, identified a lot of catalogs in which the public sale of the "Heptameron" was shown, but he was not allowed to go further.

David S. Knox, the defendant, was asked if he had ever read the "Heptameron," and answered, "Never." The prosecutor sat with both legs over the arm of an adjoining chair, and objected to every question. Mr. Knox was not allowed by the court to testify further than to the incidents of the sale of the book to Bailey, and of the arrest of the defendants an hour later. They had, he said, in their store, American editions of the "Heptameron," published by R. Worthington and John D. Williams, of New York, and by Gebbie & Barrie, of Philadelphia, and editions imported by Scribner, Welford & Co, and J. B. Lippincott & Co. Prosecutor Lanning asked Mr. Knox if he had not put up the book at auction night after night, and called attention to it as "racy." Mr. Knox denied that he had ever done so. Hiram Dayton, the other defendant, said there was nothing surreptitious in the manner of offering the book, and no special effort was made to sell it.

Judge Robbins then offered to show that matter of a similar sort to the "Heptameron" is received by people of education and literary people as legitimate. He proposed to read from Shakspere's sonnets, Boccaccio's "Decameron," Rabelais, Swift, "Don Juan," La Fontaine's Fables, Chaucer, Fielding, Smollet, Gay, Pope, and Burns. The court refused to admit the testimony, and rejected also the offer of catalogs to show in what places the book is publicly to be found.

Justice of the Peace Truax, of Asbury Park, testified to having been shown the "Heptameron" by Dayton, who, he said, told him that he could read it all the next day, and called his attention to certain parts of it, but added, as the witness testified, "'Taint no place to lay it down on the parlor-table."

Young Mr. Hawkins of the prosecution then drew his chair close up in front of the jury, and read parts of some of the tales, omitting always the morals with which they are pointed and adorned.

Mr. Arrowsmith, in summing up for the defense, described the life and the times of Margaret, queen of Navarre, in order to show that the book was in keeping with them. Judge Robbins showed the character of the book in history and in literature. He said it was not for a Monmouth county court and jury to say that a book which has lived for three hundred and fifty years was obscene because of broad passages in it, or appoint themselvs as the censors of literature.

Turning abruptly upon Mr. Comstock, who sat whispering through closed lips to the prosecutor, Judge Robbins said: "Why hasn't Comstock first suppressed it in New York, where it is published under his very nose? Why does he step over into New Jersey to teach us what we are to do and to read?" Mr. Comstock continued to whisper. Judge Robbins overheard a remark, and turned fiercely upon him. "No, you didn't stop Worthington from selling it." Half rising from his chair, Comstock hissed back at him, "You say that which is false."

In his charge to the jury Judge Walling said it would be necessary to prove that the book sold was obscene, and that it was sold without just cause. On the first point there could be no question. On the second point the Court declined to giv any opinion. It made no difference if an indecent story had a moral attached to it. If the book was obscene and indecent in part, the book would be an obscene book within the meaning of the law. As men of intelligence, capable of judging, the jurors would hav to determin from the book itself whether it was obscene. It was not a case for expert testimony. If it were found that this was an obscene book, then the third point would hav to be considered; that is, the jury would hav to decide whether it is for the public good, or necessary to the good of religion that the book be sold. If it were found to be an indecent book, and it were deemed that its sale was still necessary to the advancement of literature, it would hav to be considered whether it should be sold promiscuously. The jurors retired with their arms full of copies of the "Heptameron." At 6½ o'clock they returned with a verdict of not guilty. It was received with applause by the throng that lingered in the court room.

Comstock evidently knew his judge in this case, as he does in the United States court, but fortunately he was mistaken in his jury. The "Heptameron" is like two-thirds of the ancient books in many respects. It is a series of tales, like the "Decameron," with a moral to each one. It is not obscene in any way. There are hundreds of passages in the Bible many times broader than can be found in the "Heptameron," and Mr. Arrowsmith's remark that under such ruling the Bible could be convicted, was perfectly true. The judge's remark that a jury of Infidels could not be found in Monmouth county is not true. There are many disbelievers in New Jersey, made unbelievers, perhaps, by just such bigoted ruling as Benedict's and Walling's.

The remarks by the court that books necessary for the good of religion should hav special privileges will not pass unnoticed. It is an eminently Christian sentiment, and when put down into plain English means that the literature of the church, no matter how smutty, may circulate freely, but all other classics must be tabooed. The judge undoubtedly did his best to convict, as did Benedict in Mr. Bennett's case. He is evidently an old Jersey "blue light," who believes that Christ was crucified, and also believes that every one who does not believe should be crucified likewise.

We congratulate the Messrs. Knox and Dayton upon their escape from the web so artfully woven about them by Comstock. Yet we are glad the trial has taken place, for it shows the general public just what an intolerant bigot Comstock is. We congratulate the jury upon having the sense to see what the judge was trying to do, and manhood enough to resist his endeavor to incarcerate two men for committing no offense whatever. Every effort the vice society has made lately but shows up its true character in a plainer light. It is time Comstock was relegated to that oblivion from which he and his soap-fat backer sprung. He and all connected with him are a disgrace to our civilization, and, as long as they are clothed with their present power, a standing menace to our republican institutions.

Prominent Female Suffragists.

LEETONIA, OHIO, Dec. 26, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you oblige the writer by publishing in your paper the names of either sex who were pioneers on the question of woman suffrage in this country, and giv the character of such persons?

S. C. STRATTON.

We hav not the data nor space to giv the character of the advocates of female suffrage, but the reputation of some is world wide. The following are the most prominent: Mary Wollstonecraft, Frances Wright, Lucretia Mott, Harriet Martineau, Lydia Maria Child, Margaret Fuller, Sarah and Angelina Grimke, Josephine S. Griffing, Martha C. Wright, Harriot K. Hunt, M. D., Mariana W. Johnson, Alice and Phœbe Carey, Ann Preston, M. D., Lydia Mott, Eliza W. Farnham, Lydia F. Fowler, M. D., Paulina Wright Davis, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage. A complete history of woman suffrage is being prepared by the three last-named ladies, the first volume of which is already issued. It is a very large work, comprising nearly 900 pages. Our friend will find all the information he desires in it. The price is $5 for the first volume. We can supply it. The second volume is under way.

GEO. CLARKE, the recent convert from the ranks of the clergy and church, has entered the lecture field and is now *en route* west. He is indorsed by the League, by which he is authorized to establish branches, and Geo. Chainey, with whom he has lived

during the past six months. His subjects are "Reasons for Leaving the Church" and "Ingersollism." We hope our friends will avail themselvs of Mr. Clarke's services. He is eloquent, young, and wide-awake, and destined to be one of our most popular platform attractions this season. As he goes into the work with missionary zeal he sets no price on his services, but leaves that to the ability and generosity of his hearers. He will be in Philadelphia this week and Pittsburgh next, where he may be addressed care of S. F. De Jones, No. 99 Fifth avenue, and will answer all calls. We trust they will not be delayed, and heartily commend him to our readers. Besides lecturing, Mr. Clarke will take subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER and *This World*.

A LIBERAL League was organized in Bloomington, Ill., recently, at Schroder's Opera House lecture hall. The charter members are Dr. A. S. Burrows, Thomas A. Walton, W. C. Trott, C. N. Nute, Jacob Goldberg, Jas. Clark, Geo. H. Miller, Dr. H. Schroder, James T. Walton, T. F. Capp, Theo. Coffey, Chas. McGrew, and Wm. Mann. Dr. A. S. Burrows was elected president; Theo. Coffey, secretary, and T. F. Capp treasurer for the ensuing year. The object and aims of the League are to accomplish the total separation of church and state; to advocate the taxation of church property; to exclude the Bible from the public schools; repeal of all laws enforcing Sunday as the Sabbath, and various other reforms; to bring the state governments in harmony with the constitution of the United States, which, as George Washington said, was "not founded on the Christian religion." The League will meet every Sunday for public debates at Schroder's Opera House lecture hall at 2 o'clock P.M.

MR. BENNETT'S path through the East is not all roses. That contemptible fellow Joe Cook is over in Bombay, and has been attacking him in much the same style as he did in this country—slanderous and false. January 20th Mr. Bennett addressed a meeting in reply to Cook. On the 21st he started for Poonah, some hundred and twelve miles southeast of Bombay. On his way he intended to stop and examin the Carlee rock temples. Immediately upon his return to Bombay he and Mr. Bridges were to start on a railroad tour of a month's duration over all the northern part of India, winding up at Calcutta, where they would again take steamer and continue east. While in Bombay the two travelers were entertained by Col. Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, who are conducting the *Theosophist*. Mr. Bennett's health continues good.

WE regret to hav to note the death of Miss Jennie M. Grant, of Sidney, N. S. She died at the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Archibald, Elgin, Ill. The funeral was under the auspices of the Liberal League, and, by request of deceased, no minister officiated. The funeral was largely attended. The services were short, simple, and appropriate, consisting of affecting singing and some appropriate remarks by F. Felt. At the grave Mr. P. J. Corey delivered a short and appropriate oration. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald express their sincerest and heartfelt thanks to the press, people, and friends, who so kindly rendered deeds of kindness and sympathy in their bereavement.

THE Unitarian creed is like the Constitution of England—unwritten, but nevertheless as well defined and arbitrary as though marked out with square and compass. When the Rev. Mr. Miln went into the Unitarian fold he fondly hoped it had no bars, but when he went a little farther he found a solid stone fence reaching a good way up into the sky. But he has climbed over it, and when the Unitarians next call their roll he will not answer to his name.

OUR Spiritual contemporary, the *Two Worlds*, has suspended. Mr. Crowell will return to his subscribers their unexpired subscriptions. The paper was a welcome visitor to this office, and we are sorry that Mr. Crowell could not continue its publication. We advise his readers thus suddenly deprived of their paper to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which would be glad of a few more supporters.

EARLY next month the series of articles on the Christian religion which hav appeared in the *North American Review*, by Col. Ingersoll, Judge Black, and Prof. Fisher, will be published in pamphlet form. We shall hav a full supply and shall be glad to furnish them to all who wish. We will take orders now, and send as soon as out. The price will be fifty cents.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to knew where Brick Pomeroy's *Great West* is published. We supposed everybody knew, but for the information of our friend and every one else we will say that Denver, Col., has the honor of being the place.

WE hav just had bound a few copies of Vol. VIII. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which we can furnish to those wishing them. We will mail them to any address on receipt of $4.50.

E. C. WALKER is now in Nebraska and will spend the next six weeks in that state, Kansas, and Missouri, lecturing and canvassing for Freethought literature. His address is Norway, Benton Co., Iowa.

Book Notices.

ALAMONTADA, THE GALLEY-SLAVE. A Narrativ. By Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke. Translated from the German by Ira G. Mosher, LL. B. Published by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

This work is a narrativ of a young man for whose possession Fame and Misfortune seem to hav disputed with each other, with a victory at last for the latter. Its hero saw early in his life how hatred and egotism more than forbearance and piety were written on the banners of contending sects. Circumstances placed him suspended between two churches —Protestant and Catholic—the former of which he had to confess secretly, the latter openly; and he acknowledges that he became, though almost without knowing it, a hypocrit and a doubter of both. He saw that the arguments with which one attacked the doctrins of the other were sharper, more thoroughly weighed, and more effectiv than those with which they defended themselvs. This awakened in him a suspicion of all dogmas of faith. Yet he was obliged to conceal his thoughts in order not to become an open denier of them. He was thrown into the society of a thoroughly unprincipled man, but whom he believed to be honest, and whom he loved—and whose wife loved *him*. His struggles with his passions, his belief and disbelief, were incessant. The superstitions of his childhood he could not at times shake off, and again he was intoxicated with exaltations of mental freedom. But he warred manfully with himself and the world, and seemed about to be rewarded with all that complete victory over adversity can bestow. He had won a name, a wife, and a competence, when came the massacre of Nismes in 1703. Interceding with the Marshal de Montreval in behalf of the persecuted Huguenots, among whom were his uncle and family, he was denounced as a heretic and condemned to the galleys—one of the unnumbered victims of the love of God shown in hatred of man; and thereafter his history is that of Alamontada the galley-slave. How he bore the grief of separation, the suffering and degradation of slavery, is told by the author better than it can be hinted at here. Through the whole sad story there runs the golden thread of the religion of humanity and the philosophy of one who has wakened to the light of the newer day.

Prof. Mosher has left nothing to be desired in the way of bringing out the true meaning of the author's words, though the work of the translator is one of scarcely less responsibility than that of the writer. This work will find a place in the literature of romance and philosophy with those of Geo. Eliot, which divert the mind while they free and strengthen it. The study and enterprise which hav united to giv "Alamontada, the Galley-Slave," to the English-reading public should be rewarded by a demand for many editions of it.

MYRON HOLLEY, and What He Did for Liberty and True Religion. With steel-plate portrait. Price, $1.50. For sale at this office.

In this work Elizur Wright has shown the life and important works of a man but little known. The volume is both historically valuable and entertaining reading. Myron Holley, who was a descendant of Edmund Holley, the great royal astronomer of that name, was born in Salisbury, Conn., in 1779, and died in Rochester, N. Y., March 4, 1841. He was educated at Williams College, at the New Haven law school, and in the law office of Judge Kent in Cooperstown. He never practiced law, but engaged chiefly in agricultural pursuits. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1816, and was appointed in that year one of the board of canal commissioners. The great work was carried on under his personal supervision, and the financial management of the enterprise, so far as regarded disbursements, was mainly in his hands. He acted with wisdom and energy. He had difficulty afterward in settling his accounts with the state, though there was no suspicion of his honesty, and Mr. Wright thinks that he was hardly treated, and received only an insufficient reparation.

When the excitement against Masonry incident to the affair of William Morgan broke out, Mr. Holley joined the anti-Masonic party, and participated actively in its operations. He was one of the foremost speakers on that side of the state, and his pen was often employed to draft the addresses of the anti-Masonic conventions.

As the antislavery agitation increased, Mr. Holley became much interested in it. He was, says Mr. Wright, "the one man who did more than any other to start the political movement which culminated in 1860 in the victory of a party opposed to any further geographical extension of slavery." He commenced his antislavery labors by delivering lectures in 1838. These are said to hav made a deep and lasting impression. He began the advocacy of political action against the institution in an oration delivered on the Fourth of July, 1839, at Perry, N. Y. He proposed an abolition nomination for president at a state antislavery convention in Cleveland, 1839, but his proposition was not favorably received by that body. He tried the same experiment at a convention in Warsaw, N. Y., at which James G. Birney was nominated for the presidency, a nomination which Mr. Birney declined. The National Convention for the formation of a Liberal party was held in Albany, N. Y., April 1, 1840. In this convention Mr. Holley bore a prominent part, and his eloquence displayed upon the occasion was of the highest order. Again Mr. Wright says that "the Liberal party was practically his achievement."

Mr. Holley spoke constantly and effectivly, besides editing the Rochester *Freeman*. He had injured his health by his labors, and died in March, 1841. All the extracts from his writings and speeches which are given in this volume indicate a man of unusual intellectual ability, of fine oratorical powers, of a sweet and genial nature, and of rigid conscientiousness. If Mr. Holley had chosen to cast his lot with either of the two great political parties of his day he must undoubtedly hav risen to eminence. But he seems all his life to hav been ready to sacrifice himself for the sake of what he deemed the right. He died poor in this world's goods, but rich in the rewards of a good conscience.

PHYSIOGNOMY. A Practical and Scientific Treatis. Being a Manual of Instruction in the Knowledge of the Human Physiognomy and Organism. By Mary Olmstead Stanton. Price, $2.

This is a splendidly gotten up work of 350 pages, by one of the few practical phrenologists and character readers of this country. The object of the author is to help the human race know itself better, and to glean the knowledge in a scientific manner. Man can only know himself through a thorough understanding of anatomy, physiology, physiognomy, and hygienic law practically applied. Mrs. Stanton has put this science in as plain and simple language as possible, and in the study of this work the non-scientific reader will not be confused by terms whose meanings are ambiguous. The method of classification used is in accord with that observed by all naturalists in their classification of the lower animals, and is based on the forms of the human organism which are produced by the intermingling of the different vital systems. The position is advanced by the author that mind inheres in the entire organism, not alone in the brain. In this she claims the support of Spencer, Lewes, Haeckel, Maudsley, Lindsay, and other evolutionists and social philosophers. Her book is, therefore, the carrying out of this theory to its ultimate, by proofs which she believes to be incontrovertible. The book is a plain exposition of phrenological and facial science, and its careful study will do much to enlighten the human race as to itself. Many of the engravings are from Simms's "Physiognomy," and the author acknowledges her indebtedness to the same source for many valuable ideas. Altogether, it is a book we can heartily commend to the Liberal public.

Elmina Values It.

"Classified Biblical Extracts; or, the Holy Scriptures Analyzed," was the first that gave me an inkling of the contradictions, absurdities, and indecencies contained in the Bible. For years it was my handy reference for finding texts for arguments and talks against the holy volume, which in my girlhood was venerated to an extent that few people now realize. I am glad to see this old friend come out in a fresh, new garb, and hope every Liberal will send twenty-five cents and get one, and make a new friend out of Elmina's old friend. Address D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York. ELMINA.

THOSE who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER are losing a really intellectual feast. The letters of D. M. Bennett, the editor, from the Holy Land, now being published in that paper are unquestionably the very best that has ever been written from that country. The next country written up by Mr. Bennett will be Egypt—the land of the longest-known civilization. It should be remembered that he goes to these countries to get the EXACT TRUTH, and he will giv it without bias, prejudice, or partiality, and wholly free from religious cant and superstition. Of all the men in the world that could hav been selected for that purpose there is positivly not another so well qualified as he for that work. THE TRUTH SEEKER is the largest Liberal paper published in the world, and the price per year is only $3. A rare opportunity is here offered to get the best modern history of the world, besides an almost endless amount of other good reading. THE TRUTH SEEKER yet offers to those who are willing to aid Mr. D. M. Bennett in his Around-the-World trip, by giving him $5, the books of his travels, whether there be two or three, certainly not less than two, of a thousand pages each. We are really sorry for the person who is either unable or unwilling to take advantage of this remarkably good offer. The books will be worth a great deal more than the money.—*The Blade, Concordia, Kan.*

Communications.

A Very Ignorant Man!

"I suppose," said a reverend to me the other day, as he was looking at the photograph of Ingersoll in my album, "you would be angry if I told you what I think of that man." "Oh, no," was my response; "I would not get angry at a thing of that sort." "Well," said he, "I call Ingersoll a very ignorant man." "Of course," said I, "he is ignorant of some things, and so are we all;" and as he hastily left the house I thought to myself, What a pity it is that we hav not ten thousand more men who are ignorant in the same line as "our Bob" is; who do not know how to be hard, cold, and unsympathetic; who do not pretend to know all about the wishes, feelings, and character of a something they call God, and who spend no lifetime of labor in bolstering up a religion founded on myths, legends, and superstitions; who do not know how to believe in endless suffering inflicted upon poor, weak, erring human beings, by a creator who made them just what they are, and made them so they cannot draw a breath or lift a finger without his help, and who is consequently responsible for all the sin, misery, want, and crime that has ever existed on the earth.

Yes, we want more such ignorance as this. We want more Ingersolls to teach the good, the true and the beautiful; to speak tender, loving words over our dead—words that will soothe the sorrow of the bereft, and teach them that "the dead do not suffer. If they liv again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We hav no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, hav our religion, and it is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead."

If ignorance can speak truth, beauty, love, and compassion in such thrilling, entrancing, and convincing words that thousands flock to hear and admire, and the public prints repeat again and again the grand and glorious utterances, selecting them as gems of thought, as poetical conceptions, and sound and acceptable doctrins, then is ignorance the best of qualifications for a public speaker. If ignorance can earn tens of thousands of dollars pleading dry law cases in the courts of the country, where every word is subject to the keenest criticisms from the sharpest of intellects, then is it a blessing, indeed, to be ignorant.

Why, the most learned and intelligent among all your Campbellite preachers would not dare stand this test of public criticism. Not one of your reverend pleaders for God's (?) holy truths would dare stand before a jury of six Campbellite preachers and six Infidel lecturers, and deliver your sermons week after week, and allow the "ignorant" R. G. Ingersoll to plead on the other side!

You know too well the sophistry and weakness of your arguments for gods, heavens, and angels, to say nothing of devils and hells, to dare trust your hearers to see how easily they could be riddled by the hot shot of science, fact, and truth.

But Ingersoll pleads publicly against the whole horde of churches and their fifty thousand preachers, and challenges criticism, because he feels he has truth on his side, and he knows his eloquent utterances will go thundering down the ages long after the last god and ghost shall hav disappeared from the world.

In fine, if ignorance utters beautiful sentiments like the following, then may such ignorance be found all over the world:

"And do you know it is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you? Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think that love is eternal. And to love in that way, and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, while the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age."

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

The Right Boys for Ministers.

A farmer in the country wrote to the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, inquiring what profession they would advise him to choose for his young son, who, he stated, was a very good boy; "yet, he don't like the farm; he don't like farm work; he don't like to milk the cows, nor take care of them; he don't like to pick up stones on the meadows, nor make improvements on the farm. Yet he's a very good boy." To which S. E. Todd, Sen., replied: "Our country needs the most talented men and the most activ and promising boys on the farm. I hav no hesitancy at all by way of advising this inquirer what profession to to choose for his son. If he is an ill-natured, pugnacious cuss, always stoning the birds, kicking the dog, and trying to set him on the cat, let him study law. He will find his niche in the capacity of a country constable, a horse-jockeying pettifogger, or a legal attorney just competent to do the dirty drudgery of litigious and quarrelsome neighbors. But, if he is a wide-awake, activ, and energetic boy, who seems always ready and willing to take hold of anything, that is the boy for a farmer, who will make a mark, as an intelligent tiller of the soil, which will cheer and gladden the hearts of his parents. On the contrary, if the boy is hateful, indolent, disobliging, and never wants to do anything for himself, or any one else; if he is a boy of *one idea*, and is entirely satisfied to believe that the whale swallowed Jonah if his mother told him so, make a minister of him. You can never make a thorough-going farmer of such a one-idea dullard. Such a boy will be good for nothing except as a clergyman whom the women can run, while he can run a church."

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

The Rev. Mr. Milne.

A reporter of the *Tribune* met the Rev. George C. Milne last evening and propounded to him two questions: "Where does your utterance of Sunday leave you as to religious belief?" and, "What do the congregation of Unity Church think of your new departure?"

"As to the last question," said Mr. Milne "I hav not yet had an opportunity of learning officially the views of the congregation of Unity. Many of them think as I do, or at least think in the same plane. A considerable number are not yet ready to go as far as I hav gone. I hav spoken out what I felt, and hav not spoken hastily. My evolution of thought during the last five years, and especially during the last twelve months, has been rapid, and I am certainly further advanced than some of the members of Unity are willing to go at present. But if the church does not sustain me, I will leave it. As I feel to-night, if Unity church considers I hav gone too far for them, I will shut the doors of that church behind my back, and never enter the pulpit again. A three months' notice on either side is all that is called for by my agreement with Unity. Robert Collyer was settled there on that basis, and so was I. Very recently I resigned my pulpit, and it was only after two committees had called upon me, and I had been assured that I should be left absolutely unfettered to preach what I actually believed, that I withdrew my resignation. Probably in a week or so I shall be better able to tell the feelings of the people, and will know more about the future."

"Well, then, as to the first question?"

"Sunday's sermon, which was a series of three, pretty well defines my position. I hav abandoned supernaturalism entirely. My belief to-day is pure naturalism—that is, that men should only accept such evidence as is given them by their senses. I reject the idea of a personal God, of a hell, and of the immortality of man."

"In what do you, then, differ from those who, for want of a better term, are styled Agnostics?"

"I am not exactly an Agnostic, for I hold that the bulk of the testimony is against the existence of a personal God, a heaven, a hell, and the immortality of the soul. Nor am I careless about these things. I do not know what will be the result, but these utterances of mine will giv an opportunity to thousands who hold similar views to come out and boldly affirm their belief. There are many who hav held back for fear of offending. I am fully aware that these views are unpopular and much opposed to the tenets held by the majority, but people who share them can now come forward and state their belief."

"Considering, Mr. Milne, that your belief and that of those who think as you do amounts to a negation of all religious belief, what inducement is there for men to come forward and declare themselvs? Why should they constitute a church of unbelievers, or what use hav they for either church or preacher?"

"Oh, that is a form of Materialism with which I am not in sympathy. There are two classes of Materialists. The first class say: 'There is nothing after this life. Eat, drink, and be merry. Liv as honestly as you can, but if being honest interferes with your enjoyment, enjoy yourself, anyhow.' The other class say, 'Liv so that you can do some good to mankind, and make the world something better for your having lived in it.' As I understand my position, I am in the latter class."

"You are a long way in advance of the other Unitarian churches in Chicago, are you not?"

"A long way. There is the church of the Messiah, named after the Galilean, and presided over by the Rev. Brooke Herford. He is a good man—a kind of cross between Unitarianism and orthodoxy, with a strong leaning towards the latter. As he has reached an age at which men seldom extend their views, he will probably become more conservativ, rather than more advanced, in the future. He does not share my views—in fact, abhors them. The Third church has called the Rev. Mr. Carol, a Methodist clergyman from Pittsburgh, and a great friend of mine. He has strong leanings to orthodoxy, and has great respect for authorities. I hav thrown authority overboard altogether."

"In your church you hav had certain formulas, prayer, and singing of hymns. What are you going to do about them?"

"I hav given up prayer entirely. The essence of prayer is that it presupposes that the course of events can be changed by the being appealed to. As to the hymns. I giv you my word that I hav for a long time had the greatest difficulty in finding any that I could giv out without stultifying myself. I am opposed to many of the hymns in the Unity Church hymn book, because of their bloody theology. The great objection raised to men of my stripe is that we pull down and and do not build up. Now, I don't feel that way. My view of the church of the future is that it shall aim to instruct old and young in the ethics of humanity, and teach them to do good. It should also be a sort of club, bringing people together socially and generally elevating their moral tone."

"There are social features connected with the orthodox churches."

"Yes; but the influence of the orthodox churches is dying out, and a spirit of indifferentism is making itself manifest more and more every year. I would substitute for that a church which, abandoning supernaturalism altogether and appealing to men's reason instead of their fears, should help them to make the world better. Mine is the Materialism of George Eliot, and my conception is that of the City of Light of which Adler has spoken."

"A sort of moral Utopia, Mr. Milne?"

"Precisely. You will find the same expression in my sermon."

A Testimonial.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Anything produced by the brain of Col. Ingersoll, no matter how pure and lofty the sentiments may be, calls forth condemnation from bigoted Christians. Upon him in particular their whole combined force seems to center. They say the colonel is weakening in his views of immortality. Now, I cannot see in any of his writings or speeches where he has tried to take one hope away or asserted that death is the end of life. "Hope sees a star, and love hears the rustle of a wing. I will not take hope away from any human breast. Hope is born of love." I wish Christians would read all of his writings, and not, like Lazarus, be picking up the crumbs when an intellectual feast is prepared for them.

A visitation of nearly three months' sickness in my family resulted in my losing two out of three boys. Before and while watching at their bedside I gave the subject of immortality my most serious thought, and when my children died no parent's heart, it seems to me, could feel more pain or anguish. With my thinking and reasoning powers strained to the utmost tension I would hav wrested the secret if possible. As an Agnostic I can but say, It may be there is another life. I cannot assert anything I do not know, and what lovable heart will not join in with the colonel and say, "Hope sees a star?" When reading orthodox articles about Colonol Ingersoll, I can see from their very narrowness how little they know of his true character, and in proportion to their bitterness and narrow minds do they judge him. To what purposes the lessons of superstitious teachings will urge men, those only know who hav felt their power. It is my fortune to hav served in Colonel Ingersoll's regiment as sergeant, and it is always with pain that I read of attacks made upon him. In his military life, of which I am cognizant, I defy any one to bring a charge against him. His purse was open to the "boys" if their necessities required, and he had anything in it. Appeal to the colonel was sufficient for redress of wrongs or injustice, and when he left the regiment "he carried the affections of his boys with him." In my sorrows, some Christian ladies, seeing my affliction, and knowing I was an Infidel, for the time being forgot bigotry and did all they could for me; and in a card inserted in the *Wabasha Herald* I thanked them for their kindness and took occasion to say that Col. Ingersoll did not make war upon that kind of Christianity. He says, "Help for the living."

I hav a letter from the colonel. It was never intended for the public, but as he is styled the champion blasphemer, and his character made to appear the opposit of what it is, and as this letter may possibly bring consolation to some wounded heart, as it did to mine, even at the risk of losing his friendship, if he knows of it, I will submit it for publication. When it was written he knew of the loss of only one of my boys. I would especially recommend Mr. Talmage to read it to his congregation, and the next Sunday read Numbers xxvi. Here it is:

"Just this moment I read of your great grief. I know that words are of little worth and that time only can heal the wounds of the heart. I want you to know that I sympathize with you deeply and tenderly. If there is another life your boy is better now; if there is none, he is at peace. The dead do not weep. I feel that it is almost a sacrilege to say even these few words. Grief is sacred; and I not only sympathize with you, but with the heart-broken mother, whose tears will flow while memory livs. There will be some compensation in the fact that your sorrows will increase your love for each other. To hav suffered together strengthens and sanctifies the holy ties of heart and home. The vacant chair will bring you nearer together, and always above the little grave you will lovingly clasp hands.

"Hoping that the future has for you no other grief, I remain, "Your sincere friend, "R. G. INGERSOLL."

CHARLES VENABLES,
Late Qr.-Mr., Sergt., Co. "B." 11th Ill. Vet. Cav. Vols.

Plainview, Minn., Feb. 3, 1882.

More Christian Lies.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Since Judge Black retired howling from his rencontre with Ingersoll, the *North American Review* has, as you well know, demonstrated its impartiality by having Prof. Fisher write an article in defense of Christianity, which, I suppose, will close the discussion.

Fisher ends his article with the remark that if any of his statements are contradicted, he will not attempt to vindicate them, which is a mighty prudent course. He couldn't vindicate the few which I shall contradict if he should try till doomsday.

"Materialism," says Fisher, "either in a bald form *or in its Agnostic dress*," is at the bottom of the opposition to Christianity. The words in italics involve lie the first. The Agnostic is no Materialist, and Fisher knows it. The Agnostic doctrin is that the human mind cannot explain itself, and, therefore, that neither Materialism nor the opposit theory of idealism, both of which attempt to do just this, can be received, even as a hypothesis. Far from destroying any rational hope of a future existence, this leaves the mind fully open to any evidence of such an existence that can be found.

"Assailants of Christianity in American journals frequently take up last century weapons which hav been cast aside by adversaries of the gospel who are abreast of the times." This is lie the second. The weapons of Thomas Paine hav never been cast aside by anybody. Strauss, Renan, and other modern Liberals do not use them much, because they write for scholars, who do not need to be convinced that the Bible is no "infallible rule of faith and practice." For those who think it is, Paine's artillery is as good as ever, and, indeed, on such opponents the improved canon of Strauss and Renan would be simply misapplied.

"Christianity is a still advancing religion." Lie the third. The statistics of America, England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, South America, Spain, Scandinavia, all show that it is a rapidly declining religion.

"The burden of disproving Christianity, and demonstrating that it rests on a false foundation, properly falls on the assailing party." This is not a mistake, but a lie. Fisher presumes on his readers' ignorance. Every one who has read a book on logic—and every man who has been to college has—knows that he who affirms must prove. He who denies need only say that he sees no sufficient evidence.

Fisher draws the usual absurd caricature of pagan antiquity. "Charity, compassionate love, says Boeckh, one of the profoundest classical scholars of the present age, was no virtue of the ancient world." Then Boeckh lies. Charity to the poor was a virtue much praised, cultivated, and enjoined in ancient Greece. That foolish, indiscriminate benevolence which has filled Europe with pauperism, did, indeed, *come into Europe* with Christianity. But it was always rampant in Asia. "In all antiquity the individual was merged in the state." No, no! Only in Greek and Roman antiquity. The stale Christian caricature of ancient morals is produced by confining attention to two countries, and putting together the faults of both, though they were quite different in every conceivable respect. Roman cruelty, Grecian sexual irregularities, and Græco-Roman slavery are all lumped together as parts of one portrait. But no people could be more feeling than the Greeks, more chaste than the Romans before that proud name was extended to all creation, or more devoted to liberty than the Germans. The latter were also very chaste. And as for the sloppy benevolence of Christianity, it never gushed more freely than that of Buddhism or that of Laotse.

"In Christian monasteries" (during the dark ages) "the remains of ancient literature were preserved." This thousand-times-repeated lie has been refuted as often as told. The Christian church annihilated art, literature, learning, science, and philosophy throughout the West. Aristotle, afterward her own great oracle, was lost for four centuries. In the East the treasures of Grecian intellect were too exuberant to be wholly destroyed, but they were no longer valued. It was the Mohammedan Arabs who appreciated the literature of Greece, translated it, and restored it to ungrateful Rome, when experience had taught popes and cardinals that to extinguish the light of human reason utterly was dangerous even to the stability of religion itself.

Apologizing for the Jewish wars of extermination, Fisher says: "The opportunity was given to a besieged city to surrender and become tributary. The inhabitants had the option of saving their lives." Lie. "Seven nations" are expressly excluded from that provision, *and these seven "nations," or petty tribes, are the only ones the Jews ever appear to hav conquered!* You observe that I assume the authenticity of their own narrativs.

"No such man as Nebuchadnezzar would hav been endured by the Hebrew people." Nebuchadnezzar worse than David! Oh, oh!

"A [Hebrew] father might for money dispose of his daughter, but . . . the purchase money might be looked upon somewhat in the light of a dowry." How absurd! A dowry is a sum of money given a bride by her parents, with the understanding (usually) that her husband is entitled to the use of it, but not to consume the principal. What has this in common with a man selling his daughter? The two customs are as unlike as possible, and belong to totally opposit states of society.

"It was the influence of the gospel which eventually abolished slavery in the Roman empire and serfdom in the middle ages." Slavery never was abolished in the Roman empire. It was to a certain extent discontinued after the dissolution of the Western empire, not because the slaves were emancipated, but because the masters were ruined and the slaves run wild. But slavery continued to be lawful in France till after the establishment of the monarchy by Philip Augustus; in Spain and Italy till the French Revolution; in Greece till 1828; in England till Judge Holt decided otherwise in the last century. As to serfdom, *it was established by degrees between the reigns of the Christian emperors Constantine and Theodosius; and, moreover, the serfs were not partially emancipated slaves, but partially enslaved citizens.* The Theodosian code declares laborers without property to be serfs (*servi*, the common Latin word for slaves) to the landlords on whose estates they work, and the ruined class of small proprietors (curiales) were also declared to be slaves of the state attached to the soil (*servi imperii, adscripti glebæ*). This system of serfdom, instead of being abolished, increased enormously during the middle ages. It was not abolished in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany till the Revolution, nor in Hungary and Russia till our own time. In England it was discontinued by degrees because the stubborn temper of the English peasants made it unprofitable, and because (the Saxon invasion having completely eradicated the Roman element of British civilization) it had never been very firmly established. So much for that complicated, many-sided lie!

"The old Canaanite tribes were steeped in a worse than brutal sensuality. The foulest incest was not the extreme point of their pollution." How does Fisher know this? The Bible, with all its abuse of the Canaanites, does not say so; and from what we know of the Phœnicians and Carthagenians it does not seem probable that they were materially worse than their neighbors.

I am far from having answered all Fisher's lies, for, in fact, they are almost innumerable; but I can not refrain from noticing some other observations, which, though true or half true, are exceedingly funny and suggestiv. "The Song of Solomon contains (except in one passage, chapter vii, 1–9, which is an interpolation) nothing to which a pure mind can take exception." You see I havn't a pure mind. Chapters i, 13; ii, 5, 6; viii, 3, seem to me slightly too warm for good taste. "Aristotle defends slavery on the ground that the slave is an animated tool." Yes, and the united clergy of America, on the ground that a mythical person called Noah cursed another mythical person called Ham, whose very name, being the eponym of Egypt, called in its own language Hama, or rather Kama, shows that he was not supposed to be the ancestor of the negroes, but only of the Egyptians! "The noblest man of all the ancients went to visit a prostitute; not to advise her to 'sin no more,' but to talk on the question how to ply her vocation with most profit." Let's see; why did Beecher (the most popular of American Christian preachers) visit Mrs. Tilton? But I beg pardon of Phryne. Whatever may hav been the faults of the pagan woman, it is most unjust to name the two in the same breath.

C. L. James.

Prohibition.

It is not the province of Liberalism, as I understand it, so much to "remove temptation" as to cultivate the growth and stimulate the exercise of moral vertebra, to develop self-control, and to fortify character against everything calculated to injure. Strong and vigorous manhood consists in resisting evil influences, like the sturdy oak, bidding defiance to heat and cold, and to the storms and blasts of heaven.

"Liberta's" solicitude for the weak ones is equal to that of the old lady for her son, whom she forbade going near the water until he had first learned to swim.

This is a world, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, where there is more temptation to the square acre than any place yet heard from out of hades. Temptation began in the "Garden of Eden," and I fear it will never let up on us poor devils until the curtain falls upon the final crack of doom. Had the "snaik," and the woman, and the "tree of knowledge" been "prohibited," Adam would undoubtedly hav stood up to the business like a man. As it was, he "fell." Most any one of us would hav done the same thing. The pressure was too much for him. The great High Ham had no business to put temptation in his way. Gov. St. John was not there to advise him, and Comstock and the Christian Assassination Society were not on hand to read proof and correct errors in the plan of damnation. There, all alone, without help, new at the business, and not very well anyhow, High Ham, no doubt, did the best he could under the circumstances. But he ought not to hav got his back up so high with Adam. Adam was not to blame. It was the fruit and the woman. The proper thing would hav been a prohibitory law, the fruit destroyed, Eve heavily fined and imprisoned for the diabolical crime of selling or giving Adam the apple, the serpent ejected, and the holes in the fence stopped up and made snake-proof.

Thus protected from every breath of harm and temptation, Adam would hav braced up and flourished like a green bay-tree. But no! High Ham must needs wreak his blarsted vengeance on the poor fellow, and incontinently kick him out of the garden. No man was ever known to fall by himself! But, of course, if you let a measly woman come prowling around to tempt him, he is a goner nineteen times out of ten.

That is why all temptation should be removed from man. He is a pretty decent kind of an animal, but he won't stand too much temptation. Horse-stealing is prevalent in the West; how to stop it has puzzled wise heads, but the prophet St. John has solved the problem. Eureka! prohibit horses! remove temptation! Young men ought not to be tempted, and so long as horses are allowed to waltz up and down the streets in broad light of day and display their seductiv charms, young men and old men who never before so much as dreamed of violating the eighth commandment will be dragged down to ruin. Those dens of infamy, livery stables, must be closed up, and their vile keepers lariated out on the prairie and kicked to death by bob-sleds. Such sink-holes of iniquity as watermelon patches, orchards, clothes-lines, and chicken-coops must be removed, and cease to corrupt the innocent and unsuspecting youth of our land.

Do not turn away with indifference, dear reader. You don't know how soon a dear brother or son may stumble and fall—get hold of some marked clothes or encounter one of those ungodly chicken torpedoes on a roost and get blowed into kingdom come. They never would hav gone there but for the clothes or chickens.

How many generous-hearted, noble young men, fresh from the sacred influences of home, hav jumped their board and wash-bills, which they never would hav done had those vestibules of hell—laundries and hash-houses—been blotted from existence Banks, stores, safes, express and passenger trains, are being daily thrown in the way of our loved ones. They hesitate (to see if the coast is clear); they toy for a moment upon the brink, and—over they go into the pen. Temptation did it! O my countrymen! is there no balm in Gilead? no doctor there? St. John says there is. Down with temptation! And down with everybody that don't yell, "Down with temptation," too!

The fact is, man has been out in the weather, exposed to temptation, long enough. Take him in out of the wet. Put bib and diapers on him; put him in the nursery under the care of old granny he and she nurses. Tie him up to a statutory pole like a hop vine or a sweet pea, or trail him up to the legislativ porch like a morning-glory, and let him gracefully entwine about a string as he soars heavenward. Let the church suckle him and tenderly water him with the dews of divine grace, and, my word for it, he will flourish with rankest luxuriance—till frost comes! Then you can mop him up into a bucket and carry him out to fertilize the garden with—about the first and best use you can put him to.

But that is not the kind of a thing Liberalism is endeavoring to propogate. And those are not the methods approved by Liberalism for the growth of men.

When a prominent New Yorker, whose name I now forget, was asked, upon the witness-stand if he was a Spiritualist, he replied, "Yes, but not a damn fool." Any total abstinence Liberal (and their name is legion) who does not hanker after legislativ power to force total abstinence down the throats of his fellows with a legal ramrod is privileged to say, and say it truthfully, "Yes I am a Liberal; I am a teetotaler, but I am not a damn fool."

I cannot close without entering a protest against "Liberta's" holding the Yankee up before the German as a bright and shining example for him to imitate. The illustration and lesson will apply if you will only turn it other end to. The first work in the cause of temperance is to Germanize the Yankee—induce him to sit down and drink instead of standing up to it like a giraffe; induce him to sip and chat alternately instead of throwing it down viciously, as you would hurl a rock at a mad dog; induce him to eat a bretzel or something else with his drink, thereby promoting instead of destroying the peristaltic motion of the stomach. But, above all, induce him to quench his thirst with beer instead of intensifying it and setting his brain on fire with fusil-oil-strychnin-forty-rod-kill-me-quick "rot-gut."

The abuse of anything is no argument against the thing itself. One man out of a hundred abuses liberty. Ought the ninety and nine to suffer the loss of theirs in consequence?

S. R. Shepherd.

Leavenworth, Kan., Jan. 29, 1882.

A Catalog of our publications will be sent free on application.

Letters from Friends.

SHARON, PA., Feb. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find post-office order for $5, which apply on the Round-the-World fund.

Respectfully yours, JOHN DIXON.

ALBION, IOWA, Feb. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed a post-office order for $9—five for the Round-the-World fund and four on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours truly, J. B. CRIPPS.

ALTON, ILL,, Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. DITOR: Inclosed please find $5.00 for subscription to Round-the-World fund.

Very truly yours, E. L. BARNARD.

GIBSONVILLE, CAL., Jan. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8.75—$3.00 to pay for J. S. Gould's paper for 1882, and $5.00 for his subscription on the Round-the-World trip. The balance use as directed. Yours truly, H G. SQUIER.

HILLSBORO, ILL., Feb. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: "Better late than never" is the fortification I adopt. Away from home, around the globe gathering roses to adorn his brow, here is $5.00 to bring Mr. Bennett back, that we may all rejoice at his coming. Yours ever for truth, liberty, and justice,

W. S. WALTER.

WARSAW, ILL., Feb. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Although late, I send money order for $10.25 for books as per order, and $5 to help brother Bennett home, or after he gets home, if he ever does, which I hope he will, and in as good or even better health than when he left, never having been in favor of sending him away. I would like to hear that he had arrived home all right.

Respectfully yours, LEVI KENNEDY.

EUREKA, COL., Feb. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find draft for $8.00—$3.00 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the present year, and $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip. I am a little behind with my subscription, and the only excuse I can offer is that I hav been wintering away up in the mountains, nearly 1,200 feet above the sea—a little nearer the Christian's heaven than you ever expect to get, I suppose. Wishing our noble champion a safe return, I remain, Yours truly, WM. NORRIS.

NEOLA, IOWA, Feb. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find draft for $13, which you will please apply as follows: $5 to credit of Mrs. C. B. Stone for Round-the-World fund; $5 to credit of J. A. Hamilton for Round-the-World fund; and $3 to my credit on subscription to your paper in payment for same to January 1, '83. It has been our intention to send these amounts for some time, but until now our time has been limited and it has been neglected until almost too late to reap the early benefits.

J. A. HAMILTON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Feb. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8.00—$3.00 for my subscription for the paper, and $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip. Mr. Bennett's letters are splendid. He takes his readers right along with him, shows them what he sees, so much so that it is almost like being there with him, and what escapes his notice is not worth telling. The books I must hav, for so much good reading must be preserved for the future. Hoping Mr. Bennett may enjoy good health, and return to his home safe and well, I remain,

Yours truly, JOHN D. EAGER.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8.00—$3.00 for your paper for a year, and $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip. Hope I am not too late. I am just coming in on the eleventh hour, with my lamp full of oil, to light Mr. Bennett through the promised land, and back to his loving wife. I am very well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is the best paper I hav ever read. Wishing Mr. Bennett a safe return to American soil, I remain,

Yours respectfully, JOHN STAFFORD.

DAYTON, OR., Feb. 1, 1882.

BRO. MACDONALD: Inclosed please find money order for $5 for the Round-the-World fund. I come in the eleventh hour, like a tardy church-member, but as the old and time-honored adage goes, "Better late than never," and I know that the God I worship is not so relentless and unforgiving as the church-members' God, therefore I hav no fear of having tempted the wrath beyond forgivness of our God, who is now traveling in the Holy Land, telling us something about those ancient and holy cities where the old religious frauds and fanatics used to dwell, and he does it in a manner that almost makes you think you are there seeing it with your own eyes, and thereby shows that he is one of the best writers of the age.

Freethought in our beautiful Western state is yet in its very infancy, but is fast gaining recruits for its ranks. Since Dr. York, of California, was lecturng in this state last summer, he took the scales from the eyes of a great many Christians who were kept in the dark by the black coats.

There are quite a number of Freethinkers in Dayton, but very few that are outspoken. Those that are in business say that if they said they were Infidels it would ruin them and their business, because this is a Christian town. Mr. J. B. Riley, one of the best and most influential citizens of Dayton, is about the only real outspoken Liberal here, who has not much fear of a hereafter, hell-fire, or everlasting damnation. But I am monopolizing too much of your valuable time, and therefore will close my epistle. Ever yours in the cause of Freethought,

MARTIN J. MILLER.

CENTRAL, S. C., Feb. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to help our "scribe" safely home from his trip around the world. I was one of the small minority who opposed the Round-the-World enterprise, but I cheerfully, yes, gladly, contribute my "V" for the purpose of getting Mr. Bennett home once more; besides, I want and must hav the books descriptiv of the great voyage. I am truly sorry that I can't just at this time remit my dues to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please indulge me a week or two longer, and I will not remain on the delinquent list much longer. It is my misfortune, and not my fault that, I am there now.

Fraternally, O. W. CASEY.

LYNN CAMP, KY., Feb. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav wished to become a contributor to the Round-the-World fund ever since the proposition of Mr. Coleman was made to and accepted by D. M. Bennett, but I hav been in such straitened circumstances financially that it has been utterly out of my power, until now I see that the books will be held open till Feb. 20th. Inclosed find $5 for the same, as I wish so much to hav my name enrolled along with that noble band of Liberals. I wish the state and post-office address could be attached to each and every name in the list. It would giv a bird's-eye view of how those noble Liberals are distributed over the country. Yours truly, W. R. BARTON.

DENVER, IOWA, Feb. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: When expecting a combined attack from the "soldiers of the cross" upon our little army of the sons of liberty, I could not consent to the "leave of absence" of General D. M. Bennett. But as he decided to "swing the circle" in a general reconnoisance, I could do no better as a private picket than to "trust in gun and keep the powder dry," and when the general returns I want a copy of his "general order" for preservation, and therefore inclose a postal order for a "V." I don't want any "stars," that looks too much like the fashion up in kingdom come, nor do I expect to head the list in accordance with that celestial motto, "The last shall be first."

I expect while I liv to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. I find much instruction and some amusement therein. I was much amused to see a zealous writer in the last denounce "murderous gods," "bloody-minded, cold-blooded destroyers," etc. And while acknowledging that the worship of such gods "hath soaked the earth with human gore," on bended knee before such god he demands, that "every murderous wretch should die without mercy." This is really funny. The writer has a marked ability for soberly holding up blood to ridicule.

Excuse a few questions: What is the object of punishment? Is hanging any punishment when sensation ends as the drop falls? As "like begets like," are the baser passions inflamed by witnessing such inflictions? How long has "life for life," as a reformatory measure, been tried? and with what success? Has murder increased in the states which hav some time since abolished capital executions? Has any man the right to take human life except in self-defense? As republican governments derive all powers from the people, can such governments rightfully take life except in self-defense? Under the Mosaic dispensation, is life becoming more secure? How many murders are daily committed in the United States? and is the number increasing or diminishing?

Yours truly, M. FARRINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a regular reader of your valuable paper ever since Mr. Bennett was shut up in prison by his malicious persecutors, and hav come to regard it as a very essential part of my mental food and cannot well do without it. I hav heretofore purchased it weekly at the news stands, but I wish now to subscribe for it for four months from date, and also to be one of the eleventh-hour subscribers of $5 to bring our very worthy and beloved traveling brother home again. I sincerely hope (and would earnestly pray if I thought it would do any good) he may hav a safe and in every way a successful and prosperous tour around this globe. I would gladly hav subscribed to this fund before, but could not conveniently do it.

Some time since I was at a protracted meeting in one of Jersey's inland towns while a "revival of religion" was in progress, and was witness to what is, perhaps, nothing unusual on such occasions; but as many of your readers do not hav the opportunity to be present at an entertainment of this kind, I will describe it for their benefit without any exaggeration. Among the mourners who were up to the altar to be prayed for was one young man who was evidently in dead earnest to hav his sins all washed away in the "blood of the lamb," and he wanted it to be done then and there, and no mistake about it. With his sleeves rolled up, and his arms extended as if reaching out to his imaginary God, he was bellowing (or I suppose I should call it praying) at the top of his voice over and over again as follows: "O Lord, ah, bless me, Lord, ah; just now, Lord, ah, take me just as I am, Lord, ah. I've got nothing agin you, Lord, ah; I've got nothing agin you. Bless me just now, and I'll never sin agin you any more." And as the mourner in question was not the owner of a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, his employer had kindly loaned him an overcoat and boots for the occasion, which fact, being known to the "worldly young men," for weeks and months afterward it was a common thing to hear the above prayer quoted, with the addition of, "Take me now, just as I am, Ben M———'s, overcoat, boots, and all." Whether the Lord took him just as he was this deponent sayeth not.

Inclosed find $6, and please credit as above for

J. R. BARRY.

BAKER'S CORNER, IND., Jan. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to help Mr. Bennett home from the Round-the-World trip. I thought I would hav sent before this time, but I hav had a very tedious time at my house with typhoid fever. We hav all recovered from it, and it left us not as near ready to die as we were before, for we hav got our doctor bill to pay yet; but I thought I would run the risk of getting ready and send one $5 to help our dear old brother Bennett home, for I am anxious for the time to come for him and those big guns to come together. We hav some of these awful goody good orthodox ministers not far from us, that are blowing terribly about him, and are fixing themselvs to compete with him. One of them will be ready in another six months to throw the old case off of his track in a hurry with his Bible and sword. I hope Mr. Bennett will make the time interesting for them. We think we could not do without THE TRUTH SEEKER by any means, it strengthens our spirits so. I hav for myself experienced a great pleasure since I hav been seeking the truth. The good spirit has helped me in the last year, I know. I will tell the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER why I know this. I had hoped and prayed if I was to lose any of my children that the good spirit would giv me warning of it before the last moment. Last spring I had a vision, and I saw my little baby boy passing to the spirit world. I told my husband that our baby was to die in two or three months. The babe seemed to be well and hearty as common when I saw the vision, but in the third month he went, and oh, my dear friends, what a comfort that vision has been to me; and I do hope the time will come when all mothers' troubles will be lightened as mine were, even made more clear to them. I cannot wish my babe back again to liv in this world, to be scared and tormented by a set of preachers telling them they are sure of hell if they don't join their church, so that they (the preachers) can get a little mony for themselvs.

I think it is necessary for every Liberal thinker to take a share in a Liberal orphan home. If Mrs. Lincoln could hav enough sense beat in her to let her know that she wasn't suffering, and let her $5,000 go to help the poor people of our land, it would be better. It is to be hoped by all sensible persons that she and some more like her will die and go to their resting-place, where they will not need so much silk to wear; and, kind friends, let us all work in earnest to put down such nonsense as giving to those that do not need it, and giv to help make Liberal homes for the needy of our land.

If you will send some posters of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we will put them where they will be seen, and try to get some more to sign for your paper; for if they would take time and read it there would be more Liberal-spoken men here than we hav. Hoping your paper will be extensivly circulated in this vicinity before long, I remain Your well wisher,

MRS. A. BAKER.

Jan. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had the usual religious revival. Sunday night I went out of curiosity, like lots of Liberal people I saw around me in that back corner; the saints and those converted during the week sitting on the front seats, of course. As usual, the most intelligent faces are those of Liberals; as James Parton said at the New York convention, "If we cannot count the most noses, we can the most brains." Verily, it is true that those having the smallest souls make the most fuss about having them saved. With all the praying, singing, and beseeching, they did not get a single convert to go up this evening. Too much Infidel element, I suppose, present. The argument, if it can be called such, of these ignorant preachers is an insult to common sense. There were three exhorters, one of them insane since the meetings began, and he of course was the most earnest. They cannot see that this religious emotion or frenzy is insanity itself. The more sincere one is, the more insane. T is man's particular theme was the grand plan of salvation. He could not see why everybody would not accept it, etc. In his cadaverous face and glittering eye one could see the same spirit working that sacrificed human life to an imaginary inspirer from

Abraham through the religious persecution of the middle ages, when fanatics had supreme control, down to the present day of the Freeman and Guiteau murders. It would not take much more of this frenzy to make this man before me, I thought, kill those who would not with him accept the grand plan of salvation. Would that all might read Mr. Bennett's tract on this "grand plan." It is a most conclusiv argument, showing up the grand failure; that, according to the Bible, nine-tenths of us are doomed to hell any way from the beginning.

The only speech approaching argument was by a conceited young preacher named Britt, whom his friends think very smart, and who thinks because he has read Ingersoll some he has mastered the whole Infidel argument. He said these moral people were so busy admiring their own goodness that they would fall into the pit unawares. He had read in Ingersoll's last lecture, "laughter," "renewed laughter," "applause and laughter," etc., and thought it shocking that he made sport of this sacred subject that had occupied the minds of men for centuries Thanks to these priests who keep nagging at the people for the sake of an easy living. He did not of course quote argument and try to answer or tell how in that same lecture Ingersoll sorted the good out of the gospel and indorsed it, merely ridiculing the bad, claiming it had been interpolated by designing priests, and proving it, too.

This Britt is evidently envious, as all these little preachers are, of the great Infidel's wonderful ability to entertain an audience. If these reverends would drop the gloomy pit subject, as hav done their more clever compeers, remember people love the bright side of this short life, try to entertain and enliven, they would gain more respect from the sensible. Britt sneered very much at reason. It was claimed, he said, that reason would guide us to do right. Why, then, did the Hindoo mother throw her little one into the Ganges, and the nativs bow down to wooden idols? They had no Christianity there, etc. He did not inform us that this was their religion taught by their priests, only another form of superstition—not bright reason. After all, the Hindoo mother is not so cruel as their orthodox God—her child's sufferings are soon ended, while he designs that they shall suffer eternally in that bottomless pit so carefully prepared from the beginning, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." I hav no doubt if Christians told these "heathen" that they eat the flesh and drink the blood of their god who died a long time ago, every few weeks, they would think it sillier than bowing to wood and stone. It is more repulsiv, anyhow, as well as all their blood doctrins.

Another preacher talked of angels' visits (this aristocracy of the air, as Ingersoll calls them), and Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt for looking back, advising none there to look back. I could not help wishing to my neighbor, the editor's wife, who is half Liberal, that the drunken father and incestor's daughters had been turned into something instead of proceeding on their iniquitous way. But such is Christian justice, persecuting innocence, letting the guilty go free. I should think they would be ashamed to speak of the Lot affair, as Bible readers must know how these three godly ones acted after being saved by God. One of the brethren prayed that a big concern might roll over all unbelievers who did not love and follow Jesus. Maybe he meant a kind of Juggernaut car to crush us. There was some mirth on the back seats when that prayer ascended.

After the regular, came the experience and prayer meeting. It was saddening to see peoele, mostly women, under such an unhealthy excitement, crying, protesting they never would turn back, etc., the light of the fanatic in their eye. It was easy to see they could do almost anything if they thought it would further the cause of Jesus. Finally, when they saw no new converts come up the preacher, asked all to rise who hoped to be saved by loving and serving the Lord, about every one but me arose slowly. I will not even seem to encourage such hypocrisy. The preacher hoped many would yet come before the meeting closed, etc.

I left with a sickening sense of pity for these insane leaders and their deluded followers. I had listened all through for some remark as to the higher duties of life, our obligations to one another, kindness and toleration as to mere belief (which are nothing to actions), but in vain. No appeal to common sense and reason was made for these things, which alone beautify and make life worth living.

Mr. Britt is indignant at my lending books, papers, and tracts around, "drawing Christians away from church." By being so personal he offended a lady who had borrowed one of the books, and she did not go again. Verily, on what a sandy foundation must Christianity rest that it will not bear argument! Its leaders already feel it giving way, and realize they will probably hav to work for a living, like other people, soon. I am going to try to get up a public reading of the Bennett-Mair Discussion.

Inclosed is $6.50—$5.00 for renewal of my subscription, and the balance to be used as directed.

Mr. Wakeman's lectures are grand, showing how the religion of Liberalism is built up of the natural sciences. I wish our opponents would accept bright science instead of their barbarous creeds and dogmas about faith and blood. ANNIE EVEREST.

REDWOOD FALLS, MINN., Jan. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find ten cents, for which send to my address a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER for Jan. 14th. I carelessly left my paper of that date in a waiting-room, and some one must hav taken it. The last I saw of it two young ladies who were waiting for the train were reading it and seemed to be very much interested in its contents. I do not accuse them of taking it, but if they did it only goes to show how eager the rising generation of fair sex are for the truth.

In haste, yours truly, H. S. VOTAW.

LOCUST BAYOU, ARK., Dec. 28, 1881.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Please find inclosed money order for $3 for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for the year 1882. I think our Christian friends hav made two grand mistakes, one when they imprisoned Mr. Bennett, and again when the whole civilized world prayed for the recovery of President Garfield. They should hav known before they put up such long petitions that he would hav restored him; but it is all right with them (the Christians), as I hav not seen a line in their papers where they expressed dissatisfaction because their God did not hear them. That givs the lie to "whatever ye ask in my name," etc.

I thank Bro. J. Allen Noe for his article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 24th, entitled "God or No God." My sentiments. "Think of it, a great intelligence before there was any universe, any space for that intelligence to abide in. Then think again of God making a natural law; what did he hav to make it of?" Also to friend Holt for his communication, "The Evidences of Christ's Miraculous Birth." I should like the "reverends" to read that to their congregations. If they are after the truth why should they not? I expect it is a consideration of bread and butter with them. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN H HASLAM,

EAST RODMAN, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I suggest that James Parton, or some other historian—though I think Mr. Parton is better qualified than any other—write a United States history, giving Thomas Paine such prominence as his deeds deserve—and no more, of course—on the plan of D. M. Bennett Around-the-World—a thorough and comprehensiv work, or an abridged school history. I will take five copies to start with. We are needing something of the kind. The present historians systematically ignore Thomas Paine's aid and patriotism in the great struggle for independence. If such a history were written, it would come in direct conflict with these bogus, semi-religious ones of the present (J. D. McCabe, for instance), and inquiring people, studying our history, would soon discriminate against the imperfect. Think of it, if you hav not before Yours truly, M. E ROSE.

BUTTE CITY, M. T., Feb. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: My trial subscription ends this month. Find inclosed $3 for your paper for the ensuing year. I consider it the best paper published. I was interested in J. Allen Noe's letter on "No God." C. L. James endeavored to answer his belief this week, with, I think, very poor success. I cannot see why man should bother his head about the beginning of life. It is unexplainable, and the "first cause" has never troubled itself about man. I believe with the late Prof. Draper that climate has made man what he is to-day. Man improved himself without divine aid, and consequently ought not to seek the great supreme in anything. My idea of God is expressed by Mr. Bennett in his letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 4th.

If there was not such a rambling lot of people in this city I could get plenty of subscribers for your paper. There are plenty of Freethinkers in this territory. The territorial legislation has tried time and again to force a Sunday law on the people, but hav signally failed. With best wishes, I remain,

Yours respectfully, FRED COOKE.

FARLINVILLE, Feb. 1, 1881.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find six dollars, for which you will please send me the inclosed list of books and place balance to my credit on the paper.

I had intended to write before, as I was anxious to hav Mr. Bennett tell us more about that field that so many people were harvesting in, spoken of in the Bible. That must be a tremendous big field, and I don't know what Bennett means by calling that a seven-by-nine country. It must be larger than this to hav such a field in it. There are farms in some parts of this country that employ from three to four hundred men in harvest time, but what is that to one field having over fifty thousand men harvesting in it? In fact, we don't know how many more there was. This much we are told, that some of them were curious enough to look into that old box (the ark), and for their curiosity God killed 50,070 men, and it don't say how many got away; of course some did, or the harvesting would never hav been finished. Only think of the widows and orphans that were made just for that seemingly slight offense. I don't wonder that they sent word over to the men in the next field to come and get the old thing. I think that Bennett should hav been cautioned about all those things. Some one should hav told him that if he saw any old chest for God's sake not to look into it (it would be just like him to do it), but to let it alone, as we do not want to hear that he has been blown all to smithereens. I hope he will liv to complete his journey, and then I shall want him to make a tour of the United States and shake hands with as many of his friends and admirers as he can, one of whom is Your humble servant, H. E. DEWEY.

ARRINGTON, KAN., Feb. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberal cause is still advancing in this vicinity, having at last a hearing. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th inst. J. E. Remsburg, of Atchison, lectured here. His first was a vindication of the writings and character of Thomas Paine, which, I must say, was the best effort of the kind I hav ever heard, complete in all its details. The second was equally as good in answering the question, Was Lincoln a Christian? No one hearing him and listening to his proofs on the subject would dare repeat that stale falsehood that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. The third was on the Sabbath, and, like the others, was unanswerable. Indeed, J. E. Remsburg is one of the ablest and best defenders of our cause I hav listened to, and I would say to all, Hav him lecture to you. He will both entertain and instruct you. His manner of handling his subject is such as to command the attention of his audience, I care not how much they may differ with him. Indeed he is one of those rare men who can get a hearing where many others would fail, therefore I hope he will be soon called into the lecture field and be appreciated as his merits and abilities deserve.

Your friend, R. A. VANWINKLE.

ADRIAN, MICH., Feb. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I was very glad to notice in the last TRUTH SEEKER a little article signed William Black, with a donation of $10 for that aged veteran, a lifelong Freethinker, and a truly benevolent man, Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J. If friend Black can hav access to THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 18, 1880, he will there find a beautiful compliment, all in rhyme, from friend Hacker, to a benevolent friend that had made him a contribution; then, following this, he will notice a little sketch of his truly benevolent character in caring for the unfortunate that I think will satisfy him or any other person that this is the real Jeremiah Hacker that was editor of a little paper in Portland, Me., twenty years ago, called the *Pleasure Boat*. I hav before me a long letter from friend Hacker, telling me of his labors as an out-and-out Freethinker fifty years ago. But I must close with this word to the benevolent and humane, that friend Hacker is truly worthy of our benevolence.

Yours truly, S. D. MOORE.

SOLEBURY, PA., Jan. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see by your last published paper my article on "The Gods," treated as was once said of the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. I know, according to the old adage, "beggars hav no right to be choosers," nevertheless it pains me to see Liberal truth seekers imitating professional Bible Christians—now going out of date—as a thing of the past, belonging, as stated in one of "Esop's Fables," to "the day of yore, when bulls lived upon mutton." But however that might be, we know spiders liv upon flies, which some poet has beautifully expressed in the following verse, to which I will affix something more, and then proceed to giv my view in accordance with Stephen Pearl Andrews's communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER on the Guiteau case:

THE CUNNING SPIDER AND THE SILLY FLY.

"Come walk into my parlor," says the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."
"Come walk into our churches," we hear our preachers cry;
"And you shall go to heaven whene'er you come to die.
We only ask blind faith to join our Christian band,
And we will be your sponsors, with little cash in hand.
Priests must hav a living," so written in the book,
As fishermen, you know, eat the fish they hook.
They use a tempting bait to catch the silly fish,
That they may feast upon them when cooked and on a dish.
And so we use blind faith, to catch the silly people,
And cook them with a creed of faith beneath a lofty steeple,
Where Bible saints are wont to meet, and hear the preachers tell
How Jesus ransomed them for heaven, and all others doomed to hell!

THREE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SAINTS.

Abraham, Freeman, and Guiteau, three faithful servants found,
If the Bible tells what's true, and Christian faith is sound.
The first is held to be a saint, why not the other two,
And make the trinity complete with Freeman and Guiteau?
Bible Christians may object, but what, I ask, of that?
When they swallow camels they can swallow gnats.
There's many Bible camels, riders on their backs,
Traveling in the desert with merchandise in sacks.
Priests who make their living preaching from a book,
Like fishermen, we know, fishing with a hook.
The tempting bait that's offered, blind faith upon a hook,
Brings a priestly living, and reverence for a book,
But scientific light is dawning, to make mankind more wise,
Not to be caught in priestly nets, as spiders catch the flies,
But rise above the dust of ages, to mind the golden rule,
Ever taught by all the sages, taught in science school,
To do to others as you would hav others do to you,
And so avoid the errors of Abraham, Freeman, and Guiteau.

QUERIES.

What is time? who can tell? or
What is space? in which we dwell.
What is power? no one can see; or
What is life? please answer me.
If they're not God, then what is he?

Yours truly, E. W. ALLEN.

The Balm of Death.

BY ALHAZA.

Each water-course is dry,
The fountains fail to-day;
And the burning land, where the balm drops clear,
Is many miles away.

And one ungentle word
Will sear the heart like flame,
And would such blot a bosom bear
That boasts a Liberal name?

I did not know that grief
Had poisonous darts in store,
And that a kind and honored heart
Would pity feel no more.

A frail bark nears the shore;
Death comes, a shadow mild;
Peace, and a softly dripping oar—
I go to meet my child.

The Laws of Moses.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

Some laws fixed in doses, by old Doctor Moses,
If dealt now would make men turn up their noses.
They are said to be still the laws of our God,
Though full of such cruelty, vileness, and fraud.
If men are not blind, they'll certainly find
That some of his laws are the most loathsome kind,
Which, if men obeyed, they would without fail,
In these latter days, get shut up in jail.
There is the command, Thou shalt giv the meat
Of self-dying beasts to strangers to eat,
Or else thou can sell to aliens this stuff,
That's too vile for saints, yet still good enough
For those who hav not in holiness trod
The way of the Jews, the people of God.
This law givs churchmen an order to sell
Dead cholera hogs to the damned Infidel.
Should they fail to cheat him with that kind of meat,
Oh, the strangers then can expect a treat.
This God in our nation's Constitution,
How joyful to know has no intrusion.
And this law of his, our own laws rebut,
In prison shall they who obey it be shut;
And no honest man exists who would pause
From breaking his holy, but nasty old laws.
Do pious men think that sinners would use
The vile carcasses that saints would refuse?
Priestcraft in the Constitution would fix
The God who would teach such abominable tricks.
If he was put there then all laws of man
Must bend unto his, for a whole church clan
Of God-fearing men his laws would enforce,
Enslave, and make us eat vile meat, of course.
That is, they would cram down our throats their creeds,
And if we refused, there would be bloody deeeds,
Forbid it, dear sinners, let us never be slaves
To these priestly tyrants, gods, devils, or knaves.

Belvidere, Ill.

An Interesting Dialog.

"Hav you read that new book from Samuel Bowles?"

"No; is there a new one? I read one last year, and it was excellent."

"Well, there is a new one three times as large, and it is the best pamphlet on spirit life I ever read. Bowles says he has met Garfield, and describes the fine reception they gave him eleven days after he came over. He says he saw Garfield die, and he describes the process with marvelous distinctness. He has met his old friend, Dr. Holland, late editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, and reports the delight the doctor felt on being able to think better than ever. E. V. Wilson's passage to spirit life is in the book true to every detail. Bowles shows up bad ministers, lawyers, doctors, grocers, and contrasts them with good ones. He says money don't count in heaven, and millionaires are paupers unless they hav brought good characters to spirit life. He depicts with a vividness that will make you shudder the reception that the opium eaters, rum-drinkers, prostitutes, libertins, abortionists, and rum-sellers find. If people believed these statements they would shun such vices as they now shun the smallpox. He says he heard Washington, Lincoln, Clay, Lord Beaconsfield, and others welcome Garfield, and reports in brief their speeches. He explains independent slate writing and form materialization as seen from the spirit side."

"Why, you surprise me! the book must be a fascinating and instructiv one."

"Yes, it is. I hav not time to tell you half that is in it. He interviews John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, Hosea Ballou, Joseph Smith, William Miller, and other noted divines, and reports what they say. It is rich reading. Why, some of those old clergymen still stick to much of their former belief, and are preaching yet to spirits in the first and second spheres.

"Bowles givs a clear account of life in the first five spheres, how people liv, dress, what homes they hav, their occupations, ornaments, visits to the art galleries, the opera, the religious gatherings, the schools, the hospitals for sick souls, where spirits are cured of insanity, drunkenness, habits of opium eating, prostitution, abortion, etc. He reports his visits to the Chinese, African holy-land, and Lapland heavens. It is written in a reporter's style, crisp, graphic, full of pen pictures, like the eminent journalist he was."

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—*Burns.*

IMMORTALITY upon this earth is out of the question. Without death there could be no generation, no sexes, no parental relation, *i. e.*, as things are constituted, no animal happiness. The particular duration of life, assigned to different animals, can form no objection, because whatever that duration be, whilst it remains finite and limited, it may always be asked why it is no longer. The natural age of different animals varies from a single day to a century of years. No account can be given of this; nor could any be given, whatever other proportion of life had obtained amongst them.—*Paley's Natural Theology.*

THERE are pursuits peculiar to boyhood; do therefore young men regret the loss of them? There are also some of early youth; does that now settled age, which is called middle life, seek after them? There are also some of this period; neither are they looked for in old age. There are some final pursuits of old age; accordingly, as the pursuits of the earlier parts of life fall into disuse, so also do these of old age, and when this has taken place, satiety of life brings on the seasonable period of death.—*Cicero's Old Age.*

RIGHTLY is it said
That man descends into the vale of years;
Yet hav I thought that we may also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age
As of a final eminence, though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty. —*Wordsworth.*

ALL Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their neighbor as themselvs; that if one take their cloak they should giv him their coat also; that they should take no thought for to-morrow; that if they would be perfect they should sell all that they hav and giv it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they hav always heard lauded and never discussed.—*Mill's Liberty.*

I THINK it shows "inconsistency" to believe one set of miracles simply because they are in a big book that priests succeeded in palming off on a lot of credulous, ignorant, fanatical, superstitious people as God's word, and doubting all others, though thousands of them are ten times better attested to and less incredible as well.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

A GERMAN astronomer has found a planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.

SHE was a wee bit of lovable humanity, and when she murmured "Yes" to his tender inquiry he called her "a little one for assent."

A DERBY doctor killed a fox, and the Derby *Transcript* sardonically remarks, "The doctor means business when he gets after 'em."

"WHY does a donkey eat thistles?" asked an Austin teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

SHE was plump and beautiful,
And he was much in love.
She hated him, but, woman like,
To catch him she well strove.
But then, you see,
He was—a flea!

IN Connecticut they do not ask: "Who was your grandfather?" "What are you worth?" or "What do you know?" but "How many patents hav you taken out?" If you say none, they giv you one more chance to prove yourself respectable by inquiring, "How many insurance companies hav you started?"

TWO men discussing the wonders of modern science, one said: "Look at astronomy, now; men hav learned the distances to the stars, and, with the spectroscope, they hav even found out the substances they are made of." "Yes," said the other, "but the strangest of all to me is how they found out all their names."

MR JONES: "The state would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow."

His married friend: "Where would you get your washing done then?,'

Bachelor Jones: "Marry some nice girl and hav it done at home."

Chorus by eight eligible young ladies who happened to overhear Jones and his friend talking, "The Chinese must go!"

CONSTABLE JONES held an execution against a farmer, and when he called for a settlement the agriculturist took him out into a big pasture and pointed out a wild steer as the particular piece of property to be levied upon. Jones chased the steer around for a while, and then sat down, and, taking out his book, began to write.

"What are you doing there?" asked the granger.

"Charging mileage," replied the constable, without looking up.

"Do I hav it all to pay?" gasped the rancher.

"You bet."

"Then take this tame heifer here. I can't stand any such game as that."

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Nebber rest yer winter's libin' on yer richer nabor's word,
Kase de silber-frosted songster may turn out a mockin' bird.

'Taint de dog as barks de loudes' allus makes de toughes' fight,
Nor de wind as rattles wildes' allus brings de coldes' night.

'Taint de forty-shillin' waistcoat kibers up de trues' heart,
Nor de loudes' color chromo talks about de fines art.

'Taint de thousan'-dollar harness makes de stiddy wu'kin' nag,
Nor de fiddle-playin' darkey puts de cake meal in de bag.

Settle all yo' little troubles 'thout de aid of court hus' law,
Or yo'll fin' yo' mouf is holdin' mo' dan yo' kin ebber chaw.

Nebber eat de morrer's breakfus' till de day when it is due,
Kase de 'membrance ob de feastin' makes de fastin' moughty blue.

THIRD-CLASS MATTER.

The numerous rulings of the post-office department, in its efforts to distinguish between first and third-class matter, hav given rise to perplexities which postmasters and business men are perhaps better able to appreciate than other citizens.

The postmaster sat in his office chair,
Disheveled, and wan, and pale;
His eye was fixed, and his brow was sad,
And he mopped his face with an inking-pad,
While anon I heard him wail:
"Ah me!"—in a minor key—
"This is awful. It staggers me!"

Around about him, and on the floor,
On table and window-sill,
Were maps and volumes of postal lore,
The regulations and guides—a score—
And documents strewn at will,
But ever the master's gaze, intent,
Fixed and blank on the wall was bent,
And ever, anon, his plaintiv cry
Smote the ear of the passer by—
"Ah, me!"—in a minor key—
"This is awful. It staggers me!"

"Sticker of stamps," I said, "it seems
Something troubles thy waking dreams;
Answer, nor look aghast:
Hav they cut thy salary down once more,
Or has thy mother-in-law gone o'er
The Stygian stream at last?
Speak, O master, thine eyes are wild
And thy brow is overcast."

Quick uprising, like one who wakes
From a vision of rattlesnakes,
"Youth," he whispered, "it is not so;
Keener motivs I hav for woe.
Look!" And seizing a book he spun
Page and title before my eyes;
"Just received it from Washington—
P. M. General's last surprise.
Read!" he thundered in tones so dire
All my molars began to clatter.
Meek complying, these words I caught,
Last Construction of "Third-Class Matter."

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. A. H. Knight, pastor of the colored Methodist church at Mitchell, Ind., has been suspended. His wife found poison in her tea, and he is accused of putting it there.

THE officers of the Lutheran church at Columbia, Ind., locked out the pastor. He took an axe from a neighboring wood pile, chopped down the door, and held services as usual.

THE Lutheran congregation at Elmhurst, Ill., gave their pastor, the Rev. F. W. Roeber, a choice between resignation and a trial for habitual drunkenness, card-playing on Sunday, and lying. He resigned.

A FEMALE preacher is said to be writing a "Commentary on the Life of Joshua." It is reported that she will observe that Joshua was successful with the sun, but he never dared to command the daughter to be still.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher (about to comment on St. Paul's direction for the conduct of men and women during divine service): "Now, do you know why women do not take off their bonnets in church?" Small boy: "Cos they ain't got looking-glasses to put 'em on again by."

AN international congress of ethnologists is to be opened at Geneva on April 2, divided into the seven following sections: Origin and migration of peoples; ethnology; descriptiv ethnography; theoretical ethnography; manners and customs; political ethnography; international regulations.

ALTHOUGH the Rev. Tobin R. Brooks, of Bloomington, Ill., is editor of the *Banner of Holiness*, charges hav been preferred against him for criminal insubordination to the authorities of the Methodist church. He is also charged with having scandalously defamed the Illinois conference of that church.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says that much of the Christianity of to-day is "jelly-fish religion," of which the basis is, as far as it has any, "no dogma, no distinctiv tenet, no positiv doctrin." He holds that, both in the church of England and out of it, there are hundreds of ministers who hav not a single bone in their "body of divinity."

THE Rev. Ezra Winslow, of Boston, whose forgeries and flight made a great stir several years ago, is still living in Buenos Ayres. He lived there awhile unidentified, under the name of Low, and became superintendent of a Sunday-school. He married a wealthy woman, became a successful politician, and is now living sumptuously.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, in a recent Sunday's discourse, said that "the generally accepted fact that women are more pious than men may be attributed to the afternoon visits of the pastors." He did not mention Mrs. Tilton as an instance, but she may possibly be one of the many whom he had in mind when he made this remarkable statement.

A MASSACHUSETTS state officer is about to undertake the enforcement of the law regarding juvenil labor. It provides that no person under eighteen shall work more than ten hours a day in any manufacturing establishment, except in certain specified emergencies; that children between eight and fourteen shall attend some public day school at least twenty weeks in each year; none under ten may work at all in a factory, and none under fourteen unless able to read and write.

THE Rev. George H. Austin went into the bank at Madison, Ind., and asked for $280 on his own note. The cashier explained, as delicately as possible, so as not to wound the reverend gentleman's feelings, that an indorsement by some person of property was required. Mr. Austin inquired if the signatures of John and Perry Cotton would do, and was told they would. After an hour's absence he returned with their names forged on the note, got the $280, and absconded.

A RECENT report sheds light upon the influence of Buddhism on the education of the people of British Burmah. Not only do the Ponegyees (Buddhist monks) read the law and deliver addresses at stated seasons to the assembled villagers, but their monasteries are so many little seminaries, at which nearly every Burman man or boy comes under instruction of some sort for a part of his life. The greatest liberality is shown by the monks in freely admitting English inspectors into their religious houses and in welcoming educational measures.

PROF. HAECKEL, who, like Humboldt, prefers to study nature in her own wilds, was at last accounts in a small village on the south coast of the island of Ceylon—the only white man there. The village, which bears the melodious name of Belligamma, lies on the shore of a fine bay, and is surrounded by dense forests of cocoanut and breadfruit trees, filled in with other luxuriant tropical vegetation. The professor received an enthusiastic welcome from the governor of the island, and has been afforded every aid in the pursuit of his zoological investigations.

IN the course of a lecture by Dr. J. A Weisse on "The English Language," at Cooper Institute, last Saturday evening, the lecturer read a letter from Prof. Max Muller, which said: "No language has such a future as what you call composit English; no language is so strong, yet so pliant; so bright, yet so varied by the most delicate shades; so homely, yet so universal. As to the science of language, I quite agree with you that it will clear up proto-history; and it will do even more, it will clear up proto-philosophy." The lecturer prophesied that English would become the universal language.

REGARDING the attempt to enforce the Sunday law in San Francisco, the *Jewish Times* says: "The immaculate pietists and perfumed moralists who are attempting to enforce the 'Sunday' law hav not met with success so far. Juries hav disagreed and public opinion is opposed to them. California is not the only state of the republic threatened with the cloven foot of religious intolerance. The manna is wide-spread, and has even reached to the territories. The *Town Talk*, of Walla Walla, says that Washington territory 'will suffer so much inconvenience and the town such a loss of business that the framers of this iniquitous Sunday law will be execrated by the people of Walla Walla and other important towns in the territory.'"

THE impression that the northeastern coast of the American continent is slowly rising—the estimate of the rate of emergency in progress being over a foot, and perhaps as much as three feet, in a century—has recently been controverted by eminent scientific authorities, including Dr. Mitchel, of the Coast Survey, who states that the salt marshes are still, as they were in the time of the early explorers, at ordinary high-water level, and that the rocks on our coast, long notorious as dangerous to navigation, hav not risen since they were first discovered. But eastward of longitude 62 deg. 13 min., and especially in Newfoundland, great changes present themselvs, the depth appearing to be at some points less and at other points greater now than formerly.

THE Missouri Grand Lodge of United Workmen, recently in session in St. Louis, passed a resolution of great significance. It came up in the form of a question upon the admission of saloon-keepers and bar-tenders into the organization. It was claimed that these men were in constant danger of losing their lives at the hands of the very characters who patronize them, and, according to the supreme medical examiner's report, the saloon-keepers were largely in the lead on the list of deceased members, many of the class being taken off by consumption. The debate was spirited, and when the vote was taken the resolution that no saloon-keeper or bar-tender be admitted to the brotherhood was carried by a large majority. Here is a text for the temperance advocates to make the most of.

SPEAKING of the religious views of the late president, Blaine givs the following testimony to Gen. Garfield's liberality, and confirms the fact, usually denied, that he numbered Col. Ingersoll among his nearest personal friends: "The crowning characteristics of Gen. Garfield's religious opinions, as, indeed of all his opinions, was his liberality. In all things he had charity. Tolerance was of his nature. He respected in others the qualities which he possessed himself—sincerity of conviction and frankness of expression. With him the inquiry was not so much what a man believes, but does he believe it? The lines of his friendship and his confidence encircled men of every creed, and to the end of his life, on his ever-lengthening list of friends were to be found the names of a pious Catholic priest and of an honest-minded and generous-hearted Freethinker." He also said that Garfield "followed with quickening step in the paths of exploration and speculation so fearlessly trodden by Darwin, by Huxley, by Tyndall, and by other living scientists of the radical and advanced type."

AT a fair and festival in a popular church, fried oysters were among the dainties served to the guests. These oysters were by some mishap overdone, and consequently too dry to be eaten with satisfaction by the time they were placed on the tables. Nevertheless, they were said to be what the bill of fare called for, and as such some of them were paid for and eaten without any very severe criticism by the persons who never expect to get the full value of their money at a church fair. Yet they proved so dry and unappetizing that, even for the good of the cause, many of the guests declined to eat them. As the church had no steam apparatus for keeping each thing hot, the overdone oysters were unfortunately placed over the furnace register, which made them even more dry than they would otherwise hav been. Those which were left over when the fair closed at night remained in this position until morning, by which time they were as dry as sawdust, and as juiceless as old corn husks. In the morning the charitable idea occurred to some of the ladies that the inmates of the Home for the Bettering of Destitute Females did not often hav oysters, and that it would be a good deed to send these oysters there. Forthwith the dried-up things were sent. The amount of enjoyment had by the destitute females over the gift is not registered in heaven.

THE ecclesiastical trial of Lewis N. Ireland, of the Methodist church of West Troy, N. Y., has come to an end. The accused is the son of a Methodist minister, and for twelve years a class-leader. He was charged with immoral conduct in seven different and distinct allegations. The trial began on the 13th of February, and on last Monday the jury of five brought in their verdict. They found Bro. Ireland guilty of profaning the Sabbath by horse-racing on that day; guilty of attempting violently and forcibly to dispossess the occupant of a certain parcel of land; guilty of making a false statement about preacher Gates; guilty of calling the members of the church a "set of hypocrits;" and guilty of wrongfully and maliciously commencing a lawsuit in the civil courts against his pastor, D. W. Gates, and the Washington street Methodist Episcopal church. "We also find," wrote the jury, in concluding the verdict, "that the specifications sustain the general complaint or charge of immoral conduct in the first degree." So the brother is found to be guilty of almost every species of dishonorable conduct. But he has this comforting reflection: through the whole trial, destructiv as it has been to his moral character, the genuinness of his faith in hell and damnation has not been called in question. Thus it is that the Christian religion brings consolation when everything else seems to hav gone back on us.

News of the Week.

GRANT has been placed on the retired list of army officers.

NINE hundred coopers were on strike in this city last Saturday.

LONGFELLOW, the poet, was seventy-five years old last Monday.

THE trial of Sergeant Mason for shooting at Guiteau is not yet finished.

A BROOKLYN girl has just recovered $6,000 in a breach of promis suit.

THE Connecticut "blue law" prohibiting Sunday travel has been repealed.

ROSCOE CONKLING has been named for associate justice of the Supreme Court.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish agitator, now in jail, has been elected a member of Parliament.

BLAINE delivered the oration at the Garfield Memorial meeting in the chamber of the House on the 27th ult.

THE Governor of Arkansas is being investigated. There is said to be a discrepancy of $164,820 in his accounts.

CONGRESS has voted $100,000 for the relief of the people in the districts submerged by the recent floods on the Mississippi.

THREE hundred and twenty-five Jews, with wives and children, exiled from Russia, arrived in Philadelphia one day last week.

THE Indiana state Greenback Convention, held last week, nominated a full ticket, with the exeption of judges of the Supreme Court.

GENTILES and Mormons alike in Utah are said to hav been cajoled, begged, or bullied into signing the anti-polygamy petition to Congress.

THE trial of the political offenders called Nihilists, in Russia, is being conducted with secrecy, severity, and utter disregard of the ordinary usages of legal procedure.

A YOUNG woman has just been dismissed from her position as teacher in a Brooklyn school because she was a Protestant. The Catholics hav control of the schools in Brooklyn.

AN unknown man on Washington's birthday visited in the night and defaced the monument erected at Tappan, N. J., by Cyrus W. Field, to the memory of Major Andre, the British spy.

THE husband of Mme. Nilsson, the famous singer, becoming insane over the loss of his money in the recent financial crash in Paris, was placed in a lunatic asylum, and died on the 22d ult.

THE proprietor of the fireworks factory, at Chester, Pa., which was demolished by an explosion last week, in which twenty persons lost their lives and many more were injured, has been arrested.

IT is said that negotiations hav for some time been pending between the authorities of the Catholic church in Quebec, Canada, and the Vatican, looking to the removal of the pope from Rome to Quebec.

THE amounts allowed President Garfield's attendants during his sickness are as follows: Dr. Bliss, $25,000; Agnew and Hamilton, $15,000 each; Reyburn and Boynton, $10,000 each; Mrs. Dr. Edson, $5,000.

THE court of appeal has reversed the decision of the court of queen's bench granting Mr. Bradlaugh a new trial in the case of Clark agt. Bradlaugh, with the costs against the latter. Mr. Bradlaugh has again been expelled from Parliament.

NINE men started in the six days go-as-you-please race in this city last Monday morning, and are making remarkable scores. Rowell, the Englishman, is far ahead, and, barring accidents, is a sure winner. He made 150 miles in the first twenty-four hours.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

21. While the pilgrims were still in Lebanon, when they first entered the Land of Yahweh in the vicinity of Dan, and when a view was had of the plain of Huleh, the man of God Getz several times broke out in ecstasies about the splendor of the country, its wonderful fertility, and the fulness with which Bible accounts were shown to be true.

22. But when he saw that a large share of the plain is rocky, that much of the rest is mere swamp, and that all the hills are but piles of naked rocks, and since in particular the Scribe asked him to point what he saw that so especially verified the scripture, and freely commented upon the sterility and worthlessness of a great proportion of the country, the enthusiastic and jubilant man of God has had less to say upon the subject, and does not go off into ecstasies half as often.

23. Shiloh, the Arabic name of which is Seilún, though nothing now, has figured conspicuously in what is called Bible history. Here it was that the tabernacle and the ark were first set up, and here it was that Joshua is said to have congregated the Israelites and sent three men of each tribe to divide up the country into lots so that he could dispose of it by a kind of lottery or division by lot. If this is true, it is the opinion of the Scribe that more rocks were divided out on that occasion than were ever similarly disposed of before or since.

24. It was at Shiloh that the virgins of the country assembled once a year to attend a festival, and to join in dances on that merry occasion. It was here that the men of Benjamin were sent to kidnap wives for themselves, when four hundred thousand warriors of the other tribes went up to fight the children of Benjamin, because a part of the tribe of Benjamin, the men who lived at Gibeah, had acted in a very disgraceful manner in their treatment of a Levite's concubine, when he tarried over night in Gibeah, by which abominable treatment the poor woman died before morning.

25. The Benjamites preferred to go to war with the men of the other tribes, rather than give up the men of their tribe called sons of Belial, who had committed this great iniquity. Yahweh directed the proceedings, and told the men of the other tribes to go up against Benjamin; but the latter came out from Gibeah, and killed twenty-two thousand of the children of Israel the first day of this fraternal war

26. On the second day Yahweh sent the Israelites up again to fight Benjamin still more, and on the second day the unerring left-handed Benjamites cut down to the ground eighteen thousand more of their brethren, the Israelites, making forty thousand in all which the Benjamites killed. It is not strange that such a heavy loss should make the Israelites weep, and cry unto Yahweh as to what they should do.

27. But Yahweh, being always fond of blood, urged his dearly beloved people to go up again for the third time to fight their brethren, promising this time to certainly give the poor Benjamites into their hands; and, on the strength of this assurance, the third effort was made, when, sure enough, Yahweh was good to the nine tribes, but rather hard upon the twelfth; for on that day the nine tribes, with the help of Yahweh, were enabled to kill twenty-five thousand and one hundred of their brethren, the Benjamites.

28. And, like the true children of Yahweh, the victorious Israelites pursued their advantage, and kept on fighting, until they extended to all the cities of Benjamin, and murdered all the children and all the women, so that for the six hundred of the Benjamites who fled to the rock Rimmon and stayed four months, there was no women for wives; and for this reason they were recommended to steal them from the virgins who assembled at Shiloh to feast and to dance.

29. It was discovered, however, that the Israelites from Jabesh-gilead, beyond the Jordan, had not sent up men to help kill the Benjamites, and this caused such great dissatisfaction among the slayers of the Benjamites that they sent twelve thousand picked men, and these were sent against their brethren of Jabesh-gilead, with this injunction: Go and smite the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead with the edge of the sword, with the women and children. And this is the thing that ye shall do, Ye shall utterly destroy every male and every woman that hath lain by man.

30. This bloody and relentless order appears to have been carried out, and among the people that were thus summarily dealt with were found four hundred virgins that had known no man by lying with him; but just how this important matter was decided is not clearly described, but undoubtedly it required acuteness and an experienced judgment.

31. These unfortunate young girls, whose fathers and mothers had been killed, were brought to Shiloh, and were summarily handed over to the six hundred of the Benjamites who were still at the rock Rimmon, which answered very well, so far as they went; but there were still two hundred of the Benjamites without wives, and these took the advice of their brethren, and kidnaped the girls who came to Shiloh to dance. Verily, what a godly people these Jews were, and what a God they had to command such things to be done! Let those love and praise Yahweh who can. (See Judges xix and xx.)

32. The Scribe tried to realize what a scramble there must have been between the virgin girls, who did not want to be caught, and the amorous Benjamites, who were particularly anxious to catch them; how they must have tumbled over the rocks with which the place is covered, and how some of them must have fallen and hurt themselves in the peculiar contest. He dared hardly think of what took place after the poor, unwilling girls were caught and were borne away by the triumphant two hundred. Here the curtain drops. But really the base conduct toward the Levite's poor concubine led to most serious results.

33. Here also, on this pile of rocks, or near here, dwelt a man by the name of Elkanah, who had two wives, Hannah and Peninnah. The latter bore children to her husband, but Hannah bore none, because Yahweh had seen fit, in his inscrutable wisdom, to close her womb; and it fretted Hannah not a little that Yahweh had done unto her in the way he had, for she desired to bear children unto her husband, who loved her. She even became so much affected by this continued state of things that she wept and refused to eat.

34. Then her indulgent husband said unto her, Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons? This all took place at Shiloh, where the husband and his two wives went yearly to worship and to make their vows.

35. And after they had eaten and drunk, Hannah arose from the table, or probably from the rock. Eli the priest was sitting close by, while poor Hannah, in the bitterness of her soul, prayed unto Yahweh and wept sore. She even vowed a vow and said, O Yahweh, if thou wilt indeed look upon the afflictions of thy handmaid and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man-child; then I will give him unto Yahweh all the days of his life, and there shall come no razor upon his head.

36. This is supposed to have been a greater temptation to Yahweh than he could well withstand, for he seems to hav yielded to the supplicating woman and no longer kept her womb closed. But not too fast. While she was still praying to Yahweh and making these vows, the priest Eli noticed her and thought she was drunk, and placed his hand over her mouth to keep her from talking.

37. But Hannah was so intent upon making a favorable impression upon Yahweh that she kept on talking in her heart, and only her lips moved, her voice not being heard. Then did the man of God Eli say, How long will thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee.

38. Then did the heavy-hearted Hannah make answer and say: No, my lord, I am a woman of sorrowful spirit. I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before Yahweh. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial, for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto.

39. Then the man of God Eli, when he came to comprehend the true state of the case, answered her in this wise, Go in peace, and Yahweh grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him. Then was Hannah comforted. She arose and eat, and her face was no more sad. As soon as they returned Elkanah knew Hannah, and Yahweh remembered her and opened her womb; and that is the way little prophet Sammy came into the world. The wonderful things which he did, including his coming up out of his grave after he had become old and was dead and buried, are all recorded in the books of Samuel, in the first chapter of which the sorrows of Hannah are given.

40. Shiloh must have been a remarkable place when Yahweh flourished in this land, but now there is nothing left but the rocks and some ruins of old buildings which are thought to have been a temple to the sun that was afterward erected here, and a church built still later. With the loss of the ark Shiloh lost all. It was taken away by the Philistines, and was never returned to this rocky summit. Poor Shiloh dwells chiefly in the past. It will never amount to anything more.

41. Leaving the rocky mass called Shiloh, the pilgrims passed over rough, rocky roads, and through a wild glen, where a high, abrupt pile of rocks overhangs a spring, before mentioned, called the Robbers' Fountain.

42. The pilgrims next passed over ledges and shelves of rock, in places so narrow that there seemed danger of the animals sliding off the precipices into the glen below. Two or three cheerless and unimportant Moslem villages were passed, also a ruin called one of the castles of Baldwin. The road, a mere rocky bridle-path (which is all the roads in Palestine amount to) leads over more rough country, but there are a few narrow valleys, possessing fertility, between the mountains, some of which, at a considerable outlay of labor, were long ago terraced, affording narrow shelves for cultivation, and occasionally fig-trees and olive-trees are still seen there. This was called the most fruitful part of Ephraim.

43. It is a long and tedious ride to Bethel, and it was sunset before the pilgrims, cold and weary, arrived where the tents had been pitched; but the numerous letters from home, sent out from Jerusalem from Cook's agency, made atonement for the hardships endured, and the pilgrims were all happy, though the night was cold.

44. Bethel is often mentioned in the Old Testament. Here Abraham is said to have reared an altar and called upon the name of Yahweh before his return from Egypt, where he acted most disgracefully, palming his wife off for his sister, and taking money, cattle, and sheep from King Pharaoh for her use. What he received in that disreputable manner made him, as per Genesis xiii, 2, very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. The patriarch returned to Bethel again, probably to give thanks to Yahweh for the great wealth he had disgracefully obtained, for then he again called upon Yahweh's name.

45. Here Jacob is also said to have stopped for a night's lodging after he had traveled fully as far as the pilgrims had this day. Here he gathered together some stones for a pillow, which enabled him to have such sweet dreams that he saw the angels performing the ladder feat in a most interesting manner, though that angels require a ladder to enable them to get in and out of heaven is an idea not usually entertained.

46. The most probable feature about this Jacob story, in the opinion of the Scribe, is the finding of stones enough at Bethel for a pillow; for if a million pillows were required, the stones could have been forthcoming. A man might walk around here for days and not touch his foot to the earth. That stones are good material for pillows the Scribe does not believe; but peradventure they may conduce to dreams of angels and ladders.

47. Genesis xxviii, 10–17, describes Jacob's experience at Bethel, how Yahweh appeared to him and renewed the promise made frequently before, that he would do extraordinary things for the descendants of Jacob; made a renewed display of the present of the land of rocks for perpetual inheritance, and asserted again that they should become as the dust of the earth for multitude.

48. It seems that Jacob gave the name of Bethel to the place, it having been Luz at first, though the previous account states that nearly a century earlier Abraham knew it by the name of Bethel. But perhaps those little discrepancies in the Land of Yahweh should not be noticed. Jacob and the Scribe agree in one particular—Jacob said it was a dreadful place, and the Scribe is of the same opinion.

49. Like unto Shiloh, Bethel seems not to have been thought much of by the writers of the New Testament, neither of them being referred to in later Judaism and Christianity.

50. At Bethel Jeroboam is said to have set up a golden calf for worship when he wished to draw away the hearts of the Israelites from Yahweh, in consequence of which the prophet of Yahweh was sent to cry out against this ungodly business, to confirm the mission of which prophet the altar was rent in pieces by invisible hands and the ashes poured out.

51. It is also thought that at Bethel dwelt the two she-bears which Yahweh, at the request of Elisha, sent out to destroy the forty-two little children for laughing at the prophet's bald head. This claim, however, is of no value. The story of Yahweh and the bears is slightly mythical; and, if it is true, it is no credit to Yahweh, and the habitation of the bears is unknown even unto this day.

52. Bethel is but a poor village, composed of wretched huts. There are some remains of the walls of a church and an old cistern, but nothing to show that it ever enjoyed any superior consideration or advantage.

CHAPTER XXI.

TENTH VISIT OF MELCHISEDEC.

1. And it came to pass on this last night of the eleventh month, and just about the usual hour, that the venerable visitor made his entry into the tent of the scribe much as he had done on previous occasions. In gentle tones he spake these words:

2. Hail, Seeker after Truth! I perceive that weariness oppresseth thee, and that the hardship of the day hath been severe upon thee; but this is a hard country for pilgrims to travel in, and containeth little to cheer the heart. Thou art, however, learning truth about the Land of Yahweh which thou couldst not otherwise obtain, and thou wilt never regret making the journey. Let me resume the subject of my last visit:

3. Thou well understandest already that neither of the four canonical gospels which were admitted into the collection composing the New Testament had even an existence as such until late in the second

century; and that, consequently, they were not written by the persons whose names they bear, nor were they written by persons who had the slightest knowledge of the events recorded in them.

4. They were simply made up from vague legends and traditions that were floating around from mouth to mouth of an ignorant, superstitious population; and when these were committed to writing in the form which they at present bear, many things were added to them which never occurred, and the things that had occurred were so changed by the designing writers as to be wholly unlike the originals.

5. It should be easy for any sensible person to understand that legends a century and a half old cannot be of any great historical value, and that it would be a matter of utter impossibility for persons, however well disposed, undertaking to write up the discourses that had been spoken, the conversations that had been held, and the acts that had been performed a hundred and fifty years before, to state anything like the truth, or to give anything near the words that were really uttered or the events that absolutely took place.

6. The liability to error, and to incorporate positive untruths into the recital, was greatly increased because the purpose was to build up a belief in what was not true, and to bring about a recognition of events that never occurred. It was under this state of things that the four gospels were written. A new religion was being formed, a new god was being given to the people to worship, and it was deemed necessary that a supernatural character should be given the latter, and that supernatural deeds should attend his ministration.

7. This very claim of supernaturalism is quite sufficient to condemn the whole system. It is one of the strongest axioms that truth is able to establish that every claim of supernaturalism is untrue, and every system of religion based upon the relation of supernatural occurrences must necessarily be an untruthful system.

8. Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and the greater share of the pagan systems of which they are the outgrowths are of this character. Nearly all the religions of the world have been based upon supernaturalism, all claim the occurrence of impossible events, and to that extent are wholly untrue.

9. No such thing as a snpernatural event, as I before indicated, ever took place or ever can. Every effect is produced by a natural cause, and could not be otherwise. Nature is never superseded; there is no power above it; it is everywhere present; it is omnipotent, if anything is, and sufficient for every event that ever occurred and must produce every effect.

10. There have been few original system of religion in the world. Nearly all have been outgrowths of older systems. Sometimes the later evolution has been an improvement upon that from which it was copied, and sometimes a going back into darkness, error, and falsehood.

11. Christianity is no exception to the rule of other religions; it is made up of the notions which have long prevailed in the world, and is based wholly upon the supernatural, and the revealed will and command of a being supposed to dwell above and apart from the earth.

12. So far as its dogmas and points of belief are concerned, it has absolutely nothing that is new, nothing but what was accepted by pagan religionists fully a thousand years before it. Upon examining the ground closely it will be found that there is nothing in this comparatively modern system that was not steadfastly held to and promulgated by pagans many centuries before the time of Jesus or Paul.

13. The fundamental dogma of Christianity is that deity, in order to make the salvation of his creatures possible, devised the plan of begetting upon the person of a human female, a virgin, a son who should reveal to mortals the way to heaven, teach the world what to believe, and at last die as an expiation for the sins of mankind.

14. There certainly is nothing original in this. The belief that gods have cohabited with females, both celestial and terresrtial, was held thousands of years before Christianity. The principal gods of all the nations, according to the prevailing belief, begot sons, being partial to virgins and other attractive females of the human race.

15. It is not needful to enumerate all these, but a few may be named. Vishnu, the great god of India, was believed to have begotten on the person of a human virgin the demi-god Christna; and he was also believed to have been incarnated in eight other cases, being the father of nine incarnations in all.

16. Ormuzd was held to be the father of Mithra, and Astarte the mother. The Chinese Yu was the son of the deity of that country, and Shing Mung was the virgin mother. In the same way Buddha, the great redeemer of many of the Asiatic nations, was believed to have been divinely begotten on the person of Maia, a virgin.

17. Horus in a similar manner was the son of Osiris and Isis; Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcamene; Zulis was the son of the divinely-impregnated Celestine; Semele was the similarly impregnated mother of Bacchus; Myrrha of Adonis; Latona of Apollo; Maia of Mercury; Somnus of Momus; Alcimede of Jason; Hecate of Jason.

18. Thor and Balder were the sons of the Scandinavian god Odin; Prometheus, Æsculapius, and a dozen others of Jupiter; the Druidic Hesus of their chief divinity, and at least a score of others were, believed to have been thus begotten, and saviors of men. The idea of divinely-begotten sons and virgin mothers is more than a thousand years older than the conception of Jesus, and all the principal nations have believed that their gods did this thing.

19. The belief that many of these sons of gods, after passing their lives on the earth as teachers of men, have yielded them up to satisfy the vengeance or sense of justice of their fathers or superior gods; that they have been executed—many of them put to death upon the cross—as an expiation for the sins of mankind, and for their benefit, was held with regard to many demi-gods before Jesus was believed in at all.

20. Some of the names of these sons of gods thus believed to have been crucified are Christna of India, Thammuz of Syria, Wittoba of Telingonese, Iao of Nepaul, Hesus of the Celtic Druids, Prometheus of Greece, Thulis of Egypt, Mithra of Persia, Indra of Thibet, Alcestos of Euripides, Crite of Chaldea, Atys of Phrygia, Bali of Orissa, and Quirinus of Rome. Many of these were sculptured in stone by the people who believed in them, and set up in temples and places of worship for adoration three thousand years ago, the same as the crucified figure of Jesus is in churches to-day in all Christian countries.

21. It was believed that the birth of many of these saviors was pointed out by the stars; several of them were said to have been born in a stable, a manger, or a cave; the birth of some of them was said to have been announced to shepherds, and it was claimed for several of them that wise men or magi visited them and adored them soon after birth.

22. Some of them were said to have been born on the twenty-fifth day of December, and that day, in consequence, was celebrated before the same was taken as Christmas. There is no proof, however, that any of them, Jesus included, was born on that day.

23. Many of these sons of gods were simply personifications of the sun, and the time of their birth came from the fact that on the twenty-fifth day of December the sun begins to rise from the night or death into which he had sunk, and for six months from that time daily rose higher in the heavens. On that day the sun was said to be born, and for that reason it was observed as a great festival. Christians found it convenient to adopt this pagan holiday as they did pagan notions and dogmas.

24. The titles of the pagan saviors were much the same as those that were subsequently applied to Jesus; among them were: The Most High, the Lord of Life, the Son of God, the Redeemer of the World, the Lamb of God, the Holy Lamb, the True Light, the Sun of Righteousness, Guide to the Erring, Advocate with the Father, and others of a similar character.

25. The legend of these saviors being saved while in a state of infancy from the slaughter ordered by some wicked ruler was common with some of them; for instance, Christna was saved from the destruction designed for him by the tyrant Nanda of Madura.

26. The retirement to the wilderness for fasting, meditation, and temptation was by no means first believed of Jesus; it was accorded to others before him. The performance of miracles was attributed to all of them, as well as to other divine characters. Nearly every one was believed to have raised people from the dead.

27. Those older saviors had bands of disciples who followed them around. The earlier saviors taught multitudes in the villages, on the highway, in the fields and in the wilderness. At the crucifixion of some of them the sun was said to be darkened and earthquakes took place. Some descended into hell after their crucifixion, arose from the dead, and miraculously ascended into heaven.

28. The doctrine of the Trinity is three thousand years old. The idea of a Holy Ghost was an oriental belief, and a devil was believed in long before the Jews or Christians adopted one.

29. The cross was a religious symbol in many pagan nations. Immortality of the soul was first taught in pagan countries. A personalized Word or Logos was essentially pagan. Baptism was an early pagan rite. A pagan Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. The sacrament of the Eucharist came from the pagans. Anointing with oil was practiced a thousand years before Christ.

30. Belief in saints and worship of them, the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, a day of judgment, the resurrection of the dead, angels and spirits, fasting and prayer, the power to forgive sin, sacred writings and revelations from the gods, and the second birth, all originated in heathendom.

31. Confession and absolution, monasteries and monks, the sacred and imperative order of the priesthood, repentance and humility, and the efficacy of prayer to the gods, are all pagan institutions and teachings. The injunction of morality was strict and effective among pagans, and they have ever been quite as moral as Christians.

32. Thus it is seen there is no new or original doctrine or dogma in the Christian religion; everything it possesses was held by the pagan systems, which were much older, even down to the forms and ceremonies of worship, the robes and paraphernalia of the priests, the forms of the altars, and all the corresponding minutiæ.

33. Inasmuch, then, as Christianity contains nothing original, the claim of its being a new and revealed religion falls to the ground. If it is insisted, nevertheless, that it is a new revelation, it necessarily follows that the being who is supposed to have revealed it must have taken it from where it already existed; and he must have been very poor in originality, unable to devise anything new, and utterly dependent upon the worn-out systems of a thousand years before.

34. It is, indeed, a sad commentary that an infinite, omnipotent, and all-wise God was under the necessity of leaving his happy home and his extensive business in heaven, to come down into this world of turmoil and trouble; take upon himself the inconveniences of humanity; endure three-fourths of a year of close confinement during the period of gestation; pass through the tedious and troublous years of infancy, childhood, and youth to manhood; and then die ingloriously like a criminal, all for his own satisfaction and glory, simply to carry out what the old defunct pagan deities had inaugurated and taught more than ten centuries earlier. It indeed speaks very badly for the intelligence and originality of an all-wise and infinite being, as well as for the believers in the system.

35. But I will dwell no longer upon the subject at this time, leaving a continuation of it till my next visit. I leave my peace with thee; I wish thee a refreshing sleep, and health and strength to complete thy pilgrimage. Good-night. When the morning came everything with the Scribe and with the pilgrims was just the same as though the Venerable Visitor had not made a call.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ELEVENTH DAY—BETHEL TO JERICHO.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the first day of the last month that the pilgrims were up betimes, and ready for another day of rough riding over rocks and down precipices and steep hills to Jericho. Bethel is but fifteen miles north of Jerusalem, but the pilgrims here diverged to the east, toward the Jordan, leaving Jerusalem until Jericho and the Dead Sea have been visited.

2. Early after starting out the pilgrims passed upon the right the site of the old city of Ai, where Joshua is said to have committed such godly bloodshed after he had, by the use of rams' horns, demolished Jericho, leaving it a ruin, and putting the people to death by the sword.

3. Next, flushed with conquest, he turned his face against Ai, and took thirty thousand valiant men of war with him. He went by night, and played a sharp game upon the people of Ai, stationing a sufficient force in ambush, then with another force making a direct attack upon the city, with instructions to fall back as if defeated, when the men of Ai would pursue them, whereupon those lying in ambush were to rise up suddenly and enter the city and burn it. This programme was carried out; the city was destroyed, and men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to death.

4. The Bible says, And Joshua burnt Ai, and made it a heap forever, even a desolation unto this day. In looking at the desolate pile of rocks now, it is difficult to realize that it is the cite of a once populous city, or that such a great amount of blood was there spilt.

5. The roads this day were unusually rough and rocky, and so steep were they in some places that the pilgrims alighted from their horses and walked for safety; for verily their necks seemed to be in danger.

6. At length the valley of the Jordan, and the Mountains of Moab on the other side of Jordan, came fully in view from the top of the hills. But the banks of the river are so high that the stream itself could not be seen. The Dead Sea, however, was in plain sight in the south, and the noted peaks of Nebo and Pisgah in the range of the Mountains of Moab reared their heads before the pilgrims—the very hights from whence Moses is said to have had a view of the Promised Land preparatory to lying down to die, so that the angels could bury him so securely that no man could find his grave. Notwithstanding this assertion, the Moslems have the veritable tomb of Moses on the west side of the Jordan. They falsify the Bible by having the grave of Moses under their special control, and thousands of the faithful make pilgrimages to it. The Mountains of Gilead and many of the places mentioned often in the Jewish scriptures were immediately in front.

7. From the hills to the valley of the Jordan about four thousand feet have to be descended, and the

way was so very steep and rough that most of the distance had to be made on foot, it being all the beasts were prepared to do to pick their way from bench to bench without riders; and it was more pleasant for the pilgrims to walk than to risk their necks by staying on the horses.

8. At length the valley was reached, and for an hour or two the pilgrims rode down on its outer side at the foot of the abrupt mountains, which rise directly from the plain. This being considered a country of thieves and robbers, two Bedouin sheiks, or deputies, were engaged to accompany the pilgrims to prevent their being attacked; and these Bedouins rode before the pilgrims, the one bearing a ferocious-looking spear, with a handle some fifteen feet in length, and the other had an old flint-lock musket strapped to his shoulder. The Scribe did say he would not like to have that spear run through his body, unless it was absolutely necessary.

9. On level places, and especially when the lunching-place on the camping-ground was neared, the Bedouin sheiks were very fond of exhibiting their horsemanship and fighting prowess. They cavorted on their steeds as though pursuing a real foe, and brought the big spear and the old musket to bear as though they had a hundred men or so to demolish. Their horses are so well trained that they mind at a word, and stop in an instant though on a full run. The horsemanship of the Bedouins is excellent, and, with all their trappings, they present a formidable appearance, much like the pictures that have been made of them.

10. They must have the credit of keeping the pilgrims from being robbed or killed, for nothing of the kind occurred; but possibly this was partly due to the fact that there appeared to be no person within ten miles inclined to molest them, and because those that were seen evinced not the slightest disposition to make an attack. There is danger, however, in these localities from the roving brigands, though they never attack a company under the protection of a sheik.

11. If a party is robbed or interfered with while under such escort, the government holds the tribe responsible to which the escorting sheik belongs, as well as the one to whom the robbers making the attack belong. The vicinity of Jericho, from time immemorial, has been noted as a resort of thieves and robbers.

12. Lunch was partaken of on the edge of the plain of the Jordan, by the Fountain of the Do'm, where several do'm-trees spread their limbs, bearing a sweet but rather inferior fruit about the size of robbins' eggs. Here also grows a thorny shrub called the Balm of Gilead, but totally unlike that which grows in the native land of the pilgrims.

13. Here also grows what are called the apples of Sodom, the plant being the Solanum Sanctum, which belongs to the same class and genera as the potato, the tomato, and the night-shade, or bitter-sweet. The fruit called the apples of Sodom, somewhat larger than potato-balls, are of a pretty yellow color, but are mere shells without meat or anything fit to eat. This, by the bye, is the false apple of Sodom, while the true is the calstropis procera.

14. A fine spring gushes up at the foot of the mountain at this place, making a good-sized stream, which converts a little place in that locality into an oasis around it. The mountain of rock immediately in the rear is called the Mountain of Temptation, one of the places when Jesus is claimed to have retired after his baptism in the Jordan to fast and be tempted of the devil. This might have been the exceeding high mountain into which the devil took him to show him all the countries of the globe; but if so, its exceeding great hight consists of two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

15. The Scribe thought if he were on that verdureless hill, the greatest temptation he would feel would be to get off again as soon as possible. It is a decidedly unattractive mass of cheerless rock and gravel, with not a tree to enliven the scene. It is dreariness intensified.

16. While stopping for lunch a shepherd came along with a large flock of sheep, and he amused the pilgrims by calling several sheep by name, which would come to him the same as a child would if called.

17. It was about ninety minutes' ride from the place of lunching to the site of old Jericho, with no hills to climb. In approaching the old site several caves were passed, located up in the side of the hill, from one to two hundred feet above the plain, where Abyssinian hermits live upon herbs alone. They are a wretched set of men, who think they are pleasing God by living in that useless manner. It seemed singular how the poor fools could climb up the sides of the rocks to their miserable places of abode.

18. The white tents were reached an hour or more before the sun went back of the hill, affording the pilgrims good time to look at their surroundings. The camp was immediately in front of what is called the site of ancient Jericho, where the great feat of throwing down the walls of a city by blowing upon rams' horns was so successfully performed. It would seem that the blasts must have been remarkably effective, as they not only threw down the walls, but blew the very stones out of existence, for not a vestige of them is to be seen.

19. The place where the house of the harlot Rahab stood is pointed out; but one spot may be as rationally claimed as another; for there is no Rahab, no Joshua, nor anybody else, to dispute the claim. The site is simply a rough mound of hard, sterile gravel, without a house, a ruin, or a person to make the slightest claim or to hold a residence.

20. Jericho seems once to hav been called a city of palm-trees, but there is not a palm-tree growing upon the site now; in fact, nothing grows there; the few mounds of the ruins of what once stood there are all that remains of what is claimed to have been the principal city of Canaan.

21. It was here, according to the story, that the two Israelitish spies called upon the harlot Rahab and made the arrangement with her by which she proved false to her own people, and for which there seemed to be no necessity, for the efficacy of the rams' horns did not depend in the slightest degree upon her faithlessness. It was here, as may be supposed, that Joshua—the man whose forte was to shed the blood of his fellow-beings and to appropriate the property and houses of others to himself and his own murderous band—stood on the surrounding high ground and said these words, Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho.

22. It was at Jericho, as claimed, that the prophet Elijah spent his last days, and from here he went forth with Elisha to the river Jordan, where they parted the rapid stream by striking it with an old mantle, after which Elijah made the most remarkable ascension on record, to wit, in a chariot and with horses of fire.

23. It has been suggested that it is far more probable that Elisha, wishing to succeed his master, quietly put him out of the way on the east side of the Jordan, and then took his mantle and set up business for himself. This seems infinitely more likely than that a chariot and horses of fire should come down and take a man bodily up above the atmosphere, which if done could not be of the slightest use to him. Such an ascension is an utter impossibility, while it would by no means be impossible for Elisha to kill a man he wished out of the way that he might succeed him, for he more than once exhibited a murderous disposition, particularly when he sent the she-bears to eat up forty-two little children. It would be infinitely easier for him to invent the chariot story than for it to be true; and he seems to have been the only person who knew anything about Elijah's going up.

24. Here, close by the site of Jericho, is a large spring called Elisha's Fountain, which he is said to have healed by throwing in a pinch of salt. The story runs in this wise: And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth, but the water is nought and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters and cast salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more dead or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.

25. What kind of water it was which flowed from that spring before that, why it did not serve to water the vegetation that grew there, and how casting salt into the spring should change the nature of the fountain, can hardly be told; but if there are those who want to believe the story, let them believe it. There is plenty of barren ground in the immediate vicinity of the spring, so the healing of the land was not so very complete if that of the water was. There are thousands of acres of the land near the spring that are utterly barren.

26. The cry or bark of the jackal is heard here at night, and sometimes they seem to be not far from the huts. It is said that the nightingale is sometimes recognized in this vicinity, but the pilgrims have not been so fortunate as to be favored with its notes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MELCHISEDEC'S ELEVENTH VISIT.

1. And it came to pass on the evening of this day that the Venerable Visitor made his usual call, and, after a salutation as on other occasions, proceeded to speak in this wise:

2. It is unfortunate for the Christian religion that it has no historical confirmation of the events which it claims in connection with the person it owns as its founder. As I remarked, it is not improbable that there might have been a person by the name of Jesus who may have been an enthusiast, or a kind of reformer, who spent a year or two of his life in tramping around this narrow country with a band of men following him; but there is not a line of authentic history, sacred or profane, to substantiate the fact.

3. No writer of the day, with the exception of Paul, makes mention of him; and Paul must be regarded as an interested witness, who had a special object in view in having the story believed; and even he, as before remarked, makes no claim for the miraculous or supernatural part of the story.

4. There were other eminent writers of that period who, if the story of such a remarkable character—who raised people from the dead, who was himself raised from the dead, and who was finally taken up bodily into heaven in the presence of five hundred people—had been true, should have known something of it and have said something of him. Among these men were Philo of Alexandria, Josephus of this country, Pliny and Tacitus of Rome, and several others; but they afford no corroboration of the remarkable claims.

5. Josephus was an elaborate writer, and lived in the generation following that attributed to Jesus. He gave full accounts of all the events that transpired in the country, but with the exception of a spurious and interpolated passage—which he surely did not write—his works contain no allusion to the person Jesus.

6. The spurious passage alluded to in Josephus was wholly unknown to the fathers and leaders of the church in the first, second, and third centuries, and it was not till the fourth century that it was known or mentioned by any one, and then by the unreliable church historian, Eusebius, who has the reputation of being himself the forger of the spurious passage. Had it been in the writings of Josephus before he (Eusebius) placed it there, others of the Christian fathers would surely have known of it, and they would have been only too glad to call attention to it.

7. Besides, the spurious passage overdoe, and therefore defeats itself. It makes Josephus to recognize Christ as being the messiah, or sons of God, who performed miracles, etc., which an orthodox Jew, as Josephus was, would surely not have done. He was by no means a Christian, but one of the most rigid believers in his own religion among his people, and he could not have so stultified himself as to avow a belief in the messiahship and the miracles of Jesus. Even had he known such a person, he is the last one who would have called him a god, the son of a god, or the messiah.

8. Again, inasmuch as the claims to the supernaturalism of Jesus, and the miracles performed by him, were not made in the first century, having been first promulgated to the world in the last quarter of the second century, it follows, as a matter of course, that Josephus, though a believer in the man Jesus, could not have recognized as true the impossible feats in the story.

9. This supposed recognition on the part of Josephus in the first century of that which was not claimed for more than a century afterward, may be regarded as a positive proof that the questionable passage is an arrant forgery. No other reasonable view of the case can be taken.

10. When, in connection with this, the fact is taken into consideration, as before remarked, that neither of the four canonical gospels were in existence till about the year 180, more than a century after every person who lived contemporary with Jesus was laid in his grave, it can naturally be seen how easy it might have been for an ingenious man, with a fair knowledge of preëxisting religions, to make up the story, and weave in the incidents of a miraculous character with which it is replete.

11. Were it a certainty that the books ascribed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were written by those persons, there would still be a great uncertainty about their truthfulness, for the stories of the four disagree widely in many respects, each giving incidents which they were not present to see, and stating them in a manner different from the other three.

12. But when it is found that an imposition has been practiced upon the world; that, so far from having been written by the four persons named, these gospels were wholly unknown till after those four persons had been a century in their graves, the utter worthlessness of the account, and the spuriousness of what is palmed upon the world as the history of the matter, becomes painfully apparent. When so much misrepresentation and falsehood is discovered, the whole sinks below the consideration of candid people.

13. Whenever gross impositions are found in the claims of any historical narrative, all that pertains to it loses all just claims to regard and confidence; and greatly is this enhanced when the claims set up are of an extraordinary character, and the world, upon the strength of such testimony, is asked to accept the assertions. Really, the whole story sinks to the level of simple contempt.

14. It is utterly impossible for Christian zealots and partisans to show the slightest proof that either of the gospels in the New Testament collection had an existence prior to the last quarter of the second century. None of the early fathers knew anything of those books; neither of them was read in the early churches, and it cannot be shown that either of them had an existence until they were mentioned by Irenæus, the bishop of Lyons, who, had he been a man of ability, might justly be supposed to be the author of them. It is, at all events, very fair to conclude that he knew the source from which they emanated.

15. The silly reasons which he offered as to why there were four gospels and no more show clearly one of two things, that he was a man of such sim-

plicity as to be regarded as a simpleton, or that he was a swindler who was trying to foist a great falsehood upon the world. An able man, and an honest man at the same time, could not have made use of such frivolous and miserable sophistry.

16. The reasons he gave were that there are four principal winds of heaven, four corners to the earth, four spirits of heaven, and four-faced cherubim. Could more ridiculous reasons be advanced? When it is now well known that the earth has no corners, what can be thought of a father of the church insisting that because there are four corners of the earth, there must be four gospels—no more and no less? The most natural conclusion is that such a man could be dishonest enough to forge so-called gospels, and attribute them to other people, for the purposes of deception.

17. The unreliability of this Christian father, and the unreliability of the entire story, may be seen by noticing the fearful differences in the accounts which come down to the present time. According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the ministration of Jesus lasted a year, or a year and a half at most, and Jesus paid but one visit to Jerusalem after he had attained to the years of manhood. According to John, his mission lasted from four to seven years, and he paid several visits to Jerusalem. While again, according to this Father Irenæus, Jesus's ministry lasted some twenty-five years, and until he was past fifty years of age.

18. It must with but slight effort be seen how utterly unreliable the story is when such fearful discrepancies occur between those whom it is claimed wrote by inspiration, and between their defenders, who are their vouchers and sustainers. Any cause at the present day, sustained by such evidence, would be set aside at once as utterly unworthy of attention.

19. As another instance of the worthlessness of the character and testimony of Irenæus, it is only necessary to refer to the remarkable grapevines which he and John undertook to describe—each vine was to have 10,000 shoots, each shoot 10,000 branches, each branch 10,000 twigs, each twig 10,000 clusters, each cluster 10,000 grapes, and every grape twenty-five measures of wine, estimating the measure to be the small amount of a pint. I think thou calculatedst that the wine produced by a single vine would amount to over 1,302,083,000,000,000,000 hogsheads of 240 gallons each.

20. A man capable of making such extravagant statements cannot reasonably be credited upon any subject. But this was the man who first spoke of the miraculous paternity of Jesus, the first to allude to his performing the astonishing feat of raising people from the dead, of his performing other miracles, and of his going bodily up into the clouds. Indeed, how little credit the statements of such a man are entitled to!

21. The story of Irenæus about a certain kind of heavenly wheat is of the same character. He said: In like manner shall every grain of wheat produce 10,000 ears, and every ear 10,000 grains, and every grain 10,000 pounds of pure white meal—sufficient to make 5,000,000,000 barrels of flour, and to load railroad cars enough to make a train reaching forty times around the globe.

22. A man, I say, capable of talking and writing in this ridiculous manner is the authority the world has to depend upon relative to the authenticity of the four gospels upon which the Christian system rests, and which, according to the assertions of Christian priests, mankind must accept as truth, or burn in hell to all eternity. Could anything more absurd be devised? Surely not.

23. To say the very least, it is more than suspicious that Irenæus should know so much about the four received gospels, while so many other apostolic and Christian fathers who were on the stage before him knew nothing of them. St. Barnabas, bishop of Milan, and St. Clement, bishop of Rome, knew nothing of the four gospels now accepted by Christians.

24. St. Hermas, bishop of Philippolis; St. Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, and St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, never heard of them; neither did Papias, bishop of Hierapolis; Quadratus, bishop of Athens; Aristides, Hegesippus, Justin Martyr, Melito, Tertullian; neither, let me say again, did any of the Christian fathers, or dignitaries, previous to Father Irenæus of the wine and wheat statements.

25. Aside from the mythical character of these four gospels, the manner in which they were admitted into the canon is sufficient to condemn the whole affair. There was no authority as to which books should be accepted and which discarded, save the mere opinions and preferences of a lot of quarrelsome and designing bishops and priests who met together for the purpose of contending and voting about the books presented.

26. These councils were often of the most disgraceful character, and the men who had assembled to decide upon which books should be admitted into the canon, as well as to settle other subjects pertaining to the church, frequently indulged in shameful quarrels, and sometimes even came to blows. In one instance, indeed, one bishop was so kicked and beaten by another bishop that he died.

27. Such, surely, were most unfit men to settle the question as to whether or not a given book was inspired by deity and to decide which productions should be accepted by the world as God's revealed will. If this whole matter is calmly considered in all its bearings, it must be seen that the collection called the canon possesses no claims that an intelligent and thoughtful person is bound to accept.

28. The conclusion, then, cannot be avoided that the Christian system is a borrowed religion; that its dogmas were purloined from paganism; that forgery and deception were practiced by those who had written some of the books; that the men who took it upon themselves to say what and which the word of God is were not by any means the men best qualified for the purpose, and that the collection, at best, is of a positively worthless character.

29. But I will not enlarge upon this subject at this time. I will bid thee good-night and wish thee sweet repose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWELFTH DAY—TO THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

1. And it came to pass on the second day of the twelfth month that the pilgrims pointed their noses across and over the plain of Jordan, and followed the same toward the Dead Sea, which is at a distance of eleven miles, though, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, the distance does not look to be more than half that amount.

2. For a mile or two from the camping-ground, and through the untidy stone and mud village of Riha, or modern Jericho, there is considerable vegetation, the fields appear to be cultivated, and there is quite a growth of fig-trees, shrubbery, and some grains. This portion is watered by the stream, before alluded to, called Elisha's Fountain.

3. The village of Riha is not only dirty and uninviting, but the inhabitants look as though they might belong to a class who rob such strangers as come their way. They look villainous and full of hate.

4. From this place to the Dead Sea the land is level, but dry and barren. A slight growth of grass covers the ground, upon which camels feed. Some two hundred camels, including their young, in different groups, were seen feeding in the course of a few miles; but the land is nearly worthless as to all that grows upon it.

5. It was upon this plain, according to Bible story, that the two cities (Sodom and Gomorrah) once stood, which were destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven. There is nothing to be seen to indicate that those cities ever existed.

6. The Scribe searched anxiously around to see if he could find the figure of Mrs. Lot, standing as a warning to those who are inclined to look back. He was sorry that he could not espy the salted lady, because many of his friends requested a small piece of the woman coverted into salt, but no Mrs. Lot is to be seen.

7. In casting about the Scribe saw some caves up on the side of the rocky mountain, where Mr. Lot and his daughters might have taken shelter, and where, sad to contemplate, the daughters gave their father wine to drink and got him so drunk that they induced him to do a most monstrous act, or rather a couple of monstrous acts. Still he was not so drunk but what he was able to perform a deed which a drunken man is totally unfitted for.

8. The Scribe was not greatly disappointed in finding no Mrs. Lot, for he was prepared to think she had washed away years ago, though it rarely rains on this plain; but still he would be glad to take numerous pieces of her home as souvenirs for his many pious friends. But Mrs. Lot is entirely gone; not even a pinch of her remains—not enough is left to salt a lump of butter the size of a piece of chalk.

9. But, while in the neighborhood of the exploits of the Lot family, the Scribe wishes to speak a good word for Mrs. Lot and to pay her this tribute: She was, by far, the most honorable member of the Lot family; she did nothing to disgrace herself in the eyes of her neighbors and of the whole Jordan valley. The matter of turning her head and looking around to see how the home she was leaving was getting on was a mere bagatelle; every woman should be allowed to turn her head when she feels like it, and it was extremely ungenerous in Yahweh to salt her down just for that.

10. It would seem that Yahweh foreknew what was to take place, and wished to get Mrs. Lot out of the way so that the old man and the girls could have a good time. Had she been around, those shameful proceedings would never have taken place. Mrs. Lot, it must be insisted, is the only one of the four that maintained a respectable character. Compared with the rest of the family, she was a saint of the first water. She should have been canonized by the Jews and Christians from that day to this, and should have had marble statues made of her and put in all the holy places, instead of being made, by way of disgrace and punishment, a pillar of salt, which, very naturally, must waste away in the weather.

11. The Scribe gives his unanimous vote that Yahweh acted very unkindly towards the worthy lady, and that he is really responsible for the subsequent despicable behavior which the old man and his daughters were guilty of. If he wanted the very acts to be performed that were committed, he could not have adopted more effective means for bringing them about. He was particeps criminis in the business. All the participants should have been sent to the Albany Penitentiary for twenty years. The cause was immensely greater than mailing a copy of Cupid's Yokes.

12. Brimstone is not a perishable material; and the Scribe is of the opinion that if enough of it was sent down from heaven to burn up two cities made of stone and mud, a sufficient amount should still be lying loose around upon the ground to mark the spot where those cities stood. But nothing of the kind is to be seen. No sulphur can be found to tell where Sodom and Gomorrah once flourished.

13. The Scribe gives it as his opinion that the brimstone story is bogus. He does not believe that a supply of the drug sufficient to burn two cities is kept in heaven ready to be sent down on short notice. He believes that the man who wrote the account hundreds of years afterwards either dreamed it or drew upon his imagination for his facts. This is what was done in many instances in the Land of Yahweh.

14. It was in this locality—in the plain of Mamre—if there is any truth in the story, that Abraham resided at the time of that brimstone feat; it is here that he must have had that celebrated conversation with Yahweh, when the latter found it necessary to come down from heaven and make personal inspection as to whether the report he had heard about Sodom and Gomorrah was correct, as it must have been hereabouts that Abraham killed the calf and had it dressed for Yahweh and his two angels to partake of, while Sarah made some nice warm cakes for his majesty and suite to eat.

15. It was here, too, that Yahweh made the promise to Abraham that Sarah, though nearly a hundred years old, should again become like a young woman, and bear a son to her husband in his old age. It is not strange that Sarah should laugh to hear such a promise, and be a trifle incredulous. It seems, though, that she denied laughing when Yahweh perceived her mirth. She need not have told an untruth, for there was nothing criminal in her smiling or being incredulous touching such an unusual occurrence as a woman ninety years of age bearing a child.

16. It was on that occasion that Abraham washed Yahweh's feet and treated him as he would an ordinary guest; and, after Yahweh and his two celestial companions had partaken of the hearty meal of veal and warm cakes, followed them, and induced Yahweh to spare Lot and his family from the destruction he had decided to bring upon Sodom. Perhaps if Abraham had not made that request, Yahweh would have left Lot to his lot.

17. It is the opinion of the Scribe that the entire story about the old woman bearing a son, about the brimstone being sent from heaven, about Yahweh taking a hearty meal of fresh veal and warm cakes, about turning Mrs. Lot into a pillar of salt, and all the rest of it, is wholly fabulous and untruthful. To his comprehension, the idea of an infinite deity, the author of all worlds and all constellations of suns and worlds, who must be in the most distant star as well as here, calling upon old Abraham and having his feet washed, partaking of fresh meat and warm bread, and the necessity of coming down to inform himself as to the facts about Sodom, is extremely crude. He thinks the man that wrote that yarn must either have been in the condition of Lot in the cave or practicing the same art in which Baron Munchausen was such an adept.

18. The Dead Sea is called in the Bible the Sea of the Plain; in the Talmud, the Sea of Sodom, and by Josephus, Lake Asphaltiles. Owing to many wild legends as to its deadly character, it was named Dead Sea by the Greeks. The Arabs call it Bahr-Lût (the Sea of Lot). It is more a lake than a sea, for it is but about forty-five miles in length and from three to nine miles in width.

19. In some respects it is the most remarkable body of water in the world. It is 1,300 feet below the level of the sea, and hence is the lowest of lakes on the earth. The water is very dense with salt and other mineral substances. It is much more salt than the water of the ocean, and is probably the heaviest water in the world. It contains soda, magnesia, potash, lime, and other elements, and such as prevent fish or any animal from living in it. But it is as clear as the purest spring water. Its specific gravity is 1·256.

20. It is a body of water without an outlet. The Jordan pours constantly into it, but still it never is full; the evaporation in the burning sun, and the soaking away of the water in the thirsty sands, suffices to prevent any surplus being on hand. Its area is about 250 geographical miles; its mean depth is 1,080 feet. It receives a few other streams besides the Jordan. It is estimated that 6,000,000 tons of water empty into it daily.

21. The range of hills on each side of the valley shuts in the Dead Sea, so that the view east and

west amounts to nothing. The hills on either side are rough, steep, naked, barren rock and gravel, and are extremely uninviting. The whole is little more than a wide and wild ravine, and the feeling of quietness and a deathlike stillness pervades the surroundings. No one lives in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, and very few of the natives visit it.

22. It has been proposed to cut a canal from the Mediterranean to the Jordan velley; and were such a thing to be done, what a rushing in of the water of the ocean there would be, and how thousands of acres of the valley and plain would be covered more than a thousand feet deep with water!

23. The day, though in December, was bright and warm, the sun pouring down its rays with a burning persistence that almost scorched the skin. In approaching the waters, some of the pilgrims galloped their horses over the plain, and Mrs. Moots had the misfortune, by the turning of her saddle, to be thrown to the ground when her horse was at full speed, but luckily, the ground being sandy and soft, she was not injured.

24. Of course a bath in the Dead Sea must be indulged in by the pilgrims on such a warm and pleasant day. All improved the opportunity save one or two. The Scribe was not one to decline the bath. He is an indifferent swimmer, but he found that, owing to the density of the water, it has remarkable sustaining power, and that sinking in it is almost out of the question. But swimming in it is not easy, as it is hard to propel the body through the water, and the feet evince a disposition to come to the top. One can sit in the water and float, and floating upon the back is very easy. The water is bitter, and the disagreeable taste remains long in the mouth.

25. The Scribe picked up several of the smoothly-worn pebbles of the beach as souvenirs of the visit, there being little else one would wish to carry away. Along the shore is not a little flood-wood, which the streams emptying into the lake bring down in times of high water. Very little vegetation is seen around the borders of the Sea. No boat is upon the lake, hence there is no chance for riding upon the waters. It is indeed a lonely place.

26. The Jordan empties into the Dead Sea at the northeast corner, and some two miles from where the pilgrims bathed. The waters of the Jordan are turbid and muddy, though the lake, as observed, is very clear.

27. The Jordan is of course the sacred river of the Israelites. It rises in springs at the foot of Mounts Hermon and Lebanon. It flows along the plain of Huleh, and empties into the shallow Lake Huleh, or waters of Merom, from which it again emerges with increased force, and in the course of ten or fifteen miles plunges down twenty-seven rapids into the Lake of Galilee. From the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea is sixty miles, but the river is so tortuous in its course that it measures one hundred and twenty miles.

28. Leaving the Dead Sea, the pilgrims took a northeastern course, with a view of striking the Jordan about three miles from its mouth. The waters of the Dead Sea are so charged with saline matter that, despite the most thorough wiping, a disagreeable sense of stickiness remains, and a bath in Jordan is necessary to wash it off.

29. Bathing in the Jordan is a sacred ceremony with thousands of Christians who resort to its banks for the purpose. At Easter time the Greek Christians from all the neighboring country collect in thousands at their bathing place early in the morning, and at a given signal they proceed to the river, where old and young, rich and poor, without much regard to propriety, plunge into a promiscuous bath. The scene has been variously described, and probably the less accurate the description the more creditable appears the performance. The Christians attach a deep religious significance to the ceremony, which they regard as the source of many blessings. The Roman Catholics do not go in where the Greeks do, but have a place farther down.

30. The Jordan is by no means a pretty river; the water is muddy, the banks are high, precipitous, and unsightly, being alluvial soil, or mud. On the top there is a considerable growth of bamboo, oleanders, weeds, and mixed shrubbery in a wild, tangled profusion; but a little way from the stream all is barren and drear. The banks are so high and perpendicular that the river cannot be seen until close upon it. In the narrowest places it is eighty feet in width, and in the widest three times that distance.

31. The point of the river which the pilgrims reached is said to be near the place where Joshua and his army crossed over, and where the river kindly parted for them; the place where Elijah and Elisha crossed just before the former made his ascension; and the place where much later Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist, after which the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, descended upon him.

32. The Scribe remembered the old Methodist hymn which he heard in the days of his childhood,

> On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wishful eye
> To Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where my possessions lie.

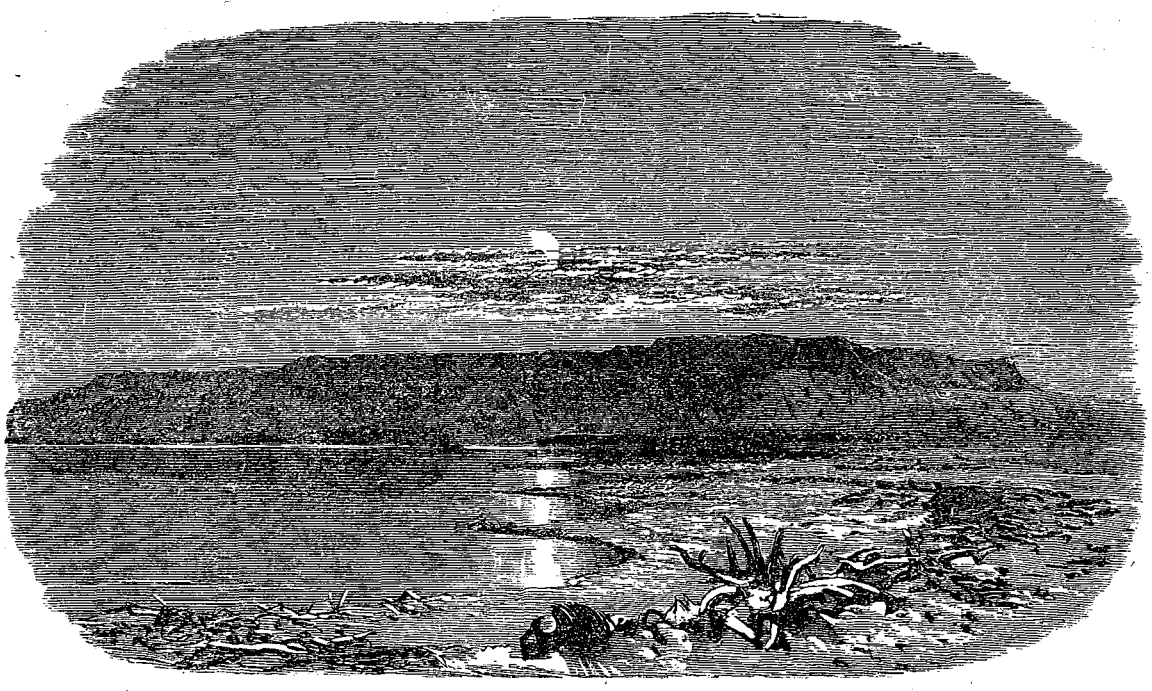
33. He realized the misrepresentations in the four short lines; had it said,

> On Jordan's muddy banks I stand,
> And cast a squinting eye
> To Canaan's rough and sterile land,
> Whose natives steal and lie,

it would have been much more correct. The hills opposite the Jordan are especially dreary and unsightly, being naked and precipitous piles of gravel and rock, as cheerless and desolate as can be imagined.

34. But a bath must be had in the sacred Jordan, and the Scribe must not be excused. Perhaps he needs a baptism as much as any other person. The place selected to enter the waters of the Jordan is a spot where the camels go down to drink, and the descent for a short distance is gradual. Some two hundred camels were there drinking at the time.

35. The Jordan is a rapid stream, and a dangerous one, as the Scribe learned to his cost, for here he came near making his wife a widow. With characteristic venturesomeness, amounting perhaps to a species of foolhardiness, the Scribe thought he would see how much of a miracle it would require to wade across the noted river. He selected a point a hundred feet or more below where the other pilgrims went in.



THE DEAD SEA.

36. He waded in and found the current very strong, but by bracing himself he was able to withstand it. He had passed nearly over, and was within six or eight feet of the eastern bank, when, unexpectedly stepping into a deep hole, the stream took him off as it would have taken a log, down where the river is deeper and wider.

37. He, of course, struck for the shore from whence he started; but, being a poor swimmer withal, and unable to go far without getting out of wind, he had not navigated a great distance before a feeling of exhaustion came over him. Hoping he had got where the water was shallow enough for him to stand upon the bottom, he stopped and went down, but no bottom was within reach.

38. He swam on until it seemed as though he had not another breath, when he stopped again; but again he found no bottom. Then he saw that considerable more natation was to be performed, breath or no breath, strength or no strength. He kept his face toward the muddy bank, and struggled on the best way he could, but the exertion produced a bewildered state of mind, and the whole thing seemed like a dream, an unreality, attended with a singular feeling of indifference whether he got out or not. He was not so far gone, however, but what he realized that he had not been sent out to drown in the Jordan, that he had but partly filled his contract, and that the best thing that he could do would be to get ashore with as little delay as possible.

39. He pushed on, though his breath had entirely deserted him and he was even more thoroughly exhausted then ever before in his life; and at length, when it seemed he could not go another foot, he was just able to grasp a slender, but friendly, bamboo stalk that bent over to the water, and by which he was enabled to draw himself to the bank; but even there the water was over his head, and he could find no rest for the sole of his foot.

40. For ten minutes he held on to the bamboo stalk, until he could, to some degree, recover his lost respiration. The other pilgrims had missed the Scribe, for when he reached the shore he was in a bend of the river where they could not see him. One of them saw the Scribe swimming his best, and the man Bridges called out to the Scribe asking if he was safe. The Scribe, while still in the water, gathered his breath the best he could and shouted back, All right. He did not wish the others to know the effort he had had to make, nor the narrow escape he had met with.

41. After breathing for several minutes he attempted to get up the bank, but found it utterly impossible to obtain any toe-hold—the mud was washed out from under the bank, leaving it in a shelving position—so the only way for him was to haul himself up by his hands, the feet being unable to take any part in the exercise. Once the bamboo broke and let him back into the water, and he knew not that he would succeed in getting out; but luckily he was able to grasp some weeds, and after working for ten or fifteen minutes, and by the most vigorous exertions he was capable of, he succeeded in drawing himself up on the bank; but so completely covered with mud as to be a sight to behold.

42. The business of the first ten minutes was to get some breath, after which the mud was washed off, when the scribe walked back thirty rods up-stream to get his clothes, where he washed again; but it was thirty minutes before he had so far recovered as to breathe naturally. He did not feel like wading the river again, thinking his escape as narrow as he desired, and judging that if he had had a fathom farther to swim, if the bank had been but a single foot higher, if the weeds had been but a little weaker, or if he had gone fifty feet farther down stream, where the banks are higher, he must surely have drowned.

43. He had not informed himself of the treacherous and dangerous nature of the stream, and it was not till afterward that he learned that many persons have been drowned in the Jordan. The conductor of the party said that a few years ago one of Cook's party went in to bathe, and though he did not attempt to wade over, he came within an ace of drowning, and would have perished had he not been hauled out by the hair of his head.

44. Only last year a German professor went in the Jordan to bathe, and the current took him down and he was drowned, and it was three days before his body was recovered. Usually, the bodies of the drowned are not recovered; the current takes them along hurriedly to the Dead Sea, and carries them far out. The banks of the river are so high, and the current so rapid, that no chance for rescue exists; and when the body is out in the Dead Sea there is little chance for obtaining it.

45. The Scribe is glad he did not leave his body in the Dead Sea, preferring to take it around to his own land, where his own friends will be enabled to attend his funeral, when ultimately he shuffles off this mortal coil. Had he been a Bedouin, replete with muscle and activity, able to swim like a fish, he would have been able to cross the stream and to have swam out without difficulty, as they often cross the river by fording and on camels; but not being a Bedouin, the case was quite different, and he counted himself fortunate in getting out.

46. He questioned somewhat whether Jeremiah had any reference to him when he asked, If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses; and if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedest, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of the Jordan? (Jer. xii, 5.) At all events, the Scribe feels that he has been pretty thoroughly baptized, and if from this time he is not saved, he wants to know the reason why.

47. When the Scribe had fully recovered his breath, and returned to the pilgrims, the carpet was spread upon a high bank of the Jordan, and lunch was partaken of. But he had little appetite for eating; his vigorous exercise had driven it away, if any there would have been. But after drinking some camel's milk, he was able to enter into a discussion with the man of God Getz, and the man of God James.

48. The discussion came up in this way: the sub-

ject of the Mormons was upon the tapis, and it was decided by the entire party who participated in the talk that polygamy is a very great enormity, and that the United States government ought to suppress it by law. To this the Scribe demurred, saying that the government had no right to interfere with men's religious convictions and privileges.

49. And however pernicious the habit of polygamy is, Christians are the last people in the world who should cry out against it, for it was practiced by the men whom they hold up as God's greatest favorites, the guides to be patterned after, and the men who are regarded superior to all others who have lived. If it was right for Abraham, Jacob, Gideon, David, Solomon, and all the patriarchs and men of God in olden times to practice polygamy, it is also right for the Mormons. What was moral and right three thousand years ago cannot be immoral now. As God did not condemn polygamy then, they have no reason to claim he condemns it now. What is right and true in one year is right and true in another. Principles do not change. If polygamy is wrong now, it was always wrong. That is a truism that cannot be evaded.

50. The men of God responded that men must be allowed to progress and advance, and that Christ had condemned polygamy, hence it was wrong. The Scribe replied that men, of course, had a right to progress and improve their civilization; but how about God? Is he also to improve? Is he to be better this year or this century than he was in some previous year or century? If he did not condemn polygamy three thousand years ago, will it do for him to condemn it now?

51. And as for the matter of Jesus condemning polygamy, I deny it, and ask you where his language forbidding it is to be found. He condemned polygamy no more than he did monogamy; he did, in fact, condemn marriage in every form. This the men of God stoutly denied, repeating that Jesus and Paul both approved of marriage.

52. The Scribe answered that both Jesus and Paul showed they were opposed to marriage, first, by not marrying themselves. If it were better to marry than not to marry, they certainly should have married. And Jesus insisted that unless others took up the cross and followed him—doing as he did—they could not be his disciples, and consequently could not be saved. Hence if he did not marry, those that follow him also must not marry.

53. The Scribe also quoted the words of Jesus in reply to his disciples when they asked him if it was right to marry: All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given; for there are some eunuchs which were so born from their mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs which were made eunuchs of men; and there are some eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it let him receive it.

54. And again he said: Verily I say unto you that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. In the following verse he enjoins the forsaking of wives and children; and he declared on another occasion that in the kingdom of heaven there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage. These declarations, with his entire abstinence from marrying and sexual intercourse, argue that he was opposed to marriage of any kind.

55. As for Paul, though he admitted it was better to marry than to burn, he insisted that those who did not marry did better than those who did; and he would that all men were like himself—unmarried. The Scribe insisted that if those persons approved of marriage their language did not show it, nor did their lives and examples prove it. If they approved of marriage they would have married.

56. The man of God James insisted that Jesus was the son of God, and therefore could not marry nor indulge in the sexual act. Said the Scribe, Why therefore? Did not his father indulge in the sexual act when he begat Jesus? and what authority have you for saying that the son could not do as much as the father? Besides, did not the sons of God in olden time, as narrated in Genesis vi, 2, marry the daughters of men, taking such as they chose? What grounds have you, then, for saying that another son of God could not do the same if he wished? What right have you to say that Jesus, being the son of God, therefore could not marry?

57. The two men of God did not like to hear the Scribe talk, because he said things displeasing unto them, and they even looked as if they wished he had not got out of the Jordan. The Scribe has frequently had such spats of words with them, which would require too much space to repeat, and he was sometimes fearful he would to some extent detract from the pleasure of their visit to the Land of Yahweh, which he was loth to do, as he wished them to have all the happiness possible.

58. The Scribe is alone in the heretical notions which he indulges in, and when religious subjects arise the entire party is opposed to him. Even the man Bridges, from the land of Hoosier, though for a wonder he has discarded sulphur from his creed, persistently holds on to all the rest of the Christian nonsense. His friends even feared to have him make the tour of the world with the Scribe, lest heterodoxical notions might be imperceptibly instilled into him. But the Hoosier man is quite safe. He left home perfectly steeled against the reception of any new religious notions. He would not read THE TRUTH SEEKER or any book written by the Scribe, even if he knew it would kill him on the spot. A new idea of a religious nature could not be introduced into his head, even by a surgical operation, any more than into a burglar-proof safe with a double-combination lock. How he ever came to discard sulphur is a marvel. The Scribe has told him that he is a fine specimen of the religious fogy.

59. In due time the pilgrims were on their way back to the camp at the same place where they camped the night before. The ride was pleasant enough, and the tents were reached in good season.

CHAPTER XXV.

MELCHISEDEC'S TWELFTH VISIT.

1. When the Venerable Visitor entered the tent after this day was over, and when all had sunk into repose, he smiled placidly at the Scribe and said: And so thou wast baptized in the Jordan to-day, and it came near being thy last swim? Hadst thou given up the ghost there in the Jordan, that holy stream, thou shouldst have been entitled to a direct passport into paradise, else there can be no special efficacy in those turbid waters over others.

2. But it appears thou art destined to live still longer to give forth further utterances of what thou deemest to be the truth, whether it make thee popular or unpopular; and the last is the more likely to be the case. It cannot be otherwise than unpopular to oppose and expose popular errors. So thou canst make up thy mind that so long as thou pursuest thy present course thou wilt incur the ill will and even the hatred of those who think differently from thyself.

3. Thou hast, however, sufficiently counted the cost in this matter, and I trust thy heart will not grow faint in the work in which thou hast engaged. Thou hast gone to prison once, and I think thou wouldst not quail even should thy enemies send thee there again; neither wilt thou flinch at the unpopularity or obloquy that may meet thee in the pursuance of thy honest convictions. I bid thee keep up the warfare against the reign of superstition and error though millions rise against thee, and frown upon thee, and speak evil of thee.

4. Now let me recur to the subject touched upon in the late visits I have made thee, and let me say a strong proof that Jesus was not a God, that he did not possess infinite knowledge, rests in the fact that according to the record he recognized and believed the most utter fallacies and absurdities which men have accepted. An infinite and all-wise God could not do this.

5. The very fact that Jesus believed in men being possessed by devils, that seven or a thousand could enter into a single person, that the ordinary mental disease called insanity was the operation of devils, clearly shows that he was governed by the same errors and absurdities that darkened the minds of the people of that age.

6. What would now be thought of a physician in charge of an insane asylum, or of any medical man of the present day, who should hold that insanity or aberration of mind comes from a devil having entered into the patient, and that the afflicted person could only be put in possession of a sound mind again by the devil being driven out? He would certainly be deemed demented himself, and wholly unfit to administer to the mental ailments of others.

7. It is now well understood that insanity is as much a disease as is fever, rheumatism, or consumption, and that it requires to be treated in a scientific manner. It is as sensible to think of removing the bilious cholic by charms, incantations, or by rebuking a devil, as insanity.

8. Jesus seemed to know nothing about this; he did not regard insanity as arising from a diseased condition, but thought that some imp of Satan had surreptitiously taken possession of the poor man, and that the only way the sufferer could be relieved was by ordering or cajoling the devil to depart from him.

9. If there were no other proof that Jesus was not a god, that he had not infinite knowledge, that he was not superior to an ordinary man of intelligence, this very devil absurdity is sufficient to show it. A sensible person can hardly believe in such a being as a devil; that monstrosity belongs to darkened minds and to darkened eras.

10. There is no such thing as a devil, save in the minds of ignorant and superstitious people. Those who can believe in devils can also accept genii, gnomes, hobgoblins, fairies, naiads, witches, gorgons, fates, furies, harpies, hulders, and the thousands of other monstrosities which have existed only in the brains of superstitious men and women. An infinite and all-wise god could not possibly believe in them.

11. The fact that Jesus quoted and recognized such fables as Noah and his flood, the earth being covered with water to the tops of the highest mountains; all the forms of animal life, from the elephant down to the smallest insect, including also birds and reptiles of all kinds, being housed together in a tight, dark box, without food or drink for thirteen months; about the ark resting upon the top of a mountain 17,000 feet above the sea, and the delicate animals being turned out midst perpetual frost, which must prevail at that hight, without the slightest show for food, either animal or vegetable, and with all vegetable and animal life swept from the face of the earth, shows that he could neither possess infinite intelligence nor ever even good common sense.

12. Also his recognizing and indorsing the equally frivolous story of Jonah being swallowed by a fish and lodging in the fish's stomach under water for three days and three nights, without air, without oxygen, so essential to the life of every person, shows equally that he was not an all-wise god, and that he was only an ill-informed man to be gulled by a foolish fable.

13. Nothing is more apparent in the story of Jesus than that he was a person of not more than ordinary attainments. He gave no evidence of possessing the least scientific knowledge, which man at that time so much needed, and which was then so scarce in the world. He seemed to know no more of chemistry, astronomy, geology, mathematics, geometry, biology, and the other most useful sciences than the most ignorant persons he had called around him.

14. Had he given lessons to the world as to the laws of the universe, showing it how imperative is natural law, how essential that man should understand it and govern his life and his conduct by it; how essential that the relation between cause and effect be understood, and the superiority of the truths of nature over the chimeras of superstition and ignorance, it would have been infinitely better than filling the minds of his illiterate hearers with vagaries about devils getting into men, women, and hogs; about the tale of Noah and his water five miles in depth, and about Jonah taking a three days' ride in the belly of a fish.

15. Had he possessed infinite knowledge and power, and had it been his purpose to impart the same to the inhabitants of the earth, how much good he might have done them by enlightening them upon hundreds of points of which they knew nothing! But he uttered not a new idea; he brought to light not a single scientific truth; he gave the world no new inventions; no improvements in agriculture, in mechanics, or in the arts.

16. He did not instruct farmers how to cultivate their farms to the best advantage; he did not say a word about the necessity of deep plowing, of the best breeds of sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, or fowls. He said not a word about the importance of good roads, of the best kind of farm wagons, of the necessity of good fences, good dwellings, good schoolhouses, or the best style of wearing apparel.

17. Though he is said to have been brought up to the carpenter's trade, and consequently must have known something of the use of tools and skilful workmanship, still he said nothing about any improvements that ought to be made in the business he worked at; he gave no hints of new inventions that ought to be introduced; not a word about improved modes of sawing lumber, of the planing-machine, the dovetailing-machine, nor any other kind of machine that carpenters would be especially benefited by understanding, and which they hav been obliged to work out by dint of their inventive powers, wholly unaided by him.

18. He did no more for other mechanics; he gave no information about the turning-lathe for iron or wood, nothing about a slotting-machine, nothing about improved spinners, nothing about improved looms, nothing about improved modes of manufacturing boots and shoes, nothing about improvements in making garments, nothing about making clocks and watches, nor did he give women the slightest instruction about the important matter of making good bread.

19. He also showed himself wholly ignorant of the great improvements which have since been introduced and brought to a high state of perfection by the ingenuity of man. First of all, he knew nothing about the great art of printing, of the use of types, or of the printing-press. The invention of these has been of incalculably greater value to the world than all the homilies upon theology that have been inflicted upon mankind.

20. He knew nothing about the nature of electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, or any of the subtle forces of nature. He knew nothing of the power of steam, nor its application to the engine for running machinery; nothing of the steamboat, nothing of the railroad, nothing of the telegraph, and nothing of scores of other great inventions which have been of inestimable value to mankind.

21. The application of steam to the running of machinery, of electricity, and magnetism in all its applications for similar purposes; the introduction of coal as fuel, the making of gas for illuminating purposes, the discovery and uses of petroleum, the telegraph, and other kindred discoveries, have been a million times of greater value to the world than all the talk about devils, ghosts, angels, and gods that Jesus and the hundreds of thousands of his priests have indulged in for eighteen hundred and fifty years.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The Catholic Church.

The growth of this establishment in this country in the last few decades is calculated to make every thoughtful and liberty-loving person feel alarmed. When we consider its methods of propaganda, the sly, crafty, and jesuitical manner in which it quietly and effectually furthers its aims, we cannot but see in it the worst enemy this nation has. We know what it has done in the past, and although its power has been in a large measure taken away, it is fair to presume it would do the same again should it regain its lost influence.

This country, with its free institutions and non-recognition of any one particular church sect, is an easy one for the crafty papists to subjugate to their master at Rome. The heavy influx of the Irish, who are all slaves to the Romish church, is giving the pope thousands and thousands of adherents, who regard his will as of more importance than their duty to their adopted country. They are being naturalized and given citizenship as fast as they come, and by this means the pope has now thousands of votes as absolutely at his command as though he cast them all himself. More that that, he has the material for an army should he desire one. The Catholics in this country, although a part of the sovereign people, know no master but the pope, and regard their allegiance to the church above their duty to the country. In Europe the people and governments are familiar with the machinations of this power, and the tendency for many years past has been to deprive it of its fangs. The United States has never had a holy Roman inquisition, and but very few of our people besides the Freethinkers know what it has done. So they rest in idleness; and it is this condition of affairs that gave Pius IX. the opportunity to say, with more truth than popes are in the habit of expressing, that he had more power in the United States than in any other country.

A Russian Catholic priest has recently written a book (published in St. Petersburg) which shows that it is no idle fear that takes alarm at the growth of the Catholic church in our land. The increase of the different churches has been large, but none has grown so fast as this, and the question is coming up, Shall America become a Catholic country? That Italian who said he would rather see Rome in ashes than again under the dominion of the pope, felt as all patriots must feel when considering this question. Yet, for many more years than people are aware, the Romish church has been quietly conquering first a foothold, then a commanding position in our affairs, and if not checked may finally be powerful enough to shape its own laws and legislations in its own favor. Indeed, in New York, which is a greater Irish city than Dublin itself, it has controled legislation and taxation for many years. Does any one suppose for a moment that a political leader of this city could hold his 50,000 voters in absolute command if he were not a Catholic and the nephew of a cardinal? Great as is their love for democracy (although half of them do not know the meaning of the word), they fear their priests more. With them church is paramount to party.

In tracing the growth of Catholicism this Russian priest has recalled to mind many facts of importance bearing upon this question. The first religious pioneers in the New World were the Catholic monks, and particularly the Jesuits. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many thousands of Indians became Catholics. In the eighteenth century, along with the foundation of the English rule in America, came hard times for both the Indians and the Catholics. The former were either annihilated or pushed westward, and the latter were paralyzed by the stringent anti-Catholic laws dictated by the Protestants. The Puritans in the Old World suffered much at the hands of the church for their religious views. In the New World they became prosecuting fanatics, and the Catholics were the victims of their religious intolerance. The Catholic priests were forbidden to liv in New England under penalty of death. Out of the thirteen original states, only four were without state religion; the rest of the states officially supported the Protestant church. The papists were everywhere denied the right of free exercise of their religion. Even in the state of Maryland, founded by Catholics, they were often persecuted by the Protestant settlers. In the war for independence the religious war among the settlers was considerably abated.

Thus religious tolerance was but the child of political necessity, and not the offspring of humanity. The jealousy of the sects, one of another, gave us religious liberty at first, and led to the incorporation of this article into the Federal Constitution: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." Though a hot opposition was raised against this article, the political wisdom of a few heretical statesmen went even further. In 1791 the state and the church were still further separated, and this was introduced into the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Thus the Protestants apparently lost the state support, and were put on the same footing with the Catholics.

The growth of Catholicism in the United States for the last hundred years has been, indeed, alarming. In 1776 there were in this country about 25,000 Catholics all told, or one-one-hundred-and-twentieth part of all the inhabitants, and now there are over 7,000,000 of them, or one-seventh of the whole population. At the end of the last century the Catholics of the city of New York held their services in an old carpenter shop, and now they hav in that city the grandest and costliest cathedral on the American continent. They hav in the Union nearly 6,000 churches and over 2,500 chapels and mission houses. In 1776 there were 23 Catholic priests, and now there are 6,402 priests, 69 bishops, and one cardinal. Toward the end of the last century the property of the Catholic institutions was a mere nothing, and now it is believed to be worth $100,000,000. In the last century the Catholic priests could not appear among the Protestants without endangering their lives, so much did these children of "one God" love each other; but since 1829, when the first council of the Catholic clergy was held, they hav had such numerous and resplendent councils as hav rarely been seen in Europe. For instance, at the Plenary Council in Baltimore in 1866 there were present 7 archbishops, 37 bishops, 1 apostolic administrator, 2 abbots, 22 general vicars, 19 priors of different monkish orders, 31 functionaries, 7 rectors of theological seminaries, and 93 other theologians. To collect $26,000 as Peter's pence, as was done in 1849, has become a trifling matter for the Catholics of the Union. The Catholic financiers nowadays deal with millions of dollars, as the notorious example of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who swindled hundreds of his confiding dupes out of all they had, proves. The servant girls, hod-carriers, street sweepers, and other adherents of the church support in this country over 3,000 Catholic monks and over 15,000 nuns, who are zealous, able, and highly educated emissaries. They constitute a powerful religious corps, moved by the autocratic hand of the pope. No other church in the United States can conduct missionary work on such a grand scale as the Catholic church. Furthermore, the Catholics have 107 male colleges, with over 20,000 pupils belonging to different religious denominations, and their profits from this source amount to millions of dollars. They hav 511 female academies, where girls of all beliefs are admitted, bringing them in annually about $10,000,000. Besides money, these schools bring them converts. It is believed that of every ten non-Catholic pupils who attend the Catholic schools, seven are converted to Catholicism. Besides these schools, they hav protectories and reformatories, to whose care are consigned all the vagrant children they can get, for whose support the state pays. These children are run through the religious mill and come out strong Catholics. Thus the state is made to pay for converting secular scapegraces into religious rascals. There are in the United States 267 Catholic asylums and 119 Catholic hospitals supported by the people. The Union is dotted with Catholic convents belonging to 71 orders. The Catholic monks and nuns everywhere giv benediction with one hand and with the other draw dollars "for the great glory of God." There are over 10,000 Catholic churches, schools, and other institutions where the agents of the pope daily teach that the church's authority is from God and the government is from men, and true Catholics must obey God rather than man. In Rome, even now, the priests call America the "continent of Mary."

It is sure that what the church has been she will continue to be. She pretends that she has found the whole truth, that she is infallible, that whatever she has done or may do is and will be right. What she did in France and Portugal, Spain and Italy, she will do in the United States if she gets the opportunity. Many believe that the next war in this country will be between Rome and Reason, two forces with nothing in common, and between which there can never be anything but hostility. In the struggle the Protestant church will be swallowed up. The lovers of rituals and long-gowned mummery will go back to the arms of their harlot mother, and the rest will be forced into the ranks of the great army of progression, the Freethinkers. There can be no half-way ground, no neutral territory. Those that dare not come out for Liberty will be counted against her, while those who manfully battle for the right will wear the crown. The cardinal principles of Catholicism do and always will come in conflict with the institutions of a free republican government. A man cannot serve two masters without betraying the interests of one. The Catholics constitute a state within a state, for the orders of their master at Rome are more binding than the laws of any country; and when they serve a master as cruel and unscrupulous as the Romish church, they cannot but be a force dangerous to the welfare of any country. The remedy is in free schools and free thought, and in taking away from institutions conducted in the interests of any religion every penny of state aid, and in taxing the millions of property they hav accumulated in so shameful a manner. But it will hav to be done while they are still in a minority, or the very freedom of our institutions will prove their ruin. And the work will hav to be done by Freethinkers, for the Protestant churches stand side by side with the Catholic at the public crib and steal dollar for dollar with her. Their yoke is as heavy as hers to bear, and their dominion, if not as debasing, is as odious and tyrannical. They force their filthy Bible into our schools, and flaunt their rottenness still more boldly. The two churches are both as bad as bad can be, and the only useful way they can serve mankind is by doing as did the fabled Kilkenny cats—eat each other up and leave nothing but a tale behind.

One Liberal State.

E. Campfield, of Wetmore, Kan., writes to a Boston paper in answer to a query regarding the right of Atheists to testify in the different states, that in Kansas Atheists are qualified to testify by Sec. 7 of the Bill of Rights, as enumerated in our Constitution. It reads as follows: "SEC. 7. The right to worship God, according to the dictates of conscience, shall never be infringed; nor shall any person be compelled to attend or support any form of worship; nor shall any control of, or interference with, the rights of conscience be permitted, nor any preference be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship. No religious test or property qualification shall be required for any office of public trust, nor for any vote at any election, nor shall any person be incompetent to testify on account of religious belief." The statute respecting oaths, Sec. 3, reads, "Any person having conscientious scruples against taking an oath may affirm with like effect." Sec. 4 reads, "Affirmation shall commence and conclude as follows: You do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm, etc., and this you do under the pains and penalties of perjury."

The Devil as the Tempter.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you be kind enough to giv through THE TRUTH SEEKER the number of passages in the Bible where God is said to hav sent the devil to tempt mankind? P. H. B

The devil derives his title and reputation as a tempter of men from several passages. He is called the tempter in Matthew iv, 3. He is said to be as a roaring lion in 1 Peter v, 8. Matthew (iv, 1) records how Jesus was led up into a high mountain to be tempted. The first two chapters of Job show how God made a bargain with the devil (under the name of Satan) to tempt Job, and endeavor to get him to curse God. Luke iv, 2, says Jesus was "forty days tempted of the devil." All these things were done by God's command. Further information about his devilish majesty can be obtained by consulting the New Testament, especially the four gospels.

Agassiz and Geology.

ERIE, Feb. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: A man says he heard Prof. Agassiz say that geology and the Bible substantially agreed, or that the Bible is proved to be true by geology. Is this correct? Can you quote what he did say? Many friends are interested in the truth on this subject. Very truly, C. L. HAWES.

Mr. Hawes's Christian man has made an assertion, and *he* should prove it. We do not know where to find Prof. Agassiz's language, and it makes no difference whether he said so or not. Geology and the Bible *do not* agree, and if the Christian takes issue with us we will prove it.

Chapter and Verse.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of Feb. 18, 1882, page 107, and No. 834 of "What I Don't Believe," Mr. Bennett quotes: "Those mine enemies that would not that I should not reign over them bring them hither and slay them before me;" and in No. 338 of the same, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Please giv me the chapter and verse. Respectfully, E. CHOPE.

The charitable command first quoted will be found in Luke xix, 27. The second kindly sentiment is recorded in Mark xvi, 16.

Heredity.

Interest in this subject increases. The second parlor meeting of the New York branch of the Institute of Heredity was held at 120 Lexington ave. on the evening of the 23d. The parlors were so crowded that there was not an inch of standing room. Mr. S. P. Putnam presided. Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., read an interesting letter from Mr. Loring Moody, going to show that people everywhere are waking up to the importance of the subject. Dr. Foote, Sr., called attention to an address before the Liberal Club at Chi-

cago, by A. J. Grover, on "Heredity, or the Gospel of a New Salvation." Extracts from the address were read by the secretary. Then came addresses by Dr. Sara B. Chase and Dr. Reuben Garter, followed by a lively discussion by many present upon some of the positions taken by the two speakers named. Everybody seemed to enjoy the meeting and exchanged congratulations at the close, much as the good sisters and brothers used to do after a revival meeting some twenty or twenty-five years ago, showing that there are some subjects besides those of a theological character which can cause an "awakening." The third meeting will be held at the same place on the third Thursday evening in March.

MR. BENNETT lingered in Bombay rather longer than he intended, making short excursions out into the country to visit notable points and objects of interest. But he hoped to get through India so as to leave Calcutta on Feb. 12th for Ceylon, where he was to stop two weeks, and then proceed to Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, and thence to Yokahama, Japan. He reports that his health is splendid, not having had the slightest indisposition while in India, although the heat in the middle of the day is terribly oppressiv.

Owing to the storms on the Atlantic, the plates we ordered from England for the first volume of travels hav been delayed, and a couple of weeks more can be allowed for those who wish to hav their names appear in the first of the three volumes. The book is printed, with the exception of the pictures and names, and pending the arrival of the former we shall be pleased to add many more of the latter. Five dollars secures the three volumes postpaid to any address.

WE are glad to see that the Freethought regents of the Nebraska University do not propose to tamely submit to be bullied by their Christian fellow-regents, who clearly acted without authority of law in forcing them out of the board. It is provided by the state that no professor of the institution shall be discharged without a fair hearing and proof against him of incompetency or misconduct. It is known that the orthodox element has been scheming some time to get entire control of the university; and there are a great many Liberals in the state, including men of position and influence, who will sustain the dismissed professors in a suit to test the legality of the board's action in the courts of the state.

THE *Banner of Light* says its files were purchased by an agent of the late czar of Russia for his august master, and evidently thinks the Russian autocrat was a Spiritualist. We hope not, for we are slow to think any Spiritualist could be such an infernally cruel tyrant as was the late ruler of Russia. It would hav been better for him to hav thought less of the next world and paid a good deal more attention to the welfare of his unfortunate subjects in this.

A. B. MEACHAM, editor of the *Council Fire*, died last week. He was a stanch friend of "Lo, the poor Indian," and that much-abused race will sadly miss his labors in their behalf. The *Council Fire* will be continued under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Bland.

Book Notices.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE, and the Sanitary and Physiological Laws for the Production of Children of Finer Health and Greater Ability. By a physician and sanitarian. Price, $1.50. For sale at this office.

This book is an attempt to show the world how to improve upon the present race. It seems to the author that the race might be greatly improved by wiser and more sanitary marriages, and by more physiological parentage. If the average standard ability of the race, he says, were raised one degree during each century, the results could hardly be estimated. We should in a comparativly short time get rid of our thieves, our drunkards, the licentious, the feeble and insane, and we should hav so many more able men and women than now—far abler than any the world has yet produced—that life, with all its drawbacks, would still be grander and better. To do this, men and women must marry more scientifically, and not rush into the connubial state upon the impulses and passions of youth. Man, being the highest of animals, should certainly take as much pains to perfect his species as he does to develop the best qualities in the lower brute world. The aim of the author is the same as that of the Institute of Heredity, and while they are discussing the desirableness and practicability of the thing he has gone laboriously to work and pointed out how it may be done. It is a book that should be read by all married people and those contemplating marriage.

PREVENTION OF CRIME, INSANITY, IDIOCY, DRUNKENNESS, PAUPERISM, AND DISEASE. By M. E. Billings, Waverly, Iowa. Price, 10 cents.

This pamphlet is rather a treatis on the desirability of preventing crime than an extended pointing out how it may be done. Some of the more prominent causes of wretchedness are shown, among which Christianity stands foremost. "Wherever," says Mr. Billings, "Christianity has been the ruling religion, there pauperism, debauchery, and crime hav been fostered, and in juxtaposition and ratio. In Italy, the home of Christian superstition, paupers abound on every hand and crime is equally prevalent. Convinced that the bankrupt court of divine atonement has provided them a scapegoat to rid them of the consequences of crime, they hav become the moat devout of Christians and the most hardened of criminals. A most natural result of such a doctrin. So, too, with pauperism. More than one half of the population are mendicants of some sort; either priestly drones, convent or monastery beggars, or lazzaroni, brigands, beggars, and sneak thieves." He also finds ill-considered wedlock a prolific source of idiocy and disease, and the propagation of their species by adult criminals one of the main causes of crime. By better regulated marriages and the enforcement by the state of celibacy among criminals he would deprive these two causes of their power. He further summarizes his remedy under eleven heads, which are all good and would undoubtedly tend to make the world better. His little book should be circulated widely, especially among the orthodox Christians.

One of Hammond's Converted Infidels.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I clip from the Washington *Republican* of Feb. 21, 1882, the following:

"A bill of divorce has been filed by Nettie Cheeks against Peter C. Cheeks. They were married in Baltimore in 1879. The charges alleged are cruelty and non-support."

The *Post* of the same date givs the charges in detail. In 1877 the revivalist Hammond was in Washington, and Mr. Cheeks was numbered among his converts. In 1881 the revivalist made the following statement in Toronto:

"While in Washington he extended an invitation to the president of the Infidel association there. The invitation had been accepted, and the result was that the Washington association had been broken up, the secretary being now engaged in Christian work. The name of that secretary was P. C. Cheeks, and he hoped if there was an Infidel present who doubted what he said, that he would write to Washington and inquire for himself if what he said was true."

At the request of Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Ont., I ascertained the facts of the case, and published them in THE TRUTH SEEKER, April 23, 1881. The "Infidel association" was a "Philosophical Club," whose president, then a government clerk, had been a preacher, and, while president of the club, received a call to preach again, which he afterward accepted. Mr. Cheeks was not secretary of the club, but he took part occasionally in the Sunday discussions. The club was not broken up by Hammond, nor was its attendance diminished. A committee of the club waited on Hammond in regard to a discussion, but failed to get the preacher to agree on any terms. Mr. Cheeks was educated for the priesthood, but had long since renounced Catholicism and become a Methodist preacher. But in 1872 or 1873 he became a skeptic, and so continued until he got reconverted in 1877, under Hammond. Soon after that he got a government office. In February, 1879, he married a second time. In October following his wife left him for alleged cruelty, but afterward returned and forgave him; but in September, 1881, she was compelled to leave him finally.

Only a day or two before the public announcement of the application for a divorce, Mr. Cheeks came to my house and tried to sell me a book, which he said demolished Darwinism. During our brief conversation he had the effrontery to assert—1. That Thomas Paine was an Atheist; 2. That when he wrote the first part of his "Age of Reason" he had not read the Bible; 3. That Colonel Ingersoll had not read the Bible until he began to prepare his lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses."

Mrs. Cheeks says she was compelled to leave her husband soon after their marriage on account of his threats and abusive language toward her, but returned when he promised to do better. Again, Oct. 2, 1879, she left him because he struck her, but when he got sick she returned and forgave him. At last, Sept. 30, 1881, when he kicked her, she left him, and now sues for a divorce.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." W. H. B.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1882.

Vaccination a Humbug.

The extravagant claims set up on behalf of vaccination hav their parallel in the case of inoculation a century ago. In the first thirty years of the eighteenth century, before inoculation was at all general, seventy-four deaths in every thousand were from smallpox; but during the last thirty years of that century, when inoculation was general, the mortality had increased to ninety-five in one thousand. The disease reached its acme about 1780, and then for fifteen years grew slowly milder. Edward Jenner in 1796 made a pretentious discovery, which, I venture to say, is an unmitigated evil. Already the disease had grown milder, and by the year 1809 had nearly disappeared. But inoculation had been abandoned as a frightful curse, and another worse humbug had begun to usurp its place. I say humbug, and I will now prove it. Up to the year 1808 only about 160,000 individuals were vaccinated in England; and yet the subsidence of smallpox was ascribed to Dr. Jenner's discovery, and he received a reward from Parliament in 1802 of £10,000, and in 1807 of £20,000. If the vaccination of one person out of one hundred and twenty-five (it was a much smaller proportion in 1802) produced the miraculous effects commonly pretended, why does the disease exist at all, now that compulsory vaccination prevails in England? Vaccination was made compulsory in Great Britain in 1853, again in 1867, and still more stringent in 1871. Now let us see the results: Since the first year named England has been visited with three epidemics of smallpox, each more severe than the preceding, as appears from the following statistics:

	DEATHS.
Epidemic of 1857, '58, '59	14,240
" " 1863, '64, '65	20,059
" " 1870, '71, '72	44,840

The increase of population from the first to the second epidemic was seven per cent; increase of smallpox mortality in the same period nearly fifty per cent; increase of population from the second to the third period, ten per cent; increase of smallpox mortality in the same period, one hundred and twenty per cent. The foregoing figures are from the "Vital Statistics" authorized by Parliament. Take now the results of the first and second decades of enforced vaccination:

Deaths from smallpox, 1854–'63	33,515
" " " 1864–'73	70,458

And yet people uninformed of such facts as these are clamoring for compulsory vaccination in this country. SENEX.

More Reason and Less Law.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It seems that every sect or combination who gain position and power at the head of government attempt to hedge themselvs in by some form of law. The church, which had the first dip, is pretty well fortified, and among the most objectionable of its institutions, to my mind, are a Sabbath, so-called by law; the no-tax law, the liquor law, and many other laws enforcing certain claims. Of late days we hav our railroad combinations, our telegraph combinations, our manufactory combinations, our stockmen's associations, and every other kind of a combination hedged in with laws of all shades. And I often wonder, if Liberals should happen to get into power once, would they be an exception. But of one thing I am certain, the inhabitant of this globe is well surrounded with laws. What a climax! the wisdom of a great nation sent to the seat of government to frame a code of complicated laws which keep the average American about half the time studying to evade them. Which is the greater genius, he that makes it, or he that breaks it? is an interesting question.

But here is what I am driving at: "Liberta" says, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 18th, "With eager hands and hearts the apostles of liberty, guided by science, reason, and love, rallying to her rescue and driving this foul demon from our glorious country, will, by legal enactments and constitutional amendments, giv him notice never again to return."

Now, Mr. TRUTH SEEKER, I hav just got out of the old Christian groove, and if I fall into another right away I shall certainly be fossilized, and I wish to hav a few free breaths before I die; nor will I be as easily led as I hav been. I will fight for every inch of ground, now that I hav a foothold.

I am not sure that man has a right to say that I shall rest upon the 26th of February, or any other Sunday. I am not sure that man has the right to say that I shall not drink this or that.

But, it is enough to make one sick to hear of a Liberal proposing to advance some good scheme by the old mode—Law. If the American people must be controled as slaves, then wo unto America! If Liberals seek to advance their cause by law, then wo unto Freedom! And if Reason should attempt to advance her views by law, then damn Reason!

Liberty, Science, Reason, and Love will never consent to such a farce as this—never; but give us laws shadowed by the principles of equity, then science, reason, and love will do the rest. We may boast of the purity of our laws, and of our government, but the feeling of security in the western wilds, without the bane of what is called "a neighborhood law," would make the Goddess of Justice hang her head with shame in the gilded halls of our capitols.

I am only a "cowboy," but feel that I can be taught easier by reason than by force. It is not just to raise the star of hope, and then hide its light under some ill-shaped law. Let Reason prune the laws of this country, as well as those of the Promised Land, and we will get there sooner. A COWBOY.

Dallas, Texas, Feb. 21, 1882.

A CATALOG of our publications will be sent free on application.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF THE INFINITE.

It is quite clear that this scientific and modern conception of the Infinite as the Unknowable practically destroys its religious value. An unknowable God can be neither the solution of the world nor the guide of life.

That the attempts to entertain this conception inevitably lead to the *feelings* of wonder, fear, awe, and reverence may be true. These feelings may have been connected with old conceptions of God, but they were only the emotional curtains of the Infinite One; they were not the Judge that governed or punished, nor the God that was loved and worshiped.

Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to hold the opposite view, to wit, that the God of the future will be the same as the God of the past, only more "spiritually" or ideally conceived. There is great truth in view as to the feelings. But intellectually and practically this conclusion must be greatly modified. This will become apparent from a short notice of the history of the reception of the new view.

The conclusion compelled by science, that the Infinite is knowable only as Infinite, and is otherwise entirely beyond tbe reach of the human faculties, was received with hostility by all Theologians as soon as it was announced by Hume and confirmed by Kant and Sir Wm. Hamilton. They have followed the only two courses left open to them.

The first course was to deny the fact, as has been stoutly done by Calderwood and McCosh.

The second course was to admit the fact, but then to proceed just as if it did not exist.

This last was the course of Sir Wm. Hamilton himself and his principal disciple and editor, the learned Dean Mansel, the well-known author of the "Limits of Religious Thought," a work deserving of attention. To overwhelm both it is only necessary to let loose one of these schools of Theologians upon the other.

For instance, Dean Mansel justifies his position as to the "Limits of Religious Thought" by these words taken from his "Lectures upon Kant," in which he disposes of the school of Theologians of which Dr. Calderwood and Dr. McCosh are leading exponents.

In the language of these disputants the Infinite appears as the Absolute, the Unconditioned, the Unrelated, or the Uncognoscible. These terms represent the different aspects of the mind in regard to the Infinite.

The Dean says (we quote from his "Lectures on Kant," p. 38):

"Mr. Calderwood defines the Absolute, which he rightly identifies with the Infinite, as that which is free from all necessary relation. It may exist in relation, provided that relation be not a necessary condition of its existence. Hence he holds that the Absolute may exist in the relation of consciousness, and in that relation be apprehended, though imperfectly, by man. On this theory we have two Absolutes, the Absolute as it exists out of consciousness, and the Absolute as it is known in consciousness. Mr. Calderwood rests his theory on the assumption that these two are one. How is this identity to be ascertained? How do I know that *the* absolute is *my* absolute? I cannot compare them, for comparison is a relation, and the first Absolute exists out of relation. Again, to compare them, I must be in and out of consciousness at the same time; for the first Absolute is never in consciousness, and the second is never out of it. Again, the Absolute as known is an object of consciousness; and an object of consciousness as such cannot exist, save in relation. But the true Absolute, by its definition, can exist only out of relation; therefore the Absolute, *as known*, is not the true Absolute. Mr. Calderwood's Absolute in consciousness is only the Relative under a false name."

The conclusions of the learned Dean have been carried toward if not to their legitimate results by Herbert Spencer in his introduction to his "First Principles," and Prof. Fiske in his chapter on Anthropomorphic Theism, and with these results Profs. Huxley and Tyndall; and the Liberal scientists generally seem to be in substantial agreement. It is the final divorce of Personality from Infinity.

The other school of Theologians, above referred to as that of Doctors Calderwood and McCosh, dissent from the foregoing in premise and conclusion. They plainly see that the course taken by Sir William and the learned Dean will not do, for it "limits religious thought" to nothing intelligible if it is to have the Infinite as its basis. The inconceivable, unrelated, unknowable, absolute Infinite is an intellectual negative impossible to think of or to get around, so as to tie to, and therefore it is practically useless except as the thinking about it may be the source of indefinable and unspeakable emotions.

Such a conception of the Infinite is not God nor religion, and never has been, nor can be. As our practical Theologians well say, those who pretend otherwise are like the mower who should go out to mow, and after cutting his own legs off at the first stroke of his scythe, should boast of it as the beginning of his work.

This criticism seems to be invincible. The Theologians began with a Fetichism that ascribed will and intelligence to finite objects, as in the case of the Indian's Tree. It was always a personal will and intelligence incorporated in a definite object, or conceived of as a definite "spirit," which was the source of religion, because it was the God by which the relations and the fate of the worshiper were determined or influenced. It was only as the God was knowable that he was worshipable. There is no use in worshiping an unknowable God—and no savage was ever knowingly guilty of such fruitless nonsense. The general empirical progress of true science pressed this habit of attributing personal will out to more remote objects, finally to the gradually acquired personal conception of the Infinite.

In this way prior to the new system of Astronomy there was quite a rational adjustment of the matter. The universe rotated around the Earth as its center in twelve heavens or spheres, and beyond these there lay the infinite space. In this empyrean space dwelt the Great Spirit, with his spiritual throne and world—he the creator and ruler of all other spirits and worlds. This was then satisfactory to the reason and highly religious. It determined the relations of man to the world, and his duties in it to his fellows and to his God. It accounted for Man and his World by referring them both to a common Author, who made and controlled both for his glory.

The New Astronomy has rendered this conception impossible. The Empyrean has vanished, with its revolving universe, into the Infinite. The idea of creation, or annihilation, has become unthinkable under Chemistry. Biology has shown the phenomena of wise intelligence and personality to be known only as the results of organic life, and has remanded the idea of Spirits to the realm of imagination—the limbo of vanity. There is no conceivable place, nor way, nor time left, when, or how, or where a creator, prior to the Infinite, could have created it. But before the new Astronomy and its resultant sciences that relation was quite consistent.

The practical anthropomorphic Theologians, being deeply conscious of the necessity of a human God in order to sustain their Theology, ignore the difficulties referred to, and proceed just as if they did not exist. They summon "belief," or "hope," or "faith," or "intuition," and thereby pretend to have a conviction of a personal God, entirely independent of any relation that could come within the scope of the scientific method.

The unanthropomorphic Theologians, to use a contradictory term, reply that belief, hope, faith, and even intuition, can only be possible as to knowable relations, and that all of our supposed knowledge of the Infinite is but the ascription to it of relations we have from the Finite, and which are certainly wholly false when considered as being in any way relation of or to the Infinite.

Thus since the time of Kant the more intelligent and earnest Theologians have demolished each other. The blissful ignorance of the rest have enabled them to pursue their devotions and the care of their flocks without any disturbance; that is to say, they have no realizing knowledge of what has happened.

It appears from what has been said that the breach between these two schools is irreparable, and yet that both are partly right, the first laying stress upon the Scientific position, and the other insisting upon man's religious needs, without regard to the possibility of supplying them within the possible or scientific conceptions of the Infinite. It should be frankly confessed that man's religious wants can no longer be supplied from this anthropomorphic conception of the Infinite. All attempts to render the Infinite to human consciousness as personal, or as otherwise than Infinite, are denials of it, and therefore false and immoral. We may, indeed, make symbols of what we do or can know, and they may express to us, to some extent, an approximate or an ideal truth. But all symbols of the Infinite are wholly false, and just as much idols as though figured and worshiped in forms of wood and stone.

"To believe God to be as one can think him to be, is the highest blasphemy;" or, to repeat Faust's words,

> "Feeling is all,
> Name is but mist and smoke
> Clouding o'er the Heaven's glow."

The Infinite is a *plenum* to the feelings only; as soon as the intellect tries to touch it—it is gone. To the hand of practice and of life it is no longer there!

THE subjoined answers to a Christian correspondent by the *Secular Review* will be of interest to the Freethinkers on this side of the water as showing that the English Secularists agree substantially with us: "1. What are the points of agreement among Secularists? 2. What advantage has Secularism over Christianity? To the first question we reply that all Secularists are agreed that man's supreme attention should be given to the duties of this life; that improvement is to be sought by human means alone; that science is more trustworthy than faith in the alleged supernatural; that reason is a surer guide than revelation; that the variety of systems called Christianity are the productions of the human mind; that punishment in another world for the rejection of any faith in this would be unjust and useless; and that honest disbelief should not incur the displeasure of any God. To the second inquiry our reply is: The right to reject, without peril or condemnation, whatever appears to us to be erroneous in any or all religions; the full liberty to regard Christianity as merely the outgrowth of the human mind; the advantage of accepting the Bible as nothing more than a human production; the absence of any fear of being punished 'hereafter' for this legitimate exercise of reason in its true sphere of absolute Freethought; and that all persons are not compelled to believe in the perfection of one person, through whom alone redemption can be obtained."

Straws for Theology.

"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

What a voracity the followers of Christianity display for recantation! With a wolverine avidity they seize upon the smallest manifestation in that direction as a coveted victory to be heralded with all possible haste to a hungering world. Let any one, through the weakness of lingering disease, or imbecility of advanced years, succumb in the slightest degree to the vehement protestations and persistent pleadings of these importunate soul-savers, and against the case gets through the chicanery of exaggeration, perversion, and misrepresentation, it has become a well-prepared addition to the dearly-prized list of recantations. Nor do these eager watchers always wait for even a feeble admission of former error. Many Infidels die fully convinced of the integrity of their opinions, rejecting with undisguised scorn and disgust the pious proffers of these officious meddlers, when no sooner are their bodies deposited in the grave, precluding all possibility of confuting what they would consider gross imputations, than whisperings of repentance, conversion, and fabrications of a similar character become audible. But suppose these triumphantly claimed recantations were really such, what in substance do they amount to? If a truth is told to-day and pronounced false to-morrow, this neither invalidates the one nor substantiates the other; the falsehood will remain false just the same, and the principle of truth will not be altered one particle. It is not simply the assertion, but conclusiv evidence, that makes the garden of paradise a ridiculous fable, nor would the acquiescence of every Freethinker of the present day convert it into a verity. Mere words have never yet made fact out of fiction, nor turned water into wine. Had Mr. Frothingham refrained from his recent concessions the pulpit would as carefully hav refrained from designating him. He would only hav been known to religious auditories through the disseminations of slander and the casual allusions of abuse. Now, since he has tacitly avowed a waning respect for his grandest and most truthful utterances, his avowal is blazoned forth as an additional trophy for exultation. But there is really no cause for perturbance in the ranks of Liberalism. To them belong the fruits of his strong reason and his healthful mental activity. The emanations of lucidity are greatly to be preferred to the vagaries of expiring intelligence; and church institutions all betray unmistakable marks of decline. The great consequence attached to recantation by the church but too clearly evinces to what extremities it is driven. Inspiration and the efficacy of prayer—two of its strongest points—are doomed to the wall, despite the ingenious subterfuges of the defense. Recantation, or, in other words, an exchange of strength for weakness, is a *dernier resort*, to say the most of it; and when closely examined is found to be little else than a gloomy commentary upon ministerial veracity.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

Concord, Ky., Jan. 10, 1882.

THE following story is told by S. P. Heineken in the Franklin, Ind., *Jeffersonian*: "A few days ago I received a visit from a friend of mine in Wisconsin. He is well acquainted with Robert Ingersoll, and has often been at his house; and he related to me the following little anecdote concerning him (which transpired only a few weeks ago), which may be interesting to many of your readers: 'Bob' took it into his head to pay a visit to Henry Slade, the celebrated slate-writing medium, and who, my friend says, is the handsomest man he ever saw, full of energy and magnetic power. Ingersoll purchased a double slate, and tying it together, proceeded to Mr. Slade's residence, who, being acquainted with him, asked him if he wished to get a communication. 'That is what I came for,' said Bob, placing the slate on the table and covering it with his arms to prevent Mr. Slade from touching it. 'Mr. Ingersoll,' said Slade, 'you do not believe in a future state; how can you expect to have a message sent you from that world?' 'Never mind,' said Bob, 'I want to test your skill in this matter, and if you are successful, I may perhaps change my opinion.' They then sat down, one at each end of a long dining-table.

Presently Mr. Ingersoll placed his ear to the slate and said he heard some scratching going on, and in a few moments Slade told him to open the slate. He did so, and, to his astonishment, found the two inside leaves of the slate covered with writing. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'this is my brother's writing, and signed by him. Where did it come from? Who wrote it?' 'That,' replied Mr. Slade, 'you are best able to decide. No one has touched the slate but yourself.' 'Mr. Slade,' he said, 'I am exceedingly obliged to you for this beautiful test; there is much room for thought here.' And, taking up the slate, he wished him good-morning."

Ingersoll to Talmage.

[John L. Ingersoll, a brother of the colonel, has addressed to Talmage the following open letter, which was published in the Chicago *Times:*]

REV. T. D. TALMAGE, D.D., *Sir:* I hav before me a copy of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* containing the report of a sermon delivered by you on the 5th inst. upon the "Meanness of Infidelity." In the course of your remarks you say you had just received a letter from some one, informing you that the Rev. John Ingersoll, father of R. G. Ingersoll and myself, "was abstemious to a fault, and the family suffered accordingly. The children were commanded to eat, drink, and dress sparingly. He never spoke a kind word of his wife, who was a noble Christian woman, nor of his children, within the knowledge of persons now living here, who were familiar with the family. At last the mother died. She was cared for by friends in her sickness, and on the day of her interment gentle hands carried her form, and rested it for a time on the catafalque. Mr. Ingersoll, to the astonishment of all present, deliberately removed his cravat and gloves, stepped on the rostrum, and delivered a eulogy over the body. He attempted to extol her virtues and panegyrize her conduct. It was the first time he had ever been known to speak well of her in public."

Now, reverend sir, will you be kind enough to tell your informant, for me, that he or she is a malignantly cruel, heartless, and infamous liar? Our father was poor; I will not deny it. In the days of my childhood a minister was forced to practice strict economy to support a family and educate his children upon a salary of $500 per year. We had abundance to eat and were well clothed, and certainly no man ever better enjoyed ministering to the wants of his family than did our loved and honored father. I believe him to hav been an eminently good and conscientious man—I do not say faultless. As for Robert, I will say he was as good and obedient a boy as I ever knew; but all this is neither here nor there He denies that the Bible is the inspired word of God, and givs his reasons. Here you take issue with him. Now, is it not possible to successfully combat his errors without opening the tomb and spattering with calumny our loved and honored dead? Speaking of your father and mother you say: "Would it not hav been debasing in me to hook the horses to the plowshare of contempt to turn up the mound of their graves?" True. Now let me ask you if you don't think that the Golden Rule requires you to unhook your horses before you ruthlessly turn up the sacred dust that hides from the light of day our father's snow-white hair. But "Ingersoll assails the belief of his father." Well, sir, had your father been an Infidel, would you now, entertaining the views you do, combat his opinions? That would probably be a very different thing. Ingersoll says he can not believe that God, the father of us all, ever commanded the Jews to wage wars of extermination against their neighbors, and was delighted at the sight of a babe's blood trickling down the handle of a Jewish spear. Moses said that when a woman gave birth to a son, thirty-three days were necessary to purify her; but if she gave birth to a daughter, sixty-six days were necessary. Ingersoll says that looks to him like nonsense, and he really cannot believe that God ever ordered any such thing. He says he cannot believe that God, who winked at polygamy and established slavery, ever ordered a man to be pounded to death with stones simply for picking up sticks on the Sabbath day. He says he cannot believe that God ever gave express permission to one part of his family to sell diseased meat to the other.

When David says of somebody, "Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children," he says it is impossible for him to believe that either the words or thought was inspired by the good God. Now if you will draw your theologic belt one hole tighter, and answer these things, you will do everybody a favor. You ask Ingersoll to retire to his chamber, lock his door, and read the fourteenth chapter of John. It is good reading. Let me ask you to read the fifteenth Psalm: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that backbiteth not with his tongue nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor." With all due respect, I am Yours,

JOHN L. INGERSOLL.

Prospect Hill, Wis.

Bigotry in Russia and Hypocrisy in England.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Much commiseration is being expressed for the persecuted Jews in Russia, and large meetings are being held in London and other cities for the purpose of collecting considerable sums of money to send to the sufferers. Dignitaries of the churches of Rome and England meet with Dissenters on the platform to condemn the action of the Russian government in the matter, and are unanimous in condemning persecution in the territories of the czar, yet at the very same time they are doing all they can to crush Freethought and Freethinkers, sinking their own differences to form a combination to destroy their opponents. Of a verity, they see clearly enough the mote in the eyes of others, but fail to see the beam in their own. Hypocrits, indeed! They clearly want to have the monopoly and sole power of persecuting those they deem their enemies. With the Romish church and Protestants it was always the same. In past times, whenever they had the power, they would burn, torture, and destroy those they chose to call heretics. The Jews had short shrift at the hands of God's vicegerents in the middle ages, and are very properly shocked that the Greek church should take a lesson from their book.

It is not for the love the Christians bear toward the Jews that they make this stir, but that it now answers their purpose to pose as the friends of oppressed humanity, it answers as a big advertisment. As usual, they misrepresent facts. The attacks on these Jews are not of a religious but a social nature. The truth seems to be that an exasperated peasantry, roused by their poverty and wretchedness, caused by bad harvests and excessiv taxation, which they might hav managed somehow to hav struggled through, hav been utterly ruined by the excessiv usury of the Hebrew money-lenders, who may be found in all the large villages, and in the madness of despair hav revenged themselvs on those they consider hav been the finishers, if not the authors, of their misery.

From the time of Abraham to the present day the Jews hav always made it their business to despoil all the nations with whom they hav been brought into contact, and whenever an onslaught has been made upon them the cause has been the same, although the clergy hav always been willing to help in the work, and turn it into a religious question.

A young man was recently brought before the magistrate in London for creating a disturbance by preaching from the steps of St. Paul's cathedral and other public buildings, foretelling the destruction of the modern Babylon, unless its inhabitants speedily repented of their sins. Not so well off as Jonah when he held forth to the Ninevites, who were represented as heathen, this modern prophet had the misfortune to express a desire to convert people so righteous that they needed no repentance. Consequently he was accounted as one mad, and consigned to safe keeping. The inconsistency of the godly is here well exemplified. Who could say that this man had not as much authority for his denunciation as Jesus or Paul? Yet they place him in an asylum, and go on denouncing the Romans, Greeks, and Jews of the past and Atheists of the present time, for not believing in the divine inspiration of those they are pleased to consider possessed it.

That those calling themselvs Christians, sharp enough in other matters, can believe all they profess, cannot be for a moment credited, though there are some simple-minded people who can swallow anything; but, with the majority, it is found to be a good paying game, and would, no doubt, be thrown overboard if it were not so.

Let us, each and all, do what we can to uproot the fatal upas-tree of superstition, whose branches hav cast so deadly a gloom over the human family for so many centuries, and when men's minds are free and unfettered we may look forward to a far brighter millennium than ever dreamt of by Christian.

Yours faithfully, J. S. D.

London, Eng., Feb. 1, 1882.

The Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I wish to add my affidavit to the excellent article, "The Movement in Favor of Ignorance," by C. L. James, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 28th, every word of which is more than true, if that were possible in this age of exaggeration and lies. We may be called "alarmists" by the more hopeful and enthusiastic, but, as Mr. James has indicated, nothing but the most vigilant watchfulness, persistent effort, and earnest protestation on the part of Freethinkers will prevent our religious liberties being wrested from us, and all the ground lost which has been so tardily and painfully gained. Must the bloody battle of the past be repeated, the dark ages throw another pall over the world, and superstition veil intelligence ere mankind will wake to effort, duty, progress, and reform? No; not if each Liberal will do his or her whole duty in this hour of peril and need. Never a better opportunity than to-day to stem back the tide of superstition and speak a word against a false theology, or to perform a deed which shall stab the monster in the heart. Science—invincible science—will perform the work, if we will use her piercing sword of defense and offense, and thrust through and through the flimsy assumptions of the church with her keen blade of truth. Strong minds, noble hearts, and willing hands are required for the task, unheeding alike popular opinion, selfish lucre, and church anathema. Where are the devoted many who will work as hav the loyal few hitherto done, for it is whole armies that are now needed to beat back the slanderous charges made, not only against our dead heroes but against our living warriors, by every third-rate lyceum lecturer or half-fledged preacher in the land. The ignorant who never read a Freethought article or heard a Liberal speech will clap, and half-asleep congregations will smile and nod assent to these foul-mouthed utterances from lecturer and priest, false as hades.

Some say this should not trouble us, that it produces no effect, that Freethought is bound to triumph, and we should not mind such trifles. We might be indifferent were these errors and calumnies met and answered before those who listen and read, but thousands never hear a refutation, never hear but one side; consequently, never hav an opportunity to judge; but swallow as truth the lecturers' and clergymen's assertions as if they were infallible. Only we ourselvs read our Freethought literature, and attend our Liberal gatherings, many of us not needing the lesson, while those who are perishing for lack of knowledge will not read our books, go to our meetings, or even remain in the room where these tabooed subjects are discussed or conversed upon.

What shall be done to remedy this? How can we circulate our books and papers, how induce the masses to attend our lectures, and thus fortify their minds against "the movement in favor of ignorance," and open the understanding to the reception of truth? Perhaps some astute philosopher of our school can devise measures, and some practical executiv can set the plan to work that shall overcome these obstructions and pour a flood of light into the benighted mind of many a dissatisfied one, hungering and thirsting for just what we hav to giv them. All that the multitude need is the opportunity, with the fear of heresy and ostracism removed, to come into our ranks by the thousands. Furnish them, then, with this bread of life, by distributing our tracts and papers, lending our books, urging them out to our lectures, engaging them in conversation, reasoning with them gently but firmly; thereby producing Freethought investigation, conviction, conversion, and such a recruiting from the ranks of the enemy as never known before, to the end of preventing the disasters we fear—God in the national Constitution, and the final triumph of the worst religion that ever cursed the earth. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass, Jan. 30, 1882.

Universalism—Universalist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. Andrews's idea on the use of these words I think correct. They hav been used limitedly by a few, and the adjectiv to quite an extent. Train gave it to the public in the phrase, "Evoluted to the *universal*." Mr. Andrews sees so many thus evoluted that full terms are demanded. Some scientists hav long called me a "universal reformer," seeing further than many who judge that external reform ends my list, instead of beginning it, and sustaining the whole circuit. Many will second the call for the use of these terms. But why not revendicate without bringing suit? Nor leaders nor followers took patents for sole rights; by the time the terms are known to mean the revising of all human wrongs, natural modifications will obviate confusion, and our taking as a right may be more acceptable than asking as a courtesy, sparing formal concurrences.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Vineland, N. J.

THE *North American Review* for March presents a striking array of articles, every one of which possesses the characteristic of contemporaneous interest. First we hav a contribution from Senator George F. Edmunds, on "The Conduct of the Guiteau Trial." Ex-Minister Edward F. Noyes communicates the results of his observations of political affairs in France under the title "The Progress of the French Republic." In "Trial by Jury," Judge Edward A. Thomas describes the social conditions under which our jury system had its origin, and notes its defects in view of the altered relations of modern life. Mr. John Fiske makes an able and ingenious analysis of that great intellectual movement, the Reformation, educing therefrom the "True Lesson of Protestantism." In "Law for the Indians," the Rev. William Justin Harsha endeavors to demonstrate that the one rational and effectual cure for our Indian troubles is to extend the jurisdiction of the civil and criminal courts over all the social relations of the red man. Prof. A. B. Palmer writes on the "Fallacies of Homeopathy." Finally, the Hon. Neal Dow contributes an article on the "Results of Prohibitory Legislation."

Letters from Friends.

BOND, KAN., Feb. 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for an interest in the Round-the-World trip. A. B. LIND.

FREDONIA, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5.00 for subscription to Round-the-World fund. MRS. L. A. SAGE.

PATMOS, OHIO, Feb. 19, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.00 for the Round-the-World volumes to be sent to the address of
TOWNSEND SHINN.

JOPLIN, MO., Feb. 15, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $10 from William and John Henrichs, for the Round-the-World fund.
J. HENRICHS AND BROTHER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Feb. 16, 1882
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for Mr. Bennett's book of travels Round the World.
Yours truly, C. W. COREY.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., Feb. 20, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed herewith find $8. Apply same on subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and one copy Around the World. Yours, C. A. BENSER.

EAST ROCKPORT, OHIO, Feb. 16, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER one year. I inclose $8, five of which is for the Round-the-World fund. M. H. WOODBURY.

LADOGA, WIS., Feb. 12, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—$5 for D. M. Bennett's trip around the world and the remainder to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.
JOHN HAZEN.

BARKERS, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to help on the Round-the-World trip, and may success attend the traveler in his great undertaking.
Yours truly, S. B. HAIGHT.

OELWIN, IOWA, Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World trip, which I hope, though late, will still entitle me to a place on the starry roll.
Respectfully, G. D. THOMPSON.

FARREL, WY. TER., Feb. 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 to help D. M. Bennett on his return trip. I hope we will hav the pleasure of seeing him here on the plains as he returns. EDWARD FARRELL.

RISING CITY, NEB., Feb. 17, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5 for Round-the-World trip. The Methodists of this city are feeding saint and sinner on pie and chicken in order to get money to finish their gospel box. HENRY REINHEIMER.

EUGENE CITY, OR., Jan. 18, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6. I am very sorry that I could not send it before. I want Mr. Bennett's book "Around the World," and will forward the money as soon as I can possibly do it.
Yours truly, JOHN L. BRIGHT.

DEWEYVILLE, UTAH, Feb. 11, 1881.
MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $11.00—$5.00 to the Round-the-World fund (if I am not too late), and $3.00 to pay for my subscription. Also $3.00 for a new subscriber I hav got for your noble paper.
Yours truly, THOMAS FRYER.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Feb. 11, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6.50—$5 of which is to be applied to Mr. Bennett's book, "Around the World," and $1.50 for "The Brain and the Bible; or, Conflict between Mental Science and Theology."
Respectfully yours, WM. MCDONALD.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $10.75, for seventy-five cents of which you will please send me a copy of "The Godly Women of the Bible," and the $10 is to apply to the Round-the-World books, one set for Orren Gautcher, and one to your humble servant,
FRANCIS HENDRICKS.

LINESVILLE, PA., Feb. 19, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I see by the last TRUTH SEEKER that the starry roll is open for more names. If I am too late to hav my name come in with the rest, please send the books containing what D. M. Bennett sees while on his way around the globe to my address. I inclose $5.50 for the books. JAMES WALLACE.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6.50—$5.00 for the Round-the-World fund, and $1.50 for the lithographs of Thomas Paine and D. M. Bennett. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER so far very much. An occasional essay on the greenback doctrin I believe would do much good. Very truly yours, GEO. T. REMINGTON.

CORESCO, MICH., Feb. 19, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World trip, and add my name to the list of the immortals if not too late. I want the books to pass around to see if I can get you some more subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I hope Mr. Bennett will get back all right to his family and friends. His communications are very interesting. Indeed, may success to the human family and Freethought be now and for ever. Amen.
Yours truly, THOMAS KNIGHT.

COLON, MICH., Feb. 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find post-office order for $5, which apply on the Round-the-World fund, and for which you will please send the books to Mr. Ashley Turner, of Colon. He says he must hav the books and hav his name in the starry list if he is not too late. It givs me great pleasure to write this for my friend Turner. He is a man over seventy years old. He says he is very much pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER and with the letters of our old friend Bennett. Hoping this will not be too late, I am, as ever,
Yours, B. B. POWERS.

DAYTON, OHIO, Feb. 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8.00—$3.00 for subscription, and $5.00 as additional propelling power to send the truth seeking editor around the world.

I hav been reading your paper for the last seven months, and am much pleased with it for the strength of its articles. But what a task to undertake to make rational and Liberal impressions on the great mass of religious bigotry in the world! Yet, to the labor of these Liberal and independent minds is to be attributed all the religious liberty we possess.
Truly yours, I. A. WALTERS.

MELROSE, MON. TER., Feb. 12, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: J. S. Stone incloses $5.00 for the Round-the-World fund. Not truth seekers only are enamored with the letters from abroad, but all who read them, although they may not be in accord with the teachings of Liberalism. There is sufficient cause to rejoice and be glad of the victory of Liberalism over the persecutions and prosecutions of modern bigotry, intolerance, and fanaticism at present, so strikingly exemplified in our day in Mr. Bennett's case.

With continued good wishes for your prosperity, I am Very respectfully yours, WM. KINSELLA.

FARMINGDALE, ILL., Feb. 18, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $6—$3 to apply on my subscription for the present year from the 1st of January; the other $3 for a new subscriber. I think every subscriber ought to make an extra effort to get at least one new subscriber, for when Uncle Sam sent the editor on that mission to Albany they made an extra effort to obtain each one, and now that he is sent again on a different errand and by different people, we should not forget THE TRUTH SEEKER. I find a good plan is to take a copy containing one or two of his best letters, and loan it to some one that you might think would be apt to want the rest. And then again, Mr. Editor, don't let those fellows that come in for the book after the twelfth hour hav it without paying extra for it. They were too weak-kneed to risk their "V" on the result, but when the book is complete and the old scribe has returned peradventure many will want it.

The letters are good. Send them along. I anxiously wait every week, and the first thing is the Scribe's letters from abroad. ALEX. ROGERS.

MILLERSTOWN, PA., Feb. 15, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10.00 from two novices. We hav only taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for one month, getting it through a newsdealer. H nce we may be considered excusable for not sending in our mite sooner.

If old Yahweh is willing to accept those who come at the eleventh hour, and pay them the same price that he givs those who hav labored through all the heat of the day, Liberals should not blame those who come on the last call, although it may be a late hour. The letters and Chronicles are what hav done the business, and we must hav the volumes. Of course there will be two or three. The more the better.

This is the first time that this place was ever disturbed by a ripple of Freethought. Having seen a copy of your paper a few months since, I had occasion to visit the city, and called at the office, but could see no one nor get any information; and, as an experiment, I had our news agent send for two copies, which we hav now had for three weeks. Look out for a good League in this benighted region soon. Hundreds are Liberals, but are afraid to avow themselvs, but do attend church and cast in their mite every time the plate passes lest they might fail to sell a pound of tea or a yard of print.
Yours for the truth, DR. T. W. HOPKINS.

SHAWANO, WIS., Feb. 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: For the inclosed ten dollars send one copy of the Round-the-World volumes to Mr. Hiram Westcott, and one to Charles J. Westcott, this post-office. The latter, when Mr. Bennett gets to the identical spot, would like him to procure and send one of those bulrushes that the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter was hid beneath some years ago, when he was a small chap, and before the "mistakes of Moses" had begun to be so manifest as they are now. And if he should pass near where the Lord made a man lie on his left side three hundred and ninety days without a rest, as a means of salvation, it is suggested that he procure a piece of the bed, or one of the pillows he used, according to Ezekiel iv. But he is not recommended to partake too freely of the bread and butter mentioned in the same chapter, nor of the holy fodder prescribed in 2 Kings, xviii. He might not like it, although it is found described in the "inspired" and "infallible" holy Bible which good Christians want read to their little girls and boys in the schools, as a model book. In passing through the Holy Land Mr. Bennett should carefully inspect the food he eats, because the Lord told his chosen people not to eat stinking meat of animals that died of disease themselvs, but said they might sell it to aliens, and strangers, and Infidels, and such characters as Mr. Bennett, within their gates to eat. As the same God required that the choicest lambs, goats, and kids, "whose savory odors ascended to heaven," should be nicely roasted and placed upon the altars for his own eating. But if Mr. Bennett should happen to meet Ahaziah, son of Jehoram, a former ruler over Jerusalem, and who, according to the "inspired" and "infallible" record in 2 Chronicles and 2 Kings, was two years older than his father, he will please bring home a lock of his hair. And if Mr. Bennett should travel from Gilead to Mount Carmel, by the way of Bethel, and forty-two little children should begin to cod him and say' "Go up, thou bald-head; go up, old baldy," I beseech him not to follow Elijah's revengeful and pious example, and let loose two she-bears to tear the forty-two poor little children to pieces for so small an offense. If he does he may be served as Elijah was, and be jerked up into heaven by a whirlwind, and we should hav him no more forever to travel around the world and write such valuable and interesting letters to THE TRUTH SEEKER. If Elijah has got back Mr. Bennett might get—but, no! he could not get a lock of his hair, for he had none—but he might bring a piece of his scalp to present to Talmage, Dr. Crosby, and Comstock. After being cleansed with some of Colgate's soap, it would be held as a precious relic. I should not refer to this thing if I did not find them in the "infallible" record, and of course no one who ties to the record can object or complain at the rehearsing of inspired truths. W. S. WOOD.

WELLAND, CAN., Feb. 15, 1882.
FRIEND MACDONALD: Find post-office order for $8.45—$5 for D. M. Bennett's book of travel and $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER up to April, 1883, and 45 cents as interest.

This day I am seventy-six years of age, and feel like having arrived pretty near the bottom of the hill of life. I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER some years, and admire the principles which it advocates, and its honest, straightforward way of doing it. I am induced to write you at this time from the circumstance of my lot having been cast for a short time amongst those whose religious views were different from my own, and could not see how it was possible for any one to object to join in prayer to the throne of grace, which suggested to me the following: Can the Jew or Mohammedan conform to the religious ceremonies of the Christian, or can the Christian conform to the ceremonial worship of the Jew or Mohammedan, without doing violence to his own conscience, or acting with some measure of deceit or hypocrisy? Yet they are each and all of them just what they are by their birth and education, all having been made by the same power and come into existence in the same way, only under different circumstances, and these different circumstances and early training are just what make them different in their views and consciences. And is it just, is it right, is it reasonable, that any one of these should be held accountable or eternally punished for not believing that which he could not, or for not doing that which in his conscience he had been taught to believe was wrong? Is it reasonable to believe that a loving father would punish his child for doing that which he himself had taught that child to conscientiously believe was right for it to do?

I hav heard it said from the Christian pulpit that a person can believe anything that he wishes to. I deny the assertion. There is no person that can believe more than their own senses tell them is believable. When a person professes to believe in impossibilities it is pretty evident that what he takes for faith is the result of an ignorant, superstitious training; but, as I believe, as he is not accountable for his birth and early training, he has come honestly by his religious views, and until he is led to investigate into their truthfulness or otherwise, he cannot be expected to change his views; and so long as he acts conscientiously to what he believes to be right, what more can be expected, although he may be in error; but how is he to help himself until his judgment is convinced of his error?

The ruts of ignorance and superstition in which the human family hav been brought up and trained are deep, and it is no easy matter to get out of them. Our prejudices in favor of our own creeds are so strong that we dare not doubt their correctness nor seek for the foundation upon which they rest. To become acquainted with the sciences and the laws of nature, and an abandonment of priestcraft, is the road out of ignorance and superstition. JOHN RAY.

CENTRAL, S. C., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Rev. Joseph Simmons, a Baptist clergyman of considerable ability, living in Anderson county, S. C., has got out of the "wilderness," and wishes to be identified with the sons of reason and common sense. I hope the patrons and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and invite him to a seat at our holy communion. Fraternally, R. M. CASEY.

OPEN LETTER TO WM. BLACK.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Feb. 14, 1882.

FRIEND WILLIAM: I am very glad thee is willing to be one to help requite the debt all Liberals owe to Mr. Hacker. I received a letter from him yesterday. He has been very sick—near unto death's door—and I hope many friends will send him their mite as well as cheering, kind, and friendly words of interest and sympathy. It is better to help living laborers than to worship dead heroes. I hav just sent him my mite, and also write him every few weeks. His address is Berlin, N. J. ELMINA.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 31, 1882.

PROGRESSIV FRIENDS: Recovering from a severe illness that has kept me from business several weeks, I hav, while waiting for health to come, been very much interested in the excellent letters written by D. M. Bennett, describing his experiences in the somewhat ancient country. Not long since I made mention of your paper and his letters in the *Great West*, which article I am glad to see is being somewhat extensivly copied, as you will see by the inclosed reprint coming from the *Blade* at Concordia, Kansas.

If you will let me know when his book of travels will be out I will try to dispose of a few or more copies, and send the orders to you in time to be filled. Very busily thine, M. M. POMEROY.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in "Letters from Friends," of your issue of Feb. 11th, a short communication from William Black, calling attention to the impoverished condition of that heroic old war-horse of Liberalism, Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J., now over eighty years of age. Mr. Black proposes for you to start a subscription list in his favor and puts his name down for ten dollars.

Now let us giv the old hero a benefit. There are enough of us to do it, each one contributing a little, as he may feel able, and I think there are but few who can feel that a dollar is above their ability. I think I can afford to giv a dollar, so down with my name, and here is a greenback. Mr. Black feels able to giv ten dollars. I am glad of it; so much the better. Who is the next? All speak at once, but speak promptly. Any amount, more or less, will be acceptable; and you, Mr. Editor, will keep tally. Liberals, remember this is an old man fast approaching the grave, who has fought superstition these many years, and is now past activ work, yet whose voice can occasionally be heard still on the war-path. Let us see if we cannot cheer his old heart with not less than five hundred dollars. If we will only think so, we can do it, and not feel impoverished either. Send in your names and amount promptly. I trust you will giv a liberal response.

Yours fraternally, C. GARWOOD.

BERLIN, N. J., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: When THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 28th arrived I intended to offer you a few words at once in relation to the letter of Wm. Black, but was prostrated and brought near to death's door, where I hav been lying in agony and weakness until to-day; and now having got my head above water again, and not being able to liv or die easy out of the harness I hav worn so long, I turn to perform the duty that disease cut short, if you will spare me a little space.

Mr. Black, speaking of Guiteau, says: "What a terrible blunder he made in killing such a noble man! But mean as he is, crazy as he is, I cannot giv my consent to hav him hung. I think it will be a blunder if the government hangs him, and still a greater one if the mob destroys him, although I look upon him as a perfect nuisance."

In the above I agree with Mr. Black exactly, and really wish every Liberal in the nation would say the same; and the time is coming when all Liberals will look with as much abhorrence on all wars and all hangings, for whatever cause, as we now do on the persecutions of former ages.

Whenever a state or a nation hangs a man it condemns itself. It virtually confesses that it has not grace, godliness, nor humanity enough to reform and save him; and I want to see Liberals leave behind them all the paganisms, savagisms, barbarisms, and cannibalisms of the Bible and churches, and aim for perfection—to reform and save rather than destroy—and leave the blood and carnage to the churches. War and capital punishment hav been handed down from the dark ages; the Bible is full of such savagery, and the people are full of it. Go into a church and once a month you will see the priest and his church around what they call the table of their Lord and master, eating what they call his flesh and blood.

How can we expect fanatics to respect life with such examples of cannibalism before them? If a Christian nation kills a hundred thousand people in war, how can they expect the Guiteaus to respect an individual life? We should clear our skirts of blood at wholesale before we condemn others.

Put Guiteau where he will be safe, and let him liv out his time. But of all things, let Liberals leave the churches and their barbarisms behind, and trav on in advance of war, and the gallows, and the thousands of other abominations practiced by the churches. Yours, J. HACKER.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Our city of about 50,000 inhabitants, on the placid old "Maumee River," is still in existence, notwithstanding the raging of the elements. We hav a thoroughly-organized grain-gambling headquarters under the *nom de guerre* Produce Exchange, and its little side-show for those who are made insolvent in the main tent; which is known in this region as the Boody House bucket-shop. And we hav also our nine hundred dens where all kinds of intoxicants and tobacco are sold. And be it known that we hav also sixty churches in operation in this city, and really but one medium-sized book-store. And yet we seem to enjoy ourselvs tolerably well.

We were blessed with another of those beautiful Christian manifestations of brotherly love during the past week, in the trial of a case in our Court of Common Pleas. One of the attorneys, Deacon P——t of the Westminster wing of the Calvinistic church, astounded the entire community, and especially the court, by calling on the witness-stand between twenty and thirty good respectable citizens of this town to impeach the character of Deacon D——r of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Now why should we despond or feel that we are wasting our lives in a dull monotonous style when we are blessed with such loving manifestations in the Christian camp? This same Deacon P——t was one of the little band of loving followers of the meek and lowly Calvin, who but a short time since burst his Westminster church wide open because Mr. Bacon, their pastor—and he is a gentleman—did not wear a "plug hat," and Mrs. Bacon did not sport ostrich plumes. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, and see the precious ointment come down upon their heads. And, strange as it may seem, these fellows and their pastors, after all these manifestations of loving kindness toward their fellow-men, earnestly advise all the members of their churches to avoid Robert G. Ingersoll, and in no case attend or read his lectures.

Yours truly, M. O. WAGGONER.

MODESTO, CAL., Jan. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: On my arrival at this place, over three weeks ago, I found that preparations were being made for a grand celebration of the birthday of Thomas Paine. Judge A. Schell, of Knights Ferry, was lecturing to a large and enthusiastic audience, and making priestcraft tremble. In short, I found Liberalism booming.

Since we wished to dance after the close of the exercises of the occasion, we held our celebration on Friday evening, so that we might not offend the sun worshipers by dancing on the day which they hold sacred to their God. Roger's Hall, the largest hall in our town, was crowded, and all were delighted, as Dr. York thundered and lightened upon the trembling ranks of priestcraft and scattered their time-rotten dogmas to the four winds of heaven. The doctor was followed by Judge A. Schell in a short but able discourse. I was then called out, and, by request, gave a brief account of my trip to the East. My remarks were well received. A few of my orthodox friends, however, winced a little because I had not been able to find any Infidels or Spiritualists in the Ohio penitentiary. If you can find any there, please do so for the comfort of these friends of mine.

On Saturday evening I visited Ceres, a town six miles from Modesto, to hear a discussion in the Literary Society of that place, on the Sunday question. By a strange coincidence, however, the champions of the Sunday imposition failed to put in an appearance, and thus prevented any discussion. I was then called out, and, in a short lecture, extempore, of course, gave them such a lesson on the Sunday question as will leave no room for future discussion.

The severe cough that caused my sudden return to my beautiful California has nearly ceased, and yet I shall not speak much for some time. My friends are all eager to see my book, and I will be glad when their wishes can be gratified. Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months. I am likely to remain here that long.

Yours truly, JOHN R. KELSO.

IRWIN STATION, PA., Feb. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I find in an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 11th headed, "Is it Special Providence?" some misrepresentations concerning the conduct of Mr. Knox toward Irwin Liberals. I will here state the part of W. F. Barkley's article wherein he has certainly been wrongly informed: "But here comes a reverse, the Rev. Mr. Knox, pastor of the Baptist church at that place (Irwin Station), made himself very conspicuous in the cause of Christ by lending his time and tongue against the Irwin Liberals, so much so that his church became involved in debt to such an extent that it had to be sold at sheriff sale." Now I believe I know more about this affair than any other man at this place who dares to tell the whole truth about it, being a member of the same church at the time, one of the chief instigators' of Mr. Knox coming here to preach, and one of his most intimate friends until he left, although I had left the church several months before he left Irwin Station. I also paid my monthly contribution to his salary after I had left the church and publicly renounced the faith. For some two or three months I handed it to him myself. Both he and his wife continued to visit us, and we gave them a hearty welcome, believing them to be honest in their opinions. I could not do otherwise and be a true Liberal. I made bare my heart to him as soon as I became aware of the fact that the whole thing was a fraud, and told him all about it.

But to come to the main question, we held an election after trying Knox a month, and he was duly elected pastor according to Baptist rules. The vote stood 19–6, which was a full three-quarter vote in his favor. One of the deacons who was chairman of the meeting, after giving in the vote as above stated, wrote to him him at Ebensburg, he being there at the time, that he need not come, as he had not been elected, and signed his name to the falsehood; while some three of us sent him a note stating the truth about his election. He came on, and when he came to preach his first sermon after his election part of the society forbade him the rostrum, and he quietly gave it up that day. But they gave in, and I think he was allowed to fill it in a week or two. So you see the society had dwindled down from some two hundred and sixty members to some forty or fifty before Knox came here. Also the heavy debt on the church was caused by one Richard Morgan, founder of the Baptist church at this place, brother of the notorious Lloyd Morgan. Richard Morgan is the man that both built up, and, as soon as he saw that his work would not stand, let fall, the society, on somebody else. I will inform your readers that the ruin of the Baptist church was accomplished before B. F. Underwood lectured here, and Knox did not take any part in the denunciation of Liberals, to my knowledge, publicly, and I hav every reason to believe he was too Liberal for the church, which was part the cause of his failure. I believe he was honest in his views, and that is more than I would say about the majority of preachers. Mr. Knox of the Baptist church, and Father Murphy of the Catholic church, were too wise and prudent to take any part in the meetings held here monthly for some time for the purpose of skinning Infidels. But their members did not bring their knives and torches and do the skinning and burning, and I believe they quit holding their meetings for fear their members might get in the notion and try their hand on them. The Rev. John Titzel, a namesake of the man of great indulgence fame in Martin Luther's time, is the man who is blamed for trying to put down Infidelity by brute force, but he acted wisely and resigned his charge and departed to Altoona, where I trust he will act wisely, as I understand there are enough Liberals there to keep him straight. N. G. Miller, another of the wiseacres of the Methodist persuasion, took an activ part in the flaying business. He has also sought other fields to work in. Also Rev. MacElrea, United Presbyterian, has since left for other fields. He was also one of the Infidel-skinners. Rev. Christy, of the Lutheran church, the best one of the white-choker flock of skinners, has also left since the great Underwood excitement for other fields. May they all grow wiser in the future.

Now your readers can see that Rev. Knox was not the man who caused the Baptist church to be sold. The debt was on the church when Rev. R. Morgan left it. He is the man to blame. Nor did the Rev. Knox do the Liberal cause any harm. Neither did he do it any good, for he kept too quiet upon the subject. Titzel, Miller, and MacElrea are the men to giv the credit to for publishing ignorantly the Liberal cause about here, and I venture to bet a summer coonskin they made ten skeptics to one confirmed Christian by their monthly union meetings for the purpose of denouncing Infidelity. You can inform your readers that there are plenty of skeptics both in and out of the church here, and it is a pity they are not organized into a League. I did make an effort to get up a League, and we organized one with twelve members, but our League lies dormant at the present time. I, for my part, hav never seen the charter, though it has been here nearly three years.

Yours for justice, WM. N. RIDINGER.

THREE New Leagues hav been organized—one at Burlington, Iowa, Max Stempel, secretary; one at Hebron, Nebraska, T. J. Hasbrook, secretary; and one at East Lebanon, Maine, Samuel P. Fall, secretary. Mrs. H. S. Lake has been lecturing at Burlington, and the League there is one result of her work. The League in Maine is the first one organized in that state.

EDWARD W. SEARING will giv the next lecture in the Society of Humanity's course at Science Hall, March 5th, on "Humanity and the Progress of International Law."

A PHOTOGRAPHER of Boston has been fined for keeping his place open on Sunday. Great city, Boston!

Paine Anniversary Hymn.

SUNG IN FLINT, MICH., BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Oh, say, can you see, through the faith-haunted years,
The thoughts flashing forth from the prophet of reason?
Thoughts gleaming like stars amid ignorant jeers,
When "to think was a crime, and to doubt was a treason;"
Through old error's dark night, and stern bigotry's blight,
Oh, say, can you witness their progress to-night?
Till they lifted the hearts of the king-fettered slave,
To the hight of the free and the rank of the brave?

When the heroes of old, through storm, fire, and snow,
Marched on to the aid of our country's defenders;
It was Paine's fearless words that taught friend and foe,
Freedom knows not the word, or the right to surrender.
'Mid the dangers of fight, by day and by night,
"Common Sense" and the "Crisis" inspired men for right,
Till the star-spangled banner in triumph could wave
Over liberty rising from tyranny's grave.

By Washington's sword place the pen of a Paine,
And when nations shall ask whom liberty trusted,
Let the true "Rights of Man," with an undying fame,
Be the answer to all when the old sword has rusted.
Men's souls hav been tried, and o'er hatred's dark tide
His memory glows in our national pride;
And the patriot grand, who lived but to save,
Is revered by the free and esteemed by the brave.

And thus be it ever, till over each sod
The bright "Age of Reason" shall uplift each nation;
Truth, wisdom, and love be the new triune God,
Uniting us all in a common salvation.
With injustice down-hurled, and our country the world,
Doing good our religion, where'er life's unfurled,
Till one banner of freedom in glory shall wave,
Over liberty's children made happy and brave.

Guiteau.

BY ALHAZA.

An age of golden miracles, new-dressed,
Something quite racy, it must be confessed,
Is needful now for mortals yet to
Awaken their best life comes Guiteau.

Reason is yet a power undefined,
To raise us in the scale it is designed;
It can, no doubt, develop without limit,
Yet certain things corrupt, distort, and dim it.

There was an age of justice long ago
Inflexible, their sages thought it so,
Nought between sin and fate's revengeful frown,
And then a Thor-like hammer held you down.

Next bleating victims poured out seas of blood,
Till the last pleader before Pilate stood;
Who got up quite a melancholy pageant,
Though no sane person said he was God's agent.

Sometimes we find a man in lofty station,
An exponent of some great aberration,
Or else an individual lower down
Will kiss the dust to find a pinchbeck crown.

The age of prophets ne'er will be abolished—
Some mild, or like Elijah, quite unpolished,
And when he will return no one can tell,
But Guiteau probably will do as well.

He bears the nation meekly on his arm,
And shields within his heart a secret charm—
The hidden glory of dark providence,
The silver lining of a shaky fence.

A noble army of preachers stand around,
And goodly salaries keep them fat and sound;
A bloody toy, no doubt, the nation pampers,
But blood must flow from somewhere to feed vampires.

The holy spirit seems to grow quite stingy,
The flame on sacred altars waxes dingy,
But Guiteau's words on providence, I ween,
Will work like oil upon the old machine.

How soon evangelists will seem quite tame,
And the great Talmage be an empty name!
Even God and jeweled Juggernaut may die too,
And Guiteau will be all they'll hav to pray to.

He is heaven's mouth-piece—let him speak or die.
Such thorny rods are showered from on high,
And whether the nation reasons well or ill
He bears a holy mission in his will.

And then such dreary mysteries as these,
They can pray over on their bended knees.
So sacred opiates lull both saint and sinner,
While priests are smiling o'er a sumptuous dinner.

Thus opium eaters reach a "higher plane"
When reason dies and they become insane;
Nor of truth's visage see one heavenly feature,
While meekly listening to the reverend Beecher.

The New Apostle of Freethought.

The Rev. George C. Miln, late Congregational pastor in Brooklyn, and until recently of Unity Unitarian Church of Chicago, addressed Prof. Felix Adler's Society for Ethical Culture, and a large audience besides, at Chickering Hall, Sunday, the 9th ult. In introducing the Chicago preacher, Prof. Adler said that Mr. Miln had just passed through a period of storm and conflict. A few weeks ago he was the clerical head of a Christian body in a large city. He had imperiled the future of his family and himself in order to stand by his convictions. It was a sign of the breaking of the lines, and of a new era of truth. Mr. Miln is a strongly-made, good-looking man of middle age. His face was clean shaved. His thick, straight dark hair was parted well on the side, and fell negligently across a broad forehead. His eyes are dark and deep-set. He said that he had prepared and preached in Chicago three discourses. He was afraid that the attempt he was now about to make, of putting three into one, would result in the old-time disaster. He was to speak of the church of the past, of the present, and of the future. He did not believe that the church was of divine origin. The church was because man was, and because man could not exist without an institution analogous to the the church. The root of the church was religious impulse. Man observed, but did not comprehend, the forces of nature, and sought for the final cause, which he never found. Men hav now grown strangely tired of hearing themselvs described as heirs of hell, and the deity pictured in revolting terms. We hav to confess ourselvs Agnostics. We don't know, and we haven't been able to find anybody who does, though there are some folks who hav a grand time in pretending to know. He did not believe that the church was set down ready made, a bride dressed for her husband. As he saw her she was born naked, and gathered her clothing, some grotesque and some beautiful, from all epochs and all climes. The church no longer retains, the speaker said, the influence or the hold upon the human heart which she used to possess; and in illustration of this he quoted from Robert Ingersoll, who said, "Only those attend prayer-meeting who wish to be alone." The Chicago churches are not half filled on Sunday, and Chicago calls herself a religious town. Of an Episcopal church in Chicago the speaker said, "Only the most ingenious of ushers could hav spread out the people who were there into the semblance of a decent congregation." He contrasted the different ways of operation of the Catholic and the Protestant churches. The Catholic holds firmly on to the terrors of hell, while the Protestant believer is introduced into heaven with all the eulogistic platitudes which custom has embalmed. Of the churches of to-day the speaker placed the Roman Catholic and Greek on one side of a line, and the Protestant on the other. Regarding the Catholic, he said that the drawing of the "awful circle" no longer stays the hand of power. The age is against Rome. School books and the pen will at length effect its downfall. The Episcopalian "High church" reminded him, as compared with the Catholic, of the insipidity of private theatricals as pitted against the legitimate drama. The Episcopal church tells us that Christ was born of a human mother, and that his father was divine, and that he is something that is not God and not man, and the tale is too much for our credulity. The church of the future, Mr. Miln said, will be marked by the entire absence of speculativ belief as a basis of agreement. He meant all beliefs not susceptible of sensible demonstration. Of the beliefs that will not be urged are the belief in hell, in inspiration, in a personal deity, and in immortality. Hell already by most Protestants has been relegated to the category of oriental nightmares. But the speaker advised orthodox ministers to guard well the gates of hell. Without hell the orthodox lash loses its chief scourge, for the foundation of orthodoxy is laid in the bed of hell. The church of the future will catalog the Bible as an ancient book, worthy only on account of the good that is in it. A personal deity is an inference, unsusceptible of demonstration, and therefore not necessary to the church of the future. The speaker could not see a glimmer of reason to support the idea of immortality. On none of these beliefs will the church of the future insist as a basis of agreement. Moreover, he did not believe in an effort to upset the course of events by prayer. He said that he has abandoned prayer. The ideal and motiv of the church of the future will be goodness, by goodness being meant the conduct which builds up and makes happy the individual. The two glorious motivs that will actuate those belonging to the church will be experience and the future of the race. Experience will reveal to them that the man who is good is happy, and the perfection of mankind will be an incentiv than which no stronger need exist.

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT did not hearken to his preceptor Aristotle, who advised him to bear himself as a "prince" among the Greeks, his own people, but as a "master" among the Babarians; to treat the one as friends and kinsmen, the others as enemies or chattels. . . . But conceiving that he was sent by God to be an umpire between all, and to unite all together, he reduced by arms those whom he could not conquer by persuasion, and formed of a hundred diverse nations a single universal body, mingling, as it were, in one class of friendship the customs, the marriages, and the laws of all. He desired that all should regard the whole world as their common country, the good as fellow-citizens and brethren, the bad as aliens and enemies; that the Greeks should no longer be distinguished from the foreigner by arms or costume, but that every good man should be esteemed a Hellene [a Greek], and every evil man a barbarian.—*Plutarch.*

WHEN we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they hav got to the bottom, or near the bottom, of science? Do we mean that they know all that is capable of being known? Do we mean even that they know, in their own special department, all that the smatterers of the next generation will know? Why, if we compare the little truth that we know with the infinit mass of truth which we do not know, we are all shallow together, and the greatest philosophers that ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness. If we would call up the first of human beings, if we would call up Newton, and ask him whether, even in those sciences in which he had no rival, he considered himself as profoundly knowing, he would hav told us that he was but a smatterer like ourselvs, and that the difference between his knowledge and ours vanished when compared with the quantity of truth undiscovered, just as the distance between a person at the foot of Ben Lomond and at the top of Ben Lomond vanishes when compared with the distance of the fixed stars.—*Macaulay's Speeches.*

ATHEISM claims the right to think, and the right to speak the thought, without any penalty being imposed on the thinker. It denies that there is any subject so sacred that it should not be investigated; any assertion so authoritativ that it may not be tested. While Christianity proclaims that hell is the preordained punishment for unbelief in doctrins incapable of verification by experience, Atheism asserts that unbelief is a duty when evidence is insufficient, and that faith in dogmas relating to the unknown is foolish credulity.—*Besant's Gospel of Atheism.*

IF the nature of all things is known, we are by that knowledge relieved from superstition, released from the fear of death, exempted from being perplexed by our ignorance of things, from which ignorance horrible fears often arise.—*Cicero's Chief Good and Evil.*

THE new church will see and proclaim that all truth is God's truth, whether the truth of Buddhism or Mohammedanism, or wherever or whenever spoken. The Bible is divine only so far as it is good and true. The atrocious things which it ascribes to God, or as approved by God, are slanders upon his character. Our children are as much his children as any mythological angels.—*M. J. Savage.*

WHILE Christianity deifies the unknown, Atheism studies it and offers to truth but one homage—the homage of investigation. While Christianity fears God, labors for heaven, strives to avoid hell, obeys revelation, Atheism goes on its way, fearless of aught save untruth; it knows no God, it works for earth alone; it recognizes utility as its only guide; human happiness as its only aim. It bids all men think, without dread of damnation; it bids all men speak, without dread of human punishment; it proclaims that all men owe to society the duty of thought, and the duty of uttering thought. —*Mrs. Annie Besant's Gospel of Atheism.*

THAT an opinion is the opinion of the multitude is to some men a powerful recommendation; to others it appears an infallible criterion of error; to those who are truly rational, it will be neither.—*Dr. G. Campbell.*

THERE are as many different opinions as there are men; and, therefore, we may be in error ourselvs.—*Cicero.*

THE master of superstition is the people; and, in all superstition, wise men follow fools.—*Bacon's Essays.*

A CHRISTIAN correspondent says, "Some one had to do the work that Jesus did to make a radical departure." The Essenes probably did it, not suddenly 1881 years ago, but by long, slow, and patient labor; and at last their religion was first called Christian at Antioch, but not born there. No religion is born all at once. Spiritualism was not. Of course many were put to death for teaching Christianity, or Essenism, because it was not radicalism compared with the Jewish faith and customs. The gospels are said to have been the secret books of the Essenes, and, as a sect, they taught every prominent form, rite, ceremony, or tenet that Christ taught, even to the healing by laying on of hands.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

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A COOLNESS has arisen between Mr. and Mrs. Fitznoodle, one of the most respectable families in Austin. One day last week a Mexican donkey was run over in the outskirts of Austin and killed by a freight train on the International Railroad. Next morning, just as Mr. Fitznoodle was about to start down town, his wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "Dear Alonzo, promis me not to go near the railroad track. How can the engineer distinguish between you and a donkey in time to stop the train?"

"THERE are two sides to everything," said a Christian lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides ——" At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say, "Well, if you've no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

"I SUPPOSE I might as well destroy this," said a tailor, disconsolately, to his wife, taking up a bill due him from one of the deacons of the church to which they belonged.

"Not a bit of it," returned his wife. "Giv it to me."

The next Sunday morning when the plate was passed around for subscriptions to pay off the floating debt, she dropped the bill into it, and before the middle of the week it was paid.

"Marriage is a lottery," remarked the happy tailor, as he pocke'ed the money, "but I advise every man to take the chances."

A STRANGER who appeared to hav seen much of this cold and unfeeling world entered a ferry-dock saloon recently, and after warming himself for a moment at the stove, around which was a large circle of mariners, he advanced to the bar and called for whisky and two glasses. A stiff drink was poured into each, and, taking up one in his fingers, the man turned to the crowd and said, "Gentlemen, if there is a liar present I invite him to step up and drink with me." A sort of tremor ran through the crowd, but no one moved. The stranger gazed around in blank astonishment, and finally said to one old tug captain: "Well, that beats me. What's the matter?" "The matter is," slowly replied the captain, as he took his legs off the stove, "that any man who expects fourteen liars to drink out of one tumbler at the same time is altogether too fresh for this locality! You are no gentleman, sir; no gentleman!"

A MAIDEN who lived at Accord,
The sight of a spider abhorred;
But her lover made bolder,
Brushed one from her shoulder,
And she gave him a kiss in reward.
Next night, as he sat by her side,
And let himself artfully glide
Round her trim, belted waist—
"O George, now make haste
And pretend there's a spider," she cried.

But this bold young man who adored
This frolicsome maid of Accord,
Though he hugged her trim waist,
Didn't seem in much haste
To take her up at her rash word.
"Where's the need of pretense?" he cried,
And he sadly and deeply sighed—
"For isn't it quite clear
That a spider is near
When a fly's in a web at your side?"

"YES, SIR, I'D SHOOT HIM."

Six or eight congenial spirits sat around a stove in a Grand River grocery the other night, and after several other subjects had been exhausted some one introduced that of panics in churches, theaters, and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark,

"Gentlemen, I just long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd giv a new twenty-dollar bill to be in the theater one night when there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one cool, level-headed man could stop the thing as easily as you could end up that barrel of flour."

"Well, I dunno about that," observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire, and hear it when and where you may, it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theater in case there was a cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man that attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued the grocer went to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a board, and gave three or four the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "Fire!" and "Powder!" and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary, he fell over a lot of baskets piled between him and the door, got up to plow his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposit side of the street.

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Notes and Clippings.

PROF. HUXLEY is writing a book on Bishop Berkeley, and his friends anticipate it will prove his magnum opus.

TOMBSTONE, Arizona, is growing so rapidly that they soon expect to be big enough to change its name to Sarcophagus.

THE Ladies' Aid Society (Spiritualist), of Boston, comprises one hundred and thirty-six members. They hav aided many needy families during the last year.

CHARLES A. REED, of Newton, Mass., devised $40,000 each to his own town and Salem, to be used in picnics to children, scientific lectures, and relief to poor widows.

ON the house 7 Craven street, Strand, London, a circular tablet has been fixed, with these words: "Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman. Born 1706. Died 1790."

A TORONTO man was arrested for whipping his grown-up daughter. His plea was that, being a pious man, he desired the girl to keep Lent, and only struck her a dozen times with a cane for punishment.

APROPOS of Bradlaugh, it has been proposed that the custom of opening Parliamentary sittings with prayers should be discontinued. An Irish paper recommends that the present government should use "The Form of Prayer for those *at Sea*."

ANNA HORMAN, who is starving herself to death in the poorhouse of Clark county, Ind., believes that she is obeying a divine command to fast forty days and forty nights. She has no idea that she is dying, but thinks her life will be miraculously preserved.

THE Rev. George H. Pecke, of the Leavitt-street Congregational church, Chicago, declares that Bro. Rossiter habitually sits in a rear seat and makes wry faces at him in order to disconcert him while he is preaching. Rossiter is to be tried by a church committee.

THE *Presbyterian* says that it has no objection to a modified liturgy for the Presbyterian church; but that the fact is patent that there is no more power in modified liturgies than in modified whisky. The *Presbyterian* evidently takes its religion and whisky straight.

THE Christian religion, wherever it obtrudes itself, is a chronic and shameless beggar. The Protestant Christian Chinamen hav been relieved from taxation for religious festivals in China. They number about 15,000. The Roman Catholics secured such exemption many years ago.

THE Ontario court of common pleas has decided that the shaving of customers by barbers on Sunday is a violation of the laws, it being not a work of charity or necessity. The locomotion of the crab is progressivness personified compared with the direction the Canadian government is traveling.

SOME of our friends are inclined to censure us for the part we took in procuring the pardon of a poor woman, sentenced for a long term in jail. Well, it may not be good religion or good church doctrin to err on the side of mercy, but its good common sense and good humanity, "and don't you forget it."—*Torch of Liberty.*

A SUNDAY law passed in 1702 remains on the statute-books of Connecticut. It has long been ignored as to its more severe provisions, but occasionally its prohibition of travel is brought into notice by a prosecution, as in the case of excursions last summer. The Germans of New Haven and Hartford are moving for such modifications as will allow them a moderate amount of recreation on Sunday. The legislators are squirming between two fires, for there is a strong and activ sentiment of Puritanism in the state. The bill under consideration would remove all restrictions from Sunday travel, and permit concerts after sunset.

THE English secretary of legation at Buenos Ayres reports that when visiting the interior lately he found that all agricultural implements and machinery were supplied by the United States. "In the School of Agriculture in Mendoza," he says, "I do not remember seeing a single article of English manufacture among all the machines, etc., except one for threshing."

POMEROY'S paper throws this brick at hypocrits: Church-members may bang away against theaters, but we are quite certain that an actor or actress who affords enjoyment to thousands of tired, worn, weary persons, does more good than do one thousand long-faced, whining, hell-fearing followers of priestcraft who were happy and who made others happy till religion made them miserable, or apparently so.

THE Lakeview (Oregon) *Herald* says that the remnants of the Modoc Indians that were transferred from the lava beds to the Indian territory are now among the quietest, most peaceable, and industrious in the country. There are only 100 left, but they cultivate 460 acres of land, hav established schools, and are thriving generally. Scarfaced Charley, one of the heroes of the Modoc war, is now a respectable farmer.

EVERY criminal law claims a clergyman among its violators. After recent examples of theft, arson, seduction, and embezzlement in the church of England, we now hav one of suicide in the person of the vicar of Welland, the Rev. Lionel Brown, who shot himself in his bedroom the other day. He had lately been in low spirits through pecuniary difficulties arising from agricultural depression and the cost of erecting a new vicarage.

POPE LEO XII. has addressed a letter to the bishops of Italy, which is applicable to the Episcopacy throughout the world, directing attention to the secret work of the enemies of the church, who aim at the destruction of all religion. The clergy are exhorted to rouse the laity to defend the independence of the Pontifical See, to organize the Catholic press, and to educate the clergy to the hight of the present emergency. We shall probably now see what the Catholics can do in the Talmage line.

THE New York *Sun*, in speaking of the anniversary meeting of the Theosophical Society at Bombay on Jan. 12th, at which time Mr. Bennett replied to the Joe Cook's scurrilous attack, calls him the apostle of "American Infidelity and Freelove." We would remark to our lumimous contemporary that Mr. D. M. Bennett is not an apostle of Freelove, and further that he never attended Freelove gatherings at which at one time Charles A. Dana (popularly believed to be in some way connected with the *Sun*) was a bright and shining light.

REV. E. D. TOWLE, a New Bedford Methodist clergyman, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday, in which he gave orthodoxy a wipe by stating that according to Methodist belief Garfield had gone to hell because he did not believe in the Trinity, while Guiteau would go to heaven if he repented of his crime. This is what we call wounding his friends in their own house. If the ministers keep on in the way they hav been going lately, it will soon be necessary for the newspapers to come out as defenders of the church.—*Dubuque Times.*

"A PITCHED battle is certain to be fought very speedily," says the London *Times*, "over the revised version of the New Testament. Already a respectable organ of Conservativ opinion has sounded the war cry against its new readings with as much feeling as if it thought Mr. Gladstone had been among the revisers. Vituperation and taunts will not arbitrate finally between contending scholars. If at the end of the wordy warfare the public be able to perceive what is the actual amount of questionable matter, something will hav been gained. The high probability is that a majority of persons who speak the English language will be content to regard the uncertainties as still uncertain, provided they may keep so much as remains behind admitted."

THE London *Freethinker* says: The Unitarians hav 344 churches in America. They are not, however, progressing like the Universalists and Free Religious association, and none of their preachers can draw audiences like Ingersoll. In this country they seem almost stagnant. No ardent nature finds Unitarianism anything more than a half-way house on the road from orthodoxy. Half-way houses on a long and difficult journey are very useful in their place, and because we wish well to Unitarians, we tell them that they would succeed far better if they were not so sublimely cold and respectable.

MOODY says that Christians "don't want book-knowledge to enable them to meet skeptics" Oh, dear, no! When the good Christian hears the naughty skeptic state that Moses and Darwin don't square, he must answer with a pretty, sweet, pious story about an Infidel who fell down and broke his leg, and then was nursed by a kind Christian lady, and at last recovered and renounced Darwin and all his works, and now journeys heavenward, singing "Holy Moses." That's the style. You'll soon convert skeptics in that way.—*London Freethinker.*

THE editor of this paper has on his place, corner Grand Boulevard and Backus street, North Denver, quite a variety of choice fowls. Among them are brown leghorns, black Spanish, black cochins, partridge cochins, black Hamburgs, Pite game, Seebright bantams, and game bantams, all pure strain and kept for increase of pure stock. His Pite game cock killed nine birds in his last match in Albany, N. Y., and is able to knock the wind out of any other rooster in Colorado. It is the intention of its owner to lend him to churches when they get up lotteries, grab-bags, dog fights, foot races, and card parties for the benefit of the churches so that cock-fighting can be engaged in as a safe, religious pursuit, and thus, perhaps, stop the fighting continually going on between different denominations. They come high, but we must hav them.—*Great West.*

THE *Judge*, an illustrated weekly of this city, heads an editorial "Anthony Comstock," and proceeds as follows: The *Judge* always has and always will either hesitate or refuse to raise his voice or giv a decision against a worthy object, or anything that tends to the improvement or good of society, but against the shams of our social, moral, and political progress his face is ever set. And after knowing him and his methods for several years, the *Judge* emphatically repudiates the contemptible hypocrit whose denounced name heads this article. In the first place, he is most undoubtedly a notorious monger, and that alone unfits him for the office of a moral mentor; and in the second place, his methods are as questionable as his own moral character is said to be, for when the notoriety business is dull, and he fears that his backers will not think he is earning the fat salary they pay him—and all because he does not keep the name of this society before the public—he goes out and drums up business in this suppression-of-vice racket, taking care to hav all his doings written out and copies sent to the papers, so that all may read about what a great, good, watchful guardian of our public morals this A. C. is. But if his ferret nose cannot scent out anything that is sufficiently rotten to appease his unnatural maw, he goes to work and bribes poor men into the commission of a technical crime, by offering them large prices for some indictable article or act, and then with loud whoops of triumph he drags his entrapped victim before the courts and before the world, where by his methods he manages to blast their lives and reputations forever. What an official centipede this creature must be, when even only this much out of a long career of wickedness is known; and yet he fawns and spawns upon the reformers and would-be good people, trying to play the part of their chief and moral pilot. This man must *stop*. The *Judge* has a rod in pickle for him.

News of the Week.

AN immense anti-Chinese mass-meeting was held in San Francisco on the 4th.

ALLEN T. RICE, editor of the *North American Review*, has fallen heir to half a million.

THE birthday of Robert Emmett, the Irish patriot, was celebrated in this city on the 4th.

THE widow of Daniel Webster, his second wife, died at New Rochelle, N. Y., last week, aged 85 years.

QUEEN VICTORIA was shot at one day last week, but escaped unhurt. The would-be assassin was a tramp, and uninspired.

GUITEAU'S counsel has filed a bill of exceptions, and Gen. Butler has consented to argue the case for the defense before the court in banc.

FORTY thousand persons in the lower Mississippi counties are destitute, owing to the floods. Congress has been asked to appropriate $400,000 for the relief of these and other sufferers from floods in the West and South.

TALMAGE is quiet for the present on the subject of Ingersoll and Infidelity, and a revival meeting is in progress at the tabernacle—a sort of semi-annual winding-up of the concern, which has been rapidly running down for some time past.

THE picture of a virgin, supposed to be that of Mary, long since defunct, is said to appear on the walls of a house in Troy, N. Y. Many hav seen it. Some attribute the phenomenon to the presence of phosphorus in the plastering of the room.

THERE is a rumor afloat that Brigham Young is still alive. It is claimed that a corpse was procured and passed off as his. His alleged object is to gain new power over the people of Utah by appearing to them again and claiming a resurrection.

A PARTY sent out by Gen. Butler to survey a large tract of land in Virginia of which he had come into possession, were attacked, captured, and warned out of the state by an armed band of deer hunters and farmers, who regarded the surveying party as invaders.

CONKLING'S nomination for associate justice of the Supreme Court has been confirmed by the Senate. Mrs. Scoville has addressed a letter to President Arthur, protesting against the appointment of Conkling, whom she denounces as morally responsible for Garfield's death.

GEO. HENDRIX, a printer, has been arrested, charged with having defaced the monument erected by Cyrus W. Field to Andre, the British spy. Public opinion is very strong against Field and in favor of Hendrix, the only fault found with the latter being that he did not blow the preposterous stone into eternal fragments.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH has been for the third time elected member of Parliament from Northampton. He will appear again at the bar of the House and ask to hav the oath administered. How the wooden-headed bigots will get rid of him this time remains to be seen. S. Northcote has, as usual, moved that he be not admitted.

GEO. HAZAEL won the six-days walking-match last week, making a little over six hundred miles, beating the best previous records, and carrying off the championship belt, a chair worth $125, and a pair of valuable shoes, together with some $19,000 in money. Rowell broke down after making 415 miles in less time than that distance was ever made before.

AT a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal Society, the subject of discussion was "Reasoning Mania." The remarks applied chiefly to Guiteau. The majority of the medical and legal gentlemen thought the President's assassin should be hanged. Dr. Spitzka contended that he was insane, and had no doubt that Guiteau would expect the Almighty to descend and cut the rope when he was hanged.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

22. But Jesus showed himself entirely ignorant of all these discoveries; he knew nothing of any of these improvements, he was unable to give the world anv useful, practical information; but he was profound in the matter of devils getting into people, for he was able to cast seven devils out of one woman, and two thousand more out of one man, or perhaps enabled one devil to so divide himself up as to enter into two thousand swine.

23. He was able to descant upon the lake of fire and brimstone which burns somewhere in the nether regions, where unfortunate persons must burn forever who cannot believe that he was the creator of the heavens and the earth, together with the infinite number of suns and worlds that are in existence.

24. He was able to talk about the devil and his augels, about the fire that is not quenched, about the worm that never dies; he was able to dwell upon the great excellence of belief, whether blind or intelligent; he was able to pronounce eternal blessings upon those who believe, whether they are convinced or not, and to doom to eternal torture those who are unable to believe. He took the position that belief is optional with the person who exercises it, and that a person can believe anything he pleases, regardless of proof.

25. He was able to instruct his followers to cut off their hands and pluck out their eyes if the same, from any cause, became so affected as to give offense. He was able to teach the doctrine that mendicancy, and idleness, and poverty are the greatest of virtues; that to provide for the morrow, for next week, or next winter, or for old age, is a great wrong, while to be improvident, thriftless, thoughtless, idle, penniless, and as poor as Job's turkey or a church mouse, is the highest of virtues, entitling one to a lodging-place in Abraham's bosom throughout the endless ages of eternity.

26. What condition would the world be in to-day if his injunctions were strictly followed—if everybody were to be like the lilies of the field, which never leave their places, but draw what they can from the earth and the air, without the slightest exertion or effort toward intellectuality or the improvement of the mind; or like the birds of the air, which know nothing beyond catching what flies and insects they can, which manage to pick up what worms and seeds they can find, and, when the cold weather and frosts of winter approach, fly away a thousand miles or so to a warmer southern climate?

27. It would be in a state of savagism and barbarity fearful to contemplate; men would have no houses to shelter them from the storms and tempests, no shield from the frosts and snows of winter, no clothing to protect the body, no food to satisfy the demands of nature, no schools or books for the education of children and the rising generation, no fabrics, no manufactured articles, no merchandise, no supplies of food, no roads, no railways, no steamboats, nothing that pertains to advanced civilization and the progress of the human race. The lilies and the birds have none of these.

28. There is certainly no good sense in demanding that intelligent men and women should govern their actions with regard to future wants and necessities by plants or animals. They should strive to be thoughtful for future wants, and make all the provision in their power for the necessities that must arise. In the morning and through the day men should labor for the comfort and rest to follow at night; in spring, and summer, and autumn, they should rear crops and lay up stores for the winter; in youth and during the middle age of manhood they should provide for declining health and the feebleness of old age.

29. There is no evidence that, besides Jesus knowing nothing of the sciences, discoveries, and inventions, he possessed even the commonest literary acquirements. Nothing has been handed down that he ever wrote; there is even no account of his writing a word at any time, save what he did on a certain occasion in the sand, and then it is not known that he wrote a word.

30. He might have been making only unmeaning marks in the sand, done for diversion while he was listening to what was being said by those around him; and whether what he did was writing or not, it was not of the slightest use to any human being, for there is no claim that any person read it, or was in any way benefited by it.

31. There is just as little evidence of his ever reading any book or manuscript. If he ever read a word, no account of it has been handed down, nor has any claim been set up in reference to it. The fairest conclusion that can be arrived at is that, if such a person existed, he was not only devoid of general information, devoid of scientific information, devoid of the knowledge of discoveries and improvements, but devoid of the commonest branches of education.

32. But I will not dwell longer on the subject this time. A great deal could be said. The subject could be elaborated and the remarks extended almost indefinitely, but it will not be worth while. I will now bid thee good-night, and wish thee the sweet repose that thy efforts and hardships entitle thee to. Peace be with thee!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THIRTEENTH DAY—ON TO JERUSALEM.

1. And it came to pass on the the third day of the month, that the pilgrims were up betimes and on their horses, with their faces set toward the Holy City, rejoicing that this was the last time the tents would be pitched for them, for after this they were to sleep in hotels and no more in the camp.

2. After riding for a mile or more along the edge of the valley, and looking at the remains of the walls and structures of the Romans after they came into possession of the Land of Yahweh, when they essayed to rebuild Jericho (but of which nothing is left withal worthy of special notice), the pilgrims soon began to rise the rough and steep hills of gravel and rock on the eastern confines of the plain.

3. The road is very steep and the hills are very high, nearly four thousand feet having to be ascended to attain the hight of the Holy City; but when the summit is reached the view is very grand, when looking back at the Dead Sea, the plain, the valley of the Jordan, the mountains of Moab and Gilead, the country up towards the Sea of Galilee, and even Mount Hermon, more than a hundred miles away, which are in sight through the clear atmosphere.

4. Once the road between Jericho and Jerusalem was far rougher than now, and one almost risked his life in clambering over the ledges and scaling the precipices of jagged rocks; but now the road is very much improved, owing to an accident which befell a Wallachian princess, who, to save her poorer pilgrims on the journey to Jordan from falling and being killed, presented a munificent sum to have the road put in better condition.

5. By dint of blasting and quarrying, and building walls along the steep precipices, the road is so much better that, for a good share of the distance, a carriage could be driven, were it not for the terraces or steps left in the steeper places, which, being eight or ten inches high, utterly prevent a carriage passing over them; but for horses and donkeys the road does very well, only for its steepness. It was twenty years ago or more that the road was improved.

6. It is a very hilly road all the way to Jerusalem, and the country is sterile and worthless. This is the portion said to have been allotted to Benjamin, and the Scribe is decidedly of the opinion that Benjamin was badly swindled in the division. The country consists of hard, steep, rough, and abrupt gravel hills, which grow nothing but a miserable, prickly little herb or brush that nothing will eat.

7. The Scribe gave it as his opinion that ten thousand acres of this land are not worth the sum of ten farthings; and as he journeyed over it, and cast his eyes to the right and to the left as far as he could see, he groaned out these sorrowful words: As my soul liveth, if the streams of milk and honey ever flowed over these gravel hills, they washed the soil entirely away and left the whole country not worth a cent.

8. For miles, as the pilgrims journeyed along, they found the soil so extremely poor that not even a poor, starved Bedouin can be found insane enough to try to live upon it; the howling, dreary desert is better for him and more desirable; but after nearly ten miles had been past occasional spots were reached where, though the rocks again chiefly covered the hills, little patches were seen here and there where some soil existed, and where half an acre, or possibly an acre, is found that is plowed, and once in a while a miserable stone hut is seen.

9. While passing through these rough and cheerless hills, some thirty or forty Russian pilgrims were seen reclining by the roadside, resting while on their way to the Jordan, which they visit with nearly as much religious enthusiasm as the Moslems feel with regard to their pilgrimages to Mecca. A thousand or more of these Christian pilgrims pass over this road every year.

10. To the south of the Jerusalem road, on the way from Bethlehem to the Dead Sea, perched up among the crags and precipices of the most barren and desolate of mountains, is a Christian monastery, containing about seventy of as positive fools as exist upon the face of the earth. The stone structure in which they live is said to be nearly as wild as the rocks, and it is not very clean; and here, year after year, they drag out a useless existence, under the supposition that they are thereby doing God a favor.

11. The monastery was founded by St. Sabas in the fifth century, and his holiness was so great that it is claimed he was enabled to perform many most wonderful miracles. He was buried upon the ground, and his bones are still thought to possess remarkable virtue. No woman is, upon any consideration, allowed to enter the monastery.

12. After some three hours' ride from the valley of the Jordan, the pilgrims passed an old, ruined khan, but it is a deserted place, the water being unfit for use. This is the traditional scene of the parable of the Good Samaritan, but as the parable was only an imaginary figure at best, the valuelessness of the tradition can be appreciated.

13. Two hours more brought the band to another old khan or stopping-place, where there is a spring of good water. This has the name of the Apostles' Fountain, from the legend that the Apostles used to call there to drink when on their journeyings. The legend, however, is without value. The fountain is on the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, and is supposed to be identical with the En Shemesh (Spring of the Sion).

14. Turning up from the fountain by the roadside, where several of the natives where stationed, selling oranges, etc., the pilgrims made their way up a long and steep hill, the top of which is the noted Mount of Olives. The hill is more like the rocky hills further north than like the gravel hills toward Jericho. It is principally rock, with some soil in places on the top; but the whole appearance is whitish, sterile, and barren.

15. It takes forty minutes to climb the hill to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and on the east side as the ascent is made the old village of Bethany is passed through. It has much the appearance of a modern Mahommedan village, composed of unsightly stone houses. A company of Moslem women were in a cemetery howling and praying for the dead.

16. In passing up the principal street the captain stopped before what looked like an entrance-way to a vault or cellar, and said that was the place where tradition asserts that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead; but Tradition makes so many papable errors that the Scribe has very little confidence in what she says, and regards her as a lying old hag.

17. In fact, he has no confidence in the fable about the raising of Lazarus or any other man from the dead by Jesus or any other person. He regards it as one of the larger stories. But he looked down the cellar-way all the same, though his faith was not increased thereby.

18. He thought, Here, if the story is true, once lived Martha and Mary, the younger of whom ardently loved Jesus, and whose love seems to have been returned. The scene was recalled when Martha was doing up house-work, and Mary hung around Jesus, putting ointment on his feet according to one evangelist, and on his head according to another (while possibly the truth was between those extremes), and wiping his feet with the hair of her own head. That she was very affectionate cannot be denied, if the truth of the story is admitted.

19. From Bethany to Olivet is some ten or fifteen minutes' ride, and, as one passes along, he has time and opportunity to recall the incidents of the story connected with the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, his ascension, etc. Here he must have been cordially welcomed by the multitude; here, or a little to the south, at Bethphage, he sent his disciple to take a man's ass without leave, with which to make a triumphal entry into the city.

20. Here the branches were broken from the olive-trees and thrown into the path; here garments were thrown down, and here the hosannas were shouted to the son of David, who was soon to be crowned king of the Jews.

21. Here is also where, on another occasion, Jesus approached a fig-tree, and because it did not bear figs in a season of the year when he had no right to expect them—when the time of figs was not yet—he got angry and cursed the tree so severely that it died about as soon as a snake will when his head is mashed—before the setting of the sun.

22. Here, near the summit of the mount, Jesus is said to have sat and mourned over the coming doom of the city, bewailing its sad fate, and a little to the right the very place is pointed out where he made his ascension; and there is a depression in the rock, said to have been made with his foot when he gave the final spring as he went up into the ethereal blue.

23. The Scribe is very incredulous about this ascension story, because it has a bogus appearance, to say the least. Matthew and John must have regarded it in the same light, for they had not a word to say about the marvelous incident. Mark and Luke are the only ones who seemed to know anything about the little circumstance; but, unfortunately, they disagree in their statements as to where the ascension was made.

24. Mark narrates how Jesus appeared unto the eleven while they were taking a meal (in a house, of course), and told them to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature, saying, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. The signs that were to follow those that believe were that they should become snake-charmers; or, in other words, they should be able to take up serpents, and to drink any deadly thing without being hurt; and then Mark simply says:

25. So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand side of God. Not a word about going out to

Bethany, or to any other place. But Luke says, He led his disciples out as far as Bethany, and lifted up his hands and blessed them; and, in the operation of blessing, he was parted from them and went up.

26. The writer of Acts describes the ascension, but differently from the others, and he makes the conversation of Jesus at the time to be unlike that described by Mark; but he says nothing about Bethany being the place where he went up. There is an unfortunate disagreement in many particulars of the gospel story.

27. Coming upon the summit of the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem bursts suddenly upon the view, and there, three hundred feet lower than the Mount, it lies somewhat like a map spread out before the beholder.

28. The first feeling is one of disappointment, and the first thought is, Why, what a small place! It is not larger than a good-sized American village. It is inclosed by a wall some thirty feet high, and a good walker can walk around on the outside of it in an hour.

29. The city is on high ground, which descends to the south and east, and looks like a town rising up out of two ravines on the east and south, with similar hills on the opposite sides of the ravines. The valley of Jehosaphat, or the brook Kidron, and the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, are the two ravines, the latter continued in the valley of Gihon. The devout take the first view of it with intense admiration, but the Scribe could see but little in the appearance of the place to call forth special enthusiasm.

30. It looks like a dull, compact Moslem town, with several mosques, with minarets, several churches, a few large buildings, and a mass of small buildings. It is without the appearance of streets, without shade-trees—a condensed mass of two-story stone houses, with numerous small stone domes all over the town.

31. The Scribe was also disappointed in the appearance of the Mount of Olives. From his boyhood days he had pictured in his mind that the Mount of Olives was a round, smooth, even-swelling hill, with a profusion of olive-trees growing upon it. This was his idea; but the reality is that it is a raw, rough, rocky, barren, dried-up, cheerless hill, with an olive-tree or a fig-tree growing here and there.

32. He used to fancy the hill was nicely turfed over, or that a greensward covered it, which contributed fine feed for sheep; but there is no sod there, and the appearance of the hill is nearly as arid as the cone of a volcano, or more like the ruins of a thousand lime-kilns, for it has a white and burnt appearance. Oh, how the fancies of childhood take flight, one after another! The Mount of Olives will no longer be to the Scribe what he used to dream it was.

33. The valley between the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem is deep and steep; it is the valley of Jehosaphat, or the brook Kidron, which also used to sound like a delightful place; but it is an unsightly ravine, with the jagged rocks projecting through the scanty soil on both sides, though it is now much more filled up than it used to be three thousand years ago, and at the bottom the soil has considerable depth.

34. This ravine has been largely used for burial-places, and the old Jewish and later Mohammedan tombs, with their flat, crude, horizontal gravestones, cover a good share of the east side of it, where the high ledges do not usurp the space. To look down upon it, the view is not a pleasant one. Yes, a deep feeling of disappointment seizes the beholder. The distance by air line from Olivet to the site of the temple is probably about a mile.

35. On the Summit of the Mount of Olives is a haggard village, with two somewhat imposing establishments—one a monastery, or nunnery, with a high, strong wall inclosing it, the other a Mohammedan building, with a small mosque and large court-yard, and a minaret is on the very summit of the hill. In an upper room, near the minaret, lunch was spread upon the stone floor in full sight of the city, and here the pilgrims took their last meal before entering Jerusalem.

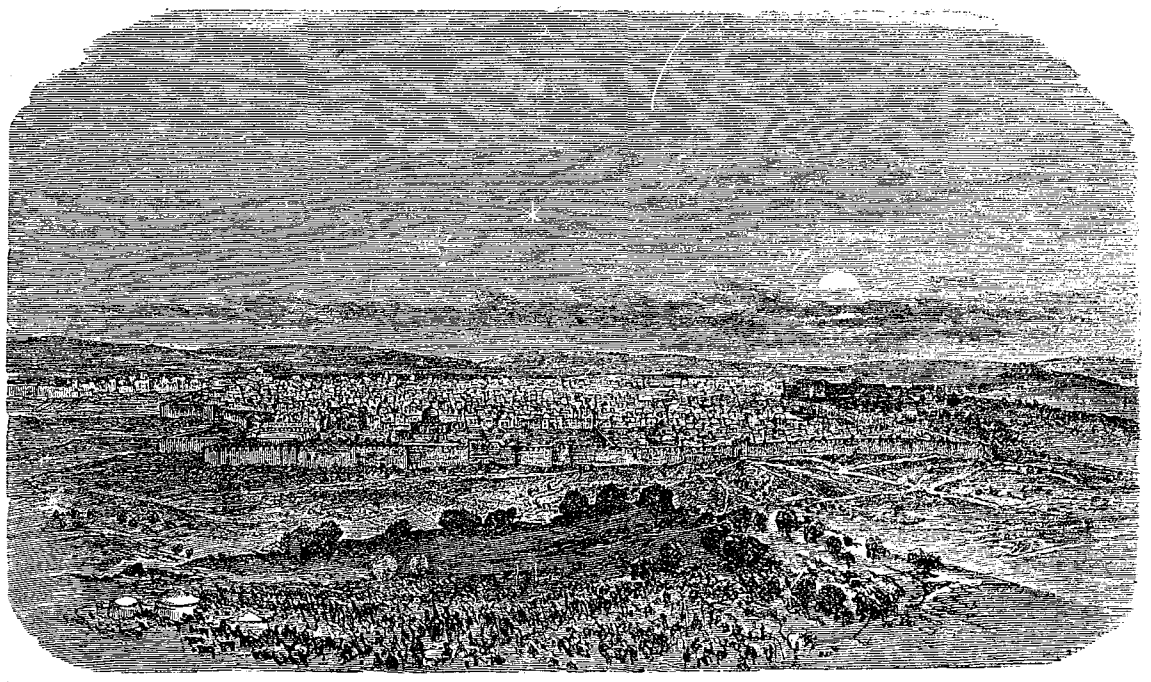
36. After this they ascended the minaret, and from the look-out place a splendid view is had. The city is spread out below on the west like a scroll, and beyond the western wall are the Russian buildings, of somewhat imposing appearance, and several rather fine-looking residences, which, within a few years, have, by the help of foreign capital, risen up outside the city.

37. Far to the north is seen the white caps of Hermon; nearer by are the hills of Naphtali, the hills of Galilee, Mount Tabor, Ebal, Gerizim; Bethel, fifteen miles away; and, nearer still, Gibeah, where the home of Saul is said to have been, and three miles north is Ramah, where Samuel was born.

38. On the east, twenty-five miles distant, is the long dark range of the hills of Moab and Gilead, with Nebo and Pisgah raising their heads a trifle above their neighbors. The north end of the Dead Sea is seen, and the valley of the Jordan; the course of the river being marked by a green line from the trees and small growth upon its banks.

39. To the south is the round Frank Mountain, where Herod is said to have built a mountain residence; the Judean hills of almost naked rocks, and the wilderness of Judah, which is more properly a wilderness of rocks. Nearer by, and almost below, is the hill of Evil Counsel, and west of it is the valley of Rephaim. Still nearer the city, and connecting with the valley of Jehosaphat, is the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, or Sheol, or Hades, or Hell, a place where the rubbish of the city was thrown and burnt. That is where the worm died not, and where the fire was not quenched.

40. West of the city rise the prominent rocky hills which lie off toward ancient Philistia, and the western bounds of the Land of Yahweh are easily seen. It was never a large kingdom, and one unavoidably entertains the opinion that a deity who made the whole earth and owned it all might have selected a larger and better part of it for his own use, and being infinite and omnipotent, he ought to have made better steerage in managing it. As it looks to-day, as it is and has been, it is a most miserable failure. Yahweh and his country cannot by any stretch of language be classed among the successes.



JERUSALEM.

41. In descending the Mount of Olives into the vale of Jehosaphat, the road is so steep that the rider finds it difficult to wait for his horse, as the tendency is to pitch headlong and hurry down toward the valley on all fours. But at length the bottom is reached and found to be very narrow. A circumbendibus detour is made among the modern buildings, and the pilgrims are halted before a doorway and told that they have reached the garden of Gethsemane.

42. It is all inclosed, and a strong doorway and a walled passage lead to the garden. It was not so when Jesus passed an unhappy night there. Upon entering the place it looks rather pleasant, being actually laid off as a garden; and the Catholic monks who have the place in charge are watering the plants and flowers that struggle for existence here.

43. The garden contains half an acre or more, and is divided into two or three parts by fences, and a walk surrounds it. In the center are two or three olive-trees of the old-settler type, and one of them is pointed out as the veritable tree under which Jesus felt such agony touching his approaching fate and sweat great drops of blood. Some olive-trees are said to live two thousand years, and this looks as though it was among the oldest of its kind. The body is gnarled and full of holes. Possibly the blood that was sweat under it so enriched the soil as to give the tree a luxuriant growth. That blood is said to possess most extraordinary qualities.

44. It was here that Peter and James and John could not keep awake that memorable night, but fell asleep while their master was feeling so badly and asked his father three times over to let the bitter cup pass by him if he could possibly find it convenient to do so, but the father would not hear to it; he wanted the dear son to die that miserable death that it might have a sweet effect upon his own mind. It has always seemed like a most lamentable pity that Yahweh permitted his affairs to get so tangled up that he had to cause his own son to be put to death to place matters in a little better situation.

45. Around the garden, against the wall, are placed twelve paintings of Jesus on his way from the judgment hall to the place of execution, bearing his own cross, and falling under the weight of it. The Scribe subsequently learned that the Hall of Judgment was but three squares from Calvary, where the crucifixion took place, and it seemed to him that falling twelve times in that distance under the weight of a plank or post large enough to crucify a person upon was not doing very well for an almighty, infinite, and omnipotent God, though possibly that is the way an omnipotent God ought to act.

46. Timber was so scarce in the Land of Yahweh (as it is to-day) that not a foot more than was necessary would have been used in making crosses, hence it would not be a heavy load for a man to carry a cross. Besides, Matthew, Mark, and Luke say Jesus did not carry his cross at all, but that one Simon, of Cyrene, was made to bear it. John contradicts the other three and says Jesus bore it himself; and on that kind of evidence—one against three—the story has been told, and put upon canvas thousands of times over, that Jesus fell twelve times under the weight of his own cross. Such is the result of having inspired records.

47. In passing down the valley of Jehosaphat numerous tombs, some outside graves, and others in the rocks up in the side of the hill, were noticed. Among others were the tombs of the prophets Zechariah, St. James, and Absalom. That of Zechariah is a square structure of stone, with four pilasters on each side, and a roof of pyramidal shape. It is, however, no tomb at all, as it is absolutely solid rock and no place inside for anything. Some pious and lying Catholics probably christened it as Zechariah's tomb, and it has gone by that name since. It has no internal chamber, and no doorway. That Zechariah was put into it is one of the impossibilities.

48. The tomb of Absalom is a somewhat elaborate building, square, with columns in partial relief standing out against the wall, and with a round and tapering roof. The tomb of St. James is composed of a verandah or screen, cut out of the rock, with two Doric columns. The tomb of Jehosaphat is behind that of Absalom, and hidden from view. The interior of Absalom's tomb has been filled with stones by the Arabs, who feel a great resentment toward David's ungrateful son. The little structures called the tombs are Roman in style, and are believed to have been done under Roman rule.

49. The Fountain of the Virgin, so called, in this valley is an artificial fountain. Two flights, one of sixteen steps, and the other thirteen, lead down to it. The basin is eleven feet square. It is said to be connected by an aqueduct with the Pool of Siloam. It rises and falls at frequent intervals. It had a dozen different names; the Dragon's Well, Well of the Sun, Spring of Gihon, King's Pool, etc. The name Virgin's Fountain came from a legend that here the Virgin washed the swaddling-clothes of Jesus, which imparted very healing qualities to the waters.

50. The Pool of Siloam is further on. It is fifty-three feet long, eighteen broad, and nineteen deep. Some broken columns and other fragments show that an edifice, probably a church, was once erected over it. Tradition points out this as the place where Jesus cured the blind man, anointing the eyes with clay and bidding the man wash in the Pool of Siloam. If the same were tried now for a thousand cases of blindness, it would undoubtedly fail in every case, and nature's laws are precisely to-day what they were eighteen hundred and fifty years ago.

51. A building was pointed out to the left as the place where Adonijah caused himself to be proclaimed king and coronated. He caused great numbers of sheep and oxen to be killed, and invited many people to come in and partake in honor of himself. But he made a great mistake in not inviting the prophet Nathan and some others, for Nathan, not being invited, went to Bathsheba and directed her go to see David and cause Solomon to be king. She did so, and David decided that Solomon should be king, which decision was carried out.

52. Adonijah asked pardon, and Solomon let him off; but when Adonijah had the temerity to ask for Abishag the Shunamite for a wife, it touched Solomon in a tender place, and he had his brother assassinated that very day. It is probable that he fancied Abishag himself.

53. Now where the ravine called the valley of Jehosaphat turns into the valley of Hinnom, or

Gehenna, on the left, is pointed out the Field of Blood, claimed by some to be the Potters Field bought with the money obtained by Judas for betraying his master. When his conscience troubled him for the deed he had done he took the silver back to the priests and threw it down in the temple and went out and hanged himself; and with that money the priests bought this burying-ground.

54. The writer of the book of Acts tells a very different story, contradicting that of the evangelists entirely. He says Judas bought the field himself, and instead of hanging himself he fell headlong, and bursting asunder in the midst, his bowels gushed out. It looks very much as though the inspiration which dictated these two accounts was very much at fault. If one is true the other is false, and there is no escape from that.

55. The Hill of Evil Counsel is right here, and tradition has it that here was the house of Caiaphas the high priest, and here the Jews met and conspired against Jesus to put him to death. Tradition is a great liar. This story is especially unreliable, and dates no farther back than the fourteenth century. The person who undertook to settle the matter knew no more about it than the man in the moon.

56. Many tombs are all along here, some of them of hermits who dwelt here in early times, some of Crusaders, and some of people who died at a more recent date. One of the tombs is called the Apostles' Cavern from another legend that when the disciples all forsook Jesus, and fled the moment he got into trouble, they went to that cavern and hid themselves. Of course those who located it knew nothing about whether it was the place or not.

57. In the ravine a sycamore-tree was passed which is called Isaiah's Tree, and tradition again has it that here the prophet, becoming unpopular with his people, was put to death. This legend is as valuable as the other.

58. Turning to the right, the pilgrims passed up Hell, or the Valley of Hinnom; it is a deep, narrow ravine, with steep, rocky sides, to the southwest of the city, but looks no worse than the Valley of Jehosaphat. Upon the outer hill Solomon is said to have built high places to Molech. Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon. (1 Kings xi, 7.) Others of the kings followed the practice, and many children were made to pass through the fire in Hinnom or Gehenna to be sacrificed to Molech.

59. The roadway up the Valley of Hinnom leads into the Valley of Gihon, on the west side of the city, and to the Jaffa gate, where the pilgrims made their entry into the holy city. Without the gate a dozen or so of horrid-looking lepers were sitting by the roadway, who held out their deformed and shrunken hands and begged with their husky voices, reminding one of the pictures of lepers seen many years ago.

60. Twenty rods from the Jaffa gate stands the Mediterranean Hotel, at which the pilgrims were provided with quarters of good quality. The horses easily walked to the front of the hotel, but carriages never enter the gates; the streets in the city are too narrow to admit of carriages, though donkeys and camels are seen moving about at all hours.

61. Here, at last, the Scribe found himself in the holy city of the Jews—the city he had learned about in Sunday school when a child, that he had heard of in sermons, and read about since he was knee-high to a tea-kettle. Here he was in the city of David; the city where the wrrrior and amorous monarch is said to have reigned in regal state, and in the term of his reign to have accumulated gold and silver enough to pay off the national debt of Great Britain.

62. Here is where the man after God's own heart forgot himself one evening and got after another man's wife. The rest is easily imagined.

63. David's sons seemed to inherit their father's leading traits. It was in this city that Amnon, one of David's boys, assaulted his own sister. Another of his boys, Absalom, went in unto his father's concubines on the house-top and in the sight of all Israel. Solomon was another nice young man; he managed to get along with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Had he not been so very wise he might have thought he needed two thousand women. There is nothing like a good gift of wisdom.

64. Being here in the city of David, the little things pertaining to David naturally are brought to mind. Yes, being in the holy city, holy thoughts easily come into one's head.

65. An hour or two spent in looking over the town revealed the narrow, contracted streets, small shops or bazars, the dirt and untidiness of the people, and the general cramped and oriental appearance of the place. A large share of the streets are covered over, the second stories projecting so as to nearly meet above. It is one of the most cheerless places of its size yet seen.

66. The population is variously estimated at from twelve thousand to thirty five thousand. No census is taken, and it is mere guess-work at best. There are supposed to be from ten thousand to fifteen thousand Jews, three thousand Christians of all kinds, while nearly all the balance are Moslems. The people are of decidedly mixed nationalities, including Turks, Syrians, Bedouins, Polish Jews, Persian Jews, German Jews, and some Europeans. The Jews support themselves only in part, living upon donations sent them by their brethren in Europe. As a class they look effeminate, half-starved, and half-demented. They are chiefly the religious class of Jews, who think if they live in Jerusalem, and spend their time in lamentation and prayer, they ought to be supported.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JERUSALEM REVIEWED.

1. Jerusalem, being surrounded on three sides by deep ravines, afforded the site the natural means of defense, and doubtless led to its selection for a city by the ancient people of Canaan before the children of Israel were in the country. It was called Jebus, the stronghold of the Jebusites, a tribe or division of the Canaanites. The Amorites and Hittites were very near, and perhaps shared in the defense afforded by the city. But it had not become holy at that time, for Yahweh and David had not then captured it.

2. Joshua was a very valorous warrior, and made nothing of defeating, despoiling, and putting to death the thirty or forty kings—more properly chiefs or sheiks—that once flourished in this diminutive country of rocks; but he seems not to have prevailed over the Jebusites, or, at all events, he did not retain possession of their chief city.

3. It was not till three hundred years later, when the son of Jesse came to be king, and had a fighting general by the name of Joab, that the city was finally taken, for even then the Benjamites, as good fighters as they were, were unable to dispossess the Jebusites from the stronghold of Mount Zion, and were forced to occupy the lower part of the city until David and Joab, by persistent fighting, were able to take the citadel, when Mount Zion became the city of David, and of course became the holy city, and Yahweh took up his residence there.

4. Previous to that time David had made his capital at Hebron, a town some thirty or forty miles to the south, in a little valley among the rocks; but when he had captured Mount Zion he moved his capital and his wives and concubines there; he transferred the ark from the threshing-floor of Chidon, and it became the holiest city that ever was known, with possibly the exception of Benares, Memphis, or Mecca.

5. David did a great deal for his captured capital, and decided to build a fine temple there; but he had been such a shedder of blood, such a wholesale murderer, that even Yahweh was unwilling that he should build the temple, preferring the man who kept a thousand women.

6. Solomon is said to have greatly beautified the city, and with the help of 153,000 mechanics of other nations for seven years, and timber from an adjoining country, was enabled to build a house for Yahweh one hundred and ten feet long and thirty six wide, with a porch eighteen by thirty-six. But there are those who deny that Solomon ever built such a temple, and even that there ever was such a man as Solomon. He seems, at all events, to have been very little known by the people and historians of other nations. As, however, his temple was a small affair compared with many others built at that period of the world, it is not wholly improbable that the Jews might have engaged in such an enterprise.

7. In Rehoboam's reign, the next after Solomon, Jerusalem was besieged and plundered by Shishak, king of Egypt. This was the beginning of a long series of losses and disasters, in which the city was involved in civil wars and contentions, and suffered repeated attacks from surrounding nations—the Syrians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians.

8. After it had been pillaged by the Philistines and Arabians in the reign of Jehoram; by the king of Israel, Amaziah, and the temple despoiled of its treasures at other times, the city was threatened with utter ruin by the Assyrian army under Sennacherib. Though the danger was averted for the time while Hezekiah was king, his son Manasseh was overcome by the Assyrians and carried captive to Babylon. On his return he repaired the city.

9. Josiah having been slain while warring against Pharoah Necho, king of Egypt, while the latter was on his way to besiege the Assyrian city of Carchemish, Necho visited Jerusalem on his return, took the king, Jehohaz, to Egypt, and exacted a tribute from the city.

10. Soon afterward Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, in his turn, took and pillaged Jerusalem three times. On the last occasion the temple and palaces were burnt down, the walls leveled to the ground, and King Zedekiah and what people there were left were carried off captive to Babylon. This was 587 B C., and is the sum of the Bible story.

11. There are those who deny the truth of the account and that the Jews were ever such a strong and wealthy people as is claimed in the Bible, but claim rather that previous to the Babylonian captivity they were an insignificant, semi-barbarous people, without a history and without a literature, and that what are called their sacred writings were written after their return from Babylon.

12. Upon the return from Babylon, after a captivity of fifty years, a temple is said to have been built by Ezra and Nehemiah by consent and with the assistance of Cyrus of Persia, who in the mean time had conquered Babylon, but the Jews were weak and had much trouble with the mixed races of Samaria and other parts of the country.

13. In 332 B.C. the city, without a siege, passed into the hands of Alexander the Great, who, however, proved a generous conqueror and allowed the feeble people their civil and religious rights. Some years later, Ptolemy Soter, king of Egypt, beseiged it on the Sabbath, and the Jews, being too religious to defend themselves on that day, were captured, and a large number taken into Egypt.

14. Again it was wrested from Egypt by the Seleucidæ of Syria, and one of them, Antiochus Epiphanus, desecrated and oppressed the city with such unendurable tyranny that the insurrection of the Maccabees broke forth 166 B.C., leading to a national revolution and the restoration of the Jews to independence under the sway of Maccabean princes. The tower of Antonia, at first called Baris, was built by Simon Maccabeus in the early part of the contest.

15. In the year 63 B.C. Jerusalem was taken by the Romans under Pompey, made tributary to Rome, and part of its fortifications destroyed. Crassus again plundered the city, and it also suffered from a Parthian army, which Antigonus, the rightful heir of the throne, had called in to help him against Herod, son of Antipater, whom the Roman influence had raised to a position of authority.

16. Herod obtained a decree of the senate appointing him king, and by aid of a Roman army he took the city and put his enemies to death, built a new palace and a splendid temple, and otherwise adorned the city, a great part of which had been destroyed with much loss of life by an earthquake in the year 31 B.C. He also enlarged the Baris, calling it the Antonia. It is claimed by many who have examined closely into evidences upon the subject that Herod really built the first temple that ever existed in Jerusalem, and that there is no proof that one stood there before. The Scribe knoweth not how it was.

17. Herod's son Archelaus succeeded to the throne, but was soon deposed, when Judea became a Roman province, within the prefecture of Syria, presided over by a procurator, who resided at Cesarea Philippi, and left Jerusalem to be governed by its own high priest and sanhedrim. Coponius and Pontius Pilate were the first two procurators. Pilate built the aqueduct crossing the Valley of Hinnom.

18. Pilate was deposed from office, as has been asserted, on account of his tyranny, and Herod Agrippa succeeded to the rulership of the entire country over which his grandfather Herod the Great had ruled. Upon his death, however, his son being too young to reign, a procurator was again appointed, and seven in succession, of which Felix and Porcius Festus were the fourth and fifth, aggravated and enraged the Jews by their oppressions.

19. At length the standard of revolt was raised. A success gained over the governor of Syria encouraged the Jews in their resistance, and compelled Titus to bring his legions from Egypt. In the year 70 of our era occurred the siege and utter destruction of the holy city, accompanied by scenes of extraordinary horror and suffering. Internal feuds and fighting raged intensely among the Jews, and when they were not fighting the Romans they were fighting one another. They were divided into three deadly factions, and between April 1st and July 1st fifteen thousand people were buried at public expense.

20. The Roman general wept as he saw the misery, calling heaven to witness that not his enmity but the madness of the Jews themselves was the cause of these unheard-of sufferings. At length by the latter weeks of July the Antonia was stormed. The daily sacrifice had ceased; no hope seemed left, and the defenders of the temple were exposed to an irresistible assault from the fortress which commanded its courts. But their furious zeal made them defend the sacred precincts inch by inch. Titus himself watched the assault, and urged on his soldiers, but to little purpose.

21. It was not till the 10th of August that all was lost. Titus was anxious to save the magnificent temple, and this accounts for the slow progress of the victory. But on this fatal evening a soldier, against orders, cast a brand into a small gilded doorway on the north side, and in a few moments the whole temple was in a blaze.

22. A loud shriek of horror from the defenders announced the catastrophe to Titus, who had retired to rest, intending to renew the assault the next morning. Wildly rose the uproar; blazing rafters lighted up the darkness, while all around the crackling of the flames and the crashing of the falling roofs mingled with the shouts of the victors and the death-cry of the Jews.

23. Titus rushed forth and in vain gave orders to stay the conflagration. His soldiers were in the

Holy of Holies; they seized upon the treasures which were scattered around. Not even Roman discipline sould restrain them, and the destruction was complete. When the flames subsided nothing was left of the temple but a small portion of the outer cloister.

24. Even in this hour of horror the wild fanaticism of the Jews was scarcely quelled. The messiah had been looked for as a deliverance by many, even in this last extremity. The small remainder of the cloister was now burned by the Roman soldiers, and six thousand unarmed people, with women and children, were destroyed in it, who a short time before had been led up by a false prophet to what was left of the temple, and with the delusive hope that a great deliverer was near at hand.

25. The total destruction of the temple was a death-blow to all their hopes; the spirit of the wildest enthusiast was broken; utterly disappointed in the salvation expected from their God, they now sunk in abject despair. The upper part of the city —the stronghold of Zion—still indeed resisted; there Simon had been joined by his rival John. Some time was necessarily lost before the Romans could raise their engines against the steep valley of the Tyropæon. When they did commence their assault they found that the Jews had lost their wonted courage, and, on the 17th of September, the Romans, with shouts of triumph, burst into the stronghold of the poor Jews and found little but deserted streets and houses filled with dead bodies; while John and Simon long baffled all search, being concealed amidst the ruins and in subterranean passages.

26. Thus ended the reign of Yahweh in his chosen land, and thus his people lost control in the country they so dearly loved, and when they expected such wonderful deliverances. They were utterly defeated, with a small remnant left to scatter among the nations of the earth, where they were destined to meet continued suffering and affliction. The experiment which their God had made in this circumscribed country of rocky hills and narrow valleys thus seemed to result in total failure, none greater having been known in the world.

27. Jerusalem was completely cast down; a portion of the western wall and three towers were left standing to shelter the Roman soldiers; but all the city, Zion, Akra, and the temple, was thrown into a mass of utter ruin. According to Josephus, 1,300,000 persons lost their lives in the siege, and the bloodshed and carnage that ensued, though this is undoubtedly an exaggeration.

28. The Jews, however, began to return and inhabit the ruins, but upon their raising a rebellion under Bar-chochebas, against Hadrian, the latter expelled them all, and building palaces, temples, and a theater, transformed it into a Roman city, under the name of Ælia Capitolina. A temple was erected on Mount Moriah, to Jupiter, precisely on the spot where the temple of Yahweh had previously stood.

29. The Roman power declining, Constantine and his mother having embraced Christianity, which at the beginning of the fourth century began to give promise to persons of ambition like theirs, by considerable effort transformed the Roman town into a Christian city, with the purpose of setting up there again the rule of Yahweh.

30. Julian gave permission to the Jews to rebuild the temple, but they were too much broken in wealth and unity of action to accomplish it. However, in the year 614 they came in considerable numbers, with the Persian king Chosroes, and destroyed the churches and massacred the Christians.

31. The Emperor Heraclius afterward occupied it, but in the year 637 it surrendered to the Khalif Omar, and became a Mohammedan city, the mosque of Omar, probably the grandest and richest mosque in the world, being built upon the site of the temple of Yahweh, and the temple of Jupiter, the succession of the rule of gods being in this order: Yahweh, Jupiter, Allah. The mosque still remains in all its glory, having enjoyed a longer rule and more uninterrupted prosperity than the temples of Yahweh and Jupiter combined. Thus do the gods succeed each other, and perhaps will until the power of the last is utterly spent.

32. In 1076 Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Turks, but the wild zeal and fanaticism of the Christians of Europe was aroused because the holy city and the holy sepulcher were in the possession of the worshipers of Allah, and they determined that the banner of Yahweh and his crucified son should again be set up there.

33. The first crusade was organized in 1097, and the Christian host commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon entered Palestine. One by one the chief places were taken. After two years Jerusalem itself was besieged and captured, the garrison and inhabitants massacred with the cruelty which Christians have many and many a time shown themselves capable of exercising. The Crusaders, however, for a while attained the end of their persistent and bloody warfare in the possession of the holy city and the holy sepulcher.

34. Godfrey was elected king of Jerusalem, and was succeeded by his relations and descendants until the year 1187, when the reigning king Guy de Lusignan was taken prisoner in a desperate battle with the Saracen Emir Saladin, and the city fell again into the power of the Moslems. Saladin erected strong fortifications around it only to be again demolished.

35. Richard I. of England, and Philippe Auguste of France, who headed the third crusade, were unable to retake the city, though they went through the farce of appointing kings to rule of it. The last of them, John de Brienne, obtained the aid of his son-in-law Frederick II. of Germany, against the Moslems. The city was yielded to the emperor, through a treaty with the Sultan Meledin of Egypt, in the year 1229, on condition that the walls should not be rebuilt; but the Christians, with characteristic bad faith and false honor, disregarded this stipulation.

36. Ten years later Jerusalem again fell under Mohammedan rule, being taken by the sultan of Damascus; but four years from that time his successor yielded it to the Christians, with other cities, to purchase their assistance in a war which he was meditating against the sultan of Egypt. In the year 1244, however, a Tartar horde, the Kharezmians, took it by storm and treated the inhabitants with true religious cruelty.

37. Shortly afterward they were dispersed by the Mohammedans of Syria, and it has continued to be a Moslem city since that time. In the year 1517 the place was taken, with the rest of Syria and Egypt, by the Ottoman Sultan Selim I., and in 1542 its present walls were built by Suliman the Magnificent.

38. Napoleon planned a siege of the city, but probably concluding that it was not worth the trouble of taking, he abandoned it in the year 1800. In consequence of a revolt, induced by over-taxation, it was bombarded by the Turks in 1825. In 1831 it submitted to the pasha of Egypt, Mahomed Ali, but by European interference he was deprived of his possessions in Syria, and in 1840 Jerusalem again owned Turkish sway under the Sultan Abdul Mejid.

39. Thus the gods and their devotees have had terrible and long-continued conflicts over this almost worthless city and country. Yahweh set up his reign there, after David conquered it from the Jebusites, and proclaimed his purpose with a great flourish of trumpets and declared again and again that his power there should continue forever and forever. But after the reign of two kings the small country became divided and its people several times carried away into captivity. The power of Yahweh grew weaker and weaker, and at last the contest for supremacy was closed in eternal disgrace.

40. The terms of the different gods and rulers which have ruled over the city may be roughly stated as follows: The rule of Yahweh under David and Solomon, 80 years; a divided, fitful, and disgraceful rule of their successors 500 years; the Jews away in captivity at different times, 75 years; the weak rule of the priests Ezra, Nehemiah, and others, say 200 years; under the Greeks, 25 years; the Syrians, Antiochus, etc, 150 years; Jewish chiefs, as the Maccabees, etc., 100 years; the Romans, off and on at different times, 200 years; Herod and his descendants, 50 years; Persians and others, 150 years; Constantine and his mother, say 50 years; Mohammedans of different types and at different times, 650 years; Christians under the Crusaders, 150 years; mixed, uncertain, and unclassable, 200 years.

41. Thus it may be seen that of the over 2,500 years that have rolled by since Yahweh captured Jerusalem from its previous owners, the glorious rule lasted 80 years, and the weak and precarious rule, without honor or credit, 700 years; under Christians, 200 years. So out of the 2,500 years it cannot be said to have been under the partial rule of Yahweh & Co. any more than 980 years, while their opponents have had it 1,600 years. This is rather of a bad showing for the firm, the head of which made such great boasts and promises, and such a pretentious effort.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BIBLE ON JERUSALEM.

1. The Bible of course has much to say of Jerusalem. The name of the city is mentioned eight hundred and eighteen times in the Old and New Testaments. David, or rather Psalms, describes it thus: Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together. . . . Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces (Ps. cxxii. 7). Of Zion it says: Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following (Ps. xlviii, 12). In Solomon's Song it is used as a metaphor—Comely as Jerusalem.

2. The lamentations over it in its misfortunes have been loud and deep. The following are specimens: How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the princesses, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. . . . She dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest, . . . and from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed. Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her (Sam i, 1, 3, 6).

3. Jesus spoke thus mournfully of the city: O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

1. A feeling of disappointment, as already indicated, inevitably seizes the beholder as he realizes the small and in fact contemptible size of the city about which so much has been said, and concerning which such great boasts have been made. It is but about a mile across the longest way. It probably does not now cover all the ground it once did, but it was never very much larger.

2. One is surprised, also, to find how little remains of the material of the ancient city. The present walls were built in the sixteenth century, and but a few courses of stones in parts of them belonged to the ancient city. The present buildings are nearly all new, though a foundation here and there gives evidence of former times.

3. The ancient rock crops out in the temple arena, at the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and on the brow of Mount Zion; but the gorgeous city of Solomon lies buried under the debris of twenty-seven sieges and captures. It is said that on an average the present city is twenty-five feet above where the ancient city stood, and by some excavations that have been made some parts are reported one hundred and thirty feet above the city of olden times.

4. It is said, too, that workmen sometimes dug through a series of buildings, one above another, showing that one city has literally been built upon the ruins of another, and that the present city is actually standing upon the ruins of several preëxisting cities.

5. All this necessarily throws much doubt upon the identity of places mentioned in Bible story, and no man is able to say, with any certainty, where many of the ancient localities were.

6. The natural features of the country, however, remain unchanged; the rocks of which it is compose and was composed three thousand years ago are still here as they were then. Kings and priests are sure to pass away; they are transitory and short-lived, but the rocks and the everlasting hills remain. Gods and their devotees are short-lived, but nature is eternal, and passes not away.

7. Jerusalem stands on four hills of not very large size, which were once separated by deep valleys, now pretty well filled with the debris of successive destructions of this unfortunate city. Zion, the most celebrated hill, is in the southwest quarter of the city, some three hundred feet above the hill or the valley of Hinnom, and about five hundred feet above the brook Kidron, or what was that insignificant stream, on the southeast.

8. Zion, as observed, was the old citadel of the Jebusites, and after its capture became the holy city of David. The Tyropæon sweeps around its northern and eastern bases, separating it from Akra and Moriah. It is by no means a pretentious part of the city now, whatever its claims were in the time of the man whose name it has borne.

9. Mount Moriah has a Bible history dating far back. That is the very spot where Abraham is claimed to have made the attempt to offer up his son Isaac to please his God.

10. Mount Moriah is in the southeast corner of the city, on the side toward the Mount of Olives; it is separated from Mount Zion by the Tyropæon, and from the Mount of Olives by the valley of Jehosaphat. It is probably one hundred feet lower than Mount Zion, and is nearer its ancient hight than any other part of the city. Here stood the temple of Herod, and the temples of Solomon and Ezra, if such edifices had an existence. The proud mosque of Omar now occupies the site.

11. On the northeast is Mount Bezetha, a higher hill than Mount Moriah, which was inclosed within the walls by Herod Agrippa. Mount Akra, the highest ground in the city, is on the northwest. It is separated from Zion by the Tyropæon, and from Bezetha by a broad valley running into the Tyropæon at the foot of Zion.

12. It will be seen, therefore, that the city slopes down from the northwest to the southeast, and standing on the northwest angle of the wall you are at the highest point, and see Moriah far below on the southeast, with Tyropæon on the west side of it, running down between it and Zion to the junction of the Kidron with Hinnom.

13. The wall of the the city is irregular, conforming to the hills over which it passes, but substantially the city lies four-square. The stone of the walls and of the buildings is of a light color; thus the city has a far from smoky or dismal appearance, though the absence of trees and verdure gives it a lifeless and arid look.

14. The Jerusalem of to-day may be considered the eighth city on the same site; the first of the Jebusites; the second of David and Solomon, which lasted four hundred years; the third of Nehemiah, which lasted three hundred years; fourth, the magnificent city of Herod, lasting less than a hundred years; fifth, the Roman city, which grew upon the ruins Titus had made; sixth, the Mohammedan city; seventh, the Christian city; and, eighth, the Mohammedan again.

15. The town covers an area of two hundred and nine acres. The Christians, including the Armenians, occupy the western half; the Mohammedans the northeastern portion, the Jews the southeastern. The whole population is probably 30,000. The circumference is less than two and a quarter miles.

16. The city stands on a bald, arid mountain ridge, surrounded by chalky limestone hills, glaringly white. The wall is about thirty-five feet in hight, and, although massive in appearance, is far from being substantial. Around the walls are thirty-four towers, and seven gates, two of which are closed.

17. The open gates are the Jaffa gate, on the west; the Damascus gate, on the north; St. Stephen's gate, the traditional place where Stephen was stoned, on the east; the Dung gate, on the south; Zion gate, or the gate of David, on the ridge of Zion. The Golden gate and the gate of Herod are closed.

18. The natives are principally Moslems, with a colony of Africans. Many dervishes are here. The Jews number twelve thousand, and are from Poland and other parts of Europe, and some from the East. Some come from religious motives, but more from a spirit of idleness, as they are here supported by charity. They are much inferior to the Jews of the United States.

19. A wealthy Jew of London, Sir Moses Montefiore, made a very munificent donation of a million dollars for the benefit of Jews in Palestine. But all Jews who are now doing tolerably well had better remain where they are.

20. The Greek Church is said to flourish in Jerusalem, the Patriarch of Jerusalem being at the head of it. They have some twenty monasteries in the vicinity. The Armenians number three hundred, and they also have a Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Copts, descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have two monasteries.

21. The Roman Catholics number nearly two thousand, and have a monastery, an industrial school, two girls' schools, and a hospital. The Protestants are few in number, though they are trying to get more foothold here. They are doing considerable of what they call evangelical work, and are spending considerable of the money contributed by those who think they are thereby doing God special service.

22. Jerusalem ought, from its locality and elevated position, to be a very healthy place, though slow fevers abound far too much. The debris of the former cities undoubtedly contain the germs of disease. If it has been a city four thousand years, and if that number of people have died in it every generation of thirty years, it would make a sum total of over 530,000 dead bodies buried here. That number of decaying corpses may well be supposed to cause some ill health.

CHAPTER XXX.

MELCHISEDEC'S THIRTEENTH VISIT.

1. The Scribe was not certain that his Venerable Visitor would find him in his new quarters in the Mediterranean Hotel in the holy city; but there seems to have been no trouble in the matter, for he made his entrance into the room and walked up to the bed-side the same as in the tent. Approaching the Scribe the phantom spoke thus:

2. Well, my juvenile friend, thou art in the holy city at last, and thou must not think strange if thou hast more solemn and sacred thoughts than thou art wont to have. Thou of course wilt let thy mind revert back to the various scenes that have transpired here, and see whether the deeds that have been performed in Jerusalem were materially better than in other cities of similar size, and at a similar period of the world's history.

3. In my own opinion, the Jews were no more free from the imperfections in the guidance of deity than other nations of people, among whom there is certainly some differences from a moral point of view, as well as in the intellectual, social, and religious domain; but in none of these does it appear that the Jews excelled either their neighbors or those at a distance.

4. In many respects they were really inferior to those who made no pretension to being a selected and chosen people of God. Considering the special advantages which the Jews claimed to have, they should have been a perfect people.

5. Thou wilt perhaps remember that my home is said to have once been here, that under the name of Salem I reigned as a king over Jerusalem, and that here Abraham became acquainted with me and paid me tribute; but just between thee and me I will remark that that old story is very thin—so thin that there is little or nothing of it. Those who invest in it will not get their money's worth.

6. This, however, is not my subject for this interview, but rather to continue the subject of my last visit by still farther commenting on the perfection and high morality of Jesus's teachings. Let us consider somewhat further the character of his morals which have so often been held up as perfectly faultless and superhuman.

7. It is certainly defective wisdom and morality to pay a premium for crime, and to command the giving of the cloak to one who takes the coat.

8. It is not the most excellent morality to advise one's friends to sell their garment and buy a sword. To cover one's nakedness is far better than to sport a sword by the side. It will be remembered he said he came not to bring peace, but a sword, and the chief characteristic of his professed followers has been to wield it mercilessly.

9. It is not usually regarded as moral to command that fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children be forsaken. Such teachers as Confucius and Socrates recommended love to them instead of hatred.

10. It was hardly moral, and certainly not gentlemanly, to call a woman a dog when she requested him to confer a kindness upon a sick child.

11. It was not the highest type of benignity to utter this sentiment. Those of mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay before me.

12. It was not love and goodness, if it was morality, that moved him to send helpless souls to everlasting torture. He is reported to have said, He that believeth not shall be damned. Belief is not a matter of choice, but is controlled by evidence. If a person cannot find sufficient to found a belief upon, it is very hard to damn him forever for it.

13. Truthfulness is a marked feature of morality. He did not tell the truth when he promised his disciples that they should sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. They never did, and never will. At the time the promise was made, ten of the tribes had long been scattered and lost, and nobody knew what had become of them. If it is pleaded that he meant the thrones should be in a future life, it does not help the matter, for they understood him to mean this life, and he undoubtedly did mean it, if he meant anything.

14. It was not kindness and goodness that made him curse entire cities in advance because they would not or could not accept as truth what his followers told them.

15. It was doubtful morality that prompted him to command his followers to take another person's ass without consent, that he might be able to make more display and be received with more eclat. It would have been more proper for him to walk along modestly and quietly, the same as those around him.

16. It was not moral for him to take a lot of his followers through another's cornfield, and allow them to gather the corn for their own use. And the doing of this on the Sabbath when he and they should have been at church or saying their prayers, should seem very culpable in the eyes of his Christian followers. But he never said anything about keeping the Sabbath, whether the seventh day or the first, and not a word about going to church can be found in his teachings. Now it is considered the very hight of immorality not to do both.

17. His conduct in the temple when he whipped and beat those who sold pigeons for sacrifice, and those who accommodated the purchasers by making change for them was no better. They were violating no law, human or divine; they were doing a favor to their fellow-men, and following a custom that had long been practiced without condemnation. The temple was not his, nor his father's, for that matter, for it was built by Herod, a very bad man, who tried to take the life of Jesus when he was first born. Herod did not build that temple for Jesus. In attacking the men so roughly he committed assault and battery, and in most countries could have been fined and sent to prison for it.

18. He did not forgive the woman caught in the act of adultery upon the highest moral grounds: Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. If she had sinned, and the law required she should die for it, it made no difference whether they had been faultless or not.

19. It was not kindness and love that moved him to say, Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my father which is in heaven. It shows a spirit of revenge and retaliation.

20. It was hardly moral practice, and certainly not gentlemanly conduct, after accepting an invitation to dinner, and neglecting the commendable and cleanly practice of washing his hands before sitting down at the table, to insult the man of the house by call him a fool and a hypocrite.

21. He did not speak the truth when he said the end of the world would come, and he be seen in glory in the heavens, before some standing around him should taste death. Not only that generation, but sixty others, passed away, and nothing of the kind has taken place or is likely to for several thousand years.

22. He uttered a falsehood, than which no larger could be spoken, when he said that those who believed on him should be able to handle poisonous serpents and to drink any deadly thing without harm. Not one of his followers has ever been able to do anything of the kind. If the pope of Rome, the archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Howard Crosby, or any clergyman, were offered ten thousand dollars to handle poison cobras or to drink prussic acid, he would not do it. How absurd and immoral, then, to make such representations and to give such promises!

23. Neither did he speak the truth when he gave the assurance that those who believed upon him would be able to lay their hands upon the sick and they should be healed. Of the two hundred and fifty millions who believe in Jesus, not one of them could cure the smallpox by laying his hands upon the afflicted.

24. It was not the correct thing to assure a frail and fallible man (Peter), who had proved himself guilty of lying and cowardice, that he should hold the keys of heaven, and whomsoever he bound on earth should be bound in heaven, and whomsoever he loosed on earth should be loosed in heaven. Such extravagant promises ought not to he kept.

25. It was very misleading and untrue to promise his followers that whatever they asked for, believing, they should receive. This has been falsified millions of times. Believing makes not the slightest difference as to what a person receives. Those who believe the most and expect the most are most liable to be disappointed.

26. He exhibited his ignorance or falsehood by giving the assurance that fasting would enable his followers to heal the sick. It would have been far more truthful to teach that the sick and afflicted should do the fasting themselves. Brown's fasting can be of very little benefit to Smith. To realize the true value of fasting, Smith must fast himself.

27. It was not just and correct to sanction divorce on the ground of fornication alone. There are other reasons and grounds equally reasonable.

28. He clearly lacked the prescience and discernment a god should possess to choose for a companion one who would betray him and cause his death. If the betraying was part of the divine programme, then Judas ought to have been honored and rewarded.

29. He was defective in moral teaching in not condemning oppression, slavery, or polygamy.

30. The same may be said of his not raising his voice in favor of the advancement and freedom of women from oriental slavery.

31. It was not the best way of imparting instruction to give his lessons in such enigmatical and blind language that simple people could not understand him.

32. It was not sound moral advice to say: Agree with thine adversary quickly—thy legal opponent—lest he prosecute thee and cast thee into prison. It smacks strongly of cowardice and temporizing. It would have been far better to say, Do what is right and just in all cases, let the consequences be what they may.

33. It was unreasonable to require fallible mortals to be perfect, even as his father in heaven is perfect. This was going as much too high as other precepts went too low. If God is not more perfect than poor mortals are capable of being, his goodness is not sufficient to boast about.

34. It was not filial or honorable in him to insult his mother before strangers, or at any other time, by such language as this: Woman, what have I to do with thee?

35. It was questionable propriety to command giving alms in secret only. The good example of benevolence often induces others to go and do likewise.

36. It is a time-serving, cowardly policy to command to abstain from judging that one may not be judged, and to do good to win the benefits that might accrue. The Stoics did better than that; they taught a higher motive. The reward should not always be the incentive to good conduct. Virtuous and good deeds should be performed because they are right.

37. In like manner it is doubtful propriety to be holding up the remuneration of a life to come for good deeds performed here. It would be more correct to portray the effects in this life. To direct attention to the laws of life is decidedly more wise than to be always ignoring them and calling attention wholly to another state of existence, and which cannot be understood and appreciated here.

38. It was very untruthful to assure those who believed on him that if they would say to a mountain, Remove to yonder place, it would be removed. No such thing was ever effected by any one who believed on him. All who believe on him to-day could not by that process, though they all spoke in concert, do so much as to remove an ant-hill.

39. To assure his hearers that the Supreme Being would bestow upon them whatever they might ask for in his name is of the same misleading character. Millions of pious devotees, with great confidence in this assurance, have tried the experiment only to find themselves deceived.

40. It was scarcely honorable to denounce the devil as a liar and the father of liars, when no lie he

ever told was pointed out, and it was not shown that he had any children.

41. It was equally false to denounce the devil as a murderer, when he had never killed anybody, either in a sudden passion or with malice prepense.

42. He did not exhibit a brave, manly spirit in trembling at the fear of an arrest, in asking that the cup might pass from him—when he came down from heaven on purpose to drink it—and in sweating great drops of blood from simple dread of death, when it was the only thing that could close his unpleasant career on earth and permit him to return to his mansions above the clouds.

43. He could not have made a truthful promise to the good thief on the cross when he assured him that he should be with him that day in paradise, for he understood perfectly well that he had to make a three days' tour to hell, or the center of the earth, and be back at resurrection one day and two nights from the time he started.

44. He showed the white feather at the hour of death. He cried out in desperation, seeming unwilling to endure the necessary pain to produce dissolution, and unreconciled at the part he had to perform in the divine and mournful drama, although the consequences were to be so comforting to his father and so beneficial to the human family. He even thought his father had forsaken him, and was afraid to die. Thousands upon thousands have shown a braver spirit and a stouter heart at the hour of death.

45. I will say no more at this time, but will try to make it convenient to see thee again. I wish thee much joy in visiting the holy places in this old city, and trust thou mayest derive all the benefit therefrom that the sight is calculated to impart. Peace and tranquillity be with thee. Good-night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FOURTEENTH DAY.—A VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES.

1. And it came to pass that the day after the pilgrim's arrival in the holy city was the Christian Sabbath, the day of holy avocations and pious meditations. The men of God Getz and James, and one or two more of the pilgrims, attended the English church, but the Scribe remained in his room and wrote. And in the afternoon the captain took all the pilgrims to the church of the Holy Sepulcher, where so many holy places, in the most marvelous manner, and probably by divine appointment, are all congregated under one roof.

2. It would be wicked to do any sight-seeing on the Lord's day, but examining into the mysteries of godliness, and having pointed out the very places where God has moved in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, is all right enough. So with very pious hearts, and faces duly elongated, the nine pilgrims and the guide approached the holy sanctuary at the lower end of Christian street, but a few minutes' walk from the hotel. Every person who visits the place is expected to carry a very reverential feeling along with him, for millions of devout Christians worship at this shrine.

3. There are some differences of opinion and some disputes, even among the saints, as to the very localities where the wonderful events took place, but that should not influence the sincere soul. It is better to believe that the same event took place in two or three different places than to believe it did not occur at all.

4. Now the Scribe was about to see the place where Jesus was crucified eighteen hundred years ago, and the very spot where the cross was set up; he was to gaze upon the identical stone upon which he was laid to be anointed preparatory to being placed in the sepulcher; he was to behold the sepulcher itself, and the very stone which closed the door and which the angel rolled away; he was to cast his optics upon the ground where the angel stood, where Mary Magdalene stood when she thought she was speaking to the gardener; the soil where Jesus and the virgin stood on that occasion, and many more identical places equally remarkable. He hoped he approached the holy precincts with a due feeling of reverence.

5. A few squalid and deformed beggars, as expected, were seen about the entrance, for they are always to be met with around these holy places. Holiness and beggary seem to go hand in hand; but passing these encumbrances, the company soon found themselves in the holiest place in the world! Oh, how holy!

6. After entering, the Scribe was attracted by the sight of twenty devotees kneeling down and kissing a flat stone imbedded in the floor and projecting a few inches above it. For a moment he wondered what there could be in that stone that made those anxious people so eager to kiss it, but he soon learned that that was the stone of unction upon which the dead god was laid to prepare him for interment; but the stone in view was not the real stone after all, for it was found necessary to put a slab of marble over the real stone to prevent its being kissed away or otherwise destroyed. But the substituted stone answers the faithful devotees just as well as any, and the way they kiss it and weep over it is curious to behold.

7. Within ten feet or thereabouts is a circular iron railing, five or six feet in diameter, which marks the spot where the Virgin stood when the body of her dead son was anointed. The Scribe for a moment felt a desire to know how the very spot was learned with such precision, but remembering that spiritual things are not discovered by the carnal man, because they are spiritually discerned, he walked on, holding down his head and saying nothing.

8. The sepulcher of Jesus is in the rotunda of the church, and immediately beneath the dome. This is unquestionably the holiest spot in the universe, unless it is that quiet, dark cavern at Nazareth where Yahweh met the young virgin by appointment. Of course nothing can take precedence of that place and that event in real, simon-pure holiness. That bears the palm over every other spot in this world, and a few millions of other worlds thrown in.

9. The sepulcher is inclosed in a sort of small temple of light-colored stone, in sacred style, with a single door, and lighted with numerous lamps; and when the Scribe saw the dozens of pious devotees crowding in the narrow door, one after another, and crowding out again in few minutes, he knew he had reached the sacred spot. In a short time he was able to enter the little temple, and there, right before him, was a piece of the stone which the angel rolled away and then sat upon. What has become of the rest of the stone the Scribe did not learn, but presumes it was taken to Rome to work miracles with. The piece retained looks like marble, and is some eighteen inches square, and does not look as though it would take a very strong angel to roll it away.

10. The sepulcher itself is a small inner room, the very Holy of Holies. The doorway between the two rooms is small, and the way the devout worshipers were crowding in to kiss the holy sepulcher was most astonishing. Before the Scribe hardly had time to meditate he thought to himself, while seeing what was transpiring before him, You poor, simple fools, what good does that nonsense do you? But in a moment he bethought himself, and thus addressed himself: Don't call those people fools, because they don't know any better. You might have been just as big a fool as they had you not had better instruction.

11. After a while the pilgrims were able to get into the little room, six or seven feet square, where the sepulcher is located. The sepulcher is a stone shelf, occupying the length of the small room and half its width, and is covered with a marble slab, worn somewhat with the millions of kisses that have been given it. Over the sepulcher are some fifty gold and silver lamps, kept constantly, but dimly, burning, giving the place the air of exquisite holiness. The Scribe is now becoming so accustomed to holiness that he can tell it as soon as he meets it. He did not leave one of his kisses on that stone.

12. The Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Syrians, and even the Copts, have chapels in this church—all forms of Christians save Protestants, who seem to be excluded, or else they take less stock in this tomfoolery than the parent churches. It takes the Roman and Greek Catholics to entertain the genuine reverence for these holy relics and places. If faith is a saving power they surely must be saved.

13. In an adjoining part of the church is a disk of white marble in the floor, where the risen Savior absolutely made his first appearance after his return from hell. Here is where Mary Magdalene beheld him and mistook him for the gardener, he having changed in appearance somewhat on his lengthy and heated journey. The feelings that come over one can be easier imagined than described. The Scribe passed thoughtfully on.

14. Another similar disk pointed out the spot where the erring Mary stood herself. Still another place is indicated where Jesus appeared to his mother after the resurrection. It is equally easy to imagine the event as to fix the spot where it occurred. For skill in this line Christians are hard to beat.

15. Farther in is a large and gorgeous chapel, fixed up and ornamented by the Russian Christians in very rich style, but in execrable taste, with much gilded work. Many very expensive pictures of different kinds are there, surrounded by diamonds, gems, pearls, and precious stones enough to dazzle the eyes of a Jewish lapidary. The room is lighted with fifty holy lamps, containing holy oil. There are three mortises in the marble floor, which are precisely over three corresponding mortises in the rock below, where three crosses are said to once have stood. The middle one is that on which Jesus was impaled when he gave up the ghost, and the others mark the places where the two thieves were crucified at the same time. Oh, how solemn to see the very mortise where the cross stood! This is the place for solemn meditation.

16. True, there is some dispute among good people as to where the crucifixion took place. Some say it was without the city, while this is nearly in the center of it. Even the evangelical authorities do not quite agree, and they evidently differ from those who located these places. One of the New Testament writers, in his account of the affair, says, The bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin are burned without the camp, wherefore, Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his blood, suffered without the gate (Heb. xxii, 11, 12). This is tolerably definite that it was not within the city.

17. Matthew says, He was taken from the judgment hall unto a place called Golgotha—that is to say, a place of a skull (Matt. xxvii, 33). That sounds as though the place was without the city. Luke says, A great company of people and women followed Jesus, which bewailed and lamented him, and they came to the place called Calvary, and there they crucified him (Luke xxiii, 27, 33). This disagrees with Matthew, but still sounds as though the place was not in the city. Had it been he ought to have said so.

18. Mark agrees with Matthew, and the place, according to him, would seem to be outside and away from the city. John agrees with Matthew and Mark about the place being Golgotha, and, further, shows that it was not in the city, but was nigh unto the city, and appears to have been beside some public thoroughfare (John xix, 20); and Matthew further indicates that it was at a place where many passed by, saying, They that passed by reviled him (Matt. xxvii, 39). John again makes the matter pretty clear by saying, Now, in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid (John xix, 38). This makes the place without the city.

19. The unanimity of statement among these authorities is not great enough to justify any place being fixed upon as the scene of execution; at all events, there is very little reason for thinking that the site of the church of the Holy Sepulcher is the correct place, for some say it was without the gate and none say it was within the gate.

20. As a sample of the discrepancies which exist as to the story or legend, it may be stated that Matthew, Mark, and Luke say that Simon the Cyrene, as already noticed, was compelled to bear Jesus's cross from the Judgment Hall to the place of execution, while John says Jesus bore it himself. If they contradict each other in that manner they are not to be believed at all.

21. In view of the fact that after the expulsion of the Jews from Jerusalem to Titus and Hadrian, the serious changes and confusion that attended the many contracted sieges, and the utter destruction of the city, with the frequent changes of rulers and peoples, it must be seen that the knowledge where the execution took place would inevitably be lost, and the settling upon a spot as the place must necessarily be a mere arbitrary decision and without any shadow of authority.

22. It was not till along in the third century, two hundred years after everybody was dead who knew anything about it, that an attempt was made to decide where the crucifixion took place, and then it seems to have been settled by the aid of a dream or vision—the most unreliable and worthless of all ways in the world, and no better than drawing straws or throwing dice. Empress Helena, the mother of the vision-seeing, bloody-handed Constantine, after she and her son adopted Christianity, came to Jerusalem and had a vision or dream in which she was shown the place where the cross stood.

23. This mode of determining a locality must be very unsatisfactory to matter-of-fact people, unless they could be convinced that Helena's visions and dreams were strictly reliable. But at all events, her son indorsed her and built a series of edifices over the site in 326. These were destroyed by the Persians in 614 and rebuilt in 616. In 936 a fire destroyed the church, and the Moslems inflicted serious damage upon it in 1010. The present church was built by the Crusaders, and has gone through a long series of disasters and rebuildings.

24. Through all these adversities and changes there is about one chance in ten thousand of the right spot being selected, and it necessarily would require something like a vision or dream to set the matter at rest, and Helena was equal to the occasion.

25. The manner in which she determined which was the true cross was particularly interesting. After she had settled where the cross stood, she was blasting and rummaging around in the caverns in connection with the place—probably guided by a dream or vision—it is said she was inspired as good luck would have—it when she stumbled upon three crosses, one of which she knew at once was the very one on which Jesus was crucified. But how to settle which one it was troubled her sorely. It might be supposed she could have dreamed it out, or settled it by vision, but the charm did not work. She must needs try another ruse.

26. So she had the three crosses conveyed to a house where a noble woman was very ill, and who could find no releif. Cross number one was taken into the presence of the sensitive invalid, and she immediately became very much worse, and the pious Helena knew in a moment that one of the thieves was crucified upon that cross. It was removed and another taken into the sick woman's presence, and

lo and behold, the poor woman went into convulsions which seemed must take her life, requiring six strong men to hold her. This cross was also condemned and removed as speedily as possible, lest the woman's life should be ended at once, and the empress knew that that was the other thief's cross.

27. But the poor, sick woman had been made so much worse by the two crosses that the saintly empress hesitated about presenting the third; but, wishing to test that also, it was a length taken into the afflicted lady's presence, when—wonder of wonders!—she immediately sprang up in ecstatic joy, singing, and praising the Lord, and restored in an instant to better health than she had ever before enjoyed. Thus the persevering Helena knew for a verity that the third cross was that of Jesus, and her joy knew no bounds.

28. If any are so incredulous as not to believe this pious narrative, the Scribe wishes to assure them there can be no doubt about it, for the Christians of Jerusalem assert that it is so; and it is to be hoped the world has not become so depraved that Christian narratives, especially of the Jerusalem type, cannot be accepted as truths. Rather let everybody rejoice that the true cross was thus found in such a miraculous manner, and by that means the cathedrals of Europe supplied with wood enough of the true cross to build a small house.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

Bradlaugh and the Bigots.

During the last few weeks Mr. Bradlaugh has had an exciting time. His case will stand in history as memorable as the case of Wilkes. He has succeeded in placing the House of Commons in a position from which it must ultimately retreat and disavow its acts or England be no longer recognized among progressiv nations.

Mr. Bradlaugh was elected to Parliament as a member of the same party as Mr. Gladstone. He had a right to expect from him assistance in obtaining his seat. Indeed, Gladstone gave him reason to think that the government would interfere in his behalf. But Gladstone's conduct has been cowardly in the extreme. He has more than once as good as admitted that Bradlaugh's right to a seat in the House of Commons is as good as his own, but he not only refuses to take any activ steps for securing him and his constituents their rights, but givs as much negativ aid as he dares to the men who are bent upon violating a principle which cannot be safely violated by any parliamentary majority in this age of the world, in countries like England and America.

But as he is a Christian, perhaps it is too much to expect that he should be an honorable man. At the last session Mr. Bradlaugh waited for weeks for an affirmation bill to be passed by the government, but he waited in vain. So at the opening of the present session he went to the speaker's desk and offered to take the regular oath. But the Christians of the House, led by the intensely pious Stafford Northcote, would not allow this. Instead of waiving objections to this motion, and giving notice that he would immediately bring in a bill to allow members elect to substitute an affirmation for an oath, Mr. Gladstone confined himself to casting doubt on the power of the House to prevent a member's complying with the forms prescribed by law. The House had no right, he said, to institute an inquisition into a member's conscience, and decide whether, in a given case, an oath would be held binding, a view undoubtedly sound, and one, we are sorry to see, that Gladstone did not dare to back up by the power of the government. The House adopted Northcote's motion by a large majority, and Mr. Bradlaugh for the time withdrew. After waiting about a week to see what steps would be taken to relieve him from his disability, he instituted an inquiry touching Mr. Gladstone's intentions, and learning that the head of his own party shrank from any immediate attempt to right him by a change in the law, he determined to right himself.

He was neither in the House nor out, and he is not the kind of a man to hesitate when his duty calls. He owed it to his constituents of Northampton to do something. He began by giving the House a fair chance to extricate itself and him from the existing quandary by moving, through his friend Mr. Labouchere, that, since he had been disqualified, a new writ should be issued for an election in his constituency. This logical proposition was rejected by an overwhelming majority—the Conservativs opposing it because they knew that a new election would send Mr. Bradlaugh back again and compel them once more to virtually disfranchise a constituency, while the Ministry, some of whom were doubtless influenced by the same motivs, counseled in a perfunctory way their followers to adopt Mr. Gladstone's recent suggestion and permit Mr. Bradlaugh to swear, subject to subsequent legal liabilities. Convinced by the fate of Mr. Labouchere's motion that his opponents meant to leave him in an equivocal position, Mr. Bradlaugh determined to force their hands, and astounded the House by walking forward to the Clerk's table, drawing a Testament from his pocket, and, after kissing the book, pronouncing the Parliamentary oath. Having thus undertaken to qualify himself in accordance with the statute, Mr. Bradlaugh was about to occupy his seat, when the speaker ordered him to withdraw below the bar. This injunction he at first complied with, but subsequently disobeyed, obviously with a view of leaving Mr. Gladstone no pretext for not taking official notice of his act. No immediate action, however, was taken, and on Mr. Gladstone's motion, the House adjourned.

When the debate was resumed, Mr. Gladstone again exhibited a disposition to evade the issuance of a new writ. He declared that the House had exceeded its powers in forbidding Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath, and that the latter's disregard of its prohibition was not such an offense as would justify it in declaring his seat vacated under the rules. The premier drew a distinction between disobedience of the House and disobedience of the speaker, and insisted that Mr. Bradlaugh, not having taken his seat, had not been guilty of the latter misconduct, which alone, he said, should carry with it the penalty of expulsion. Thereupon, the speaker, being appealed to by Northcote, averred that Mr. Bradlaugh had violated his express orders in the matter of his seat; but Mr. Gladstone still contending that the disobedience was at all events not flagrant when no force had been required to compel compliance with the speaker's will, Mr. Bradlaugh cut the knot of the tangled and insincere discussion by again advancing from behind the bar and taking his seat. In presence of this fresh and unmistakable act of insubordination, Mr. Gladstone was forced to abandon his efforts to defer any decided action in the case, and Sir Stafford Northcote's motion that Mr. Bradlaugh be expelled, and that a new writ be issued for Northampton was carried by a majority of more than three to one.

The heir to the British throne abandoned his yachts, horses, dogs, and mistresses long enough to go into the lobby and help support Mr. Northcote in his motion. Probably he was actuated in this conduct by the fact that Bradlaugh has repeatedly shown up the colossal stealings of the royal family from the public treasury, prominent among them being the self-same Prince of Wales, who spends more of the people's money upon a blooded bulldog or a single mistress than an English workingman sees in his whole lifetime. It was to be expected that this dissipated *roué* would be found on the Christian side. Mr. Bradlaugh's case was ostensibly a government case, but the government was defeated because they did not make the question a Cabinet question. They hav irretrievably damaged themselvs by the half-hearted help given, without giving enough real help to insure success. The case is not bettered in any way for the spineless Gladstone and his Christian cohorts. Mr. Bradlaugh was again triumphantly elected, on the 2d, by his Northampton constituents. He was opposed by the same Christian Corbett who ran against him at his second election. The opposition members of the House immediately held a meeting and decided to resist any attempt by Mr. Bradlaugh to take the seat to which he has been thrice elected. Northcote has moved the same resolution previously offered by him, and the motion has been carried by the House, that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to go through the form of repeating the oath. So the same question comes up again to be fought out. Upon the issue of the contest depends the question of whether England is a free country, with representativs in Parliament elected by the people, or whether she is a country ruled by an aristocracy as dangerous to her liberties as the autocratic government of Russia.

Joe Cook in India.

After Joe Cook had delivered his five lectures in Bombay, India, the following card was circulated in that place, which, Mr. Bennett says, very fairly represents the effect the lectures had upon the nativ element. It was printed by a nativ, and freely distributed at Cook's last meeting:

"The nativ public of Bombay take this opportunity to thank Mr. Joseph Cook for the trouble he has taken to come to Bombay and preach Christianity to the English-speaking nativs and European residents of this great city. But at the same time they think it proper to inform the reverend gentleman that he should not leave them with the idea that his eloquent but flimsy, unargumentativ, and merely rhetorical lectures hav produced any impression whatsoever on their minds, with respect to the truth of Christianity. Many flocked to his lectures merely to witness the magnificent *tamasha* [show]. Hence the large numbers of hearers he succeeded in obtaining. Let him and his colleagues rest assured that Christianity will never succeed in India. Nothing more need be said.

"NATIV PUBLIC VOICE."

A Private Letter or Two from Mr. Bennett.

The following letters were not written for publication, but as they giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER a better idea of how the traveler is at present engaged than we could, we print them:

JEYPORE, INDIA, Jan. 29 (Thos. Paine's Birthday), 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I am now going through India by rail. This is the first town I hav stopped at since leaving Bombay. A ride of nearly forty hours brought me here and gave me a chance to see a good deal of the country, a part of which is good and wet and marshy and a part dry and sandy. India is a very large country, and it is not all good land by considerable. The aggregate crops of India, however, are immense, and the number of people engaged in raising them immenser. I arrived here yesterday morning and fell in with an English colonel and an Irish doctor, stationed in the service here in India, and we went sight-seeing together in the same carriage. They are good, jolly fellows, and don't believe much more than I do. We visited the Mahrajah's palace, the menageries, the beautiful and extensiv gardens, the school of art, the museum, the bazars, a dozen god-factories (I bought a few gods), etc.

This is a province which the English interfere but little with, save drawing the regular revenues, so everything is nativ—original—only a dozen or so Europeans being here. It is called one of the finest cities in India. It is quite interesting. To-day I am going six miles into the country to see a palace and the beautiful scenery. I hav four miles' ride on an elephant. First, this morning I attend a sacrifice of a buffalo to one of the gods. The Englishman is not to go with me to-day.

I go to-morrow to Delhi, then to Ajra, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, and Calcutta. I hav to be able to take steamer there for Madras and Ceylon on Feb. 12th. My health is good. The sun is terrible at Bombay and in Southern India. It is more mild and pleasant as I get up north here.

I write this before daylight. Was up at 3 o'clock. My sleep was out, and I might as well be up. I take my breakfast at 6:30, at seven the sacrifice, and after that the elephant ride.

Later in the day he writes to Mrs. Bennett:

SUNDAY, Jan. 29, 1882.

DEAR MARY: I hav returned from the trip out to the palace, six miles from here, which I told Eugene about visiting this morning. The trip was a pleasant one, including my four miles' ride on an elephant. There is considerable motion to the animal, which shakes one up pretty extensivly, and would be tiresome after awhile, but it does well for a novelty. I saw hundreds of large monkeys wild, and close by the roadside, though they are not very wild, as the Hindoos regard them as a sacred animal and never kill them. I saw also any quantity of peacocks, wild, all along by the roadside. At the palace I witnessed the sacrifice of a full-grown kid to one of the Hindoo gods, to which human sacrifices were once daily made; but a score or two of years ago a kid was substituted for the man, and one is now killed every morning. The head is struck off at one blow with a sharp, heavy blade nearly three feet long. The blood is caught in a brass basin and set in before the image of the god and allowed to remain there five minutes, while the flesh of the kid is cooked for the priests to eat. Before killing the kid it was held while the head priest sprinkled it with holy water on its head, and laid white flowers upon it, as well as upon the sacrificial knife, or one like it. Probably there is about as much sense in this sacrificing business as there was in olden times to Yahweh by the Jews.

I saw also fakeers, or men who claim to be holy. They are naked, are rubbed all over with chalk, and stay day and night and year after year under a tree by the roadside, keeping a small holy fire burning, saying prayers for the people, and receiving oblations from them. The ignorant classes worship them almost as gods.

I also saw several pilgrims who hav been off to the holy river Ganges, four hundred miles away. Every man has a pole eight feet long on his shoulder, to each end of which is attached a vessel of about three gallons each of the water of the Ganges, of course very holy, which these pious fools hav thus carried four hundred miles. It is being taken to the priests, who use it as holy water in worshipful ceremonies. The tomfoolery made in the name of religion impresses me more and more, and it is carried to as great extent in this country as any in the world. I go to Delhi to-night. The weather is not as hot here as at Bombay.

Mr. Bennett expects to reach San Francisco, Cal., by April, and will perhaps lecture some as he crosses the continent. He should be addressed now in care of Byron Adonis, *Jewish Times* office, San Francisco, Cal.

A Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Through your paper I wish to make this one suggestion to friend E. C. Walker, secretary of the Iowa Liberal League, and all other Liberals of the state: That, as we hav placed much confidence in D. M. Bennett as a writer and worker in the cause of Freethought, and as he is making his promis good on his Round-the-World trip, his letters being entertaining and interesting, I think it not enough to merely pass our private thanks for his valuable services, but that the Freethinkers of Iowa should demonstrate their gratitude in mass meetings to be held in suitable places on his return by the Union Pacific. It may be now too early to make propositions for that object, but it will giv us full time to talk the thing over.

J. KINSER.

Champlin, Minn., Feb. 16, 1882.

MANY of the subscribers to the Round-the-World fund hav written us to know how much it will increase the cost to hav the books bound in extra binding, and saying they wished them in better than ordinary style. We can furnish the volumes bound in leather, with red edges, for 75 cents per volume extra, or $2.25 for the three; in morocco, with gilt edges, for $1 extra per volume, or $3 for the three volumes. All wanting them that way will please notify us, remitting the amount, and the books will be bound as desired. We will feel obliged if they will order early, so we can tell how many to bind in leather and morocco.

More Trouble for Dr. Foote.

Dr. Foote has been compelled to mail his paper in New York at transient rates—one cent each. He has been forced to this by the pusillanimity and duplicity of the Canadian postal authorities, who, after taking pay for mailing, refused to interfere with the United States authorities who detained the paper at Buffalo. Both governments hav everlastingly disgraced themselvs by their conduct in this case. When the United States government compelled the payment of one cent each on the *Monthly*, Dr. Foote took it to Canada. To prevent being beaten in this way our postal department violated the treaty with Canada by refusing to foward the papers after they came this side of the line. Under the treaty, Canada could hav forced our postal little almighties to do their duty, but that country of Catholic priests and old-women customs officers did not hav the courage to do it, and the spectacle is presented of two countries conspiring to persecute an individual who has done more good to the world than all the mulish officials in power in both countries. Both post-offices hav violated laws supposed to be above their arbitrary decisions; but this is getting to be a common thing for them to do. Instead of being the servants of the people, as is popularly supposed, controled by Congress and the Constitution, they are our despotic masters, responsible to none but themselvs. They will remain masters just as long as the people let them, and no longer. Meanwhile, the best that can be done is for everybody to write Timothy O. Howe, postmaster general by the grace of Guiteau, remonstrating against such tyranny on the part of his subordinates. And, if that does no good, it may be well to remind him and them that by and by there is an election coming.

Will Some Lawyer Answer?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir*: Can the authorities compel people to be vaccinated in this country? Inclosed you will find an official order which I hav clipped from the Litchfield *Monitor*, dated Feb. 19, 1882. If they can enforce this law, myself, wife, and four children will hav to be vaccinated, and I don't believe in it. There are a good many arms in slings in this city at present.

Litchfield, Ill., Feb. 18, 1882. A Subscriber.

The following is the order:

Be it resolved by the Board of Health of the city of Litchfield: That by virtue of the authority vested in this board, it is hereby ordered that all persons, proper subjects, so to be determined by the physician applied to, in the city of Litchfield, shall be required to be vaccinated within ten days from the adoption of this resolution, to be performed by a legally qualified physician. That any person refusing to comply with this resolution shall be liable to a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty-five dollars. Provided this shall not include cases where the operation has been successfully performed within the last year; and *provided further*, that it shall be the duty of the Board of Health to provide for the vaccination of such persons as are unable to pay for the same, at the expense of the city.

Adopted and approved February 16, 1882.

We refer the above to a lawyer. If our postmasters and pious societies can violate the Constitution with impunity, as they do nearly every day, we don't see why Health Boards cannot. About two thirds of our municipal and state laws are in direct contravention of our federal Constitution, but the people submit to be bulldozed and trampled on without a murmur. The next thing will be a Holy Inquisition.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists will hold their sixteenth annual convention at Bayard's Hall, Ionia, March 22 to 28, 1882 Opening session Wednesday, at 7 P. M. Medium's Medical Association will meet at same time and place. The speakers engaged are J. H. Burnham, Saginaw City; Rev. C. A. Andrus, Flushing; Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Disco; Abraham Smith, Sturgis; Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Bay City; J. P. Whiting, Milford; Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, South Haven; J. W. Kenyon, Grand Rapids. L. S. Burdick, Pres't.

W. F. Jamieson, in three visits to Escanaba, Mich., delivered twenty six lectures. Escanaba is a stronghold of Catholicism. Five of the last course of ten lectures were strictly confined to science; two lectures on geology, one on electricity, and one on astronomy—illustrated. All calls for his lectures should be addressed to him at Albion, Mich.

H. L. Green will lecture in Flint on Sunday, the 12th inst., and in Saginaw city on Sunday, the 19th inst. He desires to obtain appointments to lecture in the vicinity of these places on week-day evenings during the present month. He will be in Kansas about April 1st, and he desires Liberal friends in that state who wish his services to write him at once at Otsego, Mich.

One of Hammond's meetings was broken up recently by an Infidel law student named Porter, whom the revivalist had invited to speak. Porter got the best of the preacher in an argument on the being of God, and the audience not liking it got up and went out.

Mrs. Lake lectured at Durand, Ill., Feb. 25th and 26th, and March 1st, 3d, and 5th. Societies, or individuals, desiring lectures, will address her at her permanent address, 164 South Ashland avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The First Spiritual Society of Erie, Pa., hav given Moses Hull a "call." He has decided to remove to Erie and speak there a portion of his time, dividing the remainder between Buffalo, N. Y., and Linesville, Pa.

We hav a full supply of the Ingersoll, Black, and Fisher debate, which we shall be pleased to send by return mail to all wanting them, postage paid, for fifty cents per copy.

The Spiritualists of Buffalo, N. Y., are to hav a grand celebration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of Spiritualism on the 31st of March. Moses and Mattie Hull are among the speakers engaged.

S Paris Davis has removed to Paola, Kansas. Letters for him should be addressed to Lock box 58, that place.

Colonel Ingersoll and His Home.

[Editorial Correspondence of the San Francisco Argonaut.]

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll livs within a short distance of the Arlington, in an elegant and spacious dwelling, fronting on Lafayette Square He keeps open house, dispensing generous hospitalities. There I hav spent more than one pleasant evening. His family is composed of his wife and two accomplished and musical young lady daughters. The sister of the wife, with husband and baby girl, and two or three young lady guests, complete an altogether ideal family. How far a guest may disclose the inner glimpses that he may acquire of the domestic life of even famous men and women, is a point that can only be decided by the good taste of the guest himself. If I err in leaving the doors ajar so that my readers may catch an interior view of this interesting family, I am sure I shall not be charged with any other than the most friendly desire to share with those readers the pleasure I hav myself enjoyed. And perhaps there is another motiv. There was a time—and I am old enough to remember it—when the Puritan family alone was held up as the model of domestic happiness, when around the family altar alone clustered all that could make life desirable. It was part of that tradition, which arose from a narrow and illiberal superstition, to send forth the impression that only in those families where religious observances were practiced, where professions of belief flowered and fruited in morning prayers, evening devotions, and Sabbath observances are found the higher virtues, the purer and better life. It was asserted that in orthodox families alone are practiced the charities and kindly sympathies that make life beautiful. This false old sham is passing away, with a thousand other skeletons of a shadowy dawn. It has joined the procession of gaunt and hollow superstitions which a brighter intellectual morning light is driving out of the theological and ecclesiastical world. It is found that good little Sunday-school boys are liable to get drowned when they go in swimming week days about as often as wicked little boys who go in on Sunday. It has been ascertained that men and women may be very good citizens, be very honorable in their lives, very generous in their conduct, and fill useful positions in society without throwing around them the cloak of religious profession. It has been found that throughout our country there are happy homes, united families, loved and loving ones, gathered around a domestic altar raised to the worship of the unknown God. But in such households there are no subscriptions to formulated dogmas, no observances of worship and no lip-professions of religion. Such a family is that of which I hav spoken. It is intellectual and hospitable, with a house filled with books, music, and musical instruments. The house is also filled with love and generous sympathy. On the centertable lies a splendid edition of "Knight's Shakspere," bound in one volume. In its leaves is a family record for births and deaths. On its side, printed in golden letters, is the inscription, "The Inspired Word." "And this," said Colonel Ingersoll, throwing over to me a handsomely bound volume of Burns's poems, "this is the family hymn-book." Beside these two most treasured books lay a complete edition of the works of George Eliot, whom Colonel Ingersoll declares to be the greatest mind which the English-speaking world has produced since Shakspere. Our entertainment for the evening was music and conversation. Our refreshments were generous. To the delightful punch which we punched with care were superadded the more homely drinks of sparkling cider and goblets of brimming buttermilk. If there be any law governing this household, save the unwritten one of mutual love and confidence, it seems to be that each and every member of it—from the baby girl who had her dolls, dolls's trunks, picture-books, and toys on the drawing-room floor, to the stranger within their gates—may do as they please. When it was suggested that the little one had better go to her dream-land upstairs, the colonel remarked that in his house there were no hours for children; "they go to bed when they are sleepy, and get up when they are not." It is one of his axioms in domestic government to let his children do just exactly as they please, on the theory that children governed by love, as a rule, please to do right.

Understanding and appreciating this mode of domestic disciplin, I was surprised at a remark fired at me by the mother of a pious family which I visited on a subsequent evening. Speaking of Colonel Ingersoll's daughters, she said she heard that they were lovely girls; "but only think, they hav never been permitted to put their foot in a church or Sunday-school, and the poor girls are just dying to go." This illustrates, by its utter want of truth, that there still lingers, even at the capital of our nation, a remnant of that superstition that regards the unprofessing Christian father as a domestic tyrant, and that does not appreciate that in the golden book of life is first written the name of him who loves his fellowmen.

Speaking of Colonel Ingersoll, and in contrast with him, his genial philosophy, and his broad and generous sympathies, I am reminded of the recent pulpit pummeling which he received from the fantastic and reverend Talmage, of Brooklyn. This reverend and godly man has made Mr. Ingersoll the subject of a series of sermons, in which he has heaped upon his head all the reproaches, insults, and contumelious vituperations which the generous church furnishes as weapons to its spiritual combatants.

I ought not, perhaps, to designate Mr. Talmage as "fantastic," and would not do so, only that the cavernous vastness of his unexplored mouth, and the illimitable length of his tangled legs hav been so impressed upon me by the cartoons of the illustrated papers, that with his mouth I confound his emptiness of doctrin, and with his legs become tangled in contemplating his faith. Perhaps I am not sufficiently charitable to the fantastic and the sensational in the pulpit; but by my real admiration of those honest-minded Christian clergymen who are sincere, and who illustrate by the purity of their lives the honesty of their opinions, I make up for all that I lack of reverence and respect for the sensational and fantastic mountebank who turns religion into a money-making industry, and whose vain impudence enables him to posture as the chosen of God, while he denounces as impious and blasphemous other and better men.

In reply to the Reverend Talmage, Colonel Ingersoll has just printed an article entitled "Answer to Talmagian Views." I shall not analyze it or quote from it, except that part in reference to Queen Victoria and George Eliot. If this has not been printed by the daily press, I am sure it will be interesting to the readers of the *Argonaut*. If it has been printed, our readers can profitably peruse it again, for its beauty of diction and generous humanity. He says:

In one of my lectures I drew a parallel between George Eliot and Victoria. I was showing the difference between a woman who had won her position in the world of thought, and one who was queen by chance. This is what I said: "It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be a king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circle of gold about his head—he wanted some evidence that he had something of value in his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar that he might become a member of the French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Haeckel. The king is one of the 'anointed by the Most High'—as they claim—one on whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. The world is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart" I said not one word against Queen Victoria, and did not intend to even intimate that she was not an excellent woman, wife, and mother. I was simply trying to show that the world was getting great enough to place the genius above an accidental queen. Mr. Talmage, true to the fawning, cringing spirit of orthodoxy, lauds the living queen, and cruelly maligns the dead genius. He digs open the grave of George Eliot, and tries to stain the sacred dust of one who was the greatest woman England has produced. He calls her "an adulteress." He attacks her because she was an Atheist—because she abhored Jehovah, denied the inspiration of the Bible, denied the dogma of eternal pain, and with all her heart despised the Presbyterian creed. He hates her because she was great, and brave, and free—because she lived without "faith," and died without fear—because she dared to giv her honest thought, and grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. George Eliot tenderly carried in her heart the burdens of our race. She looked through pity's tears on the faults and frailties of mankind. She knew the springs and seeds of thought and deed, and saw with cloudless eyes through all the winding ways of greed, ambition, and deceit, where folly vainly plucks with thorn-pierced hands the fading flowers of selfish joy—the highway of eternal right. Whatever her relations may hav been—no matter what I think, or others say, or how much all regret the one mistake in all her self-denying, loving life—I feel and know that in the court where her own conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted—pure as light, and stainless as a star. How appropriate here, with some slight change, the wondrously poetic and pathetic words of Laertes at Ophelia's grave:

> "Leave her i' the earth;
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A ministering angel shall this woman be
> When thou liest howling!"

I hav no words with which to tell my loathing for a man who violates a noble woman's grave. P.

Scientific.

Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels.

TWO LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE N. Y. LIBERAL CLUB

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

LECTURE II.—Continued.

FALLACIES CONCERNING THE COSMOS AND THE INFINITE.

Before passing from the consideration of the religious values of the Cosmos and the Infinite, a few words are needed in regard to four prevalent fallacies in regard to their religious value.

1. That although the Cosmos and the Infinite may be considered as separate from mankind, yet as mankind and each man are scientifically but the result of the world; therefore, all there is in man must be in the world somewhere and in some way. Hence it is inferred that mind, will, and all of the properties of the higher nature found in man, must be but a small part in him of the same properties and capacities which must exist in some way in the world at large to an immeasurable extent. The next step is to attribute these qualities of consciousness, mind and will, either to the Cosmos itself, or to the Infinite as God beyond the Cosmos, or a god existing in and through it.

To illustrate: When this lecture was first delivered a distinguished Unitarian clergyman opened the discussion at its close by stating that he did not know how much the Infinite did contain, but it must contain all of the finite, and infinitely more; therefore he should not be guilty of the absurdity of changing his devotions to a finite part instead of the whole, however mistaken or inadequate his conception of that whole might be.

The absurdity of this suggestion is apparent. The Cosmos and the Infinite and Man are being contrasted and considered independently of each other, and not as including each other, in this discussion as to the religious value or "God-power" of each under the scientific view of the world. The Infinite is not therefore considered as the totality of existence, and does not therefore include the Cosmos or Man, nor does the Cosmos include Man for the purpose of this inquiry. They are separately contrasted in order to use each to explain the other.

To be of any use for this religious purpose it must be shown, not that the greater contains the lesser, but that it contains the properties of the lesser; for example, that all of the properties and capacities of man, including his mind, will, etc., are in the Cosmos or in the Infinite when conceived of as independent of Man. But, to suppose that these faculties, etc., of man are in the Cosmos is the fallacy of the Fetichist, of which, as we have seen, there is no proof, and which has been so completely exploded that only savages and theologians now continue to believe in it.

But as all there is of Man is shown by science to be the direct product of this Cosmos, his intelligence should certainly he found in that, and not in the Infinite, if it exists anywhere outside of Man's organization. But the reverse is the fact. We find in every change caused even by the combination of the chemical elements that the new objects formed thereby have not at all the properties had originally by the component parts. What has water in common with oxygen and hydrogen which combine to form it? And so with the whole range of chemical compounds. There is no resemblance between the product and the components. Nor is it less so in the organic sciences. The properties of life are not in the chemical materials of protoplasm before their combination, and before the protoplasmic body is acted upon by its environment. Nor are the functions, powers, or capacities of societies originally in the individuals which compose them. It is the combination that creates the new qualities and capacities of tribe or nation, or church and state, in each and every case.

Now if this is true of the Cosmos, if that does not contain human intelligence, it must be still more true that the Infinite cannot have or contain the limitations which are wholly inconsistent with the very idea of Infinity at all. But mind, will, intelligence, and moral conceptions are all results of limitations which require adaptation of means to ends. They are only consistent with the limited organic functions of life and personality. That the Infinite can have and exercise these properties of the little protoplasmic mould which is the seat of life on the surface of our Planet is too absurd for any one but a Theologian to suggest. Thus the whole Fetichistic and Pantheistic hypotheses fall when tested by facts and consistency.

The next hypothesis is that the mind or intelligence is itself a form of matter or a "spiritual entity," or agent or quality of some kind, which exists in or over the Cosmos or Infinite, and which is without or independent of organic matter. If this is a fact it ought to be provable, but Science has received no reliable proof of it. In the absolute sense everything may be possible, but how life, soul, mind, and will can exist without an organism has yet to be shown. That the Cosmos or Infinite is a man or animal of some kind, or that either of them contains or exercises the intelligence or will of a Man or of any kind of person, remains to be shown. How can function exist without the organ? Thought without brain? A headache without a head?

2. This brings us to the next fallacy, to wit, that intelligence and design must be inferred to exist outside of Man, because it is shown in the wonderful adaptations and contrivances found in the Cosmos, especially in the organic world. How could all of these manifest adjustments of means to ends exist unless in some way an intelligent designer arranged them? Therefore such a designer must be assumed.

This argument from "design" has been most effectively and admirably exposed by Prof. Fiske in his "Cosmic Philosophy," vol. 2, pp. 381–410. If all who are influenced by the notion there disposed of would read that chapter, no more need ever be said on the subject. But as the "common sense" people who cannot read it, or will not, are often imposed upon by that argument, a short notice of its defects is proper.

The Scottish "Common Sense Philosopher," Dr. Reid, in his "Intellectual Powers," states it at its best thus:

First—That design and intelligence in the *cause* may, with certainty, be inferred from marks or signs of it in the effect.

Second—That these are, in fact, the clearest works of design and wisdom in the Works of Nature.

Therefore, The Works of Nature are the effects of a wise and intelligent Cause.

He adds: "One must either assent to the conclusion, or deny one or other of the premises." Science has always denied both of these premises, and modern Science is enabled to expose the illusion upon which they rest, just as it explains the illusions of the Ptolemaic Astronomy.

1. The first premise involves the first fallacy above exposed, viz., that the greater or material world contains the qualities of the lesser organic or human world derived from it. As Mr. Mill says, because there is pepper in the soup we need not suppose that there was pepper in the cook. The fact is that, because certain qualities or properties are found in the result of natural antecedents, we not only have no warrant for supposing that they will be found in the antecedents, but exactly the contrary; the presumption is that they will not be so found. The result is always different from the cause in Nature, and does not have its properties. But in artificial or human designs, which are truly causes, the case is entirely different. A watch is known to be made by human design, therefore we judge all similar watches to be so made.

If we knew that one eye had ever been made by a designer, we might infer that all eyes were so made. But that the natural antecedents and processes out of which the eye results have design or are made by design, we can infer only when we assume that they were designed. Thus the question is begged. The whole argument is a confusion arising from the *natural* and the *human* meaning of the word *cause*. A cause in nature is an *antecedent* correllative, but in human affairs it is an *intention*. Just as a Law in Science and Nature is a *record* of human observations, but in the human world a Law is a statute, or an order of human will, authority, or prudence.

The same Dr. Reid defines this latter, that is, the subjective meaning of the word *cause* very well, when he says: "I take cause to be that which has the relation to the effect which I have in my *voluntary* and *deliberate* actions; for I take this notion of a cause to be derived from the power *I feel in myself* to produce certain effects, In this sense we say the Deity is the cause of the universe" (Reid's Correspondence, p. 77).

Now this is not at all the scientific or objective meaning or use of the word cause, and I quote this passage and definition because it at once exposes the subtle anthropomorphism and Fetichism upon which this design rests. It is simply one of hundreds of cases of the confusion of the subjective with the objective upon which we have laid so much stress in our former lecture. We *assume* that "the power I feel in myself to produce certain effects" is a will (not knowing what that is), and then we assume that effects in nature are effected in a similar way. This is simply the savage's assumption, and though excusable in him, is not so now among civilized men. For Science has shown that the order and design which we think we see in the external world, either in our eye, or in the most distant star nebulæ it preceives, is but a reflection of our own feelings, will, or order and design. These orderings are shown to be the ideas of human needs and adaptations by us reflected upon the external world, but not really there. The human race has throughout ages been unconsciously adapting itself to the world as its environment, and so discovering law and order in it, but that law and order is ours, not Nature's.

The Theologian tries to make us believe that the world was made to fit us. But Science shows that our race and the organic races have been fitted to the world by the slow hewing of pain and death, as if the race were a statue being modeled by a remorseless fate. The world is the *die* and we are the impression, or rather the result of countless trial impressions, by which we have come to be partially fitted to it. To this end function and organ have cooperated ceaselessly. The Theologian has reversed the true order in this as in all other cases. Science consists of the reversal of his illusions, not only in Astronomy but in every other Science. For instance, when he observes the big belly of the ox he admires the wisdom of God that made it big, so that the ox could live on grass. But the Scientist shows that it was ages of grass-eating that made the belly big and the ox a ruminant, and not God at all. So in human history and its evolution. It was not the kindness of God that caused great rivers to run by the great cities of the world, but the needs of Man that caused the great cities to be built by the great rivers. It was not the wisdom of God that made cork bark to grow for ages that it might finally be used for champagne bottles. When the child looks out of a ferry-boat and thinks he sees the dock moving, he has to think twice before he can shake off that illusion. The Theologian has yet to think that second thought—to shake off this childish illusion of our race by which the subjective becomes objective. The illusion cannot be honestly continued by the double use of the word cause. Even those syllogistic forms, which beg the question by the play upon words, are useless. This mode of reasoning has been illustrated by the word "cry" in this perfect Syllogism of the kind:

> "If a man who turnips cries,
> Cry not when his father dies,
> Then 'tis plain the man rather
> Have a turnip than his father."

Here the objective use of the word cry in the first line is absurdly confounded with its subjective use in the second. A similar use of the word "cause," or some word that conceals the same "fallacy of confusion" is inevitable in every form of the major premise of the design argument. It always begs the question, no matter whether stated by a Savage or by a Paley.

But the second premise, viz: "That there are *in fact* the clearest marks of design and wisdom in the works of Nature," is equally illusory.

(1) The first difficulty is that it presents an instance of the "fallacy of partial selection." Anybody can prove anything if you will let him select *only* the facts which sustain his conclusion. Besides the fallacy of confusion of terms, above illustrated by the word cause, this fallacy of partial selection is the greatest source of error known. By it the dreamer proves his dreams, the oracle-consulter his oracle, the Spiritualist his wish, the Friday-sailing sailor that he will be wrecked, the moonstruck farmer that his seeds will not come up, and always the Theologian that his God is wise and beneficent.

To prove that this God is unwise and diabolical the Scientist has only to present the opposite facts of Nature. He soon shows that death, and want, and pain are the rule; that the dead are the majority; and that life and joy are indeed but the momentary spray on the dark waves of death. Life is but "a struggle for existence" in which those who look at the sun for a day do so only as they stand on millions of the dead. The whole organic world is a world of cannibalism. The organic species are piled up in rising strata as if different stories of murder, each feeding upon those below, with man at the top feeding upon all. There is no end to the facts of disorder, disease, purposelessness, defective organs, rudimentary organs, brain maggots, etc., by which it is evident that if any God made and runs this world he must be a devil of the worst description. But is not all this well said in Col. R. G. Ingersoll's Lecture on the Gods? also in Haeckel's "Evolution of Man?" See vol. 2, p. 109, etc. The Scientist refuses to be guilty of the blasphemy of attributing any of these horrible facts to an intelligence like his own. He says simply that they prove that the adaptation of Man to his World is as yet far from being complete.

(2). But the best answer of the Scientist to the second premise is that, the alleged "works or signs" of design are nothing of the kind. They are simply adaptations taking place under laws, and antecedent facts as naturally as any other facts.

When the child goes to a theater he may at first believe the illusion to be real and supernatural. But after he is taken behind the scenes and is shown how the illusion is produced by natural means, he recovers from it unless he is determined to be always a child. What the stage manager may thus do for the child the scientist now does for the theologian. The Law of Evolution furnishes in every instance a perfect and natural explanation of the works and signs of "design," without any design whatever. Prof. Fiske, following Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, and all modern evolutionists shows conclusively that these adaptations occur as the result of natural selection by purely natural causes, *i. e.*, antecedents and conditions. This explanation leaves the design notion without the slightest possible support, because it is thoroughly supplanted by scientific law and causes. Take, for instance, Haeckel's account of the evolution of the human eye from a black speck in a simple

jelly-fish to its completion in Man. Step by step this wonderful organ and its functions have reacted upon each other throughout ages, until finally the result is miraculous only to those who refuse to trace the process of its evolution. In a similar way he explains every other organ, and every instance of apparent "design." His "Evolution of Man" is one continuous explanation of all of the "marks and signs of design" which have amused and edified so much learned theological ignorance. The scientific demonstration ends this illusion. There is no help for it; this dream is over to those who wish to be awake, to be men, not children.

The great thinkers of the race, like Aristotle, Lucretius, Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Goethe, Hamilton, Mansel, and even Coleridge, have seen the logical fallacy of this argument; but it was not until the the Law of Evolution had explained the organic world that its utter baselessness was exposed. The better of the later theologians, following Sir Wm. Hamilton, have advised against its use. John Stuart Mill informed them that it was after all the best shot now left in their locker, and owing much to this dubious and half ironical encouragement the lower grade of theologians (like Joseph Cook) are trying to resume fire with it among the ignorant and excitable. But not until the Law of Evolution ceases to be the scientific explanation of the organic world can this argument gain another lease of life.

Is the Sound Theory Overthrown?

About three years ago there appeared in print a work entitled, "The Problem of Human Life," in which the universally accepted "wave theory" of sound and light is very severely handled. There is no denying that the subject was handled with consummate ability, so far as the arguments themselvs go. One can only complain of an undue severity, an occasional falling from the dignity becoming the importance of the subject, and the bad judgment shown by putting some of the chapters in blank verse. Perhaps by this last the writer hoped posterity might recognize him as the later Milton, hailing the Holy Light—as the verses are mostly devoted to the light question.

The writer, like "the rest of mankind," was, as he thought, firmly grounded on the wave theory, having read all the books and lectures on the subject, and, as people do, he took all for granted as true. But this man, who writes as "Wilford," fell upon the theory as Bishop Colenso did upon the mistakes of Moses. He riddled it completely, undermined its very foundations and hurled it down, leaving nothing but ruins sad and ridiculous. For years the writer has waited to hear some mention, in high places, of the work; but not a sound has been heard. It is right that the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who hav not access to the work, or never heard of it, shall hav some idea of what those arguments are. A very few shall be lightly hinted at. The work itself is most voluminous and exhaustiv.

In the first place, the author givs fully, thoroughly, and verbatim the theory of sound (this being the only part to which reference is here had) according to Tyndall, Helmholtz, and others of its great modern propagandists. He givs also his own theory, viz., that sound is "a real entity, being corpuscular emissions issued from strokes or force used in some way upon atomic bodies"—that it is as much a real thing as anything one tastes or smells.

The received theory is that sound is really nothing in itself, any more than is a shadow, but is an effect produced in our ears by waves of air striking upon the ear-drums; these ear-drums are set to vibrating in and out; these vibrations and their effects are recognized by our brains as sound. Here it is in the language of Tyndall: "A sonorous wave consists of two parts, in one of which the air is condensed and the other rarefied. The air is forced forward, then, meeting resistance, rolls back a little—just as waves are in water—each particle of air makes but a short excursion to and fro." "Loudness in our sensations is, outside of us, nothing more than width of swing or amplitude of the vibrating particles of air. . . . Imagin this tuning-fork vibrating in free air, three hundred and eighty-four vibrations per second, in this room, the air at 60° Fahrenheit, the foremost wave would reach 1,120 feet in a second. In this distance air thus vibrating, 1,120 divided by 384 gives us nearly three feet for the length of each wave. The condensation of the sound wave corresponds to the crest (of a water wave), while the rarefaction corresponds to its sinus. The pitch of a note depends solely on the number of aerial waves which strike the ear per second." Says Helmholtz: "Suppose a stone to be thrown into calm water. Round the spot struck forms a little ring of wave which, advancing quietly in all directions, expands in a constantly-increasing circle. Corresponding to this ring of waves, sound also proceeds in the air from the excited point and advances in all directions. The process in the air is identical with that in water."

On the same subject, Grove compares the vibrations of light with "sound or vibrations of air," dedeclaring sound to be nothing but these air waves dashing against the drumskin of the ear.

Now, says the author of the "Problem of Life," if these forces, light, heat, sound, etc., are not real entities, then the idea of their correlation and persistence is no more than the idea of cold turning to shadow, or of abstract motion into dreams. But if they be realities then there is no more strangeness in the idea of their changing one into another than there is in the familiar one of food being converted into bone and muscle, and their more refined elements into thought;" to which we may add, then this thought itself may become in some way a living soul, a real entity, and as indestructible as the refined quintessences of which it may be composed.

To show the incorrectness of these explanations of sound, the author says, "Two bodies tuned in perfect accord, placed very close together—let one vibrate never so rapidly, yet the waves caused by its vibration hav no effect on the other to make sound unless sound is first made in one of them. Tuning-forks mounted on resonant cases respond sympathetically 180 feet apart; but disconnected from these cases and held an inch apart not the the slightest effect is produced by vibrations of air, no matter how rapid or powerful. Experiments with sounding-boards, by which the slightest tones are vastly increased, even at long distances apart from the strings of instruments, show conclusivly that sound is not mere vibrations of air. Experiments with wooden wands and iron rods show that 'tis something different from air, for though the vibrations are sent along the iron as well as along the wood, yet no sound or music is produced over the iron, while the wood conveys the sound. Prof. Helmholtz says, "It is plain that two different degrees of density produced by two different systems of waves cannot coexist in the same place at one time." Yet in the piano the sounding-board responds to 85 strings, each varying from the other, and 85 distinct separate undulations coexist in the same air and pass off from the same surface of the board. By a beautiful experiment of wheatstones, all the tones of a piano and of several other instruments can be gathered and conducted longitudinally through a little rod and transferred by it to another sound-board far off. (Is not the telephone an illustration that proves sound is not air waves moving 1,120 feet per second?) The writer givs an experiment which he claims disproves the received theory. Hold the stem of a large tuning-fork in contact with a dry pine chip about the same hight as the fork. This will augment the tone twofold. Now while the fork prongs are vibrating one-sixteenth of an inch (sending off air waves?) the chip has no sensible vibration and sends off no air waves, yet it doubles the tone. The friends of the air wave theory claim it is the tremor of the chip makes this addition to the sound. But if you hold a bit of iron in place of the chip, though it doubtless has as many tremors as the chip, yet there is no augmentation of sound. (I think it will be found that if sound be a real entity it has some affinity for metal, and perhaps is converted from sound to magnetism or some kindred quality.) Triumphantly the writer asks, "If this resonance is generated without air waves, why is not the original round so generated? The fact is," he continues, "air waves cannot move through air quiescent except at slow speed and limited distance, however put in motion." The prong of a tuning-fork, at full amplitude, moves not a tenth as rapidly as an ordinary fan when held in the hand and vibrated rapidly. It is impossible for the fork to send off waves more than a foot from itself, while their velocity can not exceed that of the prongs themselvs." Moreover, he at one place accuses the friends of the theory with entirely ignoring the mobility of the air. They speak of it, as he quotes them, as though it were some solid substance like a stick, whereas, when disturbed into waves, the air adjoining the waves tends to fall in their rear, thus very soon putting the waves at rest. The whole tendency is to quiescence, into which it rapidly sinks unless provoked by new disturbing causes. Place a jet of light in air called perfectly calm. Now stand off and set the air in motion or waves by any means. Behold how far your waves extend! Impel your fan or instrument ten times faster than ever tuning-fork vibrated and you will see that your waves do not go ten feet. Why? Because of the mobility of the air—*i.e.*, the tendency of every adjoining particle to stop those in motion. In fact the prongs of a tuning-fork do not move more than from seven to fourteen inches per second. Yet some of these gentlemen like Tyndall talk as though it moves as fast as a ball sent from a rifle. Speaking of a pendulum in motion, Tyndall says: "Its motions are too sluggish to make waves that excite the auditory nerves. Sharper and quicker shocks to the air must be given." Yet, after all, the prongs of a fork move with only one-quarter the velocity of the common clock pendulum! Any motion given to the wood or water, or other medium the sound passes through, is merely incidental, this author contends, "as sound is the molecular effect of sudden stops and starts on atomic structure, causing emission of substantial pulses."

In a very great number of ways does he expose the utter absurdity of the present theory. It is doubtful if any person can read the work who is at the same time familiar with the writings of Humboldt and Tyndall on sound, without being convinced. There seems to be such a thing as orthodox science as well as theology, and one is as overbearing, blundering, and unreasoning as the other, will be the reader's conclusion. Why not, asks the author, allow a substantial entity to sound as well as to olfaction? They might as well attribute smell or odor to the oscillatory petaliferous tremors of the rose or honeysuckle. Musk can be diffused over miles of surface with no sensible diminishing of the grain of musk it comes from. Sound passes through densest walls into small rooms within rooms; through thick glass walls within stone walls. Is it atmospheric vibration that thus penetrates, or a certain subtle, refined thing that moves as electricity moves? It is singular how Tyndall wanders all over and around the subject, citing facts and performing experiments that prove that sound is not air-wave and is a real something, and never suspects it. Thus his case of the magazine explosion. Tyndall says the tremendous air-wave crushed the walls and broke windows. Yet if the building or glass windows be far enough from the explosion the sound is heard before the breaking or crushing occurs. Tyndall seems never to suspect that the break or concussion of the air is caused by the vast volumes of gas suddenly liberated into the air. Let your sound be as loud as a thousand explosions, and if no powder or other combustible discharges gas into the air, nothing is broken (except in the familiar instances of glasses in accord with certain tones).

The steam-whistle does not stir the air thirty feet from it, yet 'tis heard for miles against winds blowing hurricanes, and heard at a speed of 1,120 feet per second. A bugler blows and "sets the wild echoes flying," stirs the air a few feet around, and yet is heard three miles distant, thus moving the air thirty-six square miles, and making millions of waves go "to and fro in small excursions," as Tyndall says. A calculation made by the writer shows that this slight effort of the lips of the bugler generates heat and elasticity, etc., equal to thousands of millions of tons. A small insect, the locust, can fill the air when calm one mile each way from him (and a mile high, most likely), with that rasping noise caused by the rapid moving of its legs over the nervatures at its sides, thus creating a physical agitation and displacement of the air for miles around him, converting the whole into waves, each wave of two parts, a condensation and rarefaction, the compressed parts of which contain an augmentation of heat above normal sufficient to add one-sixteenth to the elasticity of that air (as the theory is expounded by Tyndall). Within these four square miles are sixteen billion square inch columns, each pressing on the earth in all directions fifteen pounds, or one hundred and twenty million tons. Now, by this theory, as explained by Tyndall & Co., it follows that this insect, by simply moving its legs, displaces all these particles of air for one mile high four hundred and forty times per second, and continues this churning of the air for a full minute at a time.

"Wave lengths," says Tyndall, are measured from the center of one condensation to the center of the next. Wave length of sound depends on pitch or number of waves per second. A piccalo, flute, or high D has 4,752 vibrations per second; the length of each wave is under three inches per second. The loudest tone of an organ has sixteen vibrations; wave length seventy feet. Now this tone makes the air particles move thirty-five feet and back sixteen times per second each. This equals five hundred and sixty feet a second, or three hundred and eighty-one miles per hour, which would produce a tornado double the velocity necessary to sweep a village to ruins. If this theory were true, an organ would burst the cathedral walls.

The author has spared no pains or time in his investigations. He takes the statements of the expounders of the air-wave theory in full, quoting whole pages and half pages, and confutes them often by their own statements. Sometimes, by carrying out for a few figures farther their own, the absurdity of the theory becomes at once apparent, and often the professors are made to appear in a ridiculous light. Thus Tyndall says that "in sound the quantity of matter set in motion augments as the square of the distance from the center of the explosion; the loudness diminishes in the same proportion." That is, the loudness of any tone four feet from the sounding body is but one-sixteenth as great as it is at the body itself. It must be so, for he says, "This wave puts in motion a constantly-increasing mass, which cannot be without enfeeblement of the motion." If this be so, then a sound passing one hundred feet would have but one-ten-thousandth its original loudness! See now the absurdity of this. A steam siren is sometimes heard ten miles; this makes the sound at ten miles less by two billions than where it issued! Now, as it is heard ten miles off, it follows there must be a certain appreciable motion, else it could not be heard. This least motion to make sound is one hundred and seventy-four feet per second. Less than that no sound is heard, says the theory. So there must be enough condensation of the air to generate sufficient heat to add this one hundred and seventy-four feet to its

velocity. Now trace it backwards to its source. At two feet from the ten-mile limit the sound is four times louder; at three feet it is nine times; at four feet it is sixteen times; at ten feet it is one hundred times; at one thousand feet it is a million times louder. Yet this thousand feet is less than a fiftieth of the distance, and would not be noticed though one million times louder. But at the siren itself it must be two billion times louder than at the ten-mile limit. There must be two billion times greater density and heat; two billion times swifter, also, or two billions multiplied by one hundred and seventy-four, which equals sixty-six million miles per second, or thrice the velocity of light!

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Letters from Friends.

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5.00 for the Round-the-World fund. Yours truly, W. W. WALKER.

ADRIAN, MICH., Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to apply to the fund to bring Mr. Bennett home. J. E. INGERSOLL.

TAMA CITY, IOWA, Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to help friend Bennett back to his nativ land. WYLIE B. BROWN.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., Feb. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for one share in the Round-the-World fund. Yours, C. H. ROGERS.

JANESVILLE, CAL., Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for which please send me D. M. Bennett's book of travels around the world. N. CLARK.

FREEDOM, ILL., Feb. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, for which send me Mr. Bennett's book of travels around the world. Truly yours R. S. WOOLLEY.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8.00—$3.00 for my subscription, and $5.00 for Round-the-World books. Respectfully yours, EDWARD FEHRE.

CARROLL, IOWA, Feb. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Herein find $8—$5 for the books of travel in the Holy Land, and $3 for my subscription to your paper. Respectfully, M. B. MINCHEN.

ARLINGTON, NEB., Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip. Hope I am not too late for the starry roll of honor. Truly, MRS. M. E. HAMMER.

MERIDIAN, TEX., Feb. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5 for the book of travels around the world, $3 for my paper. I want a copy of Blakeman's "Poetical Riddles." S. D. GREER.

JUNCTION CITY, OR., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8.00—$3.00 for my subscription to the paper, and $5.00 for the Round-the-World trip. Yours, GABRIEL JOHNSON, M.D.

SNEDEKERVILLE, PA., March 2, 1882

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $11—$5 of which is from W. H. Snedeker, for Around-the-World fund, and the balance for our yearly subscriptions. CARRIE RYAN.

MARIPOSA, CAL., Feb. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the trinity of lithographs. J. W. PROBASCO.

WESTVILLE, IND., Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—$5 for Round-the-World trip, and $3 for my paper. I hope it will be all right, if I am at the eleventh hour.
Yours truly, NELSON BARNARD.

BOONTON, N. J., Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10 for two books of Mr. Bennett's travels round the world, one for Hubert Booth and one for Mrs. A. M. Booth.
Yours, A. M. BOOTH.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Put my name down for the Round-the-World book. Long may Mr. Bennett liv. His letters are grand. Here is the "V" for the book.
Yours truly, JOSEPH WHITE.

MILAN, O., Feb. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8, for which credit $3 to a renewal for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the balance for the Round-the-World trip.
Yours truly, MRS. ELIZABETH WILLCOX.

ZOAR, MASS., Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.00 for the Round-the-World fund. I can hardly wait from one week to another for your paper to read about those travels in the East. It is worth a great deal to know the truth about those things that were said to hav happened about that country. WARREN U. TODD.

MEDICINE LODGE, KAN., Feb. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 toward Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World fund. Wishing him a happy journey and a safe return to home and friends,
Yours respectfully, JACOB C. WALSTED.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—$5 for Round-the-World trip, and $3 for my paper another year. Hoping Mr. Bennett will return home safe and in good health, I remain, Yours, ROB'T. MC.CLAY.

PIQUA, O., Feb. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.50—$5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip and fifty cents for pamphlet containing Ingersoll's controversy from the *North American Review*, and oblige J. W. NIGH.

WEST JUNIUS, Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5.00 to add to the Round-the-World fund. I am sorry I was obliged to wait until the eleventh hour, but "Better late than never," is my motto. Truly, E. W. MITCHELL.

WARREN, PA., Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Jacob Baldingburger for the Round-the-World trip, and 75 cents for "Truth Seeker Collection of Forms, Hymns, and Ceremonies." Yours truly, GUY E. IRVINE.

BRISTOL, WIS., Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5.00, for which send me the Round-the-World books. It has the look that this is the third and last call, as it expires on March 1st. Respectfully, WM. HUNT.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World fund. Better late than never, and may they do good in helping Mr. Bennett on is the wish of your humble servant, WM. F. SCHADE.

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8.20—$3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, $5 for the Round-the-World trip, if not too late, and twenty cents for two of Denton's "Garrison in Heaven."
Yours truly, LIZZIE ADAMS.

WARSAW, IND., Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to renew my subscription for one year, $5 for the Round-the-World books, fifty cents for the improved Planchette, and twenty-five cents for "New Generation of Jesus."
Yours truly, C. HENDEE.

PARKERSBURG, OR., Feb. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5.00 for the Round-the-World fund. If I am too late to get into the constellation of the stars you may place me on the retired list with full pay, for I want the books.
Yours respectfully, J. W. HAMNERBURG.

DUNDEE, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $11—$3 for the current volume of THE TRUTH SEEKER sent to my address as above; $3 to be placed to the credit of Arnold Cory. The remaining $5 please place to my credit on the Round-the-World fund. J. J. HOLLETT.

GREENSBORO, IND., Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which please send me Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World book. I hav not read his letters as they appeared in the paper, yet I am confident they are full of interest. Mr. Bennett is a splendid writer. J. S. BYERS.

SCOTT BAR, CAL., Jan 9, 1882,

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—$3 for a new subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year, which you will please send to Mr. Samuel A. Street, and $5 for Mr. Bennett's book of travels Round-the-World. I hope I am not too late to hav my name among the stars. Respectfully, ISABELLA ROBINSON.

PEDRO, NEV., Feb. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received the books that you sent me according to order, and looking at the price of them I see I am indebted to you fifty cents. Inclosed find $8. Place $5 to the credit of John Gray for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip. I see in your issue of January 28th that there is going to be three volumes, and I send $2.50 for the third, and the balance for the above-named purpose. JOHN NIMMO.

[We are much obliged to friend Nimmo for the $2.50 for the third volume. To reciprocate, we will send his books bound in morocco.—ED. T. S.]

FARMINGTON, UTAH, Feb. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—$5 from H. W. Haight, president of our League, for his share of Round-the-World. He is anxious to add his name to the long and noble list, even though it be at the eleventh hour. The other $3 is to pay for Mr. Samuel L. Jones's paper another year.

As I wrote once before, we are anxiously hoping that Bro. Bennett will not complete his trip without visiting Salt Lake City, and if possible, giving us a call here. If he should conclude to visit Salt Lake City, and could make his arrangements ahead for a lecture, I think he could get quite a turn-out.
Yours truly, WALTER WALKER.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., Feb. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World trip. The eleventh hour is better than none. I cannot make up my mind to let the opportunity slip. I hope Mr. Bennett will make a fortune out of the enterprise. That we are gradually on the gain all must admit. Our growth is a wholesome one, and we'll hold every inch we gain. I can count Liberals by the hundreds, but am sorry to say that but few are independent ones. Ostracism is what they fear. I hav outgrown that fear, and wish every Freethinker in the world could do the same. The corrupt church would soon go by the board then. We will hope, not pray, for the best.
I am sincerely yours, T. F. HERSEY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please pardon me for my long forgetfulness and remissness in not forwarding the price of the undowithoutable TRUTH SEEKER, and accept the inclosed twelve dollars, and apply it thus: Five for the Round-the-World fund, six for the paper for the past and present year, and bal nce for books.

I hav spoken of THE TRUTH SEEKER as being indispensable. It is so to me, and yet your selections against Spiritualism are often distasteful to me, and I wonder that a science so easily demonstrated should fail to attract the scrutiny of so many otherwise wise heads. "One world at a time" seems to be a favorit motto just now with many. It seems to me that they cannot claim to be real truth seekers, or they would not be contented to be walking in that narrow groove. I should be very sorry to be either so bigoted or so cramped for time as to be prevented from searching out what is truth and what is error in both worlds at a time. Yours truly, AMY POST.

LEADVILLE, COL., Feb. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10. For $5 of it please send Around-the-World to C. O. Pierson, of this place. The other $5 is to finish paying for my two shares to the same fund. I am rather late about remitting, but I hope you will forgiv me now that I hav procured you another subscriber to the Round-the-World fund, and hope it will not be too late for his name to appear in the first volume. While on a visit to the Pacific coast this winter I ordered my paper sent to Olympia, Wash. Ter., and now I want one sent here, as I do not wish to be without it; also continue sending one to Olympia for my mother, who livs there and has become emancipated from the Presbyterian bondage, and in her old age derives great satisfaction from reading Freethought papers. Wishing our brave editor a safe journey round the world, I remain
Fraternally yours, F. H. MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Believing the three months had expired, I decided to write to you before receiving a notice through the mail to that effect. I hav been something of a truth seeker most of my life, and wish to continue one. The freedom and faithfulness of your paper I believe will aid me in that unbounded field yet to be surveyed before we can hav any just or accurate conception of what we are, and of the processes which hav brought us to our present status. We hav little to boast of, and much occasion to be humble when we are conscious of how very little we really know. If THE TRUTH SEEKER will keep us posted in the aggressiv work of the intellectual world, the discoveries and revelations that are multiplying, and startling the votaries of entrenched error and dissipating superstition, it will do specially what we need, and furnish us with what the world needs for its redemption and salvation. "The truth shall make you free" was taught long ago, and experience has amply proved the wisdom of the lesson. The truth seeker should be a much wiser and better man than the one who is satisfied with error. His feelings, thoughts, and literature should be of a purer and higher quality than we can expect from the votaries of error. I hope, if it is possible, we will make our literature as chaste, dignified, and unexceptionable as the lover of truth and purity can desire. We should hold our standard the highest, to be consistent, and to command the admiration and respect of the slaves of sect and victims of error. We cannot afford, neither does our cause need us, to descend to fraud, vituperation, caricature, or coarse personalities. The enemies of truth are doing much as they hav been taught; it is our place to teach them better before we can expect them to do better. Ou work and that of THE TRUTH SEEKER is to enlighten rather than chastise or condemn.

Inclosed please find $8—$3 for the paper one year, and $5 for the Round-the-World trip. We want more light from that dark corner of the world, and we cannot doubt that it is forthcoming. Let us hav light, or, as the ancients had it, "Let there be light, and there was light," even if the "light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehend it not." We are now getting the real character and quality of this Holy Land. If the bigots will not see it they must remain in darkness and error. T. E. L.

FLORIDA.

BUSHNELL, ILL., Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received twenty-eight letters, all in favor of the colony. Hav directed Florida papers sent to each. If any fail to get them, notify me. I

would be well for each one to send ten cents to Commissioner A. A. Robinson, Tallahassee, Florida, for the latest information of the Bureau of Immigration. Most of the questions that are being asked will find answers in the papers. Your are right, gentlemen, push ahead, investigate, and find out for yourselvs, and before we organize some of you will need to visit the country. I hav just learned from a friend that has returned, that state and government land is very scarce. So if we wish to succeed we must not put it off, but be ready by next fall. J. DENNING.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., Feb. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5—three for my subscription to December 2, 1882, and two for "Anti-christ." I hope to be able to send $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I shall most certainly want the work when completed. I hope our good man will surely be spared to return in health and fortune. If he does not look out for himself I fear God will get careless about him too. Respectfully, T. F. HERSEY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your last issue I noticed a letter from Mr. A. Atwood, in which he speaks of the manner in which most of the bread-and-butter beggars, commonly called ministers, with which this country is cursed, take on at funerals, when they are called upon to preach.

Mr. Atwood speaks my sentiments to the letter, as I, with him, hav requested my parents and friends, when they are called upon to follow my remains to their last resting-place, to hav no damnation agent within a hundred miles of me, if possible, for if one should come within smelling distance I verily believe I should burst my coffin-lid and throttle the brute. I wish every one thought as much of these clerical asses as I do. They would soon swap their standing collars for an ax or shovel, and go to work like white folks. Will say to Mr. Atwood, "Shake," and let us hear from you again. Yours, G. W. SMITH.

TUNNEL, IOWA, Feb. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose my name is on the black list for bad behavior and non-payment of my debts which I hav contracted with THE TRUTH SEEKER; still I am not to blame in this respect for being in arrears so long, as I hav had two years' (as some people would call it) bad luck, but I shall say misfortune. My trials and troubles hav been plentiful and sometimes unbearable, although now I hav overcome them all to a great extent. I tried to raise money enough to pay up my arrears, but through all my efforts I could barely get enough to buy sustenance for my family. But I need not go on to relate my past financial embarrassment, as it is all past and we are all still living. So now I order my name erased from that black list and to be put on the subscription list plain enough to be seen on both sides, and I hope in the future to be able to keep it there as long as I am and the old TRUTH SEEKER livs. Please find inclosed $7, which will pay for my debts and renewal. If there is anything over charge to my credit and send a bill, and oblige ROB'T FLEMING.

EUREKA, CAL., Feb. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Another year has rolled around, and my subscription to your paper has again expired. Inclosed you will find $13.00, to be applied as directed.

In regard to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I must say you are steering the ship admirably. But in your issue of Jan. 21st an article appears which savors somewhat like Socialism. If the accident on the New York Central railroad was caused by the negligence of a brakeman, his being poor or underpaid ought not to be a plea in his favor. Nor is it a commentary upon the power of money when rich officials who could not prevent the accident are not arrested. A man who neglects his duty when underpaid will surely neglect it when he is overpaid, and if a railroad or any other employee to whose care the lives and property of other people are trusted, neglects his duty, he ought to be severely punished.

Further on in the same number, I find that your correspondent "Liberta" is still imposing upon your readers. I was in hopes that illiberal bigot would giv us a rest; yet he is determined to force his crude notions upon the public. He calls himself a Free-thinker, but he would like to force everybody to think and act as he does.

That a bigot should call himself a Liberal is not strange, but that a man who has no more idea of liberty than a blind man has of sky blue should sign his article "Liberta" is very strange.

That intemperance is an evil every reasonable person admits, but that legislation cannot stop it is also evident. Maine produces as many drunkards as any other state in proportion to its population, in spite of the Maine liquor law, and as the traffic cannot be carried on openly, hypocrisy is added to drunkenness.

Fraternally yours, ROBERT GUNTHER.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 for your most interesting and valuable paper for the year 1882, and I doubt not you will excuse the delay when I tell you of my reverses of late to the amount of over $700. But seeing you are not over-taxed with correspondents from Boston, I thought you might giv place to a few plain hints from an old veteran of Free-thought.

I wish to say to your correspondent in to-day's paper, T. Winter, to be careful or we shall look upon him as cold as the "murderous God" he describes. "The assassin Guiteau," he says, "claimed to be inspired." Was he not inspired? Are not all of us inspired? Is there not a power behind, outside of us all, that pushes us on to do everything that we do? Did we make ourselvs? or were we not pushed into the world without our consent? Had we anything to do with making ourselvs? Are we responsible beings? If so, to what? If you say to that murderous God that you allude to, then I deny all allegiance. The thing created, responsible to its creator! Nonsense!

Now is he (Winter) so vituperous as to want the law of capital punishment carried out strictly to the letter of the law? The law first defines what murder is. It says that murder is the wilfully, designedly, premeditatedly, and aforethought destroying of the life or lives of human beings, and that the accessory is equal to the principal in the commission of the crime. Now carry out the law; you see that it will hang every one of us but the last one, and that one will be under an obligation to hang himself. Now I propose to throw away all of those old barbarian laws and become scientifically just, kind, and humane; never to condemn anybody or anything until we can scientifically demonstrate what we are doing.

Yours with kindness and fraternal regards,

N. H. DILLINGHAM.

"JOHN'S WAY."

BERLIN, N. J., March 1, 1882.

I'v read "John's Way," and wish to say
I like it very well;
Though bigots cry, "O cast it by,
It has no word for hell!"

Some people eat cheap, tainted meat,
Until they think it nice;
And some read trash that reverends hash,
Till hell becomes their spice.

But as for me, from priestcraft free,
I want fresh meat as food,
And 'Mina's spice, done up so nice,
Is always sweet and good.

Then send to-day and get "John's Way,"
And read it through and through;
'Twill help you fight the foes of light,
And aid good 'Mina, too.

Then, loan it round on "holy ground,"
'Twill take the scales from eyes
That never saw pure reason's law,
And yield them sweet surprise. J. HACKER.

LIBERAL, UTAH, Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I write to inform you that the Liberal League of Sevier (after a long sleep) is waking up. The cause of its sleep has been that those that took the most interest in the League were poor men, and hav been forced to leave their homes most of the time since the League was started here, and seek work at the different mining camps and at the railroads now being constructed through this territory. And among those that hav been absent were our worthy president, Michael Johnson, and secretary, Rasmus Sorenson. But now most of us are home again, and so the president called a meeting on January 21st for the purpose of electing officers or the League for the ensuing year, at which the following were elected: Moses Gifford, president; Andres Bertleson, vice-president; John E. Johnson, secretary; Walter Jones, treasurer; George D. Robinson, director. The five officers constitute a full board of directors.

The former president, M. Johnson, was nominated for re-election, but he begged leave to decline, as his circumstances were such that he did not think he could do justice to the League in that capacity. The secretary, Rasmus Sorenson, also declined re-election, as he expected to be away from home most of the time. The meeting then gave a vote of thanks to the ex-officers for the good work they had done for the League and the cause of liberty in general.

I hope we shall be able to do some efficient work here in the future by doing all we can to circulate Liberal books and papers, and by having Liberal lectures delivered by our best speakers in the leading town of this (Sevier) county, and thereby adding new members to our League, and perhaps organize new Leagues in other parts of the country.

I shall be pleased if you will send me some of your colored posters and such other circulars as you may see fit, and I will exert myself in getting subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I know of no better way to spread the light of truth and reason.

Yours respectfully, JOHN E. JOHNSON, Sec.

MR. EDITOR: Please let me say a few words in review of what Bro. S. R. Sheppard said in your issue of Jan. 21st, in reference to prohibition. First, we start with a difference of opinion. He asks, "Does prohibition cure, prevent, or curtail" intemperance in drink? He answers, No. Prohibition would certainly do all that, but prohibitory laws, like all other laws, work imperfectly. There hav been laws against theft through all ages, but they hav failed to prevent that evil. That is not a reason for the abolition of those laws, but for their continuance. Those who wish to sell liquor nearly always make the assertion that more is sold under prohibitory laws than where there are none, but if they were sincere, as their object is to sell, they would be in favor of those laws. I hav a private opinion that a thief is not so bad a citizen as a man who sells distilled liquors. That may be a mistake, but I hav a right to that opinion. Sober men hav no right to drink rot-gut. Sober men's right to drink is like honest men's right to steal. Legislation is not designed to jerk men up the hill of knowledge. The object of legislation is negativ, but it is necessary, and is not in the way of any positiv efforts to make men temperate and honest. Bro. Sheppard thinks that evolution will slowly and surely lift mankind above all forms of intemperance. But it has not done it. It has thus far proved a dismal failure, and it has operated a much longer time than prohibitory liquor laws. Evolution lets us go up hill or down, just as we prefer. Evolution will not solve a problem in sociology any more than in mathematics. Evolution is no better to stop and wait for than providence. If we wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up, it is more apt to turn down than up. Has not one man got as much right to sell liquor as another? What right hav legislators to make it a monopoly? Must an American citizen go to a druggist to tell him if he is an adult and sober? Can't he tell himself? Has not a man as much right to treat as he has to drink? What right hav we to license certain men to make inebriates, and then imprison the inebriates in an asylum, and leave the druggists to make some more? Where is the right to compel those who neither drink or sell to provide asylums and prisons for those who do? Sheppard says distilled beverages contain murder and pauperism. That is a good reason for prohibition, but not a good reason for license. Why should the law say what superscription shall be placed on a bottle of whisky? How does Bro. Sheppard know such a superscription as he prescribes would tend to curtail the drinking of it? Would any one buy unless he intended to drink? Won't he buy it for what is inside and not for the legend that is on the outside? Do not anti-license and anti-treat laws abridge liberty as much as prohibitory laws? If we can evolute so nicely without prohibitory laws, why not without license laws? Why not abolish all laws and let evolution run it alone? D. PRIESTLY.

EMBREEVILLE, PA., Feb. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for my paper for the current year. I feel that I hav been somewhat delinquent, not so much for not sending sooner the little mite above mentioned, but for withholding so long an expression of thanks for the fearless journal you and your able contributors are conducting. There are so many thoughtful articles in the paper from week to week that to eulogize one would be to notice all. Liberalism, or as Mr. Andrews would call it, Universalism, presents so many phases that the ignorant and uncultured class may readily find something that would materially aid them in becoming wise unto salvation—salvation from the trammel of hereditary beliefs and superstitious dogmas, which in all ages hav chained the human mind, Prometheus like, to the rock of time-hallowed errors. It would be needless to say that I hav recently drifted into the various phases presented by the untrammeled inquirer, for it has been a distinctiv trait from the time I had any recollection of thinking to investigate and hold fast to that which seemed to be good. In reading the able articles of S. P. Andrews I could not avoid reverting to the time when he was my teacher in phonography, not personally, of course, but all the same. The "Anglosacsun" published by Andrews & Boyle, I read from first to last. How truthful it is that when the mind gets into a channel of unprejudiced thought, by a law of progress it drifts into wider fields of thought inquiry. A reform of letters suggests a reform of theology, and eventually a disrespect for dogmatic beliefs. Truth is a unit in a multiplicity of phenomena, and the mind that rests on such a basis unfolds itself by entwining round those forms which seem the most rational.

J. H. Wood, in a late issue, puts forth a Greenback idea which, if well understood, might revolutionize politics. Friend Wood, giv us some more of your financial cogitations. True Liberals can work in so many different sections that there need not be any danger of stepping on each other's toes. A few clergymen hav become preachers of financial and monetary reform. We may look upon that as a good omen. Aside from the good work they will do in reconstructing public opinion in relation to a very important issue, and expose the time-hallowed speciebasis system and bank note promis to pay, they must eventually, by a law of mental science, evolve into a more Liberal field of thought. Guiteau evidently started out upon a wrong moral basis, which he has persisted in adhering to with the tenacity of a Christian, notwithstanding the efforts of the clergy to throw him on the Infidels or where he does not belong to clear their sacramental robes of the blood of a martyred president. Verily, bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he grows older he may not depart from it. Had he been taught the sweet lessons science presents in enchanting views instead of being nurtured in the Abrahamic doctrins of bloody atonement, Guiteau might hav been a man of some usefulness. But bad religion and bad politics, the two twin evils of this age, were too much for his excitable brain. W. I. HARVEY.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know. —*Longfellow.*

"Priestcraft Exposed."

BY J. PETTY.

How the parson must laugh in his sleeve,
With pleasure his heart must be skippin',
When he tells us that Adam and Eve
Damned us all for a fine golden pippin;
How Cain, too, he married a wife,
Though the story, I own, somewhat odd is,
When to Nod he had to run for his life,
He then got a notion of Noddies.

When he talks about angels and such
(Fine fellows, we all must allow),
I should like for to meet very much
A few of those gentlefolks now;
If he tells me they're all of them dead,
So my brains I've no need to be troubling,
I'll tell him he lies, to his head,
For the devil's alive and in Dublin.

Then how Moses was dragged from a ditch,
That prince of impostors of old,
Who deserved to be burnt like a witch,
If half is but true that we're told.
He a camel turned into a flea,
By the help of his magical rod, sir;
Went dry through the midst of the sea,
Now that's a damned good one, by God, sir.

How a stupid old fellow of Uz
Was cursed with a stupid old wife;
But so stupid's the tale, how it was,
I can't make it out for my life;
The devil, it seems, owed him spite,
And played him some devilish rigs,
Sent a legion of devils one night,
Who played hell with his poultry and pigs.

Then Samson, that quarrelsome fellow,
Slew a thousand men with a jaw-bone,
And to vex 'em one night when quite mellow,
Ran off with the gates of the town.
Their foxes he tied by the tails,
Though the devil a fox was e'er there;
Their windmills, too, went without sails,
And their castles were built in the air.

Little Davy killed giant Goliath,
With a popgun he sent him to pot,
Then murdered his friend poor Uriah
For the sake of his wife's—you know what.
His boy too, a chip of the block,
Had a house with a thousand or more in;
Sweet wenches to please the young cock,
The devil himself, sure, for—wooing.

But this is no more than a farce
To other fine things that they tell ye,
For one had a speaking jackass,
Another lived in a whale's belly;
With lions some lived in a den,
And others in furnaces frying,
But, heaven preserve us, some men
Are so terribly given to lying.

Elisha rode up the moon
In a chariot all flaming with fire,
But Enoch one fine afternoon
Flew a hundred a fifty times higher;
Elijah's two bears, it is said,
Eat forty poor boys at a time,
For just calling the fellow bald-head!
Now that was a terrible crime.

Captain Jossey called out to the sun
To stand still, so he did sure enough,
But I think it is time to have done
Repeating such old priestly stuff,
For when with this nonsense your crammed,
To make you believe it all true,
They'll say if you don't you'll be damned,
But I'm sure you'll be damned if you do.

From the Front.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* On January 4th I started out upon a trip likely to last four or five months. Going first to Iowa City, where is located the State University, I found J. J. Deitz and lady, Prof. P. H. Philbrick and lady, A. C. Younkin, Jesse Strawbridge, Thos. Whittiker, H. Kimbal, and other Freethinkers. Chapel attendance is compulsory in the university, but the professors are very remiss in their devotions, there being several Liberals among them, while Prof. Philbrick is an outspoken Atheist.

When the Liberals of this "Athens of Iowa" reach the constructiv stage of growth there will be a large and powerful organization in this beautiful little city. I must not omit to mention the superb library and art collection of Daniel Price, A.M.

To Mr. J. J. Deitz and Prof. Philbrick I am deeply indebted for aid cordially tendered and generous hospitality.

Rev. C. Clute, of the Unitarian church, is quite Liberal in his way, and he may become more so, for he buys and reads some of the most radical works.

At West Liberty I became acquainted with E. C. Thomas, James Westfall, Jon. Maxan, and Messrs. Elliot, Polder, and Stafford. There is but little Liberal life here, but in the surrounding country are quite a number of earnest workers, I understand.

At 8:55 P. M., Jan. 7th, I left West Liberty for Burlington, which place I did not reach until 8 A. M. Sunday, our train being delayed by a derailed freight. But when I reached Mr. W. Boecklin's, and found there that peerless worker, Mrs. H. S. Lake, I felt myself amply compensated for all difficulties encountered and fatigue endured in reaching the orchard city. I remained in Burlington eight days, making the acquaintance of a large number of hereties and distributing quite a large amount of Freethought literature, and listened to two of Mrs. Lakes grand lectures—lectures which grappled with the rampant evils of the present day and our own land. We hav some splendid Liberals here, such as Cornelia Boecklin, Werner Boecklin, Seth Eggleston, W. H. and James Ellery, J. C. Meader, A. Schloff, Theo. Geulich, C. Winzer, J. M. Virgin, Gertrude Poppe, and very many more whom I hav not space to enumerate. I am not surprised to hear that Mrs. Lake has since organized a League, and I believe that the Secularists of the city of hills will make it a success.

From Burlington I went to Yarmouth, where I lectured twice to good audiences. To Squire Glover and John Stafford is due the credit of this stirring of this stagnant pool of orthodoxy. While in Yarmouth I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Glover, than whom there do not liv more pleasant people and earnest humanitarians.

At Washington, my next stopping-place, I met Mrs. Axtell and Dr. Miller, also the Spiritualist lecturer Dr. A. J. Fishback, all former acquaintancs, and had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Dr. F. Rice and lady, John A. Wise and lady, Mrs. Brooks, and Dr. Scofield. Washington needs a real shaking up by a radical lecturer. Its people, like the people of many another place, will hav to be shocked into thinking and acting for the new order.

Brighton has a large Liberal element, and a League should be organized. Messrs. Rhodes, Ed. Deeds, Dr. Cushman, Nicholson, Friend, Jeffrey, and Heacock are all outspoken Secularists. Many more can be counted in when once the ball is set rolling, and now is always the time to begin.

At Ottumwa I had a very pleasant visit and found some splendid Liberals, among whom I must mention W. F. McCarroll and lady, J. M. Winn, O. C. Graves, Wm. Lindsey, J. B. Boulton, C. Kirkpatrick, Theodore Hardesty, and Mr. Chilton. Mrs. Fox is lecturing here regularly once in two weeks, very acceptably, to our Spiritualist comrades at least. The League needs enlivening, but owing to the smallpox scare it was not thought advisable to hav a meeting or lecture. Ottumwa is a growing, enterprising town, and it was very gratifying to find business men who are not ashamed nor afraid to let it be known that they do not fall prostrate in the dust before the Protestant's infallible oracle, the Bible.

Monday, Jan. 30th, at 2 A. M., I was off for Montrose, Lee county, away down in the southeastern corner of the state. On the Illinois side of the river is situated the town of Nauvoo, famous in Mormon history, and from whence the Latter Day Saints were driven by brutal force of Christian love.

Delivered three lectures at Montrose—"Why We Work for Freethought," "Demands of Liberalism," and "Popular Objections to Freethought." Earnest Freethinkers here are A. Crandall and W. G. Fischer. Also met S. Palmer, an old-time Liberal and lecturer from Nauvoo.

From Montrose to Osceola, Clarke county. Here the Christians had just been engaged in the characteristic pastime of hanging and burning—this time, the effigy of the unhappy Guiteau. Had they possessed the power it would hav been Guiteau himself. What an example of bloodthirstiness and revenge to set the young! When will people learn that only by creating better conditions, and improving pre-natal influences can the aggregate of crime be diminished, and a reverent respect for human life created and perpetuated?

I much regretted the absence from Osceola of that earnest worker, C. W. Dibble, but our old friend, F. J. Emery, the "sage of Osceola," gave me a hearty welcome, and I also had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of J. G. Watts and Mr. Chamberlain, H. W. Beckett J. R. E. Doss, Prof. Hastings, John Alexander, and other Freethinkers of Osceola and vicinity. While here I listened to the sermon by Rev. Cushing, a young minister from Iowa City—a very pleasant young man, Liberal and just in his treatment of his opponents. He yet clings to a sort of pantheistic theism (if such an expression is permissible), and looks at the world through the Claude Lorraine glasses of optimism—kind, gentle, humane himself, he makes his God the same, failing to see that the cruel facts emphatically negativ the assumption.

Murray, Clarke county, was my next stopping-place, where I partook of the generous hospitality of J. E. Wick, a brother of that whole-souled laborer in the Liberal vinyard, Mrs. M. L. Follett. Met here also S. L. Shrever and other heretics.

From Murray to Creston, where I stopped only briefly, making the acquaintance of Henry Breitenstein and Dr. Wilson. Creston is a growing town, and I understand that there are several live Liberals in the C. B. & Q. roundhouse, where friend Breitenstein is foreman.

At Prescott I met with a warm reception and had a splendid visit with E. Clarke and lady, Elmer Clarke, J. B. Blackburn and lady, and G. S. Farhham. Met also a very enthusiastic young Liberal in the person of John Yeadan. Orthodoxy has lost its grip in Prescott and vicinity. Mr. E. Clarke has been for a year an apostle of the gospel of man, and the seed by him so bravely sown has fallen in fruitful soil, and the harvest promises to be abundant. I am under especial obligations to Messrs. Clark and Farnham for kind favors shown.

Next on to Corning, where I spoke on the evening of Feb. 15th, to a fair-sized and appreciativ audience. Not far in the future we may look for a League at this place. Among the outspoken Liberals at this point are W. D. McLaughlin, county clerk, H. B. Smith. John Bixley, and last but not least, A. M. Coff and lady, in whose pleasant home I was a guest during my stay. T. D. Holgate and lady, of Quincy, a village a few miles from Corning, came out to our meeting and gave indisputable evidence of being thorough-going Secularists.

E. C. WALKER.

H. L. Green's Lecture Trip.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* My last letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER was written from Elyria, Ohio. That town I found a very orthodox, conservativ place, and was surprised to see four or five hundred people assembled in the Opera House to listen to my lecture on "The Religion of Deed *vs.* The Religion of Creed." But for over two hours they listened very attentivly to what I had to say. There are but a few outspoken Freethinkers in Elyria, and among that number may be named Elner Adams, J. A. Tite, W. W. Laundon, William Allen, and J. E. Boyington, all true men. The prospects are that we shall soon hav a Liberal League in that dark and priest-ridden town.

At Clyde, Ohio, I did not succeed in getting up a meeting, but I had a very pleasant visit with three of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER Messers. Stephen DeLus, Z. L. Perrin, and M. O. Nichols. At Toledo I enjoyed a good visit with Frank Hillenkamp, as good a friend as Mr. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER hav. Here I also met M. O. Waggoner, Esq., one of the leading lawyers of Toledo, who is as live a Freethinker as I ever met. He is not afraid to express his opinions on every proper occasion.

Mr. Waggoner often speaks in public in defense of Freethought views, and I was informed that he is an able and eloquent speaker. I wish he could be induced to take the lecture field.

I went from Toledo to Adrian, where I was permitted to enjoy a short visit with that activ friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER, S. D. Moore, who never fails of getting a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER or *Investigator* when opportunity offers. I learned that Mr. Moore often lectures for Liberal societies in that vicinity.

My next lecture was delivered near Burr Oak, and while there I was the guest of the interesting family of M. P. Thurston, and I also spent a day with Mr. Miles A. Dexter and his intelligent wife. I spoke at the brick school-house before Liberal League No. 167. This is one of the most prosperous Leagues in Michigan. Its officers are E. A. Campany, president; A. N. Thurston, secretary, and A. J. Hoyt, treasurer. I never enjoyed a visit more than this one in this Liberal country neighborhood. Mr. Thurston is some seventy years of age, but as lively as any man of fifty. He has a large family of children residing near him, all out-spoken in favor of Liberalism. The evening I arrived there he invited his children and other Liberal friends to his house, and we had a most agreeable social visit.

This League meets every alternate Sunday, and has a large attendance, and you may be assured it makes itself felt in that community. The day after the lecture Mr. Dexter took me in his carriage and drove me through the country after his fine team, for some fifteen miles, to the various residences of Liberals who are subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers. The day was more like June than February, and such a fine country I never passed through before. And I was pleased to learn that a large number of these wealthy farmers are outspoken Infidels. I shall never forget my pleasant ride with Brother Dexter. At Sturgis I staid over night with G. W. Gray, one of your subscribers. He is the proprietor of the Berridge House, a good hotel; and I advise all our friends traveling in that section to put up with him. My next stop was at Kalamazoo, where I was permitted to take the hand of Lucius C. West, a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a distinguished writer of fiction. Every Liberal parent should purchase for his children Mr. West's new juvenil book, entitled "Paul Hart; or, the Love of His Life," by Uncle Lute. It is an admirable work. I was also permitted here to meet your very industrious agent, C. S. Rowley, who is putting THE TRUTH SEEKER into every nook and corner of Michigan. He is a very good speaker, and as he is an old school teacher, he enjoys visiting the schools and addressing the children. At Holland, Michigan, I found very few Liberals, but I came across Mr. Thomas K. Fisher, and he subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I left him some copies of that paper and of the *Investigator*, and he promised to work up some subscribers there. I wish Liberal friends would send him some Liberal literature to distribute in this orthodox town.

At Muskegon I enjoyed a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, your friends, and was pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Fellows, who a few months since left the Episcopal pulpit and is now, after the style of George Chainey, speaking to a large audience in the Opera House every Sunday evening. After the Garfield prayer gage failed, he said to his congregation one evening at the opening of service, "I think, in view of the prayer failing in Mr. Garfield's case, we had better dispense with the prayer service hereafter;" and since then he has done so. He has an attendance of some five hundred every evening.

My next lecture was given at Hart, Mich. I was invited there by Mr. Curtis A. Ganes, and for two days enjoyed the hospitality of his home. Our meeting was held in the Court House, which was well filled. Here I made the acquaintance af J. A. Collier, Charles V. Warren and his worthy wife; E. D. Richardson, Z. C. Babcock, William H. Gale, Dr. Harden, and Charles Burr, all members of the Church of Humanity. From Hart I went south ten miles, and spoke at New Erie to a good congregation in the school-house. I spent a number of days in this new country, and found large-souled men and women in these log cabins of northern Michigan. If they hav not as much culture as we find in the East, they hav more good common sense, which is much better. Orthodoxy has but little strength in these parts, and the people all listen with live interest to Freethought discussion. I know that our great orator, Col. Ingersoll, will be pleased to know his likeness adorns many a log cabin and humble dwelling up among the pines of northern Michigan. Persons came on foot four and five miles to hear my lectures, and returned home through the dark. Of such a people we, as a nation, can well be proud. You can little realize, there in New York city, how these people enjoy every issue of your paper. The names of the committee who invited me to New Erie are L. E. Osborn, Stephen J. Ball, Thomas Eagles, and John M. Logan. Mr. Logan is as live and intelligent a Liberal as I ever met, and he never lets an opportunity pass for doing something to advance our cause. If I were twenty younger I would like to settle up in this northern country and spend the rest of my days lecturing for these people. Here is a splendid opportunity for some young, energetic man or woman, who likes frontier life, to settle as a preacher of Freethought.

To-morrow evening I am advertised to speak here, on Thursday evening at Rockford, on Saturday evening at Moncelona, some one hundred miles north of Grand Rapids. After that I go to Flint and other places north and east of here. I intended, when I left home, to go west as far as Kansas and Liberal, Mo., and shall do so if I can get out of Michigan. Friends west of here who desire my services will please address me at Otsego, Mich.

The West, and, in fact, the whole country, has recently been startled by the brave course that Geo. C. Miln of Chicago, has taken. He was the successor of Robert Collyer, of Unity church, Chicago, and his loss to that church is a great one; but their loss is a great gain to Liberalism. He was considered about the most eloquent man in that denomination, and it is evident he is an honest man when for conscience' sake he was willing to relinquish a six thousand dollars salary for the sake of being free to utter hereafter his honest convictions. I am pleased to notice that next month there is to be a Freethinkers' convention in Chicago, at which Mr. Miln, Prof. Adler, and Robert G. Ingersoll are to speak. I just received a letter from Mr. Miln, which I will take the liberty of sending you. He writes:

"CHICAGO, Feb. 14, 1882.

"MY DEAR SIR: I thank you very much for your kind words in your note of February 9th. The warm praise which you accord me I feel is scarcely deserved. I hav done that which was my duty to do. Who dares do this is worthy of the name of a man; who fears to do it is not.

"What the future has in store for me personally I cannot venture to predict. I believe with you that organization should be established throughout the length and breadth of the land, the fundamental idea of which should be the separability of religion and morality, and the development of a high order of morality independent of theological dogma. I expect to liv to see the day when ethics will be regularly inculcated separate from and independent of all foundation in supernaturalism."

"Very truly yours, GEORGE C. MILN."

I hope the Liberals of America will signify to this brave young man that he has gained more friends than he has lost, and I predict for for him a grand future. May he stand hereafter in Chicago for perfect liberty of speech, as does Prof. Adler in New York, George Chainey in Boston, and Col. Ingersoll everywhere. "The world moves."

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2. Miracles and supernatural achievements hav been as fully and truly ascribed to other teachers and founders of religion as to Jesus.

3. The story of Jesus and his mission in the world is unhistorical; it is not corroborated by contemporaneous history.

4. The teachings of Jesus are defectiv in morals, intelligence, and scientific information, and, so far as they are of value, his moral precepts and teachings were equaled by many sages and teachers who preceded him. The Bible itself was written by men illy informed in scientific knowledge, and does not harmonize with the facts and principles in nature known to be true.

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Gems of Thought.

IF there are any persons who contest a received opinion, or who will do so if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is some one to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we hav any regard for either the certainty or vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labor for ourselvs.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THERE are critics who, because it serves their purpose to do so, argue that we must take all or nothing; the miraculous element is so omnipresent that we cannot disengage it from the remainder of the gospels without destroying them entirely. By this *argumentum terrorem* [argument addressed to our fears] it is their expectation to compel us to accept the miraculous element entire. But a good many of us would prefer the other horn of the dilemma. Painful as it would be to surrender Jesus as an actual spiritual force, it would not be so painful as to believe that the physical order of the world is so arbitrary and unstable as it would be if Jesus turned water into wine, or walked upon the sea.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

TIME makes ancient good uncouth,
They must up and onward who would keep abreast
of truth.

"WILL it *pay* now for you to speak out boldly against the errors of our old religion? Will it prove any advantage to you to urge the adoption of this new faith? Look at your business, which will be wholly revived if you come out openly as a Christian! Your old friends will desert you. Just be content to hold your peace. Entertain what views you will in secret, but, for policy's sake, *keep silent!*" Now, these words, which might hav been, with perfect propriety, addressed to the convert to Christianity in the third century, are precisely similar to those which the majority of Radicals, in the nineteenth century, hear daily from their friend of the old faith.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

IT does not appear that before the times of Christianity any infirmary, hospital, or public charity of any kind, existed in the world; whereas, most countries in Christendom have long abounded with these institutions. To which may be added, that a spirit of private literature seems to flourish amidst the decay of many old virtues; not to mention the legal provision for the poor, which obtains in England and which was unknown and unthought of by the most humanized nations of antiquity.—*Paley.* The provisions for the relief of poverty, the entire absence of which one would infer from the representations of Christian writers, were really abundant—indeed, so great that they became an encouragement to idleness. Under Augustus 200,000 persons received monthly gratuitous distributions of corn. When Egypt was afflicted by famin, Trajan fed the people from other granaries of the empire, etc. The emperor Trajan provided for the support of 5,000 children by the government. In the little Italian town of Villia, the same emperor instituted a charity which partially supported 270 children, etc. Benefit societies, providing against casualties, by paying monthly into a common fund, existed in the pagan empire, and, indeed, were not unknown in pagan Greece 400 B. C.—*Underwood's Influence of Christianity on Civilization.*

JAMBLICHUS reports that Pythagoras, five centuries before our era, taught "the love of all to all," and Menander, the dramatist, said, "To liv is not to liv for one's self alone, let us help one another;" and later, Epitatus maintained that "the universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, endeared to each other." Antoninus thought that "we must love mankind."—*T. M. Higginson.*

THE Christian church proclaims daily the acceptableness to God of the great human sacrifice, pictures the body torn upon the cross, and dwells with earnest iteration upon the "blood" shed on Calvary, and its necessity to appease the wrath of God. But it inculcates at the same time on man, pity, compassion, and justice. A sincere but mistaken religious sentiment binds it to the essential cruelty and injustice involved in God's acceptance of such a sacrifice as it depicts.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE five commandments of the Buddhist religion, which dates six centuries before the Christian era, and counts among its adherents more millions than any other church, are these: 1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery, or any impurity. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5 Thou shalt not intoxicate thyself with drink.—*Sacred Books of Ceylon.*

IN all times men have praised honesty, moral purity, beneficence. In all times men hav protested against murder, adultery, perjury, and all kinds of sin. No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.—*Aristotle.*

BLEST are they
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong, although themselvs hav erred.
—*Wadsworth.*

A SWEETNESS which is nature's own
Breathes out from fern and brake.—*Whittier.*

So build we up the being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the will is free,
Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled
By strict necessity—along the path
Of order and of good. —*Wordsworth.*

BEWARE of those who promis too freely. The earnest doer is chary of professions and promises, but labors to perform and to accomplish. Promis rarely and perform punctually. One broken promis clings to a man's character as a blot and stain forever. Keep, then, the record-pages of thy life sacred to truth, honesty, and virtue and the tongue of slander will hav no dread for thee, while thy own consciousness of an unsullied name will render thee proud and happy.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

"STOP the press!" the editor frantically shouted to the young fellow who was hugging his sweetheart.

THE facetious postage-stamp clerk that told a man that asked for 'wo twos that this was not an æsthetic post-office is now looking for a new situation.

ANOTHER member of the New York Legislature has sent his pass back to Vanderbilt. He sent it back to hav it made out for his family instead of himself alone.

"CHEESE it," said the rat to the trap. "I will," said the trap, "and with baited breath I await your coming." "All right," responded the rat, "and I'll wire you the result."

No tidings hav been received from Stanley, the explorer, for two years. It is rumored that he did not go to Africa, but that he joined the New York police force and has gone to sleep on his beat

PERHAPS in two thousand years hence there will come a man to Chios to make excavations in the ruins of the destroyed towns, and make out of an old, broken barber-cup and three broken chairs the statue of the apostle Paul.

"So you are going to lecture?" inquired a friend of a musical professor recently. "What on?" "Well, if I am entirely sober, on my feet," was the reply. "That's wrong," was the response; "never giv superficial talk on large subjects."

MAYBE you can bat over the pyramids with a tallow candle, but you cant convince a woman that the railroad men are not brutal because they won't keep a train waiting for her to kiss her friends and say "good-by" for the twentieth time.

AN Aberdonian gave sixpence towards having a prayer offered for fine weather. None came. When he next went to church, and the plate came round, he took out sixpence, saying, "I'll hae my saxpence back again; I'm na goin' to be swindled."

A RAILROAD man met with a painful accident the other evening. He had just emptied one schooner of beer, and was in the act of reaching for another when his wife appeared unexpectedly upon the scene. He was caught between the bumpers with the usual result.

"SAY, boy!" called a woman to a barefooted lad, and admonishingly shaking a forefinger, "what are you throwing water on that cat fur?" "The water won't hurt the cat fur," replied the youth, and the woman whose grammar was rebuked said she didn't want any of his "sass."

AN Englishman vouches for an anecdote which illustrates the vigor of Calvinism. A border-land Presbyterian, on the point of death, made his wife read the Bible to him. Upon her remarking, at a strange verse, that it was curious that God's word was so hard to understand, the dying man shouted out in a fury, "Damn the woman; does she not believe the Bible?"

A SCENE in a new opera is laid in the Garden of Eden. The critics are rather severe upon Adam because he wears a paper collar, a velvet cloak, a diamond pin, and carries a sword. But these trifling anachronisms should be willingly overlooked. The fashions prevailing in the Garden of Eden in the year 1 are hardly suitable for the stage in the nineteenth century. They would occasion remark—save in an English ballet.

THE class in natural history was before the examining board, and had been answering questions as to the use of various domestic animals, when one of the examiners, a simple-minded farmer, very fond of fishing, puzzled the pupils by asking. "What are eels for?" Nobody appeared to know until a lad on one of the back seats said, "I think I can guess." "Well, go ahead," replied the examiner. "What are they for?" "To skin," was the answer.

PITH AND POINT.

Here lies a man whose crown was won
By blowing in an empty gun.
No sooner in the gun he blew
Than up the golden stair he flew,
And met the girl on heaven's green
Who lit the fire with kerosene.
He also saw astride a stool
The man who tampered with a mule.
He also saw—'twas mighty sore—
The man who whistled "Pinafore"
And further on the miner cove
Who thawed his powder on the stove.

THERE are people who become honest only when there is nothing more to steal. That kind of virtue has too many examples.

Mr. Stephens has many stories to tell of negroes, and one is of a famous cotton and chicken depredator, who since the war met the ex-vice-president in the road.

"Well, Thomas," was the kindly salutation, "I was sorry to hear you had been in trouble about Mrs. Tripp's chickens."

"Yes, Mars Alec; but I done quit all dat now," said the negro, very penitent!

"How many did you take before you stopped?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I tuk all she had," was the perfectly innocent reply.

U. S. G. TO COLUMBIA.

List to the strains that I murmur so loverly.
Yet once again by thy side let me be;
Scorn the tame grace of that ancient De Coverly,
Old Peter Cooper or Samuel T.
Hav I not traveled with energy furious
Over all countries and over all seas,
Feasted by kings, interviewed by the curious,
Worshiped by aldermen down on their knees?
Did I not rail at the Turks in Bulgaria.
Dine with Victoria and lunch with the Czar,
Swig at champagne with the king of Bavaria,
Back the Khedive in a family jar?
Smooth from thy brow every trace of severity,
Pledge me this toast spite of "barrels" of tricks,
"Liv the brass medal to deathless posterity,
Joined with the number, 306,"

THE

Brain and the Bible;

OR,

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Notes and Clippings.

DR. STROTHER, a Kentucky lecturer, holds that the Garden of Eden was the Mississippi Valley, and that Noah's ark started from Manhattan Island.

A CHINAMAN, dying of consumption in Chicago, erected an altar in his laundry, and worked before it, with his face to the East, as long as he was able to work at all.

ASA BRIGGS died a few days ago at Shutesbury, Mass. Conscious of his approaching end, he desired that a certain minister living in a neighboring town should attend his burial service, giving as a reason, "They say he's a good hand at a funeral, and I'd like to hear him just once."

THE German translation of "Nana" has been suppressed in Berlin. American libraries hav relegated the English translation to the department called the "inferno," from which books are given out only with the consent of the managers. These "infernos" contain many of the works of the best authors.

IT is customary in Zion Methodist churches for members to pass in front of the chancel rail at each Sunday morning service, and lay on the treasurer's table their contributions. Treasurer Hill on a recent occasion took his seat as usual in the Saratoga church. Pastor Tylor ordered brothers Lee and Bordley to remove him and take charge of the money. This was done, amid great excitement.

THE Rev. Mr. Hall, a Unitarian, of Worcester, Mass., is hardly more than favorably disposed toward the Christian religion, as appears from the following remark in a recent sermon: "In honoring Christianity's founder, only justice has been done to his spiritual leadership; and when the age in which he lived, his position, and the work he did are considered, it will be acknowledged that his life was one of simplicity and worthy of following."

A CONVERT to the Jasperian theory that "the sun do move" is the Rev. Adam Pflenger, pastor of the German Lutheran church at Thornville, O. He is a man of high standing in his community. At a meeting to discuss the question, he was met on the platform by the county superintendent of schools, but the arguments of that person found little favor with the audience, as the enlightened inhabitants of Thornville are with Pflenger and Jasper by a large majority.

ON Sunday, the 5th, the pastor of the American Presbyterian church was called upon to proclaim the removal from the roll of church membership of five of his congregation at their own request for the reason that they had adopted views conflicting with the doctrins of evangelical religion. Before taking final action in the matter, those in authority conferred with the heretical members to discuss with them the points of difference, and to persuade them to reconsider their position. Their efforts were unavailing.

A FRESH and rather embarrassing subject has been provided for convocation in England by a clergyman who seeks a recognition of the legality of concubinage. The application appears to be perfectly bona fide, and is in the nature of an appeal from the bishop of London, who declined to admit the lawfulness of the relations into which the applicant had entered, and virtually excommunicated him on account of them. That the law of England recognizes no such tie would probably not be regarded by the petitioner as an adequate answer, for his case is stated with exclusiv reference to the laws and canons of the church. He argues that the lower form of marriage was expressly permitted in the early church, and has never been forbidden by the church of England. The divines to whom this knotty point has been submitted hav hitherto excused themselvs from considering it, on the plea of business, or some such frivolous pretext, and it is supposed that convocation will follow their example.

STATISTICALLY inclined persons will find in the following figures much food for thought. During 1881, 38,624 deaths occurred in New York city, and 35,000 births were reported. For the education of children some $4,000,000 was expended, while the drinking places, of which there are 9,215, absorbed, it is estimated, the enormous sum of $60,000,000. Of the army of wine-bibbers who cast their substance into this pool 32,391 were committed to the Tombs. The amount expended in public amusements of all sorts amounted to $7,000,000. In the police stations 120,084 persons asked for and were furnished with lodgings, and 21,000 outdoor poor were relieved. In the police courts 67,135 persons were arraigned. Crimes of violence were committed by 5,819 persons. Charity sent to the almshouses, hospitals, nurseries, schools, and asylums 131,765 persons. Of our immense population of nearly a million and a half 172,777 are females between the ages of 15 and 30 years; 30,000 of whom are domestic help.

IN Verona, Italy, the official intrusted by the Syndic to issue licenses for marriage mixed up the names of the applicants in such sort that when the day arrived for uniting a number of young couples, the wrong people found themselvs named in the document and had to choose between taking the partners selected for them, or postponing their marriage altogether for some time. With much reluctance on the part of some, and joy on the part of others, the ceremony was allowed to proceed, a number of people who, until then, had been strangers to one another, being declared respectivly man and wife in true Italian form. In the opinion of the Syndic this was not a matter of much importance, it being certain, in that gentleman's opinion, that thus mated they would experience quite as few disappointments as they would had they each chosen their own mates for life; while by promptly agreeing to accept the official arrangement they had saved the state representativs much trouble and not wasted the time of its clerks in preparing fresh licenses in return for the fees.

UNDER the heading, "A Batch of Pious Thieves," the Brooklyn *Eagle* proceeds in this wise: "About seventeen years ago a merchant of this city was a member of a firm which entrusted $80,000 in securities with a stock broker of the name of Richard Cornwell, with the understanding that they were to be held and not sold. Mr. Cornwell was selected as the custodian of this property because he was a good fellow whom everybody habitually 'let up on easily'—by which is probably meant that his faults were never so severely regarded as the failings of other people. What made him particularly deserving of this indulgence was something especially Brooklynese: 'He was very activ in church work.' In other words he was professionally pious. After a time the mercantil firm demanded their securities of this pious gentlemen, and learned that in the effusion of his godliness he had sold them and pocketed the money. The firm recovered about $30,000. It did not send Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell to state prison for theft, not because $50,000 was too trifling a sum to make trouble about, but because he was 'very activ in church work.' He was trustee and superintendent of the Sunday-school, and that gave him a certain sanctity, which in its turn privileged him to steal with impunity. As a consequence of this immunity Mr. Cornwell's business standing was not affected. He was made, however, to resign his position in the church and Sunday-school. But churches and Sunday-schools exist without number in this country, and since he discovered that connection with them gave him a special license to plunder, Mr. Cornwell moved to Plainfield, N. J., ahd there renewed his sanctimonious activity. He speedily turned it to good account, for he secured a position as loan clerk in the Fourth National Bank of New York at a salary which, with legitimate perquisits, gave him an income of $5,000 a year. His pious demeanor and religious zeal caused the directors and other officers of the bank to trust him implicitly. He was their most confidential clerk, a model of Christian graces and a pattern to the worldly young men in the bank. For years Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell enjoyed the veneration of his Plainfield neighbors. It is true that three scoundrels who robbed the Mechanics' Bank of Newark of more than two million dollars were all models of piety, and had pews close to the pulpit in their respectiv churches. It is also commonly understood that excessiv religious zeal is the favorit cloak for criminals, and that a large number of persons will hav nothing to do in a business way with pious persons. Nevertheless, when one of the officers of the Fourth National Bank called Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell's attention to a slight discrepancy in his accounts he knew from that estimable person's religious reputation that it could easily be explained. So indeed it was, but not in a religious way, except so far as confession is concerned. Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell said frankly that he had been in the habit of stealing securities and had thus robbed the bank to the best of his knowledge and belief of $80,000, the exact amount which he stole from the Brooklyn firm. The bank officers are overwhelmed with grief, so much so that after notifying the controler of the currency they hav done nothing but wring their hands and shed tears over the fall of this righteous robber. Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell's activity in the church has again protected him from arrest. Still the shock to his nerves has been very great, and the scholars of the Plainfield Methodist Sunday-school over which he presides with much dignity are deeply distressed to learn that he is quite sick. Indeed, their distress is pardonable. Only last Monday the treasurer of the Plainfield Baptist church, poor fellow, severed his connection with that institution by means of strychnine, owing to the unfortunate circumstance that he could not blind the other excellent pietists of the church to the fact that he had stolen $3,000 of the church's money. This is a source of double regret to the good Baptists of Plainfield. That by virtue of his connection with their church he was at liberty to steal was, of course, understood; but that he should put his predatory talents into operation against those that licensed him to peculate was an outrage. Public feeling in the Plainfield Baptist church was so strong against Mr. Nelson Gardner that he committed suicide, and thus deprived that flourishing organization not only of its money but of its treasurer's faithful services. Is it a mere coincidence that bank cashiers and clerks who rob their employers are all pious? Isi t merely an accident that Mr. Winston, of Boston, wrote 'Rev.' before his name; that the two Baldwins and their precious companions, of Newark, who robbed the Mechanics' Bank, all responded to the Litany from pews very near the pulpit and were known for their 'activity in the church;' that Misdirector Condict, of the same bank, charged with aiding the pious Baldwin in his thefts, is also a very religious person; that Mr. 'Dick' Cornwell superintended all the Sunday-schools he could get into; that the peculativ and suicidal Mr. Nelson Gardner was so distinguished for his ecclesiastical labors that he was made treasurer of the Plainfield Baptist church? To the matter-of-fact, intelligent world it is not. There is a text of scripture, which religious persons profess to regard as inspired, which warns them to beware of persons of excessiv religious professions, and the narrativ of the New Testament teems with denunciations of Pharisees and hypocrits. The wise man of to-day looks with suspicion upon all who impress him with their piety. A man's religious convictions should be the very last thing known about him. He who is famous for his piety is a good man to deal with on the basis of cash payments alone. Before very long no person will be put into a position of trust of whom a vigilant detectiv can report that he is a church-member, or takes any interest whatever in the Sunday-school. It is time that religion ceased to be a business."

News of the Week.

A BILL to suppress polygamy passed the House on Tuesday.

MAYOR KING, of Philadelphia, has discharged eight detectivs from the force for complicity with thieves.

A MAN has just been denied burial in a Catholic cemetery in Troy, N. Y., because his widow is a Protestant.

ARRANGEMENTS hav been made for an international rifle match at Creedmoor this summer between British and American riflemen.

THE fact has just come to light that the present mayor of New York, W. R Grace, was naturalized on the day before his election.

IT is announced that thirty Jews possessing $1,000 apiece, hav left Kieff, in Russia, for Palestine, where they intend to engage in farming.

IN the English House of Lords, on the 7th, a bill was introduced by the earl of Rosedale excluding Atheists from both houses of Parliament.

JOHN DWYER, formerly a prize-fighter and a phenomenon in the way of physical development, died recently of consumption, entailed by dissipation.

THE Rev. Edward H. Ellis was arrested in the pulpit in North Haven, Me., on the 7th. The same old charge—criminality with another man's wife.

ROSCOE CONKLING declines the nomination for associate justice of the Supreme Court, and the President has named Judge Blatchford for the position.

A BILL has passed the Senate suspending the coming of Chinamen to the United States for twenty years, with the amendment that the courts shall not naturalize Chinamen.

SERGEANT MASON, the guard who shot at Guiteau while in prison, has been found guilty and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment at hard labor. Petitions for his pardon are already in circulation.

BARNUM, the greatest-show-on-earth man, has purchased the elephant Jumbo of the London Zoological Gardens, but as yet is unable to remove him owing to his viciousness. Jumbo is the largest elephant in captivity.

THE Rev. Samuel Hinman has sued Bishop Hare, of Niobara, in Dakota and Nebraska, for $25,000 for libel. Hare, in a printed circular charges Hinman with the seduction of several women and girls, Indian and otherwise.

THE Rev. Highland Garnet (colored), pastor of the Shiloh African church of this city, and United States minister to Liberia, died on the 11th. He was formerly a slave, and afterward took an activ part in the abolition movement.

A "QUARREL among religious people," involving a lawsuit for $1,388.33 was settled by compromise last week in Troy, N. Y., to "prevent the world from thinking that Christians are worse than they are, and to save a scandal."

THE treasurer of the Baptist church of Plainfield, N. J., has within the last year robbed the church of several thousand dollars. On the 10th inst. he committed suicide by poisoning, confessing in his death agonies that he had misappropriated the money.

RICHARD H. CORNWELL, loan clerk of the Fourth National Bank of New York, confessed to his employers, last week, that he had stolen about $80,000 of their money. Cornwell is a Sunday-school teacher of extraordinary piety in a church at Plainfield, N. J.

THERE is a condemned murderer in the Tombs of this city awaiting execution who declares himself to be a "nineteenth century Infidel." He has been reprieved three times to giv him a chance to repent, and pious people pray for him continually, to the entire neglect of the Christian Guiteau. An unbelieving criminal is a curiosity, but it is a long lane that has no turning.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

29. But, to return to the holies. A priest or monk—and there are lots of them in this holy church—was called by ringing a bell, and he showed an iron screen, in which was kept a portion of the stone column to which Jesus was tied when he was scourged; it is called the Pillar of Flagellation. It is wrong to doubt the reality of this Christian claim, for a cane or stick is kept lying by the side of the screen, which the Scribe took and stuck through the screen and felt something hard. He could doubt no longer, even if he were to be flagellated himself.

30. Moving on through the surrounding holy gloom a small chapel is reached called the Prison of our Lord, and here were what look like stone stocks, in which, tradition says (and who will refuse to believe what tradition says?), the limbs of the son of God were once cruelly confined. How Tradition found out about it is not stated. Probably she had a dream while wide awake.

31. A curious feature of this holy place is that a short column rises from the stone floor, which is authoratively stated to be the center of the earth; and it is furthermore said that Jesus himself declared it to be such. That would, of course, have great weight were it not for the damaging fact that Jesus thought the earth was a flat body of land more than one hundred and fifty miles across, and he had not the slightest idea that it was round like a ball. It had been so long since he made it that its spherical form had slipped his memory. A person will sometimes forget those little affairs.

32. It is said, moreover, that the center of the earth changes occasionally, by considerable bodies of land on one edge of the earth breaking off and falling away down nowhere; and when such an event occurs the pillar in this church immediately indicates it by changing position to correspond. How wonderful these mysteries are!

33. The most curious, perhaps, of all among the remarkable collection of holy wonders in that most remarkable church, is the tomb of Adam, the erring father of us all. The Scribe was prepared to meet all that had been presented to him, but this was unexpected, and affected him not a little as he looked through a small open porthole, where a lamp is kept burning, and saw the tomb itself. He will hardly undertake to describe the feelings that came over him. He could not weep, but he kept up a very sorrowful thinking.

34. And said he, How wonderful all this is that so many miraculous incidents should center right here in this one spot! What a remarkable coincidence that the grave of the first Adam should be right here almost under the spot were the second Adam gave up his life on account of the apple which Adam of the first part had eaten four thousand years before!

35. Then it was that the man of God James lifted his voice and spake these words: This is too much; this is carrying it too far; it cannot be true. And then did the Scribe rebuke him in this wise: Mr. James, it will not do for you to doubt any part of it. You must accept it all without a falter. This is just as true as all the rest of the claims that are set up in this place. And verily the man of God looked sorrowful, and still said, It cannot be true.

36. It is, indeed, more than marvelous that the blood of the second Adam, while he was paying the debt due to divine and eternal justice, contracted by the first Adam, should trickle down and touch the decomposing bones of the first Adam, and thus make it possible for the apple-eater to be happy yet. Oh, what a grand scheme is the atoning blood of the second Adam!

37. Among the ancient relics in this collection of antiquities is the grave of the Scribe's Venerable Friend Melchisedec. It was a little startling to meet it so unexpectedly, but he is getting used to these startling incidents, and he consoled himself by the reflection that this claim is undoubtedly as true as the others.

38. There are so many of these curiosities in this holy museum that some will have to be passed over hurriedly, with a bare mention. The schedule should read something like this: The tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea; the chapel of the Roman soldier who thrust the spear into the side of Jesus; the veritable place where St. Helena found the crosses; the same is in a cavern, which, it is said, was once a cistern, but it does not matter, so the crosses were found there.

39. Hard by is an altar dedicated to St. Demas, the good thief that became penitent at the last moment. Here also is a monument in bronze of St. Helena herself, which was presented by Emperor Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico. It seems even that deed did not save him.

40. In connection with the Roman soldier who speared Jesus, it must be said that he came to see the mistake he had made when the vail of the temple was rent, in the awful darkness that followed; when the rock of Golgotha was riven asunder; when the graves were opened, and those who had been quietly sleeping in their graves were infused with new life, and walked out into the city among their former companions—which remarkable events, by the way, nobody knew anything about except Matthew—the soldier was duly amazed, and while shaking with fear, said, Surely this was the son of God.

41. Where the Roman soldier stood when he uttered those words the altar stands now that commemorates his memory. It was on the self-same spot that the priests of the temple beheaded him for the blasphemous words just quoted, but now he is honored. In this altar was kept for a long time the copper plate upon which Pilate is said to have written THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS, but it has now been taken to Rome, where the very legible inscription can still be seen.

42. It is curious how this plate was found by St. Helena, when she was hunting around and discovering so many relics which confirm the Christian story. She seemed to have the ability to find whatever she wanted, and whatever she looked for. As Mark Twain the jester says, She traveled all over Palestine, and was always fortunate. Whenever the good old enthusiast found a thing mentioned in her Bible, Old or New, she would go and search for that thing, and never stop until she found it. If it was Adam, she would find Adam; if it was the ark, she would find the ark; if it was Goliah or Joshua, she would find them. A very good hunter and finder was St. Helena.

43. Too much praise cannot be awarded her for her energy in hunting for the true cross. She had the solid rock blasted out some eight or ten feet below the cistern, and though it was very laborious work, she toiled on and was successful in the end; for down there in the solid rock she found the blessed cross, in fact two crosses, and there she found the crown of thorns, and the nails that went through the hands and feet, and the copper plate aforesaid.

44. She had good reason to be well satisfied with her find in this place, and was about to rest from her labors, when she was instructed in a dream to continue on still longer. She had another day's blasting done, when (will wonders never cease?) she found the cross of the impenitent thief, and all that had to be done was to have the sick woman put to the test to decide which was which. The Christian world owes much to St. Helena and the priests.

45. Another holy curiosity is the sword of King Godfrey, of Jerusalem, which was often and often wet with Saracenic blood. It went through the holy wars, and is still presentable to the pious beholder. This sword is said to have had the remarkable faculty of pointing to Moslem foes, and starting for them by itself, if King Godfrey happened to be busy and could not accompany it. How many thousand Saracens this valorous blade has thus slain is not certainly known, but, with and without Godfrey's aid, it is supposed to have done immense execution, and shed rivers of Moslem blood. It is a straight, two-edged sword, three feet long still, though ten inches have been broken off.

46. The bones of Godfrey and his brother Baldwin, the first Christian kings of Jerusalem, were once lying quietly together near the sepulcher which they fought so savagely to rescue, but the place that once knew them now knows them no more, and even the coverings of their tombs are gone; for being of the Romish church, the Greek church, differing in a few insignificant points, could not tolerate them, and caused their removal. The church is jointly owned by the two churches, but their quarrels, even with respect to the sepulcher of their God, are frequent and bitter, and they have even gone to such lengths in their warfare that the Turkish soldiers have to be set over them to keep them apart, and to keep the peace between the brother followers of Jesus.

47. In the walls of the holy sepulcher is a hole, or two holes, through which, on Easter eve, it is pretended that holy fire is handed, which was brought down from heaven. The priests probably manufacture the fire inside. Credulous dupes gather there in great numbers to witness the visitation from heaven. The patriarch enters the sepulcher, and the fire immediately seems to descend from heaven and light the candles on the altar. The patriarch then passes the fire out through the hole, and a bundle of burning tapers is handed to the priests, and the pilgrims in wild excitement rush round with their tapers and candles to have them kindled from the sacred flame.

48. Large sums of money are paid to have the candles lighted speedily by the priests, and in this way a considerable revenue is derived; the church is thus soon illuminated by the fire supposed by the simple ones to be direct from heaven itself. Hardly a year passes but what the most disgraceful scenes occur in connection with the holy fire fraud. In 1834 it was particularly so, besides being very bloody.

49. On that occasion the rush for the holy fire was unusually great and the assemblage became extremely wild. The following correct description, by an eye-witness, shows what this holy fire imposition sometimes leads to: The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with the blood and brains of men who had been felled like oxen with the butt ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, and in the mêlée all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest.

50. So desperate and savage did the fight become that even the panic-stricken and frightened pilgrims appeared at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves. For my part, as soon as I had perceived the danger, I cried to my companions to turn back, which they had done, but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavor to get back. An officer of the pasha, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return.

51. He caught hold of my cloak and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pushing me to the ground, we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got on my legs (I afterward discovered that he never arose again), and, scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction, and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and dying, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high (Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant).

52. In front of the church, and close by, stands a somewhat imposing Mohammedan minaret. The legend connected with it is like this: The conqueror Omar once visited the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and when he emerged from it, as it was the hour of prayer, he knelt in the court and prayed. He was asked why he did not pray in church, to which he answered, Had I prayed there, after my death the people would take the church from you; hence I pray here. The minaret was built to commemorate the prayer.

53. Leaving the church where so much holiness is concentrated, the pilgrims were led through narrow, crooked, and dirty streets to the Wailing Place of the Jews It is close by the west wall of the court of the temple, or what is now the mosque of Omar. The wall is composed of large blocks of stone, some of which are claimed, though without authority, to be the stones laid by Solomon. Here congregate on every Friday afternoon, from three to five o'clock, the unhappy Jews who live in Jerusalem, including old men with black turbans or caps, men in dingy, greasy gabardine and other grotesque apparels, and in dolorous voice they read the book of Lamentations, or some equally melancholy matter, their bodies swaying to and fro as with mournful tongue they bewail the overthrow of the holy city and pray for its restoration.

54. Next was visited the ruins of the hospital of the Knights of St. John, or Knights Templar, built by the Crusaders in the eleventh century, partly to accommodate pilgrims. The ruins are extensive, but not pleasant to contemplate, in memory of the blood and cruel scenes connected with the wars of the Crusades. When the Knights left Jerusalem they went to Cyprus, and thence to Rhodes, from whence the Moslems drove them to Malta.

55. The pilgrims took the street next to the south wall and picked the hyssop and other plants growing in the crevices of it, while on their way to the tomb of David, where not only the fighting king, but other kings of Judea, were said to be buried. But as some half a dozen different places are claimed for the tomb of David, as the present site rests solely on a Moslem tradition of the fifteenth century (unfortunately St. Helena did not locate this tomb), and as it makes very little difference where the old murderer and adulterer was buried, the Scribe was little interested in the matter and made his way back to the hotel, thinking he had holiness enough for one day. What is called the tomb, however, is a short distance from the city wall, and near Mount Zion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MELCHISEDEC'S FOURTEENTH VISIT.

1. And it came to pass that on the second night in the holy city the Venerable Visitor was on time and put in an appearance at the usual hour. A genial smile lighted up his countenance, and a spirit of cheerfulness seemed to rest upon him like a garment. His voice was mild and placid, and a halo of peace inclosed him like a mantle. His salutation was in these words:

2. Well, my young friend, thou hast to-day visited a part of the holy places in this city, and thou hast had a good opportunity to judge whether the seeing of them has had a tendency to increase thy faith in the extravagant claims which Christian propagandists have set up. Thou hast certainly been able to see that there is no dearth of demands constantly made

upon the visitor's credulity. The strain is so great, and the magnitude of the stories which have to be accepted is such, that it seems indeed a marvel how sensible people can be induced to yield consent that they can possibly be true.

3. I perceive that thou art staggered at the extreme improbability of so many marvelous events being located around one small fraction of the earth's surface, while millions upon millions of other places have been favored with nothing of the kind. It may be accepted as an axiom of truth that such a great number of coincidences of a remarkable character cannot fall to the lot of any such small portion of the earth's surface. And as with all miracles, it is much easier to forge the claims than to show that they possess the slightest truth.

4. I think thou smiledest a trifle when my tomb was pointed out to thee; and thou wonderedest for a moment if there could be any truth in the claim. There is little danger of thy believing too much, or of accepting upon sheer trust a mass of bald and unsustained assertions. But let me assure thee right here that there is not a word of truth in the story about my tomb. My bones do not repose there, and never did. It is a piece of barefaced fabrication—wholly the invention of designing and lying priests.

5. But it contains just about the same amount of truth that do the other stories which are told about the spot where that old church stands, and I give thee my word that there have been more lies to the square foot told in connection with that place than about any other point of similar size on the earth. And I will extend the domain, and say that more lies have been told and printed about this city and this little country than about any other city and country of the same dimensions in the world.

6. The current system of religion, which is an outgrowth of the monstrous theology which had its birth here, is in a like manner made up of the basest assertion, the most unproved claims, and the most positive falsehoods. To walk around that church where thou wast to-day, and listen to the absurd and senseless demands made upon one's credulity, is enough to convince a person of ordinary perception and acuteness of the worthlessness and falseness of the entire system to which it belongs.

7. Truth never needs any such assistance. Truth never needs to be sustained by falsehood. Truth is never made stronger or more convincing by being propped with lies. And where a system is found with absurdities and falsehood sticking out all around it, with props and pillars of the baldest invention to keep it up, it is sure to be false from the very foundation. Truth and falsehood do not blend well together, and cannot be made to coalesce into a homogeneous compound; so when an unmistakable amount of falsehood crops out, as with the Christian system, know of a truth that it is false throughout.

8. Age improves some things and depreciates the value of others. But there is one thing most true: Age will never change falsehood into truth. Time can have no such effect. Truth will ever remain truth, and falsehood must ever remain falsehood. No amount of pious looks and pretensions, no amount of ceremonies and observances, no amount of prayers and sermons, no amount, even, of sincerity and devotion, no number of priests and churches, can ever change falsehood into truth.

9. I propose on this occasion to continue the reviewing I have made in former visits. I have enumerated a part of the falsehoods and improbabilities contained in the Old Testament, and now I will continue the review and take up the New Testament. I will begin, then, with the genealogical claim for Jesus, as set up by Matthew, or rather the writer of the book called Matthew, for Matthew surely was not the author of it. A clear stultification is made, for in attempting to make out the genealogy of Jesus, it begins with David and ends with Joseph, notwithstanding the idea that Joseph held no blood relationship to Jesus is constantly held up. If Joseph was not his father, why give a genealogy ending with Joseph? The falsity of this course must be apparent.

10. Matthew and Luke are the only two gospel writers who attempt to give the genealogy of Jesus, and they are both guilty of the absurdity of giving the genealogy of Joseph instead of Jesus, while both insist that there was no more consanguinity between them than between any other two men in the nation. But in another particular they differ widely: Matthew says there are twenty-eight generations between David and Joseph, while Luke says there were forty-three. Both could not be true. If Luke spoke truly, Matthew stated a falsehood.

11. Matthew says Mary was found to be with child by the Holy Ghost, but he leaves the statement in a very imperfect condition. He neither tells us who found this to be the case, nor the means by which it was ascertained. He should have given the difference in the indications presented by a young woman when with child by the Holy Ghost and by an ordinary person. The statement bears the appearance of falsehood upon the face of it. If the writer ventured to say so much, he should have gone further, and told all. Had the young girl been placed in an interesting condition by some priest, and the object was to screen it and give the event a miraculous character, the writer would be very likely to bungle it much in the style of the writer of Matthew.

12. It is very unlikely that Joseph could have dreamed the matter out, that his troubled mind should be set at rest on such a subject so deeply interesting to him as his young wife becoming enciente by another, by a dream, or that the writer of Matthew, either seventy or a hundred and seventy years afterward—long after Joseph and Jesus were dead—should have the slightest means of knowing what Joseph had dreamed. When a man undertakes to tell dead people's dreams, set him down for a liar.

13. It is positively untrue that a ghost of any kind, whether holy or unholy, can impregnate a female in the body. A ghost is nothing more than a phantom, a shadow, an unreality in the ordinary idea of the properties of matter, and it is utterly impossible for it to act the part of begetting children. None but a living, developed, corporeal male can perform that function. It would be just as sensible, and just as truthful, to claim that a woman was the father of Jesus, as that a ghost stood in that relation to him.

14. It is preposterous to suppose that, if Jesus was born as represented, pagan worshipers, called magi, or wise men, knowing nothing of the God of the Jews, and caring less, should know anything about the obscure birth of that child or any other, or that it would be of the slightest service if it did. It does not appear that their visit to the stable or the cave had a useful effect of any kind. It has the appearance of a make-weight, thrown in to give effect to the tale.

15. It is wholly absurd to suppose that one of the stars of heaven was delegated to point out the stable where a child was born, or that it could approach so close to the earth as to pass along its surface and stop over the entrance to a stable, so that strangers could know where to enter. Nearly all the stars are much larger than the earth, and if one should come close to the earth, so as to point out a stable door, it would inevitably darken the earth, cover it over for hundreds of miles, and totally obscure the heavens from the part covered. Were it possible for two worlds to come so near together as that, they would inevitably rush together in one body, and no power could prevent it. This gross falsehood was written by a person who knew nothing of the size and distance of the stars, and of the laws which govern such great bodies of matter. If it was not a star, but simply a light, or an ignis fatuus, that stopped over the stable, it was a falsehood to say it was a star.

16. It is wholly improbable that Herod became so alarmed at the birth of a poor man's child that he commanded the slaughter of all the little children in that part of the country. There is no likelihood that Herod ever knew or heard anything of the birth of Jesus, or would have cared anything about it if he had. This monstrous story is only told by the writer of Matthew, who had a penchant for fulfilling prophecies which he fancied had been made, and in this case he missed the mark (as he did in all his attempts to fulfill prophecies) and quoted a passage that by an honest construction had not the slightest allusion to anything of the kind.

17. If Herod caused the death of ten or twenty thousand little children the other evangelists should have heard of it and mentioned it. Josephus should have known it and narrated it, as he did scores of things of not the thousandth part of the importance; and other historians also should have known something of it. The tale at best is but a clumsy pattern after the Indian legend of similar import at the birth of Christna, when the tyrant Nanda of Madura caused the little children to be slaughtered so as to kill the little Christna.

18. It is preposterous to suppose that the chief priests and scribes of Jerusalem could tell Herod anything about where any child was to be born, and the attempt to carry the idea that a prophecy had been made seven hundred years before that conveyed the knowledge where Jesus was to be born is a specimen of barefaced fraud. It was only another attempt on the part of the writer of Matthew to falsely ring in another prophecy. Joseph and Mary were citizens of Nazareth, and their visit to Bethlehem was of a temporary character, and a child born there under such circumstances could not truthfully be called a Bethlehemite.

19. The story of Joseph and Mary going to Egypt with their child was known only to the writer of Matthew, and is in direct contradiction to the statement made by Luke, who says the parents repaired to their home in Nazareth until the legal forty days had elapsed, when they took their child to the temple in Jerusalem without the slightest apparent fear of Herod. Matthew's taking the three into Egypt was doubtless for the purpose of fulfilling another prophecy which had not been made.

20. The story of a dove appearing at the time of the baptism and speaking in an audible voice so as to be heard by those standing round, is very improbable, and is wholly opposed to the experience of mankind, as well as the laws of nature.

21. It seems absurd that Jesus, if a God, should need to do what Dr. Tanner and others have done—go forty days without food—and at the same time be subjected to the evil influences of the devil. If he was God he certainly ought to have more power than the devil, and be able to banish him at once.

22. The statement that the devil could carry Jesus around where he pleased—on the top of the temple and on a high mountain—offering him real estate in enormous lots, is very silly. In the first place, there is no such being as a devil, and to say that he carried any person about, pig-back or any other way, is false. And again, there is no exceeding high mountain in this country, the highest being but about four thousand feet above the sea, and certainly none here or anywhere else from the top of which all the kingdoms of the earth could be seen. The man who wrote that fable did not know that the earth is round and that not a thousandth part of the globe can be seen from any mountain in existence.

23. The report of the Sermon on the Mount cannot be correct. If Matthew wrote it he was not present at the time it was delivered, as he had not then been called, but the account was not written till a hundred years after Matthew was dead, and of course the writer could not have been present when the sermon was delivered. Besides, that sermon as reported contains in one lump the teachings which the writers of the other gospels scatter all through the ministration of Jesus. The others say nothing about any sermon on the mount.

24. It is untruthful that Jesus or any other person could restore a sick person to health by a word and when a long distance away. It is contrary to universal history and nature's laws.

25. It is the same with regard to stopping the wind and quieting the waves of the sea by speaking to them. The thing is impossible. It is easy for a big story-teller to write such a tale, but it cannot be made true.

26. The story about Christ casting a devil or devils out of wild men among the tombs is untrue. What does not exist cannot be cast out of anybody or by anybody. But, conceding the devil, the story is still untrue. Matthew says there were two of the wild men who had the devils, while Mark says there was but one. That a falsehood is between them is perfectly clear. Again, the part about the devils entering two thousand swine—whether by division of the devils for the swine, or the two thousand devils were in the man—is decidedly absurd. It is not too much to say that it is a devilish foolish story.

27. Granting for a moment that devils have an existence, it is extremely unlikely that they would be any better acquainted with the person and mission of Jesus than others. It can hardly be thought reasonable that devils who would be around getting into wild men and into hogs would be the characters to understand the plans and the mysteries of God and that he had a son taking a vacation on the earth.

28. From what I have before said, it must be understood that I regard all statements of anybody raising people from the dead as false. No person ever was ever made to live again after he has died. The feat has been claimed to be performed by many persons.

29. The claims of remarkable cures performed, the lame restored, the blind made to see, lepers healed, are of the same character. Similar claims have been made for great numbers of miracle-workers in all the centuries of the past.

30. The story about five thousand people being fed with five loaves and two fishes is on a par with the tales told by Baron Munchausen and in the Arabian Nights. Such an increase in a small quantity of food is alike opposed to nature and common sense.

31. The story about walking upon the water, without settling into it, is not only incredible, but impossible. Nature's laws are never set aside.

32. But I will not prolong my remarks further at this time, but, leaving thee to repose and sweet sleep, I bid thee good-night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIFTEENTH DAY—TO BETHLEHEM AND SOLOMON'S POOLS.

1. And it came to pass that on the second day of the week, and the fifth day of the twelfth month, the pilgrims mounted their horses for the last day's ride, and set their faces to the south of the holy city, even toward the hills of Judah, and the town of Bethlehem.

2. They passed out the Jaffa gate, down the valley of Gihon, across the same, and up the valley of the Giants, leaving on the left the tree on which tradition says Judas hanged himself, the country house of Caiaphas the high priest, and into the valley of Rephaim.

3 It was here that David is said to have fought the Philistines and defeated them. Rising the rather abrupt hill on the opposite side of the valley, a well is pointed out, which the Christian locators pronounce the Well of the Magi—that is, the well where the wise men, after leaving the presence of Herod, halted and drank; and it was at this very place that the star came down from the upper regions, and led them to the cave in Bethlehem where Jesus had just been born.

4. This was the most remarkable mission that a star was ever sent upon, and the writer of the story and the locators also have failed to let the world know whether it was one of the fixed stars, a planet belonging to this or some other system, or whether it was a roving comet that would just as soon go one way as another. The difficult point to understand is, how so large a body as a star could point out with any definiteness so small a portion of the earth's surface as a village, much less a stable or cave.

5. When the hill is surmounted, a plain containing one or two thousand acres of arable land (a very rare thing in the land of Yahweh) is entered upon, but after this is passed a continued series of rocky country as was ever seen is encountered. Much stone has been placed in walls and huge piles, but still the land is so overwhelmed with rocks that plowing, except in a few places, is out of the question. And as far as the eye can see to the south, to the east, and to the west nothing but mountains of solid rock is to be seen.

6. On the left, five miles or more away, is the round-topped Frank Mountain, which rears its head like a dome some hundreds of feet higher than the surrounding piles of rock, and here it is said Herod built a place of country resort. On the Bethlehem road there are little spots and patches of soil where olive-trees, and fig-trees, and vines can grow, and the geniality of the climate insures a good return. The olive-tree lives and grows on extremely poor soil.

7. A rock is passed by the roadside, with a depression in it six feet long, eighteen inches wide, and from six to eight inches deep. This is called Elijah's rock; and here the Christians assert that the good prophet stopped to repose when fleeing from the wicked Jezebel.

8. The Scribe marveled greatly when his eyes rested upon the rock, and he said, Verily the prophet must have been a man of great weight to sink that far into a solid rock. Indeed, it seemeth strange how a man so heavy could rise up into the thin air where even a feather could not float.

9. Off to the left is a large building belonging to the Greek Christians, which is called the convent of Elijah, which probably was erected, or, at least, named, upon the strength of Elijah's pressing the rock down as he would an ordinary feather bed. The convent is, of course, a very holy place.

10. Another place, quite as holy again, is a little further on—a small modern building of stone, with a dome, like a Moslem tomb. This is the tomb of Rachel, the girl whom Jacob worked seven years for. It will be remembered that with Jacob Sarah journeyed from Bethel toward Bethlehem, in the same delicate situation that the Virgin was when she visited Bethlehem, though Mary had come farther and was able to go still farther than Rachel before the little event transpired, and did better afterward. The good book reads:

11. And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath [Bethlehem], about a mile from Bethlehem, where she was delivered of a son. And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing (for she died), that she called his name Ben-oni (i. e., son of my sorrow); but his father called him Benjamin (that is, the son of my right hand); and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jocob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave to this day (Gen. xxxv, 16).

12. And as the old man, long weary years after her death, had begun himself to think of throwing up the sponge, he repeated, with the tenderness to be expected from such a godly man, the story of his loss: And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem (Gen. xlviii, 7). This place is pointed out in the foregoing language with more accuracy than most holy places are indicated, and it is only a question whether the modern-looking tomb is on just the right spot or not.

13. Just before descending the declivity which leads to the tomb, the view fore and aft is equally good; Jerusalem and Bethlehem can both be seen, and the country would present a picturesque landscape were the mountains covered with trees as in America.

14. West of Rachel's tomb is a village, two or three miles away, on an eastern slope of a hill, called Beit-Jala, the residence of the Latin and Greek patriarchs. It has a population of 3,000, mostly Greeks, and all Christians. It is claimed that this is the ancient Zelyah, where Saul called when he was looking for asses, fell in among the prophets, and went to prophesying himself.

15. At this point there are two roads, the one to the left leading to Bethlehem, which is hard by; the other to Solomon's pools, three miles further on, and nine miles from Jerusalem. The pilgrims took the right-hand road, so as to visit the pools before Bethlehem. They are now in a very holy part of this holy land. Here is where the pious story of Naomi, Ruth, and Boaz was located.

16. This country here is David's own country; here is where he was in the sheep business before he went to the wars. From here, a good-sized stripling, he went forth with a stout heart and his little sling, with which he slew the proud and mighty giant Goliah of the Philistines, only nine and a half feet tall.

17. The pilgrims passed near the cave of Adullam, where tradition says David took refuge when pursued by the Philistines, and when his brethren and his father's house heard it they went down thither to him. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men (1 Sam. xxii, 1, 2). This was the material of which his band of brigands was composed.

18. It was from the cave of Adullam that David's mighty men—some of the brigands aforesaid—broke through the garrison of the Philistines, and went to Bethlehem to satisfy the desires of their chief, when he cried, Oh, that one would give me of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate; and then, after they had risked their lives in obtaining it, he stubbornly refused to drink it, and poured it upon the ground before them (2 Sam. xxii, 4).

19. The way to the pools is hemmed in by rocks. Near the upper pool is a large stone structure called a castle, evidently of Mohammedan origin, probably never used as a castle, but rather, as now, for a khan. The pools are three in number and are open, square reservoirs with stone walls, in the center of a natural basin, where they can catch the surface water from rains, as well as utilize the water of a small spring in the immediate vicinity. They are claimed to have been constructed by Solomon for supplying Jerusalem with water, though it is denied that Solomon built them, and it is asserted they were constructed by Herod or Pilate.

20. The upper pool is 380 feet long, 236 feet broad, and in the deepest part twenty-five feet. Below is the second pool, 423 feet long, 250 feet broad at the east end and 160 feet at the west end, and in the deepest part thirty-nine feet; 248 feet below is the third pool, 582 feet long, from 148 to 207 feet wide, and fifty feet deep. They are well preserved, and do not seem to date so far back as Solomon's time.

21. The pilgrims on their return followed along by the small square aqueduct which conveys the water to Bethlehem and on to the mosque of Omar in Jerusalem for religious ablutions. The country continues very rugged, though the ride is pleasant, winding around the rocky hills, midway up, with a very narrow but pretty valley in the contracted ravine below, green with garden vegetables, stretching along like a snake and looking like an oasis in the desert of sterile rocks on each side. The name of Solomon's Gardens has been given to the narrow belt, perhaps three rods in width.

22. Bethlehem, as approached from the south, is seen located high up on the rocky hill which is its home, with the ground descending to the east. It is one of the best built towns in the Land of Yahweh, being substantial stone houses one or two stories high, with a few schools and public buildings of large proportions. In point of appearance it compares very favorably with Nazareth.

23. Entering the town and passing a considerable distance through narrow and dirty streets, by some stores and mechanics' shops, the pilgrims reached the Roman Catholic convent or monastery, where they partook of lunch, and then walked out to see the town and buy some of the manufactured articles of olive wood and mother of pearl shells, which are the principal industry of the place. There are several stores where these trinkets in pretty large quantities are kept for sale. Like every town in this part of the world, it is overrun with beggars, who are persistently asking for backsheesh and importuning strangers to buy the beads and other trinkets which they carry about in their hands. The pilgrims all bought some crosses, rosaries, bracelets, and other Christian toys to remember the town by.

24. The town consists of about five hundred houses, with a population of three thousand, nearly all Christian, it being the most Christian town in the Land of Yahweh. The inhabitants are Greeks and Syrians, and the women are said to be noted for their beauty, but the Scribe failed to see the proofs upon which the claim is based; they look much like the women he has seen in other parts of the land.

25. The church of the Nativity, however, is the great point of attraction to all who make a pilgrimage to the city of David. It is a huge, fortress-like pile of buildings at the eastern extremity of the village, including the contiguous convents, which belong respectively to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian churches.

26. The church, the nave of which is the common property of all Christians, wears a very desolate and neglected aspect, and perhaps it has a good right to do so, for it is said to be the oldest Christian church in the world. It is the sole remaining portion of the grand basilica erected here by Empress Helena in 327. In this edifice, once brilliant with gold and colored marble, Baldwin the Crusader was crowned.

27. This old structure presents quite as much elegance as would be looked for under the circumstances. It contains five rows of marble columns of the Corinthian order, which are claimed to have been brought from the ruins of Herod's temple in Jerusalem. The mosaics on the walls, though generally dim and faded, here and there maintain considerable brilliance. The roof is formed of beams from the former forests of Lebanon.

28. The place above all others which Christians are interested in is the chapel or grotto of the Nativity, which is under the center of the church. It is a cave in the rock, and has the appearance of having been dug out or at least finished up by the hands of men. It is twenty feet below the floor of the church and is approached by two spiral staircases. The cave is thirty-three feet by eleven, and is incased with Italian marble and decorated with a great number of rich-looking metallic lamps, figures of saints, embroidery, and various holy gew-gaws and ornaments. On one side of the grotto is a recess, where a silver star on the pavement indicates the very spot where the Christian God was born.

29. Around the star is this inscription in Latin, Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est. Above this spot sixteen silver lamps are perpetually burning (six belong to the Greeks, five to the Latins, and five to the Armenians). Close by is a plain altar which each of the sects use on their special feasts and decorate with all the flummery that accords with their taste. Another recess is called the Chapel of the Manger, claimed to be the precise place where the manger stood in which the new-born god was laid, the same manger that is now kindly shown to the faithful believers in the church of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome.

30. It was here that the tender feelings of the Scribe were rudely touched by the man of God Getz, who, when going down toward the bowels of the earth to see where his God was born, spoke these words of unbelief: Why, this is all wrong. Jesus was not born down here in this cavern away under the earth; he was born in a stable. I do not believe a word of it. It is not true. There is no authority for any such claim. And other words of that kind did the man of God utter. Then it was that the Scribe felt called upon to rebuke the man of God in this wise for his unbelief: Ah, Brother Getz, you must accept the story just as it is given to you. This cavern part is just as true as any portion of it. It may be cavern or stable, just as you prefer. It will not answer for you to revolt against any part of that wonderful story. You must let the tail go with the hide.

31. The Scribe further assured the man of God that there was good authority for claiming a cavern for the place, for the story any way was only a repetition of Eastern fables of a similar character, and it was certainly held with regard to the earlier oriental demi-gods that they were born in caves. There is no use in going back on the original by repudiating the cave part. These words were spoken in sorrow, not in anger.

32. It did, however, strike the Scribe as a slightly suspicious feature in this son of Yahweh business, that so much of it was conducted in subterranean places, even in the bowels of the earth, away from the light of the sun and the eyes of men. It was in a cavern that the angel Gabriel held the interview with the Virgin. It was in the cavern that Yahweh met the damsel. It was in a cavern that the child was brought into the world. It was in a cavern that the wise men from the East called to pay their respects and adoration to the new-born God. Truly, performing all this business in such a secret manner, and in the dark, looks very suspicious.

33. Another altar in this holy cavern is that of the magi, or wise men, which marks the identical spot where the men from the East sat when they presented their gifts. It is supposed that the place was accurately fixed upon by the aid of St. Helena herself, who had the necessary excavations made. There can thus be no doubt about the correctness of the spot. This chapel belongs to the Roman Catholics.

34. Another is the chapel of St. Joseph, the convenient spot to which the good man retired while the god was being born. It was modest and proper in the old man to do this. He had not been there, and he had no right, under such circumstances, to witness the birth of a god. It was also at this very place where a few days later the angel appeared to him and told him to make a journey into Egypt without delay. It was doubtless a dispensation of providence that these momentous events should all occur within a few feet of each other. Thanks to St. Helena for all this. It is so convenient to have these holy places contiguous, and under the same roof.

35. A few feet further on is the Altar of the Innocents, erected over the place where the cruel Herod caused twenty thousand young babes to be slaughtered; but the world should rejoice that Joseph and Mary, and the little God, by the kind offices of the angel, were able to be on their way to Egypt when this bloody tragedy was enacted. Matthew knew how to fix up this business. The Scribe felt very sorry for the little slaughtered babes and their mothers who were thus uselessly massacred on the account of one little new-comer.

36. In another recess, which looks like an addi

tion to the cavern, is the Milk Grotto. Here is where the Virgin, in great trepidation of mind, stopped for a short time previous to the family setting out on their excursion to Egypt. Here she nursed her new-born babe, even while the wicked Herod was making preparations to murder the young king. Her breasts were full of holy milk, and it so happened that the little Jesus did not get it all. A few drops fell upon the floor, when, strange to relate, the rocks all turned white from the wonderful effects of the milk. There is no room for reasonable doubts upon the subject, for the Scribe saw the rock, and the cart-load of it which has been recently dug up to sell to faithful but barren women, and he is prepared to testify in any court (save Benedict's) that the adjacent rock and earth are of a whitish, milky color, the same as is the entire hill of Bethlehem. Who can doubt that it was the milk that did it?

37. The Scribe is moreover suspicious that the Virgin must have spilled some milk before she left Nazareth, for the rocks about that holy town are of the same color. The same is also true of the rocks of the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem itself, and a considerable share of the Land of Yahweh. It was the Virgin's milk that did it. Can any one think strange that a young god brought up on such milk as that should be able to

> Change water into wine, drive devils into swine,
> Raise the dead, the devil, and hell generally?

Indeed, can it be thought strange that the pieces of the rocky earth dug up in the Milk Grotto should sell readily to the Christian women who wish to have children, or who are short in the secretion of milk? The sale of this miraculous earth is said to bring in a very handsome revenue to the monks who keep the place.

38. On the opposite side of the cavern is a small apartment which is called the tomb of Eusebius, though which Eusebius it was, the guide was unable to state. If it was the one who wrote the first ecclesiastical history, who was the one to first find in the writings of Josephus the recognition of the divinity of Jesus, and who showed not a little skilfulness in finding proofs for anything he wished to establish, this was a very fitting place to entomb him, though there is no proof that he was buried here.

39. In another apartment in the rock was located the study, the dwelling-place, and the tomb of St. Jerome, a Christian anchorite, who, in the fourth century, is said to have passed thirty years of his life here in this rough subterranean chamber, fasting, praying, writing, studying up godliness, etc., etc. Here, as is claimed, he translated the Vulgate, from which the Catholic Bible was taken, besides performing sundry other saintly works. The room is ornamented by a life-size painting of the saint, in which an old man, naked, and with the appearance of a lunatic, is sitting with pen in hand, his eyes turning up toward heaven, much as those of a dying calf turn upward, and his face is the picture of such benignity as any saint might be glad to wear. Indeed, nearly all the chapels and altars have paintings to illustrate the claims made respecting the locality.

40. But is not this enough? Why should the Scribe continue to describe the remarkable things in this hole in the ground? Are there not grounds for all to be satisfied? But one more fact may be mentioned. Right down there in the sacred grotto, and close by the place where the world's redeemer was born—no, not the whole world's, but five per cent of it—much to the grief of the Scribe, he saw an armed Turkish soldier stood to keep the peace between the different sects of Christians who worship here, and who jointly plant their faith in the claim that their God was born there. He had noticed another Mohammedan soldier or two in the church above. His spirit was grieved thereat. Turning to the pious Miss Brayman, he said:

41. It is a sad commentary on the Christian religion that right here, in the very spot where Christianity had its birth, soldiers of a rival and hostile religion have to be stationed to prevent Christians from fighting and killing one another. For of a truth this is the case. Formerly the Latins and the Greeks often fought as to which sect should have priority of the use of the chapels on the occasion of their religious festivals and celebrations. They came to blows on many occasions. And right there by the Chapel of the Nativity the Crimean war commenced which cost the lives of tens of thousands of men. The Latin and Greek Christians, as usual, got into a fight; the Turkish authorities took the part of one, and the French the other, and the fight enlarged and grew until the Crimean war was the result.

42. Mrs. Brayman made the reply that they had not enough of the spirit of Christ, else they would not fight. Said the Scribe: That is a matter of doubt. It is possible they had too much of Christ's spirit; for he said he came not to bring peace, but a sword, and that he came to set one part of the household against the other. As a proof of this Christians have been quarreling, fighting, and putting each other to death nearly ever since. The number of Christians whose blood has saturated the earth by the hands of other Christians would amount to millions; and still they are quarreling, and Mohammedans have to be stationed here in this holy place to prevent their killing each other. They are compelled to hold the most holy festivals and ceremonies on different days to prevent bloodshed between them, and it is the same in the church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. There, also, Mohammedan soldiers are constantly stationed to maintain the peace between the Christians. Miss Brayman and the Scribe were both sad and thoughtful

43. After leaving these precincts, the pilgrims went without the walls, and were shown in the plain below where the shepherds were watching their flocks on the night that Jesus was born in the cavern, and to whom the angels announced the momentous event. The Scribe could not prove that the shepherds were not there on the night of the 25th of December, and that the angels appeared to them and talked as reported by those who knew nothing about it, but he did not believe it.

44. The return to Jerusalem was attended with nothing worthy of note, and the hotel was reached in good season. This closed the horseback riding for the Scribe and some of the other pilgrims. While some have decided to ride horses to Jaffa, on the Mediterranean, others, including the Scribe, prefer to take the spring wagon, though the road is pretty rough. The pilgrims have ridden on horses some three hundred and fifty miles while journeying through Syria and the Land of Yahwh; and while more than half have been thrown or have fallen from their horses, the Scribe is able to report that neither accident has befallen himself; he has come off in no case only when he wished to, and he bade good-bye to Al Borak, who had carried him so faithfully, without any special sorrow of heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MELCHISEDEC'S FIFTEENTH VISIT.

1. And on the night succeeding the ride to Bethlehem the Visitor of olden time came with the same promptness and the same reality as he had on the fourteen previous occasions. His salutations were of his usual genial character, and a degree of peace and serenity seemed to clothe him round about that even an angel might envy. These were his words:

2. Well, young friend from the young world, thou hast had another day's experience, and hast enjoyed further opportunities for visiting the holy places of which Christians have told so many untruths, and which form such an important part in the fables, follies, and fabrications which make up their stock in trade. I have no fear that they have induced thee in the slightest degree to change the opinion thou hast formed as to the unreliability of the claims upon which the system is built up. It is those, as a rule, who do little thinking and who investigate in a very superficial manner, who accept the shallow claims which Christianity presents, and I am therefore confident that it will require more solid reasons than the flimsy falsehoods thou hast heard this day to move thy settled convictions.

3. I will now resume the examination of the improbabilities and falsehoods which make up the warp and woof of the New Testament. The story of what is called the transfiguration is worth very little when told by a person who was not present, and is passed over in silence by those who are said to have been eye-witnesses.

4. Those who tell the transfiguration story so flippantly should at least give some sensible, accurate, and scientific account as to what transfiguration is. If it is a chemical or atomic change in the component parts of the body, a rational explanation should have been made as to how the process is produced. If the operation is a real one, it certainly can be described to the ordinary comprehension. If it is only ideal and fictitious, the more it is ignored and disregarded the better. In my opinion, the story about the transfiguration is a falsehood.

5. The tale about Peter's catching a fish with money in its mouth with which to pay taxes is one of the fishy stories of the Bible which are unworthy serious attention.

6. But little confidence can be had in the ability of Jesus to foretell events. Among his predictions he said he should come the second time in the heavens, and with great glory, while some of those who were present were still living, and that among the signs that should accompany the same the sun should be darkened, the moon cease to give light, and the stars fall from heaven. The prediction proved untruthful. He did not come, and none of the other promised events occurred, and probably never will.

7. What earthly chance had either of the evangelists to know what conversation took place between Judas and the priests about the betrayal, when Judas hung himself before they had heard him say a word about the interview. No more could they know about what Jesus said in his prayer in Gethsemane when no one was with him.

8. The same criticism will apply to the statement as to what Pilate's wife dreamed, and what conversation took place between her and her husband. And so with regard to scores of other cases. Not one of them pretended to write by inspiration, and if they did the claim would not be worth a cent.

9. The statement that Jesus foretold to his disciples his arrest, trial, execution, and resurrection is not a fact. This is proved by the story itself. When he was arrested they were taken by surprise, and all forsook him. This they would not have done had they been apprised of the fact and assured that he would rise from the dead in three days. Had they known what was to come they would have remained steadfast to him through his trial. So far from their expecting his resurrection, not one of them was looking for it, nor would they believe it when told that it had occurred.

10. The inability of the four gospel writers to give statements alike is evinced in their accounts about the crucifixion. Matthew, Mark, and John say the execution took place at Golgotha; Luke says it was Calvary. Matthew says the inscription placed on the cross was, This is Jesus, king of the Jews; Mark, The king of the Jews; Luke, This is the king of the Jews; John, Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews. Not one has it like either of the others. Matthew says they gave Jesus to drink vinegar mingled with gall; Mark says it was wine mingled with myrrh; Luke says it was vinegar only; John says it was vinegar and hyssop. No two have it alike. There is nothing like accuracy and harmony among inspired writers.

11. The story about the sun being darkened for three hours at the time of the crucifixion is entitled to no credit. Nothing shuts off the sun from the earth save the earth turning on its axis away from the sun, and the moon passing between the earth and the sun, making an eclipse. Once or twice in a century the eclipse of the sun is total, but it is dark but a few moments only. Clouds are sometimes pretty dense, so as to lessen the light somewhat, but never so as to cause darkness for three hours. The sun is not in the slightest degree affected by the death of any person on the earth, whether Jesus or John Smith. Its light has been brilliant and constant for hundreds of thousands of years. Besides, the claim for this darkness at the death of Jesus is not corroborated by Josephus, or any other historian. The story is of the same character as that of Joshua stopping the sun and moon.

12. Of a similar character is the statement regarding the various natural and unnatural phenomena which accompanied the crucifixion.

13. There is a sad discrepancy as to the time Jesus remained in his grave or sepulcher. It is usually said that the time for him to remain in the tomb, or, otherwise, in hell, was three days; that is the time which he is made to say he would remain in his grave, when he would rise again, and three days is the term inserted in all the confessions of faith, or church creeds, that he remained when he descended into hell. But, according to the narrative, he was only half that time, or one day and two nights, in his sepulcher—from Friday night till early Sunday morning—which, by no amount of twisting, can be made into three days.

14. The story of the resurrection need hardly be dilated upon. The claim that any person has risen from the dead is unworthy of notice.

15. Mark agrees with Matthew that the miraculous feeding of the five thousand was in a desert place, but that they were told to sit on the grass; and John says there was much grass in the place. Now grass does not grow in the desert, and it would require a large stretch of credulity to believe that the grass was produced miraculously the same as the food.

16. It is a trifle singular that the writer of the book of Mark had nothing to say of Peter's attempt to walk upon the water, at the time his master performed the feat so successfully, especially as it is claimed that Mark was the particular friend of Peter, and wrote by his direction. Is it to be understood that Peter was ashamed to have his unsuccessful effort recorded?

17. There is a discrepancy between Matthew and Mark as to who asked Jesus for a seat in his kingdom for James and John, one on his right and the other on his left. Mark says they made the request, while Matthew says it was their mother. Which told the truth?

18. The story which Luke tells about the aged and barren Elizabeth bearing John the Baptist is very much like old Sarah conceiving Isaac when she was nearly a hundred. Such statements can be credited only by people who have an excess of faith. It is very curious, too, how Luke could have been apprised of the matter. He never once claims that any information was given him by inspiration, and at the outset of his narrative he only claims to write from general rumor, or report. Rumor is very unreliable authority about aged women bearing children.

19. It is very improbable that the principal angel in the Christian and Mohammedan heavens should come down to talk with the old man Zacharias about the baby his wife Elizabeth was to bear. Angels are probably doing at the present time about the same as two thousand years ago. They are not now meddling in that kind of business.

20. It is unlikely also that the angel would strike the old man dumb because he could not believe an

impossibility. If he did not believe, it was because he could not from the evidence before him.

21. The impossibility of an angel appearing to a young girl and making an appointment for a God to hold an interview with her for the purpose of producing an offspring is most marked, and perhaps enough has been said upon the subject; but, as the miraculous part of the Christian religion rests upon that little fable, it may well be included among the impossibilities and falsehoods of the book.

22. The story that little John the Baptist leaped in the womb of Elizabeth when she was six months pregnant, because the Virgin Mary, who had the little Jesus in her womb, visited Elizabeth, is one of extreme ridiculousness, and on a par with all the absurd claims set up in this holy city. It would not be of the slightest consequence if true. Luke had not the chance of knowing anything about it. He was not present, and it is not at all likely that the ladies informed him of the incident.

23. It is a foolish and untruthful claim that after Zacharias had been speechless nine months for being a little slow about believing an absurdity, he had his speech restored to him by the birth of a little heir, and the same being christened John. The use of speech does not go and come that way.

24. There is a discrepancy between Luke and Matthew, and between them and others, as to where Jesus was born. Matthew says it was in a house, while Luke implies it was in a stable, for the little child was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger as soon as born; but, as thou sawest to-day at Bethlehem, the claim is that it was neither in a house, or a stable, but in a cavern twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the earth.

25. The story about the angels appearing to the shepherds in the fields on the night of the birth of Jesus is highly improbable, for only Luke tells it. The other three evangelists had never heard of it, or they did not have confidence enough in its truth to repeat it. The claims about the appearance of angels, of their talking, and all that, should be taken only on the strongest proofs.

26. It is singular that it was only Luke who knew about the angels and shepherds, their repairing to the cavern and finding Joseph, Mary, and the child all in the manger, and that it was only Matthew who knew about the wise men being led there by a star, and their report causing twenty thousand little children to be murdered.

27. If Matthew told the truth about Joseph, Mary, and the child being hurried off to Egypt after the birth of the latter instead of returning to their home in Nazareth, Luke is guilty of a falsehood, for he positively states that they returned to Nazareth; that Jesus was circumcised when eight days old, and at the end of forty days he was taken to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, perhaps because the Lord was not up at Nazareth. So there must have been two Jesuses, one flying off to Egypt and the other to Nazareth, or else Matthew or Luke told a falsehood.

28. Since Luke was so expert in finding out such private matters as when women conceived and when their unborn children leaped in the womb, it is very singular that he was so obtuse as to know nothing about Herod's causing twenty thousand children to be slaughtered, or the flight of the holy family into Egypt.

29. Luke is the only one who has anything about Pontius Pilate turning Jesus over to Herod tetrarch of Galilee, and the story is an improbable one. Jesus was being tried in Jerusalem, and Herod's dominion did not extend there.

30. Luke was the only one to say that one of the thieves became penitent on the cross, accepted Jesus, and received a promise of paradise. Matthew and Mark say both thieves reviled Jesus. John simply says two others were crucified with Jesus, and not that either was a thief, that either reviled him, or that either repented.

31. Luke disagrees with Matthew as to the last words Jesus uttered before dying, when he makes him say, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; while Matthew says his last words to be, My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me? John disagrees with both, for he has made him to say, It is finished.

32. Luke disagrees with the others as to who visited the sepulcher on the morning of the resurrection. He mentions Peter and Joanna, whom the others do not mention. He also has Jesus walk to Emmaus, holding a long conversation with Cleophas, which the others knew nothing about.

33. Luke is the only one who states that Jesus ate fish and honey after his resurrection. If he was only a ghost after his crucifixion and death, as many insist, the eating of such material articles as fish and honey was quite a miracle, but the others should have narrated it also. But there is as great a discrepancy as to the story of Jesus after his resurrection as any other portion of it. Some of the writers imply that he ascended to heaven on the same day of his resurrection, some make it a few days between the two events, while the writer of Acts says it was forty days.

34. But I will return again, and will continue my visits to thee nightly so long as thou continuest in the Land of Yahweh. I leave the spirit of peace with thee. Good night. And it came to pass when the morning arrived that the Scribe could not feel sure that the Venerable Visitor had been with him at all, so unreal are these heavenly visits.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIXTEENTH DAY—VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

1. And it came to pass on the morning of the sixth day of the month the air was cold, and the east wind made one feel as though he had left off a garment in making his toilet. Water froze this morning, and it was the coldest by several degrees that the pilgrims had seen in the Land of Yahweh.

2. This day was devoted to visiting the mosque of Omar and learning the miracles which have been performed there for the special benefit of the Moslems, for it must be known that that they claim just about as many miracles as the Christians.

3. Christian pilgrims turn up their noses at the miracles which Mohammedans accept, and say, What absurdity! what superstition! And the Scribe says, Yes, their absurdity and superstition are very gross, but no more so than in the miracles connected with your system. It is easy for you to see the falseness of their claims, and it is just as easy for them to see the falseness of yours. As for myself, I have no trouble in seeing the falseness of both.

4. The mosque of Omar stands on the site of the temple of Herod, and what is also claimed to be the site of the temple of Nehemiah or Zerubbabel and the temple of Solomon. The Arabic name of the place is Kubbet es-Sukhrah, meaning the dome of the rock, for the edifice has a magnificent dome and is immediately over a large rock, about which remarkable stories are told.

5. This rock is the summit of Mt. Moriah, where, as before stated, Abraham is said to have made preparations to offer up his son Isaac. Here Ornan had his threshing floor, and the Lord put seventy thousand innocent people to death for numbering the people, which he or Satan had moved David to do.

6. This was the place, so tradition says, which David afterward selected as the spot where he would build a temple to Yahweh, but he had been so bad a man that Yahweh would not let him do it. Solomon being a good man, keeping only a thousand women, and building a few temples to the pagan gods, was the person to perform the great work.

7. It is claimed by some that this big rock, upon which Abraham came near doing what his late disciple Freeman was permitted to accomplish, stood a little in front of the temple which Solomon erected, the one upon which on the day of the dedication of the temple the priests slaughtered 120,000 sheep and 22,000 oxen; and on the day the ark was put into the temple so many were slaughtered that they could not be numbered. Yahweh never was so well pleased before nor since, until his own son shared a similar fate near the same spot.

8. There have been, however, bitter disputes, and which are not yet amicably settled, about the site of the temple. Nearly every inch of the ground and nearly every stone on the premises has been the subject of controversy; and the claims are important and diverse, but they probably can never be fully settled, and the world must remain in some doubt as to whether Solomon's temple ever stood here or not

9. The mosque of Omar stands nearly in the center of a rather roughly paved court, called the Haram, containing two or three acres, and is undoubtedly the richest mosque in Moslemdom, and the most sacred save the principal one at Mecca. It has been but a few years since Christians have been allowed admission into it, and it is now only by application being made to the consul of the nationality of the applicant and paying the regular fee that entrance can be had.

10. Tradition, that very loquacious old dame, says that when the Caliph Omar took Jerusalem his first inquiry was for the site of the Jewish temple. He was conducted to this spot, then a huge mound of filth and rubbish, and here he built the mosque which bears his name. Others claim that the present mosque was built by Abd-el-Melek in 686.

11. The court or square in which the mosque stands is surrounded by a wall 1,600 feet long on the west, 1,530 feet on the east, 1,024 on the north, and 922 on the south, and is entered by eight gates on the west. Its principal, the one by which the pilgrims entered, is the Bab-es-Silsileh, or the Gate of the Chain.

12. Entering by this gate, there was presented to the pilgrim's view the Mosque-el-Aksa on the right hand, or south side of the Haram, and before them the steps leading to the mosque of Omar. The building is an octagon, each of the eight sides being sixty-eight feet long, and the whole covered with richly-colored porcelain tiles, and a frieze of tiles running around the entire building, upon which are written in Arabic letters passages from the Koran. The mosque has four gates or portals corresponding with the four points of the compass.

13. Faithful Moslems met the pilgrims at the gate of the Haram and conducted them up the broad steps around to the east portal of the mosque, before which is a model of the mosque, perhaps thirty feet in diameter, which is said to have been erected first and used as a pattern for the building of the larger mosque. Here, as the pilgrims were about to step upon holy ground, they were required to take off their boots and shoes and put on slippers or go barefooted. This is required upon entering all mosques, and in this one in particular they are more objectionable than a church.

14. Upon entering the mosque a sense of richness and grandeur seizes upon the beholder. The light is dim, being of the grade considered holy, and one cannot see as well at first as after a few minutes. In the center is the great stone sixty feet long and forty-five wide—the one which Abraham consecrated by the attempt to sacrifice his son upon it. It is a bare, rugged, uneven, and unhewn rock, somewhat crowning in the center, and some five feet in thickness.

15. When Mohammed went up to the seventh heaven on his horse Al Borak, he came first from Mecca to this very rock, and he started from it on that remarkable journey. Strange to say, he was so powerful a magnet, or the rock was so anxious to go to heaven with him that it started and followed some four or five feet, when luckily the angel Gabriel happened to discover it just at the very nick of time, caught hold of it, and held it, otherwise it would have gone up as sure as fate, and might even have upset Yahweh's or Allah's throne.

16. There can be no doubt about this thing, for the deep finger-prints are now on the rock where Gabe caught hold of it, and the Scribe saw them with his own eyes; and he believes the story just as much as he does those told about all of those holy places under the church of the Holy Sepulcher. He places Mohammedan miracles and Christian miracles, Mohammedan lies and Christian lies, upon the same footing; and it is nip and tuck between them.

17. Ever since that rock started on that trip to heaven, more than twelve hundred years ago, it has been suspended in the air by a perpetual miracle. You incredulous people must not laugh at this, for the Scribe went down eight or ten steps and walked right under the rock, and could stand up straight with it over his head, and the room is fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. True, the room is not nearly as large as the rock itself, and the wall, or what looks to be the wall, under the holy rock might be supposed to hold up the rock, but upon rapping on it it seems a light lath-plastered screen, merely to give pilgrims a sense of safety when they descend there to pray and to worship.

18. True, people who have no faith and are not heavenly-minded enough to perceive spiritual things, say the screen only hides the solid rock which sustains the one which Gabriel held back, but it is strange that some people have so little faith as not to believe human testimony about these holy miracles. The Scribe is proud to say he can believe this claim just as easily as he does the Joshua and sun story, the Jonah and the fish story, and Matthew's story about the rocks and the graves opening when the dead walked forth. He rejoices that he is able to believe something. The faithful Moslems believe that the rock is now suspended in the air, without the slightest difficulty.

19. There are several altars and praying places under this holy rock where the faithful Moslems descend to say their holiest prayers, and those they design to have the most potent effect upon Allah. On the east side of the subterranean room a place was pointed where Mohammed once prayed, and when he rose up he bumped his head against the holy rock overhead, and made an indentation in the solid rock six or eight inches deep, two feet long, and fifteen inches wide. Who can doubt these things when he sees them right before his eyes?

20. The Scribe saw the hole that Mohammed's head made in that rock just as plain as he saw the one which Elijah's body made in the one by the road-side out toward Bethlehem; but candor compels him to admit that upon close inspection of the place where Mohammed's head bumped he saw coarse chisel marks, where it looked as though it had been dug out by some Moslem stone-cutter; and that, again, may have been the means by which Allah accomplished his mysterious purposes. In fact, there are several proofs that stone-cutters have worked in that cavern.

21. Through the center of this holy rock is a hole, perhaps eighteen inches or more in diameter, and a corresponding one in the rock below which is the floor of the cavern. It is claimed that the blood of the animals sacrificed by the Jews ran through this aperture, and found its way into the brook Kidron; but others deny it in toto, and claim that this was the tomb where Jesus was laid after he was crucified, and just at the time he started on his three-day's tour to hell and made the time in thirty-six hours. According to that theory, this big rock must have been the one the angel rolled away, or lifted, and possibly it was Gabriel that did it. This hole is claimed by the Moslems to be the place where all spirits descend after death, from whence, at the day of judgment, they will be hauled up by the tuft on the top of their head. It is not yet too late for those

who wish to suggest other theories. The books are still open.

22. On the top of this holy rock are what are called the footprints of Mohammed, which he made, perhaps, at the time he mounted Al Borak to go up to the upper heaven. Is it not wonderful what remarkable weighty personages Elijah and Mohammed were that they should sink right into solid rocks, and still be so light as to go faster than a sky-rocket and much farther—away up to the seventh heaven?

23. To return to the mosque. Around the rotunda are two rows of columns of marble, porphyry, and other fine stone, some claimed to have once been in Herod's temple; the inner row is near the rock, and the outer row at a distance of some twenty feet or more. This space between the two colonnades is the principal part of the mosque. The columns are not all of a hight, but some are brought to the hight of the others by greater thickness of pedestal and capital, the latter of which are gilt, giving them a very rich appearance. The inner circle of twelve Corinthian columns supports the great dome.

24. The mosque has two cloisters, separated by the octagonal course of piers or columns named. There are fifty-six stained glass windows of great brilliancy and beauty, but they do not make it very light within, but give that kind of holy dimness which the saints best enjoy. After one has been in a few minutes, however, his eyes become used to the gloom, and he can see better.

25. The walls are covered with brilliant colored tiles, on which are inscribed passages from the Koran in Arabic characters, the same as on the outer walls. The wooden dome is ninety-eight feet high, and sixty-six in diameter. The pavement is of marble mosaic. There are also fine mosaics in the windows.

26. Among the relics and special holies of the mosque are pointed out the shield of Mohammed's uncle, Mohammed's banner, hairs from his beard, the print of his feet, etc. In a secure place is a slab with three nails and a part of another in it. Originally there were nineteen, but the devil knocked them into the stone. When the three and the piece disappear the world will surely come to an end. Several old copies of the Koran are kept in the mosque.

27. On the iron railing which circles the great rock in the center are tied a great many pieces of rags, placed there by faithful Moslems as a reminder to Mohammed not to forget them. It is thought to be nearly as good a way as to tie thread around the fingers to prevent one from forgetting. It is Mohammed who is to pull the souls out of the pit below by the hair of the head at the great day. Fortunate will those be who have a tuft of hair left upon the crown, but the baldheaded will stand a very poor chance.

28. The Mosque-el-Aksa, standing near the mosque of Omar, was the next place visited. There is doubt as to the origin of this building, or group of buildings, but it is held to be identical (in site if no more) with the magnificent basilica founded by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the Virgin. It is held by some that this structure is entirely Arabian, but its form of a basilica, its cruciform plan, and the existence of certain ancient remains, prove that it was a Christian church, and has been converted into a mosque. Others deny that it was ever a Christian church, or that Justinian had anything to do with it, affirming that it was built by Abd-el-Mekel, in the end of the seventh century. The porch has seven arcades leading into the seven aisles of the basilica.

29. The old mosque is a large building with many columns, some of them marble and of the Corinthian order, while others are imitation and covered with plaster. There are paintings on the different arches and walls, some quite ancient, and some modern and of an indifferent quality. The columns and piers are connected by a rude architrave, which consists of beams of roughly-squared timber, inclosed in a casing of one-inch stuff, on which the decoration is made. The beams are much decayed, and show signs of great age. All the arches are painted.

30. The windows are rich and showy, but not equal to those in the mosque of Omar. Much of the interior is whitewashed. The interior of the dome and the portion immediately under it are richly decorated mosaic work and marble casing. The arabesques and mosaics differ in style from those in the other mosque.

31. Among the sacred places the following are pointed out: The tombs of the sons of Aaron, marked by a stone slab in the pavement near the entrance. (Far more likely it marks the place where some Knight Templar was buried.) The pulpit at the southern end is exquisitely carved in wood, and is said to be the cedar of Lebanon. It was done in Damascus, and brought to Jerusalem by Saladin.

32. Near the pulpit, and west of it, is what is called the praying-place of Moses; but as nobody claims that Moses was ever in Jerusalem, or the land of Yahweh, it cannot well be understood why Moses should have a praying-place in this mosque. Immediately back of the pulpit is a stone having an imprint, said to have been made by the feet of Christ. Who found it out is not stated.

33. In this mosque are two pillars standing pretty close together, through which space thousands of persons have passed; those who can get through are certain to go to heaven, while those who have too much corporosity to squeeze through stand a very poor chance. It may be gratifying to some to know that the Scribe was able to get through. There are also two other places still narrower that the slim ones used to pass through to secure the heavenly seat, but, as many could not easily make the passage, it was closed to prevent further effort in that direction.

34. There is also on one side a black stone, which has been another test as to the probability of reaching paradise. The candidates have to stand some fifteen feet from the stone, with their back toward it and their eyes bandaged; then they turn around quickly, and, marching to the stone, give it a kiss. If they hit it they are all right, if they miss their case is very doubtful. The Scribe was not curious enough as to his future as to try the test.

35. There is also a Well of the Leaf, the water of which is said to be very clear. The Moslems have a curious legend in connection with it. It is claimed that Mohammed delivered a prophecy that one of his followers should, while alive, enter paradise; during the caliphate of Omar a worshiper, one Sheik ibn-Hayian, came to this well to draw water, when his bucket slipped from his hand and fell into the water. He did not wish to lose it and followed after, and to his infinite surprise came to a door, which he opened, and found it led to a beautiful garden. He wandered about in it for some time and picked a leaf of the beautiful growth which he saw there, and retained it upon his return. This leaf never faded nor withered, and thus the words of the prophet were fulfilled; but the door has never since been found, and no one else has been able to reach paradise in the same way; but devout Moslems still look upon the door of the well as the most direct road to paradise.

36. The small temple at the entrance of the mosque of Omar, already spoken of, and from which the large mosque is said to have been modeled, is really a beautiful structure, and is called the Kubbet-es-Silsileh, or Dome of the Chain. It is also called the Tribunal of David. The tradition attached to it is that the chain was suspended from heaven to it, and when any two persons get into a dispute which they could not settle they went there to have the matter adjusted by the chain, as it was sure to move toward the one who was in the right.

37. Another tradition is that all witnesses to great trials were brought here to be tested as to the truth of their evidence. If it was true, they could grasp the chain; if false, they were not able to grasp it; if a link broke off he was a perjurer and was not permitted to testify. The dome of the Ascension marks the spot where Mohammed ascended on his remarkable journey to heaven.

38. At the southeast corner of the Haram a descent of thirty-two steps brings one to the place called the cradle of Christ, a small chamber, which is said to be the place where Jesus when a babe remained when brought by his parents from Nazareth to be circumcised; but as Matthew says that at that very time he was in Egypt, one is at a loss on which hook to hang his belief. Here his mother and her husband were retained for several days, and this was the home of Simeon.

39. From this room a further descent is made to the vaulted cellars and the wilderness of piers and columns which were erected to level up the grounds to the proper hight for the court of the temple. It is claimed by those who make so many extravagant claims that this work was done by Solomon, and that he used those subterranean passages as stables for his numerous chariot horses; but it is far more probable that they do not date any further back than the time of Herod. A good deal more is claimed for Solomon and his time than there is any proof to sustain.

40. On the east wall of the Haram the pilgrims climbed the steps which lead to the top of the wall, where a splendid view is obtained of the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the valley of Jehosophat, the cemeteries, and all the surrounding noted places. Here is a piece of broken pillar protruding from the wall, respecting which the Moslems have the tradition that when Mohammed comes to judge the world he will sit on this, and when a slender cord has been stretched across to the top of the Mount of Olives, those who would reach paradise must walk on that thread. Some of the way it is to be no larger than a hair, and those who pass over it will have the burden of their sins to fetter their feet. The guilty will fall from the cord into the gulf of hell, but the just will be supported by angels and they will cross over safely.

41. Two of the gates in the wall which formerly were open are now closed—the Golden gate and the Beautiful gate. Jesus is said to have passed into one of them when he entered the city on Palm Sunday, and which will be opened for him again when he comes to judge the world. Probably it will. The other is where Peter and John miraculously cured a lame man. But as this wall, with its gates, was constructed some centuries after the time when these events are said to have occurred, it is difficult to see how these claims can be true.

42. In passing out of the court of the temple, or the Haram, is the low depression which used to be the pool of Bethesda, where the first cripple who was able to get in after the angel troubled the waters was sure to be healed. It is a low, miserable looking place, but there is no water in it now, and in a short time the hole will be filled up, for two or three dozen donkeys were busily at work carrying dirt and rubbish there from some extensive digging that is being done; it is dumped down this hole, and half of the place is already filled up, and soon the pool of Bethesda will be one of the things that were.

43. Returning to the hotel, the pilgrims called at a Catholic convent, or home of the sisters, where quite a business is done in gumming on to cards the dried flowers that grow in the country, which are duly labeled Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mount of Olives, Jerusalem, etc., so as to make up an assortment of some two dozen kinds, and these are bought by tourists as mementoes of their visit. The pilgrims, of course, bought some of them, and some crowns of thorns.

44. Later in the day the subterranean quarries were visited, and they are quite extensive. At some time in the past a great amount of stone has been quarried out here. For half a mile ten feet of rock has been taken out, with the exception of the columns left to sustain the roof. The marks of the chisels of the workmen are seen in a few columns partly cut that have never been taken out. The rock is limestone.

Obituary.

Passed away from earth and us, D. Hewins, of Minneapolis, Minn., aged sixty-five years.

In this dear brother Liberalism, liberty of thought and speech, has lost a noble, truthful champion, an able, untiring, persevering advocate. Like most of us, he was educated a very strict Christian sectarian. He had very strong reasoning powers and a good memory. By persevering application and investigation he rose above all creeds and fables, entirely discarded mythical theology, and finally became a true and independent philosopher. Reason and common sense were his motto. The sciences and the unerring book of nature were his favorit pursuits and his most interesting themes. He was a progressiv, congenial companion; an honored citizen; a tender father; and a sincere and faithful friend. Many relativs and Liberal friends sincerely mourn his loss. With many tears the true philosopher was laid in the grave, where the weary are forever at rest.

May there not be some happy lands
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
And pure celestial spirit bands
Where everlasting flowers bloom,
In perfect worlds of bliss on high,
Where kindred spirits never die?

Or will the soaring mind remain
In quiet, everlasting rest,
Free from anxiety and pain,
No more with mortal care oppressed,
In silent grave-sequestered bowers
Sleep undisturbed amid the flowers?
We weep, we mourn his transient stay,
And like the flowers pass away.

Carry the War into Africa.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your columns I not unfrequently see the defeat of Comstock in some of his attacks on better people. Nevertheless, Comstock, on the whole, is victorious so far. Heredity, the only gospel by which mankind can really be saved, is a tabooed subject. Dr. Foote is stirring it up, but Dr. Foote is denied the use of the mail; and, I believe, besides that, he finds it necessary to avoid the marriage question, which is as essential to all views about heredity as a foundation to a building. The Oneida Community, which really was trying valuable experiments in heredity, has been compelled to conceal, though probably not to discontinue, its practices. The movement in favor of ignorance has been very successful during the last seven years.

In a former communication I endeavored to show one way in which we must meet it. Science and Infidelity are as good as dead from the day they become afraid to investigate any subject, especially one so vital as this. We must "glory in the shame" of "obscenity," since "obscenity" has come to be the accepted term for the science of purity, health, and maternity. But there is another way of taking the offensiv, carrying the war into Africa. That is, to send Comstock to jail. Complaints hav several times been made against him for malicious prosecution, blackmail, assault, forgery, etc.; also against his purse-bearer, Colgate, for obscenity under his own law. Once, at least, a true bill was found against Tony, but I believe all these prosecutions came to nothing. The reason is, the accused did not hav the money, patience, and courage to push a matter involving so much that was unsavory against the united church. They were easily bought off.

Now we hav a Defense fund. But defense is not the attitude of strength. We must attack. Let us hav a "Society for the Prosecution of Perjurers, Extortioners, Common Barrators, Maintainers, and Champertors," with a fund confided to a good, trusty lawyer, like Mr. Wakeman, and, in the nature of things, it cannot be long before we get Comstock convicted of some grave offense and his pals so demoralized and disgraced that they will never be heard of more. If you start a subscription list for that purpose, I promis to "come down handsome."

C. L. James.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Round-the-World Fund.

The following persons hav paid five dollars each (except where otherwise specified) to help take THE TRUTH SEEKER editor round the world, and their names will appear in the dedication of Vol. I, which is already printed and in the hands of the binder:

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McBride, James
McCloy, Robert
McCoy, J. J.
McCrory, John
McDonald, J. Duff
McDonald, Wm.
McEwen, Solon G.
McFarlane, Peter
McIntosh, Wm.
McLaren, Duncan
McLaury, Wm., M.D.
McLean, Wm.
McRae, John
Mead, C. W. & Co. (two shares)
Meakin, John P.
Mellor, Samuel
Merriwether, M.
Merwin, W. R., M.D.
Metzger, Peter
Michaelson, Hans
Miles, Smith
Milk, H. B.
Miller, Martin
Miller, Mrs. S. B.
Miller, John T.
Miller, Lewis
Milliken, Amy D.
Minchen, N. T.
Minski, A.
Missouri Friend, A.
Mitchell, E. W.
Moffatt, L.
Molder, W. F.
Mollineaux, J.
Mollineaux, F.
Mollinger, John
Monroe, N.
Moon, F. H. [two shares]
Moore, Chas.
Moore, Chas. C.
Moore, C. H.
Moore, Dr. L. S.
Moore, F. A.
Moore, F. H. (two shares)
Moore, N. J.
Moore, S. D.
Moore, Sam T.
Morgan, Dr. H.
Morgan, Charles W.
Morgan, John W.
Morrison, B. G.
Morrison, C.
Morrison, J.
Morse, C. D.
Morse, John
Morse, S., M.D.
Moss, J. E.
Moyer, Dr. E.
Mulkey, S. V.
Munster, Lewis
Myers, H. C.
Myrick, Elijah

Nachtsheim, Friedrich
Nathan, Jacob F.
Naumann, Charles
Neal, James R.
Neihart, Jacob
Neilson, D.
Nelson, G. B.
Nettleton, D.
Netzley, Eli
Neuber, Joseph
Newman, William
Newton, George (two shares)
Nichols, T. V.
Nichols, B. F.
Nickerson, Cyrus
Nicolay, Wm. J.
Niemann, J. H.
Nigh, J. W.
Nimmo, John
Norris, Wm.
Norton, Lee
Nshikian, P. Freeman

Odle, S. A.
O'Donnell, E. G.
Oelke, Aug. H.
Old, Mrs. T. S.
Olds, A. K. (3 shares)
Oliver, James
Ordway, J. M.
Orgen, E. W.
Ostrom, Mattie
Owens, John

Paddington, George
Paine, Thos. N.
Palm, Andrew
Palmer, Charles E.
Palmer, Israel
Palmer, J. P.
Parker, N. A.
Parker, Freeman
Parker, Mrs. Kate
Parks, Mrs. G. W.
Perry, J. R.
Pert, De Robigne Mortimer Bennett
Peterson, Chris
Peterson, C. E.
Peterson, E.
Peterson, J. D.
Peterson, P. J.
Petty, J.
Phillips, A. G.
Phillips, F. F., B.S.
Phillips, J. P.
Parham, John
Parr, H. A.
Parshall, James L.
Passehl, Carl
Partridge, A. M.
Patrick, H. M.D. (two shares),
Payne, Ed. M.D.
Payne, John
Peabody, B.
Pierce, James J.
Pierce, P. E.
Pikard, A. B
Piper, Mrs. C. M. (2 shares)
Plum, Byron
Plumb, George
Polhemus, Laura
Polhamus, Wm.
Pope, Abner J.
Pope, E. S. (two shares)
Porter, W. F.
Post, Amy
Pearce, W. H.
Peck, C. J.
Peck, Franklin
Peck, James M., Sr.
Peck, Luman
Pellegrini, A. Snider de
Pelton, Elias
Penfield, W.
Pepper, W. H.
Perkins, Rufus
Powell, M.
Powell, S.
Powers, B. B.
Powers, John D.
Powers, Salmon
Price, A.
Price, J. W.
Prigmore, Mrs. S. A.
Prouty, H. N.
Punnett, Renben
Purdy, G. B.
Putnam, S. P.

Ramsdell, D. E.
Randall, Chas.
Ray, F. L. (two shares)
Ray, John
Raynor, Mrs. W.
Raynor, Wm. M.
Read, Mrs. E. S.
Read, Samuel Geo.
Redfield, B.
Redwood, V. R.
Reed, T. J.
Reeves, M.
Reeder, Thomas
Reichel, John G.
Reinheimer, Henry
Remington, Geo. T.
Renwick, W. E.
Repp, Mrs. Maria
Reuscher, John James
Rhein, Earnest
Rice, B. F.
Rich, W. S.
Richmond, J. D.
Rickner, J. M. A.
Ring, Wm. S.
Risdon, A. H.
Risk, Alexander
Rivers, Frank
Robinson, D. C.
Robinson, Isabella
Rockhill, Nathan
Rockwell, Mrs. M. E.
Rodman, J. G.
Roe, John C.
Roe, Silvester
Rogers, Mrs. M.
Rogers, Alex
Rogers, C. H.
Rollins, D. M.
Rollins, Miss Anna
Root, Silas B.
Rose, Miss A. Evelyn
Rose, M. E.
Roseubourgh, Isaac
Rosevelt, Isaac S.
Ross, C. M.
Rounds, E. B
Rounds, J. M.
Rowe, Mark, M.D.
Rowlee, C. S.
Royse, R. L.
Russell, Wm. T.
Ryan, Dan. E. (2 shares)
Ryland, Natt

S. H. T.
S. John
Sackett, S. S.
Sage, Mrs. L. A.
Salter, George
Sailor, Annie Laura
Sams, T. B.
Sander, H.
Santy, L. P.
Sawyer, Peter
Schade, Wm. F.
Scharnhorst, F. C.
Schmitz, Henry (two shares),
Schnabel, E.
Schreiber, Christ
Schuh, Jacob
Scott, Eneas
Scott, Ira A.
Scott, J. W
Schwitzgabel, Lucian
Scroch, M. L.
Searing, E. W.
Searls, Frank
Seeba, James
Seely, W. W.
Selde, P.
Settle, J.
Shaffer, F. W., M. D.
Sharman, John
Sharp, Isaac
Sharpless, S. G.
Shelden, F. D.
Shoafer, J. C.
Shoemaker, E. R.
Shoemaker, M. G.
Shrader, Lewis
Shumway, John W.
Shurtz, Henry
Shuler, W. D.
Sibley, L. W.
Sickinon, Mrs. E. M.
Sieme, Fred.
Simons, A. H.
Sims, James
Simpson, J. W.
Simpson, Wm.
Singer, J. C.
Sisson, Wm.
Skidgell, Chas. E.
Skidmore, Mrs. S. W. B
Skidmore, W. J.
Slenker, Mrs. Elmina D.
Sloane, W. H.
Smith, E. A.
Smith, Austin
Smith, Byron M.
Smith, Capt. Nelson
Smith, D. W.
Smith, George
Smith, G. W.
Smith, Henry
Smith, Henry T.
Smith, Horace E.
Smith, Ira
Smith, J. F. Jr.
Smith, Lemuel
Smith, M.
Smith, Wm. (2 shares)
Snedeker, W. H.
Snyder, Isaac M.D.
Southwick, E. B., M.D.
Spang, Peter
Sparks, D. R.
"Spelling Reform"
Spencer, Joseph
Spencer, P. F.
Sprague, M. T.
Stackhouse, G. H. G.
Stafford, John
Stafford, Mrs. Phœbe A.
Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. J. V
Stanton, W H.
Stanton, Ben
Stark, W. L.
Stauffer, J. M.
Stephens, W. J.
Stebbins, Wm. H. H.
Stevens, W. F. (four shares)
Stevens, J. C.
Stevenson, E. M.
Sterling, Dr. C. S.
Stewart, D.
Stimpson, E. B.
Stimson, T. D.
Stoddard, Ichabod
Stone, B. F.
Stone, Mrs. C. B
Stone, Henry A.
Stone, J. S.
Stone, W. Goldsmith
Stoneburner, A. R.
Stowe, C. W., M.D.
Stratford, John
Strickland, R. D.
Sturdevant, James M
Sunbeck, John
Swarts, R. H.
Sweet, William
Swift, Ed.
Sworts, Wm. C.

Taber, Horace
Taubeneck, A. A.
Tausig, Jacob
Taylor, A.
Taylor, James A.
Taylor, Wm. V., M.D.
Tewksbury, J. R.
Theunisse, Joshua
Thing, D.
Thomas, Hiram
Thompson, A. L.
Thompson, D. J.
Thompson, G. D.
Thompson, J. H.
Thomson, J. B.
Thorn, George
Thorpe, Isaac
Thorp, B.
Tibbets, J. F.
Tiffany, D. M.
Tilley, Henry
Tinker, Mrs. M.
Todd, Mrs. Sarah C.
Todd, Warren U.
Tompkins, J. L.
Townsend, Chas E.
Townsend, J. A.
Thomson, A. F.
Thorn, J. R.
Trenham, N. J.
Tremaine, C. S.
Trimmer, Dr.
Tripp, Mrs. Lucinda A
Trumble, Wm.
Tucker, C. B., M.D.
Turner, Ashley
Turner, Mrs. Flora
Tuttle, Charles
Tyler, H. A.
Tyler, Wm.
Townsley, E. A.
Tozer, J. R.

Ulrick, William
Urey, A. P.

Vacher, A.
Van Buskirk, E.
Vandament, D. G.
Vanderburg, L.
Van Dyke, Nelson
Van Schoick, Isaac
Vaughan, Alfred
Vega, A. D.
Velie, George C.
Vincent, A.

Wadsworth, S. D.
Wagner, Lewis
Wagner, William
Wahlen, M.
Walker, H. W.
Walker, Wm.
Walker, Walter
Walker, W. W.
Walter, F. G.
Walter, W. S.
Walters, Dr. W.
Walters, J. A.
Walters, Leonard
Walters, Mrs. Eli,
Wallace, Jacob
Wallace, James
Walling, D. P.
Walstad, Jacob C.
Ward, James W.
Wardwell, Benjamin F.
Warren, Dwight
Warwick, Thomas
Waters, Alex
Watson, James G.
Weaver, Ira
Wever, W. L.
Webb, L. R.
Webber, Samuel
Weber, Henry
Weeden, J. E.
Weeks, Edward
Weenink-Hiohan, Mrs. H. A.
Wells, Frank
Wells, Frank E.
Wells, W. A.
Wells, Wm.
Wellman, E. J.
Wellman, L. R.
Werthen, Solomon
Wescott, C. J.
Wescott, Hiram
Wheat, James M. [two shares]
Wheeler, A. S. (four shares)
Wheeler, Luther
Wheeler, J. B.
White, C. A.
White, Col. D.
White, John W.
White, Joseph
Whipple, J. D.
Whipple, J. P.
Whitney, E. Belle
Whitzel, T. J.
Wickersham, Enoch
Wilbur, Harvey
Wilcox, D. P.
Wilke, Wm.
Wile, D.
Willcox, Mrs. Elizabeth
Williams, Daniel
Williams, David
Williams, George
Williams, James A.
Williams, Wm.
Williams, Wm. S.
Wilson, Charles
Wilson, James
Wilson, Mrs. B. T. H.
Wilson, Mrs. E.
Wilson, R. F.
Wilson, Wm. C. (twenty shares)
Witze, Charles
Wiedorff, H. J.
Wink, G. F.
Winn, James M.
Winslow, Frank H.
Wise, F. V.
Wise, L. J.
Witham, Joseph G.
Woelke, Franz B.
Wood, Alice
Wood, Charles N.
Wood, H. S.
Wood, W.
Wood, W. W.
Woodbury, M. H.
Wooddell Dr. W. E.
Woodhouse, P.
Woods, J. M.
Woodworth, E. N., M.D.
Wooley, R. S.
Worman, Edwin
Wollpert, Caleb
Woolsey, N
Wootten, Philip
Wright, H. L.

Yale, F. L.
Yesler, H. L.
York, Dr. J. L.
Young, H. F.
Young, Stephen

Mr. Bennett in India.

From the *Theosophist* we learn that the Theosophical Society of India held their anniversary meeting on January 12th, at which meeting Mr. Bennett was one of the speakers. Col. Alcott gave an account of the work the society had performed in the past year, and alluding to the proposition of the Bombay *Gazette*, that he and Joe Cook should get up a religious controversy, said that he had not the time to answer Cook, but that, perhaps, "Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor and proprietor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, one of the greatest organs of the Western Freethought movement," might hav a few words to say upon the subject. Mr. Bennett did hav a few words to say, and gave Cook's religion a thorough overhauling. The speech, together with the other proceedings, will appear in his letters in the proper place. At its conclusion he and Col. Alcott were complimented and warmly thanked by many Hindoo and Parsi gentlemen. In the published proceedings Mr. Bennett is introduced to the public of India by the following note:

"This famous Infidel agitator against Christian orthodoxy is a strong-built gentleman, of medium hight, with a large intellectual forehead and a pleasant voice. He was reared as a 'Shaker,' a sect of celebrated Christian mystics in America, who are universally esteemed for their pure moral character and industrious habits. His religious views having changed, Mr. Bennett at the age of 27 left them and went out into the world to fight a life-long battle for Freethought. Eight years ago he established THE TRUTH SEEKER, a weekly journal, which now has 50,000 readers, and has written and published scores of tracts and leaflets besides ten or more books against Christianity. He became so dangerous an opponent that, at last, the orthodox party availed themselvs of a convenient pretext, and had him sent to prison for selling a physiological work of which he was neither an author nor a publisher, and which the book trade were then selling, and are still selling, with impunity, thousands of copies! The fact appears in Mr. Bennett's address."

These proceedings made Joe Cook so angry that in his lectures in Bombay he went out of his way to defame the character of Mr. Bennett, Col. Olcott, and many nativ gentlemen of irreproachable character. He was immediately challenged to prove his statements by Pandit Dayanand Saraswati Swami, Col. Olcott, and Mr. Bennett, of whom the last mentioned sent the following challenge:

CROW'S NEST BUNGALOW, MAHALAKSHMI, Jan. 18, 1822.

SIR: You hav defamed my character, impugned my motivs, and cast a slur upon the whole Freethought party who take the liberty of thinking for themselvs. That the Indian public may know whether your several statements are true or false, I shall make, on Friday evening, at 5·30, at the Framji Cowasji Institute, a public statement. On that occasion I invite you to meet me face to face and answer the statements I shall make. Your failure to do so would be construed into an inability to substantiate reckless allegations flung out under the protection of a crowd of sympathizers.

Should you plead other engagements, I may say that to meet your calumnies I hav myself put off my engagement. Like yourself, I am on a voyage around the world, and hav no time to waste. For the whole truth,

Yours, etc., D. M. BENNETT.

Of course Cook failed to respond, but the meeting came off and "was the most overwhelming triumph the society has ever had in the Bombay presidency. The building was crowded to suffocation and the enthusiasm of the nativ audience knew no bounds."

The proceedings were reported and distributed in India, but hav not yet reached us. That Cook's vile

aspersions fell upon rather steril soil is proved by the fact that at the next lecture in Bombay, as we learn from the *Theosophist*, he "was more hissed than applauded, and a deputation of nativs was sent to the Theosophical headquarters to ask the founders to reply to these aspersions. In accordance with this wish Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky, in company with Captain Banon, who was visiting them at that time, proceeded on the following day to hear Mr. Cook's last lecture. "Their appearance at the Town Hall was greeted with such a thundering and prolonged applause that it must hav stirred up the lecturer's guilty conscience, as he opened his discourse with the cowardly remark to the address of the nativ audience—reminding them 'of the presence of four policemen' at the door of the hall. It was not only in bad taste, but positivly vile, since the nativs only availed themselvs of their legal right to applaud or hiss at their will and pleasure. This bad taste and utter lack of gentlemanly tact and discretion were shown by the Boston lecturer a day later at Poona with a still greater prominence. Refused by the non-Christian nativs to listen to the Lord's prayer which he insisted forcing upon them, Mr. Cook wrathfully advised them to pray to their 'false gods.' Then he quarreled with two of the Christian missionaries present and insulted the chairman, a respectable European gentleman of Poona, the remarkable lecture coming to a close, to the great delight of the 'heathen' audience, amidst a 'general Christian row,' as the *heathen* editor of a local paper expressed it."

Altogether, the simultaneous appearance in Bombay of Joe Cook and Mr. Bennett—falsehood and truth—made a pretty lively time for the nativs. Cook was probably a revelation to them of a hitherto unknown phase of Christianity, and undoubtedly created a sensation akin to what might be experienced by a colony of bees upon the sudden dropping into their midst of a rather overgrown and particularly vicious monkey.

Mr. Wakeman on Comstockian Societies.

Owing to the revival by Comstock and his agents in various states of attempts to get into the statute-books his laws for his own aggrandizment, the Liberal Club was crowded last Friday night to hear Mr. Wakemen expound the working of these laws. Mrs. Amelia H. Colby was first announced to lecture upon this subject, but owing to sickness in the family of her friend and partner, Mrs. Smith, she was unable to keep her engagement, and Mr. T. B. Wakeman was called upon by the Lecture Committee of the club to speak upon "Comstockism Not a Safe or a Republican Form of Government, either in the State or United States." Among the prominent Liberals present were Courtlandt Palmer, E. W. Chamberlain, S. P. Putnam, H. B. Brown, Drs. E. B. Foote, Sr., E. B. Foote, Jr., Gunn, and Kinget. An invitation was extended to Mr. McBirney, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, but he did not respond. Comstock was also absent—unavoidably, probably.

Courtlandt Palmer presided, and after the routine business of the club, Mr. Wakeman opened. He began by alluding to the departure from first principles of our government in the admission to our statute books of Comstock laws in 1872, and to the parceling out to amateur societies the enforcement of our laws. Four societies, he said, had practically the control of our laws. These are (1) the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, (2) Cruelty to Children, (3) Prevention of Crime, (4) Suppression of Vice, all of which, with the exception of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, are legally run by Elbridge T. Gerry. The effect has been practically to abandon the enforcement of our laws to theological and sentimental societies. Last winter Comstock endeavored to extend his operations by getting a bill through our legislature giving him the power to appoint deputies in any county of the state, who were to hav power to make arrests without a warrant. This law, Mr. Wakeman said, was defeated by the Liberals, who saw through it, and opposed it on principle. In three different states in the West, now, Comstock's agents are trying to get just such bills passed without the knowledge of the people. Through these societies, the theologians are trying to get under their control the morals, sentiments, and amusements of the people.

There are four corner-stones of American liberty. They are separation of church and state; equal, just, and impartial administration of the laws; separation of federal and state jurisdictions; just, fair, and impartial trial of all citizens by a jury of their own neighbors. Church and state, he went on, must be kept separate. There is no freedom with any sort of a pope to sit in inquisition on our thoughts. No censorship can be admitted by any theological coterie or society, or our liberties are gone. Take the men who control these societies, and what would they do with the members of the Liberal Club? They would do as Calvin did when he roasted Servetus for two hours over green oak. The men who control these societies are survivals—fossils who come down from barbaric and barbarous ages. Comstock does not care what the Liberals say or think; all he cares for is his God and his priest. These men love power, and are not satisfied because they cannot walk the streets a little bigger men than common. The danger to our country is in giving to piety a monopoly of enforcing laws. These priests hav drenched the world in blood. They hav made the earth a Golgotha. These men liv by contributions of the churches and half the fine of all they can mulct the persons for.

Equal and just laws is the next corner-stone, but with these societies in existence there can be no just laws, and no fair trial. The victim is convicted from the start. Judges dare not let up on the prisoner. The society must convict, or it would be liable to a prosecution for damages for false imprisonment.

In 1873, for the first time, at the instigation of Comstock, the post-office was empowered to discriminate upon the matter that went through the post-office. This turned the whole post-office into a trap to be used for the benefit of these amateur theological societies. It is a trick and device to make the United States a bureau of detection for Comstock's society. The result is, as Comstock said in Benedict's court, that "in this court we always convict."

Mr. Wakeman alluded to the trial of the Millers in New Jersey, a full report of which was given in THE TRUTH SEEKER. He then gave a statement of the arrest and prosecution of Dr. E. Moyer, for selling "Paine's Age of Reason," of which an account will be found in another column.

He drew a distinction between the jurisdiction of the United States and states, and said that the tendency of those laws was to centralization—a tendency utterly subversiv of American liberty. He alluded to Dr. Foote. The post-office could not find anything "obscene" in his paper, and said it must be stopped because it was an advertising sheet. So 26,000 of his papers were held at Buffalo without any authority but the dictum of the post-office officials, and he was obliged to pay $200 to get them started on their way.

The Liberals of the county were the only ones who realized the gravity of the danger to our liberties by these things, and he was sorry to say some of them cared more for Mother Grundy than for liberty. Mr. Wakeman said the club knew he was in favor of crime being punished and vice suppressed, but he wanted it done by legal means and not by theocratic societies. These societies were theological mobs, and their laws were theological mob laws. The state should punish the improper use of the mails by arresting the offender at either end of the route, as well as by express, or any other conveyance. Any body who said he was in favor of obscenity was a liar, and he was astounded that such a paper as the Boston *Index* should repeat these slanders and steadfastly refuse to publish the correction he had repeatedly sent. All laws giving officials power to discriminate against any paper should be revised.

Mr. Wakeman concluded his hour's speech by saying that he had as many interests at stake as any, but he would peril them all to defend principles of American liberty.

Dr. Lambert arose and said he had been told by members of the New York assembly that Mr. Wakeman's arguments before the assembly were the means of defeating Comstock. The committee at first were with Comstock, but after hearing Wakeman's speech, "Liberty and Purity," they were surprised that they, as lawyers, had not seen the truth before.

Mr. Palmer said Mr. Wakeman should be sent to Albany again, and the club should send him there. He offered to help pay the expense. Dr. Lambert moved that a committee be appointed to get money to defray expenses, which motion was carried. H. B. Brown, T. C. Leland, E. W. Chamberlain, and Mr. Dean were appointed committee to obtain subscriptions. Courtlandt Palmer headed the list with $25.

At the close of the meeting the chairman announced that $75 had been collected, and with a few explanatory and supplementary remarks by Mr. Wakeman the club then adjourned.

No Paine Monument in Washington.

Some time ago we saw an item floating around in the daily papers that Col. Ingersoll and other gentlemen were going to raise a monument to Paine, and, supposing it to hav been started by some Washington correspondent who knew what he was talking about, we copied it. Receiving the other day, from a valued friend, an offer to contribute $100 toward the monument so soon as the matter was in working shape, we wrote to Col. Ingersoll, making inquiry, and received in reply the following letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1882.

"MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD: All I know about the Paine monument is what I saw in the papers. I do not know that I am on any committee to raise or receive money.

"Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL."

We regret that the story is a canard, for Paine deserves a monument at the hands of the American people, and should hav one. Mayhap he will, one of these days, either in Washington or the Central Park in this city.

Liberal Notes and News.

A. L. RAWSON will speak at Science Hall, March 19th, at 8 P.M., on "The Voice of Humanity in the Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting of the Past." This is the eleventh lecture of the course inaugurated by the Society of Humanity.

MRS. ANNIE T. ANDERSON addressed the Second Society of Spiritualists in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun, March 8th, upon the question of "The Materialists and Spiritualists Combined Forces to Check Christian Aggressivness." All present seemed to favor her ideas of ladies' Liberal Leagues to be formed as an aid.

W. F. JAMIESON is busy nearly all the time in the lecture field. He does not depend entirely on lecture calls, but goes into all the world and preaches Liberalism. When last heard from he was giving a course of six lectures in Turner Hall, Chilton, Wis., and was announced to speak at Fox Lake, Wis., March 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, where he may be addressed for the present.

ON Thursday, Feb. 10th, Comstock arrested Wm. Wilson on a charge of defamation of character. He thinks it will take $10,000 to repair the damage Wilson has done to his reputation by publishing some facts about him. The judge (Neilson) seemed to be of the same opinion, for he placed the bail at the above sum. He was afterward convinced that Mr. Wilson would not run away, although not bound by quite so much money, and he reduced the bail to $3,000, which being given by Mrs. Wm. Wilson and a gentleman friend, Mr. Wilson was allowed to go until such time as the court should want him. The idea of Comstock suing for defamation of his character is quite rich. A rotten egg might as well get offended at being accused of stinking when broken.

OWING to the crowded state of our columns, the instalment for this week of Mr. Wakeman's lecture is unavoidably deferred. Students will miss their usual treat, but next week it will appear. Perhaps they can content themselvs with Mr. J. W. King's article, which tears Mr. Wakemen's theories all apart!

MANY of the subscribers to the Round-the-World fund hav written us to know how much it will increase the cost to hav the books bound in extra binding, and saying they wished them in better than ordinary style. We can furnish the volumes bound in leather, with red edges, for 75 cents per volume extra, or $2.25 for the three; in morocco, with gilt edges, for $1 extra per volume, or $3 for the three volumes. All wanting them that way will please notify us, remitting the amount, and the books will be bound as desired. We will feel obliged if they will order early, so we can tell how many to bind in leather and morocco.

[From the Boston Investigator.

Prosecuted for Selling the "Age of Reason."

Dr. E. Moyer was arrested Feb. 4th for selling Paine's "Age of Reason" without a license (religious works, tracts, etc., requiring no license here). Dr. Moyer, being a stranger here, and having no friends that he was aware of, happened to meet with me after having put up his bail to appear, etc., and asked what to do. I spoke to some of the Freethinkers, amongst whom was Geo. W. Lewis, Esq., who is a gentleman of standing and more than ordinary legal ability and practitioner at all our courts.

Dr. Moyer had a talk with Mr. Lewis, whose ready wit prompting him what to do in the premises, cunningly demanded a jury trial. A venire was served at first for twenty jurors. Of course they were closely questioned as to whether they were free from prejudice against Infidels, and their testimony was found to be somewhat difficult—almost as difficult as getting a jury on a Sunday law case. But, however, after a second, then a third, Mr. Lewis succeeded in getting a satisfactory jury.

In opening the case the prosecuting attorney read parts or pages 1, 9, 19, 66, etc., of the "Age of Reason," and made some remarks, and of course read the city ordinance in regard to selling books, etc. (Remember, the city allows all religious books, pamphlets, tracts, papers, or cards to be sold on the streets free from taxes). He claimed that the "Age of Reason" did not come under that head; that it was a book the author of which was a well-known Infidel, and that it was injurious, as it always has been, to the human family, and now is to the rising generation.

It is useless to add that the court-room was packed, from the orthodox clergy even to the illiterate Chinaman, to hear the result of this supposed breach or violation of a city ordinance.

Of course as soon as the prosecution rested Mr. Lewis opened for the defense. His speech was one of the most eloquent it has been our privilege to listen to for a long time. He showed to the jury, in plain terms, the absurdity of depriving the right of thought, the right of speech, the right of acting, not in defiance of law, but that right which God himself and law itself allows (which is not in defiance to law, but which is every man's prerogativ), the right to think and speak.

During Mr. Lewis's speech all were silent; you could hav heard a pin drop. He recited at length a history of the times in which the immortal Paine lived, and whose name will liv as long as time will last. It is useless to recite any further. Let it suffice that the prosecuting attorney didn't reply, but was willing to submit the case to the jury. The judge in his charge was neutral. Most of the jury were church-members, and were naturally supposed to be prejudiced to Infidelity, and particularly Paine's "Age of Reason." But to the astonishment of the crowded court-room, when the jury announced the readiness of their decision, after only a few minutes' absence in the jury room, they returned a verdict of "not guiity," and I must say, not only to the surprise, but extreme satisfaction of the crowded court-room.

I am happy to state that Dr. Moyer was congratulated by all of us who are for right, justice, and freedom.

West Oakland, Cal. JOHN C. BULLOCK.

Communications.

Is the Sound Theory Overthrown?—Concluded.

In one place Tyndall says that "a string stretched over rigid bits of iron unconnected with wood makes no sound, no matter how strongly vibrated, because such string is too thin a body to produce a sensible effect on the air." "It is not the chords that throw the air into motion, but the large surfaces they are connected with and the air inclosed by these surfaces." "The motion communicated to air by a vibrating string is too small to be perceived as sound even at a small distance from the string" (Lectures on Sound). "This," says the author of the book, "is suicide, for the little films over the openings at the locust's side are the one-hundreth part as large as such strings as Tyndall speaks of, yet with no strong hand to pluck, with nothing but its tiny legs to rub over them, this little creature "molds and carves the air into waves," sitting upon a leaf with no large surface to act as sounding-board—thus by its almost invisible films generating disturbances to fill four entire miles of air."

But, says the writer, here is the grand demonstration of the utter nonsense of the accepted theory. He is willing to forego all else and stand on this demonstration alone. There can be no doubt of the theory as propounded. It means that sound is nothing but "air waves striking the drum-skin"—"the tympanic membrane"—"moving it once in, once out," and the sound is in ourselvs—it is nothing outside of us but vibrations of air. "Now if I can demonstrate that this does not vibrate, cannot vibrate, in response to sound, and is not intended to vibrate in the least, it is clear that the wave theory fails? First, the drum-skin is a membrane, a physical, ponderable body, having inertia only to be overcome by force if merely suspended; but being tightly drawn, it requires more force to move it. Second, it weighs a little over a half grain, or it takes sixteen thousand to make a pound of them. Third, stretched it occupies one cubic fourth inch. Now imagin one drum-skin extended in the space of each cubic quarter inch of the four miles filled by the stridulation of the locust As sure as there is any truth in the wave theory, all of these will be thrown into motion. By a simple calculation we find that here are sixty-five quadrillion tympanic membranes stretched within the four miles; divided by sixteen thousand, the number to the pound, gives us two thousand million tons of this membrane, which this trifling insect can throw into rapid motion by merely moving its legs! Darwin says the locust can be heard one mile in every direction, and Tyndall says each ear-drum moves once in and out by the force of the air at each vibration."

If we consider the passage of sound through iron, wood, or rock, by the air wave theory, we run into equal absurdities. It is a law of water waves that the distance between each wave is as ten to twelve as compared with the hight; that is, if a wave is one inch high the distance between it and other waves of the same hight is ten or twelve inches. Toss one-pound stones into water, and you raise waves about two inches high and twenty inches apart. The author spent much time in measuring and studying waves, and employed assistants. He measured the waves from drops of water falling on the surface, waves made by passing boats, waves caused by gales of wind. He went out and measured the ocean billows. He found this law invariable. He found also, as any one who ever saw water in commotion knows, that the waves travel faster the larger they are. Children playing with toy ships on the water know this. How slowly the little vessel travels on the tiny waves made by drops of water, be the waves never so rapid! Let an ocean billow seize the little boat, and it is borne out of sight in a moment. Now the air wave men hav devoted whole pages to show that the air waves are exactly like water waves *in every respect*. Now what is the theory as to the wave lengths and hights in air producing sound? Here we hav it from Tyndall, ever ready with his tuning-fork: "Imagin this fork vibrating 384 times in air, at sixty degrees fahrenheit, of this room in one second, the foremost wave of air is 1,120 feet from the fork. Therefore in this distance are 384 vibrations or waves of air; 1,120 feet, divided by 384 vibrations, gives us exactly two feet eleven inches for the length of each wave. Here is another fork vibrating at the rate of two hundred and fifty-six per second." The length between its air waves is of course four feet four inches.

But there is the law showing the amplitude or hight of each wave once we hav the distance. Each wave is from one-tenth to one-twelfth as high as the distance from wave to wave. If the waves are identically the same as water waves, as the theory declares, then these air waves made by this tuning-fork, vibrating two hundred and fifty-six times per second, are at least four inches high. If the waves are not about that high, then they are not like water waves, and so the theory falls to the ground. Now Tyndall says some sound waves are four hundred and seventy-six feet apart, and therefore must be forty-seven feet high. There are the waves for low E, double bass. Imagin such waves of air passing through rock or iron! It would pulverize them. Nay, imagin them shocking our ear-drums. The very thought givs us the ear-ache!

Unfortunately for these air wave theorists, they entirely overlooked the fact that sound goes through water. As we cannot see air waves, they can talk securely of them, but water we can see. Sound goes through water four times faster than through air. What makes the sound heard through water? A familiar example is known to boys in bathing. One will get two rocks and clap them together under water while another some distance off holds his head under. A severe, distressing, solid sound is heard. While some boys are diving a distance off, another boy will slyly knock stones together under the water. Every diver will instantly rise shaking his head and complaining. These sounds must be made, then, by water waves. According to the current theory, some of these waves must be monsters, and yet not the slightest ripple is observed either upon or beneath the water. That is an experiment the writer of this has very often made. This alone is enough to overwhelm the air wave theory. Why not admit, then, at once that sound is a real entity, like magnetism, which passes through densest matter, grasping other matter far from it and putting it in motion or dragging it toward itself as though it had arms with hands? Sound also is a material doubtless somewhat akin to magnetism, set into various action according to the nature, etc., of the molecules disturbed by the shock and has an affinity for the auditory nerve just as light has for the ocular nerve. A mere wave of grosser substance cannot hav such effect on our finer senses.

Wave velocity is always in proportion to the wave length. D of the piccolo flute has a wave length of three inches. Low E of the double bass has a wave length of twenty-eight feet, according to the theory. Between these two are wave lengths of all sizes. Yet all these move 1,120 feet per second in air at sixty degrees fahrenheit. Let a band of music be stationed at a distance off. You hear each instrument at the same instant. Were the wave theory true you would hear the tones of low E bass first. Then would follow the others in due order. After a long interval those of the little flute would come slowly in. But in fact there is another law of waves that would cause still greater confusion. Each wave moving onward expends its strength, goes slower, and is overtaken by other waves in its rear; finally one largest wave of resistance is raised composed of innumerable overtaking waves. Watch the sea or lake shores any day and this can be observed.

I hav thus hastily sketched a few of the insuperable difficulties presented by the author of the work against the air wave theory of sound.

We are strange creatures. We will uphold any theory or practice, no matter how absurd it may be, so long as our doubts remain quiescent. The wisest, greatest minds of every age hav been the most activ in upholding whatever may hav been the fashion of their time. As the author truly says, when reviewing the wonderful ruins he has made, astonished, as he well may be, at his own havoc, the wisest of us are like mules hitched to a turning post and made to go round and round. When the hitching strap is taken off we still continue to go round and round from force of habit. That no attention has been given to this work in the scientific (so called) publications is only another proof that there is popery in science as well as in religion and medicin.

CLARKE IRVINE.

A Letter from California.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* We are keeping the fires of liberty bright and burning here Under the auspices of Liberal League 190 we celebrated Thomas Paine's birthday in excellent style. Our principal speaker was Charles Bright, a distinguished Australian Liberal. For local speakers we had J. L. Hatch, president of the League; Leonidas Hamilton, a young lawyer; I. N. Choynski, an editor, and Addie Ballou, prominent in Spiritual circles. The speeches were excellent, the audience large and intelligent. The best report of the proceedings was given by the *Daily Examiner*, the leading Democratic journal of the city.

Under the auspices of Auxiliary Liberal League 190, also, we had a splendid lecture by Charles Bright on Monday evening last, the subject being "What Civilization has Done for Christianity." The lecturer spoke extemporaneously, and handled the subject in a masterly manner. The audience enthusiastically applauded. Resolutions of sympathy with the oppressed and outraged Russian Jews were passed by acclamation, and the Russian consul in this city was politely requested to transmit the respectful petition to his imperial majesty of all the Russias. His majesty is appealed to in person in the resolutions to stay the crime and carnage produced by the most fearful fanaticism of this or any age.

Mr. Bright departs for the East to-day, and will call at the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We bespeak for him a hearty reception. In religion the gentleman is a Spiritualist, and, like the hosts of Spiritualists throughout the country, he is heart and soul with us non-Spiritualists in the great Liberal crusade against the gigantic superstition called Christianity. Previous to his departure he was tendered a farewell social meeting by Wm. S. Ray, a young and successful merchant of this city. Assembling at the comfortable and hospitable home of Mr. Ray, he and his estimable lady made the guest of the evening and all others present perfectly at home. We hope to hear that Mr. Bright will hav a successful eastern tour. "A stranger in a strange land," we hav, to the best of our means, received him cordially here. Ever for universal mental liberty,

San Francisco, Mar. 1, 1882. BYRON ADONIS.

Still Unconvinced.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. Wakeman, in his article in reply to his critics, complains that his critics hav commenced too soon to criticise him, and should wait until he has completed his statements. He says I entertain inconsistent views of him, and it can't be wondered at that I get so confused about his treatment of the difficult subject in hand. To say one is a deep, logical reasoner, and yet is liable to reason wrong and commit mistakes, was not, I should think, very inconsistent. A deep, logical reasoner, no matter how level his head may be, is not infallible, and is sometimes as liable to make mistakes as other people, particularly if he has a hobby to ride. Probably we all hav our hobbies, and perhaps Mr. Wakeman is not an exception. I would walk a hundred miles to see the man who never reasoned wrong or never made a mistake.

Now, I would ask him if protoplasm, as he describes it, is not a germ? He says that it is the bridge over the chasm between inorganic and organic matter; that all organisms, all life, originate from protoplasm, and only from protoplasm. If this is true, is not this protoplasm a germ? I would call it so, and did, but did not say that Mr. Wakeman called it a germ. I think I made no dogmatic assertions about this matter, one way or the other, but simply asked him how he knows that organization and life originated from protoplasm, and only from it. This question he has not answered, or only so far as to say that scientists are now substantially agreed upon this hypothesis. And he answers the question in regard to the origin of protoplasm by saying that this wonderful substance is a purely natural product, and quotes Haeckel, Huxley, Spencer, and all evolution biologists. Now we might say a tree, a pumpkin, or a horse was purely a natural product; yet that is not answering the question how and in what manner vital organic life is generated in the first place.

Mr. Wakeman says that if I think the scientists are wrong, I hav only to show life is something besides protoplasm. Now I hav never asserted that life is not in protoplasm, or that it is in something besides that substance. I am a mere inquirer, and, if I recollect right, I neither asserted nor denied anything. I freely own my ignorance in these matters, and of course am not going to try to explain things I know very little about. He defies me to show any life that is not in the matter called protoplasm He may well do that; I pretend to no knowledge of the unknowable or unprovable. But it is rather for him to show that there is no life other than in the matter of protoplasm. The burden of proof rests on him, not upon me, as I hav neither affirmed nor denied anything.

Mr. Wakeman says, "What I was trying to point out was that the music was in the piano, but not in the matter of the piano *per se*—that is, not in the matter of which the piano was made." But this is not an analogous case, not a fair comparison, by any means. The piano is a mere dead mechanical machine, and cannot produce any sound of itself, either whole or in parts, but must depend entirely on outside forces to produce the music. Not so with a living, organized, vital structure; all its manifestations of life are within itself, and not an outside force. The comparison is wide of the mark.

The trouble with me, says Mr. Wakeman, is that I seem to hav no conception of the modern phase of Materialism, which rests upon modern physiology and psychology, which regards life, feeling, thought, soul, not as materials or entities at all. Here Mr. Wakeman is mistaken a little. I hav been an out-and-out Materialist for fifty years, and never hav believed for a moment that life, spirit, soul, or intelligence was either a material or spiritual entity; they are nothing more, of themselvs, than the effects of the action and reaction of matter, the result of the chemical and electrical changes that are constantly going on. But very likely I am an old fogy with regard to this new school of Positiv philosophy that has become popular in some quarters of late, where they hav inoculated religion with science. It seems to me most absurd to attempt to form a religion out of science. I hav very little conception of such a religio-science, such an unnatural, mule-like hybrid as that. I belong to that school of Materialism of which the distinguished Dr. Charles Knowlton was a member. I was early in life imbued with Materialistic views. My parents being of the Quaker school of religion, I was not very much stuffed with superstitious nonsense about gods and devils, heavens and hells, ghosts and witches. What little religion I had, if I had any, was evoluted out of me before I was of age.

It seems to me this new Materialism inaugurated by Compte is running too much to seed; it needs the pruning-knife badly; that branch of it called Positiv philosophy, being nothing but a "sucker," should be taken off at the root. This stuffing science with religion has resulted from the foolish cry made by Christians, "What will you giv us in the place of Christianity, and the religion that you are robbing us of?" And so these scientific philosophers hav made a sort of composit religion out of science, Materialism, and Atheism—strange materials, truly, to make a religion of. Among the absurd cries that hav been uttered against Infidelity, this cry that it is robbing the world of Christianity, and this clamoring for a substitute, is the most foolish. It is precisely like a patient saying to his physician: "Doctor, now you hav cured me of the fever, what disease do you propose to giv me in place of it? I can't do without one." "Well," says the doctor, "I can giv you the small-pox. How will that do?" Now, these Positiv philosophers may be curing the fever, but are they not spreading the small-pox?

I hav no religion, and no gods to serve; yet, perhaps, I hav as keen a relish for the true, the good, the grand, the beautiful, as most persons; and I hav never thought of making a religion out of such materials, and hav ever regarded religion and superstition as one and the same article. Nor do I think that these Positiv philosophers and biologists, Comte, Spencer, Wakeman, and others, will ever be able to make this unnatural religion stick. I doubt if, on an average, one person in fifty would hav patience to read Comte's "Positiv Philosophy" through; and those that hav patience and time to read it will hardly profit by it as a religious work. It strikes me that this Positiv religion is not rightly named. It has no tangible central figure to worship. It certainly is not equal, by a long way, to the ancient sun-worship. If worship must be done, what more appropriate object to worship than the glorious old sun, the grandest object ever in our view, in whose light and heat we liv, move, and hav our being? It is horrible to contemplate the deplorable condition we would be in here on our little planet if that glorious, life-giving orb were blotted out of existence. I confess to a feeling of sympathy for those ancient sun-worshipers.

Our duty here is plain and simple: Let us do as we would wish to be done by; be just and true to ourselvs as well as to others;

Be just, be kind, be honest and true,
And banish all sects and all creeds;
In this we shall find a plenty to do;
Let's root out all of the weeds.

J. M. KING.

Origin of the Christian Mythology and Religion, Briefly Stated from Known History.

History records that in the first three centuries of this era was witnessed the gradual downfall and eventual extinction, in that time, of the ancient pagan religions, of the mythologies of Greece and Rome. During that transition in the overthrow of those ancient faiths and associated religious rites, much anxiety for the peace of society and safety of governments was naturally felt to be involved, though, for centuries before, those myths had been only passivly maintained by the educated classes. By many with such lessening regard that they were considered as only poetical illusions—frequently derided—but still observed some of the associated rites, because they served to bind together the unthinking masses of the people in national unity, as their most valued merits. But a change was inevitable, and in the extinction of such old mythologies there was necessarily created, in general society, much consternation, and consequent distrust in any permanency of faiths, or governments, and general confusion and anarchy were the inevitable results; as the natural fruits of general ignorance, when neither printing or public schools had been invented or adopted.

Such disruption of old faith, holy-day ceremonies, public festivities and general weakening of governmental control; with the prevailing tendency of our race to hav some form of binding religions belief, it was natural to seek for some higher unity and more powerful intelligence than man possesses, and so for some adequate first cause for natural phenomena, it became the most adaptable period to found a new faith, in which the then new Christian legends, taking the monotheistic form in place of the worn-out old pantheistic confused beliefs of many ruling gods, rapidly gained adherents. But, unhappily, with the Christian substitute it was encumbered with very many contradictions and wholly unhistorical traditions; with consequent better schisms, which soon degenerated—in the second century—into a polytheistic trinity, with its strange worship of a mythical son of man as equal with God, and, indeed, usurping his prerogativ, as an odd mixture of old personal mythologies.

Such confused transitional state of society and creeds, or, rather, want of unity in definit beliefs, made the two or three first centuries of this era the most fanatical periods in history, in which designing knaves and tyrants found this opportunity for priestly and saintly sway, mingled with terrorism; which knew no honest bounds in their then forged fictions, palmed upon credulous ignorance.

Here was the great opportunity to forge history out of assumed traditions—which no reliable historian, or other intelligent authorities, confirmed, or even named, as occurring—by either Romans, Greeks, or the Jewish Josephus—that in the beginning of the first century there existed a miraculous personage, assumed to be a messiah, born of a virgin, who was overshadowed and impregnated by God, and their offspring Jesus afterward performing miracles in raising the dead—even the long dead saints to rise and walk about the city, and the sun to be darkened for hours at his momentous death, etc. Here was the fabulous foundations of quantities of supernatural follies, and soon various unknown and unscrupulous fanatical writers advanced to the front, as the especial opportunity for assumed particulars of such fancied mysterious character—needing no limit for their fictions. And, to giv such narrations the more hold upon credulity, they dressed their unnatural assumptions in cant phraseology, accompanied by varied and contradictory supernatural power (according to fancy of the different writers), with which they invested their mythic hero, in dogged statements of great miracles which they assumed that he performed from one to two hundred years before such writers existed, but such bold assumptions were all sufficient to enlist proselytes among the credulous, ignorant masses, thirsting for marvels, and thus to maintain a roving race of priestly fanatics and expounders to propagate and perpetuate their unhistoric assumptions. In progress of time this dominant fanaticism affected more intelligent classes, through policy and fear, to pay some homage to such fanaticism, in contributing their wealth to build churches, and to support priests and idle monks, until it became a dominant fashion to be conspicuous supporters of the church.

It was not until after the expiration of the first century that such traditional messianic personage (not historical, for there was no such historic character) was fanatically elevated to the rank of God, in forming a trinity; and, thus, a polytheistic faith which artfully embodied in his assumed miraculous birth character, death, ascension, etc., traits belonging to the mythical personages of the old Eastern mythologies—thus largely blending the old and new faiths—which more easily attached fanatical adherents to their unwarranted and irrational assumptions. A trinity being thus seen as the simple product of seeking strange gods to gain proselytes for the new imposition upon credulity. Even the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said, "It must be admitted that Christ was not named as a part of the godhead, to form a trinity, until after the first century."

The now too readily accepted gospel narrativs are historically proved not to hav been written before the second century, and so such writers not being eye-witnesses their relations are simply traditional at best, and their saintly assumed authors are unknown, being unhistorically prefixed to such writings for effect, and to cover their evident falsity. Though some enthusiasts assume that their writings were based on a more ancient and original gospel, of which there is no mention or proof that any such ever existed. The existing gospels in the third century were arbitrarily selected from a mass of other fanatical writings of the same ilk by a quarrelsome Ecumenical Council, and dogmatically declared to be the accepted creed or dogma for Christian adoption, though of no more authority than, and equally as irrational as, those rejected (by a small majority of votes) now called apocryphal. Such doctrins, or gross impositions, being enforced during many succeeding centuries by the most abhorrent persecutions against unbelievers, until the Reformation brought some relief from such barbaric cruelties.

Nothing is really known about any such person as Christ from authentic history, and some of the early and more honest fathers of the church considered him as only the personification of the soul, but not as a real person. All claims about his miraculous birth, character, and doings; his peculiar death, resurrection, and ascension, are simply artful assumptions, and written so long after the assumed occurrences that they can be nothing better than vague, unreliable traditions at best, portrayed and colored by designing deceivers in their contradictory statements. Such is the baseless fabric of a trinity and the weird atoner of others' sins—the last not so easily got rid of, even by added priestly impositions. Such are mere fictions, without even a foundation of any known facts relating to such a character beyond fanatical pretenses of many centuries since, which no known contemporaneous writers even mention, and much less confirm, such assumed occurrences, including that of the sun being darkened for hours and the long dead saints rising and walking about the city of Jerusalem at his death, which marvels could not hav escaped the observant curiosity of intelligent Greeks and Romans.

The Christian religion is based on an irrational mythology, and so is, of course, as much of a mythology as any of the pagan mythologies, except in the lesser number of their gods; as all we can possibly know of God is from his works—the Book of Nature—and that proclaims him infinit. Thus the assumption by Christians that the godhead is a trinity is a clearly proved man-made mythology, as there cannot be but one infinit. Again, the Christian mythology claims that "Mary's son is God most high," and thus "Mary as the mother of God," together with the existence of a devil—as the antagonist of God—which are thoughtless degradations of his infinitness. Such combined associations or mythological divisions of his self-evident unity and infinit power are positivly irrational and irreverent and strange delusions for this nineteenth century. My other papers and books prove, scientifically as well as rationally, an intelligent creation and immortality for all minds—without any fanciful emotionalism of biblical cant and irreverence—which needs no priestly aids to comprehend such common sense views of God and nature.

An infinit God is ample for every good, and so needs no mythological aids; and animal selfishness is ample for every evil, and so deeds no mythological devil. All mythological religions serve only to stultify our race with fabulous follies instead of reason by seeking for strange gods, and thus maintaining degrading superstitions with such unnatural assumptions, which denies to the one real God of nature his infinit prerogativ, and deprives man of his unity of adoration, and thus of his common sense views of nature and its author. Such also degrades man and narrows his more natural charitable fellowship—now severed by anomalous hostil creeds—and too prevalent inhumanity toward other sentient animals, which the Bible arrogantly and cruelly teaches are only "the brutes that perish"—therefore their feelings are seldom respected.

Thus it must be seen that the Christians of to-day are but perpetuating a mythological religion most nineteen centuries old, without any real historic foundation beyond culpable fanaticism. God, or the first great cause of all phenomena, must be too infinitly above man to be belittlingly associated with any mythology or mankind division of his infinitness, and to whom alone our adoration is due.

Some people attach great importance to the founding of this era as Anno Domini, as if it was adopted in the year 1, as denoting an important event; but that is a great error. The designation of this era was first proposed by a fanatical Christian monk named Dionysius, in the year 516, but was not used in any book until the year 748 as A.D. CHAS E. TOWNSEND.

Locust Valley, N. Y., March 2, 1882.

The Pilgrim.

From the west to the eastward there passes,
Through the land of the Arab and Turk,
Past the mosques of Mohammed's disciples,
And the fields where the civilized work;

Past the caves of the seven deep sleepers,
Who rested for hundreds of years;
Past Smyrna and Patmos and Scio,
The homes of old poets and seers;

A pilgrim from lands occidental,
With face ever set toward the sun,
As the earth's revolution diurnal
Round the great solar orb is begun.

He has stood on the bema of Lysias,
Of Georgias and Æschines grand,
And the hill where Paul spoke to young Athens
The words they could not understand.

He has wandered in walks academic,
Made classic by Plato of old,
Who builded ethereal castles,
And loved quite unpassioned and cold.

He strolls on the banks of the river
The Romans revered as a god;
Drops a tear on the graves of the heroes
Who sleep under Tuscany sod.

Beyrout, Baalbec, and Damascus,
He pictures with versatil pen;
Sees Jerusalem, Palestine, Nazareth,
And makes them historic again.

By Galilee's shores he reposes,
And dreams to the sound of its waves;
In the wonderful waters of Jordan
His Infidel person he laves.

So ever from west to the eastward,
He journeys by night and by day,
And the hearts of the homekeeping thousands
Will follow his arduous way.

No deity ask they to keep him,
But trust to the powers that be,
For Yahweh and Chemosh and Baal
Are as dead as the Palestine sea.

So we'll speak to the waves of the ocean,
To bring the bold voyager home,
As the pagans prayed to the Tiber
That rolled by the towers of Rome. G. E. M.

A Plan to Curtail the Increasing Power of Catholic Institutions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav read with concern your article in your issue of March 4th, on the Catholic church. The new political idea set forth by Mr. Brad Schieffelin to be incorporated in the Constitution of the United States I think worthy of all who would establish permanently our freedom, which is menaced by the church of Rome not only, but by the tremendous and seemingly irresistible centralizing forces which the spirit of monopoly is constantly creating.

Simple as effectual is the remedy proposed, and it does not require long and deep reflection for an intelligent mind to see it is not, however, doing much toward aiding in the accomplishment of so desirable an end simply to acknowledge to ourselvs or others that the idea is a good one, but if we would hav it a statute we each can do much toward accomplishing it, and with very little trouble. It is certainly the paramount need of the day, and every Liberal is especially interested in the preservation of our free government, for if that be destroyed the growth of Liberalism will be checked.

The proposed amendment is that "no citizen of the United States shall giv or bequeath by will or testament to any one legatee more than a fixed or limited amount of property," which does not interfere with the testator in making what disposition he likes of it in his lifetime. For further information I would advise every Liberal to write to Hon. Judge D. D. McKoon, 252 Broadway, New York, secretary of a committee engaged in the forming of a new party whose platform embraces this idea with others of a novel as well as practical character to effect its object, which, I understand, is to make the government a true instead of a sham democratic republic, which it seems to hav been since its foundation. CONSTANT READER.

Taxation of Church Property in Michigan.

The question of church taxation is now before the extra session of the Michigan legislature, and the subject is being discussed by the press throughout the state.

Some six thousand names to petitions for the repeal of the law exempting church property from taxation hav already gone before the legislature, and the number is increasing daily.

My experience in Michigan for the past winter has convinced me that there are more live Freethinkers in the state, according to the inhabitants, than in any other state in the Union. And these people are now demanding even-handed justice from their legislature—demanding that the large amount of property invested in churches pay its proportion of the taxes of the state. And the Christian church of Michigan, by opposing this just demand, shows itself to be the fraud that it is. With a sanctimonious face these pious Christians read on the their Sabbath day the eighth commandment—"Thou shalt not steal"—and all the while they know that by exempting their church property from taxation they are indirectly stealing money out of the pockets of the non-church people of the state, who are compelled, against their will, to pay these taxes. They are, in fact, as guilty of stealing as the highwayman who compels you to stand and deliver to him your money.

S. B. McCracken, Esq., of Detroit, who, I believe, is chairman of the executiv committee of the N. L. L. of Michigan, is taking the lead in this movement, and devotes most of his time to the work, and I hope our Liberal friends of Michigan will remember he cannot liv on air and water and clothe himself with fig-leaves. If every one in Michigan who desires to see this movement succeed would send Bro. McCracken a dollar they would do much to bring about the desired reform.

The following very sensible editorial I cut from the Detroit *Evening News*, the paper that has the largest circulation of any one in the state:

"The number of petitions for the taxation of church property which are pouring in upon the legislature, show that the question is not a purely speculativ one in this state. It is true the number of signatures to them is perhaps a small one compared to the long list that could be obtained even in this city alone in favor of the exemption. It must be remembered, however, that when a wrong is done by which only a few suffer, and by which the great majority profit, the protest of the few who are wronged should hav more significance than a demand for a continuance of the wrong by the many who derive benefit from it. It is not likely, however, that the legislature will pay much attention to these petitions at the present session. The reform sought is one which will require a long agitation and much hard work and discussion. The churches themselvs are now so unanimous against paying their just share of the costs of government that the proposal to tax them will hardly be listened to with patience in religious circles. There are many denominations which in time may be made to see that it is as much in the interest of religion, as of irreligion, that religion should not be a 'dead-head' in politics."

H. L. G.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I notice that the question of church taxation has been brought to a vote in the house of the Michigan legislature. The vote stood—for the taxation of church property, 29; against the taxation of church property, 47. Representativ Hopkins, of Detroit, was the mover in favor of the repeal of the exemption laws. John Moore, of Saginaw, was the champion of the church. I hope our Liberal friends will remember him at the next election, and the other members who voted with him to sustain this great injustice. G.

Name and Address Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you kindly allow me to say to whom it may concern, through your columns, that if the person who recently forwarded to me several little pamphlets with the request in pencil mark, "Exchange for 'Design in Nature,'" will send me his or her name and address, I will be pleased to comply with the request made? The parcel came from across the line, and I think from one of your readers; but as I am unacquainted with the handwriting, and there is no name or address given, I know not to whom I am indebted. Very truly yours, ALLEN PRINGLE.

Selby, Ont., March 5th.

P.S.—I hav great pleasure in informing you, Mr. Editor, and your many readers that the Evidence Amendment act, for which we hav been petitioning Parliament lately, has just passed the Ontario Legislature, whereby all unbelievers *may* hereafter giv evidence in all courts in this province by making an affirmation instead of taking the Christian oath. A. P.

Mr. Milne and the Chicago Clergy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. Milne's brave and outspoken utterances in Chicago hav aroused the orthodox clergy in that city and put them on the defensiv. Last week I read a long sermon from an Episcopal preacher of Chicago "answering" Milne, and to-day's Chicago *Tribune* has a sermon from Rev. J. H. Barrows and one from Dr. Lorimer—both efforts in that direction. They succeed just about as well as they did in answering Ingersoll. The multiplication table is a hard thing to refute. Mr. Milne's shot made a bad hole in the old orthodox ship of Zion, and now all the clergy of Chicago are at work at the pumps to keep the old hulk from sinking.

Otsego, Mich., Feb. 28, 1882. H. L. GREEN.

For Missionary Work!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please state through your columns that I hav three or four years' back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, all complete, neat, and clean, with two years' numbers of the *Investigator*, and a number of pamphlets on Freethought, debates, etc., which I will box and send to any Liberal society that will agree to pay express charges and circulate them in the cause of truth.

Middle Falls, Washington Co., N. Y. D. LOUIS BODGE.

The Bible in Maine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Miss Clara Lewis, a twelve-year-old girl, from Bangor, Me., says, "Tell Mr. Marten that the Bible is read in every school in this city."

ELMINA.

Letters from Friends.

PORTLAND, MICH., March 9, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 to renew subscription and $5 for the Round-the-World fund.
Yours for truth, D. E. RAMSDELL.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., March 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed $8—$3 for my subscription, and $5 for the Round-the-World books. Yours, WM. NEWMAN.

BUCHANAN, CAL., Feb. 22, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please put me down for one share in bringing Mr. Bennett back from his Round-the-World trip, for which you will find inclosed $5.
Yours truly, WM. M. RAYNOR.

GALION, March 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3.50—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and $3.50 for my subscription and the Ingersoll-Black discussion.
Yours truly, JAMES MARSHMAN.

NORTH CLOVE, N. Y., March 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip. I meant to hav sent it before, but circumstances would not permit.
Yours truly, A. DAVIS.

SALT RIVER, MICH., March 4, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6.25—$5 for the Round-the-World fund, and the balance for the list of pamphlets herein mentioned.
Yours for liberty. HORACE O. BIGELOW.

CHARLES CITY, IOWA, March 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6.50—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and $1.50 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Should hav sent this before had sickness not prevented. R. J. ANDREWS.

LESLIE, MICH., March 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I noticed by my last paper that my time has expired. Inclosed is $6.50—$5 for the journey around the world and $1.50 for the renewal of my subscription for six months. A. V. DEMARSH.

WAPELLO, IOWA, Feb. 30, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 to help Mr. Bennett home from his Round-the-World trip. This is coming in at the very last hour, but I hope it is not too late yet to do some good.
Very truly yours, MARY KREMER.

PINE GROVE, PA., March 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10 to satisfy the following: THE TRUTH SEEKER for the present year, Round-the-World books, Dr. Foote's "Handbook of Health Hints," Ingersoll's "Gods," and "The Ungodly Women of the Bible." M. I. HALDEMAN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 30, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 for the Round-the-World books, which I intend to made a present to my brother-in-law. Please put his name on the list if not too late. I would send a dozen more as presents if I were able. Yours, GEO. SMITH.

SAN JOSE, CAL., March 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$5 for Bro. Bennett's Round-the-World trip, and $3 for one year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am greatly interested in Bro. Bennett's letters, and wish him a happy journey and safe return.
Yours for the cause, E. SCHNABEL.

WATERLOO, IOWA, March 5, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 to help friend Bennett home on his Round-the-World trip. I would hav sent before this, but I hav been too short of cash this few past months. If I am too late with my $5 you may credit it on my subscription to the paper, which I expect to read while I liv. MRS. M. REPP.

CORNPLANTER, PA., Feb. 29, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip for Charles B. Lawrence, and the balance please use as directed. I hope this is in time for Mr. Lawrence's name to get in the first volume all right. If I find the "lamp still holds out to burn" I may send one or two more "V's" this week yet.
Yours fraternally, B. G. MORRISON.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Feb. 30, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World books. The letters are very interesting to me, and I anticipate they will be more so as our old friend nears home.
Wishing Mr. Bennett success, and hoping he will arrive home safe and sound, I am,
Yours respectfully, WM. WILLIAMS.

ROCK SPRINGS, WY. TER., March 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10—three dollars for subscription to the paper for 1882, and five dollars to add to the Round-the-World fund to help bring the old veteran, Mr. Bennett, home, and the balance for books as per order. With many thanks for past favors, I remain, Yours truly, NATT RYLAND.

METAMORA, OHIO, Feb. 25, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: A few weeks ago a friend and subscriber of yours loaned me a few copies of your paper, and I was so well pleased with them that I subscribed for a trial trip of three months, and now I wish to extend it to a full year. I formerly took the Boston *Investigator*, but had got rather cold in Liberalism as there were no other Materialists in this vicinity that I know of, and Mr. Kahle came upon me like a new dispensation, stimulating my old feelings into new life.

By the way, Mr. Kahle lost his very estimable wife here last December. She was a woman loved by all that were acquainted with her. Mr. Kahle's health is quite poor, but is improving.

Thinking so much of your paper I hav secured two subscribers, and think the leaven is working to the end that I will procure more. I also inclose $5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World trip. You can place my name in the first volume if not too late. Please send me the inclosed list of books.
Yours truly, SANFORD M. CLARKE, M.D.

FONTANA, KAN., March 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Having received your card of Feb. 22d, telling me that my time as a trial subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER was up, I will send $8 with this for the Round-the-World trip and the paper for the next twelve months. I read the paper for part of a year some three or four years ago and now for the last three months, and like it so well that I will try it a while longer. I want the trip Round-the-World, as I hav not read it all in the paper, not having taken it all the time; and then I want the paper to send to some of my needy friends who are not over-stocked with truthful or Liberal reading matter; so please send on the paper and the book as soon as it is printed. Please say in your next issue when or about when we can expect the book. I will say to Mr. Bennett, Take a good look all around the world, and tell us where the best part of it is, for I want to go and liv there. I hav no fears about getting in a good part of the next world. It is only this one that bothers me. With best wishes for Mr. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER outfit, I am sincerely your friend and brother for truth and liberty,
B. W. COOK.

BANGOR, ME., March 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please add one more "V" to the Round-the-World fund. Many thanks for the extended opportunity, otherwise my name would not hav been added to the starry list. The question is whether those that come in at the eleventh hour are entitled to the same blessing as those that come first. In this case I claim that we are, for it is said the last sent is to bring Mr. Bennett home. If that is the case, we are as worthy (if not more so) as the first, for we certainly cannot afford to send Mr. Bennett to the Holy Land and leave him there, as we hav a great work for him to do here yet. We cannot part with a man that kicked and struggled as he did to get out of the Jordan. If he had been a Christian no doubt he would hav gone to the bottom, but Yahweh didn't want an old Infidel drowned in that sacred water; neither did we. I don't think Mr. Bennett was made to be drowned, and I hope not to die in a Christian penitentiary. I hope that he will liv a long time yet to hunt out and expose Christian bigotry. They feel their props giving way under them, and that is what makes them so mad. The work has commenced, and they cannot stop it. May the leaven work until it leavens the whole world.

Mr. Bennett's letters are so very plain and interesting it is almost like taking the trip oneself to read them. He says that he could not find a sign of Mrs. Lot. For my part, I am glad the old lady has melted away, because, if he had found her, he would hav been just risky enough to hav snatched the old lady to pieces to bring to his many curious friends, and he might get himself into a fuss. It would hardly pay to run a great risk just for a little salt when it is so plenty and cheap at home. May Mr. Bennett be blessed, as he has been, with good health and return to his family and friends, is the wish of a friend and truth seeker, SARA E. GOULD.

BURR OAK, MICH., Feb. 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I hope I may not trespass too much in asking room in your crowded columns for this notice of another grand, good meeting of our Liberal League, No. 167, held last evening.

Just one week from our Paine celebration we had the gratification of listening to a powerful lecture two hours in length, delivered by H. L. Green, who late on the day previous, and unexpected to all, got among us. It was immediately decided that he should speak at our place of meeting, he agreeing to take his chances for an audience on so short a notice.

Getting into the carriage himself with Mr. M. P. Thurston, and taking a two or three hours' ride among the Liberals of this vicinity on Saturday, he was rewarded for said ride by being introduced on Sunday evening by President E. E. Campany to what is here considered a large audience, who frequently and vociferously applauded him, as in a plain and candid manner he showed the absurdity and inconsistency of the foolish stories contained in the Bible. The manner in which he handled that book proved that he has devoted a great deal of time to its study, and that he is now making a good use of the time so spent in nobly striving to free his fellow-man from the superstitions of the past, no fair-minded person can, I think, deny. His few short stories by way of illustration, together with the terminating results of his many conversations held with persons of intellectual ability and high social standing in life, breathed a hope that brighter days and a happier future await the human race, a future when man's noblest and highest aim in life shall be to endeavor to make his fellow-creatures happy, to strive to make his heaven on earth, and to liv for the good he can do, cherishing no hopes of eternal happiness nor fears of endless suffering in a life which he does not or cannot know anything about; a future, however, if ever to bless mankind, will be won through the never-ceasing exertions in that direction of the Freethinkers of the world, among whom the name of H. L. Green will ever be associated; and were I to venture a word of cheer to him who is thus fearlessly pleading the cause of human liberty, I would say this: Pursue the course you are now taking; let your light continue to shine. It cannot fail to penetrate the murky clouds formed by the erroneous teachings of Christianity that now shut out the sunlight of truth and reason from many a brilliant mind that will not, like the heroic and eloquent George Chainey, shake off the fetters of church and creed and boldly grasp the glittering gems of Freethought and free speech that are ever to be seen dancing on the sparkling waves of that beauteous sea of life over which the mind of man, untrammeled, proudly takes its onward course. S. K. THURSTON.

SHELBY, MICH., Feb. 27, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find the pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882, and I am very glad to think I can help even that much to keep our iconoclast up. I am not going to praise the paper any more, for I hav come to look on the ship as only doing its duty, and who but a hypocrit wants to be fed constantly on "taffy" for doing honest duty? When the battles were being fought, then words of encouragement and cheer were all proper and in place. Aggression and enterprise are the rule now, but hard work, patience, and telling blows of self-defense were the rule then.

H. L. Green has been with us, and now you ought to see and hear the venom and spite and the squirming and hateful looks of that old serpent, Christianity. If we were not so poor Mr. Green should giv us a series of lectures at least three times a year. I must giv him the credit of being the pioneer in our section, and I hav only the following fault to find: He preaches the religion of humanity radically, and thinks and talks it that the proper thing to do with Guiteau is to hang him. I may hav a wrong idea of the religion of humanity, but it seems to me to make that kind of use of the assassin savors strongly of Christian revenge and Roman Catholic propagandism, and it certainly is no rule for Freethinkers and evolutionary reformers to follow, and Green knows it, and for the life of me I can't tell why he does it unless it be to keep on the good side of that rotten old organization called the Republican party, or its more corrupt congener, the Democratic party; but I and a lady friend of mine with whom he is acquainted are the only ones who find fault with him in this part for his humanitarian views. The end and aim of punishment are restraint and reform; when it does more than this it looks as though old Uncle William's God had been around with his ancient free and accepted wooden mold-board doing a job that he would repent of as usual. But what is the use of my finding fault here when the balance of his audience, with one exception, applauded? The only regret I hav is that I could not, on account of poverty, pay Mr. Green five times as much as I did, and I thank him sincerely for the assistance he has rendered me, for I am the only dyed-in-the-wool Materialist there is in this county, and I want him to understand that tha latch-string is always out when he comes round, and so long as he is the same H. L. Green that I hav met he is welcome, and I will divide my last crust with him. JOHN M. LOGAN, M.D.

DEERSHILL, OHIO, Feb. 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Being furnished at different times by some kind friend with copies of your very excellent and truthful paper, I am constrained to write to you and giv you my experience with Christianity. I will be sixty-six years old April 15, 1882, if I liv till then When eighteen years of age, I joined the Presbyterian church in good faith, and tried to liv accordingly, but was meanly treated and withdrew; but being very anxious about my soul's salvation, I joined the Methodist church, and was disappointed worse than before. Not willing to giv it up—being in dead earnest—I went to the Disciples church, and was immersed, and tried hard to find the road to heaven, but got in the woods worse than ever, and am truly sorry to say that a meaner set of scoundrels I never got among than the whole three were; all they wanted was my money, and I found that out, so I left them. I believed in the atonement and all the orthodox dogmas extant, being so taught in infancy; but common sense and due reflection, properly exercised for about fifteen years past, tells me there is but one God, and no more, and God is the universe, nature, and immutable laws. I therefore came to the conclusion that I knew nothing about this world before I came into it, and am just as ignorant of the future until I

get there. So I am willing to trust to the same power or being, be it what it may, to take me out of this world, and place me wherever it seemeth good. At the same time I shall do all I can for the comfort of the whole human race, while here, in every way. I am a Deist in every sense of the word. I believe in no crucified gods, not one in the whole sixteen I read about. The fall of Adam and Eve is the grandest theological lie ever told for the benefit of priests and parsons, to enable them to liv in ease and luxury, and gratify their appetites at the expense of ignorant fools, of which I was once one in blind and good faith. But now I see clearer, thank God. I find by history that Christianity has spilt more blood than would float the navies of the world, and spent more money than would make a paradise of this earth, and giv a pleasant home to every soul on it. It is truly strange that the watchmen on the walls of Zion will resort to falsehood to establish their false doctrins, but they get their warrant from the Bible, and even Paul confesses that he lied unto God's glory. My experience of sixty-five years teaches me that Christians of a later day are by no means slow in following Paul's example. ALEXANDER AULD.

DOYLESTOWN, PA., Feb. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: There is a debate to be held here in Lenape hall, March 11th, 17th, and 18th, between B. F. Underwood and Rev. A. R. Horne, on the general falsity of the Bible. We anticipate a lively debate, as the Christians hav trotted out one of their heaviest guns. Some of the clergy are already trying to persaude the holy man not to argue the question, as no good can come out of it. They may not be able to convince him of that fact, but Mr. Underwood, we think, will. Respectfully, A. J. READING.

CAMPTOWN, PA., Mar. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Reason, liberty, and love are the triune god of humanity. They are the sweet germs from which grow all the joys of our higher nature.

The pure spring of mental liberty on this continent first broke forth from the mountain head and heart of Thomas Paine, and became the source of that great river which is a well-spring of gladness flowing ever from one heart to another, and will continue to flow until it becomes a boundless ocean which shall roll in multiplying waves, and yet kiss the farthest shores of humanity.

Orthodox belief is a cage in which the mind is dwarfed and imprisoned, and nature's choicest gift, the love of humanity, totally annihilated. Oh, those four words, "the love of humanity," how full of the deep, rich music of the heart, that forever must remain unexplained, except to those who from experience hav had them engraved on the tablet of their heart by the burning fire of true love! Those who hav had that experience know how utterly impossible it is to aspire to a higher ideal of happiness in this life than the love of humanity. It is a crystal fountain of never-failing joy, and from this fountain flows a purling stream of the milk of human kindness, broadening in its onward way, and coming out into the full light of reason's lamp, it is wooed by that wondrous orb until it rises in a vapor, and, falling in refreshing showers, reflects to us the rainbow of science—the joyful promis and declaration that the deluge of superstition is fast receding from the face of the earth, the tops of the mountains appear, the valleys will soon be reached, and then the voice of every nation will be raised in honor and thanksgiving to the only god, which is reason, and the great high-priest, which is common sense.

It is this that we regain when we declare our minds free to soar in that unlimited space of thought defined by these two words, "mental liberty." It is the long-lost savior of mankind that has been sacrificed and crucified thousands of times by believers in the mythical dogmas of the church.

How narrow must be the views of one who can see all that is good and beautiful in their church and creed! That church and creed must disappear before reason and science, like dew before the summer sun, it is self evident, is a matter of time. Then, Liberal friends, let us tire not in holding the lamp of reason; for her light shall dispel the darkness of superstition, where the densest undergrowth now prevails, sapping the nourishment from the stately trees of liberty and love. MISS FLORA A. PATTON.

SOUTH ACWORTH, N. H., Mar. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me, as a reader of your valuable paper, to contribute to the correspondents' department of your columns a few thoughts that hav occurred to me in the last few weeks. I would suggest that Liberals, when speaking of "gospel shops" hereafter, call them "Guiteau mills," as it is very evident that if there were no churches, Bibles, or priests, there would be no Guiteaus, Freemans, or Sylvesters. Three-quarters of the inmates of our insane asylums are made insane by the Bible and the doctrin of the bloody sacrifice taught by the Christian church. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred murderers are believers in the all-atoning blood of blessed Jesus. Indeed, I think it strange that there are not more Christian murderers in the world, considering the lessons of blood they hav learned from their God-book. Then the Christian eats his God and drinks his blood. Perhaps the taste of blood has the same effect on them that it has on a tiger, for nearly all religious fanatics (cranks) want blood. Whatever is most innocent and helpless is most acceptable to his God for sacrifice. Hence the religious fanatic instinctivly turns to his sleeping child, butcher-knife in hand, as a fitting sacrifice to his God; and, if he has no child, he proceeds to sacrifice some other person, by stabbing him in the back, or roasting him to death over a slow fire. If Christians would read the Bible as Liberals do, to see what it really contains, I think they would get disgusted with it and its God. I don't see how any person of sound mind can believe in any such God.

I am glad to see that Mr. Bennett's health remains good. I wish I could contribute a "V" for the Round-the-World trip, but cannot at present. I can only hope that he may complete his journey and return home safe and well, and then make a tour of the United States. I should consider it a greater honor to take him by the hand than U. S. Grant, or any other man that I know of. Hoping that Brother Bennett may liv to eat the chicken that scratches over Comstock's grave—if it don't kill the chick—I remain, Yours truly, J. A. ALLAN, JR.

MAYFIELD, KY., Feb. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I pen you a few lines in favor of the good old TRUTH SEEKER. I read Mr. Bennett's letters, and they are very interesting, he givs such fine descriptions of towns, etc. I liv in a great Christian community, and glory in having sent our preacher around this enormous globe called the earth. May God help our man on his journey, and see him safe at home at the old TRUTH SEEKER office, well and sound. We go to church and hear them brawl and squall around worse than heathens. Talk about preaching to the heathen! The heathen should preach to them and teach them some manners and how to behave. I hav been talking to some of my friends, and trying to induce them to send in their "V's," but they are slow in doing so. Good luck to D. M. B. Yours faithfully, C. H. MORRIS.

BRAIDWOOD, ILL., March 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Cincinnati *Star* has rehashed an old story, told some forty or fifty years ago, in its account of the lightning affair, given in your issue of February 18th, entitled "Struck Dead." It was then thought very fishy by many. The only difference I now recognize in it is its location. It happened first in New York.

There hav been several good things put before the Liberals lately, among which that orphan asylum shines with luster; a monument to Paine is beautiful, a palace car to meet Bennett is splendid, and a history of the Revolutionary war, written in truth, with Paine's name in it, is no more than justice. I will hav one if written.

And now I want my say, I hav just five dollars to put in a female college so supported that poor girls can get a good education free, and in which anatomy, physiology, and hygiene shall be the principal branches taught. I can giv many reasons for the above which I now omit. FERRIS BURR.

FARLEY, IOWA, Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: With this mail I send you some papers with marked articles, not asking you to print them, but to show you in what direction the Western press is drifting. Every day we find articles which would not hav been admitted five years ago. The majority of Western editors are Liberal in their religion, if not right-down Infidels. We hav but little trouble about getting any article published if it is impersonal and in decent language. The popular mode among our editors seems to be to first say a few bad words about Bob. Ingersoll and then publish his speeches or extracts from them. This smooths it up with the Christians, and it givs countless thousands a chance to read the great Infidel's writings and sayings and then judge for themselvs. There is no doubt that Infidelity is rapidly increasing in the Western states. We can see a marked change here in the last five years. Railroad men, traveling salesmen, doctors, lawyers, and a very large proportion of mechanics are Materialists almost to a man. We hav every cause to rejoice at the progress of our cause, and every Liberal should do something toward pushing the war with superstition to a successful ending.

H. GILMORE.

TOLEDO, OHIO, March 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: What awful examples are being daily exhibited by Christians in the sight and hearing of us poor sinners! Each day we see a goodly share of the daily newspapers filled with church quarrels and fearful frauds culminating among the self-styled models of perfection, who stand in the sanctuaries of the Christian tabernacles and expound the contents of that old book called the Bible full of history of crime and criminals, whom we are called upon to consider sacred characters, and suitable specimens for us to revere, and fall down and worship. And as a result of such a course we are compelled continually to read of and witness such disgraceful scenes as the existing quarrel in Holland, Michigan, among the Dutch Christians in the secession of the radical ring of that clique of candidates for heaven's high honors, they having kicked out the Masonic portion of their picked party. Well, we poor Infidels should not censure them for such a course, for are they not carrying out practically the principle promulgated by their Holy Bible, and the miserable foolishness of Milton's "War in Heaven?" We should not interfere, but let the Kilkennys kill each other. It must be all right when Mr. Powers, the people's preacher in Congress, opens the proceedings in Congress, on the memorial occasion, in referring to the awful outrage of their distinguished member of the Y. M. C. A., Guiteau, by saying, "O Lord, we thank thee for this occasion."

M. O. WAGGONER.

SARANAC, Feb. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Miss Bowen, who climbed to the top of the meeting-house steeple and hurrahed for Ingersoll last fall, received a set of gold bracelets worth $50 as a Christmas present from Bob, and the Christians around here feel awful bad about it, and I presume that they wish that hurrahing for God paid as well as hurrahing for Bob.

I attended a meeting last evening, and the burthen of the discourse was the decrease of interest in religion as preached twenty-five years ago. The preacher was an old war-horse of the last decade, and he has discovered the weapons he then used are out of date and are worthless except as souvenirs of the barbaric past, hence his groanings. God does not seem to use the same means now that he used to, and the prayers of the Home Missionary Society that God should remove your correspondent by death seems to hav no affect upon him at all, or he has no time to attend to the matter as yet, as it is only eight or nine months since they asked him to make such removal. Well, let them pray on; yes, and pray to their God to murder a fellow-being because he advocates a better religion than they do, and in the mean time I will try to enlighten the people and show them that faith in man and not in God, gods, ghosts, or devils is the faith that will lead to happiness here and hereafter, if there is a hereafter.

With kindest regards for THE TRUTH SEEKER and its champions, I am yours for right, truth, and justice in all things, giving to all what I ask for myself, freedom of thought, C. L. FROST.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Jan. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am anxious to do what I can to aid in the circulation of your valuable paper. The letters of Mr. Bennett are attracting much attention, and are read with deep interest by the people. Inclosed I send you $1.50 in payment for THE TRUTH SEEKER for Mr. Jonathan Garbes. He wants the subscription to commence with the letters of Mr. Bennett if possible, and he promises to aid us in the circulation of the paper. JAMES HUTCHINSON.

BRANDON, MANITOBA, Feb. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry that I hav been so negligent in forwarding my subscription to your noble paper, but the truth is that I hav had so much trouble of late that I could not attend to anything, having lost my dear wife and a loving child with that fell disease, typhoid fever. Being left alone amongst comparativ strangers to me in this great Northwest, my only consolation at present is in reading the columns of your noble paper.

This is a great country in the very sense of the term, where fortunes are being made rapidly in real estate. Lots are being sold here at fabulous prices, and those men who were shrewd enough to invest when first put on the market are now rich. Towns are springing up as the railway proceeds westward, and there is a general rush for lots.

This is the most orthodox country I ever put my foot in, the church being crowded every Sunday, showing that people do not think for themselvs. I hav met some fine Liberal men here, and and among them William Winters, who showed me the greatest kindness possible in my sad bereavement. He is a stanch Liberal and an original thinker, and I hav great pleasure in introducing him to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav done all I could to circulate copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the Pacific coast and here, in order to spread the truth among the people, and hope ere long to be able to report a better state of the Liberal cause in the Northwest than at present.

Inclosed find $3—$5 on account of THE TRUTH SEEKER for myself, and $3 for Mr. Winter.

Yours for mental liberty, D. M. MCMILLAN.

ADRIAN, MICH., March 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER I noticed a little article written by S. P. Heinekin in the Franklin, Ind., *Jeffersonian*. He relates a story that he got from a friend of his in Wisconsin, who, it seems, was acquainted with a man by the name of Robert Ingersoll. Then he goes on to tell us that this Bob (as he calls him) took it into his head to pay a visit to Henry Slade, the celebrated slate-writing medium, and that on that occasion he had such a test of slate-writing as to about convince him of the truth of Spiritualism.

Now, Mr. Editor, if the writer of this article means our Infidel (as the church calls him) scientist, Robert G Ingersoll, I should like to know, through our ever open TRUTH SEEKER, how much truth there is in it from Robert G. Ingersoll himself, and I know there are many other truth seekers, as well as myself, that would like to know the facts in the case. Will Mr. Ingersoll please rise and explain? and oblige

MANY TRUTH SEEKERS.

Words of Wisdom from Goethe.

THE VOCATION OF MAN.

Noble be man,
Friendly and good,
For goodness alone
Stamps him diverse
From all the creatures
That walk the earth.

Hail to the unknown
Mightier beings
Whom we anticipated
What in the human
Typed we behold
Leads to a faith
In the primal Divine.

For Nature knows
No feeling for man
The sun doth shine
On the bad and the good;
On fair and on foul
With indifferent eye
Look moon and stars.

Wind and water,
Thunder and hail,
Rush on their path,
And with hasty clutch
They seize as they pass
This one and that.

Even so Fortune
Blindly seizes
Now the light locks
Of innocent boyhood,
Now the bald crown
Of the hoary offender.
Bound by eternal
All-embracing,
Iron decrees,
We must accomplish
Each man his fated
Circle of being.

But in the human
Range of his action
Man, like a god,
May achieve the impossible;
He distinguishes,
Chooses, and judges,
And gives to the moment
The stamp of endurance.

He alone
Rewardeth the good,
Chastiseth the bad,
And all extravagant
Random endeavors
Binds with the bond
Of a common design.

And we wisely
Adore the immortals,
Deemed them brothered
With what is most human,
In the great cosmos,
Willing and working
What in their small lives
Men may achieve.

The noble man
Be friendly and good,
Shaping unwearied,
The useful, the right,
Planting before us
A sensible type
Of those beings unseen
Whom by faith we divine!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"The Crisis."

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Hear the cry of Reason ringing like a resurrection call,
"Up and help" the cause of Freedom, men and *women, one* and all,
Till Superstition's phantoms like wither'd branches fall,
As Truth goes marching on.

Let the "summer soldier" falter, and the "sunshine patriot" die,
"They who stand it now deserve the thanks" of millions by and by,
As the golden Sun of Science lifts her holy light on high,
And Truth goes marching on.

"Let not blood of children crying, curse our cowardice" to-day,
"The harder comes the conflict, more glorious triumph's way,"
"Ye that dare oppose the tyrant and the tyranny," obey
The truth that's marching on.

"'Tis the business of the little minds to shrink" at custom's frown,
"The heart that feels not now is dead" to Truth's divine renown;
"The times hath found us" asking for Humanity's fair crown,
As Truth goes marching on.

We'll part in peace, "maintaining an independent mind,"
Our "Bible in the Heavens and Earth" we'll dare to seek and find,
Our "duty to our fellow-man," and the "Rights of all mankind"
The Truth that leads us on.

The Burden of Life.

BY ALHAZA.

What, a burden? The burden of love?
You labor, both early and late,
And stooping beneath a rich treasure,
You pass through a beautiful gate,
With no gentle footsteps to meet you,
No smile of affection to greet you,
You lack the sweet burden of love.

I thought my poor heart-strings would break;
I own that he did not speak mildly;
His words are a stream that runs wildly,
And bitter the drops in love's chalice,
I drank of the cup for his sake.
No thought hav the breezes of malice,
Though shuddering farewells they take.
There is something so shining about him,
And a spell that I cannot dissolve
Has forged the sweet chains I am wearing.
To break them, if I should resolve,
What could there be joyous without him?
To lose his deep musical tone,
All the beauty of earth would be gone!

Book Notices.

THE BRAIN AND THE BIBLE; or, The Conflict Between Mental Science and Theology. By Edgar C. Beall. With a Preface by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price $1.50. Sold by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street.

This is a good book. It teaches the value of mental science, and shows conclusivly that this science leads to the religion of Humanity, and is wholly inconsistent with any form of Bible theology. It is a fearless book. The author is a man of sincerity and undaunted courage. He tackles the whole army of ghosts, ancient and modern, and makes fearful slaughter of them.

How can ghosts and ghostly leaders stand before him? He cuts the ground entirely from under them by showing that we hav in mental phenomena and mental science a complete explanation of them. When science really explodes our illusion, what fools we are to pretend that we will keep on believing it, just as though nothing had happened! Does mental science explain theology, ghostology, and Spiritism? Experts in that science, from Maudsley to our author in this book, so assure us. We assert that it is the bounden duty of every person, before making up his or her mind on this subject, to find out what modern mental science or the science of psychology does teach on this subject. How foolish it would be for people to say that the Ptolemaic astronomy was the oldest and most generally believed, and most satisfactory, and therefore they would not look into the modern astronomical heresy of Copernicus, Bruno, and Galileo! Yet that is just what thousands of people persist year after year in doing about the brain, the mind, and the emotions of man, and also his mental illusions.

This book approaches the subject from the right side—that is, from the side of the physiology of the brain and nervous system. It begins with the truth that lies at the base of phrenology under the hands of Gall, Combe, and also of Auguste Comte. From thence the author shows what the capacities, knowledge, and hopes of man really are. He shows that superstitions, including Christianity, were forced upon man in his infancy and ignorance by a nature that he could not understand. But now it is the glory of man to rise above these natural terrors by science, and that the greatest aid in so doing is mental science. This is a hopeful book. For the author is not afraid of the results. He sees the defects of Liberalism in its infancy and in its disorganized forms. Yet in that he sees the hope of the world. We earnestly recommend his hopeful and reconciliativ view to those Liberals who are so bigoted that they cannot see that all Liberals are parts of one grand army lying helpless because of the narrow-mindedness and pride that keep them from co-operating under one general League. He says (pp. 226–228):

"American Liberals hav even been accused of wishing to encourage the dissemination of obscene literature. The sea has bounds, but the slough from which superstition draws its missils seems to have none. This most unkind thrust has been dealt in consequence simply of certain perhaps overzealous, though honest, efforts to avert the evils and abuses growing out of a legislativ system [Comstockism] which is believed by many to be unconstitutional, and likely to pave the way for a restriction of the purest literature of Infidelity. Our leaders, foreseeing the difficulties in the way of adjusting anything so intricate, hav, it is true, advocated somewhat different and conflicting schemes in regard to this matter, but they hav disagreed only as to the most legal policy to be pursued for the protection of the legitimate literature of Freethought. And the idea that any class of representativ Liberals are in favor of promoting licentiousness, is simply absurd. Indeed, one reason why we oppose the Bible is because it contains numerous passages totally unfit to be read by any man or woman, much less a child; expressions and narrativs extremely coarse, without the merit of teaching any profitable lesson. And yet this vulgarity is said to be the Holy Word of an omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent God!"

We beg leave to ask the candid attention of all Liberals to this candid statement of their position. That is the first step toward mutual understanding and harmony. It is only by such appreciativ views of each other's motivs that the Liberal cause can be served and furthered. We thank our author for his noble words in this behalf, and we hope that they will bear fruit. For it is only by the union of all Liberal hearts and hands that the grand object of the author and his work can be achieved, which we could not state so well as in his own concluding words (pp. 262, 263):

"Properly defined, religion means simply the bond between man and the highest object which he can love, and toward which he can feel a sense of duty sufficiently strong to disciplin all his faculties, and prescribe to him a rule of life. Hence, it is right that in this sense we should hav a religion. But instead of the God of the Bible as the chief object of our consideration, we would devote our efforts to our fellow-men, and make the sense of our obligation to them, if not to ourselvs, curb every tendency to evil. Those who could be insensible to such a religion as this, would be callous to every thing good in the religion of Christ. There can be no really lofty motiv in worshiping a conditionless, infinit being of whom we can form no clear conception, or at lest whom we could neither benefit nor injure. But we can add to the happiness of mankind, and in so doing we exercise all our highest and noblest powers. This, then, is our substitute. Instead of God, we would liv and labor for mankind. Instead of Christianity, the Religion of Humanity."

T. B. W.

THE GODLY WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

I hav just arisen from a reperusal of this book, and must say had I daughters I should not want them to pattern after those saintesses there described, for well I know that a faithful portraiture has been drawn of those ancient goddesses set up for us modern sinful women to follow. From my very childhood, yea, babyhood, I hav wondered and wondered how Sarah could be called "good" when she lied to please her husband, and put herself in the power of a foreign king, to say nothing of the sacrifice of the virtue of her maid, Hagar, that priceless boon, that I was early taught I must not relinquish but with my life.

And then the lying Rebecca, described by the men of God as the very acme of beauty, sweetness, modesty, and chastity—"at the well"—I could never reconcile the inconsistency! But time would fail me should I mention Lot's amiable daughters, Leah and Rachel, Tamar, "Rahab the harlot," Naomi and Ruth, Hannah, Michal, Abigail, Bathsheba, Abishag, Elijah's and Elisha's women, Queen Esther and Hosea's prostitutes, and numerous other women of the Old Testament. The "mother of God" (Mary) in the New, along with all that tribe of holy of holies, who administered to Jesus Christ, and who were ministered unto by him, that the Ungodly Woman has delineated as being anything but models for us women of the nineteenth century to follow. Yea, were these godly ladies to lead such lives to-day in Massachusetts or New York, the laws would consign nine-tenths of them to the penitentiary or the gallows. And yet, how dead to this fact are the women, the mothers, of the present! They permit their dear little susceptible girls to attend Sunday-school, where they are taught to reverence these vile women of the Bible as holy, and as examples for their imitation, the preachers, the majority of lecturers, the religious, and even secular literature, aiding and abetting in this nefarious work! But these women and mothers are ignorant of the true character of these ancient women when viewed in the light of this age of reason and morality; therefore we hail this book as a necessity to them, especially for their children's sake, and to woman universally, that she may learn the true nature of Bible teachings in regard to her sex and its ruinous effects on man also. We wish this book was in the hands of every woman in the land, for in revealing to her the immorality of the Bible God and the Bible writers it exposes the animus of God's word, and will in time destroy her belief in and reverence for such a mass of filthy lies, inconsistencies, dogmas, and barbarous laws against her own sex, thereby rendering her oblivious to her true demands, and enabling priestcraft to fasten more secure upon her the false conceptions of Christianity, causing her to believe that only in the perpetuity of the doctrins of that accursed book can civilization be secured, the arts and sciences flourish, morality and good order be maintained, and a millennium of peace on earth and everlasting bliss in another world attained. Woman as a voter, unless unbound from the creedal chain of these dogmas, would put God in the United States Constitution, the pope or clergy at the head of the nation, and inaugurate a reign of superstition and terror second to no era in the world's history.

For these reasons we welcome the "Godly Women of the Bible," trusting many will purchase, read, ponder, and act, never for one moment fearing that it is indelicate for them to examin outside of the word of God what is sacred inside, and is affirmed was placed there as infallible history for the world's instruction, example, and salvation for all coming time.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., Feb. 27, 1882.

INGERSOLL AND JESUS. A poem. By Samuel P. Putnam. Price, 10 cents. For sale by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth st., New York.

I hav just read our good friend Putnam's poem, "Ingersoll and Jesus," and I think we shall do a good work if we buy half a dozen or so of them each one of us, and scatter them among our pious neighbors. The title will insure the reading of them, and no one can fail, as they read, to see that the two men if they would really meet now would agree in sentiment as fully as Mr. Putnam dreamed they did. Robert would say, "So would I," and Jesus would exclaim, "That is so," and for once a dream would be realized in all its fulness.

I hav never missed reading and appreciating anything I see from Mr. Putnam's pen since I fell in love with his "Gottlieb's" heaven and his "Prometheus." His "Golden Throne," in Chainey's *This World*, is growing intensely interesting. We should all encourage such good writers by buying their books. ELMINA.

WHAT MYRON HOLLY DID FOR LIBERTY. By Elizur Wright Price, $1.50. For sale by D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York.

One more good book written by one good man about another good man comes as a new claimant upon our affections.

"What Myron Holly Did for Liberty" is well worth your purchase and perusal. It is a pleasantly written biographical sketch of a good, true, honest, and conscientious man—a man who had few equals as citizen, father, husband, or friend—a man who was far-seeing, and generally correct seeing and able to do.

His whole life was one great work for humanity, and one of his latest utterances was, "I never deceived anybody in my life." His work for the emancipation of the slaves was equaled by that of few and excelled by none. To read this book is to virtually liv again that long struggle for the right.

He also bent his powerful energies to oppose the despotism of the Masonic fraternity, and during the little excitement of the Morgan murder he was an untiring worker for liberty, right, and justice. Only those who knew what Masonry was then, compared with what it is now can realize what Myron Holly did toward breaking the back of the most powerful organization the world has ever known. This is real history, and I hope our good friend Elizur Wright will be kept busy filling orders for the book. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

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2. Miracles and supernatural achievements hav been as fully and truly ascribed to other teachers and founders of religion as to Jesus.

3. The story of Jesus and his mission in the world is unhistorical; it is not corroborated by contemporaneous history.

4. The teachings of Jesus are defectiv in morals, intelligence, and scientific information, and, so far as they are of value, his moral precepts and teachings were equaled by many sages and teachers who preceded him. The Bible itself was written by men illy informed in scientific knowledge, and does not harmonize with the facts and principles in nature known to be true.

5. The doctrins and claims of Christianity hav been a curse instead of a blessing to mankind in many respects. Instead of being a religion of love, it has been a religion of hate, contention, war, and bloodshed. It has fostered ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, and has retarded education and science in the world. It recognizes and supports the obnoxious systems of kingcraft and priestcraft, upholding slavery, despotism, and every form of oppression in its assertion that all power is of God. As a proof of this the leaders and bright stars of the Christian church hav been among the worst tyrants and oppressors of human liberty the world has known.

6. The Bible and Christianity hav oppressed woman and hav deprived her of the rights to which by nature she is justly entitled.

7. The Bible and Christianity are unprogressiv in their nature; they are founded upon the doctrin and authority of God himself, and are therefore incapable of progress and improvement.

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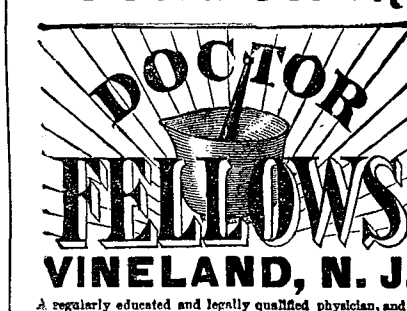
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It is more blessed to giv than to receive.—*Jesus.*

Our ideas of God arise from reflecting on ourselvs, contemplating our own intellectual and moral qualities, and ascribing them to an imaginary being beyond the range of the senses, and connecting this being with the operations of nature. And the conceptions of God, I need hardly say, will always correspond with our moral and intellectual development, because, as Schiller expresses it, "man paints himself in his gods;" or, as another German philosopher, Feuerbach, says, "man projects himself into objectivity." "God," says Luther, "is a white sheet of paper which contains nothing save what thou hast written thereon." Jupiter, a brave and amorous Greek, was a projection of the Greek mind. Jehovah was a partial, changeful, vindictiv being, as faithful as though reflected from a mirror.—*Underwood's Our Idea of God.*

Will anybody venture to affirm that either the church of England or the kirk o' Scotland teaches truth without any mixture of error? Hav there not long been in the church of Scotland two very different schools of theology? During many years, Dr. Robertson, the head of the Moderate party, and Dr. Erskine, the head of the Calvinistic party, preached under the same roof—one in the morning and the other in the evening. They preached two different religions, so different that the followers of Robertson thought the followers of Erskine fanatics, and the followers of Erskine thought the followers of Robertson Arians, or worse. And is there no mixture of error in the doctrin taught by the clergy of the church of England? Is not the whole country at this moment convulsed by disputes as to what the doctrin of the church on some important subjects really is? I shall not take on myself to say who is right and who is wrong. But this I say, with confidence, that whether the tractarians or the evangelicals be in the right, many hundreds of these divines, who every Sunday occupy the pulpits of our churches, must be very much in the wrong.—*Macaulay's Speeches.*

Popular opinions on subjects not palpable to sense are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a small part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjointed from the truths by which they out to be accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of those suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bounds which keep them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselvs up, with similar exclusivness, as the whole truth. . . . Every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits, ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended.—*Mill's Liberty.*

Nothing is meaner than the love of pleasure, the love of gain, and insolence; nothing nobler than magnanimity, meekness, and philanthropy.—*Epictatus.*

The poet Lucan predicts a time when all laws shall cease, and nations disarm, and all men love one another; and Quinilian teaches that we should "giv heed to a stranger in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of nature;" and Seneca says that "we are members of one great body, and born for the good of the whole;" and Juvenal declares that it is "mutual sympathy that distinguishes men from the brutes."—*T. W. Higginson.*

The consideration and contemplation of nature is a sort of natural food, if we may say so, for our minds and talents. We are elevated by it, we seem to be raised above the earth, we look down on human affairs; and by fixing our thoughts on high heavenly things we despise the affairs of this life, as small and inconsiderable. The mere investigation of things of the greatest importance, which are at the same time, very secret, has a certain pleasure in it. And when anything meets us that appears likely, our minds are filled with pleasure thoroughly worthy of a man.—*Cicero's Academic Questions.*

I hav learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I hav felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
—*Wordsworth.*

While saying that the Catholic religion is the strongest, safest, most pure, and consistent of all Christian faiths, permit me also to say that for this very reason I would do more to put it down, more to exterminate every vestige of it, more to totally annihilate it, than I would all other systems of Christianity. Kill the parent tree and the branches and buds must die. Destroy the root, and the whole plant will soon wither and decay. The world has no need of any religion, The mere belief in creed, dogma, or church has no reforming or elevating effect upon humanity. A good moral life is a lesson to all who behold it. Whatever is said by Christna, Christ, Paul, or any great and good hero in any book of fiction, or any historical or biographical work that is true, is worthy of your acceptance as a rule of action, let us love, cherish, and remember. But records of bloody wars, cruel persecutions, and childish, peuril, nonsensical pages of old time literature, smirched here and there with foulness and obscenity, should never be called holy, pure, and divine; should never be kept as the best book for family reading or school-room use.—*Elmina Drake Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. ——'s maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

A Bible Lesson.—Who was Eli? Eli was a priest of the Lord, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; his sons were sons of Belial, and he cured Naaman's leprosy by being fed by a raven forty days and nights in a wilderness, from which he was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, world without end. Amen.

Several gentlemen were standing on the corner of Galveston avenue when one of the most fashionable ladies of Galveston passed on the sidewalk.

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "what a complexion! There is nothing to beat it in Galveston. I am proud of that woman, I am."

"Are you her husband?" asked a stranger.

"No, sir."

"Her father, then?"

"No, sir; I am no relation of her; but I am proud of her complexion. I am the druggist that sold it to her. I make it myself."

THE WAIL OF "THE STREET."

After Tennyson—a Long, Long Way.

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy "longs" and "shorts," Wall street!
I would that my tongue could utter
The wail of my balance sheet!

Oh, well for the rampant "bull"
That tosseth "Northwestern" at bay!
Oh, well for the scheming "bear"
That huggeth "Preferr'd to-day.

And the "margin" sharp goes on
To his mansion on Murray Hill;
But oh, for the clutch of a real greenback!
For the sound of a chink that is still!

Broke, broke, broke,
Or busted! soever it be,
But the saving grace of a played-out share
Will never come back to me!

A surveyor who was running township lines in a new county in Michigan last fall was engaged by a farmer to survey the line between his farm and that of a neighbor. They had a line fence, but had engaged in several disputes as to whether it was on the divide. The surveyor was making preparations when the owner of the other farm approached and inquired:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Find the exact line," was the reply.

At this the man wheeled and went off on a gallop, and he was seen no more until the line was run. The surveyor and the first-named farmer had just completed the work when the other came up to within about ten feet of them and asked:

"Well, hav you got through?"

"Yes; all through."

"And is the fence a foot on his farm?"

"No; he has two feet of yours, and the fence must be moved so that you can hav it."

The man sprang upon a stump, faced a thicket about five rods away, and yelled out:

"You there Reuben and James and Samuel! The survey is made and we are all right! You kin shoulder them shotguns and go back to the sawmill, and if you meet the old woman coming with the pitchfork you kin tell her to turn back and git up a squar' dinner for the surveyor."

"I'm looking for the responsible man of this printshop," snorted a broad-shouldered tramp, edging his way into the managing editor's office. "Show me the high daddy that bumps out the literature for this magazine. Whoop! Giv me room! Where's the he pelican that licks the postage stamps for this periodical? Wah-h! I'm a snortin' alligator of the briny deep. Where's the man that chews soap for this job office?"

"I represent those various functions," repeated the managing editor, drawing a saber out of his ear. "What kind of an advertisment do you want?" and he poured a handful of gunpowder into a hollow tooth and cocked it.

"What do you mean by publishing my name in this yere second-hand almanac? What's your justification for dragging me through this two-shee! poster? Who said I was dead? Who killed me? Who put my name in this prescription label? I'm Jim Currie, of Texas! Hear me? Who's the man that wrote me up as a murderer in this dime-museum program? Giv me his spine! Hand me one of his eyes!" and the stranger danced across the local room and back.

"I'm the man," said the managing editor, slipping a repeating rifle out of his sleeve. "I wrote that article," drawing a handful of dynamite out of a pimple on his nose. "If it isn't satisfactory [taking a keg of gunpowder out of his sock] it can be fixed."

"I want an apology or $4 in cash, and I'll get it, if I burst this type-writer!" yelled Mr. Currie. "Gimme justice or $3.50, or I'll bang the side lights out of this bill-board quicker'n a streak o' lightning 'll scorch an old maid! [I'm the shiverin' walrus of the growing Southwest! Gimme satisfaction or $2.75, or you'll hear this first lesson in easy spellin' whoopin' through space! Wah h—h!"

"You light down the inside of the building," howled the editor, drawing a fourteen-inch bowie knife from his knee-joint, "or I'll crawl inside of you!" and he rammed a twelve-pound cartridge into his elbow. "Jump through the roof or I'll bite you in half and throw the rest away!" and he clawed at twelve or fifteen feet of planking and slammed out the side of the building with it.

"Ain't you going—?"

"Don't you get—!"

"See me—!"

"Get—!"

"Wah-h-h-h!"

And the stranger went out and told his abettors that the thing wouldn't work; the *Eagle* was all out of money, and couldn't put up for a glass of beer, while the managing editor started on an editorial demonstrating the lack of corporate sympathy for pauper criminas.

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Notes and Clippings.

TALMAGE said in his last Sunday's sermon that Christ gets down on one knee and raises us to glory and immortality by a "dead lift."

THE American Bible Society refuses to aid in sending out a certain Burmese Bible because the word "baptize" is translated "immerse."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher up at High Bridge has scripture texts printed on candy, and in that way is able to induce the rising generation to swallow them.

REV. HENRY GALLAWAY, of North Topeka, Kan., is under arrest for bigamy. Rev. Thos. Ewing, of Leavenworth, Kan., is undergoing trial for bastardy. Rev. B. F. Parlett, a noted revivalist of Alma, Kan., has become insane. Etc.

D. M. BENNETT, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, collided with the oily Joe Cook in India in January, and Joe got the worst of it. It was not a physical contest, however. Joe disseminated a slanderous story among the Indian heathen, and Bennett forced his words down his throat. —*Truth.*

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, in speaking last Sunday of John Dwyer, the prize fighter, recently deceased, made the assertion that one of the latter's right-handed cross-counter blows, that knocked his opponent down every time, didn't begin to hav the force of the spirit of God when it struck a man.

Truth, a daily New York paper of pronounced Freethought tendencies, commenting on Talmage's lectures against Ingersoll, declares that "Talmage is a humbug in spite of himself." We beg to disagree. We hav carefully watched the career of the Jabbernacle orator, and we take him to be a very unconscientious and conscious humbug indeed.—*London Freethinker.*

FOR "repelling the onslaughts on Christianity made by that eloquent but misguided champion of Infidelity, Ingersoll," the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has been invited by Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, all the state officers, and the federal officers in the state, to visit Raleigh. If the people of North Carolina like the kind of a minister Talmage is, he is just the kind of a minister they will like.

THE Rev. Mr. Donehoo, of Pittsburgh, preached in favor of good Sunday newspapers. The religious journals of that city thereupon assailed him, on the ground that he was encouraging Sabbath breakers. An argument used by one of them was that Sunday publications were made with a view to financial profit. "And every religious sheet in this city," the clergyman retorted, "is issued purely and solely for the sake of money-making."

THE Milan, O., *Monthly Review* says: "We see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Bennett, the editor, who is now somewhere in the Holy Land, has concluded that he cannot get the notes of his travels in two volumes, therefore we may expect three volumes, all for five dollars. Those who wish the works, and surely we all ought to hav them, as it is the first history of that country written from a Liberal standpoint, should send in their 'V's' "while there is yet time.'"

LONG after the Reformation Protestant indulgences were granted in England. On the fly leaf of the first volume of the register of Plympton is written: "Whereas I certainly know that the wife of Edmund Parker, of Bovington, in parish of Plympton, is under such a distemper of bodie that she is not fitt to eat any salt flesh or fish whatever, therefore I think fitt, as minister of said parish, to license her to eat flesh during the time of her sickness according to the lawes and statutes of the realme in that behalf. Given under my hand March 4, 1600. Simon, D. C." Another entry, dated two years later, and signed by another clergyman, givs a similar indulgence to John Slanning.

THE action of the Massachusetts legislature in again voting down woman suffrage is taken greatly to heart by the promoters of the movement. The defeated bill was to provide only for the extension of the ballot to women in municipal elections, and its success was quite confidently expected. On the same day an amendment striking the word "male" out of the state Constitution was passed by the Iowa legislature, preparatory to a vote by the people. Wyoming has had woman suffrage twelve years.

AT the meeting presided over by Cardinal Manning at the London Mansion House, for the relief of Russo Jewish refugees, a letter was read inclosing a memorial signed by 1,589 Oxford undergraduates. It said: "We wish publicly to state our belief that it is only by granting to all classes equal rights and privileges before the law, and by frankly laying aside prejudices of race and religion, that the common welfare of Europe can be advanced." Cardinal Manning said that he knew of no more unprecedented or gratifying outburst of feeling from Oxford undergraduates.

THE eccentric evangelists who are carrying on the work of the Salvation Army in Philadelphia announced for Sunday a most remarkable series of exercises. They declare their intention of holding a "Real Hallelujah Spree." This extraordinary service will be led by Shouting Annie from Baltimore; Capt. Pilgrim Charlie, who is heralded as the "Salvation Wonder;" Capt. Joe, the Hallelujah Carpenter and Glory Milt, the Hallelujah Drummer. Part of the performance will be a "Knee Drill" by the "Blood and Fire Brigade." Following on this will be "sharpshooting by the soldiers." From such announcements it might be expected that something would be said or done well worth hearing or seeing by those who are fond of sensation. Instead of this, the speeches are generally as vapid as can be. They consist in the relating of the experience of the Salvationists and in loud and wordy exhortations which are of no particular account.

WINWOOD READE, in his "Savage Africa." reports the following as actually uttered from a pulpit by a Sierra Leone negro: "My breddren, you see white man bad too much, ugly too much, no good. You want sabby how man like dat come to lib in the world. Well, I tell you. Adam and Eve, dey colored people, very handsome; lib in one beautiful garden. Dare dey hab all tings dat be good. Plantains, yams, sweet pototoes, palm wine, too much! Den dey hab two children, Cain and Abel. Cain no like Abel's palaver; one day he kill 'im. Den God angry, and he say, '*Cain.*' Cain go hide himself; he tink him berry cleber. God say again, 'Cain, you tink I no see you, you bush nigga-eh?' Den Cain come out, and he say, 'Yes, massa, I lib here—what de matter, massa?' Den God say in one big voice like de tunder in de sky, 'Where 'm broder Abel?' Den Cain turned white all over with fear. Dat de first white man, bred-ren."

EVANGELIST HAMMOND wanted to show the children of Memphis, Tenn., how Satan goes about "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." In order to do this effectually he got down on his hands and knees on the pulpit platform and executed motions like those of a quadruped. One of the religious papers of that region criticises Mr. Hammond severely for this infraction of the ordinary rules of pulpit gesture. It is the more severe in its criticism because of the noise made by Mr. Hammond in simulating the roar of the terrific creature. This is regarded as not a correct representation of the noise made by the king of beasts. As to the roar or other noise made by old Satan himself, the critics had never heard it; yet they suspect that Mr. Hammond has not rendered it with accuracy. Mr. Hammond has of late years become very portly, so that he cannot with ease go through the motions incident to the portrayal of the habits of a personal devil. This fact lays him open to all the more pungent criticism when he attempts to do that in which a lithe and athletic evangelist might reasonably hope for better success.

COMMENTING upon the result of his third election, Mr. Bradlaugh says: "Once more my constituents hav indorsed my actions, and renewed to me their expression of confidence. Now the struggle is more grave, more serious than ever. The House of Commons, by a large majority in a very full House, has again decided that it will not permit the law to be obeyed. So far as one man may, I intend to contest that decision. Those who voted in the majority knew that the courts of law were powerless to enforce the law against the privileges of Parliament. The House of Commons while breaking the law, has at its service against me the police, whose duty should be to arrest law-breakers. My duty is to take my seat. I shall try to perform that duty. The House of Commons, by sheer force and brute violence, last year prevented me from taking my seat, and inflicted on me serious bodily injury in so preventing me. Conservativ members of the House of Commons of high rank hav actually expressed the shameful hope that the disgraceful scene of August 3d might be repeated. In all this the House of Commons has not only acted illegally; it has also acted dishonorably. If it meant me not to sit it should hav taken away my right to sit, and thus hav relieved me from the duty. It leaves me the empty title to the seat; it leaves me with the duty to take that seat; but it deprives me of speech and vote, and by force hinders me from doing my duty. Possibly the majority in the House of Commons hoped, by means of this virtual disfranchisment, to make my constituents so discontented and dissatisfied with me that I should fall into disfavor in Northampton. But my constituents are generous with me, and are determined not to visit on me the gross wrong done to them by the House of Commons. They bid me hold and take the seat they hav given me, and I will try to do so."

A FRIEND in Canada writes: "I send you the Toronto *Globe* of March 8th, in which you will find an article on Bradlaugh that I think you will consider worth reproducing. Of course it is not ahead of the doctrins that you so vigorously propound; but it is gratifying to see the same doctrins so firmly held by a paper eminent for prudence and worldly wisdom. The Liberals on your side of the line are, I know, apt to ask, Can any good thing come out of Canada? Let them read the following article, and then judge for themselvs: 'The British House of Commons is making progress steadily but slowly, as is its wont. It has now rejected by a majority of only fifteen the proposal to legislate in favor of permitting affirmation to take the place of the oath when necessary. By the time Bradlaugh has been returned once or twice more by his constituents, it will no doubt hav educated itself up to the point of foregoing its prejudices and acting reasonably. The absurdity of insisting upon the oath, and nothing but the oath, from its members, after the principle of affirmation has been adopted in the courts of justice, is too manifest to be perpetuated. It seems rather hard, though, that the one constituency of Northampton should be put to all the expense and annoyance involved in the education of its honorable members. This case affords a good illustration of the way in which bigotry often overreaches itself, and defeats its own ends. Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents hav returned him, and will no doubt continue to do so as often as necessary, partly because an attempt has been made to persecute him, and partly because Englishmen are too strongly wedded to the principle of religious freedom and full toleration to suffer a representativ to be perpetually excluded from Parliament on account of his religious opinions. Those who voted for his expulsion must hav done so either on personal or on religious grounds, neither of which can be accepted as valid by a people who cherish civil and religious liberty.'"

News of the Week.

THE Land Leaguers of the United States now hav a fund of $283,600.

A GENERAL strike among workmen of all trades is said to be pending.

ONE hundred and sixty-three new doctors hav just received diplomas from Bellevue College, this city.

WHILE on her way to church last Sunday evening, Eliza Squires, a Brooklyn woman, dropped dead in the street.

A NIHILIST agency has been established in Boston as a branch of the Russian Society of the Red Cross of the National Will.

A FUND is being raised to defend Geo. Hendrix, the alleged mutilator of the monument to the British spy Andre, in Tappan, N. J.

THE Rev. A. K. Strong, of the Presbyterian church of Hoboken, N. J., was stricken with apoplexy in his pulpit on Sunday last.

FIVE boys were buried alive in St. Joseph, Mo., one day last week by the caving of a tunnel which they were digging in the side of a hill.

EX-CITY AUDITOR PALMER, of Newark, N. J., was last Saturday sentenced to state prison for twenty years for embezzling $220,000 of the city's funds.

THEODORE TILTON has cancelled his lecture engagements and come back to New York. He is suffering from an affection of the throat, and his physicians advise rest.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany slipped and fell last Saturday, slightly injuring his elbow and knee. This is the second accident of the kind that has befallen the kaiser within a month.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is after the men who drew the capital prize in a recent drawing of a lottery, under the law that money won at gambling shall be forfeited to the poor of the county.

ST. PATRICK'S day, the 17th inst., was duly celebrated in this city by the enthusiastic Hibernian population, though it was noticed that the participants lacked the verve which used to distinguish them before beer had superseded whisky as a holiday beverage.

GREAT exertion is being made to secure the pardon of Sergeant Mason, the soldier who shot at Guiteau. His court-martial trial is said to hav been illegal, a military tribunal being secondary to the civil courts in time of peace. On this plea Mason's council will demand a new trial.

THE Rev. Mr. Hinman, who sued his bishop for slander, will probably succeed in establishing a pretty bad character before the trial is ended. He was sent as a missionary among the Western Indians, and testimony goes to show that his ministrations, especially to females, were not always of a spiritual kind.

A MEETING of the electors of Northampton has approved Mr. Bradlaugh's conduct in the House of Commons, and passed resolutions authorizing the executiv of the Liberal and Radical Union to sign a petition to the House praying that he be heard at the bar in support of their claim of the right to be represented in the House by speech and vote of duly elected members.

RECENT disclosures, and the publication of letters never before made public, put the late President Garfield in the attitude of a traitor toward General Rosecrans, commander of the army of the Cumberland. It seems that even while Garfield was on Rosecrans's staff, and his confidential friend and companion, he was writing letters to state officials, particularly to Chase, secretary of war, calculated to damage his superior officer in their estimation, and which finally secured Rosecrans's dismissal from the service.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MELCHISEDEC'S SIXTEENTH VISIT.

1. The Venerable Visitor entered the room so quietly, and in every way so imperceptibly, on this occasion that the most acute observer could neither have seen nor heard him; but he was really just as much there as on any of the previous occasions. His salutation was of the usual character, and his manner gentle and peaceful in the extreme. His remarks were in this wise:

2. Well, my friend, thou hast seen more to-day of the wonders of this holy city, and hast presented to thy view more of the claims for miracles and supernatural performances. Those thou hast seen to-day are the invention of the priests of a rival system, but they are no more absurd, no more monstrous, and no more untrue than those presented to thee yesterday and the day before.

3. Of this I see thou art already apprised, and there is little danger of the ridiculous claims of either system making a convert of thee; but, on the other hand, they must disgust thee with the utter want of truthfulness and good sense which prompts men to engage in such disreputable attempts to establish falsehood. It is a sad thing that in men's zeal to bolster up supernaturalism the most barefaced falsehoods are perpetrated.

4. But this is what must be done in all cases when miracles and the claims of supernaturalism are to be passed off as realities; falsehoods have to be used for the purpose, and the thing can be done in no other way. Every time that the supernatural is claimed a falsehood has to be uttered. Truth never requires falsehood to sustain it; fictions and fables always do.

5. The belief in the supernatural is only entertained when nature is not properly understood, and the more thoroughly nature and her laws are studied and known, the less chance there is for the recognition of the supernatural. Supernaturalism, then, is the child of ignorance; and ignorance and superstition are synonymous terms. Nature and naturalism are the great truth of existence, and supernaturalism is the great lie.

6. Supernaturalism has been the work of priests in all the ages of the past. It was priests who first educated the childish mind of primitive man to accept the supernatural, the moving of natures forces by a power superior to itself; and it has been the continuous work of priests. It began, of course, low down in the scale, and has greatly improved as the millenniums have passed by.

7. At one time in man's career every force and operation in nature was believed to be a personal being, or a personal being was believed to rule over it and to manipulate it, and this being was thought to be a bad one; thus devils and demons were accepted by man in his infantile state long before gods were believed in. Every feature and modification of nature's forces that caused pain and discomfort was believed to be the work of a demon or devil, and how to placate these evil beings was man's early study.

8. Thus it can easily be understood that devil-worship is older than god-worship; but as evolution is a great law of nature, this feeling was bound to be modified with the movement of time, and gods gradually came into fashion—or, in other words, the devils evolved into gods, and the bad beings came to be regarded as good beings.

9. This change was not sudden, nor was it full all at once; the devils gradually improved, and by degrees lost their evil character, at first being partly bad and partly good. This was peculiar to no one nation, but common with nearly all nations, and the Jewish people were no exception. Yahweh-worship was at first a species of devil-worship, and the first conception of him was little better than a devil.

10. Neither did he evolve rapidly; he retained his cruel and malicious characteristics for a long time, and, as I showed in my earlier visits, was subject to freaks of anger, temper, and malice. He was also narrow and circumscribed in his partialities, claiming but a small fraction of the human family as his favorites, friends, and family, while the other ninety-nine-hundredths of the world's inhabitants were his enemies, for whom he wished the worst of evils, including destruction and death.

11. It was the character of these devil-gods to be the deadly enemies of all the nations in existence, save the one who accepted them and had created them. They were a part of the time good to their own people, but always inimical and full of hate for all other nations.

12. As men's minds grow, their conceptions of their gods also enlarge; thus it is seen that the small, circumscribed, and narrow Yahweh of the Jews, and who, strangely enough, was adopted by all the Christian nations, has so grown that he seems to regard gentile nations with quite as much favor as his original preference, or first love.

13. And he has also become so much civilized and humanized that his character is much improved. He once delighted to be considered the god of war, of battles, of bloodshed, carnage, fury, and death; the more the human family was made wretched, the better he was pleased; but now he has become so far modified, so far civilized, that he likes to be called a god of peace, of kindness, and of love. He claims, too, to love all nations alike, and to regard the whole human family as his children.

14. This progress of the gods has always been in keeping with the progress of mankind; for it must never be lost sight of that the gods, like the devils, have been the creation of man, and for this reason the gods have improved as man has improved—the gods always following and never leading. As a stream can never rise above its course, so gods can never become superior to their creators.

15. Gods and devils, being the representatives of supernaturalism, are, to the fullest extent, the representatives of falsehood, the indices of the ages of ignorance, the proofs of the crude and imperfect age of the human mind. So long as supernaturalism is accepted by man, so long must he remain in the domain of darkness and falsehood, so long must he be deprived of the volume of truth which is his natural and legitimate heritage.

16. As fast as man learns to understand and accept the truths of nature, so far as he has the intelligence and mental vigor to throw off the shackles and blinding mists of supernaturalism, so rapidly will he advance in the clear light of nature's truths and fully become enlightened by the great sun of perfect intelligence and the great source of life and truth. When man learns to discard supernaturalism he will take the high position which destiny has in store for him, and he will be led on by the spirit of truth to the eminence of perfect knowledge and happiness. As long as man hugs supernaturalism to his bosom, so long will darkness and error surround him, and as soon as he can throw off the incubus of supernaturalism, so soon will he be free, unfettered, and joyous. Naturalism advances civilization and human progress, but supernaturalism retards both.

17. The priests being the authors of supernaturalism, they are also the class who will fight for its continuance. Their trade rests upon the claims of supernaturalism; their pretense is that they have knowledge of the will and desires of the gods; that they possess influence over them; that men need priests as mediators between the gods and themselves, and that it is the ministration of the priests that will save men from the eternal fires that must otherwise everlastingly overwhelm them. Thus the priests are the authors of supernaturalism and its defenders. To this extent they stand in the way of the world's progress, and they must be superseded by the teachers of truth before ignorance and superstition can be banished from the world, and before perfect mental liberty can have full rule.

18. The legitimate inference, then, is that the priesthood are the enemies of the human race instead of its friends. They belong to the past rather than to the present. They clog the wheels of progress instead of helping them forward. Yes, they are the enemies of mankind instead of its friends. Teachers of science and truth will always be necessary; the young and illy-informed will always need instruction; the elements and the lessons of truth will always need to be clearly expounded, but the priesthood, who insist that supernaturalism is a reality and that men must bow down before it, can far better be dispensed with than not.

19. I will now take up the subject considered at my last two visits and recall more of the absurdities and falsehoods contained in the New Testament, especially the fourth gospel attributed to John, though, as a matter of fact, John did not write it, nor was it written till about a hundred years after John had paid the debt of nature and was laid in his grave. I will, however, criticise it all the same, because it is accepted as divine and revealed truth in which can be no error or imperfection.

20. The style of the fourth gospel is wholly different from the first three; it was written by one familiar with the Greek literature and philosophy as well as with the Greek language, while the other three are far more Jewish in character. The fourth gospel is a polemic rather than a narrative, but still it is sufficiently a narrative to show many positive discrepancies and contradictions when compared with the other three.

21. The fourth gospel was written to establish the divinity of Jesus Christ and his identity with the being who was supposed to be the creator of heaven and earth, but still it has nothing to say about Jesus being divinely begotten, nothing about the visit of Yahweh to the virgin, nothing of the wonderful overshadowing business. It would seem that the writer or the fourth gospel was ignorant of all this, or he thought too little of it to deem it worth repeating.

22. Although the fourth gospel omits that remarkable incident, it contains many others not contained in the other three, and to that extent is wholly unlike the others as much as though it was the record of the life of the some other god than Yahweh. Some of these discrepancies and contradictions should be mentioned.

23. The fourth gospel is the only one that conveys the idea that Jesus had an individual existence previous to the time when he was begotten and entered into the world. It is the only one that takes the peculiar position that the son and the father are one and the same person. It is the only one that hints that a being could be his own author or father.

24. The fourth is the only gospel that says that John the Baptist used these words: Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world; the only one that mentions the incident that Jesus attended a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and on that occasion manufactured a quantity of wine. If it was true that this miracle caused his disciples to believe in him, Matthew, being one of his disciples who believed in him, it is very singular that he had not a word to say of the affair.

25. The fourth is the only gospel that alludes to Nicodemus, to his stealthy visit to Jesus at night, and the enigmatical and metaphysical disquisition of the second birth. It is the only one which gives the conversation between Jesus and the woman of Samaria; the only one which mentions the miracle of healing the impotent man—thirty-eight years an invalid—at the Pool of Bethesda; the only one which gives the astounding information that many of the disciples of Jesus forsook him and walked no more with him.

26. The fourth gospel is the only one that makes any mention of Jesus ever writing a word, though even in the sand, which nobody ever read or was ever benefited by; the only one that intimates that Jesus ever read a word—and that from the Jewish law in the synagogue of Galilee; the only one that mentions that Jesus performed the astonishing miracle of curing a man blind from birth by a mixture of clay and water, which to the medical faculty must stand as an impossibility, and which they will never be able to repeat with the same result.

27. The fourth gospel is the only one that mentions the extraordinary and impossible miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead, and after he had been so long dead that decomposition had set in. If that great event really took place there is no question but what each evangelist would have detailed the account in full. The fact that the fourth is the only gospel that even hints at it, and as that was not written till a century and a half after the miracle was claimed to have been performed, makes it very safe to pronounce it an utter falsehood, especially since it must have been false though each of the gospel writers and a thousand others had protested it was true.

28. The fourth is the only gospel that mentions the close friendship which existed between Jesus and Mary, and her anointing the feet of Jesus; the others have it that it was his head that she anointed; the fourth is the only gospel that mentions that Jesus washed the feet of his disciples, that is the only one that speaks of him, when arrested, as being taken to Annas, the high priest; the only one that makes Pilate to ask Jesus, What is truth? the only one that says the mother of Jesus witnessed his execution; the only one that says a Roman soldier pierced the side of Jesus with a spear.

29. The fourth is the only gospel that mentions Jesus, during his ministry, making five separate visits to Jerusalem, while the others speak of only a single visit; it is the only one that represents his ministry to have lasted for the period of several years, while the others make it but twelve, or at the most only eighteen months. It is impossible to reconcile these contradictions with truth. There is no system of facts or of reasoning that will justify such radical differences.

30. It is the only fourth gospel that mentions Nicodemus's providing a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes with which to embalm the body of Jesus; the only one to claim that Jesus made repeated appearances to his disciples after his resurrection, and also that he remained with them many days before his ascension; the others represent that his ascension took place immediately, while the writer of the book of Acts says there were forty days between the resurrection and the ascension. Such positive contradictions are most unfortunate, for some of them must necessarily be false, if not all.

31. The fourth gospel differs from the second and the third in mentioning the ascension of Jesus up to heaven. That, it must be admitted, if true, is one of the most important events in the career of Jesus, besides being one of the greatest miracles ever performed. The fact, however, that the first and fourth gospels have not a word upon the subject, proves unmistakably that the writers knew nothing of the claim, or that they did not deem it worthy of mention. It is not at all likely that they believed the legend to be true.

32. The other omissions of the fourth gospel are equally noticeable, and show that the entire story is of the most unreliable character. The fourth gospel mentions very few of the miracles claimed by the other gospels, but, as indicated, has a set of its own. It has nothing of the Sermon on the Mount, which plays so important a part in the first gospel. It says

nothing of the parables of Jesus, which are a most important feature in the other gospels. The first gospel gives twelve parables, the second but three, while the third gives sixteen. Such serious discrepancies loudly proclaim the unreliable character of the story. The parables given by the first gospel are unlike those given by the third, and the latter are much the shorter.

33. It is most singular that while the other gospels assert that John was present on the occasion of raising Jarius's daughter, of the transfiguration, of the agony in Gethsemane, etc., the fourth gospel has not a word of either. If the writer was present when those things took place, his narrative is incorrect, as he does not mention them; and if he did not know of them, the writers of the first three gospels were clearly guilty of falsehood.

34. It is a trifle singular that the third and fourth gospels say that Satan or the devil, entered into Judas, and induced him to betray his master, while the other two say nothing of the kind, and leave the reader to suppose that Judas acted from his own motives and impulses solely.

35. In one respect the fourth gospel is decidedly superior to the other three—it has little or nothing about devils. The first gospel contains one case where the devil cast out by Jesus acknowledged his messiahship; the second gospel has four such cases; the third three, while the fourth has none. If the devils had really said this, and the writer of the fourth gospel was present when those devils talked in that way, he assuredly would have availed himself of such important testimony.

36. The fourth gospel has nothing to say about the little speech of Jesus to Peter about the latter being the rock upon which the church was to be built; about those whom he looses on earth being being loosed in heaven; about those he binds on earth being bound in heaven. It is possible that the writer of the fourth gospel deemed Peter too false and impetuous a character to have such extraordinary power placed in his hands, and did not care to repeat the remarks that confer no credit upon the person who uttered them.

37. The language of the fourth gospel is very enigmatical, mythical, metaphysical, obscure, and confusing, and totally unlike that of the other three. It makes Jesus to give long and continued discourses which the others do not give, and makes the style of his teaching wholly unlike the others. It places Jesus in the position of a person who wishes to befog his hearers instead of giving them clear and explicit language which they could not mistake.

38. The last verse of the fourth gospel may be taken as an index of the misstatements, or the very poor judgment of the writer. He says if all the things which Jesus did were written, the world would not be able to contain the books containing them. This is a most extravagant statement. The world is large enough to contain a full account of all the deeds performed by a thousand million times as many people as are on the whole earth; how absurd, then, to talk about the world not being large enough to contain an account of the deeds performed by a person but thirty years of age!

39. I will now retire and leave thee to thy own reflections and repose. I do not presume that I have suggested thoughts that thou hast not entertained before, but there can be nothing amiss in calling again to mind the inconsistencies and falsehoods of what is called a revealed word. I bid the a peaceful good-night.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SEVENTEENTH DAY—MORE HOLY PLACES.

1. It is hardly needful to dwell at length on these, but it will be sufficient to merely name the places without giving their particular localities or describing them. Among the places outside the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and which are claimed to be identified, are the house of Pontius Pilate, where his wife had a dream about the trial of Jesus, and where she warned her husband to have nothing to do against that man.

2. The place where the palace of Herod stood is pointed out, whether by the aid of the Empress Helena or not is not stated; also the chapel of our Lady of Grief is another place sacred to the Virgin, and the palace of Herod, though whether it was Herod the Great, or his grandson Herod the tetrarch of Galilee, the Scribe will not have the hardihood to say.

3. Prominent among the holy places is the house of Saint Veronica, the young woman who felt a sympathy for Jesus when under the fatigue of carrying his cross, which, by the bye, was done by Simon of Cyrene. Besides falling so many times, he was thrown into a profuse perspiration, when the dear soul took her white linen handkerchief and wiped his face, and the remarkable result was attained of his face being photographed or printed on the linen. This miracle is amply corroborated, the identical handkerchief being in several cathedrals in Europe. There is one in Paris, one in Aix-la-Chapelle, one in Cologne, one in Milan, and one guarded with great care in St. Peter's at Rome, which cannot be seen save by paying a considerable sum of money. How can any one doubt a miracle of which there are so many proofs in existence?

4. The places are not only pointed out where Jesus fell with the cross the first time, and run his elbow into a solid stone; where he fell the second time, and made another big dent in a stone with his elbow; when he stopped to rest and leaned his head and shoulder against a rock to rest, and left a print of both upon it; where he fell with the cross the third time, making another deep impression in the rock; where he fell the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth times as he staggered along that sorrowful way under the heavy load; but the place is just as accurately indicated where Simon shouldered the cross at the Hall of Judgment, whence he bore it, without falling once, to Calvary, and thus saved Jesus the trouble of carrying it altogether. It is singular that the cross which got Jesus down twelve times, when he did not carry it, should not have thrown Simon, when he did carry it, and that Jesus should have been so very much fatigued by the weight of the cross which Simon bore all the way himself.

3. Next is the Judicial Gate, or the entrance into the Judgment Hall, whence the sacred staircase was taken which is now in the church at the Lateran in Rome. Next Peter's prison; next the house of Simeon, who was struck dumb; next the chapel of Mary Magdalene, who reformed her manner of life and did not see so much promiscuous company as before; next the house, now the chapel, of Anna, the mother of John the Baptist; next the numerous places on Mount Zion, where the holy man David used to indulge in some of his idiosyncrasies; next the house of another Mary, the mother of St. Mark; next the church of St. Savior; next the great altar, called by the Latin name of the Major Altar.

6. Next the church which stands on the spot where the Last Supper was partaken of; then there is a church of St. Thomas, who was a little slow about believing some things; and another holy relic, which should not be left unnoticed, is one of the stones brought from the Mount of Olives, and from the roadway where Jesus passed along on the ass which he sent his disciple to take whether the owner wished to lend it or not, and where, after the garments and olive branches were thrown in the way for him to ride over, at the time the people were shouting hosannas about the son of David (by the way of his step-father), and at the time he made the sage remark that if the people did not thus shout the stones themselves would cry aloud. Well, this is said to be one of those stones which would have cried aloud if the people had not. Just think of what a curiosity—what a privilege it is—to see a stone which would have cried aloud, only it did not;

7. A little outside the walls, down in the valley of Jehosaphat, the place is pointed out where St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was stoned, and, close by, the very place where Paul stood when he held Stephen's garments; another place is where the body after being stoned was laid for burial, and but a little way off is the tomb of the Virgin, where her bones were laid at rest after she gave up the ghost; though how she was allowed to die is one of the greatest marvels connected with the whole story. Why Yahweh did not take her up and have her sit at his right or left hand, just for the good she had done, even if she was incapacitated for further duty, seems singular indeed, and only shows how readily some persons forget the favors they have received.

8. There is a church at the tomb of the holy Virgin, which is claimed to be the oldest Christian church in existence; and, by the bye, there are also a number of other oldest Christian churches. Forty-seven handsome steps lead to this one, and it is claimed that it was built by the sainted Empress Helena. Beside the Virgin, the bones of her husband also rest here; here are also reposing the osseous remains of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin, the latter of whom was also a virgin when she bore Mary, and more particularly afterward; for be it known that an immaculate virgin was necessary to bear the right sort of girl to assist Yahweh in begetting the little Jesus. So it follows, of course, that Mary was the daughter of Anna, but not the daughter of Joachim. She was necessarily the daughter of Yahweh himself.

9. It is true the divulging of this truth makes the connection between Yahweh and Mary of about the same character as that of Lot and his daughters; but what of that? Was not Lot a man of God, whom Yahweh showed special favors to, and did not an ecumenical council eternally settle it that the Virgin was an immaculate conception the same as was Jesus? Her mother was a virgin as really as herself, and so perhaps it was all the way back, and possibly some future council may so decide it.

10. So accurately are the places preserved where all these holy events took place that the identical spot is marked where the Virgin dropped her belt on a certain occasion, but it is probable that it required St. Helena to tell where that spot was; another place where she prayed; another place where she wept. Of the chapels the numbers are great—one is a chapel of the creed; another the chapel of the father; the chapel of the angel; the chapel of the apostles, and others too numerous to mention.

11. There are many other holy places about this holy city, and though the greatest pains may be taken to enumerate them all, it is greatly to be feared that some may be omitted. There is the church of the Ascension; the ruins of the tower of the Nun of Galilee; the place of St. Pelagia (it is not much known who he was); the well of Nehemiah; the place where the paschal lamb was slain; where Jesus washed feet; the place where the Holy Ghost came down on the day of Pentecost; where the lot fell upon Matthew; where James was consecrated; where Peter denied his master when the cock crew; where St. James said mass before the blessed Virgin; where the wicked Jews attempted to steal the body of the Virgin; where the blessed Virgin was translated; where Jesus was in prison; where the Virgin stood when she heard of the arrest of Jesus; where Peter wept, and more holy places without number.

12. A common carnal-minded person who has not the ability to discern spiritual things may be unable to understand how all these localities were discovered and determined after all the centuries of war, carnage, and confusion that passed over the country and city; but it should be remembered that the sainted Empress Helena spent considerable time in this country, and that she was so highly inspired, and had the gift of dreams and visions to such perfection, that she had little or no difficulty in settling all these little difficult cases; and if it so happened that any of these points escaped her attention, the church has been full of godly-minded persons but little behind St. Helena herself, who were amply able to adjust any of these knotty questions. They could tell the very place where any ancient event took place, and if necessary they could invent the incident and then tell where it took place.

13. There is one matter of which mention should be made in connection with the holy city, and that is the Wandering Jew, and what is here written about that celebrated character is taken from St. Mark (Twain), whose veracity will hardly be questioned: And so we come at last to another wonder of deep and abiding interest—the veritable house where the unhappy wretch once lived who has been celebrated in song and story for more than eighteen hundred years as the Wandering Jew.

14. On the memorable day of the crucifixion he stood in this old doorway with his arms akimbo, looking out on the struggling mob that was approaching, and, when the weary savior would have sat down and rested him a moment, pushed him rudely away and said, Move on. The Lord said, Move on, thou, likewise. And the command has never been revoked from that day to this. All men know how that the miscreant upon whose head that just curse fell has roamed up and down the wide world for ages and ages, seeking rest and never finding it—courting death, but always in vain—longing to stop in city, in wilderness, in desert solitudes, yet hearing always that relentless warning to march, march on.

15. They say, do these hoary traditions, that when Titus sacked Jerusalem and slaughtered eleven hundred thousand Jews in her streets and byways, the wandering Jew was seen always in the thickest of the fight, and that when battle axes gleamed in the air he bowed his head beneath them; when swords flashed their lightnings he sprang in their way; he bared his breast to whizzing javelins, to hissing arrows, to any and to every weapon that promised death and forgetfulness and rest. But it was useless; he walked forth out of the carnage without a wound.

16. And it is said that five hundred years afterward he followed Mohammed when he carried destruction to the cities of Arabia, and then turned against him, hoping in this way to win the death of a traitor. His calculations were wrong again. No quarter was given to any living creature but one, and that was the only one of all the host that did not want it. He sought death five hundred years later in the wars of the Crusades, and offered himself to famine and pestilence in Ascalon. He escaped again; he could not die.

17. These repeated annoyances could have at last but one effect—they shook his confidence. Since then the wandering Jew has carried on a kind of desultory warfare with the most promising of the aids and implements of destruction, but with small hope as a general thing. He has speculated some in cholera and railroads, and has taken almost a lively interest in infernal machines and patent medicines. He is old now and grave, as becomes an age like his; he indulges in no light amusements save that he goes sometimes to executions and is fond of funerals.

18. There is one thing he cannot avoid; go where he will about the world he must never fail to report in Jerusalem every fiftieth year. Only a year or two ago he was here for the thirty-seventh time since Jesus was crucified on Calvary. They say that many old people who are here now saw him then and had seen him before. He looks always the same—old and withered and hollow-eyed and listless, save there is about him something which seems to suggest that he is looking for some one, expecting some one—the friends of his youth perhaps. He always pokes about

the old streets looking lonesome, making his mark on a wall here and there, and eyeing the oldest buildings with a sort of friendly half interest; and he sheds a few tears at the threshold of his ancient dwelling, and bitter tears they are. Then he collects his rent and leaves again.

19. He has been seen standing near the church of the Holy Sepulcher on many a starlight night, for he has cherished an idea for many centuries that if he could only enter there he could rest. But when he approaches the doors slam to with a crash, the earth trembles, and all the lights in Jerusalem burn with a ghastly blue. He does this every fifty years just the same. It is hopeless, but then it is hard to break habits one has been eighteen hundred years accustomed to. The old tourist is far away on his wanderings now. He must have a consuming contempt for the complacent infants who go skurrying about the world in these railroad days and call it traveling. All I have revealed about the wandering Jew can be amply proven by reference to our guide.

20. Of course the Scribe was not fortunate enough to meet this rather antiquated individual, as he possibly may be spending the present season in the vicinity of the North Pole, but he (the Scribe) wishes right here to assure his readers that he accepts this story about the wandering Jew with the same amount of credence that he does all the other remarkable yarns that are repeated of the individuals and miraculous events which have transpired in this holy city and country. For further particulars inquire of the guide or Moody and Sankey.

21. There are numerous other sacred places which the pilgrims did not visit, but so far as the Scribe is concerned he is surfeited with them and longs to get out again into some part of the world where the devil is supposed to hold rule and where there is not quite so much holiness.

22 This country of sacred places, churches, chapels, and shrines brings some incidents to the mind of the Scribe which he has heard. In this Land of Yahweh the bones of any dead man have only to be found to afford good reason for a chapel to be erected or a shrine to be set up. Once upon a time a native in this country had a faithful donkey, which, after a lifetime of hard service, could no longer keep up the process of breathing, and quietly yielded up the ghost, whereupon the bereaved owner laid him by the roadside and covered his body with stones.

23. The body of the defunct jackass remained there several years, until the meat upon the bones had entirely disappeared and naught but the bones remained. At length some pious Christian, in hunting for sacred relics and sacred bones of departed saints, had the good fortune to find those of this individual of the asinine species, and by the discerning instincts which a saint is supposed to possess readily perceived that he had discovered the bones of a departed saint of the first water, and with commendable promptness he erected a shrine over the bones and started a holy shop or prayer factory for the offering of prayers and the performance of miracles, and as the results produced were of the most astonishing character, a lively trade was done and many a shekel brought into the holy treasury.

24. Thus the business at this pious shop throve until by chance the owner of the defunct donkey discovered that the shrine had been erected over the bones of his former four-footed servant, and that those very bones had performed all the miracles. The joke was too good to be kept; so he let the facts be known, and after that that shop was known as the Shrine of the Holy Jackass.

25. One pious story brings to mind another: Once upon another time a man of the world was sojourning for a season in a town where unusually holy shrines, chapels, and churches had been erected to the blessed Virgin, which were by the faithful held in the very highest esteem. But on an unlucky day this graceless sojourner strayed into one of these holy places, though he had little respect for holy things.

26. While standing there he felt a necessity for attending to a demand of nature, and, with shocking sacrilege, he did not leave the place for the purpose. But, unfortunately, it so happened that he was discovered in the very act, and the utmost indignation and horror, of course, was aroused that the shrine of the blessed Virgin had been thus desecrated and outraged. The vile sinner was at once arrested and thrown into prison, and the indignation against the wretch arose to such a pitch that even his life was in great danger.

27. In the fearful dilemma he invoked the aid of a shrewd legal gentleman, who at once took in the critical situation, and informed his client that his only chance was to give a plausible reason for what he had done; otherwise his life was not worth a groat. By the advice, then, of this astute lawyer, his client made this plea:

28. He had for many long months been a sufferer from obstinate constipation of the bowels, and he had tried all remedies and used all expedients in vain, and had employed the most learned medical men without the slightest relief, when it had occurred to him that he would visit the shrine of the Virgin, and implore her aid in his behalf. Accordingly he visited the holy place, offering up a fervent prayer to the Virgin, and, wonderful to relate, his prayer was answered on the spot, and his stubborn malady was at once removed.

29. This plea was a most ingenious one, and saved the poor man's life, and, what is more, suddenly raised him in the estimation of the populace. They accepted him as a devout worshiper of the blessed Virgin; they recognized him as one whose prayers are miraculously answered, and they decided that the highest honors should be paid him. So, in place of taking his life, they clothed him in rich robes, carried him around the town upon their shoulders, and considered him a veritable saint.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PERSONS MET WITH.

1. Among the persons met at the hotel in the holy city may be mentioned Sir Arthur Cunningham, a dignified Englishman, pretty well advanced in years. He is distinguished as the man who suppressed Fenianism several years ago.

2. Another party was the pious Mr. Miller and wife, of Bristol, England, who is noted for the power which he possesses over the deity to induce him to listen to his requests and fulfill all his desires. He is able to report most astonishing achievements he has made by dint of his prayers—churches built, orphan asylums established, the inmates fed, and many more astonishing things not necessary to repeat. It is said he can pray at a mark and hit it oftener than any other expert in the business.

3. Another person seen is Captain Condor, also of England, who has been engaged for many years in making excavatings about the holy city, and writing a book descriptive of his labors. He has a force under his direction now. He is employed by the Palestine Exploration Society, and is paid by the fund raised for the purpose. He is an active-looking man.

4. Another character is an enthusiastic Swede with a red head, who has come to the Land of Yahweh to find the ark of Shittim wood which used to be the residence of Yahweh before so many larger and better places were provided for him. This erratic Swede can think of little else than the ark of the covenant, and he roams over this desolate land, looking high and low for that ark; but, up to this date, he has not found hair nor hide of it. Nobody can tell him what has become it. Unfortunately he has not the wonderful ability of dreaming out the location of holy places, and, in consequence, it is to be feared he is spending his time, his strength, and his money in vain.

5. Among the most pleasing persons met with is Colonel Joseph G. Wilson, the American consul for the holy city. His home is Fort Madison, Iowa, and he has been here some four years, and has necessarily learned much about the country. From him many points were obtained, and many facts learned.

6. His position brings him more or less in contact with the natives of the country, the Bedouins, and the Syrians. It is amusing to hear him relate many of the incidents which come under his observation. When travelers from America wish to visit the country beyond the Jordan they apply to him, and he sends word to some sheik east of the Jordan to come and see him. In two days the sheik puts in an appearance, and readily enters into a contract, which he most scrupulously carries out.

7. He mentioned, as an illustration of the morals of the sheiks and their faith in prayer, this incident: An old sheik said to him that Allah had been very good to him, and had hearkened to his prayers. On one occasion he had met a young sheik who had a very fine mare, which he (the old sheik) greatly desired, and he asked him what price he wished for the animal; but the young sheik said no price could be placed upon the beast, for he should not part with her, because he had inherited her from his father, and could not give her up.

8. The old sheik was grieved at this intelligence, and prayed morning and night to Allah to give him that beautiful mare. For some time he thought Allah did not hear him; but he continued to pray, and at length Allah heard his prayer, and was so good as to answer his request. This was the way in which it was done:

9. One day he was out in the desert upon his fleet horse, when he spied the young man on the beautiful mare, and the desire to possess her was stronger in him than ever. He immediately pursued the young shiek with all the speed his own swift horse was capable of. In a short time he overtook him and, with a well-directed aim and a powerful arm, drove his spear through the young man's body, and in a moment he was lying writhing and bleeding in the sand. Thus, said the old sheik, did Allah answer my prayer, and give me the coveted mare.

10. He said, in extenuation, that he often looked back to that event, and could see the young sheik, in the very prime of life, lying there on the ground, wallowing in his gore, and sometimes he almost thought it was not quite right thus to put the young man to death; but, said he, what will a man not do to obtain such a beautiful mare? And again he consoled himself that Allah had been good to him, and heard his prayer.

11. The Bedouins are strict to keep their contracts, but they hesitate not to steal or rob, even from each other. They prefer not to take life if it can be avoided, even when they despoil and rob strangers; but they will kill, if they find it necessary, in their robbing enterprises. The different tribes are often engaged in war with each other, and believe it perfectly legitimate to take from their enemies all the property they can.

12. The tribes hold what they have on the community plan, but the sheik has more advantages and perquisites than the masses. His position is inherited, but he is expected to show himself a brave and wise leader of the tribe, and is looked up to as a superior man who must be obeyed. His rule is imperative.

13. Upon asking what the law-making power is among them, the colonel said he inquired of the old head sheik with regard to that, and was informed that the head shiek convoked all his subordinate sheiks when any question had to be decided; and, said the old shiek, I sit quietly and hear all their talk, and when they have finished I do as I think best.

14. Polygamy is common among all the Arabs, and when a man is able to support two or more wives there is no prohibition against their indulging in their taste for more matrimony. Divorce is also very easy among them; if a man becomes dissatisfied with his wife, he can at any time send her home to her parents. The position of the woman is a menial one, being little more than a slave to her husband. She is not supposed to know anything, and education is out of the question for her. It is very common to see the Arab women carrying heavy loads along the road, while the husband is riding on the donkey, horse, or camel.

15. The men and women are both physically well-made—of good hight, straight, and of good figure. They are not given to obesity, like most Europeans, and it is very seldom that a fleshy Arab is seen. It is often said that the men are better looking than the women. Some of the young women look very well, but they seem to lose their beauty early, and by the time they are forty look like hags. They are dark, but have straight hair.

16. There are many Bedouins roving over the Land of Yahweh, and they often prey upon the more numerous class of ordinary Arabs and Syrians, who are disposed to remain permanently in one place and pursue agriculture for a livelihood. There would be more prosperity in the country were the government better and taxes not so heavy. The Turkish rule is replete with dishonesty and corruption, and the oppression which grows out of it bears the hardest upon the poor tiller of the soil.

17. Syria is now ruled by five viceroys, called pashas, the seats of whose governments are respectively Damascus, Aleppo, Tripoli, Acre, and Jerusalem. The population of Palestine is somewhere about 200,000, while that of Syria entire is in the neighborhood of 2,000,000.

18. The Jews, as before remarked, are not self-sustaining, but live largely upon the contributions sent from their brethren in various countries. It is much the same with the Christians; they may be said to be flourishing to some extent, having well-built churches, convents, etc.; but these have been constructed with money sent in from various Christian countries, and a steady influx of funds is forwarded to keep up the annual expenses of the various institutions. The holy land is quite a tax to the Christians of the world, but they will cheerfully expend many thousands of dollars per year to keep up their foothold in the country. As Christianity had its origin here, they are very anxious to hold control of the country as widely as possible.

19. The business of Jerusalem is of a limited character. But few goods are sold, except at retail, and that to no great extent. A large share of the money in circulation is brought into the country by pilgrims and visitors who come here to see the land once selected by Yahweh in preference to all other countries of the globe. A little trade is done in the manufacture of various articles from olive-wood, which are principally sold to visitors. Several of the mechanical trades are feebly conducted. The stores and bazars are small and inferior.

20. As before remarked, the prevailing religion of the country is Mohammedanism, which is, There is but one god, and Mohammed is his prophet. They believe that six great prophets have been sent from Allah—Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed—the greatest of whom is Mohammed. They accept the Jews as true believers from the time of Moses to Jesus. They deny the existing version of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the gospels as being authentic or inspired. Only the Koran is the true word of God, and has come down unaltered from its original composition.

21. Moslems accept the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments, and do not deny that women have souls. The more enlightened of them receive in a figurative sense the poetical descriptions of the joys of heaven contained in the Koran. Admission to paradise is asserted to be won, not by merit, but by the mercy of Allah,

and also by absolute decree. Predestination, however, is differently taught by the different sects among them, for they are divided into about as many sects as are Christians. But all Moslems hold that a portion of the human race is elected to eternal happiness, and another portion to eternal misery. The difference, then, between them and Christians is not very great, save in the prophet or leader which they accept.

22. The Moslem officers of religion, or priests, attached to the mosques are, first, the warden (na'sir), who is the trustee of all the endowments of the mosque, and he appoints all the other officers; next, the ministers (imaums), whose duty it is to keep up the Mohammedan services; next, the kateeb, who publicly prays and preaches on Fridays, the Mohammedan Sabbath. The ra'tib recites certain prayers at stated times daily. The call to these prayers is chanted from the galleries of the minarets by officials called muezzins.

23. Prayer, alms-giving, fasting, and pilgrimage, and also frequent purifications by washing, are scrupulously enjoined. Prayer must always be preceded by washing, as from a person not clean prayer is without effect. The dress should also be clean, and the ground should be covered with a piece of carpet. No people in the world pray more, and prayer is conducted on the street, in the shops, and wherever the devotees are. On entering a mosque they always remove their shoes, perform their ablutions at the tank, if not already purified, and then, turning their faces toward Mecca, go through their repeated orisons and prostrations. They rise, bow, and kneel again in course of the prayer.

24. The Greek Christians are far the more numerous in Palestine and Syria. The Greek church separated entirely from that of Rome in 868, when Photius was elected patriarch of Constantinople by the Emperor Michael. They have no special articles of faith of their own, but adopted the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, with very slight alterations.

25. Images are not tolerated in Greek churches as they are in the Romish, but pictures of a stereotyped class are much used. They invoke saints as intercessors, and pray for the dead, but do not maintain the Romish belief as to purgatory. They do not hold to infallibility of the patriarch nor the church. They acknowledge the seven sacraments, baptize by immersion, believe in transubstantiation, and mix the communion wine with warm water. They do not forbid marriage among the priesthood.

26. The Roman Catholics are making some headway in Palestine, but are found only in the towns. They are the deadly enemies of the Greek Christians, and their quarrels are constant and bitter. The priests have privileges not enjoyed in Europe, for instance, they may have wives, if married before ordination.

27. The Marionites since 1180 have belonged to the Romish church. They are principally in Lebanon, and number nearly two hundred thousand.

28. The Copts are poorly represented in Palestine, though they have a chapel and a share in the church of the Holy Sepulcher. They more usually act as clerks and other employees in the mercantile and public offices. They derive their name from Coptos, now Kobt, in Egypt, and are the sole representatives of the ancient race who built the pyramids. They are Christians. Baptism is practiced by them; children are circumcised, confession is required and is indispensable immediately before partaking of the sacrament. They fast on Wednesdays and Fridays, and observe the seven great feasts, viz., the Nativity, the Epiphany, Annunciation, Palm Sunday, Easter, Ascension, and Whit Sunday. They are not allowed to intermarry with persons of any other sect.

29. The Protestants are very limited in Palestine. About two hundred are in Jerusalem, a few in Nazareth, a few in Bethlehem, and that is all.

30. The Jews of Palestine, as already indicated, are a mixed multitude. The two principal sects are the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim; the first are Spanish and Portuguese, and the latter Polish, German, and Russian. These are again divided into the Perooshim (Pharisees), and the Chasidim (pious)

31. They keep five public fasts; the fast of Gedaliah, celebrated on account of the murder of Gedaliah (2 Kings, xxv), and kept about the middle of September. 2. The fast Asaar-Bedebeth, 10th of Debeth, corresponding with the 23d of December, on which day Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem. 3. Fast of Esther (see book of Esther). 4. Fast of Sheba-Asaar Betamoos, 17th of Tamoos, corresponding with the 25th of June, on which Moses broke the Ten Commandments; on the same day the sacrifices ceased in the first temple. 5. The fast of Tischa Beab, 9th day of Ab, about the middle of July, because on that day it was decreed that the generation which left Egypt should die in the wilderness; the first and second temples were destroyed; Bither was taken, and thousands of Jews put to death, and Turrus Rufus plowed up Mount Moriah. The Chasidim have a sixth fast, the 9th day of Adar (March), because Moses died on that day.

32. The festivals kept by the Jews are Passover, Pentecost, New Year, Day of Atonement, the Feast of Tabernacles, the Feast of Purification, the Dedication of the Temple, and the Feast of Esther. Every Saturday services are preached in the chief synagogues, and the Psalms are read between the afternoon and evening services. Short portions of the law are also read on every Monday and Thursday, because Moses went up on Mount Sinai to receive the Ten Commandments on Thursday and returned on Monday.

33. A word about the lepers of Jerusalem. They number about fifty, and are a most miserable set, as they are everywhere. There are three stages of the disease. It first breaks out on the back, between the shoulders, in whitish, scurvy spots; the next stage is marked by swelling of the joints, inflammation of the face and other parts, with an affection of the organs of speech, which makes the voice husky and unpleasant. In the third stage the bones decay, the fingers rot off, and the victim is a mass of sores and putrefaction. The disease is incurable, and makes the sufferer utterly wretched. It is not rapid in its course, but the victim suffers many years. They marry only among themselves, and their children seem as healthy as the children of other people; but about the twelfth year the disease usually shows itself, and then leads the sufferer a most miserable existence. It would seem that marriage should be prohibited among them.

34. The winters in the Land of Yahweh vary not a little in severity, and the rain-fall is much greater some years than others. Some winters there is twenty inches of snow at a time, which remains on some weeks, while in other winters there is but little snow, and it soon disappears. Some years the entire rainfall is but sixteen inches, while in other years that amount is more than doubled.

35. A striking feature to strangers in this city are the water bottles, made of the skins of goats, dried with the hair on, and sewed up as when on the body. It is very common to see men carrying around these bottles filled with water, upon their backs, with the legs of the animal and the other parts sticking out as in life. The neck of the goat makes the mouth of the bottle. One feels hardly anxious to drink from these bottles. Most of the water used is rain-water, stored in cisterns.

36. The pipe so largely used in Constantinople and all Moslem towns, called nargileh and chibouk, is often seen here in this city. It consists of a flexible tube nearly ten feet long, and a vessel containing water, at the top of which is the receptacle for the tobacco. The smoke is forced through the water, which cools it, and is said to add strength to it, so as to cause sickness to those unaccustomed to it sooner than an ordinary pipe. And to smoke one of them seems to require a much longer time than the usual mode.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MELCHISEDEC'S SEVENTEENTH VISIT.

1. The Venerable Visitor made his appearance on the last night of the Scribe's tarry in the holy city in the same manner that he had on previous visits, and after a few words of salutation and remarks of a general nature he proceeded to continue the review of the improbabilities and absurdities of the books of the New Testament, following those already mentioned, as follows:

2. The account in Acts of the resurrection of Jesus varies from the accounts in the gospels; in fact, no two accounts agree. For instance, Matthew says Jesus appeared first to the two Marys, and afterward to the eleven disciples away off among the mountains of Galilee; but the appearance could not have been eminently satisfactory, for he says some doubted, though probably not without reason. Mark says Jesus appeared to one Mary, and that afterward he appeared to two disciples as they were walking into the country, but when the two told of the appearance they were not believed. The same writer says Jesus afterward appeared to the eleven while they were at meat, at which time and place he made his ascension into heaven. Luke says Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and other women with them; and on the same day to two others while on the way to Emmaus. They, however, did not recognize him until he made himself known to them. They returned to Jerusalem and reported to the other disciples what they had seen, and while they were talking Jesus again appeared to them and took supper with them.

3. John states the appearances thus: Jesus first showed himself to Mary Magdalene, who did not know him, and on the same evening he appeared to his disciples in a room with the doors closed, and after eight days he appeared again in a similar manner, and still again at the Sea of Tiberias, but he was not recognized until he made himself known, and directed them where to cast their net. The writer of Acts makes quite a different story of it, saying Jesus was with his disciples for a period of forty days, when he ascended up to heaven. Paul again makes the appearance of Jesus unlike any of the others, naming six different appearances. He says Jesus was first seen by Cephas and the twelve; next by over five hundred at once; next by James, then by all the apostles, and last of all by himself. How can such great differences in statements be reconciled? The larger share must be false statements.

4. The account of the ascension is quite as contradictory. The first gospel says nothing of it. Mark says he was taken off from a place where the disciples had partaken of a meal, probably in the room of a house; Luke says he led his disciples out as far as Bethany, where he blessed them, when he was parted from them and was carried up into heaven; while the writer of Acts says after he had talked with his disciples about the Holy Ghost coming upon them, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. The diversity of statements certainly does not indicate accuracy of narratives of a real event.

5. The Judas story has been alluded to; Matthew says Judas repented, threw down the money at the feet of the priests, and went out and hanged himself. The writer of Acts says that with the money he purchased a field, after which, falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. Could both be true?

6. It seems to have been a species of unusual severity to strike dead Ananias and Sapphira for telling a falsehood or keeping back a part of the property they had contributed, while millions have told more criminal falsehoods without receiving the slightest punishment.

7. It is not a probable story about the angels opening the prison doors and setting the prisoners free. It was a decided departure from the general rule. Many an unfortunate prisoner has been compelled to serve out a much longer term of imprisonment without any help from angels.

8. The story of the remarkable conversion of Saul by smiting him to the earth and depriving him of sight is a remarkable story; besides, it is related in different places in different ways.

9. The claims of Peter raising Tabitha from the dead and performing marvelous cures of long-standing ailments are too unnatural to be true.

10. It is too extraordinary to be true that an angel took Peter out of prison, and took off his fetters and chains. It is not customary for angels to do things of that kind. The freeing of Paul and Silas by an earthquake gotten up for the occasion is of the same improbable character.

11. The claims that Paul restored a dead man to life and performed miraculous cures are of the extravagant, untruthful character, and wholly unworthy of credit.

12. Passing over the epistles of Paul filled with his theories and doctrinal notions, several of which epistles are not genuine, not having been written by Paul; the epistles of Peter, the second of which is pronounced spurious; the three epistles of John, the last of which was surely not written by John, which is unequivocally pronounced spurious, all of which books are subject to much criticism, the wild, erratic, and visionary book called Revelations is reached, and this closes the New Testament collection. The leader of the Reformation, Luther, pronounced it fit to be thrown into the Elbe, and a prominent Christian writer said it was well calculated to make a man crazy, if not so already.

13. Among the wild visions detailed therein, a few may be mentioned: The Son of Man was seen in the midst of seven candlesticks, clothed with a garment down to his feet, girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and hair white like wool, his eyes as a flame of fire, his feet like fine brass, his voice as the sound of many waters; in his right hand seven stars, and out of his mouth a sharp, two-edged sword. With all these appendages he must be a formidable character indeed.

14. Another unmeaning vision is of the four beasts, each with six wings, and full of eyes before and behind, the same being around the throne, from whence proceeded lightnings and thunderings, the beasts resting not day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was and is, and is to come. After which the four and twenty elders fell before him that sat upon the throne, etc.

15. Of a similar character is the vision of a white horse, a red horse, a black horse, a pale horse, the falling of the stars from heaven to the earth, the departing of the heavens as a scroll, and other crazy images of the same kind.

16. Another similar vision was of the four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth; but where the corners of the earth are is not quite clear, nor how the angels hold the winds.

17. Another wild vision is of a third part of the sea becoming blood, which made a third part of the creatures die in it, upon which a great star fell from heaven, and a third part of the sun and moon was smitten, a third part of the stars darkened. It is very clear that the person who had that vision must have been fully a third part demented or insane.

18. Another of these godly visions is about the seven vials of God's wrath, discovered by the seven angels. Vial No. 1 Noisome and grievous sores; No. 2. The sea becoming as the blood of a dead man, and every living thing in the sea dying; No. 3. The rivers of waters and fountains becoming blood; No.

4. The sun receives power to scorch men, and scorching them with fire; No. 5. Poured upon the seed of the beast, their kingdom full of darkness, which caused them to gnaw their tongues with pain; No. 6. The great river Euphrates dried up, and unclean spirits like frogs came out of the mouth of the dragon; No. 7. Voices and thunders and lightnings, and a greater earthquake than ever since man lived took place upon the earth; the clouds fleeing away, and the mountains also, so that they could not be found. That was a pretty bad lot of vials, and the wrath of a very undesirable kind. A man far gone with delirium tremens or with insanity might be supposed to have such a vision as that.

19. The angel who stood in the sun and spoke with a voice so loud that the fowls in the atmosphere of the earth heard him, must have had very strong lung power. He invited them to the supper of the Great God, to partake of the flesh of kings, the flesh of captains, the flesh of other mighty men, and also of the flesh of horses. Not a very desirable supper, though.

20. The binding of the great dragon, the devil, for a thousand years, and then casting him into the bottomless pit, where he could fall at the rate of five hundred miles an hour for all that time, and not begin to reach a stopping-place, perhaps served him right; but who knows what such insanity means?

21. Another of the same kind of vision is that of the great white throne fleeing away from the face of him who sat upon it, but could find no place to go to. It must have been appalling to witness such fearful commotions. About the same time the books were opened, and then another book, when death and hell gave up their dead and both were cast into the lake of fire. Nobody ought to be sorry that they met with such a fate.

22. The visions of the remarkable woman may be considered a great favor. She was clothed with the sun, she had the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. The worst of it was, though, she was with child, and travailed with great pain to be delivered. It is to be hoped she got through with her troubles as well as could be expected.

23. That was a more fearful vision about the great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, with seven crowns upon his heads, and with the largest tail on record—large and long enough to draw after him the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth. Just think for a moment what a tail that must have been, and how high the earth must have been piled with the debris of so many stars, especially when nearly all the stars are millions of times larger than the earth!

24. It was too much for a dragon with such a tail at that to take after the woman in the family way; it was enough, surely, to mark her child in the most terrible manner. What a beast! he wished to devour the child as soon as it was born; but luckily the child was caught up into heaven, and the woman escaped to the wilderness. Let it be hoped that the dragon starved to death.

25. It seems, however, a little further on that the great Archangel Michael had his attention called to this terrible dragon, and that he and his angels fought with the dragon and his angels; and, as might be expected, Michael came off first best, and cast the dragon and his angels into the center of the earth, where it is to be hoped that Michael will see that he ever remains. How many were killed and wounded is not stated, but Michael must be considered a tremendous warrior.

26. But Michael made the mistake of *not* thrusting the dragon so far into the earth but what he got upon the surface again, and went once more for the woman. He was very wroth at her, and cast out of his mouth a great flood of water to wash her away; but the earth again came to her rescue, and opened its mouth and swallowed the flood, which, perhaps, would otherwise have drowned the woman; and she was also presented with a pair of wings, with which she ought to keep out of the way of that bad dragon ever after.

27. There was another woman—a very bad woman, and when a woman is bad she is generally very bad—but this one was uncommonly bad, and was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones. She also sat on a scarlet-colored beast, and the kings of the earth committed fornication with her, and she made the inhabitants of the earth drunk with the wine of her fornication. She was very fond of the blood of the saints, and she took so much of it that it made her very drunk; but she at length came to grief, as all bad women are pretty sure to do; and she stopped making the nations drunk, stopped drinking herself, and finally fell away, and, let us trust, was never seen again.

28. The description of the New Jerusalem is far more pleasant than the visions of big dragons and bad women. It descended out of heaven; it had the glory of God; its light was like the light of a jasper-stone, clear as crystal; its wall was great and high, and had twelve gates named after the twelve tribes of Israel. It went very much by twelves; the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles. It was four-square, and its length and breadth just equal with its hight, thus making a perfect cube. It was of very respectable size, measuring twelve thousand furlongs each way, much larger, thou must admit, than this puerile and almost contemptible city, the old Jerusalem, from which it was named.

29. But it was as rich as it was large; it was made of pure gold, like unto clear glass—what a curious kind of gold, and how heavy the cube must have been, and what a strong cable it must have required to let it down out of heaven with! and the wall was of jasper, or rather the first foundation of the wall was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. The twelve gates were twelve pearls, doubtless of very large size. The streets of this heavenly city were of pure gold, and as transparent as glass (heavenly gold seems to hav the quality of transparency which earthly gold does not possess). In this city was the river of the pure water of life. On either side of the river grew the tree of life, and this tree bore twelve kinds of fruit, one variety ripening each month.

30. The leaves of this tree also possessed very healing qualities and cured all the nations. There was no night in this city, and the sun and candles and lamps and gas and the electric light were equally unnecessary. How the inhabitants could sleep where there was so much light is not fully explained. But, joyful to relate, there was to be no more curses there; and if a time is even to come when cursing shall go out of fashion, let everybody rejoice. It ought to be a pleasant residence if those in the upper stories do not interfere with those upon the ground floor.

31. It is a matter for rejoicing that the New Jerusalem is so large and capable of accommodating such a great number of people—divided into rooms sixteen feet and eight inches square each way it affords 69,120,000,000,000 rooms, which should comfortably accommodate two persons each, say a male and female—and without companions it would be but an indifferent heaven, with all the transparent gold and jasper and sardonyxes, and topazes and chalcedonies and all that—and thus afford, without crowding, ample room for 138,240,000,000,000 persons, which would, indeed, constitute a good-sized colony.

32. On the basis that for five thousand years the earth has had a population of 1,000,000,000, and that this number has been renewed three times every century, the number who have lived in the world would be 15,000,000,000,000, but besides affording space for all these, rooms would remain for 123,240,000,000,000 more people, which, at the same rate, 3,000,000,000 every century, will require 41,080 years more to afford people enough to fill all the rooms, and this without sending any of them to the bad place. If this is not a cheerful prospect, where is one to be found? There seems, at all events, no necessity for sending poor souls to hell for want of room in the New Jerusalem.

33. I have noticed but a portion of the absurdities and impossibilites of the Jewish and Christian scriptures, but perhaps enough to give an idea of the mass of senseless legends and falsehoods which religious people readily accept as the word of God, the holiest truths of heaven. I am not, of course, conceited enough to suppose I am the first to call thy attention to them, but I wished to make mention of them in connection with my remarks.

34. Aside from these contradictions in the scriptures there are hundreds of others, which can easily be pointed out, but I do not propose to ask thee to listen to them, as thou art already familiar with them. My purpose is largely accomplished. I have visited thee every night during thy sojourn in the Land of Yahweh, and I will make thee one more visit, though by to-morrow night thou wilt have passed beyond the bounds of the land, and be by the side of the sea, in the land of the ancient Philistines, or Phœnicians.

25. I will once more bid thee good-night, trusting that the visit thou hast made to the Land of Yahweh, the remarks thou hast made upon the same, and the hints I have dropped, may be of some service to those who may read what thou hast written. May peace and contentment abide with thee.

CHAPTER XL.

EIGHTEENTH DAY—DEPARTURE FROM THE LAND OF YAHWEH.

1. On the morning of the seventh day of the twelfth month the pilgrims, having completed their allotted days in the Land of Yahweh, set their faces toward the land of the Philistines, even to the city of Jaffa, which beforetime was called Joppa.

2. Four of the pilgrims, of whom the Scribe was one, and Bridges, Getz, and Lefebre the others, at about the eighth hour, took their seats in a German spring wagon, while the other five elected to ride on horses; but the four were well satisfied with their choice, for it was an agreeable change to be once more in a wagon; and truth compels the statement that the road is far better than could reasonably be expected in such a land of rocks and hills.

3. Toward a score of years ago a pasha of this country obtained permission to construct a road from the holy city to Jaffa, a distance of nearly forty miles. All persons living within ten miles of the road were assessed a certain tax to pay for its construction, and the farmers all along were forced to give many days' work on the road without pay. So it turned out that the pasha made a large sum of money, but a fair road was constructed over the limestone hills, winding and twisting up and down in the most serpentine manner.

4. While on the top of some of the hills the view of the surrounding country was very fine, and an occasional olive grove, and here and there a piece of land cultivated, looks as though the few inhabitants along the road were trying to raise something to eat.

5. It was with no feeling of sadness that the Scribe turned his back toward the holy city, with the consciousness that he would soon be out of the Land of Yahweh, for he has never visited any country of which he was so heartily sick. It has no ruins of antiquity that are of the slightest interest to look upon. There is no certainty that two stones lie upon the other that were so placed by the Jews. There are some relics of the work done by the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens, the Christians, the Turks, and the Syrians, but nothing that is positively Hebrew, save some prostrate tombs, and a few things of that kind.

6. All that makes the journey through this miserable country endurable are the early associations. The places are here which were read about in childhood, in youth, and in manhood; and though they possess but little importance from any other point of view, this very fact clothes them with interest. One likes to see the men he has heard so much talk of, and to look upon the places he has read and heard about.

7. After leaving the holy city, going westward, the rather unsightly Russian buildings are passed on the right, said to have been erected for the accommodation of pilgrims visiting Jerusalem; and on the left are a convent and German orphanage. There are also in this direction several modern, pleasant-looking residences, some of which have been built by Jews of some wealth who have come here to spend the remainder of their lives. There is the prospect of a considerable population thus springing up outside the city walls.

8. The view of the city from the west is not particularly pleasant, as the wall only are seen, with a few buildings rising above them; but, nevertheless, a look behind must occasionally be taken, for, in all probability, the holy city and the clear-topped hills which raise their heads all around it will never be seen again.

9. To the northwest of the city is the high hill Neby Samevil, from whose top it is said one of the finest views is to be obtained that the country affords. It is 2,650 feet above the sea level. It overlooks Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, the Frank Mountain, and off to the east the Mountain of Moab, the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. It is supposed to be the Mizpeh of the Old Testament, where the people were summoned by the prophet Samuel to be ready to fight Benjamin, and where Saul was made king.

10. On a plain six hundred feet below is El-Jib, the ancient Gibeon, one of the principal cities of the old Hivites. From this place it was that the people played a sharp game upon Joshua by dressing themselves up in old clothes, with sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old and rent and bound up, and old shoes and clouts upon their feet, and all their bread and provisions dry and musty. In this way they journeyed to Joshua at Gilgal, representing that they had come from a very far country; and the bloody old general was outwitted, and entered into a treaty with them to not fight them; but he took revenge upon them afterward by making slaves of them—hewers of wood and drawers of water.

11. There is, however, not a little dispute as to whether this locality is the real Gibeon. Those who would be authorities and decide this knotty question often have the most bitter quarrels, and after they have been listened to the hearer knows no more than he did before.

12. A little further on to the left a zig-zag road is descended into the valley of Kolonieh; to the left, again, is a rather pretty village for this country, called Ain Karim, around which is a pleasant growth of olive-trees and fig-trees. It has a population of some eight hundred, mostly Greek Christians. This is claimed by some to be the Emmaus of Luke's gospel, as are also half a dozen other places. In the valley is the bed of a stream which runs briskly in the rainy season, and the pebbles are worn smooth by the frequent washings. Here David is held to have found the stone with which he slew the monster Goliath, and the battle-ground was not far away.

13. Kirjath-jearim, on the northern boundary of Judah, the next noted locality reached was one of the four cities of Gibeon. Urijah the prophet is said to have been born here. It was to this place that

the ark in which Yahweh took up his lodgings was brought from Bethshemesh, and here Yahweh killed 50,070 men in a small harvest field because one of them raised the lid of the box and disturbed him.

14. The ark rested at Kirjath-jearim for twenty years, when David gathered all Israel together and had it moved to Jerusalem, on which occasion the godly man became very hilarious and danced naked in a manner which made the maidens blush and caused his wife Michal to be very angry. It was in connection with this terrible box that the well-disposed Uzzah met the sad fate of losing his life, because, with the best motives in the world, he raised his hand to prevent the old box from tumbling off on to the rocks, bursting open, and spilling its contents upon the ground. But this was too much for Yahweh to put up with, and, being in one of his unamiable moods, he killed Uzzah on the spot.

15. Here in this locality is a ruined old church, sometimes called the church of St. Jeremiah, on the merest supposition that this is the ancient Anathoth where Jeremiah was born; and besides being a prophet to the Jews, it was the easiest thing in the world to make him also a Christian saint.

16. On, a little farther west, is the village of Amwas, another place claimed to be Emmaus. Here are the ruins of an old church and a fountain which possesses miraculous healing powers sufficient to cure all manner of diseases. This small village was an important town in ancient times. Here Judas Maccabeus gained a victory of Georgias. The Roman general Varus burned the town in the year 4 A.D. It was rebuilt in 220 by Julius Africanus, and by him named Necropolis. For a thousand years it was regarded as Emmaus, but for five hundred years has been abandoned as that locality.

17. The road, leading west most of the time, is down hill, as Jerusalem and its surroundings are more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Many of the hills are steep, and, but for its serpentine character, the road would be very precipitous. A feeling of gratitude toward the dishonest pacha, even though he made a fortune in the construction of the road, was felt by the pilgrims as they moved over it; if it is not as smooth as could be desired, it is far better than was looked for in the Land of Yahweh. It should also be stated that the line of wagons is run by a German company.

18. The driver, also German, is a regular Jehu, and he pressed on up hill and down hill, keeping his three horses, driven abreast, in a pretty constant trot. The same horses were driven all the way through, with two stops of an hour each for feeding. At the first stop, at a khan by the roadside, the pilgrims partook of lunch, and were assured that they had passed the boundary line of the Land of Yahweh and were now in Phœnicia, or Philistia. Khans take the place of country hotels, and afford refreshments and lodging to travelers.

19. The pilgrims had now descended from the highland and were on the level of the plain of Sharon, which extends from the foot of Carmel on the north to Jaffa on the south. While still on the high grounds a fine view was had of the Mediterranean and the level lands which border upon it. The prospect was a welcome one, for the Scribe as well as the others was anxious to get away from the Land of Yahweh, and by sea is the mode of getting somewhere else.

20. Openly spread before the view is the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua performed his remarkable feat of stopping the moon, while at the same time he compelled the sun to remain a whole day on Gibeon. In this vicinity he and his men did terrible fighting, and Yahweh assisted him by throwing down big rocks from heaven upon the hated Canaanites. How the stopping of the moon could have made any difference is hard to understand; if the sun was detained a dozen hours it would seem the moon could have been permitted to go on about its business.

21. The village of Latrun was passed on the left. Here, tradition says, dwelt the penitent thief who was crucified with Jesus; and it has been discovered by the help of St. Helena, or some other equally talented person, that an earlier acquaintance existed between this thief, whose name was Demas, and Jesus. When Joseph and Mary (according to Matthew, but contrary to Luke) fled into Egypt they came this way, and the two thieves, both the penitent and the impenitent, fell upon the Holy Family and demanded backsheesh for ransom. But Demas, touched with the grace of the divine infant, protected him from the brutality of his accomplice. This incident, it is affirmed, was remembered on the cross, when the pentent thief threw himself upon the mercy of Jesus, and was promised a reception in Paradise.

22. A short distance south of this place, in ancient Philistine, stood the temple in which Dagon, the big god of the Philistines, had his dwelling-place, and where the presence of the shittim wood-box containing Yahweh made old Dagon fall over on his face and break his neck. Yahweh was not the kind of a god to brook opposition in the form of a one-horse Philistine god. It was from here that the young cows left their calves and hauled on a cart the box, Yahweh and all, to Beth-Shemesh.

23. While making this day's journey, especially after the plain was reached, many farmers were seen plowing with grotesque teams, generally of diminutive cattle, sometimes a pair of asses, occasionally an ass and a heifer yoked together, and in a few instances a camel singly. The plow of this country is constructed of two slim poles, one passing through a mortise in the other, and a small iron shoe or plow-point placed upon the upright part. The ox-goad is a feature; it is an inch thick, eight or ten feet in length, and has a dull steel point in the upper end. It was with one of these goads that Shamgar slew six hundred Philistines (Judges iii, 31).

24. Ramleh is a good-sized village, containing four thousand inhabitants. It stands upon the lower end of the plain of Sharon, and is the last place at which the pilgrims halted previous to reaching Jaffa It is tolerably well built for this country, but its streets are dirty and odorous. Nearly a third of its inhabitants are Christians, and the others are Moslems. It is well supplied with gardens of orange-trees and a few palm-trees, surrounded by impassable hedges of the prickly cactus, which grows to a great size.

25. A square tower, nearly a hundred feet high, and supposed to be of Saracenic construction, affords from the top a view of the plain of Sharon, which stretches away to the north; the long line of hills of rock in the Land of Yahweh; the somewhat desert country to the south all the way to Ashdod, Askelon, and Gaza; and the Mediterranean in the west.

26. Tradition says the house of Nicodemus was here. It is also claimed to be the home of Joseph of Arimathea, this being the Arimathea where he dwelt. Here the caravans between Damascus and Egypt halted as they met those between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The town was probably of Saracenic origin, being attributed to Solyman in the eighth century. It was a halting-place of the Crusaders, and it suffered in the wars between the Christians and the Moslems. In the time of the French invasion Napoleon made this town his headquarters. It is about ten miles from Jaffa.

27. The plain of Sharon is nearly fifty miles in length, with an average width of eight or ten miles. Some portions of the land are very good. It is said to grow a profusion of flowers, but the celebrated rose of Sharon is now unknown, some insisting that one flower is that rose and some another. The most common claim is that the real rose of Sharon was a species of mallow. This plain of Sharon formed the better portion of Phœnicia, and was not a part of Palestine.

28. At the entrance of the village waited half a dozen wretched lepers, sitting by the roadside, holding up their hands, or the stumps where the hands should be, and crying out with voices painful to hear. From this place it was two hours' ride to Jaffa.

29. Here, before final leave is taken of the cheerless Land of Yahweh, monotonous and uninviting, the Scribe will say he is clearly of the opinion that he had never visited a land he was more glad to get away from; but still he feels glad that the company of which he was one have had so pleasant a time within its borders, that continued good weather has smiled on them, and that no serious accident has befallen them.

30. Of the 5,600 square miles in Palestine, the Scribe estimates that but about one thousand square miles were ever plowed or could be; and that, perhaps, another thousand might be cultivated with a pick-axe and crow-bar, in growing vines, fig-trees and olive-trees, while all the rest of the country is nothing but naked rocks. Two thousand square miles is a generous allowance for all the land in the country, capable of any sort of cultivation. Three counties in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, or Kansas would in fertility and productive ability equal this entire land.

31. The Scribe will quote here the truthful remarks of Mark Twain about this country, who expresses his views better than he can express them in his own language: Of all the lands there are for dismal scenery, I think Palestine must be the prince. The hills are barren, they are dull of color, they are unpicturesque in shape. The valleys are unsightly deserts fringed with a feeble vegetation that has an expression about it or being sorrowful and despondent. The Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee sleep in the midst of a vast stretch of hill and plain, wherein the eye rests upon no pleasant tint, no striking object, no soft picture dreaming in a purple haze, or mottled with the shadow of the clouds. Every outline is harsh, every feature is distinct; there is no perspective—distance works no enchantment here. It is a hopeless, dreary, heart-broken land.

32. Small shreds and patches of it must be very beautiful in the full flush of spring, however, and the more beautiful by contrast with the far-reaching desolation that surrounds them on every side. I would like much to see the fringes of the Jordan in springtime, and Shechem, Esdraelon, Ajalon, and the borders of Galilee; but even then these spots would seem mere toy gardens set at wide intervals in the waste of limitless desolation.

33. Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. Where Sodom and Gomorrah reared their domes and towers, that solemn sea now floods the plain, in whose bitter waters no living thing exists, over whose waveless surface the blistering air hangs motionless and dead, about whose borders nothing grows but weeds and scattering tufts of cane, and that treacherous fruit that promises refreshment to parching lips, but turns to ashes at the touch.

34. Nazareth is forlorn; about that ford of Jordan when the hosts of Israel entered the Promised Land with songs of rejoicing one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins of the desert; Jericho the accursed lies a moldering ruin, to-day, even as Joshua's miracle left it more than three thousand years ago; Bethlehem and Bethany, in their poverty and their humiliation, have nothing about them now to remind one that they once knew the high honor of the savior's presence; the hallowed spot where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and when the angels sang peace on earth, good will to men, is untenanted by any living creature, and unblessed by any feature that is pleasant to the eye.

35. Renowned Jerusalem itself, the stateliest name in history, has lost all its ancient grandeur, and is become a pauper village; the riches of Solomon are no longer there to compel the admiration of visiting oriental queens; the wonderful temple, which was the pride and the glory of Israel, is gone, and the Ottoman Crescent is lifted above the spot where, on that most memorable day in the annals of the world, they reared the Holy Cross.

36. The noted Sea of Galilee, where Roman fleets once rode at anchor, and the disciples of the savior sailed in their ships, was long ago deserted by the devotees of war and commerce, and its borders are a silent wilderness [of rocks]; Capernaum is a shapeless ruin; Magdala is the home of brigand Arabs; Bethsaida and Chorazin have vanished from the earth, and the desert plain round about them, where thousands of men once listened to the savior's voice, and ate the miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inabited only by birds of prey and skulking foxes. Palestine is desolate and unlovely. And why should it be otherwise? Can the curse of deity beautify a land? Palestine is no more of this work-day world. It is sacred to poetry and tradition; it is dream-land.

37. With sufficient pandering to popular prejudices, the foregoing extract contains the truth; and such is the Land on Yahweh, about which such great promises were made, which was to be forever a possession of Abraham and his seed, an everlasting inheritance which should not be taken from them; this is the vaunted promised land which was chosen in preference to all the lands of the globe. This is the wonderful Land of Yahweh in which he attempted the greatest enterprise which a god ever undertook.

38. Here is where he chose a tribe or a race of men which he loved more than all the other races upon the earth, and to whom he made more brilliant promises than a god ever made to a people before or since; here is where he was vexed, annoyed, and disappointed; and here is where he deserted the people he had chosen and fostered, and then turned out to be scattered over the face of the earth without a home or a land to call their own. This emphatically was the land of great expectations and great disappointments—great hopes and great failures—when a god attempted far more than he could accomplish.

39. Here is the land in which we are solemnly told that an infinit and omnipotent god attempted a marvelous enterprise of teaching a chosen people to obey his laws; to be a guide and pattern to all the nations of the earth, but which proved to be disobedient, rebellious, and utterly unworthy. This is where the Infinite and the Omnipotent was utterly thwarted, for his people went astray, the land which he said flowed with milk and honey is largely a barren, arid desert, where vegetation cannot exist; little but weeds and thistles are to be seen.

40. It may all be because Yahweh in his anger cursed it; but what kind of an infinite god is it who, in attempting such an enterprise, could not see what the result must be? In other words, is it not only a finite and weak sort of god who would attempt more than he could accomplish? who could not see the end, and who could not tell at the outset of the experiment what the result must be?

41. But as this land is to-day it has ever been. Those rocks were rocks ten thousand years ago; those hills which are white, chalky, and drear to-day were white, chalky, and drear thousands upon thousands of years ago. The climate may have changed somewhat, as it has changed in Asia Minor and southern Europe; rains may not be so abundant as three thousand years ago, but Palestine was always a contracted, rock-bound, hard, and stony land.

42. Here, indeed, is a sad warning to all ambitious but blind gods who may feel like attempting great enterprises they are unable to carry out; who may desire to sound their trumpets and call the earth to witness their marvelous exploits. Before such inexperienced gods go so far as to make laughing-stocks of themselves, let them call over this way, view the rock-bound Land of Yahweh, and read its mournful, unfortunate history.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

A Young Man Who Is to be Pitied.

BARNESVILLE, OHIO, March 10, 1882.

MR. D M. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* To you and all Freethinkers—to the Infidel world—I commit the following:

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN HUMANITY: I wish to relate my religious experience. I am a young man, twenty-seven years of age. I was born and always lived in Barnesville, Ohio. Three years ago I was a Freethinker, Infidel, Atheist, and Materialist in the strictest sense. I was very radical, and I also disbelieved in the immortality of the soul. I was an Infidel from my youth up. I was a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Freethought papers. I took THE TRUTH SEEKER some four or five years, during which time I worked a great deal for Infidelity. I was liberal in buying Freethought books. I hav distributed thousands of tracts.

A great change has come over me. I am now a Christian. I believe in God, our heavenly father; I believe in the immortality of the soul; I believe in Jesus Christ; I believe the Bible as the inspired word of God. I am very firm in my present religion. Nothing could take me back to Infidelity now. I wish to say that I am far happier and better satisfied than when an Infidel. I hav had my present belief about a year. I united with the Methodist church on December 4, 1881. My conversion from Atheism and Infidelity to God and Christianity was slow, gradual, and by degrees. It began about three years ago, at which time I quit reading THE TRUTH SEEKER and Infidelity after I lost faith in Infidelity and began to believe in Christianity. It took about two years for my belief to change from one extreme to the other. Oh, I thank God for the change in my belief! How happy and peaceful I am now! My friends, you hav no idea how nice, loving, comforting, consoling, and peaceful it is to be a believer and follower of Christ. I love Christianity with all my life. I could not liv without God now.

My friends, I wish to God that every one of you would experience such a change of belief as I hav. I write this letter for the cause of Christ, and hoping it will console some one or many who may not know which road to take. I *know* Christianity is true—come with me, friends. I feel that if you are not converted to Christianity, it will not be well with you in the life to come.

My conversion was caused, principally, by the loving and kind influence of Christian young ladies. I never keep the company of any but Christian young ladies. God bless those young ladies; to them I owe a great deal for their influence upon me religiously. It seems to me a horrid thing for a lady to be an Infidel.

Another religious influence I had was the study of music—the divine art. I am a musician. Music and Infidelity will not mix very well. There is nothing on this earth more like heaven than the divine art, music. Religion and music go hand in hand.

I hav just subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER for a short season. I wish to keep myself a little posted as to what the Infidel world is doing.

Barnesville is a place of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. It is a religious place. The church won one hundred and fifty souls in this place this winter.

Freethinkers, listen to my prophecy: I believe the time is coming when Robert Ingersoll will renounce Infidelity and become a Christian. What would be the result of such a change as that? I await. Friends, do not forget what I said about Ingersoll. Ere he dies I believe he will hav converted more souls to Christ than he has to Infidelity.

It is no small affair for an Infidel to become a Christian. Do not deny that an Atheist can be converted to God, for you hav a case in me at least, and I think there are many others. The present minister of the Methodist church of this place was an Infidel and Atheist at one time. He has read Paine, Voltaire, and all Freethought works. He also read Ingersoll's lectures a few years ago. This minister is the finest and most Christ-like reverend we ever had. Yes, our minister, like myself, was once an Atheist. Christianity is true. Glory to God in the highest!

I thank Mr. Bennett for his kindness in publishing this letter. My friends, with kindest wishes toward you all, and hoping that I shall meet you all in the happy summer land in the sweet by and bye, I bid you adieu

Very respectfully your friend, WM. W. SCHOLES.

The above letter was sent to us with an imploring note to print, and the expectation that we would publish it free of charge, with full name and address. Whether there is an advertisment concealed somewhere in it or not we cannot say: we can't find it if there is. Mr. Scholes sends the price of four months' subscription, and as we always do anything in our power to oblige our subscribers, we giv his letter publicity. But we want him to distinctly understand that his threat, conveyed in his private letter, to write to the leaders of Freethought and tell them of our refusal and his miraculous conversion in case we declined printing it, has no effect upon us. The editor of this paper went to a prison cell once rather than back down from what he considered right, and the *pro tem* editor has heard more dire threatening from Christians than Mr. Scholes can hurl without dying of fright. The only thing we are afraid to do is to do wrong, and we do not consider it wrong to refuse to print *some* communications.

But we really can see no good reason for Mr. Scholes to hav been converted. At least, he givs none. He says: "*I* am a Christian," "I *believe* in God," who, he asserts, is "*our* heavenly father" "I *believe* in the immortality of the soul." "I *believe* in Jesus Christ." "I *believe* the Bible." What is all that to a rational man? Because *he* feels a pain in his little stomach, *we* are not going to cry. He offers no proof of God; he simply *believes, believes, believes.* His "conversion" is all emotional, like a man with the delirium tremens who imagins he has snakes in his boots. He has been to a Methodist revival, and, being an emotional young man, the preacher, music, and girls hav got the best of him. Without doubt he is very firm in his *belief*, but thousands hav been firmer, and then been wrong. On what does he base his belief in the existence of God? What one little fact does he present? What fact does he bring forward to show that Jesus ever existed in real flesh and blood, or how a being of real flesh and blood could be the son of a ghost—an intangible nothing? Simply believing that Jesus was the son of God does not prove it.

Mr. Scholes professes to believe the Bible is the inspired word of God. He has become a Christian. Does he intend to follow the Bible in everything? Is he now going to take no thought for the morrow? Is he going to stone to death his brother or wife for believing in another God than his? His threat to us looks as though he were of the church militant. The religion of Jesus, he says, is "loving, comforting, consoling, and peaceful." He is sweetly thankful that he is in the arms of Jesus. He is happy that he is going to be saved and sit at the right hand of God, the four beasts near, with the hundred and forty-four thousand saints dressed in white robes, bowing continually before the throne, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb (that song which no man can learn), while penetrating even up to that throne, he hears the shrieks of the damned as they writhe and groan in endless torment. If he can be completely happy while thus surrounded, we do not envy him his new-found Christian heart.

The Christian religion, he says, is loving. Was it love that made God create a hell for his people and his people for a hell? Is it love that keeps life in a soul only to torment it? Was it love for mankind that drowned a world? Was it love that caused God to command Moses to kill all the males of the Midianites, and "burn all the cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles with fire?" Was it love that gave thousands of virgins to the brutal lust of soldiers? Was it love that inspired the command, "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight it, *then proclaim peace unto it*, and when thy God hath delivered it into thine hands thou shall smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword?" Was it love that said, "Suffer not a witch to liv?"

The Christian religion is a religion of love, is it? Was it love that built the Inquisition? Did love invent the rack? Did love invent the pulleys, wheels, and thumbscrews that crushed the life from thousands? Did love drag a man from the arms of his wife and babe to the moldy dungeon or the burning pile? Did love ever bury living human beings in the ground? The love of God inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but did love of man ever murder sixty thousand human beings?

And the Christian creed is comforting! It must be comforting to know that you will be saved and your wife be damned, for the families are mighty few that will all get to heaven. It must be comforting to be singing psalms around the throne with your son and daughter groaning and shrieking in hell. Yes, not only comforting, but consoling, to the true believer must be the reflection that he has given up reason and love for blind faith and selfish comfort! Very consoling to embrace as a religion of love and comfort and peace a religion that has been one of hate and unrest and disquiet, of warring sects and contending factions, of intolerance, bigotry, and oppression.

Peace in the arms of Jesus! the arms which brought a sword that for long centuries never knew a sheath but human flesh. Peace in the arms of Jesus—the man whose name has been the war-cry of hundreds of armies, and the open sesame of thousands of dungeons! In the name of Jesus men hav been tortured in every conceivable way. In the name of Jesus they were led to the stake, and that name was the last that rung in their ears as their lives went out in flame and ashes. In the name of Jesus every conceivable crime has been committed, and if the Decalog had been as long as the Atlantic cable every commandment would hav been violated by the followers of Jesus.

Mr Scholes says he knows Christianity to be true. How does he know it? Does he know there is a heaven? Does he know there is a hell? Does he know Christ to be the son of God? Does he know how, or when, or by whom the gospels were written? Does he know how three can be one or one three? Does he know what his trinity is founded on, and that the word is in the Bible? Does he know that the Bible is the word of God? (And if the St. James version is the true word of the true God, whose word is the revised version?) How does he know that Adam was the first man, and that all men sinned through him? Is he prepared to accept with his Christianity the cosmogony and the astronomy of the Bible? Is he prepared to throw overboard all science and accept as fact the childish speculations of barbarism? He has accepted the Methodist creed. He must consequently believe that the word of God is the only rule of conduct, and that all preachers are ordained directly of God. Then he must believe that all the Methodist ministerial seducers were appointed by God, and he must also acknowledge that God knew when he appointed them that they would seduce the lambs of their flock. If he does not acknowledge this, then he takes away God's omniscience—a rash thing for a Methodist to do.

And speaking of Methodists, how does he know the Methodists are the correct sect? How does he know but the Catholics, or Episcopalians, or the Moravians, or the Presbyterians, or the wet-all-over Baptists, or the sprinkle and the-grace-of-God Baptists, or the marry-as-many-as-you-can Mormons, or any of the other innumerable sects may hav hold of the right end of the religious horn? In matters of such immense moment one can not be too particular in selecting the right road to heaven.

But probably Mr. Scholes chose the road lined with the prettiest young ladies, as he says he was converted by young ladies, aided by music. That is probably so. We hav often noticed that young ladies in sore want of beaux select the Methodist church in preference to any other. We used to go to a Methodist church ourselvs to see the girls, and only ceased our visits by quoting in the hearing of of an officious elder that trite and true remark that "a Methodist could be made out of anything above a bundle of straw," for which we were made the special subject of prayer. After that we waited outside for our girl.

But how did those Christian young ladies convert Mr. Scholes? Was it by recounting the story of the Virgin and the Ghost, or how sundry nameless and unmentionable women were healed and comforted by Jesus? Did they tell him how the ancient godly women ministered to the wants of the ancient godly men, and draw a picture of how happy a man could be in the arms of Jesus and Christian young ladies? And then the music was too much for Mr. Scholes. The penetrating squeak of the tuneful fiddle went straight to his heart, and the bass tones of the organ drew his face down to a length compatible with conversion. After this who shall say music hath not charms, etc.? Henceforth every missionary to the Fiji Islands shall take a fiddle instead of a flannel shirt, and to China must be sent the melodious gong so dear to the Chinese heart. What if the old Connecticut Christians did say music was of the devil and smash the melodeon offered them as sacrilegous? Mr. Scholes has been converted by an organ, and hereafter that instrument must be recognized as a missionary agent.

As for the prophecy that Ingersoll will be converted, we shall hav to wait awhile to see it. Ingersoll has had worse things than that said about him. Unless he gets softening of the brain, or the Lord resumes the miracle business, we hav no fear. But if he should die in the penitentiary or in the church it would not make the astronomy of Joshua true, or the story of the creation any the less a lie.

And then Mr. Scholes's particular reverend has been an Atheist! Well, we never heard a revivalist or a temperance fanatic talk who had not been an Atheist or a drunkard. We hav often wondered where in the name of Jove all the Atheists and drunkards keep themselvs before they get converted to their respectiv fanaticisms, for we never find them while they are in their "original sin." But, in addition to having been the blankest kind of an Atheist, this particular reverend is now Christ-like. Does he carry his Christ-likeness to robbing cornfields, stealing men's asses, asking his mother what she supposes he has to do with *her*, plucking out offending eyes, etc., or does his Christ-likeness begin and end by being a mendicant with no place to lay his head? We'll wager it is not the latter. Without pay there would be very little preach, and no pray at all.

We hav no doubt we shall meet Mr. Scholes in the summer land, if there is one; for never having despoiled an Egyptian, or slain a man and buried him in the sand, or killed a man for the sake of his wife, or stoned a witch to death, or destroyed a man's property by driving devils into it, or made drunkards by turning water into wine for men already "well drunken," or told people they could believe or be damned, or stole corn or donkeys—in short, having lived a life in direct antagonism to the precepts and examples of the Old and New Testaments, and having thereby lived a decent and honest one, we shall certainly go to a better state when we die, always providing there is one.

And now, Mr. Scholes, we leave you for the present, hoping that four months' perusal of THE TRUTH SEEKER will giv you knowledge enough to withstand the great temptation to piety (and pious rascality?) of women and music. We know it is hard to resist the ladies, but we trust THE TRUTH SEEKER will enable you to at least withstand the music. But don't come back to Freethought on your emotions alone. Come on fact, not fancy. Come because you see the absurdity of the Christian superstition, and because you see the harm it has done and is doing, and would help rescue your fellow-men from a mental bondage and fear as galling as it is ignoble. When you see a child tortured with visions of the devil, tell it there is no devil. When you see a poor man being robbed

by the church, through his fears of hell, tell him there is no hell but his own mind. When you see a man who "fears his God" so much that he is an abject slave, tell him that no decent God would make a man knowing he would sin, and then punish him for that sin. When you see a man unwilling to learn anything that contradicts the Bible, tell him the Bible is the imperfect record of a very imperfect people; a work of man entirely; that its context is vague, and its contents often meaningless, and that the inspiration of whole chapters hung upon the caprice of a drunken bishop and degraded churchman. Come back to Freethought because you love liberty of mind as well as body; because going from Freethought to Christianity is like emigrating from a republic to a despotism. Come back because you are a man, not the puppet of a preacher; but until you can giv some reason for your thought beyond a belief founded upon the *ipse dixit* of a paid advocate, *don't* come back! Freethought has no use for fools.

Christ's Courtesy.

OMAHA, NEB., March 12th, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Bennett, under the heading of "What I Don't Believe," No. 824, states that Jesus practically said that the woman of Samaria was a dog, or belonged to the dogs—an assertion a Christian friend says cannot be found in the Bible. Please giv chapter and verse, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

The word Samaria should hav been Canaan. The words used are in Matthew xv, 22–27: "And behold a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him saying, Hav mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshiped him saying, Lord help me! But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and *to cast it to the dogs*. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

The Samarians were also regarded as dogs by the Jews.

Comstock vs. Soap.

An esteemed correspondent writes us that he supposes we hav observed that Anthony Comstock, haveffected a corner in smut, is now helping his employer, Colgate, to make another linear convergence in soap. We had observed the fact alluded to, the circumstances of which are as follows: This apostle of smut and enemy of cleanliness unless attained by the use of the Colgate article of soap, last Saturday caused the arrest of William B. Higgins, the soap manufacturer of Nos. 234, 236, and 238 Cherry street, upon a charge of violating the lottery law in offering prizes to be drawn for by those purchasing soap. In addition to Mr. Higgins, his bookkeeper and the assistant bookkeeper were arrested. Comstock also made a raid upon the soap manufacturer's office and carried off a truck-load of advertising circulars. Those who attend the next annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Vice will hear these circulars alluded to in the secretary's report as four tons of obscene literature, with which wretches totally lost to all considerations save their own gain are corrupting the minds of our youth of both sexes; carrying moral devastation into female seminaries and leaving it there; opening the flood-gates of vice; reviving in the hind quarter of the nineteenth century the salacious days of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

That Soapman Higgins ever contemplated such havoc as this cannot for a moment be believed. When in an evil moment he offered a chromo of the Washington Family or the Signers of the Declaration of Independence to the fortunate purchaser of his soap who should get a ticket entitling him to one of these works of art, he never realized the number of homes he was about to wreck, the number of married men he was to drive outside the home circle to the haunts of crime, the number of customers he was seducing away from the moral and religious soap factory of Samuel Colgate. His only thought was to sell soap—that base compound of fat, margarates, and potassa. He never knew, and perhaps never will know, how many youths (of both sexes) with adolescent passions inflamed by solitary perusal of his fiendish offer to giv a 14x20 chromo of the Last Supper to the person holding the ticket for it, hav sought premature cessation of their vital functions in a thousand or more forms, preferring death to an existence forever tortured and tempted by sinful allurements to which the art of the chromo printer has added its diabolical glamour. Let him thank God that we hav a man (so-called) in the midst of us who takes interest enough in the welfare of our youth of both sexes, and in the soap business of the Cheeseborough Manufacturing Company, to remind him of the outgrowth of his hideous scheme. Let Mr. Higgins be prosecuted according to law. Samuel Colgate is the only man that has a legal right to sell soap in New York, or who will be allowed to giv instructions as to regulating the size of families. It is time soap men knew the former of these two facts; druggists and others hav already cultivated the acquaintance of the latter. Now, in addition to prosecuting the seller of prize soap, let Comstock confiscate the prizes for the benefit of his society, and the stock in trade for the use of its president, and the corner in filth and soap will be unassailable.

Not a Fabrication.

WASHINGTON CREEK, KAN., March 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please tell me through your paper where in the Bible it says that if your wife disagrees with you on religion, kill her, or words to that effect, and settle a dispute between me and one of my friends. I contend it is in the Bible. He says it is one of Bob Ingersoll's fabrications.

J. W. WATKINS.

If our friend's Christian friend will take down his dusty Bible (he must hav let it get dusty or he never would hav disputed the fact in question), and turn to the thirteenth chapter of Numbers he will read (verse 6): "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, *or the wife of thy bosom*, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods which thou hast not known, . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him, neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but *thou shalt surely kill him*; thy hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterward the hand of all the people. And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die, because he hath sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God."

And this is God's command! Charitable, is it not? Because a man's wife, daughter, son, or friend differs with him as to which is the true god (a problem the wisdom of the world cannot solve) he shall "kill him." A man who worships such a God must be a brute indeed.

Ask the Minister.

DAVIS, ILL., March 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Methodist minister of this place said in his sermon last Sunday evening that the brass serpent that Moses raised in the wilderness for the restoration of the Jews that were bitten by the fiery serpents was a fact in profane history as well as sacred. You will find the account in Numbers xxi. What I want to know is this: Is there any history of this transaction outside of the Bible? If so, I would like to know it? We hav no libraries here to consult. THOMAS HAYS.

Friend Hays should ask the minister for proof of his assertion. We know of no "profane" historian who mentions it, and never heard the claim made before. If the minister knows that it is in history he should be able to name the writer who was ignorant enough to quote it. The story has no foundation or existence outside the Bible, and all the preachers in the country cannot find it in the works of any reputable historian who received his facts from sources distinct from the Bible account.

Ingersoll Did Not Visit Slade.

PAXTON, ILL., March 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Why will men lie so? I clipped from THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 4th the account of an interview between Mr. Slade, the "test medium" of New York, and R. G Ingersoll, and forwarded the same to the latter gentleman, requesting him to affirm or deny the statements therein made, in an inclosed envelope, and return it to me. To-day I received the following indorsement on my note to him:

"The story is not true.

"R. G. INGERSOLL."

Will it not pay you to find who has imposed upon you and your readers? If I cannot rely upon such simple statements as the one alluded to, what hope is there of learning the truth by reading alleged facts? Let us purify the fountain, or quit drinking at it. Yours for the truth, L. H. IDE.

The story was probably started in the *Jeffersonian* by some Christian Spiritualist—that is, some Spiritualist in belief, but Christian in his methods. It is hard for church people to forget to lie.

Result of Joe Cook's Visit to India.

We are pleased to see another Infidel paper in the English language has been started away over in India. The *Antichristian* is the name of a new monthly published in Calcutta by Joggeshur Roy & Co., and edited by Kaliprasanna Kavyabisharad, fellow of the Antichristian Society. It is in pamphlet form and consists of twenty-four pages, devoted to exposing the absurdities of the Christian faith. Price, eight annas (twenty-five cents) per annum.

Plain Warnings.

The Rev. A. K. Strong, of Hoboken, N. J., had a stroke of apoplexy while preaching last Sunday. If he had been an Infidel, struck dead by lightning while expressing a doubt that Jehovah could send rain from a clear sky, this visitation might be considered an outbreak of the kind of wrath that effected the decease of Uzzah and the young man out West. Explanation in that case would be easy. As the matter stands, however, any one who can put forward a reasonable solution will be entitled to a chromo from the society to which Mr. Strong belongs, and the gratitude of a dumbfounded community. We are also called upon to chronicle the sudden demise of Eliza Squires, of Brooklyn, while on her way to church last Sunday. If Christians will ignore these palpable warnings, and continue to occupy pulpit and pew, it is not our funeral if they reap the consequences remarked in the foregoing. Our duty is accomplished when as a watchman on the walls we hav pointed out the danger.

MANY of the subscribers to the Round-the-World fund hav written us to know how much it will increase the cost to hav the books bound in extra binding, and saying they wished them in better than ordinary style. We can furnish the volumes bound in leather, with red edges, for 75 cents per volume extra, or $2.25 for the three; in morocco, with gilt edges, for $1 extra per volume, or $3 for the three volumes. All wanting them that way will please notify us, remitting the amount, and the books will be bound as desired. We will feel obliged if they will order early, so we can tell how many to bind in leather and morocco.

"CEPHAS," in the *Banner of Light*, puts this question to the ministers: "How much can we expect from the clerical profession, when, according to their own record, it has taken the learned gentlemen over eighteen hundred years to find out how to interpret Christianity?" and adds, "The general impression is that Prof. Fisher, the Yale theologian, who was expected to annihilate Ingersoll, has begged the question. Theology is practically a dead letter with many of the leading men of the Protestan Christian church of this country. This item of news should be telegraphed to the rural clergy."

WE hav for sale the lithograph likenesses of the three leading Liberals of this country—Thomas Paine, D. M. Bennett, and R. G. Ingersoll. They are all splendidly executed, and with a neat frame around them—which can be procured from picture-frame makers at slight expense—will be an ornament to any home. They will be sent, secure from breakage, by mail at the following prices: D. M. Bennett and R. G. Ingersoll, 50 cents each; Thomas Paine, $1.

BY special invitation, on the afternoon of the 9th of this month, Dr. Juliet H. Severance addressed the Assembly at the State House in Madison, Wis., on the right of woman to the electiv franchise. Her address was listened to with marked attention by the members and visitors, who frequently and loudly applauded.

DR. J. H. HILL and Eneas Scott, of Franklin, Ill., hav joined the National Liberal League as life members. Mr. Underwood will please take notice that life members don't usually go into an organization that is "*dead*."

MOSES HULL has removed from Linesville to Erie, Pa. He can be addressed at 225 Sassafras street.

Obituary.

DIED—In Paterson, N. J., on March 10th, after a brief illness, Campbell Wilson, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Liberalism has lost no truer friend or warmer advocate than in the death of Mr. Wilson. As one of our local papers well said, "he was one of nature's noblemen." Kind and generous to a fault, never vindictiv, even towards those who tried to injure him, he had no feeling of revenge. His faults were few, his virtues many. None knew him but to honor and respect him, and they that knew him best loved and respected him most. In him the Paterson Liberal League has lost one of its best and most devoted workers, its most liberal supporter.

Mr. Wilson was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1820, and when quite young learned to weave the celebrated "Paisley shawls," making a first-class workman. Coming to this country some fourteen or sixteen years ago, he learned the silk-weaving trade, in which he was equally successful. And some four or five years ago he invented a superior kind of army belt for soldiers, and I am informed that it is now largely used by our armies. But avarice and dishonesty robbed him of his just reward. It is fitting that I should state that he was a life-long Liberal, having been raised in the congenial ways of Owenism, his father and mother both being great admirers of Robert Owen; a warm admirer of the Boston *Investigator*, and honored it for its forty years' devotion to liberty, equality, and fraternity. He also helped to spread the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER, being a great admirer of Mr. Bennett. The members of the League attended his funeral, and from the "Truth Seeker Collection" the writer read over him Austin Holyoake's beautiful service for the dead.

JOHN WARR,
Sec. Paterson Liberal League.

Brooklyn Amenities.

[*From Monday's Sun.*]

Beecher preached yesterday in Plymouth church, after an absence of three weeks on a lecturing tour through the West. At the close of the services the deacons and others crowded to the foot of the pulpit stairs to learn whether he had fully recovered from his sudden sickness in Chicago. His face was not quite so ruddy as usual.

"Oh, I got over that in the skip of a grasshopper," said Beecher, in answer to an anxious inquiry.

H. B. Claflin reached over the Rev. Edward Beecher's shoulder to seize Beecher's hand, and said, with a laugh:

"I heard you drank too much bad whisky out there."

"Some people," replied Beecher, "always judge other folks from their own standpoint."

A CATALOG of our publications will be sent free on application.

Communications.

Orthodoxy Run Mad.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A. I. Root, of Medina, Ohio, publishes a monthly entitled *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, now in its ninth volume Three or four years ago he was "converted," and opened a theological department in his monthly, thus thrusting his idiosyncrasies before his subscribers. much to the disgust of some, to the amusement of others, while still another class imbibed his eccentriciti s with avidity.

Prayer seems to be his forte, and although his form may differ, his thought is probably similar to that of the honest old deacon who opened with, "O Lord, we would not presume to dictate. but beg leave to offer a few suggestions."

Friend Root employs seventy or eighty operativs in the manufacture of bee-hives and their appendages. His establishment is a pocket edition of church and state. He not only prays for salvation in the next life, but for pecuniary success in this. When anything goes wrong in the factory he goes down on his knees and asks his savior to set the matter right. He has published a book entitled "The A B C of Bee Culture." I hav a copy before me, and quote from the Introduction:

"If you should happen along here about noon, you would find that the engineer always stops the engin promptly at ten minutes to noon, and that the hands then gather in the largest room in the building around an organ that they hav purchased with their own money. After all join in singing a hymn your humble servant is expected to read a verse or two from the Bible, and close the ten minute's devotional exercise with a few remarks and prayer. . . . Right over the open window at which I sit writing is a stone bee-hive, which you can see in the picture. Over the hive is this inscription, 'In God we trust.' So long as we continue to trust in him, and look to him daily for help, the business will continue to prosper, and we shall be of use to ourselvs and to all those about us, but just so soon as we cease to trust in him the business will go down; saloons will spring up about us, and ruin and devastation will be the end."

Mr. Root believes in a personal God and a personal devil, and as I will show further along, by his own words, his God does not observe fixed and uniform laws as his method of action, but acts in each specific case as its merits or his caprice dictates. His devil is also above all law, and all who think or act in opposition to the Bible are seduced by Satan.

But after all his trusting in God, our friend is as vigilant to "keep his powder dry," figurativly speaking, as the veriest Atheist. For, although he appears to be perfectly honest in pecuniary matters, though no more so since than before his "conversion," he inculcates the most rigid industry and economy through *Gleanings*, and as we hav seen, trusts his God but ten minutes a day.

Having patronized *Gleanings* from its birth, and dealt with its proprietor to some extent for several years. I took the liberty of replying to some of his views, hoping, if not able to convince him of his absurdities, at least to checkmate some of them in the estimation of some of his readers.

I hav written many brief articles for his theological department, and find that if he thinks he can refute one he admits it with comments; but as he has refused several, I consider that he must hav regarded them as rather difficult to answer.

For illustration I giv the following:

Friend Root: I see your method of prayer is similar to that of Fred Douglass, as he used to giv it in his lectures. He said that when a slave he prayed for freedom with his lips a great deal, but that his prayers were never answered until he began to pray with his legs. So I suppose your prayers with your lips in secret hav to be supplemented by your "Home Papers," to be "read of all men," in order to insure fruition. Stephen Young.
Memphis, Mo., May 5 1880.

To this he replied thus:

To the first part of your proposition I should most certainly assent, friend Young. Hav I not urged, over and over again, with all the energy I possess, that God cannot, from the very nature of things, answer the prayers of a lazy man? etc.

To this I returned the following:

Thanks for the insertion of my communication in June number, and kind comment thereon. I send a word of rejoinder in the same spirit. You say, "God cannot, from the very nature of things, answer the prayer of a lazy man." But you will, of course, defer to the following from Jesus, "With God all things are possible" (Matt. xix, 26).

Therefore, when God sees fit, he can not only answer the lazy man's prayer, but cause him to be lazy no longer. In like manner all mankind can be transformed into saints, and the millennium at once ushered in.

Now, friend Root, if your theory of the efficacy of prayer is well founded, this consummation so devoutly to be wished lacks only a suitable invocation. Stephen Young.
Memphis, Mo., June 15, 1880.

And here friend Root "put his foot right in," as follows:

Even the Bible, friend Young, must be taken with reason, and is to be interpreted by the sound common sense God has given us for the purpose, etc.

My reply to this has never appeared in *Gleanings*. I kept no copy, but I pointed out many absurdities and contradictions found in the Bible that cannot be reconciled with reason, philosophy, or common sense.

I finally wrote, mildly censuring him for not giving the brief article, which called out a note in which he said, "I cannot remember what your letter was. I presume I clipped from it whatever I thought valuable, or that needed an answer." This I consider disingenuous.

A month or two ago I sent him the following:

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

Friend Root: Although truth may be the object of both, difference in organization, education, and experience has led us to different conclusions on this question. But this difference should no more engender intolerance or uncharitableness than should the difference in the color of our eyes or hair.

While I consider the entire universe, both visible and invisible, as governed by perfect and immutable law, you, with equal sincerity, believe there are no fixed and uniform laws on the subject named, above, but that the infinit mind is swayed or not, according to the merits of each particular supplication. This I learn from a letter now before me, in which you say, "But I cannot just see where mercy comes in where there are only inexorable laws"

But, friend Root, you must believe that external nature is under the control of inexorable law, and yet we see the manifestations of mercy on every hand: in the productions of the earth, its grains, fruits, and flowers, the noble horse, and the busy honey-bee; in the glorious king of day, and the placid queen of night; in the magnificent panorama of the sidereal heavens, and in the existence and society of mankind, and our own dear friends and loved ones.

Instead of inexorable law being incompatible with mercy, I can but regard it as necessary thereto. Were I to believe that God could be turned from his purpose one iota by the combined prayers of all mankind, I could but tremble for the destiny of our race.

But the idea appears so utterly absurd that my trust in the power, wisdom, and goodness by which the universe is governed, is positiv to the last degree. And this perfect confidence, that nothing is left to chance or finite wisdom, but that the infinit mind controls all "without variableness or shadow of turning, I regard as the greatest mercy that can be vouchsafed to man while here below: it softens every hardship and soothes every pain.

The great error of the past has been the doctrin that evil exists contrary to the scheme and will of the Infinit. But whoever can divest himself of preconceived opinions, and bestow a moment's thought on the subject, must see that evil is not only unavoidable in an undeveloped age, but absolutely necessary to human progress.

Hunger, abstractly considered, is felt as an evil, but without it primitiv man would hav starved to death. But the pangs of hunger compelled him to exert both mind and body in obtaining food, and thus was the initial step in the path of endless human progress taken.

A totally ignorant race, or individual, can be moved to thought or action only by physical necessity; but when sufficiently unfolded, knowledge is sought for its own sake. And is it not evident that crime and cruelty were required to call forth the sympathies of the heart?

But for necessity, pain, toils, and tribulations mankind to-day, had it been possible for them to survive to the present time, would be about as activ, intelligent, and sympathetic as oysters.

And thus are vindicated the ways of God to man. As evil performs its mission it will disappear.

Here is Bible for those who need it:

"I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things" (Is. xlv, 7).

"Shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos iii, 6).

Scarcely a decade has rolled away since prayers were offered up in Illinois for rain during a dry time! But meteorologists assure us that however fickle winds and storms may appear, they are controled by exact law, and petitions for changes in the weather hav ceased.

And but a few years ago the governor of this great state of Missouri appointed a day for the good people of the commonwealth to meet at their usual places of worship, and unitedly implore the Almighty to drive the grasshoppers out of the state! But it will probably never be repeated.

In all soberness let me ask, Does an all-wise God need or heed promptings from us in running the universe? Instead of importuning him to do thus and so, let us rather study to learn his will from the great volume of nature which he has spread out before us. We see that evolution is a universal law of both matter and mind: let us then consider him as praying to us, through that law, to "come up higher." Let us co-operate with the infinit in lifting our common humanity from the darkness of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry into the glorious light of reason and toleration.
Memphis, Mo., April, 1881. Stephen Young.

Such was substantially the article sent, but which is refused.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

I once heard Dr. K., of Mechanicsville, Iowa, boast to an audience that he had never allowed himself to entertain the shadow of a doubt of the truth of anything taught him at Sunday-school when a child. In other words, he had never exercised his manhood's reason on the absurdities of "orthodoxy." And Mr. Root, having spoken of attending Sunday-school when a child, I asked him if his new-born zeal, as he seemed to consider it, was not simply his juvenil impressions asserting themselvs. He substantially admitted it by saying that, all through his Infidel life, they often rose up against him. So it seems that, although common sense labored to take the twist and distortions out of the twig, it was found to be a hopeless task.

Had Dr. K., A. I. Root, and millions of other Christians been born in Mohammedan countries, they would now swear by the Koran. It is only the plastic and unreasoning mind of childhood that is fitted to receive and retain the absurd, incongruous, and blasphemous doctrins of Christianity.

A. I. Root desires to do all the good he can, I fully believe; but how can an intelligent person hav much respect for his wisdom who reads the following passage in "Our Homes," in the April number of *Gleanings*, page 197? "Some may say, 'I am ready to accept the New Testament; but how about the Old?' My friend, your house is on fire, and the first thing to do now is to go for water, wherever you can find it. After we hav put the fire out, and the smoke has cleared away, we will hav time and a clear vision; but for the present trust Jesus. He says over and over that the Old Testament is all right, and we are just going to put it all on his shoulders. If any trouble comes in here, at the bar of judgment we will throw all the blame on him, God's only son."

Is this the language of a fanatic, or a monomaniac? It must come from one or the other.

Whoever will read the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of 2 Chronicles will see, if the "Old Testament is all right," that Ahaziah, one of the kings of Jerusalem, was two years older than his father, Jehoram.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend" (Ex. xxxiii, 11). "And the Lord called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid" (Gen. iii, 9, 10). "Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel. And they saw the God of Israel. They saw God, and did eat and drink" (Ex. xxiv, 9, 10, 11).

"No man hath seen God at any time" (John i, 18). "Ye hav neither heard his voice, at any time, nor seen his shape" (John v, 37). "And he said, Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and liv" (Ex. xxxiii, 20). "Whom no man hath seen nor can see" (Tim. vi, 16).

How can a man so stultify every spark of reason and common sense as to pretend to believe all this? And there are scores upon scores of passages, equally as contradictory and false, contained in both the Old and New Testaments.

Mr. Root deals in Italian queens. A customer to whom he sent one, and who had imbibed the Root religion, in acknowledging her receipt, said that when he released her from the cage among his black bees, she started off on the wing—which was very natural—and he thought he had lost her, but the Lord returned her, and she entered the hive all right. I suppose he would hav ascribed his loss to the devil had she not returned. Stephen Young.
Memphis, Mo., May, 1881.

"God Reigns!"

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A morning paper states that Miss Rosa Stark, of Raleigh, N. C., gave birth to twins; murdered them to hide her shame; then died herself. "God reigns!" shouts the church. "All power is from God," says the "holy" book.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," thundered Jehovah from Mount Sinai; yet this same God creates millions of babes in that unhallowed state. Their throats are cut from ear to ear, their brains dashed out upon the nearest rock, while Jehovah stands looking on. "God reigns!" If such is the "reign" of God, who would not giv three cheers for the devil?

Is not his record the whiter of the two?

Has not every state in this Union been compelled to come to the rescue of this God concerning infanticide?

Is there one state whose people dare trust Jehovah to protect his helpless babes any sooner than they would the cobblestones in in the street? Even after giving him every help, does he not allow the butchery of his babes the wide world over? Can any brain enumerate the millions whose lives went out in blood in the six thousand years of Jehovah's "reign?" Has this all-wise, all-powerful, all-merciful God ever rescued one innocent mortal? Are not thousands upon thousands of sweet girls lured to ruin, while Jehovah lifts not a finger to interfere, yet bragging throughout his entire book of his unlimited power? Can any man of heart and brain respect such a being? For one, with scorn I reject the Bible God.

Does not his record put to shame the naked savages of the South Sea Islands? Within their bosom beats a heart; never hav I found one in Jehovah's breast. Wm. W. Foster.
New York, March 14, 1882.

One World at a Time.

Even if there is a really a future world, what can any one do about it here? As they did nothing to get here, what can they do here so as to get to any other world? Is not one world about as much as one ought to attend to, and do his work well? What time they spend for any other world is a loss to this world, exchanging a real world for an imaginary one; doing here what they ought not to hav done, and leaving undone what they ought to hav done. What a happy time it will be when every one givs all their time and attention for the benefits of this world, and lets all the other worlds take care of themselvs.

Can there be anything on the face of the globe that has no opposit. That which has no opposit, is just nothing. It takes two opposits to make one. If there is nothing short, there can be nothing long; nothing wide, nothing narrow; no light, no heavy; no bad, no good; no hot, no cold; no dark, no light; no beginning, no end; no life, no death. Everything that has a beginning, has an end. That which has no beginning, has no ending. Everything that has one end has two ends. So I conclude that time, space, and nature and materials had no beginning, and will hav no ending. But all forms hav a beginning, and must hav an end. Every living thing that has life, has death. It takes life to make death; and death to make life; so all life has two ends; all knowledge has two ends; all feeling has two ends; all memory has two ends; so everythigg that has a beginning has two ends.

But the materials must return to their original, so as to keep the original in good working order. To keep taking from and not returning to the original would be annihilation to nature. If everything that grows and has life was not decomposed, vegetation would be extinct, and there would become no life on the earth. If water should always evaporate, and never condense or return, it would not be very long before there would be no water. The same rule applies to human being, mind, or spirit. If there is any special substance that makes mind or spirit, a continual taking from and not returning will in time use that substance up, and will be deficient in that article, and the results might not be very desirable to the human family, if they should continue to make their appearance.

It is very plain that the mind is the result of organization; there are no two exactly alike. Minds differ, as their organizations differ. If the mind is separate from the body, how could any one get crazy, or hav delirium tremens, or hydrophobia, or ony disease of the mind. It is very plain that the mind can't outliv the body. They had their beginning together, and they hav their ending together. I think that I hav shown it to be one of the most ridiculous notions that was ever invented that any one can liv in or hav anything to do with any other world but this present one.

As Solomon of old has said, I see it in all vanity. When the body dies, so mind or spirit is about played out. Take good care of the body, and the soul will take care of itself. But priests and ministers seem to be doing their level best to rob the body to save the imaginary soul. Cash down for real estate in the other world.

One of the greatest misfortunes is that women that are born with good common sense, do exchange it with priests and ministers for nonsense and superstition, and make their husbands sustain it, and force it on their children, which takes them a long time to outgrow and get rid of. Mothers should be very cautious about telling wrong stories to their children; it is a very bad way to teach children to tell the truth.
Whitewater, Wis. J. P. Whipple.

Comstock Rebuked.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* You hav doubtless heard that Anthony Comstock, through his Western "bully," R. W. McAfee, was trying to get his "obscene bill," passed by the legislature of Wisconsin. You will be doubtless gratified to learn that he has met with a prompt and signal defeat in the free West, which wants no Comstock in its pie. A sneaking attempt was made to get the bill rushed through during the haste and confusion of the closing days of the session. It was quietly introduced through a Mr. Shepard, of Fond du Lac, and referred to the judiciary committee. There it was allowed to quietly repose for some time, and very few people in the state had the slightest knowledge that such a disinterested and pious Christian gentleman as Mr. Comstock was weeping over their depravity in his sanctum away off in New York, and devising ways and means for their salvation. Just before the close of the session his two equally meritorious lieutenants, McAfee, of St. Louis, and Penfield, of Chicago, who, having presumably purified and sanctified those whilom sink-holes of iniquity, came up to Wisconsin to warn us of the wrath to come, and incidentally to do a little lobbying for the "obscene bill," working through the Young Men's Christian Association, one of whose shining lights has for years been engaged in selling rubber goods, such as these saintly moralists condemn as immoral; they induced a number of the prominent citizens of Milwaukee to call a meeting, ostensibly for the "suppression of vice," at Plankinton House, to which a number of very respectable citizens were invited specially by card. This was something new to most Milwaukeans, and thirty or forty respectable and intelligent gentlemen met at the time and place designated, in the ladies' parlors of the hotel. Mr. Penfield sat down with his back against the closed door, and all the other doors were carefully locked. Penfield, who, it is said, having failed to make a respectable living in the insurance business, has gone into the obscenity business on a salary, got up and depicted in glowing terms how the "filthy and turbid stream of vice was flowing over the country, and to a large extent in our very midst," and the noble work that pure philanthropist, Anthony Comstock, had done in the East toward cleansing and purifying its fountain-head. He referred modestly to his own work in Chicago, but failed to recite some of his own experiences, both before and since becoming an "obscenist," which might hav been quite interesting. He did not even allude to any little affairs connected with theatricals, that got a well-meaning Methodist preacher into trouble, or various little rencounters somewhat known to fame and a reporter of the Chicago *Times*.

He was followed by the indefatigable McAfee, whose blushes of modesty could be detected even behind his Hibernian-hued beard, as he opened a smut-bag and carefully spread out and

dilated upon various silly, smutty circulars and pictures, which he had in his possession, but failed to explain just where or how he got them. The inference drawn was that, with a prurient and morbid love of such things, he had for some years been engaged in the laudable work of making a collection of the vilest and smuttiest articles procurable. Old gray-bearded and bald-headed men gazed upon voluptuous pictures with suppressed admiration, and confessed they had never seen anything like them. Much of the stock in trade exhibited must hav been collected fifteen or twenty years ago, before their importation into this country was prohibited; for a gentleman who was present, and who was much better posted upon these matters than McAfee himself, is reported to hav said that he had not seen anything of the kind in circulation for the past fifteen years. Many of the circulars were cheap, flimsy, and perfectly transparent frauds, got up by impecunious dead-beats in some of the eastern cities, and I will venture to say not a single one of the specimens was ever circulated in our state, or, if they were, would excite only the contempt of any wide-awake boy or girl of the period, however terribly they might work upon the sensitiv nerves of our red-faced, red-whiskered St. Louis *virtuoso*. And just here it may be pertinent to inquire whether this McAfee is not doing more real injury to the cause of virtue and morality in engaging in this dirty, disreputable business of carrying around and exhibiting these obscene and filthy things for a livelihood, than the parties who originally produced them. Is he not corrupting the morals of a quiet, virtuous community, like that of Milwaukee, by such acts, and putting ideas into those respectable old gray heads of which they would never hav dreamed except for such indecent exhibitions? The best joke of the smutty exhibition, however, was a little paper box, about one and one-half by three inches, which McAfee laid on the table, and declared contained an immoral rubber *fac simile* of what the Egyptians worshiped as the emblem of life, and which, he unblushingly announced to the horrified audience, were being distributed promiscuously through female academies to such an extent that many of these institutions would not publish a catalog for fear that the inmates would receive by next mail one of these instruments of slow torture and lingering death! He was careful not to expose the contents of this box, although the eyes of more than one gray-head were directed toward it curiously. The knowing ones present, however, who had seen such things many years ago, knew that the box could not possibly contain what it was represented to inclose, and failed to tear their hair in disconsolate frenzy when Mr. McAfee, with tears streaming down his red face, detailed the case of a poor girl who ended her existence in an insane asylum through this devilish contrivance; and one was even so irreverent as to whisper to a friend at his elbow, "Served her right—couldn't fool our western girls with such frauds!"

At the conclusion of this highly-indecent and immoral exhibition, for which McAfee, however, failed to pay the municipal authorities the usual showman's license, feeling that he had sufficiently worked up his audience, he pulled a bill out of his pocket, and stated that it had been introduced into the legislature, and was a sovereign panacea for all these ills. He read it, but when it was found to embrace a variety of subjects not covered by the title, such as patent medicins of a certain class, and various other things not usually considered immoral or obscene, and would giv the vice-manufacturing society the right to search, and seize, and annoy various classes of respectable people, including druggists, newspapers, photographers, art-dealers, and book-sellers, one gentleman present had the bravery to get up and object to the bill as too sweeping. He was browbeaten and coaxed in, however, and induced to let his name go on the committee, McAfee assuring him that the business of specialists (and, inferentially, those above named) was only a cover for sending vile literature and immoral articles into schools and families. Had St. Paul or St. Peter been present, the fate of Ananias and Sapphira would hav overtaken McAfee then and there; but they were not, and a mysterious providence still spares him for some good purpose. Not a third of those present signed the petition for the passage of the bill, and the next meeting of the society was attended by only two or three persons. It was evident that the devious ways of A. C. and his agents were already pretty well known in Milwaukee. However, just before the close of the session, McAfee and a few gentlemen who had been entrapped into favoring his schemes, appeared before the judiciary committee of the assembly, armed with the well-worn smut-bag, and began his story of falsehood and filth. Some of the members left the room in disgust, but McAfee read a letter from A. C., and continued to pour out his "turbid stream" of obscenity, and to dilate on "villains in human shape," even after the expiration of the time to which he had been limited. When the disgusted committee met again, annoyed that any one should think them such consummate asses as to be imposed upon by such shallow tricks, they recommended that the obscenity bill be "indefinitly postponed," and it was so ordered by a vote of the house. McAfee, who felt confident of success, suddenly found all the wind taken out of him, and did not know what struck him.

Madison, Wis., March 3, 1882. OMEGA.

Lot's Wife.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Having had great expectations of entertainment in reading Mr. Bennett's interview with Lot's wife, I am greatly disappointed in reading his twenty-fourth chapter of his voyage by his not finding Mrs. Lot within the scope of his travels. Thus we hav failed to receive what might hav been related by this fine old Hebrew lady, all of the olden time. He was within a very short distance of her, and yet he sets her down as a myth. Mrs. Lot, he says, is entirely gone. Not so, unless she has dematerialized within the later years. She was standing at the time of Josephus, who givs an account of her as continually turning back to view the city as she went from it when fire and brimstone were about to be rained from heaven. "She, being too nicely inquisitiv what would become of the city, although God had forbidden so to do, was changed into a pillar of salt, for I hav seen it, and it remains at this day." Such is the testimony of Josephus for the "grand old history." In the "Narrativ of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea," by W. F. Lynch, Commander of the Expedition, he is no less faithful to the venerable mother in Israel. He visited her at Usdum, and says, "We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime." She "is about forty feet high," and certainly ought to hav been within the vision of Mr. Bennett, and yet he says that she is a myth. It won't do. There she is, "one entire mass of crystallization," says Captain Lynch. Had Mr. Bennett followed on to know this salted mother in Israel he would doubtless hav found the salt had not yet lost its savor, but as described by the brave commodore, so is she now. Will not Mr. Bennett's readers be sadly disappointed, and refuse to be comforted because she is not in his letter otherwise than as a myth, and not as a verity of salt from flesh and blood? Had she been permitted to come to the front and spoken for herself in her esthetical cap, what a narrativ of the ages she could hav given us. A company might hav been formed for transporting her to the Central Park as companion of the Egyptian obelisk, or Mr. Barnum alone might hav bargained for her as a most desirable addition to his museum. What a magnificent speculation she would hav proved! How kindly she would hav trained the baby elephant in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and even old Jumbo himself on his arrival would hav rejoiced with an exceeding great joy to make the acquaintance with the giantess forty feet high.

There would hav been millions in her. The people would hav come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to sit down in the kingdom of the museum, nor would there hav been any lack of shekels for payment at sight of the greatest wonder of the world. As a giantess, her hight of forty feet need not be a stone of stumbling and rock of offense when we consider the giants of those days, men of renown and sons of God. How much she would hav confirmed our Christian Spiritualists in their "grand old history!" Pharaoh's daughter would hav given a test of old acquaintance. The Virgin Mary may hav appeared psychometrically with her son of man from the East to testify of old things passed away. The esthetics might hav sung her somewhat on this wise:

> Rich and rare was the cap she wore
> In carbonate by the Dead Sea shore;
> Not much she melted in the rain,
> That fell from heaven upon the plain;
> But there she stands, the salted wife,
> And stole a savor unto life;
> In goodly shape and poise sublime,
> A monument of olden time.

SELAH.

The Day and Its Work.

The complete extirpation of the errors of the church is essential to the end that humanity may be free to grow and ascend to higher planes of thought and action. So long as the incubus of the old teleological conception of the infinit and of man and his destiny rests upon the weary shoulders of the children of earth we can never hope to successfully cope with the giant wrongs which afflict us. This is why we rejoice when the heavy sledge of the iconoclast smashes to dust the hideous idols which men and women hav so long ignorantly worshiped. This is why we can consent to no compromise with supernaturalism, and shout ever the old cry of *delenda est Carthago* against every creed and dogma that claims authority outside of the common life and experience of mankind.

But we must not imagin that this is all that we hav to do. A Liberalism which fears to grapple with a popular wrong is not the Liberalism for us. We cannot stand still. Unless we take hold and do our level best to make the race better and happier, here and now, we shall find ourselvs in the rear ranks of the army of progress. An Atheism, however earnest it may be, which does not concern itself with the real ills brought upon us by bad laws, ignorance, intemperance, etc., cannot long endure. Freethought is essential to progress, but it is not all that is needed. A great majority of the Freethinkers whom I meet are averse to organization, care nothing for the social side of our work, and seem to utterly fail to realize the necessity that rests upon us to do something toward the education of the rising generation. They are content that the church should remain the teacher of our children. Many and many a man hav I met during the last two years who objected to music in our meetings and conventions, objected to Liberal Sunday-schools and Liberal camp-meetings, who can see no use or beauty in fiction and no need of a literature for the young. I hav conversed with hundreds of men who once took Freethought papers who hav ceased to read them, saying, "I know all that; I do not need to read; I got through with all those old notions long ago," and so on *ad nauseam*. Against such stupidity the bravest apostles of the gospel of humanity battle in vain.

Now, these remarks are merely preliminary to a few practical suggestions upon the subject of temperance. Considerable has been said upon this matter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of late, and Mrs. H. S. Lake has clearly pointed out to us the necessity of doing something. What shall it be? Suppose that in every town there was fitted up a large, well-ventilated, well-lighted room, provided with billiard-tables, card tables, games of chess, checkers, etc. Hav lemonade, ice cream, oysters, fruit, and other delicacies of the season. Supply the tables with an abundance of good reading matter, books, papers, magazines, etc. Adorn the walls with pictures, mottoes, and busts. Don't fail to make provision for music. Hav a geological cabinet, aquariums, and herbariums. Sell tea and coffee. Hav for sale books and papers. Hav your reading-room provided with stationery and conveniences for writing, make a small charge, say five cents per hour, for the privilege of reading or writing in this room. Charge actual cost for materials used. Endeavor to make the institution self-sustaining, paying just wages to the attendants, but do not try to amass gold by this means. Refuse to admit no one who behaves himself or herself while there. Invite contributions of books and papers from all. Hav a great variety of reading matter, and make woman's presence a power in this place.

Thus shall you keep thousands from the dangerous allurements of the saloon. The stranger stopping in your town shall hav a cosy, home-like place in which he can pass a spare hour or two. Do not be afraid of making the place too attractiv.

It is impossible to estimate the good which might be accomplished by the establishment of these inns throughout the country. Their internal arrrangements could be varied to suit the requirements of the different cities and towns. What League shall be first to act in this matter? Is Freethought indeed a logic of life to us? E. C. WALKER.

Commendation and Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I notice of all the Liberal papers yours takes precedence of combining the two wings of Freethinkers—the one Materialism, the other Spiritualism—both working in their different channels of thought regarding another world, yet in accord relativ to the political, religious, and social systems in this. The total separation of church and state, abolishing the order of chaplains paid out of Freethinkers' pockets, and discontinuing fasts and feast days which are obnoxious to rationalistic minds, is enough for such to co-operate to check the aggressiv movements of the Christian army. When the Liberal papers discountenance, as your paper does, sectarianism and labor for humanity, this emancipated world of legislativ bigotry will be a true foundation for a progressed life, or living as may be determined. So it is a safe and sure thing to organize, to first make our laws laws of justice to all, neither sectional nor sectarian. Our free press must take the lead to gather in the demoralized, disorganized forces to work for their liberties. All in favor of this work send for the February *Man*, the organ of the National Liberal League, and other particulars at 744 Broadway, New York, and know how to go to work and meet the Young Men's Christian Association. Then they will make about as much as they did in the imprisonment of the publisher of THE TRUTH SEEKER. For the grand army of Liberalists will be a power.

ANNIE T. ANDERSON.

Jesus Christ and Others.

Marcus Aurelius said that to seek for figs in winter was the act of a madman. Jesus sought for figs in winter, and cursed the tree for not bearing them. Which do you think was the wiser?

Caligula said those who disbelieved in his divinity—a part of the notional religion—were more to be pitied than alarmed. Jesus said those who disbelieved in his divinity—an entirely new doctrin—should be damned. Which do you think was the more moderate?

Mohammed said that God had given him no authority to punish men with fire. Jesus said that he would punish his enemies with fire. Which do you think was the more merciful?

Lord Byron said (in Don Juan):

> "The drying up a single tear hath more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Jesus said, "I come not to send peace on earth, but a sword." Which do you think uttered the more imposing sentiments?

Epicurus said that he must be foolish who believed that the gods would change their purposes to accommodate men. Jesus said that if any two of his followers should agree to ask God anything, he would do it. Which do you think showed most common sense?

Dr. Johnson said that men were seldom so innocently employed as in making money. Jesus sent all money-makers to hell. Which do you think had the better idea of promoting civilization?

Mohammed also said that inadvertent expressions, even in an oath, ought not to be regarded. Jesus said that men should giv an account (to their creator) of every idle word. Which do you think had the more rational idea of justice?

Plato taught the immortality of the soul, Jesus the resurrection of the body Which had the most agreeable, probable, and philosophical idea of a future state?

Herbert Spencer thinks that those who do not agree with him hav, nevertheless, the exact degree of wisdom which their vocation in the universe requires. Jesus was in the habit of calling those who disagreed with him snakes, foxes, children of the devil; and, in his more amiable moods, of blubbering over their blindness. Which view of existence do you think the more satisfactory?

Thomas Paine said shortly before his death, "I hav lived an honest and useful life; and I commend my soul, without fear, into the hands of my creator, God." Jesus said, shortly before his death, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Which do you think made the best finish? An answer will oblige

C. L. JAMES.

M. RENAN, the French historian, has written an essay on the book of Ecclesiastes, "or the preacher," as it is called in the Bible. He finds that the Hebrew name of Ecclesiastes is "Cohelet," which does not mean "preacher" at all, but is merely the *nom de plume* adopted by the writer. Ecclesiastes, he says, was by no means intended for a religious work, but is made up of the skeptical complainings of a pessimistic Jew, in which the government of the world by God and his interference in the affairs of men are denied. In saying "All is vanity," "the preacher" referred to religion as much as to anything else. He denounces fanaticism as well as aggressiv skepticism. The last two verses of the twelfth chapter, M. Renan concludes, were not written by the author of the rest of the book; and any one who will take the trouble to read them in connection with the verses before them, will recognize the hand of the interpolater in the sudden change in the style of composition. To the skeptic Ecclesiastes, read by the new light which Renan throws upon it, is more coherent than before, and that is all; while the believer in the inspiration of "the preacher" will regard the book as robbed of all that could make it of value to any one.

THE Spiritualists of Buffalo and vicinity will celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of Spiritualism in St. James Hall, Friday, March 31, 1882. There will be three sessions, at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and 7 P.M. The exercises will consist in speaking, singing, and tests. Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hull, L. C. Howe, Geo. W. Taylor, and other speakers will be present. All friends of Spiritualism are invited. As many strangers as can be accommodated will be cared for, and the Fillmore House will entertain others for $1 per day.

MRS. LAKE has been giving a course of lectures at Durand, Ill., the result of which is the organization of another League, with the following officers: O. F. Hoyt, president; Andrew Blake, secretary; David Campbell, treasurer. The attendance at the lectures was large, and a great interest was manifested. She spoke at Davis, Ill., on the 6th and 7th.

Letters from Friends.

WATERFORD, OHIO, March 11, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for which put me down for Round-the-World trip. A. O. MALSTER.

GANANOQUE, CAN., March 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 for Round-the-World. Yours truly, WM. HENRY HAIGH.

FARMINGTON, MICH., March 8, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for Round-the-World fund, as I must hav the account of your trip.
Yours truly, ASA B. SMITH.

HUMBOLDT, NEB., March 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5 for the Round-the World fund if not too late. I want those books, and to hav my name in the list of subscribers.
Yours truly, SIMON QUICK.

MADISON, GA., March 14, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10—$5 for Round-the World trip, $3 for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $2 to credit on account.
Respectfully, ADDISON A. BELL, M.D.

COON RAPIDS, IOWA, March 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please send Round-the-World books to Murray Kimball, Coon Rapids, Iowa, for which find inclosed $5. Yours, MURRAY KIMBALL.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS, March 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10—$5 to help Bro. Bennett back to the land of Unclesam and for his Round-the-World books, $1.50 for books as per order, and the remainder on THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. O. HOLT.

PRATT, OHIO, March 11, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $35—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and the balance please use as directed. I hope I am not too late to hav my name enrolled in the first volume. M. F. STEWART.

HELENA, MON., March 9, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10, for which I wish you would giv me credit for $5, and for the other $5 I want you to send me Bennett's trip Round-the-World as soon as it is published. CHRIS KENCK.

LIVERPOOL, N. Y., March 13, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: My name is already on your list of Round-the-World subscribing shareholders, yet as I am anxious to hav another share to lend to my friends I send the wherewith to pay for it.
Yours truly, C. S. STERLING.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, O., March 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for Round-the World fund, and $3 on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav taken your paper from the first number printed in Illinois to the present, and it remains the most welcome visitor that I ever had.
Yours truly, DAVID STRATTAN.

ZANESVILLE, O., March 9, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you $13—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $10 for two copies of Round-the-World trip, one to the address of Jacob Zinsmeister, the other to Josiah Burgess, both of Zanesville. I hope we are not too late to hav the favor of our names in the book. I am much pleased in reading Mr. Bennett's travels. Yours, J. BURGESS.

AMBER, MICH., March 4, 1882.
FRIEND MACDONALD: Please remember me to our grand old hero, of whom I am very proud, and whose loss I should most deeply and sincerely mourn. I hav long wished to join his Round-the-World fund, and now send the first $5 I could spare. Please add my name to your list, and forward the books when ready. Yours truly, G. A. BROWN.

CAMERON, MO., March 10, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, $3 to apply on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and the balance as per order. I am almost a year behind on my subscription, but keep on sending your paper. I could hardly do without it. We hav a good many Liberals here in Missouri, though we lack organization but our numbers are increasing steadily and pretty fast.
Yours truly, L. C. LIVENGOOD.

ERIE, PA., March 15, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for Round-the World books. Your extending the time has given you this addition at least, and from the names in THE TRUTH SEEKER I am inclined to think you hav added many more, and should you extend the time still further you would allow many to avail themselvs of this grand opportunity to get a more correct history of what now and has been going on around this planet than they ever had an opportunity to get before. It is the duty of every Liberal in the land to get these books read by every honest person that he can. I assure you that my TRUTH SEEKERS are read by at least six different persons. Trusting that Mr. Bennett will complete his great task to his satisfaction, Yours truly, C. L. HAWES.

NAPLES, N. Y., March 12, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 for Round-the-World books, by D. M. Bennett. I would like my name in the list if not too late. I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for years, and like it very much, and am much interested in Mr. Bennett's description of the Holy Land of Yahweh, therefore would like to hav the book to hand to my posterity.
Respectfully, MRS. EMMA A. SABINE.

COVINGTON, IND., March 10, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclose find $8—$3 to apply on my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for the books of Mr. Bennett's travel. I did not encourage the trip, though I am willing to help him return to our own country. I had great fear he was not able to withstand the trip, but now I hav good hopes of his ability to make it, providing he keeps out of that holy stream Jordan. I highly approve of Mr. Macdonald's management of the paper during Mr. Bennett's absence, and think perhaps a better could not hav been found. My best wishes to all the office.
Yours truly, SCHUYLER LA TOURETTE.

FOREST GROVE, OR., Feb. 25, 1882.
FRIEND MACDONALD: I didn't subscribe $5 to send our old friend Bennett around the world. But I see in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER the list is still open, and times are a little better now than a few months back. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from its first publication and purchased a number of books from your office, and still wish to promulgate Freethought and aid in the circulation of Freethought literature, so please find inclosed $10 to assist in bringing our old tried and esteemed friend Bennett home to the bosom of his family and friends—$5 for W. D. Hoxter and $5 for your friend and well-wisher, P. G. BUFORD.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., March 6, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please send by return mail "Anthony Comstock, His Career of Cruelty and Crime;" T. B. Wakeman's "Liberty and Purity," and the first number of League *Man*. In the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of Saturday, March 4th, is the following: "In his lecture on the corruption of youth in New York last evening Mr. Comstock gave a good account of his work. Since he left the position of clerk in a dry-goods store to endeavor to suppress vice, he has secured the arrest of 582 persons, 251 of whom were sentenced to pay fines aggregating $63,931; he has seized and destroyed 27,584 pounds of immoral books, and 203,238 pounds of obscene pictures. Such achievements are sufficient to win for Mr. Comstock the gratitude of respectable people everywhere, and the indorsement he receives from men of the highest character is an ample guarantee that the methods he employs are honorable. A great work is yet before him, and he should hav hearty support in its prosecution." The *Pioneer Press* has a large circulation, is read by hundreds of men and women, and the above article is accepted by two-thirds of them as truth, and they believe that Comstock is a good and honorable man. The true character of this wolf in sheep's clothing is too well known to some of us to have any toleration for the above article.
Yours truly, MRS. S. J. LENONT.

SALEVILLE, MONTANA, Feb. 20, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Saleville is twelve miles southwest of Bozeman, the county seat of Gallatin county. South of Salevile a few miles is the Bear Creek school district, near the home of Thomas Burk, an occasional correspondent of your paper, and most noted Liberal of this region. Friends Burk, Tidball, and others concluded to try to organize a League, so on the evening of the 24th of January notice was given of a meeting. The school board of that district, who are all good Christians, refused Mr. Tidball, the teacher, the key of the house. That evening, as soon as school closed, they came to the school-house with key, hammer, and nails, to securely close the house; but lo, two good Liberals were in possession and "held the fort!" After hearing some good advice from Mr. Holloway, the foremost citizen of that district, who had contributed more to build that house than all the good Christians of the school board, they left. At the hour appointed the house was full, though the night was cold. After short speeches by Burk, Tidball, and myself we called for joiners—not mourners—and promptly enrolled forty names—not infants and children—including the very best citizens of the valley. The ladies brought a plentiful supply of "grub," on which everybody feasted. We had on hand Evans's string band, one of the best in this part of the country, and then—well, we danced, both old and young, till morn,

"When youth and beauty meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

At our next meeting we organized by electing Thomas Burk president, W. J. Stover vice-president, L. F. Tidball secretary, O. Holloway treasurer, and increased our membership to sixty, which takes in more than half the people for miles around, and at least five times as many as all the churches combined, and some of the most outspoken Liberals near here hav not yet joined; these we cordially invite to join. Our good Christian board of directors went to Bozeman next day to enforce the law, but they came back as they went; so we meet every Sunday, and hav crowded houses all the time. We are going to build a hall. We ran counter to the church once, but gracefully adjourned through courtesy to the church, and the preacher got an audience of thirty-four on our credit, twenty of whom belonged to the League—the largest audience that a preacher ever had in that house. But we hav stirred up a hornets' nest, and these good Christian hornets sting and lie both. The first lie is that we propose to burn all the Bibles in the neighborhood, and mob the preachers. We don't want to burn that old nasty book at all; we hav it all the time on the stand; it is the Guiteau of the trial, and we want to put it through a cross-examination, and we hav publicly invited our good Christians to conduct the case. No, we want to read it, and hav others read it. The preachers will be perfectly safe, and we ask them to come out and defend their cause. We will giv them a fair division of time, a good audience, and patient hearing. Our good Christians immediately sent for their big guns, who came on in force, and commenced work in the next school-house north. There were five of them, which was, I am told, about one-half the number of their auditors; but nothing daunted—knowing God was on their side—they opened fire, and kept it up night and day, till grub got scarce, and when the smoke of battle cleared away "nary a one" had they converted. So the League livs, and has no fears of annihilation.

We hope Liberals who think of coming west will thing of the claims of Montana. Our population is, by a large majority, Liberal. Montana's school law says the board of directors "shall exclude all books, tracts, papers, or catechisms of a sectarian or political character." That, of course, takes the Bible out. We hav no statute making it a penal offense to work on Sunday, but our last legislature came within one vote of passing such a law. We hav a delightful climate, except that the winters are long and cold; but not so cold as the states in the same latitude east. During summer and fall it is simply superb. The air is dry and pure, making it the healthiest country on this continent. I hav practiced my profession for twenty years, and I know whereof I speak. We hav no malarial fevers, and rarely any pneumonia. Doctors hav to work or starve. I hav been trying my hand at farming. W. J. STOVER, M.D.

EAST WESTMORELAND, N. H., March 10, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Through the courtesy of some one (I supposed it to be George E. Macdonald, a former neighborly and friendly acquaintance, a very much respected and intellectual young man, while living here, and who is author of "New England and the People Up There"), I received a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and since reading it am very much pleased with it, discarding, as it does, the old, stale, superstitions and dogmas, and taking reason and common sense as its basis of argument to prove the absurdity of the doctrins taught in that book called "Divine Revelation," which no one, while in exercise of reason, can believe to be the "word of God," or to be dictated by a God of love as well as of reason. How averse to reason to think that an all-wise and merciful being should inspire man to write such a book! "Original sin," "Adam's fall," the "snake" story, the "fish" story, and "flood," and thousands of other foolish, silly, childish stories! No! The average of little children would not be so unwise as to invent such absurdities as those attributed to the God of the Bible. That any man can believe such stuff to hav a divine origin, it is a wonder. The atonement and great plan of salvation, which took God and his councils so many centuries to plan and mature—what a plan! If little children could not get up a more wise, reasonable, and just plan than that we would conclude they would be hardly worth trying to educate, and yet the clergy get their bread and butter by preaching such foolish absurdities; and we are told that those that do not believe such absurd doctrins shall be damned. And what is to enhance the happiness of those that are saved by belief is that they will look down from heaven into hell and see their unbelieving relations, their family connections, and others who were near and dear friends while on earth suffering tortures in hell fire. The sight causes extra happiness to those fortunate believers, not of works. These hypocritical, designing, lazy priests who, while on earth, get their living by donations, church fairs, and other dishonorable ways, without work, are thus to be continually happy, and to hav this happiness enhanced by seeing their unbelieving relations in hell, but common sense and consistency decide this dogmatic theory to be absurd and having no foundation in truth, reason, or justice. And it is not only the right, but the duty also, of Freethinkers to speak out boldly in favor of right and justice, and against such unreasonable absurdities.

Please find inclosed pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER as a trial subscriber for three months.
Yours truly, ELLIOT WYMAN.

CARSON, NEV., Feb. 20, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I was arguing, by letter, with an old Christian friend of mine, on the grounds of my apostasy from Christianity. He took the regular Christian course, and railed against the characters of some of the leading Infidels, but he called "the lying Tom Paine" another "Bob Ingersoll," who was by blasphemy and a smooth tongue preparing himself and others for perdition; that I was an apt

scholar or dupe of the same school. Amongst a few arguments he adduced in favor of Christianity, which he could not prove, was what he called "Christian phenomenon," *i. e.*, its moral influence upon the world. He said: "You are ready to deny everything that you are not able to understand. I may not fully understand the workings of electricity, but I see its phenomena, and cannot deny that there is a cause. Now with the same impropriety you deny the cause of this Christian phenomenon."

I told him in answer that Infidelity was and always had been the "cause" of this so-called "Christian phenomenon;" that he believed Christianity was the cause because he was taught so. In answer to which he said: "I accept teachings as far as I find they will stand practical demonstration. I was taught that five times five is twenty-five. I found from a practical demonstration it was a fact." To which I said: "It was on that ground I rejected Christianity. I was taught that three times one is three," and he answered that that was the unfair way Infidels had of disproving the Bible. He says: "I had an illustration of that before me to-day. I was plowing with three horses abreast. Now these three horses gave one power, and the three attributes in God was one in power."

I am a young thinker, and I must confess I could not giv a satisfactory answer to this argument; but while lying awake, after going to bed one night, the idea or answer which exposes and refutes the seeming good argument spontaneously came to my mind. It may not be new to many. It is this: If I hitch up a horse, an ox, and an ass to a plow, I cannot say that plow is drawn by horse-power, ox power, or ass power; so also we cannot say that the "Father God or the nothing God," "the son, or anthropomorphic God," and the "Holy Ghost or spirit God" cannot be combined and called a "spirit God," and according to the Bible the son of God must still be incarnate, as he was "resurrected" in his natural body, for Thomas put his finger in the wound in his side, and we hav no account of the transformation of this body to a spiritual body after the resurrection. He may as well hav said one potato, one jacknife, and one sack of wool make one jackknife.

Inclosed please find $1, which add to Bro. Wm. Black's $10, to go on the subscription for the aged and worn-out philanthropist and Freethinker, Jeremiah Hacker, of New Jersey. It looks small, but I am a laborer for wages, and "giv according to what I hav." I would remind you that the one dollar a year I promised toward building a Freethinkers' orphan asylum is still good when the prospect can be determined upon. We need it. I think these charitable objects should be liberally attended to by the Liberals. They are more worthy than the Christian Foreign Missionary Societies. Statistics show that it costs thousands of dollars to convert one heathen in foreign lands to Christianity, or to save their souls, while it will take but a few hundred to keep Brother and Sister Hacker the rest of their life from want, and thus save them through humanity. And a few thousand dollars spent in erecting and maintaining an orphan asylum, will educate and save many poor little children through the same savior.

I am yours, A. J. STOUGH.

SALEM, NEB., March 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As it is the custom among Christians to giv donation parties to preachers, so it was here on the 14th ult. at the Free Will Baptist church. Notice was given in the different churches, and preparations were made to make it a great and grand success. The friends of liberty took it into their heads that this was a good opportunity of showing that there is as much sympathy and charity outside the church as there is in it. For this purpose a collection was made among the Liberals, and each one gave something. When the collection was finished it stood churches, $20; Liberals, $21. Although there was no invitation extended to Liberals to attend, yet we were represented by two of our number, Mr. Webster and Mr. Gist. At the proper time Mr. Webster asked permission to make a few remarks, which was granted. He said: "After hearing of the affliction and suffering of this brother, a few of us met at my office, and after exchanging views with each other, Mr. H. B. Gist volunteered to go among our friends and ask for aid, in the name of liberty and humanity. To our great surprise, within two hours twenty-one dollars was raised. This gift is not from the churches; it is from those great souls and noble minds that are outside in the world. Mr. Gist has the money, and if the chairman will call him, he will respond and donate the said amount." Mr. Gist stepped forward and said: "My brothers and sisters—I say that because I hav brothers and sisters in the church and out of the church—wherever you will find a man, he is my brother; or a woman, she is my sister; and I am pleased to say that I represent a party that are like myself. Show me suffering humanity, and we hav hearts to feel for it. With us the greater the affliction, the greater the comfort. Great souls, generally speaking, hav great sympathies, and in proportion to this principle will be the act. If a person is destitute of charitable feeling his giving will be in proportion. I am happy to say this is not a gift from the Christians, but generous and whole-souled friends and brothers and sisters of the Liberal cause hav come forward and shown a feeling and a spirit worthy of imitation. Take this, Mr. Vandorn; you need not giv it to the Lord; keep it yourself; use it, that it may do you good. I hav composed a few lines of poetry which I will read:

This tribute we giv, although very small,
To show our sympathies, our hearts, and our all—
That acts may speak louder than words; though sublime,
The acts of the Christian are the acts of the time.
Promis and promises will never sustain
The teacher, the preacher, whoever hath brain;
But truth and its fruit, with action, will tell
These are the bases for nations to dwell.
And now, dear brother—yea, Brother Vandorn—
We giv you this tribute from hearts that are born
To help the afflicted and comfort the poor—
We always are happy when they come to our door."

The money was handed over amid great applause.

Yours truly, D. O. JONES.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

FABIUS, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1882.

Inclosed I send five dollars, saith my pen,
For THE TRUTH SEEKER, ere my time expires;
Were I but able I would make it ten
Instead of five. I find that it requires,
With my poor health, much harder work than when
My health was good, to gratify desires.
Could I spare cash, my flag would be unfurled
With others for that journey round the world.

Please send to me the "Infidel Abroad,"
Escorted by the "Godly Women" pure;
His virtue needs protection on the road,
And they can furnish that, I'm nearly sure;
I'll kindly greet them at my own abode,
Though oft examined, they shall be secure.
In purity and freedom they may dwell,
And I will list to what they hav to tell.

Could I, like friend Monroe, write verse Byronic,
Delineate about "A Tale of Tails,"
Or pen my thoughts in burning lines harmonic
To giv effect like those of Robert Swail's,
I would be glad. Friend Bennett is ironic;
He makes me think of Lincoln splitting rails!
His ponderous blows deal death to our theologies,
All borrowed from traditions and mythologies.

Wakeman's a host, and so's Elizur Wright;
Elmina's not so slow, else I'm mistaken;
Leland and Underwood are in the fight;
York, Green, and Denton, too, remain unshaken;
Post, Wixon, Briggs, and Gibson all unite
With host of others, for we're not forsaken,
For Col. Ingersoll is full of sense and fun,
In the arena, too, we find one Jamieson.

Those Michiganders, Burnham and Babcock,
And Giles B. Stebbins, too—all speakers rare—
Babcock? Oh dear, how you our feelings shock
To hear you talk so in regard to prayer!
Perhaps the door may open at your knock.
What if you find old St. John's devil there?
I rather like you, Babcock, after all,
But I'm nae friend o' spooks at all at all.

If Paine was Junius, as is held by Burr,
Why should we wrangle o'er his fame or station?
For Paine and Jefferson did both aver
The language set forth in our Declaration.
I hardly know which one I would prefer;
They both did much in forming our great nation;
Both Infidels, yet lovers of humanity,
But foes to shams of modern Christianity.

The world grows old and wiser, or at least
The people strive to think more for themselvs;
The more we think the less we care for priest,
Whose musty sermons rest upon their shelves.
He's useless, just like any lazy beast;
But we respect the man who digs and delves
In search of truth, avoiding all profanity,
Who finds all duties center in humanity.

Freethought is epidemic; it will spread
And scatter just like wildfire through creation.
The child's too large; it can't "be put to bed"
By Comstock and his vice association.
Somehow when reason gets into one's head
Church dogmas undergo investigation;
The church must own her errors and repent,
For fire and brimstone don't scare worth a cent.

Our Bennett writes, but not in style pedantic,
His arguments, convincing all the while;
He's gaining friends. Both sides of the Atlantic
Folks read his letters, for they like his style.
Sometimes he's grave, at others quite romantic;
His wit and humor often make us smile—
For instance, what he said of Castle Blarney
To fairies of the glen near lakes Killarney.

At Bennett's age to circumnavigate
Our ponderous globe is a vast undertaking.
He's not the man to flinch or hesitate
Though death shall stare him in the face; forsaking
Friends and home, he trusts himself to fate,
To expose humbug gods of human making.
When he shall travel this wide world around
May he return to us all safe and sound.

Of late I write but little for the press—
Some think, no doubt, my thoughts not worth perusing;
"Too radical," say others. I confess
And own up my incompetency, choosing
To say but little on that score, unless
My critics shall resort to much abusing,
In which case I'm compelled to put to shame
These would-be saints to vindicate my name.

I'd write for THE TRUTH SEEKER now and then,
Could I but pen thoughts of reflection.
Among its writers, I'm aware, are men
And women skilled in lore. 'Tis their inspection
I fear (I stand to them as one to ten).
'Cause small minds think, do they deserve rejection?
Perhaps I'd better wait till asked to write—
Not crowd unwelcome thoughts upon your sight.

HOMER A. BILLINGS.

EQUALITY, S. C., March 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hope that I will commit no offense in introducing myself to you. I hav been reading your very excellent paper for quite a short time, and am more pleased with it than anything I hav ever read, and being circumstanced as I am at this time, I would be very glad, if it will not be trespassing on the space of your very admirable and excellent paper, to write for it. The circumstances with which I am surrounded at this time are such as will inevitably ensue when a minister of the precious gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, of our most sacred orthodox church, the Baptist, comes out and plainly declares that he does not believe in the inspiration of the Bible nor in the great and most efficacious plan of redemption, nor in any such thing as the existence of Jesus Christ as the son of God and mediator of the world. You may very well imagin the extreme horror that filled the mind of these holy devotees of Christianity upon this announcement. Just think for one moment what a collapse of brotherly love, and how soon the strong fraternal tie could be severed! See them at once lay firm hold upon the erring and relentlessly throw overboard the one once loved and honored; but this is simply the nature of all Christians from the beginning. I feel that I hav been treated unjustly and mercilessly, simply because I was in the power of those that knew neither love nor mercy, arraigned upon a general charge of unchristian conduct, and without witness or specification of charges, excluded for unchristian conduct. Two months previous to this the church, in a pretentious manner, sent a committee of three to wait on me and see if certain rumors in regard to my Christian character were so, one of the rumors, intemperance, and the other rumor allowing the young gentlemen and ladies of my neighborhood to meet in my house and trip the fantastic toe to sweet music for a few hours. Great crimes! Destructiv ripples upon the moral current! Failing in their search in this particular field, they were gratified, upon my own confession, in being able to get something more startling, yea, indeed, more shocking—something that brought the fraternal tear to eyes that were unaccustomed to such visitors. Infidelity, O horrid thing! Straightway to their church they went and, without any specification or qualification, unceremoniously excluded me upon a charge of unchristian conduct.

I asked them previous to my exclusion if they would grant me the privilege, uninterrupted, of coming to the church and stating my reasons for doubting the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of redemption, which last refuge failed me. I wish to inform you that I am almost alone as a Freethinker here; consequently it is a great shock on the nerves of the people. My friend O. W. Casey and myself are almost alone, and I will certainly speak my sentiments freely and without fear of contradiction.

Yours in Infidel bonds, EX-REV. J. S. SIMMONS.

STANMORE, SYDNEY, N. S. WALES.

MR. EDITOR: When, on behalf of the Liberal Association of New South Wales, I appealed to you for a free copy of your excellent paper for a year I omitted, on your good compliance with my request, to send to you a letter of thanks, press of work being my only excuse. As the paper has ceased to arrive for about three months, I concluded, somewhat hastily, that this was in consequence of my omission. But I find from the arrival of a stray number last mail that therein I wronged you. I gather from the direction on the wrapper that the cause of non-receipt has been insufficient and incorrect address. If addressed as this letter is headed delivery will be insured.

The association is established on a sound basis, and already numbers two hundred and sixty members and has a capital reading-room, besides holding weekly debates and quarterly meetings for Liberal addresses from prominent Freethinkers. Sydney has now three Sunday Freethought platforms, the two largest theaters being weekly occupied, besides another hall. If you would care about it, I would make arrangements for you to receive periodical letters from this part of the world. With best wishes,

Sincerely yours, G. LACY, Sec.

[Any communication from Australia of interest to our readers and the cause will be thankfully received.—ED. T. S.]

CLIFTON, KAN., Feb. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $3 for the renewal of my subscription. Of the eight papers I take I consider it the best in the lot. I like it for its Liberal views and free discussion on all subjects pertaining to the enlightenment and elevation of mankind to a higher stand of truth and justice. The letters of Mr. Bennett are read with much interest. I find a goodly number of Liberals in the West of different grades scattered about sowing the seeds of progression which must necessarily take root, for mankind are beginning to think and reason for themselvs.

Yours truly, JOHN C. HANAN.

The Frost on the Pane.

BY BURTON C. INGERSOLL.

I.

Christmas eve! The cold is bitter,
Snow lies deep o'er lawn and lane,
And the frost gems flash and glitter
On the palace window pane:
Gleam and sparkle coldly, brightly,
In the firelight's rosy glow,
As its fitful waves so lightly
O'er the window ebb and flow.
Diamonds, pearls, and gold are gleaming,
Ruddy goblets glance and shine,
Lovely eyes are softly beaming
With the firelight and the wine;
But not bright eves, soft and tender,
Nor the cups the feasters drain,
Nor the jewels show more splendor
Than the frost upon the pane.
How the brain is set to thinking
Happy thoughts as pleased eyes gaze
At the dazzling frost-gems, winking
In the red glare of the blaze!
When the fire is brightly glowing
On the eve of Christmas day,
When the ruby wine is flowing,
And the heart is light and gay,
Nothing gives the fire more brightness
And the wine a redder stain;
Nothing gives the heart more lightness
Than the frost upon the pane.

II.

Christmas eve! The cold is bitter,
Snow lies deep in yard and lane,
And the frost-gems flash and glitter
On the hovel window pane;
Gleam and sparkle coldly, brightly,
In the moon's white, silver rays,
For no firelight, dancing lightly,
O'er the hovel window plays.
Two small hungry boys are lying
In their cot, with chilly feet;
O'er them bends their mother crying,
For there's nothing left to eat—
Naught to feed them in the morning,
And to-morrow's Christmas day!
Oh, that those bright gems adorning
The cold pane could only pay
For some bread and meat and fuel,
For some little Christmas toys;
Oh for but one sparkling jewel
For the stockings of her boys!
When the little ones are freezing
And the fire is cold and dead;
When for food their vainly teasing,
And the shelves are bare of bread;
When the mother's heart is breaking,
Hearing her poor babes complain,
Nothing such dread thoughts is waking
As the frost upon the pane.

Not Dead, but Living.

In memory of Campbell Wilson, who died at Paterson, N. J., March 9, 1882.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

I see thee in the silence of great death,
Calm as the eternal hills upon whose front
Shines the soft radiance of the pure white day;
I see the crystal beauty of thy soul
Unclouded in the marble of thy face;
The glowing ardor of thy life full set
In diamond stillness, with no flaw to dim;
And to my heart I say, He is not dead,
But living in the glory of his work,
In things accomplished that no fate can kill,
Linked with the endless process of the world;
For he has lived for truth with manly deed,
And grown to hights of virtue through long years,
Touched with the spirit of our common weal;
And so he passes, not like petal blown
Or like the floating mist on summer's sky,
But is immortal in the glorious life
That beats from age to age in deathless man.

Ah, memory's halls are beautiful for aye,
Crowded with treasures ever sweet and new,
Bright as the morning's freshness of heaped gold,
In earth and sky, in flower and sailing clouds—
In this fair memory he is blazoned now,
And cannot fall or fade to nothingness;
He is a part of the illustrious past
Which naught can change and naught annihilate.

With what a solemn glory over life
Death draws its mystic and unfathomed grace!
We know it not, nor ever hath the veil
From its unsounded deep been put aside;
No music from its endless ocean drops
In harsh or mellow accents on our way—
But 'gainst that awful silence life bursts bright
And wonderful, and seems more excellent,
More fruitful for the dark unknown wherein
Its wealth appears to perish, but, transformed,
Becomes a grander luster, purer stream.

Humanity dies not, and in its soul,
O noble friend, thou hast thy royal grave;
The labor thou hast done is ours, is man's,
The dear possession of the race to come;
Within our thoughts and zeal thou art alive;
Thou hast struck hands with generations far
In the ennobling purpose of thy work.
The stream dries not; invisible it flows,
And makes more swift the upward steps of men.
Thou art at rest; no storm can shake thy frame:
But the unresting motions of thy soul,
Like pulses of the summer air, still touch
The world to beauty and our hearts to hope.

The Bennett-Mair Discussion.

Never since the oral discussion between Rev. J. F. Berg, D.D., of Philadelphia, and Joseph Barker, of Ohio, in 1854, has it been my lot to come across such a masterly refutation of Bible Christianity as in the "Bennett-Mair Discussion." It was my good fortune to peruse it while in process of publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and having recently re-perused it in book form, I feel constrained to recommend it anew to all who read the same in the paper and to those who did not enjoy that privilege. It is a book that every Freethinker should own, as it contains much valuable matter for reference. Let me here make a suggestion. Cannot we Liberals afford to purchase our own literature for missionary purposes, and compel it to do its silent work? Cannot we scatter around upon our shelves and tables within our homes our "blasphemous papers and books," and thus reveal to our callers and guests not only out favorit authors, but also show them that we are not ashamed to hav it known that we harbor Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll, "The Bennett-Mair Discussion," *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, etc., etc., within our domicils. Men of business, who are progressiv, why not hav these works lying around in your offices and manufactories? Christians place their literature on their tables for their irreligious neighbors and friends to see and peruse, and never think to insult them thereby; and why should not we do the same? I hav known Spiritualists and Freethinkers to secrete their literature when Christians were to be their guests, so as not to hurt their feelings. Are they as careful of our feelings? Indeed not. They will attack us (sometimes, it is true, behind our backs) every opportunity. Will a Christian take his Bible off from the parlor table out of respect for me when I am about to call, knowing I do not believe it inspired? Of course not; do you suppose he is such a fool? but he will expect me to hide my "Bible Abridged," "The Godly Women," "The Bennett-Mair Discussion," and all my Freethought tracts and papers, though the first-named book contains not a word but what is found in his Bible, and the second treats truthfully of his alleged holy women, and the third includes the attempted annihilation of the Infidel Bennett by the very able Mr. Mair in refutation.

Some men will reply, Our wives are Christians, and would be shocked at our proposal to mingle our heretical literature with theirs, half and half. Very well, then do your missionary work in your offices, shops, in the field, by the roadside, in the hotel, or private house where you may be a temporary guest.

I may be answered, it would injure our business to hav it known we were Ingersollites! No, it would not; you are cowards if you say so. With all the slang against Ingersoll by the priests, he is more respected, even by believers, where he is known, than are they. He is popular—a rising young (?) man! But, you answer, you are not going to interpolate your business with Freethought ideas, as the canting priests and hypocrits are doing. Nobody wants you to; but if you hav good, sound sense, you will find opportunities "in season" when you can speak and introduce your book or paper, and hold your peace "out of season."

I half suspect that many professed Liberals are ashamed of their opinions, because of their unpopularity, and are silent through fear. Never mind, friends; remember that what is unpopular to-day will be popular to-morrow, and then we shall be on the winning side, or the won side, like the antislavery agitators.

But I hav wandered from my subject, "The Bennett-Mair Discussion," to which I wished merely to draw attention, as there is a standing notice of the book in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and any ane can there become acquainted with a synopsis of its contents without any detail of mine. Permit me, therefore, to close with a few extracts from Mr. Bennett's replies to Mr. Mair:

"In your efforts to show that matter and the universe are not eternal, but transitory, you ask exultingly for 'proofs' of its eternality. We hav the best proofs in the world—not an atom can be created, not an atom can be destroyed. . . When I ask you to giv me a little proof that your God has a real existence you utterly fail to comply with my request, but in relation to the eternal existence of matter you cry yourself hoarse shouting 'proofs, proofs, proofs!'

"You insist that Christianity alone has elevated woman to her proper position. This I pointedly deny. . . If Christianity is an elevating element to woman, it acts extremely slow. I hav shown that woman enjoyed more liberty, more equality, more rights in the pagan world than she enjoys to-day. Christianity has been the influence that has kept her from rising more rapidly in the scale of liberty and justice. . . . Instead of Christianity doing great things for woman, the truth is in directly the opposit direction—woman is doing great things for Christianity. But for woman the churches would not be attended, the religious fervor would not be kept up. . . . This is woman's great and only hope, to become free from the trammels of priests and priestly dogmas, from the musty myths of past dark ages, to free herself from the errors of ecclesiasticism and supernaturalism, to hav something besides priestly inanities and absurdities to engage her attention, and to occupy the field of mental, social, and political freedom in common with the sterner sex. . . . It is just as false to claim that Christianity has elevated woman as it is to claim that Christianity has invented the printing-press, the steam-engin, the telegraph. . . . All these hav increased within the last three centuries, not because of Christianity, but despite it." ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., March 14, 1882.

The Brain and the Bible.

[*From Truth.*]

"All forms of argument employed to defend the dogmas of the Bible must of necessity be within a circle. Hitherto, when closely pressed, theologians hav exhibited remarkable dexterity in shifting from one side of the circle to the other; and one of the chief reasons why the warfare between science and supernaturalism has continued so long is because Infidelity has seldom attacked both sides of the circle at once. Forced by the revelations of modern physics to withdraw her lines of defense beyond the material world, the church now seeks refuge in the supposed unfathomable mysteries of mind."

The above quotation is from the author's preface of "The Brain and the Bible," a notable book by Edgar C. Beall, recently published. It sufficiently indicates the author's purpose. He directs his attack upon revealed religion at the fortress into which of late years its defenders hav retired.

When it was discovered that the phenomena of day and night were caused by the revolution of the earth upon its axis, the discovery was denounced as blasphemy, and the discoverer as an Infidel. It reflected upon the divine origin of the Joshua story and the account of creation. But as the discovery gradually won its way to a recognized place in physical science, and formed the basis of new revelations, theologians explained away apparent inconsistencies by teaching that God wrote according to the understanding of the people to whom his word was delivered.

One discovery after another followed that of the rotundity and diurnal revolutions of the earth, each in turn passing through the same theological hopper, going in as Infidelity and coming out as a verification of those portions of the Bible which were inconsistent with it.

The discovery of great importance, however, next after that of Galileo's was the extreme age of the earth. Like all its predecessors, it went into the hopper as the basest Infidelity, and geologists who proclaimed it were put into the theological stocks as targets for the rotten eggs and decayed vegetables of defenders of the faith. But it came out with the stereotyped explanation, and the geological Infidels of one generation were saints of the next. That discovery upset biblical chronology, slaughtered the story of the creation as told in Genesis, and literally knocked the devil out of Eden. But the Hebrew narrativ was patched up by teaching that the days mentioned in Genesis were not days of twenty-four hours, but indefinit periods. And thus souls were saved in spite of geology.

Then came the scientific doctrin of evolution. It was put through the same process, and has only recently emerged a full-fledged theological as well as scientific truth. It is but a few years since the presence of a copy of Darwin in the library of a Christian household would hav horrified the pastor of the flock quite as much as a copy of the "Age of Reason." The idea that man is an improved monkey was apparently hostil to the story that God made man out of mortar and breathed into him the breath of life, and its inevitable tendency was to upset the whole scheme of redemption by destroying the dogma of the fall of man, which resulted from the mastication of forbidden fruit; but an ingenious theologian overcame the difficulty by conceding the scientific hypothesis as to man's material nature and explaining that it was only when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life—the soul—that he was invested with immortality.

Driven from point to point, theologians hav been compelled at last to abandon even their idiotic attempts to reconcile the fables of the Bible with the discoveries of science, and we now find them casting aside all the historical accounts and scientific allusions of the Bible as of human authorship, and taking refuge, as our author says, in "the unfathomable mysteries of mind." The day is rapidly approaching when the church will regard the story of the creation and the deluge, the Hebrew chronology, the accounts of the Jewish wars, the immaculate conception, and even the life of Jesus of Nazareth, as a mere frame of human construction bearing all the blemishes of the imperfect civilization in which it was put together, but into which the supreme being has placed the divine and perfect picture of the Christian religion. The frame may lose its luster, but the picture will change from age to age to meet the demands of an advancing civilization. Science may disprove the biblical account of creation, it may demonstrate that the deluge was not much of a shower, it may relegate the story of Joshua to the realm of the fabulous, and it may convince the world that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was no exception to the general rule; but confronted by the phenomena of the human mind it is silent.

Not so theology. Mind is a mystery, and mystery is the chosen field of theology. When the creation was a mystery, theology explained it; when the diversity of languages was a mystery, theology explained that; when man in his materiality was a mystery, theology explained that also. And upon its explanation of these mysteries theology built its spiritual superstructure But science has blown away the vapory shroud, and the explanations of theology hav disappeared—they were nothing but the fanciful forms of the vapor. The foundation of the Christian religion is gone, but the superstructure is still suspended in the air.

Theologians hav shifted to the other side of the circle. And the author of "The Bible and the Brain" pursues them. He calls science to his aid to explore the mystery of the human mind.

The book is a cogent, logical, and eloquent exposition of the fallacies of modern theology by a man whose preparation was evidently careful and profound. It contains a preface by Col. Ingersoll, and is so well done throughout that it might be supposed to be wholly from Ingersoll's pen. Its inevitable result will be, if nothing more, to enroll the name of Edgar C. Beall among those great Infidels who teach that "the mission of Infidelity is not to destroy anything that is good, but simply by the light of science to discover the one sublime temple of truth, in search of which, groping and guessing, bruised and bleeding, humanity has wandered through all the long unhappy night of the past."

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2. Miracles and supernatural achievements hav been as fully and truly ascribed to other teachers and founders of religion as to Jesus.

3. The story of Jesus and his mission in the world is unhistorical; it is not corroborated by contemporaneous history.

4. The teachings of Jesus are defectiv in morals, intelligence, and scientific information, and, so far as they are of value, his moral precepts and teachings were equaled by many sages and teachers who preceded him. The Bible itself was written by men illy informed in scientific knowledge, and does not harmonize with the facts and principles in nature known to be true.

5. The doctrins and claims of Christianity hav been a curse instead of a blessing to mankind in many respects. Instead of being a religion of love, it has been a religion of hate, contention, war, and bloodshed. It has fostered ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, and has retarded education and science in the world. It recognizes and supports the obnoxious systems of kingcraft and priestcraft, upholding slavery, despotism, and every form of oppression in its assertion that all power is of God. As a proof of this the leaders and bright stars of the Christian church hav been among the worst tyrants and oppressors of human liberty the world has known.

6. The Bible and Christianity hav oppressed woman and hav deprived her of the rights to which by nature she is justly entitled.

7. The Bible and Christianity are unprogressiv in their nature; they are founded upon the doctrin and authority of God himself, and are therefore incapable of progress and improvement.

8. The Bible and Christianity do not teach the higher class of truth and the best variety of religion which mankind are capable of receiving.

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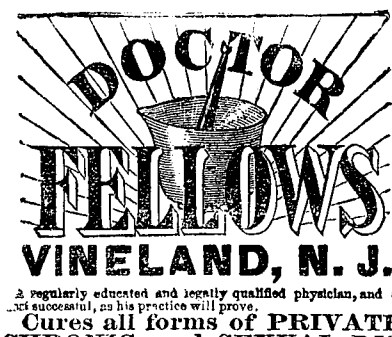
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WE must be frank and fearless in speaking the truths we love. Not officiously thrust them into notice at improper times and places, but be very ready to voice our sentiments, simply, kindly, and frankly, as occasion offers. Drop a thought here and a hint there. Stand up not for Jesus, but for truth; not for gods, but for men. Demand equal rights for all, for men, women, and children. But in our eagerness for *our* rights we must hav a care lest we infringe upon others' rights. In endeavoring to win the battle for freedom we must hav charity for the tyrant and the oppressor. Old theology has so long held her subjects in her grip that they do not realize their bonds, or the fact that they are acting the tyrant's part when trying to force their dogmas and fables upon those who hav outgrown them. So let us try and gain the day by kindly persuasion, by strong arguments, and pure and loving lives.—*Elmina Drake Slenker.*

WHO can pretend to say why the Spanish nation, so dominant at one time, has been distanced in the race? The awakening of the nations of Europe from the dark ages is a still more perplexing problem. At this period, as Mr. Galton has remarked, almost all the men of gentle nature, those given to meditation or culture of the mind, had no refuge except in the bosom of the church, which demanded celibacy, and this could hardly hav failed to hav a deteriorating influence on each successiv generation. During this same period the holy Inquisition selected, with extreme care, the freest and boldest men in order to burn and imprison them. In Spain alone some of the best men, those who doubted and questioned, and without doubting and questioning there can be no progress, were eliminated during three centuries at the rate of a thousand a year.—*Darwin's Descent of Man.*

AMONG the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected, and prayers said by machinery—by automatons in human form—it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature can and will produce. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it; but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.—*Mill's Liberty.*

DURING the reign of Christianity, no doubt, admirable institutions for the poor were founded, and monkish corporations were formed and devoted to deeds of love. To a great extent this was due to the same pure benevolence which had its source in the human soul wherever man is found, and which had prompted men to similar efforts, on a less extensiv scale, perhaps, in Egypt, India, Judea, Greece, and pagan Rome. The credit of founding lunatic asylums, so often claimed for Christianity, belongs to the Mohammedans of the seventh century. No lunatic asylum existed in Christendom until the fifteenth century, and then only in places in close proximity to to the Mohammedans.—*Underwood.*

SLAVERY is that which cramps powers. The worst slavery is that which cramps the noblest powers. Worse, therefore, than he who manacles the hands and feet, is he who puts fetter on the mind and pretends to demand that men shall think and believe and feel thus and thus because others so believed, and thought, and felt before.—*Fred. W. Robertson.*

FAR be it from us to intimate that belief in a God is not consistent with the highest moral purity and goodness. We wish simply to indicate that morality depends not for its sanction or its practice upon a belief in the supernatural. It is founded on human relations; its object is the happiness of man, not the glory of God. We would, therefore, hav as much time, energy, and wealth expended in trying to make men good as are now lavished in the worship of God.—*Underwood's Modern Scientific Materialism.*

IN the reign of folly, which has hitherto prevailed so deplorably, mind and muscle hav scorned each other, to the injury of both. On one side labor has been held in contempt as dishonorable, and on the other deplored as a curse. But it is both an honor and a blessing, whether by mind or muscle, or both together. There is no other honor and no other blessedness, and no other possible ground of self-respect. The most exalted and honorable of all individuals is he who exerts all such qualities as he has to make all wisely-directed labor as honorable and effectiv as possible. There is not a man in existence who can afford to despise or cheat the humblest hod-carrier—if he carries the hod faithfully and does not spill the mortar. There is not a woman, though she be a goddess Minerva, who can afford to harbor a thought of contempt for the sister woman who washes her china without breaking it.—*Elizur Wright.*

WHAT a man shall see when he opens his eyes is not in his own power; but the opening of his eyes is a voluntary act. So, after listening to a train of argument on a certain dispute, we might be irresistibly inclined to one side; but, supposing us to liv in a country where the adhesion to that side is criminal and punished severely, we should very likely be deterred from hearing or reading anything in its favor. To this extent the adoption of belief is voluntary. The application of strong motivs of the nature of reward or punishment is sufficient to cause one creed to prevail rather than another, as we see in those countries and in those ages when there has been no toleration of dissent rom the established religion. The mass of the eople hav been in this way so fenced in from now ing any other opinions that they hav become onscientiously attached to the creed of their educa on.—*Chamber's Encyclopedia, Article Belief.*

BUT thou when thou doest alms, let not thy left nd know what thy right hand doeth.—*Jesus.*

Odds and Ends.

DID the Virgin Mary "giv up the Ghost" when she accepted Joseph?

IT must hav been a cold day when the man said the mercury was so high that his teeth ached.

HINT to ostentatious charity dispensers: If you wish to do good, do it for goodness's sake, and not make such a fuss about it in the newspapers.

A LAKE in South Florida is said to hav enough alligators in it to build a fence around it four feet high. They will not be used for that purpose.

BILL NYE'S book is to be called "The Forty Liars." A man who can play upon forty liars should, in heaven, be able to make his harps accord.

IT is an extreme case of personal sacrifice for the good of science where a young man is compelled to part with his watch in order to practically demonstrate the real value of time.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

A WOULD-BE prophet declared that "he was sent to redeem the world and all things." Whereupon one of his audience sent up his little bill with the remark, "Perhaps you will kindly redeem that."

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S new house will hav a door-step twenty-five feet long, eight inches thick, and fifteen feet wide. The idea was to giv a tramp standing room while waiting for cold victuals.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG appears to hav postponed her marriage with that Philadelphia chap just for the sake of giving another series of farewell entertainments. This time they are to end about May 25th. Positivly her last appearance—until further notice.

WHO is this man with the mournful Countenance? He is an Editor, my Children! He writes the alleged Funny Paragraphs? Why do we call them Alleged funny Paragraphs? Because the Editor says they are funny, but has never been able to prove it. This is why the Editor looks so Sad.

A RECENT homily on married happiness says "married folks would be happier if they kissed and made up after every quarrel." The writer has no basis for his argument. Married folks do not quarrel. It is lovers only who quarrel. Married folks fight. If you don't believe it, get married.

"WHY do they call the man who gets married the groom, pa?" asked little Alexander. "Because he curries favor with his mother-in-law," said Philip, "and saddles his debts on his wife's father, puts a check on his cousin's visits, whips the children, and drives while the rest of the family pulls."

"DESIGNING women." Yes, they are all designing creatures. They either hav designs on your heart or on your pocket-book. Thank heaven, the best and truest, and of course the purest, hav designs only on your affections; but that as naturally opens the pocket-book as an organ-grinder sallies forth in early spring.

THE widow Flapjack, who livs on Austin avenue, recently lost her wedding ring. She was inconsolable for a while, and went about wringing her hands and saying: "There, now, I wouldn't hav lost that wedding ring for anything. I'll hav to go and get married again, for I'm bound to hav a wedding ring. I can't get along without it."

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?"
"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returned the jest,
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

"MRS. BONESET, did you see anything of my hat this morning?" "Your hat! Now, what a thing that is to ask me about. What would you think of me if I'd come to you with an intimation that I could not keep track of my own hat?" "Your hat, Mrs. Boneset! Mountains and mastodons! If you could ever lose sight of that seven-acre enormity I'd say you was as blind as a hunk of putty—that's what I'd say!"

PLAINFIELD, N. J., was a highly religious town, where even the pies were pious and the what-you-call-ems sang Watts's hymns in the swamps as gentle spring thrust its yellow reeds up through the veil-like beautiful snow. But now at last it has fallen. Some of its too-two-or-three pilgrims hav done wrong, and even one of its most religious stallions has nearly killed a man. It must be a very queer town when even the horses kick.

"YOUNG subscriber" wants to know "what is an organ?" It is the opposition paper, my son, the vile and truckling sheet through whose venomous maw. fetid with vice and festering with the loathsome corruption in which it daily wallows, the other party, blistered with the plague spot of political leprosy, sewers the noisome filth of its pestilential ideas. Gur-r-r! That's what an organ is, my boy. Our own paper is a fearless and out spoken champion for the truth. You may hav noticed that.—*Hawkeye.*

THE Denver *Tribune* wails like this over four dollars:

Over the monstrous, swashing sea,
Over the Balderdash sea—
The jayhawk wings his fluttering flight—
The pelican greets the morning light—
Antonio—where is he?

Over the gruesome, gruntling sea,
Over the Brobdingnag sea,
Antonio came in the dead of night—
Came in like a jabberwock in his flight—
And borrowed four dollars of me.

Over the muddling, haggling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
With four fair dollars come in if you can—
I'm strapped—I'm broke—Antonio—Man—
Brother—come back to me!

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The *Home Journal*, Boston, says: "We earnestly commend it to all. Its influence can be only beneficial. The author has a thorough mastery of his subject.

Demorest's *Family Fashion Magazine* says: "It contains enough sensible hints to set up a family."

The *Alpha*, edited by Dr. Winslow, says: "We like the book thoroughly." And adds: "Send for it, fathers and mothers, for your own good and for the sake of your children, who are to fill your places when you are called up higher."

The Buffalo *Express* says: "Whoever buys this book will find it a paying investment."

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THE TRUTHSEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

TOBACCO killed a boy of fifteen at Blair, Neb. He not only chewed great quantities of the weed, but swallowed the juice.

A UTICA clergyman had occasion to refer in a sermon to the prophet Jonah, and the report says that he delicately spoke of him as having "passed three days and three nights in the whale's—ahem—society."

THAT the Grangers are still alive in the West is shown by their ownership of ninety public halls in Michigan, ranging in cost from $200 to $3,000. These are used for the meetings of the granges and rented out for other purposes.

A DUBLIN comic paper says that the government is about to prohibit "the meeting of the waters" at Avoca, and that the growing of potatoes is to be interdicted because the government objects to "drilling" for "Irish champions."

THE United Brethren church at Williamsburg, Ind., was set afire, and it is charged that the incendiary was a zealous convert of the Baptist church in the same place. There had been opposition revival meetings, with a great deal of bitter rivalry.

IT is singular that the Lord, who is supposed to be omnipotent, allows as many churches as theaters to be burned. The latest case where he failed to interfere, although his own property was in flames, was in the burning of the church of the Incarnation.

AT the instance of Count Mastal, nephew of Pius IX., the correctional tribunal at Montpelier in France has condemned M. Leon Taxil, author of a novel describing the alleged amours of the pope, in 60,000 francs damages, and the publication of the judgment in sixty papers.

THE Sprinfigeld *Republican* felicitates Charles E. Walker, of Somerset, Mass., who was dismissed from the ministry on account of a divorce-suit scandal, upon the fact that he has risen from the position of a sea cook to that of captain of the schooner M. M. Merriam.

A FEW days ago three Socialists were turned out of Berlin by the police, and a crowd of persons were present at the railway station to bid them farewell. Considerable feeling was demonstrated for the unfortunate exiles, and on the departure of the train a hearty cry of "Long liv social democracy" was raised by the bystanders, several of whom were immediately arrested by the police.

THAT was a pleasant way in which a newly-settled Methodist minister disarmed the criticism of the people in the congregation to which he had been sent. Instead of getting angry about it, or complaining that they had hurt his feelings, he remarked from the pulpit: "I hear that you say I am not much of a preacher; well, I know it; and I know that if I could preach first-rate I wouldn't hav been sent here to preach to such a lot of ignoramuses as you." The church folks were struck with a new sense of the fitness of things as regulated by the admirable machinery of Methodism for adapting means to ends.

FOOL Talmage has made a discovery. A discovery compared with which all other evideuces of Christianity are as nothing. Nothing less than two testimonies to the complete list of the New Testament writings in the first century. Ingersoll may now hide his diminished head, and the ministers, who hav recently seceded from the churches to Infidelity, hurriedly make back tracks to orthodoxy. Fool Talmage's two wituesses are Jerome and Eusebius. He assures the Christian world that "Jerome and Eusebius in the first century, and Origen in the second century, and other writers in the third and fourth centuries, gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our list." Unfortunately, Jerome was not born until A.D. 346, nor Eusebius till A.D. 270, and the latter rejected the book of Revelation. Origen did not write until the beginning of the third century, and he doubted the second epistle of Peter, and says of the epistle to the Hebrews, "God only knows who wrote it."—*London Freethinker.*

THE *Jewish Record*, although it speaks gratefully of Miss Sarah Burr's bequests to Jewish charities, thinks she made a mistake in leaving $10,000 to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. It remarks: "The money will be devoted to helping some impecunious hypocrit to liv in idleness while angling for some needy or unprincipled Jew to simulate conversion in order to liv without labor."

IN the Oxford *Undergraduates' Journal* appears a poem upon a student named Morris Jones, who was drowned the other day, the tone of which may be estimated by the following verse:

Say, was he ready, this Morris Jones?
Was he man whom men call "Pi?"
Was he a man who his Savior owns,
Who teaches us cowards the way to die?
What were his last moments, then,
"Muse on it, think of of it," 'Varsity men.

MR. FAWCETT, the postmaster-general of England, said in the House of Commons the other day that the female telegraphers and clerks employed by the post-office had given general satisfaction. So much was that the case that the employment of women had been gradually and steadily extended. Any claims they had to promotion would be carefully considered, and he could readily giv an assurance that he would lose no opportunity of extending the employment of women whenever it could be done with advantage to the public service.

BISHOP O'REILLY of the Roman Catholic diocese of Springfield, Mass., has been preaching strongly against mixed marriages of Protestants and Roman Catholics. He says that a Roman Catholic woman who marries a Protestant endangers her own soul and that of her offspring, as the husband will not be likely to allow the children to be educated as Roman Catholics, whatever he may promis. Neither should a Roman Catholic marry a Protestant woman, because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the children inherit the characteristics of the mother.

IN a recent scientific paper Sir John Lubbock say: "Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven hav ever been used as effectiv symbols of number, and the improvements in our methods of observation hav added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the lumiuous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their great distance, smaller size, or feebler light; indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light or comparativly little. Thus in the case of Procyon, the existence of the invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star." The foregoing statement in regard to the number of the stars, like each fresh utterance of science, only serves to increase our admiration for the impudence of the person who can say without blushing that he believes they were all created within a week by the one-horse God of the Jews.

THE results of the first counting of the returns of the census of France taken on the 18th of December show that the population has only increased by 389,670 since 1870, the present population amounting to 35,597,000 souls. There is a strong tendency throughout the country to immigrate into the towns and industrial quarters, a symptom which experience has not shown to be favorable to an increase of population. The population of the Department of the Seine, which ranks first on the list, has increased by 337,000 inhabitants. It contains now a population of 2,747,000. The Department of the Nord, with Lilie as its capital, has augmented its population by 74,000; that of the Rhone, containing Lyons, by 28,400; that of Bouches du Rhone, with Marseilles, by 28,300; Aude by 20,900; Pas de Calais by 19,300; Seine et Oise by 18,400, etc. The population of agricultural departments has diminished. All the Norman departments, especially, except Seine Infericure, with Havre and Rouen as its chief towns, show a decrease.

SOME little time ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has so identified herself with the cause of anti-vivisection, called on a distinguished man of science in London to endeavor by persuasiv speech and *viva voce* arguments to gain him over to her cause. Three points were observable in Miss Cobbe's outward presentment, namely, she had an ostrich feather in her bonnet, a bird of paradise on or near her muff, and she carried an ivory-handled umbrella. Consequently the distinguished man of science replied as follows: "Madam, charity begins at home; when you hav given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are plucked from the living bird, causing the most exquisit pain, and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and luster, are skinned alive—when you hav abjured the use of ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge, and for the benefit of my fellow-creatures; you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment."

THE *Sunday-school World* is sorely distressed because of the criticisms made on the publications in its "Quarterly" of three of the fishes of the Sea of Galilee labeled in Latin, *Chromis Nilotica, Clarias Maeracanthus*, and *Labeoberbus Canis*. The *World* contends that the likening of these fishes to the porgy, the catfish, and the sucker would be an interesting exercise to any boy who is fond of fishing. But it maintains a golden silence on the pedantry which gave these names in Latin without also putting them in English, and which printed "after Tristram" without any explanation to the uneducated teacher or scholar as to who Tristram might be, and why these finny inhabitants of the Galilee waters were "after" him. One of the religious papers, commenting on the criticism of the fish, remarked that "on the average, just half a Sunday-school scholar to each Sunday-school was brought into the church in 1881." That paper intimates that the small harvest is the result of such pedantic teaching. The *World* severely combats this arithmetic, and says that in one hundred New Jersey schools there hav been two hundred hopeful conversions, while in a single Nebraska school forty new converts are reported. No proofs are cited to show that these new converts did or did not study the Latin names of the Galilee fishes.

GREAT consternation has been caused in Constantinople by a report that the mosque of St. Sophia is in danger of collapsing; for there is a tradition among the Turks that the fall of this basilica will herald the dismemberment of the empire. The mosque was restored at great expense by the Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1849, under the superintendence of the Italian architect, Fossati. But the work does not appear to hav been very well executed, for the grand dome, which is 120 feet in diameter, and 250 feet high, is so insecure that, according to the report of the architect who has been called in by the minister of public works, it may fall in at any moment. In other respects the interior of the mosque is in a fairly good state of preservation. Among the many relics preserved in the mosque of St. Sophia is the carpet upon which Mohammed was wont to pray, and close to the place where this carpet is suspended stands the pulpit from which the Khatib reads the Koran every Friday, holding in his hand a drawn sword as symbolic of St. Sophia having been conquered from the Infidel. Another of the relics preserved in St. Sophia is the cradle of our savior, which, according to tradition, was brought from Bethlehem, together with a sort of basin in which his mother washed him. The walls of the mosque are covered with green slabs, on which verses from the Koran are engraved in letters of gold.

News of the Week.

A MINISTER has been fined $30 for baptizing a convert in Norway.

A FIRE doing damage to the extent of $500,000 took place in Richmond, Va., on Sunday last.

LONGFELLOW, the poet, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on the 24th. He was 75 years old.

CADET WHITTAKER, the colored student, has been discharged from the military academy at West Point.

ELEVEN men were killed by an explosion in the Vulcan Company's Powder works in San Francisco on the 27th.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, is not expected to recover from a surgical operation just performed for cancer on the tongue.

ISAAC TURNER, sentenced to be hanged at Lexington, Ky., was reprieved twenty minutes before the execution was to hav taken place.

PETITIONS signed by great numbers are being forwarded to President Arthur in behalf of Sergeant Mason, who fired a shot at Guiteau.

IT is proposed to supply New York and the adjoining cities with water from Lake George. The estimated cost of the project is $50,000,000.

THE libel suit in which Pastor Hinman is suing Bishop Hare for $25,000 is progressing finely. It seems to be a case of pot versus kettle.

A TUGBOAT lying at a wharf in Philadelphia, one day last week, exploded her boiler, killing five men, and demolishing buildings in the vicinity.

THE floods on the Mississippi hav not yet wholly subsided, and many plantations are still submerged. Fifty thousand persons are destitute in Mississippi.

ANNA DICKINSON, the well-known lecturess, has been playing "Hamlet" in this city. Her acting and her appearance in male attire are severely criticised by the press.

THE coronation of the Russian czar has been fixed for August next. The Russian police are looking for a Nihilistic mine which they are informed is waiting for the czar.

P. T. BARNUM lectured in Masonic Temple, this city, last Sunday evening on temperance. He said teetotalism had prolonged his life twenty-four years. He is now 72.

AN investigation of the New York state prisons is being made, and if half the testimony taken is true, the keepers ought to be locked up, and the convicts set over them.

ACCORDING to the Chicago *Tribune*, the funeral of Garfield was succeeded by an orgy among the government clerks and officials, the cost of which was added to the bill for funeral expenses.

FIGHTS are continually breaking out in Ireland between Irishmen and the troops stationed among them to preserve order, generally with fatal results. A priest has been arrested for using seditious language.

A FIRE destroyed the inside of the church of the Incarnation, this city, on the 24th. The damage amounts to about $60,000. The rest of the building was saved by the efforts of the firemen, who worked as assiduously as though the church had paid its taxes and had a right to protection.

DANIEL J. HALSTED, a prominent citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., died last August. For years he had been a convert to Spiritualism, and often held communion with the other world through the mediumship (so says the New York *Sun*) of John W. Truesdell, broker. Lately the ghost of Mr. Halsted has been appearing to his former acquaintances. The physicians of Syracuse say that the persons who hav seen Mr. Halsted alive since his death are the victims of abnormally activ imaginations.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

The Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE TOWN OF JAFFA.

1. In less than two hours after leaving Ramleh and riding over the plain that lies between it and the sea, and while the sun was yet half an hour above the horizon, the confines of Jaffa were reached; and the hundreds of luxuriant gardens, and the thousands of orange-trees laden to the utmost with large, golden, and luscious fruit, were a most agreeable contrast to the rocks, the gravel, the chalk, and the aridity which for weeks the pilgrims had been compelled to look upon.

2. The luxuriant date palm-trees, with also the banana-trees growing in the Jaffa gardens, give the place a tropical appearance, and make one feel that he has reached the land where winter is unknown, and where the luxuriance of the torrid zone flourishes in positive magnificence. Such large oranges grow in but few places in the world. Many are fifteen inches in circumference and weigh over a pound. They are oval in shape and uniform in size; and as one rides along by these luxuriant gardens and groves and looks upon the thousands of bushels of golden fruit so lavishly presented before him, he feels that he has left a land of sterility and poverty, and reached a place of fruitfulness, richness, and plenty.

3. For miles around the scene is one of luxuriance and loveliness; lemons and pomegranates too are cultivated; they are inclosed with hardy hedges of prickly pear, or cactus, through which neither men nor animals will hardly try to penetrate. There are fully three hundred of the orange groves, averaging from three to twelve acres, and each grove is supplied with a well or two wells for the purpose of irrigation. The orange crop of Jaffa is said to amount to $400,000 per year. The fruit is shipped to Egypt, to Southern Europe, and in various directions. Eight million oranges is the yearly yield.

4. Jaffa presents a fine appearance from the sea, as it also does from the plain. It is built upon a large mound-shaped eminence; and its stone houses show off well at a distance, but when seen close by, its beauty vanishes, and its narrow, dirty, and winding streets are far from being attractive. It has a population of some 16,000, which are largely Moslems, with a thousand Christians and a few Jews. The stores are numerous, but not fine nor largely supplied with merchandise. The inhabitants have the swarthy, dirty appearance of all the natives of this part of the world.

5. What is called the German colony is situated in the northeast part of the town, which is by far the pleasantest part, for here are comfortable residences and many beautiful gardens, full of rare exotic flowers and plants most agreeable to view. Here one sees many new kinds of vegetable growths, and many peculiar to tropical climates. Here is located the Jerusalem Hotel at which the pilgrims make their home until the arrival of the steamer which is to convey them to the land of Egypt. The hotel is kept by Mr. Hardegg, a German, who knows well how to keep a hotel.

6. In the year 1866 a colony was founded here by religious and fanatical Americans, principally from the state of Maine, who followed the prophet Adams, and believed they could do God great service by coming to Palestine to spread here again the same gospel which in the first place emanated from this country. Their scheme was impractical and unsuccessful. Their money was not abundant enough to enable them to get comfortably located in this oriental world; some got sick, some died, and nearly all were compelled to endure a great amount of suffering. Greatly did the most of them long to return to America, but they had not the money to return with. When the Quaker City touched at Jaffa a few years ago she took forty of these miserable, heartbroken fanatics to Egypt, from which place the greater portion of them were enabled to reach America through the kindness of a noble-hearted American, who gave his check for fifteen hundred dollars to pay their passage.

7. This prophet Adams was not one of the number who returned, but he and a few others remained at Jaffa. He was once an actor, and then a Mormon, and was just the kind of material of which prophets are made. But he proved an unfortunate and unprofitable prophet to many of those who listened to his fanatical and delusive representations. Never did people more heartily regret ill-advised and mistaken steps.

8. One of the first persons who died after the colony reached Jaffa was a Mr. Clark, from Rochester, N. H., but his two sons became grown, and are now, and have been for some years, in the employ of Thomas Cook & Son, especially the elder one, Herbert C. He is a good and pleasant dragoman for Syria, and he it is who has been the captain of this band of pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh. The mother is still living; she has come to like Syria, and does not wish to return to America. It is probable the family will remain in the oriental world. A Mr. Ward, another of the same colony, is also in the employ of Thomas Cook & Son, as assistant manager for Syria and Palestine.

9. Jaffa, as remarked, is the Joppa of scripture. Some claim that it was named after Japheth, the third son of Noah. Others derive it from Yafet, meaning beautiful. Others, again, say its derivation is from Iopa, daughter of Æolus, one of the gods of the wind, and that Jaffa is the reputed scene of the legend of Andromeda. In Pliny's time the chains were still shown by which she was bound to the rocks by the cruel monster afterward slain by Perseus.

10. Joppa figures not a little in Bible history. It is mentioned in Joshua as in the boundaries of Dan. In the time it is claimed that Solomon built his temple, when he had to look to Lebanon for the timber for the same, Joppa was the place where the timber was to be sent in rafts, from which port it was conveyed to Jerusalem. Hiram's contract is said to have read in this way: We will cut wood out of Lebanon as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa, . . . and will cause them to be discharged there (1 Kings, v, 9).

11. It is also claimed that the material for the rebuilding of the temple by Zerubbabel was conveyed from Lebanon to the same place. The Land of Yahweh never had a seaport of its own, and Joppa had to be utilized for the purpose, though, having no harbor, it is but an indifferent one.

12. It was here, according to the foolish story of Jonah, that the prophet fled to, to get out from the presence of Yahweh, showing that it was thought that Yahweh existed nowhere else save in the land he had chosen. It was at Joppa that Jonah took a ship for Tarshish, when he found that he had not fully escaped the presence of Yahweh; for he was followed up in a most marked manner by a fearful storm arising; whereupon, by the means of casting lots, or drawing long straws, it was found out for a positive certainty that it was on Jonah's account that the storm was sent, and he was unceremoniously thrown overboard, a great fish taking him in out of the wet.

13. One familiar with the localites where whales do congregate may wonder how it was that here in the Mediterranean whales should abound that could be on hand just at the nick of time, and be able to take a prophet in at a single swallow. Now, a journey of many thousands of miles from the Mediterranean has to be made to find a single whale. But such should remember that Yahweh prepared the fish, and that he could have prepared him on dry land just as well as anywhere. When once Yahweh wants a big fish for a special purpose, that fish is forthcoming without any postponement on account of the weather. Getting up a monster fish is but a small job for such a god.

14. At the time Jonah took that little sea-voyage the Suez canal had not been dug, and there was no way for Jonah to get to Nineveh by water, unless by going around the continent of Africa; so it is presumed that after being vomited up on dry land, he had to retrace his steps, and make an overland journey across the desert.

15. Joppa was under foreign rule at the time of the Maccabean wars, a Jewish minority being tyrannized over by the Greeks, Syrians, and Egyptians, who were continually reinforced by their fleets. Simon Maccabeus, in his time, took steps to improve and defend the place. A large number of Jews were drowned by the foreigners ruling in the place, and in revenge Judas Maccabeus attacked the town and burnt the shipping, with all on board.

16. The New Testament has considerable to say about Joppa. Here it is claimed that Peter raised Dorcas from the dead, and here he had that remarkable vision showing him that the distinction between Jew and gentile was forever abolished. In the time of the apostles many Jews dwelt in Joppa. The remaining population was a mixed multitude of Egyptians, Phœnicians, Syrians, and Greeks, with a few officials of the Roman government. Among the Jews were a few disciples of Jesus. When Dorcas died, full of good works and alms deeds, her companions sent for Peter, when, as the claim is, he restored her to life. He lodged at the house of Simon the tanner.

17. Jaffa was until recently surrounded by a high wall, but it was taken down and the material used in the construction of houses. Several merchants bought portions of the wall and converted the same into buildings. There are three mosques in the place, but they are said to possess no attractions. There are two Christian schools, one founded by an English lady, and the other is conducted under American auspices. The native children learn readily.

18. Col. Wilson, the American consul at Jerusalem, came to Jaffa the same day the pilgrims did, and put up at the same hotel. He rode Al Borak (by the bye a stallion), the same horse which the Scribe rode through the Land of Yahweh, and thus the scribe had an opportunity of bidding his four-footed friend good-bye. He, however, preferred that the colonel should ride him the forty miles to himself. The five pilgrims tarried over night at Ramleh, and rode into Jaffa on the following morning.

CHAPTER XLII.

MELCHISEDEC'S LAST VISIT.

1. The closing visit of the Venerable Friend was of the same character as the preceding ones; the same placidity, tranquillity, and quietness governed his movements and pervaded the room. The same genial smile which on every occasion had lit up his countenance illuminated it on this his last visit. His words were these:

2. My young Truth Seeker, it is with some regret that I come to-night to close our interviews, which have grown to be a pleasure to me. Thou hast listened so attentively and so patiently to the remarks I have had to make that thou hast won upon my kindest regards; and thou hast entered so readily into the spirit of my views that I may say I have learned to entertain a love for thee.

3. I perceive in thee a desire to learn what is true and what is false, and I give thee credit of being willing to embrace the truth, however unpopular, and however opposite it may be to the views entertained by the majority of thy countrymen and the Christian world at large. I honor thee for this, and can only bid thee proceed in the same course, to ever hold truth in the highest esteem, and to ever be its steadfast defender.

4. Another thing I have noticed in thee which has secured my approbation, and that is a willingness to write the whole truth about this Land of Yahweh. Many men hav performed pilgrimages here. Many have come to see how the country bears out the glowing opinions which they had formed, and what they could say to defend popular errors and preconceived prejudices.

5. There is not one in fifty of these men who have thus come to this country that has given a truthful statement; but it has been their effort to write in glowing colors, to clothe the country in dazzling hues which it has not, and to make the scores of thousands who never come here believe that this country is wrapped in a halo of glory, which it has never possessed.

6. I speak but the truth when I affirm that there is not upon the face of the entire earth another bit of country of the same size as this of which so many falsehoods have been told. I speak from knowledge upon this subject, and I am forced to assert that a continued series of the most arrant falsehoods have been spoken and written about this strip of miserable country from the earliest period down to the present time.

7. These falsehoods began nearly four thousand years ago, or, more properly, concerning that period, for the accounts were not written till a thousand years later. Much that refers to the ancient Israelites, much that passes for Jewish history, is a tissue of lies All claims of miracles and supernatural events are nothing but the grossest falsehoods, which men are fools for believing.

8. A great portion of what is called the New Dispensation, referring to Jesus and the system of religion built upon his name, and upon the miracles which he and his disciples are said to have performed is also false. A few threads of the warp are truth, but all the woof or filling is nothing but falsehoods; and it must be said that those who accept such unproved and impossible narratives and events would be equally justified in believing the stories of the Arabian Nights and the inventions of Baron Munchausen.

9. The class of men of later times, including those who have come to this country to write it up, and to spread a film of misrepresentation over it all, have been governed by the same spirit of untruth. They have kept back the unpleasant facts of the country and have put on an unreal glow, a fictitious gloss, which is as misleading as falsehood itself. But few have had the honesty and the bravery to speak the whole truth about this land in the past and present.

10. I am glad to see in thee a desire to utter what thou conceivest to be the truth, whether the same agrees with popular prejudices or not, and that thou art willing to dig up the falsehoods that have been covered over for centuries and accepted as divine truths. I commend thee for this. It is not in the range of possibility for falsehood to be converted into truth, whether it lies dormant for thousands of years or whether repeated scores of times every day.

11. It has for a long time caused me pain to know that so much falsehood has been uttered about this diminutive country, and that its miserably false system of theology has been borrowed and adopted by many intelligent peoples who ought to know better. Let it be thy labor during the remainder of thy career upon the earth to expose these falsehoods and uphold the truth, however unpopular. While there is nothing baser than to propagate falsehoods, there is nothing nobler than to utter the truth. Then, besides speaking the truth, hesitate not to speak it when thou hast found it, and be just as willing to unmask falsehood and error.

12. Thou hast now been over the greater part of

the Land of Yahweh; thou hast come from the northern confines almost to the southern border, though not fully to Beersheba, which part, however, is no better than the portions bordering upon it, which thou hast seen. From the east to the west, a width of forty miles, thou art fully apprised of the narrow limits of the land as well as its poor and sterile quality.

13. Thou hast seen that the greater portion of the land which is capable of cultivation is now being cultivated, if not as thoroughly as it might be, still the natives are doing with it about all they are capable of; but with all they can do they manage barely to raise breadstuffs enough for the two hundred thousand people who now inhabit it.

14. Thou canst then judge whether these hills and mountains were ever productive valleys, whether they were ever luxuriant wheat fields, and whether this narrow, despicable land was ever capable of sustaining six millions of people, and, in the reign of two of its kings, of raising such a revenue as no other nation in the world has raised within the same length of time.

15. But as far from the truth as many of the statements are relative to the people who once occupied this land, the greatest absurdities of all pertains to the system of religion which the people venerated. They regarded it as a direct revelation from heaven, when it was simply the borrowed forms and ceremonies much earlier in use among other nations. There was little or nothing new in Judaism; little or nothing that was not borrowed from older and neighboring nations.

16. The Jews were by no means the first nation that had a god of its own, who took an interest only in the nation who worshiped him. They were not the first nation to sacrifice animals to their god for his gratification and pleasure. This rite was performed by many nations before the Jews had an existence, and they had altars, prayers, and modes of worship.

17. The Jews were not the first to have a hereditary priesthood, who pretended to be guided by heaven, and to receive from the invisible world instructions relative to the conduct of life and the various affairs pertaining to this world. This was common with all the nations of antiquity.

18. The Jews were not the first to make use of the rite of circumcision; this was employed by the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the Colchians, and the Syrians before the time of Abraham.

19. The Jews had prophets who held communion with the gods; the ceremony of anointing kings and priests was common with them, and they had tabornacles and a temple, but not until long after the Egyptians and other nations had the same.

20. Their priests had robes and various paraphernalia for the performance of their religious ceremonies; they had feast days and fasts; they used incense and fragrant oils in their religious ceremonies; they laid yearly the sins of the people upon the head of a scapegoat, which bore them off to the wilderness; they had sacred writings or scriptures; and so had the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and other nations, and at a much earlier date.

21. They had their divine law, including Ten Commandments, but other nations also had these ten commandments, and all as good in every particular.

22. They maintained the monotheistic idea, and so did the Persians in the time of Zoroaster; and the monotheistic idea was also the basis of the theology of other nations.

23. They pretended to have miracles and the performance of supernaturalisms, and so had other nations the same. There is scarcely one of the old systems of religion, save that of Confucius, that had not its pretended miracles and supernatural performances.

24. They had their tales about the creation of the world, a first pair—a man and woman—the parents of all the inhabitants of the globe; a flood, etc., but so had other nations, at a much earlier date and practically the same, not omitting the serpent and garden story.

25. So in going over the entire list of the rites, ceremonies, and dogmas of Judaism, it is found that there is not one among them which was not earlier believed in, taught, and practiced by other nations. If these were crude, pagan, and false with those other nations, they were also crude and false with the Israelites. No belief or practice is any more true or divine for having been held by the Jews, and it was the same with that outgrowth of Judaism—Christianity—as I showed in one of my early visits.

26. In all ages of the world religions and religious dogmas, the same as the gods, have been of human manufacture. In view of this great truth it is not strange that they have been as defective and imperfect as has been the case. The gods and religions that have been thus gotten up have been very crude and gross, but they were as creditable, perhaps, as ought to be expected for the age of the world in which they were devised.

27. It therefore does not follow that the more intelligent people of the world should continue to be satisfied with the crude and false notions which served the ignorant and superstitious people of the past. The world should have true and improved systems of religion quite as much as true systems of education, improved machinery, new and useful inventions.

28. It is equally as unwise to sit down and be content with the religious notions of three thousand years ago as it would be to continue to wear the same style of garments, shoes, and hats, to have only the literature of four thousand years ago, the implements and machinery of that age of the world, and to discard the printing-press, the steam-engine, steamboats, railroads, modern carriages, the telegraph, and the hundreds of valuable improvements and inventions which have been discovered within the past three centuries.

29. The people of four thousand years ago, or of two thousand years ago, were just as competent to establish what fashions, what implements, what inventions, and what arts we of this day should be permitted to use as they were to decide what religions we should have, what dogmas we should accept, and what pious tales we should believe. As men improve in intelligence, as they advance in scientific attainments, as they grow into and understand the laws of the universe, they will become more and more competent to formulate their own religious systems and creeds.

30. It is a cheering omen that the gods of antiquity are dying off, that the religious systems connected with them are giving way, that the mists and fogs of superstition and error are being dispelled by the sun of truth, and the stirring winds of inquiry and reason; and this must gradually continue until mankind become fully emancipated from all allegiance to the dark past, and become the intelligent disciples of the truth and science of the present.

31. The gods of ancient India once ruled with a heavy hand in a large portion of the Asiatic world, but they have lost their power. The gods and religion of Persia once swayed great power in their world, but their rule has long since become nought. The gods of Chaldea and Assyria, with their religions, long since took the sleep of death. The gods of Egypt and their intricate systems of religious belief long ago passed to their long repose. The gods and religions of Greece no longer have an existence; those of Rome have followed in the same direction. The gods and religions of Scandinavia and Germany have become the corpses of the past, and can never be resurrected.

32. Many of them had an existence of hundreds of years, and some of them even thousands, but at length the time of dissolution came; they have passed into utter and hopeless decay, and the countries where they flourished, or at least a portion of them, have not yet recovered from the crash which ensued.

33. The same class of phenomena has taken place here in this land where thou hast been sojourning within the past few weeks; the god of the Israelites, so far as this land and its people are concerned, is as dead as Brahma, Ormuzd, Osiris, Baal, Jupiter, Odin, and all the others of the gods which are now standing simply as milestones by the roadsides of nations to mark the progress of the past.

34. And this country to-day is but a bald and glaring monument of the weakness and nihility of the god which was once believed to be in full power here, and of the crude and senseless religion he enjoined. Greece is no more a ruin to day of the rule of Jupiter than Palestine is of the rule of Yahweh and the belief in him. Had not Yahweh been taken up by other nations which had not the originality to get up as good gods of their own, he would to-day, except with the Jews, be as dead as any god ever worshiped.

35. True, modern nations of Europe, having lost faith in the gods of the past, lacking the talent or the disposition to get up gods and improved systems of religion of their own, and in the confusion and national wreck which widely prevailed nearly two thousand years ago, being more engaged in war and bloodshed than in formulating sensible systems of religious belief and duty, found it convenient to adopt to some extent the God of the Jews, together with the religion of his son, an offshoot of the same.

36. This has hardly proved a fortunate thing for the world, for the adoption of that system of belief was followed by a thousand years of darkness and mental night long previously unknown in the more intellectual portion of the world; a worse state of superstition, darkness, and error prevailed than was known before or since; and a worse tyranny of oppression, persecution, and life-taking for religious opinion ensued than the earth was ever before cursed with.

37. It is true that there has been within the past two or three centuries some improvement in Christendom, both in the character of its God and in its practice with regard to controlling the views of the people. This god is now professed not to be a god of war, of bloodshed, of sacrifice, and hate, but he is claimed to be a god of mercy, goodness, and love, and his worshipers, instead of putting people to death for not entertaining the prescribed religious dogmas, have learned to become a little more tolerant, to incorporate more of humanity in their creed, and to conduct themselves somewhat as befits civilized human beings.

38. This evolution of the God and his religion has not grown out of the inherent qualities of his character, or of his religion; but it has been wholly due to the improved civilization of the nations who have adopted him. As peoples improve so do their gods also improve. But the record of Yahweh cannot be wiped out; his cruelty, his bloodshed, and his revenge cannot be obliterated. With all the reformation he is capable of, he will still remain the same unreasonable, irascible, revengeful, narrow, and impossible God that he has been from the first. He must be discarded before mankind can advance to the high position in the scale of civilization and perfection which they ought to occupy.

39. It is the same with his new and modified system of religion—Christianity. As it has nothing new or true; as it is made up of the shreds and old patches of paganism; as it is replete with falsehoods and miracles and supernaturalisms; as it has made deadly enemies of members of the human family, causing them to throw each other into prisons, to take each other's lives, and to deluge the earth with blood; as it is made up of errors and lies, it must also go by the board. It has been thoroughly tried, and has proved a failure; its bloody rule has proved a curse; it has blinded and fettered the human race; it has been a costly experiment in the world, and must step aside, like the errors of the same character which have preceded it, and must give place to the religion of humanity, of truth, of science, and of reason.

40. The prospect for the coming time is not without promise and cheer. It is only a matter of time when truth must prevail over error, when the superstitions of the past must give way before the light of the sun of truth. The wheels of progress often move slowly, and sometimes they have even turned backward; but in the eternal nature of things they must turn steadily on in the right direction; the race must progress; truth must come uppermost, and ever must justice be done.

41. It is cheering to note the signs of encouragement that are visible in the world's mental horizon; men are now giving more thought to the causes and elements of human progress than ever before; myths and falsehoods are being less revered than in former times; the students of science are becoming more and more numerous, and the masses of the people are embracing and accepting the truths which it teaches. Error is steadily giving way, the myths and fables are falling back, and the world is growing wiser and better.

42. It is the duty of those who have found truth to give their fellow-men the benefit of it. Those who have become freed from the shackles and fetters of error should gladly help to free those around them. Truth and happiness are not impaired by circulation and diffusion. It pleases me to think thou art aiming to pursue this course—to share with thy fellow-beings the excellence and benefits of the truths thou hast found.

43. Go on in this way; help the truth to be spread among your fellow-beings; be faithful and courageous in the performance of this duty, and a coveted memory will remain behind thee when thou hast passed away. Those who are now unborn will bless thee, and the welfare and happiness of thy fellow-creatures will be correspondingly increased.

44. Now, my young friend, I have completed the slight task I imposed upon myself. I have hurriedly touched upon several topics which might be greatly enlarged upon, and at the same time I have left many points unnoticed. What I have said must stand for what is worth. If it should be of even very slight use to any of thy readers, I shall not regret the hours I have spent with thee.

45. I thank thee for thy patience in listening to me, and for thy faithfulness in committing the same to writing. I shall continue to entertain for thee a high respect, and wish thee pleasure on thy journey round the world, several years of good health, much tranquillity of mind, and a peaceful closing of thy earthly career. I leave my peace with thee, and hope to sometime have other interviews with thee after thy return home. Good-night. I will now depart.

46. The Scribe felt duly grateful for the notice he had received, and just before the Visitor passed out spoke these words: Venerable friend, I beg thee to accept my sincere thanks for the visits thou hast paid me nightly whilst journeying through the Land of Yahweh. I prize the truths which thou hast uttered, and the peaceful, tranquil spirit which clothes thee as a garment. I will be glad for any future visits it may please thee to pay me, and I trust thou wilt always find me faithful in the discharge of my duty in doing what I can to promulgate truth and expose error. Venerable Friend, good-night. And then he was gone.

47. The Scribe has but few words to add to the foregoing. It is the farthest from his wish to mis-

lead his readers, or to deceive them in the matter of communications from the Venerable Visitor. While he makes no claim to inspiration, nor to holding communion with departed spirits, he is aware that the line of distinction between what is thought to be inspiration, and the action of the human mind, is very dim and uncertain.

48. He is morally certain that many have fancied themselves inspired, and under the guidance of disembodied spirits, when it was only their own minds that were at work, and their own thoughts being evolved. In view of all this, and fearing that he may claim too much, and thereby mislead his readers, and lest some of his own thoughts may have been woven into this recital, he wishes to now withdraw all claims that he was inspired to write what he has written, and moreover to admit that Melchisedec probably did really and positively visit him. Amen.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NINETEENTH DAY—LOOKING ABOUT JAFFA.

1. Not much remained for the pilgrims to do while waiting for the steamer, but to see what few sights are in Jaffa. The gardens and orange groves were visited, and the beautiful exotic plants and flowers were admired by the pilgrims.

2. They also visited the dirty town, and patiently endured the hundreds of cries for backsheesh from ragged and equally dirty natives, and the small stores were hastily inspected, without much temptation to make purchases being encountered.

3. The house of Simon the tanner, where Peter performed the astounding miracle of raising Sister Dorcas from the dead, was taken in, or rather the house where it is pretended the wonderful feat was performed; though as the whole town was razed to the ground, and as all who for a long time subsequently dwelt there had to abide in tents, it is a little difficult to see how the house could be identified and located, unless by the help of Saint Helena.

4. The house is a modern stone structure, probably erected within the last fifty years; like other houses, it has a flat roof, from which, the house being but a short distance from the sea, a very fine view of it is obtained. It may be that Peter raised a dead woman to life in this building, or where it stands, but the Scribe does not believe it.

5. The pilgrims inspected the schools, one of them having some sixty native girls as scholars, and the other about two-thirds that number. The scholars seem fond of singing, both in English and Arabic, and acquitted themselves finely. Contributions are requested from the generous-hearted, both in England and America, to keep the schools in a flourishing condition.

6. Five miles north of Jaffa, or thereabouts, are several water-mills for grinding wheat, etc. These belong to the government, and are rented out at good prices to enterprising men who run them. They are pretty largely patronized, people coming to them for forty miles around.

7. Somewhat nearer is a German settlement, aside from the colony forming a part of the town, which is said to be flourishing reasonably well in agricultural pursuits.

8. This closes the Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Vahweh. May the next country visited be more interesting, and not bring to mind so many untruthful narratives and so many impossible supernaturalisms. Adieu to Yahweh for the present.

The Epistle of Bennett the Aposte to the Truth Seekers.

CHAPTER I.

INJUNCTIONS DIVERSE AND SUNDRY.

1. Bennett, an apostle of truth and common sense, by the grace of numerous friends now on a journey around the world, sends greeting to all the faithful disciples who remain at home in the broad land of Unclesam.

2. The things which be near to my heart speak I unto you, partly to remind you of the anxieties I feel for you and the desires I have to be remembered by you. Therefore speak I freely unto you.

3. Comfort and sustain Mary and contribute the needful supplies to keep the lamp of truth brightly burning, to the end that light may be spread abroad in the land.

4. Encourage Eugene, and hold up his hands, that he and you may prevail over the legions of darkness and error.

5. Hearken to Elizur and Thaddeus, to Theron and George, to Robert and Samuel, to Horace and Josiah, to Stephen and Titus, to Moses and William, and to all who speak words of truth and enlightenment.

6. Listen to Elmina and Lucy, to Amelia and Olive, to Amy and Fannie, to Ella and Susan, to Grace and Mattie, and to all those good sisters who by their words of cheer and counsel make the way plain and clear before you.

7. Greet each other often in the bonds of fraternal love and in unity of purpose, keeping always in view the greatest good that can be accomplished for such portions of the family of man as come in contact with you.

8. Be not cast down though adversities sometimes come upon you, and though the enemies of truth and mental liberty may seek to cast opprobrium upon you and represent you as not respectable before men.

9. Be not discouraged, even, though some within your own ranks should prove false and seek, by designing arts, to weaken your efforts and to present you in an unfavorable light before your enemies.

10. It is in the nature of things that some should be treacherous and false, and that while they claim for themselves great purity and respectability they should seek to stab you in the dark. Think not strange if sometimes these things occur.

11. Fear not misrepresentation and defamation. Be not dismayed though some should seek to asperse you and call you uncultured and impure and denounce you as the off-scouring of the earth, even the rag tag and bob tails of society. Such epithets will harm you little, and more those who use them. Verily they shall have their reward.

12. Be strong in your own integrity and resolve to do right at all times, though to do so causes you to be unpopular in the eyes of men.

13. Let your actions be governed by the best of motives, and accomplish the most good in your power in the position you find yourselves placed.

14. Remember that you are called to be the salt of the earth, to be governed by the highest principles of morality and right, and that you should let your light shine before all men.

15. Be circumspect in your actions, be watchful over your conduct, and at all times be resolved to accomplish the greatest good in your power toward your fellow-beings, and in keeping with your abilities, your rights, and your station in life.

16. If through the weakness of human nature you should sometimes deviate from the straight path of rectitude and propriety, play not the false part to deny your mistake, but frankly admit that you were weak for the moment; but resolve that the fault shall not be repeated.

17. Remember that falsehood always aggravates a fault and makes it more heinous in the eyes of all good people. One who always speaks the truth is deserving of great honor.

18. Always bear in mind that you have but yourselves and each other to depend upon, and that you cannot expect aid from supernatural sources, and that you have no friend above the clouds who will come to your aid when you fail to help yourselves.

19. Be assured it is far wiser to exercise to the fullest extent the powers and abilities which you possess, and to use the means within your reach, than to call upon imaginary beings and to look for help to those whom you know nothing of.

20. Be not faint-hearted in what you undertake to do, and fear not the lions you may find in your way. Courage and determination can accomplish much, while timidity and irresolution must always prove failures.

21. Let justice and right be the standard by which you govern your actions, and never forget that the grandest thing a man can perform is to do what is right under all circumstances.

22. The greatest virtue which men and women can attain to is to do their full duty to their fellow-beings, and to do naught that will cause pain or sorrow to visit a fellow mortal. That is the highest duty we are called to fulfill.

23. While we do nothing to injure another, it is the highest and holiest incentive to increase the happiness of those around us, to make sunshine and joy take the place of gloom and sorrow, and to make sadness and trouble give way to cheerfulness and peace.

24. We are not all called to perform great deeds and to accomplish proud achievements, but none of us are so humble but what we can do acts of kindness to those around us, and contribute, though in a small way, to the happiness of others.

25. It is not our duty, however, to make ourselves miserable that the happiness of others may be increased, nor to take the food from our own mouths to feed those who make no exertions for themselves; but as a rule we will find that the more we contribute to the happiness of others the more we will add to our own.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE TO HUMANITY RECOMMENDED.

1. Every one's duty is first to provide for himself and for his own household, but this being faithfully performed a love for humanity is the next highest and holiest sentiment he can feel. Humanity is our highest object of reverence.

2. We can do good or do harm to our fellow-beings, but we can do neither good nor harm to infinite gods, whether they dwell in the ethereal blue, a thousand miles from the earth, or make their residence in the most far away star.

3. If there are any such beings as gods, they are unknown to us, they are far from us, they are beyond our reach, they have no need for our services, and it is wholly beyond our power to do them either good or harm. They may be likened to the sun, which is neither helped on by our praise nor retarded by our frowns.

4. But our fellow-men are always with us; among them we always find those who are good and noble and true, worthy of our highest esteem, and among them, too, we always can find those who are needy of the little we may have to spare and the little we can do to assist them.

5. We can always find those who are weighed down with trouble and sorrow whom a kind word will cheer, whom a kind action will make happier, and whom sympathy and tenderness will gladden and soothe.

6. The love of humanity is, then, the highest love we can cherish, and to do good deeds to our fellow-beings is the most commendable work we can perform. We have no knowledge of the gods, and can have none, but we have much knowledge of man and should strive daily to increase it.

7. Those who act with a great lack of wisdom who bestow all their adoration, praise, and love to an unknown, imaginary being above the clouds, while they can see no good in their brothers and sisters, and see fit to do little to smooth their pathway through life.

8. There could be no grander conception of a happy world than for every individual in it to be anxious to add a little to the happiness of every other individual with whom he comes in contact.

9. There is nothing impossible, nothing superhuman, nothing very difficult, devolving upon any individual to perform, but the duties of life are easy, every day to be occupied in some useful employment to benefit his condition and to add a little to the aggregate of human good deeds.

10. If our motives are of the right character, if we make it our element to be doing good, to add a little to the sum of human happiness, to help a little in removing want and in lessening misery, it is always easy, always a pleasure, to do so.

11. It is grand to show kindness even to the brute creation, to the animals which are serviceable to us, and minister to our needs and our comforts; and then how much grander to be kind to human beings whose needs are greater and whose sorrows are often more acute.

12. Man has already made great progress since he began to rise from the low estate in which he first found himself, but the progress is but slight in proportion to what he is capable of. He has done well, but he is capable of doing still much more.

13. Man may be regarded as an epitome of all that is below him in the scale of animal life; and he is endowed with passions and selfish qualities which, if yielded to, not only interfere with the happiness of others, but also with his own.

14. It is man's prerogative to draw from existence all the happiness that is possible, but this is not done by yielding to the voice of passion, or by following the tastes which end in excesses that militate against his physical and mental health, and must result in pain and unhappiness.

15. More happiness is secured by maintaining a proper control of the passions, the appetites, and selfish desires than in allowing them to be the controlling motive, and in yielding to their dangerous influences.

16. Immoderate selfishness is man's great fault. It makes him unjust to his fellow-man; it causes him to see his own advantage, his own profit, and his own pleasure, even to the detriment and injury of his fellow-beings.

17. To overcome this selfish propensity, to not be always eager to secure his own pleasure and profit, to not be willing to injure the interests of others that his own may be promoted, is the grandest work to which man can devote himself.

18. Our tastes, our incentivs, our desires and objects are all susceptible of modification and improvement. We can make of ourselves almost anything we please. Self-control and a constant watch over ourselves will accomplish it.

19. It is for better for a man to be able to control himself than to be desirous to compel others to submit to his will. He that governeth himself wisely is greater than he who commands an army, or controlleth a city.

20. Could man's motives always be of an exalted character, always governed by noble impulses, and actuated by the desire to serve others rather than himself, he would arise greatly in the scale of useful existence.

21. Every individual ought to feel a desire to improve himself and his own usefulness, and to improve the world, if only a little, to leave it some better than he found it, some wiser and some happier for his having lived in it.

22. This is all within our power if we will but act up to the best knowledge we hav. We can do as well as the angels are supposed to do if we only make the necessary effort, and curb every incentive to do that calculated to injure ourselves, or our fellow-beings.

23. It is not difficult to spend one hour in the day in pursuit of that which we know is high and worthy, which will improve our status in life; and what we can do for one hour we can do for the entire day; what we can do for a day, we can do for a month, for a year, and for a lifetime.

24. Life is made up of breaths, of inhalations and exhalations, and while taking a breath any person

can perform his duty, and not fall short in it; and what he could do while taking one breath he can do while taking a thousand.

25. Perfection, however, is not to be expected from human beings. Slight mistakes are almost inevitable, but with a settled purpose to pursue the right course and to do wrong to none, one's life may be passed in doing much good, and very little harm.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD CONDUCT ALWAYS PREFERABLE.

1. You should not forget that you are called to sustain a higher morality that the believers in gods and devils, whose actions are governed by fear of suffering, and the anger of the gods and devils.

2. You should lead good lives because it is right, and because it is your pleasure to do so, rather than from the fear of any angry or malicious being. He who abstains from wrong doing from fear of punishment or of being cast into hell deserves little more credit than he whose life is spent in evil doing.

3. It is a brave and good man who pursues the right course, and who performs his duty faithfully because of the superiority of good actions over evil actions, and he is cowardly and contemptible who only does the right that he may escape punishment. Do good because it is right, and shun evil because it is wrong.

4. The population of the world is made up of a heterogeneous mass of humanity, and with the thousands of years that have rolled away since man has dwelt on the earth the race is yet far from what it should be; there is not that spirit of love and kindness between man and man that should be sacredly cherished.

5. This is because the spirit of love has not been cultivated and fostered as much as it should be; the more animal part of man's nature has governed him; his aim has been to rule over his fellow-men, to subdue them to his wishes, and to appropriate to his own use the fruits of their labors.

6. This spirit has brought chieftainship and kingcraft and priestcraft into existence, and has introduced servitude aud slavery of the most onerous character. The masses have been the servants of the few; one man has governed his thousands.

7. But men have now become more intelligent, they have received more knowledge, and it is time for all the oppression to end. The conviction is gaining ground that even the most humble have their rights as really as the great and strong.

8. The condition of the world is changed by each individual changing a little. If each person living would place a single stone on a pyramid or monument a vast pile would be raised.

9. So if every person will add but a little to the monument of good deeds, a great accession will be made—a pyramid of immense size.

10. And in the same way, if each will make a little change in the direction of reform and improvement, the aggregate of the gain will be great indeed.

11. If each person adds but one good deed to the monument of excellence, its magnitude will be greatly augmented.

12. Knowledge, the right disposition, and effort are the necessary agencies to lead to this result. Without knowledge, without the right disposition and the proper effort, little progress can be made.

13. This effort and this proper disposition should be widespread, and not confined to a few. If every one will do a little it will be easy for all, and great good will be accomplished. If all pull in one direction a great body can be moved along.

14. Every one who shows a disposition to help in any good work encourages every other person who is disposed in the same direction; it also has its effect upon the indifferent, and brings them to have a similar disposition.

15. Good deeds are as contagious as the bad, and a good example from a wise man will help many to also perform good works. The more we see of kind and humane actions in others the more we wish to excel in the same ourselves.

16. If men could realize at all times the great influence which example exerts upon those younger, and with less powers of mind, there would be more circumspect and guarded, and would wield a much greater influence for good.

17. Love begets love, kindness begets kindness, sympathy begets sympathy, and good deeds, even though small and simple in their character, draw forth good deeds from all who witness them and are brought under their influence.

18. It is the same with deeds of an opposite nature; their influence spreads far and wide; anger begets anger, contention breeds contention, selfishness begets selfishness, and hatred begets hatred. A bad example is as prolific of wrong as a good example is of the right

19. This is just as simple as the addition of the smallest numbers in making a sum which a child can comprehend, but it is just as true as the most elaborate problem in Euclid. Every example, every action, exerts its influence, either good or bad, according to its nature.

20. A child whose parents are always mild, gentle, patient, reasonable, and forbearing will grow up with an amiable disposition, and with a decided tendency to good conduct and a good life, unless its organization is an unfortunate one, and then that influence is far more beneficial than its opposite.

21. It would be well could parents always realize the great responsibility that rests upon them in molding and forming the habits and characters of their children. Children are much what their parents make them.

22. It is the same with the older children of a family with regard to the younger. The power of example is so strong that the little tender minds are bent and inclined by the examples and influences which surround them.

23. All persons who have come to the age of maturity should remember that a responsibility of much weight rests upon them. Their example before the young should be such as to incline them to good actions and not to wrong.

24. Good parents insure good children; discretion on the part of the mature in life conduces to discretion on the part of the young; while the more imprudence and impropriety seen by the young the more they will be attracted to the wrong.

25. Far, far better and happier would the world be if a bad example was never set before the young, and if needless pain was never inflicted. The nearer this is attained to the more of a paradise will be established here upon earth, the more of heaven we will find.

CHAPTER IV.

SCIENCE THE SAFEST TEACHER.

1. The greatest gain we can make is knowledge. This will help us to cause the world to grow better more than all other agencies we can employ—the knowledge of the true, the knowledge of the false, the knowledge of the right, and the knowledge of the wrong.

2. First of all knowledge to be acquired is of nature's laws; these are the foundation of all knowledge, the principles which govern all existences, all movements, all conditions.

3. Nature is the highest power that exists, it is the sum total of all existences, the highest, the lowest, the all. It cannot be too well understood, it cannot be too closely studied; and knowledge of its laws cannot be too thoroughly learned.

4. Every facility which is afforded to aid in the acquirement of a knowledge of nature, of the laws of the universe, is a blessing to the world and a great promoter of human good.

5. Science is the handmaid to knowledge; science has done more to impart true knowledge to mankind than all other agencies combined. Demonstrated science may be regarded as the only true source of knowledge—it is knowledge.

6. What is called revelation is a snare, a delusion, a falsehood. It is pretended to be information given from the gods, but it really comes from no farther than the channel which conveys it.

7. Those who pretend to bring intelligence from the gods know no more about them than the most ignorant person to whom the announcement is made. Those who claim to speak for the gods simply speak their own thoughts. What they wish to make men believe they pretend is said by the gods.

8. Simple men have believed these statements, and in this way the grossest errors have been spread and the deepest darkness has existed among mankind.

9. The very claim that the gods speak unto men, or send messages to them through the offices of a mediating party, is based upon deception and falsehood. The more men listen to such falsehoods the worse it is for them.

10. These messages are often conflicting, often absurd, often injurious, often darkening, and always false; because the gods do not speak; they are as dumb as the rocks, they are as speechless as the grave.

11. With nature it is not so; her language is always clear, her representations are always true; she never pretends to what is false, she never misleads. To know her is to know the truth, and to study her is to be wise.

12. School teachers are needed to give lessons to the uninformed regarding nature and her laws—men who have made a thorough study of her phenomena and her principles and who correctly place her above all priestly claims and pretensions.

13. These men are called scientists, for science is the sum of all demonstrated knowledge, which is acquired by close observation, accurate tests, and continued study and application.

14. These are the true friends of mankind; these show men what is truth; they point out falsehoods and errors; they prove that everything that takes place is natural; that nothing ever was or ever can be supernatural.

15. Supernaturalism is an utter absurdity; it is an impossibility, it is wholly an assumption, it is an imposition, it is a tyranny, it is an enemy, it is a constant and perpetual lie. Nothing has done so much harm in the world as an acceptance of the supernatural.

16. No true scientist, no real student of nature, no man who understands her thoroughly, and is unblinded by priestcraft, no man who is able to perceive the truth can believe in supernaturalism.

17. Supernaturalism is the doctrine of gods and devils, of purgatory and hells, of wretchedness and lies; but nature is at the same time the fountain of life, the cause of existence, the source of all truth.

18. Let us then regard the men of science, teachers of nature, the expounders of her laws, the demonstrators of her forces, those who show us the danger in violating her exactions, as our best friends. Let us learn their lessons; let us study their works; let us studiously seek all the information they have to impart.

19. As the men of science are those who study nature the most closely; as they have learned most of the laws of the universe, as they have acquired the greatest measure of truth; let us choose them for our priests and our prophets, and let us discard all who teach falsehoods and lies.

20. Yes, let us regard the men who pretend to talk for the gods and those who profess to expound and explain what the gods have said, who tell us that supernaturalism is true, and should be the guide to mankind, as enemies of the human race, the sources of darkness, and the disseminators of the grossest impositions.

21. They have been leading men astray four thousands of years; they have set up their own inventions in place of reality; they represent the universe as a thing made a little while ago from nothing; they teach that the gods made it in a few days, and for pastime. Oh, what falsehoods they teach!

22. They cry nature down and speak slightly of her, as though she was something to be despised and hated; they set their gods above her as being wiser, truer, better; but at the same time they claim that their gods cannot be understood and comprehended only as they themselves go between and vouchsafe to make known the same.

23. Truly this class of men are enemies to the world because they teach falsehood instead of truth, darkness instead of light, supernaturalism instead of naturalism.

24. Thus we see standing before us the teachers of nature's truths, and the teachers of the falsehoods of gods and devils. It will not require long for us to be able to choose between them. When once understood one class cannot be mistaken for the other.

25. Then let us be wise and embrace the truth. Let us take the students of nature by the hand. Let us commit to heart the lessons they teach. Let us learn all we can of nature; and let us forever discard her enemy supernaturalism, with all the false teachers who promulgate it.

CHAPTER V.

GODS AND RELIGIONS OF THE PAST.

1. Friends of truth, while making this journey on which you sent me, I have had ample opportunity to look over the countries where the gods and superstitions held sway thousands of years.

2. I have comprehended the effects these gods and superstitions have had upon the countries where they existed, upon the people who hugged those delusions, as well as their general effect upon the world.

3. In Greece the gods once flourished in regal splendor; society was based upon the belief in them; the theory and supernaturalism connected with them were woven into their literature, their poetry, and their art.

4. They were a great and grand people, but they had only a limited knowledge of nature and her laws; they foolishly looked to the gods for aid; they expected supernatural assistance, and they failed.

5. They and their works passed away. Their superstition was superseded by another of a still worse variety—more dark and forbidding—called Christianity, and all her greatness passed away and a wreck, a shadow, was all that remained.

6. The same is true of ancient gods and religions of Troy, of Ephesus, and of Cyprus, and the same of Phœnicia, the same of Egypt, not yet visited, the same of Chaldea, Assyria, and Persia, the same is true to a large extent of India, Thibet, and Burmah.

7. The same is true, sadly true, of Palestine, where for a time its god and religion flourished, which were thought to be destined to fill the earth; but now the country is desolate; no country is more utterly and hopelessly in ruins.

8. The gods and religions of no country promised more, no country was more surfeited with extravagant predictions, but none have been more thoroughly falsified, and in no country has the fall of both the gods and of the people been more thorough and overwhelming.

9. In no country and of no country have greater misrepresentations been made, in none have high hopes been more thoroughly disappointed, and in none have more arrant falsehoods been told. In the matter of falsehoods, past and present, Palestine beats the world.

10. A fragment of the religion of the latter country, but founded upon its errors and containing much of its untruth, has been imported and adopted by

other nations; and being comparatively fresh and new, it still exhibits considerable life;

11. But as whatever is based upon error cannot endure, so this paganism engrafted upon Jewish stock is bound to follow in the wake of its predecessors, to go into ruins and be counted among the relics of the past.

12 All these gods and religions have been based upon the great untruth of supernaturalism; all have been composed largely of the same gross falsehoods, and all have been inimical to the best interests of the human race.

13. All have fallen short of affording to man the truths he needed, all produced darkness instead of light: all proved an incubus instead of an aid; all augmented the evils of ignorance instead of increas ing knowledge.

14. When these gods and religions were in their glory it was firmly thought to be a great merit to belive in them; faith in them was counted a virtue; and to be considered a moral man was to blindly accept all the claims with regard to these gods and religions.

15. A greater fallacy, however, could hardly be devised. There is at no time merit in believing unfounded assertions; there is no excellence in being deceived; there is no virtue or morality in believing a falsehood.

16. These remarks apply with much force to the current system of religion. Its promulgators make loud claims that there is great merit in the simple matter of believing the tales upon which their religion is established.

17. By general consent it is thought that no system of morality is equal to that which comes from believing the Christian system of religion; and to doubt its claim is held to be the worst of immorality, the worst of sins.

18. There is no greater absurdity than this. Belief is not a matter of choice, not a matter of will, but with people of good intelligence it is a matter dependent upon evidence. It is not a person of sound mind who believes without evidence.

19. It is a stupid man that refuses to believe the evidence of his senses; it is an unreasonable man who, in forming his belief will throw good evidence aside; and that man is equally stupid and unreasonable who will found a fixed belief on no evidence at all.

20. Of course a man will accept the evidence of persons with whom he is acquainted, and whom he knows to be men of veracity; when they make a statement that is probable, that is not impossible, but from this it does not follow that he should believe persons wholly unknown to him when they proclaim utter impossibilities.

21. It may be no sin for a man to lack good sense; it may be no crime for him to be simple and overcredulous; it may not necessarily make him a bad man to believe every wild and unfounded tale he may hear, but certainly there is no virtue in becoming a fool, nor in swallowing every falsehood that may be uttered.

22. It would be a species of wrong for a reasonable man to demand that a person should believe anything wholly unnatural without proof. A reasonable God would be no more exacting. But this is what the advocates of Christianity are constantly doing—they demand belief without the slightest proof.

23. A child may reasonably believe the statements of its parents without proof, until by own knowledge and experience it is able to judge for itself; but it would be wrong for grown men and women to be required to always remain children and to believe without proof. It is the prerogative of mature minds to found their belief upon evidence.

24. When told that twice two makes four, that two halves are equal to a whole, that a part is less than the whole, we are compelled to believe it, because it is sustained by evidence and our own experience, and we could not doubt it if we tried.

25. But to believe without evidence, to accept without investigation, to admit apparent impossibilities without a vestige of proof, is not a virtue; it is not conducive to morality. Strange and unnatural things should not be believed until unmistakable evidence is forthcoming.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE, FAITH, AND THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH—PAUL IMPROVED.

1. It does not follow, then, because we cannot believe that of which there is no evidence, that we are immoral. A credulous person may be very defective in morals, while an incredulous person may have the best moral character. Morality is to be measured by actions, not by opinions.

2. All other conditions being equal, those whose belief is founded upon evidence should be the most moral. They understand that good and bad conduct inevitably produce their effects, and they govern their actions accordingly.

3. They obtain not their salvation, their justification, nor their happiness upon the merits of others; but having only their own good works to depend upon, it stands them in hand to practice the best morals, to entertain the purest sentiments, and to be governed by the best motives.

4. They are entitled to the use of the best maxims that have been spoken and written in the ages of the past, including the sayings of that other apostle who wrote so many epistles, and to whom several are accredited which he did not write.

5. Let us, then, make use of some of his injunctions, with such modifications and improvements as may suggest themselves; to be followed, perhaps, by a few of a more ancient date by several centuries.

6. I make mention of you in my prayers, and remember you in the spirit of kindness and gratitude, and I wish to share with you in all that my eyes find to behold, and my mind finds to contemplate.

7. If I am a trifle free with my advice, and bring various hints to your remembrance, it is not because I think myself any better than you, or that I am any better judge of what constitutes the purest morals.

8. On the other hand, I am sensible of my own imperfections, the little weaknesses of my own nature, and that, like the greater portion of the human family, I have not yet quite attained to perfection, nor do I expect to for a year or two.

9. I long to see you—not that I may impart to you great spiritual gifts, nor to introduce you to the Holy Ghost, but to assure you of the regard I feel for you, to encourage you in maintaining the true belief in the face of all opposition.

10. I would be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me. I rejoice that your faith is understood and duly spoken of by many of the best and brightest minds in the world, and I pray the same may abide.

11. Now I would not have you ignorant, brethren and sisters, that oftentimes I purpose to come unto you, that I may have some fruit among you, even as among other heathen, and that we may cheer each other in the performance of the good work which is before us.

12. For as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel of truth to you and to all who are willing to hear, whether in Rome or anywhere else. I would that all men be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

13. For I wish to assure you that I am not ashamed of the gospel of truth, for it is the power of reason unto salvation from all the errors and superstition that abound in the world and have abounded for many centuries.

14. Glory, honor, and peace to every man and woman that worketh good, for there is no respecters of persons among those who are truly wise and upright; every person who doeth good shall surely receive his just reward in the fruit it yields.

15. As important as it is that man should possess the right faith, knew ye that no man is justified by faith alone; only so far as faith leads to good works is it a justification to him who embraces it. When faith and works are compared, works stand far ahead. It even may be said it matters little what a man believes, so his actions are right.

16. It is wrong to say that faith is to be accounted for righteousness; for unless a man's works are of a righteous character there is no righteousness in him. It is true that faith without works is dead.

17. Be not deceived, no man's faith can be a justification to you, no more can any man's works be a justification to you. Every man must perform good works himself if he would have the justification which good works afford.

18. Circumcision is nothing, the shedding of the blood of animals is nothing, baptism is nothing, the joining of the church is nothing, the communion with saints is nothing, the partaking of the bread and wine is nothing, if a man hath not the right spirit in his heart, and performeth not the deeds which are commendable.

19. The performance of rites and ceremonies is as chaff, the profession of faith is as the dust driven by the wind, if a man hath not the right spirit in his heart and striveth to do the works which are comely.

20. For as many as are led by the spirit of truth, they are the children of the truth, and the truth shall make them free from all the bondage and dark and false creeds that prevail in the world.

21. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor hight nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of truth which is in nature and reason.

22. I say the truth is in nature. I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the spirit of truth itself; that I have great cheerfulness and continual joy in my heart, because of the great truth which you and myself have found.

23. Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer are for the progress and happiness of the human race, that they may all so far as possible come to a knowledge of the truth, for the truth freeth from bondage and superstition and maketh its possessor free indeed.

24. For I bear record before you and all men that I feel a love for the truth and I rejoice in my heart greatly when any man or woman doth find it. I feel a zeal for the truth which gives me peace and I find a joy in its service that the advocates of error cannot deprive me of.

25. It is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of truth and of peace and bring glad tidings of good things to those who have been sitting in darkness, and upon whom the sun of truth has not thrown its brilliant rays.

26. All day long will I stretch forth my hands and raise my voice unto the sons and daughters of men, and seek to deliver unto them the gospel of truth which we have found, and to tell them of the liberty and peace which dwells in the truth as it is in nature.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE FROM THE APOSTLES — TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND BRAVERY *vs.* HYPOCRISY AND FALSEHOOD.

1. I beseech you, therefore, brethren and sisters, in the name and spirit of truth, that ye also consecrate yourselves to the love and service of the truth, for it is more excellent than all other treasures to be found in the world. It leadeth to happiness and peace.

2. And be not conformed to the hypocrisy and superstition which are in the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, and the reformation of your lives, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect obedience to truth.

3. For I say through the grace and strength which abound in the truth, to every man and woman among you, not to think of yourselves more highly than you ought, but to think soberly according to reason and justice which nature deals out to every person.

4. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another. Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving one another.

5. Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation; continuing instant in good efforts, distributing to the necessity of the needy; given to hospitality. Be patient with those who persecute you and traduce you, showing that you have a better religion than they. Bless, and curse not.

6 Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceit. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

7. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves unwisely, nor in a spirit of passion, and neither improperly give place to wrath. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink. Heap not coals of fire on his head lest they burn him; be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

8. Owe no man anything longer than is necessary, and make it your leading principle to discharge all your just debts. There is no better religion than to pay your honest debts. Deal honestly with all men, and despise to misrepresent in making a bargain, and seek not to take advantage of your neighbor.

9. Remember at all times that a spirit of honesty and a principle of integrity are the grandest characteristics that a man can possess, and that it is the worst of meanness for a man to take an advantage of one who is inferior to himself, or who is his own equal.

10. Be punctual in carrying out the contracts which you enter into, first giving due and careful consideration to the things you agree to perform. Blessed be the memory of the man who honestly and faithfully performs what he agrees.

11. Let the professors of false doctrines, those who boast of going to heaven upon the merits of another, have the monopoly of forfeiting their word, and of taking little contemptible advantages in business transactions, but as the disciples of the truth let me enjoin you not to act in that manner.

12. In your very hearts despise meanness of all kinds. Despise the very spirit that leads man to do wrong to a brother, a friend, or a neighbor, or which would cause him to commit an act of which are honorable man would be ashamed.

13. Despise in your very hearts the man who, with lies and falsehood and uncleanness in his heart, delights to bring trouble and anguish upon others, who wears a hypocritical mask, and pretends to be working for purity and morality, when in fact he is laying his plots to get some unfortunate person into deep trouble.

14. Despise the hypocrite, the liar, the defamer, and the man who attempts to do a deep wrong to a brother in the name of purity, of higher morality, and of superior virtue. Worse than all other mean acts are those performed by hypocrites under the cloak of purity and virtue.

15. Despise the man governed by envy and malice and hatred, to cover which he boasts of his own goodness, and says, I am better than thou. Honor not the man who seeks to build himself up by pulling another down. Honor not the hypocrite and the liar.

16. Despise the man who makes himself busy in digging up the faults and mistakes of his brother,

which have been buried and forgotten, to spread them before the world, and to shout to all men, saying, See what a bad man is here; trust him not; patronize him not; withdraw your friendship from him.

17. Honor not the falsifier, the backbiter, the conspirator who, by the dark arts of the brigand and the assassin, combines with evil-minded men to work injury upon an unsuspecting brother who knows not of the machinations and plottings against him.

18. Honor not the man who will take a mean advantage of a brother when down, when in prison, and in the hands of the enemy. Verily such conduct is unworthy a thief, and is what many a thief would scorn to be guilty of.

19. But accord honor and esteem to the man whose whole conduct is governed by justice and truth, who despises hypocrisy and falsehood, and who would sooner cut off his right hand than take advantage of a prostrate foe.

20. Love the man of integrity and honor, whose principles of justice and integrity are as firm as the hills, who would sacrifice his fortune, his good name, and even his life, before he would descend to arts of the knave, the hypocrite, and the liar.

21. All honor to the man of truth; all honor to the judge who sits in judgment and holds the scales of justice truly and fairly; who will not be swerved by favoritism, prejudice, and bigotry to deprive a fellow-citizen of the honor and liberty which are dearer even than life.

22. But shame and infamy rest upon that judge who will use the position which the money of his countrymen pays him to fill, to wreak revenge and injury upon a man far better than himself. Cursed be the memory of that judge who executes injustice in the name of religion, and who aids the villain to blast the innocent.

23. Honor be to that man, in whatever station in life, who has the integrity and uprightness to do his duty by his fellow-men, and will not swerve from the path of rectitude for any benefit that he may win to himself; but perpetual disgrace to the hypocrite, the traducer, and the liar.

24. All honor to the man of bravery who will not hesitate to embrace the truth, though by doing so he is aware he will lose the approbation of Mrs. Grundy and her set. Honor to the man who dares to be brave, and to be true.

25. A man should not needlessly throw away the bread which his wife and family need to sustain them, but honor to the man who esteems principle more than policy, and who prefers to be true rather than to be popular or rich. Honor forever to the brave and honest man.

CHAPTER VIII.

FURTHER MODIFIED SENTIMENTS OF THE APOSTLES.

1. Now the spirit of truth fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope through the power of truth and justice. And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with true knowledge, able also to admonish and edify each other.

2. Nevertheless, brethren, I have written the more boldly unto you in some sort, as putting you in mind, because of the confidence I feel in the truth of which above all things I desire to be a worthy minister. I would do honor to the cause which we are all brethren.

3. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put on the armor of truth, and make not provision for the works of evil, nor to perpetuate the wrongs thereof.

4. Now I beseech you, brethren, for the truth's sake, for the love of the spirit of harmony, that ye strive together with me in your efforts, that we may show unto many men the righteousness of our cause, and the excellency of the truth which we have found.

5. I beseech you, brethren, in the name of the cause which we love, that there be no harmful divisions among you, and that ye be as perfectly joined together as is practicable, in the same mind, and in the same judgment for the spread of the truth.

6. The fruit of the spirit of truth is love, joy, peace, willingness to suffer, if necessary, gentleness, goodness, kindness, generosity, sympathy, charity, meekness, temperance, faithfulness, industry, purity, humility, sincerity, honesty, perseverence, patience, and devotion to the right.

7. The truth does away with all bitterness and wrath, anger and clamor, and evil speaking, and hatred, and malice. So be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving, charitable, and be ye disposed to think kindly of those around you; then shall your lives be rendered far more happy than by the opposite course.

8. The fruit of the spirit which you ought to cherish is in all goodness and righteousness and truth, proving what is acceptable unto all good men. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

9. Children, obey your parents in the truth, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long and be respected on the earth by thy fellow-men.

10. And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up to lead good lives and to faithfully perform their duty in all the positions and avocations of life. Remember that, as a rule, good parents make good children.

11. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.

12. Those things which ye have both learned and received, and heard and seen in others, faithfully pattern after, and make your own rule in life, and the spirit of peace shall remain with you. To do right under all circumstances is the greatest excellence to which you can attain.

13. Brethren, be not weary in well doing. Prove all things and hold fast that which is good. Abstain from every appearance of evil, and the very spirit of truth sanctify you wholly; and I desire that your whole spirit and your bodies be preserved blameless and harmless unto the coming of the reign of reason and righteousness.

14. Refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise yourselves rather unto sensibleness; for therefore we all both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living truth, which is the savior of men, especially of those who follow it.

15. Reject also the fables of the priests, for they are more harmful and contain even less of truth than the wildest of those which the old wives can tell. Discard fables of all kinds, unless, like Æsop's, they are designed to illustrate a truthful lesson.

16. These things should be at all times observed. Let no man despise your worth, but be ye examples to those who dwell around you; be discreet in conversation, be active in charity, in purity, and faithfulness, in dispensing happiness, in assuaging sorrow, in every manner of good works.

17. Neglect not to use the talents with which you are endowed; use properly the best faculties you possess, and in your every effort let your object be to perform a little good in the world; be not slothful nor indolent in the performance of your duty.

18. Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience goodness, and to goodness cheerfulness, and to cheerfulness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.

19. And to charity cleanliness, and to cleanliness prudence, and to prudence circumspection, and to circumspection frugality, and to frugality industry, and to industry integrity, and to integrity a forgiving spirit, and to a forgiving spirit a love of truth;

20. And to a love of truth a hatred of hypocrisy, and to a hatred of hypocrisy a thoughtful mind, and to a thoughtful mind an even temper, and to an even temper a love of justice, and to a love of justice self-control, and to self-control generosity;

21. And to generosity toleration; and to toleration sincerity; and to sincerity earnestness; and to earnestness studiousness; and to studiousness forbearance; and to forbearance all the virtues in the entire catalogue. Resolve that the believers in myths and falsehoods shall not excel you in a good life.

22. Dearly beloved, these things I write unto you that you may not be unmindful of the duty which we owe to ourselves and to our fellow-beings. When we have discharged these duties, we owe no others. To gods and devils we owe nothing, and it should be our settled purpose to let them take care of themselves.

23. Love the world and the people who are in the world, for you are of them and they are worthy of your kindest care and consideration. Regard not devils nor gods, but love your fellow-men with all your heart, with all your soul, all your strength, and try above all things to take care of yourselves, and provide well for your families.

24. Little children, let no man or woman deceive you; above all things, let not the priests deceive you; they beguile many with their wily lies and inventions, destroying much happiness in the world and scaring the old women of both sexes with their frightful tales of devils and hell. Despise them in your very hearts and listen not to their lying yarns.

25. Greet each other often with words of encouragement and hope; strengthen each other in well doing and in withstanding the current of error which is swelling up all around you. Meet together often, bring to mind the duty you have to perform in life, and resolve more and more every passing day that you will oppose error and sustain the truth.

CHAPTER IX.

RE-ECHOES FROM THE TEACHERS OF OLDEN TIME.

1. Preserve thyself from self-sufficiency, and do not covet property belonging to another. The way to eternal beatitude is open to him who without omission speaketh the truth.

2. All works ought to be regarded merely as means of purifying the intelligence, as the means to guide the traveler to his home.

3. The foolish, plunged in ignorance, believing themselves wise, resemble the blind leading the blind; but men who have maturely considered the perishable nature of all advantages that works can procure; hermits who live in the forests on alms; fathers of families endowed with wisdom worshiping Brahma, preaching austerities, subduing the senses, those are dilivered from all sin, and ascend to the highest heaven, where reigns the immortal Brahma, as ancient as the world.

4. Though man finds pleasure in that which he sees, hears, smells, tastes, and touches, he derives no benefit from the pleasure because the soul attaching itself to external objects forgets its high origin—the universal soul.

5. To know that God is and that all is God, this is the substance of the Vedas. When one attains to this there is no need of reading or of works; they are but the bark, the straw, the envelope. No more need of them when one has the seed, the substance, the creator. When one knows him by science he may abandon science as the torch which has conducted him to the end (The Vedas).

6. Let a man not be proud of his rigorous devotion; let him not, having sacrificed, utter a falsehood; let him not, though injured, insult a brother; having made a donation, let him never proclaim it.

7. To a man contaminated by sensuality neither the Vedas, nor liberality, nor sacrifices, nor strict observances, nor pious austerities will procure felicity (Menu).

8. Do good to all, both the evil and the good, even your enemies. Men who hav no self-command are not capable of fulfilling their duties. Pleasure and riches should be renounced when not approved by conscience.

9. The wrongs we inflict upon our neighbors follow us like our shadow. Love of his fellow-creatures should be the ruling principle of the just man in all his works, for those weigh the most in the celestial balance.

10. As the earth supports those who trample it under foot and rend its bosom with the plow, we should return good for evil. Let the right hand of the good man be always open to the poor and the unhappy; and let him never boast of his benefits (Christna).

11. (1) Thou shalt not kill. (2) Thou shalt not steal. (3) Thou shalt not commit adultery. (4) Thou shalt not speak untruth. (5) Thou shalt not take any intoxicating drinks. (6) Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred, and bitter language. (7) Thou shalt not indulge in idle and vain talk. (8) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods. (9) Thou shalt not harbor envy nor revenge nor malice. (10) Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of false gods.

12. Let a man overcome anger with love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality; the liar by truth. Hatred ceases by love; this is the eternal rule. He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; the best do but hold the reins.

13. Forsake all evil; bring forth good; master thy own thoughts; such is Buddha's path to the end of all pain. Overcome evil with good, the avaricious with generosity, the falsehood with truth. One day of endeavor is better than a hundred years of sloth.

14. Watch thyself with all diligence and hold thyself in as the spirited steed is held in by its owner. Master thyself; so mayest thou teach others, and easily tame them, after having tamed thyself; for self is hardest to tame. The taint worse than all others is ignorance.

15. The good, like snowy mountains, shine from afar; the bad, like arrows shot by night, are not seen. The heart of love and faith accompanying good actions spreads to beneficent shade through all the world.

16. The true sage dwells upon earth as the bee that gathers sweetness with his mouth and wings, without harming the color and perfume of the flowers (Buddha).

17. It is the duty of children to obey their parents; of wives to obey their husbands. Treat old age with great reverence and tenderness. Cultivate the soil, drain the marshes, and destroy dangerous creatures.

18. Do not allow thyself to be carried away with anger. Reply to thy enemy with gentleness. Take not that which belongs to another. Contend constantly against evil. Succor the poor and refuse not hospitality. Avoid everything calculated to injure other. Have no companionship with a man who injures his neighbors (Zoroaster).

19. Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest qualities. When you transgress do not fear to return. Learn the past and you will know the future. Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones. Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others, and you will have no enemies.

20. Return bad treatment with equity and remember kindness with kindness. Never do to others what you would not have others do to you. Fix thy thoughts on duty; practice without ceasing the virtue of humanity, and if you have leisure cultivate the arts (Confucius).

21. Know thyself. Let your study be to correct the blemishes of the mind rather than those of the

face. Stop the mouth of slander by prudence. Enrich not thyself by unjust means. Be not idle, though rich. Entertain not evil. Idleness is troublesome; intemperance hurtful; ignorance intolerable.

22. Use moderation. Believe not all. Be equally mindful of friends present and absent. Cherish thy parents. What thou bestowest on thy parents thou shalt receive from thy children in thy old age. That which thou blamest in another do not thyself to thy neighbor.

23. Sound health, moderate fortune, and a mind well stored with knowledge—these are the grand ingredients of happiness. True happiness consists in perfect health, a moderate fortune, and a life free from effeminacy and ignorance (Thales).

24. In all things let reason be your guide. In everything you do consider the end. Study excellence and aim at acquiring it. Reverence thy parents. Cherish thy friends. Laws are like cobwebs which entangle the lesser sort; the greater break through.

25. To make laws against and ordain punishment for a crime that hitherto has never been known or heard of is the way to introduce it, rather than prevent it. Those are happy who are completely furnished outward things. Act honestly and live temperately. I feel that I leave the world better than I found it (Solon).

CHAPTER X.

MORE MORAL MAXIMS FROM THE ANCIENTS.

1. It is a proof of a weak mind to desire impossibilities. The greatest infelicity is not to be able to endure misfortune patiently. Great minds alone can support a sudden reverse of fortune. The most pleasant state is to be always gaining.

2. If you are handsome, do handsome things; if deformed, supply the defects of your nature by your virtues. Be slow in undertaking, and resolute in executing. Praise not a worthless man for the sake of his wealth.

3 Lay in wisdom as the store for your journey from youth to old age, for it is the most certain possession. Many men are dishonest; then love your friend with some degree of caution, for he perchance may become your enemy (Bias).

4. Do not that to your neighbor which you would not wish to take from him. Speak ill of no one, not even your enemies. Whatsoever you do, do it well. Never boast of your plans before they are executed, for fear of the ridicule and disappointment to which you will be exposed if you do not accomplish them (Pittacus).

5. Truth is to be sought with a mind purified from the passions of the body. Having overcome evil things, thou shalt experience the union of the immortal God with mortal man. The noblest gifts of heaven to man are to speak truth and do good offices. Those two things resemble the works of God.

6. Strength of mind depends upon sobriety, for this keeps reason unclouded by passion. Youth should be habituated to obedience, for it will then find it easy to obey the authority of reason. Every man ought to act and speak with such integrity that no one would have occasion to doubt his simple affirmation.

7. Do what you think to be right whatever people think of you. Despise alike their censure and their praise. The rational mind of man is more excellent than this sensitive soul as the sun is more excellent than the stars; the discourse of a philosopher is vain if no passion of man is healed thereby (Pythagoras).

8. There is no better way to true glory than to endeavor to be good rather than seem so. Only the wise man can be brave, just, and temperate. Vice of every kind is ignorance. If a man is cowardly it is because he does not rightly appreciate the importance of life and death. He thinks death an evil and flees from it. If he were wise he would know that death is a good thing, or at least an indifferent one, and therefore would not shun it.

9. True felicity is not to be derived from external possessions, but from wisdom, which consists in the knowledge and the practice of virtue; that the cultivation of virtuous manners is necessarily attended with pleasure as well as profit; that the honest man alone is happy, and that it is absurd to separate things which in nature are so closely united as virtue and interest.

10. O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of the place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ. Do we need anything else, Phaedrus? For myself, I have prayed enough (Socrates).

11. Honor is divine good. No evil thing is honorable. There is no one so bad but love can make a god of him by virtue, so that his soul becomes like unto the supreme beauty. What light and sight are in this visible world, truth and intelligence are in the real, unchangeable world.

12. The perfectly just man is he who loves justice for its own sake, not for the honors and advantages which attend it; who is willing to pass for unjus while he practices the most exact justice; who will not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but will continue steadfast in the love of justice—not because it is pleasant, but because it is right (Plato).

13. Prefer labor to idleness, unless you would prefer rust to brightness. The truly learned are not those who read much, but those who read what is useful. Young people should be taught those things that will be useful to them when they become men.

14. Friendship is reciprocal benevolence which inclines each individual to be as anxious for another's welfare as his own. It is better to be poor than illiterate; for the poor only want money, the illiterate lack the distinguishing characteristics of human nature (Aristippus).

15. Love is the god which gives the greatest safety. A true philosopher, unless prevented, will faithfully serve the state. Most people seek in the tavern for that pleasure which is to be found in labor. Whether the slave has become so by conquest or by purchase, the master's title is bad (Zeno).

16. Justice is the virtue of treating every one according to his deserts. Justice includes the observance of the laws for the preservation of society and the discharge of obligations and debts between equals. Learning is the best provision against old age. There is just as much difference between the wise and the foolish as there is between the living and the dead.

17. Friends are one soul in two bodies. A virtuous life is itself a source of delight. The purest and noblest pleasure is that which a good man derives for virtuous actions. Happiness consists in conduct conformable to virtue (Aristotle).

18. It is criminal not only to do mischief, but to wish it. He who subdues his passions is more heroic than he who vanquishes an enemy. Do nothing shameful though you are alone. It is the office of prudence, where it is possible, to prevent injuries; but where this cannot be done a wise regard to our tranquillity will prevent us from revenging them (Democritus).

19. I would wish you to think nothing good or bad upon my decision. The first and last thing I would say to a man is, Think for yourself. A happy life is like neither a roaring torrent nor a stagnant pool; but a placid, crystal stream that flows gently and smoothly along. Perfect pleasure, which is happiness, you will have attained when you have brought your bodies and souls into a state of satisfied tranquillity. To arrive at this much previous exertion is requisite; yet exertion not violent, only constant and ever. At first the body, with its passions and appetites, demands gratification and indulgence. But beware! for here are the hidden rocks which may shipwreck your bark on its passage, and shut you out forever from the heaven of repose.

20. Nothing can ever spring from nothing, nor can anything ever return to nothing. The universe always existed and will always remain, for there is nothing into which it can be changed. There is nothing in nature, nor can anything be conceived, besides body and space. Body is that which possesses the properties of bulk, figure, resistance and gravity. It is this alone which can touch or be touched. Space is the region where body is or may be occupied by body, and which affords an opportunity of moving freely. Besides these—body and space—no third nature can be conceived; for such a nature must either have bulk or solidity, or want them, that is, it must either be body or space. The universe consisting of body and space, is infinite, for it has no limits. Bodies are infinite in multitude. Space is infinite in magnitude. The universe is to be conceived as immovable, since beyond it there is no place into which it can move; and as eternal and immutable, since it is neither liable to increase nor decrease, to production nor decay (Epicurus).

21. Act toward others as you deserve them to act toward you (Isocrates). We should do good to our enemy and make him our friend (Cerbulus). Do nothing which will occasion grief to yourself or others (Cleanthes). Do not judge thy neighbor until thou hast stood in his place. Promote peace and be a friend to all men. Do not unto another what thou would not have another do unto thee. This is the whole law; the rest is mere comment (Hillel).

22. We are created for the sake of mankind and to be useful to each other. Nature endears man to man. Nothing is more natural to man than kindness. Knowledge seems isolated and barren unless accompanied by love of all men and trust in our common brotherhood. All men are plainly bound together. Duty is always performed when the advantage of mankind is sought. He is a good man who benefits as many people as possible and harms nobody. True philosophers have not neglected the advantage and and interests of mankind. Care for other men and serve the common brotherhood. Nothing is so much in accord with nature as utility. The standard of utility is the same as that of morality. Whatever is useful is virtuous, though it does not at first seem so (Cicero).

23. The grandest of empires is to rule one's self. There is nothing grand that is not also calm. Who has most? He who desires least. Throw away all anxiety about life and make it pleasant. If you hear that others have spoken ill of you, consider whether you have not done the same about many people. How much better to heal an injury than to avenge it. I shall take the world as my country. Guard vigorously that social tie which binds man to man and establishes the rights common to the human race. Life is warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths and go through dangerous enterprises are the brave men and the leaders in the camp; but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward, safe because despised (Seneca).

24. Dearly beloved truth seekers, I have now, with the quotations I have made from those who have talked better than I can, finished my epistle for this time. Perhaps when I have more time I may write you another. But be that as it may, please remember that I am with you in spirit, and hope ere many months roll away to be with you also in body. I rejoice that there are as many truth seekers in the world as there are, and trust the number may increase from year to year. I long to see the day when truth and reason may rule the world, and when the truths of nature will be valued more than all the myths, fables, and superstitions which interested and designing priests have invented. As intelligence increases in the world the gods and devils and supernaturalism, with all the absurdities that belong to them, must give way. I trust I have fought a good fight, that I have kept the faith, and will till I finish my course; and I hope that henceforth there is laid up for me, if not a crown of righteousness, the love and esteem of the friends who are as dear to me as life. Let us all work together for the dissemination of nature's truths, and the plain dictates of reason and common sense. Farewell.

Written on the borders of the Land of Yahweh and sent by post across the great deep.

A Ministerial Thief Arrested through the Instrumentality of The Truth Seeker.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Noticing in your issue of the 4th inst. that one Geo. H. Austin had forged a draft on a bank in Madison, Ind., for $280, I would say that that same holy man was arrested near Dodd City, yesterday, by Geo. W. Smith and Alderson Franklin, handcuffed, and put in the Fannin county jail. It appears that Mr. Smith went out to hear him preach. On the day before he had read in The Truth Seeker an account of one Rev. Geo. H. Austin having forged the names of some persons in Indiana, drawn some money on the note, and absconded. Messrs. Smith and Franklin came to town and telegraphed to the cashier of the Madison bank, and found that the man was wanted. They then went back and arrested Austin and lodged him in jail. Austin acknowledged that he was the Rev. Geo. Austin, and also confessed his guilt. He is now awaiting the arrival of the sheriff, who is looked for on every train, to accompany his reverence to Indiana. This reverend gentleman came here about a fortnight since, and had not remained long before he entered upon his holy mission of saving souls. His gigantic intellect ushered forth profound theological ideas, sweeping doubt before him as a Texas cyclone might get away with an ant. If Talmage could hav been present once to partake of the feast of reason and outpouring of brain-essence, Ingersoll would be no more in his path than a gnat on a bull's horn. As far as eloquence and oratory go, Parson Austin makes pigmies of those Ciceros, Webster, Clay, and even Dick Hubbard and Col. Bob Taylor, of Texas. Last Sunday he ranted against "Bob" Ingersoll, and champed like a Mexican cougar. But his shouts had hardly ceased echoing down Bois d'Darce bottom when a warrant of arrest was served on his person.

Now, Mr. Editor, had it not been for the circulation of your valuable paper in this section, this lamb of God that taketh away the sins Texas would probably never hav met with justice. You are entitled to the credit of his arrest through its instrumentality.

Dodd City, Texas, March 15th. F. B.

D. P. Willcox is running a hotel at Deadwood, Dakotah, on the Freethought basis, and requests that Liberal papers send him copies for his reading room. It will help them and be of great advantage to him. Any Liberal going to Deadwood will always find his latchstring on the outside. Mr. Willcox believes in going right down to bedrock and giving the people correct religious ideas and honest meals at a fair price.

The thirteenth free lecture of the winter course of the Society of Humanity will be delivered by Courtlandt Palmer, Esq., on Sunday evening, April 2d, in Science Hall. Subject: "The Evolution of Religion, as Shown by Extracts from the Ancient and Modern Poets."

Ingersoll's lecture, "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" is for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882.

Round the World.

By the time this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER reaches its readers we hope to be mailing the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" to the subscribers to the fund. We are glad to announce that the first edition has nearly all been subscribed for, and that we shall hav to issue a second shortly. Since the list of names was stereotyped we hav received many new ones. They all wished to be enrolled, but it was too late for the first edition, and to accommodate them and many others we hav concluded to put them in the second edition of the first volume, and also open a list of subscribers to appear in the second volume. This will giv all an opportunity who may wish it, and also aid in paying expenses. The volumes will be sold separately for $2 per volume, and the three for $5 if taken before the volumes are completed. We would very much like a larger list to greet the traveler with on his return home. The books will be very cheap at $5—much cheaper than any other publisher would get them out.

In this issue the "Chronicles" are completed, and next week, Mr. Bennett commences, in natural style, a description of what he saw in Egypt.

The following is the list of subscribers who hav sent in the $5, and the amount will be acknowledged in the dedication of the second volume. We shall see the list grow with great pleasure:

Anderson, R. J.

Baker, R. F.	Bennett, John	Burr, Chas.
Barber, B. W.	Buford, P. G.	
Bell, Addison A.	Burgess, J.	
Clark, Maggie	Colwell, Frank	Corliss, E. S.
Dutton, Jerome		
Gano, H.	Gardner, A. L.	Giles, E. M.
Haigh, Wm. Henry.	Hess, Joseph	Hope, Peter
Hawes, C. L.	Holt, J. O.	Hoxter, W. D.
Jones, L. M. & J. L.		
Kenck, Chris.	Kimball, Murray	
Ladd, Sherman W.	Lawrence, Chas. B.	Loomi , N. J.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood, L. C.	
Malster, A. O.	Maxfield, John	Merledge, Wm. H.
Metcalf John		
Quick, Simon		
Sabine, Mrs. Emma A.	Smith, J. T.	Stewart, M. F.
Sloan, H. E.	Snyder, C. K.	Stratton, David
Smith, Asa B.	Sterling, C. S.	
Truesdell, W. H.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Wallace, O. M.	West, John	Wright, S. G., M.D.
Watson, H. R.	Williams, H. S.	
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

Those who prefer to wait for the second edition, and hav a book with their names in it, should notify us as just as soon as these lines fall under their eye New five dollar subscribers to the fund should also say whether they want their book from the first edition or the second, with their names in.

Ought Liberals to Hav a Chronology of Their Own?

It is one of the inevitable results of the relativity of knowledge that things need constant revision; for that which may be true and useful in one age or generation may be, and quite frequently is, quite the reverse in a succeeding one.

Our institutions, laws, and customs are based on certain relations or facts, which are, or are believed to be, true at the time of their inception, but which, by some new generalization, invention, or discovery, may be rendered untrue, or so disrelated as to render all deductions based on them either false or wholly without significance or relevancy.

A striking example of this may be seen in the Christian system of chronology, the invention of the monks in the fifth century, which is based on what, in that age, was believed to be the grandest event that ever did or ever could happen, namely, the advent on this earth of the son of God, the savior of the world!

But in the process of time, through the agencies of science and modern criticism, the mental condition of the race has been so changed, and knowledge so advanced, that what was an undoubted truth a few centuries ago is now believed only by a few, and in some degree doubted by all.

Still, though the event has lost its significance even when admitted to be possible, in continues in vogue from the impetus that ages of use hav lent to it.

From a communication in another column it will be seen that the question of its disuse by the substitution of another method is beginning to be agitated.

Is it necessary that this Christian method of computing time should be continued?

If not, what good results would follow to the Liberal cause by substituting the one proposed by Mr. Wakeman above referred to?

The question whether the old system can be dispensed with hardly requires an answer; for every system of chronology is purely arbitrary, and where, as in this proposed system, it admits of translation into the old by the simple addition of 1,600 to the hundreth figure, all objection to the new method is anticipated.

Of the many reasons which might be urged for the change we will mention but one:

It would emphasize a grand and universal astronomical truth, the importance of which on human destiny can hardly be estimated, while at the same time it would commemorate the death of a martyr to science (Giordano Bruno), an event of far more significance to this world than the death of the so-called son of God!

The antithesis which this would suggest to the minds of men would awaken thought, and thereby weaken superstition.

IF the person who wrote us under date of March 27th, and signed himself "Yours Uncertainly" will write under his proper name and giv his right address, and write legibly, we will talk to him. Otherwise not.

D. M. BENNETT'S address is care Byron Adonis, 615 Kearney st., San Francisco, Cal.

WE regret to learn that Elizur Wright has been confined to his house by illness for a week.

Col. Ingersoll's Lecture.

Steinway Hall was crowded last Sunday night to hear the noted orator. The lecture was substantially the same as that printed under the title, "What Must We Do to be Saved?" but varied in minor points. He said:

There are a great many people who imagin that they can destroy orthodox Christianity without anybody finding it out; that they can dig nights under the corner of the church, and cover the place over toward morning, and attend meeting every Sunday, and just hug themselvs with delight, thinking that after a while the edifice is going to fall. But every orthodox Christian knows his enemy, no matter how kindly he writes, no matter how scientific he is. There is not one who does not know that every advocate of intellectual liberty is his enemy; he knows that every man who claims the right to judge and guess for himself is not on his side.

Fear is the dungeon of the mind, and superstition is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul. Courage is liberty. I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of mind every one is monarch; every one is robed, sceptered, and crowned, and every one wears the purple of authority. I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force. Now I beg of you all to forget just for a few moments that you are Methodists or Baptists or Catholics or Presbyterians, and let us for an hour or two remember only that we are men and women. Let us, if possible, banish all fear from the mind. Do not imagin that there is some being in the infinit expanse who is not willing that every man and woman should think for himself and herself. Do not imagin that there is any being who would giv to his children the holy torch of reason, and then damn them for following that sacred light. Let us hav courage. Priests hav invented a crime called "blasphemy," and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice. There was a Jewish gentleman went into a restaurant to get his dinner, and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear, "Eat some bacon." He knew if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of an infinit being, who made every shining star, it was to see a gentleman eating bacon. He knew it, and he knew the infinit being was looking—that he was the eternal eavesdropper of the universe. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with us all, and he ate that bacon. He knew it was wrong, and his conscience felt the blush of shame in its cheek. When he went into that restaurant the weather was delightful, the sky was as blue as June, and when he came out the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shaking beneath the voice of thunder. He went back into that restaurant with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers, "My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

As long as we harbor such opinions of infinity; as long as we imagin the heavens to be filled with such tyranny, just so long the sons of men will be cringing, intellectual cowards. Let us think, and let us honestly express our thought.

The next question is, Can I commit a sin against God by thinking? If God did not intend I should think, why did he giv me a thinker? For one, I am convinced, not only that I hav the right to think, but that it is my duty to express my honest thoughts. Whatever the gods may say, we must be true to ourselvs.

We hav, I say, a Christian system, and that system is founded upon what they are pleased to call the "New Testament." Who wrote the New Testament? I do not know. Who does know? Nobody. We hav found many manuscripts containing portions of the New Testament. Some of these manuscripts leave out five or six books—many of them. Others more; others less. No two of these manuscripts agree. Nobody knows who wrote these manuscripts. They are all written in Greek. The disciples of Christ, so far as we know, knew only Hebrew. Nobody ever saw, so far as we know, one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. Nobody ever saw anybody who had seen anybody who had heard of anybody that had ever seen anybody that had ever seen one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. No doubt the clergy of your city hav told you these facts thousands of times, and they will be obliged to me for having repeated them once more. These manuscripts are written in what are called capital Greek letters. They are called Uncial manuscripts, and the New Testament was not divided into chapters and verses, even, until the year of grace 1551. In the original the manuscripts and gospels are signed by nobody. The epistles are addressed to nobody; and they are signed by the same person. All the addresses, all the pretended ear-marks showing to whom they were written, and by whom they were written, are simply interpolations, and everybody who has studied the subject knows it.

You must remember, also, one other thing. Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament—not one word. There is an account that he once stooped and wrote something in the sand, but that has not been preserved. He never told anybody to write. He never said: "Matthew, remember this. Mark, do not forget to put that down. Luke, be sure that in your gospel you hav this. John, do not forget it." Not one word. And it has always seemed to me that a being coming from another world, with a message of infinit importance to mankind, should at least hav verified that message by his own signature. Is it not wonderful that not one word was written by Christ? Is it not strange that he gave no orders to hav his words preserved—words upon which hung the salvation of a world?

And let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I hav infinit respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. And let me say, once for all, that to that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my love. He was a reformer in his day. He was an Infidel in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrits, who hav in all ages done what they could to trample freedom and manhood out of the human mind. Had I lived at that time I would hav been his friend, and should he come again he will not find a better friend than I will be. That is for the man. For the theological creation I hav a different feeling. If he was in fact God, he knew there was no such thing as death. He knew that what we called death was but the eternal opening of the golden gates of everlasting joy; and it took no heroism to face a death that was eternal life. If he was God, he could hav made the cross a bed of roses.

A while ago I made up my mind to find out what was necessary for me to do in order to be saved. If I hav got a soul I want it saved. I do not wish to lose anything that is of value. For thousands of years the world has been asking that question, "What must we do to be saved?" Saved from poverty? No. Saved from crime? No. Tyranny? No. But "What must we do to be saved from the wrath of God, the vengeance of infinit mercy?" If God made us he will not destroy us. Infinit wisdom ever made a poor investment. Upon all the works of an infinit God a dividend must finally be declared. Why should God make failures? Why should he waste material? Why should he not correct his mistakes instead of damning them? The pulpit has cast a shadow over even the cradle. The doctrin of endless punishment has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. I despise it, and I defy it.

Now let me make myself plain upon one subject, perfectly plain. For instance, I hate Presbyterianism, but I know hundreds of splendid Presbyterians. Understand me. I hate Methodism, and yet I know hundreds of splendid Methodists. I hate Catholicism, and like Catholics. I hate insanity, but not the insane. I do not war against men. I do not war against persons. I war against certain doctrins that I believe to be wrong. But I giv to every other human being every right that I claim for myself.

In the sixteenth chapter of Matthew it says: "And Jesus called a little child to him and stood him in the midst, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I do not wonder that in his day, surrounded by scribes and Pharisees, he turned lovingly to little children. And yet, see what children the little children of God hav been. What an interesting dimpled darling John Calvin was! Think of that prattling babe, Jonathan Edwards! Think of the infants that founded the inquisition, that invented instruments of torture to tear human flesh. They were the ones who had become as little children. They were the children of faith.

The church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down. And when the next verse was written the church must hav been nearly bankrupt. "And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Did you ever know a wealthy Christian in New York to unload on account of that verse?

Mark says: "In my name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues, and they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Bring on your believer! Let him cast out a devil. I do not ask for a large one. Just a "little one for a cent." Let him take up serpents. "And if he drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt him." Let me mix up a dose for the believer, and if it does not hurt him I will join a church. "Oh! but," they say, "those things only lasted through the apostolic age." Let us see. "Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosever believes and is baptized shall be saved, and these signs shall follow them that believe."

How long? I think at least until they had gone into all the world. Certainly those signs should follow until all the world had been visited. And yet if that declaration was in the mouth of Christ, he then knew that one-half of the world was unknown, and that he would be dead fourteen hundred and fifty-nine years before his disciples would know that there was another continent. And yet he said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel," and he then knew that it would be fourteen hundred and fifty-nine years before anybody could go. Well, if it was worth while to hav signs follow believers in the Old World, surely it was worth while to hav signs follow believers in the New. And the very reason that signs should follow would be to convince the unbeliever, and there are as many unbelievers now as ever, and the signs are as necessary to-day as they ever were. I would like a few myself.

This frightful declaration, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," has filled the world with agony and crime. Every letter of this passage has been sword and fagot; every word has been dungeon and chain. That passage made the sword of persecution drip with innocent blood through centuries of agony and crime. That passage made the horizon of a thousand years lurid with the fagot's flames. That passage contradicts the Sermon on the Mount; travesties the Lord's Prayer; turns

(*Continued on page* 204.)

Communications.

Shall We Hav a New Calendar?

The following correspondence, which has just passed between T. B. Wakeman, president of the National Liberal League, and Geo. N. Hill, secretary of the Investigator Society, must awaken the interest of all who read:

MR. HILL.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 7. in the 282d year of the new Era (A. D. 1882).

T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ.: In the part of your lecture on the "Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels" published in THE TRUTH SEEKER last October you suggested that the Liberals of the whole world might well unite upon some one event as a basis and beginning for a new calendar. In this way it was proposed to replace the confused and superstitious calendars now in use by various peoples and sects on the earth by a new one that would represent the modern life of mankind, and be more convenient than the old sectarian year of *our* Lord.

You proposed that the new year should be called the Era of Science and of Man, and that it should begin with January 1st as the day, and the old year of 1600 as the year most proper for the new year *one*—making our present year 282.

This suggestion made a deep impression on my mind. I hav, for years, maintained that modern people, and especially Liberals, should no longer be using the distinctiv calendar of Christianity, which is nothing but a continuation of their myth. Why adhere to that any more than to any other doctrin or distinctiv feature of that huge and bloody superstition? I determined, therefore, to second your suggestion, and hereafter date my correspondence in the *new era* in which we are living, and which began January 1, 282 years ago, or, as the Christians would say, with the year of *their* Lord 1600.

In order to bring this matter before my fellow-Liberals, I hav offered the following resolution before the Investigator Society and Liberal League, of Boston, of which I am a member:

Resolved, That in future all records of official documents by the Investigator Freethinkers' Society, of Boston, Mass., shall bear date from the beginning of the year of the publication of the new (Copernican) Astronomy [A. D. 1600], and of the burning at the stake, by the Christians at Rome, of that noble martyr for science and man, Giordano Bruno (which occurred February 16th of that year); and that this era, of which the present year is the two hundred and eighty-second, shall be used and proclaimed as the age or year of reason, of science, and of man—the age in which we are living; and that this new mode of reckoning be recommended for general adoption.

This resolution was very favorably received, but owing to the importance of the subject it was laid over for further consideration. When the matter comes up again I should be very glad to hav some further statement from you, showing more fully than the short reference in your lecture permitted the grounds upon which the date is selected. I am fully impressed with the idea that a change should be made, and that the martyrdom of Bruno was a part of the struggle then and now going on between science and superstition. All this is made clear to us by Prof. Draper's splendid book on the "Conflict between Science and Religion," and his touching reference to Bruno.

But how much that year and that event may mean as a turning-point in history I would like to hav shown in a concise way. If you will kindly favor me in this matter, I shall be still further your obliged friend, GEORGE N. HILL.

MR. WAKEMAN.

93 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, February 22, Era of Man 282, Era of Christ 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND HILL: Your resolution to make the change to the new era of science practical struck me with surprise. It is another instance of seed sowed at random coming up when and where least expected. But I see no reason why the change should not be begun at least. It can certainly never be accomplished unless there is a beginning. You may yet receive the congratulations of the world as the first man who wrote the 282 of the new era—the Era of Man.

It is quite evident that some change of the calendar will be made within the next 120 years. Intelligent, emancipated mankind will not go on dragging the dead body of "*our* Lord" through 2000, 3000, 4000, etc. It would be too repulsiv and inconvenient. Before 1900 is out there will be a new calendar upon which not only Christian sects, but the whole of mankind, can unite. Many are the suggestions already made to that end.

The first question is, What will that new calendar represent? what will it stand for?

The answer to this question shows a gratifying unity. There is a very general agreement that the new calendar should, in a word, represent the new, the modern, the scientific, the human era, as you call it, the age of reason. That is, to use Virgil's phrase, the true *novus ordo rerum* (the new order of things), to modern men, far more than the favored birth of a god in Palestine, or of a Roman aristocrat like Virgil's Pollio. (See his Eclogue 4, and Pope's translation.)

The next question is, With what day and year should the new order begin?

As to the day, there is and can be no dispute, for astronomy, convenience, and the general usage of the past fix that it must be at the winter solstice, or within a week of it, say January 1st. The necessity of thus beginning the astronomical year forced the mythical Christ to be born on Christmas very absurdly, but science gladly recognizes the great day which all ages and peoples had marked and honored as the beginning of the year and as the great festival of human nature, long before Christ was ever thought of.

The next question is to fix the first year of the new era.

As to this, there is less unanimity In the lecture you refer to I hav stated several suggestions which hav been made by Comte and others, and hav alluded to the reasons by which they hav been sustained.

One objection seems to apply to all of the proposals yet made; that is, that they refer only to the events of some *one* nation, people, or race, while that which is needed is something which shall be common to the whole human race. For instance, a calendar based on the American Revolution of 1776 has been proposed, but it has never been seriously worked out.

Comte, however, has actually worked out his calendar based upon the year 1789, as the year *one*, because it was the beginning of the French Revolution. He has started from that date, making thirteen months of twenty-eight days and four weeks each to the year, with two supplementary days at the end. He has selected the names of the greatest servants of humanity, in his estimation, to replace the present names of the months. Thus we hav 1789 as the first year and the months are;

1. Moses (January),
2. Homer (February),
3. Aristotle (March),
4. Archimedes (April),
5. Cæsar (May),
6. St. Paul (June),
7. Charlemagne (July),
8. Dante (August),
9. Guttenberg (September),
10. Shakspere (October),
11. Descartes (November),
12. Frederick (December),
13. Bichat (over),

and two days over.

The days of the week are all renamed from less distinguished servants of humanity, so that the whole calendar is a great pantheon of human history up to Comte's day.

This calendar of Comte's has attracted great attention, but chiefly as a lesson of great value in the synthetic, social, and comparativ study of history. For that purpose it can hardly be too highly estimated. But that it will ever be adopted is improbable. It breaks with the past too abrubtly with its unhandy thirteen months and supplementary days. It begins with the date of a revolution peculiar to the French people only, and which was soon overcome by a reaction. From 1793 to 1804 the French Revolutionists used their "republican" calendar based upon their Revolution, in many respects superior to Comte's; but the present republicans of France show no desire to revive it, nor to adopt that of Comte, and the rest of the world are not likelv to follow their example if they should make the attempt.

These French efforts hav failed, though far more likely than any other to succeed, because they had too narrow a base, and were unhandy in their use. Let us see how the new suggestion obviates these difficulties.

1. Its base is the broadest possible. The change from the old to the new astronomy was an objectiv, scientific event, common to our whole planet, and to every generation of human beings afterward born upon it. It gave them a new cosmogony, always the base of a new religion. It gave to them liferally a new heaven and a new earth, as distinguished from the old. It involved consequences which are as yet but partially realized. All this is set forth in the lecture referred to, and which you and all interested may there read, so that repetition is unnecessary.

2. The next great event common to the human species, and which was fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, was the discovery of humanity; that is, that collectiv man is a grand organism, endowed with solidarity and continuity. This was the great historical human social event of the modern world, and it was largely dependent upon the reversal of the Christian cosmology by astronomy. My second lecture, now being published, upon "The Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels" will develop this idea, so that it need not be done here. The new era will concern man and be the human era, as the last was concerned about Christ and was thence called the Christian era.

3. The burning of Bruno, to which you hav referred, and which has been so grandly described by Prof. Draper, is an event that enables this one man to represent, as no other individual could, the consequences of the two great contemporary events above named. He was beyond question the great scientific and human proto-martyr. His fate was the culmination of centuries of Christian persecution and slaughter, which makes that faith the creed of blood, and which will cause future generations to shudder when they turn the records of its slaughtered millions.

These three great events—first, scientific; second, human; and third, individual—are clearly and decisivly the ones upon which the new era rests in fact, and they are the ones which should be recognized by it.

Does the year 1600 represent them? It certainly does more nearly than any other year that could be fixed upon. It was the very year of Bruno's martyrdom on account of his adherence to the new astronomy. It was his death that especially published that new system to the world and consecrated it through all time. It had been discovered, or we may rather say surmised, by Copernicus as early as 1507, but, to secure his peace, he had suppressed it and his book announcing it from the public until his death, in 1543. Even then the book and its contents were suppressed, and it was not really known until the efforts and death of Bruno, followed by the adherence of Galileo also, at or about 1600, brought the matter before the world. The new cosmogony became a fact and its date was fixed by the burning of Bruno in that year. He thus bore the brunt of the discovery. The telescope, then too first discovered, was turned to the sky by Galileo, and every doubt was dissipated. Science had given to man a new heaven and a new earth. (See Draper's Conflict, page 169, etc.) We say had given to man, for the year 1600 also fairly represents the discovery of man as a collectiv, terrestrial organism, gifted with solidarity and continuity, as above stated.

1. This was made manifest by the settlement of the Western hemisphere, and also by the annexation of East India and China to the family of nations, by the English, Dutch, French, and Portuguese traders, explorers, and colonists. These world-wide efforts may be well represented by the formation of the English East India Company in 1602. The circumnavigation of the earth, shortly preceding, had led to these results and confirmed the new astronomy,

The discovery, through the English occupation of India, of the Sanskrit language was another event of greatest importance. It opened up the filiation of all of the peoples of the Aryan race from the Himalayas to Iceland. It avowed that the peoples of the world were but a grand family, and laid the basis of a true ethnology.

2. The extension of commerce over the whole world at the same period compelled the recognition of this brotherhood of nations and peoples under the idea of a common human nature and a common interest.

Commerce, with its community and interchange of interests, carried law and political economy around the earth.

3. These wonderful events led to the working out of international law, which was especially done in 1600 by the learned Hollander, Hugo Grotius. His labors, then begun, led to the publication of his great work on the "Rights of War and Peace" in 1625. Since 1600 the human race has been more and more regarded as a whole brotherhood of peoples and nations, confederated together by common rights, duties, and responsibilities. The more these obligations are recognized by nations, peoples, and individuals, the higher they rise in the scale of being.

4. The same year, 1600, marks the establishment of the independence of the English-speaking people under Elizabeth as against popery, the Spanish Armada, and the rule of the Vatican. That event, with their improvements of the compass then made, made the English explorers and colonists the future inheritors of the earth, which seems destined in time to become an English planet, under an English-speaking confederation.

5. The reason is that the soul of man was emancipated in England in 1600, by the effects and works of Hobbes, Bacon, Hunter, Harvey, and others in science and thought, and more than all by Shakspere and Milton in art. Thus the human soul rose up inspired by the genius of universal emancipation, and Superstition has never since been able to encircle it again with her chains, and she never will.

If these great events do not fix the new era, what possibly can? Other dates of importance confirming this result can be supplied from auy book of dates or history, and that work I will leave you to supply at leisure.

The last point to be noticed is that this proposed change differs from all others in being the most convenient, in fact, the handiest possible. It merely drops the superfluous 1600 from 1882, which may be at any time added by an instant of thought, so that the new era may be compared with or restored to the old, as occasion may require. Again, it does not inconveniently change the twelve months or moons of the year. These were well arranged by Cæsar and now are so reformed by astronomers that they will run more accurately than any other division of the year proposed for at least 100,000 years. A change in this respect would be more fanciful than useful. (See article on the calendar in the new Enclopedia Britannica).

If it seems desirable to lay aside the names of the months for better ones it can be done hereafter when the new era is established. In the mean time let us begin with the era. The number of the month can, in the mean time, be used by those who prefer simplicity. Thus, this Washington's birthday would be simply, 2, 22, 282.

As a means of propaganda of Liberalism this new era, if generally used by Liberals, would be very effectiv. It would at once excite thought which would lead many a miud to discover the era of science and of man as the result of the age of reason.

That this letter may tend to that result is the wish of your friend, T. B. WAKEMAN.

Pious Cant.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Recently I was witness to an unpleasant scene. An honest but impulsiv old friend of mine, from representations made him, had concluded to do an act of benevolence in relieving the necessities of a pious and deserving widow. He hated ostentation and publicity, but this generous intention of his, to his mortification, had somehow leaked out. One day, sitting in his office, quietly conning over with him the contents of the daily newspapers, he had a call from the widow, in company with her minister or spiritual adviser. After the usual civilities were passed, business like, he drew down his check-book, and commenced to fill out one to the intended amount, when the man of God broke out audibly, but in a subdued tone, to the old lady: "Sister P———s, here we behold the love of the blessed Jesus; hence to Christ belongs all the glory! Here we see the manifest efficacy of prayer! Who dare, after this, deny faith in the Lord Jesus? To Christ, dear sister, belongs all the glory!" My old friend suddenly dropped his pen, wheeled around in his chair, and mutely gazed upon the ecstatic features of the holy man, and then, placing his hands on his knees, looking steadfastly in the face of the man of God, remarked:

"Look here, dominie, who is doing this little benevolent act, myself or Jesus Christ? I want it understood I am seeking no fame or glory in this trifling transaction, but if there is any merit in doing a simple act of kindness or duty, that merit belongs to me! Do you understand? I am not willing to act as a canting, fanatical cat's-paw to any Jesus Christ or the devil. Until your necessities teach you good breeding, common sense, and simple honesty, so far as I am concerned, you will hav to rely on your shadowy friend!"

Here he impulsivly slammed to the lids of his check-book and withdrew. Left alone with the minister and the saddened widow, I was really in a very unpleasant atmosphere. Here was a well-intentioned kind action completely frustrated by the ill-mannered and canting meddling of a fashionable religious fanatic. The dominie and the widow gazed at each other in mute silence for a few minutes, and, after asking me if Mr. S. might be expected back soon, to which I gave reply that it was a matter of much uncertainty, they mournfully withdrew.

Now my friend is known to be a warm-hearted Materialist, or, what is worse, a Spiritualist; but this fact seems only to sharpen his inclination to indulge his feelings in doing acts of kindness to the needy, regardless of faith or creed. He is, however, a close observer, and hence keenly alive to the fashionable pious trick of meanly accepting donations from Sunday-school children and sewing-girls, and accrediting the gifts to the glory of something they call Christ. Unfortunately for the widow, in this case the man of God was too precipitate in his imputation. I am pleased to add, however, that the widow did get relief from my impulsiv friend, but she had to listen to a calm lecture on what he conceived to be the true meaning and application of the fulsome word glory, and by all means avoid tickling with flattery her Jesus or Christ—if she believed in one—in a way that would be insulting and disgusting if offered to a human being. D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thrice Welcome.

From Brick Pomeroy's Great West.

D. M. Bennett, editor of that stanch, strong-minded newspaper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, published at 141 Eighth street, New York city, is on his way home from Jerusalem, and will be in California, en route for New York, in April. He is welcome, thrice welcome home. After a little rest he should take the lecture field and relate something of what he has seen.

The Inevitable Conflict.

Mr. Miln recently offered his resignation as pastor to the Unity church, Chicago. He felt that he was so far advanced that he could not serve even a Unitarian church. But his congregation thought differently, and asked him to remain; they were willing to hear his best thought; but lo and behold! when he gave forth his best thought, they instantly changed front, and requested him to renew his resignation.

Now, we must not blame these poor "sheep." They probably had no idea of what is going on in the world, and supposed that Mr. Miln, radical as he might be, would still preach God and immortality; and no doubt they were thoroughly astonished when he plainly declared that he had no faith in these dogmas. They got more than they bargained for. They could stand anything inside of God and immortality; but to pass outside of this time-worn "taffy" was more than they could endure. Their childhood asserted itself. Being children in these matters, they hav acted like children. They are not like men, ready to front the universe exactly as it is, and find genuin hope and joy in its beautiful reality. They still cling to images.

Mr. Miln shows the depth and sweep of the Freethought of to-day and just where it will surely land in the long run. He is a man of culture, of logic, of delicate feeling, of noble conscience; and with the strength and fervor of his manly and bold intellect he has come just where every one must come who accepts the scientific method. The only escape is by the door of transcendentalism, but that door opens only into an infinit vacuity.

Of course there is something that is called God in the minds of a few thinkers like Chadwick and Savage; but it is scarcely a remnant of the old "God." It is merely a vague brightness which shines out of the heart and in the triumphant pathway of science. That idea, so far as science is concerned, is forever vanished. Science does not deal with it; it cannot admit it. It might as well admit that two and two make five!

Science must always hav two terms and a relation between them in order to hav a starting-point; but an "infinit God" allows but one term, and thrusts out all relations whatsoever. It is an intellectual absurdity. Science can only reason about the finite; the infinit is simply the incomprehensible unknown, in which science reasons, but concerning which it can hav no thought, or picture, or relation, or affirmation Therefore the infinit must evermore remain simply the infinit. It cannot by any possibility be translated into a person, or God, or will, or intelligence. If science deals with these terms, it must accept them solely as finite, capable of being defined and represented.

An "infinit God" is what? It is infinit goodness, infinit wisdom, and infinit power. Science proclaims, if it proclaims anything, if it has any verity whatever, that such a God is an utter impossibility; for it says, with the emphasis even of thunder, that there is such a thing as evil in the world, something to be crushed and got out of the way, and annihilated if possible. Now if there is evil, there cannot be an infinit perfection—only a finite perfection, and therefore a finite God.

Every man of sense and honesty will eventually come to this conclusion. This is the conclusion of all high-minded men and women. It is only a weak sentimentalism that believes in a God to-day. "God" must go the way of Santa Claus. He has only been a doll for children, very beautiful, and garnished out with all sorts of brilliant colors; but an image, a doll merely, that can giv no comfort to the mature intellect. Hereafter we must make the best we can of things good and bad, but science will not permit us to fall back upon a "God" to help us out of any difficulty or "wipe all tears away." We must battle with nature, and conquer it, and so reach consolation and peace.

It is the same with the kindred doctrin of immortality. As Mr. Miln says, it is a beautiful dream. There is no ground for it in science. The only possible basis for it lies in the obscure facts of Spiritualism; but these facts are so indeterminate, coming and going, refusing to be put into the crucible of scientific examination, that they can afford no solid reason for a belief in immortality. In the universal experience of the race there has not been any manifestation of mind outside of an organized body. That mind is anterior to matter is a pure assumption. There is not a particle of proof; all the evidence that we can accumulate is the other way; but we will not say that matter *produces* mind, only that it always, to our experience, *accompanies* mind, and therefore always will. But when the mind leaves the body there is not a particle of proof that it takes lodgment in another body; and therefore, so far as science is concerned, it vanishes from the domain of knowledge. I do not think that any well-disciplined mind cares to believe in immortality. One can find enough in the boundless, heaving, ever-opening and expanding, and fruitful life round about his daily pathway to satisfy all his hope and aspiration. To me the "land of immortality" is a very shadowy land compared to the magnifient wonders of this world in which I now liv and breathe, that touch every fiber of my body with infinit joy. I fully expect, when my body dies, to surrender my self-consciousness; and the anticipation of such a fate does not giv me a particle of melancholy.

Mr. Miln will be justified by the advancing thought of the day, which, as it grows strong and partakes of the scientific spirit, will lay aside as altogether useless the dogmas of God and immortality. They are parts of the old ideas. They can not remain in the new order.

Just here, on these very questions, the conflict will come; we cannot help it. Some would like to preserve these beautiful imageries, and would like to keep a little corner for them in the mind where science will not intrude and disturb their "dim religious light." But science will claim the whole field of human knowledge; it must claim this, or it can claim nothing. There will be no half-way work. Science will be imperativ. This is necessary to human progress.

Now, many so-called Liberals will arrange themselvs on the side of the dogmas of God and immortality, as against the inevitable outcome of science. But sooner or later a decision must be made. One must wave these dogmas, or marshal himself against science, and become essentially the defender of orthodoxy.

Such is the position of the Unitarian church to-day. It is not a free church. Its platform is no longer as broad as science. It does not commit itself to the universe. It clings to the narrow plank of orthodoxy. We need not wonder at this. Unitarianism is the "esthetic" child of Orthodoxy. It takes delight in the lily and the sunflower. It puts emphasis upon beauty. It is fond of decoration. It has ventured into Freethought just far enough to satisfy its religious sentimentalism. It will go no farther. It trembles as the boundless ocean of truth rolls before it. It dares not leave the shore, and can only gather pebbles. It has no moral strength, no intellectual daring, no manly purpose. It is a congregation of sentimentalists—the lily-bloom of mere feeling, the sunflower of a complacent optimism. We cannot depend upon it for any more good work, whatever it may hav done in the past. Its greatest glory has passed away with Dr. Bellows. He was indeed a hero. Every true man must honor him. Through him Unitarianism made itself felt. He is the genius of its past splendor. In his day he was noble and fearless; but he who follows in his footsteps must go farther still, and strip himself of beliefs that were dear even to this noble leader. We cannot hold them, as he held them, with sublime sincerity and power of conviction; we can only hold them in pueril feeling, and so held they are worthless.

Mr. Miln sees the conflict, and, like a bold, clear thinker, he has placed himself upon the right side, while the church of Unity, like a huddle of children, has placed itself upon the wrong side. It prefers the "confectionery" of orthodoxy to the bread and meat of science. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A Simple Creed.

From the N. Y. Times.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. Beecher, in the course of his sermon, made a new confesssion of his faith. As might hav been expected by any one who has watched Mr. Beecher's progress toward Liberalism during the last ten years, his confession of faith is chiefly a confession of want of faith. It is not so much a statement of what he believes as of what he disbelieves. It is a protest, rather than a creed.

Long ago Mr. Beecher rejected the dogma of future punishment, and hence he did not think it necessary last Sunday to reiterate his horror of the blasphemous theory that the Almighty may differ from the pastor of Plymouth pulpit as to the proper principles of divine government. There were, however, other doctrins commonly thought to be a part of Christianity which he had not previously rejected—that is to say in public—and these he abjured with much care and nicety of expression. He expressed his entire disbelief in the story of Adam's fall, or in the dogma that Adam's conduct in any way affected his descendants, and maintained that the scriptural account of the fall is purely allegorical. He generously admitted that the gospels are in the main truthful, but claimed that, like Xenophon's "Memorabilia," they were written in the infancy of history, and that the writers were so utterly regardless of the element of time in making their records that it "was impossible to frame out of the four gospels anything like harmony." Of the atonement there are, according to Mr. Beecher, seventeen or eighteen different theories, all of which he rejected, and in their stead held that "the evolution of the divine nature in Christ Jesus—the making known of the father heart and mother heart in God—constituted that power which, acting upon the imagination and the heart of man, should bring him to the love of God." As to the church, Mr. Beecher proclaimed that "churches and church ordinances do not matter if one has the right spirit," and that "every age has improved on the theologic idea of the age before;" or, in other words, that Mr. Beecher's views of what constitutes true Christianity are much clearer and better than those of the apostles and the church which they instructed. By this process of elimination of doctrin after doctrin Mr. Beecher's final creed is reached. He believes that Christ was a historical person of whom the writers of the gospels hav given a reasonably trustworthy account, and that it is a wise and proper thing for man to imitate his nobility of thought and conduct. This is certainly a very simple creed—so simple, indeed, that even Mr. Bob Ingersoll could find no difficulty in accepting it.

It has often been said that, while Mr. Beecher is a brilliant orator, he is not a logician. But, so far as his theology is concerned, he certainly cannot be accused of any failure to perceive or to accept the logical conclusion following the theological premises long ago adopted by him. The whole scheme of Chriftian theology rests upon the assumption that its cardinal doctrins hav been supernaturally revealed by God to man, either through the infallible scriptures, the infallible church, or both. Mr. Beecher, while conceding that, as a record of facts in the life of Christ, the gospels may be regarded as substantially true, cannot admit that they hav the character of a direct revelation, and hence cannot accept the theological doctrins proclaimed in the New Testament as having any higher origin than the brains of the New Testament writers. Neither does he believe in a church of supernatural origin, the witness and guardian of the faith, and teaching with an authority the same in charcter as that which would attach to an infallible Bible. Having rejected both these media of revelation, from whence is Mr. Beecher to derive his theology? Obviously he must build up a system of his own in the same way in which a philosopher frames his system of philosophy. If neither the church nor the New Testament has any higher authority than Xenonphon's "Memorabilia," the doctrins of the fall and the atonement, as set forth by St. Paul and other canonical writers, or the doctrins of the trinity, as taught by the church, are merely human theories which may be accepted by one century and rejected by another. In the nature of things there can be no certainty in a theology of this purely speculativ nature, except the mere fact of Christ's life in Judea, and the desirability that men should imitate whatever was worthy of imitation in him. Had Mr. Beecher, after his rejection of all authority, still clung to any of the leading doctrins of Christianity, he would hav been guilty of a weakness unworthy of a logical mind.

"In all highly organized churches," remarks Mr. Beecher, "the old doctrins remain untouched." If the doctrins of Christianity owe their origin to revelation, this unchangeableness is a necessary feature of the church, but in accordance with Mr. Beecher's theory that Christianity is a philosophic system which men are rearing, with many mistakes, and frequent changes from age to age, the persistency with which the church keeps the faith once committed to the saints shows a painful and reprehensible conservatism. Said another clergyman last Sunday morning, "Christ has continued himself in the church his mystical body—a divine-human organism that bears from him to me the invisible stream of divine life." Had Mr. Beecher ever firmly held to this conception he could never hav reached his present position, but as he has always rejected this conception, how can any one wonder that he now sneers at the conversatism of the church in matters of doctrin, and frames a creed for himself and his followers which permits him to exchange pulpits with Mr. Bob Ingersoll?

IN the *North American Review* for April Gov. Eli H. Murray, of Utah, treats of the existing crisis in the political fortunes of that territory. According to the present method of local government there, the minority of the population, the gentiles, though they possess the greater part of the wealth of the territory, exclusiv of farm property, and though they constitute by far the most enlightened and enterprising portion of the community, are practically without a voice in legislation. The author proposes a drastic remedy for these and all the other evils prevalent in Utah. An article entitled "Why They Come," by Edward Self, is devoted to the consideration of the many important questions connected with European immigration to this country. Dr. Henry A. Martin, replying to a recent article by Henry Bergh, defends the practice of vaccination. E. L. Godkin has an article on "The Civil Service Reform Controversy;" Senator Riddleberger on "Bourbonism in Virginia;" and General Albert Ordway on "A National Militia." Finally there is a paper of interest on the exploration of the ruined cities of Central America. The *Review* is published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

A Christian Young Man's Lie.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* On the 27th of February an obscure daily paper, issued in this aity, published an article headed an "Unjustifiable Proceeding," in which it was stated that persons who attended the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association on the previous day had Freethinking tracts "thrust into their faces" by a person whose conduct was more adapted to "disgust than amaze" the victims; that the person alluded to "intruded the aforesaid tracts into Christian assemblages," and that it "might be dangerous to continue." As I am the only person who was distributing tracts anywhere near the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association at the time mentioned, I made no bones of taking this to myself, but offered the following communication to the old granny who edits the obscure paper mentioned:

"*Editor of the Free Press:* I am the only person to whom your article of Monday, headed "Unjustifiable Proceeding," can be intended to apply, and I beg to state that you are misinformed. I thrust the tract mentioned into nobody's face, unless that term applies to offering it, as tracts usually are offered, indiscriminately. It certainly is quite a misrepresentation to say that I intruded the tracts into a Christian assemblage. I would not do such an ungentlemanly act. I distributed them out of doors, at a considerable distance from any assemblage. I hardly think you meant to threaten me with danger for that. Surely you must be aware that the days when Christian young men silenced gainsayers with the sword, the stake, and the gallows are over. There is only one way to apply such arguments now, which is to hav somebody swear that the unbeliever sent him an indecent publication through the mails. As several Freethinkers hav been imprisoned on charges of that character, which appear to hav been false, but were tried in United States courts, where, as our lamented Senator Carpenter said, there is no such thing as a jury, perhaps I hav some reason to be afraid. On the whole, however, I am not."

The old granny refused to publish the above because of the sentences in which I reply to the insolent threat about danger. He besought me with tears in his eyes to call him a liar, but spare the feelings of that sweet-scented Christian young man who, he admitted, had told him that I stood at the door of the meeting, and a heap of other lies. I do not call the old granny a liar, because his distress excited my compassion. But the Christian young man is a liar, who dares not repeat his slanders to my face, and a coward, who couldn't be "dangerous" to a mouse, except perhaps by the method of perjury above mentioned, which was invented by Anthony Comstock, a prominent member of the same dirty gang.

Eau Claire, Wis., March 2, 1882. C. L JAMES.

To Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.

On the morning after his expulsion from Parliament, the following was dispatched to Mr. Bradlaugh by the National Liberal League:

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1882.

HON. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, *My Very Dear Sir:* The Freethinkers of the United States wake up this morning to read the news of your repeated expulsion from Parliament. We are simply astonished that the dying old religion of the Anglo-Saxon race has still the strength and the temerity to proceed to this extremity at this late day.

But the situation, both in England and here, in regard to Freethought, is like the situation here before our recent war in regard to slavery. In our ante-bellum days, we could confidently rely on the pro-slavery party committing some new outrage, to keep alive the spirit of liberty, and add new recruits to the swelling ranks opposed to slavery. Whenever a lull occurred in the agitation, and after a period of comparativ peace, some sense seemed creeping into the brains of the slavocrats, another mob would opportunely arise and tar and feather some innocent free white citizen; another printing office would be gutted and broken up; another negro would be chased and torn by blood-hounds; another mother, crossing a river, close pressed by her pursuers, would throw her infant into the rushing water beneath her to save at least *it* from capture; another statesman would be challenged to the field, or bludgeoned on the very floor of our House of Congress. Then, following each outrage of this character, all the fires of liberty would spout up anew from the ashes of our sleeping volcano.

All these horrors hav been suffered to free the bodies of men. The same process, it seems, must be gone through to liberate their minds; and we can cherish the same confidence in the stupidity of the church party, and place the same reliance on their continuing, at every inopportune emergency, all those hourly weakening processes which were practiced at their hight in the days of the Inquisition, to keep down Freethought.

From this latest ebullition of ecclesiastic spite, of which you are the honored victim, we hope and believe—indeed, we know—you will rise victorious. Your constituents, without any doubt, will return you triumphantly to the seat from which you hav been so unjustly excluded, and great gain to mental liberty will be the result.

In this faith and hope, representing many thousands of Freethinkers in this country, I remain, most devotedly yours,

T. C. LELAND, Sec'y.

(*Continued from page* 201.)

the splendid religion of deed and duty into the superstition of creed and cruelty. I deny it. It is infamous! Christ never said it!

Now upon these gospels the churches rest; and out of these things, mistakes and interpolation, they hav made their creeds. And the first church to make a creed, so far as I know, was the Catholic. It was the first church that had any power. That is the church that has preserved all these miracles for us. That is the church that preserved the manuscripts for us. That church is the first witness that Protestantism brought to the bar of history to prove miracles that took place eighteen hundred years ago; and while the witness is there Protestantism takes pains to say, "You cannot believe one word that witness says now."

That church is the only one that keeps up a constant communication with heaven through the instrumentality of a large number of decayed saints. That church has an agent of God on earth, has a person who stands in the place of deity; and that church is infallible. That church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power—and always will. In Spain that church stands erect, and is arrogant. In the United States that church crawls; but the object in both countries is the same—and that is the destruction of intellectual liberty. That church teaches us that we can make God happy by being miserable ourselvs; that a nun is holier in the sight of God than a loving mother with her child in her thrilled and thrilling arms; that a priest is better than a father; that celibacy is better than that passion of love that has made everything of beauty in this world. That church tells the girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with eyes like dew and light; that girl with the red of health in the white of her beautiful cheeks—tells that girl, "Put on the veil, woven of death and night, kneel upon the stones, and you will please God."

I tell you that, by law, no girl should be allowed to take the veil and renounce the joys and beauties of this life.

I am opposed to allowing these spider-like priests to weave webs to catch the loving maidens of the world. There ought to be a law appointing commissioners to visit such places twice a year and release every person who expresses a desire to be released. I do not believe in keeping the penitentiaries of God. No doubt they are honest about it. That is not the question. These iguorant superstitions fill millions of lives with weariness and pain, with agony and tears.

The next church I wish to speak of is the Episcopalian. That was founded by Henry VIII., now in heaven. He cast off Queen Catherine and Catholicism together, and he accepted Episcopalianism and Anne Boleyn at the same time. That church, if it had a few more ceremonies, would be Catholic. If it had a few less, nothing. We hav an Episcopalian church in this country, and it has all the imperfections of a poor relation. It is always boasting of its rich relativ. In England the creed is made by law, the same as we pass statutes here. And when a gentleman dies in England, in order to determin whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the powers of heaven to read the acts of Parliament. It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point. Lost on demurrer.

A few years ago a gentleman by the name of Seabury, Samuel Seabury, was sent over to England to get some apostolic succession. We had not a drop in the house. It was necessary for the bishops of the English church to put their hands upon his head. They refused. There was no act of Parliament justifying it. He had then to go to the Scotch bishops; and, had the Scotch bishops refused, we never would have had any apostolic succession in the New World, and God would hav been driven out of half the earth, and the true church never could hav been founded upon this continent. But the Scotch bishops put their hands on his head, and now we hav an unbroken succession of heads and hands from St. Paul to the last bishop.

When I was a boy, the other churches looked upon dancing as probably the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost; and they used to teach that when four boys got into a hay-mow, playing seven-up, the eternal God stood whetting the sword of his eternal wrath waiting to strike them down to the lowest hell.

The Episcopalians hav persecuted just to the extent of their power. Their treatment of the Irish has been a crime—a crime lasting for three hundred years. That church persecuted the Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland. In England the altar is the mistress of the throne, and this mistress has always looked at honest wives with scorn.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, two men, John Wesley and George Whitfield, said, If everybody is going to hell, somebody ought to mention it. The Episcopal clergy said, Keep still; do not tear your gown. Wesley and Whitfield said, This frightful truth ought to be proclaimed from the housetop of every opportunity, from the highway of every occasion. They were good, honest men. They believed their doctrin. And they said, If there is a hell, and a Niagara of souls pouring over a precipice of ignorance, somebodv ought to say something. They were right; somebody ought, if such a thing is true. Wesley was a believer in the Bible. He believed in the actual presence of the Almighty. God used to do miracles for him; used to put off a rain several days to giv his meeting a chance; used to cure his horse of lameness; used to cure Mr. Wesley's headaches.

In old times they were very simple. Churches used to be like barns. They used to hav them divided—men on that side, and women on this. A little barbarous. We hav advanced since then, and we now find as a fact, demonstrated by experience, that a man sitting by the woman he loves can thank God as heartily as though sitting between two men that he has never been introduced to.

There is another thing the Methodists should remember, and that is that the Episcopalians were the greatest enemies they ever had. And they should remember that the Freethinkers hav always treated them kindly and well.

The next church is the Presbyterian, and in my judgment the worst of all, as far as creed is concerned. This church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer! John Calvin, having power in Geneva, inaugurated human torture. Voltaire abolished torture in France. The man who abolished torture, if the Christian religion is true, God is now torturing in hell, and the man who inaugurated torture is now one of the best musicians in heaven. John Knox started this doctrin in Scotland, and there is this peculiarity about Presbyterianism—it grows best where the soil is poorest. I read the other day an account of a meeting between John Knox and John Calqin. Imagin a dialog between a pestilence and a famin! Imagin a conversation between a block and an ax! As I read their conversation it seemed to me as though John Knox and John Calvin were made for each other; that they fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. They believed happiness was a crime; they looked upon laughter as blasphemy; and they did all they could to destroy every human feeling, and to fill the mind with the infinit gloom of predestination and eternal death. They taught the doctrin that God had a right to damn us because he made us. That is just the reason that he has not a right to damn us. There is some dust. Unconscious dust! What right has God to change that unconscious dust into a human being, when he knows that human being will sin; when he knows that human being will suffer eternal agony? Why not leave him in the unconscious dust? What right has an infinit God to add to the sum of human agony? Suppose I knew that I could change that piece of furniture into a living, sentient human being, wrapped in a robe of passionate flesh, and I knew that that being would suffer untold agony forever. If I did it I would be a fiend. I would leave that being in the unconscious dust. And yet we are told that we must believe such a doctrin or we are to be eternally damned!

The other day a young gentleman, a Presbyterian, who had just been converted, came to me, and he gave me a tract, and he told me he was perfectly happy. Said I, "Do you think a great many people are going to hell?" "Oh, yes." "And are you perfectly happy?" Well, he did not know as he was, quite. "Would you not be happier if they were all going to heaven?" "Oh, yes." "Well, then, you are not perfectly happy?" No, he did not think he was. "When you get to heaven, then you will be perfectly happy?" "Oh, yes." "Now, when we are only going to hell, you are not quite happy; but when we are in hell, and you in heaven, you will be perfectly happy. You will not be as decent when you get to be an angel as you are now, will you?" Well, that was not exactly it. Said I, "Suppose your mother were in hell, would you be happy in heaven then?" "Well, he says, "I suppose God would know the best place for mother." And I thought to myself, then, if I was a woman, I would like to hav five or six boys like that.

No church has done more to fill the world with gloom than the Presbyterian. Its creed is frightful, hideous, and hellish. The Presbyterian god is the monster of monsters. He is an eternal executioner, jailer, and turnkey. He will enjoy forever the shrieks of the lost—the wails of the damned. Hell is the festival of the Presbyterian god.

Christians say to me: "What do you propose? You hav torn this down, what do you propose to giv us in place of it?" I hav not torn the good down. I hav only endeavored to trample out the ignorant, cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promis, "If you will forgiv others God will forgiv you." I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, nor in the sky of human hope; but I will do what I can to get that infinit shadow out of the heart of man. "What do you propose in place of this?" Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowlowship—good friends all around. No matter what we believe, shake hands and let it go. That is your opinion; this is mine; let us be friends. Science makes friends; religion, superstition, makes enemies. They say belief is important. I say, no, actions are important. Judge by deed, not by creed. Good fellowship, good friends, sincere men and women, mutual forbearance, born of mutual respect. We hav had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. No man of any humor ever founded a religion—never. Humor sees both sides. While reason is the holy light, humor carries the lantern, and the man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I like a man who has got good feeling for everybody—good fellowship. One man said to another, "Will you take a glass of wine?" "I do not drink." "Will you smoke a cigar?" "I do not smoke." "Maybe you will chew something?" "I do not chew." "Let us eat some hay." "I tell you I do not eat eay." "Well, then, good-bye, for you are no company for man or beast."

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselvs? Good health! And I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we will study ourselvs, and understand the laws of health, and then we will say we are under obligation to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children. Even if I got to heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and grandchildren and see them diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalties of crimes I had committed.

I believe in the gospel of good living. You can not make any god happy by fasting. Let us hav good food, and let us hav it well cooked, and it is a thousand times better to know how to cook than it is to understand any theology in the world. I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The schoolhouse is my cathedral. The universe is my Bible. I believe in that gospel of justice, that we must reap what we sow.

I do not believe in forgivness as it is preached by the church. We do not need the forgivness of God, but of each other and of ourselvs. If I rob Mr. Smith and God forgivs me, how does that help Smith? If I, by slander, cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get the forgivness of God, how does that help her? If there is another world, we hav got to settle with the people we hav wronged in this. No bankrupt court there. Every cent must be paid.

The Christians say that among the ancient Jews, if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say, "Charge it; put it on the slate." It will not do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you hav ever clothed another with wo, as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you had not done that thing. No forgivness by the gods. Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice, so far as nature is concerned. You must reap the result of your acts. Even when forgiven by the one you hav injured, it is not as though the injury had not been done. That is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me I will stand it, and I will cling to my logic, and I will bear it like a man.

And I believe, too, in the gospel of liberty, in giving to others what we claim for ourselvs. I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you giv away the more you will hav. In liberty extravagance is economy. Let us be just. Let us be generous to each other.

I believe in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the savior of this world. Humanity is the grand religion, and no God can put a man in hell in another world who has made a little heavin this. God cannot make a man miserable if that man has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving anybody. Humanity—that word embraces all there is.

So I believe in this great gospel of humanity. "Ah! but," they say, "it will not do. You must believe." I say, No. My gospel of health will bring life. My gospel of intelligence, my gospel of good living, my gospel of good-fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrin will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrin will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your minds My doctrin will rid the world of the abnormal monsters born of ignorance and superstition. My doctrin will giv us health, wealth, and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. Giv us intelligence. In a little while a man will find that he cannot steal without robbing himself. He will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake. He will find that only that man carries the cross who does wrong, and that upon the man who does right the cross turns to wings that will bear him upward forever. He will find that even intelligent self-love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race.

"Oh," but they say to me, "you take away immortality." I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to liv, and when the one dies that we love we will say, "Oh, that we could meet again," and whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling-wood for hell.

One world at a time is my doctrin. It is said in this Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and I say, Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof. And suppose, after all, death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who hav loved us, next to that is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that hav been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the burning touch of tears. Lips touched by eternal silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep, Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits, and in the rayless gloom is crouched no shuddering fear.

I had rather think of those I hav loved, and lost as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds, I would rather think of them as the lost visions of a forgotten night, than to hav even the faintest fear that their naked souls hav been clutched by an orthodox god.

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. Whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish, I will giv it breath of sighs and rain of tears. But I cannot believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain. I would rather that every god would destroy himself; I would rather that we all should go to eternal chaos, to black and starless nights, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony.

I hav made up my mind that if there is a God he will be merciful to the merciful—upon that rock I stand; that he will not torture the forgiving—upon that rock I stand; that every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime—upon that rock I stand; that the honest man, the kind, sweet woman, the happy child, hav nothing to fear either in this world or the world to come. Upon that rock I stand.

Letters from Friends.

HERON LAKE, MINN., March 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Round-the-World fund. Please send books as soon as published to

J. T. SMITH.

MOUNT HOPE, WIS., March 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 for my subscription, and $5 for Round-the-World trip.

Yours, JOSEPH HESS.

STILES, IOWA, March 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $10—$5 for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for Round-the-World fund. JOHN BENNETT.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., March 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—$5 for Mr. Bennett's trip around the world and $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. R. J. ANDERSON.

RICHMOND, ILL., March 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—three to renew my suscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the other five for the Round-the-World books. JOHN WEST.

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, March 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—$5 for Round-the-World trip, and the balance to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. B. W. BARBER.

GANANOQUE, CAN., March 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In addition to the $5 I forwarded you some time ago, I now beg to inclose $3 more to hav Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World books in morocco.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM HENRY HAIGH.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and the balance apply on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for the present year. Respectfully, MAGGIE CLARK.

SALINE, MICH., March 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10 from H. R. Watson of this place, to be applied as follows: $3 to renew his subscription, $5 for Round-the-World books, and $2 for lithographs of Paine, Ingersoll, and Bennett.

Very respectfully yours, GEO. B. MASON.

DUDLEY, ILL, March 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Since I am just as anxious to help bring Mr. Bennett home as I was to send him away, you will find inclosed $5 for another copy of the book. Yours truly. M. ROWE.

AYR, ONT., March 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8—$5 for Mr. Bennett's books of travel to be sent to Peter Hope, Ayr, Ont., and the balance to be applied to my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. ROBERT MANSON.

LAWRENCE, MASS., March 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 in behalf of your trip Round-the-World. The works of the same please send when complete, and oblige one in sympathy with your views. SHERMAN W. LADD.

CEDAR JUNCTION, KAN., March 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for the Round-the-World fund. Hope I am not too late. If the door is open I would like to enter and take a place with those who hav gone before. E. S. CORLISS.

PARISH, ILL., March 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $5 for Round-the-World trip. We don't see how we can do without the books, so put our names down among the "redeemed." We are giving orthodoxy h——l down here. Fraternally, L. M. JONES, J. L. JONES.

HART, MICH., March 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Charles Burr called on me yesterday, and told me he was suffering with weak and inflamed eyes—so much so that he cannot read his paper. He requests it stopped for the present, and incloses $5 to head off D. M. Bennett while on the home stretch, and thereby secure the books if he is not everlastingly too late. C. A. GAINES.

PORTSMOUTH, ENG., March 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6.50 for Mr. Bennett's travels Round-the-World, and "Godly Women of the Bible." Our tories and whigs, I expect, would like to put Mr. Bradlaugh in a den if possible. The day is too far gone for that. By refusing to allow him to take his seat, they are making him more popular and doing more good to the cause of Freethought, than if he went in quietly. Wishing Mr. Bennett every success and a safe return, I remain,

Yours truly, J. BRUMAGE.

FARLEY, IOWA, March 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav succeeded in securing one more name for the roll of honor. You will find herewith $5 for the Round-the-World trip for N. J. Loomis, of Farley, Iowa. The remainder of inclosed cash you will apply on books, etc., as directed.

In the matter of the two books of "A Truth Seeker Abroad," I prefer that titile to "An Infidel Abroad," on account of having them circulate among Christians. I am now almost alone in this free library affair, and cannot get as many books each year as we ought to hav, but what we hav got are doing good work and their influence is felt inside the churches here. There is no time but what some of the books are out, and often among church-members. I also take six Liberal papers, all of which I keep on the move, either by handing around or by mailing to parties at a distance. The general sentiment in this part of the country is becoming more Liberal year by year. When I look back five years and see the change that has come over the people, I am surprised. It is far better than I expected when I began to fight for the right, and I think that I can see plainly that our cause is advancing with increased ratio. One of our churches has been holding a revival for about two weeks, and so far, I understand, their efforts hav proved a failure. There is not much danger of any great religious excitement in this town. When we hear of any one getting warmed up to the subject we cool him or her off if it is in our power. Sometimes we use argument, sometimes ridicule, and at others use our books, papers, lectures, tracts, etc. And for five years we hav successfully combated all efforts to raise a religious excitement, and consequently converts hav been exceeding scarce. If every Liberal would subscribe for one live Liberal paper and giv it to his friends to read, our cause would sweep over the world like an avalanche. I cannot see why it is that Liberals so generally fail to respond to the needs and duties of the day. For shame that it should be so! H. GILMORE.

GALT, ONT., March 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for extra binding of my volumes of Round-the-World. JAMES BROWN.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., March 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send $3 to hav my Round-the-World volumes bound in morocco. JOB T. DICKENS, M.D.

LEADVILLE, COL., March 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please bind my Round-the-World books in morocco, with gilt edges. JAS. C. GRIFFITHS.

AUBURN, N. Y., March 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to pay for binding books in morocco with gilt edges.

Yours truly, EDWIN GREENFIELD.

GREENEVILLE, CONN., March 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3 for the extra binding of the three volumes of the Round-the-World trip, as mentioned in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If any more is required to bring the old scribe home again, please let me know. Please send me a catalog of your books.

Yours truly, JOHN EARNSHAW.

OAKLAND, ILL., March 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 extra on the $5 for the books of Mr. Bennett's trip for the best binding, mentioned in the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am well pleased with the paper, and can hardly wait till it comes. I am highly delighted with the letters from Bro. Bennett. PETER GOBERT.

AUGUSTA, MICH., March 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $9—$3 for a renewal of my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I see by the tab on the wrapper that my time expired the first of March. As I am to hav two copies of the Round-the-World trip, I send $6, the amount you specify for morocco binding and gilt edges. I want them to be ornamental as well as useful. C. M. PIPER.

MT. JACKSON, VA., March 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, $3 to hav my Round-the-World books bound in morocco, and $2 to help defray the expenses of Mr. Bennett's trip, as I think $5 is too small a sum to pay friend Bennett for traveling around the world and publishing the books.

Hoping Mr. Bennett may get home safe, I remain,

Yours truly, LEONARD WALTERS.

GOLDSMITH, IND., March 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $6—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and $3 for the extra binding of the books. I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hardly know how I could do without it. I am surrounded by the meanest set of Jesus-eaters that the sun ever shone on. They are Presbyterians. I will giv a specimen of their conduct. I was road-master some three years ago. It was my duty to warnout all males over twenty-one and under fifty years of age. I went to one good praying man. I made my business known to him. Well, he said he thought he was too old to work on the road. He had told me about two years before that he was forty-two. I felt that I was beat. I went to the auditor's office and got the assayer's book of 1867 and found him booked for forty-two over his signature. He had lied out of at least four year's work. He is one of the loudest prayers in the Presbyterian church. This is only one of a number of mean tricks I could enumerate.

Yours truly, DAVID SMITH.

MEMPHIS, MO., March 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I was glad to see the brief but cogent letter of Amy Post in your last issue.

I, too, wonder that there are those who refuse to investigate Spiritualism when there are so many mediums in whose presence no honest and intelligent person can fail, by proper perseverence, to be convinced of its truth. And yet many who never seek for the truth on this subject speak as dogmatically upon it as any church bigot. I never expect to see any nearer approach to miracles than such people. But it must be caused by the horrors with which old theology has clothed the future. Would that they could shake that off.

My mind often reverts to a visit I enjoyed at the hospitable home of Isaac and Amy some twenty-six or eight years ago. I, for the first time, saw in the evening a table move without visible contact with any moving force. The medium was a lady who was giving a course of lectures in Rochester, but whose name I cannot now recall. Benisons on Amy and spirit Isaac. STEPHEN YOUNG.

ADRIAN, MICH., March 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your editorial in the last TRUTH SEEKER in reference to the intolerant and dogmatical character of the Catholic church, and its inroads on American institutions, was well timed, though it throws a dark shadow on American liberties, and it should be a renewed incitement to all lovers of our country's future welfare to themselvs in the direction of using their influence in trying to build up intelligent Freethought, based on correct moral principles, for this is the true and sure foundation on which to build a higher manhood. It was this that laid the foundation of this government. There was no priestly dictation there; no building on an anthropoid God, or any other kind of a myth, but they boldly and publicly declared to the world of mankind at large that their government should be built on the rights of man.

That law was for the protection of the weak, and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and no God, no Jesus Christ about it. In the language of George Washington to the Turkish government, when it objected to opening its ports to the United States government on account of its Christian character, as the Christian evangelical religion, through the European nations, had given them so much trouble from their encroachments on their political rights, "this is in no sense a Christian nation."

In order to put this matter at rest with them, George Washington assured them that the United States government was in no sense a Christian government, and it was the intention of the fathers of this nation that it should be entirely secular in its character, and free from any religious domination, and yet a government that should protect all shades of religious thought, so long as their religion did not interfere with the rights of man as established by this general government.

But how is it to-day? Does this Catholic church not interfere with the spirit of our general government, and the rights of man, when it boldly and publicly teaches that the church's authority is from God, and the government is from man, and that true Catholics must obey God rather than man?

Then this Christian, evangelical, orthodox, Catholic church has been able to manipulate this government to that extent as to let them stamp their lie on our coin (In God we trust), while the facts of the case are that there is not one in the whole crew that trusts to this Bible God for the first thing. In fact, this government knows nothing of him, nor never did. He has never made his appearance in America. In the eastern hemisphere, from the accounts we hav of him, it seems that he showed Moses his back parts (Ex. xxxiii, 33), but he never condescended to do us even that little favor here in America; and why we as a nation would allow our government officials to be duped by this superstition to that extent, as to allow them to hav this lie stamped on our coin is more than I can tell. Is there any one that can giv us an intelligent reason for this? I hope they will rise and explain. S. D. MOORE.

THE CRISIS.

SOLESBURG, March 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:

The crisis is coming! resounds from on high,
Let our bird scream, as it floats in the sky,
The light of the ages, that shone in the past,
Is burnished by science, grown brighter at last,

And it came to pass about the year 1882 of the Christian era, and in the reign of traditional superstition over all the earth, that many did run to and fro seeking knowledge above what is written in the holy book of the Chronicles of the holy wars of the God of the Jews, as chief general of his chosen people. Even D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, whom you all well know, is now on a pilgrimage around the world, seeking, perhaps, the four corners thereof, but nary a corner had he found when last heard from in the land of Yahweh, where the corner idea, with many other wonderful stories, originated. Mr. Bennett tells of many rocks and stones existing there, belonging to former ages, but is silent on the supposition that they once formed a great pillar to support one of the four corners of the earth in that place, when the earth was a table-land, and the mighty orb of day rolled majestically around it, except for a short season, to accommodate General Joshua in drenching the earth with the blood of his fellow-beings to please his God of vengeance, now revered by professing Christians as a God of love.

Oh! what ignorance, worse than that, priestcraft has done it all,
And yet it rears its hydra-head 'neath stately temples tall;
But science's light is marching on, like D. M. Bennett round the world,
Weaving a banner as he goes, to float o'er all the world,
And rouse the nations, one and all, beneath its friendly wave,
Till priestcraft shall be dead and buried in its grave;
'Tis founded on a monster myth, a myth and nothing more,
When its votaries hav the power they dye the earth with gore.
Religion is a work of anxious soul, for good of all humanity,
And not tied up in stupid creeds, like selfish Christianity.
The time is at hand, for time to decide,
Whether priestcraft is right or to be denied;
Beheld as the author of many the vices,
And doomed to go down now in the crisis!

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE."

"A little more grape," Taylor told Bragg,
And the foe will be ready to put in a bag.
They are beginning to doubt, to waver, and fear,
From the charges they got, so plain and so clear,
Like the soldiers in blue, gave the soldiers in gray,
When they conquered for freedom, the pride of our day!

I regret very much that my age and circumstances forbid my name being on the starry role for D. M. Bennett's banner books. I hope to get them at some future time if life permits. I am about opening an office in this place (Carversville), with the following invitation to all:

Come walk into my office, when I'm not away,
And enjoy your freedom, to hav your honest say,
According to the broadest liberty compatible with human justice.
I want to answer questions, my answers shall be free,
So none should be offended if we different see.

Yours truly, E. W. ALLEN.

COVINGTON, PA., March 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar for books. I was sorry to hear that our old hero had to work so hard to get out of the Jordan, and trust that he may not meet with any mishaps, but return home to his friends. I am in an orthodox town where they all think that Thomas Paine denied the god of nature, and confound an Infidel with an Atheist, and they hear it preached from the pulpit that to think or reason is sinning against the holy spirit. There are a few Freethinkers here, and we intend to organize a Liberal League next fall and show ourselvs. When one is reading the scribe's description of the country in the "Book of Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh" (chap. xxvi), turn to Exodus xxxiv 24, and the scripture is plain enough.

Yours truly, O. J. LOVELL.

The Cottage Maiden.

BY ALHAZA.

But the tender heart o'lleesome love,
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?—*Burns.*

Oh mirk was the night, the wind blew cauld,
The sheep, a' safe, were within the fauld;
He brought me gloves, and a Highland plaidee,
And went to the wars, my ain kind laddie.
The laddie's awa', the brave laddie.

It jars me great that he is gone,
'Neath the milk-white thorn I weep and moan.
So the thrush is lonely far over the lea,
The bird that is flown she is waiting to see.
The laddie's awa'.

They told me one day he was sick and sad,
My heart is sair for the absent lad;
No rose of the simmer is lovely to me
Till fate restores the pale laddie to me.
For he is awa'.

The wind blaws cool from the mountain's crest,
The lavrock rises with dew on his breast,
But the *westlin wind comes never to me,
To bring the laddie I wish to see;
For he is awa'.

Oh where was God when the ship was a wrack,
And the shivering sails by the north wind strack,
And the stranded vessel was left alone.
And hoarsely sounded the sea's wild moan ?
Oh, where was the laddie?

The sea-gulls flew from their rocky home
To wet their beaks in the ‡purple foam;
Now the breeze is still that should waft him to me,
And my heart is chill as the moaning sea.

* "Westlin wind," meaning western breeze, an expression used in Scotch ballads.

‡ "Purple foam." The sea-foam is dark by shoal water.

What Was His Creed?

Republished by request.

He left a ton of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor;
That was his deed;
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blest "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up,
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task—
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves, a pall
For flower and weed
Drooping below,
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope-inspiring words he said
To him he sheltered from the cold.
For man must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
In faith his words were never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he—
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and worked
Ever along with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us heed,
For life is brief;
Adopt his creed.
And give relief.

The Brain and the Bible.

Does anybody want a good book, interesting, instructiv, with fresh, new arguments, and enchaining the attention from beginning to end? Then procure and read Mr. Beall's book with the above caption, and you will rise from its perusal with a better understanding of yourself, your neighbors, your friends, and a more tender sympathy for all humanity. In this book the author does not simply reiterate the old arguments against the unstable system of ancient and modern Christianity, already worn and wearisome to the student and observer, but earnestly and candidly sifts the character and development of the influences that hav been brought to bear upon man, and made him as we find him to-day, and presents facts in a new and different light. Society—the world in general—deals with *effects*; Mr. Beall goes back to *causes* and shows the why and wherefore of the evil and the good. He is a practical scientific phrenologist, and, from a phrenological (which is the correct one, I think) standpoint, has given in this book much valuable matter and food for thought, showing conclusivly and clearly that, in the author's own words, "the brain is the only true Bible—that nature embraces all there is of which we hav any logical evidence, and that neglect of nature paves the broad road to the only hell, while obedience to natural law makes a flowery path to the only heaven."

I hav not in some time read a book that has pleased me so much as this. The arguments are so true and logical, the matter treated so important, and the great ally of Materialism, phrenology, is brought forward in such a fair and reasonable way that none can fail to see its great importance in the elevation of our human kind.

The chapters are all extremely interesting, and the splendid introduction by Col. Ingersoll sparkles like all the jewels of his wonderful genius, and givs an added luster to the work, which is destined to liv and take its place with the standard literature of the world. This book will undoubtedly meet with a large sale, as it deserves. It is handsomely and neatly bound, printed on good paper with clear type, and is dedicated to "all friends of humanity who do not fear to discover in nature the only cause and cure of all that stands in the way of our highest good." SUSAN H. WIXON.

Spirit Samuel Bowles's Opinion of Henry Ward Beecher.

In the late work of Samuel Bowles, "Contrasts in Spirit Life," which is just now having such an unprecedented sale all over the country, is to be found on page 82 the following very interesting remarks concerning Mr. Beecher:

Question: How would Henry Ward Beecher be received were he to go to spirit life now, with the knowledge of spirit return, but lacking the courage to proclaim it?

Answer: He would be received as one who preached the truth, but not the whole truth; as one who worked for humanity, did his duty as far as possible without calling upon him public contumely. Henry Ward Beecher to-day is doing a great work. He is carefully breaking up the old ideas and giving new ones. He is daily showing that it is acts, not blood, that save men. He has clothed his thoughts on this subject in non-committal words, and were he to come to spirit life now he would be received lovingly by many whom he had benefited, but reproachfully by that class of spirits who, knowing his powerful intellect, his strong magnetic qualities, knowing that from his own experiences, and from those of a sister, he must hav been convinced of spirit return, yet know that he has not made it publicly a spoke in the mighty wheel of progress. This failure in duty would come to him as a reminder of what might hav been, and the thought of the powerful lever he might hav worked for the good of a sinning people would be a reproach to him when he viewed it as we view it. Should this meet his eye, I would remind him of the force back of him which givs him his finest thoughts, of the power he possesses to sow seed for a great harvest. If he chose he might unite spirit return and communion with his glowing thoughts, and teach people they are never alone; that the friend whose cold form was yesterday deposited in its resting-place is to-day a living, working being with love intensified.

May angels and all that is good spare Henry Ward Beecher until, with every beautiful sermon he preaches, the nearness of the two worlds is made manifest, and until he sees the necessity of urging his numerous flock to study into lessons that show them if a man die he does liv again.

This charming book contains Mr. Bowles's interview with Dr. J. G. Hall, and which is itself worth the price of the book. It can be obtained at this office for fifty cents.

Liberal Notes from Illinois.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Since I wrote you last I hav visited most of the large towns in Ford, Champaign, Piatt, Douglass, Edgar, Vermillion, and Iroquois counties; and, taken as a whole, I hav found less activ Liberalism in these seven counties than in any other portions of this state I hav traveled over during my nearly twenty months' traveling over Illinois in the interest of Liberalism. This inactivity does not arise from the want of numbers, as there are a great many Freethinkers in nearly every place I hav visited; but the trouble is, they do not, as a general thing, take any Liberal papers, and as a consequence are uninformed and indifferent as to the importance of organization.

When in Paxton, Ford county, I had the pleasure of attending two lectures by Prof. W. F. Jamieson, on the evenings of January 17th and 18th. And let me say that if any community wants to get a good shaking up until the dry bones of old orthodoxy fairly rattle, let them engage Prof. Jamieson or Mrs. H. S. Lake to giv them a course of lectures.

I spent some time in Paris, the birthplace of THE TRUTH SEEKER, where I met with many warm friends of Mr. D. M. Bennett, amongst whom I would name Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Cretois, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bradbury, Mr. J. A. Walthall, Mr. William H. Geohegan, and J. R. Martin.

I expect to go north from here to Pontiac, and thence into La Salle county, and visit what of the state I can lying between here and the Illinois river between this and the time for holding the next annual state Liberal League convention, which I am arranging to hold in Maennerchor Hall, in the city of Bloomington, on Saturday and Sunday, June 3d and 4th.

To make this convention a success is going to involve some expense. But this can be easily met if those of our Liberals who can afford to do so will only come forward and join the state Liberal League. One dollar makes any man or woman a life member of the state Liberal League of Illinois. The sum is but little for each one. There are now one hundred and twenty-five life members to the state League of Illinois, and there ought to be five hundred by the first of June. My Liberal friends, let me ask you once more to send me a membership fee to the state League, and thus help forward the cause in this state. It takes all and more than I make from the sale of books to pay railroad and hotel expenses, yet I cannot think that you are disposed to let the good work commenced in this state stop through the want of a little help.

My post-office address until after the June convention will be Bloomington, Illinois. Please let me hear from you.

Yours for mental liberty, F. F. FOLLET,
Sec. State Liberal League of Ill.

Fairbury, Ill., March 18, 1882.

"The Infidel Pulpit."
Lectures by George Chainey.
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Gems of Thought.

IF we should claim for our own religion the advantage of being supported by the authority of a long succession of able, wise, and virtuous men, fully competent to judge of its truth, yet if our adversaries can produce an equally imposing list of authorities against us, we shall hav gained but little by our mode of reasoning. These one-sided ways of proving the exclusiv claims of a particular creed are as if a person should maintain the vast superiority of his countrymen over foreigners by a reference to the battles they had won, the territory they had conquered, and the bravery they had displayed; forgetful to inquire whether there were not other nations which had gained victories equally transcendent, made conquests equally extensiv, and evinced a heroism equally admirable. —*Amberley's Analysis.*

IT has been said by Carlyle and by many others, that work is worship, and that nature is the most constant, unfailing, and determined of workers; but worship implies a devotional feeling, and an earnest sense of duty performed in the labor you undertake. In this sense alone can work be regarded as worship; in all others it is mere labor and toil under the sense of the necessity or pleasure in occupation. The notion of worship can only be referred to a devotional feeling as in the search after truth, in the desire to do what is right and best, and in the love of truth, both for its own sake and for the general good and in the elevating sense of our highest duties and noblest conceptions, and in the name of the true, the good, and the beautiful.—*Henry G. Atkinson.*

No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise hav overlooked, overlook some of those which we see Rather he will be thankful that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should hav one-sided asserters too; and being usually the most energetic and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to tho fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THAT mind alone is free which, conscious ever of its own feebleness, feeling hourly its own liability to err, turning thankfully to light from whatever side it may come, does yet refuse to giv up that right with which God has invested it of judging, or to abrogate its own responsibility, and so humbly and even awfully resolves to hav an opinion, a judgment, a decision of its own.—*Fred. W. Robertson.*

THE prayer of Ajax was for light.
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight.
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

O sniffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's little leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we, side by side.
—*Longfellow's Goblet of Life.*

CHRIST'S "descent into hell" is not attested by even one evangelist. On the other hand, they all bear testimony to the "resurrection," but not one of them was an eye-witness, and it is described in a different manner by all; in short, attested like any other event that we are compelled to regard as unhistorical. And what sort of an event? One so impossible, in such direct antagonism to every law of nature, that it would require a testimony of tenfold reliability to be as much as discussed and not scouted from the very first.—*Strauss.*

IF you dispel the clouds the sky remains. If you explode incredible dogmas self-evident truths remain. If Eden, the Lord God walking in it in the cool of the day, the universal deluge, the tables and thunders of Sinai, total depravity, the atonement by the death of a God-man, hades, hell, and the devil should all go to the limbos of vanity, the Golden Rule would not go. It would only shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Nature did not wait for books to teach that. It shone into the heart and head of Confucius even a little more clearly than into those of Jesus. It seems natural to many animal tribes as well as man. The absence of it is exceptional, or society could not exist. It will grow the stronger the more you clear away the weeds of theology.—*Elizur Wright.*

THE Mohammedans regard their Koran with a reverence that few Christians pay to their Bible. The Koran is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and all practice; the thing to be gone upon in speculation and life; the message sent direct out of heaven, which this earth has to conform to and walk by; the thing to be read. Their judges decide by it; all Moslems are bound to study it, seek in it for the light of their life. They hav mosques where it is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day. Thus, for twelve hundred years, has the voice of this book, at all moments, kept sounding through the ears and the hearts of so many men. We hear of Mohammedan doctors that had read it seventy thousand times.—*Carlyle.*

To those who plead woman's lack of mental power we would say, Giv her a chance to show to what hights she may be developed, ere you condemn her. Giv her a few ages of culture, a few thousand years in which prenatal influences and true educativ surroundings may mold and form her mind and develop it into its highest and truest perfection, and then will it be seen that she will **eequal to the situation.**—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

INDICATIONS.

Now doth the Jersey farmer see
Increasing signs of coming spring:
The cawing crow is on the wing,
The snow-plow leans against a tree.

From off the roofs the melting snow
Drops moistly on his aged hat,
And beats a festiv rat-a-tat
Upon the thawing earth below.

Within his barn he hears the bleat
Of early lambs—the clucking hen—
The lazy swine root in their pen,
The tramp is on his summer beat.

The sun sets farther to the west,
As earlier goes the swain to bed;
His boots with nativ mud are red,
Upon the bed-post hangs his vest.

The wheels are put upon the hearse.
Book agents wander through the land;
Now comes the little German band,
The spring-time poet writes his verse.
—*G. E. Macdonald in The Judge.*

IN his poem, "The Dole of the King's Daughter?" Oscar Wilde sings:

"There is one man who loves her true,
(Red, oh red is the stain of gore!)
He hath duggen a grave by the darksome yew,
(One grave will do for four)."

Now, there is a case either of a low down swindle on the part of the sexton, or a niggardly economy on the part of the mourners. Either the sexton has been paid for digging four graves, and has made up his swindling mind to fill up his contaact on the American plan of planting the four remains in one grave and sending in his bill in quadruplicate, or else the bereaved family is going to swindle the honest sexton out of his just dues by tamping four loved ones into a lonely grave. No wonder, when people begin to express sentiments of such obnoxious economy, that the advocates of cremation should daily gain strength. If it once be conceded that one grave is enough for four, why not for six or seven, or a dozen, until the time will come when a family lot for Brigham Young would measure only six by two, superficial measure, and be as deep as an artesian well, and the cemetery business would be ruined? We are glad Mr. Wilde has called attention to such ghastly practices, and hope that a much-needed reform will soon be agitated, until every man will feel reasonably certain of some day having a grave all by himself.

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Pity the sorrows of your poor old Grant,
Whose limbs so often bring him to your door;
Giv freely to relieve his pressing want,
And thank your stars that he demands no more.

You doubtless thought that you had done your best
That all your duty to the man was done,
When you had honored him above the rest,
Including your immortal Washington.

But now the days of whisky rings are past;
His houses and his lots he has to buy;
The latest plum he got may prove the last,
Unless you feed him from the public pie.

True, he is rich; but richer men by far
His hungry eyes can here and there behold,
And envious folks his daily pleasures mar,
Contrasting them with Vanderbilt and Gould.

Since he could not be emperor or king,
And third-term glories were to him denied,
A heavy pension is the proper thing
To pay him for his loss of place and pride.

No wounds he shows, nor any sort of scars,
No hurt or harm from any fight or fray,
But brings the coat from which he stripped the stars
When he accepted higher rank and pay.

Open, kind friends, the public purse again—
It may be long before he asks for more—
And giv your Grant enough to help him train
To enter for the race of eighty-four.

A MICHIGAN man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of that state. Reaching a town in the central part of the state, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply.

"But how had I best proceed?"

"Well, you can put her up over on the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd I guess no one will object."

"Very well."

"Next Tuesday is market day, and there'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"Set the old thing going and ask the boys over to drink something."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanations, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"If you hav to talk any more, tell 'em there's another drink ahead."

"I see."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys there'll be a row in the crowd, They shoot on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row, ask the whole crowd out to drink."

"Yes, but—"

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the cannes. If you see a yaller purp begin to bristle up ask the crowd to step over and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will giv you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you; and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the windmill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me out to take sunthin?"

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Notes and Clippings.

PROF. ROBINSON, of Brown University, says that increasing skepticism is decreasing church attendance.

A WINSTED, Conn., man says that "whist-playing is just now claiming more attention than the prayer-meeting by those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene."

FORTY thousand acres of land in Arkansas hav been secured for an Italian colony. The immigrants are to come from the Tyrol principallv, and will be agriculturists. About a thousand Italians hav already settled in that region.

A CHARGE of immorality against the Rev. Prince Wright was before the Chillicothe, Mo., Methodist Conference the other day. The charge was sustained. In spite of a whipping at the hands of a mob, in 1879, he had not reformed.

THE Rev. Dr. Fowler of the Methodist church is a firm believer in the old-fashioned kind of hell. In a recent speech he said he believed that more men from the Methodist church would go to hell for the sin of covetousness than for all other sins put together. Right you are, doctor, if you except seduction, and prove your hell!

GEO. MILN'S lectures in Chicago crowd the largest theater on Sundays, and he is about organizing a congregation from this numerous following. About half the membership of Unity Universalist church, of which he was pastor for a few months after his withdrawal from Congregationalism, are counted on to stand by him.

THE Rev. Dr. Willits lectured to a Cincinnati audience of unbelievers on a Sunday afternoon, on the subject of "Sunshine." The question whether he desecrated the Christian Sabbath has been raised by several ministers, and may come before a church tribunal for settlement, inasmuch as he announces that he will repeat the act.

GERMANS and English swear by God, the Latin races by the Virgin, Danes by the devil. For the Swede one devil is not enough. "A thousand devils take me," is his usual oath, or if the emergency demand, ten thousand. In moments of great excitement he rises to the occasion and swears, "Ten thousand tons of devils take me."

DR. NEWMAN SMYTH, who has been elected to the chair of Christian theology in Andover Theological Seminary, an institution regarded as a bulwark of orthodoxy, is an outspoken disbeliever in the doctrin of endless punishment for the wicked. The selection is yet to be confirmed by the Board of Visitors, whose action is awaited with much interest by all concerned.

MR. BARING-GOULD represents the religious condition of Germany as very encouraging. He says that of the 150,000 inhabitants of Hamburg but 3,000 attend worship, and there are only five parish churches. In Berlin there are 600,000 Protestants, but only 11,900 attend church on Sundays. The church attendance in Darmstadt is only three per cent. Throughout Germany only fourteen of one hundred persons attend any kind of religious service.

AN evangelical brother, who criticised Bob Ingersoll to a small audience while Bob was addressing a large one, found fault with the Infidel orator for saying that Christianity sends the victim of a murderer to hell while giving the murderer a chance to invite people to join him in heaven. "Let me ask Colonel Ingersoll," he demands, "how he knows the victim goes to hell?" In this Mr. Germond is too "fresh." Bob doesn't know anything of the kind, and does not pretend to. If we remember rightly, he does nor believe in hell. It is the men of the Germond stripe who teach that the unregenerate victim of a murder drops into hell, while the slayer, who sings "Jesus, lover of my soul," is wafted from the gallows to the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.—*Truth.*

NELSON HUTCHINS, of Brockton, Mass., read in his Sunday morning newspaper a prediction of a rain-storm before night. Part of his roof had been removed for repairs, and he immediately set about replacing it. An attempt was made to punish him under an old blue law against Sabbath breaking. But the judge decided that his work was of necessity, and discharged him.

THE Eastern Railway Company of France has just made a new essay in the application of electricity A train equipped with the most recent and improved electrical apparatus proceeded from Paris to Gretz. The carriages were connected by electric communications, the brakes acted by electricity, and all the compartments of the thirteen carriages composing the train were lighted by electric lamps. The results of the experiments were completely satisfactory.

WHATEVER may be the feeling of the women of Vermont regarding their complete enfranchisment, a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* holds that they do not care for the partial right of suffrage which enables them to vote for school commissioners. The statute has been in force two years. At the first election six of all the women in Burlington voted, and at the second only five. In the latter instance, Lucy Stone and other agitators had industriously stumped the state.

ELKANAH P. STEDMAN, of Cincinnati, heard that his daughter had appeared in a charity entertainment at Leominster, Mass., dressed in male costume. In his will, just admitted to probate, is found the following clause: "I hav heretofore intrusted to her a larger share of my property than prudence justified. I shall not leave her anything. I heard she appeared before promiscuous assemblies dressed in men's clothing to excite the admiration of the audience, trying to raise money to pay a church debt. I cannot devote any more to such purposes."

A MINISTER is assigned every year by the Conference to the Methodist church at Troy, Ohio, and is invariably locked out by the trustees. This is the result of an old disagreement, in which the edifice was, by order of a court, left in the trustees' hands. The last appointee, the Rev. Geo. Edgar, announced that he would break the door and hold services. The trustees put on new locks and bars to prevent an entrance. While they were at work the pastor appeared on the scene. An altercation ensued. Trustee James brandished a hatchet aud the clergyman drew a pistol, for which act he was arrested and put under bonds.

TUCKER'S *Liberty*, a Nihilistic organ, discusses the Chinese question thus: "That able journalist, Prentice Mulford, thus puts the Chinese question in a nutshell: 'John Chinaman must be banished so that William Crœsus shall giv higher wages to Patrick Mahoney. As if William Crœsus could not devise means and had not the power and inclination to squeeze by other methods Patrick Mahoney's day's pay down to just sufficient to keep body and soul together!' There you hav it, Kearneyites, political fuglers, proscriptionists, and deluded working people! There you hav it, and the whole of it! It could not hav been said better. The Chinese question is of no moment as a part of the labor question. Given land and money monopoly, it makes but very little difference whether laborers are few or many, or to what nationality they belong; under such conditions they will not get much more than they must hav. Destroy land and money monopoly, the difference is still as small; for then, no matter how numerous the laborers, each will get his due, that is, the whole of his product. Where there are free land and free money, the supply of work will always exceed the supply of workers, capital will be at the disposal of all men of moderate ability and good credit, and no one will find himself under the necessity of working for wages too small to satisfy him. This the capitalists and their political tools well know, and because they know it they are willing to humor and even foster the delusion of the laborers and grant their short-sighted demand for the exclusion of the Chinese. By this means they hope to postpone the inevitable exposure of their own villainy, obscure the true causes of misery and crime, and prolong for a few more years their opportunities for plunder. But the crash will be only the more terrible when it comes."

THE Christian Home in Brooklyn proves, on thorough investigation, to hav in it so little of the elements of common decency, that there is a loud cry for the abolition of the place. As a house of entertainment it has been the resort of exceedingly low characters. If these had been taken in with a view to reform them, or even to cleanse the dirt them, the neighbors would hav been more leniently disposed toward the institution. But when the same tramps and other unclean persons came time after time, and continued as dirty and depraved as at first, it was evident that the influence of the Home was bad. About one hundred and twenty men were huddled together in this unsavory place in a condition of indecency and disorder which would hardly be expected in any of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Had this state of affairs been found in some village in Abyssinia, the first movement on the part of the public would hav been to express a desire that missionaries should go there and clean out the place Present indications are that the Brooklyn department of public health will do the missionary work for the benighted Christian concern.

THE number of new journals which hav appeared during the past year, and to which additions are being constantly added, and all warring against the "popular superstition of the day," as they term Christianity, is an intellectual phenomenon of the times. *Man*, the organ of the National Liberal League, came into the full possession of that great organization on the first of last month. It wars vigorously for a thorough and absolute divorcement of church and state, and shows that the bonds still existing in the United States between them strongly favors Christianity as a semi-state religion. The *Agnostic*, published at Dallas, Tex., the Kansas *Liberal*, published at Valley Falls, Kan., *This World*, of Boston, and the *Iconoclast*, of Nobles-ville, Ind., are each and all carrying the Liberal crusade into the very heart of the enemy. The latest and among the ablest journals of this type is the Sanborn *Cycle*, published at Sanborn, Iowa. A new Liberal journal has also made its appearance in Maine, and two in Canada, one in Toronto, and the other in Halifax. These, with such old veterans as the New York TRUTH SEEKER, Boston *Investigator*, and the *Freidenker*, of Milwaukee, make a strong array of aggressiv opponents to "the popular superstition."—*Jewish Times.*

THE Kremlin of Moscow, with its ancient and modern palace and its four cathedrals, has been ruined before now, and the Nihilists would willingly ruin it again, with the czar inside. There is a subterranean passage leading from the heart of the Kremlin to the edge of the river Moskva, intended, apparently, when it was first constructed, for the escape, in case of investment, of a czar surrounded by foreign or domestic enemies. This passage is doubtless well watched. But the eminence on which the Kremlin stands migh be bored in various direction, especially from the side looking upon the river or from the Kremlin gardens at the foot of its steepest slope. The preparations for the coronation will doubtless include a careful inspection of the weak places, in an engineering sense, presented by the ground adjoining the Kremlin and by the sides of the Kremlin itself. Besides taking all kinds of precautions in the personal interest of the czar, the authorities of Moscow will be required, as the day for the great celebration approaches, to see that the streets are properly paved, and to keep them clean; to hav the fronts and roofs of the houses painted; and to catch and confine the beggars who would otherwise annoy distinguished visitors, besides giving the city a discreditable add poverty-stricken look.

News of the Week.

LABOR strikes are prevalent in all parts of the country.

THE British university boat race was won again this year by the Oxford crew.

IT is now stated that Gen. Butler declines to take any part in the Guiteau case.

CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT committed suicide in this city last Sunday by shooting himself in the head.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, the Spiritual medium, is said to be dying in an insane asylum at Danvers, Mass.

THE crew of a vessel frozen in the ice on the Iceland coast last month lived twenty-two days on oats and water.

HANLAN, the American oarsmen, won an easy victory over Boyd, the English sculler, on the Tyne last Monday.

IN the first three months of the present year there were 2,146 failures in the United States, against 1,916 in the first quarter of 1881.

TRACY the gambler, who shot Miller the gambler, has been acquitted of murder, the jury finding that the shooting was done in self-defense.

IT if said that no polygamous marriages hav been contracted among the Mormons since the passage of the bill making polygamy a misdemeanor.

JESSE JAMES, the leader of a border gang of outlaws known as the James brothers, was assassinated on the 3d in St. Joseph, Mo., by a member of his own band.

AN improvement has been made in telephones by which the voice after having been transmitted through the wires can be heard twenty feet away from the instrument.

GEN. STRELNIKOFF, the public prosecutor of the Kieff military tribunal, was shot dead at Odessa on March 31st. Two men were arrested as the assassins, and executed within twenty-four hours by order of the czar.

THE thirty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated last Sunday in this city by a meeting of the Second Society of Spiritualists, which was addressed by Prof. Kiddle and Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham.

AN immense mass meeting, attended by probably more than five thousand people, was held iu this city on the 3d to protest against the unlawful imprisonment by the English government of American citizens under the Coercion act.

THE monument at Tappan, N. J., erected by Cyrus W. Field, of New York, to the memory Andre, the British spy, has been attacked again, this time with nitro glycerin, damaging it to such an extent that a new stone would cost less than repairs to the old one.

THE creditors of Archbishop Purcell, who made himself famous by misappropriating something less than a million dollars in funds entrusted to him, held a meeting on the 3d. The chief question discussed was the right of the assignees to sell church property and pay the archbishop's debts.

A NUMBER of Indian savages from New Mexico has just made a pilgrimage to the "sunrise sea," as they call the Atlantic, to renew their supply of consecrated water and to pay homage to the god of the ocean. They prayed and chanted on the shore near Boston, and smoked cigarets of holy tobacco. They belong to the Zuni tribe.

COMSTOCK was seen running at great speed through Grand street, one day last week, pursued by a policeman and a crowd crying, "Stop thief!" He was out raiding policy shops, and ran from one to another to prevent the alarm being sent in advance of him. The policeman judged by his looks that he was a thief; hence the pursuit.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Something About Phœnicia.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER MARS,
ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, Dec. 10, 1881.

DEAR FRIENDS: Having now finished with the Land of Yahweh, we will, with your permission, drop the faint attempt at Bible style and resume our normal condition. We were detained one day at Jaffa by the non-arrival of the steamer, and we did not embark till to-day. Jaffa has no harbor, and the sea is often so rough that it is impossible to land or take on passengers. To-day the sea was considered very smooth, but there was still so much swell—so much of the up-and-down motion to the boat which took us out to the steamer—that your humble servant was ten times as seasick while riding less than a mile out to the steamer than he was while crossing the Atlantic. I do not feel quite right yet. It is doubtless very foolish for my stomach to act in that manner, but it is one of its freaks; and, as it usually acquits itself so well, and has for many long years been such a faithful friend, and performed so much valuable service, I do not feel like being too censorious with it because it acts a little foolish now and then; though I must say that mine was the only stomach in the company that seemed so disturbed.

Before leaving this coast it will be proper to have a little to say about ancient Phœnicia, which once was a populous, wealthy, and active little country, lying along on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. It would not be treating it with due respect to pass it in silence because it has ceased to be a nation, and its glory is all departed. So here goes.

The name of Phœnicia, or Phœnice, was derived from the Greek word Phœnix, who, they claimed, was its second king. The Hebrews pretended that it was a translation of the word Edom, the Edomites having fled to that country in the days of David. Like many other Hebrew claims, however, this was unquestionably false, for there are the best of reasons for believing the Phœnicians an older people, and having existed a long time before David. Sanchoniathon, who inquired into their antiquity, traced their history from what he regarded as the beginning of the world. Its people seemed to have mixed in early times considerably with the Canaanites, who were their near neighbors. Their language had an alphabet, and is perhaps the oldest alphabetical language in the world. There was not a little resemblance between it and the Hebrew.

They were famous for their fine arts, sciences, and manufactures, as well as their knowledge of navigation and great commercial enterprise. Tyre was noted for its purple fabrics and fine linen, while Sidon was celebrated for its manufacture of glass. Their knowledge of the ocean and their commercial enterprise induced them to convey their merchandise to all known countries, and they presented the most marked instance in ancient history of the great prosperity of a small nation from its commerce and peaceful system of colonization.

According to Sanchoniathon, the first man and woman in Phœnicia were Protogonus and Æon, both begotten of Colpias by his wife Baau. Of Æon it is said she was the first to discover the mode of taking food from trees, though it does not appear that the food or fruit was forbidden. The children of the first pair were called Genus and Genea, who adored the sun under the name of Baal or Baal Samen; they named their children Phos, Phur, and Phlox—that is, light, fire, and flame. The next generation were giants, and lived on the mountains and high grounds. The women were of loose morals and did not insist upon the marriage ceremony.

In the fifth generation Hypsuranus was born, who made a raft of plows and started with it out upon the sea, while his brother Usoüs made the original boat from the trunk of a tree. This was the beginning of the art of navigation, which grew rapidly with them, and by the twelfth generation a complete ship was perfected; this was in the time of the Cabiri, the children of Sydyk. They also had hunters, fishermen, iron-workers, brick-makers, builders, as well as husbandmen and herdsmen. Their first great farmers or patrons of farmers was King Agrouerus, and those who followed agricultural pursuits took his name, which rather curiously corresponds with Agoori, a word meaning the same thing in use among the ancient Hindoos.

Mythology is so mixed up with the early history of this people that it is not easy to decide which is myth and which is history. In the tenth generation Uranus, son of Eluin, was born; and Misor in the eleventh, who taught the use of salt, and who was the father of Hermes, who invented letters. Cronus, the son of Uranus, rebelled against his father, drove him out of the kingdom, and usurped the throne. One of the brothers, Dagon, discovered bread-corn; two others were Betylus and Atlas. At the same period lived Pontus and Typhon, with whom Cronus, made war. He also built Byblus, the first city of the country. With his consent his wife Astarte reigned over the whole country; and in his voyages over the world he distributed the countries just as though they belonged to him, giving to his daughter Athena the kingdom of Attica in Greece, and to his friend Taautus, or Hermes, the whole of Egypt. In subsequent centuries these stories were allegorized, and these first kings of Phœnicia came to be gods, which shows how easy it is to get up gods when a little material is on hand which can be utilized for the purpose.

As narrated by the Greeks, Agenor, the son of Neptune, was the first king, and his son Phœnix succeeded him. After a long interval Phalis came to be king; he flourished in the time of the Trojan war, and assisted the Greeks. It seems that the country was not united under one king, but that it was divided into small states, Tyre being the most important, with Sidon, Aradus, etc., as confederates; this at all events was the case a portion of the time.

The width of the country was but about twenty miles, and its length one hundred and twenty, exclusive of the mountains of Lebanon, which for a portion of the time, particularly when Hiram was king, belonged to it. There are some rocky portions on the coast, but the country is chiefly fertile, the plain of Sharon forming a considerable share of its arable land.

While the early history of the country is somewhat dim, there are two features in its very ancient story to which attention is called, the first already mentioned, the legend of first parents of the race in their country; and there is but little doubt that this legend is quite as old as one of the same character of the Hebrews. In fact, several of the old countries, China, Assyria, Egypt, etc., had similar legends of their own. The second is that, notwithstanding the great antiquity of the country, they have no legend with respect to a flood ever submerging the nations of the earth. This omission has disturbed not a little the equanimity of those who attach great importance to Bible tales, and various ingenious expedients have been resorted to to account for the omission. It is very clear that the ancient Phœnicians knew nothing about Noah's flood; it certainly never troubled them. It is not likely that the Hebrews would have known anything about the flood had they not passed half a century of captivity in Babylon, where they first learned the story, took it back to their own country with them, and incorporated it into their sacred writings. That the Babylonians, nearly four thousand years ago, had a legend of such a flood is proved by their cuneiform inscriptions on tablets found among the ruins of ths city some twenty years ago, which are now in the British Museum. It is equally important to remember also that the Egyptians, many centuries more ancient than the Hebrews, had no knowledge or legend of a general flood which drowned the world.

It seems that the Phœnicians took the alphabet of letters to Greece fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, and they also gave the same information to other European nations, among which they established flourishing colonies in very early times. They had colonies on the island of Cyprus, in Italy, on the northern coast of Africa, in Iberia, or Spain, and in Gaul; and northward their trade extended to the North Sea. Their enterprise and learning were as conspicuous as those of the ancient nations. Among the remarkable voyages of its early navigators was one around the continent of Africa, made in the service of Necho II. of Egypt.

The products of all Asia came to them, and they distributed them by their ships and commerce to all the European countries. But they betrayed little thirst for conquest. They rather avoided contests with other powers, preferring the profits arising from their extensive trade to political and military glory. They retired from the Ægean Sea and from Sicily before the Greeks, choosing to risk the opprobrium of weakness and cowardice rather than to entangle themselves in fruitless quarrels, to the detriment of their commercial relations. Probably no nation did greater service in spreading civilization over the world.

In 962 B.C., Ithobal, the chief priest of Astarte, was raised to the throne. He ruled over both Tyre and Sidon. After two other reigns, Pygmalion came into power by causing the death of the husband of his sister Dido, who, to prevent the rapacious brother from seizing her great wealth, emigrated to northern Africa, where she founded the city of Carthage, which became a flourishing city, and prospered for several centuries, being a source of much wealth to the parent country.

In the reign of Elulæus, in 717 B.C., Tyre became involved in a war with the Assyrians. It was besieged, and held out for five years, after which the siege was raised. Nebuchadnezzar again laid siege to the city in 585 B.C., and took it after thirteen years. When foiled in his attempt to possess himself of the great wealth of the Tyrians, he razed their city to the ground. For several years after this Tyre was governed by judges, and when again kings were restored, they were tributary to Assyria, and, after them, to the Persians. The people of Tyre, in the mean time, applied themselves vigorously to the building of a new city in the place of the one destroyed, and the new one enjoyed a prolonged era of peace. In the reign of Azelmic, in 333 B.C., the new city was besieged by Alexander the Great, upon his being refused admittance into it. He took it in seven months, and burnt it to the ground. The inhabitants were either destroyed or enslaved.

Originally Tyre was a double city, of which one part stood on the main-land, and the other on an island. The portion on the main-land was much the older; but the island, before a city was built upon it, as well as afterward, was used as a sanctuary in times of danger. Shalmaneser was an enemy to it, and besieged it a hundred and thirty years before Nebuchadnezzar did the same. The greatest glory attached to it when rebuilt after the destruction by Nebuchadnezzar. Accounts of the new city say its circumference was nineteen miles, and it was protected by double and triple walls, built of large blocks of stone and cemented with plaster. The principal buildings of the city were temples dedicated respectively to Jupiter, Melcarth, or Hercules and Astarte. There were also spacious palaces, lofty towers, and the residences of merchant princes. The decorations of the buildings were said to be gorgeous. Herodotus describes a pillar of emerald shining with great brilliance at night; this was attached to the temple of Melcarth. It is claimed that at that time it was one of the richest cities on the globe.

But Alexander's ambition and desire for revenge were too much for it. The Tyrians had voluntarily offered submission to the hero after his victory at Issus, but he wanted also to take possession of their capital and fleet, which they would not give up. The result was that they lost everything. To reduce it effectually, Alexander converted the island into a peninsula, by joining it to the main-land by a mole, which was afterward so completely covered with sand and mud as to look like a natural isthmus.

After treating Tyre in that most atrocious manner, Alexander exhibited his magnanimity by rebuilding the city, probably that future generations might award him the glory of being its founder. But its career was a brief one; for within eighteen years Tyre was besieged again by Antigonus, who reduced it in fifteen months. From that time till it was taken by the Romans it became the servant of many masters. But through all these vicissitudes of fortune the city maintained its commercial position, though it hardly recovered from the terrible blow which Alexander dealt it. It went down steadily; it lost all that had made it great; its position was no longer of advantage, and it became poor and desolate.

For a long time the site of Tyre was deserted and barren. The ruins furnished the building material for Beyrout and Acre. In fact, little was left save the heavy blocks of marble, granite, and porphyry which could not be removed. Of the island city nothing remains. A modern village has sprung up on the peninsula, which is said to have a population of five thousand, but the ancient glory is no longer there. The city was once famous for its two harbors, one of which was nine hundred by seven hundred feet. This has now almost entirely filled up with sand, and the smaller harbor is no better.

Carthage, the daughter of Tyre, rose to great wealth and magnificence, which doubtless largely contributed to its final fall. It was greatly enriched at first by the downfall of Tyre, as many of the wealthy citizens of the latter town fled to it for safety. For six centuries she enjoyed great trade and wielded rule over northern Africa, Sicily, Spain, etc. Rome had good reason to be jealous of her. For a hundred years a struggle for supremacy continued between them. But the degeneracy from excessive wealth and extravagance was really as great an enemy to Carthage as was the Roman army.

The hights of Bryså were stormed by Scipio Æmilianus in 147 B.C., and Carthage was burned to the ground. Scipio wished to spare the city, but he had imperative orders from Rome to destroy it and its fortresses in such a manner that no trace would remain. In compliance with these orders, all its walls, ramparts, and towers were leveled to the ground, and the remaining edifices were set on fire, and continued to burn for seventeen days. Thus in ancient times proud cities, one after another, were brought to utter ruin. No vestige of Carthage can now be traced.

The antiquity of Sidon is thought to be about equal to that of Tyre, though it never had the same political importance. It was important only in a commercial way, having nearly all the advantages which belonged to Tyre. Sidon still exists in a modern form; it is surrounded on the east by luxuriant orchards and gardens, the soil of which is very fertile. It seems to have been reserved for Phœnicia to pass under the dominion of the sultan of Turkey, under which miserable rule there is little chance for much improvement. With an enterprising people and a liberal, honest government there would still be great hopes for the little land of Phœnicia.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

Port Said, Sunday, Dec. 11th.—We did not leave opposite Jaffa till eleven o'clock last night, and our condition on the steamer was rendered decidedly unpleasant by the presence of a regiment of Turkish soldiers, who were on the two upper decks as thick

as they could be packed; and there they did the munching of their food, looking and smelling in a manner to please neither the eyes nor the nose. They are *en route* to the vicinity of Mecca, where, probably, the poor sultan feels the need of strengthening his power. The men are fine-looking soldiers, but I do not like them for traveling companions.

Our passage south to this port was very smooth and pleasant; we arrived here to-day at 12:30. The Turks were transferred to a steamer going through the canal and down the Red Sea, and we were transferred to a pretty good hotel on shore. And here we are, sure enough, in the land of Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the land of great antiquity, reaching back not less than five thousand years; the land of the pyramids and the obelisks, the land of great achievements, a land of very great civilization, great progress, and a great fall. We are on the continent of Africa, having now visited the four quarters of the globe.

The air is balmy and genial, the sun shines very warm, and a soft, dreamy, luxuriance pervades the atmosphere. Five or six iron steamers are lying at anchor in the commodicus harbor, probably some of them to soon pass through the canal to the Red Sea, for the town stands at the entrance to the great Suez Canal. The country is as flat as Holland, with no eminence or mound in sight. The place is sandy, but by virtue of irrigation there are some very pretty gardens of shrubbery and flowers, and some date-palm trees. To see it you would not question its being Egypt.

Port Said (the latter pronounced as if spelt *side*) is a new town, dating from the construction of the Suez Canal, some sixteen years ago. It is well laid off in straight, wide streets, and has much the appearance of a flourishing young American town, in great contrast to the miserable town of Palestine and Syria. It boasts twenty thousand inhabitants, many of whom are Greeks and others Europeans, with a filling in of Arabs. The markets and stores are in full blast, though it is Sunday, and the display of fruits and vegetables is quite good.

The water used is from the Nile—Egypt has no other fresh water—brought nearly forty miles in pipes from Ismalia, to which point it is conveyed by canal from the river. A three-days' supply is kept in reserve here. The town was chosen as the head of the canal because of the nearness of deep waters to the shore. The port comprises a quay, a basin of 137 acres, and a dry dock nearly 450 feet in length. The roadstead lies outside these, between two breakwaters, stretching out, one 7,000 and the other 6,000 feet. These moles are 4,800 feet apart at the shore ends, and the ends out in the sea are 2,400 feet apart. The moles are seventeen feet wide at the top and are formed of an artificial concrete composed of dredgings from the canal, lime from France, and salt water. In the town is a beautiful little park, or more properly garden, with a beautiful growth of tropical plants and shrubs. It is named after M. de Lesseps, the able engineer of the canal, who is now thinking of engaging in another still greater enterprise at the American Isthmus of Panama.

This Suez Canal is indeed a great institution; it has done and is doing much, not only for Europe, but for the world. De Lesseps devoted his life to the project of constructing this canal. In 1854 Said Pasha invited him to Egypt and granted certain rights. After incessant labor with governments and commissions and functionaries, and obstacles without number, a company was started in 1858 in which four thousand Frenchmen, headed by Prince Jerome, took shares. In two months the whole capital of 200,000,000 francs was subscribed, and in 1859 the work commenced. On November 18, 1862, Lake Tismah was flooded with the waters of the Mediterranean in the presence of a diplomatic gathering. In August, 1865, communication was opened between the two seas by the passage of boats to Ismalia, and thence by the fresh-water canal to Suez. In the spring of 1869 the canal was opened with great festivities under the auspices of the Empress Eugenia, the emperor of Austria, the crown-prince of Prussia, and many other illustrious guests of the khedive. I have not statistics of a late date to offer you better than the following from the London *Globe* of a not long ago: "Year by year a vast climatic change is gradually more and more observable in eastern Egypt, or rather, to be more precise, in that belt of land ninety miles long by some thirty broad, which, extending between Suez and Port Said, is directly influenced by the water of the Suez Canal. Before the canal was opened up there was scarcely a blade of grass in the region except on the borders of the Bitter Lakes and around about the oasis of Ismalia. But now the whole face of the ceuntry is becoming changed. Everywhere along the line of the canal herbage of various kinds is springing up. It is of course known to every one that the water of the canal is salt; but as it filtrates through the sand it becomes capable of affording nourishment to vegetation. Then the large influx of water into the desert has affected the atmosphere. The rapid evaporation which ascends through the day descends in thick dews at night. Captains of Suez Canal steamers declare that even in the case of such a rarity as rain the rainfall is every year markedly increasing. The new verdure of portions of the desert itself attracts the clouds according to a well-known natural phenomenon. It is also asserted that more and more each year the climate of the northern portion of the gulf Suez is becoming assimilated to that of the Mediterranean. This is owing to that very steady though gentle current which is known to flow through the canal in the direction of the Red Sea, where, as is natural, evaporation goes on at a greater pace than in the Mediterranean. It has been tested and found true that the water of the canal at the Suez mouth, notwithstanding it has passed through ninety miles of burning desert, is cooler than that of the Red Sea ten miles or so south of Suez. Since the canal was opened there has been threefold more water in the Bitter Lakes."

The number of ships passing through the canal amounts to about 1,800 per year, with an aggregate tonnage of three million tons, and the tolls reach the large figures $6,250,000. The vessels of all nations pass through the canal, but those bearing the English flag are about two-thirds of the whole number. The canal was largely constructed with French capital, but the capitalists of Great Britain have purchased fully two-hundred of the four hundred proprietary shares. The work of digging the canal was principally performed by the native Arabs, and the sand was carried upon the banks in baskets, that being found the cheaper way to move it.

Ismalia, Dec. 12th.—At midnight we took a small canal steamer for this point, a distance of about fifty miles from Port Said. The night was pleasant, though cool. The little cabin below being pretty full, two or three of us mounted to the deck. I prostrated myself upon it, and sought sleep; the air was uncomfortably cold, and I almost suffered with the chilliness; but at length the morning came, and with it the warmth of the sun. The canal is perhaps one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in width, so that steamers can pass easily. A considerable part of the way salt lakes existed, where there were natural depressions, and large bodies of water are now constant. Near Port Said is Lake Menzaleh, twenty-five miles or more in length, and as we neared Ismalia we entered Lake Ballah, five or six miles long. Our little steamer is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long, ten or more in width, and runs about seven or eight miles an hour. We arrived here at about 7 this morning, and immediately repaired to a fair French hotel, where we took breakfast and lunch later on. We passed several hours here, waiting for the train for Cairo, the point of destination.

Ismalia is a very pretty town for one surrounded by a desert, and is a regular oasis, its beautiful gardens and little parks in striking contrast with the eternal desert all around. The place has some 6,000 inhabitants of Greeks, French, and Arabs, the latter predominating. They occupy quarters by themselves. The streets are wide and straight, presenting the appearance of a minature city on a grand scale. The khedive has a palace here, but scarcely ever occupies it. It is now empty and going to decay. A few years ago no animal could live here, but now it is a very healthy place. The town has been likened to a hot-house without the glass. All the life in it is exotic. The Nile water is brought here by canal. There are engines for pumping it, affording fountains and cascades. From here the Nile water, as before mentioned, is conveyed to Port Said in pipes.

I walked half a mile or so out into the desert, and as I looked over the apparently boundless waste of sand, I had a realizing sense of what a desert is—thousands upon thousands of acres of sand, nothing but sand. I said, "If one only had the lime and water to match, he could make mortar forever." The sand does not lie as smooth as the sea, but has elevations and depressions, and is more undulating in fact than some prairies. This town was probably once covered with the ocean. I picked up, away out here nearly fifty miles from the sea, numerous sea-shells, which say plainly that at one time the ocean was there.

ON TO CAIRO.

About 12 M. the train was ready for us, and we were ready for the train, and were soon rolling along westward over the desert. It is not much work to grade for a railroad in this country; the sand is about level enough and it is moved easily. But how dreary to travel mile after mile, and hour after hour, midst sand—dry and lifeless sand! We were nearly three hours in reaching Zagazig, a junction station, where we changed cars and road too, taking a branch running south. The town is of considerable size and importance having a population of 40,000. The country around occupying the eastern shoulder of the Nile delta, and watered by the Pelusian branch of that river, is one vast plain of cotton and corn (Indian)—now all harvested—intersected with canals, and interspersed with groves of the accacia, a species of the locust, above which wave the towering date palm-trees. The vicinity about Zagazig produced 250,000 bales of cotton during the war of our rebellion, and Egypt got rich from its culture. Zagazig has some thirty steam-power cleaning and pressing cotton mills, and the town has the appearance of a busy, thrifty place.

The station is large and commodious, having a dining room and lunch room, where one can get a snack for a dollar. I found oranges cheaper, and bought eight for half a franc. The place is amply supplied with venders of fruit, eatables, and antiquities, and bootblacks, who, like the same characters in all the those Arab towns, annoy strangers nearly to desperation; the same half naked ragamuffins will ask you forty-nine times over to buy what they have to sell, or to have your boots blacked, and it is of no more use to shake your head, or to yell, "NO!" than it would be to wink at a blind horse. They never understand *no*, and keep on importuning all the same.

We waited at Zagazig about an hour. The town is nearly on the boundary line between the desert and fertility, and from here to Cairo, a distance of nearly fifty miles, the country is most lovely, as level as a floor, the soil as rich as muck, and green with young wheat, barley, clover, beans, lentils, etc., and teeming with luxuriance; while thousands of palm-trees all along, mile after mile, stand nearly a hundred feet high, with their straight, branchless trunks, and a cluster of leaves only at the very top—all giving a peculiar tropical appearance to the landscape. It seemed that we must be in dream-land, the contrast was so great from those eternal rocky hills of Palestine. I thought, If Palistine is God's country, and Egypt the devil's, I prefer the devil's by a large majority; and if the taste of the two parties is to be measured by the two countries, I choose the devil's taste every time.

We were now on the broad delta of the Nile, where it spreads out many miles east and west—eighty-five miles at the widest place—bounded here on both sides by a range of rocks and gravel hills dividing the fertile plain from the Libyan desert on the west, and a part of the Arabian desert on the east. Between these two ranges of arid hills stretches for fifteen hundred miles south, into the very heart of Africa, the wonderful valley of the Nile. This is Egypt, in many respects the most wonderful country that ever existed, of which I propose to talk to you not a little.

Egypt proper extends no further than the First Cataract, 730 miles from the Mediterranean; above that is Nubia, and still further Soudan. Below Cairo the river divides into several branches, with as many mouths, spreading over, as they near the Mediterranean, a breadth of fifty miles or more. There were formerly seven of these branches and mouths, but some of them have become obstructed and closed. The valley of the Nile ranges from two to ten miles in width.

Irrigation has to be resorted to throughout the entire length of the Nile valley, as it seldom rains in this country. In Lower Egypt are numerous canals leading the waters of the Nile in various directions, and from them the water is raised by various expedients and allowed to flow over the land, which is well supplied with ditches and shallow trenches for the purpose. The most usual mode of raising the water is by the *sakieh*, which is a kind of wide well having an endless chain or rope with earthen pots or jars holding a gallon and a half fastened to it some three feet apart. This chain or rope runs over the drum of a wheel, which is operated by an ox or buffalo, walking around in a circle, drawing a lever after him, and turning the wheel, which raises the buckets; these empty into a reservoir, from which the water is conducted wherever wanted. One sees hundreds of these water-raisers as he passes along, the ox or the buffalo looking the very picture of patience and weariness combined. I will remark that the buffaloes of this eastern world are an entirely different animal from the American bison, being much more like the ox and cow; but they are an ill-looking beast. I thought the camel about the homeliest animal in the world, but the buffalo, with his horns lying back as though they had been stroked that way while in a plastic state, looks far worse.

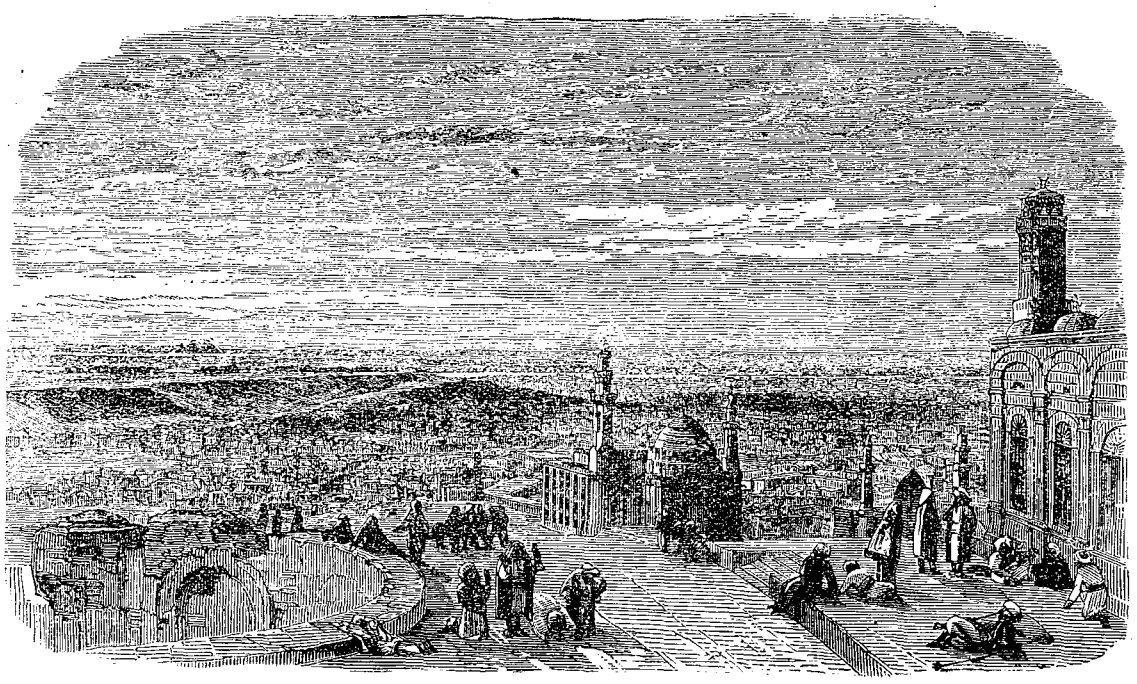
Other modes of raising water are also resorted to. A very common way is the *shadoof*, much like an old-fashioned well-sweep in our country; a bucket made of a hoop and a piece of hide, holding five gallons of water or less, is attached by a pole to a sweep, with a weight on the lower end. These are operated by Arab power, and are made to work very lively, raising several thousand bucketfuls of water in a day. Another apparatus is a bucket operated by two men with ropes some ten feet long, on both sides of the well; the men hold the ropes, dipping the bucket into the water below, and by pulling on the ropes bringing it up to the proper level. It is wonderful to see how rapidly they manipulate the affair. This answers only where the water has to be raised but a short distance, say not over six feet. The shadoof raises it ten feet or more, and the sakieh often twenty feet. Water-raising is a big branch of business in this country, but it is indispensable; without water nothing can be grown. The fellows seem to have plenty of time to attend to it, and the weather being constantly good there is no lost time from rain and snow. Here a man can work out of doors every day in the year.

About ten miles south of Zagazig the station Bordein is passed. Near this are the ruins of the ancient

city of Bubastis, once the capital of Egypt. It was situated on the west bank of the Pelusian mouth of the Nile, about forty miles north of Memphis. Herodotus visited it, and much admired the temple of the goddess Baste, Pesht, or Pasht, identical with the Artemis or Diana of Greece and Rome. He said, "Other temples may be grander, and may have cost more in the building, but there is none so pleasant to the eye as this of Bubastis." This temple was encircled by the city, which was built upon artificial mounds. The water of the Nile was led by a canal bordered by trees all around the building, and the inclosure was further surrounded by a sculptured wall. Only at one place a narrow passage led under a lofty gateway to the interior. From the explorations of Sir Gardner Wilkinson it appears that the ruins corroborate the statement of Herodotus. The building was of the finest red granite, brought from the Upper Nile, six hundred miles away.

The palmy days of Bubastis were long anterior to the time of Herodotus, when Shishak, having conquered Thebes, made his native town of Bubastis the capital of Egypt. The names of Rameses II., Osorkon I., and Amyræus are found sculptured on the ruins; also the name and emblem of the lion-headed goddess Pasht. The first mention of Bubastis in Egyptian annals is the statement of Manetho that under Boethos, the first king of the second dynasty, a chasm of the earth opened at Bubastis and many perished.

The country, notwithstanding its great fertility, has a shabby, thriftless appearance. The houses of the inhabitants are huts of sun-dried brick, with no windows; the door is a mere hole in the mud wall, and everything about looks slatternly and filthy. Men, cattle, camels, donkeys, pigs, and fowls seem to live together on terms of equality. I noticed men and women husking corn, and, although Egypt is such a fertile land, the corn does not begin to compare with our American corn. One of our big Western ears will weigh as much as four of theirs. We passed several modern towns and stations, with names hard to remember, which I need not mention. They do not look much like American towns.



CAIRO, EGYPT.

CAIRO.

Just before sundown the train rolled up to the Cairo station, and in ten minutes we were in the omnibuses for the hotels. Mr. Bridges and myself decided to stop at Shepheard's hotel, where I had ordered letters to be addressed to me. We had no occasion to regret our choice, for it is about the best hotel I have patronized since leaving home. The building is not tall, being of but two stories, but it is commodious and comfortable. It is built of stone and plastered over. It is a quadrangle, built around a garden, or court, say one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet square, filled with a beautiful growth of palms, banana, orange, and many flowering and other ornamental trees. Immediately before our window is a splendid banyan-tree, with its score of auxiliary trunks. The branches send down shoots, thirty or forty feet high, which take root in the earth and increase rapidly in size, in a few years becoming about as large as the original trunk. Thus a tree with ten or twenty trunks, straight and smooth, fifty feet high, has a peculiar look. In India I presume we shall find them much larger. In front of the hotel are large grounds containing a profusion of beautiful exotic growths, while at the side of the hotel is almost a forest of palms. The whole place seems a veritable Elysium. Cairo is a far prettier town than I expected to find. This portion of it has wide streets and numerous private grounds, replete with all the exotic growths alluded to, but a small portion of which I am able to name. More luxuriance of tropical plants is not to be seen anywhere. Bananas at this time are about half-grown.

One of the most cheering features of our arrival here was the generous supply of letters and papers from home which we found awaiting us. It kept me pretty busy till midnight to read my share and THE TRUTH SEEKERS. It is such a treat to see that paper after a fast of a few weeks that I am unable to see how so many people can get along without it. I presume I went to bed about the happiest man in Cairo.

SEEING THE SIGHTS IN CAIRO.

Tuesday, Dec. 13th.—This day we spent in seeing the sights about the old town of Cairo. Two carriages were chartered, and we "lay back and took it easy." Let me first mention a prominent feature or two of the town. Upon emerging from the hotel you meet about fifty—more or less—of the dusky sons of the desert, who are extremely anxious to serve you and to put a few francs into their own pockets at the same time. Abut a dozen of these irrepressible fellows will run up to you at the first dash; they get right in front of you, and even into your very face, and begin their clatter, which never stops for a moment until you get back into the hotel again. "Mister, you want a donkey? I got very good donkey; carry you very nice. You very nice man; you must have nice donkey." Another, taking you for an Englishman, says: "Mr. Gladstone. you want donkey? Try my donkey, Mr. Gladstone, Me speak Englees. My donkey speak Englees too. He very good donkey—carry you very nice." Another, perceiving you are an American, takes a slightly different course. He says: "Good morning, sir; you want a Yankee Doodle this morning?" (Yankee Doodle is only another name for a donkey.) "I got very nice Yankee Doodle. You like him very much; he carry you every place very nice; try my Yankee Doodle." A third will go on in the same way about his "Flying Dutchman," meaning donkey all the time, and most particularly desirous to handle a few of your francs. It is no sort of use to tell these fellows that you want no donkey; they run on before you rod after rod, getting their faces close to yours, lauding constantly the good qualities of their donkey, and telling you what a good man you are. It is the best way to walk stolidly forward, not appearing to hear them, and taking not the slightest notice of their importunities. After a time they give up the struggle, and leave you to go your way in peace.

But then a new class of pests beset you—the venders of all sorts of wares, particularly bogus antiquities, showing you some manufactured idol, miniature mummy, scarabeus (a charm in the form of a beetle), and various other things of the same species, which they thrust into your face, saying in their most insinuating manner: "You want nice antique? Very good—nice antique; very cheap. Only ten franc." Perhaps you will shake your head. That makes no difference except to make the monger the more determined, and he sticks to you closer than before, repeating the word "antique" in stronger and louder tones to give you the assurance that there can be no doubt about his ware being of great age; and perhaps, as an additional inducement, he will drop to five francs, then to three, then to two, and finally to one, when he will never take any more nor any less. It you take the slightest notice of his wares, you are lost; you cannot get rid of him for half an hour. He will show you one article after another, and every three seconds pronounce the word "antique" with painful shrillness. But all afflictions have an end, and so has this fellow's; you finally tire him out, and he turns back. But two or three others, still more persistent, take his place, and they, in their turn, are succeeded by a tribe of dirty vagabonds crying "Backsheesh, backsheesh." They see at once that you are a stranger, and they try to fulfill the scripture injunction to "take you in." But all these are mere trifles when you get used to them. These people and the flies are just alike—they are in your face every moment, and you can't keep them out. It is hard to decide which are the worse.

But we rode in our carriage in fine style, I assure you. We had our runners before us, and I must tell you a little about them. They are called *seis;* they are tall, spare young fellows, clad in a long white shirt reaching to the knees, with a belt around the waist; bare-legged, and with a scarf over the shoulders and a cap on the head. They carry a wand like a billiard cue in the hand. A pair of these lithe, straight, agile young fellows run side by side in the middle of the street or road, from five to ten rods ahead of the carriage, and clear the way of all obstructions, compelling carts, donkeys, and pedestrians to give place. They can keep up a steady trot or run for hours ahead of a traveling team. It is strange that they can do this, but, though spare, these sons of the desert are muscular. There is no surplus flesh about them, but what flesh they have is of the useful kind. They look pretty running on in advance, with their graceful gait; and one feels a little bit grander riding in a carriage preceded by such couriers. They are said to fail under such exertion after a few years; they stimulate pretty freely with *hackshish*, or the Indian hemp, and their career is short. Every person who keeps a pleasure carriage also keeps his brace of *seis*.

The donkey boys are also an institution here. Every donkey has a boy or young man to go with him; the rider is not expected to carry a whip, or to do anything to make the donkey hasten his gait; the boy follows at the donkey's heels, and does all the beating, and causes the animal to make all the speed desired. It matters not whether the donkey takes his customary fast walk, or a trot, or a gallop, the boy keeps along all the same, close to the heels, and will continue the gait hour after hour, and all day long, though the mercury indicates 130° in the sun. The Arabs can endure a great amount both of heat and continued exertion.

The women of Cairo, or many of them whom I see on the street, wear upright between the eyes what looks like a metal tube, three inches or thereabouts in length, by nearly an inch in diameter, which connects the cloth worn over the head with that covering the lower part of the face, leaving only a strip across the eyes uncovered. I am told it is the married women only who wear these. Some appear to be made of wood or bamboo stalk. They look as though they would be a nuisance, and certainly they are not ornamental. Fashions do not change as often here as in New York, and I presume this queer affair will remain in use many years. Many medals, or metallic pieces looking like coins, are worn in strings around the necks and on the heads of the women.

A class of women are engaged here at gathering up the dung dropped on the street and elsewhere by camels, donkeys, horses, etc., and drying it for fuel to cook by, etc. I often see them dodging around the streets, between the carriages and vehicles, prosecuting their honest line of industry. The same is done all through this eastern world, including the deserts. I sometimes wonder how our American women would like to have to follow such a business as that.

Snake-charmers, jugglers, men with performing monkeys and baboons, are frequently seen on the street and in front of the hotels, where, for moderate compensation, they will amuse those sitting there. The splendid garden or park, called the Esbēkeyeh, standing for the Champs Elysées in Paris, containing some ten acres, well supplied with beautiful trees, rare plants, etc., with fine avenues and cafés, is much resorted to in the evening. Here dancing girls, flower girls, musicians, snake-charmers, and jugglers, find their best patronage, which is kept up till midnight.

Cairo (always pronounced here Kiro) is not all alike. The new part of the town is laid off with wide, straight streets, with a plenty of shade-trees, fine residences, and large and rich private grounds filled with luxuriant vegetation; but the old part of the town is made up of miserable huts and houses of sun-dried brick, the same tumbling down, and for squares together in complete ruins. The new is very nice, but the old is horrible.

At or near the present site of Cairo a city has existed from time immemorial. Babliou, said to have been a colony from Babylon, built on the site of a yet more ancient Latopolis, existed here four hundred years before our era. In the same vicinity history tells of the Egyptian town Loui-Tkeshromi, and at a later date of the Arab towns of El Niaks and El Kuttaëea. When Amer-ebn-el-As, the victorious general of the Caliph Omar, subdued Egypt in 638 he built on the site of his camp a city called Fostàt (meaning a tent). The suburb of old Cairo marks the site of Fostat and the western part of Babliou.

In the tenth century the Fatimites, who had been ruling at Kayrawan in the state now known as Tunis, invaded Egypt, and Djauhar, or Gowher, their general, built a city as a capital for the new dynasty. Five

years were required to build it, which was done with due astrological observances, and the city placed ununder the protection of the planet Kahir or Mars. Hence the town was called El Kahera (the victorious), known to Europeans as Cairo.

Saladin, in 1176, replaced the original brick walls of Kaherah with stone ones, considerably extended the city, built the citadel and aqueduct, and permitted Christians to settle in the city. Cairo became simply the capital of a Turkish province. Nothing of particular importance occurred till the capture of the city by the French after the battle of the Pyramids The army of Napoleon entered the city in July 1798. A few months afterward three hundred French were massacred in a revolt. Napoleon suppressed the revolt with characteristic promptness and severity, taking more than tenfold revenge. He caused four thousand of the Arab insurgents to be slain. The French occupancy, however, was of short duration. In the troublous times that followed Mahomed Ali rose to power. Under that prince and his successors Cairo has increased and flourished, and now ranks next to Constantinople, as the second city in the Moslem world. Its population is from 375,000 to 400,000.

It is situated about twenty miles from the delta, on the east bank of the Nile, and while far less an oriental city than Damascus, it is less European than Alexandria; it possesses a character of its own, and at every step one is entertained by the aspect of the streets he passes through and the wonderful medley of human life pouring along the thoroughfares, mostly narrow. Cairo, however, is still the city of Arabian Nights, and all who are well up in those veracious chronicles will find themselves frequently localizing the scenes and individualizing the characters of which Scheherezade chattered so well and to such good purpose.

Marilhat, a charming French writer, gives this glowing description of it: "The city lies before you, like the thousand little turrets of a Gothic edifice, at the foot of a steep, whitish mountain, flanked by a citadel of towers and white domes in the Turkish taste. On one side, toward the mountain, is the desert, in all its aridity and desolation—its loneliness increased by the City of the Tombs, with its streets, and houses, and quarters, and palaces, but no living inhabitants, except reptiles and solitary birds—immense vultures perching in the minarets, like vedettes of this melancholy population. On the other side, toward the Nile, are fields covered with brilliant verdure, and at certain periods with charming pieces of water, the remains of the annual inundation, sparkling like mirrors in the midst of the greenness. Between these two contrasting scenes the city, perfectly in harmony with this singular landscape, an immense assemblage of edifice of flat, untiled roofs, blackened by smoke and covered with dust; here and there a new edifice, white and sparkling, upsprings amids the mass of green houses and the narrow streets, where the dirty, though brilliant and many-hued, crowd are ceaselessly stirring. From the dust and the blue smoke a thousand minarets rise to the free air, like the palm-trees from the gardens, covered with airy Arabic ornaments, and encircled by three galleries. It is a fine spectacle, and one that may well excite a painter's admiration."

Cairo is a walled town, and has seventy-one gates; but it has so increased in size since the wall was built by Saladin that many of the gates are far in the city, and a person visiting the newer portions of the town, which are not within the walls, might not have an idea that the city had walls. The population is made up of Arabs, Copts, Turks, and Levantines, principally Greeks. The Arabs are the descendants of the followers of Amer in 640, or those who crowded into Egypt after the conquest, attracted by the fertility and beauty of the country. To a large extent a rapid fusion took place between the new element and the indigenous population. But the Arab element has maintained its ascendency. The Arabs, by the constant admixture with their Abyssinian slaves, and the adoption of a settled life, have lost most of their primitive characteristics; while the Arabs of Cairo and other towns are a mixed race called *fellahs*. The nomad Arabs of the wilderness outside the Nile valley, numbering some 400,000, are still true children of the desert. The Copts, from the ancient Coptos, now Kobt, are the descendants and sole representatives of the ancient Egyptians, the builders of the pyramids and the ancient temples. They are Christians, and, of course, a settled hostility exists between them and their Moslem oppressors. They marry only among themselves, and by the constant warfare kept up between the two races, the Copts preserve their race and name intact. They are usually of the mercantile class, clerks in the public offices, etc. The Turks are not numerous in Egypt, and number but about twelve thousand in the entire country. They despise the other elements of the population, by whom they are despised in return. The Levantines, besides being Greeks, are Syrians and Armenians. They are usually merchants and bankers. There is also quite a sprinking of Jews in the city, seven thousand being in the country in all, with somewhat more of Franks and Europeans. These remarks of the population will also apply to the country at large, whose total population is between five and six millions. The Copts claim to number 200,000, but some say this is too much, and that 150,000 will include all.

In doing the sight-seeing of the town about the first thing of course is the mosques, though as for myself, I almost despise them, as I do expensive cathedrals and churches. They seem to me a foolish and useless expenditure of wealth. Like the cathedrals and fine churches, they have an odor of sanctity about them that is absolutely oppressive. Allah, or any other being, has no more use for them than an eagle would have for a pair of patent-leather boots, or a turkey-buzzard for an overcoat. It is the same with all gods—if they are of any account in the world they have no use for cathedrals and churches. The glorious expanse of the universe is large enough for the dwelling-place and resting-place of any number of gods, and it is the hight of absurdity to suppose they can be in the least degree benefited by a pile of brick or stone or wood for a residence! They do not need to be afraid of the weather. Besides, the universe itself is the proper place to worship the higher powers in, and it is only a crude, narrow, and false notion that any god should have a temple, a mosque, a cathedral, or a church to be worshiped in. I sometimes think if there really is a god worth the sum of ten cents, he would, out of sheer disgust, strike every cathedral, every mosque, and every church flat to the earth, and let the material be used for buildings for some practical uses, instead of shops for the propagation of the most absurd and baneful falsehoods.

Still we had to visit the mosques all the same, for the guides always take sight-seers there the very first place.

There are nearly five hundred mosques in Cairo, and I am thankful beyond expression that I am not compelled to visit all of them, for I am almost sure I would rather drown in the Jordan. Half a dozen is a plenty, and before I had even visited that many my disgust was aroused to such a degree that only the motion of a ship in a rough sea would be sufficient to induce vomiting. Thanks to some good power, the mosques of Cairo, or many of them, are crumbling away and tumbling down, and I rejoice it is so, for I have got so that when I see a tall, graceful, worthless minaret, I feel like doing a bit of cursing if there would be the slightest use in it. I grieve that men have not more sense than to spend their labor, time, and wealth for the gods. I am decidedly in favor of letting the gods take care of themselves; if they want houses to dwell in, let them build them themselves. If they possess the hundredth part of the power which their worshipers claim for them, they are quite able to build their own houses and to raise their own fineries, and to attend to their own business generally. It has for thousands of years been a very serious tax upon poor humanity to take care of the gods, to build houses for them, to feed their myriads of priests, and to build houses for them also. Why, it is tremendous to think of! If all the money, all the labor, all the efforts that have been wasted for the gods in the past five thousand years could have been used for the improvement, education, and real benefit for men and women, the world would be vastly better off to-day. This god business is all wrong. My vote is decidedly in favor of men letting the gods go to the wall and to attend to their own little affairs, and I do not care how fully the gods and their worshipers understand this. These remarks may be applied to churches and cathedrals just so far as they seem fitted, as well as to mosques.

Still, as I said, they showed us the mosques all the same; and I must of course tell you something about them. The first was the Mosque el Hakim (I believe "el" means god); it was built by the Fatimite caliph of that name, who asserted a divine mission (these fellows always have "divine missions"). The minarets of this mosque were fortified during the French occupancy. But it is not worth looking at.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan, dating from 1557, is stately and in some respects the finest in the city. Here we of course had to take off our boots and shoes, for the place is too holy for shoe leather. The architecture is graceful, elegant, and grand, and the ornamentation is all that any worshiper of Allah ought to ask for. It cost $1,800 a day for three years to rear this building, and it is stated for a fact that the architect's hands were cut off by the sultan's orders to keep the edifice unique; though how that monstrous cruelty could have that effect I could not understand. This expensive mosque is vaulted, being ninety feet in hight inside. Whether Allah can stand up straight in it I cannot tell you; but I claim to know as much about him as anybody does.

We next drove to the Citadel, or El Kalah, which is an elevation some there hundred feet high, and is like a little walled town inclosed by a larger one. It is said to occupy the site of the acropolis of ancient Bablioun. It is built on the flank of a hill overlooking the town, though it is now itself commanded by the fort of Mount Mokattam, built by Mahomed Ali, when Khoorshid Pasha held the town against him. There are two entrances to the citadel. One is by the magnificent specimen of Saracenic architecture known as the Bab-el-Azah. This gate is in the form of an elliptical arch, with two enormous brick-work towers, built in alternate bands of red and white. Hence a narrow winding path leads to the highest part of the citadel. In this defile a shocking tragedy was once performed—the slaughter of the Mamelukes—in 1881. Only one escaped, and he by leaping his horse from the terrace on the eastern platform, called La Saut du Mameluke. Here is an account of the horrible affair:

"The beys came mounted on their finest horses, in magnificent uniform, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a very flattering reception by the pasha, they were requested to parade in the court of the citadel. They entered the fortifications unsuspectingly; the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession. A moment's glance revealed to them their doom. They dashed forward. In vain; before, behind, around them, nothing was visible but black, pitiless walls, and barred windows; the only opening was toward the bright blue sky, and even that was soon darkened by their funeral pile of smoke as volley after volley flashed from a thousand muskets behind the ramparts upon their defenseless and devoted bands. Startling and fearful as was their death, they met it as became their fearless character—some with arms crossed upon their mailed bosoms, and turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer; some with flashing swords and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe. All that chivalrous and splendid throng, save one, sank rapidly beneath the deadly fire into a red and writhing mass—that one was Emir Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy hight, but in the next moment he was in the air; another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amidst a shower of bullets. He escaped, and found shelter in the sanctuary of a mosque and ultimately in the deserts of the Thebaid" (Warburton).

On that occasion four hundred and fifty of the Mamelukes, with their leader, Ibrahim Bey, were killed in the citadel and nearly eight hundred more in the city. I saw the place where Emir Bey leaped down from the dizzy hight on his charger, and judge it to be fully one hundred and fifty feet. It is a marvel that he was not dashed to a jelly; but it was the horse that saved him, that broke the force of the terrible jar, and enabled him to escape.

The citadel is built in three portions, each having its walls and towers. The fortifications were commenced by Saladin in 1166, the materials beings brought from some small demolished pyramids at Gizeh, some eight or ten miles to the southwest. This prince also built a mosque and palace here, which were, however, destroyed by a gunpowder explosion in 1823. New ones were erected by Mahomed Ali. This mosque called by his name was built in 1829, after the Constantinople model; so that, according to the opinion of many, although of very costly materials, it is less interesting than the Saracenic mosques of Cairo. Its ceiling is a vas cupola, surrounded by four demi-cupolas, and four small domes at the corners. There are two elongated minarets, a spacious court, and rich cloister. The whole of the interior is lined with oriental alabaster, except the upper part of the columns, which are painted to imitate alabaster. The decorations of the interior are not in the best taste; the lanterns and lusters have a tawdry effect. But probably it is all the same to Allah.

On the left of the entry a golden grill incloses the tomb of Mahomed Ali, with numerous lamps perpetually burning. In the court there is a pavilion in the gallery facing the Fountain of Ablutions, containing a clock presented to Mahomed Ali by Louise Philippe. From above this pavilion a splendid view of the city and surrounding country is to be had. It has been called the finest view in the world. First there is the extensive city itself, with its innumerable domes and minarets; beyond stretches the verdant delta; on the right are seen the tombs of the murdered Mamelukes, and a few miles to the west the obelisk of Helopolis, claimed to be the oldest obelisk in the world; on the left are Old Cairo, and the green-looking island Roda, more domes, minarets, and palaces, the grand aqueduct, and the glorious river Nile stretching away north and away south like a bright thread of silver; and beyond the river and near the Libyan mountains on the west stand the grand and almost eternal pyramids of Gizeh and Sakarah and the great desert of Libya. Turning to the south, Mount Mokattam is seen, with its rugged steeps, its quarries, and its ruins. No, there is not in the whole world another view where such grand works of ancient days with the beauties of natural scenery are so charmingly combined.

From this we descended to a subterranean curiosity in the citadel. It is called Joseph's Well. It is a square shaft, laid with masonry, fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and ninety feet in depth, descending to the level of the Nile, thus affording always an abundant supply of water. A long, winding staircase leads to the bottom, where the donkeys

are at work raising the water to the top by means of an endless chain and buckets attached to it. This work was constructed by Saladin for the purpose of providing the citadel with water. But the pious liars make the silly dupes believe that it was built by Joseph the son of Jacob, whom his brethren sold into Egypt, where he became the greatest man in the nation. It is marvelous how easy it is for religious people to get up lies; the conviction often presents itself that religion and lies go hand in hand. Just below the citadel is a miserable looking old house, which is piously asserted to be the very place where the Virgin Mary took refuge at the time Joseph and herself made a forced march from Bethlehem, on account of the penchant which Herod suddenly took to kill off twenty thousand new-born infants. Why it was that Jesus, or his daddy (though, by the bye, he was his own daddy), did not have prescience enough to see Herod's bloody game a day or two before the slaughtering was performed, and just turn off his wind, and thus save the little innocents; and also the Virgin, who had not yet got strong enough to leave her bed to make such a wearisome journey, is hard to be explained except by the priests and monks who knew all about God's purposes, plans, and projects. I refer you to them. It is my opinion, however, that if Luke, or the man who wrote in his name, could be consulted about this Egypt journey of Joseph and the Virgin, he would pronounce it a falsehood. In fact, he would have to do so or confess himself a liar, for at the very time when Matthew said the little family were off here in Egypt, he (Luke) insists they were quietly taking a rest away up in Nazareth. I don't believe that the Virgin ever saw Egypt, nor do I believe that either of the Josephs saw it. I am getting to be a poor hand at believing lies, no matter how pious they are, or how strongly the priests swear that they are truths.

There are more mosques to be described, but please excuse me. Let them pass, do. I no not wish to enter another mosque in the course of my life, and I also do not wish to describe any more of them. The best you can make of them is that they are great gilded, hollow shells of miserable pretenses, absurdities, and lies. If they could all be wiped out within the next sixty minutes the loss to the world would be extremely light.

We were later driven through a series of narrow, crooked, dirty streets to the tombs of the Mamelukes, who were so basely murdered. They occupy not a little space. Some of them are in an extensive building for the purpose, many of which are rich with gilding and gewgaws to show respect for departed worth. I am glad to be able to think that those brave, ill-used fellows are now very quiet and that nothing is disturbing their serenity and tranquillity.

The day was finished up by taking a ride to the bazars and looking around among them for a couple of hours, some making such purchases of oriental curiosities as their taste and their purse dictated. Among other things, I bought a Turkish fez to wear in my office when I get home again, and possibly I may conclude to turn Turk.

THE PYRAMIDS.

Wednesday, Dec. 14th.—This I count one of the grandest days of my life—a visit to the pyramids. Two carriages were chartered for the purpose, and a drive of ninety minutes over a beautiful road, through long, straight avenues of the beautiful accacia-tree, with a profusion of palm-trees in various directions, brought us to the foot of the pyramid of Gizeh, the largest of many brethren, and the grandest monument of human toil ever constructed. The route is through the new and beautiful quarter of Cairo called Ismaileeyah, to the splendid bridge over the Nile, called by the Arab name Kasr-el-Nil. I felt no small degree of reverence, while crossing the Nile, for the grand old river, the grandest and most extraordinary river in the world. Its length is nearly five thousand miles, its sources being away up beyond the equator in Africa, some of which have never yet been traced. It is the only river in the world that flows so long a distance from the south to the north, the only one that for 1,350 miles has no accessory—no tributary emptying into it—the only river that is larger fifteen hundred miles from its mouth than at its mouth. The thousands of places where water is taken from it, and the great evaporation without any additions, of course diminish its volume not a little. Still it is a large river here, having an average width of two thousand feet, and an average current of three miles an hour. It is nearly as large as the grand Mississippi itself, and considerably longer—as long as the Missouri and Mississippi combined. The water is also about as turbid as the same rivers. Probably in July and August, when it overflows the country, it is considerably more turbid than now.

This is the immortal stream which for not less than a hundred thousand years has been bearing from the mountains of central Africa the mud and alluvial deposit of which the land of Egypt is composed. It has been the source of life and prosperity in this remarkable country, and it is not strange that the ancients revered it and worshiped it a god. It is a million times more worthy of worship than many of the conceptions which have been bowed down to. Without it Egypt must have ever remained a desolate, uninhabited waste; by it hundreds of millions of human beings have been supplied with life and sustenance. Where is there another of the boasted gods of which the same can be said? But since I have seen it, and looked upon its great volume and great beauty, I am more than ever convinced that Moses never turned it into blood. I will for the present say nothing about his frog feat, his locust exploit, his murrain distemper, his manufacture of lice, his getting up thunder, lightning, and hail, his killing the poor cattle of the country the third time over—most unwarranted cruelty—and all the rest that is claimed he performed. You may believe it all if you like, but I will insist that I do not believe that he ever converted the river Nile into blood. Nor do I believe he could do it if he had both Yahweh and Allah to help him, and all the rest of the gods thrown in. It might be easy enough for some liar a thousand years afterward to say that he did it, but I am firmly convinced in my own mind that he did not. The story says he converted all the water in Egypt into blood, and as the Nile is all the water there is, he had to try his experiment upon that only. No, he never did it, and there is not the slightest merit in believing such absurdities.

The rise of the Nile begins away up in the mountains of Africa, in latitude 5°, in February, at Kartoom in March, at Dongola in May. It commences in Egypt at the end of June and reaches its greatest hight in September, remaining about fifteen days at the average hight of twenty-four feet above low water mark, after which it gradually sub-ides. If the hight of thirty feet is reached great damage is done; if less than eighteen feet is reached famine results in many parts. On the Island of Roda, which we passed, the Nileometer, a stone column, is erected, on which the hight of the river is indicated in times of flood. Thousands of years ago an upright piece, with another piece attached to it horizontally, was used to mark the altitude which the water reached. These were kept standing from year to year, and the people came to entertain great reverence for these Nile crosses. This was more than a thousand years before Christians had the slightest reverence for the same construction or before they existed.

The rising of the Nile must be a grand sight to witness, and were it not in the extremely hot portion of the year, when the mercury often marks 120° in the shade and 180° in the sun, I would like to be here when that natural phenomenon takes place. Day by day and night by-night its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the howling desert. Almost hourly may be heard the thud or crash of some high mud-bank, when perhaps a new channel is opened for the life-giving water to rush into the parched, arid desert, and all animated nature in the locality—men, women, children, and buffaloes—gambol in the refreshing waters and rejoice in the overflow. All nature shouts with joy; the thirsty earth laughs with glee; the promise of life appears, where before all was sterility. The sand becomes moistened by the visitation of the fertilizing waters, and hope takes the place of despair, and life takes the place of death.

Immediately after the inundation crops are planted, and in four months or less are harvested. In the summer season artificial irrigation is resorted to, as described, particularly for Indian corn, cotton, doura, onions, henna, sugar-cane, coffee, indigo, and madder. Much fruit is also produced in Egypt. Grapes are abundant, also dates, pomegranates, figs, apricots, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, mulberries, and olives. The mandarin orange is a new variety to me. It is engrafted on pomegranate stock, modifying the flavor, as well as the appearance, and giving the fruit somewhat the flavor of red raspberries.

It is right here, near where we crossed the Nile, that is located the fable about Pharaoh's daughter and her maid finding Moses in the bulrushes, and all that. But since seeing the Nile, with its strong rapid current of four miles an hour, with no bulrushes or anything of the kind growing in it (and which probably never did grow there), I realize more than ever the improbability, the utter absurdity, of the old fable. It is not probable that the person who wrote the tale ever saw the Nile or Egypt. There is no place along the Nile anywhere in this vicinity, where it would be suitable, or ever was, for princesses to go in bathing, or where a babe could be left to float on the strong current. It would be just as sensible to talk about Queen Victoria and her daughters going bathing in the river Thames in the city of London, or the president's wife or daughters in the Potomac at Washington. If the king of Egypt's daughter wished to take a bath, it is quite likely he had private baths for the purpose, and she surely would not be under the necessity of going into the rapid, dangerous Nile in a public manner. Nor is it very likely that any little Moses would be deposited by its mother in the princess's bathing-place. And more than that, if the Hebrews were slaves and worked for the Egyptians, it would not be likely that the king would wish to kill them off. And the claim that when the Hebrews left the land, they had 600,000 fighting men, probably about the age of Moses, proves that they had not been killed off to an alarming extent. I don't believe that Moses ever floated on the Nile in his little cradle, or that the daughter of the king of Egypt ever went in swimming there and found him and adopted him. It is only an old fable copied from another silly fable still older.

But we must leave Moses and the Nile and hurry on to the pyramids—the grandest work of man. The fine road over which we pass was constructed in 1858 by the khedive for the use of the Prince of Wales and party, who (graciously of course) paid a visit to the pyramids. A fine palace—a summer residence of the khedive—was also passed. By the bye, he is magnificently supplied with palaces, having half a dozen or so in this vicinity. When people who never performed a day's work in their lives are able to build palaces with the money earned by others, they are sometimes strongly disposed in that direction.

Gizeh is the name of the locality where the larger pyramids are located. It was once a fortified place, a busy city, with markets, gay places, and perhaps mosques. But all that glory has departed, and only scattered ruins tell of former populousness and prosperity. There is, however, one establishment here worthy of mention—an egg-hatching institution. It appears that the hens of Egypt, unlike their sisters in nearly all other parts of the world, don't like to sit—had rather not attend to the tedious process of hatching (it is a dull, montonous sort of a job, it is true), and so artificial hatching has to be resorted to, hence, this one. For every two eggs brought, a live chicken is returned. It strikes me as a fortunate circumstance that, though the hens refuse to hatch, they are willing to lay. If they entered into a combination that they would lay no more eggs, I fear the situation would be a trifle embarrassing, for no factory has yet been gotten up that has succeeded in turning out good hens' eggs. The man who accomplishes the feat of making good fresh eggs from some cheap material ought to realize a handsome fortune.

We could see the pyramids, of course, a long way off, and compared with a mountain they did not seem so very large. Even when but a quarter of a mile away, a feeling of disappointment inevitably creeps over the beholder, and he thinks—if he does not speak it—"Why, they do not look so wonderfully large, after all!" It is not until one gets up close to them, stands by their majestic proportions, and casts his eyes up to the summit, that he takes a full realizing sense of their immensity, their grandeur; and then he becomes overwhelmed with wonder that human beings ever piled up such a mass of mason work. In this way the eye travels over all the courses of stone, from the very base to its apex, which appears literally to pierce the blue vault of heaven, for the vast pile is nearly five hundred feet high. Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, or Pyramid of Cheops, as follows: Base-line, formerly 756 feet, at present, 732 feet; perpendicular hight, formerly 480 feet, at present, 460 feet; area, formerly 571,536 square feet, at present, 535,824.

The difference between the former and present size comes from the covering of fine stone having been removed by the vandals, who have committed fearful sacrilege in the whole length of this country.

From Gizeh the road runs straight to the pyramids on a broad, firm embankment, crossing the bright-green cultivated fields. On the right and left the half-naked peasants are seen working with their primitive implements. At length the line of vegetation is passed, and the great desert ocean of sand is reached, by the shores of which, on a rocky plateau of limestone, forty feet above the level of the plain, stand the three great pyramids, several smaller ones, many ancient tombs, and near by the celebrated colossal sphinx.

I feel justified in this connection in making some quotations from Mariette-Bey's work on Egypt, "The Monuments of Upper Egypt," translated by his brother Alphonse Mariette, professor in King's College, London, so far at least as to give the facts with regard to this subject, for there is no better authority on the antiquities of Egypt; no man has devoted more attention to the subject; no man who has studied the subject has possessed greater intelligence or honesty. A Frenchman by birth, he spent some thirty years in this country, exploring and making excavations; and what stands to his credit is the fact that, though in the position he occupied he could have made large sums of money, he died about twelve months ago a poor man. He says: "The admiration in which the pyramids have been held for so many centuries, and which has gained for them a place among the seven wonders of the world, is indeed well deserved. It must be confessed, however, that this admiration is not generally felt when the visitor first reaches the foot of these far-famed monuments. The fact is, the immensity of the surrounding desert and the want of some point of comparison effectually diminish the apparent size of the pyramids, and prevent their being at first sight appreciated. But they soon grow upon one and assume their true proportions. And then one experiences a feeling of amazement at the immensity

of those constructions. One sees in them the most lofty, the most durable, the most stupendous monuments under heaven that have ever been erected by the hand of man. The pyramids are already six or seven thousand years old, but there is no reason why one hundred thousand years hence they should not be in the same state as we see them at the present day, provided no ignorant or profane hand be laid against them.

"The three great pyramids are the tombs of Cheops, of Chephren, and of Mycerinus; the smaller ones are the tombs of members of the families of those kings. The Great Pyramid was formerly 146 meters (479 English feet) high, but in its present state it measures only 138 meters (about 453 English feet); its cube is of no less than 2,562,576 meters, and it covers an area of more than eleven English acres. All the stories which in accordance with Herodotus have been told about the hatred these kings had brought upon themselves in consequence of the drudgery inflicted upon the Egyptians who worked in the construction of the pyramids, may now be considered mere idle tales. The contemporaneous monuments—witnesses for more worthy of belief than Herodotus—tell us, in fact, that during their lifetimes, and after their death, Cheops and Chephren, equally with all other kings, were even honored with a special worship. As for Mycerinus, he was so pious a king that he is quoted in the ritual as the author of one of the most renowned works in the religious literature of Egypt.

"As to the special purpose for which the pyramids were intended, it is doing violence to all we know of Egypt, to all that archæology has taught us on the subject of the monumental habits of the country, to imagine for a moment that they could ever have been intended for aught else than tombs. The pyramids are tombs, massive, entire, everywhere hermetically sealed, even in their most carefully constructed passages; without windows, without doors, without external openings of any kind. They are the gigantic and ever impenetrable sepulcher of a mummy, and even had one existed in its interior an accessible passage from whence, as from the bottom of a well, astronomical observations could have been made, that pyramid would not have been in accordance with its purpose. In vain shall it be said that the four sides turned to the different points of the compass denote an astronomical intention; the four sides are thus set because they are dedicated for mythological reasons to the four cardinal points, and in a monument so carefully constructed as a pyramid, a side dedicated to the north, for example, could not by any possibility be turned to any other point but the north: The pyramids, then, are nothing but tombs, and their enormous bulk could not be held as an argument against this theory, since there are some which are scarcely eighteen feet high. Moreover, there does not exist in Egypt a single pyramid that is not the center of a necropolis, a fact which confirms in the most emphatic manner the character of these monuments.

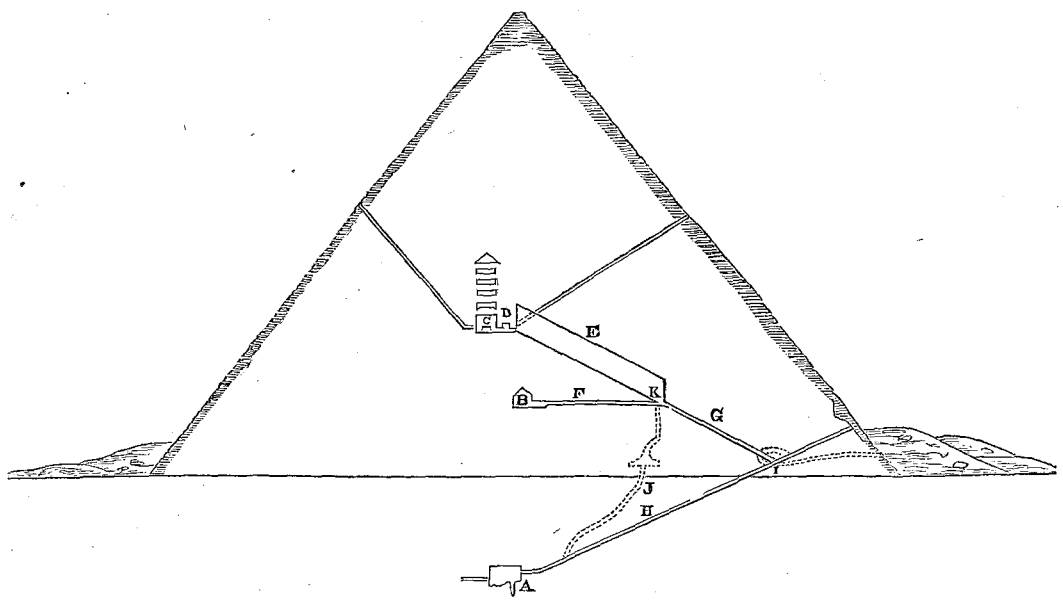
"What remains now of the pyramids is only the nucleus. Originally they were covered with a smooth casing which has entirely disappeared, and they terminated in a sharp point. Being tombs hermetically sealed, each one of the pyramids, or at least each of those which served as the sepulcher of a king, possessed an exterior temple which was built within a few yards of the eastern façade. The king, deified as a sort of incarnation of the divinity, was here worshiped. The great pyramids of Gizeh possess, like all other pyramids, an exterior temple.

"What proves that pyramids were monuments hermetically sealed is that, when Amron wanted to penetrate into the great pyramid, he was only able to succeed by perforating the northern side by force, very nearly in the axis, which caused him accidentally to come upon the ascending passage of the interior. As at that time the outer covering was still perfect, and consequently there was no accumulation of rubbish at its base, it may safely be inferred that the entrance itself was not visible from the outside."

The interior of the Great Pyramid was forcibly opened to view by the Caliph-el-Mamoon in 820. He was the son of the great and brilliant Haroun-el-Raschid, and was incited by the hope of discovering treasure. The passage made by his workmen through the solid masonry, and leading to the true entrance to the pyramid, is now choked up by rubbish. The present entrance is on the north side, forty or fifty feet above the base. It descends by a massive vaulted gallery to a subterranean chamber 347 feet from the entrance, and about ninety feet below the base of the pyramid. This chamber measures forty-six by twenty-seven feet, and is eleven feet high. Mariette-Bey believed that the builders of the pyramid intended the chamber to be mistaken for the principal chamber of the pyramid, and so serve to conceal the real resting-place of the royal mummy.

At rather more than sixty feet from the entrance an upward passage, once carefully closed with an immense block of stone, leads toward the center of the pyramid. At a distance of 125 feet it reaches the Great Gallery. At this point is the opening to what is called the Well, 191 feet deep, communicating with the subterranean chamber already described, which is thought to hav been used as a means of communication with the various parts for the workmen employed in its construction. Before ascending the Great Gallery a horizontal passage is seen, 110 feet in length, leading to a chamber 18x17 feet, and 20 feet high, known as the Queen's chamber. Mariette-Bey supposed, as shown, that the entrance to the Great Gallery was once hermetically sealed; so that if successful in reaching this chamber, explorers might suppose that the whole secret of the pyramid was revealed. But the Great Gallery, 151 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 28 feet high, with a surface of smooth polished stone, leads upward to a vestibule once closed with immense granite portcullises. Beyond this is the King's Chamber, the chief chamber of the pyramid, 34 feet 3 inches long, 17 feet 1 inch wide, and 19 feet 1 inch high, the inner surface of the walls being square hewn stone. This room contains a sarcophagus of red granite, without a lid. The mummy that probably once rested there has been removed.

To giv you a correct idea of these inner passages and chambers, I will send with this a sketch of the same as made by Mariette-Bey, which will be reproduced and appear with this description. A is the subterranean chamber, at present inaccessible; B, the Queen's Chamber; D, a sort of landing intersected by two grooves, into which glided the two massive blocks which were to close to all eternity the entrance to the chamber. E, F, G, and H are the communicating passages. I is the landing-place into which leads the forced passage of the Caliph Amrou. J is the mysterious well which has long put the sagacity of discoverers to a severe test. Such is the interior of the pyramid.



THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

Mariette-Bey was clearly of the opinion that the passages were constructed as they are to elude the search of any explorer, and to mislead them as to the large chamber, and a regal mummy within it. He closes his theory of the matter thus: "During the construction of the pyramid, blocks of granite of the same dimensions as corridor G were deposited in the correllated corridor E. The pyramid being finished, and the mummy laid in its place, these blocks would be allowed to slide by their own weight down to corridor G; the landing-place K would then be blocked up, and the workmen would descend by the well and return to the open air by the corridor H, which in its turn would be obstructed by blocks introduced through the external entrance of the monument. Let us add that experience in excavations authorizes this explanation to a certain extent. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find tombs where a false scent has intentionally diverted the attention of the would-be violators of the pit in which the mummy is reposing." It may throw some light upon the subject to state that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt believed they would be immortal so long as their bodies existed. But it is claimed, again, that no religious superstition had any place in the erection of the pyramids, since no religious symbol nor allusion to any god or religious ceremony appears on any part of the structure; though as to what inscriptions were on the outward course of marble—taken away for building purposes to Cairo—of course cannot be known.

To a large extent, this pyramid is a great riddle, and various theories and claims have been set up as to the object of its construction, which are of the most diverse character. One claim is that it is of an astronomical and geometrical character, portraying not only the points the of compass, the length of the axis of the earth, the number of days in the terrestrial year, but the length of the great year of the Pleiades, 25,867 years. Another theory is that the object was to give correct mensuration to the standard of measurements of distance, weight, time, and bulk. Another theory is of a hieroglyphic character. A strong effort has been made to show that the Hebrews were the builders, and the very absurd claim that Joseph had it constructed as a storehouse for the grain of Egypt has been advanced. Another class finds in it a wonderful prophecy respecting Christianity and its continuance in the world. But to my mind, Mariette-Bey's theory that it is the tomb of a king is far the most reasonable. The numerous other pyramids—some seventy in the Nile valley—many of which were clearly for tombs, strengthen the claim. It is quite probable that the builders were scientific men, and acquainted with astronomy, geometry, etc.

Much diversity of opinion also exists as to the age of the structure. Mariette-Bey thinks it between six and seven thousand years old, while others wish to bring it down to less than four thousand years. My confidence in Mariette-Bey's judgment is great; for he spent more time in this country in studying up Egyptian antiquities than any other man, and he seems free from religious prejudices, which sadly warp the minds of many who have written upon the subject, and whose great wish is to make everything bend to the statements made in the Jewish scriptures.

But, after all that can be said upon the subject, the pyramid of Cheops is the grandest structure that has been executed by human hands. It nearly equals the hight of the Palisades on the Hudson, is two hundred feet higher than the dome of the capitol at Washington, and covers four times as much ground. The material of which it was built was brought a distance of nearly fifty miles, and across the Nile. It has stood longer than any other work of man's hands, and is likely to remain a hundred thousand years more. Prof. Denslow speaks of it in this way: "At some very early period, while Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome were still lairs of wolves, and Babylon and Nineveh were jungles, when probably the black race had not retired from the south of Asia, or the Fins and Exquimaux from central Europe, there arose in Egypt a red race of wonderful persistency, despotic determination, and iron-handed will, who were determined to enshrine themselves and their ideas in imperishable stone. They were slave-holders and despots, for no free people would ever have built the monuments of Egypt in any form. Here in this despotism civilization was cradled, and science began. . . Seventy feet below the level of the Nile we find the relics of a people who had not yet obtained metallic implements, but at the rate of the deposit of the Nile they ought to have dwelt there 20,000 years ago. . . . As to the motives, some have guessed that the reason that the pyramids were built was because their builders feared that if the body was suffered to decay the soul would not be immortal. But people who could build the Great Pyramid and inscribe on it no recognition of deity, no prayer, no altar of worship, no sign of a priesthood, no superstition or sacrifice whatever, and nothing but geometric facts and metrological standards, were not thinking of rescuing their souls from any religious terrors, either of punishment or annihilation. Every fact about the pyramids negatives all religious meaning. Was the pyramid built by the Egyptians at all, or by some previous race? Where else in history does the first experiment in any art stand forth as its most perfect achievement, and all that follow exhibit only servile imitation and decline? Yet the Grand Pyramid, so solitary in its wonders, is not only the largest, but to an almost equal certainty, is the very oldest structure ever built by man. What were the ideas that caused it to be built? We don't know. No theory that has been presented concerning them is more than barely plausible. The pyramid, therefore, is good stamping-ground on which, in this age of universal pretense, to learn how to say, 'We don't know, and we can't find out!' But the intelligence required to build it is such that we can easily assure ourselves those who did build it well knew the wondrous 'Why?' The ignorance in this case belongs wholly to the last fifty centuries."

Several of our party made the ascent of the great pyramid, but I did not. While exploring the sacred wonders in the church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, and when descending the flight of very smooth marble steps leading down into the cavern where the Empress Helena, by digging and blasting, discovered the three true crosses, I slipped on the smooth stone, and fell with my right leg under me in such a manner as to strain my knee, since which time it has not performed duty with quite its usual elasticity. It rather hurts to step up with it on anything more than eight inches high; so that I concluded that stepping up from one layer of rock to another, from two and one-half to four feet in hight, would be tasking it most too severely; though the Arabs called "fellahs," who were around us in great numbers, were quite wliling to pull before and boost behind from step to step. The over-exercise for the lame knee was what I feared. But I watched the others making the ascent and was much interested thereby. Two of the fellahs were ahead, each holding a hand of the climbers, and absolutely pulled them up; while two more follow in the rear, and, boosting vigorously, and in the most approved manner, made the ascent decidedly amusing. Four of the men and two of the women went to the top, and, to look up at them, they appeared like pigmies, the distance is so great. The dusky fellahs urged me strongly to go up; I was not afraid, and would have gone but for the knee.

I made a journey to the interior, and found it all the exercise I wished. Two of the Arabs accompanied me, holding me by the hand on the inclined planes, where the marble was so smooth and steep that I feared a fall, boosting me when boosting was in order, and even taking me on their shoulders and carrying me outright in places where I could not find foothold. They were barefooted, and it would have been better had I also been without shoes, as slipping would be nearly out of the question. It was amusing to hear the palavering fellows talk as we were poking along those dark and silent avenues, where the stillness is almost painful:

"Me takee good care of you;" "No be afraid;" "Lean on me;" "You very good man;" "Me takee you out safe;" "There, put your foot right there;" "Now, get on my back;" "Me carry you good;" "No be afraid;" "Me carry plenty men—old men, too; likee you;" "You thinkee me good man?"

"Oh yes," I answered; "you are first-rate. I know you will see me through all right; but it is terrible warm and close in here, and I cannot see where to put my feet."

"Me hold your feet; there, put your feet right against me;" "How is that?" "You thinkee me good man now?"

I was very complimentary in my praise, and had they been very sensitive they might have thought I was flattering a trifle; but they cared more for the backsheesh than for my praise—"You thinkee I do good by you, you give me something what you like;" "Some mens give much, cause I be very goodee man."

I said I would see about the backsheesh when we got out, as I had about all I wished to attend to for the moment; but probably I should find it in my heart to give them something

"Whatee you givee us, no let the sheik outside see, for he no allow us to ask for backsheesh; you givee us when he not see."

"Oh, yes, we will fix that all right when the time comes; but let us drop the subject now; I wish to attend to this little matter I have in hand; let the backsheesh rest for the present."

"All right, all right, mister; we know you goodee man, and will be good to us, cause we take you so safee."

It took about half an hour to make the tour, and it was so warm, the air so stifling, and the exercise so active, that I perspired very freely, and was glad to see daylight once more, and to breathe the good air of the outside world. One of the natives made a descent into the well-hole for my special benefit, and brought me a piece of granite from the bottom, while the other held a candle for me to look down into the nearly two hundred feet of blackness. They also lit up the king's chamber with a magnesian light; so I had a good view of it and found it all according to the programme. The sarcophagus was there, but no mummy; and the sarcophagus must have been put in while the pyramid was being constructed, as it is too large and too long to be carried through the passages. It took about four francs to settle with my attendants for their efforts and all the extras, and I think they felt as though they had done well, for they persisted that I was "very goodee man."

There appear to be two or more sheiks who have the pyramid under charge, and it is their duty to see that visitors have proper assistance in making the ascent to the top or an ingress into the interior, so there is no lack of guides; and nearly every man of them is so importunate in his demands that their wares should be bought that one has to be extremely good natured not to be vexed with them. They never will let a person have a moment's rest, but they are constantly poking something under your nose, with "antique," "very good," "I sell you cheap," "good antiques," etc.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

Round the World.

By the time this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER reaches its readers we shall hav mailed the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" to the subscribers to the fund. We are glad to announce that the first edition has nearly all been subscribed for, and that we shall hav to issue a second shortly. Since the list of names was stereotyped we hav received many new ones. They all wished to be enrolled, but it was too late for the first edition, and to accommodate them and many others we hav concluded to put them in the second edition of the first volume, and also open a list of subscribers to appear in the second volume. This will giv all an opportunity who may wish it, and also aid in paying expenses. The volumes will be sold separately for $2 per volume, and the three for $5 if taken before the volumes are completed. We would very much like a larger list to greet the traveler with on his return home. The books will be very cheap at $5—much cheaper than any other publisher would get them out.

The "Chronicles" were completed last week, and this week Mr. Bennett commences, in natural style, a description of what he saw in Egypt.

The following is the list of subscribers who hav sent in the $5, and the amount will be acknowledged in the dedication of the second volume. We shall see the list grow with great pleasure:

Anderson, R. J.		
Baker, R. F.	Bennett, John	Buford, P. G.
Barber, B. W.	Berrian, Mrs. H.	Burgess, J.
Bell, Addison A.	Brander, Wm.	Burr, Chas.
Clark, Maggie	Colwell, Frank	Corliss, E. S.
Dutton, Jerome		
Gano, H.	Gardner, A. L.	Giles, E. M.
Haigh, Wm. Henry	Hess, Joseph	Hope, Peter
Haley, J. H.	Holt, J. O.	Hoxter, W. D.
Hawes, C. L.		
Jones, L. M. & J. L.		
Kenck, Chris.	Kimball, Murray	
Ladd, Sherman W.	Lawrence, Chas. B.	Loomi, N.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood, L. C.	
Malster, A. O.	Maxfield, John	Merledge, Wm. H.
Metcalf John	Miller, C. N.	
Quick, Simon		
Sabine, Mrs. Emma A.	Smith, J. T.	Stewart, M. F.
Sloan, H. E.	Snyder, C. K.	Stratton, David
Smith, Asa B.	Sterling, C. S.	Stuart, Granville
Truesdell, W. H.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Wallace, O. M.	West, John	Wood, Enos
Watson, H. R.	Williams, H. S.	Wright, S. G., M.D.
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

Those who prefer to wait for the second edition, and hav a book with their names in it, should notify us as just as soon as these lines fall under their eye. New five dollar subscribers to the fund should also say whether they want their book from the first edition or the second, with their names in.

Mr. Bradlaugh and his Enemies.

In the court of queen's bench on March 30th, Clarke, the plaintiff in the case against Mr. Bradlaugh, applied for judgment against the defendant, notwithstanding Mr. Bradlaugh's appeal to the House of Lords is still pending. Justices Grove and Huddlestone gave judgment against Mr. Bradlaugh for $2,000 in respect to the first occasion in which he voted illegally. The question of costs stands over, pending the result of the appeal to the House of Lords.

The law in England provides that a property test shall be required of every member of Parliament. British subjects not possessing a specified amount of property are ineligible. This first judgment will not bankrupt Mr. Bradlaugh, but there are others to follow, to say nothing of the costs of court. We are unable to state how many times Mr. Bradlaugh voted in the House of Commons, but a fine is attached to each exercise of the right which his constituents conferred upon him, and this may, in the hands of the unscrupulous Clarke, with the aid of every Christian justice in all torydom, prove the effectiv means of preventing Mr. Bradlaugh from occupying his seat. There is no reason for him to hope for a reversal of the decision in the House of Lords. Every pauper lord in Great Britain is his enemy, and would giv his vote eagerly to increase the judgment rather than to reverse it.

The outlook is indeed discouraging. But Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of wonderful resources. He knows his rights. He knows how to enforce them; and if, in the struggle which their enforcement may bring about, Tories and Conservativs find themselvs confronted by armed men coming to arbitrate their claims with the musket; if they see the revolution that freed France from the oppression of fanatics and despots like themselvs repeated in their own country; if they see England a republic and Charles Bradlaugh its president, they will experience what would seem to be but a natural result of their present stupid policy. Stranger things hav happened in the history of nations, and it is not outside the nature of events that they should occur again.

To defeat the ends of justice, and to deprive an honest man of the position which his merits alone hav won for him, the judiciary of England has made itself the ally of rascality, and the legislature has become the paramour of that harlot of harlots—the established church of England. What the final outcome will be, we cannot even surmise; but if the above result is reached, and if the persecutors of Mr. Bradlaugh feel grateful for it, they will certainly hav the satisfaction of thanking no one but themselvs.

That Comstock Lecture.

A remark Mr. Wakeman made in his recent lecture on Comstock has aroused Mr. B. F. Underwood's ire. The sentence to which he takes exception was that "he [Mr. Wakeman] was astounded that such a paper as the Boston *Index* should repeat these slanders and steadfastly refuse to publish the corrections he had repeatedly sent." Mr Underwood now sends us this card:

OFFICE OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS INDEX,
3 TREMONT PLACE, BOSTON, March 31, 1882.

SIR: I sent you two weeks ago a brief note in correction of a statement which occurred in a speech you published from Wakeman—a statement which refers to the *Index;* a statement which is false; a statement which Wakeman even has modified by omission and additions in TRUTH SEEKER report which he has sent to other papers. Did THE TRUTH SEEKER falsely report Wakeman? Do you decline to allow correction in TRUTH SEEKER? B. F. UNDERWOOD.

We did not receive Mr. Underwood's brief note, otherwise we would hav published it. We made the report ourselvs, and made it correctly, as Mr. Wakeman says in another column. The words "repeatedly sent," Mr. Wakeman has since informed us, were intended to refer to the time when F. E. Abbot edited the *Index*, and the charge that the same paper repeats the slanders is true of it now, as he has conclusivly shown in this number of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Ever since Abbot bolted from the League at Syracuse the *Index*, whenever it mentioned the League, has slurred and slandered it, and thrown the mud of obscenity upon all its adherents and workers. It takes especial pains to quote approvingly the lies of the church, and the beastly utterances of a Chicago *roué*. It misrepresents the great body of Liberals, distorting their words, perverting their aims, and slandering their characters. It is in no sense a Liberal paper. It is simply the organ of a coterie of would-be literary men and women who find its columns a vehicle for weak thoughts which would obtain no expression in respectable journals except at the regular rate per inch. The only good that ever comes out of that Nazareth is an accidental contribution. Its home talent (aside from Mr. Underwood, who is only malicious, not weak) is very thin milk and water.

Its course toward the League and Liberals in general is well shown up by Mr. Wakeman. The miserable insinuations it copies about the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER are, owing to their source, unworthy of notice. One noteworthy fact in the matter is that during the absence of Mr. Bennett is the only time they indulge in them. Volumes of commentary could not say more.

We trust Mr. Underwood is satisfied with the correction made this week in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If he is not, some more will be furnished him on application to either Mr. Wakeman or ourselvs.

A Fanciful Explanation.

M. M. Paddock incloses the following from some pious paper, and wants to know if it is true:

The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who hav read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bull's eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

This is a fanciful explanation of the difficulty it gets the churches in by shutting out of heaven rich men, who are very much desired by the followers of

him who had not where to lay his head. But it is not the correct one. From the context Jesus evidently meant to impress upon his hearers that a rich man could not get to heaven. In some ancient copies the Bible says *cable-rope*, which is a much better simile than camel, the one now in use in King James's version. There is no respectable authority for the statement.

A Mistaken Superintendent.

TAUNTON, MASS., March 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Is there any place of education that you know of that is supported or founded by Freethinkers? Has any Freethinker left any sum of money for any such purpose? If so, please oblige me by giving name and place. The superintendent of the Episcopal church Sunday-school states that there are no such institutions. You will greatly oblige me by answering the above. This superintendent would not read the "Age of Reason." He said he did not dare to.

Yours respectfully, G. W. PEPPER.

The bequests of Liberals to education and science hav been in greater proportion to their number and means than similar good works on the part of Christians. James Lick, of California, gave very liberally to science. The largest educational institution founded by an Infidel is the Girard College in Philadelphia, for the erection and endowment of which Stephen Girard left two million dollars. The college is for the education of poor orphan children. Girard required that they be instructed in the purest principles of morality, that they be taught benevolence, love of truth, sobriety, and industry. And that they might hav a chance to know the truth in regard to religion, he strictly forbade the entrance to the college or even the grounds of any minister or other ecclesiastic on any pretense whatever.

Girard's fortune at his death was seven and a half millions of dollars. After the specific legacy of two millions of dollars for the erection of the college, he left $140,000 to his relativs, $300,000 to the state of Pennsylvania for internal improvements, $500,000 to Philadelphia to improve its eastern front, $116,000 to public charities, and various annuities and legacies, he left the residue of his estate to the city, mainly for the improvement and maintenance of the college.

Mr. Pepper will please tell this to the superintendent.

A Fraud.

A few weeks ago we spoke a good word for ex-Rev. George B. Clarke, who professed to hav seen the error of his way and renounced Christianity. We did this on the strength of a letter he showed us from George Chainey, and with the same letter he imposed upon the League and various members in this city, borrowing as much money from each as he could. He has been found out now, and Mr. Chainey publishes the following letter in *This World*. We helped Clark when we thought him honest, and expose him now we know him to be a fraud. Chainey says:

"George B. Clarke, the ex-Unitarian minister, whom I commended in this column some time since, has forfeited all right to my letter of introduction and to the confidence of Liberals at large. He came to me last summer well recommended and entirely destitute. I found him a situation with some friends, and helped him in various ways. As he was anxious to go into the lecture field, and seemed to hav some ability, I sent him out at a cost to myself of thirty dollars, and to a friend who fitted him all through with new clothes of fifty dollars. When he left here his plan was to go West. Instead of doing so, he has been staying in New York. As he wrote me that he was at work for Mr. Leland, I had for some time no suspicion that anything was wrong. I hav just learned that, in the place of going to work like a man, he has been abusing both my friends and my confidence by raising money from our friends on false pretenses. If there is any sin against the Holy Spirit of Humanity that is unpardonable it is ingratitude. I hope that all Liberal papers will copy this, so as to save others from being victimized by so despicable a dead-beat as he has proved himself to be. GEORGE CHAINEY."

THE Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists and Liberals, held at Ionia, was a success, was well attended, and all parts of the state were represented. Everything was pleasantly conducted, and everybody there seemed to enjoy themselvs well.

J. R. MONROE has removed his *Seymour Times* to 70 N. Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind., and rechristened it *The Age*. Otherwise the paper remains the same sprightly, inconsistent, able, hit-or-miss organ of the genially dyspeptic doctor.

THE closing lecture of the Society of Humanity's course will be given next Sunday evening at eight o'clock, at Science Hall, by Mrs. Augusta C. Bristol. Subject, "Humanity and the Common Amenities of Daily Life."

MRS. LAKE, who began a course of lectures at Milwaukee on the 19th, has been ill with an attack of pneumonia, but under the judicious treatment of Dr. Juliet H. Severance is now fully recovered.

MESDAMES COLBY AND SMITH closed their three months' engagement in this city Sunday before last. They attended the anniversary meetings at Music Hall, Boston, March 31st, and began a month's engagement in Philadelphia on the following Sunday. Engagements for evenings other than those of Sunday can be made by addressing them at 1208 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia. Relativ to their engagements in Philadelphia, *Mind and Matter* says that "Mrs. Colby will lecture morning and evening of each Sunday in April at Academy Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets. On next Sunday she will deliver two discourses at that place appropriate to the commemoration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism. Those who desire to hear the ablest and most thorough exposition of the most advanced teachings of Spiritualistic thought and experience will do well to lose no convenient opportunity of attending Mrs. Colby's lectures. No one can fail to think better of himself and his race after hearing the intelligences who so strongly and grandly support her."

A Correction.

In giving an answer to J. W. Watkins, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 18th, the types substituted Numbers for Deuteronomy. The godly command is in the thirteenth chapter of the latter book.

WE hav several orders for planchettes on our books, and are sorry to hav to say that Mr. Bliss is so driven with business that he has been unable to manufacture them as fast as he and we would like. As soon as they arrive we shall fill the orders now waiting. In the mean time, if any who hav sent the fifty cents for them wish to take it out in anything else they can do so.

WE hav for sale the lithograph likenesses of the three representativ Freethinkers of America—Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll. With a frame, which can be purchased at slight expense from any picture-frame maker, they form an ornament that would adorn the walls of any home. The three together cost $2; singly, Paine, $1; Bennett and Ingersoll, 50 cents each.

WE would call attention to the advertisment in another column of a new work which we hav just published—"Deity Analyzed and the Devil's Defense"—by Col. John R. Kelso, of California. It is one of the most thorough treatises on the Bible God and devil ever written. Price, $1.50.

MR. BENNETT'S address is 615 Kearney street, San Francisco, California, care of Byron Adonis.

Some Correspondents' Opinions of Mr. Scholes.

A DOUBTFUL CONVERSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I want to apologize for the backsliding of William W. Scholes (who was a few years ago one of my correspondents) upon the plea that he was never a real Atheist. True, he fancied himself one, and glibly ran over, parrot-like, phrases that he read in Liberal books and papers and heard from his father and other Infidel friends and relativs, and he "distributed thousands of tracts, etc.," because he thought it bold, brave, and daring to attack the popular mythology. But it is evident he was only born into Infidelity—was an Infidel because his father was, just as thousands are Republican or Democratic for the same reason. He was Infidel from precisely the same causes that millions of young and old are Christians—birth, education, and environment. Why, I know of hundreds of good church-members who could not recite the simple legend of Adam and Eve or tell how it happened that the whale swallowed Jonah. And all over our land young Infidels are growing up in precisely the same ignorance of what they profess to believe. And when one of these comes under the influence of determined devotees, especially if they are attractiv young ladies aided by a Christ-like reverend, and he "keeps no other society," it is no marvel if he slowly and gradually allows his reason to lie dormant and accepts the pretty stories of gods, and ghosts, and angels, and Christs that they feed him upon. But, mark my words, if this young man has a real thinking and reflectiv mind (and it is doubtful if he has) it will be he and not Ingersoll who will "renounce his present belief." Those who hav studied themselvs out of myths and creeds never can by any possibility take them up again, or well expect the Christian of to-day to believe the old legends upon which our Bible legends are founded.

Let me relate a few for the benefit of Bible believers like Mr. Scholes and those nice young ladies. Now, these legends are the originals from which the Bible tales are derived; they are only older or different versions.

"Joshua marched with his army against Jericho, took the city, and slew all the men therein; they were giants, and it took a hundred men to cut off the head of each giant . . Joshua ordered all the plunderof Jericho to be burnt with fire. It was heaped up, but the fire would not consume it, and he then knew that something was wanting, and on inquiry found that Achan had concealed a portion of the booty for his own use; when this was added to the heap the flames leaped up and devoured the whole." Our good friend Mr. Bennett tells us of seeing one of the stones that "would hav cried out" while he was in the Holy Land; but there is a pious legend of David that exceeds this one. "As he passed over a pebbly strip of soil a stone cried to him, 'Pick me up and take me unto thee.' He stooped and picked up the stone and placed it in his pouch; and when he had taken a few paces another stone cried out to him, 'Pick me up and take me unto thee.' He did so, and a third stone cried out in like manner and was taken up by David. The first stone was that wherewith Abraham had driven away Satan when he sought to dissuade the patriarch from offering up his son; the second stone was that on which the foot of Gabriel rested when he opened the fountain in the desert for Hagar and Ishmael; and the third stone was that wherewith Jacob strove against the angel whom his brother Esau had sent against him." With one of these crying stones David slew Goliath, with another he routed the right wing of an army of the Philistines, and with the third he smote the left wing, and all the host fled before him. Perhaps if friend Scholes will order the book of pious legends of true tales concerning the patriarchs and prophets in whom he now so devoutly believes, he and those charming young ladies may find thereiu some new miracles and wonders upon which to feed their hungry credulity. Respectfully, ELMINA.

A FRAUD AND A CRANK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Hav just been reading while on the train a letter from W. W. Scholes, of Barnesville, O., in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I know this Scholes. He is a fraud of the first water, a "crank," or lunatic, and the next thing you will read of is a murder or some other devilish crime committed by this cuss of cusses under his inspiration. He is a follower of Guiteau, Freeman, and the more ancient Abraham. And there is no doubt in my mind but that that letter was dictated by the Methodist preacher of that place who assisted in his so-called conversion. JOHN RICHARDS.

Mansfield, Ohio.

SMALL GAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is an old maxim that we should never "waste ammunition on small game;" but as you hav seen proper to giv Mr. Scholes a hearing in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I do hope you will cultivate a better acquaintance with this man of large belief—this man who believes so much and knows so little; let us hear from the credulous gentleman again before he bursts with holy belief and passes to the sweet "by and by." Now, I believe that Mr. Wm. W. Scholes is a "man of straw;" there is no such man, there never has been such a man, and there never will be such a man. No Atheist, Deist, or Materialist ever yet retrograded to the extent he claims he has; no Infidel ever yet renounced and ignored reason, logic, and common sense. The Christian church has been striving for the last eighteen hundred years to accomplish this one thing, yet they hav failed in every instance. They begged, they hav prayed, they hav threatened, they hav oppressed, they hav imprisoned, they hav tortured, they hav murdered, in order to accomplish the very thing Mr. Scholes says has happened to him. Mr. Scholes may hav once professed to be an Atheist or Freethinker, but that did not make him one, and he never was one. It is utterly impossible for a well-established, well-informed Atheist ever to become a Christian; he could never be one if he tried all his life. He might, through policy, speak dishonestly, and say he was a Christian, but that would not make him one. Reason has never been dethroned until the mind has been wrecked. Reason, once enthroned, holds the fort until the brain is destroyed or injured. Mr. Scholes says he was a subscriber and a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER some four or five years, yet he quit it about three years ago. I do wish you would examin the records and see if he is correct and truthful. Mr. Scholes forgot to giv the name of that gospel pedler in Barnesville who was once an Infidel. I guess it slipped his memory; and I fear he is even mistaken about his own name; I think his real name is Hoax, and whole affair a put-up job of the church. She has lied so long and repeatedly about death-bed recantations that the old hobby is about to fail her, and she now turns her lying interest in another direction, and gets up, in the person of Mr. Scholes, a real, simon-pure proselyte from the Infidel ranks. It is all too thin, my Christian friends; you must bring your man of large belief to the front, and hav him cross examined. The little capital you make out of this falsehood will hardly pay you. But, even admitting that the whole story is true, and Mr. Scholes has really been metamorphosed from a man of sense to a silly fool, still the cause of Freethought loses nothing.

Central, S. C. R. M. CASEY.

Mr. Bennett as Seen by Indian Eyes.

The *Philosophic Inquirer*, published in Madras, India, and printed in two tongues—English and another language in characters which we hav never before encountered—in its issue of Feb. 19th, contains the following:

Wednesday in the week has been an important day to us, for on that day noon, our esteemed American brother, and the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, honored our poor self with an interview with us, and greeted us, as a friend and follow-laborer in the field of thought. But better it would be if he did not content himself with mere seeing and conversing with us, at a quarter where he witnessed our status something akin to slavery—for what does dependence upon one for the necessaries of life, mean other than bondage, while the very thought there that "preferment" invariably goes on earth "by letter and affection," mortifies all reasonable hopes and expectations of principles, and seekers after justice and truth. While, however, there has been some consolation to us by our noble brother's converse with us, for the shortest time of an hour on that whole day, our many earnest friends who were day after day anxiously expecting his arrival on the Madras shores from Calcutta, had to be disappointed in their hopes of gaining a sight of this highly cultured and noble being. Mr. Bennett is one of the very best men we hav ever seen, read, or heard of. His graceful looks, his grave, serene forehead, his affectionate talk, his good will to his friends, his inimitable modesty, and his hearty recognition of the services done to him in Bombay by Madame Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Alcott, in the dishonorable and cowardly Joseph Cook's affair, hav been marked by us as characteristics of the good and valuable man, who has proved himself a hero, a martyr of the Freethought cause in America, where the Christian law is as unrighteous and despicable as is now witnessed in the Bradlaugh affair, and where Christian charity and greatness in persecuting and slandering heretics is as rampant as in the boasted "free" England. Mr. Bennett during his conversation with us was seen with a copy of the *Philosophic Inquirer* in one hand, the other hand almost touching our shoulders as an emblem of his real fraternal love. For Madame Blavatsky and Olcott he had deservedly high regards, and he joyfully told us they were "good people." Mr. Bradlaugh, he remarked, "is a great man and works very hard for the cause." Mr. Bennett gave us a fine photo of his, which brings each moment his valuable person to our affectionate memory, and took leave of us on the evening of the same date; and he had his own reasons to be on board on that day, for unfortunately his vessel was not to stay in Madras the next day. While solely regretting for the loss our city friends had of his sight, and while regretting more particularly on behalf of the Hindoo Freethought Union, which had high hopes of securing the some special services of his fine, eloquent tongue at the Union's hall, we wish our excellent brother Bennett reaches the Atlantic shores safe, in sound and robust health.

Communications.

Not a False Statement.

AN OPEN LETTER TO B. F. UNDERWOOD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "INDEX."

DEAR SIR: Your peremptory letters, printed below, gave me no little pleasure. I was delighted, as a physician would be to discover some returning signs of sensitivness in a comatose patient. It was the first sign since the League Congress of 1878 of a return to moral consciousness, and the possibility of understanding the enormity of the false position ever since taken by you and your *Index*.

If you can feel for yourself, you may learn to respect the feelings and to state fairly the motivs and purposes of others.

These are your letters:

I.

BOSTON, March 20, 1882.

T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 18th, in a report of a speech by you, I find the following:

"*Anybody who said he was in favor of obscenity was a liar, and he was astounded that such a paper as the Boston Index should repeat these slanders and steadfastly refuse to publish the corrections he had repeatedly sent.*"

Will you hav the kindness to inform me whether these words correctly report what you said? If they do, will you mention the number of the *Index* on which your charge is founded? Has any such statement as you refer to appeared in the *Index* since I hav been connected with it editorially? Hav you sent any letters of correction to the office since I hav been one of the editors of the *Index*?

If the words quoted *do not* report correctly what you said, will you cause a correction of the same to be made in the paper in which they hav been published? I remain, Very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

II.

From the Boston Investigator.

A FALSE STATEMENT.

BOSTON, March 24, 1882

MR. EDITOR: I notice a paragraph in the *Investigator* this week, stating that you will present Mr. T. B. Wakeman's recent speech in New York in your next issue. As that speech contains a statement in regard to the *Index* that is incorrect, I will thank you for space in the same number for a denial of the statement. In his speech, as reported in THE TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. Wakeman said he "was astounded that such a paper as the Boston *Index* should repeat these slanders (that he 'was in favor of obscenity') and steadfastly refuse to publish the corrections he had repeatedly sent."

So far as this statement refers to the *Index* since I hav been connected with that paper editorially, it is utterly untrue. To the best of my knowledge and belief, nothing during this time has been published in the *Index* editorially, or from correspondents, justifying Mr. Wakeman's accusation, and I hav never received a *letter of correction from him since I hav been on the paper*. Further, Mr Potter informs me that he assumed control of the *Index* in July, 1880, and has received but one letter from Mr. Wakeman in reply to what had appeared in the *Index, and that letter he published*. What may hav been sent to the *Index* previous to that date, I cannot state. Mr. Wakeman's statement was evidently intended to reflect upon the *Index* under its present editorial management, and so far, *at least*, it is *unjust and untrue*. Respectfully, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Certainly, you shall hav all the correction justice will permit, as you request, in THE TRUTH SEEKER. You ask, Did I use the words quoted in your letter? I answer, Not exactly, yet, I think, substantially, but with other words which showed that I was speaking, not of myself personally, but as a member and officer of the National Liberal League. The lecture was not written, and I think that the report in the *Investigator* givs the passage more correctly thus:

"Anybody who said that he [I] was in favor of obscenity was a liar, and he was astounded that such a paper as the Boston *Index* should uphold these slanders and steadfastly refuse to publish a correct statement of the motivs and purposes of the League and its officers."

Both reports are condensations. A lecture of over an hour in length was compressed into a column. I never saw the report nor knew it was to be made. The reporter, as usual, caught at the strongest words and phrases, and let the modifying context go, and the exact words cannot now be recalled. But I think the report was substantially correct as given at first. And, what is to your point, I am convinced that I was substantially correct and perfectly justifiable in using the language I did.

You ask me to name the number of the *Index* upon which the charge is founded. I will; but one number of the *Index* will not suffice. If I had (as I hav not) a full file of that paper I could make your face burn with shame, unless I am mistaken as to your returning sensitivness.

Let us begin with the few last numbers I hav at hand and work back a little; and if you do not get enough, turn over and read the file of your paper since the year 1877 yourself.

My last lecture was on "*Comstockism the Subversion of the Four Cornerstones of American Liberty.*" Just before its delivery I read the following result of your last attack on the League, the joint work of yourself and your much-admired compeer, Bundy:

1. "Mr. B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index* and an able Liberalist lecturer, has been making a successful lecture tour of the West In a letter to the Seymour *Times* he says: 'The Leagues *everywhere, so far as I hav seen, are dead*. I hav not seen even one League that pretends to hold meetings regularly or irregularly *in all my travels from Boston to Kansas*, and I hav met nobody who feels any interest whatever in them. And we hav representativs of over two hundred Leagues.' This is a verification of what we said last fall when the *Wakeman-Bennett management gathered its squad of cranks* in this city under the pretentious name of the 'National Liberal League Congress,' made up largely *of outcasts from decent society*, with a small sprinkling of respectable people who allowed their zeal to outrun their discretion and sense of propriety. When the *Religio-Philosophical Journal, seconded by the Index*, exposed the true character of Bennett, *the chief of the gang*, it struck the dying knell of *the party arrayed in* DEFENSE OF OBSCENITY, *immorality*, and blatant Materialism."

Here I am arrayed personally in defense of obscenity. It is difficult to conceive of a more atrocious mixture of falsehood and libel than the above. Will you seek to escape because this was Bundy's libel—not yours? The receiver is as bad as the thief; the applauder is worse than the libeler. Did you hav sufficient sense of justice to correct, expose, or disown this libel *caused* by you in your next *Index*? No! you gave in your next issue your hearty indorsement of the outrage in a return notice in your usual elegant, non-committal, but assassin-like style, thus:

2. "The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago comes to us in a new dress—its 'spring dress,' it says—and it is bright and cheery enough in appearance to belong to that season. Colonel Bundy *has our best wishes for the continued success of his journal*, which he has *always held up to a high moral level*, even when by his determination to do so at all hazards he has been misappreciated and maligned by those who should hav thanked him rather for his unselfish and manly course in *exposing fraud, dishonesty, and immorality* under whatever name they sought to hide."

So you regard the publication of such libels as the above as "*always* holding a paper up *to a high moral level!*"

And for fear your readers may forget it you insert the following half false and wholly cowardly innuendo in your next *Index* by way of a continuous reminder:

3. "Why does the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* refer to the National Liberal League as an organization arrayed in defense of 'blatant Materialism,' when it is made up in part of Spiritualists, and when among its *acknowledged leaders and representativs are men* and women like *D. M. Bennett*, '*Prof.*' *Toohey*, *George Lynn*, *Mrs. Severance*, and *Mrs. Lake*, who are avowed Spiritualists?"

You are the master of innuendo, but it is the weapon of a coward, of the assassin who reaches the heart of his victim by insinuation from a safe ambush.

You dare not say that all the Leagues are dead, because that would be a brazen falsehood, so you imply it thus by innuendo: "In ALL my travels from Boston to Kansas the Leagues *everywhere*, so far as I hav seen, *are dead*. I hav met nobody who feels any interest *whatever* in them. And we hav representativs of over two hundred Leagues!"

No one is so silly as not to see that your conscience was haunted by these Leagues you had outraged. Your wish to hav them out of existence was the father to the thought. So you inspired your "Colonel" Bundy to continue your prophecy, and left it to your and his "always moral level." But the following resolutions show that when you wrote the Leagues were dead you had the best reason to know to the contrary:

4. At the regular meeting of the Chicago Liberal League held March 5th, the following resolution, which is self-explanatory, was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, who has been making a lecture tour of the West, in a letter to the Seymour *Times*, says: "The Leagues everywhere, so far as I hav seen, are dead. I hav not seen even one League that pretends to hold meetings regularly or irregularly, in all my travels from Boston to Kansas, and I hav met nobody who feels any interest whatever in them."

Resolved, That the members of the Chicago Liberal League deem it their duty to refute the above unwarrantable statement, and further declare that Mr. Underwood (though taking no trouble to ascertain by personal attendance) was, while in this city, informed by members of the League of its existence, regular Sunday evening meetings, and audiences averaging over 300 persons; . . .

Indeed, you must hav known Bundy's whole article to be false and slanderous, yet you deliberately indorsed and approved it. You are the father who begot, and the accomplice after the fact by your adoption of, this libel as your own.

You knew that there was no "Wakeman-Bennett management," who gathered a "squad of cranks" at the last League Congress. Mr. Bennett had no more to do with that congress than you had. He was not there, had no representativ there, not even a reporter. If one of the delegates had not voluntarily furnished his paper with a report it would hav had no report whatever. Mr. Bennett has practically had nothing to do with the League or its management since his trial. It is no "gang" at all, and has no chief or leaders except its chosen officers. It has its organ *Man* and its management, who never suffer a moment's dictation from Mr. Bennett or any one else. But why follow the low malice of this libel, which is plain in every word? It is enough to make a devil blush. But it is "seconded by the *Index*," and thus you advertise the League as a "gang," a "party *arrayed* in DEFENSE OF OBSCENITY, *immorality*, and blatant Materialism."

Now, I correctly described in my lecture those who sav such things, and those who cause, second, and approve them, and no correction of the language I used is possible. It was indeed far below the truth. No language can describe the ineffable falsehood, treachery, and meanness of that libel, twice gloated over by you, and never corrected. Of course I was astounded and indignant.

But you take especial pains to attract attention to the libel by the allusion to the expression in it that it is arrayed in defense, not only of obscenity and immorality, but of "blatant Materialism." This you pretend to take exception to in your second article above quoted, evidently so that by excepting "Materialism" you may, as you do, by *innuendo*, include and approve the charge that the League is "a gang," "a party *arrayed in defense of obscenity and immorality*." The exclusion of one is, under the ordinary rule of interpretation, the inclusion and approval of the other charges. Thus you go out of your way to formally "second" this slander you had not the courage to make directly.

But you evidently thought by your *innuendo* to add new force to the libel. You thought to insinuate something against the League by associating together a few names out of hundreds, with Mr. Bennett, as Spiritualists and prominent members of the League. But as far as I know of Mr. Bennett, he is a "Materialist" as "crude" and "blatant" as yourself, and neither he nor either of the other persons named, excepting Mr. Lynn and Mrs. Lake, are acknowledged leaders and representativs of the League more than hundreds of others. But why associate these names with Mr. Bennett? Your intention was evidently to cast some slur upon them as Spiritualists, or upon their characters as individuals. Nothing could be meaner on your part. If they are Spiritualists they are certainly to be honored for it if their convictions lead thitherward. As individuals I have never heard their character questioned, as I hav yours. Not one of them has ever been compelled to arbitrate charges of adultery, as you hav done. I assure you that you are the last person in the world who can afford to throw stones or slurs at either of the persons you name. If you had done as much for Liberty or Humanity as they, still your sneers and invidious mention of their names would not cease to be cowardly and atrocious.

But Bundy is in no wise original. He is merely a scavenger for the *Index*. The *Index* has since 1877 been saying his worst things for him, and before him. Take, for instance, the following, which is perhaps the original of Bundy's libel, and which justifies every word I said in my lecture:

From the Index of April 28, 1881.

5. The National Liberal League, *it is true*, has become the "*open defender*" of the right of the persons mentioned [obscenists] *to use the mails for their vile traffic, unhindered by any law, and has thereby brought disgrace upon the Liberal cause* For this action the League should *not be spared any blows from the aroused conscience of the country.*

In the sentence preceding the above, the expression of *Scribner's Monthly* that "the *Liberals are the only professed and open defenders of dirt*," is quoted approvingly in the *Index*, and applied by it to the League! It was simply an echo of the *Index* in *Scribner's*.

It has always seemed to me that hanging would be too good for the wretch who wrote the above words: "The National Liberal League, *it is true*, has become the OPEN DEFENDER of THE RIGHT [of obscenists] to use the mails for their vile traffic, UNHINDERED BY ANY LAW."

More falsehood could not be put in the same number of words. Every League congress has held, and has resolved, just exactly to the contrary, and the League has repeatedly pointed out how the laws should be applied and executed to effectivly, and without danger to liberty or to the rights of the people, put a stop to the whole nuisance.

If the "blows" this wretch invokes for the League could fall in lashes upon his bare back he would only begin to get his deserts. Who can measure the injury that such villainy, repeated almost constantly since 1877 by the *Index* and its Christian and other echoes, has done to the Liberal cause?

6. Or take the following: In the *Index* of May 5, 1881, Mr. F. E. Abbot is resuscitated and allowed to giv a long editorial in praise of Anthony Comstock's infamous book-libel on the Liberals and the League. "The positiv duty of the national government to provide every possible protection," etc., without regard to consequences, is dwelt upon. And "the attempts made by 'FREELOVERS' to break down the existing laws" for this *purpose* are condemned with great gusto.

Comstock's "exposure" of "repealers" is lauded, and the long editorial winds up with an approval of Anthony thus: "I cannot withhold the expression of my own respect for the fundamentally *sound*, upright, and honest motivs which actuate Mr. Comstock," etc. The *Index* may well praise Comstock and his book, for he does little more than to repeat its libels and insinuations always using it as his main witness.

7. Or the following: In the *Index* of July 14, 1881, editorial, Mr. Underwood quotes Abbot without reproof thus:

"The *vicious* and *sensual* type of Liberalism contrived most absurdly to identify itself in myriad credulous minds with the love of liberty."

Here I and my co-managers of the League are classed as the "vicious and sensual type of Liberalism!"

And,

"The National Liberal League was suffered to fall into the hands of the *Freelove ring*."

There never has been any Freelove ring in or about the League in any way whatever.

The charge of "unscrupulous falsification" is there repeated and charged upon the League by the *Index*.

8. Or this from the *Index* of August 25, 1881: The call of the League issued by the "venerable President Wright" for its Congress on September 30, 1881, was never printed, but is made the occasion of these words:

"But it is to be regretted that it adopted resolutions at its convention last year which virtually exclude from participation in its proceedings men who, like Hurlbut, Abbot, Ingersoll, and Julian, believe in the total separation of church and state, but are unconvinced of the wisdom of demanding the repeal of *all postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails.*"

The League has only opposed such *United States* postal laws as created a censorship and espionage over the mails and made them traps for Comstockism.

9. In the *Index* of September 8, 1881, Dr. Howard Crosby's societies for the "Prevention of Crime," which involve all of the principle of "state Comstockism," are approved, and the organization *in each community* of a society for the prevention of crime" is a measure quoted with approval.

What becomes of the separation of church and state under such societies was shown in my lecture.

10. Or this (*Index*, Oct. 12, 1881): Before the meeting of the last League Congress on September 30, 1881 at Chicago, Mr. Underwood had declared the League a "wreck," and so did all he could to prevent delegates from attending. But they did attend largely. The *Index* then (October 13th) devoted three articles to destroy its influence, and winds up thus, "B. F. U." writing: "Let nobody suppose that this organization represents the Liberals of the United States. The policy it has adopted and the course it has pursued hav repelled thousands who would hav been glad to work in the organization; and it is now controled wholly by those with whom the repeal of postal laws against obscenity is an object to which *every other object is secondary*. The sincerity of the leaders of the League is not questioned, and the personal worthiness of many who still cling to it *may* be fully recognized."

11. Or this (*Index* of November 24, 1881): "B. F. U." comes out in favor of "*Unorganized Liberalism.*" He had tried the Liberal League and seceded, then the Liberal League of America, then the Secular Association, and the Free Religious Association, and had found it impossible to organize Liberals *against liberty*. Then, with amusing *naivete*, he informs Liberals that they do not need organization. Like the tailless fox, he thinks tails are useless because his has been clipped off by the Comstock trap. But the plain object of the article is to prove that Liberal Leagues, which he is careful not to mention, are superfluous and useless.

12. In the *Index*, Dec. 29, 1881 there is a carefully-guarded article which well illustrates the use of innuendo in implying a reproach it does not express. The New York *Independent* had confounded the Free Religious Association with the National Liberal League in its usual indiscriminate Christian charges against all Liberals, and which was simply the result of the *Index's* efforts to foul the Liberal nest in times past.

But the *Index* jumps up horrified at being confounded with the League, and calls it "*calumnious.*" In its former article of December 15th it declares that the association of its favorits with the League is a "grossly calumnious" charge, and "puts them in the pillory as indecent people," but thus implies that it is all right for the *Independent* to charge the League with defense of obscenity. It simply drags out its own immaculate skirts, and throws the filth on its League neighbor as a thing all right, of course.

Nay, it goes further, and tries to recant for Mr. Frothingham his former advocacy of liberty, in this amusing style:

"Only one of the persons named was ever prominent in the counsels of the Free Religious Association, and several of them were never members. Mr. Frothingham, of course, was prominent. But of him we are sure it cannot be truly said that he ever 'earnestly urged' the repeal of those laws. There was a time, as the *Independent* relates, when, impelled by his chivalrous impulses to defend imperiled liberty, he questioned the constitutionality of the laws, and manifested his sympathy for the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, whom he believed to be unjustly arraigned under them. But this was before the corruption of Bennett's character was so thoroughly exposed as it has been since. Mr. Frothingham's eyes were sure to open, as the *Independent* itself suggests, so that he soon saw that he was wasting his generous chivalry on a worthless cause When the split came in the Liberal League on the repeal or reform of those postal laws, and the League fell into the hands of the repeal party, Mr. Frothingham withdrew his name as a vice-president of the League."

This is a different story from that which Mr. Frothingham told his friends in New York. He said repeatedly that he resigned from the League *when* and just as he did from the Free Religious Association, and from all other bodies of every kind, and for the same reason, viz., that he had determined to retire from every such membership, and to take a real vacation in Europe.

We hav heard very much of Mr. Frothingham's "recantations" lately, but find that they have little or no foundation. When he wishes to recant his love of liberty we hope that the *Index* will let him use his own words. Until he does we shall believe him to be the noble man we knew him to be. Nothing but his own words can destroy the ideal he left among us as the champion of liberty, and they will be the saddest words he can ever speak. But the League has always stood invincibly for Purity as well as Liberty, just as Mr. Frothingham has stood, and there it stands to-day, invincible. Any innuendoes or insinuations to the contrary are "calumnious."

The above dozen extracts, all within a year, prove all I said and far more. Need I go further and open up the infamy of the Abbot period? And yet they bring us to the most serious charge against the *Index*. That is, that it has been since 1878 the most persistent, unscrupulous, and effectiv opponent and traitor to liberty and Liberalism on the American continent.

1. It has steadfastly suppressed the truth, and refused to let its readers know the position of the League, and has kept them in ignorance of the liberty-issues involved. They only know of the League as "a worthless cause," as if it was only concerned

about Mr. Bennett and the repeal of some postal law in the interests of obscenity. About the vital and far-reaching importance of the questions involved the ordinary *Index* reader knows no more than if the only business of life was to discuss transcendentalism and "free religion" in the moon. It has conducted a "conspiracy of silence." Everything relating to the League has been under taboo except when it could do it an injury

The statements formerly sent to it by me were sometimes printed and sometimes not, but always with comments insinuating that we were substantially working for obscenity and immorality. The resolutions of the Congress in 1880 expressly stating the grounds taken by the League on these subjects were sent to the *Index* and were not printed! Verbal messages met with no better fate, and a personal interview with you in July, 1881, had no better consequences.

2. What has been the result? The church influences hav gone very far toward subverting the foundations of liberty, as stated in my lecture, and the *Index* has been one of the chief instruments by which they hav succeeded. At Albany, at Washington, in every Comstock lecture and meeting, the *Index* and its editors are paraded as in favor of Comstock and opposed to Liberty and the League. Its outrageous charges against Libcrals are quoted as evidence that all that the remonstrants want is freedom for obscenity. It is largely by the *Index's* treason and slanders that the net-work of Comstock and other amateur societies, subversiv of liberty, are spreading over the country, from state to state, placing the laws and their execution in church hands and under church control.

It is by this means that all equality and impartiality in the enforcement of the laws is being lost. It is by this means that the United States postal laws, uuder the Jackson decision, and the discrimination-rates of postage, hav made the post-office a practical censorship, and also a detectiv trap and bureau of Comstock, to get his victims into United States Courts in violation of the Constitution and of republican government.

By this means the trial by jury has become a farce in the United States courts, and largely, also, in the state courts. For the court is placed under cast iron "tests" and rulings which make it decide both law and fact.

This passing of the state and United States laws and the post-offices over to incorporated church coteries for enforcement and their guardianship strikes down in substance all of the rights and liberties of American citizens. My lecture could only enter upon the subject. It is a vast net-work of iniquities, and they all follow from the violation of the fundamental principles of the League.

Well might Mr. Frothingham, in his chivalry, champion the efforts of the League to preserve the sum and substance of our liberties.

But was it not, is it not, a burning shame for the *Index* to speak of this as "a worthless cause?" How wicked to make its readers believe year after year that Hon. Elizur Wright, James Parton, Courtlandt Palmer, T. C. Leland, George Lynn, Mrs. Lake, and myself, who hav been lately the managers of the League, deserve the "blows of an outraged public conscience," etc.!

What has been the pretext of the *Index* for such language? Simply because in 1878 it could not force the Liberals to consent to a censorship and an espionage of the mails! But the League has always taken the position that laws at both ends of the mail route could and would protect the mails just as they would an express or ship or canal boat. They saw, just as Daniel Webster said, that a discrimination as to "the meaning of inclosed mailed matter" would be fatal to American liberties. As the Boston *Investigator* repeats in the same number from which I cut your letter (March 29, 1882), "Such is the true doctrin on this subject—the same doctrin that was maiutained by those eminent men, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, during the great Antislavery campaign, when 'incendiary documents' were numerous."

Who ever dared to say that "Calhoun and Clay were in favor of the free circulation of incendiary" documents? Yet they took on that subject exactly the position that the League does as to improper literature now. They would not consent to a censorship *within* the post-office; neither will the League. But the League has always opposed the use of the mails for improper objects and purposes, and advocated proper laws to prevent it. It has claimed that if there was no improper matter in the states there could be none in the mails, and that punishment at both ends of the route, aud not a censorship within the post-office, was the remedy, just as Clay and Calhoun said. Yet the *Index* has constantly charged and reiterated that the object of the League was not liberty, but objects too vile to name. What no slave-driver was mean enough to say of Clay or Calhoun it has said of its Liberal brethren. Is it not an unclean bird that fouls its own nest?

3. But it has done still worse. To giv color to this vile slander it has done all it could to dig up records of long past offenses against two or three persons who had some connection with the League, for no good purpose whatever, and only to injure the League. It published, for instance, 5,000 extra copies of Mr. Bennett's old, improper, but repented of, letters, bought up for that purpose, and then tried to pollute by its own vile insinuations every home it could reach with them! It was a clear instance of malice and of useless wickedness. It did only injury—and good to no one. This was in violation of the very Comstock laws the *Index* was advocating. For this traitorous and cowardly act, while Mr. Bennett was in prison, the editor of the *Index* deserved the penitentiary far more than Mr. Bennett ever did. Even the *Index* was compelled to admit that the pamphlet which Mr. Bennett sold, and sold only to vindicate liberty, was not, in fact, obscene, and not within the law at all.

Yet, while he was thus admittedly innocent of the offense charged, the *Index* dug up these letters and cast them broadcast over the land. Did it reform Mr. Bennett or anybody? Did it do any good to the public? Was it anything but a traitorous malignant act? And *you* went hundreds of miles out of your way to testify to the genuinne s of those letters! For what good? There are those who believe that, if Mr. Bennett had shown an equal zeal as to the adultery charges against you, you would not now be editor of the *Index*.

How strange the *Index* logic! Because Bennett wrote improper letters, therefore the Liberals must give up the defense of the Liberties and hand the post-offices over to Comstock.

It was charged that Mr. Rawson once stole a coat (which he did not) in New Jersey, or kept a housekeeper many years ago in his theological days; therefore let us pass the execution of the laws over to church societies.

There were said to be "Freelovers" in the League; therefore let us abandon it and do nothing to prevent the churches from taking possession of the government.

This stripped of its disguises is the logic of the *Index* and just what the *Index* has done. Its pretense of "reform" of those laws has been only a sham and a fraud. Nothing has ever been done by the *Index* to that end. It has simply gone over to the enemies of liberty. It has done just what Benedict Arnold did after his treason. It has given aid and comfort to the enemies of Liberalism. It has slandered, abused, and beaten down those who have stood for it, and the League its principal defender. It has been put forward by the advocates of bigotry, oppression, and theocracy, as their witness, shield, and defense. It has turned away in scorn from the presidents of the League. It has shaken hands with Comstock. In a word, by its acts, its influence, and its words, it has placed itself on record as the BENEDICT ARNOLD *of American Liberalism*—the last, but the most venomous and perfidious traitor that ever struck at the heart of Liberty.

This is the only correction, because the only conclusion, that truth will permit, and it remains with you to determin whether it shall continue to be the only one possible in the future. I am,

Yours truly, T. B. WAKEMAN.

New York, March 30, 1882.

Why I Object to the Bible in the Common School.

The children attending the common school are generally young, and their minds are untrained to judge between right and wrong, are very susceptible, are as liable to learn that which is wrong as easily as that which is right; and as they cannot think that they would be sent to school to learn that which is wrong, they consequently think that whatever their teacher says or does is right; and if the teacher reads the Bible and prays in school they, as a matter of course, think it is right without question, as they never hav the other side of the subject brought up before them in school. They are taught that which comes from the Bible is *absolute truth*, while in reality it is not true and has no foundation in fact.

As this last proposition or assertion will lead to an examination of some of the dogmas taught from the Bible, it will be necessary that I should review the history of the Bible, which I will do briefly.

The Old Testament can only be traced back about four hundred and fifty years before Christ to the time of Ezra after the Babylonish captivity, when he, with his assistant priests, wrote up the traditions of the Jews, and to their writings were added some books of history and some poetical books, which combination made what was to the Jews their Bible; and that, with the New Testament added, makes what is the Bible of the present time.

As the four gospels are the basis of the teachings of the present time, I will only review their history. In the first place the writers of the four gospels are not known, consequently they are anonymous works, and as such are of no authority. The headings of the books, "According to Matthew," "According to Luke," etc., were added later, probably not before the whole collection of gospels was made. "Toward the close of the fourth century no single manuscript was known that comprised the whole New Testament" (American Encyclopedia, Bible). A. J. Davis in "Penetralia," p. 27, S. J. Finney in "Bible," p. 25, and Rev. R. Taylor in "Diegesis," p. 114, say: "Bishop Faustus, an eminent Christian minister of the fourth century, declares that it is certain the New Testament was not written by Christ himself, nor by his apostles, but a long while after them by some unknown persons, who, lest they should not be credited when they wrote of affairs they were little acquainted with, affixed to their works the names of apostles or of such as were supposed to hav been their companions, asserting that what they had written themselvs was written according to those persons to whom they ascribed it." The gospels cannot be traced farther back than to within about one hundred and fifty years after the time that Christ was said to hav been crucified, and they rest on the word of one writer alone, Irenæus, who wrote in the year 182.

The gospels attained their position as canonical books in the New Testament *by election* in the councils of the Roman Catholic church, being selected from many gospels that were extant in the early days of the church, all of which were considered of authority in those days. The book of Luke is said to hav been elected by one vote majority, and the book of Tobias rejected by three votes. The Bible, as a whole, is a book of the cloisters, none but the priests being allowed to read it until about the year 1543, when, in a quarrel between two men, in which a woman of bad character was involved, the Bible was given to the public, consequently all we know of the Bible is what the priests tell us, as for fifteen hundred years it was in their hands alone. The Bible canon was not settled until the council of Trent in 1545, it having been bandied back and forth between the previous councils, books being accepted and rejected at different times until then, since which time it has come to us as we now find it. The Bible, in being elected into authority as an inspired book, carries with it the characters which it describes, consequently God, Christ, Holy Ghost, heaven, hell, devil, etc., etc., hold their position simply by election by the Roman Catholic church—the same church that elected infallibility to the pope; consequently they stand on the same level and authority as the infallibility of the pope. Not only did the councils pass on these matters in a general way as embodied in the books of the Bible, but some of them specially, viz., the Council of Nice in 325 elected deity to Christ, and the Council of Chalcedon, 451, asserted the doctrin of the union of the divine with the human nature of Christ. The council of Constantinople in 381 passed on the doctrin regarding the Holy Ghost (Zell's Encyclopedia, Œcumenical Councils). Hayden's Dictionary of Dates says of Jesus Christ: "The divinity of Christ was affirmed by the Council of Nice in 325." The council at Lyons in 1274 decreed the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and Son (Romanism As It Is. Barnum, p. 209). Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," p. 222, says, "Thus of the four œcumenical councils, that of Nicea determined the Son to be of the same substance with the Father; that of Constantinople, that the Son and Holy Spirit are equal to the Father; that of Ephesus, that the two natures of Christ make but one person; and that of Chalcedon, that these natures remain two notwithstanding their personal union." It is said that the Old Testament does not teach of future life, but long previous to the time of Christ or the New Testament Plato and the other Grecian philosophers taught the doctrin. M. B. Craven, in his criticism on the "Theological Idea of Deity," p. 47, says, "Even the Christian church, according to Dr. Hagenbach, professor of theology in the University at Basle, did not universally believe in the doctrin of immortality previous to the dawn of the Protestant Reformation." In criticising the different religious views of Plato and Aristotle, he says, "At last the council of Lateran, held A.D. 1513, under Pope Leo X., pronounced the natural immortality of the soul to be an article of faith."

Then, if the Bible and dogmas it contains, and which are taught from it, rest only on their election by the priests of a church, *without any proof whatever*, and only for the purpose of keeping their ascendancy over the people, I hav a right as an intelligent citizen of the United States to reject it, and protest against its use in the common school where my children attend. It is also contrary to the fundamental doctrin of liberty, of conscience, and of equity that I should be taxed to hav my children taught, as absolute truth, that which I not believe is true, and for which there is no proof. The law does not contemplate the use of public money, raised by a tax, to support any religious teachings, and as every one has a right to their own views of religion, no one has a right to force on them or their children in a public school, supported by public money, raised by taxation, such religious teachings and exercises as are obnoxious to them. L. L. DAWSON.

The Sunday Law in California.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The Sunday law agitation has finally crystallized. The Supreme Court has declared it constitutional, the chief of police has directed his officers to enforce it, and the Rev. Otis Gibson has wheeled his powerful mind into line. The Rev. Gibson, it may be well to premise, is the friend of humanity in general, of the Chinese in special, and of O. Gibson, Esq., in particular. He is also the foe of California. The Rev. Gibson is never so happy as when he is posturing as a new Horatius, defending Chinatown against the Etruscan hordes. We barbarians are meeker, however, than were the Etruscans of old, and Horatius Coccles Gibson is safe. His latest move, as we said, is directed toward the enforcement of the Sunday law. At a meeting of the Home Protection Society, held some days ago, the Rev. Gibson cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. He remarked that in this Sunday law business it was "about time to stop blowing and do something." No man, whatever may be his views upon the matter, will be inclined to differ with the Rev. Gibson touching the first clause of his proposal. The gentleman then proceeded—doubtless by way of impressing his auditors with the fact that he was a bad man from Bitter Creek—to relate an anecdote concerning his personal bravery when in China. It is the custom of all courageous men to dilate upon their deeds of daring. Napoleon and Wellington were fond of discussing their own coolness in moments of danger. So is the Rev. Gibson. This shows that great minds run in the same channel. The battle which Mr. Gibson fought over again for the delectation of the Home Protection Society was an account of how he forced his way through a band of soldiers in China, and rescued a prisoner. The only weapons the reverend and rash Gibson carried were his faith in God and an umbrella. "With an umbrella," said this muscular Christian, "I nearly ran a soldier through." This curdles one's blood. To "nearly" run a man through would imply that he was partially perforated, imperfectly impaled, slightly skewered, so to speak. This is horrible. The thought of this unhappy man with the Rev. Gibson's umbrella thrust *partly* through him, appals the stoutest heart. Nothing could add to the deep gloom of the picture unless it would be the opening of the umbrella while in the hapless victim's body. This, fortunately, the Rev. Gibson did not do. He is a brave man, and brave men do not open umbrellas in their foemen's bodies when they are down. Having duly impressed his auditors with a sense of his extreme ferocity, Mr. Gibson resumed his discussion of the Sunday law. "I can make a heap of trouble for the saloon men," he said; "I can bore them and worry them to death." Involuntary applause on the part of his hearers showed that they appreciated Mr. Gibson's powers of boredom. "The Cherokee Indians" continued the orator "tarred-and-feathered and beat the men who broke their laws; that is what I want to see done to the saloon men if they break the Sunday law." We very much fear Mr. Gibson will not hav that pleasure. If the town were populated with Gibsons, he might; unfortunately it is not. There is in the *Argonaut* office a copy of "The Revised Version of the New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Mr. Gibson is ostensibly a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene. We hav looked to see how closely he follows in his master's footsteps. The savior said: "Ye hav heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you. For if ye love them that love you, what reward hav ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" When Mr. Gibson issues his revised version it will probably run on this wise: "Tar-and-feather your enemies, and beat them that persecute you. And if ye break the law in doing so, what mattereth it? Do not even the saloon-keepers the same?"

Dr. Fulton as a Prophet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Rev. Dr. Fulton says, "If Sindram (the convict) dies in his sins he will go to hell and stay there." When did God, if there is one, reveal to Fulton the secrets of his judgment day? Is the doctor just back from heaven or hell? Has God or the devil taken him into their confidence? The Universalists say, "God is too good to damn any one;" the Catholics, that "there is hope beyond the grave." Which is right, Fulton the Baptist, the Universalists, or the Catholics? All get their information from Jehovah. Can it be possible he is tricking one, or all? Sindram says he "cannot conceive of Fulton's God." Is that any fault of his? Does it not show Jehovah's work a failure? Would not an all-wise, all-just God hav left him in dust instead of giving him life to forever crack and snap in hell? If such is the justice of Fulton's God, who would not prefer the devil? Has not this

devil surrendered all claims to every Tombs murderer previous to Sindram? Out of the scores hung there, has not every one of them said from the scaffold, substantially, Meet me in heaven? Dr. Fulton is welcome to his company; I reject it. By the way, I charge that Fulton's heaven was started with a thief, and challenge him to prove the contrary.

WILLIAM W. FOSTER.

Letters from Friends.

LESTER, IOWA, March 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $17—$5 for the Round-the-World fund, and the balance please use as directed. ENOS WOOD.

GARDNER, ILL., March 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Round-the-World trip. Hoping I am not too late to become a subscriber, I remain, Yours truly, C. K. SNYDER.

DUDLEY, ILL., March 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $11. Send to Frank Colwell, at Dudley, Ill., Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World books, morocco binding, gilt edge, etc. The remaining balance used as directed,

And oblige, MARK ROWE

RIDGEWAY, MO., March 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10. We are anxious to become stockholders in Round-the-World, and wish the hero of Albany success and a safe return. Send the volumes as they appear to

E. M. GILES,
S. G. WRIGHT, M.D.

PALATKA, FLA., March 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Want of ready cash and the advice of prudent friends has kept me loitering on the way until the eleventh hour is about up, and just now one said to me, "As you hav them (the Round-the-World letters) all in the paper why do you wish the compilation?" Quick and sharp came the answer, I want the book; I would rather hav it in the house than the Bible. I repeat the quotation to you, and herewith inclose $5 to pay for it, and to help the veteran and veritable truth seeker to complete the circuit. Yours, MARY ANN VORE.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., March 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hasten to send you $5 for the books on the Round-the-World trip before the subscription list is closed. But, friend Macdonald, I cannot see a good reason for closing the subscriptions for the books before the completion of the second or third volume. It would be just as well to put our names in the last one as the first; and remember that Mr. Bennett's travels are growing more popular every day, and a little longer time will giv many an opportunity to subscribe that are now most anxious to hav the books, but, perhaps, hav limited means to furnish the cash. What say you? T. KINSER.

NESHANIC, N. J., March 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to bring the editor home. If I am too late, let me know, and I will be at your place soon and take some tracts, etc., and try to convert the heathen that dwell in these parts. I am the only Liberal here, and, of course, am quite a curiosity, and they are very anxious about my future welfare; but I tell them that if I lead a life directly the opposit of the teachings of their old Bible, I am prepared for all the good there is in the next world, providing there is one. I would like the books, if not too late. Some come at the eleventh hour, though I am afraid this is nearer the twelfth.

Yours truly, A. L. GARDNER.

GARNETT, KAN., March 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 to bind my Round-the-World books. C. E. DEWEY.

CENTRAL CITY, COL., March 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For inclosed $3 please bind my Round-the-World books in morocco. ERNEST MANSON.

CAMDEN, ME., March 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: With this you will find $2.25 to hav Round-the-World books bound in leather.

Yours truly, J. W. SIMPSON.

ROCK ELM CENTER, WIS., March 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I wish my Round-the-World books, bound in the best binding. Find $3 inclosed for the same. Respectfully yours, S. J. FOX.

AMBOY, ILL., March 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, to be applied as follows: $2.25 for binding Mr. Bennett's travels in leather, and the balance for the "Godly Women of the Bible." Yours truly, CHARLES RANDALL.

SOUTHAMTON, ILL., March 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, additional to $5 remitted for Mr. Bennett's trip Round-the-World, for which please send the books bound in morocco, with gilt edges. Yours truly, JOHN G. KENDALL.

BRIDGEPORT, March 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I forward $2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the remainder of the year.

I think I can hold out until 1883 if I don't get in company with too many young ladies or hear too much enchanting music. H. M. CARTER.

WINNEMUCCA, NEV., March 20, 1882.

ME. EDITOR: I see an article in your paper of the 11th inst. in regard to subscribers to the Round-the-World fund about binding. I would like one set bound in leather, with red edges, and one set in morocco, with gilt edges. That is all I will call on you for out of the $20 I subscribed. I intended to hav subscribed more, but I hav not been able to. My means hav been so tied up the past eight months that I hav not been able to do more.

Please inform me whether the writings of "The Book of Chronicles in the Land of Yahweh," nd the articles by Mr. Bennett entitled, "What I Don't Believe" will be published in book form. [Yes.—ED.] I did not subscribe the $20 for Mr. Bennett to make anything out of selling what I would get, but simply to assist him on his trip, and I intended, as I said before, to hav subscribed more. W. F. STEVENS.

BERLIN, N. J., March 2, 1882.

BRO. EUGENE: I thank you very much for giving my poor thoughts a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They may serve to strengthen some weak one and do good, and most sincerely do I thank the kind friends (most of them strangers) who take an interest in our welfare, and for the gifts they hav sent us. It is rather humiliating to be under the necessity of receiving help without rendering compensation, but having been cheated out of the few hundred dollars we had saved for old age, by a blatant Methodist exhorter, we must consent to receive it or else put an end to life, for we will never go to a so-called Christian pauper-house, to be nursed and hav our eyes closed by thieves and harlots, so long as we hav strength to cut the thread that holds us here. We saw enough of that during the ten years that we made regular visits to the sick in an establishment of that kind. Yes. thanks to you all.

JUDGED BY THEIR OWN WORKS AND CREED.

"Lord, visit the widow," prayed old Deacon Shirk,
Then went to the bank with his gold.
"I'll visit the widow," said Infidel Work,
Taking bread, meat, potatoes, and coal.

CHORUS.

So the first became last, for prayer is a shirk,
And the last becomes first, for the gospel means work.

"Lord, visit the sick one," minced grand lady Shirk,
Then called on her fat, lazy priest;
"I'll visit the sick one," said Madam Work,
And then the poor soul had a feast.

CHORUS.

So the first becomes last, for prayer is a shirk,
And the last becomes first, for the gospel means work.

"Lord, visit the prison," prayed old Deacon Shirk,
Then went to a church feast and fray.
"I'll visit the prison," said good Mr. Work,
And stout hearts were melted that day.

CHORUS.

So the first becomes last, for prayer is a shirk,
And the last becomes first, for the gospel means work.

"Lord, keep me unspotted," minced grand Lady Shirk,
In diamonds, and velvets, and lace.
"I'll liv unspotted," said good Madam Work,
As soul-diamonds glowed on her face.

CHORUS.

When the "sheep and the goats" at the judgment appear,
Oh, who will appear on the right?
For the judge will be just in the judgment he givs,
And hypocrits brought to the light.

Yours truly, JEREMIAH HACKER.

BEDFORD STATION, MICH., March 23, 1882.

MR EDITOR: I am glad to learn that the old veteran iconoclast, Jeremiah Hacker, is still alive and battling for the right. I hope those who are blessed with abundance of this world's goods will see that he is made comfortable in his declining years. I was well acquainted with him when he published the *Pleasure Boat*. In his excursion boat from Portland he frequently stopped with us at Frankfort, Me., a day or two at a time. I was disowned from the society of Friends for reading and circulating his paper. It was called "pernicious" at that time by the Friends. I would be glad to subscribe to a fund for his comfort and happiness, but I am down to "hard pan," not being able to labor or earn much for eight years on account of injuries and sickness. I was burned out last September, which pretty well used me up financially. I hav four volumes of Mr. Hacker's paper which I prize highly. The world moves; let us move with it. F. WINGATE.

March 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for the noble TRUTH SEEKER until July 1st. I hope by that time we may be able to send you an "X" to procure Bro. Bennett's books of travel and some pamphlets to distribute. I would like to scatter twenty copies of the "Age of Reason" in our little town. I consider that the best work I ever read to draw people out of the old ruts in which they hav so long traveled. Of course to persons who hav dared launch out farther in the field of thought and study that work seems quite religious yet. It has done, and is yet doing, a great work. We hav been expecting Bro. Walker for the last week to call on us, but I am afraid he has taken some other route. We shall be really disappointed if he has. We are enjoying an extra Kansas breeze to-day. I don't think I ever saw such a dusty day in my life. If it continues this way long I think we will find other quarters before this time next year. How I long to visit the town of Liberal, Mo. I fancy a perfect paradise there, though I may draw the picture too fine; they may hav to take their bitter with their sweet as they do elsewhere. But I do fancy in such a settlement as that there would be no gossiping, backbiting, etc., but that all would dwell in perfect harmony. Well, I am talking too much, so will close by wishing Bro. Bennet a safe return, and kindest regards for sister Bennett.

As ever for truth, MARY E. R. WILSON.

FORT KEOGH, MON. TER., March 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Our League sends you this day an order for books. Our League is surpassing our most sanguin expectations. We hav labored under great difficulties, yet we can say at least the Liberal League of Fort Keogh is a fixed fact. Our president, C. W. Stephenson, addressed the Land League at Miles City, on the "Wrongs of Ireland." The address was pronounced by all to be a masterly effort. It made us many friends. Mr. Stephenson is truly an able speaker. His command of words is remarkable, as are also his sudden transitions from grave to gay, from lively to severe. He is eloquent, pathetic, and sarcastic. Last night the court-house was crowded to hear him, and he swayed his audience just to suit himself. At one time he would hav them wild with applause, then hissing at the treatment England had given Ireland, and in the very next breath he would convulse them with laughter. He held his audience spell-bound for an hour and a half. We are proud of our president, and I think we hav a right to be, for he organized us and has been the chain sufficient in keeping up our organization, so you can count on us for help in the grand army of liberty.

Yours for the right, JOHN BRIGGS.

GANANOQUE, March 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am a trial subscriber to your TRUTH SEEKER, which I think should be called *Truth Finder*, for I hav to acknowledge the fact that I hav found more truth in its pages from reading Mr. Bennett's book of Chronicles and the other articles published than is contained in all the so-called holy Bibles ever written by so-called inspired frauds, because it is now clear as the noon-day sun that the Christian Bible is a lie, both historically and scientifically, for it has been on trial, and competent witnesses hav proven that it is a foolish tale and a humbug, and consequently humanity, or at least that portion of it who avail themselvs of the privilege of hearing the evidence, will be rid of the horrible nightmare of an everlasting hell, which was to be the portion of ninety-five per cent. The black-coated, black-hearted priests do not take much stock in your paper, and no doubt will do all they can to frown down all attempts to spoil their easy living, but we Infidels feel it a duty we owe to our fellow-beings to tell them all we know, and make the papers do missionary work, and they generally make a strong impression.

Yours for the truth, I. GRANT.

DALLAS, TEX., March 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps it may interest some of your readers to know how a cowboy could get from under the thumbscrews of the church, and that, too, without much friendly assistance. For you must know that it has only been a few years since Liberal papers hav circulated in this great country, and, of course, it is up-hill business to ever think for yourself, after you hav been raised to employ some one to do your thinking for you who taught you that he was to direct you in all matters of a spiritual character, and that, too, when you, and you alone, would be responsible.

My conversion to Liberalism came about in this way: Brother —— came over to see me one day, in regard to some money matters. Said he: "I hav come over this morning to see if you will assist me out of my dilemma. I fear that some of our members will think that my discourses are not sprinkled sufficiently with thought. and it is impossible for me to think upon these spiritual matters, and hav my mind continually harassed in regard to money; and knowing you to be a 'cheerful giver,' I thought you would be willing to relieve me of my embarrassment." Said I, "Brother, come back to-morrow, and I will tell you what I think of the matter, and will make a proposition of some kind." But the fact of the business was, times were hard, and I had been considering the question of retrenchment. Then I began to think, and the more I thought, the more I believed that I could think a little. Then a sense of independence became perceptible, and something whispered: "Do your own thinking. Do your own thinking." All at once I broke out into a great sweat; frightened into a white heat at the bare idea, and I will wager that I did some of the hardest thinking from that time until I saw my minister the next day that ever was done by any little man in this world.

"Good-morning," said Brother ——, the next day, in a jocular manner. "Well, what do you think?" I had determined to tell him the truth. "Well," said I, "times are dull, and I hav concluded to do

my own thinking, brother; I fear you will hav to go to work; for I feel certain that if there is a soul, it is the offspring of thought, and by thought and reason alone can it be reared. If there is a plan for man, it is that he is to nourish and raise his own offspring." "The devil will get you, certain, sir!" were his parting words. I hav prospered ever since, and am far happier than I ever was before, or ever expected to be; for I am now as free as the wind in the freest, greatest state in this Union, and, if we don't import bigots faster than they can be converted to a free and easy life in the West. I expect to die happy. Yours truly, D. C. MITCHELL.

COLUMBUS, KAN., March 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I hav now been reading your paper about ten months, and I would not be without it. I do not think that it is read by any one else in my neighborhood, though we hav three or four Infidels, and several that are skeptical. Practically all are skeptical; for religion has but little to do with our society, which is first class. I am proud to liv in a community that is substantially free from the old pagan and Jewish customs. We are not bothered much with preachers, and hav had but two revivals in five years, and the last one is what I call a complete victory for common sense. It was commenced on the 24th ult. The first congregation numbered about one hundred, and continued to be about the same throughout the whole meeting. The first thing done was to claim the promis that "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst." Having thus secured the immediate presence of the Omnipresent, the next thing was to call his attention to the promis that "Where two or three agree on earth as touching one point, it shall be done." Now, then, being favored by the presence and co-operation of the Omnipotent, it would seem, to any one but an Infidel, that success was absolutely certain; providing, of course, that the Christians held out faithful—and I am willing to vouch for that. The particular point to be reached at a revival, as all well know, is the conversion of souls. In view of this; a covenant was entered into by the leaders of the flock, and the good work systematically began. Night after night the covenant was renewed, and the prayers ascended entreating the Lord to hav mercy on the poor sinner who was wandering without the fold, amid sin and folly, preparing for himself a bed in the regions of torment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. The minister told us that we might expect to see sinners converted before the meeting closed, and from the effort that was made on his part it looks like he should hav been favored; but it was not so, the many faithful and earnest prayers offered in tears and on the bended knee were not heard; or, if they were, they were unheeded; for not a single soul was brought to Jesus, though the work was continued up to the twelfth hour, when it quietly ended with a collection. I feel very thankful to the Rev. Mr. Funk, who conducted the meeting, for his remarks in our behalf. He said that (although he had failed to get a single convert) he never had preached at any place where he was favored with as good order and attention as at this, and promised to remember us in kindness, and speak of our courtesies wherever he went. It seems to me that all who attended this meeting hav had some striking proof that prayer is not answered, and that people can be moral without religion. It is certainly encouraging to a mind untrammeled with the dogmas and rites of superstition, to contrast a community of this kind with that of some of the Puritan fathers, not two hundred and fifty years ago, when it was a sin to eat mince pies on Sunday, or to be jovial, or even wear a smiling countenance.

Yours truly, L. N. WALLIS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps nothing has transpired for a long time more interesting and more important to the public than Mr. Bennett's travels through those portions of the world claimed by many to be sacred, and from which the world derives its holy religion. But nothing can be more clear than that the numerous statements made by interested parties are false in every particular. It is quite evident that the foundation or the whole thing is fabulous, and no such persons ever existed. The world has been miserably imposed upon by the Roman Catholic church, who invented the whole of this gigantic deception, and forced it on the world by the most bloody, cruel, and revolting tyranny that ever cursed humanity. And what are those parts of the earth to-day? Why, the most dismal, wretched, and poverty-stricken that can be conceived; where little or nothing grows, where the people are sunk in the very depths of ignorance and squalor, and the black cloud of despair rests on the whole land. Such are some of the results growing out of this widespread fraud, which hangs on the necks of the nations of the earth a ponderous incubus, sinking the masses of humanity into the vortex of inextricable ruin. Behold the swarms of indolent priests who infest the whole earth, sponging on the credulous, and loading down their minds with the most absurd superstitions that double-distilled ignorance can possibly produce, causing the earth to be a wilderness and the people a blank. Oh, that this black pall of priestly darkness could be swept from the face of the earth; that this planet could be rescued and redeemed from the miserable drones and fanatics, and put upon a course of progress, that life in part might be largely benefited, and happiness prevail where misery is now the experience from the cradle to the grave. Religious superstition is the curse of the whole earth. The horrid falsehood which tells the people that this life is simply a time of probation to prepare for some other life, is the cause of untold wretchedness. It is a vale of tears, because the deceitful, lying clergy do all they can to make it so. They reap their harvest from the doleful gloom of the perverted mind. If every mind could only shake itself free from the dismalisms of superstition, then would the world brighten, and the human face be one of joy, instead of gloom. Hasten, hasten the happy time.

Yours truly, T. WINTER.

PARRISH, ILL., March 9, 1882.

MR. BENNETT: I am glad to see you are still safe and sound, notwithstanding your ducking in the "holy river." We Liberals are very thankful for your lucky escape and subsequent good health. We are very thankful, but we do not render our thanks to an imaginary being. We thank Mr. Bennett for his grit and perseverance in this as well as other things. This same grit and determination are what carried him through the trials he had to undergo at Albany, and are carrying him toward the top round in the ladder of liberty and intelligence. We Liberals of Parrish are getting ready to lend a helping hand to the brave hero who is fighting for our rights. We are going to organize a Liberal League as soon as we can procure the constitution, by-laws, instructions, etc. Please giv me the address of Mr. Leland, as we wish to order the outfit as soon as convenient. We can organize here with a commencing membership of thirty or forty, and I think we will be enabled to add a great many names to the subscription list of THE TRUTH SEEKER, besides the sale of a great many books and tracts. We want to establish a Liberal library here in the near future, so you see our little Liberal village is not dead to the interests of the cause of Freethought. I think we are doing extremely well, since it has only been four or five years since Liberalism began to make its appearance here. We hav fought hard for our victory, but I think the spoils will fully compensate us for our wounds financially and otherwise. Our spoils are forty or fifty souls loosed from the chains of superstition and the church, now to feed on the rich pastures of liberty and Freethought. My best wishes to Brother Bennett. Yours for truth, J. L. JONES.

[T. J. Leland's address is 144 Broadway.—ED. T. S.]

ST. JOSEPH, MO., March 19, 1882.

BRO. BENNETT: I hav been holding the inclosed $3 to pay subscription for the paper since the 1st inst. in order to get an opportunity of saying a few words to you by way of offering thanks to your courage and endurance which enabled divine providence to save you to us from the muddy current of the Jordan. This proves Buddha's declaration that man is only saved by man. I rejoice that your great journey will soon be ended in triumph, and the St. Joseph Liberal League desires to extend a most cordial invitation to you to stop with us and giv us a lecture or speech on your way home from San Francisco. There is one point in my opinion higher or more unanswerable than all the errors, falsehoods, cruelties, crimes, and blasphemies of the Bible and arguments that hav been arrayed against the book and its God or gods and the church, and that is the absolute helplessness and worthlessness of the book and all its God or gods, mother and mothers, virgins, son or sons of God, angels, ghosts, and grasshopper priesthood. Why none of them or all combined can not stay the flood, the misery, wo, wretchedness, ruin starvation, and death of the people in the valley of the lower Mississippi. There never was a better opportunity to aid Talmage to spike the guns of Col. Ingersoll and all the hosts of Infidels than for Jehovah, the mother Virgin Mary, or the son Jesus, or some angel, ghost, or spirit to come in a cloud of great glory and say to the waters, "Vanish," and to the people: "Return to your homes. You will find everything replaced, your animals refreshed, your dwellings and buildings restored, and ample supplies of food and clothing on hand for months to come." Let them do this and the colonel and his friends will "believe." I pause for their action. Can they, will they do it? Let us wait and see. R. V. WISE.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., March 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of Feb. 11th I notice an article headed "Prohibition," from S. R. Shepherd, of Kansas, and I am truly astonished that any man should present to the public such a lot of rambling nonsense in the place of argument while discussing this awfully important question. Such sophistry as even a child could answer; such heartless ridicule of human sorrows, and of humanity itself, can certainly win but very few of your readers. Ridicule can sometimes burnish logic, but when logic is absent it is a feeble weapon.

Let us review Mr. Shepherd's logic. He says, "Strong and vigorous manhood consists in resisting evil influences, like the sturdy oak, which bids defiance to the blasts and storms of heaven." Did Mr. Shepherd never tie a young and tender sapling to a stake to assist it in resisting the storms and blasts of heaven? And when the sapling was developed into a full-grown tree was it any less "sturdy" for having received this aid?

He admits that human nature is especially susceptible to temptation, yet he would not lend it any assistance by removing from the path of the young a dangerous enemy which has captured and slain millions of the best and noblest of the race. He says, "'Liberta's' solicitude for the weak ones is equal to that of the old lady for her son when she forbade him to go into the water until he had learned to swim." Now, I am acquainted with the old lady, and know that she told him not to go alone into the water until he had learned to swim, as he might get into trouble and need assistance.

Mr. Shepherd's satirical nonsense about the fall of man, horse-stealing, chicken-coops, if meant as argument, is intensely imbecil and inappropriate to the subject in hand. If horses were kept for the express purpose of furnishing thieves and robbers with something to ride on while they committed their depredations, and livery stables were instituted for the sole object of aiding and encouraging thieves, it would be the imperious duty of the government to abolish livery stables; and if horses were as vicious as alcohol, and of as little use to the world, it would be right to prohibit them.

If law is intended to protect the innocent, why should it not stretch forth its hand to protect those who are suffering from the curse of curses? Why should women and children be subjected to life-long misery and degradation when the law with its strong arm can easily remove the evil? We see how the saloon business is developing the manhood of our young nation, and we would remind Mr. Shepherd that it is not merely the weaklings of our race who fall victims to this mighty foe, but quite as often the brightest intellects, men of strong moral vertabra in other respects, men of kind and generous natures until this demon got possession of them. Many inherit from birth an ungovernable craving for stimulants, others hav acquired it, and you might as well try to make water run up hill as to reform such persons while the temptation is before them. You may teach and cultivate and fortify as much as you please, and they will weep and promis and try, but the demon is too strong for them, and they must perish unless you destroy him. And when these hav gone into their graves a new and immense army of recruits will take their places, moving on to the same horrid doom. The only hope of the world is a law "equal to the occasion," behind which the will of the people shall stand like a wall of adamant; and it is coming. Yours truly, MRS. E. HEDDON.

JAMESPORT, MO., March 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Believing it to be in the interest of Liberalism to know the condition of each neighborhood in which there are any Liberals, I submit a few disadvantages under which the Liberals of this place labor. Jamesport is a small country town of six or seven hundred inhabitants, with two churches—one north and one south Methodist—neither of which are very well supported.

B. F. Underwood delivered a lecture here about two years ago, which caused the commencement of a religious revolution, and in a few months, before the agitation had subsided, Mrs. Mattie H. Parry, whose unexcelled eloquence won the hearts of all whose moral consciousness was not buried so deep in theological quagmire as to destroy all reason, delivered a course of three lectures, since which time we hav not heard a Liberal lecture of any importance. There are about fifteen or twenty Liberals of good standing here; in fact, the leading business men of Jamesport are Liberals, but they are much inclined to be wrapped in the cloak of that arch-enemy of Liberalism, popularity; in fact, too much so to organize a League. But in the surrounding country there are quite a number who are not afraid to express their anti-religious sentiments, and whom the clergy are afraid to attack. Among them are Valentine Shuler, Milton Eads, myself, and others. But we need more lectures and an organization. Although all the above-named, including myself, liv from five to seven miles from town, we hav offered to do all we can to help those who liv in the town to organize or induce lecturers to visit us. We hope to hav E. C. Walker giv us a lift soon.

Yours respectfully, W. D. SHULER.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 4th that there is or ought to be a subscription gotten up for that poor old Liberal, Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J., who is poor and needy, as it is said. I am unacquainted with the old gentleman, but my sympathy, as one who knows the wants of humanity, naturally goes out toward any Liberal who is exposed to a Christian county poorhouse. I therefore send in my mite, hoping others will do the same.

Yours truly, ZENAS KENT.

OAK POINT, WASH. TER., March 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Whenever the orphan asylum is to be started you can call upon me for $2.50 and I will giv $1 a year for its support, for I believe that is money put to proper use, and every reformer should be interested in such movements and show their creed by their actions. Yours truly, F. C. S.

Brown's Religion.

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

A man named Brown—a very common name—
But Brown or Jones, I'm sure its all the same—
Was not a genius, neither rich nor learned,
And for great schemes had never cared nor yearned:
But was one of those easy-going men
Who make but little stir with tongue or pen;
Who keep the even tenor of their way
Through winter snows and sunny time of May,
And was known where'er his life-line fell
As an honest man, but an Infidel

He lived a quiet, upright, sober life,
Faithful and true to fellow-man and wife;
And most of folks who'd known him long and well
Had many tales of his good deeds to tell,
Of how, while other people preached and prayed,
He quite long journeys round the city made.
"The poor and sick I'm looking for," he said,
"For those who on dry straws and husks are fed."

He found in attics high and cellars dark,
Where poverty had set her chilling mark.
What you or I or any one may find
On any day, our own, our human kind!
In want and sorrow, and shivering with cold,
With trembling voices their story they told,
Of how they had struggled, essayed, and failed,
While the world most scornfully at them had railed.

On such occasions Brown would be very wroth,
And profanely utter many an oath.
Said he, "They preach of God in whom we hav breath,
While here are his children starving to death!
They pray for heathen in cannibal lands,
And pour out money to loosen their bands;
While the outcast at home, though sore he may plead,
Is left to die or for ravens to feed."

But while others asked God to pity the poor,
Great loads of oak wood Brown left at their door;
And also he left, whene'er he passed by,
Beans and beefsteak, bread and butter, and pie.
"'Tis my religion," said Brown to the deacon,
"And if I am faithful, I rather reckon,
I shall be square with the Infinit One
When my work on earth is finished and done."

"Your soul!" screamed the deacon, "think of your soul,
That works cannot save from the fiery roll
Of the hot, hissing flames down there in ——."
"Hold on," said Brown, "when this body, this shell,
To its first estate shall safely return,
Will there then be anything left for to burn?"

"You fool!" sneered the deacon, as to his store
He quickly retired and inwardly swore
That if he was God every Infidel
In torment and flame should be roasted well!
Then he thought, as over he counted his cash,
That soon there would come a financial crash;
And as times were hard and the gospel high,
He must raise some money somehow on the sly!

Soon after he failed for quite an amount,
But not until he had made a large count
Of assets of widows, and orphans, too,
Who thought that he to his promis was true,
To return to them before many suns
The interest due, as well as their funds.
He was so pious and talked with such zeal
That they could not think he would cheat and steal;
But he grasped their means though, nevertheless,
And soon they found themselvs quite penniless.

With tears they told their wrongs unto Brown,
Who said: "Now, this man is expecting a crown,
A robe, and a harp, and all that, you know,
Where rivers of bliss eternally flow!
Well, maybe he'll get them, but as for me,
In such company I'd rather not be!
The deacon was known as a 'pious old saint,'
While I—I—well, I hav made no complaint;
But which is the worse, my friends here may tell,
Such a pious fraud or an Infidel?"

H. L. Green's Lecture Trip.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

For the last two months I hav lectured often in the frontier towns in this state, where no other lecturer has ever been, and it appears to me that in these places I can do the most good. This experience has convinced me that nothing is needed so much as an established Liberal lecture bureau, with sufficient funds to keep a number of lecturers in the field, who, being compensated by the bureau, would be prepared to go as missionaries into these new places and educate the people in the school of Freethought before the church has fully taken possession of them. I hope before another year has passed such a bureau will be permanently established, with funds sufficient to keep at least five lecturers doing part of the time this kind of missionary work.

Since I wrote my last letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav lectured in Whitehall, Rixford, Saranac, Flint, Saginaw City, Clare, and Paris—all in northern and western Michigan. I expect to lecture next week in Holland, Dowagiac, Nirvana, and a few other places in this state; and then about the 10th of April I shall go to Bloomington, Wisconsin, where in that town and vicinity I hav a number of appointments already made. I shall remain in that state through April, and then return home through Indiana and Pennsylvania. I am engaged to lecture at Irwin Station, Pa, May 15th. Then I shall return to Salamanca in time to attend the meeting of ths Friends of Progress at Waterloo the first week in June. From that time on to August, when the Freethinkers' Association meets at Watkins Glen, I shall devote my whole time to the preparation for that convention and to lecturing in western and central New York. Friends who desire me to speak in Wisconsin in April will please address me care of Frank J. Schell, Bloomington, Grant Co., Wisconsin. The season is getting so advanced I shall hav to defer visiting my Liberal friends in Kansas and Missouri, as I intended when I left home.

But to return to my lecture trip. My Whitehall meeting was well attended considering the inclemency of the weather I enjoyed the hospitality of the European Hotel while there. This house is admirably kept by Mr. H. Harwood, who is the best posted on the Bible of any man I hav met in a long time. He has made it a great study, and therefore does not value it very highly. He very willingly subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I was invited these by N. F. Strong, Esq., an activ Freethinker, and a friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER. As he is a photographer, and therefore violates the second commandment every day, I fear it will go hard with him if it turns out orthodoxy is true. I should not be surprised to hear that a Liberal League had been organized in Whitehall. There is good material there for one. I spoke next at Rixford to the Spiritualists' and Liberalists' Association. Here I had a small but appreciativ audience. I was glad to find they had a commodious Liberal hall here in which they hold regular weekly meetings.

My next stopping place was at Saranac, where I found a town full of Freethinkers. I learned that there were but twenty-nine Christians in the town, and some seventy professed Freethinkers. They hav a good League here, of which Mr. S. L. Shaw is president, and Stephen Crawford secretary. I was invited to Saranac by Mr. Shaw, and greatly enjoyed my visit with him and his pleasant, intelligent wife. I also visited Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, as intelligent and interesting persons as I hav met in a long time. They read and admire THE TRUTH SEEKER. I likewise made the acquaintance of Mr. Fred Stow, the leading attorney of the village, and also one of your subscribers. Mr. Stow is a good speaker and an earnest Freethinker, and I wish he might be prevailed upon to take the lecture field. I am sure he would succeed. While stopping at Saranac I enjoyed a Liberal sociable that was held at Brother Shaw's. Among those present I remember the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Olmstead, Mrs. Stephen Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. William Cahoon, Mr. Fred Stow, Henry Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haskins. Mr. and Mrs. Holcolm, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. C. P. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Anderson. And allow me to say right here that nothing will help the Liberal movement more in any town than the holding of regular social gatherings. The church holds its coherents more by its social arrangements than by its theological tenets.

Near Saranac, in the town of Keene, resides Juliet Bowen, the young lady who gave three cheers for Col. Ingersoll from the top of a church steeple. The circumstances are these, as I learned by inquiry: Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, the parents of the young lady, are well-to-do, intelligent Freethinkers, and, of course, great admirers of the eloquent colonel. Their only daughter, Juliet, is an intelligent, well-educated, good-looking girl of nineteen years of age, who is highly respected by all who know her. Last fall, across the highway from Mr. Bowen's residence, the Methodist people were erecting a church edifice. At the time here referred to the frame of the church and of the steeple was up and partially inclosed, and was surrounded with scaffoldings. One afternoon a number of young ladies were visiting Miss Bowen, and her father remarked, more in jest than in seriousness, that he would giv ten dollars to any girl who would go to the top of that steeple and giv three cheers for Col. Ingersoll. A number of the girls started, but Juliet was the only one that reached the topmost scaffolding, some one hundred feet from the ground. Here she deliberately took off her hat, swung it three times in the air, and each time she cheered for Col. Ingersoll at the top of her voice. When she returned to the house, her father handed her a ten-dollar bill. Mr. E. A. a Chapman, a Freethinker and photographer, of Lowell, Mich., has fine photographs of this brave girl for sale. I hav no doubt that every young man of Freethought proclivities will, so soon as he reads this, order one of these photographs, if he has not before.

From Saranac I went to St. Johns, Mich., and had an interesting visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. Babcock, at their fine residence. Brother Babcock constantly makes it lively for the St. Johns school board and the orthodox ministers of that town. I ascertained that he is very popular with a large majority of the citizens of St. Johns, and that majority is composed of, first, the men and women of intelligence and thought, and, second, of the destitute poor. Brother Babcock allows no one to suffer for the necessaries of life when he knows of it. When I was there the whole town was in commotion over a fact that Brother Babcock had just brought to light, that the Congregational preacher was giving a poor old woman twenty cents a dozen for doing his family washing. He tried to get it done for twelve cents a dozen. From St. Johns I went to Flint, where I lectured Sunday evening to an audience of five or six hundred people in the Opera House. They listened attentivly for two and one-half hours to what I had to say. On Monday evening a number of Liberals met at the house of Thomas Wolcott and perfected the organization of a Liberal League by electing Thomas Wolcott, president, W. R. Alger secretary, and W. J. Cronk treasurer. The prospects are that this will be a live League.

At the invitation of Brother J. H. Burnham I visited Saginaw City, and lectured before the Saginaw City Liberal League on Sunday morning to as intelligent an audience as I was ever permitted to address. And for a week I enjoyed an admirable visit with Brother Burnham and his estimable wife. Mr. Burnham has had much to do since he left the Methodist pulpit in the spreading of Liberal views in Michigan. He has spoken in nearly every town in the state, and given courses of lectures in many of them. There are few abler lecturers in the lecture field, and he should hav constant and remunerativ employment.

At Clare I spoke to a good-sized audience in the Opera House. As my lecture was the first one of the kind ever delivered there, it of course created considerable excitement among "God's people."

At Paris I found another new town where the gospel of Freethought had never been delivered, and I gave them one "preach." There was but one "servant of God" there, a little, small-headed Methodist preacher, who, for a number of weeks, has been laboring with all his powers to induce Jesus to come and start a revival in Paris. But Jesus did not come. The reverend divine attended my lecture until I spoke a little disrepectfully of the fourth person in the godhead, the devil, when the young minister shot for the door. He could not sit still and hear his best friend maligned. I was invited to Paris by E. M. Stickney, a worthy man and an intelligent Freethinker. My visit at his home was most pleasant to me, and I remember with satisfaction the acquaintance I formed with his pretty, sweet little children, who, so soon as I went to the house, welcomed me as "Grandpa Green." What kind of a God can that be who would send two she bears to eat up forty-two innocent children?

It must be a pleasant thought to our Christian friends that they will be obliged to spend an eternity worshiping such a fiend. What a regeneration that must be that changes a natural person into that condition that he can love such a being! H. L. GREEN.

Otsego, Mich., April 2, 1882.

Book Notice.

THE BRAIN AND THE BIBLE; or, The Conflict between Mental Science and Theology. By Edgar C. Beall. With a Preface by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price $1.50. Sold by D M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street.

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Gems of Thought.

It would be well if, in conjunction with the present crusade against the vending of liquor [On this delicate subject I do not care to enter; but I recommend to my readers a careful study of Milton's and Mill's words, which shall be given after I hav set down what I hav to say on the main drift of the paragraph.—*Hylax.*] if, I say, a few hundred reading-rooms were opened in this city of New York, where light and warmth could be obtained by the poorer classes; and as there is a certain expense connected with the opening of such reading-rooms, I would suggest that the churches, who are constantly preaching charity, would turn their buildings into reading-rooms during six days of the week, and thus remove the charge of being useless for the greater portion of the year.—*Felix Adler's Radical Pulpit.*

[NOTE —I can hardly bring myself to think that Mr. Prof. Adler—whom I hav long been accustomed to look upon as a practical philanthropist—is really serious in making the suggestion that the churches should establish reading-rooms for the use and comfort of the general public. If the churches would pay their own way, and not meanly evade contributing their fair share of taxation, we should be content. It is justice we call for, in the name of the people, and not charity. The people can establish reading-rooms for themselvs. They want no aid, and, least of all, such aid as the churches would bring them. Just think of the trash—the rot and rubbish—that they would foist and force on the public, if they only had the power. No *workingman would be permitted to* read a Liberal paper or scientific journal, and as to such authors as Carlyle and Emerson; Channing and Martineau; John S. Mill and Herbert Spencer; Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, and Froude, and other congenial spirits, such as our own Chadwick and Savage, *they* would be summarily thrust aside to made room for "learned Thebans" like Moody and Spurgeon, Joe Cook and Talmage, and the other clerical clowns and mountebanks that are ever and anon rising—by their specific levity—to the surface of society, roaring and ranting, and scattering their fetid breath over all creation. As to English literature, in any wide and generous sense of the word, Bacon and Shakspere, Milton and Locke, Macintosh and Macaulay, all these would, if admitted to the church-library at all, be relegated to to the upper shelves; while Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Boston's "Fourfold State" and "Crook in the Lot," *together with* Watts's and Wesley,s "Divine Songs" and "Hymns," with many minor theological tadpoles, would be spread on the tables and crammed down the people's throats—*willy-nilly.* God help the "hungry sheep" that would, in that case, hav to look to the churches—that is, the priests, the ministers, the pastors, deacons, elders, etc —for their intellectual sustenance, not to speak of anything like effectiv moral guidance. No! no! a thousand times no, my dear and respected Professor! You are on a wrong tack, if, indeed, you are not "gamesome" and making fun of the "salt of the earth," as these people are taught to consider themselvs—a lesson that they learn early and never forget. Allow me to whisper in your ear words with which I doubt not you are already familiar:

"Non tali auxilio, nee defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget."—*Virgil.*

For the benefit of our unlearned readers, I subjoin an English translation:

"'What rage,' she cried, 'has seized my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use designed?
These times want other aids."—*Dryden.*

The churches are already very accommodating, and do their best to follow St. Paul's advice to be "all things to all men." They giv us lotteries and raffles, strawberry feasts and bun-fights, bazars and cooky-shines, besides carrying on a sort of variety show all the year round for the amusement of the babes and sucklings and "children of a larger growth," as well as "such as are of weaker capacity." e positivly want none of their charity. Selah. Let them weigh well and lay to heart the words of that eminent statesman, good man, and wise philosopher, Edmund Burke: "Justice is the great law of civil society, and any policy not founded on justice will, in the end, be found to be no policy at all."—*Hylax.*]

How great a virtue is temperance; how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing of so great a trust without particular law or prescription wholly to the demeanor of every grown man. And therefore when he himself tolled the Jews from heaven, that omer which was every man's daily portion of manna is computed to hav been more than might hav well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For these actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser. There were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon these things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation.—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

It seems to us quite clear that an inquirer who has no wish except to know the truth is more likely to arrive at the truth than any inquirer who knows that, if he decides one way, he shall be rewarded, and that, if he decides the other way, he shall be punished.—*Macaulay.*

HUMAN beings owe to each other help to distinguish the better from the worse, and encouragement to choose the former and avoid the latter. They should be forever stimulating each other to increased exercise of their higher faculties, and increased direction of their feelings and aims toward wise instead of foolish, elevating instead of degrading objects and contemplations. But neither one person, or any number of persons, are warranted in saying to another human creature of ripe years that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it.—*Mill's Liberty.*

Odds and Ends.

A CHURCH of England missionary, who reproved one of his Indian converts for being drunk and disgracing his profession of Christianity, received the triumphant answer, "Me no Christian, me church of England man."

A SMART little boy being told in his Sunday-school how Samson had slain a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass, exclaimed, "Why didn't he catch the donkey by the hind leg; he would hav been able to slay far more."

THE people of Alaska, remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whisky at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council nor a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S office, St. James's palace: Notice is hereby given that the queen will hold a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, the first of March, at 3 o'clock. The knights of the several orders are to appear in their collars at this drawing-room, it being Collar-day." This is rather alarming. It is to be hoped that the knights wore something else, if it were only an eye-glass.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

"What ails that maid?" said Spilkins,
As he met a passing fair,
And saw her eyes, 'neath "wave" and "crimp,"
Which o'er her forehead dangled limp,
Giv forth a stony stare.
"Methinks," said Wilkins, scornfully,
As he tossed his head in air,
"She has no brains to cudgel,
And so she bangs her hair."

CHICAGO POETRY.

Over the meadows so fresh and green
Gallops the Lady Clare;
Out on the breeze, like a silvery sheen,
Floats her new back hair.

Fast goes her steed over hill and dale,
Wonderful are his jumps;
Look out, my lady, your horse grows pale,
Soon he will hav the thumps.

Little you're thinking, my lady proud—
Beautiful ladv Clare—
That soon in grief will your head be bowed,
Bluffing on two small pair.

Green grows the ivy on churchyard wall,
Soon will the flies be here;
Then will Lord Ronald, thy love, thy all,
Tackle the new bock beer.

THE following is a leaf from the czar's diary: Got up at 7 A. M. and ordered my bath. Found four gallons vitrol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelled so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into a carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horse instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorit chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M., and made Baron Laischounewonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I had locked up for five years. Went to the theater and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed, and slept all night on the roof of the palace.

AN absent-minded young lady, having been duly married, started off on her bridal tour. The party stopped at a Western city. Some time in the night there came a succession of terrified shrieks from the room occupied by the bride and groom, and the clerks, porters, and employees generally rushed up stairs, only to meet a frantic female figure, clad in white, fleeing in desperate haste from her apartment, crying:

"Oh, there's a man in my room!"

The clerk rushed in and found the groom half disrobed, standing in the middle of the room, one boot on and the other in his hand, the picture of amazement. He explained that he had just come up stairs, and was in the act of undressing (his wife had previously retired), when she suddenly awoke with a shriek and fled.

"What was the matter?" asked the clerk.

"*Damfino*," said the husband.

Just then the bride, enveloped in a huge bedspread, procured for her by a chambermaid, came back, looking very red and foolish, and in half a minute she explained the mystery by saying:

"Oh, Fred, I forgot I was married, and when I woke I was so frightened."

"WHY?" said the professor, with a thoughtful air,
"Should orange blossoms always deck a bride?
Were it to be the blossom of the pear
A lesson might beneath the symbol hide."
The bald-headed boarder said with sullen spite,
"Perhaps its *color* won the flower its place,
A sort of misty, haggard, deadly white,
To match the trembling victim's ghastly face."
Up-spake the red-haired drummer with a smile,
Picking his teeth, his appetite appeased,
"Correct you are, this fruit of Hesperus Isle,
A perfect symbol—it is best when squeezed."
"For shame," the old maid said; "if I were you
I'd hang my head with shame, or leave the room;
The orange blossom blooms the whole year through
Like woman's virtue, a perennial bloom."
"Or like her tongue," said Jones, "it never rests;
Or like spring strawberries, very scarce and high;"
"Or like the groom who his last cent invests,"
Thus did the similes around us fly.
"Well, well" said the professor, "none of these
The seeming mystery doth yet unfold;
'Tis this, the sweetest blossoms on the trees
Will soonest turn themselvs to fruit of gold."

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Notes and Clippings.

THE editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has inserted two attacks upon Mr. Bradlaugh from the pen of Cardinal Manning. With a fine sense of Christian fairness, the editor excludes all reply.

THE St. Louis Medical Society has been considering the question of so amending their code as to permit consultation with homœopaths. The majority of the committee reported that the change ought to be made soon, but not just yet, and the minority favored immediate action.

AT the great Romford brewery, near London, five pints of ale are allowed to each of the four hundred men. They drink it all, and it seems to suit them. It is excellent ale, such as that described by Mr. Gladstone in his last budget as "the finest drink since nectar went out of fashion."

HENRY BIDGOOD, a short time ago, got confirmed in the parish church at Halberton, England. All the candidates adjourned to a public house after the holy rite, and a few days after, at the Tiverton petty sessions, Henry Bidgood was fined ten shillings and costs for being drunk and fighting the police.

MR. BENNETT happened to be in Bombay at the same time as Joe Cook. Joe tried his usual abusiv tactics, but without success. He was so well exposed that on his succeeding lecture he was received with hisses even from the polite Hindoos. The parsons will hav to learn that they cannot preach their superstitions in any part of the world without meeting Freethought opposition.—*Freethinker*.

IN order "to exclude Atheists from taking a part in legislation for this country," Lord Redesdale proposes a new test in his bill introduced in the House of Lords. The new formula which he has embodied is as follows: "I, A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I believe in an almighty God." *Puck* thinks it will be an awkward day for Lord Redesdale when a bill to exclude idiots is introduced in the British legislature.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany says that the most important thing for the country is the fostering of a living religious spirit. The less Germany has of his "piety" the better. It is quite consistent with consiracy against freedom, and we all remember how, during the great war, pious William sang to his pious consort at home in dispatches from the seat of war:

Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

THE English correspondent of one of our dailies is responsible for the statement that the Prince of Wales has thus remonstrated with the Marquis of Queensbury for expressing sympathy with the junior member for Northampton: "Look here, Queensbury, you hav sent £50 to Bradlaugh. Now, I don't care a d——n for his heresy or yours; I leave that to Canterbury (the archbishop) to look after; but Bradlaugh is a Republican, and I am to be king of England. You can't at the same time be Bradlaugh's friend and mine."

THE London *Freethinker* givs this item of disease and remedy: At Cavergno, in Italy, three young virgins wedded to the Lord hav taken the disease of inspiration very badly. After carrying on like maniacs in the parish church, they rushed off to a house at the end of the village, barred themselvs in, and swore never to touch food or drink again. As the local authorities were breaking into their castle the leader of the three married virgins cried out: "Back, ye children of the world! We are virgins and saints. Cursed be every one who lays a hand on us." They were, however, dragged away to their homes, and the Lord never put in an appearance to help them. What a disgusting church, to sanction such spiritual obscenity as the marriage of young virgins to the Lord! The only cure for these poor hysterical girls is a husband and two babies apiece.

A PROPOSITION has been made in the Virginia legislature that the state purchase an area of ground upon which all the duels of the commonwealth must be fought in future and to the death. Its advocate claims that the more the element of danger enters into the pastime, the less it will be resorted to by the average young man whose honor is as the breath of his nostrils. There is a big grain of common sense in the argument, and if prize-fighters were placed upon a similar footing and compelled to battle like the ancient gladiators until one was killed, there would be little or no desire to indulge in the brutalizing sport.

THE acquittal of David McMillan, who killed Father McCarthy at Greenfield, Mass., seems to hav stirred up religious feeling. Father Lynch, of North Adams, said in a sermon: "Things hav come to a pretty pass when a man can be murdered in his own doorway, and the jury find the assailant not guilty. This, however, is nothing more than any Catholic can expect. They can expect no justice in New England tribunals. The jury says, 'It matters not; he was a Catholic priest, and the murderer must go free.' There is no justice here for Catholics. A Catholic has no recourse to the law. He has no way of protection but his personal defense for himself or property, and cannot depend upon the law."

THE Benedictine Monastery at Solesmes, in France, has been closed by the authorities, the seven or eight inmates allowed to remain fifteen months ago as caretakers having gradually been augmented till the establishment was virtually reconstructed. A week's grace was allowed them for reducing their numbers to the assigned limit, but they flatly refused to do so. Several other monasteries are threatened with the like severity in case of recusancy. The dispersion of the Benedictines was effected by fifty gendarmes, a detachment of the line being stationed outside. The door had to be forced and the monks dragged from the chapel where they were chanting. The abbot was removed last and knelt outside the door, after which he informed the prefect that he had incurred excommunication.

AN incident illustrating the nonsense of religion occurred in the city of London court the other day during the hearing of a case in which a Parsee gentleman was called as a witness. He objected to being sworn either on the Old or New Testaments, and, not being a Mohammedan, he could not be sworn on the Koran. He mentioned, however, that he had a sacred relic about his person as a charm, and he thought by making a declaration, and holding the relic in his hand, and not concealing it, the act would be biuding on his conscience. Mr. Commissioner Kerr said, under the peculiar circumstances, he would be justified in taking the witness's declaration, if at the same time he held the charm unconcealed in his hand, and declared he would consider the act sufficiently binding upon him to bear true testimony in the matter at issue. He always understood, however, that a Parsee was usually sworn holding the tail of a cow, which was a sacred animal in India. Holding a cow's tail is nothing to kissing the dirty greasy Jew book which they offer to witnesses in English courts.

SIR HENRY TYLER, a blatant churchman, recently asked the House of Commons whether Dr. Edward B. Aveling and Mrs. Besant are still employed iu connection with the science and art department of the government. He was informed that the committee of the science classes held in the Hall of Science, Old street, hav again returned Dr. Aveling's name as one of their teachers. As he is qualified to teach according to the rules of the department no exception has been taken to his employment. The committee, who had also proposed to employ Mrs. Besant as a teacher, afterward withdrew her name. He then gave notice that he would on Thursday ask the home secretary whether his attention had been called to a series of articles recently published in the *National Reformer*, entitled, "The Christ of Dr. Aveling," and whether he would giv orders to hav the same referred to the public prosecutor with a view of prosecuting the junior member for Northampton [Bradlaugh] and Mrs. Besant, the editors of the *National Reformer*, for blasphemy.

IT is a terrible thing to edit a (politically) Liberal paper in Spain, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. To say nothing of duels, imprisonment, and the other little trifles to which continental journalists are exposed, the Spanish Liberal editor stands in dread of the anathemas of the church. Here, for instance, is an extract from the comprehensiv malediction which the bishop of Santander has launched at the Liberal editors of his diocese: "May Almighty God curse these journals with the perpetual malediction launched against the devil and his angels! May they perish with Nero, Julian the apostate, and Judas the traitor! May the Lord judge them as he judged Datham and Abiram! May the earth swallow them up alive! Let them be cursed dav and night, sleeping and waking, in eating, in drinking, and in playing, when they speak and when they keep silence! May their eyes be blinded, their ears deaf, their tongue dumb! Cursed be every member of their body! Let them be cursed from to-day and forever! May their sepulcher be that of dogs and of asses! May famished wolves prey upon their corpses, and may their eternal company be that of the devil and his angels!"

A CATHOLIC writes to the N. Y. *Sun* regarding the Catholic Protectory: "As there seems to be a spirit of investigation aroused throughout the state, why not hav this institution investigated, and see where the profits arising from their extensiv business go to, and whether any of the directors receive profits therefrom. I who write this am a Catholic Irishman, but a hater of frauds and shams of every description, and am influenced solely by a desire to discover whether the Protectory is in reality a charitable institution or a corporation using the people's money to grow rich on. The Protectory has received thousands of dollars of the people's money. They hav invested capital, a quarter of a million at least, in stock and machinery in the printing and shoemaking trades. The property they are owners of, and constantly adding to, is a princely estate. They lately purchased city property in Broome street worth over $50,000, and still they want more. If I am not mistaken they hav asked from the public fund this year only $70,000. Now, when is this going to end, will they never cry enough, and, finally, who is this vast and ever-growing property going to belong to? Will the state which has given so lavishly of its resources own it—will it revert to the people out of whose pockets it has been built up, or will it be swallowed up in the capacious maw of an ecclesiastical corporation as greedy as any of the present monopolies who curse the country? This is a ticklish question, and I expect fault-finding. This and kindred institutions think they should be exempt from inquiry or criticism. The politicians of New York county giv it a wide berth. They are afraid to touch it, for political hari kari would be the result. But the time is fast coming when the legislator who tells the truth and stands by his convictions on every subject will hav the best chance of re-election. Now, what do the phlebotomized taxpayers of the state get for all this? They turn out of the Protectory as unfinished workmen as come out of the state prisons, for they hav no superior advantages in one place over the other. So the workingmen of the state hav to thank them for two very questionable benefits conferred. First, unfair competition—on capital furnished by the state—with legitimate enterprise outside. Second, flooding the trades that they hav already done their best to injure with botches unable to compete in the labor market, and who sell the little skill they possess so cheap that the men who paid their share of their board and training hav soon to come to the same level. Let us, then, by all means, hav an investigation before any more money is given away, and see if there is any colored individual roosting around Westchester county."

News of the Week.

PARNELL is out of jail on a week's parole.

GUITEAU's bill of exceptions contains fifty-six clauses.

TEN thousand emigrants landed at this port in two days last week.

A STEAMER exploded her boiler at St. Paul, Minn., on the 7th, killing six of the crew.

THE strike of the New York carpenters for an advance of wages has been successful.

HANLAN is training on the Thames for a race with the Australian oarsman Trickett on May the 1st.

THE Rev. L. Hamilton, of Oakland, Cal., died suddenly in the middle of a sermon last Sunday morning.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston, has been swindled out of $19,000 by bunco men. The swindlers were arrested.

CHOUNG CHI LANG, a yellow giant from China, has just arrived on these shores. His hight is eight feet six inches.

THE President has nominated Senator Teller for secretary of the interior, and William E. Chandler for secretary of the navy.

ST. XAVIER'S Roman Catholic church in Cincinnati was burned on the 7th. Loss to the society, $100,000; loss to the world, $0.00.

SEVERAL towns in Kansas hav within the last week been visited with tornadoes, killing several and unroofing and demolishing houses.

THE elephant Jumbo, the largest beast in captivity, arrived in New York from England on the 9th. He is the property of Barnum.

THE Rev. Lorenzo Barber, once known as the "Fighting Chaplain" of Berdan's sharpshooters, was recently killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

THE Rev. Jesse Laros, an Evangelical minister of Allentown, Pa., was arrested on the 5th and held for trial on the charge of criminally assaulting a girl thirteen years old.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR vetoed the bill prohibiting the immigration of Chinamen to this country. A motion to pass it over the veto was lost in the Senate by a vote of 29 to 21.

THREE Christian soldiers belonging to a troop of Russian lancers entered a store kept by a Jew at Doubna, quarreled with and shot the proprietor, killed his two sons and an infant, outraged his daughter, beat her mother, and plundered the house.

GEORGE BRUEN, a resident of Newark, N. J., has been dismissed from his position in a bank because, it is alleged, a remissness of some $27,000 was discovered in his accounts. The Third Presbyterian church of Newark is the one that owns him. He has belonged to it for twenty years.

A GANG of Italian railroad laborers at Fort Plain, N. Y., not receiving their money when promised, raised a riot and attacked a hotel where one of the directors of the road was stopping. They were repulsed three times, and eleven were more or less seriously wounded. Several citizens were injured.

THE Rev. Seneca Howland is on trial before the New York East Methodist conference at Waterbury, Conn., for "secularity." His secularity consists in having rather loose notions about the rights of property, the necessity of speaking the truth, and the sacredness of the marriage relation, all of which he is charged with violating.

LAST Sabbath was Easter Sunday. It was generally celebrated in the Christian churches in commemoration of the alleged resurrection of Christ. The preceding Friday was Good Friday, celebrated as the day of the crucfixion. But unless a man believe that between Friday and Sunday Christ spent three days in the heart of the earth, he shall without doubt be everlastingly damned.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Egypt.

OTHER PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX.

The second largest pyramid of Gizeh is that supposed to have been built by King Chephren, or Chafra. It was originally 454 feet high, but is now 447. Its foundation is somewhat higher than that of Cheops, so that it looks very little smaller. The entrance is on the north side at a tolerable hight, and leads through a sloping passage down to the base line, thence proceeding on a level to the chamber hewn out of the rock, and in which bodies were deposited. It was opened by Belzoni in 1816, and in it was found a sarcophagus of granite filled with rubbish. The outer casing near the apex still remains, showing what both the large pyramids originally were.

The Arabs go up and down these monster piles with the greatest agility, making a run from the top of one apex to the other in less than nine minutes. I wished to see the feat performed, but for some reason the arrangements were not effected.

The third pyramid, built by Mycerinus, or Menkera, is now 208 feet in hight, having originally been 218. It was opened in 1837 by Colonel Vyse. It stands at a right angle with the second. To build this the workmen were obliged not only to cut the rock which inclines northeastward, but also to form it into a sort of terrace by means of immense blocks. It is difficult to enter. A sloping passage, not much raised from the ground, leads down into the rock, and then proceeds for the most part on a level to the first apartment, the entrance to which was prevented by pit falls and barricades. From this apartment a passage which can be seen at the top of the wall leads up into the pyramid and terminates abruptly. This first apartment is said to have been appropriated to funeral ceremonies; through its floor a narrow and deep passage leads to the chamber where Mycernus's coffin or sarcophagus stood. This chamber is hewn in the rock, and inlaid with blocks of granite, which, meeting from two sides, form a vaulted ceiling.

The sarcophagus was a beautiful piece of workmanship, made of dark brown basalt, and ornamented with four vertical triglyphic links joined by cross-bands. It was surmounted by a cornice with projecting edges, and by an astragal that separated the cornice from the links on the side of the sarcophagus. This astragal was carried down the pyramidically inclined edges and then encircled the sides of the sarcophagus. By its side the body of Mycerinus was found, torn to pieces. The mummy is now in the British Museum, but the sarcophagus containing it was thrown overboard when the ship conveying it was in danger.

The three small pyramids are on the south side of the last mentioned. They show plainly how the others were built, as they are only commencements or models of pyramids. On the east side of the second and third are the ruins of small temples, consecrated to the dead deposited in the pyramids. They consist of a few walls composed of large blocks and half buried in the sand. They lie eastward from the pyramid, to allow of turning toward the west, where it was supposed the dead lived with Osiris. In them is still discerned a set of apartments, the back wall of the sanctuary, as well as other parts of the structure.

The colossal sphinx next demands our attention. It stands not far from a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid. It is unquestionably a marvel of antiquity. It is a natural rock, to which was given more or less accurately the external appearances of that mythical animal, the sphinx. The head alone was sculptured. The body is formed of the rock itself, supplemented when defective by somewhat clumsy masonry of limestone. The total hight of the monument is 65 feet. The ear measures 5 feet 10 inches, the mouth 7 feet 8 inches. The face in its widest part across the cheek is 13 feet 7 inches. Its origin is still a matter of doubt. At one time it was supposed to be a monument of the reign of Thothmes IV. (eighteenth dynasty), but it is now known from a stone discovered by Mariette-Bey, in the museum of antiquities in Cairo, that the sphinx was already in existence when Cheops (who preceded Chephren) gave orders for the repairs which this stone commemorates. Mariette-Bey asserts that the sphinx was to be the colossal image of an Egyptian god called Armachis, a god of the sun.

The face of the sphinx turned toward the east, and nearly twenty-eight feet high, must have once looked proud and beautiful, but now it is mutilated, and the nose and a part of the cheeks are missing. It was once painted a red brown. The excavations and researches of Mariette-Bey proved that the sphinx did not rest on a pedestal, although the Egyptians so represented it. It is, even to the head, where the work of the chisel is plainly discerned, a natural rock, a gift of nature. The neck is also the natural rock, with its crooked layers, and its immense oval body is also but little hewn. But the resting front paws were completed by large blocks, and in other places the holes in the rock were filled up with stonework. Between the front paws and breast is or was a small temple on which sacrifices were offered to the sphinx. The length of the sphinx from the points of the paws to the beginning of the tail is 172½ feet, though much of it is now covered by the drifting sands.

The sphinx is grand in its loveliness; it is imposing in its magnitude; it is impressive in the mystery that hangs over its story. And there is that in the overshadowing majesty of the eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of all ages as they stand upon the eternal but unseen record of the events of the thousands of years that have rolled away.

Mariette-Bey's excavations also led to further discoveries. In front of the sphinx he found a paved dromos leading to a large wall which seemed to have formed a court round the sphinx, and through which a gate opened to an extensive temple on the south side. He came to the stone pavement twenty-four feet below the top of the wall, but the gate was still much deeper, and could only have led to some subterranean apartments under the pavement. After entering the gate he found a passage eighteen feet high and seven wide, which inclined gradually under the inclosing wall; to the right another smaller passage branched off, leading to a chamber. Opposite to this, a third he found to ascend to the open air, leading to the pavement above. The principal passage continued downward and was not further explored.

Much to be admired is the choice of the materials employed in building the temple. The large gate consists entirely of blocks of rose-colored granite. The large passage, notwithstanding its hight of eighteen feet, is from one end to the other of the same material, and the pavement is of the finest alabaster. In the small southern chamber and in the northern ascending passage the ceilings and floors are of granite, and the walls alabaster. Mariette-Bey also discovered several other passages and apartments, all built of alabaster and granite. Unfortunately he was unable to discover a single bas-relief or inscription to enable him to decide upon the age or the founder of this magnificent building. It is also to be regretted that this is again filled up with sand.

Behind the sphinx is the interior of a large tomb in the rock. But those, not before mentioned, placed in rows at the corners of the pyramids, are much more interesting. Here the princes, counselors, courtiers, and other persons of rank were interred. The tombs are of different sizes, built of block-stone with pyramidically inclined sides, but now in a state of ruin. A small door under a rounded door post opens to the east and leads to an apartment consecrated to the worship of the deceased buried there. He is represented in relief, sitting or standing on the walls; before him are numbers of offerings, plucked geese, legs of beef, etc. His wife, who stands behind, with one arm around him, is yellow, but he, being an Egyptian, is of a red brown color. In colored hieroglyphics are recounted his title, his riches, or the number of offerings brought to him. Other rooms have representations of mechanical and agricultural implements.

Other tombs are cut out horizontally on the east side of the rock on which the pyramids stand. One of the best known is the so-called tomb of Numbers, on the walls of which the rich man to whom it belonged is counting his herds. He is represented as a tall figure, leaning on his staff, with his dog by his side. The herds are cut out very small, in different rows, one over the other, and to each row the number is affixed—834 oxen, 760 asses, etc.

Having taken in a pretty good view of the pyramids, the sphinx, and the surroundings, our company divided. Six of us had ordered donkeys to meet us at the pyramids of Gizeh to convey us to the pyramids and tombs of Sakkarah, and the site of the ancient city of Memphis. This was my first experience at donkey riding, but I am bound to report them rather of a pleasant animal to ride. Their step is quick, half way between a walk and a trot; the trot itself is not hard, while the gallop is decidedly easy. Sakkarah is some six or eight miles to the south, and across the sands forming the edge of the desert. In some places it was pretty soft, and the small feet of the donkey settled in considerably. The ride was wholly novel to me, and I rather enjoyed it on that account. Off to the left we could see the verdure of the Nile region, but all around us was a desert, drear and lifeless. We passed one miserable little Arab village, at which place the dogs came after us and seemed disposed to make a meal of us, and they looked hungry and gaunt enough to have enjoyed it hugely. The donkey boys hurried up the animals, keeping them a considerable portion of the time in a gallop, so that we made the distance in less than two hours. I need not say the donkeys are small; a strong man could almost take one under each arm and walk off with them. The Frenchman, M. Lefebre, had the misfortune to fall from his, but the distance being not far, and the sand soft, it did not hurt him. The saddles for the donkey are odd; on the fore part, coming up before the rider, is a lump or ball as large as a peck-basket. I know not the purpose, but I utilized mine to hold on by when my donkey boy hurried my animal too much.

The pyramids of Sakkarah were plainly in sight from the time we left Gizeh, and the distance steadily shortened until we reached them. The pyramids of Sakkarah are eleven in number, being scattered along on the verge of the desert hill four and one-half miles by half a mile to a mile in width. A part of them, at least, are thought to be older than those we have already visited, and their looks indicate it. They seem to be gradually crumbling away. Sakkarah is the name of a small village, but the locality is a suburb of ancient Memphis, and was the great burying-place for the same.

The largest pyramid is built in stages or gradients; it is one hundred and ninety-two feet high, and contains a number of chambers and passages, but we were satisfied with an exterior view. Thirty mummies are inside, so said, but they have turned to dust. It is believed to have been built in the time of Ouenephes, the fourth king of the first dynasty, which gives it decidedly great antiquity, the greatest of any monument in the world. There is scarcely a spot in this necropolis belonging to the ancient city that has not been again and again explored and dug over. It offers a spectacle of utter devastation. Pits and mounds without number are on every side, and the fragments of pottery and building material are mixed with gravel and hard earth. Dismantled brick walls, heaps of sand mingled with stones and particles of granite, encumber the path at every step. Here and there fragments of mummy-cloths, borne along by the winds, and scattered and broken human bones occasionally are to be seen lying bleaching in the sn.

The tombs of this locality are very interesting. The Serapeum is one of them, and here were deposited the sacred bulls which the ancient Egyptians worshiped as a representative of the deity Osiris. It was one of the edifices of Memphis rendered famous by the description given of it by Strabo, as well as the frequent mention of it on the Greek papyri. It had long been sought for, and Mariette-Bey was so fortunate as to discover it in 1851. The passage in Strabo is this: "One finds also [at Memphis] a temple of Serapis in a spot so sandy that the wind causes the the sand to accumulate in heaps, under which we could see many sphinxes, some of them almost entirely buried, others only partially covered; from which we may conjecture that the route leading to this temple might be attended with danger, if one were surprised by a sudden gust of wind." Mariette-Bey, after quoting this, gives the account of his discovery thus: "If Strabo had not written this passage, in all probability the Serapeum would to this day lie buried under the sands of the necropolis of Sakkarah. In 1850 I had been commisssoned by the French government to visit the Coptic convents of Egypt, and to make an inventory of such manuscripts in oriental languages as I should find there. I noticed at Alexandria, in M. Zizinea's garden, several sphinxes. Frequently I saw more of these sphinxes at Cairo, in Clot-Bey's garden. M. Fernandez had also a certain number of such sphinxes at Gizeh. Evidently there must be somewhere an avenue of sphinxes which was being pillaged. One day, attracted to Sakkarah by my Egyptological studies, I perceived the head of one of these sphinxes obtruding itself from the sand. This one had never been touched, and was certainly in its original position. Close by lay a libation-table, on which was engraved in hieroglyphs an inscription to Osiris-Apis. The passage in Strabo suddenly occurred to my mind. The avenue which lay at my feet must be the one which led up to that Serapeum so long and so vainly sought for. But I had been sent to Egypt to make an inventory of manuscripts, not to seek for temples. My mind, however, was soon made up. Regardless of all risks, without saying a word, and almost furtively, I gathered together a few workmen, and the excavation began. The first attempts were hard, indeed, but before very long lions and peacocks, and the Grecian statues of the dromos, together with the monumental tablets or stelæ of the temple of Nectanebo, were drawn out of the sand, and I was able to announce my success to the French government, informing them, at the same time, that the funds placed at my disposal for the researches for the manuscripts were entirely exhausted, and that a further grant was indispensable. Thus was begun the discovery of Serapeum.

"The work lasted four years. The Serapeum is a temple built without any regular plan, where all was conjecture, and where the ground had to be examined closely, inch by and inch. In certain places the sand is, to speak, fluid, and presents as much difficulty in excavating, as if it were water, which ever seeks its own level. Besides all this, difficulties arose between the French and Egyptian governments which obliged me several times to discharge all my workmen. It was owing to these circumstances [to say nothing of other trials] that the work proved so long, and that I was compelled to spend four years in the desert—four years, however, I can never regret."

Apis, the living image of Osiris revisiting the earth, was a bull, who, while he lived, had his tem-

ple at Memphis, and, when dead, had his tomb at Sakkarah. The palace which the bull occupied in his lifetime was called the Apieum; the Serapeum was the name given to his tomb.

"As far as we can judge," continues Mariette-Bey, "by the remains found during our researches, the Serapeum resembled in appearance the other Egyptian temples, even those which were funereal in their character. An avenue of sphinxes led up to it, and two pylons stood before it, and it was surrounded by the usual inclosure. But what distinguished it from all other temples was that out of one of its chambers opened an inclined passage leading directly into the rock on which the temple is built, and giving access to vast subterranean vaults which were the tomb of the Apis.

"The Serapeum, properly so called, no longer exists, and where it stood there is now nothing to be seen but a vast plain of sand mingled with fragments of stones scattered about in indescribable confusion. But the most beautiful and interesting part of the subterranean vault can still be visited. The tomb of Apis consists of three distinct parts which have no direct communication with each other. The first and most ancient part carries us back as far as the eighteenth dynasty and Amenophis III. It served as the burial-place of the sacred bulls up to the end of the twentieth dynasty. Here the tombs are separate. Every dead Apis had his own sepulchral chamber hewn here and there, as it were, at random, out of the rock. These chambers are now hidden under the sand, and were never possessed of any very great interest.

"The second part comprises the tombs of Apis from the time of Sheshouk I., of the twenty-second dynasty. In this part a new system was adopted. Instead of isolated tombs, a long subterranean gallery was made, on each side of which mortuary chambers were excavated, to be used whenever Apis expired at Memphis. This gallery is also inaccessible now, the roof having in some places fallen in and the remainder not being sufficiently secure to allow of its being visited. The third part is that which is now so well known. Its history begins with Psammetichus I. of the twenty-sixth dynasty, and ends with the later Ptolemies. The same system of common vault has been followed here as in the second part, only on a much grander scale. These galleries cover an extent of 1,150 feet, and from one end to the other the great gallery measures 640 feet. Moreover, granite sarcophagi have been used here. Their number throughout the whole extent of the galleries is twenty-four. Of these only three bear any inscription, and they contain the names of Amasis of the twenty-sixth dynasty, Cambyses and Khebasch of the twenty seventh dynasty. A fourth, with cartouches without any name, most probably belongs to one of the last of the Ptolemies. As to their dimensions, they measure on an average seven feet eight inches in breadth by thirteen feet in length and eleven feet in hight, so that, allowing for the vacuum, these monoliths must weigh, one with another, not less than sixty-five tons each."

Such are the tombs of Apis, and as I walked through those extensive galleries and viewed those neatly-executed, highly-polished granite sarcophagi, placed there for the purpose of depositing dead bulls in, and this in the name of religion, I found plenty of food for thought. Of course I realized the absurdity of paying such reverence to bulls, but I remembered that religious ceremonies of nearly all kinds have been absurd. A fine specimen of a young bull, without spot or blemish—and that was the kind that was selected— conveyed to the minds of the Egyptians a symbol of creative power and vigor, and they used it to personify their favorite god Osiris, and the bull was not the only animal used in this way; the cow, the ram, the hawk, the dove, and many other animals and birds have been regarded as sacred. Christians have not been behind in this matter; they consider their God to be a lamb and thousands of times call him by that name. "The Lamb of God" is one of his highest titles, and whether a lamb represents divinity better than a bull or a cow may be a mere matter of taste on the part of the worshiper. If the Christian God indeed is a lamb, it is but a fair inference that his father is an old sheep of the masculine gender; so, if Osiris is represented by numerous bulls, perhaps he ought to be regarded as a bully fellow.

The exploration of this tomb furnished science with unhoped-for results; for what is now seen of it is merely its skeleton. "But the fact is," as Mariette-Bey says, "although it had been rifled by the early Christians, the tomb, when first discovered, still possessed nearly all that it had ever contained that was not gold or other precious matter. There existed a custom which had especially contributed to enrich the tomb with valuable documents. On certain days in the year, or on the occasion of the death and funeral rites of an Apis, the inhabitants of Memphis came to pay a visit to the god in his burial-place. In memory of this act of piety they left a *stela*, that is, a square-shaped stone rounded on the top, which was let into one of the walls of the tomb, having been previously inscribed with an homage to the god in the name of his visitor and his family. Now these documents to the number of about five hundred, were found, for the most part, in their original position, and as many of them were dated according to the fashion of the time, that is, with the year, month, and day of the reigning king, a comparison of these inscribed tablets must necessarily prove of the greatest importance, especially in fixing chronology."

TOMBS OF TIH AND OF PHTAH HOTEP.

The next points visited were the above-named tombs of the ancient empire in which the necropolis of Sakkarah is so rich. As a rule a tomb of the ancient empire may be recognized externally by a small building having the form of a *mastabah*, a sort of pyramid, truncated near the base, and which from a distance presents the appearance of an enormous sarcophagus lid. This mastabah consists of three parts; viz., 1. One or more chambers, sometimes with the addition of a serdab, a sort of narrow passage concealed in the thickness of the masonry—these chambers being accessible at all times through a doorway opening up on one of the streets of the necropolis. 2. A vertical opening out of one of the chambers. 3. A sepulchral chamber hollowed out in the rock, wherein the mummy reposes. The serdab never bears any inscription; the chambers, on the contrary, are almost always decorated, and these representations are too interesting not to arrest attention.

It is a noticeable feature that the general appearance of the place is as little funereal as can well be imagined. In some instances an army of strange fantastic gods has invaded the walls of a chamber. The dead are seen in the other world, and in a world peopled with beings difficult to describe. Here, however, there is nothing of this kind, as no figures of divinities are to be seen on the walls; the dead is in this world and not in the other. He is represented as standing or seated, with the staff of office in his hands, his wife is by his side, and his children close by; his servants are standing before him, and it altogether looks as though he were still in this world.

These tombs are large, square, underground chambers, ten to fifteen feet in hight and of different sizes the other ways. The walls are of square, smooth stone or they are covered with a kind of plaster very hard and made very smooth. This surface is covered with figures, inscriptions, and hieroglyphics, and to study them and know what they mean, not only requires a key, but takes a good deal of time. The name and titles of the dead are set forth, followed, perhaps, by an invocation to Anubis, the guardian of tombs, who is entreated to grant to the departed a worthy sepulture after a long and happy life; to befriend the defunct during his journey through the regions beyond the grave; and to secure to him through all eternity the proper paying of the funeral gifts.

The tomb of Tih gives many scenes relating to the personage while still living. He is in his home. Some women of his house are dancing before him; musicians are playing on various instruments, and singers accompany them, beating time with their hands. On the northern wall of the large chamber the dead man is represented shooting in the marshes; he is standing upright on a bark made of papyrus reeds; with one hand he holds some call-birds, and with the other he lets fly, over the acquatic birds dispersed among the tall reeds, a curved stick which whirls round and round. Crouching in the water on which the bark is sailing are hippopotami and crocodiles. Some of his servants are trying to catch them. A combat is represented between the aquatic animals in which the crocodile is vanquished. Close by a servant of the household is hooking a hippopotamus with a harpoon. Another scene represents the shooting of certain aquatic birds by the servants of the deceased. There are also many charming representations of country life. Cows are passing over a ford; calves are feeding in a meadow; herdsmen are conducting a flock of goats. Equally interesting are the agricultural pictures on the eastern wall of the same chamber. The grain is reaped; it is gathered into stacks; it is threshed and bound into sheaves, with which asses are laden. At each of these scenes the departed is present, either seated or standing in the attitude of command. He supervises the building of his barks, and also superintends cabinet makers who are making furniture for his house. Elsewhere large ships are seen with distended sails, and barks manned by rowers float on the Nile, bent on errands in his service. The dead appears to be leading a happy life, and everything is prosperous around him. He is surrounded by his family and servants and reaches a good old age.

There are also scenes relating to the death of the departed. He is standing erect in a bark, watching the conveyance of his own mummy into the necropolis; and this is about all that has anything of a funereal character about it. In one of the chambers scenes are portrayed where funeral gifts are being brought in; quite a long cortege of persons are bearing bread, wine, the produce of the fields, and parts of slaughtered animals. Two of the smaller chambers are covered with representations of this character, servants are carrying on their heads or shoulders, or on their extended hands, victuals, flowers, and trays laden with vases. In one part they are slaughtering bullocks intended to constitute an important part of the funeral gifts. In the interior of the tomb, on the lowest register of the northern wall, is a long file of women driving various animals and carrying cuffes or frail baskets on their heads. The various farms of the deceased are thus symbolized, and are made to contribute to the accomplishment of the ceremony for bringing in those offerings which are intended to figure in kind within the innermost chamber of the tomb.

Scenes of this description are also most vividly conveyed in the tomb of Phtah-Hotep. There, on the western wall, the dead man is seated, and before him passes a regular procession of servants, bringing offerings. At their head march a company of priests chanting sacred hymns, and following them are other servants of the household heaping upon a table the offerings thus being brought in. Phtah-Hotep himself receives the gifts and carries to his lips a vase containing one of the substances which make up the assortment of gifts.

Of course but a small portion of these representations can be alluded to. The chambers are numerous and the walls are completely covered all the way up with these carefully-cut inscriptions, colored with delicate tints and marked with great artistic skill. One is filled with wonder at the magnitude of the labor and the talent represented. Some of the figures are cut in the stone, but they are usually left up in relief, while the surrounding part of the stone is cut away. The vault in which the mummy is deposited is below the chambers described, sometimes in a pit like a square shaft and sometimes being reached by an incline, like a pyramid. The relatives of the departed are not supposed to have visited the pit where the mummy was deposited, but held their meetings in the chambers above.

What has been here partially described is the interior of a mastabah, on a level originally with the surrounding plain, but now greatly covered by the sand. A place for entrance has been excavated so as to giv the tomb decidedly a subterranean appearance. But one thing is observable in all these inscriptions, there is nothing mournful or sad about them; those ancient people seemed to take a cheerful view even of death. The deceased is represented in his house, surrounded by his friends and the members of his household. And what is more, these tombs were often prepared by the direction of the person himself while still in a state of good health.

Diodorus says the Egyptians call their habitations hostelries, because of the short space of time during which they sojourn there, whilst they speak of their tombs as eternal abodes. This is very evident from the great expense and labor they went to to make their tombs permanent and to decorate them so as to make them cheerful and attractive. A belief in a soul and a future life was the basis of their religious faith. No people had a stronger belief in a continued existence after death, nor in the sure results of a good or bad life.

MEMPHIS.

From the necropolis to the site of the ancient city of Memphis is hardly half an hour's ride, and the way leads over a causeway or embankment of soil thrown up, not unlike the track of a railroad on low ground. It is some ten feet above the surrounding fields, which are luxuriant with the growing crops. Upon leaving the embankment we rode directly through hundreds of acres where Memphis once stood. The city is said to have been known to the Hebrews by the name of Noph, thought to be a contraction of one of the Egyptian names for it, Men Nefru (pyramid city). It was the capital of Egypt at the time Abraham is said to have lived. Jeremiah is said to have meant Memphis when he said, "Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant;" and again, "O daughter of Egypt, make ready that which can serve thee in thy captivity, because Memphis shall become a desert; she shall be forsaken and become uninhabitable." Jerry was partly right and partly wrong. The old city is "desolate" enough, but it is not a desert, nor even uninhabitable. The fact that the village of Mitrahenny stands upon the very site of the old city proves that it is not "uninhabitable," while the groves of luxuriant palm-trees all around, and the splendid growth of wheat, clover, lentils—the best I have yet seen—proves that it is not a desert. But those old Jewish prophets missed the mark oftener than they hit it. Of course it is desert where the necropolis is, and so it was when Jeremiah lived.

There are not many antiquities to be seen on the site of Memphis; everything portable has been taken away. Here is the lake of the temple of Phtah (Vulcan), a large stela commemorating the services rendered to the temple of Phtah by Apries in the twenty-sixth dynasty; broken remains of small statues, and a colossal statue of Ramses II., of red granite, lying with his face to the earth in a hollow place filled with water nine months in the year. This statue was presented by Mahomed Ali to the English government, but probably they found it too heavy to remove, though the ancient Egyptians conveyed it six hundred miles. From the site it is but half an hour's ride to the station of Bedreshayn, on the Upper Egypt Railroad, where we exchanged the

donkey for the train, the donkeys also taking the cars. After waiting an hour, the train for Cairo came along, and in another hour or more we were at our hotel, feeling pretty well wearied, but satisfied that we had witnessed during that day most remarkable mementoes of a past race of people who lived many thousand years ago.

HELIOPOLIS.

December 15th.—The same company of us who were together yesterday at Sakkarah and Memphis chartered a carriage, and rode out to the site of the old city of Heliopolis, some four or five miles northeast of Cairo, and twenty north from the old city of Memphis. The ride was through groves and avenues of accacia and palm-trees, with beautiful fields under cultivation. On the way we saw several flocks of the white ibis, one of the sacred birds of ancient Egypt, belonging to the heron family. It has long legs and a long bill, adapted to picking up their food from the water or the soil, and is of a pure white color. They are a third larger than white pigeons, and taller and slimmer. We passed a very large military station, used as barracks, where Abbas-Pasha hid himself, in constant dread of assassination, and the plain where Selim extinguished the Mameluke dynasty in 1517; where also Kleber defeated the Turks in 1800.

The village of Mattareeah, which we passed, marks the site of the gardens to which Cleopatra is said to have transplanted the celebrated Balm of Gilead. These gardens were long famous for this thorny shrub. Here is also the miraculous fountain, which is alleged to once have been salt, but which was made soft and sweet by the Virgin Mary washing the diapers of the little Jesus in it at the time she made her visit to Egypt. It seems there was nothing about Jesus that did not possess the most remarkabla virtues. We also stopped at the great sycamore-tree, called the Virgin's tree, under which the holy family rested, and where it is thought the Virgin dried the diapers she had just washed at the fountain. It is a very wide-branching tree, and affords shade enough for nearly a thousand people if they stand compactly together. It is barely possible that the little deposit left by the infant Jesus had something to do with the old sycamore's growing to its large size. This old tree story is a Coptic Christian legend. The Roman Catholics say there is not a word of truth in it, and I am inclined to think that for once the Catholics tell the truth. If Joseph, Mary, and Jesus, as Luke says, did not come to Egypt, it is not very likely they sat under this tree; and it is furthermore likely that the Virgin's fountain was water from the Nile, the same as it is now, and was no more salt than at present, whether she washed her child's diapers in it or not. Thousands of the fools who have visited this tree have been anxious to make record of the same by cutting their names upon the tree, all the limbs, even, having been desecrated in that way. Our company did not commit this folly, but I bought some of the mandarin oranges growing on the ground and we partook of them.

Heliopolis was called An in Egyptian, and On in Hebrew. It was preëminently the city of Ra, or the sun, hence the Greek name Heliopolis. In ancient times it was a sacerdotal city—the Oxford of those times—and enjoyed the reputation of great learning. It had its colleges of priests; and here Solon, Plato, and Eudoxus studied. It was not a populous city, for by a census taken under Rameses III. it is said to have contained twelve thousand. Strabo speaks of it as a city "of barbarous construction." Probably it resembled the architecture of the temple of Armachis at the pyramids of Gizeh, proving it to have existed under the ancient empire. Usertasen's obelisk is still standing here, which connects it with the twelfth dynasty; and some stones excavated by Mariette-Bey in 1858 show that Thothmes III. enlarged one of its temples. When the city began is a question not easily settled. It had become a ruin in the time of Strabo, who wrote just before our era. He visited it and found it little more than a wilderness; and nothing now remains but the inclosing wall of the principal temple and the obelisk which stands in the center, with heaps of rubbish all around, probably the remains of ancient buildings. When the people of Egypt gave up their old religion and embraced Christianity, they made use of the ancient sacred edifices as habitations, and the precincts of the temples, until then considered inviolable and holy, were covered with the dwellings of the people. The ruins, then, that surround the obelisk at Heliopolis are not the ruins of the ancient city, but those of the Coptic town which rose upon the downfall of the ancient religion. The obelisk has peculiar interest in that it is the oldest in Egypt. It bears, in fact, the cartouches of Usertasen I., the second king of the twelfth dynasty. It has hieroglyphics on its four sides, and the execution was of an excellent character. The granite is still well preserved. It is a monolith, sixty-six feet high, and was brought fully six hundred miles. It formerly had a companion obelisk, but it fell and broke in the twelfth century, and has entirely disappeared. The two stood in front of the temple. As with Memphis, so, probably, also with Heliopolis; they were too near the younger and growing city of Cairo. As it came up and flourished, they were destined to go down.

THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

It is a good afternoon's work to visit the museum of Boulak, one of the suburbs of the city, a place of unusual interest. Much is due to Mariette-Bey for this collection of the antiquities of the country, for he did much toward gathering them. Many of the specimens he excavated and discovered himself. For a long time the museum was under his charge, his interest in the antiquities of Egypt confessedly being greater than that of any other man, and now his tomb is in the grounds in front of the museum—a most fitting place for the bones of the antiquarian to rest. When Bayard Taylor visited this conntry he wrote the following relative to the labors of this indefatigable man:

"Now we can say, without fear of contradiction, the most valuable Egyptian museum in the world is in Cairo. That which was previously carried away being for the most part easily accessible, proves to belong to the latter rather than to the earlier dynasties. Unwearied digging has enabled Mariette to reach the records of the ancient empire, and show what we never before suspected, that the glory of Egyptian art belongs to the age of Cheops, and only its decadence to Rameses II. Not only the art, but the culture, the religion, the political organization of Egypt are carried back to the third dynasty, 4,450 years before Christ, and Menes, the first historic king, dawns upon our knowledge, not as a primitive barbarian, but as the result of a long stage of unrecorded development. I do not hesitate to say that since Champollion discovered the key to the hieroglyphics, no scholar has thrown such a broad and clear light upon Egyptian life and history as Mariette."

I have no catalogue by me, and will be unable to give anything like a correct statement of what this museum contains, as several large rooms are filled with the art and handiwork of the people who dwelt in this land from four to six thousand years ago; but the collection comprises sarcophagi, statues of gods and kings, monuments, stones with inscriptions, basreliefs, stelæ with inscriptions, coffins, and mummies, tables of funeral oblation, funeral objects, historical objects, religious objects, civil objects, jewels of different kings, diadems, jewelry in great variety, with many, many things I cannot remember.

Of the main vestibule containing the larger share of the statues, and crowded with precious relics, but a faint idea can be given. It is undoubtedly the finest collection of Egyptian relics in the world. The British museum is rich in Egyptian antiquities, but this museum at Cairo must take the palm. The attention of the visitor is at once drawn to two life-size statues of painted limestone, which from their pedestals seem to overlook and guard the lesser and later remains. They are nude, save a cloth, folded in front like an apron, which falls from the hips to the knees. The arms and legs are perhaps somewhat stiffly modeled, but quite free from the rigidity which many other statues exhibit. The hands, feet, and joints show careful study of nature, as well as of the subject. The trunks are well rendered, and the heads are really amazing in their correct embodiment of life and character. They have no prescribed stolidity of expression in closed lips, steadfast eyes, and hands resting flatly on the knees as in the statues chiseled perhaps ten thousand years later. "They beam with a frank, free, naive expression of nature, and exhibit the activity of an art which is just about to overcome the last stubborn resistance of the material. There is no representation of motion, as in the crowning days of Greek sculpture; the figures stand or sit, but you feel that a slight effort would enable them to rise and walk."

Among the statues may be named the busts of Tirkahah, Menephthah, statues of Ramefer, Ti, a prophet of Ammon, Cephrenes, two of Osiris, a priest, Ra-en-ma, and very many others. The collection of divinities, little and big, with the religious emblems and symbols would make a large catalogue of themselves. Among the gods are Osiris and Isis, Nephthys, the Bull Apis, Horus, the divine son of the virgin Isis, Anubia, with a jackal's head, ibis-headed Thoth, with many other gods and goddesses too numerous to mention, even had I them in mind. The devil is here also. Possibly Satan always comes also. The Egyptians had their evil one, Typhon, a thousand years before Christians had a devil or an existence themselves. The figure of Isis and Horus, the virgin, are various, and of all sizes. These are four thousand years old, and though other nations had similar conceptions, here was certainly a sufficient origin for the conception which Christians much later adopted.

Among the historical objects are vases found with the mummy of Queen Aah-Hotep, a silver model of a boat and its rowers; fifteen royal heads, scores of sculptured models, etc., etc. Among the civil objects, persons kneading bread, arms and weapons, arrows with bone tips, articles of furniture, utensils, vases, lamps, vestments, mechanical implements of many kinds, specimens of ceramic art, colored representations of animals, numerous objects of glass and porcelain, combs, rings, perfume-boxes, mirrors, bracelets of many materials, gold chains, an ax-handle of gilded cedar adorned with precious stones, gilded bronze, gold dagger and case, necklaces, a picture of Ammon and Phre pouring water on the head of Amosis, Egyptian carriages, alabaster statues, an innumerable quantity of small articles—scarabees, cartouches, etc., etc. All these things tell very much of the history of the past ages, if one only had time to study them all up and to learn all about them.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this collection of antiquities is the large number of mummies and various other articles discovered in a deep pit in a secluded place in the rock, six months ago, four hundred and twenty-five miles up the Nile, opposite Karnac and Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes. The following article published in the *Scientific American* of September 10th last (sent me by a friend) tells the whole story very correctly. When the mummies of those royal personages, most exquisitely done up, are lying before one it makes him feel as though he was indeed having a visit with the ancients:

"GREAT FIND OF EGYPTIAN RELICS.

"A discovery of great importance to Egyptologists, and of no little popular interest, is reported by a Cairo correspondent of the London *Times*. The finds include not only the largest and most beautiful papyri yet discovered, but also the mummies of no less than thirty royal personages, among them Kings Thothmes III. and Rameses II. These names have lately been made familiar to our readers in connection with the obelisk lately transferred from Alexandria to Central Park. It was the former who ordered the construction of the obelisk, and the latter who, 270 years later, caused to be inscribed on its faces his own official titles and honors. These two monarchs have been removed to the Boulak Museum, where they lie side by side, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the mourners over three thousand years ago.

"The story of the discovery runs as follows: Last June, Daoud Pasha, governor of the Province of Keneh, which includes the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedouins offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Melouk. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the khedive, who forthwith dispatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha, who, during M. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archæological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Libyan Mountains, near the temple of Deir el-Bahari, or the 'Northern Convent,' a pit about thirty-five feet deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly two hundred feet long also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyses.

"Herr Brugsch at once telegraphed for a steamer, which on Friday last safely deposited her precious cargo at the Boulak Museum. The full value of this discovery, of course, cannot as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped. Conspicuous by its massive gold ornamentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the coffin containing the mummy of Maut Nedjem, a daughter of King Rameses II. Each of the mummies is accompanied by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the heart and entrails of the deceased.

Four papyri were found in the gallery at Deir-el-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri—that found in the coffin of Queen Ra-ma-ka—is most beautifully illustrated with colored illuminations. It is about sixteen inches wide, and when unrolled will probably measure from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably prove to be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and, as the late Mariette-Bey used to say: 'It is certain that if ever one of those discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus.'

"No less than 3,700 mortuary statues have been found which bear royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly 2,000 other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an enormous leather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the twenty-first dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The work-

manship is beautiful. It is covered with hieroglyphs most carefully embroidered in red, green, and yellow leather. The colors are quite fresh and bright. In each of the corners is represented the royal vulture and stars.

"The following Theban sovereigns are the most important of those whose mummies Herr Brugsch has identified:

"Aahmes I. (Amosis), first king of eighteenth dynasty, reigned 1700 B. C. (about).

"Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), second king of eighteenth dynasty, reigned 1666 B. C. (about).

"Thothmes I., third king of eighteenth dynasty, reigned 1633 B. C. (about).

"Thothmes II., fourth king of eighteenth dynasty, reigned 1600 B. C. (about).

"Thothmes III. (the Great), fifth king of eighteenth dynasty, reigned 1600 B. C. (about).

"Rameses I., first king of nineteenth dynasty, reigned 1400 B. C. (about).

"Seti I., second king of the nineteenth dynasty, reigned 1366 B. C. (about).

"Rameses II. (the Great), third king of the nineteenth dynasty, reigned 1333 B. C. (about).

"Pinotem, third king of the twenty-first dynasty, reigned 1033 B. C. (about).

"Raskhenen (dynasty and date of reign unknown).

"Queen Ra-ma-ka (Hatasou?)

"Queen Aahmes Nefert Ari.

"A correspondent of the London *Post* adds the following details about the recent discoveries in Egypt: 'The place where these precious relics were found is an almost inaccessible cave in the face of the perpendicular mountain, in another part of which the royal cemetery, known as Bab-el-Melouk, is excavated, and not far from Deir-el-Bahari. The most remarkable of the four thousand objects are thirty-six royal sarcophagi, with their inner cases and mummies intact, belonging to Pharaohs, queens, princes, princesses, and high priests of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-first dynasties, so that we are actually in possession of the lifeless bodies of many heroes, who, upward of three thousand years ago, ruled over this country and adorned it with temples and obelisks which are the wonder and admiration of the whole civilized world. Among them is that of Seti I., whose tomb in the Bab-el-Melouk was discovered by Belzoni, but that explorer found neither coffin nor mummy, only the large alabaster sarcophagus now in the Soane Museum, which was made to contain and preserve them. Next in importance we have the plain but highly polished wooden coffin of Rameses II, the Sesostris of the Greeks, with the mummy intact, the royal cartouche distinctly legible on the coffin-lid and on the mummy cloths enveloping the body. The mummy cases of Amosis, son of Amousa, of Thothmes I., II., and III., of Queen Ra-ma-ka and her daughter Mout-em-hat, of King Raskhenen, of Aahmes Nefert Ari, of Aah-Hotep, of Rameses I., and of Amenophis, are also in the collection, with the mummies in perfect preservation. The majority of these mummies are inclosed in two coffins, both elaborately ornamented with paintings and gildings, some of them having also certain ornaments inlaid with colored glass, and many of the faces have glass eyes, which give them a most lifelike appearance. Another remarkable object is a royal tent made of colored leather in a checkered pattern of red and green. The inner side of the dome is of blue leather, with yellow stars, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions are perforated in the colored leather with a backing of yellow. Fifteen royal wigs for state occasions are also in the collection. Besides the human mummies we find one of a gazelle, which was probably a favorite playmate of one of the Egyptian princes or princesses. We have also four scrolls of papyrus of great size, on which is inscribed the ritual of the dead, elaborately illuminated, and containing the cartouches of of the royal persons for whom they were written, one of whom is Queen Hatasou, sister of Thothmes III. Moreover, we have several sets of canopic vases in alabaster, with royal names engraved on the outer surface, 3,700 funereal statuettes, and many other objects of interest. The position of the cave is an almost inaccessible part of the mountain, the well, thirty-six feet deep, communicating by a gallery of two hundred and fifty feet in length, with a rough-hewn chamber, and the confused state in which all these objects of veneration were found, heaped one on another, and strewn about on the ground, lead Mr. Brugsch to the very plausible inference that they had been by friendly hands collected from the various tombs and concealed in this place of safety at the time of some threatened foreign invasion.'"

UP THE NILE.

Saturday, Dec. 17th.—Of course it would not do to think of leaving Egypt without maing a trip up the Nile to see more of the valley of that wonderful river, to visit the sites of some of the ancient cities of Upper Egypt, the ruins of the remarkable temples, the colossal statues, the obelisks, the tombs of the ancient kings, and, besides, the very place whence were taken, a few months ago, the extraordinary collection of royal mummies and antiquities just described. So we readily secured tickets at a cost of eighty dollars each—that is, six of our company, M. Lefebre, Mr. Getz, Mr. Wetmore, Miss Rose, Mr. Bridges, and myself. Mr. James, Mrs. Moots, and Miss Brayman declining to accompany us, they taking leave of us previous to our setting out.

Last evening at six o'clock, we were at the Boulak station, which is some three miles from our hotel, and took the night train on the Upper Egypt Railroad as far as Assioot, some 229 miles from Cairo. We were ten hours making that distance, showing not very rapid speed, arriving at Assioot at four o'clock this morning. Some Arabs were in readiness to take charge of our baggage, and we walked down to the little Nile post steamer, where we now are. The ride per cars was not a very pleasant one, as the air was very chilly and the road dusty. As it never rains in this country, it has a very good right to be dusty. Our road followed the Nile, of course, and we passed a considerable number of villages, at many of which we stopped, and any number of groves of palm-trees; but as I know little or nothing of the villages, and not very much about about the palm-trees, it will not be necessary for me to detain you with a description of them.

Having slept little or none on the train we were quite willing to betake ourselves at once to our state-rooms, and retire to bed, where, at least, we got warm and slept some. We soon knew, by the rumbling of the engine and machinery, as well as the tremor of the boat, that we had started, and were really on our way up the Nile. But, sad to state, at nine o'clock in the morning we are moored to the east bank of the Nile, and are told that the boat has sprung a leak, and we will have to wait a few hours for another boat to arrive from Assioot. This is not a very cheering prospect for would-be Nile navigators, but we try to make the best of it, hoping all will end well. It is a beautiful morning; the chilliness of the night is gone, and the sun is as bright and the air as balmy as the first of June. The scenery along the narrow Nile valley is very pretty, with the green crops giving the country a verdant appearance, the never-ending, towering palms, with the sterile desert mountains stretching from south to north on both sides of the river, sometimes six miles back, and sometimes coming even to the river on one side. The river craft are gliding up and down, principally by sail, in what are called barges; they are rigged very different from sailing-vessels in our country; there is one moderate-sized mast, and a long yard, from thirty to forty feet in length, crosses the mast, perhaps thirty feet up, in an oblique direction, much as a well-sweep crosses the upright post, and from this long yard the single sail depends. It is a cheap style of rigging, but the sail catches the wind nicely, and takes the craft along at a fair speed, even when going up-stream against the current. They are often seen, loaded with produce of various kinds, going to market.

There is a finer kind of craft for pleasure traveling, with a deck and cabin, which also goes by sail. They will accommodate twenty passengers or more, though a few persons often charter them for private excursions. The name of them is *dahabeah*, though sometimes spelt differently. Many excursionists have gone up to the first and second cataract in this craft, and it is a pleasant way of traveling if one has a plenty of time and money.

ABOUT ANCIENT EGYPT.

While we are waiting here for the leak to be stopped, or for another boat to take us off, I will, for your benefit, draw some from Mariette-Bey's work on Egypt touching its early history, the dynasties that existed, how long ago they flourished, and some of his ideas concerning hieroglyphics. It is doubtful if I can put my time in to any better advantage. He says that all the monuments to be found up the Nile belong to that civilization which flourished on the banks of the Nile, and which, from beginning to end, used hieroglyphics as its form of writing, and that, for the interpretation and understanding of these monuments, science avails herself of three different sources. As a matter of course, the first and principal source is afforded by the monuments themselves, the undeniable witnesses and often the contemporaries of the events they relate. After them comes Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who wrote a history of Egypt in Greek; the third and last place being assigned to the Greek and Roman authors who traveled in Egypt, or who wrote about it from hearsay.

Of the monuments, he says they are at once many and various. Some are still in Egypt. Some have found their way to the museums of many other countries. It will not be necessary to make an inventory of those which have been taken out of the country, but rather be satisfied with supplying a few data upon the temples and tombs, the only monuments which the visitor to upper Egypt will meet with on his way. The ruins of cities will hardly be included in the list, for they have so completely passed away that only here and there a few shapeless mounds are to be seen.

OF TEMPLES.

A complete temple consists of the edifice properly so-called, and an *enciente*, or surrounding wall. The temple is of stone, the outer wall is of large crude bricks, and is very high and very thick. When the entrance-gate is closed, nothing whatever can be heard or seen of what is taking place inside. It would be a mistake to look upon an Egyptian temple in the light of a church, or even of a Greek temple. Here no public worship is performed; the faithful do not congregate for public prayers; indeed no one is admitted inside except the priests. The temple is a royal *proscynem*, or *ex voto*, that is, a token of piety from the king who erected it in order to deserve the favor of the gods. It is a kind of royal oratory, and nothing more. In fact, this circumstance can alone explain the profuse decorations that cover the temples. Let it be borne in mind that the principle of the decoration is the picture; that several pictures are ranged symmetrically side by side, and that several series of pictures, disposed in tiers one above the other, cover the walls of the chambers from top to bottom. Such is the invariable arrangement. As to the meaning of the pictures it is everywhere the same. The king on one side and one or more divinities on the other—such is the sole subject of the composition. The king presents an offering (a table laden with victuals, flowers, fruits, and emblems), and solicits a favor from the god. In answer the god grants the gift that is prayed for. The decorations of the temples, therefore, consists of nothing more than an act of adoration from the king repeated under every possible form. Thus the temple is the exclusively personal monument of the king by whom it was founded or decorated. Indeed, this accounts for the presence of those most invaluable battle-scenes with which the external walls of certain temples are adorned. It is to the god and to his protection that the king chiefly ascribes his victories. In fighting the enemies of Egypt, and in bringing them in chains into the temples, the king has done an act grateful to the gods, just as he has in offering them incense, flowers, and the limbs of sacrificed animals. He therein gives proof of his piety, and is all the more deserving of the favors which the construction of the temple is intended to secure.

The Egyptian temples are always dedicated to three gods. It is what Champollion calls the triad—a trinity. The first is the male principle, the second the female principle, and the third the offspring of the other two. But these three deities are blended into one. The father engenders himself in the womb of the mother, and thus becomes at once his own father and his own son. Thereby are expressed the uncreatedness and the eternity of the being who has had no beginning and who shall have no end. The similarity between this theory and that of other religions, not omitting the modern one, must be seen at a glance.

The worship consists of prayers recited within the temple in the name of the king, and above all, of processions. In these processions, which the king is supposed to head, are carried the insignia of the gods, the coffers in which their statues are inclosed, and also the sacred barks, which latter are generally deposited in the temple, to be brought out on fete days. In the middle, concealed under a veil, stands the coffer within which lies the emblem that none must see. The processions are commonly held within the temples; they generally ascend the terraces, and sometimes spread themselves inside the inclosure away from the profane gaze, as already indicated. On rare occasions the processions may be seen leaving the city and winding their way, either along the Nile or along a canal called the Sacred Canal, toward some other city more or less distant. Close to every temple is a lake. In all probability the lake played an important part in the processions, and the sacred barks were deposited there, at least while the fetes lasted.

Of the tombs, he says they are situated in the desert or on the side of a mountain more or less distant from the river. This accounts for their being relatively so well preserved. Less conspicuous than the houses of cities and the temples, they have been less exposed to devastation. . . . The decorations of the tombs are in accordance with certain laws, which vary according to the period, or according to that part of the tomb which is to be ornamented. The well, the vault, the *serdab* are always without inscription. The stone sarcophagi and the wooden coffins of the mummies are often adorned with a vast amount of texts, interspersed with illustrations. All splendor of ornamentation was reserved for the chamber of the outer building.

It is not easy to point out the precise meaning of the decorations of the tombs of the ancient empire. The defunct is evidently at home. He fishes, he hunts; his servants bring him the product of his lands; dancing is held before him; his wife and children are by his side. But was it intended to represent the deceased as still of this world? And was it the object of the representations on the wall to preserve to us the remembrance of what he was during his lifetime? Or is he already in the other world, and according to the somewhat naive promise made to the Egyptians, will he continue in that other world to lead the same sort of life he led here? We cannot discuss that question now. All we can say is that the promises of which we have just spoken are real; the departed will some day

live again in the plenitude of his faculties; he will have need of the same objects; he will occupy himself with the same interests; again will his family and his servants be by his side. But never again will he suffer pain nor be in apprehension of death. This seems to be the main idea which has presided at the decoration of the tombs under the ancient empire.

But a little later the decoration changes in its character; the defunct must prove that he had gained the immortality which is promised him, and that by his merits he had deserved it. The journey of the soul in the subterranean regions, the ordeals which it has to undergo, and its judgment are the subjects which adorn the walls of the chambers in the exterior building. No more do we behold the varied scenes of hunting and fishing, and of labor in the fields. In their place appears the mournful procession of infernal deities. The dead are represented as leading in the other world that domesticated and pastoral life which Egyptians regarded as the highest state of felicity.

Upon the subject of historical writers our author begins with Manetho, saying he was an Egyptian priest who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about the year 263 of our era, and who wrote a history of Egypt in Greek, in which he introduced a full list of all the kings who ever reigned on the banks of the Nile from the most remote period to the conquest of Alexander. This history is lost, but the lists are preserved in the works of Georgius Syncellus, a Byzantine historian of the eighth century, who had borrowed them from the Chronicle of Eusebius and from the Chronography of Julius Africanus. It is hardly necessary to point out here of what importance those lists are. If in every particular they are not fully to be relied upon, so far as the accuracy of figures is concerned which mark the duration of the different reigns and dynasties, those figures have been rearranged by the Christian authors who copied them from the original work; and, moreover, it may be surmised that the names of some kings have been changed or invented Be that as it may, if for one moment we suppose that the lists of Manetho had been entirely lost, through whom should we have become acquainted with that previous division into dynasties? and how should we even know that it ever existed? The real names revealed by the hieroglyphic inscriptions become every day more and more numerous. How should we know in what manner to classify them at all satisfactory without the lists of Manetho? Have not these lists the advantage—an advantage never sufficiently appreciated—of showing us at least a road which we may follow?

Among the sources of the history of Egypt, the royal papyrus of Zurin, if it were complete, could alone rival Manetho in importance.

Under the head of "Classical Historians," he says that such persons as may not care to go deeply into the study of Egyptology may be content to read the Second Book of Herodotus, the First Book of Diodorus, the Seventeenth Book of Strabo, and the Treatise *de Iside et Oriside*, attributed to Plutarch. He further says that had we nothing but the writings of Herodotus and of Diodorus to guide us to the study of ancient Egypt, we could certainly form but a very imperfect idea of that country. Every notion of chronology is there completely upset. For instance, Herodotus places the pyramids after Rameses, which is very much like placing Charlemagne after Louis XIV. They contain stories as ridiculous as they are impossible. One must read the histories of Egypt written before the discovery of Champollion to see into what fatal errors these two writers would involve science, were no other sources of information at hand. Strabo is more trustworthy. His "Geography" contains excellent information, with no other fault than that of being rather curtailed.

Whoever may have been the author of the Treatise on Isis and Osiris, no one can enter upon the study of the Egyptian religion without an intimate acquaintance with this book. The author has borrowed with discernment from true Egyptian sources. In this world of ours, good is incessantly struggling with evil, truth with falsehood, light with darkness, and life with death. Osiris is one of the personifications of the eternal antagonism of these two oposing principles. At one moment overthrown by Typhon—the genius of evil—Osiris dies; he revives only to fall again. Out of this antagonism and the numerous explanations and illustrations drawn from the myth the pseudo-Plutarch has woven the thread of his admirable Treatise.

THE HISTORY OF EGYPT

Commences with Menes, the founder of the monarchy, and it terminates with the Emperor Theodosius, who abolished by a decree the ancient religion of the land (381 A D). During this long period Egypt was not always mistress of her destinies. She had been conquered by the shepherds, a horde of barbarians from Asia; by the Ethiopians, by the Greeks, and by the Romans, to say nothing of partial incursions of Libyan and Arabian tribes. But all these conquerors, not even excepting the Shepherds, adopted while in Egypt the religion, the arts, language, and customs, of the conquered people, and their names figure in the official register of the king of the country.

To establish some order in the endless list of kings who reigned from the time of Menes to that of Theodosius, one generally divides them, after Manetho's method, into royal families or dynasties, and those dynasties are in their turn distinguished from each other either by the name of the favorite nation which furnished the kings, or by the name of the city which served as capital in the time of such dynasty. Thus there is the Greek dynasty, the Mephite, the Theban, etc. From Menes to Theodosius there are as many as thirty-four different dynasties. Another and a wider division has been made. Taking into consideration certain important events and certain modifications introduced into the general economy of the kingdom, the entire history of Egypt has been divided into four main stems.

1. The first comprises the first ten dynasties, and is called the Ancient Empire. The Ancient Empire belongs to a period so prodigiously remote that it is literally lost in the obscurity of ages. Its existence actually ceases before Abraham is born. The ancient empire spreads entirely over the fourth, the fifth, and part of the sixth dynasties. Before and after that all is confusion, or rather darkness. This is the age of the pyramids. It is a remarkable fact that the art of the statuary and of the sculptor reached a degree of perfection under the Ancient Empire which it was never again able to attain.

2. The second extends over those centuries that elapsed between the eleventh dynasty and the eighteenth. This is the Middle Empire. The Middle Empire had already been some time in existence when Abraham was born. Joseph is supposed to have been governor under the last king of the Middle Empire. Of the whole of this period, however, the twelfth dynasty and the shepherd kings alone need be remembered. The twelfth dynasty is made famous by the tombs of Beni Hassan. As to the shepherds or Hyksos, they give their name to the most lamentable period of Egyptian history—a period of 511 years, during which the national homogeneity is utterly broken, and Asiatic invaders lord it over the most flourishing provinces in the kingdom.

3. The third stem is called the New Empire. It commences with the eighteenth dynasty and terminates with Alexander. The most brilliant epoch in the New Empire, that of which the most frequent and glorious traces are met with during a voyage on the Nile, corresponds to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties. It is the age of Thothmes, the Amenophises, and the Rameseses. It is also the time of Moses (nineteenth dynasty). But this brilliancy was not to last, and when Shishak (twenty-second dynasty) took Jerusalem the decline of Egypt had already begun.

4. The fourth stem, to which the general name of Lower Period is given, includes the Greek dynasty founded by Alexander, and that of the Roman emperors who were kings of Egypt by the same right as Cambyses and Darius. The history of this epoch, entirely taken up as it is with a fruitless competition for the throne, possesses but a feeble interest. The traveler in Upper Egypt, however, should not pass it by, because the temples of Philæ, of Edfou, of Ombos, of Denderah, and of Esneh, that is to say, the most complete monuments which we possess of Egyptian worship, belong to the Lower Period.

A primary division of the kings of Egypt into dynasties, according to the type furnished by Manetho, and a further division of the dynasties into Ancient Empire, Middle Empire, New Empire, and Lower Period. Such, then, is the starting-point of the classification of all the temples the tourist will meet with in his journey on the Nile.

It is evident that a history of Egypt would here be well placed, and would be the very best preparation for the voyage. But it would transcend the proposed limit to even give but a brief outline of the events which procured for Egypt so wide an influence over the destinies of the ancient world.

EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY.

Under this head our author states that Egypt is surpassed by no other nation in point of antiquity. Prehistoric remains, it is true, carry us back to a much more remote period, but if we seek monuments that bear the stamp of an already refined civilization, the most ancient are certainly to be found in Egypt. But easy as it may be to believe in the traditions which assign to Egypt so prodigious an antiquity, it is equally difficult to bring forward scientific proofs of that antiquity. Records of eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, which are still wanting, could alone furnish the required testimony.

In the mean time we have no other source but the lists of Manetho and the dates inscribed on these lists. Unfortunately, disorder reigns supreme here. Not only the dates taken from Manetho are not in accordance with extracts taken from Julius Africanus and Eusebius, but we possess two versions of the Chronicle of Eusebius, the dates of which do not agree with each other. On the other hand, it too often happens that the hieroglyphs themselves furnish us with dates which contradict the duration assigned to certain reigns by the national historian. It will be easily understood, therefore, to how much error we are exposed when we wish, for example, to fix the date of the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy.

And yet, for all that, it must be admitted that the authority of Manetho, an Egyptian priest writing the history of his own country from the archives of the temples, should always carry great weight. In vain it is alleged that several of the dynasties which he cites as successive were contemporaneous. If the fact were proved we must evidently deduct from the total amount the entire duration of those dynasties which have thus grafted themselves, like so many branches, upon the main stem. But the system of contemporaneous dynasties is as yet supported by no really trustworthy proof; on the contrary, it seems certain Manetho knew that at various epochs Egypt was governed simultaneously by several dynasties, and he availed himself of the means of control at his disposal to strike out of his work all such dynasties as did not belong to the genuine series of royal houses who succeeded each other on the throne, so that the latter were alone officially enrolled in due order on the register of kings. It is true Manetho's figures have undoubtedly suffered serious alterations. But if we consider that they have come down to us through Christian writers, who had an evident interest in curtailing them, we shall see that as a matter of fact, far from ascribing too wide a range to these figures, we are bound, as fair critics, to accept them as having been systematically reduced in their total amount.

The authority, then, of Manetho as a chronologist remains unshaken, but on condition that we take the dates which he gives us as only approximate. Certain as it is that those dates are not absolutely exact, yet it is difficult to believe that they have been so radically altered as not in any degree to come near the truth. Any how, the nearer we approach the source of those alterations the more we shall feel compelled to admit that if the lists could have reached us intact from the hand of Manetho, we would find them extending over a still wider range of time.

From these remarks it will be understood that the following table of Egyptian dynasties is presented to the reader under all reserve; and it is almost superfluous to add that the simultaneous dynasties are not included here; that the dynasties are presented in the same order as in Monetho, and moreover that the dates are, with one or two exceptions, the same as those given by the national historian:

	No. of Dynasty.	Name of Dynasty.	Duration.	Date B. C.
Ancient Empire.	I	Thinite	253 years	5004
	II	Thinite	302 "	4751
	III	Memphite	214 "	4449
	IV	Memphite	284 "	4235
	V	Memphite	248 "	3951
	VI	Elephantine	203 "	3703
	VII	Memphite	70 days	
	VIII	Memphite	142 years	3500
	IX	Heracleopolite	109 "	3358
	X	Heracleopolite	185 "	3249
Middle Empire.	XI	Theban	213 "	3064
	XII	Theban		
	XIII	Theban	453 "	2851
	XIV	Xoite	184 "	2398
	XV	Shepherds	511 "	2214
	XVI	Shepherds		
	XVII	Shepherds		
New Empire.	XVIII	Theban	241 "	1703
	XIX	Theban	174 "	1462
	XX	Theban	178 "	1288
	XXI	Tanite	130 "	1110
	XXII	Bubastic	170 "	980
	XXIII	Tanite	89 "	810
	XXIV	Saite	6 "	721
	XXV	Ethiopian	50 "	715
	XXVI	Saite	138 "	665
	XXVII	Persian	121 "	527
	XXVIII	Saite	7 "	466
	XXIX	Mendesian	21 "	399
	XXX	Sebennyte	38 "	378
	XXXI	Persian	8 "	340
Lower Period.	XXXII	Macedonian	27 "	332
	XXXIII	Greek	275 "	305
	XXXIV	Roman	411 "	30

EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

Under this head Mariette-Bey remarks that Jamblichus, a writer who lived at the close of the third century, represents the Egyptians as believing in one God, unique, universal, uncreate; the author of his own being, having no beginning, existing from eternity. Jamblichus goes on to say that under this supreme deity are a number of other gods who personify his divine attributes. Thus Ammon is that hidden force in nature which brings all things to life.

The supreme intellect, in which all other intellects are summed up, is Imothis. Phtah is the creative essence which accomplishes all things with perfection and with truth. Osiris is the good and beneficent deity. If Jamblichus is a faithful recorder of Egyptian traditions, his statements would imply that, though degenerated by a belief in inferior gods personifying the qualities of the Supreme Being, a peculiar Monotheism was once the foundation of the Egyptian religion.

The monuments themselves give us some glimpses of this belief. At Tell-Amarna Aten is often styled

the One God. At Thebes and at Memphis Ammon and Phtah are clothed with the attributes of the Supreme Deity—Ammon is father to himself; he is the generating spirit from the very commencement, the twofold being, at once father and mother, and existing from all eternity.

On this foundation rests the whole edifice of the Egyptian religion. To the initiated of the sanctuary, no doubt, was reserved the knowledge of the god of the abstract, the god concealed in the unfathomable depths of his divine essence. But for the less refined adoration of the people, who required, so to speak, a palpable and a tangible god, were presented the images of the divinities sculptured on the walls of temples. Such are the ideas which thus far have been accepted by the scientific world, and the only classical authority on which the whole tradition rests is the passage in Jamblicus.

"Unfortunately," continues our author, "the more one studies the Egyptian religion, the greater becomes the doubt as to the character which must definitely be ascribed to it. The most fertile source of materials has recently been placed at our disposal by the excavations of the temples of Denderah and of Edfou. From one end to another these temples are covered with legends, and present every appearance of being two books which treat, *ex professo*, of religion generally, and more particularly of the gods to whom these temples are dedicated. But neither in these temples nor in those which were previously known to us does the one God of Jamblichus appear. If Ammon at Thebes is the 'first of the first,' if Phtah at Memphis is the father of all creation, without beginning and without end, it is because all the Egyptian gods are in turn clothed with the attributes of the Eternal. In other terms, we find everywhere deities who are immortal and uncreated; but nowhere do we find the One and invisible God, without name and without form, who presides from on high over the Egyptian Pantheon. Thus no indication to that effect is given by the temple of Denderah, the most hidden inscriptions of which have now been thoroughly examined. What we may gather from the study of this temple is that with the Egyptians the universe itself was God, and that Pantheism formed the basis of their religion. We should, therefore, feel disposed to modify in favor of this view the general ideas which we have expressed in the 'Notice du Musée' (fourth edition, p. 20). 'The theology of the Egyptians, from which Orpheus borrowed his ideas,' says Eusebius, in his Evangelical Preparation, acknowledged that the universe is God, composed of several divinities which constitute his different parts. The passage in Jamblicus must, then, give way as a classical authority to the passage in Eusebius.

"However this may be, and in whatever light we are to consider the Egyptian divinities, an equal amount of worship was not paid to them in all parts of Egypt. Ammon was adored at Thebes, Phtah at Memphis, Cnouphis at Eleptum at Elefantine, Horus at Edfou, Hathoe at Denderah, Neith at Sais, Soutekh at Tanis.

Thus Egypt was divided religiously, as well as geographically, into districts, each of which possessed its local worship, and the gods thus shared among themselves the religious government of the country. An exception, however, was made in favor of Osiris, the presiding deity of the abode of departed spirits. Osiris was the god universally worshiped, and was equally venerated in all parts of Egypt."

LANGUAGE AND WRITING.

Mariette-Bey, under this heading, says the Egyptian language is neither Semitic nor Indo-European. It is one of the principal group of languages which may be called Chamitic. The Coptic language is this same Egyptian language as it was spoken in the second or third century of our era, when it was used to express Christian ideas.

There are still many persons who firmly believe that hieroglyphs are nothing but a series of riddles which, when taken collectively, form a sort of illustrated rebus, to be guessed at; and it must be confessed that this error is encouraged by the most classical writers. "The right hand open, with extended fingers," says Diodorus Siculus, "represented the desire of acquaintance; the left hand closed, the grasping and keeping of property." "To express hatred," says Plutarch, "they depict a fish." At Sais, in the vestibule of the temple of Minerva, there were engraved a child, an old man, a hawk, a fish, and a hippopotamus. Evidently they were so many symbols which meant, "O ye who are entering upon life, and ye who are ready to quit it, God hates impudence, arrogance, pride of heart, and self-sufficiency." Thus the entrance into life is expressed by a child, death by an old man, divinity by a hawk, hatred by a fish, because of the sea, and impudence by a hippopotamus. "A vulture signifies nature," says Ammianus Marcillinus. "Why? Because the king is the director of his people, whom he ought to be able to check by his gentleness at the same time he incites them."

These traditions are not entirely without foundation. A fish is pronounced *betu*, and betu means evil, an abomination. The bee is pronounced *sekhet*, and designates the sovereignty over Lower Egypt. If the temples of Minerva at Sais belonged to the Lower Period, it may be that in accordance with the *maniéré* spirit of the times, and regardless of all grammatical connection, they wrote a child, an old man, a hawk, a fisb, a hippopotamus, for what would thus be rendered, "O child, O old man, the divinity holds all evil in abomination" (the hippopotamus being considered a typhonian animal). Strictly speaking, therefore, Diodorus, Plutarch, and Ammianus Marcellinus do not lead us into absolute error. But what is false is at once the point from whence they start, and the conclusion at which they arrive. Because the Egyptians once made a play upon words with child, old man, etc., it does not follow that this sort of riddle should be the universal rule of all hieroglyphic writings. The authors quoted seemed to have no idea that hieroglyphic writing could be alphabetical, and they have helped to keep up this error until the present time.

The discovery of Champollion, however, has dispelled these errors. Hieroglyphic writing is not enigmatical; it is read and pronounced just as Hebrew or Syriac are pronounced, and possesses an alphabet of its own.

The chief instrument of the success of Champollion's discovery is the monument known throughout the world as the Rosetta Stone. The Rosetta Stone is a fragment of a stela discovered in the year 1799 by M. Boussard, a French artillery officer, while digging entrenchments round a town of that name. It contains a copy of a decree made by the priests of Egypt assembled at Memphis in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanus. This decree is engraved on the stone in three languages, or rather in three different writings. The first is the hieroglyphic, the grand old writings of the monuments; the second is the demotic character as used by the people; and the third is Greek. But the text in Greek character is the translation of the two former. Up to this time hieroglyphics had remained an impenetrable mystery even for science. But a corner of the veil was about to be lifted; in proceeding from the known to the unknown, the sense, at all events, was at length to be arrived at of that mysterious writing which had so long defied all the efforts of science. Many erudite scholars tried to solve the mystery, and Young, among others, very nearly brought his researches to a satisfactory issue. But it was Champollion's happy lot to succeed in entirely tearing away the veil. Such is the Rosetta Stone, which thus became the instrument of one of the grandest discoveries which do honor to the nineteenth century.

Thanks to this discovery, we are now in a position to affirm that hieroglyphic writing is not an idle play upon words. It is scarcely more complex or more difficult to read than any other writing. When once one can accustom oneself to an *a* in an eagle, a *b* in a human leg, a *c* in a bolt, etc, the difficulties are overcome. What has so many years distracted attention from the true meaning of the hieroglyphics is somewhat singular selection of the forms adopted to represent the letters of the alphabet. *A priori*, it was natural to imagine that this singular medley of representations of animals and of ordinary objects could only be taken figuratively; and as a certain halo of mystery had always enshrouded all things pertaining to ancient Egypt, it was quite natural to believe that under these symbols the priests concealed their religious mysteries. But now the veil has been rent assunder, and hieroglyphic writing has become not much more difficult to decipher than any other Eastern character.

In consequence or the nature of the signs of which hieroglyphic writing is composed, it can be written either in vertical or horizontal lines. In examining a hieroglyphic text it will be easily observed that all the heads of animals or of man are turned in the same direction. It is from that side toward which the heads are turned that the inscription begins. Consequently, according to the desire of the scribe, the hieroglyphics could be disposed in such a manner as to be read either from left to right or from right to left.

In a hieroglyphic inscription there are some signs which should be pronounced, and some which should not be pronounced. The former are much the more numerous; they include, in the first place, such signs as are purely alphabetical. The alphabet itself contains twenty-four letters; but there are several different forms for the *a*, several for the *b*, etc. In the second place, they include syllable signs; thus a chessboard has its own, *men;* an upright vase is pronounced *hes*. In the third place, they include the ideal sounds; a lion is represented by a lion, a horse by a horse, etc. And in the fourth place they include symbolic signs; that is to say, such as are diverted from their true meaning in order to symbolize an ideal; thus the vulture signifies *mother;* the cubit represents *justice*, etc.

The signs not to be pronounced are the expletives, which are used to call the attention of the reader to the text or the meaning of the word they accompany. Nor are the very numerous signs which Champollion has called *determinatives* to be pronounced either. Thus, after all names of quadrupeds the scribe draws a character which represents the *tail of a quadruped;* all such words as refer to speech, to thought, to affection, or anything an emotion of the soul, are sometimes followed by the figure of *a man putting his hand to his mouth;* a man in *a crouching position raising one arm*, etc. The crouching man, the man placing his hand on his mouth, and the tail of the quadruped are signs which are not pronounced; but the presence of these signs points out that the word which precedes them is either a proper noun or a word expressing a sentiment or the name of a quadruped, etc.

Such, then, is the construction of hieroglyphic writing in its principal features. At first sight it seems complicated, but in reality the use of the determinatives affords great help, and however obscure or mysterious a hieroglyphic text may appear, it is certainly by no means more difficult to decipher than a Hebrew text, nor does its translation require so great an effort of mind as that of a passage of Chinese. We must not forget to add that the task of interpreting hieroglyphic texts is facilitated by the fact that the Coptic tongue is derived from the language which lies hidden under the ancient Egyptian writing. And this Coptic tongue, whose connection with the old language can easily be traced, has a vocabulary and a grammar well known to scholars, and, although justly reckoned among the dead languages, it continues to live in its literature. It should be remembered that when the Egyptian language became merged into Coptic it had already greatly degenerated, so that the Coptic language represents the language of the demotic character rather than that of the hieroglyphic.

On the decorations of the temples the same author says they consist of sculptured pictures, and that these pictures are arranged side by side, and several rows one above the other, in such a manner as cover the walls in a symmetrical manner from top to bottom. They are also arranged in a uniform plan; the king on one side, the divinity on the other, with the accompanying texts arranged in the same order; on the side of the king, his names and a few titles in accordance with the offerings made, and then the words which the king is supposed to pronounce. On the side of the divinity, his name and titles, and an answer wherein gifts are conceded proportionate to the offering.

On the subject of *cartouches*, the author says it is impossible to travel in Upper Egypt without knowing what is meant by the term *cartouche;* it is an elongated oval terminated by a straight line, which is to be seen on every wall of the Egyptian temples, and of which other monuments also afford numerous examples. The cartouche always contains the name of a king or of a queen, and in some cases of royal princesses. To designate a king there are most frequently two cartouches side by side. The first is called the *prenomen*, the second the *nomen*. The prenomen cartouche is usually preceded by the title of king of *Upper and Lower Egypt*, and the nomen cartouche by the title of *Son of the Sun*. The cartouches fix the date of the temple.

The representatives of the different dynasties are as follows:

4. The pyramids.
4 and 5. Sakkarah pyramids, etc.
12. Beni Hassan, Necropolis of Abydos.
13. Necropolis of Abydos.
18, 19, and 20. Temples and monuments of Thebes.
22. The wall of the Bubastites at Karnac.
25. The small temple of Sebascon on the north side of Karnac.
26. The columns of Karnac and Luxor.
27. The Hammal Rocks.
32. The gateway of Elefantine. The granite sanctuary at Karnac.
33. The Ptolemies at Denderah, at Erment, at Esneh, at Ombas, and Philæ.
34. The Roman emperors at Denderah, and at Esneh. Those omitted have no antiquities representing them. Those which have left the most are the fourth, the twelfth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth.

"There is no need," he says, "to enlarge upon the importance of the monuments that cover the banks of the Nile. They are the witnesses of Egypt's former greatness, and, so to speak, the patents of ancient nobility. They represent in the eyes of strangers the tattered pages of the archives of one of the most glorious nations of the world."

Six o'clock P. M.—Well, I must tell you that the engineer and assistants on the steamer applied themselves to stopping the leak, and succeeded so well that by the time the other steamer arrived which had been sent for, it was concluded that it could go on and make the trip. Accordingly, in the afternoon, we were again under headway, steaming along up stream at the rate of four or five miles an hour. The steamer is of English build, but has not a powerful engine, so that, stemming against the strong current of the river, we do not go very fast, but we have a good opportunity for noting the scenery along the banks of the river. We passed several small towns, made mostly of sun-dried bricks, and not presenting a very attractive appearance. At some of the towns we halted, and at some not.

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Christians at Work.

There are probably no more religious people in the world than the peasantry of Russia. They own allegiance to the Greek church, which is a little further behind the age, if possible, than the Roman Catholic. The peasantry believe in the priests absolutely, doing exactly as they say in nearly all things, temporal as well as spiritual. As a consequence, they are ignorant, superstitious, brutal, cruel, easily fired to deeds of fanaticism when called upon in the name of their church and God. In the sixteenth century the Roman Catholics persecuted to the extent of their power the Jews in Spain and Portugal, and in this the nineteenth the Greek Catholics are doing the same to the Jews in Russia. Almost every day brings the news of some fresh outrage upon these people "chosen of God." The scenes which disgraced the middle ages hav been reënacted by these Greek Christians with a devilishness horrible to read. The despotic character of the government, the ignorance and besotted condition of the people, hav made it hard to get at the facts in the case, but at last some light has been thrown upon the scene by the correspondents of the London *Times*. The record reads like an account of the Duke of Alva's campaigns, and it is difficult to believe that such things can take place in this age. Russia is a country that has religion and nothing else, and religion alone does very little to ameliorate the condition of a people.

During the past eight months a tract of country, equal in area to the British Isles and France combined, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, has been the scene of horrors that hav hitherto only been perpetrated in the dark ages. Men ruthlessly murdered, tender infants dashed to death or roasted alive in their own homes, married women the prey of a brutal lust that has often caused their death, and young girls violated in the sight of their relativs by soldiers who should hav been the guardians of their honor—these hav been the deeds with which the Christian population of southern Russia has been stained since last April. In the face of these horrors, loss of property is of little moment, yet they hav been accompanied by the razing of whole streets inhabited by Jews, by the systematic firing of the Jewish quarters of towns in western Russia, and by the pillage of all the property on which thousands of Jewish families were dependent for existence.

In addition to all this, many Russian towns hav heartlessly seized the occasion to expel from their limits crowds of Jews who hav been left by this inhuman and deliberate measure homeless amid masses infuriated against them. And during these scenes of carnage and pillage the local authorities hav stood by with folded arms, doing little or nothing to prevent their occurrence and recurrence and allowing the ignorant priest-ridden peasantry to remain up to this day under the impression that a ukase existed ordering the property of the Jews to be handed over to their fellow-Russians. So far from publicly expressing reprobation of these outrages, the minister has issued an edict clearly betraying that the Russians authorities fully share the prejudice of the mob and contemplate adding to the burdens and inequalities which hav been the direct cause of the religious fanaticism that has led to these disorders

Ever since the German anti-Semitics had raised an outcry against their Jewish fellow-citizens, it has been feared that the movement would spread to Russia, and there take a form more adapted to the less civilized and more Christian state of the country. When, therefore, the assassination of the czar on March 3d of last year had aroused all Russia to the highest pitch of excitement, it was confidently predicted that the approaching Easter would see an outbreak against the Jews. On Wednesday, April 27th, the dreaded outbreak took place. A religious dispute in a cabaret led to a scuffle which grew into a general mêlée till the mob obtained possession of the dram-shop and rifled it of its contents. Inflamed by the drink thus obtained, the rioters proceeded to the Jewish quarter and commenced a systematic destruction of the Jewish shops and warehouses. At first some attempt was made by the Jews to protect their property; but this only served to increase the violence of the mob, which proceeded to attack the dwellings of the Jews and to wreck the synagogs. Amid the horrors that ensued a Jew lost his wife, and no fewer than thirty Jewesses were outraged. At one place two girls, in dread of violation, threw themselvs from the windows. One section of the mob, formed of rioters and soldiers, broke into the dwelling of an old man named Pelikoff, and on his attempting to save his daughter from a fate worse than death, they threw him down from the roof, while twenty soldiers proceeded to work their will on his unfortunate daughter. When seen by the correspondent who narrates this fact, Pelikoff was in a state of hopeless madness and his daughter completely ruined in mind and body. The whole Jewish quarter was at the mercy of the mob till April 29th. During the two days of the riots five hundred houses and one hundred shops were destroyed, whole streets being razed to the ground. It may be added that the property destroyed and stolen was reckoned at two million rubles.

After a week's pause a whole series of riots broke out, commencing on May 7th, at Smielo, near Czergassy, where thirteen men were killed and twenty wounded, and 1,600 were left without homes. Next day, Sunday, May 8th, a most serious riot broke out at Kiew, once the capital of Russia and still an important town, containing 20,000 Jews in a population of 140,000. Here the riot had been definitly announced for Sunday, and the Jews sent a deputation to the governor requesting him to call out his soldiers to prevent disturbance. He piously refused, saying that he would not "trouble his soldiers for the sake of a pack of Jews." During the riot which broke out on the day fixed the police and the soldiers again acted the same part that they had been done at Elizabethgrad. The first procedure of the mob had been to storm the dram shops, and staving in the brandy casks, to wallow in the spirits. During the period of license that followed four Jews were killed, twenty-five women and girls were violated, of whom five hav died in consequence, as was proved at the subsequent trials. At one house the mob, disappointed in the search for plunder, caught up a little child three years old and brutally threw it out of the window. No less than 2,000 Jews were left without shelter by the dismantling or the burning of their houses.

Next day similar scenes of violence occurred at Browary, in the neighborhood of Kiew, in the province of Czernigow. On the same day still more disgraceful deeds were enacted at Berezowka, in the province of Cherson. While the Jews of the village were at synagog a mob attacked the Jewesses and violated many of them, causing the death of three; others who escaped the worse evil were driven into the river and nine ultimately died from the effects of the exposure. When the Jews came to the rescue two of them were killed and a young lad stoned to death.

The neighborhood of Kiew was again visited on the next day, May 10th, at Konotop and at Wassilkow. At both places the attacks had ben planned; at the former wooden crosses were placed before the doors of Christians that their houses might be spared, while at the latter the day of riot had been announced and the report diligently spread about that the czar had given the property of the Jews away. At Wassilkow and in the neighborhood eight lives were lost, seven at one fell swoop at the inn kept by a Jew, who was forced to admit the mob to his wine cellars, and, during his absence in search of assistance, the drunken rioters cut the throats of his wife and six children.

By this time the chief towns and villages of southern Russia were ablaze with violence and riot. Throughout the whole of the provinces of Cherson, Taurida, Ekaterinoslav, Poltawa, Kiew, Czernigow, and Podolia the notion had spread fast as wildfire that the Jews and their property had been handed over to the tender mercies of the populace. At Alexandrowk, on the banks of the Dnieper, the operativs carried out what they thought to be the will of the czar, on May 13th, rendering 300 out of the 400 Jewish families of the place homeless, and destroying property to the amount of nearly 400,000 rubles.

Up to this time the riots had chiefly risen among the urban populations, but they now spread into the rural districts and reached every little village where even a single Jew resided. A Jew was murdered at Rasdory, a few miles southeast of Orjechow, and at Znamenka, near Nikopol, on the Dnieper, a Jewish inn-keeper named Resser was murdered and his wife dishonored, after which both were cast into the river. At Balka, also on the bank of the Dnieper, there was only one Jew, Allowioz by name. A band of ruffians went to his house on May 17th, and finding him absent they violated his wife, and, to conceal the crime, set fire to the house while the poor woman lay helpless in it. All this was witnessed by her little daughter, crouched in a ditch hard by. On the preceding day another tragedy had occurred at Kitzkis, where the house of one Preskoff was set on fire, and he with two little children left to roast in it, while wife and mother looked on, vainly appealing for mercy to the ruffianly perpetrators of the crime. At Gregoriewk a Jewish inn-keeper named Rieffman was cooped in one of his own barrels and cast into the Dnieper. Again at Kanzeropol a man named Enman was murdered brutally and his wife violated and afterward killed. Such were the Christian deeds that were done on the bank of the Dnieper during the month of May.

Meantime the seaport Odessa had likewise been the scene of an anti-Jewish riot. Originally announced for May 13th, it was postponed till the Sunday, May 15th, without, however, any precautions being taken by the governor, who had as usual been duly warned of the impending outbreak. Though only lasting for six hours, the riot resulted in the death of a Jew named Handelmann, and eleven cases of violation are reported, one resulting in death. Here the Jews seemed to hav been most energetic in their resistance. Of the 800 arrests made, 150 were Jews, twenty-six of whom were afterward charged with carrying revolvers without a permit. The police estimated the damage done at 1,137,831 rubles, while those immediately concerned raised the sum to 3,000,000. Similar scenes took place on the same day at Wolwezysk on the borders, where a riot had been announced for the Sunday. A week afterward the lower orders of Berdyozew rose against the Jews, and on May 24th a riotous disturbance occurred at Zmerinka, in Podolia.

The contagion spread as far as Saratow in early June, from thence to Astrakhan, and even reached a town near Tomsk, in Siberia, and caused an anti-Jewish riot there. The only bright spot in all this gloom was the condition of Poland, where Jews and Poles hav always lived in amity. This continued till General Ignatieff directed the governor of Poland to appoint commissions of experts to consider how the Jews should be dealt with, to which fact persons on the spot attribute the rise of anti-Jewish feeling that culminated in the Warsaw riots. But outside of Poland these outbursts of popular prejudice placed a population of nearly two millions in perpetual dread of their lives and property. At times they dared not remove their clothes night or day, fearing that they might hav to flee at any moment. Ever since last April that feeling of fear and insecurity has ruled the lives of all Russian Jews.

Not a month, scarcely a week, has passed since then without some outbreak or other occurring to confirm these fears and render them the more acute. After the Saratow affair, on June 8th, in which thirty Jews were wounded, there was a comparativ lull in the more violent forms of outrage. But early in July the neighborhood of Kiew and the banks of the Dnieper were once more visited by scenes which recall the horrors of the middle ages. On Sunday, the 12th, open rioting took place at Perejaslaw, which was characterized by the fact that the mob were led to the attack by the sons of the merchant of the district. Commercial rivalry adding its sting to religious and social differences, the struggle was here of a more violent nature than usual, and, while thirty of the mob were wounded, no less than two hundred of the Jews received serious injuries at the hands of their neighbors, and three died in consequence; one hundred and seventy-six houses were destroyed, some by fire. At Borispol, on July 21st, scenes occurred during the riots worthy of the worst days of the Commune. Women made their appearance on the scene as assailants, and added to its horrors. During the rioting they encouraged their friends on to the fight, and were seen to assist them to violate the Jewesses of the village by holding down the unfortunate creatures.

The month of August saw riots at Njezin on the 2d, at Lubny on the 8th, at Borzny on the 18th, and at Itchny on the 28th. If September was comparativly free from disorders, the cessation must be attributed rather to the needs of the harvest than to the quieting of the popular mind. Early in October the mob attacked the Jews of Balwierzski, in the government of Suwalki. October 3d was the Day of Atonement, the most sacred day of the Hebrew calender, and the mob took the occasion to destroy the synagog and wreck the Jewish quarter, where one Jew was killed and twenty wounded. Even as late as November the myth of the spoliatian ukase imposed upon the peasantry. On the 15th of that month a band of a hundred peasants at Czarwona, near Zitomir, pillaged the property of the Jews under that pretext. Lastly, to show the excitable state of the popular mind, the Sarah Bernhardt riots at Kiew on November 18th, and at Odessa on November 27th, proved that a mere suspicion that the actress was a Jewess was sufficient to arouse once more the fury of the mob, and cause them again to attack the Jewish quarter of those towns.

Besides appealing to the blind passions of the mob, the Jew-haters of Russia hav during the past year resorted to more systematic efforts to harass the hapless Israelites. The Russian Moujik has a method almost peculiar to himself of expressing his rage and hatred. Moscow is but the most celebrated instance of periods of Russian history when incendiarism has been the order of the day. Whenever the fever point of excitement is reached, arson is usually the direction in which it overflows. So well is this recognized in Russia that the peasants hav a technical name for the deliberate firing of towns; the "red cock" is said to crow. During the past year this method of revenge has been resorted to on a large scale against the Jews of Russia, especially in the west. By the end of June the "red cock" had crowed over fifteen towns in western Russia, including Mohilew, containing 25,000 inhabitants, and Witebsk, with 23,000, and Slonim, with 20,000.

Many thousands of Jews were rendered homeless by this means, and on July 3d 6,000 Jews lost their homes by fire at Minsk, 4,800 being deprived of every means of subsistence at the same time. The town of Pinsk, in the same province, suffered a like fate. And shortly afterward a conflagration took place at Koretz, in Wolhynia, in which thirty lives were lost, and 5,000 souls left without a home. Every week added to the number of fires in towns inhabited by Jews, till by the end of September the list extended to forty-one towns. This probably involved the loss of home to 20,000 Jews.

To the mass of homeless and penniless creatures in southern Russia must be added the many victims of pillage. The violence of the mobs often wrecked whole streets of houses as completely as any fire, and we know of 2,000 who were thus rendered homeless at Kiew, 1,600 at Smielo, 1,000 at Konotop, 600 at Ouchow, and 300 at Obuchow. The value of property destroyed in the South has been reckoned to reach $80,000,000.

It is possible that an aggregate of a hundred thousand Jewish families has thus been reduced to poverty. The ranks of the ruined were increased by those who dared not apply for their just debts, while in many cases the peasantry hav deliberately "boycotted" the Jews. It must be further remembered that in several places the Jews anticipated riots by evacuating their homes; thus, near Perejaslaw, after the riot at that place, no fewer than seventeen villages in the neighborhood were deserted by the Jews, and the same doubtless took place in other localities. Men hav fled from the villages in which they hav resided all their lives. Even after the events of Kiew the Jews of the neighborhood, fearing the spread of the disorder, crowded at the rate of one hundred families a day into the town which had so lately shown itself hostil. Others fled toward the border, and during the summer months a camp of refugees in the open air, at Podwoloczyska, contained no less than 1,500 souls, including children of the tenderest age. A few, who still possessed other means, attempted to flee across the frontier, but many were stopped. Of 5,000 who managed to reach Brody, on the Austrian border, in a perfectly helpless state, 2,000 still remain there, huddled in cellars.

Religious fanaticism and race hatred are at the bottom of all these outrages. Priests mingled with the mob and incited them in the name of the "Savior" the Jews are supposed to hav crucified over eighteen hundred years ago. It has been supposed that the world was too far advanced to ever hav further religious persecutions that took the shape of fire and sword, but it seems it is not so. It is only those countries which are Liberal that are free. The spirit of Christianity remains the same, and unless restrained is liable to break out and desolate the land in which it holds sway.

Reception to Mr. Bennett.

We are pleased to see that the Western Liberals are making preparations to giv Mr. Bennett a grand reception on his arrival at San Francisco, which is expected on the 21st or thereabouts of this month. With this object in view, the committee has issued the following circular, which tells the story in ringing terms:

ALL FOR THE NOBLE CAUSE.

To the Liberals of the Pacific Coast, Individually and Collectivly:

The undersigned, an executiv committee appointed by auxiliary Liberal League 190, of the National Liberal League, to make preparations to tender an ovation to Mr. D. M. Bennett, respectfully address you on this matter of vital importance to our noble cause.

You are aware that the bigots and fanatics hav tracked Mr. Bennett with a merciless persecution; that they finally, by decoy letter, through their vile tool, Anthony Comstock, had him arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. You are aware that the notorious and infamous trinity of Benedict, Colgate, and Comstock reveled in this triumph of their devilish ingenuity and deadly hate. They thought that the penitentiary would be Mr. Bennett's grave, and that, entombed with him in that grave, would lie the fearless TRUTH SEEKER and the great publishing house he had built up for the destruction of superstition.

You are aware that Mr. Bennett survived his tortures and torturers; that he was received, upon his release, with the greatest honors in a great public demonstration in New York. This demonstration, and the largest petition ever sent to Washington praying for his release, while yet a prisoner at Albany, are evidences of his innocence, of the justness and nobleness of the cause for which he suffered, and the deep public appreciation of the man. You are aware that the Liberals of the United States sent him to Europe; that he returned, and again the Liberals sent him on his Around-the-World tour. He is coming back to us, and will, from best accounts, arrive in this city some time in April, via China and Japau.

Never in human history has there been a more noble display of friendship and fidelity than the Liberals of America, Canada, and England manifested toward Mr. Bennett during his persecution, trial, and imprisonment, and never did man more worthily deserve this friendship and fidelity. He has stood up boldly and bravely for the sacred cause of mental liberty and for civil and religious liberty, and he has bravely and boldly hurled defiance at the bigots and fanatics who sought not only the destruction of his property, but even of his life, by swearing it away, and incarcerating him in the bastile at Albany. With what fortitude and heroism did this venerable sage endure this merciless imprisonment! With what devotion and unselfishness did the Liberals of America stand by him to the bitter end, never failing, never flinching, in their touching, beautiful, and heroic devotion. Glorious triumph of the man and the men who could thus do and dare for truth and liberty.

You remember the plaudits of true and loyal souls that greeted Mr. Bennett as he departed by the Atlantic! Let true and loyal souls greet him as he returns by the Pacific! Let us unite as one man to giv him a hearty and hospitable welcome. Let us open our hearts and purses to giv him a Pacific coast welcome that will ring along and across the continent, that will be glad music to his ears as he journeys, after his long and perilous travels, to the sanctum made sacred to us by his sufferings and sorrows.

To this end we specially invite you to co-operate with us. If you can come possibly to take part in the ovation, do so. If you cannot, confer with us by letter, and aid us financially to the best of your ability. Act promptly, act with the fires of liberty burning in your heart, as they burned in the hearts of the Revolutionary fathers of precious memory. Let us be united, let us show the bigots and fanatics they cannot, and shall not, wreck the lives of the heroic men who are fighting our battles at the front. All true lovers of civil and religious liberty, whether Freethinkers, Jews, Christians, or others, must unite solidly to prevent any and all encroachments of the church upon the state, must unite to oppress and defeat all special legislation like that carried through by Comstock's Society for the (alleged) Suppression of Vice, but really for the extermination of Freethought publications, or such special legislation as now attempts to enforce a Christian Sabbath upon the people of California. Dangers threaten the republic. The arrest and imprisonment of D. M. Bennett was a blow at the rights of every citizen who dares to express his honest convictions as becomes an American and a freeman, who has too much pride and manhood to bow to bigots, or believe in organized superstition, based upon immaculate frauds. We must be united, we must carry on the conflict against superstition with unflinching courage; we must triumph, for in that triumph is the perpetuity, peace, and prosperity of the republic, and the final happiness of the human family. Keep the sacred fires of liberty burning all along the line.

BYRON ADONIS, DR. J. D. MCLENNAN,
A. BERENZ, SR., DR. G. C. HOADLEY,
J. L. YORK, JOHN R. KELSO,
PHILIP COWEN.

Address all letters to Mr. Byron Adonis, Cor. Sec. A. L. L. 190, 615 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

The surplus fund, if any, will be donated, with willing heart, to Mr. Bennett, to aid him in shotting that magnificent instrument for the destruction of frauds and myths theological—THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The public press will advise you as to the exact date of the arrival of "the old man eloquent," the gallant old hero who has never flinched his duty in sunshine or in storm.

Extensiv preparations are being made to giv Mr. Bennett a splendid and enthusiastic reception at all important points along his triumphant march. COMMITTEE.

San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1882.

Regarding the same our venerable friend, the Boston *Investigator*, says:

We understand that the Liberals of San Francisco, Cal., will giv Mr. D. M. Bennett, of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, a public reception on his reaching that city from his travels. What a commentary on the persecuting efforts of Mr. Comstock! They hav rebounded to the interest of Mr. Bennett more abundantly than even his most sanguin friends could hav expected. Some of his Christian friends sagaciously predicted that prosecuting an Infidel would not pay, and probably they are now convinced of it.

The Bennett Reception in California.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was honored to-day by the receipt of a letter from the gallant old Christ of the invincible army of Freethinkers. The letter is dated Colombo, Ceylon, Feb. 20, 1882, and is forwarded via Yokohama. Mr. Bennett expected to remain on "the island of charming tropical delight" until March 2d, when he was to take the steamer for Singapore, and possibly Shanghai, and then Yokohama. He expects to reach this city the latter part of this month. Mr. Bennett writes in a cheerful, buoyant mood, and it is apparent that this revolving globe agrees with him. It is his intention to lecture upon his arrival in the United States, and will make a friendly call upon all his true and tried friends when it is possible to do so.

We are activly at work to giv him an ovation worthy of the cause, and a real spirit of enthusiasm pervades our ranks. Auxiliary Liberal League 190 has issued a ringing appeal to the Liberals of this coast. We hav mailed a thousand copies throughout the interior, and sent a number to leading Liberals and Leagues at the East. Another thousand hav been distributed throughout the city and surrounding towns.

I am in receipt of several letters from the country, all of which indicate a hearty desire to coöperate with us in the celebration. Among them are letters from intelligent women, and several ladies hav called to make inquiries about Mr. Bennett. They are zealous advocates of Freethought and warm admirers of the old hero.

A large number of letters from all parts of the country for Mr. Bennett are already in my care, and "still they come." The enthusiasm for him is widespread. Well he deserves it. He has fought heroically against the bigots. We must stand by him, as we hav ever stood, unflinchingly. We are pushing the enemy to the wall. It is only a question of time until triumphant victory is ours.

BYRON ADONIS.

San Francisco, Cal., April 3, 1882.

T. B. WAKEMAN is under the doctor's charge temporarily, which accounts for the non-appearance of his lectures this week. We sincerely trust his illness will be very short, for the Liberals of New York hardly know how to spare him even for a day.

Round the World.

The first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" has now been mailed to the subscribers to the fund. We are glad to announce that the first edition has nearly all been subscribed for, and that we shall hav to issue a second shortly. Since the list of names was stereotyped we hav received many new ones. They all wished to be enrolled, but it was too late for the first edition, and to accommodate them and many others we hav concluded to put them in the second edition of the first volume, and also open a list of subscribers to appear in the second volume. This will giv all an opportunity who may wish it, and also aid in paying expenses. The volumes will be sold separately for $2 per volume, and the three for $5 if taken before the volumes are completed. We would very much like a larger list to greet the traveler with on his return home. The books will be very cheap at $5—much cheaper than any other publisher would get them out.

The additional volume of course increases the expense of publishing by a third, and we need many more names, with the "V's," to meet the cost.

The following is the list of subscribers who hav sent in the $5, and the amount will be acknowledged in the dedication of the second volume. We shall see the list grow with great pleasure:

Anderson, R. J.		
Baker, R. F.	Bennett, John	Buford, P. G.
Barber, B. W.	Berls, Herman	Burgess, J.
Barlow, C. A.	Berrian, Mrs. H.	Burr, Chas.
Bell, Addison A.	Brander, Wm.	
Cervantes, A. L. [2 shares.]	Clark, Maggie	Colwell, Frank
Corliss, E. S.		
Dahinden, Jacob, Jr.	Davies, J.	Dutton, Jerome
Farr, Clinton		
Gano, H.	Gardner, A. L.	Giles, E. M.
Green, W. F.		
Haigh, Wm. Henry	Hess, Joseph	Hoxter, W. D.
Haley, J. H.	Holt, J. O.	Hubbard, R.
Hawes, C. L.	Hope, Peter	
Jones, L. M. & J. L.		
Karch, Henry B.	Kenck, Chris.	Kimball, Murray
Ladd, Sherman W.	Lawrence, Chas. B.	Loomi, N.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood, L. C.	
Malster, A. O.	Maxfield, John	Merledge, Wm. H.
Metcalf John	Miller, C. N.	
Noble, Wm. J.		
Power, Mark	Pugh John	
Quick, Simon		
Richmond, A. K.		
Sabine, Mrs. Emma A.	Smith, J. T.	Stewart, M. F.
Sheradin, Mary A.	Snyder, C. K.	Stutton, David
Sloan, H. E.	Stansfield, Geo.	Stuart, Granville
Smith, Asa B.	Sterling, C. S.	
Truesdell, W. H.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Wallace, O. M.	West, John	Wood, Enos
Watson, H. R.	Williams, H. S.	Wood, J. W.
Wright, S. G., M.D.		
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

The Freethought Missionary.

Mr. Bennett has been preaching the gospel of truth, as he sees it, to the Indians. He has delivered, by invitation, ten lectures, all to large audiences, and one to an audience of between three and four thousand. All but one of his lectures hav been to people who do not understand the English language, and he has had to hav them interpreted into Singalese as he delivered them. The Buddhist priests are delighted with them, and most of them will be printed in the nativ language to use as missionary documents. Mr. Bennett has taken in a radius of several hundred miles in his lectures, including Ceylon, Colombo, Kandy, Pandura, and Galli, in some of which places he has spoken twice. He has been treated like a prince by the learned nativs, who paid his hotel bills, railroad fare to the different towns, carriage hire, etc., and did everything in their power to honor him. He has had a grand time, and his visit will be long remembered by both them and him.

On March 3d he left Galli, Ceylon, for Singapore. He contemplated a short detour into Java before going to China. He expects to reach San Francisco in the latter part of this month.

WE learn from the *Investigator* that ElizurWright has recovered. Good for him! May his last sickness be a thousand years away!

T. C. LELAND'S address is 744 Broadway, *not* 144.

COL. INGERSOLL will lecture next Sunday evening, the 16th, at the Academy of Music, this city, on "Talmagian Theology."

AGAIN it becomes our solemn duty to chronicle in our news column the death of a minister of the gospel while in the act of breaking the bread of life to his hungering flock. When the pulpit becomes no longer a protection to a preacher from the wrath which breaks out occasionally without any warning or apparent cause, it is about time for believers to begin to ask in what calling and in what place a man may reasonably consider himself safe.

Communications.

Beating their Mother.

"Benjamin Franklin, writing to Thomas Paine, urging him not to publish the 'Age of Reason,' said to him: 'You are probably indebted to religion for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank among our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.' The pertinency of this argument as against Paine cannot fail to be seen by any one. And it is equally applicable to the modern apostles of Infidelity and their more noisy and offensiv followers.

"What Franklin advised Paine not to do is what the advocates of Infidelity of all shades of ability and attainment are busily engaged in doing. They are beating their mother. To Christianity do they owe all that distinguishes them from heathen. Blot out all that Christianity has done for the education, civilization, and elevation of mankind, within the last eighteen centuries, and what of intelligence, good order, development of the forces of nature and human happiness would remain?" "B."

The above scrap was sent by a pious friend, who, I presume, thinks she has scored not only one but one hundred for Christianity and against Infidelity. But every educated Liberal will tell her that the whole thing is a complete tissue of falsehoods! It opens with an assertion that has been refuted over and over again by critics, scholars, and historians all through the land. Benjamin Franklin knew nothing about Paine's "Age of Reason," for he died years before it was written, and consequently he could not hav spoken of it one way or the other. As to Paine "beating his mother" by speaking of the Christian church as he did, he is emphatically "not guilty," for Christianity is not the parent of good deeds or of good men. Christianity is not the "mother" of education, civilization, or the elevation of mankind. She has always done her level best to keep the world in ignorance and barbarism. She knows that the more science, philosophy, or common sense a people hav the less belief they hav in the supernatural, and the less are they molded by other people's ideas and influences. "To be as little children" has been the great ambition of the Christian. To hav all beliefs and creeds made ready to hand, and only just be asked to swallow them precisely as a child unquestionably swallows all its parents teach it, is "Christian civilization" and Christian piety. The church has fought against every invention, every progressiv movement, every step toward the elevation of woman and the general education of the masses. It was only as each reform or invention became popular, and the general demand for it grew to be an imperativ necessity, that it was cautiously and grudgingly adopted and advocated by the church; and then just as soon as she was compelled to suffer a reformatory movement to be in accordance with Christian belief and the holy scriptures, she at once claimed to hav originated and given it birth and to hav fostered it in her bosom.

But the real works she did giv birth to as a mother she denies as being her legitimate children. Among these stands first and foremost persecution for opinion's sake, wars, murders, and bloodshed for holy ends and purposes; two hundred thousand crusaders sacrificed by their "mother" in the vain attempt to get back the holy sepulcher, which after all was only a figment of the imagination and had no real existence; nine millions of her own children, believers in her as a true mother, murdered by her for witchcraft. The church has incited and allowed her children to murder each other in wars, riots, and homicides at the rate of 100,000,000 people every hundred years. And only to-day I read that Europe givs thirty-three cents per capita for education, and 108.84 cents per head for war, to aid Christians to murder Christians.

Christian civilization licenses bar-rooms, brothels, and gambling hells. It allows professional thieves, who steal whenever they hav an opportunity to run loose all over the land and prey upon the industry of honest citizens; permits strong men to murder, abuse, and torture helpless women and innocent children. It makes the husband and father lord and master over the women and children, and, through its god-book, robs one-half of the race of ninety-nine-hundredths of its rights and privileges. It taxes them without representation and teaches them to hug the chains that fetter them. Go among the Chinese and the Japanese and you will find many virtues much more developed than even in our boasted land of Christian civilization. It is the same in all places and among all peoples. Some will hav one virtue or set of virtues, and some another; and equally so with vices. But Christian civilization has them all, or nearly all, in their fulness. If education, freedom, and enlightenment foster the good, they also giv wider scope for the evil. Mere belief has but little to do in civilizing. The gods and religions of a nation are only reflected images of the minds and hearts of that nation. A war-like nation breeds the religion of Moses and the patriarchs. A peaceful nation fosters a religion of love, tenderness, and humanity. As the world grows older peace triumphs over war, and therefore the religion of the New Testament far surpasses that of the Old, and even this improved theology has been having new meanings put into it year by year as civilization has passed onward and upward, leaving it in the rear.

You Protestants are the last ones who should talk of "beating mothers." Who deals harder blows on a mother than you do on yours—on the Catholic mother church—the church that claimed as its own all the Christian fathers; the church that gave you your god-books, creeds, and rites and ceremonies, and even your gods and devils? Aye, all your stock in trade you inherit from her, and yet you never let pass a single opportunity to beat and stone her. Try again, my friend, and see if thee cannot make out a little better case; one that has at least a semblance of reasonable truth for its foundation. One thing is sure, goodness is its own reward. To be good, to do good, to believe in good is a blessing.

"Every seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by."

ELMINA.

Essential to Liberal Growth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I desire to impress on Liberals one or two things of more importance than all our strictures on the Bible and Christianity, than all our arguments from nature or art, toward the propagandism of our cause. It is the need of introduction in our common schools of a few lessons in logic, and especially that part connected with the detection of fallacies. If this were united to some lessons on a few articles in literature, such as Smith's "Bentham on Fallacies" and Macaulay's Southey "Colloquies on Society," these lessons would be forever impressed on the mind. The wonderful awkwardness of most people in considering a subject is unaccountable. People think they can reason crookedly and yet conclude correctly; that reasoning is of no importance; that a creed, for instance, may be true, yet founded on falsehoods; that a party may be right though upholding nothing but wrong. Reason has nothing to do with conclusions among nearly all of us. This must be from a defectiv education. Years are spent over the art of getting the right word in the right place, or the right letter; not one day in all the years of schooling is devoted to the art of detecting falsehood from truth; of reading critically. Children are asked to "read that sentence and show where the letters are misplaced or wanting," or, "read it and show what words are inaccurate," and are drilled over such things for years. Never in the whole course of their education are they asked to read such a sentence or article and see if it is self-contradictory or false in any way.

If our Liberal friends everywhere would exert themselvs toward this matter, and some publisher would get up a small school-book teaching the art of detecting fallacies, and giving a few illustrations by articles such as Smith's and Macaulay's, gradually a mighty work could be accomplished. READER.

Lecture Field Notes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A world of news can be gathered in one's journeys if the traveler is not too busy in studies, sight-seeing, reading, speaking almost every night. Just now I find myself penning these few items in New Lisbon, Wis., where I am in the midst of a course of lectures. The preachers duly warned their people last Sunday against attending the Infidel meetings. The godly ones obeyed implicitly. It is a wonder that we secure as good audiences as we do when the efforts by the superstitious to prevent people from hearing are taken into account.

After having given ten lectures in Escanaba, Mich., J. H. Stanley, a veteran Freethinker of Gravesville, Wis., furnished hall and abiding-place in Chilton, Wis., where I gave a half dozen lectures to as enthusiastic audiences as I ever met, composed mainly of German turners. Our home was with Dr. La Count and wife, both of whom are Liberal and progressiv. Their daughter is a fine pianist, and a great deal of music was a part of our Chilton feast.

The town is almost entirely Catholic; two large Catholic churches; no Protestant. The priest, Father Larrigan, is more broad-minded than the generality of Protestant ministers. On Sunday I went to hear him. He gave his congregation a refreshing scolding because they neglected to bring wood for the "house of God." It appeared to me that I never saw a man who enjoyed the application of the cat-o'-nine-tails more than he did the rebukes which he showered upon the heads of his helpless victims. He had them. They could not "jaw back." For twenty minutes or more he reveled in his juicy feast of that prospectiv dry wood. It was a dry subject, but the reverend father made it interesting. He read off a long list of delinquents who had failed to come to time on the wood question, and wound up with the blood-curdling information that those who would not bring wood that week should not obtain absolution.

Then he attacked the congregation in general; told them to their faces that they were a niggardly set. No man in the crowded edifice dared to dispute the allegation. "Last Sunday," he said, "the collection amounted to only forty cents," the Sunday before a few cents more.

Freethinkers do better than that. When collections were taken up, which are the only religious exercises we ever hav, sometimes as much as eight dollars were contributed by one-twentieth of the number that donated forty cents; in all, forty dollars nearly. But there is this difference: the collections in the Catholic church are only the "strippings." The poor people, from fear of fire in a world to come, impoverish themselvs to build grand temples dedicated to an almighty task master in heaven. They pay rent for pews. It is pay, pay at almost every turn, like a tourist among a swarm of Niagara hack-drivers.

My Infidel friend, J. H. Stanley, wrote me that Chilton is a "Catholic nest," and that I might consider myself fortunate to get off with a "whole hide." As the saints of God are not quite as ferocious as they used to be—Infidelity has tamed them—I had no misgivings. Eggs were talked of, but as they were too dear to throw by a people who could only raise forty cents for the Lord—I contributed one-quarter of that myself to pay for the pew I occupied—I felt comparativly safe even in a "Catholic nest," and was treated with far more politeness by the Catholics than I hav often been by Protestants.

Since leaving there Mr. Stanley writes me, "Your lectures hav had a good effect, and will hav a tendency to set people thinking, especially the younger class. All our Liberal Germans were so well pleased with the lectures that they would not take anything for the use of the hall, which I expected to pay for.

The names of a few of them I will giv, for I consider this a good plan to make the Liberals all over the country acquainted with each other: R. Schliehting, L. Schneider, Henry Rollman, F. R Gutheil, Charles Menig, William Paulsen, A. J. Haussen, Julius Find, Harmon Whipperman.

My next lecture point was Fox Lake, Wis. J. H. Williams was an activ friend in securing the course. He is a great admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the numbers of which he preserves as sacredly as a Christian does his Bible.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss made a portion of our stay very pleasant.

Dr. Hawse and wife were attendants and supporters of the series of lectures.

Here resides the editor and publisher of the Fox Lake *Representative*, Mr. Hotchkiss, a paper which has been often quoted by the Liberal press.

The people generally of Fox Lake are a conservativ class, and are easily startled at a radical statement. Fox Lake is connected with the main railroad route by a two miles' track, the cars of which are run by horse-power. This may hav something to do with the general behind-the-times air of the town.

I found a few specimens of that oddest sort of all Liberals, wealthy and indifferent as to whether people believe fact or fiction. They count themselvs Liberal, when the fact is they are only indifferent. Their favorit expression is, "I am willin' everybody should believe to suit himself. I don't care a d—n what folks believe."

You will generally find such "Liberals" consistent; that is, they subscribe for no Liberal paper, and pay not one cent to sustain a course of lectures in their dead-and-alive town. More than that, they boast of it. Examin the curiosity a little further and you will discover that this same pseudo-Liberal pays from $25 to $100 a year on his wife's or daughter's church account. He is so generous that he neglects himself and his own intellectual needs. I do not say "wants," for he wants no more intellectual development than he has. Lecturers and editors who hav spent years in scientific studies and experiments can teach him nothing, and he takes very good care that they shall not. W. F. JAMIESON.

Albion, Mich.

Taxation, Capital Punishment, and Prayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A bill to tax church property in this state (Wisconsin) has been defeated by our legislature, which is to be regretted.

The Senate voted to restore capital punishment, but the House defeated their project, for which it is entitled to the thanks of the people.

There was great rejoicing all over the country at the conviction of Guiteau, and a speedy hanging is demanded. Ropes hav been sent to Washington to hang him with. Many jokes are cracked at his expense. Some papers speak of its being in bad taste. Would not the word brutal be more appropriate? Orthodox Christians seem to take the lead in their bloodthirstings in the matter, which may not be very strange, as their religion was born, nurtured, and reared in blood; in fact has waded in rivers of blood ever since it has had an existence—is essentially a blood theology. Guiteau's history is a natural outgrowth of his religion. He is constitutionally a religious fanatic. His life training has been in the inspiration theory. He is a firm believer in it, and claims that he was inspired to remove the president under such pressure that he had no power of resistance. In this he only voices the common sentiment.

President Arthur said in his proclamation that "God had removed from us our beloved President," and the pulpit re-echoes it all over the country. This is exactly Guiteau's theory, and if true, why hang Guiteau? If the principal is to escape the gallows, and the agent or instrument to be hung, why not hang the pistol? that was the instrument that did the work.

If the doctrin of inspiration is true, Guiteau has just as good a right, and is just as likely, to be inspired as Moses, Abraham, Peter, Paul, or Freeman. We hear no complaints about Moses's indiscriminate slaughter of thousands by command of God. Abraham is honored with the title of "Faithful Abraham," "the Father of the Faithful" for offering up his son Isaac. Freeman was sent to an insane asylum, Guiteau is to be hung, and what is to be done with Myers, who offered up his son a sacrifice to God by shooting him? Consistency is getting to be a lost jewel.

Then there is the efficacy of prayer theory, which thinking people are beginning to question. After the president was shot all the praying people went down on their knees for two months in prayer for his recovery. But their God was dumb as an oyster and as stubborn as a mule, and paid no attention to their pleading.

When Garfield's doctors announced that he was convalescent, and that it was only a matter of time when he would fully recover, they boastfully said, "See what prayer can do." But after he died, all they could say was, "Well, God knows best." If he knows best in one case, he must in all cases. Therefore it would seem to be a wise thing to let him alone, let him hav his own way, and stop this everlasting teasing. In my humble opinion, there is not efficacy enough in all the prayers ever offered on earth to sprout a potato or giv a starving man a crust of bread. E. B. ROUNDS.

Eureka, Wis., March 31, 1882.

The Three Persons in One.

The following facts in regard to the origin of the mysterious godhead are of interest in these days when they are liable to be lost sight of in the distance:

In the "History of the Christian Church from its First Establishment to the Present Time," compiled from the works of Dr. G. Gregory by Martin Ruter, D D., published by Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry st., New York (Carlton & Porter had charge of the Methodist Book Concern as agents of the Methodist church), page 72, is the following: "The first general council was called by Constantine, A.D. 325, at Nice in Bithynia. In this council Jesus Christ was declared to be of the same essence with the father." Same page, "Another council, which was held at Constantinople in the year 383, added to that of the Nicene council more precise terms to express the divinity of the Holy Ghost." Page 73, "In this council the Homousian doctrin, or consubstantiality of the three persons in the godhead, was declared a fundamental article of the Christian faith." Page 110, "The fourth general council, assembled at Chalcedon in 451, asserted the doctrin of two distinct natures in one person united in Christ, without any change, mixture, or confusion." Page 120, "In the year 553 a general council at Constantinople fully acknowledged the decrees of the four preceding general councils." Page 142, "At a general council convened at Constantinople in 680 the creed that two wills and two operations were existent in Jesus Christ was finally determined."

In the "Ecclesiastical History from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Rev. Wm. Palmer, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford, page 35, these words occur: "The first Œcumenical Synod assembled at Nice in Bithynia, A.D. 325. And the Christian faith was declared in that celebrated Nicene creed, which has ever since been received as the rule of faith by all Christian churches. In this creed it was professed that Christ is 'of the same substance' (homousion) with the father, *i.e.*, of the same *real godhead*." Page 41, "The second Œcumenical Synod was at Constantinople in A.D. 381. On this occasion the Nicene creed was enlarged, in order to express the belief of Christians that the Holy Ghost is truly God." Page 43, "The third Œcumenical Synod, held at Ephesus A.D. 431, decided the doctrin of the union of the divine and human natures in the one person of the Lord Jesus." Page 44, "The fourth Œcumenical Synod of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, established the true and sound doctrin that in our Lord Jesus Christ there are two perfect and distinct natures, the godhead and manhood, united in one person, without mixture, change, or confusion." Page 45, "The fifth Œcumenical Synod at Constantinople, A.D. 553, approved all the doctrins of the four preceding Œcumenical synods." Page 46, "The doctrin of two perfect natures, each possessed of all its distinctiv capacities and faculties, two wills the divine and human, was asserted by the sixth Œcumenical Synod, held in Constantinople A.D. 680."

Church Taxation in Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was pleased to note in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 18th Mr. Green's kind notice of our efforts in the cause of justice, as connected with the subject of church taxation. From my knowledge of the members of our state legislature, I am satisfied that the majority of the members believe as we do upon the abstract question. It was more than we expected, however, that they would do the right thing and brave the prejudice of the church. I heard members express themselvs in this wise, "Personally I believe churches ought to be taxed, but the great majority of my constituents do not, and I deem it but just to represent my people rather than my personal views." The agitation is not over by a long way, as these tender-footed legislators will find; and they will also find that they hav constituents who will demand justice at their hands in the future. Means will be taken to advise

the people of this state of the members who did right and those who did the other thing on this question, as they may become candidates at future elections.

The new tax law passed at the late special legislativ session was framed by a commission of five persons appointed for the purpose. This commission asked for a public expression on the subject of church taxation. There were at once eight thousand names on petitions in favor, and scarcely any on the other side, not to exceed two or three hundred. And yet in the face of this expression that they had themselves asked for, Mr. John Moore, of Saginaw, and Charles A. Kent, of Detroit, both members of the tax commission, took occasion to pettifog their personal prejudices before the legislature in favor of continuing the pauper exemption.

Of the whole number of petitioners, over 2,000 were from this city. The credit of sending in this large number is largely due to Mr. Edward Chope, Mr. C. Schulenburg, and Dr. W. R. Merwin, of the local committee.

It is seldom that the legislature of Michigan is approached by petition by so many names on any subject. We shall pick our flints and try again. S. B. McCracken.

Detroit, March 20, 1882.

A Test for Spiritual Mediums.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir*: At the State Convention of Spiritualists and Liberals lately held at Ionia, Mich., F. D. Lacy in giving a short address stated some of his objections to what appeared to him to be the mysticisms of Spiritualism. He though that the "clairvoyants" of medical profession assumed more in their newspaper advertisments than they were able to substantiate, and that their treatment was a farce and a growing imposition well calculated to dupe that class of the community more subject to the miraculous than to good sense; that it is not uncommon to meet with those who assume to treat by spiritual aid, who scarcely know a muscle from an artery, and when under the "influence" are not any wiser, and that such impostors claim to read letters without unsealing, and giv medical advice from a lock of hair, a glove, or an old kerchief; that from the knowledge he possessed of such things he could regard them as no less than impostors; and that if they were such the sooner they were discountenanced the better for the world; that such things were tinctured too much of ancient miracles to be a good healthy doctrin to promulgate; but that if they had reached another strata of thought beyond where he had fathomed, and these mysterious things were facts made to appear illusiv because of not being understood, then, as he was a seeker for truth and an ardent lover of scientific investigation, he very much desired some satisfactory test of Spiritualism to sustain what at present he must necessarily reject. He therefore presented an envelop which he said contained a slip of paper with a few words written upon it, and desired to giv one hundred dollars for the benefit of the society when they would procure a clairvoyant who would read the words inclosed without unsealing or mutilating the envelop; and in addition to this sacrifice he would espouse their cause and would henceforth promulgate their views.

As there were none to accept his generous proposition it is still lefe as a standing offer for all time or until some one is able to accomplish the phenomenon.

I would advise the Spiritualists to spare no pains to demonstrate to the world, if in their power, their ability to comply with Mr. Lacy's request, and thereby establish that fact; or if unable to do so, let them frankly acknowledge some of their nefarious impositions slung upon the public.

A Truth Seeker.

Wilson and Comstock.

In a recent issue we chronicled the fact that Comstock had begun suit against Mr. Wilson for defamation of character. That the suit is entirely malicious, no one who knows the two men can doubt. In the Brooklyn *Eagle* Mr. Wilson makes the following statement of the case:

"Now," said Mr. Wilson: "Mr. Comstock had written a libelous letter to over a thousand of my patients. Each patient brought me a copy of that letter, together with a copy of a letter sent to Mr. Comstock in reply. These were patients of mine who had been cured by my appliances. Feeling that Mr. Comstock had deeply injured me in the eyes of the public, I immediately applied to Messrs. Howe & Hummell and presented the libelous letter to them. They decided that it was a criminal libel, and forthwith made application to Judge Solon Smith at the Jefferson Market police court, and he, upon the face of the letter, admitted that the letter was libelous and granted an order of arrest thereupon. We sought for Anthony Comstock several times at his office, and were told that he had gone into the country and would not return for a week. I, myself, was told at the entrance to his office that he had been in the office a few minutes before, hence my order of arrest. I offered $100 reward for the discovery of his whereabouts, and had him arrested in a room above his own office. He was taken to Jefferson Market police court, and by Justice Solon Smith, the same judge who had granted the warrant, ordered to find bail for his appearance. Said bail was given to the amount of five hundred dollars. No more was heard of the matter for three weeks, when I received a notice to be at the Jefferson Market police court for a hearing. I attended, with between fifty and sixty witnesses, so that a special room had to be set apart for their accommodation. These were patients who had been cured by my appliances and had this letter from Anthony Comstock. It was decided by Judge Smith that the case should be handed over to the district attorney to prosecute on behalf of the people, and that I should receive notice in due time when a hearing should be had. In the mean time I applied to a celebrated lawyer in New York, who wrote to the district attorney, to Judge Smith, and to Mr. Tenny, of Brooklyn, Comstock's attorney, for a copy of the brief and information connected with the business, and we were to be notified when another hearing was to be had. My attorney, Mr. Dawson, went with me to the police court in the interim, and we were told by the officer in attendance that Judge Smith had gone into the country and would not be back for a week, and as the case was in his hands nothing would be done until his return. Yet only two days after this I received a letter from Judge Smith, intimating that the case had been heard and settled. The next I heard of the matter was that Anthony Comstock had been honorably acquitted. Feeling aggrieved that such a proceeding could occur in America, I wrote in the columns of the Brooklyn *Eagle* an explanation of the whole affair. I then applied to my attorney, Mr. Dawson, who prepared papers for a new action against Anthony Comstock; but by the advice of my personal friends I allowed the matter to rest, waiting my time for other evidence against him. At the present moment I hav such papers in my possession. I several times offered, through the columns of the press, a sum of $5,000 to Anthony Comstock if he could show he had received a letter from any one complaining of me, and yet he, in his present action, has dared to state that I had abandoned the action against him. This I hav not done. He has been the cause of a loss to me of over $30,000. This can be proved by my books. I hav the best of the faculty of Brooklyn and New York in my favor. Dr. O'Brien, of the Hospital for Incurables, on Blackwell's Island, will testify in favor of my appliances, which Anthony Comstock attempted to disregard by his letter.

"'The milk in the cocoanut' is simply this: I had given Mrs. Chase $100 to prosecute the inquiry at Washington into Anthony Comstock's conduct in other matters. It was for this alone that he dared to assail *me*. The facts are that Mr. Comstock was not in Jefferson Market police court five minutes, and the case was not called on the next day, and not until three weeks afterward, when I appeared with my fifty or sixty witnesses. The fact is, I only want justice done me."

What I Don't Believe.

PART II.—NO. 73.

839. I cannot think that Jesus spoke the truth if he said, "These signs shall follow those that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." It is the easiest thing in the world to prove the falsity of this claim. There are between two and three hundred millions of Christians in the world who believe in Jesus, and there is not one of them who could handle cobras and other poisonous serpents; who could swallow prussic acid, corrosive sublimate, cyanide of potassia, strychnine, and hundreds of other deadly poisons without thereby being poisoned. They would kill the pope of Rome, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal McClosky, Howard Crosby, Joe Cook, or Dwight L. Moody just as quick as Charles Bradlaugh, Robert G. Ingersoll, or a believer in Brahma, Buddha, or Mohammed. It is the most arrant falsehood to claim anything of the kind, and as a proof of it there is not a Christian, however great his faith in Jesus may be, who would dare to test the matter and let me prepare the dose.

840. As a prophet Jesus can hardly be called a success. On more than one occasion he said that before some of those standing around him should see death or taste death, he would make his second coming and be seen in the clouds of heaven in great splendor and glory. What has been the fulfillment of this prophecy? Not only has every person who has lived on the earth at the time he uttered it tasted death, but eighteen hundred years have passed away, hundreds and thousands of millions of people have been born and lived and died, and nothing of the kind which he predicted has ever taken place. Judging by the past, we have good reason to believe that eighteen hundred years more will pass away, and many times that amount on the top of it, before that prophecy will be fulfilled.

841. It does not seem fair in Jesus, unless he wished to befog the minds of his hearers, that he should speak to them in parables and riddles which they could not comprehend, and which, judging from some of his remarks, he did not wish them to comprehend. In the fourth gospel especially there is much so metaphysical and obscure that it has hardly been properly understood even down to this day. It was not so with the ancient sages whom I have mentioned; they taught in such plain, simple language that two meanings could hardly be given to it. With Jesus some of his teachings have no apparent meaning, while others are susceptible of two or three meanings.

842. When Jesus approached the hour of death he did not show that fearlessness of the grim monarch that many pagan heroes before him showed. Although death was to be the gateway through which he was to pass to reach the regions of bliss, the only avenue by which he could gain the celestial sphere, he exhibited a great amount of dread and cowardice as the king of terrors approached him. In the garden of Gethsemane his fear and trepidation arose to such hight that he is said to have actually sweat great drops of blood; while on the cross, although an hour or so only separated him from the arms of his heavenly father, for whom he had such great love, he seems to have given himself up entirely to fear and despair. He groaned out in the greatest terror, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani," My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me. We have no account of any of the old pagan sages dying in such utter horror and fear. How different from the way in which old Socrates died, who was just as wrongly sentenced to death as Jesus was. He conversed cheerfully with those around him; he heaved no sighs, uttered no groans, showed no fear; but when the hour arrived he calmly took the poison cup, quaffed it without trepidation, and lay down and died like a man; he did not howl like a frightened god.

843. There are many other passages in the teaching and actions of Jesus which are very open to criticism, but I think I have alluded to enough of them to show conclusively that in the domain of moral and personal bravery he did not equal those old heroes who preceded him by five hundred or a thousand years. Possibly the hearing of the abject state of mind in which Jesus found himself before his taking off is what caused his followers to show such terrible fear when they approach the hour of death. If their master was so afraid to die, perhaps they conclude they have some reason to be so themselves.

844. I cannot think that Jesus was a person of any literary attainments. We have no account of his ever reading any book, magazine, newspaper, or manuscript of any kind. If he ever wrote anything there is no account that anybody ever saw it. It is certain that nothing from his hand was transmitted to the generations that succeeded him. We have no grounds for the opinion that he had what is called "book learning," of any kind.

845. There is no ground for thinking he was a scientific sort of man. He made no pretensions to mathematics, he never mentioned astronomy, he knew nothing of geology, he showed no knowledge of chemistry, he was undoubtedly ignorant of biology, physiology, anatomy, mineralogy, natural history, botany, the laws of matter and force, of pneumatics, hydrostatics, or any of the kindred subjects. About all the knowledge he seemed to have was about devels and religious superstitions, which the more a man has of the worse off he is.

846. It is difficult to see that he gave any new truths to the world, any new inventions, anything calculated to do mankind good, to enable them to overcome the obstacles in nature, either in agriculture, mechanics, or social life. He taught no better means of tilling the soil, securing good crops, improving the breeds of horses and cattle. He gave no new hints in mechanism or machinery. Though he was a carpenter's stepson and had good reason to know what hard work it is to shove the jack plane all day, yet he got up no planing, mortising, or matching machine, or anything of the kind, when he should have known how much those things were needed by his fellow-carpenters. He seems to never have done so much as to invent a patent churn, a clothes-wringer, or a patent mouse-trap. What a fine thing it would have been for the world had he been able to anticipate Watts, Fulton, and Stephenson in building the steam engine, the steamboat, the railway, etc. How gratifying it would have been had he imported some new ideas in these branches; what a good thing it would have been if he had invented a reaping machine, mowing machine, or a good improved plow. But he did nothing of the kind. Probably he had no ability or inclination in that direction. He even did not invent a new church, a sewing machine, or even a mouse-trap.

847. He seems to have known nothing of philosophy of any kind, save it be the philosophy of devils, of evil beings, of everlasting furnaces and lakes of fire, in which to submerge his fellow human beings forever. As millions of the human race look to him for guidance and instruction, what a pity that he had not a greater share of useful, practical information, which would do the world some good, and a great deal less about devils and hell, which are not of the slightest benefit to anybody.

Resolutions

PASSED BY THE PATERSON LIBERAL LEAGUE, IN MEMORY OF CAMPBELL WILSON, DECEASED.

Whereas, Campbell Wilson is no more. A good man has been taken from us. Death has claimed its own; but the example of his life will liv forever, for he lived for the good of his race, and all that was good had his earnest approbation and support. He was charitable to a fault, giving of his slender means to everything brought to his notice which in his judgment was noble of purpose and which had a tendency to benefit those who needed help. And in the death of our esteemed friend society has lost a good citizen, a wise counselor, and his family a good husband and father, a sympathizing friend. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy brother, Campbell Wilson, we mourn the loss of one who was at all times an activ and earnest member, giving of his time and means bountifully for the propagation of universal mental and religious liberty and the emancipation of the masses from the tyranny of concentrated wealth. Extending our sympathy to the bereaved wife and daughter, relativs and friends, we can only say that we venerate his noble life and manly deeds, remembering that in the midst of life we are in death.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to The Truth Seeker of New York and the Boston *Investigator*, and a copy of each be sent to the family of deceased. John Warr, Sec.

Henry Rose,
Jno. J. Haviland,
John Warr,
} Committee.

Book Notice.

I hav received Vol. I. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and am "powerfully pleased" with it. It is a larger and nicer book than I had anticipated, and is more profusely illustrated, and the pictures are of a better style and quality. Every one who sends in $5 for the three volumes will be sure to get more than double the worth of their investment. The trip has been very enjoyable to us all, but to go over the ground anew, and in one grand instalment with no break-offs, is another treat few of us would be willing to miss.

The letters are biographical, historical, descriptiv, entertaining, Infidelic, and Bennettish; and can one giv them greater praise or better recommendation? Roll in the "fives," then, brothers and sisters, and let full coffers and glory-wreaths greet our wanderer as he returns to his Truth Seeker home after all these long weeks of absence, during which he has so faithfully used his eyes, brain, and muscle for our benefit and the benefit of all human kind

"Who are the great?
They who hav boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas and lands unknown before;
Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun and weighed each distant star;
Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth;
Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,
And given new beauty to the human form;
Wakened the voice of reason, and unfurled
The page of truthful knowledge to the world;
They who hav toiled and studied for mankind,
Around each slumbering faculty of mind,
Taught us a thousand blessings to create—
These are the nobly great!"

Elmina D. Slenker.

We hav for sale the lithograph likenesses of the three representativ Freethinkers of America—Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll. With a frame, which can be purchased at slight expense from any picture-frame maker, they form an ornament that would adorn the walls of any home. The three together cost $2; singly, Paine, $1; Bennett and Ingersoll 50 cents each.

Letters from Friends.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., March 20, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Round-the-World books. Yours truly, JOHN METCALF.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April 3, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$5 for trip Round-the-World, and $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Respectfully, MARK POWERS.

NUGENT'S GROVE, IOWA, April 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World fund, if not too late. JOHN PUGH.
["Never too late" is a good saying, and fits the case exactly.—ED. T. S.]

ELDON, IOWA, April 3, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World books. I was opposed to his going, but am willing to help bring him back. Am very late, perhaps too late for the star; however, since the old dragon got so many, I can do without any. My "V" should hav been along sooner, but hav to borrow now at eight per cent. R. HUBBARD.

AURORA, DAK., April 3, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: The Catholics and Protestants hav been oppressing me for the last fifteen years. They picked me up for a triumph. Let it be known that I am an Infidel, and that the Infidels hav the triumph.
Yours truly, CHAS. MCLEAN.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., March 25, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Bennett is expected to arrive in California next month. We shall try and hav him giv one or more lectures in Sacramento on his way home. J. L. York is lecturing here now to good houses, and is very highly appreciated by many. N. D. GOODELL.

PAOLA, KAN., March 23, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER and help carry on your deviltry to as great an extent as possible. I like to read those devilish letters from that devilish holy land. As "Holy Writ" says there were many little devils in that holy land, I wish Mr. Bennett would bring us a sample of the kind that was cast out of Mary Magdalene if they are not extinct. Yours, W. A. LOWE.

BALTIMORE, MD., March 27, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I hav read over the letter of Wm. W. Scholes in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and your reply. Well, I must say that, in my estimation, you hav demolished him. Why is it that when a person "gets religion," especially among the Methodists, he immediately gets possessed with the notion that everybody else other than Christians is going to hell? Let everybody mind their own business, and every tub stand on its own bottom, I say.
Yours truly, C. GARWOOD.

BIG CREEK, N. Y., March 30, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I see that the pilgrim got baptized in the river Jordan, and that it came very near being the "cross over" to him. Had he been drowned would not the good Christians, so called, hav thought it a just dispensation of divine providence truly? But as he finally, like Jonah, was landed on dry ground again, the other gentleman, the devil, must hav held the reins at the time, which it seems to me was the best end of the bargain, as is often the case.
Well, I hope and trust that the pilgrim will be permitted to once more reach his beloved American home and many friends. JULIA C. FRANKLIN.

LOWELL, NEB., March 27, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I write you and our Liberal friends in general. I must say that Liberalism is spreading fast and growing stronger every day. I was through a portion of Colorado last winter, and wherever I stopped I found lots of Liberal friends. I hav Lucy N. Churchill's badge pin. I must say that it was a great help to me in my travels.
We expect to organize an auxiliary to the National Liberal League this summer. If we are successful I will write later. Please send Kersey Graves's "Bible of Bibles," for which find inclosed $2, and oblige a friend. Yours truly, EDDIE E. CARPENTER.

ETNA MILLS, CAL., March 23, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I am no newspaper correspondent, and this is the first time in my life that I undertook to write to a paper. However preposterous it may sound to you, I hope, nevertheless, you will favor me with its publication. I always deplore my own unfitness for correspondence when I see some of our local press of this coast favoring so much the Christian elephant. There are many valiant TRUTH SEEKER correspondents on the Pacific Coast, though none seem to be aware of the necessity of fighting that big religious monster at home. My Liberal friend, E. W. Fitzner, of Nevada City, seems to be the only one who has the courage to face the lion in its own den. He is always on the alert. I find these three letters, "E. W. F.," signed to opposition arguments in a great many of our coast papers. Would some of the able writers to THE TRUTH SEEKER take the same ground, and make a bold front at the Christian devil, the semi-religious press would soon learn to comprehend our rights. Ever since I became acquainted with the valiant TRUTH SEEKER, through that most outspoken Liberal friend of mine, and through a great many books he sent me since—always accompanied by an encouraging letter—I hav for myself learned to contradict any Christian assertion made in my presence, and hav become convinced of the easiness of upsetting any and all Christian follies that are afloat. All Liberal papers and books that I receive are, after read, put out right away on mission work, and you know, through the subscription list I hav sent in, how much good it has done in so short a time. Formerly, Infidelity was only known by name in this place, while now we number quite a respectable little army. Let every Liberal become more outspoken and aggressiv, and Christians will soon not only learn to respect us—they will also lay down their arms before our invincible force. Yours truly, A. A. LANPHER.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that there are various opinions expressed, pro and con, in regard to the origin, present, and future of mankind, and, with your permission, I will express my opinion. As we are not all similarly organized, it cannot be supposed that we should all view things in the same light; and by looking into the same mirror each will behold a dissimilar likeness, and each may build upon the same foundation, and his superstructure will be to suit his individual ideal. Now, to carry out Liberal ideas, each upon a general foundation has a claim according to his capacity and importance in the building. There are many members in the body; some are comely, and some are uncomely; yet one member cannot say to another, "I hav no need of you," for all are necessary to the body. It would take much time and space to carry out my ideas from the premises laid down, therefore I can giv out a few hints for the present purpose. As to the origin of the animal called Adam, I will only refer you to the opinion of Darwin, upon which I stand. And then take Adam as a representativ animal structure of humanity. I take the ground that God is a scientific principle, from which all things material, moral, or intellectual are derived, thus laying the foundation from which I propose to pen a few thoughts. And, as you will observe, in order to form the superstructure called man, or the first Adam, or animal in the shape of man, it was first necessary to form the elements of his nature, moral as well as animal, which God did do according to his animal nature, as is plainly seen throughout the history of the acts of the people, as laid down in the Old Testament. As a consummation of the first Adam, it is recorded that God finished his work on the seventh day and rested. As to how long it took him I hav no means of knowing; it is said, however, to be six days, but how long the days were I cannot tell. It is recorded that he commenced at the beginning. I hav no proof when that was. But I think when he got through he must hav been weary, as he took one day to rest; also his organ of combativness must hav been excited, being the commandment of so many bloody wars. But he pronounced his work good (I suppose it was good of the kind), it reflected his image. But it would appear that after God had well rested himself, and in contemplation of his work he had not yet caused it to rain upon the earth, therefore there was no mental moisture, and of course his man was incapacitated and could not till the ground. Thus God through the shadow of his female likeness (progressiv intelligence) was made to repent that he had made the man, and gave him up to his animal excesses, and he was overwhelmed by them (as per account of the great flood).

Thus came the end of the first man, Adam. Except from the dust of the ground (or the same animal in the shape of drunken Noah) God the male by the assistance of the female better half, the shadow of reason, now called the Lord God, taking a companion, formed another man, having now the assistance of the female likeness breathed into his nostrils the breath of life (moral). And thus you will observe we hav another beginning, as recorded in St. John i, 1, "In the beginning was the word," signifying declaration, promis, and the word was with God, that is, female assistant, the breath of life; in other words, the conception and the word was God, or will be in the future, when man becomes a living soul, and has the likeness of the female god reason, thereby controling all his animal propensities or excesses. And now the controling principle is the word, or Jesus.

Now this man Jesus, the tiller of the ground (animal) is an improvement, though imperfect. He exhibits a degree of morality and liberality, but is rigidly sectarian and uncharitable, must leave all and follow him. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man, the tiller of the ground, Jesus, and he proclaimed himself the son of man, and also the son of God, which he was in the animal, and also a moral capacity, but not in an intellectual capacity, he did his best as to dressing the garden into which he was put. And there went a river (moral sentiment) out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads, representing the four leading Christian sects of the present day, or the sources from which they are nourished. But Jesus being so positiv, sectarian, and uncharitable, and came not to bring peace but a sword, and so ready for denouncing and combating that his enemies crucified him and put him to death, supposing they had made an end of him and his doctrin. But he had so impressed his followers that they handed down his sayings from generation to generation; that there came a time when they succeeded in getting up the myth of his resurrection and ascension, and his coming again in the future near at hand, to take vengeance on all his enemies. And this impossibility is carried down to this day. And now his professed followers, being greatly weakened by science, being in a deep sleep, God proposes to make a helpmeet for him, which helpmeet is to be brought to him in the shape of representation by woman's ballot, and as the great majority of church-members are women, and they are looking every day more and more favorable at the fruit (the ballot) of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which stands now in the midst with the subtle, deceptiv, beastly principle in their bosoms, carrying them on to splendor and to power. And thus will animal prevail, and we shall see God in the Constitution, the Bible in our schools, and our liberties in every sense of the word downtrodden, perhaps for a generation or more, but the female likeness, though of slow growth, will prevail, and man become a living soul (intellectual) after many mental and perhaps physical battles with the many-headed and horned sectarian beast. But intelligence, the male and female god of reason, will reign in humanity in due time. The weekly return of THE TRUTH SEEKER fills me with pleasure and anxiety. Please find inclosed $3 for your paper another year.
Yours for truth and liberty, ZENAS KENT.

BOTLAND, KY., April 1, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: From the short acquaintance I hav had with THE TRUTH SEEKER I like it well, and consider it as a true friend. There is not one (that I know of) in this vicinity who adheres to the same opinions and belief that I do. I am all alone so far as Freethought and Liberalism are concerned. This is truly a Christian community, if one must judge by church-members and so-called religious worship. I am in sight of three churches, Campbellite, Baptist, and Methodist, and every one claims the only right and true way to that unseen, unknown, and unexplored heaven, and all who do not believe all their teachings and all that is in the Bible must go to hell. I guess hell will hav a dense population, for there is only one right way to heaven, and as all the different denominations cannot be right, the members of all but one are sure of hell; then comes the Infidel, the unbeliever, and others who are bound to occupy this hell in spite of themselvs.
'Tis such a pity this almighty Christian God could not or did not show the right way in such a manner that all could see in the same light, but unfortunately such is not the case; we, or all who reach this promised heaven, must believe all the contradictions, absurdities, impossibilities of a so-called divinely inspired word of God, which nowhere bears the imprint of the true God. The most devout believers of the Bible cannot tell by whom it was written. They say it was written by God through men, but they cannot prove that the men they say wrote it were inspired or really wrote a word of it. But perhaps I am making this letter too long, so I will close for this time. Yours for truth, A. B. BRINEY.

CONCORD, PA., March 26, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, for which add my name to your list of subscribers. This is my first subscription, but I hope it will not be my last. My vocation is such that I can giv no permanent address, but trust it will not be too much trouble should I desire it sent elsewhere before the expiration of the year.
I never hav believed in the Bible, for the study of science taught me that it was all a lie, and thus I hav always been a Freethinker to a certain extent. A short time ago a friend loaned me the "Age of Reason," since which I hav been an enthusiast in the cause of truth, and I regret that my education has not fitted me to devote my life to the overthrow of superstition, but as it has not I must content myself with humbly advancing Liberal ideas, for every man exerts some influence over his fellow-men, be it ever so little.
Some of the doubters admit that the Bible is a collection of unreliable legends, but advance the opinion that the majority of the people are not enlightened enough to dispense with religion, that they must hav something to restrain their evil passions; but I say, not so; this is the age of enlightenment, the era of science, and fraternity should take the place of groveling superstition, while truth, purity, and honor should become our watchwords.
Let every man who despises fraud do his share to cast overboard the monstrous humbug, Christianity, and all its appurtenances, then let the millions that are yearly poured into the insatiable maw of the church be devoted to alleviating the distress that is everywhere; poverty is a terrible incentiv to crime, as statistics will or ought to prove, and they surely will prove it if the crime is traced to its primary cause.
And last but not least let woman take her place

side by side with man; let her hav equal rights, equal privileges; she is not fitted by nature for the rougher paths of life, but she is every way man's equal, from an intellectual point of view.

S. V. Mulkey, in your issue of Feb. 11th, claims that by advocating the cause of woman suffrage we court the ruin of the Liberal cause; he also claims that woman has ever been, and ever will be, a supporter of the church; admitted, so far as the first is concerned, but who established the church? Woman but follows where man leads the way, and the reasoning powers of woman are in every way as clear as those of man, and when woman once pins her faith to a cause she never deserts it. Then, exclaims some one, the church-members will never desert their banners for those of Liberalism. But I think they will, for the simple reason that not more than one in ten believes in the nonsense that is taught them in the church, and but await an opportunity to declare their unbelief.

There are several doubters, and at least two rank unbelievers in the engineering corps to which I am attached, and besides having family discussions we sometimes carry the war into the camps of the nativs, and to say that we hav had a queer experience in this benighted part of Pennsylvania is putting it mildly.

Herman Dean, a nativ of Fishkill, is the name of my friend and fellow-Infidel, a promising young man, who I trust will make his mark, for he is quite an able amateur lecturer, although still in his teens. We stop at farm-houses when away from the villages along the route, and as the only subjects of conversation are the crops, railway prospects, etc., we find it rather dull unless the grand topic of the day is broached, when we generally hav a hot debate, and invariably defeat our opponents.

One day we encountered a Methodist minister and a deacon in a small village called Nassville, and they were the first to open fire. We soon found out that the deacon did not believe in the annual and diurnal revolution of the earth, so his argument amounted to nothing, and I sat and listened while Dean poured the red-hot shot, grape and canister, into the arguments of the minister, deacon, and their wives. Several times I thought I should be obliged to assist my friend, but each time he rallied and pressed the steel home, and after an hour had expired they were all *hors du combat*, and had the grace to acknowledge it.

I hav treated these grand subjects in a very brief and scattering manner, but for fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable time I will close.

Yours in truth, G. C. T. Hall.

Russelville, Tenn., April 1, 1882.

Mr. Editor: This is a fine day down here, and it is what the Christians call the holy Sabbath, and the folks are mostly gone to the holy church of the holy God to hear the holy preacher take a holy text from the holy Bible and preach a holy sermon about the holy son of the holy virgin. Yes, sir, there is getting to be so much holiness in this country, I mean this world, that it naturally stinks of it to me. No, I am mistaken; it is not a natural scent, because unnatural things can't produce natural ones. I know now what it is—it is a supernatural scent. I should hav said it supernaturally stinks to me. No, sir, I am not right yet. On more mature reflection I plainly perceive that all things are natural, therefore I can't be right yet. Stop! let me think a while. I can't say it naturally stinks, I can't say it unnaturally stinks, or that it supernaturally stinks. Is it possible that I was mistaken about smelling something? Holiness, holiness! What kind of stuff is it, anyhow? Can you see it? No. Can you taste it? No. Can you feel it? No. Can you hear it? No. "I see, I see," says the blind man. It is not tangible to the senses. It is not material; can it be spiritual? Not materially so. Eureka! Eureka! It is all as plain as noonday, now. Listen: It is an immaterial spiritual chimera, a colorless, weightless, scentless chimera. So I am mistaken about smelling holiness, but I am sure I smelt something, and it must hav been the old hen which hatched this ghostly chicken. Old Yahweh has got a snap judgment on the Southern states. His gospel shops are numerous all over the country; his agents are named legion, and they are continually busy throwing sand in the people's eyes, and they let them—that is, most of them do, and they are mad at the rest because they don't.

I tell them that their religion is all a humbug, and they say they can admit that to be a fact, and then be on the safest side, because, they say, if we are right and they are wrong, they are as well off as we are; but if they are right, and we are wrong, our case will be awful. In reply to this I tell them that their religion is a tyrannical one, and based on policy, while ours is humanitarian and based on principle, and that as for the ifs and buts in the case we are not troubled with any. The case to us seems to be clear as crystal so far as their burning hell and fanciful heaven is concerned. I hav for a long time been studying the God question, and I think I am now about settled down on it. I believe in a universal intelligence (material, of course); all things are material—eternal of necessity, because something cannot come of nothing. Well, about the easiest way to express it is, God is the universe.

Wm. L. Worley.

Kent, O., March 22, 1882.

Friend Macdonald: For the encouragement of the many friends of the liberal cause, I beg leave to report that the Y. M. C. A. of this place has died a natural death, and been buried beyond all hope of resurrection. We are blessed (or cursed, as you please) with eight churches in our little place, with their tall spires pointing heavenward, with the same number of priests and their families, who, like so many leeches, are sucking the life-blood from our honest hard-working citizens. We also hav a little seven-by-nine brick jail, or lock-up, as it is called, where we confine drunken refractory Infidels—for of course Christians do not get drunk and act naughty—and keep tramps in. When a poor unfortunate waif of humanity comes along, who, perhaps, for no fault of his own is out of work, and asks for a night's lodging, our Christian trustees order our Christian marshal to lock them up, with, perhaps, a lot of thieves, and if they ask for anything to eat they are politely told that it is enough for the town to lodge them, without finding them. While a poor family were wending their way to our Western country to seek a home during the hot weather in summer, the wife and mother was taken down with a fever and had to stop here. And our Christian people shut them up in that little tight place without a bed and no ventilation but one small window with iron bars, and kept them there for two weeks, and her little girl playing about the streets all this time, bareheaded, barefooted, and nearly nude, and none of our Christian people gave her a bonnet, pair of shoes, nor an old dress. Such is Christianity in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Fraternally yours,

B. F. Cona v

Doylestown, Pa., March 27, 1882.

Mr. Editor: A debate came off here on March 11th, 16th, and 17th, between B. F. Underwood and Rev. A. R. Horne on the following propositions:

1, The Bible is false in its scientific teachings; 2, that it is false in many of its historic teachings; 3, it is erroneous and pernicious in many of its moral teachings; 4, that the leading religions and moral doctrins of the Bible were accepted before the book was written; 5, that intellectual, moral, and physical progress the past four hundred years has corresponded with the decline of the belief taught in the Bible.

The first night of the debate Mr. Underwood proved beyond a doubt that the Bible and science are in direct conflict with each other; also that the book was false in many of its historic teachings. Mr. Horne's argument against this could not be called logic. He talked a good deal about things being in a vapor or mist at the beginning; that God was walking about on it at one time, and afterward turned this dampness into a world. How he did it he did not say—may be by sleight of hand. He went on to say that things were rolling along for thousands, tens of thousands, and millions of years, forgetting, no doubt, that he was defending a book with a record of less than six thousand years. According to the book, about six thousand years ago God made this beautiful world out of nothing; he might hav occupied these millions of years spoken of by the reverend gentleman in getting this material ready.

With the second night came the moral question. Mr. Underwood gave a pretty full account of what the moral teachings of the book had done toward establishing and perpetuating human slavery, polygamy, intemperance, and many other evils, quoting passages from the book sanctioning all these crimes, proving clearly the Bible pernicious in many of its moral teachings—admitting, at the same time, that it did teach morality in some instances. This evidently began to make the good gentleman think he had something more than a skirmish line to contend with. He did not undertake to disprove what Mr. Underwood claimed immoral in the book, but quoted passages, saying they were moral. The claim had not been made that everything in the book was immoral. Like most of God's vicegerents, he sounded the Christians' well-known battle-cry, quoting a passage here and there from the old book, saying they were moral, "This is my God's book!" and "My book!" and tossing about on the stage like a lunatic. Thus he put in his time the second night. It was plainly evident to the intelligent part of the audience that the holy man was about used up.

The third and last night came with the two last propositions—fourth and fifth. The fourth one was presented by Mr. Underwood, and was not replied to by the reverend gentleman, he admitting it to be true.

In the last proposition he attacked Mr. Underwood's arguments, in his first speech of half an hour making a poor showing. After Mr. Underwood made his second speech the pious man came out on his last raid, and commenced by saying his opponent was a learned and able man, having written a number of works and made it a life-long study, and that when he saw the challenge in print he waited to see if any one would accept. They did not, and he thought it his duty to defend the holy book, but he was sorry some abler man did not come to the front; that he would rather hav met Bob Ingersoll than this man; that Ingersoll was a fool. By this time he was completely lost for argument, gave way to his temper, and began to abuse his opponent, Freethinkers, and Infidels in general, closing by inviting his friends to leave before Mr. Underwood could giv his closing address. A few narrow-minded Christian bigots obeyed their master.

Mr. Underwood, in his closing remarks, nobly espoused the cause of the Freethinkers and Infidels, and showed that Christianity did not prevent people from losing their temper, or keep them from abusing those who honestly differ from them in religion. Two of our good editors, one a Democrat, the other a Republican sheet, were afraid to say but little about the discussion. The Democrat did insert the advertisment. The editor having been a good officer in the late war, was not to be entirely frightened out by those religious hypocrits who opposed the debate. Still, after the discussion was ended he came out in an editorial misrepresenting the whole thing. Mr. Underwood and the Freethinkers, he said, were pulling down and offering nothing in place of the old bogus religion. The Republican editors would not advertise the debate, and what little they had to say about it was in favor of the Christians. While Freethinkers are the pioneers in the cause of civilization, they must expect to meet with this opposition on all sides. Still, in spite of these cowardly assaults, Liberalism is gaining.

Yours truly, A. J. Reading.

Jersey City, N. J., March 27, 1882.

Mr. Editor: In calling the attention of Liberals to the need of establishing a Liberal orphan and old folks' home, I would suggest that the two be combined into one, thus making one benefit the other, giving to the old folks the care of the children. Such a home could be made self-sustaining by allowing four hours' work of some kind when they became old enough. Some out-door work, such as farming and gardening, would be healthy exercise for the children, and by having a superintendent who understood the business, I think the home could soon pay its own way. Then devote certain hours to study and recreation, thus bringing the children up to work and giving them a fair education, enough to carry them through the business world. My idea has been seconded by several, and one has offered the land to build this home in Nebraska, and he has, I think, made a liberal offer.

Now I think this vast United States could support two homes. Awake, Liberals! Do you want to hold your own? Do you want to see those who hav grown old in the cause be supported by the church? Do you want to be supported yourself by the very church you hav no faith in? Then arouse! Strike when the iron is hot; and that is just now. I will subscribe one dollar a year. Who will put their names down for another? Now, then, a committee is to be appointed if there is anything to be done in this matter. Will some of the Liberals suggest some way of appointing such a committee?

Yours truly, B. F. Batt.

Paterson, N. J., April 3, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I want to tell your readers that under the auspices of the Paterson Liberal League in the last two weeks, we hav had two splendid lectures, one from Mr. Courtlandt Palmer on "Co-operation, or the Reign of the Common People," clearly proving to the writer, at least, that the "common people" were nearer to the millennium to-day than at any time during the world's history. But at the same time he believes that before that time arrives the "common people" hav a great deal of work to do, which must be done in a co-operativ fashion, organization. If the League should survive for another month or two, Mr. Palmer will, I think, speak for them again. So mote it be.

Mrs. Neymann's lecture on the "Spirit of Republicanism," was simply grand. She was thoroughly master of her subject, and gave ample satisfaction to a critical audience, who enthusiastically applauded throughout the discourse. This is a new lecture of Mrs. Neymann's, and the writer, who is somewhat acquainted with the lady, must acknowledge that she far exceeded his expectations, both in composition and delivery, and all of our Liberal friends east of the Alleghanies who want to hear a good lecture should engage her forthwith. They will be amply repaid. And I would further say that it is a lecture for the times, and ought to be heard or read by every voter in the Union. Yours, J. Warr.

Foxburgh, Pa., March 27, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed please find subscription to The Truth Seeker. Allow me to congratulate you on your reply to young Scholes; no one could sit down on him harder than that. I wrote him a postal, on which I offered him a first-class plan for a kicking machine, to produce a counter-irritation in a particular part of his body to help his head, which I think you must hav enlarged considerable.

Yours, truly, G. C. Fink.

Wheeling, W. Va., March 21, 1882.

Friend Macdonald: I am $5 subscriber to the proposition made by C. L. James in the last Truth Seeker.

Yours truly, James M. Wheat.

Waiting.

BY ALHAZA.

Sadly we stand by the moaning sea,
And fairies pale are waiting there;
And stark and still on the cold white sand
A mermaid lies with gleaming hair.

Faintly we wait, by the foaming tide
Hovers his bark o'er the dark-blue wave?
The westlin' wind, will it never arise,
And bring him to greet us, the true and brave?

The sea-flowers wave 'mid the creamy turf,
And morning gray peeps over the hill:
For a gleam from his sail to gild her brow,
And every nook with light to fill.

Now moonlight comes with silver veil,
And hunts the wave that bounds afar
To here his vessel plows the deep,
Beneath the dewy evening star.

Her arrows fall upon the beach,
And glimmer round the mermaid pale,
While fairies whisper to the breeze
To fill his coming snowy sail.

The Brain and the Bible Discussed

BY P. C. CHEEKS AND EDGAR C. BEALL.

Mr. Cheeks.

EDGAR C. BEALL, *Dear Sir:* In accepting your challenge to criticise publicly your work entitled "The Brain and the Bible," I take up chapter ii, devoted to the discussion of "The Fall of Man," since you are led to say at its close: "And if this account is a myth, is not the whole system of orthodoxy also a human invention? If Adam never fell, we certainly hav no need of any Redeemer."

Here you fall into the customary error tyros in theological disputes, especially disputants of your school, never fail to find in their blind gropings after truth. After presenting your subject, you proceed to discuss it from your standpoint—the standpoint of a man who is, phrenologically speaking, deficient in Veneration, Wonder, and Hope. Such a man, you say, "of ever so great intellect, who is deficient in Veneration, Wonder, and Hope, *is* incapable of ascertaining the higher needs of the soul, or of properly criticising the Bible" (Beall, The Brain and the Bible, p. 56).

After this, I wonder greatly how you could hav brought yourself to so forcibly illustrate the very doctrin you devote so many pages to annihilate, *i. e.*, *the freedom of the will*, and your own incompetency to criticise the Bible! You say that "if Adam was created perfect, his lower propensities must hav been under the control of his intellect and his moral seniments; and, therefore, no thought or action could hav found sympatny in his mind without the consent of his moral faculties and intellect."

In the first place, Adam was a finite, not an infinit being. If he had been created and endowed so that he could not but choose to do as he was bidden, then there would hav been no freedom in his actions at all; he would hav been simply a machine running in the grooves of Divine fate, and would hav had to go wherever the track was laid—to the right or the left, as the irreversible switch was turned! Indeed, he would not hav needed any restraining faculties at all. For of what use would they hav been to him? Restrain him from what? The very fact of his having fallen proves him to hav had freedom of will, just as the production of your books proves you to hav been free to disbelieve the Bible's account of man's genesis, and to get outside of your environments. You hav devoted a great deal of time, wasted a great deal of vital force, squandered more financially, to prove *no freedom of the will*, when your argument so forcibly illustrates it that I wonder your perceptiv faculties did not enable you to see it before you had launched your puny bark on the ocean of blind skepticism!

You say that "perfect freedom can exist only where there is an absence of all restriction"—p. 79. If this is perfect freedom, and you here maintain that it is, how then are you led to say, "If Adam was created perfect, his lower propensities must all hav been under the control and direction of his intellect and his moral sentiments." Any restraint here? In one of my former communications to you I made this proposition: "*Only a perfect man could perfectly will to sin.*" On page 79 of your work, above quoted, I am glad to see that you recognize the force of it, but am equally pained at your lack of consistency in your definition of perfect freedom given on page 67. If "freedom can only exist where there is an absence of *all* restriction," with what consistency do you maintain in your other proposition, "If Adam was created perfect his lower propensities must *all hav been entirely under the control of his intellect and his moral sentiments?*" In all this, freedom, *perfect freedom*, in one place in your your book, is one thing, and in another place in the same work it is another. Pray which is it? If "perfect freedom is the absence of *all* restriction," and you say that it is, how can "perfect freedom be the restriction of his lower propensities under the control of his intellect and moral sentiments," as you also maintain? You are paradoxical *as well as* illogical!

Are you a professor of phrenological science and cannot imagin a perfectly balanced mental organization? If you can, will you admit, as you do on page 79, that it has "perfect freedom" because there is an absence of all restriction? If "there is an absence of all restriction," then would not such an organization be *perfectly free to perfectly evolve* a will to do that which its intellect and moral sentiments knew to be forbidden? An engin, to be perfect, must be constructed so as to permit of its going backward as well as forward. A perfect mental organization has the power also, has it not, of going forward or backward—of *willing* to do, and then *willing* not to do, as the case may be? If Adam had not a perfect mental organization, how could he hav evolved the will to disobey the Divine command, since, "perfect freedom," in your opinion, is the "*absence of all restriction?*" If Adam had been restrained in the exercise of his faculties, *he would not hav been free!* If he possessed faculties which were capable of being acted upon from without by another, without the power to resist, then his was not a perfect mental organization! This you affirm when you say that "Adam's lower propensities must hav been under the direction of his intellect and his moral sentiments, and, consequently, no thought, no desire, no action could hav found sympathy in his mind unless approved by his moral sentiments and intellect." On this head, Fowler, than whom there is no greater exponent of your science, says, "Men cannot well enjoy even their passions, without *the assent* and *actual participancy* of their *moral sentiments.*"

"The will is always determined by the strongest faculties; either those which are permanently strongest, or those which are for the time being strongest" (Beall, The Fall of Man, p. 75.) "The other faculties giving their consent to this gratification of the leading propensity" (*Ibid*). What more do we need than these admissions to show the fallacy of your argument against the "fall of man," or "the freedom of the will?" If "the will is determined by the strongest faculties, or those which are for the time being the strongest," why may not the faculties appealed to in the case of Adam hav exerted their influence the strongest so as to hav determined him to evolve the will to gratify his desire for more knowledge, and thus to hav disobeyed his Creator's command? Did he not yield to the desire? and, in yielding, did not the other faculties giv in their assent to the gratification of this, for the time being, leading propensity? This is the inevitable conclusion the principle laid down by you leads me to reach; and how you could hav failed to see it I am at a loss to discover! The law you lay down in the above citations I recognize as true, and as agreeing with Prof. Fowler, above quoted. That it should hav obtained in the mental organization of Adam givs me no cause for wonder or dismay. Indeed, if he had not been influenced by his "for the time being strongest faculties," he would not hav had the power to gratify the desire which he willed to gratify. *Willing* to do a thing, and putting that *will* into execution, are two different things. The one is a mental, the other a physical effort. The one "is determined by the strongest faculties," the others "giving their consent," as you say, while the execution of that will thus evolved may be attended by such insurmountable obstacles as to entirely overcome the possibility of its being gratified!

But my letter is long enough. I hope not too long, however, for there is much in your book to which I can but take exception, and especially in the chapter selected, that I fear you will lose patience before I hav done with you. Before I close, however, let me again quote from Prof. Fowler. He says: "Man is created with a faculty of his mind and an organ of his body expressly adapted to worship a Supreme Being: therefore a God exists specifically adapted to receive the homage this faculty prompts him to pour forth. What proof of any problem, even mathematical, could be any stronger? It has but two conditions—that man is adapted to worship God, and that the existence of one thing in Nature adapted to another proves the conjoint existence of both. The first is a matter of sight and touch. This organ is easily found. Now see whether those who are large, rounding, and full here, are or are not also devout worshipers of God in some form, and do or do not experience a strong feeling of sacred awe and reverence. They may worship idols, or sacred images, or ministers, or in this sect, or that; may be Pantheists, 'looking through Nature up to Nature's God,' but they worship some God somehow. They may hav it small, and yet be strict Sabbatarian worshipers from duty, or fashion, or Spirituality, or other motivs; or hav it large, and discard all sects, but will worship what is a God to *them*.

"The only other prerequisit to render this proof of the Divine existence absolutely demonstrable, is the law of adaptation. Who will jeopardize their reputation for sense by denying *that?* A part of Nature, a part and parcel of man, a portion of his anatomical structure, a Faculty, a great section of his *mind*, that very highest part of Nature, and of the body, together with the most exalted and central function of the human mind, is adapted, and adapts man, to loving and worshiping God: therefore a Supreme God *exists* adapted to *receive* the spontaneous human love, adoration, and worship. No proof of any natural truth, not even that two and two make four, is any more absolutely demonstrated."

P. C. CHEEKS.

Washington, D. C, March 17, 1882.

Mr. Beall.

MR P. C. CHEEKS, *Dear Sir:* Although I hav challenged you to a brief debate, I hope the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will not feel that I hav thrust it upon them without due regard for their time and patience, especially in case they should find it dull. Your friends hav represented you to me as a converted Infidel, now an activ champion of orthodoxy in Washington, and as one who is greatly "disgusted" with my "sophistry." Regarding you thus, and trusting that your criticism may really be taken as the expression of a leading thinker on your side, I would reply, first, that your quotations from my book show at least one of three thing: Either you are dishonest, or you are a very careless reader, or you are so blinded by superstition that you cannot understand an Infidel argument when expressed in the plainest English. Of the three, I am disposed to think the last, *i. e.*, that you are simply lost in a fog of faith. I wish to be generous and fair with you, but how else can I explain your first (alleged) citation from page 56, where you attribute to *me* the very absurdity which I distinctly affirm is held by "some clergymen of to-day who imagin that phrenology may be reconciled with orthodoxy," and which the whole paragraph is intended to refute? You represent *me as asserting* that "a man of ever so great intellect, who is deficient in Veneration, Wonder, and Hope, *is* incapable of criticising the Bible," when in fact this is exactly what I do not hold, and what I explicitly deny in the sentence immediately following the word Bible, viz., "But it might quite as reasonably be objected that a skilful pilot is no longer capable of determing the safest course of a ship when in a storm, simply because at such a time all her sails are furled." Also on page 225 I argue that intellectual men who lack Veneration are *best* adapted to examin theology, from the very fact that they can do so without restraint. Can you be surprised, then, if I question your intelligence or your honesty, when you so grossly pervert my meaning?

Next, of Adam, you say, "The very fact of his having fallen proves him to hav had freedom of will." Here your argument amounts simply to this: Cheeks is right, therefore Beall is wrong. Christianity is true, therefore Infidelity is false. This may be good orthodox legic, but you must not expect Freethinkers to see any force in it.

Most emphatically I say that "perfect freedom (*i. e.*, absolute freedom) can exist only where there is an absence of all restriction."

And now you wish to know how I am led to say: "If Adam was created perfect, his lower propensities must all hav been entirely under the direction and control of his intellect and his moral sentiments." Is it possible that you can ask such a question after reading my chapter on "The Fall of Man?" Do I not clearly state in the second paragraph, as well as in several other places, that a perfect mind would be entirely under the supremacy or control of the moral sentiments and intellect, and on that very account, *not free?* Do I not say on page 71 that "the idea of a perfect moral nature necessarily implies a complete moral restraining power?" Do I not italicize the same idea again on page 73? And is not a portion of the chapter especially devoted to arguments against the freedom of the will? Where and how, then, am I "illogical?"

You assert that "only a perfect man could perfectly will to sin," and with this paradoxical standard in your own mind you measure everything I say. But what could be more absurd? Can you not see that I am consistent in denying both the freedom of the will and the possibility of Adam's having fallen in spite of a perfect endowment of moral restraining power? Do I not explain (pages 67–74) how the moral faculties, when perfect, would, in the very nature of the case, completely subordinate all the lower propensities? You seem to make no distinction between *entire freedom in the action of the lower propensities*, and *perfection of the whole mental constitution*. Just here is the pivot upon which our dispute rests. You hold the doctrin of free-will, not I, and you disagree with me, not I with myself. I do not say, as you do, that if Adam was created *perfect* he was *entirely free to sin*. On the contrary, I argue that a perfect man would be equipped with perfect Conscientiousness, Firmness, etc., etc., which would restrain him from sin; and that where there is perfect, *i. e.*, absolute, restraint, there cannot be perfect, *i. e.*, absolute, freedom.

Furthermore, I cannot comprehend what you mean by saying that on page 79 I recognize the force of your doctrin that mental perfection and freedom to sin are reconcilable. I certainly do nothing of the sort; and as to my "lack of consistency" in my "*definition of perfect freedom given on page* 67," I will simply say that neither the *word freedom* nor the *word free* occurs on page 67 at all. Therefore you do me the greatest injustice in asserting that I giv conflicting definitions in different places. When I speak of *perfect freedom*, on page 79 and elsewhere, I mean absence of all restrictions; and when I refer to a *perfect mind*, as I do on page 67 and elsewhere, I mean one endowed with perfect moral restraining faculties, hence not free to sin. Is pure gold free to corrode? Is not its very purity a barrier in the way of its becoming like the baser metals when exposed? Just so with men. The more moral sentiment they hav the less freedom they hav to do wrong. In this world, where everything is related to something else, nothing can be entirely free.

As to the parallelism you seek to draw between a perfect mind and a perfect engin, I would say that you could only compare a perfect man to a locomotiv which has been set to go forward, and of which *the reversing lever has been locked.*

Again, you ask me how Adam could hav evolved the will to disobey if he "had not a perfect mental organization," since "perfect freedom," in my opinion, is the "*absence of all restriction.*" Here, as before, you employ the terms "perfect mental organization" and "perfect freedom" just as though they were compatible, utterly ignoring my definitions and misrepresenting my position. Need I say more to show that you are wrong?

But to crown the general unfairness of your letter, you conclude with a long quotation from Prof. O. S. Fowler, in support of a sophism which I hav written a special chapter to refute, yet you do not so much as refer to what I hav said on the subject. Is this the approved Christian method of criticising a book? If you meant to expose my errors, or to defend that "correlation" fallacy made so popular by Fowler and Joseph Cook, why did you not attack my arguments against it? Granting that, perhaps, you did not consider them worthy of mention, you should not forget that there are many who will not share your opinions unless you support them with something better than mere assertion.

According to Fowler and yourself, if we hav a faculty adapted to a certain sphere of activity there must also exist, conjointly, just as much material, and of as high quality, as the faculty is capable of using. Why, then, do you not argue the existence of a hundred gods, since Veneration would certainly be adapted to them all as much as to one? If you dare to say that reason points to but one, I reply that reason points to none. Your "correlation" argument, like the argument from design, proves too much, hence nothing.

What is God? Simply a conception of a person more powerful and wonderful than ourselvs. Veneration is, of course, appealed to by this conception. And in like manner we may excite the fear (Cautiousness) of a child by talking of hobgoblins and ghosts; but do these things really and necessarily exist conjointly with Cautiousness? Did "Jack and the Beanstalk" ever exist in fact simply because the story is adapted to gratify juvenil Wonder? Would you argue that pies and cakes grow on trees simply because we hav Alimentivness "specifically adapted" to enjoy them if they did thus grow?

The existence of a faculty indeed proves the conjoint existence of *something* to which it is adapted, but not everything. It indicates simply that there is or has been somewhere something, either in fact or fancy, to develop it. But no sentiment or propensity can be shown to bear a special relation to any single object in the general class of things to which it is adapted, since all objects are perceived only by the intellect, and some may exist only in imagination. Veneration, therefore simply proves that man was formerly, if he is not now, surrounded by objects or phenomena adapted to excite his admiration and fear. The relation of the parent to the child is almost enough to develop such an instinct, and surely the faculty has to-day a sufficiently wide field for legitimate activity in prompting us to pay that beautiful deference and respect due to the rights of every human being. But to our prehistoric ancestors the march of nature was an endless panorama of alternating savagery and sublimity, which, in the infancy of even a nobler race than ours, would hav brought its proudest sons in terror to their knees, and taught them the language of prayer. When man first began to think beyond the visible, he clothed the infinit with his own finite rags, and then, with his face in the dust, he worshiped the mental image of himself. But it is the glory of our day that we are at last raising our heads to recognize Goodness as the only God, and Human Happiness as the Highest Good Respectfully,

EDGAR C. BEALL.

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Gems of Thought.

"EDUCATE the people" was the first admonition addressed by William Penn to the colony which he had founded. "Educate the people" was the legacy of George Washington to the nation which he had saved. "Educate the people" was the unceasing exhortation of Thomas Jefferson; and I quote Jefferson with peculiar pleasure because of all the eminent men that hav ever lived, Adam Smith himself not excepted, Jefferson was the one who most abhorred everything like meddling on the part of governments. Yet the chief business of his later years was to establish a good system of state education in Virginia.—*Macaulay's Speeches.*

THE thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode, the outer passes away in swift, endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—*Carlyle.*

IT is asserted that the doctrin of the immortality of the soul, and of happiness in a future state, givs us a solution of that distressing problem, the misery of the innocent on earth. But in reality it does nothing of the kind. It does not explain the origin of evil, and it does not justify the existence of evil. A poor, helpless infant is thrust into the world by a higher force; it has done no one any harm, yet it is tortured in the most dreadful manner; it is nour ished in vice, and crime, and disease; it is allowed to suffer a certain time, and then it is murdered. It is all very well to say that afterward it was taken to everlasting bliss; but why was it not taken there direct? If a man has a child and beats that child for no reason whatever, is it any palliation of the crime to say that he afterward gave it cake and wine?—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

IN the canonic books of the old dispensation there is not a single genuin text claiming to come from God, which teaches explicitly any doctrin whatever of a life beyond the grave.—*W. R. Alger.*

OF all the dreams handed down to us by the scriptural writers, by far the most material, as evidence of their divine character, is that on which the mystery of the incarnation mainly rests. Take away the dream in which Joseph was informed that the Holy Ghost was the parent of Mary's first born child (Matt. i, 20), and that mystery will depend conclusivly on a story of an angel's visit, of a necessity related by Mary herself (Luke i, 35), for obvious reasons not the most trustworthy witness on so delicate a point. But this is not all, for it was by a dream that the magi, after adoration, were warned to escape the vengeance of Herod (Matt. ii, 12), and by a dream that the life of the infant Christ was preserved in the massacre of the innocents (Matt. ii, 13). Christianity, therefore, may be said to owe its very existence to the celestial intimations conveyed in dreams, and Christians cannot consistently embrace any theory which would lead to a denial of their holy and prophetic character. Since, moreover, we hav numerous instances in the Bible of such dreams being granted to heathens and idolaters it is plain that the Christian deity does not confine his nocturnal visitations to orthodox believers. If the chief butler, the chief baker, Pharaoh, and Nebuchadnezzar dreamed prophetically, so may any of us at any time according to this teaching.—*Amberley's Analysis.*

DREAMS hav in all ages and countries been believed in as indications of the future; and of all forms of superstition this is perhaps the most excusable. Whatever is mysterious as to its cause and beyond the power of the will appears as supernatural; and what more so than dreams! The thoughts in dreams, too, arise out of the past and present circumstances of the dreamer, and therefore are not altogether without connection with his future destiny, as most other omens are. In the Homeric age it was firmly held that "dreams come from Zeus." In the most ancient civilized communities of which we hav any record—those of Egypt and Babylon—to interpret the monarch's dreams was one of the most important state offices and was confided to a college of wise men. A common way of constructing the Greek or Roman oracles was for the inquirer to sleep a night in the temple, after performing sacrificial and other rites, when his questions were supposed to be answered in dreams. . . . In modern times, and among European nations, dreams are seldom heeded except by the very ignorant or superstitious; and "as idle as a dream" has become a proverb.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia, Article Dreaming.*

VICTORIAN: Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse
And struggle after something we hav not
And cannot hav, the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!
HYPOLITO: We shall all be soon.
VICTORIAN: It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of life.
—*Longfellow's Spanish Students.*

IF this god book of Christianity is to hav a much longer life as a popular reading book it will hav to be completely overhauled and purged of whole chapters and numerous scattered texts that no decent man could be hired to read aloud to a select audience of refined and intelligent men and women. For the sake of the sweet memories clustering around the time-worn volume; for the sake of the glimpses of ancient manners, customs, and beliefs; for the sake of the legends, stories, and scraps of romantic fiction, which, like Robinson Crusoe, Jack the Giant-killer, Mother Goose, and others of like ilk, hav become a part of the literature of the heart, I would hav the Bible saved just as we save Shakspere, Ovid, and other books which though not exceptional in all respects are yet too precious and valuable to be destroyed and lost. But to blindly worship and insanely adore such a medley of all that is bad, vile, and obscene, simply because there is goodness, morality, and beauty mixed in with it, is foolish, absurd, and fanatical. —*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

IT is no use to try, you can't tell how many legislators are boarding at a hotel by the number of cocktails sent to the rooms of a morning. This is a case where figures will lie.

WHEN a nice young man asked the bright daughter of an undertaker her father's profession, she promptly replied, "He's a planter." She couldn't tell a lie about a little thing like that.

AN Indiana clergyman delivers his sermons in rhyme. His congregation prefer them that way. They sleep much sounder, and leave the church much more refreshed than after listening to a prose-y discourse.

THE GRAND OLD GARDENER,

Though Adam's dress was a nude design,
He often would sadly grieve,
And sit on the limb of a tree and whine,
'Cause he couldn't laugh in his sleeve.

BOB INGERSOLL indignantly denies the charge of plagiarism. He says he never stole anything. We are not quite so sure about that. To us, off here in Texas, it looks very much as if he stole a march on the prosecution in the Star Route cases. —*Siftings.*

AMBITION.

One by one the roses fall;
One by one the cashiers go;
Mince pies fade away in spring;
Boys begin to play base-ball.
When the gentle summer comes,
With its wealth of summer flowers,
Then a gentle picnic sprouts
In the sylvan dells and bowers.
Let us never waste a day,
Let us always forward push,
Or some other duck will take
Myrtle to the matinee.

KEEPING LENT.

Farewell to opera and ball,
Reception, and to morning call;
Hail to ashes, sackcloth, prayers,
To sewing-circles, orphan-fairs.

I've packed away my party dresses;
I've straightened out my flowing tresses;
I've sobered down my giddy look,
And hunted up my lost prayer-book.

And now, with pious soul intent,
I feel I'm ready to repent;
For, as I think the rector says,
The Lent will end in forty days.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Boston dispatch says: "Telegrams to private parties in this city report that General Grant has failed. It is rumored that General Grant's brokers hav sold him out, he not being able to further guarantee them."

Broke, broke, broke,
In the city by the sea!
And the news comes in the dispatches
Flat busted is U. S. G.

Oh, well for the stalwart man,
As he shout's o'er his medal in glee;
Oh, well for the whole three hundred
Aud six, who voted for me.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for a look at George Jones's fund,
And the passage of Logan's bill

"SWEET child," *gushingly* exclaimed young Mr. Taffitalker, as her little baby brother of five bright summers came toddling into the parlor; "Sweet child, with sunny hair and eyes so like its lovelier sister's; come here, cherub, and see what I've got for you." And when the cherub came and spread two fat, dimpled hands, covered with bread-crumbs and molasses, on the knees of his pale striped pants, Mr. Taffitalker whispered hoarsely under his breath that he had a large two-edged knife that would go through him four times and back again, for him, but, unfortunately, he hadn't it with him. So he gave him a handful of red and green candy—very unwholesome—and smiled sweetly as the cherub trotted away, and murmured audibly, "Dear little fountain of love and sunshine and innocence, how my heart always goes out to a child." "This, dearly beloved," remarks Burdette, "goes under the head of 'dissembling.'"

A MEXICAN BALLAD.

There was a Greaser bold and staid—
Don Gomez del Gomazza—
Who loved a gentle Greaser maid,
The Donna Frontpiazza.
Don Gomez rode a mustang proud,
And wore a bloody slasher,
Of all the gallus Greaser crowd
He was the giddiest masher.
Don Gomez once was tempted sore.
Despite of law and order,
To glut his greedy thirst for gore
And cross the Texas border.
"So fare you well, my lady fair—
My pretty little Donna!"
In vain she tore her raven hair—
Her Gomez was a goner.
Then hied he to the Rio Grande,
With Yankee hordes to battle;
He crossed into the promised land,
And went to stealing cattle.
And there, with more than royal pluck,
He did his pleasing duty,
And, meeting with uncommon luck,
He started home with booty.
But, oh! the Yankees, fierce and strong,
While marching out to battle.
Beheld Don Gomez come along
A-driving them their cattle.
They gathered in the festiv steers,
And snagged that gallus Greaser,
And, with a round of hoots and jeers,
They hanged him to a tree, sir.
Loud wailed the Greaser maiden fair—
The Donna Frontpiazza;
Once more she tore her maiden hair
For Gomez del Gomazza!

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Notes and Clippings.

BARNES, the Kentucky evangelist, accepted a purse of $800 for his revival work in the village of Paris. As he professes utter pecuniary disinterestedness, this rather works against him.

REV. W. H. TURTON, of Farmington, Iowa, has been expelled from his church for preaching universal salvation. His elders tell him there is no authority for such doctrin in the Bible. It grieves the good church-members to think that any one but themselvs shall enjoy the pleasures of heaven or escape the fires of hell.

JESSE JAMES was the son of a preacher, Rev. Robt. James, a prominent Baptist minister. His favorit song was "Am I a soldier of the cross?" and he once shot a man for questioning the truth of the Christian religion. Such a missionary as he would hav just suited John Calvin.

A MICHIGAN revivalist goes out this season with what he advertises as "the most complete camp-meeting outfit ever invented, consisting of a handsome pavilion, splendidly painted, portable stand, reed organ, and gilded cross in the pulpit." That's nothing. A good many circuses will beat it.

THE temperance constitutional amendment has been defeated in the Connecticut House of Representativs. A two-third's vote was needed to pass it. One hundred and fifteen votes were cast in its favor—ten short of the number required. Only fifteen votes were cast against it, but 119 members did not vote at all.

A DAUGHTER of the Rev. John Deering, of Toledo, committed suicide, and it was said that his cruelty prompted the act. A congregational council was called to try Mr. Deering, and to that body he sent his resignation, saying that he was innocent, but that he did not "feel equal to the task of personal vindication."

A ROMAN Catholic woman's little girl was taken to a Presbyterian Sunday-school by a missionary in east St. Louis. The mother entered the church to rescue the child from what she deemed religious peril. The sexton considered her conduct disorderly, and put her out by force. The merits of the case are to be weighed in a suit for damages.

THE Rev. J. W. Minor, colored, of St. Louis, is in serious trouble. He was arrested for passing a forged check. Then the officers searched his house, and found many things not pertaining to the ministry, such at a rifle, a set of surgical instruments, and some billiard balls. All these things were claimed by persons who said they had lost them through sneak thievery. Mr. Miner says he does not rely on human aid in this emergency.

THE Rev. George Sweinforth was holding revival meetings at Pawpaw, Ind. He started one day to drive with Sister Beekman, the principal singer in the meetings, to the railroad station. She kissed her female friends in departing, and the minister improved the opportunity to kiss her, too. Considerable talk was caused in the town by that event. The evangelist stated, in a sermon, that Pastor Mann, of the local church, had also kissed Miss Beekman, and neither had meant any harm by it. Such kissing was commanded by scripture, and he was going to obey, no matter what was said about it by worldly people.

THE superintendent of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., gets eighty-three dollars a day. The operativs whom he superintends hav been getting eighty-three cents a day. The stockholders of the mills hav been getting an annual dividend of over twenty per cent for nearly two decades. In consequence of serious defalcations and mismanagement on the part of the officials the mills are slightly less profitable than they were. The superintendent tells the operativs that in order to keep the dividends up they must work for sixty-eight cents a day. The operativs refuse. Thereupon the superintendent sneers at their "ambition to liv in luxury," and priests and parsons are found to upbraid them for being unwilling to work for the same wages paid at other mills.

WE hav received our first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and a real beauty it is too. This is the first of the three volumes to be published by D. M. Bennett of what he sees in journeying around the world, and which he furnishes to those who hav aided him by giving him five dollars to help him make the journey. As a descriptiv history it is unsurpassed by any ever before published. One of its important features is its absolute freedom from bigotry and superstition. These books are well worth the money they cost, $5, and the best advice we can giv our readers is, for those who are able, to send Mr. Bennett the money and get them.—*Cloud County Blade.*

AT a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, the change which seems to hav occurred in the French climate during the last few years formed one of the chief topics of discussion. It was remarked that the sardine fishery, which regularly brought in to the Breton population $3,000,000 per annum, had now become a thing of the past, the sardines having completely disappeared from the coasts. M. Blavier attributed the mildness of the winter and the precocity of the spring to the altered direction of the Gulf stream, but no definit opinion on this subject was pronounced. Before, however, the members separated a committee composed of MM. Faye, Jaunsen, Daubree, and Admiral Julian de la Graviere was appointed to study the problem of the Gulf stream.

THE controversy over the Rev. Dr. Smyth, the newly-elected professor at Andover theological Seminary, rages with new force, several of the leading Congregational and other religious papers having taken it up. Until Dr. Smyth was elected by the trustees of Andover to this position, his theological views were not considered unsound or unsatisfactory. He was the pastor of a Presbyterian church in the West. After his election some of the advocates of the most rigid style of Calvinistic theology looked into his published sermons, and pronounced him to be loose on several of the doctrins which that system got from John Calvin, who is usually regarded as a very orthodox man. The question of Andover now is whether Dr. Smyth shall be thrown overboard, or the rigidity of ancient formulas of faith be relaxed to keep up with the spirit of advancing thought.

SPEAKING of the position the editor of the *Irish World* finds himself placed in by the action of the recent Catholic council, *Liberty* says: "Mr. Patrick Ford is in a dilemma. He appears not to be aware of it, but his readers are painfully aware of it. We venture to point it out to him. Some weeks ago he announced in large type that, the moment the Catholic church should denounce the doctrins of the *Irish World*, he would renounce them. Since that time a provincial council of the Catholic church has met in Cincinnati, composed of nine bishops and archbishops in five dioceses. That body has issued a pastoral letter to be read from the altar of every Catholic church in five important states. This letter says: 'The *Irish World* is a bad paper, breeding insolence and defiance of authority, teaching Communism, assailing the rights of property, and inciting to rebellion that can end but in disaster. We therefore direct pastors to warn their people against this paper, and as far as in them lies, discourage its circulation among them.' This language is direct and unmistakable, and unless set aside and rebuked by the pope (as it is not likely to be), must be considered authoritativ. It is the utterance of the power which Mr. Ford acknowledges as the sole source of truth. Now, therefore, he must *renounce his faith* and condemm his church as a foul instrument of tyranny for the oppression of the many by the few, or he must *renounce his reasn*, keep his pledge, and publicly confess that for the last ten years he has been a servant of the devil. *Liberty* calls on him to do one or the other, and that promptly, or stand convicted as a hypocrit and time-server."

THE Washington correspondent of the *Congregationalist* is evidently getting to be heretical. He complains of a colored church of that city which encourages chicken-stealing by getting its members who commit these little depredations out of jail. He says: "I hav occasionally spoken of the lack of morality in some of the colored churches. Riding in the horse cars into the city in the early morning, the seat by my side was taken by a police captain. In his hands he carried a stout oak stick some three feet long, on one end of which was a leather thong that could be slipped over the wrist, leaving both hands free; the other end of the stick was shod with steel and sharpened to a fine point. With this staff a thief could open any door and force his way into any barn. Its owner was a well-known chicken-thief, whom the officer had just left in the cell, having been captured the night before, the staff in his hands, a weighty bag of chickens over his shoulders. The officer remarked that the man would be subject to a slight fine or to an imprisonment of fifteen days, and would then return to his life-long employment as a chicken thief. 'But,' said the officer, 'this man is the pillar of his church. No sooner had I arrested him than he sent for his minister, who at once came to the station, and remarked, "Well, brother Jones, don't trouble yourself. We'll call a church meeting to-night, and get you out at once if it's a fine," and I presume it was done.' That he was a professional thief, living by his stealings, formed no hindrance to his church standing."

THE San Francisco *Jewish Times*, from which we clip the following, is mistaken by considerable over 40,000 in our circulation, but we suppose it took its figures from its wish, and so we shall not quarrel with it. Its kind words will long be treasured: "D. M. Bennett, editor and proprietor of THE TRUTH SEEKER (New York) a journal having a circulation of 50,000, is expected in this city next month. He comes via China and Japan, and will be tendered a public reception by the Liberals upon his arrival here. Mr. Bennett has been making a tour of the world, the expenses of the trip having been voluntarily contributed by the Freethinkers of the United States and Canada. The total contribution is between $5,000 and $6,000. In return Mr. Bennett writes three volumes of his travels, copies of which will be mailed to those who subscribed to the Round-the-World fund. The distinguished traveler has a remarkable history. He is an American by birth, was reared a Shaker, and is now a Freethinker. As he owns the largest Freethought publishing house in the United States, and has carried on for years a bold and incessant war against what he calls 'the popular superstition of the day,' the fanatics and bigots hav followed him with a remorseless hate, and finally had him arrested, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary at Albany, where he was incarcerated for twelve months on a a trumped-up charge. The Liberals got up a petition signed by 200,000 citizens, and sent it to Washington, asking President Hayes to sign his release. The ex-president feared the power of the church, and so Mr. Bennett had to serve his term out. The petition was the largest ever presented to an executiv at the White House. Mr. Bennett upon his release was received by the Liberals in a great public demonstration at New York, was sent to Europe by them, and upon his return was again sent on his Round-the-World trip, from which he is returning. This was done to show that the Liberals believed him innocent and to condemn the fanatical outrage perpetrated upon him. He will undoubtedly receive a hearty reception in this city. Among the executiv committee appointed to make the necessary preparations to receive him we notice the names of two Jewish-Americans, A. Berenz, Sr., of this city, and Philip Cowen, of Petaluma, two true and loyal sons to the core."

News of the Week.

ANTI-JEWISH riots are of daily occurrence in Russia.

COURTNEY, Riley, and Boyd will row a race in June.

THE voters of Lockport, N. Y., hav elected a "no-license" ticket.

R. B. HAYES has contributed $250 to the Garfield Monument fund.

COLD weather has done great damage to crops in most parts of the country.

HIGHER wages generally are being paid to striking laborers at all the trades.

THE libel suit of Pastor Hinman against Bishop Hare has resulted in a verdict of $10,000 for the plaintiff.

ANOTHER bill to prohibit the immigration of Chinamen for the period of ten years passed the Senate on Tuesday.

THE cast-off furniture of the White House at Washington was sold at auction on the 14th. The sale realized about $6,000.

OVER 160,000 names hav been signed to the petition for the pardon of Sergeant Mason, the guard who fired at Guiteau while in jail.

IDA GREELEY, the eldest daughter of Horace Greeley, died last week. She was the wife of Col. Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky.

IT is estimated that the ceremonies with which the coronation of the czar of Russia are to be celebrated will cost $7,500,000.

A MAN in Paterson, N. J., who had recently celebrated his 101st birthday, voted the Democratic ticket last week for the first time.

THE statement that the king of Wurtemberg has been converted to Catholicism and baptized by the pope of Rome is officially denied.

A COMET is on its way toward the sun at the rate of one million miles per day. It should be visible to the naked eye in the month of May.

A MAN styling himself Captain Fred Norman has announced his intention to row across the Atlantic in an open boat, taking one hundred days' provisions with him.

THE household effects of Jesse James, the Missouri outlaw, killed recently, sold at auction for about $200, although their real value is said to hav been less than one-twentieth of that sum.

THE firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. are about to retire from business. They say they are tired of carrying on the enormous trade, which was larger than that of any other house in the world.

A BRAKEMAN on the Erie Railroad at Newburgh, N Y., recovered $5,000 for injuries received while shackling cars, the court holding that the company was responsible for the defectiv bunters, which, failing to meet, caused the accident.

GUITEAU's sister, Mrs. Scoville, filed a petition in Chicago for a conservator of his estate on the ground that he is of unsound mind. The petition was refused. Guiteau's only property is his book, "The Truth and the Removal." He says he would rather go to glory in June than to Auburn for life.

THE President's cabinet, it is said, hav been discussing the withdrawal of Lowell, minister to England, on account of the latter's inactivity in regard to the arrest and imprisonment of American "suspects" by the British government. Robert Lincoln, secretary of war, has been suggested as his successor.

A MAN in Allentown, Pa., named Henry Gallagher, attempted to assassinate Father Donegan, a Catholic priest of that place, but was arrested after firing two shots, neither of which took effect in the person of the priest. Gallagher has a girl afflicted with the St. Vitus's dance, and believed that Donegan had the power to cure her, only refraining from doing so out of ill-will.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Egypt.

Luxor, Dec. 19th.—At 8:30 this evening, after three days on our up the Nile journey, we arrived at this town, the point of our destination. Several servants from the Luxor hotel met us on the boat with large lanterns and escorted us to our quarters. We have had a very pleasant passage up, stopping at Girgeh, Keneh, and other towns of considerable size. In several of them minarets are prominent, giving positive proofs that the religion of the country is not what it once was. We saw the inhabitants, in an assorted variety of wearing apparel, from a full light suit to next to nothing, which is a breech-clout of limited dimensions, and in some instances even this was lacking. We saw many men raising water, principally by the *shadoof* or well-sweep plan, and these invariably wore no clothing save the clout, which they sometimes found an incumbrance and left off. Persons working in the fields are burdened with very little clothing. This looks odd at first, but it is singular how soon one can become accustomed to these things. The females wear more than the males, but their entire wearing apparel often consists of a single garment of dark stuff, between a chemise and a dress, without a belt or band around the waist, but a cloth over the head. We are told by those who have been five hundred and a thousand miles further up the river, that up in Nubia and Soudan many go entirely naked, and that girls wear nothing till about sixteen years of age. Since hearing this I have felt very little like visiting those parts, and cannot help feeling glad that the young ladies of America have not introduced the African fashions.

ANCIENT THEBES.

Luxor, on the east side of the Nile, is a modern town, but it occupies the site, or a part of it, where stood the ancient city of Thebes. It is a sort of market town, of considerable size. It derives its name, signifying *palaces* or *temples*, from its vicinity the ruins of the most remarkable temples, palaces, and tombs ever erected. The ancient city occupied the whole plain on each side of the Nile, but it was on the east bank that the chief portion of the city was situated, the western side being principally occupied by temples and palaces and the tombs of the dead. Homer described the city as having one hundred gates, but it is claimed that it was not a walled city. Thus the old poet sang:

> "Not all proud Thebes's unrivaled walls contain,
> The world's great Empress on the Egyptian plain,
> That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
> And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
> Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars,
> From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

Thebes has marvelously impressed the mind of the world by its extent and the vastness of its monuments. Here were temples whose front elevations were nearly a mile in length, and here are fragments of colossal statues of dimensions truly enormous; colonnades that rose to over seventy feet in hight. Not only do these ruins extend over the whole breadth of the Nile valley, but on the sides of the surrounding mountains ancient remains lie in heaps, whilst tombs, still in good preservation, cover the western plain, and stretch far out into the desert. "It appeared to me," said Belzoni, "like entering a city of the giants who, after a long conflict, had been all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their vast temples as the only proofs of their existence."

The plain of Thebes is thus described by Heeren: "The whole valley of the Nile in upper Egypt offers no spot so fit for the foundation of a large capital. The mountain chains—the Libyan on the western, and the other, usually called the Arabian, on the eastern side—retire here to such distance on either side of the river that they leave a spacious plain, on both banks, whose breadth from west to east amounts to about three leagues and a half, and the length from north to south amounts to about the same. Toward the north this plain is again closed in by the near approach of the mountain chain to the river; toward the south, on the contrary, where the western chain continues distant from the river, it remains open. The plain, therefore, on which Thebes was built, though limited in extent, was yet sufficient to contain one of the largest cities of the earth. According to Strabo, there is no doubt but that the ancient city covered the whole plain. Thebes, therefore, was built on the two banks of the Nile, without being connected, so far as we know, by means of a bridge."

The exact origin of Thebes, like that of Memphis, is involved in much obscurity. It was after the decline of Memphis or Abydos that Thebes rose to be the capital of upper Egypt. Several kings are supposed to have reigned before the time Abraham is claimed to have entered Egypt. The first of the great Theban kings was Osirtasen I. "He was," says Bartlett, "the builder of the older and smaller part of the temple of Karnac, which served as the nucleus around which his successors grouped other and more colossal additions. This early Theban monarchy was, in fact, a religious community, in which place was a temple, the people worshipers at the gate, and the monarch the chief priest. The dynasty of Osirtasen was terminated by the conquest of upper Egypt by the Memphian kings, who built the pyramids."

Like the other ancient cities of Egypt, Thebes was for a time subject to the shepherd kings, till Amosis of Thebes expelled that alien race, and upper Egypt began to rise to its highest degree of power and glory. The temple at Karnac (two miles below the town of Luxor) received important additions from Amunoph, Thothmes, and the beautiful queen Nitoris. Under Thothmes III., lord of seventeen tributary nations, as displayed in the sculptures, the magnificence of Karnac greatly increased. Monarch after monarch, whom it were needless to name here, took a pride in adding to the glory of the Theban temples and palaces. Rameses II., of whom we have heard at Abydos, did much memorable work here also, as will be pointed out in describing the monuments. A few kings of lesser note succeeded, and then Rameses III., the builder of the temple Medeenet-Haboo, finished the record of Theban powers and splendor. Weak kings succeeded; foreign possessions slipped from their grasp, and Thebes became merely a vassal province to the new dynasties of Bubastis and Tunis, in the delta. Its fall is as obscure as its origin.

"When the dynasties of Lower Egypt were terminated by the Persian conquest, the great General Cambyses marched southward to conquer Ethiopia, turned back from the intended exploit by famine, and irritated by the loss in the desert sands of 50,000 men, whom he had sent to conquer the oasis, he madly wreaked his vengence on Thebes. After burning and destroying the temples and palaces, he plundered the tombs and left the city in a ruined condition, from which, however, it largely recovered. Theban commerce was utterly lost by the rapid growth of Alexandria under the Ptolemies. These princes made some considerable additions to the temples, etc., and in these additions Greek art is perceptible.

"The reign of Ptolemy Lathyrus," says the author before quoted, "is remarkable for the rebellion of Thebes, and for the final consummation of her ruin. It had long been failing in trade and wealth, and had lost its superiority in arms, and its temples, like so many citadels, its obelisks, its colossal statues, and the tombs of the great kings yet remained, and with them the memory of its bygone glory. The Thebans had borne for two centuries and a half under their Greek masters the political servitude, heavy taxes, habitual annoyance, and occasional cruelty. Under the government of Cleopatra Cocce the measure of their injuries overflowed, and taking advantage of the revolutions in Alexandria, a large part of Upper Egypt rose in rebellion. When Lathyrus returned to Egypt, Thebes refused obedience. For three years the brave Copts, entrenched within their temples, every one of which was a castle, withstood his armies; but the bows, the hatchets, and the chariots could do little against Greek arms; while the overthrow of the massive temple walls and the utter ruin of the city prove how slowly they yielded to greater skill and numbers, and mark the conqueror's distrust lest the temples should again be made use of. . . . The wide acres of Theban ruin prove alike the greatness of the city and the force with which it was overthrown; and this is the last time that Egyptian Thebes is met with in the pages of history. The habitations of the city were swept away but the temples, miles apart, from the nuclei of different scattered hamlets, whose inhabitants fill the plain, once covered with the living millions of the ancient city. The Christians under the Greek emperors raised their puny structures amidst the colossal courts of Medeenet-Haboo, but fled on the conquest by the Arabs, whose degenerate successors make their habitations amongst the tombs of Germa, and gain a precarious subsistence by rifling their contents and dragging from their repositories the mummied remains of their tenants.

"But the ruined temples still stand to call forth the wonder of the traveler. They have seen the whole portion of time of which history keeps the reckoning roll before them. They have seen kingdoms and nations rise and fall—the Babylonians, the Jews, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans. They have seen the childhood of all that we call ancient, and they seem likely to stand and tell their tale to those who will hereafter call us the ancients."

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

December 20th.—This morning we purposed to go to the tombs of the Kings. We crossed the Nile in a large-sized row-boat, and found the current rapid. When we reached the western bank donkeys and donkey-boys, which had been engaged for our use, were awaiting us. There was one for each of us, including our guide, Josef Hassan, and a few thrown in for good measure. The boys bade us "good-morning" in pretty good English, and immediately commenced to praise their donkeys, assuring us that we would find them of the very best description.

There were also nearly a dozen Arab girls awaiting us with small water-jars or bottles on their heads. We were at a little loss to know why the girls were there, but soon the matter was made clear enough. They ran to us with the greatest enthusiasm, and commenced talking to us, with such English as they could command, with unusual fervor. "I be your girl; I carry water for you." It was in vain we told them that we did not need a girl, and could not begin to drink water enough to require a girl to carry it. "Oh, yes, yes," cried they, "I go with you. I be your girl all day. You shall not get thirsty. I give you water often."

We appealed to Guide Josef Hassan to learn what these girls meant, and he informed us that it was customary for girls to carry water for those who went out into the desert to the tombs, and that they expected but little for their services. So, with becoming resignation, we submitted to our fate, and consented that the girls might accompany us, though gently suggesting that one or two girls could carry all the water we required. But all wished to go, and we had to consent. A rather tall, straight, dark daughter of the desert selected me as the party who should drink the water from her bottle, and she assured me in the most emphatic manner that she would be my girl for the day. I told her if it was my fate to have a girl I knew no reason why I should not as soon accept her as any one.

"And now," said I, "if you are to be my girl, let me know what your name is, so I may know what to call you."

"My name is Fatma," said she.

"Well, that is a good name, and I think I can remember it; and I shall expect you will see that I do not get very thirsty."

We were soon on our donkeys and on our way toward the Libyan Mountains. The boys followed close at the donkeys' heels, whipping them up and keeping them at a good traveling gait. The boys soon began asking:

"You likee donkey?"

"Oh, yes, he seems to be a very good donkey?"

"You thinkee me good donkey-boy?"

"Why, yes, you seem to fill the bill. And what is your name?

"Mehemet Ali."

"Well, Mehemet, I think we shall get along very well together; but don't hurry my donkey too fast, for I am not a very good rider."

"All right, sir; I make him go just as you likee, sir. You want him to go slow, I make go slow; if you want him go fast, he shall go fast. My donkey shall suit you."

The girls with the water-bottles kept along by the donkey's side, and, whether the donkeys walked, trotted, or galloped, keeping the bottles on their heads, holding the same with one hand, and frequently asking if we were dry. It seemed strange how these children of the desert had learned to talk English so well, but probably visitors are coming so often that they easily learn the words they most need to use.

We cut a comical figure with our donkeys galloping along over the plain of the Nile, the donkey-boys close behind and hurrying them on and yelling at them; and the girls running along at our sides, and I could not help laughing outright at the novelty of the situation. At a distance of two miles from the Nile we came to a branch of the river so wide that we had to dismount and be ferried over. The ferry-boat was a large, open, and decidedly primitive craft, which could not come within a rod or two of the shore; so, after making the donkeys jump into the scow, two muscular-looking Arabs carried us (the riders) on their shoulders through the water. The donkey-boys and water-girls waded to the boat and easily helped themselves. With donkeys, donkey-boys, water-carriers, and sight-seers, we made an amusing cargo. We were, however, soon over, and again off across the plain.

Our direction was northwest, and after a mile or two we came to the ruins of the temple of Koorneh, at the extremity of the cultivated land, and near the entrance of a gorge. It was built, on a somewhat fantastical plan, by Sethi, son of Rameses I. and father of Rameses II. It is funereal in character. The deity to whom it was dedicated was Osiris himself. After entering the hall of six columns by the central doorway we found on the walls of the third chamber a fine head of Sethi, whose filial piety had raised this temple. The walls are covered with inscriptions representing scenes between the gods and the king, etc. When Sethi died the temple was unfinished; it was completed by Rameses II., who consecrated it to the memory of his father, as well as his grandfather, to whom it was originally dedicated. It would take considerable space to describe the inscriptions, and I will only say that the walls of the rooms are still standing, and are thoroughly covered with inscriptions.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

Near this temple we entered the desolate gorge or valley, of Bab-el-Modook. We rode for about an hour up the barren gorge with rocky and gravel hills on each side, looking as though a heavy water course might have rushed down there one hundred thousand years ago, but now it is as dry as the mouth of a volcano. In the rocks of these hills, in

this lonely and desolate valley, are cut out large rooms or chambers running into the mountain sometimes two hundred feet, and in one case five hundred feet. The walls are cut square or are plastered over with a hard cement, the chambers being twelve or fifteen feet wide and nearly as high, and with wide chambers at intervals, the walls filled with inscriptions and engravings much in the style of those desribed at Sakkarah. One is struck with the immense amount of labor expended on these vast tombs, and the artistic skill displayed. The mummies were long since removed from them, but an air of solemnity and almost painful silence pervades these resting-places for Egypt's dead kings. The entrances are not very imposing, being a doorway of moderate size in the side of the mountain, with solid stone frame and unpretending exterior; but upon entering with candles lighted, the purposes and solemnity of the place are soon apparent. There are some twenty-four of these tombs in this vicinity—too many to be visited. Some are more interesting than others, and a selection of the most noted was made by the guide. When the royal mummy had been deposited in these resting-places, the entrance was walled up, and the surrounding earth was leveled so as to leave no external trace of the situation of the tomb. I will give a description of but a part. The tomb of Sethi is commonly called Belzoni's tomb. This is the most magnificent of all the tombs in this silent, lifeless gorge. By its grandeur and the profusion of sculptures with which it is adorned, it eclipses all the others. It was discovered in 1817 by Belzoni. It had already been violated, but still not a single bas-relief was then missing from the walls, and its pictures yet maintain their origiaal freshness, the most of them being artificially colored. But since that time much mutilation has taken place, which has amounted to nothing short of desecration.

Immediately on entering the tomb we found ourselves, as it were, transported into a new world. The almost joyous pictures of the tombs at Sakkarah have given place here to those more serious. The departed is not to be seen at home, surrounded by his family. No more making of furniture; no more building of ships; no more extensive farm yards, with cattle, oxen, antelopes, wild goats, geese, ducks, etc., marching in procession before the stewards. All has become fantastic and chimerical. Even the gods themselves assume strange forms. Long serpents glide hither and thither round the rooms or stand erect against the doorways. Some convicted malefactors are being decapitated and others are precipitated into the flames. It is not a difficult thing for a sense of horror to creep over the sensitive mind; but under these strange representations are the indications that the soul becomes happy at last after all his trials are over. Such, in fact, is the meaning of the pictures which adorn the walls of this tomb. It has been said that before, according to their kings, the honors of burial, the Egyptians passed judgment upon them. This legend is to be understood in an allegorical sense. The judgment of the soul, after being separated from the body, and the many trials it will be called upon to overcome by the aid only of such virtues as it has evinced while on earth, constitute the subject matter of the almost endless representations which cover the walls of this tomb, from the entrance to the extreme end of the last chamber, a distance of several hundred feet. The serpents standing erect over each portal, darting out venom, are guardians of the gates of heaven—the soul cannot pass unless justified by works of piety and benevolence. The long texts displayed over other parts of the walls are magnificent hymns to which the soul gives utterance in honor of the divinity whose glory and greatness it thus celebrates. When once the dead has been adjudged worthy of life eternal, these ordeals are at an end; he becomes part of the divine essence, and henceforth, a pure spirit, he wanders over the vast regions where the stars forever shine. Thus the tomb is only the emblem of the voyage of the soul in its eternal abode. The soul no sooner left the body than we are called upon from room to room to witness its progress as it appears before the gods and becomes gradually purified until at last in the grand hall at the end of the tomb we are present at its final admission into that life which a second death shall never reach.

When Belzoni discovered the tomb a fine sarcophagus in alabaster stood in the furthest chamber, but this was subsequently carried away to England, and is now in Sir John Soane's museum. In the center of this chamber is a passage which penetrates some distance into the ground. The tomb was to have been extended further in that direction, but whether Sethi died before it could be finished, or whether, as perhaps more probably is the case, a layer of argillaceous marl was encountered, which offered serious obstacles to further progress, this passage was discontinued, and its entrance to the chamber was hidden by a paving-stone over which the sarcophagus was finally deposited.

The next is that of Rameses III., called also the tomb of the Harpists. This is also very interesting, though not equal to the last. Toward the middle of the tomb, and on either side of the first two passages, are some chambers worthy of attention. The most varied scenes, with boats, household furniture and utensils, coats of arms, bows, arrows, and pikes, are here represented. One of these pictures is that of the celebrated harpists, of which several copies have been made. Like the other tombs, the walls of this are covered with pictures and representations cut in the rock and colored artistically.

The Tomb of Thotmes III. is also very interesting. On the left hand side of the room first entered is a large procession of Ethiopian and Asiatic chiefs, who are bringing tributes to the king; they are in five rows; the upper one consists of black and red men from the land of Paunt, who offer ebony, leopards, monkeys, hides, and dried fruit. Their dresses are short, in keeping with the custom of their country. In the second row the men are of a pale red color, with long, black, curly hair, but without beards; they wear short scarfs and sandals. Their presents consist of vases of very elegant forms, ornamented with flowers, necklaces, and other valuables. According to inscriptions, they are chiefs of Koofa. In the third line the "Chiefs of the Southern country" advance. Some are clothed in Egyptian dresses, others in skin aprons, the hair turned outward. They bring gold rings, monkeys, leopards, ebony, ivory, eggs of ostriches, feathers, giraffes, hounds with collars of precious stones, and bulls with long horns. The fourth row consists of a people of a northerly nation. They are clad in long white garments with a blue hem. Some wear a tight-fitting cap, others have nothing but their short reddish hair, and all have little beards. They bring long gloves, various vases, a carriage, horses, a bear and elephant, and ivory. Their name is Rotno. In the fifth row are first Egyptians, then follow women of Koos, carrying their children in baskets, and others of the Rotno in long cloaks with three collars. The presents are laid before the king, who is sitting on his throne, and are noted down by his secretaries. In the inner apartments are scenes taken from the lives of the Egyptian artisans, joiners, carpenters, rope-makers, and sculptors. Some of the latter are employed in cutting a stone square, others are working on a sphinx and two immense statues of the king. Further on are brick-makers; in another part they are boiling some fluid over a coal fire, which is blown by bellows. Some are employed with a brush in laying either glue or varnish on a board. On the opposite wall a maid-servant is represented pouring out some wine to a lady, and giving an empty cup to a black slave who stands behind her. Other guests are seated around, the women separated from the men, and they are entertained with music. There is also a garden on the right wall, in which the inhabitant of the tomb is drawn in a boat over a pond which is surrounded by Thebian palms and date-trees. There are also numerous representations of funeral ceremonies, and at the upper end of the tomb is a list of offerings and the names of those who presented them. These pictures are lively and free from stiffness and clumsiness. Many of the other tombs are very interesting, but probably those already described will give a fair view of the main part. After partaking of a lunch, which was carried out on the shoulders of an Arab, and having also the benefits of our water bearers, we climbed up by a very steep and precipitous path and reached the top of the Libyan range of mountains, from the top of which we had a splendid view of the Nile valley for a long distance north and south, and as far as the Arabian Mountains on the east. We took in all the site of old Thebes, the ruins below us, and much more additional country, which constituted a beautiful panorama. Descending on the east side of the mountain by a bridle-path as steep as we had climbed, and winding around among the piles of rubbish and ruins, where tombs and other structures once stood, we reached the small temple,

DEIR EL-BAHARI,

Built in the times of Thothmes III., and raised to the glory of Queen Hatasou. It is unlike any of the other Egyptian temples and has a different class of pictures and inscriptions. It was preceded formerly by a long line of sphinxes, now utterly destroyed, and two obelisks, of which nothing remains but the basis. Among the pictures troops are marching, preceded by trumpets and officers; the soldiers are fully equipped, some carrying in their hands branches of palm-trees, probably returning from a victorious campaign. In another part the queen has sent her troops into Arabia. Some of the servants are piling up enormous heaps of gum and other goods. The Egyptian fleet is drawn up close by, and the loading of ships is proceeded with. Bales of goods, earthen jars, live animals, trees—everything is carefully arranged in its appointed place. The ships are propelled by sails and by oars. Thebes at last is reached and the different items are enumerated. Among the rest is a procession of cynocephalous monkeys, panthers, giraffes, and short-horned oxen; while collars, chains, bracelets, daggers, and hatchets are all being classed in order. Ammon is witness of the scene and addresses his congratulations to the queen regent. In a side chamber to the south, another subject is presented. We no longer have the green waters of the Red Sea, but the blue waters of the Nile; in a lower compartment more troops are marching. Close by, a fine doorway, with many ruins heaped about it, leads into a chamber, the colors of which have retained all their vividness. On each side of the passage leading to this chamber are admirable sculptures representing a royal personage, who quenches his thirst with the milk of Hathor, under the form of the most beautiful cow that Egyptian bas-reliefs can show.

DEIR-EL-MEDINEH.

Pretty well up near the Libyan range, and in a sort of hollow, is this small temple, somewhat hidden from view. It was begun by Ptolemy Philapater and finished by his successors. The place which it occupies in the necropolis, and the presence of Osiris among the deities of the interior, indicate that the temple was a funeral monument. The inscriptions, however, give no certain clue to the definite intention, nor to the general idea which it served to commemorate. The façade of the temple is elegant. This temple was used by the early Christians for a church.

THE SITTING COLOSSI.

On our way back to the river we passed by the two immense figures in stone which for thousands of years have sat desolate in the green plains, sometimes surrounded by the waters of the Nile, when it overflows it banks. They were erected by King Amunoph and both represent him. Their hight is fifty-three feet. They measure eighteen feet across the shoulders, sixteen and a half feet from the shoulders to the elbows; ten and a half feet from the top of the head to the shoulders; thirteen feet from the elbows to the ends of the fingers, and nineteen feet eight inches from the knees to the soles of the feet. Each foot is ten and and a half feet long. The colossi are sixty feet apart; they sit with their faces toward the east. The faces have been sadly mutilated, as well as other parts of the monster statues. They are monoliths, though one of them has cracked into several pieces. They still present a very majestic appearance, and look as though they had been silently watching the passing events for the past three thousand years. Between the feet traces of small figures are seen, said to have been the consort of the king, whose figure, eighteen feet high, is on one side of the throne, while on the other is another which represents the mother of Amunoph. The throne is ornamented with figures of the Nile god, who holds in his hands the stalks of two plants peculiar to the Nile, twining around a kind of pedestal. A row of hieroglyphics reach from the shoulders of the statue down to the pedestal, which contain the name of the king.

In former times it was said that one of these statues made a sound, and hence was called "The Sounding Memnon." Tradition has it that it greeted the morning sun when it rose, to which Roman prefects and emperors listened with astonishment. In later times it was considered a mere freak of nature; after the coldness of night it was held that the morning sun drove the cold air through the cracks in the rocks, making a murmuring sound. In the present day, however, the statue is dumb; no more sounds are emitted from it, so that even this former wonder is now taken from it. Behind the monument is a cavity in which it is thought a priest used to secrete himself and make the doleful sounds attributed to the statue. The same thing is now sometimes done by one of the natives at the low price of two piasters.

We returned across the green field to the hotel, feeling that we had seen a good deal that is wonderful.

Wednesday, Dec. 21st.—We made our way again across the Nile as before, and found the donkeys, donkey-boys, and water-bearing girls again ready to receive us. Conceiving it wholly useless to have so many girls accompany us, we told Josef the guide that two girls would be quite enough to carry water for us, and that we preferred that the others remain behind. Josef soon selected the two girls that were to bear us company, upon which those not selected were nearly heart-broken. Fatma came to me with tears in her eyes, saying she could not go, and she wanted to carry water for me. I told her we did not need so many girls; that Josef had selected those he thought best, and that I feared she would have to submit to the inevitable. I impressed upon her mind that the best of friends often had to part, and handing her a piaster, I said, "Good-bye, Fatma; be a good girl; be virtuous and you will be happy." I presume Fatma will make Mehemet Ali a very good wife.

This morning, like all the mornings in this country, is extremely pleasant. The birds are out in great numbers flying around the fields. I think we saw not less than a thousand sparrows in one convention or gathering, and they are to be seen wherever we go. There are also many white pigeons a well as other birds. I hear no remarkable singers. We again crossed the second stream or branch as before and had the same experience in being carried to the ferry-boat, seeing the donkeys boosted in and out, etc. One of our party, Miss Rose, caught her first fall to-day; her saddle turned with her while her donkey was at a gallop, and she came to the

ground; but as the sand was not hard, nor the distance great, she was not hurt. None of the falls our company have thus met with have been at all serious.

THE RAMESEUM, OR MEMNONIUM.

We rode by the two sitting colossi and took another look at them, and then made our way at once to one of the most remarkable of the old temples in Egypt; for elegance of structure and symmetrical architecture it is not surpassed. A ride of twenty minutes west of the colossi brought us to it. It was built by Rameses II., one of the ablest of the many kings of Egypt. His cartouches appear upon each of the walls, to perpetuate his own memory, to serve as his own cenotaph, and to be the lasting memorial of greatness and glory.

In front of a large court are two propylons, more or less injured by the ravages of time and by Cambyses and others, who were jealous of the fame of Egypt. These propylons, of heavy, hewn square blocks of stone, are more than forty feet in hight and perhaps one hundred and fifty feet each in length, with a high portal between the two towers, which recede gradually from the ground up, being much heavier at the base than above. One of the massive columns, between the towers, is leaning much and looks as though it must fall; but as it was described as in the same condition half a century ago, no apprehension of a speedy fall need be entertained. Both the wide towers are profusely adorned with sculptures representing the battle scenes in which Rameses, otherwise called Sesostris, was engaged. The king is represented in these scenes as fighting in the thick of the combat, changing expected defeat to victory by his own personal bravery.

Entering the second large court, against the columns surrounding it are seen large figures of Rameses with the attributes of Osiris. On the left hand lies the largest statue ever made in Egypt, and probably the largest monolith statue produced by the hand of man. It is a statue of Rameses, of fine red granite, in a sitting position, sixty feet high and estimated to weigh a thousand tons; and this enormous weight was conveyed from the cataract of the Nile some two hundred miles away. One is filled with wonder at the vast achievement of conveying so heavy a stone such a distance and placing it in position. But as huge as the statue is, it has been thrown over and broken by Cambyses or some other jealous person. To give some idea of its monster size I will state that one of its toes is thirteen inches in length. With considerable effort and by the aid of blocks of stone lying by the side of it I climbed on the prostrate head of the statue, some ten or twelve feet through. The miserable Arabs have cut out of the very face of the statue millstones for grinding grain, thus sadly defacing one of the grandest works of man. The surface of the statue is highly polished, and the execution throughout was of the highest character. The name of the artist is Memnon of Syene. According to Diodorus, the statue bore this inscription: "I am king of kings, Osimandyas; if any one wishes to know how great I am and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works."

On the front right corner of the second court still stand pillars which supported the mammoth figure of Osiris, whose heads the destructive Persians broke off. The headless statues still sit there with arms crossed, keeping watch of the desolation that reigns around.

These entrances from the second court led to a large saloon, somewhat in the manner of an odeon, and containing forty-eight large columns, still in very fair preservation. A double row of gigantic pillars, forty-five feet high and twenty-three in circumference, crowned with calyxed capitals (patterned after the lotus flower), leads through the middle and reaches the massive ceiling of heavy blocks of hewn stone, nearly twenty feet in length, three or four feet wide and two feet thick. These make one of the most permanent ceilings that could be devised. The two neighboring rows of columns want an addition of high windows over their burgeon capitals, in order to come half way up to the center nave, and so by these high windows to light these and the whole hall.

The forest of massive pillars, with coping bead, forming a grand colonnade on both sides, supported the lower stone roof of the aisle. At the entrance were colossal statues, amongst them that known as the young Memnon, the head of which is now in the British Museum. The calyxed capitals over the shafts of the center aisle are in great perfection. The elegant imbricated bowl at the base has still evident signs of a circle of calyx leaves. The shafts in the middle are perfectly round and smooth as far as the neck, with five fillets under the calyx. The other fillets are changed into hieroglyphics. The base of the column, faced with pointed leaves, is much dwindled away. There is also a smaller colonnade which once had apartments at the sides, and an astronomical ceiling, but of which nothing is left. Here was the library of the temple, over which were inscribed the words, "Refreshments for the mind." On the door columns leading into the adjacent part, are Seph, the goddess of libraries, and Thoth, the god of writing and theology, writing the name of Rameses II. on the leaf of a sacred tree, thus transmitting immortality.

Sculptures, inscriptions, and battle scenes are on the walls, little space being allowed to go unoccupied. At the upper end of the great hall, on the northwest wall, the king is represented as receiving a battle ax and two scepters from Amunre, who is accompanied by the goddess Mont. The hieroglyphics state that the goddess is the guardian of the palace of Rameses the Great, and that the king is to smite the heads of his enemies with the battle-ax, and with the scepter rule the land of Egypt. On the corresponding wall he receives the sistrum, the emblem of life and authority to govern from Amunre, who is accompanied by Konso, in the presence of the lion-headed goddess. On each of the walls under these are tablets, on which are represented a procession of the twenty-three sons of the king, and in the west corner three of his daughters. The ruins of small temples are lying around; among them those of the temple-palace of Amunoph III., about three thousand feet to the southwest of them, consisting of fragments of pillars, sphinxes, and statues. From these ruins were dromos eleven hundred feet long, of which but few traces remain. In the immediate vicinity are also the ruins of an old Coptic village.

We next visited the pit or excavation whence the thirty-seven mummies and the large quantities of antiquities now in the museum at Cairo were taken out six months ago, of which an account is already given. It is located in the very edge of the Libyan range of mountains, and looks like a shaft twelve or fifteen feet square, and thirty-five or forty feet deep. A deep lateral passage from the bottom is said to lead into the mountain. We had to climb up a steep mass of loose rubbish, the fragments of broken stone and earth, to reach the opening, which is in a hidden nook in the mountain. When well covered the place would seem a very secure one to contain mummies. It is as dry a place as could be imagined. It is thought that, fearing the tombs of the kings were about to be rifled of the mummies they contained, the priests caused this shaft to be excavated, and removed the mummies there for safety. Others think the tombs were built to mislead as to the real place where the mummies of the kings were deposited; that they really never contained the royal mummies, and that they were put in this pit at first where they were found.

TEMPLE OF MEDEENET-HABOO.

We next visited these remarkable ruins, consisting of two temples, one of Thothmes III. and one of Rameses III. In these ruins, under the empire, a Coptic cathedral was found, and around it clustered a Coptic village called Medeenet-Haboo. Hence the name generally given to the ruins.

The temple of Thothmes III. is the smaller of the two. The court—eighty feet by one hundred and twenty-five—by the flowered capitals of its columns and the style of its sculptures and hieroglyphics, belongs to the Roman epoch. It also bears the names of Titus, Adrian, Antoninus, etc. Beyond this court, which is a Ptolemaic addition, is another smaller court, with cartouches of Tirhakeh (twenty-fifth dynasty), and Neetanebo (thirtieth dynasty). The temple itself is more ancient still, being erected and adorned by Thothmes II. and Thothmes III.

The temple of Rameses III. was erected by him in the immediate vicinity of the smaller edifice just described. This grand building is of great historical importance, and by its style and general effect and variety of decoration makes a profound and lasting impression. The edifice consists of a palace and a temple, separated by a court, forming together a gorgeous structure, highly decorated, a labyrinth of immense courts, innumerable pillars, and superb colonnades. Many parts are still perfect, but all around columns, bright and vivid with every color of the rainbow, lie scattered in countless profusion.

The palace, though probably intended as a grand monument of military architecture, rather than as actual habitation, has all the characteristics of a royal residence. The main part of the edifice consists of two immense pyramidal tower. The exterior architecture merits careful study, but it is in the interior decoration that the chief interest of the palace centers. Here Rameses III. is seen at home in the bosom of his family. One lady offers him flowers; in another picture he is caressing a favorite, in a third he is invited by a lady to a game of draughts or checkers.

In a building of such importance Rameses was not likely to omit to display himself as the great conqueror. At the entry gate he is shown presenting his prisoners to the gods, and in these prisoners are skilfully portrayed the races inhabiting Western Asia, Libya, and Soudan in the thirteenth century before our era. Similar pictures, with the ethnological characteristics of the various races most carefully rendered, are met with on various portions of the walls, and in the inner courts of the palatial pile.

The temple, north of the palace, is approached by a doorway or propylon between the two towers. Over this doorway are sculptures commemorating the victorious enterprises of Rameses against the Libyans and their allies. On the northern façade of this pylon is a sculpture representing the king receiving the falchion of vengeance from Ammon Armachis, who thus addresses the monarch: "I turn my face toward the north, and I will that Phœnicia be under my feet; I will that the nations that acknowledge not Egypt bring thee their gold, their silver, and their precious stones. . . . I turn my face toward the East, and I will that Arabia provide thee perfumes and essences, rare woods, and all its products," etc.

The court, measuring 110 feet by 185, is remarkable for the enormous Osiride columns, seven in number, adorning one of its sides, and revealing the funereal character of this monumental pile, for these statues are those of the king himself, with the attributes of Osiris. On the other side of the court are eight elegant columns with papyrus capitals. After examining from this point of view the various tableaux on the surrounding walls, commemorating the warlike achievements of the king, we passed through the granite portals of the second propylon, which is surrounded by a row of apes, emblems of Thoth, into the finest inner court found in any of the Egyptian temples.

This splendid area measures 123 feet by 135. Its hight to the cornice is nearly forty feet. Corridors covered with sculptures, brilliantly colored, surround the four sides, in front of which is an inner peristyle, supported on the north and south by Osiride pillars, and on the east and west by massive columns with capitals representing the flower of the lotos closed. In the center of the court are remains of columns once forming part of the Christian cathedral, erected here when Medeenet-Haboo was a Coptic settlement. These columns are very inferior in size and richness to the surrounding much older and better work.

The tableaux of the corridors of this court are of great interest. The lower register consists chiefly of battle-scenes; the upper registers are chiefly a series of representations of the ceremonies upon the dedication of this palace temple of Rameses. The western portion of the building was till recently completely buried in Coptic ruins. Much labor has been expended with but little result beyond broken columns, empty chambers, religious inscriptions of no special interest, and about a thousand mutilated statues of Osiris.

Among the historical tableaux on the extreme north wall of the temple are these:

1. Departure of the king and his army.
2. Grand victory with fearful carnage.
3. Prisoners brought to the king by his generals.
4. The king haranguing his generals.
5. Troops defiling to renew the war.
6. Victory, heaps of slain. The camp surprised, Women and children in flight.
7. March through a country infested by lions. One slain and another wounded by the king.
8. The only known Egyptian representation of a naval combat.
9. Halt on the march towards Egypt. Hands of the slain counted. Prisoners defiled. The king harangues the generals.
10. Return to Thebes, and thanksgiving to the gods.

The whole edifice was evidently designed as a lasting monument of the life and achievements of Rameses III. It has been called his autobiography in stone. All available genius and skill were enlisted for the perpetuation of one idea—and that idea was Rameses III. The ruins of two small temples are in the vicinity of this, but they require not much notice.

RUINS AT LUXOR.

After returning to the east side of the river we look over the ruins within the village of Luxor, where courts, and columns, and statues, and ruins are mingled in much confusion. One lonely obelisk stands erect, its companion having been removed to the Place de la Concorde at Paris, and near it are two mammoth statues, the lower parts of which are covered with earth. The front of the temple facing the river has a colonnade of massive columns, which give it an imposing appearance. It was built in the eighteenth dynasty, in the reign of Amunoph III., 1600 B.C. The colonnade facing the river is said to have been added in the reign of King Horus (1480 B.C.), whilst the great court, with two obelisks, the colossal statues, and the propylon were added by Rameses II. In the interior the names Tirhakeh and Psammiti-Chus and Alexander are inscribed as having additionally adorned the fabric. This temple, however, by no means equals in interest several others of the more elaborate temples in this vicinity.

We looked through the town and visited the market, which is a large open square where people from the rural districts bring their produce and offer it for sale, where it lies upon the ground, purchasers passing around among the same. Here, too, almost everything is on sale that the wants of this primitive people require. It was a busy scene, and afforded one a good opportunity to study the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the country. They are not very tidily dressed, nor have they a surplus of wearing

apparel. The climate does not require much, and they do not deem it worth while to use more than is necessary. The mercury stands at 72° during the middle part of the day and settles to 45° at night, the change between the two extremes being quite enough for comfort.

THE TEMPLES AT KARNAC.

December 22d.—Karnac is about three miles below Luxor, and the road lies over a grassy plain, sprinkled with the remains of the ancient city of Thebes. The journey was made upon donkeys, and we found it a pleasant ride in the early part of the day before the rays of the sun poured down directly upon us. The grass, the young wheat and lentils, the scattering palms, with the accacia and other growths, enliven the way and make up somewhat for the dustiness of the road.

At the end of an hour we had reached the grandest ruins of ancient Egypt. The towering propylons, walls, and portals were seen when still at a distance, and we passed for nearly half a mile through an avenue of sphinxes, though in a broken and mutilated condition. It is said that this avenue of sphinxes originally reached for two miles, nearly to where Luxor now stands. They are neatly cut of stone, perhaps ten or twelve feet in length, with the body of a lion or other animal gracefully resting upon the ground, and with the head and breast of a woman. The rows of these, one on each side of the avenue and facing each other, are about thirty or forty feet apart, and about eight feet apart in the rows. It must have been a grand sight in the palmy days of Thebes to ride down this avenue between the hundreds of these statues and gaze upon the magnificent temple then in its glory and grandeur. We passed around the smaller temple, leaving it on our right, and approached the grand temple from the west, where is another avenue of sphinxes which once continued to the Nile, nearly a mile distant. A glorious portal with high, massive walls on either side, one reaching to a hight of one hundred and forty feet, stood before us. Up this square perpendicular wall several Arab boys were climbing more than half way to the top by placing their hands and feet in the joints between the square blocks of stone; it seemed marvelous how they could retain their position and not fall to the ground; but they are nearly as active as squirrels, and for "backsheesh" repeatedly make this hazardous ascent.

Passing into the grand court surrounded by massive walls, the court being nearly two hundred feet square, we passed up to where the two colossal statues once guarded the entrance to the temple, but which are now badly broken with but parts of the polished granite remaining, and before us opened up the grandest sight I ever saw. Here was the grand temple with a perfect forest of the most magnificent columns, thirty-six feet in circumference, covered with hieroglyphics, towering up to a hight of sixty-six feet above the base, or at least the center rows, surmounted by spreading capitals in imitation of the lotus flower; the outer rows have different capitals, but all look extremely rich and massive. When one enters in the midst of this gigantic wilderness of columns he is inevitably overwhelmed with their numbers, magnificence, and grandeur, and, almost appalled in bewilderment, he asks, Did the hands of men do all this? There are one hundred and thirty-four of these enormous columns, and the amount of labor necessary to cut them and inscribe them as they are from bottom to top with thousands of well-cut hieroglyphics, cartouches, and symbols, and place them where they are, with the massive stone roof, composed of huge well-cut blocks twenty feet in length, is wonderful to contemplate. This magnificent temple is a mile and three quarters in circumference, with walls eighty feet high and said to be twenty-five feet thick.

The first propylon is 370 feet in breadth, one of the towers 140 feet high, from the top of which a magnificent view of the country is obtained. This temple is thought to have been constructed by Amunoph III; the most ancient cartouches are said to be of Sethi I. (1450 B. C.). Originally the great hall was completely roofed in—daylight only coming in by the grilled windows, of which traces are still visible—thus the light must have been of the dim religious kind, so common to temples, cathedrals and mosques. It doubtless, in this case, had the result of softening the general effect of massive columns and walls.

Proceeding through the main hall, another propylon is passed through, and a narrow court, running across the building, is entered; here are standing two obelisks—one said to be the largest ever made, 8 feet square and 92 feet high—while the broken pieces of two others are lying upon the ground; these are of red granite, and were brought a distance of two hundred miles. On them the names of Thothmes I. and Rameses II. are inscribed. This court is surrounded by Osiride pillars or statues—in commemoration of the favorite god Osiris—but these are badly broken, partly by an earthquake and partly by the vandalism of Cambyses and his army. The larger obelisk is of the celebrated Queen Regent Hatasou, who played an important part in the history of the 18th dynasty. It was surmounted by a pyramid of gold, and had corner pieces of gold coming down to the pedestal. It is said but seven months were required to take this monolith from the quarry, cut and carve it, transport it here, and place it where it stands. There were great mechanics and engineers in those days.

Beyond this court, passing east, are the ruined sanctuary and various other chambers, the columns of Osirtasen I., of 3064 B. C., marking the oldest portions of the edifice, and among the oldest ruins of Egypt. Here are also the columnar hall of Thothmes III., the hall of the ancestors, and several other chambers and ruins. I will not weary you by entering into details. Another propylon is on the eastern part of the grounds, another on the north, and still another on the south; the western one is where we entered. The whole is most grand and extensive, surpassing my ability to describe.

The lofty and massive walls of the temple are covered inside and out with bas-relief inscriptions and representations. I will merely mention some of them. On the north wall are the most valuable records of the reign of Sethi in existence. They represent the wars and campaigns of that monarch against the Assyrians, the Armenians, and the desert tribes. In one extraordinary symbolical scene, the king seizes his enemies by the hair of the head, and proceeds to immolate them before the god of Thebes. On the south wall are elaborate representations commemorating the victories of Shishak. On a projecting wall, toward the east, inscribed in hieroglyphics, is the famous poem, describing a feat of arms by Rameses II. in his wars with the Khetas, handed down to posterity. This is a portion of the address of Rameses to Ammon:

Have I not erected to thee great temples?
Have I not sacrificed to thee thirty thousand oxen?
I have brought from Elephanta obelisks to set up to thy name;
I invoke thee, O Father Ammon; I am in the midst of unknown tribes and alone;
For Ammon is better to me than thousands of archers and millions of horsemen;
Ammon will prevail over the enemy,
Ammon-Ra has been at my right hand and my left in the battles,
His mind has inspired my own, and has repeated the downfall of my enemies,
Ammon-Ra, my father, has brought the whole world to my feet.

The following are some of the stanzas in which the god Ammon addresses Thothmes:

I am come; to thee have I given to strike down Syrian princes,
Under thy feet they be throughout the breadth of their country;
Like to the Lord of Light I make them for thy glory,
Blinding their eyes with light, O earthly image of Ammon!
I am come; to thee have I given to strike down Asian princes,
Captive now hast thou led the proud Assyrian chieftians.
Decked in royal robes I made them see thy glory,
In glittering arms and fighting, high in thy lofty chariot.
I am come; to thee have I given to strike down the Western nations,
Cyprus and the Ases have both heard thy name with terror;
Like a strong-horned bull I made them see thy glory,
Strong, with piercing horns, so that none can stand before thee.
I am come; to thee have I given to strike down the Libyan archers,
All the isles of the Greeks submit to the force of thy spirit;
Like a royal lion I made them see thy glory,
Couched by the corpse he has made down in the rocky valley.
I am come; to thee have I given to strike down the ends of the ocean;
In the grasp of thy hand is the circling zone of the waters;
Like the soaring of an eagle have I made them see thy glory,
Whose far-seeing eye there is none can hope to escape from.

A description of all that is on the walls and pillars of this temple would fill a volume, but I will have to pass them by. I will remark, however, that here, as well as in all the other Egyptians temples I have visited, among the symbols and hieroglyphics I see very often the sistrum represented, embracing a combination of the male and female organs of generation. This was used by the Egyptians to represent the power and source of life, creative energy, etc. This symbol is seen in the hands of goddesses and female figures, often in the act of presenting it to a king and favorite. I have seen this symbol here thousands of times. It is a combination of an oval, or ellipse, and a cross.

The great annoyance of visiting the ruins of these temples are the Arab antiquity venders and beggars. When you are absorbed with the grandeur of some wall or column, or when studying a statute or admiring a splendid colonnade, half a dozen of these pests will surround you and importune you to buy their antiquities, or to give them *backsheesh*, and there is no getting rid of them. If you say no to their antiquities, they will twenty times say, "antique," "good," "cartouche," "very cheap," etc., etc. It is impossible to drive them away. If you succeed by a loud voice and cross visage to repel them, in a minute they will be back again, saying a hundred times, "antique," "cartouche," "very good," "cheap," "you buy?" etc. I did invest in a dozen or so of *scarabees*, a representation of the Egyptian beetle, which was regarded as a sacred insect, and in some way represents some deity. These were formerly cut in precious stones, like coral, cornelian, and a rare black stone from the Red Sea. These were used as charms, and were often deposited with the mummies in the tombs. A cartouche of the king and other symbols are engraved upon them. These Arab swindlers would have us believe that those they offered us were really "antique," but we were not deceived, being well apprised that they are of modern manufacture. They are made of composition, pressed in a mold and colored. As they are made a correct copy of the ancient, I decided they would answer for me, and took a dozen at a cheap price.

I also invested in a stone figure of a mummy and the hand of a mummy, or what looks to be one. It is a small hand, and I fancied it might be the delicate hand of some beautiful Egyptian princess, who tripped gaily over these plains three thousand years ago; but I fear these Arabs have swindled me, and that the hand is a bogus one, made to imitate the genuine article, and wound with stained bandages to imitate a mummy's hand. I shall hardly investigate the true inwardness of that hand before I return home, and will try to be happy under the delusion that I have the hand of an Egyptian princess of "ye olden time." I purchased before I had seen many, and have since had nearly a hundred hands and feet of the ancient dead offered me, and that is what makes me think I have a counterfeit hand of a princess; but as I paid but a franc for it I am not swindled to a fearful extent.

There are many blind people and cripples here, who appeal directly to your pity. Vigorous young people in apparent good health do not work upon my sympathy to an alarming extent. Some of these irrepressible beggars endeavor to work up my pity to a donating point by telling me that they have neither father or mother. I often tell them that I sympathize with them, for I am in the same unhappy situation, and that therefore they will have to excuse me.

Before returning to Luxor we looked through the smaller temple, dedicated to Osiris, and found the walls and columns thoroughly inscribed, the representations referring to the after world and the judgment of the dead; but it is hardly worth while to discribe its chambers, apartments, and columns.

Reaching the hotel, we settled with our guide, Josef Hassan, who had paid our bills for the three days and found the amount to stand thus:

1st day, 7 donkeys,	francs	14
Guide,	"	5
Boy to carry luncheon,	"	2
Guard of the temple,	"	1
Crossing Nile twice,	"	16
Crossing second stream by ferry,	"	3
To men, carrying to boat,	"	1
Backsheesh to donkey-boys	"	3½
" to water-bearer girls	"	3
Total 1st day francs		48½
2d day, one person less	"	45
3d half day	"	14½
Total for 3 days, francs		108

We have now completed the examination of the temples, tombs, and statues in this part of Egypt, and it seems fitting here to quote the lines of Gerald Massey, which preceded his large two volume quarto work of 1,200 pages, on Egypt, called "The Book of the Beginnings," just published:

Egypt, how I have dwelt with you in dreams,
So long, so intimately, that it seems
As if you had borne me; though I could not know,
It was so many thousand years ago!
And in my gropings darkly underground,
The long-lost memory at last is found
Of Motherhood—you Mother of us all!
And to my fellow-men I must recall
The memory too; that common motherhood
May help to heal the common Brotherhood.
Egypt! It lies there in the far-off past,
Opening with depths profound and growths as vast
As the great valley of the Yosemite.
The birth-place out of darkness into day;
The Shaping Matrix of the human mind,
The Cradle and the Nursery of our kind.
This was the land created from the flood,
The land of Atum, made of the red mud,
Where Num sat in his Teba throned on high,
And saw the deluge once a year go by!
Each brimming with the blessing that it brought,
And by that water-way in Egypt's thought,
The gods descended; but they never hurled
The deluge that should desolate the world.
There the vast hewers of the earthly time,
Built, as if that way they would surely climb
The heavens, and left their labors without name—
Colossal as their carelessness of fame—
Sole likeness of themselves—that heavenward
Forever looks with statuesque regard,
As if some vision of the Eternal, grown
Petrific, was forever fixed in stone!
They watched the moon re-orb, the stars go round,
And drew the circle. Thoughts primordial bound.
The heavens looked into them with living eyes
To kindle starry thoughts in other skies.
For us reflected in the image-scroll,
That night by night the stars for aye unroll.
The royal heads of language bow them down
And lay in Egypt's lap each borrowed crown.
The glory of Greece was but the after-glow
Of her forgotten greatness lying low;
Her hieroglyphics buried dark as night,
Or coal deposits filled with future light,

Are mines of meaning; by their light we see
Through many an overshadowed mystery.
The nursing Nile is living Egypt still,
And as her lowlands with its freshness fill,
And heave with double-breasted bounteousness;
So doth the old hidden source of mind yet bless
The nations; secretly she brought to birth,
And Egypt still enriches all the earth.

Massey, in his new work, takes the ground that Egypt has an older civilization than any other part of the globe, India included, and that from her narrow valley, the language, the literature and science of the world were evolved. He speaks thus:

"Egypt, and not India, is the common cradle of all we have in common, east, west, north, and south, all around the world. The language, beliefs, rites, laws, and customs went out to India, but did not return thence by means of the apocryphal Aryan migrations. The Indian affinity with our Egyptian folk-lore and fairyology is neither first nor final; 'tis but the affinity of a collateral relationship. Egypt supplied the parent source, the inventive mind, the propagating migratory power. In Egypt alone we shall find the roots of the vast tree, whose boughs and branches had extended to a world-wide reach"

There is of course considerable difference of opinion as to which is the older civilization, that of Egypt or India, and whether Egypt was settled by emigrants from India or Central Asia; or whether her ancient races had their origin upon her own soil. This question perhaps can never be positively settled; but this part remains true: while Egypt presents irrefutable proof that they had civilization, literature, cities, and a large population longer ago than the period set for Noah's flood, when all the inhabitants of the earth are said to have been drowned like a parcel of rats; that thousands of years, and perhaps tens of thousands of years, must have been required for man to have emerged from his primitive condition to that elevated plane of civilization and intellectual development which he exhibited five, six and seven thousand years ago, both in Egypt and India, we need not contend as to which had precedence in the existence and the intellectual development of the human race, for both countries present most incontrovertible proofs that they possessed a prolific population long prior to the period claimed by the Hebrew scriptures, and necessarily ten or twenty thousand years ago. When the first specimens of the *genus homo* made their appearance, can never be positively decided, but that man has lived on the earth twenty-five, fifty, and even a hundred thousand years ago, there are many reasons for believing.

A FANTASY.

At the dinner table at the hotel an invitation was extended to our party from the native acting as United States consul to attend a "fantasy" at his house in the evening to witness some dancing by native girls. We, of course, could do no less than accept. We had been a long time without amusements, and we especially wished to witness something of the kind peculiar to the country. I was misinformed as to the hour of beginning, so that when our guide Josef called to escort me to the consul's residence the performance was already under way. I found that a company of thirty or forty persons had assembled there, half of them being Europeans and Americans, some of whom had been on an excursion steamer on a tour farther up the Nile, and were on their return. Among them were three or four ladies. I found some eight or ten girls in the loose dress of the country were sitting on the floor in the corner of a large room, and a portion of them were playing on some kind of native musical instruments, one of which sounds somewhat like a muffled violin with one or two strings. The music would hardly pass for first-class in Vienna, Paris, or London.

After a while, two of the girls, with marked agility, sprang to their feet—the players still continuing their music—and commenced a kind of walking dance, moving from one end of the room to the other. They whirled slowly by throwing one foot and leg far around the other, keeping a constant turning without the body rising and falling in the turn. Their movements were even and regular, and the rustling of their high-colored silk robes lent richness to the exhibition.

After this gyrating had been continued for ten minutes, they halted, standing some distance from each other, and throwing their bodies partially back they worked their abdomens in a way not easy to describe, and which appeared not of a very modest character. In making this sort of motion they seemed to be able to work a set of muscles not often seen in operation. While holding the upper part of the body and the feet quite still, the abdomen was brought up in a decided manner, and with such emphasis as would seem to cause pain, and this was continued for some time. I hardly knew what to make of this performance. I had heard of amorous dances, exhibiting "love throes," and all that, but as we were in a gentleman's house, and ladies were invited to be present, I could hardly believe this dancing was of that variety; but the character was too strongly marked to admit of much doubt; there could be but one signification.

This feature of the dance was supplemented by one of the girls placing on her head a tall black bottle, like an ale bottle, with a lighted candle in the mouth of it, the bottle serving as a candle-stick. She then repeated much that she had done before, particularly the working of the abdominal or posterior muscles in the way indicated, holding her head so still, though thrown back, that the bottle retained its position. Then she sat upon the floor and rose to her feet repeatedly without the bottle and the candle being disturbed. In doing this she showed great flexibility of the joints, and was able to sit down and rise up at a single motion, and without using her hands, in a far easier manner than I could do myself. Next, after sitting down for the half-dozenth time, she let her body go back to the floor, keeping her head so elevated, however, that the bottle did not move, and the candle continued its burning. This she repeated some three times, and then commenced rolling over and over, the bottle and candle all the time not moving in the slightest. It will be seen that she necessarily must have held her head very still. She rolled two or three times slowly across the floor—a distance of fifteen feet each way—the bottle in the mean time remaining, to all appearance, as fixed as though it had been sitting on the table.

Though this was a new feature in amusements to the Europeans and Americans, it soon lost its charm, and the English ladies present seemed anything but pleased with it. They arose while this performance was still progressing, and left, evidently thinking it was not the proper kind of exhibition they should witness. The men also seemed to think it was improper for them to remain when the ladies could not, and as soon as the act had closed we rose, two or three at a time, and took our departure, realizing that Luxor has a species of amusement that New York has not, and unconscious what we might have seen had we remained longer. I learned that before men only the same dance is sometimes performed in a state of nudity, and I was at a loss to know why the consul had invited us to such a fantasy. An impression has crept over me that all the young ladies of Egypt are not quite as modest as they might be.

One of the persons on the excursion Nile steamer is a Mr. Blake, of the firm of Blake Brothers, Boston. He took dinner with us once at the hotel, and we got somewhat acquainted with him. He is also on a tour around the world.

We have here, as everywhere else for the past eight weeks, chicken for dinner every day. The Frenchman, Monsieur Lefebre, of our party, has made some funny remarks upon our chicken diet. He says when he returns to Paris he will have been absent ninety days, and in that time has eaten one hundred and eighty chickens. He says he will not wish to see a chicken for three years.

A BIRTHDAY BATH.

December 23d.—This is my birthday, and I spent a portion of it at writing my letters to you, to let you know what I am seeing in this far-off part of the world. In the afternoon, as the sun was pouring down brightly like that of June, I thought I would celebrate the day by taking a bath in the Nile. You see, I had never bathed in the Nile on my birthday, and never before been sixty-three years of age. Perhaps I ought to do something unusual on such an occasion as this, and possibly, too, it is my duty to bathe in all the "holy rivers" I meet on my journey around the world. So with these pious thoughts running through my mind, I walked up by the side of the river for nearly a mile, soap and towel in hand, looking for a place where I could safely descend to the water; but not having altogether forgotten my swim in the holy Jordan, and remembering there are still crocodiles in the Nile, I must confess that I viewed with some degree of apprehension the surging, boiling current, making whirlpools as it rushed along, giving proof that the banks were not only very steep and high—quite perpendicular—but that the stream was very deep. I also fancied that the naked farmers working in the fields cast unfriendly eyes at me, and I knew not but that if I should lay my garments off, though they needed them not, they might appropriate them or do me other injury. I cast my eyes over to the west side of the river, and there saw the shore low and gradual, with the appearance of a moderate current. But it was quite a job to get over there, and, whatever my final destiny is to be, I do not quite relish the idea of being chewed up by a crocodile; not but that my meat would taste as sweet to his holiness as that of a Christian, but I cannot someway divest myself of the idea that an unpleasant sensation would for a moment run over a person when he feels the jaws of a crocodile closing upon him. I think I prefer to die of old age. So, with all these thoughts running through my mind, I sort of compromised with myself with regard to the bathing enterprise, and returned down near the steamboat landing, where the bank has been graded down. Here I took off but part of my clothing and took a partial bath. The water, however, recently from the mountain springs of Central Africa, was not as warm as were the waters of the Dead Sea and the river Jordan. This, too, may be the last time I will bathe in any river on my birthday.

THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.

On the evening of the 23d, our steamer having returned from Assouan, we were ready to embark on her for Cairo. We would, at least a part of us, have been glad to ascend as high as the first cataract, were it convenient, visiting on our way the ruins of the temple at Esneh, the Speos at Gebel-Silsileh, of some of the bas-reliefs on the walls of which Mariette-Bey speaks as follows: "The work dates the eighteenth dynasty, but was made use of later on by many personages who have left here valuable records of their passage. Our limits will not allow of our attempting to describe all that is interesting in this Speos. We will only refer to the two pictures which are sculptured side by side in the southwest angle. The one on the southern wall represents a goddess nourishing King Horus, still an infant, with her divine milk. . . . This picture is marked by a placid sweetness of expression which excites at once wonder and admiration. Close by, on the western wall, is the other picture, well known under the title of the Triumph of Horus. The king is seated on his throne, borne by twelve officers of his army [why not twelve apostles?]; two other warriors hold over his head a long-handled flabellum."

Here we have the picture of the virgin goddess Isis, nursing the divine son of God Horus, which was executed in stone more than fifteen hundred years before the dawn of Christianity in the world. Cannot even an obtuse mind see here one of the sources whence the Christian fathers borrowed the idea of the birth of a son of God, and his being brought up on divine virgin's milk? It certainly was no difficult task of Irenæus and others in the latter part of the second century to borrow this idea from Egypt and incorporate it into the story of their Jesus. One thing should never be forgotten, that Paul, who was not only the oldest writer of the New Testament, but also the principal founder of Christianity, never had anything to say about Jesus having been begotten by a god, not a word about his having a virgin for a mother, or about his being reared upon virgin's milk? All that was a conception of the second century, and was not made part of the gospel story till the year 181, when the fathers realized the importance of investing their new-fangled god with divine attributes, a divine parentage, and a divine virgin for mother, and they only had to go to India and to Egypt to find the plan for their new story. Peter and Paul never had a word of the kind to say, and the four narratives were wholly unknown till Bishop Irenæus brought them into notice, and gave his very foolish reasons why there should be four gospels and no more. It was not a difficult thing for Irenæus to have heard of the Egyptian trinity, Osiris, Isis, and Horus.

I, at least, would also have been pleased to go up to the first cataract and visit the ruins of the temple at Philæ, 660 miles from the Mediterranean, erected by Nectanebo II. and others after him, but we have seen the greatest and best of the Egyptian temples, and perhaps I am just as well satisfied as though, at greatly increased expense, I searched out every pillar, every wall, and every inscribed stone. Mariette-Bey, in describing the island on which the temple of Philæ is situated, says: "There still lived (A.D. 453) in the 'Holy Island' priestly families who continued to celebrate the time-honored mysteries of Osiris and Isis." No fact in history is better substantiated than the myth of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the Egyptian trinity, and there was nothing easier than for the early fathers to know of it and borrow the idea. This is far more probable than that Yahweh, of the Jews, in getting up a new religion, a new plan of salvation for the miserable wretches he had created, was under the necessity of pilfering from the pagan mythologies of Egypt, India, and other countries to get up his plan by. A great deal in this world which men have done has been, in after centuries, credited to the gods, and particularly to the Hebrew god.

Before leaving Luxor we telegraphed to Keneh for donkeys to be ready for us upon the arrival of the steamer, the following morning. We had a pleasant ride of forty miles to Keneh, although we did not leave Luxor till morning. We find the current makes not a little difference in the speed. We can travel twice as fast in coming down stream as in ascending against the current. We arrived at Keneh at about 10:30 on the 24th. The temples of Denderah are on the west side of the river, some five or six miles from the landing, in a northwest direction. A row-boat belonging to the steamer took us from the steamer to the west bank, and waited for us till we returned from the temples. The donkeys and donkey-boys were in waiting for us on the bank of the river, but deeming it safer to make the bargain before our ride, we ventured to ask the price of the donkeys, and learned they wanted the modest sum of five francs each. This nearly threw us from our equilibrium. Having hired donkeys at Luxor at two francs a day, we very naturally objected to paying five francs for three hours. In fact we remonstrated stoutly, by shaking our heads resolutely, saying "No! no!" in a very emphatic manner, "No five francs for donkey," "We will walk first." There is nothing better than determination in carrying measures. It was successful in this case. The price of donkeys fell very suddenly. They undertook to

"bull" the market and we wouldn't "bear" it. When the price dropped to two francs per donkey we "closed," and soon were on our way to Denderah, the donkey-boys, as in all other instances, following close at our heels, whipping and talking Arab. This little village opposite Keneh is a great place for manufacturing the earthen jugs and pitchers used everywhere in this country. The factories are a little back from town, and we saw numerous camels loaded with these jugs and pitchers, strung across their backs in crates and large nets made of ropes. The walls of the houses in the village, and the walls between them, are built up of broken jugs laid up with mud.

The ride back to the Libyan mountain, near which the temples are located, was a pleasant one, luxurious fields of wheat, corn, sugar-cane, clover, lentils, and vetches being spread out beautifully before us. The temple of Denderah is the best preserved temple in Egypt; the roof is still intact, which is not the case with any other temple we have visited. This may be accounted for, because its antiquity is not so great as many of the others. It is also a very important temple, and can be studied with great facility. Like all Egyptian temples, it was built in the center of a vast encircling wall of crude bricks, which was so high and so thick that when the two gates were closed through which admission was obtained nothing could be seen or heard of what was taking place inside. Its foundations were laid under Ptolemy XI., its construction was finished under Tiberius, and its decoration under Nero: thus it was finished at the very beginning of the Christian era.

A long passway, walled up on either side, leads to the front of the temple, and upon descending some twenty steps the front or portico is reached, with its twenty-four massive columns. One is sensibly impressed with the grandeur of the place. This hall has been called the "monumental frontage." Open to the light of day and exposed to all external sounds, it has no direct relationship with the temple proper. The columns are six in a row and four courses deep; they are sixty feet high and twenty-four feet in circumference. They have an ornamental square near the top, with a carved face on each of the four sides of the columns. They are covered profusely with inscriptions.

Two small doors are on the sides, and through them the priests passed through and fro, and here the offerings were brought in, which played a very important part in the service of the temple. Through the large portal the king alone had the right to pass. The king presented himself before it clothed in his long robe, wearing sandals on his feet, and leaning upon his staff. Before he could be allowed to penetrate into the temple it was necessary that the gods should recognize him as king of Upper and Lower Egypt. And this ceremony is delineated in the bas-relief representations on the walls. The king is seen coming out of his palace and presenting himself before the gate of the temple. On the right hand side he is recognized as the king of Lower Egypt, and on the left hand side as the king of Upper Egypt. On his arrival Thoth and Horus pour over his head the emblems of purification. The goddesses Ouat'i and Suvan crown him with the double crown. After this Mont, of Thebes, and Toum, of Heliopolis, take the king by the hand and conduct him into the presence of the goddess Hathor. As the king presents himself he holds in his hands a coffer in which are inclosed ingots of gold, silver, and precious stones. In the interior rooms he is again represented as offering to the divinity necklaces, sistra, head-dresses, enriched with precious stones, mirrors, and scepters. In the other chambers, which are the laboratories of the temple, the king offers the sacred oils, essences, and aromatics, which are there prepared and used for perfuming the temple and anointing the statues of the gods.

In the scene of the purification the king is made clean by the flood of water which Thoth and Horus are pouring over him, in form of a double jet, the emblems of life. After being crowned he advances to enjoy the felicity of contemplating the divine majesty. In return the goddess Hathor promises him "annals written for eternity," which means everlasting glory. It is in this porch or front hall that the king prepared himself for the celebrations in the interior apartments.

The second group comprises ten rooms or chambers, which may be considered the temple proper. Here all is closely shut in, all is solid, smooth stone, but everywhere carved in bas-reliefs; all is somber, all is silent. It is impossible for a person not to be struck with the massiveness of the edifice and the endless profusion of inscriptions and pictures with which the whole place is covered—the walls, the columns, the doors, the ceilings, the passages, the staircases, the windows, and every place. The composition of these pictures is much the same. The king presents himself before one of the deities of the temple and recites a prayer; he solicits a favor, which is always granted; this is the great subject portrayed.

The question which arises in the mind of the visitor is, What could have have been the purpose of so many rooms? I will endeavor to answer this question, drawing largely from Mariette-Bey. It was in this group of ten chambers that the priests assembled, and where the preparations for the fetes were carried on. A sort of calendar engraved on the first of these chambers tells what was the nature of these fetes. They consisted mostly in processions, which went round the temple, ascended the terraces, and descended again in order to encompass the circling wall according to the prescribed rites. It was from this first hall that processions started. The other chambers served for the preparation of offerings destined to figure in the ceremonies, and as a place where the sacred emblems, carried in state during the processions, were deposited and carefully preserved. The halls 2 and 3 were annexes to hall 1 and contained altars before which certain prayers were recited as the procession passed. In hall 4 were kept four barks which played a conspicuous part in the processions. When not in use these barks were placed upon large chests, and when required for the uses of the temple staves or poles of wood were adjusted into them, by the means of which they were carried about. In the center of each of these barks was a small edifice always securely closed, wherein lay concealed the mystic emblem of the particular divinity to which the bark was dedicated. By way of additional precaution, a thick white veil was thrown over the structure, which was thus completely hidden from all eyes. This seems to have had about the same amount of secrecy and sancity as the ark described in the Bible, dedicated to Yahwah, and in which he took up his abode. In fact, the Jews had but little religous ceremonies which the Egyptians had not earlier practiced. The chamber 5 is a a laboratory in which were prepared the oils and essences with which the temple and the statues of the gods were to be perfumed. In chamber 6 were collected and consecrated such products of the earth as were to be introduced into the ceremonies. The chambers 7 and 8 served as places of reception, the one for the offerings arriving from Lower Egypt and the other for those from Upper Egypt, and here were also received and consecrated certain offerings of loaves of bread and of libations. The chamber 9 was the treasury of the temple, and this is why each of the pictures with which the walls are lined exhibits the king in the act of consecrating and offering to the divinity Sistra (sexual emblems of life) pictorals, mirrors, utensils of all sorts fashioned with gold and silver and lapis-lazuli. In chamber 10 were deposited the vestments with which they draped the statues of the gods. Coffers scrupulously closed contained these vestments, and each province of Egypt was expected to contribute to the keeping up the sacred stores of this department.

The third group of chambers contain the chapel 11, the court 12, the halls 13, 14, 15, and 16, the two flights of stairs, the one to the north, the other to the south, and lastly the little temple with twelve columns situated on the terraces in what may be termed the second story. The principal fete of the temple—that which is celebrated on the first day of the year, and which has for its object the first appearance of the star Sirius—is of such importance that at Denderah a smaller temple has been dedicated to it, inclosed as it was inside of the larger temple, and it is this smaller one which is composed of the various parts named. Prayers were recited in chapel 14; the various offerings were collected together, as were also the different limbs of the victims slaughtered for the sacrifice. The little chamber 15 was another place of deposit for the many valuable objects which were brought forth in this special fete; in the three chambers 16, 17, and 18, the king consecrated certain offerings. Like the other fetes of the temple, that of the New Year consisted chiefly in processions, the details of which are represented on the walls of both the flights of stairs. The king marches at the head; thirteen priests carrying standard poles crowned with the emblems of the different divinities follow him. Thus constructed, the procession ascended the northern staircase, stopped on the terrace at the hypæthral temple, the twelve columns of which are dedicated each to a particular month of the year, and descended by the southern staircase.

The fourth group of rooms comprises the corridor 19, the chambers 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. This part of the edifice is more particularly reserved to the myth, and here was to be found the the nucleus of the whole, a niche situated in chamber 26. Here the king alone could penetrate; here, hidden from all eyes, was the mysterious emblem of the temple, a large sistrum of gold (sexual symbol, again, of life and creative power). The chambers themselves were not set apart for any distinct purpose, as were the others, although in them were preserved various objects connected with the religious rites; but they served more especially for the recital of prayers. In chamber 20 it is Isis who is invoked; 21 is consecrated to Osiris. Here Osiris is supposed to be recalled from death to life, which was symbolized in this chamber by changing the vestments that covered the statue of the god; the chamber 22 was sacred to Osiris-Onnophris. Here the god restores youth to his body, imparts fresh vigor to his limbs, and forthwith becomes the vanquisher of his enemies, represented by a crocodile, which the god, armed with a pike, "drives backward." In chamber 23 the work of resurrection is completed, and the god appears under the form of Hor-sam-ta-ui. In chambers 24 and 25 it is Hathor who is worshiped, taken in her attributes of genetrix, out of which the sun daily takes his renewed birth. (Here is another portrayal of the ancient idea of the son of God from a divine virgin) The chamber 26 is the axis of the temple, and the principal divinity is adored under the most comprehensive titles. Lastly, in the chamber 27, 28, 29, and 30 a special worship is paid to Pascht, considered as the fire that vivifies; to Horus, considered as the light which has conquered darkness, and to the terrestrial Hathor.

Such is the temple of Denderah, which, unlike Christian churches, was not a place where the saints met together to unite in prayer. There were in this temple no dwellings for the priests, nor any places for initiation, no traces of oracles or divination; nor is there anything to indicate that with the exception of the king and the priests any person was ever permitted to enter here. The temple was a sacred depository, a place of preparation and consecration. Within its walls certain fetes were celebrated and processions organized, and the sacred vessels carefully stored away. If inside all was dark and somber—and nothing whatever indicates the uses of torches or other artificial lights—that darkness was intended to intensify the mystery of the ceremonies, while at the same time it secured the only mode known of preserving the precious objects and the sacred vestments from the ravages of insects, from flies, from penetrating dust, and from the scorching sun.

As to the principal fetes of which this temple was once the center and the starting-point, they consisted chiefly in processions which were carried on outside in the sunshine, as far as the extreme boundary of the great encircling walls of brick. In short, the temple was not entirely contained within its stone walls, the true limits being rather the outer brick wall. In the temple itself the gods were housed and draped and prepared for the fetes; it was in fact a sort of sacristy where none but the king and priests might enter. But within the outer wall long processions were organized, and if the general public were not admitted it may at least be believed that some of the initiated were privileged to take part in the processions. Mariette-Bey remarks that the numerous Coptic and Arab dwellings which have invaded the whole circumference of the temple, and even within the outer walls, no longer permit a full realization of what this temple might have been when it arose stately and isolated, the center of a vast area, shut in at the four corners of the heaven by high and somber walls of crude brick.

It may be well to explain more at length the pictures in one of the chambers alluded to.

First Picture.—The king offers to the Goddess Hathor the vase which serves in hieroglyphics to designate the word heart. In token of her satisfaction the goddess promises to the king all sorts of happiness and joy.

Second Picture.—Hathor and Horus are standing up at one end of the picture. At the other end the king makes an offering of the two sistra. "Mayest thou be loved by women," replies Hathor, alluding to the sistrum. "Mayest thou find favor with their lords." Horus on his side responds to the offering of the other sistrum: "May Egypt conduct herself as thou wouldst have her. Mayest thou tread under foot all foreign countries."

Third Picture.—The king offers incense and a libation to Osiris-Onnophris and to Isis: "To fill their divine nostriis with the perfumes of incense, and to refresh their hearts with the waters of the renovated Nile." In return Osiris grants the king a favorable inundation, while Isis vouchsafes to him a long dominion over Arabia and the other countries which produce incense.

Fourth Picture.—The king offers two vases full of wine to Hathor and to a god who seems to be Horus. Hathor promises to him those regions which produce the best grapes. Horus promises him wine to satiety.

Fifth Picture.—At the same time he offers her flowers, then addresses himself in the following terms to Hathor: "I bring the bouquets of flowers of all kinds, that thou mayest adorn thy head with their colors." In her answer the goddess promises the king that under his reign the land shall be merry with the most brilliant verdure.

Sixth Picture.—An offering of the hieroglyph, which expresses fields, is made to Hathor and to her son Hor-sam-ta-ui. The god Ahi, the duplicate of the person of the king, considered as the third person of the triad, stands before Hathor. The gifts bestowed upon this king consist of corn in immense quantities and of cereals of all kinds.

Seventh Picture.—The king and the queen offer the two sistra to Isis and Ahi to solicit the favor of these two divinities. Isis grants to the king the love of his subjects.

Eighth Picture.—The king is in the presence of Isis and Hor-sam-ta-ui. He makes a general offering of food, flowers, food, and bread. Isis replies: "I give thee everything in the heavens, all that the

earth produces, and everything that the Nile can bring." Hor-sam-ta-ui replies: "I give thee all that emanates from the rays of the sun, to fill thy dwelling with victuals."

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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Catholicism Against the United States.

The recent "Pastoral Letter" of the Catholic council held last month at Cincinnati is the authoritativ declaration of the Catholic church regarding its attitude toward the country, and the country's government, in which it has squatted itself like a noisome toad. Liberals and all who love freedom must recollect that it is a statement of doctrins by the leaders of a church that has a record as black as midnight; a church that has strangled every thought it could; a church that has put a barrier of sword and flame in the path of progress; a church that has always proclaimed for despotism and against freedom; a church that will never for a moment admit that it could be or do wrong; a church that pretends to hold the God-committed keys of heaven and hell; a church which has overthrown governments and trampled upon the rights of every people that hav allowed it to obtain a foothold among them; a church whose blind following in this country has increased in a hundred years from twenty-five thousand to seven millions, whose sectarian institutions in the last twenty years hav more than doubled, whose stealings from the state in the same time hav more than trebled; a church that is receiving bigoted, ignorant slaves from Europe at the rate of several hundred thousand a year; a church that bids fair in a decade or two to control this country unless forever separated by law from the state and driven from the public treasury as a highway robber. And remembering this, they can but regard it as a declaration of war by an enemy who knows no mercy and no law but its own intolerant will.

In opening the council it was observed that of the prelates who composed its last council only one was present, Archbishop Purcell. All the rest were dead. But the pious council forgot to state that the one who still lingered, living on borrowed time, according to biblical authority that man's allotted time is three score years and ten, was the colossal churchly thief of the century, who took the funds committed to his care by his thousands of dupes and used them to build houses in which ignorance occupied the pew and knavery knelt at the altar. The council forgot to tell how the confidence of slaves was met by the cunning of ecclesiastical law, which refuses to refund a penny to the beggared populace who clamored at the church's door. The council forget to tell that when a committee of Purcell's paupers applied for relief they were turned away with the cold assurance that nothing would be done; that if the courts decreed the sale of the houses the church would buy them in; that Purcell had solicited money in New York for that purpose, and not to pay the debt to them, and they must trust to the passing of the plate for reimbursement. It forgot also to say that when the paupers said they would complain to the pope, who had $47,000,000 in his coffers, and who but ten years ago was presented by Purcell with a million dollars, they were told that the pope had nothing to do with them, that he took all he could and kept all he got. All these things were somehow overlooked by the reverend and pious assembly, or perhaps they did not refer to them for fear of wounding the sensitiv feelings of Mr. Purcell, who sat among them "rich in the merits of eighty-two years of life and forty-eight of episcopal labor" and pious knavery, by which thousands of humble citizens hav lost their all in a salvation lottery, conducted for the benefit of the manipulator of the wheel. The council in its wisdom did not tell the world that honesty is not conferred with the miter, and that the exhortations of the priest are but a garment of words which conceal the pretending rascal and the pious robber.

These are a few things the council did not put in its "pastoral letter." Its sin of omission was great, but its sins of commission were even greater.

It talks about human freedom as though a Catholic could comprehend it—as though in all the years of blood and fire through which the church has waded there ever was a free Catholic—one who dared to stand up straight and say his soul was his own. If ever there was such who was not hounded by the church, history has forgotten to record his name. The doctrin that all men are created free and equal is scouted by this council as pernicious, and calculated to work injury to the church. Under this cry religion is assailed. God alone, it says, is free, and the church is the interpreter of his revelation and men hav no right to reject it.

There is the doctrin of the Catholic laid down plain. Men hav no right to reject the church, to doubt its words or question its acts. Every thought not licensed by the church must be suppressed, every doubt strangled at its birth. Every priestly lie must be believed and every miracle accounted a new fact in science. Not a whisper must go out on the winds of skepticism. The voice of the church is the voice of God and men hav no right to reject it. All the traditions of the church, all the vagaries of the apostles, all the myths on the saints, all the acts of the pope, all the lies of the priests, must be swallowed as the doings and words of God.

These are strange doctrins to teach free men.

Nor are all men equal, says the council. It is ordained by God that some shall rule and some shall be ruled. Those who are appointed to rule hav rights that subjects hav not. Bishops and priests are appointed to rule; if to rule, then they are above those whom they rule. The cry of equality is the cry of the idle and the weak.

These are strange words to hear in a republic.

The council then goes on to assail a newspaper run by a Catholic, and Catholic in its teachings, but which differs from the church in some things. The animus of the denunciation is apparent in the remark that "the editors pretend to be Catholic, but with unbridled license assail priest or bishop who differs with them." The *Irish World* is singled out as the paper which breeds defiance of authority, which means it is not the subservient tool of the church, but exercises the right to differ with the pope and his satellites who composed the council. The long and short of the denunciation is that no paper has a right to differ with the church, and that any paper doing it is a heretic and will be damned, its writers excommunicated, and its editor anathematized. Such insolence is not unexpected on the part of the church. The world knew that was its doctrin, but the church must be conscious of great strength to so boldly proclaim it to the American people.

As to secret societies, the council commands that Catholics shall not join them unless they are run in the interests of the church, and any Catholic who disobeys this order shall be deprived of "Christian burial," which to a church man is a terrible threat. To him it means an endless hell, an eternity of excruciating misery. It is very strange that one man should believe that another man can damm him for all time, simply for obeying his own reason and doing what he considers right without consulting a priest or asking his leave.

Music, unless written by some one in the pay of the church, is also condemmed.

With unparalleled impudence the council has practically declared that all men and women not married by the church are living in adultery. Such a statement, if made by an individual foreigner, would be deservedly met by a slap across the mouth; but this scarlet harlot, with the brazenness of her kind, boldly says it, and the people hear her without a murmur. The bishops would not dare say it as individuals; it is only when they speak as the peculiar and only agents of God that they can insult a nation with impunity.

But the crowning insult, and most dangerous utterance, is that power to govern does not come from the people but from God, and only from God through the Roman Catholic church. That the Liberals can see just how infamous and subversiv of democratic-republican institutions the teachings of this church are, we quote what the council says:

> With the popular doctrin that all men are equal, there is also steadily growing the doctrin that "all power is from the people, and that they who exercise authority in the state do not exercise it as their own, but as intrusted to them by the people, and upon this condition, that it may be recalled by the will of that same people by whom it was confided to them." This is not Catholic doctrin, nor is it the doctrin of the scriptures which teach, "By me kings reign, by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." "Giv ear, you that rule people, for power is given to you by God, and strength by the most high." Let every soul be subject to the higher power; for there is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God."
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> While on the one hand the Catholic doctrin thus distinctly teaches that all power comes from God, we must not be understood as teaching that the people are not permitted a voice in the form of government under which they shall liv; on the contrary we teach with the sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, "that they who are to be set over the republic may, in certain cases, be chosen by the will and decision of the people without any opposition or repugnance to Catholic doctrin. By this choice the ruler is designated, but rights of government are not conferred, and power is not given, but it is determined by whom it is to be wielded, There is no question here of the forms of government, for here is no reason why the rule of one or several should not be approved by the church if only it is just and tends toward the common good. Accordingly, justice being observed, people are not forbidden to provide themselvs with that kind of government which is most suitable to their genius or the institutions and customs of their ancestors."
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> There is also a growing disposition among a class of Catholics to teach that in some things the priest receives his power from the people. There is also a disposition to draw lines and to confine the priest within limits that neither God nor religion can permit. The priest is not appointed by the people, nor does he receive his power from the people. He receives his power from God, and the people are commanded to seek the law from his lips, "for the priest's lips should keep knowledge." "He that hears you hears me," says Christ, speaking of his priests, and "he that despises you despises me." "Go teach" are words that leave no doubt as to the right of priests to teach, or the duty of the people to listen.
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> Because the people supply the means for the support of religion they frequently assume that they, and they only, are to manage the temporalities of the church. Frequently even under the plea of assisting in the management of the temporalities, the laity also assume to dictate to the priest in spirituals, the more when he teaches the law of God on matters appertaining to government, or the duties of subjects to rulers. The assumption of this class of men is that in matters of state the priest must be silent, forgetting that governments and states, and the relation of citizen to citizen, must be founded on the law of God, and that the priest is guardian, and under the direction of the church, the interpreter of the law of God, and that consequently in all matters of civil life appertaining to faith and morals the priest has a right to speak, and the people are required to listen.
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> This will no doubt be a doctrin offensiv to modern Liberalism, that seeks to eliminate God from society, and to teach that all power comes from the people. But because a doctrin is unpopular it does not prove it untrue. Truth is often very unpopular. Christ nor his doctrin was popular. Governments and states and peoples are alike subject to the law of God equally as the humblest. Governments hav no more right to do wrong than individuals. "All power comes from God" and the church is the witness and guardian of revelation, as well the interpreter thereof. From her the world must learn the law of God, and the law of man must ever be subordinated to the law of God. It is untrue to assert "that all power comes from the people." "All power comes from God," by whom "princes rule and the mighty decree justice."
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> Guided by these doctrins, Catholics can easily see that though they may be associated with the clergy in the management of temporalities of the church, yet they must never forget the reverence and respectful obedience due to their pastors, nor the loving and mutual co-operation due them in all the works of religion. Let, therefore, the laity heartily co-operate with the clergy, being ever mindful that in unity there is strength, and in love and harmony there is peace and union with God.

This, in plain language, divested of all superfluous verbiage and ecclesiastical clap-trap, means that

All power comes from God; that

The Catholic church is the only authorized agent of God; consequently,

All power must come from the church.

And as the will of man must ever be subordinated to the will of God, so must the will of the people ever be subordinated to the will of the church.

And also as the pope, cardinals, bishops, and priests are the only ones who can speak with authority of God's purposes and plans, and are God's attorneys in fact, all governments and peoples must do and think exactly as the priests say, under penalty of eternal damnation.

This is the doctrin of the church which is gaining such headway in this country. It needs no argument to show that if unchecked by reason it will end by making this country a second Italy, degraded by faith and debased by superstition, until all vestige of manhood and womanhood shall be lost. The nation must either rise above the church or be sunk by it. Which shall it be?

A Valuable Book.

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, we hav just issued for Col. John R. Kelso, of Modesto, Cal., his new book entitled "Deity Analyzed and the Devil's Defense." It consists of two distinct works published, for convenience' sake, in one volume. "Deity Analyzed" is an argument in six lectures directed against the folly called the Christian religion and its so-called revelation, the Jewish scriptures. The first three lectures are devoted to a consideration of the god Jehovah as "Creator;" lecture four treats of that mythical personage as a "Supreme Ruler;" and the fifth and sixth lectures are upon the "Messiah or Savior."

"Deity Analyzed," if we except the Atheistical portion of it, is in a direct line with Paine's "Age of Reason;" and it is doubtful if any one since that author has treated the subject of the inconsistencies of the Bible in a manner as able as the colonel; while the latter has the additional advantage of the light which a century of criticism and inquiry has thrown upon his subject.

For one feature of this book the author cannot receive too much praise, and it cannot be too earnestly recommended to the attention of other writers; that feature is *accuracy*. Some authors, in making citations from scripture, habitually quote from memory, generally getting the substance right, it is true, but still distorting the text and perhaps crediting it to some portion of the Bible in which, upon investigation, it will be found not to appear. It is among the most humiliating experiences of life for an ardent worker in the cause to base an argument upon the assertion of a writer who is reckless about his authorities, and then find, when challenged by some browbeating clergyman to substantiate his claim, that, although building upon a rock, he is totally unprepared to state where that rock is located. It is worse than the blind leading the blind; it is the careless misleading the ignorant. The result is that the champion of truth is discomfited, and one error is thus made to support another.

No such charge as the foregoing can be laid at the door of Col. Kelso. He is accuracy itself. He builds no argument on the creeds of sects or the theories of individuals, but takes the Bible as he finds it; and in all conscience there is enough atrocity and

balderdash in that ancient book to satisfy the proclivities of the most critically inclined.

In his preface Col. Kelso says: "Of all that humanity is capable of suffering there can be no agony more fearful, more unutterable in its intensity, than is that of total religious despair—a full belief that, without intending to do so, we hav incurred the inappeasable wrath of God, and that we are irrevocably doomed to writhe and scream in the undying flames of hell ages without end." He then goes on, to the best of his ability, to uproot this pernicious belief; and we can vouch for the fact that he does it thoroughly and in a most masterly manner.

As for the second part of the volume, the "Devil's Defense," written in verse, it has to be read before it can be estimated at its true worth. The colonel says that he does not profess to be a poet, but some may regard this modesty as uncalled for. Men hav won fame as poets in whose lines can be pointed out many passages far below the standard of the "Devil's Defense." At the same time, where poetry aboundeth, truth doth much more abound.

The writer advances boldly in the direction pursuing which others hav halted half way on account of the plain speaking in which further progress would involve them. The vein of humor, however, which runs through this poem displaces with a smile the look of terror which the reader might assume at the colonel's audacity in handling holy subjects, were it entirely wanting in levity.

Col. Ingersoll's Reply to Talmage.

As early as Friday seats were at a premium for the lecture, and when the colonel appeared Sunday night the largest audience ever in the Academy of Music greeted him with long applause. For nearly three hours he kept them spellbound with admiration. The evening was devoted to answering the charges of the Brooklyn Presbyterian divine, and next Sunday afternoon at 2, the colonel announced, he would hav a matinée, and answer his explanations.

Mr. Ingersoll said:

Only a few years ago the pulpit was almost supreme. The palace was in the shadow of the cathedral, and the power behind every throne was a priest. Man was held in physical slavery by kings and in a mental prison by the church. He was allowed to hold no opinions as to where he came from, nor as to where he was going. It was sufficient for him to do the labor and believe; the kings would do the governing and the priests the thinking—and, my God, what thinking! If the world had obeyed the priests we would all be idiots to-night. The eagle of intellect would hav given way to the blind bat of faith. The arguments of the church were the rack, the fagot, the thumbscrew in this world, and hell in the next. Only a few years ago no man could express an honest thought unless he agreed with the church. The church has been a perpetual beggar. It never plowed, it never sowed, it never spun, yet Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed. Thanks to modern thought, the brain of the nineteenth century, to Voltaire, to Paine, to Hume, to all the free men, that beggar, the church, is no longer upon horseback; and it fills me with joy to state that even the walking is not now good. Only a little while ago a priest was thought more than human. Nobody dared contradict the minister. Now there are other learned professions. There are doctors, lawyers, writers, books, newspapers, and the priest has hundreds of rivals.

The priest grew jealous, hateful; he was always thankful for an epidemic or a pestilence, so that people would turn to him in their despair. In our country all the men of intellect were in the pulpit once. Now there are so many avenues to distinction that the men of brain, of heart, of rich, red blood hav left the pulpit and gone to useful things. I do not say all. There are still some men of mind in the pulpit, but they are nearer Infidels than any others. Where do we get our ministers? A young man, without constitution enough to be wicked, without health enough to enjoy the things of this world, naturally fixes his gaze on high. He is educated, sent to a university, where he is taught that it is criminal to think. Stuffed with a creed, he comes out a shepherd. Most of them are intellectual shreds and patches, mental ravelings, selvage. Every pulpit is a pillory in which stands a convict; every member of the church stands over him with a club, called a creed. He is an intellectual slave, and dare not preach his honest thought. There are thousands of good men in the pulpit, honest men. I am simply describing the average shepherd; they tell me "they've been called," that Almighty God selected them. He looked all over the world and said, "Now, there's a man I want!" And what selections! Shakspere was not called. Yet he has done more for this world than all the ministers who hav ever lived in it. Beethoven, he was not called. Raphael was not called. He was all an accident. All the inventors, discoverers, poets—God never called one of them; he turned his attention to popes, cardinals, priests, exhorters, and what selections he has made! It's astonishing.

In the United States a great many ministers hav been good enough to take me for a text Among others the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. I hav nothing to say about his reputation. It has nothing to do with the question. Some ministers think he has more gesticulation than grace. Some call him a pious pantaloon, a Christian clown; but such remarks, I think, are born of jealousy and envy. He is the only Presbyterian minister in the United States who can draw an audience. He stands at the head of the denomination, and as such I answer him. He's a strange man. I believe he's honest, or intellectual pride would prevent his saying the things he does. He believes in a literal resurrection of the dead; that at the last trump we shall see countless bones flying through air to find their fellows. He has made some charges against me, and he has denied some of my statements. He has produced what he calls arguments, and I am going to answer some of the charges. Next Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, in this place, I shall hav a matinee, and answer his arguments.

He says I am the champion blasphemer. What is blasphemy? To contradict a priest? to hav a mind of your own? Whoever takes a step in advance is a blasphemer. Blasphemy is what a last year's leaf says to a this year's bud. To deny that Mohammed is the prophet of God is not blasphemy in New York. It is in Constantinople. It is a question, then, largely of geography. It depends on where you are. The missionary who laughs at a wooden God is a blasphemer. In a Catholic country whoever says Mary is not the mother of God is a blasphemer. In a Protestant country to say she is the mother of God is blasphemy. Everything has been blasphemy. My doctrin is this: He is a blasphemer who refuses to tell his honest thought; who is not true to himself; who enslaves his fellowman; who charges that God was once in favor of slavery. If there is any God, that man is a blasphemer. They're afraid we'll injure God. How? Is infinit goodness and mercy to become livid with wrath because a finite being expresses an opinion? I cannot help the infinit That man only is the good man who helps his fellow-man. I know men who would do anything for God, who doesn't need it, but nothing for men, who do need it. Why should God be so particular about my believing his book? It's no more his work than the stars or gravitation. Yet I may declare that the earth is flat, and he'll not damn me for that. But if I make a mistake about that book I'm gone. I can blaspheme the multiplication table and deny the power of the wedge—in fact, the less I know the better my chance will be. I say that book is not inspired, and there is no infinitly good God who will damn one human soul. At the judgment, if I am mistaken I will own up. I am here, I do not know where I came from nor where I am going—I'll be honest about it. I am on a ship, and not on speaking terms with the captain, but I propose to hav a happy voyage, and the best way is to do what you can to make your fellow-passengers happy. If we run into a good port I'll be as happy an angel as you'll meet that day.

Blasphemy is the cry of a defeated priest—the black flag of theology; it shows where argument stops and slander and persecution begin. I am told by Mr. Talmage that whoever contradicts this word is a fool, a howling wolf, one of the assassins of God. I presume the gentleman is honest. Take Mr. Talmage, now, he is a good man; Mr. Humboldt, he was another good man. What Humboldt knew and what Talmage don't know would make a library.

The next charge is that I hav said the universe was made of nothing, according to the Bible. False in one thing, false in all, he says. Think of that rule. Let us apply that to him. If the world was created, what was it made of? and who made that? If the Lord created it, what did he make it of? Nothing. That's all he had. No sides, no top, nothing. Yet God had lived there forever. What did he think about? What did he do? Nothing. Nothing had ever happened. All at once he made something. What did he make it of? Mr. Talmage explains. He says if I knew anything I would know that God made this world out of his omnipotence. He might just af well hav made it out of his memory. What is omnipotence? Is it a raw material? The weakest man in the world can lift as much nothing as God. Yet he made this world out of his omnipotence. It is so stated by a doctor of divinity, and I should think such divinity would need a doctor! I don't believe this. I believe this universe has existed throughout all eternity—everything. All that is is God. I do not giv to that universe a personality that wants man to get his knees in the dust and his fingers in holy water; that wants somebody to ring a bell or eat a wafer I am a part of this universe, and I believe that all there is is all the God there is. I may be mistaken; I don't know. I just giv my best opinion. If there's any heaven, I'll giv it there. But there'll be no discussions in heaven. Hell is the only place where mental improvement will be possible.

I hav said, it is charged, that the Bible says the world was made in six days. He says I don't understand Hebrew. The Bible says the world was made in six days. God didn't work nights—evening and morning were the first day. God rested on the seventh day and sanctified it. That, they say, didn't mean days; it meant good whiles. He made the world in six good whiles. Adam was made, I think, along about Saturday. If the account is correct, it's only six thousand years since man made his appearance. We know that to be false. A few years ago a gentleman who was going to California in the cars met a minister. They came to the place called the Sink of the Humboldt, the most desolate place in the world. Just imagin perdition with the fire out. The traveler asked the minister whether God made the earth in six days, and the minister said he did. Then don't you think, said he, he could hav put in another day's work to great advantage right here?

I am charged, too, with saying that the sun was not made till the fourth day, whereas, according to the Bible, vegetation began on the third day, before there was any light. But Mr. Talmage says there was light without the sun. They got tight, he says, from the crystallization of rocks. A nice thing to raise a crop of corn by. There may hav been volcanoes, he says. How'd you like to farm it, and depend on volcanic glare to raise a crop? That's what they call religious science. God won't damn a man for things like that. What else? The aurora borealis! A great cucumber country! It's strange he never thought of glow-worms! Imagin it! a Presbytorian divine gravely saying vegetation could grow by the light of the crystallization of rocks—by the light of volcanoes in other worlds, probably now extinct.

He says of me, too, in his pulpit, that I was in favor of the circulation of immoral literature. Let me tell you the truth. Several gentlemen, so called, were trying to exclude from the mails books called Infidel. I said the law should be modified. It is impossible for anybody to reach the depth of one who will print or circulate obscene books. One of my objections to the Bible is that it contains obscene stories. Any book, couched in decent language, should hav the liberty of the United States mails. Where books are immoral and obscene, I say, burn them, and hav always said it. I am in favor of disseminating free, clean literature, and that, too, without the interference of any agent, who was to judge whether it was antagonistic to orthodox interests. As to immoral literature, no man has a greater loathing for it than I. But the difference between the two is boundless; one is an angel of light, the other a slimy, loathsome, crawling serpent. Mr. Talmage said what he knew to be untrue. He said it out of hatred, and because he cannot answer the arguments I hav urged. I believe in pure books and pure literature. But when a God writes there is no excuse for him. In Shakspere we say obscene things are impure; we do not say they are inspired.

That I hav falsified the records in the Bible showing the period of Jewish slavery, is another of the charges against me. That slavery extended over a period of two hundred and fifteen years; and he proceeded to substantiate this statement by going through a long and somewhat complicated genealogical table. If I made any misstatement I was misled by the New Testament. Mr. Talmage may settle it with St. Paul. If you can depend on what my friend Paul says, the Jews, in two hundred and fifteen years increased from seventy persons till they had 600,000 men of war. I know it isn't so, and so does any man who knows anything. For such an increase as this each woman must hav borne something over fifty-seven children, and every child hav lived.

The next charge is that I hav laughed at holy things. Holy things! The priest always says, "Now don't laugh; look solemn; this is no laughing matter." There's nothing a priest hates like mirthfulness. He despises a smile. I read in the Bible that God gave a recipe to Aaron for making hairoil, and said if anybody made any like it kill him. Well, I don't believe it. The penalty for infringing on that patent was death. Do you believe an infinit God gave a recipe for hairoil? Is it possible for absurdity to go beyond that? That's what they call a holy thing. And water for baptism! Do you believe God will look for this water mark on the soul?

The next charge is that I misquote the scriptures. That's because I don't know Hebrew. God knew I wouldn't know Hebrew. Why didn't he write to me in English? If he wishes to hold a gentleman responsible why doesn't he address him in his nativ tongue? Why write his word in such a way that hundreds of thousands make their living explaining it? If I'd only understood Hebrew I would hav known God didn't make Eve out of a rib. He made her out of Adam's side. How did he get it out? Well, I suppose he cut it out with a kind of a splinter of his omnipotence! Then our mother was made from a rib. When you considered the material used it was the most successful job ever done. There's even a serpent in the Bible that knows a language. It won't do. Sin, how did it come into the world? Where did the serpent come from? He was wicked. Adam's sin did not make him bad. Then there was sin in the world before Adam. There's no sense in it—not a particle. Then Talmage touches me upon the flood. His flood didn't come to America because America wasn't discovered then. He says it was a partial flood. Then why did they hav to take any birds into the ark. How did Noah get the animals in the ark? Talmage says it was through the instinct to get out of the rain. According to the Bible they went in before the rain began. Dr. Scott says the angels helped carry them in. Imagin an angel with an animal under each wing. It must hav rained eight hundred feet a day for forty days. Why does Talmage try to explain a miracle? If you explain it, it ceases to be a miracle. The beauty of a miracle is it cannot be explained. The moment the church begins to explain the church is gone. All it's got to do is to swear it's so. The ark landed on Ararat, which is 17,000 feet high. There was only one window, twenty-two inches square. Talmage says the window ran clear around the ark, The Bible doesn't say so. That's Brooklyn; that's not Bible.

If the Bible account is true, the ark must hav struck bottom on the top of a mountain. Would any God of mercy and kindness people a world, and then drown them all? A God cruel enough to drown his own children ought not to hav the impudence to tell me how to bring up mine. Why did he save eight of the same kind of people to take a fresh start? Why didn't he make a fresh lot, kill his snake, and giv his children a fair show? It won't do.

Talmage says the Bible does not favor polygamy and slavery. There was room enough on the table of stone for saying man should hav only one wife and no slaves. If not God might hav written it on the other side. David and Solomon, according to Talmage, were pursued by the wrath of God, but they had a pretty good time of it. Most anybody would be willing to be pursued that way. There is not a word in the Old Testament against slavery or polygamy. Frederick Douglass, a slave in Maryland, is the greatest man that state has ever produced. He was enslaved by Christians. Why did God pay so much attention to blasphemers and so little to slaveholders and robbers? I am opposed to any God that was ever in favor of slavery. The Bible upholds polygamy, and that's the reason I don't uphold the Bible. The most glorious temple ever erected is the home—that's my church.

I hav misquoted the story of Jonah, Talmage says. When somebody had been guilty of blasphemy the winds rose; they tried to get Jonah ashore, but couldn't do it. The sea waxed. He was swallowed by a whale. The people of Nineveh wrapped all their cattle up in sackcloth, and if anything would hav pleased God I should think that would. Jonah sat under a gourd, and God made a worm out of some omnipotence he had left over, and set it at work on the gourd. Talmage don't think Jonah was in the whale's belly—he staid in his mouth. Well, judging from the doctor's photograph, that explanation would be quite natural to him. He says he might hav been in the whale's stomach, and avoided the action of the gastric juice by walking up and down. Imagin Jonah, sitting on a back tooth, leaning against the upper jaw, wiping the perspiration off his forehead, and longingly looking through the open mouth for signs of land! But that is scripture, and you've got to believe it or be damned. Let me say his brother preachers will not thank Talmage for his explanations. I don't believe it, and if I am to be damned for it I'll accept it cheerfully.

They say I was defeated for governor of Illinois because I was an Infidel, and that I am an Infidel because I was defeated. That's what I call reasoning in a circle. Now I'll tell you. I was a candidate before a nominating convention, and was waited upon by a committee who asked me whether I was an Infidel, and I said I was! I was defeated. I preserved my manhood and lost an office. If everybody were as frank as I was, some men now in office would be private citizens. I would rather be what I am than hold any office in the world and be a slimy hypocrit.

Next they say I dishonored my parents, because I do not believe what they believed. My father at one time believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God. He was an honorable man, and he told me to read the Bible for myself and be honest. He lived long enough to believe that the Old Testament was not the word of God. He had not in his life as much happiness as I hav in one year. I hope my children will dishonor me by being nearer right than I am. If I hav made a mistake I want my children to correct it. My mother died when I was two years old. Were she living to-night, or if she does liv, she would say, "Be absolutely true to yourself and preserve your manhood." If Talmage had been born in Constantinople he would hav been a dervish. He is what he is because he can't help it. His head is just that shape. I am taking away the hope and consolation of the world, he says. His consolation is that ninety-nine out of every hundred are going to hell. His church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer. Better hav no heaven than a hell. I would rather God would commit suicide this minute than that a single soul should go to hell. I want no Presbyterian consolation, I want no foreordination, no consolation, no damnation.

Col. Ingersoll concluded with a few remarks about the Bible women, saying that women to-day are as true to the gallows as Mary Magdalene was to the cross. Wherever there are women there are heroins. Shakspere's women are vastly superior to the Bible women. "I am accused of putting out the light-houses on the shores of the other world. The Christians are trimming invisible wicks and pouring in allegorical oil. The Christian is willing wife, children, parents shall burn if only he can sing and hav a harp. Mr. Talmage can see countless millions burn in hell without decreasing the length of his orthodox smile."

Communications.

What the Anti-Monopolists Propose to Do.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In answer to your letter I would say that there is much inquiry about the objects and purposes of the conference to be held at Albany on the 26th inst., on the invitation of the National Anti-Monopoly League. Some of these objects are so apparent that we take no risk in stating them.

There is now pending before the American people the most important question that has arisen since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It involves the future existence of the republic, and its decision will also determin whether a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall or shall not perish from the earth.

Shall corporations control the people, or shall the people control the corporations they hav created? Shall a few score of corporation aristocrats, gorged with the riches of which they hav despoiled others, make our laws, select our judges, regulate our taxes, name the prices which shall be paid for every man's labor, for the food he eats, the fuel he burns, and the clothes he wears, or shall the people govern and protect themselvs? These are the vital pending issues, to be decided by the votes of the people of the United States.

Every voter, especially every laboring man, has a direct interest in these questions. So has every farmer and every citizen. The aristocracy of wealth was never known, in any government, to cease its aggressions until its power for evil was destroyed. Left to its natural growth it goes on until it raises the prices of everything but labor, and the many grow poor while the few grow rich. The past year has witnessed new aggressions by corporations upon the rights of the people so colossal that men are almost stupefied by their impudence. Witness the monopoly of the Telegraph—the Elevated Railroad transactions for which the language has yet no name—the attempt to steal the water front of Hudson county, New Jersey. But the past year has also witnessed a diffusion of intelligence among the people on this subject which is equally marvelous. With this intelligence has come the strong and steady growth of a determination to stay these aggressions, and to bring their authors under constitutional control. Judges of our highest courts use ever proper occasion to declare the plain right of the people to limit the charges of public corporations. Corporation efforts to control legislatures hav failed for the first time in many years. In every state in the Union there is a growing public opinion that old political parties hav outlived their usefulness because they hav failed to grapple with this great question and that monopoly influence controls their leaders, that the right of the people to control public corporations is the right which all honest voters must unite in maintaining, and that the question of corporation control is the one great vital political question of the day.

The final judgment of the American people is always right. They were never known to make a wrong or an unjust decision. They decided that there should not be taxation without representation. that no foreign power should impress American citizens, that slavery should no longer exist! They are ready to decide that a corporation aristocracy shall no longer control this country. It is as certain that the people will bring corporations under proper control as that our country has a future before it—as certain as it was when the first gun was fired against Fort Sumpter that the people had doomed the slave oligarchy to destruction.

The conference at Albany is to be a conference of *the people*—of that type and class of the people that reversed an enormous Democratic majority in the Fifth and an equally large Republican majority in the Eighteenth Senatorial Districts. It is hoped there will not be a delegate there who wishes to be a candidate for office. But every voter who is ready to throw off the shackles of party—to cast dead issues aside—to declare that the time has come for a union of the people to protect themselvs against the aggressions of all monopolies—who is ready to cast his vote for candidates who will protect the people's rights, and who will keep their promises, will find a cordial welcome at this conference. It is to be a conference of the people, to protect the interests of the people, and to establish the government of our fathers upon firm foundations against the most powerful enemy which has ever risen against it. It will take steps to perfect anti-monopoly organization, and giv notice to existing parties that candidates must be nominated whose record will be a guarantee that further aggressions upon the people's rights will not be tolerated. failing in which, the Anti-Monopolists will place in nomination candidates for whom a lover of his country can consistently vote.

The responses to invitations to attend the conference hav already been received in sufficient numbers to insure a good representation of delegates of high character from all parts of the Empire state.

L. E. Chittenden,
President National Anti-Monopoly League.

What is the Cause of the Heat in the Interior of the Earth?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* As your journal has become renowned for its fearless utterances in behalf of truth, and *dares*, on every occasion, to assail error and criticise the reasons for settled beliefs, although they may hav become respectable from age and receive the support of the learned, the rich, and the masses, perhaps you will not disregard a suggestion relativ to the cause of the heat in the interior of the earth, upon the ground that it may prove interesting to some of your thousands of readers (every one of whom is a thinker or he would not be a reader of The Truth Seeker) and co-workers.

The theory at present generally taught seems to be that "the earth has passed through a stage of igneous fluidity," and further back in time was devolved from a primal unit that embraced the sun and every planet, satellite etc., within our solar system;

That when it leaped forth into space from the integral mass of flame, upon a separate career, a cooling process set in, which has gone forward with the measureless ages, until the whole became incrusted to a depth which adapted it to the existence of vegetable and animal life;

That this cooling process is still going on and the crust becoming thicker and thicker. Thus the heat within the earth is accounted for.

It will be observed the theory that the earth was once an intensely heated mass is also made the foundation upon which to base a seemingly plausible theory to account for the earth itself. Hence it has proved very convenient, whether true or not.

These are questions which science grapples, but which, up to the present time, she has been unable to say are solved.

The creation question, however, was solved among believers in the Bible, until within a few years ago, and before science disturbed their ignorance; and, but for the industry and courage of scientific men, the clergy would still be teaching as true the account of creation given in the book of Genesis.

In this connection, perhaps it would not be out of place to call attention to the conclusions of that eminent scholar, James D. Dana, in his Manual of Geology—title, Cosmogony—which, by the way, is for use in schools. After giving the theory of science as to the history of creation and the origin of the earth, he undertakes to show that it does not conflict with the Bible account; and of all exhibitions of distortion, of logical deductions from scientific research, to perpetuate an unreasonable, antiquated, and silly story, simply because it is found in the Bible, this of his is the "boss."

He must hav spent months in exhaustiv labor and prayer, in inventing this ingenious nonsense; for I submit to the judgment of any candid reader that it is nothing else and is contrary to the natural conclusion to which his mind must hav gravitated, if unbiased by orthodoxy. It is astonishing that any one, even a minister—say nothing of one so deeply learned in geological science as Mr. Dana—could hav the effrontery to offer such glaring inconsistences to the public to be read, let alone to be taught to confiding, unreasoning children. But it is another proof of the lengths to which Christian bigotry will go, and another reminder to the friends of mental freedom that "vigilance is the price of liberty."

Now, in regard to the heat within the earth, I do not say the theory advanced by scientific men is not true, because I am as unable to disprove it as they are to prove it, but simply suggest that, even though that actually be the source of such heat, there is a law of Nature, well known and understood, and every day being exemplified in all the blacksmith shops in the land, which is sufficient of itself to produce that heat, even were there no other adequate cause.

The law I hav reference to is *that compression produces heat*

A familiar experiment in illustration of this law is, as stated by Prof. Wells, the rendering of iron hot by striking it with a hammer.

Now, is it possible for so large a mass of matter as the earth to exist, without evolving heat, beyond a certain degree of compression? I submit that it is not, and that the heat in the interior of the earth is the inevitable consequence of piling so much matter into one mass. It is a fact well settled by experiment (to a certain depth) that the heat below the surface of the earth increases regularly in proportion to the distance we descend, being about 1° Fahrenheit for every 50 or 60 feet Now, the principle of attraction of gravitation being true, it would seem that it must be equally true that, in proportion to the distance we descend, compression must increase in exactly the same ratio; and as heat surely follows from compression, it as surely increases in intensity as compression increases, and in like ratio; hence the phenomenon of increasing heat as we go down into the interior of the earth. If these are facts, then a moulten world was not necessary to get the heat within it. It would be there anyway, because it could not be otherwise; and it will always remain there just as it is and always was, without increase or diminution, as long as there is a law of attraction of gravitation to bind the atoms which compose the earth together.

Port Townsend, W. T., March 23. 1882. D. W. Smith.

Science Baffled.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* It is bad enough to hav the truth assailed, but it is still worse to let the assailer go scot-free; hence we ask for a short space in answer to Samuel P. Putnam, on his article, "The Inevitable Conflict," in your issue of April 1st.

We heartily agree with Mr. Putnam on the God question, but when he speaks of Spiritualism as he does it proves that he has not investigated it much; hence does not understand the "Spiritual philosophy." He says, "In the universal experience of the race there has not been any manifestation of mind outside of an organized body." Bless your soul, Bro. Putnam, the Spiritual philosophy does not teach that mind, intellect, or soul—one and the same thing—is flying about loose, and talking without organs of speech, or shaking hands without hands to shake with, or walking without legs to walk with, or conveying intelligence without brains, or manifesting without an organization to manifest through. It is true Spiritualists foolishly speak of "disembodied man," but I think I am safe in saying in behalf of Spiritualists that they do not mean that the soul is bodiless, but rather that it is clothed in a finer body. We will dwell in a finer organization in the next sphere of life, which is too subtle to take cognizance of with the eyes we hav in this *gross* physical body, but our finer bodies, commonly called spiritual bodies, will be as physical, as tangible, in the next sphere of life to each other as our grosser bodies are here. In fact, we will hav bodies in the next sphere, fac similes of the ones we hav here, and as readily recognize each other there as here. Never say again, Bro. Putnam, that Spiritualism teaches that the mind, or soul, is unorganized, without a body, simply because the law of dissolution separates it from the grosser clay.

Again he says, "But when the mind leaves the body there is not a particle of proof that it takes lodgment in another." Ah! now, my Materialistic brother, what are you doing? How ridiculous the above assertion makes you appear! You Materialists proudly assert that you want facts, great on science, giv us facts, etc. Now, as you propose to deal in facts, I shall very politely request you to giv an out-and-out and full-fledged demonstration of the above assertion. An assertion don't amount to much with me, a Spiritualist. You say, "There is not a particle of proof that the mind finds lodgment in another body." Now, brother. keep cool and prove this. I am after you now; you say Spiritualists believe without proof. Now come on with your science and prove that the mind don't exist in another body. Come, disprove Spiritualism, will you, like a man? Now you must see you are up a stump, having made an assertion you can in no wise prove—an assertion about something you know nothing about. You say, "So far as science is concerned, it vanishes from the domain of knowledge." Sir, there are scores, yea, hundreds, to-day who see those who once inhabited the grosser bodies clothed in a finer body. My wife sees them, hears them talk and walk, fully recognizing some and not others. Can you believe honest, truthful, living witnesses? Because you, Bro. Putnam, and I can't see them is no evidence that others don't. There is not a gill of logic in reasoning thus. I will leave the matter of clairvoyance by making the following statement: The person who does not know, or who has not had the best of evidence, that clairvoyance is true is, indeed, greatly behind the age he livs in in that respect. The facts of clairvoyance are so palpable that it is not worthy of discussion.

He further says, "I do not think that any well-disciplined mind cares to believe in immortality." I am now compelled to question Bro. Putnam's sanity. I very much doubt whether there has been a person in the past, or whether there is one to-day, but has or has had relativs or friends. Bro. Putnam may be like King Melchisedec (Hebrews vii), hence has no affectional ties, but, like the pig in his wallow, cares not whether he or others will exist hereafter or whether they will meet or not. "Well-disciplined mind," indeed! To disbelieve in immortality, or not to hav a desire to continue life, then, is evidence of a wel'-disciplined, well-balanced, highly-cultured, high-toned, loving mind, is it? I envy not the man who can say at the tomb of his sweet little child of three summers, I care not to hav you liv; I desire not to meet you; you are but a faded flower, cut off, and that forever. Such icy coldness! Away with such icy thoughts; they chill my blood and freeze the affections. Bro. Putnam, the writer has seen buried the grosser physical bodies of those near and dear, and has had unmistakable evidence of their continued existence, and of their being near, hovering over me, assisting, buoying me up as I journey on the path of life, and I am sure that when I cross the river called death they will meet me upon the boundary of another world, conduct me to my spirit home, and journey with me through the "spheres," and that we, not only we, but *all* humanity, will reach a state of development by which we will be able to bask in the sunshine of peace, happiness, and "platonic love." Bro. Putnam, go to investigating the Spiritual philosophy, the philosophy of all philosophies, and perchance you may let your voice mingle with the voice of some dear one gone before. You may hear a voice say to you, "Liv more and more spiritual, so that when you are done with earth you can come where we are," and then you may learn whether there is any disciplin or refinement in spirit communion.

West Farmington, O., April 4th. A. Allen Noe.

The Sunday Law Question.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Is it consistent with the principles of Liberals, advocating the progress and enlightenment of the masses, to so strenuously oppose the legislation of a law securing to the people one day in the week free from labor and devoted to recreation and enlightenment?

The objection that a law compelling the observance of Sunday as a day of rest conflicts with the religious views of the Jews and Seven-day Adventists is rather a poor one. For it is apparent that one day's rest in the week is required by working men, and that a large, a very large, portion of the people desire Sunday as that day. Why should a few fanatical Jews and shouting Adventists deprive the people of their rest? If the people desire any other day the Liberals ought not to object to it devoted to education and recreation, and the closing of whisky dens and their cursed traffic.

If the Christians, after they hav gained a day of rest, undertake to close the libraries and the theaters, and prevent excursions and compel us to attend church, then we can object to and fight them. As long as they are right, go with them, but when they are wrong we can say No. But if they show the working man a chance to elevate, educate, and improve himself, and liv on a higher and a nobler plane of existence, let us say Amen. Alfred Denton Cridge.

[Mr. Cridge should remember that the design of the church is not to furnish the working-man a day of rest, but, by closing all avenues to anything like amusement, to force him to attend what they call "divine worship;" and also that the closing of libraries and theaters is the primary, not secondary, object of the Sunday law, and therefore it cannot hav the indorsement of consistent Liberals.—Ed. T. S.

Can You Trust a Christian?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In the proceedings, as reported, of the New England Southern Methodist Conference, opened in Providence, R. I., April 5, 1882, in the branch of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. L. S. Bainbridge, a returned missionary, is made to say, "As women are the most ardent worshipers, they must be converted to Christianity, as the Bible and Christianity are not admitted to the schools. To meet this restriction the women of America need to provide for education in the Christian doctrins of the women of Japan."

Yes, while "the Bible and Christianity are not admitted to to the schools," this Christian woman recommends to her Christian sisters in America to educate these Japan women in Christian doctrins out of this very prohibited Bible. O shame, where is thy blush! Strategetically thrust upon the Japanese, through their women, a religion which they hav stipulated against receiving as a part of the education of their schools, thereby betraying the trust reposed in the honor of the Christian Methodist! Every trick and subterfuge resorted to by a blackmailer or detectiv to allure and secure their victim openly practiced and publicly boasted of in a Methodist conference, and that too by a woman, a missionary woman, glorying in her own shame!

In the same conference the Rev. A. J. Church, D.D., of Providence. declared that "Christianity was the great civilizer of the world. Where the Bible is there are found inventions, machinery, progress, liberty, charity, and general human development. He maintained why such an ancient country as China has never made more advances in civilization is because she has not had the Bible." He might hav added, a Guiteau pouring over his Bible in his cell; a Pocasset Freeman, assassinator of his own little daughter; a Rev. Ephraim K. Avery, Methodist elder, seducer and murderer of Sarah Maria Cornell, his own parishioner (not so far from Providence as to hav been forgotten); a Rev. Winslow, a Pond, Stickney, Hathaway, Chase (no farther from Providence than Boston, Worcester, and Fall River); a Gilman, Baldwin, Palmer, Lane, and some five hundred other clergymen, Sunday-school superintendents, and prominent laymen, not omitting the Rev. W. F. Whitcher, who was expelled for lying and drunkenness from this same Methodist Episcopal church, and by this same conference the day after this statement was made (oh!), all of whom within a few years hav been under a cloud for murder, arson, adultery, fornication, forgery, perjury, embezzlement, and such like little trifling offenses; who were civilized and developed with the Bible, not without it, as were the wicked Chinamen and other heathen.

Let these Christians pause and reflect on the crimes, persecutions, and inquisitorial murders of the present and past Bible worshipers, and hang their heads for very shame.

No, we cannot trust Christians as historians. We cannot trust their pulpit and press assertions. We cannot trust them as legislators. We cannot trust them as bankers, as presidents, and officers of the various business corporations. We cannot trust them as citizens, husbands, fathers; as mothers, wives, as missionary women and men, any farther than we can the unregenerate and unsanctified, as experience proves.

Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D.D., of Boston, said that "if Congress had been permitted to carry out its scheme of exclusion, the act would hav been a fatal blow to missionary work in China." What a pity!

This sentiment was echoed and re-echoed by the New York

East conference at Waterbury, Conn., and resolutions tendering thanks to President Arthur for vetoing the Chinese bill, also asking the government that the large missionary interests of the Methodist church in China may not be imperiled, as it is feared they would be if the bill became a law, and petitioning Congress in its further action not to permit anything to be done that shall endanger their interest, were passed unanimously by a standing vote."

Yes, national honor, political jurisprudence, and the salvation of the country must be sacrificed, if needs be, rather than than imperil a system of proselytism to a faith, at the best, not calculated to bring peace and prosperity to individual or nation. Congress had better take this fearful warning into serious consideration, and if, after prayerful deliberation, they find that the missions in China will be imperiled by passing the bill over the President's veto, abandon it at once, though the whole country be overrun by Chinamen and we all go to rack and ruin. Verily, the assurance of these Christians is only exceeded by their ignorance. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, April 8, 1882.

Another Christian Lie.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Some Christians seem to hav a hereditary mania for lying about dead Infidels. As they cannot answer their arguments, they resort to what thousands of sky-pilots hav thought was the next best thing, slander and abuse, not to say positiv lying. An instance or this sort occurred at Bunker Hill in the pulpit. Rev. Jacob Flemming, while pretending to relate a conversation with Mrs. Shutts, a Spiritualist lady, and a prominent member of the North Hannibal club, and whose life and character are absolutely without blemish, and who died recently, said that after having talked with her and when about to leave, she said: "Good-bye, I don't suppose we shall ever meet again. You will be so far in advance and above me that I will never see you more." Now the fact is (and we hav good witnesses) that he, the Rev. Elder Flemming, ascribed the very words to her that he (the elder) said himself. And sister Shutts replied, "Now, elder, don't you get so good that you will be so far above me that I can never see you again," which was said only to ridicule the elder's superstition. But it's only an ordinary occurrence of clerical hellishness to pass stories from one to the other to be repeated when and where the facts cannot be known. The best part of it is, sister Shutts called the president of our club to her bedside and most cheerfully made arrangements for her funeral service, telling him what to say for her, "not willing to giv," as she said, "the Christians a chance to lie about her after she was dead."

MORAL.—Never believe a word that a Christian says about conversation with a dead Infidel. A. H. WALKER.

Notes of a Knockabout.

Going through Kansas on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fee I was very much pleased with the trim and neat farms and villages. The western portion did not look so well, as the country is not settled up and the conditions are not favorable in regard to soil, water, and climate.

The Kansas Prohibition law, from what I could learn and see, is only partially enforced, as all along the railroad liquor was easily obtained by paying well for it. However, while in Kansas, I was unable to see a drunken man, but as soon as we entered Colorado I saw plenty of them.

At Trinidad I stopped a day to examin the geological formation. The ladies with us were amused to see the adobe (mud, unbaked brick) houses and peculiar shiftless-looking Mexicans Ratoon. N. M., is just out of Colorado by some noble and grand mountains. It is a typical New Mexican American town. Saloons and stores, with plenty of gambling hells, compose the greater part of the town. From Ratoon the railroad goes over one of those vast valleys, and the distant mountains look only a mile or two through the clear and dry air. Overcoats are no longer required, and ice-water is appreciated.

Tuskegan and Albuquerque are two similar and enterprising cities with all the modern improvements except electric lights. Saloons and gambling hells abound, and many tender-foots get blistered in these holes. Of course churches are there to encourage the thing along by attempting to bind people so tight that they break away and go to the other extreme.

At the Rio Grande we stopped at the old Indian town of Yestlette. The Indians there cultivate little plots of grapes, corn, etc., and are quite honest—in their way. If a crop is growing, according to their moral code, it is wiser to take it, and take it they do whenever they can. But when it is garnered, not a grain or an ounce will be touched if left by its owner in the most exposed condition. These Indians are quite intelligent, and are as industrious as could be expected.

Demiug, the new railroad town of New Mexico at the junction of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fee with the Southern Pacific, is a miserable place. It has a good depot, but only a few saloons and stores, with the usual amount of bummers, gamblers, prospectors, and dead beats. Situated on a dry plain valley, with no surrounding country, it can never be but a junction as it is.

These New Mexico valleys are covered with a very fine grass called gra-mer, that is excellent for sheep, and if water could be obtained would be very good sheep ranches.

Tucson, Ari., had not changed much since 1877 except around the depot, and in having the houses built a little better. A Protestant church has been built, and the Palace hotel has had a burnt brick instead of an adobe front put to it. Here we saw the gigantic cactus that grows like a fluted column, with no branches or leaves, except one or two stumpy arms, to the hight of sixty feet.

From Tucson to Yuma was a desert. Yuma is made up of sand, and sand is everywhere. The houses are of adobe, and the town has one very wide street and several little alleys. The Indians shocked the modesty of some of the ladies by going without any clothing for the legs, and they displayed their calves and thighs painted in a most esthetic manner that would hav pleased Oscar Wilde.

From Yuma to San Bernadino or Colton was a fearful desert that created a bad impression to many of California.

Near Los Palmus we saw some mud springs where the mud boils up like thick mush, and every few days explodes with great violence. The gas smelt very much like sulphur.

I stopped at Colton to look at my old home at Riverside. This town is called the Eden of California, and to see the orange and lemon trees, loaded with their golden fruit, one would suppose so. The people here hav large vinyards and orchards and liv in almost a perpetual summer and a continuous harvest. Water is very scarce, and growing scarcer, and is charged for at an enormous rate. Nothing can be raised without water, and as a consequence a tax of from $3.50 to $5 per annum is tieved. The people are very religious, and Infidels or Freethinkers are in a hopeless minority.

Through central California we soon go, and at last we come to the garden city of Oakland, and toward evening get into San Francisco. San Francisco is like other cities, so what is the use of describing it? These cable street cars are the only peculiar thing I hav noticed so far, and the great number of the heathen Chinese. That cable street cars run by underground cables, up hill and down, just as well, if not better, than horse-cars do on level roads, and the price is the same. Freethinkers here are alive and working, and the Pacific Slope is not behind in the march of time or the progress of liberty.

KNOCKABOUT.

Editor of the New York "Times'" "Delusiv" Criticism on Col. Ingersoll's Lecture.

The editor of the New York *Times* of March 28th, in criticizing "Mr. Ingersoll's motivs" in his lecture "What Shall We Do to Be Saved?" wherein he attacks, very *rationally*, the Christian religion as a delusion—drawn from old biblical myths as more worthy of this more enlightened age; that editor seems to lose sight of the prominent fact that civilization has advanced in spite of the Christian religion, its irrational dogmas and persecutions, as being wholly due to the general advance of our race, by the spreading influence of commerce and inventions, and thus in increasing man's comforts and the facilities for international communication.

That editor's unphilosophical conclusion that though "we grant the Christian religion is a delusion, it is a beneficent delusion," is about the most delusiv pretext to teach and maintain a falsehood, which an intelligent editor should not descend to. As if falsehood is better than truth, and so is more likely to advance morality, by thus stultifying intelligence. Where, then, is that editor's consistency in advocating puplic schools to promote education, when he knows that education is the great detector of falsehoods and shams; such as he tacitly admits for the Christian religion? "Let us grant that the Christian religion is an entire delusion, is it not beyond any question a beneficent delusion?" Better giv up such irreverent humbugs and aid in spreading intelligence by schools and the press.

My philosophy, as published in books and papers, givs a rational substitute for biblical humbugs, by showing, from known scientific facts, that the phenomena of the universe is an intelligent and beneficent creation, and that all finite minds are immortal entities—which the editor of the *Times* will not publish, and cannot refute my proofs; but rather prefers Christian "delusions as beneficent."

That editor, like hundreds of thousands, hugs biblical "delusions" from mistaken policy, rather than risk the open confession of their self-evident untruths about God, devil, nature, and that trinity mythology, which he often alludes to in adverse quotations. Those quotations are commendably liberal in directing public attention to their palpable absurdities, as merely crude human fancies, which we are not bound to respect.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

Locust Valley, N. Y., March 30, 1882.

How Many Rooms in the New Jerusalem?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Between old Melchisedec, D. M. Bennett, and the devil (printer's), enormous errors appear in the calculations on the New Jerusalem, as found in chapter xxxix, verses 31 and 32, of the "Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh." The time to elapse before all the rooms would be occupied is stated in verse 32 at 41,080 years, whereas, taking the same dimensions and subtracting the dead people for 5000 years, as did Melchisedec, I find that, at three billions per century, the time to elapse before all the rooms would be occupied is more than seventy-one and a half million centuries, or 7,153,815,466 years.

Now will you kindly permit me to recommend a revised version of these two verses, in which I shall take sixteen feet six inches as the length, breadth, and hight of each room, so that the number of cubic rods in the city will exactly equal the number of rooms? This calculation givs round numbers, easily handled, and can be tested by any reader in a couple of minutes. I will now giv my revised version of verses 31 and 32:

"31. It is a matter of rejoicing that the New Jerusalem is so large and capable of accommodating such a great number of people." In order to gain some idea of its great size, let the reader test the correctness of the following calculation: 12,000 furlongs equal 480,000 rods, the length of one edge of the cube; 480,000 cubes gives 110,592,000 billion cubic rods, or rooms 16 feet 6 inches long, wide, and high. Now, suppose each room to be the future home of a happy pair of humans, male and female; these will furnish habitations for 220,592,000 *billions* of earth's inhabitants, "which, would indeed constitute a good sized colony."

"32. On the basis that for six thousand years the earth has had a population of 1,000,000,000, and that this number has been renewed three times every century, the number who hav lived in the world is 180 billions." Subtracting all these dead people, we have still left 220,591,850 billions to liv and die and go to the new Jerusalem before all the rooms would be occupied. Divide this by three billions, and we get 73,530,606 2-3 *centuries*, or 7,353,060,666 years, as the time to roll away before the homes could all be taken. This great stretch of time is so far beyond comprehension that we may throw in half of the entire space of the great city for streets, and parks, and pleasure-grounds, and rivers, and lakes, and meadows, and orchards, and vinyards, and camp-meeting grounds, and shade trees; and still the time to elapse before the rooms would be filled is beyond the grasp of the mind of man. Donating half the city to the foregoing patriotic purposes, there is still room for every man, woman, and child ever born since the creation of the world, or to be born during the next 36,784,940 centuries; and all without sending a single one to hell. "If this is not a cheerful prospect where is one to be found? There seems at all events to be no necessity for sending poor souls to hell for want of room in the new Jerusalem."

Furthermore the gates are always *open* (Rev. xxi, 25). Twelve of 'em! Big ones! and old Peter could hardly guard all twelve of 'em at once personally. Then he would not likely be armed with any dangerous weapon, for the swords shall be beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruning-hooks. J. F. BECK.

[Mr. Beck may be right, but we advise our readers to work out the problem for themselvs before accepting his result as the correct one.—ED. T. S.]

An Orphan's Home.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It affords me pleasure to be able to say to you, and through you to your thousands of good, true, high-minded, and noble readers who hav the love of man shed abroad in their hearts, with all manner of gods, devils, hells, priests, preachers, and churches banished from their affections, fears, and respect, that the *fiat* has gone forth that there is to be an orphan's home for Liberals founded here in the town of Liberal, Barton county, Mo., and as a beginning our most worthy, generous, and big-hearted friend, A. Minski, of Superior, Neb., givs us one thousand dollars in cash. I giv one thousand dollars in land and cash, and others are promising us aid. We hav one of the prettiest cites you can imagin for our orphan's home, and I hope we will be able to build a house that will reflect honor on the Liberals of the world. We would be glad to receive donations, suggestions, or anything else that would be of interest or aid to us. We would be glad for our architects to send us drawings and plans for the building. We will become incorporated about the 20th of April. G. H. WALSER.

Liberal, Mo., April 5, 1882.

Book Notice.

DEITY ANALYZED AND THE DEVIL'S DEFENSE.

This book is one more valuable contribution to Liberal literature. It analyzes the creator, as well as all other kinds of gods, and sweeps them away into nothingness. The deities are killed stone dead over and over again—so totally used up that not even the usual "grease spot" is left. Botanists, when they analyze a flower, carefully take off calyx, petals, stamens, and pistils, and then dissect the seed vessel. But the different parts are all lying scattered here and there to show the flower was once an entity; but Kelso analyzes the deity so thoroughly that only a blank void of empty nothingness is revealed, showing that there never was anything at all there—not even the shadow of a shade.

He shows up the inconsistency, absurdity, and impossibility of there ever having been such a god as the Bible tells us of—a god who had a body and was subject to human passions, wants and appetites, who was the source of evil, and who broke his own promises, and encouraged lying and deception in others; who even aided his children in committing robbery, murder, slavery, concubinage, and polygamy, and "who was accustomed to pardon sins in return for roast beef and human sacrifices."

The devil makes one of the best pleas of self-defense that is on record. True, he becomes a little obscene when he talks of the adulteries of Hosea, Abraham, Jacob, Judah, Lot, the holy virgin, and the Lord, and others of like ilk, but as it is pious gospel stuff probably St. Anthony will overlook the indiscretion and read the racy tales with the same unctuous gusto that he does the ones contained in his noted collection of like gems of naughtiness.

The book kills off all the sanctity of the old Bible legends, and is well worth its price. ELMINA.

Two Things with Which I Am Well Pleased—Yea, Three.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* There are three things with which I am much pleased, namely: First, Mr. Bennett's faithful and supremely able labors abroad, given from his pen in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Second, the grand fact that there are able men, such as T. B. Wakeman, Geo. N. Hill, and others, devising a new astronomical scientific manhood calender era which leaves out "our Lord" and religious superstition. And third, Mr. Editor Protempore, I am highly pleased with the able manner in which you hav conducted THE TRUTH SEEKER during Mr. Bennett's absence. Your editorials hav been well timed, able, and vigorous. The way you handled that soft young man of Ohio who got submerged by the girls, music, and magnetism of the Methodists was just fun. DR. ANDREWS.

Vestaburg, Mich.,
April 7, in the two hundred and eighty-second year of Bruno the martyr, Galileo, science, and manhood.

M. Monteil's Catechism.

From the Contemporary Review.

Q. What is God? A. God is an expression.

Q. What is the exact value of this expression? A. The exact value of the word is "nature."

Q. What is nature? A. The totality of all we know to exist in the infinit universe.

Q. Do you believe in a supreme being? A. I only believe what my reason permits me to believe, and my reason refuses to admit the principle of the government of nature by any being whatever.

Q. The learned, then, hav not found out God? A. No; they are all agreed in denying his existence.

Q. If there is no God, who, then, created the heaven and the earth? A. Neither the heaven, nor infinity, nor the earth has been created.

Q. There is no first cause, then? A. No; for all that we can not prove scientifically has no existence, and denies itself until proof of the contrary.

Q. How is it, then, that there are gods? A. Because man has invented them.

Q. What is the soul? A. Nothing.

Q. Is it not a thing, then, existent in nature?. A. No.

Q. What is generally understood by the word "soul?" A. Thought, independent of matter.

Q. Can such independence exist? A. No; since everything belongs to the material order.

Q. The soul, then, does not return to God, who is all? A. No; for God is formed of that which exists, and the soul does not exist.

Q. What is man? A. Man is one of the most favored products of the earth. In consequence of his material conformation he possesses a stronger dose of intelligence than any other animal.

Q. The materiality of the soul, then, involving its negation, there is no future life? A. No; as the soul no longer constitutes for us an independent and imperishable individuality, there is no future life, unless we continue to liv by our works.

Letters from Friends.

BAGDAD, KY.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you $10—$5 for the Round-the-World books, and balance credit to my paper account. Respectfully, A. M. Doss.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., April 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8—$5 for the Round-the-World trip, and the balance apply on my subscription. Yours, A. K. RICHMOND.

IDAHO CITY, April 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Better late than never, so inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World trip.

Respectfully yours, CRIS CONSTANCE.

LEBANON, PA., April 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for which please send the Round-the-World books to Henry B. Karch. He desires to hav his name published in second volume.

Yours respectfully, J. S.

GARDNER, ILL., April 12. 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for which send the Round-the-World books to Henry Leach, this place. Am in hopes of procuring a few more names.

Respectfully, C. K. SNYDER.

LOWELL, MASS., April 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is my "V," which, if it is too late to send the editor off. or yet to bring him back, may still be in season to welcome him home. Please send the books to my address. DANA HILT.

ROSE, N. Y., April 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is ten dollars—five for the Round-the-World fund and the rest as ordered. Success to you and the cause for which you are doing such effectiv service. Yours, S. J. HOPPING.

ELGIN, ILL., April 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Still they come—that is, the "V's." Here are two of them for your book of travels to be sent to J. P. Corry and O. E. Daniels, both of this town. This makes four I hav ordered. If I can do more I will. Hoping you and yours prosperity, I am

Yours fraternally, J. W. ARCHIBALD.

[We return our thanks to friend Archibald for his friendly labors, and trust we may continue to merit his good offices.—ED. T. S.]

CENTRAL CITY, COL., April 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I believe I am putting in an appearance at the eleventh hour. Endeavoring to pav my honest debts and keep my head above water left me penniless, but sink or swim, I am going to subscribe for the captain's trip around this four-cornered globe. I hav circumnavigated this flat surface (so called by early Christian fathers) three times. I want Mr. Bennett to explain to us western heathen how he kept going easterly from New York and at the same time, traveling east on a flat surface, arrived at his old starting-place, which I trust he will safely arrive at. May he liv for years and be supported by all friends and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Their name is legion. Inclosed is $5. JOHN JORDAN.

DELPHI, IND., April 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10—$5 for the books to help Bro. Bennett home, $2.25 to hav them bound in leather, and $3 for my Bible, which expires on the 23d inst. I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER for ten dollars a year. It points out so many passages of scripture that make the scales fall from my eyes, which the preachers never read on the pulpit. Our city has about three thousand inhabitants, and mixed up with all kinds of so-called Christians. Half of them will agree with you, but they say you must believe the Bible or you will go to hell, and that is a place I never saw, nor any one else.

I feel so interested in his Round-the-World trip that I can hardly wait for the next number. He throws more light and knowledge in the brains of mankind than in all the holy books combined together. My best wishes for his safe return.

Yours truly, JOHN G. KESSLER.

TUNNEL, IOWA, April 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to announce that I am receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER now very regular, and also some of the copies which were missed. And for all the delays and lay-overs through the carelessness of deficient postmasters, it seems to withstand the cuffs and buffs wonderfully. No doubt that if it had been the *Christian Union*, the *Christian Advocate*, or one hundred of Talmage's sermons that I had subscribed for, they of course would not require for the county to be inserted upon the wrapper; only the name in full of the person, or perhaps the initials would be only necessary to carry it through all safe. But, Mr. Editor, you must not think thuswise of our bold TRUTH SEEKER, because instead of having stationed generals and sympathizers all along the route, it has just as many enemies as the *Christian Union*, etc. has friends and enemies. So be careful that THE TRUTH SEEKER is securely wrapped with the wrapper so that the vision of the old, owlish Christian eye shall be obstructed from seeing the word Truth, as this is the part they absolutely abhor and don't want that it should be seen, so that whenever they find it they cast it aside or send it astray. But this is the most which they can do; as it is but for a short period they can hide the truth; it must came out in defiance of their old night book, and shine on the bright, the beautiful, and the grand works of nature. Inclosed please find $6—five for Round-the-World, and other as described. Hoping that our martyr and much respected D. M. Bennett will be landed home with health and safety, loaded down with facts and truths that will act like torpedoes that will blow up and cave in everything left of superstitious orthodoxy.

Yours in success, ROBT. FLEMING.

GRAND ISLAND, April 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar, for which send on your paper for another four months. I regret that circumstances prevent me sending more at present, but I must hav THE TRUTH SEEKER, even if I deny myself some other necessary. I would gladly contribute my mite to the Round-the-World fund were it in my power to do so. Not from any vain desire to appear conspicuous, but I think it a duty we all owe to our fellow-beings to help to raise this Christian midnight darkness that now envelops us. We are told "Christ reprimanded the Jews for loving darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." But in this, the nineteenth century, his followers not only refuse to see the light themselvs, but deny others the right to use the intellectual lamps nature has lit for them. They tell us "God created us," but deny us the use of our brains, which must hav originated from the same source our bodies did, or will they argue "the devil gave us our brains?" Now if the devil gave us our brains, how can God hold us responsible for the right use of those brains furnished us by the devil? On the other hand, if God givs us our brains, what right has puny man to dictate to us whether we may think or not think? What are such men but arrogant knaves? presumptuous intruders upon the rights of man? Who can believe God creates human beings and then engages the devil to stuff their heads full of errors in order to giv priests a job to convert them again to right thinking, and to allow the devil to get such an advantage over him as to rake in ninety-nine per cent of the human family for purposes of agonizing torture in a lake of burning brimstone? I don't believe anything in human form (however wicked) could delight in such horror or take pleasure in seeing thousands of millions of tons of human bodies melting eternally in one molten mass of burning liquid. Oh, what ignorance, what superstitious nonsense! How brutalizing and degrading to mankind is a cold, selfish, unfeeling, inhuman, hard-hearted, inconsistent, erroneous, fiendish, hoggish, and blood-thirsty religion!

Everywhere that Christianity predominates, the humble, industrious classes are made the serfs of Christian gamblers and usurpers, who roll in luxury upon the misery of their fellow-beings. Christianity enslaves both body and mind, especially when applied to the industrial classes. The useful citizen is always the mudsill of the non-useful usurper in idleness, and for one to hav too much brains is accounted to him as a great crime. Yours for emancipation,

WALTER SIMONDS.

PRESTON, IOWA., Apil 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am aware that I am in arrears for my paper since January 1st, but I hav been away from home all winter, and been most of the time at Mr. A. J. Brown's and Mr. A. D. Ferris's, at Pipestone City, Minn. Both are cousins of mine, and both take that champion of truth, THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Though I was away from home I enjoyed perusing its learned and pleasing pages nearly every week, and we all enjoyed very much the interesting letters of our champion of Freethought, Mr. D. M. Bennett.

Inclosed you will find three dollars for my paper for the year 1882, which you are so justly entitled to. Here is health, happiness, and a safe return to him.

Fraternally yours, JOHN DURANT.

TERRELL, TEX., April 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars to pay my subscription for the present year. I would willingly send five more for the books of travel, but am poor like many other Freethinkers. There are other books published by Mr. Bennett which I would like to hav, but will be compelled to wait till a more convenient season.

There are a few here that hav opinions of their own, but many more that let the clergy think for them. This town contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and supports nine churches. Oh, that an Ingersoll, an Underwood, or a Bell would come over into Macedonia and help us! There is a wide field for some good Freethought lecturer in this part of Texas. I hav done what I could, and hav opened the eyes of several to a sense of their condition of following false gods and of supporting nuisances called clergymen. But I am only a mechanic, and reply only when some Christian attacks me or makes some lying remarks in reference to one of our leading Infidels. This is a country where Christian laws are very strict, but Christian morals very loose. Every man here that is an evil-disposed or wicked person, even if he is a Christ believer, is called an Infidel, and they cannot be brought to see it in any other light. I hav taken your paper from the first number, and shall so continue as long as I am able to pay for it. I read it and then send it out on a missionary tour, and in this way it is doing good. I hav lately had several calls for papers to read, yet these same persons are afraid to hav the paper come to them through the post-office for fear of hurting their business. Such is life! JOHN C. MILLER.

MOUNT FOREST, CANADA, April 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find seventy-five cents, for which please send me "The Godly Women of the Bible."

Accept my great esteem for you for the way you used up that Barnesville "ladies' man." I could not help exclaiming, "*Well done, Macdonald!*"

I am sorry to hav to send you word of the death of one of your old subscribers, Mr. Joseph Pilcher. He died in Winchester, Va., on the 2d inst., and was brought up here and buried on the 6th. He has been a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER from near its commencement and was one of the oldest Liberals in this part of the country. His end was peace. He was between seventy and eighty years of age, and was very fresh and activ until a few weeks ago, when he removed to Virginia for the good of his health, but died there. Yours,

WILLIAM LEWIS.

NANKIN, MICH., March 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: This communication is inscribed by way of encouragement to the many Spiritual and Liberal organization now struggling for existence without chart or compass to direct them. What has been accomplished by the Spiritual and Liberal organization of Northern Michigan may be accomplished at other places by like commendable effort.

A few energetic spirits determined to hav a hall where right principles might be promulgated without a possibility of infringing upon others' fancied rights. Accordingly a meeting was called, and after deliberation a building committee was appointed, whose duty it was to solicit subscriptions and to take charge of the whole matter. About two day's labor collected subscriptions sufficient to warrant the committee that it would be safe to proceed. A site was kindly donated by the president of the Association, Mr. H. W. Tuttle, whose premises lay adjacent to the beautiful village of Newbury, Wayne county, Mich., with its twenty residences, two variety stores, Nankin post-office, and two churches. A site midway between the churches was determined upon, so that the worshipers of the blind God might look without their enshrined pulpits and behold a temple erected to the universal brotherhood of man. In their blind superstition prayer was offered to their gods to interfere in their behalf, and it was publicly proclaimed that should the work be attempted it would never more than get the frame up, but they counted without their host. One noble and energetic member of the committee, O. D. Chapman, kept the ball rolling, and without any regard to their sneers, prayers, or gods the work progressed. The committee had taken the precaution to solicit work on the structure from quite a number of those who reside within a radius of three or four miles of the site chosen.

All being in readiness, on the first day of December last the first blow was struck. One carpenter was employed to oversee the work, when men with teams and tools came pouring in, and any day might be heard from ten to twenty hands belting away with vigor and determination sublime. In three days the timber and lumber were on the ground, and by the ready hands of our workmen everything was in readiness for the raising on the fourth day. The young people present on this day were encouraged to lend a helping hand by the promis that in four weeks the hall would be in readiness for a New Year's sociable and dance. On Friday evening preceding the first of January the last blow was struck, complete outside and in, with with wall papered, stove in position, and a beautiful six-lighted chandelier, with patent burners, hung in the center hall, seated mostly with chairs sufficient to accommodate between three and four hundred. About eighty were present on this occasion to enjoy the festivities, and all went merry as a marriage bell. At the close of the sociable it was announced by the secretary that in two weeks (January 13th) two dedicatory addresses would be delivered, to conclude with a social dance in the evening. On the Sunday preceding the lectures the choir met at the hall to practice. Friday came, and with it as intelligent and attentiv an audience as ever graced any hall.

Mrs. L. A. Pearsoll, of Disco, Mich., delivered the opening address, which was replete with practical suggestions for the advancement of our race, followed by J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., in an able address on the "Dethronement of the Gods and the Enthronement of Mankind." The reputation of the speaker is too extensivly known to require further comments, and the length of this report precludes the possibility of a synopsis of the lectures.

The building committee presented their report at this meeting, which was accepted, and the association formally took possession and assumed the indebtedness, but before the close of the exercises of the day every dollar was pledged or paid.

Those delighted with the terpsichorean art tarried for the evening's entertainment, and fifty numbers were sold, and all were highly pleased.

At the close of this entertainment it was announced by the secretary that on the following Sunday J. H. Burnham would speak at 11 A. M., and deliver a scientific lecture in the evening of the same day. Also in two weeks a meeting would be held in this hall to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, the oration to be delivered by Mr. E. A. Chapman, of Lowell, Mich., and a poem read by Mrs. Chapman, of the same place, to conclude with a social hop in the evening. We hav been thus explicit in setting forth our plan and mode of procedure, hoping that some of our sister organizations, many of which hav better surroundings, might be inclined to go and do likewise. Those who had only vituperation to heap upon our efforts, looking for the interposition of their gods, now pass by on the other side with visages elongated and are fast sinking away into bulldog sullenness, hoping, no doubt, to discover some misstep whereby they may pounce upon and devour us. But now in the most friendly manner we extend the right hand of fellowship, and wish them to come and join with us, and we will do what we can to free their minds from that ignorance and superstition of past ages which is now tyrannizing over them. For plans and specifications, write to O. D. Chapman, secretary of the Association, who will cheerfully answer all inquiries.

Yours truly, EMMETT SMITH.

BISBEE, A. T., March 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: There is a poor show for Christianity here. We are about all Liberals. I think I can get some more subscribers soon. I havn't made the acquaintance of everybody yet, but am making good progress. Mr. Evans, a new subscriber, whose name and money I send you, would request you to advertise for a brother for him, Benjamin Evans, a nativ of Burrington, near Ludlow, Shropshire, England. When last heard from was in Detroit, Mich. Any information will be received with thanks.

There are no church bells tolling here on Sunday. The miners work Sundays as well as every other day. Bisbee has about five hundred inhabitants. It is situated in the Mull Mountains, healthy, and with good water.

Hoping Mr. Bennett will return safe and sound, I remain Your friend and well-wisher,

GEORGE LOCKESBY.

BAGGS, WYOMING, April 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $10 to pay for extra binding on my books—balance to go to Mr. J. Hacker, of Berlin, New Jersey, for his personal use. I saw a friend had *proposed* through THE TRUTH SEEKER for friends to come forward and help the old gentleman. I suppose others hav sent in response before. Mine, I hope, will help him as though sooner sent. I hav the promise of two or three subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER I hope to get soon. I would be lost without our dear old *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER. I am very much attached to both papers. Sincerely, GEORGE BAGGS.

OMAHA, NEB., April 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The following conversation really occurred between your correspondent and a gentleman who has the reputation of being a wise, intelligent, and very learned man:

Q. Who made God? A. God always was and always will be.

Q. I don't believe it; who and what is God? A. An omnipotent spirit, who can never die, and never had birth.

Q. Who gave him his omnipotence? A. No one; he always was omnipotent.

Q. How do you know he can never die and never had birth? A. Because the Bible tells us so.

Q. But supposing the Bible is false? A. But it is not false.

Q. Well, but suppose it *is* false? A. Oh, but you can't suppose the truth to be false.

Q. How do you know it is the truth? A. Because I know.

Q. Who told you? Did God himself? A. No, he did not.

Q. Then you don't know; you only think so? A. Yes, I do know it's the truth.

Q. Will you believe me if I convince you you are wrong? A. No, I won't; you can't stuff any Ingersoll trash down my throat.

Q. Do you believe in a hell? A. Yes.

Q. Where bad people will burn forever and ever. A. Yes.

Q. Could you put a son of yours into a roaring furnace of fire to burn forever and ever, and know that his tortures would never cease, even if he were the most heartless, hardened villain that ever lived? A. Well, no; but that is different.

Q. Oh, you could not be bad enough to do that, and yet your God, who is so good, can and does do it every day without feeling a bit of remorse for his horrible crimes. Quite an exemplary God you hav, really! A. Sir, you astound me with such sacrilegious talk! Good-day; I won't listen to your profane questions any longer. You will die some day, and then you will find out there is a God, and a hell also. Look out you don't go there.

"I hope I do meet him," I muttered; "if he's as you represent him to be I'll hav the pleasure of giving him a good thrashing." JOS. LACHAPELLE.

DURAND, ILL., April 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: At our last Liberal League meeting the inclosed letter was received from Solomon Fisher, who you will at once perceive is an old veteran. The League voted it be sent you for publication, as your paper has the largest circulation among them of any Freethought journal.

I send you the original copy, and you can exercise your own judgment on publishing it entire or not.

Yours truly, A. S. BLAKE, Sec.

"ROCK GROVE, ILL., March 30, 1882.

"A. S. BLAKE, *Dear Sir*: Please receive my heartfelt thanks for the cordial invitation of the Durand and Davis Liberal League, and yourself, for inviting me to your meetings. Gladly would I meet you, as I know by experience that skeptics and unbelievers are always intelligent and whole-souled fellows. But my useful days are spent. I hav reached my three score and ten, and am fully played out physically. It is seldom I leave the house. In fine summer days I sometimes venture out to our village (Rock Grove) in order to get a whack at the preachers and leaders of Christianity, but as I hav followed that kind of business in a private way all my life, they are so shy they won't say as much as devil, hell, or blood, in my hearing. I am told that they in a guarded way let drive at me when they get behind their 'coward's castles,' but are very careful to not make it personal or direct. Poor fellows! they know they are on the down grade of an inclined plain, where not even a bush offers its service to giv them a momentary check.

"Well, we old fellows hav had a hard time of it to get the ball rolling. It was pitch darkness at first, but light at last began to gleam. Fifty years ago it seemed a mere cow-path in a dense forest, but now it's a railroad of the first quality. I hope the young and middle-aged will keep the ball moving with constantly accelerating speed, till every vestige of superstition is banished from this otherwise beautiful world. Fraternally yours, SOLOMON FISHER."

TUSTIN, MICH., April 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please giv the readers of your paper a short sketch on how nunneries are conducted? How are nuns supported, etc.? I will be pleased to correspond with Liberals that contemplate seeking homes in Northern Michigan. Here we hav a very healthy climate, a new country, hence land is cheap, though the government land is all taken here in this county. I am not a land-dealer, nor in any way connected with any monopoly for the sale of land, but wish to aid those what I can in seeking homes in a new country. Inclosed please find fifty cents to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER three months to C. M. Lathrop. He has long since escaped from the clutch of superstition. Although he is poor in purse he is rich in honor, manhood, and scientific knowledge, respected by all who know him. SIMON B. ROOT.

READING, PA., April 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" came duly to hand in good condition. I am very much pleased with it, and think it is the best book of travels for fact, truth, and reliability that ever came out for such a price. I thank friend Bennett and all that gave a helping hand to produce it. H. W. HOLLENBUSH.

TOWN CREEK, ALA., April 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of March 25th I notice a subscriber asks the question where certain scripture could be found, viz., where a man should slay his brother, the son of his mother, his wife, etc., in case they made a proposition to serve any other gods. You stated that it could be found in Numbers xiii, 6. I was reading Ingersoll's reply to Judge Black to one of my orthodox neighbors, and came to the place where he made reference to that same scripture. My Christian friend denied there being any such scripture, so I referred to your paper and then to the thirteenth chapter of Numbers, but failed to find it. [It was a typographical error, corrected in the issue following the one in which it appeared.—ED.] I confess that I was stumped, though I didn't let my neighbor discover it. I knew I had read the scripture myself, so I decided that it must be in Deuteronomy, and sure enough, thirteenth chapter, and sixth verse. My friend who denied the existence of the above-named scripture is a son of one of the ablest Baptist preachers in northern Alabama. He is clerk in a Baptist church, and is said to be well versed in scripture, also a good historian, and in addition to all that he is a justice of the peace.

I noticed in January last a paragraph in Pomeroy's *Great West* speaking in complimentary terms of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and stating also that D. M. Bennett was then in the Holy Land, and that an interesting letter could be read from him every week by subscribing for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Consequently I subscribed. I had read Marvin's travels through that mythic country, and I wanted to read Bennett's. I am well pleased. I confess I used to giv myself a great deal of trouble about the mystery of godliness. It was something I never could understand. Your paper is the first Infidel writing that I ever saw. It givs me more pleasure and good solid comfort than any paper I can read. I imagin that I hav experienced some as good religious emotions since I hav been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER as a great many Christians seemingly do at church.

Speaking of Ingersoll's reply to Judge Black, I borrowed the work from a steward in the Methodist church. He said the *Christian Advocate* published Black's side, but didn't giv Ingersoll's, so he was determined to see the other. I here inclose one dollar, for which please send books as per order. Lest I weary you, I will desist. W. J. BEENE.

BOSTON, April 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received the Round-the-World book in good condition, and I am very much pleased with the same. It occurred to me, however, that seventeen cents' worth of stamps for mailing one book must be a great expense to you where you hav to mail so many; therefore please accept fifty cents' worth of stamps inclosed. Yours truly,

J. SCHUH.

LOWELL, MICH., April 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please correct as follows in THE TRUTH SEEKER:

In H. L. Green's notice of Miss Juliette Bowen's feat of climbing the church steeple and hurrahing for Ingersoll he should hav stated that people desiring her photo should address her instead of me, inclosing twenty-five cents. Her address is Lowell, Mich.

E. A. CHAPMAN.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS., Feb. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $4, which giv me credit for. I suppose Bro. Bennett is in that land where Christ was born and worked at the carpenter's trade; turned the grindstone for Joseph, and lived some thirty years and then was crucified between two thieves by a little handful of Jews. I hope Mr. Bennett arrives home safe. S. N. MAXAM.

The Statute Against Blasphemy.

T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I desire to call your attention to sections 255, 256, 257, and 258 of the Penal Code which goes into effect May 1st, next.

The present statute provides: "Every person who shall profanely curse or swear shall," etc. (7 ed. R. S., vol. 3, p. 1973.)

I hav drawn an act and sent it to our senator, Judge Nelson, who is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to repeal these sections of the Penal Code.

Judge Nelson has promised me to introduce the bill.

I inclose my reasons, which I hav also sent to Albany.

If you or any other members of the bar are disposed to take any activ measures to accomplish the repeal of these sections, I should be pleased to co-operate with you.

Very truly, J. L. WILLIAMS.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 10, 1882.

Sections 255, 256, 257, and 258 of chapter 1, title x, laws of 1881, chapter 676, known as the Penal Code, should be repealed.

REASONS.

I.—There are more than a million citizens of this state who do not recognize Jesus Christ as a God or as a divine personage, and many more who neither recognize or hav any distinct idea as to who or what the Holy Ghost is.

II.—As to these citizens it would be as unjust to name in the statute, with others, Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha, or any dead reformer or philosopher as the subject of "blasphemy," as Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost.

III.—The repeal of these sections will not interfere with the power of courts to punish for contempt as now provided by law.

IV.—The sections which should be repealed do not protect persons in their religous opinions or practices, but on the contrary they undertake to establish and set up, contrary to the theory of our secular government, as gods and divine personages, beings believed to be imaginary by millions of our most intelligent citizens.

V.—Divine personages, whatever number there may be, require no protection from finite men.

VI.—There is no public sentiment by which enactments against blasphemy can be enforced.

Book Notice.

THE OCCULT WORLD. By A. P. Sinnett. Colby & Rich. Price $1. For sale at this office.

Mr. Sinnett's volume is highly interesting, and it tells enough about the occult philosophy to make one wish to know a great deal more. While taking care to explain that occultism must not be confounded with Spiritualism, he does not by any means disdain the "revelations" accomplished by the latter. He believes in the existence of a set of men known as "The Brothers," in India and Thibet, who enjoy the miraculous results of the labors of their ancestors during thousands of years and who hav a greater and more wondrous control over the laws of nature than is exhibited by the proudest inventions to be found in Europe and America. He believes that letters, roses, and jewels and other ponderable matter may be instantaneously transmitted through space by being disintegrated at the beginning of the passage and integrated again as they reach the end. He does not claim that he ever saw this done or that he ever had any demonstration of its having been done; but, having perfect faith in Mme. Blavatsky, and Mme. Blavatsky having assured him that such was the case with letters of his that he had placed in her keeping, he regards this as evidence quite unquestionable.

Such books as Mr. Sinnett's will be read with about the same degree of interest as that with which one peruses a clever novel. Few sane people will hav any belief in the truth of his remarkable statements, and the fact that the "Brothers" keep secret the mysterious knowledge, the spread of which would benefit mankind, will always encourage a prejudice against them. It will be high time for them and their proselytes to sneer at the achievements of the foremost men of science in Europe and America, when they hav accomplished one-hundredth part of the good of these noble pioneers who publish their discoveries to the world. Still "The Occult World" is entertaining reading, and not the less so because of Mr. Sinnett's eager credulity.—*Telegram.*

Fruition.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

In memory of Mrs. L. M. Nicholson, of Vinennes, Ind., who lived, worked, and died in the iberal Faith.

We know not what the fruit may be;
The future hides itself away,
And our short life is but the seed
Whose bloom is in some ampler day;
The present is not all we hav,
Its barren soil contains a gem
Unseen, whose luster yet will shine
Upon the soul's far diadem.

Ah, thou hast labored in the dark,
And few the reapers by thy side;
The golden harvest was not seen.
Men fed on husks in blinded pride;
Thou saw'st the glory far away,
And dreamed and toiled as fortune blest,
Yet the wide world went rolling by,
Seeking, yet knowing not the best.

Was it a failure, life, to thee,
Because thy work is yet uncrowned?
Because there seems no end to this
But thy pale form within the ground?
Shall we with hopeless tears bedew
The sod that covers thy true breast,
Shall we believe that ended here
Is all the grandeur of thy quest?

From the dark bosom of the flood
The lily blooms with heart of fire,
So ever and forever still
From hight to hight will worth aspire;
It cannot die, through darksome hours,
It onward glows to fervent bloom,
From chambers of the night it leaps
And the long hidden fires illume.

Our work is not the test of life,
So far as outwardly expressed;
The measure is the thought within,
The glowing purpose of the breast.
Through that we touch the endless life,
Of all the stars and all the years,
And from the bosom of the grave
The harvest of our life appears.

No failure! the fruition sweet,
Was in thy life and in thy task;
There was a glory none can speak,
Which death shall evermore unmask;
The crown was with thee, though unseen,
In faithful service, day by day;
The seed is planted, and from hence,
Thy rose shall flower to perfect ray.

The Fear of Poverty.

BY R. D. CHAPMAN.

It's the fear of poverty that haunts us through life,
Not demons from hell, as the priesthood say;
For man against man creates all the strife,
To keep poverty's curse, not devils, away.

It's the fear of poverty that worries the strong,
Till life's manly vigor begins to decay,
Endeavoring to grasp what to others belongs,
To drive poverty—that savage—away.

It's the fear of poverty that withholds us from sharing
Our scanty lot with a fellow-man,
For this beast at us forever is staring,
Though plenty and peace may be in the land.

It's the fear of poverty that makes some men rave
In the death-reeking walls of the maniac's cell,
Whilst others seek rest in a suicide's grave,
And bid the fierce beast an eternal farewell.

It's the fear of poverty that makes some revive
From the shock of the death of relation or friend,
For now 'tis vouchsafed for them all to survive,
As he willed them in dying a yearly stipend.

Must poverty's fear continue forever,
A terror to cowards, a foe to the bold,
Making life but a long unavailing endeavor,
Disappointing the youthful and cursing the old?

Lecture Notes.

Circumstances hav transpired to bring me again to the "city of sin," which I hav found occasion to pass through a number of times this winter, on my way to the different fields of labor wherein I hav been engaged. On the first of January I reached Burlington, Iowa, and began work there, announcement of which was made at the time in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Six Sunday evening lectures resulted in the organization of a League, which, well officered, proposes to keep alive the interest awakened in Liberalism, and to co-operate, as best it may, with the National Liberal League. If, at the close of the year, it does not hav money enough in its treaury to engage B. F. Underwood to giv a course of lectures under its auspices, it hopes at least to increase the circulation of such genuinly Liberal papers as the *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Liberty*, and *Man*, and possibly to organize a Liberal reading-room. Its treasurer, Cornelia Boecklin, whose guest I was during my stay, has, with her husband, Werner Boecklin, for many years devoted extra time, money, and energy to the propagandism of Infidelity. Their elegant home, filled with flowers, books, music, and plenty of cheer, has been the center from which has radiated, continually, an influence making for liberty, not only in religion, but in industry and the social life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Boecklin are ardent labor reformers, whose money and influence is devoted to the righteous cause of the people. Their Liberalism is of a very practical kind, as shown by the fact that you find on their table, always, the *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Physiologist*, *Liberty*, *Man*, Chicago *Express*, *Infidel Pulpit*, and any number of newspapers. Our Infidel friends elsewhere would do well to thus generously patronize the Liberal press. Tho young son, Master Werner, is a model lad, brought up as a Liberal lad should go, unbiased by Sunday-schools of fashions, ruddy, bright-eyed, polite, helpful—a lad from whom the Liberal world may yet hear.

I hav dwelt thus long upon the characteristics of these friends of Freetnought, because it seems so desirable that health, harmony, and independence should combine in every Liberal home to make it suggestiv of a "heaven on earth" sometime and somewhere. There are numbers of Infidels in Burlington, whose names deserve honorable mention. Theo. Guelich, a German Freethinker, and prominent citizen, assured the League of his warm interest in the work, by a substantial token; Wm. Ellery, Seth Eggleston, Max Stempel, Mr. Meader, C. Winzer, and many others gave activ and financial support. Though they number but sixteen charter members, they look hopefully to the future, and it is safe to say that the Burlington League is not dead.

Closing my lectures at Burlington in February, I passed through Chicago on my way to Durand, Ill. I remained in the city one Sunday, and attended the meeting of the Chicago League, which one year before (after the memorable struggle at that Congress, when liberty was again on trial for her life) I had organized under anything but auspicious circumstances. There had been forty charter members, but when I entered the pleasant hall where the League now holds its meetings, every seat and all the standing room was occupied, and I was told that the League numbers over one hundred members, and that every lecture is attended by eager and enthusiastic listeners. Mr. W. F. Peck was the speaker of that evening, and his subject "Evolution;" and as he compared the Christian story of creation with the facts of evolution, and as eloquence, sarcasm, and wit drove home the points with telling effect, the audience burst into hearty and prolonged applause, and I came to the conclusion that, if that League was dead, it certainly produced very lively spiritual manifestations.

The criticisms which followed the lecture indicated that if the members did not belong to the Philosophical Society, their democratic intellects were capable of polished and vigorous expression.

I hav no doubt that the zeal and activity of the Chicago League this year is largely due to the masterly exposition of League principles made by our honored president, T. B. Wakeman, in the closing congressional address. Few who listened to it could hav failed to be animated by the noble spirit of him whose "intellectual aristocracy" manifests itself not in denunciation of and opposition to the rights of the people, but in magnificent defense of them, in the face of most shameful misrepresentation and abuse.

Leaving Chicago, I hastened on to Durand, where I was to giv a course of lectures for the purpose of organizing a League. The weather seemed gotten up especially to prevent the Freethinkers of the country from attending the meeting, nevertheless they came from long distances, and though the first meeting was not large, yet the audience kept on increasing until the court-house, in which the lectures were given, was filled with earnest and approving listeners. The neighboring town of Davis sent out a delegation, at last inviting me to visit and speak for them, which I did on three consecutiv evenings. I was told, while there, that Mr. Underwood spoke in that town some twelve years ago to large and interested audiences. But the churches hav kept right on, and the Freethinkers, being unorganized, hav been rather inactiv, a few only engaged in a sort of guerrilla warfare.

Taking in the situation at Durand and Davis, I laid before them the necessity for organization, and in response to my invitation that they unite upon the League platform, twenty-nine names were signed, and a League charter at once procured.

There are many activ, earnest, and intelligent Freethinkers in that vicinity. John Steres, O. F. Hoyt and wife, Andrew Blake, O. H. Jacobs, A. B. Bates, Sophia Bates, E. R. Evans, and David Campbell, of Durand; Thos. Hayes, Elijah Clark, and Samuel Davis, of Davis, and many others deserve especial mention.

They propose to read *Man*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and *Investigator*; to make effort to hav others read them; to hav Liberal festivals, and, as often as they can afford to do so, to employ some Liberal lecturer not afflicted with that moral mildew called the "concensus of the competent;" to bury their departed according to Liberal principles (as per example of our Elgin League), and in every way, and by every means demonstrate that, while many "pure" and "proper" Infidels may report the dissolution of the National League auxiliaries, and load the members with reproach, *that* League, like others, is *not dead*. More live Liberal items anon.

Yours for the defense of truth and liberty,
MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Permanent address, 164 South Ashland avenue, Chicago, Ill.

How a Spiritualist Vanquished a Materialist.

THE ENEMY'S GUNS TURNED ON HIM.

"Friend Storey, the Materialists hav the true scientific view of death. Here it is, boiled down, and you ought to see it. Thought is the product of the brain. You take food, which, passing through the blood, givs the brain power to think. You stop taking food and you die. The brain produces no more thought, and you cease to exist as a person. There is no personal life after death, and you Spiritualists are deluded."

"Friend White, you do state it sharply and I agree with you in the premises. Let us see if you may not agree with me in drawing a different conclusion. I hav lately been reading the discoveries of Prof. Michael Faraday, the eminent English chemist, and they hav impressed me much. He agrees with you that thought is the product of an organism, that is, of a brain made of matter; but the brain he speaks of he says is inside the brain you mean. He says that matter too refined for you and me to see can be held in an organized form provided the form can first be builded inside the physical body we see. To illustrate: a boy is born. That boy is an organism, beginning on earth. He continues to old age here. By food, exercise, etc., he builds up a refined body (made of the refined matter which comes from his food, drink, etc.,) inside the body we see, and when he has made this inside refined material body complete he withdraws it from the coarser one which we bury, while he livs on, thinking with his refined brain just as he thought with it before death."

"Do you mean to say that Faraday states that the boy thinks with his inner brain while in the earth body?"

"Yes. He thinks with the inside brain, and uses the outside one to convey his thoughts in language to people. So you see Faraday agrees with you that thought is the product of the brain."

"Yes, I see your point. He refers to the inside brain, and I refer to the outside brain, the one the doctors analyze after death."

"Yes, that is it, and I cannot see how you can put aside his position, as you must admit that the universe contains an immense amount of matter which is invisible."

"I admit that, for oxygen and hydrogen gases are invisible, yet they are matter."

"Yes, and there may be much other matter more refined than these gases. As all atoms are indestructible and are capable of entering into combinations with each other they may combine to form an organism too refined to be visible to us and support it indefinitly."

"Well, this is a new view of immortality. If organisms can be continued in the invisible state of matter then thought may be produced after death. I must see these books."

"You can get them of D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York, for thirty cents. Send for the Faraday pamphlets, Nos. 1, 2, 3."

"I shall do so at once. You hav opened a new world of thought to me."

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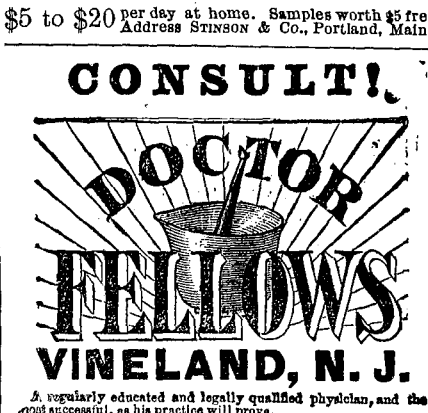
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WHO noble ends by nobler means attains,
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Like good Aurelius, let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is blest indeed.—*Pope.*

I AM not without hopes. O judges, that it is a favorable circumstance for me that I am condemned to die, for one of these two things must necessarily happen, either that death will deprive me entirely of all sense, or else that by dying I shall go from hence into some other place; wherefore, if all sense is utterly extinguished, and if death is like that sleep which is sometimes so undisturbed as to be even without the vision of dreams—in that case, O ye good gods! what gain is it to die! or what length of days can be imagined which would be preferable to such a night? And if the constant course of future time is to resemble that night, who is happier that I am. But if on the other hand, etc., etc.—*Socrates's Speech after Condemnation.*

THERE is peril in the habit of doing good; I do not mean merely in the case of hypocrisy; but I hav noticed that when a man feels that he is serving his fellow-men, he sometimes takes great liberties in the process. It was of this style of philanthrophists that old Count Gurowski spoke when he cautioned a young lady of my acquaintance, above all things, against marrying one of that class. "Marry thief!" he said, "marry murderer! but marry *philanthrope*—never!"—*T. W. Higginson.*

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IT has been often remarked that there is a great difference between theologic and scientific controversy. Theologians are proverbially vituperativ [remember the writer is himself a distinguished clergyman of no mean church], because it is a question of veracity; the truth of their views, their moral perceptions, their intellectual acumen. There exists no test but argument on which they can fall back. If argument fails, all fails. But the man of science stands calmly on the facts of the universe. He is based upon reality. All the opposition and controversy in the world cannot alter facts, nor prevent the facts from being manifested at last. He can be calm, because he is a witness for the truth.—*Fred. W. Robertson.*

THE initiation of all wise and noble things comes, and must come, from individuals; generally, at first, from some individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiation; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THE desire for a life that will not cease is no more evidence that we shall hav it than the desire for boundless wealth is evidence that we shall possess that. The wish for a continuance of this life beyond the grave is no more evidence of its ultimate realization than the Indian's desire for his bow and arrow, his dog, his pony, and his scalping-knife, after death, is evidence that he will hav them then.—*B. F. Underwood.*

IN all leading nations of the world the Christian is to-day in the majority; he is on the popular side; the sword is in his hand; wealth and earthly opportunity are with him; respectability and fashion giv him their indorsement. It is not the man who confesses himself a Christian, but the man who confesses that he is an Infidel to Christian belief, who is likely to-day to lose position and honor, and to fall under the social ban, and has to bear the cross of popular odium for his confession. Even the mobs are Christian to-day, and in their frenzied profanity swear by the name of the holy Nazarene.—*N. G. Potter.*

OUR current hypothesis about Mohammed, that he was a scheming impostor, a falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins to be really now untenable to any one. The lies which well-meaning zeal has heaped upon this man are disgraceful to ourselves only When Pocoche inquired of Grotius where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mohammed's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him, Grotius answered that there was no proof.—*Carlyle.*

THE Tannese, when put to much inconvenience by the dust falling from a certain volcano, "were in the habit of praying to their gods for a change of wind." Certain other South Sea Islanders used to pray to their gods to avert the supposed calamity of a lunar eclips. "As the eclips passes off, they think it is all owing to their prayers," a mode of reasoning which presents an exact parallel to that employed by many Christians.—*Viscount Amberley.*

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"A what?" asked the young man at the door.

"A yachter—sails around in a boat, and talks about shivering his timbers, and belaying his tarry toplights, and all such things as that. Always refers to his overcoat pocket as a 'mizzen hatch.' The literary editor would make Marryat and Mayne Reid think they were born in Iowa, and had never been nearer the sea than Keokuk."

"What is it you call him?" again asked the man at the door.

"A yachter."

"You probably mean a yachtman," suggested the visitor.

"Probably I do," was the reply, in a somewhat disappointed tone of voice. "A man can't make a peep around here but what some duck picks him up on the pronunciation of a word."

"I wish to see the literary editor in regard to a poem which I would like to see in next week's paper," said the young man.

"Did you write this poem yourself!" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir." was the reply.

"I thought so," continued the admirer of Iroquois. "I thought there gleamed within your starry eye that weird, haunting look that enables us to drop on a poet the minute he shows up. What is your poem about?"

"Atalanta."

"I don't think that's much of a subject," said the authority on overhead checks. "Atlanta is only a second-class town, anyhow. Why didn't you wind up your muse for a few stanzas about Chicago, or Deadwood, or some place where things are lively?"

"I rather think you misapprehend me," said the poet. "My little effort does not relate to Atlanta, Ga., but to a person in classical history."

"Oh, you mean Atalanta, do you, instead of Atlanta?" replied the horse reporter. "How thoughtless of me to make such a mistake. I suppose you know all about Attie, and the big steeple-chase she was in?"

"Well, said the poet, in a hesitating manner, "of course I am familiar with the classics, but it has never come under my observation that Atalanta was ever the heroin of any such episode as the one to which you allude."

"Didn't know she was on the turf, and won the liveliest race ever run in Arcadia?"

"No, sir, I did not," replied the poet.

"Then you are not so sweetly fly as I took you to be," said the horse reporter, "and I will giv you a few pointers on Grecian history, and sweep away with the dimpled hand of knowledge the cobwebs of ignorance that obscure the horizon of your powerful mind. Atalanta was the daughter of Iasos, a high-rolling old Greek. When he wished her to marry she consented on condition that her suitor should run a race with her—a kind of weight-forage handicap. One fellow finally beat her. His name was Meilanion, and he was a regular masher. Venus just went loony about him, and had given him three apples from the garden of Hesperides. So when Meilanion started in the race with Atalanta he just whooped himself until he reached the quarter pole, and then he dropped one of the apples. Atalanta stopped to look at the beautiful fruit, and Meilanion got a long lead. He played this game at the half and three-quarter mile poles, and then scooted down the home-stretch at his best lick. Atalanta gave him a good race, but he finally beat her half a length in 2:24 1-4, and then she married him. That's a correct summary of the race, sonny, and you can bet on it," and the horse reporter smiled affably.

"No doubt you are right," said the poet, "and I must say that I am surprised at the knowledge displayed by one whose hair is so short. Do you think it will be possible to print my poem?"

"I guess likely," was the reply. "Just read it to us till we see how it goes."

The poet fished a piece of paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

There's a bit of broken blue in the sky,
A web of gray o'er the purple lake;
A gleam of silver along the strand
Where the long waves break.

A dove swoops down from the upper air—
Snowy pinions and scarlet feet;
There's a breath of spring in the orchard aisles,
Balmy and sweet.

This is Atalanta, that comes this way,
Bare white ankle and ripe red mouth,
Blown on the budding April winds
Up from the South.

"Well," said the equine journalist, "it would be hard to throw a stone down the street and not hit a man who could write slush like that. Our nine-dollar-a-week bard could do it with one had tied behind him."

"I should like to see him try," said the poet.

Turning to a young man who sat at a desk near by, the horse reporter requested him to "imitate that stuff." The young man wrote for a few minutes, and submitted the following:

There's a soggy crust on the custard pie—
The pie that our Myrtle tried to make;
A streak of yellow across the top
Of the tough sponge-cake.

A girl sweops up from the kitchen hot—
Large red elbows and larger feet;
She's the girl whose custard pies and cake
People can eat.

This is our Myrtle that comes this way—
Sealskin jacket and cartwheel hat;
She is a daisy to put on style,
Don't forget that.

"There," said the horse reporter, "now you see ——"

But the poet was gone.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THE French Cremation Society now consists of 406 members. The receipts for the first year were 7,000 francs. The average cost of cremation has been but three francs.

A MAN who eloped with a Wisconsin wife left a note for the husband, "I hav tooked your woman; but you ar welcum to my last week's wages, which I didn't draw; and I hoap that squares things." It ought to.

REMARK by the Rev. Dr. Hartzell, who is on a Southern tour, on being told that the Methodist church South was the original Methodist Episcopal church: "I belong to the Methodist Episcopal church of God, and if you want to call yours the Methodist Episcopal church South of God, I have no objections."

Two Highlanders found themselvs unable to get into harbor in their boat, the waves driving it out to sea so persistently that Donald, after obstinately battling with the elements, cried out to Duncan in a dialect which we will not attempt fully to represent, "Go doon on your knees, mon, and offer a bit prayer." But before Duncan was on his knees the boat's keel grated on the beach, whereupon Donald shouted, "Stop praying, we've come ashore by our own exertions, and I'll no' be beholden to anybody."

IN the early days of the reign of Louis XVI., it was the etiquet for any person passing by the throne to bow almost to prostration, even though it were vacant. Yet, only a few years afterward, that same throne was no more revered than any other structure of wood and velvet. Never again, in any country, will thrones possess the odor of sanctity. The most despotic of Christian thrones is that of Russia, and one corner of that rests on rebels, who anxiously watch for the moment when they may topple it over.

A GERMAN comic paper, which ventured some fun about Prince Bismarck, has just had its circulation stopped for two years, at the end of which time it will presumably either be dead, or else furnish an extraordinary example of suspended animation; and meanwhile, that luckless editor who was put in jail three months for libeling the same august functionary has been sentenced to an extra week for taking in vain the name of Mr. Gambetta. The distinction between three months for Bismarck and a week for Gambetta is instructiv. But journalism in Germany is prosecuted under difficulties.

IF the statements now made by the railroad men in Florida are true, Bishop Payne will probably not get the $10,000 which he wants in consideration of having been put off a train. He claims to hav been riding on a first-class ticket, and to hav been put off of the train. The men on the road say that he was riding on an excursion rate ticket with a party of persons belonging to the African Methodist church, and that he wanted to go into a different car from the one which was assigned to them. He is highly esteemed as bishop of the African Methodist church, but there is some reason to believe that he has made a mistake in saying that he was ejected from the car because he was a colored man. Some of the railroad people insist that he left the train of his own accord.

THE *Church Union* says: "Never fancy that a little alcohol can do no harm, though much may; for the alcohol diffused through a gallon of beer or cider is just as poisonous as though it were condensed into a bottle of whisky or a flask of brandy. Young men, as you love your God, your country, your families, and yourselvs be entreated neither to make nor sell, diffuse nor imbibe, any kind of alcoholic beverage." And on the next page, in a column editorial notice of a grocery: "Quite a reputation has been gained for the excellent qualities of his teas and coffees, which are acknowledged to be the best obtainable on the east side. The same applies to his wines and liquors, comprising all the favorit brands. His claret wines are regarded by competent authority as equal to the finest in the market; these are his own importation, and are carefully bottled for family use." The *Church Union* evidently makes no attempt to be consistent.

THE old Good Friday custom of flogging an effigy of Judas Iscariot was, after a laps of two years, duly celebrated in the London docks on April 7th by the crews of three Portuguese and Maltese vessels. The effigy of the traitor, hewn out of a block of timber, was carried by chosen members of the crews round the quarterdeck and hanged from the yardarm, and each man chanted his vituperation as he lashed the figure with knotted ropes. The scourging over, Judas was cut down, thrown upon the deck, spat upon, cursed, and kicked to the galley fire, where he was burned into a charred mass, and then hurled into the water, after which the sailors went in procession to church. Isn't this rather ungrateful to Judas? What would hav become of the atonement scheme without him?

ONE of the effects of the trial of the tedious case of Mr. Hinman against Bishop Hare has been to show the low condition of religion among the Indians of the Niobrara diocese. It appears that these people are willing to circulate any scandals, no matter how baseless or unclean, and that they even take pleasure in so doing. These are not the heathen and ungodly Indians, but those who hav made profession of religion. The fact that there is a good deal of the pharisee in the spiritual make-up of some of these aborigines is shown by the remark one of them made when giving his testimony. Being asked what sort of a person a certain squaw was who had testified, he said: "She isn't a regular Christian at all; she's only a Presbyterian." The pharisee who said this belonged to the Episcopal household of faith, which he considered the only "regular" one. It is possible that the whole of this wearisome and disgusting case may hav to be tried over again, as Bishop Hare has appealed from the verdict of the jury which gave Brother Hinman $10,000, with which to make good his damaged reputation. It is a pity that such a trial cannot take place in the most rugged part of the mountainous wilds of Dakota rather than among a civilized community.

THERE is a certain cobbler in the village, who, although a worthy fellow, entertains unorthodox opinions, and with whom the clerk is therefore always at variance; and the latter givs me this curious account of his failing to obtain from the son of Crispin our Easter dues: "I am come for your Easter offering, Mr. Last," observed the ecclesiastic official, looking over the half-door behind which the little cobbler sits busily at work. "And what *is* an Easter offering, and why should I giv it?" inquired the skeptic. "Well, never you mind about that; only giv it, that's all." "Won't you stop and hav a bit of bacon with me, Mr. Clerk, for I am just going to hav my dinner?" "No, thank yer; I want yer Easter offering." "Well, then, take a drop o' summat warm; I've got some ale yonder upon the hob." The clerk could not help looking wistful, but he replied stoutly, as before, that he only wanted the Easter offering. "At least you will take a pipe?" insisted the cobbler; "here is tobacco and a box of lucifers." The clerk absolutely shook his head. "Very well," observed the cobbler, with a chuckle. "I've tried ye with a meat-offering, with a drink-offering, and with a burnt-offering, and now ye will hav no other sort of offering from me, I promis ye." And he kept his word.—*English Rector.*

THE reporters of the Boston *Advertiser* took a census of the church attendance of that city on a recent Sunday. They found a total of 124,909 people in the two hundred and fifty churches. The population of Boston is now somewhere toward 400,000, it having been 362,535 in 1880. Making allowances for the persons who may hav been counted twice, the enumeration having been made at the different services, it is safe to estimate that about one-quarter of the people of Boston were at church that day. That is a proportion much larger than would be found in our New York churches on a single Sunday. It is doubtful if the church attendance here number more than a fifth of the actual population of the city; and perhaps the proportion is not as large as that. The four hundred or more churches of New York provide sittings for about three hundred thousand people; but about two-fifths of the seats in the Protestant houses of worship are unoccupied on the average. The Catholic worshipers of New York are about equal to the whole of those of the various denominations of Protestanism. A complete and accurate census very likely would show them to be more numerous. The enumeration made in Boston showed that of the 124,909 people found in the churches, as a whole, about fifty thousand were in those of the Roman Catholic faith. And yet only a portion of the Catholic worshipers were counted, for in only one or two instances were the attendants on early mass counted. At that service, of course, the churches are crowded. The *Advertiser's* conclusion is that the number of persons who entered the Roman Catholic churches for the purpose of worship that day fell only a few thousand below the gross attendance at all the other churches combined. And that is in Boston, the historical center of Puritanism. Church-going has unquestionably declined among Protestants both here and there. A large part of them are of a very uncertain religous faith, and the younger generation are less disposed than their fathers to regard attendance upon church as a duty, or as a profitable or an agreeable employment of time on Sunday. Once, remaining away from church subjected individuals and families to uncomfortable criticism in New England. They were regarded with suspicion, and suffered in social reputation in many ways. Now, however, even in little New Englaud towns, people stay away from church regularly without attracting much comment by their conduct. The communities hav grown accustomed to such displays of indifference to preaching and absence from church. The greatest attendance among the Protestants of Boston was in the Congregationalist and Baptist churches, which contained about 30,000 people, nearly equally divided between the two. The Episcopalians came next, with over twelve thousand. This communion has grown rapidly in Boston, and throughout New England, indeed, of late years, though formerly it found there very stony ground. Now the most popular Protestant preacher of Boston is an Episcopalian, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. The Methodist worshipers, white and colored, were nearly as numerous as the Episcopalians. The Presbyterians had only 3,800; and the Unitarians, whose churches were formerly the most fashionable in Boston, where the doctrins of Channing took their deepest root, numbered less than ten thousand; were fewer than the Episcopalians, by nearly three thousand. A great change has therefore come over Boston within this generation, so far as its religous predilections and observances are concerned. Roman Catholicism has made an enormous advance. Congregationalism has not gained proportionately with the growth of that city in population, but has fallen back. The Baptists and Methodists hav perhaps become comparativly stronger, or at least hav held their own. The Unitarians hav declined, many of them having passed on to Agnosticism, religious indifferentism, and utter Infidelity, and others having gone over into the Episcopal church. These significant changes in ecclesiastical relations and in religous sympathies and opinions are not confined to Boston. They are taking place throughout New England. The increase of the foreign-born population is rapidly building up the Roman Catholic communion. Congregationalism is losing vitality. Unitarianism is passing away as a distinctiv denomination. Episcopalianism is gaining. The Baptists and the Methodists are appealing to the more fervid religious feeling of the ordinary run of Protestants in the communities. Infidelity is rampant.—*Sun.*

News of the Week.

PARNELL has returned to Kilmainham jail.

ABOUT 20,000 emigrants landed at this port last week.

THE pope is seriously ill, and his physicians urge a change of air.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is suffering from pneumonia at his home at Concord, Mass.

GEN. STEPHEN A. HURLBUT, United States minister to Peru, died suddenly on the 21st of heart-disease.

JAS. G. BLAINE, of Maine, is said to be suffering from gout, and is not likely to run for Congress again.

Two hundred Jewish families were ruined by a recent riot, lasting two days, at Balta, Russia, by the Christian peasants.

THE widow of Jesse James, the Missouri bandit, is writing a book in which she will tell what she knows about her husband.

FATHER HEALEY, a Catholic priest of Lawrence, Mass., has disapperred. It is rumored that a woman disappeared with him.

AN imperial order has been promulgated in Russia prohibiting military officers from making political speeches or expressing an opinion on politics.

THE ship sent in search of the survivors of the lost Jeannette was burned in the ice last week. A United States vessel has been ordered to the relief.

THE Mayor of Long Island City, N. Y., was arrested last week charged with misappropriating public funds. He promises to explain the alleged deficit.

A COMPANY has been formed for the purpose of leasing the large building at present occupied by the retiring A. T. Stewart & Co., and turning it into a mammoth "temple of amusement." The capital stock of the company is $1,500,000, which is already subscribed.

THE Rev. Wm. Adams, of Louisville, Ky., has been asked to resign his charge. Some of his congregation complained that his sermons were plagiarisms, and procured a stenographer to take them down for purposes of comparison. They were found to be copied, hence the request for his resignation.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, is suffering from a Sunday temperance fever, and all the saloon men must close their doors or suffer arrest. The opponents of the law are talking of reviving an ancient labor statute, and proceed against newspapers, street cars, hotels, and all places doing business on Sunday.

M. DESIRE CHARNAY, the explorer sent to Central America by the *North American Review*, reports the discovery of the city long talked of by previous explorers in that region as the "Phantom City." It has long been a matter of conjecture whether or not such a city did really exist in Central America, and M. Charnay's discovery promises to set the matter at rest.

MISS MINA POWERS, of Palmyra, N. Y., an invalid, was recently cured by the efforts of her fellow church-members, who, at her suggestion, prayed for her recovery. As she has been sick for twenty years, the wonder is that she never thought of this mode of cure before. Perhaps the wonderful effect of prayer in our late president's case suggested it to her for the first time.

THE funeral of Charles Darwin took place on Wednesday last. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, said in his Sunday's sermon that the dead scientist's teachings do not conflict with the "fundamental truths of religion." The canon seemed to lose sight of the fact that if Darwin's theory is true that mankind sprung from some animal of a lower order, he cannot be the descendant of Adam. This theory is the disputed point, and always must be, between science and theology.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Egypt.—Continued.

A few words should be said of what are called the crypts of the temples—narrow rooms full of pictures and sculptures, and which are only accessible through a small narrow opening through the solid partition walls near the floor. Mariette-Bey thinks it must have been the intention of the architect that these crypts should be the secret hiding-places for the rich statues of the divinities in gold, silver, and lapis-lazuli and in wood; also the rich sistra, jeweled collars, and emblems of all kinds, only to be removed therefrom on fete days and occasions of great processions. Numerous inscriptions and representations cover the walls, many of which have hardly been deciphered. In these rooms the light of day has not entered for two thousand years, and here our candles stirred up numerous bats which, annoyed at our intrusion, flew about in a state of considerable disturbance. I thought the temples of the old mythical gods a very fit place, perhaps, for the bats and owls of the present day. The gods of Egypt were probably as respectable as the gods of any country, but these secret places make fit abodes for the foul birds which prefer darkness to light. The terraces or upper rooms are also very interesting. The little temple of twelve columns has been mentioned. There are six other chambers, and these are divided into two groups of three—one group on the north, the other on the south. The two groups together form a temple dedicated to Orisis.

According to the invariable traditions, both of the monuments and of the classical writers, Osiris was always regarded as the universal god of the Egyptians. Egypt was divided into forty-two provinces or nomes, and each of these forty-two nomes possessed a local Osiris, so that, correctly speaking, Egypt recognized forty-two manifestations or modifications of Osiris. The deity of the small temple in the second story is the Osiris of the nome of Denderah, worshiped under the name of Osiris-An.

The small temple was divided into north and south groups on account of the local deities of the same name, which the Osiris of Denderah admitted by his side as secondary divinities. On the northern side were the Osiris of the northern nomes, while the Osiris of the southern provinces had access to the southern chambers. This may explain the object of the construction. Osiris, particularly the Osiris of Denderah, was there worshiped, but in thus becoming a local divinity the Osiris of Denderah had lost none of the qualities of the principal Osiris, and what is seen on the walls of the little temple refers chiefly to the Osiris of national tradition, that is, the Osiris who came down upon earth as the benefactor and savior of mankind, who was put to death for their benefit, after which he rose again from the dead. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, in his work on ancient Egypt, has this quotation in reference to the Egyptian savior and redeemer Osiris. In the octavo edition, London 1854, page 331, he says: "The peculiar character of Osiris, his coming on the earth for the benefit of mankind, with the titles of 'manifestor of good and truth,' his being put to death by the malice of the evil one, his burial and resurrection, and his becoming the judge of the dead, are the most interesting features of the Egyptian religion. This was the great mystery, and this myth and his worship were of the earliest times, and universal in Egypt." That is the strongest possible evidence that this whole doctrine of the atoning death of a god, of a redeemer and savior sent to the earth for the salvation of the human race, which the Christians parade with so much ostentation, and upon which their system is founded, is simply an old Egyptian fable, invented more than fifteen hundred years before such a system of religion as Christianity had ever been heard of. Let me ask here, what divinity could there hav been in revising an old pagan myth which had been sleeping more than a thousand years, and giving it the name of a new revelation?

On the roof of one of the upper chambers is an elaborate representation of creation. In one of the upper rooms was formerly the home of the planisphere or zodiac, which is now in Paris. Traces of the removal are to be seen. There are also many astronomical representations. In another place are seen long processions of the gods conveying in vases the members of Osiris which each town possesses. In another place the forty-two funeral biers of Osiris are represented.

Then come the twelve hours of the day, with a notice of the prayers to be said every hour; and also the twelve hours of the night, the whole being divided in the same manner as the temple itself, into Upper and Lower Egypt. The fetes consist of processions, in which priests from all parts of the country take part. A calendar sets forth all the details, and also gives recipes for the preparation of the oils, the perfumes, and the essences to be used. Short notices furnish also the calendar of these same fetes for the Osiris of the other nomes.

Considered with reference to the dogma which it represents, the temple of Denderah bears the stamp of a philosophical spirit of much interest. One of the principal divinities of the temple is Hathor, the Aphrodite or Venus of the Greek and Roman system. In her principal character Hathor is the pupil of the sun's eye, and thus the Egyptians made Hathor the goddess of beauty, the seat of which they placed chiefly in the eyes. Then came her other titles, "the goddess of the lovely face," "the beautiful goddess," "the goddess of love." At the same time Hathor is represented as the personification of the general harmony of the world, which exists and endures only through the harmonious co-operation of all its parts. Thus she is the divine mother who causes all vegetation to germinate, and who makes the corn to grow, who gives life to mortals, who carries fecundity and abundance into all parts of the world, love being productive only in such measure as it is harmonious. Again, one of the characters under which the inscriptions of the temple most frequently represent Hathor is that which connects her with every idea of youthfulness, of expansion, and of resurrection; this is exemplified even in the subjects chosen for the decoration of the frieze, and of the sub-basement, when flowers in blossom, stems of plants crossing each other and intertwining scarabæi alternating with the phœnix, shadow forth at every step the eternal beauty of nature. It is even as a symbol of these ideas of a constant renovation that Hathor is so frequently designated the goddess Sothis (Sirius). Hathor thus becomes the star which determines and governs the periodical return of the year (the Egyptian year commencing on July 21st, the day when Sothis and the sun appear simultaneously in the morning horizon), which announces the rising of the river; she is the star whose appearance at the eastern horizon at the same moment as the rising sun foretells the renewal of nature. Hathor, then, like the Aphrodite and Venus of the Greeks and Romans, is something more than the goddess of beauty; the Hathor of the Egyptians is the type of that universal harmony which is necessary to the well-being and to the life of the world; what they desired to personify in her was the ideal of all that is beautiful.

Perhaps if the temple at Denderah were of Pharaonic origin, and consequently free from all Grecian influence, the inscriptions would carry us no farther. But from the arrangements of certain pictures, invariably placed opposite each entrance door, and where the king himself is represented as offering to the divinity a statue of truth, Hathor is evidently intended to personify, not only the goddess of all that is beautiful, but also the goddess of all that is true. Truth is represented by a little statue of a female seated in a basket, her head crowned with a waving feather. The king holds the basket in his outstretched hand, and presents it to the goddess who stands before him. According to custom, inscriptions accompany these representations. In front of the king are the words he is supposed to pronounce; in front of the goddess is the answer which she is supposed to make to the king's speech. In all the chambers, with the exception of the sanctuary, the speech is meaningless enough on either side. "I offer thee truth," says the king; "I raise her toward thee, O Hathor, sovereign lady of the heavens." The goddess replies, "May truth be with thee; mayest thou live by her and by her means triumph over thine enemies" (*i. e.*, "May falsehood be vanquished by truth"). In the sanctuary the triviality of these texts disappears, and in entering the chambers the king exclaims; "I offer to thee truth, O goddess of Denderah, for truth is thine own work, for thou art truth itself!" The philosophical character of Hathor is thus more and more portrayed.

A third attribute of Hathor, no less characteristic than the two former, is clearly manifested by the care that has been taken to assign her to an especial place in the temple of the terraces. Here she is no longer the same Hathor as seen below; she is transformed into Isis; she becomes the goddess who attaches herself to Osiris, who accompanies him from chamber to chamber, and who is present at his resurrection. Osiris, according to the tradition handed down by Plutarch, is the principle of good. "Osiris," says Plutarch, "takes pleasure in doing good, and his name amongst many other meanings is said to express activity and beneficence." Again Plutarch represents Isis and Osiris sometimes governing the kingdom of good, sometimes presiding over the intellect, the principle of all good. "Isis," says Plutarch, "possesses an innate love of good principles." Moreover, without going so far as the terraces for an illustration, the interior of this temple impresses the beholder with the same idea when among the nine emblems of the temple the foremost rank has been ascribed to the sistrum. "The sistrum," says Plutarch, "symbolizes that men should always be active and busy, and that they must be constantly stimulated and roused out of the state of languor and enervation into which they are too prone to fall. It is said the sound of this instrument puts Typhon to flight." Death vanquished to the benefit of life; evil suppressed by the benefit of good; falsehood dissipated by truth; this, then, is the symbol of which the sistrum is the genuine type, and by this one sees that to the same ideas of universal harmony of the beautiful and the true, so injuriously applied in the interior of the temple, is here added the idea of good. Dr. Inman clearly shows that the sistrum is of phallic origin and was originally designed to represent the creative and generative power in nature, being a combination of both the male and female organs. The symbol is met with thousands of times in the principal temples of Egypt.

Mariette-Bey thinks it is clear that the temple of Denderah presents a certain arrangement which no doubt would never be displayed by a temple of Pharaonic origin, and that it is this which betrays the influence of the times in which it was erected. Evidently the Platonic schools of thought then flourishing at Alexandria extended their influence as far as Denderah, and the entire decoration of the temple is composed with a view to summing up synthetically, under the imagery of local divinities and their attributes, the three fundamental parts of that philosophy—the beautiful, the true, and the good.

The outer walls of the temple are as fully engraved and inscribed as the inner portions. On the rear walls are two portraits of Cleopatra and her son Cæsar, which, however, have been somewhat defaced. There are also two other small temples near the large one just described—one dedicated to Isis, the other to Osiris. I think they are more ancient than the main temple. They are also full of inscriptions, but being short of time and in a hurry to return to the boat we spent not much time in them.

In another hour we had reached the river, had settled with the donkey-boys, were on the way to our steamer, and in a short time were again steaming down the Nile, still charmed with the beautiful scenery and the majestic palms all along the river banks. The steamer did not land so we could visit the temples—two in number—and the tombs of Abydos, the ancient Thinis of Egypt, where, it is held, the Egyptian monarchy was cradled. Here is a temple of Sethi and the temple of Rameses, also the tomb of Osiris and the Necropolis. The sculpturing on the first temple is said to be very fine. The tombs belong principally to the sixth dynasty, 3700 B.C.; to the twelfth dynasty, 3000 B.C; and to the thirteenth dynasty, 2800 B.C.—all from 1,000 to 1,800 years before the time of Abraham, and while the sons of Noah were still living. If such a people lived at that time in Egypt, able to build such tombs and such temples while Shem and his brothers were still living, it is wholly improbable that the Egyptians, who had then been thousands of years in existence, had any connection whatever with the descendants of Noah's three sons. There is no evidence that Noah's flood reached Egypt, or that the people of that country, who had already founded an empire and built cities, knew anything of it. It will be well for the Bible revisers, when they are fixing up the divine word so it will bear examination, to place the flood a thousand years earlier, so that it could be possible for the ancient Egyptians to be the descendants of Noah; though if they should do that it would not yet be true that the Egyptians were descendants of either of the sons of Noah. They are, unquestionably, of much older stock.

December 26th.—We arrived at Asioot at 4 P.M. yesterday, and at 9 P.M. took the train for Cairo. We arrived at Boulak at 7 this morning, which is the station for Cairo, and Bridges and myself took donkeys for the city, three miles distant. The ride was a grotesque one, the highway being filled with donkeys, horses, camels, etc., the last being in considerable numbers. In some places the road was so crowded we could hardly get along. The donkey-boys carried our satchels and kept up the whole distance. We returned to Shepheard's Hotel, and spent a portion of the day in writing.

PILGRIMAGES TO MECCA.

Cairo is one of the principal points from which caravans of pilgrims are made up which make a pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city of the Moslems. Before the departure of the bands, which sometimes amount to nearly a thousand, several days are spent in hilarity like the holding of a fair, but, alas! there is always a considerable number who die on the pilgrimage, and whose bones are left to whiten on the desert. It makes no difference, however, how many die, the pilgrimages must be kept up. All of the faithful are expected to make a pilgrimage to Mecca once in their lives, and to accomplish this the earnings of years are carefully saved up. The return of the pilgrims is a wonderful event and must be duly celebrated. Those who have been to Mecca are regarded as holy and worthy of deference. Of course the sheik becomes holier than the common herd, and most extravagant honor is shown him. Hundreds of people throw themselves on their faces in the highway, packed closely together, and over these prostrate bodies the sheik rides his horse, walking upon the bodies of the devout worshipers. Some are injured by the horse's feet, but it is thought that such must have been guilty of some sin. They are at once removed, and it is supposed the sheik will immediately restore them to a healthy condition.

This is something like the bands of dervishes who assemble in the mosque at the citadel to go through the wild and almost insane ceremonies of dancing,

whirling, etc. A weight is allowed to drop upon their heads, sometimes mashing them almost to a jelly; but this is also probably taken as an indication that they are not as perfect as they should be; they, too, are at once removed, and it is claimed, that the hand of the sheik will restore them. They, of course, are seen no more, and it is said of them that they are giving thanks to Allah for his great goodness. It is hard to say whether the devotees of Christianity or of Islam show the more simplicity or idiocy in the belief in miracles and in the power of the saints and priests to perform cures.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Cairo is the headquarters for Christian missions for Egypt, and the American board is fully represented here. A large sum of money has been expended in erecting buildings for missions and schools. More money by far has been collected for the purpose than the buildings cost, the pious missionaries, of course, taking a large residue to themselves. They are very careful not to use the money up too rapidly to complete the buildings in hand, so as still to have the completion of the buildings the excuse for more begging. On a certain occasion the missionaries were asked why they did not use the money already collected and complete the buildings. The reply was that it was not desirable to complete the buildings too soon; they wished to keep them in an an unfinished state for still a good while, for when the buildings were finished the donations would cease, and there would no longer be anything to beg for.

LEAVING CAIRO.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, we departed by rail from Cairo, traveling over the same road as when we came to Cairo, as far as Ismalia, from which place we took a branch road to Suez (with a view of there taking steamer for Bombay), which passes over a sandy waste near the Suez canal. Along the delta of the Nile we took our farewell view of the verdure and the growing crops which look so beautiful. We saw many fields of wheat several inches high, many fields of vetches and lentils, many fields of clover nearly knee-high, the mode of pasturing which is to tie the buffalo, the cow, or the camel, as the case may be, with a rope thirty feet in length or less, letting them eat the clover down closely to the ground as far as the rope will reach, when they are given a fresh patch. In this way the whole of the clover is eaten, and none trampled down and wasted. There are no fences in Egypt; there is nothing to make fences of. Roots or a ridge of earth answer as land-marks. Twenty-five per cent of the land is said to be owned in small parcels by individuals; twenty-five per cent belongs to the government, or to the khedive, who in the aggregate derives a heavy revenue from it, and the balance belongs to rich land holders, men with titles, etc. The tenure, as near as I can learn, is a bad one, and the rents of the land are so heavy as to be very onerous upon the poor tillers.

Egypt, upon the whole, is rather prosperous, though the people are enormously taxed. The last khedive before the present one was very extravagant and corrupt. He built a large number of expensive palaces with the money wrung from the people, and at the close of his political career was able to retire to Italy with a princely fortune of about $2,000,000, where he is now living in great luxury. The present khedive is said to be a better man, and has the credit of being amiable in manners, and rather economical in his tastes and expenditures. England and France have secured a strong claim upon the resources of Egypt, and it is probable that at some not far distant day they may find come convenient excuse for gobbling up the entire country. England, of course, would do so at once if France and other nations were not in the way.

The wages of the laboring classes in Egypt are low; as a rule the laborers on the land are interested in the crops that are produced, but the others work for very small pay. I heard that men in Upper Egypt work for the sum of a franc per day, and even for less, while women are content at half price. There cannot be a general state of prosperity and happiness when such low wages rule for labor.

COMING TROUBLE.

I learn that many have serious apprehensions that the time is not far away when the Moslem inhabitants of Egypt will rise and attempt to suppress the Frank or European element which is gaining ground in the country. I talked with an intelligent Polander—a correspondent of two or three European papers, and who has spent two or three years in the country, the greater part of the time far up the Nile. He understands the languages of the natives, and is able to read their papers. He is confident that there is a growing state of unrest on the part of the Arabs and Moslems generally, which has been increased since the war between France and Tunis, and a strong feeling is implanted in their minds that the Franks are gradually encroaching upon them and crowding them to the wall. They are talking among themselves of the necessity of rising against their oppressors—their habitual enemies—and driving them from their country. This may come in one, two, or three years, but come it pretty surely will. I find this opinion is shared by other good judges; no less a person than the Englishman who is at the head of the Finance Department of Egypt expresses the same opinion. That will be a bloody day when it comes, and many Europeans will doubtless be massacred, but it will only give the European nations a good excuse to visit severe punishment upon the Moslems, and probably five of them to one of the Christians will be made to bite the dust, and the Turks and all the Moslems will be driven out of Europe, and possibly Egypt. The Christians and Moslems are not yet done taking each other's lives.

EGYPT COMPARED WITH PALESTINE.

I have now been over a considerable space of the land of Egypt, the land which was densely populated among the first countries on the globe—perhaps the mother of civilization, one of the main sources of the religions of the world, the source of the art of the world—a country where the manufacture of glass was known three thousand years before it was known in Europe, where the art of embalming was better known than anywhere else in the world, where the artists could paint skilfully before the same was done in any other country; the land where three thousand years ago the science of medicine was nearly as well understood as now, with all the intricate apparatus in use among modern surgeons; which had several arts which have been completely lost from the world; a country which had a good system of common schools before any other country in the world; a country which had a good system of jurisprudence; a country whose system of religion taught the effects of good and bad deeds, of future rewards and punishments, two thousand years before the Hebrews taught anything of the kind; a country in which the god of the Hebrews never took the slightest interest, only to do what he could to injure it, but still a country infinitely greater and better than the Land of Yahweh, made up of hills and sterile rock. What a difference is now to be seen in comparing the two countries! Palestine possesses little that bears record of an intelligent race of people who once lived there, nothing of any splendid architecture, nothing of works of art, nothing that is beautiful, though a god claimed to be superior to all other gods presided over it many hundred years, and gave nearly his entire attention to it. But in this land of Egypt, which was nearly always under the ban of the God of Israel; which had not the benefit of a regular orthodox god; which was compelled to get along the best way it could with nothing but pagan gods; how much the traveler finds to interest him! Though hundreds of tons of the richest antiquities have been taken to enrich the museums of Europe, yet there are the pyramids of the long past, the tombs of the ancient kings, and the numerous grand temples, obelisks, and statues of a former race of people, to-day standing firmly on the bases on which they were planted three, four, five, six, and seven thousand years ago; while in the newer country of Palestine, with the Jewish God and his Son to do for the country all that their partiality might suggest, nothing of the old is to be seen. No ruins of temples, no works of art, no remains of splendid architecture, not even one stone lying upon another that was so placed by the Hebrews; nothing that shows that they possessed as much civilization, as much art, as much love of the beautiful, as the nations that were around them. Palestine is a naked, sterile waste, with little to attract the eye, or to impress upon the mind that it contains an inherent and native interest aside from the stories of it contained in the Jewish scriptures. With all that God has done for Palestine, little remains that is beautiful and interesting, or that one can care for; but with all that God failed to do for Egypt, though the land never received divine aid or divine love, it is still filled with its ruins of past ages, which teach most valuable lessons, and are of high interest and value. Yes, Egypt is to-day, as it always has been, far greater than Palestine.

And now, standing upon this ground, I find proofs which satisfy my own mind that the claim that the children of Israel dwelt for from two to four centuries in this land of Egypt, and that here they increased from seventy persons to become some three millions of people, not well sustained. In all the records of sculptured temples, tombs, obelisks, and monuments, in all the writings upon papyrus, and the histories which were preserved, there is not a word to be found, and never has been, that such a people of brick-makers ever lived among them. The amount of brick which such a people should have been able to manufacture are not to be found, nor are the works in existence which they should have constructed; no record that a member of this slave race became the virtual ruler of the land, being second in power; that under his wise and dream-reading ability the products of seven fruitful years were garnered up to save the nation and prevent its starvation in the succeeding seven years of famine, when nothing grew that sustained life. This nation, which excelled all other nations in the world in its records, which noted down minutely every considerable event which took place, has not an inscription, nor the mark of a stylus on papyrus, that the land for years had a wise Jewish ruler, under whose farseeing and benign rule the nation was saved; that a handful of slaves, who first came from God's own country to avert the starvation which otherwise would have overwhelmed them, became a nation, amounting to millions, able to turn out six hundred thousand fighting men at one time; who, in escaping from the land of their servitude, passed down to the Red Sea, which kindly opened its vast deep, standing up a high wall on either side, leaving a dry roadway in the center, over which the three millions of men, women, and children were able to walk without even wetting the soles of their feet, while the great army of Egypt, with their magnificent king at their head, in pursuing them, were all utterly destroyed, not a man being left to tell the tale.

To me it seems utterly impossible that such loss of king and army could have taken place in such a country of records as Egypt—a country which a thousand years earlier was rich in its minute recapitulation of events—and not a line, not a word, ever be said about it. I cannot believe that the wonderful and impossible plagues which, in the story of Moses, are said to have taken place in Egypt under the magical power of Moses—the frogs, the lice, the locusts, the storms of hail and fire, the turning of the Nile into blood, the killing of the animal creation, the death of the first-born of human and animal life throughout the land—could occur and not a word be said about them. The thing is unnatural and preposterous. Can a sensible person believe that such wonderful events could take place in such a country as Egypt, full of intelligence, full of the faculty and disposition for recording history, and not a word be written or inscribed about it all? Can it be believed that a country which wrote the history of its many monarchs could let one of them, and his vast army of many hundred thousand mounted men, be drowned in the Red Sea, and not a scratch be made in commemoration of the great event? I cannot believe it. I have for many years doubted it, but since I have been upon the ground, seen the land where the children are said to have carried on the brick-making business for generations, but leaving no works to mark what they had done; seeing how full the land is with historical accounts, engraved upon stone and written upon papyrus, I can regard the improbable story only as a fable.

If such a series of wonderful events took place as Genesis describes as having occurred in Egypt, I cannot otherwise than believe that the still existing and permanent records of Egypt would have some account of them. This land has records of events of far less importance, which took place a thousand years earlier, and why not of these if they occurred? Is it at all likely that a people so given to making records should wholly omit to notice such remarkable national occurrences, and not even a tradition be left among the people in reference to it? Again, if the Hebrews had passed two or four centuries in Egypt, they were to all intents and purposes Egyptians, speaking the Egyptian language, being familiar with Egyptian names, places, and habits, and it would have been the most natural thing in the world for them to use the Egyptian language, use the names of Egyptian places, and say and do at least something to show that they were acquainted with Egyptian literature, Egyptian geography, and Egyptian habits and customs. But nothing of this kind is found to have been the case with the Hebrews; they never made any use of Egyptian language, names, or individuals. How natural it would have been for a people who had lived for seven generations in a land, when leaving it, to perpetuate their remembrance of that land by using its names, and giving them to the places they built up in their new homes. How natural it was for the emigrants from England, Germany, and other countries, when they made their homes in the new world, America, to perpetuate the memory of the father and mother land by keeping up the names of those lands, and continuing the customs which they practiced there. Nothing in the world is more natural than this, but nothing of this kind is to be seen of the Hebrews after they left the land of Egypt. They never, so far as we can learn, used an Egyptian word, an Egyptian letter, an Egyptian custom—nothing that was Egyptian. This could not have been the case had they spent two hundred and fifty years in Egypt.

It is my opinion that the Semitic race known as Jews spent more than forty years in the desert; that, in fact, they were the sons of the desert, the same as the Bedouins are to-day, and that when in an almost savage state they possessed themselves of the Land of Canaan, and in subsequent generations, in writing up their early history, this fable about their residence in Egypt was manufactured out of whole cloth, and that nothing of the kind ever took place, as their growing up in Egypt from a paltry seventy persons to be three millions; that God then wished them to leave the country, but to prevent it, repeatedly hardened the heart of Pharaoh, making it necessary to perform unheard-of miracles, and to cause an endless amount of suffering and death. In my candid belief all this is fiction, and nothing of the kind occurred. In the histories of those days, fable was mixed with fact to such extent that it is to

this day almost impossible to separate the fable from the fact. In this part of the story of the Hebrews, the fable undoubtedly obtained greatly the advantage of the fact, and figured most conspicuously in the story. It was common in those days for nations to descend from the gods, and it is not at all a monstrous supposition that the Hebrews, for some reason, wished to have it appear that they had descended from Egypt, and that in the interval of forty years between the time they left Egypt and the period when they reached the land of Canaan, the old people who left Egypt had passed away, and a new race had come into existence.

In comparing Palestine with Egypt, and admitting the rapidity with which the Hebrew races increased in the latter country, it strikes me that instead of Yahweh's putting himself to the trouble of changing the Nile into blood, sending frogs, locusts, lice, etc., over the land, killing off all vegetation and animal life, the killing of all the first-born of the land, killing many of the animals two and three times over; instead of having to open the Red Sea to let the people pass over, and then to send manna daily for forty years to keep the people alive in the desert to get them up in good fighting condition to despoil the Canaanites of their homes and possessions, it would have been better for the Israelites to have remained two or three more generations in the Nile country, until such time might arrive when, with the rapidity with which they increased, they could have become so numerous as to easily be able to overpower the Egyptians by driving them into the Red Sea or otherwise, with one of Yahweh's miracles, to utterly exterminate them as to enable them to become masters of the country and be able to take full control of it and set up business on their own account. In this way the business could easily have been managed, and not a tenth part of the miracles would have been necessary, and the Hebrews would have had a country infinitely richer and better than the rocky hills of Palestine—a country which to-day is, and always has been, a thousand times more valuable than Palestine. If I had been on hand at that time, and Yahweh had asked my opinion, it seems to me my advice to him would have been to let his chosen people remain where they were for the forty years he purposed to keep them in the desert, and by that time, with a little of his miraculous killing power, they would fully be able to take Egypt and have a far better home than they possibly could find in arid, sterile, rocky Palestine, and where, it seems, he could at least have made his enterprise as successful as among the rocks of his chosen country. From my standpoint, it seems he made a great mistake in taking his dear people from Egypt at all, admitting for the moment that they ever dwelt there, which I do not believe was ever the case. But there are so many proofs of his want of foresight and his deficiency of good judgment in nearly all that pertained to that heavenly adventure of his, that one cannot but pity him and wish that he had not undertaken a contract beyond his ability to execute; for really it must be confessed that a more disastrous failure has never been made in all the records of the races of men. Yahweh undertook to make a great country of his chosen land, and to make a great people of his Semitic race, which he selected from all the races of the earth, promising to them those piles of rocks for an everlasting possession, and giving them his word over and over again that they should become many millions of times more numerous than they were or ever will be, only to meet with disaster after disaster, failure after failure, until his grand project ended in total disgrace, so that his dearly-beloved people were utterly driven from those piles of rock and compelled to seek homes in all the strange parts of the earth; and his own dear land, which was to be the home and inheritance of his chosen people forever, passed out of his hands entirely and into the possession of the followers of his rival, Allah. Yes, a more complete failure has not been known in the world; but there is one consolation left him. Even if he lost his country and lost his chosen people, it was in a secluded nook among the white hills and rocks of Nazareth, down deep in a cavern far away from mortal vision, that he had that interesting interview with that sweet Jewish maiden, and that there the act of overshadowing was performed, the result of which was his his dear son Jesus, whom he kindly managed to have put to a cruel and ignominious death to appease his own disturbed feelings, and to make amends to a limited extent for the serious blunder he made in creating man as he did, with such tastes and propensities that must inevitably cause him to take the road for an eternal residence in the lake of fire which this beneficent being had kindly prepared from all eternity for the poor helpless creatures he had created. Was it not a grand thing in him that he thus begat in that dark cavern a dearly-beloved son to thus make amends for the father's mistake or short-sightedness, and with good luck thus be able to rescue five per cent of the race of man from the terrible fate which awaits them in that awful gulf of fire and brimstone? There may be some so irreverent as to think it would have been far better for Yahweh to have remained totally inactive in his place of abode a few millions of miles beyond nowhere for a few more ages at least, and not have brought this miserable race into existence at all, only to sin, to suffer, and to burn, but people who indulge in such irrational thoughts are undoubted sons of Belial and are not able to perceive the beauties of an all-wise Providence who shapes and plans all things in matchless and infinite love and wisdom. Let it be hoped that that interview in the cavern at Nazareth, with all that grew out of it, may make full amends for all the other mistakes and disasters that occurred. Even gods should have some pleasures to make amends for all the trials, perplexities, and disappointments to which they are disposed as the sparks are to fly upward.

WHERE THE ISRAELITES CROSSED.

In nearing Suez the mountain ranges on each side of the water to the south, between Baal-Zephon and Piha-heroth, come nearly together, making a comparatively narrow valley between, at the upper end of which is the very extreme end of the Gulf of Suez, and which extends over fifty miles to the south before the Red Sea properly begins. Now, if the exodus of the Israelites really took place—if, as claimed, they came from the neighborhood of Memphis and Cairo—it is far more probable that they directed their course to the upper end of the Gulf of Suez than that they should steer fifty miles or one hundred miles further south to the Red Sea, where the mountains on either side to be crossed are much higher, and where the crossing itself must be more difficult. At the upper end of the gulf is a sandy waste which at high tide used to be covered with water and at the ebbing of the tide became dry ground. So if there is any truth at all in the story of the exodus, it is highly probable that this was the place of crossing, where it could be easily done without the intervention of a miracle; the Israelites crossing safely when the time was out, pursued by the hosts of Egyptians, who might have reached the place at the time the water was returning, which would have caused them some disturbance. If a few were drowned, and the pursuit thus proved unsuccessful, it would have been quite sufficient for the fleeing Israelites to get up a hymn of praise, and several hundred years afterward, in the account being written up, to color the facts so highly as to make it appear that a wonderful miracle had taken place, the Red Sea opening for the escape of one nation and the drowning of another equally as deserving. While waiting at Suez for the steamer I saw the tide recede, leaving miles of sand free from water, which a few hours before looked like the ocean itself; and at the upper end of the gulf a people could cross over on comparatively dry sand. In a few hours it became perfectly impassable, and this without the intervention of any miracle whatever. But the more probable truth is that which I a little while ago marked out, that the Israelites never lived in Egypt, and never crossed either the Red Sea or the upper end of the Gulf of Suez. It, perhaps, would be no more criminal to invent a whole story, drawing upon the imagination for the incidents, than to take one which had a basis of truth to begin with and then dress it up to make it wonderful by the arts of fiction.

I am now done with Egypt, though there is very much more of an interesting character that I might give you if time and space would permit. I could tell you of the ancient religious systems of Egypt, of the teachings of the priests of Heliopolis, and of their deep and cunning intrigues, of their practices down to the time of Cambyses of Persia, as well as some account of the Chaldean system which partially succeeded this conquest. I could describe the early stages of Christianity and give a glimpse of the probable Mithraitic system of the Persians which became somewhat incorporated therewith, but I cannot dwell longer. I must hurry on and tell you about other countries, leaving unsaid much of interest in the history of Egypt.

I arrived in Suez near the close of the day, and the next day, the 29th, I had ample time to look about the dead, dilapated place of some twenty thousand inhabitants, and to visit the several steamer offices to inquire which is the best line and the best steamer for us to take to Bombay. There is but little of interest about the town. During the construction of the canal there was considerable life here, but when the canal was completed, and goods did not stop here, but passed on boats directly through the canal, the trade of the town fell away materially and remains limited. Now let us say good-bye to Egypt.

Yours sincerely, D. M. B.

From Suez to Bombay

ON STEAMER CATHAY, FIFTY MILES FROM SUEZ, Dec. 30, 1881.

DEAR FRIENDS: This steamer of the "P. & O." —meaning Peninsular and Oriental—line was passing through the canal while we were in Suez, and as it would be several days before the steamer of another line would leave this port for the east, we decided to take this steamer, though the fare is somewhat higher than by the other lines, and probably we decided wisely. The rates of travel in this part of the world are high. First-class passage from Suez to Bombay—a distance of about three thousand miles, and not far from that between New York and Liverpool—is $250, while from New York to Liverpool it is from $50 to $100, being from three to five times less. We concluded to study economy and take second-class passage, saving by the operation the sum of $65 each. We get along just as rapidly, of course, and though we have not quite as much style as those of the first-class, we live quite comfortably and fare well enough. The $65 are well worth saving, and we have still saved more by purchasing a through ticket to Yokohama, a deduction being made on such a long distance, and stopping at several ports.

The dock of Suez is two or three miles from the town, and we were taken to it by a small sail-boat last evening, in company with us being the banker, Mr. Blake, of Boston, whom we met at Luxor, and who left Cairo on the same train with ourselves.

We left the dock last night at about midnight, and this morning we find ourselves steaming along at the rate of about twelve knots an hour, with a northeast wind helping us a little. The northerly wind cools the air somewhat, so it is not oppressively hot, which is usually the case in the passage of the Red Sea. We are now nearly to the point of the peninsula formed by the Gulf of Suez and the Arabian Gulf. Near this point is "located" the famous Mount Sinai, though the authorities differ as much about this locality as about many of the other holy places whose location nobody knows nor ever did. Mount Sinai is not a solitary mountain, towering up by itself on an immense plain, but is rather a series of hills or mountains forming a considerable range, so that to determine which is the real spot where Yahweh and Moses got up their pyrotechnics, and where a certain amount of lettering on stone was done, is difficult.

It is one of this congeries of sterile desert hills called Ras Sufsafeh, which tradition, with about the same correctness, probably, with which it settles all those knotty questions, has decided to be the genuine Mount Sinai, where Yahweh and Moses spent forty days and nights together laying their plans for the government of that chosen people; while they below were contributing their earrings, finger-rings, etc., and casting them into a golden calf, and bowing down before it, causing Moses to become so angry that in a pet he cast down the two tablets, and in a moment destroyed what it required forty days for Yahweh to perform. Ras Sufsafeh is some five hundred feet above the desert plain below, and perhaps it was on this mount that Moses took up Abihu and seventy elders of Israel, where they saw God face to face. If this account is true that these seventy-odd people saw the infinite, it was the most remarkable exhibition that has ever taken place in the world, unless possibly it was on that other extraordinary occasion when Yahweh showed his back parts to Moses; but just where that interesting event occurred, tradition has not yet established.

Jebel Moosa was for many years the traditional Sinai; but after a while tradition changed its mind and Jebel Moosa was no longer the place where Yahweh's voice rolled like thunder—it was not the particular peak where the fire from the Lord belched forth—and all that honor was transferred by tradition to Ras Sufsafeh, though whether it was justly done it might require Yahweh and Moses both to decide. Tradition is such most uncertain authority that it is very dangerous to place much reliance upon it. The world may never be able to definitely determine whether it was Jebel Moosa or Ras Sufsafeh which was altogether on a smoke at the time Yahweh descended upon it in fire, and "the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly; and all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it they removed and stood far off. And they said to Moses, Speak thou unto us and we will hear; but let not God speak to us lest we die." Probably the people knew how dangerous a thing it would be for their God to let his voice out, and probably they had good grounds not to wish to hear it. Moses, it is said, was not a good speaker, but even a stammerer or stutterer might be preferable to one whose voice killed at first shot.

I should have liked very well to make the journey to Mount Sinai, but it is several days weary travel over a miserable desert waste, requiring fifteen or twenty days to go and return, with a considerable outlay of money for guides, guards, camels, etc., (and then when the place is reached there is great uncertainty where Yahweh and Moses held their private interviews) such as in a man with limited means would hardly seem justifiable. If I could see without any doubt the place where the feet of Yahwah once stood, the place where his fireworks came off, where his voice of thunder was heard, I would perhaps be willing to make a hundred days' journey over the desert; but there is too much uncertainty about it. I must acknowledge to you my unbelief; and since I cannot believe that Moses and the Israelites dwelt in Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, and made the journey to Sinai, I cannot believe in the pyrotechnics, the thunder, the smoke, and

all the rest of it. I set it down for one of the pretty tales of which the Bible is composed; a draft upon the imagination so thin as to be less substantial than a moonbeam. I cannot believe that an infinitely beneficent God in a fit of anger, from that sterile mountain of granite and gravel, denounced the people he had brought through the Red Sea, and ordered every man to place his sword by his side and go forth and slay every man his brother, until several fratricides and homicides had been committed. It is easier for me to doubt the correctness of the writer, and to conclude that he had not stated the facts, than that a loving and merciful God should ever have acted in that cruel and revengeful manner.

MY TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Our American friends having parted from us at Cairo, we have now a new set to become acquainted with. Mr. Blake, the Boston banker, an affable and sociable man, is on the steamer with us. He, however, is among the first cabin passengers, and we do not see him very much save when we meet on deck or he comes forward to see us, which he has several times done. There are some fifty or sixty passengers in the first cabin, largely English people who have been home on a visit or are now going out to India for the first time. These I will say little of, for I have not the opportunity of learning much of them. There are twelve of us in the second cabin, and we are "common sort of folks," and do not wish to assume very much style or to don lordly airs. I will say something of ourselves, however:

1. M. Picard, a French engineer, on his way to the interior of Africa to join a company of his countrymen now there, who are exploring the mineral resources of Africa and doing such other work as their government has ordered. Mons. Picard will leave the steamer at Adin and cross over to the coast of Africa, where some of his countrymen will await him and with a camel train accompany him to the field of operations. He is well supplied with scientific instruments and with showy goods for the natives with whom he comes in contact. He is a jovial Frenchman and appears rather fond of his wine and brandy. It will be better for him not to use these articles too freely in the hot, unhealthy countries of Africa.

2. Mr. J. Marcus is a gentleman from Bucharest, going to India partly on account of his health, which appears not to be good, and partly with a view to business. He speaks English some, and French fluently. He and Mons. Picard are boon companions over their wine.

3 and 4. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Wilcox. He is an engineer on one of the India railroads, and they have been home to England on a six months' visit. They are social, communicative people. We learn many points about India from them.

5. Mr. H. Goddon, a schoolmaster in the British army, who has been sent out to Adin, where a regiment is stationed, to take charge of the school there. The English government pursues the commendable course of educating the children of the soldiers, and the soldiers themselves when they have not received a stipulated amount of education. This young schoolmaster has been educated for army purposes, and goes out well supplied with school books for the soldiers who cannot read and write. He, too, is a communicative young man; he is willing to tell all he knows, and can do the same in as short a space of time as most people. He carves meat well, and makes himself quite useful at our unpretending second-class table.

6. Miss Anna Rollins, a German lady of much intelligence, whose home is at Cologne on the Rhine, now acting as lady's waiting-maid for the newly-married wife of a Greek banker by the name of Ralli, of Ralli Brothers, doing business in Calcutta and having branch houses in other cities. Mr. Ralli was a young widower and has just taken another wife, also a Greek, born and reared in England. She seems a very modest, quiet young woman, and takes to her husband not a small amount of wealth. The Greeks, like the Jews, are money-catchers, preferring banking and that class of commercial business which pays a handsome profit. Many Greek dealers are scattered through the east, and are a thrifty class. Miss Rollins, though a Catholic, is very reasonable in her religous views, and is sufficiently unprejudiced to hear all sides and not to feel unfriendly toward those who differ from her. She has had the fairness to read some of the books I have with me, and is so far pleased with them as to pay me for my three volumes of travels around the world. She accompanies her young mistress to India, to remain there two years, when she will return to Europe.

7. Mrs. Stephens, an English lady who has lived thirty years in India, and, has been home to England for a year, visiting a son and other relatives. Her home is in Bombay, where her husband is awaiting her. She has lived in several parts of India and is well acquainted with the country.

8. Miss Elizabeth Mullahew, a fair, modest, quiet young lady from Manchester, England, going out to India to marry her dearly beloved, whom she has not seen for four years, but who is awaiting her in Bombay, and doubtless with not a little anxiety. She looks as though she is worth waiting for or going a long way for. Their home is to be at Cawnpore, several hundred miles up in the country from Bombay.

9. Mr. Vernon E. Bennett, a namesake of mine, but decidedly unlike me in several particulars. Perhaps he is a reverend. At all events he is going out to India as a missionary, and is decidedly the farthest gone on Jesus of any one I have seen for many a day. His home is in St. Joseph, Mo., and he is not much past twenty-one. It seemed to me that perhaps his friends are sending him abroad to get rid of him. I would not blame them if such was the case, for he is so full and overflowing with Jesus as to make himself a perfect nuisance—a bore to those around him. He is a strong, vigorous, well-developed young man, and whatever he does, whether it is loving Jesus or anything else, he does with all his might. He delights in telling everybody on the ship, including the ship hands, sailors, and Hindoos, how he was a very wicked young man, how fortunately he had found Jesus, how Jesus had forgiven all his sins, and that now he is leading a sinless life and going straight on to heaven by the most direct line. He is singing, praying, or talking for Jesus all the time. He is much given to button-holing people and telling them how he has found Jesus and how happy he is. He sings a great number of Moody and Sankey hymns in the most emphatic and vigorous manner. I have heard them over times enough to have committed them to memory, but not being especially fond of productions of that kind, probably I do not take to them as kindly as does my young namesake. The songs he sings, however, were much in this style, "I know my sins are all forgiven, and I am on my way to heaven!" "I love Jesus, glory hallelujah; I am going straight to heaven, glory hallelujah!" "Oh, the bleeding lamb! oh, the bleeding lamb! he was found worthy," and a dozen more of the same tenor. He gets on deck, gathers some of the ship's crew around him, and tells them how he found Jesus, how happy it has made him, and how happy it would make them if they would only find him; and then in the fullest voice he sings his entire category of revival hymns and songs, and the boys come in on the chorus, bearing down manfully. They like the singing, and sing so stoutly with the young enthusiast that he imagines he has them about half converted; but they only laugh at him and give it as their opinion that he is crazy. Sometimes he takes off his shoes and stockings, and with his pants rolled up he runs rapidly along the deck, leaping over whatever may happen to be in his way, shouting for Jesus and telling what Jesus has done for him, "glory, hallelujah," etc. It takes but little of that frantic kind of conduct to convince most persons that he is not of sound mind, and that he has more Jesus than good hard sense.

Sometimes he retires to his state-room and kneels in the middle of the room and prays to Jesus in the most audible manner so as to be heard by all the passengers. He thanks Jesus for the great work he has done for him, craving his protection, and asking him to bring other souls to the same happy state which the supplicant himself enjoys. His "O Jesuses" are particularly sonorous, and are to be heard in all parts of the cabin. This kind of thing does very well for a while as a sort of novelty, but we got tired of it at length, and several of our fellow-passengers became wearied with his noise and his importunities about finding Jesus and getting their sins forgiven. He has had talks with nearly all our group of passengers, pleading with them to seek the savior without further delay, in a way to make himself very tiresome. He did not commence upon me, and I rather held myself in reserve, with readiness to receive him in the spirit of Christ, but he came not. Possibly Jesus may have told him that I am a hard case, and scarcely worth the trouble of saving. At all events, he left me alone, though I have been not a little annoyed with his bawling and shouting. Seeing the other passengers were also greatly pestered with him, after he had been holding forth in the wildest manner and making more noise than a dozen men ought, I addressed him in the following mild manner:

"Look here, my young friend, you are making either a monomaniac or a d—d fool of yourself, and annoying the passengers not a little. We have no objections to your being as happy with Jesus as you can possibly be, but we do object to your making us all wretched in the operation. We say, Be as happy as you please, so long as you do not infringe upon our rights in doing so. It is our opinion that you are fast losing your good sense, if you ever were in possession of that article; and if you cannot contain your fervor in your own breast, and cease to disturb us, we will be compelled to apply to the captain of the ship and require that you may be kept somewhere else, for we cannot be annoyed in this way. I have seen men like you before, who claimed to be sinless and faultless, who had a great deal to say about their being so much better than other people, and I have found that they will bear very close watching, for a self-righteous man is more to be distrusted than any others. It is not safe for one to leave his pocketbook within reach of a self-righteous and over-holy zealot. I would not trust them a yard out of my sight. I have found in the course of my life that really good men are not constantly boasting of their excellence and their sinlessness, but leave it for others to discover the good qualities of their character. A braggart either in holiness or knowledge is always to be distrusted, for it is almost sure that he will turn out to be a rascal. But as for this disturbance you are keeping up on the ship, it must be discontinued or, as I said, complaint will be entered to the captain, and we will see if the annoyance cannot be stopped. I will be frank with you, and say that for one I cannot put up with it, and will not."

The young man had the grace to say not a word in reply, probably taking it as persecution for Jesus's sake. He colored deeply, but opened not his mouth. One would think that after a mild reproach of that kind he would have sung in a very low voice and kept rather quiet. Well, he did for a day or so, but after that he got so full of Jesus that he could not contain it, and then he would go on deck and sing and whoop and holler, and thus let off the steam which the love of Jesus was generating in his spiritual boiler. I did not mind his noise on deck, nor did I interfere further with him, especially as I saw it was sport for the ship boys, who joined with him in concert and had a regular "break down." He kept more quiet in the cabin, and the steward was kind enough to remove him from the state-room which Mr. Bridges and myself occupied, so that I was not thereafter greatly disturbed by him. He subsequently made an apology to me, and said he was sorry if he had annoyed me. I replied that it was all right; that I had no objection to his loving Jesus just as hard as he pleased, only that I did not wish to hear it constantly. I hoped he would go on and be happy, if that kind of recreation made him happy, but as for myself I believed he might take a more sensible course by keeping on hand a larger stock of common sense, and by not cultivating so much absolute and unprofitable nonsense. He seems a good-hearted young man, but is Jesus-crazy. The love of Christ has almost driven him mad, and I fear he will not be of very great value to the native Hindoos, or to the sea-faring men of Calcutta, whither he goes to work for his dearly beloved Jesus. Some of the passengers have said to me that I will make more converts than my noisy namesake.

While passing down the gulf of Suez we are in sight of ranges of mountains both on the east side and on the west, which present a very raw, naked, jagged, and serrated appearance, as though they had been thrown up by some sudden and extensive upheaval. There is not a particle of green about them, and the edges are as sharp and as broken as can well be imagined. As we emerge, however, out into the Red Sea proper, we lose sight of land on both sides, and have nothing but the trackless sea to look at. This is called the Red sea because of the amount of red coral to be found in its waters. It is said that there are in various places coral reefs of great extent, though we have met none.

The weather is very warm here, the mercury reaching eighty-two and eighty-five degrees in the middle of the day, and not falling more than ten degrees lower at night. It is hard to realize that it is the middle of winter, and that you at home are shivering and freezing over your blazing fires, or are not far away from them. It is not as hot here at present as it sometimes is, for excessive heat is not at all unusual in these latitudes.

We had a lively time in seeing 1881 out and in inaugurating young 1882. All the cabin boys, stewards, and assistants walked through the entire cabins ringing bells, blowing horns, playing accordeons, beating on tin pans, etc., wishing everybody a happy New Year in a manner to make one glad that New Year does not come any oftener. Once in twelve months is quite often enough for such a tintinnabulation.

MECCA AND ISLAM.

Somewhere about half way down the Red Sea, on the east side, is Jeddo, the port for Mecca, where thousands every year land on their dreary pilgrimage to the "holy city" of all the faithful Moslems. And while we are passing this dreary portion of the world, perhaps a few remarks and a few reflections about the Moslem religion may not be out of place. I have before had more or less to say about Mohammedan faith and practices, but still more may not prove entirely superfluous.

The Semitic races are supposed to be a branch of the great Aryan family, which several thousand years ago occupied the central portion of Asia, which is now Thibet, bordering upon the Himalaya Mountains. The portion which became the Semitic races, including the Arabs, the Chaldeans, Syrians, Phœnicians, and the Jews, removed to the west and southwest, and occupied all that sandy, desert country bordering on the Arabian Sea, the Red Sea, and to the Mediterranean. Their languages are found to be closely related, and the philological proofs of a common origin are plentiful. Of the homes from whence the old Semitic tribes emigrated, but little is known with certainty, but it is thought to have been the country watered by the rivers Euphrates and Nigris.

These nations have filled an important place in history, and they have spread themselves over the earth, as have the other branches of the Aryan family. They have played a conspicuous part in the religion, science, and commerce of the world, and have done their full share in foisting upon the world their meed of superstitions and religious vagaries. In the ancient worship of the Semitic races, before they separated, there are clear traces that the names of their chief gods had been fixed. These names expressed moral qualities; thus, instead of having names that meant fire, the sun, the dawn, etc., they used such terms as the strong, the exalted, the lord, the king, etc. One of the highest and holiest names was *El*, meaning strong. In the Babylonian inscriptions it occurs as *Ilu*, God, and in the very name of *Bab-il*, the gate or temple of *Il*. It also became *Beth-el*, the house of God, and in many other names of the Jewish story. The same *El* was worshiped at Byb'us by the Phœnicians, and was called "the son of heaven and earth." *Eloah* is about the same word as is the Arabic *Ilah*, God; *Ilah*, without the article, means a god in general; with article Al-Ilah, or Allah, it becomes the name of the god of Mohammed, as it was of the God of Abraham and Moses. Another famous name was *Baal* or *Bel the Lord* He was not only supreme god among the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians, but was frequently worshiped by the Jews. There was also the Hebrew *Melech*, king, which is the *Moloch* of the Phœnicians, to whom children were sacrificed, with the absurd idea that a sacrifice so near to the hearts of parent must be unusually acceptable to the gods.

These and other names were common to the branches of the Semitic family, but it has been claimed, though not quite truthfully, that *Jah*, *Javeh*, *Yahweh*, or *Jehovah* was used by the Hebrews only. Be this as it may, the world has a deep interest in the Jews, because while the Aryan blood flows in our veins we cannot be wholly indifferent to an important branch of the same family, regardless of the errors, superstitious, and imaginary revelations which they were the authors of. And one of these Semitic religions which deeply concerns the world is Mohammedanism.

This religion, which is the guide in life and the support in death of more than one hundred and fifty millions of the human race, which, like Christianity, has its missionaries scattered over the globe, and which, for the past quarter of a century, has been spreading more rapidly than its rival, Christianity, though not a tenth-part of the money has been expended in its propagation, is indeed one of the great religions of the world. While but little is known by the founders of several of the important religions that have appeared in the world, the incidents in the life of Mohammed, the founder of Islam, are not unknown to us. Unlike most of the founders of the other systems of religion, however, Mohammed came into the world like other children, without being begotten by a god, and without having a virgin for a mother; still, wonderful things are said to have taken place at his birth, and a legend has it that angels took him from the very arms of his nurse, took his heart from his bosom and squeezed from it the black drop of sin, which is in every child of Adam. After that little effectual squeezing process, it is perhaps not strange that he passed into the charge of angels, and became a favorite with heaven, though he never made any pretensions to divinity, nor claimed to be a perfect man. He never pretended to foretell events, nor to perform miracles. He often said, "My miracle is the Koran, which shall last forever."

His followers, notwithstanding this, claimed that he performed wonders and did miracles. Legends have handed it down, and every faithful Moslem believes it, that the prophet, clothed in a robe and turban of light, rode upon a streak of lightning to Jerusalem by night, and then from the big rock which stood in front of Solomon's temple ascended on horseback to heaven, passing through the dwellings of the prophets, and passing into the very presence of the Infinite Unseen, where stillness was, and nothing heard except the silent sound of the reed wherewith the decrees of God are written on the tablets of fate. His followers stoutly believe all this happened, though he said over and over again that it was only a dream.

When he died the people would not believe it; the very places where he had walked were considered the holiest places on the earth, and the words which he had spoken were regarded as the words of God. This has been the same with many persons who claimed to be the prophets of the Most High. They have, perhaps, been too great for common men to understand, towering, as they have, too far above the masses to be correctly measured. Probably no man has ever lived who was more devoutly loved and venerated by his followers and his friends, or who was more persistently hated and denounced by his enemies. The Christian rivals have been unusually severe upon him, and denounced him as the greatest impostor that ever lived. Martin Luther called him "a horrid devil," and denounced him worse than he did the devil himself, at whom he one day threw his inkstand. Whatever the faults of Mohammed may have been, it is pretty evident that he was an honest man, that he was no impostor, and that he strove hard to establish what he considered the true religion, the one great truth, that "there is no God but God."

Mohammed was born at Mecca, in Arabia, in the year 571. His father, who died before our hero was born, was poor, but was a member of the noble tribe of the Koreish, who were the guardians of the famous sacred stone of the Kaaba in Mecca. He lost his mother when six years of age, and was consequently dependent upon the care of his relatives. He was a sickly boy, and much subject to fits, which also troubled him in subsequent years; but notwithstanding, he began at an early age to attend flocks in the fields, and from his early boyhood did more than enough to sustain himself.

He became a silent and thoughtful youth, and was fond of being alone and giving himself up to deep and abstract thought. The arid and lonely desert, and the stars which shone above him, were his favorites, and he was fond of being alone with them, with no human being near him. He had not the benefit of an early education, being able neither to read nor write, but he gathered much information from the wise men with whom he came in contact.

He is represented as being sweet tempered and truthful, though the malady with which he was afflicted made him sad and curbed down in spirit In his bright moods, however, he would enter with zest into the glad, free life of his companions, and play with them and repeat to them the fascinating and gorgeous tales of oriental life, of which the East has such a munificent store He lived a simple life; his dress and food were of the plainest description; he always waited upon himself, and was always ready to share his humble meals with those more needy than himself. When he was twenty-four years of age he entered the service of a rich widow, who afterwards became his wife and the mother of his children.

As he neared middle age his gloom deepened, and he more and more avoided the society of his fellowmen. For years it had been his custom to spend in prayer and meditation the sacred month, when the Arab tribes laid down their weapons; and when he was forty years of age he retired to a small cave on Mount Hira, a huge barren rock, standing by itself in the desert, some three miles from Mecca. Here visions, dreams, strange sights and sounds, were his frequent companions, and one night he believed that he heard an audible voice speak these words: "Cry in the name of the Lord, and spread the true religion among men by writing." He had what he believed to be visions of the dazzling splendor of the heavenly world, and he affirmed that in these visions the angel Gabriel communicated with him. With great humility he narrated his strange experiences to his faithful wife, Kodesha, and she hesitated not to pronounce him a "Prophet of God," and thus she became his first convert.

Previous to this time the Arabs were idolaters, and also worshiped the sun, moon, trees, and stones, particularly the Kaaba, the great black stone in the temple of Mecca, round which three hundred and sixty-five idols were stationed. This stone is said to be an aerolite, and perhaps from this cause was thought to have come from paradise, and to have been brought by no less a person than Adam, the progenitor of the whole human race. Though originally white, this stone has become black from the millions of kisses that have been given it by sinful men, and from the silent tears of grief that have been shed upon it. Arab legend also tells that the building which incloses this heavenly stone was erected by Abraham and Ishmael, and towards this holy place every faithful Moslem, in every quarter of the globe, turns his face five times every day in prayer.

Some of the Arab tribes are said to have entertained strange religious notions relative to a future life. It was a custom with them to tie a camel to a man's tomb and leave it without food. If the camel got away the man's soul was lost forever, but if the camel remained secured, the dead man would be sure to find it there on the day of judgment, when he could mount it and ride to paradise.

Before Mohammed's time, various prophets had risen and condemned the idolatry of the masses, and enjoined them to return to the worship of the one only God, but these were afterwards regarded as mere fore-runners—mere John the Baptists—to prepare the way for the greater prophet who was to come after.

We are assured that Mohammed did not claim to preach a new faith, but the old religion of Abraham, whom he often said was neither a Jew nor Christian, but pious and righteous, and no idolater, and whom he placed among the six great prophets of the world —Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. He preached an almighty and all-wise God, who had spoken through these prophets, and the man was noble enough not to speak harshly of those who had preceded him. He even said nothing against his more immediate predecessor, Jesus, whom he denominated with the honorable term, "prophet."

Mohammed borrowed from the religion of the Jews, of which he had but a partial knowledge, from hearsay, but he wished to bring his countrymen to the highest phase of Judaic faith and teaching. He abolished the frightful habit of killing female children, and made the family tie more respected, although to this day it remains the greatest blot upon Moslem practice. He permitted the continued worship of the Kaaba stone, and allowed that the pilgrimages thereto be continued from year to year, upon the same principle that the Christian church, when they carried Christianity into Germany and Northern Europe, saw fit to adopt enough of the pagan notions to satisfy the masses, and then build on their own peculiar views. "Where the sacred trees had been revered by the Teutonics, they planted crosses; where holy wells had been dug, and the babbling spring was a deity, they built churches and abbeys; when love and piety had named flower and insect after the 'lady' Frija, goddess of plenty, they put the Virgin Mary in her stead. The goddess Hel, who in a realm of bitter cold received the souls of those who died of old age or disease (for only those who died in battle were then given endless mirth and feasting in Valhallah with Alfadir Odin), was changed from a *person* to a place where heat, not cold, is the torment. In the bleak North, life without fire is dreary, which explains why Hel was pictured as ruling in a cold region."

Mecca had been a place of great note long before the time of Mohammed, Arabs having a tradition that it was the birth-place of their tribes. Close by the Kaaba is a holy well, Zemzem, which was believed to be fed by the spring that opened before Hagar's eyes, when she and her son were about to famish in the desert, and when, with a mother's mad despair, she cast him from her, that she might not witness his death agonies; and the legend further states that they settled on the spot, with a tribe who were passing by, and thus arose the sacred city of Mecca.

Mohammed enjoined good morals, and taught that men should lead good lives, and strive to merit the mercy of God, by fasting, charity, and prayer, which he denominated the "Key of Paradise." He said in the Koran:

"Observe prayer at sunset, till the first darkening of the night, and the daybreak reading—for the daybreak reading hath its witnesses.

"And watch unto it in the night . . . and say, 'O my Lord, cause me to enter (Mecca) with a perfect entry, and to come forth with a perfect forthcoming, and give me from thy presence a helping power.'"

His sermon on charity is so excellent that it deserves many times to be repeated:

"When God made the earth it shook to and fro till he put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, 'O God is there anything in thy creation stronger than these mountains?' And God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything in thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything stronger than fire?' 'Yes, water, for it quenches fire.' 'Is there anything stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion.' 'O our sustainer, is there anything in our creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things. Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will ask What property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?"

Mohammed forbade his followers to make any image of a living thing; to show mercy to the weak, and to orphans, and to be kind to the brutes; to abstain from gambling, smoking tobacco, and the use of strong drink. It was one of his pointed sayings, "They surely are Infidels who say that God is the third of three, for there is no god but one God."

But as good as were his motives, he was destined to meet the greatest opposition. His nearest friends turned against him, some calling him a fool, some a mad poet, a star-gazer, and epithets of that kind; but he steadily pursued his way, though for a long time with poor success, his followers up to his fourth year of his mission being few in number. It is related of him that one day, talking to a man of wealth whom he wished to become a proselyte, when a poor blind man approached and requested to be taught by the prophet. Mohammed was irritated at the interruption, and answered the poor blind man roughly. But his conscience troubled him for this, and his next day's revelation reproved him. This is from the Koran:

"He frowned, and turned his back,
Because the blind man came to him!
But what assured thee that he would not
Be cleansed by the faith,
Or be warned, and the warning profit him?
As to him who is wealthy,
To him thou wast all attention;
Yet it was not thy concern if he be not cleansed,
But as to him who cometh to thee in earnest,
And full of fears—him dost thou neglect."

He afterward, when he met the blind man, made a fitting apology to him. And from that time he began to teach abroad in Mecca and other places, but the opposition and enmity against him became so great that he was forced to leave his native city. On his return his wife died. She was a grand woman,

and the prophet greatly revered her memory. To add to his numerous troubles, poverty came upon him, and learning that a plot was laid to kill him, he was a second time forced to leave the city and journeyed to Medina, where a few of his converts resided. On his way thither he and a friend hid for a few days in a cave, over the mouth of which a spider spun its web. When their wicked pursuers followed them and found the web of the spider at the mouth of the cave they were convinced that Mohammed could not have entered there, and turned back. This the faithful are fond of relating as a proof that God protected him from his enemies. This flight to Medina is called the Hegira, and from it the Moslems date their era.

From the date of his reaching Medina his fortunes suddenly changed for the better. A grand welcome was accorded him; power and place were conferred upon him, and instead of a humble preacher only, he became a ruler and law-giver, as well as a successful warrior. He was indignant at those who had refused to believe in him, and as he increased in power he sought to compel those by force whom he could not persuade by his eloquence. In this way he offered to idolaters and Jews submission or death. He urged his followers to deeds of valor in his cause by promises of the immediate joys of Paradise to all who fell in battle. Thus they threw themselves fearlessly into the conflicts that arose, looking upon it as God's warfare against the wicked.

The prophet's anger was, perhaps, the hottest against the Jews, to whom he had made advances and to whom he offered inducements to come under his standard. He had admitted their religion to be divine; he had adopted many of their rites, and made Jerusalem the holy city to which the faithful should turn their faces in prayer. But in return they only ridiculed him, and this cut him to the quick; he could not submit to their satire, and to his death he was their implacable foe. The Sabbath was changed to Friday, the day on which the Arabs met for prayers and religious ceremonies, and in prayer the faithful were taught to turn their faces to their own holy city, Mecca.

Mohammed was successful in all his wars with Arabs, Jews, and Christians, and having obtained full power in that part of Arabia, he decided to pay a visit to his native city, and to administer some deserved punishment to those who had opposed him and reviled him in the days of his unpopularity. About the tenth year after the Hegira he returned to Mecca accompanied by forty thousand fighting men, where he visited condign punishment not only upon his own tribe who had opposed him, but he compelled the general populace to acknowledge his rule and religion.

Upon his return to Medina he was apprised that his race was nearly run, and he dwelt at the mosque that he might take daily part in prayers so long as his strength held out. After inquiring in a humble manner of his neighbors and friends if he had done aught to wrong them, and after reading a few verses in the Koran, he went to his home and died in the arms of his faithful wife Ayesha, being sixty-two years of age at his death.

Prof. Clodd says: "He was a great and true man, and the religion which he set forth met the needs of the men in the east as no other religion did in that day, nor is it likely that it will ever cease its hold upon men or that Mohammed will give place to any other prophet. We must no more blame him for many of the sad errors and vices mixed up with Islam than we should blame Jesus for the evils that have crept into Christianity. Even for the wars he waged he may have found excuse in the history of the Jews. The Old Testament is reddened, in its books of their history, with the story of the shameful cruelty of which they were guilty, of tender children slaughtered, of whole cities put to the edge of the sword, and all this butchery done, as they would have us believe, in the and at the command of the Lord, of whom their ideas were so gross that they more than once offered up human sacrifices to him. And we all know what terrible wars and massacres have taken place in the name of our Christian religion, and how but a very few years ago it was held by many Christians that man could own and buy and sell his fellow-man."

The rapid increase of Mohammedanism has been great in the world, and has probably never been equaled in the growth of all religions in the world. Within a century of the death of the prophet it had converted half of the then known world, and it has been truly said that its green flag floated from China to Spain. Christianity was compelled to give way before it, and has not to this day recovered the ground which it then lost. Down to our times the religion is making rapid progress among the wild tribes of Africa as well as in parts of Asia, and as fast as the savage tribes embrace Islam they throw their worthless idols aside, filth and drunkenness are discarded, and the people are materially elevated and benefited.

"Along the northern coasts of Africa and nearly to the equator, from Turkey to within the borders of China, and among the larger islands of the east, the faith of Islam spreads, divided into sects, and numbers millions who offer to Allah their fivefold daily prayers. From every mosque the blind muezzin or crier proclaims at daybreak, 'there is no god but God; Mohammed is his prophet! prayer is better than sleep; come to prayer!' then each pious Moslem falls forward to the holy city of Mecca.

"I should add that the wars of Islam did not leave waste and ruin in their path, but that the Arabs when they came to Europe, alone held aloft the light of learning, and, in the once famous schools of Spain, taught philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and the golden art of song. The Arabic words used in Science —*algebra*, *almanac*, *alcohol*, and others—together with many names of stars, remain among us as proofs of what Arabia has given to Europe."

ESOTERIC VIEW OF ISLAM.

The following rather clear representation of the religion by an intelligent believer in that faith whom I have met, I will give in justice to the creed of the prophet:

"ITS EVOLUTION.—'Islam,' its proper name, means 'El (the) Shullum (peace) in old Shemitic, fused together by well established philological laws. This root has relations which cannot well be given here in this brief description of the primeval Asiatic conceptions of the universe and the mode of its evolution. On the whole, it represents a connection with the passive or 'rest' side of the cosmic energy. Its god is 'Al-la-h,' which is again a significant compound to those who have mystic tendencies. The old Shemitic signification is 'Al' (the—the definite particle—affirmation of existence'), 'La' (no, the declaration of non-existence), and the aspirate 'H,' which again, I am sorry to say, I am forbidden to explain further than as the energetic product. 'Al,' the 'existent,' *par excellence*, was the name under which the primeval Shemite race venerated the 'infinite.' In the process of degradation and anthropomorphization it becomes a mere title of the sun, which had been first selected as a symbol of the most powerful. The Shemite anthropomorphized powers of nature, now known as 'Malako' (gods or rulers, or 'angels'), retained the stamp of their differentiation from the parent source in their title of 'El-ohim,' or the 'God Family.' It was one of these minor deities, now acting as 'titular gods' to the various families of the Shemites, who, under the name of Jah, became the 'God of Israel.' At the same time the restriction of 'Al' to the sun having necessitated a new parentage for the gods, the primeval one was rediscovered and named 'Ba-al,' the father god.

"All the time the Jewish and Christian sects were quarreling about the acts, power, and nature of their demi-god Yahweh or Jehovah, the Arab tribes continued to worship their titular gods and goddesses, but all through retaining recollection of the primeval 'Allah' as the supreme, and all the while their own tendency to monotheism increasing. In the nick of time appeared Mohammed, and led the revolution already prepared. He said truly that he did not come to preach a new religion, but to restore the old 'Islam' by transferring veneration and adoration back from the demi-gods to the great primeval source, the God, as he truly phrased it, of their fathers, Abraham and Noah. Unfortunately his neighborhood to the Jews, and the influence of Christian traditions, caused him to make the mistake of considering 'Jehovah' as a synonym of his own ancestral 'Allah,' although I may here mention that the Mohammedans consider the word 'Tora' (which the Koran admits to be the 'word of God' delivered to the prophet [Nubbee-Wiseman] Moses), to be limited to the actual 'decalogue' as a code of law, and do not admit the 'inspiration' of the prior legends (as Genesis, etc.), and the later commentaries and applications which the Jews have incorporated in the Pentateuch.

"The same Jewish and Christian influences caused Mohammed to make the mistake of identifying Ibl-is (Baal or Belus) and Azar-El (the Mighty God) with the opposer or adversary, Satan.

"This mistake goes far to explain the root of subsequent schisms in Mohammedanism—the Exoterics or Traditionists (Soonness) being Judaized—the Esoterics or Protesters (Sheeas) being the Reversionizers to the old Shemite Pantheism. At present the first of these divisions is best represented by the Wahabees, the second by the Babees and Gholaites.

"The reasons of my preference for Islam, as against Christianity, are—

"As an Exoteric creed, it is simpler and more rational, and, therefore, less likely to mystify the masses. Its Exoteric moral code being more practicable of realization than the Christian, produces a greater practical result on the lives of those professing it, whereas, most so-called Christians abandon 'the imitation of Christ' in despair, and have, then, no standard of morals at all. Its principles are antagonistic to all priestcraft. The Koran forbids it. There is no Mohammedan priesthood, properly speaking. Every Mohammedan is his own priest. The cardinal doctrine of Exoteric Mohammedanism may be expressed by the formula, 'God is the only king, and all believers are equal.' Politically, therefore (except in the actual shock of war), Islam is favorable to religious tolerance and individual liberty. Nationally, if it does not stimulate what is called enterprise and progress, it is, on the other hand, favorable to private happiness and material comfort in its true sense of mental contentment and physical sufficiency. Viewed as an avenue to esoteric philosophy and so-called spiritual research, the advantages of Mohammedanism over Christianity are—

"That by virtue of its deep roots in the past (as we have already seen in discussing its development), and of its being in a more direct line of descent from the old Shemite creed, of which Judaism is an aberrant type (the reform of which to its original significance was the mission of Jesus, in which he virtually failed), and so-called Christianity an abortive distortion, it is more calculated to serve as a highway back along which the searcher for the one eternal truth can throw his mind toward the contemplation of the infinite mainspring of time and eternity."

As regards my own views, Christianity and Mohammedanism stand about on a level. The founders of each were doubtless sincere, and they were propagated with about equal zeal by their respective adherents. But they are equally in error in being based upon the claims of supernaturalism, which is a gross error, and which must ever prove a fetter and a misleading guide to the human mind. They have both been very bloody religions—the most sanguinary of any two systems of religion the world has known, which perhaps can easily be accounted for from the fact that the gods they acknowledge—whether they be considered as two separate gods, or as practically one—are more bloodthirsty than any other gods which men have worshiped. They are both religions of the past and are not abreast with the advancing spirit of the age. It cannot be expected that man can advance to his highest possibilities while hugging to his bosom systems of religion which do not recognize the teachings of science, which continually seek to belittle the great works of nature, demeaning it by the claim that it requires a superintendent to manage its actions, and that, I repeat, the great absurdity of supernaturalism as truth. To this extent both systems are clogs to the mentality and freedom of the world, and will both have to give place to the growing and more intelligent needs of mankind. The world needs a far better and far truer system of religion than either of them.

The Anti-Mormon Crusade.

For some months there hav been vigorous efforts made to rouse a public sentiment antagonizing Mormonism, the marrow of the matter being a desire to crush polygamy, as practiced in Utah. Ministers hav preached, politicians shouted, and newspapers screeched, all incessantly aiming to manufacture a public sentiment which should shape and voice itself in legislation to crush out the monster evil, as it is called. Now, I am no polygamist. One wife has been amply sufficient to care for me and mine in the way of household affairs, and had I been disposed to adopt plural marriage, my pocket-book would hav proved an insuperable objection; for, with a life of average industry, I hav found the fight for bread and butter hard enough with one wife and three children. Still, all the time the ministers and the others hav been engineering the crusade, I could not help asking myself questions, from time to time, to test the honesty of the movement, especially on the part of those who are Christians. This query, How happens it that, in the nineteenth century, polygamy has become a sin, when, in ancient times, Jehovah's peculiar and chosen people practiced it *ad libitum*? How happened it that the good patriarchs —those old saints, who are claimed to hav been the seed-bed out of which cropped Christianity—had wives and concubines innumerable? And why does not the New Testament hav something to say authoritativly on the subject, and if polygamy had been so great a sin, thunder a denunciation and threaten those who were the sinners in this particular direction with the eternal fires of that hell so frequently held up as a scare-crow for other sins?

Polygamy is not denounced, neither is it anywhere treated as a sin. Evidently it was let alone, as by condemming it there must hav been a letting down from their lofty pinnacles of those "good and holy men," made a part and parcel of our common religion, apparently mummyized for all time. It is true St. Paul was opposed to all marriage—monogamic as well as plural. He said it was best that a man should not marry; he was a celibate. Yet he said it was "better to marry than to burn," and we may logically infer that if one wife did not put out the fire, why take as many as might be necessary. As St. Paul is the central figure in the Christian system, the great head-light of all the churches, we may rest easy as to the sinfulness of polygamy, and if we meddle with it at all, must do so on grounds other than religious.

The fiery denunciations hurled at the Mormons are but so many boomerangs, which inevitably return and smite mos sorely the *men of God* in the olden times, notably David and Solomon, whom we are commanded to venerate. These men are the basis of our popular religion, and their praises are sounded in all the steeple-houses in the land, indeed the world over. So much for the consistency of religionists. With them white is black and black white. Indeed, to be a full-fledged religionist, one must be oblivious to everything which does no pass through the church strainer, crucify reason, and strangle common sense.

WM. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, April 19, 1882.

A Custom which Christians "Borrowed."

From the New York Sun.

To the Editor of the Sun, Sir: Will you tell me why and by whom the custom of eating eggs on Easter Sunday and dying them red was introduced? J. P. S.

Easter eggs symbolize the resurrection, and they are colored red in allusion to the blood of redemption. The custom dates back to the ancient Hindoos, Jews, Persians, and Egyptians, and it was symbolical of the mundane egg from which, according to an ancient tradition, the earth was hatched. It is said also to refer to the recreating powers of nature, which begin to be displayed in the Easter season.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

The Case of Sindram.

DETROIT, MICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I saw in a recent local paper an account of the execution of William Sindram for the murder of Catharine Crave, in New York city. The account referred to does not giv any particulars further than stating the facts, and that Sindram was an Infidel and remained so to the last. This is the first account I ever saw of an Infidel murderer. Hav you any statistics on this matter? I hav always maintained that all criminals were Christians.

Yours, M. J. MATTHEW.

A great deal of comment has been made upon this case by the religious press, and a good many lies told; while the rarity of Freethinking criminals adds to its general interest. We recently published statistics of two state prisons, in which among several hundred convicts no Infidels or Spiritualists were found. They all belonged to one or another of the various religious denominations. But William Sindram, who was hung at the tombs prison in this city on the 21st of this month for the murder of Mrs. Crave, was an outspoken Infidel, almost an Atheist. Until he committed the crime which he expiated with his life, he bore the reputation of a good citizen. But he had beneath his quiet demeanor an ungovernable temper, and under the constant aggravations of his victim it broke forth, and murder was committed. He was tried, and words which he had uttered a few days before the killing were construed to mean premeditation, and his sentence was death.

As soon as it was known he was to die, the clergy, who, when there was a prospect of his living, had not lifted a hand to save him, immediately visited him and sought to convert him. Receiving the ministers courteously, as became an educated gentleman, he nevertheless told them he did not believe that he could get to heaven on the merits of another. He had committed the crime himself and did not see how Adam was to blame, or how Christ could atone for it. He was reprieved to giv the clergy more time to convince him, but he was no coward or hypocrit, and told them that as he had got to hang he would "die as became a nineteenth century Infidel." And he did. There never was a man who met inevitable death with more calmness and courage. On the Tuesday night before his execution he asked a friend to call at our office and obtain some tracts on death. He wanted the words of philosophers, not the ravings of fanatics. The example of Socrates seemed better to him than the example of Christ; and he went to his death fortified with the words of philosophy and not the unfulfilled promises of theology.

His death affords us the opportunity to say the first good word for a minister we hav had for a long time. Most of the ministers, when they found they could not convert him, deserted him, but the Rev. Mr. Morgan, an Episcopal, did not. Sindram's friends are poor, and Mr. Morgan long ago promised that if he should die he would giv him decent burial. He kept his word. Mr. Morgan is a man, we are informed by a relativ, who has in his heart more of the milk of human kindness than of theology. He gave up trying to convert Sindram and applied himself to making his last days comfortable. Sindram had only one crime to repent of, and he did that heartily. His last letter, written on the eve of his death, shows much of his character. It was written to a young lady, and is as follows:

TOMBS, Thursday night, April 20, 1882.

MISS M. H.: I hav taken the liberty of writing a letter to you, which will be the last one I will write in this world, and when you read these lines I will be a dead man.

Leighton, as you may hav learned through the papers, has been respited until the 19th of May, and it is possible that his sentence may yet be commuted. I hav been a very unlucky man. I never drank or gambled; never did anything for which I deserved to be sent to prison, and always worked hard for a living. Yet if I had been the worst man that ever lived I could not come to a more miserable end. I deserved to be punished, of course, for what I done, but I did not deserve to be hanged. Had I had money enough a year ago to employ a good lawyer, then I would no doubt hav got off with a three or five years' sentence.

During the last few days I hav thought a great deal of you, Minnie, and of Annie and Gussie. What a pity it is that I was never so fortunate as to make the acquaintance before I got into prison of such good girls as you and your sisters are.

Last Sunday I little thought that it would be my last one on earth, and I even considered it possible that I would be a free man once more, after a few years. But in less than one day I knew what was in store for me. When I saw you last, you promised to pay my mother a visit some Sunday a few weeks hence, and I wish you would do so.

Yours, for the last time, WM. SINDRAM.

No doubt the pulpit will descant greatly upon this case, but we hope the priests will tell the simple truth that it is the first one of the kind. A man born with such a temper as Sindram's, while of course he must be held responsible and punished for its misuse, is to be pitied rather than denounced.

Do They Eat in Heaven?

ALTONA, ILL., April 15, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I would like to ask a question through THE TRUTH SEEKER. The question is this: Is there a passage in the Bible that tells us about having anything in heaven to eat? If so please giv chapter and verse,

And oblige, H. R. KEEL.

The bill of fare of heaven is not set forth with much particularity in holy writ, but they must at least hav a bakery up there, for we are told in the ninth chapter of Nehemiah (verse 15) that God "gave them [the children of Israel] bread from heaven for their hunger." He seems to hav made this bread question a kind of credential for the people to test him by, for he told Moses, as recorded in Exodus xvi, 4, that he would rain bread from heaven for him, and the people should go out and gather a certain rate every day, that he (God) might prove to them whether they will walk in his law or not. The bread was for breakfast, and in the evening he gave them meat. Rather scant fare, dry bread in the morning and meat in the evening, but perhaps it was all God had in the cupboard. The bread was pretty poor stuff, and would not keep till the next morning. Some of the people who left it till that time found it bred worms and stunk. Moses got mad at the people for this. But it seems to us that he ought to hav found fault with the baker man instead of his customers. Further evidence that heaven is a provision warehouse is found in Psalms, cv, 40, where we are told that God brought quails and satisfied the people with the bread of heaven. Whether any of it is eaten in heaven or not the book does not say, but as heaven is a very materialistic and sensual place, we suppose the angels must eat. Jesus said that he was the bread of heaven, and that people should eat his flesh and drink his blood in order to hav eternal life.

But if the Bible is vague as to the manner of eating in heaven, it is explicit about eating on earth. The Lord often forced people to devour various unsavory things. Very few people now-a-days would care to sit down to Ezekiel's spread. The famin which came upon Samaria and forced two women to make an agreement to boil and eat their sons upon alternate days, was God-sent, according to 2 Kings, vi, 29, and God told the people of Jerusalem that because they had not kept his judgments the fathers should eat the sons and the sons the fathers (Ezekiel v, 10). In Leviticus xxvi, 29, the flesh of their daughters is added to the banquet spread by a merciful God for the children of his creation. In Jeremiah xix, 9, the people are told that the flesh of friends would be their meat. In Numbers xxiv, 8, God made a hearty meal of "the nations, his enemies."

A great deal more is said about eating, but we hav pointed out enough passages to show that Jehovah and his chosen people were good eaters and that he gave them a great variety. We think the present generation has great reason to be thankful that he is out of the meat and provision business at present.

The Week.

BOTLAND, KY., April 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: A Christian (Campbellite) minister requested me to ask you the following question, viz., "How do you account for time being divided into weeks?" An answer through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER will oblige

Yours, etc., A. B. BRINEY.

If the Campbellite minister will tell the world how the week originated, he will be doing a good deed and making a discovery which none other has made. The week is an arbitrary period of seven days, having no reference to the celestial motions. It has been employed from time immemorial by the old nations. It might hav been suggested by the phases of the moon, or by the number of the planets known in ancient times, an origin rendered probable by the names given to the seven different days. The Jews obtained it from the Egyptians, whose week began with Saturday, but when they left the country, such was their hatred of its people, they changed the first day to the last. The world does not owe the origin of the week to the writers of the Bible, for the seven-day periods were used before Ezra and his scribes ever used a pen, or Moses wandered in the wilderness.

IN the *North American Review* for May, Carl Schurz, treating of "Party Schisms and Future Problems," presents many well-considered observations which cannot fail to interest in the highest degree that large and growing class of citizens who refuse to be influenced by obsolete party cries. "Days with Longfellow," by Samuel Ward, contains personal reminiscences of the beloved poet just deceased, extending over a period of forty-five years. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in an article entitled "What does Revelation Reveal?" seeks to prove that the objections brought against the Bible by modern unbelievers are based upon a misconception of the true intent and scope of the sacred volume, but makes out very poorly. Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe writes of "The Navy," with considerable knowledge of its needs, and with a degree of frankness almost unprecedented in the naval service. W. H. Mallock, begins a series of "Conversations with a Solitary." Finally, Gail Hamilton contributes a paper, "The Spent Bullet," in which science, the pulpit and the law are illogically taken to task for the part they respectivly played in the Guiteau-Garfield tragedy. Her scolding of either amounts to very little, but her position is the most absurb and ridiculous ever taken by so well-informed writer as Gail. Her article contains a good deal of sentiment and very little sense.

THE next quarterly meeting of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Van Buren and adjoining counties will be held at Longwell's Opera House, Paw Paw, Mich., commencing on Saturday, May 6, 1882, at 3 P.M., and continuing over Sunday, May 7th. C. B. Lynn, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, Mich., are engaged as speakers. Good music is expected, and a cordial invitation is extended to the public to join in making the convention one long to be remembered. L. S. Burdick, Kalamazoo, Mich., is president, and E. L. Warner, Paw Paw, Mich., is secretary pro tem.

W. F. JAMIESON, having lectured most of the winter in Wisconsin, will next visit Illinois. He will soon deliver a course of lectures in Braidwood, Ill., and is engaged to speak at the State Liberal League which will meet in Bloomington early in June. Address him at Bloomington, Ill., until June 1st.

A NEW auxiliary Liberal League has started at Braidwood, Ill. Mr. F. F. Follett has been there. Also Mr. Orlando Child, of Moline, Ill., takes a life membership in the League. There are now twenty life members. Six of these are in the state of New York and five in Illinois.

THE next meeting of the Heredity Association will be held at the residence of Dr. Foote, at 120 Lexington ave., on the last Thursday evening in April. Everybody interested is invited to be present.

C. W. STEWART is located at 110 Ferry street, Lafayette, Ind., and will be pleased to receive calls to lecture in any part of the country.

T. L. BROWN, of Bimghamton, has written his own funeral address, but has no expectation of using it for a long time.

ELMINA is in New York, and would be pleased to hav friends call upon her at 209 West 34th street.

MR. BLISS has resumed the manufacture of planchettes, and we can supply them promptly.

COL. INGERSOLL has a new book in press which will be ready in a short time.

Talmage Annihilated.

Colonel Ingersoll's second lecture upon "Talmagian Theology" was delivered at the Academy of Music last Sunday afternoon before a large audience, which expressed its approval and appreciation by repeated and prolonged applause, which was so enthusiastic at times as to interrupt the progress of the lecturer.

He said: Mr. Talmage is a Presbyterian, and therefore considers every one born only once as totally depraved, every unbeliever as infamous, and that God cannot be deceived by the veneering of good works. According to him the generosity of an unbeliever is avarice, his honesty is larceny, and his love naught but hatred.

Mr. Talmage is consistent with his creed, and therefore I do not blame him, but his creed; I do not attack him, but his doctrin. I believe that there is something good in in every human being. There is also probably something bad. No one was entirely the one or the other, but there was the seed of goodness in every human heart; there was the capacity for improvement in every human soul.

The so-called wicked men did some good, and it was not infrequently the case that Christians stopped reading the Bible long enough to beat their wives, to murder them, and to trample upon their children. But however bad men might be, none were ever as bad as the Presbyterian creed.

The colonel related the story of the captain of a wrecked ship, who offered to blow out his brains that the men with him might eat his flesh and liv to be rescued, and asked, If that man had died would he hav been damned to eternal punishment? He emphatically said no, but Presbyterianism said yes, if the captain was not a believer in Christ.

In this connection the lecturer referred to the death of Darwin, at the mention of whose name the audience applauded vociferously, as the greatest man England had produced in modern times, and also as the child of nature, who knew more about his mother than any other child she had ever had. Yet he was not a Presbyterian, and, according to that creed, was today suffering the torments of hell. So, too, he might go on to show that all the really great men of the world were now in hell. According to Presbyterianism every soldier of the Revolution, every patriot of the war of 1812, every hero of the Civil war, who was not a believer, is now suffering torments in the prison of God, compared to which Libby and Andersonville were places of joy and ecstasy—a prison where a famin would be a delight.

Cherishing such a belief as this, what right had these Christians to ask an unbelieving man to enter the army? What right had they to go and hire such men as substitutes for themselvs?

Just think of these Christians in heaven, going to the edge and looking over, and one nudging the other and saying: "Do you see that fellow there in the fire? That was my substitute."

The colonel then proceeded to take up Mr. Talmage's arguments. The first that attracted his attention was the assertion that the reason that Infidels hated the Bible was because their minds were poisoned. He said he could see no evidence of a poisoned mind in the hatred of a Bible or a God who upheld slavery and polygamv and taught his children to wage wars of extermination and to plunge the sword of war into the breasts of women and babes.

And yet Protestants make the Bible their pope. The Catholics did better than this, for, if they happen to get an idiot, he will not liv always, and, if he is a man, he may be capable of some growth. But the book cannot change, except as you change it through hypocrisy.

The lecturer declared that the time would come when human beings would be amazed that such things were ever believed. Colonel Ingersoll referred sarcastically to belief in the wonderful power of the Bible, and illustrated it by this story: A man had been in hard luck for a long time, and nothing that he could do would change it. So one day his wife said to him:

"John, if you were to read the Bible and hold family worship, the Lord would help you."

"Well, let's try it; it can't be any worse," said John.

So he got down the old dust-covered Bible and assembled the family. As he opened the book the first thing he saw was a $10 bill.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the wife. "I knew God would help you!"

And there was great rejoicing, and John rushed off and bought a large supply of edibles, and the house was filled with the fragrance of plenty. But just as the family were sitting down to the well-cooked meal, a constable entered and arrested John for passing counterfeit money.

The next point to be touched by Col. Ingersoll was the clause that the Bible is inspired. But how is it to be known that the Bible is inspired? Mr. Paine took the ground that the evidence of inspiration was in the possession of the men who were inspired. There is no other evidence, and the witnesses are not obtainable. We do not know that these men ever said they were inspired, and if anybody should now lay claim to inspiration, we would not believe them, because we know them.

"But suppose some voice were to whisper to you," said the lecturer, "what experience hav you got in the Jehovah line of business? How would you know whether it was angel or devil?

"Read the prophecies of the Old Testament," said the lecturer, "and you cannot tell when they are fulfilled, and you don't know to what they apply. You don't know whether they apply to the defeat of Tilden, the administration of Hayes, or the final success of Civil Service reform. They will apply to the destruction of an empire or the death of an insect."

Some men were always endeavoring to show a conformity of the Bible and science, making the latter true as it agreed with the former. He, however, reversed the process, and found whether the Bible was true or not by fiuding whether it agreed with science or not. The blind faith of some people reminded Colonel Ingersoll of another story. A young man in Connecticut possessed a watch, in which he came to hav the greatest faith. One day, about sunset, he looked at his watch and then at the sun, and then addressed this remark to the latter: "See here, old sun, you'll hav to hump yourself, or you'll be two minutes behind time."

But Mr. Talmage cites the fulfilment of prophecies as evidences of inspiration. But how are we to know that the prophecies were not made after they were fiulfilled. There was nothing about these prophecies any way, and the most of them were strange, weird, and lunatic. As an evidence of this, Colonel Ingersoll read, amidst much merriment, a prophecy from the first chapter of Ezekiel, as a specimen. He also referred to the wonderful vision of Daniel, and concluded that there was no doubt that these prophecies had been fulfilled, they were so utterly ridiculous and meaningless.

Dr. Armitage had recently preached a sermon upon the first, in which he said that the wheel within a wheel, mentioned therein, was symbolical of that tender and endearing providence of which Jesus spoke when he said, "The very hairs of your head are numbered."

Colonel Ingersoll thought that an ordinary person, not illuminated by the spirit of prophecy, would never hav dreamed that there was the slightest reference in Ezekiel's vision to anything like counting hairs There was nothing so laughable about this sermon as the sermon itself, and nothing more ridiculous.

The next point that engaged Colonel Ingersoll's attention was the claim by Mr. Talmage that the existence of the Jews as a separate people is a proof that the Bible is true. He then proceeded to show very conclusivly that such an existence did not prove any such thing, but rather the barbarity of Christendom in its persecution of the Jewish people. In this connection he found an opportunity to pronounce a glowing eulogy upon the enterprise, honesty, and uprightness of the Jews. They had been driven from everything else into the channels of trade, but there they had conquered, until they controled the wealth of the world, and made crowned heads bow before them. But now the race was progressing in everything, and, said the lecturer:

"If you would see the difference between some Jews and some Christians, compare the addresses of Felix Adler with the sermons of Mr. Talmage."

"According to Presbyterianism," he continued, "atonement was necessary. Consequently, it was necessary to hav some people bad enough to crucify Christ. According to Talmage, the infinit God took possession of the Jewish people and endeavored to civilize them. If he had succeeded, and they had refused to crucify Christ, heaven would hav been for rent."

The next evidence of inspiration claimed by Mr. Talmage was martyrs, and in claiming it the minister declared that no man ever died for a lie. Colonel Ingersoll claimed that men had died for literally believing that wafers and wine were the body and blood of Christ, for believing in immersion, and for believing in the Koran. And yet, according to Mr. Talmage, these were lies. Such deaths only proved the sincerity of the man and the barbarity of his executioners, and not the truth of any book. Colonel Ingersoll declared that he had a respect for a man who had the courage to die for anything—or to liv for anything.

Dr. Talmage also claimed that miracles were evidences of the inspiration of the Bible.

"What is a miracle?" asked the lecturer, and he answered it with, "Whenever the cause does not produce the necessary effect, whenever any power can step between those links, that is a miracle."

But the question was, Had a miracle ever been performed? Did the audience know any man they would believe if he said he had seen a miracle performed? Certainly not. They would immediately set him down as a lunatic or a liar. He referred to the changing of sticks into serpents and the other miracles in order to convince Pharaoh, and declared that a god who would destroy poor dumb animals with showers of hail would not make a decent fiend. But all these miracles did not convince Pharaoh, nor did all the miracles performed in the wilderness convince the children of Israel. They had water from rocks, were furnished with clothes that would not grow old or even shiny at the knees and elbows, were deluged with showers of quails and bread, and yet they had more confidence in a calf they could make than in this Jehovah. He also referred to the miracles in the days of Christ, which nobody believed, because they were there. Why should we be convinced, who only hear, when those who saw were not?

The fact of the matter was that a miracle could not be proven. No power could step between the cause and effect. Col. Ingersoll referred humorously to the miracle of Elisha and the bears, and said: "I suppose Mr. Talmage would insist that it proves two things—first, that children ought to respect preachers; and second, that God is kind to animals."

Another claim of Mr. Talmage's was that the Bible was inspired because there were more copies of it sold than of any other book. At one time there were more copies of the Koran than the Bible. Was the Koran an inspired book at that time? What if a man should go to the proprietor of the New York *Herald* and say, "Here is a false story in your paper," and the proprietor should reply, "Why, that cannot be, sir; my paper has more copies issued than any other paper in this country." Would that be any argument?

Mr. Talmage again claimed in support of his position that no Infidel could be elected to an office in the United States. "Suppose," said the lecturer, "that enough Infidels were to get together in one precinct and elect one of their number. Would Infidelity be true in that precinct? There was a time when a man believing in the rotundity of the earth could not be elected, when a Quaker could not be elected, and the lecturer went on to enumerate other instances where prejudice interfered with the result of elections. He declared that no question of metaphysics could be settled by a popular vote.

He then told the story of Daniel in the lion's den, and reflected upon the justice of a god who would save a man and allow women and children to be devoured by the wild beasts, and declared that he wished to rescue the reputation of Jehovah from the assaults of the Bible.

Mr. Talmage had also endeavored to show that the Bible was inspired by referring to the testimony of Eusebius, Irenæus, Polycarp, Origen, and others. Col. Ingersoll arraigned each of these witnesses separately, and showed them to be ignorant, malicious, and mendacious. And yet Mr. Talmage's doctrin was, "False in one, false in all." Referring to the reverend gentleman's position in this matter, the lecturer said, "No man with the brogans of his impudence has the right to trample in the temple of another," and added: "The Christian places his soul above the good of the whole world. I place the good of the world above the good of any individual soul. I place the good of my country, the good of humanity, above all books and above all creeds."

Religion was an individual matter to be settled by each person for himself. The only question that he ever asked in voting was whether the candidate was honest, capable, and a lover of liberty; and furthermore, that he would not ask any man to vote for him for whom he could not vote. He did not get his authority from Rome, or his orders from Sinai. He was glad, however, that Mr. Talmage had stated how Presbyterians vote.

As to religion in politics he said: No priest, no bishop, could be elected president of the United States. No party could carry that load. Why? Because if it was a Methodist bishop all the other churches would vote against him. If it was a Catholic bishop all the Protestants would vote against him. Why? The churches hav no confidence in each other, because they know each other. They know that human liberty is only safe in the keeping of the men who are to be damned. You cannot trust a saint with human liberty.

Another great argument of Mr. Talmage's in favor of the inspiration of the Bible was that if there was no Bible there would be nothing to swear witnesses on. Col. Ingersoll entered into this question at length, and ridiculed the idea that the Bible was at all necessary to make a man tell the truth in a court of justice. He said the custom put rascality upon an equality with honesty. What did people do before there was any Bible? Did they not tell the truth then? He also asked if all men told the truth who swore upon the Bible. He said, on the contrary, rascals took advantage of it to clothe their dishonesty in the gold of solemnity. He did not believe in swearing witnesses at all. The discussion of this subject reminded him of a story. A witness was brought before a country justice to be sworn. "Hold up your right hand," said the justice. "I havn't a right hand," said the witness. "Hold up your left hand, then," said the justice. "I havn't any," said the witness. "Well, then, hold up your foot," said the justice; "no man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."

Colonel Ingersoll declared that thousands of people use their religion as a business. They say it is a good thing. It pays ten per cent right here. Others liv on the policy of insurance. There is going to be a great fire in the next world; we will insure you for so much.

Mr. Talmage had also argued that if the Bible were taken away there would be nothing to put on the center table. Upon thinking this matter over, Colonel Ingersoll had concluded that if everything upholding slavery, polygamy, and murder were taken out of the Bible it would look just as well on the center table as before. He did not think it mattered much anyhow, as a block of wood on the center table would hav as much attention paid it usually as the Bible. He felt that the most appropriate ornament for such a place would be a volume of all the best thoughts and utterances ever published.

Mr. Talmage had also asked, if there was no Bible, what could a mother giv her son? Colonel Ingersoll declared that if all that was degrading to women, obscene, and opposed to civilization were taken out of the book, it would prove a much more fitting gift. He, however, would present a young man with a treatis upon hygiene, physiology, science, or some rich literary work. As a general thing, however, the young man who was presented with a Bible by his mother seldom read it.

Here Colonel Ingersoll related the story told by Edmond About, concerning and Italian gambler who had lost continually at play, and had gone over and prayed to a crucifix to giv him luck. He played again and lost, and again prayed. Once more he lost, and, addressing the crucifix, said: "This is my last penny, and I want you to giv me luck." But it did no good; and when he had lost again he went over to the crucifix, shook his fist at it, and hissed, "Cursed little Jesus, I am glad they crucified you."

Mr. Talmage also claimed that the Bible must be inspired because so many people believe it. Colonel Ingersoll took up the countries one by one in which the Bible is believed, showed that the progress was due to Freethought and liberty, and not to religion. In Italy, he said, the Christian church was first established, and the present pope is one of the successors of St. Peter. For hundreds of years Italy was the beggar of this world, and to her outstretched palm, from every land in Christendom, flowed rivers of gold and silver. He added that if it had not been for Freethinkers, like Garabaldi and Mazzini, the heaven of Italy would still hav been without a star. Of Portugal he said:

"I admit that Portugal would be better if Portugal were Protestant. I admit that every Catholic is in favor of education enough to make a Catholic out of a barbarian. I admit that every Protestant is in favor of education enough to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. But I assert that Catholic and Protestant are both opposed to an education which makes a man's mind free."

Of England he said: "I tell you to-night that the trouble existing between England and Ireland is a religous question and nothing else. When England outgrows Episcopalianism, when Ireland rises above Catholicism, they can be friends, and not till then."

But of all the people who professed a belief in the Bible, as a matter of fact, not one in fifty in the civilized world ever read the Bible, no two ever agreed as to what it means, and no one ever understood it.

Christian nations had always busied themselvs with inventing means to destroy other Christian nations, and the result was that the combined debt of these nations for wars amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand million dollars. When Christians went to war they each prayed to the same God that they might destroy the other, and when the war was over the victors praised God for their success, and the vanquished thanked him that it was no worse.

Another claim of Mr. Talmage's was that the writers of the Bible knew all about modern inventions, and this the reverend gentleman considered an evidence of inspiration. Job knew all about evaporation, trade winds, and the tides. Isaac understood the Copernician system, and Nahum invented railway locomotivs.

"I am astonished," said Colonel Ingersoll, "that Mr. Talmage himself does not figure in the Patent Office. I can't account for it, except on the supposition that he is too honest to infringe on the patents of the patriarchs."

The lecturer then reviewed the Bible as a scientific work, and said that it was not scientific to say that God made a moral character for Adam—Adam had to make a character for himself; that there could never hav been any disease or death in the world had it not been for the sin of Adam, as all the rocks of the world are filled with the record of death millions of years before Adam was created; that thorns and brambles were produced by original sin; that labor was a curse; that the flood existed; that there was separation after the building of the Tower of Babel; that angels were in the habit of walking around the world eating veal dressed with butter and milk; that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt; that people lived to be nearly 1,000 years old; that the angels of God wrestled with Jacob, got the better of him, and put one of his joints out; that God, in the likeness of a flame, lived in a bush; that a stick could be changed into a living snake; that God caused darkness to be over the land of Egypt, except in the houses of the Jews; that a dry stick budded and blossomed and bore almonds; that the ashes of a red heifer mixed with water can cleanse sin; that an animal saw an angel and conversed with a man; that a spear thrust through the body of a woman ever stopped a plague; that seven priests blew seven rams' horns loud enough to blow down the walls of a city; that the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens; that God made known his will by letting dew fall upon wool without wetting the rest of the ground; that an angel of God appeared to a woman in the absence of her husband, and afterward went up in a flame of fire, and that, as a result of this visit, a child was born, whose strength was in his hair; that water gushed from a hollow place in a dry bone; that one man turned over a house so large that 3,000 people could stand on the roof; that a man was once fed by the birds of the air, who brought him bread, and that afterward an angel turned cook to him, and he ate enough to last him forty days; that a God of infinit mercy destroyed people for laughing at a baldheaded prophet; that the sun went back in the heavens as a sign to a miserable, barbarous king that he was not going to die of a boil; that slavery was once right; that polygamy was once a virtue, and that extermination was mercy; that a being of infinit power and goodness went into partnership with insects, and granted letters of mark and reprisal to hornets; that an infinit being spent forty days in furnishing Moses with plans and specifications for a tabernacle; that when a man commits a sin he can settle with God by killing a sheep; that God ever killed children to get even with their parents; that Jehovah advertised for a lyre, as recorded in 2 Chronicles; that fire refused to burn or water refused to wet; that children have been begotten without a father; that people have ascended bodily to heaven, taking their clothes with them. "In short," said the lecturer, "everything that is foolish, unreasonable, miraculous, or supernatural, is unscientific."

The final point considered by the lecturer was Mr. Talmage's claim that the Bible was merciful. In answer to this he read the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, which he declared to be the foundation of the Anathema Marathana. Of such a God he said: "I despise that God! I defy that God! There is no such God, except in the imagination of a barbarian."

He stated his objections to the Bible to be as follows:

1. Human slavery; 2. Polygamy; 3. Wars of conquest and extermination; 4. The idea that other nations are not vested with the same rights that you hav; 5. Religous persecution; 6. The divine right of kings; 7. A belief in malicious supernatural beings; 8. A belief in an infinit being who would make a man, knowing that he would be eternally damned; 9. The idea that one man can be good for another or bad for another; 10. The dogma that a finite being can commit an infinit sin.

Perfection, he said, was the only possible evidence of inspiration, and when a perfect book was given him he would believe it. The Bible is not inspired, and the theologians know nothing about another world and very little about this. He closed his lecture with this peroration:

"The hand of earth is stretched uselessly toward heaven. From the clouds there comes no help. In vain the shipwrecked cry to God to-night; in vain the imprisoned ask for liberty and light; in vain the martyr prayed; in vain the slave and mother wept. The heavens are deaf and dumb and blind. Frost freezes, fire burns, slander smites, the wrong triumphs, the good suffer, prayer dies upon the lips of faith—no help from heaven for man. If the naked are clothed, man must clothe them; if the hungry are fed, man must feed them; if the ignorant are raised in the scale of education, man must raise them; if the world is to be made better, man must do it.

"So far as I am concerned, I rely not upon churches, not upon sacred books, not upon out-grown and moss-covered creeds. I rely upon human endeavor—not upon God's; I rely upon the human heart—not upon angels; I rely upon the human brain; I rely upon the efforts of all good men and all good women."

Communications.

Elmina Abroad.—Familiar Letters.

I.

Not having been out of the sight of the smoke of our chimney at Snowville for years and years, it seems so like a fairy dream to be roaming about over the glad and beautiful earth and seeing not only the lovely handiwork of dear old Mother Nature, but the improvements and additions made by the hand of man which are everywhere speaking of a creativ skill and ingenuity far surpassing that of any god he has ever created.

I think some of my readers would hav smiled at the "turn-out" which conveyed me the twelve miles from Snowville to Christiansburg. Finding it impossible to obtain a horse during the busy ploughing season, I was compelled to ride in a large lumber wagon loaded with plows and plow-points (shares); and the first experience was the balking of one horse in the middle of the ford as we crossed the river. He was persuaded to go on, but made a second and worse balk coming up the steep bank on the far side, and fearing to be upset among the ironware, I jumped out and walked till the horse sobered down. Half way to town the wagon stuck fast in a mud hole and we all had to alight, and as I was stepping on the rubber (a big block of wood that rubs the wheel and locks it to go down hills) to get in again, the horses started and threw me down in the mud, plastering my dress and one hand pretty well with the sacred soil of old Virginia; but as I only wore nature's gloves the hand was soon cleansed and the rest of the mud rubbed off when dry.

Just ahead of us on the road was the United States mail. The bag was thrown across a small mule, and on the top of it sat a small boy probably twelve years old, judging by his looks. Every now and then he would jump off and get a club from the road-side and beat the mule, driving it along as one would a refractory pig. and it really was not much larger than a big pig. I asked if he was not afraid the mule would run away with the mail. "If he does I'll get somebody to catch him," was the response. By dint of hurrying the driver I arrived in Christiansburg in time to catch the train, and was soon aboard. It was a keen, frosty morning; quite solid ice had frozen during the night, "killing all the fruit," though probably, like the famous cattle of holy writ, it will much of it be left to be killed over and over again. It was pleasant to sit in the cars and see the lovely landscape go by. Beautiful meadow lands covered with the greenest of grass and grain, rugged hill-sides dotted with evergreens interspersed with large bushes of red bud, whose pink flowers are now out in all their glory. The dog-wood roses, too, showed their white bloom among the dry brown stems of leafless trees. Orchards were pink with peach and apple blooms, and cherry-trees gave promis of a large fruitage; while the Lord's cattle on a thousand hills and his black and white children, some busy at their various avocations, and others standing watching the steam-horse and his train, added variety to the shifting, changing scene. Inside the cars was the usual traveling crowd of men, women, and children; book and paper pedlers, etc. One of these had a collection of Infidel publications, and a passenger bought a volume of selections from Ingersoll's sayings and commenced reading them in a loud, clear voice to his seat-mate. Every sentence made its mark. The reader seemed to be a Universalist or a Theodore Parker man. His companion was pious, but they appeared to relish most of the sentiments of the great orator, but could not fairly understand whether he was a believer in a real God and in a future life or not. Several ladies sitting near me were terribly shocked, and called the book blasphemous, and one said, "Such books should be burnt." I said, "You cannot destroy the truth by burning it." "That's a fact," said one. It was certainly a sign of progress to see Infidel literature publicly sold and read aloud on a train of cars this far south. The last I saw of the reader he was searching the holy book (which he took down from the rack) for the 109 h psalm, and as it's getting hungry-time I'll search for my breakfast.

II.

I hav seen so much in the four days I hav been here that my head feels like a kaleidoscope of shifting, changing views. Been through the Capitol and seen the Senate and House in session, and the big magnates making our laws and deciding important issues by yeas and nays. Hav been through parks, gardens, and greeneries, and seen all the wonderful, strange, and beautiful exotics growing in the moist, warm air of the hot-houses. Hav been to museums and seen the stuffed skins of all manner of birds and animals, and the bones of others, and so many curiosities that the eye and brain refused to take them all in; attended an excellent lecture on anthropology, that not only had no Godism in it, but was directly Infidel or Materialistic in all its leanings, though no overt reflections were made against "our holy religion," and what was best of all, the lecture was well appreciated and cheered by the audience, which was a large one.

I hav been to see a medium, too (Mrs. French), who told me many wonderful things that I cannot understand how she divined. Mentioned the names of ever so many of my dead friends and relativs; described them, and told the relationship and mentioned some I had myself forgotten, but recalled as she reminded me of them. One Charles Bird came. I said I had never known him, but she still insisted I had. I said I had lost a relativ called Charles, but no Bird. "It is Bird," said she. "I see it here." My cousin laughed then, and said, "Oh, its a duck, a Drake." Then the medium shook hands with me heartily, as if the spirit was glad to be recognized. It was my father's brother, Charles Drake. When cousin E. (who went along with me), asked the medium what I did at home, she looked a long time and said, "I see piles of scratch papers, many talk-sheets, and pick-ups," meaning, in her broken Indian (for her's is Indian mediumship), that I wrote on sheets of paper for the newspapers, and the types printed it, as she made motions of type setting. When we had first started, I proposed to go in and not speak for a while, but let my cousin do the talking, as I wanted a test. I was born with a portion of the roof of my mouth and palate gone, therefore hav an impediment in my speech. So my cousin told her I had a natural defect, and she was to find out what it was. She took my hand, and in two minutes passed her other hand up the sides of my throat and described it (the malformation and my mode of talking), better than I could hav done. My cousin was as eager for the test as I, and was as well satisfied with the result. I had a full hour's sitting, but I only mention these few items to show that the wonders are not all humbug; and even if I fail to believe that the dead liv, I think the phenomena well worth our investigation as a new phase of the powers of humanity.

III.

One evening a lady came here, and we had a sitting around a stand for raps, she being mediumistic and a firm believer. But though we sat two hours, only a few faint raps came, and those usually in response to the mention of Guiteau's name. On Sunday we went to Oak Hill cemetery and saw that large and beautiful city of the dead. It was a pleasant resting place for the silent and sleeping ones. The grounds tastefully laid out, grand monuments, plain, simple head-stones, a profusion of flowers, vines, and shrubbery, and stately trees looked calmly down on all. In the afternoon we went to a fashionable Catholic church to "vespers." To one to whom like myself it is all new, it was a beautiful and curious show. All the lighted candles, the gold and glitter, the solemn, sweet music, chants, and elevating the host and bowing to it whenever any one passed in front of it was interesting, and if seen but once is really beautiful so long as one keeps back the thoughts of the gross superstitions and powerful machinery of the institution. The attendance was very large, and the congregation appeared as intelligent and refined as any I hav seen, though it is supposed to be mostly composed of "servant girls," and such classes.

In the evening we attended a spiritual meeting in a large hall. The audience was tolerably large, and seemed to be composed of a thinking, serious, and reflectiv body of people. The speaker was a Mr. White. The lecture was flowery and rather wordy, on "Inspiration." Not argumentativ, so I did not feel greatly interested. After we got home a Mr. L. called. A large, portly man, pretty well along in years, finely educated, and once a strong Materialist, believing death ended all, and still antichristian and anti-theological, but has long been converted to Spiritualism, though he has to attend seances and obtain new tests continually to keep his skeptical nature in subjection to the new ism.

On Monday had a sitting with another medium, but very little, if any, satisfaction. Had she not been vouched for by those who knew her well, I should say all she told was mere guess-work, and wrong guesses nine times in ten. I must confess that, being almost constantly in the society of Spiritualists, and hearing of the very rough usage some of them hav received at the hands of the invisible, has one or two nights made me almost "creepy" about going to bed way up in the third story all by myself. Just as children listened, open-mouthed, to ghost stories, and then go in a crowd to bed and cover up head and ears, so did I almost feel; not at all convinced or believing, only imagining I know not what. The lingering remains of superstitious notions will cling to us despite philosophy, reason, and common sense.

ELMINA.

Washington, D. C., April, 1882.

California Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Since my return from the North I hav been lecturing in Sacramento every Sunday, with the exception of four lectures in Stockton and four in Modesto, at both of which places the friends of Freethought held a Paine memorial meeting, which, in point of attendance and interest, speaks well for the growing interest among our people for the cause of truth.

I am at present speaking in Sac City to large audiences, and will remain here until our old chief, D. M. Bennett, reaches here on his way East. I can't afford to miss seeing him, and grasp the hand of a man who dares to speak the truth, for he is one of my kind.

As one of the results of our labor here this winter, the friends hav organized a Liberal Union, with about one hundred members on the roll, with a splendid board of officers—with S. S. Hall as president; J. D. Byers, vice, and S. J. Martin, secretary.

We hav received circulars from Byron Adonis, issued by Liberal League 190, of San Francisco, in relation to a reception to be tendered to Mr. Bennett in San Francisco on his arrival in that city.

The Liberal Union of Sacramento hav also taken steps, by the appointment of an efficient committee, to do the same thing in Sacramento.

We propose to make his heart glad, and send him to his home and friends stronger than ever to contend against bigotry and superstition, and I hope similar ovations will be given with a hearty good-will all along the line of his travel to New York.

Let us honor the man who, from principle, submitted himself to pass through the fires of persecution to attain and preserve for us a larger freedom; and, in the language of our circular, let us keep the fires of liberty burning all along the line.

Last Sunday we spoke to at least four hundred people on the demands of Liberalism, and presented the claims of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for which I hope to send you a number of names soon—at least as soon as the reception is over; now we are all busy getting things in readiness for that event, and I am quite sure that Mr. Bennett's presence here will add to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S list of subscribers.

Of course you are aware that there are a great many Liberal people who do not take any Liberal paper, and do not know to this day that we hav a just cause for which to contend, and that our honored leader, D. M. Bennett, has been in prison at the hands of Christian devils, and that he is now on his way around the world.

I speak advisedly when I say that at least two hundred of my audience, on the occasion above alluded to, had never heard of D. M. Bennett, and had never seen THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Ponderous bodies move slowly, and so does the cause of Liberalism, and yet, thank heaven and the workers for truth, the leaven is at work in the minds of the people.

We want more live men and women speakers on the rostrum, to expound Liberalism and exhort the people to concert of action.

If Liberalism means that every person shall hav a little hobby of their own, and each stand apart from his fellow, then our cause is a forlorn hope, as against the well-organized and well-trained forces of the enemies of Freethought and free religion. Individuality and selfhood—to be able to stand alone—is a grand thing, but transcendently grand and precious is it to be able to join hands for work in a good cause.

Liberalism is not simply negations; no, not that. A fool can deny, but earnest and sincere Liberals will discover that Liberalism has a positiv side, and while she denies the system and methods of Christianity to save the soul, she stoutly affirms in favor of natural development in harmony with the laws of nature. It is not enough to deny the truth of the Bible; we must affirm something in its stead and help the people out of superstition by truth. Church people are alive. and stand together, and pull together for what they deem their cause. Our cause is to us a better, broader, and higher cause. Let us do at least as much as Christians do for our sacred cause. But how can we do this unless we place ourselvs in proper relations to the cause of truth? And to do this we need to sustain the Liberal press, as well as to study books, for this is our only means of knowing what is going on in the Liberal field.

I wish I could say something to inspire every Liberal to take a Liberal paper, and thereby come into sympathy with the cause at large by coming into sympathy with each other. The hearts of Liberals are in the right place, and we only need to bring them into closer relations with each other to find them beating in unison to the grand march of human freedom.

Now you know that I promised that my letter should not be as long as the last, and will close by saying to the Liberals of Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia, whose letters are constantly coming to hand, that I hav not forgotten them, and hope to see them soon. And further let me say I hav just issued a volume of Freethought poems, handsomely bound, Radical, and spicy, to help spread the light. Price, single copy, 75 cents, sent by mail, and $7 per dozen. So in the mean time, to whet the appetite, send to San Jose, Cal., for a dozen of my books, and while you will get more than your money's worth, you will at the same time spread the light.

With many good wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER and its noble workers, I am, Yours for all truth, DR. J. L. YORK.

The Death of Mr. Darwin.

Charles Robert Darwin, the famous savant, died on the 20th at his residence, Down House, near Orpington, England. He had been ill for some days, but was supposed to be recovering. He did not rally from a relaps he experienced on Tuesday.

Mr. Darwin had been suffering for some time from weakness of the heart, but continued to work to the last. He was taken ill on Tuesday night with pains in the chest, faintness, and nausea. The nausea lasted more or less during Wednesday, and culminated in death in the afternoon. Mr. Darwin remained fully conscious until within a quarter of an hour of his death.

Mr. Darwin was born in Shrewsbury, England, Feb. 12, 1809. His father was Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, a physician and the son of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the poet, philosopher, and physician. Mr. Darwin's mother was a doughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the modern founder of the English pottery manufacture. He graduated from Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1831. He accompanied the ship Beagle in her scientific circumnavigation of the world in the same year. He was the naturalist of the expedition, and served without salary, and partly at his own expense. On his return to England he published a journal of the voyage. He afterward prosecuted his scientific investigations in England. He published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," 1842; "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands," 1844; "Geological Observations in South America," 1846, and in 1851, 1853, and 1859 a "Monograph of the Family Cirrhipedia" and "Fossil Species." His "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," published in 1859, was translated into many European languages, and gave rise to much controversy. In 1862 he published a work on the "Fertilization of Orchids," and in 1868 on the "Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication." In 1871 he gave to the world his treatis on the "Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." He has since published many separate papers, notably on "The Geology of the Falkland Islands," "The Formation of Vegetable Mold Through the Action of Worms," "On the Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals," and on "Volcanic Phenomena," and "The Distribution of Erratic Boulders," both the latter relating to South America. He received the Copley and the royal medals from the Royal Society, and the Wollaston Palladian medal from the Geological Society. He was elected a member of various English and foreign bodies, was made a Knight of the Order "Pour la Merite" by the Prussian government, a corresponding member of the Academy of Vienna. 1871, and had conferred upon him the degree M D. by the University of Leyden in 1875, and the degree LL.D. by the University of Cambridge in 1877. In the following year he was elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences. He married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, in 1831, and leaves several children.

From the New York Sun of April 21st.

Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, who died yesterday, has left to the world a shining name and scientific treasures of inestimable value. His life, for over half a century, has been full of great work, out of which hav grown fertil theories, reaching into all the fields of science and over the whole realm of nature.

It has been a life of continuous activity and productivness from the opening of his manhood until his death, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. When a youth of twenty two he was regarded as qualified to undertake the duties of naturalist for the exploring expedition around the world that was under the command of Captain Fitzroy; and the volume in which he gave the account of his discoveries upon the voyage showed how well he had been equipped and qualified for the work. He continued the pursuit of his studies during subsequent years, observing the phenomena of nature and life with a precision and comprehensivness that had never been surpassed by any other naturalist, and finding in them suggestions that were at once revolutionary and constructiv. Books of geological and zoological research proceeded from his pen, and his scientific peers began to recognize him as a genius in natural history.

When ripe in knowledge, mature of mind. and master of the situation, he delivered the book which established him in the foremost rank, brought him world-wide fame, was turned into all the languages of civilization, provoked a whirlwind of criticism from scientists as well as theologians, and was fortified by the support of many of the most eminent naturalists of Europe, "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection."

From that time onward mankind has heard of "Darwinism," and the battle has been waged around it in a way that givs sufficient proof of its tremendous importance to the species with whose origin it deals.

Twelve years after the appearance of this book, he furnished another that is complementary to it, "The Descent of Man," and down to the close of his life he adhered to the hypothesis which was the crown of all his research.

Mr. Darwin was a voluminous author. Besides his chief work here named, he published not a few others of importance in special branches of investigation; and it was but last year that he expanded one of his earlier papers into a book of astonishing interest, entitled, "The Formation of Vegetable Mold Through the Action of Worms."

Mr. Darwin has been luckier than some of the other creativ minds of science, in that he lived to see the hypothesis through which he is most familiarly known widely accepted by the men who are capable of properly judging it, and in that foes as well as friends hav always awarded him the highest praise as an original and profound investigator of the phenomena of nature.

The death of Mr. Darwin at this time has deprived us of the opportunity we were about to enjoy of seeing him here in the United States. He had announced his intention of paying a prolonged visit to this country during the approaching sum-

mer. Death took him before he had carried out all his plans, but not till after he had made contributions to knowledge equaled by those of few men since the days of Aristotle.

A Live League.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Every available inch of space, standing or sitting-room, was utilized at the regular meeting of the Chicago Liberal League on Sunday evening, April 16th, and the ante-rooms were packed with an eager but disappointed throng. Though the capacity of our meeting-place (holding several hundred) is more than tested every Sunday evening, a larger number than usual failed to gain entrance. After preliminary business and musical performance by our quartet, President Magie formally introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. H. S. Lake, who gave us one of the most brilliant, bold, and earnest lectures it has been our fortunate lot to hear. A number of pugnacious Christians are always anxious to obtain the floor and antagonize anything presented by our Radical friends. Nevertheless, even these paid their tribute to the ability and impassioned eloquence with which our gallant moral hero brought her artillery of argument to bear upon their faintly-defended fortresses, and sent destruction and demoralization among the enemies of universal mental liberty. Her theme was. "The Mission of Liberalism," and but a faint idea of her effort can be gained by the following synopsis:

The National Liberal League was organized in Philadelphia in the centennial year. Its object was to amend the Constitution and to repeal all laws bearing oppressivly upon antichristians. It became evident, however, ere long, that immediate political action could not be made to succeed, and that the work of the auxiliary Leagues must be devoted to the preparatory one of developing among the people an intelligent meaning of the word Liberalism, and a consecration to the purpose of bringing about a triumph of its principles.

Mental changes are effected by much the same process as are physical changes. To develop a Christian into an Infidel is oftentimes a long and tedious task. But the work of the teacher of the new dispensation must not stop here; for, after the rejection of Christianity, people divide up into different classes, such as Atheists, Agnostics, Deists, Materialists. Spiritualists, Positivists, Secularists, etc. Defining these different classes, and paying a glowing tribute to the president of the Liberal League. T. B. Wakeman, as a representativ of the Positiv philosophy, the speaker continued: It is the mission of Liberalism to fuse these different elements into one general mass, which shall appropriately be called a Liberal League.

For fifteen hundred years the human race has imbibed from the mother's breast the religion of believe or be damned Throughout the centuries hav scientists and philosophers striven under the displeasure of the church to evolve more correct ideas of God, heaven, hell, duty, rewards and punishments, etc. To giv these strugg'ing ideas a chance to grow and flourish is the mission of Liberalism. The God of blood and sacrifice, of curses and vengeance, of frowns and fury, is to come down out of heaven, and there is to be shown instead infinit space studded with stars and alight with suns, changing, perfecting, dying, as eons unroll from the bosom of eternity.

Instead of the kingdom and the throne, the lamb and the river of life, we are to learn to think, and to say the republic, the court of justice, man, and the development of his life. Instead of looking up into heaven for manna, the best principles of agriculture are to be taught, and that land is for all the people. Instead of depending upon God to convert sinners, we are to learn the law for propagating saints; instead of relying upon the efficacy of the atonement, man is to atone himself for every injury he may inflict upon a fellow; instead of working for a heaven in the skies, he is to labor to build one here below.

Wherever the mission of Liberalism is effected, there believers in gods many and gods few, in no gods, false gods and true gods, gods of reason and gods of revelation, harmonize and fraternize, knowing that these thoughts and expressions are simply the indications of the ideal aspirations of the race and the degree of humanity's dissatisfaction with itself.

Whenever the mission of Liberalism is accomplished, we shall not find the coarse condemnation of the law and the black look of the pharisee toward those whose views of domestic life are heterodox, like, perhaps, the neighbor's religion. It will be seen by those who are capable of comprehending the meaning of Liberalism that polyandry and polygamy, monogamy and celibacy, loves many or few, life love or love for a day, love true and love false, are all the expressions only of the affectional want of human kind, and the vain endeavor of the sexual instinct to evolve higher from lower conditions.

"Truth is colored by the medium through which we view it." No two see life from exactly the same standpoint; and while Catholic pneumonia and Protestant pneumonia are, as Felix Adler so quaintly puts it, exactly alike, the mental changes and heart-needs of people differ so widely as to make no rule of treatment for this part of the being possible for the doctors of divinity or the doctors of law.

All that can be done with the religious sentiment, the sexual instinct, or the political aspiration, is to giv it more room and more information.

The morning of humanity is breaking. Are you up to behold its splendor and inhale its atmosphere? Are you ready to share with me the toil and the trial, the glory and the success, the defeat and the delight of developing new aspirations in human minds, of freeing the young from fear, and furnishing the old with faith born of reason? If you are so ready, if you can so grow, giv your name, your interest, and your support to the National Liberal League

E. A. Stevens,
Sec. Chicago L. L.

Chicago, Ill., April 18th.

Another.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The Liberal League of Pittsburgh is neither dead nor sleeping, B. F. Underwood to the contrary notwithstanding. So far from being defunct is it that it manages to stir up mightily the two hundred churches of Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, and keep their dear pastors continually on the ragged edge of fear, lest, like Othello, they may wake up some fine morning and find their occupation gone. Desperation seems to hav made them reckless, and they are willing to adopt any measures that may give promis of enabling them to "sear the hydra heads of heresy." They put forward their ablest and most unscrupulous men, employ misrepresentation, detraction, slander, falsehood, and intrigue. The press is almost entirely under their control; but, not satisfied with this, they hav inaugurated a series of Thursday morning lectures, under the auspices of the "Christian Evidence Society," of which more anon.

The anti-Infidel panic has extended to Mount Washington—one of the suburbs of the smoky city—and the faithful sentinels on the watch-towers of that earthly Zion have "pooled their issues," and are holding union services, at which Infidels are roundly abused, without any reference to accuracy of statement, while common sense has ta'en the road,

An' off an up to Cowgate.

But it would appear that these very zealous gentlemen hav overdone the business, forgetful of the shabby treatment of Uzzah, who was a little too zealous in a good (?) cause; in proof of which I clip a couple of items from the daily papers of Pittsburgh:

From The Leader.

The M E and Baptist congregations of Mount Washington held union services in the Mount Washington Baptist church last night, when Rev. Williams, pastor of the M. E. church, was to preach the sermon. The Baptist pastor, after stating to the assemblage that Rev. Williams was about to address them, sat down. Mr. Williams arose and was about to state his text, when he fell in an apoplectic paroxysm. Drs. Wilson and Potts were called, and relieved the unconscious man of some blood, which brought him to. He was removed to his home and this morning was greatly improved, though still confined to his bed.

From The Times.

About eight o'clock last evening Rev. Gustavus Backert, formerly pastor of the Mount Washington Lutheran church, but now a supply pastor, was attacked by a fainting fit while sitting on a chair in Charles Merz's saloon, No. 15 Carson street, South Side, and in falling struck his head against a stove and cut several deep gashes in his head. His injuries are not serious. When they were dressed none of his friends would assist him to his home. He will, probably, be disfigured for life.

Can it be that God has at last determined to see justice done, and has espoused the cause of the much-abused Infidels? or is he only sick of the indiscriminate lying of his holy mouth-organs, and determined to put a stop to it?

Of course we Infidels are neither silly nor dishonest enough to assert that God had anything to do with it. Between apoplexy and whisky common sense can find an explanation.

But suppose this same phenomenon had occurred at the Liberal League meeting last Sunday when Dr. Audley arose to inveigh against "Prophets, Priests, and Kings;" what then?

Monday noon would hav seen the religious dailies of the entire country garnished with such flaming head-lines as these: "Terrible Warning to Infidels;" "The Judgment of God;" "A Blatant Blasphemer Struck Dumb," etc.

Now, it seems to me that logic and consistency would demand that if such phenomena be deemed judgments in the one case, they should be in the other. If not, why not?

Let the clergy of Pittsburgh, and especially of Mount Washington, who are so fond of prating about special providences, and distorting natural phenomena into judgments of God, display at least a show of consistency by manfully facing the music when it is their ox that is getting gored. Further, let them remember that however commendable zeal, in the defense of truth, may be, there is one thing more commendable still, and that is truth itself; and when they feel inclined to emulate the example of that illustrious Christian, Paul, who said, "If through my lie grace hath more abounded, why, then, am I accounted a sinner?" let them remember the fate of Ananias and—draw it mild. Experience has taught us to not expect either candor, courtesy, or justice from the paid advocates of an antiquated superstition—made desperate by its dying throes—but having raised on high the banner of the free in priest-ridden Pittsburgh, we will lower our arms only in death.

Yours, for liberty and light, League.

Divinity Endangered.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Three or four months' traveling nearly cut my connection with your paper and all else on the Atlantic coast.

Returning last week to my home, there waited me an invitation to write a letter of greeting to Mr. Bennett on his arrival at San Francisco, in his passage round the globe. It was too late to comply with the request of the committee of correspondence, but let me here express my thanks for the kindly invitation, and my congratulations to our chief, and his many patrons and friends, that the long voyage has been so signally prosperous, and so wondrously rich in its experiences and observations, so industriously reported at every stage. I think no tourist nor traveler of modern times has ever accomplished so much at sight-seeing and recording and publishing as has the editor of The Truth Seeker. The first thing which meets my eye and ear on reaching home is the lively controversy now waging among the friends and supporters of the Andover, Mass., divinity school, one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most widely known institutions of the kind in America. It was founded in the year 1807, its object being, as avowed "to provide for the church a learned, orthodox, and pious ministry."

The fourth article of faculty regulations and requirements reads thus:

"Every professor in this University shall be a Master of Arts, of the Protestant reformed religion, in communion with some Christian church of the Congregational or Presbyterian denomination, and sustain the character of a discreet, sober, learned, and pious man; and shall be of sound and orthodox principles in divinity, according to that form of sound words, or system of evangelical doctrin, drawn from the scriptures, and denominated The Westminster's Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

"If, on the associate foundation, he must also be an ordained minister of the Congregational or Presbyterian denomination."

Next follows, in article fifth, "the creed," in three full octavo pages, which every professor, on the day of his inauguration into office, must "publicly make and subscribe, in the presence of the trustees of the Seminary;" and to be by him repeated in the same presence, "at the expiration of every five successiv years! and no man shall be continued as president or professor in this institution, who shall not continue to approve himself to the satisfaction of the trustees; a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity, agreeably to the system of evangelical doctrins contained in the said Westminster Shorter Catechism, and more concisely delineated in the aforesaid creed."

If, Mr. Editor, you can make room for the following extract from the creed, you will giv readers an idea of what is required of a professor:

"And furthermore I do solemnly promis that I will open and explain the scriptures to my pupils with integrity and faithfulness; that I will maintain and inculcate the Christian faith, as expressed in the creed by me now repeated, together with all the other doctrins and duties of our holy religion, so far as may appertain to my office, according to the best light God shall giv me, and in opposition, not only to Atheists and Infidels, but to Jews, Papists, Mohammedans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, Sabellians, Unitarians, and Universalists; and to all other errors, ancient, and modern, which may be opposed to the gospel of Christ, or hazardous to the souls of men."

The controversy to which I hav referred, in the institution, grows out of the appointment of a new professor, whose former preaching, it is held, does not comport with the Andover requirements.

The present professors admit that they or their predecessors hav banished some things, "infant damnation" included, and "perdition of the heathen." Over their own sign manual the professors say:

"We would beg leave to remind our reviewer that what has most excited criticism in Dr. Smyth's position is a natural development of principles which the New England theology has especially cultivated, and which for more than a generation hav been taught with particular emphasis from the chair of Christian theology at Andover—the universality of the Atonement, and the necessity of personal choice in order to the existence of either guilt or virtue.

"These principles hav gained their rights only by hard conflicts. At every stage the cry of heresy has filled the air. But they hav won the day. They hav banished the dogmas of guilt for Adam's sin, of infant damnation, of passiv regeneration of the universal perdition of the heathen. The path of New England theology is thus strewn with concessions concessions to an advancing knowledge of God's word concessions to truth."

But my article grows too long. Let me just add one brief but most torrid quotation more from the Andover creed, and I close:

"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory. . . . But the wicked will arise to shame and everlasting contempt; and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever."

This provision of the creed is presumed to be still intact, untouched. At any rate, not "banished," as the professors say, with infant damnation. So there may be hope for Andover yet.

Concord, N. H., April, 1882. Parker Pillsbury.

The New Chronology.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The Bruno-Wakeman system of chronology published in The Truth Seeker of the 1st inst. is a natural, scientific, and magnificent system. May it become universal. You see I hav adopted it, because, in my opinion, it is just, reasonable, and adapted to universal ends. We cannot now apply it to the drawing of legal documents, making wills, etc., but we can apply it to social uses and in our correspondence to your splendid journal, and to all other Liberal literature. The facts and logic and historical research in Mr. Wakeman's article in support of adopting the new chronology are arraved in a masterly manner, and are convincing to every thoughtful, rational mind. For years I hav heartily detested dating my letters, public and private, according to the chronology based on the advent of "our Lord," that Lord whose presence in the world has been the curse and scourge of mankind.

Since we hav dethroned the man-God or the God-man, with all his superstitions, or superstitions founded on and in his name, let us forever abolish that chronology connected with the "immaculate," and which is but a record of the blood of the innocent. Freethinkers, wherever we are scattered throughout the earth, let us adopt the chronology founded in memory of the heroic Italian Freethinker Bruno, who gave his life to the cause of mental emancipation. He was basely murdered by the Christians, but his "soul goes marching on" through the eternal years, We are carrying on the sublime work he commenced, each according to his humble power, but united we shall triumph over the priestly despots who hav so long enslaved poor humanity. It is only a question of time until the chains binding the slaves are broken. Speed the glorious hour of man's redemption from ignorance, bigotry, and superstition!

San Francisco, 4, 7, 212. Byron Adonis.

Thomas Paine.

From the Memphis Appeal.

In the *Appeal* of April 16th appears a letter purporting to be written by Dr. Franklin to Thomas Paine, urging him not to publish that celebrated work against the Bible, "The Age of Reason," and advising him not to "unchain the tiger." This pious fraud has been so often exposed, I am surprised that journalists of your information and intelligence should reproduce it. Dr. Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, three years before a line of "The Age of Reason" was written. The first part of that work was written in Paris in the latter part of 1793, amid the terrors of the French Revolution, when the author was in hourly expectation of arrest and execution, and, in fact, Paine was arrested the last of December, 1793, upon the order of Robespierre, and imprisoned at Luxembourg within six hours after he had finished that great work. The second part of "The Age of Reason" was written for the most part in that prison, where the author lay nearly a year, and the whole published by Paine some time after his release. The letter which you publish, purporting to be written by Dr. Franklin, was written by a lying scribbler, Grant Thorburn, and published by the Bible Society under the title, "Don't Unchain the Tiger." Dr. Franklin was himself an Infidel, as was Jefferson, but they wrote no book against the Bible, and hav therefore escaped the wrath of the priesthood, which was all reserved for the devoted head of Paine. Forgetful of his great services to the cause of American freedom, they hav pursued him relentlessly with every weapon that malice and detraction could invent.

Such is the fate of all who dare question their creed. But a few years ago, when a great flood was pouring down the Mississippi, a prayer-meeting was called to avert it. For suggesting that wheel-barrows and spades in the hands of vigorous men employed in enlarging the levees would be more efficacious than prayers, the *Appeal* called down upon itself a torrent of wrath more fierce than the floods of the great river. Within a twelvemonth we hav seen a minister, the Rev. Mr. Long, ostracized and driven from his pulpit by a conclave of bigots, because he believed that Christ died to save all mankind, and refused to believe that hell is paved with the bones of infants foreordained to be damned. But, thanks to the Infidels—Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and others—the thumbscrew and fagot are no longer possible, and Mr. Long preaches to an overflowing house. "The gospel of Geneva is dead, and in the streaming light of the ninetennth century Calvin is nothing but the obscene owl of superstition, hooting at the midday sun of intellectual and spiritual freedom." "On the ruins of its ivy-grown cathedrals, ecclesiasticism, surprised and blinded by the breaking day, sits solemnly blinking at the light and life about it, absorbed in the recollection of the night that has passed, dreaming of new phantoms and delusions in its wished-for return, and vindictivly striking its talons at any heresiv assailant who incautiously approaches too near."

Minor Meriwether.

Letters from Friends.

CARRICK, PA., April 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If not too late I inclose $5 for Round-the-World book, and $1 for Mr. Bennett's and Mr. Robert Ingersoll's life-size lithographs. Yours,

WM. WALKINSHAW.

ERIE, COL., April 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6—five for the Round-the-World trip, if I am not too late, and the balance for books. The want of cash has kept me from subscribing sooner. Yours truly, G. A. LLOYD.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., April 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, which you may put down for the volumes of the journey round the world. I hav read Mr. Bennett's letters with much interest, and as my copy of the paper is worn with much reading, desire to preserve the record in another form. Hoping that its editor will liv long to battle for truth and expose error, I am,

Yours truly, DANIEL C. KENYON.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 9, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 to meet friend Bennett on his return. I want the books of travel. I want a Bible for reference, and I think Bennett's Bible of the Holy Land will suit me. I never owned a Bible. I hav been keeping house fifteen years, and hav two children, a boy and a girl, but I hav never kept any Bible about my house. I never told a lie in a horse trade nor tried to palm off a bad article on a greenhorn. I use no tobacco, tea, coffee, or liquor. Some Christians say I am very near the kingdom, but I say I hav been an activ worker for the cause of Infidelity for twenty years, and will remain so during my life. Yours respectfully, W. H. H. GRA-AM.

BELLVILLE, KAN., April 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, to be appropriated as per inclosed order. Vol. I. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" is received. I am glad to see it lying on my table beside the old Jewish history, the Bible. Its records bear to me far more of truth and certainty than that old Jew book. I want to see and hear Mr. Bennett talk some day. It would afford me a very great pleasure indeed, and could the shortening of my life but add a few more years of effectiv work in Liberalism to his life he would freely get it. It is truly a pleasure to know that superstition is rapidly dying out, that knowledge is taking the place of ignorance, that tyranny over the mind of man is rapidly yielding to truth and freedom. Truly yours, H. PATRICK, M.D.

LOWELL, MICH., April 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav a "V" now for the Round-the-World book. I wish my name in the book, and hope there will be as many to help bring our old scribe back as there were to send him away. He is worthy of a few friends to help bring him to his cottage by the sea. I feel for that young man that went back on science and reason and took up with superstition and belief, but I cannot reach him. The young ladies are bad customers to deal with if the head is not right. You know how it was with Adam; his head must hav been out of sorts. I don't think King Solomon's head was just right on the girl question, and a good many of those old saints, preachers excepted, go over on the gee side. I don't think an organ will make a Christian of me, for we hav had one in the house for ten years. As to the girls, I will run my own risk and quote some scripture. I hav heard said you could find everything in the Bible. Seek first the kingdom of some young lady with common sense and her righteousness, and then all shall be added unto you. I suppose "all" means cash. If so, then I will send for THE TRUTH SEEKER library, for I want it, and shall hav it when able. Send book as soon as convenient. Please send catalog of your books, and I will try and help you to a sale for some of them. WM. R. BOWEN.

EPHRAIM, UTAH, April 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $5—$2.25 to apply on binding the books of Mr. Bennett's travels around the world, and the balance as directed.

As I see by your esteemed journal that there are men in the field lecturing on Freethought, I often wish some would come to Utah on a mission of that kind, and particularly to San Pete county, as there are a good many Liberal people here. But the yoke of the Mormon priesthood is so hard to break that it takes men of talent as well as courage to tackle the monster and demolish it. I am doing what I can, but the name of Freethought sounds repugnant in the ears of so bigoted a set as liv here; and if it were not for the strong arm of the law there would soon be a movement on foot to exterminate all those who are not in sympathy with Mormon theories.

Yours for Freethought, R. CLANSON.

OMIO, KY., April 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I got the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" to-day, and am very well pleased. Yours truly, H. KEELY.

STREATOR, ILL., April 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The first annual convention of the State Liberal League of Illinois will be held in Maennerchor Hall, in the city of Bloomington, Illinois, on Saturday and Sunday, June 3 and 4, 1882. Prof. W. F. Jamieson and other good speakers will be there to address the meeting. It is very desirable that as many of the members of the State League as can possibly come should attend this convention, as much important work is needing to be attended to in order that we may push forward the Liberal movement in Illinois. It has been proposed that we make arrangements to employ and keep a good lecturer in the field in this state. If that is done, he or she will need a little help outside of what may be collected by them in some of the places where their services may be needed. This deficiency can be made up if all will only help a little. The State League has now one hundred and forty-one life members. This is a good showing for the first ten months' growth. One dollar makes any man or woman a life member of the State Liberal League of Illinois; and all of the money thus received is expended in building up the organization in this state. Let every one who feels like extending a helping hand send me a dollar and become a member of the State League. We need the money for defraying the expenses of the coming convention. We hope that everybody who can will attend the Bloomington meeting. Prof. Jamieson writes me that he shall make Bloomington, Ill., his post-office address until after the convention, and that he will accept calls to lecture in Illinois up to that time. Now, friends, this is the last call I shall make on you through THE TRUTH SEEKER until after the State League Convention; but I entertain hopes of meeting many of of you there. Address me at Bloomington, Ill.

F. F. FOLLETT,
Sec'y State L. L. of Ill.

WHITEHALL, MICH., April 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As the time of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER expired the first of this month, in order to contribute my share in keeping up the general supply of Liberal literature, I herewith send you the subscription price for another year. Brother Green delivered a lecture to a few of the unterrified here (one of the most stormy nights we had this winter), and succeeded in creating a little ruffle in the wave of thought, and as I take Bro. Chainey's publication and circulate it somewhat, there is music in the air which sounds very melodious to the ear of an old Infidel like myself. It seems to me about time we should giv up the old literature of a semi-barbarous age; quit working for imaginary gods and devils, and try to do a little more for humanity. I think when Brother Green suggested Liberal socials, he struck a key-note, which, if taken up by the friends of progress, would result in much good to the cause. The social element is the strong pillar of the church to-day, without which it would crumble away in less than one generation. Let Liberals show as much zeal in the cause of truth and humanity as the church does in the cause of imaginary gods and devils, and the current would soon become irresistible, and the time wasted in seeking for a crown and a harp would be spent in the proper elevation of humanity here, and to the relief of the distress which, to a large extent, is due to the propagation of these superstitious notions. But as I hav already sufficiently taxed your patience, I remain,

Yours for truth and right, N. F. STRONG.

P. S.—Inclosed find order for $3.25. For the twenty-five cents send me Bradlaugh and Besant's "Fruits of Philosophy." N. F. S.

MARSHALL, KANSAS, April 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The radical expounder of Freethought principles, E. C. Walker, has just dropped among us, alighting with both feet plump upon Orthodoxy's abdomen, everlastingly knocking the wind out of the monster, and bruising him up in such a thorough manner that we hope it will be many a day before he will recover.

Mr. Walker is a deep thinker, a logical reasoner, a splendid speaker, and as pleasant and sociable a gentleman as one would please to meet. Such a worker as he should be kept with the harness on all the time. It seems to me that the majority of Liberals place far too low an estimation upon the services of our lecturers. They read Ingersoll's lectures and think they hav found out every fact in nature. If you but hint "lecture" to them they will point to the colonel's works, and sit dozing away, picking their intellectual teeth after the feast they hav had; while probably the Bible is being daily read in their own school.

Liberals, look at the thousands of clergymen who are almost hourly tugging away at the mind of the masses to pull them into the slimy slough of superstition. Can one man, singly and alone, cope with this mighty host? No. There are thousands of ears for every Liberal lecture; there are thousands of eyes for every Liberal paper. Then let us not depend upon any one in our ranks, but upon the army. This alone is the only way we can ever accomplish anything. When there is an army in front we can never conquer by bushwhacking.

Yours, for organization, S. V. MULKEY.

THE SOUND THEORY IS NOT OVERTHROWN.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., April 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: About ten months ago you published a communication of mine, in which I showed that Mr. Wilford Hall, the "Christian hero," who had demolished the undulatory theories of light, sound, etc., and, in fact, "Infidel science" generally, did not understand the doctrins which he presumed to attack. Your contributor, Mr. Irvine, either did not read THE TRUTH SEEKER then, or was not convinced, for in the two last numbers he recapitulates Mr. Hull's argument, and evidently thinks it deserves attention. I can hardly point out all the errors which show that it does not, for they are really innumerable; but I may indicate a few of the chief without taking up much space. Hall says that sound cannot be propagated through iron, though it can through wood. He is entirely mistaken. What, but iron, is a telephone-wire? Sound can be propagated through any substance which will vibrate—that is, any substance. It is chiefly propagated through the air, but no one ever said exclusivly, except Hall, who wastes a great deal of space upon this man of straw. I was taught, at ten years of age, that sound could be propagated through anything, and in proof of it, bidden to put my ear to a wall, while some one struck with a hammer at a distance. In this experiment two blows are heard; one report coming through the wall, the other, after a perceptible interval, through the air. Hull's assertion, that the waves produced by a fan do not radiate ten feet, and his comparison between the fan and a tuning-fork would make a cat laugh. All waves extend as far as the medium (air, water, etc.) in which they are raised. Hull evidently thinks the fan ought to make more noise than the tuning-fork, because it is moved with greater force. He does not understand the difference between force, or momentum, rather, and velocity. If he did, he would not talk such arrant nonsense as the following, which I must giv entire:

"'Wave lengths,' says Tyndall, are measured from the center of one condensation to the center of the next. Wave length of sound depends on pitch or number of waves per second. A piccolo, flute, or high D has 4,752 vibrations per second; the length of each wave is under three inches per second. The loudest tone of an organ has sixteen vibrations; wave length seventy feet.' Now, this tone makes the air particles move thirty-five feet and back sixteen times per second each. This equals five hundred and sixty feet a second, or three hundred and eighty-one miles per hour, which would produce a tornado double the velocity necessary to sweep a village to ruins. If this theory were true, an organ would burst the cathedral walls."

Now, just let me explain. The force or momentum of a moving body varies as its velocity multiplied by its weight. A tornado is a column of air weighing thousands of tons, and moving, not only about its own axis, but also forward, at a rate of perhaps a hundred miles an hour. Those waves, moving at more than double that rate which strike the windows of a cathedral when the organ plays, are (see above) only seventy feet long, and instead of the whole mass of air within that small space being hurled forward bodily, there is simply an alternate compression and expansion of it, at the rate named. See any difference? Hall didn't. Is it "overbearing, blundering, and unreasoning" to call this stuff, from one who writes as a scientist, and pretends to correct the science of the world, ridiculous? Mr. Clark Irvine, or Mr. Wilford Hall, proceeds:

"Tyndall says that 'in sound the quantity of matter set in motion augments as the square of the distance from the center of the explosion; the loudness diminishes in the same proportion.' That is, the loudness of any tone four feet from the sounding body is but one-sixteenth as great as it is at the body itself."

Oh, no, my dear sir. It is much worse than that. The sound four feet from the sounding body is but one-sixteenth of what it is at one foot. The subsequent argument in the first letter is based on the old confusion of velocity with momentum. The velocity of a sound wave corresponding to its "pitch," is the same from the sounding body to the end of the atmosphere. The momentum (corresponding to the loudness) diminishes as the square of the distance increases, because the latter is the ratio for the area of concentric spheres, and the successive waves may be regarded as spheres, in each of which the same *aggregate* momentum is distributed over a greater or a lesser surface. The same rule, for the same reason, applies to gravity, and all other forces radiating from a center There is something very funny in the triumphant exclamations of the "Christian hero" at the absurdly rapid increase of the ratio. If he were to try the experiment of putting a lighted candle a foot from his nose, reducing the distance to six inches, three inches, an inch and a half, and 0.75 of an inch, I think he might suspect those dogmatic scientists had gone further into the matter than he, and it absolutely is 256 times as hot at the last of the these distances as the first! The test is not philosophicably delicate, but I have an idea it would be rather convincing.

I do not think Mr. Irvine's second letter needs a very careful analysis. He says scientists assume sound waves to be "in all respects" like those produced by a stone in water, and immediately proceeds to prove

the contrary by his quotations. Sound waves, I will inform him, are spherical, or, to be more exact. they consist in three dimensions. Scientific truth is not learned, discovered, or systematized without immense labor. The course of the human mind, since she broke the dungeon of the dark ages, has been marked at every step by the tombs of discoverers who gave their consecrated lives to the pestilential jungles, to the lightning, the tempest, the epidemic, the noxious recesses of the earth, the untrodden sands of the desert, the eternal ice of either pole. The martyrs of modern civilization hav died sometimes in battle with the Bible God whom Wilford Hall still champions. Most of them, however, fell fighting the "Great Designer," whom Clarke Irvine believes in—the gentleman who designed things so well that every discovery requires a life. Over both they hav been victorious. Their entire devotion, their undivided love of facts, and their simple attatchment to the irresistible inductiv method, hav created that noble temple of truth, which we call science, a temple far, indeed, from complete, but which already exceeds the united structures of the past, and in which the worship of the universe will be offered when the memory of all the ancient gods has ceased entirely. It is easy to misunderstand and to ridicule, but impossible to refute them; and, therefore, as Mr. Irvine complains, it is not very easy to provoke them. Cranks, like Hall, who undertake to demolish the whole of "Infidel science," are now such familiar characters that no scientist wastes time upon them.

You observe I don't set up for a scientist. The subject for me has an interesting little side moral. Hall, a worse crank than Joseph Cook, for he pitched right into mathematics, which Joe was always prudent enough to keep away from, came out as an othodoxy-indicator. His avowed object was to clear the way for the old ideas by destroying the new. His book is a specimen of the movement in favor of ignorance. It was hailed with shouts by many religous papers, has converted a few uninformed Freethinkers, and has been approved by at least two college professors. It is, therefore, a gratifying measure of that ignorance with which we hav to contend. Otherwise it is no more to any student of such matters than blue glass or condurango. C. L. JAMES.

ST. JOHNS, MICH.

MR. EDITOR: I am a resident of New York city, and at present on a visit among relativs and friends who settled in this section of country some fifteen or twenty years ago; at which time the sturdy oak, beech, and maple towered above the earth in solid columns for miles around, presenting almost a hopeless task to those who had come hither to make their homes.

The change which has been wrought here during the past fifteen or twenty years, is magical. The defiant timber lands hav been swept away, and in their stead may be seen cultivated farms, comfortable dwellings, well filled barns, and last, but not least, the eye is frequently greeted with that foremost civilizer of the age, the school-house.

The village of St. Johns has about 3,000 inhabitants, is the county seat of Clinton county, and is located on the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad, some 98 miles from the city of Detroit. Situated as it is, in the midst of a splendid farming country, it is not surprising to learn that there are more cattle and grain shipped from this point than from any other on the line of the D. & M. road.

Having thus briefly alluded to the temporal blessings which prevail here, I will endeavor to lay before your readers the provisions which hav been made for the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants.

There are five churches here, viz., Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, each of which is laboring with varying success to convert the heathens which surround them. Their labors in this respect would doubtless be far more effectual and much more congenial were it not for the fact that several of the heathens hereabouts hav taken it into their heads to convert the churches, thus reminding one of the man who was getting along so nicely in the jungles of Africa hunting the tiger, but did not consider it quite so pleasant when the tiger commenced to hunt him.

The Freethinkers in this section of country, are a wide-awake, intelligent class of people, and are zealous workers in the cause of liberating humanity from the shackles of superstition.

Notably among this class is a man a little past sixty years of age, named M. Babcock. He is a host in himself, and is, perhaps, doing as much if not more than any other one man in the state to open the eyes of the people with regard to the Bible and the dogmas of the Christian church. He has retired from activ business with a competence of this world's effects, and, as he puts it, intends to spend the balance of his days in doing all the good he can. The good he is doing does not consist altogether in his lecturing, issuing tracts, pamphlets, books, etc., but he is noted for putting his hand down in his pocket and helping those who are needy and in distress. The writer had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by Mr. Babcock in Opera Hall in this village on the evening of Nov. 1st, 1881, the subject being, "Is God a Prayer-Hearing and Prayer-Answering God?" The gallery and main body of the hall were packed with an appreciativ audience, who applauded the speaker vigorously whenever he made an effectiv hit; and, be it said, these were numerous and of a kind that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him. He alluded very feelingly to the sad taking-off of our late president by the assassin Guiteau, and argued that the latter's prayers were answered, not only in the death of the president, but they were seemingly answered in what transpired in the treatment of the president, his removal to Long Branch, etc., thus enabling Guiteau to set up a strong defense. He dwelt at considerable length on Guiteau's imagining he had a divine commission to execute, and cited other instances of a heart-rending character of people who had become so crazed on the subject of religion and the teachings of the Bible as to take the lives of their offspring under the impression that they were doing the will of God. His argument disproving the efficacy of prayer was particularly strong and forcible, and must hav made a deep impression upon all who heard him. He referred to a custom which is in vogue at the county poor-house, some three miles from St. Johns, of placing the dead bodies of paupers in a pickling vat and selling them to a medical institution at Ann Harbor, where the bones were scraped and wires adjusted and sold to the medical fraternity. He regarded this a disgrace to the state of Michigan, and, for one, he would be willing to donate something toward digging a hole to put these poor creatures in and giv them a respectable burial. He thought it strange that the clergy of St. Johns were silent on this subject; and professing as they do to hav a religion especially adapted to the wants of the poor and needy, it was not a little surprising that they rarely or never visited the almshouse to offer spiritual consolation to the inmates.

The only way that he could account for this plain neglect of duty on the part of the clergy was that the inmates of the poor-house did not shear well. He thought a little less of the God of the Bible and more humanity was one of the crying wants of the age.

His closing remarks were of a general character, in which he arraigned the clergy for their cowardice in not coming out to defend their side of the question, after being cordially invited to do so, and his points with reference to the Bible being read in the public schools of St. Johns were exceedingly well taken; and considering that there are many in this village who concur with him in his views, it is altogether likely that this effort on the part of priestcraft to pollute the minds of the rising generation with the superstitions of bygone centuries will be done away with, and the schools of St. John will be run in their legitimate channel, that of propagating a knowledge of the arts and sciences.

A detailed report of all that was said would consume much time and space, and even this would fail to portray the full attractivness of the lecture, for the style, manner, and personnel of the speaker are of a kind which always takes with a promiscuous audience, for after speaking about two hours, and being about to close, there were numerous calls to go on, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

In conclusion, be assured, Mr. Editor, that the cause of truth in this section is in good hands, and sooner or later it is bound to prevail.

Fraternally yours, C. D. KELSEY.

CINCINNATI, O., April 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: That theological jumble of mixtures called the Christian religion is still a popular bugbear and a widespread humbug. It is passing strange that any such preposterous nonsense can hold its own after every point and every claim for its respect or faith hath been fully exploded and the whole budget of errors hath been so clearly exposed. The closer this dogmatic religion is examined the more its ugly defects can be clearly seen. Look at it from the standpoint of reason and behold how absurd! Look at it from the standpoint of science, and how full of ignorance! Look at it from the standpoint of truth, and, oh! how full of falsehood! There is nothing in it to be believed unless you bid adieu to a sane condition of mind and become a demented mummy and grope through life an unthinking dupe. The people of this planet are outrageously humbugged by every phase of priesthood. The iron collar of superstition is locked on the necks of millions, and they crawl through life the abject slaves of some religious system which a knave or a council of knaves hath foisted upon the world when the masses of mankind were destitute of any intellectual powers of knowing right from wrong. Ignorance hath ever been the great factor in the birth and development of religious superstitions of all kinds and in all parts of the habitable globe for ages, and every system hath and doth sustain swarms of idle priests. Paganism, in a multitude of forms, hath flourished and brought its modern phase down to the present day with a new name and a change of program; but all the features of the old superstitions are quite visible in the ceremonies and unmeaning mummeries so peculiar to modern religions. But it makes but small difference whether it be a religion of a hundred thousand years standing or the religion of a day, it is paganism still and the climax of humbug. Disprove it if you can. T. WINTER.

RICHFORT, VT., April 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2, to pay for your good paper to Jan. 1, 1883. It is very interesting to me. I did not think that Palestine was so poor a place—so much poorer than Ireland. I am sorry that the business of Christianity is clearly to make mankind as damned as human ingenuity is capable.

The description of Smith and Bennett are overwhelming proof that our Bible is a fabrication of priestcraft, and the Jewish God is fate personated. And our Christ Jesus never had any real existence. To suppose our God had a real, personal existence, with such a character, is to me blasphemy against omniscience, omnipotence, and infinit mercy. I wonder how friend Underwood, Abbot, and Bundy can assist superstition, bigotry, and despotism to rule our United States politically. There are but few men who can be big; and we are in imminent danger. Superstition, falsely called religion, has ruined the old world, and is grappling with the new. "Pay us a big salary," say millions of mystagogs, "to tell you what to think and what you shall say, or you will be damned after you are dead. We hav got the keys of heaven and hell; Jesus gave them to us to save your souls and make you build more reverend steeple-houses to preach falsehood, preach what we do not know anything about, only it is in an old fabricated book, written by nobody knows who, when. or where. But mystagogs hav consecrated to fate, falsely called God, who predestined all things, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will (Eph. i). What a pity that we could not hav been born well the first time, so we could see the kingdom of God without a second birth of wind and water. Logos, the almighty Jesus, must hav been born twice, or John lies (iii, 3, 7). What a pity that we could not be correctly instructed to liv while here, after having been born once.

What a wonderful affair it was that Constantine, a horrid, despotic, tyrannical murderer, in A. D. 325, established the Christian church and our Bible, and murdered and persecuted all opposition fifteen hundred years. Our Bible claims that the foundation of the edifice was a Jewish god-begotten bastard in adultery (Matt. i, 18–20). And the intellects of Christendom hav been chained 1,882 years, so that none but priests hav a right to think and speak their thoughts on penalty of damnation. It is wonderful that millions of men of good sense and billions of fools support that falsehood in 1882 and call it divine. It is wonderful that Mohammed, six hundred years after, did the same thing just as effectually. Mohammedanism and Judaism are equally as sacred, and equally devilish; their morality is equally so, keeping men ignorant of their fate here to prepare them for a crown above the clouds.

I am glad D. M. Bennett has been to to the holy land, Palestine, Italy, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Egypt, that we may read and think what a cursed place our holy religion can make if we practice our hypocrisy and despotism in the United States until our population is 200,000,000. Just think what a democratic government will be here. Our Christianity is a mass of affirmations that we must accept on hearsay without and proof at all. So our Bible, the three first chapters. So the first four articles of Methodist creed. Wo to the poor fellows who cannot believe them! So the Catholics condemn all as heretics who do not accept the infallible pope. "The pope is infallible only in respect to the dogmas of the church," they say. The Protestants are like them; five hundred sects, without any evidence to prove their dogmas. Jesus upbraided his disciples with hardness of heart because they would not believe his resurrection on hearsay. He was there, but did not make them know that he was crucified or resurrected, but commissioned them, with signs following that never did follow, "He that believeth (the dogmas) and is baptized (and pay the priest) shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16). Such is and has been the gospel, these eighteen hundred years, and will be unless truth stops the falsity. Respectfully, JOSEPH NOYES.

MR. EDITOR: If there is any one thing I desire to accomplish more than another this present year it is to make the Watkins Glen Freethinkers' Convention a great success, and to do that we must induce our most popular advocates to be with us. And I know of no four persons who would attract more people than Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Charles Bradlaugh, Prof. Felix Adler, and George C. Miln, of Chicago. And I shall do what I can to procure their attendance, and I hope all who hav influence with either of these distinguished Freethinkers will aid me in that undertaking.

Some time since I wrote to Mr. Bradlaugh, inviting him to attend the Convention, and received the following courteous reply, which, if it does not promis an attendance, is encouraging, and I am inclined to think we shall be able to procure his attendance.

H. L. G.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S LETTER.

"LONDON, N. W., Jan. 31, 1882.

"MR. H. L. GREEN: I hav your favor of Jan. 25th, which finds me in the middle of my Parliamentary struggle. If it were possible I should be very glad to be at the convention at Watkins Glen, but it it just now quite impossible for me to say what time the Parliamentary fight will take. I desire to be kindly remembered to all American Freethinkers who care to hear from me. Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES BRADLAUGH."

Via Solitaria.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
O friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June.
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

—*The Independent.*

B. F. Underwood's Reply to T. B. Wakeman.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

I hav read T. B. Wakeman's "Open Letter" to me in your issue of April 8th. Its distortion of facts, its wilful misrepresentations, and its downright falsehoods are equaled only by its rancorous spirit and insolent tone. It illustrates a remark often made by those acquainted with the writer of the "Open Letter," that "Wakeman is ready to ruin when he can't rule." Mr. Wakeman has not been able to bend me to his purposes, and now he thinks he will overcome me by the tricks of the demagog. I hav seen but one production of late that resembles his assault on me, and that is a similar assault on Col. Ingersoll by a Campbellite preacher. If Wakeman did not take his scurrilous epithets and phrases from Ingersoll's disappointed, envious, and malicious assailant, the mental and moral characteristics of the defender of the Bible and the pseudo-defender of the Constitution are at least wonderfully alike.

Mr. Wakeman's ferocious denunciation of the *Index* is very natural. He knows he cannot use it, and he has probably heard that it is making large gains in circulation, and that its influence is extending under its present business and editorial management.

. . . . . .

Mr. Wakeman's statement, as reported in THE TRUTH SEEKER, was as follows: "Anybody who said he was in favor of obscenity was a liar, and he was astounded that such a paper as the Boston *Index* should repeat these slanders and steadfastly refuse to publish the corrections he had repeatedly sent." He is not now willing to stand by that statement, and sends it materially *modified* to other papers for publication. Yet Eugene Macdonald writes me, "Wakeman said exactly as I reported him." He evidently thought that these remarks would pass unheeded by the editors of the *Index;* and wishing to give clearness and definiteness to his accusation, to create as much ill feeling as possible against this paper, he did not scruple to state what he knew to be false, and he showed no disposition to correct the report of his speech until he saw his falsehood would be exposed.

No communication has been received at the office of the *Index* from Mr. Wakeman while I hav been one of the editors of the paper, and but one from the time Mr. Potter succeeded Mr. Abbot, and that one was published.

Confining myself to the period during which The *Index* has been under its present editorial management (of which I can speak from knowledge) I affirm that no article or paragraph has appeared in the paper charging the National Liberal League with being in favor of obscenity, or T. B. Wakeman of being in favor of obscenity, or reflecting on his character in any way whatever. His quotation from the *R-P Journal* in no way sustains his accusation. The *Index* is not responsible for anything that appears in the *R.-P. Journal* or in any other paper. The *Index* never commented upon, nor referred to the paragraph in the *R.-P. Journal* except to inquire why it was said the League was arrayed in defense of "blatant Materialism" "when it is made up in part of Spiritualists, and when among its acknowledged leaders and representativs are men and women like D. M. Bennett, 'Prof.' Toohey, George Lynn, Mrs. Severance, and Mrs. Lake, who are avowed Spiritualists."

The friendly word given the *R.-P. Journal*, which disturbs Mr. Wakeman, was *deserved* for its exposure of humbuggery and fraud, but it was written *before even the paragraph in the R.-P. J. mentioning Mr. Wakeman.* This is stated not because I care to satisfy T. B. Wakeman, but to show your readers the unfounded character of his accusations.

In giving the names of the persons mentioned above, as leaders and representativs of the League, and at the same time as Spiritualists, I was not conscious of doing them or the League any injustice. They certainly *are* among the representativs and even officers of the League, and they are all Spiritualists. Mr. Bennett has avowed his belief in Spiritualism, both in his paper and in his published pamphlets, as well as in numerous conversations; this implies no reflection, nor was any intended. Mr. Wakeman's attempt to arouse resentment against me and to obtain sympathy and aid, by coming to the defense of the character of persons whom I merely mentioned as Spiritualists and members of the National Land League, in reply to the statement that the League was a body of Materialists, is extremely cowardly. It don't indicate that Mr. Wakeman thinks his position is sustained by the great mass of Liberals. Mr. Wakeman says:

> In the *Index* of July 14, 1881, editorial, Mr. Underwood quotes Abbot without reproof thus:
> "The *vicious* and *sensual* type of Liberalism contrived most absurdly to identify itself in myriad credulous minds with the love of liberty."
> Here I and my co-managers of the League are classed as the "vicious and sensual type of Liberalism!"
> And,
> "The National Liberal League was suffered to fall into the hands of the *Freelove ring.*"
> There never has been any Freelove ring in or about the League in any way whatever.
> The charge of "unscrupulous falsification" is there repeated and charged upon the League by the *Index.*

Unfairness and unscrupulousness could not go further. The article by me, alluded to above, was a reply to *Scribner's Monthly*, and from it I giv the following extracts:

> The editor of *Scribner's Monthly* (July number) in his desire to identify Liberalism "with the love of moral dirt," gives an extract from one of Mr. Abbot's editorials in the *Index*, and exclaims, "Has anybody more thoroughly identified the majority of Liberals with the love of obscenity than the old president of the Liberals themselvs?"
> Of course, Mr. Abbot has done nothing of the sort, and the extract given utterly fails to sustain this untruthful representation. "Nothing could be more wicked," Mr. Abbot wrote, "than the persistent attempt to represent us as saying that the 'seven y thousand' (?) signers to the Bennett petition are consciously in favor of obscenity. We never said anything of the sort." And, all through the controversy growing out of the action of the National Liberal League at Syracuse, Mr. Abbot, while earnestly advocating reform of the postal laws against obscenity, and opposing and denouncing "the policy of repeal," recognized and admitted the sincerity and worthiness of the great mass of men and women who adhered to that policy, and frequently protested against the unfairness of his opponents in representing that he had declared the repealers were in favor of obscenity.
> But, if all the Liberals of the United States were in favor of the repeal of the so-called Comstock laws, it would be no evidence whatever of "love of obscenity," on their part. These laws are of recent date; and their constitutionality and wisdom are a subject of discussion among intelligent and honest men, irrespectiv of their religious views. Common fairness, therefore, demands the admission that those generally who ask for the repeal of these laws hav no sympathy whatever with obscenity, and rely on other agencies for its suppression.
> In view of these facts, is it not pretty small business for *Scribner's Monthly*, which circulates largely among the class it insults, to make the action of the Liberal League regarding certain postal laws grounds for charging "the majority of Liberals with the love of obscenity?"
> . . . . . .
> I admit with sadness that I know something of the "unscrupulous falsification" of which Mr. Abbot speaks. I was a victim of it hardly less than himself. The severity of his language when applied to certain individuals is not undeserved. But personal wrongs must not color our judgment nor allow us to misjudge honest men and women because of the acts of unworthy men acting with them. I know that the majority of the people still adhering to the National Liberal League, with their President, Mr. Wright, are worthy people, many of them regretting the action of the Chicago Convention; and if in favor of repeal of the Comstock laws, they are actuated and influenced by love of justice and liberty, and not "love of obscenity." The characters in the Liberal League the most open to criticism, as is not unfrequently the case, are certain persons who hav been the most eager to identify themselvs publicly with the organization; while the mass of members, neither seeking notoriety nor having ulterior purposes in view, are honest, worthy people. I say this in simple justice to the majority of men and women composing the League, with many of whom I am personally acquainted. And the great mass of Liberals, in no way represented by this organization or responsible for its policy or its quarrels, hav as little "love of obscenity" as has the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, by whom they are so outrageously misrepresented and slandered.

Again:

> 8 Or this from the *Index* of August 25, 1881: The call of the League issued by the "venerable President Wright" for its Congress on September 30, 1881, was never printed, but is made the occasion of these words:
> "But it is to be regretted that it adopted resolutions at its convention last year which virtually exclude from participation in its proceedings men who, like Hurlbut, Abbot, Ingersoll, and Julian, believe in the total separation of church and state, but are unconvinced of the wisdom of demanding the repeal of *all postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails.*"
> The League has only opposed such *Unrepealed states* postal laws as created a censorship and espionage over the mails and made them traps for Comstockism.

The above paragraph written by me is strictly correct. Mr. Wakeman and the National Liberal League *are* opposed to "all postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails." That is far from saying they are in favor of obscenity. A man may be opposed to all prohibitory liquor laws designed to prevent drunkenness, but it does not follow he is in favor of drunkenness.

Mr. Wakeman quotes other passages, but not one of them affords the slightest justification of the charge that either I or the *Index*, under its present editorial management, ever intimated that the League or himself was in favor of obscenity. I have noticed those extracts on which he has relied the most confidently to prove this slanderous statement. Every statement I have ever made in regard to the National Liberal League *is true.* The reference to the trouble between D. M. Bennett and myself is uncalled for; not only uncalled for, but mean and cowardly. The allusion to D. M. Bennett, in reply to the New York *Independent*, made by Mr. Potter under his own initials, utterly fails to sustain Wakeman's charge.

I come now to the *meanest* part of Mr. Wakeman's performance. Referring to persons I had mentioned as Spiritualists, who are members of the League, without the slightest reflection on their character, Mr. Wakeman says:

> As individuals, I hav never heard their characters questioned, as I hav yours. Not one of them has ever been compelled to arbitrate charges of adultery, as you hav done.

Now, what are the facts? Mr. Bennett made charges against me that were false and libelous. I took steps to prosecute him for libel, employing a New York lawyer for that purpose. In THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. Bennett said:

> I am content to leave it with the Liberals of the country . . whether you now hav just grounds upon the plea of injured innocence to set the "hounds of the law" upon me, and deprive me either of my liberty, or the little I have accumulated by the most constant industry and exertion.

I did not wish to get Mr. Bennett's money, or to deprive him of his liberty. He had slandered me, and I desired vindication. Mr. Bennett wrote my attorney:

> I am perfectly willing to leave the matter in dispute to fair-minded men, to settle by arbitration. I will agree to be bound by their decision, and will endeavor to pursue such a course as they shall prescribe.

Thus the proposition for arbitration came from Mr. Bennett. He named T. C. Leland. I named T. B. Wakeman, with full knowledge that he was an intimate friend of D. M. Bennett, but with full knowledge, too, that I had papers that overwhelmingly disproved the charges against me. The investigation was made, with no partiality toward me, as is well known, and here is an extract from the report, signed by T. B. Wakeman and T. C. Leland:

> What, then, is the evidence as to these imputations against Mr. Underwood? To sustain them certain statements are made, and certain letters produced which hav been written to Mr. Bennett by several parties, from one of which letters an extract was printed by him in his paper. . . . .
> Both parties, of course, proceeded to call upon the persons alleged to know the facts to affirm or deny them. It seems that two rumors furnished the only justification for those letters. One of these rumors arose from a fact that has been perfectly explained, and was shown to be entirely innocent. The other rumor we hav traced to a man who had a grievance against Mr. Underwood, and who after repeated requests, has no evidence or authority whatever for the story. In one letter this witness says that he does not believe the story, and in the last he says that he believes Mr. Underwood to be an honorable man, and entirely exculpates him. We find no one back of the letters Mr. Bennett relied upon who knows of any insulted lady or improper acts on the part of Mr. Underwood. Whether Mr. Bennett was justified in trying to carry the war into an Africa or *not*, it is certain, therefore, that he had and has no ground to stand upon there, and the best proof that he has erred innocently is his prompt retraction of those publications and statements as to Mr. Underwood's private character, which we are authorized by him to make as a part of this report.

I leave the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to judge as to the correctness of my statement that Mr. Wakeman's conduct in this affair has been unspeakably mean, such as no gentleman would ever descend to. The men who originated and communicated to Mr. Bennett the slanders above mentioned were and are enthusiastic supporters of the League. I hav in my possession letters which they wrote, and which it may yet be my duty to giv to the public, letters which reveal a deliberate purpose on the part of the writers and accomplices to strike me down by lying and slander. This Mr. Wakeman knows. His "Open Letter" will enable intelligent and fair-minded Liberals to place him where he belongs, among tricksters and demagogs. His tactics in defense of the League (really in furtherance of his own personal ends) will prove as unsuccessful as they hav generally in his own profession. I am not concerned about anything he has "heard" concerning me, nor will I decend to the disreputable business of repeating the gossip current in New York in regard to his habits and life.

My mistake with regard to him is that, in my unwillingness to heed the words of others who knew him better than I did, I reposed confidence in his honesty and honor, when he he was, as he now is, destitute of both.

Yours truly, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

A Bold Physician.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

The inclosed card came to me because I wrote a postal to B. F. Underwood, entitled "Three Judases," telling him that Bundy, Abbot, and Underwood were Judases, while the name of D. M. Bennett would liv in history as one of the noble men of his time, and to it I signed my full name, *underlined.* SEWARD MITCHELL.

Newport, Me.

[The card, which Mr. Mitchell incloses, is as follows:

> Your postal indicates that you are feeling bad Call on us some time and we will do you good. B. F. Underwood has medicin for such fellows as you, which he administers gratis. P.

As will be observed, the above card is signed "P," but, judging from the handwriting, either Mr. Underwood himself wrote it, or his chirography and Mr. Potter's are wonderfully alike. But again, the card seems to hav been written in a belligerant spirit. "Medicin for such fellows as you," is obviously intended to express the idea that should Mr. Mitchell call upon Mr. Underwood, the latter gentleman would do him (Mr. Mitchell) bodily harm, personal injury, assault and batter him, etc., which heroic treatment is to be administered gratis. This makes us doubt the possibility of Mr. Underwood's having written it, as he has informed us, in a confidential letter, that he is unfamiliar with the prize-ring; and unless a man has some knowledge of the art of self-defense, it is not considered prudent, in the country we hail from, to knock a chip off the shoulder of a down-easter.—ED. T. S.]

Row at Headquarters.

From the Halifax (Nova Scotia) Mayflower.

Wakeman riddles Underwood with a volley of unanswerable facts. The trouble is that the Boston *Index* is, and has ever been, a failure. Starting under favorable auspices, with capital and Boston culture at its back, it, under Abbot, became stilted, pedantic, tiresome, and arrogant; and with Potter and Underwood is little better. THE TRUTH SEEKER, without capital, and with only the brain of a self-taught man, is credited in George P. Rowell's "Newspaper Directory" with having nearly treble the circulation of the *Index*—a mournful commentary, most truly, upon the public taste that prefers the vile TRUTH SEEKER to the immaculate *Index.*

There is proverbially supposed to be "honor [even] among thieves," but the *Index*, when Bennett was hounded into jail, jubilant that a formidable Liberal rival was locked up, was foremost in assailing him. Bennett's offense was sending a purely medical work through the mails, in which book there was not one indecent allusion; but Comstock was paid to trap Bennett, and trap him he did, as any man can be trapped however pure his motivs. Bennett came out of jail though, received an ovation, was sent to Europe, and is now on his trip around the world at the expense of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The attention of the *Index* is now turned to T. B. Wakeman, a New York Liberal of position, wealth, and influence.

The author of "Jesus and the Gospels," published in the *Mayflower*, a man of great scientific attainments, extended travel and research, a *Docteur* in the University of France, and member of several learned societies, as well as authority in religious anthropology and biblical archæology, writing me of Mr. Wakeman, states he was highly pleased with his writings, and desired me to secure for him all his lectures and works. Mr. Wakeman must, however, now go down; because, forsooth, the *Index* has fixed its baleful eye on the man. Judging by Mr. Wakeman's reply in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 8th, he will die hard—probably as hard as Geo. Chainey, who still has crowds to hear him, notwithstanding the *Index* querulously hopes that Chainey will do something worthy of the Liberal cause besides talk.

"Don't slop over," was the advice of a certain moralist to his son. The *Index*, not satisfied with attempting to reorganize religion, would reorganize man until he became a model animal, probably similar to the brace of worthies who conduct the *Index.* Any Freethinker who is guilty of the slightest indiscretion must be "fired out." Now this is all nonsense. It does not follow that a man must become a total abstainer from wine, an immaculate Joseph, or wise as an owl, in order that he may be permitted to laugh at the myths of Greece or the creed of the Christians. Freethought is not a matter of morals, or even of superior intelligence; it is a matter of *common sense*—reason versus superstition, freedom versus chains; and such is the quality of liberty, that even the fabled wolf preferred freedom and hunger to bondage and surfeit. Messrs. Potter and Underwood desire none but college graduates for Liberal leaders; but the trouble is that leaders in all great reforms are, as a rule, not hatched from colleges. I hav referred to this before, and quoted a host of brilliant names to sustain the position assumed . . . .

Now read the ponderous essays of Bradlaugh and Underwood. What are these men aiming at? Are they striving to be pedants and purists? If so, let them seek different readers. The people do not want talking machines; they want ideas backed with sincerity. A church has ever been the unfailing refuge for a comfortable nap, and how can it be otherwise when most sermons are old as the hills, and prayers printed? Men like Underwood cannot interest readers of Spencer or Mill. Let him tell the people what he knows, and tell them so they can understand it. The first-class periodicals and reviews are doing good work among the cultured; let Underwood and men of his stamp stick to the rank and file, remembering every man has his sphere, and there are round holes for round men and square holes for square, only the trouble is that human nature slips over, and the round men will persist in jumping into the wrong hole. This is a curious phase of human nature. Frederick the Great and Richelieu fancied they were poets, and wrote the most abominable verses, and our local legislature abounds in melancholy examples of country store-keepers and fishing smack skippers, who fancy themselvs statesmen; but at least

they hav the excuse that they were voted into their positions; but there are lecturers, preachers, and (heaven save the mark) editors who, self-appointed, conduct cru-ades, compared to which Don Quixote's campaign was not a circumstance.

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3. The story of Jesus and his mission in the world is unhistorical; it is not corroborated by contemporaneous history.

4. The teachings of Jesus are defectiv in morals, intelligence, and scientific information, and, so far as they are of value, his moral precepts and teachings were equaled by many sages and teachers who preceded him. The Bible itself was written by men illy informed in scientific knowledge, and does not harmonize with the facts and principles in nature known to be true.

5. The doctrins and claims of Christianity hav been a curse instead of a blessing to mankind in many respects. Instead of being a religion of love, it has been a religion of hate, contention, war, and bloodshed. It has fostered ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, and has retarded education and science in the world. It recognizes and supports the obnoxious systems of kingcraft and priestcraft, upholding slavery, despotism, and every form of oppression in its assertion that all power is of God. As a proof of this the leaders and bright stars of the Christian church hav been among the worst tyrants and oppressors of human liberty the world has known.

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CLINTON, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 18, 1882.
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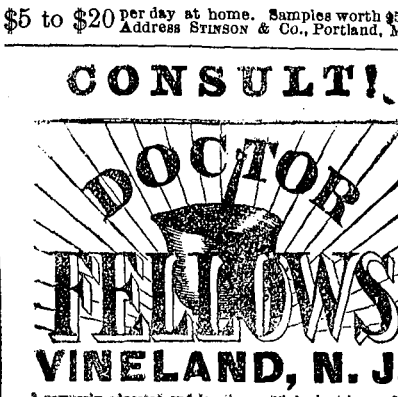
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A REALLY reasonable faith need not fear evolution, or, indeed, any truth. But the faith that is unreasoning apprehends much from every new discovery. At first the religious world sneered at evolution, just as it sneered at the idea of the earth going around the sun. It indulged in vituperation of Darwin in the like spirit to that in which it imprisoned Galileo. But evolution has been, from its intrinsic truth, too strong for its religious foes. To-day they are good enough to admit that there is merit in the idea . . . I urge that no man, least of all the religious man, has a *right* to speak of science yielding only a "dark and dreary view of the future." It has made the past and the present more luminous with a light wholly of the earth. Where religion has failed, science has been man's strength and stay. The ease, comfort, and happiness of our every-day life are due to science and its discoveries alone. And in it is our only hope for the future. As long as *men think* selfishly of their own individual life and its prolongation, so long the future is dreary. But science, holding out no hope of personal immortality, points to the possibility of the advancement of the race, and reminds us of that nobler immortality in "the minds of those who, coming after us, shall call us blessed." —*Dr. E. B. Aveling.*

Ut populus, sic sacerdos; as the people, so the priest. Many a man occupies the pulpit who disbelieves what he preaches. He justifies himself by saying that the people are not ready for the truth, which simply means that he is not ready to meet the consequences of uttering it. It is said, by way of excuse, of such a one, "Oh! it is his business." As though it were not the business of the preacher to be sincere.—*Felix Adler.*

THE first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.—*Goethe.*

To understand that justice is better than iniquity and love and charity than violence and oppression; doing good to mankind than the conquering of nations; and preserving the world than ravaging and destroying it; to find out that temperance and sobriety is more excellent than debauchery; and wise and reasonable counsels than the sudden impulses of lust and passion—these things require no great depth of knowledge, no nice and tedious disputes, nothing that can perplex or confound the understanding even of the meanest person; they are easy and obvious, plain and self-evident, and visible as the clearest day-light. Yet these are the things of the greatest importance, and which are of the highest concernment for all men to know and understand; these are the things by which the world subsists, and by which alone all order and government is maintained.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

"YOU do not believe," said Coleridge, "you only believe that you believe." It is the final scene of all kinds of worship and symbolism; the sure symptom that death is now nigh. It is equivalent to what we call formulism, and worship of formulas, in these days of ours. No more immoral act can be done by a moral creature; for it is the beginning of all immorality, or rather it is the impossibility henceforth of any morality whatsoever; the innermost moral soul is paralyzed thereby—cast into fatal magnetic sleep! Men are no longer sincere men. Blamable idolatry is *cant*, and even what one may call sincere cant. Sincere cant; *that* is worth thinking of! Every sort of worship ends with this phasis.—*Carlyle.*

WHEN the question is asked whether punishment can control men's beliefs, and not their profession merely, all history answers in the affirmativ, as regards religious and political creeds, on which the majority of mankind, being insufficient judges of themselvs, are led by tradition and by education. But in matters of daily practice, where the simplest can judge as well as the wisest, the case is altered. No severity of threat could bring a man into the state of believing that his night's rest was hurtful to him; he might be cowered into *saying* that it was so, but he would never act on his forced affirmation, and, therefore, he would show that he did not believe it.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia—Article Belief.*

RADICAL means root. A radical is one that goes to the root of things, to bottom facts, to bed-rock principles. He is dissatisfied with error, and exposes it; with evils, and works to remove them. But let nobody mistake rant, a violent denunciation, or Utopian theories or Quixotic actions for radicalism.—*F. R. Index*, of September 1st (under the temporary editorship of Mr. Underwood).

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar. —*Longfellow.*

IT is the Bible-Jesus, the God-begotten hybrid, half deity, half man, that *I am trying to prove* to be weak, erring, and fallible, like other mortals. I wish to prove that he was fanatical, ranting, boasting, tyrannical, and cruel, wherever and whenever any one opposed his claims to divinity, royalty, or leadership of any sort. If he was meek, lowly, and humble, it was always *for a purpose.* He "stooped to conquer." Uriah Heep-like, he could fawn, cringe, and bend, if he thought by this he could advance his views and projects, and gain his own ends. That there was much that was grand, good, kind, and noble in him I do not deny; but, as I hav always said, it is the duty of Liberals to point out his *errors*, simply as proof that he could not be a God, and was not a *perfect* guide.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

THIS story is told at the expense of the cloth. Some years ago there was to be at New Rochelle, N. Y., a ministerial convention composed of delegates from the various denominations of the Christian church. A resident brother, who always entertained the shepherds when they convened in town, having to be absent from home on the week during which they were expected to arrive, left the following prudent directions to his wife: "When the Unitarian minister comes, giv him the run of the house; he's all right. When the Presbyterian arrives, show him to his room, and keep your eye on the servant girl. When the Baptist shows up, lock *her* in *her* room, and keep the key; but when the Methodist parson gets here, let the maid sleep at the neighbor's across the way, lock your own door, and send for me."

MR. EVARTS'S REMARKS AS TO SPRING.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Hail to the coming on of spring;
The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers;
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselvs, their heirs.
Administrators and assigns;
Oh, busiest term of Cupid's court!
When tender plaintiffs actions bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring!

AN INQUIRING INFANT.

One day I sat in a car-seat on the Lake Shore road behind a pale, care-worn lady, who was taking a little boy from Cleveland to Ashtabula. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and as everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

As the cars passed a pasture in which were a sheep and a lamb, he asked:

"Where do lambs come from, auntie?"

"Oh! from the old sheep. The old sheep has them."

"Can little boys hav lambs?"

"Certainly. I'll let you hav a lamb, Freddie, when you get home."

"Will it hurt me, auntie?"

"What hurt you—the lamb?"

"No; will it hurt me to hav it?"

"O Freddie, do stop! You ask such foolish questions. I'm all worn out."

"Did you ever hav a lamb, auntie?"

"Freddie, stop! Don't you speak again for half an hour!"

Then the poor, worn-out woman sighed, and leaned her head on the back of the forward seat, while Freddie busied himself placing his mouth against the window, and soliloquized in a singsong tone:

"Mary had a little lamb!
"Sheep had a little lamb!
"Auntie had a little lamb!"

OUR RAILROADS.

He stood in the station; she at his side
(She is a fair, young, blushing bride).
On their honeymoon they're starting now;
It always follows the marriage vow.
He looks at the flaring railroad maps,
At the train of cars and his baggage traps,
And whispers, "Pettie, how shall we go—
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?

"These railroad maps confuse the eye;
There's the C. B. Q. and the R. N. Y.,
And this one says your life's at stake
On any road but the Sky Blue Lake,
The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J.
Hav sleepers on the entire way;
But I've heard these trains are much more slow
Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've heard pa say
What a fine old road is the P. G. K.;
But mamma seemed to disagree,
And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.
This chart says, baby, the views are fine
On the Texas-Cowboy-Mustang line;
But still, perhaps, we'd better go
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,
And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye;
He said, "O man, with the cap of blue,
Inform me quick, inform me true,
Which road is best for a blushing, pure,
Young, timid bride on her wedding tour?
And tell us quickly what you know
Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eyes gave a savage gleam,
These words rolled out in a limpid stream:

"There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z.
Connects with the Flip-Flap-Biff-Bang-B.,
You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-Grand,
And go through on the Pan-cake-Ace-Full-Hand.
That road you named is blocked by snow
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo).

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburg Through,
Connects with the Oskosh Kalamazoo,
With a smoking car all the afternoon,
Just the thing for a honeymoon;
And the Central Scalp Tooth-Bungville-switch
Goes through a vine-clad country rich.
Of the road you named I nothing know,
The Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The bride said: "Baby, 'tis best, by far,
Like the dollar, we return to pa.
(That's a pun I heard while on a train
On the U. R. N. G. Jersey main.")
The conductor smiled; his eye-teeth showed;
He had spoiled the trade of another road.
He knew in his heart there was no snow
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo.

And the bride and groom returned to pa,
Who heard it all, and then said, "Pshaw!
If you found you couldn't go that way,
Why didn't you go on the Cross-eyed Bay?"
The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;
The railroad names had turned his brain,
He raves, insane, for ever more;
In a mad-house, chained unto the floor,
He gibbers, "Tootsie, shall we go
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Louisville Court of Appeals has decided that an Atheist cannot be deprived of the right to testify.

ORIGINAL sin, by doom divine,
The original pair infected;
And yet original sin's not mine,
My sins are all—selected!

GIRARD College is to hav a complete machine shop, with a workbench, forge, and gas engin for each of the ninety pupils in practical mechanics.

THE battling brethren of the Sunday School Army of the Eastern District of Brooklyn hav ceased to hold meetings on the vexed question of having the Universalists join in their parade. They are now fighting by means of "communications."

PAGE, of California, wants Bibles to be admitted free of duty. Some years ago nearly every railway car had a free Bible. Nothing of the sort remains, because some honest Christian always stole the books as fast as the railway company supplied them.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

D. M. BENNETT, the ablest and most aggressiv opponent of Christianity in the United States, is expected to arrive in San Francisco by the China steamer of Sunday next from his tour around the world. The Liberals are preparing to giv him a magnificent reception. Mr. Bennett is the editor and proprietor of the famous TRUTH SEEKER, and the author of a large number of remarkable theological works.—*Jewish Times.*

A FRIEND inquires whether the famous poet Longfellow was a Liberal? He probably was. We read in the *Traveller* that he did not attend church, and, as another evidence of his liberality, he signed the recent petition to the legislature in favor of allowing Atheists to testify as witnesses. These facts show that Mr. Longfellow was a Liberal, as all men are who are intalligent, just, and the advocates of equal rights.—*Investigator.*

THE Connecticut legislature has provided that school boards, on the petition of twelve adult residents, may order instruction in the public schools concerning the effects of intoxicating beverages. The liquor dealers in some of the cities are preparing to oppose the use of text books made for the purpose by total abstinence societies, and to insist on scientifically accurate works. The brewers will take a part in the controversy by demanding that the children be taught that beer in moderation is not hurtful.

ALBERCHT SCHUETTE, of Collinsville, Mo., was 78, and for several years had eagerly awaited death, as constant illness made life burdensome. He told his wife that he could wait no longer and had made up his mind to commit suicide. They were a religious couple, and so she read to him from the Bible various texts to impress him that those who suffered bodily ills with Christian fortitude would be rewarded hereafter. He argued that he had already earned a respit, and then killed himself with a pistol.

COLONEL MCDONALD, late director of public instruction, in Madras, India, stated, in a recent lecture delivered in London, that in many parts of India to know how to read was regarded as destructive of womanly modesty. It was held that only public singing and dancing women were coarse enough to want to read. Men said that reading and writing faciliated intrigue, and was only desired by profligate women. Are American men any less stupid? The average American man believes that those thinking women who desire a part in the government of the country, must necessarily make bad wives and mothers, and are coarse, unwomanly creatures. When the art of printing was in its infancy, Christian bishops and priests preached from the pulpits that if women were taught to read it would unfit them for the duties of wives and mothers.—*Exchange.*

How to prevent the adulteration of food is engrossing the attention of the Massachussetts legislature. A committee has reported a long bill designed to preserve the purity of both food and drugs, giving a broad definition to the term adulteration, and putting ample powers into the hands of the state board of health. That body is to make all necessary inquiries, fix the limits of "permissible variation" from the standard, and establish regulations for examining articles, in order to determin their quality.

BRO. BARNES was one of the regular and zealous attendants of revival meetings in the colored church of Allegheny, Pa. He made his appearance one evening in a new overcoat, which he took off and laid over the back of his seat, preparatory to kneeling for prayer. Bro. Herbert reached over and seized the coat, declaring that it had been stolen from his room a few days before. A loud dispute arose between the men, and then they had a violent fight for possession of the garment. The meeting was broken up in disorder, the combatants were arrested, and the ownership of the coat remains to be settled.

A GOOD deal has been said about the Russian persecution of the Jews, and it is scarcely fair that their persecution by the German Government should be quite overlooked. Prof. Victor Meyer is a well-known and popular chemist at the University of Zurich, where he is much esteemed and highly popular. Some time ago the philosophical faculty of the University of Halle invited him to accept the professorship of chemistry at their university. The offer was accepted. But now the German Government steps in and declares that Herr Meyer, who is of Jewish descent, must allow himself to be baptized in the Christian faith, or he cannot be admitted a professor.

JOHN MILTON is an exhorter and an orator of considerable force, connected with the Berean Baptist church of Crow Hill, Brooklyn. The Rev. Joshua Lee is pastor of the Free Union Baptist church on Sumpter street, in the same city. Brother Lee has caused the arrest of brother Milton, on the ground of assault with intent to commit personal damage. The brethren had met in the street and engaged in discussion about mission work Loud angry words were spoken, and blows followed them. The colored population of Crow Hill are much mixed as to which of the brethern is the more to blame. The matter is to be adjudicated in court during the present week.

Speaking of our friend and agent, the *Vermontville Hawk* (Mich.) says: The venerable Dr. C. S. Rowley, of Lansing, author of several beautiful poems, and professor of elocution, made this office a very pleasant call on Monday. For forty years Mr. Rowley has been spiritually and prominently identified with the Liberal and Freethinkers of the United States, and often, when opportunity offers, speaks beautiful allegorical passages, in the ideal of a spiritual conviction, which he has long since ceased to believe; having reached the point where (he says) knowledge has supplemented belief. Mr. R has for some time and is now agent for the New York TRUTH SEEKER, an ably conducted journal in the realm of Freethought and free discussion. While here Mr. Rowley visited our school, where, with the permit of Prof. Brown, he recited several of his choice poems; and the half hour's respit was an interesting and profitable diversion with the scholars.

THE Canadian census shows that in 1881 there were in that country of people of no religion and religion unknown (which is a polite way of informing a man you hav none), 89,403; in 1871, 22,202; loss to religion in ten years in Canada, 67,200. Now, as these 89,403 people represent a respectable number of voters, politicians hereafter will not be quite so rampant in their denunciation of Freethinkers, or in slobbering over rival creeds, and the fuss and frivolity of manipulated superstitions. That nearly ninety thousand Canadians, in spite of bibles, state, and church persecution, social ostracism, and withdrawal of patronage, should hav found the courage to avow themselvs as having no particular religion, speaks well for Canadian manhood, and it is safe to argue that if 89,403 Canadians dare face the music, there are many who sympathize with them, still, from prudential reasons, conceal their views. Let us hope that this noble army of free men will steadily increase until Canada shall be free as its forests, and flourish like its wild flowers, fragrant even when the storm is fiercest.—*Mayflower.*

IN an article on "The Great Pyramid," in *Knowledge*, March 24th, Mr. Procter says: "Our very religion has all its times and seasons regulated in ways derived from the astrological system of old Egypt. Our Sunday is the old Chaldean and Egyptian quarter-month rest-day associated with the belief in the malefic influence of the planet (Saturn), which formerly ruled the last day of the week (still called Saturday or Saturn's day). The morning and evening sacrifice of the Jews and their new-moon festivals were evidently astronomical in origin—in other words, astrological (for astronomy was nothing except astrology to the old Chaldeans and Egyptians). The Feast of the Passover, however later associated with other events, was derived from the old astrological observance of the passage of the sun (the passing over of the sun-god) across the equator descendingly. Our calendar rules for Easter and other festivals would never, we may be well assured, hav been made to depend on the moon, but for their original derivation from astronomical (that is astrological) ceremonial."

THE experience of the converted of the Salvation Army, now raiding different parts of England, before conversion are curious. At Middlesbrough a recruit explained how he "used to turn black houses into white ones by the aid of whitewash." At Blackburn "one who used tobacco for twenty-one years, and could not pray without a chew, has, after a hard fight, made a surrender." At Halifax a "brother said that when he told his wife that he had joined the Salvation Army she called him names, and threw his shield through the window. He and his son got on their knees, and prayed that God would hav mercy on her. While doing so, old boots were flying about, but they prayed on, and the next night she came and got herself saved." In Chester-le-street "there was a man so bad that he went by the name of Charlie Peace. He would come home sometimes so drunk that his wife had to hide his razors, but now a wonderful change has been wrought in him." In Winsford a brother says: "I used to go to the public houses and stand on my head on the table, and play my concertina and dance with my feet against the ceiling, but I am saved now."

THE controversy over the election of the Rev. Dr. Smyth as professor of theology at Andover Seminary has at last reached its crisis. The board of visitors has by its vote annulled the action of the faculty and the board of trustees, both of which bodies had voted Dr. Smyth into office. This opens the way for a series of theological and ecclesiastical complications. Dr. Smyth says that if he is heterodox, the gentlemen who compose the faculty and the board of trustees are quite as much so as himself. The old creed of Andover, to which all the professors are obliged to subscribe adherence, is an ironclad Calvinistic one of the most rigid type, declaring the same doctrins as those of the Westminster confession of faith. It is generally agreed that, with the progress of the age, Andover has relaxed considerably from the severity of the teachings of the olden time. A complication arises in regard to Dr. Smyth himself. He is still a Presbyterian. There hav been heresy trials of other men for no greater departures from the old Westminster standards than those which he has preached and written. The Rev. Albert Barnes, whose trial forty years ago had much to do with splitting the Presbyterian church into old and new school, did not express himself quite as much at variance with the "standards" as Dr. Smyth now has. But a heresy trial on such points as those which are in dispute would now be next to impossible.

News of the Week.

THE Nihilists hav invited the Jews of Russia to join them.

Two hundred Jews hav just sailed from Liverpool for the United States.

SEVENTY thousand emigrants landed at Castle Garden, this city, last month.

A GERMAN comic paper has been suspended for two years for poking fun at Prince Bismarck.

TALMAGE last Sunday prayed for special grace to guide his hearers through the morrow, that being moving day.

A NEGRO who assaulted a thirteen-year-old girl was lynched by a crowd of two hundred at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 30th.

MR. BRADLAUGH has brought suit to recover damages from the sergeant-at-arms who ejected him from the House, and against Mr. Newdegate.

THE steamer Nankin was run into and sunk by another steamer one day last week, off Sandy Hook, in broad day light and in the regular channel.

MR. MUNDY, president of the Gospel Temperance Society of New York, has been arrested and taken to Troy charged with having misappropriated money.

DR. MARY WALKER, a lady who, owing to her style of dress, is often judged not to be a woman, has been given a clerkship in the pension office at Washington.

THE President has sent a message to Congress asking that power be given to use the United States troops against the cowboys of Arizona, who hav been robbing and murdering settlers.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON died at his home in Concord, Mass., on the 27th ult., of pneumonia. His age was seventy-eight years. The funeral, held in the Universalist church, was conducted by James Freeman Clarke.

EDWARD S. STOKES, who shot and killed James Fisk, is at present the bar-tender in a fashionable hotel in this city. He gave a bar-room reception to his lady friends one day last week, at which a thousand women were present.

INFERNAL machines were by some evil-disposed person mailed to the addresses of W. H. Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field on the 29th ult., and on the following day one of the same diabolical machines was left on the doorstep of a Mr. Davenport, which was mistaken for that of Superintendent Walling. None of them took effect.

BLAINE is being examined by a Congressional committee in regard to his South American policy when he was secretary of state under Garfield. He has called one of the committee, Mr. Perry Belmont, a liar, and Mr. Belmont retorted that Mr. Blaine is a bully and a coward. In this harmonious manner it is thought the truth will finally be reached.

JOHN CHARLES FREDERICK ZOELLNER, astronomer and natural philosopher, died at Berlin on April 29th. Prof. Zoellner was in his forty-eighth year. He was born in Berlin. He studied in Berlin, and in Basle, Switzerland, and became professor of physical astronomy in the university at Leipsic. One of his principal works is entitled "On the Nature of Comets," in which he argues against the infinity of space. In the course of a visit of Slade, the American Spiritualist, to Leipsic, Zoellner became a believer in Spiritualism, and tried to reconcile his belief with science on the theory of the "fourth dimension of space." The adoption of this belief by Zoellner led to a bitter controversy, and his opponents went so far as to call him insane. Among his writings are "Researches in Photometry," "Principles of the Electro-Dynamic Theory of matter," and "Theory of the Relativ Force of Light in the Phases of the Moon."

A Truth Seeker Around the World

From Suez to Bombay.—Coucluded.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have had strong head winds since the first day out. We have been unable to get any sails up, and the white-caps have been very numerous. But the Cathay, though not a large steamer—some 3,700 tons burden—is very steady, and not much given to rocking or pitching. To those of you who in the future have occasion to journey in this part of the world, I can recommend with considerable confidence this good, steady-going Cathay.

As we draw toward the lower part of the Red Sea, we pass several islands. One, standing alone, I am told is called the "Virgin," and two others are called the "Brothers." Then there are several together, termed the "Twelve Apostles." Still later on we left on our right, while some of the apostles were on our left, the Island of Perin, where the English have a fort and a regiment of native soldiers, with two or three European officers to command them. The islands here appear to be of volcanic formation, and are almost entirely devoid of verdure.

The manner in which the British government took possession of Perin Island may be considered somewhat characteristic of the people. Soon after the forepart of the present century the French government sent out an admiral, whose name I do not remember, to take possession of the island; but instead of his doing so at once he made his way to Aden, where he was kindly entertained by British officers. Of course wine was drank freely, and possibly beverages of still greater strength, by which means the tongue of the French admiral became so limbered up that he made known the charge with which he was commissioned from his government. John Bull possibly was comfortably mellow, but he assuredly was not so far gone as to lose a chance to make a good movement for his own government, and at once started a vessel to Perin Island to take it in the name of the British government. So when the communicative Frenchman arrived at the island he found the British flag already waving there, and he only had to make his way back home, having failed to carry out the instructions given him. In this way, and in others equally shrewd, England has taken Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, etc. Wherever any advantage is to be gained in a commercial, military, or naval point of view, then look out to see Johny Bull firmly planted there, with big guns and plenty of ammunition to back the claims.

We reached Aden early in the evening of January 2d, where we stopped several hours to take on coal. Here the Frenchman and the English military schoolmaster went ashore, and a Parsee and two Portuguese Hindoos, employed in the Indian postal department, came on board to attend to assorting the 180 bags of mail.

Aden is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, and is perhaps one of the driest cities of its size in the world. It has no water, and depends largely upon distillation and water brought from a long distance, as I am informed. The place has some 16,000 inhabitants, with a mixed population of Arabs, Greeks, Europeans, Africans, and various other nationalities. It is a place of considerable trade, being the principal seaport of southern Arabia. Ostrich feathers, drugs, dates, and other commodities are brought here from hundreds of miles in the interior. Considerable shipping is also done, and a large quantity of goods sold. Here men take their lives in their hands, and run the risk of cholora and other fatal diseases for the profits of trade. There was considerable cholora here a few months ago, but I cannot learn that it prevails now.

Passing out through the straits of Babel-mandeb—or gate of hell—or the passage of tears—so named from the numerous shipwrecks of sailing vessels which formerly occurred here, we rounded out into the Arabian Sea, where we will meet no other land till the coast of Malabar heaves in sight near Bombay. Here we turn squarely toward the east, bearing a little north, and the wind has been so accommodating as to turn with us, keeping directly ahead of us all the way. But the weather is so warm—the mercury reaching 86 degrees above—that the breeze is very welcome. Some of the time the waves ran rather high, and the motion of the vessel was rather too much to be pleasant.

I have spent a portion of my time in catching up with my writing, and I must mention one incident which was a little out of the ordinary course of things. I was sitting in my state-room at about 11 P. M., writing on my knee. Mr. Bridges had retired and was wrapped in the arms of the drowsy god. The weather being warm, the windows were open, and while I was thus busily engaged in writing, something came in at the window and fell upon the floor. I was startled a little, but not badly frightened, and looked around to see what kind of a visitor had called. I soon discovered it to be a flying-fish, six inches or more in length. Some one asked me if at first I did not think it was the Holy Ghost, but I could not say that I did; it smelled too fishy. I immediately took it by the fins, or wings, while still bouncing, and carried it to the steward, who had not yet retired; he stretched out the fins that serve for wings, that they might dry in an expanded position, and disemboweled it, so I could take it home with me and show my friends in America what kind of a visitor had called upon me away out in the Arabian Sea, late at night; but the fellow smells so strong, and room in my single satchel is so scarce, that I have decided to leave him here in the orient, and let my friends at home take my simple asseveration for the facts in the case. It is not likely that the poor simple fish intended to embark on the Cathay, but in the exuberance of his fishy muscularity and joy, he happened to make his ingress into my window. Probably in less than a minute he wished himself back in his native element.

January 10, 1882.—We arrived at Bombay about 2 o'clock this morning. The changing glimmer of the light-house marked out to the steamer just where we were, and after steaming slowly up the harbor, with the street-lamps on shore in full view, we cast anchor in front of the city, finding ourselves a little too late to go alongside the dock at high tide.

Soon after daylight, while taking a view of this oriental city at a distance, I received a note from Col. H. S. Olcott, which had been sent on board from shore, instructing me to remain on board till he called for me. I had corresponded with him, and had informed him on what steamer I expected so leave Suez for Bombay, he having previously invited me to call upon him and Madam Blavatsky, when I reached Bombay. I knew them somewhat while they were living in New York, and before they came to India three years ago. I, of course was glad to meet them and renew our old acquaintance and to see in India those whom I had known in America.

Between 8 and 9 A. M., the colonel and his assistant, Mr. D K. Maralankar, a Hindoo, and his servants, came to the steamer with a boat, and took us on shore. The harbor presented a very lively appearance, vessels being in from the Zanzibar coast in Africa and many other localities. We saw crews of genuine Africans unloading ships, with no clothing save a small clout, and they seemed as happy as Africans usually are. Between parts of the work, when they could attend to it, they were singing their national ditties, slapping their thighs, and giving a regular plantation "break-down," reminding me of a first-class minstrel performance. I could not doubt, however, that the exhibition before me was the genuine African article. No burnt cork was necessary; everything was eminently natural. The products from the African coast are elephants' tusks, ostrich feathers, ginger, dye stuffs, and other articles of drugs; and in exchange European manufactures and merchandise are taken to the dark continent.

The docks of Bombay present a neat and pleasant appearance, and the town is lively and pleasant. The lower part, or that which fronts on the harbor, called the Fort, is quite European in style, many of the buildings being fine and stately, with beautiful esplanades and wide streets.

The colonel's carriage was in waiting and conveyed us to his residence, some four miles from the landing, after allowing us to get the mail which was awaiting us from America, which of course we were glad to peruse, and to get the news from loved ones at home.

In rolling up the rather pleasant streets we could not help being struck with the novel appearances in oriental life. One feature is particularly noticeable, and that is the nearly naked condition of a portion of the native inhabitants. The lower castes are not dressed at all, save a very small rag or cloth about the middle. I must, however, make a slight reservation for the women; for they have a little more on than the men; but they are content and happy with far less than is required by American ladies, even in the warmest part of the year. I notice that one soon becomes accustomed to this difference of costume, and in a little while it seems to make little difference with us whether people wear any clothing or not. None of the natives, or scarcely any, wear the European styles of clothing, but those most fully dressed have simply a white muslin loose, short robe or long shirt, with usually no pants, and a turban on the head.

This truly seems a tropical country. The weather is very warm; thousands of flowers are blooming, thousands of palm-trees of different kinds are rearing their tall trunks toward the skies. Private residences and private and public grounds are profusely supplied with the gayest of flowers and choice shrubbery, many of which are new to me.

Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott occupy very commodious premises in the western or northwestern portion of the town, on elevated ground, commanding a beautiful view of the bay and ocean that is not often excelled. I met a cordial welcome here, and I could not see why I should not have a few days of rest.

Bombay is a city of nearly 800,000 inhabitants, and is built upon an island, which has, however, been joined to the mainland by artificial means. There seems to be a great deal of thrift and enterprise here.

But I am settled here for a while at least, and I will not prolong this letter, but tell you more of my experience in India in my next. Adieu for the present.

D. M. B.

Experiences in Bombay.

BOMBAY, Jan. 13, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA: I never was so far away from you before, and I am well aware that it takes letters longer to reach you from this place than any I have previously written you. But if I keep on traveling eastward I will reach America again after awhile, when I trust "we shall meet to part no more."

I shall of course have much to say to you of what I see in this far-off part of the world; but first of all I must tell you something of our whilom friends, Madam H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott, who came here from New York some three years ago. They jointly established in New York in 1875 a theosophical society, partly of a scientific, partly of a religious, and partly of an investigating character into what is called the occult domain of nature, and which I will endeavor to explain to your comprehension further along.

It was thought strange by many that they should leave America to remove to this oriental world, but their object seems to have been to place themselves in a situation where they could do the most good to their fellow-creatures, and particular to be nearer the bands of "Brothers" up among the Hamalaya Mountains, where they live wholly secluded from the world, and devote their lives to doing good in their peculiar way and in studying the subtle and mystical powers or forces of nature, which they claim to be able to control in a manner wholly unknown to people in the occidental world.

I must acknowledge myself agreeably surprised to find in what a healthy condition the Theosophical Society is out here, and the amount of good it is effecting in bringing together the different schools of native thought, in helping them act in concert in the studying of nature in all her domains, and in combating the teaching of false and superstitious systems of religion. I have already had conversation with many intelligent natives, Hindoos, Brahmans and Parsees, and they bear uniform testimony of the good which Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott have effected here, in harmonizing the native element and in fostering a fraternal spirit among those of different creeds, and especially in opposing the work of Christian missionaries here in India and in the Island of Ceylon.

Col. Olcott has spent fully six months in Ceylon, and has succeeded in organizing several healthy and vigorous societies of native Buddhists, establishing schools, etc. Some "Truth Seeker Tracts," and some also of Mr. Bradlaugh's publications, have been translated there into Singalese, and published and circulated among the truth-seeking people. Of course this kind of work interferes very much with the operations of the Christian missionaries, who are doing their utmost to add this portion of the world to Christendom. As a sample of what Col. Olcott and his co-laborers are doing in this moral vineyard, allow me to give you a letter which one of these Ceylon missionaries wrote to the missionary organ in London. A wail of this kind is as well calculated to convey an idea of existing truth as anything that can be read:

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE REV. J. SPARR, MISSIONARY OF CEYLON, TO "THE SHIELD OF FAITH," LONDON.

Never was there such a revival of unbelief as there is at present in Ceylon. All this, while we hav had to deal with difficulties arising from the purely heathen Buddhist, but now there has sprung up in our midst a theosophical society, whose president and founder in Ceylon is a professed American, Col. H. S. Olcott. He is engaged in publishing pamphlets, catechisms, etc., and opening schools with the avowed obj ct of stopping heathen children from attending Christian schools. If ever "the heathen sage and the people imagine a vain thing," it is now. They construe the missionary's silence into want of ability to meet their Goliath. I am sure there is more than one quite competent in the name of the Lord of hosts to go out to battle; but as I said before, the convenient method of getting over it is by saying, "Don't be afraid; Col. Olcott won't do much harm; it will be sure to come to an end." God only knows, however, the incalculable mischief that is done. I have just read that the Rev. Joseph Cook purposes to visit India shortly. Oh! if it would please the Lord to send him or you among us for a season. . . . J. SPARR.

Perhaps we are left to infer that the Lord has already answered this unhappy missionary's prayer; for, lo and behold! my old enemy, Joe Cook, is even now in India, and absolutely in this city, probably on a tour of India and Ceylon to demolish the work of Col. Olcott and his earnest co-laborers, and to help the Lord in setting the missionary cause all right again in this heathen land.

Cook had delivered one lecture here before I arrived, and was to give another speech on the night of the 10th, the day of my arrival in India. Of course Col. Olcott and myself attended. We found about twenty-five per cent of his large audience composed of European missionaries and their sympathizers; the balance were the intelligent native element, who take but little stock in Christian dogmas. Lectures here begin at 5.30 P. M., instead of 8 o'clock as with us, and dinner is eaten after the lecture is over.

Cook's arguments did not strike me as being strong, but with his usual assumption and assurance he endeavored to induce the natives of India to take his noisy mouthings for the truth.

In Mr. Cook's previous lecture I learn that he made some attack upon the Theosophical Society, making, in his characteristic way, aspersions calculated to damage it in the opinion of those who heard him.

Now, it so happened that an anniversary meeting of the Theosophical Society was appointed to be held last night, the 12th inst. Col. Olcott was to make the leading speech, of about an hour's length, to be assisted by some two or three others. He invited me to say a few words. I assured him that my speaking abilities were very limited, but as he continued to request that I talk a little, I consented.

Thinking a report of the crowded meeting in the Framji Cowasji Institute may interest you, I will give you the principal portion of the addresses, with subsequent proceedings which occurred. You will see that my enemy, the arch-slanderer of America, is trying to injure me here in India, and that I found it necessary to reply to his falsehoods. Please excuse what repetitions you may notice, and remember the speeches were made on different occasions.

The following is a report of the first meeting:

The chair being, upon motion, taken by Dr. Pandurang Gopal, F. T. S., the well-known surgeon-oculist, that gentleman made a few preliminary remarks expressive of his interest in tbe society, of which he has long been a member, and his belief that it has been an agency for doing great good to the moral and spiritual interests of the Indian people of all castes. He then called upon Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar, joint recording secretary of the society, to read the treasurer's report to 31st December, 1881, which he did.

Mr. Damodar then read the following letter from Judge Scott, the secretary of the Simla Eclectic Theosophical Society:

My Dear Col. Olcott: I regret that my official duties prevent my accepting your kind invitation to attend the anniversary meeting on the 12th instant and take the chair. But, that you and your colleague may know that my absence indicates no lack of real interest in the work of the society, I send you the assurance of my sincere devotion to the noble objects you are striving to realize. After three years of intimacy with Madam Blavatsky and yourself, and a constant watch over the development of your plans, I need only say that my regard for you and appreciation of your aims are stronger to-day than ever, and my sympathy with you in the great work you have undertaken continues unabated. It was, of course, inevitable that the public should have misunderstood your motives, for it has seldom seen a movement of a purely philanthropic character organized on such a scale as that of the Theosophical Society. Nor should we be surprised that the enemies of truth have eagerly caught hold of every pretext to abuse its exponents, who are conducting a searching inquiry into the origins of popular religions, independently of all prejudices. You, founders of our society, have repeatedly been slandered and your sensibilities been wounded from sheer malice and dislike to the task you have set yourselves of exposing the fallacies and weaknesses of the various religious systems. The recent lecture of Archdeacon Baly on the religions in India, in which that gentleman expressed the opinion that Theosophy was a sort of school for clever conjuring, fairly represents the popular ignorance of the nature of the movement you direct, its aims and accomplished results. He seems unaware of the powerful effect you have already had on the minds of educated Hindoos, in awakening their interest in the ancient Aryan religions, and promoting a higher moral tone amongst them, nor does he appear to realize the enormous results you have achieved among the Buddhists of Ceylon, where you have formed the priests and laity alike into one organization for the purification and rehabilitation of their national religion. It is not too much for you to ask that at least those who undertake the duty of criticizing the society and its work, should first try to find out the principles on which it is based, and the objects which it has in view. The attitude of Europeans and natives alike is not complimentary to either the fairness or intelligence of the mass of the people outside our ranks. But to courageous souls, who have strong convictions to guide them, and the consciousness of pure motives as their support, such obstacles are never insurmountable. Even now we see the opinions of Anglo-Indians showing signs of a change. Take heart, then, and keep on without faltering. The right will surely prevail, if you only keep in mind the good old English advice, "Never say die."

Wishing the society every success, I am, my dear Olcott, always yours, sincerely and devotedly, Ross Scott.

The reading was frequently interrupted by the applause of the large audience.

Telegrams of congratulation were then read from several of the society's branches in India, and individual members.

The chair then introduced Col. Olcott, the president-founder, who, on coming forward, was received with a storm of hand-clappings. When silence could be restored, he proceeded to make the following address:

Mr. Chairman, Fellows of the Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: We meet to-day to publicly celebrate the Sixth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society. On its behalf I bid you welcome. I have here brought with me the original postal-card circular notice which convened the founders, in the city of New York, on the 16th of October, 1875, to vote upon the by-laws that had been drafted by the committee appointed at the preliminary meeting, on the 17th of September *ante*. Already our society has reached a development which gives historic value to this modest document. As the seed contains the germ of the full-grown tree, so that little card had in it the potentiality of the great movement that Theosophy has become

This is the third time we have addressed the Bombay public in this hall on our anniversaries. You now know us, and have had time to watch our movements and gauge our sincerity. We do not address you as strangers, therefore. We have got beyond the preliminary stage of polite phrases on both sides. You know just how we keep our promises, and we know what yours are worth. The scented garlands Bombay brought us in February, 1879, withered long ago, its complimentary speeches of welcome long since died away on the air. It seems far away —our first meeting. The three years that have slipped by have been, for us, so crowded with incidents that, though my feet stand on the same spot upon which I then stood, my memory hardly can realize that it is only three years. Such changes, too, as have befallen us! Dreams of hope blasted, what other dreams fulfilled; some who then pretended friendship turned into foes, and hundreds more, whose existence then we did not suspect, became our stanchest, most unselfish, and self-sacrificing friends. Some who stood beside me then have gone into the dark valley of death, and some—thanks to the innate nobleness of human nature—have been true as steel to our cause from first to last. But amid all these vicissitudes, what has been the net outcome as regards our society? Has it expanded or contracted? Is it stronger or weaker? Will it live and still grow, or die out, as visions fade?

I come, obedient to the public voice, to answer these questions. I am here to give an account of my stewardship. To meet you I left my work in the heart of Ceylon, whither I shall shortly return, after a round journey of three thousand miles. I shall tell you honestly what the Theosophical Society has accomplished within these years, withholding nothing that is not of a confidential nature. And then I shall ask you some questions in return. I want you to tell me how you hav done your duty—not to us, but to your conscience, your race, and your religion. For, understand, I hav made my last appearance to you as a suppliant for your kind alliance. The time for me to apologize for candor is past. I come to force the question home upon you whether you have as much right to your own self-respect as you had at the beginning of 1879, when first I appealed to you to recollect the glories of your forefathers and be worthy of the name of Aryan or Persian. The promises I made in my first address from this place have been, or are being, fulfilled. We can now point you to work done, schemes carried out, plans realized. Theosophy was then a new question, scarcely any one in India had heard of us; but now you may go where you like throughout India, and you will find that we are known, have friends and champions, and are exercising a positive and appreciable influence upon the thought of the educated classes. I do not ask you to believe this upon my simple statement, but upon the joint testimony of the public press and our enemies of all shades and degrees. The very abuse that has been showered upon us, when we take note of its authors, is a certificate of our usefulness. Bishops and archdeacons, sectarian or venal writers, bigots and pretended saints or reformers, do not waste their strength in attacking the insignificant. And where will you find a society that has been better abused than ours? No; our credentials are the work we have done, and the attacks upon us by the enemies of Hindoo, Buddhist, and Zoroastrian philosophies and sciences, for doing it. Because they hate your religion and would have you despise your ancestors, they have tried to put us down and stop our mouths. But they have failed. If we could survive your neglect, whose loyal help we had the clear right to count upon, we were not to be put down by their violence. We have preached nothing but truth, and it is against that eternal rock that these slanderers have been dashing their fists. Let them go on, and stand you by idle, as most of you have done hitherto, if you will; the Theosophical Society is a living fact, and it is fast becoming a power. I read you last May an extract from the letter of a well-known Bengali patriot, in which he says that we are now universally known and respected, and have also performed a miracle. "Only the other day," he wrote, "in a company of friends the question was raised how it was that the educated Babus in general now showed an inclination toward Hindooism. I said it was owing to the Theosophists, and it was admitted by all to be so."

So much for Bengal; now for North India. Says the London organ of the Church Missionary Society (the *Church Missionary Intelligencer and Record*), in its issue of last July: "In a recently-published article we gave some hint of the mischief which is being caused in North India by what is termed Theosophism. If we did not believe that this mischief was real, and a fresh hindrance to the progress of Christianity, it would not be worth while reverting to it. . . . From what we learn it is spreading, and if it extends much further it is likely to be quite as noxious as the Brahmo Samaj, about which so much learned nonsense is talked." Well, it is something at least to be abused in good company; but it seems a little queer to yoke the founders of the Theosophical Society, who do not pray with the Brahmo Samajists, who do—very much. Now the church missionaries ought to know whether we are doing anything in North India to strengthen the love of the natives for their own religion; and for my part I think their London organ has told the truth about it. But here comes the very Rev. Archdeacon Baly, and says at the recent Church of England missionary meeting that Theosophy is only a sort of new religion based on juggling tricks. "We have two religions growing up among us," he gravely remarks. "The first is Theosophy, of which you must have heard something. At present its principal developments seem to me to savor of a conjuring cleverness on one side, and an easy credulity on the other. . . . I fear it will never be able to convey any spiritual power to man, or endow him with any spiritual good, until it borrows and adopts, directly or indirectly, some of the beneficent principles of Christianity." For a layman this would be stupid, and show pretty clearly that he did not read the papers, at least not the *Theosophist* and the native papers; we might almost suspect him of being a subscriber to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, or the *Lucknow Witness*, or the *Calcutta Statesman*, or some other journalistic jewel-box of the sort. But for a learned and esteemed archdeacon, and a very *very* reverend to boot, to utter such nonsense is really lamentable. *Imprimis*, we preach no new religion, never did; always vehemently protested against being thought to do so. In fact, as I have reiterated in every speech I ever made in India, our society as a body has no religion. What we do is to preach the majesty and glory of all the ancient religions, and to warn the Hindoo, the Singalese, and the Parsee to beware how they depart from the teachings of the Veda, the Tripitikas, and the Avesta for any newer faith, before learning well what the older religions contain, and what the newer ones do not contain. Theosophy has grown to what it is, just because it teaches that this "spiritual power" and "spiritual good" can be obtained in only one way, and that the religious ascetics of the schools of Sakya Muni, of Zoroaster, of Patanjali, of Mohammed, as well as the mystics of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; of China, Thibet, and Japan; of the Aztecs and Toltecs, of Siam and Cambodia; all, all I say, had the key to the mysteries of nature and access to the only source of "spiritual power"—the boundless, eternal cosmic ocean of the Akas. There, in that infinitude of space, that cradle from which new-born worlds and new-born men equally come, that final cemetery of planets and their inhabitants—is the eternal Light. And he who would derive power or good must raise himself far up to the psychological state of the "divine" ectasy, in which the gods and narrow creeds and bibles of blind men are looked down upon, as the soaring eagle looks down upon the tiny speck of something black in the plain below, that calls itself a man, and may even be an archdeacon out for a walk. The strength of our movement is that it is built upon the strong foundation of universal brotherhood. This is no empty rhetorical phrase with us, but an accomplished fact. The missionaries, after a century of labor in India, and the expenditure of millions of money, have converted so few high-caste Brahmans that they can almost count them upon their fingers. But in three short years the Theosophical Society has taken into its brotherhood not only lay Brahmans of the very highest caste, and the most renowned among the Pandits, but it has taught them to work in fraternal unity with Hindoos of the lower castes, and even with Parsees, Buddhists, and Mussulmans for the spreading throughout the world of the ancient philosophies, for the world's spiritual good. Let Archdeacon Baly be more sure of his facts before he lectures again upon Theosophy.

But we have other and even better credentials to show of our success in North India. Mr. Baly spends his hot weather at Simla; what does he say to our new Anglo-Indian branch, the Simla Electric Theosophical Society? Are such noted men as compose it noted for their "easy credulity?" If so, no one ever discovered it before; and if men of that caliber among the Anglo-Indian community have joined us, and publicly announced the fact, you may be sure of two things, (*a*) that the original theory of the government of India that we were Russian spies, and the later one of the *Saturday Review* and the Palamcottah Missions, that we are "unprincipled adventurers," are equally stupid and malicious fabrications. Our good private characters have now been effectually vindicated, and whether they will or not, the missionaries, who are driven to their last ditch, must seriously go to work and prove that their religion is divine, and every other one diabolical.

In India we have, since I last addressed you—in the month of May, 1881—organized no less than ten branches of our society, viz., at Simla, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Bareilly (Rohilkund), Lucknow, Muddehpoorah (Bengal), Berhampore (Bengal), Allahabad, Bhaunagar, Tinnevelly. Other branches have been formed at Paris, the Hague, Jamaica (Danish W. I.), in Java, and Australia; and the Hindoo Sabha of Southern India, of which M. R. Ry. A. Sankariah, B. A., is president, is officially allied with us. Does this not look as though Theosophy had something more and better than "conjuring cleverness" to rest upon? I ask all fair men among the Christians if they do not think they have, perhaps, been a little mistaken about us, our motives and plans.

And now, have any of you read or heard about the circumstances attending upon the formal organization of our branch at Tinnevelly, Madras Presidency, on the 25th of October last? Do you know that it was marked by one feature of which the like has not been seen in India for two thousand years, an incident which proves more clearly and eloquently than words that our society is, in fact, as in name, a universal brotherhood? I allude to the planting of a king-cocoanut in the inner compound of the ancient temple of the Hindoo gods by a committee of our Buddhist members of our Buddhist branch at Colombo, Ceylon, amid the deafening plaudits of five thousand high-caste Hindoo idolaters. Let the Christians match that if they can. Our Hindoo Tinnevelly brothers received their Buddhist brothers with a procession and music, the temple elephant, gaily caparisoned, led the van, every native official came to pay his respects, and, as I said before, we planted the cocoanut—ancient emblem of peace and respect—within the temple inclosure where no profane foot had trod before.

I will say a few words about our work in Ceylon, and then give place to the other speakers who will address you. During our visit of 1880, the Singalese people *en masse* gave us a princely reception. We moved through the Island, from Galle to Kandy and back again, in almost a "royal progress." They exhausted their ingenuity to do us honor, as in the ancient days they had done to their kings. Triumphal arches; flags flying in every town, village, and hamlet; roads lined with *olla* fringes for miles together; monster audiences gathered together to hear and see us—these evidences of exuberant joy and warm affection astounded us. In India we had been so reviled by Christians, so frowned upon by the authorities with chilling disdain, and so given the cold shoulder by the natives, to stay with whom and work for whose welfare we had come so far, that this greeting of the Singalese profoundly moved us to gratitude. We felt a sincere desire to do something, even if only a little, to show them that we were not insensible to such kindness. During our short stay of two months eight branches —seven Buddhistic and one scientific—were organized by us. But when the popular enthusiasm had had time to cool, and our members forced the practical difficulties of carrying on so tremendous a reform as the one we had in view in Ceylon, they found they had not the needed experience, and begged me to return and help them. So I went there in April last, and stopped until mid-December. During those 212 days I gave sixty public addresses at temples, schoolhouses, colleges, and in the open air; held two conventions, or councils, of Buddhist priests; traveled hundreds of miles within the Western province; largely increased the membership of our society; wrote, published, and distributed twelve thousand copies of a Buddhist catechism; had translated into the Singalese language several Freethought tracts; and raised by national subscription the sum of about Rs. 17,000, as the nucleus of a national Buddhistic fund for the promotion of the Buddhist religion and the establishment of schools. Here is the photograph of one of the schools we opened last year by private subscription, before there was any such thing as a national fund thought of. You see here in this group about two hundred and fifty boys, every one of whom was being educated under Christian influence before we took them in charge. The missionaries have, as appears from the latest government report, about twenty-seven thousand children of Buddhists in their schools. As a general rule, they do not convert them to Christianity, but make them lose all faith in, and respect for, their forefathers' religion. Of these we have already recovered back about one thousand, and I can assure you that it is simply a question of time and money as to our getting the whole twenty-seven thousand children. Just here I wish to say one word in anticipation of the possible objection that it is a gross inconsistency that a society based upon the theory of absolute reciprocity in religious matters, should be thus helping to baffle missionary work in Asia. At a superficial glance this is a valid point, but that is all. Look twice at it, and you will see that we are working strictly within our stated boundaries. We demand reciprocity from the Christians for the Hindoos, Parsees, and Buddhists; it is refused; hence we take the side of the Asiatics, and treat the foes of their religions as our foes. Do they give reciprocity? Will they allow their children to be taught by heathen masters, out of heathen school-books, to despise the creeds and philosophies of their forefathers? Will they let Asiatic missionaries invade *their* homes, coax away *their* wives and daughters, make *them* out-

casts by breaking the long-established social order of European and American communities? You know, and they best of all know, they would not do one of these things. Then why, I ask in the name of justice and fair play, should they expect the Indian, the Persian, the Singalese, or the Chinaman, to stand idly by while they are doing all they can to undermine the bulwarks of Asiatic social life? The cry of reciprocity is a very sweet sound to hear, when both parties utter it in unison. That is the attitude of the Theosophical Society; and from the day when the Christians will act up to their so-called golden rule—which they borrowed from India and China, where sages taught it before there was any Palestine, or any Jew in existence—you will never hear a word spoken or see a line written by us against the missionaries or their religion. For, if Christianity is no better, it is certainly no worse than some other popular faiths, and its morality is as sublime as that of other faiths, though not more sublime. We should and do respect the feelings of all who sincerely believe it, and practice its precepts. And this, by the way, reminds me of a proposal that appeared in the Bombay *Gazette* of the 10th inst., that my countryman, the Rev. Joseph Cook, now in this city, and I should get up a religious controversy. I disapprove of controversies as a rule; they are not apt to be convincing, and often excite angry feelings. It is the better way for each side to expound their views, supported by authorities, and leave an impartial public to decide. As regards Christianity, it, like all other religions, is now being melted in the crucibles of science and logic to separate its gold from its dross. That it is in mighty throes of pain; that skepticism is flowing across Christendom with the rush of the swollen Ganges; that Freethought books and newspapers are multiplying every day; that the church has had to revise the Bible to suit a more enlightened and critical public; that the late census returns and special canvasses of the sects of Protestantism show a marked falling-off in the ratio of conversions and attendance at churches—these all are so true that not even my gifted countryman, Mr. Cook, can deny it. That is the naked fact, and it cannot be covered up by all the flowers of rhetoric he can shower upon it. You have heard him discourse upon the support that science gives to Christianity, but if I may judge from what natives have told me, their acute logical intellects—and nowhere will he find minds more acute than here—reject his inferences while admitting his scientific facts. He is new to Bombay, and does not even seem to suspect that if he should succeed in uprooting those germs of Infidelity Western culture has planted in the Asiatic mind, the young men will not run out into Christianity, but run back into the religions of their fathers; becoming orthodox and continuing so. For Christianity is totally repugnant to the Hindoo mind. I heard his lecture in this hall on Tuesday evening, and enjoyed it as an oratorical treat. But I could see—as I thought, though I speak under correction—that whatever fruit he might shake from the tree of Materialism would drop into the basket of the Parsee Mobeds and the Hindoo Shastris. I shall not even touch upon his arguments, for I have not time; but perhaps your friend—also a countryman of Mr. Cook and myself—Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor and proprietor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, one of the greatest organs of the Western Freethought movement, who fortunately is here present, and, like Mr. Cook, is on a voyage around the world, may have a few words to say upon the subject.

But, to return from our digression: It was not enough to raise a fund in Ceylon; I had also to provide every possible guarantee that it would not be dishonestly appropriated, either while I myself was alive, or after my death. Taking advice, therefore, from counsel learned in the law, and the specially devoted and energetic members of our Colombo branch. I drafted memoranda for two separate deeds, of which one created a board of five trustees, to receive, invest, and keep invested the proceeds of subscriptions, donations, legacies, and profits on sales of publications; and the other a board of managers to select the objects upon which money should be expended, and draw the cash as required, by drafts upon the trustees to the order of the payee. As principal creator of the fund I was given a general supervisory power over the whole business, but without salary or remuneration of any kind. A commission was offered me, but at once declined; for until now neither Madam Blavatsky nor I have been paid one penny for our services to the society, nor do I expect that we ever will. If any friend of this our movement should henceforth hear us called unscrupulous adventurers, who are using theosophy as a means to make money by, I ask you only to repeat what the treasurer's report, just read, shows, viz., that theosophy has cost us thousands instead of paying us a farthing. And you may add, if you choose, that to us two it is "a pearl without price," for which we would give not money alone, but even life.

Now why may we not do something for India of similar character to that which we are doing for Ceylon. I could not undertake to give my whole time to the raising of an Indian National Fund just at present; but still I could do something, and after all the first step is the hardest of all to take in every serious business. After short visits to Poonah, Calcutta, and Madras, I will return to Ceylon, where I am under engagement with our Galle branch to deliver more than seventy lectures within the Southern Province on behalf of the fund. This will occupy a few months, after which I hope I may be free to work in India. My only difficulty is to know for what the Indian fund should be raised. I am most anxious to have sound advice upon the subject from our best natives throughout the country. I should stipulate that whatever the fund might be called, a portion of its annual income must be spent in promoting Sanskrit literature and the study of Aryan philosophy, arts, and sciences. I mean to help to strengthen the Indian national aspirations for a revival of Aryan glories, not to stifle or weaken them. I would make any sacrifice to cause the Hindoos to have a proper respect for the old Rishis, or for the Parsees to understand and imitate the learning and virtue of the ancient Magusthi; but I would not sacrifice the value of a *chopatty* or a *hoppa* to see created a whole generation of such intellectual and moral hybrids as are many of those who have been baked dry in the scholastic ovens of Elphinstone College, and turned adrift, with the imprint "B. A.," that was stamped into them when they were but on soft dough in the hands of a Materialistic or Christian professor. My dream for India is of a day when the pandit will come up to the old standard of moral, intellectual, and spiritual excellence as described in the *Bharat;* when he will be the true guide and exemplar of the people, and not a mere walking dictionary of Sanskrit *Slokas*, whose private character is oftentimes no better than that of the unlearned masses. Of a day when furnished with all the helps that Western scholarship can give him to compare his ancestral ideas with the progress of science, he will, as in the olden time, be revered as a philosopher and a *guru;* and when the students of Europe will gather about his feet, as once gathered the students of Greece and Egypt about the feet of the Yogis and Shastris of North India. Of a day when it will not be thought clever for beardless lads from college to smirk and sneer at those who affirm that Patanjali taught nothing but exact truth about Yoga Vidya.

Some wonder that I can so warmly and impartially labor with Hindoo and Parsee, with esoteric Christian and esoteric Mussulman, to promote the best interests of their so contradictory faiths, when I am with all my heart and strength working with the Buddhists for the restoration and reform of their religion. That I, in short, though a philosophical Buddhist, am yet endeavoring to equal the votaries of all these other creeds in zeal for their welfare. But man never yet made a creed that could bind me, as with an iron chain, when my brother man needed my help. My religion is the welfare of humanity, my help is pledged to every one who, like myself, is trying to discover religious truth. I would spurn and stamp upon any creed or bible that bade me love only my fellow-religionists, and hate all others; or that would forbid my allowing to my fellow-truth-seeker of any race, or color, or creed, the same right of private judgment that I claim for myself. I recognize the Vedas as the earliest of extant religious writings, the repository of the highest thought of archaic man, the spring-source of all subsequent philosophies; and I believe that if modern India could be brought to study and understand the true meaning of the Vedas, they would find in them so much that is noble, so much to satisfy the strongest spiritual yearnings of the national Indian heart, that not one young man, whether college bred or not, would be tempted either to lapse into Infidelity or fly off at a tangent into Christianity. Esoteric Buddhism satisfies my ideal of a philosophy, but though it is almost identical with esoteric Hindooism and esoteric Zoroastrinism, I no more expect my Hindoo and Parsee brothers to agree with my views upon that subject than with my likings or dislikes for certain foods and dresses. The world is wide enough for us all, if we will only bear with each other's prejudices; but, without charity, even the universe is too little for two litigious pandits or padris.

I should also stipulate, before attempting to raise our Indian National Fund, that it should be made clear to everybody, rich and poor, that neither I, nor my society, nor any one connected with it, should receive any profit or commission for raising the money. I must be able to face India as I am facing Ceylon, without a blush of shame for unworthiness of motive. Then I should require that in each presidency a board of trustees, comprising the most honored patriot names among natives, should be formed, and that their agent should go about with me to take account of the subscriptions and receive all the money on their behalf. I should, as in Ceylon, require that there should be a deed of trust under which the money should be invested on specified security, and the annual interest only be used on given objects, in definite proportions. All this is secured already in the Ceylon deeds. When these points are covered, then I will be ready to begin. I will go from town to town, and village to village, and, telling the people what Aryavarta once was, and what it may be made again by united effort, will ask them to give whatever they can spare, whether a rupee or a lakh. In Ceylon we made one rupee the theoretical unit of subscription. Those who are too poor to give a rupee at a lump give it by instalments of four annas, and we issue to such tickets representing values of four annas, eight annas, and one rupee. The names of subscribers of two rupees and over are printed in the weekly vernacular, owned and conducted by members of our Ceylon branch. Practically, we find that the wish to see their names in print induces many to giv at least two rupees who, otherwise, would have pleaded poverty. There is human nature as well as pearls in Ceylon.

The Ceylon fund is to be invested at the uniform rate of ten per cent on primary mortgages, in sums of Rs. 3,000 or less; no more than three thousand to be loaned on any one piece of property. Of the net income one-half is to be expended on education, one-fourth on publications of sundry kinds, and one-fourth on miscellaneous worthy objects promotive of Buddhism. And finally, not to take up your time with details that can be read in this month's *Theosophist*—both deeds provide that any trustee or manager who may be detected in taking a percentage or other pecuniary advantage out of the fund, shall be expelled from the society in disgrace, and his offense made known to all Ceylon.

Various schemes have been suggested to me by patriotic Hindoo gentlemen as proper objects for the raising of such a fund. A Madras pensioner, Mr. Naidoo, names the sending of clever but poor youths to Europe and America to learn trades and bring their technical skill to India. A Parsee gentleman thinks it would be well to grant a certain stipend to young men who would obligate themselves to attend one of the government colleges of agriculture and then to take up land and farm it. I have this note from him:

My Dear Col. Olcott: With reference to our conversation the other evening in regard to raising a national fund in India on the model of one you have raised in Ceylon, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, and meant to be devoted to the material advancement of the masses, in proof of the practical interest the society takes in the welfare of the people of this country, I would sugest the advisability of devoting a portion of the fund, if raised, to the following two purposes:

(1) Young educated boys of poor parentage should be allowed a monthly stipend from the fund, provided they would join any of the agricultural classes opened by the government of India, and engage subsequently in the agricultural pursuit. One of the great wants of the country is a refined system of agriculture, and since the government has thought it right to devote its attention to this important subject by establishing an Agricultural Department, our young men would do well to acquire the art and thereby become the means of spreading a knowledge of the principles of the much needed refined system of agricullure throughout the land.

(2) Similar allowance may be made from the fund to young educated men who may be desirous of following the profession of any handicraftsmen in preference to mere clerkships in offices. In connection with this subject I would draw your attention to an article in the Bombay *Chronicle* of to-day, headed "Clerk vs. Handicraftsman," which I inclose. I trust you will take up these suggestions and mention them in your public address. We shall talk more about the subject when we meet. Yours fraternally, ——

A Poonah friend broached a scheme for the organization of a model village, a sort of Aryan Arcadia, where every want of the intellectual, moral and physical man would be thought of, and to a degree provided for. Your and my eminent friend, Mr. W. Ragoonath Rao, late Dewan of Indore, writes as follows:

Dear Sir: I think yourself and your society can render eminent and good service to India in various ways. You can rouse up people to establish schools, quite different from those now in use, which are absolutely necessary for the improvement of mind and hearts. You can induce people to open new industries, such as paper-manufacture, machine-making, etc., etc. You can make people attend to religions, to cultivate self-reliance, to become loyal and good citizens, to induce the English and the Americans to take more brotherly interest in the welfare of the Indian Aryans. I have no doubt that the society will use its influence in bringing about the well-being of us all. I remain, dear sir, yours, obedient,

3d December, 1881. W. RAGOONATH RAO.

This is highly complimentary, and I shall be glad if we may be found to deserve his good opinion. I have myself thought, among other things, of the endowment of a professorship of Aryan Technology at Benares College; the chair to be filled by the most competent man to be found. The lectures to include everything about the ancient Aryan arts, trade-rules, recipes, processes, etc., that can be extracted out of Sanskrit and vernacular literature. In connection with this chair, a technological museum might be opened at Benares, the one city of all India to which people are constantly thronging at all seasons of the year. However, all this is premature. As I said before, I will not even ask for a single pice towards the proposed fund, until all the preliminaries before noted have been amply provided for. My object to-day is to merely throw out the idea, and ask all true Indian patriots to favor me with the names of the seven or seventeen best men in each of the presidencies whom I ought to consult and co-operate with. The Theosophical Society is here, not for the sake of notoriety or show, but to do good, in all practical ways, to the country of our adoption.

The past year of our society was fruitful of sensations connected with phenomena of the kind which tradition always has taken to illustrate the intimate knowledge of natural law in the department of force possessed by the Aryan sages, and transmitted from generation to generation of their followers. Though some skeptics will deny it, yet a large majority—perhaps, we may say most—intelligent Hindoos regard this reaffirmation and substantiation of the truth of Aryan occult science as the most important fact in the history of the theosophical movement in India. Thousands who were predisposed to believe the Yoga Shastras true, had still lost heart, for Western science had declared such phenomena impossible and the Indian writings but the wildest fiction. Even the most learned pandits of Benares, as I was told by a very high Anglo-Indian official of the N. W. Provinces, had admitted that if ever such phenomena had occurred, their day had passed by, and no one now living knew the Yoga Vidya practically. But when we came and said that the old record was true; that these wonder-working powers are inherent in man; that discipline under proper conditions would develop them to-day as they had in the day of Gautama and Sankariah; and that to believe in their existence did not oblige one to believe in the possibility of miracle, but, on the contrary, made one realize that miracle is *not* possible—these doubters were rid of their perplexity. The other evening, my countryman, Mr. Cook, held up a copy of the Bible and declared that he did not fear the power of the combined science of the world to overthrow it. In like manner I challenge the whole array of materialistic men of science, of decorated Hindoo collegians, and of clergymen, padris, priests, bishops, cardinals, and *gnastikas*, to disprove the truth taught by Patanjali and a score more of Indian sages, and confirmed by the phenomenal demonstrations given by thousands of initiates, in many lands and among many peoples—that the ancient progenitors of your race and my race knew the secret laws of matter and of force, which Western science is groping after, but as yet without avail. And India, the unworthy but yet not quite effete successor of her Ayran mother, is the dusky casket in which the splendid secret has been locked throughout all these unhappy ages. Search, search for the key, ye men of modern science. Not in the ooze of ocean's flood, where your deep-sea dredges bring up quaint specimens of the busy life of the abyssal faunæ; not in the dust of powdered aerolites; not in the sporules of infection; not in colored cells of the vaunted protoplasm; nor, though you turn from the glass that magnifies the things of the little-thing world, to the Greenwich refractor that brings the seas of Mars and the moons of Jupiter within the range of the eye's most wondrous sweep, will you find out the secret of your being. No; but if you drag the depths of the ocean of human nature, if you study the laws of your own self, if you turn the eye of intuition to those profounder depths of natural law, where the demiurgic Hindoo Brahma manages the correlations of forces and the rythmic measures of the atoms, and the eternal principle of motion, called by the Hindoo Parabrahm, outbreaths and inhales universes—*there* will the golden key of this ineffable knowledge be found.

The Chair then called upon Mirza Moorad Alee Beg, a learned Mussulman gentleman, secretary of the Saorashtra Theosophical Society, to make some remarks; at the same time observing that his presence upon the platform, in company with Parsees and Hindoos, was a striking proof of the kindly feelings of confraternity imparted by the society to its members. Mr. Mirza spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, and Ladies: It may surprise many to behold me, a professed Mohammedan, now standing by the side of the president of the Theosophical Society. At first, nothing could seem more inconsistent to a superficial thinker or observer (ignorant alike of the deeper and truer significance of philosophy or history) than that an "Allah" worshiper—one of the religion which has been always regarded as pre-eminently the Monotheistic creed—should appear fighting in the ranks of those who have been styled the "Atheistic" Theosophis's. The fact has even, I believe, been turned (by some "charitable" Christian padri living not a thousand miles from this lecture-room) into a matter of personal reproach against myself as a "renegade." But, in reality, there is nothing extraordinary in the circumstance, for there is one great bond of union which binds all of us to the oriental religions in a necessary alliance against the so (and falsely) called Christianity and its representatives. We all believe in one great, omnipresent, all-perfecting, all-sufficient something, with the exception of which and independently of which, nothing can exist. It does not matter whether we call it "Allah" and give it a more anthropomorphic character, with the orthodox Mohammedans—or give it a less anthropomorphic character, and call it "Brahm" with the Hindoos—or deny it a personal character altogether and call it "Nirvana" with the Buddhists; nor does it matter what view we take of its operations or procedure—whether we consider it self-split up and dividing itself into Ormuzd and Ahriman with the Parsees, or differentiating into thirty-three crores of demi-gods with the Hindoos, or silently and imperceptibly pervading all things with the Vedantist, or as the "Kooh-Illah" or "Ism-Azem" on which heaven and earth is based—with the Mohammedans. It all comes to the same thing in the end. It is only the weakness and inadequacy of our finite faculties which makes us unable to comprehend or express the nature and operations of the infinite we all acknowledge. But in this we are all alike and stand by each other. We decline to admit of the second God which the Christians would force on us. We decline to believe that permanent duality is possible in the universe. Mathematically, traditionally, historically, scientifically, philosophically, all is one, and an eternal two is an absurdity. We refuse to accept the demiurge Jehovah, tribal deity of an obscure Semite tribe, in preference to the Mohammedan "Allah," the primeval deity of the whole Semite race, which, again, is both the "Zervana Akerana" of the Zorostrians, and the "Brahm" of the Aryans under another name. And, though Jesus may have been a wonder-worker, though he may have enunciated (as the gospels) pregnant eternal truths which the so-called modern Christians refuse to understand or accept—though he may have exhibited the highest ideal personal life (all of which have been and may be disputed, but the admission of which does not affect my present argu-

ment) we decline to admit him either as the sole representative, or as the co-eternal partner of the infinite. We, of Asia, from whom the primeval truths first went out to illuminate the world, decline to have these same truths, degraded, distorted, and absurdified, thrust back upon us, their originators, in a corrupted form. The source must be purer than the muddy outlet corrupted with the ordure of a thousand cities. Be our god what it may, it shall be the God of the universe—not the God of the children of Israel. It shall be the God of infinity and totality—not a half-god who is helpless from his passions and powerless to enforce his own degrees, and who must give up his son to the slaughter in order to propitiate himself. The God whose laws are ordained in the limitless Cosmos—not in a papal council or in a Presbyterian synod. We may dispute among ourselves—we may have our wordy wars, arising principally from the inadequacy of language to express the unexpressible, but we will never submit to the yoke of a narrow and self-contradictory and irrational theology, which is founded on a misapprehension of the ideas of the great sages of our past—the past which belongs to all of us alike, whether Hindoo or Moslem, Semite or Aryan. And it is as a representative of this grand union against the only really intolerant or really absurd religion, which yet strives to crush us all alike, because its very essence is persecution—and neither to deny, enforce, or discuss any similarity of my own belief to that of any other members of the Theosophical Society—that I stand here to-day. I am for "Allah" or "Brahm"—the God of infinity—against the half-god Jehovah—the god of cruelty, persecution, and death—and I am consequently fighting at this moment for Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Parsee alike. All the rest of theology is but secondary to this, which after all is the real meaning of the Mohammedan creed "La-illaha-il-Ullah!" There can be no gods but God. We refuse to go downward on the rungs of the theological ladder. We refuse to go backward on the path and investigation of knowledge. We refuse to accept semi-darkness instead of such light, perfect or imperfect, as we may severally have. If we are Mohammedans we prefer our own one anthropomorphic God to three more anthropomorphic than he. If we are Parsees we prefer our theory of the dual principle to another name of good and evil still more complicated and irrational. If we are Hindoos we prefer our own philosophy to one less spiritual and consistent. If we are Buddhists we prefer our own morality to one less rational and less perfect. If we are none of these, but simply Europeanized Infidels, we will take our stand on the latest results of science and refuse to barbarize our belief by going back to the cosmogony of Moses, or to base our ideas of future life and salvation on the poetical aspirations of the malcontent Jews.

And this, once for all, is the answer that we, Theosophists, in the name of all Asia, give to those who would "cook" us into Christianity. It is ours! You have stolen and dishonored it! We will not have it back torn, twisted, and defiled. Take it away!

Col. Olcott spoke a few introductory words to the effect that I am stopping in Bombay for a few days, while on a tour around the world, on which my numerous friends had sent me to write up an account of what I might see and learn of the ancient systems of religion and philosophy; the same to appear in my paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, which has a weekly reading of 50,000 persons. (Let me remark that the personal allusions to my own private matters were made at the suggestion of Col. Olcott, who, presumed that Mr. Cook, when he learned of my presence here, would take the pains to denounce me.) I spoke as follows:

Friends of Asiatic Blood: I wish to assure you that I am very glad to meet you on this occasion. I have for many years felt a desire to see this part of the world—to visit the countries whence the occidental nations have received their systems of religion and philosophy. This is the cradle of the literature, the religion, the philosophy, the science, and the civilization of the world; and I am glad to be here, to meet you, and to take you by the hand. I am also glad to be present at this anniversary meeting of the Theosophical Society. I am much pleased to find such an active and healthy organization in existence among you, and to learn of the great good it is effecting in uniting in a harmonious brotherhood the believers in the different ancient religions of this country. I am pleased to learn, from many sources, of the good work done by this society. I knew Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky in our own country, and knew them to be excellent people.

A strong proof that you are doing good work is the enmity you are stirring up in the ranks of bigotry and intolerance. While coming to this hall this evening to attend this meeting, I found that a scurrilous, slanderous, and false circular had been distributed about the doors by the enemies of this society. The circular bears my name, and contains the charges that have been acknowledged to be false, the misrepresentations that have been apologized for and withdrawn, but now picked up again and repeated in this anonymous, unmanly manner. This mode of warfare is not honorable, and may well be called mean and contemptible; but it is about what you may expect from those who oppose the work in which you are engaged. You may look for bitter enmity, and know that base means will be resorted to to oppose your efforts.

I know something of this sort of opposition. I know something of Christian love and charity. I have had an opportunity of tasting it. Two years ago this time I was in prison, sent there to perform hard labor for the term of thirteen months by a Christian prosecutor, a Christian judge, and a Christian jury. It was done under the pretext that I had circulated immoral and obscene literature. I was engaged, as you have been told, in publishing a paper called THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which I aimed to speak the truth in the best way I knew how, believing there is no better employment than a search after truth. I was also engaged in publishing numerous books, pamphlets, and tracts devoted to the same work, and these my Christian enemies wished to suppress. It was a question debated in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York city how my publications could be stopped. A man by the name of Comstock undertook the enterprise. He had procured the passage of a law in our national legislature, making it punishable by heavy fines and imprisonment to send any indecent or obscene publication through the mail, and under this law he believed he could secure my conviction. I was at first arrested for writing and publishing a small pamphlet entitled "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," in which I asked a good many questions to which I would have been glad to receive replies, and would be glad to receive the same to-day. When this pamphlet was brought to the notice of our government authorities at Washington, it was pronounced insufficient upon which to prosecute, and the case was ordered to be dismissed, and it was deemed that a person had a right to ask questions. But my enemy was angry that he had failed in his effort, and with the persistency of a bulldog he pursued me. He next caused my arrest for mailing a copy of a pamphlet on the marriage question—radical in character, but containing such arguments as an earnest, free man has a right to make. I am a bookseller, and sold that among other works. My trial was a very unfair one. I was not allowed to show by competent witnesses, authors, publishers, and literary men that the work was not obscene. I was not allowed to compare it with the works of standard authors—works to be found in every library—to show that this little book was no more objectionable. This was also denied me. It was a foregone conclusion that I must be convicted. The judge instructed the jury that if they "found anything in the work that they deemed might have a tendency to injuriously affect any individual into whose hands it might fall," they must find me guilty. The same ruling would condemn any bookseller in the world. This charge was sufficient. One of the jurymen, however—a Unitarian—not deeming me guilty, hung out for fifteen hours, insisting that I did not deserve imprisonment, but at length, wishing to go home, he gave way and joined the others. Let me remark that I was convicted as much upon the little pamphlet called the "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," as upon the other, for that was held up before the jury and they were told I was the author of it.

After I was sent to prison, two hundred thousand of my countrymen, believing I was unjustly imprisoned, signed a petition to the president, asking him to release me. He examined the case; he read the work, and said I had done nothing worthy of imprisonment, and ordered a pardon to be made out for me. But my enemies of the Christian churches made a great remonstrance to this and used their utmost efforts to keep me in prison. The clergymen and the laity of hundreds of churches appealed to the president not to release me; and not being brave enough for the occasion he listened to their requests. Their influence was too much for me I served out my term, thus having a good opportunity for feeling the effects of Christian charity and love. Being a man of years, it was thought I might not survive the term of imprisonment, and that thus my publications might be destroyed. But this was not the case; my friends remained true to me, and my paper and other publications are more successful now than ever.

While in prison another act of meanness was done me by my enemies. Some private letters, not as discreet as they should have been, written to a female acquaintance, but not criminal—these were sought out and published by my enemies to do me all the injury possible, but this effort availed little more than the others. My friends retained confidence in me, and have now sent me on this journey around the world to learn what I can of the people of the various countries, and of their past and present religions. I have visited many of the countries of Europe, including Greece and Constantinople; I have been through Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and am now in this oriental land where I find much to interest me, much that is worthy of study. It is probable that but for the persecution I have received I would never have seen your country, nor have been able to meet you here on this occasion.

I listened a few nights ago to the address of Mr. Joseph Cook in this hall. It is suggested that I should make some reply to his remarks It hardly seems necessary, for there was not very much in them. His effort seemed to be to convince you that man lives beyond the grave, on the ground that the principle or force of animal life exists, and that human cells and tissues are produced from the elements around us. For this reason he thinks Christianity must be true. In the formation of cells and tissues, he imagines a superintendent or manipulator behind the operations of nature, which operator he terms "the weaver," the one who "moves the shuttle." According to my view, the various processes of nature move along in obedience to established laws, in cell-making, as in everything else, no invisible superintendent being necessary. Of course the process of building up cells and tissues is wonderful, as are all the processes of nature. Vegetable growth is nearly as wonderful as animal growth, but nature's laws accomplish one as easily as the other, and in the same natural way that all other operations are produced.

At one moment Mr. Cook credits nature with what she does, and at the very next moment he claims it for his invisible weaver. In appealing to the chairman of the meeting (a professor of anatomy and physiology) that nature's work is perfect, he said: "Nature does not work by halves, she does not make half a joint or hinge only; when she makes half a joint she also makes the other half." This is very correct; but why in the next breath does he attempt to deprive nature of this credit and give it to his imaginary weaver? Had he given nature the credit for building up the cells, and doing all the rest she performs, the same as with making the joints, he would have been more honest.

And if his invisible weaver is superior to nature, superior to all the operations that take place, and if nature is indebted to this weaver for her own existence, this weaver must be more wonderful than nature. Mr. Cook should have told you where this weaver came from and how he became possessed of such power. If he claims that the weaver always existed it is certainly just as easy, and probably quite as truthful, to say that nature always existed, and requires no weaver to effect the operations which she performs. I believe this to be the case. Nature is an eternal principle, or force, and is dependent upon no extraneous power; and it is a species of dishonesty to deprive her of the credit which is justly due to her. If nature requires a creator, how much more does Mr. Cook's "weaver" require a creator!

If life beyond the grave is a reality we owe it to nature. It must be in her economy to produce it, for whatever takes place is natural. Nature does nothing that is unnatural; and she does all that is performed. Without her, and her ever-present laws, nothing can be produced. I hope for a continued life as really as Mr. Cook does; I desire to continue to exist. But if he succeeds in convincing you that life beyond the grave is a reality, or at any rate may be hoped for, that does not prove Christianity to be true. Christianity has no right to claim the originality of the doctrine of immortality and a future life, for she was by no means the first to teach it. It is false to claim that Christianity is the first to teach this doctrine. So, I repeat, if Mr. Cook claims that the formation of cells and human tissues proves a future life, it does not prove Christianity. It would be equally true for Mr. Cook to claim that because the sun rises in the east, because the winds of heaven blow, because water runs down hill, and because twice two are four, life is continued beyond the grave, and that Christianity is true. They prove it as much as do the formation of cells and living tissues.

Christianity has nothing new to offer you; nothing better than you already have, nothing more than your country possessed many hundreds of years before Christianity was known in the world. Probably better morals have never been taught than were in the past ages uttered by the sages and philosophers of your country, and there seems to be little use in throwing them away and taking in their place about the same doctrines revamped over, or in adopting a later system.

But I will not continue my remarks further. I thank you for your attention.

Col. Olcott then stepped forward and said that, doubtless through modesty, I had suppressed the important facts that after my sentence had been served out, a public reception at one of the most respectable public buildings, Chickering Hall, in New York city, was accorded me, and upon my reaching London a public banquet was given me by the British Freethinkers, with Mr. Bradlaugh in the chair, These explanatory remarks of Col. Olcott were received with applause and cheers.

A New Song.

A most extraordinary refrain has been inaugurated among the religious people in some portions of Maine with a *naïveté* and spirit contagious enough to link together, in its accompanying dance or hop, persons not only of different sexes, but widely different sectarian creeds. When they meet on the street they giv forth the note, join hands and trip lightly, then part again in two seconds and are off. One evening it burst out in a ladies' sitting-room where about half the company were gentlemen, some up to 70 years old, and kept up its fire for half an hour. Probably the majority of the company were rank Catholics, one or two were Episcopalians, at least the oldest man of the company was; the rest were Baptists and Congregationalists. The burden of the chorus is composed of the following phrase exactly word for word: "Free love and dying grace," repeated over and over and over, etc., and the measure appears to be or sounds like 2–4. CABALIST.

Fanatics at Work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The fanatics are making strenuous efforts to capture this county. The Sunday law is now their favorit weapon, and the way they dictate, or try to, to the Jews, the Adventists, and those that don't happen to believe in their infernal nonsense is a caution to all concerned.

The following resolutions were passed by the Christian Alliance at Hanford, Cal., April 29th.

Resolved, That we approve of the effort to enforce the Sunday law, and assure the Good Templars and other law-abiding citizens of our hearty co-operation to that end;

Resolved, That the ministers of this alliance preach upon the subject of temperance and the Sunday law the first Sunday in May; and

Resolved, That these resolutions be furnished the papers for publication, and that any minister failing to preach on the subject of temperance or the Sunday law shall be open to the censure of the alliance.

These resolutions will giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER a smell of the breath of these dictators and religious tyrants, and will show them what the residents of Tulare county, and Hanford, especially, may expect in the near future. The first case of Sunday law violation that has come up in the Stockton courts for hearing since the late decision, resulted in conviction and the imposition of a fine of $10. OTIS WHITNEY.

Heredity.

The fourth, and last for the season, of the parlor meetings of the New York branch of the Institute of Heredity, held at 120 Lexington ave., on the evening of the 27th ult., was a success. Entertaining addresses were made by the president, S. P Putnam, Esq., Prof. Nelson Sizer, and Mrs. C. B. Whitehead. Remarks were added by Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, Dr. Foote, and Dr. C. S. Weeks. Mrs. C. B. Whitehead and Dr. E. B. Foote were appointed delegates to the Convention of the Members and Patrons of Heredity, to be held on May 30th, at Wesleyan Hall, Boston. The directory of the institute has had the good judgment to appoint our worthy old friend, Parker Pillsbury, general agent. His first speech for the cause was made at Malden, Mass., on the evening of April 28th.

A PARSON who had been in India had acquired a partiality for excessivly hot pickles. He had a brand of his own, composed of capsicum, cayenne, and the most pungent condiments, which he took about with him. One day an American, sitting at the same *table d'hote*, asked for the pickles. "These are my own, which I always keep with me," said the clergyman. "May I try them?" "Certainly," said the parson, with a grin. The American tried them, and it was his turn to screw his face. As soon as he recovered breath, after the biting torment of the pickles, he said: "Wal, I reckon you're a parson?' "I am in holy orders, sir." "Wal, I guess you preach hell and damnation, parson?" "It is my duty to teach those doctrins, sir." "Wal, you're the first of your cloth who I've known to carry samples."

A RAW-BONED Yankee, meeting a Jew hurrying up Broadway, deliberately knocked him down. Scrambling to his feet, the assaulted Israelite demanded, "What dat was for?" "Why," said Jonathan, "you are one of them fellows that crucified my savior, aint you?" "Oh, mine God! dat was two dousand years ago," remonstrated the unlucky Hebrew. "It doesn't matter a ——," retorted the imperturbable Yankee; "I never heard of it till to-day."

Communications.

Deity—The Bible God and Nature.

During all historical time, the question of when, how, and from what source came the universe, has occupied the best thoughts of the best minds the world has ever produced.

It is natural, perhaps, that this should be so, but the exercise of common sense by intelligent persons should be sufficient to convince them that, from the nature of the case, it always has, and always will prove futil.

It may be well, in order to satisfy this desire, for some people, in their imagination, to fix up a "great first cause," and call it God. But, as taught in the Bible, where deity and all his attributes are more or less definitly pointed out and defined, mankind should be cautious about accepting it as veritable truth, especially when we see so much that is not in accordance with reason, is contradictory, and has been productiv of so many different opinions, causing more contention, misery, and bloodshed than anything else in the history of the world.

If mankind must and will hav a god to worship, they should hav a better one than the God of the Bible—one who, above all things else, is less selfish. What good can be the outcome, either to God or the creatures of his creation, for him to demand that all things should bow in the most servil and abject adoration to him? Does it not beget in mankind a propensity to require the same from all things under their control?

If it be true, as Bible religionists teach, that God doeth all things, and that "he doeth all things well," then the doctrin that "whatever is is right" is certainly correct.

Is it not, then, the hight of inconsistency for religious people to pray? If God is infinit in all his perfections, why will not those who believe in him be content to rest all things in his hands, and cease imploring him by millions of prayers to order things according to the peculiar ideas and notions of those who pray? We are constantly told that God not only knows what is best, but that he does it every time. Is it possible for intelligent, reasoning, thinking beings to believe anything more inconsistent? When we look back o'er the history of the world, we find that this question of deity has caused more disagreement, more contention, and bloodshed than anything else. The best thoughts of the greatest minds have for ages made this question a life-study.

And to-day, standing as we do in the blazing light of the civilization of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, having the benefit of all past history, we know absolutely nothing in regard to deity, a future life, and all other kindred, unknowable things, that hav agitated the world from earliest recorded history to the present time.

Why will not people cease their contentions over questions that the history of the world, reason, and common sense teach them are past finding out, and turn their attention toward learning the duties of this life?

If it be true that God is infinit in his perceptions, and that he is also omnipotent in power, that he has and does order all things for the best, then it was right for our first parents to eat forbidden fruit, and all of the so-called sin and misery the world has ever known are for the best. The wickedness that caused God to drown the world was the best thing that could hav happened; his failure in making his chosen people, the Jews, anything but a perverse and wicked set; and then best and greatest of all, his giving a part of himself, in the person of his son, to redeem the whole race; and that proving the most stupenduous failure of all, for according to the plainest dictates of Bible teaching, only a few are saved at last. Taking all these and many other things into consideration, this God of the Bible must be considered the greatest failure of anything in the history of the world.

As for myself, I am an Agnostic. I have no belief or disbelief in regard to deity. In my opinion, the first great cause, or creator, must ever remain unknown and unknowable; and therefore it is an utter waste of time and talent to endeavor to find out what ever has been, and, as I think, must ever remain a mystery.

Many Liberals are, as I think, as inconsistent in their ideas of deity as orthodox Christians. It is very unpopular for any one to admit for an instant that he has not some definit belief in a creator of the universe. Very many Liberals are as tenacious in their ideas of deity as either or any of the various religious votaries in the world. They tell us to behold the beauty and perfection of the works of the God of nature; the regularity and order of the change of seasons; the seedtime and harvest that the God of nature brings in regular succession, insuring reward to the humble tiller of the soil who puts his trust in nature's power to remunerate him according to his just deserts; the perfection with which nature brings forth and matures everything having animal or vegetable life. They say, Behold our perfect God, and you will see one that is not angry and that makes no mistakes. But in this they are just as much at fault as are those who hav made to themselvs any other gods for worship. Thomas Paine was a Deist; he firmly believed in God. And the only successful point that Bishop Watson made in answer to his "Age of Reason" was that Paine's God of nature had all the imperfections that he ascribed to the God of the Bible.

Let us rehearse a little of the perfect work of this God of nature. Is there a person who has lived to mature years that has not known and felt something of the misery that nature's God has brought upon the human family? Is there anything more horrible than the misery and desolation that mark the track of the tornado or cyclone? Are there not at times in our days floods that cause destruction, if not as wide spread as that of Noah, at least as productiv of misery and wo to thousands of human beings that deserve the fostering care of the God of nature? This God that such men as Thomas Paine worship does not exempt humanity from suffering caused by drouth, famin, pestilence, and all the catalog of ills and evils that cause so much misery and wo everywhere on earth, where nature's God rules and controls all things, as it is imagined by their votaries all other gods hav done and do.

In all probability the Bible God and all others that mankind hav ever worshiped are the products of their imagination—the legitimate outgrowth of ignorance and superstition, caused by what man has witnessed in the wondrous workings of nature.

One principal objection to the worship of imaginary gods is that it caused mankind to rely too much on the supposed power of their deity, and too little on themselvs.

I hav endeavored briefly to show that all our efforts to know anything of the first great cause of all things must necessarily result in great difference of opinion and always in ultimate failure.

This being the case, let us giv up speculating, contriving, and wondering in regard to deity, and all unite in one great, grand effort to learn how to liv aright in this world, which is the only one of which we can hav any real tangible knowledge; and for this life, whose duties may well employ all our time and talents, let us try to learn how we may best avoid the various evils that afflict mankind.

First and best of all, learn to be kind to each other and to all things. Endeavor to learn and understand the workings of nature and its general laws, that we may know best where and how to liv, and what to do to avoid the perils which, in the mysterious workings of nature's laws, so often cause sickness, sorrow, pain and death, that often might be avoided if we possessed the knowledge that may be obtained by persevering study of what may be learned. When such men as H. W. Beecher and George C. Miln gradually or promptly wean themselvs from the beliefs in which they hav so long been bound, they should giv the world the benefit of their influence, eloquence, and best thoughts, in teaching by precept and practice how all may grow wiser and better every day. By so doing, all will be happier in this life, and if there is a future life, if justice rules, we shall be in the enjoyment of all we hav earned.

CONVERSE CLOSE.

Grattan, Mich., April 20, 1882.

Is Phrenology a Humbug?

In reference to phrenology I wish to state it as my opinion that it is one of the leading sciences. In starting out on this subject, some would say, What is phrenology—its meaning and its influence over the human race? to which I reply, Phrenology is very little understood by many; therefore they reject it as a matter of course, and call it a humbug. Must, then, everything be rejected because not understood properly? This mental science is indeed a wonderful study. Phrenology is the key to nature. And why? Because it unfolds the mystery of all human thoughts. It shows what superstition dwells in the human mind; what a wonderful work is man, with all his construction, organs, faculties, functions. This all phrenology shows. But it has been asserted by some that phrenology is based upon Christianity. What a childish idea! Do not Infidels possess a mind most similar to those of the Christians? Then why is phrenology based upon Christianity? Is it because most people hav a large share of veneration? Hav not the unbelievers in dogmas also a certain amount? Don't they worship the sublimity of nature. The Infidel worships a thing that is known to him, while, on the other hand, Christians worship a being that is unknown to either.

Does phrenology point out the existence of a God? In no way does it point out any such imaginary being. How can it? It is merely an idea that can not be shaken from the mind. And I say, No phrenologist can tell or say that it points out the existence of a god. Phrenology leads to reason and light—not to superstition. Only those believers in the science that are subject to a certain amount of superstition will say it is based upon Christianity. Even if it was the case, would that make Christianity more convincing? Would it make more believers in its dogmas? Nature is all there is for man to know and ever learn. And he can see it in this life, without waiting to know it in the next. But what does it matter to us human beings if there is another life? Does it promis us more happiness there if we liv in misery here? The time will come when religion will pass away, and science will step in her way for eternal truth.

JULIUS WAGNER.

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 17, 1882.

Mr. Bradlaugh's Votes and Speeches on Ireland.

From the National Reformer.

Henry George, whose remarkable book on "Progress and Poverty" was noticed at considerable length in these columns long before it was dealt with by any other journal in this country, is now the Dublin correspondent of the *Irish World*. In the issue of the *Irish World* for March 25th, Mr. Henry George writes:

"A friend of mine, and a warm friend of Ireland—a gentleman who has rendered, and still is rendering, much service to the Irish cause—has written to me from Canada, where he now is, a strong letter on the Bradlaugh case. It was written upon receipt of the telegraphic intimation that the Irish members would probably vote against the admission of Bradlaugh, and he says that such a course would show a narrowness which would estrange from them the sympathy of many who looked upon Bradlaugh as representing the just claim of a constituency to select their own representativ. That the Irish members, by voting for Bradlaugh, would hav shown a closer adherence to principle, which has been outraged in the cases of Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, is true, and it seems to me that that is the course they should hav adopted. But it must be remembered that Bradlaugh himself showed no respect for this principle in the case of Ireland. My friend, doubtless, forgets that when Bradlaugh was in the House (before the legal decision which deprived him of his seat), he voted steadily for coercion, and that, had he taken his place this session, it was certain that the government would hav had no stancher supporter of its policy of imprisonment and terror. It was this, and not any religious prejudice, so far as I can judge, which prompted the Irish members to join the Tories in administering to the government the check with which the session opened. And while two wrongs do not make a right, it is difficult, in view of Mr. Bradlaugh's attitude upon the Irish question, to feel any sympathy with him, or any indignation at the course of the Irish representativs; and the view I am inclined to take of the matter is very much that taken by Miss Helen Taylor—a lady who will certainly not be accused of religious narrowness. At a workingmen's meeting, where she had spoken in behalf of the rights of Ireland with the vigor and eloquence with which she always speaks, she was asked by one of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters to use her influence with the Irish members to vote for Bradlaugh's admission. 'If you,' she answered, 'will influence Mr. Bradlaugh to oppose coercion in Ireland, and the arbitrary imprisonment of Irish representativs, then I will be inclined to urge Irish members to vote for his admission, but not till then.' Judged, however, upon its own merits, the Bradlaugh case is an outrage upon the right of a constituency to elect its own members, and it is destined to giv more trouble ere the session ends. In the mean time, whoever Mr. Bradlaugh may complain of, he has no right to complain of the Irish members. They hav but paid him back in his own coin."

I only saw the *Irish World* on Thursday, and at once sent the following letter to Mr. Henry George:

"20 CIRCUS ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
"LONDON N. W.

"*Sir:* I hav had forwarded to me the *Irish World* of March 25th, in which you say that 'When Bradlaugh was in the House (before the legal decision which deprived him of his seat) he voted steadily for coercion.' Will you permit me to reply, that is absolutely untrue, so far as relates to the Peace Preservation bill. I opposed it by speech and vote; I opposed its introduction by speech; I actually formally moved its rejection, when Mr. Parnell neglected the duty he had elected to fulfil; I voted against its second reading; I voted separately against every clause, in committee, and I voted against its third reading. I did support the government on the Arms bill, as I do not think arms useful to starving men, if constitutional agitation is all that is meant.

"You hav doubtless been misled by persons whose personal malice induces the circulation of the misrepresentations as to my speech and conduct on Irish affairs. Miss Helen Taylor's misapprehension is less easy to account for, as I presume she took some personal pains to ascertain my actual conduct before she denounced it.

"As I was the first in England to giv the slightest publicity to your views in the *National Reformer*, I trust I hav the right to claim from you reasonable publicity for the correction.

"Yours obediently, C. BRADLAUGH.

"*Henry George, Esq.*"

I shall be obliged if my friends in Canada and America will insure the widest possible publicity to

my letter. It is a little too much that, at the election in 1881, friends of Mr. Gladstone, at Northampton, should hav refused me their votes because of my opposition to the Coercion bill, and that Irishmen should be so grievously misled by unscrupulous and untruthful persons like Messrs. Healy, "O'Donnell," and Redmond, into believing that I had supported it. I may add that the editors of this journal hav repeatedly protested against the imprisonment of men on suspicion, both in its pages and by speech at public meetings. C. BRADLAUGH.

A Sweet Bible Tale.

Imagin a meadow at the edge of a wood, through which runs a babbling brook. Autumn, with brush of light, is tinting the leaves from his rainbow palet. The sun with gorgeous train of gold and purple cloud, fills the arched heavens with the glory of an eastern eventide. The birds join in merry welcome chorus to the oncoming amorous night, and the zephyrs add their cadence soft and sweet, swaying the leafy choirs love-breathing.

Behold a troop of merry children come, laden with flowers, rending the air with joyous shouts.

"Turning to mirth all things on earth,
As only childhood can."

Some walk by twos, hand in hand, watching the great golden sun, wondering. Some, reclining upon the velvet sward, twine long garlands studded with flower gems. Others bathe their limbs in the cooling waters of the stream, or join with shouts of laughter in vain pursuits of the light-winged butterfly.

"Knowest thou," asked one child of another, whither the sun goes and where he rests?"

"Nay," answered the other, "I know not whither he goes, but I know that he always returns; for the sun-god loves the earth, and the trees and the flowers and the birds are their children."

"Aye," quoth a little one, "and the yellow butterflies too, for they are made of sunbeams."

Now, on the white and dusty road a strange figure approaches. An old man, bent with age, moving with an awkward hobble. A greasy garment hides from sight his withered limbs. Two small and restless eyes glow in his parched and shriveled face like hot coals in a bed of cinders. The cupola of his head, guiltless of hair, shines like the dome of a mosque, while a matted, tangled beard falls waist-low upon his breast. At every step he kicks out behind his tattered cloak as if to shake the dust from off his sandaled feet.

At this sight, the little ones, with childhood's keen sense of the ludicrous, shout with laughter, and cry out at the fanatic, "Go up, thou bald head." The prophet pauses, and his eyes gleam with hatred. The little ones start back affrighted, half crying at the strange gestures and curses uttered in the name of the bloody Jehovah. But, look! From out the wood come two strange forms, and now the air is rent with piteous cries as limb from limb the childish form is torn. With reeking entrails 'round the earth is strewn; the brook runs red with blood, as monsters lacerate the white young flesh. Each flower drinks up a drop of blood and holds it trembling for a mother's tear. The sun in horror sinks to other worlds. Night with its black mantle cloaks o'er the deed, and demons, sons of darkness, sweep through the heavy air, and shrilly laugh to see themselvs outdone in crime by man's divinity! G. F. D.

Byron Disagrees with Horace.

From the Jewish Times.

"These (priests and churches) are opposed to mental freedom, substituting therefor authority and submission, and of course are unnecessary among a free people. Catholicism, Protestantism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Mormonism, every ism which sets up its authority over the human mind is a species of mental despotism."

We take the above quotation from an editorial in the Boston *Investigator* of April 12, 1882. Our courteous and venerable contemporary will, we trust, strike Judaism from off the list of isms which set up authority over the human mind for the purpose of establishing a mental despotism. Let us treat the question from a purely intellectual standpoint. It seems apparent to us that our good and noble friend Seaver, who for nearly a quarter of a century has edited the *Investigator* and boldly advocated mental liberty, does not rightly understand the spirit and teachings of Judaism. As we are of the earth earthy, and as we believe that this life should absorb all our attention to make it more beautiful and bright for human habitation than it is, the *Investigator* cannot charge us with living in the clouds or reveling in an imaginary heaven. What the eternal has in store for us after this life we do not know any more than a little child, and so far as our life and aspirations guide us, we believe in that sententious sentiment of the eloquent Ingersoll, "Help for the living; hope for the dead." This quoting from Ingersoll is the first evidence that we, as Jews, believe in mental liberty, and the humblest Jew living can take this sentiment of Ingersoll's, based, as it is, upon reason, common sense, and inspired by a beautiful hope, and enshrine it within his heart or adorn his walls with this grand and simple expression. There is no church authority, nor rabbinical authority, to hold a mental despotism over him in so doing. The editor of the *Investigator* has heard of that peerless genius, George Eliot. She was a believer in mental liberty; she hated shams and despotisms of all kinds. She was not a Jewess, yet no Jewess has ever lived who is dearer to the heart of Israel than is George Eliot in name and memory.

The *Investigator* has heard of Thomas Paine, whom the Christian church has cursed and vilified. Now the columns of the *Jewish Times* will bear evidence that the Jewish people admire the immortal author-hero of the Revolution for his heroic devotion to political justice; for his magnificent labors in behalf of civil and religious liberty. Paine declares in his will his belief in one God and in doing good to his fellow-men. This is sound Jewish doctrin. This, in fact, is the eternal truth of Judaism. Every intelligent Jew has read "The Age of Reason." There are many things in it to which the Jew can subscribe, but there are also many things in it which the Jew knows to be errors. But the Jew does not liv who does not believe and think that Thomas Paine had the perfect and absolute right to express and publish his honest conviction on religious and all other subjects. Is this the doctrin of mental liberty? If so, it is sound Jewish doctrin, and it is the very foundation-stone of American institutions, and they are sacred in Jewish sight.

Again, will the *Investigator* name any organization, any rabbinical authority, or any individual rabbi who dares to hold the lash of mental despotism over the Jewish mind? Will our contemporary please note that our rabbis are simply teachers of the law, and as they are good, noble, and charitable they are revered and honored; otherwise not. The rabbi can giv no absolution for wrong or sin; can grant no passports to purgatory, paradise, or heaven. And in that solemn hour when the Jew is upon his death-bed he bends and quails not before man, recognizes no priest (as the *Investigator* might term a rabbi), but looking into and within the eternal, goes out from human sight like a man.

The *Jewish Times* has honestly, openly, and boldly advocated universal mental liberty; it has proclaimed the grand doctrin that the Jew is a Freethinker, for had he been a slave-thinker he would hav been absorbed into an ecclesiastical despotism, worshiping a trinity and blindly obeying an "infallible" earthly power. The Jew is not made of that material, and if he were, there would be no Judaism on the face of the earth to-day.

Finally, we should like to see any organized authority or any individual influence in Judaism that would dare to lay its hands upon the humblest Jew and crush out his inherent and inalienable right to exercise mental liberty. No, friend Seaver, there is no such thing as mental despotism in Judaism.

A Great Scriptural Difficulty.—Old Things Revived.

The Bible is thought to endure no little under the questions raised by the new translation. But all that is as nothing compared with a question sprung not long after the Reformation, and bittely disputed till as late as the year 1700. Our skeptics hav let it sink out of view, to the delight of the priesthood. It was stated by a learned rabbi and others, among whom were Grotius, Capellus, and Scaliger, that "the shapes of the points, accents, and vowels in the Hebrew scriptures were invented by the learned Jews of a place called Tiberias, as late as A.D. 500."

There the subject rested for a long time. As there were no skeptics to refute, it did not matter. After half a century, the question became important in the controversies between Rome and the Reformers. "You hav no infallible judge of controversies," said Rome. "We need none but our Bible," said Reform. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rome; "your Bible! You mean the Infidel Jews of Tiberias. What is your Bible without the points, accents, and vowels? You know that it is nothing—a mere nose of wax, without them, and means anything or nothing. They, you know, made them; therefore, when you appeal to your Bible, you really appeal to the Jews of Tiberas."

Here was a dreadful accusation. Made to-day, it amounts to little, because there are so few men really learned in the languages among theologians. Made then, when all who discussed and read it were posted, instead of that universal shallowness there was either dense ignorance or profound learning, it produced a terrible sensation. That the Tiberian Jews had invented the shapes, etc., no one had thought of doubting. What then did the retort mean? To understand it requires a slight inquiry into the constitution of the Hebrew.

The retort, if true, showed them they really had no Bible, but merely an invention of some cunning Jews.

Was the Hebrew ever a spoken language? It is not at all likely. It seems to hav originated among a priesthood and been employed solely for preserving their mysteries. Philo says, "The laws (meaning thereby the Septuagint translation) were originally written in the Chaldee language, and for a long time preserved in that language alone, until their reputation for excellence caused their translation into other tongues." (See vol. iii, p. 79, of his works. Bohn edition.) Philo was a priest and the foremost man of all the Jews in the world in his day, and especially remarkable for his learning in scriptures as in other matters.

Josephus, speaking of the translation of the laws by the seventy 270 B.C., says the book of law was sent by Eleazar the high priest, from Jerusalem to Ptolemy the king, with directions to carefully return it when the translation was completed. So much care was taken about this book it is plain there was but one. Philo says that this was in Chaldee. He also states what is undeniable, that Abraham, the founder of the Jewish race, was a Chaldean.

What language, then, did Moses use? We know the Hebrews went down as seventy persons, and remained in Egypt two hundred and seventeen years, much of the time as slaves. Very little, if any, trait of their language was left when they came out. Moses had been educated as an Egyptian, and Egyptian was his tongue, as it was of all the other Hebrews. That language was Semitic, and one of Chaldee dialects.

Now, as to the Bible, we must bear in mind it was a growth. The first and only scriptures had by the Israelites were the Ten Commandments, graven on stone. Later some few ordinances were added by Moses, and doubtless also marked on stone. That Moses wrote any book no intelligent man who reads the Pentateuch will claim. When the Almighty wrote on stones, and Moses later put his ordinances on stone, it is too much to contend that even one of Moses's books was written on parchment or papyrus. That art had not, in Moses's day, been learned by the Egyptians from the still older civilizations of Arabia and India. Moreover, there are numberless allusions and accidental remarks in Moses's books showing that some person compiled them near the date of the captivity. Much had, no doubt, been kept as tradition, just as Homer was kept. It was kept and recited as Moses's laws, ordinances, psalms, prayers, etc. How such an idea as that Moses wrote them and delivered them to the Jews originated is inconceivable to any one who reads them.

Let any soldier read about the march of these million people, with their cattle, their crossing the Red Sea, and resting under the seventy palm-trees, after drinking out of the twelve wells; their encampment, the duties of the three priests, when so many thousand daily sacrifices were required, and he will say no man who ever saw a regiment in motion could hav made such blunders. There are a thousand expressions used in the books that were impossible to Moses, as "shekel of sanctuary," before any sanctuary or shekel was; "Gilgal," whereas Joshua first named it so after Moses's death; "Gilead to Dan;" "Before there reigned any king over Israel;" "he, now called prophet, was beforetime seer," says Samuel, yet prophet is the word used in the Pentateuch; monuments are spoken of as remaining to this day; Moses's death and burial, etc., etc. These remarks apply to Joshua, Samuel, and Judges, also. Learned theologians, without exception, admit that some later writer first compiled the works in book form. When was this done? Here, as ever, the Bible is our best authority. We are told in Kings that until Josiah's day no book was known. A book of the law was then found in the temple. It seemed to surprise the high priest as well as the king. It is certain that this book was no more than the Ten Commandments, and some ordinances of Moses. Whoever reads will see that there is a constant strife and jealousy between the priests of the Jews and those of the other tribes and petty states around them for supremacy.

Until about the time of Josiah, there was no more literature among the Jews and their neighbors than there was in England before King Alfred's day. The Old Testament is about all the literature the Jews ever had up to Ezra's time, or 500 B.C. It had evidently been compiled within his time. Literature had slowly dawned upon that race. The "Book of the Wars of the Lord," written ages after Moses's day, referred to in Deut. xxi, 14, and quoted there, is a very good indication of the date of the first compilation of the Pentateuch. Late as Jeremiah wrote, it is evident there was no Pentateuch, as we hav it, with its endless directions about burnt-offerings, seeing he declares God did not speak to the Hebrews of the Exodus about such things, but only said, "Obey me" (Jer. vii, 22).

He who is familiar with the most striking and sublime chapters of some of the prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel—will be struck occasionally, in reading the Pentateuch, at some passages precisely in the best vein of those prophets—thus, Balaam's prophecy is one instance. Daniel's, it is admitted, was mostly in Chaldaic. Philo, surely, is a great authority, and he says it was all in Chaldee. But illiterate tribes, living isolated, soon get a dialect of their language peculiar to themselvs. The Hebrew, if ever spoken, is a dialect of the Chaldee, adopted by the priests and retained by them long after it was lost to the people. HOLT.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Repeating Her Old Tricks.

The death of Charles Darwin, and his burial in Westminster Abbey among the so-called great and wise men, hav caused the church to begin thus early to set up her claims to the honored dead. It is characteristic of her. When she has fought every idea of progress as hard and persistently as she can, and yet sees it lifted by public opinion to the plain of an established truth demonstrated by indisputable fact, she turns around and says she knew it all the time and has been helping it along. But a few years ago a minister in church council said, "Darwinism is Atheism." Now the *Independent* says he would be a bold man who should say that. This means that now, the doctrins taught by Darwin having stood the test of time and criticism, and being generally accepted by scientists, the church must claim them as her own.

Darwinism, being an attempt to explain the law of evolution, is a part of it, and if evolution is at variance with Genesis then must Darwinism be also. Genesis says that man was made in the image of God, and Christianity says we are the descendants of Adam, who was that image. The theory of evolution is that man has ascended from lower forms of life as the result of an immense series of changes. Darwin himself says that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." Genesis says the earth was created about six thousand years ago; science shows that millions of years hav elapsed since the world was young. Genesis says that all things, vegetable as well as animal, were created by a fiat of God. Darwin's theory is that the different species came by natural selection, that nature uses to produce variety much the same means that man does in crossing cattle. The change that vegetation and animal life are undergoing is constant. As Prof. Huxley put it in his New York lecture: "The great service which has been rendered by Mr. Darwin to the doctrin of evolution in general is this, that he has shown that there are two great factors in the process of evolution. One of them is a tendency to vary, the existence of which may be proved by observation in all living forms; and the other is the influence of surrounding conditions upon what I may call the parent form, and the variations which are thus evolved from it. The production of variations is a matter not at all properly understood at present. Whether it depends upon some intrinsic machinery, if I may use the phrase, of the animal form itself, or whether it arose from the influence of conditions upon that form, is not certainly a matter for our present purpose; but the important point is that, granting the tendency to the production of variations, then whether those variations shall survive and supplant the parent, or whether the parent shall survive or supplant the variations, is a matter which depends entirely upon surrounding conditions. If the surrounding conditions are such that the parent form is more competent to battle with them and to flourish with them than the derived form, then in the struggle for existence the parent form will maintain itself, and the derived form will be extirpated. But if, on the contrary, the conditions are such as to be more favorable to the derived form than the parent form, the parent form will be extirpated and the derived form will take its place. In the first case there will be no progress, no material advance of type through any imaginable series of ages; in the second case there will be modification; there will be a change of form. Thus we see that Mr. Darwin's view of the matter puts us in such a position that the existence of these precedent types of life is no obstacle in the way of the theory of evolution at all. In fact, the rightly considered theory of evolution requires that such forms should be communicated. These scorpions to which I was referring just now. No doubt, since the carboniferous epoch, conditions have existed such as existed then, in which scorpions flourished, in which they find themselvs better off, more competent to deal with the difficuties of their way than any kind of variation from the scorpion type, and for that reason the scorpion has existed and has not been supplanted by any other form, and there is no reason in the nature of things as long as this world exists—if there should be conditions more favorable for scorpions than for any of the variations which arose from them—there is no sort of reason why this form should not exist as long as the universe itself exists."

These theories of Darwin and Huxley are in direct contravention of scripture. The writer of the Pentateuch knew nothing of the law of selection, of variation, of survival of the fittest. The attempts now being made in the interests of the church to reconcile the Bible with any scientific theory are utterly futil and abortiv. Huxley says that it is absolutely impossible to effect any kind of community, any kind of parallel, far less any sort of reconciliation between the two. And in his New York lecture he used this sarcastic language:

"In the first place, it is not my business to say what the Hebrew text contains, and what it does not; and in the second place, were I to say that this was the biblical hypothesis (creation in six literal days), I should be met by the authority of many eminent scholars, to say nothing of men of science, who in recent times hav absolutely denied that this doctrin is to be found in Genesis at all. If we are to listen to them, we must believe that what seems so clearly defined as days of creation—as if very great pains had been taken that there should be no mistake—that these are not days at all, but periods that we may make just as long as convenience requires. We are also to understand that it is consistent with that phraseology to believe that plants and animals may hav been evolved by natural processes, lasting for millions of years, out of similar rudiments. A person who is not a Hebrew scholar can only stand by and admire the marvelous flexibility of a language which admits of such diverse interpretations. Assuredly, in the face of such contradictory authority upon matters upon which one is competent to form no judgment, he will abstain from any opinion, as I do; and in the third place, I hav carefully abstained from speaking of this as a Mosaic doctrin, because we are now assured upon the authority of the highest critics, and even of dignitaries in the church, that there is no evidence whatever that Moses ever wrote this chapter, or knew anything about it."

To quote as supporting Christianity what was and is now by strict orthodox people denounced as Atheism is the very hight of absurdity and duplicity. Darwinism is anti-ecclesiastical and un-biblical. It is inconsistent with the traditions of creation and the fall, founded upon the acceptance of the Mosaic narrativ as an infallibly accurate historical and scientific record. No man has done more to undermine the doctrin of verbal inspiration, and of the scientific and historic infallibility of the Old Testament records. Darwin's researches and conclusions, "whether contained in his own works or taken up and applied by his followers to every class of facts and phenomena in the social and political world, as well as the material, hav been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the spread of Agnosticism."

Darwin, of course, was not the originator of the theory of evolution, but his works hav given the strongest possible support to the theory. The "Origin of Species" has been the subject of innumerable pamphlets and books by theologians who hav tried to refute it. They hav warred against it to the best of their ability, and now to turn around and claim its author as a believer in and supporter of the biblical account shows a "marvelous flexibility" of ideas to be found nowhere but in theology. It is a moral somersault impossible to honest men.

Speaking of Darwin's death, the *Banner of Light* says: "Darwin's boldest stroke was his attack upon the infallibility of the scripture account of the creation. In this he found an able co-worker in Theodore Parker, who in this country presented from the pulpit what Darwin threw from the study of the scientist in Europe as a bombshell of truth into the camp of the theologians. The two were, in fact, the pioneers in directing the public to a rational consideration of the subject, and in convincing the people that they had a right to think and judge for themselvs upon this as upon all other matters. As might be expected in such an event, an excitement ensued. The clergy became indignant, and they, as their predecessors had done for centuries, opposed every indication of the advance of the people toward freedom of thought by ridicule and anathema. Despite these, however, Darwin lived to witness, even among churchmen themselvs, an acquiescence in the views he advocated. He subsequently gave to the world other works, for the most part upon subjects correlativ with the two we hav named, and in support or explanation of points not given in his mind sufficiently clear therein. He has finished in a form visible to mortal eyes his labors on earth; but the present and future generations of men hav and will hav, in their enjoyment of freedom of thought and an assurance of eternal progression, reason to be thankful that Charles Darwin once lived in this world."

The foundation of evolution was laid before Darwin began his labors, but he laid many a brick in its solid wall. To him naturalists owe more that to any other man. To him Huxley and Haeckel are indeed deeply indebted. They hav gone beyond him, but his labor was indispensable to their success, and he performed it in a manner that must ever command the gratitude of the world. After fighting him and his doctrins all his life, the church cannot now claim the credit of his discoveries as her own.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The death of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which occurred on the 27th ultimo, removes still another from the ranks of poetry, philosophy, and science, recently thinned by the loss of Longfellow, Darwin, and Zöllner, and not long ago by the deaths of Channing, Bryant, and Carlyle. Mr. Emerson's death was not unexpected, as he had for some years suffered from a mental disability known as aphasia—a condition in which the brain of the sufferer loses control of the organs of speech, and the latter are subject to a wandering exercise, inarticulate and desultory.

A descendant of a line of clergymen in eight successiv generations, it was natural that Mr. Emerson should hav taken the pulpit; and, a man of reflection, of education, of honor, and of progressiv ideas, it was equally natural that he should hav resigned from it within three years after his ordination. In his younger days he won numerous prizes as essayist, poet, and orator, but he never was what in a narrow and technical sense is termed a scholar. The first literary effort which gained him distinction was a pamphlet, published in 1836, entitled "Nature," a book that took twelve years to gain a circulation of five hundred copies. This work marked a new era in American thought. It was attacked with sharp criticism by conservativ thinkers, and hailed with applause by the religiously free. The works which followed "Nature," particularly "Method of Nature" and "Literary Ethics," began the intellectual movement which its enemies stigmatized as "Transcendentalism," and for which its advocates hav never had any definit and generally accepted name. This movement is thought to include Free Religion, Ethical Culture, Metaphysics, Intuition, Academic Philosophy, Self-Culture, and other more or less prominent phases of modern thought and speculation. The author was a teacher in the Concord School of Philosophy and a vice-president of the Free Religious Association.

Mr. Emerson also identified himself with the anti-slavery agitation, and although somewhat averse to public speaking, addressed several meetings of Abolitionists. With his wife, Lydia Jackson, he signed the call for the first National Woman Suffrage Convention. He was an overseer of Harvard University, and received from that institution the degree of doctor of laws. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was not a Christian, yet his exact religious standing would be hard to define. "He took the position," says T. W. Higginson, "once for all: 'The assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed, the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man, indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology.'" But he declared his belief that "there is a sublime and friendly Destiny by which the human race is guided." He wrote grand poetry, and yet acknowledged that as a poet he was a settled failure. Though he numbered scientific men like Prof. Tyndall among his warmest admirers, he lacked the system of the scientist. His writings are more talked of than read by the general public, and perhaps more read than understood. He went farther in sociology than Herbert Spencer. As a poet he at times rivaled Longfellow in majesty of thought and quality of rhythm. With Goethe a prophet of self-culture, he did not hold himself aloof, but mingled with the public in the agitations of his working day. He made a revolution in religious thought, as Darwin did in the domain of natural science. He traveled all the avenues of learning and taught as he went. The Positivist quotes him as a pure humanitarian; the lower order of social reformers can adduce phrases from his writings supporting their theory of "giving all to love." The great body of Freethinkers will point to him as one of the most eminent of men, who was at the same time an apostle in their own cause. Orthodoxy found in him less an implacable enemy than an indifferent friend. He doubtless died without having made an enemy by the advocacy of any set of religious views, while his contributions to the literature of human liberty hav made him friends the world over.

The grateful tributes of Freethought to the memory of this great man may be drowned in the pretentious laudations of hypocrisy, but as time goes on and the teachings of Emerson bear their legitimate fruit, we shall find that in the end they make for righteousness rather than for religion.

H. L. GREEN is now lecturing in Iowa, and will return home about June 1st. Liberals residing in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, or Pennsylvania who may desire his services on his way home will please address him immediately, care of W. E. Green, Otsego, Mich. All letters will be forwarded to him from there.

COL. INGERSOLL lectured in Boston Theater, Boston, last Sunday evening.

IN the death of Prof. Zöllner Spiritualism loses one of its bravest and best supporters.

Round the World.

The first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" has now been mailed to the subscribers to the fund. We are glad to announce that the first edition has more than been subscribed for, and that we hav already had to issue a second. Since the list of names was first stereotyped we hav received many new ones. All wished to be enrolled, but being too late for the first edition, to accommodate them and many others we hav concluded to put them in the second edition of the first volume, and also open a list of subscribers to appear in the second volume, which will probably be completed in another month. This will giv all an opportunity who may wish it, and also aid in paying expenses. The volumes will be sold separately for $2 per volume, and the three for $5 if taken before the volumes are completed. We would very much like a larger list to greet the traveler with on his return home. The books will be very cheap at $5—much cheaper than any other publisher would get them out.

The additional volume of course increases the expense of publishing by a third, and we need many more names, with the "V's," to meet the cost.

The following persons hav paid five dollars each (except where otherwise specified) to help take THE TRUTH SEEKER editor round the world, and their names will appear in the dedication of the second edition of Vol. I., which is already printed and in the hands of the binder:

Anderson, R. J.	Ashman, James	
Backler, James	Bennett, John	Brooks, M.
Baker, R. L.	Berls, Herman	Brubaker, John R.
Baldwin, R. C.	Berrian, Mrs. H.	Buford, P. G.
Barber, B. W.	Bowen, Wm. R.	Burgess, J.
Barlow, C. A.	Brander, Wm.	Burr, Chas.
Bell, Addison A.	Brandon, R. W.	
Cate, E.	Colburn, C. E.	Corley, R. J.
Cervantes, A.L. [2 shares.]	Collins, Frank W.	Corliss, E. S.
City Library	Colwell, Frank	Corry, J. P.
Clark, Maggie E.	Constance, Chris	
Dahinden, Jacob, Jr.	Dillingham, N. H.	Draper, Ira E.
Daniels, O. E.	Doss, A. M.	Dutton, Jerome
Davies, J.		
Eberstein, J. G	Engstrom, John	
Farr, Clinton	Fleming, Robert	Fry, J. H.
Gano, H.	Giles, E. M.	Graham, W. H. H.
Gardner, A. L.	Glosser, H.	Green, W. F.
Haigh, Wm. Henry	Hess, Joseph	Hope, Peter
Hale, Wm.	Hilt, Dana	Hopping, S. J.
Haley, J. H.	Hoffner, Ed.	House, Dr. M. W.
Handley, J. A.	Holt, J. O.	Hoxter, W. D.
Hawes, C. L.	Hoover, Silas	Hubbard, R.
Heighton, Marius		
Jones, L. M. & J. L.	Jordan, John	
Karch, Henry B.	Kenyon, Daniel C.	Kimball, Murray
Keir, A. Sr.	Kessler John G.	King, Geo. W.
Kenck, Chris.		
Ladd, Sherman W.	Leach, Henry	Lloyd, G. A.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood, L. C.	Loomi, N. J.
Lawrence, Chas. B.		
Malster, A. O.	Mead, Charles	Miller, Anton
Martin, Mrs. S. M.	Metcalf John	Miller, C. N.
Maxfield, John	Meyer, Fred	Merledge Wm. H.
McCrone, C. Wesley		
Noble, Wm. J.		
Power, Mark	Pugh John	
Quick, Simon		
Richmond, A. K.	Rutherford, J. A.	
Sabine, Mrs. Emma A.	Smith, Asa B	Steele, W. L.
Schoenhut, Geo. W.	Smith, J. R.	Sterling, C. S.
Scofield, D. B.	Smith, J. T.	Stewart, M. F.
Scott, Ira	Snyder, C. K.	Stratton, David
Sheradin, Mary A.	Stansfield, Geo.	Stuart, Granville
Sloan, H. E.		
Truesdell, W. H.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Walkinshaw, Wm.	West, John	Wilson, H. J.
Wallace, O. M.	Wheeler, Geo.	Wood, Enos
Wardwell, B. F.	Williams, H. S.	Wood, J. W.
Watson, H. R.	Willis, H.	Wright, S. G., M.D.
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

We shall take great pleasure in adding new names to the above list.

Elmina Abroad.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: I hav been here in this great metropolitan city for ten days, and intended to hav kept you posted as to all I saw, felt, and experienced. But though woman proposes, yet the fates dispose, and the powers that be so arranged it that I took a heavy cold and had a bilious attack which kept me in bed five days. I'v had the best of care and kindness and weathered it through as comfortably as possible, and am now once more ready to see the sights.

I hav seen the holy place from whence comes our precious TRUTH SEEKER, and where presides Mr. Macdonald as its head and guiding star. I saw dear Mrs. Bennett too, the quiet little wife of our absent hero. Her cosy, cheery little room looked very pleasant and home-like, though one could but long for the presence of the absent truth seeker himself to make the picture complete. I'v attended the Liberal Club there at Science Hall, and seen Stephen Pearl Andrews and other notables and heard them talk. I'v been to Barnum's and seen the mighty mountain of meat, old Jumbo, and to convey a little idea of his immense size in comparison with that of common elephants, I will say that as I passed on after seeing him to go and look at the baby elephant I really took the mother of the baby for the baby itself, so small did she look in contrast with Jumbo. We saw the fat woman, the Chinese giant and his wife, the wonderful tattooed lady, and all sorts of curiosities, and some of the wonderful circus performances and shows, all of which were sights to be remembered for a lifetime. I went to Madison Square and had a pleasant interview with Train, who greeted me with a cordial smile, and even talked some through the mediumship of a little girl, and wrote some scraps of conversation in his note-book. And last, but not least, I got to hear the great orator Ingersoll on Sunday, April 23d, he kindly sending me four free tickets for myself and friends. It was a treat, indeed, to hear him speak the gems of eloquence that I had so often admired on paper; to hear them fresh from his lips and see the great crowds on all sides of him cheer him so enthusiastically and earnestly. It seems to me that speech was the grandest thing I ever heard, and it seemed to thrill the whole of that immense audience as with a single soul. I firmly believe had a vote been taken on the spot for him as president of the United States he would hav received nearly every vote in the hall. One such tribute of applause as he won that afternoon is well worth years of labor and toil. May he continue to go onward and upward and be a light and a guiding star that shall lead the world to truth, to love, and real happiness.

New York, N. Y., April 30th. ELMINA.

Science Baffled and Man Baffled.

I do not wish to have a controversy with my friend A. Allen Noe on the question of Spiritualism, but rather a conference, for I hav an idea that in the main we agree. He seems to think that in the domain of immortality science is baffled; then I say that man himself is baffled, for science is our only method of arriving at truth. There may be truth beyond science, but only so far as science reveals the truth can it be truth to us; and if science cannot reveal immortality, then is immortality no truth for us.

My brother Noe is very much mistaken if he thinks I do not understand the philosophy of Spiritualism. I acknowledge that the thinking class of Spiritualists are essentially Materialistic; that is, they believe that here and hereafter the mental life must hav a physical basis. They revolt as much as I do against the old-fashioned, orthodox idea of a "disembodied spirit," for such a spirit is absolutely inconceivable. We can only conceive of spirit as working in an organized body. In this respect there is a profound agreement between the philosophic Spiritualist and the philosophic Materialist. This agreement I hav always recognized.

What I deny as proved is the existence of this subtler physical body in which our spirit shall locate after it has left this body. This is a very beautiful idea, and may be true, but it has not been demonstrated. The proof is lacking, although I admit there is some evidence, but not enough to make a scientific certainty. It is a matter of faith, not of knowledge.

My friend asks me to prove that there is not such a spiritual body. I frankly admit that I cannot do this. It is impossible to prove a negativ. This is one of the first principles of logic, and of all evidence. No one is bound to prove a negativ. If a man accuses me of stealing a horse, I am not obliged to prove that I didn't steal it; I am presumed to be innocent until I am proved to be guilty. Millions of innocent men could be convicted if they were always bound to prove that they are not guilty. It is the affirmativ, every time, that must be demonstrated.

If one asserts that there are men who wear their heads beneath their shoulders, I cannot prove that there are no such men. The burden of proof rests with the man who makes the assertion, not with me, who denies it.

So with the Spiritualist; I cannot prove that he is wrong, it is for him to prove that he is right; and, until he does so, I am justified in refusing to believe anything in regard to the matter. So far, there has not been sufficient evidence to show that there is a spiritual body, and, therefore, I hav the best of reasons for rejecting the theory, namely, the lack of proof. We are not to believe anything without proof, are we, brother Noe? I am not bound to prove that the Bible isn't inspired, or that the pope isn't infallible. It is the business of those who assert the truth of these things to produce proof. I can't prove that there isn't a spiritual world, but by all the rights of the human intellect I refuse to believe that there is one until I hav evidence enough to convince my mind that there is one. Do you go back on this, brother Noe?

Perhaps I might hav put my thought into better words, and hav said a little differently, thus, "I do not think that any well-disciplined mind cares to believe in immortality;" but let me explain, and then I guess brother Noe will allow my sanity.

I distinguish between desire and belief. They are different states of mind. Belief is the result of evidence, but desire comes from the human heart, and on the faintest evidence becomes winged hope. Now the desire and the hope of immortality are universal and are beautiful and noble. I confess to this mighty desire. I do not wish to surrender this individual being. I wish to meet with loved ones again in some immortal sphere; but while I so deeply desire I cannot believe. Why? Because I hav not evidence; I must be true to my intellect no matter what my heart demands. I desire wealth, but I do not hav any belief in the matter. I hav very little evidence that I shall ever be rich, and therefore I throw any *credo* about it to the winds. Even so must I act on the question of immortality; having no evidence, I can hav no belief.

What do I mean by well-disciplined. I do not mean a cultivated mind, or a loving mind, or a soaring mind; all these can believe in immortality; but by well-disciplined I mean a mind subject to the facts of nature and willing to take what nature givs, and not fret and worry about the beyond and above. I hav made up my mind to take nature as it is; and nature so far has not revealed immortality, though she is full of wonders—wonders equal even to the wonder of immortality—and so immortality is forever a possibility and an endless hope. There may be immortality, but if there is, our wise Mother Nature has concluded not to tell us of it. If it is a truth she keeps it in her innermost breast; I shall not tease her about it; I shall not fret and worry over her reserve. She is beautiful enough and bountiful enough without that jewel, and if she decides to keep it hidden in unknown deeps, I submit to her infinit wisdom and put myself into obedience to the present day and all its glory. Sufficient unto the day is the joy thereof as well as the sorrow. What we hav now is enough to inspire our manhood to its sublimest exercise, and what we shall hav to-morrow will be equally brilliant and noble.

This is what I mean, and I guess brother Noe won't think it is so very bad; and as we agree on the main points, namely, that there is no "God" in the old sense of the term as an infinit personality, and also that all mental and spiritual life must find its home in some sort of a physical organization more or less fine, I am sure that we won't quarrel much about the other things. It is a matter of evidence, and when the evidence comes we shall think alike. I am glad that brother Noe's criticism has enabled me to make fuller explanations on this all-important subject. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

London "Freethinker" Profane Jokes.

AN old minister, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, well known for his eccentricity and wit, was taking a walk one day in the outskirts of the town, when a couple of young lads descried the minister, and thought they would hav some fun with him. The ran up to him and shouted: "Eh, meenister, the deil is dead!" The old man stopped, turned round to the lads, and looking pitifully at them, said in a sorrowful voice: "Ah, then, I'll just gang awa' hame, and I'll down on my knees, and pray for twa faitherless bairns!"

A WELSH minister, after an evening with a jovial friend, returned home rather tired and less under the influence of the holy spirit than that of his entertainer. Instead of his usual lengthy prayer, he aggreeably surprised his family by contenting himself with the following: "Got pless us, Got shave us, Got shent us a good night's rest! Few worts is pest. Goot-night, Got Almighty, goot-night!"

THE DEVIL IS IN IT.—A clergyman of "indefinable" character, going to say prayers, had great difficulty in putting on his surplice. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice." The astonished clerk stared till he got it on, and then exclaimed, "I think he is, sir!"

A WOULD-BE prophet declared that "he was sent to redeem the world and all things." Whereupon one of his audience sent up his little bill with the remark: "Perhaps you'll kindly redeem that."

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

PARSON, to boys playing on Sunday: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Heigho, Billy, here's a lark! Here's a cove as has been out all night, and don't know what day it is."

SOME good people hav a custom of teaching their children to think of a text as they drop their pieces of money into the contribution box. A little girl up at High Bridge recently saw the box approaching and began to search in her memory for a text. She hesitated for a few moments, dropped the dime in the box, and exclaimed triumphantly: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Selections.

Christianity.

From the Boston Herald.

At last a Christian divine has come to the rescue of the "Christian religion" in the *North American Review*, and occupies fifty pages. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and stands high, if not at the top of New England othodoxy. What he says is richly worthy of study. Every Freethinker will thank him for saying it. He is simply a Fisher of men, and does not attack Ingersoll, as Jeremiah, the "policeman," did with his club. Indeed, this Christian gentleman says, at the outset, that he is not ambitious to be a *malleus hæreticorum*. He is not going to maul heretics—not even Atheists. This is good, and shows how Christianity has progressed. It used to burn them.

Prof. George P. Fisher, in the first of his fifty pages, expresses the opinion that the heretics are straw that has been "already well threshed," and further controversy is needless. Then he goes on to say: "In truth, it is remarkable to notice how many of these objections were made by Celsus, as early as the close of the second century—for example, the objection from the alleged discrepancies in the gospels—and were successfully disposed of by Origen, the great Christian scholar of that day."

To the Atheistic or Materialistic scholar of this day, three or four remarks suggest themselves. First, granting that Origen successfully disposed of such objections as he quoted, since the work of Celsus has perished, we cannot be sure he disposed of all. Second, the habit of the church militant of burning all heretical books leads us to suspect that the early Christians destroyed Celsus's manuscripts because they were not quite satisfied with Origen's answer. Third, Origen himself was regarded as heretical, because he did not believe St. Mark (xvi, 15), the very foundation of orthodox Christianity, in all the subsequent ages, down to that of the distinguished Yale professor himself, and this is, perhaps, the reason why Origen never had "St." prefixed to his name. Fourth, if all Christian gentlemen were to act as Origen did in qualifying himself for the Christian ministry (see Matthew xix, 12), Christianity would soon cease to be hereditary, if it did not cease altogether.

In his fifty pages, Prof. Fisher gives away his whole cause by making divine revelation exceedingly gradual, by making, in fact, God as well as man, Darwinian. He divides his argument into nine heads. Under his fourth head, he asks, "What is Christianity?" and answers his own question by saying, "It is composed of facts and doctrins." His facts, as he goes on to propound them, are first, the imperfections, animosities, and unhappiness of men and women—which are undeniable; and second, alleged miracles or supernatural occurrences, of which human literature, whether we call it sacred or profame, is full. These miracles are questionable. Indeed, the professor himself repudiates the greater part of them. The tests by which he distinguishes the genuin miracles from the spurious or imaginary do not seem to be, like chemical tests, effectiv and reliable. But, suppose they were perfectly satisfactory; supposing his miraculous or supernatural facts were not manufactured to support the "doctrins" which he propounds under his eighth head—it is still an open question whether the doctrins hav had any influence in promoting or ameliorating that deplorable class of natural facts which are admitted on all hands to be real and genuin. It is quite unnecessary to notice more than one of the specially revealed facts, which the professor assumes; to wit, that the first created man fell from an estate of holiness and immortal health by eating a forbidden fruit, which is said to hav had the natural and inevitable effect of making the eater know the difference between good and evil, and thus brought death into the world. The professor had only to step into the geological cabinet of Yale College to see satisfactory evidence that this fundamental fact was the work of sheer imagination. He seems to hav confined himself to the theological cabinet of that venerable institution. Observation and science hav at last revealed the fact that man, instead of falling from a perfect state of holiness or innocence at the modern date assigned to Adam and Eve, had existed for æons, ages on ages, before, and been gradually rising from the pristin mud. Prof. Fisher admits that, since Adam and Eve, by their reckless ambition to know what the gods knew, fell to a miserably low condition, both morally and physically, the race has been gradually rising to its present position under the Christian and the "wild growing religions." He attributes this rising since the fall of Adam to the gradual divine revelation. To what does he attribute the rising before that epoch?

The professor's grand fundamental assumption—for at the close he expressly disclaims any attempt to prove it—is delayed into his eighth head. There he says:

"We leave the gospel history to glance at Christianity on the doctrinal side. [Observe, it is bad grammar to begin gospel or Christianity without capital letters.] Christianity is the religion of redemption. It rests on the presupposition of Theism, and stands or falls with it. The being [personally (?)] of God being acknowledged, the one postulate of Christianity is the doctrin of sin.

Now, Prof. Fisher, if he will be candid, must admit that no Atheist or Materialist, so called, has denied the being of a something which, by a figure of speech, may be called God. What has been denied by the acutest minds of whom we hav any knowledge is that, in that being, there is any personality, or any conceivable analogy to any human person. They never did and never will deny their own consciousness, nor that there exists distinct from it, pervading every atom of matter outside of it, a principle of life—mysterious, unfathomable life—they only deny that this existence of life touches the individual on the moral side. There is in every individual, sentient or thinking, a physical partnership whith a universal something which throbs in every artery and tingles in every excited nerve. But to say that this something, as a personal or individual will, by authority, advice, or suggestion, makes itself a partner in the moral conduct of individual life, is contradicted by the observed facts of all ages. God, if we are to call the something so, has thus far been a silent partner in this matter. If that impersonal being imposes any moral rule or lesson upon individual minds, nothing like unity of purpose or suggestion can be attributed to him, for individual minds widely differ, and no two think alike. All think according to their infinitly varying circumstances and surroundings. God, whatever his being may be, has not been the same for different races, nor for different ages. Prof. Fisher's article really amounts to nothing less than a confession of this.

But suppose we take the Christian definition of God, "as a being without body, parts, or passions; of infinit power, wisdom and goodness—three persons of one substance." Our theologian may then well say, "The one postulate of Christianity is the doctrin of sin." No rational mind can possibly grant that postulate, so far as sin against God, as thus defined, is concerned. Sin, of course, there may be against a finite person, whether superior or inferior. Such persons may hav a moral as well as physical relation to each other. But the finite cannot even conceive of the infinit, and an infinit being "without body, parts, or passions, with infinit power and wisdom," is, by the very terms, incapable of suffering or injury. He cannot be sinned against.

So, if the postulate of sin be granted, sin can mean nothing but a violation or disregard of certain abstract principles, defining the utilities or happiness of sentient beings, principles to which God himself must be subject, if he existed as a person, and to which he necessarily is subject, whether he exists as a person or not.

Probably, as to practical effectivness, Prof. Fisher's fifty pages may be reduced to this one sentence of his, the substance of which has been uttered millions of times:

"One should look at the state of things which would ensue if religion and the Christian religion were swept away, and men were left to be born, and toil, and liv, and die, 'having no hope and without God in the world.'"

If, instead of the scripture text which he quotes, Prof. Fisher had closed with these words, "Basing their hopes on what is knowable, instead of what is not," his problem would be more fairly stated. The real question is, whether the safety of society depends on suppressing what little truth we know, and preaching as truth what we only imagin to be so.

The human race, being naturally gregarious, has always, in proportion to the development of the mental faculties, recognized as moral law the principles of reciprocity, justice, and fraternity. But, unhappily, the mental faculties always hav been, and probably always will be, unequally developed, they are so dependent on material organization, which admits of almost infinit variety. With the natural love of power, this lays the foundation of that mental and physical tyranny which has hitherto been exercised through the theology of all religions—the Christian being unmistakably the worst.

Prof. Fisher labors pantingly through fifth pages to prove that the race owes to the Christian theology all its civilization, refinement and deliverance from degrading and other brutal vices, as if there were no other elevating force than that, as if the Christian church threw away its thumbscrews, racks, and fagots of its own accord, without any regard to such men as Beccaria or Voltaire. As if Calvin put out the fires of the holy Inquisition. As if Christian believers, and nobody else, ever regarded rightful authority or preferred universal good to narrow self-interest. Can Prof. Fisher point to a single Atheist who ever persecuted a fellow-mortal for his honest belief?

Prof. Fisher remarks that "the gospel was brought into the world in a way to pour contempt on human pride. There is no pomp of any sort attending its advent." The pity is that th is praise is pretty much confined to its advent. Pomp is by no means the worst thing in the world or the church. But that which was kept up for ages by a holy dynasty that wore a pyramid of crowns, as vicegerent of almighty God, and whose present potentate is whining for the loss of his temporal power, has cost mankind a world of ignorance and poverty.

It is particularly cheering to know, from this champion of orthodox Christianity, that it "seeks to mold society according to justice and love. It seeks to infuse into government and legislation the spirit of equitv." I shall begin to believe this when the churches come forward spontaneously and ask the civil authorities to tax their property in houses of worship as other property—mine, for instance—is taxed, and not a moment before. Christianity, in shirking taxes, repudiates the express injunction of its alleged founder, and casts upon him the imputation that his professed humility was only the means of vaulting into supreme power. In saying this I do not undervalue the character of Jesus, so far as I can gather it from the gospels. Neither do I confound the mass of Christians with their creeds. The former are worthy of great respect for their practical virtues in this world, while the latter are simply nuisances—unburied ghosts of ideas—at the very best, they are no better than owls in the daytime. They are monuments of centuries of time wasted on a future world which no God has ever been pleased to reveal to us, and which might hav been profitably employed in making this world better.

I contrast these tolerant, if not genial, utterances of Prof. Fisher of Yale with those of Prof. Phelps of Andover, in the Congregational organ, in which he deplores the growth of modern Spiritualism, and counsels the restoration of respect for that "divine" commandment found in Exodus xxii., 18, not that he would burn or hang the Spiritualists as witches—for that might cost our forests more for fagots and gibbets than the railroads do for ties—but he would restore a holy horror of any intercourse with another world through any other medium than a professional and duly consecrated priesthood. I can hardly account for the difference between these two Christian professors, except by the absence of a well-stored geological cabinet at Andover. I would most respectfully call the attention of the faculty of that seminary to the fact that geology is fast undermining theology. Would it not be well, in order to keep the latter pure and simple, to admit no candidates for the ministry who hav been corrupted by it? And, if it will not shock them too much, let me suggest, since the failure of national praying in the late experiment, that public prayers should be much shortened. Jesus, as is well known, discouraged these long addresses to deity in public, and recommended the shortest form, then in general use, to be offered privately. I would also suggest that, if any are disposed to adopt the recommendation of the founder of Christianity, of blessed memory, and find their private devotions too brief, they should add to the Lord's prayer this petition: "O Lord, wilt thou graciously prevent me from unconsciously making a donkey of myself in public? Forever, amen."

Boston, Jan. 25, 1882. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Jeffersonian Democracy.

[The following letter is addressed to Hon. C. F. Black, president of the Jefferson Democratic Association.]

I accept with gratitude the honor done me by the Jefferson Democratic Association of York inadding my name to their list of honorary members. I thank you, also, both for the documents accompanying your letter, and for the agreeable manner in which you communicate the action of your association.

For many years I hav wished to see the Democratic party re-created in the spirit of its illustrious founder, and of his worthy colleagues, Madison and Gallatin. I hav, nevertheless, voted with the Republican party from its organization, and I do not doubt that an immense majority of its members and of its leaders are honest and patriotic men.

On every national issue except one (the extension of slavery) the Democratic party seems to me to hav been substantially right; but, in the course of time, that one issue became all-important, so that every other interest had to stand aside until it was settled. Happily, by the union of patriotic men of all parties, that terrible question is forever at rest, and the time seems now ripe for a revival of the simpler and august principles which triumphed in 1800.

Not that we should follow Thomas Jefferson, or any other man, with thoughtless devotion. Jefferson and his colleagues were sufficient for their own day; but no man, and no group of men, can be sufficient for all days. New questions are upon us, new dangers, and new difficulties; and we hav to ask ourselvs, not merely what Jefferson did in his time, but what he would be likely to attempt or advise if he were now present among us.

I think, for one, that he would be a Civil Service reformer, because the spoils system is not democratic. It savors of personal government, which he hated. I think he would be a more positiv and sweeping Free Trader even than he was in his own lifetime; and yet he would probably not desire to precipitate Free Trade, and unsettle in a moment the work of sixty years. He would wish rather to proceed cautiously but unswervingly, having in view the total but not sudden extirpation of the protectiv system.

I think, too, that he would endeavor to remedy an inconvenience from which every president of the United States has suffered; an inconvenience resulting from the inadequate compensation of the higher officers of government. A king can get any man to serve him, because a king can offer to the most valuable man his market price, while a president of the United States, representing the richest employer in the world, has an extremely limited range of choice, because he cannot make it possible for poor men to accept difficult situations without doing violence to their own interests. When President Jefferson asked James Monroe to proceed, upon short notice, to Paris, to negotiate for the purchase of Louisiana, he lamented that he could not offer him just compensation, such as a merchant or a corporation would giv for a private service of corresponding importance. When the negotiation was at an end, by which the United States obtained an acquisition of territory more important to it than any country has ever yet permanently obtained by conquest, Mr. Monroe returned only to render other gratuitous services, and to end fifty years of arduous public life in insolvency and dependence. How different the fate of the negotiator employed by the Emperor Napoleon for the few days' service rendered by him without leaving home! For that single act Napoleon made M. de Marbois a present of nearly forty thousand dollars.

Thomas Jefferson never contemplated a government either of millionaires or poor devils; nor politics controled by bosses assisted by pugilists and bar-keepers. He wished to see at the head of governments the flower of the human race. He wished to see cities governed by men who had proved their capability by having succeeded in business for themselvs. We can tell with certainty what kind of men he would now wish to see in office, whether federal, state, or municipal, by recalling the men chosen by himself when he held the appointing power. Every member of his cabinet was a liberally educated man, and he chose persons of proved ability for employments demanding men of business.

He hated the heredity principle because, as he said, "IT HEAPED IMPORTANCE UPON IDIOTS." The boss system does the same, and hence I am bound to conclude he would hav hated that if he had lived to see it developed.

I wish your society great prosperity and success. Thomas Jefferson bequeathed to us immortal principles; it is our humbler part to create methods for giving those principles effect. The nation has not become corrupt; it has simply grown very large and very rich. We hav to adjust our politics to larger conditions, and apply Jeffersonian principles to the government of a vast and growing empire. In this arduous work I trust your society will bear a part.

Respectfully yours, JAMES PARTON.

Newburyport, Mass.

Darwin in Westminster Abbey.

From the New York Sun of April 26th.

To-day the author of a book, which twenty years ago was denounced from every English pulpit, will receive the honor of interment where Sir Isaac Newton rests, in the consecrated earth reserved for England's great ones. The earth moves, said Galileo, and perhaps the most impressiv proof of the fact ever exhibited will be offered to men's eyes when the body of Charles Darwin is buried in Westminster Abbey.

There were many names on the Continent, and not a few in England, which carried with them more weight and authority than Darwin's, when, in 1859, the author of the "Origin of Species" propounded a theory which had been repudiated by Buffon, by Cuvier, and the accepted leaders of biological speculation; which ran directly counter to the prepossessions of most contemporary naturalists, and which gave a grievous shock to the traditional opinions, not only of professional theologians, but of all readers of the Bible. The scientist who assumed with Cuvier that each species in the animal and vegetable world was the outcome of a distinct and separate act of creation, and the humble Christian, who believed that man was brought forth at one stroke with all his noble attributes, a little lower than the angels, were equally revolted by a doctrin which announced that the innumerable species, genera, and families of organic beings with which the world is peopled hav all descended from common parents, and are, indeed, the lineal offspring of animals and plants which lived long before the Silurian epoch.

Darwin's hypothesis was mind-shaking and revolutionary, not because it was wholly new, but because it had never been so forcibly presented, and, above all, because the hour was ripe for the promulgation of the truth. There is no doubt that both Lamarck and Treviranus, more than half a century before Darwin and Wallace, had suggested the main thesis of the doctrin of evolution; and it is certain that the theory of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, had been put forth by Wells in 1813, and elaborated by Matthews in 1831. Indeed, there is reason to believe that more than two hundred years before the formulation of the Darwinian hypothesis, Descartes held that the physical world and all things in it originated by a process of evolution, due to the continuous operation of purely physical causes, out of a primitiv, relativly formless matter. But these foregleams of the truth were transient, isolated, steril; and it is indisputable that Darwin was the first to proclaim it with conviction and authority, and to challenge for it the reluctant recognition of the world.

As it was, more than ten years passed before the bitter and unscrupulous opposition encountered by the "Origin of Species," at the hands of scientists no less than of theologians, had given place to a calm and respectful consideration Nor was it until the last ten or twelve years before his death that the solidity and splendor of the author's triumph were unmistakable. Ere he died, however, Darwin knew that his influence was traceable in every field of biological inquiry, that the foremost men of science in every country were avowed champions of his doctrins, or had gradually refrained from disputing them, and that the theory of evolution, to one side of which alone he gave expression, had obtained a firm base of operations from which to essay the conquest of the whole realm of nature. Darwin, for his own part, confined himself to the discussion of the causes which hav brought about the present condition of living matter, assuming it to hav once come into existence. But he lived to see the principles he had accredited applied by Spencer and Haeckel, and a host of younger investigators, to the problem of evolution in its most complex and recondite aspects, philosophical, sociological, and cosmical. In short, there is not to-day a writer on any subject able to command the ear of an intelligent audience—there is not a reader competent to balance evidence and decide for himself—whose fundamental notions touching man's place in nature, his origin and his destiny, hav not been materially affected by the revolutionary movement of which Darwin must be acknowledged to hav been a chief promoter.

After all allowances are made on the score of the circumstances under which Darwin announced his discovery—for although the theologian knew them not, and even the scientist had not yet recognized their import, many kinds of scientific data had been accumulated, which it was impossible to reconcile with the old hypotheses of catastrophic geology and specific creation—the luster and far-reaching consequences of his achievement cannot be exaggerated. If man's greatness should be measured not by the force expended, but by the result attained—not by innate quality of the impelling intellect, but by the range and durability of the impulse imparted—if above the artistic skill which deals with the forms of things soars the scientific insight which reveals the fundamental verities—if it be a work of transcendent difficulty to uplift an epoch-making doctrin from the scorn attaching to a heresy into an almost superstitious veneration—if it be a consummate proof of power to shake religions, found philosophies, and revolutionize man's attitude toward his fellow-man and the rest of the animal creation—then neither Bacon, nor Newton, nor Boyle, nor Harvey, nor any other scientist on England's roll of honor can be placed on the same high plane with the author of the "Origin of Species." Among all the great ones buried in Westminster Abby there is not one so great as he within his special field—we had almost said in any field of labor.

Lee and Paine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Major-General Charles Lee, second in command to George Washington in the Continental army, and second to none in every point going to make up a military commander, was in his day continually persecuted on account of his outspoken expressions on the subject of Christianity. He was outrageously treated by the followers of Henry VIII. and Calvin, and by one of the most infamous congeries of things called men in the way of a military court, he was suspended. This fact was really the cause of his premature death, which took place Oct. 2, 1782. The undeserved disgrace evidently troubled his mind to the last, if we may judge from an extract taken from his last will and testament. After disposing of all of his effects, he closes his will in the following words: "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house, for since I hav resided in this country I hav kept so much bad company when living that I do not choose to continue it when dead. I recommend my soul to the creator of all worlds and of all creatures, who must, from his visible attributes, be indifferent to their modes of worship or creeds, whether Christians, Mohammedans, or Jews; whether instilled by education, or taken up by reflection; whether more or less absurd, as a weak mortal can no more be answerable for his pernicious notion, or even skepticism in religious, than for the color of his skin, and I do appoint the above-named Alexander White and Charles William Thurston executors of this, my last will and testament, and I do revoke all other wills by me heretofore made."

General Lee was known to be a frank, out-spoken skeptic, and a disbeliever in Christianity. And among others, this fact was known to Franklin, as evinced by a letter from him, introducing Thomas Paine, in which he says to General Lee: "The bearer, Mr. Thomas Paine, has requested a line of introduction to you, which I giv the more willingly as I know his sentiments are not very different from yours."

This was just prior to the Declaration of Independence, and none did more to bring about that independence than the great and good men who were then and now stamped as Infidels.

I will giv you another instance of the sound indorsement of Infidelity in those dark days. I quote from Charles Botta's "History of the War of the Independence of the United States," translated by George Alexander Otis, a three-volume edition published in Philadelphia in 1820, as follows: "At this epoch (1776) appeared a writing entitled 'Common Sense.' It was the production of Thomas Paine, born in England, and arrived not long before in America. No writer, perhaps, ever possessed, in a higher degree, the art of moving and guiding the multitude at his will. It may be affirmed, in effect, that this work was one of the most powerful instruments of American independence. The author endeavored, with plausible arguments, to demonstrate that the opposition of parties, the diversity of interests, the arrogance of the British government, and its ardent thirst for vengeance, rendered all reconciliation impossible. On the other hand, he enlarged upon the necessity, utility, and possibility of independence He omitted not to sprinkle his pamphlet with declarations calculated to render monarchy odious to the people, and to inspire them with the desire of a republic. The excellency of the English Constitution had never, till then, been called in question. Paine criticised it very freely in the part which relates to the royal power; but praised its other institutions. He pointed all the calamities which had weighed upon England, notwithstanding the much extolled goodness of its Constitution, especially since the reëstablishment of monarchy; thence he inferred that it contained some essential vice which opposed the happiness of the people, and this lurking defect, he affirmed, was royalty. To this he attributed intestin discords, and the frequency of foreign wars. He congratulated the Americans that he ever had placed it in their power to create a Constitution that should embrace all the excellences of that of England, without any of its defects, and thus again he intimated the exclusion of royalty.

"The success of this writing of Paine cannot be described. The vehemence of opinions redoubled in the minds of all. Even loyalists were seen to declare for liberty; a unanimous cry arose for independence (b. 4, vol. ii, p. 83).

Thus we see that from the most reliable sources comes the honest announcement that Paine was an indescribable power for good. Yet from the pulpit and the preachers we hear him denounced, while the characters that would disgrace the James family, described in that inspired and holy book, are held up to us as worthy of imitation.

MARSHALL O. WAGGONER.

Internal Planetary H at.

The theory that the internal heat of planets is caused by the pressure of gravity was first propounded, so far as I am aware, by Dr. James Milleson of Indianapolis. In 1877 he wrote a series of articles for the Boston *Investigator* on what he called the "Embryonic Theory." The two main points of his theory were: 1. That planets grow by meteoric accretions; 2. That internal heat is caused by the pressure of gravity. In 1878 he republished his essays in a book of 104 pages, which he sells for one dollar. This book I commend to D. W. Smith, the writer of an article on the subject in the last TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav myself written brief articles on the subject for the New York *Sun*, some of which THE TRUTH SEEKER has copied. Several abortiv attempts had been made to controvert the theory. The last one was by one Geo. Hendrix, in November, 1881. I looked for his name in the New York Directory, but it wasn't there. But soon afterward he was arrested for defacing the André monument. I am only sorry he didn't blow up the damned thing. W. H. B.

Mr. Dana Corrected.

From the Sun of April 14th.

To the Editor of the Sun, Sir: You ought to be careful about indorsing historical errors. The Hebrew observance of the Passover is not 1,300 years older than the last supper of Jesus. Bishop Colenso has proved that, until the discovery of the "book of the law in the house of the Lord," in the reign of Josiah, 624 B.C., the Jews were gross idolaters, knowing no Sabbath nor Passover, nor other holy days. This is apparent enough from the absence of all notice of those holy days in the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and the earlier portions of Kings and Chronicles.

But, though the Jews knew no passover till about 624 B.C., it was doubtless a very ancient institution among other civilized nations, and probably had its origin in the worship of the sun, moon, and stars.

ANTIQUARY.

Letters from Friends.

APPLE RIVER, ILL., April 19, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World books. Yours, JAS. BACKLER.

FREMONT, NEB., April 21, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I beg to hand you the inclosed $5 for "A Truth Seeker Around the World."
Yours truly, FRED MEYER.

SAN BERNADINO, CAL., April 17, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, for which send Around-the-World to the address of A. KEIR, SR.

NEW HOLLAND, PA.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I hand you $5 to pay in advance for the three volumes Round-the-World.
Yours truly, JOHN R. BRUBAKER.

ALBION, N. Y, April 24, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World trip. It is rather late, but it will help to bring Bro. Bennett home again. C. E. COLBURN.

DEWITT, IOWA, April 22, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to help the old veteran truth seeker on his way home, and to pay for his book of travels in distant lands.
Yours truly, ANTON MILLER.

BOSTON, MASS., April 24, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed a "V" for the Round-the-World books, which I would like sent as soon as convenient. I am sorry I hav not felt able to send it before. I hope that you will find a place for the within inclosed, for I think the world needs it. I am a sincere worker in the cause of humanity,
N. H. DILLINGHAM.

RAVENNA, O., April 24, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Wishing to be a helper in the cause of Freethought, and to see the star-list grow, I inclose $8 for the Round-the-World volume as my share in helping that fearless champion of Freethought, D. M. Bennett to meet the expenses of his great work. I desire the volumes bound in morocco, as I believe in the gospel of good books well bound.
Truly yours, MARIUS HEIGHTON.

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, April 18, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: My subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER expired over a month since, but it still comes regularly, for which accept my sincere thanks. I hav been somewhat short financially, and unable to send the wherewith for the continuation of the paper, which I so anxiously look for; hav managed to accumulate a "V," which I forward for the three books—hope I am in time—"A Truth Seeker Around the World." Must ask your forbearance for a while longer for the supscription price of the paper.

W. W. Scholes, of Barnesville, Ohio, is to be pitied for being so weak-minded; it is no fault of his that the psalm-singing and the cooing of the nice young ladies hav made a Christian of him. Let him go where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle mourneth for the loss of its first-born. Liberals want no such men in their ranks, but men and women of sterner stuff, those who hav an opinion of their own, and dare to maintain it, let the consequences be what they may. As Davy Crockett said, be sure your right, then go ahead, like a tongue down hill with the sled out. There are a number of Liberals here, but are as sound asleep as the noted seven sleepers, and the orthodox devil and his imps, with Gabriel and his horn, could not rouse them. The trouble is they feel too secure, which is all wrong; it is necessary to hav an organization, and hold meetings once a month, at least. The churches hav their tea-parties, socials, fairs, etc. Let the Liberals, in every town, do the same; charge a small fee, and donate the same to some worthy object; it will promote good fellowship, and be a source of amusement for the young and old as well. A great many fear to act, on account of their business; my friends, it will not hurt your business half so bad to be honest, straightforward, and sincere in your belief, as to cringe to orthodoxy. Uphold your principles, and if you lose by it in the long run, I agree to join a church; yea, the Baptist, and be ducked thrice for the sake or Christ., Selah!

May you liv long to flourish the pen for the good cause of mental freedom, is the wish of
ED. HOFFNER.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., April 22, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: For over thirty years I hav looked upon the old Bible and Testament as the most dangerous, pernicious, and untruthful books ever published on this earth. With those volumes no crime that the human mind could conceive of but is attributed to the character of what is termed God, or the Lord, or the meek and lowly Jesus—a pack of the most silly inconsistencies that can be imagined. Of of the hundreds of thousands of theological sermons preached throughout the world, no two agree in their definit beliefs, while each giv their own opinions, put their own construction on what they assert is the word of God compiled in those two books, which I view as a tissue of lies, fables, obscene, and no better than what, if reports be true, is enacted and uttered in brothels and houses of ill-fame. I am heart and soul opposed to polygamy, but how can the Bible Christian censure the Morman who, with the Christian, takes the Bible as his guide? The latter teaches his offspring in their youth that the Bible is all true, that David and Solomon, the two greatest libertins that ever lived, were the men after God's own heart in wisdom and in power, and yet Christians curse the poor, oppressed, and despised Jew, while they swallow the entire Jewish Bible wholesale, and teach their children that concubinage, murder, theft, robbery, adultery, rape, drunkenness, in fact every crime known to man, was ordered, sanctioned, and approved by the Jewish God.

I repeat, that the inconsistency of the Christian religion is revolting and demoralizing, inasmuch as it teaches the infamous absurdity that no matter how great the crime committed, only pray to Jesus and he will take the murderer into his heavenly abode. No class of idolatry on earth can cope with the Christian idolatry of to-day. Look at the condition of every Christian army that wages war against an other, both professing to be the chosen children of one God; both proclaiming that he is a God of love, charity, peace, good will to his children, impartial and forbearing, etc., while each army has a chaplain, who falls on his knees and prays that his flock, the soldiers, may slaughter all and every one in the other army, and citing the infamous lies of God raining fire from heaven after prolonging the slaughter by Joshua for twelve or fourteen hours. Such infamous lies hav never been put in print in any book on earth. Then to hear it asserted that every advancement in science and improvement is taken from the Bible is ridiculous. If so why should eighteen hundred years hav passed without a railroad, telegraph, steamboats, and millions of other improvements that hav been put into operation, never been brought about, as has been done within the last sixty years, and nine-tenths of all hav been the work of the Freethinker; in fact, but few of our inventiv geniuses believe in the horrible fables of the Bible, from the fact that nature teaches the reflectiv mind that they cannot be true. And as to prayer, no jargon on earth is more nonsensical; no prayer on earth was or ever will be answered except by man or woman; the application of the word he or him makes a personality of what is termed God; hence, if a personality, how is he to distribute his form over the universe into countless millions of churches, temples, halls, sanctuaries, etc. No man ever saw or ever will see a personal God. Such does not exist. But it is laughable to see how Jesus could divide the devil that was in one man so as to put a devil into each poor hog, and yet cross over that little lake and bring seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. Perhaps she had gone slaughtering business, and eaten the pork, and got all of those devils out of the meat that contained that division of devils, as certainly there must hav been a slicing up to a devil in each hog. Poor things, to suffer such misery from the meek and lowly Jesus; it was an inhuman act; but as it is and ever was a horrible lie, the hogs were not tormented any, nor did Mary Magdalene ever hav seven corporeal devils in her.

If not too late, please accept $5 for the Round-the-World books. I hope to see that noble man Bennett.
Yours truly, M. WILLIS.

YATES CITY, April 25, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I feel glad all over to notice there is a movement in progress for the relief of Jeremiah Hacker. A man that has devoted a lifetime to the emancipation and disenthralment of his fellow-man from mental bondage deserves a better fate than the almshouse. He was in the lecture field at a time when it was not popular to say aught in favor of freedom of opinion against the dogmas of the Christian religion. He has traveled thousands of miles on foot, lecturing in schoolhouses, in the open air, or wherever he could gather together hearers to listen to him.

For what did he do this? For gain or self-aggrandizment? No! He wanted human beings to become men and women. He desired they should reason and think, and he was furnishing the food for thought, that they might be enabled to break the shackles that were fettering their minds. Liberals (can I call you such?), are you aware that to such persons as Jeremiah Hacker you owe your freedom of thought and deeds? Do you ever think and consider had it not been for such as he that you would now be compelled, directly or indirectly, to contribute to the support of the church at least tenfold what you now pay for the dissemination of Freethought principles or be ostracized from society? I believe it. We are reaping where he and others sowed. Whilst he trudged wearily on foot from place to place, at times sleeping in sheds or out-buildings, and sometimes without supper at that (as he writes me), we are enjoying the benefits resulting from his privations by an enlarged plane of freedom of thought. He is now past eighty. He has always been true to the Freethought cause. Shall we let him want in his old age? I hav been in correspondence with him for the last eighteen months; hav accidentally or otherwise let something slip into the letter I wrote him that would gladden his heart, no matter how much, but if necessary he will tell you if one in twenty of the professed Liberals of the country will giv him one-quarter as much he will not want for the necessaries of life. I, for one, shall still giv when I hav anything to spare. I hope to hear of many tens rolling in to him. Those that are not able to giv ten make it less. Hoping all may giv, and trusting many will, Yours truly, C. L. ROBERTS.

MR. EDITOR: Miss Maria L. Follett, of Le Claire, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Iowa Liberal League. During my absence from the state please address all correspondence touching League work to this most energetic worker. It is likely the annual state convention this year will take the form of a grove meeting, sometime during August. We hope also to utilize July 4th at several points in the state. If we knew for certain the time of Mr. Bennett's return, we should arrange for one or more meetings along his line of travel across the state, in accordance with friend Kinser's suggestion. May do something of the kind yet. Let our assistant secretary hear from the friends upon this matter. What say you all? E. C. WALKER.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, April 20, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Having failed to see any notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER from this portion of the "moral vinyard," I will send you a brief report of the Liberal sentiment of this city and vicinity, so far as my knowledge of the same extends. We hav a live, activ, and growing city whose citizens are mostly Liberal, and many of them outspoken and free to express themselvs as such. But as we hav no Liberal League or other organization, few lectures are given, and but few Liberal papers are circulated, consequently most of our Liberals who are in business think it to their advantage to patronize the churches, none of which, except the Catholics, could be sustained if the financial support of the Liberals was withdrawn. Our city is also fully supplied with saloons and houses of prostitution, but as they are supported chiefly by the Christian element, the withdrawal of the patronage of the Liberals would not appreciably affect their prosperity.

I hav been preaching the gospel of universal mental liberty in a sort of "missionary manner" to those of my Christian friends who were not afraid to listen to reason, and much of the "seed" has fallen on "good ground" and promises a goodly harvest for truth. I find the people are hungering and thirsting for common sense Liberal literature, and devour it in much larger doses, and more eagerly, than the ancient inhabitants of the land of Yahweh did the doctrins taught by a fellow who, it is claimed, fattened several thousands men, women, and children on five little biscuits and two herrings to prepare then for hell fire.

All the TRUTH SEEKERS, tracts, papers, and Liberal books I get are passed around until worn out, and yet they cry "more." I shall send you several new subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER soon. And now I want to mention another matter of interest to the cause, viz: Here in northwest Iowa, southern Minnesota, Dakota, and Nebraska, is a good field for Liberal lecturers to work successfully. Many of the people are Liberal, and I believe several of our good lecturers would be well received and sustained in this territory. We hav been making some effort to get Col. Ingersoll for a lecture here soon, and hope we may succeed. We shall also endeavor to hav Mr. Bennett stop here on his way home should he come by this route.

Mr. M. K. Wilson, formerly of Michigan, has recently located here in Sioux City, and will respond to call to lecture at any point in this region if expenses are guaranteed.

Although age and ill-health hav prevented Mr. Wilson from lecturing much during the past two years, he is now restored and eager for the work. His series of lectures on "Catholicism" and on the earlier history of Christianity and the crime, frauds, and bloodshed employed to establish it, are unsurpassed as weapons for the extinction of orthordoxy, and in my judgment the best introduction Liberalism can hav where lectures hav not been heretofore given.

Four or five years ago H. L. Green, recognizing the fact that many "good" people lost considerable sleep wrestling with doubts as to whether their names were recorded above in the "Lamb's book of life," thereby insuring their salvation, resolved to remove all such fears from the minds of the "ungodly" by opening a lamb's book of life here below, where all Freethinkers who desired could hav their names recorded, and a certificate of record issued to each in proof of the fact. Mr. Green had the book with him at the Hornellsville Convention in 1880, and I enrolled my name and received my certificate, as no doubt many others did, thereby saving much valuable time which might otherwise hav been wasted in prayer and anxiety.

I understand Mr. Green finds the list of names and addresses thus obtained valuable in travels on lecturing tours, and in organizing Leagues, conventions, etc.

I wish to procure the names and addresses of every Liberal, whether Spiritualist, Materialist, Deist, Secularist, or Agnostic, to be entered in a book I hav provided for the purpose of a "Freethinkers' Register and Directory of the Northwest," the object of which will be to aid in promoting the cause by extending acquaintances, organizing Liberal Leagues and socie-

ties, procuring lecturers and engagements for lectures, etc. No fee or expense will be attached, and I hope to receive the aid and co-operation of every person in the northwest interested in the cause of Universal Mental Liberty, and freedom from Comstockism. Send me your names, age, occupation, and address on a postal card. Those who desire may be recorded as belonging to either branch of the Freethought army. When the list is sufficiently large I will hav it printed at my own expense, and a copy mailed to all who are recorded, and will keep the book constantly open for a reference for all who desire to use it as such. Yours fraternally,

N. N. E. WOOD, M.D.

THE LIBERAL LEAGUE MOVEMENT.—AN APPEAL FOR ORGANIZATION AND ACTIV WORK.

MR. EDITOR: In my journeyings through the West during the last winter, I hav learned that the great mass of Liberals are in favor of the Liberal League movement, and all agree in the opinion that this organization is worthy and deserving of the support of all who favor the secularization of the state. The proceedings of the last Liberal League Congress was such that it virtually united all Liberals who were disposed to be reasonable, and, as I believe, it placed the League movement on the high road to success. All that is now necessary is for the Liberals everywhere to wake up and go to work to make the next Liberal League Congress that meets in St. Louis, in September, a great success. The secretary or president of each auxiliary League that has not held regular meetings of late should at once call together the members of the League, and take measures to increase its membership and prepare to be represented at St. Louis. And in the thousand places where Liberals hav for the last few years been talking of organizing a League they should at once meet and organize, and order a charter of Secretary Leland. I can hardly think of a place of the one hundred or more towns that I hav visited during the last winter where they hav no League, but the friends hav informed me that they intended to form one soon. Now this is just the time to put all those good intentions into effect. Before the 1st day of July we can hav one hundred new, activ, chartered auxiliary Leagues if every person who desires an auxiliary League formed in his or her locality will at once move in the matter. It is not necessary to go to great expense or much trouble to form a League. Let some earnest, activ Liberal draw up a petition to the secretary of the N. L. L. for a charter for an auxiliary League; then pass around the town and procure ten names, and fifty cents from each person, which will make up the $5 (charter fee). Then mail the petition with a post-office order for the $5 to T. C. Leland, Sec. N. L. L., 744 Broadway, New York city. The person who gets up the petition will be considered the temporary secretary until the League is fully organized. So soon as the charter is received a meeting should be called by the temporary secretary to protect the organization. The organization can be perfected by the election of a president, secretary, and treasurer and board of directors.

Friends of state secularization and Freethought let us now go to work as we never hav before, and push forward the League movement. After the 1st of June I shall devote myself most exclusively to this business in the state of New York if our Liberal friends in that state will aid me in the work.

We must go up with a hundred delegates from the Empire state to the St. Louis Congress. There should be as many delegates to this congress as attend a Presidential Nominating Convention. Shall Liberalism hav such a "boom?" H. L. GREEN.

REVIVAL AT WEST PAWLET.

MR. EDITOR: The Baptist church at West Pawlet, Vt., hav just been having what they call a revival. Rev. Mr. Earle, of Massachusetts, has been with them six days. He is an old hand at it. He has been a minister for fifty-two years, and preached 2,300 sermons. He came here well recommended, and the enthusiastic religious fanatics who got him to come here supposed he would convert the whole of West Pawlet in about fifteen minutes. He had been at Hartford and Greenwich, N. Y., and had converted almost everybody and everything, and all thought that West Pawlet would be but a mouthful for him.

But, oh, how different! His preaching consists of stories and yarns about somebody dying without hope in Christ and going to hell. These stories disgusted the intelligent, thinking people of this place, who hav long ago given up the idea of endless punishment. He told about a man dropping dead up in Maine, and seventy-five people found Christ during the excitement. He told of a young man who died of a sore throat, and, although Earle was there and prayed for him for half an hour, his last words were, "Too late, too late." He told of a man who said when he got to heaven the first thing he would do would be to find his mother. Then he would beg to be excused and go and find Jesus, and he would sit down and look at him for a thousand years. Suppose that one half of the people who hav died are in heaven watching Jesus, it is estimated that Mr. Earle will be unable to get within five miles of the object of his love. Just how clear a view he will get at that distance can be imagined, while the rattle-to-bang of the harps and songs of praise, worse than a thousand brass bands, will render visiting impossible. He said God could not save a sinner; the Holy Ghost could not, as he had no blood; all the angels could not; man could not, his blood was poison. Nobody but Jesus could save from hell.

He advocated all the threadbare doctrins of our pilgrim fathers, such as original sin, foreordination, immersion, a gold-plated heaven (for "our folks"), a double-back-acting, three-headed, compound God; a bloody salvation for a few, and hell and damnation for the millions.

Parties that heard him at Manchester, Greenwich, and Hartford say that his sermons are a mere repetition of the same stories. Let him tell it, and it was down in Greenwich, over in Maine, down South, up North, out West, and down East where he did "big" things, but, alas! he could do nothing here.

He gave the family that entertained him a public hit for not having what he termed a "family altar." His back ached, and he felt sick and discouraged because the ladies did not come up and shake hands with him as they did at Hartford. He was short and touchy, and blowed up the janitor for adjusting the lamps or windows during the sermon. He told the Christians to go nowhere where they could not take Jesus with them. This was a cool one for many who hav attended dances and shows all winter, and when the very church he was preaching in was partly paid for by theatrical performances, kissing-parties, and heavenly restaurants, oyster slops, and egg sociables. Mr. Earle asked that the places of business, stores, shops, etc., be closed during the hours of his meeting. His wishes were almost universally disregarded. He told the people not to be anticipating too much about meeting their friends who hav died in heaven, as many of them were probably somewhere else. He told of a man in Syracuse who had three layers of ice in his heart (it must hav been that cold summer of 1800 and froze to death) and he got it melted out by attending three of Mr. Earle's red-hot prayer-meetings.

His converts were some dozen of girls and children, of the intellectual capacity which is usually seen in converts who are prayed, sung, teased, and scared into heaven. They prayed for nearly all the unconverted and visited some of the business men, but failed to make a single convert among the intelligent, well-read people.

As Mr. Earle is called a "big gun" and second only to Moody, the Christians should giv up the idea of having another revival unless they can get Jesus Christ himself to superintend it in person. Mr. Earle received his pay by people putting five-dollar bills or larger into envelops and handing them to him. It was urged that they giv him nothing less than $5 each. To close the last evening Mr. Earle and two ministers stood up, and the audience were requested to pass around and shake hands with the three. Only about two-thirds of them viewed the remains. It is almost the universal opinion that Mr. Earle injured the church more than he helped it. Perhaps there are revivalists who can convert the whole of West Pawlet, but they are yet to be found. Bring on your next! SELAH.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF LA CROSSE.

LA CROSSE, March 6, 1882.

SIR: I want to make a few suggestions, right here, about your "New Temperance Alliance." I see by the *Morning Chronicle*, of the 25th ult., you had a mass meeting in the opera house, to take into consideration the best course to pursue to stop selling liquor and lager beer on the Sabbath (do not you know there are Sabbaths for every day in the week?). Now, I want to say right here, and I am very sorry to hav to say it, that in my opinion, you are fighting the effect instead of the cause; for instance, if there were no liquors drank, there would be none made.

You are aware that, in the Bible, it is stated that Noah, directly after the deluge, got drunk, and was "uncovered within his tent." You know, also, that Lot got drunk, and his two daughters went and lay with him. And you also know, if you hav read the Bible, that Paul says, "Take a little wine for your stomach's sake." Now, if these holy men of God were old topers, what can you expect from sinners of the present day? Paul asks: "Hath not the potter power over the clay to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?"

Now, if what Paul said be true, had not God power over the clay to make man good and intelligent, or bad and wicked, just as he saw fit? God made man to become a drunkard, or he never would hav been one. Why, God, the very first pop, put a tempting tree in the Garden of Eden as a snare and temptation, and then got his back up about it. It is no use saying he gave man a free will to eat or not to eat, for that makes the matter ten times worse, for he knew he would eat in spite of it; he had made him so. I tell you, if you intend to make prohibition a success, you must kill the appetite for intoxicating drinks. All the prohibitory laws you can pass will never produce anything but mischief, in spite of anything you can do to the contrary; and as long as there is a demand for intoxicating drinks they will be manufactured, in spite of all you can do to prevent it. Why, they will tell you they know more in one minute than you can learn in a year. There is a law against horse stealing; does that prevent the stealing of horses? Are people to stop keeping chickens because thieves hav a desire to steal them? Are we to do without money because some people will steal it whenever they get a chance? Because some people will jump their board-bill are we to hav no boarding-houses? I am satisfied you will never succeed in your temperance theory unless you can destroy the appetite for intoxicating drinks.

Now, in order to commence reform, you want to put away that old smutty Bible; then I will help you all I can, but not till then. And the next thing to do will be to giv the rising generation a good, common sense education. But that you never will do the way you are proceeding, for the whisky and lager beer pressure will be too strong. I guess you will find that neither hell, brimstone, nor damnation will fetch them, as they are proof against all these. They know that your Christ made wine and got drunk at a marriage-feast, and got others drunk as well. So they are satisfied if they believe that, at the last trump, your Christ will save them, for so he said. So the sinner will come out all right in the end anyhow. How handy it is to have such precious saving grace at last, as it givs encouragement to all villainy and crime.

I am the well-wisher of the human race.

J. PETTY.

MOOERS, N. Y., March 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The inclosed piece, which I clipped from the Pittsburg *Sentinel*, is probably no news to you, as it has appeared in the Troy *Times* and other papers, but I don't wish it to escape your notice. You will see in the last paragraph of the article that the Methodist clergy would hav us believe the reverend offender innocent, though you may, like myself, be at a loss to know how long they want us to wait for the decision, whether in this real world or in their fancied next; whether they will judge from the color of the child's hair or hav us wait till he adopts a profession to see if he is a born minister. However, members of his congregation here, who hav known him well, don't seem inclined to believe him innocent, for I hav heard several of them express a great contempt for him. "He ought to be shot like a dog," and such like. But the most amusing remark I heard was made by an old deacon of the same church. "I feared as much of him," said the old church dignitary, "but what I liked of him was his style." As the above remark was the first I overheard of the conversation, and the people of this neighborhood seldom speak of anything but horses, I imagined they were talking about a four-legged stallion until further conversation revealed the fact that it was a two-legged one, and a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus at that, that was so admired for his style in spite of his apparent inclination to evil. Please giv the case as it appears in other papers, and let readers decide as to his guilt or innocence—and his style.

Yours for truth, style or no style, CHAS. LAPERCHE.

"A DISTRESSING CASE.

"Miss Dora Forbes, aged twenty-two years, a daughter of C. P. Forbes, of Ticonderoga, died at a hotel in Rutland on Thursday of last week, under very painful circumstances. Since the failure of her father, who was formerly a large manufacturer of sash, blinds, and doors, she has been employed by a milliner establishment at Brunswick, N. Y. Before her death she gave birth to a child, of which she charged that Rev. W. L. Smith, a Methodist clergyman, of Brunswick, was the father. Heartbroken and almost crazed by grief and shame, the young woman died from nervous exhaustion. Her parents are of the highest respectability.

"Mr. Smith admits having sent $50 to her while she was ill, but denies the truth of her charge. A number of letters written by him were found in her trunk.

"Mr. Smith has been acquainted with the family several years, having been pastor of the Crown Point Methodist church for two years. Five years ago he was stationed at Mooers. It is only just to say that the Rev. Mr. Smith has heretofore borne the highest reputation, and has been looked upon by his charge and his brother ministers as one whose character was above reproach. The Rev. Fred Widmer, presiding elder of the district in which the accused pastor labors, says that Mr. Smith was one of the most conscientious and careful pastors in the district, and that he is confident that Mr. Smith has been terribly maligned and that he will be able to clearly establish his innocence when the proper time arrives."

DALLAS, TEX., April 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: How strange it appears to one who has been mostly taught by nature that man should agree so well upon the merits and near approach to perfection as are the workings of the telegraph, telephone, locomotiv, and steam-boat in all their mechanical devices, and then differ so widely about the merits, perfection, chastity, and wisdom in the word of God. If you want the contrast properly amplified take a small Bible, as I hav done, and seat yourself beneath the shades of some great oak near some prairie, where you are free from all the magnetic influences of man, and watch some western-bound passenger train as it speeds before the wind. Watch the engineer, and see if he don't look proud, confident, independent, noble, and wise as he stands or sits with his hand upon the throttle, as he measures out a known amount of steam to each mile in a certain amount of time, and you are bound to exclaim, How wonderful, how grand, how beautiful, how great are these works and plans of man! Then pick up your Bible, and perchance you may, without thinking, open it, as I did, at the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, and read the whole chapter; and after you hav found out the occupation of Jacob and Rachel, Bilhah and God, you are apt to exclaim as I did, How rude, how filthy is this plan, these words of God! And you will be apt to close the sacred record, as I did, with disgust, exclaiming that there is more wisdom, justice, and sublime sentiment in the make-up of a modern, intelligent, liberal-minded, scientific man of the present day than there was in the great Jehovah of the Jews. D. C. MITCHELL.

An Agnostic Orphan.

BY MRS. E. D. SLENKER.

There is a God, so I am told,
But, oh! he must be far away,
Else would he shield me from the cold,
And giv me bread to eat to-day.

'Tis said he clothes the tender lamb
And covers with long hair the goat,
But see! how poorly clad I am,
With none to mend my tattered coat.

'Tis said that heaven is filled with joy.
How can it be? Could mother dear
One moment there forget her boy
Who shivers, starves, and suffers here?

'Tis said God hears the raven's cry,
And pitying sees the sparrow fall,
If so, then why, oh! tell me why
He doth not deign to hear my call?

Say, father God, is it designed
That I, an orphan, here should be
To sanctify some saintly mind
By sight of my sad misery?

It's all a mystery to me,
And o'er my mind the thought will creep
That God in heaven we ne'er shall see,
But death will be an endless sleep.

And why not rather so than be
With angels round a heavenly throne,
While suffering friends on earth we see,
Yet cannot help a single one?

To My Enemy.

BY ALHAZA.

Forget thee—can the dying rose
Forget the balmiest breeze of even,
Or dew within the lily's cup,
Forget the purest star in heaven?

If ever music soothes thy heart,
The breathings of the far-off lute;
Or incense from the sleeping flowers,
When twilight's holiest voice is mute;

When fleecy clouds with angel tread
Pass lightly o'er the amber sea:
And every wo from earth seems fled,
In that blest hour, think not of me.

But if the storms of dark despair,
Upon thy pathway should descend,
Remember in that hopeless hour,
Thou hast on earth one constant friend.

Hate if you will; let me dream on.
"I loved you once"—no fiend can sour
The nectar of the rose's heart,
Nor steal from me that spell of power.

One word of thine is sweeter far,
Than perfume from a spicy tree;
One breath from thee is lightly blown
From richer balm than Araby.

When wind-harps from the forest deep
Have charmed away the tempest's wrath,
The thought of thee comes o'er the sea,
And seems an angel in my path.

A Dream.

I hav often heard of an age of gold,
With a sun all love-light beaming,
And this is an age of iron, we're told;
But it seems like an age of dreaming.
Tom dreams of poverty, Dick of pelf,
Or whatever's the ruling passion;
And I had a dream t'other night myself,
So dreaming, I think, is *in fashion*.

I thought my spirit had left its clay,
And o'er that delectable mountain
Of which Bunyan raved I thought I lay
By the side of a beautiful fountain.
It seemed a clime of perpetual spring,
Where flowers in beauty were blowing,
And bright plumaged birds did round me sing,
While my bosom with rapture was glowing.

I felt not hungry, nor thirsty, nor faint,
Nor weariness, although reclining,
And whether I'm counted a sinner or saint,
I cared not nor thought of repining.
Anon I could see in the distance afar,
A rude wall, with huge gaps in the center,
The hingeless old gates had tumbled ajar,
So that Tom, Dick, and Harry could enter.

And this was the wall, and those were the gates'
We've been told were all sapphires and rubies,
About which priests and poets hav addled their pates,
Like silly contemptible boobies.
From the base of the cliff on which stood that rude wall,
Far, far as my vision extended,
Were huge hills of sulphur and mountains of coal,
With mounds of rich minerals blended.

Midst the hum of machinery and puffing of steam,
Rose the voices of artisans singing,
There were boats swiftly gliding o'er Styx's old stream,
And hammers on anvils were ringing;
Scientists here, expounding their views
Before a large health commission.
There, unchristened youngsters, hollering the news,
"*Hell Banner*, the sixtieth edition."

All seemed prosperous and happy down there,
I heard neither weeping nor wailing;
'Tis a much better place than heaven, I fear,
For up there some spirit was railing.
T'was a queer-looking chap, bound round by a cord;
I judged from his garb t'was St. Peter;
He was in a big stew, for his ear-cropping sword
Was flashing about like a meteor.

He seemed to be fighting with nothing at all,
But anon I could see a poor specter,
So meager and shadowy, thin and so small,
He seemed scarcely aught but conjecture.
Said Peter, "Confound you, clear out, go below,
I'll be blowed if we'll hav you up here, sir,
We'v enough such as you, I'd hav you to know."
Said the shade, "I'v skedaddled from there, sir."

Then Pete called a cherub (he looked like an owl)
To go down below, and inquire.
He went and found Satan just teaching a soul
How to lay an electrical wire.
When he'd stated his errand the devil got mad
And said, "Blast that confounded old Peter,
He would like to palm on me instead of the bad,
Every sniveling darned sanctified creature."

His sooty old tail uncoiled like a snake,
As he shouted, "Now this I'll hav seen to;
The wicked alone I will willingly take,
But not both the wicked and mean, too.
There is not a hound ever followed the deer,
Can match that darned rascal in keenness;
And although as wicked as aught we hav here,
He rivals e'en heaven in meanness.

"I ordered my imps, if he came here at all,
To hunt up the mean soul, and bind it,
And bring it to me; but, by God, 'tis so small,
We had not a devil could find it.
His praiseworthy labors, suppression of vice,
From my domain surely should save him;
And if he's not fit for your old Paradise,
I hope you don't think that I'll hav him.

"No, take him and plant him in heaven's old wall,
Along with your favorit strumpets.
Let them sit without breeches in sight of you all,
And blow your damned two-penny trumpets."
The poor little cherub trembling flew
Away on his rapidest pinion,
And left Satan swearing till all had turned blue,
And raising all hell's wide dominion.

Though rejected by heaven, and hunted from hell,
The specter regained his serenity,
And went for some mail-bags; he seemed to know well,
Where to search for his favorit obscenity.
I saw several saints taking sly little nips,
From cups of the rudest simplicity,
I saw heaven lighted by primitiv dips,
Though the devil had got electricity;

I saw hell's artisans working up there,
And building a lot of new jails, sir;
And Satan himself does often appear,
Attending the sheriff's forced sales, sir.
Now I got quite confused, for it seemed to grow dark,
And I heard a most horrible screaming;
'Twas the milkman who woke me, instead of the lark,
When, lo and behold! I'd been dreaming.

Cresentius.

Behold him as he stands—
The chains upon his hands,
The noblest and the knightliest one
In all the Roman lands!

On his black charger he
Has led to victory
Ten thousand thousand Romans through
The battle's din and dree.

Then streamed his war plume white,
Gleamed in the golden light
His mail and helmet, bearing deep
The dints of many a fight.

Now cruel rack and wheel,
His flesh is made to feel,
But, lo! his true, unmurmuring
Lips no secret will reveal.

Behold his quivering frame!
Behold the proud, calm flame
Within his eagle eye, the while they taunt
His naked shame!

And break his battle sword,
That for themselvs hath poured
The blood of foemen where the flag
Of Rome imperial soared!

"Step forth!" The headsman leads,
And, though each fiber bleeds,
Cresentius goes with grand, high
Mien, to die for noble deeds.

With bright, unbandaged eye
Doth he the ax defy,
While bending to its bloody stroke,
. . . A mad, quick tiger-cry

Leaps from the people there—
Rage, pathos, and despair
Are blended in the awful wail that
Breaks upon the air.

Thus, in a devil-age,
Was the historic page
Splashed with the blood of men
Who threw at tyranny the gage.

Thus did they dree and die,
On block, or cross-tree high,
Because the hell-whelps on the
Thrones they boldly did defy.

And though the rack and wheel,
And though the headsman's steel,
No man within our boastful land
Hath yet been made to feel.

Still, if we dare defy
A mailed and mitred lie
Of church or state, its tools will
Hate and hound us till we die.

—*Kenneth Lamar, in the Free Trader.*

The Monsters of Ancient Times.

"Jumbo wasn't a circumstance to the elephants that used to stamp around this country," said a professor of natural history when asked by a reporter of the *Sun* whether the beast just landed was of extraordinary size. "In 1866, while excavating in Cohoes, N. Y., workmen broke into what seemed to be a big pot hole or well, such as is seen sometimes in the rock bed of rivers. It was full of muck and peaty soil, and at the bottom were found the chief bones of an immense elephant. It was determined that the animal had been washed into the hole when New York state was covered with glaciers hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet thick. That condition of the country can explain the number of pot holes, from ten to sixty feet in depth, near the Mohawk River. They were formed by water from the surface of a glacier, falling into crevasses and forming cascades, often a thousand feet in hight. The Cohoes elephant was half a million years ago, perhaps, entombed in a great mass of moving ice, and when thawed out was washed into the hole in which it was preserved so many years.

"In the collection in Rutgers College is a fragment of a tusk that is worn down and polished on one side, showing plainly the peculiar glacial striæ. A tusk in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences shows similar markings. The American elephant was probably exterminated by the glacial drift. A famous place for these elephant remains is the Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky. In Warren county, New Jersey, some farmers, in cutting peat in a bog, found the remains of six animals less than ten feet below the surface. The most perfect specimen was discovered at Newburgh, N. Y. The skeleton is now in the British Museum. It is twelve feet in hight, and the tusks are ten feet in length. The animals roamed the western parts of the United States and Canada, and along the line of the Andes from five degrees north latitude to forty degrees south, and remains hav been dug up at Quito, nearly two miles above the level of the sea. Their tusks are often plowed up by farmers in St. Catherines, Canada West, western Ohio, Alabama, Mississippi, and Vermont. In Nebraska there was a smaller species. Compared to those animals the elephants of to-day are pigmies. The Newburgh elephant was twenty-five feet in length and more than twelve feet in hight, and its feet were two feet across. So perfectly was it preserved that the remains of spruce and hemlock branches that it had eaten were found in the position of the stomach.

"Those elephants rarely ranged further north than the latitude of St. Catherines, but beyond this ranged a hairy elephant, a third larger and nearly three times as heavy as an elephant of to-day. From the end of the trunk to that of the tail it was thirty-five feet in length. The enormous tusks that reached out in great curves were from ten to sixteen feet in length and thirty inches in circumference at the base.

"All along the borders of the Arctic Sea the remains of these monsters are found, and within a few months an interesting discovery has been made. A company of men started from Sitka, intending to search for the remains of ancient elephants on account of the ivory. They followed the shores of the Polar Sea for two hundred miles without finding a bone or a tusk. When almost discouraged, disheartened, and determined to abandon the search, one of the party in crossing a glacier broke through the ice and disappeared. As the mass of ice was more than one thousand feet thick, he was given up as lost, the nature of the crevasse being well known to the rest. One of the party, however, volunteered to learn the fate of the man. All the rope and cord in the party was bound together, and the searcher was lowered into the hole. When about one hundred feet down the line slackened, and a hail was heard. The searcher was hauled to the surface, and he explained that that the crevice was an enormous room in the glacier, and that the incline was so gradual that with but little work steps could be cut and the bottom reached. The line was made fast, and, armed with axes, five of the party were lowered into the chasm. They found a foothold, and soon reached the bottom, where the body of their comrade lay. He was only stunned, and was soon restored. It was then, their eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, that the nature of their surroundings became apparent. The room was about five hundred feet in circumference. Against the walls of ice dark, irregular-shaped masses appeared. Each minute they became more distinct, until the men saw high above them the indistinct form of a gigantic animal standing erect in the icy mass. Below it, but further in, and fully inclosed, was another, and in a short time they traced the forms of thirty-five entombed monsters. Some were standing erect on their massiv legs, others were lying on their backs as if they had fallen into a crevice and become wedged in, while one huge monster had his head down, with the body thrown over as if it had fallen headlong into the icy pit. One of them was partly thawed out, and the massiv head and tusks hung down. From the ponderous trunk depended large icicles, reaching the floor and forming a column for its support. The bodies were entirely covered with a thick hairy coat resembling jute, but frozen so firmly that it could not be cut. An entire herd had been entrapped in some manner, and was gradually moving in the body of the glacier toward the sea, to be some day cast up on the shore. Not one of the creatures, nor even a tusk, could be obtained without months of work, and the men reluctantly abandoned them.

"Early in the century a fisherman living near the mouth of the Lena River, in Siberia, discovered one of these monsters protruding from an ice-cliff on the shores of the sea. The trunk, tusks, and head were in full view twenty feet above him. For five successiv years he visited the spot, and was finally repaid one spring by finding the huge body on the sands below. It had been partly devoured by bears and wolves, and the flesh was so fresh and well preserved that the meat was cut away and given to the dogs. Even the brain and the eyes were well preserved, although, according to geologists, these animals hav been dead hundreds of thousands of years. The skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg. About the same time a gigantic hairy rhinoceros was found in the ice, but it was destroyed by bears before it could be saved."

THREE PAMPHLETS

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HISTORY

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION

TO A. D. 200.

By CHARLES B. WAITE, A.M.

Verdict of European Scholars.

This work has received the indorsement of the Society of Critical Historical Theology of Zurich, Switzerland. The president of the society is Prof. Gustav Volkmar, one of the first biblical scholars of Germany, author of "Die Religion Jesu," "Jesus Nazarenus," "Ursprungs Unserer Evangelien" ["Sources of Our Gospels"], etc., etc. He is Professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis in the University, and teacher of General Religious History in the state college at Zurich.

Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupf rschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hoogkass, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

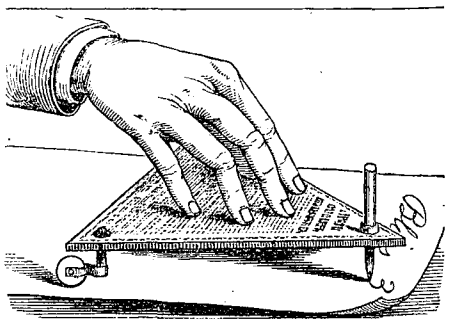
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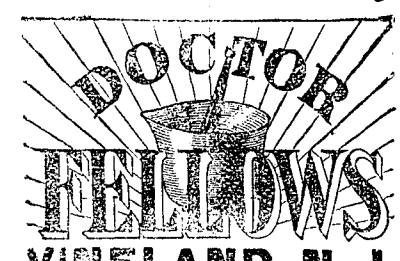
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WITH regard to what is commonly meant by intemperate discussion, namely, invectiv, sarcasm, personality, and the like, the denunciation of these weapons would deserve more sympathy if it were ever prepared to interdict them equally to both sides; but it is only desired to restrain the employment of them against the prevailing opinion; against the unprevailing they may not only be used without general disapproval, but will be likely to obtain for him who uses them the praise of honest zeal and righteous indignation. Yet, whatever mischief arises from their use is greatest when they are employed against the comparativly defenceless; and whatever unfair advantage can be derived by any opinion from this mode of asserting it accrues almost exclusivly to received opinions.—*Mill's Liberty.*

"ATHEISM does not explain the origin of existence." Perfectly true, but neither does Theism. Nothing explains it. Origin of existence is unthinkable, even as annihilation is. The Theist believes in a self-existent god, of whom he knows nothing; the Atheist believes in a self-existent universe of which he knows a little. To regard the universe as created, and God as self-existent, is not to explain the origin of existence; it is only to cover the difficulty up in a wrapper, and to write on the wrapper, "God." In the old fable, to the question, "On what does the world rest?" the answer comes, "On an elephant," "And on what does the elephant rest?" "On a tortoise." "And on what does the tortoise rest?" "It is self-supporting." Would it not be simpler to make the world self-supporting at once? Theism names the "tortoise" God, and plumes itself on its superior knowledge.—*Besant's Gospel of Atheism.*

THIS green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead, the winds sweeping through it, the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom, we do not yet know, we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty: it is by our superior levity, or inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud "electricity," and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk; but *what* is it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it! Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. The world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle (*i. e.*, a thing to be wondered at); wonderful, inscrutable, magical, and mere to whosoever will think of it.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

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THERE is one practical question which I wish President Porter would answer, and it seems to me of far greater importance than whether there is a personal God or not: What is to become of society in this world if the million dollar churches of the rich are to be untaxed, and the poor are to be left to multiply in cellars beyond the possibility of having sound minds in sound bodies.—*Elizur Wright.*

THERE are thousands of Christians who hav never examined the evidences of the resurrection, piece by piece; they are incapable of estimating it, if they did examin; they know nothing about the laws of evidence; they hav had no experience in balancing the value of testimony; they are neither lawyers nor philosophers, and yet those simple Christians, etc., etc.—*Fred W. Robertson.*

THE simple believeth every word: but the prudent man looketh well to his going.—*Prov.* xiv, 15.

IF a man's practice be vicious and injurious to his fellow-creatures, what religion he professes imparts little more to his moral character than the shape or color of his clothes. What matters it in point of religion, to detest the violences and persecutions of Rome, if men still continue lovers of violence and contention? What matters it in point of truth to hav rejected the unintelligible doctrins of Rome [or any other church], if men still continue fond of unintelligible notions? What matters it in point of virtue and real goodness to hav departed from the superstitious practices of Rome, if men will still be fond of superstious practices?—*Dr. Samuel Clark.*

HE little knows woman's nature who thinks her will, spirit, and resolution can be broken by a few weeks' confinement and a diet of bread and water. Any woman that is at all womanly in her feelings will suffer to the last extremity before she will giv up the man she loves and marry one she loathes and detests. Suffering only makes her the more resolute and determined. A girl may love her God and adore her savior, but she idolizes her lover, and places him far above all gods in the sanctuary of her affections, no matter how pious she may be Her God and savior only become reflections or idealized images of her lover, and in loving them she really loves him.—*E. D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

A NEW singer is named Miss Amelia Wurmb. She just fairly crawls all over the chromatic scales.

TRUTH is naked, while falsehood is clothed in gay attire. Truth should put on some clothes at once.

IT is a great mistake for a girl who has been crossed in love to hold her head under a pump until life is extinct. She makes such a damp-looking remains.

THE Mormons are getting ready to convince that commission that they are not polygamists, never were, and that really there isn't any such thing as polygamy.

PRESBYTERIAN blue is the latest shade in that color. But Presbyterians are not blue any more. O dear, no. They keep up their end of the circus with the best of them.

WHEN the editor of the *World* was asked whether it was true that his brother was dead, he replied that he was too busy to say anything about the matter. Business before grief.

HENRY WATTERSON plays the piano and poker. Plays poker best. But Henry's favorit "harp of a thousand strings spirits of Kentucky bourbon made perfect" is "a tariff for revenue only." Piano and poker are merely amusements.

HEAVEN is losing its reputation faster than any place we ever heard of. With the exception of Sindram, every murderer who has been hung for years has publicly asserted that he was going straight there on a cut ticket.—*The Judge.*

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely veined temple against his coat-collar, and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far off Pleiades, "how soothing, how restful."

"Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureola of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats."

PUT away our Johnnie's trousers,
Those his mother patched with care,
Though the patches sure were rousers
On the part that rubbed the stair.

Up in heaven now our Johnnie,
Fled for aye his worldly haunts—
Gone to meet his brother Lonnie,
Never more to wear patched pants.

A WESTERN editor offered a prize of $50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answering it, accepting the proposal, and with the threat of a breach of promis suit actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shoot they procure the persimmons.

"WHAT shall we do to entertain our girls," says a religious exchange. A man who needs advice as to now to entertain his girls is not fit to edit a religious paper. We suggest that he should take one of them out buggy-riding in the afternoon, tell her what a daisy she is, and how insipid and fixed up that other girl is. Then he should take "that other girl" out for ice cream after supper, and tell her confidentially how very uninteresting and awkward that buggy-riding girl is. When the two girls meet the religious editor can depend on their entertaining each other without his personal assistance.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Jimpson, purchased a Gainsborough, and visited Mrs. Fennel. It was evident that Mrs. Jimpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennel.

"My husband," said Mrs. Jimpson, "wanted me ter git a finer hat den dis, but reflectin' dat de twenty-dollar bills in de bottom of de drawer was gettin' sauter scace, like, I concluded to content myself wid a fifty-dollar hat."

"Wall, yer was savin'," remarked Mrs. Fennel, and then, stepping to the door, exclaimed: "Tildy, take dat thousand-dollar bill away from dat chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillun ter 'stroy money in dat way."

Mrs. Jimpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.

IT had taken some little time to bring his tongue in full accord with his mind, but he finally stammered out:

"Will you—will you wander down life's path, your hand in mine, while the goddess of love sings siren songs to us? Oh, will you be my own, my angel?"

"Well. well, wouldn't I look well as an angel? See here. If you want me to marry you, to make life happy and home pleasant for you, to keep the house slicked up nice, to cook you relishable meals, to preside at your table and at the piano with equal ability, to care for the children and bring them up bright and smart, and help you to make the most of yourself in this world, I'll jine hands with you."

"That's just the practical sort of an angel I thought you were. 'Jine.'"

I'M AN ASS.

(AIR: "*I'm Afloat.*" *Specially arranged for the Brooklyn Tabernacle.*)

I'm an ass, I'm an ass, I'm an ass of the church.
With a habit of braying and talent for smirch.
When I let myself out you will fully agree
That the world contains nothing so asinin as me.

I'm an ass. I'm an ass—'tis my joy to bray loud
On subjects that tickle the tab'nacle crowd;
Any topic that fools odoriferous find
Is the theme *apropos* to a jack of my kind!

I'm an ass, I'm an ass, with an aspect unfair—
Not another such one you will meet anywhere,
Though you travel from Maine unto Texas remote.
I'm an ass, I'm an ass of the Balaam *cahoot!*

I'm an ass, I'm an ass, I'm an ass with a wheeze—
And don't you forget it, Bob Ingersoll, please.
In season and out, amid husks or in grass,
Forever as now—I'm an ass, I'm an ass.

[Sworn and subscribed to before me, this the fourteenth day of April, A.D, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.] —F. W. P.

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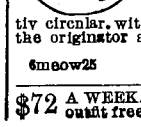
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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Evangelical Alliance of St. Louis voted *not* to discuss the question, "What doctrins of Evangelical Christianity, if any, hav been modified by science in the nineteenth century?"

THE Cleveland minister who married Edward Marshall to Annie Hellan was very near-sighted. That was his excuse for failing to see that the bridegroom was a boy of 14, while the bride was 26. The latter is now under arrest on a charge of perjury, as she swore, in taking out the license, that Eddie was of age.

CARDINAL NEWMAN says there is no place in Europe where the pope can set his foot. Europe is a cramped up place, anyhow, but if the pope's foot is bigger than the whole country, he had better move the Vatican to the plains of Texas, or rent his foot for a bridge across the Atlantic, or let it out in sections for cattle-ranches, or giv it to the Irish for a farm, and charge them no rent. Perhaps Barnum would buy the big toe as a curiosity. Just advertise it, Mr. Pope, and some enterprising American will take it off your leg.

IN his last *National Reformer* Mr. Bradlaugh says: "The Philadelphian folk do not exactly wish me to be made bankrupt by the common informer, so a committee has been formed in the City of Brotherly Love, and I hav received an invitation to deliver one hundred lectures in various cities of the United States, for which the committee are ready to pay £2,000 cash, besides my traveling and hotel expenses to and from Europe, and while lecturing. Unfortunately, until the fight is over, I dare not stay away from England during the four months these lectures would occupy."

THE death-bed of Lanza, the Italian statesman, has become as great a scandal as that of Littre, the great French critic and lexicographer. Lanza cared no more about the church than he did for the chemical composition of faith; but, when he came to die, an officious nephew introduced a priest to his bedside. "You repent of your last sins?" said the agent of the church. "Yes," replied the dying man, feebly. "You repent and retract all you hav done against religion and the holy church?" Lanza looked up to the priest with the utmost scorn and contempt, and did not deign to reply to what he considered an insult. The priest, however, gave him absolution, and proclaimed that Lanza had repented. The truth is, Lanza had nothing to repent of, and died, as he had lived, an enemy to Catholicism.

A SOMEWHAT impecunious church which has for a long time been humiliated by being compelled to worship in a shabby old frame house of worship recently announced its purpose of building something more commodious and stylish. A neighboring dominie, astonished at the state of financial ability indicated by such a step, congratulated the pastor on the improved prosperity of the church. The pastor accepted the congratulations gracefully and thankfully. The neighboring dominie then ventured to ask as to the amount of cash on hand, if it were sufficient to finish the building and hav it free from debt. "Well," said the pastor, "I can hardly say we hav enough for that; you know our people are poor, and we hav not been able to raise much cash, but we are rich in faith." "And will faith put up your new church?" the neighbor asked. "Well, not exactly that," the pastor replied, "but we hav money to begin with, and we hav faith to believe that somehow or other we shall get the balance." "Then," the neighbor remarked, "you mean to say that you are going to build on a little cash, run awfully in debt, and get Bro. Kimball or somebody to help you out of it." The pastor admitted that possibly there might be something of the kind. "Then," the objecting dominie replied, "you had better worship for fifty years in your shabby little church rather than run in debt for a house you cannot pay for." And there was a coolness between these two servants of the Lord.

IN his last Sunday lecture, George Chainey paid his respects to the people who charge the Liberals with being destructiv, and their orthodox ally, the *Index*, as follows: "You hav heard much said about destructiv and constructiv Liberalism. The truth is, there is no such thing as destructiv Liberalism that can be separated from constructiv. It is only orthodoxy that destroys without building. Liberalism builds grandly for humanity with every denial it makes. Next Sunday the destructiv nature of Col. Ingersoll's lecture will be spoken of in many pulpits in Boston. This cry is constantly raised against him both by the pulpit and press. And yet no man living to-day is building better and fairer homes for coming generations than he. From his almost matchless imagination are being shaped ideals of liberty, truth, and love, of fireside joy, of a regenerated and happy humanity that shall people this fair earth when no one shall arrogate to himself any right he does not accord to every one else. Any man or woman who proclaims against such work as he is doing as destructiv alone has no more an idea of what he or she is talking about than a parrot. This same charge has frequently been made against the work we are doing in this lecture society. The editors of the *Index*—who, from their professions, ought to rejoice in what we hav done and are still doing—hav several times made this foolish charge, and quite recently hinted that this audience is of too low an order of intellect to appreciate anything but negations. Why they should write of us and our work only in this way, I cannot imagin, unless as an excuse for their own dulness and flatulency. I should be much obliged if the *Index* would point us to any affirmation they ever made that has not been made in these lectures. I dislike to speak against those who claim to be engaged in the service of liberty. But he who wears your colors, and professes to fight on your side, and then turns his sword against you in the thick of the fight, is the most cowardly and meanest of all traitors."

J. H. MCVICKER recently addressed an open letter to Rev. Herrick Johnson, in reply to his published charges against the theaters of Chicago. The vigor and directness of Manager McVicker's reply may be inferred from the following extracts: "I request that you select from the recognized theaters of Chicago—those regularly advertising in our daily papers—any one, naming it and its manager, and then charging it with the crimes you hav laid at the door of all in such a way that the case may be taken into our courts, and I will guarantee to convict you of slander, or pay $1,000 to any charitable institution you may name. I make this request because I desire a test case. You say 'constant theater-goers by the score' hav admitted your charges to be true. I want to put them on the stand. I desire to see the people who will admit they go constantly to theaters to witness 'murderous assaults upon all that the family circle holds most holy and sacred.' So let us hav a test case. You and I may 'bandy words,' as many hav done before us, and arrive at no conclusion; for each will claim to hav proved his side, and there is no umpire to decide which is right, for in such matters the public is a myth. So, my dear sir, select your theater, and in a proper form present your unquashed indictment. . . . In your unchristian-like dealings with your fellowmen are you so blinded with ancient theological dust that you cannot see the position you will soon occupy, if you do not occupy it now? During my day in Chicago, several ministers of the gospel, with paralyzed ideas such as yours, hav come to the surface and for a time barked at the moon, so to speak; but not one of these who adhered to his charges, claiming that he had proved them, can boast to-day that he has the respect and confidence of the community to whom he promulgated such slanders. . . . You say there is not a 'dramatic house that has stood the test of time without allowing filth on its boards—there is not one on earth—not one;' and, after this sentence, you sign yourself, 'Respectfully, Herrick Johnson.' You should hav signed yourself, 'Slanderously, Herrick Johnson,' or 'Maliciously, Herrick Johnson.' If you will apply that assertion to McVicker's theater in such a way as to get it before the courts, I will agree to convict you of libel or pay $1,000 to any charity you may name. That 'dramatic house' has stood the test of time, under the same management; and, if report can be believed, it has never allowed upon its boards a tithe of the filth that emanated from your pulpit in your 'plain talk about theaters.'"

BUT few lawyers hav examined the provisions of the new criminal code, and those who hav emphatically condemn many of its provisions. In the legislature a strong and determined effort was made to pass an act providing that it should not take effect till May, 1883, while a prominent senator proposed to make the date 1983, but through the efforts of the advocates of the code a disagreement was occasioned between the two Houses, and on the day before the code was to become the sole criminal law of the state a compromise was agreed upon postponing the time at which it is to go into effect till December 1st next. This act was signed by the governor between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of April, the last legislativ day before May 1st, when the code would hav been in full force. Among the provisions of the new code is one upon the subject of "profane swearing." The one in force now is bad enough, but the new code goes much farther and does much worse. It defines profane swearing to be "any use of the name of God or Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, either in imprecating divine vengeance upon the utterer or another person, or in trifling or irreverent speech." It will be noticed that the language is very broad. While it closes the mouth of the skeptic, of the Freethinker, of the Infidel, of the Agnostic and Atheist, it puts a quietus upon the Hebrew, the Unitarian, and the Free Religionist. In view of the fact that the fundamental law of the state guarantees to every citizen toleration upon all religious subjects the policy of this definition of "profane swearing" well may be doubted. The chapter containing the above section is entitled "Of Crimes Against Religious Liberty and Conscience." It may be inferred that this part of the act is "a crime against liberty and conscience." The next two sections provide for the punishment of the person who may be convicted, substantially as in the present statute, except the code adds these words, "and in addition to the fine above prescribed (that is, the justice, mayor, recorder or alderman) impose imprisonment in a county jail, not exceeding ten days." Now we wish no person to understand that we favor, countenance, or approve of any profane swearing, but we look at the facts as they are. Every one who knows anything of men, knows that profane swearing is a habit, we may say almost universal among the people, from the chief executiv down to the lowest official. And they further know that if such a statute could be enforced, about all officials, judges, lawyers (editors, we are sorry to say), and two-thirds of the doctors would be in jail to-morrow; while additional prisons would be required to accommodate the people in general. Profane swearing cannot be got rid of by such acts as this, neither should the state of New York place upon its statute book an act which places the liberty of every citizen at the absolute mercy of every petty justice, mayor, or recorder, or alderman, either of which officials under the penal code may "without other proof" than his own hearing, even though the charge be false, commit our most distinguished citizen to the common jail for ten days. A bill has been introduced in the Assembly repealing these sections, and in our opinion it should pass, because they are grossly unjust under our Constitution, and because they place in the hands of an irresponsible class of officials the personal liberty of the people.—*Poughkeepsie Daily News.*

News of the Week.

MANY Jews are leaving Russia for Palestine.

THE season of the annual religious revivals opens this week.

EMMA VOGT, of Brooklyn, dropped dead in church on the 4th.

FIVE cases of smallpox were reported in Thorndike, Mass., on Sunday last.

MESSRS. PARNELL, Dillon, and O'Kelly hav been released from the Kilmainham jail.

THE President has signed the bill restricting Chinese immigration, and it is now a law.

THREE hundred girls employed in a New York carpet factory went on strike last week.

IT is said that Guiteau reads the Bible less than he did, and seems to be losing his nerve.

AN ocean steamer has just made the passage from Liverpool to New York in less than seven days.

THE court-house at Pittsburgh, Pa., was burnt on Sunday, the 7th. It cost $225,000 at the time it was erected.

SERVICES commemorativ of the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson were held in all the Unitarian churches of Boston last Sunday.

REAR-ADMIRAL ROGERS died in Washington last week, aged seventy. He was for many years superintendent of the naval observatory.

THE false prophet, who some time ago appeared in Soudan, Africa, and collected quite a following, has been killed and his disciples hav dispersed.

DELONG and his party hav been found. All are dead. They were commander and crew of the Jeannette, sent by James Gordon Bennett to search for the North Pole.

CINCINNATI enjoyed a Sunday with the saloons closed, on the 7th. Now if they would close the churches the inhabitants might think the millennium was really at hand.

THE Supreme Court has decided that the trial by court martial of Sergeant Mason, who fired at Guiteau while in jail, was legal, and the sentence not in excess of its power to impose.

THE "TROY TERROR," who was anxious to fight Sullivan, was knocked insensible in a sparring-match one evening last week in this city. He went back to Troy in a somewhat broken-up condition.

THE "Society of the Holy Name," of Kings county, is to hav a conference to take action toward prosecuting a more activ warfare against profanity, which is said to prevail to an alarming extent on Long Island.

THE woman impostor in London, who for some years dressed in male attire and masqueraded as a nobleman, swindling many people out of large sums of money, has been sentenced to twelve years imprisonment.

QUITE a lively tilt took place one day last week between Col. Ingersoll, counsel for the defense in the Star route cases, and Col. Bliss, prosecuting attorney. Bliss accused Ingersoll of treachery, and Ingersoll called Bliss a liar. The judge rebuked Bliss.

LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, the new chief secretary for Ireland, and Under-Secretary Thomas Henry Burke, were assassinated while walking in Phenix Park, Dublin, last Saturday evening. The motiv for the deed is supposed to hav been a political one, though the assassins are as yet altogether unknown.

GUITEAU'S sister, Mrs. Scoville, has been lecturing in New York. She was advertised to speak in a theater here last Sunday evening, but as only forty-one persons appeared in the way of an audience she declined to address them, and their money was returned. Mrs. Scoville's lectures are mainly upon religious subjects, and are uninteresting in the extreme.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Experiences in Bombay.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.—CONTINUED.

The last speech of this eventful occasion was by Kavasji M. Shroff, Esq., a Parsee Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and secretary of the Bombay branch of the National Indian Association, and of the Bombay Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In substance, and impressiveness of delivery, it was one of the best and most effective efforts of the day. He is the same intelligent person who visited America some seven years ago, and made a speech before the Liberal Club on the Parsees, which was very well received. Mr. K. M. Shroff said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: John Stuart Mill, in one of his admirable essays, says, "To suppress an expression of opinion is to rob the human race." Elsewhere it is said, "Error in opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." Encouraged by such sentiments, emanating from noble minds, I venture to stand before you here to-day, regardless of what the educated men of my age and class may say, to give expression to my views as a stanch Theosophist, inasmuch as I have been intimately connected with the society for more than three years. I say more than three years, because my connection does not date from the time of the society's arrival in Bombay, but much prior to that period. I had an opportunity of corresponding with the founders of the society when they were in America; and long before the Bombay society was formed, my friend Col. Olcott having heard of my travels in the United States, as I was subsequently informed, had gone down from Boston to New York only a day after I left the latter city for Bristol, in 1874, in order to have a talk with me about India and its people. Most of you are aware that during the society's stay of three years in Bombay, its indefatigable organizer and worker, our learned lecturer of this evening, gave many public addresses, both here and in connection with the Arya Samaj. But I purposely refrained from giving utterance to my thoughts on any of these occasions, because I believed it would be then considered premature, and I wanted time to make myself sufficiently familiar with the society. Now that a period of full three years has elapsed, during which time I had the best opportunity of watching the intentions, motives, and work of the movers of this grand national cause, I fearlessly but humbly face you to-day as a warm friend and ardent admirer of the society. The conviction is carried home to my mind—and I wish you to share that conviction—that the society has been founded on a purely philanthropic basis, and is one of the needed organizations for the regeneration of India. To make use of the happy language of Mr. Grant Duff, adopted in his eloquent and very interesting address delivered recently at Madras at the opening of the Agricultural College, let me tell you that the society has passed through two phases. The first was the "Russian spy" phase, when, soon after their advent in India, Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were greeted as Russian spies, and some designing fellow or fellows had so far succeeded in befooling the local authorities that these two personages were closely pursued and watched by police detectives from day to day, and from one town to the other, until the authorities were undeceived, and in consequence of more sober second-thoughts were compelled to give up their wild-goose chase. Then followed the second phase of "money-making impostors." I regret to say that some of my young, educated, but unprincipled and ungrateful countrymen, instead of being thankful to Col. Olcott and the talented lady for their work in behalf or our country, most shamefully turned round and maligned them, called them adventurers, and the columns of an Anglo-Vernacular newspaper were disgracefully soiled with any amount of rubbish, purposely meant to prejudice our friends against the people and lower them in their estimation. But as truth always prevails, our friends toiled on, notwithstanding all hostile and bitter opposition, until the enemies are all now disarmed, and the righteous cause is not only applauded throughout the land, from Ceylon to Simla, but under the banner of Theosophy are enlisted some of the best minds in the country, and more are likely to join ere long. To attempt to give you anything like a clear idea as to what is Theosophy, or to convey to you a convincing proof of the science of it, or of the *Yoga Vidya*, in the existence and power of which the founders of the society firmly and not unreasonably believe, would be considered as a presumptuous task on my part. To obtain information in regard to it, I would refer you to the first few numbers of the monthly publication bearing the name of the *Theosophist*, the organ of the society, which publication is in itself a sufficient proof of the earnestness of the disinterested efforts of the founders of the society. But nowhere can you find in a small compass a more lucid explanation and more cogent arguments in favor of the objects and work of this body, and of the *Yoga Vidya* in particular, than in that most able production of Mr. Sinnett, "The Occult World," a book which does great credit to its author, and which has elicited voluminous criticism of varied nature in Europe. The appearance of that book marks an epoch in the brief history of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Sinnett is the editor of one of the most influential and widely-circulated journals in India. He is, besides, a gentlemen of sterling abilities and high moral character, and is greatly respected alike by the official and non-official European classes in the Northwestern Provinces, where he is better known than on this side of India. When such a master-mind as his has taken up the serious and most puzzling question, and discussed it with uncommon merit, and when he has shown laudable courage in giving to the European world a book guaranteed with his name, it is but natural that all scoffers, and those penny-a-liners who endeavored to cavil at the good work of the society, should hold their tongues, bow in submission, and confess their inability to fathom a purely psychological subject, of which they had never before heard or read anything, although it was studied and acquired thousands of years ago in their own country by their own countrymen.

Gentlemen, while, on the one hand, we are thankful to our rulers for allowing us to taste the fruits of Western knowledge, and creating a general enlightenment in the country, the result of which has been the introduction of new ideas, with the unceasing force of which the country has been making an onward, material progress, we have to deeply deplore, on the other hand, the patent fact that there is a total absence of any provision for the moral well-being and spiritual aspirations of the educated classes, whose number is rapidly increasing. Whatever good English education may have done in India, you will readily admit that its tendency has been to make many of us Infidels and Atheists. While it has supplied us with enough of intellectual food, it has left uncultivated the moral and spiritual nature. We educated men are as so many hybrid productions of the British rule in India, if I may be allowed to use the expression. Parsees are neither entirely Parsees, nor are they Europeans in their tastes, virtues, modes of thought, and habits of life. Hindoos, even, do not fare better in this respect. The old, pure Zoroastrinism exists in its mere skeleton form, or is dying or dead. The ancient and sublime Hindooism and Buddhism are almost extinct. The hitherto praised systems of Eastern religion and philosophy, which once made India and Persia great in the eyes of the then existing nations of the world, have been partly obliterated, or are fast fading from our view and knowledge; and we, children of the once powerful people, are dwindled down to insignificance among the modern nations of the world, since, in the hurry of life, we are only taught to devote our attention and energy to the mere acquirement of a miserable monthly stipend for our livelihood, for the obtaining of which ends we are impressed from our very boyhood with the importance of looking upon the meager education we receive at schools and colleges as the means, and through whose instrumentality only we are left to plod on in after life without any moral support. Under this state of affairs we know not what port we have been drifting to. With the exception of a few spasmodic attempts made in Bengal some years since, by men like Baboo Keshab, Chender Sen and others, no systemic efforts have been made on a grand national basis for the moral and much-needed spiritual elevation of the rising millions of the educated young men. One of the great necessities of the country is to demolish those caste distinctions, and false, injurious practices, and ignorant, superstitious beliefs of the people, which only tend to keep them separate, and, consequently, weak. Since it is no policy of the government to do it, as it keeps itself generally occupied with works intended for the material welfare of the people, any movement for the regeneration of India should be spontaneous on the part of the people, and should originate with and be conducted by them alone. When the disinterested, zealous founders of the society felt for the moral degradation of the people, and at an enormous personal sacrifice left their happy homes in distant lands and more congenial climate to come and live and labor in our midst; what has been there reward, gentlemen, but to be treated in harsh terms by Anglo-Indian and native newspaper writers, who are incapable of appreciating genuine disinterestedness which is incompatible with their own practice of working for the good of the people with the sordid object of making money for themselves? The questions are often asked: What do the Theosophists want to do? Why have they come to our country? What do they live here for? What do they want us to believe in? Let me answer you briefly that the Theosophists—I mean the founders of the society—do not want from you anything for themselves; they feel for our country—for our morally neglected condition; they are persons of rare attainments, uncommon energy, untiring industry; they, like wise beings, can look below the surface of things, as they have existed for generations, and their far-reaching sight enables them to picture to themselves the not very bright future that is in store for us, if we career on for a number of years in the same manner as we have done in the past; the founders of the Theosophical Society do not preach any fresh doctrines, nor propound any new theories, nor do they want to make converts of us to their beliefs; they do not ask any communities to forsake their religion and to follow theirs; they receive with open arms persons of all castes, creeds, beliefs, and shades of opinion; they attempt to revive the study of the ancient religions of India, and from their vast erudition and extensive knowledge of the ancient Eastern religions and philosophies, they only, month after month, lay open before us in the pages of their monthly publication stores of their learning, scientific facts, and literary productions, for which India had been famous time out of mind; they only want us to open our eyes to what existed in our country ages ago, and they try to point us out the stupidity of our hankering after the hollow modern civilization, protest against the importation into India of European vices and evils, and particularly that of drunkenness, which saps the national foundation; the Theosophists, in short, offer us, to accept without reservation, the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and teach us to unite together as one nation, and forming one harmonious whole, stand on one common platform of reciprocity, and work in combination for the good of India, under the benign influence of the British rule. This is what the Theosophical Society are endeavoring to do. These are its aims, and these its objects.

But, gentlemen, ours is a practical and utilitarian age. Oftentimes it is discussed in our council that the society should not only confine itself to the measures I have just described, but should undertake something for the material advancement of the country. The founder of the society, himself a most practical man, coming from one of the most practical countries in the world, the United States of America, had this fact in view from the very beginning. If you refer to the files of the *Theosophist* you will find what practical suggestions have been made therein and steps taken to bring about the desired object. If the efforts have not been successful in that direction, the people on this side of India have to thank themselves for the lukewarm interest they have hitherto evinced in this cause. We have heard with delight and attention the interesting address just delivered, and, from our friend's work in Ceylon for seven months, we are in a position to ascertain how much good could be effected when there is earnestness and perseverance on the part of the worker, plus the cheerful co-operation of the surrounding people. It is for us to take up the ideas and develop them and assist in raising a national fund to give effect to the proposals for the amelioration of the condition of the masses. Accustomed as the inhabitants of this country have been to raising subscriptions for any common good in large sums from the limited upper classes only, I am afraid they do not believe in the admirable system of collecting small sums from the people at large as a national subscription, which system obtains in some of the countries of Europe and America. I have no doubt, however, that, if strenuous exertions are made, the plan would be feasible. Here I would particularly draw your attention to one thing out of which those uncharitable writers not favorably disposed toward the society are likely to draw inferences to the detriment of the good cause and the prejudice of the body. I apprehend they will now say, "Look here; the Theosophists are trying to touch the pockets of the people and hoard a fortune for their own gain," etc. Nothing of the sort. The lecturer has distinctly enunciated the scheme upon which he proposes to work. The fund, if raised, will be lodged in the names of a few respectable men in the country and will be utilized at their direction. The society has never attempted to gain money. It never will. How praiseworthy is its object and how philanthropic its work, that though these two personages have lived in this country for three years they have maintained themselves at their own cost. This is what we should call true benevolence and philanthropy. We are often told that the efforts of the Christian clergymen and missionaries in this country are philanthropic, that their self sacrifice is great, their devotion exemplary, their perseverance inimitable. Now, let us examine how far this assertion is true. While talking on this subject, I wish it to be clearly understood that I am by no means unfriendly to the missionaries. I am not so narrow-minded or fanatic as to pass any sweeping remarks on their good work or condemn it *in toto*. I admit that, since the advent of the British to this country, the missionaries have exercised a wholesome influence throughout the land. I admit that the missionaries have been the pioneers of English education in Hindostan. I admit they have been instrumental in bringing together the rulers and the ruled by their having first studied the native languages and native character and brought the beauties of the same to the notice of the Europeans. But when the epithets, "disinterested" and "philanthropic" are applied to their work, they seem anomalous. And why? Simply because the clergy class and the missionaries are paid for their work, and amply paid, too, from the coffers of the state and from the various foreign missions respectively. Such of you as are in the habit of glancing at the items in the Annual Indian Budget must have unfailingly observed that there is an item of more than sixteen lakhs of rupees on the debit side of the budget marked as ecclesiastical expenditure. Now, this large sum of sixteen lakhs of rupees drawn annually from the tax-paying poor of the country goes to enrich the British clergy class; and Sir Richard Temple in his very valuable book, "India in 1880," says this is by no means a large sum spent after the spiritual welfare of the ruling race in India. I agree with Sir Richard, and do not grudge the ruling race this large sum. But what I want to maintain is that if efforts purchased at the expenditure of sixteen lakhs of money belonging to the ryots are called "disinterested" and "benevolent," it is simply ridiculous and anomalous. Furthermore, do not for a moment believe that these sixteen lakhs, though in itself a large sum, suffices for all the wants of the ecclesiastical servants of the country. In addition to this large sum from the Indian treasury, several Christian denominations have been in the regular receipt of large grants annually from the various foreign missions in Europe and America. All this money goes to keep the British clergy and the missionaries in a dignified and happy condition of life. Every missionary here has a spacious bungalow, carriages, horses, and servants at his command, a happy household consisting of a beautiful wife and chubby-looking children, a comfortable salary, with occasional opportunities of sojourning to the hills and periodically going home on furlough. With all these sublunary blessings, his efforts and devotion are styled disinterested and benevolent, as if by his work he has left the people of India under an eternal obligation without receiving from them a pice or receiving from Europe and America any money.

With all their past glory, I am afraid, the days of Christian missionaries are numbered in India, say what Mr. Joseph Cook and others may. We welcome Mr. Cook to our country as a distinguished visitor. We appreciate and admire his high scholarship, his great oratorical power, his matchless eloquence; but we cannot accept his Christian teachings. He must know that the intelligent Indian mind awakened by the secular education given by the government is abroad in search of truth and is not likely to fall an easy prey to the teachings of the missionaries. He must remember that the progress of science has already given a death-blow to Christianity in Europe. Only a few days ago certain facts were given in the local English papers, and it was shown from statistics taken in some large cities in England and on the continent that an infinitesimal portion of those large populations were church-going people, and fewer still were true Christians at heart. Christianity is not the religion for India. Give sons of India education; let education reach those utterly neglected classes in the interior of the country; let the government adopt measures to dispel that wretched and abject poverty that characterizes the land, and I maintain, without fear of contradiction, that the people instead of accepting any religion of later growth will revert to the study of the ancient religions of their forefathers. As long as they strictly confine their operations to spreading education among the people without interfering with their religions—which it is doubtful they would ever do—the Christian missionaries are welcome; but in other respects they have no sphere for their work in India. All money spent upon them is wasted.

Having taken up so much of your time, gentlemen, I do not feel justified in detaining you a minute longer with these desultory remarks. However, before we part this evening, let me assure you that our friends of the Theosophical Society are not impostors, nor have they come here to make money. They ask you merely to join them, feel their influence, assist them in your own work without parting with any sums of your money that shall go to their pocket or be spent after their comforts. In evidence of what I say the statement of income and expenditure of the society laid before you to-day speaks for itself. Let me also assure you that if any of you join the society with the avowed object of witnessing those occult phenomena, to gratify any vulgar curiosity, you will be sadly disappointed. It is to be regretted that the Indian public should have identified the founders of this society with jugglers or conjurers. To view an exhibition of that kind one had better go to those caterers of public amusements, who every now and then come to Bombay. But let me declare here that Madam Blavatsky, the authoress of "Isis Unveiled," a book justly styled a "monument of human industry and learning," and Col. Olcott, of versatile literary talents, are persons far superior to any jugglers or conjurers who have ever trod the Indian soil. They have come to India, not to seek for gold or to enrich themselves with any profitable pursuit, which is the end of most of the people who come from Europe, but they have come here to live till the natural period of their existence, and labor for the cause of science and truth in India, and die in harness in this very country of their adoption.

At the conclusion of Mr. Shroff's remarks the meeting broke into a grand burst of applause. Many respectable Parsee and Hindoo gentlemen crowded up on the platform to express their compliments and thanks to Col. Olcott and the other speakers. I was cordially greeted by many persons. This meeting of course brought out the ire of Mr. Cook and his friends, and the most slanderous reports were published against the society and myself.

At a special meeting of the Bombay branch of the Theosophical Society, held at the society's hall in Breach Candy, on the evening of January 15, 1882, the following resolutions were, upon motion of Dr. Pandurang Gopal, seconded by Mr. Tookaram Tatya, unanimously adopted by acclamation.

Resolved, That the scandalously unfair and misleading report of the anniversary meeting of the parent Theosophical Society, held

on the 12th inst., at the Framji Cowasji Institute, which appeared in the *Times of India* of January 14th, deserves public condemnation. We recognize in this as well as in the previous scurrilous attacks of a like character upon themselves and ourselves in the Calcutta *Statesman* and other Anglo-Indian and inspired native journals, covered assaults upon the religious ideas of the different castes of India through their proved and unselfish friends, the founders of the Theosophical Society.

We also declare that, so far from our confidence in Colonel Olcott and Madam Blavatsky being abated by these Christian defamations of their private character, we, the members of the Bombay branch, feel drawn all the closer to them, and now publicly declare that the labors of the aforesaid founders—all of which have come under our personal observation—have been unselfish and philanthropic. We recognize in them the true allies of every native of India, whether a Parsee, a Hindoo, a Mussulman, or of any other caste, who would improve the intellectual, moral, or spiritual condition of his countrymen.

The slanders of Cook & Co. were bitter upon myself, alluding to those private letters and to the unfair remarks of *Scribner's Monthly* after my return from prison. Cook dictated an article in the *Times of India* replete with such malicious falsehoods as he so well knows how to use. Subsequently the following letters were sent him:

WALKEHSWAR, BOMBAY, Jan. 18, 1882.

SIR: In your public lectures you have affirmed:

1. That Christianity is of divine origin.
2. That it is destined to spread over the earth.
3. That no other religion is of divine origin.

In reply, I maintain that neither of these propositions is true. If you are prepared to make them good, and not ask the people of Aryavarta to accept your statements without proof, I will be happy to meet you for discussion. I name next Sunday evening at 5:30 at which time I am to lecture at the Framji Cowasji Institute. Or, if that should not be convenient to you, then you may name your own time and place in Bombay. As neither of us speaks the other's language, I stipulate that our respective arguments shall be translated to the other, and that a shorthand report of the same shall be signed by us both. The discussion must also be held in the presence of respectable witnesses brought by each party, of whom at least three or four shall sign the report with us; and the whole to be placed in pamphlet form, so that the public may judge for themselves which religion is most divine.

DAYANAND SARASWATI.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Jan. 18, 1882

SIR: Those who resort to misleading statements about an opponent are commonly believed to give thus the best proof that they are advocating a weak cause. It pleased you to make before a large audience yesterday certain allegations about my probable motives in coming to India, my standing in America, and the character and objects of the Theosophical Society, which are far from true and clearly belied by the facts. I have too strong a regard for the good opinion of the Asiatic people to permit them to be deceived by such easily refuted calumnies. I have, therefore, set aside other engagements, and on Friday evening, at the Framji Institute, Dhobi Talao, will state my side of the case. I challenge you to meet me at that time and say what you can against my society, its cause, or myself.

Your obedient servant, H. S. OLCOTT, Pres Theos. Soc.

CROW'S NEST BUNGALOW, Jan. 18, 1882.

SIR: You have defamed my character, impugned my motives, and cast a slur upon the whole Freethought party who take the liberty of thinking for themselves. That the Indian public may know whether your several statements are true or false, I shall make, on Friday evening, at 5:30, at the Framji Cowasji Institute, a public statement. On that occasion I invite you to meet me face to face and answer the statements I shall make. Your failure to do so would be construed into an inability to substantiate the reckless allegations flung out under the protection of a crowd of sympathizers.

Should you plead other engagements, I may say that to meet your calumnies I have myself put off my engagement. Like yourself, I am on a voyage around the world, and have no time to waste.

For the whole truth, yours, etc, D. M. BENNETT.

It is to be seen from the foregoing notes that a second meeting was to be held at Framji Cowasji Hall on the 20th inst. for the purpose of refuting the slanders of Joseph Cook against the Theosophical Society and myself. He received the first two notes, but mine was returned unopened. The following note to Col. Olcott was handed in on the occasion of our meeting on the evening of the 20th, and was read to the meeting:

BOMBAY, Jan. 20, 1882.

COL. OLCOTT, OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, BOMBAY, *Sir:* I am not open to challenges of which the evident object is to advertise Infidelity.

You ask me to sit on your platform with a man whose career has been described in an unanswerable article in *Scribner's Monthly* as "The Apotheothis of Dirt." No honorable man can keep company of this kind. For using this man as a weapon with which to attack Christianity the enlightened public sentiment of India will hold the Theosophical Society to a stern account. Men are measured by their heroes.

Several days before I received your communication I was definitely engaged to be in Poonah on the night proposed for your meeting in Bombay. Yours, etc., JOSEPH COOK.

At a second meeting the hall was packed to overflowing, and hundreds who were unable to gain admittance were obliged to turn back. Captain Brown, of an English regiment in the northern part of India, was chosen chairman. Colonel Olcott introduced me to the audience, when I spoke as follows:

Friends, Ladies, and Gentlemen: In justice to yourselves, in justice to my friends who reside among you, in justice to myself, I beg your attention for a short time while I attempt to refute the misrepresentations which have been made in your midst respecting myself and others; and I crave your indulgence if, in repelling those attacks, I am compelled to dwell somewhat upon my own personal affairs.

There is no character more justly detested by good people in all parts of the world than the falsifier, the defamer, the maligner, the slanderer, who with falsehood and malice in his heart wilfully attempts to injure and destroy the reputation of a fellow-being. The greatest wrong any of us can commit is to injure those of our own kind, whether in property, in peace of mind, or in reputation. A good character is justly prized by us all above all other possessions. To have this assaulted, defamed, and traduced injures us more painfully than to rob us of money or property.

Mr. Joseph Cook, of my own country, has been among you, and has seen fit to attack me and the cause I serve in an unwarranted and untruthful manner, and I feel it my duty to meet his charges in this public way. He has attacked me in his public lectures; he has attacked me in the public press by furnishing falsehoods to damage me, rejoicing that he here found journalists so unscrupulous as to become mediums for his defamations. [The two editors of the *Times of India* are reported to be keepers of women not their wives.] He has attacked and endeavored to injure those whom you know to be very worthy people simply because they recognized me and permitted me to address you for a few minutes in this hall.

Mr. Cook has been my enemy for several years. He has made attacks upon me in my own country. He has spoken falsely of me; he has slandered many good people whom I am proud to call friends. He has poured upon us all the vile epithets which he was able to command, and this because we could not believe divine the system of religion which he advocates and attempts to build up.

Though I am not a learned man, I have been an earnest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth. I do not believe the Christian religion is the faultless system which its advocates claim for it, and I have endeavored by fair arguments to show this. This has been my offense. For this I have been denounced over and over again.

In one of his public lectures in America Mr Cook denounced me as a "cancer-planter," and applied similar epithets to the Freethought party. I exposed his falsehoods, refuted his slanders, and to show there is more impurity and immorality in his own ranks than among those who are opposed to him, I cited three hundred cases of Christian clergymen in America who, according to the public papers, had been detected in crimes of various kinds, particularly of the crimes of adultery and seduction. And since that time an able American lawyer has given more attention to the subject, and he has made up a pamphlet, taken from the published reports in our country, of six hundred Christian clergymen who have been guilty of nearly all the crimes in the calendar, but more frequently crimes of adultery. I can send you the pamphlets containing the accounts of these crimes if you desire them.

These immoralities covered a wide field, and many of them were of a most revolting character. Let me mention a case or two as specimens. Henry Ward Beecher is a popular Christian clergyman who, I believe, belongs to the same denomination with Mr. Cook. He was accused of the crime of adultery with a married woman—a sister in his church. This clergyman was considered the greatest preacher in America, and, I believe, received the largest salary of any clergyman in the country. The scandal was great and created intense excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land. The papers were full of it, and everybody was talking of it. A trial was at length the result. The injured husband prosecuted the clergyman. The trial lasted six months. Most damaging letters and confessions of the clergyman were produced upon the trial, which carried conviction of the man's guilt to the hearts of millions of his countrymen. Large numbers of his fellow-Christians, of course, sustained him, and his own church raised the sum of $100,000, or 225,000 rupees, to defray the expenses of the suit; and very naturally there was a division of opinion, and so it was with the jury—they did not agree. But probably not less than twenty-five million of the American people firmly believed the man guilty, who added to the blackness of his crime by going himself upon the witness stand and for thirteen days perjured himself, adding great guilt to the crime he had already committed. That man is still preaching to one of the largest churches in America, and is still drawing one of the heaviest salaries paid to any man for talking for Jesus. But this has not disturbed Joseph Cook. He has not been shocked by the immorality of this case. He has never denounced Mr. Beecher in his lectures, and doubtless still recognizes him as a brother in Christ.

Another case was a presiding elder, in Tennessee, who had for thirty years been preaching the gospel of Jesus; he had several churches under his supervision. He had become advanced in years, and was regarded as a father of the church, but letters of a most improper character, to one of the young women of his fold, were discovered, in which he made criminal propositions, and he was forced to confess his guilt and retire from his priestly office. A very similar case was that of Bishop McCoskry, of Michigan. He was seventy-five years of age, and for nearly half a century had been a leader in the Christian church, and long at the head of the Episcopal church in Michigan, but he also fell, to the extent of writing improper letters to a young woman under his charge. There are hundreds of similar cases among us, but I have not time to point them out. I only allude to these cases to give you a slight idea of what crimes are committed by Christian clergymen, and how little Mr. Cook is troubled about them. I have never heard of his being shocked at these Christian immoralties; I never heard of his denouncing one of the sinful saints of his own religion, for all his horror, all his invective, all his vemon and malice seem to be directed toward those who differ from him in religious belief, and who dare question the truth of his religion.

I may truthfully say this man has pursued me for several years, and has spoken falsely of me upon many occasions, and it is not strange that he should continue it here. He also appeared at the time of my trial, and sitting side by side with the vile man who had caused my arrest, gave countenance to the prosecution, and such influence as he had with that Christian jury he threw against me, as much as to say, "I am in favor of this man's conviction." I may say I owe, in part, at least, my conviction to the influence of Joseph Cook.

But let me examine his charges in detail. He has tried to make you believe me a criminal, because I have been arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned; but I beg to assure you that that does not necessarily prove me a criminal. Did the arrest, trial, conviction, and sentence to death of the old Greek philosopher Socrates make him a criminal? Has the world thought any the less of him because he was imprisoned and sentenced to death for his opinion? Does Mr. Cook, or any of his Christian friends, think any the less of Jesus because he was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for expressing his religious sentiments? Was not Jesus treated even more severely than myself, and did that constitute him a greater criminal? Does the world to-day esteem Galileo any the less because he was arrested and seven years imprisoned for entertaining the honest belief that the earth is a globe and revolves around the sun, and for announcing that belief?

The catalogue of men who have been unjustly arrested, tried, convicted, imprisoned, or executed for exercising the right of thinking and expressing their thoughts is a very long one, and it embraces many of the best men who have lived. In all, they amount to millions, and among them are the sagest philosophers and the purest men of this world. Michael Servetus was imprisoned and burnt. Giordano Bruno was convicted and burnt because he did not gauge his belief according to prescribed rules. Lucilius Vanini was treated in the same cruel manner. John Bunyan was a long time in prison; so was Richard Baxter. Sir Walter Raleigh was fourteen years in prison, and then beheaded. Bishops Hooper, Latimer, and Cranmer were burnt at the stake; John Rogers shared the same fate. George Fox and William Penn were sent to prison for their opinions. Thomas Paine was sent to prison, though he had committed no crime. Robert Taylor, Richard Carlisle, and other advocates of Freethought have been sent to prison for the commission of no crime save that of thinking for themselves, and for daring to tell their thoughts. Thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands—of perfectly innocent people have not only been arrested and imprisoned, but put to the most cruel deaths which the ingenuity of man could invent, and all in the name of religion and morality. Nothing is better proved than that conviction and imprisonment are not necessarily proofs of guilt.

The pretext upon which I was arrested was the selling or mailing of an argumentative and physiological pamphlet of much the same character as the one for which Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were arrested and convicted in England. Thousands of copies of it had been sold before I sold it, and many thousands have been sold since my conviction. The largest booksellers in New York city have sold many copies of it, and Mr. Cook has not said a word against them on account of it.

The author of the pamphlet had been unjustly sent to prison for selling it, by the same prosecutors who sent me, and believing there was nothing criminal in it, that every person had a right to buy it, to read it, and to sell it. and being a bookseller, and my customers wishing it, I exercised the right of selling it, and this while the author was in prison.

That the pamphlet is not criminal or indecent I have the decided opinion of thousands of clear-minded people of our country, including lawyers, judges, literary men, and even fair-minded clergymen. And more than that, the president of the United States, the members of his cabinet, of the department of justice, including the attorney-general of the United States, gave it as their opinion that the work is not obscene, and my Christian prosecutor was instructed by them to arrest no more persons for selling that book. And none have been arrested since, though many thousand copies have been sold. The president and the heads of his government distinctly declared that I had committed no crime and deserved no imprisonment. Their word is worth far more than that of Joseph Cook.

After my conviction over 200,000 of my fellow-citizens, fully believing I had committed no crime, signed a petition to the president to release me, and not less than ten thousand letters were sent him asking for the same justice. The president saw that my conviction was unjust, and ordered a pardon to be made out. But just at that moment the clergymen of the Cook stamp and the Christian people of the country, as Mr. Cook told you, remonstrated with the president against my release. They appealed to him to keep me in prison. These remonstrances flowed in from all directions. The president's wife, who is a bigoted Christian, took strong grounds against me, and the president hesitated, and finally decided to not release me. The church was too strong for me, and my unjust imprisonment was continued, though a greater number of persons asked for my release than ever before signed a petition for any individual. I think Mr. Cook was one who worked against my release, and it is now very easy for him to inveigh against me.

Mr. Cook said I had a fair trial. This is untrue. A more unfair trial has not been known for a hundred years. I was not allowed to introduce any evidence save to show that I had through life maintained a good character. This I proved by persons who had known me from childhood. But I was not allowed to introduce the evidence of competent judges, including fifty authors, publishers, booksellers, philologists, and literary men generally, as to the character of the book I sold. Not one was allowed to testify. My attorney also wished to compare the little book with the works of standard authors which are in the principal libraries of the world to show that no more objectionable language was employed in the book I sold than in scores of others, and not so much so; but this was overruled. Nothing of the kind was allowed. My attorney then wished to read the entire work to the jury; this was not allowed. Next, my attorney wished to show that the Christian man who acted as my prosecutor, and who was the chief witness against me, had perjured himself in his evidence against me, which I was prepared to show by three witnesses, but this was also overruled. I was not allowed to show that the evidence which convicted me was perjured evidence. I was prejudged. It was a foregone conclusion that I must be convicted. Being an old man, it was thought a term of imprisonment would break me down and that my publications would be discontinued. The unjust judge before whom I was tried gave such a partial ruling against me as would convict any bookseller in the world; and when, after deliberating several hours, the jury appealed to the judge for further instructions, he virtually enjoined them to find me guilty, and thus my conviction was secured, and for no crime whatever.

Mr. Cook calls me a poisoner of youth. It is utterly false. I never poisoned a youth. I have never addressed a book or a circular to youth. The books and paper I publish are not of a character to attract the attention of young people, but persons of mature minds; and their object is to eradicate poison and not to plant it. I never sold one of the pamphlets on which I was convicted to youth, nor did I ever hear of a youth who read it. It is a dry physiological treatise, and has no attraction for young people.

It is also insinuated in the unjust remarks which Mr Coo dictated, and which he approved, that I have even poisoned the minds of the youth of Bombay by immoral circulars, etc. A greater falsehood could not be uttered. I brought no circulars of any kind with me, nor have I sent one to anybody, old or young. I have had no communication with the youth of Bombay, either to poison them or to give them an antidote for poison.

Mr. Cook says I am a promoter of vice, and am profiting largely by such immoral traffic. This is maliciously and wickedly false. I have sold nothing pertaining to vice, and have no desire to. My whole object and desire has been and is to disseminate *truth*, and to employ only good arguments in its defense. If he means that I made large profits on the little pamphlet for which I was imprisoned, he is false again. As it sold for less than five annas of your money, and I bought and paid for them, and sold but a limited number, you will see at once that my profits could not amount to a very large sum. I may truthfully say that the defense against my unjust prosecution cost me a thousand times more than the profits on the little book.

As to the letters which he has referred to, I can only say what I said before, that I had written indiscreet letters, but *not* criminal, and letters that injured nobody. Whatever they were, they were *private*, and the public had no business with them. Let me add here that Justice Story, one of the first judges we have had in our country, in trying a case where private letters had been used without the consent of the writer, gave it as his judicial opinion that the private letters are sacred, and that it is culpable to publish them without the consent not only of the person who received them, but of the person who wrote them. I wish not to detract from any honor which Mr

Cook or any other man can gain in consequence of the unauthorized and culpable publication of private letters, though he seems to be a man capable of that kind of business.

I believe I have now noticed his principal falsehoods against myself, and I beg your pardon for dwelling so long upon what is of a personal and private character, but it seems necessary to show you the real character of my maligner—the man who defends crime and denounces virtue, a man who defends the perjurer and pursues the man who tells the truth. He defends the man who caused me all the trouble I had, who I can prove has committed perjury on numerous occasions; a man who has caused the arrest, imprisonment, and great unhappiness to many innocent persons and to their families, cruel almost as death. This man, Mr. Cook, defames and denounces me who have endeavored through life to do injury to none. This may serve to show you what kind of a man this slanderer is, and how much his word is entitled to be believed. All I have stated I can furnish unquestionable proofs for.

Let us glance at a few of the other statements of Mr. Cook. He tells you that skepticism—unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity, and Freethought—is decreasing in the United States. I know this to be false, and I have good opportunities for knowing. Ten years ago there was but one Freethought journal published in the United States; now there are six. There are ten times more Freethought books, pamphlets, and tracts printed than ten years ago, and ten times as many people are reading them. There was never such a general disposition to examine into the truth or falsehood of existing creeds by people of all classes at the present time. There are ten times more Freethought lecturers now in America than ten years ago. I think I speak only the truth when I say that there are in our country to-day ten times more skeptics, unbelievers in supernatural religion, and Freethinkers than ten years ago, and they were never increasing so fast as at the present time.

Mr. Cook also tells you that Christianity is increasing rapidly in our country, and is daily becoming stronger. This is equally untrue. Faith in supernaturalism and Christianity is yearly growing weaker among us. The churches themselves are becoming thoroughly honeycombed with skepticism and unbelief. It is still fashionable to be considered *orthodox*, and to be counted among the believers in the current system of religion, but the scientists are at work and have done good service. They deal in nature's truths. Tens of thousands of their volumes have been read with avidity, and the result is that blind faith in the obsolete fables and claims of the past is giving way, faith in the supernatural is lessening, as I said, in the churches, and tens of thousands are seeking for something better than ecclesiastical absurdities. To rebut Mr. Cook's statements, I need only call attention to the fact that the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, one of the first clergymen in our country, has published his views on the lifelessness of religion among the churches, and has made the statement that the addition to the churches only amounts to two members each every year, and through the country not enough to make up for the deaths that occur. The Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton University, one of the first theological institutions of the country, in a wail which he very recently sent abroad, admitted that fewer of the young men than formerly are offering themselves as candidates for the clergy, and that clergymen are absolutely decreasing in numbers.

Again, Mr. Cook tells you how the missionary societies in the world are rapidly increasing their effectiveness, that the cause is in a very prosperous condition, and that in another hundred years India herself with her 250,000,000 will be more than half converted to Christianity. To meet his highly colored statements I need only read to you some of the statements of the Reverend Doctor Theodore Christlieb, professor of theology and university preacher of Bonn, Prussia, in his late work on foreign missions. In recounting the difficulties under which the missionary cause labors, he says:

The sudden and ofttimes brutal advance of white settlers, of gold-diggers, of brandy merchants, and others, with all their demoralizing influence, splits up and scatters the church as yet hardly formed, and increases exisiting native prejudices to an almost unconquerable hatred of every white face. I need only refer to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and many of the Indian territories of North America. To undermine a large stronghold of darkness, like Hindooism, was, and is in itself, a sufficiently heavy undertaking. What must it be there, when, as now, the Hindoos confront the missionary with questions from Hegel, Strauss, Renan? When, in addition to the ancient superstitions, modern Infidelity has to be combated? When the youth of heathendom, thirsting for knowledge, are instructed—as in Japan they are—by Materialistic professors: and when, as often happens, students in the colleges abandon superstition only to adopt complete religious indifference or Nihilism?

Hatred to Catholics is thus shown:

Where, in the present day, can Protestant missions make any great stride in advance, without Rome immediately following close at their heels? In Madagascar and Central Africa, in the South Seas and in British North America, wherever Rome can, she seeks by her influence to paralyze the advance of the gospel.

Still the growing question of the darkness is perhaps a sign of the progress of the light—a proof that the line of attack is being extended. But what if the darkest clouds in the missionaries' sky are to be found not so much in the various phenomena presented by the hostile country as in the atmosphere of the churches at home? Where is there now that deep enthusiasm such as existed in the founding of the most of our missionary societies? When, in September, 1795, aged and venerable churchmen and dissenters embraced with tears in the chapel of Lady Huntingdon, and reaching each other the hand across the barriers of denominationalism formed the London Missionary Society? Or when, again, at the ordination of the first four Barmen missionaries the offering-plates were filled, not with money only, but with golden chains, watches, rings, and ornaments of all kinds? Where is all that now?

Till recently, as the considerable increase in the revenues of the various societies showed, the interest at home kept pace, from decenium to decenium, with the growing extent of missionary enterprise. For a few years back, however, deficits in many of the great societies—in Germany more especially—have become chronic. Is this a consequence only of the widespread commercial and agricultural depression and temporary? Or will the funds permit no greater drain on them for some time to come? Many seem actually to think that any farther demand on the material resources of the friends of missions would be a very questionable policy. Already some of the boards of direction, in spite of many of the earnest appeals from heathen lands, have felt themselves compelled to take up the question of limited and diminished supplies. Even in England and America, here and there, the necessity for retrenchments casts a heavy cloud on the prospects of the future. . . . I am convinced that on a mere comparison of past and present, the balance is not altogether in favor of the present, and that as we owe more thanks to God that he has, not so much by us as in spite of us, in spite of the lukewarmness and worldliness of our Christianity, permitted such rapid advances to be made toward the completion of his own work (pages 26, 27, 28, 29, 30).

The following may be taken as a wail with regard to Palestine:

Alas, that this land must be included among the fields of missionary labor! This land, beloved as no other, wept over as none, hoped for as none; the land of promise, the apple of the eye of God and man, the cradle of truth and freedom. Fain would we think of her as a garden of God, with angels ascending and descending as of old. . . . Here there is read aloud the lesson, for the stones cry out, and the ruins bear witness of what God has done in mercy and judgment. But the inhabitants, Turks and Jews, and alas! Christians, too, will not understand it. The messengers of the gospel must come from afar to interpret the language of these ruins and proclaim alike to Jewish unbelief and Christian idolatry that God must be worshiped in spirit and truth, that so the despised, long-rejected Lord may again be made possessor of his inheritance. Yes, a land of missions, but a barren one. Amidst the marvelous divisions of its many Christians and non-Christian parties and sects; tilled by missionary societies, but yielding little fruit" (pages 149 and 150).

Hear what he says about your own land:

Thus, then, we see that, in this ancient land of civilization, it is precisely those races and classes of people which, in religion and social position, have relatively come least under the influence of heathen culture, that are most accessible to Christianity; whilst the real strongholds of the Hindoo religion and civilization—the north with its Benares, one may say all the higher, better educated castes and more enlightened tribes generally of India—still stand out defiant, like a mighty fortress, which, though besieged indeed, is far yet from being taken (p. 173).

The best that can be said respecting these extracts is that they present a far less rose-colored view of the missionary field than the representations of Mr. Cook. According to this higher authority, it appears that the world is not being converted to Christianity so rapidly as the representations of this man would lead you to think. In fact, Mr. Cook is guilty of misrepresentation in this matter.

I will leave it with you to decide whether this man, who certainly possesses means for knowing the facts quite equal to Mr. Cook, presents as many hopes for the speedy spread of Christianity over the world as does Mr. Cook.

I will leave it with you to decide if, as Mr. Cook boasts, £1,2500,000 ($6,250,000), or a crore and a half of rupees, are annually expended in the cause of foreign missions, whether it is the best possible use that could be made of the money; whether the same amount of money used in schools of science, in erecting industrial establishments for the people, in making good roads and highways, in draining marshy and waste lands, in works for irrigation, and in thousands of other ways, would not do more good to the world. I leave it for you to decide whether the progress of the missionary cause among yourselves is commensurate with the money and talent expended in that line. I submit it to you if the missionaries, who come among you to bring you a new religion, do not expend the money they bring with them in living comfortably in fine residences, in dressing well, and in having around them all the comforts of life. I ask of you to say whether they are the self-denying class which they are represented to be. I will leave it with you to decide whether those among you who have made a profession of Christianity are really much better and more moral in consequence. I will leave it with you to decide whether, if the people of England—the first Christian nation—expend £70,000,000 ($350,000,000), or eighty-four crore of rupees, for intoxicating drinks which produce crime and wretchedness, as is authoratively stated to be the case, I leave it with you, I say, to decide whether you wish that kind of Christianity to spread over India.

Whether India will become Christian in another century, I think, depends much upon yourselves and your offspring. In my opinion, Mr. Cook's prediction is a very wild one. I doubt not many reforms could profitably be effected in your country. If idol-worship and baseless superstitions could be done away, by an increased knowledge of science, nature, and truth, I would hail the change with joy, but I do not wish to see you embrace Christianity, for I do not believe it would make you any better or happier. It would be likely to make you greater hypocrites, more false, but it would not make you better people, nor more moral.

Mr. Cook would have you believe that Christianity is a divine system of religion, handed down directly from heaven, and that it is the only religion that has enjoyed that great good fortune. I deem him as wrong in this—as wide from the truth—as in the other statements he has made. I wish we had time to enter into an examination of this subject. His position is either true or it is false, and since it has been truthfully said, that "it is better to suffer for speaking the truth, rather than that truth shall suffer for want of speaking," it is well to investigate this important subject.

I have paid considerable attention to the subject of the gods and religions of the world, and I have fully come to the belief that all the religions I know anything about are man-made; all of human production, and Christianity is no exception to the rule.

Mr. Cook insists that all other religions are man-made except Christianity, on which subject I shall have no quarrel with him, but I shall insist, if in looking over the entire field and investigating all the claims that Christianity has to offer we find there is nothing in it but what is contained in the other man-made religions, that it must be decided that it also is a man-made religion. If there is a personal, intelligent, and infinite God who has from everlasting ruled over the destinies of this world, and yet left its inhabitants to grope in darkness for thousands of years with no religions save those produced by men, until, less than two thousand years ago, he undertook the grand enterprise of sending a true religion down to earth from his own throne—a religion which the children of men needed to take them to heaven and to save them from the everlasting burning which must otherwise overwhelm them, I say it would be most natural to expect that such a religion would, in a few respects, at least, be unlike the old man-made religions which had existed for thousands of years. But, alas! it is not so. If Christianity is that divine religion it is no better than the man-made religions that preceded it. For upon giving it the closest scrutiny I cannot find that there is anything new or original in it. I cannot find one dogma, rite or sacrament in it not also to be found in these older man-made systems.

Now, this is so, or it is not; and it is better for all of us to know which it is. If Mr. Cook can succeed in showing that I have been in prison, if he can show that I have not been the most perfect man in the world, even if he could make you believe that there is danger of my stealing the Himalaya Mountains, or of carrying away two or three of the famous rock temples of your country, it would make no difference in this question of the only divine system of religion. No matter how bad a man he can make you believe me to be, it will not prove Christianity to be true; nor prove Brahmanism, and Zorastrinism, and Buddhism, and Confucianism to be false. Truth does not stand, let us rejoice, upon so slender a foundation.

Before leaving the subject, I wish to say this much in my own behalf: While I cheerfully admit that I am not perfect, that I am not a saint, that there are better men than myself in the world, I must claim that I have tried to do as well as I could; I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have wished to wrong none of my fellow-beings, and I am not conscious that I have wronged any. This is all I have to boast of, and I do not speak this to boast.

Mr. Cook attempts to establish Christianity by science, and to show that Christianity and science harmonize, but in this I think he is as wide of the truth as in his slanderous statements. I would like some person to show me wherein Christianity is scientific or wherein the Bible is scientific. I claim that neither Moses, nor Jesus, nor a single writer of the Bible has enunciated a single scientific truth or thought. They even did not know the earth is round, a simple fact which now every schoolboy understands. They talked about the "ends of the earth," the "corners of the earth," the "foundations of the earth," and that is a fair specimen of all the science they possessed. The fact is, the writers of the Bible were very ignorant people, judged in the light of the present day. They knew not that the sun is larger than the earth; nothing about the strata of the earth; nothing about the coal formation; nothing about the glacial period; nothing about man in prehistoric times. They had very little or no scientific information, and it is simply absurd and untruthful in Mr. Cook to pretend that science has any connection with either the Bible or Christianity.

Without attempting to give all I said, I will remark that I closed my little speech by making a hurried review of Christianity, and enlarging on some of the points. I showed that Christianity is not new or original; that everything in its stock of trade is borrowed from older systems; that the myth of God begetting a son is far older than Christianity; that the crucifixion of the sons of gods as an atonement is older in other religions than in Christianity; that miracles have been claimed for nearly all the old religions; that the story of Jesus and his religion is wholly unhistorical; that there is no corroborating proof, contemporaneous or otherwise; that what are called the four gospels in our New Testament were not known by the early fathers, were not known by the early churches, and probably were not written till about the year 181; that many of the early Christian fathers were designing and dishonest men, capable of using deception and fraud; that they were also full of contentions; that Christianity has not been a religion of love and peace, but the bloodiest religion in the world, and its bright lights and champions among the worst tyrants the world has known; that it has fostered ignorance, and retarded science and learning; that Christianity has favored slavery and the worst forms of oppression; that it has opposed the advancement of woman; that Christianity has not been the source of civilization in the world claimed for it, but that it has depended far more on science and general intelligence; that Christianity is unprogressive in its nature, being established nearly two thousand years ago as a perfect system, incapable of further progress or improvement; that Christianity does not teach the highest class of truths, founded, as it is, upon the untruthful claims of the supernatural, etc., etc.

There was abundant applause during my imperfectly delivered remarks.

Col. Olcott, in a speech of an hour and a half, by extracts from the American press and numerous letters from many distinguished officials and men of position in America, showed that Cook's statements that the Theosophical Society was comparatively unknown in America, and that its founders had but little standing there, are wholly false. He also showed that Mr. Cook's representations that the Spiritualists of America are a disreputable set, and that he knew of only about ten persons among them who were men of good sense, etc., were only slanderous statements. The colonel gave a large number of persons in the Spiritualistic ranks who stand high in intelligence and worth.

Upon the whole, Colonel Olcott fully vindicated the Theosophical Society and showed Joseph Cook to be simply an untruthful and malignant slanderer. Of this fact the natives here appear thoroughly convinced.

The following circular—written by a native, and printed and circulated pretty freely at Cook's last lecture—very fairly represents the effect which his five lectures have had upon the native element:

The native public of Bombay take this opportunity to thank Mr. Joseph Cook for the trouble he has taken to come to Bombay and preach Christianity to the English-speaking native and European residents of this great city. But at the same time they think it proper to inform the reverend gentleman that he should not leave them with the idea that his eloquent but flimsy, unargumentative, and merely rhetorical lectures have produced any impression whatever on their minds with respect to the truth of Christianity. Many flocked to his lectures merely to witness the magnificent *tamasha* [show]. Hence the large number of hearers he succeeded in obtaining. Let him and his colleagues rest assured that Christianity will never succeed in India. Nothing more need be said.

NATIVE PUBLIC VOICE.

I may add that since the second meeting both Mr. Cook and Col. Olcott have gone to Poonah, over a hundred miles to the southeast of this city, where both made speeches, and where, true to his malignant nature, Cook again repeated his aspersions against the Theosophical Society. The colonel sent a challenge to Cook to meet him on the same platform, taking the occasion to say that I was not present and could not longer serve as an excuse for his refusal to meet the colonel on the same platform; but the false-hearted man then took another dodge under the pretext that he could not meet him, as he could do nothing to advertise or aid Infidelity. He far prefers to use slander and defamation, in an ungentlemanly and under-handed way, to meeting his antagonists fairly, face to face.

I am able to report, however, that Cook has not made a good impression in India, though he commenced with all the pomposity of a war-horse. Some of the papers here have at last spoken quite slightly of him, pronouncing his speeches unargumentative, and saying that the quality most conspicuous in him is his "bumptiousness." At Poonah Cook undertook to get his audience to repeat the Lord's prayer with him, but they declined. He got

angry and said something about casting pearls before swine. This was resented by many, when an intelligent Englishman present took the occasion to say that he had resided in India nearly twenty years, and he had never had any occasion to compare the natives to swine. Cook attempted a lame apology, but it was not well received. The intelligent native population are greatly disgusted with him, and regard him as not only a very unfair man but as a malicious liar. He is not accomplishing very much toward building up the cause of Jesus here.

Pardon me for having so much to say about Joseph Cook, for I presume you think about as little of him as I do. But there is considerable being said hereabouts of him. I would give extracts of what he has said in his speehes and in his dictated newspaper articles of a slanderous character, but have not the papers within reach.

Trusting I may be able to write you something of a more interesting character about India, I am

Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

Bombay and Its Surroundings.

BOMBAY, Jan. 24, 1882.

DISTANT FRIENDS: There is not a little about this town that will interest you, but I presume I will not think of everything which I ought to. Let me first mention the *Theosophist*, a monthly quarto magazine of thirty-two pages, published by Madam H. P. Blavatsky and Col. Olott, "devoted," as it claims, "to oriental philosophy, art, literature, and occultism, embracing mesmerism, Spiritualism, and other secret societies." It was commenced in October, 1879, some ten months after the arrival here of the two managers, and, what seems singular, has been self-sustaining since the issue of the first four numbers. It goes all over India and Ceylon, and is gradually increasing in circulation. It is ably conducted and contains many interesting and original articles. I will have something to tell you of occultism after some other subjects are disposed of.

Bombay is a pleasant and flourishing town. Within the past few years it has acquired an importance not possessed earlier, and which, in a commercial point of view, places it ahead of other cities in India. Calcutta is still the seat of vice-regal government, and is an important city, but Bombay has the greater amount of commercial trade with Europe and the Western world. This change, which is one of gradual growth, is but natural, owing very greatly to the completion of the Suez Canal, by which the commerce with England and the rest of Europe was greatly facilitated and increased. Also the opening of various parts of India by railway, connecting with Bombay, has largely increased the commerce and travel of the town.

Unlike most seaport towns, Bombay is not located upon a river, but is built upon one of a cluster of islands connected with each other and the main-land by artificial roads or causeways, thus making the bay one of the finest in the world. These are all proofs of volcanic formation on the part of some of the islands, and some of the smaller ones seem to be the remains or extinct volcanoes. One of these islands, and perhaps more, is used as a fortification, heavy guns, which sweep the whole harbor, being planted thereon. There are also two heavy floating batteries.

The usual landing-place is called Apollo Bunder, attractive and fine-looking buildings ornamenting the front, and very fine buildings being all along further back on the Esplanade. Several tramways are in operation, which carry passengers the distance of three miles or more to northern and north-eastern portions of the city.

Two fine marble statues adorn the European part of the city; first, that of Queen Victoria, the empress of India, opposite the fine post-office, and the other of her son, the Prince of Wales, on the Esplanade. Amongst the numerous public buildings may be mentioned the Town Hall, in which the Asiatic Society have a large library and museum of Indian antiquities, including idols, etc.; the mint, St. Thomas's Cathedral, the Sailor's Home, the public works offices, post-office, telegraph office, the high court offices, the sectariat, the Sassoon Mechanics' Institute, and the University buildings. These and long rows of business houses would do honor to any city.

A ramble through the native bazars is very interesting, which present, with their busy little shops, vivid pictures of oriental life and manners. A European recently from the West seeing the unclad appearance of the lower classes of the natives, nearly entirely naked, will easily be shocked, but he soon becomes familiar with this marked feature of the place, and the daily burning, glaring sun, even in the winter time, soon teaches him that clothing is not necessary to keep away the cold. The better classes are clad in clean white robes or garments of muslin; pants, however, being worn by none. The legs are invariably uncovered. It is the lower classes, as observed, who go the nearest unclad, and these perform the most menial labors, like being scavengers of the city, carrying away the contents of the privies, and cleaning up the droppings of animals in the streets, drying the same in cakes for fuel. This work is principally performed by the women of the lower caste, who gather it up with their hands, and then take it to some open lot where they can obtain water, when the dung is wet, if necessary, and kneeded and rolled out in round cakes from four to six inches in diameter, and three-fourths of an inch thick. These soon dry, exposed to the rays of the India sun, when they are ready for market. They are usually packed edgewise in round, shallow baskets, twenty-five to thirty inches in diameter and piled up nearly two feet high, making two or three bushels by measurement. Low caste women may be seen carrying these baskets on their heads to market for miles. I have seen this fuel being burnt, and it burns well and makes a fire as hot as a coal fire. Wood and coal are both scarce here, and this kind of fuel is very largely used by the 250,000,000 inhabitants of India. The women are more clad than men, but in Europe and America they would be considered very slightly clad indeed.

I think I said the extensive bungalow occupied by Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott commands a splendid view of the bay and the neighboring gardens and palm groves. They are renting the place at a low figure because it has the reputation of being a haunted house. They are not the kind of people to be afraid of ghosts, and were not at all disinclined to live in a house where ghosts and phantoms are said to congregate. It is enough to say that though they have occupied the house for two years or more, the ghosts have not yet proved at all troublesome or demonstrative.

There are two or three kinds of palm-trees growing hereabouts in great numbers; the most numerous is the cocoanut palm, which bears the nuts in plenty. It is also called the "toddy-tree," because the natives tap the stalk of the leaves, perhaps seventy-five or a hundred feet from the ground, hanging a vessel to catch the juice, which is sweet and rich, and which, easily fermenting, makes an intoxicating liquid which some of the natives are fond of. It is curious to watch the agile toddy gatherers climb these tall trees, having notches and jogs on which to place their feet, and with their hands upon the opposite side of the tree they climb, in a nearly naked condition, as rapidly as a man would ordinarily ascend a flight of stairs. They have a vessel strapped to their backs or shoulders in which they collect the juice, and making a fresh incision in the place of tapping, they descend with the agility of a cat. It is a particularly low caste that attends to this occupation. I pantomined to one I was watching that I wished to taste the juice, and he allowed me to do so; but I did not like it, it having an acrid taste, not very agreeable. The British government have levied an annual tax of eighteen rupees—equal to nine dollars—on each cocoanut tree in the country, because the natives procure their toddy from it. The tax seems like a heavy one, but the natives pay it rather than go without their toddy. Within three hours' drive of the city are most beautiful cocoanut groves, where the trees almost join leaves over the road and form a most beautiful arch. This is besides the thousands in the limits of the city and its suburbs. The other variety of palm, which has a leaf much like those used for fans, and which also bears fruit, abounds in considerable numbers. Sometimes they grow to a hight of one hundred and twenty feet to the leaves; it never has any branches.

Birds are very numerous here, but they are not all of an attractive kind. Sparrows are very numerous and tame, coming into the house with but little apparent fear, and always very lively. There is also an abundance of crows here, which are nearly as tame as the sparrows, and come close to the doors and windows. They are not the same as the American crows, being a trifle smaller and more glossy and sleek-looking, and more domestic; but their eternal "caw, caw" becomes a little bit tiresome in time. The kites are a much larger bird, and look like hawks sailing about, though probably quite as much like the buzzards of our country. They are often extremely bold, and sometimes swoop down and snatch food from the hands of children, or a bone even from the mouth of a dog. These, with the countless crows, are the scavengers of the country, and keep meat and other substances from going into a state of putrefaction. I hear of another large bird, called the adjutant, which is around frequently in the raining season; they are tall, and of the heron or crane family, and sometimes stand on the corner of a house for hours; hence their name. Green parrots of rather small size abound in many places. Pigeons or doves are very numerous, and may often be seen, hundreds together. I have often seen several birds which look like the American robins. Large vampire bats are also numerous, and after sunset they may be seen sailing through the dusky air. The most persistent and annoying birds which I find here—please pardon the appellation—is the musketo. I have seldom seen them anywhere more numerous or more annoying. It seems they will almost eat one up before going to bed, and after that it seems impossible to bar them from one's face and hands; the weather is so warm that one does not feel like covering up "head and ears." Another animal abounds here, and that is the jackal. They are always to be heard barking and crying along in the evening, seeming to be close by, and sounding much like a lot of boys yelling and making all sorts of noises.

The oxen here are peculiar to this country. They have a hump or prominent enlargement on the top of the shoulders, and against which they do much of their pulling. This is said in young animals to be very fine eating, being of a fleshy formation, partly lean and partly fat. They are, perhaps, not so strong as American oxen, but they are better travelers, and far less affected with heat. They are much used here in carts, both for traveling and for hauling stuff of all kinds. I see many carts upon springs, with a top to them, in which are seats, making a kind of pleasure carriage, in which the natives of the better classes take great delight. It is amusing to see these native cattle trotting and plodding along the streets and highways as though their very lives depended upon getting along speedily. They are said to be able to travel a distance of seventy-five miles per day, and I have not seen one that showed weariness or seemed to be at all overcome by heat; not one with his tongue out of his mouth. They are generally of a light color, and seem to be of a tractable, obliging disposition. They are worked single, in shafts, double, with a kind of yoke, triple, with one in the lead, and quadruple, one yoke before the other. The third one in the lead does his pulling against the hump on his shoulders. A small rope passes from the horns through the nostrils, by which the animal is guided as easily as the horse by the rein. Very little bawling is done to these cattle, and they trot or amble along as naturally as the horse or mule.

The Italian buffalo, or what is much like it, is reared here in great numbers, and worked much the same as the oxen mentioned, though they are much larger and more unwieldy. They are mostly used for heavy draught, being larger by a third, perhaps, than our cattle, as well as coarser in appearance. They are ill-looking beasts, for their horns, going straight back, gives them anything else than a prepossessing appearance. They have a great fondness for water, and when used to haul cannons in war times, or loads of anything at other times, they have to be watched closely when near ponds of water or they will betake themselves to the same and have a good bath. The female buffalo is valued for milk, much of which is used for making butter, but the latter is as white as the driven snow. I could not imagine what it was when first I saw it on the table, and was under the necessity of asking. It has not the flavor of butter from cows' milk, and to my taste not as agreeable. I have seen both the buffaloes and the India oxen used singly as pack cattle, having a kind of saddle or padding on, with wood, stone, or any similar freight confined with ropes on each side. These are the same variety of buffaloes I saw in Greece, Syria, and Egypt.

Great nnmbers of Arabian horses are brought here from Aden, and a heavy trade is done with them. The Arabs, however, are very careful to prevent the propagation, for they never allow horses to leave their country in a condition to become fathers. The Hindoos are very merciful to the brute creation, and take very good care of the animals under their control. The beasts look sleek and contented, and I have not seen a Hindoo beating an animal of any kind.

THE EVIL OF CASTE.

Caste is the great curse of India. It may have its good sides, or it may in some directions have subserved a good purpose in restraining the upper classes and inciting them to conduct superior to that of the lower classes, but taken all in all it has done infinite harm to the country. This system of caste has been brought about by the Brahminical religion, commencing, perhaps, as far back as the Institutes of Menu. There were originally four grand castes. First, the Brahmans, which are the highest. They are the learned class, and furnish the numerous ecclesiastics of the country, and it is not expected they will engage in mercantile or mechanical pursuits. They are the aristocrats of the country, and though as poor as poverty itself, they look down upon the inferior castes with a perfect contempt. They will hardly touch a person of low caste, and if they deign to speak to them it is in a haughty, lordly manner! No matter how poor the Brahmanic class may be themselves, if the shadow of one of the low castes, or of an unbeliever, like a European, falls upon their food they will not eat a mouthful of it, but throw it away as though it was poisoned. If any of this caste demean themselves by engaging in the employ of a European, or in following any menial pursuit, or in marrying below their station, they are tabooed by their caste, and they become outcasts upon the face of the earth.

A Brahman is not necessarily a priest, but a priest must necessarily be a Brahman. A Brahman, however poor, will not degrade himself by becoming a trader or dealer, or filling any position belonging to the lower castes.

The second class or caste are the Kshatryos, which is the military class. The third are the Vaisyas, the industrious and the commercial caste; of these are the shop-keepers and the higher mechanics. The

fourth are the Sudras, the servile class, the laborers, the agricultural class, and those engaged in all servile and menial employments. Below these again are the fifth class, the Pariahs, the descendants of criminals, who are the most degraded of all, and are allowed to follow only the most despised and most disreputable pursuits. The four main castes are again subdivided into almost an infinite number of sub-castes. Thus the Brahmans themselves have almost a countless number of classes or castes, to keep account of which and each attending to the requirements of their caste requires close attention, and great inconvenience, making many grades of aristocracy. There could not be a greater difference between the President of the United States, or the governors of the several states, and the most abject slave under our late slave system, than between the high and low castes here, each mechanical trade and every occupation having a caste by itself.

The tyranny of these castes is fearful to contemplate. An individual of the low caste, however intellectual or worthy, cannot rise, while those of the higher class may fall. A person of the lower strata has nothing to hope for in life but the most pitiful and servile existence, and the most abject poverty. The higher class still has many advantages, though poor; if he commits a crime he is not so severely punished as an offender of the same grade in the lower classes.

There is a very great difference in the intellect and intelligence of the different classes. Among the Brahmans are as educated and intellectual people as are to be found in the world, while the lower classes are as ignorant and superstitious, as full of absurd errors and prejudices, as it is possible to conceive of. I have had interviews with several of the Brahman class, and I find them cultured, deeply read men. They are very familiar with the writings of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and others, and are very fond of discussing occidental and oriental philosophy. There is probably no people more at home in metaphysics, mysticisms, and abstruse thought. It is natural for them to believe in occultism. In this is a part of the marked difference between the philosophy and thought of the East and the West.

Several of the Brahman class have visited me, and are anxions to learn the state of thought, philosophy, and education in the new world, and they are marked by an ease of manners, a mildness and amiability of disposition perfectly charming. Some of them have made recitations to me of Sankrit poetry, chanting it in the original style, and in a manner quite pleasing. Some of them are stories, some fables, and all inculcating a fine moral lesson. These have been translated to me, but I fear I do not remember them well enough to justify an attempt on my part to repeat them. I have had very little opportunity to become acquainted with the Hindoo women, as it is principally the lower classes who are to be seen on the streets. None of the India women are educated, and their minds are left an intellectual waste, so far as the culture of education is concerned.

MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

The women of India, indeed, occupy a most unenviable position in society, and one's heart can easily bleed for them in view of the inequality which bears down upon them in the marriage relation and otherwise. I have only to state the prominent facts in the status of the female of this country for the case to be properly understood. She is generally betrothed by her parents while in a state of infancy, not over the age of three, six, or eight years, and this reprehensible custom is carried to the senseless extent of betrothals being made while the child is still unborn, it being disposed of for life to her future husband in case she proves to be a female, the mother going through with the ceremony of betrothal in behalf of the unborn infant. If upon being born the child proves to be a girl the betrothal is as binding and the girl is held to the bargain as scrupulously as though she had herself been a party to the contract. If the betrothed husband dies, the girl is a widow, and must remain a widow for life, and that is a fate most terrible to contemplate. She, like all other widows, is never allowed to marry again under any circumstance. Her head is shaved—which is the greatest disgrace that can be placed upon a woman in India—and she is a scullion, a menial, a despised person, a slave all the days of her life. She must never wear any jewelry, she cannot dress in gay attire, she cannot sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread upon the brick or earthen floor, with no covering, even if the night is cold, save the scanty apparel which she wears through the day. She is restricted to but one meal a day and that of a scanty and economical kind, and once every two weeks she must pass twenty-four hours without eating a mouthful. Neither must she during this fast take a drop of water or a particle of medicine though she be dying with a fatal illness. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother-in-law or of her sisters-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Even though she were a high caste Brahman woman, she sinks to the lowest estate on becoming a widow, and even the servants are permitted to order her about as much as they please. No woman about the house must ever speak a word of pity to her or show her the least kindness.

If a widow becomes sick and can no longer go down to the accustomed place to get her daily meal, she may lie in her place and die, and no one will dare assist her, save she be so fortunate as to have a son, who may wait upon her and show kindness to her. Instead of a kind word being spoken to her, she is reviled and abused on every occasion, as it is admitted on all hands that she must have done something very wicked in some former stage of existence to bring upon her such a fate as now rests upon her, that of being a widow. To this extent she is held to be accountable for her husband's death, and it is believed that it was for punishment that the gods took her husband away. Think of this horrible state of things when in India it is estimated that there are over one hundred thousand widows under the age of eight years, and perhaps ten times that number of widows of all ages. Think of the terrible amount of wretchedness there is in this unhappy country.

Widowhood, of course, is worse than the married state, but the latter at best is terrible enough. As observed, the girl is betrothed in her infancy, she never having a word to say as to the choice of her partner for life, but she is not really married, and does not go to live with her husband till she reaches the age of puberty. On the day of her marriage the young wife is put into a palanquin, tightly closed, and taken to her husband's home. No matter if she has been a pet of fond parents and has received all kinds of indulgence; all that is now over. Now she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law, and can no longer be said to enjoy the prerogatives of a free human being. She has to wait constantly upon her mother-in-law, who orders her about as though she were an utterly inferior being; and this mother-in-law is to be her teacher and to instruct her how to please her husband. She is to teach the young wife what dishes the young husband likes best and how to prepare them. If the mother-in-law by chance is a kind-hearted woman, she sometimes lets the young wife return to her parents' home and make them a visit, when she may wear her saree down upon her shoulders, but while in the house of her hushand's mother she must so wear it that it will cover her head and face down to her mouth. It is permitted her to raise this after she gives birth to a son. In her own mother's house she retains her given name, Mohemee; but in the house of her husband's mother she entirely loses her identity; she is no longer called by her given name, but is always *Bo*, which only means daughter-in-law; and to this another term is appended which implies whether she is the wife of the first, second, third, or fourth son. After she becomes mother to a son, she is known as the mother of that child, the word *ma* being added to the child's name.

In her own mother's house she may run about in the court and verandahs, enjoying such poor play as is thus vouchsafed to her; but in her husband's home, until after the first child is born, she must move about with the greatest precision, and not like a happy young person who has a right to enjoy the natural pleasure of existence. She must not speak aloud, but the little she is allowed to speak must be scarcely above a whisper. In this way it can easily be seen that her spirit early becomes broken. When she first sees her mother-in-law in the morning she must prostrate herself before her, placing her own forehead to the earth and kissing the feet of her mother-in-law, and placing one of the matron's feet upon her own head for a short time. This indicates the perfect submission in which she holds herself and is to remain.

She sees very little of her husband, and he regards her very little more than he would a cat or other pet animal. It is the most seldom thing that any manifestation of love takes place between them. It makes very little difference how cruelly she may be treated, she must not complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he is not allowed to take her part. Her husband sends her each day the allowance of food which is to be cooked for himself, herself, and the children, when there are any. When it is prepared, by the simple processes of the country, she places it upon a large platter, and it is taken into the husband's room. He eats what he chooses, and the platter is returned to the wife and the children, who have the privilege of eating what remains. She rarely or never eats with her husband. The food is eaten sitting on the ground, and without knife, fork, or spoon. Though the food may be semi-fluid, it is put into the mouth with the fingers.

While the wife is young she is seldom permitted to go from home upon any occasion, but when she becomes a matron she sometimes makes a pilgrimage to some Hindoo temple to make offerings to the gods for herself or others. It is more customary, however, for her to have the family gods in the house, and often on a shelf over the head of her bed; and to these she makes daily oblations, offering them rice and decorating them with garlands of flowers. Thus the life of the India woman is spent. When she approaches the hour of death, she is taken out to the river Ganges, or some other sacred river, there to breathe her last in view of the holy stream, whose waters are believed to be efficacious enough to wash away all the sins she may have committed. When she has ceased to breathe, her body, as is the case with all Hindoos, is burnt and the ashes thrown into the Ganges, or sent there from a distance to be consigned to that holy stream; when, let us hope, her troubles and afflictions are all over, and that a day of peace and rest has come to her. This account of the married life of woman applies more particularly to the better classes. Among the lower class, with whom the women have to go out to earn a livelihood, and who have smaller residences, there is more equality between the sexes; and it certainly appears that the women of the poorer classes have the most liberty and the most pleasure of life. I have seen many of the women of the lower class upon the streets carrying their children with them; not as the American Indian women do their children, lashed to a board at their backs, but they carry them above one hip, the little fellow having a leg on either side—one in rear and one in front.

The women of this country have singular ideas of personal ornamentation. It is not at all uncommon to see a dozen bracelets on one arm, or metallic anklets of silver and cheaper metals above the feet, and rings upon the toes are very common; sometimes a ring on nearly every toe. But the worst of all are the rings in the nose; these are attached a third the way up on the left side of the nose, and are usually an inch in diameter, and often more, amounting to two, four, and sometimes six inches in diameter, appearing to be much in the way of the mouth, and are really a horrid disfigurement. They sometimes, also, wear rings in the ears; not drops, as American ladies foolishly use, but round rings, an inch or more in diameter, and worn upon the upper part of the rim of the ear, instead of the lower, fleshy part. Two or three rings are sometimes in one ear, and occasionally the men are seen following the same foolish fashion.

This inequality toward woman in India has grown out of many centuries of misdirected zeal and a too strict observance of the teachings of the old sages and priests. In the laws of Menu there is found authority for these restrictions upon woman. He says in childhood the female must be dependent upon her father, in youth upon her husband, and in case of his death upon her sons. He also says, "By a girl or a woman advanced in years nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her own pleasure." This was the oriental idea with regard to woman. She was regarded as an inferior being, and the same was observable among the Jews. Paul had much the same notion, and preached upon the perfect submission of a wife to her husband in all things. The civilization of Greece and Rome, and the status of Greek and Roman women, was much better. So it has been in most Christian nations, and even in Mohammedan countries it has not been so bad. But even here, with the influx of European manners and customs, there is some improvement, and it is to be hoped that the lot of woman in India is not always to be as hard as it has been.

It is not strange that, under the state of things here portrayed, widows and other women of India sometimes turn out badly and become prostitutes, though, from what I can learn, that class of unfortunate women are not as numerous here as in Christian countries. This being a seaport, and thousands of sailors landing here every year, as in other places of the kind, prostitution largely abounds; but I am informed that a very large share of them are women from Italy, Germany, Austria, Armenia, and other countries, where the Christian religion bears rule. Of course there are native prostitutes, also, for prostitution here is not looked upon as being so degrading as in Europe and America, and in all conscience the poor beings have hardships and degradation enough piled upon them to drive them to almost anything.

It is hardly to be expected that the long-surviving representatives of the oldest civilization in the world should not have handed down many imperfections, and that the effects of a mistaken education should not here and there be seen. If the Hindoos have vices, they also have their virtues. Their children are reared to entertain the highest respect for their parents, and to yield to them the most implicit obedience. Every morning the well-raised children of Hindoo parents bow to the earth, or prostrate themselves upon it, before their parents, as a token of the perfect obedience to be rendered, and it is one of the most unusual things in the world for a child here to be insolent or disobedient to its parents. If Young America were endowed with a trifle more of this spirit it would undoubtedly be better for him. There appears, also, to be more regard for the rights and feelings of others among the Hindoos than among other nationalities; as a people, they are noted for patience, humility, submission, respectfulness, contentment, and peacefulness. They are also remarkably kind to the animal creation. They will not take any sort of animal life when they can avoid it, not even for food; it is very seldom that a Hindoo eats any animal food. They will not even kill a bug or

insect if they can avoid it. They have the character of being very kind to the low forms of animal life I have seen one of them out feeding ants, sprinkling flour around the ant-hill, so that the little pests need not suffer with hunger.

A VIEW BACKWARD OF THE HINDOO RACE.

It may not be amiss to look back and consider for a little while the origin and character of the progenitors of the people who dwell in India to-day. Without undertaking to settle the question, which is the older civilization, Egyptian or Hindoo, it is pretty well known that many thousands of years ago a pretty highly civilized nation called the Aryans dwelt in Central Asia, and developed agriculture and many of the domestic arts. This people dwelt on the great plains east of the Caspian Sea, and northwest of this country. There seems to have been two branches of this great nation, one of which is believed to have emigrated west and founded the nations of Europe, while the other branch moved southward and peopled what were afterwards known as India and Persia. From this branch came the ancient Medes. Arya is a Sanskrit word, signifying noble, of a good family, and the term Aryan was applied to the tillers of the soil, a pursuit in which this ancient race was noted. It is believed they were the first nation to bring the cultivation of the soil to a high state of perfection. Philologists have found many points of resemblance between the ancient Sanskrit language, spoken by the Aryans, with the words used in more modern languages which are believed to have grown out of it, and which are now the prominent languages of the world, but that subject is too extensive and intricate to be dwelt upon in a book of travels. Suffice it to say, many of the old Sanskrit words spoken by the Aryans have their counterparts and close resemblances in the Greek, Latin, German, French, and consequently in the English.

It is held that, without attempting to give the source of the Aryans, thousands of years ago they reached a comparatively high state of civilization, not living in tents like the Arabs, or in crude wagons like the Scythians, but in well constructed dwellings, and even in villages and towns. Their houses were strongly built, and their wealth consisted largely in their domestic animals, in the rearing of which they took great delight.

In matters of religion the Aryans were admirers and worshipers of nature. They seemed not to have believed in any personal God extraneous to nature, but to have adored the different phases and forces of nature, and to have addressed these in their religious exercises. They called the earth mother. They also had great veneration for the sun, and regarded him as the source of power and existence. Their name for the sun's light was Dyaus. In time this force or power became personalized, and Dyaus was the god of the bright sky. A similarity in name is discovered between it and Zeus of the Greeks, the Jovis of the Romans, and is further traced in the name Jupiter; Dyaus-pita with the Aryans meant heaven, father, and Zeupater and Jupiter easily grew out of the term.

THE ARYAN RELIGION.

It is held that the Aryans, or the wise men among them, were the authors of the Vedas, which are believed to be the oldest preserved productions in the world. They are grand hymns of praise directed to the sun, and its representative fire, to the dawn, to the vault of heaven, to the winds, to the clouds, the storms, and the active, moving phenomena of nature. From these ancient hymns many nations have found their liturgies and rituals, but they have indulged in more personality of idea, and thus gradually their gods have become in their minds virtual beings or personages.

The Aryans admired the scenery of the heavens—sunrise, sunset, dawn, dusk, the moving clouds, etc. It was easy for them to see a close relationship between the sun and the earth—the great father and mother—while the clouds might be practically regarded as their offspring. It has been said that in the Aryan heaven was a great plain over which roamed bulls and cows, other terms for clouds. As the cow yielded him milk, so the clouds yielded rain. The sun was lord of all, and was sometimes considered the bull of power and might. I will not, however, now attempt to give the poetic views of the Aryans, nor their myths, which have been copied into the mythologies of many later nations. It is enough to say that the Aryan worship was simply a nature-worship, clothed in poetical ideas and metaphorical paintings. The grandest phases and features of nature commanded their highest admiration and worship.

It is not easy to decide at what age the Aryans emigrated from their fertile tablelands in Central Asia, nor whether the Vedas were composed before they journeyed to the land of the Indus and Ganges or after; but one thing may be safely decided, that it is that they enjoyed a high degree of civilization in their native land, and that their historic period reaches farther back into antiquity than that of any other people with which we are aquainted, save it be the Egyptians; and we may also safely conclude that the period from the time they achieved this advanced civilization back to the time when the inhabitants of the earth knew very little of civilization, and gladly made use of the rudest implements of stones and bones, and subsisted, as many of the wild animals do, upon other animals, fish, etc.—of which age abundant proofs exist all over the earth—must necessarily have been many thousand of years. From what we know of the rapidity with which civilization advanced in the world a few thousand years ago, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that a long period must have been necessary to bring man from his primitive low savage state to the condition which it is known that the Aryans occupied even before they emigrated from their central Asiatic homes.

I have conversed with learned Hindoos here, who tell me that they have in their nation authentic records, based upon astronomical calculations and the position of the heavenly bodies, which reach back not less than thirty thousand years. And the Chinese have records which they insist are far older than that; but even if we set these claims aside as not sufficiently authenticated, we have sufficient proofs to establish the fact that both countries were inhabited, and that the inhabitants residing in them have descended from a stock who lived long prior to the period set for Noah's flood, and before the first man and woman are said to have been created in the Jewish scriptures.

As before remarked, the Vedas of the old Aryans are the oldest known writings or literature of the human race. Veda means knowledge, science, a word of much the same meaning as wisdom in the English language. It was used in the plural form to denote four collections of hymns, though one collection is the original and the oldest, called the Rig-Veda, or hymns of praise to nature's forces.

The Rig-Veda thus contains the hymns in which the Aryans who first entered India worshiped the gods of nature, and they are held to be 2,400 years older than the Christian era. They number more than a thousand hymns, and are of various lengths, varying from one verse to more than fifty verses, or *ric*, meaning praise, for which reason they have been called Rig-Veda, or Veda of Praise. Their authors were called Rishis, a term implying seer or sage.

Professor Clodd says some six hundred years before the Christian era every verse, every word, every syllable, every letter of the Rig-Vedas were counted and that the number agrees with existing copies with scarcely a difference. The Brahmans, the ancient priesthood of the Hindoos, held the Vedas in the highest veneration, and it was their duty to devote years of study to them and to commit them to memory, believing them to be the inspired word of God, having existed in his mind long before the world existed.

The chief gods addressed in the Rig-Veda are Agni, fire; Prithivi, the earth; Mitra and Surya, the sun; Indra, the sky; Ushas, etc., the dawn; Maruts, the storm; Varuna, the all-surrounder; Soma, the moon; Vishnu, who afterwards became a leading god in the Hindoo trinity, and whose name was first used in the Vedas to represent the sun.

To the ancient Aryans races Agni or fire was held to be more divine than the earth, and a higher order of divinity was accorded to it. It was considered a subtle and mysterious power; a most helpful servant though terrible master. To him more of the hymns of the Vedas were addresed than any other of the gods. He it was who lived among men in a special manner, and was regarded as the messenger between heaven and earth, the guarding and guiding power left to shelter men from the terrors of cold, and to dispel the gloom when the orb of day had retired to rest. His marvelous birth, produced by briskly rubbing two dry sticks together, was celebrated in poetical and glowing language, the ten fingers of the kindler being ten virgins who brought the fire, and the two pieces of wood being the father and mother of the young god thus produced. From the fact that butter when thrown into the fire made it burn more briskly and mount higher, it was believed to be the most acceptable gift that could be offered to Agni, and when he was most to be pleased, butter was the offering made. This is one of the hymns of the Rig-Veda to Agni:

Agni, accept this log which I offer to thee, accept this my service; listen well to these my songs.

With this log, O Agni, may we worship thee, thou son of strength, conqueror of horses! and with this hymn, thou high-born!

May we, thy servants, serve thee with songs, O granter of riches, thou who lovest songs and delightest in riches.

Thou lord of wealth, and giver of wealth, be thou wise and powerful; drive away from us the enemies.

He gives us rain from heaven, he gives us inviolable strength, he gives us food a thousandfold.

Youngest of the gods, their messenger, their invoker, most deserving of worship, come, at our praise, to him who worships thee and longs for thy help.

For thou, O sage, goest wisely between these two creations (heaven and earth, gods and men), like a friendly messenger between two hamlets.

Thou art wise, and thou hast been pleased; perform thou, intelligent Agni, the sacrifice without interruption, sit down on this sacred grass.

Indra, as the sky, the firmament, or sometimes the sun, received many hymns of praise. Here is one of the hymns offered him:

He who as soon as born is the first of the deities, who has done honor to the gods by his deeds; he at whose might heaven and earth are alarmed, and who is known by the greatness of his strength; he, men, is Indra.

He who fixed firm the moving earth, who spread the spacious firmament; he, men, is Indra.

He who having destroyed *Vritra* set free the seven rivers; who recovered the cows (clouds); who regenerated fire in the clouds; who is invincible in battle; he, men, is Indra.

He to whom heaven and earth bow down; he at whose might heaven and earth are appalled; he who is drinker of the soma juice, the firm of frame, the adamant armed, the wielder of the thunderbolt; he, men, is Indra. May we envelope thee with acceptable praises, as husbands are embraced by their wives.

Ushas, the dawn, who chases the darkness away and makes a pathway for the sun, who wakens in every Brahman's breast his morning prayer, and has done this for more than four thousand years, justly comes in for her due share of praise. Here is a beautiful, simple hymn to Ushas:

She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. When the fire had to be kindled by men, she made the light by striking down darkness.

She rose up spreading far and wide, and moving everywhere. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows (mornings), the leader of the days, she shone gold-colored, lovely to behold.

She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (the sun), the dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures following every one.

Thou who art a blessing when thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make the pasture wide, give us safety! Scatter the enemy, bring riches! Raise up wealth to the worshiper, thou mighty dawn.

Shine for us with our best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest the food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots.

Thou daughter of the sky, thou high born Dawn, whom the Vasishthas magnify with songs, give us riches, high and wide; all ye gods protect us always with your blessings.

Varuna was a favorite god; he ruled over all, and governed the seasons of the year. He was believed to set sun, moon, and stars in their courses, and of him the devout worshiper asked pardon for sin, protection from evil. The following are specimens of the hymns offered to Varuna, and though they were composed more than fifteen hundred years before the Psalms of David, so called, they are equal to them in grandeur of conception and imagery:

The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.

If a man stands. or walks, or rides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third.

This earth, too, belongs to Varuna, the king, and this wide sky, with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loin; he is also contained in this drop of water.

He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna the king. His spies proceed from heaven toward this world; with a thousand eyes they overlook this earth.

King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of the eyes of men. As the player throws the dice, he settles all things.

May all thy fatal nooses, which stand spread out seven by seven and threefold, catch the man who tells a lie; may they pass by him who tells the truth.

In the following pardon for sin is asked:

However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, O god Varuna,

Do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious, nor to the wrath of the spiteful.

Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

I ask, O Varuna! wishing to know this my sin. I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same; Varuna it is who is angry with thee. . . .

Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies.

I will close with the following, which assuredly contains as grand sentiments of praise as are found in the sacred writings of any people.

Let me not yet, O Varuna! enter into the house of clay; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

If I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone wrong; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Thirst came upon the worshiper, though he stood in the midst of waters; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Whenever we men, O Varuna! commit an offense before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness; punish us not, O God, for that offense!

There is no room for doubt that the ancient Aryans believed in a life after death. The king of that other world was Yama. He and his sister Yami were the first pair, and when they reached the realm of bliss they prepared a place for those who were to follow them. In the Persian rendition of the same legend Yama appeared as Yima, ruler of the golden age and founder of paradise.

The Aryans led a sunny, joyous life, and they gave little place to gloom and sadness. In their prayers they asked for wealth, children, long life, success in war, and yet they were not bowed down with sorrow because they knew that, in spite of all, life one day must come to an end. Their belief in death, even, was cheerful. "They believed that in some bright place where the gods dwelt, they and their loved ones would be gathered under the peaceful sway of of Yama." It was their custom also to make offerings to the spirit of their forefathers; and while they laid the bodies of the dead quietly away they fully believed that the spirit was also at rest with

(*Continued on page* 298.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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Christian Duplicity.

Among the many who are exercised at the success of Col. Ingersoll is the New York *Times*. A remark of the colonel's, at his Boston lecture, that if "Christianity be true, Longfellow and Emerson are in hell to-night," is excepted to, and the following lecture is read to Mr. Ingersoll and Infidelity in general:

"According to Mr. Ingersoll, Christianity teaches that men holding the opinions which he assumes that Longfellow and Emerson held are cast into hell immediately after their death. Will he kindly mention what is his authority for this assertion? It is generally understood that both Longfellow and Emerson were Unitarians, in the New England sense of the term—in other words, that they did not accept the doctrin of the Trinity. Mr. Emerson has also been somewhat vaguely called a pantheist, but that he firmly believed in the existence of God and the reality of the future life can hardly be doubted, unless we are to make the unwarrantable assumption that certain poems written by him were not meant to be poems, but formal statements of his theological creed.

"Mr. Ingersoll has a convenient fashion of calling everything Christianity which has at any time been taught by any church or sect. If ignorant fanatics were to form themselvs into a new sect and assert that human sacrifices should be made a part of the Christian religion, Mr. Ingersoll would undoubtedly cite their preposterous dogma as a sample of what Christianity teaches—just as he is never tired of citing the Spanish Inquisition as part and parcel of Christianity. In the days when the Unitarians separated from the orthodox Congregationalists of New England, there were undoubtedly men among the latter who believed that no one who denied the doctrin of the Trinity could be saved; but to assume that these heated controversialists, fighting under the banner of a small and waning sect, were the authorized exponents of Christianity, would be as absurd as to accept the claim of the three tailors of Tooley street to be the people of England.

"It may be unhesitatingly asserted that Christianity does not teach in regard to the final condition of men like Longfellow and Emerson what Mr. Ingersoll says that it teaches. The Roman Catholic church, which undoubtedly does make the broad, general assertion that outside of its pale there is no salvation, concedes that men who hav been baptized, and who hold the essential doctrins of Christianity, may be saved, although they hav never formally become members of the church of Rome, and Mr. Ingersoll will not find a single intelligent Roman Catholic priest who will assert that if Christianity is true Longfellow and Emerson are in hell. The Anglican church, which includes among its priesthood men who disbelieve the Athanasian doctrin of the Trinity, and others who deny the existence of hell, certainly does not giv Mr. Ingersoll any authority for his assertion as to the fate of Longfellow and Emerson. Among the numerous sects of Protestantism there may be found an occasional Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist, who, mistaking his own prejudices for Christianity, may gratify Mr. Ingersoll by conceding that, because Mr. Longfellow was not a believer in the doctrin of the imputation of Adam's sin, or because Mr. Emerson had not been immersed, or because neither the poet nor the philosopher had been formally 'converted' at a camp-meeting, they could not escape eternal punishment; but Mr. Ingersoll will meet with extreme difficulty in finding an intelligent minister of any Protestant sect of any numerical importance who will declare that unless Longfellow and Emerson are in hell, Christianity is an imposture."

According to the *Times*' theology, all Christians are Universalists; that is, believe that all men will finally be saved. Now, if the editor knows anything about orthodox Christianity—which is doubtful—he knows better. But as there is a general denial on the part of some alleged Christians of many things and especially doctrins imputed to the church by Freethinkers, we will look into the matter and see if the church is wronged by anything the *Times* complains of.

A little while ago, in "answering" Ingersoll, Talmage said the Bible and the church nowhere taught that the universe was manufactured from nothing. Now, the Bible says that God created the heavens and earth. The act of creation implies making something where there was nothing, and, according to Genesis, this is what God did. This is what the whole Christian world has all along understood, and is in the creed of the church. Talmage is a Presbyterian, and ought to know his own creed; but one of three things must be imputed to him: 1. Either he has not read his "Confession of Faith;" or, 2. He does not regard it as of any account; or, 3. He is dishonest in his statement. Chapter iv of the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith" says: "It pleased God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the manifestation of the glory of his eternal power, wisdom, and goodness, in the beginning, to *create or make of nothing* the world, and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, *in the space of six days*, and all very good." To prove this the Bible is copiously quoted.

The criticism of the *Times* is exactly like Talmage's. When compared with the authorized utterances of the church, it will be at once seen that it is a dishonest evasion, in fact a Christian, Jesuitical lie.

The *Times* disputes that Christianity teaches that men holding the opinions of Longfellow and Emerson are cast into hell, and wants authority for the assertion. Probably the *Times* will admit that Longfellow and Emerson were not Presbyterians. If it knows what Christianity is, and what Longfellow and Emerson believed, it will also hav to admit that they were unbelievers. The New York *Sun* recognized this fact, and manfully said so in its issue of last Sunday. In answer to an inquiry it says:

"Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow were unbelievers in the Christian religion. The essence of belief in the Christian religion is belief in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Without the godhead of the Christ there is no real Christianity. It is true there is a sort of doctrin which many people fancy to be Christian, and according to this doctrin Jesus Christ was not God, but a creature, a man, or a created being somewhat superior to man. But this is not the doctrin of the Christian religion. It is a foe to Christianity. It is a station on the broad road to total unbelief, to Infidelity. This sort of doctrin we understand to hav been the doctrin of Emerson and Longfellow. They were Unitarians. They were not believers in the Christian religion."

The *Times* says that because Mr. Longfellow did not believe that he sinned when Adam did, and that because Mr. Emerson had not been converted and baptized, is no reason for assigning them to hell. Does the editor of the *Times* believe the Bible? If so, what does that say about the unbelievers and the unbaptized? In the sixteenth chapter of Mark, sixteenth verse, we read, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; *but he that believeth not shall be damned.*" What does being damned mean? Every Sunday-school boy knows that according to Christianity it is being cast into hell.

Jesus made conversion an indispensable requisit to going to heaven. In Matthew xviii we are told by no less a person than he, that "except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Does the *Times* find that either Emerson or Longfellow became converted even as little children? On the contrary it admits they were not. As there are only two places to go to after death—heaven and hell—and only converted people can go to heaven, and the dead poet and philosopher being unconverted, where are they?

What do the creeds of the churches of the present day teach is the fate of the unbeliever? Let us see. The Presbyterian church is popularly supposed to be a Christian institution. In chapter six of its "Confession of Faith," we read:

"Our first parents, being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. This their sin God was pleased, according to his wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to his own glory.

"By this sin they fell from their original righteousness, and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body.

"They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation."

"Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth, in its own nature, *bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God, and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries spiritual, temporal, and eternal.*"

Is that not plain enough? Or is not the Presbyterian church Christian?

The *Times* lays much stress upon the good works of the two dead poets, and implies that good works on earth will open the gates of heaven. What is the Christian doctrin concerning good works? The "Confession of Faith," chapter sixteen, says:

"*We cannot, by our best works, merit pardon of sin, or eternal life, at the hand of God,* by reason of the great disproportion that is between them and the glory to come, and the infinit distance that is between us and God, whom by them we can neither profit, nor satisfy for the debt of our former sins."

What does the Bible say about good works? Or is not that authority upon the doctrins of Christianity? At any rate we will quote it for the benefit of the *Times* editor. It may be new to him. Galatians ii, 16, says: "Knowing that *a man is not justified by the works of the law*, but by the *faith of Jesus Christ*, even we hav believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law; *for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.*" In Isaiah xli, 24, God tells his people that they are of nothing, and their work of nought. In Romans iii, 27, Paul asks, "By what law? Of works?" And answers, "Nay, but by the law of faith! Therefore we conclude that a man is *justified by faith without the deeds of the law.*" And in 2 Timothy Paul informs us that God saves "*not according to our works*, but according to his own purpose and grace." In his epistle to the Ephesians Paul informs them (chap. ii, 8, 9) that they are "*saved through faith*, and that not of yourselvs; it is the gift of God; *not of works*, lest any man should boast."

As Emerson and Longfellow had no faith in Jesus Christ as a divine individual, it is hard for an ordinary person to see how, in the face of these texts, they can be "saved."

But perhaps the *Times* is Baptist in its persuasion. If so, it will probably acknowledge that that is a Christian sect and understands the Christian doctrin. They hold that the Bible is "truth without any mixture of error" (Declaration of Faith, article i), and that voluntary rejection of the gospel involves the rejecter in an aggravated condemnation (Ibid, vi). Article vii of the same reads:

"We believe that, in order to be saved, sinners must be regenerated, or born again; that regeneration consists in giving a holy disposition to the mind; that it is effected, in a manner above our comprehension, by the power of the Holy Spirit in connection with divine truth, so as to secure our voluntary obedience to the gospel; and that its proper evidence appears in the holy fruits of repentance and *faith* and newness of life."

If we say that Longfellow and Emerson did not sin, we are told by the Baptists (who are Christians) that "all mankind are now sinners, utterly void of that holiness required by the law of God, positivly inclined to evil, and therefore under *just condemnation to eternal ruin without defense or excuse.*"

Beautiful doctrin! Merciful God!

Final reward and punishment is contingent upon voluntary acceptance or rejection of the gospels. The two poets rejected the gospel. What is to be their fate? This is the creed of the Baptist church:

"We believe that there is a radical and essential difference between the righteous and the wicked; that such only as through faith are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and sanctified by the spirit of our God, are truly righteous in his esteem: while all such as continue in impenitence and *unbelief* are in his sight *wicked*, and *under the curse*; and this distinction holds among men both in and *after death.*"

"We believe that the end of the world is approaching; that at the last day Christ will descend from heaven, and raise the dead from the grave to final retribution; that a solemn separation will then take place; that the wicked will be adjudged to endless punishment, and the righteous to endless joy; and that this judgment will fix forever the final state of men in heaven or hell, on principles of righteousness."

As is seen, according to the beautiful Baptist creed Longfellow and Emerson at the last day will be adjudged to endless punishment on principles of righteousness.

The *Times*' theologian says that belief in the trinity is not a necessary part of Christianity. That is a rather curious statement to make. "Will he kindly mention what is his authority for this assertion?" Not from the Catholic, nor the Episcopal, nor the Congregational, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Baptist, nor the Methodist does he get this, but from the hitherto heretical Unitarians and Universalists. It is generally believed at the present day that Mr. John Calvin had Doctor Servetus burnt because he persisted in denying the dogma of the trinity, which is an inseparable part of Christianity. Take the divinity of Christ away and where is the scheme of salvation? Christ's promises would hav no meaning unless he were given authority to make them. He threw heaven and hell around with a great deal of freedom—too much for a mere man. It will not do. Christianity as the churches know it to-day, must stand or fall with the trinity. If there is no Holy Ghost the reputation of Mary must suffer. If Jesus was not the Christ, then the salvation scheme is a humbug, and Christianity an imposture.

The statement regarding the Roman Catholic church is simply not so, and the *Times*' theologian ought to know it. The Catholic creed is that all who die outside its pale, unbaptized and without its offices, are lost. Its prayers might possibly get their souls out, but it would be expensive, and for people so heretical as Unitarians the result of the experiment would be so doubtful as to be hardly worth attempting. Any orthodox Roman Catholic priest will unhesitatingly say that both Emerson and Longfellow are, if not in hell, in purgatory on probation waiting for surviving relativs to giv the church money enough to pray them through to heaven.

Mr. Ingersoll may not find any minister who will say the two poets are in hell, for it is very difficult at the present time to find a man as bad as the Christians' creeds, but every minister who admits a doubt on the subject is to that extent a heretic, and may be "disciplined" by his church.

To show the different light in which the men are regarded by the *Times*' theologian and the church theologians, it is only necessary to quote a little from the acknowleged journals of the church. This first is from the *Churchman* of May 6th:

"Emerson insisted upon thinking for himself. It was to such wholesome protests against the narrowing influence of religious dogmatism that Emerson first gave his attention, but, in freeing himself from the restraints of the reaction against Calvanism, Emerson became an individualist. He joined the church of one member. He not only gave up the vague remnants of the idea of the church as an authority to administer sacraments, which has been held by the children of the Puritans, but also renounced his belief in the Bible as 'the book,' and in the Christ as anything more than the son of man. He found his refuge in an all-absorbing individualism, which his genius illustrated and adorned, and from which he never escaped. He might as well hav lived in the days of Socrates as in the present century, so far as the bent and range of his thinking were concerned. He gave up nearly everything belonging to Christianity but its ethics, and his ethics centered not in the person of Christ, but in the personal consciousness of man. Truth distinctivly Christian is almost entirely absent from his books. He concerned himself far less with matters of faith than with matters of fact. He is a very Greek in his way of looking at things. He has seen far into this world, but his writings furnish little ground of hope that he had the Christian consciousness of the reality of the other world."

Can such a man as that get to heaven according to the Bible, the Presbyterian, or the Baptist creeds?

The following extract will show how Longfellow is regarded by *The Christian at Work*. It is from its issue of April 20th:

"The Presbyterian journal is authority for the statement that 'in several Protestant churches of Buffalo, the regular services were dispensed with, and selections from the works of the poet were read to the congregations on the Sunday after Longfellow's death.' We ought to hav the names of those 'several' Longfellow churches. For church services we are old-fashioned enough to prefer the Bible to Longfellow's poems, his 'Hyperion,' or 'Kavannah.'"

The same paper, of May 4th, says of Emerson:

"It cannot be forgotten that Emerson belonged outside of the evangelical domain of faith. In fact, he was outside the Christian system altogether."

It seems to us that Col. Ingersoll was right in saying that if the Christian religion is true Longfellow and Emerson are in hell. We know that with their great hearts they would be unhappy in heaven, and as we expect to go where Longfellow and Emerson hav gone when we die, we are happy to be assured they are not in heaven. But seriously, what an unmitigated evil any system of religion is that consigns such men to eternal pain. Longfellow and Emerson were Unitarians, but Unitarianism is not evangelical Christianity. Unitarianism never burned a man nor hanged a witch, never imprisoned a man nor subjected him to torture. The nearest it ever gets to being orthodox is in its heresy trials and the expulsion from its ranks of men like Chainey and Miln. Evangelical Christian creeds hav changed but little since executions for heresy were common. About the only difference is, the churches defer the execution of sentence till after the death of their victims. They leave to God the burning instead of doing it themselvs. The acts of the sixteenth century are the creeds of the nineteenth.

The Days of the Week.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* We are glad to find that you are quite willing to answer queries of public interest.

1. In the early ages were not the days of the week numbered instead of named?

2. If so, about what time were names substituted for numbers?

3. Is there any proof in history that the Jewish week consisted of seven days?

4. If so, how were they named or numbered?

5. If the days were named in rotation to correspond with the seven planets, how could Saturday and Sunday come together?

Any light on the subject will be of interest to your many readers. T. G.

1. Among the Jews the days of the week had no name, but were simply counted.

2. The names of the days hav probably existed as long as the month's division into weeks. What time the Jews adopted the Egyptian names for the days accessible records do not inform us.

3. The Jewish week, being the same as that of the Egyptians (with the exception that through hatred for their captors they made Saturday the last day), consisted of seven days.

4. The numbering began with Sunday as the first day, Monday as the second, etc.

5. The days were not named "in rotation" to correspond with the seven planets. It is true that the Egyptians named them after the planets then known, beginning with the one most remote from the earth, thus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon; but their succession was governed by the planet reigning for the hour upon which the day began. The twenty-four hours were each assigned a planet, as follows: Saturn to the first, Jupiter to the second, Mars to the third, and so on. In this order it will be seen that Saturn would hav the 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d hours of the first day; the 23d hour would fall to Jupiter, and the 24th to Mars. The next hour, which would be the first of the second day, would fall to the Sun, thus making the day Sunday, and causing Saturday and Sunday to "come together."

The accompanying table will assist our correspondent materially in solving the problem. By following the column downward from the name of any given planet until he reaches the large figure 1, he will find the number corresponding to the position of that planet as it represents a day in the week. Take, for instance, Jupiter. The large figure 1 in that column is numbered 6 (1°), indicating that Jupiter is Thursday, the sixth day in the week, as the Egyptian week began on Saturday.

The planets according to their distance from the earth.

Saturn 1	Jupiter 2	Mars 3	The Sun 4	Venus 5	Mercury 6	Moon 7
1[1]	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	1[2]	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	1[3]
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	1[4]	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	1[5]	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	1[6]	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	1[7]		
1 Saturn (Sat.)[1]	2 Sun (Sun.)[2]	3 Moon (Mon.)[3]	4 Mars (Tues.)[4]	5 Mercury (Wed)[5]	6 Jupiter (Thur.)[6]	7 Venus (Fri.)[7]

The planets as they represent the days of the week in order.

Joe Cook's Cowardice.

The following letter was written to the *Philosophic Inquirer*, of Madras, India. After slandering the Theosophical Society and Mr. Bennett, Cook ran away from their challenges to him. But he could not get away from the truth, and the pamphlets issued by Col. Olcott seem to hav pursued him everywhere. The letter shows how he flees from the wrath to come:

To the Joint-Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society,

My Dear Brother: The pamphlets, "The Truth About the Theosophical Society," came just in time. In fact, they traveled *with* Mr. J. Cook. The same train which brought the pamphlets brought the Boston orator to us. As I wrote to you last night, they were widely distributed among the people here. This morning, as Mr. Cook entered the Mission School, an innocent little school-boy hastened to hand the book to him. He looked at it, exclaimed "Tush!" and seemed terribly disconcerted. Very soon he pleaded engagements in Ceylon, which he said could not be put off on any account. This very afternoon he took the train to Tuticorin without even visiting the mission stations of the district which rejoice in the biblical names of Nazareth, Galilee, Bethlehem, Christianagaram, Mennanapuram (Gospel Town), etc., etc. No *Jordan*-pura is to be found in the number, as all these pious places are desolate, sandy tracts, studded with scanty palmyras. His evil genius hunted him down to the railway station, where another smiling boy handed to him the same pamphlet as he was taking his seat in the carriage. He exclaimed "Tush," with still more pronounced disgust, and dropped into his box with an air of profound vexation. The missionaries who, before his arrival here, kept trumpeting on all the tones that "Mr. Cook was coming from America, and that *now* would Theosophy go to the dogs, and Christianity become the religion of India," etc., etc., now mournfully explain to the people that poor Mr. Cook suffers from a sore throat, and therefore goes away *without lecturing* as he had intended to. It is extraordinary the effect one humble pamphlet can sometimes produce.

And to think that this great American apostle was introduced to our schoolboys as "This gentleman who has come from the far, far West, moved by the purely philanthropic spirit of doing good to you, and at an enormous sacrifice and expense to himself." Yes, he goes to Ceylon, but only to be disappointed, I am afraid, as these pamphlets must hav preceded him, and our Singalese brothers are not likely to go to sleep over them.

Yours fraternally, S. R., F. T. S.

Tinnevelly, March 22, 1882.

By missing the steamer for Hong Kong by two days, Mr. Bennett's arrival at San Francisco will be delayed till the latter part of this month. He spent considerable time in Java, a country about which little is known. In his letter of March 28th he said he intended to stop two or three weeks in Japan, and intimated that he might giv the Sandwich Islanders a call on his way to 'Frisco.

Mr. Bennett has taken so many notes on his travels that we at home will hav to hurry to catch him, and so we shall print eight pages a week hereafter. It will cramp our space somewhat, but we trust our correspondents will see the state of the case, and make brevity a study in the future. The *pro tem* editor has already obtained a book on the subject.

Doc. Monroe has gone and got mad just because ten or fifteen of his subscribers hav run up bills they wouldn't pay. That's nothing, doctor? Just call on us and we will show you a nice book of shut off delinquents that represents cash enough to run The Truth Seeker for three months. We just heard from one of them who is now borrowing the paper. One of these days we are going to send him a gilt edge certificate of membership in a Methodist church. He's got about there on the down-hill road, and if he don't reform he'll soon be mean enough to join the Presbyterians.

The busts of Paine and Voltaire which C. P. Farrell has had cast are two of the best specimens of the sculptor's art we hav seen for a long time. Besides being splendid parlor ornaments, they hav the added value of being authentic. Liberals should make their homes as beautiful as they can afford, and the pictures and busts of the benefactors of our race are the most appropriate ornaments that can be had. Mr. Farrell has our thanks for the copies sent to The Truth Seeker. The busts can be ordered of him at 1421 New York avenue, Washington, D. C., or through us.

The April *Man* has at last got around. Judging from the number of auxiliary Leagues which report progress, Mr. B. F. Underwood's statement that the League is dead was an error in judgment. Somehow or other a good many "errors" have emanated from the same quarter since his connection with the *Index*. Maybe the office needs ventilating.

Col. Ingersoll's new book is now in press and will be ready for delivery soon. The title is "Ingersoll on Talmage." The price will be $2 handsomely bound in cloth, $1 in paper. We will receive orders now and mail as soon as out.

Mrs. Lake began a course of lectures at Postville, Iowa, on the 6th. She is to speak for the Patch Grove (Wis.) League for a month, beginning the 21st. Parties wishing lectures for week evenings may address her there.

We hav a new supply of Bronson Keeler's "Short History of the Bible," and shall be pleased to supply all who wish. It is a splendid work, showing how the Bible was manufactured. Price, 75 cents.

Mr. T. B. Wakeman has partially recovered his health, which is good news, so far as it goes. We shall be very glad to announce his complete restoration.

Mr. Bennett's Expected Arrival in California.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Knowing that many thousands of the noblest and most intelligent men and women in the country are anxiously awaiting to hear of Mr. Bennett's arrival in this city, I deem it my duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to giv all the information possible on the subject. According to the letter I received from the sage while he was in Ceylon, he expected to be here the latter part of this month. Of this fact I already apprised you through the columns of The Truth Seeker. Hence we expected him by the steamer of the 23d, just a week ago. Special messengers, old and honored citizens, volunteered to keep on duty whether he arrived by day or night. The steamer came in the morning, and it was quickly learned that Mr. Bennett was not on board. No letters or message came from him, but a package for him to my address came from the Principal School of Arts, Jeypore, via Bombay.

Now we are all anxiety expecting the honored sage by the steamer due on the 4th of May via Yokohama. A meeting of all Liberals is called for to-morrow evening (May 1st) to make final preparations for receiving the illustrious traveler. We are meeting with great success in our efforts to make the ovation thoroughly cosmopolitan, and all classes of citizens opposed to fanaticism and religious intolerance are taking a heart-felt interest in making his reception triumphant for the cause.

We hav justissued a brief address to the citizens of San Francisco on the subject, and ten thousand copies are being distributed. You might find it interesting to publish it to show what is being done by the frontier guard (Auxiliary Liberal League 190) toward giving a glorious welcome to the old hero who never flinched in assailing superstition and never lowered the inspiring flag of universal mental liberty, even when bigots chained him in a felon's cell, wrongfully, cruelly, and mercilessly. We also advertised through the leading dailies our meeting for to-morrow evening.

I hav to say to you and to all true Freethinkers that the Underwood-Bundy slime has reached here, and that our enemy at the East is in league with the enemy here. A prominent journalist (a Liberal) informs me that the Underwood-Bundy charges will be hurled against Mr. Bennett and against all who stand up for him, together with the vile array of false testimony hatched up by the ever-detestable trio, Benedict, Comstock, and Colgate. The foe here, aided by the foe at the East, will with desperation play the obscenity game. But fear not; we will with unflinching courage stand by our colors. We are conscious that the obscenity charge is a wilful and infamous Christian lie. We loathe and detest the dissemination of impure literature through the mails, or in any other manner. We are honestly, hopefully, and unselfishly working to uplift mankind from the mire of superstition and the sink of ignorance. We are working to make this world more peaceful, more bright and beautiful than it is for human habitation. Conscious of this, we defy all the bigots who assail us. The just, noble, and exalted principles we teach and advocate will finally destroy and extirpate that accumulated and accursed crime of eighteen centuries, the Christian superstition.

Byron Adonis.

Eastern Michigan Camp-Meeting.

A Spiritual-Liberal camp-meeting, to continue six days, will be held on Orion Park Island, commencing on Tuesday, June 13, 1882. The meeting will be held under the authority of the committee on district work, of which J. H. Burnham is chairman, appointed by the executiv board of the state association, and it is expected that a district association will be organized during the meeting as part of the state work.

The meeting will be held on Orion Park island, some seven acres in extent, and shaded by a fine growth of young oaks. It is approached by bridge from the mainland, and by boat. There are upon the island a large dining and dancing hall, speakers' stand, seating, and other conveniences. Visitors who do not bring tents can find lodgings in the village at reasonable rates.

Charles E. Watkins, the well-known test medium, is engaged to attend the meeting. S. B. McCracken, Detroit, Mich., is manager.

(*Continued from page* 295.)

Yama. At a later date the bodies of the dead were burned upon an altar of Agni, and this custom has been continued for thousands of years. At the present time nearly all the Hindoo sects burn their dead. There is the Rig-Veda, a hymn of great beauty, and part of which to this day is used at the funeral ceremonies of the departed. After a few verses, in which Death is asked to harm the supplicants no more, the body is placed on the funeral pile with these appropriate and beautiful words:

Approach thou now, the lap of earth, thy mother,
The wide extending earth, the ever kindly;
A maiden soft as wool to him who comes with gifts,
She shall protect thee from destruction's bosom.

Open thyself, O earth, and press not heavily;
Be easy of access and of approach to him,
As mother with her robe her child,
So do thou cover him, O earth!

May earth maintain herself thus opened wide for him,
A thousand props shall give support about him;
And may those mansions ever drip with fatness;
May they be there evermore for his refuge.

Forth from about thee thus I build away the ground;
As I lay down this clod may I receive no harm;
This pillar may the fathers here maintain for thee;
May Yama there provide for thee a dwelling.

The Vedic hymns are not all equal to those quoted. Were not some foolish and insipid, they would be far ahead of the sacred writings of other nations. No system of religion, even down to the present day, has been devised that contains nothing but what is grand, sublime, and sensible.

"The Vedic religion had no temples, no priesthood, no idols." The great number of gods which are worshiped by Hindoos to-day, the castes which were later inaugurated, as the practice of burning wives with their deceased husbands, had no part in the original Vedic religion. These absurdities were the innovations introduced by priests at a subsequent period. The original religion of the Aryans was simple, and not repulsive, but with the lapse of centuries and the inventions of a designing priesthood that simplicity which worshiped the various phases of nature passed away. Indra, Varuna, and Agni fell from their places, and Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and after them a countless host of inferior deities succeeded them.

After the Rig-Veda others were written, and these were the Shama-Veda, Veda of chants; Yagur-Veda, Veda of sacrificial formulas; Alhana-Veda, Veda of incarnations. Each Veda consists of two portions, Sanhita, or collection of mantras or hymns, and Brahmanas, which give information on the proper use of the hymns at sacrifice, or their sacred meaning, on their supposed authors, etc. Of the authorship and final collection of the Vedic hymns Dr. Muir speaks thus: "For many ages the successive generations of these ancient rishis continued to make new contributions to the stock of hymns, while they carefully preserved those which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. The fact of this successive composition of the hymns is evident from the ancient index to the Rig-Veda, which shows that these compositions are ascribed to different generations of the same family as their 'seers.' The descendants of the most celebrated rishis would no doubt form complete collections of the hymns which had been composed by their respective ancestors. After being thus handed down, with little alteration, in the families of the original authors for several centuries, during which many of them were continually applied to the purposes of religious worship, these hymns, which had been gathering an accumulated sanctity throughout all this period, were at length collected in one great body of sacred literature, styled the Sanhita of the Rig-Veda—a work which in the Puranas is assigned to Veda Vyasa, and one of his pupils."

Sanskrit scholars are not agreed as to the age of the Vedic hymns. Dr. Haug holds that the Rig-Veda was composed 2400 years B.C.; Prof. Whitney, 2000 B.C.; Max Müller, 1200 to 1500 B.C. Among the later sacred writings of the Hindoos are the Institutes of Menu, the Vedangas or limbs of the Vedas; the Aranyakas, prepared for those who retired to lead a contemplative life of solitude and asceticism in the wilderness and caves; the Upanishads, much in the same line as the last; the Ramayana, containing mainly the history of Rama, the seventh incarnation of Vishnu; the Mahabarata, a great history of the descendants of Bharata, contains about 200,000 lines, and is the work of different authors at different periods. It is said to be a story of quarrels between rival families, whose adventures and wars, however, do not occupy more than one-fourth of the narrative, the remaining three-fourths consisting of a variety of episodes and legends, amongst which is one of the deluge, said to closely resemble that given in the Saterpatha-Brahmana, but told at greater length; one incident being that when the flood was over it was discovered that among the treasures which had been lost was the "Amrita, or Drink of Immortality." The gods met in council to consider how the loss might be repaired, when Vishnu advised them to churn the ocean that the vexed sea might give back its spoil. With the aid of Brahma and the King of the Serpents the waters were made to relinquish the lost treasure, and Amrita was recovered. The job of churning the entire ocean was a pretty extensive one, but with the gods it is not supposed to be a very heavy contract. This may be an improvement upon the Chaldean story of the flood which was the source whence the Jews borrowed it to place in their own sacred writings. The Mahabarata also contains the "Bhagavad-Gita," a deeply religious and philosophical poem, given, of course, by inspiration, containing an account of Chrishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, his moral lessons to his disciples, the conversations which they had together, containing many excellent moral sentiments. This poem makes a volume by itself, and is highly appreciated by many who have read it. A translation of it by Sir Cockburn Thompson has been published in England and republished in America.

The Puranas, eighteen in number, are of a later date, not being considered as old as the Christian system. Their contents are very miscellaneous, embracing cosmogony, legends, genealogies of the gods, directions about festivals, etc. They are written in the form of dialogue, and in a style to be popular with the masses. They are clearly of a priestly origin, and a principal object of them being the exaltation of the worship of Vishnu and Siva, two of the personalities of the Hindoo godhead or trinity. Puranas are written to the glory of both divinities, but most to Vishnu.

The Tantras are certain works in which directions are given for the correct performance of rites in honor of the "energy" or wife of Siva, the moral tone of which is said not to be very high—not more so, perhaps, than some parts of the Jewish scriptures.

It will thus be seen that these sacred writings, which are ten times as voluminous as the Jewish scriptures, cover three distinct periods of the Hindoo religions—first, the Vedic or pre-Brahmanistic; second, the Brahmanistic, including the Institutes of Menu and the Epic poems, a period during which the systems of philosophy, the Hindoo trinity, the division of people into castes, etc., arose, and during which the extensive system of Buddhism arose and declined so far as India is concerned; third, the more modern writings embraced in the Puranas, Tantras, etc.

BRAHMANISM.

From what has been said it is to be inferred that the ancient and extensive system of religion known as Brahmanism came into existence upon the decline of the more ancient Vedic system, when the Vedic or purely nature gods were supplanted by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—the Hindoo trinity—together with the almost infinite number of gods which have evolved from them, the creations of the vast tribe of priests which have ministered to the masses in behalf of the trinity.

Vishnu's name, it will be remembered, was mentioned in the Vedas while Brahma's was not; but it was not as one of the trinity, but more strictly a representation of the sun. When Brahma was devised and taken up, an evolution of the impersonal and all-pervading Brahm, Vishnu, and Siva became his partners and coöperated with him in forming the great Hindoo godhead or trinity, and this more than a thousand years before the Yahweh of the Jews, by the addition of the Son and the Holy Ghost, became the Christian godhead or trinity.

The impersonal and infinite Brahm originally meant force, will, wish, and the progressive power of creation, or, in other words, the law of evolution in the universe. As Max Müller remarks: "This impersonal Brahm as soon as it is named grows into something strange and divine. It ends by being one of many gods, one of the great triad worshiped to the present day. This is only one of the many instances where the forces and principles of nature have been accorded personality and become worshiped as beings or individualities. In fact this has been the case with the greater part of the gods which have been worshiped in the world. In the esoteric sense they were simply principles or forces of nature, but in the exoteric sense they came to be regarded as persons, when they really became dwarfed and crude; for the moment personality or the properties of a being are imparted to an ever-prevailing and everywhere-pervading principle or force, the quality of infinity is necessarily destroyed. A being or person can occupy but one place, one point, in the universe at any given point of time; while infinity must be everywhere alike, as much in distant worlds and systems a million times as far away as the most distant visible fixed stars, as upon this diminutive globe. It is utterly illogical and crude to regard any being or personality as infinite."

Yahweh, of the Jews, is no exception to the general rule; the earliest conception of him was a crude, nature god—the sun or fire—and in the conceptions of a crude and ignorant people he evolved into a person, and was thought to be furnished with all the parts and organs of a human being. It is only ignorant and unthinking people who can be so crude as to give personality and organs and parts to a great force and principle in the universe. Thus Brahm—ever existing force and life—was immensely greater than the being or person, Brahma, who really was but the third part of a triune god. In the same way it may truthfully be said that Yahweh, when regarded as the moving, life-giving force in nature, was immensely greater than when he became dwarfed in the form and proportions of a man, when he could walk about like a man, eat meat and bread like a man, have his feet washed like a man, show his back parts like a man, beget a son like a man, nd ultimately become but the third part of a god, no larger, no more powerful, and no better than the gods of many other nations which have been worshiped within the past five thousand years. It must certainly be set down as a great falling away in godship to degenerate from a great and universal force in the universe to be the third part of a personal god.

It was the same with Brahma; when he was Brahm, the impersonal force or principle, he was grand; but when he became personalized, and but a third part of a person at that, he lessened immensely, and the religion which grew out of this littling process also became crude, imperfect, and even base. This personalizing of gods, and the increasing of them to almost an unlimited extent, has been the curse of Hindoo religion. It has brought in crudities and monstrosities repulsive to meditate upon. It is said that the personal gods of the Hindoos are now to be counted by millions. Brahma, though regarded as the parent or superior god, the creator of all below him, is now scarcely worshipped at all, and very few representations are seen of him, unless when he forms a third part of the Hindoo godhead—three persons in one. He has virtually stepped into the background, and now has no worshipers, while Vishnu and Siva, the other fractional parts of gods, with their numerous companions, have worshipers by the millions. Brahma, in his best estate, was a god of no little consequence, but he has retrograded very greatly, and the religion named after him has become a conglomeration of senseless superstitions and crudities.

The priests of Brahma gave it out long ago that they came from the mouth of Brahma, and were, consequently, much better than the mass of their fellow-beings, and therefrom they derived the superiority of caste which they claimed. They also held that the second or soldier class came from Brahma's arms; the traders and farmers from his thighs; while the Soudras, or the inferior race, came from his feet. The priests, thus claiming superiority for themselves, assumed, as priests have always done, to make known the will and purposes of their god, and to lay down laws and rules for the government of the classes below them, pertaining not only to prayer, worship, and sacrifices, but also with regard to all the duties of life. The people readily conceded that the priests of Brahma knew best what kind of food the people should eat, what water they should drink, what air they should breathe, what clothes they should wear, how their hair should be shorn, what the length of handle the ladle should have which was used in sacrifice, as well as the other of the thousand and one things of daily life; the same as, at a date no earlier, the Hebrew Moses took it upon himself to lay down the minute rules by which his fellow-countrymen should be governed. The Hindoo priests have continued to rule, with a heavy hand, their countrymen till the present day, and it is probable that more corruptions have grown into their system of religion, or at least among a part of the religions of India, than almost any other in the world.

While Brahma has neither temples nor altars, nor images of himself, nor worshipers, Vishnu and Siva have great numbers of temples, great numbers of altars and images, and great numbers of worshipers. In fact, an active opposition and rivalry grew up between the worshipers of Vishnu and those of Siva, which grew into bitter hatred and animosity. It seems that gods hate each other, or at least that their worshipers do.

It is, perhaps, not easy to decide whether Vishnu or Siva have had the most worshipers. Vishnu has been very popular from his nine incarnations, especially the last three, Rama, Christna, and Buddha. Christna, the favorite son of the god Vishnu, had many millions of ardent admirers and worshipers, and the same continues to the present day. It will be remembered that Vishnu overshadowed a virgin called Devanaguy, who was also the daughter of a virgin, and that after the young god Christna was born a wicked tyrant named Nanda, the wicked Rajah of Madura, sought to destroy the young god's life by causing all the young infants of that part of the country to be massacred; but the young god was divinely preserved, and grew up to be a great teacher of morals, to be the leader of a band of disciples, who followed him from place to place, and daily listened to the divine instructions which fell from his lips; a god who performed many wonderful miracles, but was eventually betrayed and put to death by a bitter enemy, and executed on a tree by the side of the river Ganges, as a propitiation for the sins of his fellow-men All this was firmly believed in a thousand years before the time of Christ of Palestine, for Christna was the incarnation of Vishnu before that of Buddha, and the latter was born 640 years B.C., and did not flourish till a few centuries after the time of Christna.

The name of Siva does not appear in the Vedas, but his worship, nevertheless, reaches far back into antiquity. His worshipers were those who were governed by fear and terror at the various destructive and disastrous forces in nature, such as floods, drouths, earthquakes, tempests, disease, and death. His queen, or at least one of them, was Kali, a terrible black goddess, whose worship was attended with revolting features. The phallic worship was connected with the worship of Siva many thousand years ago, and is still continued. The linga, or lingum, being a representation of the union of the male and female organs of generation—the phallis and the yoni—which also entered largely into the worshipful ideas of many ancient nations, have been duplicated tens of thousands, and probably millions of times all over India, and are in existence to-day as numerously as ever. There is hardly a temple or shrine in India where the linga is not to be found, and where it was placed as a representation of creative power, the source of life, etc. This phallic form of worship, together with the worship of the sun and the heavenly bodies are probably among the oldest ideas of divinity common with the human race.

As before observed, with the lapse of centuries, the inferior gods of India have increased till they are now said to amount to millions. Among them are Genesse, the elephant god, the sacred bull, which is probably a relic of the Aryan reverence for the bovine species, the famous Jaganath or Juggernaut, and others too numerous to mention.

While the people who have been professors of Brahmanism, claimed to number 150,000,000 of people, have divided up into numerous sects, some of them holding to absurdities as crude, apparently, as among any of the savages of Africa, and though such a numerous category of gods are worshiped here, it must not be supposed as a consequence that there are no people of high intelligence among the devotees of Brahmanism, for this is by no means the case. There are thousands of as deep thinkers, as profound philosophers, among the Brahmans as among any class in the world—men who hold as high reverence for the unalterable and ever-present forces of nature, as are entertained by the soundest scientists of Europe or America.

Let it be remembered, too, that though such a great plurality of gods are worshiped in India, there are many thousands of men in the country who believe in none of these gods, who believe in no personal or finite deities, and recognize only the eternal and unchangeable forces of nature to be the causes of all results, the universal, self-existent source of all life and being. There are many Atheists in India.

It will not do to try here to trace out or describe a tithe of the sects which the religions of India have been divided and subdivided into, for probably there is no country in the world more prolific in getting up sects and systems of religion. I will now stop to mention but one of the Hindoo sects, and that is the Jainas, quite a numerous sect, which has existed for many centuries. I will leave the consideration of Buddhism—though its founder was an inhabitant of India, and the religion had its first growth here, but was afterwards forced out—until I reach Ceylon, where it flourishes greatly, and where I shall come far more in contact with it than in India.

JAINISM.

This division of the Hindoo religion, which can hardly be considered as a branch of Brahmanism, is some two thousand years of age, but has not spread into other countries as Buddhism has done; and though its adherents now number many millions they do not number as many as they did a thousand years ago; the religion has lost the brilliancy which first attended its outburst and caused it to spread exclusively over India. It has, also, like the other religions of India, though pure at the start, degenerated into a system of idol-worship, though it can hardly be denied that the adherents of this religion practice as good morals as the followers of other systems in India, and perhaps in the world.

The founder of the Jain religion was Arhata, a king of the Benkata Hills in the South Carnatis. Early retiring from the world, he devoted his life to religious services, and went about exhorting the people to follow the holy example of Rishabha Deva, whose character he held up as a model to imitate.

Rishabha Deva is mentioned in the fifth book of Sri-Mata-Bhagavata, and according to a popular belief of the Hindoos was a part-incarnation of Vishnu. The Jains acknowledge him as the first Arhata of that great god, and he was styled Arhata because, following in the wake of Resava, he set about effecting a religious reformation. According to the Puranas, Rishabha was father of Bharata, and flourished in very early times. The Jains do not deny the existence of God, but they hold the Arhata to be that god. It is said in Vitara-gastati, a Jain work, that there is only one creator of the world and no other, who is eternal and omnipresent; and besides him everything else here is a source of evil, and unsubstantial even as a dream. "O Arahata! there is nothing in this world which thou hast not created." The attributes of this Jain creator are claimed to be different from Brahma, the creator of the Hindoos; they believe him to be omniscient, conqueror of anger, envy, and of every evil passion, revered in the three worlds, and the speaker of truth. "Arhata only is the true god."

In the opinion of the Jains virtue is the only avenue to salvation. Virtue absolves man from the bonds of action, and therefore restores him to the original purity of his nature. Salvation in its very nature is uplifting. The Jains have it thus: There is a limit beyond which even the sun, moon, and planets cannot rise; and when they reach their point of climax, they come down again. But the souls that have once attained perfection never fall again. The very tendency of the soul, they hold, is to rise higher and higher. It grovels below only because of the mortal tenement which contains it; or, in other words, because it is weighted down with clayey environment As soon as this mortal coil is shuffled off it resumes its original nature. Infinite is space; so, infinite is the progress of the soul; or infinite is the progress which the soul is capable of. A pumpkin, they say, though light enough to float easily itself, if freighted down heavily with clay, would sink to the bottom of the ocean; but if it can be disburthened of the clayey encumbrance it will at once rise to the surface again. It is the same with the soul.

The Jain moralists say:

Wisdom is an attribute of man; wisdom only can lead to salvation, enable man to sail safely the solemn sea of life. Wisdom only can dispel the gloom of false knowledge like mists are dispelled by the rays of the morning sun. Wisdom only can absolve man from the consequences of action. Wisdom is supreme, and no action can equal wisdom. Wisdom is joy. Wisdom is the great good, the all in all. Wisdom is Brahma.

Further on in the ethical part of the Jain religion it continues in this wise:

A man should dwell only where virtue, truth, purity, and good name are prized, and where one may obtain the light of true wisdom.

Man should not dwell where the sovereign is a boy, a woman, or an ignoramus, or where there are two kings.

A man should go nowhere without an object in view.

A man should not travel alone, nor sleep alone in a house, or on an elevated place; nor enter any man's house suddenly.

A good man should not wear torn or dirty clothes; nor put on his body a red flower, except it be a red lily.

A wise man should never deceive gods nor old men; and neither should he be a persecutor nor a witness.

When you come back from a walk, you should take a little rest; and then put off your clothes and wash your hands and feet.

A grinding mill, a cutting instrument, a cooking utensil, a water jar, are the four things that bring men to sin; which again in its turn causes them to deviate from the path of virtue. For these are the sources of envy. Take what course you will, they are sure to give rise to envy.

The ancients prescribed several virtues to enable man to escape from sin. Hence men should always practice virtuous actions.

Kindness, charity, perfect control over the passions, worshiping the gods, reverence to the guru, forgiveness, truth, purity, devotion, and honesty; these are the virtues that every householder should possess.

Virtue is too extensive. Its most prominent feature, however, is doing much good to mankind.

There are two kinds of virtue—that which atones for our sins, and that which secures and brings about salvation. The first mentioned virtue embodies the redemption of the fallen, benevolence, humanity, perfect control over the passions, and mildness. These virtues destroy sin.

Priests, gurus, guests, and distressed persons, when they come to our house, should first be welcomed, and then fed to the best of our means.

We should relieve and soothe as much as we can the sick, the hungry, the thirsty, and the frightened.

Being so fortunate as having been born men, we should always be engaged in something useful either to ourselves or to others.

There is very little difference between the Hindoo and the Jain system of morality, which, perhaps, arises from their having lived so many centuries together in the same country. Both were probably originally derived from the Aryans, from which both descended, and both will compare very favorably with the morals of any other system of religion which has been taught among men.

The Jain opinion of God as the creator is that he does not exist. They believe that the universe is without beginning or end. They hold that matter in the various forms which it is capable of occupying is eternal and cannot be either increased or decreased. In one of their works it is maintained that it is unnecessary to suppose that there is a creator of the universe, for in that case it would be just as necessary to suppose that that creator must also have had a creator. As every result must have a cause, it would by analogy be necessary for every god or creator to to have a god or creator. The soul is stated to be immortal—without beginning or end—but capable of the highest virtue, improvement, and salvation. They hold that each act of a human being produces its result, which is, according to its nature, either punishment or reward, pain or pleasure. They attach but little importance to prayer, so far as it can have any effect upon God. It must be admitted that their views have a common-sense reasonable ness about them, to say the least.

I am informed by an intelligent believer in the Jain religion that though idols are largely used in their religion, they do not consider the idols to be God or gods, but are merely used, as pictures and paintings are used, to bring to the mind and memory the person or thing which is wished to be commemorated, and that they do not worship the images, but the principles in the universe which the images are supposed to represent. I cannot, at all events, see that it is any worse than the images and pictures which the Romish and Greek Christians have in their churches and cathedrals, and which the more ignorant classes absolutely worship. If the Christians require images and paintings of their God and goddesses and saints, why not allow the poor Hindoos the same privileges?

THE PARSEES AND THEIR RELIGION.

There are in Bombay some sixty thousand of the class of people called Parsees, the descendants of the ancient Persians, or the Guebres—the followers of Zoroaster, also called sun and fire worshipers. In the other parts of India there are some forty thousand more, making about one hundred thousand altogether. They are an intelligent, enterprising, active class of people, and are either engaged in the mercantile line or are employed as accountants and clerks in banks, government offices, or other responsible positions. They are a thrifty class, and seem to know how to get along and live comfortably in the world. They are not more than half as dark as the Hindoos—about as dark as Chinamen—and seem much more like Europeans than natives of the country. They have been called the Jews of the East, from their sharpness, enterprise, etc. The most of them speak English well, and are wide-awake and on the lookout for an opportunity of making a few rupees in a legitimate way. They live in better style than the average Hindoos, and in the after part of the day many carriages containing Parsees may be seen out for a pleasure drive when the heat of the sun is over. The men principally wear a dark cap or turban, pointed at the top, much in the shape of the miter worn by popes and cardinals. The majority also don a dark coat, or a garment between a robe and a coat. The priests wear white turbans and white robes.

These, as observed, are what are remaining of the ancient Persians, who in the early days of Mohammedanism were warred upon and conquered by the Arabs and Moguls, the followers of the prophet. In the year 640 of our era the remnant of this persecuted people were forced to leave their own country and seek safety and rest in India. They were called Parsees, from the province named Pars, whence they came. They found in India that toleration which they could no longer find in their own country. They early made their way to Bombay, where the larger bulk of them have since resided. They brought their religion with them, even to the sacred fire from their temples in Persia, with which they lighted the fires in their temples, in the land of their adoption, and these fires have since been kept burning. There are several of these Parsee temples in Bombay, but they are too sacred for the feet of unbelievers from the Western world to tread upon their Mosaic floors. But I learn that each of these places of worship are divided into three compartments—the outer court, into which only Parsees can enter; the inner court, where only priests can enter; and the holy of holies, where the sacred fire is kept burning by priests, the flame being continued by the fragrant sandal-wood and other precious woods. The Parsees claim not to worship fire direct, but regard it as the symbol of the sun, and the sun they regard as the representative of their tutelar deity Ormuzd, which again is the offshoot or representative of the great, eternal, omnipresent, universal, impersonal, creative principal—Ahura-Mazda. The most pious Parsees pray twenty-four times a day, and when praying they turn toward the sun, but if the sun is not visible, or is not above the horizon, they turn toward the holy fire, its representative. I have seen them on their knees in prayer in the street with their faces turned toward the setting sun, bowing their faces nearly to the earth before him. I have often said if men must worship, and are not content to worship humanity and to serve it, there is no object so appropriate as the glorious orb of day, the center and controlling power of our solar system, and the source of light, heat, and life. When I see these pious Parsees bowing before this visible, real, and effective representation of power and glory it does not shock me at all. When I worship anything beyond my brothers and sisters of my own kind it shall be the sun, the grandest object to us in the whole great system of the universe. There may be other suns grander and greater, but they are too far away, and our own sun to us is the greatest, the most omnipotent, the most glorious.

BIBLE EXERCISE.—Giv some particulars concerning Nebuchadnezzar. Nebuchadnezzar was king of Babylon. He stood six cubits high, and the weight of his coat was five thousand shekels of brass, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam. He set up an image of a golden calf. And that same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote on his wall, "Minnie, Minnie, tickle the parson;" which being interpreted, meaneth, "Many are called but few chosen." He thereupon broke Israel's bones, and carried the Jews into captivity; wherefore the Lord made him eat grass, and smote Egypt in his first-born, for his mercy endureth forever.—*Freethinker.*

Letters from Friends.

PALATKA, FLA., April 12, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for Round-the-World books. J. H. FRY.

DENVER, COL., April 27, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World trip. Please insert my name in the second volume. JOHN ENGSTROM.

BELDING, MICH.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $8—$3 for my paper, and $5 at the eleventh hour for the Round-the-World trip. MRS. S. M. MARTIN.

PLEASANT HILL, OHIO, April 28, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for which you will please send me the three volumes of "A Truth-Seeker Around the World." R. W. BRANDON.

STEPHENSVILLE, WIS., April 25, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 for the Round-the-World fund. Please send the books to Mr. Ira Scott, this post-office. L. SPENCER.

EAST ROCKPORT, OHIO., April 26. 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for which send me the three volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" as soon as they are ready for delivery.
DR. M. W. HOUSE.

BAKER CITY, OR., April 14, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $12—$8 for the Round-the-World books in morocco, $3 for my subscription for one year, and $1 for the lithographs of Bennett and Ingersoll. D. B. SCOFIELD.

SELKIRK, ONT , April 14, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which please send me "A Truth Seeker Around the World" as soon as completed. Please put my name with the others to whom the work will be dedicated.
Yours truly, SILAS HOOVER, M.D.

MCPHERSON, KAN., April 28, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5.50 for the Round-the-World books and three months trial subscription to your paper. I do not think I'll be too late to help the good work along. If not, then enter my name on the list. GEO. W. SCHOENHUT.

CEDAR DALE, ONT., April 24, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World volumes. If I did not send the needful to help the champion of Freethought away I will aid in helping him home. I am more than pleased to know he did not drown in the Jordan, for we do not feel that we can spare him yet. M BROOKS.

CHENEY, WASH. TER., April 18, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: You may apply the inclosed $5 to the Round-the-World fund. This will, I believe, with previous remittance, entitle me to books bound in morocco. I am poor, but I feel that no one can do too much for the man that has dared defy the pomp and power of the priesthood. B. F. WARDWELL.

IDAHO SPRINGS, COL., April 25, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I inclose you $5 for the three volumes of the Round-the-World trip, and wish my name included in your second list. My wife, who is a niece of Col. John R. Kelso, expresses much satisfaction from reading your complimentary notice of his publication in last TRUTH SEEKER. F. W. COLLINS.

GARDEN GROVE, CAL., April 23, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I hav read part of the letters, but want them all in book form. I hav no coupons to clip. I earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and it is by hard knocks that I get the dollars and dimes. Hoping, however, that I am not too late, I am.
Yours truly, JOHN E. STUART.

BROOKSTON, TEXAS, April 19, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I am one of your old friends. No doubt I told you many years ago that I was born Jan. 31, 1799. Well, you see I am yet able to use the pen. I inclose $5 for the Round-the-World books. I hav no expectation of living to read them, but I hav four worthy children to leave them to, who are all entirely of Infidel grit.
Dear brother, can we not hope to meet in the spirit world? I hope. Existence is too fine a thing to be lost so quick. Farewell, J. A. RUTHERFORD.

PRAIRIE CITY, IOWA., April 22, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Herewith find $10—$3 for your paper, $5 for Round-the-World trip, and $2 for the portraits of Paine, Ingersoll, and Bennett.
The glorious truths of Liberalism penetrate the average orthodox intellect very slowly in this region. They mistake brassy egotism and blind credulity for logical reasoning and scientific facts. The people are groping in the dark miasmatic dungeon of myths and fables, and would assassinate the man who would offer to lead them into perpetual sunshine.
IRA E, DRAPER.

CANTON, DAK., April 26, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for the Round-the-World trip. I am rather late in sending in my money, put I suppose it is better late than never. My part of the fund will help the traveler across the states. I presume he is in America by this time. I hav been a reader of your old theology-smasher (THE TRUTH SEEKER) for five years, and I hav gained more knowledge from its pages than I ever did from all the preaching of the chosen ones I hav ever heard or read. I hope Mr. Bennett has had a very pleasant tour, and that he may liv long to impart the knowledge he has gained to all the rest of mankind. Welcome home! is my greeting. C. W. MCCRONE.

CROTON LANDING, N. Y., April 24, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1.15—$1 for my paper, and fifteen cents to pay for postage on my first volume of the Round-the-World books. I feel as if it was taxing Mr. Bennett a little too hard to pay forty-five cents postage on the three volumes. So you see I will relieve him of that burden as far as I am personally concerned. CHAS. E. PETERSON.

EDINA, MO., April 23, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: We hav been visited here by Mr. Geo. Wendling, the "silver-tongued orator," as the Western press calls him, and the champion defender of Christianity. Like almost every Christian that does not recognize the only true Christian church, the Roman Catholic, he has a Christianity of his own without hell and devil. He was announced to lecture on "Ingersollism from a Secular Standpoint," but did lecture on "Voltaire," saying that it would serve the same purpose. His delivery was simply splendid, but his discourse was full of assertions without the least proof, reminding me of passing through a cornfield, when, plucking a beautiful husk which I thought contained corn, I found by opening it that it contained naught but mildew and mold. He called Infidelity the arch-enemy of rest and quietude and therefore the enemy of home and fireside, perhaps forgetting for the moment that his own client Jesus Christ told the young man "he had not where to lay his head." He often grew ridiculous, saying that as Infidelity sows irreverence broadcast it will reap irreverence, for while our great men, as Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, will always be called by the American nation by their full names, the champions of Infidelity will only be known, except by their friends, as Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll.

Time and space do not permit me to giv you a full outline of the discourse, but the lecturer made one assertion which lies so near your own door that, as a faithful reader of your paper, I must mention it. Near the end of his discourse he held up before the audience two newspapers, stating that they were the latest numbers of two of the leading organs of Infidelity, one of the East and one of the West. He did not name the papers, but a friend of mine ascertained that they were THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Age*. The lecturer stated that both these papers contained articles which, if he would read them before the audience, would cause every decent man and woman to leave the house. Perhaps you can find time and opportunity to answer this last assertion yourself. As for me, I hav always found your paper an advocate of, though not Christian, purity and morality, and as such I prize it as a welcome visitor.
BENJAMIN E. BLOOM.

[Mr. Geo. R. Wendling, Christian, will please point out wherein THE TRUTH SEEKER has printed any such stuff (except extracts from the Bible) as he insinuates, or else he will please consider himself denounced as a slandering and cowardly liar, and he can make the most and best of it.—ED. T. S.]

FARMINGTON, UTAH, April 18, 1882.
MR. EDITOR: I feel an especial pride in sending you the inclosed clipping for publication in your journal. Myself and a few friends of the the League took a drive last evening, returning after midnight, to attend the meeting in Salt Lake City, and I can assure you we felt well repaid for our long drive. The speeches were immense and noble, and they were so not so much because of the oratorical powers displayed as for the noble and Liberal expressions given. And yet it need not be inferred that because they were Liberal they were in anywise tame. They were radical in the truth. I hav been long and anxiously looking for this thing, sometimes fearing it would not be accomplished for some time to come. I am sorry that we did not get a verbatim report in the papers of the speeches, so that some of the noble expressions might be preserved.

The Mr. Charles Bright referred to is a gentleman from Australia who has been lecturing two evenings a week for several weeks past in Salt Lake City on Freethought questions, and who has been the means of bringing to pass so soon the movement for organization. Mr. Bright laid great stress on and he gave great force to the idea that it was not enough that an organization or government should be good, but it was essentially necessary that it should be republican in that it was of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Mr. Henry W. Lawrence gave out some good ideas, among others that we had been trying to serve God long enough,, and the time had now come when we should begin to serve man.

Gen. M. M. Bane was very eloquent indeed. I shall watch with a great deal of interest the completion of the organization, and hope it will be such that I can take a hand in the same. It certainly will be if last evening is a foreboding of the future. I attach a great deal of importance to this movement, as, if it resolves itself into the right kind of an organization, it will be a great center in this territory for Liberal work. I would hav preferred that they resolve themselvs into an auxiliary of the National Liberal League, but perhaps it is as well for the present that they attempted no more. I think they will grow into it in a short time. Maybe Mr. Bennett will be able to effect it when he visits there, for which I am told arrangements are being made. Before closing I will say that we are overhauling our League constitution and by-laws, and are to hav them printed for circulation. As soon as we get them I will send you a copy. I am, with respect,
Your fellow-worker and well-wisher,
WALTER WALKER, Sec. Utah L. L.

FREETHOUGHT MASS-MEETING.

From the Salt Lake City Tribune.

A very enthusiastic and large assemblage met at the Liberal Institute last evening, in response to the call published in the *Tribune* for a day or two past. Mr. D. F. Walker was called to the chair, and Mr. T. C. Armstrong appointed secretary. Speeches were made by Mr. Charles Bright, Gen. M. M. Bane, Mr. H. W. Lawrence, and Mr E. L. T. Harrison.

The following resolutions were accepted:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting it is advisable that an association be formed, to be called The Utah Freethought Union, the objects of which shall be the dissemination of Liberal ideas, resistance to all forms of oppression, and the promotion of union and brotherhood among Liberals of all descriptions.

Resolved, That in order to carry out the objects set forth in the foregoing resolution a provisional committee be formed and empowered to receive the names of intending members at a subscription of not less than $1 per quarter, or $4 per annum, to prepare the basis and rules of the organization and to report at a future meeting. Said committee to consist of David P. Walker, M. M. Bane, H. W. Lawrence, H. M. Walker, Edward Austin, H. P. Mason, E. L. T. Harrison, T. C. Armstrong, Sen., James Lowe, W. D. Williams, John Tullidge, and Dr. Chapman.

All the speeches were loudly applauded, and the meeting altogether a great success.

H. L. GREEN'S LECTURE TRIP.

WAVERLY, IOWA, May 1, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Since my last communication to the THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav lectured in the following named places: Dowagiac, Holland City, Nirvana, and Baldwin, of Michigan; Fulton, Bloomington, and Patch Grove, of Wisconsin; and Charles City, Nashua, Waverly, and Jefferson City, of Iowa. I was invited to Dowagiac by Mr. Richard Heddon, an intelligent, activ Liberal, and while there enjoyed the hospitality of his pleasant home. I was permitted to speak in the Universalist church, the best church edifice in town. I was glad to learn that the Universalists of Dowagiac, with few exceptions, are members of the church of humanity, and are in favor of free speech, and always willing to open the church to any one who desires to utter his or her honest convictions. While there I took down the names of the leading Freethinkers, among whom were a number of the members of the Universalist church, but I am sorry to say I hav lost the memoranda. I remember the names of Mr. and Mrs. A. Knapp, worthy and enthusiastic Liberals, who came five or six miles through the rain to attend the lecture. Of such will be "the kindom of man."

The next place where I preached the gospel of Freethought was at Holland City, Michigan. I was much surprised to get an invitation to lecture here, for I think there is no more orthodox town in the United States. The most of the inhabitants are Holland Dutch, and they are very superstitious. Such a thing as a Liberal meeting was never before heard of in this city, and the announcement that such a meeting was to be held stirred up a great commotion, and the day before the lecture a committee was sent to the proprietor of the Opera House to prevail upon him to cancel his contract for the hall. But he was so much of a man that he would not do so, and we had a very respectable audience; and it was a surprise to me that in that reason-forsaken town they were able to raise eleven dollars to pay the expenses of the lecture. Two gentlemen are entitled to the credit of introducing Freethought into this place, viz., Messrs. F. A. Fisher and Johannes Elenbaas. Mr. Fisher is the gentleman I mentioned in one of my recent letters as a suitable person for a Liberal missionary for this town, and I again suggest that your readers immediately after reading these lines send him a package of Liberal literature for general circulation. Mr. Fisher is a poor man, has poor health, and a large family; and if anyone has twenty-five cents or a dollar that he wants to place where it will do great good, let him send it to brother Fisher. I very much enjoyed the society of himself and his family, and shall always remember his bright children. With a little aid brother Fisher can revolutionize this dark corner of the earth.

From Holland I went again up north into the pine regions of Michigan and spent a Sunday in the town of Nirvana, and while there was the most of the time the guest of F. D. Lacy. Here I found a new town full of Freethinkers, and I never addressed an audience where there were more intelligent people, according to the size of it; and I was pleased to learn they contemplate organizing a Liberal League here soon. Mr. F. D. Lacy is writing and publishing a book, and I predict it will hav a large sale, judging from some of the proof sheets he read to me. The title of it is "Nature's Harmony; or, a Gleam from the Other Side." Mr. Lacy is not a Spiritualist, as might be inferred from this title, but

is a believer in some kind of future existence. Mr. Lacy is a good speaker and proposes before long to go into the lecture field. I had a most interesting visit while here with Adonis McMath, one of your subscribers, and the postmaster of the village. I was pleased also to make the acquaintance of Mr. Albert C. Allen and N. J. Terry. I lectured on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and a Methodist minister of the town was present on both occasions and gave good attention; and, to my surprise, the second evening brought some of his family with him, and the morning I left shook hands with me and wished me success.

I next visited another new lumber town a few miles east—the village of Baldwin. This is the county seat of Lake county. I was gratified to learn that nearly all the county officers were outspoken Freethinkers and subscribers to Liberal papers. These are the persons I refer to: Judge W. A. Burnham; O. F. Phelps, recorder; Isaac Grant, treasurer; and Edward McLusky, treasurer. Brother Phelps got up the meeting, and he has no fears of speaking on all proper occasions just what he thinks. While there I was splendidly taken care of by Judge W. A. Burnham, who is the proprietor of the Occidental Hotel.

Persons who hav never visted northern Michigan can hav little idea of the magnitude of the lumber business. There are probably a thousand lumber towns in northern Michigan where no other business is engaged in. I was glad to learn that there is very little orthodoxy through this region. It would be an admirabie place for some intelligent young Liberal to settle who is a good speaker and who desires to constantly engage in Liberal lecturing. Preachers get a very meager support in this section.

The next town I visited was Ludington, on the shore of Lake Michigan. There are many Liberals here, but as no hall could be obtained I took a steamboat for Chicago, and had a very pleasant ride for one hundred and thirty miles up the lake. What a large, grand lake this is. For fifteen hours we were out of sight of land just as much as we would hav been on the Atlantic Ocean. The boat I came down upon was the Lawrence, and I found the captain a gentleman who took pleasure in making his passengers comfortable. I staid over night in Chicago. Made a short call on my old friend, William Sager, formerly of Syracuse, and the next morning took the cars for Fulton, on the Mississippi river, where I intended to take a boat up to Gregory, about one hundred and fifty miles north. I arrived at Fulton about 2 P.M., and, finding I could not get a boat and must stay until next morning to get a train of cars, I looked around to see if arrangements could not be made for a lecture there that evening. I found the post-master took the *Boston Investigator*—his name I cannot remember—and he said he would get me a hall for his part, and he did so; and I went into the schools and to every business place and gave out the notice by word of mouth, and the result was we had a very respectful audience, and I hope some good seed was sown, for there is need enough of it, as I could not find another person but the postmaster who took a Liberal paper; and the postmaster, although a good man, I think did not proclaim his views "on the house-top." If he had done so he probably would not hav been postmaster in that bigoted town.

My ride the next day up the bank of the father of waters was a pleasant one. There was a great freshet about this time, and the river was nearly up to high-water mark. The next day the stage Prairie du Chien took me back eighteen miles into a most delightful country. Bloomington, Wis., was my stopping place. Here I found another Freethought town. I was invited here by Frank Joseph Schell, as earnest and activ a Freethinker as I ever met. Mr. Schell is a very modest man, and requested me not to eulogize him in the Liberal papers, but I must say that so thorough a Liberal worker I seldom come across. Here I delivered two lectures—one Sunday and one Monday evening—in the large and commodious opera house. Friend Schell engaged a number of young ladies to do the singing, but some good (?) orthodox people alarmed some of the girls by representing that it might be detrimental to their characters to sing at an Infidel meeting, and they, therefore, declined; but in their place we had the fine brass band, all of whom are intelligent Liberals, led by George Taylor. This band gave us good music.

The following are a few of the leading Liberals of Bloomington: James Ballentine, David Ballentine, Peter Woodhouse, Lemon Hulford, Daniel Brown, Patrick Bardyle, and John Barnum.

On Sunday afternoon I went over to Patch Grove, and spoke before the Patch Grove Liberal League. Here I found many stanch Liberals, and if time would hav permitted, I would like to hav spent a number of days with them. This League is in good condition, and will be well represented, I hav no doubt, at the St. Louis Congress. The following are some of the most activ members of this League: Alexander Paul, P.M., William Humphrey, Henry Jung, George Ballentine, John Bitwell, James Paul, John Wolfendon, James Heden, and George Lamb.

The next place that I cast anchor and lectured was at Charles City, Iowa, some one hundred miles east of the Mississippi river. This is further west than I ever was before, and I found it a delightful country. At Charles City I was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mahara. I was pleased to find his young daughter so much pleased in Liberal reading. Mr. Mahara is not afraid to express his opinions, if he is in business.

I had a pleasant visit at the home of Mr. Andrews, who has for many years been an earnest worker in all reform movements. It is seldom I come across so bright and sprightly a woman as the mother of Mrs. Andrews, who is over eighty years of age. She says her uniform practice has been through life to be as happy and joyful as possible, and always look on the bright side of everything. And when she is asked how she does, she invariably replies, "First-rate." She spends but little time talking about funerals and death-beds. While there I also made the acquaintance of Mrs. T. C. Woolley. Mr. Tucker and Hon. Karl Markle are all of our household of faith.

Nashua was my next stopping place. Here I found very few out-spoken Liberals, but many silent members of our church. But by the aid of R. H. Way, the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, we succeeded in getting together quite an audience, who listened attentivly to my lecture for nearly two hours, and the people became so much interested that they hav just engaged Col. M. E. Billings, of Waverly, to deliver a course of lectures there.

For the last week I hav been stopping at Waverly, Iowa, and last Friday evening lectured before Liberal League No. 116 at the opera house, and yesterday afternoon (Sund) lectured under its auspices at Jefferson City. This League is doing a grand work in this section. It has 340 members. Mathew Farrington is president, W. P. McCormack, vice-president; Col. M. E. Billings, secretary; Mrs. Eli Barns, treasurer. The League for the last two years has met regularly once a month, but now proposes to meet every two weeks. It is composed of the best people in this vicinity, and its meetings are well attended. Since I hav been here I hav made my headquarters at W. P. McCormack's, and I shall never forget the pleasant visit I hav there enjoyed. Mr. McCormack is one of the best Liberal workers in the state, and his intelligent wife and daughter, Miss Calla May, are all in full accord with him. Miss McCormack often writes for the Liberal papers, and few young ladies of nineteen years of age are better versed in Liberal views than she is.

Col. Billings makes it lively for the "servants of God." His publication, entitled "The Crimes of Preachers," is having a large circulation. Every mail brings orders for it. The next edition, which is soon to be published, will contain two or three hundred additional ministerial crimes. Every Freethinker should order a copy. Col. Billings is one of the leading lawyers of this section, and a fine speaker, and often speaks in behalf of Freethought principles. I am pleased to announce that he has promised to be present at the Freethinkers' Convention at Watkins in August. I am sure he will interest our Eastern people.

This large working League has reason to be proud of its noble president, Hon. Mathew Farrington. He is recognized everywhere as one of the leading citizens of the state. For two days I was admirably entertained at his pleasant country house, and greatly enjoyed viewing his splendid farm. He has an intelligent family of children, who are in full accord with him, and I shall remember my visit there with pleasure, and shall not forget the sweet little grandson, only a few months old. I predict he will be a star in the Liberal ranks in the future. And I must not forget to mention, in this connection, my good friends Harry Tallet and Alma N. Wood, two of the stanch supporters of Liberalism here. They hav some money, I am glad to know, and propose to use it to advance the cause of Freethought. I was also pleased to take by the hand that stalwart Freethinker Moses St. Johns, of Waterloo. Also Guy Farnsworth, Peter Valentine and wife, and also H. J. Russell, a live young Liberal of Waverly. There are many others I would like to mention, if space would permit. Truly yours, H. L. GREEN.

MARSHALL, KY., April 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of April 15th G. C. T. Hall, in criticising a letter which I wrote to your paper some time since, charges me with saying that "woman ever will be a supporter of the church." If I hav ever even hinted such a thing I do not know it. I said, "Woman has always favored church rule and church persecution, and she favors it still." If there is anything in this which indicates that woman "ever will" support the church, I fail to discover it. He asks, "Who established the church?" The base deceptions and vile tricks of priestly men eighteen hundred years ago do not concern the question of woman suffrage in the nineteenth century. The question is not who established the church in the Old World, but who wish to hav an established church in the New. Again he says, "Woman's reasoning powers are in every way as clear as those of man." Partly right and partly wrong. Naturally woman is man's intellectual equal, but this long siege of slavery to superstition, priest, and husband has done it with its little hatchet. She has learned to love her king, and wants to see every one bow to him. Man spread the mantle of superstition over woman's mind, and so firmly has she "pinned her faith" to it that she would hav it spread over all the world. She would hav our statute books enshrined in it. She would not respect the rights of those whose minds were not incased in the same holy wrapper. And yet I blame man for it all. But this does not help the matter in the least. It has been done and must be undone. So let us all be up and (un)doing.

Yours for doing good and undoing evil,

S. V. MULKEY.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., April 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I take THE TRUTH SEEKER through a periodical store, for the reason that by lying on its counters it may attract the eye and cause some one to do likewise. We hav many good Liberals in this busy town, among the number the celebrated Judge Robinson, the oldest Liberal in town, a man not to be trifled with, and the all-hail-the-power-of-Jesus's-name people know it to their sorrow. One of the Latter-Day saints had a discussion with him last winter, and the old veteran used the saint up so bad that we hav heard nothing of him in his church since. Are these Latter-Day saints an improvement upon the ancient ones? What church or council canonized them? What holy man laid hands on them, commanding them to receive the Holy Ghost. Are not all these things necessary in the manufactory of a live saint? Are they set apart by the Holy Ghost like Paul and Barnabas, or are they self-appointed, or do they receive the unction from that holy saint, Joe Smith?

In the summer we hav open-air preaching and exhortations in the groves by some one of the denominations, giving a chance for us Liberals to put in a good word, a chance that is seldom neglected. One good brother of the Second Advent Society came out from the city of Providence several times to let us understand that Christ was coming to pay us a visit about Christmas, 1881. I offered to bet him a "V" that he would not come to time, but he declined to bet. Then I asked him how he would look if Christ did not come, and he answered me by asking how I should look if he did come. I said of course I should treat him as well as lay in my power. I should hav nothing to fear, never having done the gentleman any harm, but that being strangers, I should not expect to meet him in the air. Now I want the brother to come out once more and let us know why this heavenly visitor did not come to time. Did he wait for the last train, or meet with any accident? Did he get snowed in? Are the engineers and firemen on a strike? Did he not hav the "spondulicks" for the passage? Is he sick or otherwise indisposed? Has Vanderbilt or Jay Gould any control over that road? Why did he not telegraph, telephone, or in some way state his reasons for his non-appearance? Does he not know that his non-arrival put many people to inconveniences? Some did not buy an overcoat for the winter, thinking that the Lord would make it warm enough for them without one. Bro. Knight, please come and giv us the reasons, and set another time for your friend's visit somewhere in the future, say about two million years, so the present generation may not find out your errors.

I hav not yet subscribed for Mr. Bennett's book of travel around the world, but I must hav them at any price. Yours truly, ROBERT H. NELSON.

SHAWANEE, WIS., April 27 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is remarkable how stupidly Christian bigots stultify themselvs in slandering Thomas Paine. Instance the letter of "B" to Elmina, entitled "Beating their Mother," and so well answered by her in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 15th. "B." says that Benjamin Franklin, writing to Paine, urging him not to publish the "Age of Reason," said to him, "You are probably indebted to religion for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself." Here Franklin, who knew him well, emphatically indorses Paine's moral character and the correct habits of virtue, in which he says he justly valued himself, and yet the Christian bigots and priesthood, whom Paine hit such hard and fatal blows, persist in falsely representing him as the most drunken, immoral, and vicious of men. Of course, taking St. Paul and the early and modern Christian teachers for example, they are justified in "lying for Christ's sake," but it would look better to lie so as not to stultify themselvs in such a bare-faced way.

W. S. W.

AYER, MASS., April 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the first volume of Mr. Bennett's Round-the-World books, and consider its value far more than its cost. It embodies the observations of one who has the rare faculty of seeing things as they are, through Infidel eyes, unlearned in the school tradition, veneration, fear, and falsehood. The gun which orthodoxy and bigotry shot for Bennett's destruction has recoiled with telling effect.

I trust that Bennett will call on R. B. Hayes and show him the wide contrast between Infidel and Christian forbearance and forgivness. The former forgiv the injury and leave the man alive. The latter first kill their enemies and then forgiv them.

"But truth shall conquer in the end,
As round and round we run;
For ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Yours truly, ELIJAH MYRICK.

Church Weapons.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

When o'er mankind the church held sway,
In superstition's palmy day,
The arguments the priests adored
Were thumbscrews, fagots, fire, and sword.
Now, when of these they are bereft,
The only weapons they hav left
Are threats of gods beyond the skies,
With personal abuse and lies.
Behind a wall of obscene Bibles
They skulk and sling their slanderous libels.
With hate they load their gospel guns,
And poison shoot at freedom's sons.
But truth will silence soon their roar,
And priests will be believed no more.
The persecuting, slandering clan,
No more will dwarf the mind of man.

Letter to Hon. Charles Bradlaugh.

BY FRANCIS D. LACY.

Stand to justice and to reason,
Yield not to the railing crowd;
Though they persecute thee keenly,
Still proclaim thy mind aloud.
Don't forget that o'er the ocean,
Many millions look on thee,
And behold with admiration
Thy great work across the sea.

Lips grow firm and sinews harden,
At the martyrdom of spite,
While our eyes with tears are flowing,
For our brother in the right.
Though by numbers overpowered,
And by brutal lords laid low,
Wince 'hou not in freedom's battle,
Men'al slavery overthrow.

Sacred is the right of thinking,
And our moral thoughts sustain;
Note how many noble martyrs
By the rabble hav been slain.
Though in torture, grief, and sorrow,
Pearls before rude swine are cast,
Let the mind still bid defiance;
Truth shall triumph at the last.

Though not lovers of Britannia,
Still our nation must adore
One so earnest for progression,
Even on old England's shore.
And we trust the time is coming
When thy burden of this age
Shall be sacred to your honor
Glaring on fair history's page.

Gladly would we giv protection
If it lay within our power,
But this cross is thine to suffer
At the shrine of freedom's dower.
May the spirit of great nature
Favor thee thy lot to bear,
Till those heathen lords repentant
Yield to thee thy rightful share.

Borrowed Christianity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

Please say to "J. P. S." that "eating eggs on Easter Sunday and dyeing them red" not only dates back to the "ancient Hindoos, Jews, Persians, and Egyptians," but the very day itself and festival was commemorated in the month of April by the Teutons centuries in advance of the Christian era, in honor of their mythological goddess, Ostra. Ostern, Ostera, East-ran, East-re, Eastre was the goddess of light or morning (the East), and of spring, the opening year (April); so the fathers of the Christian church pitched upon this ancient festival-day in which to celebrate the resurrection of their God, even as they also seized the pagan day, Dec. 25th, for birth, and called it Christ's (Christmas).

Verily, verily, were not, and are not these Christians economic parasites and thieves thus to substitute their festivals for their personified goddess of light and growth, not even changing the name, Easter, except as orthography has amended?

Do you suppose, Mr. Editor, that the various clergymen who celebrated Easter two weeks since so magnificently, devoutly, and earnestly, were aware of the fraud, and that they were perpetuating a heathen festival in honor of their risen God? Do you suppose they would like to hav the laity know the origin of Christmas, Santa Claus, and Easter?

For verification of these facts the reader is advised to consult Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries unabridged, and the various encyclopedias.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., April 30, 1882.

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TO A. D. 200.

By CHARLES B. WAITE, A.M.

Verdict of European Scholars.

This work has received the indorsement of the Society of Critical Historical Theology of Zurich, Switzerland. The president of the society is Prof. Gustav Volkmar, one of the first biblical scholars of Germany, author of "Die Religion Jesu," "Jesus Nazarenus," "Ursprungs Unserer Evangelien" ["Sources of Our Gospels"], etc., etc. He is Professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis in the University, and teacher of General Religious History in the state college at Zurich.

Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupf rschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a critic sm of your scientific work. It is for me to communi ate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hooykaas, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

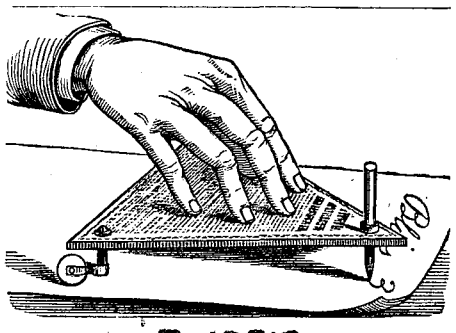
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TRUTH is all simple, all pure, will bear no mixture of anything else with it. It is rigid and inflexible to any bye interests; and so should the understanding be, whose use and excellence lies in conforming itself to it. To think of everything just as it is in itself is the proper business of the understanding, though it be not that which men always employ it to. This all men, at first hearing, allow is the right use every one should make of his understanding.—*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding*

AN unexpected whirlwind will suggest to the Chinese the contest of evil spirits; and the flying of a crow in a peculiar direction fill them with consternation. "In such a deplorable state," gravely observes the missionary who records these facts, "is the heathen mind." Perhaps he did not consider that there were many, in more enlightened countries, who would be alarmed at the omen implied by a dinner party of thirteen, and who would regard it as of evil augury to begin a journey on Friday. In such a deplorable state is the Christian mind!—*Amberley.*

IF you should ask the question, "Is life worth living?" of a rattle-snake or an ichneumon-fly, the answer, were the answer possible, would be an emphatic yes. And from almost any standpoint outside of their individual consciousness the answer would be an emphatic no. Now, there are men and women whose social function is more injurious than that of any rattle-snake, whose habits are more parisitic than the ichneumon-fly. Ask such, Is life worth living? and the answer will be an emphatic yes; but ask the victims of their treachery, or those in whose living flesh hav been deposited the parisitic germs, and you will get a very different answer.—*Chadwick's Is Life Worth Living?*

TAKE navigation and ship building; does prayer add to the safety of the ship or not? If it does, will rotten wood and rusty nails do, provided the cracks are pitched "within and without" with plenty of prayer? When the archbishop of Canterbury prays over a vessel, christened by the hands of a princess, does he improve the chances of that vessel in a storm? If he does not, why does he pray? If he does, would he sail for America in a "coffin ship" full of praying missionaries as readily as in a well-built Cunarder?—*Annie Besant*

How many steps hav I taken in vain! Thus it happened to Israel for their sin: they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread these steps with sorrow which I might hav trod with delight had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far I might hav been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over which I needed to hav trod but once; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh, that I had not slept! —*Pilgrim's Progress.*

LIBERTY of private judgment, if you will consider it, must at all times hav existed in the world. Dante had not put out his eyes or tied shackles on himself; he was at home in that Catholicism of his, a free-seeing soul in it—if many a poor soul had now become a slave to it. Liberty of judgment? No iron chain, or outward force of any kind could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or disbelieve; it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe then, by grace of God alone! . . . The right of private judgment will subsist, in full force, wherever true men subsist. A true man believes with his whole judgment, with all the illumination and discernment that is in him, and has always so believed. A false man, only struggling to "believe that he believes," will naturally manage it in some other way.—*Carlyle.*

THE workingman enjoys more luxuries to-day than the king of England in the Anglo-Saxon times; at his command are intellectual delights which but a little while ago the most learned in the land could not obtain. All this we owe to the labors of other men. Let us, therefore, remember them with gratitude; let us follow their example by adding something new to the knowledge of mankind; let us pay to the future the debt which we owe to the past. All men indeed cannot be poets, inventors, or philanthrophists; but all men can join in that gigantic and god-like work, the progress of creation. Whoever improves his own nature improves the universe of which he is a part. He who strives to subdue his evil passions—remnants of the old four-footed life—and who cultivates the social affection, he who endeavors to better his condition, and to make his children wiser and happier than himself; whatever may be his motives, he will not hav lived in vain.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

THAT which is given to infirmity, to indigence, to honest poverty, ought to be given in secret, and known only to those who are benefited by it—such is the law of benefits between men; the one ought to forget at once what he has given, the other ought never to forget what he has received.—*Seneca.*

REMEMBER, O Christian, that thy gods are no more immortal than other gods hav been. As thy God conquered all former gods, and now stands supreme above their tombs, so will he, too, in turn be conquered by my god, fair Science, who will stand eternal and everlasting, because she is the only true and living god the world has ever known. —*Elmina Drake Slenker.*

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A SIGN of the times, "This house to let."

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"THAT's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate-strap down from its accustomed nail.

"I'VE been heron bad things about you," said one bird to another. "Let's stork about something else," was the response.

"WERE I to be candied, I would say you were just about the nicest fellow I ever met," said she, while leaning on his arm in front of a confectioner's. He bought the taffy.

"WOMEN are so contrary," said Blobbs. "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks, and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me."

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IT was an Ohio man who, when a terrible storm set in one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out:

"Jones, this is the ending up of earth!"

"I'm afraid so; I'm afraid so!" was the reply.

"And what shall we do?"

"Make our peace with heaven!"

The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed:

"Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall,"

"Yes."

"And you hav your suspicions?"

"I hav. The man who took my wheat had better own up."

"Can you forgiv him?"

"I can."

"Well—"

Here the wind suddenly dropped, and, after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished:

"Well, if I ever meet him I'll advise him to call around!"

ONE day a peasant who was laboring in the field was surprised at receiving a visit from the wolf, and he was about to rush for his gun, when the wolf called out:

"Hold on, my friend; my visit is one of peace. I hav come to hav a serious talk with you."

"But you killed one of my sheep only last week," protested the peasant.

"So I did, and that is the very matter I hav come to talk about. I hav felt conscience-stricken ever since that event, and hav firmly decided to kill no more sheep."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, and I hope you will stick to your resolution."

"Oh, I certainly shall, and I hope you will giv me due credit in the future."

The wolf took his departure with a sweet bow and a melting smile, and the peasant softly scratched the back of his neck and did a heap of thinking. That night he placed a large trap at the weak point in his calf-pen, and next morning he found the wolf held firm and fast.

"Excuse my embarrassment," began the wolf, as the peasant appeared; "but why did you move this trap from the sheep fold?"

"Because," replied the peasant, as he hunted around for a club, "experience has taught me that a wolf who is tired of mutton is simply working up an appetite for veal."

Moral—Don't put your foot in it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Spectator* tells the following story: A few years ago a friend of mine—there is no harm now in telling this story, as the superstition referred to in it is exploded, if not everywhere, certainly among your readers—was taking a country walk with a friend, a clergyman, when the latter suddenly wheeled round, his face toward home, with the remark:

"Let us go back, I'm tired; was called up in the middle of the night to baptize a child that was dying."

"Were you in time?" asked my friend.

"Just," was the reply; "another half minute and I should hav been too late!"

"And if you had been, what then?"

"Why, then, I suppose the poor little thing would hav been lost."

"Eternally?"

"Well, yes, according to our belief."

"May I ask what sort of boots you wear?" said my friend.

"Boots? Elastic side, always."

"Now, suppose you wore laced, and they had taken two minutes to put on, the child would hav been dead, and—lost eternally?"

"That's a peculiar view of the question; I must think over my position."

Two days after the clergyman met my friend and said: "I hav thought that matter over and must alter my view. The boots did it."

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The Buffalo *Express* says: "Whoever buys this book will find it a paying investment."

The *Scientific American* says: "Books on this subject are usually written by 'cranks,' but this is radically different; it is scientific, sober, clean, and worthy of conscientious consideration by every possible parent, and particularly by the young."

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

SURPRISED at the smile: "I'm no sectarian," said Job Shuttle as he grew warm in religious argument. "I believe every man ought to be a strict Presbyterian," and then he looked around in wonder as an audible smile wafted into the evening air.

JAMES MILL'S "History of India" is considered the best that has ever been written on that subject. When it was first written, some one said it was by no means his best production. "What is his best?" asked another. "James Mill's best production is his son, John Stuart Mill," was the ready answer.

A GENTLEMAN somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

THE Indianapolis *Age* thus rebukes another Indianapolis paper: "The *Sun* of this city is clamorous against the payment of the late murdered president's doctors such enormous fees. The *Sun* ought to behave itself and keep quiet. The pay is out of all reason, but that is made necessary by the practice, which was in the same category.

WE learn from the Missouri *Liberal* that the plan for an orphan home is no longer merely a plan, but, according to that paper, a fixed fact. A. Minski, of Superior, Neb., gave $1,000 in cash, and G. H. Walser a like amount in lands and cash. The home will soon be incorporated and proper officers selected to receive subscriptions, which should be generously given.

IF through spels thru, why don't trough spel tru, and blough, blu, and crough, cru, and nough, nu, and tough, tu. If it takes phthisis to spel tisis, and sigh to spel si, why don't phthipsigh spel tipsy, and phthish-shough, tissu, and if a Chinaman can pronounce the bunches of scrawls on a tea-chest, why is not the same kind of writing goughd eenoughphffe phfforr usse?—*Rescue.*

COL. JOHN R. KELSO, who was for many years an eloquent Methodist minister and also a member of congress from Ohio, has settled at Modesto, Cal. He is now advocating the cause of Liberalism, and by his eloquence, experience, and deep learning makes his power felt. We are indebted to the gentleman for appreciated editorial favors. We cordially go half way to shake the hand of every liberal-minded person, regardless of sect or creed.—*Jewish Times.*

MRS. JACOB MEYERS was a religious convert at Mount Vernon, Ohio, through the evangelism of a Mrs. Roberson, who urged upon her the duty of also becoming a revivalist. Mrs. Myers obeyed, but the rebuffs which she received excited her greatly, as she was naturally very modest and retiring, and her mind gave way. She informed her husband one day that she would kill him if he didn't instantly repent; and a few hours later she attempted suicide.

ONE of her Britannic majesty's Indian subjects has written a poem upon the recent attempt upon her life, in which the following lines occur:

A vile wretch, impelled by viler passion,
Had aimed exact a fiery ball at her;
Her royal breast did suddenly heave and hop;
The luster of her face was lost, and it turned pale.
Cursed be he who did such wickedness practice
To peril the life of a female old, a queen!

IN reply to the inquiry, "Does not a belief, even if silly, in an all-seeing eye hav an influence on manhood?" the *Popular Science Monthly* replies: "Scarcely, when that all-seeing eye has a plan by which the vilest sinner may escape the consequences of his acts, while his victim is damned. Stupendous and immortal penalties hav been threatened against wrong action, but then the evasion of these penalties is always conveniently provided for. Is not this easy system of morals, which arranges for the defeat of justice, more open to the charge of laxity than the Atheist's scientific system, in which the penalties are both proportioned to transgressions, and follow them with a salutary certainty?"

THE women who work in the collieries of England wear loose trousers, and are naked above the waist; around the waist is a leathern belt, to which a large chain is attached. This chain is dragged between their knees, and pulls loads of coal through long, low, damp, dark passages, the women compelled to go on all fours, like brutes. In this way they haul loads of six thousand yards a day. The "gentlemen" owners of these collieries compel this work, yet talk of the "delicacy of the sex being destroyed by the ballot!"—*Argonaut.*

THE priests in a certain village in Japan hav drawn up a document opposing Christianity, which is signed by all the inhabitants, and deposited it with the local magistrate. One clause reads as follows: "Therefore we agree that if any nativ of this village becomes a Christian, we will cease to hav any intercourse with him, and if any person dwelling here, not being a nativ, embraces this foreign creed, we will send him back to his birthplace." It would seem from this that the Japanese do not hav a very high opinion of Christians and Christianity.

THEY hav nailed him at last. A Brooklyn clergyman named Stalesermon, after the manner of his brethren at this time of year, announced that he had received "a call" from an out-of-town church, and that he had accepted it. Instead of petitioning him to recall his resignation, the congregation accepted it, and presented him with a sheet of foolscap, telling him how much they loved him, and hoping that he would be happy with his new charge. Then he wanted to back water, and said that if he hadn't gone to the expense of purchasing a ticket he would remain. Nobody would chip in to compensate him for his outlay, and there is no alternativ but to dust. In the future clergyman will no doubt hesitate, and not giv warning until they hav corralled a sufficient number of trustees to insure a vote in their favor.

ARISTOCRACY in England is coming in every direction to grief. In addition to Lord Huntley, we hav another Scotch lord of ancient lineage, Lord Ruthven, in the bankruptcy court, who finds matters even harder to arrange. The heir of a baronet is found apprentice to a pawnbroker. The Countess of Mornington has applied for parochial relief. Two noble brothers are in the coal trade. The great flower shop in Regent street is kept by an aristocratic major, who is not ashamed of his calling. At Ealing they will ask you if you will hav a cup of milk from "the viscount's dairy," and at Uxbridge there is the nursery ground where a few months ago you might hav beheld a Scotch earl and his wife and children weeding and watering the vegetables for the London market. The earl is dead, and his widow has been pensioned by the purchaser of the ground.

THE Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman, the noted Universalist preacher, once had an amusing tilt with Dr. Talmage in the religious papers. Talmage wrote: "Mr. Pullman, the Universalist minister, rivaling his brother of sleeping-car celebrity, proposes to take us all to heaven in a spiritual 'Pullman palace car.' We can take off our boots and hats, and lie down on our backs, and wake up in glory. John Bunyan's pilgrim went tugging along on foot, and Paul had many an anxious day of hard walking, and all the old-time righteous felt themselvs 'scarcely saved,' but (three cheers for the modern invention!) we can all now go in 'Pullman's spiritual sleeper,' the Universalist ministers acting as brakemen and conductors." In reply, Mr. Pullman wrote: "If Mr. Talmage would only adopt this idea in his earthly travels (that of making Jordan a hard road to travel) you would always know in what part of a railway train to find him. 'Is Talmage aboard?' you ask the conductor. 'Yes.' 'Where—in the Pullman car?' 'Oh, no.' 'In the smoking-car?' 'No—ask the fireman.' The fireman pulls open the furnace door, and there—in the fire-box—sits Brother Talmage, singed but serious, bound to get to his destination as 'scarcely' as possible; and composing meanwhile an article for the *Christian at Work* against 'spiritual sleepers,' and in favor of salvation by squirming."

WE learn from the *Record* of New London, Mo., that there is music in the air at the colored Baptist church of that place. The trouble grows out of a demand on the part of the preacher and his wife that the congregation build him a residence on the church lot. A portion of the congregation oppose this scheme, alleging that the church is in debt now, and is unfinished. Various meetings hav been held, and the matter discussed in all its bearings. The preacher has been endeavoring to hav some of the deacons removed from their offices because they oppose the building of the house, but in this he has not yet succeeded. At one of the meetings held to consider the matter, the excitement became very intense, so much so that the preacher's wife shook her fist under the nose of Deacon Givens and told him "she could whip him the best day the sun ever shined on him, if he would go out and fight her." Deacon Givens bore it very meekly; his only reply being, "Brethring, do you see dis?" At another meeting held on a recent Thursday night, another wrangle ensued. Deacon Givens accused the preacher's wife of having written letters to one of the young men of the church, asking him to run off with her. The deacon also accused the preacher with having stolen a dog at Palmyra, and went on to tell how much the dog theft had cost the preacher. The fun grew fast and furious; the female members of the church made speeches, and everybody was excited. The atmosphere became redolent with perfumes suggestiv of "William goat and bar," and blood was on the moon. The matter has not been settled as yet, but Deacon Givens and party still hold the fort.

THE following is a graphic account from an eye-witness and participant in a squabble to obtain possession of a little church near Freeport, Mich. It will be seen that the outsiders were very anxious to worship, and the insiders equally anxious they shouldn't. Hereafter we shall hav to include wolves, bears, and skunks among the weapons of theology. The account is from the Hastings *Home Journal:* "We (our church) were holding meetings at the wolf church every alternate Sabbath, and they (the other church) didn't like it and locked us out, and we broke in at a window and worshiped. Then they was mad, but we kept on worshiping until they took out the pulpit, seats, windows, and doors, and nailed up the church with boards and nails, and made a high rail fence around it. Then we appointed a meeting to go in and worship, and went. But they had got there first, and shut four wolves, one bear, and a lot of skunks in the church to defend it. We had hammers and cold chisels with us. Bro. S. led the assault, and we all got inside the fence. Brother Polley made a flank movement and tore the boards from a window, but fell back with some pounded knuckles. Meanwhile the skunks inside had climbed up into the steeple and succeeded in outraging Elder Cairns and Brother Polly's son-in-law, and sacrilegiously called it baptism. We then fell back. Brother M. (of their church) was very abusiv. Elder B. called him an old skunk, and Brother M. called Brother B. a liar. Bro. C. called Brother M. a liar. Elder Cairns asked Brother M. to pray. Brother M. said, You old hypocrit, I won't pray with you. Brother S. said if he was inside there would be a blood atonement in there. Brother Jenney would like to go in, but a bloody fight would disgrace him. They fought us from ports in the windows and doors, and from the lattice-work in the steeple, and we had to withdraw, but we intend to try again."

News of the Week.

A VERY destructiv flood prevails in Arkansas.

THERE are four Universalist societies in New York city.

DAZA, ex-president of Bolivia, is charged with carrying off $493,408 in public funds.

A REWARD of $3,000 is offered for the capture of S. J. Nevin, absconding mayor of Adrian, Mich.

W. H. ROSENTRAUCH is on trial in Newark, N. J., for making remarks reflecting on the chastity of the Virgin Mary.

THREE white men and two negroes were publicly whipped, for various crimes, at the jail in New Castle, Delaware, last Saturday.

SENATOR SHERMAN has received a note from Mrs. Garfield, thanking the national legislature for the pension which they hav settled upon her for her husband's sake.

THE steamship Pliny went ashore on the coast of New Jersey during a recent storm. The passengers were saved by the life-line, but the vessel and most of the cargo are a total loss.

GUITEAU'S counsel has been heard on the bill of exceptions, and it is thought that the decision of the court will be unfavorable to Guiteau, in which case he will be hanged on June 30th.

THE hall of the Hygienic Exhibition, at Berlin, was destroyed by fire on the 12th, together with many costly exhibits. The loss is estimated at several hundred thousand pounds.

SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, got into a row in Boston recently, and was knocked down and jumped on by a diminutiv barber, concerning whose wife Sullivan had made uncomplimentary remarks.

OSCAR WILDE, the young Irishman who has been lecturing in this country on the gospel of art called estheticism, has emitted his final squeak on this side of the Atlantic, and goes back to Europe in a short time.

AN indignation meeting was held at Tombstone, Ariz., last week to denounce the action of the President in regard to the cowboys of that section. Report says that the meeting was a failure so far as an expression of sympathy for the cowboys is concerned.

THE Senate select committee on woman suffrage agreed last Saturday to recommend to the Senate for adoption a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of sex."

No material advance has been made toward the discovery of the murderers of Lord Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke, of Ireland. Land Leaguers denounce the assassination, and declare it to be the work of the enemies of Ireland. Still more restrictiv measures hav been adopted toward the country by the English government.

THE trial of the Malley cousins, at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of Jennie Cramer, is in progress. The evidence goes to show that James Malley was the last person in whose company Miss Cramer was seen, and that he was with her three hours before her body was found. Arsenic, in sufficient quantities to cause death, was found in the dead girl's stomach.

AN excursion train of the Missouri Press Association collided with an engin and caboose near Parsons, Kan., one day last week. None of the seven hundred editors, or their wives and daughters, was hurt. Judging from the precedents of Ashtabula and Spuytenduyvil, the absence of priests, ministers, and hymnologists is rather an advantage than otherwise at such a time.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Bombay and Its Surroundings.—Concluded.

PARSEE WEDDINGS.

It has been my good fortune to attend two Parsee weddings in one evening here in Bombay; the first by the kind invitation of Mr. K. M. Shroff, his sister-in-law being the bride; the second by invitation of Mr. Bujjebee (I think that is his name). Madam Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, Mr. Bridges, and some others were also invited. The first wedding was set for 5:30 P.M. The wedding did not take place at the home of the bride, but in a public house, kept in part for the purpose and in which many couples have been joined in wedlock. The house stands upon a street or place off from a main street, and as we approached it by carriage, we found the entire place lined with men dressed in white robes, with a band of music, and a profusion of paper lanterns. The illuminations, the music, and the white robes imparted a very pleasing effect. Upon entering the main room, upon the walls of which were hung many framed engravings and pictures, embellished also with festoons of flowers, etc., we were graciously received by the mother of the bride, and soon introduced to the bride and her sister, Mrs. Shroff, both very pleasant ladies. While waiting for the arrival of the bridegroom I had ample opportunity for inspecting the style of the apparel worn by the thirty or forty ladies present, which I will endeavor to describe to you. Not making close inspection I may not be correct in all particulars, but think I am mainly. Let me then give the opinion that Parsee women do not wear the garment known to Europeans and Americans as the *chemise*, but do wear drawers of silk or other light and fine material. The upper part of the body is covered by a kind of jacket or sacque of similar substance, which sits loosely and is not fastened in front. The main dress consists of a piece of goods a yard in width and eight yards in length, of rich silk, on the edges of which is a border of gold thread two inches in width. The piece is brought over around the waist and fastened, perhaps with a pin, thus forming what may be called the skirt, and the residue is brought up over the shoulders, coming down in front in a most easy and graceful manner, and looking very neat and comfortable. There are no petticoats, no corsets, nothing dragging down upon the hips, nothing to prevent free and natural breathing. It will be remembered that the weather is so mild here as to scarcely ever necessitate clothing for the purpose of giving warmth. If chilly mornings take place, a blanket or shawl is always sufficient. White stockings, light, rich, variegated slippers, and a white cap resting on the back part of the head, complete the dress. These silken robes, if robes they may be called, with their rich borders, are certainly ornamental, and while decidedly oriental, they seem very modest and appropriate. Bonnets or hats are not worn, a light shawl, scarf, or head-cloth being quite as good as the silly affair, called a hat, sitting on the back part of the head, as worn by the European and American ladies.

The bridegroom was a heavy, sedate-looking man, who seemed not at all excited at the event which was about to take place. According to Parsee custom, he came from his own home in a small procession, and was met at the door of the wedding room by the mother of the bride, who broke a cocoanut as a token of friendship, when a few other ceremonies were performed which I could not quite see. The bride and bridegroom were seated side by side in the middle of the floor, and the presents from the bridegroom to the bride were then brought by a waiter and placed on the floor before her for a few minutes; these consisted of bracelets, I think, handkerchiefs, a scarf, and other articles of ornament and comfort. In the next place the mother of the bride brought a vessel of water and washed and wiped the feet of the pair to be married. This is a token of affection and the harmony that must hereafter exist between the parties to the ceremony. Now two priests dressed in white robes and white turbans came forward and commenced their part of the ceremony, in the forepart of which they hung or held a sheet of cloth between the bride and bridegroom so they could not see each other, and wound a silken thread around them, not tightly, passing thirteen times around the bride and bridegroom as they sat in their chairs. Then while the bride and groom joined hands, a priest stood before each and repeated in the Zend language the marriage ceremony, the chief priest repeating the first installment and his assistant the second, and while they were repeating they kept constantly throwing a few grains of rice on the heads and faces of the bride and groom, a pan of rice being held by attendants for each priest, from which they repeatedly took fresh handfuls. This ceremony lasted nearly half an hour, during which at least two quarts of rice must have been gently thrown upon the bride and groom, giving them, to say the least, a pretty good pelting, besides compelling them to listen to a recital of which they could not understand a word, for the Zend language is now spoken only by the priests, and very few of them understand it. This completed the ceremony; and when the thread of union was taken off they were man and wife.

By permission, I copied from a Parsee book, both in Zend and English, the following, which is presumed to be a translation of the words repeated:

PARSEE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Benediction Pronounced on the Bridal Pair.

1. May the Ormuzd (the Almighty God) bless you with sons, and a numerous progeny to your sons. May he bless you with wealth, good friendship, strength in body, and a long life of one hundred and fifty years.

Query to the Guardian of the Bridegroom.

2. That the Zoroastrian community of this place has assembled itself to witness the solemnization, in conformity with the laws of the Mazdiashnyan religion, of the marriage of the bride with the son of your family at this hour of the —— day of the —— month in the year of 1250 of Ezdezord Shuhriar, the last of the Sassanian dynasty of Iran (Persia); and in the presence of these people assembled, have you, the guardian of the bridegroom, with honest heart, sanctioned the consummation of this marriage contract, with a present to the bride of 2,000 Nishapuri dirams of pure and unalloyed silver, and two gold dinars (mohors)?

Query to the Guardian of the Maiden.

3. Have you (with mutual agreement entered into) completed all the arrangements in connection with the marrying of the maiden of your family with the son of —— —— in order to promote the beneficent objects of the union, with a true heart, honest conscience, and sincere intention?

Answer: Yes, I have.

Query to the Marrying Couple.

4. Do you both consent to conform yourselves honestly to the terms of this marriage contract through your life?

Answer: We do.

(The foregoing questions are thrice repeated.)

EXHORTATIONS.

5. In the name of God Ormuzd, may you both enjoy a happy life; be ever famous; attempt to do good works; be victorious; learn purity; be worthy of good praise. May you both learn to adhere to truth, and be always pure in your thoughts, as well as actions (and always try to please the Almighty, who is the lover of truth and righteousness). May all wicked thoughts be banished; all wicked words be despised; all wicked works be burnt up. Praise truth and purity; shun deceit and sorcery; praise the Mazdiashnyan religion. Accomplish work after full consideration; gain wealth by honest means; tell the truth to the rulers, and be obedient to them; use sweet and modest words with your friends; do not slander any one; do not be angry; commit no sin to please (any one); be not covetous; torment not any one. Be not envious unlawfully; be not haughty. Be remote from bad intention; treat no one dispitefully; rob not the property of others; abstain thyself from wives of others; do good works with good activity; impart benefit to the honest and faithful. Enter into no strife with a revengeful man; be not partner to a covetous one; be not companion to a culminator; enter not into company with one of ill-fame; enter not into work with an unskillful one. Combat the adversaries with right; go with friends as are agreeable with friends; enter into no strife with those of evil repute; before an assembly speak only pure words; before a king with consideration. From ancestors inherit (good) names; in nowise displease your mother. Keep your own mind pure and just.

6. Be of immortal body like Kai-Khoshere. Be understanding like Kaush. Be shining as the sun. Be pure as the moon. Be renowned as Zarathousht. Be powerful as Rustorn. Be fruitful as earth. Keep good friendship with friends, brothers, wife, and children, as body and soul (hold together). Keep always the right faith, and good character. Recognize Ormuzd as Lord, and Zarathousht as ruler. Exterminate Ahriman and the devs.

BENEDICTIONS.

7. May the god Ormuzd bestow gifts on you, Bahimon, thinking with the soul; Ardibihist, good speech; Shedrivar, good working; Safundarmad (give you) perfect thoughts (good faith); Khurdad, sweetness (contentment); Amerdad, fruitfulness.

8. May god Ormuzd bestow gifts on you; Adar promote your brightness; Ardri-sara, purity; Khurshed (the sun), exalted rule; Mohor (the moon), increase seed of the Goshpund and fortunate of earning; Toi, liberality; Gosh, good abstemiousness.

9. May god Ormuzd give you gifts; Maher, equitable justice; Sarash, guardianship; Rashne, right conduct; Fawardin, increase of strength; Banheram is the bestower of victory; Ram, perpetual delight; Govad bestows great might.

10. May god Ormuzd bestow gifts on you; Deen, enlightment of wisdom; Arsharwary, gain wealth of majesty; Ashted, increase science and art; Asaman, increase industry (cultivation); Zamiyad, firmness of place (seriousness); Marafund, good head; Aneran, delight of body.

11. Good are you. May good come to you. May you rise to the dignity as a zoatee of Meaz of Izshni-ghah. May you receive the reward which is earned by the zoatee, as one who thinks, speaks, and does much good. May that come to you which is worse than the evil.

12. May good come to you from doing kind actions. May your descendants become worthy of praise. May you attain to the highest degree of purity. May that come not come to you which is worse than the evil; so may it happen as I pray.

The God bless you with long life.

Keep justice always right;
Gain wealth, health, and victory;
Never tell a false story;
In love and peace, and without quarrel,
You both remain until the end of this world.
Mobed Aspundiarjee Burjorjee Punthakee.

After the ceremony was over a rich wreath of flowers was placed around my neck and the necks of the other guests, coming down to the waist; rich bouquets were placed in our hands, and we were invited into an adjoining room to partake of refreshments. The repast consisted of several articles of pastry and sweetmeats new to me, but which were very nice. The whole was indeed a most pleasant affair, and it was with sincerity that we wished the newly-married couple much happiness and a long life.

I learned from Mr. Shroff that some change has taken place among the Parsees in the matter of courtship; formerly the engagements were made entirely by the parents, and the bride and groom had but little to say about it; but latterly the European system has gradually come into use, and the young couple are allowed to keep company and "court" much as with us. It would be well if the Hindoos would make the same change and discontinue the absurd practice of betrothing girls when little childen, and even before they are born.

The Parsee women look bright, happy, and intelligent, and they are not subjected to the same cruel exactions as are the Hindoo women; but as a rule they are not educated, save in household and home duties. Female education is not much in vogue, though more so than formerly. With their readiness to espouse European customs, it is to be hoped they will soon give females the same opportunities for education as males. I understand the Parsee women to be unusually virtuous, few or none of them resorting to a life of prostitution.

When we reached the place for the second wedding, the ceremony was well over, but we were in time for more bouquets and more rich suppers, of which we partook with all the appetite we could command, wishing the married pair in this case also all the happiness they could reasonably expect. I learned that some fifty weddings took place among the Parsees of the city on this same evening, now being regarded a favorable time for tying the nuptial knot. The Parsees, like the Hindoos, are strong believers in astrology, and the priests consult the stars to ascertain when it is a favorable time for the young people to join their fortunes for life, and when the right time comes they seem to improve it with alacrity. It is a regular harvest time with the priests, as for the ceremony, dice-throwing, etc., they get forty rupees, a rupee being equal to fifty cents. When the evening had become considerably advanced we returned, knowing considerably more about Parsee weddings than before.

PARSEE FUNERALS AND DISPOSITION OF THE DEAD.

I have witnessed two Parsee funeral processions. No coffins are used; the corpse is placed upon an iron frame, covered with a shroud, and carried by a set of men detailed for that special service, and never by any others. About fifty or a hundred feet behind the corpse-bearers follows the procession. First, the priests with white turbans and white robes, and then some fifty mourners and attendants, all dressed in white, and each couple holding between them a white cloth, six feet in length, and doubled together. The meaning of the white cloth I did not learn, and was told that it is an old custom of the people, the purport of which is lost.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

The mode of disposing of the dead among the Parsees is unlike that of any other people in the world; they neither bury nor burn, but expose the bodies to the action of vultures, which eat all the fleshy parts of the body in less than an hour. I visited the grounds on Malabar Hill, owned by the Parsees, in which are located some half a dozen structures called "towers of silence." These are made of stone in a circular form, some seventy-five feet in diameter, and nearly the same in hight. The walls are of solid mason work, and plastered over and whitewashed, and having a single iron door. Within the wall are three circles, the outer one for males, the middle one for females, and the inner one for children. The mourners and friends do not go nearer the towers than one hundred feet, where they halt and attend to the ceremonies due the occasion. The bearers take the body within the tower, leaving it in the appropriate place, and in a denuded condition, closing the iron door when they come out, and the vultures, which are in waiting, immediately commence their part of the service, while the friends and mourners wait outside. In a time not exceeding sixty minutes the naked bones only are left. In the center of the structure is a pit into which the bones are duly deposited after a few days, and there they slowly decompose, the rain that falls within the tower running down the gentle incline, washing the bones, and then running through a subterranean passage to the sea. In time the bones are powdered and are washed into the ocean.

In this way the body is quickly disposed of, and there is no chance for poisoning the air, or springs, or wells with the poisonous gases arising from decaying bodies. It strikes one as a little repugnant to one's feelings to think that a dear child, sister, or mother is being torn and devoured by vultures, but it is not much worse than the slow decomposition and decay of the grave, with the deleterious gases which are generated. There is nothing pleasing in the reflection that a near friend is inclosed in a dark, silent grave, and that ultimately earth worms must prey upon his body, and that that form once so loved must become a disgusting mass of putrefaction, only sending forth the most deadly and polluted gases. Prof. Huxley not long ago had in the *Nineteenth Century* an article showing how earth worms arise from graves and pollute the grass and other vegetation in the immediate vicinity which cows and other animals eat, poisoning the milk and flesh which are

eaten by human beings, and causing the most fearful forms of death. The gases, also, which arise from burying-grounds is fearful to contemplate, and doubtless by inhalation and the poisoning of the water in the earth engender most fatal diseases. The vultures prevent all this; in a few hours the body is eaten and digested, and placed beyond the possibility of decomposition and decay. It is a question which is the better mode of disposing of the dead—the vultures of the Parsees, or the burning of the Hindoos. I visited the grounds of the latter; the body is simply burnt on a pile of wood sufficient for the purpose, and the ashes are sent to and deposited in the Ganges. The poor are burnt with common wood, while the rich are burnt with the odorous sandalwood. I think my preference would be in favor of burning, though the results attained are about equal. The vultures were imported from Persia for the express purpose of taking care of the dead, and some three or four dozen are constantly in attendance. They are a huge, ill-looking bird, and they are sitting on the tops of the towers and on the neighboring trees, waiting for a customer. It is said a sentinel or two is kept on the look-out for funeral processions, and a long time before the procession arrives they well understand that a feast for them is coming, at the prospect of which they are placed in a joyous mood.

The grounds contain some twenty-five acres, and beside the towers there are beautiful gardens of flowers, places for meditation, a house for rest and prayer, etc. They are kept very neatly, and one would hardly think it a place for the deposit of the dead; but the grim-looking towers and the voracious looking vultures, watching for another meal, inevitably bring an unpleasant chill over the feelings of the visitor, probably because he is unused to that sort of thing. With the Parsees it is a matter of course with them to be eaten at last by the vultures, and they have no more dread of it than we have of being buried, decaying, and being eaten by earth worms.

The city authorities have raised several remonstrances against the Parsee manner of disposing of the dead, and have endeavored to get their grounds containing the towers of silence away from them, as the same are very desirable grounds, and are a portion of the pleasant suburbs of the city in which are beautiful residences and attractive grounds; but the place is sacred to these people, the object is perfectly legitimate, and their process of disposing of the dead is far more sanitary and healthful than the Christian mode of interment. They will undoubtedly be allowed to retain peaceful possession of their portion of Malabar Hill, and they, their children, and their children's children will continue to be eaten by vultures.

RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

It may not be amiss in this connection to take a brief view of the religious beliefs of the people of which the Parsees are the remnant and descendants. Zoroaster, which is the Greek form of the real name Zedthurst, or Zarathusta, was the founder of this religion, and he lived a long time ago.

The oriental scholar, M. Haug, holds that Zoroaster lived 2,300 years before the time of Christ, which would take him back nearly three hundred years before the time of Abraham, and about the time of Noah and his big freshet; while Aristotle, one of the greatest minds which the world has produced, and a man of great learning and much information, wrote 300 B.C. that Zoroaster lived six thousand years before the death of Plato, who died 350 B.C., thus placing the great Persian reformer and teacher more than two thousand years before the time of Adam. That men lived on the earth tens of thousands of years before the time allotted to Adam is now well understood and freely conceded by the learned. Whether such a man as Adam ever had an existence is a matter of very great doubt, but that there was in ancient Persia such a religious teacher as Zoroaster, and that there might have been two by that name is a matter of the highest probability. It must be admitted that the great Grecian scientist and philosopher is far more reliable authority than the unknown copyist of the Chaldean fable 500 B.C., about the creation of the world, and the first man and woman, Adam and Eve, together with the absurd story about the flood; for it is very certain that Moses never wrote them, and had he done so they would have been of less value than the statements of such a man as Aristotle.

It may also be stated that Xanthos of Lydia, who lived more than a century before the time of Aristotle, and who was a contemporary of Darius and Xerxes, reckoned that Zoroaster lived still a hundred and fifty years earlier than the time fixed upon by Aristotle. Again, Hermippus of Smyrna, an ancient authority on the magian religion, and highly esteemed by the Greeks and Romans, stated upon the authority of Agonakes, a magian priest, that Zoroaster lived 5,000 years before the Trojan war, which occurred about 1180 B.C., still carrying the period of Zoroaster 6180 B.C. So we have the best ground for supposing that the Persian teacher lived long before the time of Moses, or Abraham, or Noah, or even of Adam.

That there was another Zoroaster who lived in the time of Hystaspes, the father of Darius, is generally conceded, but that the original Zoroaster lived 8,000 years ago may be taken as far more than probable. The name from whence Zoroaster was derived is said to have been as common in Persia as Jesus was in Syria, or as John and James are at the present day, so it is quitely likely that there might have been several distinguished persons who bore the name of Zoroaster.

It is believed that the great teacher bearing this name was born in Bactria, that he was an excellent man, passing through many hardships and temptations, and that he became one of the revered priests who attended upon the sacred fire. He was a man of great mind and deep religious feeling. He gave his life to the study of the infinite, and he conceived the existence of the great impersonal Ahura-Mazda, the source of all existence, the great spirit, the mighty one, of whom Ormuzd, the special god of the Persians, was the representative. Zoroaster also taught the existence of an evil principle, which he personified in Ahriman, who was the brother of Ormuzd, and that the conflicts between them for supremacy were great and constant. He also taught the existence of good and bad spirits, who were respectively engaged in the service of Ormuzd and Ahriman, and that the final result of the conflict of these opposing forces was to be the triumphant victory of the good over the evil, and the eternal happiness in the regions of bliss of those who took part with Ormuzd, and the endless unhappiness and punishment of those who were the followers of Ahriman. It is a question not easy to decide whether the Persians or Egyptians were the first to teach a future life, a heaven and hell, the happiness of the good and the unhappiness of the wicked in the future world, for both nations taught it and believed in it not less than a thousand years before the Jews denied that they ceased to exist when death visited them, and that they simply slept with their fathers. It was not till two thousand years after the time that Zoroaster and the priests of Egypt taught the doctrine of future rewards and punishments that Jesus was said to come forward and teach the same doctrine, though in a less clear, and more ambiguous and imperfect manner. It is positive that Christianity and Mohammedanism were the last great religions that recognized the doctrine of existence after death. The Jews certainly did not recognize this doctrine when the books of the Old Testament were written, which was at most but a few hundred years before the time of Jesus.

Mithra, a personification of the sun, was held to be the son of Ormuzd, and he was greatly adored by the ancient Persians. His birth was set on the 25th day of December, for on that day the sun begins to rise again in the heavens, every day growing stronger and shining longer, after his six months of declension, and gradually sinking into night or death. It was the custom of that people to gather upon the summits of mountains and do reverence to the great central orb of our system. On the 25th of December they held a great festival in honor of the sun, and assembled upon the mountain hights and made sacrifices, and performed other acts of devout worship, expressive of their great joy that the sun of righteousness, the son of the god Ormuzd, was born, and would again rule over the earth. There can be little doubt that this custom was the origin of the Christmas festival since held in various parts of the world, and it was because of this popular festival in the pagan world that the early fathers of the Christian denomination selected the 25th of December as the birthday of their son of God. There is not a word in either of the four canonical gospels that intimates that Jesus was born in December, while it is true that every month in the year has been claimed by various Christian authorities as being the time of his birth. The truth is, the year is not known in which he was born, much less the month or the day of the month. It is but stating a matter of fact, that it is not known that he was born at all, and the 25th of December was set as his birth because for many centuries it had been a noted and popular festival in the pagan world, because it was believed to be the period when the birth of their son of god took place. In many instances the early Christians exhibited the disposition to appropriate the popular features of the pagan religions. And I may state again here, what I have insisted upon many times before—and proved it as well—that there is not a dogma, rite, sacrament, or ceremony which goes to make up Christianity that was not long before cherished and believed in in the pagan world, and I challenge the combined priests of Christianity, with all the learning and talent they possess, to show the untruthfulness of this statement.

Zoroaster wrote the Zend-Avesta, and there, before Jesus cast out a devil, or manufactured wine; before he uttered a word; before Daniel had a vision; be- Isaiah prophesied; before David sung a psalm, or seduced Bathsheba, and then murdered her husband; before Samson slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, or dallied with Delilah; before Joshua killed his hundreds of thousands of Canaanites, in peaceful possession of their hill country of rocks and narrow valleys; before he stopped the sun and moon to enable him to put to death a few hundreds more of men who were fighting for their homes; before Balaam and his ass spoke; before Moses met Yahweh on Mount Sinai, when thunderings and lightnings took place to excite awe in the minds of the people; before the pair worked forty days and nights at engraving two tablets of stone, with ten commandments upon them, and which Moses easily carried in his arms; before Yahweh showed his back parts to Moses (which is supposed to have been an interesting view); long before Moses led the children of Israel, with the stolen jewelry and valuables of the Egyptians, across the wide and deep Red Sea; before Abraham set about putting his boy Isaac to death, to please his God; before he went down into Egypt and sold the charms of his old wife, nearly ninety years of age, for gold and silver, camels, asses, and sheep, which made him rich; before all these, Zoroaster penned the sublime Zend-Avesta, with those high morals and pure sentiments, of which the following may be taken as samples:

Blessed is he—blessed are all men—to whom the living, wise God, of his own command, should grant those two everlasting powers (immortality and purity). I believe thee, O God! to be the best thing of all; the source of light for the world. Every one shall choose thee as the source of light; thee, thee, holiest Mazda!

I ask thee—tell me it right—thou living God! Who was from the beginning the father of the pure world? Who has made a path for the sun and the stars? Who (but thou) makes the moon to increase and decrease? This I wish to know, except what I already know.

Who holds the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the field? Who is in the winds and storms that they so quickly run? Who is the creator of the good-minded beings, thou wise? Who has made the kindly light and the darkness—the kindly sleep and the awaking?

Who has made the mornings, the noons and the nights; they who remind the wise of his duty?

Now, I shall proclaim to all who come to listen the praise of thee, the all-wise Lord, and the hymns of the good spirit.

Hear, O man, with your ears what is best; perceive with your mind what is pure, so that every one may for himself choose his tenets before the great doom. May the wise be on our side.

Those old spirits, who are twins, made known what is good and what is evil in thoughts, words, and deeds. Those who are good distinguish between the two, not those who are evil-doers.

When these two spirits came together they made first life and death, so that there should be at last the most wretched life for the bad, but for the good blessedness.

Of these two spirits the evil one chose the worst deeds; the kind spirit, he whose garment is the immovable sky, chose what is right; and they, also, who faithfully please Ahura-Mazda by good works.

Let us, then, be of those who further this world. O Ahura-Mazda! O bliss-conferring Asha (Truth)! let our mind be there where wisdom abides.

Then, indeed, there will be the fall of the pernicious Druj (Falsehood), but in the beautiful abode of Vohumano (the Good Spirit), of Mazda, and Asha, will be gathered forever those who dwell in good report.

O men, if you cling to these commandments which Mazda has given, which are a torment to the wicked and a blessing to the righteous, then there will be victory through them.

It will be seen that this great teacher had the most exalted adoration for the works and phases of nature, which are the grandest objects of true worship, and that his moral sentiments have hardly since been excelled by any later teacher.

The ancient Persians were a branch of the great Aryan family, and it is believed that a portion of this race settled in Iran, or Persia, about the same time that another portion penetrated to the valley of the Indus and the plains of the Ganges, while still later on other portions journeyed toward the west and settled the countries of Europe, founding the language and institutions of that continent; thus it will be seen that the valorous and the civilized and the intellectual Aryans became the parents of the greatest nations and the highest literature that have been known in the world.

It is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that a spirit of rivalry grew up between the branches of this great family which settled respectively in Persia and India, in matters of religion as well as in matters of national import, for in all ages of the world religious beliefs have been among the most fruitful sources of quarrels and contentions, of war and bloodshed. It is not strange, perhaps, that, in this growing animosity between two rival nations and religions, the gods of the Vedic hymns became the demons of the Zend-Avesta; and, *vice versa*, that the god of the Zend-Avesta became the demon of the Vedic system. In the Zend-Avesta Indra is an evil being, and in the Vedic belief Ahura is a demon. In fact, the gods and devils of all ages have been so nearly alike as to be hardly distinguishable—the devils doubtless being the earliest conceptions, and the first to be prayed and sacrificed to to placate them and secure their good will—while the devisers of the different gods from time immemorial have been the most bitter enimies; they could always quarrel and fight about their gods when there was nothing else on hand to fight about. But it is gratifying now to see the decendants of those ancient peoples living quietly and amicably together.

Zoroaster and his followers have never been idol or image worshipers, and through all these sixty centuries have been consistent worshipers of one divine principle whose highest representative and symbol

is the sun. They formerly sacrificed animals to their god, but for ages this has been discontinued; they have also had but few temples, the boundless universe being their grand temple, where they most delighted to worship. It is pretty safe to decide that the religion of Zoroaster has been one of the most reasonable, one of the most moral, and one of the purest which the world has known during all these ages of religious struggle and research. Of course I reserve Buddhism for future discussion when I reach Ceylon, where it flourishes, and I must confess right here that I believe that system of religion the grandest, the greatest, the purest, the most peaceful, and the least aggressive of any of the great systems which man has engaged in. In these respects it is unquestionably far in advance of the bloody, cruel, and impure system called Christianity, as the world has known it.

It is not strange that the disciples of Zoroaster should have imputed to him the power of performing miracles, and even claimed that he was begotten by divine power, without the agency or contact of any man. That sort of claim has been made in nearly all ages of the world, and in connection with nearly all its greatest religious teachers. It was made with regard to Zoroaster, to Rama, to Christna, to Buddha, to Horus, to Plato, to Quirinus, to Apollonius, to Jesus, to Merlin of Wales, and to many others in the various ages of the world, and probably with just as much truth in one case as in another. Sensible people ought to be able to accord to those claims just the amount of credit due them and no more. They ought all be regarded as the silly demands of ignorant, superstitious, and partisan adherents of such religious teachers, and as more at home among the marvelous and the impossible than the real and actual domain of nature.

"Since death was the dark deed of Ahriman, the dead body has been looked upon with horror; and as the Parsees believed that the evil demons had secured it, it could not be permitted to pollute the pure elements, which Ormuzd had created—earth, fire, and water. So it was put on some exposed place, some 'Tower of Silence,' where birds of prey devoured the flesh, and the sunlight bleached the bones, which were afterward buried in the earth; and such is the practice to this day. But the Zoroastrians had a good hope that the demons had not touched the pure soul, which passed away beyond the eastern mountains to the sun-lit paradise of the holy, and there entered rest" (Prof. Clodd).

The history of Persia is replete with interest. It may be regarded as the first of the Aryan nations which rose to decided importance. Under Cyrus it became a mighty empire, its boundary stretching from the Indus to Asia Minor. It was during the reign of Cyrus that the Jews were released from their Babylonian captivity, and were allowed to return to their own country and city to reëstablish their religion and its national rites and ceremonies. It was after this period that the greater share of the books of the Old Testament were written. Darius and Xerxes followed, and their names and prowess are well known in history; but Alexander the Great proved temporarily too strong for the nation, and for a while the Macedonians held the country under subjection. Philosophically does Max Müller remark: "There were periods in the history of the world when the worship of Ormuzd threatened to rise thriumphant on the ruins of the temples of other gods. If the battles of Marathon and Salamis had been lost and Greece had succumbed to Persia, the state religion of the empire of Cyrus, which was the worship of Ormuzd, might have become the religion of the whole civilized world." In that case the world would undoubtedly have been saved the terrible infliction of the bloody and cruel Yahweh, who planned the death of his own carefully begotten son to make amends for his own blunders and deficient plans which had filled the earth with wretchedness and misery. Happy, indeed, would it have been for mankind could the simple, natural, and grand religion of Zoroaster have prevailed over the civilized world, in place of that of the monstrosity, Yahweh of the Jews, with that of his son. Better would it have been had a thousand Ormuzds reigned in the hearts of men than a single Yahweh; and as the nations of Europe deemed it incumbent upon them to import a god of eastern manufacture, it is ever to be regretted that they could not have selected Ormuzd, of Persia, or Osiris, of Egypt, instead of Yahweh of the Jews. Almost any god would have been better than that.

The creed of the Persians and of their descendants may be said to be of the simplest character. It is to fear God, to live a pure life, to perform good deeds, and to die in the hope of a future existence. Their kings flourished and were powerful for a long time, but ultimately the devotees of the youthful system of Mohammedanism overpowered them, driving a part into exile and subjecting those who remained to its own sway, and compelling them to accept and proclaim the teachings of the later prophet. Thus has one nation and one religion triumphed over another since the history of man has existed.

The Parsees, like the Hindoos, pay no attention to the Christian Sabbath, save so far as when in the employ of Europeans they are compelled to desist from labor on that day, but they in fact regard it as it is, no holier or better than either of the other six days intervening. They regard all the diurnal revolutions of the earth as equally holy, none having a precedence in this respect over the others. The Parsees have four days in the month set apart for prayer and religious observance, not that they believe those days any more sacred or holy than the other days, but as a religious observance. The various sects of the Hindoos have also three days of festivals, purification, and extra religious observances, but they pursue their occupations of all kinds on Sunday precisely the same as other days. The bazars are open, mechanics and farmers are at work, and the factories are running, and it cannot be perceived that they are in the slightest degree immoral on account of it.

THE BRAHMA-SAMAJ.

I will mention one or two of the many religious sects into which the Hindoos are divided. One is the above; it was founded by a learned Hindoo by the name of Rajah Rahmohun Roy, who was of the Brahman caste. His desire was to reform the abuses of idol-worship into which the people through many centuries had fallen, and to restore the original simple Vedic worship, doing away with all idols and with animal sacrifice. He believes there is but one God, and that polytheism is all wrong. He wrote and taught against idolatry, and instructed his disciples to pray to the one God and to worship no other. He also opposed the cruel custom of burning widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands, as well as the betrothal of them while in a state of infancy and immature childhood. He made a journey to England, where he died in the city of Bristol in 1833.

Another of his countrymen, named Keshub Chunder Sen, espoused the reform movement, and though bitterly opposed by the regular orthodox Hindoo sects, the Brahma-Samaj believers, who were really Unitarians and unbelievers in the infallible inspiration of any writings, grew to considerable numbers, amounting to a few millions throughout India, and which still exist, though it is not claimed that they are increasing now. Their worship consists of prayer, hymns, and listening to religious instruction, and their places of worship are devoid of idols and images. They have some half a dozen organs or publications which advocate their views, and branch associations in England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, and the United States. It is said that O. B. Frothingham and W. B. Potter took considerable interest in the movement in our country. The following is given as an exposition of its creed:

God is spirit, not matter. He is perfect, infinite, and eternal. He is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, all-merciful, all-blissful, and holy. He is our father.

The soul is immortal. Death is only the dissolution of the body; the soul lives everlastingly in God. There is no new birth after death; the life hereafter is only the continuation and development of the present life. Each soul departs from this world with its virtues and sins, and gradually advances in the path of eternal progress while realizing their effects.

Brahmoism is distinct from all other systems of religion; yet it is the essence of all. It is based in the constitution of man, and is therefore ancient, eternal, and universal. It is not sectarian, not confined to age or country.

All mankind are of one caste, and all are equally entitled to embrace the Brahmo religion. Every sinner must suffer the consequences of his own sins sooner or later, in this world or in the next; for the moral law is unchangeable, and God's justice irreversible.

It is the aim of the Brahmo religion to extinguish caste, hatred, and animosity, and bind all mankind into one fraternity, one brotherhood of souls.

It must be confessed that this is a pretty good creed, if a god is deemed necessary, and it indicates a man of broad and intelligent views capable of bringing it out.

THE ARYA SAMAJ.

This is a much later sect or system of religion. The founder, known as Dayanand Saraswati Swami, is still living and in the vigor of manhood. He makes his home, at least a part of the time, in Bombay; at all events, he is here at the present time. He is a profound scholar, a deep thinker, and an excellent orator. As nearly as I have learned, he advocates a return to the original doctrines of the Vedas, stripped of all the superstitions and errors which through the ages have been attached to it. He is a believer in nature, pure and simple, and discards all personal gods. He does not believe in supernaturalism of any kind, but accepts nature as being quite sufficient to cause every result that takes place. As a consequence he does away with many of the superstitions and excesses which have worked into the beliefs and worship of the people of the country. He is also a man of great purity of life, and has sacrificed much in consequence of his honest convictions, and has incurred much opposition from the orthodox element of the land. His career has been one of interest and evinces the trouble and unpopularity, even in this country, which a man brings upon his head who ventures to mark out a course for himself that deviates from the beaten path of custom and long received opinions.

He was born of a Brahma family of the Oudichya caste, in a town belonging to the rajah of Morwee, in the province of Kattiawan. At the age of five he began to study the Devngari characters, and his parents and the elders of his caste began to train him in the ways and beliefs which they themselves had been brought up in. He was required to commit to memory long series of hymns, mantras, stanzas, and commentaries. At the age of eight years he was invested with the sacred Brahmanical cord (triple thread) and taught the Gayatri Sandhya, with its practices and Yajur Veda Sanhita, preceded by the study of the Rudradhaya, a chapter about Rudra, one of the names of Siva. As his father belonged to the Siva sect it was the object to get him initiated into its religious mysteries, and thus he was early taught to worship the uncouth piece of clay representing Siva's emblem known as the Parthiwa lingam, in connection with which there is much fasting and various hardships. His mother thought the requirements too severe upon him, while his father insisted upon his submitting to all the severities. In the mean time he studied Sanskrit, and committed the Vedas by heart, besides accompanying his father to the shrines, temples, and places of the Siva-worship. At the age of fourteen, having completed his studies, his father required that he should pass through the painful ordeal of of practicing Parthiwa Puja, which includes fasting and watching without sleep in the worship of the lingam. But early he began to have doubts about the truthfulness of the claims of the religion which he was required to believe. Thoughts blended with doubts crowded through his young mind. He asked himself, Is it possible that this semblance of man, this idol of a personal god, that I see bestriding his bull before me, and who, according to my religious teachers, walks about, sleeps, eats, and drinks; who can hold a trident in his hand, beat upon his dumroo (drum), and pronounce curses upon men, is it possible that he can be the Mahadeva, the great deity; the same who invoked as the lord of Kailasa (a portion of the Himalaya Mountains where Siva's heaven is supposed to be), is this the supreme being and the divine hero of all the stories of him in the Puranas? In his doubts he appealed to his father for explanation as to how the lifeless stone image before him could be the great God which governed heaven and earth. The father endeavored to explain to his young mind how that the great Mohadeva being invisible, the image was designed to represent him, and that the great God was just as well pleased with the adoration and worship bestowed upon the symbol as though he was really present to receive it. But this was not satisfactory to the inquiring mind of the youth. He could not believe that an omnipotent living God would allow mice to run over his body and pollute it. He ceased to have faith in stone gods, and resolved to no longer worship them.

A loved sister of his, dying suddenly, the uncertainty of human life was forcibly impressed upon his mind, and that he might die in the best possible condition so as to enter into Muktee (the final bliss in a liberated soul, absorption into Brahma), he more than ever resolved to no longer worship idols or practice the mummeries of external mortification, penance, etc.

Not long after this his father decided that the young man should be betrothed at once, and be married as soon as he had reached the age of twenty; but his repugnance to the married state became so great that he resolved to evade it by all means in his power. When his father discovered this, the parent was only the more determined that his son should become a married man. To defer the marriage the young man proposed to go to Benares to prosecute his studies in the higher branches of learning. The father consented to this, but the mother then interposed and objected to his leaving home. A compromise was made by his employing a teacher some six miles away, to whom he went, and to whom he ultimately divulged his aversion to taking a wife, which his parents were resolved he should do. This information was very soon transmitted to his parents, and they decided that the son must be married at once. He was summoned home, and preparations were made for his nuptials; and now it was that, as a last extremity, he placed an eternal barrier between himself and matrimony. . . .

He resolved to leave his parents and home forever, and proceeded to carry out his resolution without delay. He accordingly left home secretly, and passed the first night in a village eight miles away; and rising three hours before the dawn, he walked thirty miles without stopping. He carefully avoided villages, public thoroughfares, and all who would be likely to recognize him. It was well that he did this, for he had been away but three days before he learned from a government officer that his father had sent out a large number of men to hunt for him. He hastened on, and met with a company of begging Brahmans, who kindly relieved him of what money he had, and induced him to part with his gold and silver ornaments, rings, bracelets, and other jewels, upon the plea that the more he gave in charity the greater his reward would be in the future life. He then made his way to a society of pious mendicants living in the town of Sayale, and they persuaded him to join their order, and to don their peculiar garb, of a reddish-yellow color. In this new apparel he proceeded on to a neighboring principality,

where he met a person well acquainted with his family, and to whom he was induced to impart the information that he was on his way to join in the Mella of Kartik, a religious gathering of pilgrims which often numbered hundreds of thousands. He continued on and joined a company of ascetics, and abode with them some time, but the person to whom he had imparted his purposes proved treacherous and sent word to the youth's parents as to his whereabouts; and for this cause his father was induced to come where he was, with a company of sepoys, and in the greatest wrath appeared before his son. The parent reproached his offspring for bringing eternal reproach upon his honorable family. The young man deemed it the best course to appear to yield to the violence of his father, and at once fell at his feet and begged pardon. But notwithstanding this humility, the father reached forth his hand and tore the yellow garment from his son, converted it into shreds, snatched his *tumba* (a drinking gourd) from the son's hand, reproached him with being a matricide, and placed him in the rigid charge of the sepoys, commanding them to keep close watch over him day and night.

The determination of the young man, however, was as firm as that of the father; and at 8 o'clock that night, when the sepoys had fallen asleep, he crept out and made his escape, and took shelter in the branches and foliage of a large tree which shaded a pagoda, or pagan temple. In a short time the sepoys were upon his track and pursued him even to the tree; but his hiding-place secreted him so well that they abandoned the search in that quarter and sought him elsewhere. He, however, remained quietly a whole day; and when darkness again come, he made his way to Baroda, where he had prolonged conversations with several of the Bramacharis and Sanyasis upon the Vedanta philosophy, who convinced him to his entire satisfaction that Brahma, the great deity, was no other than his own self; that he was at least a portion of Brahma; Jiva (soul) and Brahma, the deity, being one. He adopted the view that he was a part of the great deity. He again joined a society of ascetics called Diksheets, on the the basiks of the sacred Nurbada, who were initiated Yogs, or a class of men who study and exercise the occult science. He was placed under the charge of a profound tutor, and studied Vedantsar, Arya Harimide Totak, Vedant, Paribhasha, and other philosophical treatises. He retained this connection and advanced to higher degrees in the sacred science of Yoga, and became what may be called a religious magician — one who can embrace the past and future in one present, a man who has reached the most perfect state of clairvoyance and has a thorough knowledge of the occult powers of nature, though quite distinct from miracles and supernaturalism. He had the ablest of teachers, and here he progressed in his studies, and became proficient in the Sanskrit grammar. He traveled from place to place and became acquainted with those far more advanced in occult knowledge than himself, and learned more and more of the exclusive and hidden knowledge embraced in this not well-understood science.

To follow him in all his travels, his self-denials and hardships, when footsore, weary, hungry, sometimes crossing rivers in the mountains, in very cold weather and when he nearly perished with the cold, and other times attacked by wild beasts, and all this in search of the hermits and weird teachers of Yoga who dwelt in the mountains, will require more space that it is worth while to occupy; besides, the data are not all at hand, as the publication of his adventures and experience is not yet completed. Suffice to say he spared no labor or hardship in search of the men with the greatest amount of the hidden knowledge he was in search of, and ultimately prepared himself to be the great teacher and philosopher which he is to-day. There are probably few more intelligent or able men in India. His style of teaching is most effective, and he is having listeners and followers in great numbers. Those who have embraced his views number nearly one hundred thousand, and he is still working energetically and still winning thinking people to his ranks. As before stated, he is at present in Bombay, and it was he who wrote the first note of challenge to the slanderer Joseph Cook, which I gave you in a former letter. He is assuredly no believer in the claims of Christianity, and is not disposed to tamely allow the calumnies of Cook to pass unnoticed. At the time appointed he delivered, in his native tongue, a rousing reply to Cook's misrepresentations. I was not in the city at the time, but I am told his speech was one of great ability. Long may he live to spread what he conceives to be the truth, and, so far as I can understand him, what I also conceive to be the the truth. This letter is long enough, and I will stop right here, and bid you good-bye for a day or two.

D. M. B.

It is said that an edition of the New Testament was printed with Paul's advice given as "Bray without ceasing." This, at any rate, is evidently adopted as the correct version by most Christian ministers.

General History of India, in Brief.

Bombay, Jan. 26, 1882.

Dear Friends: Before entering farther into India, perhaps it will be well to take a slight glance at its general history; but be not frightened at this suggestion, for a history of this great country, extending from 8° to 35° north latitude, from 68° to 98° east longitude, containing 1,500,000 square miles, over 250,000,000 inhabitants, comprising some thirty distinct races of people, or natives, speaking as many different languages, if written in full, would require several volumes; but what I intend to say will be comprised in a few pages.

There is little doubt that India was one of the earliest peopled countries on the globe, though of its early history but little is known. It is not known at what period the Aryan race or races crossed the Indus, and settled the great plain of which this country is principally composed, nor is much known of the races of aborigines which they found here when they made their ingress. That they found uncivilized races here is very well understood, whose descendants, with more or less mixed blood, still occupy the broad lands. There can be little doubt that, in the prehistoric period of man's existence on the earth—before the wild nations had a literature, a written language, or a history—what was afterward called India was a densely peopled country. It is not to be supposed that the early races emerged at once into a state of comparative civilization. It must necessarily have taken long ages for man to have progressed from his original low estate, a slight remove above the brutes, to reach a position where he perfected a language, and began to keep a record of historical events.

It is to be regretted that the early inhabitants of India were more zealous in producing religious writings, or sacred scriptures, than in writing an accurate history of their age, and the national events which then transpired. Their Vedas are unquestionably the oldest records upon the earth, unless, indeed, the Chinese may have something which out-dates the ancient Hindoo or Aryan sacred hymns. The Chinese claim that they have records reaching back twelve millions of years, though that claim has to be taken with great allowance; but that they are also a very ancient people there is no room for doubt.

Like all ancient countries, the early history of India is so blended with mythologic fable that in our time it is hard to distinguish accurately the fable from fact—to tell that which was accomplished by men from that which was attributed to the gods and the very holy individuals which have at all times been believed in. Among the earliest traditions of the country is that ten Brahmadicks, or children of Brahma, were the first born of men. Their names were Marichi, Atri, Angrias, Pulastya, Critu, Daksha, Vasishta, Bhrigu, and Narada. From these the Menus are said to have sprung, which, according to some, numbered fourteen persons, and to but half that number, according to others. One of them, named Satyavrata, is claimed to have lived in time of a great flood, from which the Brahmadicas were saved by a huge vessel or ark. This legend is said to reach back to a period when the Chaldeans and the Jews say the flood of Noah took place, and it is quite probable that it was the original, from whence the later legends were taken.

It is held that a class of priests or holy men, called Rishis, sprang from the Brahmadicas, and these were they by whom the Vedas were written. It appears that Brahma became disappointed in his arrangements for peopling the earth, perhaps because the Richis did not increase and multiply so fast as he intended they should. He therefore gave two sons to Adima (original mother), the wife of Swayambhuva, from one of whom descended Aja, and from the other Prithu (after whom the world was called Prithibi), both being contemporaries of Satyavrata at the time of the flood. These three persons were saved from a watery grave, and when the waters had subsided, began to repeople the earth. The partiality of the Hindoos for trinities or triads is well known, and some authorities contend that the three persons were one and the same patriarch, from whom the people of India descended.

There are several legends about this long-ago flood, some of them asserting that there was a war between the crocodiles and elephants, that a churning of the ocean took place, that the moon was fished up from the bottom of the sea, and that the earth was itself lifted up on the tusk of a huge boar. These wild legends, of course, possess very little value, but probably are of about the same character as the other flood legends which other nations indulged in the pleasure of reciting. The claim that a great flood once took place, when the tops of the highest mountains were covered with water, which hid itself away from the sight of men, and which they have never since been able to find, is equally absurd and untrue wherever told.

But, the flood once over, the waters disappeared, and the earth soon began to be repeopled, and two lines of kings were established, to wit, of Satyavrata, the race of the sun, and that of Atri, the race of the moon. Some of both races must have survived the flood, if any flood really took took place. The names of the princes of these two lines are given, many in number, but there is evidently more of myth than real history blended with them. The solar line, it is said, counts fifty-seven princes from Ikspwaku to Rama; and Sagara is said to have had a hundred sons, all of whom were destroyed by flames exhaled in anger from the eyes of Kapila, the sage, but who were afterward restored to life by the advent of the Ganges, brought down from heaven by the prayers of Bhagirath. The Ramayana gives a different account, and probably equally truthful, that Rama married the daughter of Janaka, king of Mithila, also of the solar line; another branch had its headquarters at Benares; Rama, with an army, went to Ceylon and established a kingdom. In fact, the whole of India seems to have been made up of small nationalities, much as Greece was at a later period. Some authors name ten principal divisions, into which the country was divided, but they throw little light upon the early history of the country; suffice it to say there is no end to the legends and myths connected with the gods, kings, princes, and races of this land.

Among what are called the historic records of the early age is an account which says that, leaving out the traveling expedition of Osiris, king and god of Egypt, next came the invasion by Semiramis, the queen of Babylon, which is said to have been approved by Stabrobatis, who was at that time king of all India. He is claimed to be the same as Virasena, otherwise called Sthabarpati. Ctesias states that Semiramis was defeated by him, he assembling against her forces an army of four millions of men. A later expedition was conducted by Sesostris, of Egypt, who is said to have overrun the whole of India to the Ganges. A third invader was Shishak, otherwise called Bacchus, also king of Egypt, who, being very powerful at sea, advanced first to the mouth of the Indus and conquered all the country in the vicinity of that river; and then, doubling the point of the peninsula, advanced northward to the mouth of the Ganges, where he made other extensive conquests. He placed on the throne of India a king of his own choice, whose successors retained command till the invasion of India by Hercules, though the particular time when that was accomplished is by no means certain. Before the invasion of Shishak the people of India are said to have led a pastoral life, for which they were more noted than for regular agricultural pursuits or the use of arms; but all this is very foggy with the mists of antiquity.

Both previous to this time and after it the Scythians are said to have made serious incursions into the country. Wilford, in one of his essays in "Asiatic Researches," refers to an attack of this kind about 2000 B.C., when Rajah Bahu, the king, was defeated till his son Sagara came out with his *agniastram* (firearms) and repelled the barbarians. The Mogul chief, Oghuz Khan, whose era is placed at about 1800 B.C., is said to next have invaded India and occupied Cashmere, its northern province. He had three sons, Kiun, or sun; Ay, or the moon; and Juldus, or the star; and it is furthermore said that the empire of the Moguls in Tartary was shortly after this subverted by the Tartars, on which the descendants of the sun, moon, and star were obliged to disperse. But aside from all the mythical speculations it is very safe to conclude that for ages India was common fighting-ground for the fortune and booty hunters of many nations, and irruptions within her extensive borders were made again and again.

This much is certainly known, that the Tyrians carried on a very profitable trade with India by means of the Red Sea, and that later the Greeks, beginning with Alexander and ending with Antiochus, penetrated into India as far as the upper portion of the Ganges, taking possession of large tracts of country on each side of the Indus; that the dominion of the Greeks was succeeded by that of the Scythians, who also invaded Bactria, and that these in there turn were driven out by the Tartars. Next came the followers of Mohammed, under Mahmoud of Ghuzni, who about the year 1000 of our era carried into effect his father's project for the conquest of India, and after repeated expeditions established Moslem authority from west of the Ganges to Guzerat. From this event until the middle of the eighteenth century the power of these warlike invaders augmented until nearly the whole continent came under their yoke; the government of the various provinces being vested in the nawaubs, or nabobs, who exercised sovereign control, with a reservation of obedience or fealty to the supreme power of the great Mogul, who reigned in absolute despotism at Delhi. In all these conquests and despotism, however, no European power interfered. All that the nations of Europe had done up to this time with India was in commercial operations. The Egyptians and the Romans followed the Tyrians, sending their argosies down the Red Sea to the Malabar coast, and receiving in exchange for their commodities the rich stuffs, drugs, dyes, spices, gold, silver, ivory, and other valuables which were the staples of western India. The subjugation of Egypt by the Saracens threw the whole trade of the east into the hands of the latter, who made great efforts to extend it by carrying their en-

terprise beyond the extreme point of the peninsula of India to the islands of the eastern archipelago, thence to Siam, and ultimately to China. But the Saracens held no intercourse with Europe. Shutting the port of Alexandria against Christian nations, they preferred transmitting their return cargoes to Constantinople, through Asiatic Turkey and the Black Sea. The city of the sultan, consequently, soon became the great mart for East India and China produce, and this of course easily attracted the attention of Venetian and Italian traders and capitalists.

For a long time, however, the antipathy which the rival religionists, Christians and Moslems, bore each other formed a bar to commercial intercourse of any kind; but at length the cupidity of the caliphs overcame their religious hatred and a traffic commenced, which, while it gratified the anxiety of the Christian nations to possess the products and manufactures of the far East, conferred wealth on the believers in the prophet. In this state the trade with India continued until the Crusaders gave territorial possession and influence to the southern European powers, and converted the expeditions, which were originally of the "holy" character, into commercial and secular enterprises. Partly by means of conquest, and partly through negotiation, the whole of the East India trade at last passed from the Saracens into the hands of the Italians, and the port of Alexandria, until then closed by Moslem hatred, was reopened to the ships of the Mediterranean. Florence, Genoa, and Venice were the first to reap the fruits of the great monopoly; but the latter, by deputing an embassador to India to open a communication with ports until then unknown even by the name of Europeans, obtained exclusive supplies and benefits, which soon gave them an immense preponderance over their neighbors. To these great advantages were shortly to be added the diminution of the Genoese trade by the destruction of Constantinople, where they had established themselves to the entire exclusion of the Greeks. Thus, at the close of the fifteenth century, Venice supplied nearly all Europe with the products of the East, and soon raised herself, by her wealth, to an eminence that excited the jealousy and hatred of surrounding nations. Great efforts were made by several states—the Dutch, the Germans, and the Spaniards—to obtain a share in this great and lucrative commerce; but neither intrigue nor the most tempting offers made to the rulers of Egypt and Syria could shake the standing of the Venetian power. Events at length, however, occurred, perfectly independent of commercial rivalry, which struck at the root of the great monopoly, and diverted nearly the entire oriental commerce into new channels. Christopher Columbus had discovered the western continent, and the Portuguese had found a way to India round the Cape of Good Hope. The credit has been almost universally accorded to the Portuguese for the discovery of this passage to the East, while the truth is, according to Herodotus, that Necho II., one of the Pharaohs of Egypt, had more than two thousand years earlier made the same discovery; he caused a fleet to be fitted out, which, steering down the Red Sea, passed into the Southern Ocean, and, rounding the cape, came up the west coast of Africa, returning to Egypt through the straits of Gibraltar. Pliny also later states that Hanno, of Carthage, made a similar expedition, and wrote all the details of his voyage. It is accepted as a fact with both of these expeditions, because both brought back the report that the sun was rising on their right hand when they faced the north and as they sailed along the African continent. This could not have been the case had they not doubled the cape.

In 1497 the king of Portugal deputed Vasco de Gama to India to ascertain where the riches of Venice were derived, and to endeavor to open a trade with the same people by the route available to Portuguese ships. The mission was successful; the key to the vast wealth of India was obtained, and the then enterprising Portuguese lost no time in taking advantage of the discovery they had made. Fleet after fleet was fitted out. Every port in India was visited; possession of many places was taken by force, particularly on the Malabar coast, the islands lying between Madagascar and the Moluccas, and the island of Ormus in the Persian Gulf. A papal grant was obtained confirming the prior discovery of the Portuguese, and thereby checking for a time the rivalry of other Catholic nations. Prodigious efforts were made by the Venetians, supported by the Mameluke government of Egypt, and subsequently by the sultan of Constantinople, to counteract the advantages enjoyed by the Portuguese, but the efforts were of no effect. While on the one hand the Portuguese defended with great skill and bravery their acquisitions in the East, including the Gulf of Persia, from their enemies in the Red Sea, and the coasts, they on the other continued to pour into Europe the products of the oriental world in quantities and at a price against which the Venetians could not possibly contend, and from that time the commerce of Venice became almost as nothing. For more than a century this trade remained in the hands of the Portuguese. But ultimately the highroad which they had discovered to the great Eastern storehouse of wealth became equally open to other European nations, and the Portuguese in turn had to give place to the enterprise of superior nations. From this cause the maritime power of Holland greatly increased, and as her domestic cares diminished, her people found excellent reasons for turning their attention to the great productive East. The example of Holland did not long wait for a follower in England, who ever shows herself ready to enlist where a legitimate profit is to be made, and under the reign of Queen Elizabeth she took a recess from foreign quarrels and religious discords long enough to step in and share with Portugal and Holland in the profitable trade with India. From the hour of the arrival of these Protestant powers the Portuguese date the downfall of their influence in the East. Through the combined influence of religious hatred and the conscious possession of superior physical force, the English and Dutch were guilty of measures of oppression wherever they obtained a foothold, and in this way they raised up enemies among the natives of the same character, and from the same cause, as had existed toward the Portuguese. Contests soon arose between the competing contestants, and as a matter of course came the expulsion of the weaker; the Portuguese were compelled to abandon all their lucrative advantages in Asia, and the English from that time have been the proud victors.

In 1602 the English obtained a charter from their own sovereign permitting them to trade to the East Indies, and securing to them a monopoly of the advantages of such commerce, and they soon began to establish factories at different points on the coasts of India, under the protection and with the consent of the different potentates then ruling over these shores. On the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, as well as on the Hoogly River, they planted their feet, first as humble traders, and thus as the years have passed away they have become the heavy-handed lords of the entire country. Bombay had been acquired by the Portuguese, but was early ceded to the English, as a part of the dowry of the Infanta, who became the consul of Charles II., and very soon afterward the chartered merchants commenced a trade also with China, the tea of which country was fast acquiring a degree of popularity with the English people. The success of one company or one set of English merchants naturally suggested the formation of the second, and the British government, in its urgent need of money, likewise conferred a charter upon the new aspirant; but this course easily led to disputes and complications between the competitors for trade, and eventually to a union of the two companies in 1702 under the name of the East India Company.

The advantages derived by England and Holland in their oriental commerce naturally aroused the jealousy of France, and that government also formed an East India Company, and ships were sent out with permission to establish agencies in Pondicheny and Chandermagore. These three nations, with the Danes and the Spaniards who had also obtained small possessions, now constituted the European trading community in India, and through their enterprise and rivalry the whole of the Western world was supplied with everything which the rich soil of India and the ingenuity and industry of her inhabitants could produce. Some little molestation to their trade was occasionally caused by the somewhat barbarous and covetous of the rajahs and princes in whose domains they were operating, and to counteract these slight difficulties small bodies of soldiers were allowed by the home government to be stationed at these trading points to protect the factories in their commercial enterprises. But it was not till the year 1745 that the corner-stone was laid of these occurrences, which ultimately converted these humble traders by degrees into the almost unscrupulous and oppressive masters of the entire country.

In the year 1746 the Nabob of Arest having died, the succession of his son to the musnud was disputed by a cousin named Mirzafa Jung. This pretender, aware of his own want of strength, applied to the Dupleix, who commanded the French troops in India, for aid, which was promptly accorded, under the obvious hope and expectation of reaping certain advantages from the connection should the enterprise prove successful. The legitimate heir to the musnud, and the Nabob of the Carnatic, Anaverdy Khan, on the other hand, sought the support of Major Laurence, who was in command of the British soldiery at that locality, and that officer was nothing loth to interfere in favor of the legitimate claimant. Hence arose a collision, which, with but occasional intervals of peace, continued for a century afterward, until native power after native power has succumbed to British power and cunning, and what was thus gained by finesse and intrigue has been maintained by treaty and the strong arm of the British government. Every victory which was obtained from the French and Mohammedan sovereigns of course redounded to the benefit and wealth of the English, and inevitably brought an extension of British possessions and the strengthening of British power. The home government, to aid the merchants in their contests, sent out reinforcements of troops and ships. The French authorities in a similar manner recruited their eastern forces, and it was not till ten years had passed away that the French sustained a final defeat. This took place at Plassy in Bengal. Dupleix, the French commander, had acquired immense power through his espousal of Mirzafa Jung, and he now aimed at the establishment of his dominion over the entire country. But Clive, a young British captain who had succeeded Laurence in the command of the English forces, and took Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, defended it afterward against an immense force, and established for himself a high military reputation, which he subsequently increased by a series of brilliant and successful operations. Large tracts of country in the south were ceded to the English. Clive was made governor of Fort St. Davids. But events called him to Calcutta. A frightful massacre of Englishmen, merchants, and factors had taken place in that town. Surajah Dowlah, the viceroy of Bengal, who hated the English, for which he doubtless had sufficient cause, and who probably coveted the wealth their industry and enterprise had accumulated, sought a quarrel with them, and, laying seige to their forts and factories, seized upon them and shut them up in a small apartment where one hundred and twenty-three out of one hundred and forty-six were suffocated. Such cruelty called aloud for vengeance. Clive headed a force against the Nabob; it was small but compact and disciplined, and pursuing the Nabob, gave him battle and defeated his army of 40,000 men on the plains of Plassy. From that date—1757—the establishment of the British empire in India really began.

But now permanent enemies had arisen while Clive and his successors labored in Bengal. The great chieftain, who divided the sovereignty of the Deccan, the Carnatic, in short, the whole peninsula of India not occupied by the British, beheld with dismay the growth of the new European power, and formed alliances for its destruction. Hyder Ali, a political adventurer and soldier of fortune, undertook the lead in this movement, and proved a formidable antagonist. He wrested from the English several of their possessions, wasted much of their territory by fire and sword, threatened Madras, and compelling a large British force to lay down its arms, massacred nearly every man. For thirteen years were the whole resources of the British applied to resist this warrior, who, aided by the French, between whom and the British a war had arisen in Europe, vigorously prosecuted his operations, now gaining certain advantages, and at other times suffering severe defeats.

Hyder Ali died in 1782, but his son, Tippoo Saib, continued to wage war with the British, who also found abundant employment in a contest which had arisen with the Mahrattas, another tribe of India, on whom, for certain considerations, it was deemed expedient to attempt to force a rajah whom they had expelled. It is hardly worth while to follow the course of history through the multitudinous wars which were dovetailed into each other from the time Lord Cornwallis, after his surrender to Washington at Yorktown, deprived, in 1792, Tippoo Saib of half his territory. Scarcely was the sword sheathed in one quarter before it was drawn from the scabbard to chastise a new enemy in another direction. Sir John Shore, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis as governor-general of India, was engaged in a war with the Rahillas. The Marquis Wellesley, in 1798, found Tippoo Saib actually employed in new intrigues against the British, while the confederated Mahratta chiefs directed their hostility to the British power in western and northern India. Aided by his brother, the Duke of Wellington, and General Lord Lake, the marquis applied his energies and the resources of his command to the destruction of these formidable opponents, and although their operations were guided and directed by able officers, engineers, and artillerists, he entirely destroyed the power of Tippoo, annexed his dominions to those of the East-India company, broke the Mahratta confederacy, and added 33,000 square miles to the British possessions. In accomplishing this work the British used great finesse, and took advantage of the spirit of antagonism which existed between the Indian races. By humoring this antagonism, increasing it when they could, setting one party against another, they succeeded in accomplishing much that they effected. And herein lies the great weakness of India; the country is made up of tribes of natives in contention with each other, and by working with one party apparently to injure another, the English have effected what they have, and herein is their great hope for the future. Were the people of India a homogeneous, united people, the English could not have subdued them in the way they did, nor could they hold them in subjection to-day in the manner they do.

The Marquis Wellesley was succeeded in his government by Sir George Barlow and Lord Minto, whose rule was more distinguished by domestic dissensions, intrigues, and the settlement of the provinces acquired, than by campaigns against external foes. The Marquis of Hastings assumed the reins of government in 1813, and during his administration deemed it necessary to take the field against the Pindarries, the kingdom of Nepaul, and a host of Mahratta chieftains, whose restless spirit, or perhaps whose love of country and liberty, induced them to

violate the engagements they had been caused to enter into, and endeavor to reëstablish themselves in independent authority. After a long campaign, the Pindarries were exterminated, an advantageous peace was made with the Nepaulese, and many states hitherto independent were compelled to become tributary to the company. The effect of the policy of the Marquis of Hastings, though capable of great cruelty, was to spread peace and submission throughout India, and the attention of the home government was now turned to the means of consolidating the vast empire which had been won by the sword and by finesse. The army which had proved strong enough for conquest in detail, was not of sufficient extent to preserve the territory intact and suppress fresh attempts at insurrection. It was, therefore, largely augmented in 1824, and as the close of the war which had devastated Europe for a quarter of a century now placed many experienced soldiers at the command of the British government for employment in the colonies and elsewhere, advantage was taken of the circumstances to send troops to India under the command of some of those generals who had most distinguished themselves in the field against Napoleon and his generals. The results of this policy was soon manifest in the conversion of a partially irregular but brave and devoted force into a large, well-disciplined, and well-organized army, capable of holding comparison with the most effective troops on the continent of Europe.

Scarcely, however, had the country rested from the turbulence of war, and the troops been dispersed over the empire to occupy ports which best protected the people in their peaceful pursuits, and held in check the aggressive spirit of neighbors, when the trumpet again sounded the alarm. In 1820 an expedition was dispatched to the Persian Gulf, under Sir W. Keir Grant, to put down the pirates which infested its shores. In 1821 another force, under Sir Lionel Smith, proceeded thither to avenge the treachery under which a garrison belonging to the first had been put to the sword. In 1824 the Burmese had done that which made it seem expedient for the government of Lord Amherst to dispatch an armament against them, to punish the invasion of British territory, which produced a contest which continued for two years, terminating in the surrender by the Burmese of fifty thousand square miles of territory to the English, with the agreement to pay the sum of one hundred thousand rupees to meet the expenses of the campaign.

In 1826 Lord Combermere, then commander-in-chief in India, reduced the fortress of Bhurtpore, and took prisoner its principal officer, charged with "intrigue," it being feared his talents and machinations would unsettle the peace of the whole of Upper India. From this time and during the twelve subsequent years the operations of the military were confined to the somewhat petty warfare in the county of Coles, Bengal, in the rajahship of Coorg in Rajpootana, and the unsettled districts in the south of India; but in 1838 events took place which gave employment to nearly every soldier in the British service, and led to a campaign, the disasters of which exceeded anything previously experienced in the country. The designs of Russia upon the British possessions in India had for a long time been a subject of discussion and suspicion. Excepting, however, in the instances of her advances upon the Persian frontier, nothing had occurred to awaken particular alarm, or to render any measures beyond those of the commonest precautions at all necessary. But in 1837 it became apparent that the emissaries of Russia were at work in Afganistan to foment and keep alive disputes between the ameer ruling in Cabul and the government of the Punjaub, with which the English were on terms of amity, and there was good reason for the English to suppose that if they did not interfere to check the progress of the quarrel, the Afghans would approach near enough to India to precipitate a dangerous collision between the British and the power supposed to be instigating the aggression. Overtures of friendship were consequently made to the ameer of Cabul, Dort Mahomed; but failing of effect, it was resolved by the English to send an army to dethrone the ameer, and to place on the musnud in his place an exiled sovereign, Shah Soojah, who was well understood to be more favorable to English interests, and in his kingdom it was believed that the British would be permitted to retain a force that would at once protect Shah Soojah in his seat, oppose a barrier to Russian advances from the north, and promote English interests generally. Accordingly an army of 15,000 men, under Sir John Keane, was dispatched during the government of Lord Auckland, to place Shah Soojah upon the throne, and to enter into alliance or friendly arrangements with the people occupying the large tract of country lying between India and Afghanistan. Sir John Keane "went, saw, and conquered," and returned to England to enjoy, in a peerage and a pension, the reward of his easy victory.

Shah Soojah retained his throne for three years, with the continued help of British bayonets, but at the end of that time, the chieftians, whose power had terminated with his restoration, combined to dethrone him and expel his allies; a measure which they were enabled to effect, partly through a division of counsels in the British camp, and partly through the extreme severity of the season. The British troops were driven to capitulate, and while marching out of Afghanistan, in the depth of winter, destitute of supplies and ammunition, were assailed in the mountains, and massacred almost to a man. This sad blow to the British arms was avenged a year afterward by a fresh body of troops under Generals Pollock and Nott, acting under direction of Lord Ellenborough, who had now become governor-general of India; but the original purposes of the first expedition having been frustrated, and further intervention in the affairs of Afghanistan offering no visible compensation, either present or prospective, for the great expense of occupation, the country was seriously desolated and abandoned.

While the events named were taking place in the northwest of India, occupation was found for a considerable portion of the British army in China. The Chinese government had insulted a British envoy, imprisoned British subjects, and sequestrated and destroyed British property. To chastise affronts like these, to obtain indemnification for the pecuniary injury, security against further wrongs of the kind, to secure safety for future commercial dealings, and possibly to obtain some more oriental territory, expeditions were fitted out, and after a contest of two or three years' duration, a peace was obtained—though not a piece—which, perhaps, was as honorable to the arms of Great Britain as it has proved fruitful of advantage to her trade.

Many at this time hoped that strife and bloodshed had reached a termination, and in confidence of this belief, the governor-general proclaimed perpetual peace in Asia, declaring his purpose of abstaining from all intervention in foreign affairs. Hardly, however, had the pacific declaration been published in every corner of the empire, when it was deemed necessary to punish the Scindians for alleged treacherous conspiracies against a part of the force retiring from Southern Afghanistan, and for certain overt acts of hostility subsequent to the British evacuation of that country. The ameer of Scinde refused the satisfaction demanded from them, took arms, and attacked the British residency at Hydrabad while negotiations were yet on foot, gave battle to the small army under Sir Charles Napier, which had been employed to sustain the demand for reparation, were defeated, and their territory, of course, became a part of the British empire. Subsequently, toward the close of the year 1843, the British government found it necessary to interfere with the state of Gwalior, to enforce the fulfilment of that portion of the treaty which regulated the succession to the musnud. This intervention was a very convenient mode of commencing a conflict which must end in adding more territory to the vast expanse which had already been acquired.

The death of the Maharajah, and the serious disruption which resulted therefrom, rendered the state a scene of hostilities, and caused a complete change in the government. The Baee, the widow of the late prince, herself a girl of thirteen, belonging to a family of historical distinction in Mahratta annals, had adopted a boy of eight as her son. An application was made, as usual, to the British government, as standing in the position of the mogul emperors, and enjoying the paramount authority in India, for the confirmation of this choice. Lord Ellenborough gave his sanction both to the adoption and to the appointment of the Mama Saib as vizier. Soon after, the Dada Khasgee obtained the confidence of the young Baee, by a seraglio intrigue, and ignominously expelled the minister of the British approval, and placed the country in a hostile attitude toward the English. Remonstrances were offered, but to no purpose. The British government was set at open defiance, in the face of the other tribes and countries of India, and they conceived that they had but two alternatives before them—that of vindicating their authority, regardless of whatever opposition the durbar might be able to bring against them, or of relinquishing the paramount influence and power which they had gained in the country. It requires not a moment of study to understand that the English decided upon the former course. An army of exercise was assembled on the Gwalior frontier, "to give weight to the representations of their minister;" but his efforts to restore pacific relations, however sincerely made, proved without effect. The Gwalior army of 20,000 disciplined troops, with 200 pieces of ordnance, animated with the remembrance of former triumphs, had meanwhile become unmanageable by the durbar. The English neighboring province of Bundlekund had been for nearly two years in an unsettled state, and the anarchy at Gwalior, of course, tended to keep alive the spirit of insurrection. It was nearly impossible for the British government, responsible as it was for the security of its own subjects, and the peace of India, to remain quiescent, with a hostile durbar and a mutinous army within one hundred miles of their northern capital. As the season for military operations approached, the remonstrances of the governor-general became more urgent, but the only effect they produced was to restore harmony between the Gwalior court and army. The governor-general proceeded to Agra, and ministers were sent from Gwalior to meet him; but there was so evident a manifestation of the usual Mahratta perfidy in all their negotiations—or, at least, this was claimed by the English—that the British army was ordered to take the field, and march toward the capital.

As the army advanced, the Mahratta negotiators were instructed to assure Lord Ellenborough of the entire submission of the Baee and her couselors, and his lordship was induced to halt three days, in daily expectation of her coming into camp, together with the young prince. But far different were the designs of the court. The time thus gained was devoted to the most active preparations for resistance. The young Baee appeared like an Amazon, superintending the dispatch of troops, punishing the lukewarm, and animating her followers by every consideration of honor and profit to resist to the death. The governor-general's eyes were at length opened by shots fired on Col. Sleeman, who had called at Gwalior on his way from Bundlekund to the camp; and the British troops advanced to the city. They soon afterward came unexpectedly upon the batteries which had been erected during the night at Maharajpore, unknown to them, and a bloody engagement ensued. It was perhaps the first time in which the British troops were nearly matched in number by those of the natives, and this was one of the best-contested battles that the natives have ever fought with the English. The bodies of the natives lay in heaps around their guns, and nothing but British valor carried the day. Another battle was about the same time fought at Punniar. The British were victorious at both places. The kingdom of Gwalior was prostrate at their feet; but they contented themselves with a new treaty (for the appropriation of territory was at that moment an unpopular subject with the home government), providing that previous treaties be enforced, save as far as they may interfere with this new one, that the durbar obligates himself to appropriate the revenues of sixteen districts, to the extent of 1,300,700 rupees for the support of the British subsidary force, and if there should be a deficiency in the amount, he to make it up; that the civil administration of those districts should be conducted by British officers; that the army of the durbar should be reduced to nine thousand men, thirty-two guns, and two hundred gunners, the other troops being immediately disbanded; that the Maharajah's minority should cease at the age of eighteen years, and that the persons entrusted with the management of the goverment during his non-age should act by the advice of the British resident on all matters whereon advice should be offered, and that no change should be made in cabinet council without the consent of the British resident. Other stipulations were also made in the treaty, but these are the most important; and it will be seen they largely favor the interests of the English.

In the year 1845 Runjeet Sing, the founder of the Seikh empire in the Punjaub, having died, and his immediate successors having met with violent deaths, the military force of the Punjaub became greatly disorganized. There pay being much in arrears, and their chief incapable of controlling them—the sovereign, an infant, and the queen mother regent, an unscrupulous and intriguing woman—the Seikhs now clamored to be led across the river Sutledge that they might have an opportunity of plundering the British possessions. Every effort was made to restrain so mad, audacious, and unjustifiable a step, but without avail. They assembled in great force and invaded the Cis-Sutledge provinces. Sir H. Hardinge, the then governor-general, advanced with a small force, commanded by Sir Hugh Gough, to repel the incursion. Three severe battles were fought, in each of which the Seikhs were defeated; but it was impossible to drive them across the Sutledge without a reinforcement of troops. These were sent for. Previous to their arrival, the Seikhs had strongly intrenched themselves on the left bank of the Sutledge, near the village of Sobraon. Reinforced, the British attacked and penetrated the line, drove the Seikhs into and over the river, and pursued them to Lahore, where they submitted. A government was thus established at Lahore under British surveillance, but the helplessness of the king, a minor, left the country at the mercy of the sirdars or chiefs, one of whom caused the murder of British officers at Mooltan, while others revived hostilities and assumed a menacing posture. New operations now became necessary. Lord Hough (he having advanced to that honor) moved forward with a considerable army against the Seikhs, defeated them signally at Goozerat, dispersed and disarmed them, and the Punjaub was by the new governor-general, the Earl of Dalhouise, at once annexed to the British possessions.

Thus was the vast extent of India placed permanently under British power. In 1852 the Burmese governors of Rangoon were charged with oppressing British subjects. Satisfaction was sought for, but not accorded. An army and a fleet were therefore equipped for Burmah, and after a prolonged cam-

(*Continued on page* 314.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing nearly seven hundred square inches more of reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

A Little Logic and a Forgery.

This paragraph is going the rounds of the religious press:

"A secular paper, commenting on Mr. Miln's denial of the existence of a personal God, asks the following pertinent questions: Does the man Miln believe in himself as an organized personality? If so, could he, an effect, come from anything less than an organized personality as a cause? If there is no personal God, can there be a personal man? Can an effect be greater than its cause? There are others besides Mr. Miln who might consider these questions with profit."

Those who pretend to reason logically should be prepared to go where logic leads them when carried out. But the Christians make a loud show of appealing to logic, and go back on the chain of cause and effect as far as "God," and then stop. They are like the Hindoo who says the world rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant on the back of a tortoise. When asked what the tortoise rests on, he wraps himself up in his dignity and remains silent.

If an organized personality, as a man, must hav as a cause a preceding organized personality, then it must follow that *that* organized personality must hav had a like preceding cause, and so on *ad infinitum*. This necessitates a cause for God. A syllogism is the simplest form in which to put it, and it may be stated thus, taking the Christian statement for the major premis:

1. There can be no personality without a preceding cause.

2. God is a person. [Also a Christian statement.]

3. Therefore he must have had a preceding cause. [The inevitable logical deduction.]

There is no escaping this. If no effect can be greater than its cause, then the cause of God must be at least equal with him. What was that cause? and where is it now? And what was the cause of that cause? Where shall we find the first cause? It could not be God, for he, being organized personality, must hav had a cause, and that cause must hav been an organized personality (on the Christian statement that one organized personality *must* come from a preceding one). And so we go on with an endless succession of organized personalities or gods. The chain would never end, as the chain of cause and effect never will. It could not hav had a beginning, and it cannot hav an end.

How much easier then, and how true, is the scientific statement that the universe always existed! Every effect must hav a cause, and every cause produces its effect. There is no end either way. "God" cannot be plumped down in the middle of the chain and set at work both ways. The chain cannot be wrenched apart and a link put in longer than the whole. If he is a cause, he must likewise be an effect. There is no room for two infinits. Logic is the last thing for Christianity to appeal to, for it inevitably destroys the whole fabric. The leaders recognize this fact and confine themselvs to dogmatic assertions, which they endeavor to bolster up with false statements and forged documents like this, which is also going through the more ignorant religious papers:

"There livs at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is a tall man, and well shaped; of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably touching upon his shoulders, parting on the crown of the head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarites; his forehead high, large, and imposing; his cheeks, without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisit symmetry; his beard thick and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; look, innocent, dignified, manly, and mature; in proportion of body, most perfect and captivating; his hands and arms most delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest, and wise, a man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine affections, surpassing the children of men in every sense" (Description of Jesus by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar).

This is a very clumsy forgery, commonly attributed to Jerome Xavier, who lived and lied about the year 1600. No Christian of any note is willing to risk his reputation by quoting this. Publius Lentulus is only supposed to hav preceded Pilate; it is not known either way, but the probabilities are against him. The only Publius Lentulus of any note was he who headed a rebellion in the Roman empire, 63 B.C. At this time he was a man of years, and unless he lived to be one hundred and fifty years old, or such a matter, he could not hav preceded Pontius Pilate. This letter is not considered of any account by anybody, and is only quoted by those entirely ignorant of the evidences for Christ. There is absolutely no evidence of the existence of Christ in "profane" history. The passage alluding to him in Josephus is acknowledged to be spurious, and Philo and Justus of Tiberias never mention him. All the early and later Christian forgeries hav been exposed, and the gospel stands alone in its record of impossibilities. This particular story is a very thin attempt by an ignorant priest, and the friend who sent it to us can tell his Christian friend who gave it to him that it is a fraud all the way through. Publius Lentulus never wrote it, even if he ever lived.

When and Where?

PRAIRIE CITY, OR., April 25, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* If you will please state in THE TRUTH SEEKER the time and place that the manuscript was put together that constitutes the old Bible, you will confer a favor on a constant reader of your noble paper.

E. L. SANDFORD.

Our correspondent has asked us a question which we cannot answer, and which no one else can, for the very simple reason that no one knows. The testimony in regard to the books of the Bible is more negativ than positiv. It is certain that the majority of them were not written by the authors assigned by the Christian authorities, but privately acknowledged by them to be false. They are mostly compilations from preëxisting manuscripts, and no one knows how, when, or by whom they were written, and no one knows by whom they were compiled into the now existing Old Testament. Out of the thirty-nine books twenty-six are admitted to be by authors other than those given, and of the remaining thirteen very little is known. To Ezra (who is supposed to hav lived about 450 B.C.) the credit is usually given of putting them into shape with the help of Nehemiah, who is also supposed to hav lived in the same century. When the canon was finally closed is not known. It was not considered inspired by its writers, and the belief in inspiration did not become general till the first century before Christ. It was changed at the whim of the compiler. The last Jewish council to act on the canon was at Jamnia, in Palestine, which town was the seat of the Sanhedrim from 70 to 135 B.C.

The New Testament is as much, if not more, mixed than the Old. The four gospels were not written by the evangelists, and only a few of the books of the New Testament have any pretense to authenticity. It would occupy too much space to giv all the history of the Bible, and our friend is referred to Bronson Keeler's "Short History of the Bible," which is devoted to an examination of this question.

Before dropping the subject, however, it might be appropriate to remark that every copy of the Bible published by the American Bible Society bears a lie upon its title page, *i.e.*, "translated out of the original Greek." How a book can be translated out of a language in which it does not exist, nor ever did, the society does not explain; but it will not deny the fact that there is no "original Greek" version of the Jewish scriptures, which are about as likely to hav first existed in Greek as the Morey letter is to hav been originally written in Chinese. If Mr. Sanford happens to hav ever contributed anything toward the maintenance of this society, it looks to us as though he might recover damages from it upon the ground that it has obtained money under false pretenses.

"When Rogues Fall Out," etc.

The following, from the *Methodist*, is very good so far as it goes, but the whole truth is not told. There are many institutions in this city as bad as this, and they are by no means all Catholic:

"Some revelations recently made respecting the Roman Catholic Protectory, just beyond our city limits, in Westchester county, bring to light about the biggest specimen of ecclesiastical greed on the one hand, and of political subserviency and corruption on the other, that we hav lately fallen upon. There are in this institution, at this time, about two thousand children (formerly, there were fewer), sent there chiefly by the criminal courts of the city; and, though it is legally and practically a church institution, owned and governed in all things by its own officers, who are exclusivly and intensely Romanists, and in its whole system of instruction and management it is altogether a Roman Catholic school, it is still fed by the public funds to the tune of nearly a quarter of a million a year. For the years 1869 to 1881 (both inclusiv) its receipts from the public treasury rounded up $2,639,296—a little over $200,000 per year, and very considerably more than five dollars per week for each inmate during all those years. It professes to copy the example of the House of Refuge in preparing these children for activ life, afid then for places in the families of those who may wish their services; but quite lately a number of families in the neighborhood applied for children and were refused—simply because the applicants were not Romanists. This is what the Roman Catholic authorities hav the effrontery to ask and do; this is what our politicians of *both* parties help them to do; this is the way that Protestants allow themselvs to be taxed for the support of Roman Catholic breeding establishments. Was there ever such fatuity elsewhere?"

It remains for the *Methodist* to come out squarely now, and tell how many thousands of dollars *its* church has plundered from the public treasury in the way of aids to ostensible charities, and how much the government has been deprived of by exempting *its* churches from the visit of the tax gatherer. It has millions of dollars' worth of property all over the country which does not pay a cent toward its own protection. Up in New Hampshire last year the legislature passed a law that the churches should pay taxes on all property valued over ten thousand dollars. Did the disciples of Wesley walk up to the collector's office and settle? Hardly. The bald-headed old deacons took their hats in their hands and went to the boards of aldermen of the cities, and the selectmen of the towns, and humbly begged off—wanted the assessment set aside, as they were "God's houses." In the little city of Keene, where we used to liv, the Methodists begged and borrowed money enough to partially build a $35,000 church, and put a mortgage on it to complete it. When this law was passed last year, did the trustees call at the assessors' office and pay taxes on $25,000? Not much. The old deacons went to the board of aldermen and said they owed something yet on the church, and didn't feel able to pay. Many of the members of this church are known tous personally, and we know they hav money enough among them to afford to be honest, but it never occurred to them to be so.

At the rate of taxation in New Hampshire this church should pay $62.50 into the treasury of the town every year, but it does not pay a cent, and will not if it can help it. And this is only one church among the thousands all over the country. Figured up in cold cash, it will aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars the Methodist church robs the people of by pious beggary and political truculency. The other churches are just as bad. They all go around with their hats in their hands and beg from rich and poor, from state and people, with a brazenness that can only proceed from an utter lack of shame and honest principle. Before the *Methodist* spends any more strength on the beam in its Catholic sister's eye, it should endeavor to remove the mote from its own. Honest consistency is a priceless jewel.

How Long Did the Jews Stay in Egypt?

LUDLOW, VT., April 28, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Can you tell me where in the Bible I can find authority for the statement that the Jews remained in Egypt 215 years? There is a claim that it was 430. Yours truly, H. P. GIBSON.

When Christians see what a dilemma the setting of 215 years for the Jews' sojourn in Egypt leads them into, they grasp at a straw to help them out. This straw is found in Exodus xii, 40, which says: "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years." But this does not help the case. The verse does not say that all their sojourning was done in Egypt, while the other copies of the Bible—the Vatican copy, the Alexandrian version, and the Samaritan—say the sojourning was done in Egypt *and* the land of Canaan. St. Paul says that the time, from the making of the promis to Abraham to the giving of the law, was four hundred and thirty years. From the making of the promis to the going down into Egypt of the seventy souls, was two hundred and fifteen years, according to the generations given. Subtracting this two hundred and fifteen years from four hundred and thirty years, leaves two hundred and fifteen years as the period the Jews stayed in Egypt. This is also in accordance with the dates assigned in the marginal notes by the Bible compilers. God told Jacob to go down into Egypt, and said he would go with him. The account of this is given in Genesis xlvi, and the date assigned is 1706 B.C. After they got there the Egyptians oppressed them sorely, but the Jews stood it till Moses was born, and then he headed a rebellion. God told them, through Moses, to *borrow* all the Egyptians' jewelry—a command they obeyed with wonderful alacrity, and a scrupulous fidelity to details, adding, on their own hook, the old clothes of the Egyptians—and then get out of Egypt between two days. This the Jews did. The date of this confiscation and flight is assigned to 1491 B.C. Therefore, the time they sojourned in Egypt can be stated with exactness, or else the Bible lies:

Time Jacob went into Egypt	1706 B.C.
Time Moses and crowd left Egypt . . .	1491 "
Number of years they stayed in Egypt .	215

Josephus, the Jewish historian, givs this period, and he is sustained at the present day by the best biblical scholars. Of course, all these dates are taken from the Bible itself, and are true if it is true, and false if it is false. If the Jews went into Egypt at all, they "sojourned" this length of time. The authorship of the Pentateuch is unknown, and at best is a very imperfect history. The account of creation is now positivly known to be false, and if Genesis is false the rest of it probably is. The kindest thing we can say of it is that it is legendary; that on the top of a very little truth the writers piled an immense amount of falsehood. They may hav told these tales, and heard them told, so often they finally believed them; but that is no reason why the world, with its added knowledge, should now do so.

Round the World.

The following is the list of subscribers whose names will appear in the second volume, which is rapidly nearing completion. If any who hav sent the "V" notice any error in it they will do us a favor by informing us at once. We shall see the list grow with feelings of pleasure, as every one who subscribes helps Mr. Bennett and benefits himself:

Anderson, R. J.	Ashman, James	Axtell, J. M.
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Davies, J.	Doss, A. M.	
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Gardner, A. L.	Glosser, H.	Green, W. F.
Haigh, Wm. Henry	Hess, Joseph	Hope, Peter
Hale, Wm.	Hilt, Dana	Hopping, S. J'
Haley, J. H.	Hoffner, Ed.	House, Dr. M. W.
Handley, J. A.	Holman, A. D.	Hubbard, R.
Hawes, C. L.	Holt, J. O.	Hutchison, Luna H.
Heighton, Marius	Hoover, Silas	
Jewell, Peter W.	Jones, L. M. & J. L.	Jordan, John
Karch, Henry B.	Kenyon, Daniel C.	Kimball, Murray
Keir, A. Sr.	Kessler John G.	King, Geo. W.
Kenck, Chris.		
Ladd, Sherman W.	Leach, Henry	Lloyd, G. A.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood L. C.	Loomi, N. J.
Lawrence, Chas. B.		
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Martin, Mrs. S. M.	Mead, Charles	Miller, Anton
Maxfield, John	Metcalf John	Morledge Wm. H.
McCrone, C. Wesley		
Newkirk, Reuben	Noble, Wm. J.	
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Power, Mark		
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Scott, Ira	Smith, J. T.	Stratton, David
Seaver, Robert	Snyder, C. K.	Stuart, Granville
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Truesdell, W. H.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Walkinshaw, Wm.	West, John	Wilson, H. J.
Wallace, O. M.	Wheeler. Geo.	Wood, Enos
Wallace, W. W.	White, Otis	Wood, J. W.
Wardwell, B. F.	Williams, H S.	Wright, S. G., M.D.
Watson, H. R.	Willis, H.	
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

We shall take great pleasure in adding new names to the above list.

We hav in press (ready for mailing in about a week) the "Chronicles of the Pilgrims in the Land of Yahweh." Our readers all know its merits. It is a considerable improvement on the Bible chronicles, inasmuch as it contains sound sense, and a truthful description of Palestine. We hav extracted it from the second volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and printed it in this form to accommodate the many who hav expressed a desire for it to loan to friends without breaking the set of travels. It is some 460 pages, bound in cloth, and sells for one dollar, postpaid.

Mr. Follet sends for two more charters for Leagues in Illinois; one at Braidwood (Ferris Burr, secretary), and one at Dana (James McHenry, secretary). The friends at Vineland, N. J., hav also organized and applied for a charter (Mrs. M. E. Tillotson, secretary). This is the way the League dies, Mr. Underwood.

J. H. Burnham is speaking before the Liberal League of Pittsburgh, Pa., during May. His address is care G. W. D. Carpenter, Neville ave., Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Our friend Jamieson is going to start a local paper at Pepin, Wis. It will be devoted to building up the great Northwest, and tearing down Christianity.

A Note from Mr. Green.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Allow me to say to the Liberals of the state of New York, and especially to those of the western part of the state, that I shall be home June 1st and thereafter up to August 23d, when the Freethinkers' Convention will be held. I desire to devote my time to lecturing and organizing Leagues in that state, and I hereby request all who desire my services to at once address me at Salamanca, N. Y. H. L. Green.

The Newark Blasphemy Case.

It is reported that on April 14th W. H. Rosentrauch, of Newark, N. J., was arrested for blasphemy at the instigation of a person who is a German Catholic. The accused gave $250 bail. Blasphemy is a crime in New Jersey, punishable by fine or one year's imprisonment. But it appears that the blasphemy charged is alleged to hav been committed against the Virgin Mary, which makes the case really interesting. I presume that the New Jersey law in referenbe to blasphemy was framed with very little, if any, reference to the holy madam, nay, indeed, perhaps the first legislators of that state would hav considered it as good or as bad as blasphemy even to assert that disrespectful mention of the Virgin constituted blasphemy. To render the Virgin a blasphemable person the law must regard her as a goddess—a deity, in fact. Well, that is what she really is, but is she that in New Jersey law? That is the question. From a Roman Catholic point of view, the Virgin being a goddess, and a modern successor of Astarte, Isis, and Venus, the defendant is guilty of blasphemy. But if the defendant is not himself a Roman Catholic, the question arises, How can he be obligated to the Virgin Mary's religion, and be held amenable to its penalties? This question we ask in the United States, and not in Spain. The laws of these states were not intended to be any particular protection to the above goddess, unless she could succeed in another incarnation of herself, and be born as a citizen of the republic, or naturalized to it as an alien, and I hear of no signs of her presence among us, or the probability that it will happen. For all that, it is not impossible that the Protestants of New Jersey may conspire with the Roman Catholics to convict the defendant. If so, and they succeed, let the defendant bravely bear the burden unjustly laid upon him, and console himself with the fact that the day of their visitation is not very far off. Cabalist.

The accused is indicted under the sixty-sixth section of the Crimes act, which reads as follows:

"If any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching his being or providence, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or the Christian religion or the holy word of God (the canonical scriptures contained in the Old and New Testaments), or by profane scoffing at or exposing them or any of them to contempt and ridicule, then every person thus offending shall on conviction thereof be punished by a fine not exceeding $200, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding twelve months, or both."

The section of the Crimes act immediately preceding the one just quoted is even more imbecil and brutal. It provides that

"All impostors in religion, such as personate our savior Jesus Christ, or suffer their followers to worship or pay them divine honors, or terrify, delude, or abuse the people by false denunciations of judgments shall on conviction be punished for every such offense by a fine not exceeding $100, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."

The following is the complaint made before Edward M Weiss, the justice who held the accused to bail:

"State of New Jersey, county of Passaic. Before Edward M Weiss, one of the justices of the peace in and for said county, personally appeared Gotfried Deutschle, and being duly sworn, saith that Wolf Hirsch Rosenstrauch did, on or about the 27th day of December, 1881, in the city of Paterson, county of Passaic, at the place 502 Main street, in said city, in the presence of his family, wilfully blaspheme, curse, and contumeliously reproach Jesus Christ and the holy mother of God by saying Jesus Christ is a ——, and exposed Jesus Christ to ridicule and contempt against the laws of this state without cause."

Another Old Truth Seeker Gone.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* It is with much regret that I hav to tell you, and the readers of our paper, of the death of Lorenzo Tabor, whose body was consigned to the silent mansions of the dead on last Sunday. Mr. Tabor had resided in Adrian over forty years. He was a lawyer of the most open, candid, honest, intelligent and benevolent kind, always wanting to get at the truth of the facts in the case, so that justice might be done, and peace maintained among the people. He had been, for a long number of years, an open and an avowed Infidel to what he called the Christian superstition, though his wife, a very worthy woman, had a seat in the Christian church. I made her a call this morning, to sympathize with her in the great loss that she had met with in the death of so worthy a husband. In the course of my remarks to her, as a comforter, I proposed to write a little obituary concerning the life, character, and death of her husband, to be published in The Truth Seeker, as he had been one of its patrons so long; but she declined to accept my offer, and most respectfully asked me to drop the editor a card, telling him to stop the paper, which, of course, I consented to do, and will also comply with her request not to write any obituary of her husband's private and domestic character, though I feel certain that it was equally as honorable to him as his public character was, in the capacity of a man and citizen. Of course, his public character, which he leaves behind him, belongs to the public, and it is for us to make what use we can of it to build ourselvs up with. Therefore, let us be wise enough to hav an ambition to try to emulate his virtues, as Freethinkers, and to avoid his mistakes, in intimating, even in a playful way, that we would be willing to hav a Christian clergyman, while he is an acknowledged orthodox teacher of what we except to as a superstition, hold forth as a religious exponent over our dead bodies, before the people, even if he should promis (as it seems this benevolent divine did Mr. Tabor) to giv us a free pass into their orthodox heaven, on the ground of good works. For, allowing that Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, Rahab, Solomon, and all that class of liars, bigamists, and murderers are there, as the church say they are, who of us wants to take even a free ticket for their abode? and echo answers, Who? Let any one that has been well acquainted with Mr. Tabor here, as a man that was always very choice of his company, just imagin him, if they can, taking his seat in the orthodox heaven among that class. My own opinion, honestly expressed, is that Mr. Tabor would rather go to the other place, where he would hav the company of such men and women as Servetus, Bruno, Bacon, Paine, Shakespere, Galileo, Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Buffon, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Anthony, and others of this class of mind, that Mr. Tabor was more or less acquainted with here, through their writings; all of whom the church has closed their heavenly door against.

Mr. Tabor was always ready with his donation to help to support the National Liberal League. When the Christian church, through its minions, made the attack on The Truth Seeker, by an open and shameful prosecution of its editor, because he stood up for his common rights as an editor and bookdealer, Mr. Tabor, like a true American citizen, which he was, said, "This won't do; I will defend Mr. Bennett in his rights as an American citizen, and I will commence at once." Through your correspondent, he sent on his five dollars for one year, with Viscount Amberley's great work on the religions of the world. Then the second year, when he renewed, he got Paine's works complete. He was ever prompt with his name, and the cash for the renewal of The Truth Seeker, which is a virtue worthy of imitation by all. While the Christian church leaders had Mr. Bennett shut up in their bastile at Albany, Mr. Tabor's sympathies were deeply mortified by the most cruel and outrageous prosecution against an American bookdealer. Mr. Tabor was deeply moved by Mr. Bennett's letters during that time, they savored so of the greatness of the man. At one time, on meeting me in the street, just after he had been reading one of those letters, he said to me, "Mr. Moore, I don't believe there is another man in this country, who, under the same circumstances, could write such cool, intelligent letters."

Some years ago, at a Spiritual camp-meeting a few miles from the city, a certain doctor was addressing the audience, and in the course of his remarks he was telling the Bible story about the forty-two children torn up by the bears. He said those little children were out playing, and by and by they saw an old man coming along without much hair on his head One boy said to the others, "Let us hav some fun with him." And as the old man came up to them, he said, "Go up, thou bald head, go!" and at this God sent two bears out on the little boys, and they were torn all up. "Now," said the doctor, in his peculiar way, and with emphasis, "that was a dumb fool of a God."

It so happened that there was a hardshell Baptist within the sound of the doctor's voice, who immediately became alarmed for the honor of God, and after sweltering over it for about two months, came down to the city with the case, and as Mr. Tabor was always ready to giv a little legal counsel free of charge, he went to him and laid his case before him. Mr. Tabor was not long in giving his judgment in the case, and that was, that he ought to go home and attend to his own business and God would attend to his. But this did not quell the Baptist's religious indignation. He went off to the squire's and filed a bill against the doctor for blasphemy, and had him duly arraigned before the law. The case was adjourned over for trial. Mr. Tabor was retained by the doctor. The doctor and I went into the squire's office before the time fixed upon for the trial. I saw there some eight or ten rich farmers who had been at that camp-meeting, all Liberal in thought, but the plaintiff was not there. I went out and soon met Mr. Tabor. He asked me if I was at that meeting. I told him that I was. He then asked me what the doctor said. I told him as above. He said that he supposed the doctor meant that God who showed Moses his back parts and not the God of the universe. Of course I said it was this Bible God that the doctor was talking about, and here we parted, I going up to the squire's office, and he going to look up this hardshell Baptist.

Time passed on, and finally, nobody appearing as a complainant, the case was dismissed. Soon after I met Mr. Tabor, and he told me that he had taken this hardshell Baptist up into his office alone, and told him he had better just drop the case and go home. "Oh, no," he said, "that would not do; this blasphemy must be put down," and so he went on at some length on the importance of standing up for God and his dear son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I told him, said Mr. Tabor, that I had been up to the squire's office, and had seen the men that were there, and knew they meant business. "If you lose your case," said he to the hardshell, "which you will, you will be arrested for perjury before you leave the city." Mr. Tabor said at this the old man began to shake in his boots. "I then told him," said he, "that the best thing he could do would be to go right down, get into his buggy, and go home, and off he went in a hurry."

The funeral of Mr. Tabor was held at his own residence, which was a large one. The religious services were conducted, as I hav said, by an orthodox Christian clergyman. Mr. Tabor had been on very sociable terms with this gentleman for some time, their residences being near together. Mr. Tabor had often named him to me as a very Liberal man in his views. It was only a matter of time, he thought, if he kept on reading and investigating the claims of Christianity from the Freethinker's standpoint, when he would be out of that old superstition. He had read Greg's "Creed of Christendom," "Supernatural Religion" by Prof. Newman, Judge Waite's work, etc., and he seemed to be well pleased with this class of scholarly and Infidel reading, all of which establishes the claim that there is no foundation for orthodox Christianity in truth and in fact. It is, as Judge Waite calls it, the grandest system of fraud that ever was palmed off on the human race.

During his discourse over the dead body of Mr. Tabor, the Baptist divine claimed that there was an understanding between Mr. Tabor and himself that in case Mr. Tabor died before he did he (Mr. Holmes) was to preach his funeral sermon. What kind of a real and earnest understanding this was on the side of Mr. Tabor, while he (Mr. Holmes) was in good and regular standing as an orthodox minister in the Christian church, that Mr. Tabor had denounced in my presence, but a few days before his sickness, as the offspring of harlots—the Roman Catholic church being their mother—I will leave any one that was acquainted with Mr. Tabor as an out-and-out and outspoken Infidel to what he called the Christian superstition, to judge for themselvs.

The foundation of evangelical Christianity, is vicarious atonement and the total depravity of every human being; this is what the Rev. Mr. Holmes, as an acknowledged minister of that church, must profess to believe in order to maintain his position as minister. And this is what he calls truth, when he told Mr. Tabor, with tears in his eyes, "I wish you could see it as I do." And then he tells us over Mr. Tabor's dead body that he answered him with as much feeling and with intense seriousness, "I wish for my sake, and for the sake of others, that I could."

Now I do not pretend to say that Mr. Tabor did not say these very words, but if so he must hav been in one of those eccentric fits that the lawyer speaks of him as having at times. In all my acquaintance with Mr. Tabor for the last twelve years, I never saw anything like this condition of brain present with him. It was always that of Christianity being a superstition growing out of former superstitions, and he could no more believe in this Christian Holy Ghost story than he could believe in the former ones out of which this one grew. Of course everybody that knew Mr. Tabor knows that he would be the last man to say that he would wish to believe, under any circumstances, something that he had the evidence to prove was a myth and had no existence in truth and in fact.

But Mr. Tabor has left us in person, and, as has been said, his character as a moral and intelligent Freethinker and an upright man in all his dealings with his fellow-man is still with us and worthy of imitation by all, whether inside or outside of the Christian church. S. D. Moore.

Adrian, Mich., May 2, 1882.

The Truth Seeker will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

(*Continued from page* 311.)

paign, a large portion of the territories of the king of Ava was confiscated and added to British territory, making their entire East-India possessions amount to nearly 2,000,000 square miles—an expanse of territory at least eight times that of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population five times as numerous.

THE SEPOY MEETING AND MASSACRES.

There is little doubt that this rebellion might have been avoided had the English shown more consideration to the prejudices of the native soldiers, or sepoys. These had shown themselves valorous and loyal on many occassions, and these qualities would unquestionably have continued had not needless causes of offense been heaped upon them. The loyalty of the sepoy in time came to be taken for servility; his faithfulness to duty came to be regarded as a proof of his meanness. Cowardness could not be imputed to him, for he had fought bravely in too many exposed positions for this charge to hold. Though he worked for one-tenth the money which the English soldier cost his government, he nevertheless fought with nearly equal bravery, and endured hardships with as little complaint; and it was hard that that faithfulness should be contemned, that he should be laughed at, and his religious predjudices broadly abused. These causes, which really existed, began gradually to give birth to a feeling of discontent, which culminated on the annexation of the province of Oude, from which a considerable portion of the Indian army, particularly the Bengal portion, had been drawn. It was not so much that the sepoys felt particularly aggrieved by the annexation; they of course knew that under the English rule the country would be better cared for than would be the case under native princes; but their connection with the chiefs of the province were of a friendly character, and those chiefs found it easy to play upon their feelings.

The ostensible cause of the meeting was fear of religion and caste; but it was not the only or even principal cause. Other deep causes had for some time existed. The English officer was at one time loved and feared even as a god; but that was when he indentified himself with the very natives whom he commanded. It is related of Lord Gough that he often partook of the sweetmeats of the country, which his native soldiers brought him, and this endeared him in their esteem; but later on the English officers became more haughty, and unmistakably showed by their overbearing conduct the contempt with which they viewed the native soldier. An officer who scorns his subordinates cannot reasonably expect love and affection in return. The larger share of the officers were unacquainted with their men and held themselves aloof from them, and this distant conduct in itself nurtured a feeling of hatred on the part of the rank and file of native birth.

With the want of affection which naturally grew up among the native element, it was very easy for them to be keenly alive to the danger of their religious prejudices and their rule of caste being interfered with. It matters not whether the grounds for their fears were tenable or not, they were real to them all the same. It is said that Russian spies made themselves officious in sowing the seeds of discontent among the native troops, a sort of compensation for their Crimean defeat, though there may not have been as much of this as has been supposed. But strange conceits took possession of the minds of the native soldiers, some well founded and some without foundation. They believed that the imported salt was adulterated with ground bones; the *ghee*, or melted butter, was cheapened with animal fa (for which they have the greatest abhorrence). Such stories were freely circulated among them, and they firmly believed them true, as they doubtless had grounds for. Even the powdered bones of cows (for which they have a sacred reverence), they believed to have been mixed with their flour, and the water of the wells they believed to have been polluted by flesh of animals being cast into them. When inquired of what reason there was for such deeds to be done, the reply would be: "Simply to make one caste of us all," which was the constant burden of the song of all the missionaries. It is also said that Russian spies had industriously circulated the statement that the rule of the English in India was to continue but for a hundred years, and having begun in 1757, it must terminate in 1857, which date was at hand when these discontentments were fomented.

The mine of discontent may be said to have been thoroughly laid throughout the country, and but a spark was needed to fire it from end to end. That spark was furnished when the Enfield rifle was introduced, the cartridges of which had to be greased to facilitate their passage along the bore of the barrel. The fat of beef and of hogs was furnished the soldiers for this purpose. This was worse than poison to them, and they could not use it without doing the utmost violence to their religious feelings.

The first symptons of open discontent were exhibited at Dum Dum, a military station, and a suburb of Calcutta. This was in January of 1857. A low caste *lascar* had applied to a Brahman sepoy for water. This was a great indignity to him of the superior caste; he indignantly refused to comply with the request, and demanded how the low caste *lascar* dared to make such a request. The reply was that the caste upon which Brahman prided himself so much had no existence in fact, for all sepoys, of the Brahman caste and all other, were alike required to make use of cartridges smeared with the fat of cows and pigs. This taunt, in which there was too much truth, ran like wildfire from Dum Dum to Barrachpore, where discontent was shown by several acts of insubordination. The bolder men among the sepoys led off in various attempts to arouse the spirit of insubordination and revolt, and some daring attempts were made to carry out the wild schemes they formulated.

The Nineteenth native regiment stationed at Berhampore simultaneously exhibited the spirit of avowed insubordination. They positively refused to receive the detested ammunition, and afterward broke into the armory and took possession of their muskets. They however vacillated, regretted the steps they had taken, laid down their arms, and were discharged from the service.

About the same time two sepoys of another regiment in Calcutta planned a mad attack to take the fort at that place, and were punished. At Umballa the 36th native regiment was still more disaffected and gave vent to incendiary acts on a large scale. At Lucknow the 7th Oude Irregulars became infused with the same spirit of dissatisfaction, and being drawn up in line for the purpose of being disbanded they simultaneously threw down their arms and fled. Some were overtaken, brought back, and punished as deserters.

The general revolt, however, dates from the outbreak of Meerut, in the first week of May, when eighty-five men of a Bengal regiment of cavalry refused to receive any cartridges, though not of the kind to which they objected on account of the animal fat, but those which they had been accustomed to. They were tried and sentenced to imprisonment from six to ten years, and then marched off to jail. On the following day the jail was broken into by their comrades and they set at liberty. The 3d cavalry was then joined to the 11th and 20th—all natives—and they rushed to arms and butchered every European they could meet, not even sparing women and children; they also put many natives to death, and fired many buildings. They also proceeded to Delphi, incited that city to revolt, and then initiated there the same mad deeds they had enacted at Meerut. After killing men, violating women, and then hacking them to pieces, and tossing little children on their bayonets, they proceeded to the palace of the king, an old man of eighty years, and proclaimed him sovereign of all India. He joined the mutinous movement more from fear than any other cause. It is, of course, greatly to be regretted that human nature, when smarting under a load of oppression, in throwing off the restraints that have bound them, will resort to cruel and enormous deeds, but such, unfortunately, is often the case.

The garrison at Delphi consisted of three native regiments and a battery of native artillery; all these joined in the mutinous movement of their comrades from Meerut, as well as the rabble of the city. They attempted to gain possession of the immense supply of war material in the city; but Lieut. Willoughby wisely ordered the magazines to be blown up, though he was himself so severely injured by the explosion that his death was the consequence. Many of the mutineers were also killed, which fortunately enabled the remaining European inhabitants of the place to escape to Kurnal, though they were hotly pursued on way.

When the news of these bloody movements reached Calcutta, of course they caused the most intense excitement, and it is not strange that many of the European inhabitants swore vengeance, though in bated breath. Perhaps the only man equal to the emergency, and who possessed the requisite coolness and good judgment, was he who most of all needed it, and that was the governor-general, Lord Canning, who was loyally aided by many of the white citizens of the town. He had but two European regiments at Calcutta, and, of course, it would not answer to dispatch them nearly a thousand miles to Delhi, for he knew not what moment there might be an uprising there at the government headquarters, and they be greatly needed there; but he immediately sent to Lord Elgin and Gen. Ashburnham, who were on their way to China at the head of an expedition directed to that country, begging them to return to India. He also at the same time urged the governors of Madras and Bombay to promptly send him all the assistance within their power. The China expedition were not able to arrive at Calcutta in time to take much part in suppressing the rebellion, though they did service at Lucknow, which was fully brought to terms in the following November. But the bare assurance that they were coming was a source of great hope and strength, and enabled the English to accomplish the stupendous work they had to perform.

The infection spread from Meerut and Delhi to Lucknow and Cawnpore, and from thence to other places. At Lucknow the earliest symptoms of disaffection were shown by the Oude Irregulars in the very forepart of May, from which a general discontent existed among the native troops, and by the end of the month nearly all the native regiments rebelled together, and fled towards Seetapore, whither they were pursued by Gen. Lawrence, though he was unable to capture them. This was followed by an insurrection in the city, and the assemblage of some seven or eight thousand of the mutineers on the Fyzabad road. These Lawrence promptly attacked, but was beaten back, and finding that the cantonments and forts could not be safely held, he, with all the Europeans of the place, withdrew within the residency, where they were closely besieged.

On the 3d of June the native regiments at Azimgurh rose in revolt, but they did not go to the extent of committing massacres, but rode off in the direction of Ghazerpore. This led to an attempt on the following day to disarm the Thirty-seventh Native Regiment at Benares, which being resisted, Colonel Neill ordered the Madras troops to fire upon the refractory regiment, which at once sent them flying in utter confusion.

At Cawnpore the Second Native Cavalry and the First Native Infantry broke out on the 4th of June, and on the next day were joined by the Fifty-third and Fifty-sixth Native Infantries, over all of whom the notorious Nana Saheb of Bithoor, a titled desperado, the adopted son of the deposed Peichwa, who had been engaged in Mahratta rebellion, assumed a sort of general command. There were nearly a thousand Europeans there, including men, women, and children, and they, under Gen. Wheeler, hastily took refuge within a feeble entrenchment, improvised for the occasion, and there they withstood the mutineers for nineteen days, after which time they capitulated, the perfidious Nana pledging himself to have them safely conveyed down the Ganges to Allahabad. Gen. Wheeler was deceived by this fair promise, and placed himself and over nine hundred of his companions to the care of Nana's men, but no sooner were they in the boats for the transfer than the natives commenced firing indiscriminately and mercilessly upon them, and the thatched roofs of the boats were set on fire, and between the two kinds of firing only four persons out of the whole number escaped. Those who were not killed by the firing were taken prisoners and were put to death in cold blood in their prison house, and this but a single day before Gen. Havelock arrived with a force to relieve them. Nearly a thousand of the bodies of the butchered Europeans were thrown down a well for sepulcher, and there they were buried, the men of Gen. Havelock not having time to dig separate graves for them.

The next revolt was at Allahabad, where, on the first week in June, the Sixth Native Infantry, after having voluntarily come forward to be allowed to be allowed to march against their brothers who had revolted at Delhi, and these mutineers were soon joined by the Oude Native Cavalry. A Mohammedan moulavi setting himself up in his place as the representative of the emperor of Delhi, directed all acts of violence that were perpetrated, till Col. Neill was able to save the station, when, however, as was the wont of the colonel, the innocent and guilty were punished together.

The centers of the rebellion were thus at Delhi and Lucknow, Cawnpore being regarded as the chief outpost of the latter. The infection also spread to Juanapore, Futtecogurh, Rohikand, and several of the important stations in Ouder. In central India several districts were greatly agitatated, while Jhansi was regarded as the capital of the revolt in that quarter. There was also revolt in the dominions of Holkar and Scindia. Though the chiefs themselves did not rise against the English, their troops marched off at their own instance to aid the rebellion in other localities. There were risings at Murdun, Jullundhur, and Loodiana, in the Punjaub, as well as at other places in the same district, but they were soon disarmed, and comparatively but a small number were able to escape to aid the revolters at Delhi.

The British forces made their first advance upon Delhi under Sir H. Barnard, who laid seige to the city on the 8th of June. He was opposed in taking his position with much vigor, and, to the shame of the British subjects be it said, the rebels here were led by traitors from the English ranks. It is hard to blame the native troops for fighting in what they deemed the defense of their own dear rights when Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen proved utterly faithless to their own cause and turned in and led the natives against the English forces, and this for money which was promised them in pay for their shameful perfidy. The mutineers were often beaten back, but Barnard was unable to take the place by a *coup*. He was unable even to invest the city, and had all he was able to do to repel the attacks of the insurgents. At last, worn out by fatigue and vexation, the poor man died, and his successor, Gen. Reid, resigning from ill-health, the command devolved upon Brigadier-General Wilson. The entire British force was about seven thousand, while the mutineers numbered more than twice as many, and were daily increasing. Fortunately, Brigadier-General Nicholson arrived with reinforcements on the 14th of August, and soon active operations were com-

menced, and a victory was gained over the rebels on the 24th at Neozuffgurh.

Preparations to cannonade the city were vigorously pushed, and two breaches having been effected, an assault was made on September 14th. The contest was a bloody one, but mainly successful to the British forces. The assaulting party had been divided into four columns, of which but one was defeated and driven back, while the other three gained the towers, bastions, and ramparts which they contended for, and without an exception. The combat was continued through the 16th, 17th, and 18th of September, on which latter day a considerable part of the southern portion of the city was taken. An attack upon the palace was made on the 19th; one of the gates was blown open, after which the British troops gained possession of the entire city. No quarter was given on either side. The king and his family fled, but the old man was pursued and overtaken by Captain Hodson, and thus the siege was closed. Nearly four thousand of the English troops fell on the battle field and in the hospitals, and the loss of the native forces were fully twice as great. The pursuit of the rebels was conducted by Col. Greathed with activity and severity.

In other directions, and at an earlier date, the movements of the English forces were as active as the nature of the case would allow. The first battle of Havelock with the rebels took place at Futtehpore, and the next near the Pandos Nuddee, in both of which he was successful. It is stated that this second action, which took place on July 15th, hastened the catastrophe at Cawnpore; though it is thought that Nana had previously planned the enormity which he committed. He was defeated at Akerwa on the 16th, Havelock proceeding thence to Cawnpore on the 17th, to find, with great grief and chagrin, that he was one day too late. He pursued Nana to Bithoor, and hurled the rebel's palace to the ground, but the villain seemed to have a charmed life, and effected his escape. Neill was now sent for from Allahabad, and was left at Cawnpore, where he perpetrated those frightful acts of vengeance—such as shooting live sepoys from the large guns—which have justly cast such a deep discredit upon the English character. These horrid cruelties were also practiced in other parts of the country, and it is to be hoped that, for the honor of the nation which claims to be the most enlightened, the most intelligent, and the most humane, its fair name will never again be blackened by such terrible deeds of atrocity.

Havelock, in the mean time, endeavored to move on to Lucknow; and, on the passage, to give Nana another terrible defeat at Oonas; but the rebels were too strong for him, and he was forced to fall back and unite his forces with those of Neill; and he was, moreover, unable to move forward again until Gen. Outram came up with further reinforcements, about the middle of September, when they all resumed their march upon Lucknow, after winning a victory on the 21st at Mungulwar. The joy was great at the Lucknow garrison upon the arrival of Haveloek and Outram, and their two thousand men and somewhat more, while the insurgents numbered about fifty thousand. The command of operations was assumed by Gen. Outram, who was senior in command; but they were confined for a while to beating back the enemy, which were too numerous for them to openly attack. Fresh relief at last came with Commander-in-chief Sir Colin Campbell, in November; but with his army added to those there before, the English numbered but six thousand men; operations were, therefore, necessarily confined to a series of isolated sieges and bombardments, but Sir Colin conquered his way, step by step, to the Residency; and, on the 17th of November, the garrison was relieved, and for greater security was changed to Cawnpore. Several attacks were made on the outposts at Cawnpore by the Gwalior contingent, which had arrived, but were beaten back; but on the 6th of December a general engagement took place, in which the rebels were thoroughly defeated, and driven toward Bithoor.

Cawnpore being thus considered safe, the forces again moved upon Lucknow, sustaining some active operations while on the march, while Jung Bahadoor approached more slowly from Nepaul. In March, 1858, the English forces at Lucknow numbered some 23,000, and it was deemed best to make active movements. The first few days were employed in skirmishing, after which the rebels retaliated by a series of assaults on the besieging force, which were every time repelled. On the 9th of March the English batteries opened fire, and on the 10th the outer line of the rebels was taken. The resistance was desperate, and blood flowed freely on both sides. By the 17th of the month the English were complete masters of the field; though the entire dispersion of the rebel forces did not take place till sometime afterward. But from that time, in all parts of India, the war was only a series of pursuits after armed bodies of natives; which bodies divided up into smaller bodies, causing the pursuit to be more labored and tedious. Leader after leader was pursued and taken; traitor after traitor was captured and severely punished. The arch-traitor Nana alone escaped, and has not been taken to this day. Some claim he is dead, while others insist that he still lives in Nepaul or Thibet, among the mountains. The final proclamation announcing the entire suppression of the rebellion was issued in 1859.

It would be a long and painful recital to narrate the hardships which the numerous fresh regiments sent out from England were forced to endure in this heated climate, and landing here in the most torrid part of the year. The conflicts on the battle-field were but a small share of the hardships they had to submit to. The power of the burning sun struck many to the earth, and fevers, dysenteries, and other climatic ills proved the death of many thousands of the poor boys fresh from the green fields and hills of England, Scotland, and Ireland. While active operations were on foot they had much to keep up their spirits and to nerve them on, but when these were over, and dull camp life was only before them, the listlessness was more severe upon them than marches and battles, and many thousands of them left their bones to decay in this fervid climate. In many of the regiments the proportion of deaths, even after the war was over, amounted to forty and fifty per cent. But greater bravery has hardly ever been displayed. Nothing more heroic than the reconquest of this great country has yet been written. Having won it the second time, it would seem the English should now be considered the legitimate owners.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

It has been truthfully said that the history of the British empire in India has no parallel in the records of time. For so small a country as England, and which has probably at no time had more than about 60,000 of her people here in this great country, to be able to subdue, and re-subdue, a country containing 250,000,000 of human beings, is indeed the most wonderful event, or series of events, that history tells us anything about. As we have seen, the first appearance of the English upon this soil was simply as traders, and they made for a long time no attempt to conquer territory. They were not even armed against the native races, but their contests were with other Europeans, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French. Their entire object at first was to make money from the wealth of India, and the enterprise of taking the entire country under their own power, and to make it a part of their own empire, was an after-consideration—an evolution, so to speak, which seems at most a natural consequence of their enterprise and their long residence in the tempting country. The English East India Company was founded in 1600. Its first fleet was sent out the following year, and commenced operations on some of the islands southwest of the peninsula. The factories on the main-land, at Surat, Ahmedabad and Cambay were established in 1612. Ten years later they were started on the Coromandel coast. In 1640 the first factory was started on the Hoogly River, the west branch of the mouths of the Ganges, and upon which the city of Calcutta is built. Those at Bombay were not established until 1667, in which year this district was obtained from the Portuguese. The disruption of the Mogul empire led to the arming the factories for protection. Upon the decline of the Mogul power the native princes were reinstated, and they were glad to enter into alliance with the friendly English traders among them. For a hundred years the Portuguese, Dutch, and the French were the English rivals, the latter ultimately becoming nearly equal with the English. They got at loggerheads, and one had to leave the country. It fell to the lot of the French. The French power collapsed about 1760, and this led to extensive annexations to English territory, especially in the southern portion of the peninsula. The conduct of the English during their increase of power cannot be justified. Though the home government impeached the cruel conduct of Warren Hastings, a long black catalogue of heartless enormities stands on the wrong side of the ledger.

The sovereignty of the East India Company commenced in 1765. The political importance gained had become so great that in 1772 the English Parliament decided that all civil and military correspondence regarding India should be submitted to the king's ministers; that a supreme court of jurisdiction should be sent out to India by the Crown, and that the country should be divided into three presidencies and made subject to a governor-general and council, the former of whom was to be approved by the king. The three presidencies were those of Bengal, the capital of which was Calcutta; the Bombay district, with that city as the capital; and Madras and the southern part of the peninsula the third, the headquarters at that city. Later on a viceroy is sent out by the home government to rule over India entire, whose residence is at Calcutta, the capital of the country. His term lasts for five years, when he is succeeded by another incumbent at home. In consideration of the unhealthiness of the country, and to repay the noble lords for that exile from their own green isle for half a decade, the very munificent sum of nearly £20,000, or $100,000, is annually paid them, which of course is drawn from the revenues of the country. The salaries of other English officers in the country are in similar munificent proportion, but India is found to be rich enough to pay the bills, though many millions of her sons and daughters are groveling in the most abject poverty.

The law-making power is a legislative council composed of the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, the commander-in-chief of the forces, the principal secretaries of the different departments of the government, the legal member of council, with certain leading European officials and gentlemen, with some of the native rajahs and officials, who are appointed and now elected by the people. The people have no voice in chosing the law-makers or any others of the officials of the country. The rule of the English here up to the present time has been a pure despotism. That this rule is not excusable to some extent at least, I will not attempt to dispute, though it would be gratifying to see the lords in power more solicitous to elevate and benefit the down-trodden masses, rather than to draw from the country such enormous salaries for the comparatively slight services performed. There is no question but what the English have done much to improve India in the way of the construction of railroads and telegraphs, encouraging agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, in facilitating education, and particularly in affording a stable government, but that she might also effect other great benfits for the country is also equally unquestionable.

The revenue of India amounts to nearly £60,000,000 sterling, annually, or $300,000,000. The expenditures, however, nearly equal the same heavy sum. Thus it will be seen that the country has to pay most handsomely for the privilege of being ruled over by such distinguished, noble, and able men as England sends out here, and all the people have to do is to bestir themselves and dig from the soil the vast sums which is required to meet these enormous salaries, and the numerous stipends paid to officers and soldiers for life who have served a stipulated time in the country.

The imports of merchadise into the country, which of course is nearly all from England, is estimated at £46,000,000, or $230,000,000; and the exports £60,000,000, or $300,000,000, annually. A dependency as rich as India was never possesssed by any country before.

A word should be said about the subordinate governments of the country, analogous perhaps, somewhat, to the state government in America. In addition to the three presidencies named, there are two other departments or divisions, to wit, the Central States, and the Northwest Provinces, including the Punjaub and the territory around and north of Delhi, thus making in all five departments or provinces, while each has a somewhat separate goverment, partially independent of and partially connected with the general goverment, each having a governor of its own, appointed, of course, by the home government; but just the precise nature of these governments I will not undertake to state, not having before me the necessary data for the purpose. Almost everything in the country, however, including railroads, canals, telegraphs, etc., is under government jurisdiction. It owns a large share of the land of the country, and nearly everything else in it. The government being despotic, is of course all-powerful.

THE ROCK TEMPLES OF INDIA.

One of the most interesting features of this country is its rock temples, mostly cut out of the solid rock, and beneath or partly beneath the earth's surface, while another portion is above ground. Feeling particularly anxious to visit some of these rock temples, I availed myself of the opportunity for doing so. The first one visited was the elaborate Elephanta Caves, on an island in the harbor of Bombay, and some six or eight miles from the Apollo-Bunder, where we took what is called a steam-launch—a small steamer—chartered for the purpose. As companions for the trip I had Dr. Dudley and three of his children, a native of the United States, but who, with his interesting family, is now making Bombay his home. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance a few years ago, when he was home on a visit, and was most glad to meet himself and his very pleasant Boston wife away out here in this oriental world. I find them most genial and kind, and it does one good to meet with such friends on this reverse side of the globe. He is practicing medicine here, and I am glad to say is meeting with excellent success. Both the doctor and his wife are earnest Freethinkers, which, to my tastes, makes their society all the more interesting.

"Do you think," asked a college student of a professor of theology, "that the lion and the lamb hav ever yet lain down together?" "I don't know," answered the professor, "but if they hav, I hav no doubt that the lamb was missing from that date." Dickens said that when the lion and the lamb lay down together, the lamb would be *inside*.

We are sometimes so impressed by a fellow-man's estimate of his importance that we tremble at the mere suggestion of what might hav been if the Lord had forgotten to make him.

Letters from Friends.

OVOCA, IOWA, May 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is my "V," which, if it is too late to send the editor off, or yet bring him back, may still be in season to welcome him home. Please send the books to my address.

Yours truly, CLARA A. DEMING.

SALIDA, COL., May 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which you will please send me Bennett's books of his travels. I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and an sure the books will suit me better than the Christian Bible. OTIS WHITE.

ASHLAND, April 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find a money order for five dollars, for which send the two or three volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," to A. D. Helman, Ashland, Oregon. Send mine bound in leather. I received the first volume all right, was much pleased with it, and I got you a subscriber for it. The reason I wanted mine bound in leather was, I think it will last longer, and I want them to last as long as possible, for I am bound to believe that D. M. Bennett's history around the world will do more good than all the histories that hav ever been written by man. I suppose by the time this reaches you he will be nearly home. That he will reach there safe and sound is the prayer of your humble servant, O. COOLEDGE.

May 7, 1882.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: A friend of mine (Mr. Garwood, of Baltimore) tells me he has just been to see the Hackers, and that poor old Mrs. Hacker is actually sick from need of proper food! I hav appealed to you often in behalf of this old couple, and many of you hav kindly responded with needed help. But something more is required than spasmodic assistance. These old people are past helping themselvs, and we must do something that shall be permanent. Mr. Garwood kindly offers to receive and forward remittances, and convert postage stamps into money for Mr. Hacker's use, and proposes that fifty or one hundred of us Liberals shall donate 25 cents a month regularly, and send it to him.

Now I, for one, will do this, and I will to-day send in my first contribution. I am sure fifty readers of my pet paper can and will do as much. It is but little for us, but will make the old couple comfortable as long as they live. All donations will be acknowledged in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please begin at once, right now, and send the first month's instalment of 25 cents to C. Garwood, Box 878, Baltimore, Md.

It is not charity, but justice, that I ask for on behalf of this poor old couple, Hopefully, ELMINA.

OREGON, Mo.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Roberts's letter, with no address but "Yates City," speaks of Jeremiah Hacker, an Infidel worker of old time, being in want. Surely we ought to do as much for our own as the poor deluded zealots of hell-fire and the devil do for theirs. This old man has suffered in our cause. We can understand how he must hav been treated who dared to openly avow his admiration of the illustrious immortal Paine fifty years ago. Thirty-five years ago an Infidel came to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, lecturing. His arguments were calm, but conclusiv as geometrical demonstrations—albeit in manner and words free of offensivness. On the second night, after he was nearly through, a miserable, cross-roads pulpit pounder got up, and for fifteen minutes denounced him with hell-fire, depicting him on his death-bed howling like Tom Paine and Voliter (meaning Voltaire) for mercy. "Never was any man so completely used up," said almost everybody, "as is this cursed Atheist." A mob began to howl, stones and eggs were hurled. "I'm a Christian, by God," cried a great drunken bully, "and no man shall liv who talks of my savior as that man does." "Hurrah! Give him h—l, d—m the d——d Infidel." Next issue the papers spoke of how "the man's arguments were riddled by the Rev. Poundtext," all of which I saw, and part of which I was.

Let us hav Mr. Jeremiah Hacker's address, and let every Liberal contribute what he judiciously can, We ought to sustain one broken-down preacher of light if they can sustain hundreds and thousands of oracles of darkness. C. I.

[Jeremiah Hacker's address is Berlin, New Jersey. He needs help, and should hav it from the Liberals of the country. It is an argument of the churches, that Liberalism has no public benefits. In the matter of colleges, we can point with pride to Girard and James Lick's and other donations to science and education. We are going to hav an orphans' home at Liberal, Mo., and let us at least hav the case of Jeremiah Hacker to instance where the Liberals hav taken care of their poor.—Ed. T. S.]

HARWICH, MASS., May 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find within $1 for Jeremiah Hacker. I wish it were thousands instead of one. Years ago I took passage in the Portland *Pleasure Boat*, and partook from week to week of the precious viands of truth with which she was freighted with great profit to myself, and circulated it among others with more or less good results. I remember the captain used to keep some groceries for sale in small quantities to accommodate the poor who were not able to buy in any other than small quantities, and about that time, one autumn, I was skipper of a small fishing craft off the coast of Portland, and put into that place for a harbor. Being entirely out of flour, and not having the money to get a whole barrel, I bethought me of father Hacker's store, and forthwith made him a call, and found him "eating of the tree of knowledge"—an apple. There was much practical significance, thought I, in that act, for sedentary men, and a putting into practice what he in his paper had previously recommended as a diet instead of the flesh-pots of Egypt. Who wonders that his paper was stored so full of useful knowledge when its editor fed on such fruit as once grew on that famous tree in Adam's orchard? It happened, however, the captain had no flour on hand, but, in obedience to the promptings of his large bump of benevolence, he immediately offered to lend me cash enough to get a barrel if I would pay him in three weeks. I thanked him for his kindness, but declined, saying I would swap some mackerel for some flour. "Well, then," said he, "I will tell you where to go to get it." He then mentioned the house, number, and street, and said the men were men of honesty and principle. I called on them and told them who sent me, and was told if I would always do what Hacker told me I should do well. I got my flour and found it remarkably good, and I remember I wondered why I could not get as good flour in Harwich for the same price. The name of one of the firm was York; the other I hav forgotten.

I remember also reading in his paper an account of his disguising himself and attending a phrenological lecture, where he was put forward for examination, and was recommended to the audience as just the person with whom to deposit charitable gifts for distribution among the poor.

These things may be considered trivial, but they, with other evidences, portray the character of the man and show why he is now dependent upon his friend for aid. Had he been less unselfish he probably would hav been a man of means.

B. F. ROBBINS.

GREENVILLE, OR., April 16, 1882.

VELL MISHTER BENNETT: Inclosed you vill find dot I sends you a money order for $3 for your paper, der TRUTH SEEKER for a year. I took him dree months for trial, and I likes him better as any paper ever I reads. Send him from de first of April for a year.

I vas a Catholic for twenty-seven years und dinket all der times dat I vas von of Christ's sheeps. I did dinks dat der wools on me vas longer as a fifty-pounds flour sack, but der TRUTH SEEKER makes all der wools fall off; and O mine Got, vat a fools I vas to dink dot I vas one of Christ's wedders! Now I vear der sheep's skins any more never at alls. Now some der Christian wedders und ewes dinks I vill go to hell shure mitout I vears der sheep's skins. Now I dinks dey vill makes one big mistake, for dey dink dat dey vears vool in dis vorld, and dat dey vill be covered mit chickun fedders und hav vings likes one pig rooster in der next vorld. I takes de flag of liberty for my vings, und vill hav no more to do mit der sheeps und vool pisness, for dats played out mit me as one pig humpug.

Please send me some der posters to stick up dat tells about der TRUTH SEEKER. Goot day mit you und your frow. Yours truly, NICHOLAS CRIST.

MR. EDITOR: My religion is humanity; the world, my church. My philanthropy, my principles, lead one to do something to help the laborer, the actual producers, out of the snare of the monopolists who consist of the government and the thing called religion, which are summed up in legislation of church organizations, cliques, rings, thieves who base all their operations on that one accursed word, belief. Belief, the catchword of all speculation, deception, trade, trespass, fraud, and rascality. All you hav to do is to appear sanctimonious, serious, and plausible enough to make your victims believe that you are honest and true. Then you hav them. Preach to them the scarecrow stories of that old book, the Bible, that no one knows when, where, or by whom, or for what purpose it was written, until you hav so frightened them that they will put their hands in their pockets and hand out enough to build up yonder gaudy edifices, with their tall steeples, filled with foolish people, dedicated to God, and protected from his wrath by a lightning-rod. Heathen idolatry, from beginning to end, so that the priests, the clergy, are nought but a set of gospel gamblers, either fools or knaves. If they are really honest, and believe what they preach, they are fools; if not, why, then, they are knaves; doubtless more knaves than fools. This hereditary transmission of ignorance is passed down from generation to generation, therefore the dulness of progress in all past ages, so, if one is satisfied with what they hav, whether the almighty dollar or ignorance, they will eternally remain where they are—in ignorance. All that is wanted in speculation, or enterprise, is to make your customers believe. Keep them in ignorance of what your designs are, and you are sure to accomplish what you wish.

In all our schools for education, particularly where the higher branches are taught, the disposition is to complicate, mystify, to put on the finishing touch, to make them experts in deception. Scoundrels, rascals, prepared to deceive and take advantage of the producing classes—to fit them for legislatures, to establish monopolies and rings; to enrich the few, and oppress the many; which makes the government and the church, politically and religiously, the worst gambling machine the world has ever known. Belief, belief, belief, the catch-word to promote all deception, all rascality. I hav seen for a long time that the attention of the masses needed to be called to an exposition of the facts. The vile and vicious monopolizers will never let up, never become honest enough to ease up, until the masses are informed of the facts sufficiently to rise in rebellion to their oppression,

Of the professions, such as doctors, ministers, lawyers, politicians, and the press are all united to carry out the gambling; as long as they can make the masses believe that they are needed to take care of them, so long will they rule and swindle the people. To inspire your customers with belief, supposition, confidence in what you tell them, the bargain is made, your object gained, your project sure, hence, followed up, your fortune is made.

Turn to your lexicographers, and you find the word belief is defined to mean the absence or want of knowledge, ignorance; and if the absence of knowledge, ignorance, does not make a fool, I do not know what will. Hence all reformers should cease to use that most pernicious of words. "Believe or be damned," but I say unto you if you believe you are already damned. Believe, or I will kill you, and if I do not believe you will kill me. Such has been the basis or the beginning of all wars, in the history of the whole world of the past. The word belief is, or ought to be, discarded in all courts of justice. No witness is ever allowed to go upon the stand and testify to what he believes, but what he knows of the case. As long as the church people can make the thing called government believe they ought not to be taxed, so long we, who are Liberals and reformers, are compelled to support the churches whether we wish to or not. For my part I am sick of it, and propose to rebel, and seek for justice and peace if I hav to fight for it. I choose the true weapons of love if by them I can gain my ends.

N. H. DILLINGHAM, M.D.

CHENEY, W. T., April 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: While stopping in the town of Sprague a few days, I visited many of the leading men, and finding an element that, if rightly managed, will prove a success, I purchased a lot, and offered to deed it to the town of Sprague for the purpose of erecting a Liberal church. After making the proposition I was offered other lots for the same purpose. I would hav addressed the people there on the issue, but there is not a hall in the place. The town is growing fast. The N. P. railroad shops are a great help. The country is as yet sparsely inhabited, and sectarianism is not yet the ruling power. There will be a meeting held to consider the subject as soon as arrangements can be made. What I want to know is if we can expect any help from the old Empire state.

B. F. WARDWELL, Box 165.

SALESVILLE, MON., April 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Since the publication of my letter in your issue of March 25th, I hav received many letters from Liberals in various parts of the country, asking about Montana. For their benefit I hope you will publish this letter.

It seems that railroad monopolists are publishing this country, of course for their interests, and are no doubt coloring the picture. The circular, therefore, should be received with many doubts. Another fact to be remembered is that distance lends charms to the scene. Many will come here to be disappointed. Some will expect to find money growing on the sage bush. There are untold millions of the precious metal hid away in the grand old mountains, but it takes work to get it out. This bunch grass will furnish food for thousands of stock that will bring money. This virgin soil will yield beautiful crops of grain, and clear, cold, never-failing streams are not wanting to turn the spindles of manufacture, but then all take work and money. This far-off mountain country is now being penetrated with one of the great trans-continental railroads, the Northern Pacific, which is being rapidly pushed to completion. It has already built a branch railroad from Oden to Butte, the great Leadville of Montana. These roads are giving life and activity to all kinds of business. These will bring thousands of people here, many with scarcely money enough to get here, and the demand for laborers that now exists may be overdone. Wages are now higher than last year, and as far as I know, higher than anywhere in the states. Farm hands get from $35 to $50 a month, and are scarce at that. Girls receive for doing housework from $25 to $40 a month. By the way, women are scarce here, there being at least five times as many men as women. We are greatly in need of ten thousand or more good, virtuous, young women, for wives for bachelors. It seems, however, that wages for labor keep up, notwithstanding the numbers who come. I think all who come for the next two years can get work. The railroads will be completed by that time. Those who hav money to set up for themselvs can find no better field than this. There

are thousands of acres of fine land to be had simply for the taking of them. There is plenty or water running back to the ocean to irrigate the land with. There is an abundance of good pine timber on the mountains, free to all. Our great mining camps giv us a sure market. Stock of all kinds do liv the year around. On the range some die, but the loss will not exceed ten per cent, and that is cheaper than to feed over in Kansas. We hav to irrigate, but that is no detriment. We can grow twice as much per acre as any state or country where it rains. We hav sprouted grain in harvest time here. Our grain is the very best, and I believe the census shows the average yield of oats and wheat is the highest in Montana. Our society is fully as good as anywhere in the states.

We hav a good system of free public schools, and one that does not allow the Bible to be used in the schools. We are not cursed with any Christian Sunday law. We can work or play, dance or pray, and no Comstock can hav us arrested. That is, we hav no statute making it penal to work on Sunday. Under the rule of the common law some good Christian judge might fine us. There are more outspoken Liberals here than church-members. No one need be afraid to say he is a Liberal here; our foremost and best citizens are outspoken Infidels. We hold the trumps, and mean to use them, too.

The climate of Montana is much milder than in the states east of here in the same latitude. Gallatin Valley is nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and in latitude 46, and her winters are milder than in Iowa. From April to October we hav continual spring; never hot; temperature ranging from eighty degrees down to fifty; nights cool; want to wear flannel clothes, and sleep under blankets at night; but few insects, scarcely any snakes, and none that are dangerous. There is no danger of Indians; you can settle anywhere with perfect safety.

Now, any one who has the will to work we will welcome to Montana, and he who can't make a living here would starve in Paradise, and ought to.

W. J. Stover.

New River, Tenn., April 16, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $15.00, and accept my thanks to our dear friend and Liberal, Mr. Bennett, for continuing to send his paper so long without pay. The people here are at least one hundred years behind the times. You see no improvements. Everything here has a neglected look; no school or church, but plenty of preaching, and lots of ignorance, so it is easy for the people to believe what their divine tells them. An old darky, who works for us, the other day remarked to my husband: "Mr. F., I does like to work round such Christian gentlemen as you are. I don't heah no swearin' or cursin' round heah like I does up round the depot or saloon. I ain't zacly a preacher, but lean mighty that way. I think that the industry, prosperity, and moral element in the North, is largely due to the Christian church, don't you? Mr. F., what church do you belong to?" But we do not agree with him. I think it is owing to the broad, level acres, good soil and climate, and railroads, with the natural energy and industry of the people; but the church claims all the credit. I think if one-half the money that is in church property could be used to teach the masses truth and reason, it would be a good thing. My father likes your paper, and thinks it just O.K., and he is liked by all who know him in spite of his Liberal views. The people are beginning to see that one can liv a good, honorable life without religion. Yours for truth,

Mrs. Ferrell.

SCIENCE BAFFLED, BUT NOT SPIRITUALISTS.

West Farmington, Ohio.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me a short space in reply to my good brother Putnam's last, then I am through. What I mean by science being baffled is simply this: The tiny rap, the moving of tables, etc., are well-known phenomena admitted by skeptics to take place; yet science has been unable to account for the same upon any other hypothesis except that claimed by Spiritualists; hence, science is baffled so far as the skeptic is concerned. What is science to one, is not always science to another. Spiritualism is a science to me, but not to brother Putnam. Science is but a fact demonstrated. Immortality has been demonstrated to me; therefore, is to me a scientific fact. Brother Putnam says: "What I deny as proved is the existence of this subtler physical body," etc.; and, he says, "has not been demonstrated." If brother Putnam had added the words, "to me," after demonstrated, it would hav left him on a sound basis; but, I insist, he asserted what he had no right to assert, and what he can in no wise prove. I asked friend Putnam to prove that there is not such a Spiritual body. If brother Putnam simply denied my assertion, then I would hav no right to ask him to prove a denial, but he affirmed that there was no evidence of a finer body, and that immortality has not been demonstrated, that it is a matter of faith. Here are positive affirmations, and I insist that he should prove his assertions. I say it has been demonstrated to me; but brother Putnam makes the sweeping assertion that it has not been demonstrated. Now, brother Putnam, giv us the proof. I sincerely hope that our matter-of-fact Materialistic friends will learn to cease making such broad assertions, because it places them in an awkward position. What! tell me and many other Spiritualists that we hav no evidence of immortality! I am quite at a loss to know how our orthodox and Materialistic friends can know what we hav had, or hav not had. If they would say it has not been demonstrated to them, I should not object; but I am tired of their telling me that I don't know what I know I do know; and what I know, I know as well as anybody.

A. Allen Noe.

Manchester, Iowa, May 4, 1882.

Mr. Editor: There is a time for sowing seeds and a time to harvesting the results. There is a time for them to sprout, to bud, to bloom, and bring forth delicious fruit. In the years gone by the advocates of science, of education, and progress hav been busy casting the seeds of truth; slowly and surely hav they grown, until, at last, as a result of their labors, we see the blooming fields and trees of intellectual progress, and in a short time will reap the sheaves of truth and eat the fruit of joy.

Priests hav ever done all in their power to stay the real progress of the world, but they hav failed to check its slow but mighty stride. What a priest says now has but little effect, and the seeker after truth considers him of no importance. A priest is what has been; they lived in an era that has passed, and there is no hope of their ever retrieving their lost power and prestige.

School-houses and teachers are becoming far more numerous than churches and preachers. The people are learning to appreciate a good thing. The average of people nowadays will donate far more liberally to build a school-house than a church, and will giv a teacher a larger salary than they would a preacher. A teacher is a necessity, while a preacher they hav no use for, and people can easily get along without them.

People are fast learning who to respect and appreciate now. A man who is honest, kind, and liberal, and who expresses his honest thoughts, is considered equally as good as a priest. A man with a wife and children, who treats them kind and loving, is considered equally as good, and as useful to the world, as a priest who practices celibacy, and who looks upon a woman as a disgrace, and a child that has not had water sprinkled on its head as fit for damnation. A mother with loving children is considered equally as good as a nun. In fact the men and women who liv for this world, and try to make life a joy, are considered equally as good, in the eyes of all intelligent people, as those who treat this world only as a stopping place to get ready for the next. The men and women who liv only for this world are fast superseding those who are sojourners here for the next. Liberty is taking the place of slavery, and the more liberty, the more intelligence; and the more liberty and intelligence, the more truth; and the more truth, the less falsehood and superstition; and the less falsehood and superstition, the more humanity, liberty, and happiness.

Infidels are increasing rapidly every day. To be an Infidel now, is to be regarded as a man of intelligence and of progressiv ideas, to what it used to be.

I think, Mr. Editor, the prospects for the years to come will prove gloriously rich for the cause of Liberalism, looking from my limited horizon. I feel a warm pride and interest for the cause; I wish I could do a great deal for it, if I had the means; as it is, I must be content to do what I can, in my humble way, by circulating my books, pamphlets, and papers among those with whom I think they will hav an influence. Every Liberal should do this; every Liberal should take an activ part, to the best of his or her means and ability, to spread the light of truth, and advance the cause of Liberalism.

All can do some good; we can set a good example; we can do a good deed; we can speak a kind word to all; we can say a good word in defense of the cause, and, all together, it will do much good. We can all help check and destroy a lie, and assert a truth in its stead, and we can all be brave enough to do it any place where duty demands, at all times; and, by so doing, we will help raise the standard of Liberalism gloriously and grandly over the stained and polluted banner of the church.

Yours truly, E. Ingersoll.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 5, 1882.

Mr. Editor: The notorious liar, Anthony Comstock, delivered his stale discourse on the suppression of vice question in the opera house here last night. He was accompanied to the platform by four of the most insignificant ministers Milwaukee could produce. Of course, the first thing was prayer by one of the divines. Then Anthony was introduced to a small audience, consisting mostly of Christians. A few Liberals were present, mostly through curiosity, to see what kind of a looking face the vile wretch is possessed of. The lecture consisted mostly of abusiv lying about men that are as far above him as the heavens are above the earth. He bragged considerably about the noble work he pretends to hav done in suppressing vice. He said he had confiscated twenty-four tons of obscene matter. Is there a shadow of truth in that statement? I wonder what scales he weighed his obscene matter on; the unbalanced scales of theology, I guess. He spoke in very strong terms of the opposition he was receiving from the Liberal League of Philadelphia. He considers R. G. Ingersoll at the head of the opposition to his noble work. He calls Ingersoll the fifty-cent blasphemer; he is jealous because he cant't get fifty cents for blaspheming Ingersoll. He spoke in a most contemptible way of the Spiritualists—the long-haired men and the short-haired women, as he called them; but they can stand it. Anthony thinks Wisconsin is behind the times; he will find it is not far enough behind to be duped by Anthony Comstock. His vile works are pretty well known to Wisconsin. We hav Liberal men, and men with brains, in our legislature, who are not going to sit down and let Comstock's bills be rushed through the legislature, in the manner they tried to get one of their suppression of vice bills rushed through just before the closing of the session this spring. Anthony had better confine his work to Delaware, or some of the states that are not behind the times.

After Mr. Comstock had finished his discourse, he was introduced to a few of our citizens, among them Robert C. Spencer, the head of the Spencerian College, and a Liberal. Mr. Spencer and Comstock had some lively talk, in which the names of Bennett and Ingersoll were freely used. We hope Mr. Spencer did not forget to giv the devil his just due.

Yours for truth, Wm. F. Hislop.

Pipestone, Minn., April 14, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $6 to pay for The Truth Seeker. I thank you for your kindness in sending it after my time ran out, and wish to add my testimony in praise of the fearless, outspoken Truth Seeker, and a heartfelt wish for the safe return to friends and home of our absent brother. My curse—my lasting, life-long curse—on that foul carrion, the church and Comstock.

Job Whitehead.

Dallas, Ark., April, 23, 106.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed fifty cents for The Truth Seeker for three months; I am well pleased with it. It advocates the ideas of my youth, and facts, as I find them to be, when weighed on the scales of reason and common sense. Having suffered through life with mental imprisonment, and being desirous of liberty, I feel inclined to come to the front and let my light shine, regardless of all the scorn and indignation that may be heaped upon me. My situation forbids my doing much this summer, but by next winter I will try what virtue there is in truth. I am so determined on the elevation and ennobling of the human family that I could not bear the idea of a superstitious woman becoming the mother of my offspring. In this lies the great secret of heredity. If we be wounded in the brain before birth, we cannot reasonably expect to outliv it, with the surroundings that we hav to contend with.

G. M. Calvert.

Leadville, Col., April 26, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I am very much pleased with the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," which I received on my return from Pueblo. The book greatly exceeds all expectation, and I cannot comprehend how Mr. Bennett could write a book with so much information in so short a space of time. I wish Bro. Bennett good health and a long life, and hope to see him some time. My regards to all the truth seekers, and I remain sincerely one of them,

Franz B. Woelke.

Lanark, Kan., April 24, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed you will find a two-dollar William (the last one in Bradley county, I think), for which you will continue my Bible, The Truth Seeker. After reading the history of that pile of rocks known as the Promised Land from the time I was seven years old, and reading accounts of different travelers up to the present time, you hav given us more honest Indian on the subject than all put together. Such hard times, such distressing times, hav never been known in this country, and the history of the overflow in the Mississippi valley you are acquainted with. I liv only about forty miles from there. Numbers of people here can hardly get bread to eat. Nothing more at present. I remain one of your greatest admirers, T. H. Montgomery.

A little fellow who knew Mother Goose better than he knew his Bible was asked in his class, "Who were thrown into the fiery furnace?" This was too much for him. The question was passed. The answer came promptly, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." This was a mortification to the little fellow, and when the next question came, "Who put them in?" he answered with a jump, "Little Jonnie Green."

A parson was asked to read the following notice: "A man having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the church." Unheeding the punctuation, the white-chokered sky-pilot gravely told the congregation that "a man having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the church."

During a lesson on the life of King David, a class of girls was asked, "Who killed the giant?" whereupon one replied, "Jack."

Balaam.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

A strange event once came to pass;
While Balaam rode upon an ass,
The ass got scared to death, almost,
At meeting on the way a ghost.

Out of the road she made a bound,
And her old master jerked around;
He pounded her to turn her back,
But still she would not keep the track.

In fact, she would not go at all,
But jammed his foot against a wall;
Then slap upon the ground she fell,
This made old Balaam mad as h—l.

And he began the ass to smite—
He thrashed the beast with all his might;
Then, strange to tell, the ass began
To talk and reason like a man.

Few are the wonders this surpasses;
Though men may sometimes talk like asses,
Yet no one, since the world began,
Ere heard an ass that spake like man,

Balaam was not surprised the least.
But talked an argued with the beast;
His rage was such, he wished, he said,
He had a sword to kill her dead.

Then suddenly it came to pass,
He saw the ghost that scared the ass;
A fighting ghost we understand,
For a bright sword was in his hand.

Old Balaam had just wished for one
To slay the ass he rode upon;
It can be seen at the first glance,
To borrow one, this was his chance.

'Tis queer he never thought of that;
Instead, he on his face fell flat;
Now man and beast were on a level,
God's agent did it, not the devil.

Then to this prostrate congregation
This ghostly parson preached salvation;
He held aloft a threatening sword,
And ordered them to serve the Lord.

'Tis likely when the ghost departed
His converts were quite brokenhearted,
And, weeping, sang the sad refrain:
"Oh, when shall we three meet again?"

A Letter from London.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The various religious sects in this country are making frantic efforts to regain their former power over the minds of the masses, and one of the latest moves has been amongst the Roman Catholics. What they are pleased to term a "holy war" has been carried on in South Wales just lately, and the mission was closed last week in a good old-fashioned way by a priest known as Father O'Hare. It appears that two families amongst the Irish in Cardiff preferred remaining in an unregenerate state, and refused to giv any evidence of repentance, so it was decided that the "curse of God" should be pronounced upon them. So the priest adorned himself with his cassock and a crucifix, and accompanied by two acolytes and a bodyguard of believers, marched around the town, cursing these two hardened families and blessing the believers. I hav not heard that the curse has begun to work yet. However, if it did not hurt those outcasts from the flock, it frightened others, and so I suppose the desired end was gained. It brought 2,000 persons to perform the act of cannibalism called "holy communion" in the space of four days, and as each would hav to giv something toward the funds, the business must hav paid very well. The members of the league hav to wear a small cross, giv up all intoxicating drinks, and pray day and night for the success of the "war." I do not fancy this will last very long, and when the excitement is over the usual effects will follow. If it were not pitiable that there are so many poor, ignorant people ready to believe that any evil result could come from being cursed by a priest, the whole affair would be most ludicrous. It is really sad to find the most degrading superstitions still so powerful, and Freethinkers hav much up-hill work to go through, for many years to come, in emancipating the people from such hideous bonds.

The Salvation Army is still going ahead, and the boss of the show, "General" Booth, has all the plunder handed over to him, and as he givs no account of his expenditures, he must be making a big pile. No doubt when it is as large as he wants it, he will hav a call to some other sphere of labor across the sea.

The Rev. Dr. McCann, who debated with Mr. Charles Bradlaugh a short time back, finding that his arguments did not convert any of the Freethinkers who heard him, is going to get at them in another way. He has started a weekly paper with the modest title of *The Champion of the Faith Against Current Infidelity*. In his opening address he informs his readers that his aim is high, and could not well be higher, being to help those who are seeking for truth to find it. His method is also high; he claims to be considered honest in his own convictions, and the same claim shall be yielded, *as far as possible*, to those who hav different convictions. I greatly admire that clause, "as far as possible;" we well know what that means. He intends, week by week, giving replies to the Infidel statements of the Infidel papers of preceding weeks, *when there are any which call for reply*—another sweet little saving clause. Of course, all the hard nuts that he cannot crack by any means, will be considered as statements not calling for reply, and will be quietly ignored. How childlike and bland some of these pious folks are; it is quite refreshing to meet with so much innocence now-a-days. The editor claims courtesy for himself, and promises to giv the same to his opponents, and he disclaims all personalities. To show he intends to keep strictly to this, one of his articles is headed "Secular Desperadoes," in which the writer abuses some of the more prominent Freethinkers, mentioning them by name. One ingenious gentleman on his staff is going to put all the scientists right, and commences by attacking the geologists, who he shows, at all events to his own satisfaction, are all wrong, unless they agree with our old friend Moses.

The reverend doctor does not intend by any means to hide his light under a bushel, feeble though it may be, for he is not going to confine himself to putting Infidels in their proper place, but he is also going to show the orthodox party where it is wrong. A column is to be devoted to showing the true meanings of "misrepresented texts," and everybody will be enlightened all around.

The missionary societies here are very much distressed because the mikado of Japan will not adopt the religion they want to introduce, and he is being prayed for pretty considerably. It remains to be seen whether the prayers of the faithful will induce their God to soften his hard heart, though as Japan is out of his jurisdiction I fear their efforts will be futil.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter, the only genuin prophet of modern times, and the sole individual who understands how to work Daniel's numbers correctly and giv the right names to his very remarkable beasts, has found out a slight mistake in his calculations, and it seems the world was not to be destroyed last year after all, but the catastrophes are to come off some time this century, probably about 1890, so we hav some eight years or so to think over the matter and repent us of our unbelief.

The tithe question is again coming to the front, and husbandmen cannot quite see what advantage they derive from handing over to the parsons so much money. Curiously enough the clergy cannot at all understand why they should reduce their demands; they prefer sticking out for hard cash, being afraid to trust to the Lord to support them. They are certainly wise in believing that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, though not quite honest. J. S. D.

London, April 24, 1882.

Shall the Chinese Go?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Judging by the tone of the Eastern press, I apprehend the Chinese question is entirely misunderstood, and having been in this state since 1850, and having employed Chinese labor somewhat in that time, and being pretty familiar with the subject, I thought I would send you a few items.

Probably there never was a system of labor so unique and convenient for capitalists and monopolists as the Chinese system. The Six Chinese Companies in San Francisco controls all the Chinamen in the state, and wherever a camp is located one Chinamen acts as agent, and if a person wants to hire one or a thousand men, all he has to do is to call on the "boss" and order so many men; and, the price and security for pay being satisfactory, the men are placed at your disposal, and you need hav no trouble with the men whatever; there will be a head man in the gang, who will receive their pay, when due, and if any of the number do not suit, he will send him away and get another in his place. The Chinamen board themselvs, and do their own cooking—except house servants.

To show how impossible it is for Americans to compete with Chinamen, I will relate a little of my experience. Some years ago there was competition between rival Chinese companies, and at the time they were preparing to build the road between the landing and the town of San Luis Obispo. I had fifteen Chinamen employed clearing land, and the "boss" of my band told me if I would secure the contract for supplying men to grade the road, at one dollar a day per man, his company would pay to me one dollar per month for every man who worked, whether fifty, or five hundred, or more, and guarantee all good, sound men. I called on the agent and put in my bid. I did not get the contract, and the agent told me afterward they accepted a better offer at headquarters. Now, I think I hav said enough to convince sensible men, that however well the Chinese system of labor may suit monopolists, both of this and the invisible theologic world, it is not exactly adapted to the American idea of democratic republicanism, and I do not believe the Liberals can compete with minions of superstition in toadying to the great monopolists.

If Arthur, by the grace of God and Guiteau, President of the United States, has turned this country over to his imperial highness of Pekin, as would seem by his returning a bill to Congress with the Chinese minister's objections, it appears to me it should be the duty of Congress to investigate the matter, and inform the people if the president alone, by imperial ukase, has the right and power to constitute this republic a province of a foreign state?

I do not think it possible to abolish the Chinese system of slavery, as they will not come into our courts, except when dragged in as criminals. There is no probability that they will ever strike for liberty, or would accept it if offered; and as the supply of men in China is practically inexhaustible, you will see, if President Arthur's arrangement is carried out to its legitimate results, it will require but a few decades to completely Chinaize this country.

Yours truly, FRED ROBINSON.

Nordhoff, Cal., April 22, 1882.

[Since the above was written Mr. Arthur has signed the modified bill restricting immigration for ten years.—ED. T. S.]

Elmina Abroad and Still at Home.

DEAR FRIENDS: It seems long since I wrote you last. Since then I hav seen many of our brave Liberal spirits in New York, among whom are Mrs. Burnz, the publisher and editor of our "Liberal Hymn-Book." And right here let me recommend every Liberal who does not own this little book to send at once to THE TRUTH SEEKER for a copy of it. It is only twenty-five cents, and no Liberal should be without it. Mrs. Burnz is a grand, good woman, and her work for humanity should be far better appreciated than it is, and it would be if you could all know her as well as I do. Then I saw the bold, brave Theron C. Leland, a handsome man in the true sense of the word, intelligent, kind, and earnest in good works. Asa K. Butts came to his office while I was there, so I saw him too. I called on good Dr. Foote at his home, and no one in all New York greeted me more kindly or took more pains to entertain me than he and his son, E. B. Foote, Jr. I brought away pleasant memories of the doctor's pleasant home, and feel more than ever impressed with his grand work for the Liberal cause and his steady, patient, and persistent labors therefor.

But all these good friends I hav left behind me now, and am quietly sitting in mother's pleasant, cosy room in Pleasant Valley, in the old county of Dutchess, where I was born and brought up in the simple, kindly Quaker faith, which still hath charms for me though I hav long outgrown its theological features. But the friendliness and good feeling of Quakerism will always remain a part of my nature. It is my first visit home since the war, and in all these years since I hav lived way down in Dixie, and never seen mother, brother, or sister, or any of the friends and relativs of my girlhood; and it seems almost like getting acquainted over again, for, though white-winged messengers hav weekly flown between here and my Snowville home, yet not until we met again could I realize all that lay between or the changes time had wrought in us all.

A dear friend sends me the following lines which are so appropriate to the occasion that I append them, knowing they will touch every heart with the same kindred spell they wrought for me:

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Tune—My Own Dear Sabbath Home

Sweet childhood's home, "more dear to me
Than fairest palace dome,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear," childhood's home.

CHORUS—Childhood's home, blessed home,
Childhood's happy home!
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear childhood's home.

Here first my trembling, tottering feet
The way to walk were shown;
Here first I learned to love and speak
In this dear childhood's home.

CHORUS—Childhood's home, etc.

Here mother stood with loving voice,
And accents ever mild,
To show the way to every right
And lead therein her child.

CHORUS—Childhood's home, etc.

I saw my father homeward come
When his day's toils were o'er;
He helped to make for childhood's home
The smiles in memory's store.

CHORUS—Childhood's home, etc.

And now, when long, long years hav flown,
I feel its influence still;
Each nook and flower of childhood's home
Will fondest memory thrill.

CHORUS—Childhood's home, blessed home,
My own dear childhood's home!
The freest joys I've ever known
Were found in childhood's home.

Pleasant Valley, N.Y., May 7th. ELMINA.

The Pittsburgh Liberal League.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A writer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 29th speaks of the commanding position of the Pittsburgh Liberal League. It has driven the clergy to get up lectures to defend the church against the consequences of free inquiry. Some of the clergy hav accepted the invitation of the League to address them at their meetings, and hav been surprised to find that the Leaguers understand the subject of religion better than they themselvs do. As far as influence in awakening public attention goes, the League has evinced more power than all the churches combined; for while no one ever dreams of alluding to the holy rigmarole of the pulpit, on Monday mornings many are desirous of hearing what was said yesterday at the League This verifies the fine argument of T. C. Leland, the secretary of the national institution, that there is power in organization. The League meet in no untaxed house, with cushioned seats, with a choir of fine musicians, and a salaried expounder and defender of their opinions. They hire a hall in the third story of a building, and hav no music to lure the people to come to their lectures. Nothing but the deep conviction that their opinions are correct, and their desire to hav their fellow-citizens enlightened upon them, lead them to pay the expenses they incur in holding their meetings. Yet this comparativ handful of people, by virtue of being an organized body, attract the attention of the public, and wield an influence for good.

The sole support of the churches in perpetuating their old dominion over the minds of the people, consists in their organization, their music, and their wealth. Not one of their doctrins, so antagonistic to each other, can bear candid investigation, and no intelligent people hungry for knowledge would be found at their meetings were they not drawn there by music, or driven there by the four fears—the fear of death, the fear of hell, the fear of the devil, and the fear of God. If the Freethinkers of this country were organized, had halls for lectures, music, and other intellectual and artistic enjoyments, such as they hav in some parts of the country, especially in Michigan, they would conquer the church and take possession of the confidence of the people in twenty years. Methodism, a hundred years ago, began its career in this country by organizing churches if there could be found half a dozen in a neighborhood, forming a "circuit," and sending a preacher once a week, or once a month, to preach to them and keep them in heart. The preachers in most cases were very illiterate men, but manipulating the four fears alluded to above with zeal and steatorian voice, they went on increasing in numbers and power till the church has extended all over the country. Now, we hav at least a hundred lecturers among the Freethinkers, who are men of education, men of logical minds, and men of zeal. We hav more than two hundred Leagues. Divide them into "circuits" as the Methodists did, and assign a lecturer to each circuit, who shall visit each League statedly. Enlist the women, and hav music at the meetings. Let every Freethinker regularly contribute his money to a common fund to keep the wheels of such machinery oiled, and after five years count noses. The public attention has been excited, and the experience of Mr. Green and other lecturers in the west shows that it is not difficult to get audiences who wish to hear the church claims fairly examined. It is not right to ask a man of abilities to devote himself to the missionary work of lecturing and not pay him for his services. See how willing the people are to pay Ingersoll for his most radical lectures. But he makes them pay. We hav other men in our ranks who understand the subject of discussion as well as Ingersoll does. And armed with the same weapons of facts and arguments which he uses, and having the ears of the people which are now open, all our lecturers ought to be at work, and ought to be well paid, too.

A slight family jar has taken place in Pittsburg which, unless quashed for "the peace and welfare of our beloved Zion," may end in something serious. The case is this: The Rev. E. R. Donehoo is a minister and pastor of one of the numerous Presbyterian churches in this city. He seems to be a man of some pluck and independence of spirit. I suspect that he did not receive his theological education as a beneficiary, as so many of the clergy do. It is this charity education that emasculates the clergy and makes them mere eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. The courage evinced by Mr. Donehoo in rebuking church sins makes me think that if he ever were a charity student he has paid back the debt he owed the church in money, and not servility. Well, he is a kind of chaplain to the jail, and consequently learns much of the vices and crimes of society by his reformatory attempts upon prisoners. In the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of April 28th he charges the Methodist *Christian Advocate* with advertising in its columns the sale of drugs for the purpose of producing abortions. No doubt can be entertained of the truth of the charge: and no one knows how many matrons and maids, who forget they are not married, believing in the false doctrin that the fetus is not a living being till the fifth month when it "quickens," or the ninth month when it is born, buys these murderous drugs advertised in their religious family paper, supposing that the use of them is not wrong, or they would not be advertised in such a journal. Religious newspapers are read almost exclusivly by church people, and when they advertise abortion nostrums it proves that such expedients are used in the church, and of course are not considered wrong. Mr. Donehoo, no doubt, in his philanthropic labors among criminal men and women, finds instances of the bad effect of these pious advertisments of abortion medicins, and so charged it upon the *Christian Advocate*. The *Advocate* blushes and squirms like an eel with a fork through its head, but has to confess tacitly, but not openly and honestly, that the temptation of the pay was too much for its piety and decency.

Pittsburgh, April 30, 1882. DAVID JONES.

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This last bomb-shell into the orthodox camp does much to explode the myths of all gods and devils, and shows hell to be a bottomless pit through which damned souls are ever escaping from the other side. The first part, of six lectures, completely analyzes the universal conception of a deity from the fetich of the savage to the more abstract idea of God in modern times among enlightened nations. It shows the colonel to be well versed in the scriptures, and that he has read them through the highest faculty of the mind—enlightened reason.

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Bishop Creek, Cal., May 2, 1882.

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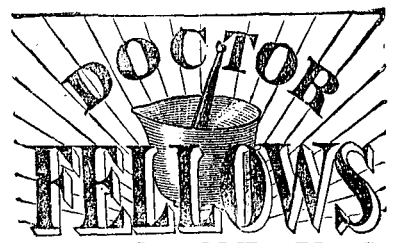
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DR. SPRENGER was asked by a Mussulman how he (Dr. Sprenger) could disbelieve the religion of Islam, "seeing that Mohammed's name was written on the gates of Paradise." In a less palpable form, the same mode of reasoning is constantly adopted among ourselvs. Either we do not take the trouble to submit the evidence of the facts upon which we create our arguments to a sufficiently rigorous scrutiny, or we fail to perceive that the axioms we take for granted are in reality neither self-evident as our system requires, nor capable of any satisfactory demonstration.—*Amberley's Analysis*

THE worst religion has its truth; the best religion has its error.—*Anon.*

A CANDLE, though its light bears no proportion to the light of the sun, yet it resembles it, nevertheless, in giving light, whereas darkness is contrary to both.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Hal how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the liar. —*Longfellow.*

IT seems a very hopeless thing, nowadays, to try to hold any minds by the mere bonds of authority. The intellectual air all around is too astir for this. There is no system of mental seclusion can well shut out the young from opinions the most opposit to those to which they hav been accustomed. The old safeguards, which were wont to inclose the religious life, as with a sacred charm, no longer do so. Even those who rest within the shade of authority do so, in many cases, from choice rather than from habit. They know not what else to do. They hav gone in quest of truth, and hav not found it; and so they hav been glad to throw themselvs into arms which profess an infallible shelter, and seek repose there. This is not remedy for doubt, but despair of reason. And no good can come in this way.—*Principal Tulloch's How to Succeed in Life.*

THERE is nothing more unreasonable than for men to liv viciously and yet hope to escape the necessary consequences of their vices.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

WE hear much said in recent days about the irreligious tendencies of people as manifested in the multitudes who do not go to any church; and the prospect is in some respects bad. Yet, to my mind, there is a thousandfold more ground for solicitude concerning the moral and spiritual welfare of society in the fact that there are so many habitual church-goers who are no more religious in their character and lives than if they had no contact whatever with religious institutions, and to whom religious habits hav only become a convenient cloak, not only to cover the want of real moral and spiritual earnestness, but to conceal decently from the public eye positiv moral deformity and rottenness. To such an extent does the insincerity prevail, that it is a wonder the maskers, as they meet in their Sunday pilgrimages to their respectiv churches, do not peep out from under their masks to laugh at each other's attempt at pious deceit.—*W. J. Potter.*

THERE is a wide difference between truthfulness and mere veracity. Veracity implies a correspondence between words and thoughts; truthfulness, a correspondence between thoughts and realities. To be veracious, it is only necessary that a man giv utterance to his convictions; to be true, it is necessary that his convictions hav affinity with fact.—*Fred W. Robertson.*

FREETHINKERS are not free from thought, but free in it. Whatever they believe or don't believe, they hav no animosity against facts, duties, natural obligations, or anything which binds human society together in one harmonious whole. They cheerfully accord to the great body of Christians the credit of being far better than their creeds or theological dogmas. And when the churches, as such, insist on having their property taxed equally with all other property, they will accord them such credit for sincerity as is at present impossible —*Elizur Wright.*

I DO not believe that all parts of the sixty-six books of the Bible are equally inspired or of equal authority and value, nor do I believe that all the books of the Old Testament are critically infallible. —*Dr. Thomas, of Chicago.*

AMONG the Ibos, a negro tribe, it is the custom for women, six weeks after child-birth, to present a pair of hens as an offering, which, however, are not killed, but liberated, after certain ceremonies. In like manner, the Hebrew woman, after her delivery, was enjoined to bring a lamb and a pigeon or turtle dove; or, if she were unable to bring the lamb, two young pigeons or two turtle doves (Lev. xii, 6-8).—*Amberley's Analysis.*

A MAN'S regard to his own interest and advantage is, then, only faulty when it is a temptation to him to do anything that is in its own nature evil, not when it is in conjunction with the universal right and reason of things and the happiness of God's whole creation.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

THERE is a long twilight between the time when a god is first suspected to be an idol and his final overthrow.—*Froude's Cæsar.*

NOBODY will be at such an open defiance with common sense as to profess that we should not endeavor to know, and to think of, things as they are in themselvs; and yet there is nothing more frequent than to do the contrary: and men are apt to excuse themselvs, and think that they hav reason to do so, if they hav but a pretense that is for God or a good cause, that is, in effect, for themselvs, their own persuasion, or party; for to these, in their turns, the several sects of men, especially in matters of religion, entitle God and a good cause. —*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

Odds and Ends.

THEY hav got a new "True Messiah" in Egypt and we guess he is genuin, for he is shedding about as much blood as the old timers hav in that line —*The Judge.*

A BURGLAR entered a house the other night, and scared a lady so badly that her hair, which was lying in an exposed place on the bureau, turned white in a single night.

"WHAT is the moon good for?" asked Prof Miller; "what are its principal uses to us?" And the smart bad boy looked up from the class and said, "To rest the gas company."

SCHOOLMARMS IN IDAHO.

When he had finished with the climate, soil, and productions of Idaho, one of the group asked:

"How about education facilities?"

"That's the only thing we lack," replied the old man, with a mournful sigh. "We've got schools enough, but we can't keep no teachers."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, take my school, for instance—only two miles from the nearest house. eminently situated on the top of a hill, and paying the biggest salary. We can't keep a teacher over two weeks."

"Do they die?"

"Some do, though it's no place for dying. We had a young fellow from Ohio. and he met a grizzly and whistled for him. The grizzly cum. We had another, and a widder run him down and married him inside of a month. The third one was lame, and the Injuns overtook him. Then we tried women folks. The first one got married the night she lit down there; I took the second about the middle of the third week, and the next one was abducted by a stage robber.

"Why don't you get the ugliest, homeliest woman you can find—some perfect old terror, like that lantern-jawed, razor-faced female over by the ticket window?"

"Why don't we? Stranger, you Eastern folks will never understand us pioneers in the world—never. That's my wife—the identical school-teacher I married, and she was the handsomest one in the drove."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SAILOR'S YARN.

This is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quandrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
Its our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go!

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale
To giv her weather room.

"O boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?
Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind!"

"O sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave:
"I hav several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd orter save."

Then up spoke the captain of marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
"It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate
Who filled them all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skippers jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore!

'Taint much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And such'in to do, if I say it too,
For that second mate was me!

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,
And I envy the life of a second mate
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

—*Jeff. Roche in the Detroit Free Press.*

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FORT SENECA, O., Feb. 10, 1882
A friend of mine desires me to request you to send him three boxes of Dr. York's Liver and Kidney Pills. I think the pills are a grand thing. WM. MONTGOMERY.

LEVERETT, MASS., Jan. 28, 1882
I received safely the pills you sent me. They giv good satisfaction. I will endeavor to introduce them to my friends, as I think them a valuable article. A. ADAMS.

CLINTON, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.
To-day I had another call for a box of Dr. York's Liver and Kidney Pills. The boy and his mother hav used one box with good effect. Please send me three boxes more. MRS. G. L. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 18, 1882.
I received Dr. York's Pills, and am happy to say they hav done me much good. I gave a few to my friends, and they like them so well that I am obliged to send for some more. ROBERT F. GILMOU. 2819 Leam

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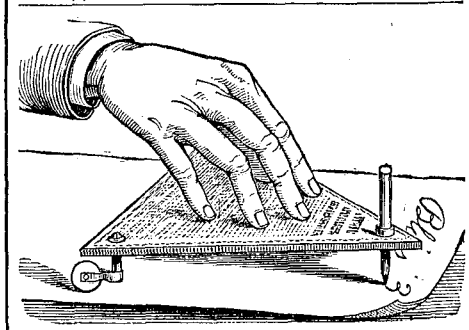
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Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

IN Russia Sunday is the favorit shopping-day of all classes.

THE Rev. Dr. Landis preached last Sunday on "Nothing." Ministers hav been using the same text, under different titles, for a long time.

SUNDAY, the 21st, was appointed by several bishops of the Episcopal church as a day of intercession for the success of missions. It is the opinion of others that the missionary cause is past praying for.

THE first Welsh Presbyterian church in Ohio was founded in 1803. At present that division of the church has three thousand members. So it is only a question of time when the Welsh Presbyterians will save the whole state.

IT is suggested that an itinerant ministry will use bicycles in the future. Perhaps the riding of bicycles is what Ezekiel was attempting to shadow forth in his vision of a wheel upon the earth, and the spirit of a living creature in the wheel.

THERE is a report that the Rev. Mr. Hoyt, who is a member of the civil service examining board in this city, catechizes applicants for Custom House clerkships from the "Union Question Book" of the American Sunday-school Union.

INFIDEL books are extensivly circulated and read by the English-speaking Hindoos.—*New York Tribune.* The honesty of the *Tribune* in printing this item now is not so great as its lack of enterprise as a chronicler of contemporaneous events in not having mentioned the fact long ago.

THE Assembly of Southern Presbyterians has decided not to take action approving the revised New Testament at present, but at next year's meeting. This new revision seems to be a sort of literary white elephant on the hands of the Protestant church. If they are wise they will sell it to Barnum, at his own terms, and go back to the "original" Greek.

THE agent of the Bible Society in Brazil makes the following statement in a recent circular: "We guarantee that the Bibles and New Testaments published by the American Bible Society contain in their entirety all the books recognized as canonical by our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles." We should say that they do, and a good many more.

THE *Moravian*, a religious paper, and the New York *Christian Advocate* deeply deplore the signing of the anti-Chinese bill by President Arthur. They regard it as unconstitutional. After witnessing the ease with which the religious press bolted the Fugitiv-slave and Comstock law camels, it is hard to see the necessity of its straining at this Chinese gnat.

THE Southern Methodists, in general conference assembled, hav voted that their church members must neither dance nor go to the circus. This is hard indeed. But there is a law of compensation which tempers the ecclesiastical wind to the shorn lamb. They are not prohibited from attending church trials of clergymen, and the world can offer to the curious no such circus as one of these investigations.

IN his address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Oliver Wendell Holmes gave this testimony in regard to the Liberal religious views and teachings of Emerson: "The ministers denounced his heresies, and handled his writings as if they were packages of dynamite, and the grandmothers were as much afraid of his new teachings as old Mrs. Piozzi was of geology. We had had revolutionary orators, reformers, martyrs; it was but a few years since Abner Kneeland had been sent to jail for expressing an opinion about the great first cause; but we had had nothing like this man, with his seraphic voice and countenance, his choice vocabulary, his refined utterance, his gentle courage—which, with a different manner, might be called audacity—his temperate statement of opinions which threatened to shake the existing order of thought like an earthquake."

THERE is a religious society in this city having about sixty members who reject animal food and fish on religious grounds. They call themselvs "Faithists," and call upon all vegetarian worshipers of Jehovah to join them. What connection there is between Jehovah and vegetables is not explained, but as the supply of cranks is not yet exhausted by the other religious sects, this one will probably continue to grow.

HARRIET MARTINEAU left many personal friends and thousands of admirers in America. Boston women hav raised about $13,000, and before long a statue from the studio of Miss Whitney will be unveiled in that city. The statue represents Miss Martineau in her prime, sitting in a garden chair on her terrace, as she was accustomed when in study. A manuscript lies in her lap, which she has been reading, and the hands are folded over it. A shawl has dropped from her shoulders and partly drapes the figure. The head is lifted and the eyes look out into space as if she were in deep thought.

THE lack of an inspired proof-reader made itself severely felt by the revisers of the New Testament. For instance, from more than 1,500 passages, collated for the purpose, a writer in an English journal shows than *an half* occurs eight times, *a half* five times; that *hand* is preceded by *an* seven times, by *mine* forty-three, and *my* forty-nine times; by *thine* ninety-seven, and *thy* forty-three times; that the word *heart* is preceded by *an* three, and by *a* three times, by *mine* thirty, and *my* fifty-two times, by *thine* fifty-two, and *thy* eighteen times. The only words which never vary is *an hundred.* The relativ *which*, when referring to persons, has been sometimes changed to *who*, sometimes to *that*, and sometimes retained. There is the same want of uniformity in the use of *whence* and *thence*, in many passages *from whence* and *from thence* being employed.

AMONG the literary and scientific workers, whose testimony as to the influence of alcohol and tobacco on intellectual labor a gentleman of Manchester in late years obtained, Mr. Darwin was one. He wrote that he drank one glass of wine daily, and believed that he should be better if he drank none at all, although the doctors agreed in urging him to drink it as a cure for giddiness. He added that he had taken snuff all his life, and regretted that he had ever done so. The habit he had often tried to shake off, and for a time had done so, but never successfully for any long period. He felt sure, however, that it was a great stimulus and aid in his work. "I also," he wrote, "smoke daily two little paper cigarets of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulus, but rests me after my work, or after I hav been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else. I am seventy-three years old."

COLONEL INGERSOLL is to be the orator of the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration Day. It is eminently fitting that he should be; first, because the celebration of the day is in honor of the fallen soldiers of the Union; and second, because he is the most brilliant and eloquent orator of our time. Nevertheless, some pharisaical panderers to the ultra pious sentiment of the community condemn the selection because the day "is semi-religious in character." Indeed! That is the first we hav heard that the Grand Army of the Republic is to hav a prayer-meeting. We had supposed that there was nothing religious about Decoration Day. We thought it was wholly patriotic in character. We presume that the Grand Army were of that opinion too. And we still believe that they are. Never mind the canters, boys! Ingersoll will giv you the best oration that was ever uttered on Decoration Day, and, if you must hav prayers, he will giv you one that will knock the professional prayer out of sight. No more beautiful prayer was ever spoken than that prose poetry which fell from his lips over the coffin of his brother. Away with such hypocrisy! Let us listen to a liberty-loving man, a soldier, and an orator when we gather to express a nation's sorrow for the loss of her soldier sons and her gratitude for their devotion.—*Truth.*

AN encouraging phase of the strife between the Freethinkers and the Catholics of France occurred in the chamber of deputies recently on the debate on the Civil Interment bill, by which it is sought to place non-religious burials on the same footing as those celebrated with religious rites. Monsignor Freppel (Catholic) declaimed against the idea that Materialists could render honor to "the mixture of physico-chemical elements which is all that remains of the body after death." M. Clovis Hugues (Liberal) replied that Materialists had a better right to honor the remains of the dead than the Catholics, who regarded the corpse as the worn-out garb of a departed spirit. The controversy was brought to a close by the minister of worship, who remarked that when a man died he always left something behind to which funeral honors could be paid, and that in the case of Materialists these last sad tributes of respects were paid to a life consecrated to duty and honor. The bill was accepted by 379 to 89.

THE new statutes, practically abolishing religious instruction and religious disciplin in the English universities, are likely soon to become law. They contain provisions, the *London Globe* thinks, which must be regarded as "directly hostil to the cause of religion in general, and to the church of England in particular." It appears that the restrictions, by virtue of which colleges were compelled to take clergymen for their president, and to elect a large proportion of clergymen among their fellows, hav been gradually relaxed in the course of the last fifty years. Now it is proposed to abolish them almost entirely, leaving in most colleges only one, and in no case more than two fellowships, confined necessarily to men in holy orders. "The result of such a measure," the *Globe* says, "cannot be regarded without the greatest apprehension by every one who has any regard for the religious and moral instruction, and supervision of the undergraduates, or who is capable of understanding what results are following in France upon the destruction of the religious element in public instruction."

THE Rev. Dr. George A. Lofton, pastor of the Third Baptist church of St. Louis, is now in bed in a pretty badly damaged condition. He has just had an experience he will not soon forget. According to stories told by a number of people, the reverend gentleman started for a trip of recreation recently. It was reported that he was going on a long Southern tour. The doctor had a bottle of rock and rye in his satchel. At Holden, Mo., a lady boarded the train. The divine looked, and, circumstances would indicate, was immediately captured. He soon began gazing back at the lady in a way to attract attention. Soon after he got up, walked back and took his seat next to the lady. For a moment, while the doctor and the lady talked, nothing was heard, but in a minute the lady and the bystanders state that Dr. Lofton reached his own arm around her and tried to draw her to his manly bosom, while he whispered in her ear. The doctor is a strong, powerful man, with a long arm. The lady screamed, and succeeded in evading the ministerial grasp. She ran out of the Pullman sleeper and into the Louisville car, which was the next behind. The minister followed her, clutching a bottle of beer in his hand. There were gallant men with brawny arms aboard, and the strongest of these was a monte-dealer. There was some loud talking, during which, it is reported, the preacher swore some terrible oaths. In a moment the monte man struck the parson square between the eyes, knocking him all in a heap across the car. A large number of the officers of the Army of the Tennessee, including Gen. Sherman, saw the whole affair, and say the story as told by the conductor, the substance of which is given, is true. The clergyman left the train at Vincennes, taking the next train for home.

News of the Week.

JAMES VICK, the well-known seed man, of Rochester, N. Y., is dead.

COL. INGERSOLL will deliver the opening address at the Denver Exposition.

THERE arrived at this port, during the week ending May 20th, 23,545 emigrants.

A WOMAN in this city recently presented her husband with a son weighing but ten ounces.

No certain clew to the assassins of Cavendish and Burke in Phenix Park, Dublin, has as yet been discovered.

A DEFICIT amounting to $14,829 is reported in the accounts of ex-State Treasurer, now Governor, Churchill of Arkansas.

GUITEAU'S last hope is gone. The court in banc has refused him a new trial, and his execution is set down for June 30th.

THE excursion boats to Coney Island, Rockaway, and up the Hudson began their regular trips last Sunday with crowded decks.

LAST Tuesday was, according to the Jewish belief, the day of Pentecost and the anniversary of the revelation of the decalog to Moses.

A STRIKE is said to be impending among the iron and steel workers of Pittsburgh, Pa., which will result in the lockout of thirty thousand men.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MARSTON has decided that Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is an indecent publication, and has compelled the publishers to giv it up.

THE comet is said to be now visible to the naked eye. It is in the constellation Cassiopeia, and at midnight is about midway between the horizon and the North star.

THE steamship Alaska has just made the passage from Queenstown, Ireland, to Sandy Hook in seven days and four hours, thus beating the best previous record westward.

LEIGHTON, the colored man who murdered Mary Dean by cutting her throat with a razor, was hanged on the 19th. The execution was performed in so bungling a manner that it was nearly twenty minutes after the drop fell before life was extinct.

TWO members of the Union League Club recently quarreled. One called the other a blackguard, and was called a liar in return. A duel seemed imminent, but at present the case is before the grand jury, and it is hoped that no gore will flow.

SEVEN thousand Baptist Sunday-school children of this vicinity had a parade last week. They were divided into six "armies," and carried banners and gonfalons waving aloft, and had brass bands at their head playing lively airs. Ice-cream, cake, and colic followed the parade.

R. B. HAYES has been made chairman of the board of directors to distribute the Slater fund for the benefit of the Southern colored people. The New York *Sun* finds reason for rejoicing in the fact that Hayes has at last got a place where the salary he draws does not belong to another man.

A LANDSCAPE and portrait painter died in a New York hospital last week of starvation. He had been without food for six weeks, being too miserly to buy it, and believing that a man could liv without eating, after he once got accustomed to it. Bank books showing a deposit of $6,600 were found in his clothes.

LAST Sunday the Rev. Dr. Steman preached from the text, "Keep yourselvs in the love of God." After the sermon he abused one of his congregation, also a clergyman, and was arrested for provoking an assault. When the reverend gentleman met his accuser in court he dealt him a vigorous blow on the forehead, knocking him down. As he arose, the pastor landed another on his nose. Mr. Steman was then taken away.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

General History of India in Brief.—Concluded.

CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

On our way to Elephanta we visited a large American freight ship, commanded by Capt. Ross, of New England. His wife is on board with him, with a relative and his wife, the cabin being neatly and comfortably fitted up for their accommodation. We were kindly received by the captain and his family, and had a very pleasing visit with them. Americans do seem nearer and more like relations than any other people of the earth, and it certainly does our hearts much good to meet them in these distant waters.

The ride to Elephanta out far in the bay, and surrounded by many other pleasant and picturesque islands, was a delightful one, the day being as charming as could be desired. Upon the arrival at the point of our destination, we found a pier of independent concrete stones, large and square in form, running several hundred feet out into the water, by the side of which our little steamer landed its select number of passengers, and we found the island, though rocky and elevated, covered with rich growth of tropical trees and plants lovely to behold. Mengoe-trees, palms, bananas, cactuses, with a profusion of plants, creepers, and flowers, met our eyes upon all sides. A well-built stone walk and ascending steps with a walk neatly laid on each side, rounded off with ornamental capstones, erected many years ago by a rich rajah, leads for a thousand feet or two from the water's edge to the magnificent temple cut out of the solid rock.

The name Elephanta comes from the colossal statue of an elephant standing at the entrance of the temple, the figure being cut out of a detatched mass of dark-colored rock of volcanic or igneous formation. The native name of the island—which is perhaps some three miles in circumference, the rocks, partially covered with soil, rising two or three hundred feet in the center—is Gurhpoora, meaning the "tower of purification;" or, according to others, the "fortress-city."

The excavation was made by the believers in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the great Hindoo trinity; but as to the precise period when it was done, of course, cannot be decided, though it is believed to have been earlier than the Christian era, some claiming them to be several centuries older than Christianity. I will first give the size of the excavations, etc., and describe the various statues and sculptures further on. The excavation consists of three parts, of which the center is occupied by a great temple, dedicated to the Hindoo trinity, and the sides by two chapels, sacred to Siva and Indra respectively. The extent of the cave from north to south is one hundred and thirty feet; from east to west, one hundred and thirty-three feet. Twenty-six pillars, of which eight are broken, and sixteen pilasters support the roof and the entire mountain which rises above it. Neither the floor nor the roof is in precisely the same plain throughout, and consequently the hight varies from eight and a half feet in some places to eighteen feet in others. The pillars also vary somewhat in size and decorations, but not sufficiently to cause the difference to be noticed by the visitor. All the walls are covered with bas-reliefs, generally of large size, in good proportion, and producing a pleasing effect. The reliefs on the walls are in some cases so high and distinct that they adhere only to the main mass of rocks by their backs. Many of them are of colossal dimensions and remarkably well executed, though it is to be regretted that certain Christian zealots have seriously defaced many of the sculptures. Considerable light is admitted at the main entrance, as well as on the sides, so that no artificial light is required to see the sculptures in the various parts of the excavations. A feeling of awe is not easily suppressed as one stands near the main extrance and views the grand and quiet sculptures, representing the ancient belief of the people who many centuries ago inhabited this land, and which sculptures have so long quietly reposed in this quiet retreat. I will not attempt to here enter into an explanation of the complicated system of Hindoo mythology, which is not even understood alike by the various sects of the Hindoos themselves, some paying their worship to one particular deity and some to another. The gods of most of the sects are claimed to have had numerous *avatars*, sons, or transformations, or descents upon the earth to accomplish some particular purpose, either for the good of the gods or of the race of men upon the earth; and each of these has again been transformed an almost infinite number of times—Vishnu and Siva, two of the persons of the trinity, are each said to have a thousand different names. There is scarely a passion, feeling, vice, or virtue of the human race that has has been personified, together with all the innumerable hosts with which the prolific and imaginative mind of man has peopled the supposed domain of heaven, and including fire, wind, earth, water, with all the forces and features of nature. The devout Hindoo can hardly approach his ideal, supreme, and unknown god, incomprehensible to any mind, perhaps, but his own, and really not to that, except through some personified attributes of him whose supposed glory is so great there is no image, and his nature and will cannot be comprehended, save in some such attributes.

According to Sir William Jones, who for many years was an enlightened judge in India, and gave the ancient religions of the country great attention, the most venerable part of the Hindoo scriptures is called the Gayatri—the mother of the Vedas, or holiest verse of the Vedas—which he thus translates: "That divine and incomparably greater light, which illumines all, from which all proceed, to whom all must return, and which alone can irradiate (not our visual organs merely, but our souls) our intellects." Another translation says: "Let us adore the supremacy of the divine sun—he the godhead who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress toward the holy seat."

The following paraphrase, or commentary, by the learned Pundit Rhadacant, descriptive of Brahma or the great incomprehensible, may be deemed appropriate before we enter into a detailed description of the sculptures in this ancient temple: "Perfect truth; perfect happiness, without equal; immortal, absolute unity; whom neither speech can describe nor mind comprehend; all-pervading; all-trandscending; delighted with his own boundless intelligence; not limited by space or time; without feet, moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling, all-powerful; the creator, the preserver, the transformer of all things; such is the great one." This is perhaps equally as grand a description of the great unknown as any Christian has been able to give, each knowing absolutely nothing of the being or power attempted to be described, and drawing only upon a prolific imagination for ideas; but after all, neither can rise above the great cosmos, the universe—nature—which embraces all existence, all material, all forces, all capabilities that have existence, and beyond which, above which, and below which there is and can be nothing. The simple term, nature, then, expresses just as much, and means just as much, as the far-fetched and incomprehensible imagery and dreaming which men, whether pagan or Christian, are capable of originating. "Nature," if we only look at it in the right light, is as great a word, as great a meaning, as great a conception, as "God" can possibly be. And after all the fine talk is indulged in, after all the imagination can paint, the two words are synonymous, and mean almost precisely the same. "Nature" is ALL, and "God" can be no more. About the only difference is that the stickler for "God" has taken what the term "Nature" implies, with all its wonder and mystery, put an imaginary envelope or covering upon him, and given him personality, and named him Brahma, Ahura-Mazda, Osiris, Odin, Jove, or Jehovah; but when all this is done, the various names mean the same, no more, and no less. I still insist that nature means just as much as either of them, and is more true, more real, more absolute, than any of them; for nature really does exist, is the sum of all existence, and is the only thing that does exist. But if there are those who wish to personify nature and name it by any of the above appellations, or any of the thousands of others that have been invented, I will not quarrel with them for the taste they indulge in; but I must insist that no name that can be invented, no personality that can be imagined, can make grand, glorious, eternal old Nature one iota more great or omnipotent or omnipresent than it is. And I must also insist that when personality—a being—the qualities of organization, parts, locality, of being in one place more than another, is given to a universal principle or power, its infinity, which is one of the greatest characteristics, is at once destroyed. No being, thing, substance, person, power, or principle can at the same time have personality, locality, and infinity. The terms are most assuredly incompatible with each other; where personality, individuality, locality, organization, and "being" exist there cannot be infinity; a being cannot possibly be everywhere at the same time. And when the idea of "being" is dismissed, there is no truer nor grander term for the supreme, infinite power than NATURE; and it needs not a creator, and had not a creator a thousandth part as much as either of the personal beings called gods, which men have imagined. Whenever any one says "nature" must have had a beginning, a cause, or a creator, they would speak far more truly to say that any god or being which can be imagined must have had a beginning, a cause, and a creator. Nothing can possibly be gained in logic or good sense by deciding that nature must have been caused, but that the god or gods were not caused. Until it can be shown that any god possesses any quality or capability which nature does not more perfectly possess, I shall object to nature being despised, and a creation of the imagination adored in its place. But to return to Elephanta and the Hindoos.

When the Hindoo deity wished the world to exist and continue, or rather when the Hindoo Theist himself wished this, he created or imagined a trinity, a triad, representing creation, preservation, and destruction (nothing but the course of nature at best), and named them Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Each of these persons in the Hindoo godhead has a distinct class of worshipers, and these again are divided and subdivided almost without end. True, Brahma himself has but few worshipers as an individual, and there are no temples, no altars, and no shrines erected to his honor, and few images, comparatively, which represent him disconnected from his two partners in godship. As he is supposed to be the creator of the world, the entire universe, his labor is completed, with little more for him to attend to, so to some extent he becomes a sort of supernumerary in the domain of the gods, while Vishnu and Siva, the alternative preserving and destroying elements, have ever a continued round of duties and labors to perform.

The trinity, or *trimurti*, generally claimed to represent Siva in his threefold character of Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preverver, and Siva the destroyer, is the largest and most imposing sculpture in the temple, and stands at the inner end of the main compartment, immediately in front of the grand entrance. The figures reach a hight of twelve to fifteen feet, and display a very fair amount of artistic skill, being carved and sculptured with care and precision. Each person in the godhead is identified by his accorded symbols and peculiarities. The high head-dresses, on which was bestowed an almost inconceivable amount of work, when gilded and adorned as they originally were, must have presented a very rich and striking appearance, and are supposed to represent the style in vogue with the rajahs of the country at the time the temple was constructed. The ornaments on the tiaras are interspersed with symbols and emblems, and the brooches, necklaces, pendants, and festoons of jewelry are most elaborate and rich in execution. The models themselves would do honor to artists of our own times.

The head on the left and facing the east, according to the ancient custom, is the principal head of Siva in his character of destroyer, as the protuberance on his forehead—his third eye—the skull on his cap, with plants sacred to him, indicate. His hair is formed of twisted serpents. He wears a stern, gloomy expression, and has a Roman countenance, which derives character or fierceness from a moustache above his slightly parted lips. A slight prominence is visible at the corners of his mouth, which may have meant to conceal the tusks often ascribed to him. In his right hand is a large cobra, with the wide, expanded head peculiar to that deadly serpent, and which seems to be looking the destructive god in the face. Siva is sometimes represented with five heads, but in only one of them, and in the middle of the forehead, is placed the "eye of destruction," from which flames are to dart forth to destroy the world.

The center and largest head is Brahma, the creator. It perhaps has not as much expression as that of Siva, but it exhibits the qualities of tranquility and repose in a striking degree. It is probable when fully painted the expression of his countenance may have been greatly increased. The figure has a rich necklace of jewels, with festoons like pearls, which have the appearance of being suspended from elongated ears.

The third figure of course represents Vishnu, the preserver, who has had no less than nine distinct avatars or incarnations, begotten by himself, to carry out his wise designs and purposes. He has a somewhat feminine cast of countenance blended with benignance and geniality. The ornaments of the headress are also of a feminine character, having several beautiful festoons of jewels or pearls with oblong drops. The right hand holds up a lotus in a good state of preservation.

The center figure holds what appears to be a gourd or pomegranate. The whole subject stands in a recess in the rock ten feet in depth, and the center figure from the bottom of the breast to the top of the cap is seventeen feet ten inches in hight. Behind the head to the left is a recess capable of holding a person in a reclining position, without being observed from below, an arrangement supposed to have been made use of by the priests to assist the gods and enable them to speak at the proper moment, and increase correspondingly the faith and adoration of the worshipers. There is nothing like a proper amount of finesse in these godly matters.

In the compartment east of the great trinity Siva is represented in his double character of male and female, a personification of nature in one form. One side of the figure is that of a male, and the other a female, and the distinction between the two sexes is carried out with elaborateness. The right hand of the male side leans with one of the four arms on the head of the *nandi*, or sacred bull, the animal on which Siva rides; it is not seen with any other figure. It appears that most of the Hindoo gods, like, in fact, most of the gods of other nations, had their favorite mode of conveyance. The other right arm of the compound figure holds up a cobra, or *naga*, also one of the symbols of Siva. Many of

the gods seem to have considerable to do with snakes, and even Yahweh himself had no little trouble with a member of the snake family, which he had created, and which possessed shrewdness and power sufficient to thwart and upset the plans of his maker. One of the left female arms holds a shield or mirror—probably the former—while the other arm is broken off. The side of the head-dress is distinctly marked, both in the jewels and emblems. It is greatly to be regretted that the lower part of this sculpture has been much damaged by vandalism, but above and around the principal figure are numerous floating or flying statues, some in the clouds, and others as attendants with the *chamara*, or cow-tail fan. On Siva's extreme right is his trident-bearer, and above Brahma, with his heads, seated on his lotus throne, upheld by swans, as his conveyance. He had four arms, the right one of which holds a lotus; the others have been so mutilated as not to be easily made out, but are supposed to have held his usual symbols.

A little nearer to Siva is Indra, the ancient Vedic god of the firmament, riding on his beautiful elephant, Arravati, who was supposed to shower the rain from his trunk. In one hand Indra holds the thunderbolt, while the other is not very plain. His robes are the clouds, spangled with a thousand eyes or stars, as thus poetically described:

> Mounted on the sun's bright beams,
> Darter of the swift blue bolt;
> Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains,
> On hill and thirsty plains.

On the other side of Siva are several grotesque figures; on one of them, called Garuda, sits Vishnu. The Garuda on which Vishnu rides is a half man and half eagle of resplendent plumage, and king of the feathered tribes. Vishnu has four arms; one holds his chakra or disk, which, when he throws it from him, emits flames from the edges; one rests upon his knee, the others are broken off, but are supposed to have held his peculiar emblems.

It is easy to see, in all these representations, that the forces of nature were intended to be personified, and if the poetry of the conception could only have been kept in mind, without the coarser and cruder notions of beings and persons having crept in, it would all have been well enough; but the mischief of all this god business, in all ages of the world, is that men have not been able to keep distinctly in mind the portrayal of nature's operations, rather than the crude ideas of personalties. As regards the male and female element being each represented in divinity, the idea is far more beautiful and more true than the Jewish and Christian conception, in which there are three masculine deities, without the slightest recognition of the female element. In nature, the female exists, as per necessity, as really as the male, and if there is any deity besides nature, it must be as much female as male. The Hindoos, in this respect, had more good sense than those exclusively he-god worshipers, who now affect to despise them and their recognition of the female element.

In the compartment west of the trinity, the sculpture represents Siva and his wife, Parvati, after being divided to form separate and distinct sexes. Siva has his usual high head-dress, on which are sculptured the crescent and other emblems, and above them rises something like a helmet, or a "foam-crested wave," in which is to be distingnished a three-headed female figure. It is supposed to represent the river Ganges, which is fabled to flow from Siva's hair. The three heads are thus supposed to indicate the mythical union of the three sacred rivers, the Ganges, the Jumner, and the Saraswati, severally the consorts or energies of these three great powers. This junction is called Triveni, or the three-plaited locks. The Ganges and the Jumner form a junction near Allahabad; the latter river receives the Saraswati near Delhi, so that the union of the three is held to take place at one point—all another poetical fancy of nature and her great operations.

One of Siva's hands again holds a snake, and on his left stands, in a graceful attitude, his beautiful consort, Parvati. She has several necklaces, armlets, and bracelets. The lower part of this compartment is filled with dwarfs, and a curious figure, kneeling in front and a little to the right of Siva; his head has garlands of flowers around it. On Siva's right are Brahma and Indra, and on Parvati's left is Vishnu on Garuda. Garuda was also the serpent destroyer, and having killed all but one, he kept this for a necklace. He seemed to have better luck with snakes than the Jew God.

Between the three compartments named are two square pilasters, against which stand large guards, as doorkeepers or sentinels, with attendant dwarfs, probably to guard the central trinity, which appears once to have had doors, as the poles for receiving the lintels are plainly to be seen.

THE LINGA SHRINE.

To the west of the great hall a mass of rock was left (about the space inclosed by four pillars), and this has been carefully sculptured out to form a square chamber, as if to shut out from the public gaze something more sacred than anything else in the temple. The four openings face the cardinal points, and these were once provided with doors, so that the sacred apartment could be securely closed. A short flight of steps leads to this chamber, and in the center, on a kind of altar, is a round, dome-shaped pillar, the lower end of which is square and is let into the base, the upper part being round, and about three feet high. This is the most sacred object in the temple, and is particularly the symbol of Siva. It is the *lingam*, the union of the phallus and the *yoni*, the male and female organs of generation, recognized as the source of life and regarded as the correct symbol of creative power. As is well known, this was an object of great worship with the ancients and is confessedly one of the oldest forms of worship in the world. It was not necessarily an impure idea which prompted this form of worship and this symbol of life and creative power, but was simply a recognition of the principal law of nature, without which animal and human life could not possibly exist, another conclutive proof that the ancients, in their conceptions of what they supposed to be deity, recognized the laws and forces of nature. The upright portion represents the generative energy of Siva, or nature, while the circle or zone within which it stands correspondingly represents Parvati, the female side of reproduction. In its entirety it represents the reproductive power of nature, by which means only the continued existence of organized life is possible. There are, in secluded places in this temple, several other smaller lingams, but all having the same import.

On each side of the chamber described, on raised pedestals, stand gigantic guards, with the Brahmanical cord on their shoulders. Their head-dresses are rich and varied. They may have had various symbols in their hands, but the most of them have been destroyed by the vandals who worshiped another description of god, though no more true and not as real. It is said the four gates of this shrine were never opened but once a year, on the day of the greatest festival held in the temple, to show in what veneration this special phase of worship was held.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIVA.

On the south side of the great porch is a department of sculptures said to represent the marriage of Siva and Parvati, particularly as this is the only instance where the goddess is represented as standing on the right hand—a position occupied only on the day of marriage. Siva is ten feet and ten inches high; he had four arms, though now more or less broken, and his right leg gone; Parvati is eight feet six inches high. A figure behind her, with his right hand upon her shoulder or arm, supposed to be Himalaya, her father, seems to be leading her forward. Both her hands are broken off, though probably one of them rested in that of Siva. There is a small crouching figure on Siva's left, said to be Brahma, the officiating priest of the ceremony. Behind stands Vishnu, who has four hands—in one a lotus, in another a chakra, while the other two are broken off. On the extreme right of Parvati is a large male figure with a crescent behind his head, holding up a water-pot, probably containing the water necessary for the ceremony. This is said to be the moon-god. Of the numerous surrounding figures no decided opinion can be given as to their meaning, though various theories have been advanced upon the subject.

The various gods whom men have worshiped have had not a little to do at getting married and raising children. When they exercised the good sense and morality to get married before begetting children, it was very commendable and exemplary on their part; but when, like old Jupiter and Yahweh, they engaged in the business of begetting without taking the preliminary step of getting married, the practice can hardly be censured in language too strong or pronounced. It is simply setting a very bad example to the world, for it would seem that what is right and moral for a god to do may also be practiced by men. It is difficult indeed to understand why seduction or adultery, even with a professed proper motive, is any better in a god than in a man. Adultery is adultery, whoever commits it, whether gods or their priests. If gods or men wish to engage in sexual commerce it is as little as they ought to do to look up a partner that they think will suit them and then get married in an honorable manner, like honest persons. Anything short of this is the sheerest adultery, which is always immorality. Why will some of the gods always be setting such bad examples before men, who are only too ready to use any excuse and follow any bad example in this line which may be set them? At the very least that can be said, the gods should not blame men for doing the very acts they do themselves. But the way things have been going on in the past with some of these gods, with respect to their conduct with females, in sly and secret places, and in yielding to sexual desires, this conduct has truly been enough to make their followers and worshipers thoroughly ashamed of them.

SIVA THE DESTROYER.

Facing the marriage scene is a compartment said to be one of the most remarkable in the entire temple, and is thought to represent Virabhadra, one of the avatars of Siva, in the act of destroying a sacrifice. The legend runs in this wise: Dakra, attended by a number of divine beings, determined to make a sacrifice to Vishnu, in which Dadhichi declared it to be necessary that Siva should have a part. In the course of the dispute which arose Mahadeva, the great god of all, and perhaps another name for Siva, created Virabhadra, who at once demolished the sacrifice, exhorting them to submit to Mahadeva, "whose wrath was better than the beneficence of other gods." Extreme age is depicted on the countenance, large tusks protrude from the mouth, and the eyes bespeak vengeance. The figure had eight arms. There is a small human body on the left, which was no doubt pierced by a sword held in one of the left hands. One of the right hands grasps a long sword as if about to slay a victim. A bell is held in one of the left hands to strike the doom, and a bowl in another to catch the blood of the victim. What is supposed to be an elephant's hide is held up behind the figure by two of the arms, as if about to wrap it around the body. The head of an elephant is quite visible. There are a number of male and female figures above and below, probably representing the gods looking on, as Dr. Wilson suggests, "in horror and amazement." The head-dress is most elaborately carved. In the Bhagavad-Gita Siva is described as roaming about in dreadful cemeteries, attended by hosts of ghosts, laughing, weeping like a madman, and smeared with ashes from funeral piles.

"The Destroyer" is again described by a learned writer in this language: "His body is smeared with ashes from a funeral pile, around his neck hangs a string of human skulls, his forehead is streaked with a black line, his hair is woven into a matted braid, his loins are clothed with a tiger's skin, a skull is in his left hand for a cup, and in his right he carries a bell which he constantly rings, exclaiming aloud, 'Ho! Shambhu Bhairava; ho! lord of Kali.'"

This is terrible, to be sure, for a god; but it will of course be remembered that these gods sometimes get in a terrible way and exhibit the fiercest rage and passion, and that they often show the most deadly hatred to each other. The old god of the Jews, who tried his hand for a few hundred years to rule the little country of Palestine, and before he got to be as civil and civilized as he is now, used often to get into those fits of anger. Fire used to dart forth from him and consume two hundred and fifty people at a time (Num. xvi, 35). Sometimes he wanted to consume millions at once (Num. xvi, 45, and Ex. xxxviii, 5). His anger was fearful on a great number of occasions and is often referred to as "waxing hot," and being "stirred up." His hatred was also very strong and often spoken of, but his anger and hatred were never so great as when other gods were noticed by his people, and when sacrifices were offered to them in place of himself, although so far as appears they were quite as mild, complacent, and well-behaved as himself. On these occasions his anger often rose to such a hight as to know no bounds. Siva, even as "destroyer," scarcely holds a comparison with him.

THE WEST WING.

Descending a few steps, and crossing the courtyard, a small porch is reached leading to a chamber in which is another dungeon. On each side of the door is a guard or door-keeper, with two attendant dwarfs, and a flying figure above the shoulders of each. The figure in the center of the north end represents Siva in the attitude of an ascetic, seated on a lotus throne, upheld by two figures. To the right is a figure holding a plantain, behind is a sage, on the left a similar figure. Above is Brahma. In the clouds are a number of winged attendants. On the south side Siva is again represented with six arms and a protuberance on the forehead, probably that terrible third eye. In one hand he holds a cobra, in the other a club. The palm of one hand, minutely carved, is turned outward. On his right is Brahma on a lotus-seat, upborne by swans. On the left is a figure seated on a bull. Above the shoulder of a female figure is Indra, and behind him Vishnu on the shoulders of Garuda. There is a small unfinished chamber at the south end, overhanging the cistern or well, which is believed to have been at one time so deep as to be almost unfathomable. The cistern has been explored; it deepens considerably toward the extreme end, and the bottom is composed of large stones.

BIRTH OF GANESHA.

Reëntering the great cave or principal part of the temple and passing toward the west wing, a compartment on the right hand is reached, now badly mutilated, representing Siva and his consort, Parvati, seated together in their terrestrial paradise, Kailasa, situated among the peaks of the mystical and wonderful mountains of Meru. Above their heads are numerous male and female figures, floating on what appears to be clouds, which rest on countless summits of Kailasa, depicted by the unequal masses below; between and behind Siva and Parvati is a female figure carrying a child on her hip, from which it has been supposed that this panel represents the birth of Ganesha, or Gunputti, afterward known as the elephant-headed god of wisdom. There are several figures on the right and left, but it is not easy to decide the meaning of them. Perhaps they are the immediate attendants of Siva and Parvati. This compartment is much mutilated in the lower portions, but appears to have been filled with dwarfs and

animals. Among the latter is the bull, Siva's vehicle, tall as a mountain, and another figure, probably the tiger of Parvati. There is also a strange figure on the canopy. The skeleton form of Bhringi, Siva's favorite, is discernible at the feet. The mutilation that has been perpetrated in this compartment is shameful.

RAVAN OR RAVANA.

Facing the apartment last described Siva and Parvati are seated on an eminence, their paradise among the Himalaya Mountains already alluded to, and which Ravan, the twenty-armed, ten-headed, demon-king of Lanka, is trying to remove or overthrow. Siva is here represented with eight arms, which, however, have been broken off; one held a trident, a portion of which still remains, two rested on the heads of other figures. Parvati sits on his right; on each side is a guard. Bhringi is seated at Siva's feet; on the left of the former is Gunputti, with his elephant-head. The legend connected with this runs thus: Ganesha having quarreled with Vishnu, and being likely to gain the victory, Siva cut off his head, and this so enraged his mother that she threatened to upset the whole celestial business. The gods, therefore, in their great alarm, implored Siva to interpose. Upon his doing so, Ganesha's head could not be found, and in the great emergencies of the case it was determined to replace it by the head of the first animal to be found. This proved to be an elephant with a single tusk; Siva adopted him as his son, and in consideration of this and of the serious disturbance in heaven which had thus been averted, the gods magnanimously agreeed that he should be the first god invoked on all occasions. In this way the wrath of Parvati was most fortunately averted. Beneath the raised throne is Ravan, who had resolved to move the great mountain to his own kingdom, in order to secure Siva's aid against Kama, one of the avatars or incarnations of Vishnu. Parvati, however, had her eyes open, and noticing the alarming symptoms she was caused to tremble and quake with fear, and at length being unable to longer restrain her trepidation, she exclaimed: "Some one moves the hill! We shall be overthrown!" At this gentle hint Siva pressed down the mountain with one of his great toes right upon Ravana's head, which caused the evil god, or demon, as the case may be, to utter such a loud cry as to shake all creation; but to serve him right for his impudence Siva held him fast by the head or neck with that powerful great toe of his, for a thousand years, until Mahadeva, sometimes styled the blue-throated lord of Uma, was fully propitiated with hymns of praise, and by the performance of such austerities as never fail to please the gods, when the benignant being kindly sent and released the bad fellow, and made him the present of a sword besides. Ravana's back is turned outward. This is fully equal to the Jew-book story about the son of Yahweh by the Jewish maiden, getting his heel—just as good as the toe—on the head of old Lucifer, Apollyon, Beelzebub, Satan, the serpent, or whatever his name might be, and giving it a thorough bruising, and holding him in confinement afterward for a thousand years. Really, these god stories are wonderfully similar.

THE EAST WING.

Descending a few steps and crossing a court to which there was an entrance, a flight of nine steps is reached, on each side of which are stone leogriffs in a sitting posture, and from that this apartment is called the "Tiger Cave." The circular platform in the center of the court was probably the position of the nandi, or sacred bull of Siva, which always faces the linga shrine. In the center of the east wing is another linga shrine, though smaller than that in the great temple already mentioned, and having but one entrance, to which was once affixed a door. At the east and west ends are large figures, though much damaged. The small figure on the right of each has a snake around his waist. The large figure near the west end has two attendants. This figure had four arms; in one hand he holds a snake, and with another he holds his robe in place on his shoulder. That protuberance of the third eye is plainly seen. A little to the right is the chapel of Ganesha, formerly protected by a railing in front. The back wall of this chapel is covered with a strong crusty composition, resembling bitumen. There are many indications in this compartment of the temple having once been painted, as portions of the ceiling still have patches of paint adhering thereto. At the extreme end is the largest figure of Ganesha in the cave, and the Hindoo visitors as a work of high respect, have daubed it with red paint. On the top and at the back of the head-dress is a large square hole, thought to have been intended for depositing presents in by the devout worshipers of the linga and the trinity.

A short figure on the right rests his head on the knee of Ganesha, while another figure on the left holds an offering; above are two flying figures, as well as several figures on the sides. On the back wall of the chapel are ten figures, including that of Ganesha. The rest of the figures are females, some of them carrying children, and above all are the small symbols already mentioned. At the opposite end is a standing figure, thought to be meant for Siva, or Shulapani, the wielder of the trident. On his right is Brahma, seated on his lotus throne; above are three figures, one holding an offering; on the left is Vishnu on the shoulders of Garuda. A figure below holds a lotus. Facing this chapel is a chamber corresponding in size, but quite plain. At certain times of the year, it is said, the ground within this chamber is covered with water to the depth of a foot or more, which the believers insist comes by miraculous means from the Ganges. This may account for the absence of sculpture in this compartment. The excavators finding the rock here more of a porous nature, probably thought it might be liable to decay or crumble away, and therefore left it unwrought. During the dry portion of the year the miraculous action of the water ceases, and this portion of the cave, like the rest, becomes dry. It has often been noticed that miracles can take place only when the conditions are favorable. Rain miracles frequently fail in dry weather.

THE TANDARA DANCE.

Returning toward the entrance, a compartment is reached on the left hand, in which Siva is represented "tripping the light fantastic toe." (You will remember that Jesus was also fond of attending a wedding.) This sculpture has also been shamefully mutilated; it had eight arms, only one of which remains—one crossed the body, another held a scepter, around the top of which was a cobra; another hand held a portion of the robe. The head-dress and armlets were carved with great care. The right leg is broken off near the knee, and the left is entirely gone. The dance that was here represented is called the "frantic dance," of which there are two varieties; this one is accompanied by violent gesticulations, which Siva performs at the eventide to the sound of musical instruments, with his hair loose, stamping with frantic energy, attended by his *ganas* and *pishachas*, when the dust he raised is put on their heads; the other dance is performed, when in sport he destroys the world, fixing the elephants of the four corners on his *trishula* and dancing wildly. One author calls it "the dance of the victor of *Tripura*," that dance to which space is wanting. Lightly treads the powerful, destructive god lest he should overturn the earth; he cramps his action lest his arms reach beyond the limits of the three worlds, and he bends his spark-emitting glances on vacuity lest they should consume the objects on which they gaze. (How kind the gods are not to turn everything into eternal smash, to be sure!) Parvati stands on the left of Siva; over her right shoulder is a flying female figure, and above this again is Vishnu, riding as usual of Garuda (this time without a head.) Over Parvati's left is Indra on his celestial elephant.

Bhringi's skeleton is here as well as a large male figure bearing a skull, from one of the eye-sockets of which a snake is crawling. In the left hand corner is a figure of Ganesha; in his left hand he holds his broken tusk, and in his right a club. His worshipers have again showed their respect for him by smearing his image with red paint. (The Christians usually cover the image of this god with gold.) Over Ganesha's club is Brahma, with three heads and four hands, seated on a throne supported by five geese. (It has been suggested that geese usually support gods and thrones.) The central figure is said to have a held a book. There are or were a number of other figures in this compartment, but they have been so mutilated that their original meaning cannot be made out; but the significance was all heavenly, of course.

SIVA AS AN ASECTIC.

Far in the compartment just described is one about which there is not a little diversity of opinion on the part of antiquarians, as some think the main figure in this case bears resemblance to Buddha; but so much mutilation has been done him that it is not easy to divine accurately what the meaning is. The principal figure has but two arms, and is seated cross-legged on a lotus seat, upborne by two figures. The face has a mild expression, and the head-dress is elaborately and minutely cut. The scene is laid on the Himalaya Mountains, and Siva is represented as mourning the loss of his consort Uma, who, poor thing, died broken-hearted, because she and her husband were not invited to Daksha's sacrifice. Heavenly minstrels are above, and attendants below seated amidst the rocks. To the left of Siva is a plantain or banana tree, and under his left arm a sun-flower. On each side is a female figure. Vishnu is over the plantain, and again on the shoulders of Garuda. Still over Vishnu is a figure on horseback, the only instance where the horse is represented in the entire cave. There are also several other figures, but their meaning is somewhat obscure. The most noticeable feature in this compartment is the representation of Siva as a mourning, sad ascetic. Perhaps even a god with several wives still has cause for sadness. Many of the devotees of Siva have for centuries been ascetics, they seeming to think that fasting and sadness is particularly pleasing to their god. The Christian god was also an ascetic, and is said to have passed some of his early years among the ascetics. He retired also to a mountain and fasted forty days and nights *a la* Tanner, and mourned and sweat blood under an olive-tree; and many of the big saints in his church have lived ascetic lives for years, some retiring to monasteries for their entire lives, and some even passing a score of years on a pedestal or monument. Siva and his devotees do not beat that very much.

This grand old cave is often made the resort of picnic parties. It is so commodious, light, and clean that it is very appropriate on a burning, bright day to retire to its perpetual shades and partake of a grateful repast. It certainly would be as welcome as a miraculous dinner of bread and fish. It is a lasting shame that the Christians who many centuries ago visited these shores felt it their duty to exhibit their hatred for the gods of the Hindoos by knocking the heads, arms, legs, etc., from the same. The poor gods are always harmless enough if people will only let them alone and not say so much about them. There never was a god heard of who had power enough to harm anybody if left alone. Gods are much like scandal and slander—they do the more harm the more they are taked over and their qualities and features exaggerated.

Even the pious hypocrite, liar, and slanderer, Joe Cook, when he visited this cave a few days ago, not being able to appreciate the poetry of the conception of nature's forces, is said to have been intensely horrified at the presentation here of so many imaginary gods, and is said to have inveighed strongly against them. "Oh, the monstrosity of presenting such beings as gods!" Well, heathen gods may be monstrous enough. All the gods I have met with, and I have seen great numbers of them, are monstrous according to my views, but I have seen no heathen gods so monstrous in my eyes as the orthodox, Jew-Christian God, who made beings on purpose to damn them and torture them forever, and who planned the fearful degradation and cruel death of his own dear son, in whose dying agony he took great pleasure. No, I have met with no pagan god, horrible as they are, with a character so monstrous and so execrable as that.

It makes little difference, after all, how a god is pictured to our vision and conception, whether in images of stone, metal, or wood, whether painted on canvas or panels, printed on paper, or whether described in books, or expounded upon from the pulpit. It is all the same business of god-making—the worst business, by the bye, that poor misled man has ever engaged in. The miserable gods clearly would have had no existence but for the creation which imaginative man has given them. And just think for a moment what a world of harm the poor created phantoms have made. Think of the quarrels, contentions, and wars that have taken place in the world in consequence of these worthless gods, each nation and people insisting that its god was the most powerful, and that to his god all others should bow. Think of the cruel, intolerant, and persecuting religions that in all these ages have been gotten up in the interest of these gods, making the devotees of the different gods hate each other with the most intense animosity. Think of the myriads of priests these gods have required to minister unto them, or rather to the poor dupes who believe in them, telling the dupes what the gods think, wish, and command, the dupes having to support in opulence these lying priests for all these miserable falsehoods. Think of the fiends which these priests and these gods have made of men. Think of the rivers and oceans of blood that have been shed on their account, of the great unhappiness they have caused for these many thousands of years, and then tell me if I am not correct in saying that god-making is the worst business man has ever engaged in.

There are four other rock temples on this same island, two being on the same ridge with the one I have described, and the other two being on an opposite ridge and approached by a tortuous and tiresome path through an intense jungle. The one nearest is but a short distance to the south of the great cave; its entrance faces the east by northeast. The entrance to the third temple is further to the south, but these two are in a dilapidated condition, and much debris has fallen from the roof. The fourth temple on the opposite hill is reached by crossing a ravine and climbing the hill to the distance of a hundred feet or so above the level of the great cave. This was discovered only about twenty-five years ago. About five hundred feet north is what appears to be the beginning of another cave. Near by three walls are cut in the rock, with some brick foundations in the same vicinity, though they possess no special interest.

When it is remembered that these caves were excavated in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred years ago, while the worship of Indra was still in vogue, and before the world had gained its present knowledge of hardening steel, making drills, and the most perfect carving tools, the industry, perseverance, and skill of the cutters of these rock temples can but be admired.

TO OTHER ROCK TEMPLES.

There are a thousand rock temples in India, in all, and many of them extremely interesting. Of course, it would not be expected that I should visit all of them, but I desired to see such as I could visit con-

veniently. The Carlee caves are nearly eighty miles southeast of Bombay, and the Kennery caves are twenty-five or thirty miles off in the same direction. These I resolved to visit. Accordingly I took the Great Indian Peninsula Railway to Khandala station, seventy-six miles from Bombay, to visit those first which are farthest away, calling to see the others on my return. The ride to Khandala is much of the way most picturesque. For several miles we are on the island on which Bombay is situated, the road lying in and near shallow bodies of water, with pleasant and rather fine-looking towns scattered along every few miles. The cocoanut and palm-trees are everywhere to be seen, with a profusion of cultivated flowers, especially around the stations and the dwellings of Europeans. Farming is being prosecuted all along, especially where irrigation can be used. Wheat is the great winter crop, but it looks very short in comparison with American wheat. There certainly is not an excessive growth of straw in this country. I have not learned what the average crop of wheat is in India, but in the fields I have thus far seen, I judge it not to be extremely heavy. When the fields have had little or no water, the crop looks light. I notice peas are pretty largely grown, though by no means a large variety. The vines are small and the pods very small; the peas, however, are of fair size, and taste very sweet. Where the fields are not blessed with irrigation they look parched and dead. The water is often supplied from small canals, and, again, is often pumped up or raised by ox-power, or man-power, by processes similar to those employed in Egypt.

Not many miles are traversed before ranges of hills, on either side of the railway, are reached, and they grow taller and more picturesque as the journey is continued southward. The ridges are often sharp and ragged, with frequent tall peaks and domes, some of them of a very striking appearance. On one of their high ridges is a singularly shaped rock, or mass of rock, which, at the distance it is from the railway — four or five miles — looks like a vast church or cathedral, with its spire at one end. The tall rocks along the route are worthy of notice, many of them being decidedly grand. At a distance of fifty miles from Bombay, we have made an ascent of some hundreds of feet, and the railway lies on the summit of a moderate ridge, with valleys on either side. This formation of country becomes more marked as we go south, and when we have reached the summit of the elevation—I think three thousand feet—we have passed by the side of valleys five hundred feet immediately below us, which almost makes one dizzy-headed to look down upon from the carriage windows. Many of these views are worthy of a better description than I can give them, as I must hurry on to the caves.

Khandala, a native village of five hundred inhabitants, was reached half an hour before sunset, in time for me to repair to the small hotel, kept by a native from Madras, who says he is a Roman Catholic, where I got an evening meal of bread and milk. For lodging I returned to the station house (the word depot is not used in India or England, for this purpose, but always station) to lodge. Let me inform you that, before starting out, I provided myself with a *guttree*, the native name for the kind of bed used by people here when traveling. It consists of a thick cotton quilt and a cotton pillow. The quilt is large enough to allow one to lie on one half and be covered with the other. It makes a very comfortable bed, and may be laid almost anywhere. The whole is rolled up tolerably snug and fastened with straps, and carried as one ordinary piece of baggage. This I used the first time at Khandala, spreading it on the wide seat in the waiting-room, where, but for the noise of frequently-arriving trains, I might have slept well. There were no musketoes. Now, then, wherever in India I travel, I can follow at least one of the injunctions of Jesus—take up my bed and walk.

My Hindoo friend, Tookaram Tatya, of Bombay, being on his way to Poonah, stopped over at Khandala, to visit the caves with me, which suited me far better than making the tour alone. He is an excellent and genial man, whose company is very agreeable, and it is vastly better to have a companion who can talk with the natives. After contracting for a *tonga* to call for us at four o'clock in the morning, we had only to utilize our *guttrees*, and take a good night's sleep. The reason for so early a start is to take advantage of the cool of the day, and to get back before the midday; for you must bear in mind that, for several hours during the middle of the day, the sun glares and burns without a moment's intermission, not a cloud being seen from one week to another.

Our tonga man was prompt, and by 4:30 in the morning we were on our way, four miles or more, to the caves. A tonga is a two-wheeled vehicle with two seats for two persons, the front seat facing forward, and the back one just the reverse, the passengers riding back to back. It is on springs, and does not ride badly. We had two horses, and as the roads in India are very good, we got along nicely, and I had a good opportunity to study the morning stars, and observe how closely they resemble the stars which shine in America. We passed over four miles of very smooth road, with rows of mangoe and other trees on each side, making a pleasant avenue all the way, till we came to a by-road over rocky ways, where we soon had to leave the tonga and walk nearly a mile. The sun was up when we reached the mountain range in which the caves are located, and we had to climb up five hundred feet of steep hillside to reach them. Here half a dozen *padres*, a low, idle order of priests, were in waiting to show us around the excavations, and especially to receive the coins in return which we might feel generous enough to dispense. Near the entrance to the main cave stands a small Siva temple with dim lights burning inside, and an image opposite the entrance. Before the door were three or four bells to call the worshipers to their duty. In close proximity was a nearly naked priest muttering prayers to Siva or some other god. He held out his hand for a few pices in payment for the prayers which he had probably muttered for our benefit. The whole thing reminded me of what I had seen in Catholic churches. Catholics and Siva-worshipers alike are busily uttering senseless prayers to somebody or something they know nothing about, which takes not the slightest notice of them, and which in all probability has no existence, and alike they both want money for their worthless services. Without money their prayers are faintly uttered, and probably reach but a short distance from the earth. Without money priests soon cease their labors and seem quite willing that those who will not fork over should go to hell and be damned. Priests are all about alike. The Christian priests, however, are the worst, for they are more exacting than pagan priests and it requires far larger sums of money to satisfy them.

THE CARLEE CAVES.

These are Buddhistic excavations, and are believed to have been executed in the Asoka period or about three hundred years before the Christian era. The chief cave is a Buddhistic temple, and said to be one of the largest and finest in India. It is hewn out of the solid trap rock. Including the portico, it is 140 feet in depth, forty-five feet in width, and twenty-five feet in hight, being vaulted overhead with wooden arches, something like the reversed ribs of a ship, but more round at the crown. These ribs are three inches thick, and more than a foot in depth. Why they were placed there is a little doubtful; possibly to attach some kind of ornamentation to. The roof rests on forty-one pillars, fifteen of those on each side having a tall base, an octagonal shaft, and a richly-molded capital, on which kneel two elephants, each bearing two figures, generally a man and woman, but sometimes two women, all well executed. At the rear of the temple *is* an altar fifteen feet in diameter, and more than that in hight. On the top of it is a cupola, or square altar, supporting a linga, with the remains of a large umbrella over it, suspended from above. This altar has a passage behind it several feet wide. Outside the rows of pillars on the sides are aisles, giving the place the appearance of a cathedral. In the portico, fifty-two feet wide, are sculptures of Buddha and his followers, several of the figures being nude and of more than life size, in bas-relief. An elephant of life size is also sculptured on each side. The entrance portion rests on four columns, two of which are joined to the solid rock. In front, on one side stands the "lion pillar," so called from having four lions sculptured upon it, standing back to back on the capital. The doorway under the portico is through a screen, above which rises an imposing arch. The whole structure is well preserved, none of the sculptures being mutilated.

Several other smaller excavations are in the immediate vicinity. We were directed up through a narrow aperture and a difficult ascent to what seems to have been a school-room where the young novitiates and students were once educated, with cloisters and private apartments where the Buddhistic monks resided. The figure of Buddha is several times sculptured on the rock. This school-room is some thirty feet square and about ten feet high, with chambers and side rooms. It is some forty feet higher than the main temple, and has but little ornamentation connected with it.

The other excavations are not particularly large or fine, and some of them are so difficult to reach that we did not make the attempt. I marveled, nevertheless, at the patience, perseverance, and religious devotion that caused all this work to be done. No idol-worship has ever been practiced in the Buddhistic temples, and where Buddha's image is sculptured it is not worshiped as a god, but is made in a manner similar to paintings, which are executed among Christians, in honor and in memory of this great religious teacher and reformer.

THE KENNERY CAVES.

We were back to Khandala in time for the trains running each way, and here my friend Tookaram and myself parted company, he going on to Poonah, and I returning to Tanna, about twenty miles from Bombay, the point where I leave the railway for the Kennery caves, having ample time to look about the town and visit the excellent prison located there. I again took lodging at the station house, spreading my guttree as before, making arrangements through the station master for an ox-cart and a guide to call me at 5 in the morning, to accompany me to the caves, six miles away. I hoped there would be the same promptness in this case as on the preceding morning, but I was disappointed. I was up betimes waiting for my men and my conveyance, but they did not put in an appearance till 7 o'clock, when my patience had become nearly exhausted, knowing that as I had several miles to walk in reaching and returning from the caves it would subject me to traveling with the burning midday rays of the terrible Indian sun pouring mercilessly down upon my defenseless head. I scolded some, but it was wasted upon the benighted heathen, who could comprehend my language and gestures but little more than to understand I was displeased.

I had presumed to hope, also, that the ox-cart in which I was to ride eight miles, going and coming, might be one of those cosy, comfortable spring carts with a pleasant covering, which I had seen in Bombay; but judge of my disappointment when I saw a very common, rough cart, with springs, without a seat, without a top, save three bamboo bows with a blue rag, scantily reaching across the top and indifferently secured. I endeavored to submit philosophically to the situation, and placed myself recumbent upon the pile of straw within the cart and meditated upon my good fortune in having some straw to sit and lie upon, while my very dark driver and guide were urging the unwilling cattle along the smooth roadway without the precincts of Tanna, a very fair Indian town, of near 10,000 inhabitants. We met many companies and groups of scantily-clad natives on their way into the town, some with carts, but more carrying burdens of produce, etc., upon their heads. That is the almost universal mode of carrying burdens here (balanced upon the head), and men and woman march along, with head erect, with what looks to be a weight of half a hundred pounds upon their heads, though the natives are not a muscular people. They are generally well formed, but muscle nor flesh predominates. But they are early risers. I have observed that the peasant class are up before daylight in the morning, hurrying off to their work, whether it be farming, carting, or carrying burdens. They perhaps are unable to accomplish as much in a given time as Americans, but they are willing to commence in good season before the sun is up. They are often to be seen working in the fields while it is yet dark.

There are no fences in India, save a cactus hedge now and then, or a wire fence along by the sides of the railway. The cactus in use here for hedges is entirely different from the prickly pear hedge I saw so frequently in Syria and Egypt; this is a smaller, slimmer variety, its branches being almost round, like the limbs of a shrub, but of a light-green color; it has no other leaves. The division lines between the tillers of different patches and sections of ground are usually marked off by a ridge of earth or sod, thrown up like a small stone wall. Sometimes ditches are used for the same purpose, and sometimes corner and line stones are set up. The land is partly owned by government or rajahs, who have large possessions like the lords in England. In either case it is rented or leased out to the tiller for all the rent that can be obtained for it; and as the applicants for land are almost without number, the demand for ground to till is active. It is often more than the toiling tiller can do to meet the rent exacted of him by his avaricious landlord.

The smooth road continued for nearly three miles, when we turned off into a by-road, leading toward the caves. This road has never been worked, nor have the boulders and other stones, which abound in great numbers, been removed out of the way. Our way then led toward the range of hills in which the caves are located. Among these hills a young growth of forest trees is coming on, much of it being what in this country is styled "jungle"—a wild and thick growth of trees, shrubs, and weeds, tangled more or less together. India was once a heavily timbered country, but the wood was long ago cut off for fuel, and but a small part of it has been allowed to grow up again. Among the mountains and hills, however, there seems to be little objection to the new growth; but the good price which fuel commands incites the slaughter of the forests while the trees are still young. I noticed on my way to the caves many buffaloes and oxen working like pack-mules at carrying wood out to the roadway. A kind of saddle is put upon the back of the buffalo, and a large bundle of wood, five or six feet long, is fastened on each side, attached together by ropes, and secured upon the animal. The buffaloes and cattle march along in single file, and seem to attend well to their business, requiring little guidance or attention. We passed a number of small native villages where a dozen or more families reside near together; this being the custom in India, rather than living scattered over the country on farms as in Europe and America. This is perhaps rendered necessary on account of the abundance of wild animals, particularly tigers, throughout India. The houses of the laborers in the farming districts are of the most primitive character, consisting of corner stakes of bamboo, or

some other wood, driven into the ground, with a cheap siding of plaited grass or flags, making a rude matting, and a roof of the same material or of straw, in the form of thatch. As they never have frost in this part of India, little protection is needed from the cold, a shade from the sun and dew, and a place to keep the small store of simple eatables, such as rice and other grains, which the mass of people subsist upon, being about all that is required in the way of a habitation. The floors are the native earth as a rule. Little or no furniture is used. Chairs are almost unknown among this people; their sitting is squatting, with the feet placed firmly on the earth and the posteriors brought in close proximity to the heels and nearly to the ground. This is the favorite mode of sitting at ease with both males and females, and they will often occupy this position for hours together, as we would sit upon chairs or sofas. I have often wondered how they can rest, sitting as they do. It is well, perhaps, that I am not an Indian, for I could not sit in that position for any length of time without positive pain; my knees are too close and stiff for that.

In approaching the vicinity of the caves we passed near Vehur Lake, which is the reservoir from whence Bombay's supply of water is obtained. It is a pretty sheet of water several miles in length and breadth. I saw several native women going there, with large bottles on their heads, after water for family use. I think it is often carried several miles. The women use earthen bottles containing from three to five gallons, while male water-carriers more frequently use bottles of the skins of goats or hogs, simply dressed or undressed, sewed up in their original shape, and carried upon the hip or back, with a strap passing over the shoulder. Some of these skin-bottles contain ten to fifteen gallons, and make the *bhestee*—the native name for water-carriers—toil heavily to transport them about during the entire day. Streets are often sprinkled by the means of these skin-bottles, manipulated by the natives.

When we had progressed over the rocks within something more than two miles of the caves, the cart arrived at the end of its journey, and the rest of the way had to be done on foot. The driver and cattle remaining behind, the young guide and myself made our way through the burning sun over rougher roads, and up and down steeper hills, through uninhabited woods and jungles. I think the guide was not very well acquainted with the course to be pursued, for three times he had to retrace his steps, necessitating my doing the same, though the perspiration was streaming down my face and back, and I was sighing for the cold breezes which you in America at this season of the year are enjoying to the full. I felt that it was enough to walk the weary road once over without being compelled to travel it twice, with the unpleasant uncertainty that we were not going right. I told my young guide that he did not know his duty, but all my eloquence was wasted upon him, for he could scarcely comprehend a word I said.

It was not very reassuring to notice that he was afraid of meeting snakes, for several times before going through patches of dead leaves he stopped to see if any cobras showed themselves, or to allow them to make their exit. Cobras and other serpents are extremely numerous, and as the bite of a cobra is more fatal than a bullet from a pistol, I was not particularly anxious to meet any of them. I heard the rattle of snakes two or three times, and once I saw, but five or six feet away, a snake four feet in length, but whether it was a cobra I cannot say; I am sure, however, he did not bite me.

Once I heard an outcry of some wild animal, and looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I had a glance at an animal on the outer part of the limb of a tall tree, leaping to a lower one. I did not see it well enough to decide what kind of an animal it was. I had heard that tigers are very numerous, and that in the Bombay presidency alone 30,000 persons are annually killed by them. I felt a repugnance for a close acquaintance with a tiger, and decidedly wished not to be one of the 30,000 and thus make up the yearly quota. I said to the guide: "What is that?" I think the tone of my voice conveyed more to his dark mind than the words themselves, for he was on the lookout, and his countenance seemed to relax somewhat when he uttered the word "*wander*." I happened not to know what a *wander* is, but learned when I returned to Bombay that it means monkey. I have ever since been glad that is was a monkey, though a very large one, rather than a tiger, which animals are not noted for their amiable behavior, or for respecting the rights of others.

But, oh, how hot the sun became, and how I wished the cave temples would draw near! My head began to throb and beat, and I was decidedly of the opinion that I would prefer to be reclining in one of the rock temples in the eternal shades, rather than to be toiling in the burning sun of this land of perpetual summer. We came to a little stream of water which was trickling down into the lake, and I bathed my head, face, and neck, and wet my pocket-handkerchief and wore it in the crown of my hat to prevent sunstroke, which calamity is very usual here to new comers. As much as I think of the sun, as much as I revere him as the biggest single body of matter I know of, I did not wish him to strike me in his wrath, especially when off among the rocks and hills so far away from home. Those two miles seemed the longest of any I ever traveled, and I will not disguise from you the fact that I was glad to reach the range of rocky hills in which the hundred Kennery caves are located—for there are a hundred of them, big and little.

The excavations are at different altitudes, in the face of high, precipitous, and dark-colored trap rock, steps cut in the rock leading from one story to another, and from one temple to another. These are Buddhistic cave temples, and are supposed to have been excavated some time after the reign of the great Buddhistic ruler in India, Asoka, about three hundred years before the Christian era, and long before the Buddhists were expelled from India by the more orthodox Brahmans. The largest of the hundred is about the same size as the one seen at Carlee, and has a colossal figure of Buddha on each side of the portico, carved in bas-relief in the solid rock, the figures being not less than fifteen feet high. The temple proper is ninety feet long by forty broad, with a vaulted nave of forty feet in hight, resting on thirty-four pillars, and flanked by sides of a lower elevation. The pillars, cut in a bold style, are octagonal, and fully fifteen feet in hight. This largest excavation is called a *vihara*, or church for performing worship in. In the rear part is a dagoba, or solid dome, nineteen feet high, and forty-nine feet in circumference. Many inscriptions are to be seen in different places, said to be in the ancient Pali language. The total length of the temple, including portico, is one hundred and forty-two feet. On the capitals of the pillars are sculptures, similar to those of Carlee. There are numerous sculptures of the disciples and followers of Buddha in the portico, much like those in the one before described.

Though I had traveled far to see this temple, and found it interesting, I was constrained to recline in its shades and get some rest and breath before exploring it at much length; I felt nearly overpowered by the heat. There are communications in the rocks between many of the larger caves, and in some of them are figures of Buddha, dagobas, etc. Several of the excavations are viharas, or places of worship, while others were monasteries, school-rooms, or places of abode. Some of the smaller excavations are not more than ten feet in length, some twenty, some forty, and some sixty. A great amount of cutting was done to make all these excavations, and for many hundred years they have been entirely unused. I did not climb to up to every one, but saw enough to impress me with the extent of the great work done here. Before the entrance of the larger viharas are reservoirs, cut in the rock, to contain water for use in the worshiping ceremonies. Some of them must hold hundreds of barrels, and the water is sweet and good. I was very thirsty, and gladly availed myself of some Buddhistic water. I took it in the primitive way, conveying it from the cistern to my mouth by my hand, converted into a cup, and I did not mind it, though the operation had to be repeated many times over. These caves are in a very lonely retreat, no one living within several miles, and no one in sight or anywhere around, save my guide and myself. How changed, I contemplated, since this locality was the resort of hundreds of pious and devoted Buddhists, who regarded these excavations with as much awe as a sincere Catholic regards his most holy and grand cathedrals. These are older than any Christian church in the world, and are bound to continue in permanent good order when every Christian church now standing will be leveled to the earth.

There was not a little satisfaction in climbing over these rocks and penetrating into these numerous excavations; but the day was passing, and the station must be regained in time for the evening train for Bombay, and I would have to hurry back for that purpose; besides, my guide exhibited not a little impatience for me to finish my explorations and return to the bullock cart. In fact, he urged me several times. The sun was now at the meridian, and was pouring the heat down in its intensest rays. I longed for the old bullock cart, and would have given several rupees could I at once be transferred to it. I remembered the pile of straw, and yearned to be lying prostrate upon it. But there was no help for me but to make the return journey of two or three miles—they seemed to me fully equal to ten—back to it. We started out, but I had never felt the heat of the sun so before. The weather gets very hot in New York, in Cincinnati, and in Louisville, in all of which cities I have resided; I have traversed their streets in the sun when the mercury stood at one hundred; in Kentucky I once walked thirty miles in the dust with the thermometer at ninety-six; but it seemed to me I had never felt the sun burn right into one's head like this. The heat, perhaps, was not above ninety degrees, but the sun glared like the mouth of a furnace. I soaked my handkerchief sopping wet, and placed it on my throbbing head, and guide and I started for the cart. How I did wish myself there! The perspiration was most profuse, and my old head burnt and thumped as though there was a small trip-hammer in it. I thought I should fall to the earth, and really was fearful of sunstroke. My guide hurried on, but I could not follow him; and when the good shade of a large tree was reached, I lay under it and tried to get breath and repose. The guide would return and urge me on. When I thought it would be prudent, I again tried the weary path, and thought I would gladly give half my kingdom to see that dilapidated old cart. When I could go no longer, I availed myself of another friendly tree, and lay upon stones, on the turf, or even almost in the dirt itself, so I could recline in the shade. The wicked guide would call me, again urging me on, perhaps to my death. "Ah," thought I, "what contrasts there are in this world! While the people at home, in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, etc., are almost frezing to death at this very moment, with the mercury nearly congealed to a solid state, here, on this 23d day of January, I am nearly burning up with the intense glaring and heat of the sun's rays!" Again and again my dark, copper-colored guide returned and urged me to renewed exertions, himself not caring for old Sol's fiery glances, and being only anxious to get back to Tanna, and be handling the rupees I was to give him and the cartman for their miserable services. Again and again would he continue to impel me on, alive or dead. But there is a limit to all things; there is a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue. At last I turned upon my tormentor and cried: "Ho! you heartless, horrid, heathen Hindoo, how can you hold that I can stand these heated, vertical rays of old Sol like yourself? You are as bad as the crafty, cruel, crushing Christians of my country, who crowded me nearly to death, and would gladly have taken my life. You nearly do the same, when you urge me through these fiery darts and glances of the god of day. Know you not that prudence requires that I should favor myself a little, and not hasten on through this deadly, burning sun, even if the station is not reached in time for the train? Though you can stand the heat equal to a salamander, and are as unsusceptible to its powers as the cinders of a furnace or the scoria of a volcano, can you not understand that I am not calculated to endure the fires of hell, and that Yahweh himself would be more cruel than usual to drive me out in this burning, killing sun? Cease your tormenting, and let me rest yet a few minutes longer."

But again my rare oratory was wasted on that son of the blistering plains of India. He even understood me not, and he cared not for my burning head and my fusing brains. He still urged me on to reach the bullock cart. He would make an excellent hand to take turns with Lucifer himself in stirring up those fires in the infernal regions, and to punch back poor helpless souls when in their struggles they manage to get a part of the way out of the boiling, seething lake! and all to please and glorify the good, patient, merciful, long-suffering Yahweh, who planned it all up while sitting in listless idleness, in vacuity, darkness, and eternal frost and gloom for thousands of billions of ages before he made the earth and the sun from nothing; long before he made that accursed snake and that worse than deadly fruit to damn his own offspring forever and forever! How could it be otherwise that those fervid thoughts should course through my burning brain, when by the ideal thermometer it stood at 600° above the melting point? But being the soul of patience, of endurance, and the disposition to continue to try and endeavor so long as life remains, I again and again listened to my dusky tormentor, and made renewed efforts with him to reach that miserable bullock cart; and, as surely as I am alive to-day, after continuing those efforts long enough, with my face looking like a beef's liver, my shirt like a dish-rag, my poor feet worn to a blister and almost to the bleeding point, that old cart was reached, and never was I so glad before.

But judge of my grief when, after reaching the cart, I found the bullocks had eaten up the straw, and that I had nothing but the hard boards to lie upon, for I was too far gone to sit up. I had thought it was very good of the cart-driver to put in the straw for me, but I was forced to withdraw the credit I had thus awarded him, for I now learned that the straw was designed for the hump-shouldered bullocks to feed upon while I was exploring the caves, and not for my comfort at all. But I was by this time almost indifferent to everything. I was just able to climb into the old cart, and at once assumed the recumbent position; and the cattle, with their faces turned toward home, and their paunches, filled with the straw which had been my bed, rushed mercilessly on over boulders, rocks, and miniature precipices, until I was black and blue from head to heels, and nothing but a sack of jelly save the few bones which stubbornly refused to become jelly under any consideration. If I only had been rich cream there would have been the finest lot of fresh butter at Tanna that had arrived there for many a year, but it so happened that I was composed of baser material; as it was, however, there was an arrival of several gallons of melted soap-grease, etc., but it was received in very bad order.

Possibly some of you may regard my language as bordering on the extravagant. Of course I am the last man to indulge in extravagant and unwarranted

language, and know not how to make apology for it. All I can say in extenuation of this business, and to pacify those of you who do not like my description is, Just try it yourselves. If you will only endure all I endured, and submit to all I submitted to, to be melted as I was melted, I am fain to think you will decide that my language is a long way within bounds. But that original remark that there is a limit to all things will bear repeating once more. We reached the station, I gathered myself up, and took a good wash. The heathen Hindoos received their five rupees. I was able to board the train when it came along, and while the sun was still above Malabar hill I had reached Bombay, several degrees better than a dead man, though I wished not immediately another such day's experience.

THE CAVES OF ELLORA.

I had intended to visit these renowned caves, as several wrote me before leaving home not to fail seeing the caves of Ellora; I did not intend to, but they are about in the center of India, and learning that a visit to them would necessitate a ride of about eighty miles in a bullock cart, and my experience at the Kennery caves being indelibly stamped upon my memory, my usually good courage failed me, and I concluded to forego this exquisite pleasure and take in lieu thereof Chaunder Dutt's description of the Ellora cave temples, which I will now very kindly transcribe for your benefit:

"Ellora is a town of the Deccan, near Dawlutabad, which is near the center of India. About a mile west of the city is a chain of mountains of reddish granite, out of which the cave temples are excavated. The mountains have an amphitheater form, and are scooped out from top to bottom, and are filled with innumerable chambers. The circuit of the excavations is about two leagues, and includes numerous galleries and rows of pillars which support apartments lying one above another, with steps and porticoes leading to them, and bridges of rock over canals hewn out of the stone. The chief temple is called Kaitasa, or the habitation of Mahadeva. It is the most wonderful of all the cave temples of the world, and is unlike others generally in this, that the rock has been cut away both externally and internally, so that it looks as complete as if it had been erected on a plain. Its ante-chamber is 138 feet wide by 88 feet long, and has many rows of pillars and adjoining chambers. The great portico comes next, and leads over a bridge into a huge chamber 247 feet long and 150 feet broad, in the middle of which the chief temple stands. The temple is 103 feet long by 56 wide, and has a hight of 100 feet in pyramidal form. It is hollowed out to the hight of seventeen feet, is supported by four rows of pillars with colossal elephants, and is covered with sculptures. Among the other divisions of the excavation is an upper-storied temple for the avatars of Vishnu, the roof of which is supported by sixty-four square-based pillars, eight in each row; in another direction are to be seen the figures of Indra and his wife; and all over the temple are figures and symbols of Hindoo worship, though there are others also which resemble objects of Buddha veneration. The number of excavated figures is altogether very large, and the figures are executed rudely indeed, but all in the boldest style. Tradition credits the excavation to Viswakarma, the divine architect, and one of the chief temples bears his name. They are all quite in Egyptian style and dimensions, and are justly regarded among the most marvelous works executed by man. Light is admitted into each excavation at its entrance, and carried to the inner compartments by means of great arches or windows, and the deepening gloom adds greatly to the sublimity of their character."

Ferguson, in describing these rock temples of Ellora, says there are thirty of them—ten dedicated to Buddha, fourteen Brahmanical, and six not classed. He says the externals are elegant and simple. Two of the pillars in the church already described are very rich and handsome. Twenty-eight of the others are octagon near the base, and above change to sixteen sides. There is a large figure of Buddha surrounded by flying figures and genii. Without these is a court, with colonnades, and a vihara attached. Of the *duo avatara*, or ten avatars, he says the upper story is splendid, the hall one hundred feet square, with forty-four pillars, equally divided over the floor. A temple is dedicated to Siva and Parvati, with a lingam on the right hand side. A statue of Vishnu is also there, though afterward they, or rather their worshipers, became very antagonistic, as they remain to this day, hating each other with intense hatred. He speaks very highly of the sculpture, and pronounces it the finest in India. He mentions the figure of the Prince of Evil, Ravana, and its florid appearance. He also mentions a figure of Siva and Parvati, represented as playing the game of choupets—something like draughts. It is not improbable, perhaps, that the gods and goddesses find time to indulge in many kinds of games. The pillars have what are called cushion capitals.

Of the *vimana kylas*, he says it is large and finely sculptured, with an octagonal dome, the interstices being filled with statues and sculptures. Of the *cloister kylas* he says the pile is 150 feet by 270; the pillars, octagonal, support one hundred feet of roof. He mentions the sculptured groups as exhibiting strange, wild, and inharmonious fancies. Of the *bas-relief kylas* he says there is a great amount of sculpture, indicating great labor and patience. One piece is Ravana's conquest of Ceylon; the campaigns of Rama are also given, the same taken from the Ramayana. Vishnu is also sculptured on Garuda, and also Vishnu and his consort Saravasti. Again, Giant Dwarpel, or porter, guarding Christna, and behind him Arjuna with his bow, as well as figures of Indra and the other ancient gods. He describes all the sculptures as fine and large. I am sorry I could not have seen them all, but they are hard to reach.

THE CAVES OF ARJUNTA

Are still more inaccessible. They are thirty in number, and Buddhistic in character, and were doubtless excavated when Buddhism was the state religion of India. Four of them are said to be churches or places of worship, while the most of the remainder were monasteries, the abodes of Buddhistic monks, centuries before there were Christian monks or any Christianity by that name. These caves are in a circular, perpendicular ravine on the southern side of the valley of the Tapty. They vary from thirty to sixty-eight feet in depth. Some are nearly square; some have twenty columns or more; some of which are square with bands; some round and richly carved. They are represented by Ferguson as being finely wrought, rich with sculptures and details.

Besides the rock temples and religious caves already described, there are many others scattered over India, some of which are represented as being very fine. At Chillumbaram there is said to be a very large temple, the highest of any in India now extant. The great pagoda at Tanjore is said to be the finest pyramidal temple in India. This is also very high, reaching an elevation of two hundred feet. There is at or near Mahabalipooram, on the Coromandel coast (the southwestern portion of India), a Hindoo temple quite in the Egyptian style, which seems to have had six associate temples, which, however, have sunk down and been swallowed up by the sea.

Egypt excels in pyramids and massive constructed temples and tombs, but India is by no means behind. Dutt says the monuments which mark Indian civilization are mainly of two kinds; (1) constructed temples and other buildings similar to those existing in other countries, and (2) rock chambers, of which some are subterraneous, while others are hewn on the surface of rocks, or are partly under ground and partly on the surface. Of the former it may generally be said that they are of a style similar to the Egyptian, particularly with respect to courts with pillars and cloisters, and, so far as southern India is concerned, in size also. The temples in northern and central India are said to be smaller than they otherwise would be but for the existence of Mohammedan intolerance, which, after it gained power in the country, acted to prevent the building of large temples by the believers in religions antagonistic to its own. They wished their own mosques to excel in size, and they would not allow Hindoo temples to surpass them. Thus have religions and their gods ever been quarreling and fighting each other, and thus they will probably continue to do until men learn wisdom enough to dispense with such mischievous and useless luxuries.

The climate of India is far less favorable than that of Egypt for the preservation of sculptures and carvings on rocks. In this country, with four months of constant rain every year, followed by a burning sun and fierce winds, it cannot be expected that fine work cut in stone will endure perfectly as in Egypt where it never rains, and where there is even scarcely any dampness in the air. But for this fact it is not at all improbable that there would now be seen in India many monuments reaching back to a date much earlier than the temples that do exist, but which for obvious reasons have crumbled and moldered away.

AN INDIA PRISON.

I remarked that I visited the prison at Tanna. In consequence of the limited penitentiary experience I have had forced upon me by the very pious and god-loving Christians of America, I presume I take more interest in prisons and prisoners than I would otherwise feel. So, while waiting at Tanna for the night to pass away so I could take an early start for the caves as narrated, after looking through the oriental town, watching the bazars, the mechanics, and the busy people who seem to be hurrying through the world about as fast as their brethren in Europe and America, I directed my gharree driver to take me to the prison. A gharree is a native carriage, with four wheels, drawn by one horse or by two, with two seats inside, on the plan of a hackney ceach, though of a plainer character. I sent in my card to the prison-keeper, Mr. Smith (I had heard the name before), and he very politely sent word that I should be admitted. When I was conducted to his presence I found him very genial and pleasant, and a fine specimen of the well-preserved, venerable, "fine old English gentleman." It was Sunday, and the men, as the prison is under Christian superintendence, were not at work; but Mr. Smith had the prisoners out in ranks in the several yards or courts of the prison, inspecting them, to see which he should decide to send away to fill a requisition for three hundred men to go a few hundred miles north to do some excavating on some public works. I accompanied the prison-keeper and had a fine opportunity to see the men as they stood up in rows for examination. Mr. Smith took pains to point out to me the most notorious characters, giving an account of the crimes they had committed. One had made a kind of spirit which produces intoxication, manufactured by soaking a certain kind of flowers in water and allowing it to ferment. Government does not allow any sort of whisky-making to be carried on without its sanction, so these men, as a matter of course, were arrested, tried, and sent to prison for a term of one or two years. Some were in for petty larceny, like stealing chickens, lambs, and small articles. Others were in for fighting and assault and battery, and these were a low class of prisoners, like the cultivators of the rill farms, who are considered the lowest part of the Hindoo race, having less intelligence, less enterprise, and less civilization than any other part of the inhabitants of the country. A number were in for being at the head of bands of prowlers, brigands, and robbers, whose homes were in the mountains in the northern part of India, and who would swoop down at night and rob a village, and secure what plunder they might, not wishing to murder if they could help it, but not hesitating to do so were they driven to the necessity. Two or three grizzly old men were pointed out to me who had been captains of such bands of brigands, and a terror to peaceful people in the vicinities where they dwelt. These were in for ten years, unless they had also been guilty of murder, in which case they were sentenced for life. I was sorry to find that several were there for murder, and these were nearly all serving out a life sentence.

I saw two men occupying adjoining cells who had been tried for the murder of an aunt of one of the culprits, the other acting as an accomplice. The poor woman had a small sum of money, some twenty rupees, and this the worthless nephew coveted and induced the other man to assist him in obtaining it. It probably was not their original intention to commit murder. Throwing a quilt or something of the kind over their victim, one held her while the other searched for the small sum of money; but in their anxiety they smothered the old lady to death. They had been found guilty of murder in a lower court, and an appeal had been taken to the high court of the realm, where the verdict of the lower court had been confirmed, and an application had been made to the governor of the presidency for pardon; but as he had refused to interfere with the decision of the courts nothing was left for the wretched culprits but to hang; and Mr. Smith said it was his duty to break the news to the miserable criminals that they might prepare for the death which must take place on the Friday of the same week. He caused the men to be let outside their cells, when the younger one, the nephew of the murdered woman, began to make complaint of the pains he had in his limbs, and the aches in other parts of the body. "Well," said Mr. Smith, "your case is probably a bad one, but take courage, for in a few days you will no longer be troubled with those pains;" and then he told them that a pardon had been refused, and they must die. The older man seemed perfectly unmoved and indifferent at the intelligence, while the young man at once forgot his pains, seeming to think he would be willing to endure them several years longer, and he cried and bewailed his sad fate in a most piteous manner, seeming utterly broken down, and protesting his innocence, and that he had no intention to commit murder. We left the poor fellow again locked up in his cell, crying and lamenting in a touching manner.

I was glad to learn that, as bad as the crimes were for which these sable wretches had been committed, there was not one in the whole lot who had been sent to prison for mailing a copy of "Cupid's Yokes." Yes, India is saved that deep disgrace, and America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, is the only country on which the sun shines that has a man vile enough to commit that crime, and she is the only country hard-hearted enough to send him to prison for it. You, perhaps, are able to judge how the blush of shame suffused my face to remember, as I stood there before those culprits, that I was a citizen (I am not sure, however, whether I am still a citizen) of a country which had among its inhabitants one man capable of such a deed as mailing "Cupid's Yokes." There is one consoling fact in connection with this sad affair, and that is that the great country of the United States of America, by virtue of her salaried judges and her highest courts, and in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and the perjured villain Comstock, severely punishes such crimes by sending to prison at hard labor with counterfeiters, robbers, and murders, old men who have the temerity to deposit in the

(*Continued on page* 330.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

"Were the Fathers Competent?"

ROSEVILLE, COL., May 2, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER some of the writings of the Christian fathers Jerome, Eusebius, Victorinus, Origen, Tertullian, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and "Papias, bishop of Hieropolis in Asia, whom Irenæus speaks of as hearer of John and a disciple of Polycarp."

The present reason for asking the above favor is this: A pious friend gave me a little book called "The Bible from Heaven," by one D. M. Canright (Adventist), in which those "holy" writers are quoted as if their words are superior to a demonstrated *fact*. I hav somehow imbibed the notion that those pious historians were colossal liars, and that their works prove it. Shakspere makes Othello say,

> "The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Didn't Shakspere get his idea of men with dogs' heads and men with *no* heads, and men with but one leg that "were exceedingly swift and lived by the chase," from those holy fathers?

F. R. STEPHENSON.

Perhaps the best reply we can make to our friend is to cite a chapter from Keeler's "Short History of the Bible." To show what the early church authorities believed will show what kind of men they were, and whether their intelligence was such as to justify the world to-day in believing anything they might testify as to the genuinness and authenticity of scripture. In so important a matter as a universal and unimpeachable religion, by which the world is to be saved or lost, God should hav chosen men of intelligence, of knowledge of the laws of the universe, men great of head and heart. Did he do so? Let us see:

"Since the early Christian fathers originated the theory that the books of the New Testament are inspired, the question arises, Were they competent to do so? The popular idea is that they were learned, profound, venerable men, worthy of the highest respect; and so vigorously has this been enforced that one of the charges on which Servetus was burned to death by John Calvin was that he had spoken disrespectfully of the fathers. The facts are quite the reverse. The early Christian fathers were extremely ignorant and superstitious; and they were singularly incompetent to deal with the supernatural. The men who laid the foundation of the canon were Irenæus (A.D. 200), Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 210), and Tertullian (A.D. 220), and of them Prof. Davidson says:

"The three fathers of whom we are speaking had neither the ability nor inclination to examin the genesis of documents surrounded with an apostolic halo. No analysis of their authenticity and genuinness was seriously attempted. . . . The ends which they had in view, their polemic motivs, their uncritical, inconsistent assertions, their want of sure data, detract from their testimony. Their decisions were much more the result of pious feeling, biased by the theological speculations of the times, than the conclusions of a sound judgment. The very arguments they use to establish certain conclusions show weakness of perception.

"The infancy of the canon was cradled in an uncritical age, and rocked with traditional ease. Conscientious care was not directed from the first to the well-authenticated testimony of eye-witnesses. Of the three fathers who contributed most to its early growth. Irenæus was credulous and blundering, Tertullian passionate and one-sided, and Clement of Alexandria, imbued with the treasures of Greek wisdom, was mainly occupied with ecclesiastical ethics. . . [Their] assertions show both ignorance and exaggeration."

"Some citations will illustrate their mental characteristics. The reader is familiar with the fable of the phenix, which was said to renew its life every five hundred years. Clement of Rome (A.D. 100) thought it had an actual existence, and he asserted that it was typical of the resurrection. Tertullian believed the same thing. Celsus, the noted antichristian writer, used this fact to illustrate the credulity of the early Christians, and Origen defended the fable rather than accept the just criticism. The writer of the epistle of Barnabas believed an ancient superstition that the hyena changed its sex every year, being alternately male and female; that a hare has as many young as it was years old; that a weasel conceived with its mouth; that the reason why men should eat only animals with a cloven hoof was because the righteous people lived in this world, but had expectations in the next. Justin Martyr (A.D. 150) believed in demons. He said that they were the offspring of angels who loved the daughters of men; that insane people (demoniacs) were possessed and tortured by the souls of the wicked who had died in their sins; and that this was a proof of the immortality of the soul. He said that the food of angels was manna. Athenagoras (A.D. 168) declared that the strong belief of Christians was that angels had been distributed by the logos throughout the universe, and that they were kept busy regulating the whole. Some of the angels loved the daughters of men, and fell, and thus were begotten giants or demons. These last roamed about the world, performing the evil deeds peculiar to their natures. Theophilus (A.D. 180) said that the pains of women in child-birth and the fact that serpents crawl on their bellies were proofs that the account of the fall, as given in Genesis, was true. Tertullian believed that the hyena changed its sex; and that the stag renewed its youth by eating poisonous snakes; that eclipses and comets were signs of God's anger and forerunners of national disasters; that volcanoes were openings into hell, and that the volcanic condition was a punishment inflicted on the mountains to serve as a warning to the wicked; that demons sent diseases upon the bodies of men, blighted apples and grain, and produced accidents and untimely death. He said that a corpse in a cemetery once kindly moved to make room for another corpse to place beside it. He invited the heathen magistrates to 'summon before their tribunal any person possessed with a devil; and if the evil spirit, when exorcised by any Christian whatsoever, did not own himself to be a devil, as truly as in other places he would falsely call himself a god, not daring to tell a lie to a Christian, then they should take the life of that Christian.' Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 220) said that hailstorms, tempests, and plagues were caused by demons; that credulity was necessary to render faith easy; and that events in the life of Abraham were typical and prophetical of arithmetic and astronomy. He kindly allowed that the Jews and Gentiles would hav the gospel preached to them in hell. Clement's imagination was naturally lascivious. His chapter on the immodesty of pagan women in the bath betrays the hatred of the *canaille* for the upper classes, and shows that, if a bishop in the church could use such language, the early Christians of Alexandria must hav been from the very lowest grades of society. While thus indignant at the supposed wickedness of the heathen, he wrote a book so unseemly that his English editors did not venture to translate it, and in it he quotes probably more from the Bible than in any other of his books.

"Origen (A.D. 254) said the sun, moon, and stars were living creatures, endowed with reason and free will, and occasionally inclined to sin; he was not certain whether their souls were created at the same time with their bodies or existed before, nor whether they would be released from their bodies at the end of the world, or not. Their light was from knowledge and wisdom reflected from the eternal light. That they had free will he proved by quoting from Job. xxv, 5; and that they were rational creatures he inferred from the fact that they move. 'As the stars move with so much order and method,' he says, 'that under no circumstances whatever does their course seem to be disturbed, is it not the extreme of absurdity to suppose that so much order, so much observance of disciplin and method, could be demanded from or fulfilled by irrational beings?' The sun, moon, and stars, according to him, were 'subject to vanity,' and they prayed to God through his only begotten son. Famin, the blighting of vines and fruit trees, and the destruction of beasts and men, were all the work of demons. Lactantius (A.D. 325) believed that demons entered men and injured them through the viscera, producing diseases and mental distempers, but that the sign of the cross would drive them away. As to the notion that the earth was round he said:

"About the antipodes also one can neither hear nor speak without laughter. It is asserted as something serious that we should believe that there are men who hav their feet opposit to ours. The ravings of Anaxgoras are more tolerable, who said that the snow was black.

"How is it with those who imagin that there are antipodes opposit to our footsteps? Do they say anything to the purpose? Or is there any one so senseless as to believe that there are men whose footsteps are higher than their heads? or that the things which with us are in a recumbent position, with them hang in an inverted direction? that crops and trees grow downward? that the rains, and snow, and hail fall upward to the earth? And does any one wonder that [the] hanging gardens [of Semiramis at Babylon] are mentioned among the seven wonders of the world, when philosophers make hanging fields, and seas, and cities, and mountains? . . .

"What steps of argument led them to the idea of the antipodes? They saw the courses of the stars traveling toward the west; they saw that the sun and the moon always set toward the same quarters, and rise from the same. But since they did not perceive what contrivance regulated their courses, nor how they returned from the west to the east, . . . they thought that the world is round like a ball, and they fancied . . . that the stars and sun, when they hav set, by the very rapidity of the motion of the world are borne back to the east. . . . It followed, therefore, from this rotundity of the heavens, that the earth was inclosed in the midst of its curved surface. But if this were so, the earth also itself must be a globe. . . But if the earth also were round, it must necessarily happen that it should present the same appearance to all parts of the heaven. . . And if this were so, then the last consequence also followed, that there would be no part of the earth uninhabited by men and the other animals. Thus the rotundity of the earth led . . . to the invention of those suspended antipodes."

"The work in which this philosophy was taught was curiously enough termed 'The Divine Institutes.'

"Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 386) quoted from Clement the story of the phenix, and declared that God had created the bird expressly to enable men to believe in the resurrection. He said it was a wonderful bird; and yet it was irrational—it did not sing psalms to God, and it knew nothing of his only begotten son. St. Chrysostom (A.D. 407) believed the air was peopled with angels. Jerome (A.D. 420) believed it was filled with demons. St. Augustine (A.D. 430) believed in demons. They tried to deceive men by persuading them that they were gods. They were called demons from the Greek *daimones* on account of their knowledge. (To the early fathers exact learning was devilish). There was also a class of satyrs and fauns called *Incubi*, to whose lascivious attacks women were constantly subject; and demons, termed by the Gauls *Dusii*, which perpetrated daily the same uncleanness. Of this there was so much trustworthy evidence that to deny it was an impertinence. (So real and so universal was the belief in these lewd spirits that, in 1484, Innocent VIII. issued a papal bull against them. And Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' expresses his firm belief in them.) St. Augustine affirms that miracles were still performed in his day. A blind man at Milan had been cured by the relics of two martyrs; a personal friend of his, named Innocent, had been miraculously cured of an ailment, and he had seen it done with his own eyes; a lady had been cured of an incurable cancer; a man in the town of Curubis was miraculously cured of paralysis and hernia by being baptized; on a certain occasion evil spirits, which had afflicted some cattle, were dispelled by prayer; a paralytic was cured by prayer, and by contact with a piece of sacred earth which had been brought from the spot where Jesus was buried and whence he arose; a young man possessed of demons was relieved by the prayers and hymns of some women, but in departing the demons struggled fiercely, so that one, in passing out through the young man's eye, knocked that organ from the socket. It fell on his cheek, and hung there by a vein till one of the women returned it to its place, and, by seven days' praying and singing, it was entirely healed. A young girl, possessed of a demon, was cured by the application of oil mixed with the tears of a bishop who was praying for her. The relics of the martyr Stephen had performed the most astonishing miracles, healing the blind, curing the sick, converting the impenitent, and raising the dead. The eighth chapter of the twenty-second book of his great work, 'The City of God,' is filled with the narration of these prodigies. Concerning the theory that the world was round, he said:

"But as to the fable that there are antipodes, that is to say, men on the opposit side of the earth, where the sun rises when it sets on us, men who walk with their feet opposit ours, that is on no ground credible. And, indeed, it is not affirmed that this has been learned by historical knowledge, but by scientific conjecture, on the ground that the earth is suspended within the concavity of the sky, and that it has as much room on the one side of it as on the other. Hence they say that the part which is beneath must also be inhabited. But they do not remark that although it be supposed or scientifically demonstrated that the world is of a round and spherical form, yet it does not follow that the other side of the earth is bare of water; nor even, though it be bare, does it immediately follow that it is peopled. For scripture, which proves the truth of its historical statements by the accomplishment of its prophecies, gives no false information; and it is too absurd to say that some men might hav taken ship and traversed the whole wide ocean, and crossed from this side of the world to the other, and that thus even the inhabitants of that distant region are descended from that one first man" (Adam).

Cosmas Indicopleustes (A.D. 535) was first a merchant and then a monk. The pagan notion was gaining place rapidly in his day as to the rotundity of the earth. The belief had been that it was flat, and rested on the back of a turtle, the turtle on the back of a snake, and the snake on the back of an elephant. The Greeks had long held the theory of rotundity, and even those Greeks who came over to Christianity brought it with them. The church opposed it, simply because it was Greek. Cosmas had, in his business, traveled over nearly the whole known world. He felt himself peculiarly fitted, therefore, to write on the subject, and the Christians in his time used his name, no doubt, as Christians in modern times hav used famous reputations, to intimidate honest belief. They would say, You believe the world to be round! Has not Cosmas gone over it? Has he not been there? Does he not know? Do you set yourself up against that great Christian scholar?' Let me urge upon the reader never to yield to the pernicious habit of fearing simply a great name. It and sholarship do not, by any means, always go together; and the only way by which enlightenment and civilization can possibly make progress is through the determination of each individual member of society, no matter how humble he may be, to do his own thinking on all subjects where one man's thought is as good as another's—and such is the case in theology—and, when he knows that he is right, to stand by it, though all the world be against him. One reason for the intolerable slowness with which men hav escaped from the superstitions of theology is, they hav allowed themselvs to be overawed with the names of Augustine, Jerome, Calvin, and other supposedly great thinkers, who were, in fact, utterly incompetent to deal with the questions which they handled.

"Cosmas, seeing the 'wave of Infidelity sweeping over the land,' concerning the flatness of the earth, wrote a work to counteract it. He called it 'Christian Topography,' and said it was 'intended to denounce the false and heathen doctrin of the rotundity of the earth,' and was to be a 'Christian description of the universe, established by demonstrations from divine scripture, concerning which it is not lawful for a Christian to doubt.' According to him the world is a rectangular plane, twice as long as broad. The heavens come down to the earth on the four sides, like the walls of a room. The earth lies in the center, with the ocean all about it. Beyond the ocean lies the untraversed land, the terrestrial paradise. On the north side of the earth is a mountain behind which the sun sets. (Cosmas lived in Egypt, where the sun seems to set in the north.) The plane of the earth was not exactly horizontal, but inclined slightly from the north, for which reason the Euphrates, the Tigris, and other rivers running southward, are rapid, while the Nile, and others running northward, are slow. People who believed the earth to be round were blasphemers, given up for their sins to belief in that impudent nonsense.

"Similar science was taught by Patricius, Diodorus of Tarsus, and other Nestorian theologians. The Christian religion staked its all on the flatness of the earth's surface, and when science proved the rotundity theology was dealt a blow from which it can never recover. Truly is it said, 'Theology ever has been, as it ever must be, the barbarian's interpretation of the universe.'

"Gregory the Great (A.D. 600) believed that volcanoes were the entrances to hell, and he tells a story of Theodoric and Pope John being cast, in chains, through the mouth of one of them into the lower regions. Two nuns, who had been excommunicated for talking too much, were buried in the earthen floor of the church. When the deacon, in saying mass, commanded all suspended persons to leave the edifice, the two nuns would arise from their graves and depart, to return after the mass was over. Many persons had seen these resurrections, and the nuns continued them till they learned to hold their tongues, when the ban was removed, and they rested peacefully in their tombs. A dead child was once raised to life simply by having a stocking, the relic of a holy man, placed upon its bosom. Having no oil, lamps were fed with water, and wicked with paper, and they burned perfectly. A city was on fire, and nothing could stay the ravages until Bishop Marcellinus threw himself against the flames, and they were immediately extinguished. A huge stone, which five hundred yoke of oxen could not stir, was removed a long distance by prayer. A lamp, shattered to fragments, was mended perfectly, and exhausted oil vessels were filled; a certain monk died, and predestination was fulfilled, all in answer to prayer. Gregory's 'Dialogues' are filled with such narrations, and Henry James Coleridge, his biographer, says he was a 'great man,' a 'great saint,' and that he 'towered above his contemporaries, and their immediate predecessors and followers.'

"St. Thomas Aquinas (A. D. 1270) affirmed that diseases and tempests were the direct work of the devil, and Justin Martyr, Theophilus of Antioch, Athenagoras, Tatian, Cyprian of Carthage, Tertullian, Origen, Jerome, Lactantius, Eusebius—in fact, all the early Christians, believed in demons. The New Testament writers believed in them. The air was peopled with them and with angels. Every fountain, every tree, every stream, every grove had its sprite. Everything that was done must be done under a miracle. The Almighty had to be invoked to perform the simplest things. Nothing was too great for the credulity of the fathers, provided only it was improbable; and nothing small enough for belief, if it was at all probable."

So much for their intelligence. Now as to their knowledge of scripture and scholarship. The same book (supported in every instance by complete proof) says:

"Jerome and Origen were the only ones who could read Hebrew, unless we except Dorotheus. Justin Martyr quotes from Jeremiah and calls it Isaiah. Clement of Alexandria quotes as scripture passages which are not in the Bible. He quotes as Paul's, words which are not in Paul. In quoting from an opponent he would insert—not with intent to misrepresent, perhaps, but with the same result—words not in the original, and he even does the same in quoting from the Bible. Tertullian quotes as in Leviticus a passage not in that book; he misquotes history; he cites as in Isaiah a passage not in that book, but in Revelation, and he is frequently inaccurate in quotations. The gospel writers committed the same blunders. The man who wrote the gospel of Matthew attributes to Jeremiah a passage which is in Zechariah; and the writer of the gospel of Mark attributes to Isaiah a passage which is in Malachi. One curious illustration of this, and of how sacred books are formed, is seen in the excess of the Catholic over the Protestant Bible. The former has quite a number of books which are not in the latter—such as the two of Maccabees and the Song of the Three Children—which Protestants call the apocryphal Old Testament, but which Catholics consider as much the word of God as any other books. The reader has already seen that the ancient Jews did not consider these authoritativ, and the Palestinian Jews did not include them in the sacred collection. The Greek Jews, however, thought more of them, and the Alexandrian Jews placed them in an appendix to the Greek canons at the end of their Bibles, the same as they used

to be printed in our old Bibles. The early Christians of Africa could not read Hebrew; they had to use the Greek manuscripts; and as they saw the apocryphal books in the collection they supposed they were a part of it. The result was that the early Bible-makers in the African church included the apocryphal books because they were not intelligent enough to leave them out. St. Augustine included them because he found them there, and the Catholic church retained them because St. Augustine did.

Of Eusibius, who is the most important of all the early fathers, without whom, says Tillemont, "we should scarce hav had any knowledge of the history of the first ages of Christianity, or of the authors who wrote in that time," Taylor says: "He never let a regard for the truth stand in his way to preferment," and that "he was a consummate sycophant." Christian writers hav not hesitated, says the "Revelations of Antichrist," to brand him as a great falsifier and time-serving sycophant. John W. Draper bears testimony to the same effect.

The fact alone that he inserted the passage in Josephus about Christ is sufficient to establish his reputation as a forger and liar. How can we believe any of the writings of a man like that unless corroborated by others? And it is upon him alone that much of the Christian fabric is built, without any evidence besides, without any corroboration!

Jerome was a gossiping sort of man, who changed his opinions often and his friends with them unless they too followed him in his vagaries. The kind of man he was may be inferred from his prayer, "O Lord, thou knowest that whenever I hav and study secular manuscript I deny thee." Hence he resolved to study nothing but the scriptures. It is probable from this prayer that all the secular manuscripts gave no proof of the Christian religion. Jerome set himself at work to learn Hebrew, and soon *discovered* many manuscripts. He was a great disputant, and as he makes contradictory statements about the same book (a gospel of Matthew he pretended to hav found), it is probable he was like Eusebius and Paul —given to lying for the glory of God. His works are very voluminous. The best edition of them is by Vallarsi, which makes eleven volumes.

Irenæus, says Taylor—and he is acknowledged by scholars to be correct—asserted not only what he himself knew to be false, but in the plenitude of that security of not being contradicted, and of being able to cloak himself up in the sanctity of affected contempt for all who were more honest and better informed (on which all other churchmen as well as he place their ultimate reliance); he put forth as truth what he knew was impossible to be so, and what every sensible man in the world must hav known so, too; he audaciously misread inscriptions on public monuments, and pretended authorities for the proof of the Christian religion, even in the teeth of thousands who both knew and saw that there was nothing of the sort in existence. Thus he pretended that there was a monument or image between two bridges on the river Tiber at Rome, bearing an inscription to *Simon the Holy God*, which the devil had caused to be erected there to the honor of Simon Magus, whom they were to be persuaded by that sort of proof that their ancestors had worshiped; thence to infer a coincidence with the apostolic history.

As a specimen of Tertullian's reasoning, we may quote a little and leave it for the reader to judge whether the words of such a writer should hav weight:

"I find no other means to prove myself to be impudent with success, and happily a fool, than by my contempt of shame; as, for instance, I maintain that the son of God was born: why am I not ashamed of maintaining such a thing? Why! but because it is itself a shameful thing. I maintain that the son of God died: well, *that* is wholly credible because it is monstrously absurd. I maintain that after having been buried, he rose again: and *that* I take to be absolutely true, because it was manifestly impossible."

Origen was a great prop of the church, but afterward acknowledged it all to be false and relapsed into paganism. This fact has been sedulously kept from the world by all Christian writers.

Justin Martyr's veracity may be judged by the following:

"This is the popular quotation from it: 'There exists not a people, whether Greeks or barbarians, or any other race of men, by whatever appellation or manners they may be distinguished, however ignorant of arts or agriculture—whether they dwell under tents, or wander about in covered wagons—among whom prayers are not offered up, in the name of a crucified Jesus, to the father and creator of all things.'"

Any man who could deliberately write like that in the year 140 or thereabouts, can hardly be trusted. His knowledge of the world must hav been extremely limited, or else he imitated Paul, that the glory of God might more abound.

Of Papias but little is known, and for what we hav of him we are dependent upon Eusebius. Dr. Lardner says he was a man of small capacity, and when Lardner says "small" we may conclude it *was* small, very small. Papias tells of a man in his time being raised from the dead, and of a man who drank *deadly* poison and did not die.

Dr. Lardner is probably right in his estimate of him.

The works of the early fathers, what are not destroyed, are nearly inaccessible. But few exist separate. They hav to be extracted from other writers. They are all mixed up. But from what has been gleaned from them by recent investigation of scholars, there is no kind of doubt that they were "colossal liars." We hav quoted enough to show this. Their statements are always taken with a liberal margin for discount by historians and investigators. They had so much superstition that everything they said was colored by it. The Bible, as we hav it now, is merely the guess-work of ignorance.

We do not know where Shakspere got his idea of dog-headed and one-legged men. If any of our readers do they will perhaps oblige by enlightening our correspondent, and no doubt a good many others.

The Same Old Falsehood.

LOMPOC, May 6, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In an argument to-day with one of my neighbors I mentioned Paine. He said that Paine, like all other men of his kind, when he came to die took back what he preached. I do not think he did. If you know anything about his last days or dying words, please let me know through your paper. J. F. DINWIDDIE.

It is a good deal like the killing of the cattle in Egypt to refute this bald-headed and fangless old story; it has been done several times—we had nearly said several hundred—but, like the cattle, it seems to need several violent deaths before it will stay dead.

Col. Ingersoll offered one thousand dollars in gold to the New York *Observer* if it would prove that Paine admitted the Bible to be an inspired book, or that he recanted his Infidel opinions, or that he died regretting that he had disbelieved the Bible, or that he died calling upon Jesus Christ in any religious sense whatever.

The *Observer* could not do it, and in its issue of Nov. 1, 1877, said: "We hav never stated in any form, nor hav we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his Infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming Infidel."

This confession was wrung from that dishonest paper by Mr. Ingersoll, who produced a mass of testimony perfectly overwhelming, after it had said Paine died in fear and trembling. The "blasphemy" is a gratuitous fling at Infidelity just worthy of the source from which it came. The testimony of Willet Hicks, who was with Paine every day during the latter part of his last sickness, was that "he died as easy as any one I ever saw die, and I hav seen many die in my time." The facts in the case amply prove that Paine died as he lived, believing in one God and no more and hoping for happiness beyond this life. If any Christian can prove that he "recanted" he will be entitled to the thanks of the *Observer* and the thousand dollars of Col. Ingersoll.

The Way Public Money is Squandered in New York City.

In the last four months the board of apportionment of this city, composed of Mayor Grace, Controller Campbell, and Alderman Sauer, has donated to Catholic institutions as follows:

Dominican Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary...	$2,472 85
St. Ann's Home.....	1,128 99
Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls.....	894 85
Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul.....	1,532 28
American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless.....	618 57
Colored Orphan Asylum.....	3,330 56
St. James's Home for Children.....	1,893 43
Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society.....	4,607 71
Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.....	8,137 63
Missionary Sisters of the Order of St. Francis.....	7,977 42
St. Joseph's Asylum.....	8,223 85
Asylum Sisters of St. Dominick.....	9,492 01
St. Stephen's Home for Children.....	9,882 00
Ladies' Deborah Nursery and Child's Protectory...	5,195 14
Institution of Mercy.....	32,298 60
Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls.....	1,081 63
Total.....	$97,685 89

Is it any wonder, when public money is squandered in such reckless profusion by our officials, that taxes are high, and consequently rents and living, so that the poor people of this city are forced to liv in unhealthy tenements not fit for hogs? This abuse of a public trust is worse than malfeasance in office—it is criminal waste. But so long as our laws allow, it will continue. The laws should be changed. Is not this proper work for the National League?

H. L. GREEN is engaged to speak at the Liberal-Spiritual camp-meeting as Orion, Mich., June 13th to 18th.

COL. INGERSOLL has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration at the Academy of Music on Decoration Day. The *Telegram*, in a canting little editorial, remarks that this will disturb "many of our best citizens." The editor of the *Herald's* waste-basket need not worry. His rest will not be broken.

LIBRARIAN W. T. PEOPLES, of the Mercantile Library of this city, said that "at a recent convention of librarians he found several who agreed that more books were abstracted by ministers than any other class of people," which is not a very good word for the shepherds. Just think of a minister preaching a sermon on honesty with a stolen library book in his bookcase.

THE Spiritualists of central New York will hold their Fifth Annual Reunion at Deansville, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, June 3d and 4th, beginning on Saturday at 2 P. M., and closing Sunday evening. J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, the test medium, singer, and speaker, is engaged, and other good speakers will be secured. The friends of Deansville will care for all they can, and good hotel accommodations are assured at reduced prices.

IN this issue is the last of the letter which closes the second volume of "Around the World." It will make some 950 pp. The volume will be printed up as soon as may be consistent with the slow-moving ideas of stereotypers and binders, and mailed to the subscribers of the fund. It will be illustrated as fully as the preceding volume. In the mean time we should very much enjoy enrolling many more names to appear in the dedication.

California.—Mr. Bennett's Movements.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was honored to-day by the receipt of a letter from the "American Voltaire," as we Californians proudly call D. M. Bennett. It is dated "Approaching Hong Kong, April 13, 1882," and forwarded via Yokohama. Mr. Bennett states that in visiting the interesting island of Java, one of the famous Spice Islands, the party missed the regular steamer. As he is very evidently being received in hospitable and princely style by the "heathens" of Java and other oriental lands, my own opinion is that he may turn oriental heathen himself and settle down beneath the stately palm groves or beautiful mangoe forests. This opinion is to be corrected, as the distinguished traveler states that he expects to reach Japan (Yokohama) by the 15th inst., and from his knowledge of winds and currents, would reach San Francisco in the early part of June. It is very probable that he will remain in Japan longer than he expects, as the country is at once unique and fascinating. A friend of mine who traveled throughout that progressiv and intellectual empire says that the Japanese are a most attractiv and interesting people, that the whole country is a vast garden of beauty, and among the better classes there are many open and avowed Freethinkers. The cultured of all sects abominate Christianity as much as we, the cultured and elect Freethinkers of America, do. Hence we may not be surprised if the gallant old hero should domicil himself in a poetic tea-house and rest for a few days. We are prepared to receive him at any moment, and hav been anxiously awaiting his arrival.

Should he desire, upon reaching here, to rest under the vine and fig-tree of an hospitable Freethinker, we hav everything prepared for him. I delegated to my good friend, Philip Cowen, of Petaluma, the pleasant duty of finding some healthy and romantic spot where Mr. Bennett could be perfectly at home in case he wished peace and quiet for a few days after his long and fatiguing voyages. Mr. Cowen has just called upon me with a letter from H. W. Pepper, residing near Petaluma, and addressed to "My Dear Mr. Bennett." In the letter, which is unsealed, the most hospitable welcome is extended to the invincible editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER to come to Mr. Pepper's ranch, and in substance "the latch-key is out and no questions asked." Cowen, who is a big-hearted, enthusiastic Freethinker, has the spanking team already actually engaged, so the old hero will go flying over the route to the ranch. This will be a novel and exciting experience, even after the wild, John Gilpin-like ride he had on the sacred animals—jackasses—around Cairo. We ought to hav a good deal of reverence for a jackass, as our savior rode on one into Jerusalem. Were he nowadays to ride into San Francisco, I do not think the Christians here would giv him a "government mule," even, although there are a good many asses amongst them.

Well, you see the friends of Freethought in California are making merry to receive the illustrious man who has suffered martyrdom for Freethought. But the enemy is also activ, and, I regret to say, infamous. The city is already flooded with tracts defaming Mr. Bennett, and they bear the ear-marks of the Comstock-Bundy gangs. The *Index* is savagely quoted as a "Liberal" paper which denounces Bennett.

One of the dailies has had a vile attack upon all Freethinkers in general, and Mr. Bennett in particular. In it Freethinkers are stamped as men who are in favor of turning decent homes into brothels. Knowing the sources from whence the attacks come, we hav treated them and their authors with contempt. Some parties at the East (you can imagin who they are) hav sent out whole packages of vile tracts in defamation of Mr. Bennett and our cause, and all the leading dailies are well supplied with them. I hope the day will never come when any number of Freethinkers will do as the Christians and those leagued with them are now doing, that is, wantonly and vilely assail a fellow-creature and try to rob him of his good name and his hard-earned property. No, Freethinkers are incapable of such infamous conduct, and even "a Christian dog," as the Turks hav it, is safe under their kind and humane action.

Before these attacks upon Mr. Bennett and the glorious cause of Freethought, we Freethinkers were united and enthusiastic in preparing to receive him, and do honor to the cause for which he so heroically suffered. Since the attacks we are a living flame of fire, and we are determined to light up the whole country in honor of Freethought and the man who has borne its flag, in prison and out of prison, with unflinching fortitude. We are pushing the priestly enemy to the wall. He must go. Reason must triumph over superstition; the future is in our hands. Let us, as freeman—the very salt of the earth—lead humanity upward and onward to light, reason, and even-handed justice. Let us even protect the Christians in their superstitions, if they will not accept reason; but let us, above all things, see that the wild beast of religious fanaticism is forever chained on the American continent.

April 8, 282. BYRON ADONIS.

ONE of the best books that hav ever been issued from this office is Col. Kelso's "Deity Analyzed and the Devil's Defense. It is a work we can conscientiously recommend. "The Real Blasphemers," now in press, by the same author, is also a superior work.

(*Continued from page* 327.)

public mail a copy of that pamphlet of twenty-one pages. Have I not still reason to be proud of my grand old country?

Mr. Smith also took me into the women's department, for, hard though it be to say it, there are some eighty female prisoners here, and some of them even for the crime of murder. The women were sitting in their favorite squatting posture, two or three with infants in their arms but a few weeks old. (When six months old they are separated from their mothers.) I noticed some with mild, pleasant faces, while some looked hard and vicious. "Here is one," said I, "who looks as though she would commit no great crime." "That one," replied Mr. Smith, "is here for murdering her husband." "Well," said I, "I believe that husband gave her some reason for doing the deed, for she assuredly has a mild, gentle countenance." We moved on, and stopping before another bland, gentle face, I ventured another opinion, by saying, "Here surely is one that could not have been guilty a serious crime, for she looks incapable of it." "That one," replied the keeper, "is also in for murder." I mention these cases that you may understand the correctness of my observation and judgment of human nature, as I somewhat pride myself on my acuteness in that direction.

Mr. Smith pointed out another kindly-looking woman, somewhat over thirty years of age, who appeared as though her fate had been a hard one. He remarked that she was in prison for adultery. She was a widow, and being the neglected, despised thing which a Hindoo widow is, and being a fallible human being, with human propensities and weaknesses, she had, like Mary Magdalene, stepped aside. Mr. Smith remarked that the woman was "more sinned against than sinning." I said, "Yes, I have no doubt of it." Ah, thought I, if all the world were served as this poor Hindoo widow has been, how many would be free to-day? How would it be in happy, enlightened and Christian America? Would any women and any men be sent to prison there? Would there be any Christians shut up? Would there be such a thing as a priest being placed behind the bars for the act of adultery? Ah! I fear there are a few who would scarcely escape; and I fear, too, that if all Christian adulterers were in prison, many dwelling houses would have to be converted into jails. But this poor, uneducated, humble, despised, and crushed Hindoo woman has been shut up behind iron grates because she has done as all beings, human as well as brute, have done in all ages, and will continue to do. I wonder if the man was also imprisoned. Of course there was a man connected in the business. Women are not very apt to commit adultery when there are no men around, and it is the men who generally are the instigators of the crime, and certainly they deserve punishment at least as much as the woman; but the male who induced this woman to sin is not here. He is away, enjoying the liberty to induce some other woman to commit the same deed, while she is here doing penance for his sin as well her own. Oh, the injustice of this world, on the eastern side as well as on the western! Men send their helpless fellow-beings to prison for the same deeds which they commit themselves and go scot-free. What an incompetent and unfair governor this litttle world has!

The women in the prison spin, weave, and make their own clothes, and cook the food for the other prisoners—seven hundred in all. I saw the kitchen where the cooking is performed; the place where the rice is boiled, where the curry is made, the trough in which the flour for bread-making is mixed, the scales on which the dough for the little, round, flat loaves is weighed—two of which are allotted to each prisoner per meal. The place looked pretty tidy, but very unlike an American kitchen. I saw the wheels on which the women spin, but they are small and primitive, and the day being Sunday they were still; but the poor women know not the importance of the Jewish Sabbath. They were not educated to regard one day in seven more holy than the other six, though they know about as much of the matter as Jesus and his disciples did, and about as much as the early fathers of the Christian church did. Jesus is not reported as having said that Sunday, or either of the seven days constituting the week, is any holier than the rest; nor did he, who is supposed to have given all the moral lessons which Christians ought to observe, ever command that Sunday should be kept holy, or that his people should go to church on that day. Nor did his disciples ever teach any such thing. The fact is, the Sabbath and Sabbath-keeping are not Christian institutions, only as some of the early manipulators of the new religion borrowed that part from the old, antiquated Jewish religion, substituting, arbitrarily, Sunday for Saturday, making a day holy which no authority ever said is holy; and they had not a particle more authority for it than they had to enjoin circumcision, the Passover, the eating of shew-bread, and animal sacrifice. I repeat that Jesus and his disciples never said keep Sunday holy, and no Christian has any valid authority for doing so. The Hindoos regard all days alike—one as holy as another—and business goes on all over the country on Sunday, precisely as on the other six days, and the poor, simple people are none the worse for it. They are equally as happy and virtuous as though they did as Christians do—put on a very long face on one day in seven, dress up in their best clothes, listen to a salaried man utter a lot of falsehoods, and then cheat and swindle their neighbors all the rest of the week. That is Christian morality!

The men in this prison do a great variety of kinds of work; there are shops for carpenters, blacksmiths, wire-workers, weavers, mat-makers, metal-workers, and makers of a great variety of articles for household use. I looked into their shops and found them neat and tidy. The carpenters' shop was pointed out, and it was simply a long room, like a hall, with lumber lying against the walls, but not a bench, or anything of the kind. Hindoo carpenters do not use a bench to work upon. Planing and all other work is done on the ground, and they work squatting, as before described. This is the way in which all mechanical work is done. Blacksmiths have their forge and anvil sitting on the ground, and they squat and hammer their iron, do their filing, etc. Very little mechanical work is done standing or sitting; everything is done squatting, save, perhaps, laying brick, when squatting is out of the question, and they are compelled to stand. There is no question but what the Hindoos are a very ingenious and mechanical people. Like the Chinese and Japanese they imitate extraordinarily well, and can learn to do almost everything that any mechanic can do. I have seen much of the work of their hands, the accomplishment of which seems marvelous.

The keeper showed me a compartment in which Brahmans alone are confined—these are the elect of India, the favorites of the gods, they whose blood is a little bluer and a little purer than that of the common horde. This is the priestly class, who understand what the gods say and what they want, and who so well know how to instruct their less favored fellow-mortals what they must believe and what they must do. This class of heavenly-minded men sometimes step astray, as they do in our country, and get into prison much the same as with us; those who know little about the gods, and whom the gods care very little for—the same also as with us. The natures of these men, after all, is but a little better than others, and they sometimes err and get into trouble. I saw them partaking of their food, squatting to it as they do to everything else. The Brahmans being a very exclusive class, whose food, if the shadow of one of the lower caste or a Christian should fall upon it, would be ruined and have to be thrown away, eat by themselves, and cook for themselves, and by themselves, though they have committed crimes and are in prison. Good Queen Victoria has said that she did not wish that the religious opinions and prejudices of her subjects, even in India, should be interfered with, and since that the Brahmans have had a private table. What a great, grand old heart Queen Vic. must have, to be sure! I wonder if she and her ministers are willing that Charles Bradlaugh should occupy the seat in Parliament to which he has twice been legally elected!

The prison garb in India is not the same as at the Albany Penitentiary. It consists sometimes of simply a shirt of very coarse material, and sometimes of something like a pair of draws in addition, coming down to the knees, with a skullcap for the head, and the color and style of the stripes of the caps indicates the number of years the prisoners are in for. In addition each man has a tag of wood attached to the front of his shirt with his name, crime, and term of sentence written upon it, so that Mr. Smith in deciding which to retain and which to send, had only to look at this tag to make up his mind. He did not wish to send those who have but a short time to stay, nor those who are serving out life sentences. Nor did he wish to send those who had physical disabilities; and as he passed along before them they entered such complaints and told of such ailments as the circumstances justified. Many were excused from going for lameness of different kinds, as well as for debilities of other kinds. I inquired whether they preferred to go or stay. He said the greater part preferred to stay, knowing that the work is easier in the prison than carrying dirt would be. I noticed, too, that he did not wish to send those to do excavating who had learned to become good mechanics, and could be employed at such kinds of work as require green hands a long time to learn. He often remarked that a man was a splendid carpenter, blacksmith, weaver, or tradesman of other kinds, and he couldnot let him go. He must keep him; almost any man can carry dirt, but only a few can do what this one does here. And so he went on making his selections with obvious judgment, and, so far as I could see, as well as anybody could do it. It seemed a little singular that one European, single-handed and alone, could safely control seven hundred Asiatic prisoners, but such is the case.

Mr. Smith's assistants are all Asiatics, and many of them are prisoners. He places confidence in those who prove themselves worthy of it. Many of them he can send about the town with all safety, and they will return to him like honest men. He told me that he has men under his charge whom he was sure he could send to Bombay and they would return to him just as he would charge them. Is it not strange, then, that people who have so much goodness in them should commit crimes and get into prison? Not at all. A certain proportion of men of all nations will steal and do various things to interfere with the rights of others, requiring punishment for it. Asiatics are no worse in this respect than Europeans or Americans. I am inclined to think they are not as bad. It is true there are prisons in India, and a considerable number of prisoners. But when you take into consideration that there are 250,000,000 of people in India alone, and that crime is punished as rigidly here as in any part of the world, it will be found that there are much fewer criminals in proportion among these heathens than among the enlightened Christians of London and New York, or in all Great Britain and America. There is not one-hundredth part as much intoxicating liquors drank by the Hindoos in proportion as by the Christians of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States; there is not a tenth part as much fighting, assault and battery, manslaughter, and murder. I do not believe that there is nearly as much in proportion of lying, cheating, swindling, and stealing among the followers of Vishnu, Siva, Christna & Co. as among the pretended followers of Jesus.

There is, of course, not a little dishonesty in Asia, but, I insist, not so much in proportion to numbers as in Europe and America. They have their vices as all people have, but they are not as great in proportion as among those who profess to be disciples of a far superior religion.

I must give Mr. Smith credit for keeping a very cleanly and orderly prison. The quarters for the convicts are roomy, airy, and light, and the entire sanitary arrangements are almost without fault. I next accompanied him to the salesroom of the establishment, where he showed me a great and interesting number of articles manufactured by the prisoners, among them excellent chairs, carpets, mats, rugs, baskets, stands, and a great variety of miscellaneous wares. An article of showy mat or rug, manufactured of jute, and dyed brilliantly, with the colors artistically blended, the material being cheap and the goods pretty, and for which Mr. Smith has applied for a patent, struck me as being a very good thing and which ought to afford a large profit. Had I room I should have liked to purchase some of the goods gotten up there, but I have but a single satchel, which was packed full when I started, and to the contents of which I have been adding somewhat ever since. Its capacity is filled, and I can add no more.

Mr. Smith next showed me through his beautiful flower garden. There are many splendid gardens to be seen in this country, but few more beautiful and in better order than this. He has one hundred varieties of the rose in blossom, with all the other annuals, biennials, and perennials in the catalogue, including one hundred and thirty varieties of the craton, with spotted and variegated leaves, belonging to the laurel family. He shows himself a master of floriculture as well as a capital superintendent of a prison. He next showed me quite a collection of antiquities, principally gods, which he unearthed in making an excavation for a building or a bridge. Among the gods was one of Christna with his twelve disciples around him, who was also begotten by a god, and born of a virgin, who performed miracles, and who was finally put to death by his enemies for the salvation of mankind. If it had been gotten up a thousand years later it would have answered very well for Jesus and his twelve, but it was manufactured far too early for this comparatively modern teacher. How mean it was in Christna to copy from Christ, his younger brother, who did not come into existence till a millennium further on in the world's era! It is always villainous for big boys to impose on little ones.

As the shades of evening came on I walked back through the town to the station, much pleased with my visit to Mr. Smith and his very creditable establishment.

JOSEPH COOK.

This letter has already reached a great length, but before closing I will say a word or two about that falsifier and defamer, Joe Cook. His contemptible and malicious course has failed to have the effect he wished, and his slanders have injured himself more than anybody else. A reaction seems to have set in against him, even among those who are nominal believers in the same system of religion with himself. As an indication of the growing feeling toward him, I will copy the following from the Bombay *Gazette*:

It is impossible to conceive how the cause of Christianity in India can be advanced, or what moral or religious benefit can result to any one from certain recent actions of well-meaning, but perhaps over-zealous, and certainly injudicious, persons engaged in missionary work. It is not long since very just complaints were made in Calcutta of placards being posted about the streets, abusing the Hindoo religion. More recently we have had a good deal of declamation, and a considerable amount of abuse of certain persons and their professions, from Mr. Joseph Cook and his supporters, resulting in an unseemly controversy, and in such unedifying language as occurred in the Poonah meeting the other day, when the reverend gentlemen (Joe Cook), somewhat needlessly, quoted the saying about casting pearls before swine, to the annoyance of more than the

native portion of the audience. And now it is reported from Allahabad that, during the recent great religious gathering of natives there, some missionaries, in their misguided enthusiasm, set up a stall in the fair for the sale of books attacking native religions, and even "palmed off the books on unwary purchasers, who believed them orthodox Indian books." A local paper hears, "on unimpeachable testimony," that "in one case, where an indignant purchaser, thus imposed upon, tore up the book before the crowd, indignantly protesting that publications of that sort were not wanted at the *Mela*, the offended missionary hauled him off to the police station, and wanted to have him punished. The magistrate, of course, refused to listen to the complaint."

I forget whether I wrote you, in a former letter, that the blatherskite Cook, in his lecture at Poonah, attempted to induce his audience to repeat after him what is called "the Lord's Prayer," which they, sensibly enough, refused to do. This made the would-be Boston Christian-scientist much out of humor, and he blurted out the insulting fling about "casting pearls before swine." This gave offense to several Europeans present, who deemed the insult wholly uncalled for. One or more took the occasion to remark that, after a residence of fifteen or twenty years in India, they had never had occasion to liken the natives to swine, having universally found them to be a well-behaved people. They were annoyed by Cook's insolent conduct, and he was so effectually snubbed that he did not attempt another lecture in that town, and was off on the early Monday morning train, to air his eloquence in some other quarter. The Poonah paper, however, in giving a statement of the affair, has it somewhat different. It says this:

At the close of the meeting a ludicrous scene ensued, which was anything but creditable to the persons concerned. Dr. Cook wanted to offer a prayer, . . . whereupon a brother missionary of his said it was not desirable to say a prayer before non-Christians. Mr. Cook, however, persisted, and said that, as he had followed his own way in Bombay, he would do so here, too; whereupon the previous speaker (Rev. G. Rivington) said that to offer the (Lord's) prayer in the presence of so many non-Christians was like "throwing pearls before swine." This reckless remark naturally gave rise to great indignation among the native audience, and would certainly have given rise to angry discussion and unpleasant retorts but for the fact that a third well-known missionary volunteered to defend natives against the cowardly aspersions of his brother missionary. The chairman advising Mr. Cook to abstain from offering a prayer, Mr. Cook, instead of obeying, proceeded to denounce the chairman, and to set his authority at naught (the chairman is an English gentleman, of Poonah). The whole spectacle was disgraceful to a degree, and the meeting dispersed at once, without Mr. Cook being allowed to pray (*Poonah Dnyan Prakash*).

While Cook was at Poonah, Capt. A. Banon, who was chairman at the meeting in Bombay for the refutation of Cook's slanders, at which I made some remarks, wrote a note to Cook, as follows:

NAPIER HOTEL, POONAH, Jan. 21, 1882.

Sir: At Bombay you publicly asserted that my friends, Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky, founders of the Theosophical Society, were persons of no repute in the United States, and that they had come here to learn certain tricks and arts of magic, that they might teach them to mediums in America already exposed.

You were challenged by Col. Olcott to face him before the public of Bombay last evening, but instead you sent a note to the effect that you could not help to advertise Infidelity, nor stand upon the same platform with Mr. Bennett.

Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, therefore, followed you here, and on their behalf, I, who am not an Infidel, but a Christian officer of the army, demand that you shall meet Colonel Olcott before the Poonah public, and make good your charges.

If you decline, I shall post you as a coward and a slanderer. Mr. Bennett is not here, so you cannot make that excuse.

As I must rejoin my regiment forthwith, I cannot stay over to-morrow, and must request an answer early to-morrow morning. On behalf of Colonel Olcott, I stipulate that not a word be said about religion. Your obedient servant,

A. BANON, Capt. Thirty-ninth N. I.

To this the base slanderer, who defends perjury and the worst villainy, sent the following reply, dodging behind the contemptible excuse that because Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott had been in my company, the insolent defamer could not meet them:

Capt. A. Banon, Thirty-ninth Bengal N. I., *Sir:* Colonel Olcott and Madam Blavatsky have kept such public company at Bombay that I can have no connection with them.

I am very much surprised at the ludicrously dictatorial tone of your note, demanding that I shall accede to their desire to use me as a means of advertising Infidelity.

I hope I shall not be obliged to give your name to the public as an apologist for those who have publicly fraternized with a man but just out of jail for violating righteous American laws intended to secure the purity of the mails. My remarks on the enterprises of the Theosophical Society were all justified by its official documents which I cited.

Yours, etc., JOSEPH COOK.

Thus the miserable caluminator shows his venom by repeating the frivolous charges against my humble self. But I do not feel that it is the slightest discredit to be abused by such a liar. On the other hand, perhaps his vindictiveness, and his persisting in attempting to blacken my name among strangers, should be regarded as a compliment, acknowledging that he considers myself of some trifling consequence, and that my blows at his pet institution have hurt a little. I really care very little what such a man says about me. Such attacks are seldom made upon those who are regarded as ciphers, or as unworthy of notice. The same malice which sent me to prison would now be glad to destroy my usefulness and neutralize my efforts, but it does not affect me.

The above correspondence has been published in the principal papers in India.

Upon the whole, Joe Cook's visit to India is not likely to prove a very paying enterprise, and the missionary cause is not receiving immense benefit from his efforts here. Good-bye, D. M. B.

Congress Trying to Suppress the Bible.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Now that Congress says the "Mormons must go," is not that virtually declaring that the Bible must go? How can Congress abolish the Mormons without abolishing the Bible, as well as the Constitution of the United States? But let the good work go on; let Congress wipe out the Mormons, the Bible, the Constitution (as its principles are seldom maintained), and then wipe out itself, and we will then hav less crime, corruption, and misery, and more virtue, happiness, liberty, and justice. How can these Christian statesmen, these emulated Congressmen at Washington, suppress the Mormons without suppressing both the Constitution and the Bible? "To a man up a tree" it looks as if these polygamist sons and daughters of Utah hav most decidedly a pretty good grip upon these virtuous law-makers at Washington. Does not the Constitution say emphatically that no laws shall be enacted to interfere with one's religion or mode of worship? And are not the Mormons the faithful followers of the modern Solomon, Brigham Young? The Bible sanctions polygamy. Was it not in practice by the godly and saintly followers of Christ? Did not that ancient Mormon, old Solomon, hav his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines? Are not these modern Mormons as godly, righteous, virtuous, and as good "citizens" as Solomon, David, Noah, Lot, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all the other he-harlots, libertins, and polygamists of ye ancient times—citizens who stood high among God's chosen people?

The writer can look upon all this late agitation of the Mormon question in but one way—that Congress has at last commenced the meritorious work of suppressing the Bible, which they will do by suppressing polygamy. And as the Constitution is only a farce and mockery, the sooner it is also wiped out the better. Men hav been and are in our prisons in direct violation of the Constitution, and these Christian statesmen are as silent as the grave upon the outrage. They are very loud in their protests and indignation against England for the unjust imprisonment of American citizens in British bastiles, but are entirely indifferent to the sufferings of those unjustly and unconstitutionally imprisoned in American bastiles and Christian torture pens. An American citizen has more rights, liberty, and freedom in any foreign country to-day than he has in his own. British laws do not imprison American citizens in their own or in foreign lands for selling their own undisputed property, but the railway monopolist laws of America do, at least in the "City of Brotherly Love," the boasted birthplace of liberty, and the city settled by William Penn two centuries ago.

SYLVESTER F. WILSON,

Imprisoned by the Pennsylvania railroad monopoly for buying and selling railroad tickets.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 28, 1882.

The Way to Read the "Around the World" Book and Letters.

Take a map, or atlas if you hav no large maps, and as you read of the route traveled and the various places visited by the "Truthseeker," follow right on along and around with him, making a line with your pencil, a dot at every place he passes through, and a star wherever he stops. This is the way I hav done with the letters as I hav read them weekly, and you hav no idea, if you hav not tried it, how much interest it adds to the events, incidents, and scenes described. Whether reading the travels in the book for the first time, or the letters in the paper, this method will be found equally entertaining and instructiv, and the reader will be surprised at his increased powers of retention by this process.

The historical portion of Vol. I. its antiquities, the Druidical sun-worshipers and their temples, the howling dervishes of the oriental empire, and the mosques of the Mohammedans, beautifully illustrated, are well worth the price of the book. All the various religions are compared or contrasted with Christianity as the journey proceeds, making some unfavorable disclosures in regard to the latter, upon which I will not comment, as the book can only be represented by itself.

More than half of Vol. II. has already appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER (May 1, 1882), beginning January 28th—a journey to the Holy Land. Here the pilgrim seems to hav a heavenly visitor for a teacher—old Melchisedec, who, according to the sacred writ, flourished 3,795 years ago in Palestine in company with Abraham the faithful. This ancient relic so inspired the pilgrim that he was unconsciously carried back to the days of Hebrew tradition, and rushed into the language and style of the Judean patriarchs, prophets, and scribes of old; and as a result, givs his readers ten chapters of Chronicles. So much for the positivness of D. M. B. when an old ghost gets the handling of him. Who would hav thought it? But this is not the worst of it, or the best of it; for the pilgrim or scribe became so hallucinated after his arrival in the Holy Land, that he must needs baptize himself in the same stream in which eighteen centuries previous John the bath-man washed the sins of Jesus all away. But alas! alas!! though the pilgrim had never found "Jordan a hard road to travel" he discovered, when too late, that Jordan was a mighty hard and extremely dangerous river to swim. He boldly plunged in without the assistance of Johnny the Baptist or Bridges his companion, and where he had bargained for full and free salvation, he nearly met sudden and total destruction. No heavenly door appeared; no celestial cloud opened; no father's divine voice is heard saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased," to encourage or resuscitate the panting pilgrim as he struggled in the holy baptismal font, so he had to scramble for himself, shake his dripping locks and gather breath without angelic aid, the same as would hav had any other poor human mortal.

Nothing in the Holy Land, except its holiness (?), or association with the old Jew book and its entire lack of fulfilling the scriptures, interested me equally with the pyramids in Egypt, the catacombs, recent excavating, and the amazing works of art everywhere visible.

But I must close by repeating that the books for reference, for antiquarian uses, for historical purposes and general information upon the subjects of which they treat, are well worth the price. See TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and other Liberal papers for terms. ELLA E. GIBSON.

A Lame Conclusion.

A friend who read the "Agnostic Orphan," in a late TRUTH SEEKER, says:

"Tell Elmina if she believed in Spiritualism she would not hav such 'jingles' in THE TRUTH SEEKER; would know that the mother in the 'spirit world' can so clearly see that the trials of her son are but for a day, as it were, compared to the future, and that all the sufferings will be compensated for with a perfect exactness, and that her child may be a teacher even to some pampered darling, whose every want being supplied, may hav made him very selfish."

If a belief in Spiritualism leads to such conclusions as the foregoing, I prefer not to believe; for, while well aware that some good nearly always comes out of evil, I do not think that it is well to let little innocent, helpless children starve and freeze, simply that compensations may grow out of the lessons thus taught, or that "pampered darlings" may become wise or unselfish through such means.

The day of vicarious suffering and vicarious atonement has gone by. And the day when one will be punished as an example, or a warning, or a threat to intimidate others is fast going also. The future law-maker and judge will simply protect society by confining and restraining the offender—restraining not only the one who commits the crime, but those who are sure to do evil through a bad and unfortunate organization and training—and when that time comes there will be no professional thieves, because a man who appropriates another's property the second time will be supposed incorrigible, and therefore placed where he can do no further harm.

The world has no need of starving orphans or hanging criminals for "example," though while we hav them of course we shall use them for this purpose; but we prefer to hav every man, woman, and child well fed, comfortably housed, highly educated, and perfectly trained in all that is good, true, and beautiful, if it could be brought about, just as though some lovely lives are found among those who are life-long invalids, and we all appreciate health the more for having endured pain and sickness. Yet we do all we can to banish disease from the world and not keep it as a moral teacher or an example or warning to the well. If the view this friend takes were a correct one, why should there be homes for the friendless, orphan asylums, reform schools, life-saving stations, or any charitable institutions whatever?

Why not let little orphan children roam our streets shivering and starving, ignorant and untaught, as "lessons?" As one lesson is rarely effectiv, and continual dripping is, why, the more of these miserable little teachers we hav the better it will be. Let them suffer; their trials are "but for a day," and then they will pass on to a perfect future, and be compensated for all, though how this agrees with the idea that we are here to become wise, good, intelligent, and learned, so that shall be fitted for this "summer land over there" I cannot see, for the ragged, ignorant orphan who only livs for an example is surely very unprepared to take up life in the future, and will be as much behind the pampered darling who is taught not only all the moralities and virtues, but is well fitted in all ways to go onward and upward. Our jails and prisons are not, as a rule, filled with pampered darlings, who hav few temptations to sin, and who find life too full of something to do and something to learn, but it is the orphans and the uneducated (or those educated in sin) who generally become our criminals.

Our friend says these are "only trials for a day!" But she must remember that while she, as a Spiritualist, may believe in passing on to "perfected spheres," we think it is the race as a whole that passes on and improves and grows toward, but never reaches, perfection; never can reach it, because there is always more to learn, and more to achieve, and more to be in the beyond. Our children and children's children pass on just as we hav passed on beyond our parents and grandparents, and we, like all who hav gone before, are only as the leaves of the trees that liv, grow, and mature, then fade and die, and furnish nutriment for future leaves in future years. But we leave behind something more than the leaves, etc. We leave our example and our thoughts, which are unending in their influence, and therefore should we strive to do and teach only the right.

The friend I would criticise also says that "if people do just what their organization and surroundings make them, why waste time in so much writing, in the effort to make them better?" But she forgets that this very writing is one of the surroundings, one of the circumstances that helps to create new aims, impulses, and beliefs, and consequently new modes of action. If a man who smokes twenty pipes of tobacco in a day can be induced by one letter to lay away his pipe forever, is not this writing to some purpose? Is it not a work of reform and an influence that does good? If I can interest a whole Sunday-school in birds, leaves, stones, flies, and bees by penning them "Little Lessons," is not this writing a work worth doing? Every line that we pen that upholds the good, the true, or the beautiful does the whole world a benefit and helps to create better circumstances and better surroundings.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., May 16, 1882. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Letters from Friends.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, May 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $5 for the Round-the-World books. ALFRED MEAD, SEN.

BRODHEAD, WIS., May 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 to pay for Around-the-World books. E. T. FLECK.

GARNETT, KAN., May 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for the Round-the-World books to be sent to Mr. J. M. Axtell.

Yours fraternally, C. E. DEWEY.

CALISTOGA, CAL., May 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the Round-the-World books. We hav been so interested in what we read in THE TRUTH SEEKER as to induce us to buy the books and thus help on the good work a little.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

WELLAND, ONT., May 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for Round-the-World books. Please publish my name in second volume. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER some time, and it has given good satisfaction.

Yours truly, JAMES BRIDGES.

MANCHESTER, IOWA, May 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav watched that $5 business almost too long, and think now that Mr. Bennett cannot get too much for his noble work, therefore inclosed I send you a "V" to help get the traveler home, and wish to get the books. J. U. SCHELLING.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, May, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will see by this order of the 11th of March that I tried to get into the trip around the world at the last hour, but that I failed in it, as the check went astray, and I can find nothing of it, but I hav got a duplicate of it. I hope this will go all right, so you can add my name to the trip around the world, as I want it to lend to some of my friends to try and get them thinking for themselvs.

If D. M. Bennett should come any way near Cedar Rapids, on his way across the country, I know a few who would like to see and hear him, if they only knew where they could reach him.

Hoping I will soon hear from you, I rem ain,
Yours, a thinker for himself, PETER S. ROBERTSON.

ATLANTA, GA., May 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for the magnificent and splendidly written letters of D. M. Bennett. I must hav them in book form, so that I can follow again and again the old hero in his travels around the world. This is one of the most superstitious towns that it has ever been my fortune to visit. I went to church last Sunday, and the minister told me that he did not know whether heaven was a stationary abode or not; it might be continually floating around through the air.

I hav not been able to bring my mind to believe that it has ever passed close to the little, licentious city of Atlanta, and yet such howling among the God-called, black-coated, hell-scared liars!

Kindly, etc., A. M. SHOMO.

BARABOO, WIS, May 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been waiting a long time in hopes that some of the many Liberals of this city who are well-to-do would send for your Round-the-World books, but seeing no names in your list from this place I concluded to make a break, come to the front, and show my colors, and I hope that many others will do likewise. So here goes a "V" for your book of travels in the Holy Land. Though I hav read the letters in your paper, I want the books all the same, for I know they will be entertaining, interesting, and instructiv. I want to learn all I can about that wonderful country where they say the first man was made, and I guess the first god, too. But for the life of me I don't see how in that rocky, steril, and God-forsaken country they could get mud enough to make a good-sized man. I don't wonder the Lord God had to make the woman out of the man's rib; you see the mud was played out; but the woman must be made, mud or no mud, for without her he couldn't run his institution; without her there would hav been no one to eat that awful apple; without her there would be no one to enlighten and instruct Adam; without her there would be no one for the Holy Ghost to overshadow; without her there would hav been no son of God to be put to death for the evil and sin his father brought into the world.

Some seek wealth, power, and fame,
Some a great and glorious name;
I seek a nobler thing by far,
Nothing less than a shining *.

J. HASELTINE.

CHRONICLES.

CLEAR LAKE, WIS.

And it came to pass in those days that the chief priests, scribes, and pharisees gathered themselvs together, each man and his household, and spake unto another saying, Let us rise, gather up our loins, buckle firmly our breech clouts, and journey to a place where we can worship the God of Israel after the manner of our forefathers; and all cried, Yea, let it be even so, and it was so.

Then they arose and anointed themselvs with hog-grease and sweet cream, and fell upon their faces and busted things generally, and started for Knapp's Station, each man and his kindred, his ass, and maid servants, and all that he had.

And they pitched their tents over against Baldwin, even at Knapp's Station, where they erected an altar unto the God of Israel, and fell flat upon their faces and wallowed in their tents even with their maid-servants, so great was their love for the savior of man. Now, their Moses was of the tribe of A——r, a man after God's own heart and the sisters of the church; and he blew upon a ram's horn and the ewes bleated fervently, and a great commotion was raised in this sacred land by reason of this tooter.

And the scripture was being fulfilled, for the lion and the lambs lay down together beautifully, and there was none of the kicking here which Paul describes as difficult.

And while the chief priests tooted upon his tooter his meek and lowly eye caught sight of a comly ewe whom report said had strayed from the fold; and she was fine to look upon, and was of the South-down breeds, and he longed for her fleece of which this yarn is spun. And he girded on his cane and duster and beckoned her to follow, and she followed. And together they went up into a mountain, leaving the multitude below, for this Abraham intended to sacrifice this ewe unto the Lord even as Isaac was intended. And they came to a place which looked like an altar, and he placed his arm around his victim and drew forth a knife. But in casting his eyes upward he saw two wicked sons of Belial peering through the brush, and his hand was stayed; and the ewe lamb arose to its feet and sat upon a log while this Abraham buttoned his robes around him and punched a stump even with his cane, for he was very wroth, seeing he had got cheated out of his sacrifice.

MORAL.—Keep your lambs from camp-meetings, or they will get scooped. J. L. WARREN.

ELKLAND, PA., May 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER is at hand. D. M. Bennett's "Experiences at Bombay," his noble self-defense against the malignings of the slanderous orthodox J. Cook, were timely, trenchant, well aimed. Glad he was there at the opportune moment, though we opposed his going.

The editorial, "Christian Duplicity," is just the argument and showing needed. How can sensible, thinking people yield adherence and support to the nonsense inhumanly propagated by church creeds, dogmas, and the Bible? Just read Deut. xxviii, and feel any book containing such horrid doctrins should be discarded until all like sentiments be expurgated. Eve was a consistent Bible woman in her curse upon Cain—Shakspere, Byron, Shelley, Bennett, and like envolumed souls, are our books of reverence—they are upon our center-table, and the busts of Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll shall inspire from their pedestals, and the benign faces of like men shall speak from the walls, as soon as money can prudently be thus invested. As I lay reading "Christian Duplicity" a long-cherished thought was reintensified, viz., the aid needed by all Liberalists to uphold the hands and hearts of such writers, speakers, teachers, editors. Liberalists, are you aiding, or hav you bequeathed, to sustain and advance the cause of freedom—humanity—which shall triumphantly march down the ages when no longer you breathe the vital air? If not already done, make the indenture append the codicil.

A word as to the Freethought Convention at Watkins, N. Y. August will soon be on the spokes of time's chariot wheels. Whoever has attended one of these conventions needs no urging, the thought of which quickens the pulse, and electric thrills take up and repeat the anthem. For these truth is voiced in clarion tones; great hearts throb for fraternal enfranchisment. Humanity is crowned "king of kings and lord of lords." A new baptism of fellowship is experienced which lasts the whole year if need be. It is a glorious pilgrimage to the "Mecca" of light and love, life and hope, emancipation from priestly, churchal, creedal tyranny. Let us now determin to go and identify ourselvs workers, sympathizers, abettors of the cause dearest every noble, thinking soul. In union is strength; numbers hav their influence, and whoever loves humanity sufficiently to do homage by contributing time and money are sure to be of the right caliber to add dignity to the convention. H. L. Green, that royal veteran worker, calls for volunteers. He arrays the galaxy of starry orbs—Col. Ingersoll, Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, Prof. Felix Adler, George C. Miln, D. M. Bennett—as captains, colonels, and lieutenants. Hail to these noble, royal chieftains! Royal leaders of the van, hurrah! loud cheers and greetings for each and all!

Not only is a soul-baptism of trenchant progressiv thought—the jewelled glory of the age—to be showered upon all who go up thither, but the natural beauties of Watkins—the sheen of the lake giving back bending skies, floating crafts and steamers all freighted with joyous mortals, the grandly magnificent glens, offering a thousand attractions and enchantments to the lovers of beauty and the students of nature—are to be enjoyed on this propitious occasion. Leave your shops and counters, offices and sanctum, your farm and accustomed routine, all come up to know and be known unto each other, to gaze into the noble eyes of those who think great thoughts; to clasp the hand whose pen has aided to unloose and forever remove the manacles that fettered hands and still enslaves and holds in mental darkness and bondage all who support priests and confess to creeds—hands that hav knitted up the fraternal fellowship that make us akin, even though strangers in the individual form.

For the broadest freedom, GRACE L. PARKHURST.

SHORT SERMON—TEXT: JEREMIAH HACKER.

POSTVILLE, IOWA, May 11, 1882.

It is the dusk of a May evening. I hav been reading the appeal of C. L. Roberts for Jeremiah Hacker in the last TRUTH SEEKER. And, for the thousandth time, I ask myself, Why is it that not only the criminal, the sick, the insane, the idle die of want, surrounded by princely mansions and magnificent churches, but the industrious, the capable, those devoted to the world's good, lie down in sickness and old age, without food, fire, friends, or shelter? Millions of dollars for court splendor in a republican government; thousands upon thousands to bedeck a president's grave and place to the bank account of his widow and children; hundreds for hospitals, colleges, receptions to learning, to wealth, and to heroism; and a brave brother sitting amid the gloom and melancholy of poverty and neglect!

Cultured Infidelity and ignorant belief are alike accused, if, from the storehouse of their material goods, no generous gift finds its way to the household where want and anxiety hav made their home.

Though Infidel, wrestling with Christian competitors in the world's arena, seldom secure a fortune, yet, here and there, over the land, I find unbelievers in elegant homes and beautiful surroundings, with princely incomes; and still our League treasury languishes, and pioneers like Jeremiah Hacker sit forlorn and forgotten, no doubt wondering if the race is worth saving, after all. Who will convince this old man that humanity, unlike God, does hear the cry of suffering, and sends relief?

MRS. H. S. LAKE.

A WORD FROM CINCINNATI.

Prof. E. D. Babbit, author of "Principles of Light and Color." "Religion," etc., writes us as follows:

The cause of Liberalism is making fine progress in Cincinnati. While numerous persons hav been psychologized and drawn into the churches by the revivalist Harrison, the men of Freethought are waking up also. When Ingersoll lectures here his speeches are reported wholly or in part by all our papers, a thing which is not so fully done in fashionable New York. It is well to hav some regard for fashion, especially when it is not hurtful; but an extreme regard for fashion makes cowards of men and women. The Spiritualists hav organized a society here which is running in full blast, its lectures being held in Odd Fellows' Hall at 11 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. on Sundays. Under the manifestations occurring in the presence of such accomplished mediums as R. W. Sour, M.D., Jesse Shepard, whose music is certainly astonishing, and others, many of our leading judges, doctors, and lawyers hav been convinced of the fact of spirit communion and of human immortality. Let me quote one fact concerning Dr. Sour, the truth of which I can absolutely vouch for.

A person from any part of the world may come to him. The doctor may never hav seen him or heard of him before, but will ask him to sit down a few feet away. He will then take a large sheet of paper which the stranger may hav brought, after having marked it so that he can be sure to identify it, and, having made the room absolutely dark, will sit down with some crayons, go into a trance, and in thirty minutes a wonderful life-size picture will be produced which the best crayon artist of New York would require a week to equal, working at the average rate. What is still more marvelous, however, is the fact that this picture will probably be a startling likeness of some dear departed friend. But this is not all. If the name and relationship of that friend is not given at the time, Dr. Sour may invite the stranger to come again next day with his own double-slate, cloth-lined at the edges, and marked for identification. I say the next day, because the doctor will probably be too much exhausted to do anything more on the same day, and may hav to keep his bed. This time the seance is in full light. A bit of pencil is put inside the slate, a string tied around the whole. The doctor goes into a trance, and holds the slate directly before the stranger's face. Writing inside is plainly heard. The slate is untied, and both sides are found written on, perhaps in the exact handwriting of the one whose picture was drawn before, while at the bottom of the whole is the very name itself! What's to be done with such phenomena? Is it magic? But I know of five of the leading magicians of the world who hav had to admit that there is something beyond all thaumaturgy in it.

Another sign of the progress in medical education may be seen in the fact that the American Eclectic Medical College, a first-class chartered institution of this city, has completely emancipated itself from all crude and poisonous drugs, and adopted the new, re-

ained, and powerful methods of cure, founded directly upon nature and chemical law which hav lately been discovered. Although a progressiv and accomplished corps of professors are already engaged, I hav been invited to the chair of chromopathy and magnetology, and I hav already commenced my labor therein. This is a new thing in medical education, chromopathy, as many of my readers know, being the science of healing by light and color, the results of which are already becoming marvelous, while the term magnetology embraces electricity, magnetism, magnetic manipulation, and the fine forces generally. Those wishing more information can address me at 200 Main st., Cincinnati. EDWIN D. BABBITT.

TWO COWS IN COLLEGE.

NORTHFIELD, May 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Carlton College has had the experience and the realization of knowing what it is to hav cows go through college (in through the window and out through the door), which proved to be not a profitable business. This act of some of the Carlton students has created a great sensation throughout this community, an act which the faculty shall long remember.

Northfield, noted for its colleges and churches, is a beautiful town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, situated on the St. Paul and Milwaukee railroad, forty-five miles southeast of St. Paul. The beautiful Cannon river divides the town, and flows majestically on its course toward the Mississippi. The founders of Carlton College (Congregational) are of the creed of John Calvin—total depravity and infant damnation. This college is built on the east side of the river, on a high elevation, towering toward the sky, overlooking the river below, which affords a beautiful sight to the eye of the students who are lovers of nature's most charming scenery.

St. Alph's College (Norwegian) is on the west side, built on a pinnacle many feet higher than Carlton College, and affords a view of the whole town, and for thirty miles east of the Mississippi. So high toward the stars is not a desirable winter resort when the mercury is sixty degrees below zero. But the cool summer winds fan the student's brow, and he forgets for the time the polar region of but few months back, and thinks up there is paradise.

The students of Carlton College are under very rigid and Christian disciplin, and yet the boys are very naughty and full of tricks, such as filling the chimney of the library room with wet hay, thereby damaging the books with smoke, putting powder in the chapel to explode while the inmates are at prayers, ringing the bell at midnight, etc. But the last act or trick was not very nice for college students to be guilty fof. If it had been perpetrated by some illiterate boys it would not be quite so amazing. It was this wise: Thursday morning two cows were found in the college, taken there through a window on a plank properly arranged, making it easy for the cows to walk, one being put in Prof. Goodhue's room, and the other in Miss Evans's, after which an excessiv dose of croton oil was given them, and they left to inn in these fine rooms, the seats and other furniture of which were besmeared. Imagin the amazement of the professor and Miss Evans on entering their rooms in the morning, to find these horned beasts presiding in their absence. MRS. S. J. LENONT.

DO THEY EAT IN HEAVEN?—MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE UP-STAIRS RESTAURANT.

MODESTO, CAL., May 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of April 29th this very fair and pertinent question was asked by H. R. Keel. You answered the question very well, but not as definitly as you might hav done by quoting other passages of scripture. In Matt. xxvi, 27--29, we read: "And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; . . . But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my father's kingdom." Luke and Mark giv this account substantially the same. This is conclusiv as far as the liquid portion of the diet of heaven's inhabitants is concerned. They do drink—drink wine, too, and no new-fangled wine, either. They drink "this fruit of the vine," and that is the same kind of wine that Jesus and his disciples were then drinking. Our good temperance lecturers should warn the people against going to heaven where they will be exposed to the influence of Jesus, who habitually drank wine to such an extent that he was called a "wine-bibber," who gave wine to his followers here, who regarded it as a great blessing, for which we should giv thanks, and who promised to hav a good supply of it on hand in heaven.

In Luke xxii, 29, 30, we read: "And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." From this it is clear that they do eat and drink in heaven, and that they do all other things that eating and drinking render necessary. They must hav out-buildings there as well as palaces, thrones, etc. Indeed, heaven is quite like home.

In Rev. xix, 9, we read, "Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." This marriage supper took place in heaven. From the fact that this feast was called "supper" we learn, by implication, that they eat other meals there just as we do here. From the fact that they marry there we learn that they (the lambs, at least,) possess sex there just as they do here, and that they make the same use of their sex.

But why need Mr. Keel care whether they do or do not eat in heaven? Does he expect to go there, and to stop at the Great Golden Hotel, w ich is 1,500 miles long, 1,500 miles wide, and 1,500 miles high, and no cars or elevator inside? If not, would he not better be asking what they do at the great rival hotel just across the way. All intelligent persons, and I take Mr. Keel to be one of this class, are now heading toward this latter hotel, in wnich they do not keep sheep and other domestic animals as they do in the former. JOHN R. KELSO.

HARSHAW, ARIZONA, May 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1.10, which please use as directed. We are having a pretty time out with the pets of that pious old fraud, Rev. Mr. Tiffany—one hundred and fifty people estimated to be killed, and the work not yet finished.

I want to be an Ingin,
An Arapahoe or Ute;
I don't to be a white man,
A poor unprotected brute.

F. A. LAMONT.

STEVENSVILLE, PA., May 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: My heart leaps with joyful emotions as I realize that Mr. Bennett will soon be on American soil again, if not already. It should inspire in every Liberal heart these words, "Behold! the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Count on me for $8 for the gilt-bound volumes, and pardon a few brief thoughts. Reason and liberty are the bridal pair, that appear at the dawn of day, which is fast breaking upon the night of ignorance and faith. Reason, the bridegroom, clothed in the mantle of justice, protected by the shield of science, armed with the sword of common sense. Liberty, the beautiful bride, clothed with love and gentle affection, crowned with virtue, and bringing equal rights for all. Watch them advance, see their stately and majestic tread, and in their wake follows the bridal train—peace and patience, harmony and beauty, forbearance and forgivness.

Liberals, why stand ye here idle? Prepare them a feast. You question of what it shall be. Go to Shakspere. Pluck the most substantial fruits which hav grown from the fertility of his brain. Proceed to Voltaire, Paine, and Ingersoll; and lastly, bring a rich dessert from the gardens of Chainey. Next. where shall their quarters be? Instal them at the capital, which is every heart that is true to nature, and in so doing we shall work in co-partnership with them and each other to effect the great reform the world so much needs, for

Through ages past we see the stream
Humanity supplied.
Convulsions swarm within our hearts,
For crimes we cannot hide.

Through time it rolled, a crimson flood
Of human sacrifice;
Affections that belonged on earth
Transporting to the skies.

But time alone can right the wrong,
With Liberals' earnest zeal;
The wounds inflicted long ago,
Humanity must heal.

Then let us work with ready minds,
Through reason's quickening powers;
We soon shall see the stream dried up,
And victory shall be ours.

The priest who now in costly robes,
Eternal life imparts;
Will be, like old Corinthian brass,
Among the long lost arts.

Yours truly, FLORA A. PATTON.

GRATTAN, May 15, 1881.

MR. MACDONALD: Permit me, as a friend of Liberalism, to make a few suggestions to you and through you, should you deem them worth consideration to the Liberal public generally. It is not enough that we prove to the world the falsity of religious dogmas and creeds. As a general rule they are held in high esteem, and are very dear to their votaries, and it is not to be denied that they teach many good things. Liberals, in order to deserve success while pointing out the faults of religious creeds, should not lose sight of the importance of adopting all of their acts and teachings that will benefit the world. And until we learn to outdo them in such things we shall fail, and deserve to.

Our prominent men and periodical publications should be very careful not to allow personal or pecuniary considerations to stand in the way of harmony and unity of action. The only strife allowable should be in endeavors to see which shall say and do in an honorable way the most and best to advance the cause, and I would suggest for your and their consideration that Messrs. Bennett, Ingersoll, and Miln during the months of July and August make a tour through the prominent places of summer resort in New England, New York, and the upper lakes, and talk to the people of the faults and follies of creeds, and teach them the benefits to be derived from a right knowledge and practice of the duties of men and women to themselvs and the world at large in all that pertains to the good of humanity in this life. Yours truly, CONVERSE CLOSE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., May 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Paul said a great many foolish things, and gave some good advice. An instance of the latter was, "Let your light shine," and although we may not be inclined to heed some of his teachings, we are perfectly willing, after having gone to the trouble of lighting our tallow-dip, to use THE TRUTH SEEKER as a candlestick, that its glimmer may penetrate the gloom of orthodoxy and cheer some kindred soul struggling on its way toward liberty and light. If it was good for those that "loved the Lord" to "speak often one to another," it is just as good for Infidels. Social intercourse between organized bodies of Freethinkers is just as essential to life and growth as it is to individuals, and while we are too modest to toot our own horn, we would ask the question of kindred organizations, "Brother, is your light burning?"

Auxiliary Liberal League No. 76, notwithstanding the combined efforts of the Puritanical clergy of Pittsburg, is doing a good work for the emancipation of the masses and the building up of a higher and better form of ethical culture. A part of our plan is the systematic free distribution of Freethought and scientific literature, with regular lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M., followed by free criticism and discussion.

We hav secured the services of ex-Rev: J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., who will will remain with us through the present month, and perhaps through June. He lectures twice a week, and makes himself generally useful and agreeable in the meantime. Bro. Burnham came to us highly recommended, and so far he has more than fulfilled our highest expectations. Last Sunday his subject was, "The Design Argument; or, Does Nature Prove a God?" He began by saying that the constitution of society is such that he who claims the credit of sincerity for himself must accord it to others; stated the orthodox idea of an infinit, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and perfectly good and unchangable God, and said that such a God was absolute, unconditioned, and out of all relation to finite things. If God existed from eternity, but began to be, or was created, then God must hav become conditioned, assumed relation to that universe, and changed, which would destroy his character. Again, to design implies thought, a relation and succession of ideas, something impossible to an infinit and absolute being.

The prismatic view of nature was here presented with a vividness and power seldom equaled, and the question asked, If God was omniscient and foresaw this from all eternity; omnipotent, and could hav prevented it, yet did not, how could he be all-just or all-merciful? Instead of being an infinit God, his character, as exhibited in his works, would disgrace the meanest fiend in hell.

The lecture throughout was a masterpiece of Baconian logic and Websterian eloquence, and the conclusion irresistibly reached was that throughout the boundless expanse of the universe there was no nook or cranny wherein might hide the Christian's God.

With greetings for all friends of universal mental liberty, I am Yours truly, HARRY HOOVER.

DALLAS, TEX., May 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is a sad sight, and one that annoys me this morning, as I watch from my window the bright faces of the little boys and girls who are wending their way toward the spire-capped temple of superstition, seen not far distant, where they go to hav their little heads stuffed with the silly tales of the gloomy past. And as I hav often seen them before, I think, too, that I can distinguish a change upon the faces of a few, as time trips nimbly by, where shades of sadness seem to steal, as the seeds of superstition takes root upon the young hearts, which, in time, will smother the noblest structure of the human mind. Though the boys are less easily caught with the chaff that is issued out, week by week, in this house of strange, curious ways, yet in time they, too, are caught, all the same. Then it will be sadder still to contemplate the struggle to unlearn that which has cost so much valuable time to learn.

But the world will do it, for some day he must go out and mingle with the mixed crowds who pass hither and thither, and listen to words of wisdom, which will flow from the independent mind.

But a brighter day is coming, sir, thanks to the able efforts of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other Liberal papers, for we can already see the dark curtain, which was woven by the priestly past, rise higher and higher, day by day, showing intellectual beauties, which are greater, and of far more importance to the human race, then was ever presented to the Jews by their Jehovah.

And freedom with us is not far distant, we hope, for already the professional office-holder sniffeth from a far his meat and bread, and is even now becoming lenient while enforcing those laws which hav been imported westward by the Connecticut Blues, which is a good sign.

What a shaking up of the "dry-bones" there would be if Col. Ingersoll should announce his intention, some fine morning, of giving a series of lectures here! No shepherd would be more solicitous for his flock, after hearing the hungry cry of a wolf, than would be each faithful parson, while we would smile and giv our little mite to help him on his way. And why not? D. C. MITCHELL.

Communications.

A Talk with the Working Men.

I want to say a few words right here on what I think of the working classes of this country, and I shall make them so plain that the people will understand them without the aid of a dictionary. The American people went to war to liberate four millions of black slaves and made about forty millions of white ones and a debt of millions and millions of money for themselvs and their children to pay with a heavy interest, besides the loss of millions of lives; and, not satisfied with this, they must eat, yes, must eat each other up in business, be up to all kinds of rascality, lie, and cheat, and let their bosses drive them to the polls to vote into office thieves and swindlers to enact rotten laws in favor of Shylocks, drones, parasites, railroads, express and telegraph monopolies, etc., guilty of every enormity that villainy can concoct. Some boy now living will see such times in this country yet as were seen in France at the time of the Revolution, when the white slaves had to eat grass.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Look at the people of Ireland at the present time. They are perfect ignorant serfs; and the end is not yet. Talk about our free government and free institutions, why, it is a mockery! Our government is nothing but a perfect oligarchy. Away with it! Working people, what do you want with the pest-hole in Washington that is supported by the taxes wrung from the weary muscles and aching backs of yourselvs, the starving, toiling millions?

There are too many fools seeking worlds of bliss
And making a hell of unhappiness in this.

I want to say to you working men that you do not need that infernal nuisance in Washington at all. It ought to be abolished, and I want you to see that governors of states and territories to enact good laws for those states and territories are all that you require. And when intelligence becomes catching you must hav as little law and legislation as possible. But you will add, no doubt, "We cannot do without a government." Now I think that just shows your ignorance! Are you such babes, dolts, and simpletons that you cannot govern yourselvs? Do you not know that the veto of the president stands against the will and wishes of a majority of the states? And yet you call this democracy! The president can veto anything and dismiss or select any officer he pleases. Can a king or any monarch do more? Our Senate is nothing but a relic of monarchy. Some will ask why. I will answer, Because the representativs cannot enact any measure the Senate happens to disapprove; both houses cannot enact a law by a majority if the president happens to disapprove of it. That is the reason, working men, that that infernal machine in Washington ought to be destroyed. And another reason is that it costs you $28,988,874 per annum. Do you not see that all the representation you get is to pay the taxes? Yes, working men,

That upas-tree in Washington
Spreads poison far and near;
One of of the poisonest trees on earth,
A deadlier one is here.
O justice, may you surely strike
And cleave it to its root,
While man shall rear fair freedom's tree,
And all partake its fruit.

But think of it, working men; you will never erect a "freedom's tree" anywhere as long as you spend eight million dollars every year over the gambling table, as has been done by some of you in Chicago. And at the same time the profits at one gambling house hav averaged one thousand dollars a day this last year. Just think of it. We are indebted to the Bible, Christianity, and ignorance for over seventy thousand fallen women in New York, and two hundred and eighty thousand prostitute men who ruined them through Christian and ignorant influences.

Working men, I want to show you another phase of your situation. We hav a volume of money of about twelve dollars per capita, and only one-third of that in circulation; and we hav a tax of seventeen dollars per head; how can we expect to pay it or prosper? That is, how are we going to pay seventeen dollars with only twelve dollars to pay it with? Do you not see we are running headlong into bankruptcy? But you will add, no doubt (as I hav been told), "It is all right; it's all in the country." I am sorry to say you are dreadfully mistaken, for some of it is in England. You or your children will see how "right" it will be within another hundred years. I tell you you are white slaves, because you produce three billion dollars' worth of luxuries and necessities, and non-producers consume two billion dollars' worth, which leaves you, the producers, one billion dollars, and you do all the work, and are four or five to one. And you are slaves. The bright sun rises to its course, and lights a race of serfs. He sets, and his last beam falls on slaves. Not such as, swept along by the full tide of power, the conqueror leads to crimson glory and undying fame; but base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde of banking tyrants and railway despots, and in each hour occurs some dark fraud, open rapine, or protected murder. Oh, out against them.

Working men, if you do not take back the three hundred and fifty million acres of land that hav been stolen from you and given away by the government to the railway rascals and dead beats, besides thirty millions held by them illegally, I shall say that when nature formed you it formed the biggest simpletons, fools, and slaves that ever crawled upon the face of the earth. And, besides this, do you know what the government is doing for you? I will tell you: It is paying the national banks $18,000,000 for issuing $300,000,000 of currency, which it could make and issue for nothing. Forty millions of the people's money is held by the banks in Chicago, with only a million of capital. "Oh," you will add, "it is all in the country." Yes, and so is the following in the country. Within the last six years funds to the amount of six-sevenths of the valuation of the property of the United States and territories hav been wrung from you and passed through the United States treasury. Is that what you went to war for? Yes, and to shoot each other down for thirteen dollars a month, to make a debt of about $2,756,000,000, and to kill each other off to the number of 2,000,000. What were left of you came home (you who had homes) to work worse than black slaves ever did for coupon-clippers, Shylocks, drones, parasites, to reduce the currency from $2,000,000,000 to $700,000,000 in ten years, and also to put a Tweed into a situation to steal $20,000,000 more. Here, again, working slaves, is what the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says about the millionaires of this country:

"The additions to the fortunes of those identified with Wall street from speculation of 1879 are enormous. Here are the amounts. Added to the Vanderbilt estate, $30,000,000; to the wealth of Jay Gould, $15,000,000; to the wealth of Russell Sage, $10,000,000; Sidney Dillon, $10,000,000; James R. Keene, $8,000,000; to the First National Bank, $2,000,000; to Drexel, Morgan & Co., $2,000,000; and to three or four other great operators, $3,000,000, giving a total of profits of $80,000,000 to about ten or twelve estates in one single year."

What do you think of that, working slaves? Do you think it is all right? It must be; it is in the country.

Now, let me show you this thing in another light. It is stated that W. H. Vanderbilt has purchased, within the last year, and now possesses $31,500,000 of United States four per cent bonds. This is not one-quarter of what he owns to-day. Did he earn it? By the sweat of his brow did he acquire the means with which to buy these bonds? I know you must say no, if you know anything. Let me show you the magnitude of this amount of money. Suppose that twenty-three men had commenced working eighteen hundred years ago, at seventy-five cents per day, working three hundred days in the year; it would hav taken them until now to hav earned that $31,500,000. Think of the ages that hav passed since then!

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Again, let me show you what slaves and fools you are. From 1861 to 1865, when the country was in the throes of civil war, the Shylocks, drones, and thieves conspired together to rob the government of $1,500,000,000. You will probably ask, "How?"

I will tell you. By conspiring together to put up the price of gold, so that, with one dollar in gold, they could buy from two to three dollars of paper money, and then exchange it for bonds, at par. By so doing, they compelled the government to submit to a shave of about $700,000,000 in six per cent (gold) interest, which has been drawing semi-annual interest on an average of fifteen years. Or, in other words, by usurious interest (over the established rate of six per cent), they hav taken from the people, in interest on these bonds, $1,500,000,000; a perfect piece of bare-faced robbery.

Now, let me show you it is so. Suppose that a fleet of war vessels should come to our ports and demand a tribute or bounty of $1,500,000,000 to be paid in annual instalments. What do you think? Would not the press swell the headlines with editorial indignation? How orators would lift up their voices with burning words! How Congress would grow stern and resolute, and vote men and money, without stint, to repel the insolent invaders! Ah! but how is it, ye fools? For fools ye are! You cannot see you are robbed of that amount, because it is done right here at home by drones, thieves, and Shylocks. Now, I suppose, after showing you all this, when election day comes around again, you will be ready to rush out and throw up your hats and hurrah for some old political thief, who cares no more for you than he does for the pavement he walks upon. Are you going to be, as you hav been for years, such blockheads and dolts, to cast your votes for lawyers, bankers, Shylocks, political prostitutes, professional office-seekers, pap-sucking leeches, as you hav done; or are you going to show them that you are determined to be no longer their servants and slaves, to cast your votes as they dictate, for whisky and lager beer? You will probably ask, "Who can we vote for?"

I will tell you. Select some of your own number; men whose lives hav been in sympathy with you and your wants, and vote for them, and go in and elect them; but giv them to understand that they are your servants, and while in office they must attend to your wants, and if they are found guilty of betraying the trust reposed in them, you will make a law to hang them to to the first lamp-post; and be sure and keep your word. Then you will show yourselvs men, but not till then.

Working men, I am going to state here some more of your folly and ignorance. The amount of money annually spent in this country for liquor is one billion dollars, and the criminal fruits of drinking, amounting to ninety millions more, would make the astonishing sum of $1,090,000,000. Massachusetts spends directly $27,000,000. New York spends $246,617,500 for intoxicating drinks alone. The amount of liquors consumed would be sufficient to fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and eight miles long; and the number who drank the stream dry, if formed in procession, five abreast, would make an army one hundred and thirty miles long. Oh, what a lot of fools and simpletons! Where are your intelligence and wisdom? Is it any wonder you are in poverty and rags, and your children starving and in ignorance?

I hav not done with you yet. I am going to show you some more of your loathsome habits. Official statistics show that $350,000,000 was spent for tobacco in 1871, which was more than was spent for bread in the same year. Why, in this little city, LaCrosse, there is one cigar manufacturer who boasts that he sold 1,338,800 cigars in 1881. Why, you slaves, you are a perfect lot of puffing smoke-stacks. You are a fine example for the rising generation, are you not? But this is not all; there was manufactured by one firm forty thousand barrels of lager beer in the same year in this city. I suppose that was drank to quench the smoke in the smoke-stacks of the smokers.

Now, my dear simpletons, or god-be-duped slaves, I am going to tickle you up a little on your religion and superstition. Do you not know that what you hav got in your jobbernols is nothing but a myth, a lie, a humbug, and a farce? Yes,

Your brains are clogged with pulpit mud,
Then find your thirst for human blood!

I will now show you what it costs to save your souls at the expense of starving yourselvs and families. There are over seventy thousand lying, sensual blatherskites called priests in this country, at the enormous expense of over two hundred millions of dollars per annum, and you pay this to those sleek, lascivious despots to preach out of a dirty, lascivious, obscene, and disgusting book called the Bible, about a god which has the most degrading character that ever could be conceived. I will giv you here a few passages, as proof of what I say:

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor" (Ex. xxii, 27 and 35).

"The Lord sent fiery serpents among the people: and much people of Israel died" (Num. xxi, 6).

"Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him," etc. (Num. xxxi, 17).

"And the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, and there fell of Israel seventy thousand men," etc. (1 Chron. xxi, 14).

"The Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts," etc. (Isa. iii, 17).

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts concerning the prophets, Behold, I will feed them with wormwood, and make them drink the water of gall" (Jer. xxxiii, 15).

"Thou shalt eat it as barley-cakes, and bake it with dung that cometh out of man" (Ezek. iv, 12).

"If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord hav deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon them and will destroy them from the midst of my people Israel" (Ezek. xv, 9).

"Samaria shall become desolate; she hath rebelled against her God; they shall fall by the sword; their infants shall be dashed in pieces, and their women with child shall be ripped up" (Hosea xiii, 16).

"Behold, I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts" (Mal. ii, 3).

I will now turn to the book called the New Testament, and giv you a little of what your Christ and savior says:

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16).

Is that your Christian love? But again:

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii, 33).

And again:

"If a man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26).

Oh, what fine stuff to be called the word of a god! Again:

"But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27).

Why, he must be Guiteau's God, for he said his God instructed him to murder President Garfield to get him out of the way to save the nation in spite of all the prayers of the priests to the contrary. Oh,

What dire calamities do mortals feel
From holy rage and superstitious zeal!

I also want, right here, to examin your Christ a little in another light, and see what was his origin. In the book of Matthew it is stated that an old Jew named Joseph dreamed that a Holy Ghost came upon his betrothed wife (if any one knows what a ghost means), and got her with child. It appears Joe was not very well satisfied with having his betrothed wife made a strumpet and himself a cuckold with horns sticking out of his head. He thought he had better put her away privately, but this angel or ghost (something or nothing, for nobody ever proved what it was) told him not to put her away, but keep her and be satisfied to be called a cuckold; for the child she was big with should be a god, and would play smash in all Israel. Well, after a while, those Jews got so disgusted or dissatisfied with their god that they haled him up and stretched him upon two cross-poles, and nailed him thereon, and stuck long spears or hooks into his side, so that he died. They then took him down and buried him in a sepulcher, but in a few days this dead god rose up a-kicking, and stood upon his feet. As soon as those Jews found that this god who created the universe (for he said, "I and my father are one") was alive again, they were after him, to kill him again, like bloodhounds, but he was too sharp for them the last time, so he escaped and flew off to heaven (if any one knows where that is), and sat on the right hand of himself to judge the quick and the dead when there shall be neither quick nor dead. Now, was there ever anything in the world half as ridiculous as this? Why, you Christians are a lot of the biggest nincompoops and ignoramuses in the world to believe such trash. Ignorance

——"is a monster of so frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft—familiar with her face—
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Dr. John Mill, an English divine, says he has searched thirty-five years upon the New Testament, which has enabled him to detect the enormous number of eighty thousand different readings of that book. Even the best sentence of Jesus, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," he says, "has been pronounced an interpolation." Mr. Cooper remarked, "Well might the New Testament be compared to Lord Chancellor Eldon's silk stocking that was darned all over with worsted until there was no silk remaining." It is further stated that there are thirty-two thousand different versions or translations of the New Testament in existence. Which is the true one? There are six thousand different religions. Tell me which is the true one, then I will believe. There are eight hundred million pagans and only two hundred million Christians. Only one out of every two hundred of them saved. O ye Christians! your saving grace is very small!

What I hav shown you above is splendid stuff to spout about in the churches, which I call bawdy shops, and which cost you $5,000,000,000 in the United States. Do you not know that you who own a house or shanty hav to pay the tax on this amount of property? And do you not know also that one way or another your taxes and repairs cost you almost as much as if you paid a rent for those houses and shanties? And after all this you are ignorant enough to pay to seventy thousand priests about $200,000,000 out of your hard earnings to those spouting, lascivious force-pumps to stuff you and your children with myths, lies, and hell (and lots of them know it to be so). And they will continue to do it as long as you are fools enough to pay them for the imposition, the fraud, and the humbug.

The priest whose acts the blackest vices taint,
For his own glory makes a perfect saint.

I am going to appeal to you once more, and probably for the last time. I want you, for your own good and the good of your children after you, to take my advice. Be sure and think for yourselvs, and be sure and make good hard sense catching. Raise up your children to think for themselvs, and not stick priestly lies, myths, and superstition into their heads to make them crazy zealots and bigots. Patronize no church, no religion, whether called true or false; no missionary humbug, no Christs, no gods of any kind, no office, pap-sucking, carpetbag politicians, do away with that sink-hole in Washington, support no grog or whisky shops, play no cards or gambling of any kink, use no tobacco or cigars, avoid all advertising quack medicins or quack drug shops, support no rotten law nor lawyers, but be a law unto yourselvs. Go and fight for no bloated Shylock, banker, railroad, telegraph, express, or any other corporation, monopoly, or speculations, but fight for your own independence. If they want any fighting done, let them do it themselvs, and above all, never more be driven to the polls like sheep to the slaughter by any leech or tyrant, and you will show yourselvs men.

Now I hav told you not what to do. I will now tell you what to do. Be sure and vote for some of the most sensible and intelligent men amongst your ranks, for there are such (as I hav said before), and be sure you elect them. Pay no attention to wire-pullers and rings. You are a large majority. You can do it if you will. If you do not, whatever be your fate it will be just what you deserve; yes, mark you, just what you deserve! And as sure as you neglect those things I hav told you, so sure will the consequences be. Yes, this boasted free country of yours will be a second Ireland as sure as night follows day. Now here it is: I am only one, and can but giv you good advice; if you take it, it will be well; if not, your doom is sealed, and so is your children's. I bid you good-bye, probably forever. I am the friend and well-wisher of the whole human race,

J. PETTEY.

La Crosse, Wis.

IT doesn't look well for a churchwarden to take an umbrella to church, and carry it into his pew and hang to it. He should leave it out in the vestibule, with that supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces.

A Rejoinder to Mr. B. F. Underwood.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF MR. WAKEMAN'S OPEN LETTER TO HIM.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1882.

Dear Sir: A severe illness has prevented earlier attention to your replies to my open letter to you in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 8th.

Were it not necessary to complete the purpose for which that letter was written, nothing more would be said. That purpose was stated at its opening to be to awaken "moral consciousness, and the possibility of understanding the enormity of the false position taken by you and the *Index*."

That letter was designed as a stinging *counter-irritant* to a "comatose patient," and it has answered its purpose very well. When you compelled me to write it I meant it should answer some useful purpose beyond a personal justification of myself. That purpose was to make the *Index* and you recognize your true position, or at least to enable others to do it, and to appreciate its traitorous character, to which you and the *Index* appeared to hav become wholly insensible.

Thus I sought to turn to good advantage your importunity. For you would hav a letter; you fairly "jumped upon me" with cries of "false statement," so that you compelled me to tell you the truth. The result seems to show that you received a little more fire than you expected; if so, remember that desperate cases of spiritual pride require desperate remedies.

My justification was easy enough, and stands complete. As the good old *Investigator* says, I hav "made out my case." As the *Mayflower* says, that open letter is a "volley of unanswerable facts." You do not dispute but one of a dozen quotations; you really make no defense. You cannot. Every one sees how clearly the quoted words convict you and your *Index* of bearing false witness, and you cannot parry them.

When all of the main charges are thus practically admitted and close you in hopelessly, you make a futil effort to escape from the grip of only one, and that a minor quotation. You can find no way out but one little knot-hole, and in that one you are stuck. You present in that a new illustration of your art of innuendo, thus: You say that it *is* "strictly true" "that the League demands the repeal of *all* postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails."

These words, published in the *Index* after its statement "that the League was in favor of the transmission of [such] matter and of a vile traffic *unhindered* by *any law*," could only be taken as a repetition of that libel, and any person of ordinary sense (as you are) would know they would be so taken. Yet you sought to keep open the subterfuge for escape by saying the words are "strictly true." But they are not strictly true. The League has not opposed *all* postal laws. It has opposed only that "*United States* Comstock law," which *placed a censorship and espionage over the mails*, and made them *traps* for Comstockism and its societies." The League did not oppose "all postal laws," but one specific Comstock law.

Again, the states hav time and again prohibited the transmission of matter by mail under the most stringent "postal laws." That by such laws the slave states were formerly hermetically sealed against "incendiary" literature is well known. To such postal laws, if necessary, the League has constantly appealed. Thus your one attempt at defense only illustrates again how false and wrong it is to seek to hide a slanderous innuendo under "strict truth," which is not the whole truth. Such a defense explodes at the breech. Better hav said nothing.

Nor as to the other and the great charge which my letter presented in order to effect its *counter-irritant* purpose can you make any defense. Since 1878, when the *Index* found that it could not rule the League, it has done its level best to ruin it, to make it a "wreck," and to be able to declare it "dead." To accomplish this purpose its only weapons hav been public slander and private detraction. That the League and the Liberal cause hav been greatly injured is beyond dispute, and the *Index* is responsible for that injury. After it has run the whole pack of Christian curs, Mr. Comstock, Rev. Joseph Cook, the New York *Independent*, *Scribner's Monthly*, the "religious" press generally, and the secular press to a large extent, responsivly echoed the *Index*. It was the sponsor for this whole "gang," to use your friend Bundy's cultured language when he speaks of the League. These charges and facts are plainly proved, and are indeed notorious. Now you, as the co-secessionist, adviser, companion, and finally successor and *alter ego* of the lost Mr. Abbot, come forward to condemn me for making "a false statement," and to defend the *Index* in its course of defamation.

The stinging words of the open letter were to make you see "the enormity of this position." The fluttering bird shows that it has been hit. That you and your *Index* were hit in a tender spot the wild work of your replies makes clear to every eye. This false and traitorous position thus made plain is evidently not pleasing to you. That is natural, and greatly to your credit. Your fluttering is a sign of life, and, it is to be hoped, of health.

But should not a gentleman and a philosopher either disprove the facts or acknowledge their truth and mend his ways by taking heed thereunto? But what do you do? Without denying the facts, which are proved overwhelmingly, as if clean daft with rage, you quote a long editorial from your *Index* to show that you, and it, knew perfectly well that all of these slanders it had been uttering and insinuating to kill the League for years past were—what? true! no, but *wholly false*, and that the *Index knew* that *they were false all the time!*

What position is that for a sensible man to put himself in?

You quote these words from the *Index* of July 14, 1881: "*Common fairness*, therefore, demands the admission that those generally who *ask for the repeal of these laws hav no sympathy whatever with obscenity, and rely on other agencies* for its suppression." From the same editorial other passages of similar meaning might be taken.

Then why slander and get all of the Christian world to slandering these repealers? Why call down upon them "blows from the aroused conscience of the country" because when they meet as a League they put their views in the form of a resolution?

It is this hopelessly inconsistent position of the *Index* that is generally felt to be false, wicked, perfidious, traitorous, and absurd.

Yes, I expected you would bring out the rest of that editorial (from which I quoted fairly only Mr. Abbot's utterances), by way of avoidance, but it is a plain *confession* of the falsehood of the slanders of the *Index* and of its whole course in relation to the League, and its members, since 1878.

The *Index* seems to hav the notion that it may go on uttering, inculcating, and insinuating slanders for years, but that if it makes a sly confession of their falsehood in some unnoticeable way occasionally, then it is all right and it is morally absolved.

Mr. Abbot introduced this novel method of absolution in the *Index*. For instance, he was compelled to admit that not a word was uttered by the "majority" at the Syracuse League Congress which he or any one could call improper, and yet he made the public believe that the obscenity was so thick that the poor "minority" could hardly cut their way through it and get out alive. This was done, too, when the only improper words used at that Congress came from the leader of the *Index* people on the floor—the very man who exploded the "modification" fraud by saying that the Comstock laws were well enough as they are.

Now, what I wanted to make you and the *Index* see was that the falsity of a slander, and even the confession of its falsity, does not justify its circulation, but, on the contrary, is the best reason in the world for stopping it. The evidence, which you cannot and do not try to deny, shows that your *Index* has outrageously slandered the League since 1878.

Its editorial quoted by you shows that it knew better. My letter was written to make it felt that such a course was an "enormity." Every word of my letter seems to hav been within the truth, every epithet, however severe, in it, is sustained by the facts stated. Its effect has been such as I wish to produce—a lively exposure and appreciation of the position of the *Index* and its editors toward the Liberals of the country. It was evident that nothing but an incisiv statement of the truth could enable the *Index* "to see itself as others see it."

Little as you may now believe it, that letter was rather from a friend than an enemy. Well would it be if you could believe that now. Liberal blood should be thicker than water. The *Index* should not spend its strength to destroy those of the same household of faith if it is to be a Liberal paper at all. Its editors should not get cards calling them "Judases." It should not be spoken of by one of its principal Liberal neighbors, Mr. Chainey, in this way: "*I* should be much obliged if the *Index* would point us to any affirmation they ever made that has not been made in these lectures. I dislike to speak against those who claim to be engaged in the service of liberty. But he who wears your colors, and professes to fight on your side, and then turns his sword against you in the thick of the fight, is the most cowardly and meanest of all traitors."

The *Index* has had, I think, little notion of the extent of the feeling thus voiced by Mr. Chainey. It would seem to hav lapsed into a comatose condition of spiritual pride which has hid from it its own wrong-doing. While it has for years been guilty of doing what it could to injure the League by slander and personal detraction, while it practically confesses that it knew better, it has been edited in the spirit of the Pharisee and of "Holy Willie," backed by the unforgiving spirit of their bigotry. Between its slanderous lines their self-righteous prayers were always visible:

"O God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican" [or that vile Liberal Leaguer].

"I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight
For gifts an' grace—
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place."

Nothing is more blinding than the pride of which the above are immortal expressions. If my open letter has done something to make that spirit, and its consequences, more visible and hateful to you and to others, it has accomplished its object.

The rest of your reply calls for but a few words. As you had no case upon the merits, you followed the traditional advice, "to abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Liberals should never allow their passions, not even their indignation, to rise *above* the mouth. The head should be kept cool and clear. Your personal attack was evidently made in a rage, and to me it shall be as though not a word of it had ever been uttered. I hav no personal grievance or ill-feeling toward you. The awakening purpose of my letter I knew would necessarily involve the exciting of feelings, of the natural expression of which I will not complain. You cry out indignantly at my reference to your arbitration, and I think you would be justly indignant if your conduct toward other persons and their records had not made this allusion to your own a necessary *argumentum ad hominem*. "Judge not, lest ye be judged," applies to you. I had no other way, except by trying it on, to make you feel how sweet a thing personal detraction is. I had just read how *tenderly* you spoke of one of the lady vice-presidents of the League, in your *Index* of October 13, 1881, and I was fresh from your last invidious mention of men and women who are missionaries of the League in the Liberal field, bravely struggling under obloquy, want, privation, anxiety, and even your *sly* abuse, to do what they can to emancipate the human heart and mind. I had a right to speak for them, for they cannot speak for themselvs. I wanted you to feel how they felt when they read your cunning innuendoes and insinuations. The right purpose called for the right instrument. A slight reference to your innocent record effected that object. You and the *Index* are fond of hauling over the records of others. You, whose delight seems to be this kind of torture—can you not stand one turn of the screw without a cry?

"If you can feel for yourself, you may learn to respect the feelings and to state fairly the motivs and purposes of others." Such I stated as my object in writing to you. Every epithet or reference I used was for that object only, and is justified by it and the facts. But the question of motivs is always relevant. And you hav not even yet learned to state fairly the motivs of others. You freely insinuate that my "motivs" are bad; that I wish to "bend you to my purpose;" that there are "motivs you very well understand;" that I hav personal ends," and that my object was not "the defense of the League."

The man who makes such wild insinuations discredits himself. I hav no business, or personal interests, or even wishes, whatever, involved in this matter. Unlike you, I hav never made a cent by Liberalism. And as to honor, though I appreciate it, I shall only be too glad to hail a less busy man as my successor as president of the League at its next Congress.

How any one could be freer from "motivs" than I it would be hard to tell. I hav no interest in Liberalism except its success. Your attacks upon my motivs, and me, personally, are much like the Rev. Braden's attacks upon Col. Ingersoll. Anything you can lay your hands upon, however irrelevant, will do to blacken the water, so that you can escape the griping force of the facts against your *Index*.

Let me impress upon you and the *Index* the words and the example of Col. Ingersoll, to whom you refer. Who ever heard him say a word against any Liberal? He says: "Meanness cannot descend beyond the level of him who will endeavor to blacken the reputation of another, simply because he cannot answer his argument. I despise, I execrate, with every drop of my blood any man or woman who wilfully attempts to destroy the reputation of another." Never forget those words!

When he withdrew from the League, he did it upon principle. He was a Republican in politics, leaning, I fear, toward the centralization of the general government. You, a Jeffersonian Democrat, had no principle to leave upon. He has never spoken a word against the League or its members, but otherwise, as far as he could. He has acted as one who could differ from other Liberals without bragging of himself, or condemning them, or misrepresenting their motivs, or ceasing to co-operate with them in any other Liberal work. He has tried to help up instead of to strike down. With him, after all, Liberal blood is thicker than water.

If the *Index* had imitated him, it would never hav been thought of as an enemy or a traitor, but as a friend, differing only as to some minor questions of civil administration. In that event I should hav been spared the necessity of writing you that open letter. But in doing that, my only wish was that of Burns for his "Auld Nickie Ben:"

"Oh, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken—"

Therefore, I am still hopefully yours,

T. B. WAKEMAN.

To BENJAMIN F. UNDERWOOD, Esq., Editor of the *Index*.

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"Liberty and Purity" in Wisconsin.

The following letter from the Milwaukee *Republican* and *News* of April 21st last, goes to show that the victory over "Comstockism" in Wisconsin was won because the battle was chiefly fought upon the principle of secular republican popular government, as against the government of amateur theological societies. Whenever and wherever that issue is made and understood, "Comstockism" will find its final resting-place. When the people understand it, they will never giv up the enforcement of their laws to any such new-fangled attempts at theocracy, which first originated with Mr. Comstock. This letter is a valuable addition to "Liberty and Purity," Mr. Wakeman's indispensable book on this issue, and it will hereafter be printed with it:

In your issue of March 21st, last, you giv to the world a reply or justification signed by M. Masson, secretary of a society for the suppression of vice, in which are some things which need correction, in justice to me and to others. For instance, in regard to my little book, "Liberty and Purity," Mr. Anthony Comstock is made to say of me that he never saw me defend but one case in court, and that was of a vender of obscenity, and his client was convicted. This is simply untrue. I never defended or tried any such case in any court. And my League position in regard to the legal questions involved is such that it would be indelicate and improper for me to act professionally in any such case. This matter is fully discussed at page 38 of the book "Liberty and Purity," which M. Masson appears to hav had in his possession. Again, Mr. Comstock is made to say that the speech "Liberty and Purity" is not the speech I delivered before the committee of the Assembly of New York as it purports; and that many of the "gross" statements therein contained I never would hav dared to make in his presence. This is also untrue; the speech was delivered orally before the committee from full notes, in which all the charges "gross" or otherwise were distinctly numbered. I went over each number carefully, much to Mr. Comstock's evident disquietude and with frequent interruptions from him. At the conclusion, as some of the matters had been called in question, and as some of the proofs were called for, I asked leave of the committee to submit a printed copy of my address with the proofs and corrections inserted. This permission was cheerfully granted. The speech was printed from my notes, a few corrections inserted, the proofs supplied, and as thus printed was delivered to the committee weeks before they reported. Thus the speech, as it stands to-day, was delivered *before*, and *to* the committee, and no one has ever called any of its statements in question before, except it be in this instance: The Rev. Dr. Potter has stated in *Scribner's Monthly* that the report from his sermon, on page 28, varied to some extent, though I think not materially, from the written texts of his discourse. It seems that the quotation was made from a phonographic report of the sermon as delivered; and my belief is that the zeal of the learned doctor had, for a time, lifted him above the cool text of his manuscript. The trouble with Mr. Comstock is quite well understood in our state. As some people become color blind he has become truth blind. And his statements always hav to be confirmed by other evidence or else taken with more than one grain of salt. This infirmity often befalls professional spies, detectivs, and informers. This is the reason that our legislature passed an act last year preventing his evidence from being taken in any court as to persons accused by him. That act was vetoed, but it is pending before our present legislature, and the necessity is such that it may be passed and not vetoed this year.

Wherever his great libel, "Frauds Exposed," goes, it needs to accompany it little "Liberty and Purity" as a witness to the truth.

The said M. Masson, secretary, also undertakes to make a statement of his own, in which he seems to be a worthy disciple of Mr. Comstock in his failure to state facts as they are. He says near the close of his reply, that I am the "T. B. Wakeman who is the president of the National Liberal League, which advocated the repeal of the United States laws against obscenity and became sympathizers and defenders of dealers in obscene publications." It is true that I am president of that League; it is not true that the League advocated the repeal of all the United States laws against obscenity, of which there are a great number applicable under the revenue laws, and districts and territories of the United States. The League protested against "Comstockism" in the states and national government, or in the proceedings within the courts. That is, they protested, first, against the farming out of the enforcement of criminal laws to amateur, irresponsible, and semi-theological societies in the states. Second, in the United States government they protested *against* the "Comstock postal law," by which the inviolability of the mail was destroyed in principle, and a censorship and espionage was established, under the Jackson decision, within the post-office, contrary to the express injunction of such statesmen as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun.

Also they protested against the use of the post office as a detection bureau of these Comstock societies for the purpose, among others, of throwing into United States courts for trial common law offenses, which do not constitutionally belong there.

Third. They protested against the introduction of a lot of English precedents into our courts, under these Comstock laws, by which the right of trial by jury became practically a farce.

It was not until the position of the League upon these questions was found to be invincible that its character became so bad. But this charge that it became the sympathizer and defender of the dealers in obscene matter, etc., has not the slightest foundation. If M. Masson had turned to page 46 of "Liberty and Purity," he would hav seen that the League has always favored, in the strongest manner possible, the enforcement of proper and effectiv laws for suppressing the offenses referred to; but it insists that those laws shall be enforced by the regular authorities, and not by any amateur, irresponsible, and bigoted "Comstockism." Because the League would not thus consent to hav common law, common sense, and the Constitution violated, the cry was raised by those who had no other argument that it was in favor of obscenity. Such a charge is not only false, but is disgraceful to anyone who uses or countenances it for a moment. Those who use it are simply slanderers.

But then Mr. M. Masson must hav known the position of the League on reading "Liberty and Purity," and his repetition of this charge leads strongly to the suspicion that the Society for the Suppression of Vice in Wisconsin had better begin with its secretary, and prevent him from bearing false witness against his neighbor.

Yours respectfully, T. B. WAKEMAN.

New York, April, 1882.

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Odds and Ends.

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked Judge Powers. "With whisky, your honor," replied the sententious policeman.

AN Ohio man has been struck by lightning nine times, and isn't dead yet. You hav to take office away from an Ohio man to kill him.

A PROMINENT lumberman has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi," which by interpretation is "I saw."

AN old lady in Hoboken says there can be nothing more attractiv than the spring style of wrap for young ladies. She says it's the knee plus ulster of good taste.

A SAN FRANCISCO man has been arrested for deceiving a widow. While his crime is to be abhorred, it must be admitted that his genius commands admiration.

A MAN who wants his wife to love and respect him will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

"TAKE that right away," said the young man to the waiter, as he pointed to a saucer of whipped cream which had been brought for his strawberries; "I did not come here to get shaved."

A GENTLEMAN went into a dry-goods store and asked for ten yards of naked cambric. The young lady blushed and said: "I guess you mean undressed cambric?" "Oh, yes! that's it!"

"THE muses kiss with lips of flame," says a recent poet of the new order. Then we are thankful that we are not courting any of the muses just now. We don't wish to hav our best summer moustache burnt off until later in the season.

"WHY did God forbid Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of his class. "For fear they might fall out of the tree and hurt themselvs," replied Jimmie Fizzletop, who had his arm in a sling.

MALE calves are very apt to be sent to the butcher on reaching a certain age, while female calves are allowed to grow up and ever afterward hav nothing to do but lay around, eat, sleep, and be milked. Susan B. Anthony has never said a word about this discrimination against a sex.

NEW TABLE OF DRY MEASURE.

Two skooners make one pint.
Two pints make three drinks.
One quart (of strawberries) makes a dish.
One peck makes six quarts.
One bushel (of peddler's apples) is three pecks.

THEY had been married exactly ten months, and one day when she found it necessary to sign a paper, she wrote her maiden name in full. "What?" he ejaculated. "Oh! how foolish," she said, "I forgot that I was married." And then he jammed his hands down into his pockets and wondered if that was any reflection on his character or what.

AN EXAMPLE OF A CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

THE editor of a well-known religious journal called one evening on a friend who was a deacon in the church. His wife received the visitor, explaining that her husband would be down in a few minutes. During the conversation there were noises upstairs which proceeded unmistakably from the flogging of a boy. Pretending not to comprehend the cause of the sounds the editor said:

"Perhaps I hav interfered with some important engagement of your husband's?"

"Not at all," she replied, "he'll be at leisure soon; he's only furnishing an example of a Christian at work!"

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

If it costs a colored family eighty cents per week to keep four dogs and a goat, how much less will it cost if a policeman breaks the goat's neck and two of the dogs get in the way of a street car?

Six times seven girls are how many girls, and what on earth are they good for?

A lady bought a hat for $12, a set of frizzes for $4, a pair of shoes for $6, and a comb for $3. How much would all hav cost her if the man hadn't told her that he had quit the trust system?

A woman pays seventy-five cents for a shirt for her husband and $9 for a pair of silk hose for herself. What was the cost of both?

A man gave $3 to the Foreign Missionary fund and chipped in a nickel to buy a two-shilling Testament for a home murderer. How much did he giv in all? Also, if the soul of one heathen is worth fifty times the soul of an intelligent white man, how much more valuable is the soul of an Indian than a Congressman's?

A man who desires to move a cook-stove weighing 200 pounds calls in a neighbor to lift 180 pounds of the infernal old thing, while he gets away with the remainder. What is the remainder?

A tramp has 200 feet to go to reach a gate, while the farmer's dog has 300 feet to go to bite the tramp. The tramp travels at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and the dog at the rate of twenty. How near the gate will the poor, discouraged sufferer be when the canine catches on?

A man who gulps down a five-cent glass of beer and tells the saloon-keeper to charge it, is obliged to pay a doctor $2.50 for cementing a crack in his skull, while the saloonist is fined $3 for doing such a cracking good businesss. How much money was involved altogether, and how much would hav been saved if the beat had waited until a candidate came along and asked him to take something?

A housewife sold a goat to a pedler for a vase worth nine cents, a pair of boots for a china dog worth six cents, and a vest for a glass bottle worth four cents. How much did she receive for all, and how much over $6 clear profit did the pedler make?

A grocer takes twenty-eight pounds of butter worth thirty-two cents per pound, and mixes it with fifty-six pounds of butter worth fourteen cents per pounds. He then hangs out a sign of "gilt-edged butter," and sells the whole for twenty-nine cents per pound. How much does he make?

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Notes and Clippings.

It is now considered safe to announce that summer is upon us.

Beecher has gone to the country. We cannot state where Mrs. Tilton is.

The Rev. Peter Lewis, pastor of the Enon Baptist church, Washington, has been fined $2 for drunkenness.

Col. Abe Buford, the Kentuckian who is engaged in the laudable endeavor to effect a union between the turf and the church, accuses Talmage of having plagiarized his sermon on the "hoss."

Mr. Darwin left an autobiography behind him. There has also been found among his papers a sketch of his father about equal in length to that of his grandfather, which was published some time ago.

The Massachusetts Medical Society voted, 104 to 60, to admit properly qualified women to membership; but changes in the constitution cannot be made without the consent of the council, a kind of executiv committee, and this has been refused.

The Supreme Secular Benevolent Association of Port Jervis, N. Y., filed its certificate of incorporation on the 24th ult. It has for its objects, among other things, the doing away with the observance of Sunday and national days of thanksgiving as religious days, and the abolishment of the use of the Bible in public schools.

The Women's Temperance Union of Brooklyn held a prayer meeting on the 27th ult., for the success of the prohibition ballot cast that day in Iowa. As this is a country in which the power comes from the people, invoking the aid of a foreign potentate is wholly undemocratic, and the Women's Temperance Union ought to know it.

The Rev. Dr. George Washburn, president of Robert College, Constantinople, writes to the *Independent* that "there is less interest in foreign missions in America than there has been at any time during the last thirty years. There has been no increase of contributions commensurate with the increase of wealth and popula-in the country. The societies depend more and more upon legacies, which represent the feeling of a past rather than the present generation." He calls for more zeal, more men, and more money.

Four clergymen assembled in the church of a departed vicar, in Somersetshire, England, to act as pall bearers at his funeral When the ceremony was about to commence it was discovered that the grave was too small, and, as considerable delay was inevitable, the mourners adjourned to the neighboring vicarage house, while the reverend pall bearers remained with the coffin, which had been set down in the chancel. When the sexton presently arrived to announce that all was ready, he found them absorbed in a rubber of whist, the coffin being used as a card table.

Mr. D. M. Bennett, who, about a year ago, was sent by his friends and admirers throughout the country on a trip around the world, reached California early in June, and on the evening of June 5th a large meeting of the Liberals of the Pacific coast extended to the veteran editor a cordial welcome. We understand that all along the route from California to New York Mr. Bennett will receive the warm congratulations of his friends, who will hold meetings and invite him to speak. Mr. Comstock and the Vice Society tried to brand Mr. Bennett as a felon, but his friends, both in this country and in Europe, are weaving for his brow the garlands of the hero. He was banqueted in London, received great attention in India, and now the heartiness with which he is welcomed home exhibits the contempt which honorable men and women feel for those who attempted to persecute and crush him.—*Foote's Health Monthly.*

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has a department wherein questions propounded by correspondents are attempted to be answered, and hitherto we hav regarded the department as being of value in giving information on not commonly understood subjects, but in that paper, for June 15th, is one so outrageously at variance with truth and decency as to throw discredit on the whole department. It is in relation to D. M. Bennett (proprietor of the New York Truth Seeker), and the article of 1,000 ems (about three inches in length) contains *seventeen* squarely stated lies. Such a department in the *Inter-Ocean* must be valuable.—*The Blade.*

Admirers of the late Jesse James, Baptist, hav called attention to the fact that though so much wealth passed through his hands he died comparativly a poor man. This tribute to his character becomes additionally impressiv through the gradual distribution of his humble means among people who set up prior claims. Thus Mr. Rountree has repossessed himself of the watch which Jesse wore when he was shot, and which the latter had stolen from him in 1880; and Mr. Evans, in a replevin suit, has recovered a saddle of which Jesse robbed him, though the horse that went along with it has disappeared. If all the nominal property of the late Mr. James finds its proper owners there will be left very little indeed for his widow, and his kin.

Bishop Gilmour of Ohio may possibly be right in condemning the Ladies' Land League. But when young women join such organizations it does not follow by any means that they "forget their womanhood" and "turn themselvs into brawling politicians." The latter phrase, repeated several times in the bishop's card, exhibits too much feeling. Quarrels between Catholic bishops and Irish people, formerly regarded as impossible, are now quite frequent. They constitute a portion of the increasing evidence of the general decline of faith. Where there is perfect faith there is obedience, and quarrels are impossible. In the breaking of the ties between priests and people the church is weakened.—*Sun.*

The new Russian law on the Jews, which the emperor is pleased to approve, contains the following provisions: "1. We forbid the Jews to settle anew outside of the cities and the villages. Jewish agricultural colonies are exempted from this rule. 2. We forbid the Jews to purchase, to procure by mortgage, to rent, or to take charge of any real estate outside of the cities and the villages. 3. We forbid the Jews to conduct any trade on Sundays or on the twelve great Christian holidays, and order that Jews shall observe the same rules concerning the closing of places of business as are observed by Christians." And yet complaint is made by Christians because the law does not allow them to banish to the mines of Siberia any Jew whom they may "deem obnoxious."

The superstitious ceremony of "waking the dead" has for centuries been, and still is, practised in one of the northern Scotch counties. A house with a corpse in it becomes, for the two or three days between death and burial, the rendezvous of the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—particularly ghost stories—ostensibly to dissipate the grief of the bereaved. Such gatherings, which are largely attended by young lovers, differ from Irish wakes in that the Scotch bring their own tobacco and pipes. The people of this district are all free church and free drinkers. Whisky abounds. Great offense was given by a teetotaler substituting milk, and it is opined that there will be few mourners at the next funeral in that house. What connection there is between Scotch whisky and the resurrection is not clearly set forth.

The *Sun* hits the New York preachers a rap on knuckles already sore thus: "The usual number of preachers hav engaged passage for Europe this summer, and their flocks will get scanty attendance. In a recent Congregational council the candidate was asked whether he would receive into the church a man who insisted on going to Coney Island after morning service, and to the theater after he became a member of the church. The minister replied that he would consider such a one a subject for careful pastoral attention. It requires usually two Sundays with the intervening week days to cross the sea, but clerical brethren do not scruple at this, while a few hours on a Sunday afternoon by the sea makes the church-member who enjoys it an object of 'careful pastoral attention.' It would be inconvenient if some rules worked both ways."

The artless prattle of a babe is often to the point. One of those unreasonably bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer-meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud, "Ma, say ma—who was Dinah Moore?" "Hu-u-sh," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn." "No, it ain't, ma," continued the hopefut, "it's a woman's name; say, who's going home to Dinah Moore?" "Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more." "Dine no more! O ma, don't they eat anything there?" His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper, "Ma, is God out of town?" "No-o-o, no-no," answered the distracted woman, faintly. "Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child. The choir sang him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer, his gentle voice was distinctly heard.

In view of the charges against our postal officials made in our columns last week by the secretary of the Anti-Monopoly League, and the general tyrannical and unconstitutional way in which the postmasters usurp power to pry into mail matter, the following from the *Sun* is of interest. We commend these remarks to the postmaster-general: "It seems that there is a missing witness wanted by the prosecution in the Malley murder trial at New Haven. His name is John J. Gilchrist. On the preliminary investigation he testified positivly to having seen James Malley and Jennie Cramer together on the evening before the body was found. Now he does not come forward to testify at all. His whereabouts is unknown. At the post-office in New Haven a notice to the clerks has been put up in these words: 'If you find a letter addressed to John J. Gilchrist, bring it to me. N. D. Sperry, Postmaster.' Now, we make bold to inquire, if Mr. Sperry shall thus obtain possession of a letter addressed to Mr. Gilchrist, what will he do with it? Does he propose to open it, in order to ascertain the name of some correspondent and acquaintance of the missing witness? Is it his intention to deliver such a letter, if one comes, to the district attorney, or somebody other than the person to whom it is directed? Or will he merely scrutinize the postmark and the handwriting on the envelope, to see what he can get in that way? Even if he intends to study only the exterior of the letter, we doubt whether he is justified in requiring its submission to him for the purpose which is here really in view. A postmaster may properly examin the superscription of the letters that pass through his office by reading them in person if he likes, instead of leaving that duty wholly to his clerks. But neither he nor they can warrantably carry their scrutiny any further than is necessary to ascertain the person to whom and the place at which the letter is intended to be delivered. Mr. Sperry's placard indicates that he is willing to use his power as postmaster to pry into matters which it may be very desirable for somebody to elucidate, but in regard to which the post-office ought not to be made a detectiv agency. The assumption of such authority is too dangerous to be tolerated. If a postmaster is disposed to use the letters which pass through his office as a means of informing himself concerning the affairs of those who write or receive them, the sooner he is translated into some other sphere of worldly activity the better."

News of the Week.

A revolution has broken out in Uruguay, S. A.

A scrap of land in this city 16x29 feet was sold recently for $168,000.

The freight handler's strike in this city has caused great damage to merchants.

Bradlaugh was recently ordered out of Parliament when he attempted to present a petition.

Seventy-five thousand bushels of charcoal were destroyed by fire in Pittsfield, Mass., on the 25th ult.

The Malley trial is approaching the end. There is said to be scarcely one chance in a thousand for conviction.

Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister and wife of his counsel, George Scoville, is reported wandering about the country insane.

Col. Ingersoll is spending the summer at Long Branch, a watering place on the coast of New Jersey, where he has rented a cottage.

Gov. Blackburn, of Kentucky, has been "converted" by revivalist Barnes. Kentucky is a great place for horses, whisky, and religion.

Another cyclone in Iowa, this time in Emmetsburg, has caused the death of fifty people and destroyed many thousand dollars' worth of property.

The Rev. James Clements, of Brook's Station, Ga., was killed by his team while plowing one day last week. Obvious warning: it is blasphemy to plow.

Prof. Swing, of Chicago, has retired from the editorial control of the *Alliance*, and will be succeeded by Mr. George C. Miln, the recent convert to Agnosticism.

Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League, is lecturing through the eastern part of the country amid great enthusiasm. The agitator has but one arm.

William H. Mundy, president of the Gospel Temperance Society, is in jail, charged with extorting money from keepers of disorderly houses in return for immunity from prosecution.

The Rev. R. Moffat Neil, of Brooklyn, is accused of preaching to his present congregation under an alias, previous immoral conduct having made unsavory his real name, which is O'Neil.

The New York Democrats are talking of the Hon. Roswell P. Flower as candidate for governor this fall. Mr. Flower has shown himself sound on many questions of importance to the people at large.

The Hebrew Aid Society hav notified the authorities that they can receive no more Russo-Jewish refugees. The number of arrivals is too vast for the society to cope with, and they will hereafter be turned over to the regular Castle Garden authorities.

The President and Cabinet hav decided not to interfere with the regular course of the law in Guiteau's case, and the murderer swings on Friday, the 30th ult. He still clings to the inspiration theory, and goes to the gallows a victim of the Christian superstition.

England is getting troop ships ready to send to Egypt to protect English interests in that country. It is not improbable that England will sooner or later add Egypt to her already extensiv domains. Arabi Pasha, the new ruler, threatens to blow up the Suez canal if he is interfered with.

The Hillsdale amateur four hav arrived in England. Amateur oarsmen in England, having not yet forgotten their recent defeats by American crews, are protesting strongly against the admission of the Hillsdales to their contests on the ground that the American crew is composed of men who work for a living.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

A Tour in India.—Continued.

TEA AND CINCHONA.

Besides tea, much cinchona is being grown in these lower mountain districts about Darjeeling, and a few words about these crops may be admissible. Cinchona, as perhaps some of you do not know, is the tree which yields the bark called "Peruvian bark," which yields the very valuable alkaloid, quinine. This useful medicine was first learned by the Jesuit missionaries who went to Peru to teach the followers of the Incas a religion of "love," and the bark was long called "Jesuit's bark" in consequence. If they did not confer much benefit upon the Peruvians, the Peruvians certainly conferred a great benefit upon them, and through them upon the world. Quinine, and the other parts of cinchona, in the cure of intermittent fevers, has proved of inestimable value, though, like most other good things, they become evil when used to excess. Millions of people have been benefited by the use of quinine, and doubtless hundreds of thousands have been injured by using too much of it. The consumption of this article is immense, and the demand always good. To obtain a sufficient supply of the cinchona bark has been a great desideratum. The Peruvian stock has been greatly lessened, and other parts of the world have been looked to for a supply. India and Ceylon are now contributing largely to satisfy this steady and extensive demand, and the country around Darjeeling is doing its share. I saw a gentleman just from Ceylon, where the cinchona is much grown, to engage, five or six thousand feet up among the Himalayas, in the cinchona culture. The business is a profitable one, but it requires six years for a return. The trees are duly planted out on ground cleared up for the purpose, and when six years old they are cut down and the bark taken off. This gentleman told me of one man who, on a hundred acres, cleared the handsome sum of $40,000 in the six years. There are several different varieties, yielding greater or lesser percentage of quinine, but the calisaya is the favorite because it yields the most. There are now nearly 5,000 acres in cinchona in the vicinity about Darjeeling, and the increase of acreage steadily continues. This branch of culture was commenced here twenty years ago, and promises to become very extensive. The quinine being the most valuable alkaloid which the bark yields, that variety yielding the largest proportion is of course most esteemed. The other alkaloids residing in the bark are cichonine, quinidine, and cinchonidine. They exist in different proportions in the different varieties of bark. The calisaya quinine represents about ninety per cent of the entire alkaloids present. In the six years the trees reach a growth of four or five inches in diameter, and a hight of some thirty feet. This is far from their full size, but the planter is anxious to "realize" as soon as possible, and six years is regarded as a profitable age when to make the harvest.

Tea you all know about, but possibly you will not object to knowing a little more. The tea plant seems to thrive very well on these high and black hills forming the lower portions of the Himalayas. A fair yield for the tea plant when five years of age is six hundred pounds of cured leaves per acre. When twelve years of age it has reached maturity, and should then yield nine hundred pounds per acre. So if it averages in market price a rupee (forty-five cents) a pound, the planter is doing very well; all expenses are paid and a good margin for profit.

As I said before, it is not the matured leaf which makes the best tea, but it must be picked while the leaves are still tender. The natives become very expert at picking, and seem to know in an instant, and almost by instinct, which leaves to pick and which not. The more young and succulent the leaf when harvested the better the quality of the tea. It is important in picking to leave enough of the leaves at the end of the branches or twigs to keep them alive. If all the leaves of the plant were plucked it would be very likely to die.

The leaves are named as follows, from the teas they make; supposing there are six leaves on a shoot of the tree or plant: 1. Flowery Pekoe; 2. Orange Pekoe; 3. Pekoe; 4. Souchong; 5. Congon; or mixed together—1, 2, 3, Peakoe or 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Pekoe-Souchong. No 6 is called Bohea.

In the evening all the leaf pickers are called into the factory, where, after weighing the leaf in their respective baskets, it is spread lightly on bamboo mats or trays, tier above tier, to allow the leaf to wither. There are several tests to show when the leaf is properly withered. Fresh leaf pressed in the hand, and held to the ear, crackles, but no sound should be heard from the withered leaf The stem part of a withered leaf will bend double without breaking, but a fresh leaf will break. In dry weather if there is any sun when the leaf is brought in, it is usually sufficiently withered already from the action of the sun through the day; but should it not be sufficiently wilted it is placed out in the sun; if there is no sun, artificial heat is employed. When sufficiently withered to roll without breaking, a quantity of about thirty pounds is given to each man, who rolls it on a strong wooden table, covered with a fine bamboo mat, the slightly rough surface of which facilitates the rolling. As much leaf as can be conveniently held in the hands is taken from the heap by the men, and this they roll with a backward and forward motion till the leaf comes into a soft state, and while being rolled it gives out juice freely. When sufficiently rolled it is formed into tightly compressed balls. These are allowed to stand in a body until fermented. This is the most important matter in the whole process. The fermentation must be stopped at just the right time, which practice enables one to do. As a rule the inside of the ball should be of a rusty, red color. The fermentation is stopped by breaking the balls and spreading them on mats and placing the same immediately in the sun. An hour in the sun is deemed sufficient; it is then placed on trays over charcoal fires, where it is shaken up and respread, repeating the operation several times until it becomes dry and crisp. Any piece then taken between the thumb and finger should crumble with slight pressure.

The manufacture is now completed; the balls have become tea. It has now to be sifted and assorted. For this purpose sieves of different sized meshes are used, the highest quantities of teas falling through the finest sieves, and the coarsest tea through the coarsest seives. All the red, hard, unrolled leaf is now fanned and picked out of the tea and mixed with the Bohea. All the black teas except the Flowery Pekoe are made in this manner. In preparation of this kind is very simple; when the leaves from the end shoots are collected, they are exposed to the sun, spread out on the mats until the leaves are shriveled. They are then placed over small, slow charcoal fires and roasted very slowly. If this is skilfully done the Pekoe tips come out a whitish orange color—the whiter the better. This is merely a fancy variety and is not prepared for general sales.

To make green tea the leaf must be brought in twice per day; that which comes in at the middle of the day is partly prepared the same day, while that brought in at the close of the day is kept over till the next morning. The leaf is placed in hot iron pans over a small furnace, and kept at a temperature of about 160°, and stirred with sticks about seven minutes, until it becomes moist and sticky, being then too hot to hold long in the hand. It is then rolled two or three minutes on a table, until it gets a little twisted, after which it is laid out on mats in the sun for three hours, and rolled twice during the time, and in the sun. It is then again placed in the pans and kept at the same heat as before, and worked with sticks until it becomes too hot to hold; when it is stuffed as compactly as possible in canvas bags; the mouth of the bags are tied, and then beaten with a flat heavy stick to consolidate the mass, and it is left in that condition through the night. Next morning it is taken out of the bags and worked with sticks, as before, for nine hours without cessation. During this last process the green color is imparted to the tea and the process is completed. These are the kinds into which green tea is sorted; 1. Ends; 2. Young Hyson; 3. Hyson; 4. Gunpowder; 5. Dust; 6. Imperial. The indigenous or hybrid plant makes the best black tea, and the plant produced from the seed brought from China makes the best green tea.

After another drying over charcoal fires it is packed in chests or boxes lined with sheet-lead, the boxes containing eighty pounds or one hundred pounds each; and then it is ready for market, where it is usually sold in large lots at auction, bringing from twenty-five cents to forty-five cents per pound.

The stories that have been told in America about green tea being prepared by the admixture of copper in some form is undoubtedly a misrepresentation. If the slightest quantity of any of the salts of copper were to be added to tea it would impart such a metallic taste to the tea as to be easily detected. All the poison there is in tea is what is inherent in the plant, and that not in enormous quantities. Much that has been said of the pernicious quality of tea is largely exaggeration. It is a stimulant of a mild kind, and taken very strong, and in too large quantities, it undoubtedly injures sensitive nervous constitutions; but if it is taken weak, and in moderate quantities, I do not think it will shorten life more than fifteen minutes, on an average, to each person. In my opinion, coffee is much more of a powerful stimulant than tea, and capable of doing more harm than tea. It is very possible that the lives of many have been shortened to the amount of half a day or more by the use of coffee. Water is the best of all drinks, and does not shorten life whether drank cold or warm, though large quantities of cold water, when the body was very warm, and on a very hot day, has often taken life very suddenly. Water does not stimulate, but it affords all the qualities that nature requires from any fluid. Blessed are they who like cold water better than any other drink, and will not indulge in anything stronger. If the world, or the people in the world, will only agree to relinquish the use of whisky, rum, brandy, gin, and tobacco, I for one, by way of compromise, would allow them tea and coffee and a reasonable use of wine and beer. They can all be dispensed with very easily, and everybody be just as well off, for nature requires none of them; but people seem to take a great deal of comfort in the use of them, and if used in a reasonably temperate manner they will not do much harm. But it will be a long time before the world will be willing to confine themselves to the comparatively innocent drinks; they are too fond of intoxication, delirium, and frenzy. If Liberals—those who believe in living true to nature and the laws of health and temperance—would step forward, and no longer use intoxicating drinks, and thereby set a noble example to the Christian world, it would be a great thing, and I would be most glad to see it. If we have good sense, we need to keep it all and make good use of it. One of the greatest teachers the world has produced—Buddha—totally condemned the use of intoxicants, and one of his strongest commandments was "Use no intoxicating drinks." This is one of the greatest and best commandments ever given, and I wish that the Rationalists, the Naturalists, and the Liberalists of the world would decide to follow it. Moses and Jesus never gave a commandment superior to this, and nothing of this kind. When one with pain witnesses the madmen and demons men make of themselves, and the wretchedness that is produced by the use of alcoholic liquors, it is enough to make him wish that the great injunction of Buddha could be followed. He said, "Man is naturally intoxicated quite enough, and he should use no intoxicating drinks."

With regard to the preparation of tea, I will add that machines have been made for the rolling of the tea-leaves, which do the work very much faster and equally as well. Most of the tea is now rolled by machinery.

Between two and three thousand acres in the Darjeeling district are in cinchona-trees, which seem to flourish at altitudes of 9,000 feet. The culture is simple; the ground is cleared of its natural growth, holes mades where the tree is to be planted and filled with good soil, and the ground suitably plowed or dug during the six years they are allowed to remain, when the young trees are cut down and peeled.

My stay at Darjeeling was short, and I must not hold you there too long. I arrived there about 4 P.M., and left at 10 the next morning. I would have been glad of three days there to ride out to Mount Sinchul, and have a look at Mount Everest, and look around among the mountains, but that desire could not be gratified; I had to hurry back to Calcutta. The road down the mountain was nearly as interesting as the ride up. I saw the same grand sights over again, and also some points that escaped my attention in making the ascent. Although the train could come down much faster than it went up, the engineer kept it under control, and made about the same speed as in going up.

I need not again describe the grand, picturesque scenes all along that mountain railway, though they are extraordinary enough to merit a double description. One sight seen while descending I will mention, and that, the Marchioness of Ripon. While we were on a side track to let her train pass, it came along, and as the lady was sitting in a large rocking-chair in the center of an open car or carriage, I had a good opportunity of seeing her—a fine, tall, middle-aged woman, of decidedly English characteristics. She looked entirely at her ease, and seemed to be enjoying the scenes all around her, as well as the conversation of the English gentleman in *tete-a-tete* with her. As I understand it, the marchioness is the wife of the governor-general of India, who receives the snug salary of $200,000 per year, and has the office for a term of five years. One would think she would be able to pay her own fare to Darjeeling, but she did not, and not only an entire carriage but a whole train was furnished for her use. It may be all right, but I noticed they did nothing of the kind for your humble servant, although he does not make the two thousandth part of what is paid the Marquis of Ripon. Well, let them *rip*-on if they want to; perhaps I am as happy paying my way through the world as they are in being carried "free gratis for nothing."

DEPARTURE FROM CALCUTTA.

I was back in Calcutta in time to write a few letters and mail them previous to taking a gharrie for the steamer Teheran, lying three miles below the city. As it was to sail at 5 A. M., it was necessary to be on board the night before. Arriving at the steamer, we were visited by a good thunder shower, with abundant flashes and reports of an electrical character. This was the first real rain I had seen in India, and it continued two or three hours. It was pleasing and refreshing.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Before daylight we had weighed anchor, and were steaming slowly down the river toward the Bay of Bengal, some eighty miles away. We passed through a long stretch of level, fertile, tropical country, with a free growth of cocoanut-trees and bananas on either side. Within twenty miles of the city we passed several brick-yards, where the brick for Calcutta buildings are turned out. All are molded by hand; I saw no machines and no steam engine at work among them all. The kilns are square, and not so large as we make in our country. On the left bank of the river I saw an es-

tablishment with an engine and tall chimney, which I took to be a sugar factory. We left thus early to take advantage of the tide to help us over the bars in the river, and, as it was, we had to lie by two hours at a bar for the water to rise and enable us to get over it. When we reached the Bay of Bengal we found a strong head-wind, and the sea so rough as to make the steamer toss and pitch in a manner to make several of the passengers sea-sick, I making one of the number. The stirring of the waters also stirred our stomachs, and for a few hours there were stirring times.

TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

On Monday morning the sea was still rough, but not sufficient to cause sea-sickness. I was in hopes we would pass near enough to the Cuttach shore to enable us as to see the temple of Juggernaut, at Pooree, near by, but that wish was not gratified; we kept too far away. The temple is said to possess an imposing appearance from the sea, when at proper distance, though not very remarkable for its architecture. It is composed of rough stone, and plastered over with chunam. The khek (chief tower), and other minor buildings connected with it, are comprised within a wall surrounding a platform, raised high above the ground, and six hundred and fifty feet in length. The hight of the tower is two hundred feet. According to Brahmanical records, this temple was erected many centuries before the Christian era; it was destroyed and rebuilt several times, and was lastly restored in 1198 by Rajah Bhim Deo, of Orissa, who is said to have expended $2,500,000 upon the work. Within its holy precints it is said many minor deities are provided with lodgings and attendants; but, of course, the most revered of all the deific occupants are Juggernaut, the "Lord of the World"—one of the aliases of the many-named Vishnu—Buldeo (his brother), and their sister, the saffron-colored Sabhadra.

The average number of pilgrims who annually resort to Pooree, to pay their adorations to this great deity, is said to be one hundred and twenty thousand. Many of these infatuated pilgrims never return to their homes, as thousands of them die of famine and over-fatigue on their long journey. Many of them are said to actually crawl at great distances, when no longer able to walk, to this, the Mecca of their hopes. No people could evince more sincerity or true devotion. If those two qualities prove the truth of a religious system, then the worshipers of Juggernaut must have the truth. But sincerity proves the truth of no religion.

Great numbers are also destroyed by the pernicious climate of the rainy season, and their dead bodies, which are thrown on the sands, near the the English station, are either burnt, or left to be devoured by the troops of dogs, of the pariah class, and the jackals and vultures, which are numerous enough for all emergencies; for, though as many as one hundred and fifty bodies have been seen on half an acre of ground, there were enough of these scavengers to dispose of them in a short time.

The grand ceremony of the installation of the god on his triumphal car is called Rath Jatra, and takes place in June. The influx of pilgrims to attend this ceremony is usually enormous, but it is said their numbers are decreasing year by year; for this big god, like many others of the mammoth gods of the past, is losing ground in the faith of the people. As civilization and a knowledge of nature and her laws spread over the country, the veneration for Juggernaut, and all the other equally monstrous gods, grows less and less. Men no longer throw themselves before the huge car of this monster god to be crushed into the earth, and it is to be hoped that the day will come when men will no longer prostrate themselves before any god which the imaginations of men have created. There is better work to perform—to study that which is true, which has a real existence, to fully learn the laws of our being, and to know best how to bear ourselves toward our fellow-men, so as to most increase their happiness, and our own at the same time.

This temple is inclosed by a high wall, inclosing grounds nearly eight hundred feet square. Gates are on each side of the square, which look to the cardinal points. The eastern entrance is guarded by two lions roughly carved in stone. The gateways all rise in pyramidal shape, with sculpture and portraiture above them. On looking in at the eastern gate, the one entered by the pilgrims, the only thing to be seen is a broad flight of steps, which leads to the temple. A handsome black stone pillar, the shaft of one piece, and twenty feet in length, stands immediately before the entrance. It is said to be one of the most chaste and elegant pieces of art ever seen, and equal in design and proportion to any pillar of Corinthian order.

The grand temple in which the gods are imprisoned is a very high tower in the middle of the square, and from its great elevation, like the domes and steeples of many cathedrals and churches, forms a conspicuous landmark, and may be seen at a long distance; sailors can espy it far out at sea. The form of the tower is square two-thirds of the way up, whence it decreases by a slight curve to the top, and thus follows the configuration of most of the Hindoo temples, and is also fluted at the top. On the top of this is a large circular, flat black stone, cut in shape of a melon. On the summit of this, again, is the *chucker*, or wheel, the distinguishing symbol of Vishnu, and precisely resembling the wheel of a ship's rudder. The whole is surmounted by flags and pennons, of the appropriate colors of the god in whose memory they are displayed.

The modes are various by which the devotees conceive they render their offerings acceptable to their god. The great ceremony, however, is that of their Rath Jatra; but a minor and preliminary ceremony is that of bathing the gods. Their godships are placed in a line on an elevated terrace within an inclosure, and protected from the night dews (lest they should catch cold probably) by an extensive canopy of many-colored cloth. They consist of three frightful wooden faces, and are, respectively, black, brown, and yellow in color. The lower portions of the figures are closely swathed in cloth wrappers. The following day the idols are consigned to their respective niches in the temple; but Juggernaut complains of not feeling very well, his exposure to the night air, to which he is not accustomed, having given him a cold. He does not get over this cold, fully, till the day of the grand ceremony, when, by the wise treatment of his physicians, he is sure to recover. The priests find it to their interest for the god not to recover too speedily, for during his prostrated illness many presents are made him by his devoted followers, and these the priests take in charge, of course.

At the festival of the Rath Jatra, the idols are conducted in state to visit their country-seat, one mile and a half from Pooree, but a journey which require three days. The manner of inducting these heavenly dignitaries from the temple to their raths, or cars, is not extremely reverential. Ropes are fastened round their necks, and they are dragged neck and heels through the mud and dirt, and are finally hauled by the same gallows sort of process to respective vehicles, where they are decorated by the priests, and welcomed by shouts of admiration and triumph from the fanatical multitude. The raths on which the monster deities are drawn are of lofty and massive dimensions and clumsy architecture; that of Juggernaut is forty-five feet in hight, has a platform thirty-five feet square, and moves upon sixteen wheels of solid timber.

The Black Pagoda is situated sixteen miles north of Pooree, near the village of Kanarac. It was built by Narsing Deo Langora, rajah of Orissa, in 1241, though many claim it was built much earlier—many centuries earlier. In the days of its pristine glory it was designated as the Temple of the Sun, and was dedicated to its worship under the title of Suriga, in consequence of that deity having cured the son of Vishnu of leprosy. Now, the way in which the young god became infected with that filthy and troublesome disease was in this wise: One day some fine ladies of the rajah's palace were taking a bath, and that young god was sensual enough to look at them with carnal pleasure, even as a human being would do under similar circumstances. He claimed that he saw them by accident, and did not look on purpose; but appearances were against him, and he was duly punished. But perhaps it was a kindly act in Suriga to cure the young god, for leprosy is a terrible disease, which more than one god is said to have tried his hand at curing.

What remains of the building is the pagoda, or square building, the sides to the cardinal points; the walls are fifty feet high, and of amazing thickness. From thence upward, the roof is an exact pyramid, on the apex of which are the remains of some symbol of the god. The pyramidal part is divided into compartments, each overhanging the other, like the roof of a Chinese temple, flat, and decreasing to the top. The part still most perfect is the inferior tower, which is called the Jug Mohun.

The sanctuary in which the god was lodged is almost destroyed; what does remain marks a freak in the operations of time, or whatever is the destroying power. The sanctuary was in the shape of a tall tower, exceeding in hight the other part of the temple. From half way down it had a slight curveture, and terminated in a point. Only one quarter of this building is still erect; the other three are thrown down in undistinguishable ruin; it seems the tower has divided in the center and then crosswise, cutting it in four parts. When the three parts fell, it was difficult to account for the fourth remaining.

Foliage is springing up in its crevices, and will soon lay its glories in the dust. A complete shrubbery has grown upon the summit of the temple, which was once graced with the Leel Chucker, or blue wheel of Vishnu. An absurd notion prevailed among the Hindoos of the temple having a loadstone at the top, which, attracting the passing ships, drew them to destruction. Some desperate foreigners, having suffered such a catastrophe, stormed the pagoda and carried away the magnet. The sanctuary being thus defiled, the shrine was deserted by the Brahmans, and many of its ornaments were removed to the temple of Juggernaut.

My traveling companions are an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman. The first is an engineer, who has been in India some fifteen years, and is now going home on a furlough of a year. The Scotchman has been the same length of time in the military service, and has held an office. He now retires on a pension of four shillings ($1.00) per day for the rest of his life. He will not be able to live in much splendor on that pension, but, as he has no family, it will feed and clothe him. The Irishman has served thirteen years in the army, and reached the office of sergeant, but rather than make up the necessary number of years for a pension, he has availed himself of the priviledge of resigning, and is going to Australia to invest the $500 he has saved, and try his fortune at baking, of which he has some knowledge.

Two men are also on board who are in the menagerie business in Australia, and are taking there with them a big tiger, some large wildcats, some cobras, monkeys, wild hogs, deers, cranes, herons, and numerous other birds and animals. These are on deck, and a free show every day.

The weather continued rather rough, and the "white caps" very numerous. The water was rough enough to induce a little vomiting. On two or three mornings, while standing on deck, I saw great numbers of flying-fish. I several times saw as many as twenty rise out of the water at the same time and place and fly off like so many swallows catching flies over a pond. They at first have much the appearance of birds. Some of them keep on the wing a distance of twenty or thirty rods, but they usually fly so near the water that the waves hit them, and down they come. The greater share of them are small in size.

MADRAS.

The brisk head-wind accompanied us all the way to Madras, where we arrived Wednesday, the 15th, at 11 A.M., three and a half days from Calcutta. We had no sooner cast anchor than we were surrounded by a perfect swarm of small boats, with naked natives in them, or very nearly naked—a race called Klings—wishing to take us ashore. They are noisy and clamorous, and show the greatest avidity in securing patronage. They have the same kind of oars I noticed at Bombay—a straight pole with a round paddle at the end eight or ten inches in diameter. Several of us (the retiring army gentleman being able to converse with the natives) chartered a boat and went ashore, as the steamer is to stop here all day, for we of course wished to see the town. It is a place of considerable size, though not equal to Bombay or Calcutta. It is the capital of the portion of India called the Madras presidency. With its suburbs it extends some eight miles along the coast, and some three miles inland, though not all compactly built. It has no harbor, and the vessels doing business at this port have to lie off in front. As a port, however, notwithstanding its exposed condition, it ranks third in India, both as regards the number and tonnage of vessels and the value of its imports and exports. The anchorage is good, and deep water is found near the beach. The sea-board is dry and sterile, with a sandy shore exposed to the fury of the waves. While the sea continued an open roadstead, the possibility of landing or receiving cargo was often attended with great difficulty, especially in the stormy season; but new harbor works are being constructed which will greatly obviate this. The boats used for taking cargoes to and from ships and steamers are different from any I have noticed before. They are called massoola-boats, and are employed to cross the heavy surf of the coast. They are large and light, constructed of thin planks sewed together with hide-thongs, and packed or caulked with coir or cocoanut fiber. The fishermen also use an extraordinary craft called a *catamaran*, which is formed of two or three small logs, six or eight inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet long, made smaller at the ends, and fastened together by thongs, a carved piece of wood between them constituting the stem-piece. A primitive sail is set up in the middle log. They will carry two or three men, and, with a brisk wind, sail at a good lively speed. It is curious to see this craft thus down to the very surface of the water, with three naked men aboard, five and ten miles from shore. To sink them would be impossible, while men with nothing but a piece of muslin six inches wide and eighteen inches long for clothing, in a land of perpetual summer, care nothing about getting wet. This kind of craft will face any weather, and are very useful for carrying letters between ships when no other means of conveyance is possible. An elegant lighthouse 125 feet high stands near the fort. Its light is a flashing catadioptric, and can be seen from a vessel fifteen miles at sea.

The population of Madras, given ten years ago, is 400,000, classified as follows: Hindoos, and those claiming that caste, 330,000; Mohammedans, being Arabs and other nationalities, 53,500; Eurasians (mixed with European blood), 12,000; Europeans, 4,000. The latter live chiefly, as in other parts of India, in detatched houses in the suburbs, surrounded by "compounds" of several acres, tastefully decorated with shrubbery and flowers. The city is not a healthy one, the death rate being thirty-three in a thousand. The cholera was re-

ported rather bad while we were there. The streets and roads have a very red appearance, a top coating of hard earth, containing iron ore or pounded brick, having been put upon them. Many of the streets are wide and neatly kept.

I visited the botanical and zoological gardens. In the latter are some fine animals. I also looked at some of the Hindoo temples, and saw two cars of Juggernaut—large, crude things, much as already described. One of them is much larger than the other, and is used but once a year, in June, when the ceremony of the god taking a ride comes round. A good deal of idol-worshiping is done here. The missionaries are making great exertions to establish their religion, but it is hard work to make converts, and they get badly discouraged. I visited the bazars and principal business places. They are not so fine as those of Calcutta.

The chief buildings are a cathedral, a Scotch church, a hall, the senate house, Chepak palace (revenue offices), a college, the Central Railway station, etc. A strong fort is here, named after St. George, who was a fighting saint. Within it are the secretary's offices, and two or three statues of noted English men who served in India. Here is also an observatory from which all India takes its time. The town is blessed, or cursed, with three bishops, one Church of England and two Catholics. They ought to be able to attend to God's business for the moderate number of Christians here, though it takes a great number of men to attend to his business in the various parts of the world, and it keeps the people hard at work to pay their salaries. God does not pay them, and if the people do not "shell out" they get nothing, and as soon as the pay stops they quit working. As much as they think of their God, and as valuable as they think human souls, the former would go unserved and the latter would go unsaved if their money is not forthcoming.

In the fort are two guns, captured from the once famous Tippoo Sahib. There is here a monument to Bishop Heber, who traveled much over India and wrote most intelligently about it.

I called, of course, upon Mr. P. Murugesa Mudaliar, editor of the *Philosophical Inquirer*, a small Free-thought journal, published half in English and half in the native language, and conducted with ability. Upon my arrival in India he had spoken very complimentary of me, and expressed the hope that when I visited Madras I would stop long enough for the Secular Society and the Theosophical Society there to give me a fitting testimonial of their regard. He repeated this hope upon my arrival, but as the steamer was to stop there but a few hours, and another of the same line would not be along for two weeks, it was impossible for me to stop. He seemed to regret this very much, and said the "brethren" would feel very much disappointed to learn that I had come and gone without their having an opportunity of seeing me, as many had calculated upon having a visit with me. I tried to convince him that the loss was not much, and that he must give my best regards to them, and assure them I would be very glad to see them and make their acquaintance were it possible to do so. He accompanied me to the beach, where I took boat for the steamer, and looked quite downhearted about it, and said he did not know what to tell the "brethren." Had I then known that the steamer would not leave till the next day at 1 P.M., I could have spent the evening with the "brethren," without any difficulty; but not being able to read the future I did not think the steamer would be so long taking on freight, and I did not wish to be ashore when the vessel weighed anchor and left. It would leave one separated from his baggage, etc., in an unpleasant predicament.

The freight taken aboard in such large quantities was indigo and cinchona bark, the first in boxes and the other in large bales. Indigo has long been a staple crop of India, and cinchona is fast becoming so. Three steam hoisting apparatuses were kept at work for more than ten hours at hoisting these two commodities on board. The hold was completely filled, and a large pile was made over the entrance to the hold, on deck. This steamer goes home to London, and that is the market where indigo and bark are handled in immense quantities. This cargo must be worth $100,000.

The excellent blue dye extracted from the indigo plant makes it a plant of great value, and as it is successfully grown in the southern part of India, it is largely cultivated. The cultivation and mode of preparation are simple. The soil must be one that is favorable to the growth and must be fertile. The ground being well prepared, the seed is sown at the commencement of the rainy season. In three or four days the plants appear, and, so rapid is this climate, in two months it is cut.

The factory consists of a series of vats of brick-work and chunam; into one of these the plant is thrown, and a sufficient quantity of water is let in to cover it. In a few hours fermentation commences; after a short time the liquor is drawn off into another vat, where it is constantly agitated with wooden stirrers. This is done to separate the true dye from the salt of the plant; the former is thus precipitated to the bottom of the vat, and the water being allowed to run off, the indigo remains at the bottom, after which it is taken out and drained in cloth bags, and then dried gradually in the shade in shallow wooden boxes or trays. While yet damp it is cut into small cakes an inch square, end when sufficiently dried it is packed in cases for shipment.

The life of the indigo planter is by no means free from anxiety. The crop is liable to a variety of misfortunes before it is secured. It may be washed away, in the first place, by too heavy rains, or from inundations of the rivers near which it is usually grown. It is also apt to suddenly dry and wither away, or it may be destroyed by a peculiar caterpillar, which its deadly enemy. Then again in preparing, if the fermentation is not stopped at the precise moment, or if the dye is not properly separated from the salt of the plant, the whole may be totally lost. Again, the fluctuation of market prices is a great source of anxiety to the planter. Many have made large fortunes in the indigo culture, while many others have been totally ruined.

While waiting for the steamer to load we were visited by various native dealers with numberless kinds of wares to sell. I purchased a pretty large assortment of curious sea-shells which abound here, as well as some specimens of native work made of seeds, etc. And among my other purchases I made one which may surprise you, for it surprises me now while I think of it. The purchase was four young parrots. Now I never was specially fond of parrots, but a native had some twenty of them in a cage, and they looked so lively and cunning that they attracted my attention, and I thought I would like one in THE TRUTH SEEKER office to help do the talking which which has to be done there; and as they are said to be very liable to die, I thought if I started with four I ought to be able to get one home. I offered the native a rupee for a bamboo cage and four of the young parrots. I think it must have been a generous price in his estimation, for he accepted at once, and before I had time to think twice about the trouble they would be to me in the fifteen thousand miles I have yet to travel, I found myself owner of the birds. I am far from sure that they are the talking kind, but if they are not it will be from no lack of lung power. I am certain, at all events, that they are of the squawking kind, for that has already been fully proved to me. They are about twenty days old and as hearty as you please. I take them into the stateroom with me; bread and boiled rice is the proper food for them, and these I can easily get. They chipper and squeak away pretty lively through the day, and they serve as company for me while I am reading and writing. If I succeed in getting them home I shall be pretty sure to have an affection for them for the trouble they will have cost me. The mother always likes the boy best which causes her the most care and anxiety.

There were other natives on board who had monkeys to sell, and some of the passengers made purchases of them; but as I have no hand organ, and do not care to buy one, I concluded not to invest in monkeys. My parrots, I think, will be all the live stock I shall require till I again tread the soil of America.

JUGGLERS.

Among our other visitors were two jugglers, who performed some very clever tricks. I had often heard of the Madras jugglers, and of the astonishing feats they perform, among others causing apparently a plant from the seed to grow up into a tree and blossom, and bear fruit, all in the space of a few minutes, and when they had no apparatus about them save a piece of cloth and the breech clout which they wear about them. These men did not perform that trick nor anything else equal to it, but they did very skilfully what they did do. One was the usual ball and cup trick; they had two balls and three cups, and the way they made the balls appear under the cups where they apparently did not put them, and made them vanish where they seemingly did put them, was rather curious, though the trick is an old one. They then performed a trick of catching small pebbles about the size of robins' eggs from the atmosphere and placing them one by one in the mouth, holding them there in sight as they were added, one by one. Then they apparently swallowed the stones and then brought them up one by one from the stomach, and took them from the mouth and several much larger in size than they had swallowed. The lump which the rising stone made in the throat could be seen, and then to see it appear in the center of the mouth and then in front when they were taken out, and this repeated several times, looked real and puzzling. After some tricks with cords, snakes, and eggs in a bag, which I will hardly undertake to describe, they brought forth a couple of small figures, one of which they called a policeman and the other a criminal. The manipulations they put these two fellows through, making them obey orders, dance, etc., by the voice only, looked very curious. They were independent figures, without wires or strings; still, when they were told to fight or kiss, or dance, they would obey orders at once, but what moved them I could not see. They also borrowed a rupee from one of the lookers on (a silver coin the size of a half dollar), and laid it on the deck of the steamer, and at the word of command the coin moved along in the direction they indicated, while no one was within three feet of it. I could not see what moved the coin. I thought perhaps I had better hold on to the rupees I had in my pocket, or those jugglers might order them out.

After the performance was over one of the accomplished deceivers offered to show how six of the tricks were done for a rupee. The Scotchman and myself joined together and took the lesson; and now, as I do not intend to engage in the juggling business after I return home, I will not object to giving you a part, at least, of the information I paid for. The cup and ball trick was done as all jugglers do it, by skilfully catching the ball between the ball of the thumb and the palm of the hand, taking pains every time when they lift the cups or move the balls to show the palms of their hands save the very time when they catch up the ball in the way described, and one does not notice it, it is so adroitly done, so that one is almost surprised when the cup is lifted under which he surely saw the ball placed, to find it gone, and under another where it was not. Of course there is much manipulation of the hands to show how honestly they are performing the trick, and at the same time they are doing it all on purpose to cheat you.

In the trick of the stones in the mouth, before commencing the trick the performer, unnoticed, places five or six smooth pebbles in his mouth and under the tongue, which do not prevent his constant talking; and when he pretends to catch a stone in the air and place it in the front of his mouth he simply brings one of the pebbles in his mouth to the front, looking just as though he had placed it there with his hand; he keeps on catching stones in the air and placing them in the front of his mouth so long as the stones under his tongue hold out, and then he catches no more in the air. Then when he pretends to swallow them they go adroitly back under his tongue, and when he opens his capacious mouth for you to look in, it appears as empty as a corn-crib in the spring of the year. I can hardly tell how he makes his throat look as though one of the stones was coming up from the stomach, but it is done by working the muscles of his throat, and he shows much dexterity in making the stones appear in the back part of his mouth. He continues to raise the stones up from his stomach (apparently) so long as those he had under his tongue hold out, and when he puts up his hand to take out the last one he skilfully places a much larger one in at the same time to bring up from his stomach in the same way as the others, and you are not a little surprised to see him take such a large, smooth, flat stone from his mouth, which you had not seen before. He continues to carry another stone to his mouth every time he takes one from it so long as he wishes to keep up the deception. The art in the thing is to make the manipulations so adroitly that the trick is not discovered. Now that I know how it is done, I am sure I would do it so awkwardly that any person could see through it in a moment.

His trick with an egg in a bag, which he jams and thrashes about, and turns inside out, showing that nothing is inside, after which he takes out the egg all sound, is done by a pocket inside the bag in which the egg is placed, and when the bag is turned inside out it does not show, and when he thrashes the bag and stamps on it he is very careful to have the corner where the egg is in his hand. It is curious how blind a simple little thing of that kind will look when a dextrous man is the manipulator.

The trick of a snake skin being turned into a live snake is done by having two bags, one in which the skin is placed, and one containing a real snake, and then adroitly changing them. I did not think this trick was as well done as the others.

Another trick was to take some tender cotton thread, which he picked apart, breaking it into a hundred pieces, right before your eyes, then rolling it up in a wad, and next getting hold of an end and hauling off twenty-five feet of whole sound thread without a break in it. This was done by keeping concealed in the hand a small ball of thread not broken, an end of which was easy to get hold of, and which was brought to the front when the time comes to heal the thread up, to join it all together, and pull it out so that you can see that the hundred short bits are all joined together again.

The trick of the strings, pretending to pull them, after cut off, and heal them together again, I can hardly explain intelligently, and will not attempt it, for it does not amount to very much.

Another trick, of a smooth pebble in the hand being converted into a bird, and nodding its head "good morning," and chirping, was done by holding an artificial bird's head between the butt of the thumb and the opposite part of the hand, and at the right moment bringing it up between the thumb and forefinger; the chirping is, of course, done by the juggler, with some show of ventriloquism, and the movement of the false head was done by the hand, and was not so blindly done but what one could see that the juggler made it bow with the muscles of his hand.

The tricks of the figures moving, talking, fighting,

dancing, kissing, etc., and the rupee moving along on the deck at word of command, he did not explain, and wanted another rupee to show it. I did not see that I could make the knowledge worth a rupee to me, and declined to invest; so, perhaps, you and I will have to go down to our graves without knowing how it was done, though they were the best tricks performed.

GOOD-BYE TO INDIA.

When the indigo and cinchona were taken on board, the jugglers and pedlers were sent away. Anchor was duly weighed, and in an hour or two we were far out a sea again, and the hills south of Madras grew fainter and fainter, and soon were lost sight of altogether. This was the last of India—the last I will probably ever see of it—but I shall long remember my visit to its broad boundaries, and will not soon forget much that I have seen in its wide domain. A great deal might be said with respect to its past, its present, and its future, which I have not said, and perhaps what I have not said had better remain unspoken. I fear I have already detained you too long. I will, however, add a few words more, by way of good-bye.

The government of India by England is one of the anomalies of the world; how so small a country as England, and so far away, and with but from thirty to sixty thousand of her sons in the country, all told, can keep under complete subjection 250,000,000 of intelligent people, is indeed a mystery. There are two or three reasons for this. One is the people of India are not a homogeneous, united people, to begin with. They are really some thirty different nations, speaking different languages, and are jealous and suspicious of each other; and even if they were to be free from the control of England to-morrow, they could not unite themselves under a united home government. England obtained control over the country, to a great extent, by taking advantage of this spirit of jealousy which exists among the people, and securing the adhesion of one tribe by making war upon another, the enemy of the first. Had the people been united and true to each other, England could never have subdued them in the way she has; and were it possible for them to be united next month or next year, and to act under the control of one able leading spirit, the English could not retain their foothold in the country for sixty days. But this, under the circumstances, cannot be. It is hardy possible for this people to be a united, free people, though there are many of the best minds of the people who indulge in the remote hope that such a state of things may take place at some time in the future; and the ultimate liberation of India is the fond dream they cherish in their hearts.

Another striking peculiarity between the English people and the Hindoos is the great dissimilarity in their characters. The English are bulldogs and the Hindoos are sheep; and you know a resolute bulldog can worry and drive five hundred sheep. And as there is in nature no means by which a sheep can have the characteristics of a bulldog, so the Hindoos can never have the courage, resolution, and fixed purpose which the English possess. A few of the latter will always be able to keep under subjection large numbers of the former.

The English are far from being angels, for they have faults which angels are supposed not to possess. They are overbearing, domineering, and oppressive; they rule with a heavy, iron hand, but they are good administrators; they possess decided executive ability, and there is no doubt but that they give to India a better government than she would be able to organize herself, had she the liberty to do so. It is my opinion that India is better off to-day than she would be under an emperor, rajahs, and maharajahs of her own. She has lost the right of having native rulers of her own blood and color, but she has gained railroads, telegraphs, hospitals, schools, European machinery, and a permanent, creditable government.

England has borne a most commendable part in what she has done for the education of the people of India, as well as for her own ignorant soldiery, who go there to serve a term of years. With all the faults of style, with all her fondness for command, and with all the overbearing and almost insolence of manner, the English have proved themselves the friends of education, and the promoters of general intelligence. There is no nation which has surpassed England in this direction, and what America has of greatness, what she has of love for education, she received much of from the mother country—England.

It cannot be denied that the native characteristic of "John Bull" is to be surly, dictatorial, overbearing, self-importance, excessive conceit, fondness for authority, with a love of making other people subservient to his own will. This character "sticks out" so plainly with many whom I have met in India, and elsewhere, as to be almost painful, and extremely unpleasant. When John Bull is greatly puffed up with his own vast importance, and his immense superiority over all other men, he is not the most polite man in the world, and is capable of making himself extremely disagreeable. And this characteristic prevents people from loving him. He does not seem to take any means to make people love him. The manner of the highest in authority in India, down to the man who has charge of a railway station, is curt, short, and crabbed toward the natives, and almost all about him. It is not strange that the Hindoos do not love the English, nor that they feel the heavy rod that is constantly held over them. Nor will it be strange if there are other mutinies in India, for this heavy rule, this insolence of manner, cannot always be quietly submitted to. But so long as England is able to hold the control she has in India to-day, it cannot become free, or have a government of its own.

I wish to qualify, somewhat, the character I have given to Englishmen. I have met hundreds of them, who are as genial, friendly, and agreeable as any men in the world. Many of my best friends, friends whom I esteem almost as the "apple of my eye," are Englishmen. No, no! all Englishmen are not conceited, all are not cold and forbidding, all are not haughty and insolent; but very many of them do show that they think themselves superior to all other men in the world, and that they have the natural right to govern others; and by evincing this trait too plainly, they have failed, to some extent, to gain the love of the world. The other nations of Europe, the Hindoos, and many of the people of the English colonies, do not bear the love for Englishmen that so intelligent, so administrative, and so grand a people ought to be entitled to.

It is a question as to how much England is benefited by having India as a dependency. It is doubtful whether her net gains from this country are excessively large. I think I said in a former letter that John Bright said in Parliament that India cost more than she is worth to the people of England. This may be so. But the greatest benefit that India is to Great Britain is that it affords good fat situations for thousands of her sons who could find little to do at home. It is a good field to which to send the second and third sons of the better English families who can inherit none of the homestead, nor any of the paternal acres. Here they are paid good salaries, and find a plenty of the poor natives to "lord it over." The first positions in the goverment here are perfect "godsends" for recuperating the fortunes of some of the bankrupt of England's nobility, who have expended all their money at home, and who are willing to "go abroad" to obtain more. The governor-general of India is paid a salary some four times as great as the President of the United States receives, with hardly a tenth part of the duties to perform; and it is much the same way with officers holding lower positions—they are all well paid. In fact, Englishmen are in favor of good salaries for their services. Even the colonels and captains of the regiments here get far better pay than they do at home, and after serving a stipulated number of years they can retire on a pension that supports them comfortably the remainder of their days. This is probably all right, and perhaps it is proper for the people of India to pay all the bills. They assuredly have it to do, and when any of her sons perform the same services rendered by an Englishman, they do not receive one-fourth the pay for it. Perhaps it is sufficient for the people of India to work hard all their lives to pay the English lords and lordlings for being willing to govern them.

It has seemed to me if the English would not hold themselves so far above the people of this country, would mingle more on terms of equality with the people here—raise the people up to their level, instead of treating them like slaves infinitely below them—it would be far more human and far better. The distance between the class which rules here and the class which is ruled over is very great indeed. The white soldiers and the black soldiers are never mixed together in the same regiments. The black soldiers are told thousands of times, and in thousands of ways, that they are immensely below their rulers; and though in case of war the Hindoo blood should be shed in defense of Britain's honor and glory, it must not be done on terms of equality; it must not even be in the same regiment with the white soldier. It has seemed to me if the white and Hindoo soldiers could be more together—be placed more on terms of equality—that there would be far less tendency to mutiny. If one-third or one-fourth of each regiment were composed of Europeans there would be very little probability of a mutiny occurring, as there would at every moment be that checking element directly among them. In 1857 all the revolting regiments were composed wholly of native troops, save the superior officers, who are willing to command colored soldiers for the pay the service affords them. It would, of course, not be pleasant to the high-toned Englighman to serve in the same regiment with the natives; but could that predjudice be overcome, benefits would accrue in more ways than one.

It is said by the English that the Hindoos are deceitful, time-serving, and dishonest. It is not improbable that there is much truth in this. The natives of India have doubtless about their share of human failings and weaknesses. They are not so muscular, not so self-reliant, not so independent by nature, as the sons of Britain are, and it is only following out a natural law for those who are by nature weak and timid to exercise cunning and duplicity. Stratagem and deception are the natural defense of those who lack strength and bravery. As it is impossible for a cat to become a good watch-dog, to stand as a brave sentinel to guard the entrance of a castle, so it is impossible for a consciously weak people to have the self-reliant qualities belonging to the strong and brave. They have to do the best they can with such qualities as they have. So if the Hindoos use more duplicity and deception than the Europeans it is not very strange. But I have not found the Hindoos especially false, deceitful, or vicious. Some of them, of course, will lie and cheat if they can; but if they are any worse in this respect than Europeans and Americans, I have failed to perceive it. They will show not a little finesse in obtaining good prices for their services and for their wares, but I cannot see that they are any worse in this particular than many white races I know. I have found the people of this country submissive, patient, and faithful, and I cannot see but they have as many of what are called "the virtues" as many people I know of. They have not as much independence and self-reliance as some men, and I cannot think they are to blame for it; there are natural causes which produce it; but according to their ability they are willing to perform as much as any other race. I have fancied I perceive "a fitness" between the English and the Hindoos nearly as great as between the stone which was hurled by a strong arm and the poor head which it struck (the English are the stone, and the Hindoos are the head); the English are very willing and fit to rule, and the Hindoos are willing and fit to be ruled over. Perhaps it is all well enough as it is.

The people of India have many disadvantages to labor under. Their conquerors and rulers have a different religion, a different civilization, a different estimate of manhood. It is to some extent the effort of the ruling class to convince the ruled that they, the latter, are wrong in their religion, wrong in their customs, and wrong in their mode of living. The missionaries are working in the same direction, constantly urging upon this ancient people that they must change their religion. It is not strange that now and then one should do it. The natives are wholly the dependent class. The government has all the money and patronage. The positions and clerkships are all at the disposal of the predominant, ruling class. The better classes of the Hindoos are very anxious to obtain these positions—they are the best and about the only desirable positions open to them—to get into government employ. To be a clerk in some department is the highest they can hope for, and this teaches them subservience to powers that be. And when they believe that by accepting the religion of the ruling class their chances for making a living and filling a respectable position are better, it is not strange that some should be governed by such motives. I have heard of instances where men have worked in the employ of the government, and professed to believe in Christianity, who, at the close of day, and when night had thrown her mantle over the earth, would betake themselves to their temples and worship the gods of their childhood and the gods which their fathers and grandfathers worshiped before them.

In justice to the government I must say that I do not believe that they aim to do missionary work, or to induce the Hindoos to abandon their own religion; but the Europeans here are nearly all adherents to and advocates of Christianity, and it is not strange that their natural preferences and predjudices should often appear; and the efforts of the missionaries are constantly to induce the natives to abandon their own religion and accept in place that of the missionaries; and often and often the idea and the promise has been held out that places, positions, and good pay would be far more within their reach if they would consent to acknowledge Jesus. Many times places and salaries have been promised them upon these precise conditions. Some birds may be silly enough to be caught with chaff, and some Hindoos may be weak enough to be caught with Christianity, but their numbers are small. Very few of them are changing their religion. And those who are induced to profess a change are not thereby improved in habits and morals. It is a lamentable truth that while Europeans have brought enterprise and a stable government to this country, they have also brought many vices. They have taught the simple natives to drink intoxicating drinks, and they have taught many of the natives to yield to libidinous indulgences. Intemperance, prostitution, and dishonesty have been increased by the advent of the English people here, despite all the doctrines of Jesus that have been preached. And even in the estimation of Christians themselves those natives are most respected who remain faithful to their own religion. I have heard of Christian people looking for servants inquiring as to the religion of the candidates for service, saying: "If you are Christians, I do not want you; I prefer for servants those who do not profess to be Christians." This tells plainly how much the missionary effort is doing for India. It is well to introduce into the East the enterprise, the improvements, and the civilization of the West, but it will also be

well if the vices and the religion of the West can be left at home.

I will mention one fact with which I have become acquainted since my visit to India, and that is that the children of Europeans born in this country, whether full European blood or half-bloods, do not prove to be of much utility. Some of them fill subordinate clerkships, but as a rule they are indolent, thriftless, and worthless. Those having business to be done, and requiring efficient men to do it, much prefer sending to England for men to giving employment to those who were born in the country. In this way I have noticed that the children of European parents who were born and raised here labor under decided disadvantages, and are almost a tabooed class. A few of this class have distinguished themselves in mechanics and in literature, but it has by no means been the rule. As a general thing, they are "no good."

The rule of caste in India in confessedly an evil productive of great wrongs to the lower classes, and every good person would gladly see it abrogated, and every child of the soil placed upon an equality. But is there no caste in other countries? Has England no caste? Are not a few there born lords and gentlemen of high caste, while other castes of traders, manufacturers, mechanics, sailors, soldiers, farmers, and the toilers of numerous kinds, fill all the subservient castes below them? Is there a country in the world where caste rules more severely and more cruelly than in England, and where the incident of birth—where, when, and how—makes such great difference in subsequent destiny? Has happy America no caste? Is not the caste of wealth, more cruel, perhaps, than all other kinds of caste, rapidly growing up there to be a heartless, a soulless tyrant? Yes, even America has caste as really and as cruelly as India.

Now the broad lands of India have receded from sight, and now her virtues and her vices must be forgotten for the present; for there are still other lands to explore, other Asiatic countries to visit and describe. In what I have said of India, though I have not pretended to be exhaustive, nor to cover the whole field, I have endeavored to be fair, so far as I have gone. Good-bye, India. You are a great country in many directions—great in the number and expanse of your broad acres, great in your vast mountains and plains, great in your rivers and streams, great in the crops produced upon your bosom, great in the character of your people, both in the past and present; great in your philosophies, in metaphysics, in language, in literature, and in founding great systems of religion that have lived for many thousands of years. You have established a good record in the history of the human race. You have had many virtues, you have also had some vices, and you surely have had misfortunes. You are not as happy as I would be glad to see you; and I fear the day is not close at hand in which your children will be as independent, as prosperous, and as happy as they and I desire. Bright but unhappy India, good-bye!

Twelve Days in Ceylon.

ON THE WAY TO PENANG, March 3, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE GLOBE: It required a little more than two days between Madras and Galle. We arrived at the latter point, the southern port of Ceylon, on Saturday afternoon, February 18th. We passed down the eastern side of Ceylon, the channel on the western side being shallow, and for hours saw the mountains and highlands of the island. The town of Galle is situated on a point of land running into the sea, with another arm reaching around it farther out into the sea, has a good harbor, and is a point of a good deal of outgoing and incoming shipping, and is pleasantly located on the southern part of a fertile plain, with a most profuse growth of cocoanut-trees, banana-trees, breadfruit-trees, etc. Take it all in all, this is the most lovely country I have yet seen. It is greatly diversified with mountains and valleys, with hills and plains; it has a most luxuriant growth of tropical plants; it abounds in fruits and flowers; it has a warm and equable climate, but not excessively hot, for, being surrounded on all sides by the sea, the air is considerably modified, so that the mercury rarely or never rises above 94°. The air is never hot and dry, but if warm, it is also moist, and rains are frequent. In this respect it differs widely from India, where it rains four months and then goes without rain eight months. My visit to Ceylon has been very pleasant, and I set it down as coming nearer being the "garden of paradise" than any country I have ever seen.

Not the least pleasant feature I met with in Ceylon was the kind reception which the intelligent and genial people gave me. I may say they took me to their very hearts. Before my feet had touched the soil of the island, and while yet standing upon the jetty, or slight wooden dock, on which I stepped from the boat which took me to shore, I was met by kind friends who were expecting my arrival and were prepared to extend hospitalities to me. They waited on me to the Custom House, where my baggage passed a slight examination, and then accompanied me to the hotel. Mr. Edmund Gooneratne, one of the wealthiest and most respected natives of the place, and who holds a responsible office in the revenue department of the government, called upon me at my hotel and cordially invited me to his house, saying he had a room prepared for me, and that I would be very welcome there so long as I wished to remain. But I said to him that my mail matter had been sent to Colombo, and I was anxious to hear from home; and as I could take stage that night for that city I had decided to go on at once, and to make my visit to Galle on my return. He reluctantly acceded to my wishes, but exacted a promise from me that I would stop at his house upon my return. And the same kindness I have found at every place I have visited. I have found friends waiting for me at stations; carriages have been in attendance upon me to carry me where I wished to go; my hotel bills have been paid; my railway fares have been dispensed, and even my washing bills have been settled before I had the chance to do so. My utmost wishes have been anticipated, and all have seemed desirous to do all they could for my comfort. This kindness almost took me by surprise, for though THE TRUTH SEEKER is taken at Colombo I did not dream I was so popular on this opposite side of the globe, or that friends were so closely looking for my coming. I think I have Col. H. S. Olcott to thank for much of this. I am quite well persuaded that he corresponded with friends in Ceylon and advised them about the time I would arrive there, and expressed the wish that they would receive me kindly.

I took stage for Colombo, seventy-two miles north of Galle, on the west coast of the island, at nine o'clock in the morning. The road is as level as a "barn floor" all the way, and as smooth as any road I ever rode over. All the roads on the island are of a similar character. They have had a heavy surface-coat given them, of stone or something of the kind, which has been broken up finely and ground to a smooth surface, which is not easily converted into mud. The road leads for much of the distance through the most luxuriant cocoanut groves, well interspersed with the plantain or bananas. I found far more of the cocoanut-trees here than any place I had before visited. Perhaps I should describe this tree, as some of you may not know all about it. You do, however, know that it belongs to the family of palms, of which there are some one hundred and fifty members, but none of which are more useful than the cocoanut-tree. This grows one hundred feet tall, without a limb or branch. Its foliage is wholly at the top, and consists of huge leaves, about fifteen feet long, or rather a leaf of leaves, for on its main stalk are about two hundred leaves, an inch or an inch and a-half wide, and three long in the middle of the large leaf, and six inches shorter, or more, at the ends, like the parts of a feather on each side of the main stem. The lower of these large leaves lop toward the earth, the center ones stand out horizontally, while toward the top they stand obliquely or upright, making at the top of the tall trees an open mass of verdure fully twenty-five feet across each way, and around the base of these leaves grow the cocoanuts, the trees having an average of about fifty nuts to each tree; sometimes they have nearly a hundred, but that is not usual, and they often go below fifty. It requires thirty or forty years for a tree to reach a hight of seventy-five or a hundred feet, and the tree grows in hight from year to year far more than the trunk increases in size. They are seldom seen more than ten or twelve inches in diameter, and the trunk becomes of that size when six years old, while each subsequent year's growth is added on to the top. They will live to be one hundred years old, and are always profitable. There is perhaps no tree that grows so wholly useful, or which can be put to a greater variety of purposes. When the fruit is about half matured it contains over a pint of sweet water, which is very pleasant and nutritious as a drink. I took my first drink of it that night on my way to Colombo, and found it very refreshing. The ripe fruit you know about; cocoanuts are used for many purposes, entering into many dishes made by the cooks, and into many forms of confections, and many are eaten as food in the native state; chocolate, cocoa, and broma are prepared from them; the nuts are gathered by the natives, cut open, and when somewhat shrunken from drying, they are taken out and ground or grated, and the oil of the meat pressed out, or it may be obtained by boiling the meat in water and skimming off the oil. After the meats are thus pressed they make excellent food for cattle and sheep. The oil is put to a great variety of uses; it enters into cooking, somewhat as we use lard; it is burnt in lamps for illumination; it makes good hair-oil; it makes good soap, and hundreds of tuns of it are shipped annually to Europe and America, where it is put to a great variety of uses. The shells are made into buttons, used for cups, dippers, and other vessels; the fiber which grows on the outside of the shells, after being rotted a month or so under water, are taken off and picked apart, when they are spun and twisted into small cords for making rope, for carpets, mats, etc. I have seen hundreds of the native women picking the fiber apart, and spinning and twisting it for various purposes. It makes a very strong rope, and a very serviceable carpet or mat. The leaves are used for roofs of buildings, and for braiding up into hundreds of forms of baskets, sacks, and various articles for domestic use. The leaves are also plaited into carpets for floors, and for screens and partitions. The stalk parts of the leaves are large and substantial, and are used for fences, and for fuel to cook by. The cocoanut-tree is one of the few trees which has within itself the elements for making soap. The ashes of the burnt leaf-stalks contain considerable potash, which is obtained by leaching them, and this combined with the oil of the fruit makes good soap. The trunks of the trees makes good beams for houses, and are used for bridges, etc. The blossom of the tree, when duly cut, yields pretty freely of a sweet juice called toddy, which quickly passes, by fermentation, into beer, and is so drank; or it can be distilled into a form of alcohol called arrack, having a peculiar flavor, and possessing the power to bring intoxication readily. These two last uses are the worst of all the purposes to which the cocoanut-tree is applied. It is better to place a lump of lime in the receptacle for the juice, which prevents fermentation, when it is easily boiled down to a syrup, and granulates into a pleasant form of sugar. If the natives only have plenty of cocoanut-trees and a good supply of bananas they cannot die of starvation, for those will surely sustain life; both trees afford much nourishment. Perhaps there is no tree more deserving the title of the "tree of life" than the cocoanut tree; but even that does not afford eternal life, for people die, though for years they have eaten of its fruit. But even though this may be called the tree of life, it is to be feared the "tree of knowledge" cannot be found. Ceylon has a great number of trees which bear fruit, and many kinds remarkable for their richness, but I found none there which imparted knowledge. It is claimed by some that the original Garden of Eden was planted on this island, and there are probably as many reasons for believing that it was planted there as anywhere, but I am sorry to think, if the tree of knowledge luxuriated on those shores, that it has run out, and no longer exists.

We changed horses every five or six miles, and as they were fresh, and traveled at good speed, we got along well, riding at all times near the coast, where we could plainly hear the waves constantly dashing against the shore. When we stopped to change mail, or to change horses, I listened with rapt attention to the ceaseless thundering and pounding of the waves. They have certain qualities of music in them —rhythm, if not melody—and there is an eloquence and grandeur about this music not found elsewhere.

I had six or eight fellow-passengers, and all natives. One was an employee in the postal department, and could speak English; so I could manage to talk some as we rode along at night by the sea, where the sea-laden air was refreshing and agreeable. Still the night was a trifle wearisome. Stage riding, after a few hours, becomes monotonous, even to one who has been several days on the ocean. But when nearly 4 A.M. we reached the end of the stage route, Kaluptara, where the railway commences which carried us the remaining twenty miles to Colombo. As we had an hour and a half to wait, I took a cup of tea and a horizontal position on my India guttree, and did succeed in catching a short nap. I will inform you that I left my young parrots with one of the waiters at the hotel at Galle, charging him to take good care of the little fellows in my absence, believing that would be better than if carried with me. The man was faithful to his charge, for upon my return I found the little fellows lively and well, and they chirped and flew about as though glad to see me. A rupee satisfied the servant for his attention to the birds.

The train arrived at Colombo about 7 A.M., and I made the mistake of not getting off at the right station, where several friends were awaiting my arrival. I supposed that Colombo had a general station at the terminus of the road, and that I would certainly know it when I came to it; but instead of that it has some four stations at different points through the town, after which the road continues on to Kandy, seventy-two miles east. I arrived at the fourth and last station, when I deemed it best to make some inquiry, and found I should have got off two stations before; so I had nothing else to do but hire a conveyance and ride back to the other part of town where I should have got off. I went to the British India Hotel, and spent the day in writing and sleeping. My friends were looking for me at different stations, and two of them went down to the end of the railway to see what had become of me. They also called at several hotels, but by some means not at the one at which I was stopping; but of all this I was perfectly oblivious, and spent the day very pleasantly in my chamber, which looked out upon the restless ocean, dashing against the rocks along the shore. It being Sunday, I could not obtain my mail, at which I felt a trifle impatient. But on Monday morning I was all right. I not only received several letters from home, and a few copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I also found the friends I wished to find, and who had been so anxiously looking for me. THE TRUTH SEEKER is taken in Colombo, and I found I was famous there. Several of the Truth Seeker

Tracts have been translated into Singalese, and pretty largely circulated among the natives to help the missionaries, or rather help against them. My "Open Letter to Jesus Christ" had been sent there, and pleased them hugely, and they seemed very glad to take the author by the hand. The meeting was cordial, and I felt at once that I was among friends.

Mr. Andrew Perera, the president of the Theosophical Society, holding a position in the surveyor-general's office, and Mr. J. Robert De Silva, one of my patrons, and engaged in the same office, informed me that they had quarters prepared for me at the hall of the society, and I must go there. Being unskilful at making excuses I complied without a word, and found indeed that most comsortable quarters were furnished, with a cook to attend to getting up my meals, and a room to write in, etc. So I had nothing to do but enjoy myself and become acquainted with the numerous friends who called upon me, and every one of whom seemed full of friendship and sympathy. They had heard of the wrongs which had been done me, and it seemed to do them good to see me and hear me talk. These people are natives, called Singalese, and originally were of the Hindoo stock, but seem quite distinct from the Hindoos, and intelligent and enterprising. Many of them speak English well, and I find it easy to converse with them. They are Buddhists in religion, with a decided leaning toward Freethought, and are totally unbelievers in supernaturalism and miracles. I took much interest in those kindly people; noticed their physical and phrenological developments particularly, and was struck with their well formed heads, their good reflective abilities, and perceptive powers. They are not, as a rule, so dark as the Hindoos; they are not so spare and not so sad. They are a pleasant, intelligent, cheerful people, with much to be admired in their characters and dispositions. I was pleased to find the Theosophical Society flourishing here, that they have a commodious hall for their public meetings, with rooms for other business, and also a printing-press on which to print tracts and other matter to spread among the people. They print a paper also in the Singalese language which has considerable of a circulation. I will tell you that the Singalese language has many points of resemblance to the ancient Sanskrit, aud there can be no doubt that the Singalese are the regular descendants of the old Aryan race. I felt complimented when the friends informed me that a considerable portion of their paper is made up of extracts from THE TRUTH SEEKER. That paper must have a strong light which can reach to the opposite side of the globe and shine so brightly.

I need not tell you with what gladness I perused letters from home, for when one has been seven months in foreign lands it is particularly gratifying to receive letters from the loved ones at home, and who in spirit follow the wanderer in all his journeyings and meanderings. Neither need I tell you how much good it did me to read copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, printed since the present year came in. I must confess I read that paper with great pleasure, and I will own to you that I regard it one of the very best papers published, and its patrons among the best people in the world. It does me much good to see that it is so well conducted in my absence, and that its friends still remain true to it. Long may its lamp burn brightly, and continue to shine clearly into the dark places of the earth which need illumination. May it continue to grow stronger for a century to come, and do a great work in dispelling the dark clouds of religious superstition and error which for ages have been hovering over and darkening the earth. I feel proud of that paper, and proud of every person that takes it and pays for it. Long may they live, also.

Through this valuable medium, I heard a prayer offered to me, from Winchester, Ill., and which appeared in the paper for January 14th of the present year. It is, as many of you may remember, of this tenor:

"Our Father, who art in Asia; thou who hast ever shown by word and deed that thou lovest thy followers with a love equaled by no other gods; thou who givest thy time, yea, and who freely offerest thy life, for the happiness of thy children; thou who suffered revilings, persecutions, and imprisonment that those who would be saved might be saved from the black and eternal night of superstition, ignorance, and woe; thou who art even now traveling in a foreign land where pestilence and famine, deceit and treachery abound; thou hast gone even there that we, thy adorers, might learn the ways and conditions of the children of men, the false teachings and works of other gods, not so noble, grand, and loving as thou. Hear thou my prayer, and grant this my petition. Thou didst, through thy spirit of love, send me thy Bible (THE TRUTH SEEKER), which took the scales from my eyes, and the blind did see. Thou didst thus enable me to change my course in life, and as I did follow thy words of wisdom, and wherein thou teachest us to love another, and did thereby obtain a wife, also one of thy children; and as she did aid me to increase and did bear me a son, and he, O Bennett! was born on the twenty-fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, thereby through the power of thy word, he is thy son, and also a god with thee. Now, O Bennett! hear thou this prayer, and grant this my supplication. Breathe thy holy spirit upon him; anoint him with the oil of thy love; clothe him with thy wisdom; gird upon him the sword of thy power, and let him be a god like unto thee. Bless thou my son, thy son, James Bennett Travers, and thine be the glory, the power, and the supremacy now and forever. So be it. J. B. TRAVERS."

Winchester, Ill., Dec. 26, 1881.

Of course under the circumstances, surrounded as I was with the kindest and most pleasant influences, this prayer contributed to place me in a most gracious mood; and though I had never thought of setting myself up for a god—though perhaps in point of harmlessness and real worth I must confess I believe myself better than many of the gods I have seen and heard of, or, I may say, as any I have seen or heard of. It is not strange, then, that while in this gracious mood I vouchsafed a reply to this sincere prayer, though I am well aware it has been the custom of most of the gods I know anything about to take no notice of any prayer offered to them, and though the supplications were poured out to them in a stream of eloquent desire, they remain as silent as the grave, and take no more notice of them than they do of the whistling of the winds. Now, I do not wish to be that sort of a god, and I am resolved I will not be. So far as I am able I will respond to the prayer made to me, and will send my blessing upon those who ask for it, to the extent of my power. Here then is my answer to the above prayer:

MY BELOVED SON, J. B. TRAVERS (for in the sense that I am thy father thou art also my son): Thy earnest prayer has reached me; though offered up on the great plains of Illinois it has found me here in the tropical clime of Ceylon, which, I feel sure, is much farther than thousands and millions of prayers before offered have ever reached. And it pleaseth me, yea, it seemeth good unto me, to vouchsafe to thee a few words in reply.

Be it known to thee, and to all men who care to know, that I have not at any time proudly set myself up as a god; nor have I claimed to have more knowledge, more power, or more love than my fellows. I have even entertained a slight opinion of gods generally, for I have been unable to see what good they have done in the world, either to themselves or to those who have believed upon them; I have failed to see that they have made the world any better or any happier for their existence. Far be it from me, even had I the amplest power that can be imagined, to be like some of the gods I wot of. Far be it from me to cause human beings to suffer or be unhappy. I would not, had I all the power that blind mortals have conferred upon all the gods they have created, devise and form human beings without any choice or consent of their own, place them here in this world of temptation, endow them with the tastes, desires, and passions which would surely lead them into temptation and transgression, and make them unhappy while they live, and then consign them after death to an existence of unutterable torture and wretchedness, from which there can be no possible escape. Nay, nay, I would not be such a god as that, and I cannot think any one is under any obligation to love such a god as that or even to believe in him. Far better would it have been to leave the human race in a state of eternal rest and nihility than to create it to be wretched in this life and ten thousand times more wretched in the life to come. Verily, indeed, I would not be such a god as that. I would instead be a benevolent god, a merciful, a happiness-conferring, and a prayer-answering god.

Thou didst correctly recount some of the experiences I have passed through, and thou didst also correctly state the objects and purposes which have governed me. Thou hast perhaps spoken words of praise too strongly in my favor, but pray-ers are privileged characters, for nobody believes half they say when thus occupied.

It pleases me, my son, to hear thee acknowledge the good thou hast derived from THE TRUTH SEEKER; it rejoices me to know that it dispenses light and truth in the world; and I would that thousands more have their understandings enlightened by it in the same way thou hast done, and be made happy in the truths which fill it columns from week to week. I would say to thee and to all others who sympathize with thee, do all in thy power to add to the good influence which the paper wields by increasing the number of its patrons, the number of its readers, and the number of those who are willing to lay down all their errors, all their prejudices, all their blinding creeds and superstitions, and their lives if necessary, to promote the happiness of their fellow-men.

Thou and thy helpmeet have acted wisely; you, my children, have done well. It pleaseth me that you, my son and daughter, have a son to cheer you on your journey through life and to be a support to you when old age and feebleness come upon you. It pleaseth me that thou hast so early conferred my name upon your young offspring. It will be my pleasure, so far as in my power, to bestow the same blessings of truth upon this new candidate for earthly life and sorrow that you acknowledge I have bestowed upon you.

My son and daughter, you have taken a heavy responsibility upon yourselves, but a responsibility which should not be skirked or evaded. By your agency another human being has been brought into the world to do good or ill to himself and his fellow-beings. Do all in your power to mark out before him the course he ought to pursue. It depends much upon you how this tender bud of humanity is directed and inclined, and whether he is an honor to himself and his race or the reverse. All your wisdom and carefulness will be required to help him become a useful member of society when he comes to the age of maturity, and to be a blessing to his race and to himself in after years. Very much depends upon early education, and those who are instrumental in bringing young human beings into the world should feel the responsibility which devolves upon them to bestow upon their offspring the right kind of education.

I conjure you, my son and daughter, to teach your little child the truth in all cases, and to instruct him to always be true. Do not suffer his young mind as he grows into childhood and youth to be filled with the foolish theories, the absurd notions, and the wild vagaries which for thousands of years have led the world astray and driven it into darkness, error, and unhappiness. But always place the truths of nature before him; teach him the laws of his being, and what course must be pursued to preserve health, happiness, and honor. Look well after his physical health. Without a healthy body there cannot be a healthy mind. Never forget the importance of good examples being set before him. Teach him to obey the laws of nature; teach him to love the truth, and to always obey its precepts. Teach him to love and do good to his fellow-beings, and I will give you my assurance that he will be in a fit condition to receive all the blessings you can desire to rest upon his head; and I will promise to the extent of my power to bless him, and enlighten him, even as I have blessed and enlightened you. Peace be and abide with you, the trinity. I AM THAT I AM.

My friends were very kind to show me about the city and take me riding about the suburbs in various directions. Colombo contains over a hundred thousand inhabitants and covers a large area. A pretty little lake, nearly a mile across, lies back a little way from the landing, and the town is built around it, the part east of the lake being occupied with pretty residences with very commodious grounds, well decorated with flowers and ornamental plants. Mr. Perera took me to his residence, which is a pleasant establishment, also to a new house he has built, still more tasteful, with extensive cinnamon gardens adjoining. Cinnamon is pretty largely cultivated here on the white sands where was once the bed of the ocean and upon which little else would grow. Cinnamon is a pretty, clean-looking shrub which grows in clusters, from three to five feet high, and is cut off twice a year, the bark scraped off its outer part and then peeled off the rods, dried, and packed. If allowed to grow year after year it makes a pretty large tree, but the large bark is not good; it is the new growth that yields the fine aromatic article. My friends cut me some shoots of the cinnamon to take home with me for walking-sticks. I have not used a cane yet, and perhaps when I do it will be one of cinnamon.

We visited the main Buddhistic temple of the city, near which is a large open hall for meetings, where one of the priests holds forth to the people. A large edifice is also being constructed upon the grounds for a festival to come off after a while. In the temple, by a side entrance, is a colossal, reclining or sleeping, figure of Buddha; and here I was sorry to see were images of several Hindoo gods of large size, prominent among which was Christna. It did not seem to me that the Hindoo gods had any business in a Buddhistic temple, for neither Buddha nor his intelligent followers had any belief in gods of any kind, nor did they believe in worshiping them. All around this outer court or corridor, which surrounds the inner temple, are allegorical representations of scenes in the life of Buddha, of his temptations by the evil powers, his triumph over them, and many other interesting incidents in his career, much the same as Christians are so fond of doing by their deific hero or demi-god. In the interior, or sanctuary, is a sitting figure of Buddha in his meditative mood, and here offerings of flowers are often made to his memory. They claim not to worship the image, but that it is only placed there to keep their great father constantly in remembrance. I said to them that it was precisely the same feeling which prompted Christians to place figures of their god and of his mother in their churches and sacred places, and that in both instances, especially with the unlearned and unthinking classes, the tendency was to image-worship, and I regretted to see so many images among them. I was told that the figures of the Hindoo gods were introduced a few centuries ago by their native kings, with a view to conciliating the Hindoos, who dwelt in considerable numbers in the country, and to unite them and the Buddhists together. But it is a compromise I am sorry to see. I would much prefer to see the Buddhists stand strictly by their principles, and wholly discard everything that looks like image-worship. This is perhaps the largest temple in Ceylon, and is decorated richly with gilt and paintings in the historical and allegorical pictures. All the images of Buddha, like the pictures we have seen of him in America, represent him as a thoughtful, meditative, passive, genial, plump young man; and with not quite that sanctimonious, super-earthly look given to Jesus in images and paintings of him. There is too much of a tendency among Buddhists to multiply images of their adored teacher, and while they do not really worship those images, their veneration comes so near to worship that it is difficult to perceive the difference. But if all the wood-cuts, engravings, lithographs, paintings, and images that have been made of Jesus were counted, they would probably exceed those of Buddha ten to one. And the adoration which Christians pay to those representations amounts to worship, precisely the same as with the Buddhists. I have seen thousands of Christians kneeling and bowing before the images of Jesus and the Virgin, worshiping them as really as any idolater worships his image. And what numbers of Christians keep the crucifix, with their dead god upon it, in their dwellings, or upon their persons, making a fetich or an idol of it as much as does any pagan. The Christian thinks it impossible for him to adore his Jesus too much, or to have too many representations of him before his eyes, and the same with the Virgin. These representations doubtless amount to hundreds of millions. It is the same with the followers of Buddha; they believe him the greatest teacher ever upon the earth, and they think they cannot have him too often placed before them. I have said to them that I did not believe that Buddha himself would approve of making so many images of clay, stone, glass, and metal, for they would inevitably draw the minds of the ignorant to the images instead of to the teachings of the man. I said the teachings of

(*Continued on page* 410.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882.

A Chicago Liar.

The meanest specimen of Christian malignity extant has recently been forwarded to us by several friends the past week. A subscriber, probably new, says:

JACKSON, MICH., June 19, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* This [the inclosed slip] was clipped from the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago. Please let us know how near the truth it is. Yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

This is the slip:

9,482.—BEAST BENNETT.

OKETO, KAN.

Please giv a short history for the last three years of D. M. Bennett, formerly editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER of New York.

JAS. BIGHAN.

ANSWER.—D. M. Bennett became notorious some years ago as a chief purveyor of obscene literature. About the time he had attained his "bad pre-eminence" in this meanest of all attempts to debauch the minds of the youth of America, male and female, Mr. Anthony Comstock, of New York, the friend of young manhood and apostle of pure literature, ran Bennett down, had him arrested, tried, and convicted of sending cartloads of the foulest and most obscene books, papers, etc., through the mails to all parts of the country. He was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for several years. After serving part of his time he was pardoned by the governor of New York state, who in so doing used his authority in such an arbitrary way as to giv pain and offense to the better class of citizens, not only of that state but of the whole country, and much was said and written severely animadverting upon his conduct. After this Bennett skipped out, and the next heard of him he was in the East Indies, in Bombay, Calcutta, and Ceylon, where he has been indentified with the Theosophists under the leadership of Colonel Olcott of New York, and Madam Blavatsky, a Russian woman, who claims citizenship in the United States. The trio, at last accounts, were lecturing about India, giving seances, as clairvoyants, and publishing a paper called the *Theosophist* in advocacy of their doctrins.

Perhaps about the best answer that we can make to "A Subscriber" is to print the letters of some other older subscribers, who are conversant with the fight Mr. Bennett had with the church three years ago. One writes:

ROCKFORD, ILL., June 17, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was for many years a member of the "press-gang," but during all my journalistic days, when lying was in fashion, I believe I never saw so many falsehoods compressed in so little space as I find in the inclosed, which I clip from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of the 12th inst. I think the general head, "Our Curiosity Shop," very appropriate for articles of that character. As I hav enjoyed my full share of newspaper abuse, I trust, on returning from your "skipped out" expedition to the Indies, you will get your fill of the same, and feel none the meaner for it, for lying is the special prerogativ of the partisan press.

I had supposed that Tony would out-Tony the world in downright lying, but giv me the editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, who as much excels Tony as Tony does the common sinner.

Congratulations, Mr. Bennett, on your return to America, and congratulations again that, by meritorious actions, you hav made yourself worthy of so much sectarian and partisan malignancy. As worthy a name as Thomas Paine has been traduced for near a century, "whose pen did as much to secure the independence of America as did the sword of Washington." You, who are striking as vigorous blows as he did at the citadel of tyranny, may expect to be assailed in a similar manner. I trust there are men who will survive you who hav sufficient honor to vindicate your good name, while his were "summer friends," who deserted him in the hour of trial.

Sincerely yours, G. W. BROWN, M.D.

Another pens these indignant lines:

TECUMSEH, MICH., June 20, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Inclosed you will find a clipping from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of June 15th, in which Mr. Bennett is most grossly assailed. I do not now remember of having before seen so much wilful lying condensed in so little space. Anthony's dirty ear-marks are so plainly visible in every line that one can't help placing the writer among his well-trained lickspittles, and unless the boss defamer looks well to himself some of his toad-eaters out West will some day outrank him in his dirty work. Such fools will never learn that Bennett can't be put down by such means, but instead they giv him a boost up every time. J. GUIWITS.

And a friend from Wisconsin has taken up arms, as he writes us:

BELLEVILLE, WIS., June 18, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Inclosed you will find a slip of paper cut from the weekly *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, which you will please publish, and also the statements setting forth the facts in the case. I shall also send to the *Inter-Ocean* a statement of the facts as I understand them, but hav no reason to think it will rectify it. You may use this as you see fit. Would say that more than one-half of our village are pronounced Liberals.

Yours for truth and right, JOSEPH GREENWOOD.

There is very little use in replying to this *Inter-Ocean* stuff in THE TRUTH SEEKER. All our readers ought to know it is a lie. But we hav written a letter to the offending paper of Chicago, which we hope to see them print. It seems to us, although no lawyer, that an action for libel could be sustained against the paper, and heavy damages recovered. The libel was printed in the daily, semi-weekly, and weekly editions of the *Inter-Ocean*, and consequently has had a very wide circulation, to the detriment of Mr. Bennett's character among those who do not know him or the work in which he is engaged.

However, for the benefit of our newer subscribers, we point out more specifically the lies. What the "9,482" means we do not know, unless it be that that is the number, up to date, of the lies the *Inter-Ocean* has told to inquiring correspondents. The lying begins promptly with the first word. To call a man a beast may be Christian courtesy, but even Christians should hesitate to do so unless they hav some evidence to corroborate their assertions. The only evidence they hav is that Mr. Bennett was tried on the ostensible charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. While Mr. Bennett was in prison he received the following letter regarding that conviction and sentence:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20, 1879.

D. M. BENNETT, *My Dear Friend:* I hav just read your letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav thought of you every hour that I hav been awake since your imprisonment. Every man on the jury that convicted you committed a crime. Benedict committed a crime when he refused a new trial, and Hayes committed a crime when he listened to the hypocrits and religious zealots, and refused a pardon. Well, we will get even with them all some day. Superstition cannot rule the world forever, and the quicker the decisiv struggle comes the better. I hope the keepers of your prison will hav sense enough to treat you as you deserve, and not put you on a level with criminals. You hav violated no law, committed no wrong, and made no being unhappy. You hav lived an honorable, useful life, and in any country not governed by Christians you would be free and respected. Well, bear up as well as you can. Time goes on, and in a little while liberty will unlock your cell and giv you back to home and friends.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

Would Colonel Ingersoll hav written that to a beast, or the editor of the *Inter-Ocean?*

But a few short weeks ago, on learning there was to be a reception tendered Mr. Bennett in San Francisco on his return from his trip, James Parton wrote the promoters:

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., April 6, 1882.

You intend, I hear, to giv Mr. D. M. Bennett a reception upon his arrival in San Francisco. You will do yourselvs honor by the act. The wrong which he endured was one which can never be compensated or atoned for, but it can be turned to our profit and his solace by such a public welcome as you propose to giv him. He suffered for us. Human nature itself was outraged in his person. The act for which he suffered was as innocent as selling a loaf of bread to a hungry person. He violated no law, and he injured no creature.

Would James Parton hav written that about a beast, or an *Inter-Ocean* editor?

The lying is consistently continued in the first sentence of the answer: "D. M. Bennett became notorious some years ago as a chief purveyor of obscene literature."

This is certainly news to us, who hav known Mr. Bennett for the past eight years, during all his trials, and to his life-long friends, who, one and all, regard him with the highest esteem. Obscenity is justly and righteously regarded by all decent people with detestation and disgust, and its venders loathed as slimy reptiles. And yet they are honorable compared with a man who will falsely charge another with the crime. A Presbyterian hell would be too comfortable a place for such a fellow.

The next is: "Anthony Comstock, of New York, the friend of young manhood, and apostle of pure literature, ran Bennett down, had him arrested, tried, and convicted of sending cartloads of the foulest and most obscene books, papers, etc., through the mails to all parts of the country."

In the first place Anthony Comstock is not a friend of young manhood. He is a detestable man, the willing tool of an ecclesiastical organization composed of soap-boiling hypocrits and wholesale knaves. His life is one of lying and deceit, and the example he sets is an extremely bad one, and one that if followed would deservedly land "young manhood" in the penitentiary unless protected by the whole power of the church, as he is. Neither is he the "apostle of pure literature." He is rather the "apostle" of nastiness, for if there is any dirtier book, in some of its parts, than the Bible he worships, it has not yet been named to us. The only grain of truth in the whole thing is that Mr. Bennett was "arrested." The rest is false. He was never "tried." The farce called a trial was but one of the legal preliminaries necessary to his incarceration. He was condemned from the first. Everything in his favor was ruled out by the bigoted judge. A long life of usefulness and honor, of business integrity and social worth, even the book itself upon which he was to be convicted, all were set aside by the judge and jury who "committed a crime," and his liberty taken from him at the behest of a church organization, which dreaded him as a powerful and incorruptible opponent. There were no "cartloads" of "foulest and obscene books, papers, etc." There was only one little fifteen-cent pamphlet, which hundreds of the foremost citizens of the United States hav declared not obscene. Charles Devens, then attorney-general of the United States, wrote of it: "In regard to the book itself, while it seems to me a publication not desirable to be made, I am aware that there may be much difference of opinion upon the subject, *and do not confound it with those obscene publications, the effect and object of which is to excite the imagination and inflame the passions.*" He wrote this, his opinion of the book, to Elizur Wright, January 13, 1879. Regarding Mr. Bennett's trial, the New York *Evening Express* said:

"It involves the right to print, publish, sell, and circulate through the mails matter which is no more offensiv to good taste, and no more objectionable on the score of morals, than passages in Shakspere and the Bible. It is fast becoming the general opinion that Comstock is doing more harm than good by a zeal that is not according to knowledge, and officious meddling with private and public rights."

As to the book and trial, the *Washington Capital* was equally explicit. It said:

"While we boast of our freedom, and claim for ourselvs the widest range of opinion on all subjects, we are practically subjected to a despotism from sectarian interference that is perfectly intolerable. The latest instance of this reaches us from New York, where D. M. Bennett was prosecuted by that Christian and scoundrel, Anthony Comstock, for sending, as it was claimed, obscene literature through the mails. Comstock had mailed an order, under an assumed name, for a book Bennett had sold to popularize certain opinions concerning the marriage tie.

"When the case came to trial before a judge of the United States Circuit Court, Bennett's lawyer attempted to introduce the book itself, but the honorable Dogberry decided that the defendant should go to trial on such passages as the prosecutor had seen fit to quote in the indictment. Such ruling surpassed anything of the sort since Pontius Pilate, and would make it dangerous to mail a Bible or a copy of Shakspere to any one.

"Of course a judge capable of such ruling was one who would let no jury escape him, and he accordingly left the impartial twelve no other course than a verdict of guilty.

"The worst feature of this wretched business is that Congress has sanctioned by law the tampering with mails on the part of this charlatan that is fatal to the postal service. He travels at the expense of the government, enters any postal car or office he pleases, and trifles with private mail matter, at his sweet will.

"This is all uncalled for—a melancholy farce. There is law enough on the statute books of the states to arrest the circulation of obscene literature without invading the mails. The trouble is that these laws are not enforced, and while such prosecutions are neglected, a great noise, with the smallest results, is indulged in to giv this very unnecessary individual a national notoriety."

One of the jurors was also conscious-stung at the great wrong he had been instrumental in committing in convicting Mr. Bennett, and wrote this letter to the New York *Herald* of March 27, 1879:

NEW YORK, March 24, 1879.

To the Editor of the Herald, Sir: The newspaper reports of the trial of Mr. D. M. Bennett for mailing "Cupid's Yokes" seem to make a few words of explanation on my part necessary. For instance, the *Herald* report says: "Despite of all arguments of eleven jurors, Valentine continued to vote for the acquittal of the prisoner, but seemed to tire of his confinement toward daylight, and at half-past six yesterday morning, when the last ballot was taken, voted for conviction." Now, it is quite true that I was tired of confinement, and that another juror was extremely anxious to get home to a sick wife; but it is not true that I changed my vote for those reasons, for I felt sure that we would be discharged in a few hours whether a verdict was found or not. One reason for changing my vote was to enable some appeal to be taken so that the true meaning of the words "obscene" and "indecent" as used in the statute in question might be determined by some higher court. After the jury retired for deliberation there was doubt about the meaning of those words upon which the whole case hung. We had been charged to follow strictly and only the definitions of the judge (Hon. C. L. Benedict), and accordingly we sent to him for them and received them in these words, which I copied at the time (the italics are mine):

"The *test of obscenity* is whether the tendency of the matter is to deprave and corrupt the morals of those whose minds are open to such influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort *may* fall."

"'Lewd' means a *tendency* to excite lustful thoughts."

"Passages are *indecent* within the meaning of the statute if they contain obscenity, that is to say, matter having *that form* of indecency which is *calculated* to promote the general corruption of morals."

These definitions were so broad and uncertain that it seemed to me they might be used to condemn a very large, and perhaps the larger, part of the literature of the country, as well as the isolated passages that had been picked out of "Cupid's Yokes." I say isolated passages, for the court did not allow the whole book to come in evidence before us, although we each had a copy of it in the jury-room. I felt, and I still feel, that these definitions carry the statute much further than Congress ever intended, or a fair application of it would warrant.

The pamphlet in question seems to me immoral from our ordinary point of view, but not obscene within the strict meaning of the statute, although the isolated passages selected might, standing by themselvs, come under the definitions of the judge. I wished, therefore, to maintain the right of the author, Mr. Heywood, and of those who agree with him, to differ from me.

Under these convictions I hesitated to do what seemed an act of wrong and injustice to Mr. Bennett (of whom I had no knowledge whatever), but I could not violate my oath nor disobey the instructions of the court. I could only express my conviction by withholding my concurrence for a reasonable time—about fifteen hours; then I gave it with a protest and as a means to obtain a less sweeping construction of this statute upon appeal or a change of it by those who made it. Had the jurors been left to construe and apply it Mr. Bennett would never hav been convicted. Yours very respectfully,

ALFRED A. VALENTINE.

Commenting upon this letter, the New York *World* said:

"The letter which is sent us by Mr. Valentine, the dissenting juror in the case of Bennett, deserves careful consideration. The questions involved in that trial were very serious. A writer who advocates unpopular opinions on important subjects is liable to be made the victim of legal prosecution unless his legal rights are protected with the utmost care. . . . In this case Judge Benedict made a decision surprising to laymen in ruling that the context of the phrases quoted and relied upon in the indictment should not be read to the jury. Some of the noblest books in our languuge could be so garbled by a selection of phrases as to bring them within the prohibition of the statute.

Judge Benedict's definition of the offense, concerning which the jury was required to find, had the misfortune of being so vague as to be almost worthless, and required a judicial construction from the jury. The tendency of Federal judges since the war has been to usurp the functions of the jury. Whether Judge Benedict has yielded to this temptation or not, there is food for reflection in Mr. Valentine's remark that, if the jury had been left to construe and apply the statute, Bennett would not hav been convicted."

The New York *Volks Zeitung* was of the same opinion, as its issue of March 27, 1880, shows:

"If anything were needed to confirm our original judgment about Mr. Bennett's prosecution, the above card of Mr. Valentine is just that thing. Particularly weighty is that part of it which points out that not the character of the whole book, but only certain isolated passages of it were passed upon. How appropriate is the remark of Mr. Valentine, that measured by that 'test' the greater part of literature must be condemned. In fact, what would become of Goethe, Schiller, Shakspere, Byron, and similar *unimportant* (?) authors? Above all, what would become of the Bible if we should take therefrom single sentences and words, and upon them found a judgment upon the moral or immoral character (or tendency) of these writings? O ye pharisees and hypocrits!"

The *Winsted* (Conn.) *Press* also felt deeply the outrage, and gave this expression to its feelings:

"D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in New York, has been for some time under arrest for sending through the mails a copy of the now famous 'Cupid's Yokes'—the book for circulating which Heywood, its author, was unjustly imprisoned in Massachusetts, he being soon after released by order of the president. Bennett has had his trial, which has resulted in a verdict of guilty. The trial was an infamously one-sided affair, the judge being an enemy to Freethought and apparently determined to convict the prisoner and punish an Infidel by fair means if convenient, by foul means if necessary. He refused to admit the testimony of such men as O. B, Frothingham, Elizur Wright, and Oliver Johnson to prove that the book was not obscene. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty at last, not because they considered Bennett guilty, but to accommodate a juror who wished to be liberated in order that he might go home to his wife. The court held that the good object of the writer of the book was not a matter to be taken into consideration. The jury were to consider 'whether the tendency of the matter was to deprave or corrupt the morals of those whose minds are open to such influences and into whose hands publications of this sort may fall.'

"On this principle a jury of Infidels might find every Christian publisher in the land a fit subject for the law's vengeance, and a Christian jury might cause to be fined and imprisoned every Infidel publisher, or a jury of Prohibitionists every advertiser of intoxicating liquors, or a jury of vegetarians every publisher who dared to advertise the virtues of meat, and so on through an endless category. Catholic might punish Protestant, and *vice versa*, it being not a matter of right but of might in these cases. Whether or not the tendency of a book is to 'deprave and corrupt the morals' is a matter of mere opinion, susceptible of no proof whatever. Every reformatory document has a tendency to 'corrupt the morals,' if we are to take the opinion of those who are opposed to reform, and they are generally in the majority. The abominable ruling of Judge Benedict in Bennett's case would muzzle the press of the Democratic party throughout the United States during Republican ascendancy and *vice versa*. Not an abolition paper could hav been tolerated under it. Every Greenback journal might be silenced. Liberty of speech and press is a miserable farce if law sanctions the punishment of a man for sending through the mails, not matter that has corrupted anybody's morals, but matter that in the opinion of a probable set of bigots and ignoramuses may possibly tend at some future time to corrupt the morals of some imaginary human being!

"This outrage upon Bennett and liberty is perhaps the opening of a Y. M. C. A. plot to root out 'heresy' and establish the pet Christian God and his lackeys in power over a people heretofore superior to either or both. At any rate, every friend of freedom ought to make Bennett's case his own at once and aid him by voice and pen, ballot and pocket-book, in maintaining in this struggle that great pioneer of truth, conqueror for justice, and guardian of liberty, which all bigots and tyrants and 'heaven-ordained' public beggars and pilferers with good reason fear and detest—the right of free speech.

"Bennett has taken an appeal, but if not successful we shall soon hear of him in his honorable old age as an occupant of a felon's cell—not there for any deed of dishonesty, or for lawfully cheating his creditors, or for oppressing the poor, or for injuring his fellow-man in any way, but for simply sending through the mails a book which in the opinion of less than a dozen incompetent men may hav a tendency to corrupt the morals of some person or persons, the existence of whom is neither known nor specified. If this is the beginning, what may we expect in the end from the Comstock 'morality' mill, and the Y. M. C. A. who grind it?"

These are but a few of an immense number of opinions by the press of the country we might quote; but they are enough to show that there was not even one obscene book in question. All are agreed that the pamphlet in question was as free from obscenity as the classics and hundreds of books freely allowed the privileges of the mail. The "cartloads" is the infamous invention of Christian malignity.

The next lie, that Mr. Bennett was sentenced to several years' imprisonment, is so small compared to the rest that it is almost lost sight of. The sentence of thirteen months, and not several years, was due to the great feeling manifested by the public in the case, and not to the leniency of Benedict, who, judging from the disposition manifested on the trial, would like to hav made the sentence a dungeon for life, if not the stake.

The ignorance of the writer on the *Inter-Ocean* in regard to the case is fully shown by his statement that "after serving part of his time, he [Mr. Bennett] was pardoned by the governor of New York state, who in so doing used his authority in such an arbitrary way as to giv pain and offense to the better class of citizens, not only of that state, but of the whole country, and much was said and written severely animadverting upon his conduct." As he was convicted in the United States court, the governor of New York state had no more authority to pardon Mr. Bennett than the meanest editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, and, so far as we know, no more disposition to do it than that editor has to tell the truth or be an honorable man. But Hayes was applied to by a petition bearing the signatures of over two hundred thousand reputable citizens of the United States, and it was his conduct in refusing the request which Col. Ingersoll denounced as *a crime*. There was nothing said or written about the governor of New York, but there was very much said and written "severely animadverting" upon the conduct of Hayes, who after once saying he did not regard the pamphlet as obscene and promising to release Mr. Bennett "listened to the hypocrits and religious zealots and refused a pardon."

As for "skipping out," we presume the editor of the *Inter-Ocean* would be pleased to "skip" in the same way did anybody regard his services as a writer of sufficient worth to purchase a book of his, or run the risk of intrusting him with five dollars without having a sheriff to watch him. But there is no apparent danger of his "skipping" to India unless a company of liars should select him as the chief among ten thousand. We respectfully recommend him to the various harmonious Christian societies who are engaged in spreading their gospel of dirt through the Indias. His services would be of value to them in making their reports of conversions.

Mr. Bennett did lecture in India, as Jo Cook can testify, but this is the first we knew of his developing into a seance-holding medium. We were also in complete ignorance of his having any connection with the *Theosophist* beyond being a friend to its editor.

These facts are all familiar to the majority of our readers, but judging from the number of letters inclosing clippings from the *Inter-Ocean* and making inquiries, there are a large number of new recruits to Liberalism who are not yet in possession of them. Those desiring further information can obtain it from the "Trial of D. M. Bennett," price 75 cents. Also the *Iconoclast* last week published a brief sketch of the life of Mr. Bennett, which can be obtained of W. H. Lamaster, Indianapolis, Ind., for five cents.

We hav only this much to add: That a writer on a paper who will use his position to wilfully injure the character of a man who not only never harmed him, but never knowingly injured any one, or who deliberately writes what he knows to be a lie, can expect and deserves only the execration of all decent people. And this is just what one of the editors of the *Inter-Ocean* has earned for himself.

Mr. Bennett's Movements.

Last Monday we received a note from the returning pilgrim, from which we infer that it will be along in July before he gets East. But we will print the letter, and then THE TRUTH SEEKER family will all know as much as we do about it:

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 17, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I am spending two or three days with the good friends in this beautiful Santa Clara Valley. Yesterday I visited the quicksilver mines of New Almaden twelve miles south of this place, where, within the last thirty years, 55,563, 327 pounds of quicksilver hav been procured from the bowels of the earth. With the exception of the Almaden mines in Spain, these are the most extensiv quicksilver mines in the world. The process of reducing the ores by roasting, and the distillation of the heavy metal, are interesting to investigate.

Last evening the friends here gave me a reception in the California Theater, a very neat establishment. The audience was fair in numbers and appreciativ. The stage was profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers and presented a beautiful appearance. Thomas Jacob, president of the San Jose Liberal League, presided and made the opening remarks. The City Band discoursed excellent music. Miss Maud Loud recited "No Sects in Heaven" in a very creditable manner. Mr. R. H. Schwartz performed a cornet solo. Dr. J. L. York made the speech of welcome, and made a brief examination of the claims and purposes of Liberalism. He made me welcome to this beautiful portion of California. I followed in a brief description of what I had witnessed in the Old World, the religious superstitions of the various countries, etc. Thirteen young men of the Turn Verein sang a favorit song in fine style, when Marion Todd, lawyer of San Francisco, made the closing speech in excellent style and spirit. After more music by the orchestra the meeting was closed, and pretty extensiv handshakings and congratulations followed.

To-day several friends will accompany me to Mount Hamilton, where the observatory is being constructed with the funds munificently donated by the late James Lick. I shall next visit Stockton, Fresno, the Yosemite Valley, Modesto, etc., when I will turn my face eastward, stopping at various points on the way. Up to July 1st I may be addressed care *The Great West*, Denver, Col., and after that care of J. C. Jones, 45 Franklin st., Chicago. Yours truly, D. M. B.

NOTHING can be more gratifying to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and to the friends of Freethought generally, than the account given in our present issue, of the reception accorded to Mr. Bennett by the people of Ceylon. His farthest wish, he states, seems to hav been anticipated, friends met him with outstretched hands at every point, and ample provisions for his accommodation were made in advance at different points which he was expected to visit. It is interesting in the extreme to know that in the very centers of Christian missionary labor the standard of Freethought is raised above the ecclesiastical banners of the church, and that thousands rally to its support. Mr. Bennett lectured in Ceylon to an audience of over three thousand, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting. Next week the traveler's own account of the occasion will be given, together with the lecture, which the committee requested leave to copy and translate into Singalese, the nativ language of the spicy isle.

Round the World.

The following is the list of subscribers whose names will appear in the second volume, which is soon to be published. If any who hav sent the "V" notice any error in it they will do us a favor by informing us at once. We shall see the list for Vol. III. grow with feelings of pleasure.

Anderson, R. J.	Ashman, James	Axtell, J. M.
Backler, James	Berls, Herman	Brooks, M.
Bally, Pennock	Berrian, Mrs. H.	Brown, Jennie Butler
Baker, R. L.	Bodell, Jacob	Brubaker, John R.
Baldwin R. C.	Bowen, Wm. R.	Buckemeer, Jacob
Barber, B. W.	Bower, Mrs. John, Jr.	Buford, P. G.
Barlow, C. A.	Brander, Wm.	Burgess, J.
Beadle, Isaac	Brandon, R. W.	Burgston, Frank
Bell, Addison A.	Brawley, W. E.	Burr, Chas.
Bennett, John	Bridges, James	
Cate, E.	Colburn, C. E.	Constance, Chris
Carris, Jonh B. es	Colby, Mrs. Amelia H.	Corley, R. J.
Cervantes, A. L. [2 shar	Collins, Frank W.	Corliss, E. S.
City Library	Colwell, Frank	Corry, J. P.
Clark, Maggie E.	Conklin, Wm. W.	Cram, A.
Dahinden, Jacob, Jr.	Deming, Clara A.	Dorrance, H. B.
Daniels, O. E.	Diamond, Geo.	Doss, A. M.
Darling, H. W.	Dillingham, N. H.	Draper, Ira E.
Davies, J.	Diserens, F.	Dutton, Jerome
East, Henry	Elliot, Josiah	Engstrom, John
Eberstein, J. G		
Farr, Clinton	Fleming, Robert	Fry, J. H.
Fleeck, E. T.		
Gano H.	Giles, E. M.	Green, F. I.
Gardner, A. L.	Glosser, H.	Green, W. F.
Gardner, B. F., M.D.	Gordon, G. A. M.D.	Gregory, Walter
Garrett, Pat F.	Gra-am, W. H. H.	
Haigh, Wm. Henry	Hennion, Alice	Hoover, Silas
Hale, Wm.	Herman, M. B.	Hope, Peter
Haley, J. H.	Hess, Joseph	Hopping, S. J.
Handley, J. A.	Hildebrandt, A.	House, Dr. M. W.
Haseltine, J.	Hilt, Dana	Hubbard, R.
Hauck, Jasper	Hoffner, Ed.	Hunt, R H. H.
Hawes, C. L.	Holman, A. D.	Hutchison, Luna H.
Heighton, Marius	Holt, J. O.	
Jewell, Peter W.	Jones, L. M. & J. L.	Jordan, John
Karch, Henry B.	Kenyon, Daniel C.	Kimbrough, R. H.
Keir, A. Sr.	Kessler John G.	King, Geo. W.
Kenck, Chris.	Kimball, Murray	
Ladd, Sherman W.	Leach, Henry	Lloyd, G. A.
Lander, Perry	Leonard, E. C.	Loomis, N. J.
LaTourette, Schuyler	Livengood L. C.	Loveland, H. M
Lawrence, Chas. B.		
Malster, A. O.	McCrone, C. Wesley	Meyer, Fred
Muse, Albert	Mead, Alfred, Sen,	Miller, Anton
Martin, J. S.	Mead, Charles	Moore, Morgan M.
Martin, Mrs. S. M.	Metcalf John	Merledge Wm. H.
Maxfield, John		
Nerr, I. E.	Noble, Wm. J.	Norris, Col. S.
Newkirk, Reuben		
Parris, John B.	Pence, Allen	Power, Mark
Parrish, M.	Petty, C. B.	Predmore, L.
Peat, Robert	Pound Ephraim	Pugh John
Peck, W. H.		
Quick, Simon		
Reynolds, Rev. Charles B.	Rocke, F.	Rowe, T. A.
Richmond, A. K.	Rockhill, Clement	Rutherford, J. A.
Riley, J. B.	Rogers, S. C.	Ryan, Hugh
Robertson, Peter S.		
Sabine, Mrs. Emma A.	Shomo, R. M.	Stansfield, Geo.
Schelling, J. U.	Sloan, H. E.	Steele, W. L.
Schoenhut, Geo. W.	Smith, Asa B	Sterling, C. S.
Schow, H. W.	Smith, F.	Stewart, M. F.
Scofield, D. B.	Smith, Mrs. Olive K.	Stratton, David
Scott, Ira	Smith, J. R.	Stuart, Granville
Seaver, Robert	Smith, J. T.	Stuart, John E.
Sheradin, Mary A.	Snyder, C. K.	Swaim, Jesse
Shisler, M.	Springfield, I. W.	
Tiffany, Albert	Towery Thomas J.	Truesdell, W. H.
Tinsley, James T.		
Vore, Mary A.		
Waggoner, Marshall O.	Watson, H. R.	Wilson, H. J.
Watts, Peter	West, John	Wineman, P.
Walkinshaw, Wm.	Weybright, J. C.	Wood, Enos
Wallace, O. M.	Wheeler, Geo.	Wood, J. W.
Wallace, W. W.	White, Otis	Woolen, J.
Ward, Leonard	Williams, H S.	Wright, Andrew
Wardwell, B. F.	Willis, H.	Wright, S. G., M.D.
Wardwell, John F.		
Zinsmeister, Jacob		

A Reception to D. M. Bennett.

A PROPOSITION THAT A DINNER BE GIVEN TO THE OLD PILGRIM AT THE WATKINS CONVENTION.

As Watkins Glen is the place where D. M. Bennett was first arrested, and where the persecution against him by the Comstock crew first commenced four years ago, I think it would be eminently proper that the Freethinkers of the United States tender him a dinner and reception from his long journey at that place, at some time during the session of the coming Freethinkers' Convention, to be held Aug. 23d. And, as a member of that association, I move that such a dinner and reception be given to Mr. Bennett on the evening of the third day of that convention, and that the following named persons be the committee to make the proper arrangements, viz.: Hon. Elizur Wright, James Parton, T. B. Wakeman, J. P. Mendum, Courtlandt Palmer, and Amy Post. And I ask all who second this motion to indicate through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, or both. H. L. GREEN.

A NEW auxiliary League has been organized at Galva, Henry county, Ill., Dr. James F. Todd, secretary. Mr. F. F. Follett has been there.

(*Continued from page 407.*)

Buddha are so good that they require no image to enable you to remember them, and if you keep the import of those teachings in your hearts, or in your minds, you will not require any images. It is better to exercise the memory more, and to have less images for the eye to rest upon. It is the same with regard to Jesus, and the endless images made of him are prompted by precisely the same spirit that has led to the images of Buddha, and all the gods of pagandom. There are no idolaters so ignorant as to think the image of stone, wood, or metal which they bow down to is really the Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Osiris, Jupiter, or any other god they may please to worship; but they regard the images as simply the epresentatives of those gods, which are themselves invisible. To my view, all the principal religions of the world, with the exception of Mohammedanism, are little better than idolatry, and I cannot see that there is any difference between a Christian having a picture of his god before him, and a worshiper of Siva, Kali, Christna, or Mumbo Jumbo, doing the same thing. It is all idolatry alike; the only difference is in degree.

While visiting at the temple or vihare, I was introduced to the chief priest of the temple, and said to be the greatest orator on the island, and a controversalist of the first order. He is the one who held a public debate with Christians a few years ago at Panadura, twenty miles from Colombo, which, was published by Messrs. Colby & Rich, under the title of "Christianity and Buddhism Face to Face." This orator acquitted himself well, and vanquished his opponents. His name is Mohottiwatte Gunamanaa. He does not speak English, and the conversatien between us had to be interpreted; but he received me very cordially. He said my "My Open Letter to Jesus Christ" had been translated for him, and he had read it with great interest, and he was now glad to see the person who wrote it. In a day or two he returned my visit, and called at my room, and we had another pleasant visit, and I availed myself of the opportunity to inquire about several matters relative to Buddhism, which I wished to know more of.

All Buddhistic priests wear a yellow robe of common cotton, colored in a dye made of the bark of the jackwood, a tree which grows abundantly on the island (the yellow is duller than that made by annatto and more like that produced by copperas). Their dress consists of three yards of muslin, also colored yellow; this goes around the body and held by a strap above the hips. The robe is about the size of an ordinary bed-sheet, and is worn much in the style of the Grecian and Roman toga—placed upon the shoulders, and brought around and thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. This is their entire dress. They either go barefooted or have sandals on the feet. Their heads are shaved, and I think also the eyebrows cut off. They live lives of celibacy, eat little animal food, and take no solid food after 12 o'clock M. Their time is passed in studying the teachings of Buddha or in copying the books containing his teachings and the voluminous commentaries upon them. Buddha did not allow his priests to be owners of property, but in modern times they have degenerated somewhat in this respect, and some of them now are rich. This custom is also said to have been introduced by the native kings who made large donations of lands to the priests for the benefit of education, etc. These gifts were undoubtedly made in much the same spirit as Christian kings and princes have given property to the church and the priesthood—to place themselves on a good standing with the clergy, and to benefit their condition, possibly, in a future life. Property and money, however, are corrupting influences in all religions, and a rich priest or bishop cannot be regarded as so pure and unworldly a man as one who "lays not up treasures on earth." It is probable that wealth has the same corrupting influence upon the priests of Buddhism as of any other religion, and it is to be regretted that they have so far departed from the strictness of Buddha's teachings as to become the owners of property and money.

I will here mention the ordinary style of dress worn by the people. It comes nearer to the European than any other nation's dress I have met with. The principal part of the men in the cities and towns wear the European coat, vest, shirt, hat, and shoes, but in place of pants they wear three yards of cloth held around the waist by a leather strap, and they wear neither drawers nor pants. This is all they retain of their original tribal costume. The ordinary dress of women is the same waist cloth, held by a strap or belt, and coming down to the feet, and a very short, open, loose jacket or spencer without sleeves, coming down to the waist, and seldom fastened in front. The dresses of the better classes and for extra occasions are much in the European style—long skirts, etc., with decorations of jewelry, and the like. The farmers and laboring people dress much as in India—a simple waist-cloth. It is the custom here for men to wear the hair long, and to do it up on the back of the head as women do in our country, nearly all wearing round combs to help hold the hair in place. Their long suits of profuse, jet-black, glossy hair would doubtless be the envy of many American women were they to see it. The eyes and hair of all these people are intensely black, the hair straight and glossy. I saw very few baldheaded people.

Five or six of my friends, on Washington's birthday, accompanied me out eight miles in the country, where a Buddhistic festival was being held. The ride was a very pleasant one, surrounded as we were by all kinds of the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. The festival building was constructed of tall bamboo poles, with a good deal of ornamentation, Buddhistic pictures, etc. In the center was an altar, or something of the kind, containing a figure of Buddha, and around it a company of people were sitting, chanting some of the sayings of Buddha, or a style of liturgy used in worship. It was not the time of day for the masses to be present, and no public speaking was being held. I was, however, introduced to some dozen of the priests, and was very kindly received by them. The principal one was a fine, large, genial, intellectual man, who, in his physique, the shape of his head, the plumpness of his face, and his round, good-natured look, generally reminded me of Col. Ingersoll, so much so, that it comes handy to me to call him "Bob" in preference to his real name—Amaramoli. We sat down, and through an interpreter had a good long conversation, upon the point of Buddhistic belief. The Buddhists do not usually sit down in the presence of the priests, but I am not quite enough of a Buddhist yet to be governed by all their rules, so I retained the sitting attitude. I will give you a part of our conversation as nearly as I can remember it, which will give you some hints as to what Buddhists believe. *P* represents the priest, and *B* myself.

B.—I wish to inquire of you relative to a few points of your belief.

P.—I will cheerfully answer all inquiries you wish to make if I am ahle to do so.

B.—Do Buddhists believe in any creator or personal deity?

P.—No, we have no god.

B.—Do you believe that matter eternally existed?

P.—Yes, it is impossible to either create matter or destroy it.

B.—Do you believe that the laws of nature are ever set aside, or, in other words, that miracles are ever performed?

P.—No; the laws of nature are never set aside; there is not a moment in which they cease to operate. There never was, and could not be, such an operation as a miracle, because to produce one the laws of nature would have to be subverted, which cannot be the case.

B.—That is much my belief. Do you believe that there is any efficacy in prayer?

P.—No; we have no being to pray to, and do not believe that there is any efficacy in prayer. What a person wants done he must do himself, and get some of his fellows to help him. That is the only kind of prayer that can avail.

B.—We will not quarrel on that question, for I think much the same way myself. Do you believe in a future life?

P.—Buddha taught a kind of immortality, that we never had a beginning, and hence we can never entirely end. But when we attain to Nirvana we lose our personal existence and become absorbed in the great fountain or body of intelligent existence.

B.—I have great respect for much that Buddha taught, but I cannot understand what grounds he had upon which to base the doctrine of an eternal prior existence of the mind or intelligence. According to my belief the mind originates with the body; it is a product of our organization, and dates no farther back than the time when we were begotten. The material of which we are composed of course always existed, but our individuality, that which makes us persons, began only with our conception.

P.—Buddha spent a great deal of time and thought upon this subject, and he came to the firm conclusion that the doctrine of metempsychosis is true, the same as did Pythagoras, the great Grecian philosopher, who was contemporaneous with Buddha. He said he could remember some of his previous existences, and that once he was a cock, and at another time a king. You cannot think such a man as Pythagoras would be guilty of falsehood.

B.—No; I entertain too high an opinion of Pythagoras to think he would utter what he believed an untruth, and I have a similar opinion of Buddha; but they lived in an age of the world when metempsychosis was almost the universal belief among the intelligent nations of the earth, and it is very natural that they should have fallen into the same kind of belief. No doubt they were perfectly honest in maintaining it. I can hardly see any grounds for believing it true. It is just as easy for nature to originate the mind as the body, and in my opinion the mind had not a preëxistence any more than the body. We see that a new-born infant has less mind than body, but that it has in an undeveloped state the apparatus or machinery for producing mind, and with the use of the eyes, ears, and the other organs and senses, the little intellect became expanded and enlarged to what man is capable of attaining. If our minds had a previous existence, why cannot we remember something about it, and why are we such absolute know-nothings when we are born?

P.—Our previous existences were like dreams, real and conscious, while being lived, but like a dream the memory of it passes away when the dream is over. Buddha taught that after Nirvana is attained the memory of all previous existences returned, so that the whole course of being could be reviewed if desired.

B.—Yes, but I can see no warrant or authority in nature for all this, and I cannot accept what Buddha taught any more than anybody else, unless there are real proofs to sustain it. Now, does not the fact that families, tribes, and nations bear a strong resemblance to each other in mental qualities as well as physical go to prove that we inherit the mental part of our being precisely as we do the physical? If it were not so, and the doctrine of previous births and existences is true, would we not see the greatest possible differences between the mental characteristics of numbers of the same family, tribe, and nation? Would there be one chance in a million for two brothers, or for father and son, to bear any mental resemblance to each other?

P.—Well, perhaps I cannot fully explain how it is, but we are told to believe in previous births, and without that previous existence there is no logical grounds to expect an existence hereafter.

B.—I admit that logic indicates that we cannot be immortal after this existence unless we were immortal before, for, as I have often said, whatever has a beginning must have an end—whatever has one end must have two. So if we have an existence after this it must be regarded as merely a continued existence and not immortal life. It may last ten thousand years, but at some time we must come to an end if we had a beginning. I admit that the only logical argument in favor of immortality is the doctrine of reincarnation, or your doctrine of previous existence.

But, admitting for a moment that the doctrine is true, where is the law that governs the matter that there shall always be a soul ready to step in every time a new person is begotton or born? There would seem that there sometimes must be derangements in the law of demand and supply. There would seem to be a liability of there being an over-supply of souls at one time for the bodies to be supplied, and at other times that there would not be enough to go around. For instance, scientists tell us that there was a time when this earth was unfit to be inhabited by organized beings—that there was a time when no plant or animal could live upon it. Now at the present time there are some 1,500,000,000 human beings upon the earth, and perhaps ten times as many animals of different kinds. Supposing for a moment that 500,000,000,000 years thus passed before any form of animal life was upon the earth needing a soul, what were all the souls doing through that inconceivable period? And does it not show a hitch in nature's arrangements that so many souls should have to remain unoccupied all that time? And again, suppose that within the next fifty years the men and animals should increase on the earth five hundred per cent, where could the souls be found to supply them all? Is there not an incongruity, a great probability of derangement in the principle of supply and demand, a great want of perfection in the system?

P.—Yes, but you must remember that this is not the only world in existence; there are perhaps millions of other worlds to draw from, and if there were a deficiency of souls for instance in this world for the births taking place, there would be a plenty in the other worlds to meet the demand.

B.—No matter how many worlds there are, the principle is the same. There is a possibility of the demand for souls for new animal births to be ten times as great at one period as at another, so if there are enough of souls to meet the greatest possible demand there must be an immense number to remain in idleness or inactivity for immense periods of time. Besides, there appears to be no authority that we get any part of our being, whether physical or mental, from any other world than this. By the laws of the universe the matter and the existences of individuals that belong to the earth cannot leave it or get away from the potent influences that hold it here. It is probably the same with all worlds; the laws of attraction and gravitation hold on each permanently every form and substance that belongs to it. There is nothing that warrants us to believe that any form of organized life that belongs to any world can throw off the forces which hold it to that world; they are a part of it and cannot dissever themselves from it. Does it not seem to you a more perfect system for each world to furnish all the necessities and material for the animals and beings which live upon it rather than that they should be dependent upon some other world for a part of their existence —their soul, for instance? And so long as we can find in our parentage the mode of our origin in nature, all the necessary resources to furnish what we have and what we are, is it not needless to look elsewhere?

P. (hesitatingly)—I do not know that I have any further arguments to advance. I have given you the substance of the teachings of Buddha upon this sub-

ject. I think you had better see the high priest in Colombo; he may be able to make the matter more clear to you than I can.

B.—Will you please give me Buddha's doctrine of Karma?

P.—I will refer you to the high priest on this subject also, for he can explain it better than I can.

B.—May I ask you, Do you believe in a state of future punishment—a hell?

P.—We accept the law that bad actions necessarily entail unhappiness, and that if this is not reached in this life it will be in a future life, though it is our belief that most of the punishment for bad conduct comes in future bad births. The better we do here the better will be our condition the next time we are born. When Nirvana is reached then repeated births are over; we have to be born no more. We then enter into a state of rest and peace with no further anxieties, do further desires.

B.—Do you believe in a center or head, devil who inflicts punishment for bad conduct performed here?

P.—No; nothing of the kind. We recognize the existence of bad spirits, of dark spirits, but we have no supreme devil.

B.—Let me ask a question about Nirvana. Is it a continued existence, or is it a cessation of existence? Does Buddha still exist as an individuality?

P.—There is a difference of opinion among Buddhists on this point. Northern Buddhists, those living in Thibet, Nepaul, etc., believe that Nirvana is a state of conscious but peaceful existence—a state of rest and peace but still retaining consciousness—while we of the south, in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, etc., believe that Nirvana is a state where personal consciousness ends and where there really is no individual existence. We understand Buddha's doctrines to be this; then since he reached Nirvana we believe he no longer exists. Existence and perfect rest are incompatible with each other.

B.—Do you as a people believe that the planets have an influence over the destiny and fortunes of individuals in this world? In other words, do you regard astrology as true?

P.—We do.

B.—Do you personally believe in Occultism? Do you believe that by a course of mental and physical training the mind becomes able to exercise control over the forces of nature, as, for instence, to be able to move small bodies of matter by will power, for two people at a distance to hold communication with each other, and to cause one form of matter to pass through other forms?

P.—I do.

B.—Have you witnessed anything of the kind yourself?

P.—I have, several times.

B.—Let me ask you a question about your priesthood. You profess to lead strictly celibate lives. The Catholic priesthood do the same, but we find that Christian priests have been known to step aside, yield to the allurements of nature, and thus break their vows; in fact, we have got to think the Christian clergy about as sensual as any other class among us. I want to ask if you Buddhistic priests sometimes act in this way. Are not the attractions of the opposite sex too much for you?

P. (smiling)—I cannot say but what priests among us have sometimes been guilty of such conduct as you allude to, but the cases are not common. If they do wrong in that direction they are expected to withdraw from the priesthood.

B.—Do not some of your priests hold property in their own name, and do they not show a fondness for acquiring worldly possessions? (I was informed that this same priest owns a good deal of property.)

P.—Yes, this custom has gradually crept in within the last few hundred years, though it is not strictly in accordance with Buddha's requirements. Perhaps a wrong has been done in this direction.

B.—I thank you for your kindness in answering my questions. I thank you for the genial manner in which you have received me. My interview with you has been very pleasant. I thank you for it. I find we agree on a good many points.

P.—You are very welcome for whatever I have been able to tell you. I feel honored by your visit to me, and thank you for coming. I think were you to study the teachings of Buddha closely we would agree on more points still.

After looking at a couple of elephants which were in attendance at the festival, going through a series of performances, and after partaking of a lunch which had been prepared for us, we returned to the city.

A half day was spent in visiting by carriage several places of interest in the suburbs of the city. Mr. Wm. Fred. Wijeyesakera, secretary of the Theosophical Society, and Mr. J. R. De Silva accompanied me. We called at the hospital and medical college and museum, which is a well constructed establishment. The hospital is very roomy and cleanly, and capable of accommodating several hundred patients. The presiding physician is a native, and a man of fine parts and abilities. He has some thirty young men with him in the hospital learning practice, etc. The college is a suitable building for a medical school, a modern structure. The museum contains a good deal of interest to medical men, including representations of morbid conditions of various parts of the body, of abnormal formations, etc., with much of natural history, osteology, etc.

We also visited the insane asylum, the museum of antiquities of the island, and the cemetery, the front part of which is used for Europeans, and the rear part by Buddhists, who inter their dead, save the priests, who are cremated. The Buddhists leave their graves entirely plain, without tombstones or other decorations. In the cemetery I saw the gombogetree, from which that drastic drug is obtained. On our return we stopped at Mr. Wijeysakera's home, quaffed the juice of King Cocoanut, looked through his extensive grounds, and saw several kinds of palm, the breadfruit-tree, the jackfruit-tree, the nuxvomica-tree, pimento or allpspice shrub, nutmeg-tree, pineapples of different varieties. It is not the season for breadfruit to be ripe, but I have eaten some which were sliced and fried in cocoanut oil, much as potato chips are fried with us and called "Saratoga chips." The fruit is now about half grown. The fruit is said to be more like boiled potato than like bread. It is cooked before eaten. This tree grows erect, often to pretty large size, with a leaf a foot in length and divided into lobes, rich and shiny in appearance. The jackfruit is as big as a large watermelon, and grows on a tree as tall as the elm—not at the ends of the limbs as with most fruit, but on a stout twig for the purpose on the trunk of the tree or the main branches. It is much eaten by the natives, and has a sweet taste, though the meat seems a little tough and coarse, like a pumpkin. Its enormous size makes it ample as a meal for several persons. The wood of the tree is yellow, somewhat like some varieties of mulberry, and is used for building-timber. The bananas are also largely depended upon here for food. I saw many of the large bunches of fruit on the trees covered with a kind of basket made of palm-leaves. Upon inquiring what that was for, I was told it was to prevent the effects of any evil eye which might be cast upon it. The more ignorant people seem to believe that some evilly disposed persons possess the power to destroy the growth of fruit by the power of the eye.

Let me mention the harbor works which the government have in course of construction at Colombo. A heavy wall of concrete stone, made in very heavy blocks, weighing nearly a ton, is being laid across from one point to another, a distance of two miles, inside of which will be a very secure harbor where ships and steamers can safely rest, no matter how furiously the storm may rage outside. The blocks are composed of sand, broken stone, and Portland cement. The breaking of the stone and the mixing of the blocks is done by convicts. The blocks are lifted and placed by steam cranes. The work is heavy and expensive, but it will be of great utility to the town when completed.

Among the items I have picked up in Ceylon I learn that it is not very desirable for a man to have a family of danghters, for with every daughter he has to give with her in marriage quite a handsome dowry, when he is able to do so, as scarcely any young man thinks of marrying unless he gets a good dowry with the bride. When a father has several girls this is a very heavy tax to him.

Partial Corections of English Spellings.

APROVED BY THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

[This Comunication is spelt in acordance with the Corections.]

BY MRS. ELIZA B. BURNZ.

The English Philological Society has recomended for general use sum "Partial Corections of English Spellings;" thoze corections, with the reazons for them, being set forth it a pamflet publisht under the auspices of the society. In this action it has shown a sound common sense, without which the greatest atainments in lerning ar of littl practical value. It would be exceedingly gratifying to lern that the English Spelling Reform Association accepted theze corections and uzed them in printing its transactions and in carrying on its educational work. It would be also cauz for rejoicing if members of the American Philological Association, and the American Spelling Reform Association, recognizing the importance of concerted action with English reformers, wer also to recomend and uze theze "Partial Corections" in writing and printing. This coud be done without any loss of dignity by American spelling reformers, sinse the English "Partial Corections" and the American "Five Rules" harmonize. There is reazon to beleev that spelling reform would progress far more rapidly than it has yet done if a determined effort was unitedly made by its friends to put in use these partial corections, without further change, until they wer adopted by the press generally; perfect alfabets, new letters, and exact fonetic spelling being, for a time, relegated to the indefinite future, or to "spelling experimenters," publisht at the expense of their authors.

The "Partial Corections" comend themselvz to the press and public, becauz they ar in harmony with the English uzage of the Roman letters, and becauz the rezulting print is eazily red; each of which considerations may be considered as an essential toward efecting that partial change of spelling which must precede a complete reform of Fnglish orthografy. The chief value of the "Partial Corections" (which ar now recommended by Dr. Murray and his fellow filologists upon etymological or historic grounds) wil consist in their becoming precedents for analogus changes, made not for historic, but for purely fonetic reazons. At prezent, however, we may be satisfied to go no further than the "Partial Corections" prescribe, sinse quite a large per cent. of spelling is changed by the corections alone.

The progress of spelling reform has been greatly retarded by the wholesale changes proposed for immediate adoption by many of its frends. I hav felt deeply greevd at what, in my opinion, has been a great waste of the splendid oportunities ofered to its leaders. Four years ago, if the distinguisht filologists who heded the moovment had prepared articls spelt on the basis of the "Partial Corections" or the "Five Rules," they would hav been welcumd and readily printed by the *Independent* (N. Y.), *New England Journal of Education*, *Princeton Review*, and other first-class papers. I think they miht almost hav made historic spelling fashionable, and thus prepared the way for still further simplifications; but insted of a revized orthografy, which peopl generally would hav acknowledged to be, at least. "sensibl," a style of spelling was urged upon the Spelling Reform Association and the public which neither, and especially the latter, was redy to apreciate. The new print was un-English in apeerance and dificult to read; the script quite unsuited for business use or for corespondence with non-fonetic persons; while the compozitors of frendly papers wer so hevily taxt by new and cut letters that the publishers could not aford to giv the help to spelling reform which they really dezired to bestow. A number of papers, however, as the *Home Journal* and TRUTH SEEKER (N. Y.), *Tribune* (Chicago), the various shorthand periodicals, and many others, ar regularly printed with a simplified spelling of certain classes of words selected by their editors; and it is to be hoped that, when the book of "Partial Corrections" is more widely distributed and its teachings better understood, the latter will be accepted as a basis for concerted and uniform action by spelling reformers and frendly publishers.

Ho! for Watkins.

Less than ten years hav passed since the Freethought movement in this country began to take upon itself the form of organization. What strides the movement has made in the decade! Not so much in the matter of organization, perhaps, as in the wide diffusion of the spirit of investigation and individualization. It seems but a short time since the Liberals held at Wolcott, N. Y., their first great meeting. No one could hav foretold whether many or few would attend the proposed convention, or whether or no those who might be present would be in sympathy with the movement. But when the time came, to the great surprise and delight of the Liberals, they found their numbers in the Woloott Grove much larger and the people more enthusiastic than they had dared to hope for.

The next question that flashed upon the minds of the leaders of that project was, "Can we hav other meetings like this in different parts of the state, and in other states?" It was decided there that an effort should be made to get up such conventions in different parts of the country; and from that day to this New York has kept up its Freethought convention, while other states hav imitated her example to some extent; and, as a result, Freethought, like a tide, has flowed far and wide over the land.

Now, this matter of coming together in convention was no mere accident. The seed of Freethought had been sowed broadcast by the Liberal press for many years.

The *Boston Investigator* for half a century had been doing battle for mental freedom, and THE TRUTH SEEKER, though but recently in the field, was swinging its battle-ax with telling effect upon hoary-headed superstitions. The Wolcott Convention was the natural fruit of these labors. But while we delight to honor both of these grand papers, we cannot forget, and should not overlook, the service performed by our indefatigable colaborer, H. L. Green. It was he who agitated the matter regarding the convention several months previous to its session. And to him belongs the credit of keeping up that agitation every week in the newspapers, and by correspondence and lecturing until his efforts resulted in the success of that grand meeting. It was grand because we had never before had anything like it, and grand because so many similar conventions, in all parts of the country, hav followed in its wake.

H. L. Green worked hard, and without remuneration, for all he received was comparativly nothing for the service he rendered the cause. And although so poorly paid, he has, nevertheless, kept on in the same kind of work, and at the same price. Now it is because he has labored hard, in season and out of season, for Freethought, that I, for one, feel bound to honor and aid him as much as I can.

Brother Green is at present making every effort he can to insure success to our next convention, which will be held in August, and I most sincerely hope he may find the hearty co-operation and support of the Liberals of New York and other states, as he certainly deserves a more generous support than he has ever yet received. Liberal friends, let us lend him a hand—an open hand—and we shall find, when the Watkins convention is held, that our contributions hav been wisely bestowed.

Boston, Mass. W. S. BELL.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

WE hav received from Burnz & Co. a copy of the "Partial Corections of English Sspellings, approved by the English Philological Society." Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz advocates their adoption in an article which we take from the New York *Independent*. THE TRUTH SEEKER is recognized as one of the leading spelling reform papers.

Letters from Friends.

MODENA, June 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As I see you hav the first volume of your book, "A Truth Seeker Around the World," finished, and ready for your subscribers, please find inclosed $5, and send the book by return mail, also one dollar for your paper for three months to two new subscribers, which I made a raise of last week. Please forward their papers by first mail.

Yours truly, H. B. DORRANCE.

DAYTON, June 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 for the Round-the-World books. I hav followed the faithful old man as he journeyed on through the rotten Old World, meeting with all kinds of obstacles in his way, even some of his old New York opponents following him and trying to destroy what little pleasures he might enjoy on his journey. But I am glad to see that he is more than a match for them, and that he is receiving great attention from the higher and most educated of the different countries through which he passes.

Respectfully yours, J. B. RILEY.

DESIGNED FOR THE EYE OF MR. J. PETTY.

SEDALIA, MO., June 20, 1882.

J. PETTY, LA CROSSE, WIS.: I hav just finished a careful perusal of your communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 28th, headed "A Talk With the Workingmen," and as I am one of the class addressed, I am prompted to respond to so disinterested an effort in my behalf.

As you appear to possess quite a fund of acquired information, I shall infer that you are not a workingman, for you hav put the brand of "fool" on every workingman.

Friend Petty, do you really think that the five thousand workingmen who weekly read THE TRUTH SEEKER never hav a thought above the thought of fools?

Do you sincerely believe that the hundred thousand readers of the *Irish World* are driveling fools?

Did it never occur to you that possibly a few of the three hundred thousand workingmen of the Greenback organization might possibly possess a "Petty" amount of information on the subject of finance as practically applied in the administration of the government?

Did the thought ever present itself to your mind that the thousands of workingmen who read THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, *This World*, *Age*, *Iconoclast*, and *Liberal*, and who hav read Voltaire, Hume, Paine, Volney, Bennett, Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Underwood, Frances Wright, and Slenker, might also hav read the Old and New Testaments, and possibly committed to memory as much of their pages as brother Petty has kindly quoted for their instruction?

Did you ever realize that for every material comfort and luxury that you may enjoy you are indebted to the workingmen and workingwomen? The million palaces, with their beautiful surroundings, that deck the earth, the magnificent steamers that dot the surface of every sea, the priceless volumes that constitute the hoarded thought of past ages, the printing-press, the sewing machine, the telegraph, and the photograph, are each and all the product of the brain or brawn of the workingmen and workingwomen. Bro. Petty, I refer you to these results, and ask you, in all candor, were they conceived and brought forth by a mass of gaping fools?

Bro. Petty, if you might collect all the intelligence of civilized society in one aggregation, and could separate that which is practically useful to humanity from that which has little or no value to the race, I think I should be able to demonstrate, beyond a doubt, that all practical and useful intelligence is monopolized by the workingmen and workingwomen. Believing thus, I refuse to wear the collar you hav prepared for my neck.

I do not share in the opinion that ignorance is the mountain that stands between the workingmen and their rights. What is most needed, as I think, is ORGANIZATION—no amount of intelligence will effect any great object without proper organization. We hav formed our line of thought in isolation, and the consequence is there are no two who think alike; there is no cohesiv force, no right, no left, no center; no standard to rally around, no commander to direct our movements; we are simply a mob. Allow me to giv you a crude illustration of what little weight intelligence has when exercised individually, or independent of organization. D. M. Bennett and Patrick Ford are men of extensiv information; they claim to be reformers, and are accepted leaders in certain lines of thought; they are true friends of the oppressed. I wish to confer with these men in the interest of humanity. I request them to meet me at a certain place, and they promptly present themselvs, and I open the conference thus: "Brother Bennett, what do you consider the basic principle of reform?" Brother Bennett promptly answers, "Mental Liberty." Brother Ford remarked that Bennett's answer was suggested by that imp of hell, Infidelity. I turn to brother Ford, and ask, "Brother Ford, what do you consider the basic principle of reform?" Promptly came this answer, "Free Lands."

There sat Infidelity on one side of the room, self-possessed, self-reliant, cold, with no disposition to conciliate. On the other side of the room sat Christianity, sweating under the weight of the mantle of charity, with no disposition to extend even the hem of the mantle to the other side of the room. At this juncture, as with one voice, they inquired of me what I considered the basic principle of reform. I answered, "Love for justice and humanity." Brother Bennett started for the door on his side of the room, and Brother Ford started for the door on his side of the room, each exclaiming, as they strode away, "Too indefinit—too indefinit."

The conference was a failure, and why? For the reason that our education has been too individualistic, while it should hav been cosmopolitan. We must merge the individual into that of brotherhood—we must become welded together into one solid phalanx. Thus organized we might dictate the terms to our oppressors; we should be invincible. Unorganized, we are compelled to paddle our own canoe; organized, we may float in a magnificent steam palace. I hav taken the *Irish World* for three years and a-half, and I am not acquainted with its equal in ability, zeal, or honest purpose, as an exponent of the oppressed, yet I hav no sympathy with its religion, its God, its Christ, its Mary, or its saints. If Patrick Ford had not this one weakness, I should be as apt to fall down and worship him as any object I know of. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nearly three years, and value it highly; am pleased to notice that it givs space occasionally to the workingman's cause; I hope the space will increase, as the labor question is increasing in importance daily, and it is destined to be the question for the next decade.

Brother Petty, you hint that "A Talk With the Workingmen" might be your last appeal to them. To me this sounds strange from a man who has well-defined convictions of right and wrong. Hav the courage of your convictions. and repeat the assault so long as there appears a Shylock in the field. Let the banker, the land-grabber, the lawyer, the priest, the great and small gamblers, and the most contemptible dogs in the kennel—the political jobbers—know that a day of reckoning awaits them in the near future, when not only justice for the future, but restitution for the past, will be demanded.

Brother Petty, I will strike with you blow for blow against the whisky and tobacco fiends. Twelve hours per day labor upon a shoe-bench leaves me but little time to devote to the pen, but I feel anxious to bear my testimony against the evils that afflict humanity. Truly yours, A WORKINGMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Startling, terrible facts are portrayed in that able letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 27th. Reader, please peruse that article again, and then ask, Will not every truth seeker exclaim, What is the remedy?

Mr. Bennett speaks against the oppression of the laboring classes in every country through which he traveled; and in his honest, brave search for truth will welcome to his columns full discussions upon this subject. Now, I propose that those readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who hav a remedy for the evils spoken of in Mr. Pettey's letter, ventilate it in a short article in our glorious Freethought organ.

O dear TRUTH SEEKER friends, I beseech you to seriously consider this important subject. Do you know that our nation is doomed to destruction unless labor reform triumphs? Do you know that aristocracy has caused the downfall of every nation which has been destroyed? For this there is a philosophical and physiological reason. The brains and bodies of aristocrats become weakened for the want of proper useful exercise; the brains and bodies of the laborers by overwork. Thus both classes degenerate until a nation is ruined and many arts and sciences lost.

Now, the remedy is for all people to do their share of the world's work. How shall we bring this about? By industrial organization! We laborers must unite, own our own business, and cease working for aristocrats, hav our own currency, and cease using the Shylock banker's money. We will thus bless them as well as ourselvs, for they will be healthier and happier if they perform some useful labor. The workers of the world are now arising to the truth that labor is honorable. Oh! may it be freed, not by the sword, but by the pen! For a peaceful solution of this great question let us hope.

Yours for all truth, SADA BAILEY.

INGALLS, LINCOLN CO., KAN., June 15, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I read a great many papers of all kinds, and my judgment would be that those who would pronounce Liberalism dead or defunct, to say the least, are not keeping up with the times; to be short, they don't know what they are talking about. They may be able to talk very learnedly upon a variety of subjects, but their judgment in regards to Liberalism is not worth any more than that of some enthusiastic Christian of the Protestant type who thinks Catholicism is dead. If B. F. Underwood had said that Liberalism—the grandest ism of the age, the concentration and crystallization of all isms—was gradually warming into life, he would hav been far nearer right. Some Spiritualists, no doubt, would differ with me about its being the grandest ism of the age; but if they would take the second thought, they would see that one must first become very liberal before he will giv Spiritualism its due consideration.

Once I called myself a Christian, and said I believed all the Bible taught, but that was before I had learned to read much; having great anxiety to get my soul saved, of course I believed, for I had been told that that was the proper way; but my organization was such that reading was one of the greatest of pleasures, and gradually my mind has changed into what I call true Liberalism. I hav read a score of Bibles, and found gems of thought in all of them, also much that is crude, and the Christian Bible is no exception. Well may it be called the book of books, teaching as sublime morals as ever were taught, and at the same time teaching as damnable doctrins as the brain of man could conceive. And here is what Liberalism does for a man: It sets him free, it teaches him to discover between husk and chaff, to accept of a truth wherever he finds it, whether in the Bible or THE TRUTH SEEKER, to think and believe as reason teaches him, to freely speak his honest thoughts, and to grant unto others all the rights and privileges he claims for himself. Here is only one thing out of a thousand that one has got to believe in order to believe the Bible. Let any one read the various accounts of the numbering of the children of Israel. He will readily see that about ten million of people went into a country one-sixth or one-seventh the size of Kansas. This would make a very dense population; and we are told in Deut. vii, 1, that there were seven nations more mighty than they already there. Then there were in this little country about thirty little nations. The Philistines was one of the little nations; and we read in 1 Sam. xiii, 5, that they went to fight Israel, and they had thirty thousand chariots, and footmen like the sand on the seashore in multitude, besides a body of horsemen; and this is only a little nation. We read of little fights where one, two, three, four, and even five hundred thousand were slain on a side; and after one of the little nations had fought and lost hundreds of thousands one day, they were ready to fight and lose as many the next day, and the third day kill a few hundred thousand of their enemy; but this was in the days when wonders were heaped upon wonders. Liberals generally look upon such stories in the Bible as idle tales. But when they read "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," they are willing to acknowledge that it is good, it springs from a noble heart; all Liberals should love it, they should think of it every day, and try to make every action of their life correspond to it. It was taught by the greatest sages of earth. But what man can read David's prayer for his ememies—"Set thou a wicked man over him; and let Satan be at his right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned; and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few; and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg; let them also seek their bread out of their desolate place. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the storms spoil his labor. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children."—and say it's good; it comes from a man after God's own heart? Surely, he that can do it, is lost to all sense of honor.

I look upon thousands who believe these dogmas with pity instead of contempt. Thousands of Christian women are in as great a darkness as the women of Utah, and men, too. But Liberalism is gradually doing its noble work. Martin Luther lived to see Protestantism flash over Europe, the pope tremble on his throne, and lose all his vast dominions except Italy and Spain; but in a few years the church had regained it all, besides adding much. It was because she had the most perfect organization. Throughout the world the pope has 1,000 bishops, who wear the miter of the ruler. These bishops hav 250,060 priests to help them pull the wool over the eyes, and the stamps out of the pockets, of 225,000,000 of ignorant dupes. Then there are thousands of other organizations to combat. But Liberalism is the ism for the emergency. She's not dead, nor in her last throes. Sensible Liberals know before the accomplishment of a revolution of this kind that the people must hav time to adapt themselvs to the new order of things. All truths hav been very slow in gaining ground, and the very last thing one will part with is gods, devils, and ghosts. Liberalism says deeds, not creeds; humanity, and not Christianity; salvation for all denominations; justice instead of faith, saltpeter, and brimstone; love to mankind, not to God and ghosts. Liberalism teaches justice to all, favors to none. This is simply grand. This is not a Christian nation. Christ had nothing to do with making it, and it seems to me that Christians would be ashamed to claim a descendant from the assassin and polygamist, David, on one side, and the prostitute of Uriah on the other, as the son of God.

A. BUTTERFIELD.

LIBERAL, MO., June 13, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1.50, and employ as follows: $1 to my credit for THE TRUTH SEEKER, 25 cents for a "Liberal Hymn Book," and 25 cents for our old hero, Jeremiah Hacker. I wish I could do more for him and you both, but it is not in my power to do so at present; but I look for better times in the near future. My subscription expired

June 1st, and I hav felt bad ever since for reading a paper not paid for; but it was my misfortune and not my fault.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will tell you something which is very strange to me. I am only a three-year-old Liberal, although fifty-six years of age. Since I became a Liberal, I hav had a desire to belong to the Liberal League, hence my move here; and what was my surprise in learning that there were none. One was organized last winter, I am told, but it is no more; whether it died a natural death, or by other means, I do not know. We claim we are living in the only town in the United States that has a Liberal foundation; but where is the Liberal foundation, if not in the National Liberal League? Some one says it would not benefit us any more. Are we so selfish that we can think only of ourselvs; hav we not a cause to fight for, or do we intend to confine our strength to the citadel already won, and leave the balance of the Liberals do the best they can against odds? Well, no; we ought to organize—giv the chance to our enemies to count noses, if nothing else; counting noses has won more than one battle, as our Liberal voters saw last spring at our school election. But I must close. Wishing our captain home soon in good health, I remain, Yours, JOSEPH A. HALLOTTE.

TOWN CREEK, ALA., June 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I here inclose you a small subscription for your valuable paper. Times are very close at present in these parts. When my time is up again, I think we will be in a better condition financially, and, possibly, religiously. If there be anything in the efficacy of prayer, I presume I will do well (or good). I understand that I am a special subject of prayer by my Christian friends in this part of the moral vinyard.

A certain minister told me that he had spent time enough upon his knees in prayer for the salvation of my soul to make bread to do his family for a year. Said I: "Parson, perhaps you did not exercise faith. Also, if there be a God, and he made me and put me here, he did so without consulting my feelings; and more, if he sees cause to damn me throughout all eternity, because I can't believe in certain religious dogmas, he will hav to go ahead; I can't see what he will make by it."

He said that was blasphemy. 'Tis a horrible thing with some people here to think of a man going off into Infidelity. They hav been in darkness so long, they can't bear the light. I imagin the light that has been shining through THE TRUTH SEEKER recently will be like bread cast upon the waters—taken up many days hence. My best wishes for your much esteemed paper. Yours, etc., W. J. BEENE.

BISHOP CREEK, COL., June 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received a letter from D. M. Bennett, saying he was here on this coast, the first news I had of his arrival, as I am so far from any telegraph communication. If the railroad through this valley was completed I would go out to some point on his ronte and see him and hear him lecture. I hav been reading the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and wonder how he found time to rest his brain enough to write so much in a hurry or under depression of spirits, as is often the case with travelers, but with the ease and elaborate description of one viewing a panorama passing before him in a quiet room. Only once or twice he speaks of a little discomfort, such as his getting nearly drowned in the Jordan, and of his ride of a hot day in an ox-cart to see some caves in Siam. But, to me, the most interesting portion of his observations is what he sees below the surface of external life—the various religions of the world and their effects upon different peoples and nations. It appears plainly that all these mythological ideas and forms of worship, with their priests and costly cathedrals, hav been like an incubus upon the minds of men, retarding their normal development in reason and true science, misleading man in regard to his true relations in the universe.

There seems to be more real knowledge in Occultism than in all the theisms ever taught; and if it were divested of its too severe asceticism, and had more of Spiritualism, more of the blending of the thought and life of the orient and occident, the world might become the wiser and better for it. There are many pearls of truth deeply hidden in occult lore, but few there be who find them.

L. HUTCHINSON.

P. S.—I think with many others that the present calendar should be changed to accord with the progress of the age, and I would suggest, if some one else has not already done so, that E.M.—era of man—should be adopted in place of A.D. I shall so date my letters henceforth. L. H.

PLAINWELL, MICH.

MR. EDITOR: Among the many agents at work for your valuable paper we find C. S. Rowley, a veteran in the cause of Freethought, a man of experience, and withal an earnest, energetic agent, who makes friends for THE TRUTH SEEKER wherever he goes. As a speaker, his fund of knowledge must place him among those who are able to instruct the masses and point the way to progress and reform.

His poems are in many points fine, breathing the sentiments of original thought and culture. Anxious to labor more ardently in the cause of human rights, he will be glad to make engagements to lecture before such societies as desire his service, and can be addressed at Lansing, Mich. Mr. Rowley has grown gray in the cause of liberty, but does not seem to weary of well doing, and is still anxious that his last days may find him a standard-bearer in the field of liberty, and his sun set after many a well fought day. Keep him at work, for he is sowing the seeds of truth, which will bear fruit in the years to come, and furnish food for the hungry. L. E. DRAKE.

PEORIA, ILL., June 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 48 cents for the postage on my Round-the-World books.

Very truly yours, SAMUEL WEBBER.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY FOR AMERICAN INDIANS.

PHENIX, OR., May 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The great success of the Theosophical Association in harmonizing the different castes in India is suggestiv of what might be done in America, where millions of dollars hav been spent to convert heathens abroad, and where vastly more has been spent to destroy our Indians at home, all of which under Col. Olcott's Theosophy, could hav been saved. He does not tell the Buddhists and Brahmans that their religion is all wrong, and affirm, like missionaries, that Christianity is all right, but appeals to their instincts and interests to judge for themselvs as to the natural right or wrong of both systems.

It is not because the Indians are savage or incapable of civilized habits that they hav so long refused to adopt them, but because of the blighting influence of whisky, avarice, and lust with which they are associated. They hav been too often treated more like brutes unfit to liv than like human beings with inalienable rights equal to the white man. But thanks to the law of progress and the spirit of the age for the following report of an Indian school in Washington Territory, published in the *New North West*, by Mrs. Euniway, editor:

"Here are collected about a hundred young Indians, ranging in years from five or six to twenty, and all as well fed, well clothed, healthy, and happy, and, for anything we can discover to the contrary, as intelligent-looking as an equal number of of young Anglo-Saxons of both sexes in any school in Oregon. And yet these children were taken but recently from the wild prairies, wilder woods, and wildest mountain gorges, and brought here in blankets and moccasins, with unkempt, uncut hair, and destitute of all civilized training. Already they hav learned to sing like nightingales and work like beavers. They learn their lessons promptly and with average readiness, and so seldom break a rule that severe disciplin is unknown and unnecessary. The boys are learning to make boots and shoes, build houses, make furniture, shoe horses, and cultivate the soil. They dig stumps, level grounds, raise vegetables, play ball, and run races; they read and study, sing and pray, and attend meetings and lectures. In short, they are learning white men's virtues without their vices by acquiring white men's industry without their idleness. The girls are learning to make men's and women's clothing, darn stockings, sew on buttons, wash, cook, churn, iron, wash dishes, set tables, entertain callers, keep their rooms in order and superintend households in detail, and, like the boys, are delving deeply into book lessons with equally gratifying success. They are also permitted to play at regular hours, the smaller ones taking as much comfort with their dolls as the petted young daughters of any white mother in the land."

Similar reports come from every Indian school in which they hav fair treatment. Surely this appeals to Spiritualists and to the Liberals of all parties to stand up more prominently for the rights of the Indian. It should not be forgotten that it is from that race that we hav derived our continent, our Indian corn, and two (Randolph and Jefferson) of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

If Liberals fail to recognize the Indian race as equal fellow-heirs to freedom in religion and to the enjoyment of a common country, they may depend upon it that the advocates of Sunday laws and of God in the Constitution never will. But they must help to disarm the Indians as proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, help to support standing armies, wars, and missionaries, and appropriate $250,000, as proposed by Senator Hoar, for the education of Indian children, all of which is a needless expense.

Only proclaim Col. Olcott's Theosophy as a practical truth, and the army may disband, and the so-called "savages" will hav ample resources of their own and soon become an element of strength and the glory of our country. JOHN BEESON.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $2.50—$1 to Jeremiah Hacker, $1 to Liberal Orphan Home, "Fruits of Philosophy," 25 cents; "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," 15 cents; and ten cents' worth of leaflets that tell how the inspired books jumped upon the table.

I hav no news to tell you this time except that my brother, S. M. Graam, an outspoken Infidel, has been elected superintendent of the Providentia school district Sunday-school. The Christians started a Sunday-school in that place, but it has now fallen into a kind of weekly sociable; nobody to pray.

I hope every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER will use the new date, 282. Farewell, W. H. H. GRAAM.

SALT LAKE, June 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find fifty cents in stamps, for which send TRUTH SEEKER to address given.

Please commence with the first of Mr. Bennett's letter on "Occultism."

P.S.—I am afraid the Liberals here are not united enough to giv Mr. Bennett the fitting reception which he deserves. The assumed leader of the Spiritualists and Liberals is reported as saying that he did not know D. M. Bennett, and did not wish to. But perhaps some other man may arise in time and supercede Mr. E. L. T. Harrison, and a fitting tribute of respect may yet be given the returning hero. Many would like to see and hear him, but drifting sands seldom meet from whence they started.

The apostate Mormon is the same individual still, and generally has the same conceit that his particular ideas of Liberalism are right, and is Liberal only so long as any one will think or act as he wishes. Hence Liberalism is very much divided in Utah. When Mr. Charles Bright was here last winter there was an attempt to form a Liberal society, but Mr. Harrison announced that he did not want Liberals of a certain stamp, and I think it has all fallen to pieces. Mr. Harrison is an apostate Mormon from Spiritual phenomena, and principally follows the lead of Col. Bundy in his Liberalism.

Yours, W. R. FRINK.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., June 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I would report that the State Liberal League of Illinois, Auxiliary No. 16, National Liberal League held its first annual convention in Schroeder's Opera House, in this city, on Saturday and Sunday, June 3d and 4th. Considering the inclemency of the weather, as it rained nearly all of the time during both days of the convention, I think I may report that we had a successful session.

The most unpleasant feature of the meeting was a lack of attendance on the part of the charter and older members of the State League. But I take it for granted that they hav their own excuses for not being on hand to take in the important work that we, as Liberals, hav before us. And I cannot help feeling that those who did not attend are greatly losers by their absence. Prof. W. F. Jamieson gave us three of the most stirring, able, and convincing addresses it has ever been my good fortune to listen to, besides several short, cutting, and conclusiv replies to some of our orthodox neighbors, who, being present, were disposed to denounce us and our movement as ungodly and blasphemous, rather than attempt to giv any sensible reason why our principles should not prevail in this and every other country. All of Prof. Jamieson's speeches were received with hearty applause. And I, as secretary of the State League, am under lasting obligations to Prof. Jamieson for the noble and generous manner in which he came to my rescue, in helping me out of he financial embarassment I was under for rent, printing, and other incidental expenses connected with getting up and running this convention. And I hope every member of the state of Illinois, and as many more as can, who hav a spare dollar, will send him a yearly subscription. F. F. FOLLET, Sec. S. L.

RECEIVING recently a note from a friend, asking information about Daniel Tuttle, of Poplar, Crawford county, Ohio, we forwarded the note to friend Garwood, who is conducting the Hacker relief fund, with the request that he would investigate, if he could, the facts and report, so that if Tuttle is a proper object of Liberal sympathy he might share with the venerable Hacker the hearts and purses of the charitably disposed in our ranks. He now writes us:

BALTIMORE, June 25, 1882.

FRIEND EUGENE: I hav got the information I told you I was in trail after, respecting old Mr. Tuttle, and, if possible, it is a worse case than that of Hacker. The postmaster of the place tells me about it in the following language:

"They are both very old, and almost helpless. They are depending entirely on the charity of the good people of the neighborhood and friends from abroad. They hav no way of earning a living. They are considered worthy of all the assistance they can get; without assistance they would be obliged to be taken to the county infirmary, which would be considered quite a disgrace to the old people."

He then tells me I can use his letter and name if I choose. Now, what are we going to do about it? I feel that something ought to be done to help them out. Our people move so slow. There are, though, some noble souls, who come right square up to the work; the fault is there is not enough of such. Elmina is trying to do something for the Tuttles through the *Iconoclast*, but as yet I don't know what her success is. She is away from home, and at a disadvantage in working. If the Liberals had their hospitals, and old men's and old women's homes, it would be a different case; but they hav not, and its a shame there is no better provision for just such cases as Hacker and Tuttle. And yet, if one hundred out of every thousand who profess to be Liberals would giv the small pittance of 25 cents per month, it would amply relieve several such cases as these two.

Yours respectfully, C. GARWOOD, Box 878.

We suggest that Mr. Garwood be made custodian of the Liberal Relief Fund for these people, unless it is preferred to remit directly to the parties interested, and let them report to Mr. Garwood, who will publish lists of donors once a month. If Liberalism has come to stay, and Liberals' love of humanity is not all pretension, it is time we organized some practical work for humanity. It is much better to feed the poor than to giv to God, who does not need it, and a barrel of flour is better than the blood of Christ to conjure by. When the aged Mr. Hacker, and the still older Mr. Tuttle, and their faithful wives, are laid to rest, it will be a consolation to know that their last days were made comfortable by the contributions of the true friends of humanity—noble-hearted Infidels.

Bob Ingersoll.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Who'd hav us sail upon a sea
Of doubt and Infidelity?
Who'd hav us scorn the "better part,"
And leave the soul without a chart?
Bob Ingersoll, the Radical,
The ranting, roaring Radical,
The God-denying, man-defying,
Hell-deserving Radical.

Who'd quench the holy flame of truth—
The joy of age, the hope of youth—
The flame that shines on every strand,
And lights us to the happy land?
Bob Ingersoll, the Radical,
The ranting, roaring Radical,
The God-denying, man-defying,
Hell-deserving Radical.

Who'd fill our hearts with human dross,
And hav us spurn the golden cross
On which the prince of glory died—
The cross of Christ the crucified?
Bob Ingersoll, the Radical,
The ranting, roaring Radical,
The God-denying, man-defying,
Hell-deserving Radical.

On that last day, when quakes the sod
Before the awful voice of God,
What sinner will in anguish cry,
"I'm doomed for all eternity?"
Bob Ingersoll, the Radical,
The ranting, roaring Radical,
The God-denying, man-defying,
Hell-deserving Radical. M.

Some Additional Remarks by the "Truth Seeker's" Private Bard.

Who'd hav us anchor in the mud
Of faith in things not understood?
Who'd hav us drop our common sense
And put our trust in providence?
Salvationists, damnationists,
Quick judgment and probationists,
The Bible-teaching, hell-fire screeching,
Gospel-preaching Methodists.

Who'd make us all believe a lie,
And that upon his throne on high
A tyrant god in judgment sits
To damn each sinner for his wits?
Salvationists, damnationists,
Quick judgment and probationists,
The Bible-teaching, hell-fire screeching,
Gospel-preaching Methodists.

Who, when they find they can't convert,
Betake themselves to throwing dirt;
And, when they see *that* does not hurt,
Do rip and rave and tear their shirt?
Salvationists, damnationists,
Quick judgment and probationists,
The Bible-teaching, hell-fire screeching,
Gospel-preaching Methodists.

Who love to think on worms and death,
When we've resigned our mortal breath?
Who'd plunge our souls in endless pain,
Which we can ne'er escape again?
Salvationists, damnationists,
Quick judgment and probationists,
The Bible-teaching, hell-fire screeching,
Gospel-preaching Methodists.

Who, when all dogmas of the past
Lie in one common grave at last,
Shall read on heaven's eternal scroll
The truths now taught by Ingersoll?
Salvationists, damnationists,
Quick judgment and probationists,
The Bible-teaching, hell-fire screeching,
Gospel-preaching Methodists. G. E. M.

An Interesting Letter from London.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

One of the benefits accruing to those who hav "found Christ," to use a cant phrase, has just been exemplified in the case of a young woman who committed suicide by drowning last week. She had lately joined one of the sects of the church known as the "Bible Christians," and according to the evidence of a witness at the inquest, those who had become members of this terrestrial branch of the kingdom of heaven could murder either themselvs or others or commit any other crimes, small or great, without forfeiting their through ticket to glory. This unfortunate woman was no sooner assured that her name was entered in the "lamb's book of life" than she expressed great anxiety to "see Jesus," and accordingly took the shortest cut she could find to attain so desirable an object. As she left a letter behind detailing her intention and reason for same, there is no getting over the fact that it was a clear case of religious monomania, and yet for all that we do not find the orthodox and *respectable* newspapers saying a word against the system that can bring about such a circumstance. But if it could hav been shown in any way that this victim of priestcraft had ever read a Freethought publication or heard a Freethought lecture, such a howl would hav been set up all over the country, and the pernicious effects of Infidelity would hav been displayed in the most vivid colors. If they could only get hold of one case of the sort, if but a very small one, how it would be magnified and altered to do duty in various ways. But, unfortunately for them, the Freethinkers are about the most respectable members of the community, the salt of the earth in fact, and a good, genuin case of criminality cannot be discovered amongst them.

The May meetings in London hav brought up deputations from the elect of all parts, and the black-coated and white-tied brigade has mustered in force. The different casts of countenance hav been quite a study. Although there are many types of refinement amongst the faces, these are in a very small minority. Sensuality, greed, low cunning, and hypocrisy, together with stupidity, may be plainly perceived in the majority; the stupidity is most plainly seen in the faces of the sheep, the shepherds monopolizing the other qualities. The same old song has been sung at most of the gatherings. So much money received for the good work, so much more spent, so much due to the treasurer, and the deficiency must be made up or the Lord's vinyard will lack laborers. Accordingly the hat is passed round and comes back well filled; the givers are lending to the Lord and laying up treasures in heaven, so it is all right, and thus the game is kept up year by year. Some tradesmen find it a good advertisment to giv a large sum, as their names are printed and published with the amount of their donation. Others hav perpetrated a good big swindle, a bogus company or bank, or done a good thing in electric shares. Others make immense profits by grinding down those who work for them to the lowest point of remuneration. However dishonestly they gain their wealth, they fancy they make up for their rascality by doing something handsome for a missionary society. In the words of the Spanish proverb, they "steal a pig and giv the trotters in God's name," and hav thereby made their calling and election sure.

The Salvation Army was, of course, not going to be left out in the cold, so they had a series of holiness meetings at Exeter Hall and other places. It was stated that at one of these performances Booth made a powerful speech, with the usual finish, money was needed, and he so worked upon the emotions of his deluded followers that gold, notes, and checks were handed up to the platform aggregating nearly £4,000. When the supply slackened off and no more seemed to be forthcoming, he remarked, "The usual collection will now be made," and a further sum of over £500 was netted. For cool impudence and success, this man certainly stands in the front rank, consequently he is respected and envied by the other churches. They cannot sit still and see all the plunder going to an outsider, and as they are unable to stop it, hav resolved to try and get a share. The archbishop of York has given it out as his opinion that the army is doing a great work for the Lord, and that it ought to hav the countenance and assistance of the established church. The Quakers are also of the same opinion, and other dissenting bodies are looking upon it favorably, now they see what a good paying concern it is. The "general" will probably make use of them for his own purposes, but is scarcely the man to go halves with what he gets. I will not now further encroach on your space, but remain,

Fraternally yours, J. D.

London, June, 1882.

Stir Up the Enthusiasm.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

"Similar Cases," in your last paper, by Edward W. Chamberlain, was good. Stir up the enthusiasm. Mr. Bennett should be given a cordial reception at every point that he stops at on the route, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Amazing combinations hav been made to crush the veteran editor, and every effort of his enemies in this direction has acted like a kicking gun. What are the facts? When the whole country lay, so to speak, at the feet of the members of the Vice Society and its agent, trembling with fear, Mr. Bennett courageously said, I will defy them. I will sell the condemned book. I will break the back of the Inquisition. He sold the book; he sent it by mail openly and avowedly. He was arrested. To convict him the prejudices of a Christian jury were awakened by bringing in charges and insinuations which had nothing to do with the trial—allegations not contained in the indictment. After conviction and sentence, when two hundred thousand free Americans clamored for his pardon, and President Hayes was about to accede to the demands of justice, still new charges were trumped up to keep him in prison. Chickering Hall gave its answer to the question whether such outrageous meddling with a man's personal affairs would be tolerated by a free people when a question of national concern was involved in Mr. Bennett's return to his family and business.

Now the more that his enemies can show that Mr. Bennett is a "very bad man," the more conspicuous will it appear that the American people will not in the long run permit the least interference with the freedom of the press. If they are disposed to leave Mr. Bennett with nothing else to stand upon for his popularity but his championship of this one principle, then will the liberty-loving men and women of this continent gather about the old hero and giv him all praise for his courage and manliness in standing up against church and state for free thought, free speech, free printing, and free mails. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant took the same course in England, and the people gathered around them *and they won.* Our battle is not altogether ended, but we hav but to sustain Mr. Bennett to carry away the war-worn banner.

In justice to Mr. E. H. Heywood, Flora and Josie Tilton, and a very few others, it should be added that they, too, defied Comstock and his backers. Perhaps it should not be said that the whole country was paralyzed with terror. A few heroic souls stood firmly on the very top of the parapet and helped to fight the battle. But when Bennett fell in the encounter Mr. Heywood and a few others had recovered from the wounds they sustained as advanced skirmishers, and the attention of freemen fell upon Mr. Bennett as the standard-bearer in the fight. The evidence that the battle is not over is shown in the late suppression of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." The terrorized condition of the general book trade is exhibited in the immediate surrender of Osgood & Co. Heywood raises the standard of revolt by advertising and selling Walt Whitman's book. But when may we hear that the wealthy and "highly respectable" publishers bid defiance to the Vice Society by openly selling the condemned work?

To help awaken the whole American people to the dangers which confront them, let Bennett hav a triumphal march from the peaceful waters of the Pacific to the roaring surf of the Atlantic. He has been honored at every step of his progress in his trip around the world. Let his countrymen not be behind in their readiness to wash off the mud his enemies and the enemies of a free press hav heaped upon him. E. B. Foote, Sr., M.D.

New York, June 17, 1882.

The "Index" and Lucy Stone.

I hav just finished reading a report in the *Index* of the New England Woman Suffrage Convention held in Boston, May 29th. The article is from the pen of Charles Ellis, who begins by saying that "the meeting was called to order by Mrs. H. B. Blackwell (Lucy Stone)." Now, I was not aware that there was, or is, any Mrs. H. B. Blackwell. I am familiar with the name and life-long labors of Lucy Stone, but hav not been informed of the fact, if fact it be, that this heroic advocate of woman's rights has so far stultified herself as to assume a badge of servitude by changing a name, celebrated the country over, for that of the gentleman with whom she is matrimonially associated.

Is it possible that Mr. Ellis has purposely designated the lady in this manner that he may prevent the readers of the *Index* from learning the fact that Lucy Stone does not countenance, theoretically or practically, the prevailing custom of marriage, which makes woman the property of man? As the *National Ballot Box* so aptly puts it: "This changing of names is a part of the old slave code under which women hav lived. During slavery a negro was Cuffee Jones, Cuffee Smith, or Cuffee Brown, just as he changed masters. When a woman, by marriage, takes a master, or by remarriage, changes her master, she, in like turn, is expected to change her name." And a correspondent adds: "The custom of women writing themselvs down as Mrs. John Doe, or Mrs. Gov. Brown, or Mrs. Acting-Lieutenant Stebbins is enough to make a horse laugh."

It is time that this matter of badging women as serfs were done away with, and that she hav sufficient backbone to retain her own name and her own individuality, no matter who or what her husband may be.

We hav reason to be proud of Lucy Stone and Julia E. Smith, of Glastonbury, Conn.—the latter of whom, notwithstanding an age which might naturally be expected to bring conservatism—has also been consistent and brave enough to insist upon being Julia E. Smith, notwithstanding her recent union with Mr. Parker. In the *Woman's Herald of Industry* I find a letter, closing in this manner: "Mr. Parker is much interested in your bright readable paper, and joins me in wishing you success. Cordially yours, Julia E. Smith." And in a letter from Mrs. Stone in regard to a statement in the Chicago *Times* that she had had difficulty in retaining her name, she wrote me: "All that has been said by the newspapers about the refusal to register me as Lucy Stone has not a particle of foundation. I hav never had any trouble worth mentioning, about keeping my name. I assumed my right, and it has been respected"—by all except this *Index* reporter, who saw fit to violate that right; a violation which, it appears to me, justly calls for this rebuke from Yours truly, Mrs. H. S. Lake.

Patch Grove, Wis., June 16, 1882.

Obituary.

Charles W. Frankel, aged 71, passed suddenly to his eternal rest Sunday evening, May 28th, while some of his family were attending our League.

Mr. Frankel was born in Stockholm, Sweden, residing there and in Germany until 1852, when he came to this country. Instinctivly holding Liberal views in high esteem from early boyhood, he became more pronounced in his convictions as he developed mentally, firmly withholding from all religious sects throughout his life. Quite a controversalist, he enjoyed "cornering" his Christian friends or ministers in religious disputation. Ever indefatigable in his endeavors to place his family in a more comfortable sphere than he had experienced, he several times carried on quite extensiv furniture factories, was thrice reduced by fire, and twice by dishonest partners. His life was full of generous deeds, considerate acts, and domestic harmony, always endeavoring to assist oppressed humanity. An Abolitionist, Socialist, Atheist, those who so often prophesied his death-bed repentance are probably satisfied that a brave and benevolent Infidel can die without recanting. His children will cherish the memory of an affectionate father and an honest man. Prof. Baumgras, our vice-president, spoke at the family residence, previous to the remains being taken to LaPorte, Ind., for interment, where Henry Goodman, editor of the *Journal*, pronounced an impressiv oration over his grave.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the League Sunday, June 4th.

Whereas, For the first time since our organization, we are forcibly reminded of mankind's destiny, dissolution, in the passing away of C. W. Frankel, the honored parent of our esteemed members, Charles A., Wm. F., Theodore O., and Louise Frankel,

Resolved, That in the severing of those tender ties we offer the stricken family our most fervent sympathy and condolence, feeling that they cannot but grieve at the severity of this sudden separation from a devoted husband and father, whose memory they will ever cherish.

Resolved, That while in his demise we recognize the departure of a brave apostle of rationalism, the loss to the Liberal community of an intelligent student and thinker, society an honest, energetic citizen, his associates a faithful friend, instead of vain regrets we rather rejoice that he peacefully passed away in the firm conviction of the soundness of the principles in which he lived—the satisfaction of a well-spent life, having no terrors for the future, nor no regrets for the past.

Resolved, That the cause of radicalism has lost an earnest advocate in one who consistently educated a respected family to uphold, above everything, the lofty emblem of Freethought.

E. A. Stevens,
Sec. Chicago Liberal League.

To Liberals and Leagues.

The National Liberal League is organized for the purpose of securing universal mental liberty to ourselvs and our posterity. Its motto is "Justice for all; privilege for none." It is battling against tremendous odds. It finds everywhere opposed to it the compact and magnificently-disciplined army of the church.

Princely donations swell the coffers of this enemy of liberty. The hard hand of toil and the delicate one of wealth alike drop into her treasury the dollars and dimes by which to keep the machinery in motion to turn out a "race of slaves." At the instigation of this power our "Leaves of Grass" are cut down and cast out; our "Cupid's Yokes" are made to cripple the supple limbs of liberty; our Sabbath sunshine is darkened by the black coats of her executioners; and if one of the victims givs vent to his indignation in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," our statutes of blasphemy are invoked to save Almighty God from the vengeance of the people whose wrath his servants hav provoked.

Yet, notwithstanding all these things, you are not everywhere aroused. Our League treasury is not plethoric with the means to keep an army in the field. Our scouts are exposed to the vicissitudes of want and weather. We cannot salary our officers nor equip our army.

This ought not be. If we value what the revolution wrested from kingcraft, a free country; if we hate what the rebellion overthrew, slavery; if we love liberty and adore justice, let us at once, each and all, deposit our dollars and dimes in the treasury of the National League, and send in our names one hundred thousand strong to swell the ranks of freedom, and voice again, with added emphasis, the Demands of Liberalism at the next League Congress. I appeal to every League and every Liberal in the land. Mrs. H. S. Lake,
Ch. Fin. Com. N. L. L.

Patch Grove, Wis., June 13, 1882.

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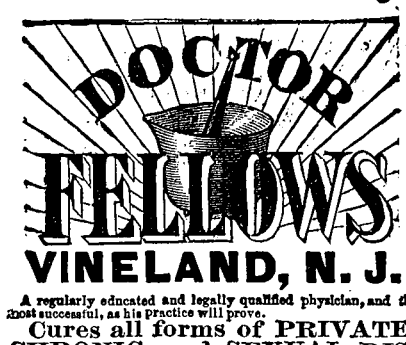
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Gems of Thought.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way.
—*Pope's Universal Prayer.*

A MAN'S thoughts must be going. Whilst he is awake the working of his mind is as constant as the beating of his pulse. He can no more stop the one than the other. Hence if our thoughts hav nothing to act upon they act upon themselvs. They acquire a corrosiv quality. They become in the last degree irksome and tormenting. Wherefore that sort of equitable engagement which takes up the thoughts sufficiently, yet so as to leave them capable of turning to anything more important, as occasions offer or require, it is a most invaluable blessing. And if the industrious be not sensible of the blessing, it is for no other reason than because they hav never experienced, or rather suffered, the want of it.—*Paley.*

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever round,
If they hav nothing else to grind, they must them-themselvs be ground. —*Longfellow.*

JACOB, who was a good hand at a bargain, makes his terms with Jehovah in a thoroughly business-like spirit. "If God will be with me," etc. (Gen. xxxviii, 20-22), the adoption of Jehovah as Jacob's God being thus entirely dependent on the performance by that deity of his share in the contract. Sometimes it is qualntly suggested that were the worshiper in the place of God he would not neglect the interests of his devotees. Thus the author of a hymn in the Rig Veda, addressing the "gods of the tempest" exclaims, "If you, sons of Prisni, were mortals, and your worshiper an immortal, then never should your praise be unwelcome, like a deer in pasture grass, nor should he go in the path of Yama." Another poet givs this hint, "Were I, Indra, like thee, the sole lord of wealth, the singer of my praises should be rich in cattle." —*Amberley's Analysis.*

WHEN Hercules turned the purifying river into King Augea's stables, I hav no doubt the confusion that resulted was considerable all around; but I think it was not Hercules's blame; it was some other's blame. The Reformation might bring what results it liked when it came, but the Reformation simply could not help coming. To all popes and pope's advocates, expostulating, lamenting, and accusing, the answer of the world is: Once for all, your popehood has become untrue. No matter how good it was, how good you say it is, we cannot believe it; the light of our whole mind, given us to walk by from heaven above, finds it henceforth a thing unbelievable. We will not believe it, we will not try to believe; we dare not! The thing is untrue; we were traitors against the giver of all truth; if we don't pretend to think it true away with it; let whatsoever likes come in place of it; with it we can hav no farther trade.—*Carlyle.*

HAPPY the man, who, studying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate!
And happy, too, is he who decks the bowers
Of sylvans, and adores the rural powers—
Whose mind unmoved, the bribes of courts can see,
Their gilded baits, and purple slavery—
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown. —*Dryden's Virgil.*

THE cure of grief and of other disorders of the mind is one and the same, in that they are all voluntary and founded on opinion; we take them on ourselvs because it seems right to do so. Philosophy undertakes to eradicate this error, as the rest of all our evils. Let us, therefore, surrender ourselvs to be instructed by it, and suffer ourselvs to be cured; for whilst these evils hav possession of us we not only cannot be happy, but we cannot be in our right mind. We must either deny that reason can effect anything, while, on the other hand, nothing can be done right without reason; or else, since philosophy depends on the deductions of reason, we must seek from her, if we would be good or happy, every help and assistance for living well and happy.—*Cicero.*

How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as in Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
—*Milton's Comas.*

THERE are souls so dull and passionless that they hav but a languid pleasure or a languid pain in any personal experience. And there are those who envy such their own disposition. But I prefer the alternating hills and valleys to these level prairies, wave they with whatsoever wealth of corn, bloom they with whatsoever flowers. I sicken of the sea's unruffled calm, and I am only myself when it begins to heap itself in whitened billows. There is but one sensibility to pleasure and to pain. And there are those who never felt a real pang of love or sympathy or sorrow, whose lives are less worth living, whatever they may think, than the lives of men and women who hav drunk the cup of sorrow to the lees, simply because these hav had the sensibility which makes a man responsiv to the touch of beauty or of love, simply because these know what it is to thrill from center to circumference, with an exalted passion of delight.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

NOT my will, thou unrelenting spirit of nature, but thine be done. Thou art a gentle, loving mother, but a severe, cruel, pitiless mistress. Thou givest life, and fillest the world with bliss unutterable, but just as freely dost thou shower upon us want, woe, misery, and pain; yet hav I that within me which outrides the wind and the storm, and surmounts every obstacle which thou placest in my path. My idols thou mayst shatter, if thou must; I will build for myself new shrines, where my soul shall find rest, and my heart meets its requirements. So long as life shall last, hope shall be my guiding star, and despair shall not dwell within me. I will be good and do good, and these two things always bring peace and quiet to the weary and way-worn!—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

WHEN is sugar not sugar? When it's ground. And whether it's ground or not it's sandy always.

"THERE'S no place like home." "Thank God!" said the man who boarded with his mother-in-law.

EVERY girl who expects to keep up with the times should wear clocks on her stockings. And then mark 'em, "Hands off."

THE 30th of June is a day of great event. Guiteau is to be hung and the Harvard-Yale boat-race is to come off. After that the country will be at peace.

MR FRELINGHUYSEN writes to Minister Lowell, "No canal yet exists across the isthmus." That's right, Mr. Frelinghuysen. Keep Lowell posted right up on the latest news.

"YES, I'v got a horrid cold," said Mrs. Jenkinson. "I'v dosed and dosed, and I don't get one bit better. 'Pon my word, I believe I'v taken no less than thirty-nine articles, and I begin to feel like an Episcopalian."

JUDGE TOURGEE says the live man is always to be found in front. In funeral processions down here in Texas we hav noticed that the remains were in front and the live men came straggling along behind.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Cleveland *Leader* tells of a little girl who, in describing to an acquaintance a few days since some of the principal features of her home, said, "When we get through with breakfast we hav prayers, but when we fiuish our dinner we hav dessert, and I like dessert best."

A BOSTON burglar worked for six solid hours on a safe in a newspaper office, and was rewarded by finding, not any actual cash, but the note of hand of a prominent politician for $7, which he owed for election tickets he had ordered printed. As the safe was ruined, the best way, or rather the safest way, would be to leave the safe wide open, or else hav a glass window in it, affording from the outside a view of the lack of contents. Something should be done to protect the hard-working burglar from the impositions of journalists.

A WESTERN POOL.

"Is it not beautiful, sweetheart!"

As Lillian McGuire spoke these words she looked into Rupert Hetherington's face with her starry eyes, and as the light of holy love shot forth from within their dusky depths he felt instinctivly that she was going to hold him up for some ice-cream. But, conquering the somber reflections that this ghastly thought called up, the young man placed his arm around Lillian's waist to prevent her red sash from being sunstruck, and waited in the tense agony of a horrible suspicion for her to speak again.

"Do you not think it lovely, darling?"

"What?" asked Rupert, with an ingenuous owl-club expression on the perfect features of his west-side face.

"Why, the morning, to be sure," replied the girl, a sunny, six-button smile playing lightly around her lips as if afraid it might fall in. "The twittering of the birds, those silver-throated harbingers of summer, is to be heard on every branch and bough. The air is laden with the delicate perfume of lilac and apple-blossoms, while the dew-kissed leaves of yon sturdy maple reflect a little of the crimson and gold of the rising sun. Spring has been a sad laggard, but now that she has come in all her glory of bud and blossom, what can be more beautiful?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Rupert. "You are far too fly for me, dearest, when such matters are to be discussed. But in the dreamy, sensuous days of autumn, when the tasselled corn hangs ripe in the sheaves, and the leaves hav felt the blighting touch of the frost king's icy breath, I am more liable to get there. Mine, as you know, is a sensitiv, Sedgwick-street nature, which shrinks from contact with a cold and cruel world. To me the spring has naught of joy. The low, mellow note of the new milch cow, chasing a butcher's wagon in which her offspring uneasily reclines, seems to me like the wail of a lost soul, and weird fancies crowd my brain as I hear at midnight the mournful hoot of the owl, flitting like some evil spirit amid the desolate precincts of the village churchyard."

"Is it your liver, darling?" murmured Lillian.

"I sometimes think so," was the reply. "Ever and anon the thought comes over me like a black demon of the night that I am off my feed. But it cannot, must not be. Yet in autumn all is changed. The soft mezzo tints of the pumpkin pie fall gratefully on my eye, and all nature, laughing in the fruitage of an abundant harvest, seems joyous and free from care. It is to tell you this that I hav come around so early this morning—to tell you that in the months that are to come, the scorching days of midsummer, when the sun, hanging like a ball of molten brass in the sky, will send down its rays in pitiless fury, you had better get another fellow—one who will love you dearly as I hav done, and whose memory you can ever cherish with gentle tenderness."

"But whom shall I get?" asked the girl in agonized tones.

"I hav thought of this, sweetheart," Rupert replied. "You can do no better than take George W. Simpson. He loves you dearly. I know it because he has often told me that he doesn't, and George cannot tell the truth."

"I will do as you say," said the girl, choking back a sob. "And now good-bye."

"So long," said Rupert, kissing her as he spoke.

The girl threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, and went into the house.

Rupert walked around the corner, where he met George Simpson.

"Did you fix it?" asked George.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Which do I get, winter or summer?"

"Summer."

"You are in luck, as usual, old boy. They tell me she can beat the record eating ice-cream."

"Yes," said Rupert, "but think of the oysters!"

"True," replied George, "I had forgotten the oysters."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hooykaas, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Vol. 9. No. 27. { PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. M. BENNETT. } New York, Saturday, July 8, 1882. { SCIENCE HALL, 141 8th St., NEAR BROADWAY. } $3 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THE burning of Garibaldi's body is likely to giv a boom to cremation, at least in Italy. For there may be many to whom this method of disposing of the human body has appeared to be a mere whim, with which they had nothing in common, who will now think of it seriously, out of respect for the memory of Garibaldi and a willingness to follow his example.

THE Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, says that a boy in his congregation has been struck dumb for telling lies. With this awful warning before him, he dares not stop preaching the truth about the flat earth standing still and the sun revolving round it. Jasper is a consistent Christian in his ignorance, and we hav often wondered why Talmage does not follow his lead.

BESIDES THE TRUTH SEEKER, the newspapers, magazines, and reviews which adopt the principle and use new spellings, more or fewer, in their regular issues, are the *Home Journal*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Utica *Herald*, the Princeton *Review*, the Toledo *Blade*, the *Library Journal*, the Oberlin *News*, and others. The number, including minor examples, is stated by a writer of the New York *Tribune* to be about two hundred.

BISHOP PAINE is ninety. In asking the Methodist Conference at Nashville to relieve him from further activ service, he declared that sixty-five years of ministry had not shaken his perfect belief in the truthfulness of the Christian doctrin of salvation. The bishop must hav an impenetrable skull, or much less than sixty-five years of familiarity with ministerial ignorance and pulpit hypocrisy would hav sufficed to convince him of the injustice of the salvation scheme.

THE colored minister who whipped his wife at Alexandria, Va., was fined $4 by a justice. He had no money, and was given a week in which to pay. On the intervening Sunday he preached from the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," drawing from it the conclusion that he had punished his wife properly. Then he asked the congregation to contribute the $4 for his fine, and they did it, though the plates had to be passed six times before the amount was realized. The pastor's appeals were a great deal like those of Mr. Kimball in debt raising.

THE Evangelical Ministers' Association of Boston voted that it was "the duty of the republic to educate her future citizens in morals," and to this end a committee was appointed to produce a text book. This task was found difficult, and the committee sought to turn it over to the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, but he declined to undertake it. The association has now formed a new committee, including a Universalist, a Swedenborgian, a Roman Catholic, and a Hebrew, and a series of books are in preparation.

ON a recent Sunday the bishop of Liverpool went to preach at the evening service in a large church in his diocese. The second lesson appointed for the day happened to be in the chapter in Timothy in which the duties of a bishop are defined, and in which he is directed to be "the husband of one wife." As the bishop happens to be the husband of a third wife, the obsequious incumbent thought that he might feel disconcerted, so, in the plenitude of his servility, he ordered the curate not to read the proper lesson, but to choose another.

THIS is the way a *Sun* correspondent talks about the Freethought orator: "Col. Ingersoll livs at Long Beach this summer. He has rented the cottage nearest the hotel. Any day his portly form may be seen riding indolently upon the billows beyond the region of surf and making a large defiant hummock on the line of the horizon. In the place that he has selected he can step upon sand that is as compact and smooth as velvet; the surf that tosses him in an interesting manner is white as milk, unmingled with clam shells or metropolitan wreckage, clean and beautiful; and, moreover, he can shower his person with fresh tepid water on emerging from the sea, and disrobe and array himself in a spacious and well-ventilated compartment supplied with a foot bath and a looking glass, and chock full of towels of a size adapted to his person. Whenever the band plays, Col. Ingersoll occupies a position where he can best listen to it. As well as good bathing he requires good music, and no better music than that at Long Beach floats seaward from any watering place. The robust sybarite from Illinois has established himself on terms of profound intimacy with the kapelmeister, who in turn regards him with deep admiration and respect."

STORIES of the murder of Christian children by Jews are generally treated as malicious inventions or revivals of Middle Age superstitions. But it seems to be believed at Pesth that a Christian girl was really killed last Easter in a Jewis synagog at Tisaezlai by some Jewish butchers. If the story told be at all true, the crime was the result of a plot; for butchers from a distance are said to hav come to take part in it. The popular belief is that the girl's blood was used in making a cake for some religious rite; and the excitement is so intense that 600 soldiers hav been sent there.

DURING the riots against the Jews at Balta, in Russian Poland, thirty or forty women sought refuge with their children in the garret of a house used as a synagog. While thus concealed, in breathless suspense, with the rioters in the street and on the lower floors of the house, a baby began to cry. At this some of the women, in a perfect frenzy of fear, beset the mother, tore the child from her arms, and endeavored to stifle it. Its mother fought wildly for it, and succeeded in recovering it, but it was already more dead than alive. Some of the cruelties inflicted upon the women during these riots almost surpass belief. The hospital at Odessa shows instances of fiendish ingenuity unfit for description, and paralleled only by the atrocities of the Apaches.

THE brutality exercised in convents finds another illustration in a story from Cracow, according to which a nun in a convent there has been inhumanly treated. She belonged to a good Silesian family, and gave all her property to the convent eighteen years ago. But for a faithful old servant who followed her into the convent in order to be near her, she would probably hav died under the treatment she received. Her brother could only obtain an interview with her by calling in the police. She had to be supported by two nuns, and appeared in a terribly emaciated condition. Having refused to accept a young confessor introduced into the convent some years ago, she was confined alone in a cell, and the sisters were forbidden to approach her. The story runs that she had worn the same gown for eighteen years, and had had no change of underclothing or shoes or stockings for seven years. Her cell had not been cleaned for a twelvemonth, and she was never allowed to leave it. The straw of her bed was rotten and full of vermin. The sisters with her contradicted her statement, but she persisted in imploring her brother to free her from her terrible position. The brother could only provide her with food and clothing. Until the affair has been decided in a court of justice the nun will hav to remain where she is.

A NEW style of begging has been invented by the Episcopalians. A pamphlet on the past history and present needs of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church has recently been circulated in large quantities among the practicing lawyers of this city. Inclosed in this pamphlet on a loose slip of paper is a printed notice which reads as follows: "As you are frequently called upon to draft wills for your clients, this pamphlet is sent to you to ask your attention to one of the most important eleemosynary institutions in our city. The corporate title is 'The General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States,' a corporation existing under the laws of the state of New York." The author of the essay appears by the title page to be the Rev. E. A. Hoffman, D.D., the dean of the seminary, and it is to be presumed that the slip which we hav copied is circulated by the authority of that institution. The notice is, says the *Sun*, substantially an invitation to lawyers to influence their clients in regard to the testamentary disposition of their property. It says, in substance, to the members of the bar: "You are often employed to draw wills for rich men; you thus come to know what property they hav, and what they propose to do with it. This knowledge is denied the world at large, and is imparted to you because of the confidential relation you occupy. Avail yourself of this position, and pour into the ears of the unsuspecting testator the manifold advantages which will accrue to his soul from a devise and bequest to the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church." As a matter of morals, of course, it is wholly improper for a lawyer to do any such thing. He is not the keeper of his client's conscience, nor should he undertake to be. When called upon to draft a will, he should ascertain what the testator desires to do, and then he should advise him what are the necessary lawful steps to accomplish that result; but it would be almost as disgraceful to comply with the spirit of the above invitation as it is for clergymen to surround the bed of a dying man and endeavor to extort from him gifts to the church which he would never hav made in the time of health and strength and perspicacity of intellect. No honorable lawyer will comply with a request of this character.

WE hope the correspondent of the *Boston Herald* is mistaken in the following. Col. Ingersoll makes such good use of his money that we should like to see him the possessor of millions: "There is nothing more interesting in Washington just now than the affairs of the Ivanhoe mine, and I may as well tell you about it. The Ivanhoe mine is Bob Ingersoll's mine. That is, Robert is the heaviest owner in it at present, and it begins to look as if he were the heaviest loser in it also. The principal movers were Ingersoll and a firm of lawyers, Halbert E. Payne & Grafton, and Senator Plumb, of Kansas. A Washington banking firm was also interested. The property is said to hav cost $60,000, and therefore the shares of stock cost the original holders and issuers thereof 30 cents apiece! The company was formed about a year and a half ago, and soon after it was formed the most astounding stories of the wealth of the mine began to circulate all over Washington. I forget how many millions of dollars' worth of ore were always in sight in the mine. None of it was ever taken out, but it was stated to be there, and a good many honest people got to believe that it was there. After a while the able originators of the mine began to let some of their friends into this good and beautiful thing at the rate of about $3 a share. There seemed to be quite a demand for it at this figure, and consequently the price was advanced to $5 a share, and then the demand for it increased. The company held a meeting and set apart a quantity of stock to be sold at $5 a share, to be used to develop the mine. The reports of fresh millions of ore heaving in sight as the explorers advanced rapidly underneath the surface continued to arrive in Washington, and some of the originators of the mine put faith in them. Mr. Ingersoll himself became convinced that the mine was such a bonanza that he thought it a great pity that the company's stock should go off at the low rate of $5 a share. So he went and put all the money he could rake and scrape into it, and his friends generally did the same. One gentleman I know, who had nothing but his faith in Ingersoll to guide him, invested $38,000 in the stock at $4 and $5 a share. Somehow, there seemed to be a good deal of stock floating about, and after a while it began to sink a little, and then it sank a good deal, and last week I heard of a fellow buying 1,000 shares at ten cents a share. Ingersoll has paid something over $50,000 for what he could now buy for about $2,000. He is able to bear the loss, because he can get $1,000 a night whenever he chooses to lecture in Chicago, New York, or Boston, but some of the other sufferers are not as well able to bear it; in fact, the Ivanhoe mine has blown a sort of simoom of poverty over Washington. There was a regular craze about the stock last year, and people who had not much ready money even mortgaged their houses to buy it at $5 a share. The secret of the little affair was, of course, that while Ingersoll and his friends were buying, Plumb, Grafton, and their friends were selling."

News of the Week.

The state of New York has appropriated $200,000 to the Emigration Commission.

The impeachment of Lowell, minister to England, has been moved in Congress.

A boy twelve years old recently died in this city from an ovor-indulgence in cigarets.

Things in Ireland continue in an unsatisfactory state. A caretaker was recently assassinated.

The Texas Greenbackers held what is reported to hav been a disorderly convention last week.

Several prize fights hav been fought in this vicinity lately without being interfered with by the police.

A train just out of Long Branch was derailed on the 29th ult., killing five passengers and injuring many others.

The Malley boys and Blanche Douglass, of New Haven, Conn., hav been acquitted of the murder of Jennie Cramer.

England has made arrangements for embarking 40,000 men for Egypt. There are indications of a rise in the latter country against English residents.

The Harvards beat Yale in the intercollegiate boat race on Friday, the 30th ult., and the Columbia freshmen beat the Harvard freshmen on the 1st inst.

Fresh attacks by Christians upon the Jews of Hungary are reported. Three rioters hav just been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for killing a Jew.

Miss Ella Cleveland, of Pawlet, Vt., believes that she has been raised from her sick bed by prayer. Mortality among fools has not rid the world of them all yet.

Henry Cole, a lawyer, of Cincinnati, O., recently shot and killed his wife and a daughter aged 19, and then immediately shot himself. The cause for the act is not known.

A cyclone in Coalville, Pa., destroyed much property and many lives on the 30th ult. The city of Lafayette, Ind., was flooded the same day. God moves in a mysterious way his mercies to display.

Herr Bebel, of Germany, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully of the Bundesrath, a public legislativ body. Germany is determined not to be behind in examples of slavery of speech.

The charge of "unholy walk before God" has been sustained against Deacon Richardson of the Hanson Place church, Brooklyn, the man who laid railroad track on Sunday. Thus one good brother after another goes astray.

The Star Route trials are said to be degenerating into a comedy. It is reported that the government took up the weakest case first, as a precedent, knowing it would be defeated. It is probable that the thieves will all escape.

The prohibition amendment has passed the Legislature in Iowa, and hereafter no liquor can be legally sold in that state except as medicin. Many persons will object that this is not a free country when a man may not choose the beverage he shall drink.

Cordial relations having been established between the turf and the church by General Abe Buford and Revivalist Barnes, of Kentucky, the Brighton Beach Racing Association carry on the good work by donating a day's receipts to a neighboring church.

Parnell and his followers hav been expelled from the British House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote, who moved the expulsion of Mr. Bradlangh, and who is the enemy of Justice in whatever form it presents itself, was one of the instigators of this outrage.

Guiteau was "removed" on the 30th ult. The book whose teachings brought him to the gallows continues to be taught in public schools, and the delusion of inspiration, which made him a murderer, is still preached by sixty thousand clergymen in this country. An examination of the ctim's brain revealed no indications of insanity

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twelve Days in Ceylon.—Continued.

A LITTLE LECTURING.

I had not been very long in Colombo before my friends gave me a pressing invitation to address them. It was in vain that I told them I was not a professional lecturer, that I never addressed a public audience till past fifty-five years of age, that the consciousness of my inability as a speaker, and my excessive modesty, had allowed me to make but a few attempts since that time, and that I had not come abroad to deliver lectures, but to see what I could of the world. They would not accept these very reasonable arguments and excuses, but still insisted that I should address them. I said that they had been so very kind to me that it would be a piece of ingratitude on my part not to oblige them, even though my efforts were feeble, and my oratory of a low class. "I am in your hands," said I, "while I am here, and will do what you wish me to do as nearly as I can." The result is I delivered ten lectures in Ceylon—fully as many as I had ever delivered before; and from the flattering compliments paid me it would seem I gave very fair satisfaction. Perhaps they are not hard to please.

My first lecture I wrote out and delivered it at the Kotahena Dipaduttama Vihare of the orator priest Mohottiwatte Gunamande, near the temple already mentioned. My audience numbered fully three thousand, nearly all natives, so that it had to be interpreted as delivered, and this changed into Singalese, I speaking a sentence or two and then the translation made. Mr. Simon Silva, Seneviratna Muhandiram, interpreter to the Colombo municipal council, acted as interpreter on the occasion. The chief priest whose name I have given introduced me to the audience, and recounted some of my varied experiences at the hands of my Christian friends.

I am somewhat noted for my long-windedness (save when in the Jordan, etc.), and I gave them about all the lecture they wanted on one occasion, the delivery and the interpretation occupying two hours and a quarter. But the audience, among whom perhaps there were two or three hundred females, paid excellent attention, and extended to me a hearty vote of thanks. There were twenty or more priests in attendance, among them the high priests of the city, the chief priest and orator of the Vihare, also the priest Mohottiwatte with whom I held the conversation out in the country; he came in the eight miles to hear me. Several of them told me that my examination of the subject was the most exhaustive and thorough they have ever heard, and assured me they were highly pleased with it. I was at once asked if I was willing it should be copied and translated into Singalese, as they wished to print it in large numbers for the people over the island. Of course I had no objection to anything of that kind. I was only too glad to do what I could to aid them in any way. Two of the friends sat up the better part of a night to copy it, soon to be printed in their own language. I confess I felt somewhat flattered by the compliments given me, but that you may see how little they were deserved, I will send the lecture along with this and let you read it for yourselves. I am sure considerable of it will sound familiar to you, for you have heard me talk in the same way before.

But here it is:

LECTURE TO THE PEOPLE OF CEYLON.

FRIENDS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS OF THE SINGALESE RACE: I beg to assure you that it is with unusual pleasure that I visit your country of tropical delights and meet with so many kind and genial people as I find here. I have little desire to speak words of flattery to you, but let me say, though I have visited many lands and climes, I have nowhere found more friendly, kindly-disposed, and intelligent people than I have met with here. I am very glad to visit you at your homes and to become acquainted with you personally.

With your permission, I propose to address you to-night upon the subject of religion, and more particularly upon the Christian system, which is the prevailing religion in my own country, and which so many men and so much money are being employed to establish here in your lovely country. The subject of religion is an important one, and should interest every man and woman on the earth. It is of the first consequence that we have the right kind of religion, and are able to discard or avoid such kinds as abound in superstitions and falsehoods. The number of religions which men in the past and present ages have embraced reach thousands, and the number of gods which have been worshiped amount to millions. No man can truthfully claim that all these religions have been true; no man can claim that all these gods have had an actual existence, though the devotees of each religion and the worshipers of each god hav believed they had the most truth in their religion, and that their particular god was greater and more powerful than all the other gods.

It is my belief that all religions have possessed some truth, and that all have been burdened with some falsehood. Some have had more truth than others; some have abounded far more in falsehoods than others. We should make it our business to seek and embrace the truth and to detect and reject the error. There is no better employment than this.

In my remarks upon Christianity on this occasion I will divide my subject under three heads:

1. The origin of Christianity.
2. The truthfulness of Christianity.
3. Christianity compared with your own system of religion—Buddhism.

The subject is a wide one, and in the remarks I will have time to make I can embrace but a small portion of that which is to be said upon the subject, and my observations must necessarily be brief and imperfect. I ask you to attribute the limited arguments I may employ rather to a want of time than to a lack of proof or to a scarcity of truth.

Primarily, Christianity, so far as its god and its sacred book are concerned, is an outgrowth of Judaism.

Secondarily, Its dogmas, rites, and ceremonies are borrowed from paganism. There is an abundance of proof to establish these propositions.

Judaism and its offspring, Christianity, are based upon the Pentateuch, often called the five books of Moses, though there is not the slightest proof that Moses wrote a word of them, or that if he had written them they would have been any more divine or true in consequence. There are the best grounds, however, for deciding that he did not write them, for they contain an account of his own death and burial and many other events which did not take place till many hundred years after his death. No man has yet lived who was able to write an account of what took place long after he ceased to live, so we are justified in deciding that Moses did not write the Pentateuch. Who did write it is not known, nor at what time it was written; but as the books refer to the kings which reigned in Judea, we may safely conclude that they was not written till a few centuries before the Christian era.

I need scarcely repeat the fable of the creation of the world, of all upon it, and of the temptation and fall of man. You are familiar with it all. I will simply ask a few questions with reference to the tale. Is the world but six thousand years old? Was the universe created from nothing or brought out of nonexistence? Is the earth older than the sun? Were there no human beings before Adam and Eve? Did a snake ever speak the human language? Did *knowledge* and *endless life* grow on trees? Did a rain ever fall upon the earth which reached to the tops of the highest mountains? Were specimens of every form of animal life great and small, ever gotten together in one place and shut up in a box or vessel and pitched and made air tight? If such a thing could have been done could those animals, requiring different climates, different temperatures, different food, have lived homogeneously in that box, with food or without, for a period of thirteen months? Did the creator of the universe ever select 5,000 square miles of the earth's surface as his own country, leaving all the rest to his adversary, or to get along as best it might, without his care and blessing, he being indifferent as to what befell it? Did an infinite and omnipotent God ever attempt to have a special country of his own and people of his own, and fail in his efforts?

If one of these inquiries can be truthfully answered in the negative, then are Judaism and Christianity untrue, for the foundation upon which they stand requires them all to be answered in the affirmative. If any of these affirmations are untrue, then is Judaism false, then is Christianity false.

I will say, to begin with, that we have not the slightest grounds for believing that one of the foregoing questions should be answered in the affirmative. Priests tell us that the story was written by inspiration, but they have no grounds for setting up that claim. The story itself does not say it was written by inspiration, neither does it say by whom it was written, nor in what age of the world it was written. This no man knows, but we have the right to examine its probable truth.

As to the age of the earth, we have every reason to believe that it is not only six thousand years old, but that it has been many millions of years in existence. The strata of rocks, one above the other, showing wide eras between, with the fossil remains of many forms of vegetable and animal life which existed at periods many thousands of years apart, prove the earth at least hundreds of thousands of years old, and that the foundation claim of Judaism and Christianity is false.

The existence of the coal strata spread over many countries, and which strata were the product of an immense vegetable growth produced when the atmosphere surrounding the earth was far more warm, more humid, and more charged with carbon than it has been for many ages, show the age of the earth to be far greater than the Jew-book claims.

The great glacial periods, of the existence of which there are the amplest proofs in thousands of places, where immense rocks were transported for many miles by vast and slowly-moving masses of ice, the latest period of which must have been nearly two hundred thousand years ago, give proof of the same kind.

As to the universe being created from nothing, I will only say that the bare proposition is the most absurd one that can be advanced. But it must either have been created from nothing or always have existed in some form. If the latter, then of course a creation was equally impossible and unnecessary. If it always existed, the forces which exist in it and impel it must also always have existed. When we take the fact into consideration that not an ounce nor a grain of matter can be created, increased, or destroyed, it is far more reasonable to believe that matter and force, or the universe are eternal, and always existed, than that any god ever brought them forth from nothing. The writer of Genesis, however, knew nothing of all this, and we must decide that the foundation of the two systems of religion under consideration is untenable. The flippant and slip-shod style of the creation is appreciated by the fact about the creation of the stars. Six days were required to make all. Five days were required for the earth and what was on it, but we are told that in one day the sun and moon and stars were created. When we remember that the sun is a million times larger than the earth, that there are are millions of other suns and stars larger than ours, and so far away that it requires millions of years for light, which travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, to reach us, the looseness and ignorance of the remark, "and he made the stars also," must be perceived. The person who wrote that had not the slightest conception of the immense number, magnitude, and distance of the starry orbs which fill the vault of heaven.

As to whether Adam and Eve were the first individuals of the human race, we have the most positive proof that they were not. There are many places in different parts of the earth where the bones of human beings have been discovered where they were imbedded under a slow deposit of soil or of stalagmite formations which could not have been less than fifty thousand years in accumulating. The human bones that have been found side by side with the bones of animals which have not been known upon the earth within the last five thousand years, or since the historic period, prove man to have existed scores of thousands of years ago. The human bones and remains that have been found in the low strata of the earth's crust prove that man existed on the earth more than a thousand centuries ago. The positive proofs of the stone age, before the historic era, when man in a very low stage of development and civilization, knew nothing of the metals, and only had implements of stone and the bones of animals, show that the human race was on the earth thousands of years before the time of Adam.

Relative to the earth being older than the sun, and vegetation perfecting itself before there was a sun, it can only be said that the very thought is grossly absurd. As the sun is a million times larger than the earth, as it is the central body round which the earth and the planets revolve, and from which they obtain their light and heat, it is worse than childishness to claim that the earth is the older. It is believed by most scientific men that the entire solar system was once one thin body of matter, and that in obedience to inherent and ever-active forces the portions forming the planets and asteroids were thrown off, when, in obedience to a law of nature, they assumed the spherical form and took up their journey around the sun which for a moment they have never since abandoned. The opinion of these men of scientific investigation is worth a thousand times more than the ridiculous and unsupported statement of some unknown ignoramus about there being light, heat, day and night, and full vegetation on the earth before there was any sun.

With regard to the silly story about a snake being able to speak the language of man, when he has no organs to utter such language; that a snake should be able to thwart and circumvent the plans and wishes of an infinite creator, is too absurd to merit serious consideration. To claim that trees and stones and hillocks once spoke with human language would be equally sensible and true. The snake family have ever crawled upon their bellies, as they do now. They have never eaten dirt for a living, and never were able to stand and walk upon the ends of their tails.

The idea that knowledge and eternal life ever grew on trees is childish in the extreme. You have many varieties of trees on this beautiful island, and it is a great place for fruit, but I ask you if you have ever seen trees of knowledge or any fruit of eternal life. No; you have seen nothing of the kind, nor has anybody else in any part of the earth.

The claim that the infinite God of the universe repented of his work, regretted what he had done in attempting to people the earth, and that in consequence of this he sent a million times more water upon the earth than ever existed for the sake of drowning the inhabitants, when it was in his power to extinguish their lives in a moment without all that trouble, is another of the foolish and untruthful claims upon which both systems of religion are based. An infinite, all-wise God could not be so fickle and weak. The rain necessary to cover the earth to the tops of the highest mountains does not exist; it never did exist; the atmosphere is incapable of sustaining a thousandth part of it, even if it did exist; and if that amount of water by any means should be thrown upon the surface of the earth it would be compelled to remain there, the same as the ocean now remains, for there would be no other place for it to go to. The atmosphere, I repeat, could sustain but a small fractional part of it.

As to the idle story about the ambitions, enterprises, and experiments of the Jew God in the Jew country, about his total failure and disgrace, I will not detain you with many remarks upon the subject, but will only submit it to your judgment whether such tales are not too insipid, too extravagant, and too foolish to be applied to a being of infinite power, wisdom, and love, and whether the whole story is not unworthy of belief.

In connection with this branch of the subject, let me add that Judaism had nothing new or original in it. Its doctrines, rites, and ceremonies were borrowed from the nations that had an older existence. Thus circumcision was earlier practiced by the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the Colchians, and other nations. The sacrifice of animals, to please the gods, was common to all the pagan nations centuries before there were any Jews in the world. A hereditary priesthood was common in Egypt, in Phœnicia, in Assyria, and other nations, before the Jewish nation had an existence. The form of their tabernacle and temple was from the Egyptian pattern. The monotheism, which has been loudly claimed for the Jews, was earlier taught in Persia by the great Zoroaster, before the time of Moses, Jabob, or even Abraham.

Prayer and prophecy were practiced by many nations long before the Jews. They simply borrowed those rites.

But I must not dwell longer on this branch of the subject. I think I have shown that the foundation of Judaism and Christianity is untrue, and not original, and that, therefore, the systems themselves are false in essence and reality. I must hasten on to the second branch of my subject.

Is Christianity truthful in its later claims?

It is a question not easy to decide, whether the reputed founder of the system ever had an existence. If he did exist, it becomes another serious question whether he was a demi-god, begotten directly by deity, without a natural father, upon the person of a human female, thus being half god and half man. But still, again, it is another question whether he set the laws of nature aside and performed miracles. It is also a most weighty question whether this story is original; whether the doctrines of his system are peculiar to it; whether his morals are better and purer than were taught by others before him, and whether his followers have led more angelic and better lives than the devotees of other religions. I shall not have time to do justice to this branch of the subject, but can only take a hurried glance.

Whether such a person as Jesus lived is, I repeat, a matter of doubt. There is not the slightest proof that there was such a person, save in the four stories attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But what makes this claim extremely lame is the fact that those stories were not written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and nobody knows by whom they were written. All that we do know, with certainty, about those stories is, that they had no known existence till 150 years after Jesus was dead and buried, if it is conceded that he lived. There is no proof that those four stories were used, read, known, or even heard of till the year 181, or thereabouts. The Christian fathers and apostles, previous to that time, had never heard of them. This is a most damaging fact to Christian claims, but nevertheless it is true. I will offer here to-night a thousand rupees to any one who will prove to the contrary, and that either of those four books was written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John; but it will not produce the proof. A thousand lacks of rupees ($5,000,000) could not produce it.

If they had been written by those four individuals, that would not make them true, because we have no more assurance they were truthful men than thousands of others who have written falsehoods; and judging from the way they often contradict each other, and give their stories in a totally different manner, they must be very unreliable witnesses. Such evidence, in a modern court of justice, would be insufficient to convict a culprit of chicken-stealing; and when the naked fact stands out that it was not Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John who wrote those extravagant narratives, and we find that a gross falsehood has been told us to start with, that we have been egregiously deceived in the identity of the witnesses, the whole thing appears as it is, a delusion, and the entire story is not worth a straw. If a falsehood, I ask, has been told us at the outset, what confidence can we have in any part of the tale? None whatever.

It is possible, however, that there might have been such a person as Jesus; the name is said to have been a common one in the land of the Jews, and it is quite possible that a person

by that name might have been a strolling lecturer, who was followed by a small band of admirers, and this man might have believed he had some claims to the throne of Judea, which belief he might have ventilated as he strolled about the country, and for these pretensions the Roman authorities, who ruled the country, may have deemed it prudent to put him to death to avoid any disturbance that might arise from his followers proclaiming him as the rightful ruler of the country. I say all that might have been possible, for similar occurrences have taken place in the world again and again; but there is no proof that any such thing took place. If, however, for a moment it be granted that the man Jesus did live, that falls very far short of proving that he was begotten by the supreme power of the universe, or that his second, or ideal partner, called the Holy Ghost, performed what is called the overshadowing feat, or that Jesus himself executed such miraculous feats as raising people from the dead, changing water into wine, casting out innumerable devils, multiplying bread and fishes to an unheard-of extent, of himself rising from the dead after being executed, and finally ascending up bodily into heaven through the intensely cold and intensely light air, where a person could not live for a minute.

The only foundation for the divine conception part of the story was a dream which it is asserted Joseph had, which is claimed to have been related by Matthew, though Matthew had no means of knowing what Joseph had dreamed, or whether he could dream out real facts or not. Dreams are poor things at best to build a religion upon. But we now learn that it was not Matthew at all who told the dream, but some unknown person, a hundred years later, who played the part of a forger or falsifier, and pretended to be Matthew, when he was not. The case of Luke is no better; he pretended to give a vision which Mary had, and which he had no means of knowing anything about, but he, also, now turns out not to be Luke at all, but rather some unknown false pretender and misrepresenter.

The other two gospel writers have not a word to say about the dream or the vision, or about the divine begetting and conception. They either never heard anything about it, did not believe anything about it, or were untruthful witnesses, and kept back a part, and are not worthy of credit. In all candor, it must be confessed that such evidence as this, to sustain an act totally impossible in itself, is entirely without value.

If there is the slightest truth in this story of the miraculous conception, it is very singular that neither Paul nor Peter, who had much more to do with establishing the system of Christianity than any other persons of their time, and whose epistles were written a hundred years before what are called the gospels were penned, have not a word to say about it; not a word about Jesus not having a natural father, the same as other men; not a word about his mother being a virgin. If there is truth in these claims these men should have known something about it, and should have said something about it. Also, if there is any truth in the wonderful miracles which it is claimed Jesus performed—of his raising the dead, of going up bodily into heaven—they should at least have a word upon the subject; but, strange to say, they have not a syllable.

In my honest opinion those events never occurred, nor were they thought of till after more than a century and a-half had passed, when the miraculous conception, the divine parentage, the miraculous performances, were deemed necessary to make the story go down well with the marvel-loving and superstitious people of the times.

It was perfectly easy, after the hero of the story had been in his grave for a hundred and fifty years, and when everybody was dead and forgotten who knew anything about the matter, to invent such marvelous additions, and add on these little extras; to have new stories written, new claims set up, a new set of statements to be believed, and a stronger religion established.

I do not say positively that this was the case, but it certainly looks as though it was, and it would have been perfectly easy to do so, and there was nobody to prevent it. This much is known, and cannot be contradicted. The gospels and epistles that were written in the first century say nothing of the miraculous conception, and nothing of the wonderful miracles Jesus performed; but in the subsequent centuries the best Christian authorities tell us there were hundreds of spurious gospels and epistles which were discarded as not being entitled to credit.

But there are no good reasons why the bishops and priests of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, when they met to decide what gospels and epistles should be admitted into the Christian canon, should have accepted the four gospels now in the canon, and rejected the many that are not in. Those accepted were not so old as some that were rejected, and they possess no more proofs of divinity than those rejected; in fact, at that time, and since, it was claimed that the rejected ones were the best. Some of them claimed to be written by inspiration, but even this shallow pretense was not made on the part of the four gospels in the canon. There is no claim in either of them that they were written by inspiration; and if any one can show me the slightest authority, of the least value, that they were penned by inspiration, or that any invisible being had anything to do with them, I wish they would do so.

The councils which took upon themselves the business of deciding which writings should be admitted into the New Testament, and which not, in the first place had no authority for a work of that kind; and, in the next place, they were the most unsuitable persons for undertaking a work of that kind that could well be imagined. More noisy, discordant, and contentious gatherings have scarcely been known in the world. Their quarrels and fightings were a disgrace to the human race. We have the best Christian proof of this. The Council of Nice, presided over by Constantine the Great, was extremely noisy, quarrelsome, and uproarious. Constantine was compelled to send a large share of them home, to burn their church memorials, and to threaten that if they continued to make so much disturbance, and be so unruly, he would not longer fight the Infidels for them.

Saint Gregory Nazianzen, in a letter to Procopius, said, "I flee from all assemblies of bishops, because I never saw a good and happy end of any council, but that they did rather increase than lessen the evil, and the love of contention and ambition always overcomes their reason." In declaring his decision to never again attend another council, and giving his reason therefor, this good Christian said, "Because nothing is to be heard there but geese and cranes, who fight without understanding one another." In describing one of these meetings, the Christian writer, Tindal says, "Indeed, the confusion and disorder were so great amongst them, especially in their synods, that it sometimes came to blows; as, for instance, Dioscorus, bishop of Alexandria, cuffed and kicked Flavianus, patriarch of Constantinople, with that fury that within three days after he died." This was the second synod of Ephesus. Pappius, a noted Christian authority, described how these men decided which books were inspired, "By placing all the books under the communion table, and upon the prayers of the council the inspired books jumped upon the table, while the false ones remained under." Another writer says the matter was decided by vote, and that Luke's gospel was admitted by a single vote. Pretty ways, indeed, to form a word of God!

It appears that it took several of these contentious councils to get the canon of the New Testament fully settled, and really it was never fully settled. One council set aside what a previous council had enacted, and so they went on quarreling like a lot of noisy politicians After the great Council of Laodicea, in 363, two other councils were held—one in 406, the other in 680. That of 406 rejected several books which had been declared inspired by the council of 363; and then, again, in 680, books were pronounced inspired which the council of 406 had condemned. And in this way the book which Christians fondly and blindly revere as the "Word of God" was made up, und this is the compilation they depend upon to prove their founder and their religion divine.

I will not enlarge in this direction, but briefly recapitulate. The foundation dogma of the Christian religion depends upon a dream which probably never was dreamed, because the person who tells the story is quite another person from the one he pretends to be. As the real Matthew had no means of knowing Joseph's dream, the pretended Matthew, a hundred years later, positively could know nothing of it. Such stories as these were chosen by contentious, noisy councils, wholly unable to tell which books were written by inspiration (if any were), and which not. I will leave it with you, and other sensible people, to decide what such proof as that is worth.

A word about the originality and divinity of the Christian doctrines. The begetting of sons by mythical gods was common more than a thousand years before Christianity. Ormuzd had a son named Mithra. Vishnu had nine sons, or avatars, and prominent among them were Rama and Christna. Osiris begat Horus; Saturn had many sons, Jove had not less than a dozen, some by celestial females and some by earthly virgins; the Scandinavian god Odin begat Thor and Balder, and the Druid god begat Hesus; and so hundreds of other gods were claimed to have begotten sons long before the Jew God engaged in the same business.

The myth of "virgin and child" existed in Egypt, Assyria, Persia, India, Phœnicia, and other countries one and two thousand years before Christianity existed.

The 25th day of December was long ago kept as a festival by several pagan nations, because on that day the son of God was held to be born, and this a score of centuries before the birth of Jesus.

The cross was used as a religious symbol in Thibet, Egypt, etc., more than a thousand years before Christianity.

A belief in good and bad spirits, in heaven and hell, was taught in India, in Persia, in Egypt, in Assyria, and elsewhere more than a thousands years before Christians adopted it.

A belief in a trinity was old in India, Egypt, and other countries before Christianity was born.

Baptism by water was practiced in India in the sacred Ganges, in Egypt in the equally sacred Nile, and in other countries hundreds of years before Christianity began.

Prayer, humility, repentance, self-denial, etc., were taught and practiced many hundred years before Jesus.

It is not claimed that any of these were *divine* doctrines when practiced by the pagan nations, and I wish to be informed how they became divine because Christians adopted them. But these being pagan doctrines, I wish it explained what doctrines Christians hold that are not pagan, and which are any more divine than those just named.

There were several so-called sons of gods which might have answered as models to pattern the story of Jesus after, but I will not take your time to name them, but will simply refer to one, first brought to the notice of the Christian world by that excellent Christian, Sir William Jones, who many years acted as an English judge in India, and made himself well acquainted with the religions of the land. This was Christna. He was held to have been begotten by Vishnu, who overshadowed the virgin Devackai; his life was sought by the wicked tyrant, Nanda, who to destroy him caused great numbers of little children to be slaughtered. The young god, however, was sent away by heaven to be saved. When he grew to maturity he commenced his mission to his countrymen. He lived a holy life, he chose a band of disciples who followed him; he taught excellent morals; he performed wonderful miracles, but his enemies pursued him, arrested him, and executed him on a tree by the side of the Ganges; and thereby the good of mankind was greatly promoted. I will not follow the parallel between them more fully, enough having been said to show that the similarity between Christna and Christ was wonderfully great, and it seems that one might have been a copy of the other. You of course know that the story of Christna is many hundred years older than that of Christ. If it can be shown that the copy is more divine than the original, I wish it to be done. The parallelisms between Jesus and other sons of gods and great teachers is very great, but I will not recount them.

Let me now take up the third division of my subject—a comparison between Buddhism and Christianity. There are many points in common between them, and many points of difference. I will glance at some of them—the points of similarity first:

1. Both are claimed to have a mission to their fellow-men.
2. Both are believed to have been very good persons.
3. Both led lives of humility and self-denial.
4. Both had a band of disciples.
5. Both taught a good code of morals.
6. Both were tempted and tried by evil influences.
7. Both founded a large system of religion and have great numbers of followers.
8. Both are dearly loved by their admirers.
9. The memory of both is commemorated by images.
10. Both omitted to write down their doctrines before leaving the world, and their followers wrote them afterward.

There are other points of similarity, but these are sufficient for the present. Let me briefly see how they compare in the points I have named. 1. As to which was the best person there is a difference of opinion; the followers of each believing their favorite to be the best and the greatest. But as I am not a follower of either I ought to be an independent judge or umpire. I will give my honest opinion. Buddha sacrificed the most for the sake of his convictions. He relinquished wealth, fortune, family, fame, a prospective crown, a dear wife and child, home, friends, ease, and comfort, all to follow what he conceived to be his duty. Jesus had few of these to relinquish, so his sacrices were not so great.

2. As to the excellence of the lives of the two persons I must decide in favor of Buddha. His period of preparation and teaching continued fifty years, during which time he did no wrong, gave way to no anger, no passion, while the mission of Jesus, at the outside, continued but three years, and some stoutly claim but one year. As a long period of good deeds must be better than a short one, as much as fifty is more than three or one Buddha was better than Jesus; besides, the latter gave way to anger and unreasonably cursed the fig-tree; he called his fellow-beings very hard names, like vipers, serpents, fools, children of hell, thieves, etc., and on another occasion angrily and roughly beat and drove the dove-sellers and money changers from the temple, who had long been in the habit of being there.

3. As to which was the most humble I must again decide in favor of Buddha. Being a prince, an expectant ruler, he gave it all up, everything he had in the world, and lived the most humble life it was possible for a person to lead. He never sought to rule on the throne, he never sought public display in any way. On the other hand, Jesus claimed to be entitled to reign. He talked about sitting on the throne and making kings of his disciples; he allowed his followers to proclaim him a prince, he mounted an ass and rode in pomp and splendor into Jerusalem, whilst all around him were shouting in favor of his being king. Buddha did nothing of this kind, and clearly possessed the greatest humility.

4. As to which has had the greatest number of disciples, the decision must again be in favor of Buddha. He began preaching more than six hundred years earlier than Jesus, and his doctrines spread more rapidly. It is estimated he has now 500,000,000 of followers, while Jesus has but little more than half that number. It is very safe to decide that Buddha has had more than double the followers of Jesus. If these numbers fix the degree of divinity Buddha is twice as divine as Jesus.

5. As to which taught the best code of morals there is again a great diversity of opinion, but as a disinterested judge I must declare for Buddha. While I perhaps cannot accept all his doctrines, I am compelled to admit that his morals were invariably of the purest order. I do not remember that in the course of his half century of teaching he required one thing that was wrong or foolish. He did not command his followers to hate their parents, their children, their wives, their brothers and sisters; he did not require them to cut off their right hands, to pluck out their eyes, to reward theft. He did not preach that idleness and indolence, taking no thought for the morrow—is better than industry, thrift, enterprise, making suitable efforts to provide for winter, for old age, or a visitation of sickness and want. He did not praise up the uses of the sword, and command his disciples to sell their garments and buy swords. He did not show a disposition to have those slain who would not that he should reign over them; he did not say those who could not believe must be damned; he did not curse cities that refused to receive him; he did not instruct his disciples to take other people's asses or other property; he did not threaten to deny and curse those who denied him; he did not claim that if persons believed upon him they could handle poisonous serpents and drink any deadly poison without harm; he did not promise his disciples that they should have whatever they asked for, believing; he did not choose a bad, wicked man for a disciple; he did not demand that his followers should be perfect; he did not insult or speak harshly to his own mother; he did not assure his followers that they should be able to remove mountains by a word; he gave no assurance that God as his father would give whatever asked for; he called no one a liar without being able to prove it; he did not show cowardice, nor falter in the discharge of his duty; he did not pluck corn belonging to others; he did not favor the binding hand and foot, and casting into outer darkness a man who had no wedding garment; he was not timid nor cowardly at the hour of death. According to the account Jesus did all these, and consequently candor requires the admission that Buddha taught the best morals and performed the most faultless deeds. It is true Jesus is credited with uttering excellent maxims and morals (with several exceptions). His Sermon on the Mount contains many moral beauties. But the great drawback with that sermon is the great doubt about its being delivered. Matthew is the only one who mentions a Sermon on the Mount, and he was not present when it was delivered, so that admitting that the first gospel was written by Matthew, a great question must exist about his being able to report a sermon which was delivered before he was called to be a disciple, and when he was far away. Confidence is further shaken in the correctness of that report, as the others say nothing about it. But still further, when we find that the reporter was not even Matthew, whom he pretended to be, but some unknown person more than a hundred and fifty years after, every particle of confidence has flown away. It is impossible to believe that the report can be truthful, or even that such a sermon was delivered. But as to Buddha's moral teachings there can be but one opinion—they were the best that have ever been uttered, and in this opinion the ablest men of our age agree.

Max Muller says, "The moral code preached by Buddha is one of the most perfect the world has ever seen."

Mr. P. Horder, at the head of the Public Institution Department in Burmah, says, "Buddhists are guided by precepts older and not less noble than those of Jesus."

Klaproth says, "Their scriptures tend to elevate the human race, and have changed savages into amiable men."

Rev. Spence Hardy says, "Their ethics can hardly be equaled."

Rev. M. A. Sherrington says, "Buddha was a philosopher, a calm disputant, employing no physical force, whilst his morality was the purest the world ever saw."

It would be pleasant to quote many of his excellent sayings, but you are familiar with them, and time will not permit.

6. As to which endured the most temptation, it is only necessary to remember that it is not claimed for Jesus that he passed but forty days in fasting and temptation, while Buddha's stage of the same description lasted for years. Not another word need be said.

7. As to the number of followers to be claimed for each, I have already shown that those of Buddha exceed those of Jesus two to one.

8. I will admit that they are equally loved by their followers.

9. They also stand equal on the truth point.

Now let us examine some of the points of difference between the two teachers, and between the conduct of these followers There are perhaps as many points of difference as of similarity, but I cannot notice all of them; a few must suffice:

1. Buddha strictly enjoined temperance. He said, "Man is naturally intoxicated, and ought not therefore to use intoxicating drinks." Among the strict rules laid down for the guidance of his followers was one to use no intoxicating liquors. Jesus said nothing of this kind, but on the other hand he encouraged drinkers by making wine for them when already pretty intoxicated.

2. Buddha enjoined great kindness to animals, and forbade the taking of animal life. There was never a man who showed such a tender sympathy and such great carefulness for the animal kindgdom. Jesus did nothing of the kind.

3. Buddha was a philosopher and to a great extent a scientist. He penetrated more deeply into the nature of all existences, of cause and effect, of conduct and consequences, than almost any other man with whom the world is acquainted. His system has justly been termed one of philosophy rather than

one of belief or religion. With Jesus the opposite is the case. He did not exhibit a philosophical mind. Scarcely an utterance of his showed philosophical thought. His leading characteristics were impulse, faith, and religion. His system is strictly one of religion, not of science or philosophy. I do not think he brought one scientific fact to light, or indicated a single scientific thought. Some of his advocates are now trying to reconcile his system with the teachings of science, but it is a task very hard of accomplishment. He gave not one scientific maxim; he taught not one scientific lesson; he knew few or no scientific truths; he knew not that the sun is the center of the solar system; he knew not that the earth is a sphere, and revolves round the sun; he knew nothing of the power of steam, of light, of magnetism, of electricity, of the science of chemistry, of geology, of astronomy, of mathematics; he knew nothing of the art of printing. A person at this age of the world with no more knowledge would be regarded as an ignorant person.

4. Buddha taught the existence of no being called the devil which Jesus and his followers so strongly believed in. He may have thought there are existences not good and pure, but he had in his system no head devil, always working in opposition to the good deity. Jesus did. He had a great deal to say about this devil, and much of his attention was devoted to casting out this devil or his minions from the human beings into whom he found entrance. Every case of insanity, of aberration of mind, was to him a devil. We now understand the error of this belief. Insanity is known to arise from other causes than the entrance of devils into human organizations. In this respect there was great difference between the doctrins of Buddha and Jesus.

5. Buddha recognized the great, ever-existing principles of nature, the eternality of matter and force, the unchangeable nature of cause and effect. He did not believe in the existence of a fickle, whimsical, personal God who superintends and operates all the events in the world. On the other hand, Jesus seemed not to comprehend the great laws of nature, but seemed to think a personal deity attended to everything that takes place even to the descent of rain and the falling of a sparrow.

6. Jesus laid great stress upon the importance of prayer to this personal God, and commanded that it be done with great frequency. Buddha not believing in such a personal God, could not believe in the efficacy of prayer to that which has no existence. His great confidence was in effort, in labor, and in strict physical and mental culture. In this direction he has excelled all other men who have lived. Jesus did not distinguish himself in that way.

7. Jesus believed in miracles and in supernaturalism. He thought his personal God often interfered, superseding the laws of nature, and did things wholly unnatural. Judaism and Christianity are wholly based on this doctrine of miracles. Indeed, if their claims and doctrines are true, a series of miracles have been performed for thousands of years; creation was a miracle, the government of the world is continued miracles; in fact, if a supernatural providence governs this world's events, millions of miracles have to be performed every day. Buddha was a naturalist, not a supernaturalist. With him eternal law and eternal causes were paramount to all else. He had no belief that events are the result of the whim of any being.

I need not pursue this subject any farther, but I must call your attention to the great and distinguishing difference between the actions and conduct of the followers of these two great teachers in the dissemination of their opinions among men, and toward those who do not accept their doctrines. Here exists the greatest difference of all. Buddha did not say "Whosoever believeth not shall be damned." He showed no disposition to damn anybody, whether they believed or not. Neither have his followers ever tried to crowd his doctrines upon the world by force or by oppression; and neither have they used cruelty or persecution toward those who have not accepted their views. I have never heard of a single instance where they have persecuted for opinion's sake. Buddhism is the only great religion in the world which has not resorted to persecution. Its record is clear and unsullied. Oh, happy would it be for the world, grateful would it have been to the millions who have suffered indescribable agony, could the same be truthfully said of Christianity! But oh, what a dark and bloody record is inscribed on the pages of history with respect to the conduct of that church. I cannot refer to a tithe of it. Beginning with its first great general, Constantine, who spread Christianity by shedding rivers of human blood, following down to Charlemagne, who visited the principal nations of Europe, compelling them to accept Christianity and its rites at the point of the sword and to save their lives, putting on one occasion one thousand persons to death because they would not be baptized, we come to the bloody and sickening wars of the Crusades, inaugurated by Christians for the purpose of driving a rival system of religion from what they called the Holy Land. These wars, which were continued for many many years, were called "holy wars," but, my friends, they were the most unholy wars and the most useless of any wars waged. In these cruel, cruel wars and in their consequence tens of millions of the lives of human beings were wasted, and rivers of human blood were made to saturate the earth. This is all true, too true! But, thanks to the doctrines of your great teacher and the practices of his followers, no such curse rests upon Brahmanism. It has built no inquisitions, it has had no subterranean religious dungeons which thousands of men and women have been thrust into at all hours of the night and day upon charges of which they were innocent and entirely ignorant. It has not burnt men and women at the stake for not holding the right sort of opinions; it has had no beheading-block; it has broken no bones; it has sundered no joints; it has pulled out no tongues; it has used no racks; it has not filled the human flesh with burning splinters of pitch; it has used no crushing iron boots; it has used no diabolical pincers, no pullies, no infernal machines of any kind to force people to accept their doctrines nor to punish them for disbelieving them. Christianity has done all of this hundreds and thousands of times over, until the mind grows sick and faint in the contemplation of such horrors.

I could tell you how the Christian church persecuted the Waldenses, drove them from their homes, dashed them from rocks, threw them from precipices, pulled out their tongues, hung them up in all conceivable attitudes and cruel positions, smothered them in caves, and put thousands upon thuosands to agonizing deaths of the most heartrending character. I could tell you how the church pursued the same bloody and cruel course toward the Albigenses, and how ten, twenty, fifty, and a hundred thousand innocent men and women were most cruelly murdered because they had the temerity to vary their religious belief in a very slight degree from the line the church prescribed. I could tell you of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in France, when sixty thousand people were put to death within three days in Paris alone by Christians, and where one hundred thousand were put to death over France. I could relate to you how the Christian butcher Alva roamed over the Netherlands and put fifty thousand persons to death in the name of the Christian religion. I could picture to you the bloody deeds of the Christian sovereign Charles of Spain, who carried the sword of Christianity and the persecuting implements to tens of thousands of homes. I could narrate to you how millions of hapless and wretched human beings were tortured and put to death in Europe in the interest of Christianity, charged with being witches and having devils! How these poor beings were torn from friends and home, kept for days without food and sleep until really insane when they were put to death in the name of the Christian religion! I could hold you for an hour detailing persecutions in the name of religion in Christian England, Scotland, and Ireland, Catholics torturing and killing Protestants, and Protestants torturing and killing Catholics wherever they had the power; and could give you almost an endless number of instances where the most revolting and terrible deeds were done in the interest of Christianity, but I have already detained you too long, and I cannot think you have any fondness for hearing of such bloody deeds. But all this and more, hundreds of times more, has been done in the name of Christianity, and still you and the world are asked to believe that it is a "religion of love." Oh, had there been far less of this kind of love in the world, better, far better, would it have been for its inhabitants!

But let us drop this subject. It is a most sickening and horrible picture. Let us for a moment look at something more pleasant.

But before leaving this field of murder and blood let me say that in taking a fair view of the record of what Buddhism and Christianity have done in the world, I cannot see that you have any good reason for giving up your religion and adopting Christianity in its place. You assuredly would by so doing have no better morals and no better record for good conduct. If the Christian nations have a superiority over the Asiatic nations in point of enterprise, progress, and civilization, it depends far more upon race and education than upon religion. Their religion is not better than yours. I have often thought what a blessing to the world it would have been when the nations of Europe embraced the Christian religion had they chosen the religion of Buddha instead. Could his doctrines of peace and love of humanity, of inoffensive lives and spotless conduct, have been honestly lived up to in place of the horrors of which I have mentioned a part, what an infinite blessing it would have been to the race. If western energy and enterprise could have been blended with your deep philosophy and pure morals of the East far better would it have been for us all. At all events, I cannot see that you have anything to gain by throwing away the teachings of Buddha and taking those of any other person instead.

I would like to tell you about what the Freethinkers of Europe and America are doing. I am proud that it is my privilege to work in co-operation with them. We are trying to do good to our fellow-beings. We are endeavoring to give our brothers and sisters the truths of nature and science. We are not only striving to tear down the castles of superstition and error, but we are toiling to erect temples of truth. We are trying to spread truth and knowledge everywhere; and I am glad to be able to assure you that truth and reason are gaining ground with us. The teachers of science and nature's laws are busily at work, and they find many studious and anxious pupils who desire to know more of themselves and of nature's laws and requirements.

The belief in supernaturalism, in gods and devils, is giving way. The more we know of nature the less we believe in gods and devils. We are fully determined to press on in the pathway of truth. We feel that you are our brothers, and that there is a strong bond of union between us. We feel great sympathy with the philosophy of Buddha and the principles you love. We may disagree a trifle on some points; we may not fully comprehend and accept the doctrines of "Karma" and "Nirvana," but in the main we can walk hand in hand, and we recognize you as comparative Freethinkers, while we are comparative Buddhists. You believe in the doctrine of love and progress; so do we. You believe in the brotherhood of man; so do we. You believe in the good results of good conduct, of a good moral life; so do we. You believe in the eternal principles and powers of nature; so do we. You believe in no fickle, cruel, torturing, personal God, who delights in afflicting his creatures; neither do we. Yes, I feel that we are much alike; that our cause is the same, and that our work should be in the same direction. Let us join hands and be firm and true friends. Let us co-operate to make this world better as much as we can, and to progress in the cause of truth. You, the followers of Buddha, in all Asia number about 500,000,000. The Freethinkers, and the scientists, and the Spiritualists, and the naturalists of Europe and America number not less than 10,000,000 more, and we are gaining. United, we equal the combined advocates of the two systems of supernatural religion, Christianity and Mohammedanism. We are nearly half the population of the globe, and let us hope we possess our full share of honest morality and intelligence. Let us strive to move forward. Let us learn more and do more and more good. Let us unite our efforts forever in this glorious search after truth, and the opposition to error.

And now, with your permission, I will say a parting word. There is one desire stongly impressed upon my mind. I wish to see the Buddhists of Asia take a forward step of reform in two or three particulars. I fear in the centuries that have passed some errors have crept into your religion, not authorized by your great teacher. I allude particularly to the use of images and the treatment of woman. I would rejoice to see all images done away with among you. They are of no benefit to you; you do not require them to make you remember Buddha's teachings. You have too much intelligence, you have too pure a religion to require them, and they are a reproach to you. I know that Christians have them in great numbers, but that is no excuse for you. Oh, revere and worship truth and not images! By taking this step you will place yourselves better before the world, and your religion will take a higher stand.

I much wish to say a word in behalf of woman, and want to urge you to emancipate her and elevate her. The wives, the mothers, the sisters, and the daughters of this world are an important half of this world's population. Nature is as much female as male; so is the world. The more intelligent the mothers are the more intelligent will be their offspring. Let me urge you to give your women more education, more equality, more happiness. They will be better companions for you and better mothers for your children. Send your girls to school as much as your boys. Educate both. Give your daughters as much liberty as your sons. Give your wives equality in social and other positions. Take them with you when you go abroad—when you go to meetings, to places of amusement, and to places of pleasure. Make them equal at home, equal abroad, equal everywhere. They will be none the less chaste and virtuous on account of it. You will love them more and they will love you more. I wish your priests would move in this matter. I wish when I return to my native land to be able to say to my friends that reforms are being inaugurated among our Buddhistic brothers; that the priest are leading in the matter, and that good will be sure to come out of it. Even before the close of the present year some steps should be taken in this direction.

My last word is, Return to the pure morals and the sound philosophy of your great teacher; discard whatever errors may have crept in among you, and you will truly be among the grandest people on earth. Co-operate with Col. Olcott and the Theosophical Society, whose march is in the right direction, and I am sure your lives will be spent in doing good, and that a rich reward will crown your efforts.

I thank you for your kind attention.

VISIT TO A PANSALA.

After the lecture the high priest invited me to pay him a visit the next day to his residence, which invitation I accepted and duly attended to, two or three friends accompanying me. The residence of priests is called a pansala, and in this commodious building several usually live together somewhat like monks. No priest is allowed to have a wife. If he is a married man and wishes to become a priest he has to dissolve the marriage relation and live no more with his wife. On the other hand, if a priest becomes tired of the austerities of the priesthood and wishes to follow the ordinary custom of the world, he is at liberty to do so, though I am told these cases are not numerous.

The pansala of the high priest of Colombo is a very pleasant home. The grounds comprise a few acres, and beside the residence is a college for the education of young priests, of whom, I think, he has some thirty with him steadily, besides others who go there to take lessons. To become a priest requires a great deal of study, particularly of the teachings of Buddha and the voluminous commentaries upon them. As these are all in the Pali language, which is no longer a living language, that aslo has to be thoroughly studied. It takes seven years, as the high priest informed me, for a young man to complete his studies and become fitted to act as priest. This property, if I remember correctly, was partly donated by some rich person or rajah for the purposes of a college, and the government have also aided the enterprise, but just to what extent I will not attempt to say. The buildings are good, and the place wears the air of comfort. The library building is light, spacious, and rich. The high priest kindly showed me through it. On the first floor are the European works, principally in English, which they deem it necessary to keep. I noticed among them cyclopedias, histories, dictionaries, etc. It looked familiar to see "Webster's Unabridged" lying upon the table. I was, however, more interested with the Buddhistic books on the second floor. The teachings of Buddha and the numerous commentaries upon them are all inscribed by hand upon the leaves of the Palmyra palm, much in style of the first copy of Buddha's teachings ever written. I had often heard of palm-leaf books, and of writing being done upon palm leaf, and I was particularly glad to see the books.

PALM-LEAF BOOKS.

The leaves of the palm are about thirty inches in length and two inches or two and a half in width; these are gathered from the tree at the proper time, and are made smooth by rubbing and rolling them—perhaps a process like sandpapering. They are made precisely of a length and width, so the edges may be gilded or colored as desired. A hole is made about one-fourth the distance from each end of the leaves, and through this cords pass—somewhat as in Venetian blinds—which hold the leaves in their places, and prevent their becoming disarranged. On the outside is what may be called the cover, which probably is made of wood or other suitable material, just the length and width of the leaves, and neatly painted, gilded, and decorated. The cords are wrapped around the cases or covers, so each book is always together and in place, and it is often kept in a neat box or outside case, when the book is of large size. The number of leaves or pages varies from five hundred to two thousand. These fit very compactly together; they are about as thick as heavy book paper, and far more durable. These palm leaves will last for hundreds of years with almost steady handling. Many Buddhistic books are in existence one and two thousand years old. Had they been paper they would have been entirely worn out.

The inscribing on these strips of palm leaf is done by hand with a stylus, which is an instrument with a dull steel point, like a needle with the point cut off, and with a metal handle ten inches in length, so it is very much heavier than a pen. The stylus makes an impression into the surface of the palm leaf, and, when the page is completed, a mixture of lampblack and oil (like black paint) is rubbed over the surface, and then wiped off with a cloth; this leaves the letters black, while the surface is as free from ink as before. In this way the letters are as black as our print, and as easily read. The copyist is an artist; he puts the same number of lines on a page, and the same number of words and letters in a line as in the book from which he copies; and when he is done his labor is a perfect transcript in every particular of the book from which he worked. The inscribing is done as rapidly as writing with which some pains is taken. I have seen copyists at work, and was surprised to see how rapidly and neatly they accomplished their labor. The lines run lengthwise with the leaf, which has lines sufficiently distinct to be followed without the necessity of ruling.

The lines are quite straight and a good distance apart. Thus these books are very neat, durable, and far more compact than I supposed. They occupy but little more space than large works do with us, but are of different shape. When put away in the book-cases they look as neat as any library, but of course quite different from ours.

I was shown some large books executed in Burmah, very rich and expensive, which were a present to the college by the king of Burmah; also the teachings of Buddha. The leaves are about twice the width of the palm leaf, and are of the bark of some tree, prepared most neatly, made perfectly smooth, and the edges and covers richly gilt, with precious stones set in the latter. The letters in these books were not made with a stylus, but look as though painted on with a small brush, and a black paint having much varnish in it, for the letters had considerable breadth and shone like a varnished surface. The work was executed with wonderful neatness and skill, and, as one volume had nearly a thousand leaves, must have taken a great amount of time to accomplish it. Thus, the teachings of Buddha and the commentaries are all copied by hand, and in the original Pali. His works are not printed and placed in the hands of the people, neither are they often copied in the Singalese language, but are kept in the original language, and in the hands of the priests, who have a monopoly of them. This I did not approve of, and I said to several of the friends that Buddha's moral teachings should be printed in cheap book form, and put within the reach of every individual in the country, so that at any and at all times, if they wished to read the sayings of their great teacher, they could do so, the same as Christians do by the sayings of their great teacher. I said if this was done, but few priests would be needed, and the expense of supporting five thousand priests in Ceylon alone would be saved. I said, also, that it was a puzzle to me what Buddhists want of so many priests; they have no god to pray to; they have no big devil to be saved from; they have no miracles to be performed, nor anything of the kind, and to me such numbers of priests seemed a useless superfluity. I said with Christians it is different; they have a god, who every day must be advised and directed as to how he ought to run this universe, and that nobody knew how to perform this kind of service so well as priests; and, again, they have to visit the sisters through the week, and see that they are duly supplied with the Holy Ghost, while on Sundays they have a sermon or two to get off to their flocks; so, upon the whole, they have considerable to attend to; but your priests here seem not to be needed. The most they do is to tell the people what Buddha taught; and if every person had a copy of Buddha's instructions the priests could be dispensed with, and the good time hastened on, when every man will become his own priest.

I did not quite say that to the high priest, for I was his guest, and it would be impolite to offend him in his own home; but I said it to several who I thought possessed the influence and ability to gradually inaugurate a change. The teachings of Buddha are very voluminous. Holding a volume of four hundred pages in my hand, I put the question to the high priest which I had asked before—"How many volumes the size of that would the teachings of Buddha make, aside from the commentaries upon them?" He studied over the matter a little while, replying that they would make fifty or sixty; and when I looked over the mass of volumes before me, I could hardly doubt it. So it can be seen at a glance how much more the teachings of Buddha amounted to than those of Jesus, whose sayings, though given four times over, comprised only some sixty pages. Buddha's metaphysical doctrines alone amount to a hundred times as much as all that is attributed to Jesus.

I sat down in the library, and, through an interpreter, the high priest and myself held a conversation of over half an hour; I asking him several questions, and he putting some to me. He wished to inquire some about Freethought, and what Freethinkers are doing. I was pleased to give him this information. He is a man of good intelligence and extensive learning, though, as with all the priests here, principally in their own particular line. It occurred to me that they ought to study something besides Buddha. Admitting that he was one of the greatest teachers, and his one of the propoundest minds that ever existed, there have been other great men who have uttered most valuable truths, and there is much other education in the world which they ought to understand. They ought to know more of modern or Western science and education. In its way, it is as valuable as the sayings of Buddha. But my visit to the high priest was a pleasant one, and I left him with the conviction that according to his light he is a very worthy man. His name is Hikkaduwe Sri Sumangala, principal of the Widyodaya College.

On the evening of the same day (Friday), by request, I addressed an audience at the hall of the society upon the subject of the education and elevation of woman. I had talked with some of the friends, and took the liberty to tell them that I thought they should make a reform in their treatment of the opposite sex. I had been in several houses, and I noticed that from custom, or exceeding modesty on the part of the women, I was never introduced to them, and they did not come in sight as the women do in our country. I saw that the women were kept too much in the background, and I freely expressed the opinion that they should inaugurate a change. Some of the good friends fell in with my suggestions and thought they had not been doing quite right in the matter, and wished me to speak to an audience of women and try to awaken in them an interest in education, lectures, public meetings, etc. Of course I was willing to do what I could. The audience was composed of both women and men, and the hall was well filled. It was interpreted as before and by the same person.

I endeavored to show them that the highest state of civilization and the happiest condition of society depended upon male and female being equal, and going forward hand in hand in every good work. I tried to show that woman fell short of performing her duty in life if she did not make an effort to cultivate her mind and to be interested in all questions which concerned the two sexes in common. I gave it as my opinion that girls should be educated as well as the boys, that they should be fitted for the responsible positions in life in which the mind has to work as well as the body; that the women of Ceylon would perform their duty better, they would be happier and their husbands would be happier if they, the women, would become interested in the same mental topics, the same subjects of reform, the same means to elevate the race that interested their husbands; be willing to attend instructive lectures, and to improve their minds in every way they could.

I cited to them what woman has accomplished in various ages of the world. I told them of Aspasia and the intellectual women of Greece. I talked to them of the grand matrons of Rome, and came down to our own times. I told them of what Mrs. Besant is doing in England, of the editorial work she performs, of the numerous books she has written, of the many lectures she delivers, of her almost unheard of prosecution of scientific studies. I told them of what many women in my own country were doing, of the many that were acting as public teachers and lecturers, of the eloquence many of them displayed, of the number of female authors, editors, writers in the various departments of literature, of the numbers who had fitted themselves as physicians and lawyers, and that it all went to prove that woman is capable in mental capacity of doing almost everything done by man; that when they resolved to make the effort they were pretty sure of accomplishing; that many of them were becoming as distinguished in the world as men, and that men did not love them the less for it, but the more. The more the mind is improved, whether male or female, the more lovable and the more estimable they become. I said it is all a mistake that men should be learned and women ignorant. Women have brains as well as men, and they should be be cultivated and improved as carefully.

The more intellectual women become the better companions they are, the better wives and mothers they make. The more intellectual the mother, the more intellectual the children will be. The mothers have much to do in forming the character of the people of the world, and they should be fitted for it in the best possible manner.

I brought the matter home to them and showed them that the world is moving forward, and they should feel anxious not to be left behind; that there is now more general intelligence diffused among the women of the world than in any previous age, and that the world would inevitably be improved by it. And while this reform was taking place in other parts of the world the women of Ceylon should also have a part in it. In closing I urged them to begin to move in this matter, to drop to some extent the old course they had always pursued, to insist upon going with their husbands to lectures and meetings, and to interest themselves in what interested their husbands and male friends. I tried to convince them if they never began they would never accomplish anything, and that they should not defer it longer.

The women present seemed to pay close attention to my remarks, and two or three came to speak to me after I had finished who looked as though they wished it was different with them; but I fear the change will be very slow. The people of the East are greatly the slaves of custom, and they seem illy calculated to show the enterprise and activity evinced in the West. I was introduced to Mrs. Andrew Perera, whose husband is the president of the society, and one of the most progressive men in Ceylon. I regretted she cannot speak English, for she sesms a very pleasant woman, and I wished to impress upon her mind the importance of some prominent woman moving in this manner. I said—and the interpreter put it into Singalese—that I hoped she would co-operate with her husband in the good work in which he is engaged, try to induce other women to join her, and above all be sure and attend the meetings of the society, especially when lectures were delivered. She gave me a promise that she would do so, but I fear it was rather faint. It seems like an immense struggle for her to throw off the customs of the past.

On Saturday, the 25th, fried De Silva accompanied me to Panadure, nearly twenty miles on the railway toward Galle. They had applied there for me to visit them and give a lecture, but upon arriving there I found that it had not been advertised, and that no audience was in attendance. I, however, had a good drink of cocoanut water, had a good visit with the priests in their pansala, looked at the temple and dagoba, looked at the very large bo-tree growing there (the same kind of sacred tree under which Buddha sat and under which he attained his Buddhahood), and rode by carriage out into the country where a rich native, a Mudaliar, is erecting a large dagoba a hundred feet tall and a hundred feet in diameter at the base. It is of about the same use as a pyramid, a showy and expensive place in which to deposit some relic, where the faithful can visit at stated periods and make their offerings. This, like most others, is round, conical in shape, with a cupola or altar on the top. The one visited costs much money, but the Mudaliar is wealthy and can afford it. We called at his residence hard by, but as he was ill we did not see him. Several large meetings have been held at the dagoba, where a large temporary structure for the purpose has been erected.

Of the temple in the village, Rankoth Vihare, a little should be said. It is noted for its wealth and architectural beauty. Its roomy monastery, commodious school-house, and well-furnished library and magnificent temple, with its fresco paintings of the *fatakas* and other ornamental works, and the images of Buddha in standing, sitting, and recumbent postures, are perhaps not excelled upon the island for symmetry of figure and chaste execution; and the stupendous dagoba, with its crown of gold-plated brass (which cost in London fifteen hundred rupees), prized both as a work of art and as enshrining great wealth in books (inscribed on gold and silver), relics of Buddha and many a *rahat* (saint) and other treasures held sacred by Buddhists, invite the attention of the sight-seer and the lover of art. The large bo-tree in part shades the temple.

The high priest in charge here is Weligame Siri Sumangala, said to be one of the most learned priests in Ceylon. I was invited into the pansala and had a conversation with one of the venerable priests on the subject of Buddhism. It was arranged at this interview that if I would visit their town again on the following Monday night they would have the notice duly circulated and an audience would be ready to hear me. With that understanding we returned to Colombo.

On the evening of the same day I spoke in the hall in Colombo to a very good audience of people who understand English, so it was not interpreted. Several Europeans were present, and many who are called "burghers," the descendants of the Dutch and other Europeans born in the country. I gave some account of my journey, especially in Palestine and Egypt, and made some strictures on the Christian religion. I am afraid I was not extremely complimentary toward that system of religion, for I noticed there were some tender-skinned Christians present who did not like my remarks well enough to stay and hear them out. But that a large portion of the audience appreciated what I had to say I had good reason to know. Some very complimentary observations were made by several of those present, and a warm vote of thanks given me.

On the next morning (Sunday) I took the train for Kandy, seventy-two miles east of Colombo, and the ancient native capital of the island. The friends there were expecting me, and I wished, of course, to see some of the interior of the country. For some thirty miles the country is level, the vegetation luxuriant, and much of the character before described, save that a large share of the low lands are rice fields, though the crop has been harvested. Rice is grown largely under water, and the fields, even if but little out of level, are terraced and dammed so that the water will stand alike over the entire level, and run from the higher beds to those next lower, and so on. I saw thousands of acres fixed in this way, and even where the ground is tolerably steep, so as to hold the water, and to have it run from one part to another. Many of the fields thus terraced look like large amphitheaters, with elevated seats or terraces around. The native name for rice is *paddy*, a name not hard to remember, for it has a familiar sound. Paddy is a most important crop in Ceylon, as the people use that far more than any other kind of food. Though immense quantities are grown here, considerable has to be imported in addition to feed the nearly three millions of people of the island. No wheat is grown upon the island; it lies too near the equator for that, the southern part being but six degrees from it.

I judge the soil of Ceylon is not extremely rich, but the weather is so warm, and the rain so frequent, that the climate is a forcing one, and the vegetation most luxuriant. After reaching the higher lands the class of vegetation gradually changes, other forest trees taking the place of the cocoanut. I also passed many coffee plantations and fields of cinchona. Some coffee fields, proving no longer fertile enough, have been abandoned and allowed to grow up in whatever wild growth pleases to come in. As the road begins to climb the high grounds the scenery becomes picturesque and grand. Our way wound around among

the hills, steadily ascending, going through several tunnels, passing on the sides of steep hills, where one can look away down, down on one side, and away up, up, up on the other to the top of some peak two thousand feet above you.

Kandy is nearly six thousand feet higher than Colombo, so you can readily understand we had to do some climbing. The higher peaks on the island are nine thousand feet above the sea, so after we got among the mountains it can be understood that we must have had grand views. I found, too, that the temperature moderated as we rose in the world, it being considerably cooler at Kandy than at Colombo.

Upon arriving at the station in Kandy, I found several friends in waiting with a carriage for me to ride in. I was taken to a hotel, where a suite of rooms were provided for me, and they wished to know what was my pleasure. I said I wished to see their town and the country around, what I could, and as to my services, they were at their command. It seemed they had arranged for me to speak at 2:30 P. M. I have the same report to make here as at Galle and Colombo; the friends were extremely kind and genial, and had I been ten times the man I am they could hardly have done more.

This Sunday lecture was an out-door affair. I was stationed on a wide wall, in front of the Mollegow Buddhistic temple, with my audience some ten or twelve feet below me. Next beyond was a fine square of green grass, then a beautiful artificial lake, covering a hundred acres or so, surrounded by pleasant residences, blessed with an exuberance of foliage and flowers, and back of that smoothly arose a majestic mountain, surmounted by three domes or peaks, perhaps two thousand feet higher than where I stood; while behind me, on the opposite side of the town, rose most picturesque hills, affording magnificent views, with gardens and pleasure grounds beautiful to behold. I thought the surroundings ought to be sufficient to inspire me to make a good speech, but probably it was not qual to the place. I had a good large audience, and among them twenty priests with the yellow robes. I spoke an hour and a-half, and my remarks were interpreted by a school teacher, M. Silva Babewanlerdava. I spoke without notes, as I have done in all cases except the first, but pursued a similar subject as in my first lecture at Colombo. Whether good or bad, it gave full satisfaction to those who heard me. A priest succeeded me, and held the audience for another hour. It is easy to see that it pleases both the priests and all the others to have their own religion shown to be superior to Christianity, and this is not hard to do. The facts only have to be stated to make the truth apparent.

After speaking I climbed the hill in the rear of where I stood and greatly enjoyed the beautiful valley and town spread out before me like a panorama. Kandy is beautifully situated, nestling among the hills on all sides, and is one of the prettiest places I have seen.

After my evening meal I visited the Mollegow temple, one of the most sacred places to the Buddhists on the island. As I approached the entrance I heard the measured beating of a drum, which, together with the blowing of a horn, constitutes a part of the worship. Several friends accompanied me, and we were admitted into the small apartment containing the shrine of the relics. Here is said to be deposited one of Buddha's teeth, with some other relics which I have forgotten. The same are kept in a golden shrine or place of deposit, the gold and silver in it weighing two hundred pounds. It is of rather curious workmanship. Before this shrine, on a table covered with silver, flowers are spread to the memory of Buddha. The flowers were largely tube roses, and several bushels of the blossoms were provided for the purpose. I thought I had respect enough for the pure life and excellent morals of Buddha to justify my spreading some tube rose blossoms on the table before me. There is certainly no harm in such beautiful and odorous blossoms, nor in spreading them around, so I spread some of these flowers in memory of Buddha. It may be called worship. Well, call it by what name you please, I spread the flowers.

Several priests were in attendance, and among them the high priest of Kandy and that part of Ceylon. He outranks the high priest of Colombo and of Galle. He showed much attention to me, and caused some very valuable gold vessels of various kinds and sizes to be brought forth from their places, to be uncovered and shown me. Some of them have settings of precious stones of great value, and are heavy with pure gold. They are the presents of the old Kandian kings who once had their thrones in this city. The high priest said they did not show those valuables very often, but they looked upon me as a special friend, and he was only too glad to show me all the respect possible. I duly appreciated their kindness, though I must confess that the reverence evinced for Buddha's tooth and the golden vessels seemed too much like the veneration which so many European Christians show for pieces of the cross which Jesus was crucified upon, the spikes that fastened him to the same, as well as the handkerchief which St. Veronica lent him to wipe the profuse prespiration from his face. I would give more for the knowledge of one true science, one important fact in nature, than all the relics that could be piled up on a large barn floor.

After looking at the golden vessels, and taking them in my hands to my heart's content, I was led to another part of the temple, where there are several images of Buddha, one reclining and several sitting, some of precious metals, one of crystal from Burmah or Siam, almost as transparent as glass. A light placed behind it illuminated it curiously. Here were more flowers, considerable kneeling before the figures, and I must acknowledge it smacked too much of image-worship to just suit my notions. I should prefer to see more intelligent understanding of nature's laws and forces, in place of so much blind veneration for a person or the image of that person.

I was next shown the library of Buddhistic books, inscribed, like those I saw at Colombo, on leaves of the palm. Here were also some very rare and neatly executed works from Siam, presented to this temple. This collection of Buddhistic works is large and rich. But as I retired from the building I heard the tom-tom beating, the horn sounding, and other noises made which sounded to me like absurdity. Those contribute to the mode of worship here, as much as the organ and other appurtenances in Christian worship. It is, perhaps, because I am not spiritual-minded or worshipfully inclined that I cannot duly appreciate them.

On the next morning (Monday) I left on the 7:15 train for Nawalapitiya, a town some twenty-eight miles in a southeast direction. I was accompanied by Geo. Frederick Werasekera, who lives at the town just named, and who had gone to Kandy to request me to visit his town, and talk some to his people. The railway leads through a very interesting country of high hills and deep valleys, with a profusion of tea-gardens and coffee-fields. The coffee-tree is a neat, trim-looking tree of small size; it will grow fifteen feet high, but is usually kept cut back to about five feet, and some six feet apart each way. The coffee grows in a pulp or kind of fruit, and it must be quite a little labor to gather it, free it from the pulp and dry it for market; but there are plenty of people here to do the work. The crop has been gathered. I could say much about the beauties of this ride, but perhaps you can understand that Ceylon is made up of beautiful and picturesque scenery. Mountains can hardly be otherwise than interesting. I watch the farming operations with special care, and conclude the plantations here are not excessively large, but divided into small lots. I see some meadow ground, but the grass is different from anything we have. I judge the grass is cut with a sickle, or with a heavy crooked knife, used with one hand with a striking blow.

When we reached the station a carriage was in waiting for me, and I was conveyed to my hotel with as much display as though I had been a prince. At 10.30 I addressed an audience of natives in which there were a few Europeans. Mr. Werasekera interpreted my remarks, which seemed to be well received, and continued about an hour and a half, when dinner, or "tiffin," was attended to. At 1 P.M. I took the return train, stopping at Gampola to address another audience, the interpreter being the same as on Sunday. We then returned to Kandy, where in the evening I addressed, at a speaking-place called Nata Dewule, a large audience in English, making three lectures that day, and in three different places. I did not know but I did about as well as political speakers sometimes do in election campaigns. I shall not say too much by claiming that my remarks in each place were well received, and a vote of thanks carried. Twenty priests attended my last lecture. Mr. Werasekara accompanied me back to Kandy.

On the following morning I rode out some three miles to the Royal Botanical Gardens, some fifty or one hundred acres in a fine display of tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers. It is doubtful if a finer collection of tropical trees is to be found anywhere. These gardens belonged to the kings of Kandy several hundred years ago, and many trees were planted there then that would be difficult now to procure. I wish I had a list of them, but have not. I remember there are sixty varieties of the palm, and others in proportion. I saw immense clusters of the bamboo, containing over a thousand poles two or three inches through and forty or fifty feet tall, and a bright yellow in color. What I have seen before have been dark. I think there are twelve varieties of bamboo in all. I saw two very large trees of the banyan family; they had some auxiliary besides, but their roots were the greatest curiosity; they grow principally on the top of the ground, and edgewise, fully two feet high and four inches thick, looking somewhat like very heavy joists or planks, standing on edge, and extending thirty feet or more from the base of the tree. The gardner, Mr. Ferdinandus, is a very intelligent man, and very kindly showed me around through the beautiful grounds.

At 2:30 I took a train for Colombo, arriving there a little after six, when a few friends joined me to accompany me to Panadure. At the appointed house of the lecture fully two thousand people had assembled, and I talked to them nearly two hours. The same interpreter served here as at my lectures in Colombo. The people seemed highly pleased with what I said to them. Besides a vote of thanks, two persons came to the stand and chanted to me several stanzas in Pali, composed for the occasion by two of the young priests in the pansala. Though extravagant, they give the reader an idea of the style of Indian composition:

Sarada sisisirakanti, hara diddhassawanti
Sarasija suradanti, singinikamadenti
Wara wisuta mahanti, seta muttungakitti
Chira manatu, sakanti, yan Bennett nama manti.

May the great, bright, famous, eminent, heroic, and patient Mr Bennett, who bears comparison to the bright moon of the autumn, to a pearl, the celestial river, a lotus, the heavenly elephant, and the wish-conferring cow of heaven, live long!

Wividha pachura witta, sajjanawasabhuta
Nijawisa yudayagga, bhatu Lankana bhango
Sajana nalina jato, milayanto nudanto
Parasamayata moghan, so Bennett nama sura.

May the sun Bennett, who is like unto a shelter that screens learned men, who dispelling the darkness of superstition, causing the blossoms of virtuous and true-hearted men to blow up their fine petals, and, rising from behind the udayagiri rock of America, his native country, appeared in the sky of fair Lanka (Ceylon), shine long!

Kavinikara pasattho, desa desappatito,
Suwidita mitasattho, bharata wasabhuto
Samayanaya samattho, dara karunna chitto
Sachira manatu vyatto, yan Bennett nama manti.

May the kind-hearted Mr. Bennett, who is praised by learned pandits in different countries, is familiar with various arts and sciences, is the residence of Saraswati, and who possesses a competent knowledge of different religious systems, live long!

Nikhila dhawala lakkhi hansa wadhwabhikilo
Wayawa mududalogha kinna satthagga gandho
Suta guna bhisa jato nuddaya bijakoso
Lasatu kamala bhawan dassito yosamanti.

May Mr. Bennett, who is elegant as the swan of Lakemi or goddess of prosperity, whose members are tender and fine, who is scented with the perfume of literary acquirements, who is composed of gentle qualities, like the lily, who observes humanity as a precious article of jewelry, and who is amiable like a flower, live long!

Siridhara warawatto charuse loru matto
Parahita niratatto sadhu dhammanuyato
Kavi sira sija lanto sekharo sunta bhuto
Lasatu suchira kalu so Bennett nama manti.

May the liberal-minded Mr. Bennett, who has pleasant and intellectual features, who is endowed with so great wisdom as the meru or the golden mountain, and is bent upon the public good, who observes good morals and virtuous teachings, who is like unto a wreath of flowers that shine on the top of learned men, flourish long!

Gunanikara niwaso sadawachabhi laso
Webudha pativilaso palanesasa neso
Wara mati wadhu miso pakato kitti gloso
Miwala satu sitanso yan Bennett nama manti.

May Mr. Bennett, who is an abode of virtues, is truthful and honest, is like unto King Indra in defending Buddhism (against Xtianity), is the lord of wisdom, and who possesses a commanding address like the moon, shine long!

Kusamaya hima suro wada sangama suro
Parahita sukhakaro buddha dhammanu charo
Wara puthu satisaro, kittibaran sudharo
Sachira manatu dhiro yan Bennett nama manti.

May Mr. Bennett, who is like unto the sun which destroys the dew of superstition, is like a victorious general in engagements of controversy, who follows the teachings of Lord Buddha, which comfort the world, and well bears the pearl necklace of renown in intelligence, live long!

Karamukhapada Kanjo netta mindiwaroso
Satara hasita pheno nuddaya nirupuro
Janakhaga nutinado tunga suwachara kulo
Lasatu wara saro D. M. Bennett nama manti.

May Mr. D. M. Bennett, who is like unto a pond which is covered with the flowers of his members of face, hands, and legs, etc., which is interspread with lotuses of his eyes, which has the foamy bubbles of continual smiles, which is filled with the waters of generosity, which enjoys the melodious outpourings of praises of the birds of people, and which has a high shore of complaisance, shine long!

The following is by the priest who composed the foregoing poem, and was appended to the translation of the words:

Sansuddhasesa wara bharati hausi kilo
Sisanli pali lulito lapanara windo,
Suttunga kitti dhawalo kavi sekarabho,
Yopannawa Siri Samangala thera pado.

Sissolu sanga niwuto wiyaosadiso
Bhumitthi sekharika Panaturakyagame
Lakkhi sarojasama kanchana singaname
Aramake lasati tassa maha kavissa.

Pavdra sura nara wiwidha sukhadada pada, pankaja sundaro,
Wipulatara Gunaratana jalanidhi sasanambara, bhakaro
Lasati yati Gunaratana madhiwachanope tassacha terako
Ruchiratara tarunikara pariwuta wutta puddha wiharake.

Na taddhan himaya midan wirachitan gathayi missada—*la*,
Na ntantagga tamakkharehi mupa nita kyena sisseni—*ti*,
Wi kyatenala sunna bhogisa sikeya techa sa kewa—*se*
Ma kke kumba gatega jehima pabbe bhage kuja he pa—*na*.

I whose name the first and the last letters of the last verse (*Na Na Wi Ma la ti se na*) form (Nanawimalatisena), and who am a disciple of the Rev. Gunaratana, who contributes in various ways to the happiness of both the gods and men, whose feet are as delicate as flowers, who stands in the same relation to virtues as the ocean to pearls and gems, who shines like the sun in the sky of Buddhism, and who is the principal of the flower of temple called the Rarkot Vihare (the gold-pinnacled temple), which is situated in the flowery garland of Panadure, which nestles on the head of the lovely nymph earth; and a pupil of the perfect and venerable Weligama Siri Sumangala, who is the flourishing professor of the afore described temple, who is like unto Saraswati, or the Indian Minerva, in wisdom: is a flower of knowledge, which is frequented by the bees of students to fetch the pollen dust of learning; who bears a high reputation, and is admired by poets as the wreath of flowers that they wear on their heads in literary attainments, and who is like the moon in gentleness, attended by its retinue of stars of pupils, have composed this panegyric on this Tuesday when the sun has entered the eighteenth division of the zodiacal sign called Aquarius, in the year of the illustrious King Sakka, 1803. NANAWIMALA.

Rankot Vihare, Panadure, Ceylon, Feb. 28, 1882.

Another of the friends brought me a curiously carved stick, suitable for a cane, and wished me to

accept it as a token of his regard and his gratitude for what I had said. His name is James Fernando. On the next morning the following letter was written and signed and mailed to me at Galle:

PANADURE, March 1, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* Permit us to take the present opportunity of expressing to you our warmest thanks for the able lecture you delivered last night at Panadure. The impressive manner in which you expressed yourself, and the fairness with which you treated the two systems of religion, which formed the basis of your lecture, have left a deep impression of you in the minds of the many hundreds who heard you last night. Notwithstanding the bickerings of a handful of Christians, who have always to say something behind the screen, we do assure you that you carry with you a name which will be for a long time remembered by the Ceylon Buddhists.

We regret that your stay in Ceylon is so limited, but hope to see you among us once more.

Wishing you a safe voyage, long life, and success in the laudable work in which you are engaged, we beg to subscribe for ourselves, and in behalf of the mass of Buddhists in Panadure,

Dear sir, your most obedient servants,

JOHN J. COURAY,	JAS. FERNANDO,
JEREMIAS DIAS,	JAMES DIAS,
H. H. FERNANDO,	D. P. GOONETILLEKE,
M. P. W. GLOOREY,	D. JOHANNES,
G. E. R. GOONEWARDANES,	P. P. GOONETILLEKE,
H. W. R. GOONEWARDANES,	J. H. GUINNE,
D. DIAS,	S. D. COOREY,
M. PAREKA,	LOUIS FERNANDO,

J. PEIRAS.

GALLE.

On the following morning I took leave of the friends from Colombo, as well as Panadura, who repeatedly expressed the wish I would pay them another visit. I took the train for Kattura, where I took stage for Galle, arriving there at 4 P. M. I should say that before leaving Panadure I had a very pleasant interview with Mr. John J. Couray, who invited me to his house and presented me a work on Buddhism. I found him a very pleasant and intelligent man.

I had been but a short time at the hotel when Mr. Gooneratne sent his carriage for me, and I at once was conveyed to his very pleasant residence at the edge of the town, where I was most cordially received and made very comfortable what time I remained in Galle. He fills an important position under the government and is a man highly respected by both Europeans and natives. I found Mrs. Gooneratne a very pleasant woman, and more in the European and American style than any woman I have met in Asia.

I delivered a lecture in the hall of the Theosophical Society in Galle on the night of my arrival, and another on the following night. The first, a comparison between Buddhism and Christianity, was interpreted; the second was to an audience which understood English, and was an examination of the two main pillars of Christianity—a fable and a dream—the fable in the first book in the Old Testament, and the dream in the first chapter of the New Testament. I think I succeeded in showing that these foundation pillars are extremely rotten and illy calculated for sustaining a great system of religion. I had very good audiences, but would doubtless had doubly as large had not a heavy thunder shower set in about an hour before each lecture. The rain was by far the heaviest I have seen since leaving America. Ceylon cannot be called a dry climate. The sun and winds take up so much vapor from the surrounding ocean that the atmosphere is at all times highly charged with moisture, and it can rain at short notice at almost any time. I think there is three times as much moisture in the atmosphere here as in India and many other countries. The frequent rains keep vegetation exceedingly green and luxuriant, but there is a decided tendency for things to become musty and moldy in a short time.

I feel sure I succeeded in gaining many friends in Galle, and among her best people. Many called upon me and seemed really sorry for me to leave them. I obtained here, as in other places, subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and many here as well as elsewhere urged me to come again. The high-priest, Bulatgama Terunnanse Meriangoda, called upon me, also another learned priest, Weligama Dhamma Jala. They are highly learned in the precepts of Buddha, but I found I could teach them some very simple lessons in the laws of nature. After my return from my last lecture, I found one of these awaiting my return, when we had a long conversation upon the shape, size, and motions of the earth, as well as other topics. He was loth at first to admit the earth to be a sphere, and supposed the water of the ocean to be perfectly level. I soon convinced him that thousands had traveled around it, and that I was myself nearly half way around. I illustrated by means of an orange, the lamp, etc., how the earth revolves around the sun, and on its own axis, how the moon accompanies the earth and revolves around it in twenty-nine days, how eclipses of the sun and moon are produced, what causes summer and winter in the Northern and Southern hemispheres, etc., etc. These facts seemed new and very interesting to him. And then, again, I thought, this was an instance where less studying of Buddha would have answered, if nature's operations had been studied more. He invited me to call upon him at his pansala near the temple. Accordingly on the next morning, and the day of my departure, Mr. Gooneratne accompanied me to the temple, where I saw the high priest and a dozen others. They showed me the temple, the figure of Buddha in various positions; showed me their library of palm-leaf books, and here I saw a copyist busily engaged copying one of the books with the stylus. He did the work with neatness and dispatch.

BUDDHISM.

I am now ready to say good-bye to Galle and to Ceylon, for the Khiva is out in the harbor, and she is to bear me to Penang and Singapore. But I must not leave just yet, for I promised to give you a chapter on Buddhism when I reached Ceylon. I like to keep my promise, and this one must not be disregarded, as I wish you to know as much about Buddhism as possible, for, take it all in all, it is the greatest and the best of the great systems of religion which the world has had. Perhaps the religion of Confucius was nearly as good, but it seems to me that Buddha was a more profound man than Confucius, more of a metaphysician, more of a philosopher; besides, his religion has had and still has three times the following, of any other system of religion the world has known.

I think I can do more justice to the system, and more justice to you, by giving some quotations from Dr. Hunter's new work, "The Indian Empire, Its History, People, and Products," just issued from the press of Trubner & Co., London. As I learn, it meets the approval of such Buddhists as have seen it. I feel sure I will not be imparting wrong information by thus quoting. In a chapter on Buddhism and Brahmanism is the following:

"The first great solvent of Brahmanism was the teaching of Gautama Buddha. The life of this celebrated man has three sides—its personal aspects, its legendary developments, and its religious consequences upon mankind. In his person Buddha appears as a prince and preacher of ancient India. In the legendary developments of his story Buddha ranks as a divine teacher . . . and apparently as a saint of the Christian church, with a day assigned to him in both the Greek and Roman calendars. As a religious founder, he left behind a system of belief which has gained more disciples than any other creed in the world, and which is now professed by five hundred million of people, or nearly one-half of the human race.

"The story of Buddha's career is a typical one. It is based on the old Indian ideal of the noble life which we have seen depicted in the Sanskrit epics. Like the Pandavas in the Mahabarata, and like Rama in the Ramayana, Buddha is the son of a king, belonging to one of the two great Aryan lines, the solar and the lunar; in his case, as in Rama's, to the solar. His youth, like that of the epic heroes, is spent under Brahman tutors, 'and at the end' Buddha retires, like Rama, to a Brahman hermitage in the forest. . . . It is to the jungles on the south of the Ganges . . . that the royal exile repaired. After a time of seclusion, the Pandavas, Rama, and Buddha alike emerge to achieve great conquests, the two former by force of arms, the last by the weapons of the spirit. Up to this point the outline of the three stories has followed the same type; but henceforth it diverges. The Sanskrit epics depict the ideal Aryan man as prince, hermit, and hero. In the legend of Buddha that ideal has developed into prince, hermit, and saint.

"Their whole life (of the Brahmans) was mapped out into four clearly-defined stages of discipline. For their existence, in its full religious significance, commenced not at birth but upon being invested at the close of childhood with the sacred thread of the twice-born. Their youth and early manhood were to be entirely spent in learning by heart from some Brahman the inspired scriptures, tending the sacred fire, and serving their preceptor. Having completed his long studies, the Brahman enters on the second stage of his life, as a householder. He married and commenced a course of family duties. When he had reared a family and gained a practical knowledge of the world he retired into the forest as a recluse for the third period of his life, feeding on roots or fruits, and practicing his religious duties with increased devotion. The fourth stage was that of the ascetic or religious mendicant, wholly withdrawn from earthly affairs, and striving to attain a condition of the mind which, heedless of the joys or pains or wants of the body, is intent only on its final absorption into the deity. The Brahman, in this fourth stage of his life, ate nothing but what was given to him unasked, and abode not more than one day in any village, lest the vanities of the world should find entrance into his heart. Throughout his whole existence he practiced a strict temperance, drinking no wine, using a simple diet, curbing the desires, shut off from the tumults of war, and having his thoughts ever fixed on study and contemplation. 'What is this world?' says a Brahman sage. 'It is even as the bough of a tree on on which a bird rests for a night, and in the morning flies away.'

"The Brahmans, therefore, were a body of men who in an early stage of this world's history bound themselves by a rule of life, the essential precepts of which were self-culture and self-restraint. As they married within their own caste, begat children only during their prime, and were not liable to lose the finest of their youth in war, they transmitted their best qualities in an ever-increasing measure to their descendants. The Brahmans of the present day are the result of three thousand years of hereditary education and self-restraint; and they have evolved a type of mankind quite distinct from the surrounding population. Even the passing traveler in India marks them out alike from the bronze-checked, large-limbed, leisure-loving Rajput or warrior caste of Aryan descent; and from the dark-skinned, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, low castes of non-Aryan origin, with their short bodies and bullet heads. The Brahman stands apart from both, tall and slim, with finely modeled lips and nose, fair complexion, high forehead, and slightly cocoanut-shaped skull—the man of self-centered refinement. He is an example of a class becoming the ruling power in a country, not by force of arms but by the vigor of hereditary culture and temperance. One race has swept across India after another, dynasties have risen and fallen, religions have spread themselves over the land and disappeared. But since the dawn of history the Brahman has calmly ruled, swaying the minds and receiving the homage of the people, and accepted by foreign nations as the highest type of Indian mankind.

"Gautama, afterward named Buddha, 'the Enlightened' and Siddhartha, 'he who has fulfilled his end,' was the only son of Suddhodana, king of Kapilavastu. This prince, the chief of the Sakya clan, ruled over an outlying Aryan settlement on the northeastern border of the middle land, about a hundred miles to the north of Benares and within sight of the snow-topped Himalayas. A Gautama Rajput of the noble solar line, he wished to sished to see his son grow up on the warlike model of his race. But the young prince shunned the sports of his playmates, and retired to solitary day-dreams in nooks of the palace garden. The king tried to win his son to a practical career by marrying him to a beautiful and talented girl; and the youthful Gautama unexpectedly proved his manliness by a victory over a flower of the young Rajput chiefs at a tournament. For a while he forgot his solemn speculations on the unseen in the sweet realities of early married life. But in his drives through the city he deeply reflected on the types of old age, disease, and death which met his eye; and he was powerfully impressed by the calm of a holy man, who seemed to have raised his soul above the changes and sorrows of this world. After ten years his wife bore to him an only son; and Gautama, fearing lest this new tie should bind him too closely to the things of earth, retired about the age of thirty to a cave among the forest-clad spurs of the Vindhyas. The story of how he turned away from the door of his wife's lamp lit chamber, denying himself even a parting caress of his new-born babe lest he should wake the sleeping mother, and galloped off into the darkness, is one of the many tender episodes in his life. After a gloomy night ride, he sent back his one companion, the faithful charioteer, with his horse and jewels to his father. Having cut off his long Rajput locks, and exchanged his princely raiment for the rags of a poor passer-by, he went on alone a homeless beggar. This abandonment of earthly pomp and power, and of loved wife and new-born son, is the Great Renunciation, which forms a favorite theme of the Buddhist scriptures in Sanskrit, Pali, and Chinese. It has furnished, during twenty centuries, the type of self-sacrifice which all Indian reformers must follow if they are to win the trust of the people."

For a time he had studied under two Brahman recluses near Rajagriha in Patna district, learning from them that the path to divine knowledge "Lies through the subjection of the flesh. . . . The temple of Buddh-Gaya marks the site of his long penance. But instead of earning peace of mind by fasting and self-torture, he reached a crisis of religious despair. . . . Torn with doubts as to whether, after all his penance, he was not destined to perdition, the haggard ascetic, in a final paroxysm, fell senseless to the earth. When he recovered the mental struggle had passed. He felt that the path to salvation lay not in self-torture in a mountain cave, but in preaching a higher life to his fellow-men."

Like Christ, he is tempted by Mara, the enemy of mankind.

"From his temptation in the wilderness, the ascetic emerged with his doubts forever laid at rest, seeing his way clear, and henceforth to be known as Buddha, literally, 'The Enlightened.' This was Buddha's second birth; and the *pipal* fig or Bo under whose spreading branches its pangs were endured has become the sacred tree of five hundred millions of mankind in the East. . . . The idea of a second birth was familiar to the twice-born Aryan castes of ancient India. . . . In this, as in other features, the story of Buddha adheres to ancient Aryan types, but gives to them a new spiritual significance. . . . He developed from the old Brahmanical model of the wandering ascetic, intent only on saving his own soul, the nobler type

(*Continued on page* 426.)

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The latest report we get from Mr. Bennett is as follows:

OGDEN, UTAH, June 27, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I am pursuing my homeward way. I visited Reno, Virginia City, and Carson in Nevada, and had interviews with TRUTH SEEKER friends in each place. In the two former places I was urged to stop over and address a public meeting, but feeling so anxious to pursue my eastward journey I felt impelled to decline the invitations. I hav had an interesting visit at the "Holy City," the Zion of the Latter Day Saints. A reception was tendered me at the Liberal Institute on Sunday night, the 25th inst. The hall was well filled with the best of the citizens of Salt Lake City. Mr. E. L. T. Harrison presided and made me welcome in a neat speech of twenty minutes. I spoke for an hour and a half, after which came very hearty handshakings and congratulations. Several subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the five volumes of Around the World. The friends of Salt Lake City were very kind to me.

I came here yesterday morning. A delegation of friends met me at the station and escorted me in a carriage through the city, and through the very grand Ogden Canyon—seven miles in length—north of the city. The towering rocks on either side, almost perpendicular, and a thousand feet high, and the rushing river down the canyon, with the dancing cascades and waterfalls coming in from lateral canyons, were most picturesque and interesting to view. We took an excellent dinner up there in nature's cathedral. An enthusiastic reception was given me at the Opera House last evening. Mr. James Horrocks presided and made the opening remarks. Mr. John A. Jost read the following "Welcome:"

"Our honored and highly esteemed friend and brother, we bid you welcome.

"Hero opposer of the Christian church in its desecration of the sacred rights of our glorious constitution, we rejoice to meet you.

"We hav followed you from the shore of the Atlantic with the deepest feelings of love and friendship, and with a fond solicitude for your safety and comfort upon your long and arduous journey eastward to this place, and shall continue to follow you with the same feelings till you shall again reach the most sacred spot on earth you left some eleven months ago—home, sweet home.

"We cannot forego the pleasure of meeting you as you pass through our prospering city, and detaining you while we grasp the hand and look upon the countenance of the great and brave man—the hero opponent of religious persecution of the nineteenth century, who braved the degradation of the prison cell, and the horrors of the priestly inquisition of a Christian bigoted priesthood, through their executiv, Comstock, the Torquemada of to-day, that the rights of all should be tolerated—the man who braved contumely to advocate the rights of others to differ from him.

"We glory in your courage and disinterested love in advocating the equal rights of every citizen of this fair land, and for your determined effort to preserve the same from the power of religious tyranny that would, if once in possession of that power, again confront the unbeliever with the rack, the fagot, and the fire.

"Our friend and brother, the sincere desires, wishes, and hopes of thousands disenthralled from religious errors hav followed you with an enthusiasm worthy of the cause in which you are engaged.

"We rejoice that you hav been preserved to return to you nativ land—the country consecrated to liberty—the home of the brave, which should be the land of the free. We are proud to say that none returned entitled to a more hearty welcome or a more honored reception than the brave, noble, and endeared in the hearts of every true Liberal, our beloved brother, D. M. Bennett.

"You will please accept this small token of love and esteem as the outpourings of the hearts and souls of the Liberals of Ogden and vicinity in unison with Liberal League of Ogden city at the hands of this committee appointed by them for this labor of love; and may our fondest hopes be realized in your continued success, and in hearing at an early day of your safe arrival home, of the continued love of warm hearts, the shake of ready hands, and the embrace of your faithful wife.

"JOSEPH SEWELL, JAMES HORROCKS,
"JOHN A. JOST, JOHN HORROCKS,
"C. P. LAMBERT, Sec. Com., F. H. MARSH.
"Committee."

My remarks were continued for an hour and a half and were frequently applauded. I hav met with a truly cordial meeting here. This morning I resume my homeward way to Denver and other points in Colorado. I am anxious to be with you once more.

D. M. B.

Christian Begging.

We presume the Y. M. C. Association made a mistake in sending the following to us:

YANKTON, DAK., June 20, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: The recently-organized Young Men's Christian Association of this city, having opened a public reading room, is desirous of supplying the same with all the leading periodicals of the country.

We shall endeavor to make our rooms a place of resort for all who appreciate good reading, and papers on our tables will become well advertised in this vicinity.

If you should see proper to send us a copy of your publication on the above inducement, we would be most happy to receive it. If not, then please inform us what, if any, reduction will be made in favor of our association from your regular subscription rates.

Very respectfully, DUANE RIFENBARK, Cor. Sec.

We are afraid the young Christians of Yankton would not read THE TRUTH SEEKER if we sent it to them, which we hav no idea of doing unless they pay subscription price. We do not make any reduction to clergymen and other dead beats. If they want the paper they can hav it for $3 per year cash in advance. We sometimes trust Liberals, but must positivly insist on pay in advance from Christians, especially Y. M. C. A's., whose reputation around here is not particularly good.

What Before A.D.?

As it always givs us pleasure to oblige our friends (and at the same time disoblige our enemies), we will tell Mr. Griswold what.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 8, 282.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER for the benefit of myself and all others who may not be fortunate enough to know, the following information, viz.: What data were made use of, or what events or epochs were taken for chronological cycles, prior to the Christian "in the year of our Lord." I hav asked several of my Christian clergyman friends, but failing to get any two answers alike, and not being wholly satisfied, deeming their different replies, although probably truthfully intended, unreliable, I cordially request an answer from an Infidel source.

Hoping to get, as heretofore, good, secular, reliable information at your earliest convenience, I, with many thanks, will for the first time beneath the new "Bruno-Wakeman" cycle, subscribe myself.

L. DEWITT GRISWOLD.

There is much incompleteness in all the chronological tables of the ancients. The earliest written annals of the Greeks and Romans are lost, and various events are taken to reckon time from. Apollodorus, an Athenian, who lived in the second century B.C., dated his chronicles of events from the supposed period of the fall of Troy. In Egypt they kept the records by dynasties of sovereigns. Various epochs were selected by different writers, each community having its own epoch and method of time reckoning. Thus, in one city the reckoning was by succession of kings, in another by annual magistrates, in a third by succession of priests, those ubiquitous calamities which hav befallen all peoples and nations.

This helter-skelter method was not found satisfactory to those nations which had commercial intercourse with each other, and the need of a common epoch was severely felt. This led to the adoption of such a starting-point by several peoples, the most important of which were the Babylonians, the Greek, and the Roman. The Jews had no general era, properly so-called. In Babylonia time was reckoned from the era of Nabonassar, 747 B.C. Among the Greeks the reckoning was by Olympiads, the beginning being the year in which Corœbus, who was a half-mythical character, was victor in the Olympic games, 776 B.C. The Roman chronology was started from the foundations of the city, the date of which is variously given, but usually assigned to 753 B.C. The Chinese and other Asiatic nations reckon not only the years but months and days by cycles of sixty.

The Julian period, invented by Joseph Scaliger in 1582, although not a proper chronological era, affords considerable facility for the comparison of different eras with one another. It makes the first year of the Christian era correspond with the year 4714 of the Julian period.

The Olympic games, by which the Greeks reckoned time, were celebrated once every four years, between the new and full moon first following the summer solstice. Their origin is lost in the dimness of remote antiquity, but it is invested by priestly legends with a sacred character. The Olympiad, or period of four years, was designated by the name of the victor in the foot-race.

Before the Israelites left Egypt their year began with the autumnal equinox. But in order to celebrate their deliverance the month in which that took place was afterward regarded as the beginning of the ecclesiastical, which was also the legal year. After their dispersion, the Jews had recourse to the astronomical rules and cycles of the "heathen" nations. They adopted a cycle of eighty-four years, which was made by borrowing the Caliphic period of seventy-six years, and the Greek octaeteris of eight years. After the Nicene council the Jews abandoned this cycle. They now, and hav since the fifteenth century, date from the creation of the world, which is very indefinit, the dates in the Bible being assigned in comparativly modern times. The three versions of the Bible—the Hebrew, the Samaritan, the Septuagint—differ in such a degree that the accounts are totally irreconcilable, and no reason can be given for preferring one to another. There is nothing by which to compare them. One writer collected two hundred different calculations of the date of the creation, with thirty-four centuries variation.

The Babylonian era of Nabonassar was followed by Hipparchus and Ptolemy, with a year of 365 days.

The Macedonian era dates from the occupation of Babylon by Selucus Niator, 311 B.C.

The Mohammedan epoch is the *hegira*, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, 622 A.D. But as this is subsequent to Christ, perhaps it is irrelevant to the question.

The dating from Christ is a superstitiously arbitrary affair, and fails to satisfy in the simplest manner the conditions necessary for registering the succession of events. Being placed in an intermediate period it is necessary to work both ways, and some confusion is made by chronologers calling the year preceding the period 1 B.C., while astronomers denote the year as 0. Even after the adoption in Europe of the Christian era a great variety of methods of dating grew up and prevailed in different countries for a long time. Altogether, the chronology of the world is much mixed. Before Christ most nations dated from their most important events, and it is plainly seen what a mess they hav made of it. There was nothing in their epochs which could commend them to any but themselvs, as there is nothing in the Christian era but guess-work to date from. The Bruno-Wakeman calendar would be a good substitute, inasmuch as it has a basis of common sense and fact, and serves to memorize an event in history of immense moment to the human race.

Immortality.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: As I hav never addressed you before for information, I hope this will receive your attention. A Christian friend asks me, "Why is it that all, or nearly all, heathens believe in immortality. Although they hav crude and vague ideas, what inculcates that idea?" I being a young and poorly read Infidel, am unable to giv what I consider a satisfactory answer, and having seen similar questions answered in THE TRUTH SEEKER (of which I am a subscriber), I concluded to refer it to you. I hope you will giv me an annihilating, reply, as you did Mr. Scholes some time ago.

WALTER COLLINS.

Immortality is mostly a question of personal belief among enlightened people. A hundred persons will hav a hundred different ideas regarding it. The belief is born of a hope that it may be so; that after we hav toiled for a few years, with no apparent advantage gained, we may be permitted by Mother Nature to continue our existence in another sphere. That many nations hav had these hopes proves that all are more or less allied in thought and feeling. But to say that all hav so believed is incorrect. The Buddhists' heaven is Nirvana, which their souls will attain after many transmigrations. This Nirvana is annihilation, or endless sleep. This sect comprises a good share of the population of the world—some 500,000,000.

The origin of the belief in immortality is only a question to speculate upon; it can never be definitly settled. There are people with this belief, and there are people without it. The question is, is it true? Nature having inspired men with a desire for existence, it is but natural that they should dread being blotted out. Bacon said that men fear death for the same reason that children dread the dark. And as a child would naturally seek to escape from a dark room, which its fears people with monsters, so men seek to escape the darkness of the tomb by the hope of a resurrection. Whether there is any more substantial foundation for it than their hopes, nobody knows. Spiritualists say they hav evidence sufficient to establish the fact, but this the Materialists deny, and it may still be regarded as an open question.

But a future life is no argument in favor of Christianity. The church has no patent on the idea, and she has never produced a particle of evidence to support it. She has made assertions, but assertions are not facts, and while the belief in heaven is a part of every Christian creed, the church has left it for the reviled Spiritualists to demonstrate its existence. And immortality, if it were a fact, would do nothing to prove the dogmas of the church, or the claims of the Bible. Suppose Adam's soul to be in hell, in consequence of his fall, it would afford no evidence that he was made of dust, or that men to-day are forced to labor because he is there. And if Noah is keeping him company, does that fact sustain the flood? Admitting that this life is not all there is of us, does it prove that Jesus was born without a father, or went to heaven bodily, or that Elijah went up in a whirlwind or a chariot of fire? Admitting that when the grave closes over the clay, the soul dons wings of light, does it prove that the innocent must suffer for the guilty, or that the guilty can be justified by such suffering? Does it prove that from all time certain people hav been marked for heaven, and certain other people for hell? Does it afford the slightest evidence that mankind are totally depraved, and unable, of themselvs, to do anything truly good?

The belief in immortality is a great problem, and not to be lightly settled in a breath. There may be something real in this idea, which has fed the hope of millions, and it may be but faith's shadowy vision, or love's pleasing dream. But "it was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It

was born of human affection. It is the rainbow—Hope shining upon the tears of grief."

More Dirty Work.

By the following letter and extract, having reference to Clark Braden's scurrilous attack upon Col. Ingersoll, published in pamphlet form, itwill be seen that the notorious libeler is still alive and "doing his master's work:"

EUREKA, NEV., June 19, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I clip the within scrap from the Eureka *Daily Sentinel* of the 18th. It speaks for itself. As some of your readers possibly would like to know what came forth from the last turn of the wheel, I send it to you. Yours truly, G. L. GREEN.

THE EXTRACT.

A fifteen-page pamphlet comes to us under a glaring, sensational head. It is further described as a "scathing and fearless expose" of the famous Infidel writer and lecturer. There may be some persons who will want to purchase this book. For the information of any such persons as will take pleasure in the perusal of the highly-spiced scandal, we will say that it is published by Clark Braden, No. 315 East 65th street, New York, for ten cents a copy. We hav not read the book. It is not likely that any of us about this ranch will ever hav leisure to read it. We may be losers thereby. If so, we are sorry for it, that's all. But when you find a scandal put up under such head lines, and note; also, on the title page, a winged female demon, brandishing a dagger in her right hand, and with a spear in her left with which she holds pierced and aloft the skull of her victim; when you find this, and behold the devil in the corner gloating over human reputation blasted, you are not apt to feel like perusing the narrativ, unless you are disposed to chuckle over a lie. If anybody starts out to tell you something bad of your neighbor, and he givs himself away by displaying a motiv of interest for his scandal, especially if you discern that he proposes to make money by attacking said neighbor in his good name, listen to him, if you can't help it, but stick a pin in what he tells you and fasten it down as a lie. Judging from such surface appearances as referred to, we think it, dollars to red apples, that Mr. Clark Braden's sensational, money-turning pamphlet is largely more false than true.

But if the filth were true, what then? It can hav no force to break down what Ingersoll has spoken and written. His arguments must be overthrown by logic among reasoners, and possibly by faith among enthusiastic religionists. Scandal may demolish the man, but it cannot impair his literary work. That will stand until it is proven untrue. Beautiful flowers grow out of dung, and truth may flourish in a filthy mind. We do not affirm that Ingersoll is a bad man or a good man. It is not necessary. And his argument against the authenticity of revelation may be all bosh. We don't know anything about that, nor do we believe that anybody knows anything about what there is such war and pious wrangling over. But we do know that the world condemns Byron and N. P. Willis and a host of others for the private life they led, while the value of their contributions to literature has never been questioned. Still, Mr. Braden's scandal pamphlet will get into the swirl of sensational yellow-back reading. As gossip, for which there is as great an itch at the present time as ever, it will, no doubt, prove a toothsome morsel.

Undoubtedly Braden is using his pamphlet to get money. If he should succeed in getting enough to purchase a coffin, and would then use it, the decent portion of the world could rejoice. Detraction and slander appear to be the only weapon left the church since Anthony Comstock turned his attention to lottery and faro dealers.

Book Notices.

URN BURIAL. An argument for cremation. Price, ten cents. For sale at this office.

Cremation is a subject that ought to be better understood by the people, and its promoters hav done well in issuing this pamphlet. They will do better if they will establish crematories in which the practical working of the science may be demonstrated. Such works, by showing how much superior this process is to the old one of burial, would help the cause of cleanliness much more than any tract that could be written. But if we cannot hav a whole loaf we must be satisfied with a half, and so this little work is most acceptable as a missionary document, for we believe in cremation. The reduction to ashes in a few moments of the dead seems much better to us than to lay them in the earth, rioting-ground for worms and festering heaps of mold. And we are glad to learn from the "Urn Burial" that the system is gradually growing into favor. Of course it is a heresy, and therefore is frowned upon by the church, which now practically monopolizes all the sacred rites of life and death, but the sensible portion of the world, including the press and some considerable portion of the medical faculty, are beginning to advocate its adoption. The reasons for it are cleanliness, economy, a healthy sentiment, and the prevention of burying alive.

THE SABBATH. A series of articles originally published in the *Bremer County Independent*. By M. Farrington, Denver, Iowa. Price not given. Address the author.

A very valuable summary of the arguments on the Sunday question. The author has drawn material from all sources, including divines, historians, theologians, and even from the New Testament. He finds that Sunday is no better than any other day, that it was instituted and established by man, and that the twenty-four hours from Saturday night to Monday morning are no more sacred than the preceding or following twenty-four. Mr. Farrington has done his work well, and every bigoted Christian who wishes to make Sunday a day of gloom should hav this book thrust into his hand to remind him that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE. By F. S. Ryman, Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y. Price not given. Address the author.

This poem was written, the author informs us, when he was about nineteen, and is designed as a slight echo of Owen Meredith's "Lucille," which he regards as a masterpiece of poetic grandeur. The scholar falls far short of his master, of course, but he has produced some very pretty verse, barring some slight mechanical faults, and if he does not instruct as deep as Epicurus did, the book will at least serve to gild an idle hour with pleasure and profit.

THE post-office authorities of Boston hav refused to forward at second-class rates No. 24 of George Chainey's *This World*. The reasons given for this extraordinary step are (1) that the number in question was accompanied by a supplement which, it is alleged, "does not come within the definition of a supplement," and (2) because Mr. Chainey stated in his issue of Jan. 7th that he would sooner send *This World* for $1 per year to those too poor to pay $2 than hav them say, "Stop my paper." This second objection, the acting first assistant postmaster-general declares, puts *This World* among "publications designed for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates." Mr. Chainey defends *This World* ably against these ridiculous and wholly groundless charges. Referring to this decision, which he prints, he says:

"The above made our last week's mailing bill $26 instead of $5. We would not mind this, if the official decision were according to law. If this ruling is not in direct antagonism with the language of the law, then there is no meaning to words nor truth in figures. The United States Official Postal Guide says (page 703, rule 172): 'There is no objection to a paper consisting entirely of literary matter being adopted as a supplement, and sent at the pound rate with the paper it supplements. . . .

"'The supplement must contain matter printed therein, either because there was no room for it in the body of the paper without the sacrifice of legitimate matter, or because received too late to be printed in the paper, or for greater convenience in the mechanical process of issuing a paper.' These rulings cover the ground: our supplement was composed entirely of literary matter. We were compelled to print it in this way, in order to hav it appear, for the reason given in the supplement. Any one desiring to be just would hav seen at once that it was fully authorized by the ruling, 'or for the greater [convenience in the] mechanical process of issuing the paper.' The authority who made this decision, with these rulings before him, might as well hav knocked us down and taken $20 from our pockets. We hav no more respect for the man who defrauds in the name of the law than we hav for him who steals in defiance of it."

Border Ruffianism in Liberal.

G. H. Walser, founder of the beautiful little town of Liberal, Mo., was mobbed here by a crowd of Methodist Christians on Sunday, June 19th. The facts in the case are as follows: Mr. Walser owned about two thousand acres of land here, and started a town, and wished to hav no saloon, no sectarian churches, hell, god, or devil. He was getting along nicely, and was an eyesore to the orthodox Christions, who could not bear to hav it said that a place could thrive without the foregoing institutions; hence they pushed in, got part possession of a lot, and built a gospel shop on it for sectarian purposes, contrary to the wishes of Mr. Walser and other Liberals who had an interest in the lot. The church was dedicated to man by the Liberals, but the Christians took forcible possession, held the keys, appointed trustees, and did not recognize the Liberals who held an interest in the property. On the above-mentioned day, Mr. Walser and a number of Liberals attended a meeting held there by the Methodists. At a proper time Mr. Walser arose to announce a lecture; but before he could say anything these godly people began to cry, "Put him out!" and rushed upon him, pulling him this way and that, hooting and howling like lunatics. Mr. Walser's friends rushed in and rescued him from the mob, but not until they had injured him by wrenching his arms and knocking out some of his teeth. They no doubt intended to kill him on the spot, and had it not been for his friends they would hav accomplished their cowardly and dastardly design. Some of these Christians made the remark afterward that they would hav things their way or they would walk over dead bodies.

During the afternoon a warrant was got out for Mr. Walser's arrest for disturbing public service. The trial came on the following Tuesday at Lamar, the county seat of Barton, and lasted four days. About twenty witnesses were examined on each side. Three lawyers were employed by the prosecution. Mr. Walser, assisted by Mr. Hartless, a young and shrewd lawyer, conducted his own defense, and it was ably done.

From the very commencement it was evident that it was persecution, not prosecution. Liberalism, Infidelity, Christianity, God, Jesus, and the devil were all on trial. Not ten words could be asked one of the state's witnesses before the questions would be put, "Is Walser an Infidel? Is he opposed to the Christian religion?" To gratify their desires Mr. Walser allowed them to throw open the flood gates. He told them to go on, and if he had done one single wrong since he had lived in Barton county (a period of two years), dig it up and place it before the jury, and he would abide by the consequence. He did not believe in orthodox Christianity, claimed the right to think and investigate, and would do it; he would not sacrifice his manhood to please superstition and ignorance. Nearly all the witnesses for the prosecution, when asked what kind of a gathering was at the church, said it was a Christian gathering, and that they knew of no other religion than the Christian religion in this county.

Mr. Walser was not convicted. He made an able plea in his own defense. He is one of the best lawyers in southwestern Missouri, and defended himself ably and manfully. At present the preacher and several of his congregation are under arrest for mobbing Mr. Walser, and the trial will come off shortly.

A. J. READING.

Liberal, Mo., June 26, 1882.

Was Goldsmith Mistaken?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In "The Letters of a Chinese Citizen of the World," prominent doctors of the Christian faith are mentioned and several quotations made from their writings concerning strange lands and stranger people which they (the doctors) claimed to hav visited while preaching the "gospel."

Foot-notes gave the names of the writers, and I think the books (it was ten years since that I read the "Letters"), from which the quotations were made, and the names given in the foot-notes, were some of the early Christian fathers'.

The quotations referred to gave me all the knowledge I hav of the extraordinary discoveries of those pious "traveled fools" in the lying age.

> "Cannibals that do each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

is all that I recall in Shakspere concerning them.

I did not know until I read George Macdonald's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER that "cannibals" and "anthropophagi" mean the same thing, but supposed anthropophagi to be the name of the "men with but one leg, that were exceeding swift and lived by the chase," or the "men with heads and shoulders like a greyhound, that taught grammar and music when the Ptolemies reigned in Egypt." This is very nearly the wording of two of Goldsmith's quotations from the fathers.

T. R. STEPHENSON,

Roseville, Cal., June 12, 282.

[Anthropophagi, according to Webster, means cannibals. Webster gets his authority from Charles Lamb. Very likely some of the early Christian writers may hav told of these things. They were an exceedingly ignorant, superstitious, and credulous lot, much given to drawing on their imaginations for their facts; and as these are no tougher yarns than many they did tell and believe, we think they may be fairly given credit for them. —ED. T. S.]

The Freethinkers' Convention.—Reduced Rates of Fare.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The following letter explains itself:

TRUNK LINE COMMISSION.

New York Central and Hudson River, New York, Lake Erie, and Western, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads.

NEW YORK, June 27, 1882.

Referring to your application for special rates of fare to the Freethinkers' National Convention at Watkins Glen, for five days, commencing August 23d, would say that the Trunk Line Committee hav decided to grant your people the usual excursion rates of two cents per mile over their lines. It will be necessary that you should apply to the general passenger agents of the four trunk lines for whatever may be necessary to complete the arrangement.

Yours truly, R. T. RYDER, Secretary.

H. L. Green, Secretary Freethinkers' Association, Salamanca, N. Y.

The reader will perceive that from all stations on the lines of each of the above mentioned roads excursion tickets to the Watkins convention can be procured at two-thirds the usual rates.

I am inclined to think that all persons west of Chautauqua Lake had better purchase excursion tickets to that place, and from there avail themselvs of the above arrangement.

THE State Convention of the Iowa Liberal League will be held on the fair grounds at Tama, Tama county, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. Except during business sessions the platform will be free to all questions of human interest. A large attendance is hoped for and confidently expected.

H. L. GREEN will lecture in North Hannibal, Oswego county, N. Y., on Sunday, July 9th.

(*Continued from page* 423.)

of the preacher, striving to bring deliverance to the souls of others."

Five months after his temptation and three of his ministry Buddha had gathered around him sixty disciples, whom he sent forth to preach salvation, with these words, 'Go ye now and preach the most excellent Law.' The essence of his teaching was the deliverance of man from the sins and sorrows of life by self-renunciation and inward self-control." The conversions he made were numerous.

"Buddha preached throughout a large part of Behar, Oudh, and the districts of the northwestern provinces. Monasteries marked during ages his halting-places; and the principal scenes of his life, such as Ajodhya, Buddh-Gaya, Sravasti, the modern Sahet Mahet, Raja-Griha, etc., became the great places of pilgrimage for the Buddhist world. His visit to his aged father at Kapilavastu, whence he had gone forth as a brilliant young prince, and to which he now returned as a wandering preacher, in dingy yellow robes and the begging bowl in his hand, is a touching episode which appeals to the heart of universal mankind. The old king heard him with reverence. The son whom Buddha had left as a new-born babe was converted to the faith, and his beloved wife, from the threshold of whose chamber he had ridden away into the darkness, became one of the first Buddhist nuns. The Great Renunciation took place in his thirtieth year. . . . His silent self-preparation lasted about six, and during forty-four years he preached to the people. . . . He spent his last night in preaching and in comforting a weeping disciple. . . . He died calmly, at the age of eighty, under the shadow of a fig-tree, at Kusinagara, the modern Kasia, in Gorakhpur District"

"'The Fo-wei-kian-king,' or 'Dying Instruction of Buddha,' translated into Chinese between 397 and 415 A.D. from a still earlier Sanskrit text gives to the last scene a somewhat different, though an equal beauty. 'It was now in the middle of the night,' it says, 'perfectly quiet and still; for the sake of his diciples, he delivered a summary of the law.' After laying down the rules of good life, he revealed the inner doctrines of his faith. 'The heart is lord of the senses: govern, therefore, your heart; watch well the heart. . . . Think of the fire that shall consume the world, and early seek deliverance from it. . . . Lament not my going away, nor feel regret. For if I remained in the world, then what would become of the church? It must perish without its end. From henceforth all my disciples practicing their various duties, shall prove that my true body, the body of the law (Dharmakaya) is everlasting and imperishable. The world is fast bound in fetters; I now give it deliverance. . . . Keep your mind on my teaching; all other things change, this changes not. No more shall I speak to you. I desire to depart. I desire the eternal rest (Nirvana). This is my last exhortation.'"

"The secret of Buddha's success was that he brought spiritual deliverance to the people. He preached that salvation was equally open to all men, and that it must be earned, not by propitiating imaginary deities, but by our own conduct. He thus cut away the religious basis of caste, of the sacrificial ritual, and of Brahman supremacy as the mediators between God and man. He taught that sin, sorrow, and deliverance, the state of a man in this life, in all previous and in all future lives, are the inevitable results of his own acts (*Karma*). He thus applied the inexorable law of cause and effect to the soul. What a man sows, that he must reap. As no evil remains without punishment, and no good deed without reward, it follows that neither priest nor God can prevent each act bearing its own consequences. Misery or happiness in this life is the unavoidable result of our conduct in a past life; and our actions here will determine our happiness or misery in the life to come. When any creature dies he is born again in some higher or lower state of existence, according to his merit or demerit. His merit or demerit consists of the sum total of his actions in all previous lives. By this great law of *Karma*, Buddha explained the inequalities and apparent injustice of man's state in this world as the unavoidable consequence of acts in the past; while Christianity compensates those inequalities by rewards in the future. A system in which our whole well being, past, present, and to come, depends on ourselves, leaves little room for a personal God. But the Atheism of Buddha was a philosophical tenet, which does not weaken the sanctions of right and wrong.

"Life, according to Buddha, must always be more or less painful; and the object of every good man is to get rid of the evils of existence by merging his individual soul into the universal soul. This is *Nirvana*, literally, 'cessation.' Some Buddhists explain it as absolute annihilation, when the soul is blown out like the flame of a lamp. Others hold that it is the extinction of the sins, sorrows, and selfishness of individual life; the final state of union and communion with the supreme, or the absorption of the individual soul into the divine essence. The fact is, that the doctrines underwent processes of change and development like all theological dogmas. 'But the earliest idea of *Nirvana*,' says one of the greatest authorities on Chinese Buddhism, 'seems to have included in it no more than the enjoyment of a state of rest consequent on the extinction of all causes of sorrow.' The great practical aim of Buddha's teachings was to suddue the lusts of the flesh and the cravings of the mind; and *Nirvana* has been taken to mean the extinction of the sinful grasping condition of heart which, by the inevitable law of *Karma*, would involve the penalty of renewed individual existence. The pious Buddhist strove to reach a state of quietism or holy mediation in this world, and looked forward to an eternal calm in a world to come.

"Buddha taught that this end could not be attained by the practice of virtue. He laid down eight precepts of morality, with two more for the religious orders, making ten commandments (*dasa-sila*) in all. He arranged the besetting faults of mankind into ten sins, and set forth the special duties applicable to each condition of life; to parents and children, to pupils and teachers, to husbands and wives, to masters and servants, to laymen and the religious orders. In place of the Brahman rites and sacrifices, Buddha prescribed a code of practical morality as the means of salvation. The three essential features of that code were control over self, kindness to other men, and reverence for the life of all sentient creatures."

Passing the lengthy descriptions of the missionary aspects and work of Buddhism from its earliest times—the work of the *Sixty;* the first Buddhist Ecclesiastical Council in 543 B.C., the second—443 B.C., the third—244 B.C.; the numerous and meritorious works of Asoka with his edicts, religious institutions, missionary efforts, etc., we will briefly notice in what that great king has done in reference to the forcible reform resorted to by him, to purify the faith and secure its pristine orthodoxy. Asoka, taking measures to spread the religion, "collected the body of doctrine into an authorative version, in the Magadha language; a version which for two thousand years has formed the canon (*pitakas*) of the southern Buddhists. . . . Asoka is said to have supported 64,000 Buddhist priests; he founded many religious houses, and his kingdom is called the Land of the Monasteries (Vihara or Behar) to this day."

The fourth council was held four hundred years after Buddha's death, by King Kanishka, the famous Saka conqueror, who ruled over Northwestern India, and whose authority having its nucleus in Kashmir extended to both sides of the Himalayas, from Yarkand and Khokan to Agra and Sind. His council of five hundred (40, A.D.) drew up the three commentaries of the Buddhist faith.

"These commentaries supplied in parts materials for the Thibetan or northern canon, completed at subsequent periods. The northern canon, or, as the Chinese proudly call it, the 'Greater Vehicle of the Law,' includes many later corruptions or developments of the Indian faith as embodied by Asoka in the 'Lesser Vehicle,' or canon of the southern Buddhists (244 B.C.). The Buddhist canon of China, a branch of the 'Greater Vehicle,' was arranged between 67 and 1285 A.D. It includes 1,440 distinct works, comprising 5,586 books. The ultimate divergence between the canons is great, both as to the historical aspects of Buddha's life and as to his teachings. . . . One example will suffice. According to the northern or 'Greater Vehicle,' those who transgressed wilfully after ordination might yet recover themselves; while to such persons the southern or 'Lesser Vehicle' allowed no room for repentance.

"The original northern commentaries were written in the Sanskrit language. . . . Kanishka and his Kashmir Council (40 A.D.) thus became in some degree to the northern or Tibeto-Chinese Buddhists, what Asoka and his Patna Council (244 B.C.) had been to the Buddhists of Ceylon and the south.

"Buddhism was thus organized as a state religion by the councils of Asoka and Kanishka. It started from Brahmanical doctrines; but from those doctrines, not as taught in hermitages to clusters of Brahman disciples, but as vitalized by a preacher of rare power in the capital cities of India. . . . Buddhism carried transmigration to its utmost spiritual use, and proclaimed our own actions to be the sole ruling influence on our past, present, and future states. It was thus led into the denial of any external being or god who could interfere with the immutable law of cause and effect as applied to the soul. But, on the other hand, it linked together mankind as parts of one universal whole, and denounced the isolated self-seeking of the human hearts as the heresy of individuality. Its mission was to make men more moral, kinder to others, and happier themselves; not to propitiate imaginary deities. It accordingly founded its teachings on man's duty to his neighbor, instead of on his obligations to God, and constructed its ritual on a basis of relic-worship or the commemoration of good men, instead of on sacrifice. Its sacred buildings were not temples to the gods, but monasteries (viharas) for the religious orders."

From that time upward Buddhism spread throughout the known lands like lightning. In the year 243 B.C. Mahinda (Sanskrit Mahendra), Asoka's son, with his sister, the Princess Sanghamitta who had entered the order, went to Ceylon with a body of missionaries and nuns. From thence missionaries established the faith in Burmah, 450 A.D. (though two Buddhist preachers landed at Pegu as early as 207 B.C.

"Siam was converted to Buddhism in 638 A.D. . . Yara received its missionaries direct from India, between the fifth and seventh centuries, and spread the faith to Bali and Sumatra. . . . [In a foot-note Dr. Hunter remarks that 'polemical writers, Christian and Chinese, have with equal injustice accused Buddhism and Christianity of consciously plagiarizing each other's rites. Thus Kuang-Hsien, the distinguished member of the Astronomical Board, who brought about the Chinese persecution of the Christians from 1565 to 1671 writes of them: 'They pilfer this talk about heaven and hell from the refuse of Buddhism, and then turn round and revile Buddhism.' (The Death Blow to the Corrupt Doctrines of Tien-chu, *i. e.*, Christianity, p. 46, Shanghai, 1870). 'We hardly see how the Buddhists could think otherwise or be accused of injustice, and along with them all those who study chronology and compare notes, when there is hardly a modern traveler, in Japan, China, and other Buddhist lands but is struck with the similarity. 'The temple at Rokugo,' writes Miss Bird (Unbeaten Tracks in Japan, vol. i, p. 295), from a remote town in Japan, 'was very beautiful, and except that its ornaments were superior in solidity and good taste, differed little from a Romish church. The low altar on which were lilies and lighted candles, was draped in blue and silver; and on the high altar draped in crimson and cloth of gold, there was nothing but a closed shrine, an incense burner and a vase of lotuses.' And further Dr. Hunter himself quotes from another passage of Miss Bird's book: 'In a Buddhist temple at Niagpo, the Chinese goddess of mercy, Kwan-Yin, whose resemblance to the Virgin Mary and child was already mentioned, is seen standing on a serpent bruising his head with her heel." Just as the pictures of the Virgin in thousands of her images we have seen. 'I will put an enmity between thee (the serpent) and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel,' reads verse 15, chapter iii, Genesis. It is this verse, we are told, that led the early and medieval Christians to adopt its representation in some of the Virgin Mary's images. But it cannot be so. For the verse threatens that the serpent's head will be bruised by the heel of the woman's seed—man, and it is the woman herself personified by the Christian mother of God who bruises the reptile's head. Whence, then, the origin of the allegory? The snake and snake ornamentation are the distinctive features of Hindoo and Buddhist religions, and the latter carried it alike to the east and the west.] Another stream of missionaries had found their way by Central Asia into China. Their first arrival in that empire dates from the second century B.C., although it was not till 65 A.D. that Buddhism then became the established religion. . . . The Scythian dynasties . . . accepted it, and the earliest remains which recent discovery has unearthed in Afghanistan are Buddhist. Kaniska's council soon after the commencement of the Christian era gave a fresh impetus to the faith. Thibet, South Central Asia, and China, lay along the great missionary routes of northern Buddhism; the Kirghis are said to have carried the religion as far as west the Caspian; on the east, the religion was introduced into the Corea in 372 A.D, and thence into Japan in 552. Buddhist doctrines are believed to have deeply affected religious thought in Alexandria and Palestine. The question is yet undecided as to how far the Buddhist ideal of the holy life, with its monks, nuns, relic-worship, bells, and rosaries, influenced Christian monachism. . . . It is certain that the analogies are striking. The form of abjuration for those who renounced the gnostic doctrines of Manes expressly mentions Buddha and Sakya. The Chinese in San Francisco have pictures of the Buddhist goddess of Mercy . . . which the Irish Catholics identify as their Virgin Mary with the infant in her arms, an aureole round her head, an adoring figure at her feet, and the spirit hovering near in the form of a bird."

"Buddhism never ousted Brahmanism . . . but the two systems co-existed as popular religions during more than a thousand years (244 B.C. to about 800 A.D."), writes Dr. Hunter. Fa-hian entered India from Afghanistan in 399–413 A.D., and found Brahman priests equally honored with Buddhist monks, and temples to the Indian gods side by side with the religious houses of the Buddhist faith. A Buddhist monarch ruled over ten kingdoms in Afghanistan. In Kashmir the king and people were devout Buddhists (so late as 645 A.D.), under the teaching of five hundred monasteries and five thousand monks. The vast monastery of Nalanda (identified with the modern Baragáon near Gaya) formed a seat of learning, where ten thousand monks and novices of the eighteen Buddhist schools here studied theology, philosophy, law, science, especially medicine, and practiced their devotions." Hionen Thsang found the two religions mingled everywhere. "On the Madras coast Buddhism flourished. Owing to the gradual increase of dom-

ination on the part of the Brahmans, and such persecutions as instigated by Sankara Acharya and Kumarika Bhatta, Buddhism began declining in India toward the sixth century, and "in the eleventh only outlying state, such as Kashmir and Orissa, remained faithful, and, before the Mohammedans came upon the scene, had almost disappeared from India. During the last thousand years Buddhism has been a banished religion from its native home. But it has won greater triumphs in its exile than it could have ever achieved in the land of its birth. It has created a literature and a religion for nearly half the human race, and has affected the beliefs of the other half. Five hundred millions of men, or forty per cent of the inhabitants of the world, still follow the teaching of Buddha. Afghanistan, Nepaul, Eastern Turkistan, Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria, China, Japan, the Eastern Archipelago, Siam, Burmah, Ceylon, and India at one time marked the magnificent circumference of its conquests. Its shrines and monasteries stretched in a continuous line from what are now the confines of the Russian empire to the equatorial islands of the Pacific. During twenty-four centuries Buddhism has encountered and outlived a series of powerful rivals. At this day it forms, with Christianity and Islam, one of the three great religions of the world, and the most numerously followed of the three.

"The noblest survivals of Buddhism in India are to be found, not among any peculiar body, but in the religions of the people; in that principle of the brotherhood of man, with the reassertion of which each new revival of Hindooism starts; in the asylum which the great Vaishnavite sect affords to women who have fallen victims to caste rules, to the widow and the outcast; in that gentleness and charity to all men which take the place of a poor law in India, and give a high significance to the half satirical epithet of the 'mild' Hindoo."

The following, from Arnold's "Light of Asia," will aid in giving a clear view of the excellence of the religion of the great Indian philosopher and sage:

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends,
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"

And answer gave the peasants, "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five score,
And five score sheep, the which our lord the king
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."

Then said the master, "I will also go."
So paced he, patiently bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet.

. . . . . .

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate,
Where the king's men kept watch.

. . . . . .

Then some one told the king, "There cometh here
A holy hermit bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown the sacrifice."

The king stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged,
Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. Then
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of Ghee and spices and the soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
From Bimbasara; take ye joy to see
The spirted blood and pleasure in the scent
Of rich roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike."

But Buddha softly said,
"Let him not strike, great king!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give—
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man who prays
For mercy to the gods is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit, all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.

Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully.
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous,
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew back their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms, reverencing Buddh;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs, which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats, which, when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice.
And through the land next day passed a decree,
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column, "Thus the King's will is:
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts that serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Ganga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

According to the doctrines of Buddha, wisdom and virtue are the two objects to be sought after. Supreme excellence consists in the extinction of all desire. Those who fail to attain this, continue to pass from one state of existence to another. As one lamp is kindled from another, so it is with the successive conditions of the individual. If so fortunate as eventually to overcome all desire, the lamp burns out and existence ceases. This is the condition called Nirvana, (usually pronounced Nirwana by the Buddhists themselves), or the absence of desire. To *be* is to *suffer*, to cease to be is to cease to *suffer*.

The Buddhist, as I have already shown, has no god, he has no miracles, no supernaturalism. Merit and demerit, according to his belief, necessarily produce fruit after their kind. There is no recognition of "propitiation," "pardon," or "atonement." Cause and effect are absolute, but the effect may follow after the individual has passed through several ages of being, and he may be perfectly ignorant of the cause. It is not uncommon for a Buddhist on being plunged into misfortune, to say, "This must be on account of some sin committed by me in a former birth." As a natural consequence of the belief, not of transmigration exactly, but rather of the renewal of existence under various forms, the destruction of animal life is forbidden.

Gautama was not the only Buddha; many existed before him, and he alluded especially to six. Buddhas are persons who in each successive stage of existence have gone on acquiring more and more merit, and less and less desire of every kind. Pleasure and pain, the social relations, the appetites, the emotions of the mind have lost all influence over them. They become indifferent to all things sublunary, and are wrapped in meditation. This last condition is always that of man; on attaining Buddhaship they manifest its acquisition, by what would almost seem as miracles, until existence ceases. Those persons who do not become Buddhas, but subdue their passions and extinguish their desires, are called Rahats, and are believed to enjoy a high state of felicity.

Although established in great purity by its illustrious founder, many innovations have crept in, though perhaps not so much as in other great systems of the world; none perhaps are so pure as when first established. I have already alluded to multiplied images of Buddha, to the offerings of flowers, to the corruptions of the priesthood, and to the inequality of women. Had the teachings of Buddha always been strictly followed these innovations would not have crept in.

All Buddhists are not as enlightened as they should be. Many of them are unquestionably in a low state of ignorance. The abstract refinements and metaphysics of their great teacher are little understood by the masses; and the learned find it a thankless task to endeavor to educate them. It is not strange that these lower classes incline to a species of image-worship, but it is to be regretted that the learned priests wink at it as well as at other absurdities and superstitions which exist. But perhaps Buddhistic priests are like other priests, and uphold the superstitions they themselves do not believe in for the sake of the power they thereby maintain over the people. But the dissemination of education and general intelligence is the true remedy for these ills.

But with whatever faults may be charged to Buddhism, I am decidedly of the opinion that it has produced a higher state of morals than any other system of religion with which I am acquainted. There is to-day less of intoxication, fighting, robbery, stealing, assault and battery, manslaughter, and murder, committed in Buddhistic countries, and more of peacefulness, more of love for animal and human kind, than in Christendom and Mohammedandom. This is the result of a religion with a god, without a divine providence, without a devil, without a prayer, and without supernaturalism. These few words contain more truth, more food for deep thought than volumes of sermons and pious twaddle. Let those who think there is no getting along "without god in the world" ponder well on these truths. They cannot be successfully disputed.

ITEMS OF CEYLON HISTORY.

I do not propose to burden you with a full history of this island, but it does seem as though I ought to give somewhat of its past experiences before bidding it a final adieu.

Its extreme length is 271½ miles, and its greatest breadth, 137½ miles. Its southern point is 5° 55′ north of the equator, and its most northern point, 9° 51′. Its area, including the islands on its northwestern coast, is 25,742 square miles. Its three largest rivers are respectively 134, 84, and 72 miles in length; it has six other shorter ones. It has several mountain peaks between 6,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea.

The inhabitants of the island are divided into five classes: 1. The Veddahs, probably the aborignes of the island, are a barbarous tribe who live by hunting and fishing, with the bow and arrow, and know nothing of civilization. They have no religion save a belief in devils, of which they stand in great fear. Their numbers are few, and decreasing.

2. The Singalese are descendents of Hindoo colonists, who settled in Ceylon three thousand years ago. They are one of the branches of the great Aryan stock, and their language is clearly of Sanscrit origin. They are a handsome, well-made race, and their appearance and character are gentle, rather than bold and aggressive. They have good intellects, and easily become good scholars. They excel in mathematics and practical talent. Their national religion is Buddhism, which was introduced into the island nearly four centuries before the Christian era. Many of the Singalese have Portuguese names, from the fact that the island was once under Portuguese control. The names Fernando, Dias, De Silva, Gomez, etc., are cases in point.

3. The Tamils, who occupy the northern part of the island, and are more or less spread over other portions, were originally from the eastern part of India, and they retain the Tamil language, as well as the Hindoo religion. They differ from the Singalese in appearance, manner, and dress. A cloth around the waist and a turban on the head constitutes their ordinary dress, and the turban is often omitted. They do not generally cultivate the beard and mustache; the hair is worn long, and fastened in a knot, which bachelor dandies are fond of adjusting over one ear. An oleander flower or rose stuck behind the ear is also a mark of attention to appearance. The school-boys are said to often encircle the head with the strip of ola, on which their lesson is written. The highest official office is that of maniagar, and the second that of odiar. These officers are for the most part distinguished by a turban ironed smooth, instead of being folded loosely, and arranged in a peculiar form, somewhat like a cross. It is said that this practice was introduced by the Portuguese, as a mark of the conversion of the wearers to Christianity. If so, the dress has survived the religion. They are industrious, enterprising, and intelligent.

4. The Eurasians or Burghers are descendants from pure Dutch parents, who made the island their home, or an offspring of European and native mixture. The term "burgher" signifies in Dutch a citizen, or, one entitled to the freedom of the borough. It is now generally applied to all having some European blood and who were born in the island.

5. The Moormen are probably the descendants of Arabs who settled in Ceylon and the Indian continent and intermarried with the native races. They speak the Tamil language, though Arabic is taught in their schools. Their religion is Mohammedanism, and their occupation, trade and barter. They are speculative and money-making, and have often been named after their relatives, the Jews. They act largely as merchants and pedlers. They shave their heads, and let the beard grow. They uncover their feet and look grave when they meet an acquaintance.

The Rodias may be treated as a distinct class, though they are usually classed with the Singalese. Many think they are a branch of the Veddahs, and are descendants of the aborigines. Those who think they are Singalese have a tradition that they were the persons whose duty it was to supply the Kandian kings with game; and that on one occasion they produced human flesh, which his majesty enjoyed so much that he directed them to procure more of what he supposed was part of some wild animal. The royal barber, however, learned the facts, and acquainted the king of them. His rage was great; and, as the direst punishment that he could inflict on the offenders, he decreed that henceforth they, as well as their tribe, should be outcasts from other society; that they should not be permitted to pursue any calling, but beg their bread from door to door, and be shunned by everybody. This order of things being once established, it became no unusual thing for the king to punish noble men and women who incurred his displeasure by condemning them to join the Rodias with their whole families—a sentence worse than death. This fact may account for the beauty of form peculiar to this class, in spite of the abject demeanor which their degraded position superinduces. They live in villages of their own, and obtain their subsistence by begging, their importunity and the aversion with which they are regarded being in their favor, for people will gladly give them a trifle to get rid of them. Having formerly been debarred from tilling the soil, they have learnt to make many articles of handicraft, such as grass ropes, baskets, mats, etc. Their habits of life are said to be unnatural and immoral. In former days

the women were only allowed to cover the lower part of the person, but this prohibition no longer exists, and they generally wear a colored silk-handkerchief tied around the neck and waist. Their figures are as erect as arrows. One can hardly view a race so fine physically, and so degraded morally, without pity and a desire to see them elevated. It will be long before the Kandians learn to regard them with any other than feelings of aversion. The men might find occupation on public works, but they have so long been accustomed to an idle life that they do not wish regular manual employment.

Letters from Friends.

ZENA, OR., June 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—three for my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and five for the Round-the-World fund, and oblige, JOHN PHILLIPS.

EAGLE, WIS., June 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for the Round-the-World books. Send the first volume in care of F. G. Parks, and as fast as the others are ready send them along. Respectfully, E. L. BOVEE.

GULL RIVER, MINN., June 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The books I recently sent for hav been received, and I like them very much. Inclosed you will find $6—$5 for the Round-the-World books, and $1 for "Marriage and Parentage.

Yours respectfully, ALBERT MASE.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., June 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4, and send one copy of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" to Nathan Churchill, and one copy to Mr. John Shubert. We may become subscribers to the other volumes as they come out to the public. I am both a Spiritualist and a Materialist, which I am glad to see Mr. Bennett is. Materialism is as nothing without the Spiritual, but both together is like a pair of shears. It will shear off all the wool from Christian dogmatism, and then there will be nothing left but the bare hide.

NATHAN CHURCHILL.

PARSIPPANY, MORRIS Co., N. J., June 24, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed you will find seven dollars for the Round-the-World trip, if I am not too late. If the two dollars additional is not enough to bind them in substantial style, please notify at once, and I will send the difference, as I forget the price.

I am glad to learn through THE TRUTH SEEKER of Mr. D. M. Bennett's safe return to American shores and his enthusiastic reception in the "City of the Golden Gate;" and also that our friend, Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, is enjoying herself so well among her fellow-workers at Boston.

Respectfully, ALICE V. HENNION

EASTERN MICHIGAN CAMP-MEETING AT ORION LAKE.

DETROIT, MICH., June 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: One of the most successful meetings ever held in Michigan closed on Sunday last at Orion Lake. It was a six-days' camp-meeting, beginning on Tuesday, June 13th. Orion Lake is situated forty miles north of Detroit, on the Detroit and Bay City railroad, and is one of the most delightful places in the state. The lake covers some sixteen hundred acres of land, and incloses several islands. One gentleman who is familiar with Lake Pleasant declared Orion to far excel in natural beauty that famous rallying-ground of the Spiritual and Liberal forces. Owing to the backwardness of the season, and the great demonstration at the soldiers' reunion in Detroit the same week, the numbers in attendance were not large; but yet the meeting met all of its financial obligations, and was in every other feature a gratifying success. There were representativs from nearly every section of the state and some from other states. Among the latter may be mentioned A. J. Pope, of Indianapolis, Indiana, a most faithful and earnest worker in any line to which he is called.

The more substantial result of the meeting was the organization of the "Fourth District Spiritual-Liberal Association," comprising the counties of Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair, and Lapeer. Last summer a committee was appointed by the Executiv Board of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists to divide the state into districts as a basis for district work. The division comprehends twenty districts, and the new Fourth District Association is the first substantial step in this new departure, which it is hoped may be speedily followed by others. The Association will hold its first annual meeting at Orion in connection with a two-days' grove-meeting the last Saturday and Sunday of August. The provisional officers to hold until that time are: President, Israel C. Smith, Metamora, Lapeer county; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Frances M. Odell, Farmers Creek, Lapeer county; Directors, W. B. Banon, St. Clair, St. Clair county; Charles S. Hutchins, Mt. Clemens, Macomb county; Allen S. Pearsall, Shelby, Macomb county. Owing to the simple accident that no representativ from Oakland county was present at the time the formal organization was made, no one appears in the list from that county; but this will be remedied at the annual meeting.

Our Spiritual and Liberal friends in eastern Michigan took an especial interest in this meeting, as it was the first of the kind held in that part of the state, and this interest insured for it its gratifying measure of success. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout, and the meeting dispersed with no irritation, heart-burnings, or jealousies.

The principal speakers in attendance from Michigan were J. H. Burnham, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, and Mrs. Sarah Graves; and from abroad the popular Spiritualist speakers were Cephas B. Lynn and H. L. Green, Liberal. Our Michigan friends were most happy to greet this well-known organizer and secretary of the New York Freethinkers' Association; and it is to be hoped that many of them will renew his acquaintance at the coming annual gathering of that influential and efficient agency of progress and Freethought.

A notable fact of the meeting was an address on Sunday evening by Mr. Choate, principal of the village school, in which he placed himself squarely on the Liberal platform. This for a young man whose position in all likelihood will depend upon men subservient to church influences is an act of moral courage that is well worthy of imitation. Mr. Predmore, an old and leading citizen of the place, may also be named among the leading Liberals.

The conference meetings were presided over with dignity and tact by Mrs. Graves.

Charles E. Watkins, the well-known test and slate-writing medium, was present during the entire meeting, and gave the most perfect satisfaction to all who held interviews with him.

The Lapeer Spiritual choir, led by N. P. Wadsworth, with Mrs. Odell as organist, rendered excellent music, and Miss Palmer, of Romeo, gave some fine vocal improvisations.

Copies of most of the leading Spiritual and Liberal papers were there, and were announced from the rostrum, and placed in the hands of Mrs. Lucie E. Owen, of Lapeer, as general agent.

Among the literary contributions to the occasion were two very pretty poetical efforts, the first a "Welcome," by Mrs. Owen, last named, and the other "Destiny," by Mrs. S. S. Allen, of Flint.

S. B. MCCRACKEN.

H. L. GREEN'S LECTURE TRIP.

OTSEGO, June 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Since my last letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav lectured in Waterloo, Wheatland, Grand Mound, Burlington, Fort adison, in Iowa, and in Nauvoo, Galesburg, Yates City, and Streator, in Illinois. Our meeting was not large at Waterloo, but the subject seemed to be new to most of the persons present, and they listened attentivly for an hour and a-half to what I had to offer, and I hope I was able to say a few things that will set the young men who were present to thinking. Mrs. Maria Rapp, one of your subscribers, an intelligent German Freethought lady, took the lead in getting up the meeting, and my good friends J. D. Weaver and Dr. J. R. Corry seconded her efforts with liberal contributions. I had a very agreeable visit with Dr. Corry and his worthy wife. While stopping at Waterloo I was the guest of Mrs. Rapp, at her very pleasant home. Her late husband was one of the most activ Liberals in that vicinity. At the lecture I was pleased to take by the hand N. Roebuck, William H. Cutler, N. Derrick, Joseph Watkins, and A. C. Bratnober, all members of "our church."

I was invited to Wheatland, Iowa, by that well-known, energetic Liberal, Jerome Dutton, and when I arrived there, in a very short time, I was made to feel perfectly at home by Brother Dutton and his good wife, whose hospitality I greatly enjoyed. I became much interested in his bright boy, Claude, who for many years has been a cripple, and his young girl, who is the picture of health and intelligence. Here I made the personal acquaintance of brother H. L. Barter, who is publishing the *Liberal Free Press*. I wish he might get a living support. The paper is published weekly, for $1 a year. Among the Liberals I met at Wheatland I remember the names of D. S. Cook, Nathan Davidson, Henry Bulmer, and Henry Hartsman.

From Wheatland I went to Grand Mound, and for three days enjoyed the pleasant home of Mr. Leroy Dutton and Mrs. Flora Dutton, his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton hav, as your readers know, been great admirers of D. M. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER, and Liberals contributing largely to the Liberal movement. Mr. Dutton has one of the best farms in that section, some four hundred acres of the best land in the state, and a large, well-furnished house, the doors of which are always open to Liberals and reformers who travel that way. While at Mr. Dutton's I made the acquaintance of Dr. C. R. Fish, of Clinton, Iowa, and Mrs. Jennie Holcom, of Mendota, Illinois, both intelligent Freethinkers, and subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, who were visiting at Mr. Dutton's. I also made the acquaintance of Charles Dutton, a brother, and Andrew Allerson, an activ Liberal. I lectured in the district school-house to an intelligent audience. The last lecture previously delivered there was by W. S. Bell, who I found had many warm friends in this section. Miss Anna Baldwin, the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, entertained us all with fine vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. Warner Boecklin invited me to lecture before Liberal League No. 237, in the city of Burlington, and I was surprised when I arrived there to find Mr. Boecklin and his intelligent wife, Mrs Cornelia Boecklin, the proprietors of the finest mansion in the city. We seldom find such elegant residences owned and occupied by heretics. But here we hav beauty everywhere, not only in the residence and splendid grounds, but more particularly in the genial, intelligent, and philanthropic occupants. Mrs. Boecklin is a relativ of the late distinguished Unitarian preacher, Rev. Dr. Channing.

Liberal League No. 237, I was glad to learn, was prospering. The officers of the League are W. H. Ellery, president; Mat Stemple, secretary, and Cornelia Boecklin, treasurer. And allow me to say that Mrs. Boecklin has the courage to wear the reform dress. The League meets every two weeks at the Boecklin mansion. I am sure there is no other League in the United States that has so fine a building to meet in. And I must mention the fact that the first publications that met my eye on the center table were THE TRUTH SEEKER, the Boston *Investigator*, and Chainey's *This World*.

Fort Madison, on the Mississippi river, was my next-stopping place. Dr. J. W. Moorman, one of your subscribers, made the arrangements for my lecture there. It was in the court-house, and well attended. I greatly enjoyed my visit at the doctor's, but regretted that a sudden illness prevented his attending the lecture. While at Fort Madison I made the acquaintance of Mr. J. R. Tewksbury, wife, and daughter. Mr. Tewksbury makes his living by violating the second commandment. He is said to be the best photographer in southwestern Iowa. If there are any of your readers who desire a good likeness of your humble correspondent, let them send twenty-five cents to Brother Tewkesbury and get one—cabinet size.

The next place I visited was the old Mormon town, Nauvoo, from which the Mormons were driven by their brother Christians thirty-eight years ago. How these various Christian sects love one another! The Mormons evidently follow the teachings of the Bible nearer than any other Christian sect, and notwithstanding this their Christian brothers of other denominations would like to drive them into the sea. Solomon and David were "after God's own heart," but Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, who followed directly in their footsteps, hav no rights that modern orthodox Christians are bound to respect.

I know of no town in America that has a finer natural location than Nauvoo. The Mormons seem to hav made a very fine selection for a site for the holy city of "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." They were probably led there by the same deity that led the childern of Israel through the wilderness. I was entertained at Nauvoo by Earnest Heck, president of the Nauvoo Liberal League. He livs in one of the old brick Mormon houses, and my visit at his house was very agreeable to me. Mr. S. Palmer, secretary of the League, is an activ Freethinker. Mr. John Haas, a German Freethinker, very generously gave us the use of his opera hall for a lecture, and, all things considered, the audience was very respectable in size. I took by the hand here, besides those heretofore mentioned, the following subscribers to your paper: August Boeger, George A. Ritter, and W. H. Fulton. The river here surrounds one-half of the town at least, in a semi-circle; the other half is beautifully located, on an ascending bluff. The houses are so far apart that each resident can own and work a small farm. There are but a small portion of the inhabitants orthodox, and it has been suggested that this be made a Liberal city. The League here is independent, but it now proposes to take out a charter, as an auxiliary to the National Liberal League. The Liberals of Nauvoo are a very intelligent class of people.

I lectured in Galesburg, Illinois, Sunday evening, May 21st, in the opera house, to an audience of two or three hundred people, one-third at least of whom were young men. They listened very attentivly, and I am confident I said some things that will influence them to bring their judgment into use when listening hereafter to orthodox sermons on the holy Bible. They applauded very heartily at some of the absurd things I pointed out. The Universalist preacher, Rev. C. W. Tomlinson, and his wife, called in when the lecture was about half through, but for some reason soon left. I listened very attentivly during the forenoon to his discourse, in which he criticized Freethinkers, but like most other clergymen he could not listen for an hour to some one who disagreed with him, although it was an old personal friend. I dislike a religion that causes a person to hav more respect for an unknown God than a known man or woman. It is better that we keep our love and respect for man, who needs it, than for a God who does not. I will show no disrespect to any of my friends on the earth to please any God in the skies. What we need is more love for humanity and less for gods.

The two persons who arranged for the Galesburg meeting were Dr. A. G. Humphrey and D. W. Hamblin, and they paid most of the expenses out of their own pockets. Dr. Humphrey is the proprietor of a water-cure establishment at Galesburg, and has many patients. He is an able Liberal writer and speaker. I was pleased to meet Dr. A. Clark, an old-time Infidel, and forty years' subscriber to the Boston

Investigator. He inquired very particularly about his old and worthy friend Amy Post, of Rochester, where he used to reside, and whom he had not seen in many years, but whom he held in high esteem, as all do who know her. I was entertained while in the city by Capt. F. D. Light, who is the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, a good place for Freethinkers to put up.

A number of the members of the Liberal League met the evening I arrived there, and decided to hold regular meetings hereafter. Dr. Humphrey is president, and A. S. Cummings is secretary. This League will send delegates to the St. Louis congress, in September.

At Yates city, on short notice, a very respectable meeting was got together by the energetic labors of the postmaster, whose name, I regret to say, I hav forgotten.

My last stopping-place was Streator, Illinois. Here I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. M. Woolley the author of that wonderful book, "The Science of the Bible." I am satisfied from my visit with the doctor that he really knows more about the Bible than any other man in America. His book is beyond the comprehension of most readers, but I am sure that, in the near future, it will be valued very highly. At Streator I had an agreeable visit with Mrs. Maria B. Densmore, who is known so well by the Liberal public as a writer for Liberal journals. Mrs. Densmore's age and want of health keep her within doors most of the time, but her mind and pen are still activ.

All who attended the Freethinkers' convention last year will remember William Bronson, Mrs. Densmore's brother, who made so many stirring speeches in the conference meetings. I am pleased to say that Brother Bronson will be present at the Watkins' convention. While at Streator I spent a day with Mr. Edward Jones, and viewed with interest his "Allegorical Castle." It represents very many interesting events in history, connected with the downfall of political and religious despotism.

Hereafter my address will be Salamanca, N. Y.

Truly yours, H. L. GREEN.

NOTES AND NEWS.

NORWAY, IOWA, June 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For six months I hav written little of my travels for your paper. Work has pressed upon me too heavily to permit of much scribbling. During this time I hav visited between Kansas and northwestern Missouri, besides putting in several months of activ duty in Iowa. Hav met many of our most useful Western Liberals, many of your subscribers, forming a large number of very pleasant acquaintances who will not soon be forgotten, and I hav sold a fair amount of Liberal books, pamphlets, papers, etc., thus sowing good seed for the harvest by and by.

My lecture appointments hav increased in proficiency, and I hope to be able to devote myself still more to that branch of my work during the coming months.

Antichristian ideas are spreading everywhere, the new thought is permeating every stratum of society, and the old theology is apparently dying. But I think that he would be much mistaken who should for one moment relax his vigilance or sleep upon his post. And this is just what thousands of Antichristians are doing. But the old spirit of the church still livs, and we shall never be free until it is killed. Every incident, almost, of our political and legislativ life shows us that tyranny is but changing its line of attack. It has not abandoned its siege of the citadel of liberty.

The church can directly injure us only through the inculcation of her monstrous errors, but indirectly she is each year adding a new thread of steel to the fetters now upon our wrists through the laws which she induces state and national legislators to enact. And she conjures not now so much with her old shibboleth of "lewd," as with those very sweetly-sounding ones of "morality," "temperance," "order," etc. And too many of our unthinking Liberals are falling into her dextrously-set traps, are deluded by her sophistries. People educated in church doctrins are not very apt to easily rid themselvs of all her errors when they throw off the chains of her theological servitude. So it happens that thousands of so-called Liberals who talk kindly of the Christian superstitions and shout themselvs hoarse over the beauties of our supposed free government, are hand-in-glove with priest and politician for the utter obliteration of our few remaining liberties. Of all men out of place a Liberal supporting sumptuary legislation is most completely lost, and yet we in this state behold the sad spectacle of thousands of Infidels supporting and activly working for the Prohibitory amendment. Prohibition involves a principle which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would stop every Liberal press in the country, and close the lips of every Freethinker. If the majority may to-day prescribe what I may not sell or drink, or the ground that the article is injurious to myself or others, the same or another majority to-morrow may upon the same grounds say what I shall read or teach to my children. There is no limit to the demands of tyranny when once you admit its basic principle. No Freethinker who knows why he is a Freethinker can giv his vote for this kind of legislation.

To-morrow (June 27th) we, of Iowa, vote upon a prohibitory amendment to our Constitution. It is, in its inception and spirit, a clerical movement. All Liberals who are working for it are simply in the position of "old dog Tray." The church cannot conceive of a reform accomplished through any other agency than that of force.

The *State Register* says that every church bell in Iowa rings for the amendment. The *Northwestern News* quotes with approval the vindictiv remarks of the California *Christian Advocate* that the leaders of the League of Freedom are out of place while out of jail, and from every prohibition press in the state flows in an unceasing stream the torrent of billingsgate defamation, vituperation, and silliness. Disguise it as we may, seek to avoid the conclusion as we will, the truth is that we, as Liberals, hav a special interest in this fight beyond that of our imperativ duty to defend to the death the principle of individual sovereignty, as the bed-rock upon which rests our every right as dissenters from the popular faith, for it is apparent that the prohibitory law and the Sunday law questions are so inextricably entangled that to kill the latter vampire of usurped power we must strike to the heart of the former as well. And its enemies are very largely our friends, and they can be made still more nearly unanimous for equal laws for all days, if we are but wise enough to be brave and consistent in our devotion to liberty.

Surely and not so very slowly the narrow confines in which the individual may freely move by gracious permission of the powers that be are being lessened, and it is high time that we awake to a realization of the terrible fact. How many more sumptuary amendments do you want? how many more medical laws? how many more Utah bills? how many more books suppressed by attorney-generals, and Comstock bills enacted by state legislatures before you will get upon your feet and assert your rights?

How much better organized than we are our English brethren. Thirteen hundred accessions to the secular society in one year! But their "greatest orator" has kept ever in the front; ours has retreated to the cover of the neighboring hills, fearful of the mud batteries of the enemy. Comment is unnecessary.

Right glad am I to read of the hearty reception given to Mr. Bennett by the California comrades. Grand letters were those sent to the reception committee. How some of them must hav made the malcontests squirm! Perhaps they hav by this time learned that it never pays, in the long run, to desert the colors of freedom.

In two or three days I am off for northwestern Iowa, southeastern Dakota, and western Minnesota. Shall remain in that section until near the time for the state convention of the Iowa Leauge, which will be held some time in September. From there to St. Louis the last days of September, where I hope to grasp by the hand many old friends from all parts of the country, and to make the acquaintance of other workers in the cause. While in the northwest I hope to be kept busily employed, and shall be more than glad to organize a League in every town I visit. I want to get many subscribers for our papers. Address me at Norway, Benton county, Iowa.

Fraternally, E. C. WALKER.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., June 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed 50 cents for THE TRUTH SEEKER three months for Charles B. Drake. Mr. Drake and family are of Liberal views, intelligent humanitarians. I do not doubt but in the future your paper will find a warm reception in their congenial and pleasant home.

By the same mail I shall forward to your address a copy of the *Rice County Journal*, in which is an able letter from one of the Old Guard in the abolition ranks, J. W. North, of Oleander, Cal., and who was the founder of Northfield some twenty-six or seven years ago. I understand the town was founded on the basis of temperance principles. But this, like many other towns, has drifted away from its original basis. Notwithstanding that Northfield is a sectarian town, and the majority of the readers of the *Journal* are strictly orthodox, the views entertained and promulgated by Mr. North being antagonistic to their doctrins, yet his letters are sought and devoured with greed and eager look and wish for more. If this last letter should call out remarks in defense of the dogmas of the church from some of its stanch supporters, we may look for a lively discussion through the *Journal*, and thereby cause many to see the absurdity of the whole plan of Christian salvation, and emerge from the darkness of superstition and bigotry into the light of reason and common sense. Some months back, one of the ablest men in the church took Mr. North in hand, but he was too glad to lay this oppressed Infidel burden down, and proved himself a total failure to defend his religion or answer the arguments of the Freethinker.

The beautiful oration of Col. Ingersoll's, delivered in New York on Decoration Day, should be in the hands of all the clergy, and should be read from every pulpit in the union, as one of the most eloquent, patriotic, sublime orations that was ever delivered by heroic man. From beginning to end is the manifestation of the spirit of love and justice toward all humanity, and yet there are many of the shepherds, the expounders of the doctrin of the meek and lowly Jesus, who detest his very name, and would crush him out of his present existence, and hurl him into the torments of hell (if there is any such place) if it were in their power. Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, lovers of freedom, Humanitarians, Infidels, and Freethinkers what might you expect at the hands of Christian rulers if they only dared? Echo answers, The Inquisition, with her most inhuman torture. But thanks to the Infidels and Humanitarians of the present and bygone days for the spirit of toleration. Here is a specimen of the spirit of a Baptist clergyman not very far away, toward Col. Ingersoll: "I should like to furnish the powder to blow Bob Ingersoll up with, but he is not worth the powder that would blow him up."

I rejoiced to read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the safe arrival on American soil of our beloved hero, D. M. Bennett. May he reach his home in safety, and may peace and joy reign supreme where he dwells.

Yours truly, MRS. S. J. LENONT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps there is no man now living who has witnessed so much extraordinary and wondrous absurdities in the line of priestcraft as D. M. Bennett of the New York TRUTH SEEKER. His travels over the globe hath brought him in contact with an overwhelming proof that the entire races of mankind are under the heels of a most ravenous and deceitful clique, or number of cliques, who ride rough-shod on the necks of the millions, and hold them in the most abject slavery. Their millions of deluded dupes are terrorized by the assumptions of these idle vagabonds, who are ever swindling and sponging on the ignorant masses. The multitudes of deities, seen and unseen, these miserable black-hearted priests hav set up as an authority and power for mankind to obey, to bow, to cringe, and become the most servil of slaves, is the most atrocious of crimes, inasmuch as no gods, god desses, or demons ever existed outside the dark and besotted brain of savage life. The whole business is the most glaring of frauds, whether perpetrated in lands called civilized, or amidst the wild and dark-minded races of savagism. Everywhere the systems of priestcraft, seems to be on a par in one particular, which is plundering the poor, pitiable, infatuated people, over whom these scowling priests rule with the vilest of tyranny. Can it be possible that these villainous systems, so long palmed off on a world's credulity, shall last? Will the people never see through these accursed shams, and smash the inventors and perpetrators of such self-evident frauds? Will the people be ever blind and destitute of beholding these many brazen-faced tricks to humbug a weak-minded and thoughtless world? Surely not. The time must be near when gods, visible and invisible, will become a stinking offense to the enlightened and intellectual mind, and such minds I trust are increasing daily. If such is not the case this beautiful planet is doomed to a blight which saps the foundation of all true and genuin civilization and progressiv free manhood.

Yours truly, T. WINTER.

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 19, 1882.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: I want to tell you your good husband stayed with us last night and left this morning for Stockton, and, I a sure you, we were sorry to hav him go, for he has warm friends here. Allow me to tell you of the reception we tendered him at the California Theater last Friday evening. Our stage had six bouquets that averaged from three to seven feet in hight, and you can imagin their size and effect. The entertainment we were all proud of.

Last Friday Mr. Schwartz took his carriage and drove to New Almaden Quicksilver Mines with Mr. Bennett and Mr. York, and on Saturday a jolly load of us accompanied him to Mount Hamilton to see the Lick Observatory which is being built in the interest of science. Mr. James Lick, the noted Infidel and Freethinker, donated sufficient funds to establish and sustain an observatory with the largest telescope in the world. The exact amount donated I do not know We remained on the mountain over night. I wish you could hav been with us. We voted unanimously that it was a bright spot in our lives long to be remembered. Mr. Bennett is tired and feels anxious to get home. I think you will see him soon. I hav often thought of you as you hav watched and waited for his return, and rejoiced for and with you when the telegram was sent you that he was again on the same continent with yourself, with no ocean flowing between you. There are many friends on the coast who desire to take the traveler by the hand, but he feels that it is impossible to reach them all at this time. Very pleasant receptions hav been tendered him at San Francisco and Sacramento also. Mr. York intended to accompany him as far as Salt Lake City on his homeward journey, but has been compelled to lay by for repairs as he is quite ill from over work and unable to travel. Hoping you will soon see him, I remain, Yours for truth, MRS. J. L. YORK.

TURKVILLE, KAN., June 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 to pay for my dear old TRUTH SEEKER another year. I am very thankful to you for continuing it so long after my time ran out. Mr. Bennett's letters are very interesting to me, and I would like to hav them in book form, but cannot spare the money now.

Yours for liberty, D. C. BRUMITT.

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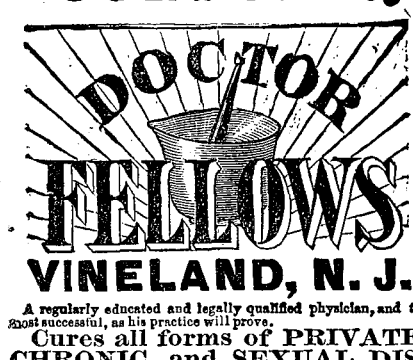
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SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

—*Burns.*

UNLESS we are willing to adopt the logic of persecutors, and to say that we may persecute others because we are right, and that they must not persecute us because they are wrong, we must beware of admitting a principle of which we should resent the application to ourselvs as a gross injustice.—*J. S. Mill.*

To believe transubstantiation, or any other absurdity, contrary either to sense or reason, is in the most profane manner to make religion ridiculous by taking away the very foundation of all knowledge and of all beliefs, either in matters of religion or in anything else, for the judgment of reason being once set aside, there remains no possible means of judging whether any one thing whatsoever be more reasonable or more unreasonable to be believed than another, or whether, in any case whatsoever, either belief or unbelief be, in any degree, reasonable or unreasonable at all.—*Dr. S. Clarke.*

THEY who oppung [oppose] the force and certainty of reason and treat "right reason" as a chimera must argue against reason either with reason or without reason. In the latter way they do nothing, and in the former they betray their own cause and establish that which they labor to dethrone. To prove that there is no such thing as "right reason" by any good argument is indeed impossible, because that would be to show there is such a thing by the manner of proving that there is not.—*Wollaston's Religion of Nature Delineated.*

AS in other religions, so in that of our own country, the position of the body in the grave is discerned to be of vast importance. The head must be westward and the feet eastward, the nominal reason being that the dead person should rise from his temporary abode with his face to the east, whence Christ will come; the real reason being, in all probability, the survival of a much older custom, in which this venerable divinity, the sun, stood in the place of the savior of mankind.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

THROUGHOUT his career Cæsar displayed always a singular indifference to life. He had no sentimental passion about him,—no Byronic mock-heresies. He had not much belief either in God or the gods. On all such questions he observed from first to last a profound silence. But one conviction he had. He intended, if he was to liv at all, to liv master of himself in matters which belonged to himself. Sylla might kill him if he so pleased. It was better to die than to put away a wife who was the mother of his child and to marry some other woman at a dictator's bidding. Life on such terms was not worth keeping.—*Froude's Cæsar.*

To solicit and persuade one another are privileges which belong to us all: and the wiser and better man is bound to advise the less wise and good. But he is not only not bound, but he is not allowed, speaking generally, to coerce him.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THERE is probably no great religion in the world, the establishment of which has been altogether dissociated from miracles. They prove the most striking, most indisputable, most intelligible proof of the divine will, not indeed that there is any clear logical connection between the performance of a wonder and the truth of the wonder-worker's doctrins, but popular imagination jumps readily to the conclusion that a man whom rumor or tradition has invested with supernatural powers over nature must also be in possession of correct opinions, or even of supernatural knowledge, on the mysterious questions with which religion deals. Hence ecclesiastical historians of all ages and countries hav sought to show that those from whom they deduced the systems in which they wished their readers to believe were either themselvs gifted with thaumaturgic faculties, or were the subjects of special marvels worked upon them. Such miracles hav always served as their credentials, indicating their high character, and entitling them to demand the obedience of mankind to the commands they brought. —*Amberley.*

FRUGALITY itself is a pleasure. It is an exercise of attention and contrivance which, whenever it is successful, produces satisfaction. The very care and forecast that are necessary to keep expenses and earnings upon a level, form, when not embarrassed by too great difficulties, are agreeable engagement of the thoughts. This is lost amidst abundance. There is no pleasure in taking out of a large unmeasured fund. They who do that, and only that, are the mere loungers of money from one hand to another.—*Paley.*

IF a woman is her own housekeeper she should study to do her work on the most simple and easy plan, cook but a few dishes at a time, and hav each as perfect in itself as possible. She must save work wherever she can, and, above all else, limit the number of her children to only two or three at the most. Two children, if well cared for and properly reared, are all that one woman can possibly attend to and do her own housework, sewing, knitting, gardening, etc.—*E. D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

GOD made bees,
Bees made honey;
God made man,
Man made money—
Hard to get.

A WESTERN young man, aged eighteen, has eloped with a married woman of three-score years. This æsthetic craze for antiquities is becoming altogether too general, and threatens to cause trouble.

"WHAT side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel cross-examining a witness. "On either side. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

THE *Eagle* at Denver gives the following as an obituary notice brought to it by a quiet, sad-eyed man, with the inquiry, "How much will it cost?"

"Smith.—Busted a trace, in this city, Friday, just after dinner, Mary Smith, wife of the undersigned and daughter of old Sam Pratt, the leading blacksmith of Denver, Colorado. The corpse was highly respected by the high-tonest families; but death got the drop on her, and she took the up bucket with perfect confidence that she would hav a square show on the other side of the divide. The plant transpires this afternoon at her boarding-house on Willow street. Come one, come all

"Dearest Mary, thou hast left us,
For you on earth there wasn't room;
But 'tis Heaven that has bereft us
And snatched our darling up the flume.

"Denver papers please copy, and send bill or draw at sight. By her late husband, P. SMITH."

BRIDGET.

Who comes from Erin's emerald shore,
Succeeded by a score or more
Of cousins who infest your door?
The servant gal.

Who comes as green as new grass is
But in a month, with haughty phiz,
Exclaims, "I want me wages riz?"
The servant gal.

Who brings with her from her last place
A character that's fair to trace,
Although she left there in disgrace?
The servant gal.

Who'll hav six evenings in the week?
Whose cousins on the seventh seek
Your houses, who of onions reek?
The servant gal's.

Who is the mightiest despot found?
Who'll hav no misthress peeking round?
Whose impudence doth all astound?
The servant gal.

Of whom is it at last you say
"Stand it I can't another day,"
Then recommend and send away?
The servant gal
—*Boston Transcript.*

GEORGE AND GWENDOLEN.

"Can you not answer me, Gwendolen?"

Up from the meadows the soft breezes of a perfect June evening were wafting the faint perfume of the cowslip, and as George W. Simpson and Gwendolen Mahaffy stood near the gate whose decrepit appearance told with more eloquence than mere words of the deathless passion that enslaved their souls, both felt that a crisis in their lives had arrived—a moment had come which would in the misty future that stretched away before them, like one of William M. Evart's letters, be either a bright beacon of hope and joy to look back upon with gladness, or a desolate landmark like the lightning-riven trees that one never beholds without a feeling of sadness. Secure in the consciousness of his own merit—that sterling merit which always lies in a strong arm, clear brain, and large feet—and yet with a modest diffidence concerning his own worth, the young man stood there in the gloaming with a half reluctant cat-on-the-back-fence expression that lent an added beauty to his pure young face, and made more pleadingly tender the earnest, father-is-coming-up-the-front-steps look with which he regarded the beautiful girl who stood by his side. He had asked her to be his wife—to leave parents, sisters, brothers, and all the endearing influences of a happy, Christian home, where two girls are kept, and go out with him into the wide world as a help-meet and companion. He had told in fervid sentences of the great love he bore her—a love that would ever be the guiding star of his life, he said, cheering him when the black clouds of adversity and despair hung heavily in the horizon of his hopes, and without which his whole existence would be one arid, trackless waste, on which lay the whited skeletons of Ambition and Hope—ghastly remnants of a life whose final wreck was all the more sad because of the happiness which it might hav held had love not flown away with mocking laugh when pleaded with so passionately.

[When it came to ornamental lying, with two rows of fluting up the back, George took first money.]

Gwendolen had stood in graceful poise as he spoke, one ear thrown slightly forward and her right foot covering the door mat, and, now that he had finished, was looking down in maiden shyness, while the rosy blushes that chased each other under her dazzling complexion would hav told, if anybody could hav seen them, of the emotions that were agitating her young soul. But no words came from her lips—those rosy ripe portals that opened with such languid grace when there was pie in the house; and George began to fear that perhaps he had talked her to sleep. Presently, however, she drew quite close to him, put her hand in his, and, resting her cheek upon his shoulder, she said: "Yes, George, I will marry you."

"But when?" asked the young man, a horrible fear that his bluff was to be called chilling his very blood.

"I will marry you," repeated Gwendolen, "when a bicycle rider is elected president.

"Turning away to hide his emotion, George muttered, in low, piratical tones, "Thank heaven, I am safe."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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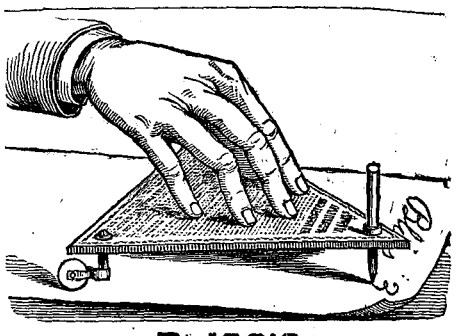
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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. James Craigie Robertson, English writer of works on ecclesiastical history, is dead.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish agitator, received an enthusistic welcome in New York, about 12,000 workingmen turning out to hear him in Union Square.

THE Free Church Assembly of Scotland at its recent session, put forth a deliverance against "admiring the works of nature on the Sabbath day."

REV. DR. PECK, of New York, says, "God will divide" the wealth of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. Let's all stand around and hold our hats.—*New Haven Register.*

BISHOP GILMOUR, who brought himself into unpleasant pre-eminence recently by attacking the Ladies' Land League, has been sued for slander by Edwin Cowles, of the Cleveland, O., *Leader*.

THE Rev. Geo. A. Lofton, whose erratic actions on a train recently occasioned so much scandal, has resigned his pastorate. He will also leave the ministry, and, it is intimated, will go into business in St. Louis.

THE Rev. Archibald Braun, of London, in referring to supplications for the church in these times, says: "We need to pray that the church of Christ may be saved from formal proprieties and stupid improprieties, from being frigid or frenzied."

THE Bishop of Melbourne, Australia, has shown good sense by declining to grant the petition of some of the people of his diocese to direct prayer for rain. He says that material phenomena are under the control of laws which will not be changed or interrupted in answer to prayer.

THE Presbyterian ministers of Chicago devoted a whole day of discussion to the question, What are we to believe concerning hades? At the end of the discussion there was no general agreement on the subject, except that nearly all the brethren thought the more it was discussed the more difficult it seemed.

As long as people will persist in building churches they must take the punishment which the Lord sends. The following illustrates our argument: Bishop Mora, of Montery and Los Angeles, was seriously injured by being thrown from a vehicle while on his way to the dedication of a new church at Hanford.

THE Rev. Philip Herbst preached heterodox sermons in the Luthern church at Columbus, O., and the trustees obtained a temporary injunction forbidding him to officiate as pastor until the question involved—that of the right of a church to receive from its minister the kind of doctrins which its creed authorizes—shall be settled in court.

A FRENCH photographer residing at Tangiers has just been commissioned by the sultan of Morocco to photograph his 364 wives. The portraits will be contained in an album, of which the sultan alone will hav a key. If the photographer could only manage to strike off some duplicates from the negativs they would probably command a considerable sale.

SOME progress is being made with the works for the Panama Canal. Excavations hav been begun at several places; but much sickness and mortality prevail among the laborers, who are to a large extent drawn from the West Indies—especially from Jamaica. The French hav built hospitals, for which there seems to be only too much need. The total absence of all proper sanitary arrangements is said to be a far greater cause of disease than the unhealthiness of the climate, although during eight or nine months of the year the heat is intense. The Europeans on the isthmus hav experienced great suffering; but their respectiv governments, acting through the resident consuls, hav been prompt to relieve all urgent cases of distress.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON says that "diet to be wholesome should be varied for all. It has, too, to be changed for different periods of life. Some constitutions thrive better on vegetables and cereals than by admixture with animal food. An exclusivly animal dietary might, perhaps, be best for a very few. So many persons hastily conclude that what is best for them is best for all. There is no greater error."

THE daily *Truth* says: "We hear that the portrait of Mrs. R. B. Hayes, presented by the temperance people, has been assigned a permanent place in the Green Parlor of the White House. Nothing could be more appropriate. Mrs. Hayes was really president during the supposed incumbency of the late Rutherford B." *Truth* is mistaken. It was Mrs. Hayes's pastor. Rutherford was two removes from the presidency.

THE doctrin of sinless perfection was discussed in the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, lately held at Huntsville, Ala. Some congregations of this denomination hav gone as far as the Free Methodists in professions of perfect living. A revision committee advised that liberty of conscience be allowed on that subject, but by a large vote the following was adopted: "The doctrin of sinless perfection is not authorized by the scriptures, and is a dogma of dangerous tendency." Well, we should smile.

A PHILADELPHIA pastor who recently preached against Sunday newspapers wandered so far from the path of rigid accuracy as to say that there are no Sunday papers in London. He advocated the entire cessation of Sunday labor in the offices of the dailies, and said that the Monday edition could be prepared without doing any work between Saturday midnight and Sunday midnight. He said that he knew this could be done, for he had filled every position on a paper from compositor to managing editor.

THE circus came to an Illinois town and announced its opening for Monday. On Sunday the Sunday-school superintendent gave his school an exhortation about it, and warned the children of the wickedness of going to such a depraved show. Then he told them that if there were any children present so lost to all sense of what was best for them as to go to this soul-destroying exhibition, he would thank them to rise, so that the rest of the school might see what they looked like. Instantly all arose except one lame girl. It was agreed that the circus had been well advertised.

A LITERARY treasure of singular appositness, says the London *Athenæum*, has just turned up in the form of a preface, written by Thackeray for the second edition of his "Irish Sketch Book," but suppressed by the publishers as being too outspoken. In it Thackeray strongly supports not merely the disestablishment of the Established church, which, he says, "will no more grow in Ireland than a palm-tree in St. Paul's churchyard," but even the repeal of the Union. The paper is said to be written in Thackeray's most vivacious and most characteristic style, and will soon be published in the *Century* magazine.

THERE is a Western legend that one who tastes of the water of the Missouri River thirsts for it ever afterward. Kentucky has the same legend about its whisky, and now General Abe Buford, who was recently converted by the Mountain Evangelist, seems to demonstrate that the legend may also apply to the trrf. He announces that he is not only going back to the race course, but he is going to own a fine horse, and that very soon. "Are you going to leave the church?" he was asked. "Leave the church?" said the general, "leave it? Why, bless your soul, no. A man can own a fine horse, and run him too, and go to heaven." So we may expect to hear next season of Gen. Abe Buford's string of highly moral racers going about the country to measure strides with the unenlightened and perhaps Infidel colts of the old-fashioned turfmen.—*Sun.*

A CURIOUS petition has just been presented to the General Assembly of the established church in Scotland. It seems that the Rev. John Campbell, minister at Iona, uses his church for strange and unusual purposes. At one time pigs were kept in it, at another cattle were housed in the sacred precincts; while every winter, for some time past, it has been converted into a stack yard. On one occasion the church was so full of corn and straw that service had to be held outside. During the past six months the church has been closed altogether.

THE danger of attending church is still further illustrated by an alarming incident which occurred during a thunder-storm on June 25th, while a flower service was proceeding at Ormskirk church, near Liverpool. About 1,600 persons attended. While the benediction was being pronounced the congregation were terrified by a sudden flash, and what appeared like a ball of fire passed through the church from the northeast. Cries of "fire" caused a panic, women and children shrieking. The vicar (Canon Sheldon), the curate, and some of the congregation exerted themselvs to allay the alarm of the people; but it was some time before this was accomplished. When the excitement had somewhat abated the vicar, standing upon a seat in the body of the church, offered up prayers for the preservation of life, and then pronounced the benediction. The congregation then left the church. It was found that the lightning had struck the steeple and had shattered some of the stone-work inside, but left very little trace outside.

THE mysterious disappearance of a young girl of fourteen at Tisza Eszlar, in Hungary, is still the cause of excitement in the neighborhood. She was missed about two months ago. Some weeks afterward a report was circulated that she had been murdered by the Jews in order to leaven the Easter bread with her blood. The authority instituted an inquiry, at which a young Jewish boy, the son of one of the attendants at the synagog, gave a detailed account of having, through the keyhole of the synagog door, seen her killed by several butchers, according to the Jewish rites. It was proved that she had been last seen at the synagog. Upon this the chief men named by the boy were arrested. In spite of the most careful search, and although a reward of five thousand florins was offered, not a trace of her could be found. A few days ago the corpse of a woman was found floating in the Theiss. An inquest was held, which has only made the matter more mysterious. It was reported that the body had been identified by the mother of the missing girl as her daughter's, but this is now contradicted. There will be much excitement until the inquest has been concluded and the result is known.

"WHILE Christians of every denomination," says the *Christian at Work*, "are putting forth their strength and making great sacrifices to open the eyes of the heathen to the folly and wickedness of idolatry, there are extensiv manufacturers in Birmingham, England, who do a large trade in 'gods.' The circular of one of these enterprising firms runs thus: 'We beg to offer to our Hindoo clients images of Yamen, the god of the dead, in bronze, very finely carved; also a large collection of images of Narundi, the prince of demons. He is carried by a giant of elegant structure, his saber is of the latest fashion. The god of the sun is offered for sale, having a silver tail and mounted upon a crocodile of copper. Bourberen, the god of riches, is a finely finished work of art. A great assortment of inferior gods and semi-gods. While the firm does not giv credit, discount is allowed from the account for cash." By way of explanation of the *Christian at Work's* remarks, it might be stated that the "great sacrifices" which the Christian missionaries are making consist in doing nothing at two or three thousand dollars per year and living in the most comfortable quarters, with wife and family, at the expense of American and European industry.

News of the Week.

ABUNDANT wheat crops are reported in the West and Northwest.

THE principal leaders of the insurrection in Uruguay hav been killed.

THE Lick Mills in San Jose, Cal., were burnt last week. Loss, $100,000.

MORE people visited summer resorts last Sunday than went to all the churches.

TEN thousand one hundred and sixty-eight immigrants arrived at this port last week.

THE steamer Scioto was sunk on the Ohio River last week, and sixty excursionists were drowned.

THE *Phare du Bosphore* (a Constantinople newspaper) has been suppressed for attacking Bismarck.

THE Dutch ironclad Adder is lost at sea. Several bodies of the crew were washed ashore at The Hague.

THE mortality of New York for the first six months of this year was greater than in 1881 by 1,294 deaths.

THE post-office authorities at Washington hav decided that Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is mailable.

HARLOT KNIGHT BROWNE, better known as "Phiz," the comic illustrator of Charles Dickens's works, is dead.

THIRTEEN Socialists of Prague, Austria, hav been sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from one week to three years.

A POLITICAL speech by ex-Congressman Wm. Robbins in Statesville, N. C., last Saturday led to three serious assaults and a fatal duel.

GEN. SKOBELOFF, of Russia, is dead. It is stated that he committed suicide fearing the exposure of his connection with the Nihilists.

EGYPT is at war with England. The bombardment of Alexandria began on Tuesday last with disastrous effect on the Egyptian forts.

THE daughter of a clergyman at Dover, N. H., was struck and killed one day last week by a stray bullet from the pistol of some boys who were target-shooting.

Two hundred and eighty-three outrages are reported to hav been committed in Ireland by the peasantry in the month of June. The outrages by the landlords are not enumerated.

THE church of the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith in Brooklyn is about to be converted into a theater. The last sermon previous to the contemplated improvement was preached there Sunday the 9th.

A MAN in Soudan claiming to be a prophet has collected many followers. He has just met the nativ soldiery and defeated them, killing two thousand, and capturing six guns and three thousand rifles.

CANON LEON J. L. BERNHARD, of Belgium, secretary to the bishop of Tournay, was captured in Havana recently. Bernhard left his nativ place about a year ago with $340,000 belonging to the church.

THE doctors are quarreling over the brain of Guiteau, some pronouncing the assassin sane and others insane. Whatever may be the final decision, if one is ever reached, Guiteau can hardly be the gainer or loser by it now.

THE English Regatta Committee hav excluded the American Hillsdale crew of oarsmen from participating in English amateur races. The Hillsdales are not snobs, and the Regatta Committee are, which accounts for the exclusion.

THE third Iowa district Greenbackers hav nominated a Congregational minister for Congress. If Greenbackers continue making foolish nominations like this, they must not expect the co-operation of Freethinkers, which they express themselvs anxious to secure.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twelve Days in Ceylon.—Concluded.

The residents in Ceylon, as distinguished from the regular inhabitants, are the Malabar coolies, the Nattucotta chitties, the Parsees, the Caffres, the Malays, and the Europeans. The Tamil coolies come over from the eastern or Coromandel coast, principally from the district of Madura. By them all the work on the coffee estates is done, except the felling of the forests. They are induced to leave their own country by the high wages they receive in Ceylon. They periodically visit their own land, and when they have saved up enough they remain there. Their habits are simple, and their wants few. Their religion is Hindooism. The Nattucotta chitties are an interesting class of people. They are brokers from India, and are actively engaged in trade. Their fidelity has passed into a proverb; while thousands of rupees pass through their hands, they are found invariably honest, and their habits of life extremely simple. What a good thing it would be if some of the presidents and cashiers of our banks, insurance companies, and other corporations could take a few lessons as to the rules of life from these simple but intelligent pagans.

The Parsees are not numerous in Ceylon. There are perhaps fifty of them in Colombo, where they are connected with business houses. They have had the enterprise to get up a large theater, though constructed of bamboo poles and plaited palm leaf for sides and partitions, with palm-leaf also for roof. They act as amateurs, but attract good-sized audiences. I attended one of their representations—an opera. I deemed it a little tame, and far inferior in rendition to regular Italian, German, French, and English operatic performances. What made it seem particularly dull was that the female parts were taken by males. For a man to fall in love with another man, to sing all sorts of pretty love songs to him, and for the counterfeit woman to sing back in a man's voice, and for another old man who wants to marry the counterfeit woman to get very jealous and angry over the matter, soon becomes tiresome.

The Caffres are the descendants of recruits from the west coast of Africa, many of whom were once slaves under the Portuguese at Goa. They are woolly-headed and have all the characteristics of the negro. Their numbers are not very large, and they are usually employed as soldiers, or upon public works.

The Malays originally came from the straits of Malacca, and were enrolled in the Ceylon rifle regiments. Their descendants are principally engaged in military service. In religion they are Mohammedans. Their stature is low, but they are compactly built, and muscular. They are said to be fond of war. Their favorite weapon is a poisoned kris, which they use when at close quarters. They are, however, dressed and drilled in European style, and make good soldiers.

The Europeans are either civil or military servants of the government, or else merchants, planters, and tradesmen. They, of course, come here to make money, and when they have secured a competency they usually prefer to return to their native country.

Among the animals of Ceylon are, first, the elephant, which seem to flourish here; the buffalo, the elk, the chutah, the bear, the wild hog, the deer, the porcupine, the monkey, the jackal, the wildcat, the hare, the mongoos, the squirrel, the jerboa, the common rat, and the muskrat.

The principal birds are eagles, kites, hawks, owls, crows, devil-birds, pea-fowls, jungle-fowls, pelicans, flammingoes, cranes, herons, curlews, ducks, partridges, quails, snipes, pigeons, parrots, woodpeckers, minas, etc.

The reptiles are iguanas, lizards, snakes, frogs, toads, tarantulas, and centipedes. Of insects there are butterflies, moths, beetles, grasshoppers, glow-worms, ticks, musketoes, and ants without end.

The vegetable productions are as numerous and varied as the animal. Among the trees of value are ebony, calamander, satin, jack, halmillille, malille, keena, mendora, del, tulip, teak, palmyra-palm, etc. The trees yielding fruits and seeds considered valuable are the tamarind, mango, orange, margosa, elipe, cotton, cashew, bilembe, almond, pumelo, lime, pomegranate, wood-apple, lowey-lowey, rambotan, gurka, bullock's heart, guava, mulberry, cinnamon, and coffee. Of the palms are the talipot, the palmyra, the cocoanut, the aracannut, the kitul, and the sago are the principal. Trees most valued for shade are the banyans, rhododendrons, and tree-ferns. I saw one or more banyan-trees at Colombo that had nearly as many auxiliary trunks as the large banyan-tree at Calcutta, but not nearly so large.

Of the vegetable the most common are the brinjal, pumpkin, bandikai, cucumber, bean, spinach, tomato, sweet potato, yam, cauliflower, cabbage, peas, potatoes, etc. The peach and strawberry succeed in some parts of the hill country.

Ceylon has always been famous for its mineral productions; its "sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and other costly stones" were the theme of travelers, who told, moreover, of a ruby belonging to royalty a span in length, without a flaw, and brilliant beyond description. The principal gems of Ceylon are the amethyst, garnet, ruby, chrysoberyl, sapphire, cinnnamon-stone, catseye, moonstone, and opal. Of the metals, gold has been met with as well as nickel, cobalt and tellerium, but not in quantities sufficient to justify working the mines. Iron is of very fine quality, and plentiful, and nitre and plumbago are abundant; large quantities of the latter especially are exported. Tin is also found. Rock crystal, hornblende, mica, hyperstone, feldspar, calcspar, bitterspar, etc., are abundant. Iron quartz and meganese are found in some parts.

With the history of the past I must be very brief. The reign of the native kings is divided into two periods, the *Mahawanse*, or the "great dynasty," from 543 B. C. to A. D. 301, and *Suluwanse*, or "lesser dynasty," from 301 to 1758, the whole covering twenty-three centuries. In the first period fifty-five native kings reigned and died, and in the second one hundred and ten. These lives of kings, like most of those of other countries who have done both good and bad for their peoples, were of varied characters, some worthy and some unworthy. I will give a sketch of but a few of them, which will perhaps be all I should detain you with.

In the sixth century before the Christian era there reigned in Lála, a principality of Magadha, in the valley of the Ganges, in India, a king named Singha, or Sihabahu, who was said to have descended from a lion. He was also of the illustrious race of Suriavas, who claimed as their progenitor a beneficent being who came down from the sun, and taught mankind the arts of civilized life. Wijayo, the eldest son of this king, was so wild and unruly a character that his father was compelled to dismiss him from his court. Collecting together a band of kindred spirits, Wijayo set sail in search of adventure and ultimately reached Ceylon and made a landing near what is now Putlam. He found the island inhabited by a rude, uncivilized people whose origin is involved in obscurity, and who worship snakes and devils, and were consequently called Nagas and Yakkos.

Marrying a Yakko princess, Wijayo established himself at Tamena Newera, not far from the place of his landing; and having by the aid of his wife obtained the mastery of the island, he repudiated the alliance, dismissed her and her children, married the daughter of an Indian prince, invited over from the continent merchants and artisans; located his followers in different parts of the country, the better to develop its resources, and laid the foundation of its future greatness, giving to it the name of his father, Singha. Hence the name of the race and the language.

Dying without issue, his nephew Panduwasa succeeded him, and pursued the same line of policy as his predecessor. He married a relative of Gautama Buddha, and in order to spread civilization encouraged the brothers of his queen, who came over with her from the continent, to found subordinate principalities, which were, however, subject to himself and his successors as the paramount sovereigns of the whole island.

For two hundred years much improvement was made in the condition and resources of the country; reservoirs for water and works of irrigation were extensively inaugurated. In fact, more attention was paid to agriculture than to religion. In the year 307 B. C. King Tisso, "the delight of the deities," ascended the throne. Having dispatched an embassy entrusted with valuable gifts, to Dharmmasoka, the king of Magadha, that sovereign, in return, sent his son Mahindo to inculcate the doctrines of Buddha in Ceylon, which, with the aid of his sister Sanghamitta, he succeeded in doing, 267 B. C. At the urgent request of the Singalese king, a branch of the bo-tree under which Gautama attained the Buddhaship was with much pomp brought over from Magadha, and planted at Anuradhapura, where it took root and continues to flourish to this day, being over two thousand years old.

The energy which had hitherto been expended mainly on agricultural works now took a new direction, though not entirely diverted from its original channel, and from this period dates the erection of those stupendous masses of masonry about Anuradhapura and other ancient cities, which Singalese kings vied with each other in constructing. The earliest of these dagobas, as they are called, were erected by King Tisso, whose name has consequently been handed down to posterity amidst the plaudits of the historian. The three cousins of the king who successively filled the throne followed in his footsteps, and during the century immediately ensuing on his death the number of vihrens (temples) and dagobas rapidly increased, though it is also said that the number of tanks for the purposes of irrigation increased also.

For some time there were troubles of various kinds, including invasions from India, the successors of the Tamils obtaining the throne, but which was not recovered until the great dynasty of the kings who had in part descended from the sun terminated with Mahasen in 301 A. D.

The story of the kings of Ceylon of the lesser dynasty is but the narrative of the decline of the power and prosperity which had matured under the original conquerors, and of the rise of the Malabar marauders, whose ceaseless forays and incursions eventually reduced authority to feebleness and the island to desolation. The vapid biography of the royal imbeciles who filled the throne from the third to the thirteenth century scarcely embodies an incident of sufficient interest to diversify the monotonous repetition of temples founded and dagobas repaired, of tanks constructed, and priests endowed with lands reclaimed and fertilized by the "forced labor" of the subjugated races; civil dissensions, religious schisms, royal intrigues, and assassinations contributed equally with foreign invasions to diminish the influence of the monarchy and exhaust the strength of the kingdom.

Of sixty-two sovereigns who reigned from the death of Mahasen in 301, to the ascension of Prakrama Bahu in 1153, nine met a violent death at the hands of their relatives or subjects, two ended their days in exile, one was slain by the Malabars, and four committed suicide. Of the lives of the larger number, the Buddhist historians fail to furnish any important incidents; they relate merely the merit which each acquired by his liberality to the national religion, or the more substantial benefits conferred on the people by the formation of lakes for irrigation.

It was during the reign of Kitsori Maiwan the First that the relic supposed to be the right canine tooth of Buddha was conveyed to the island by a Brahmin princess about 300 A. D., and was deposited by the king himself "in a casket of great purity made of phalika stone." I think this tooth is now in the valued casket of relics at Kandy.

Skipping over an interregaum of trouble from the Malabars and Tamils, who seem to have done much to disturb the peace of Ceylon, we come down to the year 997, when the king Mahindo married a princess of Kalinga (in the northern part of the Madras presidency). During the reign of his son, who succeeded him, a rebellion broke out in which a Tamil army led the royalists against the insurgents. Ceylon was now reduced to the extreme of anarchy and insecurity. The foreign population had increased to such an extent as to gain a complete ascendancy over the native inhabitants, and the kings had lost authority over both.

In 1023 the Cholians repeated an invasion of the island, and carried the king a captive to the coast of India (where he died in exile), and established a Malabar viceroy, who hold possession of the island for nearly thirty years, protected in his usurpations by a foreign army. Thus throughout the reign of nineteen kings, extending over eighty-six years, the Malabars kept up a continual war with the Singalese till they filled by degrees every village in the island.

While this was the state of things at the capital, matters were little better in the principality of Rohuna, where the royal family still maintained a semblance of sovereignty. Four brothers contended for the tottering throne, and each in succession fell from it again after a brief reign, until in the year 1071, the minister Lokiswera assumed it, and held his court at Kattregam, on the borders of the Badulla and Hambantotte districts. His name is only recorded on account of his being the progenitor of a prince who effected the deliverance of the island, restored order and industry, and for a brief period recalled to mind the glories of the "great dynasty."

On the death of Lokiswera his son, Wijayo Buhu, who succeeded him, followed by the mountaineers of Rohuna, delivered the capital from the Tamils, organized a standing army to guard the coasts, and received deputations from beyond the seas. On his death a civil war for the succession ensued, which terminated in the accession, by the choice of the people, of the young prince Prakrama, whose accomplishments were of the most varied as well as comprehensive character, many of them having been acquired at foreign courts. He was crowned king of Pihiti at Pollonnaruna in 1153, and subsequently on the subjugation of Rohuna, which had for some time continued refractory, "sole king of Lanka" (the ancient name of Ceylon).

There is no name in Singalese history which holds the same rank in the admiration of the people as that of Prakrama Bahu, since to the piety of Devinipiatissa he united the chivalry of Dutugaimunu. He rebuilt the Buddhist temples and covered the face of earth with works of irrigation to an extent that would seem incredible did not their existing ruins corroborate the historical narrative of his stupendous labors. So great had been the decay of Buddhism under the dominion of the Tamils that only five ordained priests were to be found in the island; an embassy was therefore sent to Siam, where the Buddhist religion prevailed, for the ordination of additional priests. While, however, the young king was devoting himself to the interests of Buddhism, the restoration of order, and the arts of peace, he did not neglect those of war. Some merchants of Ceylon having been plundered by the subjects of the king of Cambodia and Arramana, in the Siamese peninsula, he sent forth an expedition under the command of a Tamil leader to punish the outrage, which success-

fully accomplished its object. He next turned his arms against the Cholian and Pandian kings who had assisted the Tamils against the island, whom he defeated, and made tributary to him; annexed the island of Ramesduram and the adjacent coast of India to his kingdom; founded a city in the Pandian dominions, and after commemorating his victory by the coining of money, returned in triumph to Ceylon.

This good king died in 1186, and with him ends the glory of Ceylon under its native rulers. For the thirty years that ensued the island was a prey to the anarchy occasioned by the struggles of rival claimants to the crown, who in rapid succession ascended it only to be hurled down again, their reigns, with two exceptions, being calculated by days and months instead of years. In the year 1211 an adventurer from the northern circars, Magha by name, landed with a force of twenty-four thousand men and made himself master of all Ceylon. His government was signalized by cruelty, oppression, and wanton destruction, and "the whole island was like a bosom of fire, the Demilos plundering it from village to village." After the lapse of twenty years a member of the royal family succeeded in recovering those parts of the island called Maya and Rohuna, and established himself at Dambedinia, fifty miles north of Colombo, where he reigned under the designation of Wijayo Bahu III. in 1235. The invaders, however, continued to hold possession of the capital and the districts about it, which they secured from attack by a line of forts extending along the coast on the west.

Pandita Prakrama Bahu next ascended the throne in 1266, and succeeded in arresting further portions of the island from the invaders. He encouraged learning and improved the internal communication between different places by the construction of roads and bridges. During his reign the island was successively invaded by the Tamils and the Malays, but their incursions were repelled. It was by this king that the sacred tooth of Buddha was taken to what is now Kandy. On his death the Tamils left Ceylon but little peace, and the seat of government was several times changed.

It was at this time that an event of some importance occurred, though not much mentioned by Singalese historians, and brought to light by the English historian Sir E. Tennent. So early as the fourth century of our era friendly intercourse had been established between the island of Ceylon and the empire of China, occasioned by the desire of the latter to extend its commerce, and strengthened by the bond of a common religion. Some of the embassadors sent to Ceylon recorded on their return to their own country what things they had seen and heard; and these annals are interesting and valuable corroboration of other history. In the year 1410, however, a Chinese embassador entrusted with offerings to Buddha was treacherously waylaid by the ruling king in Ceylon, and escaped with difficulty to his ships. The position of Ceylon toward China had previously been one of deference and recognition of superiority; and the emperor, determined to avenge this indignity, dispatched a naval and military force to Ceylon, which seized the capital and carried off the offending king a captive to China, along with the rest of the royal family. They were, however, allowed to return to their own country on the condition of their paying an annual tribute to China; the emperor further ordaining that the offending king should be deposed and the wisest member of the family exalted to the throne in his place. This choice fell on Prakrama VI., who, with his successors, continued to be the tributary to China till 1448.

The period is now reached in the affairs of Ceylon when the Europeans appear on the stage. In the sixteenth century the Portuguese, who at that time had extensive possessions in India, called at Galle and Colombo, and soon evinced a desire to gain a foothold in Ceylon. A good deal of intrigue was employed, and they hesitated not to employ duplicity, and by intrigue to set one portion of the Singalese against another and to join in with one faction to help put down another. But in every instance they were false to the party they pretended to help, and the result was the party they professed to help was brought completely under their power. The design early formed by the Portuguese was to become rulers of the island and bring the people under their control. They were not able to bring this about rapidly, and they never gained possession of the whole island. They held most of the seaports, but the interior provinces were not made subservient to them. And their authority on the coast was not permanent; the ports were sometimes nearly wrested from them, and they were under the necessity of keeping an army of twenty thousand men to hold their possessions there; so it is doubtful if the island really proved to be of much value to them; it certainly was not the great fortune to them which they expected it would be.

Some of the Singalese princes were bought over by Portuguese gold, and some nominally embraced Christianity, but Maaya Dunnai and his son, who showed so much intrepidity as to acquire the name of Rajah Singha, or the lion king, made strong and continued resistance to the Portuguese power. During an attack on Kotta in 1563 such was the closeness of the seige that the Portuguese commander caused the flesh of the slain to be salted lest provisions should fail, and being convinced that the place could never be effectually maintained as a fortress, he caused it to be dismantled and induced the king (who had placed himself under his authority) to take shelter at Colomo, where he was both the tool and victim of his nominal protectors. The Portuguese sought to excite the apprehensions of the minor chiefs of the interior at the increasing power of Maaya Dunnai, urging them to embrace Christianity and form an alliance with themselves. So early as 1547 Jayaweira, the reigning king of Kandy, had intimated a wish to adopt the Roman Catholic faith, and at his request one hundred and twenty men were sent toward Kandy to protect him from the consequent indignation of his subjects, but ere the men reached their destination the king, who had already changed his mind, caused them to be waylaid and slain. In 1550 his successor to the Kandian throne made a similar request, and in spite of the warning they had already had, a second force was dispatched by the Portuguese, which was attacked when within three miles of Kandy, defeated, and forced to retire with a loss of seven hundred men, half of whom were Europeans.

On the death of Maaya Dunnai in 1571 his son, Rajah Singha, succeeded him. He contrived to reduce most of the minor princes to obedience, and made himself master of Kandy, the king escaping to Manaar, where he and his daughter were baptized, the king by the name of Don Philip, the princess by that of Donna Catherina. As soon as Rajah Singha's arrangements were completed, he invested Colombo with a formidable force; but the Portuguese remained masters of the sea, and sent naval armaments to destroy and ravage the cities on the coasts. They even proceeded so far as the extreme south of the island, where they pillaged the magnificent temple of Dondera (by which proceeding, of course, they exhibited the superiority of Christianity), and returned laden with spoils, after having inflicted indescribable sufferings on the wretched and innocent victims of their displeasure. Discouraged by these disasters, by the intelligence that fresh troops were arriving to the aid of the Portuguese, and that his own subjects were in revolt, the grim old lion king raised the siege and retired to Settawakka. There he was aroused from his lair by a formidable revolt of the Kandians, who, instigated by the Portuguese, and commanded by a Singalese prince, who had been baptized by the name of Don Juan, poured down upon the dominions of Rajah Singha and laid them waste to the walls of his palace. But Don Juan, intoxicated by success, and indignant at the Portuguese for proposing to bestow the hand of Donna Catherina on another than himself, turned against his allies, drove them from Kandy, poisoned his rival, and once more marched against Rajah Singha, whom he defeated. The old chief, the hero of a hundred fights, unable to endure these disasters, refused surgical aid, and retired to his den at Settawakka, where he died at an advanced age in 1592.

Don Juan now ascended the throne by the name of Wimala Dharma. The delada relic (the tooth of Buddha) had been carried off to Goa in 1560, and there publicly destroyed by the archbishop (an exhibition of Christian hatred and envy), who with his own hand, in the presence of the viceroy and his court, and in spite of the offer of a fabulous price for its possession by the king of Pegu, reduced it to powder in a mortar and then burnt it in a brazier of charcoal, after which the ashes were cast into the river. But the Buddhists were not to be thus cheated out of the tooth; they proved themselves equal to the emergency; they somewhere procured another tooth, which was eventually installed in the sacred shrine at Kandy, and is now venerated by the faithful, and bushels of flowers are spread out before it, and everybody is just as well satisfied as though it were the real tooth of Buddha; and in this way proved themselves pretty good competitors in the relic business, who have gathered in the various cathedrals and churches of Europe cartloads of what are called "relics," but of which probably not one is genuine, or is what it purports to be.

Don Philip having died at Manaar, his daughter, Donna Catherina, a ward of the Portuguese, became the lawful successor to the throne. Her guardians sent an army to repel the usurper, and an engagement ensued in which they were at first successful; but Wimala Dharma, returning to the charge, routed the Portuguese, carried off and married the queen, and for twenty years reigned over the Kandian country.

Resolved, however, to chastise him, Jerome Azevedo, a Christian butcher, was sent by the Portuguese to take the command in Ceylon, a captain of whom a countryman has recorded the belief that his subsequent misfortunes (he died in prison at Lisbon) were a judgment on him for his cruelties to the Singalese. He compelled mothers to cast their infants between mill-stones previous to their own execution. At Galle he caused his soldiers to take up children on the points of their spears that they might "hear how the young cocks crowed." He caused many men to be cast off the bridge at Malwane for the troops to see the crocodiles devour them, and these creatures grew so used to the food that at a whistle they would lift their heads above water ready for another victim; but they were better than the Christian who commanded such terrible deeds to be committed.

And now succeeded a series of conflicts attended with varied success. The Singalese, maddened by these sufferings and the atrocities of their enemies, for once made common cause against them. The Portuguese troops became mutinous; and the interference of the viceroy of Goa was necessary to preserve the settlements in Ceylon from ruin. At this period, 1597, died at Colombo Don Juan Dharmapolo, the nominal and last legitimate king of Ceylon, bequeathing to the Portuguese by will that which he had never virtually possessed—the sovereignty of the island. Thus the Portuguese were again in possession of the maritime provinces, but the mountain fastnesses they scarcely reached.

It was in this century that the great missionary Jesuit Francis Xavier visited Ceylon. He went there in 1544, and by his eloquence and persuasion he induced considerable numbers to embrace Christianity. In 1591 and 1604 respectively, expeditions were sent againt Jaffna to punish its king for aid rendered to the Singalese; but on each occasion he succeeded in buying off his antagonists. In 1617, probably in consequence of some further acts of hostility, his capital was taken "under circumstances of singular barbarity," the king carried to Goa and there executed, his heir induced to enter a convent, and the peninsula formally incorporated with the Portuguese possession in the island.

THE DUTCH POSSESSION.

The revolt of the seven Dutch provinces from the oppressive yoke of Philip II. of Spain, and their declaration of independence under the name of the Netherlands, are events in the history of Europe, but they also had much to do with the interests of Ceylon and other parts of the East. The newly-formed states rapidly extended their commerce, and ere long sought the Indian seas. In 1602 one of their vessels, commanded by Admiral Spillbergen, anchored at Batticaloa, Ceylon, and the admiral, after some delay, was conducted to Kandy, where Wimala Dharma, who had carried off and married Donna Catherina after defeating the Portuguese, was then reigning. On being satisfied that the strangers were not only unconnected with, but the enemies of the Portugese, the king, in a transport of joy embraced the admiral, and in the fulness of his heart offered him permission to build a fort in the name of his master, the prince of Orange, in whatever part of the island he chose. Laden with gifts, the Dutch commander returned to Batticaloa, leaving his secretary and two musicians at the Kandian court, and having captured a Portuguese vessel off Batticaloa, he presented it with its crew and cargo to the king, as a pledge of his sincerity.

On the 27th of April, 1603, Sebald de Weert, the Dutch vice-admiral, arrived at Batticaloa, and proceeding to the Kandian capital was received with every mark of regard and favor by Wimala Dharma. A treaty was entered into, whereby the Dutch commander pledged himself to aid the king against the Portuguese, and De Weert proceeded to Achin for the purpose of procuring re-enforcements for his fleet, taking with him an embassador from the Kandian court. On his return De Weert encountered and captured four Portuguese ships; and on his arrival at Batticaloa the king proceeded in person to meet him there, expecting to share in the prizes, according to the terms of the treaty. He found, however, to his great mortification, that De Weert had released the captured vessels, and his suspicions as to the good faith of the Dutch were further excited by the representations of his embassador, who complained that De Weert had at an entertainment treated him with marked disrespect by placing him at the foot of the table, though the representative of the king, while the Portuguese were seated at the head, from which he inferred that their hostility was feigned. The embassador further cautioned the king not to place himself within the power of the vice-admiral, as he suspected him of entertaining treacherous designs. In consequence of these representations Wimala Dharma declined visiting the Dutch fleet, or even entering a tent which De Weert had caused to be erected on the shore for his reception.

Piqued at this mark of distrust, De Weert abruptly told the king that as he had thus slighted the attentions paid him, he would not proceed to attack Galle according to previous agreement, or render him any assistance. On this an altercation ensued, during which De Weert, who, to use the expression of the Dutch historian, Baldæus, "had drunk once more than was proper," made use of some coarse and insulting expression about the Kandian queen. Fired with indignation, Wimala Dharma ordered the Dutch commander to be seized. The order was misunderstood, and De Weert was, after some resistance, despatched by the followers of the king. Having thus compromised himself, and perceiving that all hope of conciliating the Dutch was at an end, Wimala Dharma directed that the attendants of De Weert should also be killed, with the exception of a youth

whom he took under his protection. A few escaped by swimming to the ships; the rest were massacred. The king then returned to Kandy, whence he dispatched the following brief epistle to the Dutch officer next in command: "Who drinks wine is no good. God has done justice; if you desire peace, peace; if war, war." Wimala Dharma died soon after this, and his queen held the government alone, but her position was a painful and difficult one. The prince of Uva, the most powerful of the Kandian nobles, aspired to the throne, and as a step toward gaining it claimed the guardianship of the late king's minor children. This claim, however, was disputed by their uncle, Senerat, a Buddhist priest, who contrived to kill his rival by stabbing him in the back within the precincts of the royal palace as both were on their way to have an audience with the queen. It is as well, perhaps, that Senerat gave the blow first, as his victim was preparing to serve him in the same way. He succeeded in persuading the queen that his real motive was regard for her safety and that of her children, and in inducing her to bestow her hand upon and share her throne with him in 1604.

Such was the desire of the Dutch to conciliate the Singalese that they took no steps to avenge the slaughter of their countrymen. In 1609 a treaty offensive and defensive was drawn up between the two powers. The right to a monopoly of the trade in cinnamon, gems, and pearls was granted to the Dutch, and they were permitted to build a fort at Kottiar. But in 1612 the Portuguese surprised and destroyed it. About the same time Donna Catherina died broken-hearted at the death of her eldest son, whom she had reasons to believe had been poisoned by Senerat, who was now king. An agreement was entered into with the Dutch to help against the Portuguese, which, however, was not carried out. Numerous struggles took place between the Singalese and Portuguese, and sometimes to the benefit of the former.

In 1632 King Senerat died, and his son Rajah Singha II. came to the throne. The Portuguese deemed it a favorable time to make inroads into the Kandian dominions. The new king entered into a treaty with the Dutch to assist him. In 1638 the Dutch Admiral Westerwold, after defeating a Portuguese fleet in the neighborhood of Goa, dispatched two vessels, with directions to prepare the king for his arrival, with the rest of the fleet, in May following.

Apprised of the new alliance, the Portuguese determined to attack Kandy before the rest of the Dutch fleet arrived. The king retired from the city; the Portuguese sacked and burnt it; but on their return they were attacked by an overwhelming force; native troops deserted them; their overtures were rejected, and the whole force, commanders and all, save seventy who were made prisoners, perished on the battle-field.

On the first of May Westerwold arrived with the rest of the fleet and at once attacked and took the Portuguese fort at Batticaloa. The following year he took the fort at Trincomalie. Negombo, Matura, and Galle fell in succession. the king of Kandy invested Colombo and could have taken it, but he seemed to think some Portuguese power should be retained to act against the Dutch, whom he dreaded to have entire control.

In 1646 an armistice was agreed to between Portugal and the Netherlands, one of the articles of agreement being that each power should retain without molestation from the other whatever possessions it had already acquired in Ceylon. But the king of Kandy, being as much dissatisfied with Dutch as with Portuguese, used all means in his power to embroil them with each other, and he attacked either as seemed advisable to him. On one occasion he boldly marched through the Portuguese territory to Negombo, where he attacked the Dutch in their fort, which he succeeded in taking; and having made prisoners of the garrison, he wrapped in silk cloths the heads of such officers as had fallen in the conflict, and dispatched them to the Dutch commander at Galle. To this insult, as well as many others heaped upon them, the Dutch either submitted in silence, or sought to conciliate their haughty enemies by the most abject marks of humiliation. Their great object was gain, and for that they were content to wave, for the present, every other consideration.

After this time the Portuguese held little more foothold in the island, and the Singalese royal race became extinct in the person of Koondesala, who died in 1739; and a Tamulian, a brother of the queen dowager, was raised to the throne, with the title of Sri Wijayo Rajah. It had long been customary for the kings of Ceylon to marry Tamil wives, thus preparing the way for a total transfer of the crown to that race, the blood of which already flowed so largely in the veins of the royal family. No Singalese king again ascended the throne of Ceylon.

During Wijayo's reign the Kandians prevailed on the low country Singalese to attempt the expulsion of the Dutch; but the latter not only defeated their opponents but marched on Kandy, which they took and held for some time, the king retiring on their approach. In 1766 Governor Iman William Falck, a man of enlarged mind, who had already inaugurated a more enlightened policy within the dominions of the Dutch in the island, concluded an advantageous treaty with the Kandians, whereby a considerable extent of territory was secured to the Netherlands, and conditions favorable to the extension of trade between the coast and the interior were entered into. The results of the liberal policy of the new governor soon became apparent in the improved condition of the trade and revenue of the Dutch possessions.

BRITISH RULE.

In 1782 war was declared between the Dutch and the English; and the latter, who had by this time established themselves at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and other places on the coast of India, directed their efforts against Trincomalie on the coast of Ceylon, and having taken possession of it, Mr. Hugh Boyd of the East Indian Company was dispatched to Kandy as an embassador. Communications of a friendly nature had been opened between the Madras government and the Kandian court as early as 1763; but the British had failed to avail themselves of the arrangements for an alliance then made, and in consequence of this slight Mr. Boyd's overtures were rejected; and on his return to Trincomalie he had the further mortification of finding that during his absence the French had surprised the fort and carried off the English garrison.

Two years later war broke out afresh between the Dutch and the Kandians, on which event the latter solicited the aid of the English, though the same had previously been rejected. The English, very willing to secure further foothold on the island, furnished the aid desired. Aid was sent from Madras, and in rapid succession different towns on the coast were taken by the English; and the Dutch possessions in the island which had not been taken by the English were ceded to them, including the fortresses of Galle, Kaltura, and Matura, the respective garrisons being allowed to vacate them with all the honors or war. The public buildings, records, and treasures were made over to the English, and the public servants and residents were allowed the option of remaining or leaving as they saw fit. Most of the judicial officers and clergymen chose to remain, retaining their appointments and emoluments as before.

Much has been said of the pusillanimity of the Dutch in thus surrendering all they held in the island, almost without striking a blow. There is good reason for believing that bribery had something to do with the transfer that was made. It is known that previous to the advance of the British on Colombo by land, after the taking of Nigombo, an English officer landed from the fleet which was at the time hovering off the coast, and after conferring with the Dutch governor, re-embarked. On his departure some Swiss mercenaries in the service of the Dutch were allowed unmolested to transfer their allegiance to the English. Van Angelbeck then concealed his valuables, and calmly waiting the advance of the attacking army, at once capitulated on its arrival; but such was the indignation of his troops at the surrender of Colombo that they spat at and attempted to strike the British as they marched into the fort, and nothing but the presence of the English saved Van Angelbeck from the effects of the resentment of his soldiers. He never again returned to Holland, but remained a resident in the island he had basely surrendered until his death. Thus ended the rule of the Dutch in Ceylon, and thus did the English become possessors. The rule of the Dutch, though marked by a few atrocities, was not so bad as that of the Portuguese had been. The object of both had been to wholly subjugate the island; and wherever they succeeded in fixing their yoke, its wearers found it a heavy one.

It was some years after this before the English became in full possession of the Kandian portion of the island. There were intrigues, efforts to reach and retain the Kandian throne by aspirants and usurpers hardly worth while to repeat. The English were called and seemed as willing to aid a usurper or tyrant if their own interests would thereby be promoted. Things went on in this way till July, 1815, when the English deemed it necessary to declare war against the tyranny which continued to manifest itself at Kandy by one of the worst tyrants that had occupied that throne. The English advanced upon Kandy in eight different divisions. On February 14, 1815, the English entered Kandy. The king had fled with two of his wives. The place of his concealment was pointed out. The door was shattered, when the glare of torches revealed the cruel tyrant to the gaze of his exulting subjects, who bound him hand and foot, reviled him, spat on him, and dragged him to the next village with every species of insult and indignity. His life, however, was spared. He was conveyed a prisoner to Colombo, and then removed to Vellore in the Madras presidency, where he died in 1832.

From this time there was no great opposition to the English authority. Two or three restless malcontents made attempts to raise a revolt and to seat themselves on the throne of Kandy, but they were suppressed without great difficulty. Sir Robert Brownrigg devised the plan, a good military road to be constructed into the heart of the mountain districts, and Sir Edward Barnes grasped at the idea and carried it out. Henceforth successful rebellion was at an end. The completion of this work was the incentive for the commencement of others of a similar character, and at the present day Ceylon may boldly submit to a comparison with any other British colony in the world with regard to well constructed roads and bridges.

There is no question but what the steady and able administration of the English in Ceylon has been better for the people of the island than would have been the fitful, revolutionizing, and unsteady rule of native princes and kings. The English as early as 1815 had the magnanimity to grant that the national religion of the island should not be interfered with, which has been kept with a fair degree of faithfulness. Some improvements have been made from time to time by the English governors and rulers on the island, until at the present time there is hardly a better governed colony in the world, and from what I could learn there is but little desire for the English authority to be removed.

The governor-general of Ceylon is appointed by the queen, or, at least, by the home government. The governor is assisted by and presides over an executive council, consisting of the officer commanding the forces, the colonial secretary, the queen's advocate, the treasurer, and the auditor-general. The legislative council is presided over by the governor, and is composed of the members of the executive council, the government agents for the western and central provinces, the surveyor-general, the collector of sea customs, and five unofficial gentleman who respectively represent the Singalese, Tamil, Burgher, planting and mercantile interests. The island is divided into six provinces, which are presided over by officers called government agents, who, with the help of younger members of civil service called assistant agents, carry on the financial administration of their provinces. The native head men under their control are their valuable and indispensable auxiliaries. The island is duly supplied with courts. The schools and means of education are in a fair condition. The missionaries have a large number of schools wherein the tenets of Christianity are taught. Col. Olcott has taken subscriptions for fourteen thousand rupees for schools to be free from all religious or doctrinal instruction. If the lands now held by the priests can be diverted to the uses of free education it will be a good work accomplished.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF CEYLON

Consist of the ruins of edifices at the ancient capitals, dating from the sixth cectury before the Christian era, dagobas, and the ruins of Buddhistic temples, several of which were constructed more than two centuries before our era. The ancient capital, Anuradhapora, was inclosed by a wall sixty-four miles round, embracing an area of two hundred and forty-four square miles, including gardens and fine edifices. Here is the celebrated bo-tree, which came from the branch of the tree in India under which Buddha attained to his Buddhaship, and which is more than two thousand years old.

Among the dagobas about the ancient capital deserving particular notice, the first in point of antiquity is the Thuparamaya, a monument inclosing, it is claimed, the right jawbone of Buddha. It is seventy feet in hight, and was built in the third century before Christ. Some of the classic stone pillars, with elegant chiseled capitals, which surrounded it, are still in existence.

Next in antiquity, and far superior in size and magnificence, was the Ruanwelli dagoba, commenced 160 B.C. It was much injured by the Tamils in 1214, but is now one hundred and fifty feet high. It is of brick. A subterranean passage formerly led to the interior. Not far from the sacred bo-tree are many stone pillars, some standing, others fallen, or as if about to fall. There are the pillars of the famous Lowa Maha Paya, or brazen palace of Dutugaimunu, so called because the roof was covered with brass. It was built in the second century before Christ, as a residence for the priests, and was supported by sixteen hundred pillars. In their present rough condition these pillars fail to suggest the idea of beauty, particularly when compared with the graceful columns of Mehintalai or the Thuparamaya. It is thought that these pillars were once covered with cement and adorned with precious gems and pearls. It is related in the Mahawanse (a Buddhist history) that the king caused a gilt hall to be constructed in the middle of the palace, and that the hall was supported on golden pillars representing lions and other animals. At the extremity of the hall it was ornamented with festoons of pearls, and all around with beads. "In this supreme palace there are nine stories, and in each of them one hundred apartments. All these apartments were highly embellished; they had festoons of beads resplendent like gems, and the tinkling festoons were of gold. In that palace there were a thousand dormitories having windows with ornaments (like unto) jewels, which were bright as eyes." Such is a part of the description of the great famous brazen palace, a testimony both of the munificence of its erecter and his reverence for the priesthood. It is especially recorded that the laborers employed in its construction were remunerated; the

king being of the opinion that "on this occasion it was not fitting to exact unpaid labor."

The Abhayagiri dagoba erected by Walagam Bahu I., 87 B.C., on his rescuing the throne from the usurpation of the Tamils, was originally 180 cubits in hight, but is now reduced to 240 feet. The Suwanaramaya dagoba was erected by the same king. The Jaytawarama dagoba was built by Mahasen in the third century after Christ. It was 210 feet in hight, and its circumference is still 1,080 feet. It is surrounded by a spacious court, paved with stone, and it has been estimated that the whole mass contains twenty millions of cubic feet.

About eight miles from Anuradhapura, in an easterly direction, a hill suddenly rises above the plain. A flight of a thousand steps, partly built, partly cut out of the rock, leads to a stone dagoba; and ascending still farther, the traveler finds himself at the base of a second dagoba of brick. This remarkable hill is called Mahintalai, in honor of Mahindo, the founder of Buddhism in Ceylon. The lower or Ambustulla dagoba is supposed to mark the spot where the meeting took place between Mahindo and King Devenepiatissa. The upper dagoba, called the Ambhalato, is said to enshrine a single hair from the head of Buddha.

Between Mahintailai and Kandy, at a distance of forty miles from the latter place, is a huge mass of gneiss, which towers above the level country to the hight of 350 feet. The name of the place is Dambool, and the caves in the side of the rock have been converted into Buddhist temples, and at the present day glow with all the brightness of coloring the painter's art can bestow. On entering a richly-carved gateway an image of Buddha is in a sitting position, and within is a figure, in a reclining posture, forty feet in length. This temple was first endowed by Walagam Bahu 86 years B.C. It is still a place of much resort, pilgrims going there from all parts of the island.

The later capital, Pollonnarua, is described as abounding in the remains of great grandeur. "No scene," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "can be conceived more impressive than this beautiful city must have been in its pristine splendor, the stately buildings stretching along the shore of the lake, their gilded cupolas reflected on its still expanse, and embowered in the dense foliage of the surrounding forests. At the present day it is by far the most remarkable assemblage of ruins in Ceylon, not alone from the number and dimensions, but from the architectural superiority of its buildings." This city had been a favorite residence of royalty so early as the year 718. Mahindo I. adopted it as the seat of government. It was here that Prakrama Bahu, the Magnificent, was crowned in 1153, and he it was who raised it to the hight of its splendor. According to the Mahawanse, it was twenty-eight miles long and sixteen miles wide, and the whole surrounded by a wall. Prakrama enlarged the lake, erected numerous edifices, and planted gardens. The Rankol dagoba was built by his queen, and is 558 feet in circumference and 186 feet in hight. The main street of the city, which formed the approach to this monument, may, according to Tennent, be still traced by the foundations of the houses that lined it on either side.

Farther up the street is the Jayta Wana Rama temple, built by the king, on a model, it is said, of one erected at Kapilewasta, in India, by Buddha himself. It differs in character from Singalese structures generally, and the workmen employed on it were brought over from India. It contains a gigantic image of Buddha. Near by is the Kiri dagoba, so called from its milk-like whiteness. It was surmounted by a golden spire. Near it are stone pillars which mark the site where the town council was wont to assemble. Date, 1187.

There is an old dagoba at Bintenne. The city itself had great antiquity. It is believed to be the Magrammum of Ptolemy, and a chief city of the Yakkos. It was here that Buddha is said to have first set foot upon his visit to Ceylon. The dagoba was built three hundred years before Christ by the brother of King Devenepiatissa. It is a huge semi-circular mound of brick work, three hundred and sixty feet in circumference, and still one hundred feet high, but so much decayed at the top that its original outline is no longer ascertainable.

There are many other antiquities on the island, but probably I have mentioned the most distinguished, and probably enough. In many places the dense foliage, so natural here, has completely covered these old ruins, so that even large trees are growing directly over where once stood some grand old structure. There is, however, abundance of proof to show that the sovereigns who once successively swayed the scepter here were not only fond of erecting monuments and edifices of glory, but that they were keenly alive to the importance of developing the resources of a grateful soil, and that the labor expended on their agricultural works brought back a return not only sufficient to supply the wants of a teeming population, but also to enable them, while maintaining a court, the splendor of which was the theme of foreign princes, and the incentive to foreign rapacity, to spend countless sums on structures, in designing which the idea of utility seems to have been utterly discarded, and that of grandeur alone entertained.

WORKS OF IRRIGATION.

Something should be said of these ancient works, which possessed far greater importance than all the palaces and monuments. Sir Henry Ward says that, leaving the main road six miles from Dambool, he met with no less than nine tanks within a distance of sixty miles. He found that they were constructed with great labor, considerable engineering skill, and of such solidity that their embankments seemed to defy the hand of time. Forty miles north of these again is Paduvil column, the most gigantic work of all, for the bund, which is in perfect repair, except at the one spot where, in the course of ages, the waters have forced a passage between it and the natural hills which it united, is eleven miles long, thirty feet broad at the summit, one hundred and sixty feet at the base, and seventy feet high; and that to the westward of this is the tank of Anuradhapura, and the giant's tank, the dimensions of which are not given.

Sir Henry Ward says he walked and rode over the Paduvil column, and estimates that its construction must have occupied a million of people for ten or fifteen years. The tank, when full, is said to have irrigated the whole space between the bund and the sea. A vast breach is now open, the depth of which is said to be unfathomable; and what was once the basin of the tank is covered with magnificent timber, except in those parts still under water during the rainy season. These are overgrown with coarse, rank grass. For miles around there is not a vestige of man; and the temporary building erected for Sir Henry had the effect of frightening away all the game in that part, so unaccustomed were the deer and the buffaloes which frequented the tank to any intrusion upon their solitudes.

It is thought that a net-work of canals connected the nine tanks together; that every river or stream that could be turned to account was intercepted, its waters diverted into these huge reservoirs, and there husbanded by the aid of artificial embankments, generally stretched between the hills, and constructed, when such a measure appeared necessary, of massive blocks of stone, artistically beveled in such a manner that pressure only consolidated them more firmly; furnished with sluices and spill-waters for the irrigation of the surrounding fields and the escape of the surplus water. At the time when these works were common throughout the island the art of irrigation in Europe was in its rudest state.

The Anuradhapura tank is the oldest work of the kind. It was constructed by Panduwasa in the fifth century before Christ. The Giant's Tank, in the Manaar district, is so called because the huge masses of rock forming the lower part of its dam, which are said to have sustained no injury by time, were supposed to have been hewn and carried to their places by giants. This tank contains within its basin ten villages, which have sprung up since its formation.

The Horra-borra Tank, in Bintinne, deserves mention. An artificial embankment two hundred feet broad was there drawn across a river at a spot where two masses of rock, rising from the bed of the stream, add solidity to the work. These rocks, though sixty feet in thickness, have been tunneled so as to allow the surplus water to escape through them. They were formerly fitted with sluice-gates, and the waters arrested by the embankment were thrown back a distance of eight or ten miles.

The Ellahara canal was commenced by King Mahasen in the year 275; it was fed by the waters of the Karaganga. This river fed various tanks in its course, that of Kowdelle being twenty-one miles in circumference; a second, now in ruins, its bed being covered by forest trees, is said to have been thirty-seven miles round. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the work when it is stated that one of the embankments alone stretches along a distance of twenty-four miles, and varies in hight from forty to ninety feet. The other tanks and canals which are somewhat numerous, I will have to pass over in silence, fearing I have already made a greater tax upon your time than I should have done.

ADAM'S PEAK

Is one of the highest mountain cones in Ceylon—eight thousand feet—but is difficult of ascension because the upper portion approaches so closely to the perpendicular. To the followers of Buddha and Mohammed it has equally special attractions, as the monument of the life and existence of an extraordinary man. The Buddhists assert that on one of Buddha's visits to the island he left the impression of his foot as an evidence of his power and an object of worship for his followers; the Mohammedans, on the other hand, contend that Adam, after spending his paradisaical happiness in Ceylon, where the Garden of Eden was located, endured there his penance likewise, subsequently to his fall, by standing on the summit of the peak on one foot for a long series of years, and that hence rose the impression. But were there even no traditions of the sort to hallow the mountain, its great hight, its peculiar shape, and the distance to which it can be seen at sea would alone render it worthy of attention. The foot impression upon the summit has probably had a longer period of reputed sanctity and worship than almost any other object of reverence in the East. But some who have seen it report that the resemblance to a footprint is not at all close. The summit of the mountain is rocky and surrounded by a wall about five feet high, in the shape of an irregular hexagon, by the side of which a level path has been formed, incircling the rocks, which rise to a hight of about eight feet in the center, and on the top is the holy footprint; and the whole is surmounted by a wooden temple. One who has visited it says the indentation bears very little similarity to a footprint, and that were it not for the fact that some interested devotees have made good use of mortar and trowel, the visitor would gaze for a long time before he would fancy he saw anything of the kind. Even as it is, were the plastered separations of the toes removed, one would be more likely to take it for the impression of a door with a semi-circular top than for that of a foot. It is about four feet and a half long and two feet and a quarter broad. Verily, verily, if that impression was made by one of the feet of old father Adam, he must have had a greater understanding than he has generally had a credit for. During the months of visitation by pilgrims it is preserved by a metal cover glittering with glass diamonds from the too inquiring gaze of unbelieving or wavering skeptics. The border which makes the outline of the impression is about four inches broad, made of coarse lime, painted; and the temple which surmounts the imposition is about six feet by five in size. It is supported by chains running from the corners of the roof to the outside of the walls, where they are firmly fastened to the rock.

TRADE AND CROPS OF CEYLON.

Imports, 53,647,000 rupees; exports, 52,916,000 rupees; vessels at Colombo in the year 1538, tonnage 600,000 tons; vessels at Galle in the year 423, tonnage 560,000 tons.

The products for export are coffee, tea, cinchona, chocolate, caoutchouc (three kinds), ipecac, cardamons, cinnamon, pepper, vanilla, cocoanuts, and all the products of the tree, citronella, and other essential oils, plumbago, etc.

Exports of tea, 85,000 pounds; coffee, 72,532,500 pounds; cinnamon bark (in value), 784,000 rupees; cinnamon oil, 25,667 rupees; other essential oils, 12,500 rupees; cardamons, 25,000 rupees; cinchona bark, 520,000 rupees; plumbago, 1,625,000 rupees; cocoanut oil, 2,189,000 pounds, worth 2,717,739 rupees; cocoanuts, crude, mostly to India, 85,000 rupees; cocoanut shells, 28,690 rupees; copperah (dried nut), 529,651 rupees; arrack (spirit from the cocoanut), 165,117 rupees; coir fiber, rope, yarn, matting, etc., 400,875 rupees.

The imports are principally butter, cheese, ham, bacon, confectionary, preserved meats and fruits, potatoes (from India), books, maps, and prints, liquors, wines, kerosene oil, jewelry, dried fish, and curry stuffs (from India), etc.

There, I think you will admit I have told you enough about Ceylon. I will say that I have drawn the historical items largely from "A Brief Account of Ceylon," by L. F. Liesching, who quoted from Sir E. Tennent and others.

In conclusion, I must say I leave Ceylon with very kindly remembrances of many friends whom I will not soon forget. At 12 M. on March 3d, a queer sort of boat peculiar to Ceylon took me out to the Khiva. Several friends accompanied me to the water's edge, where we took the final adieu. The boat mentioned appears to be dug out of a log, with sideboards at the top. It is long and narrow, and to prevent its rocking and capsizing two curved arms some ten feet in length reach over and attach themselves to a log ten or twelve feet in length, which keeps the craft steady. About 1 o'clock the steamer weighed anchor, and in two or three hours Ceylon was lost to view. Good bye, Ceylon.

March 8, 1882. Five days of steaming against a steady head wind brought us to Penang. One or two days it rained some, and dark clouds overhung us. One morning while viewing the clouds acted upon by contrary winds, the steamer seemed to pass under an archway of dense, dark clouds which nearly shut out the light, partially like passing into a tunnel, and soon the rain poured down freely. Other days were pleasant, though the wind remained briskly ahead. I noticed several whirlwinds, which seemed to disturb somewhat the surface of the ocean. I saw numerous schools of flying-fish, who were out for an airing, and seemed to be enjoying themselves. We passed a number of islands both on the right and left, being, I presume, the Nicobar and Andaman islands. To the north of us is Burmah, which, though I do not visit, deserves some attention from us, and while I am steaming along toward Penang, I will tell you something about it.

BURMAH

Is one of the large independent states between India and China, another of which is Siam. The history of Burmah is full of civil dissensions between the Burmese and the Peguans, their deadly enemies, and

the wars which were the result were often very bloody. In 1750–52 the Peguans, with the assistance of the Portuguese, captured Ava, and annexed Burmah to Pegu. But this triumph was short-lived. The royal family of Burmah being incompetent to wage the wars necessary to regain their liberty, the cause was warmly taken up by an adventurer—Alompraw—who, having defeated the Peguans, ascended the throne. He also took summary vengeance on the English and French, who had established factories in Burmah, and had interfered with her civil feuds to secure their own interests. This ill-faith on the part of the Europeans was long remembered against them in the country where they were refused a footing.

In 1767 Burmah was invaded by a Chinese army of fifty thousand men, but the reigning king, Shempuan, was vigorous and gave it such a reception that not a man of the large army ever returned to China. In 1794 a Burmese army of five thousand men crossed the British frontier and entered the district of Chittagong in pursuit of some refugees from Aracan, but retreated when commanded to do so by the English, and the delinquents were given up. This opened an intercourse between the English and Burmese, which was of an unfriendly character. This unpleasantness, with the fact that the English wished to possess themselves of the Burmese coast, with as much of the interior as they could obtain, led to the war of 1824. This war was continued over a year, and though the Burmese are said by the British generals to have fought well, they were not able to compete with the superior weapons, skill, and bravery of the British army, and ultimately the king of Burman was willing to enter into terms of peace by ceding to the English valuable portions of his country lying on the coast. By the war of 1852–53 these possessions were enlarged inland, as far up as Prome, so that England holds the most valuable part of Burmah, and when some good excuse offers, and it suits her to do so, she will undoubtedly take the remainder.

These Burmah provinces have been of great value to England, both in a commercial and a political point of view. The exports of rice alone—for the cultivation of which the low grounds of Burmah are well adapted—to Bengal, the Coromandel coast, and other parts of India, give employment to about a thousand small vessels annually.

A considerable portion of the English-Burmese possessions is comprised of the province of Aracan, which contains some 3,000,000 inhabitants, divided into three classes, the Burmese, the Aracans, and the Mughs, besides Mussulmans from the hills, and Hindoos and Mussulmans from India. The Burmese and Mughs are manly, frank, and straightforward in character, kind and hospitable, with more of independence and good nature than sycophancy or meanness in their bearing; they are of an obliging, forgiving nature, but rather improvident, and somewhat inclined to the use of intoxicating drinks, which has been considerably increased since their acquaintance with the English. They are said to be passionate, and to make good soldiers. The women are reckoned faithful, and are allowed to go abroad without restraint; and they are said to be more industrious than the men. The whole labor of the house falls upon them; they go to market, fetch the food, the water, and every necessary; they beat out the rice, cook the meals, make cloth for the whole family, and even assist their husbands in the fields and in looking after the cattle.

The religion of the Burmese is Buddhism, and that they are mainly a moral people there is abundance of testimony. Malcom, the American Baptist missionary to Burmah, in his "Travels in Asia," places them fairly on the record as to good conduct. In giving some of his own personal experiences in Burmah, he says he was resting one day in a *zayat* in a small Burmese village, and was scarcely seated when a woman brought a nice mat for him to lie on; another brought him cool water; and a man went and picked him half a dozen good oranges. None, he says, sought or expected any remuneration, but quietly disappeared and left him to his repose. He goes on to say: "None can ascend the river without being struck with the hardihood, skill, energy, and good humor of the Burmese boatmen. In point of temper and morality they are infinitely superior to boatmen on our western waters. In my various trips I have seen no quarrel, nor heard a hard word." "Many of these people have never seen a white man before, but I am constantly struck with their politeness. They desist from anything on the slightest intimation; never crowd around to be troublesome, and if, on showing them my watch or pencil-case, or anything which particularly attracts them, there are more of them than can get a sight, the outer ones stand aloof and wait till their turn comes. . . . I saw no intemperance in Burmah, though an intoxicating liquor is easily made from the juice of the palm. . . . A man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeding and lodging as well as the people. I have seen thousands together for hours on public occasions rejoicing in all ardor, and no act of violence or case of intoxication. . . . During my whole residence in the country I have never seen an indecent act or immodest gesture in man or woman. . . . I have seen hundreds of men and women bathing, and no immodest or careless act. . . . Children are treated with great kindness, not only by the mother but by the father, who, when unemployed, takes the young child in his arms and seems pleased to attend to it, while the mother cleans the rice or sits unemployed by his side. I have as often seen fathers caressing female infants as male. A widow with male and female children is more likely to be sought in marriage than if she has none. . . . Children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. The aged are treated with great care and tenderness, and occupy the best places in all assemblies."

This is pretty good testimony, and to come, too, from a man who went there to teach them what he called a better religion. It would seem that it must be a pretty good sort of religion that will make a people conduct themselves in that manner. J. H. Stocqueler, in his "Handbook of British India," says the marriage tie is held in rather slight respect by the Mughs, and that divorces are procured for trivial offenses. The Burmese regularly court their wives, and after the consent of the parents has been obtained, a day is fixed for the wedding, and all the friends and relatives of the parties are invited to a feast at the house of the bride's father. After the dowry has been settled, they all sit down to the feast; the bride and bridegroom eat out of the same dish, which binds the contract, and they are declared to be man and wife; the son-in-law often remains a member of the family till the wife desires a home of her own and he can afford one. The Mughs go through the same ceremony, with this difference, that when young the match is made for them by their parents, and they never see each other till the marriage day; but widows or grown-up ladies do not attend to this, but exercise the liberty of choosing for themselves.

When a divorce is sought for by both parties nothing more is requisite than that they should go before a village assembly and make a declaration of their wishes. Their property is then equally divided, and they separate, perhaps to rejoin again when their ill feelings have had time to subside. This seems to be a better rule than to compel a man and woman to live together when they can no longer love each other and there is no possibility of the union being longer desirable. When a husband wishes to separate from his wife against her will, he must give up all the property and take upon him all her debts and leave the house with nothing but his *gambong* and *dhootie*; but should a woman seek divorce from her husband, she has only to tender to him, before a competent judicial authority, the sum of twenty-five rupees, which by law he is in ordinary cases bound to accept, or at the utmost she returns her husband the ornaments he may have given her, also repays the sum of money he gave her parents on the wedding, which is usually all the cost to him of the marriage, and then the release is effected by the wife breaking a palm leaf in two, eating one-half herself and giving the other to her husband. Where there are children they are divided according to their sexes, the boys being given to their father and the girls to the mother. They are considered far from being a burden in a country where food is so abundant and a livelihood so easily obtained.

The Mughs have no fixed method of disposing of their dead; the customary way is to burn them; but the poor usually bury their dead. The coffins, which are used alike in burning and burying of persons, of any substance, are in the shape of a sarcophagus, and if the family can afford it they are richly ornamented with tinsel, etc. In this the corpse, dressed in a new suit of clothes, is laid face downward, a piece of gold or silver coin, or a jewel, being put in the mouth, the great toes and the thumbs are tied together, and if a female six pieces of wood are laid on the back, and if a male but three.

When a female dies pregnant she is not burnt but buried, the child being first cut out of the womb and interred alongside of the mother; lepers, temple slaves, suicides, victims of cholera, criminals, and all those considered unclean are buried, not burnt. The chief priests and men in power are generally embalmed and their bodies preserved for some years, after which they are burnt with great ceremony. Quicksilver is the principal article used for cleaning the intestines. Music and dancing take place at the funerals of those who can afford to pay for it, and a feast is given to the neighbors seven days afterward, at which it sometimes happens that exhilarating liquors are imbibed till some of the party become very happy, or other times riots are the consequence. The day after the funeral the family repair to the spot where the body has been burnt or buried, and spread food for the deceased.

The children are usually named three or four months after their birth. The astrologers fix the name and the day, and the parents give a feast, at which there is music, dancing, and revelry. In the low countries the people of all classes live in houses built of posts and bamboo walls, the flooring being raised four or five feet from the ground, and the roofs made of bamboos and leaves. Young men who are bachelors do not sleep in their fathers' houses, but each village has a separate building for the young men, where they sleep by themselves. They are fond of wrestling, dancing, and games of various kinds.

The principal food of the country is rice, but they make use of animal food to some extent. Fish and the flesh of the superior animals, such as bullocks, deer, goats, etc., are much sought after. The rice, as in nearly all Asiatic countries, is eaten with curry, which is a mixture of chillis (red peppers), ginger, turmeric, and numerous kinds of vegetables, and sometimes small fish or bits of meat stewed together, which is added freely to boiled rice. I have tried several kinds of the rice and curry—some I have found tolerably good and others not to my taste. It is usually too hot with the peppers. A favorite drink with the Mughs and Burmese is called *tarree*, or a juice of a species of palm, which also furnishes leaves for thatching their houses. The liquor is sweet, slightly intoxicating, but harmless. A strong spirit is also distilled from fermented rice. The smoking of tobacco is almost as common a fault with them as in Europe and America.

Both men and women are robust in form, but they are not a handsome race. They are fond of ornaments and finery. The men usually wear a head dress, or *gambong*, composed of book muslin twisted round, but not over the head, and it is often gracefully entwined with their long hair, which they prize so much that it is not uncommon for them to wear false hair; a jacket which is tied at the throat and closed over the chest and reaches half way down the thigh, and a *dhootie*, often of brilliant-colored silk, complete their costume. The women go with the head bare, but the hair is neatly braided and tied in a knot behind; a red cloth is wrapped tightly round the bosom, from which descends a petticoat, which is often gaily colored and open on one side, so that in walking much of the leg and even the thigh is often exposed. The Mugh women wear also a loose muslin jacket, reaching below the waist, with tight sleeves, and a gay cotton handkerchief thrown carelessly over the head or shoulder. The young girls are said to be often very pretty and always merry.

The Mohammedans of the country are supposed to be the descendants of slaves imported from Bengal by the great people in early times. There are several mountain tribes—the Koonrees, Taugmros, Kyengs, and Karians—who are wholly different in religion and customs from the Burmese and the Mughs; they are in a state of barbarism. They build their houses entirely of bamboos, and very high from the ground, and live in communities of from fifteen or twenty to forty or fifty families. They change the site of their village every two or three years, as the soil of the hillsides becomes exhausted. They are frequently at war with each other, but such as descend into the low country and occupy the small hills are very peaceful, inoffensive people, though not a little addicted to drunkenness, produced from the spirit distilled from rice. They are of a roving disposition, and upon the occurrence of any great sickness or unusual misfortune they immediately move the entire village. Their attachment to their native mountains is, however, very strong, and those who have been driven by the oppression of other tribes to seek a residence in the islands, or the plains even, collect the ashes of their dead, and on the first opportunity, be it years afterward, convey them back to their native hills. Nothing will induce them to intermarry with any other people or inhabit a Mugh village. They wear very little clothing beyond a rag round the loins and another round the head, and in cold weather the richer ones have a cotton wrapper or chudder over the shoulders. They are fortunate in not being troubled with very much religion, being more nature-worshipers than anything else, and believe in a good many nats or demons, which they strive hard to placate.

The Buddhist temples of the Burmese, called Keoungs, are most substantially and often beautifully built, and as a mark of distinction they have two or three roofs raised one above another. They are generally well stocked with numerous images of Buddha of all sizes and materials, white and black marble, alabaster, wood, stone, clay, or copper, most of which are, either wholly or partially, gilt with gold or silver. Glass and metal vessels with real and artificial flowers, and various other simple articles of ornament, are arranged in front of the images; immediately over them there is usually a canopy of fine cloth ornamented with gold leaf and tinsel, and black wooden cases, the paneling of which is inlaid with little squares of glass of all colors, surmounted by images of Buddha, and in which the priests keep their sacred books and records, occupy the background and other parts of the hall. Hanging lamps, wall shades, crystal decanters, and such things are also much sought after for the ornament of the temple.

In the mountains and forests the elephant, tiger, leopard, tiger-cat, bear, deer of various kinds, and the wild boar are to be found. The bosgaurus, the wild buffalo, the sha (somewhat like the chamois), and a kind of wild dog or wolf; also a species of raccoon, the wildcat, the ballasoor, and a kind of civet are

ound in the hills. There are no jackals, hares, or foxes; but asses and monkeys of numerous kinds inhabit the jungles. The birds and snakes are much the same as in India. The waters produce over two hundred kinds of fish.

Among the trees are the teak, oak, red and white jarool, praing, toon, sissoo, telsue (yields dammar), gurjun, semel or cotton-tree, peepul, with numerous kinds of palm and bamboo everywhere in great abundance. The mangrove, which is valuable as fuel, especially for steam purposes, is most abundant. Long grass covers the plains. Iron is found in many places, as also is coal.

PENANG.

On March 8th, at 11 A.M., we arrived at Penang, a thriving city situated on an island by the same name, some sixteen miles in length, and separated from the Malayan peninsula by an arm of the sea. The town is situated on a level plain, but near by are hills three thousand feet high, which give a good background to a very pretty picture. The city is situated in the northwest entrance of the straits of Malacca, which are but a few miles wide, so that the land and hills on the southern side add to the beauty of the scene. The vegetation is much of the same character as on Ceylon, the palms and banana-trees being abundant.

We had barely come to a stop before our steamer was well surrounded by numerous Chinese boats of a pattern different from what I have seen before. They are twenty feet or more in length, rather sharp at the bow, with an eye on each side, the extreme point representing an animal's or a fish's head (it is said the Chinese think the boat cannot see where to go unless it has eyes); the stern is rather wide and square at the extremity, and the rave or sideboard extends two or three feet farther back than the boat, giving it somewhat the appearance of a swallow's tail. The Chinese waterman stands near the after part of the boat, and has long oars which cross each other when he takes hold of them, so that the right hand oar is in his left hand, and *vice versa*. He pushes with the oars instead of pulling, and always retains the standing position; but he makes them move along with good speed. He has a sail he can put up at pleasure, and a canvas covering he uses when it rains. Here he has his furnace for cooking, here he has his bed, and this boat is his home from year to year. As the steamer stopped here a few hours I of course patronized one of these sand-pans (for that is the name of them), and went ashore to see the town, though the sun was pouring down his vertical rays at a fearful rate.

The town presents a lively, thrifty appearance, and cleanly withal, having a large number of business houses; shopping, wholesale and retail, and many of them large and well filled with goods. The population is much mixed, the larger portion being Malays, with many thousand Chinamen, with a good many Klings and other low-caste Hindoos, with Arabs and other Mohammedans. There are also a good many Europeans living here, but how many of each I did not learn. Judging by the large number of fine bungalows in the eastern part of the city, I should say there are fully a thousand European residents, with twenty or thirty thousand Chinese, and enough of the Malays and others to make fully one hundred thousand. But the Chinese are the life of the town. They have the principal part of the commercial business in their hands, as well as the mechanical pursuits, etc. I strolled through several of the business streets (and some of them are long), and found Chinese signs far more numerous than all others, and they present a continuous scene of activity and enterprise refreshing to witness. Though Chinese signs are the rule, many are also in English. I was pleased to see that Hin Hu Lee is doing a flourishing drug trade; that Sing Ling Bing is conducting the furniture manufacture very successfully, having twenty of his countrymen for journeymen; that Hing Ling Song is turning out not less than twenty pairs of shoes and boots per day; that Ah Sin Lu has a dozen tailors at work; that Hi Hon Ho is doing a lively carpenter and house-building business; that Hong Ding Su has a good blacksmith shop; that Thwang Shang Bang is making harnesses at a lively rate, and that Sam Ling Ding has a shop full of good-looking tin and copperware. I cannot begin to tell you the names of all the Chinamen in business in Penang, for there are at least twenty shoe shops, nearly as many furniture shops, with tailors, dyers, tinners, etc., in abundance. Some are selling hardware, some glassware and crockery, some notions and varieties, some dried fish, some fruits, rice, and other eatables, and also mats of various kinds. I saw a number of peripatetic dealers, those who perambulate the streets with a spring-pole on their shoulders, somewhat in the style of a neck-yoke, carrying all sorts of wares, including fruits, confections, food of all kinds, notions, "jim-cracks," etc., and several with a full cook-shop upon their shoulders, in which they could get up a meal at short notice. I noticed a large number of dyers spreading their blue cotton goods out upon the grass to dry in the sun. This is what makes the ordinary wearing apparel of the Chinamen, while the better classes wear white, and the laboring classes have simply a waist-cloth and hat. The latter article is very large and looks heavy. It seems to be made of bamboo, large enough for an umbrella—would almost answer for a boat, or to top out a hay-stack.

There are a few Chinamen in Bombay and Calcutta, but aside from those places these are the first I have met with, and I judge this to be almost as good as a visit to China. One can see here Chinese customs and habits almost as perfectly as in Peking itself. They certainly show as much life and energy as any people I have met with, and they are so much lighter in color than any other natives that a relief is experienced in this direction.

In the way of enterprise and money-making they are almost equal to the Jews, and have often been termed "the Jews of the East." Many of them become wealthy and do a large wholesale business. I hear of some who came here with nothing and commenced business by peddling fruit or something of the kind, saving every cent they made, and finally becoming heavy merchants, and sometimes owners of vessels. Many of them are men of good large frames and good muscles. As a rule, they are far stronger than the Hindoos, and they seemed not at all opposed to hard work. I see hardly any Chinese women, and am told that but few of them leave the "Flowery Kingdom."

Here I also saw the first of the Malays, and pronounce them a good-looking class of Asiatics. They are of a dark-yellow, or light-brown, rather short in stature, and well built. They are not so active, industrious, and enterprising as the Chinese, but seem a steady, well-disposed class of people. These are the inhabitants of the Malay peninsula, and the same race has spread over several of the neighboring islands, particularly Sumatra and Java.

The Klings, from India, are considerably darker. They, like the Arabs, have a heavy beard, while the faces of the Malays are as free from beard as an American Indian. They are said to be pretty good farmers, and also make very fair mechanics.

Penang has belonged to the English since the days of the East India Company. It contains about one hundred and sixty square miles, and is reckoned very rich in proportion to its size and the amount of ground under cultivation. Its staple productions are the betel-nut or the arican palm, cocoanut, nutmeg, and cloves. There are some three hundred thousand nutmeg-trees on the island; and in what is called the Province Wellesley the annual yield is over twenty-five million nutmegs. The clove-trees number nearly one hundred thousand, over half of which are in bearing.

The English portion of the town is very pretty, the comfortable-looking dwellings having ample space and being well surrounded by a fine growth of luxuriant tropical plants. The public buildings are of a respectable character, and the spires of two churches give the place the appearance of a European city. I stepped into a court-house when legal proceedings were being attended to. The judge was an Englishman, and one or two of the lawyers, but all the rest were natives, principally Malays.

Fruits are cheap here; pineapples two cents each; watermelons are plenty, but not of good quality—tough, and comparatively tasteless. In the native part of town the water comes up close around the buildings, which stand on posts, much like the pictures of such houses I saw in my childhood.

There is a noted waterfall five miles from town, where a small stream dashes from rock to rock in a fall of three hundred feet, but I did not have time to go out and see it, for I deemed it better to be on board in time than to see a cascade much inferior to what we have in our own country.

OFF FOR SINGAPORE.

At 5 P.M., having duly exchanged freight, and shipped as deck passengers one hundred and twenty Chinese, we bent our course in a southerly direction toward Singapore. The Chinese have made money enough to go home, some to remain and some only on a visit. Fault has been found with Chinamen because after they have made a good "pile" they go back to their own land to enjoy it. There is no doubt they love the country of their birth, and it does not seem to be much of a fault for them to do so. If it is commendable for those of other nations to love their own country it would seem that it is not culpable in the Chinamen. I have had a better opportunity to study Chinese habits and character than ever before, and I see much in them to admire. Their enterprise, their industry, and their cleanliness are certainly commendable. They live on very little, and are fond of rats and puppies, and they are very damaging competitors for American farmers, mechanics, and laborers, but that they are far from being the worst people in the world I am fully convinced. We have two Chinese waiters on the steamer, and they are decidedly pleasant fellows.

There is no mistaking a Chinaman; his yellow skin, his almond, oblique eyes, will point him out, but these failing, the everlasting "pig-tail" is a sure indication. The head is shaved save a round spot three inches in diameter around the crown. This is never cut, and is kept neatly braided, and often reaches a length of four or five feet. This queue is sometimes braided by itself, and sometimes with silk or other thread of brilliant colors. The Chinaman thinks very much of his pig-tail, for to lose it is a great disgrace. As a punishment for criminals the pig-tail is sometimes taken off, but the punishment is equal to a year's imprisonment. They do their eating on the deck, their food being largely a mixture of rice and other articles. I notice they are very handy with their "chopsticks"—two small smooth sticks about three inches in length, and which they hold in their right hand, one with the thumb and finger, so they can manipulate them in picking up small bits of food. In eating soup and semi-fluid food they hold the bowl or vessel close to the face, and the way they poke the soup, etc., into the mouth is very amusing.

This people have faults much like other portions of the human family. Many of them are slaves to opium smoking, the same as Anglo-Saxons are slaves to alcoholic drinks and tobacco, though I don't think the Chinese are so bad in this respect as our own people; I so far see very few indications of it. They look plump and healthy. I am told they are very fond of gambling and that often when they have been absent from their country for years and have saved up a good deal of money, they will get to gambling on their way home and lose it all. I heard, however, of men doing the same thing who would object to be ranked with Chinese.

On our way to Singapore we pass between the Malay peninsula and the island of Sumatra. We passed a number of islands, some small and others looming up boldly. As we approach the equator the weather seems to grow hot and oppressive. On the 9th many waterspouts were visible through the day. I saw one very plainly which looked like a long slim funnel reaching from a dark cloud two thousand feet above the water down to the latter, aud from the commotion that seemed to be caused it was doubtless taking up water freely. These whirlwinds or cyclones sometimes suck up large quantities of water, which, as soon as the force which takes it up is spent, returns in immense showers, called "the bursting of a cloud." These heavy floods sometimes take place on the land. The circular wind-storms or cyclones are similar to those which sometimes take place in our country when the storm makes a narrow path for a few miles, tearing up trees, prostrating houses, blowing trains from railroads, and even sometimes taking up stones weighing hundreds of pounds. The power of the wind when moving in such a spiral or narrow circular form seems to be immense, and the whirlwind itself, without being broken, travels at the rate of several miles an hour, while the velocity of the wind within the cone or circle must be at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. It requires an immense force of wind to twist a strong tree three feet through, or pick up a rock weighing half a ton. It is indeed wonderful what the forces of nature are capable of accomplishing when the conditions are adapted for heavy work. It is a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, and the invisible aerial forces which produce cyclones, tornadoes, and simoons. I much prefer that they give me a tolerably wide berth.

We arrived at the P. & O. wharf at Singapore on the morning of the 10th, the weather, barring the heat, the most charming that could be desired, and the hills and sloping grounds of the lands around the harbor being of the most charming character. Everything looks blooming and beautiful. Here I saw for the first time the fan palm. The top looks like a large peacock's tail, spread in the most regular manner—too regular and beautiful, almost, to be natural. The leaves are like the leaves of the banana, which, including the stem or stalk part, are fifteen feet in length; they stand edgewise, the leaves being a foot in width. Otherwise the tree looks as flat as though it had been pressed. While the top is twenty-five or thirty feet across, the entire width or thickness is but a foot. It truly presents a beautiful appearance.

Perhaps this is a good place to close this long letter. Dear friends, good-bye. D. M. B.

A Detour to Java.

BATAVIA, March 19, 1882.

DEAR READERS: When the steamer Khiva arrived at Singapore on the morning of the 10th inst. I repaired at once to the city, three miles away to ascertain if a steamer would soon leave for the island of Java, for if I could conveniently do so I wished to pay it a visit and see the sights of Singapore and write about them upon my return. I wished to cross the equator and visit the southern hemispheres, not that I expected to realize any particular difference between Singapore, a degree or so north of the equator, and other points a few degrees south of it. I certainly did not expect to see the equatorial line, nor to know when I passed under it or over it. I knew it was an imaginary line, or rather that though there is a precise place where the line belongs there is no line there. But I particularly wished to see the island of Java, fourth in size among the more than one hundred and twenty-five islands forming the

(*Continued on page* 44 .)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

Nearing Home.

From Omaha, under date of July 7th, Mr. Bennett writes us:

DEAR EUGENE: I made a rapid run through Colorado, visiting Denver, Blackhawk, Central City, Leadville, etc. I was kindly received by numerous friends whom I was very glad to meet, and was much interested with the various mines, smelting works, reducing and stamp mills, etc., which I visited, together with the majestic scenery of the Rocky Mountains, so grandly opened to the view of the enraptured beholder.

I had not corresponded with the friends and had not informed them of my arrival, consequently they were not looking for me so early. They wished me to stop over in each place and hold a meeting, but feeling that I could not take the time, I hurried on eastward.

The Liberal friends of this town gave me a fine reception last night in Masonic Hall, where a good audience greeted me on my homeward way. Edward D. McLaughlin, Esq., a prominent lawyer of this city, presided and made the opening speech. The remarks I followed with continued over an hour. The Liberal friends received me very kindly, and there are a large number of them. Considerable additions were made to THE TRUTH SEEKER list, as well as to the names of those who wish the Round-the-World volumes. I have had a very pleasant time here and made numerous acquaintances.

I pursue my eastern journey this morning, visiting a few points in Iowa and Illinois. I will speak in Chicago on the evening of Sunday, the 16th; in Milwaukee on the 17th; in Jackson, Mich., on the 23d; in Rochester, N. Y., on the 27th, after which I will soon be home. The malice of the lying *Inter-Ocean* and of the sick-roosterites is made very apparent, but aside from misleading those unacquainted with me, I trust no very great harm is accomplished. Yours truly, D. M. B.

The Chicago Liberals hav engaged Hershey Hall for the evening of the 16th and made all necessary arrangements for a hearty reception of the traveler. A pleasant time will, no doubt, be experienced by all parties.

The Lesson of the Washington Tragedy.

Last week the world witnessed the spectacle of a set of Christians hanging another Christian for his Christianity. And the world will be no better for it, unless it will take to heart the very obvious lesson that religion is what made the murderer and committed the murder. Over eighteen hundred years ago the Jews crucified the first Christian who had the courage of his convictions, and now his followers hav hung the last who had faith enough in God to obey his commands. There was as much evidence of Guiteau's inspiration as of any of the patriarchs and prophets who figure in "holy writ." Yet he was disbelieved by legal and ecclesiastical authorities. What would they do with Christ should he reappear and make the claims he is said to hav made in the first century? Hang him, undoubtedly, or put him in the insane asylum.

It would seem that there are no Christians at the present day who honestly, and with their whole beings, believe in the religion they profess so loudly, except such men as the assassin of Garfield. He was a Christian; his whole life had been devoted to preaching the gospel and ranting against Infidelity. He believed in God, in Christ, in heaven, in hell, in the resurrection, in salvation by the blood of Christ. Had he not placed such implicit faith in the Bible he would hav been alive to-day, and so would Garfield.

Guiteau's prayer upon the gallows proves his sincerity. He leaves it for the churches to prove that he was wrong. He had more faith than Christ had. His last words were, "The angels are coming to me." The well-known cry of Christ was widely different. The following prayer, which Guiteau made, is not the words of an unbeliever, but of one who was what his religion made him. Let the churches remember that, and never again say that Infidelity leads to crime. Infidels hav committed crimes, but never on account of their unbelief, while the leaves of history are thickly dotted with the names of men who had committed crimes because of their belief. It will be seen that Guiteau felt as sure of heaven as any so-called saint who ever lived:

"Father, now I go to thee and the Savior. I hav finished the work thou gavest me to do, and I am only too happy to go to thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but thou knowest it. Thou knowest thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from thee, and I hav set it forth in my book that all men read and know that thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This government and nation by this act, I know, will incur thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing thy man, my Savior. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government, and its newspapers toward me will justify thee in cursing them, and I know that thy divine law of retribution is inexorable. I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers, from the Executiv to the hangman, will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable, O thou supreme judge. Woe unto the men that violate thy laws! Only weeping and gnashing of teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with thee, righteous Father, for their vindictivness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow has no parallel in history; but thou, righteous father, wilt judge him. Father, thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me; and now I go to thee and the Savior without the slightest ill-will toward a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth."

When Garfield was first shot the church made haste to cry "Infidel!" Did ever a prayer like that come from an Infidel's lips? Guiteau felt that he was commissioned by God as divinely and fully as Jesus did. He had a mission. So had Jesus. He committed a crime against the laws of his land in pursuance of that mission. So did Jesus. He was put to death, as was Jesus, by the people whose laws he had broken. Who shall distinguish between the two? If Christianity is true, Guiteau may hav been right, in which case, will not the Christians who hung him hav a heavy penalty to pay? They profess to believe that the wanderings of the Jews are in consequence of their rejection of the Messiah; may not their rejection of Guiteau's claims lead to like disastrous consequences? They should think of these things and be consistent. We do not see how they can accept the inspiration of one "crank" and reject that of another who produces exactly the same evidence to support his claim. Guiteau's pueril song is exactly in keeping with Christ's words, that "except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." His idea was "that of a little child babbling to his papa." We print it to show to what a state of imbecility religion can reduce an "inspired prophet:"

"I am going to the Lordy—I am so glad!
I am going to the Lordy—I am so glad!
I am going to the Lordy—Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah! I am going to the Lord.

I love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory, hallelujah! And that is the reason
I am going to the Lordy, glory hallelujah!
Glory hallelujah! I am going to the Lord.

I wonder what I will do when I get to the Lordy?
I guess that I will weep no more when I get to the Lordy.
I am going to the Lordy. Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah! I am going to the Lord.

I wonder what I will see when I get to the Lordy?
I expect to see most splendid things, beyond all earthly conception,
When I am with the Lordy. Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah! I am with the Lord."

Babble is just the word for such nonsense; but what a farce the whole thing is! Jesus's last words were of wild despair. The first inspired Christian died wailing; the last driveling. What a commentary on their faith! As a religion to liv by, Christianity has proved a failure. It has failed to make men better or kinder, more honest, or to respect the rights of others. Its most ardent advocates hav been the most tyrannical and cruel. Its firmest believers hav been the worst of men. It has developed instead of restrained wickedness. To die by, it is still worse. Its scheme of salvation puts a premium on rascality and affords hope to the murderer, but none to his unbelieving victim. Abraham's bosom is broad enough to hold every scoundrel, but there is no room in heaven for the virtuous. The lesson to be learned from Guiteau's fate is, Shun the superstition of Christianity as you would a pestilence, if you would liv usefully and die like a man.

Shaking off the Wicked, and Other Things.

JORDAN VALLEY, OR., June 22, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Is there any place in the Bible that speaks of God taking hold of the "ends of the earth" to shake the wicked off? If so, please state the chapter, as I wish to show it to a friend who denies that the Bible says the earth has ends. And where shall I find authority for the statement that the Jewish God once delighted in human sacrifices? By answering the above you will do a favor for a constant reader of your noble paper.

Yours for truth, W. R. KING.

In Job xxxviii God asks, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" and in the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the same chapter propounds these pertinent queries: "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the day-spring to know his place, that it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it?" By Luke i, 78, it is learned that the day-spring is the thing that comes from on high "to giv light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." As this, according to the church creeds, can only be done by God, or Christ, or the H. G. (short for holy ghost), the day-spring must be one of these three.

That God commanded (and if he had not delighted in them he would not hav commanded them) human sacrifices is learned from the following passages:

"No devoted thing that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and of beast, and of the field of his possessions, shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord. None devoted, which shall be dedevoted of men, shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death" (Lev. xxvii, 28, 29).

"The king [David] took the two sons of Rizpah . . . and the five sons of Michael; . . . and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill betore the Lord. . . . And after that God was entreated for the land" (2 Sam. xxi. 8, 9, 14).

"And he [God] said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering" (Gen. xxii, 2).

"And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering. So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. . . . And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and behold his daughter came out to meet him. . . . And he sent her away for two months; and she went with her companions and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains. And it came to pass at the end of two months that she returned unto her father, who did according to his vow which he had vowed" (Judges xi, 30, 31, 32, 34, 38, 39).

That is the kind of a God the Christians hav.

DID GOD EAT?

HAGERSTOWN, MD., July 3, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Is there not an account in the Bible of God eating a common meal with one of his servants? If so, please giv me the passage through THE TRUTH SEEKER. SAMUEL HAMMIL.

In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis it is recorded that Abraham had the pleasure of setting forth a meal for the Lord. He entertained angels unawares, which, from the fact that his wife conceived after their visit, would appear a dangerous thing for self-respecting husbands to do. It was in this wise: Abraham sat at his tent door on the plains of Mamre one day, when three men came along. He ran to meet them, and called one of them my Lord, somewhat after the manner of the English peasant who greets his landlord with "Me lud." Abraham told Sarah to "make ready quickly three measures of meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth," while he picked out a fine calf from the herd and had it prepared in butter and milk. He then put these delicacies before the strangers, who did eat.

While engaged at their meal one of the strangers asked him where his wife was. Abraham answered, "In the tent." The stranger said that he would certainly return, and that Sarah should bear a child, at which Sarah laughed. Then the identity of the angel was disclosed, for we are informed that "the Lord [the angel] said unto Abraham, 'Wherefore *did* Sarah laugh? Is anything too hard for the Lord?'" [meaning himself.] When Sarah found out who she had been laughing at, she was afraid, and denied it, which, as it was only a little lie, was not put down against her. Then the men departed, but a wondering world is authoritativly informed in the twenty-first chapter of the same book that "The Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken."

All of which goes to show that Abraham and his wife prepared a common meal for the Lord, and that the Lord ate it. And uninspired people might also say that it goes to show that Anthony Comstock and Oliver Stevens should let "Cupid's Yokes" and "Leaves of Grass" alone and proceed against the holy scriptures.

A First-Class Book.

THE REAL BLASPHEMERS. By John R. Kelso, A.M. Paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office and by other Liberal book dealers.

As Col. Kelso says, it has always been a habit of preachers and churchmen generally to charge Freethinkers with blasphemy, especially when they cannot answer their arguments. To them Paine was a blasphemer, although he believed in God and defended his character against the aspersions of the theologians who attribute to him every vile characteristic which man himself possesses. Jehovah was but a magnified Jew, at the present reduced a little by the civilization of our time and accepted by the Christians because their forefathers believed in him. Against this kind of a God Col. Kelso argues there can be no blasphemy, because he does not exist. And imagining a decent god, he shows that the Christians are the real blasphemers, inasmuch as they charge him with doing that which he never does, and which is contrary to his nature. According to this, therefore, the champions of the Bible are the champion blasphemers, as they charge God with doing all sorts of impossible things, such as separating light from darkness, making something from nothing, etc. In his previous book he has analyzed Deity, and in this he analyzes the Bible, showing it to be false in all its essential statements. His assertions are accurate, and the good temper he displays is calculated to make the book valuable as a missionary document to hand to an inquiring churchman.

"DEITY ANALYZED," in six lectures, John R. Kelso, A.M., a book of 470 pages, written in terse prose and masterly rhyme,

has been laid upon our table by the author, and we find it one of the best handbooks extant for Freethinkers and philosophers. "The Messiah or Savior," and "The Devil's Defense," are very clever and thoughtful productions, and every man who has learned to think for himself will find in this volume much food for serious reflection.—*San Francisco Public Opinion.*

"A TRUTH SEEKER AROUND THE WORLD." From New York to Damascus, being Vol. I., 836 octavo pages, of a series of letters written by D. M. Bennett while making a tour of the globe; as few can travel to the extent here described, and as most people will relish the fresh views of men and things in Europe, Asia, and elsewhere presented, this volume, like the other two to follow, will be eagerly sought and profitably read by increasing numbers finding facts better soul-food than creeds, codes, and customs born of superstition. The book is well printed, has a fine portrait of Mr. Bennett, and many interesting illustrations. Price, $2, three volumes for $5. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER, 141 Eighth street, New York.—*The Word.*

Third Annual Congress of the International Federation of Freethinkers.

We hav received from Charles Bradlaugh, as chairman of the General Council, the following notice. America should be represented by able men. Efforts hav been made to induce T. B. Wakeman to be one of the delegates, and we trust will be successful, although he is loth to leave his family and business. Let the Liberals labor with him.

"The Third Annual Congress will be held at Paris, in the large hall of the Grand Orient, Rue Cadet, on September 1, 2, and 3, 1882. The business arrangements are in the hands of the Union Democratique de Propagande Anticlericale (secretary, Mons. A. Cinqualbre, 48 rue monsieur le prince, Paris).

The questions placed on the order of the day by the Second Annual Congress, held in London, September, 1881, are as follows: "The Effect of Christianity Upon the World," "Will the Coming Man Need a Religion?" "The Oath Question in Various Countries," "The Best Methods of Propaganda." Readers of papers are requested to forward their names and the titles of their papers as soon as they conveniently can to the general secretary, J Swaagman, 48 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, London, N. W,; and they are also reminded that it was decided at the London Congress that the openers of discussions and the readers of papers should be limited to thirty minutes of speech.

"Secretaries will much assist the General Council if they will be good enough to forward to the secretary of the council before August 1st the reports of their societies' work during the year, so that they may be incorporated in the General Report for 1881–82.

"The following proposition will be laid before the Congress by Mrs. Besant, member of the Council for England: That the words in rule 3—"Its seat shall be in London"—shall be amended as follows: "Its seat for the year shall be in the town selected by the Congress of each year for the next Congress ensuing.' J. SWAAGMAN."

The Watkins Dinner.

We hav received the two following letters seconding Mr. Green's proposition:

SHARON, CONN., July 2, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It strikes me that Mr. H. L. Green's proposal in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st, that a dinner be tendered to Mr. D. M. Bennett at the coming Freethinker's convention at Watkins Glen as a testimony to his fearless life and character, is eminently proper and timely. He, Mr. Green, has mentioned several, including myself, as a committee of arrangements. I am sure that all of us will be glad to act in such capacity, but I am equally sure that none of us will be so placed as to be able to take in hand the practical preparation of such a feast of reason, and so I would suggest that as Mr. Green is to be present to superintend all other arrangements, he be added to the committee and include the Bennett dinner in his general convention work.

Yours respectfully, COURTLANDT PALMER.

Mr. Bartlett will also be there:

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., July 2, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. H. L. Green makes a proposition in the last TRUTH SEEKER to the effect that a dinner and reception be given to Mr. D. M. Bennett on the evening of the third day of the convention at Watkins Glen, and concludes his proposition thus: "And I ask all who second this motion to indicate through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, or both."

Mr. Editor, I second the motion through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope the dinner and reception will be decided upon at once, and that it will be a glorious success. Let our friends who are for free thought, free speech, a free press, and free mails respond through the columns of your paper.

Yours, EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

The Badge of Serfdom.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The remarks of Mrs. H. S. Lake, in a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, on the *Index* reporter and Lucy Stone, are very suggestiv as well as most interesting.

The common custom of women merging themselvs in their husbands so entirely as to lose the identity of their own names is certainly humiliating, and, in a just sense, degrading; and the eagerness with which women fall into the long-established habit or custom is very surprising, to say the least, and shows how the long years of subjection to man hav left their firm impression upon their nature. It would be comical, were it not so mortifying, to note how quickly women put off the "maiden name" upon marriage, as though it were some upas-tree, and hastily adopt another name, often blotted with some stain or reproach, from which her own name was free and clear.

That she is no longer regarded as a *femme sole* after marriage is bad enough, but that she should be so eager to lose all her identity as an individual is sorrowful to contemplate.

"Husband and wife are one," screams some man, "and don't you forget it!" But which one is the one? Why, the man, of course, always and every time. He is the head of the family, the head of the house, as "Christ is the head of the church." The Bible says it, therefore it is, and women bow their heads, and the chain eats into their flesh, but they make no complaint. The law and the gospel join hands, and the women keep silence.

But there is a great deal about this legal "one" business that is as well a legal fiction. Yet I heard a lawyer in court not long since, in a conspiracy case where a husband with another had conspired to defame the character of his wife, make a motion to quash the indictment on the ground of the oneness of the husband and wife, and therefore the one (which was the husband, you know) could not possibly conspire against himself!

It is very astonishing how indifferent women are to the matter of their personal identity and its preservation, and until they assert their independence in this particular we fear they will not make great headway in the enfranchisment of the sex. Married women lose not only their names, but their children, and their badge of serfdom denotes the ownership of both child and mother.

If women were not ashamed to parade a man's name for their own, as may be witnessed upon visiting cards, advertisments for servants, reading thus, Mrs. Capt. Jabez White, Mrs. Dr. John Snow, Mrs. Hon. Peter Finigin, and the like, I should think men themselvs would feel rather sheepish to see their names in public print, preceded by a Mrs., as wanting dressmakers, nursery maids, second girls, cooks, chambermaids, and washerwomen.

I heard of one gentleman who justly rebuked this sort of thing. He took a letter from the post-office addressed to himself with a Mrs. at the beginning of his name. He said to his wife: "Let this thing stop at once. I am not a Mrs., and never shall be. Inform your correspondents immediately, and also that you hav a name of your own, and advise them accordingly."

What would men think to write themselvs as Mr. Jane O'Brien, Mr. Katy Brown, etc.? How it would sound! And it is quite as ridiculous on the other hand.

I am not inveighing against marriage, for I do believe in its truth and sanctity as much as anyone can, but I like to see my own sex as independent and individualized as the other. Woman should be neither a drudge nor a toy, an angel nor an underling, but she should be just a woman, and an equal of the best man, asserting her rights and her independence. She should be proud of her identity as a woman, and maintain that identity in marriage as well as out of it, and the name she inherited should remain hers till death. She may add her husband's name if she chooses, but her own name she should never part with, nor merge herself in another's name with the foolish glee of an ignorant child, or a slave who has been sold to a new master. Let women think of this matter and follow the example of Lucy Stone who, although many years a wife, has worn her own honored name fearlessly and unmolested.

Yours for equal rights, SUSAN H. WIXON.

The Cause in Stockton.

From Stockton, Cal., under date of June 20th, Mr. Bennett writes to THE TRUTH SEEKER, as follows:

"Pursuant to invitation, I visited this pleasant city yesterday, and a meeting of the friends was tendered me last night. Turn Hall was well filled with an appreciativ audience. After music by Mr. Dreyfoos' orchestra, Dr. A. S. Hudson made the opening speech, of twenty or thirty minutes, introducing me, and descanting on the steady growth of Freethought and the teachings of science. I then talked about an hour. After which the usual hand-shakings, with several subscriptions to THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Round-the-World volumes. There are a goodly number of intelligent Liberals here, and our cause is evidently on the increase.

"My anxiety to get home is so great that I hav decided to forego the pleasure of a visit to the Yosemite valley, and the towns south of this place. I take the eastward train to-day, stopping in Nevada a day or two, and then passing on to Salt Lake City, Denver, etc. Yours truly, D. M. B."

A Victim of Railway Monopoly.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Yesterday the Board of Pardons—the Pennsylvania Railroad monopoly-Cameron-bossisms-Quay-ring-robbing board of pardons—which met at Harrisburg one day in advance of the Cameron-ring monopoly-boss-rule-stalwart-Republican-re-convened State Convention, declined to grant me a pardon for the alleged "artificial" crime of selling railroad tickets, the specific offense being that I sold a passenger a ten-dollar ticket over the Pennsylvania railroad for nine dollars, thus saving him one dollar, and preventing the railway monopoly from robbing the passenger from whom I purchased the ticket for eight dollars.

Of the eight hundred prisoners imprisoned in this modern bastile, this Christian torture-pen, at the present time, I am the only outspoken and declared Infidel known among the entire number. This is why I am here, because I am a Freethinker, a free man, and believe in free and honest trade in railroad tickets or anything else that the law allows one to buy that is not injurious to the health and morals of mankind. I appeal to the Liberals, Freethinkers and lovers of liberty in America, not so much for financial aid, although I hav a wife and child, and am poor and penniless at present, as for their moral assistance and influence. The law under which I am imprisoned and hav now been tortured for seven months of my one year's sentence and five hundred dollars fine is unconstitutional, and so declared by leading judges and lawyers of the country, but here in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, where everything is under the influence and iron rule of Pennsylvania railway monopoly and Cameronism, the people hav but few rights, while the monopolies and political bosses do as they please. I now appeal for justice to the tribunal of the last resort, the people.

Notwithstanding Judge Mitchell sent to the Board of Pardons by my attorney a very strong, plain, and comprehensiv letter, stating my sentence to the full extent of the vile law was rendered by him under a "false impression of the facts" in the case, and strongly advising the board to grant my petition, and notwithstanding a large number of the leading merchants and business men of Philadelphia had signed my application for pardon, the board declined to grant it. This is the reason: Because the board is a railway monopoly, Cameron-Quay-ring-board, and they could not let me out for fear of the consequences. No pardon for one who would use his voice and pen for the dethronement of "Cameronism" and "bossism," as well as monopoly. They were undoubtedly informed of my intention to launch a weekly anti-monopoly, anti-boss, anti-Cameron paper soon after my release. Hence I must suffer here till the end of my time, Nov. 1st, unless the people—my countrymen—find some other means of opening my bastile doors.

So much for not sacrificing my honor, principle, and manhood. I here publicly appeal to our champion of liberty, R. G. Ingersoll, to call the attention of the President and attorney-general to this unconstitutional law and outrage by a monopoly upon a private citizen. I also appeal to the friends of liberty in Congress—the representativs of the people—to bring my case before Congress before its adjournment. Let every lover of liberty write the governor of Pennsylvania and the leading independent press of the country ventilating this outrage. All who feel able and wish to aid me in exposing this infamy and assist me in my struggle for liberty and right, can send me one dollar or less, addressed to S. F. Wilson, care of my attorney, Wm. C. Gross, 132 South 6th street, Philadelphia, Pa., who will acknowledge the same for me by post, and I will publicly acknowledge all contributions in my paper, *Wilson's Anti-Monopoly Agitator*, soon after my release.

SYLVESTER F. WILSON.

Moyamencing Prison, June 21, 1882.

[*Investigator*, *Man*, *Iconoclast*, *Agnostic*, Kansas *Liberal*. *Index*, *Banner of Light*, and all free and independent papers, Greenback and anti-monopoly, please copy and mail marked copy to above address, and accept grateful thanks of S. F. W.]

The Hacker Fund.

MR. EDITOR AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I am happy to state that the donations for June hav kept pace with those for May. There are some real, generous, noble, sacrificing souls helping along with this work of love.

Our little club is slowly, yet I hope surely, growing. I am anxious that none of you shall "fall out by the way" or forget to send in your donations on time. Order and prompt action are very desirable.

I would like to say to members of the club and special contributors, hav your donations forwarded so I can get them by the end of the month, as on the first I shall close up for the previous month and immediately forward the aggregate to Bro. Hacker. I would suggest that you each select some particular day, not too near the close, as a day, not of humiliation and prayer, but of remembrance, to perform a little self-imposed duty for the relief of your aged and destitute brother.

I am afraid that some of our friends who hav not yet contributed are ashamed to append their names to a twenty-five-cents-per-month donation, who may also feel not able to contribute more. To this I would say that if there be any cause of shame at all, it is rather in making no donation. Knowing that begging is much more offensiv than pleasant, Elmina and I hav appealed to you for a very small monthly mite, so that all could giv without shame and none feel it. A brief extract from a recent letter of Bro. Hacker's says, "We thank you for what you hav done more than words can express; also Elmina and all who hav so kindly aided us." Yours fraternally,

Baltimore, Md., Box 878. C. GARWOOD.

STATEMENT FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

A. J. Stough, Bozeman, Montana, $2.50; J. L. Tompkins, Lake City, Iowa, $1; Elijah Clark, Davis, Illinois, $2; Ernest Rhine, Bavonne, N. J., $2; E W. Fitzner, Nevada City, California, 50 cents; V. J. Borrette, White Rock, Nevada, 30cents: Elijah Myrick, Ayers, Massachusetts, $2; A. Minski, Superior, Nebraska, $1; William Black, Carrollton, Illinois, in advance to February 16, 283, $2; A. G, Duquoin, Illinois, 27 cents; E Livezey, Baltimore, Maryland, 25 cents; C. Garwood, Baltimore, Maryland, 25 cents.

MR. HACKER'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

BERLIN, N. J., July 1, 1882.

Received of C. Garwood, of Baltimore, Maryland, $14 08

Through the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER as follows: From N. N. E. Wood, M.D, Sioux City, Iowa, $1: Leonard Jackson, Mt Jackson, Virginia, $3; J F Ruggles, Bronson, Michigan, $1: W. H. Graham, Los Angeles, California, $1; J. A. Hallotte, Liberal, Missouri, 25 cents; Paul Simon, Rebold, Wisconsin, $2: O. Cooledge, Ashland, Oregon, $2; J J Ford, New York city, 50 cents; D. E. Burt, East Dubuque, Illinois, $1; J. J. Knowles, Quincy, Michigan, 25 cents: John Burr, Braceville, Illinois, 50 cents; Warren C. Barrus, Georgetown, Colorado, 50 cents.

Several others of my old-time friends hav sent gifts, but I do not know as they want their names published. If they do they will please notify me, as I desire to please all.

B. F Underwood, of Boston, has sent me $5 from the office of the Free Religious Association, but does not state whether it is from himself or from the Association. If from the latter, it is more than I am aware of having ever received from all religious societies, excepting the Shakers. We hav not words to express our gratitude to all the kind friends. J. and M. S. HACKER.

The Michigan State Association.

It is known to many that Mr. Burdick, the President of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists, some time ago resigned his position. The revised articles of association contain no provision for filling vacancies. They provide that in case of the absence of the president from any meeting, one of the directors shall act in his stead, but do not say which one. This vacancy leaves the secretary the only responsible executiv officer of the Association, as he is the rightful and legitimate medium of communication and correspondence. As such officer, I shall be glad to receive communications bearing upon the organic work in the state and on all matters of interest connected with the cause from officers of societies and all other persons.

S. B. MCCRACKEN,

Detroit, Mich., July 3, 1882. Secretary.

Watkins Glen and Bismarck Grove.

In August two great meetings will be held, the New York Freethinkers' Convention, at Watkins Glen, and the Kansas Liberal Union, at Bismarck Grove. Liberals of America, let us make these meetings a grand success. Let every one who can attend one or both of them. The pleasure and profit derived will richly repay for the time and expense involved, while the moral effect of two great outpourings of enthusiastic Liberals, one in the East and one in the West, cannot be over estimated. Let the watchword, then, be "On to Watkins!" or "On to Bismarck!" J. E. REMSBURG.

Atchison, Kansas, July 6, 1882.

The Freethinkers' Convention,—Excursion Rates.

The Northern Central Railway Co., and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Co. hav each agreed to sell excursion tickets to the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention from any station on the line of said roads or their branches. But before any person can avail themselvs of this arrangement he or she must send to me for a certificate. Friends, send in your orders, with a three-cent stamp.

Salamanca, N. Y. H. L. GREEN, Sec'y.

(*Continued from page* 439.)

eastern or Malayan archipelago, sometimes called the Thousand Islands, and the most prosperous and best governed of the lot. I knew that Java belongs to the Dutch, that it is a very fertile and productive island, and that the greater portion of the Java coffee drank is supposed to come from this island, but all beyond these few general facts I must confess I was ignorant of. I thought I should know more.

I learned at Singapore that the steamer Gen. Louden sailed for Batavia, over five hundred miles from Singapore, at 12 o'clock M., and that a second-class passage cost twenty-five dollars. I concluded to make the investment, and in due time a small boat, manned by two Malayan natives, was taking me some two miles out into the "roads" to the Louden, and in half an hour we weighed anchor and were off. Singapore looks rather pretty from the sea, as nearly all seaports do. The tall cocoanut-trees among the suburbs present the usual tropical appearance, and on the northern side the hills are picturesque and luxuriant. Our passage, as you are aware, led south between the islands of Sumatra and Borneo.

Before nightfall we had crossed the equator, without the slightest damage being incurred. We stopped at a cluster of small islands called, as I was told, Rio, or the Rio archipelago, to change mail and take on a passenger or two. Those islands look beautiful, and on the main one rather of a nice looking village stands upon the shore. The most conspicuous growth in all these places is the cocoanut-tree, the most valuable to the people of this part of the world of all other trees. The plantain or banana is also seen in abundance everywhere, but they are are not so tall and not so conspicuous as the first. On the second day we halted at another island, Montauk, and changed mail again. This also belongs to the Dutch, and presents signs of prosperity. Many small islands on the right, lying off the large island of Sumatra. I counted twenty-eight islands at one time in sight, besides two or three I thought too small to count, and threw them in for good measure.

The passengers on the steamer were Dutch or Malayans, the last in much the largest numbers, and as deck passengers. Several of the Dutch are officers in the army of different grades, besides private citizens. I found but two who spoke English, so my conversational opportunities were not of the best kind. One of them had the kindness to assure me that I looked very much like the king of Holland—"almost a perfect picture or him." I said to myself: "Now that settles it. I have always thought there was something about me, and now I know it." I have been taken for a Dutchman often, and for a Methodist preacher several times; but now to be told that I look like a Dutch king—that excels all, and I give up beat.

I cannot say that the Dutch are the most pleasant people to travel with I have met. They are good-natured and social, but rough and noisy. At meals they are decidedly uproarious. Probably if the military officers had been absent there would have been less noise. I was half suspicious, too, that the wine and beer, which were freely partaken of, had something to do with the noise. I do not think this Dutch line of steamers is as well managed as the English "P. & O." line. There is less tidiness evinced. Neither do I like the dishes or the cooking so well. Think of many having to eat "*stofe*," "*shouse*," and dishes of that sort! Stofe, I believe, is potatoes and greens mashed up together, and shouse is a kind of gravy. The names of the other dishes are equally euphonious and elegant.

There must have been fully two or three hundred natives on board, male and female, babies and all. They were around on the two decks thick as grasshoppers in Kansas. They feed themselves, and of course had their food with them, consisting of rice, grain, fruits, etc. The Malayans, much like those at Penang and Singapore, are rather pleasant-looking people, somewhat inclined to pug-noses and high cheek-bones. They are of a darker-yellow than the Chinese, with straight black hair and no beard. I think they practice pulling out all hairs from the face. I must acknowledge them a better looking people than I supposed. They seem lively and cheerful. Several groups were nearly all the time playing some game on deck. One game is a kind of cards, but smaller and wholly unlike ours; another something like dice, a top having the dots on its several sides, and while it is spinning, or while it is covered from view, money is laid down on the board duly marked off. These games were participated in by both men and women, though I noticed that the women played mostly with the small cards, and did not bet so high as the men. They are a free-and-easy sort of people, and do not seem at all fastidious. They are largely Mohammedan in religion, but it evidently sits easily upon them. Many of them are stout, well-developed people, and have pleasant countenances. They are said to be industrious and willing to work, but inclined to be a trifle slow. They are a plodding people, but not so intellectual and "sharp" as the Chinese, who are the traders and mechanics here, as at Penang and Singapore. The Malays are often the servants of the Chinese.

We arrived off this port about 3 P. M., Sunday, the 12th. The water next to the shore is shallow, and the steamer anchored three miles from the town. A small steamer took off the passengers, mail, etc., and approached the town by means of a mole or canal between two walls of brick about one hundred and fifty feet apart and running fully two miles into the shallow water of the Javan sea. This mole has undoubtedly been excavated so as to give sufficient depth of water at low tide. A lighthouse stands on one of the walls of the mole. As we enter the city the mole branches out into basins and is much utilized by small boats. We passed several small craft (principally native) in the mole.

From the ocean the western end of Java looks low but luxuriant. No mountains or high land are in sight, but farther east the high land commences and reaches altitudes of ten thousand and twelve thousand feet. Michelet calls Java "a belt of fire." The name is doubtless well deserved, for the island contains a greater number of active and extinct volcanoes than any other portion of the earth of the same area. The island is traversed by two magnificent mountain chains, and these are thickly sown with volcanoes, not fewer than forty-five in number. This belt of fire is composed of extinct as well as active volcanoes—a belt marked by lava-blackened peaks crowned with yawning craters, and occasionally throwing abroad fierce signals of flame, smoke, and vapor. This volcanic formation extends over many of the neighboring islands, including Sumatra, though more numerous in Java than elsewhere. This accounts for the great fertility of the island, as decomposed volcanic matter makes the richest of soil.

The mountains of Java are undoubtedly largely of volcanic formation. It is well known that all volcanoes (or nearly all) have been built up by the accumulation of matter—mud, ashes, and lava—ejected from their own bowels. The openings and craters often shift their position, and thus a country may be covered with irregular series of hills in chains and masses, here and there rising into lofty cones, and still the country be essentially volcanic. This is the opinion of the English scientist, Wallace, who has given much attention to this island. He says: "There has been some elevation, especially on the south coast, where extensive cliffs of coral limestone are found; and there may be a substratum of older stratified rocks; but still essentially Java is volcanic, and that noble and fertile island—the very garden of the East, and, perhaps, upon the whole, the richest, the best cultivated, and the best governed tropical island in the world—owes its very existence to the same intense volcanic activity, which still occasionally devastates its surface."

THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Before entering into a description of Java it will be well to make a few general remarks about the great body of islands among which it is numbered. From the southern extremity of Asia to the northwestern portion of Australia stretches a double—and in some places a treble—chain of islands, some large and some small, but occupying a space of four thousand miles in length from east to west, and some thirteen hundred miles from north to south, and lying entirely in the tropical zone. Three of these islands, Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea, are severally larger than Great Britain. Borneo is larger than any island in the world, save Australia, which is called a continent; while Java, Celebes, and Luzon are each about the size of Ireland. Eighteen others of these islands may be compared to Jamaica, and more than a hundred others as large as the Isle of Wight.

It is believed that these islands once belonged to the Asiatic main-land and united Australia to the same continent. This is the opinion of both Earl and Wallace, and they have no doubt that Borneo, Sumatra, and Java certainly once helped to form the continent of Asia. The Eastern or Malay archipelago has been divided into two grand divisions—the Asiatic and the Australian, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines forming the former, and Timor group, the Celebes, the Molluccas, New Guinea, the Ke and Aru Islands constituting the latter. The following facts are adduced to justify this division:

1. In the first place, it has been found that a shallow sea connects the three great islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo with the Asiatic continent; and this sea averages fifty fathoms in depth, while a similarly shallow sea connects New Guinea and adjacent islands with Australia. Between the two is a deep sea more than a hundred fathoms in depth.

2. A wide difference exists in the natural productions of the two divisions. The first division has the elephant, the tapir, the rhinoceros, wild cattle, all of which belong to the same genera in the southern part of Asia. They could not have swam the breadth of waters that now divide these islands from the main-land, and it is a justifiable conclusion that they were once all of the same continent. The same lesson is taught by the birds and insects; for though the birds have wings to fly with, save some aquatic tribes, which are decidedly wanderers, the perching birds are generally as strictly limited by straits and arms of the sea as quadrupeds. As an instance, Java has several species of birds never found in Sumatra, though a strait but fifteen miles wide separates them. The same genera found on what is termed the Asiatic division are also found on the continent, while they are not found in the Australian division.

3. The volcanic character of the two divisions is very dissimilar. What is called the Asiatic division abounds in volcanoes, Sumatra having fifteen; proceeding eastward Bonda, Amboyna, Bouro, Ceram, Gilolo, Siace, and Sanquir, to the Phillippine Islands, are all volcanic. While this is the case, the southern range leading on to Australia belong to the coral formation, and not to the volcanic.

4. Australia, and the islands belonging to that continent, have neither ape, monkey, cat, nor tiger, wolves nor hyenas, no bears, no elephants, horses, sheep, deer, or oxen. Australia has the kangaroo, the opossum, and the wombat, and so have the islands grouped with her, while none of these are found in the Asiatic division. It is the same with the birds; those found in Australia are found in the islands of the second division and not in the first. The Asiatic division has woodpeckers, pheasants, barbets, fruit thieves, etc., common in the continent, while it has not honey-suckers, cockatoos, or brush-tongued lories which are possessed by Australia and the Australian islands.

5. The human races in the two divisions bring the same conclusion. In the first division the Malay race are found the same as upon the Malay peninsula, while in the Australian division the Papuans only are found, with some cross-breed where they come together. It would seem that the ground for accepting the classification claimed is almost without fault.

Sumatra is second in size in the Eastern archipelago, and second, perhaps, in the amount of exports made. It lies directly under the equator, and extends six degrees north and south. It lies obliquely from the southeast to the northwest, and is about one thousand miles long, and in the widest place, opposite Singapore, one hundred and forty miles wide. Its superficial area is one hundred and forty thousand square miles. Its northern end is separated from the Malayan Peninsula by the Strait of Malacca, and on the south it is separated from Java by the Strait of Sunda. The eastern portion is level and well watered by three sluggish rivers. On the western side range after range of mountains exist, running parallel with the coast, some of them five thousand feet high. The highest peak on the island is 12,140 feet. Several others are two thousand feet lower. The island is rich in tropical verdure, though it is not as well cultivated as Java. Its forest-trees are colossal in size, often surrounded by innumerable parasites and creeping plants of great beauty; and these are so thoroughly interlaced as to form an impervious labyrinth of the most luxuriant growth. Palms of various varieties, large fig-trees, and fragrant myrtles are very abundant. On the mountain slopes oaks of every species grow large; but the most valuable tree on the island is the camphor-tree, or *dryanobalops;* and another valuable tree is that which produces the gum dammar, used in varnishes for maps, etc.

The exports of Sumatra are capsicum, ginger, betel, tobacco, indigo, cotton, camphor, cinnamon, rattan, ebony, benzoin, sandal-wood, teak, aloes, ivory, rice, wax, edible bird's nests, etc. Among the productions may also be named sweet potatoes, maize, taro, bananas, mangoes, durians, citrons, etc. Owing to the frequent rains the mountains are covered with a luxuriant growth even to their very tops. The animals found on this large island are the royal tiger, the tapir, ourang-outangs, monkeys, antelopes, zebras, buffaloes, horses, goats, pigs, and oxen. The forests are peopled by many birds with bright plumages, and the rivers are inhabited by crocodiles.

The inhabitants are principally Malays. In the northern part there is an admixture of Hindoo blood. There was once a Hindoo colony there, and ruins of ancient Hindoo temples still remain. The religion of the island is Mohammedan. There is but little education among them, and of course the most absurd superstitions abound about devils, evil spirits, etc. They have not so many gods to trouble them as some races have, but the devils make up the deficiency. They are of a peaceful, quiet disposition. Even the boys among them are far less inclined to mischievous tricks than European and American boys. Wallace describes a colony of tame squirrels at Palembang, the principal town on the island. Upon holding out crumbs of bread or other food the squirrels would come down from the tree-tops and take the morsels from the hands of the feeders. Such a colony of squirrels would hardly be allowed to remain in peace in any American town. Wallace remarks that the manner in which Malays frequently obtain the confidence of wild animals is a pleasant trait in their character, and he ascribes it to the great deliberation of their habits and movements and their love of repose. The young are obedient to the wishes of their elders, and have little inclination to mischief and unruly conduct. The villages in the interior are said to be somewhat peculiar. They are surrounded by a high fence; the huts built without streets or regularity, and raised on posts six

feet high, sometimes built of planks, but more often of bamboo. Benches, chairs, and stools, as well as other furniture, are a superfluity not often indulged in. Cocoanut-trees and the plantain are always cultivated about the villages, as upon the fruits they are enabled to obtain their principal livelihood.

The Dutch have some points in possession on the west coast, constituting four provinces, the capital of which is Padang. The Dutch rule these natives with a heavy hand; but probably if they had the entire island under their control it would be better for the people, and the island would be far more productive. As it is, the resources of the island are but poorly developed. It is capable of yielding to the world ten times as much of its magnificent wealth as it now does. The Dutch have tried to extend their dominions, but were not eminently successful. The natives showed too much fight to suit them.

Borneo, lying also under the equator, possessing much the same luxuriance as Java and Sumatra, is still more in a state of nature. It has been subdued by the hand of man to a very limited degree. It seems singular that while the enterprise of man has caused him to settle and subdue such cold and cheerless countries as Norway, Iceland, and even Scotland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Maine, such a fertile and luxuriant island as this should not be colonized and appropriated by any nation. It is 850 miles in length, and 720 miles in breadth, with an area of 270,000 square miles—three times the size of Great Britain. Its chain has been likened to a shoulder of mutton, the northern end being the narrowest. It may be described as one immense forest, generally of very moderate elevation, traversed by great rivers, which descend from a central group of mountains, surrounded by wide alluvial plains. Its physical character is unlike that of Java and Sumatra; its plains are of much greater extent, and its mountains not so high, which generally reach an average altitude of from four to six thousand feet, the chain of Kimbalu reaching the hight of 13,680 feet. The rivers are mostly tidal, and wide only on the plains, where their volume is large. The island of Borneo is undoubtedly capable of growing food to sustain one hundred million of people, while perhaps it has hardly a hundredth part of that number, and they poor miserable beings at that. It seems to require cold climates to endow men with hardiness, enterprise, and thrift.

Elmina Seeing the Sights.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: Since I wrote to you last I hav had so many pleasant experiences I could not describe them without wearying you all, but will only giv a brief summary, so that you may see where I've been all this time. I returned to Rhinebeck from the "Hub," and attended the four days of commencement exercises of the institute, and then went back to Pleasant Valley and staid a few days, then bade perhaps a last farewell to mother, sister, and brother, and all the home folks, and once more took my way to the great city of New York to make a farewell visit there among the pleasant friends who hav been so kind to me. I attended a theater, went to Coney Island and saw that famous watering place where hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers go day after day to recreate and bathe in the briny waves. It is truly a place of pleasure, games, and amusements of all kinds. Music and dancing, restaurants and hotels, and all that pleases are there found. I went up in the great centennial iron tower three hundred feet in an elevator, and gazed abroad over the wide waters, the green land, and sandy beaches, the hurrying crowd below looking like mere pigmys and moving specks on the earth. Went to the museum and saw the wonderful elastic skin man, who could draw the skin of the back of his neck up for a night-cap, and that under his chin for a veil, and make it in great flaps in the under side of his arm or any of his limbs; and the man with one hundred faces, who could look like George Washington, Peter Cooper, an Irishwoman, a Dutchman, or a country school-boy, and presented each character exactly. Then a friend took me to the Metropolitan Museum, where I saw all sorts of animals, birds, shells, rocks, etc., in cabinets, and there were curiosities from foreign lands, and skeletons and specimens of prehistoric ages. We took a pleasant walk in Central Park, that wonderful wilderness of tree, lake, rock, and meadow in the great city of brick and mortar, and there, in a little cave, we stood silent, still, and as alone as if we two were the only denizens of earth.

But the brightest day must hav an end, and once more the iron steed bore me away over the far fields into the Keystone state, and here I am among the friends of long ago—in Flemington, where the first years of my married life was spent, and our first child (Oscar) was born, among Mr. Slenker's relativs and those who were once our neighbors. I hav renewed old acquaintances and made new ones; hav seen the boys and girls I left mere children, now surrounded by olive branches of their own, the old and the new so intermingled I can hardly realize whether the past has come back or I myself hav! And by a wonderful coincidence the very woolen mill that Mr. Slenker worked in there, and which we saw burn down, has again burned to the ground during my present stay here. But amid all the changes one can see improvement and progress always on the advance. More comfort, more education, more real appreciation of life and its blessings are everywhere. Where one used to read our Liberal papers in fear and trembling fifty will now eagerly seek and devour them freely and publicly. A little lingering of the old myths dwells in the the minds of nearly all, but the general intelligence is leading toward fact, science, and truth. The churches look old, dilapidated, and forsaken, and the frequenters gay, happy, and worldly. Heaven fades away in the distance, and earth grows grander and more beautiful. People no longer nurse their sorrows and think it a sin to be joyful and happy, but everywhere the love of the esthetic and the good is on the increase. With so much of joy on every side, who shall say life is not a blessing? or who could long for an unknown future?

My heaven *here* I'll fondly seek,
In this, the only life I know,
And humbly ask, with patience meek,
That best of cheer to *all* may flow.
And when my hour shall come to die,
I know not when nor where nor how,
No shadows dark shall dim my sky
For finding heaven here and now.

Yours truly, ELMINA D. SLENKER.

That Old Man Abraham.

There are but few Christians who know that the statement in the eighth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis is false and absurd. It says that Abraham died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years. Well, what is there about that that is wrong? If a man lives to be one hundred and seventy-five years old is he not full of years? He would be considered so at this age, but not in Abraham's time, when men lived to be six hundred years old. You will find by Gen. xi, that Shem, one of Noah's sons, did not die till thirty-five years after Abraham, being six hundred years old. In what sense, then, could it be said that Abraham died in a good old age and full of years, when, according to the run of ages, he had not reached what might be called the prime of life? The following table is from the Gen. xi, commencing at the tenth verse:

		DATE B.C.
Year of the flood,		2348
Shem at the birth of	Arphaxad, 100 years old, in the year	2346
" "	Salah, 135 " " "	2311
" "	Eber, 165 " " "	2281
" "	Peleg, 199 " " "	2247
" "	Ren, 229 " " "	2217
" "	Serug, 261 " " "	2185
" "	Nahor, 291 " " "	2155
" "	Terah, 320 " " "	2126
" "	Abraham, 390 " " "	2056
Shem at the death of Abraham,	565 " " "	1881
Shem died in the year		1846

Asphaxed	died,	1908;	age	438;	died before Abram,	27	yrs.
Salah	"	1878;	"	433;	" after "	3	"
Eber	"	1817;	"	464;	" " "	64	"
Peleg	"	2008;	"	239;	" before "	127	"
Reu	"	1978;	"	239;	" " "	97	"
Serug	"	1955;	"	230;	" " "	74	"
Nahor	"	2007;	"	148;	" " "	126	"
Terah	"	1921;	"	205;	" " "	40	"

Yet you will find that the Bible chronology dates Abraham's death in the year 1822 B.C., twenty-four years later than Shem's death, which would make Abraham two hundred and thirty-four years old. Gen. xii, 4, tells us that Abraham took his wife, and the souls they had gotten in Haran, and went to the land of Caanan, he then being seventy-five years old; yet the chronology puts the date at 1921 B.C., making Abraham one hundred and thirty-five years old. How and why they make the dates so incorrect I cannot see, for any common school-boy would do better, and not half try. ALFRED L. BINLEY.

The Freethinkers' Convention,

A WORD TO THE LIBERALS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OF THE WEST.

The general passenger agent of the Fitchburg railroad (Hoosac Tunnel route) has agreed to giv low rates of fare to New England people who desire to attend the Freethinkers' Convention at Watkins Glen if a certain number of names can be pledged who will take tickets; and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad will also giv us low rates from Chicago and at the various stations along its line if a certain number of names can be pledged to take excursion tickets from Chicago.

Therefore, I hereby request every person residing in New England who would like to purchase a cheap excursion ticket from Boston to the Convention and return to at once send me his or her name. And also every person living in Chicago or west of there who would like to purchase a cheap excursion ticket from Chicago to the Convention and return to at once send me his or her name. H. L. GREEN.

Sec. Freethinkers' Ass'n.

Salamanca, N. Y., July 1, 1882.

Means for Ends.—Learning and Loggerheads.

The system of learning pursued at all our great colleges, and consequently imitated very extensivly at the lower schools, should be well exposed to the public in order that a thorough reform may be instituted. The almost sole subjects of study are Latin and Greek (some Hebrew), abstract mathematics, and theology. The attention given to other matters is small indeed. Having passed ten years of my life at some of these institutions, the last few of which were in a regular course, for which the previous six were preparatory, and having observed in myself and several hundred others the effect of the course of study, I incline to rank the college course with the other wastes and burdens of life imposed on himself by man. It belongs to the class of expensiv governments, standing armies, church and state. But the effect on society is irreparable loss. We take the flower of our youth and literally emasculate their minds.

When our oldest colleges were instituted all the learning of the world was concealed in Greek or Latin works. Did one desire to study law, medicin, theology, history, science, he must first learn to read the languages they were published in. There was also a time when the British student of law had to learn French. The law ceased to be written in French and the students of law ceased to study French. The sciences of the world are no longer concealed in two dead languages, yet we go on wasting long years of the most precious part of life over these tongues. There is something idiotic in this habit, but it is the same with all human institutions that survive their utility. There are to-day two or three branches of science that are indispensable to human life, and which require a lifetime to even partially understand, They are left to whomsoever will take them up, while all the sons of wealth and leisure begin droning over *amo, amas*, and *tupto tupteis* from the age of ten till twenty-one. Perhaps that would not matter as to what they do, but alas! the sons of toil, those who hav but few years to spend in study alone, do so naturally follow their example. Yes, the schools for the people's children are invaded by this idiocy, and those who are to lead in the great future are wasting years to get a smatter of Greek, and after all they must remain inferior to the commonest serving maid of old Attica.

The writer has done what not one graduate in ten thousand does—he has kept up the reading of Greek and Latin each year of his life. And of what use? The thorough acquisition of science, such as chemistry and geology, or electricity or metalurgy, would hav been of more use to mankind and himself than had he learned these two languages with Hebrew and Sanskrit, with a dozen more dead tongues. Long ago men of great genius and erudition remarked the same respecting a college course. Cowper, the poet, Sidney, Adam Smith, and Macaulay, among others, hav exposed the folly and absurdity of such waste of time. Macaulav, in his "Essay on the London University," is especially severe, and in his common sense way unanswerably condemns the whole system.

As our TRUTH SEEKER world has so many quick, activ, influential minds, I present these ideas, hoping they may stir some minds up to activ opposition to such wicked waste of time and good material. Every village school has some one or more friends to some college begging for it. The ambitious youth all hope to enter college and study Greek and Latin. Lofty ambition! A simple reflection ought to expose its fallacy. If a knowledge of these tongues is so important now they are dead, and that learning is no longer like a mummy swathed in them, what must it hav been when they were the living vehicles of all the thought of civilization, and how infinitly superior to our best were the Roman plowboys and Greek milkmaids? How natural for dull, sleepy, old colleges to stand still while the world went past them, and finally mistake the means of acquiring knowledge hundreds of years ago for the sole object of all study in our nineteenth century! We shall find tallow-brained conservatists, and all the logger-headed apes of respectability, shuddering at all such heresy as this, as they hav in turn shuddered at freedom and equality, liberty of conscience and of speech, at Abolitionism and Infidelity. Never can we look for reform till the idol-breakers and truth seekers investigate the subject. I.

Oregon, Mo., June 10, 1882.

A World of Knownothings.

MY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS: P. T. Barnum says the world loves to be humbugged and are willing to pay for it. So it's not strange that one set of knownothings are willing to pay another set of knownothings to tell them all about the things of which they know nothing.

Every priest is a knownothing about the things in the next world; in fact, some of them don't know any too much about the things in this world. Now, I am willing to admit that I am a first-class knownothing, but I know as much about the next world as anyone, and that is just nothing at all. I hav never seen God, and my wife says that she has never seen the devil. And yet she is as well calculated to hav made his acquaintance as anyone. Amen.

Brother Jones will please pass the hat. M. BABCOCK.

Sing, Brothers, Sing.

Now is the time to prepare for making the annual Liberal meetings as interesting as possible. It will be a good plan for friends residing in those places where the meetings are to be held to get together all their acquaintances who can sing and send for several dozen "Liberal Hymn-Books," and practice on some of the most stirring and appropriate pieces until they are well learnt. These singers will then be able to lead the congregation. The tunes to which the hymns are set can be found in the "American Tune Book," and nearly every collection of music designed for church use. They are mostly tunes with which people hav been familiar for years; good tunes, too, which only need to hav the right kind of words set to them to be a joy forever. We advise our friends to try this plan. In paper covers the "Liberal Hymn-Book" costs but $1.75 a dozen. See advertisment.

The Opinion of One Who Knows Braden.

From the Falls City Journal.

This office has received a pamphlet entitled "Ingersoll Unmasked," by Clark Braden. Braden requests us to advertise himself and his pamphlet free, which is very characteristic of the dead beat. The Kearney *Journal*, Oakland *Independent*, Omaha *Watchman*, and a few other exchanges hav puffed this fraud, and we hope they will publish our version of Braden Unmasked. We personally know Clark Braden to be an unscrupulous liar. A number of years ago, in Pawnee city, Nebraska, he villainously slandered the memory of Joshua R. Giddings, the old antislavery hero, for which he was called to account then and there. Braden is a liar by nature and a charlatan by profession. He exhausted his resources for knavery

in this state, and is no longer recognized by his own church in the East. No respectable publishing house would take Braden's pamphlet, and he was obliged to print it at his own expense, and in his own name.

Letters from Friends.

TRAPPE, WIS., June 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a "V" for Mr. Bennett's Around-the-World Fund. Please send the books to

C. O. SELMER.

DISCORD, IOWA, June 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 to help bring our hero home. I am glad to learn he has safely landed on American soil. I wish you to send his books of travel. Hope I am not too late. This is the third "V" I hav sent or been instrumental in sending. We hav our first volume, and think that alone worth more than all the Bibles ever printed. We expect to get the other volumes when our turn comes. I think they will be the best legacy we can leave to ou children and grandchildren. MRS. M. ROGERS.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., June 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Again I take the pleasure of forwarding a "V" for the book of travels around the world. The money is from W. Brander, the book to be sent to Archibald Brander, P. E. Island. Now I must right here express my joy for the happy return of Mr. Bennett, and also my gratitude to him for giving us the best and most reliable book of travels yet written. May he be induced, after a good rest, to visit all the chief cities of the Union, to write the scenes on his long journey, and to shake hands with the million of his true friends. J. KINSER.

FALL RIVER, MASS., July 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for the journey around the world. I hav been sick all the past winter, and forbidden to read much, but now that I am coming back to health again I want to read those letters of the brave voyager. I don't care whether my name is printed on the list or not. It is not written in the the "Lamb's book of life," and I hav no wish to hav it paraded in any other book unless it may be of benefit to some other. I am glad the traveler has arrived so far toward home, and I trust he may continue in this life many years yet to beat back the slavery of error and superstition.

Very truly yours, SUSAN H. WIXON.

PIPESTONE, MINN., July 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal order for five dollars and fifty cents, five dollars for "A Truth Seeker Around the World" for a friend of mine, Mr. J. R. Crowell, his name to appear in the books if not too late, and fifty cents for Mr. Bennett's lithograph. Send the above to the address of A. D. Ferris, Pipestone, Minnesota. It is so pleasing to hear that our old friend has landed safely on the shore of his nativ country once more, and now I should like to hav him travel over the United States and honor us with his presence, and lecture on his travels to help advance Freethought and sell his works. Will not his friends that hav subscribed for the books now pledge themselvs to giv another five for this enterprise? I, for one, will, and hope all will, for it will be a great pleasure to all to hav the honor of grasping the hand of one that has suffered martyrdom for the cause of Freethought. Hoping all will think favorably of the proposition and start him on the trip as soon as he is rested and able for the task, I remain, as ever, Yours, A. D. FERRIS.

ONEIDA, N. Y., GOD'S DAY, July 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER a year. I do not want to be deprived of it. I admire its independent character and the fearlessness with which it advocates the true principles of Freethought and reform. If it was as extensivly circulated as it ought to be, the church of God would be obliged to resort to still baser means to obtain money than they do at present. I hav just read an article on the first page of the Utica *Saturday Globe* that I consider a fair sample of the Christian church of to-day. Referring to the execution of Guiteau, it runs thus: "Many mess ges arrived at the jail this morning from different parties. A telegram from New York asks if the sender could obtain possession of Guiteau's body to exhibit for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association." I think the Young Men's Christian Association is getting pretty hard up. Respectfully, G. BEEBE.

WELLAND, ONT., CANADA, May 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav thought it right for me at this time to leave behind me a short sketch or outline of my life, as it may be of interest in years to come to my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to know something of my history. I shall only giv an outline, and more particularly as it relates to my religious experience than anything else.

I was born at Huby, a country village in Yorkshire, England, in the year A D. 1806, on the 15th of February, of Christian parents, Thomas and Hannah Ray. I was trained or instructed in the religious creed of the church of England. My mother, as I believe, was a good and Christian woman, and took great care to hav us (six children) instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. In this respect my father was less particular. I remained at or about home until I was eighteen years of age. I had now become very sensible to religious impressions, but not without my doubts as to the correctness of some of the doctrins of the church. Jewish wars, wonderful miracles, and many curious things which I read in the scriptures I found it difficult to reconcile with the attributes of a good and just God and with what little I then knew of the laws of nature. And here I must confess I was in trouble often, not being able fully to believe nor dare not disbelieve what an affectionate and loving mother had taught me. Sometimes I shed tears; sometimes I would pray that God would enable me to come to a right conclusion.

At this time, when eighteen years of age, I took a situation at the Friend's Retreat, York, England, an institution for the insane, and belonging to and under the management of the Society of Friends. The treatment I met with during the twenty years I was there employed in various capacities gave me a liking for this people, and for about twenty years I was in the practice of attending their meetings for worship. In 1847, when about forty years of age, I removed to this country with my wife and five children, and purchased a farm of one hundred acres in the township of Pelham, where there was a Friends meeting-house and rather a large settlement of Friends, with whom I continued to meet for a few years, when some of my friends, as well as myself, thought I might be more useful if in membership in helping bear the burdens of society, when I applied for membership, and was received as a member, and continued so for over thirty years, and took my part in the management of the affairs of the society.

Some years ago some of our young Friends, and some of the older ones, also, began to think that old orthodox Quakers were lacking in religious zeal and life, and had become altogether too slow and did not keep up their end with the other Christian sects, and in order to do so began to let on a little more religious steam, and began to adopt the practices and forms of other religious societies; and instead of waiting for the moving of the holy spirit, as Friends had always professed to do, they had spirits of their own always ready; in fact, they had got the road to their heaven a short and sure way—only to believe in the atonement and your salvation was sure, etc.

One thing, perhaps more than anything else, set me to thinking, when I heard it preached, how very thankful we ought to be to our loving heavenly father for that blessed gift to us—the holy scriptures. I confess I came to the conclusion that I did not envy any one that could feel so thankful for a book that to me me was so unintelligible, so full of inconsistencies and contradictions. The discordant views held by the slow and fast friends led me to much controversy, hard feeling, and appealing to the law (I am now speaking of friends in Norwich, of which meeting I was then a member), in which some Christian charity was manifested, but of all the charities I know anything of, Christian charity is the least desirable. About this time my faith in the creed of the church had became so much relaxed that I could not longer be making a profession of faith that was not in accordance with my own honest convictions of the truth, and although I still continued to love and esteem my old friends, I felt compelled, in order to be true to my own convictions of right, to resign my right of membership in the Society of Friends without giving a reason why I did so; and now as more than two years has passed since that time, I feel well satisfied with having done so. I now belong to the one-man church. My creed is to seek for the truth, to believe all that my senses tell me is believable, to do injury to no one, to be just in all my dealings, to do what good lies in my power to the whole human race. In looking back over my past life I cannot charge myself with being a wicked man. I may hav done some things and left others undone that might hav been better otherwise, but circumstances hav much to do with our actions in this life, and the probability is that the same circumstances would produce the same results again. Then, by birth and circumstances, I am to-day just what I am. I did not make myself, nor did I make the circumstances; then how could I be different, and I think myself rather fortunate in being what I am. I think I hav a pretty correct sense of what is really right, and I feel in conscience bound to do what I know to be right, and to do no wrong to any living man or thing if I know it. And this being the case with me, I hope to carry out these views to the end; and if there is a hereafter, which I do not know—there may or may not be—but I cannot see any justice in being punished in another life for doing the best you can in this. JOHN RAY.

TOLEDO, O., July 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Some time since one N. M. Howard, a deacon in the First Congregational church of this city, and also recently a member of our state legislature from this county, also a broker and commission merchant, commenced an action in our court of Common Pleas against a weekly newspaper known as the Toledo *Democrat*, charging said paper with libel, and claims $25,000 for repairs to his alleged damaged character. The paper charged the same Howard with very naughty conduct in connection with the front soprana singer of the choir in the said church at sundry times and places, during a period of about three years last past. For about two weeks and at the present time, the trial of the said action has been progressing in our Common Pleas court, and during the said trial much of the bad has been brought out in the testimony of the numerous witnesses who hav testified in the case, but much credit must be given to the trustees of the said church for their manly, outspoken condemnation of the course of this man Howard in their testimony in the case, and in their manifest disposition to do him ample justice and not kalsomine the "sable robe" their deacon has donned while an official in their ranks, and his own family hav not furnished him a downy bed upon which to rest his weary self. And, among other testimony, it was shown by the clerk of the great hotel at the Methodist Lakeside camp-meeting ground near Sandusky City, in 1880, that during the meetings on the said grounds this "deacon" called upon the said clerk for a key to open a door connecting his, the said deacon's room, with the said singer's room in the said hotel, and that the said door was unlocked as requested by the said deacon. The said singer's name is A——, and has a husband from whom she is divorced, now living in Fostoria, in this state, and who is reported to be a very fine gentleman.

The "Lakeside Methodist Fellows" received a big advertisment in the above matter, and up to the present writing they are not reported as having settled for the said "ad," furnished by their then hotel clerk in the rendition of his testimony in the case. Too much praise cannot be given to the most of the members of the Congregational church here in their efforts of so manly and moral character, in trying to suppress vice wherever they find it, and especially in assisting this man Howard, their deacon, who was a chief officer in the "Society for the Suppression of Vice" in this city, which was established here a few years since by that noted vice propagator, Anthony Comstock. Yours, waiting for the verdict,

M. O. WAGGONER.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, July 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I read the damnable *Inter-Ocean* lie, and hope you will proceed against the scoundrels for libel. I believe that every Liberal in the land will indorse the same. What will not the followers of the cross be guilty of to traduce the characters of honest opponents? If you don't want to waste time in law, take a trip West and cowhide the villain.

Yours truly, H. M. KENNEDY.

CHENEY, W. T., May 21, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: It is a treat to read the refreshing, common-sense, and instructiv pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER each week, we hav such a surfeit of Christian orthodoxy in all our daily walks. The Ladies' Christian Temperance Union trotted out their big gun, David Willis, D.D., U.S.A. This receiver of public money for empty prayers gave a lecture on "The Perfect Woman." He gave us King Solomon's (that old libertin) view in the Bible, which, he said, had never been surpassed. His idea of a perfect woman was, of course, the stereotyped Christian one of a perfect cook, housekeeper, ornamenter of home, supporter of the clergy, temperance worker, etc; thought her position equal, but different, to man's; her voice not intended to thrill the Senate, but influence for private good, etc. All this edifying stuff written down like any school-composition by this learned D.D. But women will continue progressing, and will soon obtain the ballot in spite of all the doctors of divinity in the country.

These C. T. U. ladies are mostly strong Suffragists. How they reconcile it with the Bible is one of the mysteries of godliness. It was laughable to see them hav to take their own medicin. When will women cease to pander to and support these falsifiers and misrepresenters and study and think for themselvs?

"Dr." Willis is a pompous wind-bag—good delivery, but no reasoning faculty. The Christians, however, seemed much elated over him, and collected filthy lucre for him. A criticism of his two lectures was refused by our local paper here, which is, however, rather Liberally inclined. Please send me the "Age of Reason" as an antidote. ANNIE EVEREST.

ELKLAND, PA., July 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are pleased with the animus of W. S. Bell's article, "Ho for Watkins!" in last TRUTH SEEKER. May each and every Liberal in the states and Canadas re-echo the sentiment and respond to his and H. L. Green's call for aid and concerted action, that the approaching convention, to be held at Watkins, may be a success and organization go on increasing! The church justly taunts us as being parsimonious, penurious, disintegrating in tendency. Only the other day a divine said to me, "So long as your people do not organize we hav nothing to fear, and your parsimony shows your want of earnestness, enthusiasm, and zeal in your cause." Allow me to say this same divine is closely watching the lead of the Freethought movement. By our coming together at Watkins, as well as keeping speakers in the field, let us show we are in earnest, advancing, and becoming a power.

A word as to the reception and dinner to be tendered D. M. Bennett during time of convention. Allow us to be one of the thousands who second the motion. The proposition is just what we had been

looking for, knowing that Mr. H. L. Green is not the man to let so auspicious an occasion pass unimproved. Let us do honor to our hero in doing justice to ourselvs and the cause. I beg to offer the first toast of the occasion: D. M. Bennett, hero, martyr, world-renowned truth-seeker, consecrated to truth and its dissemination; the advocate of right, the scorner and defier of wrong, the crucified of yesterday, the crowned to-day! Honored, beloved chieftain, hail thee welcome to our home and hearts!

A lone picket on the rampart.

GRACE L. PARKHURST.

EAST DUBUQUE, ILL., June 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, $1 for Mr. J. Hacker's benefit, and $1 for Mr. Sinnett's book. I will add that I feel greatly obliged to Mr. Bennett for the information given of all he was able to reach in connection with these mysterious phenomena or subtle forces of nature being investigated by Col. Olcott, Madam Blavatsky, and the astral Brothers. I was surprised at seeing rather severe and unkind criticism on Mr. Bennett's communication in connection with this subject in Mr. Chainey's *This World* of April 15th. I was pained that our esteemed and gifted friend should hav erred so gravely, should hav departed so widely from the principles that he so ably defends. I fear that when leaving the late dark prison house of superstition he may hav carried with him some of his old intolerance not adapted to the sweet and bright atmosphere of perfect liberty and equal rights. He may hav taken this method of freeing himself of it, though an improper one in my opinion. We consider it a broad assumption for any man to say what forces are not in nature or set limits to her possibilities. I hav had an experience with phenomena of a nature parallel with some of the incidents related by Mr. Bennett, and could our critic hav shared with me, he would never hav characterized the communication as "rubbish." My kind regards to Mrs. Bennett.

Very respectfully yours, D. R. BURT.

ROCKY COMFORT, ARK., June 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav never told you anything of this country, I propose a few remarks. We are situated within about four miles of the Indian line on the west, within six miles of Red River on the south, twelve miles from Little River on the east. Last year the crops were nearly a failure, a thing very uncommon in this country. All our bread and meat had to come from St. Louis. Money is very scarce. We hav the finest prospects for crops of all kinds that ever were known in this country at this time of the year. Corn is now safe; wheat and oats are cut and being thrashed. We can't send you much money till cotton is gathered and put in the market, which will be about November. I inclose $1 to be applied as directed. Yours, E. M. JENNINGS, M. D.

ALLIANCE, O., June 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad the veteran truth seeker landed safe in our own country. We hav been delighted with his report while away. Am glad he has been investigating occult philosophy; there are wonders in that line in our own country which I hope he will find time to investigate and report. Even though Brother Chainey thinks it poor diet for Freethinkers, you know the scriptures say "the carnal mind cannot disern the things of the spirit," and some reformers are afraid of others reporting things in advance of their own knowledge; they are running into error. But I think we should be broad enough in our Liberalism to not fear investigation in any direction; for only through the broadest liberty of thought, and freedom to scale all hights and fathom all depths, and push our research in all directions, can we hope to arrive at truth, and continue to progress infinitly. There is no limit to the possibilities of the human soul, and the sooner we realize that bonds and checks only hinder, but cannot prevent its ultimate development into truth and the sublime Spiritual unfoldment of our natures, the better. I think we can trust the honest seeker after truth in his investigations without trying to limit his sphere, or saying, thus far and no farther shalt thou go, especially if we hav discarded the dogmatic "Thus saith the Lord." With an honest God speed to the workers in every field of reform,

I am, fraternally, MRS. C. ROCKWELL.

WHITE ROCK, NEV., June 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6, to be applied as follows: $3 for Charles Brown's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1882, and $3 to apply on George Gottman's account.

That beautiful notice which the San Francisco *Chronicle* gave you will reap its just reward. Four of its regular subscribers of this place concluded after reading that article that they had no further use for it, and one that had requested me to send for it remanded the order. I think every Liberal who has been taking it should notify the publishers that they hav no use for such a paper, and tell them the reason why. By touching them where it hurts they may possibly some time make up their minds that Freethinkers and Liberals are half-way decent, and hav rights that should be respected as well as Christians.

The Liberals of White Rock send a hearty welcome home to D. M. Bennett. They all would hav gone to San Francisco to giv his good, honest old hand a squeeze could they possibly hav done so. The most of us here are cowboys, and as the cattle are scattered over hundreds of miles of wild country, we hav to be in the saddle most of the time to keep track of them. With my kind regards,

Yours truly, V. G. BORRETTE.

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, June 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav to acknowledge the receipt of the book entitled "The Godly Women of the Bible," and the first volume of Mr. Bennett's travels around the world. I hav to thank you for first complying with my request to become a subscriber and for punctually posting the books to me. I must also tender you my thanks for THE TRUTH SEEKER forwarded weekly. I expect by the time this reaches New York Mr. Bennett himself will be at home. I am anxious to hear of his safe return to New York. Also glad he is not left in that sacred ditch, the Jordan. I fancy of the two I would rather be left in the sacred river of the Hindoo—the Ganges of India.

Please inform Mrs. Bennett that Mrs. Brumage has sent by this post an antimoccasin (made by her niece), for her use as a token of remembrance of Mr. Bennett's visit to our domicil at Portsmouth. I may say that we are both pleased with Mr. Bennett's writings. On alternate Sunday evenings I read a portion of his travels to our Freethought friends, who are also well pleased. I am now about the land of Yahweh.

On Sunday, May 7th, Mr. G. Foote, of London, editor of the *Freethinker*, delivered two lectures in this town, one on Mr. Bradlaugh and his constituents, and "The Great Christ is Dead." The southern part of England is not so much alive to Freethought as the midland districts, but are fast waking up to think for themselvs. As a proof, the clergy and lay churchmen throw out hints to their flocks that they must avoid attending Freethought meeting, and reading such works as the "Mistakes of Moses," etc. All of Col. Ingersoll's late works hav been much read in this country. I am anxious to read his last oration.

I received a note from Mr. Bradlaugh this day, informing me that he will lecture three times on Sunday, July 9th. The south of England wants a little stirring up on Freethought matters. This is the spot that sends the Woolf to Parliament, one of his open enemies.

Mrs. Brumage joins me in kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and to the editor during Mr. Bennett's absence. We are well; I hope each of you are the same. Yours sincerely, J. E. BRUMAGE.

SOMERSET, KY., June 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: No doubt some of your readers would like a word on Kentucky's great gospel tramp, prevaricator, and damphool. known as Geo. O. Barnes, the evangelist, who has been on an extensiv tramp in this state, raking in the loose change of the demented creatures that swallow his brimstone soup. This tramp, like his mythical predecessor of Galilee, teaches doctrins strangely at variance to the universal experience of mankind. But being a god-inspired man, a kind of Jesus Christ, junior, nothing better could be expected from him. His sermons are noted chiefly for their slang and lack of logic and common sense, admirably suited to the mental caliber of the majority of his converts. He claims to be able to preach daily for five years without becoming hoarse, which he parades wherever he goes as a proof of his divine mission.

He givs his hearers to understand that all the world are wrong in their belief but him. "I alone know the way to heaven." "All preachers are working for the devil." "Bah! Ingersoll has a better chance for heaven than any preacher." "Black and Talmage tried to answer Ingersoll, but failed. His arguments are unanswerable."

But what is Barnesism? It is a belief that Barnes is inspired by God, that the Bible is the word of God, that prayer and anointing will heal the sick, that all disease is the direct work of the devil, that a true believer cannot get sick, be hurt by any power on earth; that none but sinners hav trouble of any kind, that the world is to be destroyed in five years, that Barnes has been baptized in a manner that he would not explain "to save the life of one so dear as my wife," that Marie's organ is tuned by by prayer and faith, that said organ has been tuned in said way for five years, that on journeys the "Lord" sent rain all round Barnes and not a drop fell on him, that the devil sends rain to keep the people from coming to hear him preach, that the Lord makes the wheat grow, and the devil makes it take the rust; that hundreds of consumptivs with lungs "clean gone" hav been healed through the instrumentality of Barnes, that no difference what you do you will be saved if you "confess Jesus," that scores of incurables were cured at "Pink Cottage," although it is known that the "faith fuse" is now an exploded humbug; that Barnes does not receive money for his services, and yet his daughter Marie has got enough to make him think of taking a trip around the world; that the devil made Barnes sick at Somerset, and his wife had to anoint him to exorcise the devil; that the bottle of oil Barnes always carries in his pocket to cure the sick with has curativ effects above that of other oil of the same kind; that the "Bible is every word true," yet there are many passages in it that are the "devil's lies;" that all church-members that do not "confess" to him will be damned, yet he advises his converts to join the churches; that all believers should take no thought for the morrow, but trust the good Lord to provide all things needful; that to scream "praise the Lord" at the top of the voice will drive the devil out of the room.

Such is Barnesism, the popular religion of the day. But we are glad to know this absurd, fanatical, and laughable form of superstition is opening the eyes of many hitherto strictly orthodox, but now on the broad road to liberty and light. Of these the young men form the majority, and it is a common thing to hear opinions promulgated that are inimical to the creeds of Christendom. All we need is a good Liberal educator like THE TRUTH SEEKER to finish the work begun. A good lecturer would find a field here that would pay. Yours fraternaily, J. C. OWEN.

NORSE, TEXAS, June 27, 282.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav seen nothing in your columns from this section of country, I hav thought perhaps a dot or two might be acceptable. I took passage on board THE TRUTH SEEKER craft on the first day of January last, and I am happy to say that I hav found to my satisfaction every particle of her timbers sound to the core. You will therefore see that I entertain no fears of being stranded or shipwrecked. Indeed, I think all who will come on board THE TRUTH SEEKER craft and sail out into the broad ocean of reason with Truth as their headlight, need hav no fear whatever. True, we may run against what by some would be called knots in theology, but that is the kind of game we are hunting for, and when we touch one of them they are nothing more than a pile of sand, as it were, before a battering-ram. I was considerably amused in reading your columns of June 17th, under the head of Book Notice, "Ingersoll's Interview on Talmage," etc. Well, it is amusing as well as instructing to read after Col. Ingersoll; and when he handles the subject of theology, I would not lay him down to pick up anybody else. I was a little surprised, however, at one of the colonel's expressions in your columns above alluded to. The colonel says that he "has no more confidence in fiat worlds than he has in fiat money." I feel quite sure that the colonel never uses language without comprehending its meaning, consequently did not use the above language unintentionally. Now, if Col. Ingersoll has any kind of money that is not fiat money, I would be glad to get a small piece of it for a keepsake; fact is, I will giv five dollars of fiat money for one dollar of money that is not fiat. Of course there is no fiat money out of nothing, but there is fiat money out of something; and before the fiat goes forth upon the material there is no money value in it. Fiat (decree, order) is what converts any material into money and says how much of said material shall constitute so much money. When I read the colonel's language as I hav quoted it, I thought of the anecdote I once heard of a preacher, which is as follows: "The preacher was preaching to his congregation, with all the power and vehemence he possessed, warning them of the awful dangers of the 'bottomless pit;' when warming himself up to the highest frenzy, he raised his hand aloft, and shouted in thunder tones: 'If you don't all repent of your sins and come to Jesus, you will all go to hell just as sure as I catch that fly (whack comes his fist). Damned if I didn't miss it.'" Now, I agree with the colonel as regards fiat worlds, but when it comes to fiat money, I think its like the preacher's fly—he missed it. I will close for this time; perhaps will write you again soon, and giv you a description of religion and Freethought in this section. You can count on me as a passenger on THE TRUTH SEEKER craft until death parts us; indeed, I will hav to fall very low financially if I ever do without the noble TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours in the cause of truth, W. T. M.

MONTROSE, IOWA, July 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am but one among tens of thousands who rejoice at your safe return to your nativ land, friends, and home. Your enemies are few but vindictiv and bitter, an inherent disposition of Christianity. But long life to you, the champion of Freethought.

Guiteau has passed over the river. On the other shore the first one he met was an old friend of the same faith. The salutation was as follows: "Good morning, Brother Calvin, happy to meet you." "The same to you, Brother Guiteau. It seems you were hurried over the river simply for putting into execution the command of God. Not so with me, for our faith was in power when I burned at the stake my victim. Now take some rest, Brother Guiteau, and in due time I will introduce you to many of our Christian friends who hav obeyed the commands of God in the same way. Good-bye." Friend Bennett, we are not prepared to meet God, for we hav not murdered our fellow-man. A. CRANDALL.

BOSTON, MASS., July 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Though a little obscure—unknown—still I claim to be a star in the firmament of Freethinkers. And I just wish to indorse a suggestion made by E. Myrick, that our noble patriot advocate of Freethought giv R. B. Hayes an opportunity for an exchange of mutual magnanimity on his way east. Such opportunities for the display of real greatness are too rare to be lost. Wouldn't Mrs. Hayes giv a dinner? Who knows? GEORGE SHARPLEY.

The Editor's Wager.

The editor sat in his chair alone,
A busier person there never was known:
When in came a farmer, a jolly old soul,
Whose name for long years had been borne on the roll
Of paying subscribers. He had come into town
To bring his good wife and some farm produce down,
And, having a moment or two he could spare,
Had run in as usual to bring in a share
Of his own inward sunshine to lighten the gloom
Of the man of the press and his dull, cheerless room.
The editor's smile, as he lifted his eyes
And saw who was there, was of joyful surprise;
And he greeted his friend with a deal of glad zest,
For a good chat with him was like taking a rest.

When at length the old farmer got ready to leave,
He said, with a sly little laugh in his sleeve:
"My dear friend, there is only one thing I just want to say.
Now please don't get vexed, for you know it's my way;
But what makes you put in each paper you print
So much that is worthless—do you take the hint?
Well, petty misfortunes, and little misdeeds,
And lots of small matter that nobody reads."
The editor looked at him square in the face,
At first with a frown, then a smile took its place.

"My dear friend," he replied. "I'm surprised you don't know
Every line in the paper is read; but it's so;
And now, if you wish, I will make my words good
And prove what I say, as every man should.
I'll put in the very next paper a line
Or two about you, in coarse print or fine,
Whichever you choose, and just where you may say,
And if you don't find on the very next day
That your neighbors all read it, I promise to giv
Free subscriptions to you as long as you liv."

"Agreed," said the farmer; "you shall sing a new song;
Put it right in the middle of one of those long
Fine-type advertisments—I never yet knew
Any person of sense to read one of them through,
If I hear from it twice I will bring down to you
The best load of garden sauce I ever grew."

Then the "good days" were passed, and the farmer went out,
And the editor laughed to himself, without doubt,
As he thought of his wager, and how it would end,
And the nice little joke he would hav on his friend;
Then he wrote just two lines, and he ordered them set
In the smallest of type, thinking, "I'll win that bet."
And he placed them himself, to be sure and not fail,
In the midst of a close agate real estate sale;
For to better succeed in his little designs,
He'd selected the place where to put these lines,
And hav them connected with what followed and make
A sentence complete in itself, without break.
These the lines that he wrote, "Our old friend, good James True,
Who is one of the best men the world ever knew,
Of the well-known Hope farm"—that was all that he said
About James, but the line next below these two read,
"Will be sold very cheap"—then went on to unfold
The beauties and bounds of the land to be sold.

The paper was printed. The next day but one
The farmer came in with his eyes full of fun;
"You hav won," he began, "just as sure as you're born;
Why, before I got breakfast ate yesterday morn,
Two or three neighbors called on purpose to see
What that meant in the paper they saw about me.
(I hadn't seen it yet.) Then, during the day,
Every neighbor that met me had something to say
About my being sold. I was sold very cheap,
And you did it well, too—it was too good to keep.
So I'v told the whole story, and come with all speed
To bring you the garden sauce, as I agreed."

The editor looked from his window and saw
His friend had brought in all his horses could draw—
All for him; he declined to accept it, but found
That his friend would not listen, and was off with a bound,
Saying, cheerily, as he went out, "In your next
Just say Jim True's preaching, and this is his text,
There's naught in the paper—fruit, flowers, or weeds—
Nor a line in the paper that nobody reads."

—*E. P. Tobey in the Providence Journal.*

Some Well-Deserved Compliments.

From the Ogden Daily Herald.

After 8 o'clock, Monday evening, Union Opera House was well filled with an audience eager to hear the reputed Liberalist and editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. D. M. Bennett, who is on his return from an eleven months' trip around the world.

The chairman introduced the gentleman who was the recipient of the ovation with fitting remarks.

The secretary of the Liberal League then read the address of reception to the guest, expressing the solicitude of the fellow-thinkers in his welfare during his journey around the world, and maintaining the equal rights of all men in matters of belief in the land which ought to be the land of the free.

Mr. D. M. Bennett then stepped to the front, expressing his warm thanks for the cordial reception accorded him. He referred to the kindness of his friends in enabling him to make the circle of the world, a friendship he could never forget. He then alluded to the fact of his having been sent to prison, some years ago, and traced the course of his Freethought journal, THE TRUTH SEEKER, from small beginnings in a town in Illinois to its present flourishing condition in New York. In plain words, he sketched the course of his persecution instigated in the Y. M. C. A. in New York, and mainly carried out by Anthony Comstock.

In 1880 he was sent over to Brussels, Belgium, and he extended his tour over various countries of Europe. This was finally extended into a journey all over the world, on which the speaker started on the 30th of July, 1881. As a result of this tour Mr. Bennett has written five volumes of travels, two of which are published, and the others will shortly be issued.

The speaker also gave a few rapid sketches of his traveling impressions, as in Egypt, Chaldea, India, and then branched over into a glance at the development of the civilization of mankind, drawing comparisons between various systems of religions, especially dwelling on the creeds of Buddha. He also asserted that the status of morality in Europe, to his observation, was by no means superior to that of the pagan countries of Asia.

Further on the speaker paid a glowing tribute to the great political power of England, extending all over the face of the earth, but he could not help contrasting the immorality of the "Christian" civilization with the good behavior of the Asiatic pagans. Mr. Bennett also spoke on the uselessness and even danger of missions to "convert the heathen," and expressed his belief that there is little probability in the pagan nations being brought over to "Christianity."

In conclusion the speaker combated the error of supernaturalism, the misconception of a creator having made nature out of nothing, and the folly of man making gods in his own image.

In conclusion, after paying the "Mormon" church the compliment of having a united and therefore strong organization, Mr. Bennett exhorted the Liberals to organize in union and harmony.

From Pomeroy's Great West.

D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, published in New York city, and the champion of personal freedom, arrived in Denver Wednesday last, on his way home from his trip around the world. Mr. Bennett will, when he reaches New York, hav been on his way twelve months. During his trip he has been writing a series of articles for his paper, descriptiv of his travels, and they hav formed one of the most attractiv features of the paper. Mr. Bennett is a close observer, and his manner of describing what he saw cannot be excelled by any living writer. He has circumnavigated the globe, and the sights he has seen are narrated in his book, entitled "A Truth Seeker Around the World," in the most charming manner. His description of Egypt and the Holy Land is perfect, and now, since the recent revolt in Egypt, will prove of unusual interest. This book will comprise five volumes, containing 4,500 pages—an incredible amount of matter, gathered in so short a space of time—and it can be truthfully said that it exceeds anything ever attempted by any traveler in a flying trip of 25,000 miles. Mr. Bennett will spend a couple of weeks in Colorado, visiting the many places of interest, and will incorporate in his book a description of this wonderful state. To our brethern of the press all over the state we ask that Mr. Bennett be given every opportunity to see the mines and industries of the state, as a description by such a noted writer will do the state more good than the many garbled reports given by irresponsible correspondents.

While in India Mr. Bennett met that religious montebank Joseph Cook, whom the nativs ran out of the country, and on the platform, amid his heathen audience, routed this notorious Bible banger, and crammed down his throat, so to speak, the stories he was trying to induce the nativs to believe. Mr. Bennett's lectures in Ceylon were so well thought of that they were printed in the Singalese language and scattered broadcast over the country.

On his return from the interior of the state it would be a good idea for people who are interested in foreign travel to get Mr. Bennett to giv a lecture and tell us what he has seen.

The first volume of Mr. Bennett's book is out, and describes Scotland, Ireland, England, including, also, an account of the Freethinkers' International Congress at London, in 1881, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Smyrna, Ephesus, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout, Baalbec, to Damascus. The second is in print, the third is in the hands of the compositors, and the fourth and fifth will be ready in about three months. Each volume is illustrated with forty illustrations, making it the finest work of the kind ever published.

Address D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York city.

From Man.

If a man has courage, goodness, truth, and humanity in him, just let his enemies try to crush him out and see how gloriously his worth will spring into light as his defender and savior. The attempt to crush out the great TRUTH SEEKER has had just this result. Thousands who rejoice in the triumph of truth and human nature over hypocritical bigotry greet his return to the golden gates of California after his world pilgrimage with an enthusiasm that, we confess, surprises us.

But why should they not? Who has suffered more or worked harder for the enlightenment of our people than he? That he has faults, who has confessed more frankly or atoned for them more patiently and nobly? A man is to be measured by the average of his whole life and its results. When this measure is applied to Mr. Bennett he rises so far above his defamers that their clamors cannot be heard. His pilgrimage has now certainly been long enough to leave all his sins behind him, and we welcome him to our shores with the heartiest congratulations upon the success of his voyage. Let his record of it, called "A Truth Seeker Around the World." be sent for at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 141 Eighth street, New York. And let those who gather at these ovations remember that to render them permanent a League should be organized on the spot. Send to the office of *Man*, 744 Broadway, New York, to hav a charter forwarded at once.

From the Ogden Daily Pilot.

D. M. Bennett, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, came in from California on this morning's train from the west, and goes to Salt Lake City. Mr. Bennett is the prophet of advanced Liberalism in religious matters, and proposes to lecture in Zion. He is on his return from a trip around the world, in the course of which he has made a thorough study of the customs, manners, religions, and superstitions of the different countries and peoples he has visited, and proposes to giv his views on the subjects of his researches. The work will take up five volumes of nine hundred pages each, with plates and illustrations, and will present an exhaustiv review of the way things look from Mr. Bennett's standpoint. It is hoped that the gentleman can be induced to stop over in Ogden on Sunday evening and giv the people a chance to hear of what he has seen during his long journey of eleven months, and of the inferences he has drawn from his views of peoples and things.

From the Ogden (Utah) Daily Herald.

D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, came in from the west by the express train this morning. The old gentleman looks tolerably well and feels happy on his return from his trip around the world. He is an indefatigable worker, not much of a speaker, but a very fluent writer. During his journey of eleven months' duration he has written five volumes on his own peculiar and others' views on man as to his present and future condition. Two of the books are published and the other ones are ready for the press.

Mr. Bennett went to Salt Lake City to-day; on his return he will remain over and lecture in Ogden on Saturday or Sunday night.

From the Salt Lake City Herald.

This noted man [D. M. Bennett], editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who has been placed behind the prison bars by the notorious Comstock, and whose name is as well known in a certain circle of thinkers as that of Robert G. Ingersoll, came in from the west yesterday on his return from a tour around the world. During his journey of eleven months he has written five volumes on his own peculiar views of man and things, which will be published in due time. The gentleman looks venerable and feels well. It is expected that he will lecture in the Liberal Institute before he leaves Utah, that building having been tendered him free of all expenses for that purpose.

From the Ogden Daily Herald.

As previously announced, Mr. D M. Bennett, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, will lecture at 8 o'clock to-night in Union Opera House. Although not possessed of oratorical gifts like Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Beecher, or others, he is a fluent speaker, and having a thorough command and prompt control of a vast store of miscellaneous and interesting knowledge, he is sure to satisfy his audience Having just returned from an extended tour through Persia, India, China, and Japan, he will hav a good deal to say about the manners and customs of various races.

From the Central City Daily Register.

Mr. D. M. Bennett, the venerable editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, and who has a national, if not a world-wide, reputation in journalism, is a visitor to this section of the Rocky Mountains to-day. He is just returning from a twelve-month trip around the world, which his patrons and admirers gave him by subscription. His observations of his extended travels will be issued in book form in five volumes, which cannot but be interesting to the public, written from his standpoint. He is entertained while in Central by some of his admirers.

From the Judge.

D. M. Bennett has returned from his trip around the world. He has proved himself a hero and a noble man in spite of Comstock and his soap-boiler.

Western Michigan Camp-Meeting, at Ionia.

A Spiritual-Liberal camp meeting, to continue such number of days as may hereafter be announced, but to close on Sunday, August 6, 1882, will be held on the Fair Ground, at Ionia, under authority of the committee on district work, of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The meeting will be conducted similarly to the one which has just closed so successfully at Orion, and a district association will be organized. Friends at Ionia hav given assurance of their cordial support and encouragement.

Further announcement will be made in due time. S. B. MCCRACKEN, Manager.

Detroit, June 19, 1882.

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In 1880 the Freethinkers of the world held an International Congress at Brussels, to which Mr. Bennett was sent as a delegate. He took the occasion to make the tour of Europe, and his observations were embodied in "A Truth Seeker in Europe" (price, $1.50). The letters were also published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the readers were so well pleased with them that the proposition was made that he make the journey around the world, and giv the world the benefit of a Freethinker's observations. The proposition was accepted if the ones desiring such a work would advance five dollars each, the volumes to be dedicated to them. On July 30, 1881, Mr. Bennett began the journey, sending letters back to be published. The work will make

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TESTIMONIAL.

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Dr. York's Positiv Blood Purifier,

A cure for all diseases caused by impurities in the blood. Price, 50 cents, or three boxes $1.

TESTIMONIAL.

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Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men hav fared;
They were successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they hav borne the load ourselvs are doomed to bear? —*Beattie.*

I AM compelled to testify, and yet I do it willingly, that I hav known both men and women not daring, nor even desiring, to affirm another life, and yet convinced that life is well worth living; and this, too, after they had missed some dearest child or friend, and notwithstanding they were people of the largest heart, the rarest tenderness. And I thank heaven that I do not feel called upon to address myself to such people in the tone which is so frequently adopted by many earnest people at the present time, assuring them that they hav no right to feel that life here is worth living, unless they can hav a complete assurance of a blessed immortality. I do not care to frighten people, or to bully them into belief in either God or immortality.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

GOD gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us—not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell.—*Carlyle.*

EVERY man's religion is, not what he professes, or what show he makes in external observances, but what influence it really has upon the man himself, in the habit of his mind, and in the course of his actions, in his family, in his business, in his dealings with all mankind, in his common conversation, and even in his very diversions themselvs, as well as in the more solemn acts of prayer and devotion.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

IN Luther's "Table-Talk," a posthumous work of anecdotes and sayings, collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the books proceeding from him, we hav many beautiful, unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of a nature he had. His behavior at the death-bed of his little daughter, so still, so great, and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might liv, follows in awestruck thought the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms, awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; sincere—for, after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know; his little Magdalene shall be with God, as God wills; for Luther, too, that is all; Islam is all. —*Carlyle.* [NOTE.—Just so; when it comes of the last push, the mighty man is not mightier than his "even Christian;" and the philosopher not much wiser than Dr. Talmage, or any other church clown. As to Luther's "Table-Talk," it has been, within the last quarter of a century, republished by Bohn, of London, and, after reading it again and again, I bear willing testimony to its value. It may be recommended to those of strong digestiv stomachs, on the same principle that Coleridge avails himself of, in recommending the study of Jeremy Taylor's works: "Jeremy Taylor," writes Coleridge, "is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors." "Boswell's Johnson" is, perhaps, on the whole, the best book for such mental exercise. In Coleridge's own "Table-Talk," the blunders so far outnumber the hits that it is perilous to recommend it. "Art is long and time is fleeting."—*C. W. C.*]

IMAGIN that, instead of oppcsing an extortionate claim, we giv up our cloak also to the man who wishes to take our coat. Plainly, such conduct can hav but one result. We shall become the victims of extortionate claims, and our property will be squandered among the undeserving, instead of being kept for better uses. Or suppose that persecution, for the sake of our opinions, instead of being met with armed resistance, whenever that resistance is likely to be successful, is received only with blessings showered on the heads of the oppressors; without doubt, the hands of the persecuting party will be strengthened, and liberty, which is everywhere the rssult of resisting evil, will never be established. The freedom we ourselvs enjoy, both as a nation in respect to other nations, and as individuals, in respect to our domestic government, is the consequence of acting on a principle the direct reverse of that laid down by Jesus.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

WE'RE the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyrrany;
They defied the field and scaffold,
For their birth-right—so will we.
—*Campbell.*

THE countries which are still swayed by the sultan and the Pope constitute dark spots on the map of the world, the regions where ignorance, cruelty, and despotism are the rule. When one remembers the millions on millions of men who hav been tortured and slain by sultans and popes, or by their minions, in accordance with the dictates of an arrogant theology, one cannot help gloating over "the almighty fix" in which these two seedy and dilapidated potentates find themselves to-day. It serves them right, for they are expiating, in some slight degree, the abominable cruelties of their predecessors of other days. One can hardly understand how enlightened mankind, in view of the hideous memories of the past, can tolerate the presence of a priest.—*Free-Religious Index.*

SCIENCE has made out the dependence of our mind and present consciousness and memory on the bodily conditions, so far as to justify the conclusion that the dissolution of the body carries with it the dissolution of our present consciousness and memory, which are reared on the bodily basis. At least, it raises apprehensions in the highest degree that this will be the case.—*Graham's Creed of Science.*

Odds and Ends.

A MISSOURI ROUNDELAY.

From the Papers of the late Jesse James, Esq.

I'm a bandit bold, with a lust for gold, and a heart that knows no fear;
I rob and slash, and plunder and gash throughout the joybus year.
My favorit food's gunpowder and blood, washed down with whisky neat;
And I'd rather kill than hav my fill of Delmonico dinners to eat.
Oh! giv me a man to stab,
Or a nice old woman to jab,
With my bonny bright steel,
Till she ceases to squeal,
And her gore dyes her red as a crab, crab—
And her gore dyes her red as a crab.

You should see my mien as I board a train, and my pops on the passengers pull.
The way I do it is quite too too; it, indeed, is just awfully aw-ful.
The ladies squeak, and the gents, so meek, pass out their wallets rich;
And I gather them in—the diamond pin, the watches, and rings, and sich.
Oh! trot out you boodle, quick,
Or my knife in your ribs I'll stick!
Or, in joyous frolic,
A cold lead colic
Stir up in your parts stomatick, tick—
Stir up your parts sto-ma-tick!

At home with the boys all my household joys are esthetic and chastely gay;
We hav prayers with meat, and there's always a seat when the parson comes our way;
For pa wore the cloth, and though I may be off, ma hasn't forgot her place,
And there's never a dollar that I may collar to which she don't say grace.
In fact, in Missouree
It's just such gents as me
As rule the roast,
And well may boast
They're the pride of our great countree, tree—
They're the pride of our great countree.

POSTSCRIPT.

(*Communications through Madam de Limerick, seventh daughter of a seventy-seventh son, born with a caul. Ladies, 50 cents; gents, $1.*)

By treachery's bolt, from an army Colt, I was kicked into paradise,
And now I frolic, on wings angelic, in the mansions of the skies,
I've a job on hand, and it looms up grand—just whisper it to them at home:
Jack Sheppard and me has it fixed, you see, to capture the golden throne.
—*Alf. T. in the Judge.*

THE CHARMS OF JUNE.

"Can I come in?" asked a young lady recently, as she opened the door of the editorial room.

"I suppose you can," replied the horse reporter, "unless you hav been suddenly stricken with paralysis, but you will hav to let go of that door knob first."

Encouraged by this kindly greeting, the young lady entered the room and seated herself.

"I want some advice," she said, "but I hardly know"—and here the young lady blushed violently and began regarding the floor with great attention.

"It's about getting married, isn't it?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"I thought so. The hesitating, don't-know-whether-I-had-better-buy-ice-cream-or-caramels-with-my-money look on your countenance told me me that at once. What is the difficulty in your case?"

"Well," said she, "I'm engaged to a young man ——"

"I supposed it was a man," said the horse reporter. "Go ahead."

"And he says," she continued, "we ought to be married right away. Do you think June is a good month for weddings?"

"There is no doubt about June being the boss month to get married in," said the horse reporter. "In June everything looks pretty smooth. The first blossoms of the early summer—beautiful harbingers of the wealth of bud and bloom that is to come—are trembling on their stalks; the birds are singing as if in very glee from every branch and bough; the perfect light of the turquoise-tinted sky is reflected from an air that is as pure and balmy as the breath of a perfect houri from Circassia; while the newly-plowed fields, freshly kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, are holding within the bosom of the earth the many seeds that ere another month shall hav come and gone will spring up to life and light, growing stronger and more perfect with every gladsome day, until in autumn, when the leaves, touched by the blighting breath of the first frost, are transformed into all the vivid hues that tell so eloquently the story of nature's wondrous handiwork, and the very earth shall laugh in the golden glory of an abundant harvest. What time than this could be more fit for young hearts to plight a willing troth—hearts strong in a love that shall never know surcease or change, that shall be more steadfast and trusting with every hour, until when the autumn of life is reached the strong, wilful passion of youth becomes a ripened, tender holy affection that is beautiful beyond compare? It is when the tresses that were once brown are flecked with gray; when the cheeks once peachy and dimpled are marked by the furrows that grief and care hav made; when the eyes that in the days agone sparkled with such witching merriment are dull and lusterless; it is then that the love of a truly happy married life should be crowned with the halo of a tranquil existence that knows no sorrow or care. Yes, my bonny lass, you should get married in June, sweet June, month of roses and race meetings. Go to him who has won your young love, and say to him that the glad fruition of his hopes has come at last. Seek with him some ivy-crowned chapel, and there, amid the solemn hush that so well befits the occasion, let a mitred bishop make you one."

"Thanks," said the young lady. "Good day."

"So long," replied the horse reporter.

As the girl departed a man entered the room. "I am thinking of taking a fishing trip," he said, "and wanted to inquire in what month suckers bite the best."

"June," promptly replied the horse reporter.

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. William T. Ellis, of St. Louis, was fined $5 in a police court, but it was not for an offense which affected his standing as a clergyman. He had insisted on picking over a barrel of decayed potatoes in front of his house, to the discomfort of his neighbors.

SOME of the barbers of Philadelphia do not wish to work on Sundays, and hav therefore appointed a committee to enforce an old law against Sunday labor. The members get shaved in shops which they find open, and then become witnesses against the proprietors, who are fined $4 apiece.

THE Rev. J. E. Starr became matrimonially engaged to Miss Graham, of Brampton, Ont. She told him that a fellow Methodist clergyman, the Rev. R. N. Willoughby, had been a suitor two years before and had forcibly kissed her. Mr. Starr made this kiss the basis of a formal charge against Mr. Willoughby, and a conference trial is to be held.

THE members of the German Lutheran church of Columbus, Ohio, are involved in a quarrel, in which each side has got out an injunction restraining the other from entering the church, and the sheriff is in charge of the building. The trouble grew out of the objection of the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Herbst, to accept certain doctrinal forms on predestination, as passed by the last General Joint Synod of Ohio. Anticipating this trouble, Mr. Herbst purchased an old chapel, and preaches there to his following.

THE Chicago Christians hav asked Moody and Sanky, now in England, to return home.

"Moody, dear Moody, come home to us now,
Our converts are all on the run;
You promised, dear Moody, that you would come home
As soon as that Scotch job was done.
Our fire has gone out, our churches are cold,
The old women won't come to tea,
And some of the faithful are sick unto death,
While others go out on the spree.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please Moody, dear Moody, come home!"

IT is related of a Maryland deacon whose peaches are first in the New York market that having company at his farmhouse one evening recently, a terrific thunder-storm came on and shook things up worse than an explosion in a crockery store. Everybody was thoroughly frightened, and directly after a blinding flash one of the visitors anxiously asked, "Friends, don't you think we had better kneel and ask for protection?" "No, Brother Jones, no," protested the deacon. "I hav just had a lightning-rod put on the house at an expense of $36, and I propose we hold off and giv her a fair show to do business."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NUMBER of Philadelphians who disagreed with all the established churches as to one or another dogma, formed a society under the name "Outcasts of Israel," and hired a hall for meetings. But at their first gathering it was demonstrated that they differed as radically with one another. Sister Miles announced that she was leading a consecrated, holy, sinless life. Brother Hartshorn said that such a thing was impossible with poor humanity. "You are not spiritual enough to comprehend it," said she; "you are too animal." "It seems to me," retorted he, "that the animal is interrupting me now." Then the discussion became an unseemly quarrel.

THE methodist ministers of Cincinnati hav declared for a prohibitory liquor clause in the Constitution of Ohio like that of Iowa. "We invite the people," they say, "of all political parties, and of all churches and no church, to unite with us at the proper time in petitioning the present legislature to pass a joint resolution submitting the proposed amendment to the decision of the voters of the state." Similar movements hav been put under way in Illinois and Indiana, and a total abstinence revival seems likely to extend over the West. The Constitutional amendment adopted by Iowa is taken as a model by the agitators. It is as follows: "No person shall manufacture for sale, sell, or keep for sale as a beverage any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer. The General Assembly shall, by law, prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the provisions herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for violations of the provisions thereof."

GARIBALDI said a few years ago, in stating his religious views: "God is thought and reason; all I wish to see done is to substitute genius and intelligence for God's priesthood. Do not imagin that I pretend to teach the religion of God. I am not so impudent. I am, however, a little of a mathematician and a little of an astronomer, owing to my long sea life; and on the sea I saw and observed the works of God; but, I repeat, I hav not the presumption to teach God. Truth, reason, and God are, in my opinion, synonymous. Copernicus, Leibnitz, Newton, Franklin, Arago, Galileo are God's priests, for God's priests are genius and intelligence. Every one, however, has a right to believe according to the dictates of his own conscience."

SOME of the ministers of Philadelphia hav been criticising the mayor of that city for his recent action in regard to the Sunday laws. He says that if they suppose they are going to entangle him in any controversy they are very much mistaken, for he has no desire for thus gratifying their longing for notoriety. He further says that these gentlemen do not know what they are talking about when they undertake to be critics in the matter of legislation and the law. The mayor regards it as a public misfortune that "every tom-tit of a divine wants to attract attention as a denouncer of officials and of political policies." He says that he goes to Quaker meeting, where he is glad to say that there are none of these political harangs.

"ONE of the inhibitory 'General Rules' of the Methodist Episcopal church," says the *Methodist*, "mentions among the things not to be done 'the reading those books and singing those songs which do not tend to the knowledge and glory of God.' As a piece of church law to be enforced by pains and penalties, that rule, with many others of its kind, has long since become obsolete. The manner in which the cultured Infidelity of the age as embodied in its literature is treated among us has had its effect in very largely encouraging the use of just that kind of books which were most earnestly condemned by our Methodist fathers. Dickens and Thackeray, and George Eliot, and that class of writers, are the great teachers of thousands of Methodists—chiefly the young and susceptible, who necessarily assimilate what they read."

THE Evansville *Argus* has evolved the following story. It illustates how the grace of God will sometimes bring a man out of a tight place with flying colors: "The people of a little town in Warrick county hav been hanging right over the brink of a church scandal, but are not aware of the fact, nor will they be until this copy of the *Argus* reaches its readers over there. Just before the close of the services last Sunday a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology the minister said, 'Brother Bramley has handed me the following,' and in a clear voice he read the note, which ran as follows: "My Own Pet Bram: Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to one who truly loves you. Your own and only Mary." The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard stares, and his wife rose up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. It was a close call, but he was equal to the occasion, and, rising calmly and with a look of perfect resignation on his face, he said, 'Brothers and Sisters: It may appear strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing as that from the pulpit, but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him boldly face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but is evidently some depraved child of sin who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer, and, if discovered, will fearlessly proclaim her name and hold her up to the contempt of all good Christian people.' He sat down amid murmurs of approbation and sympathy."

THE Rev. Mr. Hicks, who figured as the spiritual adviser of Guiteau, is evidently a sensationalist of the first water. This fact was indicated by his conduct before the execution, and became fully manifest by his performances on the scaffold; it is now made additionally apparent by the zest with which he enters into the squabbles of the doctors over Guiteau's body, eagerly elbowing his way to the front as the central and controling personage, and fomenting contentions as if for the sake of notoriety, rather than trying to quiet them. Attracted by these quarrels, a wretched figure reappears on the scene—Mrs. Scoville, who writes to Hicks that she will sue him for possession of her brother's corpse and for the property he left to this spiritual adviser. Such a suit would serve to prolong the attention which the reverend gentleman likes to attract, and in the end it is by no means impossible that, besides writing a book and lecturing on Guiteau, he may set up a museum of his relics.—*Sun.*

AN English religious paper, *The Christian*, publishes the following school-girl's letter. *Puck* copies it with the remark that it is so disgusting as to be almost funny: "I must tell you the good news. Since I wrote to you four of our girls hav come to the savior thoroughly. Isn't it splendid? One night after we had come from the service, and had gone up to bed, —— was crying; she was in dreadful trouble and could not find rest. I was obliged to leave her, because I sleep in another room; but her companion is a Christian (though she never let any one know it before). During the night, ——, who sleeps in my room, joined these two, and all three prayed together about two in the morning, and they all found Jesus. It was the first news I heard in the morning, and even if they had not told me I could hav guessed it from their happy faces. That was Friday morning. Before breakfast another of them was in great trouble; she said she was so wicked and so miserable. I told her that that was just the reason she wanted Jesus, and that he wanted her. We prayed together, and she gave herself to him. That was another happy face to go down to breakfast. We went to the last of the services yesterday, and there was an after-meeting for those who were wishing to become Christians, or who would like to stay for other reasons. A good many of us stayed, and my own companion was converted there. We had such a nice time last night. It seems almost too good to be true—only it *is* true. It just shows how God answers our prayers in a way we never think of—'exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.' They were all worldly girls, fond of dances and all that sort of thing, and it will be very hard for them when they go home into the midst of it all again. Yesterday morning Miss —— gave us all a holiday, and allowed us to spend the morning up-stairs together, reading the Bible, etc. We had a splendid morning. You may imagin how we all felt after what God had just been doing for us. —— is still unconverted, but she will not always be. She is bound to be converted, because we hav all prayed for her so much."

News of the Week.

THE widow of Abraham Lincoln died on Sunday last of paralysis.

ST. PATRICK'S Roman Catholic church in Danville, Ill., was burned last week.

THE Rev. G. B. Simons, of Troy, is on trial before the church council for immoral conduct.

CASES of sunstroke hav been frequent in this city during the heated weather of the last fortnight.

WORKINGMEN of all trades held an enthusiastic and successful meeting in Science Hall on the 16th.

THE entire business portion of Colfax, Wash. Ter., was burned on the 15th inst. Loss, $250,000.

MICHAEL DAVITT has gone back to Ireland. He expresses himself perfectly satisfied with his visit to America.

CONGRESS has voted $20,000,000 for the improvement of rivers and harbors. Arthur has not yet signed the bill.

A DUEL took place in Lunenburg county, Va., on the 14th, in which one of the participants, Joseph Addison, was fatally shot.

FIFTY-ONE families of Russian refugees hav just left New York for Europe. They did not feel satisfied with their prospects in America.

THE ex-Rev. George C. Miln has now definitly announced his intention of taking the stage this fall. He will appear as Shakspere's Hamlet, of whose character he has an original conception.

THE doctors who attended Garfield during his last illness want $80,000 for their services. The matter is being discussed in Congress, but the appropriation, at last accounts, has not been made.

A STEAMBOAT of 585 tons burden was cut completely in two parts by collision with an iron steam yacht on the Hudson last Saturday. The stem of the steamer floated in one direction and the stern in another, but beyond the scratching of her paint the yacht was uninjured.

CHARLES LANGHEIMER, whom Charles Dickens interviewed in his "American Notes," while visiting the Philadelphia prison about thirty years ago, is again in jail. Langheimer, better known as "Dickens's Dutchman," is seventy-nine years old, and has spent forty-two years in prison.

DURING the past ten days Alexandria has been bombarded by the English. Arabi Pasha's troops hav withdrawn from the city, and left it at the mercy of the Bedouins and released convicts, who hav fired and pillaged the town and massacred the European residents, numbering, it is reported, over two thousand persons. The city is still burning. English and American marines hav been landed in force, with orders to shoot all rioters and incendiaries. Turkey has been invited by the powers to take a part in the investment of Alexandria. The original cause of the present trouble between England and Arabi Pasha is that the chief ruler or khedive of Egypt had contracted various public debts, a large portion of which are held by English and French subjects. Against this state of affairs, and the management placed over them, Arabi Pasha, representing the nativ political element of the country, rebelled, and the khedive was unable to subdue him. The military proceedings now in progress are for the purpose of overthrowing Arabi and restoring power to the khedive, who is viceroy to the sultan of Turkey, of whose dominions Egypt is considered a part. As the matter stands at latest accounts, Arabi threatens to return to Alexandria, after having first cut the aqueduct supplying the city with water, and the English and American marines are at the front in wait for him. When the war will end is beyond the knowledge of any man. The Suez canal is closed.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

A Detour to Java.

BORNEO.—CONTINUED.

The aborigines of Borneo are Dyaks, and these are divided into Sea Dyaks and Hill Dyaks. The former are largely pirates, and of course would be a benefit to no country. The Hill Dyaks are a better race, inclining to be peaceful, but not vigorous or industrious. They are described as more talkative and cheerful, and less suspicious than the Malays, of whom there is also a considerable number on the island. They are said to be truthful, temperate, and hospitable. They have no written language, and what religion they have is made up of gross superstitions little better than fetichism, though perhaps no more so than the religions of many other people in the world. They hold that their god Djath governs the sublunar world, and the god Sangjang reigns over hell, for they, too, are able to afford a hell; and these gods are invoked by sprinkling rice on the ground and offering various sacrifices. They often have wooden idols in their houses, probably to represent their invisible gods. Some travelers say the people of the island are a sort of Pantheists, and, like the ancient Greeks, believe in gods above the earth and gods below the earth, with innumerable good and evil spirits, of whom Budjang-Brani is the worst devil. They think diseases are caused by the influence of demons, which also cause, all the misfortunes in the world, and these are driven away by shouts and shrieks and pounding on a discordant gong. I have known Christians to act in a similar manner. It is said the Dyaks cherish a vague notion of divine unity and of the immortality of the soul. In this respect they are much like all other religionists. The notions of all are vague.

In one respect these natives are more advanced than believers in some other systems of religion—they allow women to administer some of its rites; some of them are dancing priestesses or bayaderes, while the duties of others are directed to healing the sick, exorcising evil spirits, conducting the souls of the departed to the abodes where their ancestors are, demanding the favor and protection of the gods. Before a woman can assume the sacerdotal rank, the soul of a *sangsang* or angel must have passed into her body, and while she continues to discharge the duties of the sacred office she must abstain from all intercourse with her family. With a portion of the Dyaks the souls of the dead wait around their former residences until the funeral ceremonies are performed, when they take their departure to the abodes of bliss; but with others the dead depart at once and do not wait for funeral services. As soon as the corpse is stretched in its coffin, its spirit departs for the other world under the guidance of a sangsang, and to the sound of hymns chanted by the priestesses or *bilians*. The dead pass over an invisible bridge, which begins at the place where they died and ends where happiness dwells. The dead body, reposing on its bier, is first carried out into the open air; afterward, probably when the flesh has been eaten off by animals, the bones are cleaned and burned, and collected in urns, which are deposited in the *sandong*, or house of the dead. The funeral ceremony is an occasion of great pomp, when not only buffaloes and wild hogs are sacrificed, but human beings also. The heads of the victims are hung up in the sandong. One chief is reported having deposited in his wife's coffin eight suits of clothing and all her ornaments. Immediately after her death he immolated a slave and others, when her corpse was removed from the house; and after the cremation of the body eight slaves, sixty hogs, and two buffaloes were sacrificed around the pile.

A singular custom is said to exist among the wealthy; the survivor, whether husband or wife, cannot under any pretext quit the house for a certain period, which time is longer or shorter in different families. Often the widow or widower remains thus seated and impassive, doing nothing for as many as seven months together. Human sacrifices are offered on the conclusion of peace with enemies, or treaties of alliance. The public and private charms and talismans are then dipped in human blood, and those present sprinkle their foreheads, shoulders, chest, stomach, and down to the knees and feet, at the same time muttering vows and prayers in behalf of one another.

Among a tribe called Ot-Danoons their occasions of festivity, always prolonged, coarse, and noisy, terminate very often in contention. Men and women become intoxicated; the quarrelsome seize their weapons and threaten hostilities; but those who have preserved some degree of sobriety separate the belligerant parties and bind them till they recover their senses. Often after these orgies the ground is covered with the prostrate bodies of the turbulent captives. When these superstitious people remove into a new locality, custom requires that they should pay the inhabitants a certain sum of money for the purchase of buffaloes, hogs, etc., which are immediately sacrificed to the gods to appease their wrath, which, as with other gods, is always ready to be aroused on the smallest provocation. These ceremonies often cost the new-comers a sum of money equaling fifteen or twenty dollars. They have another custom, still more execrable, of shutting up their daughters at the age of eight or ten years in a narrow and dimly-lighted cell. She is not permitted to emerge from it on any consideration, nor even to receive the visits of her father, mother, brothers, or sisters. For six or seven dreary years she sees only the slaves attached to her service; and her sole occupation is to weave mats. Her limbs, deprived of all exercise, do not acquire their natural size or use, and her feet remain small and stunted, but this is a high mark of gentility. She gains her freedom when she reaches a marriageable age, and returns to the world more like a specter than a human being; she is pale as a waxen effigy, her trembling limbs scarcely able to support her attenuated body, and ignorant as a new-born child. On this occasion a slave is immolated, that the body of the young girl may be sprinkled with the victim's blood. The object of this imprisonment is to render the child famous, and to preserve a daintiness of figure and a delicacy of appearance, which are considered the very first attractions.

The Ot-Danoons practice tattooing, as also do some of the Dyaks. Sometimes the forms of the tattooing are graceful and complicated, and cover the whole body with the exception of the face. This ceremony is performed under instructions from the priestesses, who are supposed to know how the sangsangs ornament themselves. The legs of the women are tattooed from the knees to the feet. They wear a short, narrow apron, generally blue, fastened around the waist by a girdle of rattan or a leather belt, to which strings of pearls and other ornaments are attached. They are very fond of decorations. The women of this tribe are muscular, and they undertake the most arduous labors. The men are also equally vain and use much ornamentation. They are greedy for money, and often use extortion with strangers. They are not very honest or truthful, and less moral than the Hill Dyaks.

The animal productions of Borneo are much like those of Sumatra. This is pehaps the real home of the ourang-outang, many of which reach a large size. These animals are not lively like monkeys, but prefer solitude and listlessness. They will sit for hours upon the limb of a tree looking toward the earth as though in deep meditation, and often heave a sigh as if melancholy. Wallace says they are not so pugnacious as represented, and do not attack man unless in self-defense. Their numbers are said to be decreasing.

It is almost a wonder that England has not had some grievance with Borneo, so as to get up a war with it and capture it. If she would send ten or twenty thousand of her sons and daughters there to civilize and develop the resources it would be a most valuable country. There are some Chinese settlements on the shores, and I cannot see why a million or two of Chinese should not leave their own over-crowded country and make Borneo their permanent home. I am quite willing they should emigrate there instead of making the longer journey to California. This large island also possesses much mineral wealth, but its mines have been but poorly developed.

Other points among these numerous islands must be mentioned very briefly or my story will become too long. I will notice a few of the peculiarities of some of the islands, and give some of their religious superstitions. The Island of Bali lies south of Java, and is about eighty-five miles in length and fifty-five in width. It has a very fertile soil, and a very mild tropical climate. As a "garden spot" it is hardly surpassed by any similar portion of the earth's surface. It grows everything found in tropical regions, and is represented as charming and attractive in every particular. It has plains next the ocean, then a range of well-wooded hills, and above these a lofty volcanic ridge, bold, impressive, majestic, culminating in a peak 11,326 feet high. After a long repose this volcano burst out actively in 1843. The island is subject to earthquakes. In 1815 an earthquake here was so severe as to shatter into fragments a mountain of considerable size, by which twelve thousand persons lost their lives. The principal products are rice, cotton, and coffee; among the animals, some tigers, monkeys, hogs, goats, cattle, buffaloes, and small hardy horses. The birds are numerous and of brilliant plumage.

The inhabitants are partly Malays and partly Chinese. The costume of the people is extremely simple and primitive, consisting of a small piece of cotton cloth, to which a *sabak*, a kind of cloak, is added on state occasions. The houses of the poor are of mud, sun-baked, and covered with reeds or bamboo; those of the princes are of brick, neatly laid in cement. The villages are arranged in squares or parallelograms, and inclosed by high walls. The religion is said to be a modified Hindooism, but I can hardly see how that can be when it has been settled by the Malays and Chinese.

Lombok comes next east, and is a smaller island, being forty-eight miles long and thirty-seven wide. Here also plains come next to the sea, and in the interior mountains 12,000 feet high. One cone appears to once have been a volcano. All the neighboring valleys and ravines are hung with dark woods, which also mantle the base of the cone, and seem to struggle up it in irregular wavy lines, defining slight hollows in its declivities. The upper part of the cone, as well as the sharp ridges and peaks and mounds of the lower mass, are brown and barren, except where relieved by clumps of pine-like trees. No lava-streams are visible, probably having been covered long ago by dust and ashes, as have been many of the volcanoes of Java. Though somewhat lower than the peak of Teneriffe, it is said to be much more majestic when viewed from the north, where it seems to rise abruptly out of the sea; while on the south, where it rises from a somewhat low, level country, it is richly wooded. The vegetable growth of this island is spoken of in the highest degree.

The productions of Celebes and the Spice Islands are spoken of in the highest terms, they vieing with the most fertile portions of the earth, and enjoying climates as lovely. Here the clove and nutmeg-trees abound. They also have volcanoes and earthquakes.

Batchian is spoken of as a paradise of birds, among which are several varieties of the magnificent birds or paradise. Wallace here discovered a species of bird which he termed *Semioptera Wallacci*. In his description of it he says the plumage is sober, being of an ashy olive, with a purplish tinge on the back; the crown of the head is beautifully glossed with pale metallic violet, and the feathers of the front extend as much over the beak as in most of the family. The neck and breast are scaled with fine metallic green, and the feathers on the lower part are elongated on each side, so as to form a two-pointed gorget, which can be folded beneath the wings, or partially erected and spread out in the same way as the side plumes of the birds of paradise. The four long white plumes, which give the bird its most unique character, spring from little tubercles close to the upper edge of the shoulder or bend of the wing; they are narrow, gently curved, and equally webbed on both sides, of a creamy-white color.

Of the people of Bouru a little should be said. The aborigines, or Alfoories, resemble the Malays, but away from the sea-coast appear to be very ignorant. Wallace says many of those he met had never seen a pin; and the better informed, few in number, took pride in teaching their companions the uses of "the needle with a head, and without an eye." They were equally ignorant of paper, teapots, teacups, and teaspoons. Their houses are mere hovels. Formerly each tribe was compelled to send one young maiden annually to its "regent" for a bride; but the Dutch, having acquired some power in the island, have caused this custom to be discontinued. In regard to marriage each man has to buy his wife for a price regulated by the standing of the bride's father; thus the daughter of a man of nobility costs much more than that of a poor and obscure man. They are said to believe in one supreme being, who created all things, and is the source of both good and evil. They also believe in malignant spirits. They imagine that prayer leads to prosperity, and the neglect of it to adversity. Through the infinite love of the supreme being he was induced to send a great teacher, Nabiata (whether a begotten son I cannot say), who dwelt among the mountains, and delivered the will of his divine master in seven commandments, as follows:

1. Thou shalt not kill nor wound.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
4. Thou shalt not set thyself up againt the *fenna* (tribe).
5. A man shall not set himself up against the chief of his tribe.
6. A chief shall not set himself up against him that is over his or other tribes.
7. The chief over more than one tribe shall not set himself up againt him who is placed over all the tribes.

Nabiata also taught that though the body perishes the soul will live forever; that those who keep the foregoing commandments shall dwell in his presence far above the firmament, while those who do wickedly shall never enter the abodes of the happy; nor shall they remain on earth, but for ever and ever, lonely and in sorrow, they shall wander among the clouds, yearning with a desire never to be gratified to join their brethren in heaven. Nabiata also introduced circumcision, performed on children of both sexes when they reached the age of eight years. This teacher seems to be dispensing pretty fair Judaism and Christianity.

One ceremony practiced on this island is that of shaving the heads of children, which takes place on the first birthday or thereabouts, and has a religious significance. The priest begins the rite by repeating a low monotonous prayer in a monotonous nasal chant, which at times swells into a chorus through the accession of other voices. When this is ended a servant brings in the child, followed by another servant carrying a large plate partly filled with water, in which may be observed two parts of the blossom of cocoanut, a razor, and a pair of shears. The chief priest dips his fingers in the water, places them on the head of the infant, and clips off a lock of the hair with the shears. The lock of hair is then thrown into the water with a piece of money. The example of throwing in a piece of money is followed

by all present. Tea and small rice cakes are handed around, and the ceremony is concluded.

Marriage ceremonies are always interesting. This is the way they get married on this island: The house and verandah of the groom is brilliantly illuminated by Chinese lanterns. The bride at her home is tastefully decorated with trailing plants and flowers, where she awaits the coming of her future companion. Female friends gather into the room with the bride, and soon engage in the favorite custom of chewing betelnut. A shrill piping attends the approach of the groom. A company of gaily dressed boys bearing wax tapers lead the procession, and another similar cortege brings the presents for the bride. The bridegroom follows, supported by his friends, and surrounded by tiers of candles arranged in a kind of frame-work. He is dressed in gay, red attire, and has a gold chain hanging on his neck. On one side of the room where the ceremony is performed stands a small table covered with a red cloth, and upon it are two gigantic red wax candles. The bride sits behind it attired in a scarlet dress—red being the favorite color with these people—and with a cloud of lace falling over her face and shoulders. The bridegroom approaches; she rises slowly. Placing the palms of his hands together he bows thrice with great gravity and deference. She salutes him in the same manner, except that she does not raise her hands. And now the interesting moment has arrived. She remains standing, and probably tremulous, yet seemingly tranquil, when he steps forward and pulls at the pins that hold fast the veil which screens her charms from his ardent gaze. He very naturally shows some awkwardness in this part of the operation, but a couple of maidens in attendance kindly assist him, and by degrees the countenance of the bride is revealed. He then passes round the table, and both sit down together, while the guests sit quietly until it is time for them to depart and leave the newly-married pair by themselves. This is the way in which the ceremony is performed among the richer classes; it is not probable that the poor are able to put on so much style. These people have doubtless been changed somewhat in their customs by the Mohammedan influence among them, as they have partially embraced that system of religion. They have likewise foolishly adopted the pernicious habit of opium-smoking, which indicates that the Chinese have also been proselyting among them. The shores of this island abound in coral formations of the most remarkable character.

MALAYS AND PAPUANS CONTRASTED.

The islands of the Eastern archipelago are peopled by these two distinct races; the former in the western portion of the islands and the latter in New Guinea and neighboring islands. The Papuan is much the darker in color, of a sooty brown and approaching a black. The hair is frizzled or woolly—not so much so as the African negro, but growing in little tufts, or curls, which keep separate from one another. Some tribes of them cut their hair close to the head. The face is clothed with beard and whiskers, which also grow in frizzly tufts. The breasts and shoulders of the men are frequently covered with a similar growth. The Malay term for crisped hair is *rambut pua-pua*, and hence the name *pua-pua*, or Papua, is applied to the entire class. In stature the Papuan is taller then the Malayan and perhaps equals the European; but his legs are long and thin, and his hands and feet are large. The negro characteristics are strong in him; the forehead is depressed, while the brows are prominent; the large nose is broad and high, with the nostrils considerably hidden by the long front tip; the lips are thick and prominent. They often disfigure themselves by gashing the skin in long stripes with sharp knives, then filling the wound with white clay.

Morally the Papuan is said to be equal to the Malay, while his intellect is held to be superior, although the Malay has usually proved the victor in conflict. The Papuan is as impulsive and demonstrative as a warm-blooded Italian, and gives vent to his feelings and passions by shouts of laughter and yells, and by frantic gestures. He is full of energy, and quick of comprehension, with a keen sense of the artistic, which leads him to decorate his house with elaborate carving, as well as his canoe, his implements, weapons, etc. He has a marked antipathy to strangers, or at least to their settling in his neighborhood. This is especially the case on his own soil; when in a foreign country, and especially when in a servile condition, he parts with all this. Mr. Wallace says: "The Malay is of short stature, brown-skinned, straight-haired, beardless, and smooth-bodied. The Papuan is taller, black-skinned, frizzly-haired, bearded, and hairy-bodied. The former is broad-faced, has a small nose, and flat eyebrows; the latter is long-faced, has a large prominent nose, and projecting eyebrows. The Malay is cold, quiet, undemonstrative, boastful; the Papuan, impetuous, excitable, warm-tempered, and noisy. The former grave, dignified, seldom laughs; the latter is merry and laughter-loving; the one conceals, the other displays his emotions."

The Dorians are a tribe which inhabit a part of New Guinea. They are small in stature, about five and a quarter feet high, their color a very dark brown, the hair black and crisp and worn at full length, and not much attention paid to it. The men wear it in a comb consisting of a bamboo stick split at one end into three or four points like a fork, and shaped at the other end into a spike and neatly carved. This strange implement or ornament is stuck obliquely into the hair, and a strip of colored calico, fastened to the upper end, hangs down from it like a streamer. The beard is strongly crisped, but short. The dress of the chiefs is on an ampler scale than usually prevails with the Papuans. They wear the *saluer*, or short drawers, of the Malays, and the *kabaya*, or loose coat of calico, with a handkerchief round the head. Men of lower rank restrict themselves to a *chawat*, or waist-cloth, made of the bark of the fig or the paper mulberry-tree beaten out in the same way as the bark-cloth of the Polynesians. The chief devices used on the bodies of the males are crossed swords and kris-blades. The men hunt, fish, shape their weapons, build houses, and make crosses. The women cultivate the plantations, do the household work, carry wood and water, manufacture earthen vessels, and weave mats and cloth. I believe the women are the most industrious. They are all quite skilful. They are all good swimmers, the women vieing with the men. Their food is principally yams, maize, millet, fish, pork, bananas, cocoanuts, papayas, and rice. They are inveterate smokers of tobacco.

The manners and customs of the Dorians are described as less barbarous than might be looked for from a race so rude and uncivilized. They are of a mild disposition, with strong natural principles, inclining them toward right and justice. They look upon dishonesty as a serious crime, and theft rarely occurs among them; and though they have no locks or fastenings to their houses their property is never, or very seldom, stolen. Would it not be well for some of these pagans to go as missionaries to Europe and America and teach the Christians of those quarters of the world how to be honest? They are rather suspicious of strangers, and they have good cause to be, for they have been badly treated by the strangers who have visited their coasts. They have great reverence for old age, they are faithful to the marriage vow, and are very affectionate toward their children. They prize chastity as highly as any people on earth, and practice it more strictly and honestly than any Christian nation. Breach of chastity is almost unknown among them. They are partial, however, to strong drink, but can hardly be worse in this respect than many Christian nations. They prepare no fermented liquor themselves, and knew nothing about intoxicating drinks until the Christians taught them, and who still supply them with the wretched stuff. Each tribe has its own chief, and each chief is independent of other chiefs, though a nominal allegiance is given to the sultan of Tidore. When a chief dies, one of the relatives of the deceased hastens to communicate the intelligence to the sultan, carrying with him a gift of slaves and birds of paradise as a token of fealty. This person is generally appointed to the chieftainship, and is duly invested with the insignia—a yellow *kavaya*, or pair of drawers, and a handkerchief. From that time he is bound to pay a tax of one slave annually to the sultan, also to contribute three vessels, or *prabus*, to the sultan's flotilla, and supply him with provisions when demanded. The authority of the chief is not very extensive. The actual control of the people rests with a council of elders, and the chief's principal prerogative is to lead men to battle. Legislation is extremely simple, for where crimes are few punishments will also be few, and the prevailing principle is that of compensation. If a man burns down another's house he becomes the slave of the person whose house is burnt; if he wounds another wilfully he must give him a slave by way of retribution; if he steals, he must not only restore what he has stolen, but he must add something as a bonus. Capital punishment is never inflicted. Yes, what a fine thing it would be if these people could teach Christians to live as morally as they do. But they are superstitious and believe a great deal that is not true. (Christians are not quite free from similar superstitions.) They carry about with them at all times and places a variety of charms and talismans, such as bits of bone or quartz or carved wood, to which, in consequence of their superstition, a fictitious value is given. Those who are a little tinctured with Mohammedanism use verses of the Koran written on narrow slips of paper by the Moslem priests. But most Dorians are pagans and worship an idol called Karwar, a clumsy figure carved in wood, holding a shield, and having an enormously large head with a sharp nose and a wide mouth. This is kept in every house, and plays the part of a dumb oracle. In every case of trouble or new projects its owner hastens to consult it and implore it, crouching before it and bowing repeatedly with his hands clasped upon his forehead. Should he be seized with any feeling of doubt while in these exercises it is regarded as an unfortunate sign, and the votary abandons whatever purpose he had in his mind to carry out; but when the suppliant is very anxious to carry out some particular desire, he is pretty sure not to have the unfortunate sign, and it will be easy for him to say his god approves. They are able to cite many instances where they have received direct answers to their prayers.

There are priests among the Dorians (all peoples and all religions have these); but their functions are confined to the interpreting of dreams and omens, and to giving advice in case of sickness. They do not sacrifice animals, and few religious ceremonies are necessary. The marriage ceremony is simple and without show. The bride and bridegroom sit down before the Karwar, the bride offers homage to the groom by giving him tobacco and a betel leaf. The two then join hands, rise up, and they are married. When a death occurs the corpse is wrapped in a shroud of white muslin and interred in a pit five feet in depth. It is placed on its side, with its weapons and ornaments around it, and a porcelain dish under its ear. The grave is then filled with earth, and roofed over with *atap*, after which the Karwar of the deceased is placed on the top, and all is over. The dead man sleeps as quietly as though a long funeral sermon had been pronounced over him.

The Aruans are another tribe or race whose homes are on some of these islands. Some of their customs may be alluded to. They are very inoffensive and peaceful in disposition. This is shown by their treatment to strangers, who have again and again mistreated them and cruelly taken advantage of them in many ways, who cheat them in trading, and who domineer over them. Though uninspired by religious motives, though fearing no future puuishment and hoping for no future reward, they live in the utmost good fellowship. If any disputes arise they submit at once to the decision of the elders, as their forefathers did before them, and for whom they entertain the highest esteem. About the only vice they have is indulgence in strong drink, and this they learned from Christians, and from Christian traders they obtain it. No Aruan can take to himself a wife until he has delivered the marriage present—which consists of cloth, or brass gongs, or elephants' teeth, according to his rank. These are often paid in instalments running over a period of many years.

Very unlike the rule in Ceylon, with this people it is a most fortunate circumstance for a man to have a good family of girls, for the marriage presents or payments which he receives make him rich. It sometimes happens that a young man wishes to marry when he has no offering for the father-in-law. In such case he visits all his friends and acquaintances and solicits something from each, to enable him to at least make the first payment on the damsel he wishes for a wife.

It is unlawful among these people to enter the house of a person during his absence, and whoever transgresses this law is compelled to pay the owner a piece of cloth or something of similar value. This is called *pakal dende*, and if the offender is unable to pay the fine he must leave the village. On the death of an Aruan his relatives assemble and destroy all the goods he may have collected in his lifetime, breaking even the gongs in pieces, which are carefully thrown away. The body is then laid out on a small mat, and propped up against a ladder for three or four days, after which time the relatives again assemble and cover the decomposed parts with lime for the purpose of checking further decay. Meanwhile the fumes of burning gums fill the hut, and the guests sit in the fumes drinking freely of intoxicating liquor. Thus excited and inflamed they vent their feelings in violent shouts, which mingle with the howlings and wailings of the women and the hoarse discord of several gongs. If they act any worse or drink any more freely than Christian Irish do at their wakes, it is a pity indeed. Food is offered the deceased, and his mouth is even filled with food and drink. One would almost rather not die than to be treated in this manner. The body is then placed on a kind of bier, which is strewn with numerous pieces of cloth, according to the man's rank and wealth; while large dishes of China porcelain are set beneath to catch any moisture that may fall from the corpse. These dishes after this are held in high value. After being removed from the house further attempts are made to induce the corpse to eat. The mouth is again filled with the most choice edibles and drinkables, and the mourners join in a loud chant, calling upon the deceased to tell them if he will not waken from his sleep at the sight of so many of his old friends, and eat with them once more. At last this fooling ends, and the corpse is again placed on the bier, which is then adorned with flags and carried into the forest, where it is placed on the top of four posts. A tree, usually the *pavetta indica*, is then planted near it. It is stated that at this final ceremony none but nude women are present. This is the *sudah buang*, and testifies that the body is abandoned to silence and solitude, being no longer able to see, hear, think, or feel. Let him rest in peace.

The Ahetas are a race of small savages, with curly hair and retreating chins, which inhabit the Philippine Islands. They are so uncivilized or ignorant as to know nothing of agriculture, and live by hunting and fishing. They have no religious system, though they are not wholly devoid of religious sentiment. It appears that they have learned from another neighboring tribe the practice of worshiping for a day the trunk of a tree, or a fragment of rock, and in which

they trace some fancied resemblance to an animal; then they turn away from it and think no more about gods until they come across some similar object which they can fancy bears some resemblance to something. In fact, their plan of making gods is not widely different from the modes of other people. They cherish a particular veneration for the dead. For several years after a friend or relative dies they continue to visit his grave and deposit thereon a little offering of remembrance, if nothing more than a little tobacco or betel, much as a Christian mourner places a wreath of flowers upon the grave of a loved one. The bows and arrows of the deceased are suspended over his grave on the day of interment, and it is their fond belief that he issues every night from his resting-place to pursue the shadowy hunt in the haunted glades of the forest.

In case of an aged person afflicted with a mortal malady, they don't always wait for him to die before they bury him; but no sooner has the body been deposited in the grave than it becomes necessary, according to their traditions, that his death should be avenged, and accordingly the warriors of the tribe sally forth with lance and arrow to slay the first living creature they encounter, whether man, stag, wild hog, or buffalo. When thus in pursuit of an expiatory victim they take the precaution to break off the young shoots of the shrubs as they pass by and leave the broken ends hanging in the direction of their roots, for the purpose of warning neighbors and travelers to shun the path they are pursuing, for even if one of their own people should fall in their way they would not dare to let him escape. He must suffer for the dead.

This rude people have virtues; they are faithful in marriage, and a man has but one wife. When a young man has selected his future partner, his friends or relatives ask the consent of the girl's parents, and it is always granted. Then the marriage-day is fixed, and in the morning, before sunrise, the maiden is dispatched to the forest, where she conceals herself or not, according as she feels disposed toward her suitor. An hour's grace is allowed, and the young man then goes forth to seek her; and if he succeeds in finding her and bringing her back with him before sunset she is his wife; but if he fails in his search he is required to abandon all further claim to the damsel. It seems it rests largely with the young woman whether she is found or not. If she prefers some other young man to hunt for her all she has to do is to hide thoroughly; but if her suitor is after her mind she will manage to help him find her.

They cherish the greatest respect for old age, and their meetings are always governed by one of the elders. They are remarkable for the agility and address of their movements. They dextrously climb the highest trees, seizing the trunks with both hands and using the soles of the feet as a lever. It is said to be a curious sight to see these children of nature departing on a great hunting expedition; men, women, and children all consort together and issue forth like a troop of ourang-outangs. They are accompanied by one or two small dogs of a peculiar breed, which assist them in following up the prey after it has been wounded.

Among the natural curiosities of the island of Timor is the raised coral reef at Coupong. It rises like a vertical rampart between the beach and the town, and again behind the town to a hight of fully six hundred feet above the sea, spreading over all the adjacent highland and giving it comparatively smooth and level outlines. This coraline limestone, of which this strange elevated track consists, is dark externally, frequently very hard, but white and comparatively soft when broken open. Its surface—both that of the beds and the face of the cliffs—is rugged and porous, having, as coral formations always have, a honey-combed appearance, and, with its imbedded corals and shells, reminding the observer of the great wonders performed by those small animals, which, under the waters of the ocean, work with unceasing industry in building up the large islands which abound in the southern portions of the Indian oceans. All this mighty cliff is the work of this minute form of animal life. The commonest corals here are the beautiful mæandrina, astræa, and porites. Of the shells, those most abundant are the *strombus* and *arca*. The great truth taught by this coral reef is that the central mountain chain was once the only part of the island of Timor raised above the waves, and that it was surrounded by a fringing coral reef. As by the action of the coral insect the chain gradually rose, and the neighboring sea consequently became shallower, this fringing reef was extended on all sides, while portions from time to time were brought above the surface of the ocean until the island attained its present condition—three hundred miles long and forty miles wide. Thus are the changes in nature often accomplished.

RETURN TO JAVA.

I think you will admit that I have talked long enough about what I have not seen, but which information I have obtained from other sources, and that, though a volume would scarcely contain all that is interesting and wonderful about this extensive group of islands, I had better return to the island which I am at present visiting and say something more about it. Let me tell you, then, that Java, in shape, may be likened to a parallelogram, of which the larger portion runs east and west, with a slight inclination to the north at this, the western end. It has withal a crescent shape on its northern line. It measures 630 miles in length, and varies from 35 miles to 126 miles in width. Its total area in round numbers is fifty thousand square miles, or nearly as large as the state of New York.

The average hight of its forty-five volcanoes is said to be about nine thousand feet. Many of these volcanoes are still active, so that along the axis of the island a series of five towers seem to be planted like vast burning beacons to throw their lurid, warm light far athwart the rolling billows of the Indian Ocean. These peaks, owing to the fertility of the soil and the humidity of the atmosphere, are green with produce almost to their very summits, so that perhaps it has been justly said that while the mountains of Java are more lovely than those of many other countries, they are not so strikingly grand and picturesque. The form of the volcanoes is even and regular, like a pyramid, but devoid of that wild ruggedness and grandeur often found in mountains of other kinds.

These Javan volcanoes have all names, with the altitude given they severally attain to, as well as the province in which they are located, but they are strange, hard names, and it is hardly worth while to repeat them. I will say, however, that the tallest one is called Slamat, and is 12,300 feet high. These volcanoes display all the phenomena of igneous action except lava streams, which do not occur in Java. The active craters are said to be remarkable for the quantity of sulphur and sulphurous vapors which they discharge. The crater of Taschem contains a lake, about a quarter of a mile in length, from which issues a stream so strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid that no forms of life can exist in it, and even fish cannot live in the sea near its mouth. Near Butar, an extinct volcano, about half a mile in circuit, is known as "the Vale of Poison," or *Guevo-Upas*. No living creature can enter it with safety, and it is said that the soil is strewn with the carcasses of birds, deer, and other animals killed by the fatal carbonic acid gas which accumulates in the hollow of this deadly valley. So if the deadly "upas-tree" of which we have heard so much proves to be a myth, there is no doubt about the deadly valley being fatal enough to kill any being who penetrates into it.

Michelet has considerable to say about Java. He says it is dowered with fires. "Notwithstanding its limited area, it possesses as many volcanoes as the entire American continent." And to these he says, we must add its liquid volcanoes, its vein of somber azure, which the Javanese call the "Black River." This is the great equatorial current, which in its northerly course warms the Asiatic seas, is remarkable for its muddiness, and tastes salter than human blood. A hot sea, a torrid sun, volcanic fire, volcanic life. Not a day passes but what a tempest breaks out among the Blue Mountains, with lightning so vivid that the eye cannot endure to gaze at it. Torrents of electric rain intoxicate earth and madden vegetation. The very forests, smoking with wreathed vapors in the burning sun, seem as many additional volcanoes situated midway on the mountain slopes. In the loftier regions they are frequently inaccessible, and sometimes so thickly intermingled, so dense, so gloomy, that the traveler who penetrates them must carry torches even at noonday. Nature, without an eye to watch her, celebrates these her 'orgies of vegetation,' and creates her river monsters and colossi. Stemless *rhizantheæ* seize on the roots of a tree, and gorge themselves with its pith and vitality. Some species measure six feet in circumference. Their splendor, shining in the deep night of the forest, astonishes, nay, almost terrifies the beholder. These children of the darkness owe nothing of their resplendent coloring to the light. Flourishing low down in the warm vapors, and fattened by the breath of the earth, they seem to be its luxurious dreams, its strange eëry phantasies of desire."

Michelet continues: "Java has two faces. The southern wears already the aspect of Oceanica, enjoys a pure air, and is surrounded by rocks all alive with polypus and madrepores. To the north, however, it is still India—India with all it inherits of unhealthiness; a black alluvial soil fermenting with the deadly travail of nature reacting on herself—with the work of combination and decomposition. Its inhabitants have been compelled to abandon the once opulent town of Bantam, which is now a mass of ruins. Superb Batavia is one triumphant cemetery. In less than thirty years—from 1730 to 1752—it swallowed up a million human lives; sixty thousand in a twelve-month (1750)! And though it is not so terrible now, its atmosphere has not been purified to any considerable extent. The animals of the primeval world which live forgotten in its bosom are remarkable, it seems, for their funeral aspect. In the evening enormous hairy bats, such as are found nowhere else, flutter to and fro. By day, and even at noon, the strange flying dragon (a huge flying lizard—*draco*), that memorial of a remote epoch, when the serpent was endowed with wings, does not hesitate to make its appearance. Numerous black animals exist, which agree in color with the black basalt of the mountains. And black, too, is the tiger, that terrible destroyer, which as late as 1830 devoured annually three hundred lives!

"The double mountain chain which forms the backbone of Java is intersected by numerous internal, concentrated, and sheltered valleys. Hundreds of lateral valleys, running in an opposite direction, vary the spectacle. This diversity of surface insures a corresponding diversity of vegetation. The soil in the lowlands is madreporic, and was once alive. At a higher level it has a foundation of granite, loaded with the fertile ruins and hot debris of the volcanoes. The whole is a vast ascending scale which, from sea to mountain, presents six different climates, rising from the marine flora and the flora of the marshes to the Alpine flora. A superb amphitheater, rich and abundant at every gradation, bearing the dominant plants, and those transitional forms which lead up from one to the other; and lead so ingeniously that, without any lacuna or abrupt leap, we are carried onward, and vainly endeavor to trace between the six climates any rigorous lines of demarcation. In the lowlands, facing India and the boiling caldron of the ocean, the mangrove absorbs the vapor; but towards Oceanica, and the region of the thousand isles, the cocoanut-tree rises, with its foot in the emerald wave, and its crest lightly rocking in the full, fresh breeze. The palm is here of little value. Above its bamboo and resinous trees Java wears a magnificent girdle or zone of forest; a forest wholly composed of teak—the oak of oaks, the finest wood in the world—indestructible teak! It boasts also of a gigantic plane, the superb *liquid amber*. Here every kind of food and all the provisions of the five worlds superabound. The rice, maize, figs, and bananas of Hindostan, the pears of China, the apples of Japan, flourish in company with the peach, pineapple, and orange of Europe; aye, and even with the strawberry, which extends its growth along the banks of the stream. All this is the innocence of nature. But side by side with it prevails another and more formidable world; that of the higher vegetable energies, the plants of temptation, seductive, yet fatal, which double the pleasures, while shortening the duration of life. At present they reign throughout the earth from pole to pole. They make and they unmake nations. The least of these terrible spirits has wrought a greater change in the globe than any war. They have in man the volcanic fires; and a soul, a violent spirit, which is indefinable, which seems less a human thing than a creature of the planet. They have effected a revolution which, above all, has changed our idea of time. Tobacco kills the hours, and renders them insensible. Coffee shortens them by the stimulus it affords the brain; it convert them into minutes. Foremost among the sources of intoxication to which man unhappily resorts, we must name alcohol. Eight species of the sugar-cane which thrive in Java abundantly supply this agent of delirium and of forcible feebleness. No less abundantly flourishes tobacco, the herb of dreams, which has enshrouded the world in its misty vapors. Fortunately Java also produces immense supplies of its antidote, coffee. It is this which contends against tobacco, and supplies the place of alcohol. The island of Java alone furnishes a fourth of all the coffee drunk by man; and a coffee, too, of fine quality, when it has been dried sufficiently without any fear of reducing its weight. Formerly Java and its neighboring lands were known as "spice islands" only, and as producing freely violent drugs and medicinal poisons. Frightful stories were circulated of its deadly plants, the juice of which was a mortal venom; and of the *guevo-upas*, which but to touch was death.

"He who would see the East in all the fulness of its magical, voluptuous, and sinister forces, should explore the great bazars of Java. There the curious jewels wrought by the cuuning Indian hand are exposed to the desires of woman, temptation, and the cost of pleasures. There, too, may be seen another seductive agency, the vegetable fury of the burning and scorching plains which is so eagerly sought after, the perfumes of terrible herbs and flowers as yet unnamed. Marvelous and profound the night in its sweet repose, after the violent heats of the day! But be cautious in your enjoyment of it; as it grows old you breathe death! Take note of this: the peculiarity that gives to these brilliant bazars so curious an effect is that all the thronging crowds are dusky with dark complexions, and all the animals are black. The contrast is singular in this land of glowing light. The heat seems to have burned up everything and tinted each object with shadow. The little horses as they gallop past you seem but so many flashes of darkness. The buffaloes, slowly arriving, loaded with fruit and flowers, with the most radiant gifts of life, all wear a livery of bluish black. Beware of this time of night not to wander too far, or to ramble in the higher grounds, lest you should encounter the black panther, whose green eyes illumine the obscurity with a terrific glare! And,

who knows?—the splendid tyrant of the forest, the black tiger, may have begun his midnight prowl; that formidable phantom which the Malays of Java believe to be the spirit of death."

From these glowing passages of description the reader cannot fail to gather up such details as will assist him to realize for himself this dazzling, fertile, beautiful, terrible Java—its blazing volcanoes, its rich mountain valleys, its immense forests, and its luxuriant gardens, with all their exuberant abundance of fruits and blossoms.

The population of Java is between two and three millions, the larger portion of whom are Malays and believers in the religion of the prophet, though a portion are Buddhists. There are a good many Chinese on the island, 10,000 being in Batavia alone. There are 5,000 Europeans (chiefly Dutch) in this city, with some more in other parts of the island.

The principal exports are coffee, rice, sugar, nutmegs, mace, cloves, tin, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, pepper, pimento, tobacco, cocoanuts, cocoanut soap, etc. The total value of these exports amount to some $30,000,000 per year.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF JAVA.

Among these are the hot springs or lakes. A noted one is on the mountain Dieng, not a lovely place to look at, so said, but abounding in many interesting features. After reaching the summit of Prau Mountain a descent of a hundred feet has to be made into the dreary valley of the Dieng, a valley measuring about a mile in circumference and shut in by a semicircle of black, jagged, irregular hills. Here on its marshy area, among scattered blocks of stone, lie the ruins of five small temples, built with hewn slabs or stone and sparsely ornamented with rude carvings. A broken causeway in the rear of these shattered memorials of an ancient creed leads to a larger temple on the brow of the hill, and thence the path leads along to the shallow milky basin of the Tologo Lin, a small caldron of water which is eternally seething and bubbling under the influence of volcanic heat and emitting dense clouds of steam. Just beyond, at the extremity of a dark hollow, the earth throws off a considerable amount of carbonic-acid gas. It is usual for the native guide to prove the deleterious quality of this gas at the cost of the lives of two chickens. When thrown into the fatal chasm the head and neck of the victims are suddenly convulsed, and, flapping their wings in agony, they roll over and expire.

It is stated that the Javanese, when in a state of despair, resort there to decide their fate. They lie down near the lake to pass the night, and if they live until morning they take it for granted that a favorable turn in their affairs is just ahead. But if they chance to expire from the effects of the gas through the night the man's death is attributed to the vengeance of Pangooroo, an evil spirit.

Another of these volcanic lakes is Chondero di Mocco. It covers but about twenty feet of space, and is, in fact, a small pool of boiling water, with an outlet into a small rill which winds around like a line of vapor. In the center the water rises in three or four jets about five feet high, and throws around a spray of boiling water. The banks consist of a soft, hot mud, sulphurious deposits, and small blocks of limestone which, in course of time, have been ejected by the restless waters of the boiling pool.

About a mile in an opposite direction beyond Dieng lies the Talogo Warno, a many-colored, reed-fringed lake, at the base of the Brambanan Mountains, and about nine hundred feet in length. Here the waters gleam with all the colors of the rainbow, a bright yellow at one point and an emerald green at another; here a beautiful azure and there a delicate rose; there orange and milky white—all these hues blending and merging into each other as softly and gradually as the tints of a hummingbird's plumage. The cause of this extraordinary phenomenon is not given, but probably it arises from certain qualities in the water or in the soil, as it cannot arise from the atmosphere, as the atmosphere is the same over that spot as all around it.

Another hot, muddy valley is at Kawa Kiwung. Here the water is constantly kept at the boiling heat by the heat below. Everywhere in the vicinity the ground is impregnated with sulphur, and sulphurious gases exude from the same into the air. Boiling springs seethe and hiss in almost every hollow. Under the surface is heard a continuous reverberation, as if the earth were in the throes of mortal agony. Those who believe in the existence of the kingdoms of Old Nick have but to visit this locality to feel pretty sure that they have found it. They will feel as the Dutchman did when he stopped to water his horses at a noted hot springs in our country. He was thunderstruck to find the water was hot, and immediately called out to his son who was driving, "O Shon, Shon, drive on mit all your might, for pe sure, Shon, hell is not one mile from this place."

ANTIQUITIES OF JAVA.

Java, like many of the other countries I have visited, seems to be able to boast of antiquities. At Singha Sari, situated at the threshold of a venerable wood, are the ruins of six principal structures of hewn stone, and also the base of a circular tower. Here are numerous large and small figures, with various fragments of sculpture and statuary scattered around in all directions. Three of these structures are quadrangular temples, rising by successive stages to a topmost shrine, which contains several large statues more or less defaced. The ground plan of the largest temple measures 93x36 feet. They are without piazzas, but along the sides are carved ornamental markings, and niches and pedestals for statues, and some figures in *alto-relievo*.

Two of the other buildings are in similar style, but smaller in size, and are thought to have been designed for tombs. The sixth structure consists merely of two solid blocks of half-ruined masonry, and were perhaps a part of the gateway opening into the sacred inclosure. On each side stands a colossal figure—one a male and the other a female—of bulky proportions and savage aspect, scantily attired, and each wreathed around with a huge serpent. They kneel on one knee, with the breast and body leaning on the other, while one hand rests on a large square-headed club, elaborately carved. The right hand of the male figure is lifted and turned outward, with two or three fingers erect, as if forbidding the approach of an intruder, or to command silence. Each figure wears a sort of crown. The eyeballs protrude as if in anger; deep frowns with sunken lines mark the forehead, and from each side of the mouth inclines downward a large tusk. The male figure is twelve feet high. Each figure is sculptured out of the solid rock—a close-grained, grey, porphyritic trachyte. The workmanship is admirable, every line being cleanly and smoothly cut, while all the folds of the skin are artistically presented. A beautiful bull is also carved in stone, being about four feet long. Here are human figures with elephants' heads, an admirably wrought fragment of a chariot drawn by several horses abreast, and the figures of Hindoo deities, each three-headed, or four-handed, and with several pairs of arms.

There can be but little doubt that these temples and statues are Hindoo, though it is thought they show a degree of refinement and delicacy which is deficient in many Indian mythologic sculptures. It cannot be told at what date this work was executed, but that they are works of considerable antiquity is admitted; and it is a question what has become of the Hindoos who composed the colony at that time. If they remained here they have become so incorporated with the Malays as to be no longer traceable.

It is justly claimed that the ruling minds which selected the site of these temples must have been inspired by lofty sympathies and have possessed as keen a sense of the beauties of nature as any Hellenic philosopher or priest. The antiquities are remarkable, and so is the scenery by which they are surrounded. They occupy the summit of a knoll, which overlooks the broad plain-valley of Malang. On the right hand, toward the southwest, rises the picturesque group of the Kawi hills, whence a grassy but broken and ragged ridge extends northward to the mighty mass of Mount Arjuno, which, with its peaked summit and wooded declivities, occupies all the northwestern quarter of the horizon. Through a low gap in the north access is obtained to the surf-beaten line of the northern coast, with its populous towns and ample harbors. Toward the east is the gigantic ridge of the Tongger, with all its spires and pinnacles and pyramids, gradually increasing in elevation until it reaches its loftiest points in the noble colossal forms of the Bromo and the Ider-Ider, from which it curves gracefully toward the southeast and the beautiful cone of the Semiru. The chord of this magnificent amphitheater, or the distance from Semiru to the Kawi, cannot be less than forty miles in length, and is formed by low undulating ridges, which shine in the full glory of the tropical sun.

There was undoubtedly a time when the temples were frequented; when Hindoo priests stood there and ministered. All the country round is studded with busy cities, adorned with palaces, echoing with the hum of active life. The vision of a Hindoo kingdom, once powerful and opulent and civilized, which flourished for centuries in this beautiful Java, rises before the beholder. That such a kingdom did exist cannot be doubted; its traces are seen in the ruins scattered over the surface of the Malang valley, in the huge piles of brick now half concealed among the forests, in the ancient causeways still used as the principal roads of the country, and in the remains of the massive walls which stretch from the southern side of Mount Kawi to the sea, fortifying the valley of Kediri, and thus protecting the chief access to the plain of Malang from the west. These structures are far beyond the capabilities of the present native population of Jarva, at least without Eurpean aid, and point unmistakably to the existence of a people here among whom the arts and sciences had made much progress. Yet the history of this people is wholly unknown, as well as the calamities which befell them. This may all have occurred five hundred years ago, a thousand, or more.

Mr. Crawford, in his history of the Indian archipelago, describes the ruins of Java as consisting of temples, images, and inscriptions, and the first-named he divides into four classes: First, large groups of small temples, of hewn stone, each occupied by a statue; second, single temples of great size, of hewn stone, consisting of a series of inclosures, the whole occupying the summit of a hill, and without any concavity or excavation; third, single temples, constructed of brick and mortar, with an excavation similar to the individual temples of the first class; and fourth, rude temples, of hewn stone, of more recent construction than any of the rest. To these particulars may be added a notice of the ruins of Brambanan, which are situated almost in the center of the island, between the native capitals of Djokokerta and Surakerta. Here are found the temples of Loro-Jongran and Chandi-Sewa. The former comprises six large and fourteen small temples. They are now a mass of broken ruins, but it is thought the largest were not less than ninety feet in hight. All were built of solid stone, profusely decorated with carvings and bas reliefs, and adorned with numerous statues, many of which remain entire. The group at Chandi Sewa, or the "one thousand temples," occupies an oblong area measuring six hundred feet in length and five hundred and fifty feet in breadth. This area is covered with five rows of temples; in the outer row, eighty-four; in the second, seventy-six; in the third, sixty-four; in the fourth, forty-four; while the fifth forms an inner parallelogram of twenty-eight temples. Each temple is pyramidal in structure, and consists of large blocks of hewn stone. Each of the smaller ones contained a figure of Buddha, and the chief and central buildings figures of the principal objects of Hindoo worship, all of colossal size and admirable execution.

In reference to these sculptures and decorations, Mr. Crawford remarks that: "First, the scenery, the figures, the faces, and costumes are not native, but those of western India. In the human figures, the faces are characterized by the strongest features of the Hindoo countenance. Many of these are even seen with bushy beards, an ornament of the face denied by nature to all the Indian islanders. The loins are seen girt after the manner now practiced in India, a custom unknown to the Javanese, or any other people of the archipelago. The armor worn is not less characteristic. The spear, the kris, and the blow-pipe for discharging the poisoned arrow, in all ages the weapons of the Indian islanders, are nowhere delineated in the temples; but, instead of them, we have the straight sword and shield, the bow and arrow, and the club. The combatants, when mounted, are conveyed in cars or on elephants—both these modes of conveyance of foreign custom, for the elephant is not a native of Java, and the nature of the country precluded the use of wheeled carriages. Second, there is not a gross, indecent, or licentious representation throughout, and very little, indeed, of what is grotesque or absurd; and third, we discover no very pointed nor very distinct allusion in the scriptures to the more characteristic and unequivocal features of Hindooism."

VOLCANO WORSHIP.

D'Almeida, in "Life in Java," gives an account of the form of worship paid to Bromoke, one of the largest volcanoes on the island. As almost everything else in nature has by some people been worshiped as a god, perhaps there is equally good reasons for worshiping a volcano. It is surely one of the grandest and most imposing of the phenomena in nature, and to those who are worshipfully inclined it may be an appropriate object of adoration. I draw from D'Almeida. This volcano is situated some three miles from the town of Tosari, and forming one of the chain of green wooded hills and mountains among which it rises a barren cone, crowned by volumes of smoke and vapor. Its ascent has been frequently accomplished. The path leads up extensive slopes covered with a tall, yellow grass to the Mungal, an enormous extinct crater, reported to be the largest in the world. Here is easily observed a cluster of mountains something more than two miles away, the foremost of which is Batok—that is, "the Bald," from its barren summit, for its declivities are well clothed with herbage. It is conically shaped, and its sides are marked with deep grooves, showing the course taken by the lava streams in its whilom period of activity. To the right, a little in the rear, extends the sharp-pointed chain of the Dedari and Widadaren, or "dwelling of fairies;" while on the left, wreathed about with smoke-clouds, which partly conceal its bulk, groans the Bromok, a dark and dreary object in a picture of surpassing brightness.

The track now descends into the crater, and crosses its sandy floor; the Dasar—or as it is appropriately called, the "Sandy Sea"—where not a tree or shrub is visible, and the only signs of vegetation are a few patches of dried and scrubby grass. The surface, moreover, is curiously corrugated or ridged, like the sea sand at the ebb of tide, and the whole landscape is as full of gloom as the waters of the African Sahara.

The form of the Bromok is that of a truncated cone. From one of its sides project numerous singular masses, or mounds of mud and sand, incrusted in a baked clay like red lava. Some of these mounds have been wasted by the tropical rains, which have channeled the sandy sea with deep, broad fissures;

while others, still supplied with liquid matter from the volcanoes, are encroaching on the Dasar, and covering that portion of it in the immediate neighborhood of the crater. Embodied in these mounds are large blocks of lime and ironstone; also large black stones veined like marble and glittering like granite. These, as well as the scoria, which abound in every direction, are supposed to have been ejected at the last eruption of the volcano.

On ascending to the summit of the ridge, and gazing into the abyss of the crater, one is filled with awe and wonder. The reality before him far surpasses in horror the most frightful of the scenes which Dante has drawn in his Inferno. Terrific sounds like groans and shrieks and yells issue from those depths, while a yawning pit in the center belches out dense volumes of sulphurous smoke. The inner crater forms a large basin about three hundred and fifty feet in diameter, with irregular, broken sides, descending to a depth of two hundred and fifty feet. The sides, as well as the bottom, are sulphurous matter. Such is the Bromok. Let us now join the procession of pilgrims to visit this terrible place of worship.

The scene presented on such an occasion by the Sandy Sea is a striking contrast to its ordinary appearance of desolation. Groups of pilgrims are scattered over its surface; some eating, some praying, others singing, laughing, talking, chaffering. Men are selling and finding a ready sale for amulets, charms, and volcanic stones, which are vouched to be remedies for every human ill. Provisions of all kinds are abundant, and are displayed for sale on roughly constructed stands—a plank or two supported on stout poles. Wodonos and mantries, with their small suite of followers, parade up and down, gaily dressed, their burnished krisses glittering amidst the folds of their sarong. Old men and old women, who have come to pay their last respects to the awful shrine, are moving feebly along. They watch with eyes of delight the frolics of their grandchildren, for there seems no end of juveniles, from the screaming babe in arms to the romping child.

About twenty mats are ranged in a row at one part of the Sandy Sea, and on each a young priest kneels, having before him a box of myrrh, aloes, frankincense, and other spices, which are sold for offerings. At right angles run another row, with the same number of priests, all kneeling in the Arab fashion, their bodies sitting back and resting on the calves of the legs. These are older than the former group, and may be regarded as the patriarchs of their respective villages. Behind each stands a payong-bearer, shading his master from the sun by a large umbrella. Their dress consists of a white gown, worn over the sarong, which is fastened to the waist by a broad red belt. Over the soulders depend two bands of yellow silk, bound with scarlet, with tassels of gold coins flaunting from the ends. A large turban, adorned with gay silken scarfs, forms the headdress. In front of each priest are spread small baskets made of plantain leaves, containing incense, sandalwood chips, and other preparations; wooden censers, throwing forth jets of aromatic smoke, and vessels of plaited rattan for holding water.

At a short distance from the priests gathers the motley crowd, waiting for the consecrated offerings, which have been deposited on bamboo stands. These consist of cocoanuts, plantains, pineapples, mangoes, and other fruit; of baskets of recently fledged chickens; of trays loaded with all kinds of cakes; of strips of silk and calico; and coins of gold, silver, and copper.

Some minutes having been spent in prayer, each priest dips his *goupillon* or cup into the vessel of water before him, mutters a few unintelligible words, and sprinkles the offerings as they are brought to him. Then all the holy men bow their heads and repeat a prayer in a loud and distinct voice. The oldest rises up, followed in succession by his sacerdotal companions, uttering words sounding like "*Ayo, ayo, Bromok*," meaning "Forward, forward, to the Bromok." At this signal the whole multitude hastens to the edge of the crater, and he who first gains the ridge believes himself the favorite of fortune and certain to have "good luck." Every now and then some of the older priests come to a halt, spread their mats, and prostrate themselves in prayer for five or ten minutes, thus earning a reputation for special saintliness, and at the same time securing an interval of rest—two pretty good-sized birds brought down with one stone.

The summit of the volcano being gained, the various families and individuals again present their offerings to the priests, who, after mumbling over them a few additional words, tumble them down the crater, each person repeating some prayer or wish; and so the ceremony of worshiping Bromok in concluded. The crowd then descends from the volcano to indulge in a variety of games and pastimes; and towards evening everybody returns home, and the Sea of Sand regains its normal aspect of dreariness and solitude.

MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Owing to its mountainous character Java has no navigable rivers; but it is watered by many shallow streams, which carry brightness and fertility along with them in their rapid course. These may be ascended some distance with the boats of the natives; but only the Solo, Kediri, Tjemanock, and Tjearoun are open to vessels of any considerable burthen.

Much of the charm of Javanese landscape of course lies in the extraordinary richness of its vegetation, which clothes every valley side and every mountain hight with masses of diversified foliage. This richness cannot be wondered at when the presence of such quantities of decomposed volcanic rock, with limestone and sandstone, is remembered, and that it is abundantly watered by frequent rains, and that the climate exhibits a remarkable range of temperature. At an elevation of 6,000 feet the thermometer does not rise above sixty degrees; in the plains, during the day, it ascends from eighty-five to ninety-four degrees; and during the night, from seventy-three to eighty degrees. The character of the natural products of the island is necessarily affected by this variation of temperature. On the plains and moist warm valleys the growth of the tropics are profuse, while on breezy mountain hights are the products of the temperate zone. The coast, which in some places is fringed with coral reefs, is generally lined with feathery groves of cocoanut-trees. Inland spread vast fields of rice, extending up the sides of the hills and irrigated by a multitude of artificial water-courses. Two or three crops of this are made per year. Hedges and fences of fruit trees here and there inclose the Javanese villages, in which the huts are built of bamboo, and with their high-pitched roofs and quaint construction. The white buildings and tall chimney of a sugar mill occasionally diversify the prospect; the open fields are skirted by rows of bamboos, and the straight and well-kept roads run through monotonous avenues of tamarind-trees. At each mile is a queer little wooden guard-house where a policeman is stationed, who communicates with his fellow policemen by means of a gong; and the dim of that discordant instrument frequently arouses the echoes of the quiet country. The coffee crops are chiefly cultivated on the moderate hills, not on the plains nor the mountain tops.

At some distance inland are the remains of several deserted cities now given over to the wild bull and tiger, and in the wild recesses of the forest still are found an occasional colossal statue of a god or one of the ancient temples like those already described. Once is found a dome fifty feet in diameter and surrounded by a triple circle of seventy-two towers, covering with its terraced walls the entire slope of a hill. Such magnificent specimens of human industry and of ancient science are seldom crowded together in so small a compass. The building is six hundred and twenty feet square and one hundred feet in hight. The terrace walls are adorned with four hundred niches, each containing a cross-legged figure larger than life, and with a succession of bas-reliefs carved in stone, occupying in all an extent of three miles.

The terrace cultivation practiced here is worthy of notice. The slopes of the valleys and their branches are being everywhere cultivated in terraces, as in Ceylon, up to a considerable hight, which, as they wend round the flanks of the hills, produce all the effect of stately amphitheaters. Hundreds of square miles of country are thus terraced, and, as has been remarked, convey a striking idea of the industry of the people and the antiquity of their civilization. These platforms are annually extended as the population increases, the inhabitants of each village worksing in concert under the direction of their chief; and it is by this system of village-culture that such immense areas of terrace and irrigating canals have been rendered possible.

Let us look a little more at the vegetation of the mountain ranges. Tne bases are covered with vast forests of different species of the fig-tree tribe, some of which seem allied to the Indian banyan. All are interlaced and bound together by creepers and trailing parasites, and are remarkable for their immense hight, "so that their over-arching foliage glimmers like a green mist—their milky sap, their fruit, and their far-spreading branches." At about the same hight above the sea grow noble trees of different families, and with almost unpronounceable names—their boughs embellished with fantastic orchids, and their trunks covered with such parasites as pepper, mistletoe, loroanthus, nepenthes, pothos, etc., while in among the low undergrowth rise grand aborescent ferns of surpassing beauty. Here are found the vaquois-tree, a species of pandanus or screw-pine, but in stature and character resembling the palms. Higher up are the palm-like liquid ambers, their tall and stately stems clasped round by tenacious parasites; also rattans and rubiaceæ, some of the latter, however, offending the air with a noxious, fetid odor. From a hight of five thousand feet is passed through a truly virgin forest, the trees being as tall as the highest masts, and surrounded by a dense growth of herbaceous plants, tree-ferns, and shrubby vegetation. Of the ferns the variety seems inexhaustable, as many as three hundred species having been found on one mountain. Next in course the chestnuts and oaks are reached, rhododendrons, the dammar pine, numerous species of glossy-leaved laurels, sweet-scented myrtles, gorgeous magnolias, melastomas, eugenias, while through the verdurous gloom flashes the silver of a leaping and tumbling brook, and brightness is given to the scene by the splendid foliage of the broad-leaved musaceæ and zingiberaceæ, with their curious and resplendent flowers. The new forms of growth which constantly meet the eye are enough to tire it with their endless variety, and it is impossible to fully appreciate it as it discovers such a wonderful profusion of luxurious vegetation.

At six thousand feet raspberries abound, and thence to the summit of the lofty mountains three species of edible *rubus* (raspberry and blackberry) are found. At seven thousand feet cypresses appear, and here the forest trees lose somewhat their stateliness of character, and mosses and lichens take the place of the ferns and lycopods. From this point upward they increase rapidly, so that the blocks of rock and scoria that compose the mountain slope are completely hidden by the mossy vegetation. The pretty heaths, especially the white-haired vacciniæ, are also abundant. At eight hundred feet the landscape becomes European or American, and one can see such familiar acquaintances as the honeysuckles, St. John's wort, and Guilder-rose. At nine thousand feet is found the rare and lovely cowslip (*primula imperialis*), which is peculiar to Java. It has a tall, stout stem, sometimes more than three feet in hight; it bears several whorls of cowslip flowers instead of a terminal cluster like those of Europe. The forest trees, gnarled and dwarfed to the size of mere bushes, creep up to the very rim of the mountain crater, while thickets of shrubbery, *artemesias* and *gnaphaliums*, growing six feet high, are abundant. Here also are buttercups, violets, whortleberries, and, not to be omitted, sow-thistles, chickweed, white and yellow crosswort, plantain, and annual grasses.

Mr. Wallace furnishes the following explanation of the extraordinary fact that on lonely mountain peaks in an island close to the equator should bloom a vegetation so closely similar to that of Europe, while in the plains below, and all the lowlands for thousands of miles around, thrives a flower of a totally different character. The violet and the wood sorrel of the English woods adorn the lofty volcano cone, at the base of which flourishes the fig-tree or the cocoanut palm. Thus in the course of a few thousand feet the traveler seems to pass, as it were, from the latitude of the rich tropical islands to that of the soberer European vales and pastures. It is said that the peak of Teneriffe, though it rises to a greater hight and is nearer Europe than any of the Javanese mountains, contains no such Alpine flora; neither do the mountains of Bourbon and Mauritius. The case of the volcanic peaks of Java is, therefore, to a certain extent, exceptional; but, as Prof. Wallace observes, there are several analogous, if not exactly parallel, cases that will assist in obtaining an understanding how the phenomena may have been brought about. For instance, the higher peaks of the Alps, and even of the Pyrenees, contain a number of plants absolutely identical with those of Lapland not to be discovered in the intervening plains. On the summit of the White Mountains, in our own country, every plant is identical with species growing in Labrador.

Now not one of these cases can be explained by a reference to the ordinary methods in which seeds are carried from place to place. Most of the plants yield seeds so heavy that the wind could not possibly transport them such immense distances; and the agency of birds is out of the question when the immense elevation at which the plants are found is remembered. In the face of such difficulties, some naturalists have put forward the theory that these species were all separately created twice over on these distant peaks. This is not a very wild theory, perhaps, if the idea of a special creation is only set aside. The same causes that produce a given result in any one case will produce like results again when all the conditions are the same. So that the causes that produced a certain plant on the White Mountains, under precisely the same conditions would produce the same plant in Labrador. Why not? But another explanation, and perhaps the true one, is found in the existence of the Glacial age—an age when the mountains of Wales and other parts of the globe were covered with those huge ice-rivers called glaciers, and the mountainous parts of Central Europe, and much of America north of the great lakes, were dreary regions of ice and snow, with a climate resembling that of Labrador and Greenland at the present day. In that age all the countries referred to must necessarily have borne an Arctic flora. As the Glacial period passed away, and the ice and snow receded up the mountain slopes, or retired toward the North Pole, the plants also receded, "always clinging as now to the margins of the perpetual snow-line," above which snow never melts. The Glacial period theory hardly shows that plants or their seeds were conveyed from the White Mountains to Labrador, but the fair inference is that a similar climate, in a similar atmosphere—in short, similar causes all around, produced the same result in one place as the other. It is not to be supposed that all vegetable life originated in one germ, or that animal life all sprang from one germ, or that

even all plants or animals of the same class, order, genera, or species must necessarily come from one germ or one beginning. Nature is abundantly able to repeat her operations, and there is no reason why the same plant or the same animal should have been brought into existence in hundreds of places. It is absurd to think that the Western hemisphere was dependent for vegetable and animal life upon "seed" obtained from the Eastern hemisphere, or the Southern upon the Northern.

The same causes must, under the same circumstances and the same laws, always produce the same effects. When all the conditions are favorable for inorganic matter to produce low forms of organic life, that result will be sure to take place; and in that view of the case it is no more wonderful for grass to be produced and to grow in Patagonia than in Greenland, and the same with all vegetable and animal forms of life. All are the result of natural causes, acting under favorable conditions; and when those causes and conditions exist they will be very likely to act.

It may be said with respect to the Javanese flora that many of the *genera* are identical with those of Europe, but not the *species*. Prof. Wallace explains it in this way: "During the greatest severity of the Glacial age 'temperate forms' of plants will have found their way to the confines of the tropics; but on its departure they would, of course, retreat up the southern mountains in quest of the climatic conditions necessary for their existence. But in such circumstances, and owing to the lapse of time that must have taken place, many of the plants would undergo such modifications as to become distinct species." Darwin also treats the subject in a similar way and at much length in his "Origin of Species."

Another objection, according to Prof. Wallace, may be urged that "a wide expanse of sea between Java and the continent would effectually prevent the immigration of temperate forms of plants during the Glacial epoch." But to this objection the reply is made that the former connection of Java with Asia is proved by abundant evidence. "The most striking proof of such a junction is that the great mammalia of Java, the rhinoceros, the tiger, and the banting, or wild ox, occur also in Siam and Burmah, and these certainly could not have been introduced by man. The Javanese peacock and several other birds are also common in these two countries; but in the majority of cases the species are distinct, though closely allied, indicating that a considerable time (required for such modification) has elapsed since the separation, while it has not been so long as to cause an entire change. Now this exactly corresponds with the time we should require since the temperate forms of plants entered Java. These are almost now distinct species; but the changed conditions under which they are now forced to exist, and the probability of some of them having since died out on the continent of India, sufficiently account for the Javanese species being different."

I have perhaps already said enough about the animals and birds of Java, but I will detain you enough longer to give the names of the most abundant varieties. The number of Javanese mammals is one hundred. Among these are the rhinoceros, tiger-cat, panther, royal tiger, wild hog (two varieties), napa, or musk deer, wild ox, gibbon, and numerous other apes; lemur (two kinds); of bats a great number, the largest of which measure seven feet across the wings, and live principally on fruit; civets (two kinds).

Of the feathered tribes there the Javan peacock, measuring often seven feet in length (including tail, of course), thrushes, flock-birds, jungle-fowls, king-fishers, hornbills, lorikeets, woodpeckers, etc. There seem to be no very fine singers among them, but everything must not be expected of one island.

I will not attempt to give you much of the history of Java, and for two reasons; the first is I do not know very much about it, and the next because I do not suppose you would care very much about it if I did. The Dutch came in possession of it somewhere about the year 1600, not far from the time when they were so busily extending their enterprise and possessions here in the East, and they held it in peace till the time when Holland allied herself with the fortunes of Napoleon, when the English became not only the enemies of France but Holland as well, and during that time took Java from the French and Dutch. But England held the island but six years—from 1810 to 1816, when, after Napoleon was sent to Helena to die, by a treaty Java was given back to the Dutch. She, however, did not return Ceylon nor the cape settlements in the south of Africa, which were originally Dutch settlements. The Transvaal is especially Dutch, and the Boers who recently withstood England so valiantly are the descendants of the Dutch settlers.

Holland has found much profit in Java; the soil is so fertile, and the climate so favorable, that abundant crops are produced. The land is all held by the government, and the natives are required to pay a large rental. The government is heavy upon them in the way of taxation. The larger share of the land is rented out by the government to natives and planters on terms of seventy-five years, during which time the lease for the unexpired time can be transferred. Besides a heavy rent to the government, the Dutch have to pay the taxes, which are by no means light, all amounting to so much that the natives are to some extent precluded from being tillers of the soil; to such extent, at least, as I am informed, that considerable land lies unoccupied. In this way the avarice of the government defeats itself. The government plants a good deal of land in coffee, the work being done, of course, by natives, but the government is hard upon them. When dealers are paying forty guldens (sixteen dollars of our money) per picul for coffee, the natives are compelled to sell it to the government for fourteen guldens. I think one hundred and twenty-five pounds constitute a picul. The government thus produces coffee valued at 42,000,000 guldens annually, while by private planters it amounts to 24,000,000. The other crops exported are as follows: Sugar, 191,000,000 guldens; tobacco, 11,100,000; tea, 2,600,000; indigo, 365,000. I think considerable rice is exported, but I am not sure. It is grown very extensively, but a very large amount is required for home consumption.

The Java government is wholly appointed by the home government of Holland. The governor-general's term is five years, and his salary is 160,000 guldens per year, besides what he can manage to pick up in other ways. The island is divided into twenty-two provinces or districts, and at the head of each is a "resident" who receives from 15,000 to 20,000 guldens per year, with a certain percentage of the revenue collected. Under these officials the natives are employed in various capacities, so that all laws and communications directly to the natives are done through native intermediates. The natives are said to be very faithful in such charges intrusted to them. The annual profits accruing to the government amount to from ten to twenty million guldens, though within the last year or two depressed prices of coffee, etc., has reduced this sum not a little.

The military force on the island is about 15,000, one-third of whom are Europeans, the balance native troops. The Dutch pursue a different course from the English by mixing the Europeans in all the regiments, so there is no regiment but what has about one-third Dutch or Europeans, and in this way danger from mutiny is greatly averted. Had the English pursued this course in India the mutiny of 1857 would hardly have taken place. I think the Dutch place themselves more on an equality with the natives than the English are fond of doing. The English are prouder and more haughty than the Dutch, and though they afford quite as good a government for the natives as do the Dutch they are less loved by the natives.

I was surprised to learn the population of Java is nearly 20,000,000. I did not suppose it contained so many people. The Chinese in the island amount to 206,000; Europeans, 33,000; Arabs, 10,500; scattering, 3,000, while all the rest are Malays, more or less mixed, called Javanese. In Batavia there are 5,000 Europeans, 10,000 Chinese, and probably more than 100,000 Malays, besides Arabs, etc.

The people of Batavia are rather a contented-looking people, and all seem busily occupied in some employment. The Chinese seem to have the largest share of the business in their hands. The few Europeans have the heaviest shipping business to attend to, with some of the better stores, such as book stores, music stores, watchmakers, drug stores, etc., but the Chinese have nearly all the rest. I see here many manufacturing shops similar to what I saw in Penang; furniture is largely manufactured, and I cannot see but what the chairs, tables, wardrobes, book-cases, sofas, etc., made by the Chinese are as well made as they are by the Americans. They are certainly good mechanics. I see the Chinese coolies delivering furniture in all parts of the town. Four of them take a long and large wardrobe on two bamboo poles, or a large bedstead, and transport it two or three miles. I see much furniture thus delivered. The Chinese are the building contractors, doing all the more particular branches of the mechanical work, and hiring the Malays to do the heavier and coarser parts. I notice many Chinese shoe shops, harness makers, tinners, etc. I see here also a great variety of wares being carried about the town on the shoulders, balancing on spring poles. Vegetables, fruit, fish, etc., are largely carried in this way, and mostly by the Malays. I cannot help feeling sorry for them to see them tugging along nearly naked in the hot sun with a load upon their shoulders heavy enough for a horse to draw; but they do not seem to mind it, hundreds of them passing at a good speed in all directions. They have several kinds of fruit thus carried about here that are quite new to me. Several of them seem somewhat like mandrakes in our country, only sweeter and more juicy. One kind, called rambatams, has a red case or rind like an orange, but with soft thorns or spurs, somewhat like a chestnut burr, only so limber as not to prick; this is taken off, and the inside is a sweet, mucilaginous fruit, with a seed inside about the size of a plum stone. Another kind, called mangosteens, has a somewhat similar rind, an eighth of an inch in thickness, but smooth on the exterior. The inside is in separate divisions with a seed in some of the parts. This is very sweet and rich. There are several other kinds still more like mandrakes, but I do not remember their names. I see some oranges, but they are not in season now. I saw a very large fruit somewhat like an orange, but fully four times as large, which is coarser than an orange, but is considerably used. Bananas and pineapples are abundant. Some of the fruit is very cheap, half a peck being sold for a few cents. Here the gulden is divided into a hundred cents, which require two and a half to equal our cents.

The town covers a great deal of ground, being some eight miles from the bund, or landing, to the southern extremity. A tramway, or horse railroad, runs the entire distance, but the cars are heavy and clumsy. The whole town is permeated with canals, supplied from a river from the mountains fifty miles or so away. The streets and canals are side by side, and at all hours of the day, but most in the morning, hundreds of the Malays are to be seen taking their bath in the canals, though it is about the muddiest looking water I have seen. I had thought the Missouri the most turbid of all streams, but it is considerably discounted in turbidness by the water here. The soil is a red, alluvial formation, and imparts great color to the water. At intervals of one or two hundred feet stone steps lead down to the water. On these steps clothes are washed and thrashed. The male bathers have simply a waist-cloth, while the female bathers have a piece of calico some three yards in length, which passes around the body under the arms. They seem very fond of bathing, remaining in half an hour or more and disporting themselves like playful mermaids. The Malays are not nearly so spare as the Hindoos, having sufficient flesh upon their bones and of a much lighter color, though it may be called a brown or copper color.

There are but two or three points in Batavia where business seems to be concentrated. In one part of the town, probably the older part, near the landing where the shipping is attended to, are some very deep stores, say two hundred feet, where heavy wholesale stocks are carried; and in two or three other places the stores and shops are compact and close together, as in other cities; but, as a rule, the stores, like the dwellings, stand apart and back from the street. The dwellings, ealled bungalows, especially of the Europeans, are white cottages of one tall story, with a high Dutch tile-roof, with a wide verandah all around, over which the roof extends, thus affording an abundance of shade. The roof over the verandah is flatter than the other part, giving a curved or concave appearance to the roofs, rather pleasant in appearances. These houses are mainly built of stone, plastered over and white-washed. Some of the residences are fine-looking mansions of imposing hight, with columns in front of the main porch or portico. In the aristocratic parts of the town, and around the King's Plains—a square of some three hundred acres—are some fine-looking public buildings and private residences. The homes of the poor natives are decidedly more humble, and usually constructed of bamboo, which grows abundantly on the island. Many of the Chinese who have made money have fine residences, situated back from the street, with a fine court in front. At night the showy entrances are lighted up by large Chinese lanterns, and might be mistaken for theaters, hotels, or something of the kind.

THE BATAVIA MUSEUM.

I twice visited the museum in Batavia, and found it an interesting study, being a collection of antiquities and curiosities pertaining almost entirely to this part of the world, first of Java, then Sumatra, Borneo, and the neighboring islands. The collection embraces specimens of weapons of war, including spears, swords, knives, bows, and arrows, with guns of ancient pattern, musical instruments of many kinds, some of them pretty rude, including string instruments, drums and, gongs of enormous size; a great number of artistic manufactures, including inlaid work of various kinds, metal-work with inscriptions, wood-work with carvings; articles of domestic use, cloths, garments, styles of houses and boats, coins, thrones, crowns, royal jewelry inlaid with precious stones, and, last but not least, a thousand gods of all sizes and patterns from three inches in length to the size of a man, some made of metal, many of wood, and far more of stone. Some are Hindoo gods, including Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Ganesha, Christna, Kali, etc. The larger portion are gods which I did not recognize are probably peculiar to these islands. Had I not already met with many thousand gods this lot would have been a decided curiosity; and they were as it was, for the variety is very extensive, and these island gods are in some respects different from those on the main-land. Some of them are crude productions for human beings to get up; but that is a general characteristic of all the gods; come to think of it, there is hardly one among them all that will bear close inspection. When accurately represented they are horrible looking monsters, and their moral character if no better than their external appearance. They are a bad lot altogether.

I saw in the museum some implements of torture

(*Continued on page* 458.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

Approaching His Journey's End.

As will be seen from the following letters, Mr. Bennett is almost in sight.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, July 11, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I had a very pleasant ride from Council Bluffs eastward on the 7th inst., thinking Iowa about the prettiest country, with the most good land to the square mile, that I had seen in the entire circuit of the globe. At 9:40 in the evening I arrived at Cedar Rapids; and though but one person had been notified—and that on the same day—of my approach, some thirty or forty TRUTH SEEKER friends were in waiting for me at the station and gave me a hearty welcome. They escorted me to the Grand Hotel, in the parlors of which a friendly meeting of an hour and a half was kept up. Several expressed the desire that I would stop over one day and speak to them in the evening. My engagements, however, to the north would not admit of it.

On the following morning I took the train on the Burlington road northward to Shell Rock. Friends were in waiting for me at the depot, and escorted me to the residence of Mr. Malcolm Fisher. On the next morning, Sunday, I was conveyed to Waverly, some eight miles distant, where Col. M. E. Billings took charge of me, and in his carriage conveyed me eighteen miles to the residence of one of my early patrons, George Watts, where a regular meeting of the League of northern Iowa was held in a pleasant grove, presided over by its worthy president, M. Farrington. A shower coming up somewhat inopportunely we deemed it best to repair to the neighboring school-house, where the meeting was concluded. Speeches were made by the president, followed by the secretary, M. E. Billings, who introduced your humble servant. I detained them with my desultory remarks over an hour, after which a few others spoke. This is a live, activ League, meeting every two weeks, and in different localities. Some two hundred were present, among whom were quite a number of TRUTH SEEKER patrons, who commenced when the paper started in Paris, Illinois, and hav stood steadfastly by it since through both good and ill report. The meeting was a glad one on all sides. I returned to Waverly, and on the following night spoke in the Opera House, being introduced by Col. M. E. Billings. After the meeting I took train for this point to once more see my highly esteemed friend, D. R. Burt, who has nearly reached his eightieth year. I hav had a good visit with him, and hav seen several Liberal friends. Several urge me to stop over and speak to them, but time will not permit. I must hurry on and fill other engagements. From here I take train this afternoon for Clinton county, Iowa. As I approach home I grow more and more impatient to reach it. I am receiving pressing invitations to visit friends at various points, but I am compelled to decline them. Yours truly, D. M. B.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 15, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: After leaving Dubuque on the evening of the 11th I proceeded down the river via Clinton, and then west to Grand Mound. Mr. Leroy Dutton and others met me at the station, and Mr. Dutton accompanied me to Wheatland, where I was very kindly received by Mr. Jerome Dutton, his family, and several other friends, with whom I had a most agreeable visit. The following day I passed with Leroy, Flora, Lorenzo, and Charles Dutton, with several other friends of Grand Mound, whom I was glad to meet, and who seemed glad to see me. I hav several invitations to speak at Wheatland, Grand Mound, and Detroit, but as time would hav been required for notices to be duly circulated, I deemed it best to not tarry for the purpose. On yesterday morning I turned my face eastward, passing into Illinois on my homeward way. My friend, Otto Wettstein, of Rochelle, Ill., had by letter pressed me to call upon him, and upon arriving there yesterday afternoon I found him waiting for me with a carriage, in which, with his wife and three of his children, we pleasantly rode for two hours through the town and surrounding country. In the evening some thirty or forty very interesting Liberal friends assembled in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Wettstein, giving me a pleasant reception. I gave them a sort of parlor talk upon my travels, answering their various questions about foreign countries, etc. The meeting continued till midnight, and was a very pleasant, social time. The Liberals of Rochelle are alive and intelligent.

Leaving that pleasant town this morning, I arrived here in three hours. I hav met many sympathetic friends, who gave me a cordial greeting. My regular reception takes place tomorrow (Sunday) evening. Please announce that Sunday evening of the 23d I will speak at Jackson, Mich., and on the following Sunday evening, the 30th, at Rochester, N. Y. On Monday, the 31st, I hope to be with you.

Yours truly, D. M. B.

Reforming.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of July 13th contains the following correction of its previous infamous libel. The editor writes us that he had no intention to be unfair toward anyone, and blames the contributor, who, whatever his name may be, is certainly a rascal.

9525.—D. M. BENNETT.—A CORRECTION.

Undoubtedly the article published in "Our Curiosity Shop" some days ago, in answer to an inquiry about Mr. D. M. Bennett, contained several positiv misstatements. Very few of the answers in this department are contributed; when they are, the form, as a rule, indicates the fact, as in No. 9,465, in the *Weekly Inter-Ocean* of June 1st. In this case the query was referred to a contributor whose wide range of reading, travel, and observation, and prevailing accuracy are quite noteworthy; and the editor, contrary to his usual practice, adopted the contribution as his own, without careful inspection. Both he and the contributor are convinced that the answer calls for a restatement. No one in any way connected with "Our Curiosity Shop" would willingly, for fear or favor, let a misstatement go into it, or let one go uncorrected that by any means slips past its usually well-guarded portal. Since attention was first called to this case, great pains hav been taken to get at the exact facts; and information has been received from many sources; several of these strongly prejudiced for or against Mr. Bennett. The original inquiry was from Mr. James Bighan, of Oketo, Kan., who asked for "a short history for the last three years, of D. M. Bennett, formerly editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York." The following abstract, compiled for the most part from letters and publications written by Mr. Bennett's friends, and confirmed by official records, may be relied on as a correct answer to Mr. Bighan's request, and wherein it directly differs from the former answer, that one is in error. Sometime in 1878 Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, an organ of the Freethinkers, in response to a decoy letter mailed to him by Anthony Comstock, author of what is commonly known as the "Comstock law for the suppression of obscene literature," sent through the mails a copy of a certain pamphlet written by E. H. Heywood. Immediately thereafter Bennett was arrested on the complaint of Comstock, tried, and convicted of sending obscene literature in the United States mails, in violation of statute. He was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary at Albany. His friends in various ways appealed to the public for sympathy for Mr. Bennett on the ground that the pamphlet, although abhorrent to the moral teachings of the great body of our people, could not be properly classed as an obscene book. Petitions signed, it is claimed, by over two hundred thousand persons were presented to the president, asking him to pardon Bennett. This the president, after much hesitation, declined to do, impelled to this course, some say, by Mrs. Hayes and the church element. Mr. Bennett was compelled to serve out his full time, less the deduction made for good behavior. His friends, including many prominent Freethinkers from all parts of the country, stood ready to welcome him back to New York, where they gave him a grand ovation at Chickering Hall, May 2, 1880. Very soon after this he was sent as a delegate to the International Freethinker's Congress, held in Brussels in 1880. Afterward he visited many parts of Europe, and wrote a book which was so well received by his readers that they made up a purse of several thousand dollars, and sent him on a tour around the world, from which he is just returning. His particular friend, Eugene M. Macdonald, of New York city, writes that when at Bombay Mr. Bennett "met Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, but did not travel with them nor giv seances, as he is not gifted that way. He has no connection with the *Theosophist*." The above seem to be the bare facts of this case, and any statements hitherto made in these columns at variance with them we greatly regret.

The Failure of Methodist Missions.

The *Catholic World* for June has a very spicy paper on the failure of Methodist missions, and more especially in Catholic countries. The writer is evidently a good Catholic who regards the acts of the Protestants in establishing missions in countries the church has hitherto considered her own as very impudent. It is plain from his tone that he would prefer to see the people relapse into paganism than to be dragged to heaven by any other path than the one he and his friends travel. But his spleen serves a good turn by showing how insignificant are the results of all the fuss the Methodists make to get up missionary funds, begging indiscriminately from Sunday-school babies, young and old. The appropriations for Methodist missions for the present year amount to the respectable sum of $752,262. Of this $327,327 go to foreign missions; the rest to domestic missions of various kinds. The foreign missions are divided up among Africa, Central America, South America, China, Germany and Switzerland, Scandinavia, India, Bulgaria and Turkey, Italy, Mexico, and Japan. Of these respectiv fields for missionary zeal and apostolic work China receives the largest apportionment, amounting to $70,357; India comes next with $62,759; then follows Scandinavia with $45,926; Japan, $38,281; Mexico receives $30,000; Italy, $25,000; Central and South America, $13,250. Thus it will be seen that the Methodists kindly set apart $68,250 for the conversion of the Roman Catholic heathen, which is more than they giv to India, ten times more than they bestow on Africa, and only a little less than they devote to the children of the Celestial Empire. Is it possible that they regard the Catholic countries as more benighted than the heathen? It would seem so, and yet they must recollect that the scarlet woman is their mother.

The result of all this expenditure is shown as follows: The children baptized are 676; the adults, 169. There are 19 day-schools with 193 scholars, and 29 Sabbath-schools to accommodate 934 scholars. The churches are 15, with an estimated value of $9,150. The estimated value of the parsonages is $3,450, and of the schools, hospitals, and other property, $40,200. There was collected for the missionary society $185.96; for other benevolent societies, $22.60; for self-support, $650.46; and for church building and repairs, $317.03. The report from central China is in keeping with this. The members number 46 and the probationers 44. There are three churches, with an estimated value of $5,500, while the four parsonages are set down as worth $12,500, the school, hospital, and other property dwindling away to $2,500, and the collections for self-support amounted to precisely 15.92. North China shows but little better. It boasts of 210 members and 151 probationers, with church property worth $11,700, and parsonages worth $33,000. It will be observed that the parsonages are worth nearly three times the churches. The schools and other property are estimated at $12,700, and $130.02 was collected for church support. Thus after thirty-five years' labor all the Methodists, nativ or foreign, in all China do not number two thousand, and for their benefit an appropriation of over seventy thousand dollars was made for the present year.

The Rev. D. W. Chandler, who is in charge of the Hok-Chiang district, is "able to report a little progress in many departments of work." Of another district (Ing-Chung) he writes that he does not expect that "the statistics will show any material increase in any department of work." Of the entire mission in central China Rev. V. C. Hart, the superintendent, reports: "We found at the beginning of 1881 the whole field as destitute of laborers, yea, more destitute than in 1875, when we first formally asked to take up these cities." The Rev. Mr. Bagnall, superintendent of another district, reports: "As the weather permits we go on the streets and to the water-side to sell books and tell of God's free gift." He reports the baptism of only two men within the year. The Rev. Mr. Lowry, superintendent of the mission in north China, concludes his report by saying: "We feel the need of a fresh baptism of the spirit. We are surrounded by discouragements and annoyed by constant vexations, which combine to rob us of our early enthusiasm and zeal."

It will be seen from this that Methodist missionary enterprise in China has been crowned with anything but success, and an apportionment of over seventy thousand dollars is bestowed on things set down as churches, circuits, and so forth that if all were rolled into one would not constitute a respectable country parish. But if this is true of China, what shall be said of Africa, where Methodist missions commenced as far back as 1833? The Rev. J. S. Payne opens in a most dismal strain: "The report of this first of the foreign missions of the Methodist Episcopal church for the year 1881 cannot but fall far short of the deep interest which the work in this section of the world awakened in former years. The work has not been prosecuted with the vigor of those years." The African race has shown itself especially open to the influence of Methodism; yet in all Africa the church numbers only 2,044 full members, with 141 probationers, after fifty years of labor. The value of church property is $33,434. The comparativly small apportionment set apart by the committee for the conversion of the African heathen seems fully justified by the result. The truth is, Methodism has not touched Africa any more than it has China. Even the savages regard it with disgust.

It seems that the Methodists, in their zeal for making a show and justifying expenditure, hire congregations. They treat them like Hood's negroes. As no quantity of scrubbing-brush, soap, and flannel will wash them white, they gild them. The inducements held out to the Chinese hav been already noticed. Mr. Hollett said to the Liberia conference, convened at Monrovia in January, 1881, that if the conference resolved on pushing the work of conversion it would be well to avoid, among other practices, "the unfortunate custom of some of the early missionaries of hiring the nativs to attend church and school." Mr. Harman, presiding elder of the Cape Palmas district, writes: "The work of our church has been greatly retarded in some places, and at other points virtually stopped," in consequence, as alleged, of "pecuniary embarrassments."

In India the people are not Christians, even of the Methodist stripe, and the report does not represent them as Christians. Tke missionaries employ Hindoo and Mohammedan boys to act as "collectors," paying them "at the rate of one rupee per hundred for the average attendance of the month, and to each pupil is given a scripture-verse ticket." "The masses of the people are as obdurate as ever," writes the Rev. J. E. Scott. "Hindoos are still joined to their idols, Mohammedans still read the Koran and pray four times a day, and that good time when the halo-crowned missionary can sit under a palm-tree, with anxious crowds flocking about him earnestly inquir the way to heaven, in these regions has not yet dawned."

The Mexican missions were set on foot in 1873. Bishop Merrill has Episcopal supervision over them. They hav nine missionaries, with eight assistant missionaries in the shape of eight wives of the missionaries. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has five missionaries, all unmarried. There are two ordained nativ preachers and five unordained, with ten local preachers.

After nine years of labor what has been accomplished in Mexico, and what are the prospects? Superintendent Drees considers these important matters in his report. These past nine years he sets down as "the heroic age of Protestantism in Mexico—a time of baptism in fire and blood, of mobs and violence, of fanatical hatred and obloquy." Rather a warm beginning; and Superintendent Drees waxes warmer as he goes on to enumerate some of the obstacles to Methodist and Protestant progress in Mexico, chief among which is what he describes as "the deadening, brutalizing influence of Romish dogma and practice over the mind and conscience of the masses of the people." It would seem that the Catholics of Mexico are a hard lot, for Mr. Drees goes on to speak of "the great prevalence, almost unrestrained, of ignorance and personal and social vices, such as lying, drunkenness, impurity, lack of respect for the marriage tie, and infidelity to the conjugal union."

The Rev. J. W. Butler, in charge of the Mexico city circuit, cautiously admits that "it may seem that the statistics for this circuit do not show a very large increase over those of last year," but he can report "a great improvement in the general stability of the church, as well as increased evidence of true spirituality in our members."

The total number of members in all Mexico is 338; the number of probationers, 398. There are sixteen day-schools with 544 scholars, and one "theological" school with one teacher and six students. There are eight churches, whose estimated value is $51,050, the value of the parsonages being $46,800, and of the schools and other property, $12,665. It is to be hoped, says our Catholic author, that the committee on foreign missions will consider that a cheering exhibit of nine years of evangelical work.

The mission in South America was begun as long ago as 1836. The work is divided between the nativs and the English-speaking immigrants whose children "are nativs, adopt the language of the country, and, unless converted, will sink deep into the prevailing evil ways." The English element is pronounced as, "in the main, the best" of the immigration, though "the vices of Englishmen (especially drunkenness) are considered by the nativs as the ripe and legitimate fruits of Protestantism."

By all this it is clearly seen that as a missionary religion Methodism is a failure. If the vast sum annually collected and wasted on a few savages and Catholics were spent in enlightening the people at home, how much good might be done! The church would be afraid to do it, however, for fear that the more knowledge the people possess the fewer members would there be for the Methodist Episcopal church.

"Leaves of Grass" Not Obscene.

This, from Chainey's *This World*, would indicate that all the post-office officials hav not lost their senses:

"Last week appearances seemed to indicate that we were on the verge of a conflict with officialdom—a conflict precipitated by the bigotry and fanaticism of a petty instrument of those pretentious purists who hav so long outraged the conscience of republican America. For that conflict—unlooked for though it would hav been—we were so far prepared as to be determined to oppose any and every arbitrary decision contrary to the recognized principles of civil and religious liberty. There is a point where obedience ceases to be a virtue, and where the plainest duty of a good citizen is to resist unjust and arbitrary constructions, or rather misconstructions, of the law. We hav it on the best authority that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread;' and the following letter from headquarters will demonstrate that, if the postmaster-general and his more immediate subordinates are 'angels' in any sense, there can be no doubt whatever that the Boston postmaster, Tobey, is a fool:

"'WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1882.

"'*Postmaster, Boston, Mass.:* Your communication in regard to the exclusion of a circular containing an extract from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has been received, also a communication from the publisher, addressed to a personal friend, and referred to Hon. Robert Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll, in turn, has referred this communication, with his own comments thereon, to this department, and the matter has been submitted to the postmaster-general for his personal examination. You are advised that he does not think the Department would be justified in excluding the mailing of the circular as third-class matter, and therefore you should forward through the mail copies of it prepaid at third-class rates.

"'The Department feels that when it exercises the power of exclusion, under section 225, Postal Laws and Regulations, it should be done under circumstances of strong conviction that the case is within the intent of the statutes. The postmaster-general is unable to reach this clear conviction in this matter. In regard to the attempt to mail the matter as a supplement, he is, however, clear that the former ruling of the Department excluding the circular in the form in which it is issued from being mailed at pound rates as a supplement is correct.

"'Very respectfully, JAMES H. MARR,

"'Acting First Assistant Postmaster-General.'

"Here, then, for the present we leave the matter, though we hope ere long to be able to show up the mean part which the man Tobey consented to play at the bidding of the wire-pullers of Comstockism Now that the embargo has been removed from No. 24 of *This World*, our subscribers have doubtless received their copies. In reply to many inquiries, however, and to prevent disappointment, we would state that our issue of June 17th is quite exhausted, so that we can supply no copies, should further application be made for any.

"Dropping for a moment the editorial 'we,' I would say that I intend to devote some of my time to lecturing away from home. One subject which I shall take will be 'Leaves of Grass,' and in the course of that lecture I shall freely and fairly discuss the question of Comstockism and free mails."

Book Notices.

THE NEW VERSION. Lectures by George Chainey at Paine Hall, Boston. Cloth, $1. For sale by THE TRUTH SEEKER.

We think that Chainey has done a wise thing in thus making the scriptures suggestiv of new thought. The Bible is passing through a vast disintegrating process. It is a complete work, but some of the floating material is good, and Chainey has made it as serviceable as it could be to our present advance. There is much genuin human nature, as well as devil-nature and God-nature, in the Bible. There is romance and poetry in it. It has the crude freshness of the childhood of the race. A bold and skilful writer who is sufficiently iconoclastic as well as sympathetic can remold its form to a natural and beautiful significance. Being no longer a revelation of God, the Bible becomes in a very vital way a revealing of man.

The true method generally to interpret the Bible, to get at the meat, is to take as true the very opposit of what the theologians hav taught. For instance, the "fall of man" was really an evolution onward in the Spencerian sense. It was a breaking up and passing forth to greater difference of thought and feeling, and therefore to an intense life. So perhaps a subtler rendering will make Cain a better man than Abel, and Esau than Jacob.

Chainey's interpretations of the Bible are mainly of this sort, and he thus finds a world of suggestion in its hitherto arid pages. His "New Version" will amply repay reading. While it keeps us vigorously abreast of the times, it unlocks the riches of the remote past, and the continuity of man's life is exhibited, and the eternal *material* of his progress seen, for man is not simply intellectual, but passionate, and it is by a fusion of thought and emotion that he has progressed. While, therefore, we banish the dogmas of the Bible, we still need to realize the mighty hope and aspiration that throbbed in its personages and through which we are bound forever in one vast humanity.

Chainey has the poet's insight. He touches, heart to heart, the impassioned ages of which the Bible is a fitful and imperfect record. He has gone far beneath the surface and unfolded the living soul. His discourses are a new and remarkable force in Liberal literature. He voices the revolutionary sentiment. With graphic work he pictures not simply the true but the beautiful. He has the earnestness of a prophet. He is essentially constructiv. He deals not with conceptions only, but with ideas. He is a natural idealist and an Agnostic transcendentalist. He is a worshiper, not of theological abstractions, but of the real grandeurs of this world.

IN the *North American Review* for August the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "Progress in Religious Thought," pointing out the many influences, social, educational, and scientific, which are by degrees transforming the whole structure of dogmatic belief and teaching. T. V. Powderly, the official head of the Knights of Labor, the strongest union of workingmen in the United States, contributes a temperate article on "The Organization of Labor." The well-known British military correspondent, Archibald Forbes, writes of "The United States Army," dwelling more particularly on those features of our army management which appear to him to be most worthy of imitation by the military governments of Europe. "Woman's Work and Woman's Wages," by Charles W. Elliott, is a forcible statement of one of the most urgent problems of our time. The author sees no advantage to be derived from the employment of woman in man's work, whether of brain or of hand; such employment, he insists, only reduces man's wages, and does not really add to the total resources of the whole class of workers. In a highly-interesting essay on "The Ethics of Gambling," O. B. Frothingham analyzes the passion for play with rare ingenuity. "The Remuneration of Public Servants," by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, gives matter for serious consideration, both to the civil service reformers and their opponents. Finally, there is a paper on "Artesian Wells Upon the Great Plains," by Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution. The *Review* is sold by booksellers generally.

CHARLES WATTS, the editor of the London *Secular Review*, is about to make this country a visit, during which he will lecture upon secular and anti-theological subjects. He expects to reach here the first week in September, and is open to engagements to speak from that time on. Letters for him may be addressed in our care for the present.

Mr. Watts is a very able and energetic lecturer, and we trust he will find many opportunities of presenting his thoughts to the American Liberal public.

OWING to the lateness of the harvest, the Western Michigan camp-meeting appointed for the first week in August at Ionia is postponed so as to begin Tuesday, Aug. 15th and close Monday, Aug. 21st.

The Iowa League Convention and Liberal Mass Meeting

Will be held on the Fair Grounds at Tama, Tama county, September 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. If thorough preparation, earnest work, good speakers, and fine location can insure success, then the coming Convention will be the best Freethought gathering ever assembled in the Hawkeye state.

There should be a full muster of all divisions of the Liberal army—Spiritualists, Materialists, and reformers generally. There will be three sessions each day. It is probable that one session per day will be sufficient for the transaction of the business of the League. At all other sessions the platform will be free for the presentation of the views of all who may desire to speak, it matters not how radical or conservativ his or her opinions may be. It is the truth of which we are in search, aud the truth can only be ascertained where there is opportunity for the expression of the most divergent ideas. The conference here will be an especially valuable feature of this meeting.

Among the speakers who will be present I can now announce Mrs. H. S. Lake, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, N. F. Peck, and M. Farrington. These women and men need no encomiums of mine to secure for them good audiences. Mr. Peck will hav charge of the musical department, one of the most indispensable adjuncts of our meetings. Those of your readers who hav had the good fortune to listen to him will bear me out in all that I may say anent the originality, enthusiasm, earnestness, pathos, and wit manifested by Mr. Peck.

Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, independent slate-writer and magnetic healer, will be present. Other speakers will probably attend the meeting.

Tama is so situated as to be easily accessible from all parts of the state and the West. It is fifty-one miles west from Cedar Rapids, on the main line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and is the northern terminal point of the Northern Iowa division of the same road running to Elmore, Minn. It is also an important station on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. These two great roads, with their numerous feeders, giv close connections for Tama with all the other roads of the state.

Full particulars concerning reduced railroad and hotel rates, program of exercises, etc., will appear in subsequent numbers of your paper. Permit me to particularly request all, especially Iowa Liberals, to secure, if possible, the insertion of this or a more condensed notice of the approaching Convention in their local papers. It cannot be advertised too extensivly. Let each woman and man interested in the cause of liberty take hold and do all possible to make this assembling of ourselvs together a complete and glorious success.

Let us lay aside for a few days the heavy burdens of our laborious lives and journey to Tama to consult as to the best means whereby we may carry our struggling race to a higher, happier plane of thought and action. Let us meet at Tama and become better acquainted with each other.

We need to develop the social side of our natures far more than we are inclined to do. Come and bring your children and your friends and their children. We must not forever remain egotistically elect, self-centered icicles, simply because we throw away some of the old superstitions and build upon the bulwarks of individual sovereignty. Do not forget that we hav expenses to meet. The printing must be done, our speakers paid, and then our proceedings should be printed.

I hope the burden of preparing for and conducting this Convention will not fall entirely upon one or two activ workers. For particulars address E. C. WALKER, Sec'y.

Norway, Benton Co., Iowa.

The New York Freethinkers' Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav been spending a day at Watkins Glen making arrangements for our convention, and am pleased to state that there is a great change in the sentiment of the citizens since we were here four years ago. There are many of the best people in Watkins who are in full sympathy with us. And all who go to Watkins will be well treated. The board of trustees of the village very readily granted us the use of the village park free of charge, in which we can hold our day meetings if the weather is pleasant, and in which our friends who desire can put up tents. I am pleased to learn many parties are coming with tents. And I was surprised to learn that many persons from various parts of the country hav already engaged rooms at the hotels and boarding-houses. I was able to engage the Opera House for the whole time we are to be there at a very reasonable price.

As to the boarding-houses and hotels, the boarding-houses will take boarders for $5 per week, or for $1 per day. The following are the names of the proprietors of some of the most prominent boarding-houses: Mrs. Howard, Mrs. A. J. Graham, Mrs. Mirriott, Mrs. Frur, Mrs. Geo. Frost, and Mrs. J. Malette. Mr. C. S. Frost, the proprietor of the Glen Park Hotel, has very kindly agreed to act as agent in procuring boarding-places for parties who may desire at such rates as they wish to pay. Therefore anyone wishing to engage rooms may write to Mr. Frost.

As to hotel rates, the following communications explain themselvs:

"LAKE SHORE HOUSE, July 12, 1882.

"I agree to keep people attending the Freethinker's Convention for $1.35 per day. M. T. SMITH, Proprietor."

"JEFFERSON HOUSE, July 12, 1882,

"We will keep so many of the people attending the Freethinker's Association in August as we can accommodate for $1.50 per day. ABEL HODGKINS, Proprietor."

"FALL BROOK HOUSE, July 12, 1882.

"We will keep so many of the people attending the Freethinker's Convention in August as we can accommodate for $1.50 per day. H. M. PARKER & SON, Proprietors."

"GLEN PARK HOTEL, July 12, 1882.

"I agree to entertain the people who attend the Freethinker's Convention in August at the rate of $2 per day or $2.50, according to rooms taken, and make a deduction of fifty cents per day to each of the speakers. I will also run a free bus from my house to and from the place of meeting.

"C. S. FROST, Proprietor."

"GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, July 12, 1882.

"We will entertain the people attending the Freethinker's Convention in August for $3 per day, so far as we hav room for them. A. J. MICHNER, Proprietor."

RAILROADS.

All of the great trunk line railroads hav agreed to sell excursion tickets along their lines. People residing on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, running from Chicago to Buffalo and on the Northern Central Railroad, will hav to write to me for certificates (inclosing a three-cent stamp) to entitle them to excursion rates. People living west of Chicago should purchase excursion tickets to Chautauqua Lake in the first instance. The arrangements from Boston and New England are not yet completed. By next week I will be able to giv a more full report.

SPEAKERS AND MUSIC.

Some twenty-five of our ablest speakers hav been engaged up to the present. So soon as the list is completed it will be published. Splendid music is engaged.

CASH RECEIPTS.

Twenty-four hav responded to my request for a dollar subscription. Two or three hundred more intended to do so when they read the call, but they forgot it. They are requested to do so now before they again forget it.

Salamanca, N.Y. H. L. GREEN, Secretary.

AMONG the humorous newspapers, of which there are so many good ones, none is better than the New York *Judge*. The price is ten cents per copy. One number is as good as another, and all are equal to the best. If you want to be amused and instructed, send for it. It is published at 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York.

(*Continued from page* 455.)

not very pleasant to meditate upon. One was a huge chair for the punishment of criminals; the seat is composed of six large knives, nearly three feet long, set firmly in the frame, edge upward. The place for the feet to rest upon had three similar knives; the arms were two knives each, and the back four more knives, the edges toward the sitter. On the sides are loops through which bamboo poles pass for carrying the uncomfortable seat. The culprit had to sit naked in this chair, while four or six persons carried him a stipulated number of miles. I think the edges were not designed to be sharp enough to cut far into the flesh, but to cause extreme unpleasantness to the sitter. I thought if I was ever so weary I would not wish to sit in that chair, even for a short time. Another still worse implement is a heavy frame, about fifteen inches in hight, made somewhat in the form of a cross, with blocks five or six inches high fastened upon the upper surface. The condemned man was fastened upon this frame, when, with a heavy maul or beetle (which was also there) the wretch's bones were broken by striking heavy blows upon them between the blocks. Such a death must be horrible in the extreme—worse even than crucifixion. The different pain-causing machines which man has invented to torture his fellow-man are a disgrace to the race. There is no animal so cruel as man. He has not only made all the implements of torture which he could possibly invent, but he has also created all the gods and devils that ever existed, and which have ever been more cruel than the machines.

THE NEW HARBOR WORKS.

I visited the new harbor works seven miles east of Batavia. The town has no harbor, and vessels are compelled to lie at anchor out in the roads, and, during the prevalence of the monsoons, at considerable risk and inconvenience, as loading and unloading cannot be done when high winds prevail. To obviate this difficulty the government is incurring very heavy expense in creating a new harbor at the point indicated. Thirty-five million guldens have been appropriated for the work, and it is thought when done it will amount to double that sum. I found seven large steam dredgers at work and eight pile-drivers. Each dredger is accompanied by a steamer called a "hopper," into which the excavated mud or earth is emptied by the dredger, when it is taken out some three miles into the sea and emptied by means of opening the bottom and letting the earth drop into the water in a minute. The hoppers hold two hundred and fifty tons of earth, requiring from an hour and a half to two hours to fill them. Immense quays or slips about two thousand feet in length are being made beside the main harbor, which is about a thousand feet in width, and dredged to the depth of thirty-two feet. Between the harbor and the quays are heavy walls twelve feet in width and forty feet in hight from the bottom. The harbor will hold a large number or vessels, and by the side of the quays are to be built extensive warehouses and coal sheds, so that any amount of freight can be loaded and unloaded here, and any number of steamers coaled.

The digging for the quays is mainly done by hand, while the main harbor is done by the steam dredgers. In the quays hundreds of Chinamen and Malays are working in the water and mud digging up the clay and coral, which is hoisted in lots of two or three tons by steam and deposited in cars, which take it in the rear to raise the low ground and make it hard. The dredgers also meet with much coral, and each dredger is supplied with a strong horn or hook for breaking the coral, so that the buckets can take it up with the earth. A vast amount of coral has been taken out here and used for walls and for paving the sloping sides of the canals. I should think I saw five hundred tons of coral that has been taken out here, and among it are many very curious specimens of cunning workmanship which the industrious insects get up in such immense quantities, making large reefs and even islands where before was deep water. These coral insects have been very busy about Java, and seem to have done much toward changing the nature of the shore all along the coast. Besides the coral I saw hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of large sea shells, scolloped and regular, but otherwise somewhat like an oyster-shell, but three feet in length, and weighing one hundred pounds or more. It certainly was no very small insect that once inhabited these shells. These former habitations for marine animals are now used for constructing walls, and seem to be as hard as ordinary limestone, they being of the same material—a carbonate of line. How long ago these shells were alive, or formed the homes for large shellfish, is not known; but it was probably before the coral insects helped to make this place semi-solid, and may have been thousands of years ago.

For pumping the water out of these deep channels or quays that are being dug pumps of different kinds are used, principally the centrifugal and pulsometer. With the first the suction is produced by a fan, or wheel, with wings, which exhausts the air and produces a steady and large stream of water; the second is done by two currents of steam rushing through conical chambers and uniting, producing a vacuum, which raises a large stream of water, but in pulsations about two seconds apart. This pump was entirely new to me, and I am not certain that I describe it correctly; but it seems to work very successfully, and is not liable to get out of order. The steam escapes with the water, making it nearly blood-warm. A large amount of water has to be raised to keep it out of the way of the diggers, who certainly have a nasty, wet time of it. Over a thousand men are at work here, and as it is difficult to get men to go down in those deep channels and dig clay and coral in the water, several hundred prisoners are sent down from the city for the purpose, for which the sum of two cents each prisoner is paid per day, and this in Java currency. The gulden, worth forty cents of our money, is divided into a hundred cents. It takes two and a half Java cents to equal one of ours, so that less than one of our cents is paid per day for each of those prisoners. As I looked down upon them, knee-deep in the mud and water, I thought I would not like to work at the business for the same money; but their clothing is only a clout, and they can easily wash off at night and go back to their prison as clean as ever, and with their blue shirts on, which is their full dress.

The piles used here in large numbers are American pitch pine from Nova Scotia. They are a foot square and forty feet in length; the lower end is sharpened, and the heavy weight, raised rapidly by steam, drives them through the soft earth at pretty good speed till they strike a bank of coral, which retards their progress seriously. Those piles are for the foundations of the warehouses between the slips. For the outer walls large concrete blocks are made of Portland cement, sand, and pebbles half as large as one's fist, which are brought from the mountains several miles from the city. The Chinese are principally employed at this concrete business, and seem to work dextrously at it; the three ingredients are mixed with water in a bed and carried in tubs by means of poles resting on their shoulders, and emptied into boxes forming molds, which, when the mixture hardens, are raised by a crane. The blocks weigh about a ton each, and make a very permanent and handsome wall.

A floating dry dock for repairing ships in has also been constructed. The ground being low, and water standing in almost a stagnant state, renders the place unhealthy. Many of the Europeans have died of fever; but as the soft ground is made hard, and the water drained off, the locality grows healthier. The work has been in progress nearly four years, and two more will be required to complete it, but it will be a great achievement when finished. One of the engineers who has been at work here for three months was kind enough to go round the works with me. A large machine shop is on the premises for repairing machinery and putting work together. The shop is well supplied with heavy lathes, planers, etc. The machinery used in this work is principally of English manufacture, and from the establishment of Appleby Brothers, London.

A TRIP INLAND.

I have not seen as much of the interior of Java as I would have liked, but went out on the railroad as far as it is constructed—a distance of some eighty miles. I visited Builenzorg, some forty miles from Batavia, and a most romantic place, partly surrounded by mountains, raising their peaks in great grandeur. Here the governor-general resides the most of the time, though Batavia is the capital; and here he has splendid botanical gardens, containing an abundance of the most beautiful tropical trees, plants, and flowers. I do not know as I have seen anything finer in the way of gardens. One cannot behold them without being impressed with the great variety of the trees, shrubs, and flowering plants of Java. Many of them are perfectly magnificent. I also visited the following villages: Masseng, Gombong, Tji Tjoerock, Parong Koe La Tjibadak, Karang, Tenjah, Tjisart, and Soekaboemi. Some of these are but small villages, but the first and last are towns of considerable size, the latter having some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, nearly all Malays or Javanese, with some Chinese, who are the principal merchants of the town. I spent some time in strolling over the place looking at the customs of the natives, walking through the gardens, groves, etc., but the great difficulty was I could find nobody to talk with who could understand English; and that, by the bye, is the great difficulty I find here in Batavia. There are comparatively few who speak English.

Soekaboemi is the farthest east of any place in Java I have visited; it is up pretty well among the volcanoes, but I cannot say that I really saw any of the burning mountains, for the mists and clouds persisted in obscuring them from my view. I saw numerous mountain peaks, but cannot say that any of them were really smoking. I wished to visit some of the volcanoes, but found several difficulties in the way. 1. They are at considerable distance from the railroad, and there is no regular conveyance to them. 2. There are no guides to go with one and show him the way, etc. 3. The ascents are represented as being very difficult, and at this season of the year it rains hard nearly every day among the mountains, and I would find a day spent on the top of them anything but pleasant. 4. I could find no one to talk with or learn the facts from. I think the volcanoes are not much visited, for I could find no one who seemed to know much about them or could give me much information concerning them. At the Hotel de L'Europe, where I stopped in Batavia, the proprietor speaks some English, but he knows very little about volcanoes, and seemed scarcely aware that Java possesses volcanoes. I visited a bookseller a few times who speaks English tolerably well, and is a man of intelligence. He discourages me about visiting the volcanoes, assuring me I would find no regular means of reaching them, that there are no regular guides, and that I would be almost sure to encounter heavy rains.

I can bear witness to the frequency of rains in Java; I have passed twelve days here, and it has rained about every day, and some of the rains have been the most profuse I have seen in years. I think the annual rain-fall is some one hundred and fifty inches. By taking a cruise along the north coast of the island for a hundred miles or so there are volcanoes to be seen from the sea, but I was not fortunate enough to learn of any boats or steamers making that journey which I could take.

My trip in the country was a pleasant one; I saw much beautiful country and scenery. The mountains and plains are interesting, but perhaps not as highly so as I had expected. The mountains are picturesque, but not as precipitous and grand as the Himalayas; the valleys are lovely, but rather uneven in surface; the farming portion of the counrry is more cut up with gulleys and ravines than almost any country I have seen. A good deal of the surface for agricultural purposes is in this way lost. I did not get into the best of the coffee districts, though I saw some. I saw more of tea. Rice fields I saw in abundance, and in all the different stages of growth, from the plowing of the ground to the harvesting of the crop. It is all under water. The ground is stirred up by what may be called a plow by a pair of buffaloes, the water being nearly a foot in depth, so that the soil is scarcely seen at all. It looks a little out of the way of our style of farming to see the plow under water, the cattle knee-deep in mud and water, and the plowman jogging along behind with nothing on but a rag around the middle, and up to his knees in water from morning till night. The next process is to transplant the rice, which is started in beds very compactly sown. The plants are about six inches in hight, and men and women having a small armful of the plants go along in gangs or companies and insert them in rows about six inches apart. The transplanting is a very simple process, the root of the plant simply being pushed down into the mud, where it soon takes root and goes to growing. Rice is decidedly a water plant, water being constantly kept upon the beds—if beds they may be called—where it grows. These are small inclosures, with a bank of earth or turf around them as a dam to hold the water from running away. The ground is terraced with great care, one bed being a little higher than another, so that the same water runs from one bed to another, thus serving often twenty beds. The higher beds are supplied from the rivers and streams, and in several places I noticed the water being conveyed over the railroad and other roads in iron conductors a foot or more square. In a country where rains are so frequent the high grounds as well as the low are well supplied with water. I think the only cultivation the rice fields require is for the weeds to be pulled up occasionally. When partially grown it bears considerable resemblance to wheat, but when it heads out it looks much more like oats. When ripe enough it is cut short with sickles and tied up in small bundles, in which form I have seen it being transported to market in wagons and cars. I think the threshing is a simple process, though I do not know that I have seen it done. The pounding off the hulls I have seen, which is done by a heavy pounder, manipulated by the natives, in the form of a large lever, three of them standing on the top, stepping out toward the reverse end, raising the hammer, and then letting it fall suddenly upon the grain, keeping this up until cleaned from the hull. There are machines which perform this work rapidly and well, but the natives are much opposed to them, and many have been broken by them, as they look upon these machines as their enemies, performing the labor which of right belongs to them. The yield of rice must be double the amount per acre as with wheat. It is kept in every little store where provisions are sold, and three or four grades seem to be made of it. It is the great staple of food all through Asia. Without their "paddy" the orientals could hardly make life a success. When they have plenty of that they are happy; without it, most miserable.

I had a good opportunity for seeing the different growths of Java, and could not help being struck with the great amount of parasitic plants upon forest trees. It is very common for large trees to be completely covered with this very neighborly and familiar kind of vegetation, several varieties of parasites often being seen on the same tree, some climbing plants finding their way to the very tops of the trees,

and some that have not the faculty of climbing, but manage to propagate themselves largely and to pick up a very good living without having any roots in the earth or any where else. I have seen varieties of cactus of pretty large growth thoroughly covering large trees with their abundant life. I saw also, while outside, what is here called sweet potatoes; it is a clean-looking plant, six feet in hight, but I am able to say nothing of its botanical character or of the quality of its tubers, as I have not eaten of them as I am aware. The roads in the country are good. The railroad is being gradually extended along the length of the island, running between the two ranges of mountains. The station-houses are large and well built.

I met in Batavia a Captain Bursely, whose home was once in New York city, and whose forefathers lived at Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, and were all sailors. The captain has long been sailing in these eastern waters, particularly among the Archipelago islands, and has seen much of the natives upon them; but he is now about quitting the ocean, as he has taken from the Java government Princess Island (between Java and Sumatra) for a period of seventy-five years. It contains 15,000 acres of fertile land, but is now covered with primitive forests of teak, and sandalwood, which are valuable for building purposes, furniture, etc. His purpose is to at once set one or two hundred Malay choppers at work to fell the timber, saw it with a steam saw-mill, and throw it into the market without delay. He says there is a good demand for lumber and timber and that he will be able to realize a hundred thousand dollars from the timber alone. The teak of this country is dark in color, and when made into furniture it looks about as well as mahogany or black walnut. It is also very pleasant to work. As fast as he gets his land cleared he proposes to set out cocoanut-trees, principally, which are a continual source of profit after the few first years, and require but little experience in cultivating. With ordinary luck he ought to be able to make a success of his enterprise. He seems to be a man of energy and practical talent sufficient to carry out his project, though I do not think I envy him his pleasure in establishing a home on an island inhabited only by tigers and other animals. The price he is to pay for the land is one gulden per year per acre, the first two years being no rent.

I miss here the cattle of India with the lumps upon their shoulders, which I have seen in several of the countries I have visited; the only cattle I have seen in Java are the buffaloes, and they only in the country. The only beasts of burden in Batavia are a race of small horses, not half the size of the horses in our country. They are a tough, hardy breed, but seem too small to haul carriages and heavy loads. They are disposed to be contrary. Hiring a *dosedo* (a two-wheeled carriage with two seats, one facing the front and the other the rear) to take me to the Noordwijk station, the little horse took a notion not to go, and the Malayan stepped down and gave him such a severe beating as to change his mind. I felt like asking him to spare those blows and let me go on foot the rest of the way. At another time I patronized the tramway, riding its whole distance of eight miles; three of these small horses are made to haul a heavy, clumsy car, containing forty passengers. Coming to a curve and a slight ascent over a bridge the little horses got discouraged, and refused to go further. It was almost amusing to see the Malay driver and conductor use their efforts to induce those small specimens of the horse tribe to leave that locality, though the freedom with which the whip was applied to the poor little fellows destroyed all the charm of the situation; whipping enough was done to move a car a hundred miles, and the stolid little ponies seemed to pay no more attention to it than they would to blows for brushing off the flies; and it was not till the passengers got out and pushed the car along that the little fellows made much effort to move. The drivers here have a very different way of talking to their horses from what our drivers use; instead of saying "go along," or "get away," they apply the whip very freely, and cry "ugh," as though they were feeling the pain of the whip instead of the horses. In this respect the drivers here remind me of those I saw last year at Naples, who made similar painful ejaculations. As a rule the Javanese do not feed their horses very well, and depend too much upon the whip.

An Italian opera company is performing in Batavia, and by way of variety and to while away the time I went one night to listen to them and see the manners of the place. The theater is a new and rather tasteful building. It was well filled, principally with the Dutch residents, with a fair sprinkling of the wealthier Malays and Chinese. The performance was very good, and the singing excellent, but being in Italian I could not understand a word. The opera was "Don Pasquale," in which was a lover and sweetheart, of course, who were pledged to each other, but the father of the fair damsel was in great distress for want of money, and when a rich old nabob offered him a large sum for the hand of his daughter, the needy father listened to the old man and promised his daughter to him. He had something of a struggle to obtain the daughter's consent, for she loved her Ernesto very much and cared nothing for the decrepit old man who wished to pay for her in gold; but in obedience to her parent's wishes and to help him out of his deep trouble she consented to give up the one she loved and to become the wife of one she did not love at all. The marriage papers were made out, and the time for the nuptials was set; but the two that loved each other had an interview, and their former passion was renewed. The girl did not think she could wed the old fellow, and he came upon them and could not fail to see the love they bore each other. It made him very uneasy, and a good deal of singing had to be done about it; he complained to the father, and the father sang very sternly to the girl, but still she loved the young chap and could not like the old fellow. By degrees the old man saw the truth of the matter and became convinced that the girl could not love him, as her heart had gone out to the young man, and he had the good sense to give her up, and unite the hands of the two young ones with his blessing and a very handsome dower, which he gave to Norina. So everything ended very happily.

THE MALAY WOMEN.

I have perhaps said enough about the natives here, but I have not reported what I hear from several, that the women are not as virtuous as they should be. There is said to be no trouble for the Dutch soldiers to find Malay women to live with them as wives of convenience for one, two, or three years as desired; and what seems equally bad, mothers will sell their daughters for money. The sum of one hundred guldens is said to buy a nice young Malay girl; for that sum a Malay mother will part with her daughter for the purposes indicated. It is hard to believe this statement, for the women look like a modest, virtuous, well-disposed class of people, showing as little wantonness and looseness of character in their demeanor as any people anywhere. But the number of half-bloods or half-castes one sees reminds him that soldiers or missionaries have been around. It is certain that males must assist in this mixing business.

I must say of these women, however, that they follow to excess the vile habit of chewing the betelnut, a mixture so common in all these Asiatic countries. The betelnut grows on what is called the areca palm, the prettiest of the palm family, the trees growing very erect, trim, and graceful. The nuts are somewhat larger than hickory-nuts, and have a rather agreeable, astringent taste. They are broken up in fragments, interspersed with gum-catechu and some spices, and these constitute the betel, which these people chew constantly, especially the women. The practice is fully as filthy as tobacco-chewing, though perhaps not so deleterious, and it seems to have become a passion with these people. If it may be regarded as more innocent than tobacco-chewing, I must pronounce it more filthy. It gives the saliva a deeper color, and makes the mouth and lips look nasty and extremely unkissable. Every woman seems to be addicted to the filthy habit, and every mouth looks nasty, and the lips and tongues and teeth of all are made dark with the vile stuff which they seem so fond of.

I should perhaps mention to you that Batavia is supplied with drinking water from numerous artesian wells put down in various parts of the city. The filthy water of the river was used until a few years ago, when it was found that by going down from sixty to seventy-five feet an abundance of excellent water can be obtained—a discovery of very great value.

It occurs to me that while I am here at Batavia you and I are at antipodes. You are on one side of the globe, and I almost directly opposite. This point is about one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude from New York, whether you go east or west. I am nearer the equator on the south than you are on the north, otherwise we are very nearly opposite. It is hard to realize that I am eight thousand miles beneath your feet, or you eight thousand miles beneath mine, but that is about the fact in the case; and, if the learned men are correct, that eight thousand miles is made up of fused and seething metals, rocks, and earths, with a thin crust to prevent us coming in contact with the super-heated mass. I am now at the point farthest from you that I will be while absent. To reach you I will have nearly fifteen thousand miles yet to travel, but from this time forward every hundred miles I travel will place me that much nearer to you. Another cheering reflection is that if nothing befalls me I shall make the last half of my journey in less than half the time it took me to make the first half. The reflection is cheering, because I am wearying somewhat with travel; and however much I have been pleased to see foreign lands, I am more anxious to see my own land once more, for notwithstanding the fine and beautiful countries I have seen, I like America better than any of them, particularly because there is my home and there are the friends I love. Let me say here that much of the historical past of my description of Java is drawn from "The Eastern Archipelago," by W. H. D. Davis. T. Nelson & Sons, London.

DEPARTURE FROM JAVA.

Friday, March 24th.—I expected to depart from Batavia on the 21st inst., as that was the regular time for leaving, and that would admit of my getting to Singapore in time for the steamer for Hong Kong, whose time for leaving Singapore is the 24th; but for some reason word was sent on here to defer the leaving till to day. This change in the programme has disturbed me not a little, as I fear it will bring me too late at Singapore to go on east by the next P. & O. steamer, by which line I have a ticket to Yokohama, but they told me here that the time of the boats had been changed, and that I would be in time. I, however, have had misgivings upon this subject, as by missing my steamer I will be detained two weeks, which is far from a pleasant thought.

At 7 A.M. I was at the landing and took the steamer for the Bromo, lying three miles out in the roads, the rain gently falling to remind me in leaving that it sometimes rains in Java. Two or three dozen steamers or ships are lying at anchor in the roads, and among them three or four men of war—two of them Russians recently arrived. At 9 o'clock we weighed anchor, and were making our way northward. The number of passengers is not as great as when coming down; particularly the natives or deck passengers are considerably less numerous, but there are several Malays, Chinese, and Arabs, some going through to Singapore, and some to stop at the intermediate points. A goodly number of them are Mohammedans, and three or four times per day they get together on the deck, and taking their bearings as nearly as possible, with their faces toward Mecca, they go through the praying process of bowing, kneeling, placing their faces to the floor, and muttering their stereotyped prayers. It requires some ten or fifteen minutes to go through the formula. There are no more persistent pray-ers than the Mohammedans, and their prayers probably do as much good as anybody's, but I don't believe that a thousand of them amount to a cent in value for all the effect they have upon any being beside themselves; prayers may effect to a slight degree those who pray, but that they have any effect upon any being above the clouds I do not believe.

I got acquainted somewhat with the chief engineer, an intelligent Englishman, and was interested by his narration of his experiences at Acheen, at the northern part of the island of Sumatra, where the Dutch prosecuted their expensive war with the natives of that locality, and where they have only been able to get control of a few miles from the coast. The natives are rather warlike and retreat to the fastnesses of the mountains, from which they descend to make forays and attacks upon the Dutch forces, throwing them into much confusion and loss. The Dutch suffered much loss of life from the great unhealthiness of the locality, where there is much marsh ground and consequent miasma from stagnant water, decaying vegetation, etc. He described the burying-ground of the natives nine miles in extent, the names of the dead being inscribed upon the tombstones as in civilized countries. Two of the monuments are of brass, or bronze, and mark the graves of the kings; in the inscriptions the letters are left up and the face of the metal cut away, which he considered a piece of great labor and skill to be performed by the natives. The Acheen war was very expensive upon the Dutch, and was far from being remunerative.

Sunday, March 26th.—We had a pleasant trip up to Singapore, making stoppages at the same two points we did in going south—Muntok and Riouer—and also saw the same multitude of islands off the Sumatra coast. The weather was pretty oppressive, as it had good reason to be under the equator and close to it.

We arrived here in Singapore at 5 P.M., being two days and a half making the run. I found upon arrival that my worst fears were realized, that the steamer I wished to meet had gone on to Hong the day before, and that there was no way for me to do but to patiently wait here for twelve days for another steamer. This is greatly to be regretted, when I feel so impatient to be making as good time as possible. There is, however, no other way but to be resigned to the situation, and to wait for the time to pass by.

The town and island of Singapore, the small islands in the vicinity, and the steamers and ships in the harbor looked very interesting as we steamed up; and as we neared the dock I was not a little interested in seeing native boys which were all around our steamers, in boats, dive down and catch copper coins thrown into the water by passengers. They showed themselves very expert, being able in almost every instance to catch the coin before it reached the bottom, and sometimes securing two coins before coming up, and allowing none to be lost.

This letter is long enough, and I will say good-bye.

Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

Letters from Friends.

GREENFIELD, MO., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which please send us the Round-the-World trip.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. A. STEPHENSON.

WATERMAN, IND., July 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for your trip around the world—better late than never. Send books to the above address by mail.

GEO. W. & C. CLICKENER.

ORION, MICH.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $7—$5 for "A Truth Seeker Around the World," $2 for balance of subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is refreshing to know that there are some who dare say what they believe to be the truth. It is a step further than to say I don't know, which is all I dare say of the supposed spirit life. If there is any who do know they should be able to explain how they know, that others may arrive at the same knowledge.

Yours truly, L. PREDMORE.

WAS CHARLES J. GUITEAU INSANE?

ADRIAN, MICH., July 8, 282.

MR. EDITOR: This seems to be an open question with the people at large, one class claiming that he was insane, and the other that he was a sane man, and must be hung. On this side the government has put itself by hanging him, though the testimony of his nigh relativs and other witnesses was that he was insane on the subject of religion and had been for a number of years—that is, as we understand them to mean, the Christian religion as founded on the Bible. Now, this brings us to the question, What is Christianity, and why should meditating upon it tend to the derangement of the brain?

1. Christianity, as defined by its own records, consists, first, in the belief in one personal God, and that he made everything out of nothing; then out of the dust of the earth he made a man in his own likeness, and that this man being lonely, this God had him to go to sleep, and while he was asleep God took a rib from his side and of it he made a woman for the man, put them in a garden under certain instructions, but they disobeyed and fell from their first state of innocence and simplicity, and thus plunged the whole human race in sin.

2. Now, through the agency of the Holy Ghost in the overshadowing business, this God had a son that was named Jesus by an angel before he had a parentage. This Jesus was to act as a mediator between this God and his sin-begotten children. And now all these children who were willing to giv themselvs up to Jesus and acknowledge him as their savior should be saved, and those who turned their backs on this Jesus should be damned eternally and forever lost. Now, this being the bed-rock on which the Christian religion rests, the next question is, How does meditating on this tend to mental derangement? We will answer it in this way: That as this religion rests on the supernatural, and the brain belonging to the natural, there cannot be a harmonious blending between the two, and that the moment the natural begins to meditate and ruminate on the supernatural, something that has no existence inside of the natural universe, the tendency is toward mental derangement, because there is no base in nature to rest the mind upon, and so this effort of the brain is all wasted, and indeed worse than wasted—it is a feeder of a morbid condition of the brain, and leads directly toward mental derangement.

Cases of mental insanity from this source are getting quite common all around us. In noticing one of these cases a correspondent of the Adrian *Times* makes these very sensible remarks: "It occurred to us while writing the above that it would be well for our legislatures, while protecting the various religious denominations, to seriously contemplate the importance of also protecting the people against these abuses. Cases of insanity through religious excitement are quite numerous, probably double those from all other sources, saying nothing about those partially wicked becoming loony, silly, or extremists."

S. D. MOORE.

MEDICINE LODGE, July 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, which you will add to the Round-the-World fund, and please annex my name in the second volume if you can at so late a date, and send me the books of Bennett's travels around the world, which I think are far superior to any history of any man's travels around the globe. I love the venerable old traveler because he was the first to open up the Liberal artillery and go into a successful battle in defense against the superstitious and oppressiv creeds, dogmas, and religions of our country; and I esteem the noble traveler above all because he had the nerve to put on a bold front and an outspoken mouthpiece, and leave the American shores sounding his bugle of Freethought and liberty aloud to every nation, superstitious creed, and religion of the world, which had the effect to set fire to the dormant thoughts of many unthinking, superstitious nations, which I hope may continue to burn until superstition is utterly consumed. We should feel grateful to know that the sounding alone of the large Bennett gun in India had the effect to put to flight the American orthodox fleet sent there under the command of radical Cook. The many impressions left with many peoples and nations by the Rev. Bennett, in my opinion, will be long lasting and will grow into monuments of reverence and be fresh in history thousands of years hence. Please allow me yet to return the noble writer my heartiest thanks for the most excellent letters penned by his Liberal hand to the Liberal truth seekers of America.

Ever yours, B. F. BRATTAM, M.D.

BIGGS, CAL., June 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER from January. My friend, you can scarcely imagin what true satisfaction it is to me to enjoy the privilege of reading so excellent a paper as you conduct in the interest of mental freedom. I look for its arrival every week with much more solicitude than the return of the Sabbath. I liv very close to a church, and while they are thundering their anathemas upon the heads of those who dare think for themselvs I sit complacently beneath my old shade-tree and peruse the contents of your valuable paper, and am not afraid of the hell they hav already consigned me to.

The Rev. Broadcloth came into my blacksmith shop when he first came here and introduced himself by asking me if I was a praying man. I answered, "No, sir, I am not; why should I pray?" He replied, "You should endeavor to make your peace with God." I told him, "If there is any such person in the universe I hav no evidence of his existence. I certainly never quarreled with him, and I could not discover how I could become reconciled with one with whom I was not at variance and was not sure that he lived." I asked him to explain the philosophy of prayer—perhaps he could make it plain. He then quoted very profusely from his holy Bible, all which I answered in rotation to the complete discomfiture of the reverend representativ of the meek and lowly Jesus. I asked him in conclusion if he prayed. "Oh, certainly," he arrogantly replied. "Well, then," I said, "you are certainly offering insult to your God every time you pray, and if he heeded it you would suffer the inconvenience of having your mouth closed." "Why do I insult him?" he furiously asked. "Because," I answered, "you claim he is the omniscient ruler of all things, knows all things from beginning to end, and is equal to all emergencies. Now, holding God in the light that you do, is it not an insult when you stand up and dictate to him and suggest what he should do? You miserable, short-sighted, ignorant, sinful worm of the earth, that cannot see one moment ahead, how dare you substitute your wisdom for infinit wisdom? Are you not afraid that God will become indignant at your repeat insults?" His only reply was, "You will suffer for all this."

I am yours for truth, JOHN D. STANLEY.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., July 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is due to you for me to say that for many years I hav given much thought on the Bible and Testament as to the truth of the vast assertions in those books, either in a historical or a divine record of past events. So glaring and unnatural are the thousands of passages in the Bible that to me it is strange how a religion could be founded on such a record of inconsistencies. Your travels and account of what is termed the Holy Land hav thrown more light on our minds than has ever been by all travelers preceding you. Your unbiased mind and determination to seek and investigate, and untrammeled by that enemy of man, old theology, could view things as they are and giv us what I deem the most correct history ever written of that land, for if such a God did act the part which is recorded in those books, and on which Christianity is founded, then such a god is and ever has been a most atrocious being. But I look on all the illusions in those books as myths, and used by tyrants and priests in order the better to enslave the masses and hold sway over their minds, bodies, and souls. Religion caused millions of poor beings to suffer untold misery. The Christians of to-day, giv them the power, and you, instead of that mock trial and eleven months' imprisonment, would hav been burnt at the stake. No doubt that arch fiend and king of all hypocrits would hav been glad to hav piled the fagots, applied the torch, and danced around your quivering flesh and sing "Glory, hallelujah!" and all for Christ's sake. I repeat that such no doubt would hav been your fate had that wretch Comstock, the miserable fool of a judge, and the twelve jurymen the power to hav inflicted such punishments. I repeat that no people on earth are so inconsistent as the bigoted Christian who makes his long prayers, calls on God, and actually tells God what he must or ought to do, and all for Christ's sake. Not a living being on earth has any actual knowledge of what is termed god; it is wholly imaginary. As to the existence of a being, a something that rules the universe, I say it is all an imagination. Your record of that miserable land of Palestine should convince all that if the Lord did bring the Jews from the rich lands of Egypt he made a poor choice to put them on a tract of land so poor, so miserable, and so forbidding, and then to chime in and sanction the most hideous crimes known on earth, and to cap the climax in overshadowing a young girl, as the book says, and causing her to bring forth a son, thus cheating the poor carpenter and making him a step-father, to work and toil to support a baby in whose birth he had no part or interest. If such a God was to perform such an act in this day, Comstock would be a fit subject for a midwife, and then he could hav some stock in his Jesus and go forth to practice his infamy in persecuting those he might deem heretics or guilty of obscenity. What a miserable fool he and President Hayes must be to be duped by such a pack of hypocrits, when any number of passages in the Bible are so indecent that they would not dare to read them to a respectable audience. I repeat that no book would be permitted to be circulated containing the mean, dirty passages that are in the Bible, and the lies recorded there, and all the word of God, so the Christian asserts. It is putting a low estimate on Mother Nature to charge such infamies on her, when reason teaches the reflectiv mind to believe that no defects in divine nature exist, and that no particle of natural law can, or ever has, or ever will, be suspended for any or all the prayers ever uttered on earth. Hence I view that system as a catch-penny in duping the devotees of the religions, while love, charity, and good will to all are repudiated. Such is the craftiness of priestcraft and a greed for power, for ease and selfishness, while humanity is unheeded and sneered at, and all for Christ's sake.

Truly yours, H. WILLIS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA, July 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $1 for a continuance of the paper. I enjoy reading your paper very much, although I cannot say that I accept all its doctrins, exept so much as is implied by its title. I cheerfully lend the little support I can giv to antagonize the idea of suppression of the press under pretended religious dictation.

Permit me to correct what I conceive to be an error on page 406 of your issue of the 1st inst., twenty-three lines from the bottom of the second column. Mr. Bennett says, "Chocolate, cocoa, and broma are prepared from them," meaning cocoanuts. The "Catechism of Familiar Things," published by Lindsay & Blokiston, on page 27, tells of what chocolate is made—that it is a kind of paste, made of the kernel of the cacaonut, a very different thing from the cocoanut. Webster also differs from Mr. Bennett. I think it a bad thing to make such a mistake.

R. M. ROBINSON.

RUSSELLVILLE, July 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Much has been said of late about spending enormous amounts of money and labor erecting mammoth buildings, the most costly and magnificent in the world, for the use of the gods and their special favorits. And it has been shown to my mind most conclusivly that all this money and labor might hav been used more judiciously; used so as to hav dispensed more general happiness and good of all kind to the human race. All men and all women who hav not shut their eyes to all truth and all light, except that which comes through orthodox mediums, must see this at a glance if they will but throw open the doors and windows of their understandings, and all such must easily see that oceans of evil of the worst kind has flowed out of all this sacred folly. But this does not bring me to the conclusion that we really want no houses of worship whatever, or that it is wrong to hav any. True, I don't believe in any of the man-made gods, Jehovah not excepted; even if I were to believe there is no God, I would still believe that houses of worship, built in the bounds of reason and common sense, are indispensable. This is just what we Liberals want, and just what we must hav. If we may expect to become a people of any available influence and power in the world without these, it is perfectly plain we can do no good whatever. We must hav organization and all that ncessarily pertains to organization, and that organization must be framed so as to be most effectual in accomplishing the ends desired; call it a church if you please, the name is nothing to me. If this is what Mr. James Parton meant by "supplanting the old by building up a new religion," I am with him heart and hand; he of course meant to use no force but the force of reason. If we can build up the best organization of this kind that ever was built up, lets do it—it will be worth building. If not, let it sink. Improvement, progress, the amelioration of mankind, are what we must effect.

These old church buildings in themselvs are as harmless as the hills, were it not that the word lie is written all over them in symbolical characters, and it is the purposes they serve which make them contemptible. False creeds, bolstered up by the most corrupt organizations, hav been fed and sheltered in them until they hav become fat and powerful; better no organization than corrupt ones. Rid these buildings of all corruption, superstition, and priestly humbug; take away from them the last feature of superstition's haggard visage, and turn them to the use of humanity; then I can even greatly rejoice that they are in the world. Several times when reading the letters from friends in THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav met with the questions: "How long, oh! how long, will men and women continue to cling to ridiculous old superstitions? How long will they consent to be duped by a hypocritical priesthood?"

My judgment is until we Liberals hav a goodly number of superior institutions of learning and magnificent meeting-houses, embellished so as to be attractiv to the young. The naked truth is good enough for old philosophers, but the young want it decorated and adorned with the pleasures, the flowers, the fruits of life; they, generally speaking, prefer beautiful and sublimated error and superstition to plain unvarnished truth. Liberal Leagues, books, papers, and lectures are all very good so far as they go, but these alone can never effect the desired reform. We want all the usefuls, and we want them in the highest state of perfection.

I need not say I am rejoiced on account of Mr. Bennett's safe arrival back to his nativ country, all true Liberals are, and it is my highest ambition to act so as to be worthy of a place among that class of men. Yours, in all friendship and brotherly love,

WM. L. WORLEY.

CONCORD, KY., July 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: If misery loves company, so too does happiness, and it is upon this principle that we indite this "special" to THE TRUTH SEEKER. In accordance with Liberal ideas we hav had a Sunday picnic. Should any of the friends wish to know how we went, tell them we walked. By pre-arrangement, a party of twelve, your correspondent included, spent last Sunday in the woods dedicating God's first temples to a happy present and pleasant memories. A few of us who had the pleasure of knowing, through the medium of the pen, the Walkers, the Lelands, the Kelsos, felt that a lecture from one or more of them was required to render the felicities complete, and we inwardly confessed to a pang of envy that other sections could be regaled by the eloquence of Freethought oratory, while we who so much need it should be denied. But when that lecture bureau proposed by Mr. Green becomes a bona-fide existence we too will share the enjoyment. As Mr. Leland says, "you see if we don't." We first repaired to a sulphur spring some miles distant, the medicinal qualities of which will hereafter enjoy some celebrity if never before. The day was delightful, and the walk, the woods, and the water conspired to realize our most sanguin hopes. A few of our party were Liberal in principle, the remainder in disposition; and it was by no means difficult for the two elements to blend harmoniously. Our sweet friend Miss Louise Schulte discoursed with warm partiality upon that important science, phrenology, and the good-natured arguments arising in consequence only imparted a flavor to the conversation. Having in our lengthy walk reached one of those lofty points common to the Ohio River hills, we attained a view of the quaint old town of West Union. The enchanting effect of glistening spires and shiny domes elicited a proposal to pursue our march until reaching the glittering goal; but others who felt that their pedestrian capacities were limited, interposed objections. Leaving some to rest under the shady boughs, a detatchment made an informal call at what was once appropriately known as the Bandits' Cottage. We found it invested with many attractions. Nestling as it does amid dense foliage of trees and shubbery, the visitor is upon it almost before he is aware, but when once within its charmed precints it does not require an extravagant fancy to conjure a miniature paradise. However lacking in honor its architects were, their taste at least could not be questioned, and we half regretted the interference of the law, which, it is said, rendered their future plans of improving and beautifying abortiv. The surrounding scenery is wild, rugged, and picturesque. The steep cliffs, dark glens, and trickling cascades, shadowed by huge forest giants, which in their turn are mantled by clinging vines and wild flowers kissing their monarchs' feet, cause the beholder to feel that he is indeed in the realms of romanee.

A thousand thanks to the friends, both abroad and at home, who hav lavished such loads of kindness upon Mr. Bennett. Surely his enemies should know by this time that persecution only makes his friends more obedient to the immortal bard's injunction by grappling him to their souls with hooks of steel. The cruel wrongs he suffered we felt were in a measure ours as well; in the honors conferred we must ever rejoice. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

UNION CITY, MICH., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2.40, which please apply as herein directed: 75 cents for Keeler's "Short History of the Bible," 15 cents for "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," which please send me, and $1,50 to apply to my subscription for the highly-prized TRUTH SEEKER, which is my Bible, Concordance, and Commentary.

Thanks to your many noble and intelligent contributors who are dispelling the fogs of superstition and establishing rationality. But for your noble and talented workers, W. F. Jamieson and the dear and logical TRUTH SEEKER, probably I should still be plodding along with a weak and sickly faith (for I could never firmly believe in the God of the Bible), in the absurd and antiquated Christian dogmas. Thanks to those aids in lifting me from the quagmire of delusion to the plain and scientific truth. Long had I longed for indubitable evidence of the falsity of the current Christian theology, on account of its inconsistency. That evidence I am now confident I hav found. My motto is, Let us all be truth seekers, and if we find we are indulging a delusion, and though the same seem desirable, let it be dispelled, abandoned; let the truth come out and prevail, though the heavens fall. Thanks to our letter-writing friends; their letters are interesting and not unfrequently instructiv. It is, I think, good to compare notes and interchange views.

My special thanks to Bro. T. Winter, of Cincinnati, O., for his bold, clear, pointed, and logical letters. They are so identically expressiv of my own views on the same subjects. His under date of April 15th in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 29th, will, I think, pay reperusal and consideration.

One word more and I am done. I am glad to learn that that remarkable and highly-respected man, champion of truth and freedom, after a successful tour around the world, D. M. Bennett, is nearing home in health and good spirits; that his truthful history will prove a great blessing to the present and coming generations I hav do doubt.

Yours fraternally, M. BURLINGAME.

A REPLY TO A WORKINGMAN.

LA CROSSE, WIS., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 1st inst., I saw an article from a workingman who says he does not relish an article of mine which appeared in your paper of the 28th ult., headed "A Talk With the Workingmen." I stated in that article, "I should make it so plain that they would understand it without the aid of a dictionary." But it appears I was mistaken on his part. He adds in the first place, it is "disinterested effort on my part." I am sorry, for that. I did not intend to make it so. He says I put the brand of fool on every workingman. I think he is mistaken in that, for in the article I said, "Select some of the workingmen whose lives hav been in sympathy with you and your wants, vote for them, and elect them." He adds, "I infer that you are not a working man." Yes, I am a working man, and hav worked hard for fifty years, and am now working from ten to twelve hours a day in a market garden, but that is no reason why I should not speak what appears to me to be the truth.

You ask further, "Is it not possible that a few of the Greenback organizations possess a Petty in the amount of information on the subject of finance?" etc. Yes, I acknowledge the corn. You ask, "Did I ever realize that every material and luxury that I enjoy I am indebted to the workingmen for them?" What a simple question to ask. I will tell you what it is, the workingmen are giants in the arts and mechanics, but mere babes and pigmies in religion, to their discredit. You add, "What is most needed is organization." Yes; there is the rub. What prevents organization? Is it intelligence or is it ignorance? If you say intelligence, then the more ignorance a man possesses the better he is off. You add, "We are simply a mob," but say, "We must become welded together into one solid phalanx." Will ignorance do that? "If Patrick Ford," you add, "of the *Irish World*, had no religion, I should be apt to fall down and worship him." Does that bespeak liberty or man-worship? I think you would not answer for a standard bearer, for you would be looking out for man-worship instead of liberty. I believe, with Macdonald, if ever the workingmen are liberated they will hav to stop praying and go to thinking for themselvs, for he adds, "Neither Congress nor the church will help them, for one robs them of their money for the benefit of the rich, the other of their mind for the glory of God." I am with all due respect, Your well wisher,

J. PETTY.

CANTON, DAK., 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50, for which send M. Faraday's papers on "The Process of Mental Action," Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. For the rest of the money you may send me copies of Col. Ingersoll's "Decoration Oration," delivered in New York. I would like some more books and papers, but I cannot spare the money to buy them just now. I hope Mr. Bennett has had a pleasant time since his arrival in the "land of the free."

There are many Liberals in this section, but they are not organized, and it is hard work to fight a powerful enemy unless organized for the purpose. The great trouble I find here is that the Liberals take very little interest in the subject of liberty. They say, "I think and act for myself, and others can do the same." This is not right. If the Liberals of this country would work as zealously for their cause as do the church people, we would soon be able to demand a hearing in all matters of importance in legislation, for the legislatures of the country are the mouth-pieces of the church, and so long as they are run in the interest of the church we may expect to hav to liv under and be subject to obnoxious laws.

Bro. E. C. Walker is laboring in this vicinity, and I hear from him once in a while. I endeavored to get up some lectures here for him, but the rest of my Liberal friends did not care to take any part in the work, so I could not shoulder the whole responsibilities of getting him here, and had to let him go by unheard. This is a community in which a good lecture goes begging, and a minstrel troupe will draw a full house. The only excuse I can offer for this is that the greater majority of the people are Christians.

You will hear from me again soon. With best wishes for the good cause, I remain,

Yours truly, C. W. MCCRONE.

BUFORD, OHIO, June 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from me at this place. I am here on a visit to the old home, and notwithstanding my determination not to bring on any religious discussion, yet I find that here away in the backwoods some stray rays of light hav penetrated. I had resolved not to say anything upon these factions for the sake of peace—for the sake of having quiet and rest—for the sake of avoiding giving pain to gentle, generous, loving mother, who is old and feeble, and it would do us no good to controvert or argue with her, and would only cause needless pain. I hav, however, found truth seekers here, anxious truth seekers who asked me for some books and tracts, and when I told of our grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and showed a copy of it an interest was aroused at once, and it may be the nucleus of a number of subscribers. I inclose an order for some books and one copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I may be able to do something more here in a quiet way. I came here more for rest than work, but it seems hard to associate with people long without telling them of the progress of Freethought. I tell you the air is full of it. It seems that there is an influence permeating the atmosphere which causes the old wheel-horses in religion to balk. We hav reason to rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is our jollification.

I hav been so unfortunate as not to get my paper since coming here, so that I am a little behind in TRUTH SEEKER news, but I trust our pilgrim is doing grand service in the cause, as he always has done. I wish he could stop at Cincinnati as he goes east. I am only forty miles east of there.

I am, as ever, yours in the cause of truth,

L. E. HUGGINS.

ORANGE, N. J., July 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just been reading friend Bennett's address to the people of Ceylon, as reported in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 8th, and I want some sort of hieroglyphic to represent all the emphasis and astonishment that one can condense into one entire line of Oh's! and exclamation points. O-o-o-h! What a masterly iconoclast he is in the use of pure, simple, Anglo-Saxon language! What crushing sledge-hammer blows he does strike with his little pen! Oh, oh! What powerful blows a little man can strike if he only has the weapon of eternal truth to wield, with only one hand. Good heavens! I find myself exclaiming in my own private dwelling. Is it possible that I hav made such a donkey of myself for fifty years past by clinging with a death-like grasp to a system of unmitigated falsehoods! I really wish a copy of your paper for July 8th could be put into the hands of every person in the country. Every sentence is as full of immortal truth as a mad porcupine is of quills. Truth is mighty and must ultimately prevail.

Yours, SERENO EDWARDS TODD, SR.

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The germs from the East are in dream-land for the present; when they awake into beauty my pen shall send fragrant tattle to you. Accept my thanks. Times are changed somewhat with you since I used to write to Albany. Would it not hav been better for Francis Abbot had he taken the bull by the tail at that time? You are the resurrection while your enimies are dying. Brother Underwood found a wide-a-Wakeman as he was in the act of blasting Liberalism, and so things go on from bad to worse with them.

You hav had a great benefit and bestowed the same on all your friends in your interesting letters from everywhere. I never knew such industry as yours. LIZZIE ADAMS.

RICHMOND, ILL., July 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If there is any possible chance to make a libel suit stick against the *Inter-Ocean*, I hope you will commence suit at once. I will giv my mite to help to put it through. I take the only copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER that is taken here. I showed it to two parties, and they agreed to do likewise. I hav no hesitation in saying you can rely on fifteen or twenty dollars from this place to help put him through, so I hope you will let him know that as much of a beast he may think you are, that you can find plenty of friends, and money too, to make *Inter-Ocean* hide his beastly head. I hav no doubt but you will find plenty of friends to assist with the needful if you will commence a suit. I hope you will. JOHN WEST.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to urge upon all Liberals of the South the necessity of sending good representativ men to the Watkins Convention, to be held August 23d. The present preparations and indications are that it will be the largest Liberal gathering in the world. Speakers of known ability and talent will be there. Low rates over all railroads and at the hotels will be made. Further information will be given by the secretary, H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y. I hope the papers of the country will be as Liberal as we who represent the cause and giv us notice through the press.

JOHN F. ENGLE.

A Gleam of a World That's to Be.

BY ALBERT LANDON.

As a diver looks down for a beautiful gem
That is lost in the sands of the sea,
So I look down in the river of time
For a gleam of a world that's to be.

Oh, where shall I look for the wonderful key
That will open the portal I seek?
Is it sunk in the sands of a fathomless sea
Or hid in rocks of some mountainous peak?

I'v heard of a land far away in the East,
Where visions of heaven abound;
I'v searched in the words of prophet and priest,
Yet no way to that land hav I found.

But like bubbles that float on the face of a stream,
Or stars that are seen in a river,
For a moment only in beauty they gleam,
Then are lost to my vision forever.

Is there a proof I can safely trust,
Or is it all a child of the brain,
That the children of men who sleep in the dust
Shall awake from their slumbers again?

With the wonderful thought no more I'm content,
But search for the wisest, liv for the best;
Be just to my neighbor, true to my friend,
Let the gods and prophets provide for the rest.

Gods and Names of Gods.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your visit to Egypt greatly interested me, for I had myself for many years been investigating Ægyptology. It seems to me to be true that the modern name Copt is the same as the old name Ægypt. The ancient Greek for Ægypt is Aiguptos, Latin Ægyptus, the "g" in the latter being hard, but now-a-days used by us with the soft sound. The first syllable Ai or Æ is the old Greek prefix, serving the purpose of a species of what modern grammarians call "*article.*" Often in such cases where this prefix had been incorporated long ago with the word another or a newer form of article is superadded. Thus in classic Greek we hav "Hee Aiguptos" (feminin) for Egypt as a country, and "Ho Aiguptos" (masculin), the term used by Homer for the river Nile (see Odyssey iv, 447, etc.). It appears that the country was called Egypt by the Greeks and those nations which were of kindred origin with them, but that the true name was Ham or Cham. A comparison philological of these terms Ham and Egypt has furnished me with what I consider as the true origin of the latter of the two. It is well known that Ammon, Hamon, or Amen meant the Great *Hidden*, the unknown God. The affix *on* or *en* expressed the manifestation of the Ham, Oum, or Am, so that possibly the name of the manifestation or personification was at some time substituted for the name of the original Great Hidden.

We find this very same thing at any rate taking place where Brahma or Brahman stands from the impersonal Brahm itself. I conceive that the term Egypt is an Aryan rendering of the name Ham. A root which we may write as *kob*, *kub*, *kyb*, or *kib* was widely diffused through some of the Aryan languages, the meaning being secreting, covering, hence *cup*, *kophin*, or coffin, *kibotos* (the ark); but the same or a similar root at the same time supplies words meaning head, skull, etc., which fact, however, does not present impenetrable intricacy. It is rather striking that we should find in the fables a personage by the name of Ægyptus, said to hav been a king of Egypt. He was the son of Belus (but according to others, son of Neptune; and what is the difference?) and brother of Danaus Quere. Was not that king the same as Ammon himself? Was he not called son of Belus to show that the ultimate occult God of the Egyptians was taken from an Aryan source? and was he not called brother of Danaus to show that the older Greek population had their system similar, and about the same epoch had derived from the same Aryan source? This point seems to me to be worth pursuing further, and indeed it may be found in the end that Ham is a translation of an Aryan theological name into Egyptian instead of the *vice versa* I suggested above; or again, that it was not an Egyptian word at all, but a word borrowed along with the theology attached to it. Solomon is Saul (or Sol) Ammon; Bethlehem is Beth-el-Ham; Chemosh is a form of the name, and so is Milcom (Melek-om, or Ham the king). Ham is the origin of all force, and Hamon is the operation of it in the visible creation, both good and evil, the operation of the complete divinity, while Osiris was a more special manifestation as an *advocate* of man, and champion against the Typhon.

Let us inquire whether other ancient peoples had gods similar to Ham in character, that is, gods after whom they called themselvs. The Kelts had their Keli, or the great Hidden or Unseen and Incomprehensible, who has come down to our day by the Druidic inheritance. The root of his name is found in the Kymmric verb *kelu*, to hide or conceal, and the Latin *kelo* or *celo*, meaning the same. *Keli* and *Belus* are supposed to be the same name originally, *K* and *P* or *B* being exceedingly interchangeable between certain Aryan nations, as for instance, at the beginning of a word such as Philip and Pascha, the Gaels cannot for their life pronounce the P, though its sound is abundantly found in their language. Therefore we find them saying Keasg, while the Kymmry of Wales say Pasg (from pascha, the passover); and the Isle of Man Gaels say Killep instead of Philip. Again you may depend upon it that the words Belgians and Gauls or Gaels were originally one and the same word. The Kelts had their ultimate hidden deity, the great *Keli*, and their name as Kelts is after him, and a variation of his name was *Beli* and *Belin*, from which we get Plennydh, the chief of the Druidic trinity, and this Plennydh stands in the same relation to Keli or Beli as Brahma stands to Brahm.

Next take the *Gothic* race. What is their ultimate hidden divinity? It was *Got* or God, and they were called after his name, or he after theirs. This name is the very same as *Khoda*, the ark-hidden divinity of some of the Himalaya tribes. *Scot* is same as *Goth*, the letter *s* being the old prefix or article. I doubt much that *god* and *good* convey the same idea (as some assert). *God* is akin to *hide* or *hyde*, to cover, and *hide* or *hyde*, skin, which, by the way, is identical with the Latin *cutis*, skin, and the Latin *cutis* is allowed by all good etymologists to be of the same origin as the Greek word *Keutho*, to hide or cover; but the root is still more intelligible in the Kymmric verb, *cudhio*, to secrete. There is a strong suspicion that the English word *good* is of different origin and signification, namely, cognate with *wood*, *wit*, and *wise*, etc., and descriptiv of the productivness of nature's life.

Shem, Ham, and Japheth were a trinity of gods, and identical with the Druidic trinity, Plennydh, Alawn, and Gooron, only the order is different, for the Hebrews put Japheth last instead of second. Shem is the sun, same as Shemesh, and also of same root as Ha-Shamayin, the heavens. Shem answers to El the ultimate God of the Semitic race. His worshipers say they were descended from the man Shem, and nearly all other nations say that they had descended from their gods. Shem was probably a manifestation of El, just as Japheth or Jupiter was a manifestation of the hidden god of the Kelts and other Aryans. Japheth or Jupiter was simply *IAO—father* of the equinoctial, and he was a favorit manifestation of the Great Keli (or hidden) among the Druids, and his worship extended from Britain to Arabia and the Himalayas. This personage in a corrupt form displaced El or Allah at least in one case, and was known as Yahweh, Jehovah, or Jhavoh concerning which encroachment of this divinity upon the property (in worshipers) of another we shall speak again. It has been a question whether El of the Chaldees was the same name as Keli of the Kelts. El again is identified with Bel and Belus, and we know that Belus and Keli were the same. Query, whether the Chaldeans were so called after their god El? It has been maintained by some that the gods were heroes deified. Of course some heroes were canonized, but they never became real gods, the distinction being as clear as now between the Roman Catholic God and his canonized saints. The reverse was the fact, viz., that the gods were humanified or made to become men, or underwent anthropomorphism. Since nations represented themselvs as descended from their gods, by means of the intermediate divinities or manifestations, they found it necessary, when they made a change in their god, to turn the cat in the pan, and put their old gods upon a lower shelf and call them heroes and ancestors. And this anthropomorphism, no doubt, took place also under other circumstances. Jehovah is a different divinity from El, that is, of a different order, just as Osiris differed from Ammon. The real IAO, or Jehovah, was the God of the Manifestation, and the word Jesus (later) is the same word. He was the deity of the Jebusites, and their Melchisedec his priest. The Druids could never see the Keli at all, but the IAO (same as Ichavoh) they could see in the works of creation, the seasons of the year, the budding of spring, the glory of summer, the bounties of autumn, and the retrograde in winter. When the Chaldean family who in Abraham are said to hav paid some homage to Melchisedec, set their eyes on possessing the country, they adopted the god of the country, and finally the most important and powerful of their tribes was called after the name of their adopted god, namely, Judah. Thus Jebusites and Jews, though quite different peoples, carry the same identical name, with a slight variation. Finally the whole of the Hebrews were called by outsiders after this god, namely, Judæ, or Jews. But let it be remembered that the Hebrews changed the character of the divinity IAO so utterly as to render him to all practical purposes a different god. They, after all, worshiped El the Terrible under a new name, only abjuring certain streaks of astral devotions connected with him in other lands. The Biblical account affords us a good reliable clue to an ethnological truth and solid data in religious development, even though we may doubt whether Abraham and Melchisedec are strictly historical persons.

"The Most Ven'nd Myvyr Morganwg positivly denies that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are to be regarded as historical characters. It would be too much of a task in this short note to giv his interpretation of this triad. These are identical with Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Yo may ask how the two triads tally, forasmuch as the Indian three stand forth as if side by side, as like three men, while the Hebrew one come one after another by way of successiv generations. Bardism alone has the key to this mystery—Plennydh, Alawn, and Gooran, although as a triad we place them as the sublime three, side by side, still do come one after another in their physical development in the revolution of the year. The lameness of Jacob is not without mythic significance, and the whole story of the three as laid down in the Old Testament is as full of mythologic points as the most enthusiastic mythologistic theorist could desire."

At some remote period the worship of the IAO, which was certainly connected with the introduction of letters or alphabet (non-hieroglyphic), invaded Asia Minor and Arabia, and encroached on the nativ Sabean system with its El, Elohim, and Allah (all same) and the Druidic circles and cromlechs of these regions testify to the fact.

It would be interesting to explain the character called Melchisedec, which is so ridiculously misunderstood by all Judæ-Christian commentators. CORAVAR AMERIG.

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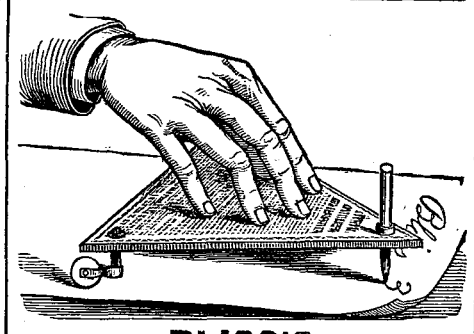
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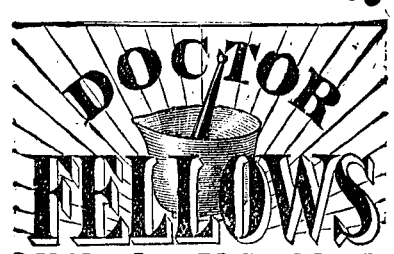


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Gems of Thought.

WHAT would justly be called flattery when offered to the powerful is a debt of humanity to the fallen.—*Macaulay.*

THAT Christianity should encourage a disposition to asceticism, which even Judaism could not check, was no more than might be expected from the language and conduct of its founder and his early disciples. Christ never married, and probably lived in complete chastity. Paul goes so far as to compare marriage unfavorably with celibacy. James upholds poverty as preferable to riches in the eyes of God. The whole of the New Testament abounds with passages in which present misery is declared to be the forerunner of future happiness and present prosperity of future suffering. This is the very spirit of monasticism, and it is not surprising that from such a root such fruits hav sprung. From a very early age devout Christians hav felt that in renouncing individual property, marriage, personal freedom, and the various other joys which life in the world offers, they were fulfilling the dictates of their religion and preparing themselvs for heaven.—*Amberley's Analysis.*

ALTHOUGH I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom and to clamor, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Hav mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

Patient in this tall pillar, I hav borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
And I had hoped that ere this period closed,
Thou wouldst hav caught me up into thy rest,
Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
The mead of saints, the white robe and the palm.
O take the meaning, Lord: I do not breathe,
Nor whisper, any murmur of complaint.
—*Tennyson's Simeon Stylites.*

MANY hav been drawn by the inevitable spell of asceticism to flee from opposing parents and unsympathizing friends in order to embrace it; others hav been destined from their infancy, like the Mexican and Peruvian youth, to wear the cowl and take the veil. But throughout the history of every order there has been the same fundamental idea sustaining its existence; the ideas, namely, that in becoming an ascetic, the person was consecrated to God, and became by that consecration purer, holier, and better than those who continued to pursue the ordinary avocations of secular life.—*Amberley's Analysis.*

IF a God of infinit power and boundless goodness permits injustice and suffering *here*, why not *there?* If it is said that *that* shocks our sense of justice and our feelings of humanity, and that we must not suppose God will do anything wrong or cruel, I reply that we, with our disposition, would not, if we had the power to prevent it, allow sufferings and wrong here. Perfect justice in some other state cannot be logically inferred from inequality, injustice, and wrong in this state.—*Underwood.*

O REMEMBER that my life is wind; mine eye shall no more see good. The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more: thine eyes are upon me and I am not. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.—*Job* vii, 7-10.

"AY, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all hav gone and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours hav seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better, not to be. —*Byron.*

MANY are the expedients which men of corrupt minds hav invented to deceive themselvs. Some satisfy themselvs with the zeal they express for the profession of the true religion, though they dishonor that profession by unrighteous works. Others expect to obtain salvation by the strength of their faith, utterly mistaking the very meaning of the word "faith," apprehending it to signify credulity instead of fidelity, and that they should be accepted for being confident instead of faithful servants. Some depend upon certain things that can be done for them by others, as if anything could, in the religious sense, be of advantage to any man, which does not at all make him a better man. Others rely upon the merits of Christ, deceiving themselvs with an expectation that Christ will rescue them from punishment, though they reject all the motivs by which his gospel proposes to rescue them from sin. These and all other expedients of the like nature—all expedients whatsoever, intended to supply the want of the one thing necessary—a virtuous life—are false and hollow.—*Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

WHAT is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel's traces,
That mankind may follow still!

E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan.
He's the Noble who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!
—*Charles Swain.*

To teach woman to claim what is her inalienable birthright is the first great step toward lifting the whole human race upon a higher plane; to raise the mother and to educate the children; for only free, independent, educated, self-supporting mothers can bear and rear noble, grand, beautiful, and perfect children. Take right hold then, my sisters, and do what you find to do and do it now. Begin to-day; fear not public criticism. If you can drive a team, haul wood, plow the land, or fill any professional position, do so, regardless of the fear of being thought out of your sphere. Is it more degrading to carry home a sack of flour from the mill than to scour a floor? or is it more unwomanly to plow a furrow than to stand at the wash-tub? or is it any more laborious?—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

ALL San Francisco is clamoring for brass bands in churches. Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently.—*Cleveland Voice.*

It makes very little difference what the weather may be in the other parts of the country in April and May, they always hav Hot Springs in Arkansas.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A VERMONT man took a bean-pole and stirred up a skunk to see what the animal would do. He found out, and then went to a lonely place in the woods to decide what to do with himself.

THE correspondence of the actress Rachel is about to be published in Paris. She has been dead so long that probably not more than three or four old gentlemen are now living who will be seriously annoyed by the publication.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE New York Young Men's Christian Association, which tried to get the remains of Guiteau to exhibit, are now trying to secure Blanche Douglass it is alleged. It was hoped Miss Douglass would halt in her downward career, but maybe she is past redemption, and will engage with the association.—*Peck's Sun.*

A CERTAIN young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day while they were passing the confectioners the swain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement, "Ice-cream, $1 per gal." "Well," said the young man as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but, Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice-cream for this gal."

A NEW YORKER who had business in one of the mountain villages, last week, was followed to the depot, when ready to take the train, by a nativ, who continually inquired:

"Are you an undertaker?"

"Oh, no."

"Didn't know but you was an undertaker, looking for an opening here, and I'd like to pool with you. I own the graveyard here, and we could run the business to suit ourselvs. Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"Didn't know but you was. I hav got the best place in town for a drug store, and I'd furnish the medicins and you do the doctoring, and we'd pool. Maybe you're a lawyer?"

"No, my friend."

"I thought if you was we could fix it all right, one of my brothers being the justice of the peace and the other the constable, and I'd be the silent partner and sue every man in town to make business. Likely enough you are a preacher?"

'Wrong again."

"Well, I'm sorry. I'v got a mortgage on the best church building here, and if you was only the right kind of a preacher we'd pool in, and in less'n three months we'd hav the dead wood on every soul worth saving."

"ARE you traveling alone?" asked a tall, agricultural-looking gentleman, approaching a lady who occupied two seats in a crowded car.

"No, sir," she replied.

"May I ask, Who's with you?" asked the man, looking around vainly for some other place to store himself.

"My husband," snapped the lady, with flashing eyes. "My husband is traveling with me."

"Oh! ah! excuse me," and the tall man straightened up and prepared to take a standing ride.

"Is that seat engaged?" asked a dashing, well-dressed young fellow of the lady five minutes later.

"No, sir," she replied, and down he plumped.

"I say, ma'am!" protested the tall man, "is that your husband?"

"No, it isn't, and you needn't ask any more questions!" retorted the woman.

"But you said you were traveling with him," persisted the tall man.

"So I am," snorted the lady.

"Where is he?" insisted the tall man.

"He's in the baggage car in a coffin," replied the lady.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the tall man, humbly; "I honestly beg pardon. I won't ask if he's dead, but you'll excuse me for thinking that if you and he hav been married long he's deuced smart to travel around screwed up in a box, if you are on the same trip and it's likely to last long."

WHERE I DRAW THE LINE.

I used to think that I should like to go to heaven, but I hav changed my mind lately. I suppose it is a very pleasant place, well lighted and ventilated, and all that sort of thing, but I could not stand the inhabitants. I am not over particular about my associates, not exactly squeamish, you know, but I really must draw the line somewhere.

It would be anything but a pleasure to hav to see Henry Ward Beecher forever sitting round on rosy clouds, folding his wings in fat contentment and winking at the female angels, or Talmage dancing an everlasting loose-jointed jig of exultation over the actors and other professionals who were being roasted for running opposition to his Brooklyn show; and I don't think that the long rows of smug deacons and lank elders, all bursting with gratified conceit, and congratulating each other on having worked the salvation racket successfully, would hav a soothing influence on my feelings, and yet these would be the very aristocracy of heaven, so to speak.

I should also hav to associate with all the glorified negro murderers from the South, and holy bank defaulters from the East, with the psalm-singing, prayer-shouting criminals from all sections, and last, but not least, I should hav to meet that inspired Christian gentleman, Charles J. Guiteau; and there's where I draw the line.

No; send me to hades with Spinoza and Paine and Bob Ingersoll, and all the good-hearted, honest fellows that I myself hav known, who didn't care a rap for any church that ever was built. I prefer good company to good lodgings any day, and when it comes to Guiteau I weaken.—*George Kyle in the Judge.*

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Notes and Clippings.

THE boy was not far out of the way who, when asked what Sunday was made for, said, "To go on an excursion." The hotel-keepers are of the same mind.

FELIX ADLER has given the striking freight handlers some good advice—and one hundred dollars. He resigned from the Free Religious Association some time ago.

THE pope has begged several leading cardinals who are anxious to escape from Rome not to leave him, as from one moment to another he may require their presence. "Beg" is a very good word to use in connection with the pope.

IT is reported that King Humbert of Italy is a skeptic in religious matters, if not a Freethinker. That probably accounts for his honesty and patriotism in paying his father's debts out of his own pocket instead of allowing them to be saddled on the state.

THE revised New Testament meets with so little favor in the Methodist church South that it is not used even for Sunday-school lessons. Would it not be a good idea to get the Lord to rewrite the Bible in the presence of reliable witnesses? Ministers to be debarred, of course, as they would object to such passages as do not suit their different denominations.

OF the shareholders of the Bank of New Zealand ninety-four are parsons. Lay up your treasures, brethren, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. We who are your pastors will toil among you and be satisfied with a mortgage or two upon this sinful earth. Shell out your threepennies regularly, dearly beloved, and Jehovah will provide the rest.

THE war in Egypt has been carefully studied by the *World's Crisis*, the organ of the Adventists in America. It admits the difficulty of interpreting prophecy by military movements, but believes that the saints ought to watch the course of events with Bible in hand. It is quite sure that the European Conference is "another united effort of the revelator's four angels to hold the four winds."

IN Kentucky the legislature has expressly provided that no religious test shall be applied to a witness in any civil action, but there is no statute governing the question in criminal cases. In a recent murder trial the objection was raised to one of the witnesses that he was an Athei and therefore that his evidence was not admissible. The question went to the Court of Appeals, which decides that in criminal as well as civil cases no inquiry can be made into the religious belief of any witness.

MISS GREYSON, who had for many years been bedridden with spinal disease, at Erie, Pa., believed that she could be cured by prayer. She talked with the attending physician about it, and he said that he would arrange for a meeting of devout persons at the house of a neighbor, when her recovery should be earnestly implored. At the appointed time she sprang from her couch and declared herself miraculously recovered. But the doctor had called no meeting, and no praying had been done.

BARNES, the Kentucky evangelist, believes in the entire efficacy of repentance. In a recent exhortation he said: "A man can confess Jesus better when he is drunk than when he is sober, for he can just come and throw himself limber, like a rag, into the arms of Jesus. Suppose a man comes here limber drunk and confesses Christ, and then goes out and puts another quart of whisky under his belt, and, going home, he falls off his horse and breaks his neck, that man will go straight to heaven as sure as God is God; and if he don't I would be willing to go to hell for him." If heaven is full of "limber drunks," we will buy a ticket for the other place. What with hanged and unhanged murderers and "limber drunks," the population of heaven must be a rather scaly lot.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bradford (Eng.) *Telegraph* tries to make out that Garibaldi, while "despising the ecclesiastical system, still revered the Bible." As matter of fact, the general was an extreme Freethinker for many years before his death He grew sick of religion altogether. He became president of an Atheistic society, and in 1880 he wrote thus: "Man has created God, not God man. Yours ever, Garibaldi." More statements to the same purpose will be found in Bent's "Life of Garibaldi," where they are very much deplored.

A TOTAL abstinence society's committee urged Mayor King of Philadelphia to order the police to obtain evidence against rumsellers who violate the Sunday law. "So you want me to turn the police into spies?" he replied. Then he explained his idea of police duty in that matter to be that patrolmen should compel a closing of front doors and windows, but never enter a barroom except to quell a disturbance. "If you desire to convict these violators of the Sunday law," he added, "you must get the requisit evidence yourselvs. That is not the proper work of the police." Mayor King evidently has some regard for the Constitution.

A HOT fight is going on in Milwaukee over the question of Sunday observance. The city has a large German Element, and the theaters and beer gardens hav been open on Sundays. A petition was recently circulated for closing the theaters, and it was signed by many merchants. This brought out the resentment of the Germans, and, under the direction of the brewers, a system of boycotting has been employed against all tradesmen whose signatures appear on the petition. The brewers are the prime movers, because they know that the closing of the theaters would be followed by an attack on the beer gardens and saloons. Much bitterness has been engendered.

FEW problems, says the *Sun*, hav puzzled archæologists more than the origin of the splendid ruins in Cambodia. For the further examination of these ruins the French government sent out a mission under M. Delaporte at the end of last year. After a careful examination of the remains at Angkor, M. Delaporte comes to the conclusion that these ancient Khmer temples were dedicated to Brahmanism. Buddhism and serpent worship hav been proposed as solutions of the problem; but it has not been before conjectured that the ruins had any connection with Brahma. M. Delaporte professes to find in the rich sculpture records of the exploits of Rama and the glories of Vishnu, as well as emblems of other of the gods and heroes of Brahmanism.

EVERY Sunday a clergyman of some denomination goes to the state prison at Carsons, and treats the prisoners to a sermon. Recently the reverend gentleman who had been taking his turn at the theological wheel accosted an intelligent-looking convict in the yard with, "I never see you at divine service?" "No," answered the prisoner (in for an unsuccessful stock speculation). "No, my work out here in the yard makes it impossible for me to attend." "Ah, sorry to hear it. We've just had a very pleasant time—services and choir singing and everything the same as in our church. The only difference (this quizzically) was in the congregation." "Yes," returned the convict, calmly, "this congregation has been caught." His reverence gazes afield and silently admires the beauties of nature.

RELIGION has a very softening influence upon men. We hav observed that deacons are always tender toward the brute creation, and that whom a deacon loveth he chasteneth if he can. This softening influence was recently shown in Oxford, England, in a striking manner. Some jackdaws confidingly built their nests upon the chapel walls of New College in that town, and because their noise interfered with the Christian service within the authorities had the birds bricked up. The congregation, we are told, "heard the cries of these unfortunate creatures daily grow less till, on the fifty day, death came to their release." And he who heeds the falling of sparrows could probably better hear the prayers of Christians after the jackdaws were bricked up. We hope the jackdaws were converted before they died. To the tender mercies of Christian pietists, O Lord, we commend our enemy!

THE congress assembled at Madrid toward the end of last month to discuss the best mode of furthering the cause of education has broken up after holding a great number of sittings and passing several resolutions, the most important of which was that primary education should be gratuitous and compulsory, and that manual labor should be taught in all primary schools. The Froebel method of teaching was recommended for use in all infant schools; but a resolution in favor of allowing women to become candidates as teachers in the higher schools was rejected. Spain is still a long way behind most other European countries in regard to education, but it appears from some statistics referred to during the congress that the number of primary schools has increased from 24,000 to 29,000 within the last twenty-two years. The teachers are badly and unpunctually paid, and the consequence is that they are, as a rule, very unfit for their posts. Spain is pre-eminently a Christian country.

IT is pleasant to read in the *Jewish Messenger* that in various parts of Russia Christians exerted themselvs most activly to assist Jews. In the government Cherson Christian neighbors erected a barricade around a Jew's brewery and watched throughout the night. At another place Christians put out the flames consuming Jewish property, and a lady of rank, living at a distance, came over to distribute aid, and took off some of her own clothes to clothe a nearly naked Jewess. Many similar cases are cited.—*Sun*. It would be pleasanter reading were it not for the fact that the persecutions were likewise the work of Christians. There were Christians on the other side of that barricade, willing and anxious to tear down the brewery; it was Christians who kindled the flames, the other Christians put out, and Christians first stripped the Jewish maiden the other Christian relieved. And the destroying Christians were undoubtedly more orthodox than the saving ones. It has always been so, and probably always will be.

IN a controversy between the Roman Catholic bishop of Vincennes and a priest at Brownsburg, the Supreme Court of Indiana has recently decided an important question touching church property, which is said to hav been adjudicated in this case for the first time in this country. It appears that when Father O'Donovan, the pastor of the Catholic congregation at Brownsburg, was removed from that position by Bishop Chatard he refused to surrender the premises which he had been occupying as a parsonage and using as a church. His successor was thereby prevented from taking possession and entering upon the performance of his duties. The bishop thereupon brought suit to oust the priest in possession and to recover the property. In the lower court it was held that the relation between bishop and priest was that of landlord and tenant; that in this case the tenancy was a yearly one, and that the tenant could not be dispossessed without a three-months' notice. As this notice had not been received by Father O'Donovan the court refused to disturb him. This judgment is reversed by the Supreme Court, which holds that a priest cannot be considered as the tenant of his bishop, but that the relation existing between them is more like that of master and servant. While the priest is not the hired servant of the bishop, he is, under the laws of the church, appointed to his position by the bishop, and by him may be removed from it, and when so removed he has no claim to the church property, and is entitled to no notice to quit. He must surrender the premises with his office. What kind of a precedent is this to be established in a country in which there is supposed to be no connection between the church and state?

News of the Week.

CHOLERA is raging in Tokio and Yokohama, Japan.

LIQUOR prohibition is said to be working successfully in Kansas.

QUEEN VICTORIA has just completed the forty-fifth year of her reign.

THE proprietor of the London *Freethinker* is being prosecuted for blasphemy.

NEW YORK Greenbackers in convention hav nominated Epenctus Howe for governor.

FIVE men were murdered by Indians in Pleasant Valley, Arizona, on the 19th inst.

THE Senate has voted Mrs. Garfield $50,000, as her dead husband's salary for one year.

APACHE Indians murdered three American prospectors in Sonora Valley, Cal., last week.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, is said to be in a dying condition. His disease is cancer in the mouth.

PROF. WORTH, of the Broadway Museum in this city, bitten a short time ago by a rattlesnake, is recovering.

ONE Walsh, a youth of nineteen, who murdered his sweetheart some time ago, was hanged in Brooklyn on the 21st.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, near Wadesborough, N. C., while in a religious frenzy on the 21st, brained his wife with an ax.

GEORGE P. MARSH, United States minister to Italy, died at Rome on the 24th. He was a writer of considerable merit.

N. M. CURTIS, an officer of the Custom House, has been fined $1,000 for receiving political contributions from office-holders.

FOUR hundred and fifty-five agrarian outrages in Ireland during the last three months hav been followed by but thirteen convictions.

THE Shanghai *Mercury* reports trouble between American and Chinese sailors which, in case an assaulted Chinaman dies, may end in a riot.

A WHITE physician was called by a Spokane Indian in Oregon to treat his sick boy. The boy died, and the father shot the physician and fled.

A NATIONAL mining exhibition is about to open at Denver, Col. Tons of ore and bullion are pouring in, one county sending ten tons of silver bullion.

TEN thousand dollars has been appropriated by Congress for the construction of a suitable monument to mark the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Va.

ARABI PASHA of Egypt is still massing troops. A slight collision has occurred between his forces and those of England. Arabi has shut off the water supply of Alexandria.

THE Hillsdale crew of amateur oarsmen, now in England, is still meeting with scurvy treatment from the British regatta committee. They hav been refused entry in all the races.

MISS FANNY PARNELL, daughter of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish Land Leaguer, died of heart disease last week. She had been activ in the organization of the Ladies' Land League.

AN enterprising theater manager of New York is about to import Mrs. Langtry, the professional London beauty, and Nilsson, the great singer. He has also engaged Irving, the noted English tragedian.

A LABORER at work repairing the "Church of the Incarnation" in this city last week, recently, through a dispensation of providence, damaged by fire, was killed by the falling of a scaffold upon which he was working.

THE Rev. Martin Hoernlein, a Lutheran preacher of this city, cut his wife's throat and then attempted suicide last Monday. Mrs Hoernlein is recovering, but the would-be murderer's own wound is said to be dangerous.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Singapore City and Island.

SINGAPORE, April 5, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: Time has hung heavily on my hands in Java, and here more than any other point I have visited. To sit down and wait twelve days for a steamer in a sweltering climate, and when the whole place and its surroundings can be seen in two days, and when withal one is particularly anxious to be getting on toward home, is very tedious indeed; but I saw no help for it but patience. I have a ticket paid for to Yokohama, and it would cost more than double as much to buy another ticket to Hong Kong by some other line as my board here will cost; so I have been looking around the city and the island on which it stands, visiting the museum and library, reading some, writing some, and passing the time as best I could. Of course I must tell you something about this flourishing city and country.

Singapore, originally from the Sanskrit *Singhapura*, means the lion city, though others claim that it means the touching-place, because it is a point where all vessels between India and China have to pass and stop. It is situated on the southern part of an island by the same name, twenty-seven miles long and fourteen wide, and separated from the southern part of the Malayan peninsula by a narrow strait, in places but about half a mile in width. Within a compass of nine or ten miles south are some thirty small islands or islets, formerly principally occupied by fishermen and pirates, but now some of them are partially cultivated by natives. It is one hundred miles around them.

The island of Singapore was ceded to England by one of the Malayan kings or maharajahs or sultans in 1819. The population of the island at that time was one hundred and fifty natives; now the city alone has 140,000, and is a place of commercial importance, being a point from whence much of the produce of the surrounding country is shipped, and where a large amount of goods from other countries is transhipped in various directions. Great numbers of sailing vessels call here, and with several lines of steamers it is a regular stopping-place. Here they all coal on their way, going east and west, north and south. Very extensive coal sheds are located next to the wharves, containing 100,000 tons; this of course comes from England. The docks and wharves are of a good character, and the warehouses for merchandise are very extensive, holding immense quantities.

The city of Singapore is as level as a floor, and has wide, smooth streets, that are kept clean and orderly. The island is gently undulating, with several slight hills, and profusely dotted with plantations and cheerful-looking bungalows, occupied by the English and Chinese. As it is but seventy-five miles from the equator, it of course luxuriates in all the tropical productions. The fan palms are numerous, their beautiful tops spreading with such regularity as to add greatly to the loveliness of the landscape. Cocoanut-trees and bananas are extensively grown. Coffee and tea plantations are increasing in numbers.

Singapore, including the island, the city, the neighboring islets, Malacca and the island of Penang, form what is called the Straits Settlements, and are united in one colonial government, of which Singapore is the capital. Penang I have before partially described—an island fifteen miles long and nine broad, lying near the west side of the Malay peninsula, at the northern entrance of the straits of Malacca. On the main-land, opposite the island, is what is called the province of Wellesley, a strip of the coast, forty-five miles in length, and averaging eight miles in width. This belongs to the English, and forms a part of the Settlements, the same lying between the fifth and sixth degrees of north latitude.

Malacca is also on the west coast of the peninsula, about one hundred and twenty miles from Singapore, being a strip of country forty-two miles in length and varying from eight to twenty-four miles in width. The principal town is Malacca, containing 74,000 inhabitants, 50 of whom are Europeans, 48,000 Malays, 14,000 Chinese, and 3,000 natives of India.

Malacca is one of the oldest European settlements in the East, having been taken possession of by the Portuguese in 1511 and held by them till 1641, when the Dutch, after repeated attempts, succeeded in driving them out. The Dutch held it till 1795, when it was seized by the English and held by them till 1818, at which date it was restored to the Dutch; but in the treaty of 1824 it was again restored to the English in exchange for the East India Company's settlement, Bencoolen, on the west coast of Sumatra. Malacca was formerly a place of much commercial importance, being the grand center for the trade of the Malay peninsula as well as of Sumatra; but Penang, first, and then Siagapore, have taken all this trade away, and now it is only the center of a great undeveloped agricultural district. The English have also taken possession of a portion of the west coast of the peninsula between Penang and Malacca, in extent twenty miles in length and ten in width. Upon one pretext and another they will undoubtedly seize and annex one portion after another until they have the whole of the peninsula under their power.

The duty on the export of tin forms the largest item of the Straits Settlements, this valuable metal being largely produced in various parts of the peninsula. The country is also very rich in the principal tropical productions, to which the growing of coffee, tea, and cinchona are steadily being added on the high lands, rice being the great crop of the low lands.

The Straits ports are all wholly free from duties on imports or exports, nor are tonnage duties levied for general purposes; and the only tax to which shipping entering this port is liable consists of a very moderate one of three cents per registered ton for the support of the lighthouses at the entrances of the Straits.

Besides tin, the exports comprise sugar, pepper, nutmegs, mace, sago, tapioca, rice, buffalo hides and horns, rattans, gutta percha, India rubber, gambier, gums, coffee, dye stuffs, tobacco, etc. The united exports and imports of the three colonies are as follows: Singapore, $121,124,060; Penang, $46,137,050; Malacca, $5,831,495; total, $173,092,605.

I will remark that the currency is the same in denomination and value as our own, dollars and cents, which is pleasant to meet with. The coins are dollars, twenty cents, ten cents, and five cents, in silver, and one cent in copper.

The number and tonnage of vessels arriving at the Straits Settlements during four years were as follows: 1876, number, 10,166; tonnage, 2,548,722. 1877, number, 9,761; tonnage, 2,495,539. 1878, number-12,473; tonnage, 3,360,638. 1879, number, 11,879; tonnage, 2,785,843.

The government of the Straits consists of a governor, aided by an executive and legislative council, the latter body being composed of eleven official members and six unofficial, but all Europeans. The natives have no voice in the government.

The military force consists of half a battery of artillery and one battalion of an infantry regiment, of which one company is stationed at Malacca, two and a portion of the artillery at Penang, and the remainder at Singapore.

In population the Malay race predominates in Penang and Wellesly, the Chinese coming next. In Malacca the proportion of Malays is still larger; while in Singapore the Chinese have considerable of a majority. According to a census of 1871 the races were as follows: Singapore, Europeans, 904; Malays, 19;250; Chinese, 54,120; natives of India, etc., 13,300. Penang, Europeans, 513; Malays, 20,110; Chinese, 22,720; natives of India, etc., 7,100. Wellesley, Europeans, 96; Malays, 51,100; Chinese, 14,000; natives of India, etc., 10,000. Malacca, Europeans, 47; Malays, 57,474; Chinese, 13,456; natives of India, etc., 3,000.

Singapore, according to census of one year ago, presents the following: Europeans, Americans, etc., 2,769; Armenians, 88; Jews, 172; Eurasians (of European half parentage), 3,094; Chinese, 86,766; Malays, 22,155; other nationalities, 24,175. Total, 139,208.

The sources from which the revenue is raised are alike in all parts of the straits. They consist chiefly of a stamp duty, the monopolies of preparing and retailing opium for smoking, and the sale of spirits and other excisable commodities, which are farmed out to private individuals, generally to the Chinese. Those articles which produce intoxication chiefly pay the expenses of the government, and this body licenses those death-dealing articles to secure their own life. The land revenue comprises the proceeds of sales of public lands, quit rents, tithes, and fees on transfer; judicial fines and fees, the post-office, the light dues, and a few miscellaneous items make up the remaining sources of revenue.

Schools have been established with characteristic English generosity. The Raffles Institution is for both boys and girls, and has some fifteen teachers. There is also a Malay college, with one English and fourteen Malay teachers. The missionaries and churches have also established some schools.

The Raffles Museum and Library is a very creditable institution, occupying the same commodious and imposing-looking building with the Raffles Educational Institution, located near the shore of the bay, and commanding a beautiful view of the harbor and shipping, with the adjacent pleasure grounds, etc. The museum contains an interesting collection in natural history pertaining to this colony and the neighboring islands. The assortment of stuffed birds and animals, snakes, coral formations, etc., is very fine, and is excelled in but few museums, especially where a specialty is made of this part of the world. From the representations made this must be a perfect heaven for snakes, for the variety of stuffed and preserved snakes is large and varied. One of the pythons, the skin of which is carefully stuffed and the skeleton neatly prepared, is twenty feet in length and four or five inches through. It was killed in this locality. Some of the snakes are really beautiful in color, spots, and variegations. The display of butterflies, beetles, etc., is particularly fine. The largest of the butterflies are seven inches across. The bugs and beetles are very brilliant. The collection of sea shells is very large, and embraces very many beautiful varieties. The specimens of the botanical productions of the country, including woods, plants, seeds, grain, etc., are numerous, as are also the minerals, ores, stones, etc. The collection of native manufactures, including cloths, domestic articles, weapons of war, musical instruments, native houses, boats, etc., is large and curious. But I missed the gods here, which usually form a large share of museum collections. This is probably not a godly locality.

The library contains some ten thousand volumes for lending to members, with a department for reference, and London papers and periodicals. It is an interesting place to pass a few days, especially to one who has seen little of the news of the world for many weeks. I spent some of my leisure time here, and read with regret of the heavy floods in the Mississippi valley and the great loss in consequence. I read with more pleasure of Mr. Bradlaugh's re-election from Northampton. If this third decision of the people of that borough that Mr. Bradlaugh shall represent them in the House of Commons could influence the Christian bigots and flunkies to accord him justice, it would be very acceptable to hundreds of thousands of the lovers of the right, but perhaps that is hardly to be expected, but a repetition of the wrongs that have so often been perpetrated. It is Christian policy to exercise power to suppress justice and crush unbelievers whenever they possess it. It is their day now, but it is hoped that the day for reason and justice will come after awhile.

I visited the botanical gardens, located some three miles from the city, and found them extensive and well laid-out grounds, containing over one hundred acres and a great variety of tropical trees and plants. There are also several houses for birds of different kinds, and within the grounds is a pleasant lake in which white and black swans were gracefully swimming around. I also visited a Chinese private garden, about as far out in another direction, owned by by a rich Chinaman—the one, by the by, who entertained General Grant when here—which contains many varieties of curious plants not in the botanical garden. Among them were some twenty plants of the magnificent Victoria Regia, one of the most splendid water plants in existence. The leaves, fully five feet in diameter, and round, lie as flat upon the water as a vast platter, with two inches of the edge turned up like the copper bottom of a large boiler. The flower is a beautiful white, large in size, and in keeping with the plant. There are other fine water plants growing here with beautiful flowers, but I did not learn their names. I was much interested in a style of trained plants I saw there; they seemed like a hardy, slow-growing species of shrub, with small glossy leaves, growing compactly together, somewhat like dwarf box. They are trained in the forms of ships, pagodas, houses, lions, bears, dragons, fish, and even men and women; in the latter cases artificial heads are supplied, as eyes are in the case of animals, fishes, etc. One would hardly believe that a shrub could be trained to present so many shapes and to look so nearly like animals, temples, ships, etc. In the same grounds are many rare plants and curious specimens of Chinese skill. The summer house contains a large bronze image of Buddha, with numerous animals and large birds also in bronze.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

Many of the Chinese are wealthy and have fine residences, with very imposing entrances, which are often decorated with landscapes and fine views. Only a small portion of the Chinese, however, are wealthy; as with other nationalities the large proportion are toilers and poor. All the heavy work is done by Chinese coolies; they load and unload vessels carrying the freight to and from the warehouses on their shoulders by means of carrying-poles, or in heavy carts drawn by Chinese power when the distance amounts to considerable. They run many thousands of the small boats, called *sampans*. They carry around the city all sorts of merchandise upon their shoulders with their spring-balancing sticks. I often see them with heavy loads of vegetables of various kinds weighing two or three hundred pounds; and I have several times seen them carrying on their shoulders in this way, in covered tubs, manure (night soil) for three or four miles out into the country to their gardens. A people that will thus carry manure on their backs for miles to enrich the ground must be set down as industrious and deserving.

It is interesting to see them eating in front of their eating shops on the streets. A table, say ten feet long, is set out with their dishes of queer-looking eatables, everything chopped up much like mincemeat, only not quite so fine, so they can handle it with their chopsticks. There are benches around these tables, much as we have, but they do not sit on them as we do, but squat on them with their feet, as is the universal custom in this oriental world, where they busily apply themselves and their chopsticks in transferring their various kinds of chopped food (mostly vegetables) to their mouths. Each one

has a small cup of salt water, or brine, before him, with which he salts his viands to suit his taste; he also applies his curry and chilli (pepper) in the same way. It is curious to see how expertly they use their slender chopsticks in taking up small mouthfuls of these various dishes, dip them into the brine, or into the curry or other dressing, as they desire. I don't suppose their style of food or of serving it up would suit the taste of a European or an American, but they seem to enjoy it hugely and attend to putting it out of sight without regard to who may choose to watch them. But I wonder why they do not sit on their benches as people ought to instead of squatting on their haunches, with their knees sticking up above their mouths. The Chinese who thus eat at their street restaurants are coolies, and have no clothing, as a rule, save their waist-cloths; and it looks funny to see their yellow bodies, knees, and shanks closely huddled around these long tables, perhaps as many as a dozen in the distance of a square, for they seem to have their different kinds of business separated and in localities by themselves. Thus one square is occupied almost entirely by blacksmiths, another by carpenters, another by cabinet makers; another locality by jewelers and goldsmiths, another by shoemakers, another by tailors, and so on. It is an interesting study to walk through the streets where their busy shops are located and see how industriously they are applying themselves to the various avocations they are pursuing; and it is easy to see that they are an ingenious and industrious people. They do not sit on their haunches while at their work so much as practiced by the Hindoos, but stand more like Europeans and Americans. But I am satisfied that at many kinds of work they do not accomplish so much in the same time as an English or American mechanic would do. I noticed two men sawing off a stick of timber eight inches square, and used a fine whip saw for the purpose, one on each side, working away as leisurely as though if they got it off any time during the day it would answer every purpose, whereas a single American carpenter would easily saw off twenty such sticks to their one. A great fault in the matter is the inferior quality of the tools they work with; their saws, planes, etc., are inferior to those our mechanics use. If they adopt American tools they get along much faster, but they are slow to adopt western notions and styles; they are partial to the ways and customs they are familiar with from their childhood, and they will even break up labor-saving machines, regarding them as their enemies. Every machine which tends to render their labor unnecessary they consider calculated to take labor and food from them. Thus, when American plows have been introduced here, although the Chinese farmers and gardners admire the manner in which these improved implements turn up the soil, they look upon them with very unfriendly eyes, deeming them direct enemies to them because they perform the labor it would require twenty Chinamen to accomplish with their heavy hoes.

There are hundreds of retail stores in Singapore where Chinamen sell hardware, varieties, fancy goods, etc., some brought from their own country, but more from England, some even from America. Such American goods—more particularly cotton manufactures—as find their way here come by way of England, and are entered as English goods, America getting little credit for them. The Hindoos, here called Klings, also have stores of curiosities and oriental manufactures of sandal-wood, camphor-wood, shell-work, jewelry, etc., which they are very glad to sell at large profits. These also act as money-changers and small bankers and money-lenders. If an English engineer or other mechanic wishes to borrow from one to three hundred dollars to buy a horse and buggy, to furnish a house, or something of that kind, about his only chance is to apply to one of these Klings, or Chinese bankers, called chitties, who will lend the sum to him at such enormous interest as will amount to one hundred per cent by the time it is paid, and he (the chittie) is seen to take all the security he can get, and keeps close watch of the mechanic and looks strictly after his money. If the mechanic attempts to leave the place without paying the chittie the latter is after him with a legal writ, which stops him promptly. The chitties, of course, sometimes lose, but they exact such enormous interest that their profits in the aggregate are very large. There are cheap Chinese eating-places at the corners of the streets, where a bowl of soup, a cup of tea, or some queer-looking dish can be had for two or three cents, and which are pretty largely patronized. As I said before, the Chinamen here are of various grades, some wealthy, some in moderate circumstances, and many in the more humble condition of boatmen, carriers, stevedores, etc. I see a good many Chinese women here, and they are a tidy, good-looking portion of humanity. The larger share of the Chinamen are good-looking, well-developed, with good heads and faces, but the women look better than the men, and they are better dressed. Their garments are usually of dark-blue glazed muslin or cambric, and are of such pattern as my friends Mary Tillotson and Dr. Mary Walker could not fail to approve. They consist of a pair of rather loose pants, a loose dress or frock reaching to the knees, close around the neck, with an undergarment somewhat like a short chemise, but which I will not undertake to describe. There is no band or belt about the waist save that attached to the pants. There is but little weight to the entire dress, and that chiefly rests upon the shoulders, and the entire body is free and unencumbered. I must say I like it better than any native female dress I have met with in Asia, and it looks appropriate and well. It is so sensible a style of dress that I would be very willing to see our American women adopt it with such prudent modifications as they see fit to make. I am confident that a dress of this kind is far more harmless than tight corsets, tight lacing, with a heavy weight of skirts constantly dragging down upon the hips and preventing the wearers obtaining a full, free breath. The dress of the better portion of the Chinamen is not dissimilar to that of the women, looking like a pair of drawers, with a shirt worn outside. As the men are beardless, and they have a somewhat effeminate look, so it is sometimes slightly difficult at first sight to determine the sex; but the women do not shave their heads; they have no pigtails, and usually wear small rings in their ears. Besides, they are better looking. The small-footed grandees seen in China do not emigrate, and are not seen except in the parent country. But they generally have small feet.

ICE MANUFACTURE.

There are two ice factories in Singapore, one of which I visited, where ice is manufactured at the rate of five or ten tons per day by the atmospheric process, and without the use of any chemicals. The plan pursued is to create a vacuum in the chamber where the water to be frozen is, by pumping out the air as nearly as possible, by which the temperature is reduced below the freezing point. Stirrers are constantly in motion to keep the cooling water uniform in temperature. When completed it comes out in cakes some eight inches square, and three feet in length. For shipment it is simply covered with sawdust, and is sold by wholesale at half a cent per pound, and by retail at one cent per pound. It takes a large amount to supply the hotels and the numerous steamers which call here; and as it is always summer here, the demand is steady all the year around. The other factory uses ether, the evaporation of which carries off the heat and produces a freezing atmosphere, but I do not understand the process well enough to give an explanation of it. I hear of an American firm which is putting up ice machines in other Asiatic cities, by which ice is manufactured at an expense of one-tenth of a cent per pound; but I do not fully understand the process. By all the processes steam power is requisite, and it seems almost a self-contradiction that heat and steam are essential in making ice. In the factory I visited an engine of thirty or forty horse power is employed day and night at pumping out air. In Java ice imported from America or Norway is principally used. I think there are no ice factories in operation there. When I saw the sign, "American ice" sticking out I was impelled to step in and have a look at it

FORT CANNING

Stands on a pleasant hill in the rear part of the city, overlooking the city and harbor most beautifully, and here is a tall signal staff where the colors of all the steamers and ships are elevated as they arrive, telling at once to the citizens of the town every such arrival that takes place. And here is also given the signals of the various mail steamers about to depart, so that by this all can tell when to mail their letters. The guns on the embankment around the fort have full command of the city and the harbor in front. If a mutiny should break out, or an enemy should approach the town, John Bull will be ready for the emergency, and prepared to send shot and shell by guns and mortars where he chooses to direct them. He knows how to keep the upper hand wherever he plants his boots. The fort is neatly kept, and its commodious buildings for the soldiers, the stores of ammunition and other supplies, its shells, etc., with its many acres of green grass between, all look very pleasant. There is hardly ever a time but what two or more men-of-war or war steamers are lying in the harbor, at a distance of a mile or two from the shore. Among those here now are two Russian war steamers, and the admiral was obliging enough to let his band come on shore one evening and discourse very pleasant music on the esplanade of some thirty acres, next to the harbor, where thousands of Europeans and natives assembled to listen to the sweet strains of the "Last Rose of Summer," "Captain Jinks," and twenty other beautiful tunes. The band consists of some twenty-five performers, chiefly on wind instruments, and they acquitted themselvs very finely. Hardly a day passes but what salutes are fired from Fort Hill for some fresh arrival.

A VISIT TO THE TEMPLES.

As it would not become one of my religious turn of mind to neglect the temples in any town I visit, I could not do less than visit the different places of worship in Singapore. One of the most imposing of these structures, after St. Andrew's cathedral, is the Hindoo temple, standing on the corner of two principal streets. A solid wall some fifteen feet in hight occupies the two fronts, and upon the top of it are some twenty figures of the sacred bull, about life size, and in a natural recumbent position, with their big eyes sticking out as though very good natured and wishing some friendly notice. These figures are of stone or clay, and painted. To the left of the entrance stands a high tower, somewhat like a pagoda, with five or six stories, painted in brilliant colors and profusely ornamented with figures of many of the Hindoo gods in bas-relief upon the walls, some painted black, some red, and some of assorted colors, but all brilliant and strong. Upon entering the capacious yard and making known my wishes by pantomime that I wished to see the gods, I was taken to some chapels or shrines in a low building on the left side of the grounds, and in rear of the tall tower, where I found shrines to Kali, to Siva, to Christna, and other gods, the rooms of each being about ten feet square, the idol being opposite the door, with an oil lamp or two burning on either side. The idols are not very prepossessing in appearance, looking rather gross and unlovely in appearance. The thought came into my head that if I had to worship anything that I would prefer something that looked more comely and attractive; but it at once occurred to me that I should not expect too much of the gods as a class, for all of them, not omitting Yahweh of the Jews, which is the god worshiped at St. Andrew's cathedral, and Allah, which is worshiped at the mosque hard by the temple, and Joss in the Chinese Joss-house are all hard-looking monsters according to the description given of them. Yahweh, particularly, with smoke pouring out of his eyes, fire out of his nostrils, a two-edged sword out of his mouth, his head like wool, his feet of brass, etc., must be a bad looking customer, and not highly calculated to arouse much of a worshipful feeling in one who admires real beauty, grandeur, and loveliness.

From the shrines I was conducted to the temple proper, where there is a larger room, and where the gods are rather more imposing and of larger size, where more lights are kept burning, and where the worship must be of a higher grade, otherwise there is but little difference between the two places. If the chapel is the "holy place" this is perhaps the "holy of holies." A few priests is wandering around each place, and one was ready to take a few cents from me for showing me the gods.

From here I went into the mosque across the way, where two tall square towers rise in place of the ordinary minarets. Of course there were no gods to be seen here, though several of the faithful were here in prayer to one they could not see. After visiting a temple where there are numerous gods a mosque looks like an empty void, and as though the imagination had much more to do to create the god prayed to than where the figures stand out boldly before you. In this respect the mosques and churches are very much alike. Which is the most empty and which has the most of nothing in it is very hard to decide. Those who pay their money can take their choice, and they can turn their faces toward Mecca, or toward Jerusalem or Rome, as they prefer.

I next wandered into what I took to be a Joss-house, though Joss himself appeared to be not at home. There was an altar there with a light or two burning in the rear of it; a place where Joss might have been, but no Joss could I see. He may have adopted the fashion of Yahweh and Allah and not show himself to ordinary mortals, thinking they will believe the more in him when they see the least. At all events he was invisible to my eyes, and I could only see him with the eye of faith, and the eye of that kind which I have does not see first-rate; I cannot boast of it at all. There were several Chinamen in waiting at what seemed like refreshment tables, next to the outer walls. I spoke to them, and made some inquiries about Joss; but they understood not my language, and gave me no information. I am sorry I am as yet unable to tell you much about Joss.

Not to treat the gods with partiality I also called at the cathedral conducted in the name of St. Andrew. It belongs to the Church of England and not of Rome, and hence is bare and plain. It has a pulpit, an altar, an organ, and many pews, but little more. It is larger and more expensive than the temple, the mosque, and the Joss-house; it cost far more money than the whole of them put together; and here Yahweh and his son are grandly worshiped by the rich sons and daughters of Albion, who sojourn here in Singapore. The place is so aristocratic that a poor man would have very little business there. I do not think that the god who is worshiped there would take any notice of an ordinary poor man. While the elect are inside worshiping, a heathen with a dark skin is outside pulling and swinging the *punkas* which fan the faithful and give them air while they are worshiping; but you cannot prove it to me that there is really any more god in the vast and vaulted cathedral than there is in the mosque, the Joss-house, or the temple of Siva. To me they all seem much alike—better adapted to men of superstitious minds than for men really bent upon studying the great and glorious truths of nature.

The Catholics, the Armenians, and the Presbyterians have churches here, but I did not visit them for two reasons; first, they are locked up during the day, and second, because I knew I would see nothing to interest me if I went there.

A EUROPEAN CIRCUS COMPANY.

The same circus company which I saw in Calcutta, the tents of which I also saw in Penang, has been here in Singapore, and a portion of the company have been boarding at the same hotel where I am stopping; and to help while away the tedium of the time I have been compelled to spend here, and becoming partially acquainted with a portion of the members of the company, I have twice been to see them perform; and I am constrained to say they are very good performers, about as good as I have ever seen. The whole company, including lackeys and helpers, amounts to over eighty persons. It is called Charaina's Italian Circus, though a majority of those I have become acquainted with are English. A Frenchman and his German wife perform on the trapeze, and she is rather better on the trapeze than any woman performer I have ever seen. She climbs the rope to the horizontal bar, fifteen feet from the ground, where she goes through several startling evolutions, standing on one foot on the small bar without touching anything at all, also sitting in a chair balanced upon the bar and without touching anything. When the husband and wife are up together he holds her up by one hand, which grasps the belt around her waist, and holds her over his head while he stands on the rod, touching nothing else. They have a bright little daughter four years old which they sometimes take up with them, holding her in various fearful positions, and the little thing seems to know nothing of fear. They have sat next to me at table, and little Lizzie has often visited my room and chatted with me. Young as she is, she speaks five languages —French, German, English, Russian, and Bengali. I almost begrudged her ability in aquiring languages. Here I will make the circuit of the whole world and come in contact with people speaking many different languages, and will scarcely learn a hundred words of them all. Little Lizzie excels me altogether; she seems to breathe in language with her very breath, while with me the learning of different tongues is attended with great difficulty. In fact, I stop so short a time in a place that it is not worth while for me to try to learn the language of each; for what I learn in one place is knocked out of my mind by what I hear in another. I do not try to learn the languages I come in contact with.

The riding and other feats by other members of the company are very good, but I need not describe them. I will only mention a marrying incident which took place among them here. A young Englishman, by the name of Stoodly, and his two young sisters are members of the company, and are very good riders, having learned in their father's circus, long popular in England. But Emma, the elder sister, fell in love with a young man by the name of Stewart, one of the clowns of the circus, who loved her in return, and so they got married a few days ago, at which the brother took offense, and chose to be displeased thereat, though young Stewart seems like a worthy companion for the young lady. It seems also that Charaina, the proprietor, did not like it that the couple had presumed to get married, and at the instance of young Stoodly he discharged Stewart and his brother, hoping, I presume, that Emma would leave Stewart and adhere to her brother Charles and sister Ida; but she remained true to her husband and stays with him, while Charles and Ida have gone off with the company to Manilla, in the Philippine Islands. The two Stewarts, with Emma, and with Hayes and his wife and three children, who were also discharged from the same company, are trying to organize another company, if they can obtain horses, and have a circus of their own. But it requires a large amount of money to organize and conduct a circus, and though they are all good performers, their success is a matter of much doubt.

While the company were embarking on a steamer which is taking them to Manilla, an accident occurred which might have been serious. As the carriage containing the three performing tigers was passing from the dock onto the gangway leading to the steamer it dropped down a jog of some eight or ten inches, which so wrenched the cage that the doors sprang open and one of the tigers jumped out among the hundreds of people who were standing around. Of course the crowd scattered in all directions, and the tiger seemed to be about as much frightened as the people; it went quietly over the gangway upon the steamer and crouched under one of the carriages, while the man who enters the cage with the tigers and Charaini secured him with a rope and got it back in the cage again without any harm being done. One of the two young elephants also made strong objections to going upon the boat, but by whipping him and adopting other persuasive means of the kind he was finally induced to embark for Manilla, and the company left without further trouble, save that the boat was not large enough to take all, and a carriage containing a very large tiger, and another containing some fifty monkeys, had to be left behind to follow on another steamer. I may remark that the circus has been well patronized here, as in other places in the East; the Europeans, the soldiers, the Chinese, the Klings, and the Arabs freely part with their dollars, their half dollars, and their quarters to witness the gay attractions of the arena.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

I called twice upon our consul, Major Studer, of Des Moines, Iowa, who was appointed by General Grant, and has been here over ten years. He is a Swiss by birth, but went to America when quite young. He served very creditably in the war of the Rebellion, and though not a politician was offered this position in consideration of the good services he had performed. I found him very genial and friendly and quite willing to impart to me any information respecting this locality, of which he possesses much. He informed me that there are but five or six Americans in Singapore, and some of them talk against the Yankees and try to pass themselves off as Englishmen. Such Americans are only worthy of contempt. There are not very many American goods coming here, and such as do, find their way through English houses. He thinks our agricultural implements, or at least some of them, might be sent here to advantage, as well as canned goods generally. He says the natives generally entertain a very friendly feeling toward America, and representatives from more than one of the neighboring islands have applied to him, implying they would be glad to place themselves under the rule and protection of the United States; but he has told them that it was not our policy to have colonies, that we have abundant territory in our own country, and do not wish to encumber ourselves with colonies. He thinks it might be to our advantage to own some of these rich tropical islands, especially some of them rich in tin and other valuable products.

He spoke of his visit to Java, and of the suspicion with which the government there watch all European and American visitors, bespeaking a narrow and ignoble policy. He said of all people in the world the Dutch have less to fear from the United States than any other country, a government which has no colonizing ambition or aspirations, still they watch Americans as closely as though they thought their valuable island was about to be stolen from them. He has known American visitors to be watched and followed by spies as long as they were in Java, and even he himself had been similarly watched while there. He regards this as a very small trait in the Dutch, that they should seem to fear the natives whom they cruelly oppress may be induced to revolt against their oppressors. I was able to assure him that I had seen no indications of spies after me while in Java, that nobody seemed to be suspicious that I was about to steal their island, or to incite the natives to rise against them. The major seems to anticipate that General Arthur will soon recall him to confer the place as a reward upon some one more of a politician; but I told him I could not see any such danger. The salary is but $2,500 per year, and he could make that much in other capacities. The salary is but about half what is paid by other governments similarly represented here. Should a change be made he would perhaps engage in merchantile or commercial business here in Singapore, as his long residence here and the acquaintance he has built up would give him many advantages. I feel sure he has done much toward looking after the interests of American sailors in distress, and of all American citizens, from whom he often receives applications. He is a very wealthy and creditable representative of American interests, and it would not seem that anything would be gained by making a change.

A VISIT TO THE KINGDOM OF JOHORE.

One day I spent in paying a visit to the dominions of the maharajah of Johore, situated on the southern point of the Malayan peninsula and the most southern part of the main-land of the Asiatic continent. I was accompanied by a Mr. Fitzgerald, an Englishman, stopping at the same hotel. We took the stage across the island of Singapore, some fourteen miles, to the Straits, three-fourths of a mile wide, which separate it from the main-land. The ride across the island is a very pleasant one, affording a fine view of the country residences and plantations with which the island is more or less covered—plantations of the indigo plant, of coffee, tea, and cinchona in some places, to say nothing of the ever-present cocoanut, aracannut, and banana-trees which abound in all these tropical countries. A considerable portion of the island, however, seems to have too poor a soil to justify cultivation, and it lies waste and unused. The soil, or what may be called by that name, appears a hard red clay with iron mixed with it; but in places it is dark and rich and productive. The groves of mangoe-trees, to be seen along the excellent smooth road, look very thrifty. The climate is so warm and forcing, and the rains so frequent, that where the soil has any fertility in it, vegetation cannot help being profuse. The roads, after being made very smooth, are given a coat or course of what looks like a low grade of iron ore pounded up fine, which gives a hard surface, not liable to become muddy. The earth is so red that when it rains the streams are very much colored and turbid. The Missouri river cannot compare with these streams. Though the island is but twenty-seven by fourteen miles, the rains are so abundant that it has quite a river, which empties into the sea at the city, and its mouth makes a good harbor for hundreds of small craft—Malay boats, lighters, etc., capable of carrying twenty or thirty tons each. On our return we were favored with a copious shower, which gave us a good opportunity for seeing what tropical rains are. The moisture is by no means stinted. As I said before, the surface of the island is undulating, nowhere rising but a few hundred feet above the sea level.

When we had crossed the island we of course came to the beautiful Straits which separate it from the main-land, and right before us, on the opposite side, peered up the maharajah's palace and the town of New Johore, a town of some five thousand, consisting of Chinese and Malays. I may remark that our fellow-passengers, some dozen in number, were mostly Chinese; but as they were second-class passengers and we first we did not sit in the same compartment, though in sight and hearing. We changed horses three times going out, and the same on our return, and found, as I have before, that it is the rule in this eastern country for the horses to balk and run back awhile before they make up their minds to go forward, as good horses should. It is not a little amusing to see the natives manage their fiery steeds, crying "ugh!" applying the lash, etc., to induce the contrary equines to become progressive in their dispositions. I hardly award to them the meed of being first-class horse trainers.

At the Straits we found several Chinese, with their *sampans*, ready to take us across to the town for the low price of ten cents for the passage. We were not long in engaging a plump, cheerful-looking young celestial to transport us to the town and kingdom of Johore, a mile away, in the angling direction we had to pursue, and in view of the distance, the sum of five cents each seemed decidedly reasonable. When we reached the opposite shore, which, with its background of elevated hills, clad in the rich tropical verdure, ornamented with the bright scarlet flowers so common in this latitude, looked so inviting, we passed along near the Malay houses at the water's edge, which houses, according to their invariable custom, are built on poles or small piles driven into the earth beneath the water, giving them a space of several feet between the floors of the houses and the water at high tide, thus obviating any bad effects that might arise from contiguity with the abundant aqueous element, and retaining all the advantages of the ceaseless tide to bear away all offal and surplus matter, with the convenience of having the family boat always near at hand, which is reached by descending a rude flight of steps. We landed at a series of stone steps opposite the market-house of the Malayan and Chinese city, and were made glad to see how much good it did the young Chinaman to transpose that ten-cent coin to his own leathern fob. We intimated to him that we would cheerfully patronize him again, and tried, with our imperfect knowledge of the Celestial language, to give him to understand that we would accept his services again in about three or four hours; but he probably found other customers equally as remunerative, for when we returned we found another Chinaman in waiting for us with his *sampan*.

We looked through the town and saw that most of the little stores are kept by the representatives from the Flowery Kingdom, and that they are more than a majority of the population of the primitive city. Fruits and eatables, such as the natives use, are exposed in the little shops; but nothing looked attractive save the bananas and small oranges on sale.

We called into an open building, much like a large shed, where were some thirty or forty Chinamen playing cards and other games for money. The sums risked were perhaps not large, but they seemed very intent upon their sport, and to exhibit a striking contrast to their brethren, who were outside industriously plying their various avocations, by which to add to their silver and copper coins. Some few of these Chinamen in this shed were lying upon rude tables, and from their cadaverous and shriveled appearance I judged them to be the slaves of opium, and that they had been indulging in a pernicious smoke.

We early bent our way to the large saw mills of James Meldrum, a stolid old Scotchman from Edinburgh, who has been many years running this mill, and has sawed many millions of feet of lumber. This mill stands a little out of the town, on the bank of the Straits. The logs are conveyed to it in rafts, and, after being sawed, the lumber is taken by steamers and sailing vessels to Singapore, to Java, Penang, and to the various towns on the neighboring islands, where it finds a pretty ready market. The mill is a large one, the building being nearly a hundred feet square, having some half a dozen gangs of saws, with numerous circular saws for sawing small logs, edging, etc. The engine is of some two hundred horse-power, and is capable of doing far more work than is performed. I have visited

many of the saw mills of Michigan, and am sure there are many mills in the pine regions of that pine state, each of which saw per day ten times the lumber turned out at this Johore mill. True, the Michigan timber is soft pine, while this of Johore is mainly hard and heavy. Besides this, Chinamen and Malays cannot manipulate lumber with our Western men, and the Scotch cannot compare with Americans in lumber-making.

Meldrum has been running this mill more than ten years, and while the logs were near at hand, and but little expense was required to get them to the mill, he made large profits and went back to Edinburgh with his piles, but when the mill went into the hands of the maharajah it did not pay expenses, and soon ran into debt. Then Meldrum was again importuned to come out and take the mill once more, and he consented to do so, and is now running it in connection with the brother of the maharajah; but I think the business is not now proving very profitable. The timber within ten miles or more of the mill is cut up, and it is so expensive getting to the mill, and is conducted so badly by the natives, that it is proving unsuccessful. Much of the timber is so heavy that it sinks in water, and rafts of bamboo and light wood have to be constructed on which to float the heavy timber, and this is attended with extra cost. The American plan would probably be to follow up the timber with portable mills, sawing in flat boats on the small streams where the lumber is abundant, thus obviating the necessity of conveying the logs long distances. But if this course were to be suggested to the old fogy Scotchman he would undoubtedly spurn it as a "Yankee plan," which he would despise too much to adopt. So they will doubtless continue to work to great disadvantage and make no profit at the business. The kinds of lumber sawed are teak of several varieties, Johore cedar, camphor-wood, sandal-wood, mahogany, rosewood, chungal, maraboo, kangree, etc. I think the finer of these woods are not very plentiful, the greater bulk being teak, cedar, etc. Though the business is not paying very well, a second mill of about the same size is being fitted up from an old building, and will ere long be set at work. The engineer is a Scotchman, recently imported, but he is much dissatisfied with the country, the business, and all that belongs thereto; he prefers old Scotia, with all her dull mists and biting frosts, to this land of perpetual summer, with the pests entailed to it. The lumber sawed at this mill is largely used for building purposes and furniture manufacture.

We visited the maharajah's armory, where is a meager assortment of arms and small cannons, sufficient to arm a company or two of infantry and a park or two of artillery, but it looked like a small affair for the armory of a kingdom. We then walked down the foot-paths through the woods, where we saw pineapples growing wild, and where the cobra and other poisonous serpents greatly abound. Here, as in many other places I have visited, a profusion of tall fern-trees, the foliage of which is much like the finest ferns, are seen on every hand. Here the soil is not very good, but I am told that farther away it is better. In the interior the *terra japonica*, the vine-plant which yields the gambier, is largely cultivated. An extract is made of the plant by way of decoction, which is evaporated by boiling, and reduced to a stiff extract suitable for shipping in coarse sacking of palm leaf and grass. This is the gambier of commerce, and is largely used as an astringent in tanning leather, somewhat in medicine, and largely by brewers for checking the fermentation of the beer, and for imparting a rich color. There is nothing harmful in the nature of it, save its astringency. It is rather exhaustive to this weak soil, and succeeds but a few years on the same ground, when a new locality has to be taken. The Chinese cultivate this plant largely, and it is not uncommon for them to be picked off from the fields by the tigers which are growling about. The skin of a large tiger was shown us in the armory which had made way with nine Chinamen.

We paid our respects to the maharajah by calling at his palace, a commodious but rather plain-looking building, some two hundred feet in length, principally of brick, and erected on a plateau some fifty feet above the water of the straits, and fronting on that beautiful arm of the sea. The maharajah had gone to Singapore, but his butler or steward in charge very politely showed us over the extensive building, which is kept in excellent order, and as clean as a new bandbox. In the lower story is a balcony nearly the whole length of the palace, with rooms for various purposes immediately in the rear. The entrance to the drawing-room, the reception-room, the ball-room, the royal bed-rooms, reading-rooms, writing-rooms, the ladies-rooms, etc., is reached by a wide staircase, at the end of which on the wall is a full-length, life-size portrait in oil of Gladstone, which is an excellent likeness. The drawing-room is large and magnificent, richly ornamented with paintings of the royal family of Great Britain, including the Prince of Wales and wife, the Duke of Edinburgh and wife, and others of Victoria's favored offspring, with herself in the foreground, of course, with paintings of George III. and George IV. There are numerous Japanese vases in many of the rooms and in the drawing-room some very rich crystal chandeliers and vases, some eight or ten feet in hight, and which had recently been received from England. The rooms are all very capacious, and grand enough for any potentate in the world. The polished marble floors of a part of the rooms are of the finest quality, and present a very rich appearance. The large flat tile which was used for the balcony and some of the lower rooms is to give place to the polished marble which has been ordered for the purpose.

We were also shown to the large dining-room on the first floor, where a hundred or two persons can sit down to the table and have ample room. We were shown into the plate-room, where the gold and silver dishes and implements amount to many thousands of dollars. Here also are many of the presents of value which have been made to the maharajah, with the emblems and paraphernalia of royalty. This climate is so damp, however, that this ware has to be rubbed up every day to keep it bright and shining. Some forty or fifty servants are employed in the palace to keep things in order; and it must be admitted that they accomplish the task well.

After being requested to enroll our names with the illustrious visitors who have called at the Malayan palace, some brandy was produced, which, with due respect to the maharajah and his polite representative, we could not do less than permit to touch our lips, and it is barely possible that a teaspoonful or two slippped down our throats, because on such a noted occasion it would hardly answer to do less. Of one thing, however, I am sure, that enough was not imbibed to do any harm. We were also shown over the well laid-out grounds surrounding the palace, including the music house beside the water, where the maharajah's band discourses sweet music. His "majesty," being a Mohammedan, uses the privilege which that religion allows him, and is not content with one wife, but can boast of three. The wives of course were not on exhibition with the palace. It is to be presumed those are kept for his special use.

From the paintings, etc., in the palace it is not hard to perceive that the English are held in great favor by this Johorian maharajah; in fact, he is said to be a usurper of the place he holds and is merely a puppet in the power of the English, and has ceded to them considerable portions of the Malayan peninsula to which he has no right. The kindom of Johore extends nearly to Malacca—some one hundred and fifty miles north and south and the width of the peninsula, which in the widest place in the lower part is some sixty miles. He has no heir, and when he shuffles off this "mortal coil" it is expected the British will attempt to take possession of the entire peninsula; but I learn that considerable portions of it belong to the king of Siam, and as Siam is in friendly treaty with the United States and several other powers, there possibly may be some trouble before the entire the peninsula is allowed to pass into the possession of the English. It is extremely rich in tin as well as other minerals in which other nations besides the English feel a lively interest, and it is possible some of them might object to England's clasping it to her greedy bosom. But all that is further along. At the present the great maharajah of Johore is deeply in debt; England is the principal creditor, and there is not much likelihood of the debt being wiped out.

SOME DRAWBACKS.

With all the delights which may justly be claimed for Singapore and its surroundings, there are some drawbacks, which more or less detract from the perfect Elysium which it might otherwise be. The continual hot weather is one of these drawbacks to Europeans and Americans. However delightful it may be to feel the breath of perpetual summer, one inevitably wearies of being in a state of constant perspiration day and night from week to week and from month to month. No bed-clothing is used over the body at night. Hotel keepers no more think of furnishing sheets and blankets for beds than they do of furnishing overcoats and muffiers. I have found it more comfortable to remove every vestige of clothing at night than to retain any to swelter in. But even this becomes tiresome in time.

Another drawback is the continuous attack of certain insects and pests. There is a great abundance of fleas, musketoes, ants, spiders, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, lizards, to say no more of the serpents which are everywhere plentiful. The ants are one of the greatest pests here; they are everywhere and into everything. The white ants are the kind which labor so industriously at destroying timber and wood of all kinds. They eat their way into the hardest timber, finding their way any number of feet, and when the exterior may to all appearance be sound the inside may be all honey-combed with these mischievous pests. In this way bridges and house timbers are utterly ruined by them and made unsafe. There is a red ant which is said to absolutely eat iron, but this is hardly to be credited.

The lizards of this eastern country are very plentiful; I have seen them everywhere in great numbers since I reached Syria, but I believe I have not mentioned them. They are a sprightly, active little reptile and entirely harmless, but their shape is so like the alligator and large lizards that is more or less repulsive. They run up walls and ceilings as easily as flies, and go everwhere with agility and perfect impunity. In Batavia I have seen them on the dinner table and nobody seemed to regard them with aversion. They are usually from two and a half to five inches in length. They usually seem anxious to get away from man, and do so with marvelous expedition, but withal they are very tame, and are around in the houses as though they consider they have an unquestioned right there. I would suppose this would be the paradise for bed-bugs, but I have seen but few of them. Bats attains great size in these warm countries, and those called flying foxes often measure two or three feet from the point of one wing to the other. They do not very much harm, though they seem unclean. I do not think rats and mice are worse here than in our country.

CHINESE COFFINS AND CEMETERIES.

Where there are so many Chinamen there must necessarily be a good many coffins and somewhat extensive cemeteries. The coffin is a heavy, clumsy affair, and speaks not so highly for the taste and ingenuity of the people as some other of the articles they manufacture. The article is made of what might be said to be four pieces of a log of suitable length and size, each piece being about the third part of the log. These are put together with a heavy head and foot piece fitted in, and the inside is somewhat dug out to receive the body; but the whole affair seems very clumsy and awkward. These, with the corpse inside, are carried upon bamboo poles, something as is the custom with us, though with less order in the procession. The tom-tom and other Chinese rude musical instruments are played at the house of the corpse before starting for the grave, and very often along the way to it. With us music is used in times of rejoicing; with them it is used in times of mourning. We use black as a color for mourning, whereas they use white. Their cemeteries are usually on the side of a gently sloping hill, and their tombs are partly in a circular form like miniature vaults, only they are of small size and without any appearance of ostentation.

A FEW UNMENTIONED ITEMS.

Perhaps Singapore is hardly as noted for its fruits as Java, for here I have seen none of the rambotans, none of the mangosteens, and several other kinds of fruit so abundant in Batavia, but pineapples and bananas seem quite as abundant here as there, and I have seen one kind of fruit here that I did not meet with there, and that is the custard apple, a very rich and luscious fruit about the size of a cocoanut, with a sweet, rich pulp, bearing some resemblance to custard, and some to our paw-paws, but superior. They have black seeds, somewhat like watermelons; they grow on small-sized trees. But with all they have of rich fruit in this part of the world there is nothing that equals American apples and peaches. I will be most glad when I can again have my fill of those luscious fruits.

I have not mentioned the hand-carts here, which are used for transporting persons about from place to place instead of carriages drawn by horses. They are after the Japanese style, and are called *jimspickshas*, and are hauled by the Chinamen. They have two wheels, like a cart, with a short shaft on each side and a cross-bar in front, where the Chinaman places himself, and trots along on these smooth streets about as fast as a horse. The carriages are made light and neat, and as they have springs and are neatly cushioned, they are quite pleasant to ride in; and at the rate of ten cents an hour they are not expensive. I tried them on one occasion, and can recommend them to those of you who may journey this way. There are said to be a thousand of them in the city, so it will be easy for many to be accommodated.

I may remark that the houses in Singapore are of good quality, even those occupied by the Chinese. They are one, two, and three stories high, built strongly of stone, plastered over and whitewashed, so they look clean and healthy. There is said to be some cholera here, though I cannot think the fatality is great. The houses occupied by the Malays are usually of their peculiar style, sitting on poles, with siding and roof of palm-leaf, being of a frail character, but answering very well for warm climates. The most of the other houses are covered with tile, and are quite permanent.

I have parted with my birds. I found I was a trifle mistaken as to what they are. I bought them, supposing them to be parrots, but found they were parrakeets, a small variety of birds of the parrot family, but which do not learn to talk, and illy endure cold climates, and are pretty sure to die early in northern latitudes. They seemed quite unreconciled, as they became older, to their imprisonment; and though I had purposed to take them to America with me, though I had brought them from India and Ceylon, and had taken them with me to Java, I opened their cage-door one morning here and gave them their liberty, which they seemed to enjoy in the garden adjoining the hotel. They did not fly far away, but have taken up their home among the shrubs in this pleasant garden. I leave them, here with the best of wishes that the cat will not

catch them, and that they may escape the many troubles incident to birds.

DEPARTURE FROM SINGAPORE.

All periods of waiting are sure to terminate sooner or later, and my waiting at this equatorial city is no exception to the rule. On Thursday, April 6th, the P. & O. steamer Gwalior, on which I am to be conveyed to Hong Kong, was signaled at about 10:30 A. M., and so announced at Fort Hill, and as it was to spend the day here, I did not bid good-bye to Singapore and repair to it till about 5 P. M. The steamer is lying at the wharf of the company, three miles from the hotel. I found a good room waiting for me in the second cabin, where I find genial traveling companions, conspicuous among whom is the Rev. T. F. Clark, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is also on a tour around the world. He and I do not quite agree on theological subjects, but I like him as a man, and find him a genial, intelligent, pleasant traveling companion. He has considerably more faith in the supernatural than I am able to boast of, but think we shall manage to travel together without trying to tear out each other's eyes. I would much prefer to help him to open his eyes the better to see the truths of nature and the fallacies of theology; but I shall not weary him with my heterodox views. He is a sincere follower of Wesley, and I shall easily respect the good qualities which he possesses.

JOE COOK, THE SLANDERER.

I learn, also, that on this same steamer is the notorious, the false, and the slanderous Joseph Cook, who has taken pleasure in calumniating myself and the Liberals of America. I have little respect for the falsifier and slanderer, and cannot esteem such a man as he. I had not heard of him since in India, and had I never have heard of him further I should not have greatly mourned. His wife is traveling with him. They go on to Shanghai and Yokohama, after which they go to Australia and New Zealand, returning by the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco in time to commence his fall course of lectures.

Friday, April 7th.—This is Good Friday, being the day appointed by the Catholic and English churches to commemorate the crucifixion of Jesus, though if such an event ever took place there is a hundred chances to one that it was not on the seventh day of April. But let that be as it may, it is a beautiful day in this locality, and at 9:30 A.M. we leave the wharf, where we are surrounded by lovely islands, with moderate elevations covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation, flowing vines, shrubs, and trees; some flowers yellow, some blue, and some bright scarlet, making a sum total of loveliness, which I never expect to see excelled. We passed down at a moderate speed in front of the city, with the twenty islands scattered around in the offing and rounding the island of Singapore. We passed up on the east side of the Malay peninsula into the China Sea. The day continues lovely, and the entire view is as fine as could be easily imagined. The city with its scores of steamers, ships, and smaller sailing vessels, gradually lessen in our view, until after a time they entirely fade from the view, as also does the island of Singapore and the Malay peninsula, and nothing is before us but the watery expanse of the China Sea.

This being a very holy day in the estimation of the English Christians, and this steamer being an English institution, it was of course to be expected that some attention would be paid to it. Word was given out that service would be held in the main saloon, and all were requested to be present. I had no objection to being present, and walked aft and attended the service, at which the Rev. Mr. Johns, a Welshman residing at Hanchow, China, read the regular Episcopal service, consisting of numerous prayers, psalms, and parts of several chapters in the Bible, with the singing of two or three hymns. No sermon or discourse was attempted.

The list of passengers in the first cabin numbers about twenty, but this small number is made up by some one hundred and twenty Chinamen as deck passengers, who are returning to their native country, among whom are several women. Some have made their little "pile" and are returning to their native land to enjoy it in peace; some have been acting as servants in Singapore and other places, and, their masters returning to Europe, they are returning to China. Some are merely going there on a visit, to return again after a time to their field of labor. In our cabin we have three fellow-passengers who are Chinamen, and who are quite gentlemanly and well-behaved. One is Ah Foon, who has been in the silk business in Bombay, which he has closed out, returning home with a view of taking a stock of China silks and tea to New York or some other American city, and thereby add to the little fortune already made. He is a pleasant young man, and if the new law now being enacted by our Congress does not prevent his emigration to America, it is not unlikely that our country may be benefited by a visit from him. Another of our distinguished fellow-passengers is Foo Sum, who has been engaged in a very successful trade in tin at Perak, on the Malayan peninsula, where he has made a profit of some fifty thousand dollars. He sports a fine diamond ring, an amethyst bracelet, fine broadcloth and linen apparel, and withal is quite a modest man. He has been somewhat overworked, and is going home for a rest, after which he will return to Perak and perhaps make another fifty thousand. I notice the Chinamen on deck spend much of their time at playing cards and dominoes for small sums of money, thus showing the strong national disposition. In the first cabin a rich China woman is playing it rather shrewd. She has paid her fare the same as any other lady, and being entitled to a servant for her child, she has taken her husband for her attendant, so he gets his passage free. Bret Harte says: "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

While attending "divine service" in the cabin aft, I had an opportunity of seeing the wife of Joseph Cook, who was some two years ago taken to his gross, flabby bosom. Joseph is wonderful as a scientific man, and he finds Christianity pre-eminently a scientific system. He is charmed with the great amount of science he finds in it! He can hardly find words to adequately extol the grand and beautiful scientific elements of the system. With him for a big masculine god to slily and secretly get a young unsophistacated virgin in the family way, and then to coolly set himself to work to bring about the cruel and ignominious death of the amiable and innocent son, the result of that overshadowing arrangement, and all for the purpose of this god's getting himself into such a pleasant and forgiving frame of mind with his other numerous children, that he could consent that 'not more than ninety-five per cent of them should go into everlasting suffering for doing the very things which he made them to do, and which he inevitably knew they would do before he made them, is remarkable—first, for its wonderful love, and second and greatest, for its wonderful science, the latter of which Joseph has been the first to discover, and for which he should apply for a patent without further delay. Yes, if there is anything that the soul of Joseph loves more than another it is the science which impels a Jew-God to order the death of his own dearly-beloved son, and he cannot help thanking the Jew-devil for the important part he performed in this scientific and god-like enterprise. Joseph cannot help regarding the devil as thus showing himself a great friend and patron of science. With Joseph, as with many others, it is a deep and difficult question whether the Jew-God or the Jew-devil is entitled to the most praise and admiration for the parts they severally performed in this grand scientific scheme, since without the parts played by each the world never could have been benefited by this masterly exhibition of scientific power and glory. The honors are easy; and in Joseph's great heart his scientific admiration for the two grand operators in this acme of scientific perfection is justly about equal. He perceives such a harmony between religion and science—such a consistency between them—that his capacious soul overflows with gratitude, and for ten or twelve thousand dollars a year he is willing to tell his dear friends all about it, and then spend a part of the money in traveling around the world and bearing to those in foreign lands the same glad news.

This is the same Joseph who refused at Bombay to stand upon the platform where I stood, or to be seen even with those who associated with me or recognized me; and this because I am so "bad a man!"—more specifically because I had been condemned and sent to prison, while he greatly admires his scientific God because he was not only condemned and scourged, but sent to execution. Herein Joseph is hardly consistent, for there was the same amount of guilt in the one case as in the other. Possibly I am not quite as scientific as Jesus, but the injustice of my conviction and condemnation was almost equal to his. Joseph, of course, does not so regard the matter; he sustains and defends the perjurer whose evidence convicted me, while he measures out upon my defenseless head his bitterest anathemas. Had he been my judge I am sure my sentence would have been heavier, and I would not now be on the same steamer Gwalior with him, steaming up the China Sea. In fact, I clearly remember that this pious and scientific Joseph helped to convict me. I see him now in the eyes of my memory, and how he lent his august presence and powerful influence against me. I distinctly remember how he came into the courtroom when I, a prejudged convict, was being tried before a Christian jury, and when he placed himself by the side of my infamous prosecutor and sat there a long time, while reading my "Open Letter" to his scientific friend J. C., which was arrayed against me, when his delectable nose turned up and his whole countenance took on the appearance of one smelling a very offensive odor, with holy horror streaming out from every angle of his beautiful features. His countenance spoke in thunder tones to that Christian jury before which he sat—if a countenance may be said to speak in thunder tones—and with all the power which Joseph is able to wield he seemed to say to this sympathizing jury: "This is a very bad man! He deserves punishment! Away with him! Send him to prison! Fine him! Crucify him!" Thus this man of science helped his friend Anthony to convict me, and it is not strange that he still denounces me because I was convicted. It seems to be a law in human nature, when an individual greatly wrongs another, to follow it up with other wrong acts to show that he was right and justifiable in the first instance. So I expect Joseph Cook will continue to be my enemy. He has not magnanimity enough to be just to me. I am very sure I do not want him as a friend. If I cannot have friends for whom I entertain more respect than I do for him, I choose to have no friends. But the world is tolerably wide, I discover, and though Joseph and I are now on the same boat, we will probably generally find room enough to get through life without seriously colliding. With all his malice I hardly think he has done me serious injury. I still live, and I hope to for a little while yet—long enough, at least, for Joseph to hear from me still again.

But perhaps I am wandering. I wished simply to remark that Joseph is a man of science. If he can not make the world believe he is scientific his mission is a failure. He looks at everything with scientific eyes. The subjects of his lectures are scientific subjects. One of these subjects is "marriage," and of course he treats it in a strictly scientific manner. He can tell his hearers in what scientific marriage consists, and how people should select life-partners in consonance with the dictates of science. In fact, this great expounder of science has within the past two years perpetrated matrimony himself, and may now be said to be making his bridal tour, and it has been done upon true scientific principles, I beg to assure you. He would have no marriage but a scientific marriage; no union but a scientific union. Let me tell you, then, what kind of a wife this apostle of science has taken unto himself. Let me show you a tall, gaunt, sallow, spare female of very uncertain age, who looks as though she had remained an old maid twenty years too long, and who, I heard one of the passengers say, looks as though she had not vitality enough to draw a herring off a gridiron. (Perhays that remark is a trifle severe; I did not make it. It is only my business to report what I see and hear.) But just imagine two hundred and fifty pounds of coarse adipose and lymph, which for over forty years has lived in a state of angelic purity and celibacy, basking in the rays of the sun of science till approaching the fiftieth mile-stone in the journey of life, then taking to his puffy and distended but scientific bosom ninety-five pounds of spare, elongated, osseous femineity with sallow cuticle and silvery locks, and you will have in your mind's eye what constitutes a true scientific marriage, and what matrimony is and should be according to the superior light of the scientific Joseph. This is the kind of conjugal union he has looked up for himself, and for the benefit of those who do not wish to give fifty cents to hear this man of science expatiate upon the theme from the orthodox platform, I give it unto you. And those of you who have not yet perpetrated matrimony and wish to perform it in the true scientific manner may here perceive the mode pointed out and be able to govern yourselves accordingly. At all events, here is a fine specimen of this Cook's science, and the value of his scientific lessons.

SIAM.

While moving northward in the Chinese Sea we leave on our left the kingdom of Siam, concerning which it may be well to say a few words. It is an extensive kingdom in the southeastern part of Asia, between Burmah and China, and consists of forty-one provinces, each governed by a phaja, or great functionary. It lies between 4° and 21°, 30′, north latitude, and between 97°, 30′, and 107° east longitude. Its area is estimated at 309,000 square miles, and its population at 5,700,000. There are several ports along its coast-line on the Gulf of Siam, but foreign commerce is entirely carried on at Bangkok, a few miles up the river Menam, Paknam and Paklat being custom stations at its mouth. The chief products are rice, sugar, guava, mango, dauries, coffee, cocoanuts, tobacco, sage, and gums. Teak, sandalwood, rosewood, and the aquila-tree are the chief woodland products. The principal manufactures are vases, urns, and other vessels, in the making of which gold is embossed upon silver; gold-beating, iron-founding, and pottery. The chief exports are rice, sugar, gums, hides, horns, oil-seeds, drugs, dye-woods, timber, etc. The chief imports are calico, linen, glass, cutlery, hardware, etc. The government is an absolute and hereditary monarchy, and there are two kings; the first the actual monarch; the second the nominal head of the army. In addition to the public revenue the king is entitled to three months' labor, or its equivalent, from his subjects. Its revenue and expenditure amount each to about $6,000,000. Bangkok is the capital, and has a population of 255,000.

The inhabitants of Siam are of the Mongolian race, so they of course bear some resemblance to the Chinese. The religion of the country is Buddhism, which system was introduced into the country two thousand years ago. The people are peaceful and quiet in character, though they cannot be claimed as being as enterprising at the Chinese.

Like Burmah, Siam was in former times much in

volved in wars with Pegu. In the seventh century it had the misfortune to have a Christian prime minister—a Venetian named Phalcon—and he concerted with the French for the conversion of the kings and the establishment of a Gallic-Indian empire in the East. But the Siamese nobles discovered the plot and defeated it, the Christian minister being killed, and the French expelled from the country; and as the king had been partial to his minister, the royal dynasty was changed. In 1821 steps were taken by the British government to open a friendly intercourse with Siam; but the mission dispatched for the purpose was unsuccessful. But after the English established themselves in Burmah they obtained some foothold in Siam, and they virtually have the chief port at their command. It is, perhaps, only a question of time when the entire country will be under English control.

Though the government of the country is despotic, it is a modified form of despotism. A great share of the political power is vested in a number of hereditary chieftains, who are owners of the land. Besides the second king, or deputy, a state council, and a privy council help to modify the despotism of the government. The institutions of Europe are said to be gradually introduced in the country, though it is to be feared they are not as highly appreciated by the natives as they should be. Upon the whole, Siam may be regarded as one of the progressive oriental countries, and there is good reason for hoping that before another century has rolled away it will have taken a decided forward step, and will have numbered itself with those nations resolved to do something for itself and for the race.

COCHIN CHINA.

Next east of Siam, and between that country and China proper, lies the comparatively small French colony of Anam, at the southern point of Cochin China, the principle town of which is Saigon. The French as colonists have proved themselves far inferior to the English, and though they have done better here than in some of their attempts at colonization, they have done only tolerably well here. The town of Saigon is represented as not in a prosperous condition, commercially, its trade falling off within the past four years. The commerce was formerly rather active in the tropical products common to the neighboring countries, but its diminuition presents a discouraging prospect. The natives of the country are said to be an odd mixture of Chinese and Malays, and not very distinguished for enterprise or thrift. They are small in stature, slovenly in appearnce, and it seems that those farthest removed from Christian influences and civilization are the best and most uncorrupted. This is the way it is everywhere. I am fully convinced that Christian missionaries and Christian habits have not been a benefit to the oriental people.

When the proposed canal is cut across the narrowest part of the Malay peninsula it will shorten the journey between India and China some four days by steamer, and leave Singapore and Johore, if not out in the cold, at least down in the warm. But there is no likelihood that the great enterprise will be undertaken for a long time yet. From all the indications this is not a greatly frequented route. This, the 12th, is the sixth day out from Singapore, and I have not heard that any sail or craft has been sighted since we reached the China Sea. We have seen thousands of flying-fish, and a few albatross and other sea birds, but these are all.

The first day was pleasant and lovely; but on the second day out we were fairly in the northeast monsoon, now in season, blowing strongly in our faces, which caused the sea to be very much disturbed and the steamer to roll and toss to such an extent that many of the passengers were sea-sick, and acted much as the whale did when Yahweh gave him an emetic and caused him to throw up Jonah. As I said once before, my stomach has been too faithful a servant, and has worked itself through with too many a difficult undertaking, for me to wish to indulge in a disparaging remark about its shortcomings, but I did nevertheless think on the 8th inst that it was over-sensitive at the roughness of the sea, as it undertook several times to forcibly throw off into the sea what I thought would be better for it to retain. In fact, I began to think I was not progressing at all in becoming a sailor; it seeming to me that my stomach was disposed to make more ado at mere trifles now than at the beginning of my journey. But on the third day the wind and roughness had so far abated that the vomiting was discontinued, though the nausea somewhat retained. On the fourth day the sea had become comparatively smooth, so that its gentle ripples on the surface in the mild breeze gleamed and glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun like a vast plain of moving diamonds. It was indeed most beautiful.

To-day the wind is stronger again, and the steamer has more motion than is just agreeable, but not quite enough to make the stomachs try to place themselves inside out. Upon the whole, we have had a pleasant passage, having no storm save of wind and one slight shower. It is agreeable again to get far enough north to get a good view of the North Star. When in Ceylon it passed down nearly out of sight. At Singapore it could not be seen at all, while in Java it was away below the horizon. We are now between 19° and 20° north latitude, and I was last night pleased to get a good sight of the old polar star once more. I like the North Star, and prefer to spend the remainder of my days where I can see it every night, whenever the clouds will permit.

We have now but one hundred and fifty miles more to make to reach Hong Kong, one of the outlying cities of the Celestial Land, early to-morrow morning. As my next letter will be largely taken up with celestial matters, it seems a proper place and time to bring this letter to a close.

Dear friends, adieu. D. M. B.

Notes from H. L. Green.

THE FREETHINKERS' CONVENTION.

This year the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad (the Erie) will sell excursion tickets to Corning or Elmira to persons attending the Watkins Convention at two cents a mile from the following stations: Jersey City, Paterson, Newburgh, Port Jertis, Lackawaxen, Deposit, Susquehanna, Great Bend, Binghamton, Omega, Waverly, Addison, Canisteo, Hornellsville, Castile, Warsaw, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Wellsville, Friendship, Cuba, Olean, Salamanca, Dayton, Dunkirk, Bath, Avoca, Wayland, Avon, Rochester, Batavia, Cornwall, Conewango, and Jamestown.

As this arrangement has never been made before, I desire to call the especial attention of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to it.

And now allow me to say the certificates for passes on the Northern Central Railroad and all its branches, and also for the South Shore and Michigan Southern and all its branches, are ready for delivery. The last-mentioned road runs from Chicago. Send in your orders with a three-cent tamp.

The Convention commences August 23d and holds five days, closing up on Sunday evening. As I shall spend my whole time from now until the Convention working for its success, I shall be pleased to answer any question in relation to it. H. L. GREEN,
Secretary.

H. L. GREEN'S LECTURE TRIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* As I am compelled to occupy so much of your space nowadays with articles about the Watkins Glen Freethinkers' Convention that commences August 23d (and, by the way, is sure to be much the largest convention we hav ever held), I will make this letter very brief. Since my last letter I lectured in Detroit, at the Orion Camp-Meeting, Linesville, Pa., and North Hannibal, New York.

I was pleased to find in the city of Detroit many intelligent Liberals, but regretted to learn that there was no activ Liberal organization. My lecture was well attended by an intelligent audience, and a committee was appointed at the meeting to call together the Liberals of the city soon after hot weather for the purpose of organizing a Freethinkers' association, which will also be a Liberal League. Mr. Edward Chope, one of the subscribers and admirers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a man of character, property, and standing in the city, is the chairman of the committee, which insures success to the undertaking. I had a very pleasant visit at Mr. Chope's suburban residence. As is the case generally with out-and-out Infidels, he has an excellent, intelligent wife, who makes his home pleasant. Brother Chope gave me a very fine carriage ride about the city, which I greatly enjoyed. And I must not forget to mention my good friend, Dr. W. R. Merwin, and his equally good wife, both stanch Infidels; and I am pleased to know that they are differently situated from the way most Infidels are, for they are the owners and occupants of one of the finest residences in Detroit; and if they have any money to dispose of they prefer, they say, to giv it to suffering humanity rather than for the support of "God-houses."

I enjoyed the Orion Camp-Meeting very much. It was under the supervision of S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, one of the most activ Freethinkers in this country. I notice Bro. McCracken is getting up another camp-meeting for August 23d at Ionia, Michigan. And this reminds me we must hav three or four Liberal grove-meetings in New York state after the Watkins Convention.

On the 25th of June, in company with Judge McCormick, I spoke for the Linesville Liberal League, which, by the way, is not one of the "dead Leagues" we read of. This League has a fine hall, tastily fitted up, and has for five or six years held regular meetings and annually celebrated Paine's birthday.

On Sunday last I spoke at North Hannibal before one of the most substantial Liberal Leagues in this state. This League meets regularly every two weeks, and has done so for the last six years. It has a regular attendance of about one hundred and fifty. It often employs speakers. Levi G. Ball is President of the League, W. J. Bradt, Secretary, and Ambrose Price, Treasurer. Among the members are a number of good speakers. It is composed mostly of farmers and their wives and children. They hay a fine choir of singers, hold sociables, picnics, and other entertainments. There is but one place where public meetings are held in the village, and that is the school-house, and in that three Christian denominations hold their meetings, as well as the Hannibal Liberal League, and I learn the attendance at the League meetings are larger than all the Christian meetings put together.

Our friends in Hannibal are entitled to great credit for the way they sustain their League. I put it down as far the best League in the state outside of New York city. The members of this League contemplate attending the Watkins Convention and tenting out. And, by the way, I hav engaged the shady Village Park at Watkins for the Convention and for tenting purposes, and I hope to see a dozen tents put up there for the week of the Convention.

THE WATKINS CONVENTION.

A word to friends who cannot attend the Watkins Convention. If you cannot attend, you can send me a small subscription to use in defraying its expenses. Please do it at once.

H. L. GREEN.

A LETTER FROM DR. T. L. BROWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I would like to hav the following letter from my friend Dr. Brown published in your columns, nothwithstanding it may justly subject me to the charge of a little vanity. I was sure Dr. Brown would be in favor of giving Mr. Bennett a public dinner and reception at Watkins; and allow me to say here that letters indorsing the proposition are reaching me from every quarter. I wish our distinguished literary writer and biographer, James Parton, could be engaged to deliver the address of welcome on the occasion. The article Dr. Brown refers to I herewith inclose. Dr. Knox is the leading Presbyterian minister of southern New York. H. L. G.

DR. BROWN'S LETTER.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 17, 1882.

FRIEND GREEN: In the Elmira *Telegram*, under the heading of "Dr. Knox and Satan," I hav read one of the best things written by you I hav ever seen put to the consideration of those Presbyterians who would wilfully lie about the Freethinkers.

Your work this year has been all we could ask, and I want to be one of five thousand Liberals to giv you one dollar apiece for your general work, and do the same every year I live.

Any suggestions you may giv me about the coming convention I shall be glad to receive from you. I most fully approve of the dinner we are to giv D. M. Bennett on that occasion.

I am more interested in the general Liberal cause than ever before in all my life. You can depend upon me to work in the most harmonious manner with both Christians and Spiritualists in the rule of the majority. We are in a good condition to again meet the common enemy at Watkins. Hoping to hear from you soon, and, as you wish, help you in your efforts to advance the cause of mental liberty, I am ever yours,

T. L. BROWN.

[That our readers may hav an opportunity to indorse Dr. Brown's estimate of Bro. Green's little shot at the Presbyterians, which appeared in the Elmira *Sunday Telegram*, we append it.—ED. T. S.]

DR. KNOX AND SATAN.

I noticed that the corner-stone of a new Presbyterian church was laid in your city last week, and from a report in the *Advertiser* I learn that among other false and foolish things Rev. Dr. Knox said: "Radical opponents of the church were meeting once a year to say that the church was falling down and couldn't stand alone; but meanwhile church people (Christians) were meeting every day to put up more churches for Christ than the Freethinkers, so called, could build in a year for Satan, either at Watkins, Hornellsville, or anywhere else." In the first place, I want to thank Dr. Knox for advertising the Freethinkers' coming convention, and then ask him a question or two. Doctor, how do you know Christ indorses your church? Christ, when on earth, it is reported, took up little children and blessed them and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Your Presbyterian "Confession of Faith" holds that little children, if not of the elect, go to hell and are there to be tormented forever. Christ said man should be rewarded according to deeds done in the body. Your Presbyterian "Confession of Faith" is a Calvinistic document, and teaches that good works are of no account—that men, women, and children are sent to heaven or hell, not on account of any good or bad deeds, but by reason of a decree made by God before they were born. If that is true, doctor, by what reason do you claim the Presbyterian church is a church of Christ? You speak of Freethinkers building up churches for the devil. We deny the charge. We hav no interest in the old cloven-footed fellow. He is an orthodox institution, and the church could not get along without him. A few years ago a man to my knowledge was turned out of an orthodox church for saying he did not believe in the devil. And I judge your Presbyterian church would not take in a member who did not believe in the devil. As Theodore Parker used to say, "The devil is the fourth person in the orthodox godhead." But, doctor, if Freethinkers ever get to building churches I hope they will be manly enough not to exempt them from just taxation, and thus compel other people to pay the taxes on them whether they desire to or not. What cheek an orthodox minister must hav to stand up in the pulpit of a church untaxed and read the eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!"

H. L. GREEN.

What Shall We Name Them?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The correspondence of Mrs. Lake and Mrs. Wixon is very interesting, and doubtless contains suggestions worthy of consideration; but I could not help noticing that both these ladies (for whom I hav great respect), in their plea for the preservation, after marriage, of the anti-nuptial identity of woman, omitted to make any provision for the naming of such children as may occur from the matrimonial association of male and female citizens. If Citizen Smith (female) enters into connubial partnership with Citizen Brown (male), and both retain their maiden name, so to speak, shall the achievements of their mutual offspring render illustrious the name of Smith, or shall such offspring liv only to perpetuate the glory of the house of Brown? One or the other of these names would naturally be adopted as the common denominator of the little Brown-Smiths, and which it shall be is the duty of those who favor this movement to decide in a satisfactory manner before their apostles become involved in the difficulty which these remarks are designed to call attention to.

DENNIS.

Watkins and the Freethinkers.

The weeks are fast speeding away, and I trust that every Infidel who can do so is preparing to attend the great Freethought convention at Watkins in August.

Every man and woman whose heart is thrilling to the music of the new era, who looks anxiously and hopefully forward to the dawn of a new day for the human race—a day when the slavery of creed, of custom, and of caste shall hav passed away—should determin to be present at Watkins and to do whatever he or she can to signify that Infidels are moving; that in the world's work they are not laggards.

All should feel it a pleasure to contribute of time, money, and influence to the success of this undertaking, the responsibility of which has been assumed by that ever-activ and zealous worker, H. L. Green.

In response to inquiries as to whether I shall be at Watkins, let me say that I so intend. I hav already turned eastward—having completed my Western engagements—and shall be with you upon that occasion.

I should be glad to hear from Eastern individuals and societies in reference to lectures. MRS. H. S. LAKE,
Chicago, Ill.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

Further from Mr. Bennett.

MILWAUKEE, July 17, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I hav just arrived here by train from Chicago, and found kind friends and a carriage at the depot awaiting my arrival, and was transported to the Plankington House, one of the finest hotels in Milwaukee. My reception last night at Hershey Music Hall, in Chicago, was a perfect success. That fine hall was well filled at an early hour, though an admittance fee of twenty-five cents was charged at the door. Mr. J. K. Magie, president of the Chicago Liberal League, ably presided, and Dr. Paoli, president of the Scandinavian Liberal League, Prof. P. Bandgrass, J. W. Archibald, Prof. Charles Orchardson, and W. T. Peck, acted as vice-presidents.

Over the stage and in front, the word "Welcome," in large letters and inclosed by a wreath of evergreens, stood out conspicuously. On another banner in large letters were these living words: "Free thought, free speech, a free press, and free mails." On one side of the proscenium was a painting of Thomas Paine, surrounded by a wreath, with this glorious and immortal quotation from him conspicuously displayed: "The world is my country; to do good, my religion." On the opposit side on another large canvas was the painting of a female with a wreath, surrounded with these appropriate words: "Reason offers her wreath to all truth seekers." A life-size painting of Robt. G. Ingersoll, also wreathed, stood near the foot-lights in front. The stage was profusely decorated with flowers, evergreens, and wreaths.

The services commenced with a voluntary on the fine organ of the hall, exquisitly performed. I entered the hall while the voluntary was being performed, when I was greeted with such applause as could not fail to make any recipient happy. The president stated clearly the object of the meeting, when the secretary, E. A. Stevens, read some letters from persons who could not be present, among which were the following:

NEW YORK, July 13, 282.

E. A. STEVENS, *Dear Sir:* Let me add my voice and my congratulations for the safe arrival of the great world traveled truth seeker on the shores of his nativ continent.

The American Board of Foreign Missions, through their illustrious vicegerent in America, Anthony Comstock, sent Mr. Bennett as a missionary to India. I congratulate them on their choice of a man of learning, eloquence, and eminent fitness for the preaching of the latest and truest gospel through all the world to every creature, and would like to ask the American Board how they relish the result. Since we hear that many saints were brought to repentance, and led to see the error of their ways through his preaching, we hope they will know where to come again when they want to secure the persuasivness and the energy of a man illumined from on high and inspired by the divinest afflatus.

We await with deep interest the coming of Mr. Bennett on his triumphant way across the continent.

I am, most sincerely, first his, and then yours,

T. C. LELAND.

ROCKFORD, ILL., July 14, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I hav purposely delayed answering you, hoping circumstances would occur by which I could join your reception on the 16th to our voyager around the world, but, unfortunately, there is no Saturday-night train from here to Chicago. Imperativ duties keep me here until midnight.

Convey the congratulations of Rockford Liberal League, No. 199, and those of my own to our worthy friend, D. M. Bennett, on his successful trip and safe arrival home from his 25,000-mile voyage around the globe, and assure him of our continued confidence and esteem. Say to him that when the orthodox public shall so amend their creeds as to make them harmonize with the teachings of nature, we shall hope they will abandon calumny, misrepresentation, falsehood, and persecution in their defense.

Trusting the attendance will be large and the ceremonies interesting and worthy the great occasion, with regrets that I am not able to participate in them, and thanks for your kind invitation to do so, I am, Fraternally and truly yours,

G. W. BROWN, M.D.

Mr. W. F. Peck read a poem composed for the occasion by Mrs. H. S. Lake.

A quartet, of two male and two female voices, sang in admirable style the following original song by Mr. Peck:

WELCOME GLEE TO D. M. BENNETT.

In loud and joyful strain
Merrily we sing, merrily we sing
A welcome home again
Shall music gladly ring.
Welcome, welcome to your home again,
O standard-bearer brave, we hail thee with applause,
From foreign lands returned with strength regained,
To battle still in freedom's cause.

CHORUS.—In loud and joyful, etc.

All hail thou noble son
Of liberty loyal and free,
In ages yet to come
Thy name shall honored be.
We'll ne'er forget the burdens you hav borne,
Your struggles 'neath the weight of obloquy and pain,
But from your dungeon's gloom a light has sprung
To fire the patriot heart again.

CHORUS.—In loud and joyful, etc.

Mrs. Dawson next skilfully performed a beautiful piano solo. The president then introduced me, recounting briefly some of the events in my career. I followed in remarks, continuing an hour and twenty minutes, giving an account, first, of my arrest, mock trial, and imprisonment, and then detailing incidents, observations, and impressions connected with my travels. When I stepped forward I was greeted with prolonged applause, which was repeated several times during my remarks. No reasonable person could ask for more hearty applause. Before I closed Miss Dora Sweet came gracefully forward and presented me with a large, beautiful bouquet in the form of a basket, and other bouquets of elegant flowers were furnished by Mrs. J. C. Jones and Mr. M. C. Wellington, all of which I hav expressed home, so highly did I prize them.

I was followed by an exquisit solo upon the organ, when Dr. Paoli was introduced and made some effectiv remarks upon the sacredness of free thought, free speech, a free press, and free mails.

A resolution indorsing the course I hav pursued, and condemning in strong terms the persecution and defamation which hav been extended to me by the church and false-hearted friends, was unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Freeman was then introduced and made many telling and eloquent remarks touching the spirit of persecution which our enemies hav shown, and warmly commended the principles of individual rights and freedom. Her mention of the "Christian Mule-Kicking Association," headed by that disgusting donkey, Anthony Comstock, was warmly applauded by the well-pleased audience. Another beautiful song of "The Liberal League" was rendered by the fine quartet club. At the close a large portion of the audience came forward and grasped me by the hand, giving it many a vigorous shake, and speaking many kind and sympathetic words to me. I also took subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the books of travel. Several persons from distant towns were present, who had come expressly to attend the meeting, some coming a distance of fifty and a hundred miles. The friends were all enthusiastic, and everybody seemed pleased.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the committee who had the preparation of the meeting in charge, and the efforts of Mr. E. A. Stevens, secretary of the Liberal League, are especially worthy of mention. I feel particularly grateful to all my Chicago friends.

The afternoon of the day here was spent in a carriage drive over the city and suburbs in company with T. W. Williams, M.D., Mr. A. B. Severance, and Mrs. H. S. Lake. Milwaukee is a beautiful city, situated, as it is, on an elevated bluff on the western shore of Lake Michigan. Its elegant residences, in view of the lake, and along Grand avenue, are unusually rich and more numerous than in most other cities of the same size.

July 18th.—The meeting last night at the Academy of Music, given in honor of myself, was a large one. The beautiful theater was well filled. A large and splendid bouquet occupied a prominent place on a table at the front of the stage. Mr. Landor, a lawyer of the city, and chairman of the committee of reception, being rather hoarse, did not preside at the meeting, and that duty devolved upon the vice-president, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, who acquitted herself with dignity and ability.

Dr. T. W. Williams made the opening speech, and read a paper of decided ability, reviewing the ground occupied by the Liberals of America. The exposition of the errors and shams of theology was thorough. The compliments paid to myself were all I could ask.

Dr. Severance read several letters from friends in the East as follows:

PAINE MEMORIAL, BOSTON, July 13, 1882.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are much pleased to learn that our respected friend and excellent fellow-laborer in the Liberal movement, D. M. Bennett, has reached your city on his journey homeward. In common with all of you, we hav read with great interest his letters from abroad, which manifest his superior ability as a writer and his remarkable and untiring industry as a traveler in seeing and making a note of everything, from great to small, of any importance to the general reader. Mr. Bennett in these two respects had acquitted himself with high credit, and to the entire satisfaction of his numerous friends, and also in his ready and valuable efforts to promote Liberalism, as opportunities hav offered. With you all we congratulate him that having escaped the danger of the seas, and (if we may be allowed a little scripture) "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," he returns in safety, health, strength, and renewed vigor from his protracted and useful experience among Christians and heathen. It was said of the philosopher Franklin, who, you know, was of "our church," that he could not cross a channel without making some discovery useful to mankind; and it may be said, without any flattery, of our friend Bennett, that his voyage around the world has added to our stock of knowledge by the interesting and instructiv letters he has given us. He engaged in a hazardous undertaking, but he got through "right side up;" perhaps he had been saved "providentially!" but as we are not quite sure of that we will not stop to argue the point. Sufficient for us that he has got back alive, and is the same D. M. Bennett, Liberally, that he was when he sailed from New York a year ago. And now, ladies and gentlemen, please drink this Boston toast as a mark of respect to our friend Bennett, and as an expression of gladness for his safe arrival:

"When his perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No! Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm."

P. S.—In conclusion, permit us to say to you, Liberal brothers and sisters of Milwaukee, that you honor yourselvs by this kind reception to Mr. Bennett. We are all engaged in the same common cause, the cause of freedom and humanity. It is the only right cause, and never let us cease our labors in it until time rings down his curtain upon us and the drama of life is ended. We hope you are having a pleasant and a large party, and whenever any of you come to Boston we shall be pleased to see you at the Paine Memorial, where there is always free thought and free speech, and where "the latch-string is always out."

With kind regards and best wishes for all, we are,

Yours fraternally, HORACE SEAVER,
JOSIAH P. MENDUM.

NEW YORK, July 12, 282.

TO THE BENNETT RECEPTION COMMITTEE: You wish a word from me for your reception of the "Around-the-World" pilgrim, D. M. Bennett? Let it be this, *Those who suffer and toil for Liberty should be honored by her servants the world over.* In such honor you honor yourselvs. Those who make and stand the brunt of the test cases of liberty must never be deserted when under fire. It is only by such tests that our dangers are disclosed and popular government is secured.

All defects and failings are atoned for by, and pale before, such services as Mr. Bennett has rendered to the cause of liberty at home and abroad.

The welcome you giv the pilgrim will hav more than an echo when he reaches New York. Yours sincerely,

T. B. WAKEMAN.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1882.

MRS. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D., *My Dear Doctor:* There is no such avenger as time, as he rolls around his whirligig. Time is doing much avenging work for Mr. Bennett, and doing it in his time, and on time too.

In September, 1879, at the annual Congress of the National Liberal Liberal League, in Cincinnati, while Mr. Bennett was still in prison as a representativ defender of a free press in a free republic, the delegate, or one of the delegates, from Milwaukee, strenuously opposed the resolution of sympathy with Mr. Bennett, presented by Col. Ingersoll, and, on its final almost unanimous passage, he, the only dissenting so-called Liberal in that large body, rose in his place and voted a loud, spiteful No! Since that time Mr. Bennett, patronized and supported by the Liberals of this country, has been twice to Europe and once around the world, meeting with a continued series of receptions in his own city, in London, in Asia, and wherever he has traveled. Now he appears in the presence of that disagreeing delgate and receives an ovation in his own city of Milwaukee, such as no other Liberal in the country could obtain.

It is glorious to be "in the right with two or three," but what is it to be in the wrong in a minority of *one?* It seems in this case to be making a moral Haman of oneself—a fitting goose to hang high—while the Liberal Mordecai, illustrious sufferer for freedom's sake, sits in triumph in the most liberal "king's gate" that has yet been developed in this republic.

Yours very sincerely, T. C. LELAND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 12, 1882.

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BENNETT RECEPTION:

"Bearded, sunburnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I hav arrived,
To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of the universe,
For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them.
On my way a moment I pause,
Here for you! and here for America!" —*Walt Whitman.*

It is not possible for any man to be a true friend to humanity or to freedom without being an uncompromising enemy to all kinds of slavery, for there can be no permanent peace to individuals or nations while slavery of either mind or body exists. That your honored guest, D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, on his way home from a triumphal march around the world, is such a man, I am, after a long acquaintance, thoroughly convinced. He is an iconoclast, a hater of shams, and under the most trying circumstances (as has been clearly proved) would not for a moment entertain a thought of compromising with any wrong that would in any manner endanger the liberty of man, woman, or child. Let us welcome him again with open arms and joyous hearts, feeling assured that after a year's absence in foreign lands, battling for universal mental liberty for all nations, he will still continue the formidable struggle against all kinds of superstition and priestcraft with the same ardor and success as in the past.

Out of slavery comes war. Hence this skirmishing all along the lines. The enemy show themselvs in various disguises. One of the latest and most disgusting to all intelligent minds is that of attempting to suppress Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Any attempt to end this conflict between Freethought and religious intolerance, except by an entire cessation of the encroachments of the church upon all Liberals of whatever name or nature, is like covering up a volcano which must inevitably burst forth in the future with renewed vigor and violence, carrying sorrow and destruction in its path. The end is not yet. Let us strike hands of undying friendship and love, and resist with unflinching purpose all kinds of oppression, and let us not cease in our well-doing until all nations, races, and sexes are free from the stupid authority of "thus saith the Lord," which has so long held women, both by law and custom, in subjection to men, and which the latter in turn hav for the same length of time permitted to be done like a great army of poltroons. Very respectfully yours, JAY CHAAPEL.

ROCHESTER, July 12, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE: I am truly rejoiced to hear that the truth seekers of Milwaukee are so wide awake to the great needs of the hour as to giv our veteran hero in all good works a public reception.

D. M. Bennett is not trying to be a hero; he is trying to be a man; so we need not be afraid of hurting him. I say man, because I think it the highest praise, and if custom and law had not put an ignominious bar between man and woman I should bow to him in reverence above all other names. In recognizing all of the patriotic good work of our earnest friend and brother, I hav sometimes wished that he would speak a little oftener of the mean injustice of woman's humiliating position, and ask, Who did it? Who has hedged her in? But my faith in the

"good time coming" is strengthening. I rejoice every hour to see the great people of the West so ready to honor our best agitator on his safe arrival from his long and toilsome journey, and I hope this grand opportunity will be kept up and increased on his near approach home. In view of the mighty effort made everywhere—everywhere to impede every advance step, every progressiv work and word, surely Agitate, agitate! should be our watchword, as in the days of negro slavery.

Very respectfully, AMY POST.

J. O. Barrett, from the northern portion of the state, made a very finished and effectiv speech, in which my efforts in the cause of Freethought and the persecutions of my enemies received due attention.

Mrs. H. S. Lake was then introduced and made a finished and able speech, closing with the following original welcome to myself:

WELCOME TO D. M. BENNETT.

Welcome! Truth's devoted seeker!
Not from fields of war's red glory,
But from plains, and seas, and mountains,
Rich in ancient lore and story.

Welcome! not from war's debasement,
Where man slays his conquered brother,
But from fields of mental conflict,
Where the victor helps the other;

Helps unbind the bands and fetters
That hav kept man's mind in prison;
Helps destroy the fabled Eden,
To rebuild a real Elysium.

Gods and goddesses hav failed us;
They hav reaped our love and labor,
Yet, where peace and joy should blossom,
Flash the guns, and gleams the saber.

Over all this globe of plenty,
Where strong arms hav delved and spaded,
Labor weeps in rags and tatters,
Hungry, wretched, and degraded.

On the plains and in the cities,
Where the steeples gleam and glisten,
Honest thought is gagged and handcuffed,
While to rogues the people listen.

"Governments belong to governed!"
Such the sentiment invented
By a nation in whose counsels
Woman is not represented.

So the theory of justice
Mocks the people through the ages;
But at last the light is blazing
From the poet's pen, and sage's.

Round the world the rays are glinting,
And they light the night of error;
From the bonfires we are building,
Priests and kings shall flee in terror.

We will raise the house of refuge
For the slave of every station;
We will toil with brain and muscle
For a sensible salvation.

So we rally round our standards—
Soldiers true in every season;
So we greet you, scribe and comrade,
In the dawning "Age of Reason."

I was then introduced, and for about forty minutes spoke to the audience in my usual uninteresting style.

The meeting was concluded with an earnest appeal from Mrs. Lake in favor of organization, and of reviving the League which once existed here. At the close of her remarks over forty names were given by those in favor of forming a new League. The meeting continued over two hours.

I hav to report that here, as well as at Chicago, the dirty sick-roosterites hav been busy at their vile work in sending out from the East in large numbers the scurrilous, anonymous, and infamous pamphlets alluded to. Three of these were sent to each of the Chicago papers, and hundreds of them were sent to this city, and they hav been freely handed around and mailed. There is some diversity of opinion as to the source from whence these pamphlets come, some thinking them furnished by Comstock, and others regarding them as from the Boston school of "cultured Liberalism." The job of issuing and circulating these pamphlets was a part of the dirty work marked out by the conspirators at Greenwood, while I was the occupant of a prison cell, with the bolts turning on me ten times a day. The fact that M. Masson, the secretary of the Comstock obscene society of this city, has distributed them freely, and is known to hav mailed them, would seem to indicate that Comstock had something to do with them; but the relation with them of R. C. Spencer, the "cultured" gentleman who was expelled from the National Liberal League Congress at Chicago nearly two years ago for improper conduct and offensiv and insulting language, and who is also an ardent *Index* man, connects those shameful pamphlets with the Boston-Greenwood-Comstock-Ellis-Abbot-Underwood-Bundy-Savage-*Religio-Index* conspiracy crew. The "honors," perhaps, may be divided between Comstock and the parties named, but it is pretty well understood that the dirty pamphlets were issued and largely circulated by the other party. Thousands were thrown into the entrance of Chickering Hall at the time of my reception upon leaving prison, and thousands were sent all over the country. This was unquestionably the most dirty and infamous mode of warfare ever pursued by moral skunks, sneaks, and hypocrits. If such conduct belongs to Liberalism then I hav been mistaken in the article, and need to revise my opinion of it. What can men think of themselvs who will busily circulate such shameful documents—not for the promotion of truth and virtue, but only to injure one already deeply wronged? The base and despicable course of this class of men is in strik contrast with the letters from the true friends above quoted.

I leave to-day for Michigan and the East. In two weeks I will be with you. D. M. B.

NEARER MY HOME TO THEE.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., July 22, 282.

DEAR EUGENE: Leaving Milwaukee on the morning of the 18th, I halted for a few hours in Chicago, and at 3:40 P. M. friends Magie and Jones accompanied me to the Central Michigan depot, where the good-byes were duly said. I arrived at Dowagiac, Mich., at a little past eight, where I found Dr. Abbie Knapp waiting with a carriage to convey me to the farm house nearly eight miles from the town. Here I enjoyed a very pleasant visit of over thirty hours. Some three loads of the friends having been notified of my arrival, drove out to the farm, where we partook of an excellent dinner and enjoyed an agreeable visit of six or eight hours. Prolonged conversations and discussions were indulged in, with interest, all around.

My next point to make was this, where dwell my boyhood friends, E. D. Blakeman, C. E. Sears, and their amiable companions. I had to stop over at Kalamazoo for a few hours to wait for the train coming south to this place, and took the opportunity to call upon a few TRUTH SEEKER friends, who insisted upon my taking a carriage ride with them around the beautiful town, passing out by the State Insane Asylum to the large nursery of L. G. Bragg, an ardent admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Round-the-World letters. I had such illustrious companions as Willian Shakspere, H. M. Porter, Lucius C. West, and John Galligan. They chided me somewhat for not notifying them of my passage through Kalamazoo, that they might have taken some steps to do me honor. Upon accompanying me to the southern train, they extracted a promis from me that I would return there from Jackson and partake of a dinner with them on Monday evening next. Being somewhat fond, by the bye, both of a good dinner and the society of appreciativ friends, the promis was readily given.

I found the friends here in wating for me; I hav had a pleasant visit with them, and am pleased to report them virtuous, prosperous, and happy. My visit here has been very agreeable.

My good friends, M. P. Thurston and wife, of Burr Oak, drove over fifteen miles to see me, and urged me strongly to return with them and visit the truth seekers in their neighborhood; but my engagements would not admit of it. Bro. Thurston is a great lover of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I was very glad of the opportunity to visit with him.

In a few hours I take the train east for Jackson, where I am advertised to speak to-morrow. In a little more than a week I will hav fulfilled my engagements, and will once more be with you.

D. M. B.

STILL NEARING HOME.

JACKSON, MICH., July 24, 282.

DEAR EUGENE: When I arrived here from Three Rivers on Saturday, I found friends and a carriage waiting for me; the friends made me welcome, and the carriage conveyed me to the Hurd House, where many friends called upon me. Hearty conversation was engaged in, and the visiting continued until a late hour. I found that delegations had come in to see me from different localities in the state, some traveling for this purpose ten, twenty, forty, and even a hundred miles. Of course the knowledge of this made me proud, though I could not forget that it was the cause I represent more than personal considerations which brought them here. I was nevertheless very glad to see them and take them by the hand.

Double honors hav been shown me here. The first reception was given me yesterday afternoon in Merriman's beautiful grove adjoining the city, the weather being most propitious and enjoyable. S. D. Moore presided over the meeting and made the opening remarks. Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, of this city—her poetical name being "Ethel Etherton"—recited a welcome poem, written for the occasion. If you and the other friends will excuse the over-complimentary allusions to your humble servant I will send it to you. Here it is:

Welcome to-day with greeting earnest, heartfelt,
Come in behalf of friends of Liberal thought,
To D. M. Bennett, of world-wide reputation,
The man who never yet was sold nor bought.

Around the world this intellectual giant,
To see her wonders, with her gods commune;
Into the lap of science pouring treasures
To broaden freedom's skirts, her path illume.

Around the world this truth seeker hath wended
His way. Again with his own people stands.
Shall the Pacific coast or Eastern borders
Outdo the West in "holding up his hands?"

This man who for mankind hath been a martyr,
Not for some mythical, some monstrous God,
And that he dared giv utterance to reason,
Smite with Truth's sword blind bigots' blood-stained rod.

Behind the bars for what? obscene effusions?
No! freedom of conscience, liberty of speech!
The Comstock grab a subterfuge to place him
Beyond the power the public ear to reach.

There never yet was wall so high or hoary,
Abyss so black as the famed Calcutta hole,
But from its depths would leap to light and glory
The inspiration of a mighty soul.

Bennett, behind the bars, like Michael Davitt,
Was heard in every port, from strand to strand.
These prison-voices, like deep, rolling thunder,
From center to circumference shake the land.

This cry for liberty is far outreaching;
Every true heart its echoes will prolong
To cheer the heroes who dare stir the waters
Of our Bethesda; "suffer and be strong."

When to step out means something more than honors,
Vile persecution in ten thousand forms,
Imprisonment, a crown, but not of roses—
Of asphodel and rue studded with thorns;

Then while these angels stir the mighty waters,
And thus impregn them with life-giving powers—
Powers first to cauterize, then heal the nations,
Before which staid conventionalism cowers.

Let every soul worthy the name of manhood
Step out and plunge into this cleansing pool;
The future holds for such his meed of glory,
Though asses bray and serpents hiss "thou fool!"

Bennett around the world with pen of granit
Hath traced upon the everlasting hills
Truths that will light the onward march of science,
When creeds hav perished with the word that kills.

Then let us as truth seekers, brave, true, earnest,
Giv him a welcome home, warm, loving, long,
To cheer him in this work of human progress,
To bear him heavenward on the waves of song.

Three cheers for him who dares brave opposition,
Fearless of foes, tireless to combat wrong!
Such names shall yet be borne on waves of glory
Around the world, chanted in all known tongues

By those whom through like suffering hav grown strong!
Then superstition drop her mantle gory—
Reason and freedom love-crowned tell the story,
A world redeemed, and earth and heaven strike palms!

Dr. J. W. Kenyon, of this city, followed in able and complimentary remarks. Being a converted clergyman, he speaks with ease and ability. I followed in expressions of gratitude, and giving some of the incidents of my travel, especially connected with the "Holy Land."

Mr. Moore closed the meeting by an urgent appeal in favor of organization.

Another meeting was held in the evening in Guard Hall in the city. Many of those attending the afternoon had to drive home, and others attended the evening meeting who were not present in the afternoon, so the two audiences were only partially the same. The speakers, however, were the same. Mr. Moore presided, and gave a brief history of my arrest, trial, and imprisonment, as well as of my visit to Europe two years ago, and my journey around the world. Dr. J. W. Kenyon followed in an eloquent address, dwelling upon the effects of the persecutions which hav been imposed upon me, speaking in very complimentary terms of the two volumes I wrote while in prison, "The Truth Seeker in Europe," and the five volumes written while traveling round the world. Mrs. Rich again recited her welcome poem in a very effectiv manner, after which I spoke nearly an hour. A good audience was present. At the close or the meeting steps were taken for the organizing of a Liberal League. The stand upon the platform was decorated with a bouquet of bright flowers, presented by Mrs. Atwood, of Eaton Rapids.

I return West to Kalamazoo to-day, where a reception will be tendered me this evening. After that I set my face homeward, stopping only for a visit and reception at Rochester, N. Y. In a week from this time I will probably be in my old place at home. D. M. B.

NOT wishing to be behind the Liberals of other cities in giving honor where honor is due, those of New York will giv Mr. Bennett a banquet reception on Thursday evening, August 3d, at 6 P. M., at Martinelli's, corner of Fifth ave. and 16th street. The presence of as many friends as possible is desired. There will be several prominent Liberals from abroad. We expect Geo. Chainey and friends Mendum and Seaver, as will be seen by the following from the *Investigator:*

"We were obliged to our friend Macdonald for his kind invitation; accept it with much pleasure, and shall be on hand, one or both of us, at the dinner, which, as our friend Bennett deserves, let it be good, for his sake, and full of 'material aid and comfort' for the sake of those who are to eat it.

"Fraternally, but in a hurry, BOTH."

We assure our Materialistic friends that the dinner will be good, as Mr. Martinelli has considerable reputation in that line in this city.

To cover cost of dinner and incidental expenses the price of tickets has been put at $2. They can be obtained of Dr. E. B. Foote, 120 Lexington ave.; E. W. Chamberlain, 120 Broadway, or E. M. Macdonald, TRUTH SEEKER office.

Communications.

The Slade Exposure.

From the Belleville (Ontario) Daily Intelligencer.

The best-known of the slate-writing mediums, and the one generally acknowledged to be possessed of the greatest mediumistic power, is Dr. Henry Slade, of New York. His name as a medium is world-wide, and he has confounded and converted some of the most eminent thinkers in England, Germany, and Russia, as well as in America, by the wonderful phenomena which are produced by him. Knowing this, a number of gentlemen of this city, having heard much, read some, but seen but little of so-called spirit phenomena, determined to engage Dr. Slade for one week, to giv daily sittings or seances. The arrangements were completed, the engagement was made, and Dr. Slade arrived in Belleville on Friday evening, the 30th ult., and put up at the Dafoe House, where rooms had been engaged for him. The doctor's suave, gentlemanly manner and apparently honest and sincere desire to work in the great cause to which he had devoted his life created in many minds quite an impression in his favor. "It does not matter," he said earnestly to the writer, "if only one person in Belleville is convinced of the fact of a future existence who was not convinced of it before, I will consider myself well repaid."

Such a noble illustration of disinterestedness and zeal could not but impress one with his honesty of purpose, notwithstanding the fact that he was to receive $150 and his expenses for the visit. Dr. Slade's sittings began, and the phenomena which were produced were certainly, at first, startling; but after the first surprise, several of those who held successiv sittings with him began to observe suspicious movements on the part of the doctor, not so much in the slate-writing (which, in most minds, remained a mystery up to the last, and is not satisfactorily explained tosome even yet) as in the other phenomena with which the slate-writing was supplemented. These other phenomena were mere tricks, whether judged as spiritual manifestations or sleight-of-hand performances. The slate was passed under the table by some invisible agency into the hand of one of the sitters while both the doctor's hands were on the table; those sitting around the table had their limbs tapped and pressed, as by a hand, and occasionally their chairs were sharply jerked; a long pencil would be placed on a slate, and when the doctor would place the slate under the table the pencil would fly suddenly from under the table on to it, or over the heads of the sitters; if the "atmospheric conditions" were favorable, a large chair, which was always placed at a convenient distance from the doctor's chair, would suddenly fly toward him; and of course the raps under the table and in the vicinity of the medium were of frequent occurrence. In every one of these "manifestations" the doctor was detected by different parties at different times. Sunday night, Mr. James Starling distinctly saw him throw the long pencil, with his thumb and finger, from the edge of the table over the heads of the company. He was also detected afterward by Mr. J. Northcott and others. This is a simple trick, and can be done by anyone with a little practice. Dr. Abbott, in the course of his only sitting, looked suddenly under the table while loud raps were in progress and distinctly saw Slade's heel knocking against the rung of his chair. The raps under the table were of course produced by the toe of Slade's left slipper. The pressures and taps were undoubtedly produced by him. One who had sat with him two or three times and closely observed him could not fail to perceive that just before the taps and pressures would be made on the limbs of any one of the sitters he would always pretend to be touched himself, and would shiver, jerk back his chair, and look under the table, giving as a reason that he was so nervous that he did it instinctivly. For his keen and practiced eye, just the one glance was sufficient to enable him to "take in" the disposition of the legs of the company, and he could, with that snake-like left leg of his (which he always kept under the table, allowing the other to remain in full view of the company), touch any of the sitters wherever he pleased, with an unerring precision, so long as they kept their limbs in the same position. A close and suspicious observer could easily perceive by the movement of Slade's body when he was manipulating his left leg. On one occasion, Mr. James Starling, who sat at the doctor's left, was touched on the left knee. He suddenly and very vigorously raised his right foot, and it came in contact with a material substance suspiciously resembling the calf of a leg, and the ownership of the said leg was immediately confirmed by an expression of pain on Slade's open countenance, and an uneasy start from that individual. After this "manifestation" Slade objected to having Mr. Starling sit in the circle on the ground that he had already sat five times, which, he claimed, should hav satisfied him. On another occasion, after the party sitting opposit Slade had been touched several times on both limbs, the writer, who was sitting at Slade's left, suddenly crossed his legs immediately in front of the medium, so that that individual could not, by any possibility, get his foot beyond them without touching, not knowing them to be in that position. In a moment there was a very palpable touch, not to say a kick, on the writer's left ankle, and Slade immediately afterward looked under the table.

It is significant that so long as the writer kept his legs crossed in front of Slade, the gentleman sitting opposit Slade was not touched, though the party to his right was. As to the passing of the slate under the table, that was done with Slade's useful left foot, which he could bend forward so far that the toe almost touched the front of his leg. The slate rested flat on the sole of his slipper, and in this manner he passed it along to any one in the circle to whom "the spirits" were directed to send it. Mr. A. McGinnis, leaning back in his chair quietly, saw Slade's foot with the slate resting on it. Mr. W. Templeton also glanced under the table hastily on one occasion, but was observed by the doctor, and Mr. Templeton, though he did not see the slate on his foot, saw the slate fall to the floor and Slade's foot draw back like lightning to his chair. The spirits attempted four times to carry the slate to the writer, but failed each time, the slate falling to the ground before it could reach his hand. The reason given by Slade was that the writer held his hand beyond the magnetic current, and the spirits could not carry the slate past that current. The real reason was that as soon as Slade announced that the slate had left his hand the writer moved his hand about eighteen inches from the rim of the table. where he could see, if the slate reached his hand, whether it was conveyed by any visible power. (It is perhaps necessary to explain that during all these manifestations Slade insists that all in the circle must join hands in the middle of the table—thus making it necessary for them to come up close to the table.) On Thursday Chief McKinnon detected Slade twitching with his toe the chair of the man on his left, and another gentleman distinctly saw him, with his left leg, wheel an arm-chair that was standing a few feet away, up to the table. Several other discoveries could be mentioned if we had space to enumerate them. But though the trick part of the phenomena was all made clear, the slate-writing remained a mystery. This much was clear, that it was not the work of spirits, for the writer received gushing messages from persons still living, whose names he had written on the slate. These yet embodied spirits wrote that they were present, were happy to be so, and one was so kind as to promis to remain always with the writer—in the capacity of office bore, it is to be presumed. There was no doubt in the majority of minds that the messages were fraudulent, but how they were produced was a puzzle. There was no doubt that when one of the circle wrote a name on the back of the slate and handed it to Slade, he contrived to read it while he held the slate under the table. As soon as the slate was well under the edge of the table, the spirits began to make his arm shake, and of course his wrist would shake and twist, and of course the slate, being in his hand, would shake and twist also—several times being turned completely over, so that he could read the name without any difficulty. Usually, however, he contented himself with allowing the slate to assume a perpendicular position, so that he could get a peep at the initials, without reading the whole name. As to how he produced the writing when the slate was under the table, no one could explain (and indeed it still remains unaccounted for). It may be observed, however, that no message in answer to a question was produced, while the slate was in that position, which was longer than a dozen words or so; they were always written in a cramped, unnatural hand, which, often, no one but himself could read; and they were written within a short space, not extending the full length and width of the slate, like the messages, not in reply to questions, which were supposed to be written between inclosed slates. The writing produced between closed slates or with the slate flat on the table was, moreover, regularly and well written, and could be read with ease. Several persons maintained that the writing between the closed slates was not produced at the time when it was supposed to occur, but that one of the slates which were placed together had writing on it when they were placed together, and that Slade deceived the sitters by sleight of hand when he pretended to show each side of both slates. Several persons had become convinced of this, but no one wished to be the party to snatch the slates and expose the trick. Chief McKinnon, however, at a seance on Wednesday also became convinced, and decided to make a test. Accordingly an arrangement was made by several parties to go together to the sitting yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and the person on whose arm or shoulder Slade should rest the two closed slates was to grasp them and wrest them from him as soon as the writing should commence. Those who were present at that sitting were Chief McKinnon, E. McMahon, and Alderman Dickson.

When the time for the closed-slate feat came, Slade reached his hand, as usual, to the little stand behind him that held his slates, selected a slate, and appeared to show both sides of it as well as those of the one on the table. He closed them together as usual, with a scrap of pencil between them, and held them on Mr. McMahon's shoulder. In a moment the scratching began. But it was not heard longer than two seconds, when Mr. McMahon suddenly seized the slates, wrested them from Slade, and laid their inner surfaces open on the table. One of the slates was entirely covered with writing which, on examination, proved to be the following, which is but a specimen of all the platitudes that hav been supposed to come from the spirit land through Slade's mediumship, and which is given exactly as written, even to punctuation:

"You are all the children of the infinit; your times are the measure of endless years; your labors are the search from immemorial wisdom; your destiny is the joy and love—now it is time you all began to realize this fact and prepare to meet the change from earth to spirit; you cannot prepare unless you look more to the laws of spirit and of God—this is all I shall say now. God bless you all."

Slade, with the evidence of his fraud confronting him, did not make any attempt at explanation. He wilted at once, and appeared for a time quite dazed and stupid. But when Chief McKinnon threatened to arrest him for fraud he begged with tears and sobs to be allowed to leave town. He acknowledged that all the phenomena which had taken place were fraudulent, and that Spiritualism had nothing whatever to do with them. He offered to show how he produced the trick which had just been exposed, and explained it in this way: When he took the slate from the stand behind him it contained the message just quoted, which he had written while he was alone, before the sitting began. By sleight-of-hand manipulation, which is very easily understood when seen, he made it appear that he wiped and showed the two sides of each slate, while the fact is that he had wiped and showed only one side of the one that had the writing on. The scratching noise was produced by his finger, and the final tap on the slate denoting that the message is complete, by the same means. When told that he would probably be arrested, he paced the floor in extreme trepidation and entreated piteously to be allowed to leave the city at once, declaring that if arrested he would certainly cut his throat. Steps were taken to procure his arrest, but after the information had been laid and while the warrant for his arrest was being made out, two or three of those who had been most activ in unearthing his deceptions, moved to pity by his entreaties, his tears, and promises, pleaded for him and secured him his liberty. He left by the noon train for the east. Before he left the city he attempted to do something to retrieve himself. To one gentleman he said that when he admitted that his manifestations were the results of trickery he told a lie in order to avoid arrest, and was ready, on account of fear, to admit or deny anything. He told the cabman who drove him to the station that a certain gentleman who had prominently interested himself in the recent affair had got him drunk, and that he (Slade) was not responsible for what he had done or said.

Since he has gone there are several persons who hav had repeated sittings with him who are not satisfied with the explanation he gave of the production of writing within the closed slates. They say that they know the writing could not hav occurred in that way, because they brought their own marked slates to the sittings, had examined them closely on both sides before the writing came, and that Slade had never attempted to substitute any other slates in place of those they brought. However that may be, there is no doubt whatever that the manifestations which take place at night in Slade's bedroom are produced by himself. This was demonstrated on Thursday night to the complete satisfaction of the writer, who shared Slade's bed with him for some time that night. About a quarter of an hour after the writer turned off the gas and got into bed loud raps came apparently from the back of the bed near the writer's head. Slade immediately began to tremble and cower down in the bed, and in reply to the question what was the matter with him, he said the spirits were there and were going to do something, for he was being touched all over. The rapping continued, now at the head of the bed, now at the foot, now apparently under it—Slade never ceasing to shake and press close to his bed-fellow and clutch him by the arms convulsivly. After this interesting performance had lasted for about ten minutes, Slade asked the writer to address the spirits and ask them whether there would be manifestations during the night; he said himself that he thought it was rather late for them to manifest with much power. (It was then after 2 A.M.) The writer said aloud, "Well, do you intend to produce any manifestations to-night?" Three loud raps, signifying "yes," was the reply. Suddenly Slade rose on his left elbow and extended his right arm over the speaker's breast. "Look," he said, "at that bright light just at the foot of the bed. Oh look! don't you see it, just in the direction that I am pointing?" He continued in this way for about a minute, directing attention to a supposed light in the room, which, to the writer's unspiritual eyes, remained veiled in Egyptian darkness Slade then pointed in the direction of the bedroom door, shooting out his long, lithe arm suddenly over the writer's breast, and directing his attention to a most brilliant violet light in that direction. He was informed that his energetic pointing was rather unnecessary, for in the darkness his hand could not be seen, and he was civilly requested to be quiet. He paid no attention to the request, however, but almost immediately after it was made threw himself with considerable force against the writer, and stretched his arm far over his body. Something was heard to clank against the side of the bed, and the passiv occupant of the bed knew almost as well as its activ occupant that something was coming. He was not disappointed. In four or five seconds something decidedly hard and heavy fell, as if from the ceiling, on his bare shin, which lay outside the covers in case of an emergency. He leaned forward and clutched the object, and, feeling it, discovered it to be a smooth walking-stick with a metal knob. He quietly placed one end on the floor and held on to it with his right hand. "What was that thing that fell on the bed?" asked Slade, after a moment's pause. "Only a bit of a stick," was the reply.

A few minutes afterward Slade began groping with his left hand to find out what had become of the stick. He found his companion's right arm hanging by the side of the bed, and he asked, presently, "Hav you my *walking stick* in your hand?" The fellow had no doubt concealed the stick somewhere near the head of the bed when he retired, in case any "manifestations" would be required. The writer then caught Slade's both hands in his left hand and held them close to his breast, and demanded that the manifestations should continue under those conditions. Slade protested against this, and alternately argued, whimpered, and threatened, but he finally submitted. After a short time the writer was touched on the right leg several times and the rappings were renewed around the bed. After lying passiv for a minute or two, the writer raised his left leg as quickly as he could; it came in contact with Slade's left leg, which was evidently performing gyrations in the air. The first-mentioned leg rose higher than the other, and came down on it, pinning both of Slade's legs to the bed. Then grasping Slade's wrists tightly, the writer requested that the manifestations be continued. Slade writhed a little, protested much, and again threatened and whined, but again submitted, with very little resistance—strangely enough, for he is very powerful in the upper part of the body. For ten or fifteen minutes the two remained in that position, and during that time there was not the faintest suspicion of a manifestation—not a rap, not a touch, nothing. Finally a cramp in the left leg, brought on by keeping it so long in a strained position, induced the writer to release Slade. He then rose, dressed himself, and left the great medium to his dreams—not, however, without first denouncing him as a fraud.

Before closing we wish to say a word about the character of this individual, apart from his profession of medium-juggler-swindler, and we hope that this article will be copied into newspapers throughout Canada and the states, so that society may be warned against him, and he may be driven into private life. It is impossible to enter here into a minute description of Slade, but he is most assuredly a creature not fit for the companionship of respectable people—a slave to the most horrible, abnormal, and loathsome lusts; a being without conscience, without shame, without honor, and without sex.

IS HE THE GENUIN SLADE?

Since the foregoing article was put in type an *Intelligencer* reporter has seen and interviewed a gentleman named W. H Dakin, a traveler for a large hat and cap establishment in New York, who is in the city on business. Mr. Dakin asserts that the man who has been in Belleville under the name of Dr. Slade is not the real Slade, but an impostor. He was, he says, in Port Huron, Michigan, on Saturday last, and the real Slade was there on that day, and was extensivly advertised through the town to deliver a lecture on Sunday. He had been in Port Huron for nearly a week, stopping at the houses of prominent Spiritualists, and had been giving a series of seances, at which wonderful materializing phenomena had taken place. Mr. Dakin offered this afternoon to wager $100 against $5 that the Port Huron Slade is the genuin man, and the Belleville Slade is an impostor. In a day or two the true facts of this mixed-up affair will be ascertained.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

A telegram from the editor of the Port Huron Sunday *Commercial* says it was Dr. *Charles* Slade who lectured there. The genuin man is *Henry* Slade who was here.

The above account was sent to us several days ago, but we declined to publish it, having seen the following in the *Banner of Light:*

"Information reaches us from Montreal, Canada, that an individual who goes about that country calling himself—or by inference agreeing to allow others to call him—'Dr. Slade,' is now operating in that part of the continent, and has just been exposed in Belleville, Ont. We are glad to hear that to such an extent, at least, justice has overtaken him. We would inform our readers in Montreal, Belleville, and elsewhere, that Dr. (Henry) Slade, of New York city, the genuin proprietor of the name, is at present lecturing in Michigan, and is not, nor has he been of late, in Canada. The person claiming his name and reputation is either the party who is known as 'Charles Slade,' against whom we hav repeatedly warned our patrons, or else some one of the Braddon-Fay-*et-al.* combination now imposing upon the Canadian people has assumed the name of Slade to escape the effects of the showing up which we gave these 'worthies' in our issue of June 3d. The New York *Sun* paragraphs this 'Belleville' business as applying to the genuin Dr. Slade, but its attempt to injure a worthy medium is beneath contempt, and is too absurd to need an answer."

We had always thought the *Banner* to be a strictly reliable paper, and deemed the above sufficient to cast doubt upon the genuinness of the exposed medium, and so informed our Canadian friends. But the

following letter leads us to believe that the affair is much mixed; and that it may be cleared up we print the whole. It seems to us that it is in order for brother Colby to explain, for the preponderance of evidence is against Slade. We trust our correspondent will not regret that we have softened down one or two of his expressions.—Ed. T. S.

Belleville, July 19, 1882.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav just received your letter, and noted its contents. As to it not being the genuin Dr. Henry Slade, who was so completely exposed here. I can and will prove that it was, also that the people in the *Banner of Light* office are mistaken. Here are the proofs:

First. The first letter we sent reached Slade through the *Banner of Light* office.

Second. Slade was recognized by Mr. H. Tammadge, of this city, as the same man who was on trial in London several years ago.

Third. He was recognized by Mr. C. J. Starling, who visited him several times in New York city.

Fourth. He was recognized both from photographs and engravings in illustrated papers in the possession of several of us here.

Fifth. In a letter written to a gentleman of this city, Mr. F. H. Rous, written after the exposure, he attempts to excuse himself. I send you the paper so you can judge with what success.

Sixth. While here many letters were received by him, all addressed to Dr. Henry Slade, and several forwarded from the *Banner of Light*.

There are several other proofs, among which are the improbability of an impostor wearing several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and having several hundred dollars with him, as this man had. You can tell the *Banner of Light* people that if he was a bogus Slade they should send us the money we are out, as it was their fault, they giving the bogus our letter instead of the genuin. But it was certainly the genuin humbug, and if they still deny it we will send a committee to New York and unmask him as thoroughly as we did here. If there is a genuin medium, they ought to send him to Belleville, but they won't. "Fraud will not stand honest investigation; truth courts it."

The reason Slade was allowed to escape is, he, or it, was a member of the Masonic body, so were some of his captors; also it is likely he or it made a liberal use of his ill-gotten gains to grease their palms. Yours truly, Joseph Templeton.

Elmina Abroad.

Dear Truth Seekers: Once more I greet you from the old Empire state, and among the friends and relativs of my girlhood days.

I hav pleasant memories of the friends I met in Boston, and the sights I there saw hav left bright pictures on memory's walls. The last day of my stay I went through Prang's vast chromo factory. I had always a curiosity to know how it was possible to manufacture such lovely pictures at so cheap a rate. But I had never once dreamed of the work it took. When I went in and saw long rows of desks, and at each one seated an artist bent intently over a picture, faithfully copying line by line, dot by dot, each little stroke or speck, and saw the pictures transferred one by one to lithographic stones, and then printed on paper or cardboard, shade by shade, color by color, a little more red, a little more yellow, a little more brown, till it passed through some twenty or thirty impressions, going from hand-rollers to power-presses, from room to room, I then realized that even the tiniest chromo was a work of far more toil than a grand painting in oil colors. But the rapidity of the reproduction makes them cheap and plentiful, and I saw some as high as twenty-five dollars in price, and others only a cent or two in value. We saw one large room containing two or three hundred girls, all putting fringes on valentines, chromos, and holiday pictures, and counting, folding, and arranging them; and we saw the Christmas cards for the coming season in process of being made. One large room way down in the cellar was called the "stone library." It was filled with shelves of lithographic stones, containing plates from which the pictures had been printed. These stones are all brought from Bavaria, and many of them cost twenty-five and fifty dollars apiece. We went in the engin room and saw the power that moves the great machinery of the factory, and the engineer touched one of the great belts and lighted a gas-jet with his finger, and also transmitted a spark to each of us from it, by touching the tip of his finger to ours. As I looked at all the wonders of the establishment I thought of a remark made by one who once visited our woolen mill in Tennessee. After watching the process of cording, spinning, and weaving the wool into cloth, she exclaimed, "The works of God are great, but the works of man are greater." Prang has a grand house, and the grounds are just lovely, and what is best of all, he is a real German Liberal, and hundreds of dollars are given by him every year to support the cause of freedom of thought and the elevation of humanity. He is a man of whom we may well be proud as a laborer in our ranks. His lovely pictures are gems of beauty in thousands and tens of thousands of homes all over the civilized world, and he himself is a kind, cordial, and pleasant gentleman. He took us all over the building, and then out on the top of his house, where he gave us seats, from which we had a splendid view of Barnum's great traveling circus as it passed along the street. It was one of the most gorgeous processions I ever witnessed. In the afternoon of the same day I went with Mr. Chainey and his pleasant little family to Nantasket Beach to see the old ocean. We had a nice ride on the cars, and a beautiful sail in the steamer, and at last stood on the shore and saw the mighty ocean roll her white foaming billows toward the shore, each following the other in regular succession, and yet no two alike, and all having a wild, weird, fascination that can never be described, but can only be realized by the onlooking of one's self. To see the white specks of sails far off against the distant horizon, and think that beyond them, on, on, on, was only one vast sea of waves, made one think how wonderful it was that so tiny a thing as a ship could ever find itself, or bring its precious freight of living beings back to the solid firm land again.

All this is now only a memory, but how precious is the faculty that has power to call up at any hour the whole panorama back to view and liv it over and over again!

And now I am once again in Rhinebeck Institute, and hav been witnessing the school commencement, a regular feast of reason and flow of soul. The junior class had the first day, and spoke their little pieces better than many a public orator could, and sang and played "divinely," and in the evening had a reception. It was a pretty scene to see little tots of eight, ten, and twelve years dancing, waltzing, and playing plays, just like grown-up people. The seniors had their day yesterday. There were nine graduates, all girls but two, and I think the proficiency of these young ladies in their studies ought to convince any reasonable person of the equality of sex as far as mental acquirements are concerned, and I might say superiority, for they certainly put the young men in the shade this time. To giv any idea of the addresses (valedictory, etc.), is impossible, but professors who were present said they would do credit to almost any college commencement. The paintings done by the pupils of the school are real specimens of art and gems of beauty. The art reception was in the evening and dancing music, etc., made gay the passing hours. As it all glides by, I softly say to myself,

"Oh, the world it is beautiful,
Who can complain
Or wish that the world
Were made over again?"

Rhinebeck, N. Y., June 16, 1882. Elmina.

God Ideas.

It seems to me that we are indebted to our early religiou training for our ideas of God and nature. Nearly every one ofs us is influenced by the ideas derived from the Bible. If a lad never went to church or Sunday-school, still he gets ideas on these subjects from those who hav. Hence the idea that the creator is omnipotent, can perform miracles, etc. Now, when we break from this idea we naturally run into Atheism. One of my friends, in denouncing my remarks in this paper, asks why not suppose nature to be eternal, self-existent, and then no use for a God. I ask, why not suppose God eternal? I cannot suppose nature as eternal except as a principle. We see beginning and ending to all things, earth included. "What," asks the Atheist, "nature and God both?" Why not? What warrant hav you for the idea of an omnipotent God, such as you think he must be, if at all? Why not God and nature both eternal, from everlasting to everlasting? Most Atheists reject the idea of a god because they see no signs of sympathy and interference. But why not a god who cannot interfere as well as a god who can? There are some facts we do know. I mean that some things do exist positivly and truly. They seem hard facts to us, too, yet they are. Our reason teaches us that omnipotence cannot be. God cannot be and not be at once. Yet if omnipotent in this idea of omnipotence, he could be and not be. Omnipotence is utter absurdity. Eternity we know exists, as do space, time, etc. Eternity is infinit time. May there not be a creating spirit eternal, but not omnipotent? In fact, may there not be two or three, half a dozen, or an infinit number of such? When we examin the one-god idea we see no more warrant for it than for some other ideas.

The grand point with me is just this—if this blind, dumb, senseless nature is all, then it has created something greater than itself; that is, intellect. Why, even a dog's sense is superior to dumb nature.

I would say for Mr. James's benefit that I do not feel called on to worship this god except by doing, the best I know how, my duty. Clarke Irvine.

Liberalism Run Mad.

In The Truth Seeker of July 8th is to be found the following sentence from the pen of E. C. Walker: "Prohibition involves a principle which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would stop every Liberal press in the country and close the lips of every Freethinker."

A friend of mine, a lawyer and a Freethinker, and, more than that, one who stopped just on the verge of ruin from the accursed habit of strong drink, brought that copy of The Truth Seeker to me and said: "Here, look at what Mr. Walker says. It is not true; it is wrong, and he ought to know it."

Blood boils in the veins of one who has known and felt the almost resistless power of the drinking habit fastening closer and closer day by day, with friends and acquaintances helping it on, and none save those who are called fanatics by the heartless, thoughtless rabble, putting forth even the slightest efforts to stay the evil. When one has broken the terrible chain, torn its links from out the quivering nerves, then to hav such words from one who ought to be a leader in the van for liberty, sneering at the honest efforts of serious men to break the fetters of a bondage ten thousand times more damnable, resistless, and awful than even the hideous monsters of the Inquisition, self-restraint becomes a double burden.

Liberty itself was born of prohibition in that early day when the idea of law, order, and individual right first entered the savage breast of man. The principle of prohibition involves the restraint by law from the doing of that which is a crime *per se* as well as that which is a crime because forbidden. From the masters of jurisprudence we learn that a law is a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme power of a state commanding what shall be done or prohibiting that which shall not be done.

Laws that prohibit that which shall not be done are the sort of laws in which the principle of prohibition is involved. Nothing can be more apparent. By examining the laws which are prohibitory in their nature, it seems to me we can easily determin whether or not they "involve a principle which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would stop every Liberal press in the country and close the lips of every Freethinker."

By looking into our penal code, which is but a codification, somewhat modified, of the revised statutes, which were themselvs built from statutes previously in existence, containing, therefore, little that is new, we find prohibitory provisions against murder, treason, larceny, bigamy, incendiarism, swindling, gambling, etc. It does seem to me that these provisions are really prohibitory; that they involve all the principles involved in prohibition, and that they support liberty, both of the press and speech. To this list of prohibitory enactments in the highest interest of the liberty of man, woman, and child, protecting and guarding the right to be sober, to hav a sober father, husband, and brother, many wise, thoughtful, philanthropic, liberty-loving Liberals wish to add one prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and importation of alcoholic liquors to be used as a beverage. Mr. Walker speaks of this proposed law as of a sumptuary nature. He knows, if he knows anything at all about the matter, that sumptuary laws were distinguished by the object for which they were enacted, being either for economic purposes or to foster some particular trade or industry, but never for the great purposes for which the prohibitory laws are deemed the most practical and effectiv means, viz., to lessen crime, idleness, pauperism, disease, and death. The law prohibiting the sale of intoxicants is, therefore, not a sumptuary law, but a part of the police regulations of the state.

Here I should stop, knowing that the splendid letters from Mr. Bennett are not only more interesting to your readers, but crowd your ample pages, were it not that the importance of this subject and the fact that a few red-hot and unbalanced Liberals are continually representing the Liberal thought of the age to be against everything moral, decent, healthful, or temperate that has ever heretofore been kindly touched by a Christian, makes me feel justified in begging your indulgence for a line or two more.

The use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage causes more than three-fourths of the crimes and accidents, more than seven-eighths of the poverty, disease, vice and wretchedness, cursing and injuring our republic year after year. Shall we lift no hand to stay the dreadful avalanche? And who really do least to stop this slimy old serpent from continuing to trail over all?

Our judgment must be based upon what we witness. Do we not see the preachers of the various Christian churches coddle and coo around our dear Brother Distiller and say only soft and pleasant things about this matter, except occasionally, when far, far from home and hid in a multitude of temperance advocates, of whom half at least are Freethinkers, lest Brother Rumseller be offended. If ever we do attend "divine" worship we will see sitting prime and smiling in their pews the great wholesale dealers and manufacturers and the boss retail dealers, those who keep respectable places, and we will see the pulpit smiling back at these same pews. Why? The answer is evident when the box comes round and these magnates, who make a veritable hell on earth, put up the largest sums for Jesus and trim in elegance the slick-headed calf who bleats from the pulpit.

No, no, Liberal friends, let us not advocate that principle which would, if carried to its logical conclusion, fill the lips of our people with a poison that would bind in chains not only the body but the brain as well. We who believe that mind is but the expression of the body, *i. e*, of material organism, hav an impregnable position from which to bombard this mind-destroying traffic. Liberta.

Col. Kelso's Book.

Deity Analyzed and the Devil's Defense. By Col. Kelso. See advertisment.

This book has the intensity of an autobiography. It contains the processes of thought by which a bright and earnest mind has worked its way out of superstition into the real truth. On this account it has a value beyond the keenness of its logic. This is unanswerable and is a mental tonic of the first order. There is a breezy freshness in this book which makes its arguments like the mountains on the Pacific coast, not bare forms, but rugged and superb forces, with a suggestion of volcanic fire. We might know that this was written by a frontiersman. It is not the "chop logic of mere culture." Every word has the ring of a genuin truth seeker. This book has not been written out of intellectual vanity merely for the sake of writing a book. It is the expression of the author's intellectual travail. It has the birthmarks of a keen struggle by which he has liberated his own mind from the chains of dogma. It is also an original book. Col. Kelso has dug his own mine and brought forth his own gold. He has not "jumped" anybody else's claim. He has gone directly to nature. He givs us his own contact with it and not another's.

The God of the Bible is indeed pretty thoroughly picked to pieces. The sawdust flies. The poor doll makes a sorry figure in the hands of the dissecter. his dignity vanishes when we see of what it is made up. The fact is, that deity cannot bear analysis. The worshiper must take it whole like a pill and swallow at once. To reduce deity to its elements is to destroy him. We then see that he is of the earth earthy.

Col. Kelso's defense of the devil is, we think, quite just. Many good points are made. What the world has called the devil has certainly done a vast amount of good. He has been the parent of knowledge and the spur to progress. He may hav "slopped over" occasionally and not been quite dignified and respectable. No doubt he has gone to extremes. The trouble of it is that the devil don't always know where to stop. He gets started and away he goes; and he hasn't the slightest notion of letting off steam. Of course he smashes things. But the original intention of the devil is good. He sincerely desires to make things better. He has a "divine discontent." Like the Irish party in Parliament, he is always in the opposition benches because he sees that is the best way to make progress. He is in too much of a hurry oftentimes, I grant. He lacks "culture," of course. He isn't "college-bred." He is a rough, sturdy, upright, and downright reformer, who don't care a blank what people think of him. Such is the devil, and Col. Kelso will tell you more about him if you will read his very lively satire.

Samuel P. Putnam.

So Do We.

From The Index of July 20.

We quite agree with a correspondent who writes, "An editor who, from policy or cowardice, publicly mentions as a friend and praises as a hero a man whom he privately calls an enemy and speaks of as a vile fellow forfeits the respect of all honest men." The above statement is very general in its character, but any one who sees in it a condemnation of his own dishonesty is at liberty to make a personal application of the remark to himself.

We know of no one to whom the above applies so well as to B. F. Underwood, whilom Liberal lecturer, at present fighting editor of the *Index*, a religious paper published at Boston.

We hav for sale the lithograph likenesses of the three representativ Freethinkers of America—Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll. With a frame, which can be purchased at slight expense from any picture-frame maker, they form an ornament that would adorn the walls of any home. The three together cost $2; singly, Paine, $1; Bennett and Ingersoll, 50 cents each.

Letters from Friends.

BOLIVAR, N. Y., July 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to pay for the three volumes of Round-the-World. C. C. CONROY.

ALDEN, IOWA, July 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find fifty cents for your excellent paper for three months, as I see that is your terms to new subscribers. I want to become better acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER, for I believe it to be the paper which I hav long wanted in my family. I am wholly, honestly, and thoroughly Infidel or Liberal, and I love truih and liberty, and I love any paper or book that is honest and bold enough to stand up, alone if necessary, and advocate the truth for truth's sake, as THE TRUTH SEEKER seems to do. It is the first paper of the kind it has ever been my privilege to read. I feel as the Methodist enthusiast says in class-meeting—I feel it a grand and glorious privilege to giv my testimony for the truth. I hav been much pleased with what I hav read of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and we are all eager to hear from Brother Bob, as we familiarly call Col. Ingersoll. My conversion to Liberalism, I think, was due in a great measure to the reading of his lectures, although I had been striving for and gradually nearing the truth for some years. I commenced with Methodism, being brought up in that faith; from thence to Campbelliteism, then on to neutral ground, then by the help of Brother Bob, Thomas Paine, Viscount Amberley, and others, I was enabled to mount upon that sure foundation—the rock of truth—and leave superstition and priestcraft in the mud and mire which they hav made and wallowed in for centuries, and which I trust will ere long swallow them up and leave us free. Pray for us, Mr. Editor; pray for us in the form of giving us free and honest thoughts—thoughts which will enlighten and instruct, and help to make us better men and better women—thoughts which emanate from such minds as Bro. Bennett's, and are given to us through the medium of his excellent paper. Please count me in as one of your many friends. H. M. REYNOLDS.

DUNLAP, IOWA, July 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find cash to pay my subscription. Please excuse delay, and allow me to say further a word in regard to the trouble at Liberal, Mo., an account of which I find in your paper of July 8th.

First. That it seems strange "one of the best lawyers in southwestern Missouri," as Bro. Walser is described by the writer, should make the mistake (being original proprietor of the town) to allow himself and "other Liberals" to be drawn into a sort of partnership with "Methodist Christians." By leasing or selling ground on specified conditions, it seems Bro. Walser had it in his power to shut out saloons and "Methodist Christians," etc., from every foot of his two thousand acres if he wished to do so.

Second. With all due regard for the good intentions and good works of our friends at Liberal, Mo., allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that I candidly think the original plan, idea, and intention of building up an exclusivly Liberal town and community was and is wrong in principle. The church is ever and always trying to do just what it seems our friends in Missouri hav been trying to do—to drive out and keep out opposition, and hav it all their own way. I think we can well afford to allow the sectarians a monopoly of this "exclusiv" idea. My idea of Liberalism is for something broader and better than the dividing up of society into ten thousand of little warring factions—a platform and invitation so broad and benificent and noble that all who will may come and enjoy with us the feast and fatness of nature and reason. In short, I would not only let in the avowed enemies of our Liberal cause, but I would invite them to come and hear and see for themselvs what manner of people it is who are constantly receiving the choicest anathemas of their self-assuming, narrow-contracted, divine leaders.

Let us—in fact we must—so conduct ourselvs that instead of following or stopping to contend with any, we may be the leaders of others, even of "Methodist Christians," into the broad fields of reason and beauty, where, instead of debasing strife over small things, shall be found a plane so broad and so liberal and free that all may gain understanding.

Yours truly, D. A. BUTTS.

XENIA, July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I read a sermon in the *Fireside Companion*, preached by Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., using Samson or a part of the story about Samson as a basis of his remarks. The orthodox accuse the Infidels of distorting the text, but I will bet ten millions, or half I am worth, that there never was an Infidel on earth that ever misrepresented the text to the extent Talmage did in his sermon, using the following as his text: "And called his name Samson, and the child grew and the Lord blessed him." In reading the history of the origin of this Samson (which I believe to be a myth) in Judges xiii, we do not find who his father was. We read that his mother was barren, and as it is not possible for a barren woman to giv birth to a child, should the whole universe take hold and help her? We come to the conclusion that it is mixed who his mother was, and if we cannot find out by the text who his father or mother was, we are left in great doubt whether there ever was such a man. Talmage assumes there was, and twists the account given of him in the book of Judges into all manner of shapes in order to hide the true meaning of the story. The account says that an angel or messenger came to Manoah's wife and told her that she was barren, but she should hav a child, and ordered her a low diet in order to prepare her for the event. The first question is, Who was this angel; was it some man or was it a spirit? We conclude it was a man, as he talked to Manoah, and Talmage does not believe that spirits talk to people on earth. In the eighth verse we hav positiv proof that it was a man. Manoah asked the Lord to let the same man come again and teach them what to do with the expected child. The whole chapter indicates that it was a put-up job on Manoah by this man and his wife, but who the man was we do not learn. Talmage says that when this Samson was eighteen years old he was engaged to be married to a Philistine girl. The Bible does not say any such thing, hence Talmage misrepresents the text and tells a white lie to his hearers. The text says that Samson went down to Timnoth and saw a woman of the daughters of the Philistines. It does not say, as Talmage says, that he was betrothed. Talmage says that on his way to Timnoth he came across a lion, or a lion came out upon him, and he seized the monster by his long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and made his bones crack. Now, we pronounce this statement false, and I will prove it by the Bible. The text says that he rent him as he would hav rent a kid. It does not say one word about a hound, a March hare, or his bones cracking. Samson kept this great feat from his parents, and we hav no evidence whether it was true or false. The text does not giv us his age at this time, and how Talmage found out that he was eighteen years old is only known to him. Perhaps the spirit of Samson has been to see him and explained the whole matter.

Talmage says that this boy smote the lion with his fist and stamped on him with his heel. The text warrants no such language. Talmage says that after that when he was passing that way he turned into the thicket to see the remains of the monster. He says that under that hot climate the flesh had rotted off of his bones, and the bones were bleached until they were as pure and white as a vase of porcelain or a tank of gold. Now, the above representations are mere nonsense. The text says he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion. We claim that Talmage has no right to distort the text and make it lie in almost every verse, He says that Samson got mad because his wife told her friends the answer to the riddle. He says that Samson in his indignation slew thirty men. The text again says Talmage lies. Samson told the people had they not plowed with his heifer they would not hav guessed his riddle. Now comes the knob to Talmage's lie. The nineteenth verse says, "And the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoils and gave a change of garments unto them that explained the riddle." We see by the text that God helped him kill the thirty men in order to get their clothes to pay his bet. It is not hard to see Talmage's misrepresentation of the text, if not a downright lie. Talmage says, "Further to avenge the wrong done him, he sets on fire three hundred foxes, and these terrified creatures, in their alarm, rush into the corn shocks and the vinyards until the whole land is ablaze with desolation." Now, the text does not warrant any such extravagant talk. Judges xv, 4, says, "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail, and when he had set the brands on fire he let them go into the standing corn and burned up the shocks and standing corn." We should like Mr. Talmage to tell us what kind of strings Samson used to tie the foxes' tails together with that the fire did not burn off. His great imagination could easily answer the question. Is it not strange that intelligent men and women will sit and listen to a man like this Talmage distort and twist the Bible into all manner of shapes and swallow them as truths, when they are as unreasonable as "Sindbad the Sailor?" The story of Samson as given in the Bible is a big enough lie without Talmage or anyone else striving to make it a greater. There is no class of people on earth that misrepresent the Bible as our modern ministers do.

J. D. SEELY.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In No. 22 of your valuable paper you mention a letter received from one Fenner, which places Mr. W. H. H. Murray, late of Boston, but now a citizen of Texas, in a rather bad light. The statement that the father of a young woman said to be living with Mr. Murray came here after a long search, found her, and blew his brains out at the very threshold of Murray's door, is a myth. Mr. Murray, ever since his arrival here, has led a very quiet and retired life, living in a small cottage some distance below the city, very few of our citizens knowing anything of him until last autumn, when he was requested to deliver an address at the opening of the Agricultural Fair at San Pedro Springs, when his fine address and eloquence gained for him the esteem of the people.

Last week, at the earnest solicitations of the citizens of Boerne (a small village thirty miles northwest from San Antonio) he delivered the Fourth of July oration, and on his return here some of our most prominent citizens requested him to deliver a lecture to the public at Turner Opera Hall, which he accepted. At an early hour of Sunday evening the elite of San Antonio came pouring into the spacious hall, and it was soon filled to overflowing. A few minutes after the appointed time, Mr. C. K. Breneman, a leading lawyer of San Antonio, appeared on the stage, and in a few appropriate remarks introduced to the audience the renowned Adirondack Murray. A hearty applause greeted the noted pulpit orator of Massachusetts, now not clothed in the priestly robes of a deceiving saint, but in plain, homespun gray, his left hand bandaged and in a sling. He announced that his lecture would be the same one delivered to a certain society in Boston shortly after his return from abroad—"My Thoughts and Conclusions on the Hereafter." The subject was a deep one, and he held his vast audience spell-bound from the beginning to the end. Such theories, although in the minds of many but never before expressed by any lecturer or orator in this city, seemed to entrance his hearers. No devil, no hell, no soul, spirit, or body to suffer the torments and agonies of hell, or the pleasant meetings and reunions of friends and lovers in the paradise above, both delighted and distressed, and for fully one and a half hours the speaker was listened to with breathless silence, and on conclusion was greeted with tremendous applause. During his lecture he severely censured the orthodox ministers for ever alluding to that eternal hell as the place for the unbeliever, and he well knew that it was only the easy situations, the maintenance of their families and dependents, the credulity of the uninformed, ignorant, and superstitious, that kept the enlightened ministers in their pulpits to-day. The day of judgment or resurrection was something beyond his comprehension; where is that grand review of bodies of generation upon generation at the rate of one thousand millions for every thirty years of this earth's existence to take place? Flatten out this globe of ours, and there will not be standing-room for even the smallest fraction of that vast army to stand as on dress parade for review. The very thought or idea of a future resurrection seemed ridiculous. His views on the deity and Christ seemed to lack comprehension. At any rate he passed this point in such a manner as to leave the audience in doubt as to his true belief, and this is the only instance that I could perceive where he differed with our champions of Freethought and truth, R. G. Ingersoll, D. M. Bennett, and others; but it seems to me that the time is not far distant when he will also cast away this last illusion and pronounce to the world that he is an Infidel, and others will soon follow, and in a short space of time one law and one thought will bind all nations and kindred of the earth, and that law shall be the law of universal freedom and brotherhood.

Yours for Freethought, CHAS. L. SAUER.

WHITE CLOUD, MICH., July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR (not dead but absent): Through an overpress of duties we find, upon a moment's reflection, that we hav neglected THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please pardon. Hav not been at Ashland Center since early spring. It is now pleasing to send you $3, a part of which it is quite possible is your due. Please change my address to this place. Again THE TRUTH SEEKER takes a strange location, and that, too, among its enemies. But may we not trust that it is able for the shock? We should perhaps say enemies by second nature, as, strange as it may appear, we think there is not an orthodox expounder within twenty miles of us, and within this area at least twenty thousand soul habitually reside. It would seem that your paper might flourish here. I guess I will plant a few copies anyway. I don't intend it shall be long until at least some of this God-forsaken people shall know that it is affirmed upon good evidence that Jesus Christ is not the only one that died to save sinners, as the tale runs, and that Thomas Paine wrote our great Declaration, however much it may surprise them. We still admire THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cause. It presents to the world learning much needed, and which practically cannot be reached elsewhere. What is more reasonable than that the science of matter is the grand solution of the great problem? Creativ power created all for the same end. A blade of grass is just as consequential as is what we term a noble man, from a creativ standpoint or purpose. Ever since I was old enough to reason much I hav had a glimpse of this fact, and since the fortunate meeting of some learning as portrayed in THE TRUTH SEEKER am at rest upon the subject. Unbounded thanks are due the venerable author of our paper for pains taken long since, and now that he has endured said arduous journey, all from a philanthropic standpoint, we should feel that he could truly be said to hav well nigh donned Paine's life-long persistency and world-wide philanthropy. We are glad to see that those who can are trying to mete out to him some of his dues in the way of a reception upon his return to his nativ shores, and they hav my hearty cheer. We wish you and also every *bona fide* Liberal well. And just here we wish we could know that each and everyone of them felt as

I do—that it is wrong to giv support in any way to these clerical gentlemen, commonly styled preachers, and refrain from doing so, and thereby cease, so far as we are concerned, in responsibility, their damages to the world, and compel them to become useful members of society. Don't donate them and you effect the change immediately, and flaunt THE TRUTH SEEKER and you do the same, if but mediately. And here another idea strikes me, and it hurts a little, too. Not long since I saw a preacher of Christ and him crucified driving on his way to his pulpit. Upon his nearing the residence of a gentleman whom he knew did not believe in his dogmas he espied the twelve-year-old daughter of said gentleman emerge from the house and proceed upon the way in advance of him. Just there said preacher was taken with a serious fit of jerking the reins and applying the lash until he found himself at the side of the girl, when his solicitations that she should ride with him became too vehement to be shunned, and she rode with him. A few days after I asked what the preacher said to her. She replied: "Oh, he told me all how Christ was killed by being nailed to a tree—right through the live flesh—because I and other little girls and boys were bad and sinned against God every day, and by the death of his son we could be made good, and go to heaven where my little brother was that died, and where all good little girls and boys were, if I only prayed to God and would come to his meeting; and that I should come every Sunday and he would tell me all how it was; and if my pa would not let me come to run away and come." Now, it is a poor rule that will work only one way. If the so-called clergy can use such means to catch up and to fill the ears and minds of antichristian youth with what they know the parent would basely ignore, why should not Liberals turn an eye to youthful orthodox society, and occasionally, as the opportunity presented itself, implant a seed that might spring up and choke a whole vinyard of Christian nonsense, no matter how much it may hav been fostered. By reciprocal law we may use means against means. Yours truly, D. C. PENDLETON.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CURSE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: When the man of deep thought takes a broad survey over this small planet and beholds the hundreds of miserable superstitions which hav grown out of supernaturalism he is lost in amazement how such useless, unmeaning, and ridiculous absurdities could hav fastened their preposterous fangs on the minds of the masses. Looking out from the sublime pedestal of truth, with strong mental discernment, perfectly free from the least taint of bigotry or prejudice, what do we behold? Why, the wildest exhibitions of a demented multitude, the numerous phases displayed by the false forces brought to bear on the infantil mind by designing priests of every sect and creed throughout the world, and riveted on their lives to bend and crush them beneath the iron sway of intolerant superstition. The despotic and flagrant laws of priestridden governments swing a chain of clerical slavery around the unthinking and helpless multitudes, holding them in the vise-like grip of church domination and assumed authority. This black pall of deceit, falsehood, and delusion is the crushing principle of true progress—it is the mountain of ignorance, which must be leveled by the mighty strokes of gigantic sense. This mountain is the hive of priestly drones which skulk around in every land, imposing their driveling cant on the illiterate multitudes, unfitting them for the duties necessary to their daily wants and rendering hundreds of them fit candidates for a madhouse. Also take into account the howlings, ravings, screamings, etc.; does it not look like a vast circus with multitudes of the Grimaldi clowns on a rampage? Will common sense, reason, and scientific power be able to cope with this hydra of superstition? Its batteries must blaze away and rest not until the widespread curse topples over and becomes the laughing-stock of all sensible people. Although this curse is old, it is not unconquerable; it hath no foundation to rest its claims. There is not an ancient or modern religion in existence today but what can be traced back to some mean, unblushing fraud, and whose birth was the outcome of the wildest fanaticism, palmed off on a people perfectly helpless to understand right from wrong. The inventors of religions hav ever been one of these two things—knaves or cranks, and these are the principal ingredients involved in working its different phases to the present day. Gods and devils, heavens and hells, are the factors used by the consolidated clerical rings to cajole or terrorize and drive into the priestly net, there to be the property of the church, bound to the altar of superstition, a willing devotee to a mythical idol, made and provided by a pagan priesthood. But shall it so remain? Shall the despot and the cheat ever rule, and peddle its pious frauds and cunning tricks before an outraged people? Surely the time must come when the bandage of mental blindness will be torn to shreds and cast to the winds, never more to block out the solid and sublime truths of the Materialistic philosophy, which firmly believes in one world, one life, and one death, which is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

T. WINTER.

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Grinnell, Iowa, as you know, has lately been visited by a terrible cyclone, killing scores, rendering hundreds houseless and homeless, leaving desolation, suffering, and mourning through the country. Happening to see a Grinnell paper, I was struck with the big-hearted generosity of the Chicago ministers who, after holding conference over the sufferers, sent them this very substantial aid: "The blessed Lord, who rides in the storm, will overrule your disaster to his own glory and your profit." Their great souls, as seen in this, hav called out the following, which you are at liberty to use as you see fit. The lines were furnished me by Mrs. M. Snodgrass, of this place.

THE RAT WHO TURNED HERMIT.

It is told, in a story old,
How a certain rat, grown tired of strife,
And the cares which beset his ratship's life;
And wishing to meditate at his ease,
Took up his abode in a great Holland cheese.

This rat soon grew fat,
And he said to himself, God blesses his own,
My body would hav been only skin and bone.
If I hadn't turned hermit, I really must say
Renouncing the world is the better way.

To his cheese, on their knees,
Came some representativs of the rats,
Saying Ratopolis is besieged by the cats.
We are going for aid to a foreign land,
Old neighbor, do lend us a helping hand

We set out without
A dollar to pay the needful expense.
Do lend us some shillings, or at least a few cents;
We will be very grateful, and will surely repay,
If we liv to return next New-Year's day.

The rat said that
He no longer had interest in worldly affairs,
But for the sake of friendship his two longest prayers
Were at their disposal; what could hermit do more?
He gave them his blessing, and then closed the door.

O the rarity of charity,
Amongithe rat family. If men liv at ease,
And the world is to them a great Holland cheese;
When their friends are distressed and in sorry plight,
They will giv only blessings, then close the door tight.

Ever for truth and right, J. PARKER BALL, M.D.

LIBERAL, MO., June 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: No doubt your many readers feel an interest in our little Infidel town, and would like to know how it is prospering. It is making a very healthy growth. A brickyard is in operation, and the foundation of a flouring mill is being laid; expect to hav it running in September. The wheat crops here are splendid, and nearly all harvested.

The National Liberal Orphan Home is a fixed fact. Between two and three thousand dollars are in the hands of the treasurer. It will be commenced in September, and we expect to hav an institution that not only Liberal will be proud of, but every Liberal in the world. Although everything is prospering, and a good deal of breaking and fencing, etc., is being done preparatory to making new houses this fall, when we expect a large addition to our numbers, I am sorry to say that we hav the enemy in our midst to contend with; ever alert, it has gained a foothold through misrepresentation and false pretense, the parties claiming to be Liberals when they were our bitterest enemies. They hav succeeded in getting seventeen-twentieths of a lot, and hav built a church upon it, and hold services every Sunday there. Liberals own the other three-twentieths, and of course hav a right in it too. Mr. Walser owns a share, and at the dedication of the church made a few remarks, stating that it must be free for all denominations; that the Liberals could hold lectures there as well as the Christians. This of course excited the anger of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and something must be done. It would never do to hav God's holy temple desecrated by those wicked Infidels, so they secretly organized a mob. The next meeting Mr. Walser and quite a number of the Liberals attended to listen to the discourse. After singing and prayer Mr. Walser arose, as is customary, to announce that he would deliver an address after services closed, and those who desired to hear it would please remain. He had not said three words before he was ordered to stop, which he refused to do, as he felt he had a right to make his announcement. Then the cry of "Arrest him!" was heard, when two burly Christians pounced upon him, followed by three more, who tried to forcibly put him out of doors. Mr. Walser maintained his ground and did not go until he got ready, although he got considerably bruised by his assaulters, who knocked his front teeth loose and twisted his arms nearly out or their sockets, and bruised his side. And what was it all for—what was his great offense? Simply because he arose to make an announcement. Then they arrested him for disturbing and breaking up public worship, and so anxious were they to put him in jail that they at first refused to accept his bond for his appearance at court the next day. They had their team all ready to trot him off to jail. Their excuse was that it was not lawful to giv a bond on the Sabbath day, but of course it was perfectly lawful to arrest him. The trial was set for June 21st, and lasted four days. The jury hung. Four were for acquittal, two (orthodox church-members) for conviction. Here the case rests for the present. You see, these few Christians are backed up by the orthodox from the surrounding country. They are raising lots of money for them to fight the Liberals. They are determined there shall be no place on this green earth free from their filthy, soul-poisoning, hell-degrading influence. The Liberals hav treated them well, let them use our hall free of charge, given them audience, and in no way molested them. Our only offense is that we criticise their system of religion; that is the head and front of our offending.

Now it behooves us to redouble our efforts in the cause of Liberalism, for the enemy is at work, and nothing they can do will be left undone to defeat us. It is war; it is a mighty battle between error, bigotry, superstition, and the whole host of darkness against mental freedom, liberty of conscience, right, truth, and justice. Church and state must be divorced, and such instances of religious intolerance as that which has recently been enacted in our midst should serve to arouse the people to the true state of things. 'Tis the same spirit that imprisoned Galileo, burned Servetus at the stake, dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston, and those who think its fires are dead will find themselvs mistaken. The upas-tree is not uprooted, though some of its branches are lopped off, others twisted and gnarled, so that its appearance is unsightly, still it is far from dead, and possesses life and vigor, and many strokes of the iconoclasts must be wielded before it is felled.

All eyes in the Liberal ranks are upon our little town, and will watch our struggle with the monster whose insatiate maw is greedy to devour us. The orthodox world are also watching us and uniting in prayer for our destruction. One preacher predicts that Walser will not liv two years and that Liberal will be swept from off the face of the earth, for God will not permit such an Infidel town to liv. If they would only be content to leave everything to God we would hav nothing to fear; it is with his self-constituted agents that we hav to contend and war with unrelenting zeal. Liberal will liv and prosper in spite of all Christendom until it wields a world-wide influence.

We hope D. M. Bennett will visit us when he passes through our state. We would all gladly shake him by the hand and giv him a hearty welcome—would be glad to listen to the voice of one whose pen we are so familiar with.

In conclusion, I would say the Christians are flooding the papers with their version of this affair, which is very prejudiced, and are trying to place Liberals in a false light for the express purpose of injuring our town. So please publish this, that the other side may be heard. At the trial they could not bring up one mean, contemptible, or dishonest act against a Liberal, although they tried their best to do so, and we mean to keep ourselvs above reproach as peaceful, law-abiding citizens, demanding our lawful rights, and maintaining them at all hazards. Yours for truth, A. L. ANDREWS.

Michigan State Association.—Annual Camp-Meeting.

The Fourth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will be held on the fair ground at Lansing, commencing on Friday, August 25th, and closing on Monday, September 4th

Owing to other engagements the secretary will be unable to giv his personal attention to the meeting, and Miss J. R. Lane, 312 Woodward avenue, Detroit, has been appointed corresponding secretary for the occasion.

In view of this meeting, the appointment for a camp-meeting at Ionia in August has been canceled.

S. B. MCCRACKEN, Sec.

Detroit, July 23, 1882.

Iowa Convention and Camp-Meeting.

Let all who can bring tents and other camping accouterments. For those who hav not these necessary adjuncts of camp life accommodations will be found among the friends and at the hotels of Tama and Toledo. Col. D. M. Fox and Nettie Pease Fox, of Ottumwa, and Col. D. M. Billings, of Waverly, hav been added to our list of speakers. We are expecting a very large attendance. Let us make this the grandest convention of liberty's disciples ever known in Iowa.

We shall be prepared to supply campers with the necessaries of life, as well as the usual picnic delicacies. For particulars, address either the undersigned at Norway, Benton Co., or E. S. Beckley, Tama, Tama Co., Iowa. Come one, come all, and light anew the watch-fires of freedom.

Yours for action, E. C. WALKER, Sec.

MRS. LAKE desires to thank Mr. John H. Haslam of Calhoun Co., Ark., for his donation to the League treasury. She wishes to make this public acknowledgment because he neglected to send his address.

WE are glad to know that Dr. Foote's paper has been placed on an equality in the mail with other publications. It shows a return of good sense and exercise of fairness on the part of our post-office authorities.

Aunt Jinny.

BY "OLD VIRGINIA."

Far back in the earlier days of steam,
Ere invention had taught it the art to scream,
In the city of Parkersburg, then a town
Of small dimensions and slight renown,
Of the steamboat near the folks to warn
Aunt Jinny would blow her long bright horn.

Blow it long, and loud and shrill,
Blow it with vengeance, vim, and will,
And none begrudged the pittance small
For service rendered one and all.

An extra penny kind hearts bestowed,
Which, if they did not, their conscience owed.
With what she earned her wants supplied,
The perquisits buried her when she died.

Though the chains of the slave were heard clanking afar,
And faint in the distance the tocsin of war,
By some good fortune or kind decree
She and "her man" had been "sot free."

By that stream where the children used to play,
(Commercially known as King Coal's Highway,
Not the King Cole of which ballads sing,
Though he perchance was a sable king,
But king of diamonds and smoky crown,
And greater than all from the Cæsars down).

Remembered the cabin the "old man' built,
The little low bed and its nine-patch quilt,
The flowered plates in the dresser tall
That stood against the clay-washed wall.

The bunches of hoarhound, mint, and rue,
Elecampane, and catnip, too,
Her answer to questions of childish glee,
"Honey, dem arbs is good for te."

But this relic of Time Death did not spare,
May "dat golden crown" her grey head wear;
'Tis of years a score ago, and more,
Since the dead vines fell from the cabin door,
And the cabin went with the things of yore,
But many yet think of her, aged and worn,
Aunt Jinny that blew the steamboat horn.

Concord Ky., July 14, 282.

Startling Religious Statistics.

From the New York Sun.

The *Times* has gathered some remarkable, nay, astonishing, statistics of the church membership of New York. If they are accurate, they indicate an even greater decline of religious faith among Protestants than has hitherto appeared, though for ten years it has been manifest to careful observers that religious skepticism and a lack of veneration for the religious ideas of the past were rapidly increasing in New York and all our large cities, especially among the younger members of Protestant families.

The statistics of the *Times* show a total of Protestant church membership so small that it must startle the denominations to which we hav so often uttered the word of warning. In comparison with the whole population it is so insignificant a fraction that even Infidels must be surprised at it.

Out of 1,300,000 people, our present population as estimated by the *Times*, it finds that less than 100,000 are members of Protestant churches, and considerably more than a quarter of those are in one communion, the Episcopal, which a generation ago had not a sixth part of the whole. Only 90,579 persons in New York belong to Protestant churches, or about one-fifteenth of our population.

In 1845, when the population was 400,000, the Protestant church membership aggregated 51,459. In 1882, when the population is 1,300,000, it amounts to 90,579. That is, the population has increased in that time 225 per cent, while the Protestant communions hav only gained seventy-six per cent; and the average percentage of growth would be very much less were it not for the great increase of the Episcopalians. Of all the chief communions the Episcopalian is the only one which shows a proportionate increase anywhere near that of the population of the city. The Congregationalists hav more than doubled, it is true, but then they had only a little over a thousand members in 1845. The Lutherans are four times as numerous, owing to German and Scandinavian immigration, but even now they number merely 7,500 communicants. So it is with other denominations still smaller. Their handful in 1845 has doubled in 1882, but even now they muster only a very feeble force. The number of Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, and Swedenborgians, all told, is given at 2,700.

Let us compare the membership of the principal denominations in 1845 and 1882, selecting for the purpose figures published in the tables of the *Times*:

	1845.	1882.	Per cent Gain.
Baptists	8,874.	12,686.	43.
Congregationalists	1,087.	2,466.	126
Dutch Reformed	4,773.	4,984.	4.
Episcopalians	8,000.	25,275.	215.
Methodists	9,695.	12,814.	32
Presbyterians	13,460.	18 155.	34.

The Episcopalians gained nearly four thousand more members than all the rest put together, 17,275 against 13,346. That church has been making significant progress both in New York and elsewhere in the country.

It also appears from the statistics of the *Times* that all except a very small part of our Jewish population are careless about their ancestral faith. They are Materialists of the most pronounced type, with little or no interest in the supernatural. According to the figures of the synagogs the total number of their members is only 2,937, and that out of a Jewish population which our contemporary estimates at 60,000.

The *Times* puts the Roman Catholic population at 500,000; but that is only a loose estimate obtained from the secretary of Cardinal McCloskey, and which are based on a computation of their parishioners made in a very general way, apparently, by the priests of the city. The *Staats Zeitung*, commenting on these statistics, thinks the Roman Catholic strength is very much exaggerated, since the state census of 1875 gave the total number of Catholics in New York as only 162,808.

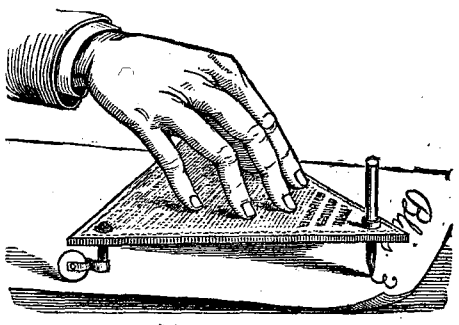
But there is no doubt that there are far more Catholics here than Protestants, if we include among the latter only those who are actually members of churches. There may not be five times as many, perhaps, but it would be safe to estimate them as being three or four times as numerous. They had only 50,000 in their communion in 1845, according to the estimate furnished to the *Times;* but since then has occurred the great Irish immigration, almost entirely Catholic, while Germany has sent over vast additions to their army, though the *Staats-Zeitung* is of the opinion that sixty per cent of our German population are altogether outside of the churches, both Catholic and Protestants.

The Roman Catholics, therefore, greatly predominate among those who profess any religion at all in New York, but more than half of the population are left when Catholics and Protestants are added together, even if we accept the estimate of the secretary of the cardinal. Against six hundred thousand of the two faiths there are seven hundred thousand people who are claimed by neither Catholics nor Protestants. Among these nonbelievers are included a large share of the most intelligent and the most reputable people in the city.

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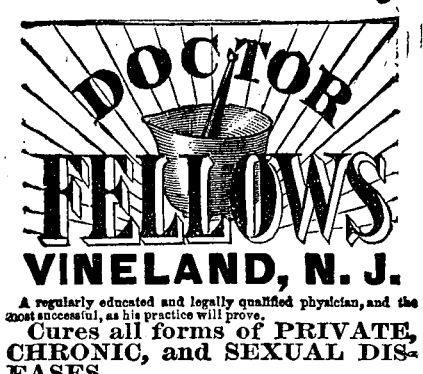
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Gems of Thought.

THERE lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—*Tennyson.*

PUTTING aside the outrage offered to God, by supposing him to make the innocent suffer for the guilty, and also the loose morality and low contrivance of supposing him to change himself into the shape of a man, in order to make an excuse to himself for not executing his supposed sentence upon Adam; putting, I say, these things aside, it is certain that what is called the Christian system of faith, including in it the whimsical account of the creation, the strange story of Eve, the snake, and the apple, the ambiguous idea of a man-God, the corporeal idea of the death of a God, the mythological idea of a family of gods, and the Christian system of arithmetic, that three are one and one is three, are all irreconcilable, not only with the divine gift of reason that God hath given to man, but to the knowledge that man gains of the power and wisdom of God, by the aid of the sciences and by studying the structure of the universe that God has made.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

IF men were no better than their religions, the world would be a hell indeed.—*Prof. Clifford.*

WHO shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives hav been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of bibliolaters? Who shall count the hosts of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of in science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party.—*Huxley.*

WHAT didst thou, O Church, for Galileo, who saw
Through Nature's veils the great organic force—
Who sought and found the all-pervading law
That holds the rolling planets in their course?
When didst thou fail to check the flowing source
Of truth, whose waters needs must inundate
The theologic dikes that guard thy estate?"
—*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

CHRISTIANITY teaches that men are "saved" through Christ. Moral goodness will not do. The thief, the robber, and the murderer may go straight to heaven by repentance at the last moment. The noblest minds must suffer eternally if they believe not in Jesus. This doctrin certainly givs a license to crime. It makes Jesus a scapegoat for rascality and wickedness. It depreciates the value and the importance of moral goodness. Indeed, "the plan of salvation" has all the worst features of a bankrupt law. In the past especially, Christendom has been filled with men who hav not tried to liv pure and good lives because they believed that moral goodness would not save them. There are still those who intend to get all the advantages of a sinful life, and, at last, to "cheat the devil out of his dues" by availing themselvs of the bankrupt scheme of redemption.—*B. F. Underwood.*

AND now, auld clouts, I ken ye're thenkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin' [tripping]
To your black pit;
But, faith, he'll turn a corner jenkin' [dodging],
An' cheat you yet. —*Burns.*

So great is always the mental distress consequent upon the loss of intense and positiv beliefs, however narrow they may be, that the minds, thus bereft of them, is at first much more keenly alive to its loss than to its gain. To the believer in the highly poetical polytheism of the Greeks, the rude dispelling of his illusions must hav been attended with great mental pain. So also to one who held the crude conceptions of the Universe which prevailed before Copernicus, the great change effected by telescopic discovery must hav brought with it a kind of terror. The sudden expansion of his notions of the distance and nature of the celestial bodies, and the consequent insignificance of this earth, thus shown to be one of, the smallest objects in the stellar universe, must at first hav produced despondency and sorrow.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

I HAV no opinions that I would not most willingly exchange for truth; I may be sometimes wrong, I may be sometimes right; at all events discussion may be provoked, and as this cannot be done without thought, even that is good.—*Colten's Lacon.*

To allow a crime to be committed when you can prevent it, is next to committing the crime yourself.—*Ingersoll.*

IT has been well said, that "we must follow Truth though she lead us to Hades or even to Gehenna." The noble quest in which Science engages is the quest not of faith or of consolation, but of truth; and with the scientific philosopher, loyalty to Truth is the first principle of religion. The disagreeableness of a well-supported conclusion furnishes no sort of justification for not accepting it, save to those minds which are irreligious as well as unscientific. He who is loyal to Truth will never harbor the misgiving that her paths may lead to Hades; he will fearlessly follow the guidance of Science, never doubting that consolation must come of knowing the truth.—*John Fisher.*

ETERNAL Truth shines on o'er Error's cloud,
Which, for a little, veils the living light.
Therefore, though the true bard may sing aloud
His soul-song in the unreceptiv night.
His words—swift, arrowy fires—must fly and light,
Sooner or later, kindling south and north
Till skulking Falsehood from her den be hunted forth. —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

WE, having caught a glimpse of the beauty of Truth, deem the possession of her worth more than all the world beside, and we hav made up our minds to work ungrudgingly, asking for no reward beyond the results which spring up from our labor—we will spread the gospel of Freethought among men, until the sad minor melodies of Christianity hav sobbed out their last mournful notes on the dying evening breeze, and on the fresh morning winds shall ring out the chorus of hope and joyfulness, from the glad lips of men whom the Truth has at last set free.—*Annie Besant's Christianity and Freethought.*

Odds and Ends.

THE Washington *Critic* publishes pictures of all implicated in the assassination of President Garfield. The six doctors are very properly given a more prominent position than the other assassin, Guiteau.—*Texas Siftings.*

A GENTLEMAN from Navada stepped into a Philadelphia tonsorial saloon to hav his hair cut. The officiating artist, having enveloped his victim's neck in towels and compressed him securely in the chair, opened the conversation by saying:

"Your a little nervous, sir, I perceive. Allow me to say that our 'Capillary Elixir' not only covers bald heads with a luxurious growth of hair, but calms the mind and restores the whole nervous system to a healthy equilibrium. What do you do for nervousness in Nevada?"

The representativ of the Comstock looked up scerenely and answered:

"We usually go out and kill a barber."

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A REVISED VERSION.

"Nervous is the man who taketh his first marriage vow, but at his thousandth he waxes cooler." —*Ecclesiastes.*

"Behold I send my most valiant men to the front, wherefore let Beersheeba's husband hav a show." —*David.*

"And Moses knew that the land which had been promised to Abraham's children was a goodly land, and if the thing came off he could place a million talents of Egyptian money at seventy-five per cent."—*Exodus.*

"And when Jonah had satisfied himself that the whale contained many vessels of oil, he tarried till he was opposit to Jaffa, and crawled straightway into the throat of the leviathan and choked him. Then he lifted up his voice and cried aloud 'Enough—let thy servant get out, and take advantage of the market.' And it was so."—*Jonah.*

"And she clutched his garment, but Joseph said, 'Let go, I pray thee.' And he cried mightily to to heaven with one eye, and watched old Potiphar out of sight with the other. And he sat him down, still winking, and did write the account himself lest the ungodly who come after should mock."—*Exodus.*

HOW SILLY 'TWOULD BE.

"You hav heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You hav heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures,"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisit bliss—
And would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine:
And your lips stealing past it would giv me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

A YOUNG man with a nose like a razor and an eye which would hav raised a blister on sheet iron on a hot day, halted a pedestrian on Gratiot avenue, and stated that he was trying to raise money to reach the bedside of his dying sister in Chicago. He was too proud to beg, but if the citizen would giv him a quarter he would show him a trick worth five dollars.

"Vash ish dot drick?" queried the citizen.

"It is to make ten cents go further than a dollar. You can play it on the boys, and make ten dollars a day."

"My frendt, I never blays mit der poys."

"Yes, but you can hav lots of fun, you know."

"I vhas no handt for fun. If I ever git off some shokes I never laff."

"Yes, but this is something new. When you come down to the grocery of an evening you——"

"I doan' come down. I vash home on der shteps all der eafnings."

"But you could hav a little fun with your neighbors."

"I told you I vash not a funny man. I likes to schmoke und read der morning papers."

"Vell, I don't want to beg, and I am offering you the trick very low in order to get home and see my sister die. Hav you a dying sister?"

"I doan' expect I hav. Vash is dot dricks?"

"To make 10 cents go further than $1."

"Und vhill she do it?"

"She will."

"Und five cents goes petter ash a dime?"

"That's the ratio."

"Und notings at all goes petter ash 5 cents?"

"I—I—I think it does."

"Vhell, you shust consider you haf all der notings efer was und you vhill be in Chicago to-morrow! Git my love to dot dying sister, und tell her dot you saw me well. You'd petter git some oxpress wagons to draw dose nickles down to der railroad, und you look a leedle oudt for some Dutchmans who has peen eating grass und vhas green!"

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

A GOOD farm in Indiana has been allowed to run to weeds for five years because of a belief that it is under the curse of a former owner, whose ghost walks the fields at night and would make it unpleasant for a tenant.

THE enormous number of baths taken each week at the public bath-houses, often reaching between two hundred thousand and three hundred thousand, and counted for the whole season in millions, shows not only how popular they are as amusements, but how vitally important to the cleanliness and sanitary welfare of the population as a whole.

THE Mazzini monument in Genoa was unveiled on June 22d. As the covering fell, and the sad, noble face and form were revealed, a solemn silence fell on the multitude. Many wept, and then arose a tremendous shout which rent the air. Garibaldi's hymn was pealed out. Meanwhile the banner of unredeemed Italy was unfurled at the foot of the monument, but before the police could intervene it was hauled down and passed from hand to hand in safety. Garibaldi's hymn was repeated, and the procession dispersed.

WHILE the pope was taking his usual drive in the Vatican gardens the report of a gun was heard close at hand. The coachman took fright, whipped his horses, cried out, "Help! Assassins!" and drove full speed into the courtyard of the papal palace, causing great consternation among the guards, who ran for their arms and barred the gates. The guards went in quest of the supposed assassin, and soon returned to the palace with a dead cat, which the keeper of a neighboring vinyard had kept. Does the pope's conscience make him a coward?

D. M. BENNETT, the venerable editor and proprietor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, who has a national, if not a world-wide, reputation in journalism, will pay a visit to Michigan in a few days. As he is on his way home from a twelve months' trip round the globe, and from the many solicitations received from the friends of freedom in this state, he has consented to stop over one day in Jackson and giv the Wolverines a little history of the antipodes. He is now in Wisconsin, and will make but one stop in Michigan—on the 23d.—*Adrian Evening Mail.*

SOME important telephone results hav been lately obtained by M. Van Rysselberghe, the Belgian meteorologist. He has succeeded in eliminating from telephonic communication through a wire the inductiv action of a neighboring telegraph wire (which givs a crackling kind of noise in the telephone). Moreover, he can employ the same wire at the same time for both telephonic and telegraphic work. Thus, in a recent experiment, a message was sent from Brussels by the Morse telegraph to the directing engineer of telegraphs in Paris, and an oral message sent by telephone was distinctly heard while the Morse receiver was in action. At the forthcoming exhibition in Munich telephony is to be tried between that town and Dresden, a distance of about 343 miles.

ON Friday evening Mrs. Dr. Severance very pleasantly entertained a company of friends at her residence on Grand avenue in honor of her guests, Mrs. H. S. Lake and Mr. Peck, of Chicago. The entertainment consisted of music by Severance & Willlams's orchestra, and songs by Messrs. O. A. Severance, Clarence H. Williams, Mr. Peck, Miss Lillian Stillman, and others. A fine recitation by Mrs. Lake was greatly enjoyed, and altogether the evening passed very delightfully. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Severance, Mrs. T. W. Williams, C. H. Williams, Messrs. C. G. and Omro Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Hunting, Mr. and Mrs. McAlstine, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Ormsby, Mrs. Edinger and daughter, Prof. and Mrs. Ainsworth, Mrs. J. B. Smith, and others.

ON the 11th and 12th of last month, Siena, Italy, was visited by a series of alarming earthquake shocks. The soldiers were all turned out of the barracks, and the people rushed out of the houses on to the Lizza for safety. The houses rocked; the plaster came tumbling down the chimneys. The shocks were repeated, some strong, some weak, throughout the day at intervals of a quarter to half an hour. The bells were rung; the thrice-holy Madonna del Vuoto was uncovered. Some of the nobility, afraid of their own houses, had their carriages dragged on to the Lizza and slept there in the open air. At two in the morning there came a shock as strong and terrifying as if a mine had been sprung under the city. After that the force of the concussions decreased.

THE sale of an advowson at a London auction mart was attended by representativs of the Curates' Alliance for the Abolition of Purchase in the church of England. Upon the lot being put up the Rev. G. Hennessey called out, "Withdraw the advowson;" to which the auctioneer replied, "No, I will not withdraw the advowson, but somebody may be withdrawn presently." The reverend gentleman again demanded the withdrawal, upon which the auctioner informed him solemnly that if he was not quiet, "as sure as he was a living man he would hav to go out." Mr. Hennessey, however, still continued to interrupt the proceedings, and replied to the remonstrance of one of the spectators by declaring that this was "the only effectual way in which they could protest against the sale of souls." Upon the auctioneer once more warning the clerical agitators that "they might find themselvs going down the steps of the building involuntarily and very quickly if they persevered in obstructing the sale," they quieted down, but the advowson was not sold.

THE liquor trade seems to hav good reason for alarm at the total-abstinence wave which is sweeping the West. In Kansas the prohibitory law has driven the traffic out of sight and made it so dangerous that only reckless men will engage in it. In Iowa the recently adopted constitutional amendment has been declared valid by the courts, and the next Legislature will be compelled to enact a statute to wholly prevent the manufacture and sale of spirituous beverages. In Indiana a prohibitory act has passed one branch of the Legislature, and will unquestionably become a law. Connecticut has a new law requiring the names of five taxpayers on every petition for a license; and as no name can appear on two petitions, this greatly restricts the number of bar-rooms. The noted Pond law of Ohio has been declared unconstitutional, but new legislation against rum is being arranged for next winter. Michigan has imposed an immense license tax, intended to close the small saloons. Anti-treating laws in Nebraska and Wisconsin having been nullified by court decisions, the enemies of alcohol are getting ready for something more stringent. The question of prohibition will be an important one in the fall elections of North Carolina, Illinois, and probably several other states. Even in Kentucky—a great producer of whisky—a formidable agitation is in progress.

A REVIVAL of the efforts to abolish Sunday bathing at the seaside camp-meeting resorts has broken out with new fervor. Original enactments against Sunday immersion in the surf were very strict, and for some years were rigidly enforced. Latterly the better judgment of the managers has winked at the offenders, who thought it no more sin to wash in the sea on Sunday than to wash in their own bath-tubs, which they would do if they were at home. But now it is decided that to take a surf bath is to break the Sabbath. At some of the camps by the sea a patrol is organized to warn the brethren of the consequences of transgressing the law. At one of these places a portly and somewhat stern official appeared on the beach while a pleasant party of half a dozen good Christians were enjoying their morning dip in the salt water. He ordered them to come out, which they refused to do. Then he told them that if they would not come out he would carry their clothes away. They dared him to do this at his peril, and gave him to understand that if he touched a single garment of theirs they would pick him up and souse him in the sea without giving him opportunity for a change of apparel. The old man hesitated a little while, and then made up his mind that if he did not want to become an involuntary Sunday bather the best thing he could do was to go away. This he did, telling the bathing brethren, as he mournfully turned his back on them, that he believed them to be men of sin. But he molested them no more.

A FISH story comes from the vicinity of Sea Girt, N. J. It is stated that one day the family of a much respected clergyman, living in a cottage near that fashionable resort, were without meat or fish for dinner, and were driven to the probability of having to dine on cabbage and other vegetables. About ten o'clock in the morning a large fish-hawk was seen to swoop down to the sea and rise with a fish in its beak. It is well known that this is the manner in which the fish-hawk does his marketing, and having thus secured his prey, takes it home to his wife and chiidren in their nest on top of a high tree. It so happened that this fish-hawk had caught too large a fish. It was a ten-pound bluefish, and it struggled violently for liberty when captured by the hawk. Presently, just as the hawk was flying over the poor clergyman's back yard the fish got the better of him, and hit the hawk such a powerful blow with his tail that the hawk was glad to let him drop. The fish suddenly descended among the clergyman's wife and daughters, who were sitting in the shade of a tree outside the kitchen and preparing their frugal meal. They accepted the fish as a gift from heaven, whence, indeed, it seemed to hav come, so unexpected and startling was its descent from above. The clergyman's family called in two or three of their neighbors and enjoyed with them a substantial fish dinner. The poor fish-hawk had to make other provision for his family in the tree top. This is only a fish story, yet it is said to be vouched for by several excellent and trustworthy people.

THE exposure of the drunken debaucheries of Rev. Timothy O'Connell, rector of St. James Episcopal church at Fremont, one of the largest parishes in Nebraska, is creating considerable sensation. An afternoon paper publishes his record before coming to Nebraska. In 1876 he was married to Helen Jones at Huntington, N. Y., and went to Cornellsville, Pa., where he was frequently drunk and abused his wife. He had delirium tremens, and was twice put in an insane asylum, but the last time made his escape, his wife going home to Huntington. O'Connell went to Nebraska City, Neb., and after a while quietly obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion. She knew nothing definit until after it had been obtained, she being informed by letter. An attempt was made to reopen the case, and affidavits were filed for that purpose, but they were stolen. One affidavit was that of Mary Rogers, who charges him with having seduced her in November, 1876, at the house of his wife's father at Huntington, N. Y., where he was visiting. It is claimed, also, that he threatened the lives of Bishop Kerwood and wife of Pennsylvania. Whether his character was known to the bishop of Nebraska is not positivly stated, but he succeeded in being appointed district presbyter, and last spring he obtained charge of St. James parish at Fremont, Nebraska. Mrs. O'Connell's sister livs in Omaha, and her sister's husband has from time to time told different church people and others of the character of O'Connell, but the general public were ignorant of the man's history.

News of the Week.

ANOTHER anti-monopoly journal, called *Justice*, has been started.

J. N. CRAFTS, a Presbyterian deacon, of Franklin, Pa., is a defaulter to the extent of $65,000.

THE flouring mills of Hecker & Co., in this city, were burnt on the 31st ult. Loss about $500,000.

ONE of the big operators in wheat made $525,000 on a "deal" lately. And the workingman pays it in the end.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is raiding the pool sellers of this city. They accuse him of many things not supposed to be compatible with decency.

THE President will veto the River and Harbor bill. It is thought the robbery is too apparent for even a professional politician to approve.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the notorious pugilist, has been fined in a Boston court for being drunk and using obscene language. Sullivan is a good Catholic.

THE death list in this city last week was unprecedentedly long, owing to the extreme hot weather, the mercury ranging continually among the nineties.

WHEN Vanderbilt travels he rides in a car that cost $40,000. When people travel who pay their fare they are forced to ride in much less expensiv vehicles.

GENERAL GRANT has written a letter to the House chairman of Committee Affairs to say that he thinks the Japanese indemnity fund should be returned, with interest, to Japan.

REV. CHARLES E. STOWE, nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, is in trouble with the deacons of his church because of his liberality in belief. He believes in evolution and several other heresies.

THE striking freight handlers are still out. Although the railroad monopolists raised freight two and three cents per hundred pounds, they decline to concede the advance of three cents per hour, which the strikers deemed it necessary to hav in order to liv.

THE Egyptian imbroglio is as far from settled as ever. Arabi Bey is stirring up the Egyptians to a national war with considerable prospect of success. The sultan of Turkey is lukewarm toward England, and intimates that he will only obey united Europe. Meanwhile, the English keep control of Alexandria, and promptly shoot all thieves and incendiaries they catch.

AT Bigelow's Garden, a pleasure resort in Worcester, Mass., a sacred concert by the Worcester Brass Band was stopped by the city marshal, and the proprietor, J. H. Bigelow, directed to appear in court to answer a charge of doing business on the Lord's day. The garden is fitted up with revolving horses, swings, fountains, and flower-beds, and is run in connection with the Rink as a pleasure resort. Concerts hav been repeatedly given in the Rink on Sunday evenings under the head of "sacred concerts."

CEPHAS M. WOODRUFF, of Newark, N. J., was an elder in the Presbyterian church of that town. He was also the executor of a brother elder of the same church who died in 1871. Woodruff settled up the business, and then became business manager for Mrs. Porter, the widow of the brother eider. He frequently prayed with the lady before talking business matters with her, and had her confidence until two or three years ago, when she sued him to recover several thousand dollars, which, she alleged, Woodruff had embezzled. The decision of Vice-Chancellor Van Fleet has not yet been given. It is expected to be in Mrs. Porter's favor, but Mr. Woodruff's estate is insolvent, and she will hav to take her chance with other creditors.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

A Few Days in China.

HONG KONG, April 16, 1882.

DEAR LOVERS OF TRUTH: I closed my last letter as we were nearing this port. The strong head winds and the fog at night retarded us for a few hours, but early on the morning of the 13th we reached the outlying islands, of which there are many, and saw large numbers of Chinese sailing craft, including junks and smaller vessels and fishermen's boats. The junks and sailing boats are rather clumsy looking—wide in proportion to length, the stern rising several feet higher than the middle portion. The sails are of bamboo matting, square in form, with five ribs of bamboo poles running obliquely, the whole reminding one of the wing of an immense bat. The smaller boats were very numerous, and the Chinamen in them seemed very intent at fishing, while the larger crafts were conveying merchandise of various kinds to and from neighboring localities.

The islands of the Chinese coast are far from beautiful. They are naked and abrupt masses of rock, protruding from the surface of the ocean, with little covering save a reddish clay in places, and with no vegetation. The crests and peaks are sharp, angular, and serrated, looking as though some great upheaval had taken place here perhaps hundreds of thousands of years ago, the fused or plastic rocks quickly congealing in their present rugged form. These outlying sentinels do not impress the beholder that they are guarding the "Flowery Kingdom," for not a flower or a tree of any size is to be seen on many of them. They differ in size, some being very small and some from one to fifteen miles in circumference, and their altitude varies from three to fifteen hundred feet. No signs of inhabitants were to be seen on the most of them; on one or two are a few dwellings, being level enough near the water to admit of buildings, and a bare possibility of growing some vegetation. Probably they are chiefly the homes of fishermen.

Half a dozen or more very small steamers, which the English call "steam launches," came out to meet us, and accompanied us in. About 10 A. M. we reached the company's wharf in the harbor of Hong Kong, and found everything wearing the appearance of life and activity. The city is on an island some twelve miles in circumference, also bearing the name of Hong Kong. Victoria Peak, immediately in the rear of the city, reaches some eighteen hundred feet in hight. The town, partly built upon the hillside at the base of the Peak, and partly on the narrow strip of level land next to the harbor, is not much seen as approached from the China Sea until very close to it. The harbor consists of an arm of the sea, nearly a mile in width, between the island and the main-land opposite the point of the southern Chinese peninsula, which has the same precipitous and naked appearance as the neighboring islands.

Here the British flag waves, reminding one of the extensive domain which bows in submission to it; beginning at Gibraltar, taking in Malta, Cyprus, Egypt (upon which the British hold a mortgage, almost amounting to an ownership), Adin, and the neighboring islands, the whole of India, the best part of Burmah, Ceylon, Penang, and Singapore, and now Hong Kong, and further on Shanghai, to say nothing of Australia, New Zealand, the southern portion of Africa, and very extensive possessions in North America. Truly it is said "the sun never sets off the British possessions." That little nation certainly wields more power than any other upon the face of the earth.

HONG KONG

Is comparatively an English city, though in China, and nine-tenths of its inhabitants are Chinese. There are some ten thousand Europeans here, including the military, numbering about two thousand; there are a few Arabs, Parsees, etc., with some 140,000 Chinese. The town is well built, even including the native quarters. The city has had a rapid growth, being less than forty years of age. After the English conflict with the Chinese in 1842 the town was started, and is now a very important commercial and military point. A great amount of shipping is done here, both East and West; like Singapore, it being a free port, so that there is no obstruction to trade. The exports and imports are large. We found the harbor pretty full of steamers, ships, etc.—some forty of the former, and more than thirty of the latter, not including some fifty small steamers, and hundreds of small sailing vessels and boats for running about the harbor and visiting the various steamers and ships lying therein. Among the large steamers some eight or ten are men of war of different European nations, which are stopping here temporarily. In many of the small boats, or sampans, Chinese women are to be seen as frequently as men; in fact, their boats are their homes, and it becomes as much the business of the women to help in rowing, sculling, steering, etc., as the men, and they evince a marked degree of skill and activity in that line. I have noticed them also on lighters, conveying freight to the steamers and ships; they take an active part in the work the same as the men, often with their little babes strapped to their backs, looking as contented and peaceful as the best disposed American babies when being rocked in a cradle. While the mother is vigorously rowing, the babe at her back may be seen fast asleep, though the sudden motion of the mother's body seems nearly enough to break the child's neck; but it is used to it, and does not mind that rough-and-tumble sort of life. While the mothers are walking along the streets the babes are often seen part asleep, with their heads dropping backwards in what would seem a very uncomfortable positson; but their sleep appears as sweet as that of a young prince or that of a child of a millionaire. And, what is also very cheering, the mother and children look very healthy.

Of course, the sights of Hong Kong had to be investigated. Many of the numerous Chinese stores and mechanic shops must be visited. The stores are rather capacious, especially when compared with the stores of India, and they are neatly kept, well attended, and fully supplied with native and foreign goods, in the buying and selling of which Chinese merchants are very proficient. I saw a store with the name Yan Kee over the door, but could not believe it was the original.

In the mechanic shops all the various branches are being conducted with vigor and skill. The making of camphor-wood boxes, to be used as trunks, is extensively carried on, as well as nearly all the ordinary mechanical trades, too numerous to mention. Industry and activity are the rule throughout. The markets are well supplied with vegetables common in our own markets, but I think they must be brought from the main-land, as there is little land on the island suitable for gardening. The cabbages, squashes, cucumbers, radishes, lettuce, etc., look as fresh as though just from the gardens. Fish are caught hereabouts in great abundance, and are used in vast numbers, composing, as they do, a considerable proportion of the Chinaman's diet.

The mode of conveyance about the town is by the Japanese *jinriki-sha* and chairs, carried on the shoulders of coolies. The first is a genteel, light, two-wheeled carriage, or hand-cart, which I mentioned in Singapore. Some will hold two persons, but are more comfortable for one, and with such a load the Chinese coolie trots off on the smooth roads nearly as fast as a horse. I rode in one several miles. They are brought from Japan, where they are much used. The chairs are like a sedan-chair, and differ from the palanquins of India in having two poles to be carried by in place of one, and are usually without a top, while the palanquins are inclosed and suspended from the carrying-pole. With the chairs, one pole is on each side of the chair, the ends resting on both shoulders of the carriers. I could not help noticing the difference in the ease with whith the Chinese seem to carry these chairs compared with the Hindoos, with their palanquins. Two Chinamen walked off with these chairs with a heavy man in it with far more apparent ease than four Hindoos with the same load in a palanquin. The Chinaman is far more muscular than the Hindoo. Ascending and descending the cross streets running up the hill is, of course, attended with some difficulty in either mode of conveyance, but the coolies manage it well; they even carry persons in these chairs to the top of Victoria Peak, eighteen hundred feet high, and so steep that it is hard work for a person to climb it on foot.

I visited the Botanical Gardens, and found them very interesting in trees, plants, and flowers of tropical and European varieties. Many of them are extremely beautiful. The garden is on a partially level terrace, some two hundred feet above the main streets of the town. In this vicinity are numerous fine residences of wealthy Englishmen, as well as the governor's house and the general's. They are sufficiently elevated above the water level to give a commanding view of the harbor and shipping. The government buildings and soldier's barracks are large and fine-looking. At the parade grounds, at the eastern end of the town, I saw the military out, and a number of the soldiers running races, jumping hurdles, etc. The English are very fond of such athletic sports; I see them everywhere.

The museum in the Town Hall is well filled with native manufactures, models of ships and boats, weapons of warfare, natural history, including a full variety of the birds, butterflies, insects, shells, snakes, etc., of this part of the world, with skeletons of many larger animals; also many specimens of the rocks, minerals, ores, and woods of the locality. The military stores kept here by the British government are large, this being the depot for army and naval supplies for this section, including Singapore and Shanghai.

The cemetery of the city, called "Happy Valley," located in a snug nook between the high hills in the rear, a mile or so east of the city, is delightfully adapted for the purpose. It contains many fine monuments, commemorating departed admirals, generals, and captians, with very many of the "rank" and "file" who have succumbed to the unhealthiness of the climate and the engagements which took place in the contest forty years ago. For a city so young the cemetery contains a great number of graves, and seems to confirm the assertion that "Hong Kong is the graveyard of England." Many who came out to engage in business and service early laid down their lives, for I noticed that very many who were buried in "Happy Valley" were in the prime of life. Dr. Young tells me the decomposed granite of the country when dug up sets free a noxious gas or miasma, which has been very fatal to Europeans, but that it is now much less sickly than formerly. The unevenness of the ground in the cemetery is tastefully employed to make the locality romantic and picturesque, and graves are seen on these various altitudes. The peaceful surroundings seem to imply that it is really a happy valley, compared with the struggles and turmoils of life. Here at least "the weary are at rest." The Chinese cemeteries are farther away and are always located on the hillside, and without decoration save the somewhat neat and modest circular appearance of the fronts, something in the shape of a horseshoe, and looking as though a vault was in the hillside containing the departed friends. Elevated localities are selected, and on the hillside they are sure to have dry graves. The Chinese greatly venerate their dead, and they seek to have the grave such as will long preserve the bodies in good condition and keep water from finding access.

Among the places visited about town was an unoccupied lot of an acre or so where were many groups of Chinese, each group having as a center a nostrum seller, or doctor, having Chinese signs and show bills around him, with numerous bottles of his remedies, which he seemed to be praising in high terms to his audience in such eloquent manner as to effect some sales. Others were pulling teeth, applying liniment to lame backs and sore shins. Some were musicians, and attracted dense crowds by singing in the native tongue, accompanying the same by striking on a small gong. The whole was not without interest, for it was a kind of "Vanity Fair," showing that the Chinese have charlatans and venders of marvelous "curealls" the same as other nations.

There is one American house in Hong Kong, that of Russell & Co., who seem to be doing an extensive business in exporting, importing, and as agents for ships, and steamers, and banking. There were formerly other American houses here, but the vicissitudes of trade compelled them to suspend. There are many heavy English firms with fine stores and good stocks, but the bulk of the business is performed by the Chinese. Some of them do a heavy exporting and importing business, and have become very wealthy. Several lines of steamboats engaged in the coast trade are owned by Chinese merchants. I heard an English officer of a steamer say, "The Chinamen were rather slow to adopt our modes of business, but at last they learned; now they are going ahead rapidly, and bid fair to run us out." The Chinese are satisfied with small profits, and can do business much cheaper than the English.

THE CHINESE NATION.

Now that we have got within the Chinese islands and the mainland is scarcely a mile from us, with an old walled city inside the hills on the peninsula not another mile away, it is quite correct to say that we have reached the "Celestial Land," the "Flowery Kingdom," the ancient "Cathay," or modern China, with its 5,000,000 of square miles and 400,000,000 people, the most populous as well as the oldest nation in the world—a nation indebted to no other for its civilization, its art and literature—a nation which claims an existence of forty thousand years, and some say even of millions. However unsupported these extravagant claims of antiquity may be, it cannot be denied that the Chinese are a very ancient people. They have no traditions of Noah's flood (though they claim to have had a flood of their own), and it is almost a certainty that they descended from neither of the sons of that old, mythical shipbuilder and navigator; and in the Jew book there is no reference to this people, and no allusion given that can have any application to them. They are undoubtedly older than any of the nations mentioned in the Jewish scriptures, and are wholly disconnected from any nation known to the Jews. Meadows, in his work on China, places the reign of Fu-hi 3327 before the Christian era, since which time a continuous history is claimed. It is well known that Confucius lived five hundred and fifty years before our era, and that he revised the old sacred writings of "the Kings," which were at that time very ancient, and he often spoke of those who had lived and taught long before him as "those of ancient times."

Sochee Chunder Dutt, who has written much on the Asiatic nations, and is also a believer in Bible story, is decidedly of the opinion that the Chinese did not descend from the family of Noah. He says: "In reviewing the facts we find no account anywhere of the descendants of Noah having proceeded to China to people it. We do not lose sight of the two assumptions frequently advanced that China was probably planted by the Tartars descending from the steeps of the Imans, or by the Kshetryas on being expelled from India, both assumptious being based on the supposition that the Hindoos and the

Tartars derive their descent from the stock of Noah, which is in itself erroneous. Even apart from the objection, neither of the hypotheses seems to us to have any good foundation to stand upon. The Tartar invasion assumed by Father Martini, were it possible to corroborate it by better evidence than has yet been advanced in its support, would still prove nothing as respects the first, simply by proving too much; for, if the invasion alluded to took place in the reign of Shun, its date was necessarily much too early for any branch of the family of Noah to have peopled Tartary, and then extended to China. I do not believe in any such invasion, for the simple reason that the Tartars could not have developed themselves sufficiently at the time for such a purpose. I believe that both China and Tartary had then already ceased to be thinly peopled—for I am not wedded to the dogma that all races of men descended from Noah, to commence with, and I doubt greatly if either son was in those early times strong enough to send out emigrants or raiders in any direction. In the Tartar accounts we read that Oghuz Khan was the first who made himself master of Cathay; and, if we take his era approximately at between 1800 and 1600 B.C., it brings us very near to the time when the Tartars began to be troublesome on the borders of China, in the reign of Changting, 1562 to 1648 B.C. But the Chinese accounts show that on that occasion the Tartars were repulsed; and even if it had been otherwise, the era for planting China had then gone by.

"The other hypothesis is also open objection of an unaccordance with dates. The descent of the Chinèse from the Kshetryas has been supported by the text of Menu, which says that 'many families of the military class, having gradually abandoned the ordinances of the Vedas, . . . lived in a state of degradation, such as the people of Pandraka and Adra, those of Dravira and Camboja, the Yavanas and Sakas, the Paradas and Pahlavas, the Chinas and other nations;' and Sir William Jones, referring to the story of Yayati, an Indian prince of the Lunar race, having banished his son Druhya to the eastward of India with a curse that his progeny would be ignorant of the Vedas, says that this Druhya was probably identical with Fohi, who is generally recognized as the progenitor of the Chinese. In refutation of this supposition, it will perhaps be sufficient to point out that, by the Chinese accounts, Fohi lived long before the deluge, which did not occur till the reign of Yaou, while Druhya, by the Hindoo accounts, lived some generations after Satyavrata, the Noah of the Hindoos. It may be further mentioned that the Chinese accounts distinctly make Fohi a native of China, born in the province of Shense, in the northwest province of the empire. His birth was, of course, miraculous; he was too great a man to be allowed an ordinary birth, and the story mentions that his mother was embraced by a rainbow, but that rainbow, mind, had no connection with the rainbow of the deluge, for the simple fact already stated, that Fohi belonged to an anterior age.

"Rejecting both the above assumptions, then, we may take it for granted that China was not peopled by any descendant of Noah; in fact, all her stories go to prove that China was well peopled before the flood; that the flood, when it did come, did not destroy all her inhabitants; that all the damage it did to the country was repaired after the labor of a few years. It follows, therefore, that China was planted in regular course by an independent set of first parents, especially given to the country from the beginning; *i. e.*, that the Chinese are an aboriginal race occuppying their own country from the first dawn of time [the commencement of the human race], a conclusion fully borne out by the history of their civilization, and even by their outward appearance. They have mixed long, very long, with the Moguls and the Tartar, and with those of the Hindoos they have no affinity whatever."

Further on the same writer says: "The proofs establishing the remote antiquity of the Chinese exist in their own records, which have not been found untrustworthy; in the corroborative testimony of such equally ancient records of the Hindoos as existed (*e. g.*, the passage from Menu which has been already cited); and in the existence among the Chinese, to this day, of such arts as picture-writing and hieroglyphic-painting, which generally indicate an old existence, and which were only equally well known, one to the ancient Mexicans, and the other to the ancient Egyptians, from neither of whom could they have been borrowed.

"In respect to the extent of Chinese civilization, if it was not very great in the abstract, it cannot be said to have been very inconsiderable when we remember that such as it was, it was almost entirely of indigenous growth. By her position China has always been what she is at this moment, more or less cut off from the rest of the world; and yet was the country always provided with everything that could possibly be required for the comforts of man. Literature and philosophy were early cultivated by the inhabitants; theology and ethics also; nay, even astronomy, music, and magic; and all this without neglecting agriculture, medicine, navigation, commerce, and the mechanical arts. Step by step, and one step at a time, was the golden rule they followed, as is shown by the facts which their historians have taken so much care to record. The efforts of the first two dynasties were mainly confined to the clearance of the country, the formation of villages, and the introduction among the people of agriculture and the pastoral and domestic arts. Suju, who immediately preceded Fohi, is said to have invented knotted cords, as the first crude attempt of his age for recording ideas. Fohi invented symbols, and substituted them for the knotted cords. Hwang-te reduced the symbols to characters, which were afterward improved in the reign of Lew-pang. Throughout the reigns of Fohi, Shin-nung, and Hwang-te, the growth and progress of the sciences and arts were especially fostered. Then followed the age for laws, regulations, and political institutions, under Yaou and Shun—Yaou being the first legislator, while Shun gave effect to those of his predecessor's ideas which he did not live to carry out. Of Hwang-te it is said he cut through the mountains to facilitate commerce, that he discovered the mariner's compass, and that one of his ministers, Yonge-heng, discovered the polar star; and all this, be it remembered, before the deluge, which found the rest of the world plunged generally in barbarism and crime. In after years many of the emperors are described as having been good astronomers themselves, and as taking great personal interest in teaching astronomy to their subjects. A tribunal of history existed to compose accurate accounts of each reign, the first portion of whose labors was published in 97 B.C., by Izeemat-seen, in the reign of Woote; and if all these annals be not altogether trustworthy, surely no other Asiatic country ever made such effort to arrive at the truth. The very assortment of the classics of the nation attests to a considerable progress in letters among them. The divisions were five, namely, (1) Shu-King, which was historical; (2) Shi-King, which was poetical; (3) Yi-King, which referred to sciences, but now little understood; (4) Chung-Ciou, which related to government; and (5) Laki, which had reference to moral duties. Of the perseverance of the people a standing proof exists in the great wall of China, carried over mountains and across rivers for more than a thousand miles, its hight varying from fifteen to thirty feet, whilst its breadth affords space enough for six horsemen to ride abreast upon it. Of their general aptness almost every manufacturer of China affords ample evidence, being nearly as good as the similar productions of Europe. The manufacture of gunpowder is said to have been known to the Chinese long before it was discovered in the West; it is certain that the art of printing was known to them at least two hundred years before the birth of Christ, and the manufacture of paper from an earlier date; and, more wonderful still, they knew, as observed, the use of the mariner's compass from the time of Hwang-te, which must have been of inestimable benefit to them in their rude excursions on the ocean, carried on in square-built ships made of pieces of wood sewed together with the strong thread of the cocoanut, which were mainly directed to different points by the flight of birds and by periodical winds. In the excursions the Indian ports were particularly sought for; and it is well known that at Ceylon the Chinese trader met the Persian capitalist half way to dispose of his silks—a proof in itself of very considerable progress for the age."

In summing up his able remarks on China, the same writer says: "The evidences of civilization in China are undeniable, even though that civilization be of a rather humble and distorted character. It is pertinent, therefore, to ask how that civilization was attained. Neither Greece nor Rome nor Persia was self-civilized; nor can any country of modern Europe lay claim to that distinction. But the Chinese, like the Egyptians and the Hindoos, commenced the world without extraneous help, and even more especially than the Egyptians and the Hindoos, who may have copied from each other, attained what civilization it can boast of by their own exertions. They have possessed for ages many very curious and useful branches of art, and have greatly excelled in them; but no one has helped them to them; they have not learned them by imitation. Several of these arts have since been introduced into Europe, but the excellence of the Chinese, in some of them at least, has not been surpassed. Mechanical skill has been carried to perfection among them; their ingenuity and skill are unequaled. Their long bridges, great roads, and pyramidal towers are architectural and engineering evidences of this skill, industry, and ingenuity. They dig canals, form gardens, and level mountains more patiently, perhaps, than any other nation. They are also inimitable manufacturers of porcelain and bronze, excellent carvers in wood and ivory, very superior workmen with silk and cotton, and this, considering their peculiar position, and exclusiveness, is certainly amazing. The fact is, they are able to adapt themselves to any and every condition of life, and always do so without hesitation. There is a strange union of the past and the present in their character, as in everything else about them, and, while wedded to the past ordinarily, they never flinch from accommodating themselves to the present whenever it is of service to them to do so. This is a very favorable trait in them to notice, and promises to carry them through as long a future as they have had of the past."

In love of education perhaps no nation presents a better record, and in no nation is more attention paid to it. Here learning is the only road to places of power, of trust, and honor. A man who cannot pass the most thorough examination in literary branches stands no chance of reaching any commanding position. In no country are there more profound teachers in the various literary branches or a greater number of advanced students. Here knowledge is not only highly respected, but is absolutely required of all those who would occupy the better positions in society or hold any posts under the government. Even the lower classes are pretty well educated, but it must be admitted that here, as in the oriental countries generally, females are disregarded in this respect, it not being deemed essential that they should be learned. Females of the higher classes are somewhat educated, but those of the lower classes are not.

Anson Burlingame, when he headed a Chinese embassy to our country in 1868, made, in a speech delivered in New York, the following tribute to Chinese learning and civilization:

"China is the land of scholars and schools; a land of books, from the smallest pamphlet up to the voluminous encyclopedias. It is a land where privileges are common. It is a land without caste, for they destroyed their feudal system over two thousand years ago, and they built up their grand structure of civilization on the great idea that the people are the source of power. This idea was uttered by Mencius between two and three thousand years since, and it was old when he uttered it. . . . They make scholarship a test of merit."

To give some idea of the voluminous character of Chinese literature, I will copy the statement made by others, that the Chinese dictionary is a work of one hundred and fifty volumes, and the history of China is a work of three hundred and sixty volumes, while the works in the various branches of literature are almost without number. The catalogue alone of the works in the emperor's library at Pekin is said to occupy one hundred and twenty volumes.

THE RELIGION OF CHINA.

Like other nations, China has had its gods and religions, though it does not seem that she boasts of so great a number of gods as India or Egypt. They were thousands of years ago worshipers of the forces of nature, which in time they invested with personality, but they generally recognized one supreme deity, whom they regarded as the creator of the world and the special friend of their nation. One of the names of this deity was Tien, or Chang-ti, a supreme being who commands right deeds, pure thoughts, and constant watchfulness. Their worship has been mainly devoted to their ancestors, whom they hold in great reverence. Probably there is hardly another nation that cherishes the memory of their progenitors with such devout reverence, and this has been the case for thousands of years. It is the duty of sons to honor the memory of their fathers, and so fully is this observed that it amounts to sacrilege if a son neglects this binding obligation. Meetings are often held at the graves of the departed, and here their highest worshipful feelings are poured forth.

China has three great systems of religion—Confucianism, Tanism, and Buddhism, and, what is remarkable, they have existed peacefully together more than two thousand years; they have not quarreled and fought as have the devotees of other religions, but the three systems have been so equally regarded that it is not unusual for the three systems to be embraced and sustained by the same individual.

Confucius (Kong-foo-tse) is regarded by the Chinese as their greatest philosopher, and it is very doubtful if the world has produced a greater teacher or one who founded a better or purer religion. He was born 552 years before Christ, and not far from the time when Cyrus became king of Persia, and the return of the Jews from Babylon. His birth and that of Buddha were but a few years apart, so that these two great teachers and founders were upon the earth at the same time. He became fatherless at an early age, but his mother trained him with tender care and encouraged his natural taste for learning. At the time he lived China was divided into several petty kingdoms, which were bitterly contending with each other for supremacy. When he attained the years of manhood he received a governmental position in his kingdom, but he became so wearied with the incessant contentions that he retired from public service and devoted himself to teaching his band of disciples and the multitudes who gathered around him to listen to his moral precepts and instructions. The purity of his life and the excellence of his doctrines brought around him many grave and thoughtful persons, who became greatly attached to him as faithful followers.

When about fifty years of age he accepted the office of minister of state, and his ministration was marked with great wisdom, prudence, and success. But after all the excesses of the court upturned his good laws and provisions, and he was again compelled to resign his post and retire to the humble life

of a religious teacher. Reverses came upon him as he advanced in years, and he experienced the unpleasantness of the friends of prosperity turning away from him; but he remained true to the great moral principles he had long enunciated, and a faithful band of followers remained loyal to him.

His system has been called, not a religion, but a code of morals; it is, however, doubtful if a better religion has been inculcated, for it instructed men how to lead good lives and how to deport themselves in all conditions and circumstances. He enjoined all to be sincere, just, loving, careful in rendering to others what was due them. If his precepts are obeyed, an almost faultless life will be the result.

To me his system of religion and his teachings appeal with special favor, because mainly free from the mythical and the supernatural. He had little to say about gods and devils, and very little about any other state of existence. His doctrines were eminently of a practical character, relating to the details of life as between man and man. No great religious teacher has been so free from superstition, and so solely directed to the improvement of character. Well would it be if the whole world were faithful followers of his precepts.

The latter portion of his life he spent in editing the sacred books of his country, and in writing some additions to them. These books were five in number, called the Kings, and have already been mentioned. They are of great age, and by good judges believed to be as old as the most ancient Vedas. These books were deeply studied by Confucius, and he strongly urged his listeners to obey their precepts.

At the age of seventy-three he closed his life, having spent fifty years in public instruction. He is regarded as the patron saint of the empire; the finest temple in the country is erected over his grave, and thousands of others are in various parts of the empire. His religion is the state religion, and all candidates for official positions are required to commit to memory his excellent maxims. His name is greatly revered by the better portion of the Chinese nation, and offerings are made to his memory at the two yearly festivals, when thousands of animals are sacrificed, and thousands of pieces of silk are burnt. This is unquestionably an absurd way of honoring his life and teachings, but it seems to comport with the sense of propriety of the Chinese, who hold to much that is superstitious and devoid of reason.

As samples of the sayings of Confucius I will subjoin a few:

Shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing to allow that you do not know it; that is knowledge.

To see what is right and not to do it is a want of courage.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bearded arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even with these; but without virtue both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

Grieve not that men know you not; grieve that you know not men.

A good man is serene; a bad man always in fear.

In the Book of poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in that one sentence, "Have no depraved thoughts."

I daily examine myself in a threefold manner in my transactions with men; if I am upright in my intercourse with friends, if I am faithful, and whether I illustrate the highest virtue in my conduct.

Faithfulness and severity are the highest qualities.

When you transgress do not fear to return.

Learn the past and you will know the future.

Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones.

Be rigid to yourselves and good to others.

Fix thy thoughts on duty; practice without ceasing the virtue of humanity; and if you have leisure cultivate the arts.

Return bad treatment with equity, and remember kindness with kindness.

Never do to others what you would not have them do to you

LAO-TSE,

The founder of Tauism, was born fifty years before Confucius, and lived till after the latter became a man. They had an interview on one occasion, but Lao-tse was so deep and metaphysical that Confucius was unable to comprehend him. But by some the elder is considered the greater philosopher and more original thinker of the two. He was abstruse and deep, and less practical than Confucius, still rationalistic. He believed strongly in Tau—the spirit of truth and reality, or the deity whose essence is truth, and hence his system is called Tauism. Though this teacher has been considered very rationalistic, his system has strangely become mixed up with magic, idol-worship, and other senseless beliefs, and its priests are said to be ignorant and full of superstitious absurdities. As I understand it, it is the Tauists who most worship images or idols. Those who worship in Joss-houses are said to be Tauists. Here are specimens of the teachings of Lao-tse:

There is something chaotic in nature which existed before heaven and earth. It was still. It was void. It stood alone and was not changed. It pervaded everywhere and was not endangered. It may be regarded as the mother of the universe. I know not its name, but give it the title of Tau. If I am forced to give a name for it I say it is Great. Being great, I say it passes away; passing away, I say it is far off; being far off I say it returns.

Now Tau is great; the earth is great; a king is great, In the universe there are four greatnesses, and a king is one of them. Man takes his law from the earth; the earth takes its law from heaven; heaven takes its law from Tau, and Tau akes it from what it is in itself.

To produce and have not, to act and expect not—this is sublime virtue.

He who is self-displaying does not shine; he who is self-praising has no merit.

The unwise are full of ambitious desires, lusting for the stalled ox, or for sexual enjoyment. The wise conquer themselvs, putting away all impurity, all excess, and gaiety.

There is no greater misery than discontent; no greater sin than giving rein to lust.

Tau, the spirit, is permanent, yet undefinable.

The sage wears a coarse garment, and hides his jewels in his bosom. He grasps nothing, and therefore loses nothing. He does not copy others. He recompenses injury with kindness, and excels in forgetting himself.

BUDDHISM

Was introduced into China in the year 65 in the first Christian century, over four hundred years after its existence in India. Several mandarins were sent to India to learn with respect to the religion of Buddha, and upon their return they taught the same, and it was largely embraced. Over one-third of the people of China are said to be Buddhists. Their name for the great teacher is Fo. It is to be regretted that this religion has been corrupted with gross superstitions and absurdities. This system of religion is perhaps about the only thing that Chinese have borrowed from other nations, and far better would it have been had it been kept at home.

CHINESE WHIMS AND USAGES.

Notwithstanding its three rather sensible systems of religion, like nearly all other countries, the people of China entertain a great number of absurd myths, and a belief in many species of invisible existences, and in the occult or magic powers which they are supposed to influence. The myth-making disposition has been common to all nations, especially before enlightened by the better teachings of science and truth. There is scarcely a European nation that has not abounded in beliefs in the strangest myths and absurdities. The Scandinavian countries and Germany were especially the field for a belief in elves, hulders, dwarfs, sprites, imps, ogres, wraiths, brownies, fairies, and witches, with an almost endless catalogue of good and bad omens and charms, controlled by invisible powers. The same was to a great extent true of the British islands. The people of those countries were formerly full of those superstitious beliefs and whims, signs, and omens in reference to thousands of things. An account of the myths and folklore of the European nations is sufficient to fill several volumes.

Christian countries have been by no means free from these enslaving superstitions. St. Chrysostom and many of the early fathers found it necessary to inveigh in measured terms against the absurd superstitions and whims which prevailed in their day. In the eighth century a council of church dignitaries, Pope Gregory III., Charlemagne and his successors, and the abbots and bishops of Scotland and France, vehemently denounced the same absurd class of beliefs. Even Martin Luther, the father of Protestantism, entertained many very ridiculous notions. It is recorded of him that he believed in the existence of a stone to be found in eagle's nests which possessed the power of detecting thieves. He expressed his belief, among many other superstitions, that three toads spitted on a stick drew poison from wounds; that the swan sings sweetly just before death; that the hand of a king or an elector possessed the power to cure scrofula by the touch; that the thirty-eighth year of a man's life was one of peculiar danger. He believed strongly in the existence of a personal devil, and that he could be seen by human beings. At one time he thought the devil came into his study and he threw his inkstand at his satanic majesty. He was full of superstitious beliefs. The great prevalence of a belief in the existence of witches, which for hundreds of years prevailed all over Christian Europe, and the millions that were made to suffer the most cruel deaths are sufficient proof of the rule of superstition and mistaken belief that has existed in Christian countries. Nothing in the world has been so shockingly monstrous. The same belief had its run in the taking of life, and causing great wretchedness. If we find superstitions still lingering in less favored nations we have little ground to point the finger of condemnation at them.

The Chinese believe strongly in astrology, lucky and unlucky days, geomancy, divination, influence of the dead demons, portents, signs, omens, etc. These have to do with all the affairs of life, beginning before the birth of the child and continuing till death, and even after placed in their graves. Certain days are lucky to be born on, and others unlucky; they have modes of ascertaining the sex of the child to be born, of frightening away the demons that wish to put in an appearance at the time of birth; they have queer ceremonies of binding the wrists of new-born babes, of cutting the cord of the feet, rocking an empty cradle, etc. Shortly before the birth of a child a ceremony is performed by a priest for the purpose of frightening away the demons who are believed to haunt the mother for the purpose of destroying the life of the child. The priest recites a portion of the sacred writings, then ten or twenty pieces of a certain kind of grass, cut about an inch long, with several likenesses of crabs cut out of paper, are put in a censer and burned.

The ceremonies pertaining to marriage are equally whimsical; the first, sixth, and tenth days of the month are considered the most lucky for marriage. When children are betrothed, a pair of fowls, ducks or geese, and a few pounds of vermicelli are sent by the bride's parents to the bridegroom's family, who return the male birds and retain the female. Betrothals are managed by agents or go-betweens, and the principals have little or nothing to say about it. The first thing to be done is to consult the horoscope of the young lady in order to compare it with that of the proposed husband, and if the indications are favorable and the preliminaries are happily arranged certain presents take place between the parties of such articles as have a symbolical meaning. If any unlucky accident happens during the three days allotted for final consideration, the negotiation is broken off. If they are all right, four large needles, with two red silk threads inserted into two of them, are usually thrust through the wedding cards. The red thread is supposed to represent that with which the feet of all mortals are tied in the spirit world—those who are doomed to be husband and wife by unalterable fate. A similar thread is used to tie together the cups out of which the two drink. When the bride and bridegroom meet for the first time it is not uncommon for the attendants of the bride to request the bridegroom to rub her feet, under the belief that it will prevent their aching in future. When the ceremony of marriage is performed rice is thrown over the pair as an omen of affluence and plenty in the coming years. This is much the same custom as that practiced by the Parsees, the ancient Persians, and in some of the countries of Europe the practice formerly prevailed of throwing baked cakes upon a newly-wedded pair, for the same purpose of invoking plenty for future years. When the Chinese bride is conveyed to her husband's abode, great care is taken that her feet are not permitted to touch the threshold of his house, and for this purpose red carpets are laid over it. She is also lifted out of the sedan chair over a pan of charcoal placed in the court, and afterward taken to her chamber. Three days after marriage she is allowed to pay a visit to her parents' abode; the bridegroom follows and is regaled with three cups of tea and three pipes of tobacco; there is a charm in the number three. The chair in which the young wife is conveyed has painted on it as a charm the image of a Tauist priest who, according to the legend, succeeds by his magical power in counteracting the influence of evil spirits who lie in wait on such occasions to harass and make ill the bride. It is customary for the bride to present the husband with a pair of shoes as an indication of her submission to him. These shoes are carefully preserved, and never given away like other worn-out articles.

The whims and superstitions with regard to the dead are very numerous. The mourning at funerals is kept up for three days, and is manifested by loud howlings, the beating of gongs, and the firing of crackers. These are used alike in demonstrations of joy and sorrow. If the mourning parties are able they can hire professional howlers to do the mourning for them, but it is imperative that it be kept up. When a man loses his father he closes out his business and secludes himself from the world for three years. This applies to the highest officials in the government as well as to those in common life. This observance often causes the greatest inconvenience. The dead are buried in their richest garments of silk, and the wealthy are often laid in their graves with as many as five jackets and three pairs of trousers. The corpse is bound with long strips of cloth, two of which must be white and one red. After thus swathing, the ends are tied in an "auspicious knot," and as many of these ominous knots are tied on various parts of the body as these strips will allow. White is the color used in mourning. If a cat or a dog by chance passes over a corpse it is a very bad omen, and the animal must be killed at once. If a pregnant animal of any kind passes over the corpse it is believed that the dead person will arise and pursue the living and strangle to death the first person he is able to catch. It is a common custom for two coins (cash) to be placed in the sleeve of the dead man and then tossed out to see what his state of feeling is. If both coins turn up obverse or reverse it is understood that the dead man is at peace; but if one comes up one way and the other differently something wrong has been done and the departed is not at rest. These coins are religiously preserved, and after the burial are used as a means of divination to learn the wishes of the dead man relative to his business affairs and family arrangements left behind. After the death of a person, if the windows are small a hole is made in the roof to allow the spirit an aperture large enough to take his departure. This usage is in keeping with a similar old custom in Scotland and the Scandinavian countries, where a like course was pursued. An extensive belief prevails in China that the spirit of the last person dying in a given locality is compelled to keep watch around the place of burial until another person dies and relieves him. So strong is this belief that they refuse to rescue a drowning man, or others meeting death by accidental causes, lest the last person who died and is keeping watch will thereby be wronged, and, in his indignation, will

pursue the man giving aid and cause him serious injury. This absurd belief has its counterpart in Scotland, where it was formerly strongly claimed that the spirits of the dead had to keep watch in the same way; and when two persons died in a neighborhood on the same day there was often a great struggle on the part of the living to see which should be buried first and thereby be saved the unpleasant task of watching. The contests in many instances of this kind were so severe as to lead to blows. The Chinese entertain the belief that food, arms, clothing, and money furnished to the dead and buried with them can be used by them, and in this respect the superstitions of many other tribes and peoples fully agree; for instance, at the funeral of the red Indians horses and dogs are sacrificed for the use of the departed; a similar custom prevails among the Aztecs; camels were the funeral sacrifices of the Bedouins, and many tribes supply their dead with food of various kinds, placing the same upon their graves at certain times after interment.

The Chinese beat gongs and make other noises to frighten away the demons and evil spirits who are disposed to annoy the souls of the departed. On the sixtieth day after death the family place on a table a number of plates containing offerings of food, etc., accompanied by the never-absent incense. They also place on the table a washbowl full of water, in which is floating half a duck's egg. A duck made of bamboo and paper, on which is placed a paper image of a human being, is also put in the water. The image represents the dead, the duck his means of transport, and the shell a boat on which to cross the Chinese Styx. The Chinese theory of death is that it takes place in accordance with the reckoning of heaven, exercised through the power of the god or goddess controlling the special disease with which the person suffered. To this power, therefore, prayers and oblations are addressed, and if they prove unsuccessful the petitioners comfort themselves by regarding it as an unalterable decree of fate. In this respect their belief is not unlike that of Western nations. The Chinese have a great aversion to touching a dead body or disturbing in any way the graves of the dead, believing that thereby the spirits of the deceased are disturbed, in which case the dead will haunt them and cause them harm. Their term for the dead, or the state of the dead, is *Fung-Shuey*, and this they never wish to have disturbed. Seventeen years ago a short line of telegraph was suffered to be constructed by the English on Chinese soil, but the Celestials soon took up the idea that it disturbed the *Fung-Shuey* and it had to be removed. It was the same also with a few miles of railroad which was subsequently constructed; that was found to disturb the *Fung-Shuey*, and had to be taken up. In this way the great reverence which these people entertain for the dead often stands in the way of their progress and prosperity. But at present there are signs that their prejudices toward these modern improvements are giving way, and that they will ere long be introduced again in the country. The present prime minister of the empire is a progressive man, and is struggling hard against the prejudices of his countrymen to introduce some of the modern improvements of the West. He has been able to show to the government that the existence of the telegraph alone in the empire a few years ago when war was imminent with Russia would have saved the country fifty millions of dollars in preventing the needless transportation of troops, ammunitions, etc., to the northern frontier. The conveyance of intelligence by the antique modes of canals, etc., is quite too slow for these days, and the moving of forces and ammunitions to the north long after the need for them ceased, causes even the obtuse minds of these orientals to perceive it.

UNLUCKY DAYS.

Every seventh day with the Chinese is regarded as unlucky, and also as suited for silence and mourning. The number seven in this regard is thought to have arisen from the four changes of the moon, the same as in the observance of the same number among the Jews and other nations. The seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first, twenty-eighth, and thirty-fifth day after a person's death are specially observed for mourning ceremonies. The seventh day is the critical one in fevers; the seventh evening of the seventh month is the great worshiping time for women. As every seventh day is regarded as an unlucky day with the Chinese, so Christian nations seem to have adopted a similar idea that every Friday is an unlucky day, on which no enterprise must be undertaken, no journey begun, no building raised, no voyage commenced, and even no visits of courtship be made. The Chinese also divide the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year into sets of twelve days, each being under the supposed influence of a certain planet, a certain zodiacal sign, a certain terrestial element, and one of the twenty-eight "lunar mansions." In their almanacs the unlucky days are marked that all may know when not to commence important enterprises.

But New Year's day is exceptionally a lucky day, on which it is eminently proper to present religious offerings and vows to heaven, to put on full dress, fine caps, and elegant attire; at noontide on that day a person should sit with his face to the south; it is a most auspicious day to make matrimonial matches, pay calls, get married, set out on a journey, order new clothes, commence repairs to a house, to make contracts, collect accounts, etc. There is also an analogy in this respect between the Chinese and Western nations, who regard New Year's day in a similar light.

PORTENTS AND OMENS.

Upsetting an oil jar or spilling oil is regarded by the Chinese as an omen of ill-luck, in the same way that spilling salt is regarded among Western nations. The crow is a bird of evil omen, and the crowing of a hen is regarded with special horror, and the fowl is disposed of at once as soon as she evinces a disposition for crowing; but it was not the Chinese who got up the couplet "A whistling woman and crowing hen are neither fit for God or men." The Chinese regard comets and eclipses as harbingers of evil, and they say "the longer the comet's tail the greater the evil," thus showing that the principal danger lies in the tail. With regard to eclipses the popular belief is that the sun or moon is then being devoured by a huge dragon, and they resort to beating gongs and firing crackers to drive it away, but many other nations have entertained very similar notions.

The Chinese have great faith in dreams, and believe them to be instigated by gods or departed spirits. To dream of a bear is the sign that a son will be born; of a serpent, a daughter. To dream of a white mouse indicates buried treasure where the little animal is seen. They also have multitudes of other similar signs from dreams, but it is hardly likely that they have gotten up more dream books or had more distinguished dream interpreters than Western nations, including the Jews.

The superstitions about the influence of demons, and the means of driving them away, are almost without number. The bamboo, the peach, and the willow-tree are believed to possess special power in driving away demons. The dry bamboo, however, is supposed to attract devils, while a branch of the green tree is carried in the hand in funeral processions for the express purpose of driving away devils. The willow is also used to assist in raising spirits. The plum-tree is also believed to possess similar powers, as well as several plants. The articles used as charms to ward off demons and evil spirits are almost without number. Charms written on red and yellow paper are thought to possess peculiar efficacy. Pictures of the gods on paper are supposed to possess great power; these are pasted up over the doors, on the bed-posts, worn in the hair, and used in many other ways for the great influence they are supposed to possess. Amulets of the metals particularly, cash, and articles made from the same, are much worn to obviate the effects of evil spirits.

Spiritualism is strongly believed in among these people, and professional mediums—generally women—are enabled to make a good living in being employed in calling up the spirits of the dead, in visiting their places of abode, and communicating what they have to say. A magic pencil, made of the twig of a peach-tree, by certain incantations is made to write in the sand much as the planchette does among us. Chiromancy, or palmistry, or fortune-telling by the lines in the hand, is as much resorted to as among the Gypsies of Europe. The Spiritual mediumship spoken of, or rather the strong belief in it, has existed many centuries in China, and is consequently far older than with the Western nations The belief in ghosts and apparitions is very rife in this land of superstition. It has been said "China is full of ghosts." Scarcely a popular play is presented upon the stage of their theaters in which a ghost does not appear and play a conspicuous part to aid in righting the wronged or to punish the guilty. Their stories and tales also abound in ghosts and apparitions. The tales about the ghosts of murdered men and suicides are almost without number. Haunted houses are strongly believed in, and the most frightful stories are narrated about such ghostly appearances. They even believe that their gods or idols have ghosts, and walk about the streets of the city on certain occasions. They also believe in the ghosts of animals, and that they sometimes appear to the living from whom they have received cruel treatment. But with all this it is hardly possible for them to entertain more absurd and monstrous notions than have been indulged in in Christian countries.

There is scarcely a form of disease known in China that is not believed is often produced by the evil influence of demons and devils, and of course they have numerous formulas and rites for exorcising these evil beings, and thus rescue the afflicted from their evil control. In this respect they cannot be excelled by the most pious Christian exorcists, or perhaps even by the founder of Christianity himself, who was such an adept in casting out devils and finding them to be the cause of insanity and other diseases. The Chinese find that their sick men "have a devil" as often as those the most full of faith in other parts of the world. They also believe in witches, which sadly afflict poor mortals, and that these witches often enter into cats and foxes when not in human beings. But as absurd as these beliefs are they have not been so cruel as to put thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands and millions, of poor innocent persons to death because they were believed to be under the influence of witches, as has been the case in Christian countries.

As a natural consequence, being in the old line of credulity, these people believe strongly in elves, fairies, and brownies, many of which are little dwarfs in human shape, not more than a foot in hight, who have the power of making themselves visible or invisible at will, and who are simply playful in their character, or malignant, as the case may be. The tales and recitals of these singular little folk are very numerous and much like those which for centuries abounded in the northern countries of Europe. The Chinese fairies bear a striking resemblance to those of other countries; they usually appear to simple-minded people as extremely beautiful young women, who allure their victims across a fairy bridge over a mystical stream into fairy-land, where they are entertained in various curious ways; and when after a few days they express a desire to return home they are permitted to do so, when, to their great consternation, they find that seven generations have passed away in their absence and all their relatives are dead and forgotten. These tales, fully believed here, throw Rip Van Winkle and his nap of twenty years far in the shade.

Where faith and credulity are so abundant as in the Flowery Kingdom there is hardly any limit to this great Christian virtue. They most readily believe in the existence of dragons, monstrous serpents which live for many centuries and have the power to assume human shape when disposed to do so, which faith would do credit to those who believe in the existence of the unicorn and of St. George killing the dragon. The Chinese also have the orignal sea-serpent which occasionally finds its way over on our side of the globe; but here his great snakeship attains to much greater length, requiring a junk several days to sail the entire length of him. Thus it is to be seen that when the Chinese get up a sea-serpent he is a snake fully calculated to excite great marvel. Moses with his brazen serpent, Hercules with his hydra, Apollo with his python, Cadmus with his dragon, Sigurd with his Fafner can hardly equal the extraordinary size and length of the Chinese serpents and dragons. When a monstrosity is to be invented who shall say it shall not be of the most astonishing character? Perhaps one of these Chinese snake stories will be acceptible as a sample of what this people are capable of doing in this line:

"Hang-chow is a most beautiful place. The residences of princes and nobles are here, and beautiful flower gardens and ancient temples are squatted all over the place. Among these the garden of Prince Chow was pre-eminent for beauty; but Prince Chow had long been dead, and his beautiful garden was deserted by mankind. In it were altars, pavilions, and mountains, almost equaling in splendor the gardens of the imperial palace. Here there resided a huge black serpent, which had been in this place more than eight hundred years, and could also ascend into the clouds and take the human form. One day she saw a large white serpent coming towards the garden, and she strove to prevent the entrance of this white serpentine visitor. Her words were these: 'Whence comest thou to invade the privacy of my garden? Dost thou not fear my wrath?' The white serpent who had assumed the human form, as had the other, merely smiled and said: 'Don't talk about your power, but pay attention to what I am going to say. I am a powerful white serpent, come from the mountain cavern of the winds, where I have resided more than eighteen hundred years; but because I am not so powerful as I could wish I have determined to change my abode, wherefore you must let me take up my residence in this garden; besides this, why should we quarrel, being both spirits in the form of serpents?' But the black snake was not so easily pacified, and angrily exclaimed: 'This is my garden, and you are a spirit from some distant place; how then do you dare thus to deprive me of mine own? If, moreover, you think yourself more powerful than I am, let us contend together three times for the mastery.' The white serpent smiled slightly and said: 'It is no desire of mine that we should contend together, as I do not wish to injure one of my species; but since you so much wish it, I will contend with you, but on this condition only, that whoever shall be victorious in the strife shall be the mistress, and that the conquered one shall always act as slave.' The black snake, still angry, snatched a sword and cut at the white serpent, but she, drawing two swords, put them before her in the form of a cross. In a few minutes the superior talent of the white serpent became evident, for by muttering a powerful spell the sword was snatched from the hand of her adversary by some invisible means, and she was left defenseless. The black serpent at this was very much frightened, and, kneeling down, respectfully addressed the other, saying, 'Do not contend any longer; I acknowledge you as my superior, and am willing to serve you as your slave.' Matters being thus settled so satisfactorily, the mistress and the servant entered the garden together."

Perhaps I am not a good judge of snake prowess, but it seems to me this white female snake must be nearly equal to the noted snake of Eden which entered into the fruit business some six thousand years ago, which so completely frustrated the deep plans of his creator; though I am constrained to admit that the Eden snake had the greater powers of persuasion. But it must be confessed that these Chinese snakes are, all things considered, at least equal to the Jewish.

Mermaids are also believed in here, and numerous very plausible stories are told of the deeds of their men-fish. I saw in the Hong Kong museum a fine specimen of the mermaid, but whether like that imported by Barnum from Japan or some other country—the body of a fish with the head of a monkey sewed upon it—I am unable to say.

THE POWERS OF NATURE,

As in many other countries, are greatly revered in the celestial land, and are doubtless, here as elsewhere, the foundation for the belief in gods and demons which has so extensively prevailed. The sun, moon, and stars, thunder and lightning, wind, water, and fire, have either been personalized or believed to be under the control of special gods or demons. The moon enjoys a prominence in regard to the numerous traditions as believed of her inhabitants and powers. They also hav an old man of the moon, a moon goddess, a lunar frog, a toad, a hare, etc., and such myths have more or less resemblance to the legends existing in Europe and America, and handed down from our forefathers. The sun, though in a lesser degree, is the subject of similar beliefs. Planets and other stellar bodies are devoutly believed in, the stars, as among Western nations, the embodiment or homes of heroes or demons. So also with other cosmical phenomena; unable to comprehend the great truth that all these operations are brought about by great and unerring laws, the superstitious Chinese are easily induced to believe that the forces controlling them are personal gods and demons. According to their theory of cosmogony, man is intimately identified with the powers of nature, he being a miniature heaven and earth, that in order to be conversant with the science or civil government one must study celestial and terrestrial phenomena, some of which are regarded as being manipulated by good beings, but the far larger share by evil deities or demons.

The Chinese Old Man of the Moon, *Yue-lao*, is believed to hold in his hands the power of predestinating the marriage of mortals—so that marriages, if not, according to the native idea, exactly "made in heaven," are gotten up in the locality supposed to be between heaven and earth. He is supposed to tie together the future husband and wife with his invisible silken cord, which never parts so long as life exists. Thunder and lightning are regarded as manifestations of supernatural anger. Meteors are regarded with superstitious reverence, and the most absurb legends are entertained as to the supernatural power they have manifested. Mountains are believed to be the homes of divinities and demons. The god of one of the principal mountains regulates the punishments inflicted on sinners, both in this world and the next. Four other divinities are believed to preside over the other lofty mountains of the country. The typhoons and furious winds are supposed to be produced by powerful dragons flying through the air, sometimes called "bob-tailed" dragons. They have a rain-god who attends to sending showers with which the earth is blest. Earthquakes are believed to be the direct expressions of supernatural personages. Volcanoes are regarded in the same light. Waterspouts are held to be the result of fighting dragons who have their furious contests in the air. They have several legends giving accounts of their terrific engagements.

The miracles believed in in China are literally without numbers. It has been said that the Romish church is hung with miracles, and in the same way China is hung with legends of miracles. If it is a virtue to believe in supernatural occurrences the Chinese must be superlatively virtuous. But this excessive faith in miracles, portents, signs, omens, demons, dragons, evil spirits, brownies, and all the rest of the category of supernatural monstrosities, is a terrible curse upon this otherwise sensible and deserving people. They are to be commiserated for the onerous slavery under which they struggle in this respect. Hardly an hour passes in their lives but what they are subjected to some imaginary danger, the wrath of some exasperated demon, the effects of some evil genius, some foreboding portents and bad omens—enough, it would seem, to destroy all the pleasures of life. And still it is curious to note how these absurd notions and beliefs have their counterparts in the superstitions that have been cherished in Christian nations. Alike they have been slaves to the grossest superstitions and the most absurd fears.

CHINESE HISTORY

Is too voluminous—extending over more than five thousand years—to be attempted in a letter like this, and I will not inflict it upon you. I will simply remark that the history of this country has been divided into four periods—

1. The Mythical Era.
2. The Ancient Period, as distinguished from the first.
3. The Middle age.
4. The Modern Period.

The first extends far back into the dim past before real history existed. The first emperor in this era is said to be Pwan-koo, who was born when the heaven and the earth were still not separated. After five successive reigns came Fohi, who, as already observed, is credited with being the real founder of the Chinese empire, and with having instituted marriage, educated his subjects in making nets, building houses, domesticating animals, etc. He commenced the second dynasty, and was succeeded by Shinnung, who in turn was succeeded by Hwang-te, who introduced the art of writing; the first to build palaces and found cities.

What is called the ancient history of the country, as distinguished from the mythological period, began with the reign of Yu, 22 B C. He commenced a new dynasty, called Hea, which continued four hundred and thirty-eight years. Yu was a great prince, but his successors in the same dynasty did not greatly distinguish themselves. Next came in the Shang dynasty, which continued for six hundred and forty-four years. Two or three of the emperors of this dynasty were men of ability, the others only ordinary rulers. In this period, about 1562 B. C., the Tartars on the north began to annoy the Chinese by making inroads into the empire, and were repelled with great difficulty. About this time many emigrants left the country and settled in Japan.

About 1122 B. C. a rebellious noble, Woowany, founded the Chow dynasty, which continued eight hundred and sixty-seven years, during which time much trouble was experienced by rebellious petty chiefs and internal dissensions. About 1001 B. C. the Tartars again appeared on the frontier, and these inroads were kept up at intervals for several centuries. In the latter part of this dynasty, and at the time when the country was divided into several governments, Confucius was born, 552 B. C., and about 370 B. C. Mencius was born, who, as a teacher and philosopher, was only second to Confucius.

The Chow dynasty was overturned, and the Tsin succeeded, continuing forty-three years. The second emperor was one of the most vigorous that ever reigned in the country. He drove back the Huns, a branch of the Tartars, and built the Great Wall all along the northern frontier to keep them out. But he made himself infamous by waging a war against literature and learned men, and causing many thousand volumes of books to be burned. This dynasty was ended with him, and the Han dynasty inaugurated by Lew-pang, a captain of a troop of robbers, continued four hundred and twenty-two years. In the reign of Lew-pang the art of printing was discovered. The third in succession was Leu-how, the first female that ever reigned in China. She was a woman of talents, but noted for her cruelty. Her successors were weak, and the Huns again continued their depredations, and they had to be bought off with presents and blackmail; and not satisfied with money, these savage robbers demanded a tribute of maidens, and many females of the highest families had to be surrendered. In the reign of Woote, 140 to 88 B. C., another application for females was rejected with indignity, and a vigorous attack drove the Huns back, who were defeated in each subsequent attack. Woote showed himself a friend of learning. About 50 B. C. the Huns and other Tartar tribes up to the borders of the Caspian Sea, tired of fruitless struggles, submitted with one accord to the Chinese emperor, so that nominally the whole of Tartary became a part of the Chinese empire.

After this internal dissensions became abundant, and continual wars were carried on between the leaders of the various factions. This state of things allowed the Tartars to re-assert their independence and resume hostilities. But the new emperor, Kwang-woote, from the years 25 to 57 A. C. united the government and repulsed the Tartars. The last reigns of the dynasty were again replete with internal dissensions, and in the mean time the Tartars pressed continually on the frontiers, though, fortunately, the boldest of the tribes, the Huns, had turned their faces westward and toward the nations of Europe through the Alani and the Ostrogaths. The character of the Chinese nation is said to have been formed during the Chow and Han dynasties. Learning was revived; the invention of paper and printing gave great facilities in this direction. Provinces were added on the north, and consolidated in the government, which were ever after retained.

The middle age of Chinese history commences with the second Tsin dynasty, which began in 264 and continued one hundred and fifty-six years. This dynasty was more noted for internal dissensions, wars, bloodshed, and a chronic state of disaffection than for firm, good government. The Sung dynasty succeeded next, but not very much can be said in its praise. The last prince in the line was assassinated, when the Tse dynasty succeeded under Seaou-taouching, who was an excellent sovereign. A few able rulers were successors. About 620, during the Tang dynasty, China experienced much trouble from the Turks, who had originally operated under the Tartars at the foot of the Imans, as slaves occupied in digging iron, but having since asserted their independence, were allured by the luxuries of China to the desire of settling in it. They were, however, easily bought off with bribes, on receiving which they bent their course westward, where they established the Turkish dominions, which they still hold. But civil wars again cursed China, exhausting the energies of the country and bringing it to the verge of ruin. The emperors were imbecile. In 943, in the reign of Chuh-te, the Tartars again invaded China with a large army, and proclaimed an emperor of their own selection; but the succeeding sovereign drove the Tartars back. The second Sung dynasty which followed reigned for three hundred and nineteen years, commencing with 960, and the first prince did much toward subjugating and uniting the contentious provinces; but their deadly enemies, the Tartars, continued their harassing incursions. To drive them out the emperor Ningt-sung invited the assistance of the Mogul Tartars, who accomplished all that was wanted of them, but kept all their conquests to themselves, which laid the foundation of the Yuen or Mogul dynasty, by which the Sung dynasty was eventually overthrown.

We have seen, then, that the connection of China with the barbarians commenced in the sixteenth century before Christ, after which the inroads of these hordes continued at intervals for more than twenty-five hundred years. The Huns were the first, and they continued their depredations till they wandered Westward into Europe. The Tartars were equally merciless, and the result was the more peaceful Chinese were obliged to pay a large price for the quiet which their arms were hardly able to procure. Not only were very large sums of gold thus paid over, but, as observed, heavy instalments of fine silks and young, beautiful women. The Tartars were an ugly race, and their females unattractive, and they were consequently reserved for domestic labor, and their ugly lords were only too glad to obtain the more comely Chinese women for bosom companions. A supply of women for their beds was the customary tribute exacted by the barbarians, and a poem is still extant in which a beautiful Chinese princess is made to bewail the hard lot in being compelled to live in the tent with an ugly Tartar with only raw flesh and sour milk for food. Woote, of the Han dynasty, was the first to refuse this tribute, and his arms and his policy were both vigorously employed in backing his refusal with effect. But the demand was revived and acceded to after his time, and this accounts for the frequent depredations of the Tartars, and why they so often peacefully retired after obtaining the tribute they demanded.

The third race of invaders, the Turks, gave but limited trouble, for like the Huns they also went west after they had been bought off. The fourth were the Moguls, who were specially organized by Chingez Khan, to dilate in all directions—Batou Khan spreading desolation into Poland and Germany on the west, Halaku overrunning Persia, Palestine, and Armenia on the south, Sheibani penetrating into the frozen regions of Siberia, and Kublai Khan, the greatest of them all, taking possession of the Flowery Land. The ancestors of Chingez Khan had been tributaries to the Chinese emperors in respect to the lands they held in China after driving out the Tartars; even Chingez himself held a title of honor and servitude. But this did not prevent him from leading two distinct expeditions against the empire, the first of which was bought off by the surrender of the imperial princess and five hundred other maidens, and in the second of which he annexed the five northern provinces to his dominions. A few years later the whole of China was taken by Kublai Khan, the magnificence of whose court is recorded in the wondrous stories of the travels of Marco Polo. The seat of government was removed from Nanking to Peking, and Polo was employed in several missions of high trust in the interior of the empire. The dominion of Kublai was very extensive—more so than that of the British or Russians to-day, as it stretched from the Pacific Ocean to the Dneiper, and from the Frozen Sea to the Straits of Malacca. The conquered races submitted to him with willingness, because he was exceedingly humane in his treatment and relieved their needs with a most generous hand. In the midst of this greatness, however, the mutinous spirit of his own countrymen caused him the greatest trouble, and presaged the early fall of the Mogul dynasty. Nevertheless all the Mogul princes who sat on the throne of China, short as their tenure of office was, governed well—much better than the Chinese emperors themselves who had been in power immediately before them. Kublai restored the old Chinese constitution, and he, as well as his successors, submitted to the laws, the fashions, and even the prejudices of their subjects, to please them. They also restored letters, commerce, and justice; improved the face of the country by the excavation of canals, and did all they could to promote the general prosperity and strengthen the peace of the country. Unfortunately, in a short time, they themselves were enervated by luxury—usually fatal to indolent people—and they were the victims of the same vices as had been their predecessors. From living in tents, as had been the wont of their races, they adopted the customs of the Chinese and lived in houses, and indulged in all the pleasures of Chinese life; and becoming educated in the customs of the Chinese, they easily succumbed to them. Even the disciplined army which they brought with them was soon vitiated and made effeminate by the luxury, abundance, and sensuality all around them, and into which they readily plunged. The government of the emperor Tohwan-temur was easily overthrown in 1368, by Chooy-nen-Chung, the son of a poor laborer, who introduced the Ming dynasty. This first foreign yoke imposed on the Chinese was within a period of ninety years thus overturned. The Ming dynasty ruled with vigor for two hundred

and seventy-six years, and the country was prosperous under its domination. But it was overthrown in its turn in 1644, the conquerors this time not being the Moguls but the Mant-Choo Tartars of the Tungoosian race, who were assisted by the Moguls. The Chinese have since been unable to free themselves from the Tartar power, and the present ruling dynasty in Tartar; and perhaps it is better so, for in this way the vast Tartar territory is permanently under the same government with China, and a state of general prosperity has prevailed in the vast domain.

A VISIT TO CANTON.

A trip to this ancient and strictly Chinese city was of course the first thing in order after looking over the city of Hong Kong. Canton is ninety miles from Hong Kong, and is reached by steamers running up the Canton or Pearl river. I selected the Han-Chow, a moderate-sized steamer, built in Hong Kong and owned by a Chinese company. For nearly forty miles the route lies among barren islands of rock and sterile clay like those around Hong Kong. There is nothing beautiful in the appearance of these islands, though their precipitous steeps and ragged and towering crests are picturesque. Very few inhabitants are living upon them, as they possess not soil enough to admit of cultivation. At the mouth of the river on either side are rather formidable-looking forts, which bothered the English somewhat when they tried to make the ascent of the river in 1842. The Chinese had stretched a heavy chain across the river a few feet below the surface, and when the English man-of-war ran against it at first they hardly knew what the matter was, and while they were thus delayed the guns from the forts were peppering them warmly. It was not long, however, before the English found out the nature of the obstruction and removed it, when there was little further difficulty in reaching Canton.

After the valley of the river proper is entered the signs of life and fertility are abundant. On either side is a rich plain, highly cultivated in rice and other crops, which look green and flourishing. Fruit trees are abundant, prominent among which are the Li-chu trees, which bear a red fruit nearly as large as a plum and in appearance somewhat like a strawberry; the natives make great use of them in preserves, etc. These trees are often seen set out in orchard style, and their reddish blossoms, which are now out in full array, present a lively appearance. Many peach-trees and fruit-trees are also seen all along on dry elevations. The low rice fields cover hundreds of acres, and they are larger and more extensive than I have before seen. The vegetation presents a different appearance from that of Java and Singapore. The banana-trees are plentiful enough, but the cocoanut and other palm-trees are scarcely seen. The vegetable growth is not so profuse and luxuriant as near the equator, we now being over twenty degrees from it. The temperature is also considerably lower, and the nights and mornings feel somewhat cool. This change is an agreeable one, for the tropical heat day and night for months becomes tiresome.

A range of hills from five to eight miles from the river runs along the valley and hems it in. Those on the right hand as we go up are the highest, and present a rocky, sterile appearance so general with the islands. This sterility, however, is made up by the luxuriance of the valley. The river is full of Chinese junks and smaller square-built sailing craft, with their crude bamboo sails and cross-ribs, like a bat's wing, and besides these there are thousands of sampans, some with sails, some without (the latter for local use), but nearly all having a crowning bamboo roof running fully half the length of the boat, making a secure shelter from rains, night air, and the burning sun. As a rule these boats are the homes of those who occupy them. Thousands of the celestials seem as busy as bees, rowing and sculling and manning the sails of these numerous boats, carrying produce to market, transferring goods, and going from place to place. Numerous steamers of various sizes are also plying this busy stream, some from Canton up the various branches emptying into it, some from Hong Kong and Macoa, a city of considerable consequence, located on the coast west of Hong Kong. Pearl River averages more than half a mile in width, and in several places the stream divides into two or more channels, and these. with the tributaries and the numerous canals which branch from it, make the region a well-watered country. When it is remembered that such an institution as roads, whether by rail or for carriages, is scarcely known in China, the multiplicity of boats to traverse the rivers and numerous canals can be well understood. The river has not the pearly, transparent appearance which its name would imply, but, like the Ganges, the Nile, and the Jordan, is as turbid as is the Ohio at high water. I have not since leaving home seen a river so clear and transparent as our glorious Hudson. I think the name of Pearl River was given to this fine Chinese stream from the oysters which exist in places in it, whose shells yield the highly-prized pearl. The river abounds in fish, and considerable quantities are taken alive in tanks to Hong Kong, though salt-water fish are very plentiful there.

PAGODAS.

The river scenery is diversified by a towering pagoda now and then standing on some elevated land not far from the river, and some of them two hundred feet in hight. They are usually octagonal—though sometimes round—and nine stories high, with a scolloped or turned-up roof between the stories. At a distance of five or ten miles they look like the hugh chimney of some manufacturing establishment, but, like the minarets of Mohammedan mosques, on a nearer approach they prove to be of no use save as monuments of superstition. The idea that pagodas are temples in which worship is performed is a mistaken one, for no kind of service takes place in them, neither can they be ascended like an ordinary tower. They are from ten to twenty feet in diameter at the base, and seem to be mainly solid, and for no purpose save to stand as sentinels for the use of the gods, the devils, or the dead, as the case may be. The superstitious Chinese have a belief that the *Fung-Shuey*—the spirit or repose of the dead—are at peace and rest when in a state of balance or equilibrium, and the great source of disturbance and untranquillity of the departed is caused by this balance being jostled or interferred with. The great office of the pagodas is to preserve this equilibrium and thus secure the continued quiet of the *Fung-Shuey*, as well as to have a favorable influence upon the gods or presiding spirits in the localities where the pagodas are built. It is a most sad thing with them to have the pagodas thrown down or disturbed, for thereby the *Fung-Shuey* are seriously annoyed. I am informed that some of these pagodas are sixteen hundred years old, and on the summits of two or three of them I saw what looked to be trees nearly twenty feet in hight, and the information I have is that they are the result of the seeds dropped there by birds and which took root in the moldered rock and material of which the pagoda is composed. It indeed looked singular to see trees of considerable size growing on such a tower two hundred feet from the earth.

Nearly half way to Canton is Whampoa, a town of several thousand inhabitants, but not looking much like a European or American city. The buildings are mainly one story in hight, and make no pretensions to architecture. The streets are narrow and not elegant. The English formerly had a military station here, but it has been abandoned several years. On the hillside in the vicintity are extensive Chinese cemeteries; and it is said that the Chinese assemble around the graves of the dead there in numbers amounting to fifty thousand. They believe that the tutelary gods of the locality on such occasions conduct back the spirits of the dead to their former homes and friends.

It requires something more than eight hours for the steamers to make the distance from Hong Kong, while something less suffices to return. As we neared the city the number of boats, large and small, greatly increased, and I observed that the pictures which are given of the appearance of Chinese craft are very correct. The wide, high-ended, square, clumsy-looking junks, with a railing more than a foot wide on each side to walk upon, look different from the craft of any other country.

We had no sooner cast anchor in the river opposite the center of the city than a score or two of smaller covered boats, already alluded to, were all around us, wishing to convey the passengers to the shore; and, what seems a novelty, the larger proportion of the watermen are women, and they are such plump, healthy-looking bodies that it does one good to look at them. A couple of young female Celestials applied their arts to me to induce me to take their boat to the Canton hotel, assuring me in very "pigeon English"—with the "English" far less conspicuous than the "pigeon"—that they had "goodee boatee," and only charged the moderate price of ten cents. I assured them they were the "gals" for my money, and one of them catching up my little parcel I followed them down the gangway, across two or three other boats, into their own snug and cleanly craft, and in less than two minutes, one at the oar in front and the other sculling aft, I was not long in reaching the landing of the only hotel in the city, claimed to contain two millions of people.

Canton is in north latitude 23° 7′, and extends for a distance of four miles along the northern side of Pearl River, a considerable suburb called Honan being on the opposite side.

THE POPULATION IN BOATS.

I am constrained to inform you that the women who largely manage these boats are neatly dressed in dark blue, brown, or deep purple pants and loose frock reaching to the knees, without belt around the waist, coming up high in the neck; the goods are glazed, catching little dirt, and they look as tidy as though clerks in ribbon stores; their long, full suits of glossy black hair are neatly combed and done up in good taste, with becoming puffs over the ears, and adjusted neatly at the back of the head. They have a fashion of making it project three or four inches from the head; the hair is gummed or waxed so it keeps its place without the slightest disarrangement, causing the wearer to look as neat as though just out of a band-box. It is quite interesting to see how expertly these women handle the oars, with what agility they step around, using the bamboo poles to prevent bumping against other boats and to give "a good send-off" when starting out. The boats are from fifteen to twenty feet in length, six feet wide, the prow usually wedge-shaped and the opposite end square. They have an arched roof ten or twelve feet in length, the same being made in sections so as to be drawn out when desired, or placed one over the other when but little roof is needed. The oars and poles have a place at the edge of the roof and it is amusing to see how deftly they are taken down, used, and returned to their places.

These boats are not operated by women exclusively, but many of them are; and there are no boats that has not one or more women. The boats are the homes of these people. Here they are born, here they grow up, here they pass their lives, and here they die when the voyage of life is over. Here they have their snug furnaces for cooking, their convenient places for keeping food, extra wearing apparel, and various utensils (not numerous), and everything as neat as though just out of the store. On several occasions I took the liberty of looking into these convenient receptacles, and was highly pleased to notice how cleanly and orderly everything appeared. The way the children are managed is interesting to observe; the youngest is fastened on the mother's back, somewhat like a papoose, and held in place by a wide bandage of cloth around its little body, where it quietly remains while the mother is pulling at the oar for dear life, the body swaying suddenly back and forth vigorously at the arduous task, and the little, quiet infants sweetly sleep while their heads look to be about to be snapped off by the mother's sudden motions; children somewhat larger are sitting near the ends of the boats, and are either tied fast for safety, or have a section of bamboo attached to them to prevent their sinking should they fall overboard. The dog and cat not unfrequently are also taken along, and in a few instances I saw chickens, likewise. The children of both sexes are put at the oar as soon as large enough, and it is very common to see both boys and girls not ten years of age tugging away at the oar. It is not unusual to see mother, daughter, and grand-daughter on the same boat, the two older acting as navigators, while the youngest is taking passage *via* "pig-back." Seeing such great numbers of these river boats, I inquired of a Chinaman, who could speak a little English, how many there were.

"Oh," said he, "there are millions of them." But he hardly realized how many millions imply, but there are ten or twenty thousand of them, I have not the slightest doubt; the floating population of Canton amounts to fully fifty thousand; the river is full for miles up and down, and the numerous slips and canals are swarming with them. There are also long streets of larger boats like barges which are permanently anchored and fastened together, with a walk in front. They are fully occupied, and do not leave their place at any time; they are constructed for residences only. The people who inhabit these boats are a class by themselves, and legend says their progenitors hundred of years ago were driven to the water, and their descendants have not since been allowed to live on land. It is said that many of them do not pass so much as three days on the land in an entire year, and that they seldom go ashore save to purchase needful supplies. I can testify to their pleasant dispositions and general behavior. I wish our American women were as healthy and robust as these Chinese sisters are.

I do not recommend any of you to make a journey to Canton for the sake of stopping at the Canton Hotel, but if it so happens that any of you do come I wish to speak favorably of this hotel, for it is better than might be looked for under the circumstances. It is kept by a Portuguese who has been in the country sixteen years.

SEEING THE CITY.

It were folly to think of seeing Canton without a guide, so the services of Ah Cum, a rather intelligent Chinaman, were secured, and chairs secured for himself, myself, and Mr. Clarke, who was in company with me in this exploring expedition. This was the first time during my journey that I had been conveyed much distance by human muscle, but in Canton this is the only mode of conveyance. The streets range in width from four feet to twelve, by far the greater number being nearer the smaller figure. Wheeled carriages are entirely out of the question. Here in this city of nearly two millions there is not a carriage of any kind, not even so much as a wheelbarrow or baby-wagon. All those who ride, all freight, including brick, stone, sand, dirt, and merchandise of all kinds, are carried on men's shoulders. I was on this notable day carried not less than fifteen miles in this manner. It seemed a little wrong to be thus transported, but there was no other way, and I had to submit, especially when there were scores of coolies clamorous for the chance of carrying me. The price of a chair and three coolies all day is one dollar and a half. I must speak in the highest terms

(*Continued on page* 490.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

Home Again.

DEAR READERS: It is with pleasure that I announce to you that I am home once more. I arrived here on Sunday morning, July 30th, just a year from the time I left home, there not being a variation of fifteen minutes from the exact year. I return in good health and spirits, no visible change having taken place, unless, as several friends insist, I am two or three years younger than when I took my departure twelve months ago.

If there is such a being as a Special Providence who supervises all the affairs of this world and takes good care, not only of those who remain at home, but those who travel in distant lands, then it must be he has kept watch over your humble servant, for I hav, with the exception of a couple of days of partial illness in the fore part of my tour, been remarkably well, though I hav wandered in different lands and climes and hav partaken of a great many kinds of food. I hav also been favored with almost interrupted good weather, enjoying twelve months of continuous summer, and hav not found it necessary to ever carry an umbrella.

I feel that there is considerable hard work in me yet, and I shall not flinch from letting it appear. I very cheerfully resume the old place in THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and will let you hear from me from time to time, as in days of yore.

You sent me around the world, possibly to see if I could not increase my faith in gods and devils, in which faith I was manifestly deficient; but I am unable to report that I hav, upon my return, any more faith in the supernatural and the impossible than I had on the day I left. So if you sent me to obtain an increase of godly or devilish faith, the mission has been a signal failure. I trust, however, that in other points of view, good results may grow out of the journey I hav just completed, and that you will not hav occasion to regret sending me away from home.

I return with renewed faith in the eternal powers and principles of nature, in the superiority of good lives, in acts of kindness toward our fellow-beings, and in efforts to spread the light of truth over the dark spots of the earth. I shall continue to do what lies in my power in this direction.

I hav, while on my thirty thousand miles of journeying, felt sustained by your sympathy and remembrance, and hav felt a constant desire to return to you, to again engage in the work of mental liberty and human progress. I gladly devote the remainder of my life to the dispensing the great truths I deem most essential to the human race.

I thank those who hav so kindly welcomed me to American soil. I hav been greatly flattered by those who hav traveled twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred miles to take me by the hand and to speak to me the words, "Welcome home." I beg those to pardon me who hav invited me to their homes to speak words of welcome to me, and whose invitations I found myself unable to accept, it being utterly impossible for me to visit all the towns to which I was invited. I hope at a not distant period to visit many places where I found it impossible to call, and to take my numerous friends by the hand. I will before that attend the Watkins meeting, where I hope to meet large numbers of truth seekers who are resolved to remain faithful to the cause of truth while life endures.

I am glad that THE TRUTH SEEKER has been so ably and satisfactorily conducted in my absence, and that its thousands of friends hav been loyal and true to it in their support. More than words of thanks are due to my faithful wife, who has remained at home during my long absence and every day applied herself to the interests of our cause. Eugene has done splendidly.

I did not wish during my first week at home to urge a word about money matters, but I cannot do less than say I feel sorry that so many allow themselvs to be in arrears for the paper we all so dearly love. In looking over the list I regret to see that great numbers hav been careless in this regard; and this has caused a stringency here at home which I will be glad to hav relieved. The expenses of THE TRUTH SEEKER alone are over three hundred dollars per week, which has to be paid in cash. The issuing of the fat volumes of Round-the-World travels, together with the illustrations they contain, is very expensiv, especially as the volumes contain each three or four hundred more pages than originally intended. The postage alone on the two volumes that hav now been issued amounts to over five hundred dollars. It can be understood that much money is needful to meet the numerous large bills.

Every patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER can easily see by noticing the tab upon the wrapper of his paper, when his subscription expired; and I earnestly wish that so many would not be willing to let six, nine, and twelve months pass away without renewing and paying their just indebtedness. Let me urge those who are thus in arrears to remit the amount they owe, reaching to the close of the present year. This act of justice will afford great relief in this office, and is only the right thing to be done. To those of you who are in arrears let me particularly request your attention to this little matter.

May we all liv to see many years of health, happiness, and usefulness. Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

The Kalamazoo Banquet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. July 26, 282.

DEAR EUGENE: Upon returning to Kalamazoo from Jackson I found friends at the station waiting for me with a carriage. I was escorted to most comfortable quarters at the Kalamazoo House. The remainder of the day was occupied in attending to the calls of friends and in visiting them. My reception came off in the evening, William Shakespeare presiding. I will not take the time to detail the same, but instead will give you the report which the following morning appeared in the Kalamazoo *Daily Gazette*, the same having been written out by its editor, who was present:

Last evening a few friends of Mr D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, tendered that gentleman, who is now upon his return to his home in New York, from his trip around the world, a complimentary banquet at the Kalam zoo House. The affair was impromptu and of a private nature, the suddenness of its conception and carrying out preventing the notifying of many who would hav been glad to be present.

The following gentlemen composed the party: N. Stearns, B. Bannister, William Shakespeare, L. C. West, John Galligan, H. M. Porter, C. B. Allen, L. G. Bragg, J. W. Fletcher, H. P. Kauffer, and J. C. Perkins. After an hour's pleasant conversation in the parlor, about half-past nine, an adjournment was had to the dining-room, where a splendid banquet was spread. In fact the affair was gotten up in a style never excelled in Kalamazoo, and stamps Mr. R. P. Emerson as the man for an emergency, the notice given him by the committee who had the matter in charge being very limited. The tables were spread in good style, the fruits, flowers, glass, and silverware being arranged in artistic combination.

The menu presented below was prepared by Mr. Thos. Collins, the eminent *chef de cuisine* of the Kalamazoo House:

KALAMAZOO HOUSE.
BANQUET,
In honor of D. M. Bennett,
By a Party of His Friends,
July 24, 1882.
DINNER.

Soup.
Chicken a la Printanire.

Fish,
Broiled White Fish, Butter Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.

Relishes.
Celery, Sliced Tomatoes, Queen Olives.

Removes.
Roast Tenderloin of Beef, with Mushrooms.
Spring Lamb, with Green Peas.

Entrees.
Broiled Spring Chicken, Cream Sauce.
Sweetbreads, breaded a la maitre d'hotel.

Cold Dishes.
Chicken Salad a la Mavonnaise,
Ham, with Champaigne Jelly,
Beef tongue a la Belle-Vue.

Dessert and Fruits.
Lady Fingers, Maccaroons,
Asssorted Cake, Brandy Jelly,
Transparent Jelly,
Vanilla Ice Cream.
Apples, Peaches. Bananas,
Old Government Java Coffee.

After doing justice to the viands, the chairman of the affair, Mr. William Shakespeare, called the meeting to order and spoke as follows:

Gentlemen: We meet to-night, not to rejoice that we are better than other men; not to devise ways and means to make our fellow-men uncomfortable, either here or hereafter; not for the purpose of perpetuating any pet superstition that is intended to degrade and pauperize the human mind; and last, we are not here for the purpose of eulogizing or commending the bigotry of a New York or Delaware judge. But, gentlemen, we are here to honor one who has taught that all men are equal; that the greatest good we can do our fellow-man is to make him happy here, and trust the powers that be for his future happiness. We are here to honor one who has suffered for opinion's sake; who has been a martyr to Freethought. We are here to do honor to free speech and D. M. Bennett, 'our guest.'"

In response to the toast "Our Guest," Mr. L. C. West said:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:* The names of men who hav suffered for opinion's sake are engraved in letters of blood upon the pages of history. As we read them, and thought dwells upon the awful deeds committed by fiendish man upon his helpless fellow, in the name of him who is represented as all kindness and goodness, a feeling of thankfulness envelops our hearts that the perpetrators of them are not of the present age, that their fetid bones are dissolving and commingling with the offal of the past. But, with this satisfying thought, we overlook the fact that a like spirit is rife to-day in this enlightened age, and in our own great land of boasted liberty, that acts alike censurable in their intent, if not by the same torturing means, can be committed in a free republic. Our honored guest with us here to-night has been, and is, a victim of the nineteenth century Christian inquisition. He has endured physical and financial sufferings for entertaining doubts and expressing opinions contrary to those taught by ignorant so-called prophets of the dark ages. Two years hav but elapsed since he was liberated from a garrisoned dungeon in the great state of New York, in which he was plunged by a horde of blind fanatics, because in his search for truth he had ventured to ask of the gods a few plain questions they could not answer. We delight in honoring our guest because by his sufferings the pathway of other thinking minds is made lighter and less dangerous, because he with an indomitable will and a patience surpassing that of characters in fabled history has hewn a broad highway through the flinty rock of superstition, and by the light of his pure life and the power of his pen has frightened away the bears hiding in the dark treacherous passes, so that any man may walk therein with greater safety, whether he goes shouting glory! glory! or walks quietly along inhaling the beauty and fragrance of nature's grandeur about him; and that his prattling grandchildren may follow along the way and frolic and laugh if they will, without meeting with quite so terrible a fate as the innocent ones of sacred story. When I think of our present freedom compared with that of the past, that every mind may launch an exploring bark out upon the prolific sea of thought, and impart to earth whatever products their researches may find, without danger of hanging to the gibbet or burning at the stake, I feel like pronouncing with sublime reverence the name Thomas Paine; and as we come down the scale of years and ponder over our own experiences, and think of the opprobrium cast upon men for daring to differ from the long established views of others, we exclaim with honest gratitude and pride, Bennett, Ingersoll, Chainey, and the lamented Emerson. To these distinguished and talented men our greatest praise is due, for by their deeds and words they hav so revolutionized public sentiment that it is now almost respectable for thinking minds to be known as such among men.

"May the days of those among them now living be many and prosperous, and their last long sleep peaceful and happy."

Mr. Bennett being called upon responded very happily, saying that he felt deeply the honor which was bestowed upon him, and related in a running manner many of the things concerning the religions of the Orient, which had impressed him in his travels, dwelling particularly upon the evidences that he found, of all the ideas and usages of the Christian church existing in those countries a thousand years before the coming of Christ.

He also related the causes which led to his arrest and imprisonment about three years ago at the instigation of Anthony Comstock. The gentleman was listened to with great attention. He is a pleasant speaker, evincing in his speech a cultured mind, to which had been added the experience of extensiv travel.

In response to "Freethought," H. M. Porter spoke as follows:

"*Gentlemen*: Keeping pace with time, intellectual culture, knowledge, and moral worth advance with the freedom of thought The new truths of one age become the superstitions of the next. The regal garments with which the fathers clothe the cherished idols of their hearts are by their children trailed in foulest mire. Knowledge meets the hosts of error intrenched behind the bulwarks of ignorance and superstition, and slays it with a single stone. Credulity falls in a combat with faith, and faith is fast crumbling before the searching onslaught of reason and science. The hell paved with infants' skulls has already become a green and grassy dell where the hand of tenderness and love can gather flowers. All honor then to the noble men and brave reformers of both ancient and modern times who hav counted as naught honor, reputation, and life, who unflinchingly hav drunk the poisoned cup, endured the cross, braved the tortures of inquisition, welcomed the fagot, and who through hard toil and hard fare hav braved the living martyrdom of the modern Christian penitentiary, that kingcraft, priestcraft, ignorance, and superstition might be banished from the world and their places filled by the living light of science, virtue, and mental freedom."

After the close of the remarks the party adjourned once more to the parlor, and spent a short time in that pleasant converse which comes with other post-prandial good things.

Mr. Bennett leaves this morning for Rochester, and expects to be in New York city on Sunday, so that he will hav been absent on his trip around the world exactly one year.

I will add that the principal professions were represented by those who thus honored me, and that the eatables were all that could be asked for; the folly of introducing the use of wine or spirits on the occasion was not committed, and the evening was extremely enjoyable.

I came on here without stopping, save a few hours at Niagara Falls, to view once more that grandest of all cataracts in the world, and which I had not visited for more than thirty years.

My reception here takes place to morrow afternoon and evening. On Sunday morning I will reach home, making exactly a year from the time I sailed on my Round-the-World journey. D. M. B.

Reception at Rochester.

The honors done me at Rochester were three-fold, and most satisfactory to me. Meetings were held, July 27th, in the Odd Fellows' Temple on Main street at 3 and 8 P M. At the last named every seat was filled. Both meetings were presided over by D. C. Farlin, M. D. Effectiv and excellent speeches were made by Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, Jay Chaapel, Prof. A. L. Rawson, Dr. D. C. Farlin, and others. Mrs. Olive K. Smith sang "Beautiful Hills" in exquisit style. I made some remarks at both meetings.

On the following day, pursuant to an invitation from my sister, Mrs. L. A. Allen, nearly a hundred friends of mine met at the "Sea Breeze," a popular place of summer resort on the shore of Lake Ontario, seven miles from Rochester. Here an excellent dinner was partaken of, a meeting was held in a neighboring grove, where more speechifying was done, after which a pleasant steamboat ride up Irondequoit Bay was enjoyed, interspersed with several beautiful songs by Mrs. Olive K. Smith and Mrs. David Cosad, accompanied by the piano. The exercises of the day were closed with a dance at the "Sea Breeze." The whole day was highly pleasant and enjoyable.

A more full account, with a report of these meetings and speeches, will be given in due course where it belongs in the history of the journey across the continent. D. M. B.

THERE is neither space nor time in this issue to giv an account of the Reception Banquet given to the returned editor of this paper on Thursday evening, the 3d inst. A report of the same will appear in our next.

The Slade Exposure.

I cannot regard the article from the Belleville, Ontario, *Daily Intelligencer* as strictly fair, nor does it attempt to explain the phenomenon of independent slate writing, which is the most peculiar manifestation that takes place in the presence of Mr. Slade. Some allusions to Slade are also made in the article entirely foreign to the subject, and which seem to be prompted by a spirit of decided unfriendliness.

I will briefly repeat here what I hav published in full before, that I hav visited Mr. Slade and hav, in his presence, witnessed phenomena which I was positiv were not the result of fraud or trickery. Writing has taken place on a slate while held in my own hand, and when no other person touched it. I distinctly heard the writing while being done, and felt the vibration produced by it. A message was also written on the same slate while lying upon the table before my eyes and with no one touching it. I looked at the slate closely before the writing took place and found it entirely clean. I heard the pencil moving and immediately took up the slate and saw the message that had been written on the under side of it. This was in broad daylight and without the slightest chance for fraud or collusion. My coat was several times visibly moved. I was partially lifted, chair and all. A marble-topped center-table was whirled around when no one was within ten feet of it, and a large easy-chair was also whirled and thrown to the floor. A heavy fall-leafed table rose twelve inches from the floor by three of us placing our hands upon the top of it, after which it slowly and smoothly revolved in the air and resumed its place upon the floor. I subsequently placed myself upon the table, and with the hands of Slade and my friend upon the table, I was lifted twice from the floor, table and all.

I do not say these phenomena were performed by spirits, but that intelligence was connected with them, and that they were performed by a power which I do not understand, and which the *Intelligencer* account of the movement of Slade's foot and cane by no means explains. While I cannot say that Slade was guilty of no dishonesty in Belleville, I am sure there was no trickery on his part in my interviews with him. I feel that simple justice demands me to say this much.

In addition I will call attention to the hundreds of other reliable persons who hav witnessed the Slade phenomena, including the writing on slates while held in their own hands, upon their arms, shoulders, or heads, and on the inside of slates firmly secured together. I hav heard many truthful persons relate these truthful experiences, and among them may be mentioned the learned German Professor Zollner, who perhaps, may be regarded as astute as the Belleville critics.

D. M. B.

JUST received from Burnz & Co., 21 Clinton place, New York, "Pro and Con of Spelling Reform," an address delivered before the Ohio State Teachers' Association, by Prof. O. E. Vaile, of Cincinnati. This is a thorough and masterly dissertation on the proposed revision of English orthography, and should be carefully read by parents and teachers, and all interested in popular education. Price, 10 cts.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, the eloquent ex-minister, of New York city, will deliver two lectures at the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention, one entitled "The Supreme Thing," the other "The Spirit of Humanity in American Poetry." Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago, the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," will lecture on "The Orthodox Scheme of Salvation."

Borrowing Thunder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Circumstances having rendered it advisable on me temporarily to suspend (that is, for a few weeks) the publication of my paper, *This World*, I should be obliged if you will allow me to address a few words to American Secularists through the medium of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The subject upon which I write is not, perhaps, of great importance; of that, however, I will let your readers judge for themselvs.

I believe that—among the American Freethinkers at least—my opinions respecting the Free Religious Association, its "platform" and "system," are tolerably well known. Of one thing I am certain, namely, that I hav pretty openly avowed those opinions, and hav freely expressed my thorough conviction that the thing called "Free Religion" is little, if anything, more than a feeble attempt to impart vitality to the ashes of superstitions which the majority of Freethinkers hav repudiated for ever. In one characteristic feature the leaders of Free Religion closely resemble those more orthodox religionists, by whom they are held in derision, as being "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring," and that is in their intolerance, conceit, and dislike of adverse criticism. An amusing, a most amusing, example of this may be seen in the *Index* of July 6th, in an article signed "B. F. Underwood." I hav somewhere read of one of the semi-savages who fought against Troy that he was seen at his best when shooting his arrows from behind another warrior's buckler. Something like this is the case with Mr. Underwood when he avails himself of the congenial cover of the *Catholic Review* to make a sly attack on myself. I am delighted to know that the *Catholic Review* abuses me as only a rigidly orthodox paper can abuse, and to find myself termed a "vile imitator" of Ingersoll, and accused of witless blasphemy, uncultured vulgarity, and talentless audacity.

All this is right enough from the *Catholic Review*. As I myself do not fight Christianity with rose-water nor shoot at it with a child's pop gun, neither do I expect Christians to abstain from their favorit weapons of calumny and vituperation in their allusions to me and my work. If they praised and soft-sawdered the lecturer of Paine Hall there would be serious grounds for a strict self-examination on my part; since, however, they abuse me, I know that I am doing my appointed work in some degree as it ought to be done.

Mr. Underwood, however, pretends to be really anxious that the Roman Catholics of this country should learn to draw certain distinctions. His cultured heart (they cultivate the heart in the F. R A., some critics aver, at the expense of the brain, but let that pass) would be deeply pained that "an ignorant, vulgar fellow" (myself) should be taken "as the last development of Freethought and as an illustration of the natural result of a movement inaugurated by scholarly and pure-minded men," etc. Without troubling you with many extracts from Mr. Underwood's fearfully long-winded sentences, I I will ask leave to assure both Catholics and non-Catholics that I heartily desire never to be mistaken for a Free Religionist. Though not particularly fond of sectarian names, which only tend to accentuate our divisions, I would, if a name were necessary, call myself a Secularist. This designation has now become recognized in Europe, where the meaning attached to it covers the whole position I occupy as a public teacher. For me, and for those who think as I do, "Free Religion" is a paradoxical term, inasmuch as what is universally called "religion" cannot be free, because it is the enslaving, voluntary or involuntary, of the human mind to its own fancy-created figments.

Putting aside Mr. Underwood's reference to "scholarly and pure-minded men" (he being assuredly no competent judge of what the world terms scholarship), I would point out that the names he uses (some being illustrious, others not so) are scarcely those of the leaders of Freethought in any part of the world. Like other smatterers and reechoers, Mr. Underwood livs in a very limited intellectual horizon. With all respect to the memory of the naturalist Darwin, he was notoriously a mental reservationist, as he himself confesses in his "Descent of Man." However respectable his motivs, advanced Freethinkers will allow that all mental reservation is injurious to mental liberty and favorable to superstition. I am, according to Mr. Underwood, "but a recent convert from theology, the spirit of which still clings to me." I am glad to know that I am a convert, that I hav really and truly and completely turned away from the old prison-house. In this respect I differ from the leaders of Free Religion; I am not like Lot's wife, walking backward, casting regretful, longing eyes to the old city of corruption I once dwelt in. In the name of the Freethinkers of the world I indignantly repudiate the notion that any half-way house exists between religion and irreligion. Having rejected the theology of Christianity, I refuse to create another imaginary deity and profess to make it the guide and director of my life. I believe that the surest of all ways to retard the progress of humanity is to cling in the slightest degree to the terminology and the methods of Christianity. I believe that Christianity, the religion of the man Jesus, was founded upon imposture—the imposture of a disturbed imagination—and I absolutely refuse to use the names of God and Christ as though the former were aught but a term for an unknown entity or nonentity, or the latter aught but a fanciful title for one who was nothing more than a well-meaning maniac. This, Mr. Editor, may sound to Mr. Underwood like the spirit of theology, but I think your readers will scarcely so consider it.

In conclusion, let me add that I am not intolerant by nature—quite the reverse. Let any Free Religionist who likes attack my views fairly and squarely and I shall read what he writes with attention and respect. I hav nothing, however, but profound contempt for that method of controversy which Mr. Underwood has adopted, namely, that of taking up another person's mud balls to throw at me in the hope that some of them will stick. Personally I am not desirous of combat, nor do I care much for any attacks made upon me, but I do feel that it is my imperativ duty to defend the cause I advocate when it is misrepresented and maligned. That cause has been advocated by Voltaire, Toland, Paine, Collins, and a host of others, each and all of whom were ages in advance of the half-way house of Free Religion, and whose names will shine resplendent when such "scholars" and intellectualities as Mr. B. F. Underwood shall hav faded into utter oblivion.

Yours respectfully, G. CHAINEY.

A Letter from London.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: "Now comes the tug of war." A declared enemy of Charles Bradlaugh, and consequently a most fervent Christian, one who is reported to get his living by company-mongering (not a very reputable occupation, but profitable), and known as Sir Henry Tyler, M. P., has, with the approbation of the public prosecutor, issued summonses against the proprietor, editor, and printer of the *Freethinker* for publishing "a blasphemous libel" in that paper. The case came on for hearing before the Lord Mayor on Wednesday, and, after much discussion, was adjourned till Monday next. The solicitor for the prosecution stated his intention of applying for a summons against C. Bradlaugh as tenant of the publishing office. How the affair will terminate it is impossible to say, but there will doubtless be a good fight. It will be watched with great interest by all, more particularly by Freethinkers.

It is nothing in favor of the orthodox party that in such prosecutions as these they always work with remarkably dirty tools, and there are always plenty of disreputable scoundrels, prominent champions of the faith, who can be found ready, for a consideration, to appear as principals.

This Tyler has made himself conspicuous on several occasions in the House of Commons by asking the secretary of the education department if he could not prevent Dr. Aveling, Mrs. Besant, and the Misses Bradlaugh from teaching science to public classes, and, failing to get his way, he has altered his tactics and will find a more pliable individual in the Lord Mayor of London, who is a pious man, and consequently a stanch upholder of all the corruptions existing in the city of London.

As I told you in a previous letter, the godly folks hav been starting a lot of papers to prove that their religion is the only true one, and as they hav foolishly been trying to prove their case by argument, the natural result is that they hav ignominiously failed, and several of the papers hav come to grief for want of subscribers, and therefore, as they cannot make any headway by argument, persuasion, or ridiculing Freethought, they hav had to fall back on brute force and hav dragged forth from obscurity an almost obsolete act of Parliament to serve their purpose. How they must gnash their teeth when they reflect that they cannot now burn or torture their opponents, and doubtless regret that the days of the Plantagenets and Stuarts are gone to return no more. It is a great pity that all the disbelievers in Christianity do not openly avow themselvs; they would be an overwhelming body.

The chief swindler in that gigantic fraud, the Salvation Army, has appealed to the British public for the sum of £16,750 to enable him to buy the lease of the Grecian Theater, and seems to be well assured he will get it. The Archbishop of Canterbury started the list with £5. The queen was appealed to, but only sent them her blessing. Last month they held an all-night meeting, the doors being closed from 11 P. M. till 5 next morning. As ticket holders only were admitted, and no report was given as to what the proceedings were, we can only conclude it was a repetition of the orgies of the early Christians. These Salvationists are certainly a bright lot; young girls are induced to leave their homes to join them, several suicides hav taken place amongst the members, and many of them thieve everything they can lay their hands on. In fact, they are so often before the magistrates that a column is set apart in the organ of the army to repudiate all the members who get convicted. Whenever one of these rogues happens to get caught and punished it is at once stated that he never had anything to do with the cause. If you join the army, the only sin you can commit is the one of being found out in any act of rascality.

One of the chief men belonging to the Christian Evidence Society having lately died, a public appeal has been made for money to support his family. Clearly his friends do not believe that "the Lord will provide;" in fact, you never do find a professed Christian who is willing to trust anything to the Lord he is always bragging about as being such a great friend to all his worshipers. None of them in their hearts really believe that there is such a person or thing, or they would giv him a chance to see what he could do. In truth you may put them down as "whited sepulchers." Yours fraternally, J. D.

London, England, July 13, 1882.

The Freethinkers' Convention.

HOW TO GET THERE FROM BOSTON.

Inquire at Fitchburg Railroad depot, 250 Washington street, for excursion tickets No. 83, to Watkins Glen. Price, $18.25 for the round trip. You go by Fitchburg Railroad to North Adams, then by Troy and Boston Railroad to Troy, then by N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad to Geneva, thence by Seneca Lake steamer to Watkins. Return by the same route. This is the best arrangement up to the present time. If any better is made I will notify New England people through the Liberal papers.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

Excursion tickets can be procured at every station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and the Northern Central Railroad, also on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad; but in most cases it is cheaper for our Western friends to get excursion tickets in the first instance to Chautauqua Lake. In all of the above cases, excepting Chautauqua Lake, an order from me is needed. The N. Y. Lake Erie and W. R. will sell excursion tickets from all principal depots without orders from me.

THE BENNETT DINNER AT WATKINS.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

At Forestville, N. Y., there is a fine old widow lady, who has for many years been a stanch Infidel. To-day's mail brought me the following letter from her, with $1 inclosed:

"*Friend Green*: I send you $1 toward getting up the Watkins dinner for our old friend, Bennett. We ought to hold a day of rejoicing that our old Infidel friend has got back all right. I hope every Liberal will do the same.

"Truly yours, MRS. S. W. BENNETT."

I hav put it down in my book as the "widow's mite."

HUNDREDS of Liberals will be pleased to know that Mr, and Mrs. G. H. Walser, of Liberal, Missouri, will be at the Freethinkers' Convention. Many will go to Watkins to make their acquaintance. He comes to Watkins in the interests of the National Liberal Orphan Home.

FOR the benefit of the Liberals in the northern part of the state, please say that during the Convention the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company will make special rates of $1 for round trip from Geneva and Watkins and return, and will run a special boat on Sunday. H. L. GREEN.

J. G. DESHLER, of Allentown, Pa., has become a life member of the National Liberal League.

(*Continued from page* 487.)

of the three faithful fellows—two before me and one behind—who carried me that day. They walked along briskly all day and acted as though one hundred and seventy-five pounds was not much of a burden. The chairs are of the kind used in Hong Kong—neatly constructed of bamboo, with a slim pole on each side, one resting on each shoulder of the coolie. The second one in front has a strap across his shoulders. The poles spring a little, so that the riding is easy and pleasant. The coolies in passing through the narrow and crowded streets keep up a constant shouting to those in the way to stand aside, and in streets but four feet wide it can easily be understood there must be necessarily some jostling. When carriers are met with other chairs or commodities the passage is not easily made; and turning corners in such narrow streets can only be effected with great care; in many places it was "a rub and a go."

Such riding in such streets was a decided novelty, and I saw more on that busy day than I will be able to describe to you. I passed thousands of stores, supplied with Chinese merchandise of all kinds, and numerous mechanic and artisan shops where all sorts of wares were being manufactured. The stores invariably present a very neat appearance, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet in width, with an average of thirty feet in depth, with often a rear room about the same size. A majority are one tall story in hight, with a skylight in the roof, giving the stores a cheerful appearance. A portion are two stories in hight. We were shown into several large-sized rooms on the second floor, where rich goods are kept.

One can hardly realize that these narrow passages are streets in a great city; they seem more like contracted passages in an immense house, for to considerable extent they are partially covered in with boards or other obstruction to the sun's rays. The long perpendicular signs in vermilion, gold, and black, hanging at the entrances, covered with huge Chinese characters, with large-sized paper lanterns and globes, with the tinsel and glitter inside, give the streets a decided "celestial" appearance. They are mostly found with neatly-cut blocks of granite, twelve or fifteen inches wide, and long enough to reach across the majority of the streets, presenting a smooth surface to the bare or sandaled feet of the thousands of pedestrians who perambulate them. The sewers of the city are on the surface, and immediately under this pavement, and not subterranean as in our large cities. As a consequence, I noticed in a few instances odors arose which were not the sweetest perfume, but as a rule the streets are very clean, and with but few offensive smells. The streets have gates which are closed at ten or eleven o'clock at night, so there is little chance for passing from street to street; to obtain passage through the gates the assistance of a policeman has to be called into requisition. So great is the industry of this people that thousands of mechanics and artisans work till past midnight.

The variety of avocations pursued in this vast beehive is very great, as must be well understood. Here in some of the finer streets are dealers in silks, which is a special manufacture in Canton, jewelry in great variety, fine embroidery on silk, paintings on paper and canvas, metal wares of all kinds, woodwork, cabinet ware, leather goods, and ornamental work of all kinds. Artisan's shops abound in great numbers and variety. I saw the richest figured silks being wove, the finest jewelry being manufactured, figures and ornaments in jade-stone being cut. I can hardly remember all the goods sold in the stores and made in the workshops, but in addition will mention the lacquer ware, ivory, carved and worked in all shapes and devices, grasscloth goods, clothing, tea, tobacco, porcelain and chinaware, shoes, furniture, tinsel ornaments for temples and altars, bronzes, cornelian and other precious stones, silk edgings and laces, damask goods, buttons, fans of various material, tortoise-shell goods, silver ornaments, trunks of various materials, glassware and rock crystal, confectionaries, bake-shops, restaurants, markets, etc. But everything is done by hand. Though I visited scores of artisan-shops, and looked into hundreds of others, I saw not a steam engine, not a horse-power, but everything being done by muscle power, including planing and cutting brass, iron, etc. The Chinese must be credited with being excellent workmen and with performing with great skill the multiform arts they prosecute.

Of course the names of the merchants, the kinds of goods they sell, and the names of the streets are all in the mysterious Chinese characters, which to western people are as silent as the sphinx, but when interpreted they are found replete with "celestial" conceptions of beauty and blessing. Thus Canton boasts of its Peace street, Bright Cloud street, Street of Benevolence and Love, Longevity street, Street of Heavenly Peace, Street of Early Bestowed Blessings, Street of Everlasting Love (what a lovely street!), Street of the Ascending Dragon, Street of the Saluting Dragons, Street of the Reposing Dragons (I had rather give the dragons a wide berth), Market of Golden Profits (the purchaser might possibly fear from this name that the profits might be too large), Gate of Virtue, Street of One Hundred Grandsons, Street of One Thousand Grandsons (an abundance of small children might reasonably be expected in these streets), Street of a Thousandfold Peace (what a very happy street!), Street of Refreshing Breezes, Street of Five Happinesses (reasonable people should hardly ask for more), Street of a Thousand Beatitudes (none but a celestial could endure so many), Street of Ninefold Brightness (rather hard, perhaps, on the eyes), Street of Accumulated Blessings (who would not like to live on such a street?), Street of Continual Delight (there should not be a vacant room in that street). Take it all in all it would seem that to be a citizen of Canton ought to be next thing to a residence in an orthodox heaven, were bowing, wearing golden crowns, psalm-singing, and harp-playing are so extensively indulged in.

Nearly all the stores and place of manufacture have rooms in the rear for residences, so that their homes are convenient to business. The more wealthy merchants, however, have homes in the more fashionable portions of the city, where they have fine entrances, grand courts, servants in livery, and all that sort of thing. In most of the stores a teapot full of tea is kept warm by padded cushions, and customers are welcome to a cup of tea ("*cha*"), and a delicate little China cup stands ready for him. The teapot has to be replenished several times through the day.

A CHINESE GRISTMILL.

Among the places visited early in the day was a flouring mill, with twelve run of stones, which is a novelty in its way. The stones are not run by water nor steam, but by ox-power. The twelve run of stones are in a line, and to each upper stone is attached a lever some eight feet in length; to each lever an ox is hitched, and round and round he tramps in a circle twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The eyes of the oxen are covered with pads, so they can see nothing, and to each one is attached, under the belly, by straps, a receptacle holding about a gallon to catch such fluids as the oxen may be disposed to void while "swinging round the circle." This provision is made in the interest of cleanliness. The oxen apply themselves patiently to their monotonous toil, requiring little urging or attention, and are changed every four hours. The rotation of the stones is so slow that no curbs or covering are required, and the flour is seen slowly making its egress from the circumference of the stones as the ox pursues his winding way. But one run of stones in one of our large flouring mills would turn out more flour in a given number of hours than fifty of these ox-mills can accomplish. It is the duty of one or two Chinamen to do the sifting and bolting. The first is done by a double treadle, with a foot on each; and by throwing his weight first on one foot and then the other the sieve is made to work back and forth. The fine bolting is done on a plan similar to our own, the bolt being turned by hand. The entire operations seemed very primitive compared with our flouring mills. One or two men were dressing stones (four feet in diameter), using a steel chisel and hammer in place of the pick used by our millers. The stones are a kind of burr, somewhat like ours. The wheat ground here is grown further north in the country, and is of good quality. The bread made here is very fair.

I saw numerous shops where rice was being divested of its outer hull by its being pounded with a heavy wooden hammer in a large wooden mortar. The hammer is raised by a Chinaman stepping on the end of the lever to which the hammer is attached; bearings being nearer the end he stepped on than to the hammer. The weight of the man raised the hammer to its proper altitude, when he takes off his weight and lets it fall. This is repeated thousands of times in a day. Half a dozen or more are following suit in the same room, and there are numerous shops of the same kind. The men are naked, except a very slight covering of the privates.

I visited early in our circuit a splendid Chinese club-room, a large building, divided into rooms, and the whole richly decorated with vermilion, gold, carving, images, etc. Refreshment rooms were attached, and the appearances warranted the belief that the celestials have a good time there. I am sure there is nothing like it in America.

THE TEMPLES AND THE GODS.

Canton has not nearly so many temples as Benares, though it has one hundred and twenty-five or more. I shall not undertake to describe all of them to you, and for two reasons: 1. I did not visit them all; and, 2. I don't think you would care to hear about so many, had I seen them all. I must, however, tell you about some of them. The first one visited was the Buddhistic Temple of Five Hundred Genii or Saints, so called from the gilded life-sized statues it contains of the five hundred very holy saints and followers of Buddha, whose virtue was so great that they could perform almost any miracles they pleased. The temple, monastery, courts, etc., cover three acres, and is one of the most distinguished and wealthiest in the city. It was erected in 503 and rebuilt in 1855.

Inside the gate are immense statues of four sentinels, or gate-keepers, whose business is supposed to be to guard the entrance. In the first pavilion are three large gilt figures of Buddha. In the second is a marble dagoba in the form of a pagoda, with seven stories, in each story of which is a statuette of Buddha. This graceful construction is designed to represent the seven heavens of happiness into which faithful Buddhists are to be admitted when the struggles of life are over, particularly those not fortunate enough to attain to Nirvana. Under this dagoba some relic of Buddha is supposed to be deposited.

In the third shrine is represented sitting on a lotus throne, an avatar or incarnation of the Goddess of Mercy. Passing through a neat court, the grand hall is entered where the five hundred saints are seated upon an elevation of some five feet. The worthy desciples of Buddha are said to have numbered over eight hundred, but these five hundred are those who took up their residence in the monastery which was situated on the side of a mountain called Tin-Toi-Shan. The hall in which these noted saints are seated is arranged in aisles, with a row of the saints on each side. I have seen a list of the names of these notable five hundred, but as they are hard, unpronounceable names, I will not attempt to give them. It is a study of hours to walk before these holy dignitaries and read the different expressions upon their countenances. Some are fat, some lean, some grave, some smiling, some tall, some short, some old, some young, some speaking, some maintaining silence, but doubtless all impressed with the purity of Buddha's teachings and the necessity of yielding obedience to them. They strongly reminded me of the thousands of sad-looking saints I saw in the cathedrals of Italy, and I preceive the same kind of idolatry in one case as the other. These images are made of clay, smoothly sculptured into proper shape, and then gilded. They are said to be *fac similes* in features of the originals, who lived fourteen hundred years ago. It is claimed for them as apostles of Buddha that they not only had the power of treading under foot the most noxious reptiles, of subduing the ferocity of wild beasts, of dispelling birds of evil omen, but to speak in unknown tongues, to unravel obscure problems, and to perform many other miraculous deeds. Just about the same claims are set up for them as for the similar character in the Christian church.

In connection with this temple is a monastery where considerable numbers of monks reside, precisely after the manner of the Romish church, which came into being over five hundred years later than Buddhism. In the center of the large hall where the five hundred statues are is a shrine before which worship is performed. Here were three or four monks sitting upon a slightly elevated platform, chanting the ritual and keeping time by striking a bell held in the hand. The service sounded very nearly like what I have heard in many Romish churches and cathedrals, and the style of dress of the monks looked extremely like that of Romish monks. It is not strange that the Christian missionary, Father Huc, who visited this part of the world three hundred years ago, should have been struck with the great similarity between the nature and forms of Buddhism and his own system, and to get out of the awkward dilemma he found it convenient to charge that the devil had been there long before him and established a counterfeit system almost exactly like the Christian. My companion, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, marked the striking similarity, and afterward admitted that the fact had shaken his faith more than anything else he had met with. Some seventy priests are connected with this temple. In a shrine hard by is a large porcelain vase containing holy water, over which certain words have been mumbled by priests, and which makes it very efficacious in curing diseases. Many of the devout believers pay their money for this water under the belief that it will do them good.

THE TEMPLE OF PAK-TAI

Shall next have a passing description. This is not a Buddhistic temple, it belonging to the system much older than Buddhism. Pak-Tai is one of the names of one of the oldest gods in the country, who has been credited with being not only the chief ruler of the world, but the first god who descended upon the world in human form. This he has done on three different occasions, and under different names, the first time more than six thousand years ago, and the last time 2697 B. C., or a long time before Noah became a navigator. On the occasion of his last incarnation he visited the province or kingdom of Tsing-Lak-Kwook, where Shein-Shing, the queen, on coming into his presence, was "overshadowed," and in consequence conceived. It seems she went more than the usual period in that interesting condition, and at the end of fourteen months she gave birth to an avatar or incarnation of the great god who had overshadowed her. This case seems to have been more miraculous than the little similar incident which occurred less than nineteen hundred years ago over in the miserable rocky country in the western part of Asia called Palestine. In the latter case the overshadowing and conception were equally miraculous with this China incident, but when nine months had passed away, and the birth took place, so far as we are informed, it occurred in a perfectly natural manner, but in this Chinese case it was as miraculous as

the conception, for an incision had to be made under the left arm of the mother, and the birth took place from under the arm instead of in the regular way. Thus it is plainly seen that there was more miracle, more supernaturalism, in the birth of a god in the eastern part of Asia than in the western.

And, what is more, at the time of the birth of this young Chinese god a cloud of rich and variegated colors overshadowed the whole nation, and the air was suddenly impregnated with the most delightful odors. Thus, again, it will be seen that there was a good deal more of overshadowing and impregnating done in China than in Palestine. And, still more, upon the birth of this Chinese god rare and precious stones came forth from the earth to mark the occurrence of this birth from under the left arm as a most important event. Shortly after his birth he also gave proof of the strength of his intellect, and of the purity of his soul. His general deportment was likewise of the most godly character; there is not the slightest intimation that he ever spoke a disrespectful word to his mother. At the age of seven years he was well versed in the different branches of literature; and as he advanced to the years of early youth he conceived it to be his duty to retire from the society of the world to qualify himself to serve the gods and promote the happiness of men. His parents were opposed to this step, but this heavenly individual was so determined in his purpose that he would listen to no opposition; and when he reached the age of fifteen years he left his home and became a wanderer on the mountains, under the expectation that he would there meet a heavenly messenger who would give him instructions as to his future conduct. It seems he was inspired from a divine source in this matter, for the heavenly messenger, named Yak-Tsing-Shing-Tsu, appeared to him among the wilds of those desolate mountains and instructed him in doctrines of a most heavenly character. The young god applied himself very closely to his divine studies; and when he had completed them, his heavenly visitant directed him to proceed to an exceedingly high mountain, called Tai-wo-Shan, situated in the Eastern Ocean, on each side of which, surrounding waters extended more than fifty thousand miles. He was further informed that when he reached that remote and lonely mountain he must take up his abode in a certain red cavern, and there pursue the studies he had thus far so successfully prosecuted, and to continue the same for a period of one hundred years. He was, furthermore, directed not to comb his hair nor cover his feet. By strictly following out these instructions he was assured that he would become fully qualified to fill the important position designed for him many centuries before.

This is a somewhat lengthy story, but it is so remarkable, and so very godly, that I must not keep it back from you. Suffice it to say this young god betook himself to this remarkable island and followed out all the instructions that had been given to him, after which the time came for him to ascend up into heaven to his father. At an early hour on the day of his ascension the sky presented a most brilliant appearance, and from it there fell a profusion of beautiful, fragant, and heavenly flowers. And the air, also, for a distance of three hundred miles, resounded with the notes of musical instruments.

It is not a little remarkable that when the time for his ascension had come he had attained to the stature of nine Chinese cubits. His face was round as the full moon, though possibly not so large as the moon. His eyebrows in shape resembled wriggling dragons; his eyes were like those of a phenix; and his skin and flesh, in point of purity and cleanliness, were like unto pure crystal. He wore a rich jade-stone hat, and his body was covered with loose flowing robes of silk. Then, standing on the summit of that very high mountain where he had resided for a hundred years, and looking toward heaven, he raised his hands in the attitude of prayer, when a host of angels suddenly came down from heaven and ministered unto him. They brought him long robes of silk, on which were embroidered in gold representations of dragons. These good messengers were also so kind as to present him with red shoes, flying swords, and a chariot of nine different colors. And, what was still more pleasant, a number of beautiful women, each of whom was mounted upon a heavenly horse, descended to his side. These beautiful creatures presented to him a dispatch (probably a telegraphic dispatch) that the gods had unanimously appointed him to the office of chief minister of heaven. They also gave him a black banner, upon which were several white stars, the same being typical of the seven northern mansions of the moon, destined for his special residence.

This heavenly personage then, Elijah-like, took his seat in the chariot of nine different colors, accompanied by the host of angels and the pretty women, and having assumed the name of Pak-Tai, ascended majestically up to heaven. This somewhat remarkable event took place on the ninth day of the ninth month of the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Hwang-te, 2,754 years before the young carpenter of Judea made a similar ascension. It cannot be overlooked that in many respects Pak-Tai was more remarkable than the carpenter—he attained to a greater size, he had richer robes, prettier shoes, more interesting company, had the luxury of a chariot of nine colors, and, upon the whole, was a good deal better looking than he who is said to have a sword coming out of his mouth, fire out of his eyes, smoke out of his nostrils, and hair like wool. There are possibly some among you who will not believe this story of the Chinese god, while so many all around you easily believe that equally impossible story about that other person who went up. Let me assure you that, so far as I am able to see, there is as much probability of the truth of one as the other. There are millions who believe the one, and there are millions who believe the other. If any difference, there are more people here in China who believe the story about Pak-Tai than there are in all the world who believe that other and newer story, and they seem to have as much good sense as other folks. Perhaps if you could only be made to believe that you would have to burn in hell forever if you refuse to believe this story about Pak-Tai, you would change your mind and at least pretend to believe it, the same as a great number of people do the other story.

But I have not told you all about this Chinese god. After he had thus triumphantly ascended up into heaven and assumed chief control there, he became his own father, and was really Pak-Tai who had begotten himself, and in this respect you will see that he again resembled the other individual I have alluded to. It is a curious thing how these gods can be one, two, or three, just as they please, and that they can be father and son at the same time. Possibly it may be a very convenient thing when a god has been duly begotten and he grows up to be a full-sized god that he can turn round and be his own father. Among all the beings which have existed, a god is the only one who can do this, and probably that is one of the advantages of being a god. But I ask you to listen further. After Pak-Tai had transferred his residence from that lone mountain to the mansions in heaven, the earth, in the reign of Yan, between four and five thousand years ago, was visited by a deluge, which did no small damage to a considerable scope of country. When the waters had abated, however, Pak-Tai descended to the earth for the purpose of teaching men how to till the ground and raise good crops, as well as several branches of mechanical arts, the knowlege of which those primitive Chinese possessed a deficiency. In this course he proved himself a greater friend to the human race than any god I now remember of reading about; for scarcely one of them, though they often come down to the earth, put themselves to the trouble of giving mankind any information that was of any practical benefit to them.

This great Pak-Tai further distinguished himself by punishing the wicked inhabitants of the earth, who, in the reign of Chan-sin, the twenty-eighth and last sovereign of the Shang dynasty, had become so corrupt and sinful that Pak-Tai, with the concurrence of his heavenly companions, took it upon himself to not only destroy those wicked men, but to overcome the host of evil spirits, by whose influence men had been led astray.

The first movement he made in his masterly enterprise was to dethrone the wicked house of Shang and to set up in its place the dynasty of Chan. In the next place, clad in black armor, he waged a bitter war against the devils and imps who had incited the minds of men to do evil. And although the devils had the assistance of a big turtle and a snake, each of great size and prodigious strength, Pak-Tai showed himself more than a match for all of them, and placed them *hors de combat*. He rendered the snake and turtle perfectly powerless by just placing his right foot on the one and his left foot on the other, and ever since that tramping operation was performed the snakes and the turtles, the tortoises and the dragons as well, have been entirely subservient to him. And right here I beg to call your attention to the contrast in this respect between Pak-Tai and that God of Palestine and his son, who jointly have not yet been able, after thousands of years of hard contest, to defeat one snake of their own creation. This snake is not represented as being so large as the Chinese serpent, but he was uncommonly lively and shrewd. He engaged in the fruit business, which he found already grown for his purpose, and in a few adroit operations, aided by the persuasive eloquence which had been furnished him, he entirely defeated his maker and utterly destroyed the pet plans of the God after they had been thought over and matured for a few thousand million years, at the very least, and the God has never yet been able to recover from that terrible defeat; for though the snake was sent to grass and told to eat dust, he has flourished remarkably; he has drawn the greater part of mankind after him, and has continued to defeat his antagonist in every encounter since. The moral to these god and snake-stories is this: Pak-Tai was a great deal more powerful than Yahweh, or the Jewish snake was more subtle and cunning than the Chinese snake.

Pak-Tai has continued, at intervals more or less prolonged, to come down from his heavenly abode to take a hand in the affairs of men and to punish wicked emperors who did not do to please him, and he holds power still over this sublunary world, exercising over mankind presiding watchfulness and direction. To the simple he imparts wisdom; to the virtuous happiness; to traders prosperity; and to all innocent persons protection from injustice, oppression, and wrong. He directs the course of the lightning and winds, gives rains and fruitful seasons, stavs the progress of epidemics, gives relief to those suffering from ague, and, in a word, at his pleasure lengthens or shortens the days of man. Now I submit it to you if it was not very good in Pak-Tai to direct the course of the lightning and the winds. What if he had not had the condescension to do this? Are we not left to suppose that the lightning would not have presumed to start out, that the winds would have been at a loss which way to go, and that water would not have known enough to run down hill?

From the manifold services which this god has performed his admirers and worshipers have conferred several names and titles upon him. I will not detain you by repeating all the holy epithets which have been conferred upon him, but will merely mention "Chin-Woo," "Un-Woo," "Chang-ti," and no less than Yuk-Hu-Sze-Saong-Yune-Tin-Shang-Tai, and I just wish to ask you if you do not think such names as those are an ample compensation for the services he performed? Could a reasonable god ask for anything handsomer? But his generous worshipers have not stopped at that; they have built numerous temples for him in all parts of the empire, and have placed his image in them so that the people need not forget him. A black flag is hoisted on all gala days to commemorate his wonderful power, and these are waved before his temples. On the third day of the third month in each recurring year his grateful subjects present him with a new robe, as near as possible like the one in which he ascended up to heaven nearly six thousand years ago. In the inability of his worshipers to place the robe on him direct, they place it upon the image which they have set up to represent him, and the robe is put on with great pomp and ceremony at the hour of midnight, while thousands are kneeling all around him; all who are able, attired in robes of state, and bowed down in profound adoration for the great services performed by so wonderful a god. While the robe is being placed upon him the bell and drum in the temple are sonorously sounded, and after the grand ceremony is over, the priests perform the kow-tow and the assembled multitude chant peons of praise to this wonderful god. On these occasions the temple is illuminated by large and brilliant chandeliers suspended from the rafters; and numerous cages filled with larks and other birds are taken into the temple to help the people sing praises to the great Pak-Tai, and these enthusiastic praises and rejoicings are continued for three days, during which many thousands of people prostrate themselves in devout adoration before the image that sits upon the throne. And a large porcelain vase is filled with holy water over which the priests have muttered some pious words, and from that moment it becomes charged with such miraculous power that it is held to be able to cure all manner of diseases, or at least this is so strongly believed that the faithful are willing to pay handsome sums for it, which sums enter into the treasury of the god, and are dispensed by his priests as to their holy minds seems most fit.

In this temple there are five associate gods, and prominent among them is Lue-Kung, the god of thunder. Like old Thor, he holds a hammer in his right hand and a chisel in his left with which he is able to knock out as much thunder and lightning as reasonable people desire. He has wings on his shoulders, and with these he is supposed to be able to fly as rapidly through the air as the thunderbolts which he manufactures.

In a small court adjoining the temple is a pond in which are kept five large turtles. These are sacred to Pak-Tai, and in consequence are highly venerated by the people. At the end of the square in which the temple stands a stage is erected, on which plays in honor of Pak-Tai are perfomed at intervals throughout the year. On such occasions the square is literally crowded with people, who never weary with doing honors to this favorite deity.

I have not drawn this account of Pak-Tai from pagan or Infidel authorities, but from the eminent Christian Archdeacon John Henry Gray, M.A., graduate of Christ's College, who as consulate chaplain has resided in Canton, and himself witnessed the ceremonies which he describes. Mind you, I do not vouch for the truth of a word of the story, but in my honest opinion it is just as true as any other god story that I have ever heard. They all have a great sameness in style and credibility, and are worthy to stand on the same level.

Birth.

Born, July 19, 282, at Mason City, Iowa, Bennett Macdonald to S. C. and May Belding. Mother and son are doing well.

S. B.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

Letters from Friends.

ROCKLAND, ONT., CAN., July 20, 1882.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find $5, for which please send the "Around-the-World" books. GEO. G. MEIKLE.

NEW TACOMA, W. T., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year, and "Around-the-World" books. Yours truly. D. W. PERKINS.

VINTON, IOWA, July 24, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND EUGENE, (though I expect I might say Bennett, for I expect and hope this will find him once morewith you all): You remember I wrote you some some time ago in reference to the binding af those books, and you said send back the first volume and $3 and you would send them, bound in morocco. Well, I didn't do it, but I hav sold it with the balance of the volumes for $5, which please find inclosed, with $2 additional for mine bound in calf, which, I believe, I would as lief hav as morocco, and perhaps it won't cost quite as much. Send the balance of the volumes sold to E A. Clark this office, and ever so much obliged.

I cannot say how glad I am at dear old friend Bennett's safe arrival to his home and dear little wife. What a Liberal defeat of Comstock, Colgate, Crosby, Bundy & Co! May they hide themselvs for very shame, and be seen no more of men. I rejoice with him at the many friends he found on his journey. I see by the last paper he must hav passed through our town the morning of the 12th. Had I known it I would, at least, hav had a shake. M. BRANIN.

HO! FOR WATKINS GLEN.

ST. JOHNS, MICH., July 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Lord and everybody else willing, I, and also my wife, will attend the Watkins Glen meeting. We hope to enjoy a great intellectual feast, and if our friend Bennett managed to steal or purchase any of the gods of India or other countries, we hope that he will be sure to bring them to the convention, so that we may not fail of having a good time for the want of gods. And let us hope that the heathen's god will unite with the Christian's god and lend their influence, if they are able to aid and assist us, in trying to unshackle the brain of man and in trying to make the world better. Let all who can afford the time and cost be there.

M. BABCOCK.

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME!

SNOWVILLE, VA., July 16, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: Since I wrote you last I hav spent some days in Baltimore and some in Washington, and had a good time in general seeing the sights and exchanging greetings with good Liberals and whole-souled workers for the happiness and welfare of humanity.

Three months of pleasant enjoyment hav passed since I left the portals of home; spring, with its tender buds and dew-tipped grass, has passed away, and summer, with its ripening grain and waving fields of corn, is here, and all things are in the glory of perfect fulness of perfection. I, too, feel full of contentment and sweet satisfaction, for I've had my pleasure trip and found all at home well and happy and apparently glad to see Elmina once more with them.

And now I want to go to work and do enough to partly make up for "lost" time. To do this I need your help. My ability to do depends on means to do with, so I hope all my special friends who are wanting Liberal books and papers will order them of me. I will be glad to furnish them at publisher's prices, or shall regard all orders as friendly favors. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

SUMMERTON, MICH., July 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As the six months are up for which I subscribed for your paper, and wishing to sustain the acquaintance for the remainder of the year, I will make it a fixed fact by sending you the money for it. There are a few subscribers and more readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in this new country. The most of them admire it and feel able to defend it, and are capable of showing by words and deeds that they hav great respect for the light, life, and knowledge that are taught in its pages. It is a source of much satisfaction that we hav master minds, men and women of great abilities, who are advancing bright truths and thoughts for every one of us to analyze, try, and prove. In this there is no chance for blind belief or sophistry. How vast and varied are the fields into which the truth seekers are leading us, lighting up the pathway, and putting such implements into our hands that will enable us to survey the route with great certainty. What a vast difference between a demonstrating philosophy and a dark theology. Let us jump the chasm. Fifteen years ago I was trustfully rocking away in the "only believe" theory, but I was fairly jerked out of it by watching "him who works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." In our little village one of his chosen ministers said in his prayer, "Henceforth, Almighty God, let thy stately steppings be seen and felt in our midst, even in Ovid." With others I watched for steppings, believing sincerely that God's works would appear grand and glorious. He soon put it into the hearts of his chosen people to build a town hall for meetings and all public purposes. The enterprise was acceptable to the town folks, and they aided in building it. About this time the Lord stepped in and moved his servants to name it the Baptist Church and be dedicated to the Lord, and it was so. And it came to pass that the Lord's people got up a Fourth of July dinner to purchase a new organ. These blood-washed children quarreled over the spoils, and a bitter war ensued where fiery darts were hurled, and spitting gods led on the Christian broods. With curses upon its altar and crape upon its doors his peculiar people were split asunder. In continuing his steppings this same prayer-making preacher was induced to make Kalamazoo College an endowment of $10,000, and also to solicit subscriptions from others to help build up this Baptist preacher factory. The subscriptions thus taken when paid had an interest taxed on them from date of subscription, all of which told heavily on that endowment fund to the honor of the honor of the Lord, the preacher. Oh, how mysterious are his ways, and past finding out. It was the Lord's doings, and all for his holy cause.

Again the Lord went down into Ovid and said to his people of the Methodist Episcopal church, "Build for me a house to dwell in, that ye may come before me in prayer and praise, and I will abundantly bless and prosper you in all your doings." And it was so that the Lord favored them greatly, so much so that they soon had much money in store wherewith to build him a house. His favored children now lifted up a great and high frame, even seventy feet from the base to the top of the timbers, and they rejoiced greatly, so that rich ones had confidence in his cause and came from their stores and farms and places of business in a holy conference and selected where the throne would be and seats whereon they would sit and worship. But the Lord was displeased with all this, and came that way in a wrathful zephyr and threw down their heaven-built walls and dashed $3,000 worth of divine confidence to the earth. His people were thrown into more dismay, but finally concluded it was "the Lord's doings and wonderful in our eyes," and then waited for further steppings of the Lord.

Divine favor began to shine again, and the town people were importuned to build to him a house of worship of smaller size and on lower ground with a plan much humbler than the first. It was finished and popularly dedicated to the Lord of Sabaoth. The Lord was greatly pleased in his heart at this, and said, "Now will I pour out for you a blessing, even a great refreshing from the presence of the Lord." There is nothing too great for the Lord to do, and the people were persuaded to ask a favor of the Lord. So these soul-saved ones took courage and besought the Lord's anointed to send them a thousand-dollar man to sprinkle them with heavenly dew. He heard their prayers and set up a revival mill in Ovid which ground away for many weeks so that more than three score of souls were saved with an everlasting salvation. They were saved from crime and lies and deception, and saved to the church. The Lord must hav stepped out, for, as we behold, lo! the most of them stepped out of this salvation. And now, even in these last days the Lord communed again with himself and said, "Surely I must again go down and visit Ovid, and try my people." And it came to pass that as he rode upon the storm he snapped his fingers charged with electric fire at his dwellings, even the houses of God, and the fires ran down the towers thereof and the walls were shattered and torn, so much so that the larger one was badly rent asunder. The confiding children of this benign benefactor all came together as of one accord before the sanctuary and cried out, "The ark of the Lord has departed, and we must worship him in another place." And some other said, "Is not this an almighty careless way of stepping?" T. L. TRAVIS.

ENON VALLEY, PA., June 25, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: In conversation with my good Methodist friend H., in regard to the nebular hypothesis, as to how far it tends to confirm the theory of evolution, and as to how far the theory tends to overthrow the doctrins or the Christian religion, the conversation finally drifted to the question as to whether one's own religious experience is sufficient evidence upon which one can rest his belief in God, Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures, etc. My friend H. said: "One who has had the religious experience such as I hav had—and all good Methodists claim to hav had, when God has spoken peace to their souls—cannot doubt that there is a God and that the Bible is his inspired word." I said: "But can you not doubt your own religious experience, your own sensations?"

H.—"No; that would be impossible."

I.—"Let us see about that. Look into a polished mirror and your own unaided sight would lead you to believe that the objects in front of the mirror were duplicated by a like number and kind of objects on the other side of the mirror; but upon calling to your aid other faculties of sense, you find it is not true, but that the mirror simply reflects the objects in front of it. One who has had a leg amputated, were he to consult alone his sense of feeling, would say that the amputated member was still there, because the sense of pain in the stump of the amputated leg is referred to the toes or foot; but upon bringing to his aid other faculties of sense, he finds that his unaided sense of feeling is not to be relied on. When one receives a blow on his 'crazy bone' his sense of feeling would refer the injury he has sustained to the little finger, the parts to which the injured nerve is distributed; but his other senses admonish him that this is not the fact. There are many other cases I could cite to you, all going to show that we cannot always rely implicitly upon our own sensations or experience. They frequently mislead us, and therefore we should learn to doubt them."

H.—"Why, man, you are crazy! Do you then claim that we should doubt our own sensations, our own experience?"

I.—"Yes; that is just what I claim, if we wish to guard against falling into error. We can know nothing positivly, absolutely—know it in such a way as to place it beyond a doubt."

H.—"What! Do you not know that you are living and standing before me now?"

I.—"No; I cannot say that I do in the sense I use the word 'know;' all I can say is that such seems to me to be the fact."

H.—"Why, you are a lunatic—you are insane! How can I reason with you when you say you do not know anything?"

I.—"One never reasons about that which he knows—knows in the sense I use that word. Absolute knowledge of anything rules out reason; therefore, your God, if he be omniscient, can not reason."

H.—"You are the most unreasonable reasoner I ever met with. You would reason one out of his senses."

I.—"Beware lest I prove you to be what you hav charged me with being—a lunatic. Why do you reason with me if I am insane; but perhaps there is a method in my madness? To doubt is to reason. By doubting one guards against being mistaken. I cannot say that I absolutely know anything. All I can say is that the preponderance of evidence, as my faculties of sense enables me to appreciate evidence, leads me, compels me, to accept certain things as true. They seem to me to be true, and yet there is not one of those things which I accept as true but that I am willing to doubt about its truthfulness, and in regard to the truthfulness of which I am free to say I may be mistaken."

H.—"Verily you are a doubting Thomas! But to doubt one's own sensation is not the same as to doubt his experience. We may receive a sensation through one of our faculties, and without the aid of our other faculties to confirm the correctness of this sensation, we may be led into an error, or we may draw a false inference from our sensation, but our experience is made up of the aggregate of all our sensations, and therefore cannot be false or erroneous."

I.—"I am glad that you concede the point that 'we may be led into an error or we may draw a false inference' by relying upon the unconfirmed testimony of one of our faculties. Please to notice that the sensation may be correct, but the inference drawn from the sensation may be all wrong. Even the aggreate of all our sensations which you correctly, I think, style our experience, may be correct, but what you infer to be the cause of those sensations may not really be the cause of them; here, I think, is where your difficulty begins. You say you cannot doubt your experience. While I do not agree with you on this point, we will, for the sake of what is to follow, accept what you say as true. The next question to determin is 'What is the cause of that experience?' You claim that the cause is God's giving you a new heart; his speaking peace to your soul; converting you. In short, this religious experience is the result of supernatural agency—is miraculous. If you can clearly establish that claim, then all the rest is clear sailing. I claim that this experience is produced by natural causes, and that all the phenomena can be explained in perfect accordance with the laws which govern the mind. Your religious experience and conversation belong to the same class of phenomena as that of table-talking, mind-reading, mesmerism, etc., and can all be explained on the same general principles."

H.—"That is what you claim. My claim is different. Do you not think that you are a little egotistical in setting up your claim against mine, especially since you confess that you don't believe anything—not even what you are saying?"

I.—"Your criticism is to the point, but you should not forget that I am not laying down the law and the gospel dogmatically. All I am doing, or trying to do is to giv you an idea of what seems to me to be in accordance with the eternal verities. You and I entertain different opinions in regard to what is the true cause of your religious experience. You claim that God has miraculously interposed to snatch your soul from hell. I cannot accept this as the true cause. I think you are laboring under a delusion."

H.—"Oh! A delusion? Everybody is wrong, and you alone are right. You think every one must bow to your doctrin no matter how unreasonable. Just think of it! Follow a leader who confesses that he don't know anything!"

I.—"You appear to be particularly sensitiv about delusions. Can it be possible that this sensitivness arises from a secret consciousness that here is the weak place in your armor? I fear it does. I would

like to giv you the history of an unquestioned delusion and see how nearly it resembles your religious experience."

H.—"How do you know that it is a delusion?"

I.—"I said an 'unquestioned delusion,' and I think you will not question its being a delusion when you hav heard the history. I was called to see a woman who was suffering a good deal of pain at times. I proposed to giv her chloroform by inhalation. She consented. She had scarcely got under its influence when she began to talk about Jesus, heaven, God, angels, etc.; bade good-bye to her family and friends, expressed herself willing to go since 'Jesus had paid it all,' and so alarmed her friends that I discontinued the chloroform, and in a short time she came to herself and was all right again, only she retains a very distinct recollection of having gone to heaven, seen and talked with God and the angels, and of having a good time generally. She says, 'I was so happy.' When I asked her how God was dressed she could not tell me—she did not notice; neither could she say whether the angels had wings or not, or even feathers. I suppose she was so inexpressibly happy that she never thought of taking notice. Now here is what I would call an unquestioned delusion. In what does it differ from your religious experience?"

H.—"Why, in this: The chloroform was the cause of this delusion, but my religious experience is not a delusion because I know God has spoken peace to my soul. I know that God has pardoned my sins and accepted me as one of his children."

I.—"I beg your pardon, but, with all respect for your convictions, I must say you do not know, you simply think you know; in this lies your delusion. You say that the chloroform was the cause of all this delusion on the part of my patient—a very obvious cause. No one questions that this was the cause of her delusion, but in your case the cause is not so apparent. This is the principal difference between your delusion and hers. Now, if you will take the trouble to study the law of mind, as it is applicable to mesmerism and other kindred phenomena, I think that you will find a cause (although perhaps not so obvious) for your religious experience without appealing to any supernatural agency whatever. You religious experience may be real, but you are laboring under the delusion that it is caused by a miraculous interposition of God's grace. With the woman who took chloroform her sensations were delusiv; but with you, your sensations may hav been real, but your attributing them to a supernatural agency is delusiv. Now, so far as you are incapable of doubting, of reasoning, on the possibility of your being deluded in regard to the cause of your religious experience, do I claim that you are insane—a lunatic. So you see that, according to our different ways of reasoning, we are both a little off, and perhaps we are."

So we parted. Now, Mr. Editor, the foregoing is a rough draft of a conversation which took place after our Liberal friend, ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Michigan, had delivered his lecture on the "World's Infancy" in our town on the 26th of last May. I would like to hav it published in THE TRUTH SEEKER if you deem it worthy of a place in its columns. H. NYE.

CHEYENNE, WYO. TER., July 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a scrap cut from *Mind and Matter* of about three weeks ago. It seems that when a man, however honest or honorable before, commences to advocate an ism he must descend to falsehood, slander, and defamation:

"It would seem that Occultism, Blavatskyism, and Olcottism hav found the end of the rope of humbuggery, which they set out to twist in America and in India. Referring to this fact, the *R.-P. Journal* says: 'The Pundit of the Somaj informs the public that neither Col. Olcott nor Mme. Blavatsky knows anything of *Yog Vidya* (occult science) as practiced by the *Yogis* of old; that they may know a little of mesmerism, as well as the natural and physical sciences (taught in the Bombay institutions), especially the science of electricity; and that they may know the art of clever conjuring (by having subterranean or hidden electric wires, or other hidden apparatus). But for them to say that they perform their phenomena without apparatus, without any secret pre-arrangement, and solely through the forces existing in nature (electricity), and by what they call their "will power," is to tell a lie.'

"Thus ends another attempt to supplant modern Spiritualism by fraud and deception. Nearly six years ago, through the *Banner of Light*, we exposed the barefaced pretensions and deceptions of this brace of discomfited humbugs. We hav followed their doings in that land of priestcraft, India, and are not in the least surprised that they should be kicked out of India by the Brahman pontiff as being unworthy of his toleration."

The above you personally know to be false and defamatory; and what adds to the mendacity of the editor, it is copied from a paper which he affects to despise for its duplicity and falsehood. Now I hav carefully read every *Theosophist* that has been published since Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky went to India, and I fail to see that they are being likely to be kicked out of India, but, on the other hand, they hav been received with open arms by the educated and intelligent Hindoos. Notwithstanding the slight kicks administered by the editor of *Mind and Matter* and the Rev. Joseph Cook, their popularity is increasing.

As to their attempt to supplant Spiritualism, I hav seen nothing of the kind in their published speeches or writings. They differ from the Spiritualists in regard to the forces that produce the so-called spiritual phenomena, which they hav a perfect right to do until Spiritualism proves itself more infallible than it is at present.

I hav taken and read every number of *Mind and Matter* from its first issue, and am sorry to see its editor borrow its slanders from so ignoble a source, as though he was incapable of writing originals.

As to the difficulty between Dyanand Saraswati Swami and the founders of the Theosophical Society, it is but slight, as I understand it. The learned pundit felt aggrieved because the Theosophists receive into their society orthodox Brahmans instead of confining admissions to the Swami's own sect. Besides, the Swami has admitted that the occult powers of Madam Blavatsky are yoga, which the editor of *Mind and Matter* well knows, if, as he says, he has "carefully followed their doings in that land of priestcraft, India." And surely the present attitude of the Spiritual papers and Spiritualists toward each other and toward their mediums will fully warrant the conclusion that they are controled by superhuman, elementary, or earth-bound spirits rather than beneficent human spirits. W. R. FRINK.

FARMINGTON, UTAH, July 8, 282.

MR. EDITOR: In writing this letter I feel that I am only discharging a duty to myself and also on behalf of all the Liberals of Utah (and they are many) who may hav been members of the Mormon church, and who are willing to accord to all men, Mormon or non-Mormon, every right and every privilege they claim for themselvs. I am led to write this way in consequence of a letter over the signature of W. R. Frink, of Salt Lake City, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st, which, in addition to his very rancorous throws at Mr. E. L. T. Harrison, of Salt Lake City, makes a big try to throw dirt on all who hav ever had a connection with the Mormon church. He says, "The apostate Mormon is the same individual still, and generally has the same conceit that his particular ideas of Liberalism are right, and is Liberal only so long as any one will think or act as he wishes, hence Liberalism is very much divided in Utah."

I am not acquainted with Mr. Frink personally, but while in Salt Lake City yesterday I, being interested, took the trouble to make inquiries about him, and learnt that while he is a man of considerable scientific acquirements, he is quite rabid on the Mormon question and considerable of a Mormon-eater, and holding to the impression that no good can come out of Nazareth, of course there can be no good and true Liberal that was ever a member of the Mormon church. I was a member of the Mormon church twenty-seven years, in England twelve years, and the balance of the time in Utah. During that time I was no drone, but a worker, and was held in good esteem among them; but in the course of time the light of reason and rays of Liberalism shone in on my mind, and to-day I claim to be a Liberal in the true sense of the word, because I am willing to accord to others all the rights and privileges which I demand for myself, and I know of many who hav once been of the Mormon faith who are willing to do the same, while I am sorry to say I know of some who hav once belonged to them who act and talk as though they thought the Mormons hav no rights which they should respect. From what I can learn Mr. Frink has never been connected with the Mormon church, still I fear he belongs to this latter class, though I hope not, and, if not, I would like to know that I had made a mistake. There are all shades of Liberals, as there are of everything else; and what I would like to see is that where they cannot agree they should be willing to disagree, and yet at the same time organize on a platform so broad, with its planks so few, that all can come in and be mutually educated to the full standard of Liberalism; and while I am speaking of organization I would suggest that I can think of no organization that comes so near filling the bill as the National Liberal League. I do not think there can be anything in its planks or demands that any Liberal can object to; and while I am much pleased with the progress this society is making, I cannot but express surprise that it has not made much more.

Although I hav now lengthened out my letter considerably, I do not feel it would be just for me to close without saying a few words for Mr. E. L. T. Harrison. Till a few weeks ago I was no more personally acquainted with Mr. Harrison than I am with Mr. Frink; but while I hav only known Mr. Frink through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav known of Mr. Harrison as a man with others prominent and of long standing in the Mormon church, and whose every personal interest and prospect in life was apparently linked in with it; and yet in the face of all this—and it was more than any person outside of Utah can well comprehend—dared to come out in the interest of Liberalism and Freethought and be the pioneer and the John the Baptist for us who hav come out since, and made it possible for us to do so. I could say a great deal more than this for Mr. Harrison with others. I hav no doubt, like the rest of us, he has had his faults, but is living to learn. One thing he has learnt lately is that our friend, D. M. Bennett, is not the bad man he has been taught through the Bundy paper to believe he was. He had confidence in Bundy, and only saw Bennett through Bundy's barnacles; and believing Bennett to be the man he [Bundy] and others represented Bennett to be, I do not wonder at his saying he did not want to know him. Who would want to know such a man they would make Bennett to be?

But a happy change came over the scene. Bennett appeared amongst us after his trip round the world; he was introduced to Mr. Harrison and related to him the injuries and wrongs he had to suffer from Christian persecutors, hissed on by professed Liberals who should hav stood by him and been his friends in his hour of trial. Mr. Harrison was convinced, and in a very substantial manner manifested his friendship for him by assisting to procure the Liberal Institute for him to lecture in, acting as chairman at Mr. Bennett's reception in Salt Lake City, and by making a short, well-studied, and appropriate speech when introducing him to the audience. In closing, I will just say that Mr. Bennett's visit in Utah was quite a success, of which we, the Liberals of Utah, feel proud. As ever,

Truly yours, WALTER WALKER.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KAN., July 16, 282.

BRO. BENNETT: I hav followed you round the world in THE TRUTH SEEKER to Ceylon with great pleasure and profit to my mind, and hope that you are now happy among your friends at home. In early life I was deprived of the conditions to get an education. I had to hoe a hard row in my early life, to battle for bread and a future home, and all my associations were amongst the ignorant and bigoted, and when priestcraft held the field unmolested and inhumanly triumphant.

Since I began to read THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers and books and works on natural science I hav added much to my store of knowledge, the clouds, fogs, and mists of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry are dissipated, and in the light of truth and freedom my life is now worth something. Having lived to sixty-five, I cannot expect to liv many years longer. But oh how much longer and better I could hav lived, how much more life would hav been to me, could my mind hav been thus instructed and Liberalized long, long ago!

Orthodoxy and priestcraft are fast losing their hellish and inhuman sway in this region of rapid growth and enterprise, and there is an increasing demand for Freethought literature and science.

I hav, with both mind and pocket, done all I could to help you and your paper, and I am glad to see the good effects produced. May you yet liv many years to continue your noble work and enjoy its fruits!

H. CRUM.

SNOWVILLE, VA., July 18, 1882.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: I shall be glad to hav all my friends and the friends of the aged and helpless to join the Tuttle Club, each to pay twenty-five cents a month, paying $1 for four months, or in any way they prefer, but paying it regularly, so there will be a sure pension for the old couple. All donations will be acknowledged in THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*.

I got sixteen dollars for Hacker in one week, while only fifty cents came for Tuttle, yet the latter is equally needy and has equal claims upon us as Liberals. Yours anxiously, E. D. SLENKER.

AYER, MASS., July 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: By reference to the date of my last payment for the very valuable and interesting weekly visitor, THE TRUTH SEEKER, I see I am delinquent for one year, and some time on the second year.

I hav no apology to offer, but hope I am alone in thus trespassing on your confidence. Enough of such customers would ruin any good cause. THE TRUTH SEEKER is as well worth the cost as any literature extant.

I inclose you $7: $6 for the paper, and $1 for the Jeremiah Hacker Fund, the veteran and worthy pensioner. It is to be hoped that many will "lend to the Lord," and in no way can they do it better than to remember Bro. Hacker by bestowing material aid. E. MYRICK.

SUTTON, NEB., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1, for which you will please continue to send me THE TRUTH SEEKER, as my time expires this month. A trial of the paper has convinced me it is worthy of every true Liberal's patronage.

I hav read many of Mr. Bennett's works, also the works published at your office, and must say that I am deeply interested in them. My one wish would be to hav the best works of Liberalism if I were able to invest. However, I shall make an effort to secure the volumes of Mr. Bennett's journey around the world.

There are but few outspoken Liberals here. I, for one, say just what I think, regardless of their sneers and scorn. I don't believe the Bible is of divine origin. It seems to me none but the most ignorant can. All the clergy between here and THE TRUTH SEEKER office could not change my belief.

Yours for truth, MRS. RETTIE SPORL.

The Corsair's Wife.

BY ALHAZA.

Sparrows are chattering round the eaves,
The cool whispers, through dark-green leaves,
Like a farewell.
He said he thought of me many a time,
He sent me gems from a golden clime,
And a farewell!

They bring me buds and blossoms gay,
He took my heartsease all away,
With a farewell;
They talk of spring, but every bell
Rings through my bosom, like a knell
And a farewell.

The greensward wears a golden smile,
Where glides to the sea the sacred Nile,
With a farewell;
He stood by many a golden strand,
But his heart was in his nativ land.
Oh, farewell!

I am too proud to whisper o'er
The vows he breathed. He comes no more
With a farewell;
He finds pale gems where moans the sea,
Where death is waiting now for me.
Farewell!

I see the wave, the curling mist,
The corals by the pale foam kissed
With a farewell;
And gliding near the phantom white
That leads me to my home of light.
Farewell!

The Modern Robber.

SON.

"Oh father! how I long to see
A robber brave and bold,
Who with a manner fierce and free
Could tie a traveler to a tree,
And confiscate his property,
As in the days of old."

FATHER.

"My son, you really shock my ear
With longings so grotesque
Your reading has been bad, I fear;
We never hav such robbers here.
Though ours make millions disappear,
They are not picturesque."

SON.

"The things Jack Sheppard used to do
I've read about in books,
And Claud Duval and Turpin, too,
And all that gay, romantic crew—
Oh, let us seek a robber, do!
And notice how he looks."

FATHER.

"These robberies, though bravely done,
Were small affairs indeed;
And since you seek a robber, son,
Go look for him at Washington,
If you can learn his name from none,
You'll find it in my screed." —*Sun.*

A Call for the Sixth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League.

All citizens of the United States who believe in the fundamental principles of our republic—separation of church and state; equality of all citizens before the law without distinction of creed or race or sex; justice for all and privileges and monopolies for none; the need of universal secular education, free speech, and a free press, as the basis of universal suffrage—are invited to join the National Liberal League and to appear or to be represented in its Sixth Annual Congress, to be held in St. Louis, Missouri, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 29th, 30th, and October 1st, 1882.

The League has for its objects and has sought to carry out the principles above stated by securing,

1. THE TOTAL SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE. This is the first and chief object of the League, and includes, among other things, the taxation of Church property and the suppression of sectarian appropriations; and, as necessary to that general object, the League insists upon,

2. The protection of all citizens in their equal, religious, civil, and political rights, without regard to religious belief or want of such belief.

3. The universal, secular, and scientific education of the people, so as to emancipate them from the prevalent superstitious "religions."

4. The impartial secular administration and enforcement of the laws by secular authorities only, who shall be directly responsible to the people.

5. The inviolability of the Mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only.

6. A free press and no censorship by churches through amateur societies under state laws, nor through postal officials under United States laws.

Year by year we find that the above principles and measures are openly or covertly violated more and more in every state and by the general government, and chiefly through church influences. Any sect, church, or "religion" that militates against these principles openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, is the enemy of American liberty and of the American people. The League is opposed to churches and "religions" only as they are opposed to liberty and to the rights of man.

All American citizens, therefore, to whom these principles and objects commend themselvs, should rally to the National Liberal League and make it the nurse and defender of freedom in every town and state as well as in the nation. In no other way can "the blessings of liberty," the birthright of American freemen, be so effectivly maintained. Hence, there is not a man or a woman on this continent whose worth, usefulness, and dignity would not be enhanced by giving attendance or aid to the congresses of the League. Never since the congress of 1876 has an assembly met having more important principles and measures before it than the present congress. It meets to accomplish the fundamental purposes of the patriots of 1776. They will hav failed, unless the objects of the League are attained.

To aid in this noble work it is only necessary to join or to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League in your neighborhood. For terms and mode of organization address the Secretary without delay.

All Charter and Life-Members of the League, and all delegates from local Auxiliary Leagues, will hav votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes.

Combine, then, for the common defense, for general secular education, and for the firm support of the essentials of free institutions. Let it be not your fault if in the growth and prosperity of our people their liberties and yours are frittered away and lost.

Dated New York, July 14, A.D. 1882 (Era of Man 282).

T. B. WAKEMAN, Pres. N. L. L,
ELIZUR WRIGHT, First Vice-Pres,
T. C. LELAND, Sec'y.

Freethinkers' National Association

The New York State Freethinkers' Association has invited the Freethinkers of the United States and Canada to meet them in general convention at Watkins Glen, August 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. The following speakers hav been engaged to address the convention: Ex-Rev. Geo. C. Miln and Judge C. B. Waite, late member of Congress, of Chicago; D. M. Bennett, Hon. T. B. Wakeman, Courtland Palmer, Prof. A. L. Rawson, T. C. Leland, and ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam, of New York city; ex-Rev. Geo. Chainey, Horace Seaver, editor Boston *Investigator*, Hon. Elizur Wright, and Prof. W. S. Bell, of Boston; Matilda Joslyn Gage, of Syracuse; Charles Bright, of Amsterdam; Lucy N. Colman, of Syracuse; Col. M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Hon. A. B. Bradford, Enon Valley, Pa.; Hon. John E. Remsburg, of Atchinson, Kan.; M. Babcock, St. Johns, Mich.; Mrs. H. S. Lake, of San Francisco, Cal; John F. Engle, Scotland Neck, N. C.; Hon. Judge McCormick, Franklin, Pa.; and C. Fred Farlin, M.D., Wolcott, N. Y.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Washington; James Parton, of Newburyport, Mass.; Bronson C. Keeler, literary editor Chicago *Times;* Hon. W. D O'Connor, of the Treasury Department of Washington; Mrs. Clara Neymann, of New York, and Prof. Felix Adler, of New York city, are also invited and expected to be present to address the convention.

On the evening of the third day of the convention a dinner and reception will be given to D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who has just returned from a trip around the world, at the Glen Park Hotel in Watkins. The following are the members of the committee having the matter in charge: Hon. Elizur Wright, James Parton, J. P. Mendum, Hon. T. B Wakeman, Courtlandt Palmer, and Amy Post. Mr. James Parton has been appointed to read the address of welcome.

The association has engaged the Watkins Village Park in which to hold the day sessions of the convention, and Freer's Opera House for the evening sessions. The headquarters of the convention will be at the Glen Park Hotel. The railroads of the country hav nearly all agreed to sell excursion tickets, and the hotels and boarding-houses at Watkins will entertain the people at greatly reduced rates. Prof. Peck, of Chicago, a distinguished vocalist, will take charge of the singing.

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY TO MAKE THE GATHERING MORE THAN A SUCCESS.

The Freethinkers' Annual Convention is to be held at the beautiful and picturesque summer resort, Watkins Glen, at the head of Seneca Lake, for the five days commencing August 23d. I am doing all in my power to make it more than a success, and the question I desire to ask every Liberal who reads these lines is, "Will you do all in your power to aid me in this undertaking?" If you will then we will hav a Liberal convention at Watkins such as has never before been witnessed.

There is nothing now more needed to giv the cause we represent an impetus than a great convention that shall, by its numbers and ability, and the high moral position it shall take, attract the attention of the whole country. What we want now is a convention that shall be *worthy of our cause.* And we can hav such a one if every Liberal will do his and her duty.

Some thirty of the ablest Liberal speakers in this country, and two or three from foreign countries, hav promised to be with us, and we should giv them two thousand hearers representing all sections of the United States and Canada.

We hav had good conventions heretofore, but nothing such as the interests of our cause demands. There are now thousands of people in the churches and out of them who are, in their honest, private opinions, Freethinkers. Their intelligence has caused them long since to discard the dogmas of the church. But they hav not, as yet, gained moral courage sufficient to speak out openly their honest convictions. They are not able to stand alone and incur the odium that an honest utterance of their opinions would cast upon them. But let us show them at Watkins by coming together in great numbers, that they will not stand alone if they avow their principles, and they will take courage and speak out. If we can hav such a convention at Watkins as the interests of our cause demands, we can set in motion a wave of Freethought that will extend all over the whole country and make itself felt over the whole globe.

For my part I hav admired very much the position taken recently by Prof. Felix Adler of New York, in favor of Liberalism making itself a practical power for reform in this country. It is true, as has often been stated, that heretofore we hav had about all we could do to protect ourselvs from the attacks of the church and defend our position. But now it is time that we commenced showing the world that we hav a mission to perform. We hav surely already done a good work by liberating the mind from the thraldom of superstition, for no one is fully prepared to think and act freely so long as he stands in dread of gods, devils, or other orthodox hobgoblins, whom, he thinks, everywhere infest the universe. The mind must be freed from these childish beliefs before it is prepared to freely investigate all questions from a scientific standpoint.

So I hope that at this convention there will be many practical questions that relate to humanity here in this world brought up for consideration. For true Liberalism teaches us that it is not the beings beyond the clouds who need our aid, but humanity around us. In place of gazing up into the sky from a position on our knees, we must stand erect and look around the earth to learn what work of humanity we can engage in here and how to make this world of ours a more comfortable place to liv in.

Friends, to make this convention a perfect success we must each and all be willing to sacrifice something. Most of us hav once been in the church, and how much we gave to perpetuate a superstition. If we will now giv one half as much for the advancement of Rationalism the success of our cause is secured. Are you willing to do this? Then let everyone who reads these lines say, I will be present at the Watkins Convention, notwithstanding it will cost me time and money to do so.

H. L. GREEN, Sec.

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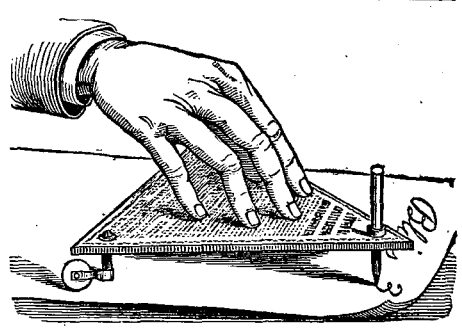
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THERE are many good things about Christianity, and I shall never attack anything that I believeto be good; though I shall never fear to attack anything that I honestly believe to be wrong. We hav, I say, what they call the Christian religion, and I find that just in proportion as nations hav been religious, just in proportion they hav gone back to barbarism. I find that Spain, Portugal, and Italy are the three worst nations in Europe, and I find that the nation nearest Infidel, France, is the most prosperous.—*Ingersoll.*

TOUCHING God and his ways with man, the highest human faculties can discern little more than the meanest. In theology the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child, between Archimedes and a naked savage. It is not strange, therefore, that wise men, weary of investigating, tormented by uncertainty, longing to believe something, should submit themselvs absolutely to teachers who, with firm and undoubting faith, lay claim to a supernatural commission. Thus we frequently find inquisitiv and restless spirits take refuge from their own skepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends to infallibility, and, after questioning the existence of a deity, bring themselvs to worship a wafer.—*Macaulay.*

ALTHOUGH the proportion of those who do think be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is one of the number. . . . The soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation—as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.—*Colton's Lacon.*

A GOOD many people seem to think that to take a miserable view of human life, to see faults in everybody and to find cause of complaint in everything, is to show superiority of mind. No blunder can be greater. A person who always looks at the black side of life is either very unhealthy or very bad. Selfish people are always very unhappy, and naturally so. Those who shed no brightness on those around them see darkness everywhere. The best radiaters are the best absorbers, and those who radiate warmth on others gather warmth round their own hearts. There are myriad goodnesses in the world, but the sadnesses will never be lessened by moping over them and by magnifying them until they hide all the glories and the beauties of life: those who do not believe that the sadnesses are God-ordained will do more service by trying to remedy them than by merely mourning over them.—*Annie Besant.*

THERE is no right so sacred as the right to one's own thought upon the highest theme.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

IF the belief of errors not morally bad did no mischief, it would make no part of the moral duty of man to oppose and remove them. There was no moral ill in believing the earth was flat like a trencher any more than there was moral virtue in believing that it was round like a globe; neither was there any moral ill in believing that the creator made no other world than this, any more than there was moral virtue in believing that he made millions of other worlds, and that the infinitude of space is filled with worlds. But when a system of religion is made to grow out of a supposed system of creation that is not true and to unite itself therewith in a manner almost inseparable therefrom, the case assumes an entirely different ground It is then that errors not morally bad become fraught with the same mischiefs as if they were bad. It is then that the truth, though otherwise indifferent, becomes essential, and either confirms or denies the reality of the religion itself. —*Thomas Paine.*

WE of to-day hav an advantage over the men of old in a knowledge of astronomy and natural philosophy which corrects our seeming "consciousness" that the earth does not move; and we know that it is not a consciousness of a fact which is no fact, but an erroneous construction of evidence yielded by the senses, which misleads uninstructed minds still on the subject of the earth's motion. In like manner, we are blessed now with a biology, a psychology, a phreno-physiology, and a mental philosophy, which even while the churches are rolling their thunder against the profane inroads of science on their sacred ground, are helping us to a more and more searching analysis of the "consciousness of free will" and showing us that whatever will is, and in whatever qualified sense freedom may be predicted of it, absolute free will, that is, uncaused, self-determining will, has no more real existence than uncaused brain or uncaused human being.—*N. R. Waters.*

FOR benefits return benefits; for injuries return justice without any admixture of revenge.—*Confucius.*

FREE and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend of truth.—*Dr. G. Campbell.*

No one can be a bigot who reads, tries, and thinks all sides. True, I would be consistent. If we attend church we should not sing, kneel, or rise with the congregation, for that would be tacitly uniting in giving praises to a being which we do not believe exists. Atheists are the very ones who are the first to find out "new truths," and make "fresh discoveries," for they are not afraid of being led beyond the old God-and-Bible platform! It is religion that always kept the world in bondage to its creeds and bound it down to the old and bygone!—*Elmina.*

Odds and Ends.

WEATHER report—a clap of thunder.

BLISS on the half shell—bachelor and maidenhood.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

THE sun is no invalid, but it always goes South to spend the winter.

A COMMERCIAL paradox—the Shylocks always get fat on a lien law.

HOLDING for a raise: Indian scalps are worth $10 each in Arizona, but there are few sales at that price, as the owners are holding them for a raise

SWEET girl: "Is it wicked to sing that song on Sundays?" Brother Jack: "Yes, it is wicked to sing it any day." "Why?" "Because it makes people swear."

A SIX-YEAR-OLDER was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

S ID Mrs. Gallagher: "I think it is wrong to make these soda fountains so shiny, white, and dazzling. They don't trouble me, but I'v observed that my husband can never look at one without winking."

THERE was a young girl had two beaux;
The best looking one was named Meaux;
But toward the cleaux
Of his call he would deaux,
And make a great noise with his neaux.

THE inhabitants of a western town tarred and feathered an obnoxious individual only to find that the man was innocent, but made believe guilty because he wanted some feathers for a pillow and was too mean to buy them. They are terribly indignant.

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Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh;
Giv nuts unto the monkey and buns unto the bear,
Never hint at currant jelly if you chance to meet a hare.
Don't tantalize the tortoise, nor sacrifice the sloat;
Don't persecute the parrot, nor grumble at the goat;
But giv the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea,
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

Be lenient with lobsters, and ever kind to crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttlefish or dabs;
Chase not the cochin-china, chaff not the ox obese,
And babble not of feather-beds in company with geese.
Be tender with the tadpole, and let the limpet thrive,
Be merciful to mussels, don't skin your eels alive;
When talking to a turtle don't mention calipee—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

EPITAPHY APROPOS OF KEROSENE.

With oil of coal who lights the fire
Will be knocked like a kite, but higher.

Against coal oil I oft gave warning,
But Bridget's friends are now in mourning.

Not to use petroleum I Mary did advise,
But alack-a-day her body in tae kirkyard lies.

'Twere better far o'er fire to linger
Than with coal oil to burn your finger.

Kindle with kerosene, then ride ye
Like the prophet of old—Elijah.

The kerosene kitchen help is a peripatetic fire-bug

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The oil set fire to her frock;
The flame was red, and she was dead,
Dickery, dickery dock.

Put on the kindling, dash on the oil,
When the fire burns the kettle will boil;
When the can bursts the house is aflame,
And, as is usual, there is no one to blame.

Ah, indeed, what might hav been,
Were it not for kerosene.
There now. —*Philadelphia Times.*

TEXAS preachers frequently find it a serious task to preserve order in their congregations. At Dallas, recently, a minister arose before a large audience, took his text, and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water, and was in the act of applying it to his lips, when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest; "this is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate the matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber"

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and, drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked, "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE *Christian Leader*, of Edinburgh, Scotland, makes fun of the Rev. Dr. Hicks, of Washington, and pronounces his conduct at the execution of Guiteau scandalous and unministerial.

EACH Catholic in the world is requested to giv five cents toward the erection of a monument in memory of Pope Pius IX. Let every Bridget and Mickey duly forward on their nickels.

MR. AND MRS. HERRICK were separated by divorce, at Corinth, eighteen years ago. Both married again, and lived a long distance apart until recently, when they met and immediately eloped together.

IT is announced that Brother Sankey is to spend thirty days in visiting his friends and relations, and is now in New Castle, Pa., his old home. In September he is to return to England and rejoin Moody in a tour of England and Wales.

IN the seventeenth century, when the Scottish intellect was darkened by ignorance and superstition, it was held that there was nothing beautiful on earth; painting was tabooed; and to write poetry was considered a serious offense against society.

THE people of Peoria, Ill., hav become much annoyed with the noise and disturbance made upon the streets of that city by the Salvation Army. It is a pity that the band of senseless zealots cannot conduct themselvs more in the bounds of reason.

THE Rev. Mr. Van Meter is now on a begging expedition to raise money to send him back to Italy to propagate the religion of Jesus according to Protestantism. Inasmuch as Italy is one of the first Christian countries in the world, the very home of the church, it would seem a much better use could be made of the money.

LONDON has more than a thousand charitable institutions of every grade, and for a vast variety of commendable purposes. The aggregate income of these is over $20,000,000. There are mong them 82 hospitals and 47 dispensaries, whose united yearly receipts are $2,500,000. And yet there is much unrelieved misery in the British metropolis.

ON the evening of the 4th inst. a beautiful display of what many considered Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights appeared in the northern heavens, bright bands of light extending nearly to the zenith. A finer display is said to not hav appeared for half a century. Henry Morris insists that it was not the Aurora Borealis, but rather the zodiacal light.

D. M. BENNETT reached New York yesterday. His circuit of the world has thrown more light on men and things, religions and manners, than any other traveler. What he saw as described will fill four large volumes. Everything of interest is treated in a most interesting manner; not a word too much, nor has he left anything inadequately presented.—*The Liberal.*

WALTZING is being regarded as immoral. Professor James P. Welsh, dancing master, has begun a crusade against it upon the ground that the sexes are thus brought in such close contact as to produce a dangerous effect. He thus expresses himself: "I hav been a dancing master for the past ten years, and hav made it a practice throughout that period to observe carefully the changes in the public taste, and to note the changes for better or worse in my prosfession. I hav watched closely and thought deeply on the subject, and now I hav no hesitation in saying that the waltz, under whatsoever name it may go for the time being, is immoral. It is the only dance that decent people protest against, and I am happy to say that there still remain numbers of careful fathers who will not allow their daughters to dance it, although a vast proportion of the fashionable, and a majority of the others, do not seem as yet awakened to its iniquity."

THERE are among the ministers of this city several secret Greek letter societies, containing about twenty-five members each. They hav meetings at the St. Denis Hotel and other places once a month, usually on the first Monday, and hav dinner. Sometimes a rose is suspended over the table to indicate that all that occurs is sub rosa. One of these societies is the Alpha Sigma, and another is the Sigma Chi. The latter is composed chiefly of Presbyterian ministers. Their first object is to afford a place for ministers to meet without restraint, where the talk may be in confidence, and where private notes, observations, and experiences may be compared. It is difficult for a strange minister to obtain admission to these societies, and candidates' names are considered a long time, as it takes a unanimous vote to elect. If these godly shepherds become so communicativ on the hilarious occasions alluded to as to divulge the good times they hav had with the ewe lambs of their flocks, the meetinge must hav a special interest to those pious men of ardent love who congregate there.

A VERY unpleasant report appears in the daily press respecting the Rev. Henselman, of the Christian church in Canton, Ohio. Three ladies make the charge against their spiritual guide to the effect that he so far lost the fear of God as to kiss them without their consent and despite their struggles to the contrary. One of the ladies is a widow to whom the kiss was given by way of consolation a few hours after her husband had been laid in his grave. The two other ladies hav husbands, one of whom is so unsanctified as to exact $300 damages for the indignity offered to his wife. Brother Henselman thinks this sum is far more than the kiss was worth to him, and more than others just as good would cost; but inasmuch as the injured husband threatens to put a bullethole through the body of the pastor if the money is not promptly paid, the man of God has secured the payment of the same. He justifies himself by insisting he has committed no crime, he having done quite as much in many other cases when no fuss was made about it. The brethren as well as the sisters of the church are greatly excited over this kissing business, and a church trial, it is thought, will be the result.

AWAY out in Manitoba the Mennonites are divided into two parties, each of which is waging against the other a war of unrelenting bitterness. The question involved is not one concerning original sin, future damnation, or the everlasting punishment of the wicked. Were it any of these, the contest might be less bitter. It is one of the most petty matters in dress, or rather in dress trimming. One side is known as the Hook-and-eye party; the other is called the Button party. The old fashion among the Mennonites was for the brethren to fasten their coats with hooks and eyes. The progressiv among them hav recently introduced the fashion of using buttons and buttonholes, just as the world's people do, but still adhering to the practice of having the garment cut straight in front from the neck down. The Hook-and-eye party denounce the use of buttons as sinful conformity to the ways of a wicked world, and regard the wearers of buttons as the enemies of pure and undefiled religion. The Buttonites insist that there is no sin in buttons, and that they are far more convenient than hooks and eyes. The Hook-and-eye party can make some show of scripture for their side of the controversy, for both hooks and eyes are mentioned in the Bible, while buttons are not once spoken of

IT will be remembered by many that about five years ago the Rev. Augustus Blauvelt, an orthodox clergyman of the Dutch Reformed church, a man of character and learning, and honored by all who knew him, was placed upon a prolonged trial for heresy before the ecclesiastical authorities of his church, the result of which was a verdict of guilty against him, and he was tabooed as an "unbeliever." During the years that hav since intervened, the gentleman has continued the investigations he had previously inaugurated, and the first fruits of all this is a volume called "The Present Religious Crisis." The work is a heavy blow to the system of Supernaturalism upon which Christianity is founded. He advances upon the bulwarks and battlements of orthodoxy, and assails with powerful weapons the very citadels of ecclesiastical power. He challenges the fundamental dogmas of the faith which he has thrown aside, and deals his powerful blows with the skill of an experienced combatant. His work will not fail to carry conviction to thousands of studious men who may read it, and will aid them to reach the goal of Rationalism to which he has attained. The volume will be followed by two others, which promis to be equally radical and damaging to orthodoxy. The price of the volume already issued is $1.50,

THREE or four citizens were the other day having a confab at the east entrance of the City Hall in regard to will power, and there was one of the group who dared to go far enough to assert that a man of strong will power could draw a person to him from a distance of one hundred feet. "Try it; try it!" exclaimed one whose faith was slight. "I don't say that I can do it, because I may not hav the strength of will." "Well, there is a man down by the gate who is looking up and down as if undecided. Bend your will on him and see if you can draw him this way." "I'll try it just to please you," replied the advocate, and he fastened his gaze on the man, clenched his hands, and put forth a mighty effort. The man at the gate seemed to feel it. He looked across at the monument down the street, then up at the hall. "I'll be hanged if you aren't doing it," whispered one of the group. The advocate braced himself for a greater effort, and the man at the gate left his place and walked straight toward the building. He advanced like one in a dream, and not a man man dared move a hand. He came closer and closer, and as he reached the steps he pulled a paper from his pocket, held it up to the man with the will power, and quickly remarked: "Mr. Blank, here's that old bill for three cords of wood! I'm tired of trotting around after you. and want my money to-day, or I'll begin suit!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

IMMEDIATELY after the departure of the Evangelist Harrison from the Loveland camp-meeting, rumors until that time suppressed were given circulation He had arrived on the ground four days later than the contract called for, and left two days ahead of time, yet wanted his full pay. A cottage built and furnished at an outlay of $500 was given him, and he offered to sell it for $200. It was assumed that he exhibited a mercenary spirit entirely out of keeping with gentlemen of the cloth. Last year the subject was broached of erecting a cottage on the camp grounds for the use of the evangelist. The ladies became greatly interested, and one of them, Mrs. Joseph L. Hall, personally went out and secured the fund. The cottage, a neat little two-story affair, was built, nicely furnished, and formally presented to Mr. Harrison, the receipted bills being immediately handed him after the presentation speech. Time went along, and the present summer camp was inaugurated. As one of the features, arrangements were made for a visit from Mr. Harrison, at the usual stipend. Somewhat of a breeze was raised when it leaked out that he had been endeavoring to sell the house, the gift to him of the ladies. Two hundred dollars was the figure he asked. No time was lost by some adherents of one of the factions in giving him to understand that the building was not his to sell, and there the matter dropped. On Monday he went before Dr. Runyan, secretary of the association, and asked to be released from the two remaining days of his contract. It then transpired that he had erred in the dates in some way, as his time was then up. This adjusted, he raised a question of allowance for expenses, and on this point Dr. Runyan differed with him, and it took several minutes of conversation pro and con to get the matter finally settled, and he departed, the opinion of many being that his days of usefulness in Cincinnati are over.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

News of the Week.

THE immigration last week was 7,471 at this port.

GEORGE S. LELAND, the noted hotel man, is dead.

THE defense in the Star Route cases hav got their evidence all in.

C. L. JAMES writes to the *Sun* that at the rate Christianity is dying it will be dead in 1900.

REV. DR. TYNG is being sued by his partner in a Wall street speculation for money alleged to be due.

THERE is to be a board of naval officers appointed to see whether one of Robeson's monitors will float.

THE Democratic politicians are at Saratoga making governorship candidates. Whether they will make the governor remains to be seen.

Two cadets at West Point hav been indulging in a prize fight. They are young Christian gentleman, and had a large amount of honor to maintain.

CONGRESS has adjourned. And it ought to. It has voted away $295,000,000, some $75,000,000 more than last year, and about $100,000,000 more than year before last.

MANY of the striking freight handlers hav gone back to work at the old rates, and the strike is practically ended. The railroads were too powerful for them and owned too many courts and judges.

LAST Saturday this city was withouta government, owing to the hegira to the watering places. There was no mayor, no aldermen, no police board, no sheriff, no county clerk, no judges, and no stoppage of big salaries.

WILLIAM MERTENS, the printer of the *Freiheit*, who was charged with publishing a seditious libel concerning the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has been found guilty. Sentence has been postponed.

IT appears that the judges of this state are in the habit of accepting free passes from the railroads for themselvs and friends. Some people argue, and with a show of reason, that their decisions affecting railroad matters are influenced by these things.

THE question of prohibition is likely to play an important part in politics for the next few months, especially out West. The Republicans pander to the pious prohibition element, while the Democrats do the reverse. It will make big changes in majorities.

RICHARD KELLY, proprietor of the Tuam Ireland, *Herald*, was committed for trial last week for publishing an article written by James Redpath, which is alleged to hav been an incitement to the murder of Mr. Burke. Bail was accepted. The vicinity of the court was crowded during the examination.

IN November a Baptist convention is to be held in Cincinnati to try to settle the much vexed question as to issuing a version of the Bible which shall be distinctivly Baptist in its use of "immerse" instead of "baptize." It may yet become necessary for every sect to hav a version of the New Testament to suit themselvs.

A STREET preacher of Brooklyn who made himself a nuisance to tradesmen was thoroughly sprinkled by an honest German baker before whose establishment he had begun exhorting. The crowd he collected broke the baker's windows and he took this method to let the clerical gent know he disagreed with his methods, if not with his tenets of belief.

ARABI still holds out and fights the British occasionally, inflicting a good deal of damage upon them and killing many men. The prospects are that there will be considerable of a war streak in the clouds of European politics before the atmosphere clears up. It may be a "holy" war on the part of the Mussulmans of Egypt against the European usurers.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

A Few Days in China.—Continued.

THE TEMPLE OF THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Possesses more than ordinary interest. The Chinese name of this heavenly queen is Tien-Hau, and she is greatly revered by the Chinese; she is a Tauist divinity. Like many of the gods of whom we have heard so much, she once lived in the flesh and in human form. She was a member of the Lum family, and was born in the province of Fokien. When in the womb of her mother she remained there five months longer than the usual time (it seems to take Chinese gods fourteen months to pass through the period of gestation); but when she did come into the world remarkable supernatural events occurred to presage to mankind her future greatness. When she was but one year old her precocity was so great as to enable her to understand the duties which she owed to the gods, and that is more than I have learned to this day. At the age of five years she was so far advanced in her studies as to be able to comprehend all difficult and abstruse subjects. At the age of eleven she expressed a desire to go to a nunnery, with the view of giving her attention to the tenets of the Tauist religion, but her father was so opposed to it that, like a good little girl, she remained at home and pleased her father. She had four brothers, and they were merchants, and in the pursuit of their vocations made voyages to the distant parts of the world. On one occasion when they were absent from home she fell into a trance, from which she was eventually aroused by the loud cries of her parents, who loved her most tenderly, and who thought from her apparent lifelessness that she was dead. But upon her recovery from the trance she informed her parents that she had seen her brothers navigating the mighty deep, and that their peril was very great from a violent storm to which they were exposed. Soon after this the youngest of her brothers returned home and informed his parents of the shipwreck and death by drowning of their oldest son. He further stated that during the frightful storm a lady appeared in the mid-heavens, and by means of a rope dragged the tempest-tossed and sinking ship from its perilous position to one of safety. While he was relating his adventures his sister, the Queen of Heaven, came into the room, and at once congratulated him on his very narrow escape. She also informed him that she had gone to the rescue of the older brother, and was in the act of saving him when the cries of her parents aroused her from the vision. You should learn from this not to wail too loudly when you think a person has died, for you know not how much harm you may do.

When she attained to womanhood she firmly opposed all persuasions on the part of her parents that she should be married; and when she was twenty years of age she was taken from this world; but she returned once a month and revealed herself to her parents, when they knew she had become a goddess; and soon her fame spread so greatly that temples were built in her honor, and she was widely worshiped as the queen of heaven who was able to save poor mariners when in great peril, and it was to her that prayers were offered up in tempests and dangers at sea. On one occasion, when an embassador was on his way across the Yellow Sea with a mission to the kingdom of Corea, a fearful storm arose, and the embassador, in terror at the situation, called earnestly upon this deity, beseeching her to save him and his companions from the yawning deep. Joyful to relate, he had scarcely said the "amen" before a celestial lady was seen coming though the clouds toward the sinking ship. She at once alighted upon the deck of the vessel, and, taking the helm into her hands, guided the ship safely into port. As a reward to this excellent goddess, the emperor, when he heard of the salvation that had been wrought, conferred upon her the title of Sing-Wei-Fu-Yan and caused an expensive temple to be erected for her benefit. A few centuries later another embassador, on a similar errand, while crossing the same sea, was exposed to similar great perils from a furious storm, and was about to be lost when he called upon this goddess, immediately after which she was seen coming across the tossing waves, and soon placed the embassador and the terrified crew in a harbor of safety. Of course this gracious kindness of the goddess was duly reported to the emperor, and his sense of her goodness was so great that he conferred new titles upon her and issued an edict that temples should be erected in her honor in all the provinces of the empire. She is especially worshiped by seamen, fishermen, and all who are exposed to dangers on the water, and state worship is also paid to her. The twenty-third day of the third month is celebrated as her birthday, on which occasion great festivities are observed; and also at the New Year's festivities, the vernal equinox, and the winter solstice, honors are paid to this beneficent goddess.

In this temple is her image, standing under a richly-gilded pavilion. On each side are two subordinate gods, whose business it is to minister to her wants. On each side of the grand entrance to the temple a large idol is stationed, and these may be regarded as the sentinels guarding the holy place. They are supposed to cast their eyes over the ocean, and if they see any persons in danger of destruction by water, they report the case to the goddess without delay, when she immediately interferes and saves the perishing.

At the extreme end of the shrine are two rooms, regarded as the private apartments of the goddess. One is her reception-room, and the other her bedchamber. In the latter is an elaborately-carved bedstead, a toilet service, dressing-case, clothes-stand, and chairs. The bedstead is rich with gold and vermilion, and the curtains, presented by a devout lady, are very rich.

Now I hope none of you will be so ungenerous as to deny the right of the Chinese to have a queen of heaven. You well know that the Christians have one, over which they make very great ado. I have seen many hundreds of her images in the churches and cathedrals of Europe, and some of the images of the Christian queen are decorated with the richest silk robes, the most brilliant diamonds, and many other rich ornaments. Her admirers never get done sounding her praises and showering honors upon her, though I have not heard that she ever saved one embassador, or ever interfered to rescue one poor drowning sailor. I cannot see, for my part, why the Chinese have not just as much right to have a queen of heaven as those dirty monks and priests over in Rome, Naples, Florence, and Milan.

TEMPLE OF THE FIVE GENII.

The term "genii," with the Chinese, means holy and celestial beings, almost amounting to gods. These five genii are regarded as the patron gods of Canton. It is asserted that during the Chau dynasty (a thousand years before the Christian era) these five genii, each riding a ram, and bearing in his hand an ear of corn, the first wearing a white dress, the second a yellow, the third a black, the fourth a green, and the fifth a red dress, rode into the city of Canton. On passing one of the principal markets they spoke out simultaneously, in a loud voice, "May famine never visit the markets of this place!" As soon as these words were uttered they immediately flew away through the air. From this circumstance the city has been variously called the City of Rams, the City of the Five Genii, or the City of Five Angels. On the ground where the rams stood were found five stones, which were easily imagined to bear some resemblance to rams, and it was at once admitted that the rams on which the genii rode into the city had been changed into these rocks. They were, in consequence, regarded with great veneration, and were eventually deposited in the college of the magistrate, from which place they were removed to the shrine in the temple, where they now are. They are placed upon an altar, and in the rear of them are the images of the five genii who rode upon them when rams. Though these stones were thus under the immediate protection of the genii, they were so badly affected by the heat of a great conflagration which took place in 1864 that one or two of them cracked in pieces. But the devout Chinese gathered them up and placed them together as they belonged, and conveyed them to the shrine they now occupy.

The first of these divine personages is believed to be the genius of fire, the second of wood, the third of earth, the fourth of metal, and the fifth of water, and they are said to be able to cure any of the ailments incident to the human body. The Tauist priests say the body is composed of fire, earth, metal, water, and wood, and that if they are in equal proportion, health is secured; but when one preponderates over another, sickness is the sad result. To restore, therefore, the proper equilibrium between the five elements, the genii are appealed to. And to secure their attention the greatest humility is manifested by the supplicants for their mercy. The apparel worn by convicts is put on, and chains and shackles are affected to show their utter unworthiness and to secure the mercy of the genii.

In front of the shrine of the five genii stands a great bell-tower. The bell is said to be the largest in southern China, weighing sixteen tons. It is believed that whenever this bell is sounded evil immediately befalls the city, so it is never sounded; but once upon a time the custodian hit it by accident, and in consequence, as is believed, a fatal epidemic broke out in the city in the same year, by which a thousand children were destroyed. At a later date the bell was unfortunately hit again, in consequence of which a game-cock became so frightened that it flew from the tower where the bell hangs, alighting at a certain spot in the Canton river, and to this day the superstitious Chinamen imagine that they occasionally hear this cock crowing. In 1845 the tower of the bell was repaired, which made it necessary to lower the bell to the earth; and to do this without its being struck a special number of careful workmen were delegated for the purpose; but with all the care that could be exercised, it was inadvertently struck, after which several Tartars sickened and died, and the theater took fire, by which three thousand people were burned to death. Again, in 1865, when the English were bombarding the city, this bell was hit by a falling shot, and to this circumstance the people attribute the capture of their city.

A MONKEY GOD.

One of the shrines of this last temple is a small one in honor of a monkey god, canonized under the rather pretentious name of "The Great Sage of the Whole Heavens;" and as his story is almost as remarkable as that of the snake of Eden, who succeeded so well in the fruit business, I must tell it to you and see if you do not agree with me that this monkey was not also more subtle than all the other beasts of the field. If you find the story somewhat improbable I beg you to remember that there is also a slight improbability about the snake story, and try and think that the Chinese possess the same right to a learned and wonderful monkey that the Jews have to a learned and wonderful snake. For my own part, I see less that is repulsive in a monkey than in a snake, and he seems far more subtle and intelligent than a snake; but to the story:

Once upon a time, when events outside of the ordinary course of nature used to take place more frequently than they do now, a large boulder or smooth rock on the summit of a mountain, called the "Flowery Mountain," by receiving the action of the rays of the sun through the day and the moon at night, eventually hatched out a monkey, and probably one of the most remarkable monkeys that was ever hatched out before or since. He was ambitious and wished to be a king, so he summoned to his presence all the monkeys in the neighboring forests, and in the most positive tones which a monkey can assume proclaimed himself their king, and gave them to understand that he expected implicit obedience from them. This, like good little monkeys, they accorded to him, and he thus became a prosperous and honored king. After a time he conceived the notion that monkeys ought to speak and dress like human beings. So he stole a suit of clothes, which proved to be a pretty good fit, and then he concluded to leave the forest and be a man among men. He soon acquired a good knowledge of the language and customs of men, and expressed a desire to visit the western paradise, Sai-Tien, in order that he might there obtain an elixir of life, and live forever. (I imagine it was a fluid extract of the fruit which grew on the Tree of Life).

On his way to paradise, having to cross a large ocean, he constructed a vessel for the purpose which served extremely well. Upon debarking he met a man on the sea-shore who was gathering fuel, and said to him that he wished to find an angel or genius named Poo-Tai-Tso-Sze, and asked directions how to find him. Luckily the fuel-gatherer possessed the desired information, and informed Mr. Monkey that the angel resided in a certain grotto with a long Chinese name, on the slope of a holy mountain, which he pointed out. Thither the monkey bent his steps, and easily found the grotto and the angel. The angel was very much pleased with his visitor and the visitor was pleased with the angel, and concluded to abandon for a while the visit to paradise, remaining with this angel in the grotto, and with whom he absolutely stayed for the term of ten years, at the close of which period he found he possessed the power to assume the form of not less than seventy-two different animals and things. The angel was so good as to bestow on him the beautiful name of Suen-Eng-Huung, and to impart to him the power to fly at any time, and from any point, the distance of one hundred and eighty thousand miles, which would seem enough for ordinary purposes.

After flying round considerably, and finding he had pretty good command of his wings, he visited the mountain where he was born, where he called all his subjects around him, and narrated to them his adventures among men and with the angel in the grotto. The monkeys, of course, listened attentively to him, but in reply they told him of the great losses they had sustained in his absence, from the attacks of the Prince of Evil. This sad intelligence decided the monkey king to wage a war of extermination against this great evil spirit. As powerful as was this wicked being, the monkey easily overcame him; but lest further encroachments should be made from the same source the monkey monarch entertained the enterpise of supplying himself with more invincible weapons of warfare than those he possessed, and he concluded to visit, without delay, Hoi-Luung-Wong, or the "Ocean Dragon King," for the purpose of despoiling him of irresistible weapons which he possessed. With this extraordinary monkey to conceive was to execute, and he soon reached the Ocean King, and, with his unfailing success, succeeded in his enterprise. But this kingly dragon felt so outraged at the insults which the monkey monarch had inflicted upon him that he determined to submit the whole matter to the "Pearly Emperor," Yunk-Wong-Tai. Thie resolution he carried into effect, and consequently a general engagement took place between the monkey monarch on the one hand and the forces of the great Yunk-Wong-Tai on the other. The contest, of course, was of the very fiercest character, and it might be thought that the monkey would not be able to stand against such an

army; but, armed with the sea-needle, of which he had robbed the Dragon King, he was able to achieve a glorious victory.

He was not, however, satisfied to rest upon his laurels, but, like a wise general, resolved to follow up his victories and attack the palace of Yuuk-Wong-Tai, and before its walls dictate his own terms of peace. It was not his nature to delay the execution of his resolutions, so he at once carried out his plan. Yunk-Wong-Tai sought to appease his adversary by appointing him to rule over horses, but the monkey monarch was not to be caught with such chaff; his aspirations were far above attending to horses, and he at once gave Yunk-Wong-Tai to understand that unless he conferred upon him (the monkey monarch) the grand and august title of "The Great Sage of the Whole Heavens," he would immediately move upon his works. There was no course for Yunk-Wong-Tai to take but to yield to the monkey's demands. He conferred the title, and that is the way in which that monkey came to be The Great Sage of the Whole Heavens, and we may here see what perseverence and energy can accomplish, especially with a resolute monkey.

After all these glorious achievements the Great Monkey Sage again decided to visit the Western Paradise, and this time he made no halt till he reached that blissful locality; and no sooner had he arrived than he found a large peach-tree heavily laden with magnificent fruit, which had been a thousand years in perfecting. Being still a little thievish, as monkeys usually are, he stole one of these peaches and ate it; the result was he received the power of living forever. It may be that this peach-tree was the identical "tree of life," which was planted in the Garden of Eden and then transplanted in this Western Paradise; it seems to have been taken somewhere, for no one has ever been able to find it or the garden where it was planted.

So soon as the angels residing in this paradise missed one of the peaches, and found that the monkey had eaten it, they were greatly troubled, and severely censured the angel whose duty it was to watch that peach-tree, who excused himself by saying that no one was able to resist such a monkey as that. But it was decided by the angels in council that the monkey must be seized and put to death. The seizing was effected, but as he had eaten one of the peaches he could not be put to death, though the most vigorous efforts were made to do so. The best that could be done by all the aid that could be brought to bear was to confine him within the boundaries of five sacred mountains for the term of five hundred years. When he had served out his term of imprisonment he was permitted to again visit the Western Paradise, taking a companion and two servants with him. This visit was made for the purpose of obtaining copies of the Sai King, or sacred scriptures, written by the gods. He succeeded in obtaining copies of this remarkable work, but unfortunately while on his way from that delectable country one of his servants was so careless as to let the divine volumes fall into the ocean. The monkey sage, however, quickly recovered them and so spread the volumes that the rays of the sun could fall upon them and dry out the salt water, and to superintend the drying process the same careless servant who had let them fall into the sea was placed in charge. The stupid fellow, however, fell into a deep sleep, and a big fish came and destroyed the entire volumes save these six words, Naam, Mo, O, Mi, To, Fat. Perhaps it was very fortunate that the monstrous fish was unable to destroy those six words. Who knows what the world might have lost if those six monosyllables had been completely wiped out? After all the wonderful exploits of the monkey monarch, or god, as his worshipers consider him, the emperor of China caused a temple to be erected to his honor, and ever since that time it has been regarded a virtue for devout Chinaman to pay homage to him.

Now, my friends, I am afraid that some of you will be a little skeptical about this monkey story, and think it smacks very strongly of the improbable; but if you can swallow the Jewish snake story, why can you not also gulp down the Chinese monkey story? I repeat, the monkey tale is fully as probable as the snake tale. I can believe one just as easily as the other, and I must say I think the monkey story the prettier and more sensible of the two. Millions believe in the snake, and millions more believe in the monkey, and if you cannot believe in either it is because you have not as much faith as the Christians and the Chinese.

THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE.

I was anxious to visit one of the temples of the great sage of China to see how far it agrees with others. The edifice is approached by a triple gateway; on each side is a large stone slab or pillar, on which are engraved inscriptions reminding rulers and others who visit the temple to do so with reverence. A court is passed through before the temple is reached, and within it is a moderate-sized reservoir of holy water, designed to typify the purity of the life and teachings of the great sage. In front of the entrance to the temple above the altar is an image of Confucius, three times the size of life, and in a sitting posture. He is a grave and rather majestic-looking personage, with something of severity in his countenance. It is not usual in the Confucian temples to set up images of him, as he was opposed to everything of the kind, but as the popular prejudices are so strong in favor of statues, and the reverence for him is so great, this image was set up here, and probably with the same kind of reverential feeling that Christians have when rearing images and pictures of Jesus. This statue of Confucius is said to have been erected by the *litterati* of the country, the educated portion of the people being the special adherents of the Confucian system.

On each side of the quadrangle is a long cloister containing several small shrines, above the altars of which are tablets bearing the names of the seventy-two special disciples whom Confucius is said to have selected from the three hundred who followed him with devout reverence. They were noted for their piety and extensive literary attainments. In the second quadrangle is a shrine in honor of the parents and grandparents of the great philosopher. He distinctly enjoined filial reverence, holding it up as the chiefest of virtues.

On the first and fifteenth of each lunar month, as well as at the vernal equinox and the winter solstice, the followers of the eminent sage gather here to worship him. The viceroy acts as the high priest on the occasion, and the various officials are duly allotted their places of honor in the vast multitude which gathers. Sacrifices of bullocks, sheep, and hogs are made, as are also offerings of fruit, flowers, cakes and wine; and on extra occasions many pieces of silk are burnt to his honor. At the proper time during the ceremonies the viceroy prostrates himself and performs the Kow-Tau, while the other officials bow themselves low to the earth. The words spoken by the viceroy are of this import: "Kneel, bow your faces to the ground, and then rise to your feet." On one side of the altar an orchestra is placed, attired in robes of state, and they play on musical instruments and chant praises to the memory of Confucius. A prayer which has been written with exquisite care is then read in a loud voice, after which a blaze is brought in contact with it, and it is burnt under the belief that by so doing it will be at once borne to the realm where the great teacher is supposed to reside.

A SHRINE TO VIRTUOUS WOMEN

Stands on the opposite side of the street from the temple of Confucius. It is called Ching-Tsit I-Nue-Tsze. In it, and immediately above the altar which it contains are arranged on shelves numerous wooden tablets recording the names of women who have passed their lives in virginity, this being regarded as a virtue worth recording. In honor of these women a granite monumental arch stands in the court of the shrine. Many of these women were affianced when young, but the young men to whom they were betrothed having died before the nuptials were celebrated they resolved to give their hearts not again to others, but to pass their lives as virgins and as adopted daughters of the parents of their departed lovers. Here are recorded also the names of many widows who after losing their husbands deliberately resolved to live no longer in this world, but to follow their husbands in death by suicide. Suicide of such widows, or sutteeism, is also regarded as a most meritorious act. I have seen an account published in the Hong Kong *Daily Press* of a heroic death of this kind, by hanging, of a Chinese widow in the province of Fokien. The writer saw a procession escorting a young woman seated in a sedan chair and arrayed in scarlet and gold. The procession was a kind of notification to the public that the woman was about to sacrifice herself and follow her departed husband, who had left her childless. The writer followed the procession, and was led to a place where a gallows was erected in a field, around which were assembled hundreds of the widow's friends and neighbors, all clad in their holiday attire. The lady was assisted by her male attendants to ascend the steps to the scaffold, and, after pleasantly bowing to the crowds, as much as to welcome them there, she partook, with several female friends, of a repast which had been prepared for the occasion and placed upon a table on the scaffold, in full sight of the multitude, and she partook of the meal with an apparent good relish. A small child was then placed upon the table, and this she caressed; and taking the necklace from her own neck placed it upon the neck of the child. She then took a richly-ornamented basket containing rice, herbs, and flowers, pleasantly scattered the contents among the crowd, and then delivered a short address to them, thanking them for their attendance and vindicating the step she was about to take, believing that she would thereby not only rejoin her dead husband, but be admitted into the joys of heaven. This done, a salute from the bombards announced that the awful moment had arrived when she must perform the last sad deed. A slight delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of a reluctant brother, who objected to her taking this rash step, but who desired should be present to witness it. The woman was soon induced to appear, when the fatal noose was mounted a chair placed under the and to ascertain its fitness, deliberately placed her head in it; then, withdrawing it, she waved a final adieu to the attentive spectators, again placed her head within the noose for the last time, throwing at the same instant a red handkerchief over her face. The supports upon which she stood were about to be removed, when several among the spectators called to her reminding her that she had not drawn the ring which was designed to tighten the cord around her neck and produce strangulation. Smiling an acknowledgment for the friendly reminder, she adjusted the ring, and, motioning away the supports, she was left hanging in the air. With great self-possession she placed her hands before her and held them there till, in the struggles of death, they were separated, and her life had departed. Her body was allowed to hang there about half an hour, and was then taken down and conveyed to the temple. The reporter followed, placed himself close to the body, saw the handkerchief removed from her face, and satisfied himself that the woman was really dead. Such cases are said to be of frequent occurrence. We cannot, of course, approve of such kind of a taking off, and think her misguided; but it must be admitted that she was a brave, heroic woman, and that she exhibited far more firmness and courage than a certain person who was said to be crucified some eighteen hundred and fifty years ago; though we are led to suppose that he had far more to gain by death than had this poor Chinese woman. If his death had not taken place till he procured it himself, as this woman did hers—no matter how much glory might be in waiting for him—we have every reason to suppose he would be alive yet.

A PROPHETIC STONE

Rests in the temple of Sai-Yan-Tong, in Chi-Hong-Kai street. It is visited chiefly by women, particularly those who are in the condition that Hannah was before Yahweh was kind enough to open her womb for her. These women flock to this stone of prophecy to ascertain whether their barrenness is to be removed, whether they will be blessed with a child, and if so, when the glad event will take place. The stone which contains such remarkable powers is somewhat larger than a human head, and rests upon a tripod. When gazed upon by wishful wives the stone is supposed to reflect pictures or visions, by which the good ladies are shown the fortune in store for them. It is visited by women in all classes of society, and all, of course, have to pay to the priests who have the stone in charge a fee for the use of it, though rich women are charged a good deal more than poor ones. A child is supposed to be worth more to the rich than to the poor, and it is perhaps well enough that they should pay handsomely to the priests who help them to get one. A god is placed above the stone, to which these beseeching Hannahs betake themselves in their great anxiety, but I hardly think it is Yahweh, for it is a tolerably decent-looking sort of a god, whom the Chinese call by the handy and euphonius name of Wai-Ling-Kom-Ying-Shek-Nue-Sin-Neung-Shan-Wai. Possibly this name would have been continued somewhat longer had not the monosyllables given out. But it is this god's business to keep a good watch over the stone and give a kind smile to those whose wombs are to be opened. All mothers, Americans as well as Chinese, who have thus been blessed by this prophetic stone, yes, and the priests, too, have the perfect liberty to call the fruit of their hopes and prayers by the name of this god, unless it is a girl. I don't think it is a very pretty name for a girl; I should prefer Mary or Kittie or Annie or Maggie, or something of that kind.

THE TEMPLE OF THE DRAGON GOD

Contains the image of the deific dragon who is supposed to send and withhold rain according to his own fickle whim. The image was made at Pekin and forwarded to Canton by order of one of the august emperors who once ruled over this great nation. State worship is accorded to this god—that is, the highest officials of the government in the city assemble at this temple on the first and fifteenth of every lunar month, and at the vernal equinox and winter solstice, and sacrifices of sheep, pigs, and fowls are made on these occasions. In seasons of drouth special supplications are made to the deity, and fasts are enjoined, and butchers, fish-mongers, and poulterers are required to close their shops. The highest officials not only put on "sackcloth and ashes"—that is, array themselves in mourning habiliments—but they abuse themselves, and, by deep penitence, fasting, and prayer, do their utmost to work upon the feelings of this powerful dragon which holds in his hands the power to give rain to the thirsty earth. But, when, for some inscrutable reason, this god who holds the clouds and the winds in his hands sees fit to not send the greatly needed rain it is thought that some serious sins have been committed and that human sacrifices are required to appease his anger and secure again the pluvial blessings; and it is no unusual thing for devout believers to offer themselves to the authorities as sacrifices to secure the condescending mercy of this dragon god. Formerly these human offerings were sometimes accepted, but in latter times the rulers have gained a little more common sense, and deem it not best to take human life to please any god, even the dragon.

But superstition of the grossest kind hangs over this people, and I cannot help feeling sorry for them from my very heart, as I am sorry for the equally misguided men and women in our own country who, like these benighted Chinese, think their god has the weather under his control, and who pray to him for rain or for fair weather with the same superstitious faith that the people here evince in praying to their weather dragon. If there could be any efficacy in prayer I would pray day and night that the people of both countries might get rid of all their superstition and blind delusion about the power of their god managing the weather, or anything else in existence. I would have them see that the rain and fair weather depend wholly upon natural causes, and that none of the gods, whether Chinese or Jewish, on either side of the world, have the slightest power in the matter. But as praying does no good to dispel such ignorance and folly, I will continue to labor to the best of my ability to show those who have a measure of good sense the utter futility of spending their time in offering up prayers for rain, or for anything else they cannot obtain by their own efforts or from their fellow-beings.

THE TEMPLE OF CHAANG-OHU-KI

Stands directly across the street from the temple of the Dragon, and is in honor of a god who dates back from 250 B.C., in the era when gods were conceived rather more frequently than now. He was a high minister of state in the Chinese empire and was sent by Chi-Awang-ti, the emperor, on a mission to Canton to pluck from the slopes of the White Cloud Mountain a few handfuls of the small plant which grew there, supposed to possess the power of imparting immortal life. On his arrival at the mountain he readily found the remarkable herb growing in great abundance. The first thing he did was to gather some of the precious plant and eat it himself before plucking any for his imperial master; but no sooner had he done this than all the rest of the plants of the same kind took fright and made themselves invisible, and so thoroughly was this done that not a sprig was left for the emperor. The despair of the good man from this cause was very great, insomuch that he was placed on the "ragged edge," and he even wished he were dead. He greatly feared to encounter his overeign's wrath, and with a view to hide himself from the emperor he resolved to become a hermit, and no more live among the sons of men, thus passing in total seclusion the few remaining years of his life among the solitudes of the mountains. At length, becoming weary of this monotonous and cheerless existence, he resolved to end it by precipitating himself from the top of a precipice to the rocks below. He attempted to carry out this stern resolution, but while still in midair a huge stork, which happened to be passing just at that moment, seized him by the hair on the very top of his head, probably his pigtail, and bore him aloft to heaven, and from that moment he became a god; and in his honor the Cantonese erected a temple upon the summit of the very rock from whence he threw himself, which is a distance of six miles from the city, and which mountain I could see when upon the walls surrounding it. On the twenty-seventh day of the seventh month each year thousands of devout people resort there to ask the blessings of health at the hands of the god of health and long life, who for centuries past has been worshiped with the highest reverence. To this temple in the city of this same god it is however more convenient to repair, and here multitudes go often to pay their homage to their beloved deity, and they are just as sure that their prayers are heard and answered, and can tell as big stories about the efficacy of prayer as can any of those who pray to Yahweh, and what is more, the stories of the Chaang-Ohu-Ki worshipers are just as true as those of the Yahweh worshipers.

THE TEMPLE OF HORRORS.

Shing-Wong, the tutelar deity of the city, is here worshiped. His office is to protect walled cities like Canton. This is a large state têmple, and the various courtyards with which it is provided are literally crowded with stands for fortune-tellers, doctors, dentists, corn-doctors, tobacconists, pastry cooks, etc. No stronger proof than this is required to show that many people flock to this place, for otherwise the charlatans and dealers in various articles would not there have their stalls. Yes, around these stalls from morning till night are to be found men in all the walks of life, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. On each side of the great quadrangle of this temple are five hells, regarded as miniature representations of the ten kingdoms into which the hell believed in by millions of the Chinese is supposed to be divided. This place is denominated the Temple of Horrors from the representations here given of the various forms of punishment inflicted upon the wicked. Among these are a man boiling in oil, a man being ground under stones, a man in red-hot flames, a man being beheaded, a man being sawn asunder, the infliction of the bastinado, processes representing transmigration, trial scene of criminals, etc.

In each of these ten kingdoms of hell is an image of a king or judge sitting in judgment. Around the throne of justice are the ministers of the court, with their respective attendants ready at a moment's warning to execute the commands that may be given them by the royal master. There are also in each compartment images of men and women in the act of undergoing the various punishments which have been meted out to them by the stern judge for the sins they had committed. The first of these kingdoms is presided over by Tsun-Kwong-Wong, and the unfortunate wretches under his supervision are those who have committed suicide or homicide. Here are also the priests and nuns of the Buddhists, who have received money to say masses for the dead and neglected to perform that most important service. Here are also sent the perpetrators of various other crimes.

The punishments visited upon the sinners in this department are various; many are compelled to climb a tall ladder and gaze into a large mirror, which reflects back upon them the form of the beasts, reptiles, birds, fishes, and insects, which they are destined, according to the doctrine of metempsychosis, to occupy, for the bad deeds they have committed. Others are punished, as was Tantalus, by being placed in the midst of water, yet being unable to taste a draught of it, though their thirst be terrible, as well as hunger that cannot be satisfied, though abundance of food is in sight, and almost within reach. Those who have committed homicide are compelled twice a month to undergo the same pains and sufferings which they caused their victims to endure when they took them out of the world. Suicides are punished by being denied the rites of ancestral worship, and after two years of imprisonment in the dark dungeons of this terrible place they are made to return to the very places where they committed the rash acts, and then if they are not penitent, but rather show that they have really become evil spirits, and manifest a disposition to injure the living, they are forced to return to hell and undergo the terrors of a prolonged existence there. When they become repentant and give assurance that they are sorry for what they have done, they are permitted to again return to the earth and go through other forms of existence as animals of some kind.

Speaking of suicides, it may be well to observe here that there are several forms of suicide that are regarded as highly honorable by the Chinese. If a minister of state wishes not to survive an insult offered to his sovereign, it is a most noble thing for him to put an end to his own life. Should a governor or ruler of a city not wish to outlive the capture of his town it is deemed the proper thing for him to do to step down and out by taking his own life. Should a general not wish to live after the disgrace of losing a battle, he is looked upon as a most honorable man if, like Saul, he terminates his own existence. Should a son, unable to revenge an insult offered his father, take himself off by suicide, it is regarded as quite commendable. Should a man who has lost a beloved wife not wish to linger in this vale of tears after his dearly beloved has taken her departure and he wishes to join her in the Chinese summerland, be is greatly honored for shutting off his own oxygen gas. It is the same with a dutiful wife, as already observed, when the husband has gone on before her, to summarily settle up her earthly affairs and follow on after him. And again, should an unmarried woman be so unfortunate, as is sometimes the case, as to lose her virginity, she would be highly approved if she commits suicide, and this last great act is thought to wipe away the stain of the first.

To go back to hades, let me say that the priests and monks and nuns who take fees for saying prayers and masses, and then do not say the prayers and masses for the very souls who are in purgatory, or some place like it, and cannot quite get out for the want of a prayer or mass said in their favor, are righteously confined in a dark chamber named Pu-King-Shau; and from the roof of their prison a very dim lamp is supended, by the insufficient light of which they are compelled to read over and over again the prayers and masses which they did not say after being paid to say them, and which are printed in such fine type that they can hardly make it out in that dark place. That serves them right. I am almost in favor of as much hell as that; and if all the priests in the world who have wilfully and knowingly fooled their fellow-beings by preaching absurd lies about m[illegible] gods and devils, burning hells, and lots of simil[illegible]se, a[illegible]ense, and have taken money for their falseh[illegible] cit[illegible]d to be shut up in that dark prison for abo[illegible]ndred years, to repeat over their silly ser[illegible]orward and backward a few millions of tim[illegible]nd then be made to swallow them, and then vomi[illegible]hem up, and then be made to swallow them aga[illegible], and this to be repeated a few times, it would see[illegible]o be the divinest and best retribution that was ev[illegible]isited upon designing and lying hypocrites. F[illegible]ea[illegible]ly if I get promoted to be a deity of one of th[illegible]e[illegible]er grades I may be in favor of carrying out [illegible] treatment of this kind, unless the offende[illegible]ill rein[illegible]pent, tell the truth, and speak words of goo[illegible]mmo[illegible]n sense.

The [illegible]thday-at[illegible]anniversary of the god who presides over [illegible]ment of the infernal regions is celebra[illegible]on the fir[illegible]t day of the second month of the year; and the belief that those who worship this god will be absolved from all the sins they have committed during the year—in the same way that a Catholic believes he will be absolved from his sins by telling the priest about them and paying a nice little fee for the absolution—as may well be supposed, induces thousands to come here and prostrate themselves.

The second department of the Chinese hell is supposed to be located under the South Sea, and is presided over by a king or god named Choh-Kong-Wong. The class of offenders sent here for punishment are, in the first place, priests who have decoyed and kidnapped little boys from their homes to induce them to become Buddhistic priests; husbands who, for frivolous and insufficient reasons, put away their wives and straightway go looking about for other women; persons who feloniously dispose of other people's property placed in their hands in trust for safekeeping; mandarins who cruelly oppress the people; men who, by the careless use of firearms, maim and injure their fellow-beings; physicians who, ignorant of the business they pretend to follow, persistently subscribe for the sick when their prescriptions make the sick worse instead of better. The punishments meted out to this class of evil-doers are as follows: The kidnapping priests are cast into a lake of ice (which is the worse, that or burning sulphur?); those who rascally dispose of or appropriate other people's property are enveloped in dense clouds of sand, which chokes and suffocates them to death, only it is not possible for them to die; mandarins who oppress the people are here confined in procrustean cages not high enough for them to stand up and too short for them to lie down. After these bad fellows are kept there for an indefinite period (perhaps for a few million years) they are transferred to the tenth department of hell, where they have to remain for another indefinite period, when they are permitted to enter into beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, or insects, and again be allowed another probation on the earth.

The virtuous who come to this department to receive rewards and honors are those who expended a portion of their means in purchasing medicines for the sick and poor; those who gave dishes of rice to those needy and hungry; those who gave correct instruction to the young and ignorant. This class of doers of good works, after receiving due rewards for their virtuous deeds at the hands of Choh-Kong-Wong, are sent to the tenth department, to again assume human form, to enjoy in this world the riches, honor, and renown to which they are entitled.

The third kingdom is located under the Southeastern Ocean, and its king or judge is Sung-Ti-Wong. Before this potentate are arraigned officials guilty of ingratitude and unfaithfulness toward their sovereign; wives unfaithful to their husbands; sons undutiful to their parents; slaves disobedient to their masters; soldiers mutinous and rebellious; malefactors escaped from prison; merchants who cheat their customers and their partners in trade; men who involve their sureties in trouble; geomancers who give false opinions as to the value of lands and real estate, on which, by their instructions, houses were built or cemeteries established; plowmen who, while plowing lands, disturb the coffins or human bones and fail to give them proper interment in another locality; persons who do not pay their debts; persons who neglect to worship at the tombs of their ancestors; persons who write or publish pasquinades on their neighbors for the purpose of holding them up to scorn and contempt; scribes and amanuenses who do not correctly copy or write books and letters intrusted to them; perjurers and forgers.

The punishments for this class of offenders sent to the third department vary in degree and intensity of suffering. Thus, upon some tigers are let loose to feed upon them, as the vultures fed upon Prometheus, though being always devoured, are never consumed; others are perpetually pierced with sharp-pointed arrows; some are constantly being disemboweled; others are firmly bound to red-hot funnels of brass. But their sufferings are not eternal; after an indefinite period they are transferred to the tenth department, to exist again on earth in some of the forms of animal life. The virtuous who come to this department for rewards are those who, at their own expense, erected bridges over small streams for the benefit of their neighbors; persons who furnished the means for paving highways, etc. These are also consigned to the tenth department, to again return to earth in the persons of honorable, high-minded men.

The fourth department is under the Eastern Sea, and is presided over by Ny-Koon-Wong. The unfortunates who find their way to this place of retribution are those who evade paying their just taxes; tenants who do not pay their rent; physicians who administer the wrong kind of medicine to their patients; merchants who sell bad silk for good; persons who on the streets or in public assemblies do not give place to the blind and infirm; persons who maliciously destroy crops of grain; those who remove their neighbors' landmarks; the Buddhistic

priests who violate their monastic vows; libidinous persons, like fornicators and whoremongers, drunkards, busy-bodies, gamblers, and brawlers.

The punishments meted out here are like those in the other departments, somewhat interestingly varied. Some are cast headlong into a lake of blood (not so bad as fire); some are suspended from the beams and rafters in the hall of torture by means of hooks passed through the fleshy parts of their bodies; when these have suffered in proportion to their deserts they are also sent to the tenth department to enter into the animal kingdom and climb up to the privilege of again becoming human beings. The virtuous souls who gather here for their reward are those who provided coffins for the decent interment of the poor. They are also consigned to the tenth department to become good men again on earth, and to enjoy riches, happiness, and honor. Such do not have to enter the bodies of animals.

The fifth department is presided over by Im-Lah-Wong, and he is a very austere fellow, who never extends any clemency to the culprits who are placed under his power. Those sent here are unbelievers in the true religion, back-biters, slanderers, incendiaries, revilers of good and virtuous men. The penalties inflicted here are somewhat in proportion to the crimes committed. Some are made to ascend pagodas and towers that they may view the villages and hamlets where they lived when in the body, as well as to bring to memory the delights they once enjoyed in the society of their relatives and friends. It is thought that thus bringing their former condition to mind will intensify the unhappiness which they must feel in their present bereavement where they have no hopes of escape. Some are subjected to the unpleasant performance of being sawn asunder; but after they have sufficiently paid the debt they contracted in life they are sent to the tenth department to again take their course through the animal kingdom.

The virtuous sent here to obtain the reward due them are those who are noted on earth for giving alms to the needy. These are also sent to the tenth department, not to become brutes, but to have another lease of life in this world in the persons of good men. On the birthday of the god presiding over this department large numbers of votaries flock to his shrine, hoping thereby to obtain free forgiveness for all their sins and transgressions of the past year.

The sixth department is located under the Northern Ocean, and is presided over by Pin-Shing-Wong. Those who are sent here for justice are those who habitually complain of the weather and the seasons; those who obey not the teachings of Confucius; those who place ash-heaps and cast filth in the vicinity of temples; persons who presume to worship the gods without having performed the requisite ablutions; those who read obscene books and show them to others; persons who paint or embroider images of the gods, angels, and representations of the sun and moon; persons who damage and destroy good books; those who scrape the gilding from the images of the gods, and persons who waste rice. The punishment for these offenses are as follows: Those who scrape the gilt from the gods are suspended from beams and disemboweled; those who destroy good books are hung up by the heels and flayed alive; those who forever complain of the weather and the seasons are sawn asunder; and the others are made to kneel with bare knees upon sharp particles of iron.

The upright who come to this place to obtain their reward are those who used their money in the endowment of temples, monasteries, and nunneries, and cheerfully contribute to their support.

The seventh department of the Chinese hades is located under the Northern Ocean, and is presided over by Tai-Shaan-Wong. Those doomed to go to this place for their just deserts are aged and enfeebled men, who for nourishment suck the breasts of women; physicians and resurrectionists who rob the graves of their dead for the purpose of obtaining subjects for dissection, or for getting their bones for medicine; women who procure abortions on others, or take medicine to procure it upon themselves; schoolmasters who neglect their pupils; masters who maltreat their slaves; and the men of wealth who grind the face of the poor. The punishments for this class are of this kind: Robbers of tombs are thrust into burning volcanoes, and the doctors who make medicine of dead men's bones, are boiled in oil; the other offenders are made to wear the large wooden collars, or *congues*, in use in China.

The virtuous who go there for their compensation are the sons and daughters who, in obedience to the commands of their family physicians, draw drops of blood from their veins and cut pieces of flesh from their legs to be used as a last resort by the physicians for medicine to cure those whom nothing else will save; those who purchase pigs, sheep, goats, birds, and fishes in the markets when taken for human food and then consecrate them to live near the temples as a benefit to the gods; those who buy coffins in which to inter the bodies of deceased paupers, the houseless and friendless who die at the corners of the streets.

The eighth department of the unhappy regions is presided over by Ping-Yang-Wong, and here are arrayed such sons and daughters as neglect the support of their aged parents, who fail to comfort them when sick and distressed, and who do not celebrate their funeral obsequies; those who are ungrateful to benefactors; those who indulge in obscene conversation; women who place wearing apparel on the housetops to dry (a custom particularly distasteful to the Chinese, as they deem it offensive to the dead). The punishments here awarded are as follows: Sons and daughters deficient in filial piety are metamorphosed into animals, and some are trampled under the feet of horses; those ungrateful to benefactors are cut in two with large knives; those guilty of obscene conversation are tied to stakes and their tongues cut out; those who oppress the poor are disemboweled; those who expose clothes on the housetops are thrown headlong into a lake of blood. The virtuous who repair there to get their back pay are those who have contributed money for the benefit of mendicant friars.

The ninth department is presided over by Too-Shi-Wong, and the delinquents who appear there for their just deserts are artists who prostitute their talents by painting obscene pictures; authors who write obscene books; Buddhistic priests who receive money for the benefit of the monasteries to which they belong, but which funds they dishonestly appropriate to their own use; persons who unnecessarily kill animals; persons who cause discord between husbands and wives and between parents and children; persons who administer drugs to women for the purpose of exciting their passions. The punishments meted out to these sinners are somewhat diversified. The dishonest priests are cast upon sharp iron spikes; the slayers of beasts and birds are devoured by the very kinds of animals which they wantonly killed; those who make trouble between husbands and wives and between parents and children are devoured by wild beasts; those who give drugs to women to excite passion are gored to death by saws. The virtuous who flock here for their reward are ferrymen who give free passage to the poor and needy; and those who supply the poor with hot tea in the winter and with cold tea in the summer, and with medicine in times of plague and pestilence.

The tenth and last department of the Chinese hades is presided over by King Chuen-Luung-Wong. To this department, as has been stated, persons from the other nine departments in order that they may return from there again to the earth; the good and deserving becoming men of honor and distinction in their next earth life, and the wicked either as beasts, or birds, reptiles, insects, or fishes.

This is rather of a long story about the different departments of the Chinese hell, for no one can claim that the Chinese hell is not more complicated and intricate than the Christian hell, while less terrible than the eternal torture in the fire that cannot be quenched. Without stopping here to discuss the question whether the devising of hells is a good occupation, or whether there is any truth in it, this much must be conceded, that ths Chinese, as well as the other oriental nations, engaged in it far earlier than either the Jews or the Christians, and they show more system and propriety in their hellish conceptions. Their sense of justice seems better regulated, their moral ideas are fully as acute, and their cruelty not nearly so great and continuous. The Chinese hell provides punishment somewhat in proportion to the offenses committed; and after the debt is paid and the sinner tortured as much as he deserves there is a cessation of hostilities, and the presiding god has a little mercy, the poor wretch is given another chance; but with the Christian hell there is no gradation of punishment; there is no let up. All offenses are punished alike; a man who leads a pretty good life in this world, works honestly for a living, pays his just debts, injures none of his fellow-beings, but does not go to church, does not believe in priestcraft and theology, does not believe the Bible was written by God, does not believe that Jesus was God Almighty and made the earth, the sun, moon, and all the stars out of nothing, does not believe that any being can be his own father and his own son at the same time, that three are one and one is three. is given just as strong a dose of hell as the man who commits a hundred murders, burns and devastates villages, robs his fellow-beings, and causes many to starve; all grades of offenders are pitched together into a seething lake of burning brimstone, and there they must remain and fry eternally. When 999,999,999,999,999,999,999 years have passed in that terrible place their sufferings have only fairly commenced—it is not yet even breakfast time; and if those figures are multiplied together as many times as there are units in the total amount, and the sum of years which they all make are suffered in that Christian lake; yes, if every second in that inconceivable total is lengthened to a million of centuries, and the indescribable torture has been endured all that time, still only a fractional portion of the time has passed; it is still not breakfast time, and never will be, for there is no end to "forever;" eternity has no end; breakfast time never comes in the Christian hell; there is never a moment's cessation of the acutest torture, not a let up for a single instant; not a solitary gleam of light can reach that horrible place; not a ray of hope can penetrate it; not one pleasant voice, not a cheerful note, is ever heard there, but only the perpetual howlings, yellings, screechings, moanings, execrations, cursings—that and nothing else—and that forever, *forever*, FOREVER, FOREVER!!

As monstrous as the Chinese hells are, as monstrous as their gods are, as monstrous as their religions are, their hells are not a thousandth part so monstrous as the Christian hell, their gods are clearly not a thousandth part so severe as the Christian God, and their religion not a thousandth part so terrible as the Christian religion. There is not another religion in the world that has such a merciless god, such a terrible hell, as Christianity. This doctrine of an endless hell is the most horrible that mortals ever preached; it has caused more human wretchedness than any other doctrine that was ever uttered; it not only makes future existence the most terrible that can possibly be conceived, but it also fills this life with terrors, fears, and apprehensions far worse than death, making a perfect hell of this life, to those who believe the wretched doctrine, as well as of the other, if there is one.

No person has ever lived who deserves to suffer in a Christian hell for the space of twenty-four hours. There is no person living who deserves such a hell, unless it is the lying priests who preach it, and thereby destroy the peace of mind of those who believe the doctrine. Yes, if I must have a religion, if I must have gods, if I must have a hell, give me the Chinese article before the Christian—any others before the Christian, for they are the quintessence of all that is horrible and execrable.

TEMPLE OF THE MEDICINE GOD.

Not far from the temple last mentioned stands the temple of Yeuk-Wong, the Medicine King, or the god who attends to the medical department of the celestial spheres. It seems he was once a human being (as most or quite all the other gods were originally, or at least the creations of human beings), and he performed such valuable services in the medical line that he was deified and made a god. Here stands his image, and by its side five other gods, subordinate to him, for his wife, his son, his grandson, his daughter, and his granddaughter were also deified and stand with him, so you see they constitute a rather godly family. This temple is much frequented by those in bad health, all having the faith to believe that this Æsculapius of the Chinese can drive away their ills and make them whole. One day in the year, however, is special business day here, and that is the birthday of the god—the twenty-eighth day of the fourth month in the year. Then this temple is packed and crammed to its utmost capacity, women being the far larger proportion. Women unquestionably abound in faith more than men; it is the women who keep up nearly all the religions of the world. On the morning of this very worshipful day the medicine god is supposed to be quite wearied and fatigued, having just returned from a trip to the mountains in search of curative plants with which to carry on his business. He thus appears to be an "herb doctor," and does not administer mercury, arsenic, and antimony. In speaking of being fatigued, let me add that fatigue has been common with all the gods; they all get wearied when they overdo or work too hard. We hear a good deal about a certain god who, after doing a larger week's work than usual, became so much fatigued that he had to rest all the next day; and he did his work so badly that it was not long before he was sorry that he had performed that week's job at all.

Well, this medicine god having got completely wearied out at hunting over the mountains, it very naturally becomes the duty of his female friends and worshipers to minister a little to his comfort, and so they fan him and nurse him up, as women so well know how to do. On one of these birthdays it is stated that no less than five thousand women fanned him in course of the day. Where is there a man so irreligious and ungodly as not to be willing to be a god just a few hours under such conditions? But if Yeuk-Wong would take my advice he would not worry and tire himself out in that way looking up his supply of drugs, for there are plenty of poor people who, for a very reasonable consideration, will gather his herbs for him; but these gods will not take my advice; in fact, they take nobody's advice, and scarcely listen to anything. The god we have over in America is no better than the others; he has got so he will scarcely listen to his best friends any more; and if he does listen he wont do what they ask him to do, even if they ask him a hundred times over. As a proof of this I have only to again cite the case of poor Garfield. One hundred and fifty thousand of his priests in Europe and America, not less than seven millions of the pious lay-brothers, and twenty-nine millions of the still more pious sisters on both sides of the Atlantic—these good souls, the special favorites of the god, asked him, on their bended knees, with their eyes closed, and many with their heads almost bowed to the earth, and with tears even streaming from their eyes, these, all in the most fervent manner, supplicated their god to be so kind as to let the good Garfield get well and liv a few years longer, but he

would not do it. I am sure thousands of those good people who profess to have implicit faith in prayer asked him, in the best way they knew how, more than a hundred times to just let the President live. At a moderate estimate, not less than ten prayers each were offered up by the numbers named, making an estimated grand total of 360,000,000 of united and fervent prayers just to perform one simple little act which would not take him three minutes to attend to; but not a finger would he lift, not a motion would he make, toward answering their prayers.

I cannot see that the Christian God is any better at answering prayer than the Chinese gods, and yet his worshipers call him "a prayer-answering god," and boast unceasingly of his kindness and promptness in attending to their requests. It is my opinion their claims are untrue. He does not answer prayer with certainty. I tried him about twenty-five years, and asked him to do a good many little things for me that ought not to be very hard for an omnipotent god to perform; I asked him in the very best way I knew how, and I believe with as much sincerity as the average of praying people, but I cannot at this moment remember of a single instance when any one of my prayers was answered, or when anything took place in consequence of my praying in the slightest degree different from what would have occurred had I not prayed. Perhaps I am not "gifted in prayer," but I did the best I knew how, and that is about as well as Moody and the Salvation Army can do. I presume, had I asked that water might continue to run down hill, that twice two might still be four, and that the sun might continue to rise in the east, those prayers would have been answered; but as for getting anything special that I prayed for, that I would not have got all the same if I had not prayed, I met with a total failure. At length, however, I got tired of the game in which I always lost and never won—always getting blanks and no prizes—and concluded to discontinue, and ask no more favors of gods visible or invisible, but to pray with my hands and my brains—to let well-directed effort be my prayer. I have been pursuing that course over thirty years, and I have no reason to complain. I have done tolerably well; if all my prayers have not been realized as fully as I wished more of them have been answered when I depended upon my own exertions than when I looked to some imaginary being above the clouds. At all events, I am so well satisfied that I shall continue the prayer of effort.

In view of the fact that God did not see fit to answer the 360,000,000 prayers that were loudly, forcibly, earnestly, humbly, and unceasingly sent up to him in favor of Mr. Garfield, the question naturally arises, how many prayers are required to move him—just a little? Possibly the grave problem may be solved by a statement worked out in simple position, or the good old rule of three; thus, if 360,000,000 prayers to Yahweh produce nothing, what do all the rest of the prayers amount to which have been or may be offered? This is an easy example to work out, and any school boy can obtain the answer; he will of course remember that the second term and the answer must be of the same character and denomination, and he cannot be mistaken; the answer will be 000,000,000.

Guiteau said God compelled him to shoot Garfield, and he went to his death with that assertion upon his lips, and it is hard to show why it is not just as true as that he commanded Abraham to slay Isaac, or that he commanded Saul to slay the king and people of Amalek, including the women, the suckling infants, together with the camels, the asses, and the sheep; or that he commanded the slaying of seventy-five thousand or more of the men, women, or children of Midian, besides scores upon scores of other instances where he commanded his servants to slay people. If we must believe that God ordered that human life be taken in one case, why not in another? With regard to Garfield and the prayers offered for him one of four propositions must be the truth.

1. God wanted Garfield to die, and authorized, or at least permitted Guiteau to kill him; or,

2. He could not answer the prayers if he would, and was unable to spare Garfield's life; or,

3. He would not answer the prayers if he could, and is not a prayer-answering God; or,

4. There is no god who orders life to be taken, or saves it when otherwise it must be lost.

I incline to think the last proposition the true one. I may be mistaken, but if so, I am honest in my opinion. I cannot think a God of infinite love and mercy will send me to eternal torture for being honest. If he does, I shall endure my doom with the best grace I can command, but very likely I may think it a trifle hard.

THE TEMPLE OF SIN-FUNG.

The business of this god is to look after runaway slaves and servants. To his shrine all persons repair who have lost male or female slaves. They worship him and offer sacrifices to prevail upon him to set himself at work at once in their interests. A courier is constantly in attendance, with his loins girt and already prepared to set out in chase after the runaways, to help the god to find them when the proper fee has been paid in. Without the courier little can be done. In all cases the gods, of themselves, are helpless beings, and but for the priests and other assistants nothing could be accomplished.

Mothers who are anxious that their daughters should speedily obtain good husbands often send aged female servants as go-betweens to this god to enlist his services in their behalf. It is customary to offer small silk or cloth bags containing sweet-smelling incense to put the god in an accommodating humor. In times of plague and pestilence, as well as in cases of ordinary sickness, the bags which have thus been placed before the god are worn as charms or preventives against attacks of sickness. It is not uncommon for such bags to sell for a great price.

In the same temple is a shrine to the god Lunk-Tunk-Tai-Wong, but what his particular duties are I am not able to say; but his worshipers present to him votive offerings in the shape of stones and rods which look much like barbers' poles in their decorations.

TEMPLE OF KWAN-TAI.

This is the great Chinese god of war, and his temple is one of the finest in Canton. Its courts are spacious and neatly paved with granite slabs. The green-tiled roofs and the several shrines are supported by granite columns. The first shrine is of course dedicated to old Kwan-Tai himself, and above the altar he sits in state. On the right side stand two colossal figures; one is represented as bearing the seal of the god, and the other holding a huge battle-axe. On the left side are two similar figures; one holding a commission from Kwan-Tai, and the other a weapon of war. In the rear are the parents and grand-parents of the god. Votive offerings to the god of war are suspended from the rafters of the temple. Several other temples in the city are also dedicated to this terrible god of battles. State worship is offered him especially at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes and at the New Year.

THE HONAM TEMPLE.

This is a Buddhistic temple situated in the suburb of Honam, on the south side of the river. It has an extensive monastery connected with it, and is often called the Ocean Banner Monastery. It is the largest temple in Canton, the whole occupying eight acres of ground. After passing through an unpretentious gateway, the grand entrance is reached by a broad well-paved walk, on each side of which is a row of large trees of the banyan species. The entrance is guarded by two immensely large sentinels or janitors, who are gross enough and terrific enough to frighten timid people; they are sitting, but if standing would reach a hight of nearly forty feet. There are supposed to be two of the eight personages, whose office it is to guard these sacred premises. Two are on duty at a time, and they must not suffer any evil spirits to enter the premises. The janitor on the right is supposed to welcome all who enter in a proper spirit to visit the holy shrines, while he on the left reminds them that the courts are hallowed, and must be approached with due reverence and awe. The eight janitors have the usual Chinese names, the interpretations of which are "The Deliverer of the Wretched and Miserable," "The Restorer of the Sick and Afflicted," "The Restorer of Blessings," "The Possessor of Purity," "Utterer of Loud Words," "The Soother of Sorrow," "The Wise and Good," and "The Great God."

The porch to the temple is ascended by a short flight of stone steps. On each side of the entrance is a large white board bearing Chinese characters, being dissertations to good conduct. On the right hand board it is stated that licentiousness is of all vices the greatest, while on the opposite board filial piety is described as the greatest virtue. Within the porch are four colossal images of the "Four Great Kings of Heaven." If they are as heavenly as they are great, their goodness can not be doubted, for, if standing, they would hardly fall short of forty feet in hight. One has a sort of green face; in his hand he holds a sword which he is unsheathing. He is supposed to hold authority over the winds, and to keep them from getting unduly on the rampage. The second has a red face, and holds in his hand a jade-stone harp, upon which he is supposed to discourse sweet music, when he feels like it. It is claimed for him that he controls the elements of fire, air, and water, of which he is composed, the first being of wood. The third has a white face, in his hand is an umbrella, supposed to be of pearls. It is his prerogative to send or withhold rain. His constitution is held to be of metal. The fourth has a swarthy complexion. In his left-hand he holds a golden dragon, and in his right hand a pearl, supposed to have been taken by him from the mouth of the dragon. He is invested with the power of granting propitious winds, and his constitution is said to be of water. It is claimed for these four heavenly kings that they exercise a presiding watchfulness and supreme direction, severally, over the eastern, southern, western, and northern quarters of the heavens; and to them Chinese mothers devoutly commend the charge of their little ones. The mother often writes the name of her child on a strip of paper and affixes it to the body of one of these heavenly kings, that her darling may be sure to be remembered and blessed.

Between the porch and the main temple is a court, with a small temple in the center, and one on each side. The roof of the main temple, as is the case with the most important temples, is of glazed green tiles, and is supported by lofty wooden pillars, made bright and shining by many coats of lacquer. Within the sanctuary are three colossal gilt statues of Buddha, representing respectively the past, the present, and the future. These images, if standing, would measure forty feet in hight. Before each is an altar on which are carefully arranged incense-burners, candlesticks, flowers, etc. Here, as in all the temples, the bamboo incense is kept constantly burning, the incense material being placed in a small tube of bamboo, which burns slowly, but steadily, like a piece of punk, emitting rather pleasant odors. In front of each image is suspended from the roof a large lantern, the lights in which, as with the vestal lights of ancient Rome, and the sacred lights of modern Rome, are kept constantly burning. Small lights and lanterns are also around the shrines, and these are lighted on special occasions. There are streamers and banners bearing Chinese characters in letters of velvet on a red ground. Upon the two sides of the shrine are eight statues of the most distinguished of Buddha's disciples. There were eight hundred of them in all, but these are considered the greatest for their preëminent virtues and spiritual attainments. Like Buddha they abandoned the wickedness of the world at an early age and dedicated their lives to holiness and peace. The great and good qualities of these holy men are highly praised by Chinese poets, and shrines have been erected to them in many places. Portraits are also as plentiful of them as of the disciples of Jesus among the Christians. A great many extraordinary claims are made with reference to these disciples of Buddha which I will not take the time to repeat, but if half the claims are true they must have been far more remarkable men than the twelve who much later attended upon the teacher of Galilee.

In a corner of the room where the shrine is located is a large bell, unrivaled for the softness of its tone, and also a large drum in an opposite corner. The two are sounded at the commencement of matins, vespers, and each daily service. They not only notify the public that the time for religious service has come, but they also convey a similar intelligence to the celestial beings, notifying them that their attention and good services are required. At the celebration of matins and vespers the monks, dressed in dull, grayish robes, arrange themselves in rows on each side of the shrine, and in a monotonous chant address prayers to Buddha for the preservation of the emperor and the high officials of the empire. They also offer to heaven prayers for all the blessings desired, and pay profoundest adorations. The officiating priest in front of the altar blesses and consecrates a small quantity of rice, and places the same on a tripod which stands without the door of the temple, where the rice is eaten by birds, who doubtless appreciate the food.

Within the shrine is a magnificent and elaborately sculptured marble dagoba. On one side Buddha is represented as riding upon an elephant with six tusks; on another side he is riding a lion; on the third he is riding a fabulous animal and holding in his hand a scroll; and on the fourth he is represented as sitting upon a lotus flower. Under each of these representations is sculptured a bowl of fresh water, which with the Chinese is an emblem of purity, typifying the excellence of the life and teachings of Buddha. Under this dagoba is supposed to be a relic of Buddha, which, of course, is regarded with a degree of reverence by the faithful, which amounts to worship. The marvel, however, is, as there are so many dogobas all over Asia under which relics of Buddha are said to be deposited—some having one of his teeth, another some other bone of his body—where they all came from. His body did not have bones enough in it to go round and supply all, and how so many dagobas can be blessed with one of his bones is a puzzling question; and the wonder is increased when it is remembered that Buddha's body was cremated, and the bones, of course, calcined to powder. Is it to be supposed that a miracle has been performed in each case where a relic is said to be deposited, as with the wood of the "true cross" on which Jesus was crucified, enough of which, it has been estimated, is still in existence in Christian churches and cathedrals to build a small-sized house? Had not the body of Jesus, as supposed, ascended into heaven, there is little doubt that hundreds of his bones would now grace Christian sanctuaries; but it would be a little awkward to be showing his bones to the faithful, while it is asserted that he took his bones with him to heaven. There is probably about the same amount of truth with reference to Buddha's bones as with the wood of the cross and the underclothes of the virgin. The dagoba in question cost many thousand dollars, but not a tithe of what some of the cathedrals cost in which Jesus and his mother are worshiped with an adoration as profound as that bestowed upon Buddha.

On each of the stone pillars which support the

shrine a red placard is posted, the object of which is to warn the thoughtless who visit the monastery to on no account profane so sacred a place. The third great shrine is in honor of Koog Yam, the goddess of mercy. A large gilt image of the goddess is the first thing to be seen. On the altar is the usual collection of incense-burners, candlesticks, and stands for artificial flowers. The front is adorned with a red, embroidered altar-cloth. On each side of the shrine are several bookcases, inclosed by folding-doors, and containing the Buddhistic scriptures, which are regarded with veneration as deep as that with which Christians regard their scripture.

THE GODDESS OF MERCY

Is held to be the incarnation of Buddha, who not less than thirty-two times appeared on earth, and on each occasion in a different form. Her father was a sovereign of one of the provinces, and her mother a very devout woman. They were many years without progeny, which filled them with grief. Her mother went twice daily to the temple to pray, and in every case she prayed for a male offspring. The gods, however, as gods often are, were not propitious to her, although she kept up this constant prayer till she became advanced in years. Many persons, after receiving no answer to their prayers for so long a time, would become discouraged and give up the struggle, but this good woman did not; she prayed on, and after awhile the gods, perhaps, got a little ashamed of themselves, or at least they so far relented as to conclude to give her a female child. She accordingly conceived, and in due course of time the daughter was born and named Mu-Shin. Her birth was attended with extraordinary phenomena. Throughout the day on which she was born a bright cloud overshadowed the dwelling of her father, and the air was impregnated with the sweet fragrance of many flowers.

During her childhood she manifested extraordinary ability, and evinced a great desire—in order to lead a pure life and perfect her intellectual attainments—to spend her early life within the walls of a Buddhistic nunnery. Her parents were greatly opposed to this, and to prevent her from carrying out her intention they confined her in a bower or garden-house. But finally, in consequence of her importunities, her father finally conveyed her to a nunnery. Here she was called upon to discharge the duties of a menial, to which she complied with the utmost grace and cheerfulness. It is perhaps not strange that she was a perfectly angelic creature, for she was blessed with no less than thirty-eight angels, who ministered unto her and gave her all the aid within their power. When it was her duty to pluck vegetables the monkeys came to her assistance, and in picking tea-leaves, the birds were so accommodating as to help her. Eight genii, in addition to the angels, were commissioned to wait upon her, to bring fruit to her, and whatever she needed. On one occasion when she was bearing fruit to the nunnery a white tiger came to her assistance.

At length her father became very much annoyed at her prolonged stay at the nunnery, and conceived the wicked plan of destroying it by fire. He accordingly gave orders to his generals to carry out this bad intention, and the flames were kindled; but no sooner had they made some headway than they were extinguished in a miraculous manner. The father became enraged that his plans were thus thwarted, and in a very angry manner commanded that his daughter be seized and brought before him. His orders were promptly obeyed, and when she was brought into his presence he commanded that she be slain at once with the sword. Again divine power came to her aid, and the designs of her wicked father were thus thwarted. As her father prevented her return to the nunnery, she resolved to commit suicide. This rash resolution she effected by strangulation; but during the following night a large tiger entered the palace, seized the coffin, and conveyed it to the summit of a mountain not far away, where, by the interposition of a heavenly messenger from the gods, she was restored to life. She was informed by the messenger that the ten kings who preside over the ten departments of hades were most desirous to see her. She was, of course, very willing to comply with the request of such distinguished personages, and at once hastened, under the guidance of the angel, to see the potentates of grim justice. Upon her arrival she was greatly pained to witness the dreadful punishments inflicted upon evil-doers, and her sympathy and compassion were raised in the highest degree when she saw their horror and despair. She resolved at once to do all she could by prayer to Buddha to alleviate their sufferings.

She inquired of the ten kings what their object was in sending for her. They replied that they wished to confer upon her a reward in token of the high esteem which they bore her for her many virtues and the boldness and zeal which she had evinced despite the cruel persecutions of her own father, which were meted out to her because she had the wisdom to choose the seclusion and self-denial of the nunnery in preference to the gayety and splendor of her father's palace. They urged her to continue in her course of wisdom and holiness. Upon her withdrawal from their presence she at once addressed herself in prayer to the future Buddha in supplication for those who were suffering the agonies of hell, and no sooner had she uttered the words, "O-mi-to-fat," than beautiful and fragrant flowers from heaven fell all around her, and at the same moment the unfortunate victims writhing in hell were at once translated to heaven to a state of perfect joy and bliss.

When, however, the kings of hades learned they had thus lost their subjects by wholesale by the prayers of Mu-Shin, they were filled with the greatest perturbation, and commanded that she should at once leave their abodes. No sooner had she returned to earth than she perceived a white cloud descending from heaven toward her, and upon it seated a person having the form of a Buddhist priest, and who addressed her in the most benignant manner, and asked her if she would like to go to Hong-Shan, a high mountain, on which dwelt angels and genii, whose homes had once been on the earth. He informed her that he was Shik-Ka, who, during her protracted seasons of sorrow and persecution, had carefully watched over and protected her. Mu-Shin's heart, of course, overflowed with gratitude at receiving this intelligence, and at once made up her mind that she would accompany her guardian angel to Hong-Shan. Upon their arrival upon that delectable mountain the favored female was requested to sit upon a throne of lotus flowers. She of course complied, and there she reigned for ten years, after which time she was promoted to Sai-Tien, the western paradise of the Buddhists. But while in this place of exquisite happiness she did not forget her wicked father, for during a long attack of illness which visited him she watched over him and aided in restoring him again to health. Her name after this was changed to Koon-Yam, the goddess of mercy, as which she has since been worshiped, women and children being her principal votaries.

Ladies of wealth and position in society repair to this goddess to solicit her aid and blessing. The form of worship pursued upon such occasions is conducted by Buddhist priests in a manner which is supposed to be pleasing to the goddess. Two tables are placed immediately in front of the goddess, and at a distance of a few feet from each other. Upon these fruits and flowers, as eucharistic offerings well pleasing to the goddess are neatly arranged. Around these tables ladies attired in their best robes sit or kneel, the priests at the sound of musical instruments march in with slow and measured step; but as the music quickens, their pace increases, until at last they run rapidly around the tables, making the form of the figure eight, as fast as their feet are able to carry them. This singular style of worship is brought to a close by the priests rushing wildly into the presence of the ladies, tendering to them their warmest congratulations.

This goddess is also very much worshiped during the Tsing-Ming, a season regarded by the Chinese as especially auspicious for repairing to the tombs of their ancestors to perform worship to them and make prayers to them. Paper representations of servants' houses, sedan-chairs, gold and silver ingots, are conveyed to the shrines, and, after being dedicated, are burnt, with the belief that they are thus converted into spirit substance, in which condition they can be utilized by their departed friends. This is particularly carried out on the nineteenth day of the second month, that being the anniversary of the goddess's birth. There are other temples and shrines dedicated to this goddess in other parts of the city. Hither votaries flock in great numbers upon her birthday, and beseech her blessings upon themselves and their sick relatives. They light immense sticks at the sacred lamps which are suspended above her altars, and then, bearing them aloft, return to their respective homes, when these incense sticks, as eucharistic offerings, are often placed before the ancestral tablets, and at other times upon the altars of the tutelary deities and guardians of their dwellings. Sometimes, also, previous to leaving the temple the votaries hold a small parcel of tea wrapped in paper in the cloud of smoke of incense about the altar, and when the tea has thus been fumigated it, of course, becomes impregnated with holiness, and is considered efficacious as a medium in curing various forms of diseases. The pious Chinese doubtless feel about the same kind of veneration for this goddess as Christians do for the Virgin Mary, who is appealed to in prayer by millions of devout worshipers as having the power to confer all kinds of blessings spiritual and temporal; and the relics pertaining to her, including fragments of her underclothes, have performed wonderful miracles. The rock on which her milk is said to have dropped, as at Bethlehem, is thought to be charged with miraculous power, and is purchased by the faithful as possessing astonishing qualities. There is not very much difference, after all, between Christian and other superstitions.

Near the shrine of this goddess stands the Pee-Lu-Kok, or the hall or tower of the god Pee-Lu. He is sitting on a phenix throne and wearing a crown of gold. He has three eyes, the center of which, the eye of omniscience, is placed in the middle of the forehead. On the sides of the hall stand the images of twelve personages, called the "Kings of Heaven." At the feet of Pee-Lu are two small red tablets; on them is recorded in letters of gold the names of persons who have contributed largely in the decorations and fittings of this holy place.

THE HOLY HOGS.

Connected with this largest temple in the city are very commodious apartments for about a dozen fat hogs, a corridor leading to them from the body of the temple. These are hogs devoted to the gods, or to the sacred uses of the temple, and are the gifts of pious devotees who, for some blessing received, or the answer to some prayer obtained, deeming one of the best acts they can perform is to not take animal life, but, on the other hand, to preserve it. From the hour the pigs enter this sacred inclosure they are regarded as sacred, and are carefully fed and attended to by the monks, the food being largely contributed by devotees who come to the temple to worship. The animals are kept very clean, and are never killed; they are fed year after year and allowed to live as long as they will, and when they die are buried with all the honors due a saint. One of them I saw is fifteen years old, and must weigh six or eight hundred pounds.

I had seen many holy things, and read of holy animals of various kinds, but I think these were the first holy hogs that fell under my observation. The idea of hogs and holiness seemed a trifle incongruous to me, and, turning to the guide, I said, "Ah Cum, Ah Cum, do you believe there is any special holiness in these hogs, or that they are any holier for being kept here in a temple?" Ah Cum's reply was, "Oh, me got no religion; me don't care anything about it; all temples just samee to me." I concluded that Ah Cum was not far out of the way, and that all the temples are about alike. But many kinds of animals, and especially bulls, have, by the worshipers of many gods, been regarded as sacred, and I don't know why piggie has not an equal right to come in for a share of sacred honors. These porkers were of the pure China breed, with short legs and small bones, and of the same kind I met in considerable numbers in my ride around the city. In the outer parts of the town, among the dwellings of the poorer classes, pigs are largely kept, and run around with the children and dogs, all being apparently upon an equality. The pigs look as clean as the children, and as though they had their daily bath.

In the compartment with the sacred swine are notices placed in a conspicuous position warning all persons to beware doing any unkindness to the hogs upon any consideration, assuring them that if any bad act is done to those animals retributive justice will be meted out for the same in the great day of judgment. In another compartment are kept male chickens, which have also been dedicated to a holy life. Like the Jews, the Chinese think male animals and birds are most acceptable to the gods.

The monks and friars attached to the temple—there being in the neighborhood of a hundred of them—occupy considerable space. I saw where their food is prepared, and the dining-room, with the eight long, plain tables, where they take their simple meals of rice and vegetables, boiled in the kitchen hard by. Their dormitory does not look particularly inviting. It has long wooden benches on either side, where these idle and useless beings seek repose at night. They are simply beggars, and reminded me much of the same class of monks I saw in Rome, where there are seven thousand of them. Possibly they all have the highest requisites of true Christians, for they take no thought for the morrow; they toil not, neither do they spin. These Chinese monks have a long loose dress, very similar to the Christian monks, and Mr. Clark was struck with the resemblancee. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death.

DEAR FATHER BENNETT: It is hard for me to break to you the sad news of the death of our dear, sweet, little son, James Bennett Travers. Oh, with what pride we looked upon our boy when born! He was so stout and perfect in form; he had such a finely-developed head, from which shone as bright and beautiful eyes as ever were to mortal given. We named him Bennett because we loved you, and hoped that he would be a great and good man, as we firmly believe you to be; but Death marked him for his victim, and all available medical aid, with our constant watch and care, could not save him. Oh, how my heart bled when the physician told me little Benny could not liv!

He is gone. Lying on my knees, at 6:30 P.M., Saturday, July 15th, he breathed his last.

The funeral was a quiet one. The address, made by a Campbellite minister who thinks enough of the church to prefer selling groceries to preaching, was short and without the Christian fringes, scripture reading, and psalm singing. Had there been no mention of Jesus in the address I would hav been better satisfied; but it is hard to overcome old habits, and he for that is excused.

Dear little Bennett, thy troubles are over,
Death's angel has robbed us, we see thee no more
Unless in the future eternal life hover,
Then shall we see thy fair form as before.

But now for that future we hav no misgiving
Better than torture, the gloom of the grave;
From the orthodox heaven where a Guiteau is living
May the angels of mercy our darling one save.

Farewell, our sweet baby, we know it is well,
Though o'er thy cold grave full often we weep;
And whether in action or rest thou dost dwell,
Yet we'll think of thee only as resting in sleep.

Winchester, Ill. J. B. TRAVERS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882.

The Banquet Reception

To the returned pilgrim at Martinelli's on Thursday evening, the 3d inst., was a highly enjoyable affair. At the hour of six the friends began to assemble in the capacious saloon with its long table bearing evident proof that a feast was soon to be presented to the guests. A suite of reception-rooms for ladies was also brought into requisition. The returned traveler was cordially taken by the hand by the guests as they arrived, and he was made heartily welcome to his home once more. Not far from the hour of seven the dinner was ready and some sixty or more gentlemen and ladies—warm personal friends—were seated before the brilliant display, ready to participate in the festivities of the occasion.

Among the honored guests were Horace Seaver and Josiah P. Mendum of the Boston *Investigator*, and H. M. Fisher, of Fishersville, N. H., who had come a long way to be present at this welcome feast. The entire ceremonies continued nearly six hours.

After the company were seated the President, T. B. Wakeman, arose and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I hav the honor to present to you your lately returned friend, the illustrious Pilgrim who has circled the earth in the search for truth. And to you, Mr. Bennett, I hav to present this large circle of friends you see before you, who hav voluntarily come together and provided this feast as a slight token of their esteem for you and of their desire to do you some honor for your labors, trials, sufferings, and victories in the Liberal cause. So that this may be done decently and in order, we must recognize the fundamental law of all vital, social, and even spiritual life, that is, that the higher is always conditioned upon and subordinate to the lower. The first duty of man is, therefore, material and protoplasmic. After the feast of these good things there shall follow in due course a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." But first of all we ask for a word or two from him whom we hav met to honor by way of acceptance and "grace."

Mr. Bennett, who stood by the side of the chairman, evidently somewhat moved by the situation and the goodly company before him, expressed his gratitude for the kind welcome extended to him, remarking that to be thus welcomed by near friends felt still more grateful than by those farther removed. While on his long, toilsome journey around the world, surrounded by those with whom he was wholly unacquainted, he had fondly remembered the parting farewell so kindly given him at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, by many of those now present. He knew they were true friends to him, and the spmpathy and friendship which they extended to him had sustained and cheered him while far away. Although he had very bitter enemies, few people could boast of more or better friends. So long as he was able to hold such true and steadfast friends he should care but little for his enemies. We would not detain his friends by prolonged remarks, but recommended that all proceed to the little job immediately before them.

The dinner consisted of five or six regular courses, including small clams on the shell, soup, fish, chicken, game, roast beef, vegetables, a general assortment of cake, fruit, ice cream, etc. The dispatching of the viands as they were brought on, one after another, blended as they were with general conversation in which nearly all participated, occupied an hour and a half.

After this the president called to order and requested E. B. Foote, M.D., Jr., to read several letters which had been received from persons who could not be present. Among the same were letters from James Parton, Elizur Wright, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and George Chainey, but unfortunately, with the exception of the first, they got lost, so they cannot be given. The following is the letter from Mr. Parton:

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., July 8, 1882.

My Dear Eugene: Your kind invitation to attend the proposed dinner of welcome to Mr. Bennett on his return home in August does me great honor. I am sorry to be obliged to decline. It has become necessary to me to avoid all the avoidable causes of excitement, and it would excite me very much to take part in such an occasion. I am not, like you, in the vigor of youth, nor like him, made of watch-spring steel. He is a wonderful man. My impression is that his tour round the world will bear good fruit in some of the countries through which he passed, as well as in that to which he returns. JAMES PARTON.

At the conclusion of the reading of the letters the President gave the second toast, "Liberal Pilgrims, Their Meaning and Use." To this toast the President said he had been assigned to reply in the absence of Mr. James Parton, the president of the Liberal Club of this city.

Mr. Wakeman said: In our youth we were taught the maxim that "history repeats itself," as if it were an axiom. Now it is discovered that history never repeats itself. It is a sign of progress that we hav learned this fact, and we must be grateful for the knowledge of the law of evolution, which proves that facts and events can never recur, because the conditions of social life and of its progress can never be twice the same.

Yet the fundamental necessities and emotions of mankind are ever the same or similar. The feelings which hav thrilled the human race from its infancy are simply answered to again and again throughout the ages by new circumstances, symbols, religions, or philosophies. The language and dress may change, but the collectiv soul of Man is ever much the same. The same needs produce the same feelings.

Religions succeed each other, like fleeting clouds, when we watch the course of history; but their fundamental demands, feelings, astronomic festivals, and even rites and usages reappear. Instead of departing utterly from the earth, they sink deeper in the heart of man and blossom forth anew from age to age. The Christmas Festival is as old as the knowledge of the winter solstice from which it took its rise.

Such thoughts sprang up in me anew when I read often how our honored guest describes himself in his book "Around-the-World" as "*the Pilgrim.*"

But is he not a Liberal—that is, one of those emancipated from Theology? And is not a Pilgrim a "religious person"—a product of the accursed old theologies he is to liv and die in fighting? Yes. The Fetichistic peoples, like the savage tribes, the Africans, and the Chinese, are, it is true, by their religion, a stay-at-home people, because their gods are their homes or in their homes. They occupy the ground floor in the religious world, and are the majority of our race. They are largely exempt from pilgrimage making.

But the next higher stories of the religious world—the theologies proper, viz., Polytheism and Monotheism—are sure to blossom out into thousands of Pilgrimages and millions of Pilgrims, for unlike the Fetichist, their gods or god, or revelation, or sacred thing, is not in their homes, but dwells or has appeared *afar* in some sacred river, plain, mountain, village, or city, and *there* the *highest* must be sought. So the Polytheistic Hindoo, Greek, or Roman sought the places where his soul could obtain or make its peace with the god-governed order of his world. So the Monotheistic Christian or Mohammedan is sure or surer of heaven if he can only once look upward from his God's house at Mecca or Jerusalem. This impulse in these religions has slaughtered millions. The Crusades, with their three millions of victims, were little more than incidents in its play; and even now in Asia and Europe it yields every year its thousandfold crop of deaths as witnesses to its power.

But are we, the emancipated, not free from this death-dealing theological absurdity? Alas! Notwithstanding all of our wrestlings to escape from the past, a professed *Pilgrim* sits by our side!

But what a contrast? A Pilgrim! Why? To what place? What for? Let us see.

When Europe slept in the bosom of the Holy Church, one who had from sin, folly, or misfortune, found it "rough" with the world, or the Church, instead of committing *hari-kari*, could drop the tangled threads of life, throw up the sponge, and say, "I will go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land for the good of my soul and the glory of God."

At once this cry was respected. The priest recorded his vow, and gave him the cross-bearing robe, the sandal shoon and scollop shell. A procession of grieving, anxious, prayerful friends (if any he had left) followed him to the next parish, and tearfully passed him over to the tender mercies of the Faithful, of the Infidel, or of God, as his fate might be.

Years pass, and, if not in heaven by the aid of some disease or Mohammedan sword, the rumor reaches his nativ village that the lost pilgrim is working his way homeward. His return is hailed like that of a triumphant soldier or of "a lost sheep." His misdeeds, if any, are forgotten. Has he not been redeemed, regenerated, by the Holy Ones at whose shrines he has watched and prayed? The procession forms again. The friends and neighbors with gifts, the children in gala-dress with song and flowers, go out and meet, and rejoice over, and beg the prayers of the brother who comes to them as if returned from an unknown and therefore a holier world. He is led in triumph to the altar of the Church, and there deposits the palms gathered from the plains of Jericho, and which entitle him to be ever after honored as a "*Palmer.*" The priest grants him complete absolution from all of his sins, and declares his vows fulfilled and his life sacred. Henceforth he has a new lease of life. The leaf has been turned for a new entry, the past is lost in the honor and reverence that waits upon his days, until his final pilgrimage shall come.

To us all of the creed of this old religion is forever dead and gone, but I pity the heart that does not feel some echo of its "pilgrim's return" to night.

Our Liberal Pilgrim went forth out of a complication more the fault of others than his own, in which he served as a Martyr for the freedom of all. He needed a change of place and scene—a new life, which only a new view, a general view, of the world, could giv.

He went out as a Pilgrim from the anxious meetings of his friends, not to the birthplace or shrine of a pigmy god, but to Humanity in its home, the world! The limitations that encircled his life he would solve and lose in the life and sympathy of the whole race. More than Ulysses ever dreamt of seeing—of oceans and lands, of cities and men, of priests and gods—he has gazed upon, and now he returns to his faithful Penelope, to us, and to his native land! Moved more than ever, must he be, if he is human, by the higher, better, universal, immortal impulses of man. Nay more, he brings those impulses home to us and joins us in that sympathy which makes our race one, invincible and divine.

But not only as a pilgrim has he gone and returned. As the pilgrim often did of old, he has joined with that sacred mission the duties of a knight errant. As a soldier of justice and right, a Seeker of Truth, he brings a record of services in every land he has visited of singular value.

Who, for instance, could hav done what he has accomplished in India and Ceylon? His speeches, translated into the nativ tongues, are going before thousands, and perhaps millions, as the best and perhaps the only antidote to the stupid Munchausen stories by which the missionaries of theology are trying to overthrow the comparativly innocent traditions of Buddha and Confucius. He has exposed, as no other ever has, the wickedness of undermining one superstition by another which the natives can never understand, instead of giving them the blessings of liberty, science, humanity, and civilization. The costly, and to the nativs the destructiv work of these emmisaries of an effete superstition which still beclouds our civilization should be brought to an end by the indignation of the more scientific and enlightened world. We had no more right to annihilate the Sandwich Islanders by Christianity than we had by gunpowder. Social science has thrown new light over the relativ positions of religions and races. Each is the outgrowth of each, and a sudden change is death.

Such are some of the instructiv lessons our Liberal pilgrim and knight errant of truth has brought out in the clearest light. He has served not only himself, but us and the world, in rising by this pilgrimage above the complications of his own life. He shall be loved, honored, and cherished accordingly. For his services in Ceylon the Buddhist students chanted hymns to him as if to a hero-sage of their faith. Half the world lies between us and them to-night, nor can we join in their sonorous original Pali, but we send them greeting, and we join in these verses of their song at least, though we have them only in prose:

May the kind-hearted Mr. Bennett
Who is praised by learned pandits in different countries,
Is familiar with various arts and sciences,
Is the residence of the higher wisdom,
And who possesses a competent
Knowledge of different religious systems,
Liv long!

May the Liberal-minded Mr. Bennett,
Who has pleasant and intelligent features,
Who is endowed with so great wisdom as the sage of the golden mountain,
Who is bent upon the public good,
Who is like unto a wreath of flowers
Which shines as the crown of learned men,
Flourish long!

May Mr. Bennett, who is like unto the Sun which destroys the dew of superstition,
Is like a victorious general in engagements of controversy,
Who follows the teachings of Lord Buddha, which comfort the world,
And who well bears the pearl necklace of renown,
Shine long!

Our next toast is "Our Liberal Pilgrim," and to that Mr. Bennett himself must reply. He is before you.

Mr. Wakeman's speech was listened to with the closest attention and frequently applauded. The close of it especially "brought down the house."

Mr. Bennett spoke somewhat as follows:

My heart swells with gratitude toward you, my friends, who surround me here to-night. I can but feebly express my feelings, but I think you will easily understand that I cannot do otherwise than feel grateful.

One who has been around the world ought to hav something to talk about. There is, indeed, a plenty of material; I hardly know what to giv you, there is so much to choose from, and I am only sorry that I am not a better talker. A man who does not allow his voice to be heard until he is sixty years of age, and who has no particular talent in that direction, ought not to be expected to be much of an orator.

Although I hav seen many beautiful countries—

lands that hav charming features of beauty, tall mountains, deep valleys, wide plains, great rivers, populous cities—tropical countries filled with wonderful palms, bananas, spice woods, and other exotic productions, I can say that of all the countries on the face of the earth I think our own America is the best, affording the happiest homes for the people. We hav every reason to be grateful that our lines are cast in pleasant places, for we hav advantages which the people of other nations do not possess. We should be mindful of these things and not feel that our lot is a hard one, for we hav a better country, a better climate, better institutions, better laws, and greater opportunities for living comfortable and happy lives than hav most of the people in foreign lands.

I will simply name some of the countries I hav visited. Greece is the land of a great people, where 2,500 years ago dwelt a nation remarkable in the history and literature of the world, remarkable for their generalship, for their fighting qualities, for their literary attainments, their poetry, sculpture, and architecture; in many other directions they were a people who hav hardly been equalled. It was very interesting to view the ruins of their temples and statuary which still remain. Passing by Constantinople, there is not so much to be said of it, though it is a historic city, founded by Constantine the Great; it is a beautiful city viewed from the distance, but when its streets are traversed it is found to be dirty, dilapidated, and almost repulsiv. Egypt, now most unhappy, at the present moment is a remarkable country in the way of ruins and monuments of antiquity; its pyramids, temples, tombs, and obelisks are very wonderful—nothing on the face of the globe surpasses this ancient country. The river Nile, which flows 1,300 miles without a tributary, draining the mountains high up in central Africa, and running through an otherwise desert waste, bears to that lower country the rich alluvial deposits which make it one of the most fruitful portions of the earth's surface, and which has produced more food for man in proportion to its area than any any other. Among its remarkable ancient statues there is one hewn from granit, which weighs 1,000 tons and was transported over two hundred miles. The civil engineers of our time would hardly be competent to move so vast a body that distance. There are also monolith obelisks, varying from sixty to eighty feet in hight, which hav been transported the same distance.

India, that country of 1,500,000 square miles, and containing 252,000,000 of people, is another remarkable portion of the earth's surface, remarkable for its extensive and elevated mountain ranges, 28,000 to 29,000 feet high, which I had the privilege of looking upon; its thousand rock temples, one hundred of which I also had the opportunity of visiting. Ceylon, perhaps the most beautiful island in the world, save, possibly, Java, deserves mention. These two islands hav a richness of tropical growth nowhere excelled. They hav antiquities also, remarkable and interesting, which I cannot dwell upon at this time.

There is a little land which is probably familiar to you all—a small tract of country called Palestine, or the Holy Land—which I will talk a little about, as perhaps it will interest you as much as to hear of countries farther east. The feeling that comes over the visitor to this country which we hav read so much about since the days of our childhood, is one of disappointment at its diminutivness and insignificance. While in Greece, Baalbec, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, China, and Japan there are many ruins of ancient temples and edifices of various kinds, in Palestine there are no ruins of Jewish temples. There are some remains of edifices built by the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and the Romans, but there is hardly one stone remaining on another which is known to be Jewish in character. There is nothing to prove that there ever was such a building as Solomon's Temple, and there is also little proof that such a person as Solomon ever lived. The foundation walls under the Mosque of Omar, where the temple is said to hav stood, are believed to hav been built in the time of Herod, not long after the beginning of the Christian era. If Solomon and his temple did exist, it is very singular that none of the people of those times knew anything of them. Herodotus, the eminent Greek historian, who lived and wrote in the age immediately succeeding the time of Solomon, though he twice traveled through Syria, in which country Palestine is situated, and wrote up full accounts of what he saw, he had nothing to say of either Solomon or his temple. Had they been in existence, he assuredly would hav known it. Neither did any historian of the time know anything of them. There is no proof that any nation of that period knew anything of Solomon's glory or of his temple. It is probable they are myths, as are most of the persons and events named in the older Jewish story. There is no proof that what is considered the older portion of the Bible was written even till after the return from the Babylonian captivity, where the priest Ezra and his scribes produced them, perhaps, somewhat in thh manner given in 2 Esdras, chapter xiv—the Greek form of the name Ezra—when he took five scribes and went apart, when he opened his mouth and drank a cupful of fiery fluid which inspired him with wisdom and understanding, when the five scribes wrote wonderful visions of the night. In the course of forty days under such inspiration, it is said, the scribes wrote two hundred and four books, seventy of which were to be kept secret and the others published openly. Whether this is the way in which the books of the Old Testament were written, it is tolerably certain that they had no existence until within six centuries of our era. When the Jews were taken captive to Babylon they were little bet ter than are their cousins of to-day—the Arabs and Bedouins of the desert—a wild, nomadic race, without wealth, without literature, without civilization, and without a history. During the fifty years they passed in Babylon, that seat of ancient knowledge and civilization, they learned far more than they ever knew before, and when they were sent back to their own country they felt the necessity of a national history and of sacred writings of their own. It was not difficult for shrewd priests, with what they had learned in Babylon, to write up a story of their nation and of the sayings and doings of their God, their prophets, their warriors, and their great men.

A very strong proof that the Old Testament books were thus written is found in the fact that the cosmogony of the first book in the Bible, including the account of the creation of the world, of the Garden of Eden, of the remarkable snake, of the fall of man, of the great flood, etc., is almost exactly after the model of the Babylonish claims, for in the excavations made in Nineveh and Babylon by the great English excavators, Rawlinson and Smith, they found a great number of earthen tablets of various sizes, inscribed in cuneiform characters, not less than four thousand years old, in which these same stories were narrated. These men learned to read those tablets, and there they found our story of the creation, of the fall of man, and of the flood. It is easy to understand that the Jews, in the course of their half century's residence in Babylon, could learn all this and could also appropriate it and incorporate it into their story upon their return. It is highly probable, from this standpoint, that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, etc., are simply mythical characters, as are St. Nicholas or Santa Claus, Bluebeard, Sindbad the Sailor, Jack the Giant-killer, William Tell, John Bull, Brother Jonathan, and Mrs. Columbia. I hav seen in the British Museum the very tablets on which these Babylonish stories were inscribed, and there is no doubt that their antiquity is decidedly greater than the first five books in the Old Testament, usually ascribed to Moses.

It is far more reasonable to conclude that those books were not written by Moses, that the leading features of them were taken from Babylonish literature, than that Moses wrote them, for it nowhere says in those books that Moses wrote a word of them, and the difficulty is conceded of a man being able to write an account of his own death and burial. And inasmuch as the city of Dan and the kings of Judah are mentioned in Genesis, and these had no existence until a long period after the time of Moses, it is entirely clear that he never wrote the account. And even if it is conceded he did write it it makes it far from true. Moses was no more able to truthfully tell what took place two thousand years before he was born than any other man.

Yes, as one journeys over the Holy Land he is constantly impressed with its narrow limits and the poor quality of its surface. When I climbed up on the top of the Mohammedan tomb on the hill back of Nazareth, I could look over uearly all of the country—said to hav been selected by Yahweh for a dwelling place for his chosen, peculiar people, promising it to them for an everlasting inheritance, and designing it for his own special kingdom—quite as well as some farmers can overlook their farms. I could view the Mediterranean Sea far beyond the confines of the country on the west, the mountains of Lebanon and Mount Hermon far in the north, the mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan in the east, and nearly to the mountains of Judah in the south. Thus I could view the greater part of the land which the Jewish God is said to hav selected in preference to all the countries of the globe, and which he made his residence, caring little or nothing for the other portions of the earth, but rather declaring curses and maledictions upon them. I estimated that about one thousand square miles of the country in the valleys is fair farming land, and can easily be plowed; another thousand miles on the hillsides which are terraced can also be plowed and cultivated in vineyards, fig and olive trees, while the remaining three thousand five hundred square miles are simply naked, barren rocks, which could never be cultivated unless with a crowbar.

I realized while passing over this dismal, diminutiv country that the person who selected this rock-bound land in preference to all the world could not hav been a good judge of real estate, that he knew nothing of the continent of America or the great states of New York, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas, for those familiar with these countries could not be justified in selecting such a miserable country as Palestine. I was able to realize also what a signal failure the whole Yahweh enterprise was. Afrer boasting repeatedly of the great value and desirability of the country, and giving it to his chosen people for an everlasting possession, in which he should set up his kingdom forever, after a troublous, precarious career of a few centuries, during which period his chosen people were defeated and captured by their enemies, the neighboring nations, more than a dozen times, they were finally driven entirely and disgracefully out of the country; and for more than eighteen hundred years they hav scarcely been allowed to set a foot upon the miserable soil. I realized that it was one of the most complete failures and fizzles that has ever been heard of. Not only has his chosen people forsaken the country which he gave them for a perpetual home, but he has also forsaken it himself and has not been in that narrow domain for hundreds of years. I furthermone do not believe that the devil takes the slightest interest in it, or that he ever visits it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Volume II.

Of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" has been issued and mailed. If any who hav subscribed for the set fail to receive the copy due them they will please notify us promptly.

IT is but justice to the *Banner of Light* to say that it decided that it could not be Henry Slade who was at Belleville, Ont., upon the ground that it knew him to be a genuin medium, while the Slade who was there confessed himself to be fraudulent. It afterward claimed that Slade acknowledged he had used fraud to avoid going to prison. It is perhaps true that a man will sometimes confess to what he has not been guilty of to be spared the infliction of torture and of imprisonment, but this is an awkward plea at best. It is humiliating for a man to confess to an untruth to avoid imprisonment. It is far better to be guilty of no untruth, and to confess to none, prison or no prison.

A New League at Milwaukee.

The Liberal agitation and the reception of Mr. Bennett in Milwaukee, Wis., result in the organization of a new auxiliary League in that city. There was a "dead" one there before, and R. C. Spencer, the president, was keeping it dead, except when it served his purpose to throw mud upon the National League. Dr. T. W. Williams is president of the new League; P. A. Stuart, secretary, and Mrs. M. A. Brown, treasurer. Mrs H. S. Lake, and Mrs. Dr. Severance were activ in getting up this new auxiliary.

The Watkins Meeting.

It is to be hoped as many Liberal friends will attend the meeting at Watkins as can make it convenient to do so. It bids fair to be one of the largest meetings ever held in the country. These re-unions are of the greatest service. They hav not only a good effect upon those who participate in them, but also upon the public at large. Let there be a general turn out, and let the world be able to form some idea as to what the Liberal strength is.

The Watkins Convention.

THE OPENING SESSION.

At 10 o'clock A.M., Aug. 23d, Dr. Brown, the president, will call the Convention to order at Freer's Opera House in Watkins, after which there will be a free conference meeting of ten-minute speeches until adjourned. It is very desirable that as many as can be present at the first day's session of the Convention, and especially that all who are in Watkins Wednesday morning be promptly on hand at 10 o'clock. At 2 o'clock the afternoon session will open by the delivery of the annual address by the president

SUBJECT OF LECTURES.

"Last Words in the Pulpit," by George C. Miln. "Is 'Leaves of Grass' Obscene?" by George Chainey. "The Crthodox Scheme of Salvation," by Judge C. B. Waite. "The Spirit of Humanity in American Poetry," by Samuel P. Putnam. "The Mission of Liberalism," by Mrs. H. S. Lake. "Was Woman an Afterthought?" by Matilda Joslyn Gage. "Freedom of Speech, Pen, and Mails," by Lucy N. Colman. "Superstition," by M. Babcock. "The National Liberal League," by T. C. Leland. "Alcoholism," by Prof. Stolz. "A Fable and a Dream, the Foundation upon which Christianity Rests," by D. M. Bennett. "The Era of God versus the Era of Man," by Courtlandt Palmer. "Is There Evidence of Design in the Universe?" by ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Michigan. The other speakers hav not as yet announced their subjects.

BY SENECA LAKE STEAMERS.

People attending the Freethinkers' Convention from the northern part of New York state, or from the East or West by the way of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad should take the steamer at Geneva for Watkins Glen. These boats hav agreed to sell tickets for $1, the round trip. This is a most delightful ride, and the best way to reach the Convention.

H. L. GREEN.

Communications.

Aristocratic Freethought.

The true name for so-called "cultured Freethought" is "Aristocratic Freethought." Culture is too good a word for it, for its culture is only veneer. It is an outside polish. It is a thing put on for the sake of appearance. It is a tawdry theatrical garment. It is the paint of the actor. It has all the meanness of hypocrisy, only it is not quite so deep. It is so superficial that one can quite easily see through and detect the coarse-grained blackguardism that it seeks to cover.

A true culture, of course, makes one universal in his sympathy. It deepens and broadens and freshens the whole nature. It givs one an insight into the worthiness of all things. In the light of a true culture every particle of humanity is glorified. Nothing therein is despised. Every genuin feeling is acknowledged. Whatever concerns the world in any of its aspects concerns the truly cultivated intellect.

But the so-called "cultured Freethought" is the most bigoted and sectarian thing of the day. It has the sublime complacency of absolute stupidity. It thinks that it knows all things, while it is really as ignorant as a fool. It sits in judgment on men and things like a veritable Dogberry. It has a little "consensus" of its own, and outside of that discerns only darkness. "Cultured Freethought" is the child of orthodox dogmatism, and therefore it is puppyism. It is full of backbiting, and when it has nothing else to do it tries to catch its own tail in a metaphysical whirl.

"Cultured Freethought" is entirely abstracted from the spirit of humanity. It has no sympathy with the struggling masses. It has never yet uttered a ringing word for industrial liberty. It is the snobbery of Liberalism. It is the dandy of reform. It always carries a perfumed handkerchief for fear that its poor nose may be defiled. No poverty-stricken wretch must ever come betwixt the wind and its nobility. It cries "hands off" to the vulgar crowd.

Therefore "cultured Freethought" is "aristocratic Freethought." It is not democratic. It has no faith in the people. Having demolished the god in the sky it acknowledges in its stead the god of respectability. It worships Mrs. Grundy. It bows down to the successful scamp. It is the slave of wealth. It is the puppet of society. Its Freethought is merely a polished luxury. It is worn like an elegant dress. It is part of a sumptuous feast. Aristocratic Freethought doesn't care a fig what becomes of humanity. It prates of intellectual liberty, but it has not one word to say for the multitudes who sweat at thankless tasks. It is the representativ to-day of that ancient Phariseeism which Jesus so heartily cursed; and as it could not answer his arguments it nailed him to the cross, to its eternal infamy. Even thus is the aristocratic Freethought of the present age. It has all the venom of a Calvin, and as it can not burn at the stake it does all within its power to destroy reputation. Its methods of warfare are those of the coward, the sneak, and the savage. It wields the dagger of the assassin. For the sake of revenge it will engage in the dirtiest work. Of course it wouldn't besmear it hands with honest labor, but it will most willingly besmear its hands with the slime of scandal. It delights in throwing mud. It has made a fine art of slander. It is sly, awful sly. It can deal a foul blow. It has not the slightest compunction in striking under the belt. When it can't bite it keeps up a melancholy and persistent bark.

Aristocratic Freethought is at heart as cruel as the grave. It has all the harshness of the priesthood without the element of mercy. It will sacrifice any thing to its own welfare. It thinks of nothing beyond to-day's respectability. It will cringe even to Comstock for the sake of a word of praise. It seeks for its allies the traitor and the spy. In discarding Christianity it becomes Shylock the Jew, and seeks to cut the heart out of its adversary by legal tricks. It will do anything except make a fair, honest, and square fight. It will hesitate at no injustice unless it takes courage to do it. Aristocratic Freethought is very prudent. It looks out for number one constantly. It locks itself in its little castle at the Hub and shoots its arrows through the port-holes of its spite. It dodges when it sees the smoke of battle.

Aristocratic Freethought is essentially provincial, as all aristocracies are. It dwells in a little world of its own. It has no large knowledge or outlook. Its highest idea of the universe is a Boston audience. To this it bows and scrapes as to Almighty God, especially if it has a plethoric pocketbook. Aristocratic Freethought expects that the world will come to its feet as it sits in its easy-chair. It has a sublimely ridiculous idea of its importance. When it takes snuff it expects all the world to sneeze. It puts on the airs of a "school-ma'am." It is a "bluestocking" of the first water. It takes a great deal of pride in "names;" without "names" it would hardly survive. It has only one idea, and that is 'the consensus of the competent," and the "competent" is the aristocratic Freethinker himself. He can measure all philosophies; he can dictate all moralities. He can out-pope the pope, and out-Cæsar Cæsar. He can blow his own trumpet with all the thunder of a papal bull. Such is aristocratic Freethought, the Mephistopheles of American Liberalism, the clovenfoot of all human history—the very devil of orthodoxy without the safeguard of a decent god. No wonder that Prof. Adler has spewed the ghastly humbug out of his mouth. He is democratic; he has some sympathy with the people; he will send a hundred dollars to the strikers; he will stand up for the rights of the lowliest men and women; he believes in practical work. No wonder that he is sick and tired of this aristocratic nonentity, this show of respectability, this gymnastic parade of metaphysical quiddities. Every decent man will learn to abhor it. It is nothing after all but dead men's bones. The old giants are dead. Aristocratic Freethought religion is but the rattling of their chains by crawling vermin.

What the world wants is democratic Freethought, and this will triumph through the powers of universal sympathy, through the ongrowing spirit of humanity. Democratic Freethought rejects nothing that belongs to man in his manifold struggles.

Aristocratic Freethought is at heart the ally of the Jesuit. It may cry out, "Anti-theology-mad Liberalism," but it is itself the spawn of theology. It is the base-born child of superstition, ashamed of its parentage, yet betraying its bastard blood in every feature and in every motion. To all intents and purposes it is dead. The job now is to bury it out of sight.

* * *

Fraternal.

And if thy heart and thy drift be as mine
To all mankind, love and good will,
Now lift to me that friendly hand of thine,
And thus let us pull together still!

For twenty years the writer was employed as a revival mininster in the Methodist Episcopal church, and for more than sixty years he has been every way familiar with the mental machinery by which the Christian "God" or "godheads" are made (Heb. ii, 6). However, I hav from the beginning been familiar with all phases of mystical and mediumistic phenomena upon which modern Spiritualism is founded. My investigation of this movement commenced in the Fox family, New York, in 1848; and I am sure I hav witnessed as much since that period as any man can wish to see, and not only through mediums in my own family but through the best so-called "test mediums," both in this country and in France and England; and enough, I may say, to crystallize the conviction to a certainty in my own mind that all such "tests," as to the personal identity of these nondescript invisibilities, are fraudulent, as no names or dates are or can be given, nor, indeed, any other knowledge of us that they do not succeed in learning through a medium's brains. And I am equally sure that it cannot be shown that there is ever in any case more than one "spirit" to each medium (and in a vast majority of cases it cannot be proved that there are any at all); and hence what are called "tests" all depend on the clairvoyance by which it is obtained from living brains. But it has always seemed very strange to me how those calling themselves Spiritualists can sail under the Christian flag as some do, who repeat Theodore Parker's prayers when they shut their eyes, and talk to the air or to the ridge pole.

But this much I should not hav said but for the remarks by D. R. Burt in THE TRUTH SEEKER, July 15, 107, page 445; and in one or more papers I hav noticed similar invidious remarks of Mr. George Chainey. My own opinion is that there is not a man living outside the ranks of modern mysticism who is more fraternal in his estimate of Spiritualists than George Chainey. A more liberal and kinder heart does not throb in any living bosom, I am sure! And while Mr. Chainey and all Liberals are perfectly willing that all Spiritualists should do their own thinking of things unknowable, our Spiritual friends should not expect us to restrict our poetical flights when alluding to "angels" or to "gods" occasionally. Surely, while they exercise "faith" in phenomena produced by forms of force, of which the scientific world is wholly in the dark, they can allow their Liberal friends to rely upon nature's test—that consciousness and all memory of the past are wiped out by death. And if "ghosts" and "gods" there be for credulity to exercise itself upon, they inhabit another sphere—they do not belong to this world, and hav no business here.

It is easy to see that when this new form of mysticism commenced, in 1848, the progressiv tendencies of the age had begun. Hence, as those who yielded up to it their selfhood and self-control found themselvs unpopular, they readily fell into line with all progressiv movements. And I testify what I know when I affirm that the Liberal press has always given to Spiritualism an "open ring and fair play." The Boston *Investigator*, the Indianapolis *Age*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Agnostic*, Dallas, Texas, and Man, hav each extended "the right hand of fellowship" to all Spiritualists. And, while I say this, I ought to add that there is not a Spiritual paper that has reciprocated this liberality shown to mysticism in this behalf by the Liberal press. The mystic press admits discussion as to the occurence of the mystic rap; but it is classed similarly as the Christian press is in matters that depend on "faith" in the unknowable. Faith in these things unseen by humanity is the motiv power alike both of Christianity and Spiritualism. But Liberals are friendly to the latter because it fights Christianity not only by its daily miracles, but by Christianity's own power—"faith" in the unknowable; hence we are as we should be, allies. And there is every consideration why we should pull together in behalf of freedom and progression "forever one and inseparable." In one respect we are all alike. Each human mind believes all it thinks true; and Liberals are the only class in mankind that, as a class, do not fabricate by "faith" the evidence (Heb. ii, 1) of things unseen and unknown. But they yield to all the right to think for themselvs; and this right is denied by Christianity while it is allowed by Spiritualism. Hence, in so far as Liberals and Spiritualists are agreed in regard to freedom and progression, they can and they will pull together!

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., July 18, 107.

The Logic of Theism.—A Paradox.

All objects of knowledge exist. That which does not exist cannot be an object of knowledge, and that which is not an object of knowledge does not exist; that is, it cannot be objectivly or subjectivly related to man. It might as well not exist as to exist without our knowledge, as in such a case it cannot possibly influence or affect our existence one way or another. Therefore all things existing at the present time without our knowledge are related to us simply as non-existent—nothing.

God, it is conceded by the church, is not an object of knowledge. Coleridge says, "A god understood is no god at all;" and Prof. Swing, in one of his beautiful poem-sermons, confesses, "We must simply confess the fact of such a Father of all, and that he is not something our eye can see or ear hear." But if "he" cannot be understood, nor heard nor seen, he ceases to be an object of knowledge, and consequently, to us, does not exist at all.

The Bible at one time was considered in itself proof abundant to establish the existence of a God. It was looked upon as a direct revelation from "him," and therefore of course infallible. Doubt and investigation were considered a crime, and a blind subjection to the literal version an imperativ necessity to an average moral status and the final salvation of man. All objections were met with, promptly pointing to the littleness of man, the "omniscience of God," and the audacity that one so puny and imbecil should presume to grasp the idea of an "infinit God."

God then existed, or was supposed to exist, only by virtue of the entire subjugation of man's intellect to the priesthood and the letter of the Bible. The latter infallible and a true revelation from God, its words were indeed proof, and a God then became virtually an object of knowledge and real.

But of late it is generally conceded by a progressiv church that the Bible is not thus strictly reliable, and its most brilliant representativs scorn its crude notions concerning a God, the creation of an infinit universe, the origin and destiny of man, etc., and are untiring in their efforts to prove a God by the data of science, by logic and reason, ignoring entirely that venerable volume, which, for six thousand years, has been the only basis for such a God. But, alas, nothing else in the world—nothing whatever in the vast expanse of nature proves a God! The Bible overthrown, and knowledge and reason as the sole basis for our belief, we then hav absolutely not a vestige of material left to build a faith upon, and the idea to-day exists in the minds of all intelligent Christians only by virtue of the veneration they once held for this God, but which, if first announced to the world to-day, and not transmitted to them from the pages they now discard as fable and myth, they would also readily consign to the realms of fiction.

Then having no evidence or knowledge of a God to-day, "he" ceases to exist, and we must infer that our good ancestors back, back, back to the primary races of men, where the God-idea originated, to explain the causes of natural phenomena, of which they were sadly ignorant (and of which their "Father in heaven," in "his" inscrutable wisdom, also chose to keep them so, the Bible being rather deficient in its character as a text-book of scientific subjects), not being endowed with superior powers of conception, or even approximating our own degree of intelligence and learning, knew no more about it than we do, and therefore the results of their crude intellectual efforts must cease to be authoritativ to us.

The existence of God then being in doubt, or, to say the least, having become a legitimate subject for philosophic discussion, as the many sermons preached in "his defense" of late now prove, is it not strange that the church, ever so boastful of its possession of the whole truth, is yet unwilling to apply same rule of logic and same methods of analysis to the basis of its belief which it so imperativly insists must be applied to all other objects of existence, and that while it is inexorable in its demands upon the scientist to rationally explain the existence and attributes of all things, it entirely ignores an explanation of the assumed premises of its own belief, and in its inscrutable wisdom explains the knowable by the unknowable, the actual by the ideal, existence by non-existence, the tangible by the assumed, the positiv by hypothesis—in short, everything by nothing?

It imperativly demands an explanation for all existing things, but boldly *assumes* the existence of an imaginary something far greater than all else, and insists it needs no explanation, thus not only leaving all things unexplained, but adding the infinitly greater mystery of this assumed explanation (God) to the original problem.

All finite phenomena are but effects of preceding causes. We all know this, and the church is ever ready to renounce the idea that anything can come by chance. They are rigidly exacting in the application of all rules of logic in all their researches—as far as they go. Paley said a watch could not come by chance, it must hav a designer, and the cosmos, revealing to our amazed vision infinitly greater complications and harmonious order, must of necessity hav a designer also, and all the church, startled at the profundity of the argument, kneel and worship Paley and God. But it never occurred to

them that to be consistent and truly philosophical, the harmony and order existing in this God, as well as "his" origin and attributes, must likewise be accounted for and explained, or else the supposed explanation falls to the ground, leaving us infinitly farther from a correct solution than the original problem.

If the universe—being tangible and real—necessitates a designer and creator, then surely this creator, simply by virtue of "his" intangibility and "his" incongruous incomprehensible nature, is *not exempt* from the application of some laws of argument, and this of course in turn necessitates a preceding cause or causes, a designer and creator also. And if this is self-evident, this designer and creator, preceding God the creator of the universe, also could not possibly come by chance and "he" again would necessitate another God, and "he" another, and so on *ad infinitum*.

If it be insisted that this God, of whom we know absolutely nothing, can and does exist uncaused from all eternity, and by virtue of "his" own inherent qualities, how much more reasonable to suppose that this infinit aggregation of matter and force, the tangible basis of all forms and phenomena, filling infinit space, and which comprises the sum total of all we do know (and which never could *not* hav existed, as from nothing, nothing can come) is eternal, never was caused, and possesses within itself all-sufficient potencies, during an infinit cycle of ages, to produce every known result?

The church in its supreme transcendentalism ventures just one step too far. It leaps from the boundaries of the knowable into the gulf of the unknowable, into absolute vacuity, and there in the realms of fiction seeks the agencies and potencies from whence to design, fashion, and manipulate an infinit universe. It divests the vast cosmos of infinit, eternal matter and co-existent forces of all qualities and powers to produce motion, heat, light, life, growth, development, or of any or all attributes to produce a single phenomena, but lo! invest the grand imaginary "man," "spirit," "God"—all vague phantasmagoria—outside of nature with all the requisit potencies to first miraculously create "himself" from nothing, and then create from the large quantity of nothing remaining the immense aggregation of suns, moons, worlds, systems, and all the multifarious appurtenances pertaining thereto. This vast universe, comprising all we can see, know, and understand, individually or by the aid of latest scientific developments, and infinitly more, this all, in the opinion of the church, is nothing but a vast aggregation of inertia or dry lifeless dust, incapable to move or produce any result by virtue of its own attributes, but the great something outside of all—nothing—can and does do it as the potter molds the clay, etc. Everything can do nothing, but nothing can do everything.

The great all is the basis of the Materialist's belief, the remainder—nothing—the only basis for a God! Everything is not God, all which is left when everything is subtracted from all—nothing—this alone is God.

In its researches for final causes, the church applies a rigid logic to living and existing things, but ignorant of nature, its order, modes, and forces, it jumps from the world of reality, from this universe of grandeur and of beauty, into simply nothingness, and there, in endless vacuity, finds a myth which it places upon a celestial throne and worships it or "him" as our "heavenly father" (who had no father), who is uncaused, omnipotent, and, as Prof. Swing says, "here and there and everywhere," and who by wonderful feats of jugglery, and necessarily by means of "his" gigantic proportions, personally designs, creates, and manipulates the great all that livs and moves in the universe.

Once upon a time it was satisfactory to the heathen to be told that the earth was supported on the back of a huge tortoise, and so also it has ever been satisfactory to the Theist, when contemplating the origin of things, to receive for an answer, though equally stupid, "God made it!" All finite phenomena being preceded by a certain chain of causes and effects, he assumed that the grand infinit aggregation of matter and force, the fount and only true first cause of all causes, and producing all phenomena, must hav a preceding cause also, and he then wandered into the realms of fiction and created from nothing a god or innumerable gods, ranging in characteristics all the way from a man or other animal to a great spirit filling all space outside of matter, and this creation of his assumption was final, absolute. It was supreme and at a variance from all else in nature inasmuch as it was not subject to the same mental analysis, and that while all visible things from the animalcula, rose, tree, man, world, sun, and system, in his opinion, necessitated a designer and maker, this God solely by virtue of "his" invisibility and "his" imaginary grandeur, needed no god or designer to precede "him," and could and did exist from all eternity.

Now, why all things visible and real, incuding the infinit mass of matter in its original elements, should necesitate a creator, and this invisible, unthinkable God be exempt from this imperativ maxim of the church, this proposition I call upon the church to explain.

Strange logic, profound consistency! To worship a god whose sole right and title to this exalted honor consists absolutely and solely in the one fact that "he" is *not* an object of knowledge, but incomprehensible, intangible, unthinkable!

Suppose off in space somewhere, God *were* visible to us as is now the sun or moon; supposing we all alike could behold this "heavenly father" reposing on "his golden throne" in transcendent glory and celestial splendor, would then these same philosophers in the church in their search for final causes persist in exempting "him" from the same rules of logic they now apply so rigidly to all other visible phenomena, and still insist that this actual, tangible God could come by chance, or exist uncaused absolute and by virtue of "himself" and "his" divine attributes from all eternity? And in thus asserting the supremacy of this god, and denying another god—the creator of this visible god—would not, in so doing, their favorit epithet of "Atheist" apply to them as fitly as it does now to those who believe in the supremacy of nature and deny a creator of the universe? And in thus denying the existence of (another) god to this visible god, would not also their favorit argument and verse from the psalmist, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no god" (to this god) apply to them as well as it now does to the Atheist who only scorns the identical idea and nothing more, namely, that an invisible god, greater than all else, can exist uncaused, the greatest "orphan" of all!

It then becomes clear that the church has ever found its only proof (?) for a god in the fact that "he" is invisible and intangible, and that, conceding this, "he" cannot be proven and therefore does not exist at all! For could "he" be proven, and as all objects of knowledge, seen, heard, felt, and understood, "he" would instantly cease to be god, become divested of all supernatural and invested only with natural attributes, and then, of course, be instantly consigned by the church to the realms of nature, which, however, need no god. And a superfluous god is more unreasonable than no god at all.

The parodox, then, is also apparent that the church now finds and has ever found its sole proof (?) of God's existence in the one solitary fact that "he" has and never can be proven, and that, therefore, being no object of knowledge, "he" does not exist at all.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Rochelle, Ill., June 11, 1882.

The Freethinkers' National Convention,

AT WATKINS GLEN, AUG. 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1882.

Information in relation to speakers, hotel, and boarding-house accommodations and arrangements with the railroads and steamboat companies, etc.

SPEAKERS ENGAGED.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Washington; Ex-Rev. Geo. C. Miln, Editor *Advance*, and Judge C. B. Waite, late member of Congress, of Chicago; D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Hon T. B. Wakeman, Courtlandt Palmer, Prof. A. L. Rawson, T. C. Leland, and Ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam, of New York city; Ex-Rev. Geo. Chainey, Horace Seaver, editor Boston *Investigator*, Hon. Elzur Wright, and Prof. W S. Bell, of Boston; Matilda Joslyn Gage, of Syracuse; Col. M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa; Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich.; Hon. A. B. Bradford, Enon Valley, Pa.; Hon. John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kas.; M. Babcock, St. Johns, Mich.; Mrs. H S. Lake, of San Francisco, Cal; John F. Engle, Scotland Neck, N. C.; Hon. Judge McCormick, Franklin, Pa.; C. Fred. Farlin, M.D., Wolcott, N. Y.; Lucy Colman, Syracuse; Charles Bright, of Australia, and Prof. J. Stobz, of Toledo, O. The prospects are that Prof. Felix Adler, of New York; Geo. Jacob Holyoke, of London; Parker Pillsbury, of Mass., and Mrs. Clara Neymann, of New York, will be present and the committee is making an effort to procure the attendance of that most distinguished thinker of the world, Herbert Spencer, who has just arrived in this country.

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

The hotels hav agreed to keep the people in attendance upon the Freethinkers's Convention as follows, per day: the Lake Shore House for $1.35; Fall Brook House, $1.50; Jefferson House, $1.50; Glen Park Hotel, $2 and $2.50, according to the rooms taken; Glen Mountain House, $3. The headquarters of the Convention will be at the Glen Park Hotel, and Mr. Frost, the proprietor, will run a free bus to and from the Convention. The boarding-houses kept by Mrs. A. Stoll, Mrs. Merrott, Mrs. Freer, Mrs. George Frost, Mrs. Mallette, Mrs. Graham, and others will board and lodge people attending the Convention for $1 per day. C. S. Frost, of Watkins, will procure board, on application, for any person and at such rates as is desired.

TENTING GROUNDS.

The village park has been engaged by the Association, and a portion of it can be used on which to put up tents for private parties.

STEAMBOAT ACCOMMODATION.

The Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company has agreed to make special rates of $1 for round trips from Geneva to Watkins and return during the session of the Convention, commencing Aug. 22d, and continuing to Aug. 28th. And the Company will run a special boat on Sunday. (This will be a delightful trip.)

RAILROADS.

The only roads that hav agreed to sell tickets at reduced rates are the N. Y., L. E. & W. (the Erie), the Northern Central Railway Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., the Philadelphia & Erie R. B. Division, and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. The Utica, Ithaca, & Elmira R. R. and the Cazenova, Cauastota & DeRuyter Railways will grant low rates to parties applying to M. W. Serat, General Passenger Agent, at Elmira, N. Y. People from the north and west of Watkins Glen will find it to their advantage to take the Syracuse, Geneva, & Corning Railroad to Watkins.

N. Y., L E., & W. (THE ERIE).

This road will sell excursion tickets (without "orders" from me) from any of the following stations to Elmira or Corning: Jersey City, Paterson, Newburg Junction, Port Jervis, Lackawaxen, Owego, Waverly, Binghampton, Addison, Canisteo, Hornellsville, Castile, Warsaw, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Wellsville, Friendship, Cuba, Olean, Salamanca, Dayton, Dunkirk, Bath, Avoca, Wayland, Avon, Rochester, Batavia, Cornwall, Conewango, Bradford, and Custer City.

OTHER ROADS.

To obtain the benefit of excursion rates from the Northern Central, Pennsylvania Railroad, the Philadelphia & Erie, and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railways it will be necessary to first write to me (inclosing stamp) and procure a certificate.

There is some prospect that the Great Western Railroad will sell low rate tickets to Watkins. If so the Liberal public will be notified through the Liberal papers.

VERY IMPORTANT TO WESTERN FRIENDS.

There is already established from almost every town in the West very low excursion rates to Chautauqua Lake. These tickets are good until Oct. 1st, and persons attending at Watkins can avail themselvs of them. If you purchase these tickets when you get to Jamestown, if you come by the Atlantic & Great Western road, get an ordinary ticket to Salamanca and there get an excursion ticket on the Erie to Elmira. If you come by the Lake Shore Railroad, when you get to Fairview purchase an ordinary ticket to Dunkirk, and there get an excursion ticket to Elmira.

FROM NEW ENGLAND.

Excursion tickets can be procured at Hoosac Tunnel Railroad depot, 250 Washington street, Boston, to Watkins Glen and return to Boston for $18.25. Route, Fitchburg R. R. to North Adams, Troy & Boston R. R. to Troy, N. Y., Central & Hudson R. R. to Lyons and Geneva, Seneca Lake steamer to Watkins.

VERY CHEAP RATES.

Very cheap rates can be procured of most of the railroads by parties of ten or twenty persons or more by applying directly to the general passenger agent of the road for special rates. For further particulars apply to H. L. GREEN, Sec.

Salamanca, N. Y.

JUDGE WAITE TO ATTEND THE WATKINS CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 22, 1882.

H. L. GREEN, ESQ., *My Dear Sir:* Your favor of the 19th inst. is received. I hav seen no printed circular or notice of the meeting at Watkins Glen, but assuming that it is to be a convention of Freethinkers of all kinds, and not of any particular section of them, I shall make my arrangements to be present.

The time has come when the organized power of bigotry and superstition should be met and overthrown in the only way in which it can be done—by counter organization. In particular it is time that any doctrin which involves the death of God should be exploded. If Jesus was God, and laid down his life with the intention of taking it up again and with the ability to do so, then he did not die in good faith, and his pretense of dying was a fraud. If, on the other hand, he really did die, being God, then how does the case stand? Either his father remained alive for the purpose of sustaining the universe, and of raising his son on the third day, in which case there were two gods, the one alive the other dead, or else if they were both substantially one, and the one God was dead, then who or what remained to support and direct the universe? Or could it go on all the same without any God? And if so, what need of a God? These are questions which the priests should be called upon to answer to the satisfaction of an intelligent people—a people who cannot longer be satisfied with the dogmatic sophistries of the past.

Wishing you success in every effort for Freethought and for a free people, I remain, Very truly yours, C. B. WAITE.

LETTER FROM GEORGE CHAINEY.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 1, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND GREEN: It givs me great pleasure to assure you that I shall be present at the Watkins Convention. The remembrance of the cheerful sociability, kindly greetings and inspiring addresses that characterize these conventions make them a boon above all price to every earnest Freethinker. These, together with the high reputation of Watkins Glen as a most invigorating and pleasant summer resort, ought to increase the attendance of the present convention very largely over all others. I inclose a greenback to help you in meeting preparatory expenses which, by experience, I know to be very large. I hope many others will do likewise.

Your friend, GEORGE CHAINEY.

A Spiritualist Convention.

A convention of the Spiritualists of central New York will be held in the Daveraux Opera House at Oneida, Madison Co., on the 19th and 20th of August, commencing Saturday, the 19th, at two o'clock P.M, and closing Sunday evening.

J. Frank Baxter, the test medium, singer and speaker of Chelsea, Mass., Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, of Boston, are engaged as principal speakers.

Friends from abroad will be entertained by the citizens of Oneida as far as possible, and Allen's Hotel, near the depot, will entertain guests at reduced rates.

Spiritualists of central New York, remember that our opposers hav pronounced us dead. Let the Oneida convention tell them that we still liv. MRS. W. H. HICKS, Sec'y.

Delta, Oneida Co, N. Y., July 31, 1882.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Owing to somebody's mistake, the notice for the camp-meeting at Lansing appears in THE TRUTH SEEKER as addressed only to Spiritualists. It is the annual camp-meetiug of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists. We can't consent to hav the Liberal factor left out in the cold in that way. Please correct and oblige Yours truly, S. B MCCRACKEN,

Detroit, Mich., August 2, 1882.

Press Notices of Mr. Bennett's Movements.

From the Health Monthly.

As we go to press Mr. D. M. Bennett is being cordially received by the Liberals of the West. It is in contemplation to giv him a rousing reception at Watkins on his way home, and the Liberals of New York are preparing to giv him a public dinner on his arrival here. The Comstock tar is very plentifully applied at all the places at which he has stopped, but it doesn't stick to the veteran editor worth a cent, while the persecution makes his friends still more determined that he shall not be crushed out by the Comstock crowd. There are many warm, honest palms here, all outside of the Vice Society awaiting a grasp of his hand on his return to New York.

From the Free Trader.

Mr. Bennett, editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, has just completed his trip around the world. He lectured in San Francisco and other cities. In Ceylon he delivered an address, after a pressing invitation, to three thousand followers of Buddha, comparing the principles of Christianity and Buddhism. Every sentence was interpreted as he uttered it, and he was listened to with great attention, far more than was secured by the Rev. Joseph P. Cook, the Monday lecturer of Boston.

From the Kalamazoo Daily Gazette,

D. M. Bennett, the veteran editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER of New York city, paid our village an informal visit yesterday on his way home from a tour around the world.

Mr. Bennett is known the world over as an invincible champion of Freethought. Something over a year ago a portion of his subscribers throughout the United States and Canada, having become much interested in a series of letters contributed by him to his paper during a short European journey, and feeling that it would be bestowing honor well merited, as a partial recompense for his prior suffering for opinion's sake, invited him to make a journey around the world at their expense. It was finally arranged that the journey should be made on condition that sufficient five-dollar subscriptions should be made. Nearly $8,000 was speedily raised, and Mr. Bennett published a history of his travels, five volumes in all, and givs them in return to each of the donors of the money. The journey began July 30th of last year, and extended through Scotland, Ireland, England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Greece, Cyprus, Syria, the Holy Land, Ceylon, Java Island, China, Japan, and nearly all the countries of note in the Old World.

In very many places banquets and receptions awaited the traveler. In London a grand banquet was given in his honor, presided over by Charles Bradlaugh, the noted Liberal member of Euglish Parliament.

On his return he crossed the Pacific ocean, landing in California a few weeks ago, where another grand reception awaited him.

As a historical and descriptiv writer Mr. Bennett stands today, in his sixty-fourth year, without a peer. His gratitude to his many friends is often referred to by him.

Mr. Bennett is a book publisher and dealer in New York. He was escorted about our streets by a party of gentlemen yesterday afternoon for an hour before he took the train for Three Rivers, where he visits old friends. It is expected that he will return to our village again in a few days before his final journey home.

Letters from Friends.

HARRISBURG, PENN., Aug. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed my check for $8; three dollars for subscription (one year), dating from April 1, 1882, and five dollars for the books of your recent travels. Yours, etc., H. C. ORTH.

SIOUX FALLS, DAK. TER., July 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed in another letter of this date post-office order for $10, to be used as follows: $6 for your books of travels around the world (I send $6 instead of $5 for the reason that I hav been tardy in sending it), $1 to Jeremiah Hacker to keep body and soul together, and the balance, $3, to T. C. Leland to assist him in his noble League work. I hope to do better some time in the future. I hav seen a notice that there would be five volumes of your travels instead of three. If so, send them all, and the extra money will be forwarded to you.

Yours truly, N. S. JOHNSON.

[All will be included in four volumes. The last will be $1.50 extra.—ED. T. S.]

ALLIANCE, OHIO, July 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $4.50 to be used as directed. We welcome the good old truth seeker home from his long journey and appreciate the successful efforts of the ones at the helm during his absence. The conduct of the soreheads in attempting to injure Mr. Bennett's character is contemptible. His friends will never desert him without just cause. Sincerely yours, J. &. A. F. KIRK.

FORT MADISON, IOWA, July 16, 1882.

BRO. BENNETT: I suppose by this time you are at home sound and well, and as providence (with a small p) has kindly allowed such a sinner to prosper, it may be inferred that there is not so much sin in THE TRUTH SEEKER outfit as some pious people may hav imagined. We are feeling happy over the result, and thankful if necessary.

Inclosed find $3 on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, which has been well conducted during your absence. Fraternally yours, J. R. TEWKSBURY.

OAKLAND, CAL., July 8, 282.

FRIEND BENNETT: I hav just received the first volume of "A Truth Seeker Around-the-World," and today my wife and I hav read a good portion of it, and it is so interesting that I scarcely know how to wait for the remaining volumes. I am sorry your time with us in Oakland was so short. I suppose you are home ere this. I took your paper on trial for three months. When that time is up send it right along, according to agreement. I would like to hav a cabinet-size picture of yours to hang alongside of Col. Ingersoll's.

Now, Mr. Bennett, go on with the good work you are doing. Maybe some of the gods you bought will help you on. I saw two here the other day for $4. What do you say? Are they not cheap enough? Send me a line. Yours truly, N. H. SCHOW.

IRWIN STATION, PA., July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, for which please giv me credit for my ticket on the grand old chariot, THE TRUTH SEEKER, through the year of the spook's son, 1882, and also receive my sincere thanks for waiting till we arrived at the seventh station on the route, as you hav been so lucky as to make the journey safe around our globe. I send you my congratulations, hoping that you may liv to a good ripe age. and retain all of your mental and physical faculties to the end, and receive the honor due one who has done so much to emancipate the human mind from the shackels of superstition. Your description in all its parts in your journey has proven to be a success beyond the most sanguin expectation. My love to all the workers in your office, as well as yourself. WM. N. RIDINGER.

PIPESTONE CITY, MINN., July 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I can but congratulate you on your safe return once more to your loved home and beloved friends, for I with many others of your hosts of friends felt as if when you set sail on your long journey it would be the last time we would be privileged to number you among us; but thankful we are that you were permitted to return and enjoy another of those tributes of respect as has been given to the martyr of Freethought, free speech, and an earnest truth seeker before. The Liberals of this part of the far West hav just been enjoying some telling lectures given by the able, energetic, and enthusiastic worker, E. C. Walker, one who is working for the grand and glorious cause of freedom of the human mind. But the same Christian intolerance showed itself in our midst as it did in days past. This time not in the form of thumbscrews or torture-racks, etc., but by the low, dastardly cowardice of an unknown person attacking the person of our lecturer through an open window in the hall in which he was speaking, under cover of darkness. Not principled enough to refute or try to refute the arguments advanced by an open debate, he comes around in a sneak-thief style and insults a man by throwing eggs at him. Happily it was not a rotten one (one was all the low-minded coward dared throw), and that one, although well aimed, was stopped in its course; but unfornunately it struck another of the same ideas. This symbol of Christian bigotry did not prevent the getting of twenty-four signers for a charter for organizing a Liberal League, in which I intend to be an earnest and energetic worker since being aroused from my lethargy by this vile assault upon one who is endeavoring to spread liberality of thought and to free humanity from the thraldom of superstition.

Since writing the above the perpetrators of the vile attack hav been found out, and are being brought to justice.

Yours for the same rights to others as we ask for ourselvs. MRS. H. O. WHITEHEAD.

ALTOONA, PA., July 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As a member of the New York State Association I heartily assent to Mr. H. L. Green's proposition to giv the veteran editor, Mr. D. M. Bennett, a dinner and reception on the evening of the third day of the convention, and if present I will cheerfully render any aid that would tend to make the reception a grand and complete success.

W. J. BURNS.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, July 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to the many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, particularly the working men and the class of business men who hav but little leisure to devote to study and historical research, that of all the efforts yet put forth to tell the simple truth regarding the story of the "printed word of God," it has never before been my good fortune to find anything that seemed te yield the satisfaction and gratify every desire so completely as does the "Short History of the Bible," by Bronson C. Keeler. Friends of Freethought desiring knowledge, do not delay to get a copy of the above work. It will enlighten the common reader more than any short work that I ever met with. Those who cannot afford to purchase "Judge Waite's History" will find in "Keeler's Short History" all the knowledge of the growth and make-up of that "mammoth fraud," the Holy Bible. I know it was a compact of priestly lies before I read this short history, and now I hav the witness and the evidence. Readers of TRUTH SEEKER, working men, and mechanics, send seventy-five cents and procure this work. I advise this because I feel that in so doing I will giv you cause for rejoicing.

T. J. B.

REEVES STATION, July 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed seventy-five cents for Keeler's "Short History of the Bible." Please send the latest edition, bound in cloth,

THE TRUTH SEEKER, take it all in all, is the best paper that comes to my desk, though I take several newspapers and three medical journals. I am the only outspoken Liberal here, but think others will soon let their light shine by subscribing for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Long liv the author of so good and truthful a paper. W. L. MCDANIEL, M.D.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Pardon the remarks I here make. I think it must be clear and evident to your mind that a vast amount of good could be gained both to yourself and the people of this nation by your visiting all the great centers of population and lecturing on all the places and sights you hav witnessed. It certainly would hav a strong tendency to open the blind eyes and start thousands to thinking and reflecting. You could not spend a portion of your existence in a more laudable work. Every sincere Liberal would be with you and do his best to strengthen your hands in such a valuable proceeding. Should you at any time resolve on such a step, and come to this city, I will not be slow in doing everything that lies in my power for your success. You hav seen the distressing effects of superstition on the globe, and we in this country are not exempt from its blighting results. The Christian religion is equally a superstition as much as any others you hav seen, and in some respects more so, inasmuch as it claims infallibility and damns all to an eternal hell who do not swallow its senseless and hateful creeds, and would murder them here if unprotected by the civil powers. Therefore we should try in every way possible to expose and uproot so mean, untruthful, and dangerous a system. I hope you will not think my remarks intrusiv or uncalled for. I know you hav a zeal for the spread of sound sense, unmixed with any phase of supernaturalism, and that is my firm and honest principle. We hav not a very long time to liv. Let that precious time be well spent in trying to strike from the human mind the fetters placed there by a cunning, unprincipled, and deceitful swarm of clerical locusts who liv in indolence from the hard toil of unthinking and much mistaken dupes who bow and cringe to these impostors, who know nothing and can do nothing for one single mortal, but take their money and laugh them to scorn behind their backs for their weak and silly-mindedness. It is time the world awoke to a sense of its wrongs and the deceitful practices played on the masses of humanity for the benefit of pious fraud who loves to dwell in ease on this planet, but teaches its deluded devotees to despise it and liv only for some other world, of which they or anyone else know nothing, and for the best of reasons. There is no other. This is the world for man to be born and to die, and be forever extinct. There is no greater truth among men than this. T. WINTER.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., July 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received sample copies of the *Index* a few days since as an inducement, I suppose, to subscribe. Although the title to the paper has been changed from the *Free Religious Index* to the *Index*, yet I find the publishers still term it a free religious paper. I hav no objection to the word free, but in view of the many and long continued evils resulting from religious beliefs, as admitted, I cannot conceive how the term, or anything synonymous, can with consistency be held up by any claiming to be Liberal or of advanced thought as embodying truth and goodness, or setting forth a proper mode of life. I hav no use for the term except as a synonym for all that is bad, for all manner of crimes hav been committed under the sanction of religion. In one of the numbers, by one of the editors, I find this logic: "Philosophical Materialism may consist with a high morality. Practical Materialism is immorality itself." It may be inferred from the above, and correctly, that I hav no use for the paper. WM. HART.

CENTER HILL, TEXAS, July 26, 1882.

DEAR BENNETT: I hope you yet liv. But will you deny that you hav been over Jordan? Now, do tell me, did you get out by miracle or the use of natural means? You know that miracles were the fashion about Jordan in the days of Elisha. Did you see where the fiery wagon stood while Elijah was climbing into it? or where the fiery horses were pawing? I am so glad that although you did cross over Jordan you got out on this side. I guess it was the old literal Jordan you went over, and not the camp-meeting Jordan. I hope you are enjoying home, sweet home, to-day among the denizens of earth.

Your age to-day is sixty-three years, seven months, and three days. Mine is eighty-three years, five months, and twenty-five days. If you can excuse an old brother's freedom with his friend, I'll tell you what I firmly believe, and that is that D. M. Bennett is to-day the most notorious man on earth, and I think, probably, one of the happiest men on earth. To be happy we must be good and do good. For my part, I cannot call to mind any one on this globe that has tried to do more good than D. M. Bennett, and I hold that he is a grand success in all his efforts. J. A. RUTHERFORD.

PHENIX, OREGON, July 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav been taking the *Inter-Ocean* for two years, I was on the eve of sending for the third year with two other new subscribers. I received the number with the answer to the question from the gentleman from Kansas, and we were all so disgusted with their beastly lies that we will not giv them another dollar. I sent them a letter telling them I would not take the paper until they would make a true statement of the affair, and I would like to know the name of the man who answered the question. As the *Inter-Ocean* has been trying to pull you down I hav tried to giv you a boost up, and I hope others will do the same. I inclose $3 for six new trial subscribers. I suppose you hav arrived home by this time. Was glad you had so many to giv you the hand of friendship, and myself and wife will be happy to extend ours if opportunity offers. We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER most of the time you hav run it, and the *Banner of Light* from the first, and we think we will take them while we stay in the flesh and both of you stick to the truth as close as you hav. J. HOLTON.

SHAWSVILLE, VA., July 16, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclo sed $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for this year. You will remember me as one who is slow—always behind in paying up. Well, I hav first-class Christians to deal with here in Virginia. If they are not as outrageous as Comstock, Oliver Stevens, and Mr. Tobey, postmaster of Boston, it is because they hav not got into office yet—not because they hav not the same God and the same Holy Bible that set the Jews to get all they could of the Egyptians by lying, to run off with. I send you a copy of a letter I received from one of this stamp. Read and publish if you choose. I had sold him a copy of your "Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," your "Humphrey-Bennett Discussion," a copy-book, and a few pamphlets, whole cost $6.75, on a short credit. I was to be paid in wool to take to Slenker's factory, and this letter is all he proposes to pay. I guess I shall hav to charge the books to you and Ingersoll, both of you, or hav you had experience enough with such men of God?

Yours without any God at all, J. M. BARNES.

HUFFVILLE, VA., June 21, 1882.

J. M. BARNES, *Sir:* I will write you a few lines to say to you that I hav burned the books that I purchased from you and would like to hav the rest and do them the same way, and so you need not expect me to pay you one dime, I would see you or any other man dead before I would pay for any such books and if you think you can make me pay it go ahead and try that is what I want you to do and then I will show you what I will do, so I will not say any more for I hav said more now than the books is worthy of W. T. EPPERLY.

[It must indeed require a very bigoted and a very dishonest Christian to become incensed at a book containing the lives of the eminent sages and teachers of ancient times, or at a discussion giving both sides fairly, the Christian clergyman, a party in the discussion named, having full opportunity to say just what he wished to in defense of his system. If this Christian had been an honest man, when he found the books

did not suit him he would hav returned them. To burn another man's property, or to refuse to pay for what he had regularly purchased, is no better than stealing. Can it be that the kingdom of heaven is composed of such?—ED. T. S.]

THE TIME FOR ACTION.

BERLIN, N. J., July 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If Liberals ever intend to do anything effectual to gain their just rights it is time for them to act as well as talk. The same spirit is alive now in the churches that burnt John Rogers, Michael Servetus, and tortured to death millions of others, inflicting all the pains and agonies that were possible, out-deviling the most orthodox devils ever heard of. When were devils ever accused of torturing their kind as professed Christians hav done? Every Liberal, every man who wishes well to his country or his race, who has not already read the history of martyrs should do so at once, and learn what our fathers, and mothers, too, suffered by priestcraft and churchcraft to secure to us the little liberty we now enjoy. They literally waded through fire, tears, and blood to save us from mental slavery, worse than death, and instead of acting to secure and bequeath to our children what liberty we hav we are only talking and writing in a semi-cowardly way while our ignorant, bigoted enemies are forging chains and shackles for our necks and limbs. In every part of our nation they hav their untaxed churches, their Young Men's Christian Associations and Sabbath-schools, and are training every mind they can capture to their vile purposes. They hav the history of the murderous, plunderering myth, Moses, the licentious David and Solomon, with the lascivious songs of the latter, together with all other sorts of abominations in our public schools, and our children must be corrupted by reading them or go without learning. If we do not send our children to their Sabbath-schools, to be taught falsehood and licentiousness from a book that has caused a thousand times more misery than any other, they are insulted, and we ourselvs are taunted in the streets as infamous Infidels and blasphemers that hav no right to liv. A young lady who goes to church every Sunday dressed in the hight of fashion, hugging to her heart a Bible bound in "blue and gold," to show her dress and criticise the wardrobe of others, and never knows enough about the sermon to tell what the text was, told me I ought to be hung—that no Infidel ought to be suffered to liv. The sin for which she denounced me was reading the Boston *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER; the *Agnostic*, and other Liberal papers that kind friends and publishers send me free of charge, while no religious paper has ever been sent to me free, though many of their editors and publishers know that I hav been shut out of the world by deafness for fifty years.

We cannot testify in courts without swearing by a mythical God who can look complacently down from his glorious throne and see us, or our parents, and other relativs and friends, squirming in blazing brimstone through all eternity. And now they are trying to get the name of this abhorrent God into the Constitution, make him the supreme ruler of the nation, hav none but church bigots to make or execute laws, enact more stringent Sabbath laws, require us all to attend church and support it, or fine, imprison, roast, and torture us if we refuse. This spirit is alive in the churches, and is zealously working, mainly in private, to accomplish their purposes, and we are only chattering about it instead of rising in our might and beheading the hydra monster.

Read the consummate impudence that has been poured out by priests and religious papers on Col. Ingersoll and the New York committee who appointed him to deliver an address on Decoration Day, and you will not doubt that torturing and burning will commence at once if they get the power they are striving for. JEREMIAH HACKER.

RENO, NEV., July 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the ensuing year. It is, like an old and valued friend, hard to part with its company, and I will not in this case as long as I am able to pay for so valuable a paper.

The Liberals in Reno were expecting to giv Mr. Bennett and Dr. J. L. York a fine reception, but Mr. Bennett was in a hurry to return home and Dr. York was sick and unable to come to Reno then, so as a natural consequence we were exceedingly disappointed. By the way, Dr. York will be here by the 10th or soon after to deliver a series of his Free-thought lectures, which will giv Reno another impetus in Liberalism, which may result in a Liberal League. Who knows? Yours fraternally,

HARMON WRIGHT.

BUSHNELL, ILL., July 30, 1882.

DEAR BENNETT: I want to tell you that I hav never missed reading one copy of the glorious TRUTH SEEKER since you started it in Illinois. The longer I read it the more I think of it, and I love it more than the Christians love their God.

I was always taught to believe that Thomas Paine and the devil were the worst beings that God made, the fingers of the former being like a hawk's claws, and the latter's mouth like a baker's oven—full of fire, teeth like a collier's rake, eyes like tea-saucers, and cloven feet that no shoemaker could fit with a shoe or boot. But since I hav got to doing my own thinking I find that my teachers greatly misrepresented. I hav come to the conclusion that Paine was one of the best men that ever put a foot on American soil, and that the devil is a better man than his brother, and more truthful.

I read THE TRUTH SEEKER nearly every week to an intelligent audience that congregates at a Baptist shoe shop. It is causing quite an excitement. The proprietor, a Baptist, takes great interest in it, and says he must hav the Around-the-World volumes.

To make this interesting I will inclose post-office order for $3 to pay for my subscription.

O. P. TEITSWORTH.

LA HARPE, ILL., July 19, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, *Dear Brother:* How I would like to hav been at the reception given you at Chicago on Sunday July 16th, but I was too far away at that time, being in Keokuk, Iowa, and my limited supply of money would not admit of my coming. All of the money I can possibly get or earn I hav to use in paying my expenses in traveling over this state of Illinois in the interest of the Liberal League. I wrote you at Chicago, in the care of E. A. Stevens, but not knowing his street or number, I do not know whether he got it or not. I am certainly rejoiced over your return in health and good spirits, and I am more than pleased with the hearty receptions you hav received in your passage home across this continent. I know that it has been the spontaneous outpouring of love and good feeling for one who has been and is bravely fighting for the cause of mental freedom, and not an ovation worked up by a corrupt political faction over a dead scion, as was witnessed over the same route only two years ago. I voted for that scion twice. And you hav written a history of your travels which will be read with interest for generations to come. I hav no doubt but what your "Around-the-World" is the most accurate account of the countries and of the peoples you hav visited that has ever been written, and more especially so in the accounts given of the social, religious, and moral character of the inhabitants. But you could not see all of this little (I speak comparativly, when compared with other worlds and planets) globe in one year. I observe that your account of your travels partakes largely of the form of a past and present religious history, as it is very appropriate it should, for there is no doubt but what a large portion of those who hav subscribed for your work of travels hav done so through an earnest desire to get an honest and reliable history of the different religions of the world, more than they hav to get just a geography of the different countries. But there is one place which has a rather peculiar religious history, which you, in your anxiety to get home to the bosom of your family and your publishing house, was no doubt compelled to skip. But I hope, for the good of coming generations who will read your book, you will not forget to giv it an appropriate mentioning in the "Around-the-World." I allude to Nauvoo, Ill. I made a detour from my direct route south, through the western tier of countries of Illinois in order to visit Nauvoo. Having been informed that this once flourishing city of about thirty thousand inhabitants was now largely inhabited by Liberals, whom I was anxious to visit, with a view of inducing them to become identified with the National Liberal League, I went nearly a hundred miles around by rail in order to see them. Leaving my direct route south at Monmouth, I went to Burlington, Iowa, then southwest along the western shore of the Mississippi to Fort Madison and Montrose, and here by a ferry to Nauvoo. And as I stood upon the upper deck of the little steam ferry-boat and took in the grandly beautiful scenery of that spot of earth, once selected by that peculiar people, calling themselvs the "Latter Day Saints." I could not help reflecting on the amount of inhumanity heaped upon this people on account of their peculiar religious belief, and that too by a nation professing entire religious freedom and non-proscription on account of religious belief or unbelief. And I cannot conceive of any reason for the outcry continually being raised against Mormonism, unless it is to try to hide and cover up the social and political iniquity of their persecutors. The city of Nauvoo lies in a bend of the Mississippi River, forming the shape of a horse-shoe. For a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile from the western shore extends a level plateau on which the most of the Mormon city once stood. Now the business portion of the city is on the tableland lying east of the plateau, and along the base of this tableland is a good place for digging a canal, that would furnish water power to an unlimited extent. I doubt very much whether there is in the whole northwest a more inviting place for the investment of money for the purpose of building up a large manufacturing emporium than is to be found here. And, could some of the many millions of dollars now lying in our treasury-vaults and in bank-vaults, invested in interest-bearing bonds, which pay no taxes, and are absorbing the labor and industries of this country in interest and usury, only be released from their present confinement and be invested in this and similar improvements over our country, how much more properous we should become as a nation! There is no doubt the time will come when Nauvoo will be numbered amongst the largest manufacturing cities in this country.

But let me speak of Nauvoo as it was forty years ago, when it was the second city in Illinois in the number of its population, when it had between twenty-five and thirty thousand industrious inhabitants; over ten times its present population, and when it had one of the finest temples ever erected as a dwelling-place of the gods. I will giv you a short description of it which I copied from a very fine lithograph I saw hanging in a hotel in Montrose; underneath the picture of the temple was printed the following description: "This temple was built of light-gray limestone, it was 128 feet long by 88 feet broad and 60 feet high, with a tower 200 feet high. It had 30 heavy pilasters which cost $3,000 each. The whole cost of the temple was $1,000,000." (Had it been built by some of our thieving government contrators it would hav cost, doubtless, over ten millions.) "The baptismal fount, supported by 12 carved oxen, was in the basement story, and with the oxen was intended to be gilded. The corner-stone was laid April 6, 1841, and it was burnt November 10, 1848." On the front of the temple was this inscription cut in large raised letters: "The house of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day Saints. Holiness to the Lord."

This is a piece of information that I picked up in the office of a hotel. It was new to me, and will doubtless be new to most of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. While in Nauvoo I was shown the spot where this magnificent structure once stood. It occupied a whole block on the highest point of the high ground I hav before mentioned, but not a vestige of it remains, unless a few fragments of broken stone lying scattered over the ground may be considered such, for even the foundation-stones hav been dug up and carried away for use in other buildings; and one of the finest business buildings in the present town, a three-story white stone building on the corner of the same block where the temple once stood, and where a store and post-office are now kept, was built entirely with stone taken from the temple, and I was told that a large portion of the other buildings of the city are partly built with stone taken from the temple. To what sacrilegious uses holy things are often put, and who that reads this article will attempt to say that this sacred edifice, of which I hav been writing, was not just as holy and just as sacred as any building ever erected for the worship of a god? This building was burnt down less than forty years ago, and now a stranger may be a week or a month in Nauvoo, and, unaided by information gleaned from others, he would not find a vestige of this once grand edifice. Then what an utter farce for people to go to the Holy Land, and come back and tell about the remarkable evidences they hav found of the truths of the Bible. But I am taking too much of your space and time. Please say to anyone desiring my help in getting together and organizing a League in any part of western Illinois, between here and St. Louis, or between the Illinois Central railroad and the Mississippi, or any one desiring to join the state Liberal League of Illinois, or in any other way assist me in the work I am doing for the cause in Illinois, to please write me. My post-office address is Bloomington, Ill. I am very anxious to organize as many new auxiliary Liberal Leagues as possible between now and the next National Liberal League Congress in St. Louis, which meets Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st. Yours for universal mental liberty,

F. F. FOLLETT,
Sec. State L. L. of Illinois.

TOLEDO, OHIO, July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The clergy in speaking of Infidelity nearly always mean to convey the idea that an Infidel is a person of the world. Here is a great mistake made even very often by our own people. The world is merely skeptical, and a large majority of the population are not even this. The so-called people of the world believe in the Christian religion. Nearly all of our criminals are believers and were taught orthodoxy. The more intelligent begin investigation, and search after truth. First they become skeptical; that means they begin to doubt. However, one who doubts, or, so to speak, the skeptic, is not an Infidel. The skeptic is ready to take either side. The Infidel has a belief. He is no longer a skeptic. An Infidel does not believe in the orthodox doctrin, but he may believe in a god or in the immortality of the soul. An Infidel need not necessarily denounce the existence of a god. If he does, then he would be an Atheist. The true Infidel can tell you the reason of his belief in nature's philosophy; as also why he does not believe in the church. The true Infidel is a person educated in the sciences of life, and he is happy. He is therefore not to be classed with the people of the world. The Infidels are found among the best citizens of the country. Our cranks and croaks over the country are not Infidels. Ask them about nature, about their own organization, about philosophy, physical, moral, and mental culture, and you will find them as ignorant as a horse is of astronomy. To be honored with the appellation of an Infidel you must hav knowledge about the subjects I hav mentioned. Our gamblers and street loafers are many of them skeptical, but cannot be classed with the Infidels. Yours in truth, J. S.

A Field of Rue.

BY ALHAZA.

We passed one day through a field of rue
(Let us talk, my friend, of things that are true),
How bitter a sign of the coming of spring—
No daisy to wave, no linnet to sing!

Then why should we meet in that field of rue?
Dead buds for me, acorns for you.
You whispered words as harsh to me
As the deadly breath of the upas-tree.

I spoke of blossom and fragrant leaf;
Alas, for frowns and answers brief,
I hold your Christian thorns, and pray
That they may change to flowers in May!

But what to me are fields of rue
Or roses wet with morning dew?
I lonely weep where none can see,
For Highland Jamie is lost to me.

The Sabbatarian Cranks.

Come, men possessed of common sense,
Who fill the people's ranks,
Look out for those few meddling loons—
The Sabbatarian cranks;
If they hav business of their own,
Bid them to such attend,
And let you mind your own affairs;
All trouble then will end.

Do not these Sabbath hypocrits
On Sundays drink and eat?
Do they not take a carriage ride
And stop at some retreat?
Are not their servants forced to work—
Cooks, waiting-maids, and all?
Must they not hav their dinners hot
On Sundays at their call?

Poor men on Sundays must not shave,
Or buy and smoke cigars,
Or patronize a candy shop,
Through fear of prison bars;
The baker must not bring your bread,
Or milkman serve at doors,
Nor ice be brought to cool your throats,
So say these cranky bores.

One must not breathe the country air,
Or take a horse-car ride,
Nor on a steamboat dare to go,
By Sunday cranks he's spied;
On law and order they will talk
With great bombastic show,
And which they know but little 'bout,
To make so loud a blow.

Now is it not conspiracy
To bribe your fellow-man
To drink, get drunk, and break the law
Upon the catch-game plan?
Then bring him forth—a hired spy—
Before the court to swear,
That he went into a beer saloon
And bought a glass while there.

To prove the pudding they won't taste—
This clique of small poltroons—
Who are too cowardly themselvs
To go into saloons;
They'll bore our mayor to send police;
Rigged out as sneaks and spies,
To catch the man who dares to sell
Strange things that meet their eyes.

Now each man's house his castle is
Throughout fair Freedom's land,
Where all hav rights we should respect,
And firmly by them stand;
But these Sabbatarian cranks,
The world would like to rule,
And hav us do just as they say,
But we're not in that school.

—*Harry Angelo.*

H. W. Beecher on Progress of Thought.

From the North American Review.

It is supposed that the world is indebted to original thinkers, to trained investigators, to rigid experimenters, and that the common people are merely the recipients of the benefits which they did nothing to create. But this power of scholars or scientists to develop truth depends very largely upon the intelligence and sympathy of the common people. They giv force, extension, and enthusiasm to the results of learned labor. They are the nurses who care for the children of the brain. They giv sustenance to those who explore. They form an atmosphere, a public sentiment, around investigators. They give power and practical use to the dry products of the inquiring brain. The reaction of popular intelligence is, in many ways, as needful to science and learning as is the special training of scholars and scientists. Both are needful for the production of a cycle of knowledge. What is the voice of one man to the response of millions as an enforcement of truth? One man kindles the torch, but a million reflectors catch the light and diffuse it. The very twilight of the pulpit may become noonday among the pews.

It is in this way that the pulpit is changing its methods and material of sermons. No matter what becomes of decrees of election and of reprobation, an audience of fathers and mothers understand what fatherhood is. No ingenuity or eloquence can persuade them that a God who for ten thousand years has labored to produce an infinit population of damnable souls can with decency be called our father. The common sense, the humanity, the moral sense which hav grown out of the gospel are judging theology. Little by little the pulpit shrinks from medieval theology. Ministers first gloss it by new interpretations, then they prudently hold it in suspense, then doubt it, then cast it away.

Theology has mainly regarded the revelation in scriptural record as sole and exclusiv. It has looked with great suspicion upon reason, while employing its might to forge arguments against its plenary use. It has more than doubted nature—it has degraded it, and made it a byword. The school of the ascetic has corrupted men's minds and made discord between the Bible and nature. To lean to one's reason has been declared a sin and snare. What, then, shall we lean upon? If a man may not use his eyes, what may he see with? It is taught that man must take God's word implicitly, without controversy. But how shall he understand the word without the use of his reason? Is there no other word of God than the Bible? Hav the heavens ceased to declare the glory of God, and the earth to show his handiwork? Does God no longer speak through man's moral consciousness? Is man forbidden to use his own reason while commanded to believe the reasoning of the church? Did God sit down and write the Bible?

Our age is not in rebellion against clear, intellectual statements of religious truth, But there is a rebellion against the tyranny of medieval creeds. It is not extravagant to say that a revolution is at hand in regard to the whole philosophy of Christianity, and that this revolution is led on, not from restless impatience of restraint, nor by novelty, nor by a worldly spirit but by the deepest moral consciousness of men who love truth above all price.

The signs are in the air. Men no longer preach doctrins to which they swore in their ordination vows, or they giv to them new meanings at variance with historic fact. It is beginning to be permitted men to preach their own view of truth unclipped by creeds. Sagacious and cautious men are quietly sowing seed which they know will by and by destroy old notions. Other men testify to change by greater zeal in teaching the old symbols of doctrin. Every age has a race of men who elect themselvs to the care of other men's beliefs—who appoint themselvs Gods sheriffs to hunt and run down heretics. They are very busy. Men are ceasing to employ creeds as lines of separation between sect and sect, and are shaking hands in a higher fellowship over and across them. Creeds hav ceased to be employed as conservatories of piety. Orthodoxy confesses that truth can no longer be kept in church or seminary by creeds, but only by living faith.

Andover, next to Princeton the very Jerusalem of Jerusalems of orthodoxy, triply guarded by a creed made tight and strong beyond all breaking or picking, and to which the whole body of its professors were sworn to reswear every five years, has, alas! with some levity and merriment, shown to the world with what agility good men could fly over it, walk around it. They interpret the creed of fifty years ago, not by what its makers meant, but by what the professors think they ought to hav meant, and would hav meant if they had received a full Andover course!

The development of physical science constitutes the grand feature of the last half century. The doctrin of the Conservation of Forces, and the discovery of the method of creation, viz., Evolution, while revolutionizing physical science, will powerfully reform social and moral theories. At length the flood of ignorance has abated, and the dove of truth has solid ground on which to put its foot. The study of the human mind from the side of physics as well as metaphysics is productiv of changes of the most radical and important kind. Religion has much to hope, and the old theology much to fear from scientific disclosures.

It matters little that upon some points the great doctrin of evolution is yet in discussion. The debate is not about the reality of evolution, but of the influences which produce or direct it. That the stellar world was not created instantly, but gradually through uncountable ages; that this inorganic globe was the product of slowly unfolding changes; that the vegetable kingdom did not come into being at once, but by slow evolution from simple to complex; that the animal kingdom developed from original simple forms, and attained its present condition through ages of gradual unfolding from lower to higher; that the human race has been subject to the same great law and method of creation—may be said to be undisputed among scientific men, whether Christian or not Christian. This is not all. The presumption gains ground that the chain of succession is unbroken, and that, as civilized man unfolded from the barbaric and savage man, so the human race itself is developed from the animal kingdom.

At this point there is a halt It is perhaps the most revolutionary tenet ever advanced. It will be to theology what Newton's discoveries were to the old astronomy. The repugnance that men feel at descending along such a road, and with such an ancestry, would foam and subside in a short time. It is not the retrospect, but the prospect, which givs such almost universal hesitation to the mind and imagination of mere scientific moralists. Its admission would be fatal to the theory of a plenary and verbal inspiration of the Bible still held by some. The first two chapters of Genesis hav been a sword in the hands of theologs of old with which to fight the discoveries of modern astronomy. Next, they were sharpened against the advent of geology. In both conflicts the truth was victorious. Now, again, but upon a more tremendous issue, theology resists evolution. It is an honest resistance. To admit the truth of evolution is to yield up the reigning theology. It is to change the whole notion of man's origin, his nature, the problem of human life, the philosophy of morality, the theory of sin, the structure of moral government as taught in the dominant theologies of the Christian world; the fall of man in Adam, the doctrin of original sin, the nature of sin and the method of atoning for it. The decrees of God, as set forth in the Confession of Faith, and the machinery supposed to be set at work for man's redemption, the very nature and disposition of God—as taught in the falsely called Pauline, but really Augustinian theology, popularly known as Calvinistic—must giv way.

Before the science of mind had an existence, men treated the remote and inconceivable elements of the divine mind with perfect assurance. They knew God's thoughts and purposes as if in confidential relations with him. The debate respecting the persons of the Trinity made the air lurid for hundreds of years. Because the Bible called God king, the kingly government of ancient and of medieval days furnished the elements from which theology formed the theory of God's moral government. A few texts of scripture were enough, whether poetry, narrativ. or pictorial drama, to establish a doctrin. From the marvels of the childhood of the race, from the severity of the imperious Samuel, from the tender hymns of David, from the sublime rage of the prophets, from the dreams and visions of Ezekiel, from the clouds, the trumpets, the horsemen of the Apocalypse, its auroral heavens, its lurid dramas, its thunders and mysterious voices, the honest weavers of theology drew their threads and wove their theories, and stamped them with the Bible brand, and called men Infidels who should set their feeble reason against God's word! Thus it has come to pass that theology may find itself described, after its own manner, in the vision of Daniel—"This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay."

In modern hands great change has come over theology, as the result of increasing knowledge. There is a uniform tendency, away from the aristocratic and monarchic toward the democratic; an effusion of tenderness toward man, and especially a revulson from the old representations of eternal torment, so important in the convictions of energetic priests and flaming revivalists. There is still great confidence of theologians in theology. Innovation are resisted Men are cautioned not to lean to human reason, nor to set up their individual conscience against the ripe thought and moral sense of the church of ages.

When even change is feared, what vigorous fear must be felt when a revolution impends? But men do not yet consider how wide apart are religion and the theory of religion. Theology, like the crustacean shell, may at first protect religion, but if it may not be cast off, year by year, for a new one, it soon oppresses and even destroys.

The dread of Darwinian views is sincere; yet a secret fear prevails that they may be true. But hav men considered what a relief they will be from some of the most disgraceful tenets of theology? Are they content to guard and defend a terrific scheme which sullies the honor, the justice, and the love of God, against a movement that will cleanse the abomination and vindicate the ways of God to man? Even if the great truth of evolution led to unbelief, it could not be so bad as that impious and malignant representation of God and his government which underlies all medieval and most of modern theology. We shall quote from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith the account given by the church of the origin of man, and of his moral government, in the light of which the scientific account of the origin of man and the nature of sin is as health to sickness, as life to death. Instead of dreading the prevalence of the scientific doctrin, men should rush toward it with open arms and exultation, as a release from the hideous nightmare of ages.

In chapter iv, sec. 2, is the statement of man's creation:

"Our first parents, being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. This, their sin, God was pleased, according to his will and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to his own glory. By this sin they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body."

Next in chapter vi, secs. 1, 2, is the account of the origin of sin:

"They (Adam and Eve) being the root of mankind, the guilt of their sin was imputed and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposit to all good and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions"—(chap. vi, 3, 4).

Should a physician place a son of fifteen years in a plague hospital, expecting, nay, certain that he would incur the disease, and that he would propagate it to innumerable others, that he might show his skill in combating it, would not language fail in characterizing the deed? Or, if this illustration be deemed inapt by leaving out the power of choice, substitute the case of a father who should place his daughter of seventeen years in a court where he knew that she would be surrounded by the most cunning courtiers, expert in seductiv flatteries, who should beguile, bewilder, and seduce the innocence of the child who had no experience of danger, or example, or friend, and who should fall, become the mother of immodest children in endless succession; would such a cruel experiment be creditable or excusable because he meant to set up afterward remedial influence?

But the most astounding part of this account of creation is that God, when he had created innocence and inexperience, permitted it to be debauched, and went on to transmit to the whole human race, through all time, the degradation, sin, and suffering of these divinely destroyed experimentalists of Eden.

It appears, then, that the earth was a vast machine for the manufacturing of corruption; that God himself planned that corruption; that instead of stanching the evil at its outbreak he devoted the earth to the production of corruption. It appears, also, that the sin which they did not commit was imputed to all the myriads of human beings born ages after the sin was committed, and that the penalty upon Adam's sin was the total derangement of every human faculty; so that men could not be obedient, but, as a part of the divine will and arrangement, were created not only unable to do good, but by the whole force of God's decree made opposit to all good and wholly inclined to all evil. This we are taught has been the business of God for ten thousand years—to produce infinit sin and suffering.

Even this is but the beginning of that theory of creation and God's design in it, which theologians dread to hav swept away by the revelations of science. It appears that before a step was taken in this mighty tragedy there was a distinct purpose in God that this world should produce innumerable wretched souls, whose sin resulted from the conditions of their creation, for whom no remedy was attempted, who were made with the distinct and avowed purpose of furnishing material for another and after world, designed and built for the purpose of torment endless, increasing forever!

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definit that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestined unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith, or good works, or perseverence in either of them, or any other thing in the creation, or conditions, or causes moving him thereto, and all to the praise of his glory. . . . The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath, for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice" (chap. iii, sec. 3, 4, 5, 7).

To one who employs a moral sense, this extraordinary representation of the divine nature, and of the plan of creation, seems like an unreal dream. Yet it represents the work of good men, of heroic men, in an obscure age, when absolute monarchy furnished the ideal of God, and when the citizen had no rights which the king was bound to respect. From such a medieval horror all Christian men should fly toward the rising revelation in science, of God's true work in creation, with thanksgiving and gladness.

This doctrin of the fall of man in Adam is not, as may be imagined, an extreme and antiquated notion. It is fundamental to the whole orthodox theology of the world. The system could not stand a moment if it be exploded. It may be summarily said to be the working theory of the Christian theology, as much today as it was five hundred years ago. Every man entering the ministry of the Presbyterian church is obliged to swear to hold and teach it. There is no difference in that respect between the Catholic and the Protestant creeds.

Within the memory of this generation these hideous doctrins were preached widely and vigorously. The outburst of indignation with which they were received was regarded as proof that man's unregenerate heart was at enmity with God. They may still be preached, but no longer with commanding sovereignty, but apologetically. They defend rather than assert themselvs. But in the main this view lies silent in the pulpit like a corpse in a sepulcher. Here and there a good deacon remembers when such sound doctrin was set triumphantly forth, to the confusion of heretics and Infidels, and longs to hear again the refreshing sound. But the new generation, whether of clergy or laity, will not worship it. Yet it is to-day the only exposition, clear and thorough, of what the church has to say as to the origin of man and the method of creation.

Not only is the method of creation thus disfigured, but over against it has been erected a scheme of reparation and redemption, if not so shocking, yet equally fictitious and delusiv, and destined to giv place to a nobler view of divine nature and of providence, and of the divine thought of the redemption and elevation of mankind.

When the creeds of the past era hav passed away we shall enter upon the creeds of a new era. These will differ not alone in their contents from former doctrinal standards, but they will differ in the very genius and method of construction. Our reigning creeds begin with God, with moral government, with the scheme of the universe, with the great invisible realm beyond. These are the weakest places in a creed, because the matters they contain are least within the reach of human reason, and because the alleged revelations from God upon them are the most scanty and uncertain. The creeds of the future will begin where the old ones ended—upon the nature of man, his condition on earth, his social duties and civil obligations, the development of his reason, his spiritual nature, its range, possibilities, education—the doctrin of the human reason, of the emotions, of the will—man as an individual, man social and collectiv; and from a sound knowledge of the nature of mind, developed

within the scope of our experience and observation, we shall deduce conceptions of the great mind—the God idealized from our best ascertainments—in the sphere within which our faculties were created to act with certainty of knowledge. Our creeds will ascend from the known to the unknown, which is the true law and method of acquiring knowledge. Hitherto they hav expended their chief force upon that which is but dimly known.

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Gems of Thought.

ALL hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!

Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!

Fate still has blest me with a friend
In every care and ill:
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still —*Burns.*

IN the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody—short of a Papist or a Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little farther, but stop at the belief in a god or in a future state.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THE right of private judgment, in matters of faith and worship, is now more generally recognized in practice than it used to be, though such is human pride that even yet many resent the exercise, by their neighbors who differ from them, of the freedom which they claim for themselvs. They seem to forget the maxim that we should do to others as we would hav others do to us—a principle admirably applied by St. Paul to the case of religious differences (Romans, chap. xiv), and which, indeed, is the only one that has been found to work well in all circumstances for every sect; it condemns not only political disabilities and restraints unwarranted by the exigencies of the state, but, still more, that uncharitable treatment through which, almost exclusivly, the spirit of intolerance can now find vent in free Protestant countries.—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

CONSIDER now, if they asked us, will you giv up your Indian Empire, or your Shakspere, your English; never hav had any Indian Empire, or never had any Shakspere? Really it was a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part, too, should not we be forced to answer? Indian Empire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakspere! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day: but this Shakspere does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot giv up our Shakspere!—*Carlyle's Hero-worship.*

IN our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspere spake: the faith and morals hold
That Milton held. In everything we are sprung
From earth's first blood, hav bibles manifold.
—*Wordsworth.*

WHEN the great Kepler had at length dicovered the harmonious laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed, "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity or by my contemporaries is a matter that concerns them more than me. I may well be contented to wait one century for a reader when God himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself."—*Colton's Lacon.*

WE wish to break with nothing that is worthy of admiration in the past. We can see and appreciate how much of the good and noble there was and is in Christianity. But we cannot see that one iota of this was or is due to the supernatural element in it. That men hav been inspired and sustained in virtue and self-sacrifice by love of the man Jesus is not only *apriori* probable, but historically true. But what nobler art ever had its source in the devotion of the Trinity, in the existence of the devil, or the story of the exodus? Where is the perfume from the Dead Sea flowers of theology? What sustenance is there from its fruit? We find none. On the contrary, we know not a good cause which is not hindered by it. It only ceases to be mischievous by becoming ridiculous. While the people perish for lack of knowledge, theologians are busy wrangling over vestments and candles, negus and genuflexions. The supposition that this is the religion that is to regenerate human life is an insult to common sense.—*D. in National Reformer, Aug.* 28, 1881.

THERE is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the pursose of not permitting its reputation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties hav any rational assurance of being right.—*Mill's Liberty.*

MIGHTY fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined—they are precious, great; but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks; but the Books of Greece! These, Greece, to every thinker still very literally livs; can be called up again into life. No magic "Runa" is stranger than a book. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of man.—*Carlyle.*

THERE is nothing that we are such spendthrifts of as of health. We spare everything sooner than that, though whatever we sacrifice to it is worth nothing without it.—*Locke.*

TAKE away from Genesis the belief that Moses was the author, on which only the strange belief that it is the word of God has stood, and there remains nothing of Genesis but an anonymous book of stories, fables, and traditionary or invented absurdities, or of down-right lies The story of Eve and the serpent, and of Noah and his ark, drops to a level with the Arabian tales, without the merit of being entertaining; and the account of men living to eight and nine hundred years becomes as fabulous as the immortality of the saints of mythology. —*Paine's Age of Reason.*

Odds and Ends.

THE angels of the Sunday-schools are sometimes the demons of the melon patch.

OUT in Illinois when they survey David Davis for a suit of clothes they take him on a half-mile track.

IT doesn't make any difference how you spell whisky; the man who uses too much of it will hav the worst spell.

"WHAT'S that you're playing?" said a New Haven man to his daughter, who was pounding at the piano keyboard with more noise than skill. "It is Wagnerian, pa; that is the music of the future." "Oh, it is, is it? Let it be a long time in the future before I hear any more of it. Play me 'Comin' Through the Rye.'" "Oh, pa, ain't you horrid; always thinking about something to drink!" Honors are easy in that family.—*New Haven Register.*

AN Austin lady, who is very anxious to acquire the prevailing art of painting placques, brought some of her drawings to a cynical artist for examination "Ought I put a coat of varnish on the plate before I transfer this drawing to it?" "No, miss," responded the artist, looking at the badly-drawn picture, "you ought to put the varnish on afterward. It would make the plate look better." When the lady shut the door it made such a noise people thought it was burglars blowing open a safe.

AN irresistible pun: When Fogg went to look for rooms in the apartment house he was shown about the premises by as handsome a piece of calico—young, bright, and rosy—as ever gladdened the eye of a bachelor. "What do you think you should prefer, sir?" she asked. Fogg said he couldn't help it if he was to die for it, and he replied, in his most killing manner, "Sweet sixteen." "From what she said," added Fogg, "I somehow got the impression that 'sweet sixteen' was already engaged."

SHE was a stylish young lady, about eigh'een years old, and, to accommodate a friend, she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along, and inquired for a certain person supposed to liv on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said: "Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh? Well, he looks just like you."

"It isn't mine," she yelled again. But he nodded his head and continued:

"Twins, eh? Where's the other one?"

She started off with the cab; but he followed and asked:

"Did it die of colic?"

Despairing of making him understand by word of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes; I see—t'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed and asked:

"Do they kick around much nights?"

"I tell you 'taint mine," she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up and asked:

"Hav to spank 'em once in a while, I suppose?"

She made him about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to giv you some advice. You see——."

But she picked up a flowerpot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

ON the day of Guiteau's execution Michael Geary was standing behind his bar. There entered from the Cedar street side, breathless, and seemingly excited, a man in seedy black. He advanced to the counter and dealt it a blow that made it tremble.

"So they've hanged Charley Guiteau?" he exclaimed. "It was a shame (giv me a little whisky). If I had been back in time to defend him (sugar, please) they never should hav perpetrated that outrage," and he drained his glass and set it down so hard as to send its fragments flying over Michael. Geary's brow began to blacken, and his voice sounded ominous as he remarked inquiringly, "No?"

"No, sir; if that chucklehead Charley Reed had read his Blackstone and Chitty, or even his Peterbaugh, he never (some more whisky, please)—I say he would never—(I'd like some more whisky, if you please)—would never hav permitted that case to even go to the jury. Ain't you going to set out that whisky?"

Michael had quietly come out from behind the counter and confronted the lawyer. He touched him on the shoulder and remarked slowly and impressivly: "My friend, you owe me fifteen cents for whisky and twenty-five cents for the glass. I would like forty cents, if you please."

The man of genius made a weak and abortiv search through his vest pockets, and said, "Yes, yes, that'll be all right; just get behind your counter, please, and set me out some more whisky, and I will discharge the whole obligation at once."

Said Michael in deepest tones, "Are you a lawyer?"

The fellow said he was.

"Hav you read Blackstone and Chitty, likewise Peterbaugh, of whom you spoke but now?"

"The lawyer said, oh, yes, he knew 'em by heart.

"There is one law work with which you are not conversant," said Michael, solemnly, as his fingers began to twitch.

"What is that?" asked the lawyer.

"Geary on Ejectments," thundered Michael, and did the bounce act with a vim that landed him into the middle of the street.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

A STONE weighing eighty-five pounds recently fell at Salina, Kan., and another, cigar shaped, four inches in diameter and over twelve inches long.

A PRETTY girl of 18, neat in dress and polite in manner, is a bootblack in Galveston. She has a chair on a street corner, and makes $3 to $6 a day.

MR. BRADLAUGH has received a practically unanimous vote of confidence from his constituents of Northampton. They seem disposed not to desert him though the Christian bigots continue to persecute him.

THE statue erected by the people of Boulonge to Mariette-Bey, the distinguished French Egyptologist, is on the Esplanade. It is a pyramid, on the sides of which are inscribed the names of his principal discoveries.

LET all friends remember the Watkins meeting from the 23d to the 28th inclusiv, and be there as much of the time as possible. There will undoubtedly be more good speaking during the meeting than ever at one meeting before.

THE Rev. Joseph Bartlett, a retired Congregationalist minister, or Gorham, committed suicide by drowning in the Little River, Maine. He was seventy years of age. May the hope not be indulged in that he is now with Jesus?

IT is estimated that in Delaware, Maryland, and a part of Virginia, there are 6,000,000 peach trees; several growers have each 100,000 trees in bearing, and that this year's crop will aggregate some 6,000,000 baskets of the fruit. Everybody should eat and can all they are able.

SINCE the London *Freethinker* has been prosecuted for blasphemy, a part of which consisted in printing comic pictures of the Bible, it has taken to reproducing quaint old pictures from Dutch Bibles. Serious Bible Sketches, No. 1, for the 6th inst., represents Yahweh showing his back parts to Moses as per Exodus xxx, 21-23.

MR. D. M. BENNETT arrived home safe and sound last week from his trip around the world, and thus again hav Christian prayers been thwarted, as in the death of Garfield, whose life they prayed for, and the life of Bennett, whose death was invoked. Very discouraging this must be to Christians; very.—*Kansas Blade.*

PROF. SEELEY is the author of a somewhat anti-theological book entitled "Natural Religion," in which he attempts to sail very close to the wind by sustaining Christianity on general principles, but throwing aside supernaturalism in toto. His task is a most difficult one; if supernaturalism is discarded Christianity has not a leg to stand upon. If supernaturalism is untenable—as it really is—Christianity is one of the most dishonest frauds in existence.

BISHOP IRELAND, in his address before the National Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Union, at St. Paul, said things which hav stirred up the feelings of Irishmen considerably. The following sentence especially meets with disapprobation: "The woes of the people of Ireland are mostly brought about by intemperance, and if they could be made temperate and kept so for about fifteen years they could buy the entire island with the money they would otherwise spend for strong drink."

THE devil for once has been too much for the evangelist Barnes, who, having succeeded in making a Christian horse-racer of Buford and an honest Christian politician of Gov. Blackburn, both of Kentucky, now confesses to having found his match in Dayton, O., where he has been wrestling with the evil one for a month without making a single conversion. But the great converter is not discouraged; he is under contract to put in a part of the autumn in Chicago, with the winter in this ungodly city of New York. It is to be feared, however, if he cannot make headway against the devil in Dayton, he will stand a very poor chance in Chicago and New York.

"HOME Again" are the first words written by D. M. Bennett as he enters his sanctum and resumes the editorial chair of THE TRUTH SEEKER after his journey around the world. We regretted his departure, believing there was never a time in the history of the great conflict in which we are engaged when his presence on the immediate field of battle was as much needed as now. Perhaps we are wrong in the idea that his going was a mistake; be that as it may, we hail his return with joy, and very much regret that we could not somewhere in his journey across the continent hav met and extended the hand of welcome—welcome back to the land we know he loves so well, notwithstanding its past unjust and inhuman treatment of him. Realizing the dangers by land and sea of such a journey, we hav watched its progress with anxiety for his safety, knowing of no man whose loss to the Liberal cause would be more severely felt than would D. M. Bennett's. We cannot do better than giv several paragraphs from his salutatory words to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in its first issue after his return. —*Spiritual Offering.*

D. M. BENNETT, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, having arrived in New York in health and safety from his long journey around the world, was last Thursday evening given a reception by his friends in that city. Mr. Mendum and ourself, who went on to assist in the exercises, were kindly met at the New York depot by Mr. Geo. Macdonald, who escorted us to the banquet room, where we found quite a gathering, and we, too, had a fine reception. After a superb supper, which gave us "material aid and comfort," for we had taken a long ride and were tired and hungry, Mr. Wakeman began the speaking. He was an excellent chairman, and his happy faculty of introducing the different speakers inspired them all to make good speeches. The whole affair, which was very well managed and prolonged until a late hour, was unusually interesting throughout and gave the highest satisfaction. We enjoyed our visit very much, and were greatly pleased with the the fraternal feeling exhibited toward us by our New York associates in the Liberal movement. Our friend and correspondent, S. P. Putnam, who was one of the party and largely helped to make it successful, kindly sends us a two-column sketch of it.—*Boston Investigator.*

D. M. BENNETT, having made the tour of Europe, Palestine, Egypt, India, China, and Japan, landed in San Francisco more than a month ago. The Liberals of California gave him a very cordial and very handsome public reception. After visiting many of the places of note on the Pacific coast he has been slowly making his way eastward, stopping and lecturing at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Denver, Omaha, and at other points. On the evening of the 16th he his expected at Hershey Hall, Chicago. The Liberals of that place hav arranged for a hearty reception of the world-round traveler. It is proposed to tender him a dinner and public reception at the Freethinkers' Convention to commence at Watkins Glen, N. Y., August 23d. As this is the place where Mr. Bennett was first arrested, and where the infamous prosecution against him by Comstock and his clan commenced about four years ago, it would seem that there would be an eminent fitness in thus humoring the veteran champion of human rights, after his long pilgrimage. The writer of this is no hero-worshiper. No man that ever lived has been good enough to deserve an *apotheosis*, whether before death or afterward. Mr. Bennett, like other men, has his faults—none of his friends and admirers claim perfection for him. But whatever may be his faults no one can charge him with the sin of hypocrisy or of avarice—the two great damning sins of the times. Like the great Horace Greeley he approaches the simplicity of childhood in his devotion to candor, truthfulness, and unselfishness. And although making no claims to saintship it is probable that very few men of this or any other age can show a cleaner, purer record than Mr. Bennett can show. The crime charged againt him and for which he was imprisoned *was no crime at all*—so stated and so acknowledged by the attorney-general and by President Hayes himself. Mr. Bennett became involved in the trouble not because he expected any emolument from the sale of the condemned book—not because he indorsed, even, the sentiments contained therein, but simply from a manly chivalrous desire that every honest man should possess and enjoy the same right that any other man has or ought to possess—the right to publish and defend his honest convictions through the medium of the public press and the public mail.—*Kansas Liberal.*

THE Sunday morning *Bazoo* (Mo.) has a long and painful account of the way in which the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, attempted to deeply wrong the Rev. M. F. Wells, of the same church, by seducing his wife. Wells had been preaching at Mount Olivet, Benton county, Mo., but had been removed to Deerfield, when he was succeeded at Mount Olivet by the Rev. Shepherd Their families had not moved, and as each had half-fare tickets on the railroads they occasionally went home to see their wives. Mrs. Wells is the mother of five children, but the Rev. Shepherd evinced a fondness for calling upon Mrs. Wells and talking religion with her. He became so earnest in this religious conversation that to giv emphasis to his words he placed his hand upon Mrs. Wells's knee and held it there for some minutes. When Mr. Wells returned home his honest, simple-hearted wife narrated to her husband how earnestly the Rev. Shepherd conversed with her, and asked what she should do when the Rev. Shepherd placed his hands thus upon her lower limbs. The Rev. Wells, learning that the conversation was upon religious subjects, told his wife that the Rev. Shepherd was "a man of a pure heart and clean hands," and probably had the purest motivs. Shepherd, however, continued to visit Mrs. Wells oftener; he visited her at night, he tarried long, and his religious conversation became so earnest that he kept one or both hands upon Mrs. Wells nearly all the time. His late visits at length attracted attention in the neighborhood, and created much scandal. Jacob Smith, who boarded where the Rev. Shepherd did, concluded to play the spy and watch the holy man. Sad to state, after the religious conversation had been continued till a late hour one night, Jacob saw the Rev. Shepherd take hold of Mrs. Wells' hand and inquire "Do you enjoy connection?" The simple-minded woman thinking he was alluding to her relativs, innocently answered "Yes." He then talked more religion, interspersed with passes over her face and mouth, which nearly put her to sleep, so that she became powerless to resist him; when the lecherous clergyman threw his arms around her and drew her close to him, followed by the most disgusting conduct unfit to narrate. Mrs. Wells recovered herself somewhat and she pushed the clergyman away, saying "This thing has gone far enough," but he expressed the opinion that there was no danger. She forcibly replied, "You should not get me into anything that will send my soul to torment." He again assured her there was "no danger, the best of Christians do worse than this every day." Mrs. Wells at once left the room and entered where her five babes were sleeping, and in this way the clerical sinner was foiled. The result is the scandal is widely spread. Wells has entered a complaint against Bro. Shepherd, and has retired unhappy and disgusted from the pulpit. What makes the matter still worse is the fact that Wells is a blind man and poor; while Shepherd is well off, owning a good farm. Wells feels too much disgraced to preach longer, and Shepherd will be permanently relieved from any more breaking the bread of life. It is a very sad thing that men of God will act in this way.

News of the Week.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR was in the city last week.

YELLOW fever has appeared in Brownsville, Texas.

DROUTH is causing great damage to crops in New England.

A HOLY war is being preached in Morocco against Christians.

SENATOR HILL of Georgia is slowly dying of cancer in the mouth.

THE American rifle team for an international match with England has been chosen.

SOME opium smokers hav been imprisoned as disorderly persons by the authorities of this city.

SOME of the Irish Land Leagues of this vicinity hav voted to assist Arabi Pasha with money and men.

A DISSIPATED husband, named Connors, crushed his wife's skull near Scranton, Pa., with a carpenter's square on the 13th.

MRS. KISNER, of Hamilton, N. J., recently raised money to buy her pastor a Bible by killing a rattlesnake and selling the rattles.

CETYWAYO, ex-king of Zululand, is in England. He will hav an interview with the queen in regard to the restoration of his kingdom.

SUBSTITUTES, called "brownbacks," for the old national bank notes hav been issued. They bear Garfield's head as a vignet on one end.

ALL good Catholics observed last Monday as a fasting day. Tuesday was the "Feast of the Assumption" and a holy day of obligation.

A PARTY of six young ladies are roughing it on a tramp through North Carolina to view the scenery. They hav thus far traveled about 225 miles.

GLOVE contests, such as occurred recently between Sullivan and Tug Wilson, hav been decided to be prize fights, and as such hav been forbidden by law.

THE Salvation Army is marching against sin in Brooklyn. The soldiers, some of whom are women, wear navy blue suits and sailor hats, and make themselvs ridiculous generally.

HENRY GEORGE, the political writer, and at present correspondent of the *Irish World*, has been twice arrested by the authorities of Dublin, Ireland, as a suspicious character, but was released by order of Gladstone.

ALEXANDER WIEMAN, his wife, and child, the latter a boy of seven years, were found lying dead in their residence, in Evansville, Ind., on Sunday morning last. Four persons hav been arrested charged with the murder.

A MAN who has for years been a writer on the New York *Sun* was arrested and clubbed severely one evening last week for sitting on his own doorstep when the guardian of the peace conceived that he ought to be in bed. The act is causing considerable indignation among liberty-loving citizens.

ARABI PASHA has been declared a rebel by the sultan of Turkey; but the Mussulman jurists, whom the sultan frequently consults, explain that, in so far as he has disobeyed the caliph, he is a rebel, and may be unceremoniously treated as such; but, in so far as he has been a defender of a Mohammedan country against the aggressiv designs of Christians, he has merely fulfilled the duties of a good Mussulman, and consequently the caliph cannot make common cause with England. The sultan may punish Arabi if some act of rebellion can be proved against him; but he must not associate himself with those who wish to crush Arabi as a defender of Islam. It is thought that this decision will seriously influence the action of Turkish military. So it seems that with religion left out the aspect of the war would be greatly simplified. More troops from England hav arrived in Egypt.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

A Few Days in China —Continued.

PLACE FOR CREMATION.

In the rear of the temple is a Chinese garden (what is left of the garden, which once occupied the entire grounds), and here I saw many curious plants, particularly the slow-growing and small-leafed slimber-tree, trained and trimmed so as to represent numerous objects, such as bridges, ships, pagodas, temples, dragons, serpents, dogs, fishes, men, and women, much the same as those I saw in the Chinese garden near Singapore. To the animals and men artificial eyes are supplied. The effect is curious.

In the rear part, and in one corner of the grounds, is a furnace for cremating the priests and monks when they finish their earthly labors, as is the practice everywhere with Buddhistic priests. The building in which the burning is done is a small brick structure, about six feet square inside, and about the same in hight, with a roof somewhat in the shape of a dome, with plentiful openings for smoke and vapor to escape. In the earthen floor is a trench or depression a foot in width and nearly that in depth. The dead priest is taken into this place sitting in a sedan-chair, and the wood used for fuel is placed under and over him. His brothers, the priests and monks, arrange themselves before the door of the pyre and spend five minutes in chanting a prayer for the repose of the departed soul, when one of the number takes a torch and lights the pile. When the flames are well spread over the fuel another prayer is chanted, when it is supposed that the soul of the dead priest is placed at rest. Sandal-wood is used for fuel, or pieces of it are occasionally thrown on the fire while the burning takes place. When the ashes have become cold they are carefully gathered up, placed in a cinerary urn, which is deposited in a small building for the purpose, where it remains till the third month of the year, the time when the Chinese gather around the tombs of the dead to worship their ancestors, when the contents of the urns are put into a red bag and deposited in the finely-built stone mausoleum, or ossuary, also standing in the garden. There are two or three ossuaries in the grounds, one being full, or rather the ashes of five thousand and forty-eight priests and monks having been deposited in it, which is the full number permitted to be so deposited in one ossuary, and it is securely sealed, where the ashes of these once living men will undoubtedly remain quiet for a long time to come.

On the west side of the grounds is the Sai-Kwai-Tong, or Hall of Death, where the sick, aged, and infirm priests and monks are taken to die when that event seems about to take place. On one side of the court, attached to it, are a row of small, dingy cells, and in these the priests and friars draw their last breath—here to them the scenes of life close. This hall is said to be placed on the west side of the grounds to shorten to that extent the distance which the liberated soul will have to travel to reach the Western Paradise, which is the place where good Buddhists are supposed to go. The body of a dead priest or monk is attired in the suit of his order, and twelve hours after his death is conveyed in a sedan-chair to a fane, in which is an altar, and on this altar the dead priest is placed, occupying the meditative position in which Buddha is represented—sitting with crossed legs, the soles of the feet turned up, and the hands placed in the attitude of prayer. Here the companions of the dead man gather and offer a prayer to him. Then the corpse is conveyed, as described, to the place of burning, and in going there a paved passway is used, walled up on each side and covered over, and which is never used on any other occasion, the door at each extremity being kept locked. It may well be called "the path of death."

OTHER TEMPLES AND GODS.

The temple of Cho-Shing is near the temple of Five Hundred Genii. This is one of the patron saints of medicine, and here is a large porcelain vase containing holy water, for sale to the sick. It is not claimed that if they drink of that water they will live forever, but it is believed that it possesses power to heal many diseases. In the second hall are sixty gods, who preside over the sixty years of the Chinese cycle.

The temple of Chang-Ti, one of the great gods of the Chinese, is on Great New street, and is one of the richest and most gaudy in the city.

The Emperor's Temple should be mentioned, in which state worship is held by all the mandarins gathering there on the Chinese New Year, and when the emperor's marriage is celebrated.

Kwong-Hau temple is one of the oldest Buddhist temples in the city, having been founded in 250. There are two small granite pagodas in the court. In the second story is an image of Buddha sleeping.

Kun-Yum temple, founded in 1403, is high up, and is approached by a long flight of granite steps. In front is a stone elephant. In the chief pavilion is a gilt image of the god Kun-Yum sitting on a lotus-flower. Many votaries resort to this temple, and state worship is performed here.

There are more than a hundred other temples and monasteries in Canton which might be described, but I did not visit them; besides, I am tired of temples, and doubt not you are. From what I have said I think you can easily see the superstitious bent of the Chinese mind. The gods and ceremonies of all the other temples can readily be imagined. I will therefore leave the temples and enumerate some of the other places I visited.

EXAMINATION HALL

Is a noted place, where the scholars of the two provinces, of which Canton is the capital, are examined for the degree of bachelor of arts, this being the second degree of learning in China. Examinations for the first or highest degree—master of arts—are made in Pekin. Examination Hall and the buildings and courts connected with it occupy a space measuring 1,380 feet by 650 feet. The inclosure is divided into two sections, that for the officials and that for the candidates. On each side of the grand avenue leading from the entrance are apartments or cells for the students, numbering eleven hundred and sixty. These are five and a half feet long, and three feet eight inches wide, with ledges in the brick walls for boards for a seat, and a table on which to write. The sheds in which these cells are located are over two hundred and fifty feet in length, and are no farther apart than to admit of ingress and egress. The examinations take place once in three years. The examiner is the literary chancelor, assisted by the prefects and learned men of a lower grade.

The preliminary course of study for those who wish to pass examination here is very rigid. Each candidate is required to furnish to the ruler of the district where he lives a certificate signed by two graduates (bachelors of art), who pledge themselves as sureties for the applicant, giving at the same time his age, his name, the name of his parents and grandparents, with the name of the village or hamlet where he was born and resides. It also must state that he is not the son of a soldier, a play-actor, a slave, a whore, or of those whose occupation it is to attire dead bodies for burial, for sons of such are not permitted to become bachelors of art. His first examination takes place before the ruler of the district, assisted by able members of the *litterati*. This examination takes place at the capital city of the county or district, in the hall with which every capital city is provided. All the candidates meet in the hall at six in the morning; at seven the examiners appear, and at eight the business commences, when the subjects for examination are made known, and these consist of two essays on themes or texts selected from four books, and one poem. Each essay must have not less than four hundred characters or words, and not more than seven hundred. The poem must consist of twelve lines, and each line must measure five metrical feet. At two P.M. those who have completed their essay and poem are allowed to retire, while those who have not completed them are given till ten o'clock to finish, and at that hour the productions must all be handed in, whether completed or not. As soon as these productions have been examined the names of the successful candidates are made into a list and placed upon the temple of Confucius. Eight of these preliminary examinations are held at an interval of but a few days. The candidates who have been successful in three of these examinations then become candidates for eight similar examinations at the prefectural city before the prefect and his assistants. If they pass well here they are pronounced fit candidates for the grand examination before the chancellor in Canton, which examination is limited to one day.

The candidates are admitted in companies of fifty during the night previous to the day of examination; and at six o'clock all are to be ready, for at that hour the ordeal commences. Each candidate is examined to see if he has in his pockets or secreted anywhere about him a copy of the four classics in which he is to be examined. To make sure of the matter this search is repeated by another party, and with the greatest care. The candidates are then recognized by their sureties—graduates—who on this occasion wear their official costume, after which a certain number of sheets of paper are furnished to each candidate, for which, however, he has to pay the cost price. The candidates then take seats at the various stone tables with which the hall is supplied, when the subjects for the theses to be written upon are read to them. Each student must write an original poem, as in the primary examination. They are then relegated to the stalls or cells already described, when, in a certain number of hours, unaided by books of any kind, they must write the essays and the poems, which must be ready to hand in at a certain hour. The numbers, not the names, of those whose productions have been accepted are placed upon the walls of the literary chancellor's yamen. This, however, not being deemed sufficient, the candidates are subjected to still another examination equally severe three or four days after the first examination described. After this those who have passed this last ordeal acceptably are dressed in the garb of the bachelor of arts, and they repair to the chancellor's yamen, where a gilded ornament in the form of a flower is placed on the apex of their hats, as a mark of honor, after which they are seated in sedan-chairs, and their friends cause them to be conducted through the principal streets of the city. These candidates are afterward eligible for the examination for the highest degree at Pekin. The examination is so rigid here that only one or two per cent are usually able to gain the coveted prize. Some go back for the second and third time at subsequent examinations, since having undertaken the struggle they do not wish to yield until they have triumphed. It is said men as old as fifty or sixty years present themselves among the young students, being equally anxious to receive the chancellor's approval.

THE PAGODAS.

There are several of these in the city, but they do not require a lengthy description. The first to be mentioned is called the "Flowery Pagoda." It is nine stories in hight, octagonal in form, and two hundred and seventy feet in hight. It was commenced in the year 502, and was intended for a dagoba or shrine in which to deposit some relic of Buddha, or some portion of his vestment. It was also designed to represent the style of mansions which abound in the Western Paradise, where the faithful hope to go when the time comes for them to leave the bustle and turmoil of earth, and there spend a few decillions of years in perfect bliss, each one being a Buddha, emancipated from all care, trouble, and suffering. Latterly all pagodas are supposed to exercise a beneficial geomanic influence over the spirit of the dead, or *Fung-Shuey*. The structure is also regarded with such reverence that the faithful believers resort to it to be healed of their diseases. They scrape from the external walls particles of mortar, etc., which is mixed with an ointment which heals the most intractable sores and wounds, and performs cures as wonderful as Christians boast of from the effects of the mortar from the shrine at Knock, in Ireland, where the Virgin made her appearance, and to which thousands make pilgrimages, with precisely the same kind of faith which influences these superstitious Chinese. This pagoda, like most others, is simply a tower to look at externally; it is not allowed to be entered or ascended. Its diameter at the base must be about twenty-five feet. It is quite ornamental in appearance, bells of ornamentation hanging at each octagonal angle. It is also painted in brilliant colors.

Smooth Pagoda is another of these towering ornaments, and was erected by some Arabian voyagers about the year 900. It is one hundred and sixty feet high. A spiral staircase leads to the minaret on the top, but the entrance is closed.

The Five-Story Pagoda, so called, is not really a pagoda, but a tower, or rather a building, on the north wall of the city. The building is about one hundred feet in length and half that in width. The roof projects several feet over the balconies on the sides, giving it the general appearance of a pagoda. It affords a splendid view of the city, the windings of the river, and the surrounding country. Down the river two nine-story pagodas are seen in the distance; eastward runs the range of White Cloud hills, and in the southwest the Sai-chin hills are easily seen, thirty miles away. On the north is a wide plain dotted with villages, farms, and the scenes of busy industry. The hills near the wall are covered with cemeteries, and up their ascending grades are to be seen thousands of the Chinese resting-places for the dead, with their vault-like appearance and circular fronts in the shape of the Greek letter Omega. Here, I easily imagined, thousands upon thousands of the Chinese gather at stated periods, and call to mind their ancestors and departed friends, remember their virtues and worship their memories. Near this pagoda are stone tables and stone seats, on which refreshments are partaken of, and here we took our lunch, which Ah Cum had brought for us from the hotel, and we ordered a pot of tea made by those in attendance, and, as it was very good, and so much riding and sight-seeing had given us a good appetite, we enjoyed the repast highly there upon the old walls of Canton.

The walls are twenty feet in hight, and about the same in thickness, faced on each side with layers of stone or brick, and filled with earth. We ascended the wall in two or three places. Towers are erected upon it at intervals of a quarter or half a mile. The walls around the old city were constructed in the eleventh century, and were completed as they now stand in the fourteenth century. What is called the new city was inclosed in the sixteenth century. The city has sixteen gates, of which four are in the dividing wall, two in the west wall, six in the south, two in the east, and three in the north. There are besides two water gates. The wall makes a circuit of six miles. The Five-Story Pagoda was first built in the fourteenth century, but, burning down, was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. During the Canton rebellion in 1854-'55 the Viceroy Yeh was accustomed to station himself here, and with great interest watch the movements of his forces in their efforts to suppress the rebellion. The first and second

stories of the building were occupied by the French troops, and the third, fourth, and fifth stories by the British soldiers, during their operations against Canton and the Chinese in 1857. As a favorable position for viewing operations, and for safety from attack, it is not surpassed in the city.

Leaving this locality we passed for some time through the Tartar quarter of the city, occupied as dwellings and stores for family supplies. Canton was taken by the Tartars in 1650, who destroyed much and slaughtered many thousands of the inhabitants. Since that time the Tartar dynasty has occupied the imperial throne, which rule has continued to the present time. There is some difference between the features and looks of the Tartars and the Chinese, but it is not so great as to attract observation were one not apprised of the fact.

CHINESE PRISONS.

I think I have indicated before that I have some reasons to be interested in prisons, so of course I wished to visit some of the prisons of China. I saw two of them, and found them not so formidable and solid as the one in which I was confined. The Canton prisons are of one story and constructed of wood, made by setting round posts of small trees in the earth, so close together that no man can get between them, and still admit some light and air; next to the street it is boarded up or walled, I forget which. The prisons are about twenty feet square, and in an apartment of this size I counted twenty prisoners, ten of them wearing the wood collar (the cague) made of boards one and a quarter inches thick, the whole two and a half or three feet square, with a hole in the center large enough for the neck, but not large enough to allow the head to pass through. It is put together on the culprit, and can not be gotten off by the one who has not the key or tools for the purpose. As the poor wretches are naked, or nearly so, the rough edges of such a collar are calculated to chafe their feelings, and the skin also. I saw a number with sore-looking necks. I made up my mind at once that I would not wish to wear a necklace of that kind. The floor of the prisons are the native earth, and I saw nothing that looked like beds or anything to lie upon. They probably have nothing but Mother Earth to rest upon, and that without a rag to cover them. I could easily realize that the Chinese treat their evil-doers with great severity, and I thought if I had to again go to prison I would prefer the American style to the Chinese, though in American prisons talking is prohibited and labor has to be performed, which is not the case in the Canton prisons which I visited, for the prisoners talked constantly and came to the aperture and begged us very earnestly for money. Even those wearing the wooden collars were as anxious for money as though they had no ornamentation about them.

In the first prison visited the sentences of the inmates do not exceed a year, and the offenses were stealing, picking pockets, assault and battery, etc. In the second prison, much of the same character, the terms were for a number of years, and the offenses of a more aggravated character, such as housebreaking, robbery, counterfeiting, arson, manslaughter, etc. I did not hear that one in either prison was convicted of mailing a copy of "Cupid's Yokes." But then we must remember that China is a heathen country, and is not yet blessed with Christian laws, Christian courts, Christian judges, Christian prisons, and all the other Christian blessings. Possibly she is not sensible of the deprivations which she labors under.

I noticed that some of the convicts in the second prison had shackles and fetters on their limbs, and I could not help feeling sorry for the poor wretches, and that they could not have behaved themselves so as not to be placed in such unpleasant quarters. In the street, also, in the vicinity of the prisons, where there is a wider space than in the usual streets, I saw dozens of offenders who were permitted outside the prison walls, but they had shackles on them so they could not get far away; besides, they were under the eye of a keeper. I certainly did not envy their condition, and wondered if they had all been justly convicted, or whether some of them had not had a Benedict to sit in judgment over them to send them to prison when not guilty.

THE EXECUTION GROUND.

It was but natural that from the prison one should go to the place of execution. This is called Ma-Tau, or the "Horse's Head," because the plot of ground is supposed to bear some resemblance to the head of the horse. This small lot is usually occupied in drying coarse pottery-ware, like furnaces, etc., which are made in shops adjoining, on either side of the premises; but on this plot, containing in the neighborhood of a quarter of an acre, the lives of thousands of human beings have been taken, more even than on many of the noted battle-fields of Europe. Criminals are executed here in all numbers, from three to fifty at a time. In the year 1855 fifty thousand rebels were beheaded here. The lot is unpaved earth, and the stench from the human blood that is shed upon it is often so great as to be smelt half a mile away.

Criminals are conveyed here from the prisons in baskets carried like a sedan-chair, and are emptied down without the slightest ceremony or feeling, as though they were the merest dirt or rubbish. Each criminal has a card or piece of bamboo attached to him, on which is given his name, age, place of residence, the crime of which he was convicted, etc. The usual mode of death is beheading, and the execution is presided over by the chief man in the county, or by a representative of the viceroy, or the governor of the city, as the case may be, and in regard to the nature of the crimes committed. Several of the criminals are ordered to kneel in a row and to incline their heads forward, and at a signal given by the presiding functionary the executioner, or executioners, for there are often three or four of them, raise their long, heavy, glittering blades, much like a scimetar, and with a single blow sever the head from the body. No block for the head to rest upon is used in any case. The bodies are then borne by members of the lowest or pariah class, whose duty it is to attend to that kind of business, and are buried without coffins, in grounds east of the city appropriated for the purpose, and named "The Temple for Ten Thousand Men." Death is usually met here with perfect stoic indifference, for the Chinese, like most of the orientals, are not afraid to die. There are, however, as said, occasionally some exceptions to the rule. One case is given of a facetious character who while being conveyed to the place of execution was lively in his remarks to the crowd who had gathered, as people in all countries assemble at such places, and said that he had at last risen to a position of dignity in the world, and could afford to be carried abroad in state. On another occasion a condemned man refused to bend his head forward, saying he had a long neck and a good marksman ought to be able to hit it with his inclining his head. The executioner reasoned with him, assuring him that he was a friend and not an enemy; that he did not follow the avocation of taking life from choice, but from necessity, and that he acted strictly in accordance with the command of the governor, and did not strike a blow until ordered to do so; that it was his wish to take life with as little pain as possible, and if the condemned man would incline his head forward he would take it off with a single blow, whereas if he had to do the work with the head held erect he might have to strike two or three times, and cause much more pain. This reasoning was effective; the condemned man inclined forward his head, and the next instant it was rolling upon the ground. A writer in the *China Mail* gives an account of an execution he witnessed there when twenty-eight condemned men were carried to the fatal lot, and more than half the number exhibited decided objections to being disposed of in that summary manner. Even after they had kneeled in a row to submit to the fatal blow some of them sprang to their feet, although manacled, and cried out lustily to the spectators, "Save life! save life! save life!" and the headsmen were placed under the necessity of striking off their heads the best way they could, while the poor wretches were thus upon their feet. One argumentative sort of convict reasoned in this way with the executioner: "Well, according to the teachings of our religion I will have to come back here to this earth in about eighteen years, and enter life again in the lowest form of existence. I will then probably be an executioner as you are now, and it will be my pleasant duty to take off your head about as you are to take off mine."

Archdeacon Gray narrates seeing three condemned men executed there on a certain occasion; two of the men had been pirates, and one a colonel in the Chinese army, who had exhibited cowardice in time of action and had tried to save his life by escaping from danger, and thereby lost it. One of the pirates gave a withering scowl when he was unceremoniously emptied out of the basket, as though if under other circumstances they would not dare to treat him in that manner, but they were vile men of the lowest class, and no respect was shown them before their heads were severed, or afterward. But the colonel, being a man of wealth, was conveyed in a closed sedan-chair, a carpet was spread in the mud for him to kneel upon, when the last moment had arrived, and when his head was severed his servants, who were permitted to attend him, took charge of his body, said prayers in his behalf, placed his remains in a coffin, and buried him in his own burial lot. All met their fate without a tremor.

It is the custom when the condemned have friends to furnish them with food and wine while being conveyed to the place of execution, for it to be done. The Chinese are very fond of pork, and wine is taken with it. Those who are to die within the next half hour partake freely of these while en route to the place of death, and it is not uncommon for them to drink so much wine that they are nearly intoxicated when their decapitated head falls to the earth. This, perhaps, is a single instance when intoxication does no harm. The poor outcasts who have no friends are not feasted with pork and wine, and they often arrive at the terrible place in an emaciated condition as though they had not had a "square meal" for many a week. The food given to the convicts, as described, has to be placed in their mouths while in transit, by accompanying friends, for, their arms being pinioned, they are unable to help themselves.

There is some diversity in the modes of execution at this place. There are leaning up against one of the walls three rude crosses, upon which condemned men are fastened and allowed to remain there for hours, and perhaps days, and sometimes they are cut to pieces with knives. Even condemned women have been served in this manner. Others have been strangled by hanging, somewhat as is the custom in our country.

I saw lying in a pile four or five human skulls belonging once to condemned wretches who were executed upon the ground. As I stood there looking at those skulls and thinking of the immense numbers that had met their death upon that plot of ground, I realized that it was a fearful place, and that the most horrible thoughts and feelings must have been experienced on the part of many thousands in that circumscribed lot. "Ah," thought I, "it is all over with those poor fellows, and where are they all now? Their bodies have returned to the elements of nature; is there anything else left of them which can think and feel?"

THE WATER CLOCK

Is visited by those who go about Canton, though it is by no means a very great curiosity. It is called a "clepsydra," or copper jar water-dropper. The apparatus consists of four copper vessels, sitting on ledges or stairs, so that as the water slowly drops from the upper one it falls into the one next below, from which it also drops into the one next below again, and so to the last; and by the period of time required for the water to thus drop out of one receptacle into another time is measured somewhat upon the plan of an hour-glass. Besides, there is an index placed in the upper jar by which the time can be told at any hour. The upper jar is twenty-three inches in hight, and the same in diameter; the others are a trifle smaller, decreasing somewhat as they descend. When the water has dropped into the lower jar it is dipped back to the upper one, and is occasionally renewed. In this way the Chinese measured time five hundred years ago; but it is not accurate, and merely an imperfect arrangement. One good Connecticut clock, costing two dollars and a half, is worth a hundred water clocks. The tower where the clock is is approached by passing under three or four monumental arches and ascending a long flight of stone steps. Here is a fire clock, which consists of a composition somewhat like a slow-burning fuse formed into a coil. The time is calculated by the number of inches burned of this fuse. This is also inaccurate, but tends to show the ingenuity of a people who knew no better way of measuring time. Both these clocks were used hundreds of years ago, and are only kept in operation now to show the expedients of former centuries.

DOG, CAT, AND RAT MEAT.

I can no longer have any doubt about the Chinese indulging in these delicacies, for I have seen, with my own eyes, the meat nicely dressed and offered for sale. I must say cats and dogs, when nicely dressed, look as well as pigs and rabbits. The dogs are not skinned, but probably scalded, as hogs were in our country when I was a boy, and the hair scraped off. The meat looks white and inviting, and I am not prepared to say that the flesh of dogs and cats does not contain as good nitrogen as pigs and ducks; neither can I say that rats have not in their organized elements just as good and as nourishing meat as are contained in frogs, eels, and turtles. At all events the Chinaman seems to like them, and as he does I am as willing he should eat them as that the Frenchman should eat horse and frogs, the Englishman sheep and hare, and the American hog and bear meat. Every man to his taste. I presume there are many of us who, if half starved, and served with a nice stew of cat or dog meat, and we were ignorant of what it was, could be persuaded to believe it veal or lamb; it would taste very good to us, and we would be duly nourished. There is no doubt that usage and prejudice have much to do in causing us to regard some animals as fit for food and others not.

I did not learn the ruling market prices for cats, dogs, and rats, but I imagine I can see the Chinese butcher carefully feeling pussy's sides, seeing how much meat is on the ribs of the dog, and squinting to see whether the rat had been well provided for. The animals of these varieties which I saw hanging up in the butchers' stalls looked as though they had been pretty well fed, and as though Wing-Wong and his wife, and King-Koon and his family, might make a good dinner upon such viands.

There are in Canton restaurants where the animals named are exclusively served up, and, with Archdeacon Gray's assistance, I can give you the bill of fare of some of them. The particular restaurant of the kind which he visited bears the euphonious cognomen of "Whoon-Hang-Kan-Maan-Yank-Poo." In the stew pans of the establishment, the hind and fore quarters of puppy and pussy were being converted into savory dishes calculated to make John Chinaman laugh from ear to ear. Placards in large letters informed visitors that the finest of black cats were served up in all styles and

at all hours, that dogsteaks hot from the griddle would be produced at the shortest notice, and that rat soup and stew were always on hand and kept warm. In the eating-room on the second floor happy parties were sitting, with chop-sticks in hand, putting those rare delicacies out of sight at a rapid rate. On the wall was posted in large characters the following dishes and prices: "One tael of black dog's flesh, eight cash; one tael's weight of dog's fat, three kandareens of silver; the genital organ of a black or yellow dog, three kandareens of silver; one large basin of black cat's flesh, one hundred cash; one small basin of ditto, fifty cash; a large basin of fat rat stew, one hundred cash; quarter of a rat-pie, three kindareens; the same of puppy-pie, four kindareens of silver; one bottle of common wine, thirty-two cash; one small bottle of wine, sixteen cash; one large bottle of dark rice wine, sixty-eight cash; one small bottle of dark rice wine, thirty-four cash; one large bottle of plum wine, sixty-eight cash; one small bottle of plum wine, thirty-four cash; one large bottle of pear wine, sixty-eight cash; one large bottle of Teintsin wine, ninety-eight cash; one basin of congree, three cash; one small plate of pickles, three cash; ketchup, three cash; vinegar, three cash; one pair of black cat's eyes, three kandareens of silver." (I think it requires ten or twenty of the round brass coin called cash, with square hole in the center, to equal a cent.)

Do not some of you wish you could order a meal at that restaurant? I am compelled to confess that I left Canton without availing myself of the opportunity of patronizing that restaurant for a dinner.

Pork, however, is the great favorite of the Chinese. I saw far more of hog meat in the butcher's shops than all other flesh put together, and it uniformly was very fat. The dogs of Canton are of the "yaller" variety, and have quite a different expression of countenance from the dogs of our country. They are of medium size, their noses sharp, bearing considerable resemblance to the wolf and the fox. They look intelligent and good-natured. They undoubtedly make very good hash, but they do not seem to be aware of the destiny that awaits them.

The Canton markets are pretty well supplied with poultry and game of the kinds peculiar to the country. On Hing-Lung-Tai street is an extensive market, where may be found in considerable quantities live ducks, geese, chickens, pigeons, partridges, quails, teals, divers, storks, and, not to be omitted, owls, lizards, tortoises, and salted, smoked, and preserved rats. The storks, as you are aware, are large, long-legged birds; to keep them in their places they are fastened to their perches with cords, and to prevent their being frightened at the approach of customers who wish to examine them before buying, their eyelids are kindly sewed together with fine thread. That is a trick that our people have probably never adopted; but there is no end of the cruelties practiced in all countries where animals are used for food. I have seen in our own country half a dozen young calves just torn from their mothers, with their legs corded tightly and thrown together on a hot day, in a small wagon-body, on their backs and sides, thus transported for miles to the slaughter-house. We can hardly with consistency condemn the Chinese for cruelty to animals. Lizards are supposed to impart strength to invalids convalescing from an attack of illness, and of course are regarded as a luxury. Tortoises are eaten by those suffering from running sores and ulcers. Those who have lost their hair and hearing seek for this kind of food, under the belief that will contribute to the restoration of what they have lost. I cannot speak from personal knowledge as to the quality of lizards and tortoises, but I cannot see why they should not contain as much nutriment as many similar animals that are eaten by other people. I cannot say why a tortoise is not as fit for food as a turtle, or a lizard as a frog or an eel, and I know the latter are good. Inasmuch as all animal flesh, especially the lean part, is of about the same composition, it is somewhat hard to say which animals shall be used for food and which not. The classification and prohibitions ascribed to Moses are without reason, and are totally disregarded by ourselves and other nations in many particulars, notably in the swine, which does not chew the cud. It is somewhat difficult to see how the parting of the hoof or chewing of the cud makes any special difference with the nitrogen, which is the principal ingredient in animal flesh.

In Ui-lan street is an eating-house and garden of fashionable resort. The bill of fare presents one hundred and forty-six dishes, from six cents to ninety cents each. In the kitchen the Chinese culinary art may be seen. The rooms for parties and the garden are decidedly attractive.

SMALL FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

I like many things I see among the Chinese, but not their abominable custom of dwarfing and deforming the feet of women. While they are not foolish, as the women of America are, in contracting the waist, chest, and abdomen with corsets, so they can hardly obtain a natural, free breath, they have for many centuries—yes, for thousands of years—followed the miserable practice of confining the feet of female infants in iron shoes, or other equally horrible appliances, to prevent them from attaining their natural and proper size, and this to follow a most absurd fashion. Oh, what fools fashion makes of people in nearly all countries! I have seen many of these small-footed women tottling along on the streets of Canton, walking much as a man would on two wooden legs. The least push would throw them over, and some of them have to be steadied by a servant or some other person. They are absolutely cripples; made so to be in the fashion.

The average length of the feet of these unfortunate women is from three to four inches. I have seen the shoes that had been worn by a Chinese woman not any more than three inches in length; not too large for a babe two years of age. Think of the cruelty, the torture, that is constantly being inflicted in this country in cramping the feet of poor little girls to keep them at the size of infancy and prevent their attaining the proportions designed by nature, when, instead of making them look better, they look far worse. Those little deformed feet are not pretty—not half so beautiful as a good-sized natural foot, and are not of one-tenth part the utility. A Chinese woman with such feet can walk but little, and that little with less grace than that with which a duck waddles. Fortunately the fashion is not universal. It is only the upper classes, or those who ape them, who make such fools of themselves. The lower classes let their feet grow naturally, and they are not a bit too large, for the Chinese have small feet as a rule, and they look infinitely better in every sense of the word than those who are made cripples for life by fond but foolish parents. I forget how long a time is required that the feet of the little ones should be confined in iron clamps so that they will not afterwards grow again, but I think it is several years, and the agony thus produced cannot be described. The toes sometimes turn under in the most deformed manner, and even grow into the soles of the feet. Oh, it is horrible to contemplate! But scores of millions of children have been thus tortured, and millions more will be in the same manner. The long queues or pigtails of the men are foolish in the extreme, but they bear no comparison with the deformed foot folly. I asked Ah Cum how much it would require for me to cut off his queue to carry home as a Chinese curiosity. He replied that he would not have it cut off for thirty thousand million dollars. That sum is rather more than I thought the pigtail would be worth to me, so I did not cut it off. Truly, the superstitions, prejudices, and fashions of this people are oppressive in the extreme, and it will be a long time before they are removed. They do not take to Western notions and customs "worth a cent."

A VISIT TO THE MISSIONARIES.

Among the calls of that busy day in Canton, was one with Mr. Clark, upon the missionaries Mr. Masters and wife, who are intelligent people, living in a very comfortable two-story house of stone, plastered on the outside and of a white color, much after the style of good European houses. Mr. Masters is an Englishman, and Mrs. Masters an American woman, a native of Vermont, and several years a missionary before marriage, though they both are still young people, not more than thirty-five years of age. They are genial and pleasant, and are undoubtedly devoted to the work in which they are engaged. Mr. Masters has mastered the Chinese language and is able to talk to the natives in their own tongue, and tell them how much better Jesus was than Confucius and Buddha. He has preaching regularly two or three times a week, and the people are good enough to step in and hear him talk, but from the representations of both Mr. and Mrs. Masters the success by way of making converts of Chinamen is poor. The Chinese do not take readily to Christianity. The children attend the schools, somewhat, which the missionaries conduct, but as to their becoming good, firm Christians there is room for much doubt, and on this ground the two people shook their heads in a discouraging manner and seemed to think the natives might rise against them at almost any time.

I do not wish to speak unfairly with reference to the work of the missionaries here or at other places in Asia. The majority of those who come out here to plant the gospel are undoubtedly sincere, and, so far as they are introducing western education, customs, and civilization, they are doing good. And even with the utmost success they can hope for they are perhaps planting no worse superstitions than they find here; but that Christianity contains truths or good morals not taught in the religions of Confucius and Buddha you very well understand I do not believe. In the progress of science and many of the arts we are ahead of the Asiatics. Our civilization is superior to theirs, but that our religion has more truth than theirs, that we also have not superstitions and errors as well as they, is quite another thing.

It is a serious question whether the Asiatics who have embraced Christianity have really been benefited thereby. I perceive it is the general impression of Europeans and Americans, so far as I have met the latter, that the natives have not been benefited by the missionaries. I have conversed upon this subject with officers of the army, with officers on steamers, and with business men when I have met them, and the almost uniform testimony has been that the natives are not improved by the missionaries and their intercourse generally with the people of the western nations. They learn many new vices and few new virtues. There is no question but what intemperance and licentiousness have increased largely among the simple-minded people of Asia since they have become acquainted with missionaries and Christians of other grades. Honesty and truthfulness have not been increased among these people by the introduction of the new religion and western customs. They undoubtedly knew how to lie and be dishonest before, but they did not practice it to so great an extent as since they became somewhat Christianized, for Christians can out-lie, out-cheat, and out-swindle the world.

I say it is a grave question whether the small number of Asiatics who have embraced Christianity have been benefited thereby. As a truth, it may be stated that their morals have not been improved. They are Asiatics in character and abilities, and will continue to be Asiatic whatever religion they adopt. Religious beliefs and superstitions do not greatly change national and racial peculiarities. Perhaps the effect of the adoption of Christianity upon the natives of this eastern world is pretty well illustrated by a short dialogue which was repeated to me, and which took place between a European and native, as follows:

"Well, Sam-Sou, I hear you have become a Christian."

"Yes, sabe, me Christian now."

"Well, what do you dŏ, since you have become a Christian, that you did not do before?"

"I do like sabe (master); I swear some, I get drunk sometimes, and I pump ship standing up" (the last a true oriental never does).

It may not be hard to judge whether that poor native has been greatly benefited by following the example of "sabe," but he is a fair representative of the Asiatic converts.

I am clearly of the opinion that the tens of millions of dollars that are annually given by well-meaning people in Europe and America for the spread of the gospel, or what is called the "gospel," in heathen lands had much better be retained at home, to be used in ameliorating the condition of the poor—providing them with remunerative employment, by which they can support themselves, affording them comfortable places of abode where they will not become the victims, as now, of the odors and miasmas which exist in the miserable cellars and close, crowded tenements, where disease and ill-health are natural results. If the people of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and thousands of other cities and towns, would use their surplus means in aiding the poor and helpless—the heathen—in their own communities, instead of sending it to the most distant parts of the earth, they would, in my opinion, be acting far more wisely.

Why send to Asia's distant shores
To cure the ills at our own doors?

We assuredly have in Europe and America enough that are needy, enough that are ignorant, enough that are down-trodden, enough that need to have the gospel of cleanliness, industry, and real truthfulness preached to them, to use up all the spare dimes and surplus energy our people can boast of. As "charity begins at home," so ought charitable deeds and labors. When we have fully converted the heathen in our own lands, and have found useful and remunerative employment for the idle and dissolute, when we have spread cleanliness, health, industry, and good morals among the lowly and needy in our own country, it will then be time enough to undertake the conversion to a similar gospel in countries on the opposite side of the globe.

Foreign missions seem to be one of the fashions of our time—one of the rages which people run into. The churches or communities which raise the most money for foreign missions feel that they have thereby shown superior virtue, and pride themselves accordingly; and the preacher or Sunday-school superintendant who squeezes the most money out of the scanty purses of the little boys and girls, to be used in sending the gospel to the people of Asia, Africa, etc., thinks he has done a great thing. This is all a mistake. Not one dollar in ten so contributed really reaches the heathen for whom intended, and the fraction that does reach them effects quite as much harm as good.

When the inquiry is made in these Eastern cities:
Who live in the best houses?
The answer is, the missionaries.
Who have the most money to spend?
The missionaries.
Who have the most servants and the prettiest servant-girls?
The missionaries.

I have seen in many cities in this Eastern world that the missionaries occupy larger and better houses, have larger retinues of servants and attendants, have apparently more money to spend than almost any other class of people. Many come out here and live in comparative luxury and ease who at home would hardly be able to make a living. Those who give their money freely to keep up this absurdity are

not making the most wise use possible of their means.

All this, however, need not be complained of if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth were taught these people. But when I realize that hundreds, and even thousands, leave their homes and country, that millions of dollars are annually employed, to plant here superstitions quite as great as those which have existed here for thousands of years, I mentally exclaim, "What misdirection! What folly!"

At the house of Mr. Masters I met Dr. J. G. Kerr, an American, who is principal of the Hospital of the Medical Missionary Society of China, the headquarters of which is in Canton. I am pleased to be able to report that he is doing a very commendable work, and is most successful as a surgeon. He has performed some very critical operations for ovarian tumors, stone in the bladder, etc. In the year 1880 there were treated in the hospital 16,860 out-patients and 1,121 in-patients. The number of surgical operations amounted to about five hundred, which in the main were very successful. The doctor is a modest, hard-working man, and seems wholly devoted to the pursuit of spreading good health and Christianity at the same time. I cannot speak too highly of the first, and am confident he would not wish to spread falsehoods. If his religion were equal to his practice I am sure it would be of an excellent character. I have no doubt of his sincerity, neither have I of the sincerity of the Mohammedan dervishes, the Siva-worshipers of India, and the millions of Buddhists scattered nearly all over this great continent. Nothing is surer than that sincerity is no test of truth. The greatest errors and superstitions the world has known have had myriads of sincere and honest supporters.

There is not a question but what Dr. Kerr is pursuing the course best calculated to win converts to his religion. There are plenty of people in China with various ailments,and when relieved of them by scientific and skilful treatment it is very natural that they should feel kindly disposed toward the person who cured them, and look favorably upon the doctrines he teaches. If they had received great physical good, they would hardly hesitate to take a modicum of the spiritual also. With the doses of physic which gave them relief they will hesitate to spurn a few doses of theology, though it is not much better than what they have already. From what I hear from two or more places where the medical practice is connected with the missionary, I judge the union of the two to be beneficial to the acceptance of new religious dogmas. Pills and piety go better together than the latter does alone. Let it not be understood, however, that the doctor has been able to make great accessions to the church, but pills and powders lend a helping hand. The Roman Catholics have considerable of a foothold here, and are erecting a fine cathedral with money that has been sent from Europe. If their religion is any better than the teaching of Buddha and Confucius I am unable to see it.

Let me remark in this connection that branches of the Canton hospital have been organized in two or three other places, and that encouraging success has been met with. The Canton hospital was started by Dr. Peter Parker in 1839, but was burnt in a large fire in 1857, and was rebuilt in 1866. The expenses are met by foreign and native contributions.

The Chinese are themselves prominent in establishing several charitable institutions where the needy and helpless are furnished with a home and such aid as they require. Thus in the vicinity of Canton there is a Home for Old Men, a Home for Old Women, a Home for the Blind, a Home for Lepers, a Foundling Hospital, etc. It is a cause for rejoicing that whatever religion men may have there is much in human character that is grand and noble, and that even the darkest superstitions upon religious subjects cannot crush out of humanity all the native kindness and goodness inherent to it.

MECHANICAL TALENT OF CANTON.

I regret that I had not time to visit more of the establishments where various mechanical work is being performed, inasmuch as it is in general so different from what is to be seen in our country; but being under the necessity of getting back to Hong Kong at a certain time to take the steamer for Yokohama, I was not able to extend my operations so fully as I otherwise would have done. It would have been very interesting to visit many of the places of mechanism and taken time enough to become fully familiar with the various operations there conducted. Canton is noted for its many manufactures, especially fine and excellent silk goods, grass cloth, mother of pearl carving, wood carving, porcelain wares, jade-stone work, jewelry of many kinds, copper work, fine embroidery, gold and silver thread, furniture, bamboo work, including hundreds of different articles, pictures, a wide variety, glass-blowing and cutting, gold-beating, felt work, cotton fabrics, colors and pigments, etc., etc. I only had time to take a hurried glance at some of these, leaving many unnoticed.

I should also have been glad to take a day and go up the river twenty miles further to a city by the name of Fat-Shan, the Birmingham or Pittsburgh of China. Here iron-work in its numerous departments is conducted, including many foundries. It is said by good judges that the castings here produced are much thinner and smoother than are made anywhere else in the world. The rice kettles and other hollow ware are but about as thick as heavy paper, and as smooth as though ground and polished. Some American mechanics who have examined the ware admit that nothing of the kind has been accomplished in our country. This degree of perfection is attained by the molds being of a smooth material that will bear heating and being used repeatedly; they are brought to a high heat before the fused metal is poured into them, so that the latter is not chilled, but runs freely into the smallest interstices. A large match factory has also recently been started, where matches equal to any made in Europe or America are turned out in large quantities. The establishment is conducted upon western principles, a large number of hands and a steam-engine being employed therein. The whole thing is managed by Chinese operators. I, however, had not time to visit Fat-Shan.

I have said nothing about the dried-fish stores of Canton, but there are many of them, and they smell strong enough to deserve a word or two. The Chinese are very fond of dried fish, and shops where this kind of food is sold are often met with, but oh, how loudly they do smell to heaven! An ordinary fish-market has rather of a fishy odor to persons of acute nasal organs, but polecats and sauerkraut! they cannot begin to smell like these dried-fish establishments! I was not fond of lingering around them longer than necessary.

I should mention that I visited a printing establishment and book-bindery or two, and found them conducted very differently from similar establishments with us. The printing is done on engraved wooden blocks, the same as two thousand years ago. The presses are simply constructed, and are worked by hand. I can hardly describe them except by saying they are not at all like Hoe's improved eight-cylinder presses. The book-binding is not so elaborate and elegant as with us, though the books are put together with neatness, and the work is done with but little machinery. A large proportion of the books are with limp covers like our pamphlets. The paper for blank-books is ruled by hand. I was struck with the neatness and accuracy with which it is executed. The writing of the Chinese is performed with a brush or camel's-hair pencil, the lines running from the top of the page to the bottom, instead of across the page, and the paging commences at what we call the end of the volume, being in this respect like the Hebrew. Their singular-looking characters are executed with greater rapidity than one would suppose.

The Chinaman never uses figures to make calculations as we do. They have in all their banks and business places small calculating boards, containing eleven, thirteen, fifteen, seventeen, or twenty-one rows of what may be called buttons—turned blocks of wood, smaller than ordinary checker-men, sliding on wires, six buttons on each wire; the outside row being separated from the other five by a slight division. By manipulating those buttons, they add, subtract, multiply, divide, and work out all sorts of problems, but how it is done I have not learned, and cannot explain. If they wish, however, to see what the interest on fifty dollars amounts to for three months at five per cent per annum, or what twenty-five yards of silk amounts to at seventy-eight cents a yard, they resort at once to their reckoning apparatus and work it out in a moment. The way their fingers make those buttons change places is very rapid.

OPIUM SMOKING

Is one of the bad habits which Chinamen have contracted and of course is much to be deplored, but I am certain it has been greatly exaggerated, and is not nearly so gross an evil as the use of alcoholic beverages in Christian countries. I think I said something upon the subject in a former letter, but will revert to it again here. I have looked into several opium-smoking establishments and have seen a few scores of Chinamen smoking; but it is a far simpler affair than I supposed, and does not produce the stupefaction and intoxication which I had been led to believe from what I had read and heard upon the subject.

The opium is softened with water or some other liquid to a semi-fluid condition. Of this enough is taken up on the point of a long wire, like a fine knitting needle with a point, to amount to half the size of an ordinary pea. This is placed upon the pipe, which seems to be neatly constructed of wood, the bulb at the lower end being not an open bowl like a tobacco pipe, but a slightly crowning dish with a small hole in the center, connecting, of course, with the tube leading to the mouth. The opium taken up with the needle is deposited on and around this small hole and held near the blaze of a small lamp until dry, it being worked into the proper shape over the hole and an opening being made though it with the needle, when the opium is lighted in the lamp, three or four whiffs are taken, and that is all of it; the opium is consumed, and the Chinaman, who is lying on his side in the meantime, either gets up, or engages in conversation, or lies quietly and says little, waiting to take another smoke after a while. Among those I have seen smoking I saw no dropping into an unconscious state, none who acted as though they had lost their senses, none who even went to sleep. In short, they acted little different from those who smoke tobacco, with the exception of the length of time required to do the smoking. An opium smoke does not last over half a minute. Of course the indulgence can be repeated often enough to produce stupefaction, but I saw no one even approaching that condition, and I am told by reliable Europeans who have been familiar with opium smoking for years that it is very rare that anything of the kind is seen.

Of course opium is a deleterious drug if used in excess in any form, and produces a very injurious effect upon the system, destroying the nervous tone, debilitating the stomach, ending in an emaciated, impoverished, cadaverous, broken-down, and ruined condition. But opium is not the worst article used, nor does it do the most injury. Alcohol is a hundred per cent worse; and opium does not produce a hundredth part of the annoyance to others as does the imbibing of intoxicating drinks. If a Chinaman smokes opium, even to excess, he is quiet and disturbs nobody. He does not become a demon in human shape, wishing to annoy and frighten everybody around him, to disturb the peace of an entire neighborhood, to commit the worst of crimes, including taking the lives of his fellow-beings, as has been done thousands of times by those under the maddening influence of alcoholic drinks, but, at the worst, passes into a quiet, passive, dreamy state, which disturbs and harms no one but himself. There is probably hardly a person in Great Britain or America who has not heard the midnight howlings of intoxicated men, and whose lives have not been more or less endangered, and whose peace and comfort have not been totally destroyed by those who indulge in intoxicating drinks, which place them below the brutes. The difference between the evils of opium-smoking and alcohol-drinking is immensely in favor of opium-smoking, though I by no means wish to be considered an advocate of, or apologist for, the pernicious habit. But such a hue and cry has been raised by leading Christians, both in Europe and America, against the enormous sins of the Chinese for their use of opium, and so many exaggerations and falsifications have been indulged in by them and the missionaries now in Asia, that I simply wish to throw the light of truth upon the whole subject. In a former letter I think I made some mention of a paper read by Sir Rutherford Alcock, formerly minister from the British government to the empire of China, which paper was read before the Society of Arts in London, and which was practically the same as appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1881, under the head of "Opium and Common Sense." Sir Rutherford having resided over twenty years at the head of the Chinese government, and in the largest city of the empire, in the capacity of minister plenipotentiary, and besides being a man of great intelligence and general information, is a most competent witness. I wish to make some further allusion to what he had to say upon this subject, or rather to give you a part of a letter, commenting on Sir Rutherford's paper, from a London correspondent of the Hong Kong *Daily Press*, in which he makes quotations from the ex-plenipotentiary.

The correspondent goes on to say that amongst the leaders of the anti-opium movement are such pious men as the archbishops of Canterbury and of York, Cardinal Manning, and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Sir Rutherford accuses these eminent philanthropists of ignorance upon a subject in which they take a deep interest, and of giving currency to gross exaggerations which, although entirely disproved long ago, are still repeated and indorsed.

The pretext of these ecclesiastical dignitaries for taking the matter in hand is the statement put forth by the missionaries in China, that their efforts to make converts are marred by the disgrace which is attached to the foreign name by reason of the importation of opium. On this pretext Sir Rutherford is very severe. He not only affirms that it is totally untrue, but that the presence of the Christian missionary in China is a far greater eyesore than the importation of opium. He held in his hand a certain pamphlet compiled by a Chinese statesman of great literary attainments, which contained the most slanderous and disgusting libels conceivable on Foreign Barbarians, whose wholesale butchery the author advocated. His grievance was the teaching of false doctrine by foreign missionaries. Sir Rutherford accuses the mandarins of promoting and encouraging the circulation of this pamphlet, and declares that the Tientsin massacre was the outcome of it.

With respect to that tragic affair he accuses the Tientsin authorities of being absolutely implicated. He gives the details in a most authenticated shape, and they form anything but pleasant reading. A difference is made between Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, greatly in favor of the former, but Sir Rutherford maintains that this difference is unknown to the Chinese generally. He is very severe upon the French Roman Catholic mission-

aries, whose conduct he describes as rapacious and aggressive, and he blames the French government in unmeasured terms for supporting their pretensions and maintaining their position. He does not speak from hearsay, but from an absolute personal knowledge of the subject.

Sir Rutherford, having refuted the assertion that England forced opium on China, turns round upon the ecclesiastics, and sets forth that missionaries, who are far more odious to the Chinese than opium, were forced upon the Middle Kingdom by treaty, and, what is more, have caused much more trouble and risk of a rupture than opium has ever done. In short, he shows that whilst opium is a source of revenue, missionaries are a constant source of anxiety and danger.

He accuses the missionaries of writing to the societies to which they belong on the subject of the opium trade and making grossly exaggerated statements. These being read by clergymen at public meetings, and printed in the missionary reports, have fed the agitation against opium. One of these statements computes the number of Chinese who die annually from smoking opium at a higher figure than there are smokers altogether—that is, if the opium imported be divided by the small allowance of a mace per man per day. These exaggerated statements have been contradicted and disproved by leading authorities and medical missionaries, adverse to the use of opium—but still they are reproduced and re-lied upon.

The tables are thus entirely turned upon the missionaries. Sir Rutherford has doubtless aroused a nest of hornets about his ears, but it seems that he is so sure of his ground that the clericals may waste their breath on platform and in pulpit without doing themselves much good. It is unprecedented, however, to find a diplomat who has retired upon his laurels coming forward and assailing the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries in the land by accusing them of lack of knowledge on a subject which they are conspicuous in agitating—of making mischievous and misleading statements—of indorsing and repeating exaggerations which have been refuted and disproved years ago, winding up with a *tu quoque* charge, that the mode adopted of propagating their respective creeds is far more objectionable than the grievances of which they make so great a hobby.

The rise and progress of the opium trade is given by Sir Rutherford in a very comprehensive manner. The import first commenced about 1767, when about 200 chests were shipped from Goa to China. This source of supply was increased to about 1,000 chests annually, and no more. In 1773 the East India Company commenced to export opium in very small quantities until about 1790, when they sent forward a cargo of 1,600 chests. This proved unsaleable and had to be sent back.

AVERAGE ANNUAL SUPPLY FROM INDIA.

From 1790 to 1820,	4,500	chests.
" 1820 to 1830,	16,877	"
" 1830 to 1840,	20,619	"
" 1840 to 1850,	52,925	"
In 1860, when it became legalized,	89,744	piculs.
" 1870,	95,043	"
" 1880,	96,839	"

The deduction which Sir Rutherford draws from these figures is this—that they prove the trade was not tolerated because of the fear of the might of Great Britain, as is alleged by the Anti-Opium League, inasmuch as they (the figures) display the fact that the increase was steady and gradual from the commencement of the trade until 1840, when the fear of Great Britain's might became developed and illustrated by Commissioner Lin's *coup* of imprisoning her majesty's representative and the entire foreign community, and extorting from them, under the threat of their lives, 20,000 and odd chests of opium which lay in the receiving ships at Lintin.

I now proceed to the review of what I consider to be the most important part of Sir R. Alcock's paper, namely, the relative deleterious effects of stimulants, whether narcotic or alcoholic, over the entire area of our planet. He produced a map illustrative of this point, and he developed some singular and instructive conclusions. From the negro, debased and barbarous as he is, to the citizen of the most civilized countries in the world, he showed that some strange instinct led and prompted him to seize upon the most available natural product which nature had placed at his disposal, and to extract from it some sort of a stimulant whereby intoxication or mental excitement might be promoted. Some of the modes of preparation are disgusting, some ingenious, some rude, and some scientific. My space does not allow me to go beyond the two stimulants best known to civilization, namely, opium and alcohol, the first named being by far the most antiquated. I must therefore confine myself to a comparison of the deleterious effects of these stimulants, and, to be concise, to their respective results in China and in Great Britain.

Sir Rutherford says: "I have lived for the last twelve years in this great city of beer and spirit-drinking people, after more than twenty years passed in the midst of dense populations of opium-smokers, and I can conscientiously aver that I see more degradation and brutality in a single day in the streets of London—more of violence and misery, with danger to all who come in contact with it—than I ever saw in twenty years of life in China; and I would rather live, so far as personal safety and freedom from outraged feelings for humanity, in a heathen population of opium-smokers, than in a Christian community where drunkenness from alcoholic drinks is the prevailing vice among the mass and the working classes."

Here he alights on grounds which are not only perfectly unassailable, but which relegate the anti-opium philanthropists to the same category as that enjoyed by the society for sending flannel singlets to the infant niggers of Jamaica. He shows by elaborate and authentic statistics that whilst the Chinese spend twenty-five millions sterling ($125,000,000) annually on opium (imported and native grown), or 1s. 8d (40 cents) per head on the lowest estimation of the population, namely, 300,000,000, the people of the British Islands spend annually £142,000,000 ($710,000,000) on strong drinks and intoxicating liquors, or £4 10 ($22 50) per head on the ascertained population of 35,000,000. This is 40 cents per head against $22.50.

Furthermore, he sets forth, on grounds supported by facts and figures, that whilst the entire supply of opium, Indian and native grown, is only sufficient for the moderate requirements of three millions of opium-smokers, the abuse of intoxicating liquors in the British Isles is the rule and not the exception.

Finally, he submits evidence of the very highest medical authority, and facts stated by unimpeachable witnesses, to show that opium is less deleterious than alcohol. In short, I can hardly see how the force of reasoning can further go. It can hardly be expected that high ecclesiastical dignitaries, lynx-eyed grievance-mongers, and simple-minded missionaries will accept such a defeat on *tu quoque* lines, but ridicule must reconcile them to the situation. They must allow the Chinese to spend in peace his twenty pence per annum on the "drowsy syrup of the East," or turn the head of their hobby to the Englishman and teach him to spend less than his one thousand and eighty pence.

Sir Rutherford thus, you see, clearly shows up the ignorance, meddlesomeness, and arrant misrepresentations of those pious souls who have little else to do but live upon the money which they have, but never earned, and occasionally meet at Exeter Hall and cry out against the heathen in Asia and other quarters of the globe, and discuss some arbitrary measure of reform. We have the same self-righteous class in America, who are far more troubled about the sinfulness of people on the opposite side of the earth than their own shortcomings and delinquencies. Here is to be seen a very fair specimen of the incorrectness of the representations of missionaries and Christians generally about the immoralities of what is called the heathen world. Take Great Britain, for example, the first Christian nation; on the globe, who spends $710,000,000 per year for intoxicating drinks, and in whose principal cities intoxication, crime, prostitution, poverty, and wretchedness exist to a shocking extent, is intensely troubled, or at least her leading Christians are, because of the wickedness of the people of China, who expend annually the sum of $125,000,000, while the population of China is ten times that of Great Britain. These sanctified hypocrites seem to think it far worse for John Chinaman to spend his forty cents per year in the opium he quietly smokes than for John Bull to guzzle down his $22 50 worth of maddening, debasing, alcoholic drinks, which make him a noisy, infuriated demon. This plain case shows just about how much truth and consistency there is in the Christian howlings about heathen sinfulness and immorality.

America is really little better than England either in the truthfulness of her Christians or in the use of alcoholic drinks. She follows closely the example of the mother country. If the Christians of both countries would busy themselves more about their own sins and misdeeds, more about the evils, vices, crimes, debaucheries, ignorance, poverty, degradation, destitution, and wretchedness which exist at home in their own cities, and less about the sins and unbelief of people who live fifteen thousand miles from them, they would exhibit far more honesty, consistency, and good sense.

Sir Rutherford quietly but effectually shows up the heartless hypocrisy and inconsistency of the class of pious busybodies alluded to, and also makes clear the real source of anxiety, disturbance, and danger of missionaries as a class, who make themselves so officious and meddlesome in the countries where they are unwelcome aggressors, under the pretense of bringing from their own homes and their own cities a purer and more moral religion.

As to the use of opium, England and America are not as faultless and sinless as they assume to be; they are by no means free from the sinfulness of using large quantities of this drug in excess of what is needed as a medicine. In both countries enormous quantities of opium and morphine—the active principle of opium—are used as intoxicants and narcotics in addition to the enormous quantities of alcoholic drinks guzzled down. There is scarcely a druggist in England or America who cannot bear witness to this truth, and who does not know of from one to twenty persons who make an excessive use of opium in some form, until many of them have become the merest sots and wrecks of humanity. Great Britain and America have really but slight grounds for throwing stones at the Chinese on account of their immoralities.

I again repeat that opium-smoking is an evil which I by no means wish to defend, and I would be very glad if the Chinese would abandon it, but it certainly is not so bad as represented. It does not destroy and kill off men so rapidly as has been asserted. I saw many men who have smoked opium for years who show very little of the appalling appearances attributed to the use of the drug. They do not begin to look half as bad as many a man I have seen who had been drinking whisky but a single year. Opium-smoking does not cause riots. It does not make husbands beat and kill their wives; it does not endanger the lives of almost everybody who comes in contact with it, as the use of alcoholants does. So, with all the evils which are entailed to opium-smoking, I repeat, it will be quite as well for the pious and over-officious souls of Great Britain and America to spend their redundant energies in lessening the consumption in their own countries of the maddening, death-dealing alcoholic drinks before they make themselves too unhappy about China and the Chinese.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

I need say but little on this subject. We have many thousands of Chinamen in America, and they are coming to be pretty well understood. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is the lowest and most ignorant, and the most criminal class who go to America to perform menial labor. The merchants, the statesmen, and the educated remain at home, so the entire people cannot be fairly judged by the class sent under contract to America.

John Chinaman has his vices and his virtues. He is full of superstitious and absurd religious beliefs; but from my standpoint I regard him in some respects as head and shoulders above the other Asiatic nations I have met with. The Chinese nation is perhaps the oldest nation in the world. We know it is one of the oldest. Its government certainly has continued far longer than that of any other nation that exists. It has for thousands of years been foremost in discoveries, art, literature, and works of industry. While other nations and peoples have risen, flourished for a period, and then fallen away and died, China has continued on in her steady course, still the same plodding, industrious, methodical, contemplative people millennium after millennium. While anarchy and change has been the order elsewhere, China has remained firm and unmoved. She has not devastated other countries; she has not destroyed other peoples, but has stayed at home and minded her own business. She has developed one of the finest and greatest countries on the earth. The Chinese empire extends 3,400 miles east and west, 2,000 miles north and south. She has probably to-day more of the coined wealth of the world than any other nation, with the exception, perhaps, of Great Britain.

The Chinese are good mechanics, good laborers, good business men. There is an integrity and reliability about them in trade and commerce scarcely to be found in any other Asiatic nation. They know how to build up a trade and hold it. They show themselves worthy of confidence in the most extensive transactions. They appreciate the nature of a contract, and live by the terms of treaties they enter into. I have talked with many business men with respect to the Chinese character, and find the uniform report to be that they are sharp, enterprising—will get the best of a bargain if they can, will even beat the Jews, and have done so, driving them from Hong Kong and other cities in Asia; but they will do as they agree; their representations can be relied upon; they will not play false when they have given their word. I heard a gentleman say, whose business it is to buy teas largely for a shipping firm, and to examine the quality of the teas, and to see if the various chests are as represented, that he finds their teas just as they represent them, and that it is unnecessary to open more than one chest in a hundred. But with other teas, which it is his business to examine, it is very different. The Japanese in this respect fall far short of the Chinese. Every chest of their tea has to be examined, the quality often falling short of representations, and various dishonest tricks and expedients resorted to which a Chinaman would scorn to be guilty of.

As regards the crime of intemperance among the Chinese, I wish here to repeat the testimony of the intelligent Dr. Kerr, who has lived among them in Canton for thirty years. He says, to the great credit of the Chinese, that in all that time he has not seen more than one intoxicated person in a year. The same testimony is given by the Rev. Mr. Chandler, who has been seven and a half years in China, and in that time has seen but three drunken men. How I wish the same could be true of the people of England and America! I believe it would even be better for them to part with a small portion of their Christianity and imbibe a little paganism, if they

could thereby become as temperate as these heathens.

I am not an advocate of vast numbers of the Chinese being sent to California to compete with our laboring classes and force them out of the market. The Chinese coolies have been raised to live more economically and on a less amount of money than any other people in the world, and they are very willing to work for one-third the price necessary to support an American or a European. But I believe it is not claimed that the Chinese are not faithful as laborers, nor that they do not do their work well. It seems un-American to discriminate between nationalities, saying to the people of ninety-nine nations, "You may freely come to our shores," but to the hundreth, "You shall not come." To those who have labor to perform it is a great desideratum to have cheap and reliable labor, the qualities that are prominent with the Chinese; so, while one class is injured by an influx of Chinese, another is benefited.

The charge is made against them that they do not assimilate with our people, and do not become citizens; that they go to America to make money, and then take it with them upon their return to their own country. This is undoubtedly true. The Chinaman loves his own country, and this is hardly a crime. Besides, the laws of his land forbid his leaving his country for permanency. That feature would, however, be changed in time. True, too, the Chinaman carries with him, when he returns to his own country, the money he has worked for; but he leaves his faithful labors behind him to enrich the country at least to the amount of the small wages paid him. We ought not to begrudge him what he has toiled faithfully for, especially when he does it at one-third the price another man would ask. This Chinese problem, however, is a difficult one to solve, and I only hope it may be decided according to the principles of right and justice.

The Chinese have their vices. They are not an anomaly in the world. All nations have them. But one of the most serious crimes charged upon them is infanticide. There is undoubtedly truth in this, though a visit to their country does not make the fact apparent. There seems to be no children missing. The cities and the country are full of them. There are no grown people missing. With the great numbers that have been sent to Peru, Australia, the Cape Colony of Africa, and America, with all who have emigrated to other Asiatic countries, there seems to be a plenty left. The country is swarming with human life of a vigorous, healthy quality. Four hundred millions of people are said to be in the country. It is very clear that there are many children who have not been killed.

But I have no doubt that in the past centuries infants, particularly female infants, have been put to death by their parents, not from want of affection, but because they were unable to support them. This was a gross crime, but they have seen no other course. They did not know how to use preventive means, and resorted to the course they did understand. But this belongs, I hope, to the past. I am informed that the custom has been largely discontinued. If the custom still prevails it is certainly a great crime.

But take this crime in its worst aspect, I am far from sure that the Chinese are any worse than Christians. There is scarcely a Christian nation in the world, particularly Protestant countries, where child-murder is not persistently followed. It makes little difference whether the murder is performed after birth or before, the principle is the same—it is the taking of life. There is probably no country where this is done to the same terrible extent as in America. Christian mothers are killing their unborn children more rapidly in the United States than in any country under the sun. The physicians of the land well understand this, and, I fear, quite too large a proportion of them are lending their help in this direction. It is but a small proportion of American mothers that now raise large families of children. They have heard how to get rid of them, and too many are availing themselves of the knowledge, and greatly to the injury of their own health. This is all wrong. Mothers have the natural and inherent right to govern the size of their families. Poor, destitute parents should not bring into the world three times as many children as they can possibly take care of. Mothers who are debilitated and unable to bear children should not be compelled to do so. But all this could be effected by prevention, and not by infanticide, or child-murder, before or after birth. It is a positive evil for some mothers to bear children. To prevent an evil is not wrong. Prevention, then, is not a crime, but in many instances a positive good; while child-murder, before or after birth, is surely a crime; besides, those committed before birth are attended with most positive injuries to the mother's health. As regards, then, the health of mothers, the Chinese custom of putting daughters to death after birth was less merciless than the custom among American women of taking the lives of their unborn children. There is also this difference: the Chinese women did not put their redundant children out of the way to hide their criminal or improper conduct, but rather to dispose of their offspring, which must otherwise suffer from want and hunger. The same cannot be said of the hundreds of thousands of American Christian mothers who procure the death of their unborn babes.

In point of cleanliness the lower classes of Chinese do not take as high ground as they ought to. Their habits are not all cleanly, and their dwelling-places are not tidily kept. The higher classes are more particular about their surroundings, and their houses are neat and clean. I saw the house of the viceroy of these two provinces, and also the house of the governor of the city, but did not go in them. They stand within a court or large lot walled about. I also saw several of the government buildings, some of them pretty large, but not particularly elegant.

The quarter of the city called Shamien is where Europeans principally reside, and is beautifully situated on the Macao passage of the river, where coasting steamers and gun-boats anchor. It is situated on an island over half a mile in length and a sixth of a mile in width. A canal one hundred feet in width divides it from the western suburbs of the city. The public buildings are the British Consulate, the library and reading room, Concordia Hall, and a Protestant chapel. The site was formerly occupied by two forts, which were surrounded by mud flats, left bare at low tide, but covered with rickety boats and shabby shanties on piles. In 1859–62 it was inclosed by a granite wall and filled in, at a cost of $325,000. The eastern fifth belongs to the French, but is unoccupied. Two bridges connect Shamien with the city.

Chiu-Chau, or the Guild Hall, was erected at an expense of over $20,000, and decorated in the highest style of Chinese art. Over the doors of the grand entrance the wood carving in bas-relief, lacquered and gilt, is very elaborate. In the first court stone pillars, encircled with dragons, support a canopy at the entrance of the shrine of the goddess Tin-hau, or Queen of Heaven. The altar, the image of the goddess, and all the fixtures are rich and showy. In the second court is a platform for theatricals, and accommodation for spectators in the great hall below and rooms above. In the upper hall two gods, Pak-tai and Man-cheung have a shrine. On the east side of the large court, on the river front, is an ancestral hall, in which tablets of the deceased members of the guild are set up.

The vegetable markets are fully supplied with early growths of lettuce, radishes, turnips, cucumbers, squashes, etc.

The arsenal is under the control of the viceroy, and is conducted entirely by Chinese. Breech-loading guns, Gatling guns, steam engines, etc., are made in the establishment, in which from two hundred to four hundred men are employed.

In the evening I visited what are called the Flower Boats, a series of large boats permanently fastened together in two rows, standing end to end, with a space of some thirty feet between them, with a walk on each side, the ends of the boats open, like a store or saloon, the same, of course, being covered in like a house. I saw no quantity of flowers, but the boats were well illuminated; musicians were playing in some of them, and all had the appearance of gayety. A boat is often hired for an evening, and gay parties are given. Women of easy virtue resort there, several of whom, I presume to say, had their faces elaborately painted even to the very eyes, giving them the appearance of blushing deeply. I saw no lewd conduct, and nothing to indicate that they were disreputable characters. I learned there are no theaters in Canton, the authorities having prohibited them on account of some disturbances and disorders which took place at them. These pleasure-boats, when concerts, etc., are held, are visited as a substitute for the theater.

In connection with the character of the Chinese, it may be said that they have strong prejudices against Western people and Western civilization; but though they are a slow-going people they are moving some, and are gradually adopting some of the later and more scientific discoveries and improvements. Though their advances in this direction are slow and careful, they are sure and permanent. What they find to be good, and to stand the test of experience, they will be very sure to hold on to. What they gain they will be very likely to keep, and will hardly have a reaction and go back to the old modes which they are slowly leaving behind.

Of course they are prejudiced against foreigners, and consider their country and themselves superior to other countries and other peoples, whom they regard as infidels and outside barbarians. While Christians *believe* themselves to be better than other people, the Chinese *know* themselves to be. In such an old and densely populated country it is to be supposed that no small amount of vice and crime must almost necessarily exist among the various classes. China has its thieves, its robbers, its swindlers, its bigamists and polygamists, its counterfeiters, and murderers in sufficient numbers. But when the vast population of the country is taken into consideration, I believe a lesser number of criminals, a far smaller number of evil-doers are found here than in any Christian country.

JOSEPH COOK AGAIN.

This falsifier and maligner followed me to Canton, taking the next boat after the one I took, so I arrived there in the morning and he in the evening of the same day. I have not the slightest idea that he did this designedly, but it so turned out that we were in Canton at the same time, though we did not meet. He did not put in an appearance at the hotel, but made his way to the missionaries, who were only too glad to entertain him. Of course he was called upon to deliver one of his scientific (?) Christian lectures, which he did in his grandiloquent style. In defining his avocation and position, I am informed that he declared himself not a clergyman, but a "teacher of axiomatic theology," if anybody knows what that means. Had he prenounced himself a peddler of dogmatic absurdities and barefaced falsehoods and slander, we would have understood the meaning of the words quite as well, and the assertion would have contained quite as much truth. He returned to Hong Kong on the next boat after me and I learn than that we are to go on the same boat to Yokohama, though we will not be in the same cabin or saloon.

On my return to Hong Kong the ride down was pleasant. A few Europeans were on board, with two or three hundred Chinamen of the better classes. I became acquainted with Dr. Young, of Hong Kong, where he resided several years, and learned from him many facts relative to the character of the Chinese, and I am pleased to say that he gave them a good general character. He is a Scotchman by birth, and has resided in Canada, and is a man of fine intelligence. He is soon to make a voyage to America, to take in charge twelve hundred Chinese coolies to British North America to aid in building the Northern Pacific Railroad. He thinks he will remain in America.

I found the officers of the steamer Kiu-Kiang very pleasant gentlemen; they are Europeans, and having been running here in these Chinese waters for many years, they are well acquainted with the natives of the country. I learned much from them, and their report was in keeping with the points I have stated. Upon the opium-smoking subject especially, and with reference to the effects of the missionaries, their testimony was entirely to the effect of what I have written. The second officer took me through the large saloon, in which were many Chinese merchants and traders—men in good circumstances—and here I saw no less than twenty smoking opium. I conversed with some while they were smoking, and found them intelligent and communicative. Some said they had smoked for several years, and had not discovered that it had injured them at all. Some said they smoked, as then, when they had nothing to attend to; and when they had business on hand they did not care to smoke. I had half a mind to try one of their small puffs, to see what the effect would be, but fearing it would leave me with a headache, which is the usual effect with beginners, I concluded not to try it.

GOOD-BY TO CHINA.

I should have been glad to have visited Shanghai, and made a trip up the Yang-Tse-Kiang river—the largest in China—but it would have necessitated an expenditure of three or four weeks extra, and as I have already seon a pretty good representation of Chinese life, and as I begin to feel not a little anxiety to get home, I concluded to forego further explorations in the Flowery Kingdom. It has been said, doubtless with much truth, that if one visits any principal Chinese city he sees all, and having taken a good view of Canton, I concluded that must suffice. The facilities for traveling in the interior of China are not good, and the language is so utterly different from all others, that a foreigner labors under great disadvantages in trying to get on among them. After looking more over Hong Kong, I decided it would answer, so far as China is concerned.

The steamer that is to take us to Japan is the Sunda, of the P. & O. line, and, notwithstanding its name, it did not leave till Monday afternoon of April 17th, the cargo, which consisted largely of some two thousand parcels of Chinese sugar, not having been taken aboard until that time. Japan gets its sugar from China; it is taken over in a dark-brown state, and is refined there. It is packed in bales of matting, or piculs, weighing 135 lbs. each, so our cargo is a tolerably sweet one.

But this letter is quite long enough, and I will close here. Yours truly, D. M. B.

Book Notice.

FOR GIRLS: A Special Phisiology, being a supplement of the Study of General Physiology. By Mrs. E. R. Shepherd. Illustrated. Fowler & Wells. Price, $1.00.

This is a most excellent work in the right direction. There is no information of which girls stand more in need than is contained in this little volume. It has been the great mistake of the past to keep from this portion of humanity the very information of this kind which more than all others they most need. In addition to the subject of female physiology the talented authoress ably discourses upon dress, reproduction, motherhood, female diseases, love, passion, marriage, self-abuse, etc. These subjects are ably handled; and parents cannot do better than place this little work in the hands of their daughters.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

The Banquet Reception.—Continued.

CONCLUSION OF MR. BENNETT'S REMARKS.

While looking over those 5,500 square miles—hardly one-tenth the size of the state of New York—and two-thirds of that naked, sterile rock—I could not believe that country was ever capable of sustaining six or eight millions of people, or of raising two millions of soldiers or more at a time, to engage in internecine war, one army of which, according to the book of Chronicles (xiii, 17), lost 500,000 killed on one side alone, and in a single battle. Such a story is utterly incompatible with the diminutiveness and miserableness of the country. I furthermore realized the great improbability that that small country, without a seaport, without foreign trade, without manufactures, without gold mines, without any visible source of wealth, emerging from a state of semi-barbarism, and without a settled government, should within the reign of one king be able to accumulate the enormous wealth of one million talents of gold—to say nothing of the other treasures—which Hebrew scholars tell us would be sufficient to build a temple of solid gold of the size of Solomon's. Such a mass of wealth was not accumulated in the same period by any nation in the world up to that time, and I was fully convinced that the claim is devoid of truth. I was convinced, too, that more exaggerations and falsehoods have been told about that miserable piece of real estate than any portion of the earth's surface of twenty times its size.

But, notwithstanding the contracted and worthless character of the country, notwithstanding its lack of ruins and antiquities, it still possesses no little interest, in consequence of our having read so much about it and the wonderful events which are said to have transpired there, since the days of our childhood, when we were Sunday-school scholars. The speaker then narrated the incidents of his visiting a cavern in Nazarath, under a Christian church, where Joseph and Mary were said to have lived, where the Angel Gabriel is said to have visited the little girl Mary and made an appointment for his master, Yahweh, to come and see her and overshadow her; of seeing the carpenter-shop where Joseph and Jesus used to use the hand-saw and jack-plane; also the large oval stone where Jesus and his companions used to eat their picnic dinners when children together. He described the church of the nativity at Bethlehem, where Joseph and Mary resorted to pay their taxes, and where Jesus was born. He saw the exact place where the Virgin lay, where the manger was where the new-born babe was laid; the very spot where the three wise men sat when they called in to worship and make offerings. He also saw the small apartment in the same cave where the Virgin retired to nurse the young god when she and Joseph were about to set out for Egypt when the cruelty of Herod was feared, and when a few drops of milk from her breast falling upon the rock turned it all white, and charged it with such medicinal qualities that to this day a lump of it added to a pint of water is claimed to perform miracles in increasing the flow of milk in the breasts of such women as are deficient in the lacteal fluid; and also aiding those to bear children who hav previously been unable to do so. It is not quite claimed that with the aid of this highly-blessed stone the services of a male are unnecessary, as with the Virgin herself, but the next thing to it, for with the use of the stone and the services of one of the opposite sex, a child is sure to be the result. In view of all this it is not difficult to be appalled at the marvelous power of virgin's milk, and to conclude that if it was a few drops of the milk which caused the rocks of Bethlehem to turn white, a few drops must also hav escaped at Nazareth before she left home, for the rocks in that locality are of the same whitish color, and that a few more drops must also hav fallen while resting in the vicinity of Jerusalem, for the rocks round-about there, and even on the Mount of Olives, are of the same chalky complexion. Yes, great indeed is the miraculous power of virgin's milk.

The speaker also recounted some of the wonderful things he saw in Jerusalem, particularly those in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, erected over the very place where Jesus was crucified, where the true cross was found, where is the stone on which he was laid to be washed and embalmed, the sepulcher in which his body was placed, together with the stone which the angel rolled away from the mouth of it, and the stone upon which Mary Magdalene stood when Jesus appeared to her at the resurrection. In the lowest portion of these subterannean apartments is the place where Empress Helena is said, after considerable dreaming and blasting, to have found three crosses—two, those on which the two thieves were crucified, and the one on which Jesus was crucified, which was "the true cross," portions of which are shown in in many of the cathedrals and churches of Europe. The skill which St. Helena evinced in determining which was the true cross, or the one on which Jesus was crucified, was very remarkable, the matter being accomplished by taking them one at a time in the presence of a sick woman The first two came near killing the poor sick woman from the distressing effect they had upon her, and these of course were know to be the crosses on which the two thieves were executed, but the third and last cross had a wonderful curative and happifying effect upon the feeble patient, and from this Helena and everybody else knew this last was the one on which Jesus gave up the ghost, after painfully crying out, "*Eloi, eloi, lama sabacthani:* My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Among the wonders of this holy place is the tomb of old father Adam, but a few feet from the spot where the second Adam was crucified four thousand years later in consequence of an apple which the first Adam ill-advisedly ate. One is constantly struck with admiration and wonder at the great number of marvels clustered in this one holy place. A deep regret, however, lingers from the fact that here at this holy sepulcher, as at Bethlehem, the Infidel soldiers of the prophet Mohammed have to be stationed to prevent the Christians of the Roman church and the Christians of the Greek church from fighting each other. In Bethlehem many years ago the two kinds of Christians named contended so persistently as to which should have precedence in the use of a certain altar, as to come to blows, since which time the Turkish government have felt obliged to keep the devotees of this "religion of love" from fighting each other. It is the same at the church of the Holy Sepulcher where the two kinds of Christians, fought on the occasion of the holy fire descending from heaven—which it does once a year—such a bloody carnage took place that three thousand people were killed upon the spot. That, after all, is but a small number of lives to be taken in the name of this religion of love which has been the cause of the shedding the blood of nearly a hundred millions of the human race.

The pilgrim also spoke of seeing the stones along the way from the Judgment Hall to Mount Calvary, which had been indented, the one by the elbow of Jesus when he fell under the weight of the cross which he was bearing, and another against which he leaned his head to rest at another time when he fell, thus making a large dent in the rock. He marveled why an infinit God should fall so many times under the weight of a cross in the short distance of three squares, especially, as according to the statement of Matthew, Mark, and Luke it was not Jesus who bore the cross, but Simon, the Cyrene. It is only John who speaks of Jesus bearing the cross, and it is only he who tells of his falling under the weight of it, and it is thus according to John that the stones were indented in connection with those falls. If, however, Jesus did fall, and Matthew, Mark, and Luke told the truth about Simon carrying the cross, Jesus must have fallen because Simon bore the cross. If four witnesses in a court of justice of our own time should agree no better than these do on this and other points, their testimony would justly be thrown out and utterly discredited.

The pilgrim also showed how the Christian miracles were thrown into the shade by those of the Mohammedan brand. The Mosque of Omar, which stands where the temple is said to have stood, incloses a large rock fifty or sixty feet long, forty broad, and eight or ten feet deep, from the top of which Mohammed started when he made his celebrated journey to heaven on horseback. When the feet of the horse, Al-Borak, left the rock on that wonderful journey the rock itself undertook to accompany Mohammed and the horse, and absolutely rose some six feet, and would undoubtedly have flown all the way to heaven had not the angel Gabriel, who luckily was standing there, caught the rock in an instant and held it back. So firmly, however, did he grasp it that his fingers sunk into the solid rock, leaving immense indentations therein. Gabriel must have had a tremendous fist, for the print of it in the rock is three times the size of an ordinary man's hand. And the faithful Mussulmans claim that ever since that time that rock, by a continual miracle, has remained suspended in the air. The pilgrim said he went underneath the rock and found a good-sized room there, where Abraham, Samuel, David, and Mohammed used to resort to pray, and the place is pointed out where Abraham, when rising suddenly from his knees, knocked his head against the rock and made a big indentation in it. What a hard head old Abraham must have had, to be sure!

The pilgrim, however, had strong doubts about that big rock being still suspended in the air, for he was very sure it is firmly resting on the solid rock all the way around the room. Still, he said he could believe the Mohammedan miracles just as easily as the Christian miracles, and considered them quite as true and remarkable. He could believe that Gabriel's fingers and Abraham's head indented the large rock in the Mosque of Omar just as easily as he could that the elbow and head of Jesus had made indentations in other rocks, or that the body of the prophet Elijah made an indentation when he lay down to rest on the soft side of a rock when fleeing from the wicked Queen Jezebel, half way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, which is piously pointed out to this day. Elijah seemed to be able to play heavy and light as he wished, as much as another could blow hot and cold, for when he stopped to rest on that rock he was so heavy as to sink into it eight inches, while on a subsequent occasion his body became so light as to rise up into the upper atmosphere where a feather could not float. Great indeed is the mystery of godliness and godly stories.

The pilgrim remarked that there was much about other countries of which he could talk to those present, but better speakers were present to address them. Thanking them for the honor done him on this occasion, and for the friendship they bore him, he took his seat.

The President then spoke as follows:

Friends: You see that, as a result of the services of these Liberal pilgrims, the people in this land will be enlightened as to the true grossness and superstition which the Christian church is attempting to put upon them. In consequence of the personal observations of these Liberal pilgrims and the dissemination of this information through the Liberal press, the church will not be able in the future to control public opinion in this country as it has in the past. Among those who have contributed largely to spread the truth and uproot superstition is one whom we delight to honor, Horace Seaver, of Boston; and we will ask him to speak to the toast, "The Liberal Press."

Mr. Seaver spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you most sincerely for this kind and cordial greeting you give me, as it assures me that I am among friends and not strangers. I am always glad to meet a company of Liberals, for I regard them as "the chosen people." May their numbers increase, until a genuine liberality shall everywhere be the rule and not the exception, for then we shall have, to the fullest extent, free thought, free speech, a free press, free mails, and the equal rights of men and women. In the maintenance and promotion of this great cause we are all engaged, and let us continue our work in its behalf as long as we live, and never cease our opposition to bigotry, priestcraft, superstition, proscription, and every form of tyranny over the mind of man.

It is now some forty years or more since I had the pleasure of speaking to an audience of New York Liberals. At that time my friend Mendum and myself were young men, just entering upon our work in the Liberal movement. But as I look around this table "I think of more than I behold," for I miss the pleasant faces of the good old friends who encouraged us in our labors—Gilbert Vale of the *Beacon*, Benjamin Offen, James Thompson and father, John Morrison, Edward J. Webb, John Ditchett, William E. Rose, Oliver White, George H. Evans, John Windte, Oliver Hull, and others. All are gone, and as they were brave and devoted workers in our common cause, let them be gratefully remembered. But two, if I am not mistaken, of those friends of other days now survive. One of these is the venerable Lewis Masquerier, who is yet laboring for humanity and freedom. The other is "the *Rose* that all were praising" forty years ago for her ability, eloquence, and wit; and though the Atlantic now rolls between her and us, I am sure that you will all agree with me in the hope and wish that the last days of Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose in her English home may her happiest and best.

It is cheering, however, to know that the mantles of our departed friends have fallen upon such able and earnest laborers as Messrs. Wakeman, Bennett, Leland, Putnam, Rawson, Macdonald, Post, Foote, and others with whose names you are familiar; and that notwithstanding our soldiers fall by the way, the ranks close up with the tried and true, and the march is forward. So may it ever be while liberty needs to be defended and religious bigotry opposed; and for our encouragement the prospect of the success of Liberalism at no very distant day is becoming brighter with every year. Formerly we had but one or two papers and no lecturers; now we have ten or a dozen of the first, and many more of the last, and, besides all this, the leading men of the world to day in literature and science are drifting into Liberalism, if they are not there already.

Amongst our best and most efficient helpers is a free and independent press, "the tyrant's foe and the people's friend;" and in maintaining such a press Mr. Bennett has fairly earned the name and fame of a martyr by a year's imprisonment, and we all honor him for his fidelity to his convictions, nor do we consider that he was guilty of any crime. It was a saying of the world-renowned philosopher, David Hume, that "the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people must stand or fall together;" and our friend Bennett, as if impressed with that grand sen-

timent, seems to have inscribed over *his* press this glorious motto:

"Here shall the Press the people's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here shall the Press its sacred precepts draw,
Pledged but to Reason, Liberty, and Law."

In conclusion, as the Liberal movement depends for success on a public avowal of its doctrines, and as some of our friends in other parts of the country do not seem as yet to have learned this lesson, perhaps the following toast may not be inappropriate:

"The times that tried men's souls are over, but the times that try the moral daring of men's minds are even *now!*"

Said Mr. Wakeman:

In answer to the toast Mr. Seaver has proposed there is only one I can think of to call upon, one who has always been in the vanguard of the battle against superstition in this country, who has sat with those whose names our worthy friend Seaver has called as having passed away, but he still remains with us, and I hope he will remain to receive the applause of victory at least, for the dawn is here, enlightenment has penetrated the mists and darkness of the church. Such articles as that of Mr. Beecher's in the last number of the *North American Review* show that our labors outside of the church are prying up the church into the light of human reason. I call upon our friend Mr. Mendum to respond to the sentiment proposed.

Mr. Mendum responded to this toast in the following happy manner:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It was impossible in my best days, and when I felt the strongest, to be eloquent, or to speak in terms that should inspire you much; to-night I am old, weary, and fatigued, and did not expect to be called upon to respond to any toast. But I will say, in the first place, that I am happy to find our friend Bennett has returned to us in full health and strength, that he is armed for the battle against Christianity and superstition, and that he is determined to wear the armor which shall carry superstition to its tomb and the weapons that shall help to bury it so deep that it will never be resurrected. Let, us every one of us, do the best we can to hold up his arms, help him carry on his paper, and keep it above the fear of failure. Before friend Bennett started THE TRUTH SEEKER, my friend Seaver and myself were engaged in the arduous task of carrying on the *Investigator*, and we stood for years alone, battling superstition, the venal press, and the pulpit. We look around now and find that most of the secular press are ready to take an advance step for freedom and humanity. This is due to the enlightenment of the rising generation, the men and women who were educated, I am proud to say, from the pens of the Liberals of my own day; and I am proud that the Boston *Investigator*, with all its faults, has been one of the instruments that has opened the eyes of the people to see the encroachments that have been steadily advancing and infringing upon the rights of the people, until now the press—even the daily press—is in some degree awakened to the cause of the people. My friends, let us for a moment look upon the condition of the people. Here, in this city of New York, where there are so many Liberals, I am bound to say that you are like the people in Boston, the great majority of you Liberals, in your daily intercourse with those on whom you are dependent for support and patronage, do not dare express your sincere convictions upon the religious questions and tendencies of the age. Had it not been so the politicians you sent to Congress would not have enacted your Comstock law, and we would not, in Massachusetts, have elected the men who are tools of Anthony Comstock and who have enacted the law there, which stands to day upon our statute book, by virtue of which any one can go into our houses, stores, and shops and examine what books and papers they may consider to be an infringement of that law. Ladies and gentlemen, or rather, gentlemen, for it is not the ladies that make the laws, and it is not the ladies who elect our senators and representatives; gentlemen, it behooves you, in casting your votes for senators and representatives, to inquire whether, in the first place, they are Liberal men, and, in the next place, whether they are men who dare to stand up for their Liberal sentiments. If they are such men as we have sent to Congress and to our legislatures, we might as well send Catholic priests and monks there. And when we give our wives and daughters the privileges we ask for ourselves, of going to the polls and throwing their ballots for senators, representatives, governors and presidents, I do not think we shall find such encroachments upon our liberties as have been enacted in Congress and in our legislative halls. I believe that our laws should be so liberalized that women may come to the ballot-box, and that whatever men are permitted to do with impunity women may also have the privilege to do; and when that day comes, when we have elevated women, men will also rise superior, but if we crowd women down we must expect inferiority in our own ranks. In conclusion, let me express the hope that I shall have the privilege some day of coming to New York and finding that you have a public place of your own where you can meet together without being subject to the expense of hiring from a Christian landlord a place in which to hold you public meetings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS is the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER before the Watkins great meeting, and let us once more urge all to be there who can. It will be a glorious gathering, and much good speaking will abound. In addition to the other speakers, W. S. Bell will deliver two addresses, one upon Liberty and one upon Christian Morality. To the many friends of Mrs. Amelia H. Colby we hav to say that this able speaker has given encouragement that she will be present. We hope to meet thousands of our friends there.

THE attention of the reader is specially called to the article from *Iconoclast* on page 526; let no one fail to read it. It givs a true and faithful account of some of the infamous conduct of Judge C. L. Benedict, the Christian bigot, to whom several thousand dollars of the people's money is annually paid for exercising the most abhorrent intolerance and injustice toward men far better than himself. America has produced no judge, so complete a Jefferies as he. May we not hav his like again.

Christian Intolerance.

The Christian bigots and repressors of England, led by Sir Henry Tyler, M. P., are showing the meanness of the religion they advocate by prosecuting, under an obsolete law against blasphemy, Charles Bradlaugh, W. J. Ramsey, and G. W. Foote, as publishers of the *Freethinker*. A preliminary examination, before the Lord Mayor, has been had, and the parties have been remanded for trial under bail of £100 each. The real object of the trial is to injure the political prospects of Bradlaugh, and to prevent his admission into Parliament, as, by an old law, a conviction for blasphemy debars a person from being eligible to a seat in Parliament. The contemptible nature of the prosecution is easily understood when it is stated that Bradlaugh has no control over and no pecuniary interest in the publication, Foote being the editor and Ramsey the publisher.

In a terse and telling article upon the subject Mrs. Besant uses this language: "One thing is clear. Our organization is a very powerful one, and outside of our organization is a vast mass of friendly opinion. We must strain every nerve now against the common foe. We must no longer, as many of us hav tried to do, trouble ourselves about sparing the feelings of Christians as much as possible. We must leave the constructiv work on which we have been so much engaged, and devote ourselves to the destruction of the vile and persecuting disposition which menaces our leaders with the jail. Christianity has drenched Europe with blood over and over again. It has retarded science, supported tyranny, been the bulwark of political oppression, the enemy of human progress. Every book which has aided humanity has had to fight for its life against Christianity. Ireland and Spain are the most backward and the most unhappy countries in Europe. France, which is shaking off Christianity, is prosperous and free. There are no prosecutions for blasphemy there. The teeth of superstition have been broken and its claws pared away. Here we are less fortunate. Christianity is strong, and it is sapping both the intellectual and moral life of the people. The gross indecencies of the Salvation Army pass unrebuked, while the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury smile on the demoralizing movement. All-night services are held, in which young men and young women are shut up from 11:30 P.M. till the following morning, and this scandalous orgie shelters itself under the pretense of religion. We see the Salvationists dancing and yelling in the daylight, and can guess something of the unbridled license of the 'all-night meeting,' to which only 'friends' are admissible. Such is Christianity in England now, and it is this low superstition which is invoking the laws left us by the Dark Ages, in order to stop the heresy which, in the wake of education, is spreading among the people. Those petty imitators of the Christian brutality of the past are doing their worst. 'The devil has come down in great wrath, knowing that his hour is short,' but he will soon be chained up in the bottomless pit of scorn and contempt by the Reason and the Liberty he is trying to destroy."

The Watkins Convention.—Mr. Green's Last Word.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me this last word about the Watkins Convention. If your readers each knew as well as I do what the prospect is for a great convention at Watkins Glen next week, no one one of them would stay away if they could possibly get there. I know of but two Northern states but what will be represented at Watkins, and those are Delaware and California. And I am not sure they will be left out. I predict we will hav fifty from Canada. There will be a large number from Michigan, a goodly number from Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri; and Pennsylvania and Ohio will each be represented by a very numerous delegation. I hav just received two or three letters from Kansas informing me of a number of friends who are coming from that state, and we shall hav a strong delegation from Maine and many from Massachusetts, and most of the other New England States will be well represented.

Then remember, friends, what a galaxy of star lecturers, of both sexes, we shall hav on the platform at Watkins Glen. I predict it will be a body of as noble and eloquent persons as ever addressed any one convention in America.

I hardly think I shall ever attempt the work of getting up another great convention, but I want every Liberal in the United States and Canada to help make this second Watkins Convention one that shall for years be remembered as the great Freethought Convention of 1882. No Liberal can afford to stay away who can possibly get there.

RATES OF FARE..

Mr. John M. Abbott, general passenger agent, N. Y., Lake Erie & Western R. R., says: Persons purchasing excursion tickets at Jersey City, Paterson, Newburg Junction, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, and Dunkirk, should inquire for regular summer excursion tickets to Watkins Glen. At the other points hereafter named they should ask for excursion tickets to Elmira or Corning. From the East these rates will be: From Port Jervis, $7.40; Lackawaxen, $6.50; Binghamton, $2.30; Owego, $1.45; Waverly, 70 cents. From the west there are two prices, the first to Corning, the second to Elmira: Adison, 45 cents, $1.15; Canisteo, $1.45, $2.20; Hornellsville, $1.65, $2.35; Castile, $2.95, $3.65; Warsaw, $3.35, $4.05; Wellsville, $2.65, $3.35; Friendship, $3.30, $4.00; Cuba, $3.65, $4.35; Olean, $4.15, $4.58; Salamanca, $4.85, $5.55; Dayton, $5.85, $6.55; Bath, 80 cents, $1.50; Avoca, $1.10, $1.80; Wayland, $1.80, $2.50; Avon, $3.00, $3.70; Batavia, $4.00, $4.70; Cornwall, $9.50; Conewango, $6.45, $7.05; Bradford, $5.10, $5.80; Custer City, $5.25, $5.95. These tickets will be on sale from Aug. 22d to 27th inclusiv, and will be good for return until Aug. 31st. There is not much difference between the railroad fare from Corning and Elmira to Watkins Glen. Rather better and oftener from Elmira.

Seneca Lake Steamboat Company.—This company has decided not to run an excursion boat on Sunday. It will sell round trip tickets week days for $1.00.

SPEAKERS.—ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS.

Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman will speak on "Liberty, Science, and Humanity the Basis of Constructiv Liberalism;" "Is the Bible Divinly Inspired?" by Hon. A. B. Bradford; "Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Liberty," by Hon. John E. Remsburg, of Kansas; "Liberalism in the South," by Hon. John F. Engle, of Scotland Neck, N. C.; "Radicalism the Heart of Reform," will be Charles Bright's subject at the Watkins Convention. "Paine Hall" will be the theme of J. P. Mendum's lecture. A number of the speakers announced hav not as yet named their subjects.

WESTERN FRIENDS.

Those who get tickets to Chautauqua Lake had better come direct to Jamestown, then purchase an ordinary ticket to Salamanca, and at Salamanca get an excursion ticket to either Corning or Elmira as above stated. H. L. GREEN,
Secretary.

To New York City Liberals.

Liberals of New York City desiring to attend the Watkins Convention will inquire at the Erie Depot, Jersey City, for "regular summer excursion tickets to Watkins Glen."

Mrs. A. Stoll, who keeps a pleasant boarding-house near the park where the Freethinkers' Convention is to be held in Watkins, would like some twenty boarders at one dollar per day.

H. L GREEN.

Iowa Convention.

Good news from Tama! Comrade E. S. Beckley writes me the preparations for the approaching camp-meeting and Liberal League convention are going on finely. It will be the largest and best Freethought gathering ever known in Iowa, or the West even. Mrs. H. S. Lake, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Nettie Pease Fox, M. Farrington, Col. M. E. Billings. G. L. Henderson, Col. D. M. Fox, Mattie E Hull, W. F. Peck, and S. D. Moore are among the speakers, representing all shades of Liberal thought, who will address the light-seekers there assembled.

Let all who can bring camping equipments. The hotels will giv reduced rates, and the friends will accommodate all possible. Remember that the platform will be free to all within the limits of reasonable time. "No mental popery upon this platform" will be the dominant idea there.

By the Constitution of the Iowa Liberal League each local League may be represented by its president and secretary and one additional delegate for each ten or fraction of more than five members. All charter and life members are also delegates. So far the business sessions of the League; otherwise the convention is a mass-meeting, and we want the masses to attend. For further particulars address E. S. Beckley, Tama, Tama county, Iowa, or, Yours fraternally, E. C. WALKER, Sec.

Norway, Iowa.

Communications.

What is the Matter With Chainey?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am one of your subscribers, and hav been for several years. I hav never written anything for The Truth Seeker before, but would like to say a word in reply to an article in your last issue by G. Chainey. Chainey has not only freely criticised Free Religion, but has made Underwood a target in one of his lately published lectures, and openly abused him in first-class style.

The most that Underwood has done has been to point out some of the most glaring faults of the class of lecturers to which Chainey belongs. In my opinion Chainey would do well to take the advice that Underwood has given in a general way, apply it to himself, and see if he cannot improve in the lectures he intends to deliver in the coming year.

I hav taken a great deal of interest in Chainey since he first came to this city, and think he has a splendid opportunity to do a grand work in preaching the gospel of Liberalism. I hav been a subscriber to his publication, *This World*, from its commencement; hav heard nearly all his lectures. But many of his hearers are tired of hearing him talk about theology, as they gave up all interest in that subject before he was born. Chainey is evidently a young man of talent, but having gone from one extreme to another one, suddenly, he is as intolerant, in my opinion, as he was before he left the church. He seems to hav but one leading idea; and that is to make all his hearers Atheists. When he changes from his usual course it is to giv us some of Walt Whitman's nastiest productions. He is in his glory when he is doing this, and seems to think he is doing a splendid work for humanity.

All this may be well enough in its way, but it is not what the earnest thinkers among the Liberals care for.

We hav had theological bosh long enough from the pulpit.

Underwood has had many years of experience in the ranks of Liberalism, and has done a splendid work. He has lately taken up editorial work, and is making his influence felt in the *Index*.

Chainey has talked from the Paine Hall platform with perfect freedom, and has said whatever he pleased about Underwood or anybody else.

It would be equally interesting if Underwood would giv us, with the same freedom, his opinion of Chainey.

Both are good men in their respectiv spheres, but Underwood is a close student and has won his way to distinction by continual application to the great problem of the Liberal cause and hard study.

What the Liberals need is science; let theology go. Very few care to hear a man get up Sunday after Sunday and say that he don't believe in a god. Who cares whether he believes in a god or not?

What men want to know is how to liv in this world; how to make life a little sweeter and the better worth living.

If Chainey can do something in this direction he will do a better work than he has done in the past. Agnostic.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 7, 1882.

Reply.—Although our correspondent has failed to comply with the usual courtesy accorded to the press (to giv his real name, if only for the information of the editor), his communication is given a place in these columns. Many editors refuse to publish any anonymous articles; but as "Agnostic" writes with an apparent good motiv, his real name is not insisted upon.

We will not undertake to decide the question as to which is the most in fault in point of recrimination, Underwood or Chainey, as doing so is clearly unnecessary, both being quite able to defend themselvs. It would seem, however, that neither of them should feel it necessary to mark out a course for the other, and neither should be over-fond of criticising the other. While both hav intelligence enough to manage their own line of work it is unnecessary for either to be too much disturbed about the misjudgment of the other.

The teachings of scientists and the truths of nature are unquestionably of the highest value, but it does not therefore follow that the showing up of the falsity of supernaturalism and theology is not also commendable. So long as seventy-five thousand priests are constantly employed in our country in preaching up the infallibility of the Bible as God's word, so long as supernaturalism is preached from every pulpit, so long as the God idea remains the central superstition of all the superstitions among men, so long as over two hundred million dollars are annually expended in this country alone to keep up the delusion, so long will it seem advisable, at least, that the modes of warfare adopted by Voltaire, Diderot, Paine, Volney, Taylor, Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, and others should not be discarded, though such a "student" and "scientist" as the associate editor of the *Index* recommends it. Both modes of combat will probably be attended with profit several years to come.

It is possibly very wrong for Mr. Chainey to say an unkind word of the associate editor of the *Index;* but before condign vengeance is wreaked upon the head of the unfortunate Chainey it will be well for the associate editor to recall some of his own exploits in that same line. If he has forgotten these there are those who can refresh his memory. It is still fresh in the mind of the editor of The Truth Seeker how the associate editor of the *Index* maliciously treated him while in prison, placed there by the common enemy, and upon a most unjust charge and conviction. While The Truth Seeker man was thus in a narrow cell, with the clanking bolts turned upon him no less than ten times every day, the associate editor of the *Index* conspired with a man by the name of Ellis, of whom the associate editor had previously strongly expressed the opinion that he was "morally corrupt and rotten." This same Ellis, with the co-operation of an unprincipled harlot, had, in the most dishonorable manner, obtained possession of some silly, private letters which The Truth Seeker man had written some years before, and which the accomplices in this dirty business deemed sufficient to utterly ruin both The Truth Seeker and its editor. These the moral vultures seized upon with the voracity of hungry wolves, regarding them a perfect "godsend" to enable them to beat out the brains and dollars of this editor.

After these letters had been examined in secret conclave by the accomplices it was decided to publish them to the world while the writer was still immured in his prison cell. Here was an opportunity where a moderate amount of charity would hav been a grand quality to exercise. Had the associate editor, when he had read over those private letters, possessed any generosity he would hav said, "The old man has evidently been a little indiscreet in writing these letters, but no crime is proposed in them; he has done a good deal of effectiv work; no good can possibly arise from publishing the letters; it is long since they were written; they are probably nearly forgotten; no harm has been done by them, and the less said about them the better, especially while the old man is in prison." But the associate editor had not charity and fairness enough to think and speak thus. He saw what he conceived to be a rare opportunity to ruin the hated Truth Seeker, though it had shown nothing but kindness to him, and had never spoken an unkind word of him; and he embraced it with alacrity. The animus of the associate editor cannot be mistaken when it is remembered, that while visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brown, of Worcester, Mass., soon after the Greenwood conspiracy, he said to them emphatically, "Bennett must be crushed." He knew that every dollar The Truth Seeker man had in the world was invested in his publishing business, and that if his paper and his business were destroyed he would come out of prison without a dollar for himself or his companion of a third of a century, in their old age. He saw, as he supposed, a chance to ruin them, and he said, "Bennett must be crushed."

The crushing process was soon put in operation. The man utterly and "morally corrupt and rotten" was dispatched to Chicago to serve in the capacity of "agent," or assistant editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, not yet purified from the reeking filth and nastiness which had infested it for years. This "rotten man," designed for assistant editor, had assorted garbled extracts of those private letters and sandwiched them with the grossest falsehoods, and interlarded them in large type with such expressions as "libertine," "adulterer," "old Lothario," etc. The associate editor also went West on a lecturing tour, and at the instance of his accomplice, Bundy, he rode in, post haste, some three hundred miles, under the pretense of looking at the letters to see if they were genuin, when that matter had been fully settled at the Greenwood meeting. In this the hypocrisy of the man is clearly evinced. He knew just as well about their genuinness before he came to Chicago as after. Fourteen columns in the *Journal* were occupied with those letters, interlarded with the "rotten man's" slanders, defamations, and lies. All its regular subscribers were supplied; advanced sheets were sent to the principal papers of the country, and tens of thousands of extra copies of the same slanderous journal were sent all over the country. The same malicious, defaming matter was published in the *Index*, and ten thousand extra copies more were mailed to all parts of the country, and a list of the names of The Truth Seeker patrons (which list was stolen from The Truth Seeker office in the night when the editor was asleep) was used for the vile purpose.

It was this contemptible kind of warfare waged upon an old man cruelly and unjustly imprisoned by Christians which was denominated by that grand man, James Parton "a warfare of mud," and he advised every one who received the vile papers to burn the same and go at once and obtain five new subscribers to The Truth Seeker. The Boston *Investigator*, in an article upon the subject, and immediately after the publication of the distorted letters, used this sensible and charitable language:

"Until Mr. Bennett leaves his prison and has a hearing it is only just that he should hav extended to him the charity of silence and a suspension of judgment. We will only add, what must appear obvious to all, that if it is wise and judicious to assail a man's moral character in a public newspaper, the accuser should at least giv his own proper signature, and not hide himself under the mask of a nameless or anonymous correspondent. A brave man never stoops to such conduct, but is willing to rest upon his veracity and to take the responsibility of what he may publish. For our own part, we would as soon think of plunging a knife into the breast of the dead, that we might wreak our vengeance on a corpse, as to cowardly creep behind the battery of a newspaper and attempt to assassinate a man's moral character by stabbing him under the mask of 'a special agent.'"

A private note from Col. R. G. Ingersoll, written soon after the publication of those scandalous letters and head-lines, to the wife of The Truth Seeker man, contained these passages:

"I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I am afraid Mr. Bennett is losing his health and courage. It is a dreadful thing to be in prison, and I do not see how any man endures it. I regret that so many people hav taken advantage of Mr. Bennett's troubles to stab his reputation and to try to ruin his business. I think it will come out all right. . . . When you write Mr. Bennett tell him for me that I hav not, and will not join in the cry against him. I am no Pharisee. If opportunity offers I will do all I can to get a pardon.

"R. G. Ingersoll."

Ah, what a marked difference is apparent between the conduct and attitude of these men just named and that of the editor of the *Index* and he that is now its associate editor!

It was this contemptible course of the conspirators which induced hundreds of intelligent and fair-minded people to write that they had never known such villainous and despicable conduct as the conspirators were guilty of. If any meaner or more contemptible treatment was ever measured out to a man shut up in a prison-cell and utterly unable to defend himself, or even to know what attacks were being made upon him, it is desirable that the same should be pointed out.

The purpose of the associate editor of the *Index* to "crush" The Truth Seeker man was further evinced in what the associate editor had to say of The Truth Seeker and its editor to a reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, after the scurrillous letters referred to, by his procuring and co-operation, had been published. In fact, the basis for the malice and falsehood with which the *Inter-Ocean* has since, and quite recently, pursued and injured the editor of this paper may justly be charged upon the associate editor of the *Index*. In the interview alluded to, the associate editor, as reported, said that The Truth Seeker was a coarse, obscene sheet; that its patrons were "Freelovers," and the "tag-rag and bobtail" of the Freethinkers of America, while, said he, "the party I represent, on the other hand, and which is entirely distinct from the before-mentioned, are as entirely opposed to the man, on account of his offense against the laws of decency, as are the most conservativ Christians in the country." This student, this representativ of high culture, further denounced The Truth Seeker man as "an aged sinner," "a culprit," and with having made efforts to seduce a virtuous young lady. He furthermore claimed that Col. Ingersoll had been induced to try to obtain a pardon for the old sinner from President Hayes at his, the associate editor's, entreaty; but since the failure, Col. Ingersoll with the best men of the party, had left the culprit "to his fate and on account of his immorality." That these statements were all the grossest falsehoods constant readers of The Truth Seeker do not need to be told. The patrons of this paper are as honorable and high-minded as the patrons of any paper in the country. They are no more "Freelovers," no more the tag-rag and bobtails of society, than the readers of the *Index*. The associate editor did not induce Col. Ingersoll to use his influence with Hayes. The Liberals of New York sent T. C. Leland to Washington to confer with Ingersoll upon the subject, and he it was who secured the colonel's services, and not the little hypocrit who lied about it. The editor did not try to seduce anybody, and, the woman referred to was neither young nor virtuous. But it is not strange that the *Inter-Ocean*, believing the man it was interviewing was telling the truth, should hav formed a most unfavorable opinion of The Truth Seeker and its editor.

In connection with this very unfriendly conduct on the part of the associate editor of the *Index*, he, about this time, wrote letters to the *Religio-Journal*, the *Index* and the *Investigator*, in which The Truth Seeker man was denounced as being "vulgar," "immoral," a "despicable character," a "deliberate, malicious culminator of a virtuous woman," "unfit to represent any decent movement, or to associate with decent men and women;" "tried to corrupt and seduce a virtuous young woman;" "has trailed the banner of Liberalism in the dust;" "the perusal of his letters has left in my mind a feeling of unutterable disgust," etc. The *Index* also published the enormous falsehood that "the editor of The Truth Seeker had done greater damage to the cause of Liberalism than any other man in America." To make this statement anywhere near the truth it would be necessary to entirely lose sight of the years of constant toil The Truth Seeker man has put in, and the fourteen thousand pages of books and pamphlets he has written within the past eight years, in addition to the editorial and business management of his paper and book publishing.

All this was followed on the part of the associate editor by letters written to near friends of The Truth Seeker man, in which not only the grossest falsehoods were uttered, but the effort was made to injure the old man to the fullest extent. Comments are hardly necessary in reference to such conduct as this, but the remarks of Col. R. G. Ingersoll are to the point: "Meanness cannot descend beyond the level of him who will endeavor to blacken the reputation of another, simply because he could not answer his arguments. I despise, I execrate with every drop of my blood any man or woman who wilfully attempts to destroy the reputation of another."

In reviewing the conduct of the associate editor of high culture, it is scarcely necessary to remark that in addition to all this slander, vituperation, and abuse, he has been guilty of more than a score of positiv falsehoods in reference to The Truth Seeker man. His accomplice, the former editor of the *Index*, was guilty of nearly a hundred falsehoods with reference to the same hated individual; another of his accomplices he has denounced as "morally rotten;" another is the representativ and successor of the vilest and filthiest den in American journalism; another is a corrupt prostitute; another can easily be proved to be guilty of the vilest sodomy; another who uttered the vilest lies with reference to the abused man, is charged with committing adultery with his hired girl, with the knowledge of his wife. Such are the accomplices and coadjutors of the associate editor of the *Index* in the attempt to crush The Truth Seeker and its publisher. Such is the modern phase of "cultured Liberalism." of scientific teaching; such is the man now having direct control of the spotless *Index*.

In connection should be mentioned the vile, scurrilous, and anonymous pamphlets designed to deeply injure The Truth Seeker man, and which hav been sent over the country, to the publishers of papers, to patrons of The Truth Seeker, and to private individuals, with the sole object of causing the deepest injury to the man who had intended to wrong neither the maligning party nor any other person. The circulation of those anonymous pamphlets has been kept up more than two years. When The Truth Seeker man recently reached his nativ shores on the western side of our continent he found the pamphlets had been forwarded to the publisher of every newspaper, as was the case with the principal papers in the cities across the continent. It takes but a cent to send three copies of it, so it is easy to largely disseminate the vile stuff with a limited outlay of cash. In Milwaukee the leading *Index* man of the town, R. C. Spencer, has busied himself in handing out large numbers of them with the evident object of deeply injuring the returning traveler. It is believed they emanated from the *Index*-Greenwood crew. To show the manner and purpose of their circulation the following is herewith presented:

Welland, Ont., July 31, 1882.

Mr D. M. Bennett, *Dear Sir:* To-day I received a tract by mail with a U. S. postage stamp upon it, headed by two roosters and "These be thy Gods. O Israel." I suppose some of D. M. Bennett's left-handed friends had seen a letter of mine in The Truth Seeker of July 15th. and by that means got my address, and thought it a good opportunity to set me right in regard to the character of "the apostle of liberty," as it calls him. No doubt you hav seen the tract. I can assure my left-handed friend that he is barking up the wrong tree. All these scurrilous attacks only show the character, color, and motiv of those resorting to them, and how anxious they are to crush one who so ably advocates the cause so directly opposed to their own.

I am much obliged to the sender, as it helps me to sympathize with the party most abused. John Ray.

If there ever was a shameful, dirty, and contemptible mode of warfare resorted to to ignominiously wrong an injured man the issuing of those anonymous pamphlets is that mode; and it is in keeping with the vile conduct measured out to The Truth Seeker man for the past three years. It is not claimed that the associate editor of the *Index* has been the only one who has mailed them, but that it is but a part of the program which he helped to inaugurate, and that he has himself mailed a portion of them, there is the strongest proof. The editor of The Truth Seeker has received letters from his patrons of the highest reliability saying they hav received these filthy pamphlets directed in the handwriting of the associate editor of the *Index*, post-marked at his post-office, Thorndike, and accompanied by a letter from him.

With all the dishonorable and persistent efforts of these accomplices they hav failed to show that The Truth Seeker man committed any crime or was guilty of any wrong save that of indiscretion. They hav not even charged him with having committed adultery. The extent of their basest insinuations is that he wanted to. What a pity that he should be so wholly unlike all his brother-men!

But how is it with the self-righteous associate editor of the *Index*? Has he been guilty of no impropriety? Has he written no naughty letters? Has he not only not wanted to, but has he not actually done it? There is the strongest proofs upon which to answer these interrogatories in the affirmativ. Several persons hav seen a letter which the associate editor wrote to a lady in Watertown, Wisconsin, proposing that she accompany him as a traveling companion to California and Oregon, prudently suggesting that if the matter was acted upon the fact must be carefully kept from his wife. Inasmuch as this hypocrit was intensely disgusted with the letters of The Truth Seeker man, the latter in return could do no less than be disgusted with the associate editor. Persons of the highest credibility who hav read the letter referred to will make oath to the fact, and it is believed the letter is still in existence. Can it be possible that the man who has been so deeply disturbed by the letters of others should be guilty of writing such naughty letters himself? It seems so. A man who is so deeply disturbed at the letters of others, should naturally hav a little care in writing his own *billet-doux*.

With all the charges and aspersions made against The Truth Seeker man it is not even insinuated that he has committed adultery, that he has illegitimate children in Toronto, Ont., Mason, Mich., or in any other place. It is not claimed that he ever held unlawful intercourse with Josie Palmer, of Dubuque, with women in California, in Oregon, in Illinois, or other places. With the associate editor it is different. Men sometimes, especially after sitting awhile over the whisky bottle and sev-

eral times imbibing the exhilirating contents, become inclined to boast of the conquests they hav performed, the good times they hav enjoyed, and they become so communicativ as to confess to adulteries they hav committed. That the associate editor of the *Index* has done this, as men truthful as liv will testify under oath if necessary, and that particular cases were detailed in the recital. These sworn statements can be brought out if the associate editor calls for them or denies them. There are also other incidents, which may be brought out, showing who is most amenable to the charge of "Freelover," and whose conduct is most productiv of "unutterable disgust." In such event the true character of the man who is held up as the teacher of cultured Freethought, of the censor who assumes to criticise the conduct, motivs, and modes of teaching of others while his own conduct will not bear investigation, will be shown. It may be proved that by appointment he met at night a woman of easy virtue in the office of a certain doctor in Ottumwa, Iowa, with other little episodes in the life of a traveling lecturer.

A man who livs in a glass house should not commence stone-throwing, and a man of repeated adulteries should not too often allow himself to become "unutterably disgusted" with a man whose only offense has been to write silly private letters. A man who gets sick at the stomach at the impurities indulged in by others should hav a slight hesitancy about wallowing in filth himself.

Apropos of private letters, let it be remembered that Justice Story, one of the most eminent jurists of which America can boast, in a noted case in which private letters had been published, gave this opinion:

"The publication of private letters is one of the most odious breaches of private correspondence, of social duty, and of honorable feeling which can well be imagined." This high moral principle the deadly enemies of THE TRUTH SEEKER most evidently did not incorporate into their moral creed when they so eagerly gave his private letters to the common foe and to the world. They were guilty of conduct which no gentleman would stoop to.

Under the circumstances it felt to the sufferer far meaner, far more cruel, far more infamous, than the dastardly conduct of Comstock, Benedict & Co.

Let not the associate editor of the *Index* and his accomplices and conspirators feel that they are being treated with any severity in this article. They should rather realize that they hav many a time, again and again, needlessly caused the cruel iron to enter the soul of THE TRUTH SEEKER man and his affectionate wife to the extent that death was often desirable. If they hav any sense of justice at all they ought to be willing to hav in a small degree meted out to them what they hav so heartlessly and fiendishly meted out to others. There is in existence such a quality as retributiv justice.

In conclusion let it be said, if the associate *Index* editor wishes to commence a libel suit, he knows where THE TRUTH SEEKER is published. All that is here said can be proved in any court, and much more besides.—[ED. T. S.]

P. S.—It is to be hoped that "Agnostic," if he has not by this time found out what is the matter with Chainey, has at least acquired some information about his friend Underwood that will not be without interest.

Been to Church.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* After seeing the sights in the big cities of the world, and meeting so many of the grand workers in the grand cause of Liberalism and freedom, I hav wound up by attending the little one-horse Campbellite church here in Snowville—went expecting to hear Mr. Hall, the big gun from Texas, who comes once a year and givs the brethren and sisters here a lift in the way of enthusing the congregation and filling them with holy fire and pious zeal.

But, lo! though the hour had come the man had not, so we only got to see them cannibalize by eating and drinking of their god, and then a portly brother arose and gave his testimony that "Christ had risen," deploring the fact that in spite of "overwhelming evidence" there were so many learned and intelligent people who refused to believe in this wonderfully plain phenomena testified to so strongly by the great St. Paul himself. "Why," said he, "they will believe that a magnet will attract iron, even when they cannot giv us the first reason why it does so, nor can any person giv us the source of this power; but tell them 'The Lord has risen,' and they cannot believe it, though so strongly testified to!" But this "wise reasoner" never told his hearers that the power of the magnet was just as strong now as it was ten thousand years ago, and that anyone could convince himself by actual experiment to-day that it did just what was claimed for it.

But they cannot show one dead man who can be made alive again; no man whose head was cut off, or heart was cut out, or who was really dead, has ever been made to liv anew. They cannot bring an iota of proof that one was ever raised from the dead. They giv us what they call "testimony," culled from an old Jewish book of legends, fables, and irresponsible history that was written no one knows when, where, or by whom, and which contains hundreds of errors and contradictions, and tell us to believe or be damned!

Now, to show the nature of this old Jew book that these Campbellites put such faith in, let us cull a few gems from Hebraic lore, from the holy Talmudistic writings, which are just as sacred and as true as the account of Jonah and the whale, the garden story, or the dead god rising and visiting his disciples again and again, and even letting a doubting Thomas put his hand into the dead wound in his dead side. In the morning I heard the Campbellite myths; in the evening I read the Talmud myths which I append below, and you truth seekers shall read these last also, and then judge if "facts" gathered from such old legendary sources as these are worthy of credence by reasoning, sensible, and thinking men and women:

"According to the Talmud, the patriarchs were much more wonderful people than might be supposed from our uninspired reading of Genesis. The hight of Abraham was as the hight of seventy-four men, and his weight equal to theirs. He ate at each meal more than seventy-four ordinary men could eat; and he built an iron city for his children with walls so high that the sun could not shine into it. Moses was also a remarkably vigorous man; for each of the tables of stone which he carried about so easily were upward of twenty-eight tons in weight!

"But these were pigmies in those days. When we read the Talmud we are in a paleontological period of tradition. 'When I was a grave-digger,' says Abba Shaul in the Niddah of the Talmud, 'I once chased a roe which had entered the shin-bone of a dead man; though I ran three miles after it, I could not overtake it, nor reach the end of the bone. When I returned they told me it was the shin-bone of Og, king of Bashan.' Nevertheless, this fact does not seem so extraordinary when we remember that the soles of the feet of Og, king of Bashan, were forty miles in length, and that at each meal he devoured a thousand oxen, 'and as many of all other sorts of animals,' and drank a thousand measures of wine. It was Og also who desired to throw a stone forty miles wide upon the camp of Israel, and would hav done so had not the Lord sent an army of ants to bore the stone when he was lifting it.

"Og ought, in spite of his alimentativ capacities, to hav been satisfied, however, with a certain Talmudic frog for at least one meal. We are told of this frog in a commentary upon the discussions of certain learned rabbis. In the original Hebrew of Exodus we read that 'the frog' (not the frogs) 'came up and covered the land of Egypt.' Rabbi Elazar held that there was but one frog; but she so multiplied as to fill all the land of Egypt. Rabbi Akiva thought otherwise; he said that there was only one frog, indeed, but that frog was so large that she filled all the land of Egypt. Rabbi Elazar ben Azariah said that this was untrue; that there was indeed at first only one frog, but she croaked so loud that she called all the other frogs in the world into the land of Egypt. So much for the discussion. Rabba, the son of Chanua, said that he himself 'once saw a frog larger than any seen now, although not quite so large as the frog in Egypt. It was about as large as Acra, a village of some sixty houses.'

"Such a frog might hav satisfied the noonday hunger of Og, king of Bashan, in time of famin, but it would not hav made a mouthful for Leviathan, 'who maketh the deep sea to boil as a pot.' For when Leviathan makes the sea boil it does not become still again for seventy years! The snake Jormungund would be only as an eel to such a monster. Another rabbi saw a sea monster whose neck was three miles long, and it had only been born that day!

"After this we can the more readily accept the famous story of Cæsar and the lion. Rabbi Joshua ben Chananja was once at Rome, and the Cæsars (we are not told what Cæsar, any more than in the *Gesta Romanorum*) said to him: 'This God of yours is compared to a lion'—as it is written in Amos, 'The lion hath roared; who will not fear.' . . . 'Who,' continued the Cæsar, 'cares for a lion. A horseman can kill a lion.' This Assyrian contempt for lions provoked the rabbi to say that the lion spoken of by the Prophet Amos was not an ordinary lion, 'but a lion of the forest of Ilaei.' Cæsar insisted upon seeing that lion, and the rabbi prevailed upon God to grant the emperor's request. Thereupon the lion left his lair and roared; and though it was four hundred miles away, all the walls of Rome tumbled to the ground! Then the lion advanced three hundred miles nearer and roared again, and the teeth dropped out of the heads of men that heard him, and the emperor fell from his throne and shrieked to the rabbi that he would pray God to send the lion away.

"On the authority of Strabo a population of 14,000,000 has been claimed for imperial Rome; but the Rome of rabbinical tradition was a far more wondrous city. The voice of its murmuring was heard over the whole earth; and we hav a legend in the Talmud of three rabbis journeying to it who were almost deafened by its roar even at the distance of two hundred and twenty miles. The lion which shook down the walls of such a city must hav had a mighty voice; yet his voice was even as the cooing of a dove compared to the voice of Judah.

"For when the angel of the Lord interfered to prevent Joseph's brethren from killing him, Judah cried out with such a loud voice that all the walls of Egypt were leveled with the dust, and all the cattle cast to the ground, and Pharaoh was flung from his throne, ... 'and all the men who stood round about Joseph had their heads twisted with their faces to their backs, and so they remained until the day of their death!'

"Some of the rabbis would seem to hav inherited the voice of Judah, or at least a part of it, for there was Rabbi Yehudah who had the stomach-ache for seven years, during which time 'his groans could be heard for three miles.' Nevertheless he was more blest than Korah, who was so rich that it required three hundred white mules to carry the keys of his treasury.

"Everything was in proportion in early ages, however. Every grain of wheat used to be as big as an ostrich-egg, 'as white as snow, as sweet as honey, and as fragrant as musk.' In the time of Enoch they diminished into the size of a goose's egg; in Elijah's time to the size of a hen's egg; finally they became as small as grapes by reason of the sins of men. In the same way the land of Judea has become smaller. After Israel was expatriated the country 'shrank even as the skin of an animal shrinks when its occupant is gone.'

"Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, whom Longfellow has written so exquisitly of, does not figure in the Talmud as a nebulous creature at all—for he towers above all other angels to the hight of 500 years' journey. Is there any such angel, except, indeed, that one whom Mohammed saw, who had 70,000 heads and in each 70,000 tongues wherewith he sang the praises of God? It must not be supposed, however, that the other angels were very small, for the Ladder of Jacob was 8,000 miles wide. The reason it was so wide was to accommodate the angels, for as they were ascending two abreast and descending two abreast space was required for four angels on a step; and the breadth of an angel's body is 2,000 miles.

"And nevertheless when a certain Philemo asked Rabbi Yehudah the Holy, 'If a man hav two heads, on which head ought he to put the phylactery,' the rabbi was displeased, and threatened to anathematize him. Yet hav we not seen two-headed men in these days, although we hav not seen angels?

"But the anathema of a rabbi enters all the 248 members of the body at the same time; and we must not at the present time dilate further upon this matter." ELMINA.

Garrison and Bennett.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* All hearts of Liberals are glad to know that our noble patriot in the great war for liberty, D. M. Bennett, has returned once more to his home and his friends, and to again engage in the hand-to-hand contest with arch enemies of the principles that THE TRUTH SEEKER and its unswerving friends are fearlessly contending for.

A few men in all ages hav been courageous enough to stand firmly by the right, even though prison doors were gaping to receive them; but few hav been compelled to hav the prison doors closed upon them in the pusillanimous and practical manner that D. M. Bennett was treated by that basest of all frauds, Anthony Comstock.

But who has come nobly to the rescue in the case of our noble martyr, D. M. Bennett? Why, of course the Freethinkers, or, as I am proud to be called, from a Christian standpoint, Infidels. And now the time has arrived when THE TRUTH SEEKER commands attention and respect from even the screeching rabble that formerly, *en masse*, howled for Comstock.

These reflections recall the troublous times a half century ago when William Lloyd Garrison was in Missouri and on duty faithfully for freedom. And what was his compensation? and from whom did he receive it? From the Christian slave-holding ingrates. The noble Garrison was imprisoned for publishing the *Genius*, an antislavery journal, and upon his release from his imprisonment he commenced a pilgrimage through Puritanic New England; and as an evidence of the great loving kindness that dwells—not in the hearts of Christians, as a rule—and the actions of the few Infidels there in Boston, I giv you a quotation from volume x, "Encyclopedia Britannica," page 77, viz: "He [Garrison] was sure, after his experience at Baltimore, that a movement against slavery resting upon any less radical foundation than this would be inefficacious. He first proposed to establish his paper at Washington, in the midst of slavery; but on returning to New England, and observing the state of public opinion there, he come to the conclusion that little could be done at the South while the non-slaveholding North was lending her influence through political, commercial, religious, and social channels for the sustenance of slavery. He determined, therefore, to publish his paper in Boston; and, having issued his prospectus, set himself to the task of awakening an interest in the subject by means of lectures in some of the principal cities and towns of the North. It was an uphill work. Contempt for the negro and indifference to his wrongs were almost universal. In Boston, then a great cotton mart, he tried in vain to procure a church or vestry for the delivery of his lectures, and thereupon announced in one of the daily journals that if some suitable place was not promptly offered he would speak on the common. A body of Infidels proffered him their small hall, and, no other place being accessible, he accepted it gratefully, and delivered therein three lectures, in which he unfolded his principles and plans. He visited, privately, many citizens of the city, statesmen, divines, and merchants, and besought them to take the lead in a national movement against slavery; but they all, with one consent, made excuse, some of them listening to his plea with manifest impatience. He was disappointed, but not disheartened. His convictions of the righteousness of his cause, of the evils and dangers of slavery, and of the absolute necessity of the contemplated movements, was intensified by opposition, and he resolved to go forward, trusting in God for success.

"On the first of January, 1831, without a dollar of capital save in hand and brain, and without a single subscriber, he and his partner issued the first number of the *Liberator*, avowing their determination to print it as long as they could subsist on bread and water and their hands obtain employment. Its motto was, 'Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind.' And the edition in his address to the public uttered the words which hav become memorable as embodying the whole purpose and spirit of his life: 'I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.'

"Help came, but slowly. For many months Mr. Garrison and his brave partner, Mr. Isaac Knapp, who died long before the end of the conflict, made their bed on the floor of the room—dark, unfurnitured, and mean—in which they printed their paper, and where the mayor of Boston, in compliance with the request of a distinguished magistrate of the South, ferreted them out in an obscure hole, their only visible auxiliary a negro boy. But the paper founded on such inauspicious circumstances exerted a mighty influence, and lived to record not only President Lincoln's 'Proclamation,' but the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forever prohibiting slavery."

Now we are passing through another great revolution for the freedom of millions, not only of colored, but of all shades. But as then among the assumed elite of the world, who are to-day more servil slaves to that fearful God portrayed in that old book formerly containing both Old and New Testaments, but since the condemnation of the New by the Committee's labor in London and the issue of the new revision, which they will not adopt, we now only hav the old. Where are our Christians floating to? Let us out with our lifeboats and save them, at least all of them that are worth saving. We want no Comstocks nor Guiteaus. M. O. WAGGONER.

Toledo Ohio, August 6, 1882.

Whose Patronymic?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a late issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER "Dennis" very properly inquires whether the offspring of marriages where the mother retains her maiden name shall be known by the father's or mother's cognomen.

We might reply to that question as Sir Anthony Absolute in the play answers his son Jack, "Settle that between you, sir; settle that between you!" Husband and wife might arrange that matter satisfactorily, we think, without interference from outside parties; and, considering that the male line has been thus honored for so long a time, it might be well to hav a turn about and perpetuate the mother's side of the house for a few centuries. This would seem to be just, as well as generous, to the mother, as it is upon her devolves all the pain, burden, and risk of child-bearing, as well as the care, rearing, and education of children.

There are honorable instances where children bear the mother's name instead of the father's, and no one suffers thereby. The grandchildren of Horace Greeley, if I am rightly informed, bear the name of Greeley instead of their father's name, as Mr. Greeley left no sons to perpetuate his name! Henry Wilson, the eighteenth vice-president of the United States, made illustrious the name of his mother's family, his father being Colbath, and he being known by that surname till his seventeenth year, when he had his name changed to that of Wilson.

Children born out of wedlock bear the name of the mother, and, by the way, such are the only children that the law recognizes as owned by the mother, and that because the father repudiates and disowns them.

"One of the old school," in the Boston *Investigator*, thinks nobody would find out that parties were married if the bride should not wear her husband's name.

Oh, yes they would, for there will always be "old school" gossips and Paul Prys enough to spread the news; besides, there is the certificate of marriage, the record in the clerk's office, the publication in the daily papers, and the open acknowledgment of the fact by living together in the same house. Marriage is honorable—true marriage is, and the more marriages the better for society, as Voltaire declared; but I cannot agree with the gentleman of the "old school" that it would be "indelicate" in a wife or "disrespectful" to her husband for her to retain her own name as long as she livs. No man would feel willing to giv up his name and identity and take his wife's name, and why should woman not hav as much respect for herself as man has for himself? Again, suppose a woman has made for herself a name famous around the world; is it right for her upon marriage to lose that name in, say, plain John Smith, whom nobody knows, and who may not care a row of pins for his wife's renown?

The question is suggestiv of much thought, and involves a radical change, and, I believe, a change for the better, inasmuch as it would lift woman to a plane of respect and equality that hitherto she has not occupied. Yours for equal rights,

Fall River, Mass. SUSAN H. WIXON.

Letters from Friends.

MINERSVILLE, UTAH, July 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I have just received a specimen copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER for June 10, 1882, from a Free-thinking lady in Minnesota, and find in it a few chapters entitled "A Truth Seeker Around the World," which are so interesting that I cannot refrain from sending you $5 for the whole three volumes. Very respectfully, HENRY CROUSE.

COWICHAN, July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I have a dear brother at Niagara Falls who has a large family of the most interesting girls in America, some of them grown up young women, and all of them, I believe, living in the most abject mental slavery. I am doing all I can to emancipate them. Please enter the $5 in the name of my niece; write her name on the book and send to her address, which I inclose, and oblige.

WM. MCKINNON.

P. S.—Mr. Bennett, I hav handed your circulars to some of our friends around here, and I will be disappointed if you do not hear from some of them soon. I am as poor as Lazarus, and cannot do anything myself. Very respectfully yours,

WM. MCKINNON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for "Around the World," the first volume of which is duly received and read with much pleasure and profit. I regard your work as by far the best five dollars' worth of general geographical and historical information and interesting and instructiv family reading that has yet been published. It is impossible for any one in any other way to get such a good general knowledge of the whole world so easy, so cheaply, and in so short a time as in spirit to take this long but jolly journey with you while sitting by one's own fireside. When one thinks of it, "A Trip Around the World," first-class tickets, good for the whole family and every year as often as you want to take it, only $5, return free and all the comforts of a home thrown in, with the very best of company and perfect immunity from seasickness, bed and board and washing free, with nothing to do but liv and learn, laugh and grow fat and be happy, how can they resist the temptation to take one? Your realistic, conversational style of writing carries the reader along so smoothly with you that after having read your work he feels that he has seen the world and can converse as intelligently about foreign lands and people as if he had traveled, and would be considered well-read and well-informed.

In addition to contributing my mite toward the expense I feel grateful to you for having taken the trip and what you hav written of it. It cannot fail to hav a large sale and do a world of good.

I hope that you are home by this time and well rested; that you are in the enjoyment of your usual good health, and feel good for the next twenty years' service in the cause of Freethought.

Very respectfully yours, R. H. H. HUNT.

WILKES BARRE, PA., July 31, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav ventured to contribute this letter to your crowded columns, which contain the interesting materials of Mr. Bennett's labors, with great hesitancy on that account; but as an act of justice to the real Henry Slade, and in the hope of pointing out the criminality of the bogus Charles Slade, who seems to be stealing his mail, as well as endeavoring to play his feats of mediumship by mere tricks, I venture to say that the gentlemen writing from Belleville, Jos. Templeton and his party, hav been imposed upon. I will briefly state what the nature of Dr. Henry Slade's mediumship is by what I witnessed on several occasions at his place in New York. I visited him in 1872, an entire stranger, and this is what occurred: Dr. Slade sat by the side of a table about three feet by four, with his legs on the outside, and not under it, in a room into which the full sunlight was shining, except as protected by a light lace curtain. We placed a cleaned-off slate upon the top of the table, with a small bit of pencil lying between the slate and table. Almost immediately the writing was heard, and while neither of us touched the slate. On taking it up it proved to be a communication from my father, characteristic of my then surroundings, and signed in his usual style. Queries: How did the writing come, and how did Slade find out the name of my deceased father? My wife, upon another occasion, in company, witnessed the same, having a communication from her grandmother, and signed in the same way, the slate not having been touched by either person. How did Dr. Slade find out the name of my wife's grandmother, he never having seen her nor my wife previous to that moment? Now, as to the movements of a slate pencil being snapped upon the table by the bogus Slade, and so fully described in the article referred to from Belleville, it is a mere nothing to what we witnessed, and as to the doctor carrying about a slate upon his feet, etc., it would be child's play compared to what actually did take place.

I am a musical instrument manufacturer, and hav been for eighteen years, and I think I ought to know what an accordeon is. The doctor handed me one to examin, and I did so quite thoroughly. After replacing the slide I handed it back to him, and he held it away from the table and it was played upon. He then handed it to me, and a number of tunes were played upon it while I held it; and, what is still better, the accordeon played any tune which I mentally desired. I then handed it over the table to my wife, and it played several tunes for her. She then requested, mentally, that if that spirit who wrote was her grandmother, to immediately change the tune being played to "Sweet Home," and it was instantly changed to "Sweet Home."

I weigh about 188 pounds, but while sitting at the end of the table the doctor said that my spirit father intended to move me away from the table, and I was moved more than eighteen inches away, and I felt the sensible pressure of a force upon my person as it was being done, just as I felt the pulling of the accordeon and saw the bellows expand and contract while it was playing. I looked down at my chair while being moved back, and no foot of anybody did that moving. Then he said that a large picture hanging upon the wall would be shaken. It was behind me; I turned around to look at it. when it was violently shaken. I got up from my seat and examined the wall and picture closely, but found nothing suspicious. While there a bell was thrown upon the floor under the table. This was taken and used at various points along the edge, from three to six feet away from the doctor. Our clothing was frequently pulled during the sitting, and hands and fingers would pop up around the table while the doctor's both hands were on top in full view. This bell was finally carried out from under the table near my shoulder and deposited plump upon the table before us. The doctor never touched it. It was too heavy to be snapped with the finger. While this was going on, a chair upon the carpeted floor commenced walking toward us; it was at least eight or ten feet away from Dr. Slade. I then inquired whether that chair could walk in any other direction, and in any other manner. Slade said there was no particular way of moving, and, while looking, it was whirled upon one foot, as if taken by the top and spun with one hand upon one leg, and then cast aside. Unless the doctor had some invisible means of controling that chair, he had no agency in its movements; his legs could not hav been attenuated sufficiently to do it.

While sitting there a hand was protruded from beneath the table, and I looked directly at it. This claimed to be a materialized hand. It went directly to my vest pocket and removed my watch, weighing about four ounces, and placed it in my right hand, and then patted me upon my hand with its fingers. I took particular notice of the distance, and I am certain that if that was possible to come from Dr. Slade's body in any way it was from five to six feet long—that was the distance from Slade's shoulder to my vest pocket. One of the doctor's hands rested upon the table and the other upon his lap while this was done. There is one little circumstance connected therewith, however, that is peculiar; the hand into which the watch had been placed had been injured, and there was a slight swelling between the fingers, not sufficient, however, to attract notice, but it was painful. After I replaced my watch I put this hand under the table, and, looking the doctor in the face, said, "I would like the spirit to shake hands." I then purposely placed my hand upon my right knee, farthest away from the doctor. Almost instantly I was taken by the hand, and a vigorous hand-shake was given. Then I attempted to grasp the hand pretty tight, when it seemed to melt away. It came again, and with what seemed to be a thumb on the one side and a finger upon the other side, immediately over the painful part of my hand. It made movements toward the ends of the fingers, as though it were connected with an intelligence that recognized my injured hand and wished to heal it by making these passes. I am quite certain I had given the doctor no intimation of any soreness of my hand. If this was a mere trick, how did it happen that the exact spot should be selected to manipulate it? The passes produced intense pain each time they were made.

I hav been singularly fortunate in my examinations of these matters for some thirty years, and hav discovered some of the most glaring trickery and fraud which is being palmed off upon people as Spiritualism, but aside from all this I hav had sufficient evidence to convince me of intelligent forces akin to humanity in their nature, and if not the forces and intelligence of our departed friends, they act, and think, and know just about what we should expect from them. And until some others offer a better substitute every rational mind will accept them. I think there may be antagonistic forces on the other side who are disposed to mislead us, and who may be helping this Charles Slade to steal the doctor's correspondence and imitate him in his feats. And it may be possible that even the genuin Dr. Slade may, if not watchful of himself, be captured by evil-disposed intelligences and used to dumbfound us in this latest revelation.

The article from the *Intelligencer* manifests a good deal of assumption. Its exposures and statements are mostly conjectures. As to Slade placing a slate "flat upon the bottom of his foot and passing it around," it implies a wonderful trick. There is no man living can do it and sit upon a chair, for even if he could so draw up his toes as to expose the bottom of his foot and place the slate thereon, the moment he attempted to stretch his leg out to the opposit side or end of the table it would fall off, and, if not, he would be exposing his heel to the sitter and not the slate. That explanation is "too thin," if you please.

When Dr. Slade passed a slate to me, and I held it in my hand for writing, and the doctor withdrew his hand, I pulled against a force of at least ten to twenty pounds in an effort to draw the slate from under the table to my side; and if he had simply placed it upon the bottom of his slipper it could not hav required such a force; and, further, when such a list of physical manifestations as hav occurred in the presence of such minds as Zollner and other scientific persons, as described, the genuin Dr. Slade has no need of resorting to any fraud or tricks to astonish his sitters, or to "carry his slates on the bottom of his slippers."

The description of the manifestations which took place in bed with Slade are a mass of conjectures, and expose nothing more than the writer's suspicions; and his disgusting reference to this person's deformity and lusts may be the vilest of slanders, the writer of which did not attach his own name to his appeal to the press of the country to expose his bedfellow's bad habits, a party to which he thereby admits himself to hav been.

Taking the article from end to end, with its doubts and mere conjectures, it does not expose anything after all is said and done, and, from its ending, may hav been a method used to fleece a poor medium out of his $150 engagement.

I should want much better evidence of fraud than the article or the letter of Joseph Templeton from what I can understand of the recital.

Yours truly, J. R. PERRY.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading last week's TRUTH SEEKER. Your account of Chinese myths makes them appear to be the nearest to the Druidism of Britain of any of the other religions. Hu or Hea also is the founder of the first dynasty with the Chinese, as he is with the Celts. How is it that countries so far apart, and religions of so many different eras, should invariably crystallize in the father, virgin, and son form, and hav the numbers 3, 4, 7, 10, 12? Is it coincidence, or are these ideas the fragments of an universal philosophy, handed down from the ruins of a prehistoric world? I lately visited Europe, and I noticed that the Christian journals were complaining sadly that the notorious Infidel, D. M. Bennett, had been disturbing the nativ mind in India and trying to overthrow the life-long labors of the missionaries. The *Christian Herald*, I think that is the name of the paper, stated also that the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, had taken the lecture platform out there and had successfully refuted the specious and flimsy arguments of D. M. Bennett.

Is this true, Bro. Bennett? did the Rev. Joe Cook giv you such a back fall as they claim, or do they exaggerate a little? Christian newspapers, you know, often tell lies! I would like to hear your reply.

Yours truly, JOHN H. DAVIS.

[As the gist of what Cook and myself had to say was given in my letters from Bombay, I will let my readers decide which had the best of it. I will only remark that the Bombay *Daily Gazette* took Cook to task for his loose and imprudent remarks and admitted that Cook's visit to India had been productiv of no good to the Christian cause. I may further observe that our friends in India were satisfied that we had the best of the argument.—D. M. B.]

LOCUST VALLEY, Aug. 5, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, ESQ., *Esteemed Friend and Instructiv Traveler:* I sincerely congratulate you on your safe arrival from that "Round-the-World" journey, to a happy re-union with your family, dear friends, and country. That pleasure will be largely increased by knowing that your friends) and those who choose to avail themselvs of your highly intelligent observations, expressed in three large volumes of unprecedented industry, in voluminous and searching scrutiny of places, history, traditions, and forged myths, will be cherished by all as suited to candid and intelligent minds.

Those volumes are replete with interesting and verv valuable knowledge, particularly in lucid descriptions of places visited, and their renowned objects, especially their antiquities, to which you gave large attention; with THE TRUTH SEEKER'S honest exposure, by a unique method, of the myths, fables, and untruthful traditions in manufactured frauds upon credulity (called sacred history by fanatics), in Bible and other mythological lands.

No former traveler has so fully probed and illustrated such absurdities, by scrutinizing unanswerable arguments, which must culminate in their complete overthrow. Such candor and completeness is not to be found in any other books of travel, and thus you hav conferred a debt of gratitude upon all lovers of truth, for all time, as the champion of nature's dignity in discarding all superstitions and supernaturalisms from her domain. I wish you had treated Occultism with the same deserved contempt.

Your three large volumes, neatly got up, are too much return to your "Round-the-World" $5 subscribers to leave much toward your expenses of

travel. So with inclosed $8, please take $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for nother year, from July 9, 1882, and the balance to add to my previous $5 interest in your expensiv journey and lucid observations and lectures Round the World. My regards to your efficient aid, Mr. Macdonald. Your fraternal seeker after truth,

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

SNOWVILLE, VA, Aug. 1, 1882

MR. EDITOR: I was so glad to hear thee was safe back at home, and that thy wife and Eugene had done so splendidly, and thy trip had been so satisfactory, and thy home-coming was so delightfully appreciated by all, but the little cloud that cast its shadow over these gladnesses was the news that many were in arrears for the paper; I somehow fancied that all would be sure to square up, plump and full, their accounts, so as to hav thy home-coming prove as restful and as clear from anxiety as possible. I know I sent my last dollar so as to be sure and send enough, as I did not know what my book bill was, and to my agreeable surprise, I find in my eagerness to do the best I could, I hav overpaid, so thee may send the balance in "Godly Women," as I am determined to do all I can to hav this truly excellent book placed in the hands of every one I can persuade to buy it. Every woman, especially, should read it. Friends of our paper, you hav sent our Bennett Round the World and now I hope you will every one do a little to make him happy at home. Pay what you owe and buy some good books, and it would be real nice if we could send 35 cents for postage on the big Round-the-World books.

MONEY RECEIVED FOR DANIEL TUTTLE DURING THE PAST FOUR MONTHS.

Horace L. Fairchild, M.D., New Brunswick, N. J., .	$ .50
C. Garwood, Baltimore, Md., ...	.50
E. Livzey, Baltimore, Md. (monthly sub.), 4 months,	1.00
Mr. Tuttle writes me he has also received from,	
G. H. Walser and others, Liberal, Mo., . . .	2.00
Two stranger friends, Montana Ter., ...	5.00
Mr. Whipple, White Water, Wis., ...	1.00

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: A Watkins correspondent of the Elmira *Advertiser* thus describes the state of things at Watkins. I send it that the speakers may know how to take them. It seems these Presbyterians don't love each other just now. But I think when they hear that their friend Bennett is coming with a thousand more with him they will cease their family quarrel and fall into line under Captain Waldo and prepare to defend their brimstone citadel as best they can. Here is what the pious correspondent says. The reader will notice this bold writer first attempts to quiet his nerves and those of his pious readers by saying: "No great excitement here over the prospectiv coming of Freethinkers." Do not be alarmed, friends. We are not going to Watkins to "arrest," only to enlighten you and divest you of your Presbyterian superstition.

"There is no great excitement here over the prospectiv convention of Freethinkers. Some new names are occasionally announced for speakers, but the experience of past times shows that you can't tell who will be there until the day appointed. It is given out that President White and other Cornell university officials will take part in the proceedings, which may be, but more likely not, it not being clear what the University is to gain by that adventure. . . . The Presbyterian church, it is presumed, will hav its share of criticism in its present divided state, and probably deserves it. It was a gaining, however, by the doings of the last convention in Watkins, and a first-rate notice by the Freethinkers may bring a second benefit. While the convention is hot, let the convention hammer away, it may weld the parts together."

Surely the Rev. Waldo is in a bad condition to meet President White and the whole Cornell crew with his forces so divided. Brother Bennett, you must take pity on him and protect him. H. L. G.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN, Aug. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I, as well as H. S. Johnson, Sioux Falls, Dak. Ter., read notices in THE TRUTH SEEKER three or four times that it would be five volumes instead of three of the "Journey Around the World," and I see by your answer that it will all be included in four volumes, and as I would not like to lose anything pertaining to your journey, please tell me how much the fourth volume will cost—leather bound.

I am greatly rejoiced at your success in your journey around the world and safe return to your friends, and particularly the reception your friends hav given you, as you are worthy of all you hav received for your sacrifices.

Mr. Bennett, I agree with Mr. T. Winter, of Cincinnati, that if you were to start on a journey around the American continent, as you did around the world, you would be the means of accomplishing much good for the cause and for yourself. First, you would be the means of arousing stagnant Leagues—like ours in Meriden—to life. Second, you would get more subscribers than anybody else. Third, you would sell more books. Fourth, you could deliver lectures and write a history of America. I would be glad to subscribe for it. It would be very pleasant, as you could take Mrs. Bennett with you. I remain Yours most respectfully,

JOSEPH FRANKOWSKI.

[Though the foregoing was not intended for publication we will venture to print it and add a few words of reply. We did at one time think it would require five volumes to contain all our letters from foreign countries, but now find that four volumes will hold them. The first three volumes will be furnished for the $5, as agreed, the fourth volume will be $1.50 in addition. As we hav given three full volumes of nearly nine hundred pages each, well illustrated, we hope none will feel that they hav not had their money's worth. We hav furnished for the five dollars fully twice as much as was originally intended. Probably few will wish to be without the closing volume, especially as the price is made very low. The four volumes in cloth are $6.50; 75 cents per volume addition for leather binding and red edges; and $1 per volume additional for morocco binding, with gilt edges. Our friend has somewhat anticipated our intention of traveling over our own country giving lectures and writing up some account of the same in our style. It would seem one or two volumes could easily be furnished descriptiv of American towns, American country, and American Liberals. Those who are disposed to subscribe $1.50 per volume for such a work are requested to indicate it.—ED. T. S.]

CORN PLANTER, PA., Aug. 8, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Your two favors, one written on the ocean between Hong Kong and Yokohama, dated April 23, 1882, and the other on the steamer Oceanic, one hundred miles west of San Francisco, dated May 29, 1882, were duly received, with the accompanying flowers, ferns, etc., requested by Mrs. Morrison, and we jointly tender our thanks for your remembering us when cumbered with so many other cares and employments.

It is, perhaps, rather late to make the *amende honorable*. Sickness and other pressing engagements hav prevented me from doing many things ere this I had fully intended to do.

And another thing. The Mississippi of incense that has been rolling upon you lately render my little rivulet of praise of very slight moment.

As to your travels, too high praise cannot be awarded them. I hav been a great reader of travels from Herodotus and Marco Polo down to Bayard Taylor, and I consider yours equal, if not superior, to any of them. This is outside of their religious photography—this feature is totally incomparable—vivid, new, true, and so original as to be an entirely fresh departure in the domain of literature. These travels, if widely disseminated, would of themselvs topple over in a few years the whole structure of Christianity. It is impossible for any person of common understanding to read these truthful thrusts at the Christian system and further believe in its divine origin.

It is a matter of gratification that you encountered Blatherskite Cook and was able to worst him on the very spot where he had fled for safety. Hit him every time you can. He is worth striking at; and it is some honor to roll him in the gutter. Your last thrust at him on the marriage question is too "good for anything." Hit him again and again. He is the most dangerous man the fetich of Christianity has raised up in these latter days. His hodge-podge of scientific scum and foam is jumbled together in a way to befog and darken the common mind; and he is dishonest and untruthful to a marked degree and wants to be exposed at every turn. Don't lose sight of him as you sit in your editorial chair.

I hav some intention of attending the Watkin's Glen meeting; if so, I may see you there.

I hope your good health may hold out for years to come, as it probably will do, since it stood the constant strain of a year's travel in different climes and under so many different conditions of food and temperature.

I hope to do more for THE TRUTH SEEKER in the year to come than I hav in the year that has passed, health and fortune pemitting. In conclusion, I remain as ever, Yours fraternally, B. G. MORRISON.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., August 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In looking at my tab upon wrapper of TRUTH SEEKER, received to-day, I find I am one of the delinquents in paying my subscription. Inclosed find three dollars for one year's tribute to you and Uncle Sam for twelve months to come. Also inclosed find two dollars for one seat at the Bennett banquet at Watkins. I wish you would present the chair to some worthy Agnostic, as my local duties will not admit of my absence even for a day. I would gladly giv ten times the cost to be a silent witness at the Convention, but when duty calls we must obey, and it will be impossible.

I am well pleased that you hav returned home in good health and spirits, and trust that nature will be kind enough to spare you for many years yet of brilliant labor and usefulness. Your paper is the most welcome of the many literary guests I receive, and your counterfeit, as well as Col. Ingersoll's, greets me every morning as I arise, for they decorate my bedroom walls. Paine has the post of honor—over my mantel, and the trio are worthy of my wife's punning, as she dubs them my "three graces." As I do not take much stock in the "grace of God," which "passeth all understanding," perhaps there is more truth than poetry in her title.

Another duty. Inclosed find one dollar for Bro. Green. I had almost forgotten him and his Herculean labors. He wants one dollar from each Liberal to help defray Convention expenses.

I desire now to call your attention to the fact that whenever money is wanted for any necessary object in our cause let me know and I will do my level best. Yours truly, HORACE L. FAIRCHILD, M.D.

BALD MOUNTAIN, COL., July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I find my subscription has expired, and as I am interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER I am anxious to try it another four months, so I send you inclosed one dollar to keep it going. I am very much interested in the way the paper keeps up its battle against old fogy notions. I was very sorry we did not know that Bennett was in Central City until he had left. We would like to hav taken him by the hand at any rate. This is a region of Methodists, and it is mighty easy for them to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, etc. I think by the time my subscription runs out this time I can get several subscribers for the paper, some friends having promised to take it.

We hav a good chance to giv old orthodoxy a whack among the ignorant Methodists here, for they all say that Infidelity is good to liv by, but bad to die by. What consistency! Hoping that Mr. Bennett will come home safe and sound, I remain,

Yours truly, W. V. ROWLEY.

CANON CITY, COL., July 7, 282, E. S.

MR. EDITOR: I see that Mrs. Hutchison, of Bishop Creek, C l., proposes to date 282, E. M. (era of man). I propose E. S. (era of science) Man had long been on the earth. Science, in an important sense, was born 282 years ago. This shows that the church, and all its days of power, did not foster or promote science, notwithstanding its claims of being the mother of civilization. A. B. PIKARD.

WAVERLY, IOWA, July 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The hero, D. M. Bennett, spoke before the Northern Liberal League of Iowa. yesterday, Sunday, the 9th. Speaks to-night in the Opera House. We expect a good time. He leaves here to-morrow. I hope the hero of Freethought may liv many more years to do battle for liberty. Yours truly,

W. P. MCCORMACK, Vice-Pres. L. L.

CLEAR LAKE, DAKOTA, July 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the "Truth Seeker Collection of Forms, Hymns, and Recitations," as one of our friends is about to die and he does not want to be buried by the clergy; he may be dead at this writing. I visited him a week ago last Sunday. I never saw a man so calm and resigned, he knows he must die soon; he told me it would be the happiest moment of his life, and I know he told me the truth. He dies as he has lived, true to the principles of Freethought. He is a poor man and leaves a family of children who are all small. It does me good to see a man hold out to the last; bold and fearless he meets the endlesss sleep of rest. He has no fear of hell, nor expectation of heaven. I will send you notice when he dies. His name is Kearney. I did not learn his initials. Yours, P. J. UMBRITE.

FARLEY, IOWA, Aug. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I saw by one of the Dubuque papers that you would be in that city on a certain day, so I got on a train and went in to see you, but I missed you, although I boarded and walked through the train upon which you left. I was talking with D. R. Burt in two minutes after you had gone. I felt very sorry, as I wanted to get one grasp at your hand. I hav just received the second volume of your travels, and am more than pleased with the work. Your plain, simple, and easy manner of describing the various countries, peoples, their industries, habits, dress, social, political, religious, and other relations discounts anything that I hav ever before read. Every one who wishes to get the truth concerning these old countries, and get it set forth in a plain, comprehensiv manner, should at once send $5 for the three volumes. Let me congratulate you on your safe arrival in your nativ land, at your home, and among your countless thousands of admiring friends, and again upon the masterly manner in which you hav written the description of your travels.

Ever yours truly, H. GILMORE.

CHARLEVOIX, MICH., July 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Christians, one and all, owe you a spite, and I owe you $3. For the first you will hav to depend on answer to prayer, but for the latter I inclose a post-office order, for which giv credit and send along THE TRUTH SEEKER, and oblige,

Yours, ROBERT MILLER.

EATON RAPIDS, MICH., Aug. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER one year. I think I can hardly keep house without it. Liberalism is on the increase in this vicinity. You will probably get new subscribers from this place soon. Please send me Paine's "Common Sense." Yours truly, E. COWLES.

GENEVA, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to hear you hav returned well. I think everybody is well pleased with what you hav told us. I do not see how you hav got so much through your brain. Please send me about forty copies of this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

WM. SMITH.

The Lange Outrage.

From the Iconoclast.

The case of the United States against D. M. Bennett is by no means the only case in which Judge Benedict's extraordinary conduct has brought him into despicable notoriety.

On the 22d of October, 1873, Mr. Edward Lange was convicted of stealing mail bags, after a trial before Judge Benedict, which was attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. This trial and its results were very remarkable, and excited at the time a great deal of interest and indignation, not only on account of the trivial character of the pretended offense and the outrageous punishment inflicted therefor, but on account of the entire freedom from moral restraint as well as from judicial responsibility exhibited by Judge Benedict in his conduct throughout.

The story of this trial is narrated in the reports and in the Albany *Law Journal*, to which paper we are indebted for our knowledge of the facts. Mr. Lange had long been a respected citizen of New York, and was a gentleman of high character and large wealth and credit, and partner in the publishing house of Lange, Little & Co. It appears that several years before the trial, Messrs. Lange, Little & Co. removed from premises in Pearl street to more spacious buildings in Wooster street, leaving behind a mass of rubbish which the owner of the Pearl street building requested Mr. Lange to remove, and which Mr. Lange, in an accommodating spirit, ordered to be taken to the loft of his stable adjoining his residence. Among this rubbish were several old, worthless, jute mail bags, which had been received under the then prevailing provisions of our kaleidoscopic postal regulations by Messrs. Lange, Little & Co. from the post-office to facilitate the mailing of certain publications issued by them, and which bags had been thrown aside as unfit for use. A contumacious coachman whom Mr. Lange had discharged revenged himself by giving information to the United States authorities that Mr. Lange had these mail bags in his possession, and the district attorney's office, then under the management of Mr. George Bliss (better known as Decoy Bliss) seized upon the case with avidity, and the result was an indictment charging Mr. Lange with stealing, purloining, embezzling, and appropriating to his own use certain mail bags belonging to the post-office department.

On the trial the district attorney attempted to show that this offense of Mr. Lange had been going on for years, although the statute under which he was convicted was not passed until about fifteen months before the indictment was found. Concerning this, Mr. (now Judge) Arnoux of counsel for Mr. Lange, in a letter to the Albany *Law Journal*, published March 14, 1874, says: "The statute under which Mr. Lange was indicted was passed in June, 1872; the acts for which he was indicted were alleged to hav been committed December, 1872, and January, 1873. Crimes outlaw in three years, notwithstanding which the court, under our exception, permitted the prosecution for the purpose of creating an atmosphere of guilt to giv evidence tending to show that the appropriation had been going on for years and had continued to a very recent time, in fact, that he had been in the habit for six years of taking every Saturday from his place of business to his residence from ten to fifteen of these bags, making, at the rate of fifteen a week, upward of four thousand bags! almost exclusivly white duck bags, the jute being exceptional, none of which had Mr. Lange ever disposed of. Out of this enormous quantity the total number of mail bags found was twenty-two, and not one duck bag. The coachman accounted for the balance by saying that he had buried two wheelbarrow loads, and had, four months before his discharge (January, 1873), thrown thirty in the manure heap, with which, two months after, he had fertilized the cabbages! The jury acquitted Mr. Lange on ten counts of the indictment, and found the total value of all the bags taken by Mr. Lange to be less than twenty-five dollars. This was a clear conviction of the coachman of perjury, but, doubtless owing to the extreme pressure of business, the district attorney has not yet found time to hav him indicted."

The defendant showed that he had not been benefited by the possession of the bags. He showed an entire absence of intent to steal them and of motiv for stealing them. He proved that part of the bags were put in public sight, and that there had been no guilty concealment, and that his coachman threatened him three days before his arrest, and that he did not remove one single bag or attempt to blind the officers, and in fact showed an entire course of conduct which any fair and honest man would unhesitatingly say was inconsistent and incompatible with guilt. The trial was attended with the usual incidents which characterize a trial before Benedict, and the victim was, of course, convicted.

The punishment provided by the statute for this offense is imprisonment for not more than one year, or a fine of not less than ten nor more than two hundred dollars. It would seem that this was a case in which a judge having no malicious or vindictiv feelings to gratify, and no ulterior motiv to serve, would inflict upon the unintentional offender the lightest punishment prescribed by law; but, on November 3, 1873, Judge Benedict sentenced Mr. Lange, under that conviction, to one year's imprisonment and a fine of two hundred dollars.

Mr. Lange was committed to jail, and his fine was paid the next day. On the 5th of November Judge Blatchford granted a writ of *habeas corpus* returnable on the 8th before Judge Benedict, who dismissed the writ without permitting and even refusing counsel for the prisoner to be heard, vacated the sentence, and resentenced the defendant to one year's imprisonment from the 8th of November, without regard to the fine already paid and the five days' imprisonment already suffered.

The proceedings had before Benedict at this time were very remarkable. We quote from the report of them in the Albany *Law Journal:*

"At the conclusion of the remarks of Mr. Lange's counsel, the district attorney rose to reply, but was interrupted by the court.

"The Court.—I do not care to hear any more extended remarks, because my attention has been called to the matter and I understand it fully.

"The district attorney then suggested to the court that the prisoner being found guilty upon the indictment, and the general verdict having been recorded of guilty, he did not see how the court could go back of the record, to which the court responded that he did not see how he could go back of the record; and then, in effect, declaring that the prisoner had come off as luckily as he deserved or could expect, proceeded to vacate the sentence and resentence the prisoner to one year's imprisonment.

"Mr. Arnoux (counsel for the prisoner).—With respect to that, before your honor passes sentence——

"The Court.—I pass sentence, and if that is not right, you can bring it up hereafter—perhaps in some other motion—but the record will now be that he is sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

"Mr. Arnoux.—I wanted to show that it is not in your honor's power to make that sentence. I will make my remarks as brief as possible.

"The Court.—I do not hesitate at all. I hav examined the question, and I do not hesitate to inflict that sentence, and that is the sentence of the court. If there is any way in which that can be shown to be erroneous, I will hear the argument on some other motion.

"Mr. Arnoux then moved the correction of the record by inserting the special finding of the jury so it might not appear on review that the sentence was on more than one transaction.

"The Court.—No; I shall direct the verdict, guilty of stealing mail bags of the value of twenty-five dollars.

"Mr. Arnoux.—In passing sentence originally, that your honor intended to pass sentence for one transaction.

"The Court.—No.

"Some further debate ensued, when Mr. Andrews, associate counsel for the prisoner, reminded his honor that when the sealed verdict was handed to his honor, he handed it to Mr. Andrews, saying, 'I will put this under any count you please,' and that Mr. Andrews then asking if it would make any difference in the punishment, his honor replied, 'No.'

"The Court.—I recollect it exactly as the counsel says. I do not care to listen any further. The verdict is guilty, and the sentence of the court is that he be imprisoned for one year.

"The court then immediately called up other business."

Thus the refusal to hear counsel on the return of *habeas corpus* was made to hav the same effect that a denial of the writ in the first instance would hav had. The readers of the *Iconoclast* will now not be at a loss to understand how it was that the exertions of able counsel went for nothing in Mr. Bennett's case.

Another writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable before the circuit court, was subsequently obtained and heard by the three judges in New York, but this writ was vacated and the defendant remanded to prison.

The Supreme Court of the United States was then petitioned for writs of *habeas corpus* and *certiorari*, and upon the return of those writs that tribunal reversed the action of the inferior courts and discharged the defendant, rebuking the conduct of Benedict in this language, "There is no more sacred duty of a court than in a case properly before it to maintain unimpaired those securities for the personal rights of the individual which hav received for ages the sanction of the jurist and statesman." Mr. Justice Miller, who writes the opinion of the United States Supreme Court, also says: "The law imposes imprisonment not exceeding one year, or a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars. The court, through inadvertancy, imposed both punishments, when it could rightfully impose but one. After the fine was paid and passed into the treasury, and the petitioner had suffered five days of his one year's imprisonment, the court changed its judgment by sentencing him to one year's imprisonment from that time. If this latter sentence is enforced it follows that the prisoner, in the end, pays his two hundred dollars fine and is imprisoned one year and five days, being all that the first judgment imposed upon him and five days in addition. And this is done because the first judgment is confessedly in excess of the authority of the court." He also says, "If there is anything settled in the jurisprudence of England and America it is that no man can be twice lawfully punished for the same offense, and there has never been any doubt that this rule affords entire and complete protection of the party when a second punishment is proposed to be inflicted in the same court, on the same facts, for the same statutory offense."

It would be charitable to suppose that Benedict was ignorant of this fundamental principle of law, but we cannot suppose so. The principle is known to every tyro, and Benedict is no tyro, and the question comes home irrepressibly, What was Benedict's motiv in thus violating the law which it was his duy to uphold? Men's motivs must be judged by their actions. Even if there had been a principle to be upheld by the sentence of Mr. Lange, we ask, Is it usual or right for judges to perpetrate gross outrages for the sake of maintaining abstract principles? Do men do such things for nothing? Was this sentence gratuitous? If the judge's conduct was without motiv it shows a degree of rashness and negligence sufficient to justify his removal from the bench. If it was from motivs they were certainly such as to convict him at once.

Mr. Lange, with laudable public spirit, endeavored to bring Benedict to justice, and proceeded against him in an action of damages for the false imprisonment, less evidently from a desire to obtain compensation for the injury inflicted upon him than for the purpose of fulfilling his duty as a citizen by holding up to public detestation the acts of the judge who had so shamefully prostituted the sacred powers of his office. A demurrer was interposed on behalf of Benedict, which was, on trial, overruled by Judge Van Brunt, who took the view that Mr. Lange's cause of action was a good one. From Judge Van Brunt's decision an appeal was taken to the general term of the New York Supreme Court, before which tribunal, as well as before the Court of Appeals, Benedict managed to squeeze out on a technicality and to hav Judge Van Brunt's decision reversed.

Judge Folger, writing the opinion of the Court of Appeals, says: "The case turns upon a question more easily stated than it is determined. Was the act of the defendant done as a judge? Our best reflection upon it, aided by the reasonings and conclusions of many more cases than we hav cited, has brought us to the conclusion that as he had jurisdiction of the person and of the subject matter, and as his act was not without the inception of jurisdiction, the act was judicial."

We look upon this as a very frivolous way of avoiding the real questions in the case. The Supreme Court of the United States was then appealed to, but declined to disturb the judgments of the inferior courts.

Mr. Lange having thus done his whole duty in pursuing the matter to the court of last resort, one of the most extraordinary cases ever presented to legal consideration in this country comes to an unsatisfactory end, and both Benedict and the coachman remain unpunished. The innocent alone has suffered.

This is only one of the "mistakes" of the judge whose dignity had to be bolstered up by keeping Mr. Bennett in prison. With this single "mistake" in view, we believe it is fair to say that there is no greater outrage, no more degrading spectacle, at this day presented to the contemplation of the American people than that of the continued presence upon the judicial bench of the judge who managed the conviction of Mr. D. M. Bennett.

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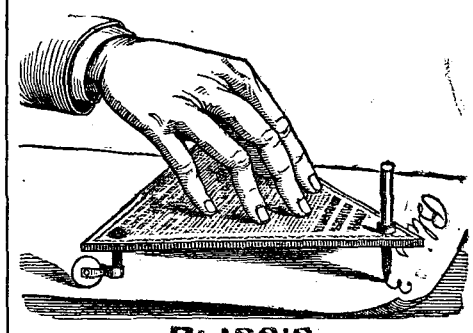
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Gems of Thought.

A MAN were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.—*Bacon's Essays.*

I HAV no more doubt of the untruth of Christian dogmas than I hav of the untruth of Brahmanical dogmas; nor is there any more of terror or authority for me in the former than in the latter. I utterly reject theology, especially the patristic and Calvinistic theology which claims the name of orthodox among Christians, which, in its distinctiv tenets, is to me not merely false, but loathsome, so that I cannot be content to liv or die with any taint of it upon me.—*N. R. Waters.*

WE may say that, since mental phenomena appear with and run their course along with certain specialized groups of material phenomena, so, too, must they disappear when these specialized groups are broken up. In other words, we may say that every living person is an organized whole; consciousness is something which pertains to this organized whole, as music belongs to the harp that is entire; but the harp is broken and it is silent, and when the organized whole of personality falls to pieces, consciousness ceases forever.—*Fiske's Unseen World.*

BUT old men take pains also in these matters which they know do not at all concern themselvs. "He plants trees to benefit another generation," as our friend Statius says in the Synepheli. Nor, in truth, let the husbandman, however old, hesitate to reply to any one who asks him "for whom he is serving:" "For the immortal gods, who intend that I should not only receive these possessions from my ancestors, but also transmit them to my descendants."—*Cicero's Old Age.*

YOU are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

—*Southey.*

WHEN you hav nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.—*Colton's Lacon.*

BY giving up an argument which will not bear examination, we strengthen a good cause, no less than by producing additional evidence in its support.—*Stewart's Active and Moral Powers.*

IN the pursuit of truth, there is no respect of persons.—*Dr. G. Campbell.*

THE dogma of eternal punishment rests upon passages in the New Testament. This infamous belief subverts every idea of justice. Around the angel of immortality the church has coiled this serpent. A finite being can neither commit an infinit sin nor a sin against the infinit. A being of infinit goodness and wisdom has no right according to the human standard of justice to create any being destined to suffer eternal pain. A being of infinit wisdom would not create a failure, and surely a man destined to everlasting agony is not a success.—*Ingersoll.*

LET not the authority of the writer, whether he be of high or low literary repute, influence you; but let the love of pure truth draw you to read. You should not inquire who wrote it, but consider attentivly what is written.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

I WOULD let men enter their own churches with the same freedom as their own houses; and I would do it without a homily on graciousness a favor. For tyranny itself is to me a word less odious than toleration.—*W. S. Landor.*

I WILL take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me. I will love no man the less for differing in opinion from me.—*Chillingworth.*

THE fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But when ye feel your honor grip,
Let that, aye, be your border;
Its slightest touch is instant pause—
Debar a' side pretenses;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

—*Burns.*

FAITH may even sometimes appear under what seems to be unbelief. A soldier, dying on a field of battle in our war for freedom and union, was asked by a chaplain, who tells the story, to trust in the atoning blood of Christ and ask God for pardon. "No, not now," said the soldier, "I did not do it when I was strong and well, I will not do it now merely to please God and to prevent him from sending me to hell. That would be the act of a coward."—*Dr. J. F. Clarke.*

A WORKHOUSE ought to contain a school, not of writing or reading, but of industry. If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into their hands, which they will either throw away from indifference or must drop from necessity, but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in which will repay them the most certainly and the best. Their thoughts will thus be directed to one main point and you will produce good artisans and good citizens. This is the wisdom for every day in the week; and what is higher than this will never be impeded by it and will often rise out of it.—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

IF we are weak in proportion to our failures, the best intellects, as we would call them, are the feeblest of all; for the most rational advice has the fewest followers, the plainest reasoning the most obstinate opposers. We have no right to be angry or vexed at any such disappointment. When a wise man cannot make an unwise one better, shall he therefore let the unwise one make him worse? Shall the weak, while he holdeth pertinaciously to his ignorance, snatch away temper and discretion from the strong?—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations*

Odds and Ends.

"I SHOULD so like to hav a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

"YOUR honor, you've thirteen men on the jury," suggested a bystander to a justice of the peace in a neighboring town a day or two ago, where an unfortunate individual was on trial for vagrancy. "Bless my soul, that's true," said the venerable squire, adjusting his specs and casting a benignant look upon the thirteen good men and true; "Mr. Foreman, please excuse one of the jurymen." "All right, your honor," responded the foreman promptly, as he reached for his hat and started out, amidst an audible smile from the lobby, "I excuse myself."

A NUMBER of Chinese hav been at the Grand Hotel, New York. Young Mr. Smith, who wanted to hav some fun, said to one of them who was making a puzzle out of the wooden toothpicks on the counter: "Intendee stoppee here longee?" "Sir?", said the Celestial. 'Stoppee longee in New Yorkee?" repeated Mr. Smith, with a smile. "We shall remain in the city but a brief period," replied the Peking man, "prior to resuming our journey to Washington." Then he walked away, and the junior proprietor of the Grand ascertained that he had been talking to a Harvard graduate who spoke six different languages besides Chinese.

A BLACK SQUATTER'S DIGNITY.

Fifteen miles out of Chattanooga, on the Bridgeport road, I came upon a negro squatter. The cabin was a structure of poles which a man could hav pushed over, and the roof was simply a lot of straw and weeds and bushes thrown upon rafters and held down by large limbs. The one room was not over twelve feet square, and in this, with no floor but the earth, lived a family of nine. There were two straw beds, one chair, one old table, three plates, one knife, one fork, two spoons, and a bowl. It had been raining, and part of the earthy floor was a mud puddle. The family had about five pounds of meal and three or four of bacon, and of all the patches one ever saw the greatest show was right there. The old man had thirteen patches on one leg of his trousers, eleven on the other, seven on his vest, and his cotton shirt was patched in a dozen different places with red, yellow, and white and blue woolen. The old woman's dress looked like a crazy quilt, and two of the boys had only one trousers leg apiece.

"Great Scott! but how do you liv?" I asked while one of the boys was watering the horse.

"Lib, sah—how does we lib?" repeated the old man, "Well, sah, we is gainin' on it right smart. I reckon it's gwine to be a good y'ar for poo' folks."

"What do you raise?"

"Chil'en an' dogs, sah!" he soberly replied.

"Do you work any?"

"Only when I feels like it"

"And this is all your furniture?"

"Well, p'raps dar may be a cha'r out behind de cabin."

"And these are all the clothes you hav?"

"Yes, sah, 'cept one o' my old hats on de roof"

"And you call this living, do you?"

"See heah, sir," he began, as he rose up from his seat on a log near the doorstep, "'pears to me like you was inquirin' a leetle too much! We doan, advertise to keep no fust-class hotel heah, an' if you doan' like de way we fling ourselvs aroun' you'd better be sailin' along down de road! Some white folks is so mighty nice an' pert an' pertickler dat nuffin' on airth am quite up to deir style Boy! bring up dat hoss an' let dis pertickler White man git dun gone afore dem two naked chil'en cum home wid de sassafras and skurry his feelin's!"—*Detroit Free Press*

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strut-tin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence,
O it's then's the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracicus rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's somethin kindo' hearty like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock:
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries, kindo' lonesome like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;
O it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

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May 15, 1882. Yours truly, T. L. RUDOLPH.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

CANON FARRAR says the Salvation Army is composed of rowdy Christians.

IF it wasn't for the belles a good many people would miss being church-members.

WHEN an equestrian is hurled over the head of his horse the animal is the power behind the thrown.

HYPOCRISY is shaking hands with your neighbor, and then, when his back is turned, kicking his dog in the ribs.

SOME one claims to hav found this legend in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot at the organist; he is doing his best."

CARLYLE said that trifles were the hinges of destiny. But Carlyle never tried swinging on a front gate that was hung with such light running-gear.

THE wheat crop in Kansas is turning out bountifully, running from sixteen to forty-six bushels per acre, with an average of twenty-eight bushels.

THERE is a farmer in Ohio who has not sheared his sheep in five years, because, as he claims, providence intended the sheep to wear their wool.

INDIANAPOLIS pastors are charging each other with stealing old sermons from books. Suppose they do? A good old sermon is far better than a flat new one.

A NEGRO congregation at Austin, Texas, thought their pastor had their color in mind when he frequently spoke of "the powers of darkness," and requested him to stop such talk or resign.

A PROVIDENCE Methodist pastor has asked his presiding elder if there would be any harm in a clergyman taking lessons in boxing, for exercise only. The answer has not yet been given.

A BOY of six and a girl of two, at Ballardville, Neb., imitating the Hindoos, are mated for marriage by their parents, who hav signed an agreement that the wedding shall occur in 1897.

THE first Catholic camp-meeting ever heard of is being held in New Jersey, and many sinners are being brought to repentance and home in hacks, the same as from any other camp-meeting.

TEXAS has 50,000 acres of school land rapidly appreciating in value, and worth probably $100,000,000, and is expected to hav in the not distant future a school fund of a quarter of a billion dollars.

THEY mobbed the widower who, at Waterloo, Iowa, while erecting only a pine slab over his wife's grave, presented a handsome piano to the girl who had been very kind to him during his sad affliction.

GLADSTONE won't go to church unless accompanied by two policemen. It is supposed that some time in recent years he must hav got caught in one of those "debt-raising" meetings where the preacher locks the door.

A SOUTH CAROLINA girl, twelve years old, is the bride of a clergyman. So one clergyman can't tell the difference between a baby and a woman when it comes to either marrying them themselvs or marrying them to some one else.

A CALIFORNIA evangelist advertises that he is "the equal of Moody in exhorting, and better than Sankey in singing." Notwithstanding the richness of his gifts, he is willing to "leave the matter of pay to the generosity of the brethren."

ANOTHER crazy man, this time in Pittsburg, has tried to kill a preacher. Strange how often the vengeance of maniacs takes that direction. All of them, too, had good bringing up, and as boys were taken to church to listen to long sermons twice every Sunday. Queer how things turn out.

DEACON SMITH, of the Mount Calvary Baptist church, was fined $2 and costs at Hartford for whipping a brother Baptist, who had charged him with a fondness for policy-shops. "I'se a bang-up Christian and Brudder Lane's a liar," was the deacon's defense.

THE Rev. John N. Brisbee did not exactly enter and run his horse in a race at Madison, Tenn., but did the next thing to it by lending his horse to a friend to do that same for him. Howbeit the horse won the race, but the racy clergyman has been arranged before a Presbyterian tribunal for horse-racing.

"MAMMA, I'll be a preacher when I grow up," said Freddy. "Ain't got brains enough," grunted a cynical old uncle who had been to Congress. "Then we'll make a Congressman of him, my dear brother," smiled the mother. "Ah, my daughter," replied the old man, "it requires more brains to make one Congressman than three parsons."

NATURALISTS in Pittsburgh are discussing the reasoning powers of animals, the subject being suggested by the suicide of a dog. Its leg was broken, and it whined piteously for several days. Finally, in an apparent fit of desperation, it limped out to the bridge and jumped into the river. Those who witnessed the act believe that it was premeditated suicide.

DR. DIXWELL, of Boston, is endeavoring to discredit the miracles at the Old Orchard faith meetings. "All well-attested faith cures," he says, "are either of purely nervous diseases or of organs closely dependent upon the nervous system. Of the four authentic cases at Old Orchard two were spinal affections, one sciatica, and one a mere derangement of the heart."

"YOU seemed to sleep very soundly last night, Matilda," said the Rev. Mr. Orthodox to his wife the other morning. "Well, yes, I did; I had an unusually good night's sleep," replied Mrs. O. "You must hav been dreaming of something very pleasant." "I was, John. I dreamed that I was in church, and you were preaching your sermon on predestination;" and the little woman rubbed her half-closed eyes at the very thought of it. Orthodox thinks it unfortunate that the marriage vow should be so binding.

MR. G. W. CHILDS, it is said, is very anxious to get his friend, Gen. Grant, in the Episcopal church. But he does not seem to be progressing much, for the general says that while the Methodist church service is short and the sermon long, the Episcopal church service is long and the sermon short, which, as he expresses it, makes six of one and half a dozen of the other. So he cannot see what he is to gain by a change. The general does not go to church now as much as he did when he was in Washington.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THERE was a man from Pike county who happened to be in Philadelphia over Sunday. Not knowing what to do with himself he visited one of the churches and listened to a sermon on the fateful words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin." When he returned home he gave his wife a full account of his adventures. "I think," said he, "that Philadelfy hain't got no rale, true religion, Jane. But what kin we expect where a preacher, without enny one sayin' a word agin him, stan's up an' starin' at a gal in one of the nigh pews, hollers out every now an' then, "Minnie, Minnie, tickle your parson?"

SOMEBODY hit Elder Toots in the neck with a peach-stone, and he awoke and offered a resolution to the effect that America entered a solemn protest against the action of the British in Egypt. "De resolushun am entirely out of order," replied the president, as he tossed it into the wood-box. "What goes on ober de sea am none o' our bizness 'tall. If de British want to lick de Turks, or de Turks want to lick de British, dat's nuffin to us, Elder Toots!" "Yes, sah." "Has you got a cabbage patch dis y'ar?" "Yes, sah." "Den you 'tend right to your cabbage an' let the British government end to Egypt. When you cum to our meetin's remember dat you hav de asthma, an' doan try to talk too loud nor too much." The elder sat down in one time and three motions, and in forty seconds had resumed his nap.

RECENTLY Elder H., a minister in Maine, who has twice been a member of the state legislature, preached from the somewhat unusual text, "And Jeshman waxed fat and kicked," the whole drift of the sermon being in support of a contribution which was to be taken up at the end of the sermon for the preacher's benefit. The elder descanted strongly upon the fact that Jeshman would not hav kicked if he had not already waxed fat upon the possession of this world's goods. The collection, however, resulted only in the small sum of $3.71. Surprised at its meagerness after all his eloquence, the elder approached a brother and inquired: "Why did not the people giv more freely?" "Because they did not like for you to wax fat for fear that you would kick," was Brother Furness's consoling explanation.

A CURIOUS sort of church was some time ago formed at Bridgeport, Conn., under the name of the Methodist-Congregational. It had some of the features common to both denominations, but it was independent of all other churches. Selecting the Rev. Mr. Dumble for its pastor, this church for a while worried uneasily along its profitless way, not gaining from the outside world any converts to speak of, and not having in its treasury at any time a sum large enough to be worth stealing. It has now come to grief. It owes pastor Dumble $275 on salary acccount, and is unable to pay. Brother Dumble has attached the house of worship in order to make himself secure. He offers it for sale, thus presenting a choice opportunity to any new denomination wishing to supply itself with a church building. Bridgeport is so well supplied with prosperous churches of the leading persuasions that inventors of new sects hav but slender chance of success there.

THE congregation of St. Michael's German Lutheran church, Philadelphia, hav long had annual excursions and picnics in which beer is the chief beverage and dancing the diversion. This year the picnic was held in a park of rather bad reputation, and there is some condemnation of the committee who selected it; but as to the beer and dancing, Pastor Bender says: "The teetotaler who is afraid of himself is not worth half so much as the moderate man who knows where to draw the line. At one of our picnics there was an amount of beer consumed which surprised a gentleman, and he remarked that the same quantity distributed among an equal number of Americans would hav intoxicated the lot. Not one of our congregation, however, was unsteady. Our pastors never protest against beer, for the reason that it don't hurt Germans, who hav been accustomed to it since infancy. Dancing in the same way doesn't corrupt their morals. I think it only affects people who would do wrong anyhow."

MICHIGAN has produced a great variety of new sects, most of which are distinguished by by their oddity and the pomposity with which they advance their claims to be considered the only people whose views of truth and righteousness are correct. The latest reported novelty in sectarianism bears the very select name of "The Chosen." The members of this sect believe themselvs to be the very elect of God. They believe to a certain extent in the community of goods, but fix the limit of ownership at $3,000. A member owning that much may keep it, but if he has more he must divide the surplus with his poor brethren. The sect was not started by rich men, but poor ones, having each far less than $3,000. Hence their belief in the right of the richer brethren to divide. The sect is not just now gaining many new members from the outside world. People having over $3,000 seem to be strangely shy of it. The outsiders show it little or no sympathy, and are disposed rather to make sport of its peculiarities than to bestow upon it substantial pecuniary aid.

News of the Week.

THE Watkins Convention this week!

SENATOR BEN HILL, of Georgia, is dead.

ARCHBISHOP GOOLD, of Melbourne, was shot at and slightly wounded on the 21st.

THE Star route trials are drawing to a close without much prospect of tangible results.

AT Lunenburg, C. H., Va., a man is on trial for killing another in a duel. The quarrel was about a woman.

THE Star Publishing Company, of New Haven, Conn., is accused of fraud by the post-office authorities, and its mail stopped.

COMSTOCK has arrested a New York agent of a lottery which is being carried on for the benefit of a Roman Catholic church in Ireland.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has been decorated by the sultan of Turkey with the Order of Osmanli.

A KENTUCKY convict has just been liberated after spending thirty-five years in jail. He announces his intention of turning over a new leaf.

BASSO HEYMANN, of Talmage's Tabernacle, was recently severely beaten at a seaside hotel by some of the guests who objected to his singing.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association is to be held in Omaha, Neb., on the 12th of September next.

IT is noticed that Mr. W. H. Burr, of Washington, through the New York *Sun*, continues to pile proof upon proof that "the real Junius was Paine."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR was invited by the citizens of Newport, R. I., to join them in a clamboke last week, but his excellency was unkind enough to decline.

FRIGHTFUL atrocities by the Apache Indians are reported from Arizona. Six men, eleven women, and several children were massacred in one neighborhood.

THE Massachusetts Greenbackers hav nominated Gen. B. F. Butler for governor. Mr. Butler would undoubtedly make as good a governor as the Bay state ever had.

HERBERT SPENCER arrived in New York on the 21st. He comes to America for the benefit of his health, and does not design to lecture, though he has received many pressing invitations to do so.

THE transit of Venus across the face of the sun occurs on the 6th of next December, which will be the last time this phenomenon takes place in this century, the next transit being set down for 2004.

THE President has adopted a new kind of naval flag to be hoisted upon whatever vessel he honors with his presence. The Stars and Stripes hav been considered sufficient for every purpose heretofore.

ONE hundred Arabs were killed and forty taken prisoners in an encounter with the British troops on Monday. The English hav taken the Suez Canal, and traffic has been suspended to allow their war ships to pass.

BURGLARS entered the bank at Kewanee, Ill., recently, bound the clerk and female assistant and locked them in a vault, and escaped with about $15,000 booty. At last accounts no clue to the robbers had been discovered.

SOMEBODY put an emetic in the ice-cream at a church fair in Union Springs, N.Y., lately, and the stomachs of many devont persons were badly effected thereby. A man has been arrested charged with the diabolical act.

AN Irish priest at Pikesville, Md., fell through a trestle-bridge recently and injured himself so severely about his back and shoulders that his recovery is doubtful. It is a case where the Lord was too busy "counting hairs and watching sparrows" to guide his servant's footsteps.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in Japan.

YOKOHAMA, April 15, 1882.

DEAR READERS: As we rode eastward from the harbor of Hong Kong toward the Pacific Ocean we gradually left behind us the rugged island on which the city is situated, passed several other cheerless islands, and before dark the island of Hong Kong had faded from our sight. When we got out where the sea was broad we found the head wind very strong and the ocean rough. My rather critical stomach again became affected and would not retain the food I had taken. I found it convenient to seek my berth to let my stomach resume the even tenor of its way. I was, however, attracted by the phosphorescence of the water of the ocean as I had been in the China Sea. After dark the water, disturbed by the motion of the steamer, glowed with light as though a quantity of live coals had been thrown upon its bosom. It is interesting to watch the appearance of this phosphorescent light, which appears more noticeable in the vicinity of land than far out in the ocean. Sometimes this singular illumination on the disturbed surface is so great as to reflect up in the cabin window and cast quite a shadow.

On the following day the sea was very rough, and not a little sea-sickness was the natural consequence. It does not seem that I make much headway in becoming a sailor, and really appear to grow worse in this respect instead of better. Land on the southern China coast remained in sight in the distance all day.

For two days more the strong winds, heavy sea, and consequent sickness continued, making this the most unpleasant part of my tour so far. On the third day the wind changed to the north and there was some improvement. I was not alone in my uncomfortable feeling, for many others on the steamer made similar complaints. A heavy rain came on, increasing the gloominess of the situation. The fourth day acquitted itself better, and the weather behaved more satisfactorily.

On the morning of the fifth day we reached the harbor of Nagasaki, the most western town in Japan. By this time the weather had become very pleasant, and the several elevated islands which guard the entrance to the harbor presented a lovely appearance, with their terraced hills clad in the bright-green garb of growing grain. Every available foot of the land which we passed by seemed to be utilized and made into beds up the hillsides, scarcely a rod in width, with the luxuriant wheat and barley presenting a promising and cheering aspect.

At the entrance of the harbor is Pappenberg Island, a steep mass of rock, covering an acre or more. From the summit of this pile, two hundred and fifty years ago, four hundred Dutch Christians were forced upon the rocks below and into the sea, and their lives destroyed. Francis Xavier commenced the missionary work in Japan, and succeeded in gaining many converts. The Dutch also sent out missionaries to the country, and obtained quite a foothold in the vicinity of Nagasaki; but, unwisely, they became too officious and meddled unduly with the political affairs of the country, and made themselves obnoxious to the Japanese government. They were duly warned of this, and were notified to leave the country by a certain date. This notice was disregarded, and when the time arrived the Japanese pressed down upon them and the Europeans fled to this island for safety. But the pursuers followed them up as promptly. The pursued reached the summit of the rock by means of the gradual inclination on the north side, and from that point the pursuers forced them to their death. It was, indeed, a very severe measure, but it seems to have been quite as much political as religious. Even if it was a religious movement, and meant for persecution, it was a small affair compared with what the Christians had often done in Europe, where, on some occasions, ten times the number were put to death. The Japanese did not seem to move precipitately upon their victims without giving them ample time to get away. That was not so bad as it would have been had they swooped down upon them without giving them a moment's notice, as Christians have often done by those whom they have persecuted and put to death.

NAGASAKI

Lies snugly by the water's edge, on the eastern part of the harbor, which is perhaps a mile across, and more than that in length; the hills rise gradually all around to a hight of several hundred feet, and are under good cultivation, giving the harbor and town somewhat the appearance of a vast amphitheater. The harbor, as well as the sea before entering, abounded in Japanese craft, large and small, which differ from the Chinese in having neat, square sails of canvas in place of the bamboo. There was in the harbor also a few foreign ships. Nagasaki was formerly an important port, but since Kobe, two hundred miles or so further east, has been opened for trade the business of Nagasaki has considerably fallen off. The Japanese are a short, sturdy race, and seem very cheerful as they scull their boats around in all directions. Sculling is the mode of propelling their small boats, as they never resort to rowing. The oar has a rocker at the proper place, which works on a pin, and the watermen in all cases stand to do the sculling. Many of the small boats have two scullers, and the larger boats, for conveying freight, etc., have half a dozen.

Soon after our steamer cast anchor I was sculled ashore in one of the smaller boats, and, as we had a few hours to spend in the town, I leisurely looked over it. It had many things different from what I had seen before, with a new class of manufactures, merchandise, and people. The town is principally occupied by natives, the foreigners amounting to but a few hundred, whose residences are principally on rising ground near the harbor. The buildings of the natives are principally of frame, one and two stories in hight, unpainted, and the roofs generally of brown or lead-colored tile. The streets are clean, of beaten gravel, and with no sidewalks, and of fair width. The stores are numerous, not deep, but well supplied with the various commodities of the country. They are open in front, a platform, about eighteen inches high, covering most of the interior space, which is covered with Japanese matting, made of a kind of grass, and looking very neat. On this platform the shop-keepers, whether men or women, sit, with their feet under them, waiting for customers, who are rarely expected to step upon the platform. No counters are used, and the goods are placed upon shelves, one above another, a few feet above the platform. In each store, on the platform, is a square open box, with ashes inside, in which is a very small charcoal fire, with sometimes a small brazier or neat brass furnace with a fire in it. This is all the fire a store has, and is utilized for heating water in a small tea-kettle for making tea, lighting pipes, etc.

The people are very pleasant, genial, good-natured, and polite. I have seen no people who smile so much and who seem more amiable and friendly. This is true in their intercourse with each other as well as with the foreigner. They bow a great deal to each other, and often almost to the ground. The married women have the foolish fashion of blacking their teeth with some kind of dye, which gives them a horrid appearance, and their habitual smile only shows this miserable custom in its fullest extent. This blacking is done after marriage, or not later than the time when the first child is born. Black teeth undoubtedly look well to them, but not to a foreigner. Their shoes are of a peculiar character, and are of three general kinds. First, a wooden sandal or sole, two inches thick, with a space cut out between the heel and ball, and the toe beveled off like a wedge; a cord, sometimes of straw and sometimes of cloth, comes up in the front part, and passes between the big toe and the others, and then branches to each side of the shoe or sole half way back, making a loop, which is all that holds them to the feet. These wood soles are worn both plain and with a straw or grass matting sole fastened on the top. Second, a wooden sole, about half or three-fourths of an inch thick, in which two cross pieces, four inches high and half an inch or less in thickness, are mortised in under the ball of the foot and the fore part of the heel, so that the walking is done on the edges of these upright cross-pieces. They are held on the feet by the same kind of cord coming up between the first two toes, the same as the others. They are higher and lighter than the blocks first named, but both are ungainly clogs, which deform the step, and cause an awkward gait, much as a person would have whose toes were cut off. There is no spring to the toes or ball of the foot with either, and the wearers go clattering along like a lot of cripples. They, doubtless, are convenient in mud and water, and are very easily dropped from the feet when a house is entered, which is always done. The Japanese never step upon the platforms and their clean mats with their shoes on; these are invariably left on the ground, inside the entrance. Third, a sole made of straw, or neatly constructed of a species of durable grass, somewhat like their mats, and worn without any wooden soles of any kind. These are held on by the toe-cords like the others named, and are usually supplied with cords at the sides of the heels, which are tied on the instep, holding them firmly to the feet. These are the lightest and best to walk in of the three; they do not give the awkward gait as do the others named, and they cause no more clattering than going about in stocking feet or a pair of light slippers. I liked these the best of the three, and bought a pair of the better kind. Those made of rice straw sell at two or three cents per pair, and those of grass at twenty cents. The straw ones last only a day or two while traveling on the road, and are then thrown aside. Lots of them are for sale everywhere, so they can always be had, and the wooden shoes are piled up in the stores where sold like cord-wood. Those made of blocks are of light wood, something like our linn or basswood. In many shops I saw men and boys making them, hewing them into shape, taking out the section in the center, putting in the cords, etc.

These shoes are worn with stockings and without, or rather what might be called mittens for the feet; these are made of cloth, and have a separate place for the big toe, the same as for the thumb in a mitten. This arrangement is necessary, in order to let the cord pass up between the first and second toes. I think stockings are never knit, as with us.

Shoes of straw are also made for the horses, and these are tied on to the horses' feet with cords of the same straw. This was the first time I had seen straw horse-shoes. They seem a poor expedient, for on stony ground they soon wear out, and are often untying and coming off; but these are the only kinds of horse-shoes used here, except on the few horses which foreigners have, and which are shod in the way common with us. Horses are scarce in Japan, and of poor quality, and are principally used for packing produce, freight, etc., on their backs, to and from the ports. I have seen a few oxen used in the same way, and with the same kind of straw shoes tied upon their feet.

Very little shoe-leather is worn in Japan, and that by foreigners and such natives as are in government employ, the police, and the military, who dress in European style.

But few of the Japanese men wear pants, and those who do so, save the officials and military, wear them tight, the legs fitting like a long pair of stockings. The lower classes wear little clothing of any kind save the cord about the waist, and the small cloth in front. The classes next above wear a cloth a yard and a half in length around the waist and legs, lapping in front, with a loose garment like a sack-coat for the body, with very large flowing sleeves. The women are similarly attired, having no dress as our women wear, but the cloth about the lower part of the body, and the garment with large, short sleeves, made loose, thick and warm, with a wide belt or band about the waist tucked in at the back or confined with a large bulky knot. These belts are often ten or twelve inches in width, and with the better classes are often composed of silk or satin. The garments are usually made of cotton, padded for cold weather, and colored a dark blue with a native indigo grown in their own country. The women in better circumstances have silken garments and other fine goods, but the men wear silk far less than the Chinese. The Japanese are not a dressy people, and there is little fit or trimness in their garments.

They have no new fashions to follow, have little rivalry in dress, or style of dwellings, thereby being free from the tyranny of fashion which rules so rigidly in Europe and America. A fashionable woman of France, England, or the United States, in order to meet the demands and usages of society, as we have it, requires ten times as many and as costly dresses as a Japanese lady.

Neither men nor women in Japan wear linen or cotton undergarments. Such articles as shirts and collars are practically unknown. The loose upper garment of the women laps over in front and is held by the belt at the waist. The neck and bosom are uncovered, and the plump breasts often disclosed. The hair of the women, like the men's, is intensely black and is neatly combed and done up in a wide chignon at the back of the head. It is heavily oiled or treated with bandoline so as to retain for a long time the position in which it is placed, the chignon being formed over a wide pad four or five inches square, and giving the hair a glossy appearance. They themselves cannot make up the chignon, and the aid of a hair-dresser is required. I am told the women, as a rule, have their hair dressed once in six or seven days, and it seems a marvel how they can keep it smooth so long. Their pillows are very different from ours, being a wooden rest some five inches in height with a cushion on the top. A flatiron, with a roll of cloth or a newspaper tied upon the handle, would give a very fair idea of a Japanese pillow. This is so placed under the head as not to disturb the hair. The beds are thick padded quilts or comforts spread upon the floor mats. They use no bedsteads. Though descended from Chinese stock the men do not wear their hair in Chinese fashion, with the queue or pig-tail, but have it cropped short and rather roughly, somewhat after our fashion. Some have the center and top of the head shaved, and the rest of the hair left long and tied at the back of the head. The hair of both men and women is straight, coarse, and plentiful, like that of American Indians. The complexion of the face and skin is of a yellowish cast much like that of the Chinese. The women are much fairer than the men, and many of them are almost as white as Europeans. The Japanese women wear no ornaments in the hair save one or two long hair-pins, usually of fine metal. It is a custom with them to paint their faces on extra occasions, and to color the lips red. They seem not to hold their age well; women thirty-five and forty years of age often look as old as an Englishwoman of fifty. Some of the old women are mere crones. I said the Japanese are short; the men average about five feet two in hight, and the women four feet six. I think I have seen no Japanese that measures over five feet eight. The upper classes are often spare and flat-chested, but the working classes are muscular and well-made.

From their characteristic politeness they have been called the French of the Far East.

JAPANESE HOUSES

Are an institution of themselves, neatness being one of their great characteristics. They lack several things common to our dwellings—they have no chimnies, no fireplaces, no doors that swing upon hinges, no window glass, no plastered walls, and no permanent partitions. The fronts are usually open, and the fire for cooking, made of charcoal or wood in a furnace of large or small size, is often in the front part of the building. The smoke, when wood is burnt, is allowed to rise to the roof of the building, and to find its way out the best way it can. In winter they have no way of warming themselves save by gathering around these small fires, where they can warm their fingers and toes while the rest of the body is nearly freezing. They know nothing about warm rooms heated by stoves or fireplaces. The sides of the house are either boarded up or plastered on bamboo lathing midway between the upright posts and studs, usually four inches thick, but there is no finished plastering inside. The rooms are inclosed in front by light, neatly-made sliding frames with very small cross-bars, something like a light sash, only lighter, the bars closer together, and covered with translucent paper, through which the light passes in sufficient quantity to admit of reading.

The partitions are frames of similar size covered with figured opaque paper, and may be shoved back, making a good-sized hall or room, or drawn forward, dividing the same into two, three, or more rooms, as desired. The sash-frames are shoved back through the day, when the weather is warm, and closed at night, or when the air is cool. Outside of the front frames are wooden blinds or shutters drawn closely at night, and shoved back through the day, and kept in a shallow recess for the purpose. These are never omitted to be drawn at night, for the Japanese are timid in the dark, and wish to shut it out. The stories are not high, and are ceiled overhead with smoothly-planed boards of dark wood, with slight cross pieces, an inch square, running transversely over the second story, and apparently more for ornament than real utility. The rooms are about fourteen or fifteen feet square, and not more than eight feet high. The paper on the sliding partitions is often ornamented with painting, more or less crude, of trees, flowers, birds, animals, and persons. The translucent paper is not painted in that way. The frames of the houses being so light they cannot be very solid, and while walking across the floors they shake very sensibly, which, with the light, flimsy partitions, gives the whole a similarity to toy houses for children. There are no chairs in the rooms, no table, no washstand, no looking-glass, no furniture of any kind. Sometimes a folding paper screen, more or less ornamented, on a very light frame, stands on one side of the room, and that is all the place contains save the white, clean, soft, and springy mats on the floor, and which are fastened to it. No person is ever supposed to walk on these mats with their shoes. No greater insult can be offered a Japanese family by a European than to enter into their houses and step upon their white mats with boots or shoes on. They not only object to the dirt which would thus be taken in, but they are very particular that the straw or grasses of the mats be not crushed by the hard soles and heels of boots and shoes. With the nakedness and plainness of these Japanese houses, nothing can excel their neatness and cleanliness. If cleanliness is godliness, they must be a very godly people. I was in some of the houses in Nagasaki, and was much struck with their neatness. In one *curio* establishment I was taken into the second story and had a good opportunity to examine the manner in which it was made, and since that time I have had other opportunities.

I will not undertake to describe the porcelain, the earthenware, the lacquer-work, the metal-work, the furniture, and bamboo ware which I saw in the several manufacturing places I visited, but they are quite interesting, and exhibit a high degree of mechanical skill and good workmanship. I bought a few photographs of views in the vicinity taken by native artists, but did not make extensive purchases. Many of the articles made here have the appearance of toys, and seem more showy than solid. Confectioners are tolerably plentiful, and the markets are well supplied with a good varieiy of vegetables. Fruits, except oranges, are not very abundant, it not being the season of the year for them. The population of the town is not less than twenty-five thousand.

CONTINUATION OF OUR JOURNEY.

After looking around Nagasaki as much as I wished, I took a jin-rick-sha (of which there are several hundred in the city) and returned to the landing, and thence by sampan to the steamer. In an hour or two we weighed anchor and were on our way out into the Inland Sea. We passed many romantic and picturesque islands, some of them high, rocky, and abrupt; and some, with more gentle slopes and cultivated sides, presenting the appearance of home and comfort. One, called Cathedral Island, is a remarkable one, being simply a mass of rock rising high out of the water much in shape of a church, with an opening like a large aisle running through the center.

When it is remembered that Japan is the largest archipelago in the world, composed of 3,800 islands, a large portion of which lie in the western portion of the empire, in and around the Inland Sea, it will be easily understood that we must necessarily pass a large number of them in our course by the inland passage from Nagasaki to Yokohama. The passage through the Inland Sea is one of special beauty and loveliness. There is a great variety in the islands passed, some being barren rocks, without sign of verdure, and some, especially the narrow valleys which run down to the sea, being green with the young grain now about six inches high, with the humble homes of the tillers of the soil, and on the larger islands villages dotting the landscape at intervals of a mile or two. Ever and anon a Shinto temple is seen on an eminence in a grove with an avenue and a row of trees on either side leading to the entrance. Sometimes we passed through narrow straits, and then again we emerged out into a comparatively wide sea, well filled with fishing craft and many large and small boats engaged in local trade. On Sunday night, just at sunset, we passed through the Straits of Kasha. The day had been a lovely one; the sun set clear, with brilliant hues, which made the western horizon peculiarly radiant. I thought I never witnessed a more lovely sunset, or one when the surroundings were more picturesque and enchanting. We seemed to be hemmed in by land all around us, and in every direction high walls of rock forbade our passage. But the pilot knew the way, and by twisting and turning in the right avenue a narrow passage opened before us; but the rushing through of the flowing tide over the rough surfaces of the rocks below produced scores of eddies and whirlpools all around us, conveying the impression that the passage was attended with danger. But the pilot took us safely through just as the sun had hid himself behind the western hills and while the occident was illuminated in the most lovely manner, after which we had a plenty of room and fair sailing. We passed three villages hard by, one of which is Kasha, after which the narrow strait is named. On the following morning about sunrise we passed through another strait, when we emerged out into a wide sea where the islands were fewer in number and farther away. Here our pilot, who had accompanied us from Nagasaki, left us, having been with us for two nights and a day, for which services he is paid the sum of seventy-five dollars.

We did not call at the city of Kobe (two syllables), though it, with the older town of Hiogo, of which it is a continuation, forms a city of some 50,000 people; it has been open to foreign trade since 1868, and does not a little exporting in tea, silk, copper, camphor, vegetable wax, tobacco, fans, etc. It is pleasantly situated on the Inland Sea, the ground rising gently in the rear. Quite a number of foreigners have homes on the rising ground just without the limits of the city, not a few of whom are Americans. This is one of the principal points for mission work, and is headquarters for the American branch of Japanese missions, there being here some fifteen American missionaries, male and female. A school has been established; a Bible class, etc. A weekly journal is published in the native language in the interest of Christianity and under the direction of the missionaries, at the head of whom is the Rev. Mr. Guilick. The paper, however, has but a limited circulation. They doubtless feel that they are doing the Japanese much good, and it is to be hoped that they are; but from some remarks I have read upon the subject, there is at least room for question upon the subject. A complaint has been made that the Japanese girls educated by the missionaries are not well adapted to make good wives for native husbands, and that by such education they lose much of the politeness so characteristic of the people. It is said of the American missionaries that they discourage Japanese politeness, and that in return for the low and profound Japanese bows they simply give a short, small, and hasty nod, which, to the Japanese, has little signification. It seems the missionaries are deficient in Japanese politeness, being more anxious to urge their religious dogmas upon the people than to adopt their polite manners. There are large temples here at Kobe, both of the Buddhistic and Shinto sects.

A railroad, some fifty-five miles in length, running as far as the city of Kioto, has been in operation five years. Twenty miles out, at the mouth of the Yodogawa River, is the commertial city of Osaka, with 270,000 inhabitants. It is noted for its various manufactures, and is represented as having a thrifty trade. Here is located the government mint for the making of the silver coin of the realm. Some thirty miles further on is the ancient city of Kioto, which was formerly the home of the mikado and the capital of the empire. It has 225 000 inhabitants, which is but half what it had fifty years ago. Since the capital was moved to Tokio Kiota has very much fallen off in population and importance. It is, however, represented as the prettiest city in the empire, and is noted for its rich Shinto and Buddhistic temples. It may be regarded as one of the holy cities of Japan, for when it was the home of the mikadoes, and as the mikado is the head of the religious institution of the nation, it very naturally became the center of the religion of the country. In the city and vicinity are many very rich temples and shrines, and thousands of pilgrims visit them every year to pay their religious devotions before the altars so abundant in the vicinity. Japan abounds in temples and shrines; and though it is said by some that the Japanese are not a religious people, a different conclusion must be arrived at if the number and cost of the temples and shrines, the number of priests and monks, and the number of pilgrims who here make annual religious pilgrimages are taken into consideration. It is probable, however, that there is less sanctimoniousness and solemnity among the Japanese in their religious observances than almost any other nationality. They make their pilgrimages pleasure expeditions and gala times more than occasions of long-faced solemnity. They are a very cheerful people in their religious observances as well as all other matters.

Kioto is called the "Home of Art," and is noted for its exquisite manufactures in porcelain ware, fine pottery, bronzes, silks, damasks, embroidery, lacquer-work, etc. The wares there manufactured find their way into all the principal cities of the country, and command a higher price than the same kind of goods manufactured elsewhere. The missionaries have established a college here, and claim to have made considerable progress in introducing their creed. Whether the people are really greatly improved thereby is another question.

The rich goods manufactured in Kioto for the robes of the priesthood are said to be extremely rich, abounding in gold and silver thread. Silk *crepes* are made there so fine and delicate that four widths can be drawn through a small finger-ring at one time, and having in their texture small sprays of flowers and bamboo upon tinted ground, producing upon an esthetic female beholder the most ravishing effects.

With its schools, hospitals, lunatic asylum, almshouses, fountains, public parks and gardens, beautiful cemeteries and streets, almost painfully clean, Kioto is pronounced the most lovely, the best arranged, and best-managed city in Japan.

A GLANCE AT JAPANESE HISTORY.

While smoothly moving on our way on the south side of the main Island of the Japanese group, sometimes with the main-land near upon our left, and sometimes entirely out of sight, let us spend a little time in briefly reviewing the history of this interesting country.

The empire of Japan, comprising 3,800 islands, the principal being the four main ones, extends from latitude 24° to 64° 40′, and from longitude 134° to 156° 38′, east, making a total of 148,000 square miles, thus covering over twenty-six degrees of latitude and twenty-two and a half degrees of longitude. Its northern extremity corresponds with the latitude of Quebec and its southern with that of the southern part of Florida, thus making its climate compare with that of the United States, embracing a large range of temperature. In its southern limits, which lies within thirty miles of the tropic of Cancer, is almost perpetual summer; while in the northern part of Yezo, the most northern of the larger islands, the winters are almost Siberian in intensity.

The population is 35,000,000, twenty-five thousand of which are the Ainos, the aborigines of the country, living on the northern island Yezo, who are savages, and bear much the same relation to the Japanese as our American Indians do to us. They are a tall, muscular, fine-looking race, and have many noble traits of character, but lack enterprise, and a love for civilized life; they till the land very poorly, living mainly by hunting and fishing, and are very fond of intoxicating drinks, particularly the *saké*, the national drink of the Japanese, manufactured from rice. They drink to excess of this when they can get it, and believe that their gods are pleased by their so doing. Their worship largely consists in libations of *saké*, and they are unquestionably devoutly fond of this kind of worship.

It is usually held that the Japanese are the descendants of Chinese emigrants who settled in Japan several centuries before the Christian era, but this theory is strongly disputed by some. Morton, long ago, after examining the Japanese cranium, decided that they are not of Chinese origin. Language, which is justly claimed to be one of the strongest indications of race, rather argues against their being of Chinese stock. Though the written and printed characters are somewhat similar, the languages are wholly unlike and cannot be understood by each other. It has been decided that their language is neither of Chinese nor Polynesian origin, nor of any aboriginal northeastern Asiatic race. Whitney and Max Muller are inclined to place them in the Indo-European family of nations If so, it is held that the conquerors of these islands must have started from the central portions of Asia, and instead of traveling west, as did the other emigrant hordes from the same locality, crossed to Japan and wrested the country from the indolent Ainos—who declare that they descended from a dog—then the possessors of the soil. This was probably not less than twenty-five hundred or three thousand years ago.

For many centuries the chief executive of the coun-

try, the mikado, was believed to have directly descended from the gods who created the country. These rulers by "divine right" exercised their power through the *Kugé*, or court nobles, mostly connections of the mikado, and who monopolized all the highest offices, and of whom were composed the two great councils which regulated both religious and national affairs and filling the various important posts of the country. They were a hereditary nobility, which absolutely governed the country.

After the twelfth century, the period when the feudal system of the country arose, the ruling power gradually passed out of the hands of the mikado and the nobility, which had previously exercised it, into the hands of the great feudal families, and in 1603 became concentrated in Iyeyasu, the head of a new dynasty called the Tokugawa, successive members of which exercised power for two centuries and a half. During this period the nominal mikadoes held the semblance of power in the city of Kioto, but the absolute power and splendor of the government passed to his chief vassal under the title of shogun, who ruled from the castle of Yeddo, now called Tokio. He almost invariably had the power to impose his will upon the mikado. This was the dual government which gave rise to the mistaken notion that there were two emperors in the country, the mikado and the tycoon, one the spiritual ruler, the other the temporal.

The feudal princes of the country who had conquered their territories by the sword were called *daimiyo*, and these exercised over their dominions a rather independent authority, somewhat as did the lords and barons of olden times in England, though they were, of course, subservient to the Shogun, and were compelled to acknowledge his authority, and his government was composed of the most loyal and faithful whom he could select from their numbers. The *samurai* were their two-sword retainers, who had won their provinces for them, and in turn had been awarded grants of land. These were not only the principal fighting men of the country, but the most public-spirited and best-educated class.

Of these privileged classes the *Kugé* were poor, but retained their former prestige, numbering some one hundred and fifty families; the *daimiyo*, with their semi-independent position, two hundred and sixty-eight families; and the *samurai*, the real backbone of the nation, four hundred thousand households. Below all these were the mudsills of the country, a vast, unrecognized class of men without position, called the *heimin*, including farmers, artisans, and peasants. These men were carefully separated from the upper classes and were prohibited by law from intermarrying with them, as well as from the still lower, or pariah class, the *eta*, who handled raw hides and contaminating things of that kind, and the *pinin*, paupers, allowed to squat on waste lands, and who lived by begging, carrying bodies from the execution grounds, and performing various other degraded offices. This class were entirely without political privileges, and numbered thirty-two millions. Thus the shogun possessed the real power of the country, though the mikado was nominally above him, was at the head of the church, and his name was used to conjure with.

The revolution which occurred nearly fifteen years ago subverted this tenure of power, did away with the shogun, the diamiyo, the samurai, and established the full power of the mikado. This revolution undoubtedly largely grew out of the new ideas gathered from the intercourse of the people with western nations whose civilization and customs they wished to take as models for the government of their own country. A portion of the *daimiyo* saw in the new movement a promise for the good of the country and patriotically joined in it, as they particularly wished to see an end of the power of the shogun and the full restitution of the mikado.

In 1868, Keiki, the last of the shoguns, retired into private life, and in 1869 nearly the whole of the daimiyo petitioned to be allowed to yield up their fiefs and quasi-sovereign rights to the mikado, praying him to assume absolute power and to establish the internal relations of the country upon such a footing that the empire will be able to take its place side by side with the other nations of the earth. This prayer was answered, and a tenth of their former revenues was allotted to them; a provision was made for their retainers, and by 1871, when the clans were finally abolished, the feudal system of Japan, with all the splendor it possessed, and all its oppressiveness, ceased to exist. The mikado removed his seat of government from Kioto to Tokio, which has since been the capital of the country. There has since been one rebellion against the new order of things, in 1877, which cost the country thirteen thousand killed, twenty-one thousand wounded, and over forty million dollars in treasure, to say nothing of an enormous loss in property and in the business of the country.

Since the new order of things has been adopted Japan has gone forward rapidly and has done a great deal to place the nation in the front rank with the progressive nations of the world. Serious mistakes have, of course, been made, and many enterprises have been undertaken which have proved failures, and much remains still to be done. The mikado has promised that a representative assembly elected by the people for the enactment of laws shall exist in 1890, that being as early as the common people will be ready for full suffrage in the election of a legislative assembly.

The mikado is an absolute sovereign. He is aided by a supreme council which consists of a prime minister, a vice-prime minister, and the heads of the departments of state, and meets in the mikado's presence, who presides. Below this is a legislative council of eminent men presided over by an imperial prince. This body enacts new laws and changes old ones as it sees fit, or, rather, as are determined by the supreme council. The chief departments of state are foreign affairs, finance, war, marine, education, public works, justice, colonization, the imperial household, and the interior, the latter embracing the department of religion.

For administrative purposes the country is divided into three *Fu* (Tokio, Kioto, and Osaka), and thirty-five *Ken*, each having a governor or prefect, and a staff of officials responsible to the minister of the interior. The salaries are by no means excessive. The premier receives less than $10,000; the chief and vice-ministers of the different departments, $7,200 and $4,800, respectively.

The soldiery of the country consists of 35,500 men in time of peace, and 50,230 in time of war, with a reserve force of 20,000 composed of the former *samurai* class. The navy consists of thirteen ships in actual service, ironclads, iron-belted, composite, and wooden—all steamers, carrying 2,270 men and 87 guns, besides ten training ships, four yachts, etc. The police force is a very important body, and numerous, with responsible duties. This force is also composed of the *samurai* class, and is well educated and efficient.

A pretty thorough postal system is established, and letters are carried to all parts of the country at two cents each. Thirty-five thousand miles of post routes have been established, and this amount is being yearly increased. The postal department appears to be managed with ability and fidelity. In the year ending June, 1878, the number of letters, papers, etc, transported by the mails was nearly 50,000,000, and of this number but sixty-two were stolen, and but ninety-one missing. Of this aggregate 25,000,000 were letters, 763,000 registered letters, 10,000,000 postal cards, and 950,000 newspapers. The number of money orders it is said was 204,367, aggregating $2 800,000. The post-office savings banks amount to 292, with 5,000 depositors, averaging $22.50 each. The post office department employs 7,000 persons, twelve of whom are foreigners. It is believed there is not another nation of the same size in the world which can show a higher degree of integrity in the management of its postal affairs.

The telegraph system of the country is very efficient, and is spoken of in the highest terms. The first short line was erected in 1869, and the lines have been increasing since that time at the rate of 600 miles per year; 8,000 miles were in operation two years ago. Bell's telephones have been imported, and are successfully employed in connection with the public works. The number of persons employed in the telegraph department amounts to 1,410. During the year 1878, 1,045,442 messages were transmitted, of which number 28,000 were foreign. The prices for foreign dispatches are higher than for native. The native newspapers have adopted the plan of giving telegraphic news to their readers.

Railroads have been slower in their construction, there being but seventy-six miles in operation in the entire country, though five hundred miles more are projected; their construction, however, is progressing slowly. Had half or two-thirds the money that has been expended upon the army and navy been expended in making railroads and good common roads the country would be decidedly the better for it. One of the great lacks is want of means of internal communication.

The mercantile marine of Japan is well worthy of notice. The Mitsu Bishi line of steamers is doing nearly all the coasting trade of the country, and makes weekly trips between Hong Kong and Shanghai and Yokohama. I have seen two of them while on this passage. Several of these steamers are, as I learn, of American construction. They are well conducted, under Japanese management, and all are making money. The total Japanese tonnage is 36,543 tons, besides a number of lake and river steamers of smaller dimensions. The total number of steamers of more than one hundred tons capacity is sixty. The clumsy and unseaworthy junks are rapidly being replaced. In 1872 the number of junks of more than six tons was 17,258, but the number is gradually growing less. The mercantile marine regulations are somewhat stringent. Marine schools have been established for giving practical instruction in navigation and engineering, and all masters, officers, and engineers on native owned vessels are required to pass a rigid examination. If they acquit themselves properly in the examination certificates are awarded, which are necessary for those who wish to engage in the service. To show that these examinations are not merely a matter of form it may be stated that out of the last examination of 219 candidates 69 failed to pass. The coasts are pretty well lighted, and most of the shoals and sunken rocks have been surveyed and marked by buoys.

Japan has two mints, one for paper money at Tokio, and another for coin at Osaka. The latter is said to be about the largest and most complete in the world. The coins of Japan are very pretty, and are not exceeded in beauty by any I have seen. The denominations are 5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 cents each, the larger called *yens*, while the cents are *sen*. Their currency corresponds with our dollars and cents. The gold coinage is confined to 5-yen pieces. In the year ending June, 1879, 92,073 gold coins were struck. The silver coins, about $75,000,000. The copper coins are 2 sen, 1 sen, ½ sen, and 1 rin, and of these 83,000,000 were struck.

Their paper currency is the principal money in use among the natives. The bills are somewhat smaller than ours, and are for 10 sen, 20 sen, 50 sen, 1 yen, 5 yens, and 10 yens each. This currency is, however, usually at a discount, owing to the magnitude of the public debt, for in the aptitude of the Japanese in following western fashions they have incurred a large national debt, amounting to $360,000,000. But it should be stated that a large proportion of this debt was handed down from the old *régime*, the aggregate amount of which was $272,635,000, including the absolute debt owed and the hereditary pensions awarded to the nobles, the military caste, and the Shinto priests. The Satsuma rebellion of 1877 added over $40,000,000 to the national debt, and the Formosa expedition $10,000,000 more. But one-thirteenth of the national debt is due to foreigners. The interest on the public debt is 4½ per cent. The paper money issued by the government amounts to $120,000,000, which sum has been diminished by the withdrawal of $7,385,000.

The assumption of the daimiyo debt was necessary, in order to make the unification of the empire possible. It does not appear that the issue of paper money has largely increased the circulating medium, because it has been required to replace the former paper issued by the daimiyo. Two years ago the national debt stood in this way:

Domestic debt, bearing interest	$238,631,230
Domestic debt, bearing no interest, including paper money	122,307,720
Total domestic debt	$350 938,950
Foreign debt	11.329,120
Total of both domestic and foreign	$362,268,070

The chief source of revenue is the imperial land-tax, which is now 2½ per cent on the selling value of the land, which is less than formerly, and from this source $40,000,000 is supposed to be annually raised. The land was in former times owned by the mikado, and the farmers were required to pay an annual rent, but under the new order of things the land has been sold to the tillers, subject to the above tax. The tax on alcoholic liquors is estimated at $5,000,000; export and import duties, $2,140,000; the profit on government industrial undertakings, $1,190,000; postage stamps, $1,050,000; tax on legal documents, $535,000; tax on companies, $500,000; tax on tobacco, $345,000; tax on produce in Yezo, $360,000; tax on vehicles, $270,000.

The expenditures of the government are stated as follows: Interest on the public debt, $15,650,000; the army, $7,190,000; the navy, $2,635,000; the police, $2,485,000; the administration of fu and ken, $3,785,000; colonization, $1,510,000; embankments, $1,445,000; education, $1,135,000; industrial undertakings, $1,005,000; civil list and imperial princes, $875,000. In 1880 there was an appropriation for "temples of the gods," $220,000, but now that has been reduced about one-half, by which perhaps it may be inferred that the people are becoming less religious, or that the gods are becoming more reasonable in their demands.

In the last eleven years some 225 newspapers have been started in Japan, and their number is on the increase. They have an aggregate circulation of over 30,000,000 copies. Many of them discuss finance, commerce, morals, etc., while, as with us, many are devoted to light reading, gossip, and romance. Politics are touched very lightly, as a dangerous subject, for the government authorities are constantly on the alert, and if anything of an objectionable character appears, notices are not unfrequently served on the offenders to discontinue their publications. The press is hardly "free."

It is in the educational department that Japan has most greatly honored itself. The new educational system was planted on a commendable plan in 1873. The empire was divided into seven school districts, and a school allotted to every 600 inhabitants. The system is based upon elementary schools, and ascends through middle and normal schools to foreign-language schools and colleges for special sciences. In 1879 the total number of elementary schools was 25,459, with 59,825 teachers, being 58,268 males and 1,558 females. The total number of pupils was 2,103,012, or 1,594,792 boys and 508,220 girls. The school age is from six to fourteen. The same branches are taught as in our schools. It

is said the standard of education has been raised too high for a peasant population, and has made it difficult to obtain competent teachers.

It was intended that the elementary school system should be conducted by the people, but it has fallen largely into the hands of local government officials, and this probably arises from a want of proper interest in the matter by the common people. The complexity of the Japanese language, with the great number of characters which have to be learned—not less than 3,000, even in the primary schools—is no small difficulty to be overcome in comparison with our system.

The middle schools have rapidly increased during the past six years, growing mainly out of the increased desire for the acquisition of the higher branches of learning. The course of study continues from two and a half to five years and includes writing, grammar, composition, drawing, languages, geography, history, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, natural history, physiology, agriculture, mechanics, commerce, bookkeeping, statistics, mental and moral philosophy, political economy, law, and gymnastics. There were 389 of these schools, with 910 teachers, of whom the small number of 23 were females. The number of students three years ago was 20,522, an increase of 9,000 over the preceding year. The female students of these schools numbered 1,112. Their educational system embraces schools for special sciences, of which there are fifty-two in different localities, with 161 teachers and 3,361 students. These colleges teach law, medicine, agriculture, commerce, navigation, chemistry, mathematics, etc., the latter branches being the most conspicuous, and medical and commercial schools next. This system is crowned by the University of Tokio, which includes departments of law, literature, and science. The number of students in the three first departments amounted to 710, and the instructors numbered 56, 32 being Japanese and 24 foreign. The preparatory course includes English, mathematics, geography, physics, chemistry, history, political economy, philosophy, natural history, drawing, etc. The special course of law embraces international and English law in its various branches. Science includes chemistry, physics, and engineering. Literature is a new department, but includes the branches usually taught under that head. The whole course requires a term of five years. In the year 1875 nineteen students were sent to foreign countries to perfect their education and have now completed their studies, graduating with honors. Some of them were sent to Europe and some to the United States. The government made them loans of one thousand dollars per year, which was a pretty heavy debt to incur by those who at best could expect but very moderate salaries upon their return to their own country. In this way the most promising young Japanese graduated with honors at foreign colleges, and brought the results of their studies back to their own country, and are now building up a first-class educational system at home.

The medical department of the university is mainly under the charge of German teachers and influence, and two classes of instruction, medical and pharmaceutical, were organized; and, as instructors were scarce, classes were organized in such a way as to utilize the instruction to the best advantage. The university is furnished with a library, a hospital, anatomical rooms, botanical and zoological collections, surgical and medical apparatus, and all the appliances of a medical college. In 1877 the hospital treated 836 in-patients and 4,390 out-patients; 117 corpses were furnished for dissection. A large proportion of the physicians of the empire still follow the crude and unscientific practice of the Chinese school, but considerable numbers of young physicians have been turned out qualified to practice medicine according to the most advanced European standard, and the number is annually increasing.

The foreign language school was at one time regarded as of great importance; and intelligent and progressive persons like Mr. Mori, who was some time in the United States, and was afterward sent as minister to England, was greatly in favor of introducing English as the written language of Japan, with the anticipation that it would in due time become also the spoken language of the country. He proposed to prominent persons in England and America that if they would consent to the phonetic mode of spelling and adopt it, he would use all his influence to introduce English as the language of Japan; but, unfortunately, he met with no encouragement in this direction; and this is the worse for England and America, for few things are more needed than a spelling reform in our language. The awkwardness and monstrosity of our orthography are simply ridiculous.

To effect these great changes in the course of the education of this country, to inaugurate new systems upon western models in the governmental departments, many teachers and aids from Europe and America have been required; but now the number of these foreign teachers and assistants is greatly reduced. As fast as the Japanese have found their own officials competent to perform the various duties, the services of foreigners have been dispensed with, until now but a few remain; and Japan is practically running on modern principles her departments of government and her institutions of learning; and, perhaps, she is doing so with as much ability and with as much success as a majority of the European nations.

In effecting these great changes, the government has steadily endeavored to follow European and American models, not only in the style of teaching, but in the dress and personal habits of the students and learners. Instruction everywhere has been conducted upon western principles. The pupils in the upper schools have been required to sit on benches and at desks the same as pupils in our own schools. In government colleges the reform has been carried so far that students eat food prepared in European style, and use knives and forks. Increased attention has been given to female education, and the Empress Haruka has promptly come forward as a patroness of the higher education of women. The number of female teachers and scholars has greatly increased in both the elementary and normal schools. The government has evinced a decided wish to increase the number of competent native female teachers and a higher standard of education among the pupils. Mr. Tanaka, connected with the educational department of government, says: "The education of children should be so conducted as to develop grace and gentleness of manners and deportment. If they are brought up under the influence of the gentler qualities of female teachers, a much better result may be attained than when they are trained entirely by men."

It is admitted by Europeans and Americans that the youth and young people of Japan of both sexes show a decided aptitude for learning, that they acquire knowledge readily, and that in good behavior, earnest self-control, docility, and a disposition for hard and continuous work, they are not behind the children of Europe and America. The result of all this is that a large number of the young of Japan have been turned out capable of intellectual acquirements and in natural ability for doing the most practical and efficient work in government employ and in educational departments.

But it must be stated that with all these encourag ing features only about 40 per cent of the children are going to school—that is, between three and four million are not attending school. There is no compulsory law compelling their attendance; the minds of a great majority of the peasant population do not realize the importance of sending their children to school, not having themselves been educated in that way, and in the rural districts needful schools have not yet been fully established nor teachers provided where all can be accommodated. It is no small undertaking to thus change the whole policy of a country and lift it from a state of general ignorance to one of enlightenment. It cannot be done in a day, nor year, nor in a generation.

It has been thought by some that the Japanese have undertaken to advance too rapidly, that they have attempted in too short a period of time to throw off the slow, staid, and old civilization of the East, and to adopt in place the manners and customs, education and civilization, of the West. It is so short a period of time since the great mass of the people here were occupying the low plane of ignorance that it should not be expected that all can be changed in the life of one generation.

There is no doubt but what on the part of millions of the common people there is a sullen opposition to this new order of things. They are prejudiced against Western innovations and fashions. They prefer to pursue the good old way with which they are familiar, and in which their fathers and grandfathers were brought up and in which they died. They see, too, that these new fashions, these Western styles, are expensive. Their taxes are heavy and oppressive. They cannot see that the gains have equaled the cost, and they almost revolt against the great expenses that have been incurred and the new fashions that have made them necessary.

As has been truly said, "the problem of 'how to make ends meet' has vexed the brains and tested the resources of Japanese statesmen since 1871, when the mikado assumed the responsibility of the debts which the daimiyo had contracted to Japanese subjects before the restoration, and of the paper money of all sorts and values which they had issued, substituting it for uniform paper currency." It must be left for time to determine whether all the innovations which have been undertaken will prove successful, and whether the Japanese people will continue to sustain and keep up these expensive changes. It is thought by some that a thorough reaction on the part of the people is not unlikely, and that a general rising against foreign influence may take place, when an effort will be made to drive foreigners from the country and reinstate the former order of things. But it is to be hoped that these fears may not be realized; that the government will succeed in carrying out to full completion the reforms it has undertaken; and that the revenues of the country will be adequate to meet all expenses. That there is a strong feeling on the part of many against the presence of foreigners, and against foreign influence, can hardly be denied; but it is to be hoped that this will gradually give way, and that a better state of feeling and general satisfactory results may take place.

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

Two systems of religion prevail in this country, Shintoism and Buddhism, the latter of a modified and corrupted character, being full of superstitions and combined with the image-worship originally prevalent in the country. Buddhism was brought from Corea in the sixth Christian century, and it seems to have been engrafted on the worship of pagan gods and demons which it found here. Shintoism is the religion of the imperial families and perhaps a third of the people of the country. In a word, it is the worship of nature, of the country and its heroes and great men of the past, taking little thought of another world, or of the existence of gods and devils, though gods are incidentally believed in.

It has been said that Shintoism is simple pantheism, which denies the personality of God, and recognizes in nature, through its ramifications, all of deity that exists. But, on the other hand, it has been asserted and shown that the belief recognizes a creator, and this quotation has been made from the Kojiki, one of the sacred books of the Shintoo: "In the beginning, before heaven and earth or anything else existed, in infinite space was Ame-no-mi-naka-nushi-no (supposed to mean the Lord God of the middle of heaven). Next were Taka-mi-musubi no Kami and Kamu-mi-musubi-no Kami (high imperial generating gods) But that is about all the religion has to say about gods, and this may be merely a recognition of the deific or pantheistic principle residing in nature. Christians usually denounce Shintoism as naught but cold Materialism, though later on its gods are more abundant.

It has been questioned whether Shinto is a product of Japanese soil. The Japanese call their ancient religion Kami-no-michi (the way of the gods). The meaning of the word Shinto is the primitive religion—that which existed in the country before the introduction of Buddhism. "Pure Shinto" is the term often used, and implies the original religion wholly unmixed with later arrivals. Confucianism has also been introduced into the islands, loaded with many of the superstitions added to it by the Chinese, and this is known as Riyobu Shinto.

Japanese cosmogony and mythology, like those of other countries, regard their own country as the universe. A confused idea is held as to the period and manner in which the gods and the islands were brought into existence The sun-goddess, Amaterasu, representing the life-giving power of the sun, may perhaps be regarded as the principal deity in Shinto. This life-giving, light-bearing goddess, finding Japan disturbed with opposing elements and feuds—the earthly gods, with Okuninushi at their head, were unable to preserve order, and the goddess dispatched Ninigi no-Mikoto, a heavenly god, to this country, and compelled Okuninushi to resign, since which time the latter has ruled only over the invisible, while Ninigi, and the mikadoes who have succeeded him have ruled over the visible. Here may be discerned a crude idea of the apparent contending forces of nature. The gods, however, that were overcome made some attempts to regain their power, and rebelled against the control under which they were held, but this was brought to an end by Jimmu Tenno, the mikado fifth in descent from the sun-goddess, about 660 B C., who fully established the rule of the sun-goddess.

Japanese history seems to date from that period, and it was made the starting-point of Japanese chronology. The 7th of April is held to be the anniversary of Jimmu Tenno's ascension to the throne. He has been deified and worshiped as a god. A thousand shrines are erected to him in all parts of the country. From him the present mikado is claimed to have regularly descended. Many of the intermediate mikadoes have also been deified and worshiped as gods, more or less great, according to the deeds of valor they performed.

Hirata, a Shinto revivalist who wrote some seventy-five years ago, said: "To compel obedience from human beings, and to love them, was all the sovereign had to do, and there was no necessity for teaching them vain doctrines such as are preached in other countries. Hence the art of government is called *masturigoto*, which literally means 'worshiping.' Accordingly the early sovereigns worshiped the gods in person, and prayed that their people might enjoy a sufficiency of food, clothing, and shelter from the elements, and twice a year, in the sixth and twelfth months, they celebrate the festival of the 'general purification,' by which the whole nation was purged of calamities, offenses, and pollutions." This festival is observed till the present time. In the thirteenth century the mikado interpreted the directions of his divine ancestors by ordering that "even in the slightest matters [certain holy things] are not to be placed after the emperor. As it is the duty of subjects to imitate the incarnate god who is their sovereign, the necessity of worshiping his ancestors and the gods from whom they spring is to be enjoined upon every man. The gods who do harm are to be appeased, so they may not punish those who have

offended them; and all the gods are to be worshiped so that they may be induced to increase their favors."

It can be easily seen that Shinto is closely connected with the government, and that the veneration and worship of the ruling sovereign was of quite as much importance as that of any other god. He is the lineal descendant of the gods, is, of course, a god himself. His heavenly origin, like the old incas of Peru, has been the foundation and main-spring of Japanese government. The duty of obeying his commands has been as imperative as the obedience to be rendered to any god.

From the death of Jimmu Tenno to the introduction of Buddhism is computed at 1236 years. Between 99 and 30 B. C. the reigning mikado, Sujin, a demi-god of course, appeared as a reformer. He called upon his people and turned their minds to the true worship of the shrines; he built shrines in several parts of the country; he removed the mirror, sword, and stone from the palace where they had previously been kept to a shrine built expressly for them, and appointed his daughter as priestess to hold them in charge. The mirror rested in the shrines of Ise till 1871. In the middle of the sixth century Buddhistic missionaries arrived from Corea and proselytized so successfully among the upper classes that about the eighth century a decree was issued ordering the erection of two Buddhistic temples and a seven-story pagoda in every province. The continued supremacy of Buddhism is due, however, to a master stroke of religious policy, accomplished by a priest, Kobodaishi, in the ninth century, who, in order to gain and hold precedence for his creed over the people, taught that the Shinto gods were but Japanese manifestations of Buddha. This dogma served to reconcile the foreign with the native element religion, and for several centuries gave Buddhism the ascendency in the country, both Shinto and Confucianism being compelled to occupy subordinate positions. This may be said to have been the state of things till about two centuries ago, when the Chinese philosophy of Choo-He was introduced, which, however, is now being superseded by the teachings of Spencer, Darwin, Mill, and Huxley, called the "English philosophy." At the restoration of the mikado to temporal power, in 1868, Shinto was re-established as the state religion. This grew out of its power as a political engine in matters of government, but it it was hardly possible to infuse new life into it, or to re-introduce usages which had long been obsolete. It cannot be regarded as a strong religion, and the number who strictly adhere to the old faith is said to be small.

"The Buddhaizing the old gods, and the incorporating the ancient traditions of the divine ancestors and early heroes of the Japanese with the ethereal code and doctrines of Buddhism, produced a jumble upon which the reigning mikado, pleased with the fusion, bestowed the name of Riyobu Shinto, or 'twofold religious doctrine.' From that time Shinto and Buddhistic priests celebrated their ceremonies in the same temples, the distinctive features of Shinto, the absence of idols, sacrifices, and visible objects of worship, disappeared, and the temples were crowded with wooden images of Shinto divinities alongside of those of Buddha and his disciples, only a very few temples in a very few districts retaining the simplicity of the ancient faith. Since 1868 the images, and all the gaudy and sensuous paraphernalia of Buddhism, have been swept out of a large number of the temples, but the splendor of the buildings still remains, as at Shiba in Tokio, and the plain wooden structure, with the thatched tent-roof and the perfectly bare interior, is only seen in its primitive simplicity in the Shrine of Ise and a few other places. In the eighteenth century an attempt was made by a certain scholarly and able man to revive pure Shinto and adapt it to those cravings of humanity which Buddhism had partially met; but the attempt failed and has resulted mainly in affording materials for the researches of Mr. Satow and other foreign scholars. The characteristics of 'pure Shinto' are the absence of an ethereal and doctrinal code, of idol-worship, of priestcraft, and of any teachings of a future state, and the deification of heroes and great men, together with the worship of certain forces and objects in nature. It is said the *kami*, or gods, number fourteen thousand, of whom three thousand seven hundred are known to have shrines; but practically the number is infinite, or 'eight millions.' Each hamlet has its special god, as well as each *miya*, or shrine, and each child is taken to the shrine of the district in which it is born a month after birth, and the god of that shrine becomes its patron. Each god has its annual festival, while many have particular days in each month on which people visit their shrines.

"The temples are of unpainted wood, and the tent-like roofs are thickly thatched. They are destitute of idols, effigies, images, and ecclesiastical ornaments of any kind. The only objects are a circular steel mirror, the *gohei*, small offerings of *saké* (the national drink), rice, and other vegetable food, on unlacquered wooden trays, and some sprigs of the evergreen *cleyera-japonica*. The mirror is the copy of the one given by the sun-goddess, as the emblem of herself to Ninigi, when she sent him down to govern the world; but even this is only exposed to view in temples in which Shinto has been at some time jumbled up with Buddhism. A plain 'gohei' is a slim wand of unpainted wood, with two long pieces of paper, notched alternately on opposite sides, hanging from it. In some shrines which were long in Buddhistic hands, such as that of Iycysu at Nikko, gilded metal takes the place of paper. The *gohei* represents offerings of rough and white cloth which were supposed to have the effect of attracting the god to the spot where offered, but gradually came to be considered the gods themselves. In the pure Shinto temples, which do not display the mirror, there is a kind of receptacle concealed behind the closed doors of the actual shrine, which contains a case only exposed to view on the day of the annual festival, and which is said to contain the spirit of the deity to whom the temple is dedicated, 'the august spirit substitute,' or 'God's seed.'" Much the same idea as the Jews entertained when they supposed their god was contained in the box of shittim-wood which they constructed for his residence.

The most prominent emblem in the Shinto temple is unquestionably of Japanese origin. This is the "torii," which stands at the entrance of their temple grounds, or the avenues of evergreen trees leading to the temples, and before their numerous shrines by the roadside, and in many other places. The torii is of different sizes, from eight feet to twenty-five or thirty-five feet in hight, and is composed of two upright posts from ten to twenty-five feet apart, with two cross-bars at the upper ends of the posts, the first two feet from the top, and the other resting on the tops of the posts and extending a foot or two feet beyond them on each side. They are more commonly composed of wood—the body of trees, from six to twelve inches in diameter—and sometimes of stone cut in square form. The upper cross-bar turns up somewhat at the ends, giving the upper side a concave shape; this is particularly the case when made of stone. Sometimes they are painted, and sometimes left entirely plain. The "torii" means bird's nest, for on it the birds offered to the gods, but not sacrificed, were supposed to rest. Another Shinto emblem is a rope of rice straw, which hangs across the torii, or temple entrance. These vary in size from half an inch to three inches thick. These sacred ropes are often thrown over the trees near the temples, and over the doors of dwellings, and are supposed to secure the blessings of the gods of the neighborhood. Strips of light-colored paper are also seen dangling in connection with the ropes.

There are said to be in Japan some one hundred thousand Shinto temples, including the shrines by the wayside and in the groves sacred to worship. Many of the shrines are not more than five feet in hight. There are about twenty thousand officials, which may perhaps be considered as priests, including the "shrine keepers." They also have a semi-connection with the government, though their duties are few. They are competent to marry people, but do not shave their heads like Buddhistic priests. There is an annual appropriation of $220,000 for Shinto shrines, and $70,000 for public worship. The Shinto worship, however, evidently is not so conspicuous in national affairs as formerly. Within a year the department for administering the affairs of celestial and terrestrial gods sank into being a Board of Religious Instruction. Early in 1877 it was destined to the further humiliation of being quietly transferred to a sub-department of the minister of the interior. In less than ten years the oldest and most sacred institution in the country nearly passed out of existence.

Shinto may well be called a mild form of religion. It has no worship, properly so called, no sacrifices, no hell for sinners, no purgatory, and the immortality of the soul is scarcely believed in, and is only assumed from the immortality of the gods. It however has its virtues; it inculcates reverence for ancestors, and enjoins the following and praticing of good deeds and good conduct. The priests on frequent occasions assemble at the larger temples and chant certain liturgical words, accompanied by a kind of unmusical music, but it cannot be regarded as public worship, as the public are not admitted. The gods are supposed to reside in the temples dedicated to them, and when a worshiper draws near to perform the rites of worship he pulls a rope connected with a kind of bell some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground to call the attention of the god; then all he does is to clap his hands twice, make two low bows, throw two or three cents into a receptacle for the purpose, buy a charm or two to keep away evil influences, and that is all there is of it. People in large numbers make pilgrimages of hundreds of miles to do this, and this only. But I cannot say that God is not just as well pleased with that as he is to hear a fashionable piece of music on the organ, two or three hymns sung, two or three prayers offered, and a tedious sermon of an hour and a half doled out. When a god has a vast amount of business to attend to, and his presence is required in many thousands of places at the same time, it may easily be supposed that he would prefer short services to long ones. If a clap of the hands and a bow of the head answer the purpose, it seems unnecessary to waste two hours in prolonged ceremonies. The bell which is rung to call the attention of the god, can scarcely be called a bell, and is perhaps more a rattle; it is composed of two concave disks of brass or bell-metal, two feet in diameter, joined at the back, and being an inch or two apart in front, like two clam-shells a little ways open. A ball inside, when moved, produces the sound which brings the god to his business.

The chief festival days of the gods at the larger temples are attended with processions, music, dancing, decorated cars, etc., and the occasion constitutes a gala day when pleasure and hilarity are the principal object. On these occasions ancient classical dancings and posturings are given on covered platforms within the temple grounds, when a maiden appears dressed in white and bearing a *gohei* in her hand, and she is regarded a priestess. It is perhaps to combine religion and pleasure, so that the people may be able to please themselves and the gods at the same time. It is also very kind of the gods not to be so exacting as to require that the people shall put on very solemn faces, look extremely glum, and make themselves very unhappy. It is good in them while they are made happy themselves to be willing that the people should be happy also. I do not like such gods as take pleasure in the unhappiness of their subjects and wish them to throw all enjoyment and pleasure aside, looking so sanctified and miserable as to give the impression that they have not a friend in the world.

The religious ceremonies of the Japanese are not wholly confined to temples; they carry their religion, also, home to their residences. In nearly all Japanese houses is a *kamidand* or god-shelf, on which is a miniature temple in wood, the same containing tablets covered with paper, on which are written the names of the gods in which the household believe and place their trust, and also monumental tablets bearing the names of dead ancestors and members of the family. Fresh flowers, and particularly the leafy twigs of the *cleyera japonica*, are placed there as an offering, together with *saké*, water, and boiled rice. At night a lamp is set in front of the shrine, and its glow-worm glimmer, the same as in Buddhistic families, is one of the features of Japanese life.

But the requirements of Shinto rest light upon the shoulders of the people. The priests make few exactions upon the people, and are seldom required as mediators. There are no angry gods to propitiate, no devils to appease, no hell to render their lives wretched. They have prayers, but they are short and easily said. A new edition of prayers, in Catholic and Church of England style, were published for the use of the devout, but with the peasantry, which is by far the larger class, a simple wish is all the prayer that is necessary. I cannot see why a wish in all cases is not as good as a prayer. A prayer is only a wish after all, and a god with good powers of perception ought to be able to understand a brief mental wish just as well as a long, tedious oral prayer. As they are not in the habit of putting themselves out of the way to answer prayers, it is believed that a simple wish would not be more disregarded. In this busy age of the world "time is money," and if a wish answers the purpose just as well as a prayer it should take the place of the latter in all cases. The Shintoists in many parts of Japan find that all that is necessary to do in the way of prayer and worship is to turn their faces toward the morning sun, rub their hands slowly together, and then make a bow. They find that this answers all purposes, and as the whole ceremony does not require half a minute, they study economy in not wasting time unnecessarily. They have never discovered that the gods are at all offended at the brevity of the ceremony, and so long as the gods are not dissatisfied, the briefer the better. I think I know some worshipers in the Western world who might take a hint from the Japs and economize time very much in the length and frequency of their prayers.

There is no poverty on the part of the Japanese as far as gods are concerned; in fact they have a god for almost everything—a god of wisdom, a god of happiness, of protection of human abodes, of harvests, of learning, of the gate and front court, of the well, of the kitchen, the fireplace, the sleeping apartment, of the garden and fields, and for everything else that can be thought of. If they find a luxury in one or two gods they must be supremely happy in having such a multitude. And where the labor and care pertaining to all the duties and conditions of human life are divided up among a great number of celestial dignitaries, on the principle that "many hands make a light job," the labors are not onerous; whereas those who have but one god to attend to everything and to everybody, might lay too much upon him for a single being. A god should not be overworked. The same considerate feeling that prompts a man not to overwork hie horse or his ass should also prompt him not to overwork his god. All people should endeavor to be reasonable and merciful, as well as godly.

The directions to the Japanese as regards their morning ceremonies are in this wise: "Rise early in the morning, wash your face and hands, rinse out your mouth, and cleanse the body. Then turn your

face toward the province of Yamato, strike the palms of the hands together, and worship" by bowing the head low toward the earth. The Japanese of both sexes make it a rule to bathe their bodies once a day. For the more intelligent classes, the more pious, or for those who wish to speak prayers of considerable length, forms have been marked out. The following, translated by Mr. Satow, from the *Kimphi Mishi*, was put out by the mikado Jantoku in the first half of the thirteenth century:

"From a distance I reverently worship with awe before Ame-no-Mi-hashira and Kuni-no-Mi-hashira (the god and goddess of the wind), to whom is consecrated the palace built with stout pillars at Tatsuta-no-Tachime, in the department of Heguri, in the province of Yamato, I saw with awe. Deign to bless me by correcting the unwitting faults which, seen and heard by you, I have committed, by blowing off and clearing away the calamities which evil gods might inflict, by causing me to live long like the hard and lasting rock, and by repeating to the gods of heavenly origin the petitions which I present every day along with your breath, that they may hear with the sharp-earedness of the forth-galloping colt."

Another is as follows:

"Reverently adoring the great god of the two palaces of Ise in the first place, the eight hundred myriads of celestial gods, the eight hundred myriads of terrestrial gods, all the fifteen hundred myriads (mere figurative expressions) of gods to whom are consecrated the great and small temples in all provinces, all islands, and all places of the great land of eight islands, the fifteen hundred myriads of gods which they cause to serve them, and the gods of branch palaces and branch temples, and Sohado-no-Kami (scare-crow), whom I have invited to the shrine, set upon this divine shelf, and to whom I offer praises day by day, I pray with awe that they will deign to correct the unwitting faults which, heard and seen by them, I hav committed, and blessing and favoring me according to the powers which they severally wield, will cause me to follow the divine example, and to perform good works in the way."

It does not appear that prayers like these, or even longer, would have any more effect than turning toward the sun, rubbing the hands, and bowing the head, or that the gods are any better pleased with them. Shintoism is said to be waning, both as a religion and an engine of government. Western science and Western philosophy are upsetting its cosmogony and its mythology. To those who are becoming acquainted with the teachings of modern scientists of Europe the absurdities and superstitions of these old religions have less and less influence over them. As fast as they learn the absolute truths of nature will they cease to believe in the supernatural and the impossible. Mr. Mori, in defining the system of religion under consideration, says: "The leading idea of Shinto is a reverential feeling toward the dead. As to the political use of it, the state is quite right in turning it to account in support of the absolute government which exists in Japan." This is undoubtedly as correct a definition of the system as can be given in the same number of words. There is probably no one more competent to give an opinion upon the subject than he, and there I am willing to let it rest, fully believing that there is nothing very bad in encouraging a reverence for the dead, especially those who were good and brave. That belief is not calculated to make a people very vicious.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

Buddha was a great man and possessed remarkable powers of mind; and considering the age of the world in which he lived he evinced a wonderful mental grasp in his understanding the laws of nature, the supremacy and indestructibility of the universe, the littleness and non existence of the gods, and the benificent consequence of good actions. He was a great philospher, sage, and teacher, a man of acknowledged purity of life and mind, and marvelous kindness toward the human race and all the animal kingdom. His moral teachings never have been excelled, his self-abnegation and humility have not been equaled, and his metaphysical dissertations have never been approached. He taught a system of religion, though intricate yet simple; he discarded all gods, and all images of gods, and it is greatly to be regretted that his numerous followers should have so far departed from the spirit of his teachings as to embrace many gods and to set up the images of them in their places of worship. In the same way it is to be regretted that the simple example and teachings of Jesus should have been disregared and hundreds and even thousands of images set up in and around the places of worship professedly dedicated to his name, surrounded by all the pomp, glitter, tinsel, and dazzle with which the cathedrals and churches of Christian Europe are replete. He was a person decidedly plain in his manners and tastes, and there is no more reason for supposing that were he to revisit the earth to-day he would be pleased with the pageantry, gew-gawry, and gilded ostentation existing in St. Peter's and St. Paul's at Rome, the Domio at Florence, the cathedrals at Milan, Cologne, Paris, London, New York, and many other places, any more than Buddha would be pleased with the images of gods, the gilt, and tinsel in the temples devoted to his memory and teachings. The Japenese, like the Chinese, have appended to his pure and simple teachings a great amount of ridiculous flummery and image-worship. It is a corrupted form of Buddhism which gives me no pleasure to contemplate any more than the contemplation of the great corruptions which have been saddled on to the simple teachings of Jesus.

Buddhism was brought to Japan from Hakusai, in Corea, in the winter of the year 552 in the thirteenth year of the reign of Kin-mie-Tenno, thirteenth of his line since the reign of Jimmu. The books, images, etc., thus brought were given by the mikado to his chief counselor of state, Soga Iname, who deposited them in a part of his palace, thenceforth called Kogen-Jie, or the Temple Facing the Sea. In the year 577, the sixth of Bidatzu Tenno, the succession of Kinmei, the paraphernalia of the religion was again brought to Japan, and its doctrines found favor at court. In the year 585 a terrible pestilence raged over the country, and the counselor of state, Mononobe Moriya, expressed to the monarch his apprehensions that the cause of the scourge was the introduction of the new systen of religion into the country. He was, however, unable to fully convince the mikado that his views were correct, though he succeeded in obtaining an order that the rites of the new religion should not be celebrated. The temples were accordingly burned and the images cast into the rivers. Moriya was afterwards killed while maintaining law and order in a local disturbance.

Mayado Oojie was a contemporary of Moriya, and was a warm advocate of the new religion. He is to this day regarded as a special friend of Buddhism; he is designated as Sho-tuku-tai-shi, which means "an exceedingly virtuous son." Images of him, representing him both in youth and old age, seated and crowned, are to be seen in many Japanese temples, the same as the images of saints Joseph, Christopher, Sebastian, etc., are seen in Christian cathedrals and churches.

Buddhism was largely spread over Japan by the introduction of Chinese literature, which the priests readily accepted. They were the first to adopt the Chinese characters, and their use in the country dates from that time.

In 624 two priests arrived in Japan from Corea; their names were Kan-ro and Taku-sek. The first was elevated to the rank of *so-jo* (chief priest), and the second *so-dzu* (vicar-general). These were the first Buddhist priests in Japan to whom a grade was given by the government. In the year 700, Do-sho, chief priest of a temple, died and was cremated—the first instance of cremation being practiced in Japan.

As the new religion grew to be strong in the country it began to divide into sects, much the same as Christianity did at a later period. Do-sho built a temple and founded a sect called Ho-so (knowledge of a myriad subjects). His tenets were divided under five heads: "The name of things, the form of things, discrimination, true intelligence, form of the soul." The sect San-ron-shin was founded by Yeka; the tenets were thus divided: "The medium arguments, the hundred arguments, the twelve gates." It embraced principles enjoining complete indifference to worldly affairs, through personal nullification. This sect has become extinct. Men are not fond of self-extinguishment.

Gem-ba-so-jo in 735 founded the Ga-sha sect, the doctrines of which were taken from the prayer-books by that name. They are crowded into thirty volumes, and are divided under two headings—the control of the passions, as selfishness, covetousness, etc., and the control of the thoughts. This sect has been absorbed by others which sprung up afterward.

In 749 Do-sho and Do-ji made a visit to China, and upon their return brought with them a work of twenty-seven volumes, and upon the doctrines contained in them the sect of Jo-jitzu-shin was founded. They taught the utter absence of substantiality in all things. Life was but a prolonged dream, the objects surrounding it mere delusive shadows or mirage, the product entirely of the imagination. This queer sect has been absorbed by those which hold that there is some reality in things. About the same time Kochi Dai-so-dzu built a temple, and founded a sect upon the teachings of Ten-shin-bo-satzu of India, who was one of the disciples of Buddha. He taught that the soul resembles a fair page, upon which the artist might trace a design, and that special care is needed to prevent the impression of evil designs, in order to which the thoughts should continually be upon Buddha.

In 754 Kan-chi-osho was possessed of three hundred *shari*—the small, pearl-like substance which remains from the cremation of a Buddhistic saint or priest—also certain books named Gen-gi (original signification), Mongu (rare and excellent collection), Shi-kan (perpetuation of that which is admirable). These he presented to the mikado, who accepted them with manifest pleasure, and who, with four hundred and thirty-four of the chief officers of his court, became pupils of the priest. In close proximity to the palace a temple was erected, where the five commandments of Buddha were first promulgated in Japan. These commandments prohibited the destruction of life, dishonesty, adultery, falsehood, and wine-drinking. To these were appended six radicals: eyes, nose, ear, tongue, body, mind; six unclean things, valueless as dirt: color, sound, smell, taste, touch.

In 813, Kobo-dai-shi, the compiler of the present Japanese syllabary, founded a temple and a new sect upon what he had heard while traveling in India and other countries. He learned Pali, Sanskrit, and Chinese, and became familiar with the literature of those languages. His sect was called Shin-gon, or "true words." Its principles taught that the subtle points of an argument should be seized and elaborated. It points out three paths to perfect bliss, which means absorption into Buddha. It teaches that on all sides are the six associated things, earth, water, fire, wind, air, and mind, and that the multitude are possessed of these six things, the proper control and use of which lead to perfection. The road to bliss is by the observation of and deduction from the buddings of spring, the bloom of summer, the fall of the leaf in autumn, the withering of the verdure in winter; when looking over the earth in contemplating its vastness; when on the water, its roundness; and when examining three-cornered objects, fire. By meditation and solitude to be able to reach paradise. The head is compared to a high mountain on which the saints assemble, and the body to the sea which encircles it. Within the mind are seated the thousand worlds; multitudes of lotus-flowers should spring therefrom. The body is likened to a garden guarded by an iron fence; the mind resembles the broad seas and rivers; the head is like the chief of saints in paradise; the eyes like the god of hades; the body like good actions and evil thoughts and deeds. In the sixteen large countries, the five hundred smaller countries, and the countless others as numerous as millet-seed, there exist gods great and small, and in all things extol the five elements—earth, water, fire, wind, and metals. The correct observance of these things leads to annihilation and bliss through absorption into Buddha. The priests of these sects were forbidden to eat other than vegetable food; *saké* was prohibited and celibacy enforced.

It is needless to follow up and describe the numerous sects which arose, one after another, during the succeeding centuries, and the fine, metaphysical distinctions upon which they are founded. There seems to be no end to the little differences and distinctions that forever arise in religious and creedal speculations. The Yamabushi is a sect of wandering priests, though not absolutely mendicant, do not decline such sums of money as may be given them for such religious services as they are ready to render. They have their defined walks, and pay periodical visits to certain localities. They are particularly called upon to pray to Kojin, the god of culinary affairs, and to offer up prayers for the sick, absent relatives, and good fortune. They look back upon Fudo as their patron, and pray to him continually. Before praying they blow loudly on a conch-shell, probably to call the attention of the god. There are branches of this sect called beggars, strollers, etc. One of these sects pass from door to door, playing on a native instrument, and receiving a few small coins in their fans, which they extend to receive the pittances they deem their due. They do not speak, but after playing a few additional notes they pass quietly on to the next house.

The Buddhists have monasteries and nunneries to which all the sects contribute in common. Celibacy is enjoined. The nuns are drawn from all classes of society, though some nunneries admit only the wealthy. It is not uncommon for women who wish to be separated from their husbands, but fail to obtain a divorce, to retire these nunneries and remain three or four years and then come out into the world again fully absolved from the bonds which bound them to their husbands, ready for new engagements.

OBJECTS OF BUDDHISTIC ADORATION.

The objects of adoration of this class of religionists are very numerous. Some sects devote themselves to particular objects, leaving others without attention. The temples have special gods or special divinities and saints. In one respect the Buddhists are unlike Christians, between whom (especially the Romish branch) and themselves there are so many features of similarity. The Buddhists have no mediator or intercessor, but each man has to perform his own work, to earn his own happiness, and absolutely to be his own savior. But they have a great number of patrons and saints to whom they address prayers and from whom they ask favors.

Taishak-ten-a (heavenly emperor) is prayed to for success and protection in this life, the future not being within his province.

Mari-shi-ten is the great patron of all persons, young or old, learning, writing, reading, dancing, singing, or a trade. His image is represented as standing on the back of a galloping wild boar, and has six arms and three faces. The boar being the last of the twelve zodiacal signs, and preceding the first sign Ne on repetitions, implies before the beginning. The three faces, the eyes and countenances tend to all directions. The six hands denote dexterity at work. This is a favorite god with the Nichiren sect. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The Banquet Reception.—Concluded.

At the close of Mr. Mendum's remarks, the chairman said: There is already a wave of Liberalism within the churches as well as outside of them. I now refer to those glorious champions of liberty who, though educated in the clerical profession, have taken their stand outside of the church in order to be defenders of human reason and Freethought. Such men as George Chainey and Miln, who have evoluted out of the clerical profession because it was too small and narrow, are represented here to-night, and I will call upon the ex-Reverend S. P. Putnam to speak for "Our Ex-Clergymen."

MR. PUTNAM: I wish that George Chainey or Mr. Miln were here to-night to respond to this toast. Either of them, perhaps, could give a better insight into the struggles and sacrifices of those who have evoluted out of the clerical profession than I can. We must admit, when we look at such men as Miln, Chainey, and others, that, after all, the clerical profession has produced, in a certain way, some noble fruit. But, when we look upon our own experience, there is a feeling of regret that we ever entered the clerical profession. It seems that the ten years spent in that profession was a waste of time. And yet, I sometimes look upon it in another way, sometimes wondering if such men as Chainey and Miln would have been produced and become the real Liberal powers that they are to-day, whether they would have ever reached their position of great influence and helpfulness, if they had passed through any other experience than that of the clerical profession. And that brings before us the question of whether there ought to be a clerical profession or not. We know that the clerical profession as it exists to-day is a bar to human progress. But we rejoice to know that even this great body of sixty thousand priests throughout the United States of America—for in a sense they are all priests—we are glad that this great body is more or less thrilled with the spirit of liberty and progress, that it is not altogether devoted to superstition, but that there is in it something of that mighty tide of progress that is sweeping over the whole world. And when we think of the clerical profession, not simply in an abstract way as occupying a certain position, but as men—honest men—as I think a great many of them are, we must extend to them our profoundest sympathy, for we feel that they are occupying an unfortunate position. And if there is to be any such profession as this, it is a profession that in the nature of things, should occupy the van of humanity; and if we are to have men exclusively devoted to what we call the great questions of religion, universal humanity and philosophy, if there is to be a class of men set aside from the common occupations of life, with leisure and opportunity to cultivate these sentiments of humanity and all those higher flowers of feeling, as it were, we must affirm that such a class should be thoroughly intelligent, free, and forward-looking in every respect. We must admit that to-day the clerical profession occupies no such position as this. Unfortunately, it looks backward and not forward; unfortunately, it is thoroughly devoted to fixed religious opinions or creeds, and not to religious thought, or religion as it might be; and so far as the clerical profession occupies any such position as this it is a bar to human progress, and the sooner we sweep away this clerical profession and set these sixty thousand ministers to work at something useful the better it will be for humanity. I believe that when we look at the clerical profession as it has existed in the world, when we make a deep and accurate study of human history in a scientific way, we shall find that this great body of men have, in a certain vague way, answered some human need, and therefore I believe that when these men become truly Liberal and scientific, and devoted to the interests of the human race only, when they are evoluted clearly out of the clerical profession into the broader field of humanity, there will not be any necessity for them to go forth into what we call secular business affairs, but that they will occupy instead the position of Mr. Chainey in Boston and of Mr. Adler in New York. They will form a great company of educated, liberal-minded men, who shall be the teachers of humanity in the higher spheres of thought; men having the poet's insight and the fullest freedom of the soul; who, instead of hanging on to the skirts of humanity, and listening to the voice of a bishop or pope in order to find out what they shall say, will stand in the front of their congregations, the real leaders, heroes and martyrs, if need be, of humanity. And so my hope and belief is that when this present clerical profession has been swept entirely away it will be succeeded by one different in spirit and purpose, represented now by such inspired and brilliant men as George Chainey, Felix Adler, and George Miln.

Mr. Leland was next presented to the friends in the following words by the President:

I am now going to introduce to you a man who has attempted the impossible. Liberals have hitherto been a rope of sand, without coherence or organization. Mr. T. C. Leland, secretary of the National Liberal League, has attemped the impossible in saying that this state of things shall not continue in the future. I ask him to speak to the toast, "The National Liberal League."

[Mr. Leland's speech will be published later. It was a written address, and he wishes to reserve it for extension, amendment, and use at Watkins and elsewhere on his western trip to the League congress this fall. It was a half humorons and wholly dead-earnest philippic on "Eternal Vigilance," showing that we hadn't any great amount of it left to swear by in the United States—and pretty much all there is has been garnered up and put to use in the National Liberal League.]

Mr. Wakeman then continued:

That Liberalism is coming to be a powerful element in this country is largely due to the fact that it has gained access to the press, and is gaining Liberal organs of a daily character, and that is particularly true in this city through the establishment of a little newspaper called *Truth*. And one of the most laughable things in this world is the policy of silence by which this little paper is met by its grand and august compeers. But the time will come when they will be pierced through and through by its wit and sarcasm and ability. And now let us hear from one who has done so much to establish it, if he is present, Mr. Louis F. Post. I ask him to speak to the toast, "The Independent Press."

Mr. Post said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I was requested to respond to the toast, "The Secular Press," and in a thoughtless moment I consented; but when I endeavored to gather my wits abont me I found there was very little I could say that was favorable to the secular press in connection with the Liberal movement which Mr. Bennett represents. It has been supposed that the secular press is the leader and former of public opinion. That is a mistake. It may reflect public opinion, but it never forms or leads public opinion. In the country the editor is frightened by the cry of "Stop my paper;" and the metropolitan publisher is frightened by the cry of "Stop my advertisement." There is not a paper in this city that dares to fly in the face of public prejudice. They are all controled by that prejudice through the cry of "Stop my advertisement." It is not a mere question of more or less profits, but one of absolute existence. Therefore I have come to the conclusion in responding to this toast to speak not of the press, but for it. Upon the press in this city are a great many Liberal men—the majority, I think, are Liberal-minded men, but for the sake of bread for their families and themselves they are compelled to smother their consciences. In speaking for those men I think I express their feelings, as I do my own, when I say that the community owes Mr. Bennett a heavy debt, a debt that may not soon be recognized, but in time, either to himself or to his memory, it will be fully paid. There are reforms to be accomplished, and some men must go ahead, bearing the heat and burden of the day, their flesh torn by the brambles of bigotry and their feet bruised by the stones of contempt; they suffer that others may enjoy. Such a man I regard Mr. Bennett It is but seldom given to those men to experience the thrill that comes from the knowledge of a life work completed and a victory won, but it is possible that this boon is in store for Mr. Bennett. Notwithstanding the secular press, public opinion is being created with startling rapidity. Despite the secular press, the age of reason has dawned. When John Brown closed his eyes upon the world the monster of human slavery was in the zenith of its power, but Wendell Phillips, his contemporary, still lives to wear the laurel wreath of victory and point with pride to the scars of the conflict. Thomas Paine went down to the grave disheartened, his honor smirched, and his fame obscured, but Mr. Bennett may live to see Paine's memory honored again and his fame shine with a brighter luster than it ever shone. I am not over-sanguine in asserting that the religions of superstition and faith are rapidly losing their hold on the minds of men. This fact is attested by the evidence of keener and less partial observers than I. Henry George, one of the clearest investigators and most eloquent writers on social questions, and a man who still clings to the religious traditions of his childhood, in his work on "Progress and Poverty," says that "in the popular mind Christianity is dying at the root, as the old paganisms were dying when Christianity entered the world." And only a few days ago there appeared in the *North American Review* a remarkable article from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, which if any one here has not yet read I hope he will not let forty-eight hours go by before procuring and reading it through. I will quote a few passages from it. He says: "No ingenuity or eloquence can persuade men that a god who for ten thousand years has labored to produce an infinite population of damnable souls can with decency be called our father. . . . Little by little the pulpit shrinks from medieval theology. Ministers first gloss it by new interpretations, then they prudently hold it in suspense, then doubt it, then cast it away. . . . The school of the ascetic has corrupted men's minds and made discord between the Bible and nature. To lean to one's reason has been declared a sin and a snare. What, then, shall we lean upon? If a man may not use his eyes, what may he see with? . . . Is man forbidden to use his own rsason while commanded to believe the reason of the church? Did God sit down and write the Bible, or did he whisper all of its statements in the ears of inspired men, who became mechanical reporters? . . . Much of what is called Infidelity is a revolt from the errors of old theology. The church, the Bible, the creed have been confounded with religion. Neither church, book, nor theology is of value except as an educating instrument. They have no sacredness of their own. . . . The signs are in the air. Men no longer preach doctrines to which they swore in their ordination vows—or they give them new meanings at variance with historic facts."

Mr. Beecher not only testifies thus to the dawn of the age of reason, but he proves his own advance by expressing opinions that differ from those proclaimed by Mr. Ingersoll no more than the language in which they are clothed falls short of Ingersoll's eloquence. And when you remember that, next to Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Beecher is the most eloquent man in America, you can judge how radical these opinions are, and what his punishment would have been if he had uttered these sentiments ten years ago. He would not have escaped through the crevice in a split jury on that issue theu.

But what has produced this great change in public opinion? Not the press, but the labors, the sacrifices, the humilations, the honest purpose and steadfast conduct of men like Thomas Paine, who laid the corner-stone of Infidelity and Freethought; like Bennett, who is rearing the superstructure; and like Ingersoll, who adorns the edifice with his eloquence and guards it with shafts of sarcasm shot from the bow of humor. This revolt of reason against superstition has had and is having a wider and nobler influence than its promoters have anticipated or suppose. If there had been no Infidels there would have been no abolitionists, and chattel slavery would have this nation by the throat to-day, as, under the influence of superstition, it had it before the war. And, in regard to the social and industrial questions which are pressing forward for solution, if Infidelity had not freed men's minds from the thrall of ecclesiasticism these questioners would be trodden beneath the heel of the church, and the idle rich would go on piling up wealth beyond all human events, while toiling millions were sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of servitude and despair, without a protest, with the sanction of the Almighty God, and under the unctuous smile of the anointed. Infidelity, humanity, and progress go hand in hand, while superstition, cruelty, and retrogression are in league with one another. The disenthralled generations of coming time will honor no men of our day more than those who are sacrificing bodily comfort and mental peace for the physical and intellectual freedom of their posterity. Foremost among such men I regard the Infidel whom we welcome home to-night from his triumphal tour around the globe.

Said President Wakeman:

One of the most beautiful features in the trinity of results to which the last speaker referred is Liberal institutions, established by Liberals. A few years ago it was said that Liberalism was principally negative, and it was true, but that state of affairs is changing, and instead of a confused, unsettled, disorganized mass, it is becoming constructive and organic, knows pretty well what it is about, has got a mind of its own for the arrangement of affairs, and has the power to make trouble for its opponents, and is making it; so that before long Liberals will claim their rightful place in the control of human affairs. Science is becoming the great new faith of humanity, and is breaking the fetters and lifting the slaves of mankind. To this end the Society of Humanity exists in New York, and I call upon Prof. A. L Rawson to say a few words in its behalf.

Mr. Rawson responded to the following effect:

At this late hour you will hardly expect me to give the history of the life of this Society of Humanity and what it is doing, but you will expect, probably, a few words in that direction.

Believing that organization was necessary to secure good results from our labors, a few men and women associated themselves together into what is now called the Society of Humanity, and became a power. I need not remind those who are present, except possibly a few of you, that, although they have not done much work among themselves, they

have been the promoters of very much good work outside of themselves. The Liberal League has had much assistance from members of this society, personal and moral. The Liberal League will continue to receive such assistance from us until it gains the object for which it was created. There are other movements on foot also that owe to the Society of Humanity their nerve. We have listened to-night to a short account of what Mr. Bennett has seen and done in his pilgrimage. He made use of one sentence which, it seems to me, was not quite complete. He said that Egypt had furnished more of the bread of the world than any other country of equal size; and that is true, but Egypt has also furnished more ideas to the world, of a religious character, than any other country in the world of equal extent. The whole world, both the East and the West, is indebted to Egypt for many of the ideas that have ruled the world from Moses's and Mohammed's times to the present. To-day there is going on a struggle there that may change the face of the world in its religious aspect. It may be the beginning of a new era. Whatever may be the end of the war, its beginning is simply the foreclosure of a mortgage which English people have had upon the government of Egypt, and in which the Egyptian people have no interest. In the foreclosure of that mortgage the neighbors may become interested and the disturbance spread over the whole of Europe, and then Egypt will profit by it. If I was a young man my face would be set toward Egypt to help that people to free themselves; and I believe that a dozen men well prepared with scientific knowledge could assist the Egyptians to free themselves from all their enemies. I hold that there are few people in the government of England who are real humanitarians, or who would be accepted as members of our society should they apply. Those who are pronounced Liberals are led by those who are not Liberals, and who are supporting the established church, and that church has been at the right hand of the established king in all ages to oppress mankind. The established governments here, although made by the people, have become a monopoly, and can elect themselves to office time after time in spite of the people; and the church, that is almost established, because it is paid and supported practically by the government, is supporting that whole monopoly of government, and will until the people wake up and shake it off, or sink deeper and deeper until we become slaves in name, as in fact we are now.

The Society of Humanity has for its direct purpose to enlighten the people of this country until they can free themselves; not by war, but peaceably, through the ballot-box and through sending just and true men into public places to do the work that we expect of them as the servants and not the masters of the people. The Society of Humanity does intend to establish here a new religion, founded upon humanity, and not upon an impossible god, and they will welcome every man who has a head and heart to aid this work. It is a grand step in human progress. Its ultimate success depends largely upon pecuniary success, and the Society of Humanity is already established upon a solid, substantial basis; it has had through bequests a sufficient amount of property left to it to place it beyond any possibility of want; it can meet all demands in a legitimate way, and therefore no one need be deterred from joining it by fears for its continued existence.

The President then spoke. Said he:

Another element toward this constructive phase of Liberalism has been the founding of philosophies upon scientific ideas and principles, philosophies which entirely take the place of theology, or, if they do not go so far, appropriate the theological forms and reconstruct them in such a way as to entirely change them from being a phase of popular superstition. Among the leaders in this country who have contributed most to this great work is our distinguished friend and philosopher, S. P. Andrews. I delight to call him our American Hegel, and I am pleased to say that he will respond to the toast, "The Growing Spirit of Unity and Efficiency Among Our Reformers."

The "Greet Universal Preacher" spoke thus:

If we were in the Liberal Club, and if my friend, Mr. Wakeman, had made a violent assault upon me, as he sometimes does there, then I might perhaps say something worth while, but I have never found the influences attending the dinner-table to be particularly inspiring in the direction of eloquence or clearness of thought. You have all read among the beautiful stories that are told regarding Charles Lamb, one to the effect that when Lamb and a party of friends had stowed themselves in a stage coach, after dining generously at a country tavern, the driver, desiring to take in another passenger, presented himself at the coach-door with the inquiry, "All full inside?" and Lamb replied: "I don't know how it is with the others, but that last piece of pigeon-pie did the business for me." I am just now rather too full for facile utterance.

I think the most desirable thing for us in the present stage of affairs is to become thoroughly philosophical in the matter of reforms, so as to see the operation of principles as they flow through the world of human nature from age to age, and as they are founded in the nature of things. There are great rythms in human forces which come from undelying principles, and if we can grasp those principles, take them, as it were, in our hands and weigh them, we can judge with greater precision the signs of the times, and gauge the degree of progress of the world. Whenever there is an aggregation of human forces or any forces, whenever there is a condensed, immovable condition of things, then reform necessarily begins by disintegration, by dissolving. To illustrate: If a crystal of ice had been formed in the muddy street, and had taken up into its composition a portion of foreign matters, rendering it imperfect; and if our purpose were to reconstruct that crystal in accordance with the laws of crystallization, so as to exclude all imperfections, the first stage of our process would be to reduce it to a state of perfect solution; to separate and distinctify the individual molecules. The second (or, in a sense, the third) step is to recrystallize without the assumption of any impurities. This reveals to us the progress of humanity. If we go back to the old condition of affairs under the Catholic church in the middle ages, we find the primitive condition which Compte called the prior synthesis of human society. Then comes a breaking up, which he denominated analysis, and we are now beginning to be prepared for a new synthesis. My technicalities for these three stages are synstasis, analysis, and synthesis. Four hundred years ago, with the death of John Huss, or rather with his life, which was extinguished under the flames of persecution, there began a remarkable drift in the humanity of Europe toward individualization, toward the assertion of the right of private judgment in matters of conscience, which culminated, through Martin Luther, in the great Protestant movement. That movement went on until, under the spur and inspiration of Rousseau and Voltaire, it ripened into the French Revolution and political freedom.

In our age, and within a few years past, we have begun another forward step in the direction of social freedom. These three mark the three stands, religious, political, and social, of the great modern reformatory movement. The process of disintegration is just now beginning to come to an end. It has done so with some of us, and that change will occur with many more within the next five or ten years. What then? Why, a new drift; a return from the aphelion of this career, and a new progression toward the constitution of a new human society that is to occupy this planet. We have gained one stage of the evolutions; we have turned the angle, and we are coming back toward a constructive, to replace destructive reform. The world is waking up to the fact that we are about to enter upon that drift. With regard to Mr. Bennett, what he has done and is doing has been well stated here to-night, and what I wish to say is a word with regard to what he ought to do, and what he must and will do in the future. A large part of what he has accomplished in the past has been simply the building of a pulpit for himself, and he occupies such a one at this time as no other man in this country does. For the purpose of promulgating his ideas and helping forward the business of constructive reform, what he should now do is to stump this whole country, every state and county in it, and stimulate the people to organize at every point over this whole land, Leagues, organizations, combinations, alliances, under whatsoever name and in whatsoever relationship to other parts of the Liberal movement, that shall help forward those great principles of freedom, and forward the drift of humanity toward organic constructive reform and the building up of the loose, unorganized material into an actual power. We should be the strongest party in the world to-day if we were organized, but indolence and want of co-operation have made us weak. We are nowhere when compared with the same number of religionists with the same amount of brains, if we could find them, because they have the added force of organization. Organization is the word of the future; we must have organization, but such organization as shall, instead of suppressing the individual in his struggle for freedom, come to his aid in behalf of freedom and for the purpose of carrying out the objects and designs of the most Liberal and exalted men on the planet. Organization is, like fire, a very bad master, but a very excellent servant. Organizations in the past have been our masters and have oppressed us, and consequently the people have taken on a fear in regard to organization. We must make organizations scientific and beneficent, such as shall be a blessing rather than a curse. This is to be the work of the immediate future. Reforms come rapidly along, and in the mean time we must act, and not merely speculate. Therefore I speak for the Liberal Leagues, and of what I think Mr. Bennett should do to help the people to attain an organic form of reform in the immediate future.

Mr. Wakeman next introduced the poet of the evening thus:

Another phase of the progress of Liberalism has been its representation in art. It has been said that we had no art. It is no longer true. From Shelley down to the present we have had the most glorious poems and products of art inspired by the love of liberty. And of those who among us have been the representatives of that new power, I have the honor and pleasure to name our friend, Mr. S. P. Putnam. I hope he will give us a short poem as a specimen of this new phase of Liberalism, Liberal art.

Mr. Putnam then read the appended poem:

The day is broadening far, but still the night
Broods with its shadow o'er the eager sight,
And foul birds flutter 'gainst the golden dawn,
And spit their poison though their fangs are gone;
Backward and forward tides of darkness flow
And chilling blasts rebuff the morning's glow;
The "Leaves of Grass" that sparkle with sweet light,
Where nature's splendor quivers bare and bright—
Quick mirrors of the truth's most beauteous form—
These are bedraggled by the crawling worm,
Who sees in anything most fair no more
Than what his own corrupted heart can pour.
Not yet, alas!. not yet the day supreme
Reigns in the heaven, although with many a gleam
It dashes on the slow-receiling dark;
Still the retreating dogs of terror bark,
The right is dimmed with many a ghastly wrong;
The despots still their bitter sway prolong;
The hands of labor feel the cursed chain,
Its wealth-creating instrument no gain
But buttressed throne whence reckless power defies
The people's voice; Invention's noble prize
That belts the world—the railroad's gleaming coil—
Seems but a spider's web to catch the spoil
And feed the pampered body of the few,
While millions find no fruit from what they do.
We are not ready yet to sing the song
Of peace and quiet—not to us belong
The perfect laurels—this feast is by the way,
Not on the summit of man's golden day.
And yet what glories meet our ample view,
How beautiful the dawn, how vast the blue,
Sparkling with thousand radiant shapes sublime
That bring the message of the better time.
The night may linger, but our souls are free;
The worms may crawl, the harvest yet will be;
The bats may spread their wings against the sun,
But that which made them finds its race is run.
The wrong does perish, though by slow degrees,
And more and more the wand of science frees;
Truth walks the earth and builds its kingdom fair,
E'en from the desert plucking jewels rare.
Justice at last makes rich reward for all,
Displacing charity with freedom's call—
For charity is but the ancient vice
By which the social sins are painted nice.
He wants no charity whose simple right
To live, work, think, and act is granted quite.
And this shall come, for man with man shall grow
In one vast brotherhood. Yet in the glow
Of intense interplay of every mind
Society will be all rights combined.
'Tis not in sacrifice, but in the flower
Of personal freedom that the greatest power
Blooms in the life united of the race;
Check one man's action and you mar the grace
Of our humanity's effulgent crown.
The strongest suffer if the least bow down.
That crown, it shall be stainless yet and shine,
And light all pathways to one end divine.
To man's great empire o'er this planet wide,
Commanding ray of sun and sweep of tide,
Gemmed with the stars, and glittering with the fire
Drawn from the mountain's heart; and our desire,
All that we hope and dream, shall be fulfilled;
Truth seeker, truth, thy noblest world shall build.

The President made his closing remarks in this wise:

This poem ends the programme for the evening. I feel, and I think the feeling must be universal, that it is good for us to have met together on this occasion. The lesson of this occasion and meeting is that we must stand by each other when we are under fire. When an attack is made upon one of us Liberals because of his Liberalism we must rally to his support, and in doing that we will gain the respect of each other and of the world.

The position Mr. Bennett was placed in was an exceptional one, and called forth the rarest qualities of human nature, unswerving faithfulness to principle under ignominious persecution; and from his friends it called forth similar qualities, that when a man is under fire we must stand by him. A man's failings are atoned for by a great service to humanity; all their weaknesses and sins are forgotten by virtue of that noble aspiration and self-sacrifice in aid of human progress. That gives a man absolution and lifts him above all his failings. Another lesson of this occasion is that we must learn to combine. We have combined around this table to welcome Mr. Bennett. Can we ever do it again for any other purpose? Can we stand shoulder to shoulder for the accomplishment of any particular thing in the progress of the Liberal cause? I hope we can and may. How far this shall aid us in the future, and how far we shall succeed in bringing the dawn we have spoken of, we cannot tell; but it rests with each one of us to further it by our labors as we can. Our reward will be the respect and esteem of each other, of the world, and of our own consciences and hearts. We are thankful that our friend Bennett has returned; we congratulate him from the bottom of our hearts, and we will stand by him in the future, when under fire, as we have in the past, and we will lend him our help in all his labors for humanity.

Votes of thanks to Mr. Wakeman for the admir able way in which he discharged his duty as chairman, and to Messrs. Seaver and Mendum for making so long a journey to be present, were unanimously passed.

Communications.

Is Mind Material?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Perhaps you will remember, if not this will remind you, that I commenced the discussion of this question more than a year ago, the first article of which was published in The Truth Seeker of January 15, 1881; the second article in that of February 26th; the third article in that of April 30th, and the fourth in the issue of August 13th, which was about the time you left on your round-the-world trip. I had intended to write just one more article on this subject, and as I could not do so before you started I made up my mind to wait until you returned, if you ever should and if I should liv till then, and try to hav the last article ready to appear then, if you were willing to publish it in your columns. And inasmuch as it has been so long since the first article appeared, and such long intervals between the publication of the others, it seems that, in order to present my ideas in any sort of connection, it is necessary to briefly recapitulate some of the main points presented in my former communications.

In the first article my proposition was that mind was an immaterial spiritual eutity; that it is the I am that I am, the thinking, reasoning myself; that thought is a volition of the mind, as is walking or speaking a volition of the physical organs; that I hav the control of my own will, my own thoughts, my own actions; that mind is the power that governs every act of our lives, and that the principle is recognized and acted upon in all the transactions of life everywhere and under all circumstances; that mind governs matter; that if mind is the result of material organization, in cases of very great excitement of the mind, resulting in death to the body, then the mind, the effect, has destroyed the cause of its own existence; the material organization has committed suicide.

It is in its operations and results like the Kilkenny cats that fought each other until there was nothing left of either but the ends of their tails, and if they had only fought a little longer there would hav been nothing left, and that would hav been a perfect illustration of the Materialistic problem.

That is how Materialism develops its principles. We know that the mind can and has killed the body in hundreds and thousands of cases by its excited action alone, independent of every other cause.

My second article was devoted principally to arguments to show that the material organization was merely a medium of communication which the mind manifested in itself to the material world. That in all the different grades of life, from the lowest up to man, the same rule holds true; that in even the vegetable world we can see manifestations of life in a manner that could never be exhibited to us only through those peculiar organizations. And so with the animal creation. We see life, instinct, if not reason, manifested in the different animal organizations that we could never see or know only through those separate and distinct specimens of creation.

That the ear, an organ to convey facts to the mind by sound, does not hear. I hear the sound; the ear knows no more about it than a block of wood. And the eye is merely an organism answering the purpose of a telescope or a microscope to present objects to the mind to myself. The object is imprinted on the retina of my eye on the same principle and in the same way that an object is imprinted upon the object-glass in the camera of the photographer, and by some means, as incomprehensible as my own existence or that of universe, is conveyed to my mind. But the eye itself sees nothing. I see through the eye. If I were dead the impression might remain on the retina of the eye, but there would be no sight, no seeing. And this seeing and hearing are under the control of the mind, and so is the brain subject to my will. I can think about one thing or another just as I please, and the brain must mind its business and do as I will if it can. The mind seems to be enthroned supreme over and independent of this material organization for its existence, with power to govern and control the whole concern, and, according to the law of cause and effect, cannot be the result of the organizations and forces that are subject to its control.

My third article consists of a few arguments to show that it is no more inconceivable that the mind could exist independent of material organization than that material organization could produce mind; that it does not prove that mind or the life principle is, necessarily, the result of material organization, because we never see it manifested through those peculiar organizations; that to make the observation that nothing exists that is not material or the result of material organization, does not prove it to be so. That if I cannot understand my own existence, how am I to know all the possibilities of a spiritual existence of which I can know nothing through the medium of those material organs of sense, which were designed only to be a means of communication with the material universe? That if we cannot know how mind exists, neither can we know how matter exists. The one is as much a mystery as the other. That every effect must hav a cause, that if the mind is not the result of material organization, what is the cause, and what is the cause of matter That we are told that we cannot go outside of the universe for the very good reason that there is no outside of the universe for the cause. That the universe is material, and that what is not in the universe is nothing, and that mind must be the result of matter and material. That there must necessarily be an intelligent cause for all that exists. That upon the principle by which we learn everything we know, cause and effect, we cannot conceive of an intelligent existence without an intelligent cause, and that in our own existence can be found a parallel that will illustrate the principle. That the cause of all things occupies the same relation to the universe that my mind does to my body; that eternal, self-existent, supreme-intelligence mind is manifested in and through the universe in the same manner as my mind is manifested through this material organization; and that that intelligence is the soul of the universe, the all in all, the Great I Am.

My fourth article was on the propositon that force was not an inherent property of matter; that if mind (life) was not the result of material organization, but an eternal self-existent mind, supreme intelligence, the soul of the universe, then it was entirely unnecessary to bring in the proposition that force is an inherent property of matter to supply the place of God, to account for all the life and intelligence manifested in and through those material organizations; that something must be eternal, without beginning and without end, whether matter or spirit, or both, or else nothing could now be in existence. And, according to all our experience and knowledge here, mind is the power that controls matter; that influences and controls other minds; that controls every enterprise among men; that moves the world. And why should we not reasonably come to the conclusion that the universe is controled in the same manner by an intelligent, invisible power—a mind, a spirit, a God—who handles matter as he pleases, as we do as far as we hav the power? and that it is as susceptible of proof that matter was created by an intelligent power as that it eternally existed without a cause, and that, by some process of evolution as mysterious and incomprehensible as its eternal existence without a cause would be, it should produce intelligence, produce a mind to control and govern itself; which would be just as inconceivable and incomprehensible as to hav been created by an intelligent being, and much more so, because it would be contrary to all our experience, the analogy of things in nature, cause and effect, and every rule by which we are governed in the acquisition of knowledge.

The generally-received opinion that matter cannot be annihilated, and that consequently it must be eternal, is not susceptible of proof. All we know is that we cannot annihilate matter, which does not prove that the Almighty could not We cannnot create it, but that does not prove that he cannot create matter. How do we know but that the Almighty has annihilated worlds of matter? How can we know but that the Great I Am could blot out this universe in the twinkling of an eye and still exist, the same eternal, self-existent being that he has eternally existed?

It would seem that the Almighty has given us assurance enough of his all-sufficiency in what we can see in the universe; in the infinit variety which he has given us; in the countless millions of different orders and forms of existences he has created to convince us that all things are possible with him, except to contradict himself, or make nature contradict nature, or himself to commit suicide. It would not seem to be possible for the eternal to annihilate himself.

I hav, as briefly as would seem consistent in order to prescribe any sort of connection of the ideas advanced in my former articles on this question, referred to a few of the main points of argument involved in the consideration of this subject before presenting my final proposition and the reasons I may be able to giv in support of it.

James Hale.

Darwinism Boiled Down.

Elmina inquires in a recent number of The Truth Seeker for the best brief manual of Darwin's principal work. There is no such abridgment, and probably none could be made, at least in the present state of science. The "Origin of Species" is not a large book and the argumentative part of it is quite short, but it is crammed with examples and illustrations, and upon these depend its value. The coming popular literature of Darwin ism must, I should think, take the form of exposition rather than abbreviation—the facts of natural history which Darwin takes for understood cannot be packed any closer, but need, on the contrary, to be explained to those who do not know them. There is a book entitled "What Darwin Saw," designed for children and unscientific readers. Expositions of Darwinism as applied to various subjects may also be found in the *Popular Science Monthly* and some numbers of the *International Scientific Series.*

The outline of the Darwinian theory is easily defined. All species of plants and animals multiply faster than they can continue to find means of subsistence. Hence results the "struggle for existence"—great multitudes dying in each generation from want of nourishment or the assaults of enemies. In this struggle every exception, peculiarity, or idiosyncrasy which can aid an individual to survive increases the chance that the individuals so favored will leave the most numerous posterity. This is the law of "natural selection." As the stock-breeder selects his most serviceable animals to become parents, so nature, by cutting off those which are not fitted to the conditions of existence, selects those which are, for the same end. In the course of many generations the "survival of the fittest," which at first admitted exceptions, becomes absolute and excludes them. In the long run, competition *must* destroy the families least adapted to their surroundings. Among these may generally be included negativ and nothing-in-particular varieties. Hence the origin of new species and the disappearance of the "missing links." Darwin shows, with great profusion of instances, that this principle accounts for all the different kinds of variation among races. The power of changing color so conspicuous in the chameleon, the conquest of the earth by the more intelligent races of men, the limited number of rapacious animals, the swarming proclivity of codfish and oysters, the advance in complexity of organization from the nomad up to man, the persistent uniformity of those low types found in the oldest strata—progress, retrogression, immobility, monstrosity—all are drawn within the compass of a single generalization. Of the objections to Darwinism it seems unnecessary to say anything now. They appear to be buried in the grave of the discoverer, who lived to see the complete triumph of his views. It is rather necessary now to warn students against supposing that Darwin has exhausted nature. As a theory of the origin of species, his discovery leaves, perhaps, nothing to be desired. The origin of those individual variations in which species have their remote source it does not bear upon at all.

C. L. James.

A New Prophet.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker. *Sir:* Ever since the nativ uprising in Egypt and the bombardment of Alexandria, I hav been expecting each week to see some one call the attention of your readers to the following prediction, which appeared in one of your "Round-the-World" letters from Cairo, written several months ago. It cannot be that I am the only one who has noticed its almost literal accurateness:

"The nativs [of Egypt] are talking among themselvs of the necessity of rising against their oppressors and driving them from their country. This may come in one, two, or three years, but come it pretty surely will. . . . That will be a bloody day when it comes, and many Europeans will doubtless be massacred: but it will only giv the European nations a good excuse to visit severe punishment upon the Moslems."

There you hav the whole program laid down, and it has been followed, with no omissions and few extras. If your mind was not illumined by the spirit of prophecy when you made that diagnosis, then the spirit of prophecy is of no account. Isaiah never made a hit like it, though he followed the style of his time in making his prediction after the event of which he was writing had occurred. His aversion to the truth may in a measure account for the lack of correspondence between the subjectiv order of his narrativ and the objectiv order of the phenomena. Neither did the dreaming Daniel nor the maundering Ezekiel strike so close to the facts. As for Mother Shipton's Prophecy, that lady's reputation went with 1881, the world failing to come to an end before the expiration of the year, according to expectation.

The Adventists are admonished by their leaders to study this Egyptian question with the Bible in their hands. If some of them should happen to stumble across the passage in Acts which says, "I will raise up a prophet from among brethren; to him ye shall hearken," and also the prediction which I hav quoted, a connection between the two might be imagined, and a reputation established for you as a prognosticator of dire events which would make Mehemet Achmet, the would-be prophet of Islam, seem small potatoes indeed.

G. E. M.

"A Truth Seeker Around the World."

From the Theosophist, Bombay, India.

At the time of Mr. Bennett's visit to Bombay, it was made known that he was on a voyage around the world at the request of the subscribers to his journal, The Truth Seeker, and at their expense. This latter fact at once attests the popularity of Mr. Bennett in America among the Freethinking classes, and their probable numerical strength; for unless the number were large, no fund so considerable as this journey requires could hav been raised by a popular subscription of five dollars from each contributor. Mr. Bennett's observations of travel hav been regularly published in his journal in the form of letters, and the portion of the trip between New York and Damascus has just appeared in a thick volume of 836 pages, profusely illustrated, and having a well-engraved portrait in steel of the author. Mr. Bennett is a type of a class very numerous in the United States, and which has recruited some of the ablest men in American public life—that of the self-made. By dint of strong natural endowments of mind, backed by a store of bodily vigor, they hav forced their way into public notice and popular leadership, often despite obstacles fit to crush all hope out of weaker characters. A representativ man of this class was the late distinguished journalist and politician, Horace Greeley, founder and editor of the New York *Tribune;* and one cannot turn over a leaf of American history without seeing the traces of similar minds having been at work. Mr. Bennett's path to authorship and leadership in the Western Freethought movement did not run through the drowsy recitation-rooms of the college, nor over the soft carpets of aristocratic drawing-rooms. When his thoughts upon religion filled his head to overflowing, he dropped merchandizing and evoluted into editorship with a cool self-confidence that is thoroughly characteristic of the American disposition, and scarcely ever looked for in any other race. "The American invented the monkey and shod the musketo"—is a Russian proverb expressiv of the popular idea in that country of the cleverness of their transatlantic friends. One would naturally look, then, to find in a book by such a man rather strength than finish, many quaint, original views of foreign people and countries without any pretense of that polish which marks the literary productions of the university graduate. And such, indeed, is what one sees in the volume under notice. The author's mission was the unique one of studying and reporting upon the religious state of the world from the Freethinker's point of view. It may be described as an anti-missionary or anti-religious pilgrimage; a commission to discover not alone how little or much good the missionaries are doing to the "heathen," nor how good or bad are the various other Christian nations, but also whether Christian America can draw any good lessons in morals or religion from the hoary civilizations of Asia This duty Mr. Bennett has performed to the extent possible in the brief time allowed him in each country to look over his ground. He makes many shrewd observations, more particularly in Europe and the Holy Land, where his long previous study of Christianity fitted him to grasp its relations with the state of things he witnessed. His is not a book to be read with either pleasure or patience by the professed Christian, but it is admirably adapted to his audience; and the popular receptions which, in the latest advices from America, are reported as being given to him by crowds of sympathizers all along the line of the Pacific Railway, show that he has largely added to his influence with that rapidly-growing party which is assailing Christian theology "from every coign of vantage." Three volumes are to complete the work, and the three are advertised at the remarkably low cost of five dollars, or about Rs. 13-2-0.

Congress Hall.

Our enterprising Secretary of the St. Louis League has just completed arrangements for the League Congress in St. Louis. It will meet in the Young Men's Temperance Hall, northwest corner of Fourth and Locust streets. This is a good, commodious, central hall.

Also the headquarters of the League officers will be at the St. James Hotel, and the delegates can find quarters there for $1.50 per day, board and room included. It is a first-class $2 a day hotel. It has recently been refitted and furnished anew. One of the proprietors is a Liberal.

For those who prefer to take rooms elsewhere the Italian Kitchen, Sixth and Olive streets, will furnish meals at very reasonable prices.

So everything is arranged, and we hope the auxiliary Leagues will be represented at St. Louis by full delegations. Every auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates. We believe this will be the largest and fullest Congress ever held. The best speakers in the country will be there. Mr. George Chainey will occupy Sunday afternoon with one of his admirable lectures, as he did last year in Chicago. Mr. Wakeman will close the proceedings on Sunday evening with an address. Friday and Saturday will be occupied with the business of the League—entertaining plans for its progress and improvements, discussing its resolutions, the election of officers, etc. It will assemble promptly at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, September 29th.

Leaguers and Liberals—life, annual, and charter members—will every one of you resolve to be present?

T. C. Leland, Secretary N. L. L.
744 *Broadway, New York.*

A Mistaken Idea.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I notice that The Truth Seeker and many eastern papers speak of the prohibitory liquor law of Kansas as a success. This is not the case. Anyone can get a glass of liquor in the saloons of the large cities by asking for it, just as easy as sugar, nails, or any other commodity, and in the smaller places where fines hav been imposed it is sold secretly. So that to find one that is closed in consequence of the law is a very rare occurrence; yet I think there is not so much drank as before, some of which is attributed to the hard times and people not being able to pay for it. I hav lived in the state twelve years, and notice things some, and my drink is water. I wish well to the temperance cause, but I want the truth told, and want our paper to do it every time. Hence this note.

Governor St John's yarn about increased immigration and enlarged tax roll is all bosh—not worth a moment's notice. The reverse is the fact. Many hav left the state because of short crops, and, so far as I am advised, not because liquor is not to be had, for it is plenty, and much villainy is practiced to evade the law.

Indeed, sometimes it seems to me that the hypocrisy and lying and perjury are as corrupting to the morals of the country

as liquor drinking could be. Of this, however, it is difficult to determin, and it is likely that some more law-making may make it possible to prosecute the offenders, but if it is found that there can be no better way of promoting temperance than the one now on trial it had better be repealed and left altogether to moral suasion. DR. GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

Cawker City, Kansas, Aug. 1, 1882.

Open Letter to Young People.

Dear Young Men and Women of the United States of America: Since you hav been taught that on your rectitude of character and choice of judicious life rests the hopes of the aged for the security of just institutions and safe administrations, you will not feel insidiously addressed if those interested in human welfare express anxiety when they see you surrounded by snares and artfully-pressed temptations, which only high purpose and fixed principle can resist. Knowing that in the present critical state of our nation, when a fuller union of church and state is planned, your aid to that plan is sought by all possible allurements; and learning recently that good young men, of *Liberal views and education*, hav been lured into the church, and urged to join the Y. M. C. A., which, for its social features, they like, prompts me to throw out this kindly warning, late as it is; for long ago Liberals should hav established methods of combining culture and amusement for the young, independent of bigoted sects. In answer to my remonstrance the apology of these young men is the attractions of wealth, fine halls and temples, popular standing, and entertainments. In a large degree these are held out to attract, and Freethinkers are not fully attentiv to the constant need of fortifying young minds against seductiv show. But, finally, we are awake to the danger of having our last liberties usurped by power-seeking craft, and to the strong efforts to make you its servil allies, like thousands now unwittingly giving it the service of their lives. The thousands not yet under its sway should be spared to the truth. To show the subtle aim (aptly told in the old term priestcraft) to those of you not aware of the guile behind the surface suavity of the church-made respectability of to-day, and beneath the special solicitude for your aid in this crisis, is the object of this task, and I hope its welcome will be manifest by a large count of grown boys and girls in Liberal clubs. To divert you from reasoning and scientific company and books strained efforts are made to brand such with the odium of obscenity. For this purpose our best people and most useful literature are attacked and condemned. To cover the revolting nature of church dogma and fraud the fascination of show and pleasing attention are made profuse, and recently the appearance of refinement and learning are emulated to countervail tedious pettings of pulpit doctrins. This winning phase is self-confession that ennobling progress for aspiring souls is not there, and is superfluous to those knowing the central kernel of the structure is pagan idolatry, mythic superstition, and disguised knowledge that these are facts.

Skilled in long-practiced cunning, Christians hav ways of driving people to their fold with a gentle seeming, though a cruel, dire intent, evincing much tact, and this runs all through the winning process.

By affiliating with fashion and other speculations, they hav established customs and standards of morality and respect on a plane and line with their policy, creating a caste they assume to be alone reputable. By its criterion they measure vice and virtue, real worth not considered; and in the auspices of their society, intemperance venal excesses in many things, legal prostitution, avarice, swindling, knavery, multiply and demoralize so generally that confidence in human integrity has reeled till alarm for the perpetuity of any soundness is urging the best in all sects, the doubters of atoning gods, the Freethought lovers of truth, and especially the believers that individual responsibility is highest incentiv to goodness, to begin reforming existing usages, to gain for the masses some real health of body, mind, and morals, and a basis of prosperity where justice may be umpire. Discovering this aim in Liberal ranks, priests whose honor rises from the ignorance of the many, started anew the old slanders, with malice attent, made the understanding that dissenters were unpopular, patronage must be withheld from their business, activ advocates suppressed in some way, and the passport to reputation was church favor. In this their usual appeal to fear is expected to be potent with young members.

When priests had the power they beheaded Freethinkers to intimidate others, as well as to hush the thought. Their object now is to so modify law that again they can silence opposition. The hard strife to gain numbers is that they may thrust liberty out of the Constitution, vote the myth they call God in, be sustained in deciding on interpretation, and ruling accordingly. This is the meaning of the late violations of law by agents of vice societies, spurious courts, postal interference, and trials to suppress physiological science. To counteract this gigantic desecration of our republican government, already much corrupted, the institution called Liberal Leagues was formed. It is increasing in growth and prosperity year by year, but with the combined enemies of all monarchies and churches it needs the aid of all who believe in its principles, who abhor the heartlessness of tyranny, the abject slavery of subjects, and the horrid torture of the noblest of humanity by Christian fanatics with chains, gags, cells, and gibbets. And there are enough whose real views are with Liberals to rally to the true standard and roll back threatening invasion at once, if they had courage to outact inner truth. Investigation shows that majorities of those sustaining churches hav no faith in them, and only acquiesce for "position and success in business." Such mercenary catering so degrades character that dupes linger on, never enjoying the sweet freedom of living a conviction, daily selling themselvs, becomes commonplace, and it is feared they will sell their country and posterity's inheritance, too, when the trying hour which is hastening on arrives.

If you, young people, consider well the momentous matter, stand firmly, by the human right of self-government throw your influence into the true organization of that right, the Liberal Leagues, you will honor your own patrotism, strengthen the true, and be examples to older people who ought to hav been helping you by their manly practice. Auxiliary Leagues center in the National, forming a body where all reforms may work for justice in political, commercial, religious, and all good systems.

And women, as well as men, should join them, giv what aid and influence they can, and that is much more than is usually supposed. Soon as women in goodly numbers swell the membership they will form sociable societies independent of pretentious sects, and when our ranks show they are able to entertain themselvs, defend a true standard of rectitude, and encourage their own business affairs, the vassals whom shams hav left worthy of redemption will gladly turn and enjoy a rich season of open-browed honesty.

Saving you, young men, from wily nets long laid for you, will also save you, our girls, and, saving enough of you, will save this beautiful abundant land from the desolation of a heinous plot, and convert into happy homes of secure peace for the brave and free as long as they are vigilant.

How many fathers, mothers, and grandparents will set examples, and keep reminding everybody which is the right way? I beseech you all to save yourselvs with all the rest, by retaking all the liberties our sires nobly won, obtaining many others they nor we hav known, and do not hinder women who hav labored for everybody's liberty all their lives from taking as many and as much of them as they giv any one.

Affectionately and respectfully,

Vineland, N. J. MARY E. TILLOTSON.

A Letter from Mrs. Briggs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The death of a dear brother recently called me to Vermont, and after the last sad offices were performed I improved the opportunity while there of visiting many old schoolmates and dear friends that I had not seen for years. One whom I hav known as a most worthy man from my earliest recollections was formerly an enthusiastic Universalist, and smart enough to many times vanquish by Bible arguments eminent divines, but now, alas, gone over to the enemy in the Baptist division! And I asked myself, How is this possible? Not being able to answer the query, I left with him for perusal that book of books for the benighted, "Deity Analyzed and the Devil's Defense," by Col. John R. Kelso, of California, that latest and best defender of the faith—a work that I wish to commend to all Liberals as one that cannot be excelled as an effectiv instrument to dispel the clouds of superstition and ignorance (the only barrier that prevents all Christians from attaining mental freedom), and a book that ought to hav a large sale and extensiv reading, if we would do our duty to those of our fellow men that hav not yet been able to break the fetters the church has forged for them. Its keen satire and unanswerable arguments must prove most effectiv in demolishing the absurdities of theology; and I hav great hopes that the mind of this old and valued friend, and others of his class, will yet be released from the thraldom of superstition—the mental bastile which now imprisons so many noble minds, annihilating Freethought, and keeping men and women in abject slavery to a myth. I feel that by urging my friends everywhere to buy and circulate such books as this I am but simply doing my duty to them and the cause we hav so much at heart—the freedom of all mankind.

For the past three weeks I hav been denied the privilege of reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, now I hav the last three numbers before me, but only time enough to glance over them at present. My eyes and soul are especially gladdened by reading "The *Index* and Lucy Stone," by Mrs. Lake, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st, and "The Badge of Serfdom," by Susan H. Wixon, in paper of July 15th. I indorse every word of them. Let mothers educate their sons and daughters accordingly. How true are Sister Sada Bailey's words in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st on a subject of yet more importance at present. She says: "Do you know that our nation is doomed to destruction unless labor reform triumphs? Do you know that aristocracy has caused the downfall of every nation that has been destroyed? For this there is a philosophical and physiological reason. The brains and bodies of aristocrats become weakened for the want of proper, useful exercise; the brains and bodies of the laborers by overwork. Thus both classes degenerate until a nation is ruined and many arts and sciences lost." The remedy she prescribes is feasible, but who, oh, who, will lead and be sustained?

"Stand by Mr. Bennett," says Brother Leland. Certainly we will; and those who hav known him from youth up look on from a distance and hail with pleasure all demonstrations of welcome and gladness at his safe return. I was one of the numerous friends who went on board the vessel that bore him away a year ago to giv him a parting handshake and words of cheer, and would gladly be one to greet him on his return.

Fraternally yours, MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS.

Girls' Industrial School.

One of our Michigan patrons has memorialized the legislature of his state as follows:

To the Legislature of Michigan: As the question of the Girl's Industrial and Educational School has been merged in that of a Reform School for Girls, I wish to explain the plan I have advocated and still adhere to in regard to the former. In doing so my object is to draw a line between the two institutions for the obvious reasons that by the plan which I propose, in the establishment of a strictly industrial school, the number of girls who are daily becoming a public charge will be diminished by taking them from towns, cities, and the country while yet innocent of crime, though beset by temptation on every hand, and thus giv them a home where industry, morality, economy, and honesty shall be inculcated, where the science of cooking, house-work, and every industry pertaining to woman shall be taught, as well as those branches which fit them for successful business. I would ask an appropriation of $25,000, and recommend: That buildings of moderate dimensions, plain and substantial, be erected; that everything be done with an eye to economy; that sufficient grounds be purchased, to enable the school to raise as much produce as possible, in order that it may soon become, in great measure, self-sustaining; to incite girls to greater industry, I would have each receive a certain percentage on everything which she makes and produces for sale, this to be invested for her at interest until she graduates. I am convinced that the institution may soon be self-sustaining in a great measure, thus relieving the state of a burden of taxes so alarmingly great as it is becoming.

H. WILLIS.

A Question in Ancient History.

MERIDEN, CONN., July 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3—$1.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and $1.50 for the "Bennett-Mair Discussion." Please send by return mail. Accept my thanks for sending the paper so long after my term expired, and if it will not take too much of your valuable time, I would like to ask you a question, which, if you will answer, I will use to enlighten a Christian friend of mine: What is the oldest history and how far back does it go? EUGENE LANE.

REPLY.—The people of ancient times were not excellent historians. They seemed to attach little importance to chronology or a system of dates. It is a question of the greatest antiquity between the Hindoos (descendants of the Aryans), the Chinese, the Egyptians, and the Chaldeans or Assyrians. There is the strongest evidence that each of these nationalities made records in their peculiar ways many thousand years ago. The Aryans wrote Sanskrit, which is believed to be the oldest language in the world, claimed to hav been used more than ten thousand years ago. The antiquity of the Chinese is so great as to run back into the age of much uncertainty. They claim from twelve to forty thousand years, and even millions.

The Egyptians inscribed their hieroglyphics upon rocks, statues, obelisks, and temples not less than five thousand years ago. The people of Nineveh and Babylon stamped cuneiform inscriptions upon earthen tablets four thousand years before our era, and these are now to be seen in large numbers in the British Museum, London. There is abundance of proof that man existed upon the earth from fifty to one hundred thousand years ago; but about the only history they left is the stone implements they used and the bones which they left in the caves where they lived, side by side with animals.

Probably the oldest reliable and regular history is that of the Grecian historian Herodotus, who lived some six centuries before our era. He wrote extensivly, and his works still remain. What is called Bible history is far from being the oldest in the world. There is no proof that any of it was written before the time of the Babylonian captivity, and much of it less than six centuries before the Christian era. The part alluding to the creation of the world, the Garden of Eden, the fall of man, the deluge, etc., is not older than that captivity, and was unquestionably taken from the Babylonian records and myths. The Babylonians were an older and a far more literary and learned people than the Jews, and from them the latter derived most of the knowledge they possessed. The Bible was not written till after the return from Babylon, and much of it is a plagiarism upon Babylonian literature.—ED. T. S.

A New Opera.

It seems that friend William McDonnell, author of "Exeter Hall," "Heathens of the Heath," "Family Creeds," etc., has made a new departure by writing an opera, which will probably be placed before the public in the course of the coming autumn. The following is what the Toronto *Daily Mail* has to say of it after perusing it:

AN OPERA BY A CANADIAN AUTHOR.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. William McDonnell, of Lindsay, Ontario, has written an opera, in three acts, entitled, "The Fisherman's Daughter." This, we believe, is the first opera or work of the kind ever written in Canada. We hav been favored with a perusal of the piece, and are of opinion that if it is properly produced the opera will be an undoubted success. The plot is simple and natural, with sufficient of the humorous, the pathetic, and the sensational to make "The Fisherman's Daughter" very attractiv. As an author Mr. McDonnell is already favorably known in the literary world. He has not only written the opera, but composed the music (something unusual), much of which is very stirring, tender, and original. If arrangements can be made "The Fisherman's Daughter" will probably be brought out in New York during the ensuing operatic season, and we have much pleasure in anticipating for Mr. McDonnell the success which, in our opinion, he most certainly deserves.

Nature's Work Finished.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The able and pointed articles which hav occasionally appeared in the Liberal papers over his signature hav made the name of D. Jenkins familiar to many of your readers as an outspoken Liberal. It now becomes my painful duty to inform you of his sudden departure from us by the process called death, which took place on the 6th inst. after a short illness, which occurred at his home in the suburbs of Hannibal, on a small fruit farm, where he was used to spend the most of his time, either in his orchard or library. Noted for his vast store of useful knowledge, a perfect walking encyclopedia, strictly temperate, honest and courteous to everybody, but always outspoken in his Liberalism, woe to the one who attacked him with the pen. He was unpopular of course with the mental slaves who dare not express their honest opinions, but with Liberals his loss will be deeply deplored.

In accordance with his request during his life, a strictly secular funeral was given him. Dr. Ayres, lecturer of the Society of Moralists, officiated, assisted by Mr. J. B. Chelsey, using that valuable little book, "The Truth Seeker Collection," by selecting that which was appropriate to the occasion, together with a brief sketch of the life of the deceased, making a very neat and impressiv service, commanding the attention and respect of a large attendance of orthodox as well as heterodox friends. D. C. HALL.

Hannibal, Mo., Aug. 8, 1882.

"The North American Review"

For September has for its leading article a very forcible presentment, by Dorman B. Eaton, of the evils produced by the practice of levying "Political Assessments." The paper is noteworthy for its striking array of facts, but more so because it will be universally regarded as the ultimatum of a large and influential section of the Republican party, addressed to the party leaders. "Oaths in Legal Proceedings," by Judge Edward A. Thomas, is a discussion of the question whether the interests of morality and public justice alike would not be promoted by the abrogation of all laws requiring testimony to be given under the sanction of an oath. Thomas B. Maury, late of the Signal Office, contributes an article on "Tornadoes and their Causes," which, in addition to its scientific interest, possesses the merit of suggesting many practical measures for averting disaster to life and property from wind-storms. "Architecture in America," by Clarence Cook, is marked by a freedom of utterance that is refreshing. In this respect it ranks with Commander Gorringe's celebrated paper on the United States Navy. Augustus G. Cobb writes of "Earth-Burial and Cremation," and J. E. Manning, in an article entitled "The Geneva Award and the Ship-Owners," sets forth the justice of the claims of consignors of cargoes and owners of vessels to indemnification out of the Geneva Award fund, for losses, from the acts of Confederate cruisers. The *Review* is sold by booksellers and news dealers generally.

Letters from Friends.

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received the second volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." You will find inclosed four dollars. Please send me two copies of the second volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I shall want two more copies of the second volume soon.

Yours truly, JAMES ASHMAN.

BEDFORD STATION, MICH., Aug. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is five dollars for the book of round-the-world trip, if it is not too late. I was burned out of house and home last September, and I hav not got up to the "front" again yet. It is hard when once you get in the "rear" to fetch up. I was a subscriber to your paper, but I had to let you drop it on account of my loss of property. I could not send you the "needful."

Respectfully, F. WINGATE.

WARREN, O., Aug. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $10, for which please send one copy of your travels around the world, $5; Robert G. Inersoll's best book, $2; and THE TRUTH SEEKER for this year, $3.

I would hav sent this before, but had the misfortune to see the earnings of a life swept away by fire, and could not spare the money before.

I hav been a pioneer in the Freethought movement, having had serious doubts of the big fish and ghost stories for at least forty years.

Yours very truly, THOMAS DOUGLAS.

DENVER, BREMER CO., IOWA, Aug. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you should find a postal order for $17—$1.50 for Vol. IV. of your tour round the world, $2 for Jeremiah Hacker, and $1 to T. C. Leland for annual membership in the National Liberal League. One dollar and a half of the $17 aforesaid is for Vol. IV. of your tour round the world, to be credited to my son-in-law, F. W. Jacob. The balance ($8) is for the Secretary of the National Liberal Leage, for annual membership in the League for the following: M. Farrington, Mrs. Ann L. Farrington, Edgar L. L. Farrington, Miss Ianthe A. Farrington, Mrs. Vivia L. Farrington, Denver, Iowa, $1 each; Mrs. Delia J. Jacob, F. W. Jacob, Waterloo. Iowa, $1 each; Mrs. A. N. Wood, Waverly, $1.

For the good cause ever yours,

M. FARRINGTON.

PETERBORO, N. H., Aug. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If you know how to forgiv such cussed carelessness on my part I hope you will try and do so. Your remark about delinquent subscribers has just fallen under my eye, and I was taken back when I found I was behind, instead of ahead, as I supposed I was. I had it so settled in my mind that my subscription expired in '83 that I did not think to look at the tab until your remarks called my attention to it. Find inclosed $5—$3 of which place to my credit for the paper, and the balance use as directed. I will send you some more money soon on the Round-the-World books. I don't mean to be hog enough to accept so many books for the paltry sum of $5. Am glad of your past year's success. Hope you won't hav to take your pay in congratulations. That is real good as far as it goes, but the printers and paper-dealers will not take them in exchange at anything like par value; neither will they satisfy the demands of the stomach. GEO. GEER.

HAMBURG, Aug. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received your note and will try to answer it. I hav been sick a long time—am barely able to sit up, but hav some money laid away for you, which you would had long ago had I been well. I inclose $6—$3 for extra binding on my Round-tne-World books, and $3 for the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. If my time is not out all right; if it is I beg pardon. I would rather do with one meal a day than owe for the best paper published.

Mr. Bennett, allow me to congratulate you on your safe arrival home, and I hope those for whom you hav sacrificed so much will try to lighten your burden by at least forwarding to you your just dues. In a few days the Convention will meet at the Glen, and I hear you are going to be there. I, too, had anticipated that pleasure, but the time is so near at hand I must giv it up. I hope your reception will be a grand success, and that all those who attend the Convention may enjoy themselvs to the fullest extent. Yours truly, MRS. E. M. SICKMON.

BUTLER, Mo., Aug. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I congratulate you on your successful voyage, your happy method of writing it, and on your safe return.

I hav received Vol. III., and am even better pleased with it than with the first. I do not think I ever spent $5 that has given me more genuin satifaction than that for your journey around the world.

I hope you may conclude, after taking a sufficient rest, to make an extended lecture tour through the states, and that your many friends in this part of the country may yet hav the opportunity of listening to your description of scenes in foreign lands, and of the manners, customs, superstitions, etc., of the inhabitants of the many countries through which you hav passed.

We also desire to take by the hand and welcome to our homes the old hero-martyr of religious persecution, the venerable seeker of the Truth, whose writings and publications are doing more to spread Freethought than all other causes combined.

That you may liv to double your noble work in the cause of universal mental liberty is the wish of your friend and pupil, R. S. KELSO, M.D.

BENNETT'S RECEPTION AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GLEN BEULAH, WIS, July 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For the first time I had the privilege of grasping the hand of D. M. Bennett at his reception in Milwaukee on the 18th inst. The Liberals of that city had spared no pains to make it a success. The gathering in the Academy of Music was larger than I anticipated, considering the unpopularity of the Liberal movement. Mrs. Dr. Severance presided with womanly dignity and tact. The preliminary addresses were made by Dr. T. W. Williams, the writer of this, and Mrs. H. S. Lake. The doctor's lecture, in manuscript, was a finely-written production, on the broad-gauge of thought. Mrs. Lake's words, both in poetry and prose, called like a silver bugle for action. On the arrival of Brother Bennett the committee of reception requested him to speak on "Comstockism," as was announced in the bills. Doubtless this subject was chosen because Milwaukee for some time has been Comstock's headquarters in Wisconsin, in the effort to legalize a Comstock law *a la* obscenity. It was, however, impolitic, in my opinion, to dwell on such a subject at a reception. When an obscene man like Sir Anthony throws carrion at our feet it is best not to stir it much, but bury it out of sight forever as soon as possible, and then lash the villain that so insulted us, that he may learn better manners. In his honest and unsophisticated heart Brother Bennett did not calculate, I infer, that a certain class attended that meeting who ardently hoped he might say something which they could construe as obscene. They wanted to "catch him in his words," after the delectable style of Comstock—a game that is contagious. The old man told the facts in a plain, unvarnished manner, demonstrating the villainy of that Anthony. They who are infected with the virus of false modesty, blood-poisoned by popular theology, evidently in sympathy with Comstock's pretentious virtue, demonstrated their "holy horror" by leaving the hall. But the main body of the audience remained courteous to the end, indicating a just appreciation of the good man addressing them. The next morning and evening the *Republican-Sentinel* and *Wisconsin* appeared with somewhat flaming headings concerning the "ribaldry of D. M. Bennett." The reporters, ever courting public taste and never justice or truth, made the reception appear just as black as they dared to. While they told some truth, the moral aspect of their reports was a villainous lie—characteristic of a set of reportorial pimps, who thus seek to show off, show their talents and immaculate piety, and so keep in good favor with the churches. Such usage from newspaper tools of sect and party should only awaken greater vigilance and daring. It is well to practice on the olden adage, "Cast not your pearls before swine lest they turn and rend you;" but while we are wary, it becomes us to demand of the press everywhere that our meetings shall be correctly and justly reported, or we will withdraw patronage. Let this be understood and everywhere avowed in convention. The Liberals—this includes Spiritualists who are liberal—have the majority, intellectually speaking, in the country. Would we but unite our forces, leaving our personal crotchets out, we would be irresistible. Our first duty, then, is to organize wherever there is sufficient material to warrant, and move in solid phalanx upon hypocrits and blind guides, and thus compel the press, if it cannot learn decency otherwise, to tell the truth and respect our rights as American citizens. Fraternally, J. O. BARRETT.

MOYAMENSING PRISON, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 11, 282.

MR. EDITOR: While you hav been journeying round the world I hav been suffering in prison as a victim of railway monopoly. As the Christians of New York sent you to prison for a year in 1879 for daring to be a man and daring to sell that which you had a perfect right to sell, so for the same reason—for selling my own property, railroad tickets, at reduced rates—the railway monopolists of Pennsylvania hav sent me to prison for a year and fined me $500. According to the rules of this prison I can only write one letter in two months, except to my wife, now in Nevada, Mo., to whom I am permitted to write once a week. I hav concluded to avail myself of the opportunity and write this letter to you, with the hope that more may result from it for the cause of justice, right, and American liberty, as well as for my personal welfare, than should I write this letter at this time to any other one person. I do so for the following reasons:

1st. Because I wish to thank you for the letters and articles THE TRUTH SEEKER has published from time to time in the past few months in relation to my case (by the bye, I must giv New York credit as being the banner city in my defense, and all credit to its independent press in giving publicity to the outrage that has been perpetrated upon an American citizen in my person by an American railway monopoly. THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Truth, Sun, Herald, Commercial Advertiser, Irish World, National Journal,* and *House and Home* hav all published notices of my arrest and imprisonment and denounced the outrage).

2d. Because my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER having expired a couple of weeks ago, I wish to specially thank you for continuing to send it to me, and to say that as soon as I can get to see my counsel—who, I think, is at present out of the city at some summer resort, but will return to the city in a few days and see me—I will hav him send you the money to pay my subscription up to the time of the expiration of my sentence, November 1st. I am now expecting to see him every day.

3d. To congratulate you upon your safe return to your nativ land and to your home from your long trip around the world, and to express my pleasure at the success of your trip and the ovations and enthusiastic receptions which awaited you at almost every point at which you stopped. Your letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav read from week to week with great interest, and shall want them in book form soon after my release, to re-read, show to my friends, and preserve for my little son (now six years old) to read when he becomes old enough to read them understandingly and to appreciate the knowledge, truth, and faith they contain.

4th and lastly. I write you with the belief that you yourself, having once experienced what it is to suffer for a year in prison for truth, principle, and the rights of the people, can more readily understand and appreciate my position, and that if you can, through your influence, and by bringing my case, as a victim of unjust laws, before the public at the Freethinkers' National Convention at Watkins Glen, secure a lessening of my sentence and secure to me the justice of a pardon at the hands of our Pardon Board, you will cheerfully do so. I would like to hav my case brought to the notice of the convention, with a view of having the convention take such action upon the same as they may deem proper, adopting such resolutions as the merits of the case seem to demand, together with a petition in my behalf, to our Board of Pardons, asking for my pardon, having the same signed by all classes of citizens attending the convention, and hav it sent to the Board at Harrisburg, Pa., care of Charles N. Farr, Recorder of Board of Pardons, the next meeting of which takes place on the 19th of September; but all letters and petitions should be in the hands of the Recorder at Harrisburg by September 10th. The law under which I was convicted and sentenced is unquestionably unconstitutional.

If I had been able to employ able counsel, such as Colonel Ingersoll or Mr. T. B. Wakeman, to defend me I doubt if ever a jury would have convicted me, or, after being sentenced, I could hav had the decision of the lower court set aside by a higher tribunal. SYLVESTER F. WILSON.

[Let every person who sympathizes with an unjustly imprisoned man do what he can toward effecting the release of Mr. Wilson by addressing the Board of Pardons as above, both by petitions and private letters. Those who will put themselvs in this man's place will certainly be willing to do so much to help him.—ED. T. S.]

ILION, Aug. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I send you post-office order for $3, which is to pay for TRUTH SEEKER another year. I hav received the two volumes of travels, and think them just the thing.

I should like to see you now, and see if your long-continued traveling has changed your appearance. We hav read every word that has been in your paper concerning you travels since you left a year ago and hav been interested and instructed by the letters you sent home. I hope I may see you again sometime.

Yours truly, S. MAUD P. GATES.
PHINEAS GATES.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK, July 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $2 on subscription; one for myself and one for C. H. Cole, the trial subscriber I sent you same time ago. This is almost a Liberal town. I never saw so many Liberals in one place. Last year I had great anticipation of a League here. I invited Mr. Bennett here on his return across the continent, and he wrote me to bear him in mind, that we should be remembered and visited, if possible, etc. At that time I went so far as to send for the necessary blanks to organize a League (which papers I hold yet), but the terrible drouth which visited the West last year was raging then, and hard times set in which made it impossible to do anything at organizing and maintaining a League. This town is only a health resort, and hard times are more felt and feared here than in towns which are backed by agriculture and manufacture. The country has just garnered another good harvest, and we look for good times again. We very much regret that we will not see Mr. Bennett before he completes his circuit, but hope to hav another opportunity. I put him down as the greatest civilizer the world has had. I am certain that the world never made such progress in civilization as it is mak-

ing to-day. Mr. Bennett endures hardships, perils, and persecutions with fortitude; he travels, reads, and studies extensivly; he talks, lectures, and writes ably and voluminously, and he publishes continuously, while the millions are eagerly reading with pleasure and profit. Thus superstition vanishes before him, and true civilization follows after him. Every effort should be made to get some, at least, of the many good Liberal publications of the day into our public libraries, and every town having a League should hav also a Liberal library. I find it is very easy to handle a Christian when once he gets to reading.

Some of our good writers should publish a series of preparatory books presenting the subject of Freethought thoroughly, but beginning in a mild, convincing style and advancing step by step (as Lincoln did with emancipation), until the subject is thoroughly covered and explained.

It is useless to put a radical work into the hands of a moss-backed orthodox. But few of them hav ever read any kind of Liberal or scientific books, or thought but little upon such subjects. They must "become as little children," and be educated out of their error, just as they were trained into it.

Another thing much needed is a good collection of Liberal hymns and songs, set to music, for the use of families and gatherings. Everybody loves good music—a thing which we are very deficient of.

Speeches, lectures, essays, readings, etc., are liable to become dry and tiresome unless mingled with and enlivened by good, lively vocal music. The Christian Sabbath school owes its success to its good, spirited music.

We want a change of music, a change of words and of tunes. Let us sing of "Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Afric's Sunny Founts," with words and melodies grand and inspiring as nature itself. Let the Christians sing of the hours so "tedious and tasteless," of the "birds and flowers having lost their sweetness," etc., while we worship in song the birds and flowers, and enjoy the happy hours.

Have we any music-makers? then let them get to work. There is a field of speculation and profit before them awaiting a display of their talent.

As for Sunday, the body and mind need rest and change which a day of rest may giv. Modify the Sunday laws surely, but by no means ever abolish one day of rest in seven. Six days of labor calls for one of rest. Six days of study demands one of rest and change for the mind. There are many better works for us to perform than that of abolishing Sunday. Such are my ideas. If some should differ with me I should like to know it. Ever for right and light. Yours fraternally, J. Thos. Kennedy.

Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Allow me to heartily congratulate you on your safe return from your long journey around the world to the shores which I, for one, did not wish to see you leave, thinking now as then that we hav room enough and by far too much work to do for all the truth seekers there are or is likely to be in our ranks in our own country and homes.

To those of our friends who hav not yet come to this conclusion, I beg them to stop and think long enough to see what is going on about them. Look at the tendency of our law-makers to pass laws centralizing all powers at Washington; and again, at the many millions of dollars being acquired by a few indivduals; and again, at the stealing, robbing, and utter worthlessness of both the Republican and Democratic parties. Oh, when will our people open their eyes and see what is being done with their rights? How much longer will we close our eyes and fold our hands and send either thieves or fools to Washington to represent us? Just so long as we keep in this rut, so long may we expect the taxes piled on. Let us look at these things as they are—not through Republican or Democratic eyes, but through the eyes of common sense, and let us go to work, one and all, to giv to each and all equal rights, females as well as males. Let us see that our wife, our daughter, and our mother has at least an equal right in the government of our country with any and all others. Let us work to preserve our Constitution as it was intended. Let us cut all deadheads; compel those who want churches to pay their proportion of taxes. Why should you or I be taxed to support a god we don't believe in? Let us band together to work out the salvation of this our country. Let us start a fund for the founding of a home for those who are worn out, and a school for the proper instruction of our children, for it is to the former that we owe the liberties we hav, and it is the children, born and unborn, that must carry on this work, and let us see that they hav a chance to get a proper education, or in other words, giv us more science and common sense, and less bible in all of our schools. Who is there in our ranks, and how many, who will and can subscribe to such a fund? Let those who can start the ball by heading the list for ten or twenty thousand dollars, and you will soon see the smaller fish come swarming in in such quantities as to surprise us all, for the world is full of good yet and only wants the chance to do good. Start the ball at the Watkins Convention, friend Bennett, and keep it before the public, and rest assured the work will be done.

Inclosed please find $3 for the continuance of The Truth Seeker to my address. B. Redfield.

Kalamo, Aug. 8, 1882.

Mr Editor: I discover it is time I should renew my subscriptions for The Truth Seeker, and as I am very much in favor of maintaining the fight against bigotry and superstition, I hasten to send you the three dollars necessary to giv me the paper for another year.

Yours truly, Albert Woek.

Lynn, Mass., August 1, 1882.

Mr. Editor: The second volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" arrived yesterday. It is bettea, much better, as it proceeds. Wish I could be with you at the banquet to our apostle. But he must come to Boston, where his reception will be equally welcome with your own. Yours,

Dr. Corken.

Desdemona, Texas, July 22, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $5—$3 to apply on my subscription, and the balance use as directed. We are delighted with your letters of travel. Glad you are nearing home in safety, and wish you many years of health, happiness, and prosperity.

Yours for truth, A. C. Martin, M.D.

Mill Brook, Conn., Aug. 17, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed is three dollars to renew my subscription to The Truth Seeker. It has become one of the household needs (or gods) that can't well be dispensed with.

I am, perhaps, just as glad that you had a prosperous journey and got home safe and sound as any of your patrons or correspondents; but that kind of talk must have become rather stale and nauseating to you, and I forbear.

Fraternally yours, H. W. Pinney.

Lyndon, Kansas, Aug. 8, 1882.

Mr. Editor: Thrice welcome home, although you hav given us a rare feast from abroad. We received the flower seed all safe. Accept our thanks. I take the hint and inclose $3 for The Truth Seeker. My wife joins me in love to you.

Accept the photo of our son, D. M. Bennett, as a token of respect. We will teach him to admire you while young, and when he is old he will not depart, etc. J. M. and R. A. Pert.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 4, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I notice your editorial in the issue of August 5th, and welcome you home from your long journey. Noticing what you said about subscribers in arrears, I looked at my tab and found my subscription will run out on September 1st, 1882. I therefore send check to your order at once for $3 for another year lest I should forget it. Respectfully yours,

Henry N. Stone.

Reeves Station, Ga., Aug. 9, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I am glad to hear of you landing home safe and sound, and I am also glad you hav given us so truthful a history of the countries and people you saw. It seems to be the most correct and reasonable history of places and people I ever read. When you rest a while I am one that is willing to giv five dollars to help send you on another trip. But I hope you will not hav so hard a swim for life in the Jordan. W. L. McDaniel.

Lafayette, Ind., Aug. 12, 1882,

Mr. Editor: I hav taken your paper for three months for fifty cents, and think my time nearly out. Please find inclosed $1.50 for six months. I would subscribe for a year, but I am sick nearly to death, and don't know that I will get well. While I do liv I want your paper for my bible, and when I die it will be the only bible that will be found by me.

Yours fraternally, Wm. Case.

Janesville, Wis., July 29, 1882.

Mr Editor: I inclose $1 to renew my subscription for four months. I wish I could do more, but my means are not abundant. I hav read your letters of travel with much interest, especially since you left the Holy Land, whose barrenness was not favorable to descriptiv inspiration. I am glad you hav met so cordial a welcome wherever you hav been, and hope your new, as well as your old, friends will continue to sustain you in your work of mental enlightenment for the people. Elvira Wheelock.

Naples, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I heartily welcome you home from your long journey, and am glad to learn that you hav returned hale and hearty, and able to swing the battle-ax at your old post again. The account of your journey published weekly in The Truth Seeker has been of great interest to me. Hoping that you may liv to a good old age, and hav a happy termination to a useful life, I am,

Truly yours, John Peck.

Battle Creek, Mich., July 23, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I hav just learned by Mr. Cobb, of Battle Creek, that his brother is engaged in a girls' industrial school at Milwaukee—a most glorious enterprise! May he and those noble women, who are doing a work of more value to humanity than all the churches in Christendom, succeed. I take Nature as my guide. She is a perpetual worker—no cessation from true labor with Mother Nature; hence, she sets us the example. The road to happiness, and to pay the debt we all owe to Father God and Mother Nature, is to be producers as well as consumers. To idle away our time, and to be continually debtors to the author of our existence, is setting a bad example to those whose care we ought to giv our attention. Where is the family in all our land who has to depend on hired help to run a cook-stove that has it done as it should be? Nine-tenths of the food we eat is badly if not wholly unfit to go into the human system. Why? Simply because the girls and women are not taught the science of cooking, or the art of economy—true industry. My desire is and has been for many years that every state in the union shall have industrial schools for girls, where science, art, and economy shall be taught, and combining, 1st, honesty; 2d, strict morality; 3d, politeness in all cases; 4th, a strict observance of cleanliness in person, in fact, in everything; 5th, a care that everything be in order, kept clean, and healthy; 6th, that each girl be taught music, so that it may inspire her to do up her work and imbue her mind with cheerfulness, and make home a happy place for her, instead of street gossip and the temptation that lies in wait for them by the libertin, who is ever on the alert for his victim. Then go on, my dear friends, and instead of prayers teach those useful branches, and teach each girl the beauty of independence, which is the fruit of industry. Every family ought to hav an organ or piano to take away the dull monotony of the kitchen and wash-room and make life cheerful, and incite the mind to persevere in its duties, and make home a heaven instead of a dull, dead, lonesome monotony. I repeat, dear friends, go on fitting those dear girls for teachers in every department of labor pertaining to women. Teach them, first, honesty; second, industry—self independence. Leave the future to Mother Nature. Don't incumber the tender mind with the theology so prevalent in our land. If we can lead a life of rectitude here we need not fear the future.

I made such an attempt to get such a school in our state but failed, and it was defeated by praying Christian women, who must hav a reform penitentiary, nothing more, to punish the poor girls—the victims of libertins who are received into the parlors and associates of those praying-women's daughters. Such is the horrible state and inconsistency of what is termed high society. Yes, punish the poor girl, the victim of the lustful, gay libertin, who struts around the streets with impunity. We hav an agricultural college farm for boys. A half million dollars of state money has been squandered on this farm to teach boys the art of farming. Hundreds of boys hav been to that farm, and I question if fifty of them hav ever returned to or gone on to farms; and yet large sums are yearly appropriated, while not a dollar is given for the education of girls. I hope to see the day that women will vote, and also adorn our legislativ halls as law-makers with men; then we will hav laws for the whole people. Tyranny, which has now over half of our race, will giv place to just laws, and ever the right be done.

Truly yours for humanity, H. Willis.

Florence, Ala., Aug. 15, 1882.

Mr. Editor: I would like to write you and the readers of your paper a long letter. Though we are strangers, yet there is a brotherhood of feeling, a common cause in which we are interested alike—a freedom to think and also a freedom to utter those thoughts, but I will claim space for only a few lines. I hav read your weekly publication of "Letters from Friends," and one thing strikes me forcibly—that very few of those letters are written from parties in the Southern states. This might indicate that the sunny South, the land of cotton, was creedbound by the dogma of old theology, and I am free to confess that such is the case to a great extent, but perhaps not more so than the northern or eastern states. Our people are kind, generous, and lovers of freedom, though impulsiv and quick to resent an insult, and this I think you will admit to be the proper material for Liberalism. I think a few Liberal lecturers might make expenses, and more too, if they would come this winter. Tell them to come and reason with our people and help us out of the old superstitious channels. We would like to lay aside the old Jewish mythology and put on the new garb of rationalism. M. B. Shelton.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 15, 1882.

D. M. Bennett (pilgrim and author of the New Dispensation): All hail, the chieftain of religious liberty! The good work is complete. Let the testament of the pilgrim of the nineteenth century be placed on the table of every Liberalist in the land. May the old record of false prophets, with its damnable decrees, be consigned to reminiscences of past ages as a book of horrid delusions. Let the "Truth Seeker Around the World" be all embodied in one volume with space left for a family record and entitled the New Dispensation. It will educate humanity to the realization that the only hells are the human (or inhuman) contrivances called religions.

Inclosed find $3 to pay my subscription. With high veneration and esteem for the good work you hav accomplished, I am,

Respectfully yours, John J. Haarland,

Rispah.

BY ROBERT SWAIL

When three years famin had occurred
The Lord sent to King David word
That for the sins of old King Saul
His vengeance fell on great and amall.
He nursed his wrath, though he was dead,
And nearly forty years had fled,
His vengeance naught would satisfy
Unless seven sons of Saul must die.
So they were hanged by God's good king.
For many days their bodies swing
Before the Lord for his delight;
His eyes feast on the ghastly sight.
Their mother's love for them was such
That dead she would let nothing touch;
She kept the birds off through the day,
At night she drove the birds away;
Though feeble now and very old
She kept her post through heat and cold,
In sleep she dared not close an eye
While weary days and nights pass by.
Her guiltless sons her God so great
Dooms to an unjust, cruel fate;
Mocks at her anguish while she weeps,
Laughs at the sorrow that she reaps.
O Rispah, can thy grief be told
As thus thy darlings thou behold?
O noble Rispah, good and true,
How doth God's work seem to thy view?
What dost thou think of this foul deed,
Dost thou admire his bloody creed?
Could thou for him feel tender love,
Or praise him if in heaven above?

The Prohibition Question.

J. H. COOK TO E. C. WALKER.

To all that I hav ever read from your pen I hav given a most emphatic Amen, except your views on temperance prohibition laws.

You oppose those laws and I advocate them. I believe you are sincere in your opinions, love truth and humanity, are doing a noble and efficient work for both without any pay except the consciousness of doing good to humanity, and helping to inaugurate the reign of justice, truth, and freedom on earth. Therefore it is not pleasant to oppose you on any question.

Your reasons for opposing and denouncing prohibition laws are that they are an infringement upon natural rights and contrary to the spirit of all free thought, liberality, justice, and the true ways and means by which all the objects of truth seekers and lovers of humanity are to be obtained.

From what you say against prohibition am I not logical in inferring that your general rule is that no human being should be driven or forced to do anything, or prohibited from doing anything he wants to do?

You say if we can rightly prohibit men from drinking intoxicating liquors we can prohibit them from using or eating or drinking anything else. Let me say here that it is as clear to me as that two and two are four that human beings hav a natural and just right to protect each other from the bad or evil effects of all uses, habits, or actions.

If not, then we might as well discard all human, man-made laws.

I look upon the purposes and objects of the prohibition law to be not the prohibition of the act of selling or drinking *per se*, but the prohibition and prevention of the results of those acts and habits—the protection of society in general, as well as individuals and poor, innocent wives, mothers, and children, helpless and defenseless. from these results, the extent and magnitude of which, in a pecuniary, social, sexual, intellectual, moral, and hereditary sense, you know as well as I. To me prohibition is synonymous with protection, prevention, defense.

You say that in Kansas the practical results of the law hav been to promote and not prohibit the sale and use of alcohol. That has been true of some localities where the combined forces of money and a majority against the law deterred the proper officials from enforcing it. It was true of Columbus through 1881, but after several druggists and doctor were arrested and heavily fined, and if unable to pay the fine were shut up in jail, they concluded to conform to the law or quit their business. And now for several months inebriates on our streets are few and far between, comparativly.

My good brother, I believe that the prohibition law, both in Kansas and Iowa, will work a great good for all, both the orthodox and the Infidel. In Kansas the prohibition law had but eight thousand majority; in Iowa four times as many, a fact you seem to deplore, and which makes me happy.

A man's abstract opinions and beliefs do not *per se* do harm to any one, but the effects of his passions, appetites, and habits often do great harm. I would hav no prohibition of a man's opinions, but I would, if possible, prevent, even by law, the results of his pecuniary greed or appetite.

If you take the position that there should be no human law to prohibit any result of man's actions, then you virtually say there should be no law to prevent crime or protect individuals and society from its effects and results. Do you believe in or advocate any law made by man? If so, in what kind and cases of human weakness and wickedness? Show me one case in which a human law, in your estimation, is right, just, and compatible with natural human rights, and by your own logic I will show that he prohibition law is also right, just, and compatible with natural rights.

Most of our laws are prohibitory, either expressed or implied. In your published "Demands of Liberalism, affirmed by the Iowa Liberal League," in your first statement you demand that "property shall no longer be exempt," etc. How is that demand to be realized except by a compulsatory and prohibitory law? You demand that chaplains, etc., "shall be discontinued." How discontinued except by legal compulsion? The ending of the next statement is "shall cease"—compulsion again. The next statement ends with "shall be prohibited," and you send this out to the world, while prohibition in regard to the use and sale of alcohol is so repulsiv and tyrannical to you.

If you repeal a law you prohibit its execution.

The truth is, there is a very large number of Liberals who hav inherited or cultivated an appetite for strong drink. Many of them belong to Liberal Leagues and drink enough every year to buy many books and papers and do much for Liberal lectures. They do not want any prohibitory laws to help them reform. A Liberal saturated with bad whisky and extremely poisonous tobacco, and who will not take a Liberal paper or help to build up a Liberrl League, is to me a repulsiv object.

We all (you too, I presume) are in favor of laws to prohibit murder, robbery, arson, rape (it ought to include licensed rape), burglary, etc., and to protect life and property and individual rights. Is not the prohibitory law designed to effect all this? You giv a melancholy view of what churchcraft and priestcraft are doing to "stop the Liberal press and close the lips of Freethinkers," and you say if I sanction prohibition I do not know why I am a Freethinker.

Do not facts prove that the more they try to "stop the press" and "close the lips" the more the presses increase and the lips open? You ask, "How many more sumptuary laws, Utah bills, medical, and Comstock laws do you want?" Take D. M. Bennett's case. Was not the application of law to him a boomerang that hurt the orthodox much the most? Has it not been the means of setting up Bennett, doubling the circulation of his TRUTH SEEKER and books and friends and largely increasing his Infidel influence? So it has been more or less in other cases. Are you not glad that there are laws to protect you and prohibit your being molested and physically injured in some places where you go? It seems to me you despair too much and do not see that our enemies are working for us unconsciously as much as we for ourselvs. "Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in the heavens."

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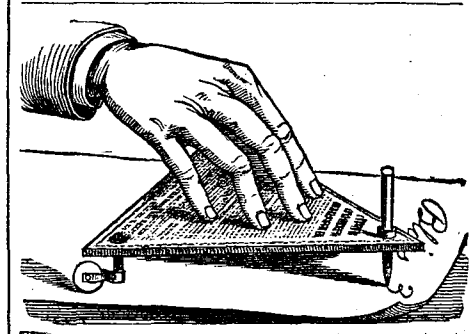
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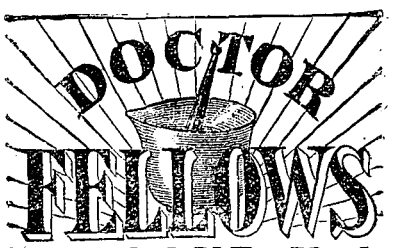
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[From the (Mo.) Liberal.

The reputation of Dr. Fellows is sufficient to warran any one in reposing confidence in his skill and ability These in need of his aid should not fail to consult him at once. Procrastination is the thief of time and often costs the life of a human being."

Gems of Thought.

IN 1863 the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, in their protest to Bishop Colenso, affirmed: "All our hopes for eternity, the very foundation of our faith, our nearest and dearest consolations are taken from us, if one line of the sacred book be declared unfaithful or untrustworthy."—*O. B. Frothingham.*

WHAT is revered by others has a claim on my tenderness and forbearance, however far removed from my own belief. For this reason I am not in sympathy with those persons who ridicule or despise the faith and practices of any religion. I know that in such forms are embodied the highest conceptions and purest aspirations of a vast proportion of mankind; and that the forms themselvs are in the present order indispensable to the souls which cling to them. Justice, kindness, and a regard for the highest interests of us all, as well as of the cause of truth itself, demand that such things should be treated with respect, though never that one should pretend to believe in them when he does not, or refrain from resisting, by word and deed, when occasion calls for it, their false claims and encroachments.—*N. P. Waters*

ACCORDINGLY he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervades his frame,
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and if he hear,
From other mouths the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.
—*Wordsworth.*

CHARLES V., after his abdication, amused himself, in his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a number of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in this attempt, he exclaimed: "What a fool hav I been to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my whole life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."—*Colton's Lacon.*

WE will hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

THAT the Noachian deluge, recorded in the scripture, covered the whole earth, was the universal opinion until toward the close of the last century. . . . . The present tendency of opinion among writers like the late Hugh Miller, is to regard the flood of Noah as partial and local, though the universality *seems* to be implied in the biblical description.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.* [Seems! Madam, nay it is; I know not seems.—*Hamlet.*]

WITH the discovery of the immense age of our earth and the enormous length of time (compared with our historical accounts), during which man has been an inhabitant of the globe, and with the knowledge that man's origin is almost without doubt to be derived from a lower order of the animal kingdom, and certainly from very primitiv and savage ancestors, the old account of the first pair, the fall, the curse of the race, the "scheme of salvation," as indicated in the prophesied "seed of the woman" that should "bruise the serpent's head"—all this, upon which is built up the lofty structure of "justification by faith" and "redemption through the blood of the Lamb," crumbles away, and the vast system falls to the ground.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

TO reason the king—James II.—was not in the habit of attending. His mode of arguing, if it is to be so called, was one not uncommon among dull and stubborn persons, who are accustomed to be surrounded by their inferiors. He asserted a proposition, and as often as wiser people ventured respectfully to show that it was erroneous, he asserted it again in exactly the same words, and conceived that by doing so he at once dispensed of all objections.—*Macaulay.*

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue: some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed: "You hav been idle since I saw you last!" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I hav re-touched this part, and finished that; I hav softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I hav given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." —*Colton's Lacon.*

TAKE from the New Testament all passages upholding the idea that belief is necessary to salvation; that Christ was offered as an atonement for the sins of the world; that the punishment of the human soul will go on forever; that heaven is the reward of faith, and hell the penalty of honest investigation; take from it all miraculous stories—and I admit that all the good passages in it are true; and if they are true, it makes no difference whether they are inspired or not.—*Ingersoll.*

YOU ought to settle it in your mind that it is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" that you want. How is it with most people? Is it not true that as we go on in life we find that some how or other we hav come into posession of certain opinions. We do not know where they came from; we inherited them, perhaps, or we picked them up along the pathway of life. But we hav come to hold certain views of things, and we hav come to hav a sort of personal attachment to them, and if anybody comes along and questions their truth, nine times out of ten we resent it as a personal affront. We are in the position, then, not of truth seekers, but of positiv and earnest defenders of certain views, without much regard to whether they are true or not.—*M. J. Savage.*

Odds and Ends.

A WOMAN calls her husband Good Resolutions, because he is always broke.

A JERSEY milkman turned pale when several of his customers clubbed together and made him a present of a scarf pin in the shape of a pump. It was a cow-herdly act.

CHICAGO must be a very dry place notwithstanding its proximity to the lake. In some parts of that city there is a saloon for every six houses. Chicago is a spirited village.

SOME Indiana papers refuse to publish any poetry not written by a person who has been a resident of the state for a year. There's nothing like encouraging home industry, especially when kindling material can be obtained for nothing.

"DOES your husband talk in his sleep, madam?" inquired a young physician who was gathering statistics for a work on dreams. "No, sir; that would be impossible," the lady replied. "Why impossible, madam?" asked the astonished doctor. "Because he's been under the sod for several years," gaily answered the happy widow.

THEY were out fishing on the serpentine Hackensack River, when she suddenly exclaimed, "I've got a bite!" "Haul it in, quick!" he shouted as he caught hold of her line. "Why, it isn't there, dear," said she, holding out her hand; "here it is," and she exhibited a mammoth musketo to the excited young man. They don't watch the meteors together, now.

IT is said that formerly in one of the remote mining settlements of Wyoming a single copy of a religious paper containing a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Talmage made its appearance weekly, and that every Saturday evening the men of the community met to determin by a game of "seven-up" who should read the sermon in public on the following day.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

On Egypt's banks, contagious to the Nile,
Great Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
And as she ran about to dry her royal skin,
She kicked the bulrush that had little Moses in.
At that event surprised, awhile she stud,
In silence gazing on the sacred flud;
Then turning to her maids, she said in accents mild,
Blood an' ages, girls, which of yez owns the child?

THE colored voters are beginning to understand politics as well if not better than most white voters. One of the candidates for an office at the municipal election in Austin not long since relied on the fidelity of an old family servant to help him out among the colored voters. The candidate was beaten. After the election he was told that his colored political friend had voted against him. He did not believe it, but, meeting him one day, the ex-candidate said;

"I'll giv you a dollar, Jim, to tell me whom you voted for."

"I voted agin you, boss."

"Well, here is the dollar for your candor."

"Look heah, boss, ef yar am gwine ter pay fer de candor, I mout as well own up. I voted agin yer free different times. Free dollars moah, if yer please, boss."

THE meanest man resides in Merced. His name is William Fahey, and he keeps a hotel. He made a wager with George Soper that the latter could not swallow two dozen raw eggs in twenty consecutiv minutes. The wager was for $25, and Soper, as he waited for the eggs, allowed his mind to revel in castle building. He thought how much good he could do with that $25, and how many smiles he would bring to the pallid lips of orphans and the fatherless and husbandless. Soper knew he could do it as easy as falling off a log, and he was just looking out of the window to call in some poor little girl or boy to get a dollar or two for the poor, hard-worked mother, when the eggs were brought in. He immediately lost all confidence in humanity, for Fahey had rung in twenty-four goose eggs, not one of them weighing less than half a pound. Soper don't go to Fahey's any more. It broke him all up.—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent.*

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She knew he was the fly-screen man by the samples under his arm, but she held the door open and permitted him to say:

"Madam, I notice that you havn't a fly screen at any door or window."

"Not a one," she answered.

"You must be overrun with flies?"

"We are."

"Flies are a terrible nuisance?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And this seems to be a good locality for musketoes?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And a great deal of dust blows into a house not protected by screens?"

"A great deal, sir."

"And how many windows hav you in the house?"

"Sixteen."

"Each one ought to hav a half size."

"Yes, sir."

"And I can make them cheaper to you than any other man in the business."

"I think you can."

"Do you prefer plain green or figured?"

"Well, I always did like plain green."

"Very well: I will measure the windows and take your order."

"You needn't trouble yourself any further," she quietly replied.

"What! Don't you want screens?"

"No, sir, The other day the woman across the street had ten minutes' conversation with a tin peddler, and she's had her nose in the air over me ever since. A fly-screen man is about three times as high as a potato man, and I've been talking to you to let her see that she isn't the only lady in town who can put on airs. She's mad as a hen by this time, and now you get up and dust or I'll hav my dog run you clear to the river."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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May 15, 1882. Yours truly, T. L. RUDOLPH.

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Magnetic Clothing Company,
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EXPLANATION.

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In October, 1881, Wilson sold his stock, patent, and good will to the Wilsonia Magnetic Clothing Company, which was organized to continue the business carried on by Wilson. His eccentric methods in business soon caused difficulties which could not be adjusted. It was therefore agreed that Wilson should retire. In June last he ceased to be a member of the company, retaining as his share the Wilsonia Corset, which is not included under the term "Magnetic Garments" as we use it.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

We understand that Mrs. Besant has just received the only certificate in honors in Botany which has been issued this year from South Kensington.

A girl slept seventy-three days at Beaujon, France, and then awoke very slowly, the use of the faculties as well as the limbs returning only by gradual steps. Speech was restored last.

An ecclesiastical inquiry has been made in England into misconduct on the part of the rector of Chastleton. The bishop said that the defendant's course had been such as to lead almost every one to think that there was some ground for the charges of immorality.

The Salvation Army has begun operations in Toronto. Major Moore is there with a detachment of twenty soldiers and a lieutenant. They sing in the streets, just as they hav done in other cities, but hav not as yet conducted themselvs in as noisy ways as in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Peoria. The Toronto people are exceedingly conservativ and orderly, and will not be likely to tolerate such proceedings as the Salvationists hav indulged in elsewhere.

Attempts to boycott the products of Chinese workmanship in San Francisco are not entirely successful. While Chinese cheap labor is vigorously denounced, practical experience shows that when it comes to the actual payment of coin, the wares that cost least at the same quality are the ones purchased. When Chinese-made shoes are placed beside others that white workmen hav manufactured, and are sold fifty cents a pair cheaper, they are nearly always preferred.

The Rev. Mr. Brand, of Oberlin, Ohio, whose sermon about Druggist Bronson, a sly rumseller, has led to a suit for damages, wound up the discourse by addressing Bronson thus: "Good men shall breathe freer at thy death and utter thanksgiving when thou art gone. Men shall place thy gravestone as a monument and a testimony that a plague is stayed; and as, borne on the blast, thy guilty spirit whistles toward the gates of hell, the hideous shrieks of those whom thou hast destroyed shall pierce thee—hell's first welcome."

A Chicago letter-writer says that at a recent Sabbath evening service in that city the pastor, who was going to Europe for the summer, took a very affecting leave of his congregation, and at the close requested that all should join with him in repeating the Lord's Prayer, "after which" the choir would "sing a hymn." As soon as the prayer was finished the basso struck up "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and the organist favored the audience with a mock thunder-storm, with howling winds, etc., between the verses. And then the benediction!

"Has yer had yer boy baptized?" asked Jim Webster of Sam Johnsing, both colored. "Not yet." "What's de reason?" "Bekase de Rev. Aminidab Baxter charges two dollars for ebery chile." "A whole two dollars! Dat am wuss dan highway robbery. De Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter baptized bofe my twins, and he only charged me twenty-five cents." "Yes, but dat ar must be a powerful unreliable kind ob a baptism what only costs two for a quarter. I wants a cheap article myself, but I ain't gwine ter come down so low as two for a quarter."

At an Eastern revival meeting the minister in the course of his remarks informed his hearers that he was the conductor of a salvation train; that the accommodations were first-class; that there were no misplaced switches to fear, and that Peter was waiting to receive them at the depot at the other end of the line. Thereupon a tall, gaunt, keen-visaged man in the outskirts of the crowd, addressing the clergyman, said: "I'm a good deal consarned in what yeou hev to say, stranger, and ef yeou kin git me a back seat on enny of them air keers for half price, I'll buy a ticket."

Apropos of the various camp-meetings now in progress, the story told of a certain meeting of this character among the colored people in the South, a few years ago, is not inappropriate. It was a Methodist camp, and one Sunday night, when a young white preacher was in attendance, the sable worshipers seemed to be powerfully moved to shouting and exhortation. The minister earnestly prayed that the power of the devil might be "curtailed." "Amen! bress der Lor' for dat!" shouted an old darkey close by the altar. "Oh, yes, Lor'! cut him tail smoove, smack off!"

The Prohibitionists of Iowa hav their amendment to the Constitution, but much difficulty remains for them to overcome. A legislature has next to be elected to carry the amendment into effect by providing pains and penalties for its violation. Wine and beer will continue to be sold in the state until a law is passed making the sale a criminal offense. The first effect of such an act will be to stop the manufacture of beer in Iowa; but to provide against its consequences a leading brewer in Milwaukee has made arrangements to put canvassers in every town in the state to take orders for beer delivered on the cars in that city.

This is why he quit preaching: "I understand, Uncle Amos, that you hav quit preaching," said the secretary of state to an old colored man who for years has had charge of a church in Little Rock. "Yes, boss, I'se stepped aside." "Why did you quit?" "Wall, dar was numerous pressures brought ter bar agin de ole man. Da charged me wid stealin' a ham for one thing, and 'vised me ter quit." "Why, they couldn't prove that you stole the ham, could they?" "No, sah, da couldn't, and ef I hadn't 'knowledged it da neber would hab prubed it." "Why did you acknowledge it?" "Case da found de ham under my bed, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

To a country parson not more than half way round the world from Boston a rustic couple went to be married, accompanied by the aunt of the bride, an elderly female, with sharp eyes and nose and a general air of intending to see that everything was done duly and in order. The aunt watched keenly during the ceremony, nodding her head vigorously at each emphatic word, and at the conclusion she rose energetically to her feet, saluted the newly-married couple with a business-like air, and then turned briskly to the clergyman. "Mr. M.," she said, "I never met you before, but I know who you are, and I must say how beautiful and how grammatical you hav married them two."

Toronto keeps Sunday in a more rigidly quiet way than any other city of its size on this continent. The street cars do not run, the bootblack boys are not on duty, and all the telegraph offices are closed except the central one, where one man remains all day to attend to important messages. The cab stands are deserted, and anybody who wants a vehicle and team must go to a livery stable. The drug stores are open at certain hours, and that only for the sale of medicins. The liquor shops close at seven on Saturday evening, and remain closed until five on Monday morning. It is said by those who claim to know that only the front doors are closed, and that the thirsty can be admitted by the back door and obtain all the liquor they want.

Once, during a very busy term of the court, George P. Smoote, who had been a lawyer, but who had reformed and adopted the pulpit as an eminence from which to spread persuasiv eloquence, came to town and announced, with special invitation to the bar, that he would preach at night. One of the lawyers arose and requested that the court adjourn at night that the lawyers might hav a chance of hearing the lawyer-divine. "All right," said Judge McCown. "Mr. Clerk, enter it upon the record that this court adjourns to hear the Rev. George P. Smoote preach." "Your Honor," said Judge Eakin, who now occupies a seat on the supreme bench of the state, arising and addressing the court, "it is unnecessary to enter it upon the record." "Enter it, Mr. Clerk," continued the Judge. "I am a Baptist; Mr. Smoote is a Methodist, and I want it entered, so that if he ever falls from grace I'll hav the record on him."

The Du Quoin *Press* prints this item: "Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor of The Truth Seeker, was last year sent by his friends upon a tour around the world. He accomplished the trip, returning last week, just one year to a day from the time he started. He wrote a detailed and exhaustiv acount of his travels and what he saw during his long journey, the recital filling four large volumes. Mr. Bennett traveled with his eyes wide open, and he details in graphic and fluent style the story of his wanderings. One peculiarity of these travels is that they were written from a secular or anti-religious standpoint. They are, however, marked by a spirit of fairness, and, while not in the interest of Christianity, the author is very candid, and treated with high regard the religious opinions of all with whom he came in contact. The consequence was that Mr. Bennett was the recipient of many flattering attentions from the people whose countries he visited. They seemed to be inclined from his age and learning to regard him as a true philosopher. Mr. Bennett's friends gave him a dinner on his return, of which we giv the following extract from the New York *Tribune* concerning the feast: 'Mr. Bennett, not visibly the worse for his apotheosis, rose to speak amid much cheering and clapping of hands. Of all the lands which he had traversed—and he had seen many—there was none, in his opinion, to compare with America. Greece he had seen, and Egypt, and the Holy Land; he had been in a place where he could look almost from one end of it to the other, and it was his opinion that if Palestine was the chosen, whoever had made the choice had never seen the state of New York.'"

Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries of France calling upon all women who feel inclined to go out to New Caledonia and be married to make an application to that effect through the governor. The matrimonial candidates must be young and exempt from physical infirmities. Girls under long sentences readily catch at this method of escaping from prison life. The only moral qualification requisit is to hav behaved well at least two years in the penitentiary. The selected candidates hav to sign engagements promising to marry convicts and to settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions the government transports them, givs them an outfit, and a ticket of leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts ready for them to choose from, and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of marriageable men to women is about three to one. It has frequently happened that pretty girls hav been wooed by warders, free settlers, or time-expired soldiers and sailors, instead of by convicts. In such cases the governor can only assent to a marriage on condition that the female convict's free lover shall place himself in the position of a ticket-of-leave man, and undertake never to leave the colony. The married couples get huts and free grants of land, and all they can draw from it by their own labor becomes theirs. During five years they are subjected to the obligation of reporting themselvs weekly at the district police office, and they are forbidden to enter public houses, and must not be found out of doors at night. This probationary period being satisfactorily passed, they get their full freedom, but subject always to the condition of remaining in the colony. To this rule the law has forbidden that any exception shall be made On no account whatever must convicts who hav accepted grants of land and contracted "administrativ marriages," as they are called, ever return to France.

News of the Week.

Outrages on Jews are reported from the interior of Poland.

Arguments for prosecution and defense hav not yet terminated in the Star route cases being tried in Washington.

One Garland, of Lunenburg Court House, Va., who killed a man in a duel, was acquitted of murder by the jury.

Train robbers stopped a camp-meeting excursion train near Toledo, O., on the 28th ult., and robbed the passengers of their watches and jewelry.

A movement is on foot to place a bust of the American poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey in London. Tennyson has given his name to the scheme.

In spite of the prohibitory law the saloonkeepers still carry on their business openly in Iowa. A test case resulted in victory for the saloon-keepers.

A riot is reported to hav taken place near Calcutta, in India, in which great atrocities were committed by the Hindoos on Mohammedans, who are in a small minority.

The residents of Cleveland county, N. C., held an indignation meeting and warned out of the state several Mormon emissaries who hav been for some time proselyting in that section.

Two brothers named Johnson, of Fairfield, N. C, quarreled about a watermelon. A shotgun was introduced into the discussion, and one of the brothers was shot through the head and died instantly.

At Brownville, last Saturday evening, a minister who had made himself distasteful to his congregation was taken bodily from the pulpit, carried out of the church, and requested to seek another field of labor.

The latest political scandal is the report that Gov Cornell, of New York, has been gambling in Wall street and made many thousand dollars at the expense of his friends. The story was put into circulation by Jay Gould.

There is trouble over the Irish Skirmishing fund. Ninety thousand dollars has been subscribed, and a meeting of the subscribers was held last Sunday to inquire of the trustees what disposition has been made of the money.

Judge Benedict's coachman has disappeared, and is supposed to hav fallen overboard from a Hudson River steamboat. It is possible that the man committed suicide as a sort of vicarious atonement for the sins of his master.

Thomas Smith, a prominent resident of New Orleans, was buried on the 28th. He had had ten wives at one time, nine of whom survive him, and seven accompanied his remains to the grave He was a very pious man, and was habitually married by a Baptist minister.

The British troops in Egypt are advancing on Kafr-el-Dwar, the stronghold of Arabi, and the decisiv battle is expected soon. The nativ army is continually being reinforced from the peasantry, and the rebel strength is unknown. Several fights in a small way hav occurred, with what are claimed as important victories for the English.

On the afternoon of August 26th Andrew Canary, a Catholic priest, hired a horse at a livery stable in this city. He did not return, and the horse was advertised as stolen. A policeman caught sight of the priest next day on the street and arrested him. He says he got drunk, and has not the faintest idea where he left the horse and buggy. He was locked up.

A minister named Phillips, of Shiloh, O., got into a quarrel with a member of his congregation over the Sunday law, attacked him with with his fists, and received a stab wound in return from which he is expected to die. Popular feeling is against the clergyman, who is said to be intensely domineering in his manner, desires to dictate the conduct of his parishioners, and is very hard to get along with pleasantly.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in Japan.—Continued.

Bishamon-ten is the heavenly protector of priests. The *bushi* or cavaliers of all sects regard this diety as their special patron, and they call upon him to make them dexterous swordsmen, good horsemen, learned scholars, and successful men in their various undertakings. The image is a standing figure holding in the left hand a pagoda which contains the souls of the devout, and in the right hand a naked sword to protect those souls. His periodical festival day is the day of the tiger.

Harjin-ten (heavenly joy of joys), sometime called Sho-den (wisdom), has a large number of worshipers. The original idol was two figures embracing, but is now represented single. It is prayed to by all sects for wordly success, and it is claimed that his prayerful devotees receive benefits for seven generations to come. The idol is supposed to be highly pleased if boiled in oil.

Ben-zai-ten (heavenly goddess of capacity and ability) is a deity to whom all the sects are fond of offering prayers. Women especially approach the shrine of this goddess and breathe out the desires of their souls, and particularly ask for ability, attractiveness, and wealth. Men pray for wealth and honor; actors visit her and pray for success and for the power to please. Her shrines are often placed near the water's edge on artificial islands in lakes or shoal water. Snake-day is the occasion of visiting her shrines.

Dai-koku-ten is a god represented in various forms. It is usually represented as a stout figure, sitting on rice bags, wearing a cap, with a sack on the shoulder, the mouth closely closed with the left hand, a mallet in the right hand. The lesson taught by this is that human nature, being prone to excess of ambition, therefore low stature and an humble attitude most befit it. The cap partly covers the eyes, to prevent their looking too high and to keep them bent on the realities of life. The bag represents wealth, like the wind, difficult to attain and requiring its outlet to be firmly controled. The mallet is an emblem of labor, by which alone the fruits of the earth can be obtained, and the bags of rice denote the wealth to be acquired by adopting the precepts which raise the low above the multitude. All sects and classes call upon him for full purses and success in life. The day of the rat is set apart for him.

Fud-so (immovable, honored one) is generally represented seated, and always surrounded by flames, holding a naked sword in his right hand, with which to punish the wicked and terrify the heedless into obedience; in the left a coil of rope, with which to confine the guilty. Pilgrimages are often made to his shrines in the interest of the sick. These penances are not unfrequently made without clothing, standing under a spout of cold water, or abstaining from favorite articles of food, and protracted fasts, in order to please the deity. Miracles are claimed to be often performed at these shrines, such as the blind being made to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

Ni-wo-son (two honored kings) are two idols placed to guard the entrance of temples. One is in red, has the mouth open, and represents the Yo, or male principle of Japanese philosophy. The other is green, with the mouth firmly closed, indicative of silence, and represents the female principle, or In. Small pictures of these, pasted on the beam or over the entrance of houses, are supposed to be a protection against burglars and thieves.

Kishi Mojin (the mother of child demons) is a very bad goddess. She steals young children and devours them. She had a thousand children of her own, one of which was hidden from her as a punishment for killing the children of others. Let it be hoped she reformed.

There are many other gods in the Buddhistic category; but I will not take the time and space to describe more of them. In addition are many human gods, or mikadoes and saints who have been deified after death, some of which I will briefly notice. The Japanese name for these is Hotoke.

Amida Niorai, or Buddha himself. This divinity is represented in a sitting posture by bronze statues of very large size, some of them over fifty feet in hight, and called Dai Butzu. One is at Kamakura, one at Kioto, and some six of smaller size at Tokio. Sometimes these statues are standing, but usually seated on a lotus flower. This god is considered so far above the common deities that it is of little use for ordinary mortals to attempt to aspire to such dignity. These statues present the appearance of perfect passivity and rest, with naught to disturb their unmoved contemplation. Worship is paid to these statues on the 15th of each month.

Hotei is the name of a celebrated Chinese priest who was kind to children. He is the Japanese Santa Claus, and is represented with a capacious sack gathering goodly treasures for his numerous little friends. He is said to have eyes in the back of his head, and can see around corners, and thus is able to tell whether all the little boys and girls are good or not.

Jiuro-jin is a little man with a high head. He is intended to represent the south star.

Shoto-kutanishi was the first son of Yom Tenwo. He became a learned scholar while yet a child. He was the founder of the religion in Japan, and died at the age of forty-nine. Idols may be seen, well worn by devotees rubbing the finger and then the affected portion of their own bodies. He was one of the disciples of Buddha noted for his untiring energy in benefiting human beings.

Chiu-jo-hime was the first Japanese nun, and the only woman deified as an idol. She is said to have extracted the fibers of the lotus root and wove them with silk to make tapestry for altars.

There are twelve demi-gods, which closely resemble the twelve signs of the zodiac.

There are also a class of thirty Buddhistic gods, called Bosatz, one for each day of the month, but their names need not be mentioned.

Sennin are spirits which inhabit and haunt the mountains.

Ten-nin are beautiful creatures from Paradise, and really mean good actions.

Kari-yobinga are birds of sweet song in Paradise, making music for the saints.

Onie are demons or evil spirits, and are typical of bad actions.

Hotoke is the generic term for the spirits of the departed which have become gods or have become absorbed into Nirvana. Divinities and household altars are known by this general term.

Niarai are the divinities who watch over humanity, and to whom petitions must be addressed.

Bosatzu are the apostles of Buddha and a few eminent priests of olden time, and are the chief patron saints of the various trades, virtues, views, and wants of humanity.

Rakkan are the disciples of the Buddhistic creed, and who learned direct from the great teacher. Five hundred of them are claimed, though sixteen are the most distinguished and revered.

It was long the custom for temples to be the resting-places for travelers, especially priests, and guests were entertained without regard to religious belief. Intermarriage and adoption frequently bring several sects into families, but this is got along with pleasantly. The religionists of Japan are not so intolerant toward each other as has been the case in many other countries.

Ho-o is the priestly name by which the mikado was known when he entered the priesthood. His children who became priests were known as Niudo-shin-O, or Ho-shin-O.

Monseki are the chief priests of the sects, and are appointed by the mikado. As the Monto priests marry, the position remains in the family. If no children are born adoption is resorted to. In the other sects celibacy for the priesthood is enjoined. The teachers of the mikado, if he enters the priestly class, are called Dai-shi, Kokushi, or Kai-shi. The founders of the sects are called Kai-san, expounders or first teachers.

Sanja (reverend persons) is the term often used in speaking of the learned and holy men of both the past and present. Dai-sojo is the highest title of rank held by the priesthood. The next three grades in descending order are Gon-dai-so-ji, Dai-so-dzu, and Gon-dai-sodzu. Shonin is a sage or learned theologian to whom his sect is much indebted for knowledge or extension of the creed. The same term is applied to the founder of sects. O-sho is the term for superior priests. Inge is the local chief of a temple. Those of an inferior grade are called hajo, jin-u-injiu, anshiu, etc. Their garbs are somewhat different.

Temples are generally built with money collected by priests, who afterward take possession of them. Some have been built by the mikado, or by the shogun, when that office existed. Great virtue is supposed to be acquired by building temples and giving money to embellish them. The daimios formerly erected numerous temples from the same motives. Temples attached to graveyards are supported by the families who have relatives or friends buried there, from the prince to the peasant.

Until within the last few years the priests drew large salaries from the government and officials; but latterly they have been thrown upon their own resources, and have been reduced almost to beggary.

Certain celebrated idols are frequently conveyed from place to place, and the temple where they take up their temporary abode is, of course, a point of attraction. The treasures kept in the larger temples, or in the treasure-houses, often are of a valuable character, consisting of golden vessels, ornaments, etc., donated by rich officials and others. Relics are also deposited in the same places, and are exhibited to the public on certain occasions. Visitors can occasionally see them by feeing the priests pretty liberally. Temples and the grounds surrounding them are made the playgrounds of children, and they show little respect on account of the sacred character of the locality, and are not particularly awed by the grim gods who look down sternly upon them. Offerings of stone or metal lanterns, pictures, rice, *saké*, and numerous other articles are often brought to the temples by visitors and worshipers.

Kuji, meaning nine figures, is a charm used to protect from harm. The fingers of the right hand are held in certain ways, and figures are described in the air, then both hands joined, the fingers interlocked; after certain numerous set modes, called in-wo-musubu, after which hot iron may be touched with impunity, a naked sword may be stood upon without harm; robbers and housebreakers become so affected by the same as to become rigid and helpless; this being of great benefit to the possessor.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

Old people of either sex prepare for death by making frequent visits to the shrine of Buddha and departed spirits in the state of bliss. They also are visited by the priests, who pray with them, and by conversation prepare them for the great change. Those who contemplate suicide visit the temples or shrines with a view of appeasing the deities for the rash act they expect to perform. When an accidental injury or illness occurs the priest is sent for, and the friends of the sick man make pilgrimages to the shrines or temples for his benefit. When restoration to health is despaired of the priest again pays a visit, and after the person's death selects the *kaimio*, or posthumous name for the departed, and writes it upon a slip of white paper, pasted upon a small tablet of unstained wood. The corpse is moved with his head to the north, and a folding screen turned upside down is placed by it. Cakes of raw rice flour, a saucer of oil, and a dim rushlight are placed near the corpse; also his eating-tray, cup, saucer, and chop-sticks, with vegetable food, so that the dead man can eat what he needs. Forty-eight hours after death the corpse is washed in warm water and prepared for the coffin, or *kan*, and his head is shaved, a priest making the first three strokes with a razor, when the process is finished by a servant. The corpse is dressed in a white shroud, made of silk, linen, or cotton, according to the circumstances of the family. The heads of female corpses are sometimes shaven, and sometimes the hair falls down loose over the back and shoulders. Stockings are put upon the feet, but not sandals, for the reason that they are not worn in Paradise.

The coffin or kan is wholly unlike those used with us, being a high tub, a square box or large earthenware jar or vase. The body is buried in a sitting position and not a recumbent. The hands are joined as in the act of prayer. The vacant space in the coffin is often filled with chaff, tea leaves, or more costly incense. The wealthy use considerable vermilion. Those who are shaven have a cap placed upon the head. The bier is laid upon trestles, and the face of the corpse turned to the north; a temporary altar is erected on which food is again placed.

The family do not retire for rest on the night before the funeral, and the time is spent in the recitation of prayers by priests. In the processions to the grave considerable formality is observed, especially among the upper classes, and in the following order: Priests in mourning, two white paper lanterns, trunks, lance-bearers, retainers, halbert-bearers, incense-bearers, tablet, coffin on a stand carried by two poles on the shoulders of four bearers who frequently change; the long and short sword of the deceased, one on each side, tied up in covers and born by retainers; the sandal bearer, the favorite horse of the deceased, led by a groom; men bearing baskets of rain coats; mourners on horseback and on foot; the heir on horseback; the members of the family; invited friends. Interspersed through the procession are bearers of white paper lanterns. Every article used is white, so far as possible. This extensive ceremonial is in case of a rich man; with the poor the matter is far more simple.

The corpse is taken to the temple, where it is rested on trestles; prayers are recited for the dead, and often cakes are handed around to those in attendance. At the ending of the prayers the body is taken to the grave, accompanied by the priest, who continues to recite prayers until the interment is completed.

Cremation is often employed, and the process is attended with but little ceremony, the coffin being placed over the place for burning, in a small brick or mud building for the purpose, with a peaked roof and often a high chimney for carrying away unpleasant odors; fire is lighted beneath, and fuel supplied in sufficient quantities to effect the burning, which requires two or three hours. Often the coffin is not burned, but several corpses at a time placed upon a pile of wood and all burned together. Each one is numbered, and after the ashes become cold they are gathered up, placed in an urn, and buried in the cemetery, or the urns or jars are sent to a temple at Koyasan, where is an immense collection of such urns from all parts of the country. About nine thousand dead are cremated annually. For a while, in deference to European sentiment, the practice was ordered discontinued; but after two or three years the embargo was removed, when cremation was resumed. Priests are sometimes employed to remain with the dead while the burning is performed, but not usually. The funerals of the poor are often attended by torchlight, after dark, that their poverty need not be exposed.

The mourning for near relations is very deep, and

continues from twenty days to a year. When parents have died business must be suspended for fifty days, as well as the use of the razors, *saké*, and all animal food. The temple and the grave must be visited daily. Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, uncles, aunts, and all first-born children are mourned one hundred days.

JAPANESE COSMOGONY.

In additions to the religions of the country, a few remarks upon its cosmogony may be in order.

Konton, or chao, like an egg or embryo, was the original condition of all things, before the separation of the two principles, the *In*, the female, and the *Yo*, the male. The etherial ascended and became the heavens; the sediment was precipitated, from which the *ashi* sprung up like a young shoot. This shoot continued to grow until it became the first of the *Kami*, or the first being of the country, and was followed by the being who pushed his way into a circumscribed space, and the being who made the land pleasant and lively, and these represent the first fruits of the earth after chaos; and these were followed by the following in regular succession:

Takami-masubi-no-mi-koto, offspring of heaven and earth.

Kami, offspring of the gods.

Uji-hi-ni-no-mi-koto, offspring of the ground.

Ama-no-toko, offspring of the heavens.

The god of plentiful vegetation, the god of earth, the god of sand, the god of useful timber, the god of harvests, the god of husbandry, the god of primeval habitations, the god of primitive dwelling-places. Up to this period the male principal, Yo, being permanent, the sexes had not appeared.

The foregoing represents the creation.

After this the five elements, wood, fire, metal, earth, and water were divided, and in due order fulfilled their respective uses. Isanagi, the producer of the male, and Isanumi, the producer of the female, followed next in order, and these were the first couple in existence. The names were derived from the meaning of the first words spoken upon earth. The woman made the first advances; she beckoned to the man, and he was gallant enough to nod in response and go to her at once. They stood on the celestial bridge which spans the ethereal vault, the man waving the matchless falchion. The thought came to his mind that there might be some substance beneath the face of the waters, and he plunged his mighty weapon into the watery depths, and the drops which trickled from the weapon formed the dry land of an inconsiderable island. To this island the man and woman betook themselves with the intention of making it the foundation of a future continent. They started out to make the circuit of it, the woman turning to the right, and the man turning to the left, meeting on the opposite side from where they started; and at this juncture the woman spoke the first word uttered upon earth—*Ana nigush-mashi otako ninu*—O joy to meet a lovely man! But the man was so ill-natured as to be displeased because the woman had got in the first word, and insisted that the journey round the island should be repeated. When they again met the man made this little speech: *Ana niyashi mashi ootone ni ainu*—O joy to meet a lovely woman! Perhaps his remark was not altogether original, but that was the way the first pair began business; and that little island grew until it became the everlasting great Nipon, the largest island in the Japan group.

It so happened that the woman conceived and brought forth a female child, either as a punishment for having spoken the first word, or because the female principle was the most powerful. The man was, however, disappointed and displeased because it was not a boy.

The female child became Teushoko-dai-jin. The wife after brought forth another female child which was called Tsuki yomi no mikoto, the goddess of the moon, the moon itself. The third child fortunately was a male, and was named Hiro Ko, a leech. He was a tolerably smart boy, for at the age of three years, and when he could not walk, his parents built him a boat of camphor-wood, and set him adrift in the world, and he became one of the first fishermen in that part of the country. Catching fish and selling them is considered the first commercial transaction, and this primitive fisherman is still worshiped by fishermen, sailors, etc.

In due time the fourth child was born, and being a finely shaped boy, and after the two girls and the cripple it was very welcome. The hopes of the parents rested with the last born to populate the country. They, however, were doomed to disappointment, for the boy proved to be an unruly young fellow, and the older he grew the worse he grew, murdering the people in that part of the country and tearing up forests and destroying vegetation. His parents were under the necessity of sending him away to a foreign country. But he got homesick and returned, when he resumed his wild career. On one occasion he turned a wild horse loose into a field which his sister was cultivating in rice. The crop was trampled down and the field destroyed. Again after the sister had built a new house in which to prepare the new crop of rice that unruly boy defiled it so that she could no longer make use of it. On still another occasion when this industrious sister was sitting at her loom weaving he threw a rocking-horse's skin so violently against her and the loom as to prevent her working any more. In short, this bad specimen of the masculine persuasion persisted in his mischief to such an extent that his sister was compelled to leave home and flee to the celestial cave and shut herself in by rolling a huge rock before the door of the cave. The consequence was heaven, earth, and the four quarters became enveloped in darkness, and there was no distinction between day and night; and the eight hundred thousand gods assembled at the river-plain of Yusa to discuss what should be done to restore light to earth and heaven: and they procured for the Yokogo the country of perpetual day, a number of roosters, or domestic fowls, which crowed perpetually. These irrepressible crowers were taken to the mouth of the cave where the young woman had shut herself in, where Tatchi, the strong handed god stood waiting. The most beauteous god, Futodamano, brought from Ama-no-kuka yama a beautiful tree, on the top branch of which were suspended five hundred jewels; from the center branch hung a star-shaped mirror, while from the lower branch hung green and white slips of paper, and this tree, roots and all, was brought to the mouth of the cave. The gods then implored the young lady, Teu-sho-ko, to show her face, but she would not grant their request. Then Ama-no-usume-no-mikoto, the goddess with the heavenly, glossy countenance, proposed a dance before the mouth of the cave to excite the curiosity of the damsel inside, and to carry out the proposition she took the branches of the tree which the god had brought, and placed the jewels in her hair. She took a rod of bamboo, with grass tied to the end of it to make it look like a spear, and she also tied up her flowing sleeves with tendrils of ivy. Bonfires were then lighted, when the beautiful goddess danced before the cave with all her might, to the music of fifes, drums, and cymbals. The music and dancing did excite the curiosity of the young lady in the cave, and she wondered what it could all mean. To enable her to see what was going on outside she moved away the rock a little so she could look out, when a strong god seized the stone, cast it aside, and with his other hand grasped the fair damsel and drew her from the cave. Then the gods of the winds twisted a rope of rice straw, and drew it across the mouth of the cave. Then all was gladness and the rotation of day and night was established forever.

As a punishment to the bad boy who had caused all this trouble death was not inflicted upon him, but his hair was pulled out, one hair at a time, his fingernails and toenails pulled out, and he was banished to a far distant land to scratch for a living the best way he could.

When this was all over Isanami, who had not been altogether idle, brought forth a fifth child, Hino-Kam, the god of wildfire, but it was a bad job for her, for on the same day she was consumed by fire. But in the agonies of death she brought forth another child, the goddess of the earth and hills, and still another daughter, the goddess of water. After this Kakutsuchi married Hani-yama, and in due time the wife bore to her liege lord a fine son, the first produce of man and earth, and on his head grew the mulberry and silkworm, and from whose navel sprung the five cereals, rice, wheat, beans, millet, and sorghum.

There is a good deal more of this cosmological story, but perhaps I had not better take the time to tell it. You may not believe even what I have told. I do not vouch for its truth, and do not know that it contains very much; but I believe that those who got up this fable knew just about as much of the origin of the world, the sun, moon, and stars as the man who told that other story about everything being made in six days, about the earth producing plants, flowers, trees, and fruit before there was a sun, about a firmament being made and set in the heavens to hold the water above it from falling down and mixing with the water below it, about a man being made of the earth, he being put into a sleep, a rib extracted, of which a woman was formed; about a snake talking, and all the rest of it. The two stories will probably do very well to go together.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

It is not a very long step from religion to superstition, so it will be easy to slide gently from a consideration or the religions of Japan to its superstitions or beliefs in charms, incantations, omens, etc. I shall not attempt to give a full list of all the nonsensical beliefs of this time which the people of these islands entertain, but it is quite likely that I may be able to state enough to convince you that they are by no means deficient in the strange opinions and superstitions so common in most other countries. There is less room in the Shinto system than in Buddhism for the class of vagaries under consideration, and for this reason the ignorant among the Buddhists have been charged with being the class which largely entertain them.

The Japanese believe greatly in fortune-telling, and have various modes of performing the feat. One way is as follows: Six pieces of hard wood are marked in a prescribed manner, then with fifty-one pieces of bamboo, like knitting-needles, of which one is laid down. The incantation is then recited, the fifty-two splints divided at random into two divisions, one for each hand; these are then counted out in lots of eight each, and the odd ones left determine the order in which the sticks are to be placed. This is repeated twice, and the third time the standing needles are counted out, six at a time. The means by which the solution is determined is obscure and hard to be understood, but the process is conducted as described.

Girls divine the future by dropping a long hairpin from their head into the matting and counting from the end of the pin, yes or no, yes—no, alternately, and the last straw in the mat indicates the answer to the question asked.

In building dwelling-houses good luck is supposed to be secured by having the door to the southeast, the closets on the southwest, the kitchen along side the storeroom.

Physiognomy and palmistry are very generally believed the same as formerly in Europe and America.

Another way of telling fortunes is to have a box containing a hundred slips of bamboo all numbered, and well shaken. From a hole in one end one of the slips is shaken out. The number on this corresponds with the number of a paper on which the drawer's fate is written, often, it must be confessed, in ambiguous language.

Spirit-rapping is believed in, the mediums being women. They use various incantations, and profess to be able to converse equally with the dead and living. They are known by their carrying a small bundle of peculiar shape, and also a light bark hat on the head or in the hand.

Amulets are much worn, and are usually obtained at shrines and temples where they are sold by priests. Servants wear them suspended by a string around the neck. More educated men are ashamed to wear them, and conceal them in some part of their clothing, or carry them in their tobacco pouch or purse. Women carry their amulets in a girdle specially made for the purpose, and which they never part with for a moment except when they undress for bathing. Night and day it is on their persons. Some of the more common ones are the Kannon, to give ability and good fortune through life; the Gozo, to bestow the gift of children, and enable their being reared; the Suii Tengu, to save from drowning and other harm; if choking, to swallow the paper of the amulet is a positive cure; the figure of Nichiren and of Kobodaishi, to carry them to paradise; Sei-sh, for good luck; Benten, for the gift of beauty, accomplishments, and attractiveness to their lovers; Chirice Gongen, to protects them from snakes, the greatest dread of Japanese women; Aizen, to cause children to be lovable, and a host of others for various gifts and powers. Girls when very young have some of these amulets suspended from the girdle in a small square pouch, and are worn for years. Ghost stories are widely believed in, and thousands of them are narrated, and some of a very horrible character. Women are said to return after death to nurse their little children they so unwillingly left behind. When lovers are parted for a season, and are faithful to each other, the one who dies first visits the living one and renews the love. When a man passes at night the grave of some girl he has loved it is believed that if he thinks of her, even though she had not reciprocated his love, she rises from the grave, appearing like a beautiful woman, carrying a lantern. He recognizes her as his lost love, and she visits him every night afterward in secret, until discovered by a third person. To all but him she appears a ghastly skeleton, but to him she is lovely in the extreme. The gifts presented by her lover are found on her grave. Ubume is a female specter believed to be often met on rivers and canal banks, on roads, through marshes, carrying a child. If met, she asks the traveler to do her the favor of holding her child for a minute or two while she is absent, but after the holder has held it until out of patience it begins to grow heavier and heavier every moment, until it falls from his arms a boulder which no man can lift.

Demons are believed in, and that they perform very strange feats. One day a man was drinking *saké* on the verandah of his house, enjoying himself and the prospect before him, when a hideous-looking demon, with sword, appeared beyond the garden fence, and gradually seemed to float toward the man drinking *saké*, who at once hid himself under some carpet, but, peeking out, he saw the baffled demon turn toward the house of his next neighbor, when a serious conflict soon took place. The neighbor attempted to attack the demon with a naked sword, but judge of his surprise when he discovered that he had struck off his wife's head and mangled the children. There are three very bad demons, one green, one red, and one black, who come after wicked souls when the measure of iniquity is full, and convey them on a terrible vehicle to the raging fires of pandemonium. Tengu is a good sort of devil, he never does harm to good people, nor to his own worshipers, but scoffers and scoundrels must beware. It is his business to guard temples and shrines. He is

represented as having a very large nose; and he also wears a mask, which is black and has an enormous beak. The first, Dai Tengu, represents the male principle, and the second, Sho Tengu, represents the female principle.

Strange notions are entertained about the fox, which is as bad as the black cat in witch times in Christian countries. Marter Kitzune (the fox) takes upon him all shapes, but is particularly fond of appearing as a pretty woman, arrayed in very gay attire. In whatever shape, however, in which he appears, he is sure to follow his victim, or lead him over precipices, into rivers, wells, etc. But he is good to the women, and hardly ever annoys them. A fox's wedding is a sight to be seen but once in a life-time. It is conducted with all the pomp fitting for a nobleman, and generally by torch light when there is no moon. Foxes are so mean as to steal away the senses of people, and that, too, when they had none to spare of the article, and play all sorts of mischievous tricks and pranks upon them. They sometimes deceive a man to believe a field of buckwheat to be a river, and he undresses, lays his clothes away carefully, and attemps to swim through it, but has great trouble in effecting it. On a certain occasion a polite young man walking along the road on a racing day met a beautiful young lady without an umbrella. He, of course, offered her to share his, and they walked along together, entering into a most interesting conversation, in which he paid the fair damsel many beautiful compliments. But he happened to notice that the young lady's garments were not at all wilted, and that her robes shone and glistened as though just out of the band-box. Luckily for him, just at that moment he happened to think of the fox, and mustering all his courage, he drew his sword, which fortunately he had with him, and struck the young lady a fearful blow, when he ran home with all his might. Several friends returned with him to the spot, where, instead of a young lady, they found a fox very seriously wounded, when they all came to the conclusion that the young man had escaped a great danger. On another occasion a man saw a fox which had been caught in a trap, and kindly set it at liberty; and a few days afterward while walking along the highway he met a beautiful young lady, who spoke kindly to him and informed him that she was the fox to whom he had done such a kindness, for which she wished to reward him, but being a fox she was unable to do so. She proposed, however, that he take her to a house of prostitution and sell her for the highest price he could obtain, and keep the money as his reward, and she would have no difficulty in taking care of herself. The good man acted upon her suggestion, took her to the place designated, and as she was remarkably charming, he obtained a very high price for her, and went on his way rejoicing. The young lady attracted very great attention by her prepossessing personal appearance, and several men nearly lost their wits on account of her beauty. After playing many roguish pranks upon them for two or three days, she disappeared, and a fox was seen in the garden. The young lady was seen no more, but the man kept his money and was thus rewarded. That was a foxy trick, to be sure.

The badger (tanuki) is also believed to have the power to assume the human form; but, unlike the fox, goes before his victims, who are usually women. Besides appearing as stunning young men, they often assume the form of inanimate objects. A family living near the Imperial College at Tokio is reported as being greatly annoyed with foxes, who continually played practical jokes upon the females of the household, often appearing to the servant maids as an enormous tea-kettle. A badger is also said to have been for a long time a priest of the temple at Morinjie. A waste-paper dealer once bought an iron pot for making tea. On placing it over the fire a long tail and four legs came out, and the pot ran off —a first-class badger.

Cats are also very talented in Japan. As a sample cat story this may serve: A rich gentleman, residing at Tokio, had a niece residing in his family, and one evening she was sitting alone, and was engaged at sewing. Hearing her name spoken she looked around, but seeing no one in the room save the family cat she resumed her sewing, when she again heard her name spoken. She looked earnestly at the cat, when pussy asked the young lady to lend her a handkerchief, remarking if she would do so she would show her a sight worth seeing. The handkerchief was furnished, and the cat told her to look out in the back-yard soon after ten o'clock and see what she could discover. The young lady followed instructions, and when ten o'clock came she looked into the yard, when she saw collected there all the cats in the neighborhood holding high carnival, and each cat decked out with a handkerchief, and having a very gay time. The handkerchief was returned in good condition. Otters are also said to cut up many roguish pranks, adding to the reputation of the Japanese animals for being very sagacious.

Witchcraft is said to be employed in this way: If a woman becomes jealous of her husband or lover, and has good reason to believe that he is paying improper attentions in another direction, the injured woman dresses herself in white, allows her hair to hang down her back, places a tripod on her head (used in cooking), in which are three lighted candles; in her mouth a lighted torch of bamboo and pitch-pine, lighted at both ends, and arround her neck a mirror. This she does at the hour of two o'clock at night; and taking an effigy of the faithless one and his paramour, nails them to a tree within the grounds of some shrine. The result is that in whatever part of the effigies the injured woman drives the nails a serious injury will befall the original in a corresponding place, and thereby the woman will have her revenge. But if by ill chance she happens to meet a ghost while on her untimely errand the whole thing is defeated, especially if she shows the least terror at seeing the apparition. She can only recover from the ill effects by certain incantations and by imprecations on the offending pair. A common mode of bewitchment is to form a lay figure of straw, pierced with nails, and then bury it as near as possible to the place where the faithless one sleeps, when some evil will be sure to befall him.

Charms abound in this charming country, or at least the belief in them does. If on the eighth day of the fourth month a certain kind of grass (*peu peu gusa*) be gathered and hung within paper lanterns it is considered a sure way to keep away insects. An incantation is used to drive away fleas, but I cannot believe that fleas care a straw for the most powerful incantation ever framed. If the dew on the grass be gathered on the first day of the fifth month it is said to be an unfailing cure for sore feet. If farmers draw a limb of the *namako* by a cord around their fields the moles will leave it at once. If seven small red beans are swallowed by males on New Year's day, and double that number by females, health will be insured for the ensuing year. (It is a pity that women are twice as hard to cure as men.) If small spots above the ear on the heads of children are left unshaven, they will not be troubled with scrofula. (The heads of small children are always shaved.) If a trader about to start on a journey, whether by ship, on horseback, by vehicle, or chair, will make the sign of *shin* (red) in the palm of his left hand and then lick it off, he will be preserved from harm, and safely return. If a tiresome visitor stays too long, and it is desired for him to go, the broom is inverted, a towel thrown over it, and it is fanned until the bore departs. If it is desired to dream of an absent friend or lover all that has to be done is to turn the quilt of the bed end for end. If the rice-pot, when it begins to boil faintly, makes a low, gentle noise, it is a sure sign of good luck; but when it makes a loud, boisterous noise, something bad is sure to happen. In case, however, that the pot becomes too turbulent the evil effects may be prevented if it be immediately wrapped in the garments of a female—a virgin, if possible to find one. If a member of the family is away on a journey, in order to secure his prosperity all that is necessary to do is to drop one bean per day into the well while he is absent. That will prevent him from becoming footsore. In order to secure good weather while absent on a festival, picnic, or journey, the girls only have to make a paper image and hang it to a branch of the tree *naruten*. To prevent the bad odors of a cesspool a cup is filled with water, a tray placed over it, and they are then inverted. If the water is not spilled the cesspool will be sweet. If candy is rubbed over scrofulous sores and then placed upon a yenoki-tree the sores will be seen to heal up. To remove pimples from the face all that has to be done is to rub them with a horse's tooth. If the gridiron on which fish is to be broiled is raised above the head and turned around three times the fish will be sure to not stick to it. To remove the laths from the top of a grave will insure good luck in drawing a prize in the lottery; but this makes it bad for the graves.

The foregoing, touching the superstitions and religions of Japan, is drawn from "Japanese Notes," by C. Pfoundes, and originally published in the *Japan Mail*.

NEARING YOKOHAMA.

Let us return to our voyage per steamer along the southern coast of Niphon, the main Japanese island. The day was a lovely one and the sea smooth. We were sometimes nearly out of sight of land, and occasionally we passed inside some of the islands, not many miles from the mainland. Reese Island attracted special attention, as it is the home of a volcano smoking away, and which we could see forty miles before we reached it. The hight of the smoking mountain is perhaps three or four thousand feet. It does not belch away so vigorously as Vesuvius, nor does it pulsate, but it sends up a steady volume of smoke equal to a steamboat, and from the conical shape of its upper portion shows that a large amount of volcanic matter has at some time in the past been thrown out. Is is so quiet, however, of late years that little disturbance has taken place. It is some ten miles from the coast, about eight miles in circumference. The island has a population of a few hundred farmers and fishermen scattered along its shores.

FUJIYAMA

Attracted still more attention than Reese Island, and is, indeed, one of the remarkable mountains of the earth, rising majestically and independently from the plain to a hight of 13,000 feet. We saw it at a distance of seventy-five miles, its snow-capped summit peering above the clouds and looking as grand and dignified as the Himalayas themselves. It was originally a volcano, and must have belched, smoked, and thrown out a great quantity of lava, fused rock, and ashes to build up such a vast body as it is, and which undoubtedly was once thus formed. It is the highest land in Japan, and perhaps in Asia with the exception of the Himalayas. It stands alone, not being connected with any mountain range. Its shape is almost as regular and beautiful as a pyramid, equal on all sides. With the love the Japanese have for the grand in nature, it is not strange that they worship this mountain and consider it almost a god. Toward the end of summer the snow of the summit melts nearly away, and pilgrims from all parts of the country visit Fujiyama, and with two or three days' climbing after reaching its base they arrive at its summit, where the view of one of the prettiest countries in the world and the matchless Pacific is spread out like a panorama at their feet. The ascent is not attempted at any other season of the year. It stands some fifty miles from the coast, and in a clear atmosphere is easily seen when a hundred miles away.

As we steam eastward the coast of Japan improves in vegetation and beauty. The shores grow less rocky and sterile in appearance, and the green fields of grain and the forest-clad hills are more pleasing to the eye. The closing days of April find "the land of the rising sun" arrayed in its emerald robe of beauty. The southern line compares in latitude with the southern portion of the United States, and there no longer the robes of winter are left behind when May-day arrives.

YOKOHAMA.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of April 25th we entered the capacious and beautiful harbor of Yokohama. In little more than half an hour we had cast anchor and were lying before a pretty city spread out on a fertile plain, with a bluff on the western side of the town a hundred feet or more higher than the plain, and on which the pleasant residences of the foreigners are principally located.

Everything was hurry and bustle on our steamer. We had arrived at the end of our long journey, and all were anxious to get on shore and see more of Japan. The natives gathered around the steamer, sculling their numerous small boats, anxious to convey passengers. They were on the alert for a job, but were not so noisy and persistent as the natives of many countries I have visited. I was not specially in a hurry, and allowed others to take boats before myself. In due time, however, I was sculled to the Bund, which is a long, pleasant street facing the harbor. Here, in a moderate-sized building, were representatives of the custom house department, who examined the baggage of new comers. Mine, not being extensive, was quickly disposed of, especially as but little scrutiny was exercised. A jin-rik-sha soon conveyed me to the Windsor House, which, being kept by Americans, a plenty of American papers to be read, made it seem almost like getting home, something I had not experienced for months.

It was too late in the day to get my letters from the bank to whose care they were addressed, but on the next morning I was made the happiest man in Japan by the receipt of nearly a hundred letters and papers from home and from dear friends on the opposite side of the globe. Those of you who have never been a long time away from your homes and your own land can perhaps hardly realize the joy which letters from loved ones afford; but let me assure you that there is nothing in the world like it. The sight of foreign lands, of their red and yellow skinned inhabitants, their quaint dwellings, and all their novel scenery, cannot take the place of news from home. I had long been anticipating this feast and was looking forward to it with great anxiety. Several hours were most pleasantly spent in devouring the contents of my heavy mail, and I now wish to thank all of you who have contributed to my pleasure by writing me while on this lengthy tour.

My pleasure was not greatly enhanced by finding that Joseph Cook and his better half—for she is unquestionably the better of the two—were stopping at the same hotel, but as we are not likely to come to blows, and as I propose to pass a considerable portion of my time in the interior, I did not allow the contiguity to an unpleasant object to disturb my equanimity.

I spent my first days in looking about the city and taking in its sights. I early called on the American Consular-General Thomas B. VanBuren, a relative of ex-President Martin VanBuren, and who has resided here in Yokohama eight years. As we have both resided in the same county, a sort of relationship was almost claimed. I find him a very genial gentleman, well posted in Japanese affairs, and willing to impart the information he possesses. The duties of his position are numerous, having to attend to the needs of American sailors and citizens when in trouble, to give permits to all exports to America, to issue forms, take acknowledgments, administer oaths, etc., pertaining to American interest; to hold court and examine into the charges against lawless

American sailors, and to investigate their claims when injustice is done them. He has the power to fine and imprison for various offenses. I visited him several times, and found he has many calls for his official services, and that his time is busily devoted to his duties. He expressed a desire that our laws should be changed with regard to American sailors, which, as they stand, are often very oppressive, not only to the masters of vessels, but to the sailors as well. By the terms of the law sailors on American vessels cannot be discharged in any foreign port, or for any cause, without paying them three months' wages extra; and this exaction often leads to unpleasant difficulties. The law was enacted eighty years ago, and, though meant in the time of it as a protection to the sailor, it really works against his interest, and in various ways. He is in hopes that Congress may amend the law.

Consular-General Van Buren has written three moderate-sized works upon Japan, one upon the trade of Japan, one upon its food, and one upon its labor. He was kind enough to present me with these works, and I shall be glad to avail myself of the knowledge which they contain. I have also obtained Miss Bird's (that was) interesting work upon this country—"Unbeaten Tracks in Japan"—and I shall not hesitate to draw from it such facts as I deem will be interesting to you. I also find a goodly nunber of American and English people residing here, whom I am glad to see, and from whom much can be learned.

Yokohama has quite a mixed population, and to such an extent that it has been denominated a "hybrid city." The business portion of the city in which Americans and Europeans (the latter including English, French, Germans, and other nationalities) transact business occupies the front portion of the plain next to the harbor, and is very well laid off, fairly built, presenting much the appearance of an European town, and bears the name of the "Settlement" The bungalows and compounds, or the residences of these foreigners, are largely on the "Bluff," where are many pleasant houses, interspersed with gardens. It has been likened to the suburbs of Boston. The Japanese quarter is much the larger portion of the city; it lies on the extensive plain directly in the rear of the "Settlement," and its numerous streets of plain gray houses are well packed with the busy, good-natured natives, who are more conspicuous for their geniality, politeness, and industry, than for the indications of wealth which they evince. I do not remember that I have seen a statement of what the population is, but should judge it to be considerably over 100,000, of which 5,000 are Americans and Europeans, fully the same number of Chinese, and the remainder Japanese.

Yokohama is comparatively a new town, its age really dating from the year 1866. The older town, Kanagawa, occupying the northern portion of what is now the northern portion of the city, is much older, but until this port became by treaty one of the open ports for foreign trade, it reached no distinction, and was little more than a fishing village. Now the splendid harbor has always present European and American steamers and sailing ships, coasting steamers and other craft, and men-of-war lying in the harbor, representing the principal nations of the world. The imports and exports of the city are very large, and it justly takes rank with the commercial cities of modern times.

The local government of the city was at one time in the hands of a mixed foreign municipality, but at present it is under Japanese control, at the head of which is the prefect of Kanagawa. The government buildings, including the custom house, the post-office, etc., are of good style and fit for any city. The stores, hotels, and business houses of all kinds are substantial and creditable in appearance, and the amount of merchandise on sale appears equal to the demand. There are three or four banks, which transact a heavy business. There are two or three public gardens, quite respectable in character, and pleasant places to visit.

The stores which deal in Japanese manufactures and Japanese "curio" and antiquities are interesting places to visit, where one can see almost endless specimens of Japanese art and mechanism in silk goods, damasks, porcelain, lacquer-ware, and an almost endless list of ingeniously devised and constructed articles for various purposes. The public bazar, or properly called an industrial exposition of national handicraft and manufactures, and which covers an acre of ground, occupied with low continuous buildings, is a very interesting place to spend a few hours. The goods are very neatly arranged, the prices marked upon them, polite clerks in attendance, and here considerable sales are effected of the curious manufactures for which this ingenious people are noted. The native stores and shops, all along in the Japanese portion of the city, where goods are sold and where the various branches of manufacture, in a small way, are conducted, are also interesting places to inspect. The potteries in the eastern portion of the town, where their ingenious wares in this line are turned out, are by no means devoid of interest. Industry, ingenuity, peacefulness, cleanliness, politeness, and good nature are the prominent characteristics of this people.

The jin-rik-shas of this city are a decided institution. I have spoken of them before, having seen them first in Singapore, then in Hong Kong and Nagasaki; but here they abound in greater numbers than in the towns named, amounting to several thousands. I think I told you they are a slim hand-cart, with springs under the cushioned seats and a calash buggy top, which can be up or down as the rider pleases. An oiled paper apron comes up before the rider when it rains, shutting him entirely in, except a narrow space for looking out, and preventing him from getting wet. They are light and handy, designed generally for one person, and the manipulators trot along with them on smooth roads hour after hour, nearly as fast as a horse usually travels, and often making forty or fifty miles a day. It is not ten years yet since they were invented, and now fully 50,000 of them are used in different places. Tokio alone has 25,000 of them. As few horses are reared in this country, and those few are of poor quality, used principally as pack horses, carrying produce, etc., upon their backs, the jin-rik-shas are the main dependence for traveling purposes. The Japanese name for them is *kuruma*, but the Chinese name jin-rik-sha is more used, and for short is often only riki. The price for riding in them is ten sen an hour, or one yen per day, and as it takes one hundred and fifty sen to equal one hundred cents our money, the price is low enough. At these prices, however, the Japanese laboring men can make more money than at farm work, or any menial labor; they rush into the cities, and willingly run themselves to death for the one yen per day, for the constant running with the loads they haul tells heavily upon them, so that they usually last but five or six years, when lung disease of some kind or a broken-down system ends their career. These rikis are gotten up in different styles, some plain, and some lacquered, decorated, inlaid, and ornamented, according to the taste of the owner. Some show mainly polished brass, while others are richly inlaid with pearl, and others again bearing representations of dragons and beautiful flowers. They cost from ten to twenty-five and fifty dollars each. Many merchants and business men have a riki waiting constantly at their doors so as to be ready at all times when they wish to go a square or more. When a traveler or tourist wishes to go off on a long trip into the country where the roads are heavier and more up and down hill, two men generally are employed, one in front between the shafts and the other pushing behind, and on such jaunts one yen twenty-five or one fifty for each man per day is paid, they finding their own food. After dark paper lanterns are, by exaction of law, carried by the riki men. At the busy hours of the day, in the morning and evening, it is a sight to witness the hundreds of merchants, clerks, missionaries, fashionably-dressed ladies, Chinamen, and Japanese, all gliding to and fro on their way home and elsewhere in the ever-whirling rikis. They are a useful institution that could not be dispensed with.

The Chinese in Yokohama are a very useful class of the community. Many of them act as clerks in banks, shipping houses, stores, compradores for Europeans (managers in any kind of business), tradesmen, and mechanics in the various departments. The best tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, etc., are Chinamen. As shrewd and successful business men the Chinese unquestionably far excel the Japanese. There is also this difference between them which I think I alluded to before. The Chinese have the best idea of business integrity. They will live up to a contract, and they will not take undue or dishonest advantages in business. They seem to have the disposition and knowledge to enable them to conduct business so as to win and hold trade. The same cannot be said of the Japanese to the same extent. They regard a bird in the hand worth a good many in the bush, or, in other words, they deem a dollar of profit to-day more desirable than the probability of ten dollars a week or month in the future. They will even for the sake of making a dollar to-day be guilty of some petty, dishonest trick by which they will lose a customer worth twenty dollars to them. In business matters they forecast badly. This seems to arise more from the habits of the country than from inherent dishonesty and rascality.

MISSIONARIES.

Christians are fairly represented here, having five or six churches patronized principally by foreigners, and some twenty missionaries, more than half of whom are males. Aside from the schools they are conducting and some hospital work, it is questionable whether they are effecting very much good. In the whole of Japan there are one hundred and thirty-six Protestant missionaries, seventy-eight of whom are married men, ten single men, and forty-eight unmarried women. The wives of the seventy-eight married missionaries are not counted, but they are supposed to be of great service in promoting the morality of those to whom they are married. It has been found that unmarried missionaries were inclined to follow the general custom of other Americans and Europeans who keep native women for their private use, and the missionary boards, for this reason, have latterly discouraged unmarried men from coming out to do moral and religious work for Jesus among the heathen, and are sending married men principally. This is doubtless a very judicious precaution.

As you are interested in missionary intelligence, let me give you a trifle more from the "Annual Report of the Evangelical Alliance of Japan for 1882:"

Stations where missionaries reside, 36.
Out stations where no missionaries reside, 111; an increase of 35.
Organized churches, 83; an increase of 19.
Churches wholly self-supporting, 15; an increase of 2.
Churches partially self-supporting, 59; an increase of 32.
Baptized adult converts, 3,811; an increase of 1,110.
Baptized children, 601; an increase of 336.
Boy's schools and mixed schools, 39; an increase of 25.
Scholars in these schools, 1,584; an increase of 994.
Girl's schools, 18; an increase of 3.
Scholars in these, 607; an increase of 116.
Theological schools, 6; an increase of 2.
Theological students, 93; an increase of 6.
Sunday-schools, 101; an increase of 38.
Scholars in these, 3,764; an increase of 1,253.
Native ministers, 38; an increase of 22.
Unordained native preachers and catechists, 124; an increase of 30.
Colporteurs, 10; an increase of 8.
Bible women, 20; a decrease of 4.
Hospitals, 4; an increase of 2.
In-patients treated in these, 183; a decrease of 97.
Dispensaries, 4; a decrease af 1.
Patients treated in these, 18,027; an increase of 4,744.
Medical students, 5; a decrease of 21.
Contributions of native Christians for all purposes, during the year, in paper yen, 8,772; an increase of 5,583.
Average for each adult native Christian, 2.30; an increase of 1.20.

The increase given is since 1879. The report does not include what the Catholics are doing, for they do not belong to the Evangelical Alliance; they however are said not to be doing very much. It may strike you that a great deal has been accomplished by the missionaries, but when it is considered that between one and two hundred persons have been at work here fifteen years, that millions of dollars have been expended, that all kinds of inducements have been held out to the natives to embrace Christianity, that they are a people rather easily persuaded, especially when they think it to their pecuniary interest to be persuaded; that their religion sits very easily upon them, that in their desire to adopt European and American customs they would very naturally think they had also better adopt the religions of those countries. For such people to lay aside one set of superstitions and take up another is not a very serious affair; it does not, after all, seem that very remarkable results have been produced, especially in view of the many boasts that are made of the great things that have been done here, and of the rapidity with which the Japanese are embracing Christianity. Three or four thousand out of a population of thirty-five millions is but a small percentage. And from what I can learn the spread of Christianity among the natives is slower now than it was a few years ago. As novelties are readily turned to by the human mind, it cannot be thought strange that these simple-minded people should be attracted by a new religion held up to them as containing wonderful powers, and which would be of inestimable value to them, and it is not strange that numbers of the common people should be led to adopt it. But it is becoming an old story; it is no longer a novelty, and these natives are not attracted now as much as formerly. It is about time for another new novelty to come along.

Very few of the better classes are turning Christian. But a small proportion of the educated Japanese are becoming converts to Christianity. Miss Bird presents a very fair view of the more intelligent Japanese mind in the description which she gives of her visit to the Kubota hospital and school under the influence of native teachers who had been educated in Europe and America. After inspecting the school with much interest, she put this question to two of the teachers:

"Do you teach religion?"

They smiled significantly with undisguised contempt, replying:

"We have no religion;" adding, "All your learned men know that religion is false."

Miss Bird gives a pretty full account of her visit to Mr. Tyson, a prominent missionary, and describes the success and encouragement he meets with. She says: "Mr. Tyson itinerates at certain seasons of the year. He finds strong prejudices against Christianity in the country, and extreme indifference in the city. On his first tours great crowds came to hear him of the 'new way,' but that kind of interest has diminished. . . . As 'the outward and visible sign' of three years of earnest work, Mr. Tyson has baptized seven persons." I have seen an American missionary who has been here eight years, who has drawn over twelve thousand dollars from the missionary treasury, and who, as I am informed by a clergyman, has not baptized one person in that time. From such statements as this, those who drop in every Sunday their dimes and quarters for the "salvation of the heathen" can judge how much good it does, and how the money is being used.

I have a plenty of authority from Christians and

others that the missionaries lead an easy and a pleasant life here, and make very limited exertions. They all live in very pleasant dwellings; they have a plenty of servants; they perform but little labor, and get double the money for their services that they could make at home. It is all a mistake for our people to think that the missionary takes his life in his hand, and that he endures great hardships in working to spread the gospel. The truth is, he leads an easy, pleasant life, in a luxuriant country, with a delightful climate, with all the comforts imaginable. Miss Bird, herself a Christian, says: "Much of the sympathy given to missionaries at home is altogether misplaced. In Japan they are provided with comfortable houses and sufficient incomes. . . The phrase 'taking their lives in their hands' has no significance, and they incur no perils either from people or climate."

Again the same writer says: "The 'religious faculty' appears to be lost out of the Japanese nature. It is a complete mistake to suppose that because the old faiths are decaying Japan is ripe for the introduction of a new one. The empire has embarked on a career of material progress. Everything which tends in that direction is eagerly appropriated and assimilated; that which does not is rejected as of no account. I asked a highly educated and thoughtful young Japanese, who had just returned from a course of some years of scientific study in America, if he had ever studied religion, and his answer embodies at least the view of the educated classes: 'No; I had no time for anything that had no practical bearing.'"

This intelligent writer had an almost unequaled opportunity for judging of the missionary work in Japan, and of the native character of the people, for she spent several months in journeying over the country and in making close observations of all that she met with. She sums up one of her chapters in this way: "An obstacle in the way of Christianity (and all these are apart from the deeply-rooted and genuine dislike to the purity of its morality) is that the Japanese students who are educated by their government in England or America return and tell their countrymen that no one of any intelligence or position now believes in Christianity, and that it is an exploded system, only propped up by the clergy and the uneducated masses."

Even among the savage Ainos in northern Japan the same writer found a spirit unfavorable to the reception of Christianity; and though savage as they are, she found among them much that is better than what prevails among large classes in Europe and America. She thus expresses herself: "The glamour which at first disguises the inherent barrenness of savage life has had time to pass away, and I see it in all its nakedness as a life not much raised above the necessities of animal existence; timid, monotonous, barren of good, dark, dull, 'without hope of God in the world,' though at its lowest and worst considerably higher and better than that of thousands of the lapsed masses of our own great cities, who are baptized into Christ's name, and are laid at last in holy ground, inasmuch as the Ainos are truthful, and, on the whole, chaste, hospitable, honest, reverent, and kind to the aged. Drinking, their great vice, is not, as among us, in antagonism to their religion, but is actually a part of it, and as such would be exceptionally difficult to eradicate."

The same writer had a long conversation with an intelligent Buddhistic priest, who gave her an explanation of Buddhistic belief, and who, when asked what he thought of the prospects of Christianity in Japan, said: "There have been missionaries called Protestants in Japan for fifteen years; there are now over a hundred; and they count sixteen hundred baptized persons. The college here is sending out young *samurai* to preach, very ardent, and well equipped for teaching. Christianity may make great progress in some of the country parts of Japan, for many are weary, weary, weary, and it is easy, and they will be disposed to receive it; but not in the large towns."

I cannot say that the reports of the Evangelical Alliance, of which I give you an extract, are untrue in every particular, but it is believed that such reports are not always strictly reliable, and that they are made to look more favorable to the cause of the missions than the real facts warrant; but criticism may not justly apply in this case. I am, however, clearly of the opinion that there are many ways where the money and effort which are spent here in Japan to make Christians of the people could be used more sensibly, and where they would do more good; and this is the opinion of many other intelligent people. I shall hardly forget the remark of General Van Buren on the subject. He admitted that the missionaries had done some good; "but," said he, "there are ten missionaries where there should be one."

It cannot be denied that missionaries are often an over-officious, mischievous element that sometimes does does more harm than good, and it is a matter of much doubt whether the people of this and other Asiatic countries are really made much better for accepting Christianity. People's conduct and character depend far more upon race and natural characteristics than upon what religion they accept. That the Japanese are kindly, genial, hospitable, sympathetic, and inoffensive cannot be truthfully denied. Miss Bird traveled alone among them for six months, visiting parts of the country where a European had never been seen before, and she was uniformly treated with civility, courtesy, and kindness. She was not insulted nor mistreated; no one tried to rob her, and no one scarcely offered her an insult or an indignity. It would seem that a people capable of such behavior are not suffering intensely for Christian morality to be introduced among them. How does this kind of heathen conduct compare with what daily and almost hourly takes place in our own Christian and "favored" land? Since I have been here I took up an American paper and was made ashamed to read an account of a quiet, respectable woman being attacked on the street in the upper part of New York city, about seven o'clock in the evening, by four young men. She was gagged and most rudely treated, taken across the street, and outraged! Should not New York bestir at once and hurry off more missionaries to teach the people of Japan how to behave themselves?

The case I mention is not an exceptional one. I see the American papers are literally full of accounts of villainy, outrages, murders, robbery, stealing, swindling, house-burning, drunkenness, assaults, debauchery, and many other crimes of the most revolting character. I must confess that, after having traveled over the countries of Asia, where I have not seen a fight, scarcely a quarrel, and only one or two drunken men, it makes me almost blush with shame to read over the account of wrongs and outrages committed in our own Christian land.

This is no new state of things. We are, perhaps, not worse materially than we were twenty-five or fifty years ago. The New York *Tribune* in May, 1857, contained the following sad picture of Christian morals in the Christian city of New York, the article being written by Horace Greeley, the truthful:

"Sixteen murders have been perpetrated in this city during the past seven weeks; and in the same period there have been at least sixteen attempts at murder, besides violent assaults and rum-hole fights without precedent. Ten thousand hardened and hopeless outcast females swarm the streets at night; two thousand children, under the guise of pedlars, from the ages from ten to sixteen, penetrate every public building, store, and office in the city to beg, or steal, or spy for burglars, and on their own account to practice those vices which cannot be named in respectable language; five thousand great and small gamblers prey upon the credulous and infatuated, standing all day at the doors of their dens in Broadway, as well known in person and profession as the mayor himself; ten thousand lazy, drunken, thieving short-boys, swill-boys, killers, roughs, and rowdies of other names, lounge on the rum-cursed corners of the streets, making day disgusting, night hideous, and travel dangerous to all who can be suspected of having respectability or money; thousands of emigrant swindlers, mock auctioneers, lottery dealers, policy brokers, pickpockets, hall-thieves, burglars, wharf-rats, area-sneaks, pimps, and vampires practice their knaveries as openly and with as little fear of punishment as though they were engaged in the most virtuous and legitimate pursuits. The swell mob of London, flying from a real police, and the unendurable felons of San Francisco, expatriated by bullet and hemp of the Vigilance Committee, are received here with open arms, parade our streets, not only by the toleration, but with the protection and personal friendship of our police—carry our primary elections and fill the high positions in the nominating committees. On every hand we have vice, and crime, and splendor—crime, vice, rum, and beggary. Here, in the most fashionable *faubourg*, is the Crockfords of New York; there, between the palatial residences of a millionaire and a divine, is the *maison de joie* of a woman whose dress is the most brilliant, whose equipage is the most costly, whose appearance is the most stunning of the gay butterflies, virtuous or vicious, whose beauty and wealth add glitter to the opera or sunshine to the promenade. Within a bow-shot of these palaces is the other side of the world: for brocade, rags; for diamonds, dirt; for Johannisberger, whisky; for millionaires, beggars; for divines, devils; for Aspasias, drabs; with here and there some poor, starving wretch painfully enacting the 'Song of the Shirt,' her besieged virtue glimmering in the misery of this tangible hell like the jeweled jewel in a dung-hill. And over all we have *a set of men called rulers*, wrangling like hungry dogs for the public purse, lying and cheating for advancement, plotting to overthrow all law, that they may rob the people; and in their influence upon our vast criminal population, recklessly flaring their incendiary torches in our moral powder mill."

The above picture is very graphic, but not overdrawn. It is true to life, and in view of the facts thus set forth, is it not a great pity that a few thousand more missionaries have not been sent over here to Asia to learn its quiet millions how to practice Christian morals and how to prepare themselves for a Christian heaven?

LIFE IN YOKOHAMA

In walking the streets of this city one meets with a great many blind persons, who are, perhaps, made so by the excess of smoke in the native houses, together with the changeable nature of the climate. Doubtless the sight in many cases could have been saved had the proper treatment been resorted to in time; but charms, amulets, and whimsical superstitions are not very effectual in removing inflammation from the eyes. These people walk about the streets with almost the same freedom and ease as do other people, and in many cases, unless very observing, one would hardly notice they were blind. In their perambulations they very frequently blow the whistles they carry to inform people that they are on the street and do not wish to be run over. As day and night are the same to them, their whistles are to be heard even in the late hours of the night. As a class they are self-sustaining, and manage to make their own living by practicing the healing art, or curing many ailments by the laying on of hands, rubbing, and various other manipulations. It is possible that the loss of sight in some way increases their magnetic powers, as what would be lost by going out through the eyes is conserved in the system, thereby giving them unusual nerve force, by which the cures ascribed to them are effected. They get moderate prices for their services, but such as suffice to maintain them comfortably in this country where living is cheap. Some of them act as barbers, and evince much skill in dressing hair.

Portable restaurants and confectionaries are an institution of the city, as they are of nearly the whole country. The restaurants are two cases some four feet high, comprising a series of shelves and drawers for containing food, and the two are connected with a shoulder pole, by which they are carried. The compartments are sufficient to contain a full assortment of the various Japanese dishes, including stew, pickles, mixtures, etc. It is very common for these out-door restaurants to be located on the corner of the streets and to be patronized by the working classes, where at meal times they may be seen eating boiled rice, maccaroni, baked potatoes, stews, pickles, etc. Five sen buys a pretty fair Japanese meal.

The man carts used for transporting heavy material, such as stone, brick, sand, gravel, and merchandise, etc, are much in use, and it is almost surprising to see what enormous loads are moved about the city in this way. Two men may often be seen with half a ton on a cart and marching along with it at a good walking gait. But they keep up a doleful shouting at the same time. The two men in front at every step ejaculate alternately, first one and then the other, "Ha," "Hoo," "Hai," "Hoo," "Hai," "Haida," and this loud enough to be heard several squares. They seem to keep step by this shouting, and they may imagine the load is hauled easier for it, but one would think it takes half as much strength to keep up such a constant outcry as to do the pulling. When the loads are so heavy as to require it, one or two additional men assist by pushing behind, but it is the leaders who do the shouting.

I think the women appear on the streets less here than in several other countries; I see very little parading the city on their part to exhibit drygoods or fine dresses. They all seem to have duties to attend to at home, and spend little time in making display. Every morning before sunrise nearly a hundred women pass my window on their way to the large tea houses, where they work through the day at preparing tea for exportation. They go in squads of a dozen or two, some old, some young, and many with their babies at their backs, the way in which children are nearly altogether carried in this country, as among the Chinese and Malays. The Japanese women place their babes inside their *kimons* or over-garments, with very wide sleeves, which lap in front, one side over the other, often padded, and confined about the waist by a girdle or wide belt. The girdle prevents the child from slipping down. The mothers wear the same kind of cloth about the lower limbs as do the men, and the same kind of wooden clogs or sandals.

I stepped into one of the large tea-houses referred to and saw fully a hundred five or six-gallon iron kettles set in furnaces, in a brick building two hundred feet long, and in these the tea is brought to the requisite degree of heat, called "firing," and which, I think, is the last process before packing it in chests. Some of the hundred inmates were attending to this department, some were lining boxes, some putting on large labels, some packing, some wrapping, branding, etc.. Men and women were working together in the most social and friendly manner. The amount of tea prepared, packed, and shipped at Yokohama is simply enormous.

STOCK GAMBLING.

Yokohama cannot claim to be free from this great evil of modern times. It has its stock board, its excitements in the rise and fall of values, and here fortunes are made and lost with great celerity. This gambling is confined principally to the irredeemable paper money of the country called kinsats. These fluctuate in value about as rapidly as gold used to go up and down with us in war times. The price changes two or three times a day, or at the three daily meetings of the stock board. What it is that makes the value of this money change so often I did not understand any more than I know why stocks go up and down so suddenly in our large cities; but I presume, as with us, it is mainly due to the mischievous manipulations of the stock gamblers. The price varies from 1.45 to 1.80; that is, some days it requires 145 sen to equal a yen, or dollar in silver, or 1.80, as the case may be. One day the price is perhaps 153 in the morning, 159 at night, and 1.50 the next day, allowing variation enough to meet the desires of the most inveterate gamblers.

It is somewhat interesting to witness the operations before this stock board. Several hundred anxious persons are assembled in the large building for the purpose; the smallest sales or purchases are $1,000, and from that up to $10,000. The uproar makes a perfect pandemonium, the same as at the

meetings of the stock board in New York. The secretary of the board marks the changes in value as they occur from time to time with a pencil in characters eight inches in length, and scores of messenger-boys are in attendance to carry the latest quotations to their employers in various parts of the city. There are many Chinese and Japanese money-dealers through the town whose whole business it is to buy and sell paper money, giving silver or bank paper, which is of coin value. The heaviest and most active dealer of this kind is a woman, who counts out money with the utmost celerity, and who makes calculations on the reckoning-board with greater dispatch than an ordinary person can do it with figures. She buys and sells thousands of dollars per day, and is said to be shrewd and successful. Those who travel in the interior must have the paper money of the realm, as that is the only kind in circulation outside the city. It is folly to go to the country without the necessary supply of paper yen.

The Japanese are very attentive to the matter of bathing. They make it a rule to take a bath every day. Many bathe in their own homes, while many others resort to the public baths, of which there are several in the city. These are by no means fine buildings, but usually cheap wooden structures, some of them little more than sheds. The bathing is usually done in large tubs, the water in which is heated by means of pipes from furnaces in an adjoining room. Quite unlike the custom in our country, men and women bathe in the same houses and at the same hours, but not often in the same bathing-tub. Formerly they bathed indiscriminately together, as though all men or all women; but for the last few years, since the ingress of foreigners, slight changes have been made, and now there is a board partition between the men and women. Sometimes this partition reaches three feet from the floor and sometimes all the way up. In the interior, where foreigners are not around, the two sexes still bathe together without dreaming there is any impurity in so doing. This looks wrong to western eyes, who deem it a mark of depravity, but I hardly so regard it. These simple people have not the same fastidious, squeamish notions that prevail with us. The limbs, the breasts, and many parts of the person are exposed with any idea of its being wrong, and they become so familiar with the practice that they think no more of it than we do to see a woman's face or arm. These people seem to me to have the same innocence and indifference common to little brothers and sisters, or which exists between husband and wife; and I am not able to say that their fashion is any more productive of evil than ours. These things depend very much on custom. In Syria, Egypt, and Arabia women are far more careful to keep their faces covered than their bosoms, and it is more unusual to see a woman's face than her breasts. To illustrate: A friend at my elbow, who has traveled in Palestine, says while there he one day suddenly came upon a woman whose face was uncovered, and in her great perturbation and anxiety to conceal her countenance she raised her dress and exposed her person. Thus custom makes slaves of us all, and makes natural simplicity a source of shame.

This being near to the fifth month, much observance is paid to the flying of large flags made in the shape of a fish, and somewhat in a cylindrical form, with the mouth open, with fins on the back and side, a well spread tail, painted and dressed up so as to represent scales, etc. The wind blows into the mouth, swells out the sides, and escapes at the tail. They are of various sizes, from a good sized sturgeon up to a shark, and on up to a whale large enough to take in any careless or disobedient Jonah that might be straggling around. They are fastened by cords to tall bamboo poles, some red fish, some yellow, some green, and some bordering on black. In Japanese towns there are scores of them, and as the wind is rather brisk they flop and whirl about in a very fishy sort of way, with their mouths wide open as though they are very hungry for some Jonah to happen along. I get two reports upon this fishy subject; one that these fish are put up in May at the homes in which a male child has been born within the past year, though why boys should be regarded as any more fishy than girls is not explained. The other statement is that in May comes the boy's holiday of religious festival, and that these fishes and whales are a part of the paraphernalia belonging to the same. Now you know as much about it as I do, save as to how these numerous fishy monsters look floating in the air.

A VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Of course it was a settled thing that I must see something of Japan away from Yokohama. So on Saturday, April 29th, after making a bargain with a very excellent Japanese, Tage Ro, to take me with his jin-rik-sha on a four days' tour to the country; after providing some *chow*, which friends said I had better take along with me for fear I would not find food to suit me, and after procuring some bread, biscuits, cakes, butter, cheese, etc., we started about the middle of the day for Kanazawa, some ten miles west of Yokohama. It having rained the day before, the road proved to be rather heavy when we got outside the city, crossing the level plains, and it made me feel bad to see Tage Ro tugging along at so hard a rate to pull me through the mud. But this is about the only mode for travel here. It is riki or go afoot. Horses are very scarce, and though they were to be had the roads and bridges are too narrow to allow a buggy to pass over them. Tage Ro can half-way speak a few words in English and understand rather more than he can speak. His pay was to be one yen twenty-five sen per day, but I soon made up my mind that it was going to be too hard a task for him to haul me about alone for four days. I have some feeling for a horse, if he has but two legs. So I said: "Tage Ro, you must get a man to help you. Get a man to help you, and I will pay him the same as I do you. I am merciful when it does not cost more than a yen and a quarter per day, and other people furnish the money." After a while Tage Ro succeeded in getting a man to help him, and then we got on a little easier, and we all felt better.

For a few miles the road led over low ground among rice fields in the narrow valleys, with the moderate hills not far away. I saw many digging the small fields of beds preparatory for planting rice. The digging is done with a mattock, with a blade fifteen inches long and four inches wide, or with a large strong hook with four tines or teeth eight or ten inches long, like a potato-hook, only three or four times as large and strong. The earth is not turned over as with a spade, but is taken by the mattock or hook and moved toward the digger some eighteen inches. Afterward the water is let into the small field or bed, usually containing less than a quarter of an acre, and with a heavy rake the earth is leveled down, and when about the consistence of stiff mortar it is leveled off with a long straight-edge or pole, and thus the ground is ready to receive the rice-plants which are grown in beds for the purpose. These preparatory beds I saw in considerable numbers, the plants up and looking green and thrifty. I saw some of the farmers making the dykes surrounding and dividing the rice-plants, taking the mud up with their hands and building the walls which compass the beds and which divide them so as to hold the water from running away, or allow it to run from one bed to another when desired. As they stood nearly naked in the mud and water up to their knees I thought it was a moister kind of farming than I should prefer; but I have no doubt of its being strictly honest and honorable.

Passing a large section of these small rice fields I reached ground a little higher, where barley and wheat abounded, and was nicely headed out. Of course it was winter grain, sown last fall. The Japanese mode of cultivating these cereals is to sow them in rows sixteen or eighteen inches apart, the stools being eight or ten inches apart in the rows, and the earth is worked with a heavy hoe between the rows. The grain looked very stocky and even, and as though it ought to yield thirty-five or forty bushels per acre, though I think the heads were shorter than with us. The straw also seemed shorter. The yield of rice is from thirty to fifty bushels per acre.

I saw many patches of peas just in blossom, and sometimes a border of peas surrounding the fields of wheat and barley. The blossoms are of variegated colors, looking really beautiful; many fields of rape also presented themselves, just in blossom, looking much like fields of turnips in bloom. I think the seed is raised for making oil for burning, etc. I also noticed many small fields of the tall black beans two feet in hight, wholly unlike the beans we grow in America, but of the variety I saw in several countries in Europe, They enter somewhat largely into the food of the Japs as well as of their horses, where they have any, which is not very often. The beans are also sown in drills and carefully cultivated. I cannot speak in too high terms of praise of the thoroughness and cleanliness of Japanese farming. There is not a weed to be seen anywhere in their fields. I have in all seen many thousands of acres in grains of different kinds and I have scarcely seen a weed in it all. I could but wish that American farms were as free from weeds. The Japanese are evidently not sluggards. The amount of land which any one cultivates is not large, but he cultivates it thoroughly. Manuring is carried out as fully as possible when little or no live stock is kept. Forest leaves are gathered in the fall and rotted in vats and applied to the land. Night soil and urine are saved with the greatest care. Half barrels or tubs are sunk in the earth by the roadside at intervals for making deposits in. Notices are put up by them, but they do not read, "Commit no nuisance." The contents are taken in large buckets and carried by means of the shoulder-pole into the fields and applied directly to the crops. Such efforts and such industry deserve to be crowned with success.

I saw no meadows and no pastures in Japan. No cattle, no sheep, and no horses are kept as a rule. A few bantam chickens, now and then a dog, and a few bobtailed cats are all the live stock I saw. Sheep cannot live in most parts of Japan; the wild bamboo grass, which grows here universally, kills them. Efforts have often been made to introduce sheep, but without success. Cattle also do not do well. The Japs know nothing about drinking milk or eating butter and cheese. They make some use of eggs, but their breeds of chickens are small and poor. They eat chickens to a very limited extent. I have not seen a pig or hog in Japan. In this respect the Japs differ widely from the Chinese. who are extremely fond of pork. The utter absence of flocks and herds detracts from the fascinations of country life. The lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the squealing of pigs, the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the squawking of ducks and geese, all have their charms, and add to the pleasures of rural existence. Of the bobtailed cats I cannot speak in very high terms. I do not know that tails are of very much use to cats, but we have so long been used to seeing pussy with a large, erect caudal appendage, that it does not seem an improvement to cut them off. What is a cat without a tail? They should continue to wear their tails. Moses was in the right in his reply to his brother:

"Says Aaron to Moses, 'Let's cut off our noses;'
Says Moses to Aaron, 'We'd better still wear 'em.'"

Nature is right; let pussy still keep her tail.

There are few or no barns here. The grain is either threshed out when harvested or stacked up in bundles under trees. They have no reapers or threshing machines; the primitive modes are still in use; the grain is cut with a crooked knife, and threshed with a flail made of two pieces of bamboo. The homes of tillers are seldom on their small farms; they live in little groups and villages along the roadside, and this is the prevailing custom in all parts of Asia. Our mode of country life is unknown here.

Along one roadway were great quantities of small wild flowers, the names of which I do not know, but their pink, yellow, and blue blossoms have a cheering effect. The dandelions, the docks, the colt's-foot, and motherwort, which grow plentifully here, I do know, and they seem like old aquaintances in a foreign land. I saw quite a number of plants which we have in America. The hills are pretty well wooded, and everything looks green and lovely. The farms look like gardens. There are no fences, no hedges, save in the little villages before the small lots. I see no door-yards in front of dwellings, but they all stand even with the street or road. The houses are nearly uniform in style, usually one story high, of unpainted wood, with a high, steep roof of thatch fully a foot in thickness, and evenly cut at the eaves. On the ridge a layer of straw is placed horizontally two feet in hight, held securely in place by bows of bamboo, and often with iris—*flower de luce*—which greatly abounds in this country, growing on this ridge. The roofs are usually four-sided or hipped, the pitch descending four ways instead of two; but as the houses are longer in front than deep, the ridge of the roof runs parallel with the street. In the larger villages there are often two-story buildings, and the roofs are deep lead-colored tiles. I have passed seven tile manufactories; the stiff clay is worked carefully and dressed off by hand; and the kilns in which they are burnt are but little larger than ovens. A cart-load would fill them. The shape of the tiles, as well as the color, is different from any I have seen. They seem a superior quality, and make a handsome roof. On the temples and finer buildings they ornament the tile roofs by extra rows of tile of different shape and color. As the buildings are not high and the roofs steep they show very plainly.

KANAZAWA

Is the general name of some thirteen little villages situated not far apart and nestled by the sides of the streams and the bay, for here the ocean comes up near to the town. From the eminence to which we had climbed before reaching the place, I had a beautiful view of the valley below, the steamers, the Pacific Ocean, and the cosy little villages aforesaid. My men stopped at a wayside tea-house to take a little *cha* and *chow*—tea and rice—which afforded me ten minutes to view the loveliness of the picture before me.

TEA-HOUSES

Are a special institution in Japan, and are of great convenience to travelers. They are found in every village, and often by the roadside between villages. These latter seldom furnish lodgings, but keep hot tea constantly on hand, with boiled rice, sometimes maccaroni, with the pickles and mixtures of vegetables of which the Japanese are so fond. The common classes of Japanese eat little or no animal food, save fish; of the latter they are very fond and use pretty freely. Boiled rice is the great staple of food, and the tea-houses keep it on hand in covered vessels and where it does not get cold. A small bowlful of this, holding little more than a coffee-cupful, is sold for a cent; and two or three bowlfuls of it, with a fair proportion of pickles and relishes, make a good meal for a Japenese. Five or six cents gives him what he considers a good square meal. He varies his bill-of-fare occasionally, taking maccaroni in place of rice, and of the other pickles and mixtures there is no end to their combinations. Though not suited to an American palate, they are highly appreciated by the natives of this country. I took a small cup of *cha*, which I found good.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The Watkins Convention.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the New York Freethinkers' Association has just been held at Watkins, and, being a success, it givs us pleasure to furnish a brief and hurried description of it. The attendance was very fair, being probably about one thousand persons at one time, and some two thousand in all, as many who could not remain through the entire five days left at different stages of the meeting, giving place to others who had just arrived.

Much the largest representation was, of course, from New York, but numerous friends were with us from New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Ontario, some traveling a distance of over fifteen hundred miles to attend this convention. All seemed to be well pleased to be there, and doubtless returned to their homes strengthened in their love for the truth as it exists in nature, reason, and common sense.

Among those from a distance were: Charles Bright, from Australia—now on a visit to this country; J. P. Mendum and daughter, George Chainey, W. S. Bell, and Josephine S. Tilton, from Boston; Judge J. B. Curtis, of Stamford, Conn.; A. B. Bradford, G. W. Baldwin, Mrs. Grace L. Parkhurst, J. R. Perry, and many others, from Pennsylvania; J. H. Burnham, M. Babcock and wife, S. D. Moore, and others, from Michigan; A. B. Severance, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, A. Minski, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, and others, from Wisconsin; W. M. Bronson, Prof. Peck, Mrs. H. S. Lake, and others, from Illinois; G. H. Walser and wife, with others, from Missouri; John E. Remsburg, from Kansas; etc., etc.

Among the New York representativs may be mentioned Mrs. Amy Post, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Austin, Mr. and Mrs E. H. Gault, Mrs. L. A. Allen, Mrs. S. E. Decker, Willet White, Moses Hays, and others, from Rochester; David Cosad and wife, from Junius; Samuel Cosad, A. Boughton, and others, from Wolcott; J. H. Harter, L DeWitt Griswold, and others, from Auburn; Wm. Smith, Geneva; J. T. Brown, Angelica; John Peck, Naples; Dr. S. E. Shattuck, Hornellsville; E. E. Curtis, Brighton; Homer S. Billings, Fabius; F. N. Albright, Barkers; J. W. Truesdell, Isaac VanSchoick, and others, from Syracuse; Zenas Kent, Jerome S Davis, and others, from Ithaca; Dr. R H. Lamb, Nyack; A. H. Walker, Oswego Center; R Baker, Esq, Poughkeepsie; James Sturdevant, G. H. Look, and others, Prattsburg; Dr. D. C Farlin, South Butler; Geo. C. Gregory, Skaneateles; Mrs. May Peck, South Otselic; W. F. Doty, of Port Jervis, with many, many others too numerous to mention.

Among those from this city were T. B. Wakeman, Courtlandt Palmer, T. C. Leland, S. P. Putnam, W. P. Slensby, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, etc.

The meeting was ably presided over by the president, T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, until the fourth day, when by telegraph he was summoned home to attend a patient at death's door, after which T. B. Wakeman presided, assisted occasionally by J. H. Burnham and Courtlandt Palmer.

It is simple justice to say the speakers were abundant and exhibited a high order of talent. Probably at no previous meeting has abler speaking been heard. The subjects spoken upon were quite diverse, and all tastes ought to hav been pleased.

It gave us, personally, great pleasure to meet the numerous friends from all parts of the country, to take them by the hand, and to feel from their earnest manner the hearty "welcome home" which they spoke. There is a sincerity in the professions of true Liberals scarcely to be found among other classes. To meet dear friends after so long an absence is truly gratifying.

Two days of the meeting were somewhat rainy, and as it was necessarily damp in the grove where a stand and seats were erected, the meetings were all held in the Opera House, which comfortably holds a thousand persons.

Three meetings of two and a half hours each were held every day, the first commencing at 9 A.M., the second at 2 P.M., and the third at 7.30 P.M., thus insuring about eight speeches or lectures each day. An hour each morning was occupied in a conference meetings, in which ten-minute speeches were made by those who desired to be heard. After this the regular speeches only were in order, and came on in course as decided upon by the committee in charge. These averaged an hour in length, some falling short of that time, and some continuing nearly two hours. It will thus be seen that those in attendance had about as much mental food as they could well digest.

Each meeting was cheered and enlivened by very good singing by Prof. W.F.Peck, accompanied by the melodion, played by a young lady of Watkins. Many of the songs were original, some being parodies upon old-time songs, and some new words to old and popular tunes. Others, again, were of a decided humorous character, and excited much laughter.

Upon a large-sized chart which was hung upon the side of the proscenium facing the audience was painted the following, in conspicuous letters:

DECALOGUE—NEW VERSION.

1. Better be an honest man in hell than a sneak in heaven.
2. An honest god will never damn an honest man for an honest belief.
3. All blessings come from the earth; none are rained down from heaven.
4. Human welfare is the only good; human misery the only evil.
5. You cannot help God; man needs your aid and sympathy.
6. A man is equally a slave whether his master is on earth or in heaven.
7. If the blood of Christ will save a thief, will it ever fail an honest man?
8. The most hell-deserving are those who desire a hell for others.
9. All time is too sacred to do wrong; no time too sacred to do good.
10. To teach there is a way to escape the consequences of sin is equivalent to a license to do wrong.

INTERPOLATION.

If the churches are the houses of God, and he owns the cattle on a thousand hills, he ought to be made to pay his own taxes.

It was easy to realize the great change that has taken place in the community at Watkins, toward Freethinkers, within the past four years, when the Convention was before held there. Then it was that the editor of this paper and three others were arrested upon a frivolous charge, and at that time it was that a spirit of unkindness was shown in many ways; but now every person in the town treated us with respect, and a kindly spirit was generally manifested.

In connection with this should be mentioned the increased inclination on the part of the secular press to report our meetings fully and fairly. Never before in our history has such a disposition been shown to giv our speeches in full, and to treat us with respectful consideration. The general attention which is being attracted toward us, and this willingness to do us justice, are an augury of good results. As soon as Freethinkers are deemed as respectable as other people, as soon as we are truthfully spoken of in the public press, as soon as the odium of being an unbeliever is fully removed, the faith in ancient creeds and supernaturalism will rapidly giv way. Thousands will be ready to declare that they long ago lost all faith in the dogmas of theology, and that they fully believe that the powers and forces of nature are quite sufficient to account for every result that has ever taken place. Then will the doctrins of gods and devils, of hells and divine anger, sink into oblivion with the old beliefs in genii, hobgoblins, and witches, which beliefs but two hundred years ago were rife in Christian Europe and America.

Our time and attention was too much occupied to admit of our taking notes of the speeches that were made; and that fact, with the want of space and time, will account for our not giving here anything like full details of the proceedings. We will hav to content ourselves by simply giving, in most cases, the names and order of those who spoke, with the subjects upon which they held forth. In the future some of the speeches may be given in these columns when space and time are more under our control.

On the morning of Wednesday, August 23d, the first meeting was called to order about ten o'clock, when Dr. T. L. Brown, the president, made the opening speech, congratulating those present upon the favorable auspices under which this meeting assembled. Mr. H. L. Green, the secretary, also made some remarks, reverting to the previous meetings of this association, and expressing hope for the future. He also expressed his views of the necessity of Liberals instituting schools where the various branches of education can be taught without the objectionable theological dogmas so universally introduced into all our public schools. He deemed Watkins a very suitable place for a school of this kind, and hoped steps toward its establishment would be taken by those able to donate money for the object. Mr. G. H. Walser, of Liberal, Mo., and editor of the paper by the same name, gave some account of the town of Liberal in Missouri, of his prosecution by Christian bigots, and of the starting of a fund for an orphan asylum in his community, toward which fund Mr. A. Minski, among others, has generously donated the sum of one thousand dollars.

Mr. W. F. Doty, of Port Jervis, N. Y., explained the mutual insurance organization being started in his town, principally among the Liberals, denominated "The Secular Benevolent Association." Miss Mary E. Tillotson spoke for some fifteen minutes upon the reforms of the day, giving more particular attention to dress reform among women. Dr. J. Stolz, of Toledo, O., spoke for a few minutes, as also did some others.

At 2 P.M. Dr. T. L. Brown gave an address on "What we Think," which was an able examination and argument upon the subject of the mind, the opening sentences being as follows: "Thought is the most valuable phenomenon known to man. If our think is not our soul, our mind, we hav no idea of the true meaning of the two words so often used. The more we know, the larger and more useful are our souls. Useful knowledge, it seems, has much to do with saving souls. Education is the basis of mind salvation. To be saved in mind is to be correctly educated. What we know about our thoughts should be freely and timely spoken. What is a thought? is one of the most important and necessary questions. If thought is a form, what form? If thought is a motion, what is moved? Is motion an entity? It seems only a relation of forms. Is thought an entity? Not unless it is a form. Can form and motion be separated? They never hav to my knowledge. If our think is our soul, and only brain motions, then our soul and our brain are inseparable. A brain without blood in motion does not seem to contain a motion. We can name thought. There can be no thought without sensation, and no sensation without brain and moving blood, timely united. Therefore if we explain our sense-perception we explain our thought." This was followed by an able address from ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham upon "The Purposes of Liberalism."

At 7:30 P.M. ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam read a part of the poem, "Ingersoll and Jesus," followed by a fine address upon "The Supreme Thing," in which he clearly showed that natural morality, manliness, and virtue are the supreme thing and superior to theological inculcations. This was succeeded by an able paper on Alcoholism by Dr. J. Stolz, of Toledo, O., giving the phvsiological effects of alcohol, and showing that intoxicants are a foe to the human race.

Thursday, 24th, after the conference of an hour, Mary E. Tillotson gave the first lecture upon vital reform. This was followed by Jay Chaapel, who pointed out several of the wrongs and frauds of the time, and defended the claims of Spiritualism. Courtland Palmer continued with an able and telling discourse, contrasting the era of God with the era of man. A more clear and effectiv discourse was not given during the convention.

In the afternoon meeting S. D. Moore opened with a ten-minute speech, after which M. Babcock, of St. Johns, Mich., highly amused the audience with one of his very humorous lectures upon theological absurdities and biblical monstrosities. George Chainey followed with an interesting discourse upon the false claims of the current religious system.

In the evening meeting Charles Bright opened with a speech of half an hour, touching the relativ merits of science and theology. Dr. Juliet H. Severance followed with effectiv remarks upon the reforms of the day. Next the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER detained the audience for twenty or thirty minutes upon the observations he had mads on his tour around the world. The meeting was closed by poetical recitations by Mrs. H. S. Lake.

On the third day, Friday, the 25th, after the conference in the morning, Dr. D. C. Farlin led off with a finished discourse upon the contrasting claims of Materialism and Spiritualism. The ex-Rev. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa., followed with an extremely interesting discourse, in which new ideas were presented, showing the superiority of science and commerce in teaching morality over the doctrines of Christianity.

In the afternoon meeting T. C. Leland read an able paper on the work and purposes of the Liberal League, after which Mr. Charles Bright delivered a very interesting discourse upon the nature of Science and Freethought.

In the evening a resolution of welcome and sympathy to Herbert Spencer was offered and passed, and the same was dispatched to him by telegraph in the name of the thousand Freethinkers in convention assembled. After this Mrs. H. S. Lake gave one of her earnest and eloquent lectures on "The Mission of Liberalism." After which Courtland Palmer announced to the audience that an adjournment would then be made to the Glen Park Hotel to participate in

A BANQUET TO D. M. BENNETT,

who had recently returned from his tour around the world, and had in foreign lands held aloft the banner of Liberalism, and had been received with marked distinction by sympathizing friends on the opposit side of the globe. He invited as many to participate in the exercises as felt like it, and concluded by eloquently responding to the toast "Humanity," which had been assigned to him. At this juncture Dr. E. W. Krackowizer, of Elmira, a Christian who believes in the doctrines of Darwin and Huxley, talked for some fifteen minutes, making a somewhat erratic and feeble effort to defend Christianity.

The adjournment was then made to the Glen Park Hotel, where the large dining-room was brilliantly illuminated, and some twelve tables, capable of accommodating ten persons each, were supplied with various viands, with others to be brought on as or-

dered. The bill of fare was neatly printed, with a fine cut of the hotel, and under it these words:

FREETHINKERS' BANQUET TO
D. M. BENNETT,
August 25, 1882.

Then followed the various dishes which made up the supper, and of which all partook with apparent good appetite.

This gathering contained many distinguished personages, and probably as much intellect as is often found in assemblages of the same size. Among those present may be named, first, Mrs. Amy Post, who for much over a half century has been an activ and practical abolitionist—a friend to the slave and down-trodden, as well as a constant and earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism and Liberalism. Next may be named J. P. Mendum, for nearly fifty years publisher of the Boston *Investigator*, and numerous Freethought works. Then was the venerable A. B. Bradford, for many years a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination. Among the other ex-reverends were J. H. Burnham, George Chainey, W. S. Bell, and S. P. Putnam. Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage, the editress of the *Ballot Box*, and an able advocate of woman suffrage, was also there, as was T. B. Wakeman, T. C. Leland, G. H. Walser and wife, M. Babcock and wife, E. H. Gault and wife, A. Minski, Moses Hayes, John E. Remsburg, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Mrs. Grace L Parkhurst, A. B. and Dr. J. H. Severance, Jay Chaapel, Dr. D. C. Farlin, and numerous others.

J. H. Burnham presided, and after the bountiful viands were disposed of he called to order, and taking the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER by the hand, addressed him in an impressiv manner as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. BENNETT: I extend to you the hand of welcome, and congratulate you on your safe return as a voyager around the world. Look upon the faces surrounding you here in this room. These whom you behold are your friends. They hav followed you in your long pilgrimage with watchful anxiety, and are now only too glad to tender to you this welcome, though here you hav only a few in comparison with the many thousand who would greet you, as we do to-night. From the day you started your little TRUTH SEEKER in Paris, Ill., until this, you began to make friends among the Liberals and Freethinkers of this country and the world, and your career has been watched, and many thousand in the Liberal world hav only learned in all that watching that you hav born bravely and fearlessly the standard of Liberal thought amid the persecution and hate of the minions of superstition. And we are glad to recognize in you the representativ of the true spirit of honest Liberalism. Your courage, your persistent labor and dauntless bravery, hav won for you the admiration of this goodly number of friends here to-night, and many thousands throughout the world. In these honest endeavors to follow out your deepest conviction, you hav been made the victim of hate and prison walls; and the fidelity and devotion of friends, and the victories won by you, come in to compensate you in part at least for all of these trials and sorrows. We wish that you could liv a thousand years as our standard bearer—the man of a hundred well-fought battles, who has turned seeming defeat into victory. The banner of Liberalism in you hand has not known defeat, nor has it ever dragged in the dust, and hence we extend these friendly greetings and welcome in this banquet to-night.

To this Mr. Bennett responded, expressing his gratitude for the great honor conferred upon him this night. He said, while for some reason a certain portion of the public had been disposed to act the part of bitter enemies toward him, and had sought to do him all the injury in their power, he was proud to know he had hosts of the best friends a man was ever able to boast of. No man ever had greater reason to be proud of his friends than he. So long as he was encouraged and sustained by such friends he should very lightly regard his enemies, however bitter and despicable they may prove themselvs. "I cannot, of course," said he, "liv a thousand years, but hope to remain with you yet, fifteen or twenty years, and to still do some good and effectiv work."

"Let me," continued he, "while here assembled with you around this banqueting board, say a few words in behalf of our brothers and sisters in humanity on the opposit side of the globe—those usually denominated pagans and heathens. We hav often been told that they are a low and degraded portion of the human race, full of crime and wrong-doing. I wish to correct this statement, and to assure you that I hav found it to be false. In all the Asiatic countries in which I hav traveled, whether in India, Ceylon, Java, the Malayan Peninsula, China, and Japan, I hav found the nativs quiet, peaceful, and well-disposed human beings.

"In the six months I was traveling in Asia I saw no two nativs fighting, nor even quarreling, and during that time I saw but two or three persons who seemed to be intoxicated. I hav the testimony of Dr. Kerr—an intelligent American gentleman, and a very skilful surgeon, connected with the Christian missions in the city of Canton, where he has resided for thirty years—that during that time, in a city of nearly two millions of people, he has not seen more than one or two drunken persons in a year. The Rev. Mr. Chandler, eight years a missionary in China, and with whom I crossed the Pacific Ocean, assured me that during his residence in that pagan country he saw not more than two or three intoxicated persons. I can certainly assure you that I saw in a single night in the Christian city of London more evidence of drunkenness, prostitution, and crime than in the six months in which I was traveling among the pagan nations of Asia. True, there is crime in those far-away lands. A portion of the people there lie and steal and commit other crimes; but from what I learned by visiting the prisons and in studying their statistics, I am satisfied that while crime is punished there more severely and more uniformly than with us, there is not more than one-tenth as many criminals among heathens, in proportion to population, as there are among Christians in Europe and America. Yes, as I said, it is true that lying, cheating, stealing, intemperance, and prostitution exist in the countries I visited, particularly in the seaports and large towns, where Christian sailors, Christian soldiers, Christian traders, and Christian missionaries most do congregate. Those simple-minded people hav learned much dishonesty and crime from their intercourse with Christian people. They readily adopt our vices; but our virtues, if any, seem to do them but little good.

"I will remark that the missionary boards of America and Europe hav wisely decided to send very few unmarried missionaries to those countries because of the immoral habits which they teach the females of those lands. It is found more advisable to pay the wife of the missionary three hundred dollars per year, with an allowance of one hundred dollars for each child, than to permit the unmarried missionary to form immoral alliances with the nativ women and produce a population of half-breeds. It is found that Christian men without wives, whether traders, officials, soldiers, sailors, or missionaries, are very prone to follow such practices as to materially increase the population of those countries, infused with Christian blood and Christian morals. There are nativ prostitutes over there, but they are not nearly so numerous, in proportion, as in Christian countries.

"For several months I traveled over those pagan countries without seeing any evidence of the unchastity of their females. I saw not on their part an immodest action or wanton look until I reached the semi-European city of Singapore, where there could be no doubt of the unvirtuous character of a pretty large number of females there, but they are from Italy, Russia, France, Germany, and other Christian countries. They were not of 'degraded pagan' birth.

"I was treated with uniform civility in heathen Asia, and deem it quite as safe for a traveler there as in our own boastful Christian land. No person attempted to injure me or wrong me. None showed the slightest disposition to do me personal injury or to offer an insult. The same was the experience of that intelligent lady, Miss Isabella L. Bird—that was—who, after making extensiv explorations of our Rocky Mountains, upon which she wrote a most interesting book, decided to travel for a while over Japan. Her tour lasted for six months. During that length of time she traveled alone over that somewhat extensiv country, her only companion being her interpreter, a nativ youth of eighteen years. Although she visited many parts of the country, and where a European had never before been seen, she was treated with uniform kindness and respect. No insult or unkindness was offered her at any time, and the nativ goodness of those heathens was shown to her in numerous ways. It has occurred to me that a lone woman could hardly travel with safety for that length of time in our favored Christian country. I could not help contrasting the continued politeness and kindness of those people toward Miss Bird with numerous accounts of criminal atrocities which take place in our own country. I remember that upon arriving at Yokohama, I eagerly sought American papers, and among the first articles that met my eye was an account of a great wrong done a lady who ventured to step upon the streets, early in the evening, in the upper part of my own city, New York, when four men seized her, gagged her, dragged her to a hiding-place, and did her a most serious and criminal wrong. I thought at once, how different this from the treatment Miss Bird received from pagans! And since my return home I hav hardly been able to take up a daily paper which does not contain some account of wrongs, crimes, and outrages committed in our Christian country, arising from heavy drinking and unbridled passion. It has more than once occourred to me that it is hardly worth while for us to impoverish ourselvs to send over Christian missionaries to teach those distant pagan people how to liv and conduct themselvs.

"But I will not longer detain you; I simply wished to say a word in defense of those un-Christian people in foreign lands, who, many think, are suffering for the want of our civilization and the Christian religion. I am extremely glad to be with you to-night. I am inexpressibly grateful for the honor you do me; and again I sincerely thank you."

Mr. T. C. Leland was called upon to respond to the toast, "D. M. Bennett's Friends." He spoke as follows:

Not having the least expectation that I should be called upon to make a speech here to-night—I hav prepared one. It is the unexpected which happens.

Many tears are shed over those who are driven out into the cold, cold world. We parted from Mr. Bennett with moist eyes last year, but he seems to hav kept well on the outside of the crust of the Cosmos and didn't slump in anywhere that we hav heard of, especially not where it was cold. We are happy to greet him safe and warm-blooded here to-night.

The poet has immortalized in song the shot fired for freedom at Lexington but heard all around the world. That is nothing, however, to the free and independent criminal whose imprisonment in behalf of liberty fired himself all around the world; and it is on record, too, that he rather made himself heard as he went.

The latest and meanest Napoleon, in the hight of his despotic power, used to boast that he was the elect of 5,000,000. Mr. Bennett in the interest of human rights can beat that reactionary record all hollow. He is the first and only prisoner, whether innocent or guilty, whose pardon was petitioned for by over 200,000 of his fellow citizens. Never before in the history of the world had 200,000 names come streaming in, day after day, yes, and 12,000 personal letters by mail, respectfully petitioning the pardoning power to remit the sentence of any criminal on this earth. Mr. Bennett will wear the belt of that honorable record to his dying day. I only regret that the editorial sire has not a bleeding son to hand it down, that, though battled oft, it may be never won. On his tombstone, when he has occasion to hav one about him—which may it not be until after a ripe old age—it will be a simple and sufficient honor to chisel these instructiv words: "D. M. Bennett, the petitioned of 200,000." This is approximately the sum of Mr. Bennett's friends at that date, but they are probably innumerable at this hour.

Now let us flash a lantern on his enemies. Where are they?

The extraordinary way in which some of his persecutors hav been embalmed in oblivion, and others in infamy, is wonderful. There are half a dozen Hamans hanging on the gallows constructed for this Mordecai, while he, the man of honor and of success, sits in every one of their gates to-night.

There is Francis E. Abbot, who led off within the Liberal household itself. Francis was the founder and the president of the National Liberal League, and he might hav continued so to this day had he been fit to survive. Abbot snapped and snarled at Mr. Bennett for two years; but see—the man recovered from the bite, the dog it was that died. I suppose there never was a really learned and capable writer so well advanced toward a firm, well won, impregnable place in letters, as well as in Liberalism, who so suddenly fell out of line, and almost out of the memory of men, as Mr. Abbot has done, and it came about just from the little mistake of choosing the wrong road at the parting ways.

Then there is Mr. Underwood, second fiddle to Mr. Abbot while he was leader of the orchestra, but now sawing the same old *Index* catgut pretty much alone. He makes no better success of it; and the same abyss of Coventry and oblivion—for his treason to Liberalism, awaits him. He commits that lowest of offenses against good breeding, which alone dismisses a man from the society of gentlemen. He peeps into private letters and becomes a party to what the decision of learned judges has denounced as the meanest known method of attacking character. He connived, if he didn't directly promote, the publication of private letters without their author's consent, and all suspicions point to his doing it yet. Well, after all this, Mr. Underwood has lost caste among Liberals. From being the popular lecturer he once was, he no longer "draws," as the actors say, and he has fallen down, down, until he has landed now in the seat on the *Index*, from which Mr. Abbot was bounced. He fills it perfectly, and, on the same line, will come to the same bad end.

Then there is Mr. R. C. Spencer, of Milwaukee; but I made my point on him in a letter which has been published, so I won't dwell.

Next comes Tom Titcomb, of *Scribner's Monthly*. He characterized Mr. Bennett as a very bad man, and our reception of him in Chickering Hall as the "Apotheosis of Dirt." Well, within a year Tom went into the presence of that God of his, who inspired the great infallible book, and he knows now, if he is as immortal as he used to think himself, which has got the most "Apotheosis of Dirt" in it, the Bible or the reception at Chickering Hall. It is the luckiest thing in the world for us Infidels that the Bible is so magnificently obscene. We can retort on them, "You're another," with such a crushing effect. It is as lucky as that Guiteau was a Christian; for see with what haste they rushed to announce, before all the returns were in, that the assassin was an Infidel and a Socialist, who had worked among the Nibilists and Communists of Europe. But it was the example of Abraham! That is what did it. That trail is too "blarsted" fresh on any Christian who follows it; and the whole Christian world shout, "Hang him for the severity of his logic; not for his crime."

Now we come to Joe Cook, the very Hercules of Christian science. Little did he think in the spring of '79 when he sat in Judge Benedict's court, with nose in the air, ogling, cookadooing, and egging on Comstock, counsel, and court to railroad this man with express speed to prison, that he would meet that same convict within two years going about all over the world like a roaring lion, seeking to devour even Joe Cook, the Lord's annointed; and succeeding pretty well, too, I think, for Mr. Bennett seems to hav left him rather tattooed in India ink.

Oh, yes! there is Comstock. I nearly forgot him This is coming to a climax with the small end down. Well, I guess Comstock wishes he never had invested that three dollars in a decoy letter ordering an Infidel book from Mr. Bennett. Comstock's sun began to go down in gloom from that moment. He has succeeded in nothing since. The obscene line don't pay any more. He calls his meetings at Association Hall, women not admitted, but only the same men who hav bled for *his* country before, attend; and they don't bleed so freely now. As Dr. Tyng, who used to make speeches for him, broke off suddenly from the theologic line, and went first into insurance, and from that into stock gambling, so Comstock had to look about him for at least an adjunct to his obscene profession, and he tumbled naturally into the lottery business. He has taught a few obscene pupils and scattered them over the country, but they make poor work of it, and rush "Heptameron," or Walt Whitman's Poems, or whatever work they attack, into an unparalleled circulation. In one sense they are public benefactors—they make two "Leaves of Grass" grow where only one grew before. It will go hard if we don't look to it, but some enterprising publisher will lay in with Comstock, or some of his tribe, to attack any new book they may publish, so as to secure for it an unprecedented sale.

But the result of it all is the whole Comstock movement is petering out. It is a line of business that cannot be pushed far without running butt up against the rock of American independence with the "bird of freedom" perched on some jutting crag of it. She needs to giv but one scream, when it's all up

(*Continued on page* 557.)

Communications.

Is Mind Material?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* My final proposition is that if the theory of Materialism is either true or false, that mind and everything else in nature is the result of material organization or evolution; then that is the very foundation and cause of every system of idolatry and god-worship that has ever existed in every nation and race of men from the most ancient down to our present day, including Christianity with all the rest.

It would hardly seem necessary to undertake to offer an argument in support of this proposition. It is of the character of a truism, for it can make no difference what the cause may be, the result is the same. Here we are in the world as it is, and the past as it has been, with a future to be as it will be, and we may consider the cause to be anything we please. Yet still the fact remains the same. If material evolution is true, everything is the legitimate result of that; and if untrue, men hav acted upon the supposition that it was true in their systems of idolatrous worship.

But for the purpose of illustrating the nature or workings of the rule, law, theory, principle, or whatever it may be named, of materialism or evolution as held by Materialists, let us consider that if the mind is the result of a peculiar material organization over which it could not possibly hav the least control, because it could not be in existence until that organization was perfected, for that organization is the only cause of its existence, then that mind would be dependent upon that organization not only for its present but for its continued existence, its capacity of thinking, and for the order, character, and quantity of its thoughts, and could be no more responsible for the actions resulting from the workings of the organs upon which it depended for its life and manner of action than a block of wood would be responsible for its existence, form, or position in the universe.

And upon that principle of reasoning (if it can be called reasoning) no created being in the universe could commit a crime or perform a virtuous action; they could not be blamable for any act, for they could not possibly hav acted in any different manner than they did, for it was all the result of the complicated and peculiar organization of the brain, over which the actor had no control. All such actions could be nothing more or less than simply an automatic play for which nothing could be responsible. For it is not to be supposed that the natural organs themselvs possess intelligence; they produce intelligence, and the product is not responsible for the production.

I think the above is a fair statement of the case. That it does not go as far as the statement that the food we receive into the stomach is ground up, digested, and by some evolutionary process and the action of the material organisms converted into thoughts, it would seem to be enough to affirm that the food was necessary only to sustain the material organisms that produce the thoughts, inasmuch as it is not claimed that the organisms are thoughts themselvs; and let the food claim end there without jumping it over the organization claims into thought.

But to come to the proposition that Materialism is the foundation of idolatry, all the nations and races of men that hav ever inhabited this earth within the historic period of time, and prehistoric only so far as their history is perpetuated in the ruins of buried cities and monuments in different parts of the world, hav had some idea of a great supreme power that controled the forces of nature and the destinies of men, and hav worshiped that supposed power in as many various ways and forms as their conceptions of that being varied in regard to his attributes and powers.

In reading "The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times" I was forcibly impressed with the thought that the ancient Aryans and the American savages had the most pure and clear conceptions of the true god of all the races and nations of which we hav any knowledge. The Aryans worshiped God in the powers and forces of nature, recognizing him in his acts as he manifested himself in his works, which was in truth the next thing to worshiping him as an eternal spirit. They worshiped the action instead of the actor, and as action in the forces of nature presented the actor in a material aspect, so they materialized the actor, and confounded the actor with the action, and that is just what the Materialists of the present day do. That seems to be the simplest form of idolatry. The American savages worshiped the great spirit himself, which is in fact the worship of the true God, and although they look over into the spirit world, and in their imaginations picture to themselvs their hunting-grounds and the pleasures of the chase, that is no more inconsistent than the Christian's New Jerusalem, with its walls of precious stones and streets paved with gold. The one is as likely to be true as the other, and the idea of an activ state of existence hereafter seems to me to accord far better with everything else in nature than being employed eternally bowing before a throne and singing the same old psalm over and over again and again. It seems as if it must become monotonous after a time to any one who was not too lazy to work for a living; and it is just as reasonable to expect to be activly engaged in a future state as to be so engaged here; it would be perfectly natural; nothing supernatural about that.

The Materialists tell us that we cannot conceive of the super natural, by which I understand they mean that we cannot conceive of an immaterial spiritual existence, which they consider supernatural. Now, if there can be a spiritual, immaterial existence intelligence like my own mind, which I believe to be such an existence, then it would be no more supernatural than the material organization of its indwelling, this body.

And I can conceive of such an existence just as easily as I can conceive that I hav a mind of my own, as that I hav an existence myself; and I can conceive of a supreme intelligence that acts in this universe as my mind acts in my own material body. And I do conceive of such an existence, and I believe that existence to be the only living and true god, though I can not see him through these material organs of vision. Neither can I see my own mind in that way, but that does not prove that I do not exist or that God does not exist. I can sit here and write, and I know that I am yet in existence; and because I can see all nature teeming with life and activity I know that God exists, and there is nothing supernatural about it any more than my own existence with this mind and body united is supernatural. The great eternal is this god of nature.

This is the spiritual, immaterial view of the subject; there is no idolatry here; we get down to bottom facts, to things as they are. Only place things in their proper order, and let mind, which is the power that we know controls and does all that is accomplished here with us and around us here in this world, sit at the helm of the universe, and all is plain and easy to understand as far as finite minds can see into infinity, which we know of course it could not grasp.

Idolatry is the substituting of a material organization for a spiritual existence that acts through that material organization in manifesting that existence to us in this material state of existence in which we are now placed. It is the lowering of the eternal spirit down to the material that we can see or handle, and charging the effect to cause. And so the idolater makes for himself a material god of wood or stone, and bows down and worships that. He can see that, and knows what he is about, while groveling in the material rubbish, instead of worshiping the eternal spirit that animates all animate matter and is the life and soul of the universe.

Perhaps I hav said all that is necessary on this subject to make myself understood. I can think of almost innumerable reasons for the belief in a spiritual eternal, power, intelligence, mind that controls the material universe, and who cannot be dependent upon the material organizations that are subject to his will for his own existence. As I wish to trespass upon your time no more than necessary, I will not further prolong this discussion, but will conclude by briefly summing up and naming a few of the results of Materialism as I see it from my standpoint. And, first, it is suicidal, for if the mind is the result of the material organization in which it exists, it can and has by its own action destroyed the cause of its own existence, as in the death of the body from the action of the mind independent of all other causes. And, again, it destroys all responsibility, for if the mind is the result of an organization over which it had no control, and for which it depends for its present and continued existence and every thought and action in life, it cannot be the author of its own volitions, and is, of course, irresponsible. It reverses the order of nature, putting the cause for the effect and the effect for the cause. It aims to dethrone the great eternal, banish him from the universe, and endow inanimate matter with an inherent force that does not belong to it to supply his place in that universe. It justifies every scoundrel that exists in everything they do, for they could not hav done differently from what they hav done; and Anthony Comstock, as mean as he is, is no more to blame for anything he has done than the child unborn; and it is the most unreasonable thing that could be thought of to charge him with crime. Only for the reason that the same cause or the organization of the brain that makes him do as he does, makes D. M. Bennett think that Anthony has done wrong; the one exactly the opposit of the other. The one is as right as the other; neither is responsible; a lie is as true as the truth. And why should we blame men for worshiping idols, the Virgin Mary, or anything else, or for spending money for building temples, cathedrals, and churches for the worship of their gods, when it is all the result of evolution, for there could be no other cause if that is true? Or why spend our own time and money in lecturing them for doing so, and telling them how much better it would hav been to hav spent their time and money in building school-houses and educating the masses, when all that we can find fault with is the result of the very system we are advocating—all the result of material organization of evolution? Could anything be more inconsistent? Torquemada, the inquisitorial fiend, in all his infernal torturings by fire, the rack, starving in dungeons, flaying alive, and every other mode of torture that he could inflict, was only acting out what the peculiar organization of his brain prompted him to do. It was a practical illustration of Materialism; if it was Christianity, it is all the same—all the result of the same cause.

This is all upon the supposition that Materialism is true. It proves that Materialism, in its practical workings, is contradictory; that it does exactly what it condemns; that while its advocates are complaining how bad the world is, and charging it to this, that, and the other thing, this, that, and the other thing are all the result of their own theory of Materialism, of evolution. If we will only investigate, we can see that it is contradictory and suicidal All that is, ever has been, or ever will be, if Materialism is true, is the result of that system. If anything is wrong, evolution has made it so. James Hale.

The "Apotheosis of Dirt."

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* On reading the remarks of M. E Tillotson upon my article, "The Movement in Favor of Ignorance," I am reminded of the story about the Irishman, who, being unable to write, got his employer to write for him to his friends on the old sod. In the letter he stated that he had meat to eat three times a week. "What do you mean by that?" asked the scribe. "Don't you get it three times a day?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "but don't you think I want them to believe me?" I, sir, am the original discoverer of the truth that there is a movement in favor of ignorance. Not to be considered a vain alarmist, I had, on announcing that discovery, to draw it mild. I am not sure that the movement in favor of ignorance has no chance of success. I am sure it will succeed unless those in favor of knowledge dare to face the music. You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that the critical point is the right of truth seekers to discuss such subjects as marriage, divorce, heredity, and sexual physiology. The Christian strategists, in selecting this as the place at which to resist the advance of science, hav shown their usual judgment. History will never accuse them of lacking skill in controversy. By rallying here, they secure the united support of all vested interests, all brutal passions, all ignorant prejudices. All physicians of the "regular" school, all the actual and prospectiv husbands of the old fashioned Abrahamic type, all the thick-necked sensualists who belive with Ingomar that a slave is all a woman is good for, all the sanctimonious lechers, all the match-makers, all the husband-hunters, all the acrimonious old maids, and all the increasing class of ladies whose own reputations require purification by the process of smirching others, are found, as might hav been predicted, grouped around the Phallic standard which Mr. Comstock has set up. There, too, is all the remaining machinery of persecution for opinion's sake. All the prosecutions of Liberals during the last twelve years hav been based on the charge of "obscenity." A formidable host, indeed, confronts us! For not only hav they chosen their own ground, and mustered their entire force, but they are fighting with their natural weapons. And we all know that there is an animal which no human courage was ever expected to face! It is evident, Mr. Editor, that the movement in favor of ignorance has so far met with a great deal of success. What a seemingly resistless phalanx were we as we moved against the church a little while ago! What "cultured" and "eloquent" and "intelligent" and "competent" leaders we had! How magnificently they strutted at the head, without the least idea that they were about to meet a skunk! Suddenly that Phallic emblem was thrown to the breeze in front of us, and all was rout, confusion, and disarray. Abbot went over to the enemy, bag and baggage. Underwood was suddenly discovered to be hunting the rear. And away, somewhere on the flank, methinks I see even the stalwart form of Ingersoll, edging off toward a place where bullets are less plentiful! All this, however, is less alarming than the want of interest in the situation among the rank and file. How often I hav been told by Liberals that Comstock is a bore, and the point at which he has chosen to giv us battle a side issue! "No, gentlemen," I say; "it is the main issue." If the inductiv philosophy is not good for a matter of such vital importance as the relations of the sexes, it is good for nothing, and, instead of regenerating the world by knowledge, we are about to plunge into a new abyss of confessed ignorance. Shut science off from that sacred ground, which can be done by systematic legislation of the Comstock type, and she sinks from a giant into a dwarf—the patronized slave of those three "learned" professions, in which the stupidity and conservatism of past ages is summed up. No more progress—all's known! No more triumphal parade to the high altar. That Phallic emblem means "No Thoroughfare."

Now—the remedy. We must go in for the "Apotheosis of Dirt." I thank thee, Scrib., for teaching me that word. We must stop making any, even the slightest, concession to summer soldiers who are afraid of soiling their uniforms. Let them go and parade with the National Liberal League of America. They are nothing but a nuisance in the day of battle. To reach the expected triumph we must go through mud and mire, as well as fire and water. Glorious, then, is dirt. The man who is fighting mud-throwers, and can show no mud on his clothes, is one who ought to be ashamed. Remember that this mud battery is the last we hav to attack. If the obscenity racket fails, the church has nothing left to fall back upon. "Dirt" has always been trumps in her hand. But we can learn something from her. There was once an instrument of torture, shame, and death, which Christianity has changed into a symbol of victory, glory, and immortality, simply by choosing to boast instead of being ashamed of it. In this way, and no other, we can defeat our skilful enemy. I exclaim aloud that sexual science is destined to effect that extirpation of vice, of misery, of crime, which Christianity could only promis Exalt the truth that by knowledge generation will be made right and regeneration superfluous Seize the Phallic standard, claim it for our own, bear it before our column, defying, nay, glorying in slander and abuse, and justify the ancient sentiment "*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*" C. L. James.

Eau Claire, Wis.

Mr. Putnam's Banquet Poem.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The report published in The Truth Seeker of the Bennett Banquet at Martinelli's has been read by me with great interest. Not the least entertaining of the many good things besides the dinner is Mr. Putnam's poem. Mr. Putnam is a vigorous poet. His poetry rings like a bell and stirs the reader like a trumpet. It has the brightness of sunshine, the majesty and grandeur of the stars, and the breezy freshness of a gale. It is as broad and far-sweeping as the universe. He is one of the early risers in the morning of liberty; he greets the dawn with song; and his productions will be read with enthusiasm as long as energy and fire and virility are admired in verse. A strain, too, of martial music runs through them that wakens the senses like a Marseillaise.

Having said so much, which is not half what is due, of Mr. Putnam's poetry, let me offer a little criticism. In the banquet poem the third and fourth lines read like this:

> "And foul birds flutter 'gainst the golden dawn,
> And spit their poison though their fangs are gone."

This is a figure, of course. That is all right. But it seems to me the metaphor is mixed. The second line I hav quoted is open to objection as follows: First, is there any variety of birds which spit? Second, is there any family among the feathered tribes that spit poison? Third (which seems to me the most infelicitious the author could hav chosen), is there any species of bird known to ornithology having fangs? I was under the impression that since the days of the winged and feathered saurians nothing more distinct in the way of fangs than hens' teeth had been brought to the notice of those who make birds a study.

These two lines are all there is to mar the beauty of the banquet poem, and I cannot help thinking that it would be improved by omitting them. The next couplet—

> "Backward and forward tides of darkness flow
> And chilling blasts rebuff the morning's glow,"

is above criticism. It is a leap upward and goes far to restore the confidence of the reader, which is liable to be lost in the figurativ labyrinth of the preceding line.

I do not write this to warn Mr. Putnam against the evil of mixed metaphor, which, being an experienced versifier, he is doubtless aware of, but only to point out that the best of poets will sometimes take more license than the poetic prerogativ allows. Bulgarius.

Opposing Opinions.

From the Indianapolis Times.

It is astonishing how Americans love America. Here is D. M. Bennett, of obscene literature fame, who served a term of imprisonment for selling nasty books, and has just been dined and wined by his sympathizing friends on the occasion of his return from a year's journey abroad. While away he lectured in Ceylon, where the nativs were so deeply impressed with his wisdom and piety that they deified and worshiped hin. After putting him in their Buddhist temples they composed an ode in his honor, in which they compared him, among other things, to the Heavenly Elephant and the wish-conferring Cow of Heaven. And yet Mr. Bennett had rather be a convict in America than a god in Ceylon. Perhaps one of the reasons why America is so desirable a place of residence may be found in the fact that obscene cranks of the Bennett order are generally suppressed.

From the Iconoclast.

With all such dough-faced papers as the *Times*, "it is astonishing how Americans" would ever honor as good and pure a man as D. M. Bennett is at all. The *Times* is a time-server of orthodoxy. It can see no good in anything or anybody outside of a rotten and decaying church. Mr. Bennett was imprisoned for selling what the *Times* would pronounce "nasty books." He has nothing to conceal of what he sold. He served a term of imprisonment for doing a thing which was no crime. He was made a subject of persecution by one Anthony Comstock, as filthy and contemptible a villain as ever disgraced the soil of America. Mr. Bennett should hav been pardoned, and would hav been if we had had at the time of his imprisonment a president who was not a coward and a dupe of the church. No man in the United States ever before had a longer or more respectful list of petitioners for his pardon. Hayes turned a deaf ear to their desires and let Mr. Bennett suffer for a crime

he had never committed. He is now the honored guest of the world, and the loved man of all true Americans, while Hayes, who was once president of the United States, has retired to the walks of private life, a disgraced and dishonored one.

The honors the nativs of Ceylon paid to Mr. Bennett seem to the editor of the *Times* very strange. Those people in giving him a warm welcome acted more the part of civilized human beings than can be said of some of our own people. The people of Ceylon, heathens as they are, know better how to treat Mr. Bennett than Anthony Comstock and his horde of Christian persecutors. These people, though, were not the only ones that paid high honors to Mr. Bennett in foreign lands. From the time he set his foot upon foreign soil in his voyage around the world he was honored and toasted by all. He was received with open arms by the people of every nation he visited, and upon his return to his own dear America, from the time he landed in the city of San Francisco to his arrival in New York, in every city and town through which he passed our people gave him a triumphal reception. Those who sought to disgrace and forever dishonor Mr. Bennett by their cowardly persecution of him hav at last found out, to their amazement, that instead of accomplishing their damnable purpose that they are the ones who hav been disgraced and dishonored, and not he. They will yet sink into insignificance, covered with the slime of their own filthiness, while he will liv an honored and respected citizen, and his name will ever shine in history among the greatest and purest of American sons.

A Delegate from the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* As corresponding secretary of Auxiliary Liberal League 190, of this city, I hav mailed a number of postal cards and letters to leading Freethinkers asking that we should make a movement to send a delegate from this coast to represent us in the Sixth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to assemble at St. Louis the latter part of next month. I hav received several replies, and some gentlemen hav offered to contribute $5 toward sending me, while two in addition would also contribute $5 each toward bringing me back. I am very grateful for this generous offer, and especially the good will manifested, but cannot accept. The trip could not be made for less than $400, and this large sum would not be adequately repaid by anything that I could do. I should think it a great honor to appear as a delegate in so intelligent and progressiv a congress, but, under the circumstances, this is out of the question.

It is possible, however, that some gentleman, a Freethinker, of ability and means, may be going East on business, and with the hope that this brief note may attract his attention, I send it to you for publication. Such a delegate could well take a run to St. Louis, where, without doubt, he would be amply repaid by meeting the most intellectual body of Freethinkers in the republic. Will the Boston *Investigator*, the *Age*, the *Iconoclast*, the *Banner of Light*, *Mind and Matter*, and other Liberal journals please call attention to this important subject? The right man may be found by agitating the matter.

We should be represented, as very important matters will come before the congress. The most important among them will be the question of abolishing the mythical and bloody calendar of Christianity and adopting the universal calendar, dating from the martyrdom of the immortal Freethinker Bruno, burned at the stake by the Christians at Rome on the 16th of February, "A. D." 1600. We are rapidly adopting what is called the Bruno-Wakeman calendar, and *La Voce del Popolo*, the leading Italian journal of this city, enthusiastically advocates its adoption. Byron Adonis.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 16, 282.

"The Real Blasphemers."

This little pamphlet of Col. J. R. Kelso's is truly an eye-opener to the bloodthirsty character of the Jewish Jehovah. His plain showing-up of the injustice and cruelty of this malignant God's commands to the Jewish nation to rob and slay each other, as also the unoffending nations and tribes around them, comes to us as a revelation, tearing the bandage from our eyes, that hav been holden from seeing these monstrosities, while blinded by the glamour of sanctity that has been thrown around the Bible and its teachings.

I remember, when a child, on reading the Old Testament for the first time, and coming upon the passage where God commanded the women and children, whom the soldiers had left alive, to be slain, all but the virgins, I threw the book from me with horror, and exclaimed in indignation, "I hate such a God as that!" My mother, who sat near, in utter astonishment said to me, "My child, you blaspheme!" But I hav lived to know that I did not blaspheme, and that the God of the Jews, as set forth in their traditions, is not the supreme ruler of the universe. "That religion or Bible which shocks the mind of a child cannot be true," says one of the wisest of men.

When in after years I became a member of the Methodist church, and used to pray, I could never use the name God or Jehovah without a feeling of misgiving, and would aspire to reach the infinit that I felt was far above and beyond such a conception of deity. How hard it is for the human mind to let go the errors taught in youth, especially those of a religious nature, which we were taught to lisp at our mother's knee! But how grand it is to see the mind, in maturer years, discarding the crude ideas of traditions and taking on the scientific knowledge of demonstration and experience. As man can never become better or greater than the God he worships, let us hope that few will not arise above the character of the Hebrew God, who is, as the colonel says, far below a respectable devil. No mind is free that even pays homage to such a God, or that even believes that the innocent must suffer for the guilty; that God's anger against sin is turned away by foulest murder! How long, oh, how long, ere the world shall learn the truth that makes free, and that the only salvation is by living a true and loving life, when love shall supersede all law, and become the conqueror of every wrong, crime, and sin?

L. Hutchinson.

"Real Blasphemers" is a sharp, sensible, critical book. John R. Kelso, A.M., has done good service to Liberalism by his strong and abundant proofs, which show that all who indorse the Bible as the the word of God, or the biography of saints, prophets, and holy men and women, are the "Real Blasphemers," according to Webster's definition of the word.

Kelso certainly shows up the character of the being called God, as it is represented in the Bible, to be cruel, revengeful, wicked, and altogether abominable and terrible. He makes him out to be pueril, weak, childish, unreasonable, treacherous, bloodthirsty, and cowardly. Indeed, their is scarcely a demeaning adjectiv that will not apply to him.

If you want to know how bad this God of the Bible really is, you could not apply to a better source for information than this book of Kelso's. Speaking of David (the man after God's own heart) delivering the seven innocent children into the hands of the Gibeonites, and their being hanged as a sacrifice to this God, he tells of the mother guarding her sons day and night to keep the birds and beasts of prey from them. He says: "Picture to yourselvs the unutterable agony of that loving mother as she keeps her lone vigils day and night upon the cold, hard rock for long weary months, while the bodies of her murdered children are slowly dropping to pieces before her very face, and then, if you feel like doing so, break forth in loud hallelujahs to the unutterably hideous monster that had it done—the monster, that according to your teachings, is not a particle better now than he was then."

The book is well worth reading, and will be a good one to lend to all Bible-worshipers as a true picture of the God we are commanded to believe in or be damned.

Sold by D. M. Bennett, New York. Elmina.

Snowville, Va., Aug. 20, 1882.

CHRONICLES.

I hav just received the "Chronicles of the Pilgrim in the Land of Yahweh," and am very glad it is in a book by itself; it is a nice, pretty book, too, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to Liberals as a splendid volume for missionary work. I hav been re-reading it, and appreciated it even more than at the first reading. There are so many good points made against the old Christian myths, and so many humorous descriptions of the superstitious legends and legendary places connected with them, that one marvels how in 1882 any one can be found who believes enough in them to keep up the farce any longer. If Bennett had written nothing more than this description of the Holy Land, every Liberal ought to hav felt he had the worth of the five dollars contributed. Why, there is enough in this volume of 462 pages to convert every Christian in the world from his belief in the old fables and legends to the truth as it is in Bennett the Apostle and the Scribe. I hope every League will order one for circulation, and also every individual who can do so. Every page is full of interest, and every sentence strikes home and hits hard. It is the only true and correct history of the Holy Land that has ever been written. It is sensible, interesting, humorous, and excellent. I hope every truth lover will do all they can to circulate this useful, practical, and myth-destroying book. I shall do my share by ordering half a dozen of them just as soon as I can. May the fates bless our hero.

"Honor to him who scorns to be
To name or sect a slave;
Whose soul is like the sunshine, free,
Free as the ocean wave;
Honor to him who freely givs
Of his best thoughts a store;
Who shares the knowledge he receives
With those who need it more."

Snowville, Va., Aug. 20, 1882 Elmina.

The Hacker Fund.—July Statement.

The following-named parties hav each voluntarily promised to contribute not less than twenty-five cents a month to the above fund. The list is always open for additional names:

Elmina D Slenker, Snowville, Va., paid to Oct 1, 1882.	
John Earnshaw, Pleasant Valley, N.Y. paid to Sep. 1, 1882.	
J S. Weeks, Onekama, Mich., paid to September 1, 1882.	
G C T, Hall, Nossville, Pa.,	00
A. Minski, Superior, Neb.,	00
John T Gray, Branch Junction Mich.,	00
W. F. Porter, Philadelphia, Pa.,	25
W. Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.,	25
Elias Livezey, Baltimore, Md.,	25
C Garwood, Baltimore, Md.,	25
E. W. Fitzner, Nevada City, Cal.,	25
V. J. Borrette, White Rock, Nev.,	30
Wm Black, Carrollton, Ill., paid to Feb. 1, 1883.	
Dr. Fairchild, New Brunswick, N Y.,	50
Owen Webster, Benson, Ariz., paid to Nov. 1st,	1 00
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.	
"Shoe Hammer," Sedalia, Mo.,	50
A G Church, Squaw Creek, Idaho Ter.,	5 00
Mrs. James A. Bennett, Emmettsville, Idaho Ter.,	10 00
D. Bachrach, Jr., Baltimore, Md.,	50
W. Zimmerman, Baltimore, Md.,	25
Total,	$19 30

MR. HACKER'S RECEIPT.

Received through the office of The Truth Seeker from several friends, to whom replies hav been sent through the mail, the aggregate sum of $5.25. Also through C. Garwood, of Baltimore. Md, 19.30.

Thanks seem a poor return for all this kindness, but we hav nothing better to offer. Would pray for our good friends, but hav no certain proof that prayers are ever answered by any power higher than man. Jeremiah Hacker.

Berlin, N. J., Aug. 2, 1882.

Between the monthly and special contributions for last month we are able to make a very respectable showing and to gladden the hearts of our aged friends I would like to say to "Shoe Hammer," of Sedalia, Mo. (and whom I ineffectually tried to reach through the mail), please send me your real name. Your letter has the true ring. As requested, I hav divided the dollar inclosed, and sent fifty cents to Elmina for friend Tuttle.

Trusting that new support will be added to our efforts, and that none of us will forget or neglect to renew our donations, I remain, Fraternally yours, C. Garwood.

Baltimore, Md., Box 858.

Some Questions Answered.

Freemont, Pa., Aug. 19, 1882.

Dear Bennett: Allow me to ask you, through your columns, if your four volumes with regard to your round-the-world trip will be copiously indexed. Such should be the case, so as to make the work a handy book of reference. The stories of old Yahweh's meanderings and of Jesus ought to be so that they might be easily referred to. How about your account of the Holy Land appearing in the above in the form of chronicles? After one's having read so much untruth in that style, the mind naturally spleens against it. Would it not be be better to hav the truth stand in plain English than to try to imitate the old barbarians? Yours truly, George Sweet.

[In answer to the foregoing we hav to say that Volume IV. will contain a copious index of the entire work, so that any subject treated in either of the volumes can be found and turned to at once. It may also be stated that the portion of the work referring to Palestine or the "Holy Land," including the eighteen visits of Melchisedec, together with the First Epistle of Bennett the Apostle, making in all 462 pages, is bound in a cheap volume by itself, and sold for one dollar. This is a good book with which to do missionary work. It is certainly not hard to understand; and it is only in two or three chapters that the Bible style is closely followed. It is mainly in common English, with the exception of being divided into chapters and verses, which ought not to be a serious objection.—Ed. T. S.]

"The First Epistle of Bennett the Apostle."

By particular request this has been printed in separate form, and is sold for ten cents. It is to a limited extent a parody on Paul, and is believed to contain quite as good morality as do the writings of Paul, and quite as much of truth. Many are pleased with the good sense and the moral maxims with which it abounds. The extracts from the teachers and sages of ancient times are worth all is asked for it. Send in 10 cents for a single copy, or $1 for a dozen copies.

"Crimes of Preachers."

We hav just brought out a second edition of this little work by Col. M. E. Billings. Over two hundred cases of freshly-committed crimes on the part of sensual shepherds. The same will annually appear in revised editions from year to year with the product of clerical crime for each year thus added. The entire work has been put in larger type, and, being arranged in alphabetical order, is convenient for reference. 25 cents per copy; five copies for $1; or twelve copies for $2. The edition of one thousand should soon be worked off.

"A Truth Seeker in his Own Country."

Friend Bennett: Seeing thy request that all who are disposed to subscribe $1.50 per volume for thy description of travels around our own country, Mr. Slenker and myself respond at once with the money for the first volume, which please find inclosed.

Mr. Slenker says if thee wants a "traveling companion," he hopes thee will not go to "Watertown, Wis," for her, but take Mrs. Truth Seeker along. And we also hope you will take in Snowville on your round, so that our humble home may be honored by your presence and ourselvs be made to rejoice with an exceeding great gladness. Elmina.

Snowville, Va, Aug. 20, 1882.

The Fourth Annual Encampment of the Liberals of Kansas, will be held in Bismarck Grove, commencing Thursday, August 31st, and holding over Sunday, September 3d. The following speakers are engaged: Fredric A. Hinckley, Hudson Tuttle, Emma Tuttle, Rev. D. Cheyney, Mrs. M. P. Krekle, C. B. Hoffman, Gov. Chas. Robinson, Mrs. H. M. Stearns, David Eccles, and others. The musical and social features of the occasion will be especially attractiv. The best of camping conveniences are to be had in the delightful grove. Meals will be furnished on the grounds at low prices. An educational department for the purpose of studying the live social problems of the age will be superintended by Miss Sarah A. Brown and Judge H. H. Howard, of Lawrence, Fredric A. Hinckley, of Providence, R. I., and other successful educators. The Union Pacific Railway offers the exceedingly low rate of one and a half cents per mile, the round trip. Other roads offer reduced rates. No pains will be spared by the managers to make it pleasant and profitable to those in attendance.

"Are you certain of securing the diadem?" asked the minister of the dying man. And when the man said that he "didn't want to diadem bit," the minister and the doctor flew, and as a natural consequence, the man got better.

There are sermons in stones, and some are gneiss. —*Boston Transcript.* They are generally preached for the "rocks" that are in 'em.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A Western preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the following Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was Adam vs. Eve.

"Father," said a fashionable young lady, "am I a member of the church?" "Yes, my daughter," her father replied, "you are a member of the church. I initiated you by having you baptized in infancy." "But, father," she answered, "I hav no piety, never was converted, and I do not think I ought to be a church-member." "The wheat and the tares are to grow together, our Lord tells us in the parable, and you are tare, I fear, my daughter—only a tare," replied her father. "But didn't you say that you initiated me?" she asked. "Yes," said he, "I initiated you in your infancy. But why did you ask?" "Because," she answered slowly, "the Bible says that the one who sowed the tares was the devil." The old man groaned, walked the floor, and made no reply.

The Truth Seeker will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

Letters from Friends.

ATLANTA, GA.

MR. EDITOR: Received your second volume a few days ago. It is just splendid. Please accept my thanks. Kindly, etc., A. M. SHOMO.

KUHN'S CROSSING, COL., Aug. 14, 1882.

MR EDITOR: For the inclosed $5 send history of your travels around the world to S. G. HOUSH.

LUDLOW, ILL., Aug. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Glad to welcome you home again, and, as I noticed your letter in last TRUTH SEEKER in regard to your traveling in this country and lecturing, I hasten to send in two names that will gladly send in the required sum for your volumes whenever you wish it. Respectfully, GEORGE NEWKIRK,
ELIZABETH NEWKIRK.

LYNEDOCH, ONT., Aug. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find two dollars, to apply on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I congratulate you on your safe arrival home from your long voyage, and also on your very interesting accounts of the same. Your industry has been marvelous; to see all you hav seen, and to describe it in the way you hav done, is what but very few men indeed could do.

I remain yours in the bonds of friendship,
JOHN MARSLAND.

JACKSON, MICH. Aug. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals in this city speak of your late visit among them with earnest appreciation and refreshing enthusiasm, and they express the hope to see you in the place again at no distant time.

All our old subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER renew their subscription with a cheerful promptness, and we shall gradually gain new and substantial allies to this most important list. The glorious old flag-staff must be kept aloft and in the breeze, with bold hearts and courageous hands to bear it

Yours truly, C. S. R.

APPLE RIVER, Aug. 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office order for $5 to be applied as follows: $3 for my paper for 1883, as I see my year ends on September 1st; $1.50 for the fourth volume, as I see you are to hav four books and I only paid for three; then there will be 50 cents left, apply this in part payment for "Keelers' Short History of the Bible;" this will leave me 25 cents in your debt, and I will send it when I remit you for some more books.

I feel happy to hear of your safe return, and hope you will long liv to open the eyes of this superstitious world. I am seventy-six years old, never believed in any church or creed, and fear no gods or devils. Your friend, with much respect,
W. ENNOR.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Aug. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are hungry for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Through the kindness of Mr. Hendee, of Warsaw, Ind., we became acquainted with you through your paper, and hav formed quite an attachment to the "prison bird." It does our soul good to see you quench hell with truth.

My wife is the only daughter of a Methodist minister, but she has had a change of heart (or mind) since reading the many Liberal papers, such as THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Irish World*, the *Age*, and others. If such papers would not bring about a change of heart what would?

My political views on finance correspond with my religious views, *i. e.*, man, redeem thyself—money, redeem thyself. These fundamental principles it would be well to study. The only devil that man need fear is a false idea. Truth can only save us from that monster. A. S. CROXTON.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Aug. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to congratulate you, and your wife also, that you are home again from a foreign shore, and that you are safe and sound, though you did hav to cast a wishful eye from Jordan's cooling stream, where your possessions or clothes were hanging on a bush.

Let me state for the many friends of Mr. York that he is still an invalid, has not lectured since you left us, and the prospects do not seem flattering for his doing so this summer. Some weeks since Mr. John Sunderland, of Reno, Nev., sent him an invitation to visit them and try the air from the Sierras. The invitation was so cordial that it was accompanied by a check sufficient to cover all expenses, with the promis of good care and his expenses paid home again, and they are fulfilling their contract to the letter, but he does not gain as rapidly as we hoped. He needs rest more than anything else. I think he regrets being unable to carry out the large amount of work he had planned and promised, but man proposes, etc. Our second volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" has just arrived all right. Your vindication of Slade's slate-writing in a recent issue of your paper I consider simply an act of justice, for right wrongs no one. While I know nothing of his character, life, or tricks, I hav proof that this slate-writing is something that he cannot do, and, to my mind, is evidence that those who hav passed on can and do return to earth. MRS. J. L. YORK.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I can think of no better way to welcome you home from your long trip than to renew my subscription to your brave paper and also to subscribe for the Round-the-World books. I hav not read the letters in the paper simply because I wanted the reading to be new and fresh to me when it came in book form.

Please find inclosed $10,00—$6.50 for the books, and the balance apply on my subscription. I see I got a little behind, which I should not hav done. Infidels should pay promptly for their papers, as it is but a little mite, individually, to each one, but a very large elephant, collectivly, to the publisher of a paper.

You advertise the Round-the-World books at $6.50 for the four volumes, but do not say anything about the style of binding. I want the best, and if they cost any more notify me and I will remit the difference. I know they will be a splendid addition to my Liberal library, and they can't be bound any too good. Please send Vols. I. and II. right away. Thanking you for your untiring labors in behalf of our great cause, I remain your friend and supporter in my humble way, JAS. L. MCKELVEY.

CIRCLEVILLE. OHIO. Aug. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are glad to hear of your safe return to your happy home and ardent friends from your long and perilous journey around the world. May you long liv to enjoy the fruits of your faithful labors in the cause of humanity, sustained by the approving smiles and congratulations of all true Liberals throughout the world. And may the minions of superstition and priestcraft be imbued with a little humanity to temper their excessiv godliness, so that they may never seek to annoy or persecute you again. I think you hav suffered enough from Christian bigotry, hatred, and intolerance. Let peace and patience possess your soul.

Please find inclosed $3, to be applied on my subscription as directed.

A Liberal friend of mine, and your ardent admirer, Thomas Rayson, gets the paper, and reads and circulates its secretly in the neighborhood. His wife is so godly and pious, and such a devoted Christian, that she will not allow her husband to take the paper or read it in the house with any peace, although he subscribes for the *Christian Advocate* for her, and allows her full liberty of conscience. Please remember us kindly to Mrs. Bennett, and believe me ever your devoted friend, C. M. SEARS.

UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BROTHER INFIDELS: May I claim your undivided attention? We are now a large body of persons, and our power and influence ought to be felt in this and other lands. This could be effected by a grand union between us. We should be well known to each other by some clever method, whereby we could not be mistaken, and as brothers we should stand firmly by each other, and all our movements should be in unison. Let us form and consolidate our persons and principles, and become a formidable phalanx against the common enemy—priestcraft. Let us seek to dethrone this false authority. You all know how base it is, what guilt rests upon its blood-stained claws, and how it ever tries to smother the honest truth, and promulgate the blackest of lies. The priesthood are ever ready to spread deceit and gull the imbecil multitudes, and draw their hard-earned money and liv in ease through public plunder. Oh! what infatuation to cringe before these systems of paganism. It is time this solemn mockery came to an end, and sound Materialistic sense prevailed. It is the great and true remedy to rid the earth of many errors and all the miserable delusions of religious superstitions, and giv to man peace, joy, friendship, prosperity, and the most solid happiness. Brothers, unite. THOS. WINTER.

LOWER BOISE, IDAHO, Aug. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: During the last three months I hav been staying in the mountains, and I hav not seen any papers until yesterday. I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st an article clipped from the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago. Now, it does not seem possible that the editor of that paper could use such language as that, when he must know that every word that he uttered was a lie except that you were tried and condemned. No man that is posted in your case but knows it was nothing but religious persecution. If the pamphlet, "Cupid's Yokes," was really obscene, why did President Hayes pardon the author of the book when Hayes said it was not obscene? If that editor is a responsible man I would commence suit against him for libel. There is no doubt in my mind but such suit could be sustained against the paper. Judge Benedict, in the trying of your case, no doubt thought that he was influenced to do what he did by God's holy word, so called, as we hav a parallel case in the 109th Psalm, 7th verse: "When he shall be judged let him be condemned. Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children. Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord, and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out." Now, the editor of the *Inter-Ocean* will soon find out, if he has not already, that forty such editors cannot put D. M. Bennett down. He may be hurt as badly as the two editors that united to kill D. M. Bennett, but killed themselvs. No one can tell what became of them. I am heartily glad that you hav returned home, and are ready at all times to battle for the right.

Yours fraternally, H. S. HALL.

GWYNNVILLE, IND., Aug. 17, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I seat myself this morning to drop you a letter of inquiry concerning a statement said to hav been made by Colonel Ingersoll some time during the latter part of the past winter.

A minister of this neighborhood, by name McNew, says that Ingersoll, in making a temperance lecture, said, "In my belief there is a hell, and all saloon-keepers will go there."

I would like, if you conveniently can, to hav you giv through THE TRUTH SEEKER the essence of that portion of the colonel's lecture bearing on hell, if there is any such portion, for by so doing you will confer quite a favor on me. I hav treed the black-coated gentleman in several lies already, and would like to tree him again.

Yours for truth, A. W. SWAIN.

P S—I hav a debate between myself and this lordly gentleman, a portion of which I am going to hav published after a while.

I presented the questions on paper, and he answered in the same way. I consider the answers extremely childish.

I hope, in the course of a month, to be able to send you one or two trial subscribers to your paper, at which time I will send for a few more books. Nothing like good reading matter. A. W. S.

[Not hearing Colonel Ingersoll's lecture, not having read any report of it, and not being in the country when it was delivered, we are very poor authority upon the subject. We are sure, however, that Colonel Ingersoll believes in no hell save that which men make for themselvs in this life. If whisky-drinking is well followed up it will create hell enough to suit the most ardent hellite on record.—ED. T. S.]

MAUSTON, WIS., Aug. 15, 1882,

MR. EDITOR: I hav much I would like to say if I only knew how to say it; but I can say I am glad you are here again, to family, friends, and the duties of your office.

I hav read every line of your travels, I hav seen all you hav described in my mind's eye. I did intend to hav a shake of your hand when you were in Milwaukee, but a friend that promised to accompany me backed out, and I, never having been there, felt a little shy to go alone, and since then I hav been called to see an old Infidel friend of mine at Marengo, Ill., where I used to reside for thirteen years, and there buried a wife and three children. The expense of this journey has depleted my purse so much that I am obliged to be careful, or I should hav sent for more books.

Let me say right here, before I forget it, that my old friend above mentioned has been a subscriber to the Boston *Investigator* nearly as long as Mr. Mendum and Mr. Seaver hav had the management of it. I asked him, while on his dying bed, with his hand in mine, how his mind stood on matters of religion and Infidelity. He said, "Just as it always stood from my youth up to the present moment; nor can all the Christians in the world change my views, for they know no more about a future state than you and I do, and that's just nothing at all." My last words to him were these: "Farewell, old friend, a long farewell, for we shall never meet again." He said, "If we do ever meet again we shall hav as good a time of it as any of them," meaning the Christians. So it is not true, as the Christians are in the habit of saying, that Infidelity may do to liv by, but that when we come to die we generally repent and call upon the Lord to save us.

I distributed several of your small tracts among the heathens of Marengo, and lots of God's doings; had several little confabs with some of the gospel slop-drinkers, to the great delight of many of the by-standers.

I do believe that great good might be done in Marengo if some Liberal lectures could be given there. If I was living there I would hav some one visit it, even if I had the whole bill to foot, as I hav had the most of it to do in Mauston. I hav done more than any other man here for the cause of Liberalism; but for me Mauston would be as dead as Marengo, I am sorry to say.

Yours ever in the cause of mental liberty,
WILLIAM HOLGATE.

MODESTO, Cal., Aug. 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will recall your prophetic utterances in your letter three months or so ago (April 29th), and will remember the wonderful fulfilment of the "Coming trouble in Egypt," namely: "They (the Egyptians) are talking among themselvs of the necessity of rising against their oppressors. This may come in one, two, or three years, but come it surely will."

Did any prophets of the Bible come any nearer the truth? Why not place you among the prophets? Surely, this profession is by no means extinct. It strikes me that you hav shown yourself a pretty good

imitator of Isaiah. It is permissible amongst Bible prophets to make years mean months or days just to suit particular events. Every Bible reader or expounder has been struck with the wonderful facility it can be done and be believed by a certain class of people.

Again, you write "That will be a bloody day when it comes, but it will only giv the European nations a good excuse to visit severe punishment upon them." These two prophecies hav been fulfilled. Now the Bible is bolstered up by just such testimony, and Christians consider this sufficient to secure its acceptance as a divine book; but I fear the Christians will not accept you, Mr. Bennett, as a true, genuin prophet, because the bubble known as prophecy has met in you, the Infidel, an effectual "bubble pricker." You hav caused the book containing them to subside into the ocean of quackery business on which it now floats; hence, there is no chance for you in this nineteenth century to become a simon-pure prophet. Well, I am glad that the old prophet system is dead. It has hindered progress in science by keeping knowledge in the dark or using it merely to float a great corporation of priests, ministers, and divines, with their great system of "fraud, error, humbug, and lies."

Prophet or no prophet, you hav really and truly disappointed a large class of your admirers as plain Mr. Bennett, by not coming to our town and giving us a chance to see you face to face and giv you a good shake of the hand. Our town has quite a large number of Freethinkers and Liberals who would hav given you a hearty welcome. To be an Infidel here is not to be ostracized from society or an impediment to success in business. The successful men of our town are with few exceptions Liberals.

California is on the high road to become free from the shackles of religion. The Democrats hav it as a platform, "No Sunday Law," and, as far as I am able to judge, they will be a success along the whole line, as it is almost sure that the Republicans will adopt "Enforcement of the Sunday Law." And, if so, they are defeated. C. C. Luther, Col. Kelso, Capt. James, D. C. Coleman, and others, wish to be kindly remembered to you, and all express a hope that you will again visit this coast and not fail to visit Modesto, the central town of the boss country for wheat and barley in America, and the finest climate in the world. Yours respectfully,

A. A. GILMOUR, M.D.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find three dollars, which, you will find, will pay me up to June 1, 1882, for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Times hav been hard with us in southwestern Missouri, owing to an almost total failure of all leading crops last year, and money scarce. But I desire to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will try in future to pay more promptly, if you think proper to send it to me. While I recognize the incalculable good which the Liberal movement is doing in freeing the human race from the terrible superstitions and fallacies which hav been bequeathed to us by corrupt priests and churchmen, yet, after much thought upon the subject, I think that Atheism commits the same fatal mistake which Theists of all ages and ranks, from the most ultra orthodox priest to Deists like Thomas Paine, hav fallen into; ultra Atheism asserts with dogmatic hardihood that there is no God.

Theists or Deists or Monotheists also assert, in the most positiv manner, and often in an acrimonious spirit, that there is one all-wise, eternal, unconditioned God. Now, how do the representativs of either of these extreme positions know anything about it. It is only necessary to remember that, owing to the limitations of the human mind, which is circumscribed and bounded by a mental horizon which, though large to our human, finite conceptions, is as nothing in comparison to the great unconceived infinit which underlies and overlies this very small circle; in which our little minds move, and in which we see things as through a glass darkly. It surely ought to occur to the most common minds that, in order to successfully grapple with either of these very extraordinary positions, the eternal, inflexible, insuperable barrier which must ever intervene between the finite and the great inconceivable infinit must be removed (a thing impossible) before we could successfully cope with all the vast and momentous issues involved therein. Hence either proposition contains a problem in which is contained an unknown quantity of such vast proportions that he who assumes to be able to solve the mystery is presumptuous indeed. It is plain, then, that Atheism, though far more tolerant and magnanimous in spirit and incomparably more in harmony with the results of scientific discovery and the spirit of the closing years of the nineteenth century, is fundamentally as dogmatic and in some extreme cases as impatient of contradiction as is Theism of any kind from the most simon-pure orthodox believer in the Westminster Confession to the most Liberal Unitarian. I must confess to some surprise that one so sympathetic and so deeply skilled in a knowledge of the human heart, one who so successfully and happily and wisely decides on all those strange, mysterious, and subtle conflicts which rises between and puts at variance the head and the heart, should unreservedly indorse and embrace Atheism—I allude to Mrs. E. D. Slenker. No one admires the beauty and grandeur of her character more than I do. Nor do I desire by any means to detract or censure one who has done so much to enfranchise the human mind, and one, too, who has, with singular ability, penetrated the devious labyrinths and chambers of the human mind. But when she assumes to sustain the Atheistic position either deductivly or inductivly she must, with all the other grand and noble intellects of the present and past ages, succumb to the inevitable and confess that she is finite, and that the proposition in question is merged in the infinit.

In conclusion, let me congratulate you upon your safe return from your eventful trip around the world. If it is not asking too much, I would be pleased to hav this briefly-improvised letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which case I hope "Elmina" and others will rise and explain.

Yours truly, M. J. ROUNTREE.

ORANGE CITY, FLA., Aug. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $7, $3 to apply on subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, the balance to apply on a three months' trial subscription.

We hope to add to the list of subscribers to your valuable paper from time to time; but it is almost impossible to induce people to investigate the claims of Liberals by even reading the papers devoted to the promulgation of their principles.

We are glad to know of your arrival on the shores of your nativ country in safety and good health.

We feel sure that the knowledge you hav gained by the year of arduous travel just closed is fraught with consequences the value of which the strongest intellect can yet scarcely comprehend.

Your true friend, T. D. GIDDINGS.

BERLIN, N. J., July 26, 1882.

FRIEND BENNETT: There is one subject which, next to mental liberty, should claim the earnest attention and action of all who wish well to the future of our country, and that is the land question. Nature spread out the land for the use of all her children, and it never should be bought and sold any more than sunlight, air, and water. It is one of the elements from which life must be supported, and should be as free to all as air or water. The one that comes first to the wilderness should hav the right to take what he can cultivate without money or price, and no man should hav a right to own or claim more than he can cultivate, but should leave the rest for others, that all may hav a home and not be ground down under the heel of capital. Then men who cannot receive a fair price for their labor could draw their support from the soil. But instead of this the government claims all the unoccupied land; and when a young man becomes of age the government turns him into the highway and taxes his head, and if he cannot find some man to buy his labor for one-half its value he must rob, steal, or starve. If he picks up a handful of sticks and kindles a fire anywhere on the earth to keep himself from freezing he is liable to be fined and imprisoned for stealing. Thus government nurses rogues and then fines or taxes the people for courts and prisoners to punish them, and is at the same time selling hundreds and thousands of acres to individuals who are introducing into this country the same system that has reduced Ireland to pauperism and starvation. If you feel interest enough in the future welfare of our beloved country to publish this, I would like to send you some statistics on this subject, that should be known to every man who desires the welfare of posterity. Yours,

J. HACKER.

The Watkins Convention.

(*Continued from page* 554.)

with such sappers, not to say sap-heads, as Comstock. We leave him to the American eagle.

Now I will close with some lines of our dear Emerson. It is a poem that has a little puzzled the learned world to get at the bottom meaning of it. I confess I never saw all the latent and the occult, and even the prophetic lurkings in its lines till I saw the nimble way in which Mr. Bennett strikes on his feet, rebounding after every attack that these agents of the Almighty hav put upon him. But, God-ordained as they are, they fail in every assault, while he marches on over every obloquy and every persecution, to greater and greater success. He is as lucky as they are unlucky.

"Early or late the falling rain
Arrives in time to swell his grain,"

and spoil theirs. But here is the Emersonian portrait of Mr. Bennett, delineated a quarter of a century ago.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far, or forgot, to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

To the toast, "Resolution," A. B. Bradford was called upon to respond, and in compliance read the following:

Resolved, That we congratulate our guest, D. M Bennett, on his safe return from his journey round the world, and welcome him back to his family, his business, and his co-operation with us in the great cause of Freethought, free speech, and free men.

Resolved, That we regard the late fining and imprisonment of Mr. Bennett for an alleged violation of the postal laws of the United States, which violation, according to the judgment of the attorney-general and other members of the then President's cabinet, he was not guilty of, as an infamous proceeding on the part of the government—*a cover shame*—whereby a citizen was punished for one offense on the false and mean pretext of his having committed another. That is to say, Bennett's real offense for which he was fined and sent to prison was not in violating the postal laws, but because he was editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER and offered for sale it and other publications which exposed the unfounded assumptions of the church and clergy and their various conflicting creeds. And the crime was all the more odious and unpardonable because it took away from us as Americans the ground of our former proud boast that, whereas all the governments of Europe, at the dictation of the priesthood, hav for centuries imprisoned men for their honest religious opinions and the expression of them, our purely secular government, recognizing the authority of no priesthood, had never been guilty of such conduct in a single instance. It will now be inscribed on the records of our country's history by the iron pen of truth that during the corrupt and imbecil administration of President Hayes, an arrogant and persecuting church, in order to gratify her hatred of Freethought and of one of its distinguished advocates, had power enough under the perverted forms of law, and under a Constitution which ignores all religions, to use the government of the United States as a tool to drag a citizen away from his family and his lawful business and to send him to prison as a criminal.

Resolved, That while we thus denounce the actions of the church and government in this case as infamous and cowardly, we hav the same words of condemnation for those traitorous "Liberals," falsely so called, who, when the church had Bennett down in prison and were triumphing over him, organized themselvs into a conspiracy to destroy his reputation and his business by imitating the jackals of the jungle, and raking out of their privacy and publishing to the world letters of a strictly confidential character, under the pretense that by so doing they were serving the cause of decency and good morals. In our condemnation of this relentless and unpardonable persecution which has been kept up to the present time, it is very clear, from the history of the past year of Mr. Bennett's life, that the great majority of American Liberals concur.

To the toast, "Illiberal Liberals," J. P. Mendum responded.

To the toast, "Woman and Her Freedom," Charles Bright, of Australia, responded.

To the toast, "Physical Reform," Dr. Juliet H. Severance responded.

To the toast, "Woman and the Ballot-Box," Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage responded.

To the toast, "Modern Martyrs," Mrs. H. S. Lake responded.

To the toast, "The Orphans," G. H. Walser, of Liberal, Mo., responded.

To the toast, "Liberal Work," H. L. Green responded.

To the toast, "Secular Schools," M. Babcock, of St. Johns, Mich., responded.

To the toast, "The Ghost," Dr. T. L. Brown responded.

To the toast, "Liberty of the Press," George Chainey responded.

To the toast, "The Glory of Radicalism," S. P. Putnam responded.

To the toast, "Humanity," Courtlandt Palmer responded.

To the toast, "Liberal Law," T. B. Wakeman responded.

To the toast, "Temperance Reform," J. E. Remsburgh, of Kansas, responded.

To the toast, "The Liberty Bell," W. S. Bell responded.

To the toast, "Liberal Music," Prof. W. F. Peck responded.

To the toast, "Liberal Money," J. W. Truesdell responded.

These were mostly short speeches of some ten minutes, but full of sparkling hits and thoughtful sentiments, which would read extremely well were they correctly reported.

It givs us pleasure to state that though so many toasts were given and responded to in the most happy and brilliant manner, no wine was used. And though the meeting was continued till 1:30 in the morning, every one retired to rest perfectly sober and entirely happy. It was indeed an occasion long to be remembered.

Death of Mrs. Rawson.

Mrs. Emma Taylor Rawson, daughter of Laura Keene, the actress, and wife of A. L. Rawson, died August 23d, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery on Saturday last, the 26th. Her age was about forty years. She was the mother of three children, the eldest a girl of six and a half years, and a pair of twin boys four or four and a half years. For several years she followed the stage with her talented mother, appearing last before the public in 1873. She was a most estimable woman, and highly beloved by all who knew her. She was reared a Catholic, but became a believer in Rationalism and the Religion of Humanity, in which faith she left the world. She died of consumption, as did her mother and sister, and was buried in the same lot with her mother, her grandmother, her aunt, her sister, and her niece. Truly a worthy woman has gone to her rest.

THE Spiritualists and Liberalists of southern Michigan and northern Indiana will hold their annual reunion and grove-meeting at Schoolcraft, Mich., Friday, September 8, 1882. Excursion trains on all roads at reduced rates. The best speakers are engaged, and everything is being done to make this a very successful meeting.

LIBERALS in Iowa and vicinity should remember the Tama meeting on Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. It promises to be a large gathering, productiv of much good. Hotel rates are reduced, and there will be cheap accommodations for those preferring to camp out.

THE LIBERAL CLUB will be opened for the season, Friday evening, September 1st, at the German Masonic Temple, 220 E. 15th street, by a lecture by Stephen Pearl Andrews, on "The Social Organism."

Home Again.

TO D. M. BENNETT.—BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

Home, home again! How the welcome words
Thrill and tingle in every vein!
Home from a voyage around the world,
Clasping our loved ones' hands again.

We hav scaled the mountains and crossed the seas;
Hav broken bread in the "Faderland;"
Our cheeks been fanned with Italia's breeze,
The kneeling Hindoo hath kissed our hand

We hav bathed in the Jordan's sacred flood,
Seen the sepulcher where Jesus lay;
We hav stood in the Moslem's holy wood,
Heard pilgrim and prophet and priestess pray

We hav traced the source of the mystic Nile,
Been borne on the breast of the Dead-Sea waves;
Hav plucked the shamrock on Erin's isle;
Yea, stood by her patriot-martyrs' graves.

We hav trod old England's kingly soil,
The lair where the lion holds his own,
Still gathering the grain of others' toil,
Grain Ireland in blood and tears hath sown.

We hav seen the cot where a Burns was born;
The hills where a Wallace and Bruce hav trod,
Where at peal of pibroch and twang of horn
Brave warriors leaped from the teeming sod.

We hav seen the splendor of orient morns,
The glory and glint of her sunset scenes;
The weird, wild grandeur of Alpine storms,
Surpassing e'en poets' and prophets' dreams.

And again on our own Pacific strand,
With tropical wonders all aglow,
The rivers sparkling with golden sand,
Fruits sweetest, flowers finest on earth that grow.

But their brilliancy pales as we near our home;
So even the gold-dust scarcely shines:
Our real wealth is of hearts alone,
And home the altar our love enshrines.

Yea, this land to us is the holy land,
The bravest, fairest, by bards e'er sung;
Holds hearts the truest, warm, freest hand,
Its sweetest music our native tongue

Home, home again! How the magic words
Thrill, fill our being with subtil bliss!
Like scent of roses and song of birds;
Aye, heaven is centered in love's warm kiss.

Beautiful in Art and Nature.

BY UNCLE LUTE.

I never saw a pretty flower in bloom
'Mong wildwood scenes, or garden grown,
Blushing at morn, or sweet in evening gloom,
But I would wish it for my own.

I never saw a lovely maiden, sweet,
In modest girlhood's glory dressed,
But quickened pulses of my heart would beat,
And long to fold her to my breast.

I never saw a painted canvas glow
With living products of the art,
But for the genius gratitude would flow,
From spell-bound eyes and sated heart.

I never read a poet's song, or name,
If truthful to his gift divine,
But an enraptured fount my soul became,
And I would wish such power was mine.

As more I see, in nature and in art,
The beautiful, grows a desire
That graces yet may blossom in the heart,
Out-shining dead past's funeral pyre.

Died.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Death has again entered the little fold of Freethought in Paterson, and still another we can ill spare has been taken from amongst us. The late Mr. Alexander Turner, the subject of this notice, was a nativ of Paisley, Scotland, and was by occupation a weaver. About three years ago he came to this country, since which time he has been engaged weaving silk in Paterson. Having held many positions of responsibility at home, he accepted a similar situation in Philadelphia about six weeks ago, where he died after a short illness, August 6th, in the 59th year of his age.

The parents of Mr. Turner being members of the established church of Scotland, he was early taught to believe all the dismal doctrins of that body. But the power which, according to that church, created both, had ill suited them to each other, for as he rose from childhood to manhood he simultaneously emerged from darkness into light, from the silly superstitions taught him in his infancy to the intellectual platform of Freethought.

Mr. Turner was well known and highly respected by all the Freethought party in Glasgow, and not by them only, for, being a warm advocate of co-operation, and always ready to lend a helping hand in any scheme likely to promote the welfare of his fellow-man, he was brought into contact with and esteemed highly by men differing widely from him in religious opinions. None more fondly than he appreciated the weekly visits of the *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER, and after poring over their contents they were duly mailed to friends across the Atlantic.

His remains were brought from Philadelphia and interred here. GEORGE TEMPLETON.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 22, 1882.

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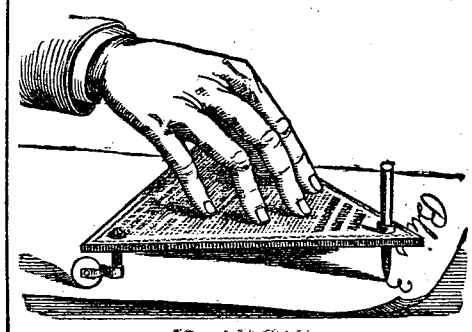
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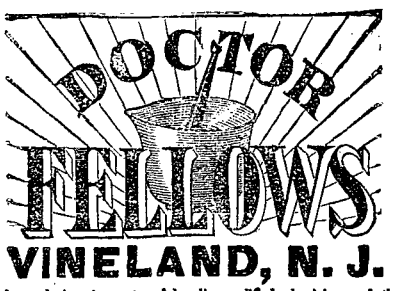
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To study, experiment, reason, and learn is man's prerogativ, and the more he learns of nature, its power, and potencies, the less will he hav faith in the marvelous and miraculous. The mysterious becomes simple and plain when the causes producing it are understood and comprehended.—*Elmina Drake Slenker.*

BE thoroughly persuaded that such and such a doctrin is contained in the Bible, and you will very likely find it there, and in passages whose authors were the farthest possible removed from the doctrins; but go in a spirit of candid inquiry to this oracle of contradictions, and the more you search the more confused and hopeless you become. This must needs be so, for the Bible is made up of the ill-natured compositions of many disagreeing writers, who wrote for times and places, as well as for mental and moral habitudes, very remote from those of ours; and as to the question of the church in the nineteenth century, it is especially at fault, from the notorious fact that the primitiv Christians expected the last judgment and the consummation of all things to come in their own mortal day and generation.—*N. E. Waters.*

JESUS therefore said unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that came before me are thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them.—*John* x, 7, 8.

BUT thou who claim'st the keys of God's own heaven,
And who would'st fain usurp the keys of earth—
Thou, leagued with priests and tyrants who hav given
Their hands and pledged their oaths to blight the birth
Of thine own children's rights—for scorn and mirth
One day shall stand, thy juggling falsehoods named,
Thy plots and wiles unmasked, thy heaven-high titles shamed!

—*The Church, by C. P. Cranch*

I THINK every one, according to which way providence has placed him in, is bound to labor for the public good, or else he has not right to eat.—*Locke.* If any man will not work, neither let him eat.—*St. Paul.*

"LET in more light!"—*Last words of Goethe.*

EXAMPLES of ingratitude check and discourage voluntary beneficence; and in this the mischief of ingratitude consists. Nor is the mischief small; for after all is done that can be done toward providing for the public happiness, by prescribing rules of justice and enforcing the observation of them by penalties or compulsion, much must be left to these offices of kindness, which men remain at liberty to exert or withhold. Now not only the choice of the objects, but the quantity and even the existence of this sort of kindness in the world, depends, in a great measure, upon the return it receives; and this is a consideration of general importance.—*Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy*

INGRATITUDE is a vice of such enormity that the most profligate man would be ashamed to acknowledge himself guilty of. "*Si ingratum dixeris omnia dixeris.*" If you call a man ungrateful, you hav called him everything that is base; you need say nothing more. The ungrateful man is an enemy to the human race, for his conduct tends to discourage beneficence.—*Dr. James Beattie.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—*Shakspere's As You Like It*

MR. LOCKE was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensiv and so deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information; and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.—*Colton's Lacon.*

WHOEVER improves his own nature improves the universe, of which he is a part. He who strives to subdue his evil passions, vile remnants of the old four-footed life, and who cultivates the social affections, he who endeavors to better his condition and to make his children wiser and happier than himself, whatever may be his motivs, he will not hav lived in vain. But if he act thus, not from mere prudence, not in the vain hope of being rewarded in another world, but from a pure sense of duty, as a citizen of nature, as a patriot of the planet on which he dwells, then our philosophy, which once appeared to him so cold and cheerless, will become a religion of the heart and will elevate him to the skies; the virtues which were once for him mere abstract terms will become endowed with life, and will hover round him like guardian angels, conversing with him in his solitude, consoling him in his afflictions, teaching him how to liv and how to die.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

NATURE never did betray
The heart that loved her. . . . Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all such sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me
And share my exhortations! —*Wordsworth.*

Odds and Ends.

"YOU advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place, but I don't see it," remarked a stranger who wanted to rent the place. The landlord said: "Just work that pump handle a little, and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to hav the Niagara Falls on a place for $15 a month, do you?"

A RATHER elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a meeting with an ax-handle. "Dat's him! Dat's my chile Pete!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "He tole me he was gwine to 'muse hisself."

HOW THEY LOOKED.

On the Jefferson avenue line the other day a man with an umbrella and a woman with a basket were the only occupants of a car for several blocks. The man not only stared at her, but rested his umbrella on his chin and took a long look. She was at first nervous, then vexed, and by and by she cried out:

"Why do you stare at me in this rude manner?"

"I am not staring at you to be rude, madam, but simply to study you."

"Well, I want you to stop it.

"Certainly, madam; but I assure you that I was regarding you in the light of a piece of statuary."

"That's all right, sir, and I hav been regarding you in the light of a baboon: but we'll both quit regarding, or one of us will walk the rest of the way home!"

He turned his head and regarded the back end of the horse in the light of a beautiful landscape, but it really didn't seem to satisfy his artistic longings.

JIM WEBSTER is one of the most upright negroes in Austin, and yet he is peculiar. Not long since he brought a large package of coffee to the store of a white neighbor, and said:

"I bought dis coffee at de store ob Mr. Ho'chkins an' I jes know he has cheated me outen more dan a whole pound in de weight. I jes kin feel de lightness. Dar should be ten pounds, an' I'se sho dar's not more 'an eight pounds. He fixed his scales to cheat poor cullud folks what ain't got no sense."

The white neighbor took the package, and, after weighing it carefully on his scales, said:

"You are mistaken, Jim, he has given you a pound and a half too much. There are eleven and a half pounds in the package instead of ten."

"Yer don't say so, boss! I was so sartin dat he was gibben me light weight dat, unbeknownst to him, jes to get eben, I lifted off de shelf a pair ob fine boots, wuff $6, ter balance der account,"

"Well, now you see that he hasn't cheated you; I suppose you will do what is right?"

"You bet I will, boss. I'se gwine right back ter dat store ter do what am right."

"Are you going to return the boots?"

"No, boss. I can't afford to make any such sacrifices as dat. I'se a poor nigger, ef I is honest. I can't afford to make anybody a present ob sich a high-priced pair ob boots, but I'm gwine ter gib him back dat extra pound and a half ob coffee. I admire liberality, I does, an' from now on I'se gwine to do all my tradin' with him, now dat he has worked hisself inter my confidence He shant lose nuffin by my honesty ef I kin help it."

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

You Wi'yam, come 'ere, sah, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say?
Ain't nu'h'n but rocks?
'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'tickler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I know whah it growed;
It come from de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' and keenes' you c'n fine anywhar on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yer ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er you'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjin angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's took it down up yander, in coal-black, blood-red letters,
"One watermillion stolen by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En wut you s'posen Br'er Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lord's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I giv you? Is you boun' fur ter be a black villion?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's watermillion!

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you sha'n't hav nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy! Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! Who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Can't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump um, en w'en dey go punk dey is green;
But w'en dey go punk, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a ticklin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"

—*Harrison Robertson, in Harper's Monthly.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hooykaas, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

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Notes and Clippings.

THE old-fashioned preacher used to claim that he had a call to preach. The modern preachers must hear the sound of the salary before he can regard the call.

HE who doth preach in that grand church
Beneath that lofty steeple,
Oft preaches less unto the Lord,
Than for the ears of people.

IN Arkansas some of the preachers save the counterfeit money which pious people deposit in the contribution boxes, and give it to tramps. "The poor ye hav with you always."

AUSTRIAN astronomers now claim to possess the largest refracting telescope in the world—that lately completed at Vienna. The length of this instrument is thirty-three feet and six inches.

A PHILADELPHIA clergyman finds no good in the circus. Yet the lemonade is on the regular Sunday-school picnic style, and the show isn't up to the program. It must be the introduction of animals that he objects to.

DR. SIEMENS calculates that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for about the forty-millionth part of a second.

IN a Deadwood church the other day the large congregation were devoutly kneeling in prayer, when an irreverent joker quite audibly whispered, "Here comes an Eastern detectiv." In seventeen seconds all of that congregation, including the chief elder, had slid through the windows.

THE dishonesty of the Christians of Philadelphia is evinced in carrying out the will of Stephen Girard, who expressly stipulated that no theological instruction should be given in the college he founded; but so wholly is this disregarded, it is as thoroughly a theological school as any in the country.

IT is the opinion of the most experienced health authorities in London that the poorer classes of Jews are naturally long lived, and that the dietary and other sanitary regulations prescribed by their religion enable them to battle for a considerable time against unhealthy surroundings.

IT is asserted that prohibition was carried in Iowa through the efforts of the women. They organized associations in nearly every county, and, by diligent and importunate appeals to individual voters, induced a large proportion of those who were languidly opposed to the proposition to support it at the polls.

A REAL-ESTATE dealer advertises in a Dakota newspaper: "I can be found either at the Gold Mine playing 'freeze out,' at Mitchell's Exchange betting on the age of 'old hosses' with Brown, or at my residence on Oak street reading the scriptures." In which way was his time most uselessly expended?

THOMAS MOZLEY recently wrote of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy as filling "several yards of shelf in most public libraries." The author, apparently shocked by the inaccuracy of the statement, wrote a note declaring that less than two feet was the actual space covered by his thirty years of philosophical work.

A LAWSUIT at Andover, Vt., involves indirectly the right of a public school teacher to read the Bible in school. Farmer Hazelton didn't want his children to hear the scriptures, and so the prudential committee arranged with the teacher to hav devotional exercises a few minutes before school opened each morning, attendance being optional with the pupils. Hazelton informed the committee of his intention to stop the religious exercises entirely. With that end in view, he instructed his children to attend them, and to get up and leave during the reading without the consent of the teacher. This was done, and the children were expelled. The case will go to the court of appeals.

"THOSE people," said the pastor, solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly screens at home, are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon, but he preached to the wide-awakest congregation a good man ever looked down upon.

RECENT geological investigations are thought to establish the fact that the eastern part of Kansas, a part of Nebraska, southern Iowa, and northern Missouri were once covered by a fresh-water lake which received numerous rivers and smaller streams from the outlying regions, the turbid waters of which deposited a sediment varying from 150 to a few feet in depth.

A SUIT of interest to people of prayer is threatened at Morris, Conn. A good widow, who was noted for her faith in prayer, was offered ten dollars by an unregenerate man if she would only fetch rain in three days. The next evening it sprinkled lightly, and the widow presented her bill. But the man claimed that the rain wasn't of contract amount, and refused to pay. The widow has brought a suit.

THERE is a good deal of illusion about the rise of the Nile. It seems to be thought that for a few weeks the delta and the valley of the Nile are a lake, and then that they are a muddy swamp. The water of the Nile flows into canals; from thence it is pumped every morning, as long as the rise lasts, into small rills, which permeate the fields, which are thus irrigated every morning. The water evaporates every day, leaving in the evening dry mud. Thus, except in some low-lying districts, there never is an expanse of water or mud.

AN exceptionably sensible bishop is the bishop of Melbourne, Australia, who, when lately asked by some zealous teetotalers in the diocese to denounce publicly the moderate use of spirituous liquors and tobacco, without any hesitation avowed his liberty of action on these points, even though a prelate. "I walk," said he, "my twenty miles a day, for the good of others, and when tired out I take my glass of wine and smoke my pipe of peace." Similarly he refused to denounce the theater indiscriminately; and when recently a deputation requested him to use the prayer for rain, he told them plainly that it would be not only absurd but useless to use such a prayer, as the laws of nature and the causes that control the weather are irrevocably fixed and cannot be changed by prayers. Instead of praying for rain, he recommended judicious irrigation to the petitioners.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S opinion confirms or indorses the conclusion long since put forth by some of the most eminent astronomers, namely, that there are now in the solar system, or firmament, many dark bodies—that is, bodies which now emit no light, or comparativly little. He points out, for example, that in the case of Procyon the existence of an invisible body is demonstrated by the movement of the visible star. Another illustration which he cites relates to the notable phenomena presented by Algow, the bright star in the Head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and a half hours, resumes its original brilliancy. According to the view entertained by Prof. Lubbock, these changes must be regarded as indicating the presence of an opaque body, which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algow.

A SAD picture of life in Ireland is drawn by a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. He declares that no one can conceive how wretchedly poor and destitute human beings can be and liv until he has ridden by cabin and crib and all the nameless shifts for shelter that offend the eye between Glengariff and Killarney. Not one decent home, not one comfortable, tidy dwelling, not one cleanly, well-fed, neat human being did he see. Troops of sad, wan, starved children nearly naked, smeared to the eyes with dirt and ashes, followed him mile after mile plaintivly wailing, "A penny if ye plaze, sur." Men and women with the dull, dead expression of despair in their eyes, waded out to gaze upon him from their cabins and holes in the ground, or between the rocks, literally ankle deep in mud, and clad in such tattered tatters that Lazarus was attired in princely robes in comparison. Deer stood in the fields and birds sat upon the trees, fearless of man, for no Irishman is permitted to hav a gun or to touch bird or beast, even though his family starve before his eyes. In the whole long ride of fifty-four miles he never saw a dog; and he exclaims, "Think of a people too poor to keep a dog!"

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK is said to hav been badly euchered in Brooklyn the other day. Keen in his scent for improper doings, he "lighted" upon a person who announced by private and confidential circular that he had some "rare and spicy books" to sell. This was enough for Comstock. Every fiber in his body throbbed with indignation. No such thing could be permitted while he remained above ground or his society still escaped bankruptcy. He explored the post-office. He found out the author of the circular was doing a flourishing business, letters poured into his lock-box daily, and many of them contained remittances. Finally a copy of one of the "spicy" books was secured by strategy. It proved to be made up of clippings from the "funny" columns of the daily newspapers—the wit and wisdom of the professional paragraphists, who, as a general rule, are good fellows—somewhat given, it is true, to the saying of saucy things, and, especially if they come from Jersey, bite like one of their own gigantic musketoes. But there was nothing to cause a blush upon the fairest cheek in all that Comstock found, and he had his labor for his pains. But the pains were severe.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

STILL ANOTHER!—The following is a special dispatch by a Baltimore, Md., correspondent to the New York *Herald*: "Quite a sensation was created here to-day (Aug. 30th) by the announcement that Rev. Charles Bentley, an evangelist, who has been attracting immense congregations, had fallen from grace and would be compelled to abandon his ministerial work. Bentley has been assisted in his religious work by Rev. A. D. Jones. Both boarded at the house of a highly respectable family in South Baltimore, and the members of the household were soon among the most devout and zealous attendants at the revivals. One of them, a young lady, quite pretty, who had been married but deserted by her husband, was a regular attendant, and frequently accompanied Mr. Bentley to and from the church. They became great friends, and it was soon whispered around that their friendship would result in a matrimonial match. Some months ago the young evangelist left the city to convert souls in other places. The young lady then became disconsolate and frequently was discovered by her friends weeping bitterly. About a month ago however, the preachers returned to renew their religious work, and were more successful than ever. Nightly the mourner's bench was filled with sinners anxious to giv their hearts to God. A few days ago the youug lady to whom Bentley had been so devoted in his attention became a mother, greatly to the astonishment of her parents, who had no kuowledge whatsoever of their only daughter's shame. In reply to an inquiry the poor girl acknowledged that Rev. Mr. Bentley was the father of her child. The parents, who were greatly incensed over their disgrace, sent for Bentley and demanded satisfaction. He accordingly confessed his guilt. The affair has caused a flutter in social and religious circles.

News of the Week.

TUG WILSON, the pugilist, has gone back to England.

THE number of immigrants arriving at Castle Garden is falling off.

MAINE is indulging in highwaymen who rob summer visitors to the state.

JAY GOULD controls $20,000,000 corporate capital and 42,000 employees in Missouri alone.

THE politicians pretend to expect that there will be changes in the president's cabinet soon.

EDISON'S electric light is at last in working order, and many large buildings are being illuminated by it.

THE British rifle team hav arrived. The international match will take place September 14th and 15th.

THERE is not room in the city public schools, which opened on the 1st, for all the pupils who desired to attend.

THE political campaign in Maine is very lively. So far the Fusionists seem to be ahead in popularity with the people.

ANOTHER speck of war is seen by the fact that Turkish and Greek troops fought last week on the Thessalian frontier.

THE British in Egypt are being reinforced. Not much fighiug has been done yet, and the situation is apparently unchanged.

THE striking iron workers held a meeting last Monday and unanimously voted to continue the strike, many members of the union pledging what property they had to assist the destitute.

ABOUT thirty thousand workingmen paraded the streets of this city last Tuesday, and in the afternoon and evening held a picnic at Elm Park. Many business houses were obliged to close on account of the absence of their men.

COAL is likely to be high-priced this winter. It seems to be a constant effort on the part of the monopolists to make living dear and wages cheap. It was such a course steadily followed for years that led to the French revolution.

THE grossness of the Salvation Army is excitiug disgust in the more sensible portion of the English church people. Locking young men and women up together for an all-night religious spree is not conduciv to morality any more than a Methodist camp-meeting.

THERE is considerable rioting in Dublin, and several constables hav been injured. A gunboat lies ready to shell the city. Five thousand soldiers are quartered in and around the place, and hav been and will be used to quell disturbances which the police cannot subdue.

THE subscribers to the Irish skirmishing fund are suspicious of the honesty and the intentions of the men holding the money, and want an accounting, which they cannot get. A new fund has been started, which will probably benefit nobody so much as the committee that receives it. It is certain that Gladstone will not resign on account of it.

MR. BRADLAUGH has issued a notification to his friends throughout England requesting them to bring all possible pressure to bear upon members of Parliament during the recess with respect to the "constitutional question of Northampton," in view of the possibility of bringing forward the matter during the autumn sitting, when he intends to make another effort to take his seat.

JOE COOK was thrown from an upper to a lower deck of a steamboat on his voyage from Japan to Sydney, hurting his ribs so badly he was obliged to be put in charge of the ship's surgeon. Providence did not take care of him so well as of the Infidel voyager, but his friends will no doubt be gratified to learn that his injuries are not severe enough to prevent his lying as vociferously as ever.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Japan.—A Visit to the Mountains Continued.

JAPANESE FOOD

Is a subject which Miss Bird took not a little pains to inquire into, and, being a woman, she naturally easily learned the modes of cooking and combining. She remarks that the range of Japanese eatables is almost unlimited, though rice, millet, and salt fish constitute the staples with the poorer classes. Over ninety kinds of sea and river fish are used, which are boiled, broiled, and eaten raw—from steaks of bonito and whale down to a minute species, not larger than our minnows. Salmon, cuttle-fish, sea-slugs, etc., are either dried or eaten raw. Eels and other dainties are served with soy (sho-yu), the great Japanese sauce, of a dark-brown color, made from fermented wheat and beans, with salt and vinegar, with a little *saké* sometimes added to impart flavor. More than a dozen kinds of shellfish are used, including clams, oysters, cockles, etc.

Cranes and storks are luxuries with the rich, and wild duck and goose, pheasant, snipe, heron, woodcock, skylark, quails, and pigeons are eaten by the better classes or those who are able to indulge in them. The believers in Shinto eat more birds, etc., than do the Buddhists who, from their opposition to taking animal life, make less use of animal food. Birds and fowls are usually cooked by boiling.

The variety of vegetables is infinite, but with one or two exceptions they are nearly tasteless, as are also most of the fruits of the country. I have tasted the pears, kept over from last year, and had my eyes been bandaged and I told to guess what I was eating, a pear would have been the last thing I would have thought of. It tasted like a turnip more than a pear, but it was not so good as an average turnip.

Fourteen kinds of beans are grown for food, with peas, buckwheat, Indian corn, potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, lettuce, endive, cucumbers, squash, muskmelons, watermelons, spinach, cabbages, leeks, onions, garlic, chillies (peppers), egg-plant, etc., besides such usual vegetable species as docks, ferns, wild ginger, water pepper, and bamboo shoots (a great delicacy). The bulbs of several kinds of lilies are used, as are also mushrooms. The vegetable, however, which most should be noticed is a mammoth white radish (*daikon*) *raphames sativus*. When full grown they are three feet long, and nearly three inches through at the crown. Its taste is much like the ordinary radish, when raw, but the style here is to partly dry and then pickle them for three months in brine, to which rice bran has been added, when to an ordinary Western palate and nasal organ they are one of the most unsavory things in existence. They taste bad and smell worse. I have tried them and know whereof I speak.

Among the fruits of the country are grapes, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, quinces, plums, oranges, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., but as a rule they are all poor and tasteless. The finest fruit in Japan is said to be the persimmon, or *kaki—Diospyrus kaki*—a large golden fruit on a beautiful tree. There are many varieties of it. A hard kind is peeled and dried in the sun, when it is nearly as good as a fig. The loquat is good stewed with sugar, especially its large seeds, which taste like peach kernels.

Seaweed is a great article of diet. It is obtained in large quantities on the coasts, where it is thrown upon the beach by the surf; it is gathered, dried, and carried far into the interior. It is boiled, fried, pickled, and eaten raw; it also enters into many of the combinations of pickles, mixtures, soups, etc. Pickles and relishes, as observed, are largely consumed. Cucumbers, egg-plants, and various other vegetables and roots, pickled in brine or the lyes of *saké*, with or without rice bran, are the main dependence for imparting a relish and giving an appetite.

Among the dishes which the Japanese know nothing of are puddings, tarts, creams, custards, and all combinations in which milk, cream, or butter are essential. They use but little sugar in cooking, though they make a great use of confectionary, such as it is, largely composed of rice flour, made pretty sweet with sugar. It is served up at the tea-houses and eating-houses, especially at night and morning. The best kinds are made in the larger cities, but every village has its confectioner, and the wares are carried around the country in boxes by means of the shoulder sticks, and also by carts. They are gotten up artistically so far as looks are concerned, but in taste they fall considerably behind our candies and sweets.

I have sampled but few cakes made by the natives which I call good, though that they don't make good cakes I will not pretend to say. They are said to have a cake called *kasuteira*, resembling sponge-cake, which is much in favor and fair in quality.

KAMAKURA.

We passed through the small villages constituting Kanazawa. We saw a humble temple or two, but nothing to justify stopping; we kept on in a northward course a few miles to Kamakura, which was once the capital of Japan, from the last of the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century. Here was laid the foundation of that peculiar system of government by the military class, the shoguns, which prevailed up to 1868. The city once covered the plain for miles around, but after being the scene of much warfare and civil contention on the part of the shoguns and big military bodies, it was destroyed by fire and unusual tidal waves from the ocean, which is not far away, and this was four hundred and forty years ago. It was partially rebuilt, and again burnt in 1526. But small fragments of the city are now left, and they are scattered here and there over the old site. It is a noted locality on account of its bloody historical associations. The temples still remain in the vicinity. The first came to was a Shinto temple, erected fourteen years ago in memory of the unfortunate prince Oto-no-miya, who was banished to Kamakura in the seventeenth century, imprisoned in a cavern, and afterward put to death by order of the ill-advised mikado's brother, Tadayoshi. The courtyard of the temple is planted with the beautiful wild cherry-trees for which Japan is greatly noted. Early in April they present a rich and lovely appearance, but unfortunately for me I am two or three weeks too late to witness the bloom. The chapel is built of unpainted wood in pure Shinto style, and is thatched with grass. Behind is the cave where the prince was imprisoned, eighteen feet in diameter and fifteen feet in hight, the roof being on a level with the top of the steps recently built at the entrance. There are tombs of dead mikados and shoguns on the elevations or hills in the close vicinity, but I will not take the time to give their history.

THE TEMPLE OF HACKI-MAN

Is the most important of all the temples around the site of the old city. In front of the wide walk or avenue which leads up to it stands a red torii, which is seen before many thousands of temples in Japan. Hacki-man is one of the old Japanese gods, with whose history I am not familiar, but he seems to have been believed to interest himself with the victories gained by successful combatants in the civil wars which prevailed from two to eight hundred years ago. The temple was constructed in the twentieth century, and in the troubles which befell the city it was partially demolished. A long flight of wide steps leads up to the main temple, which stands in a paved court, and surrounded on all sides by a lower row of buildings, in which are rooms for priests and relics of the past centuries—the sword used by this mikado, the helmet worn by that shogun, and so on. A priest went around with me, and showed these relics, but I was not hugely interested in them. The temple is largely painted red, on a ground of lacquer, and has a glaring, rich, oriental appearance. In the niches in the colonnade alluded to are two images.

The temple was re-erected in 1828, after having been destroyed by fire seven years earlier. It is in what is called the Rio-bu style, with red pillars, beams, and rafters. It is decorated with small pieces of painted carving, chiefly of birds and animals. One of the priests gave me a very small glass of some fluid to drink. I asked him if it was *saké*, and he nodded in return. I tasted it, but did not like it. I thought a decoction of burnt popcorn and boot-tops, sweetened with the cheapest molasses, with a little whisky added to it, would make as palatable drink. I afterward tasted of a better article here in Yokohama, but I did not like it well enough to swallow very much of it.

Before ascending the wide flight of steps the receptacle for holy water is seen and a building for treasures. By the side of the avenue leading to the temple are rows of beautiful trees, among them three huge willows, claimed to be of great antiquity. Near by are two ponds, where the lotus grows, and in August the beautiful flower is in blossom. I indulged in a wish that this were the blossoming time.

In the vicinity there are several other temples, but it is hardly worth while to describe them in detail. They are mainly connected with the past, and are not very much used now. Over the hill toward the east is a Buddhist temple six or seven hundred years old. In it are seven images of Buddha and his sixteen disciples. There are paintings on the ceilings of phenixes, on gold ground over black lacquer. They are thought to be fine, though much faded. A large wooden sitting image of Ji-zo occupies the altar, gilt over black lacquer. On the wall behind are about four hundred small gilt images of Ji-zo, dating from the tenth century. The site where this temple stands was originally the execution-ground, and went by the name of Ji-goku-ga-yatsu (hell bottom). In the time of Toki-gori a certain Salta was condemned to be beheaded, but the executioner, though he delivered a couple of heavy blows in the right place, found he made no impression on the neck, while the edge of the sword was badly injured. On examination he found that the condemned man carried in his queue a small image of Ji-zo, which had saved his head. He was pardoned, and this temple of Ji-zo was founded on the spot where the miracle occurred. So the Japanese can boast of miracles as well as other folks.

THE DAI-BUTSU.

After looking as much as I could at the several other temples, we moved on toward the village of Hase, along northeastward on the plain, hardly two miles away, and near which stands the celebrated large bronze statue of Buddha called the Dai-Butsu. The towering head is to be seen up among the tree-tops as it is approached. It is one of the most noted of the images of the kind in Japan. A temple stood on the site as early as the eighth century, though the image is believed to be of a much later date. Its age and origin are somewhat involved in doubt. There cannot, however, be any question but that it is a very large and fine image. Tradition has it that after the construction of a similar statue at Nara, the mikado Yoritomo wished to have a similar one in his own capital, but died before he was able to put his plan into execution. One of the ladies of his court undertook to collect funds for the purpose, and in the year 1252 it was cast by a skilful artist, one Go-ro-ye-men. History speaks of two such images. The first, a wooden one, was planned by a priest named Jo-ko, who collected money for it far and wide amongst all classes, and in 1228, in less than two months, the head of the image, twenty-eight feet in circumference, was already in its place, while the temple in which it stood was completed in 1241. This image is said to have represented Amida, and was destroyed by a tempest. The present image is believed to have been erected in 1252. It was inclosed in a large building, one hundred and fifty feet square, the roof of which was supported by sixty-three massive wooden pillars. Many of the stone bases on which it stood still remain. The whole temple and several other buildings were twice destroyed by inundations from the sea in 1369 and 1494, after which it was not rebuilt. The dimensions of the present bronze image are: Hight, 50 feet; circumference, 97 feet; length of face, 8½ feet; width from ear to ear, 18 feet; round white boss on the forehead, 1¼ feet; length of eye, 4 feet; of eyebrow, 4 feet 2 inches; of ear, 6½ feet; of nose, 3¾ feet; width of mouth, 3 feet 2 inches; hight of bump of wisdom, 9½ feet; diameter of bump of wisdom, 4½ feet; curls (of which there are 830), 9½ feet; diameter of curls, 1 foot; length from knee to knee, 35⅔ feet; circumference, 3 feet. The length of the two thumbs as they meet afford room enough for twelve persons to be seated on them. The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boss in the forehead weighs thirty pounds.

The image is formed by sheets of bronze cast separately, and soldered together and finished off on the outside with chisels. The image is hollow, and inside it is a good-sized chapel, with an altar and the necessary paraphernalia for worship. The image is represented as seated on lotus-flowers, and some of the petals are to be seen both outside and inside. The expression of the image is the peculiar passive, contemplative cast for which the images of Buddha are noted. It is well executed, and presents a really imposing appearance. A movement is said to be on foot to rebuild the temple over it on a magnificent scale, and according to a new design, at a cost of 37,000 yen.

There are many large bronze images of Buddha in Japan, but this is the largest save one in Nara, three or four hundred miles further west, where is one a few feet larger than this, and in the composition of which was blended fourteen hundred pounds of gold, avoirdupois. The daimiyos of the country were called upon to contribute for it such metals as they had to help make the Dai-Butsu, and whatever was so contributed was put into the furnace and melted up. Some of the daimiyos were wealthy and gave their gold, and thus the amount named helped to make up the substance of this big god. I get this information from one who knows.

In a temple at the head of the main street of the village, in a dark room in the rear of the altar, is a standing image of some goddess, which is thirty feet in hight. It is made of camphor wood, gilt on chocolate-colored lacquer, and in the dim light of the candles, which are raised by cords to illuminate it, it presents a strange, weird appearance. It is concealed from public view by a pair of folding doors, but from the 12th to the 18th of March the doors are thrown open. At other times people are admitted, as I was, by a side door. It is several hundred years old, but during all that time it has remained perfectly passive and harmless. There are other temples also in this neighborhood, but they are not remarkable.

FIRST NIGHT IN A JAPANESE HOTEL.

When the temples here were duly inspected it was time to think about quarters for the night, so Tage Ro took me to the principal *yadoya*, the Japanese name for an inn, or a tea-house where lodgings and meals are furnished. My riki stopped before a two-story building of the character I described in connection with Nagasaka. The entire front was open, and a passageway a few feet in width ran through the center of the building to the rear. This is the *domo*, or walk on the ground, on either side of which was the usual elevation of wood, eighteen inches high, on which are fastened the neat white straw mats already described. On one side the cooking

operations were being conducted, and on the other a portion of the family were seated, engaged at sewing, etc. As soon as I alighted, two or three of the inmates of the house came promptly forward and received me in the most kindly and polite manner. These were the women of the house. They bowed very respectfully, smiled sweetly, and commenced talking in quite an animated manner; but unfortunately I could not understand a word, for which I was truly sorry, as I was anxious to get acquainted and have a good chat. I, however, was well enough posted in Japanese etiquette to know that I must by no means step with my shoes upon their clean, white mats, and I at once slipped them off and left them behind, after which I was shown up-stairs to the room I was to occupy, two or three young damsels following to prepare everything properly for the distinguished guest. The sliding paper-covered frames forming the partitions (*fusuma*) were at once adjusted, a cloth mat placed in the middle of the floor, which I inferred was for me to sit upon. It was rather a "getting down" for me, but I placed myself upon it like a good little Japanese. Tage Ro brought up from the riki the articles I had with me, and I think he told the people of the place that I had food of my own, and only wished tea. I was sorry for this, for they looked so pleasant and clean that I thought I could eat a Japanese supper, whether it was seaweed, pickled radishes, dried fish, or whatever it might be. Soon one of the smiling young ladies brought in a small polished brass arrangement named a *tabako-bon*, of the capacity of about six quarts. It was two-thirds filled with ashes; in the center were three pieces of charcoal about the size of hens' eggs; three small iron uprights connected by an iron ring at the top, four inches in diameter and three inches from the live charcoal; on the ring sat a metal tea-kettle, holding a little over a pint, and the steam was coming from the spout like a very small steamboat; and this was set down beside me. Another smiling damsel came in with a bright tray of lacquered wood, on which was a neat porcelain teapot of the capacity of half a pint, and a tiny teacup that held about six tablespoonfuls; also a metal cup having some nice-looking tea in it, with a small lacquered dish, about the size of a saucer, filled with confections and sweetmeats. That was also set down close to me, and I was astute enough to understand that I could make tea just to suit myself, which I proceeded to do, the two young ladies smiling still very sweetly while watching my operations, and two or three other girls coming to help them.

While they were very polite and well behaved it did not occur to me that they were particularly bashful, for they acted much as though we were well acquainted, and had been since we were little boys and girls together. In the absence of anything else to attend to they commenced overhauling my basket of articles. One found the paper of round, hard biscuits and was very much interested with them, and she asked me by pantomine if she might have one. Of course I bowed assent, when she placed it against her forehead and bowed low in thanks. Another girl wanted one, and I bowed yes, and she returned thanks in the same manner by putting it to her forehead and bowing. I inferred that this is the Japanese mode of thanking. One of them found an American apple I purchased in town, for which I gave ten cents, but I saw she wanted the apple, and I readily bowed yes. I think I should have given them anything I had. They laughed heartily over two or three cucumbers they found in my basket, and when they reached the can of butter they looked thunderstruck, as though they had never seen any before. A piece of cheese also filled them with the same bewilderment, and they shook their heads over it. I tried to explain by pantomime what they were and what for. I presume they did not half understand me, but they smiled all the same. When, however, I had made my tea, and began to spread the butter on my bread, and break off and eat a little cheese, they caught the idea and laughed outright. I motioned to them to try some, but they shook their heads and laughed more yet.

I must say for the young ladies they were quite good-looking, though of the Japanese cast of countenance, and had they even been ill-looking, their pleasant manners would have made amends. They were not dark, but nearly as light as American women.

When I had finished my repast it was time for a light, and a Japanese lamp, or *andon*, was brought in and set close to me. It is constructed of a frame of four delicate lacquered posts two and a half feet high, making a square of eight inches. The upper part is covered with transparent paper, and on one side is a sliding-door, also covered with the same, which moves up as desired to adjust the lamp—an open iron dish, about half the size of a saucer, filled with vegetable oil, with a wick of pith lying in it and coming up above the edge of the iron vessel. The light it gave was small, but by having it close to me I could make out to read a little. A domestic candle was also brought; it was about a fourth of an inch in size, but it gave more light than the lamp, so I utilized it, leaving the lamp to burn all night, which is the intention. I do not think it would take more than a spoonful of oil to supply it all night.

I should observe that when they had sufficently examined my stock of articles the young ladies retired, leaving me to my own contented meditations. I realized that I was among a friendly people, and I felt quite at home, though sitting on the floor was a little out of the usual style. The man of the house came in and tried his best to hold some conversation with me, but we could not make much headway. A young Chinaman also stopped there for the night, and he was also disposed to be sociable, but the impediments were hard to overcome. I did succeed in making them understand that I was from New York, and that was about all.

In due time the quilts were brought in for my bed and spread upon the floor, four or five thicknesses, with another to cover me. The outer and inner shutters were drawn in front, closing me completely in. When I retired, though the room on each side of me was occupied by persons who know nothing about the Christian religion, and there was nothing to prevent the frames to be slid aside at any time, and no fastening of any kind on the doors, and none on the house, I felt perfectly safe and easy, as much so as if I had been in my own house, and my rest was sweet. It is not the custom for these people to lock their houses, and they scarcely know what a lock is. This certainly does not look as though thieves were very troublesome. It would hardly answer to follow that way in New York, or in any American town. Can it be because they have so much more Christianity there than here?

In the morning I found the same geniality on the part of the people of the *yadoya*, and after trying some of their boiled rice, on which I had placed a dressing of butter and sugar, with fresh tea, made in the same way as on the previous evening, together with some of my own eatables, I was prepared to renew my journey. I found my shoes waiting for me, and that my bill was sixty-five sen, or, in silver, forty-three cents. I felt that the charge was very moderate, and I went on my way rejoicing.

As we left, the family and waiter-girls came forward and bowed a very profound good-bye. When we had got half a mile or more from the *yadoya*, a lad came running after us with my spectacles, which I had accidently dropped in the room I occupied. I thought it a good deal more than some of our innkeepers in America would do; it showed the inherent kindness of these people. I gave the young man a suitable compensation, but he really seemed loth to accept it, clearly evincing the thought that he had only done his duty and wanted no reward for it.

The morning was pleasant and the landscape lovely. We passed over some pretty country. Among other things that attracted my attention were two cemeteries, where those who had closed their earthly career were placed at rest. Each grave was marked with a thick brown slab of native stone, looking like granite, and upon which characters were cut, doubtless giving the name, age, etc., of those buried there. All the stones are alike, and no effort of one to excel his neighbor is visible. I think this is a characteristic of the Japanese—they are no slaves of fashion; and there are no heart-burnings, none of the spirit of rivalry engendered, from one trying to outdo or outshine another. The tombstones are much nearer together than is common in our country, because of the dead being buried in a sitting instead of recumbent posture.

In course of an hour we reached the sea-shore, the vast Pacific, which both east and south spread away, without an obstruction, for thousands of miles. The riki sinking in the sand, and making the pulling hard, I preferred to walk, as a mile or two of the sandy shore had to be passed over to reach Enoshima, the next point of destination. It was pleasant to walk along on the clean sands of the old Pacific Ocean, on that pleasant morning, picking up seashells and pieces of cuttle-fish bone. I thought to myself, how many there are of my American friends who would like to be here this morning; and how glad I would be here under these genial skies to meet hundreds of them and talk over some of the affairs in our past experience. I think it will not now be very many weeks before I see some of you at all events. The wide Pacific stretches out its five thousand miles between us, but that distance can be traversed in twenty days or less after I leave these shores, so ere long I trust I will be able to set foot on our grand continent. I have seen many fine and interesting countries, but I have seen none that I consider equal to our own loved land, and none that I would feel like taking for a residence in place of my home among you. I look forward with pleasant anticipation toward the time when I will be with you again, only desiring that in your midst I may close my somewhat checkered career, and that some of you at heart may have reason to bear a kind remembrance of me when the struggles and storms of life are over.

As I walk along on this beautiful sea-shore I see scores of men and women wading in the surf which is constantly lashing the sands, gathering up great armfuls of seaweed and bringing it out into heaps beyond the reach of the waves. This is the seaweed which is used for food. It is a semi-transparent, gelatinous substance that seems to have considerable nourishment in it. After being dried it keeps for a long time, and is sent away in large quantities into the interior. I think I saw enough to make a hundred tons of it; and it seems a wonder where such quantities can come from. Much of it has shoots four or six feet in length, two inches wide, and as thick, in its green state, as thin pasteboard. What is unfit for food I think is used as a fertilizer. Vast quantities of it are gathered on this coast in course of the year.

ENOSHIMA,

The next point to be visited, is an elevated body of land, containing some three hundred acres, and it is about three hundred feet above the sea. It is almost an island, but not quite, for it is joined to the main-land by a narrow neck which is dry land save in very high water, when the three hundred acres temporarily become an island. There are probably a thousand people living in the village, which has a torii over the end of the street first entered. It has the appearance of antiquity. There are on the island three temples, dating from the early centuries. These are visited by climbing up a long ascent of hundreds of stone steps, while a stately bell of the most soft and dulcet tones calls the attention of the gods as well as their worshipers. The temples are not extravagantly rich, but doubtless possess to the devotees who flock there, most pious associations. In the village, and at several points on the hill-top, are remarkably fine collections of sea-shells in large variety, which are gathered in the vicinity, as well as brought here for sale from other parts of the coast. I purchased some of them. The place is most remarkable for the cave on the south side next to the sea, where the goddess Benten, one of the favorites of the Japanese, is worshiped. It is a somewhat singular cavern, the floor being nearly down upon a level with the Pacific, the entrance some thirty feet in hight, somewhat less in width, and running back three hundred and seventy-five feet, where stands the shrine of the goddess, behind which the cavern extends as much farther to other and smaller shrines, the passage being lighted with several lamps.

After climbing up to the hight of the island, looking at the different temples and shrines, and the various collections of shells and other natural curiosities, after looking upon the premises of a retired Englishman who has built up a home on the summit of Enoshima, where he can look out at all times upon the eternal Pacific, cultivating around him many plants and flowers, and after stopping at a tea-house near his place and refreshing myself with freshly roasted clams and tea (finding the clams, however, hardly equal to ours in America), I descended long flights of steps to the level of old ocean, climbed around under the shelving rocks, sometimes walking on bridgeways built over the surging and dashing waves, and made my entrance into the dark sanctuary of the celestial Benten, Tage Ro acting as my guide. The goddess named is popularly reckoned as one of "seven deities of good fortune" of the Japanese, though since 1868 three Shinto gods have shared with her the honors of being worshiped in this sacred cave. This goddess is not dependent upon this cave alone for a temple, for at Chi-kubu Shima on the Biwa Lake and on Miya-jima in the Inland Sea she holds seats of worhip. Her full name is Dai-ben-zai-ten, which means the Great Deva of the Reasoning Faculty, but owing to her being regarded as a bestower of riches, the word *zai* is usually written with a character which means "treasure," and for short the second and fourth syllables of her name only are used. By some she is regarded as the younger sister of Vasu-deva, or Vishnu, showing that she is a member of the Hindoo god family. Another explanation, and probably equally true, is that she is a manifestation of Dai-nichi, Nio-rai, or Vairokana, and confers power, happiness, riches, long life, fame, and reasoning powers. She is represented with four pairs of hands, holding a sword, a spear, an ax, a bow and arrows, a cord for binding the wicked, a long-handled vagra, and a kakra, or "wheel of the law." Her worship was substituted for that of one of the three miraculously begotten maidens who were recognized as daughters of Susano-no-Mikoto. She is held to be very beautiful, though I cannot admire her taste in taking up a residence in this gloomy cavern; but there is no accounting for the tastes of many of these gods and goddesses.

Tradition, which is always getting up very remarkble and improbable stories, says that before the existence of Enoshima that part of the sea now occupied by the cave was inhabited by a dragon who used to devour the children of the neighboring village of Koshigoye, and after they were thus killed they and the parents went away to dwell elsewhere. About the year 540 a violent earthquake took place, and at the same time an Apsaras appeared in the clouds over the spot inhabited by the monster. An island then suddenly rose up out of the sea, upon which the goddess descended, and marrying the monster she was able to bring him under subjection

and put an end to his destructive ravages. In later times this Apsaras is said to have revealed himself to Ho-jo Tokimasa, and to have foretold to him the greatness of his descendants, but at the same time threatened that they should lose their power if they misconducted themselves.

Several Japanese urchins were around the mouth of the cave extremely anxious to dive down from the neighboring rocks and bring up sea shells, etc., for a few sen, but it is said that the little rascals have the shells concealed upon their persons, and bring no more up than they take down. I did not give them a job to dive for me.

From the top of the island is a fine outlook over the ocean and all the surrounding country. A fine view of Fuji-yama and his snow-capped summit peering heavenward is obtained in clear weather, but it was thick and cloudy on this occasion, so the grand old fellow hid his face from me.

OFF TO MIYA-NO SHITA.

Leaving Enoshima we made our course through the village of Koshigoye and other villages on westward toward the Tokaido, which is the grand national road of the country, leading from Kioto, the old capital in the west, to Tokio, the present capital in the east. The object was next to visit the warm springs in the mountainous district of Miya-no-Shita, the Saratoga of Japan, a locality to which many resort to be treated by the mineral waters and the hot springs which greatly abound in that vicinity.

I judged this must have been a sort of holiday with the natives, for kite-flying was being conducted by men and boys to an extent I never witnessed before. The air was full of kites of very large size, many of them ten or twelve feet long and two-thirds as wide. They are usually oblong in shape, with two tails. Some, however, were diamond shaped, and some, again, in the form of huge birds with outspread wings. All were fantastically painted, bearing the figures of dragons, animals, and men. Some were flown without any tails at all, the cord which held the kite being attached to the front in not less than fifty places, and uniting in one cord fifty feet or more from the kite. This I had not seen before, and had always supposed the tail indispensable to kite-flying. Among other aerial curiosities I saw what might be regarded as a kind of balloon, it being an oblong rectangular concern, like a box, but made wholly of light paper. It seemed to be filled with gas a little lighter than the atmosphere, for it gently floated along with the current of air, a quarter of a mile from the earth. There were more than a hundred of these large kites in the air at one time, and, with the figures of the fishes spoken of before, the space overhead seemed pretty well occupied.

After reaching the Tokaido the villages were larger and nearer together. In fact, a part of the way it was a continuous town for miles in extent, replete with stores, tea houses, and mechanic shops; and the streets were well filled with lively and pleasant men and women, and active but grave-looking children. The weather had now cleared, and Fuji-yama loomed up before me; and with pleasure I gazed upon its towering, massive, and frosty grandeur. The country is very populous, everybody seemed to be stirring, and all appeared pleasant and cheerful. I must repeat what I have said before, that the Japanese are the most pleasant, genial, good-natured people I have met. I saw much that interested me, but of course it is not to be expected that I can recall or describe everything.

There is a great sameness in the villages. The style of building is very uniform, and one town looks just like another. In the larger towns, however, there is a greater proportion of two-story houses, and the tea houses are larger and finer. In every considerable village is one or two fireproof buildings, called "godowns"—two-story buildings, with heavy stone walls, tile roof, and iron shutters. In these valuable articles are kept where fire cannot reach them, the same as valuables are preserved in the safe deposits in our large cities. Houses here being built of a light, inflammable material, this precaution is necessary.

In making the journey along the Tokaido several streams have to be crossed on bridges, for which a small toll is charged. A line of light stages or spring wagons make daily trips along the Tokaido from Tokio to Kioto, but the horses are rather ill-looking. With the exception of these and a few pack-horses carrying various commodities, I see but a small number of horses or cattle. Occasionally I notice a pack-ox or two. Charcoal is a staple in this country. It is put up in compact bales, something more than two feet in length by fifteen inches thick, round and smooth, and usually made of small wood, retaining its natural shape; that is to say, the coal is in the form of round limbs, and is unbroken. As almost every family uses charcoal to cook and warm by, the aggregate quantity consumed is very great. I see it being transported on the shoulders of men, on horses, on heavy carts, and on oxen. Wood is not very plentiful in this part of the island, and quite small limbs are used for charring. Those who burn wood instead of coal necessarily have much smoke and discomfort. It is singular that so neat a people have not devised some means for conveying smoke from their houses.

I frequently see over the streams mills run by undershot wheels, for freeing rice and barley from the outer skin, which is usually done by pounding with wooden pestles. I have seen no regular grist-mills or mills for making fine flour. Hand mills for coarse grinding are frequently to be seen in the dwellings, but not so often as the large wooden hammers and wooden mortars for cleaning rice. I judge very little flour is made in the country, and little or none is used by the natives, the grains they use being generally boiled and stewed. Their wheat is to a large extent made into macaroni, and the barley is partly used for distilling. No oats or rye are raised and but a small portion of Indian corn. I saw a turning-shop or two, going by simple water-power, where trays and other neat articles are made. They are small and have only two or three men working in them. The women are very industrious. I see many spinning and weaving in their open houses as I pass by. I sometimes see two or three looms going in the same house. I have also seen women out of doors with their weaving, one end of the piece which they were working on fastened around their waists, the other end attached to something else. The goods woven are largely cotton from yarns brought from England. Some silk is also seen, but it is all narrow—fifteen to twenty inches in width. The children are likewise at work at what they are able to perform, at least taking care of the smaller children while their mothers are engaged in other occupations. In the many villages I go through I note but few idlers standing at the corners of the streets watching passers by. Nearly all seem to have something to do and willing to do it. The national drink, *saké*, is kept in every village, however small, and there is little doubt that too much of it is used, but I have seen no intoxicated persons. This *saké* is kept and conveyed in tubs, with tight-fitting heads, holding about twenty gallons. I see much of it in transit. Some shops contain thirty or forty of these tubs, and I have good reason to believe that more than enough of it is imbibed. It is, however, not half as strong as whisky, and consequently not as injurious.

Passing in front of a temple perched on a pretty high eminence, and hearing the sound of a drum, accompanied by other noises, I thought I would step up and see what kind of services were being performed. Looking in at the door, I spied a man and a woman kneeling before the altar, and three priests with shorn heads were in attendance—one chanting a litany of some kind, another beating the drum, while the third was playing an accompaniment on a small metallic, ringing instrument which I could not fully understand. What it was all for or about I did not quite learn. Whether the man and woman had done something they ought not to have done, or whether the services were for the benefit of a deceased child, I had no means of knowing.

We continued on the Tokaido, until we neared Miyano-Shita, when we turned to the right up the hill-side, and came to a village where is a fine native high school, the buildings neatly painted, while everything connected with it wore a cheerful appearance. We had then arrived at the end of the journey that could be performed by jin-rik-sha, and the remainder of the road had to be traveled on foot or in a chair. I felt competent to climb the mountain path for two miles, which was yet the distance which separated us from Miyano-Shita, and prepared to address myself to that little piece of exercise, but three coolies seemed anxious that I should ride in their *koga*, and expressed a desire to carry me up the mountain side. Their charge was one yen twenty, but as business was a little slack, they thought one yen would answer. Being easy to fall in with such propositions, and wishing to reserve my strength and agility for the next day's tramp over the hills, I concluded to gratify them and allow them to carry me.

A *koga* is a large basket or tray, with a roof to shield from sun and rain, in which one partly lies down and partly sits up. A stout pole runs through the top, like a palanquin, and the whole is carried by two men. Up these mountain defiles three men are employed, the third to take turns with the others, to allow them to take a little breath. After taking my position in the koga I tried to be as light as I could, having a little sympathy for the three men who had to carry my avoirdupois; but I judge from the way that they puffed and perspired that I did not succeed in lessening my 175 pounds very much. They took me over some pretty rough and steep places, but I felt much confidence in their surefootedness, and it was not misplaced, for they made no misstep and did not let me fall. Two would carry me, say on their right shoulders, a distance of five rods, when they would place a bamboo support under the pole of the koga, steadying the same with the hand while they placed the left shoulder under the load; when they made the same distance again the third man placed his shoulder under the burden, and allowed one to rest; and in this way they took turns. They did not go directly behind each other, but one walked on one side of the pathway and one on the other, causing me to be in a quartering position, and when they changed shoulders my position was reversed, so I went up the hill, first the right side ahead and then the left, but the riding was perfectly easy. Tage Ro accompanied me on foot.

We passed several tea gardens, or lands in tea, as well as other crops. When half way up we halted at a tea-house, for those who carried the burden to rest. At length we arrived at Miya-no-Shita, where, in the narrow, steep valley, quite a pretty village, with many stores and half a dozen pleasant hotels, cosily nestles in the gorge, and presents a romantic aspect. The warm springs are close by, and the hot water is brought in in bamboo pipes of considerable size, so the bathing-houses are amply supplied with the warm fluid. My guide took me to the Nara-ya hotel, kept by Heiji Nara-ya, and I found it one of the most agreeable places at which I ever stopped.

I am sure the three burden-bearers were glad to reach the hotel, and, though I could have walked the distance very comfortably, I did not begrudge the yen (really sixty-five cents), and I noticed it did not make me puff and blow nearly so bad to draw it from my pocket as it did them to carry me up the hill; and I think I would much rather give the yen to be thus carried up a steep mountain road than to be one to carry another for the third part of that sum.

My host and hostess are middle-aged people; at all events, they have ten children, the larger portion of whom are grown, and I was charmed by the kind, genial manner in which they received me. The madame came right up to me, making me welcome, brushing the dust from my clothes, and talking steadily, as though I had been a brother who had long been absent but had now returned. I was again sorry I could not talk Japanese, for the father and mother and daughters were so friendly, and seemed so inclined to be sociable, that I really would have been glad to understand them and make them understand me. The mother could speak a few words of English in a very broken manner, while I could not speak a word of their language. Taking off my shoes at the entrance, I was ushered into a very pleasant room in the second story, commanding a fine view of the Miya-no-Shita valley below, the hills opposite, and the flowering trees and shrubs in the surrounding grounds. The *shoji*, or sliding screens of transparent paper, were pushed aside, allowing me to take in all the beauties of the locality.

A neater apartment I never saw; not a particle of dust or dirt was to be seen; the lacquered wood-work shone like a mirror; the *fusima*, or sliding partitions between the rooms, were as perfect and clean as though just made; the folding screens were of the same description; and the *tatami*, or mats on the floor, were as clean as newly-washed linen, if not quite so white. I was shown into the bathing apartment in the lower story, and could not deny myself the luxury of a bath in water warmed by Nature herself. Refreshed by this, I was ready for the beautiful evening meal which the daughters of the host and hostess brought in on the shining zen, a small lacquered stand, a few inches high, holding the tea-pot and other dishes necessary for a small repast; and these were not placed on the floor, for here some European habits are adopted. I was furnished with a chair and table, and at night I had a regular bed, with sheets, on a bedstead. I fear I can hardly give you an idea of the exquisite neatness of the place and the cleanliness of everything pertaining to it. I must recommend to all of you who visit Miya-no-Shita to patronize the Nara-ya hotel. It is an extensive establishment, having over fifty rooms, and all the dirt that can be found in the house could be put in a very small thimble. I was also furnished with a good kerosene lamp, so I could sit and read with as much pleasure as at home. By the bye, I see Devoe's refined oil, in five-gallon cans, almost every place in this country. In Palestine and Egypt Pratts' oil was the kind used, but in this part of the world it is Devoe's altogether—both are sent over in large quantities from America.

A DAY'S RAMBLE.

Early on the following morning, wishing to visit several places on foot, and it being May-day withal, Tage-Ro and myself made a pretty early start, and I was pleased that the weather was most auspicious, being clear, balmy, and delightful. I got pretty weary before night, but I doubt if I ever passed a more pleasant May-day. If my wishes could be answered, I think I would like to live long enough to see twenty-five more such May-days, when I will be willing to "pass in my checks" and "cross over the shining river," become a resident of "summer-land," visit the red man's "happy hunting-ground," the "Western Paradise" of the Chinese, the "Nirvana" of the Buddhists, the "sweet silent sleep of Nature," or almost any other place that it may be convenient to journey to, except it be a Christian heaven or a Christian hell. From going to either of these two I beg to be excused. They are not after my taste. But if, in the natural course of things, it should so turn out that I do not see twenty-five more May-days, I shall not complain, and will go to whatever may be in store for me with little grumbling. I shall feel that I have seen my share of May-days, and that I ought not to complain.

Leaving our charming hotel, with the tall bamboo

staff in hand which the hostess presented me, and with Tage Ro close before or close behind, as the case might be, we passed up through the village by the side of the roaring, dashing stream which comes tumbling down over the rocks, tributaries of hot water pouring into it from the mountain side; and I noticed that several new hotels are being erected, showing that the business of the place is increasing. I hope the new hotels will not detract from the Nara-ya, for I am sure its proprietors are most worthy people.

We passed up the rugged defile, with the rocks on either side, flowering vines and honeysuckles hanging in festoons, evergreens and leafy bowers in abundance; and, what was very grand, numerous cascades and waterfalls, with their rich streams of silver leaping and dashing from lofty hights and mingling their form and spray with the whirling Miyano-Shita, or mountain torrent. Some portions of this picturesque gorge reminded me of Watkins Glen, which has some of the grandest scenery in the world. Indeed there was much that was charming in that morning's walk.

Half an hour brought us to Kiga, a small village quite at the bottom of the valley, where are a few bathing-houses and more hot water rushing from the hill-side and uniting with the mountain stream, the steam from the fervent waters rising freely in the air. The mineral waters here are much celebrated for their medical properties. A temple and shrine stand on an eminence back of the town, and from them we turned our steps up the hill, over toward Ashi-no-yu, some four miles away. The hill is steep and hard to climb, and had any one been there to see, he might have taken me for Christian ascending the hill Difficulty, with his companion Faithful by his side; only I had no heavy load of sin upon my back. I traveled pretty free, and though the morning sun, together with the exercise, was conducive to a free perspiration, I enjoyed it much. The path led us over on to high ground, where extensive clearings were made hundreds of years ago, and the view of the surrounding mountains and valleys was very fine indeed. We looked off upon the side of a high hill which descended toward us three miles away, and saw men cutting wood and burning charcoal. We also met a few others erecting a house. On our upward course I met a Mr. Jourdan, a banker from Hong Kong, now stopping for a few weeks at Ashi-no-yu to be treated by the hot sulphur springs there, for rheumatism, and he informed me that he had been very much improved.

In due time we reached Ashi-no-yu, locate in a broad, pleasant valley, with hills not far away and mountains farther off. Here, as intimated, are hot sulphur springs, from which boils up water too hot to bear the hand in, and smelling so strong of sulphur as to lead one to think that the abode of Old Nick could not be far away. One of the springs is callod Koji-goku, which means "little hill." Comfortable little bathing-houses are built over the springs, or rather where the water is brought in, and convenient hotels and tea-houses are hard by. The water is so charged with sulphur that a white deposit is left upon the sides of the conductor through which it runs, and upon the stones in the stream.

HAKONE LAKE.

The walk from Ashi-no-yu to Hakone is not difficult, and leads through an interesting section of country. After climbing a considerable extent we came to a small lake in a hollow on the right, and on the left a large stone image of Buddha, with a halo in stone, six feet in diameter, around his head. Here a temple once stood, and here the shrine still remains. All along the pathway for half a mile we passed at intervals small stone statues of gods and saints which looked as though they had seen service for centuries. Still further on we passed a small lake on the left, and less than a mile more brought us to the tokaido. Here I met a man carrying by means of a shoulder-stick two heavy bales, which Tage Ro said was tea. While he was resting I walked up and placed my shoulders under the pole to test its weight, and I thought it weighed over a hundred pounds, and concluded I had much rather carry it one rod than ten, which I judged would be to the extent of my ability. This man was carrying his load to Yokohama, forty miles away. I did not envy him the job. Descending the hill I met nearly twenty other men carrying similar bales but in a different way; instead of the shoulder-pole they had a rack or ladder fastened to the shoulders and back, to which were lashed three of those bales, the upper one projecting above and over the head. They were sweating freely, and they had a good right to do so, for I estimated their loads must weigh fully one hundred and fifty pounds. They were climbing a hill of forty degrees, with forty miles still before them. Think of that, ye lovers of the "cup which cheers but does not inebriate," when you sip your fragrant tea which poor fellows have to carry on their backs in such loads a distance of forty or fifty miles! These men seemed more muscular and better developed than many of the Japanese, for as they were nearly naked I had a good opportunity to notice their muscle. Some of them had legs and thighs that even Hercules himself might envy. They carry with them a section of stiff bamboo of the right length, which they frequently place under the foot of the ladder or kind of rack on which the load is lashed, thus bearing the weight and allowing them to rest. I learn they make about fifteen miles a day. I saw two or three pack horses carrying the same kind of bales, and they had two on each side; thus men were absolutely carrying three-fourths as much as horses. Soon after I met five or six other natives in the employ of the government carrying mail, done up in packages, and conveyed by means of the shoulder-pole. They walked rapidly, and as though the loads were heavy.

Descending the hill and looking through a tall growth of the Japanese cedar (*cryptomeria*), native name *singee*, a most beautiful tree, with a straight body, 125 feet in hight, beautiful Hakone Lake, a few miles in length and surrounded by grand, picturesque mountains, burst suddenly upon the view. And between two mountains five miles away grand old Fuji-yama, with its vast area of snow, rose majestically before me. It was probably thirty miles away, but did not look to be more than ten. I could see the unevenness in the coating of snow and discern places where the earth shows between the lines of snow. It is too grand a sight to turn away from soon, and I stood and gazed upon it almost with rapture. It made a magnificent background to a grand picture—first Lake Hakone, a beautiful sheet of water, with towering mountains on each side, then a parting of the nearer summits, and there in the distance one of the prettiest and most remarkable mountains on the earth. I looked and meditated, how that perhaps fifty thousand years ago vast floods of lava and volcanic matter had flowed down those steeps, and had built up the grand old pile. I thought how grand it must have been when the old volcano was the most active, to stand where I did and view the grand effect of those internal and eternal fires. I nearly adored its symmetrical grandeur and could not wonder that the superstitious Japs had made a god of it and worshiped it. It is far worthier of being deified and adored than thousands of the gods of man's imagination. Were I here in August when the snow is nearly away I would be glad to be one of a party to climb to its very apex and look down into its extinct crater, where fire, smoke, and fused metals and earth were once thrown up in immense quantities. But at this time of the year, when such bodies of snow cap its summit and come far down its side, a visit to its top is utterly impracticable I can only stand at a distance, look, and admire and worship.

Close by the shores of Lake Hakone stand several religious monuments, or what remains of them. They are columns of hewn stone, standing upon pyramidal bases of square and heavy blocks of stone. I did not learn for what purpose they were erected, but I could see they were very well executed and had cost much labor.

The village of Hakone contains five or ten thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the lower end of the lake. There are also bathing institutions here. It is an old town, and is a place of much resort. We stopped at a tea-house and took some *cha* and rested our limbs a little while. The next place to visit was O-jigoku, a few miles away, and which is reached by a very rugged, and in some places dangerous, path. Stopping by the side of a mountain brook, not simply a purling or warbling stream, but where the foaming, creamy water dashes from rock to rock, which have been worn smooth by the work of the fluid for ages, we partook of the *chow* which Tage Ro had brought in the basket, and which with the appetite the tramp had aroused tasted especially good. I thought I had hardly at any time partaken of a meal in a grander place.

After climbing up the rocky steeps and over the verge of the summit, boiling springs of hot sulphur water are reached, and the smell, with the desolate aspect of the arid amphitheater in which O-jigoku is situated, is decidedly suggestive of the infernal regions. The scene is wild and desolate, vegetation gradually decreasing and ceasing entirely in the immediate neighborhood of the sulphur springs which line the side of the unattractive gully. Small streams of discolored water flow down the gorge, and bamboo pipes in plenty are conveying the offensive smelling but medicated water to the bathing establishments below. The name of the place means "hell," and it is not inaptly named.

But after reaching the dividing ridge a view as different in its charms from the scene of desolation left behind as can be well imagined, greets the eye. In the center Fuji-yama towers up in grandeur and beauty. On the extreme right is Kintoki-san, then the Otomi pass and the Fuku-wari pass. To the left is the head of Hakone Lake, behind which are the Hakone Hills, and the still more imposing slopes of Askidaka. Kammuri-gatake, which rises up immediately above the springs, distinguishes itself by its graceful outlines and by the dense woods which cover its sides. Here the small box grows in great abundance.

To return to Miya-no-Shita was a walk of an hour and a half, and though pretty thoroughly wearied, climbing up and down over so many rocks, the natural grandeur of the scenery made full compensation. The country is a rugged one, but the dashing streams, the beautiful cascades, and the lofty rocks by no means stint their charms. When we arrived at our hotel the sun was still two hours high, and I had walked twenty miles, much of the way climbing up and down rocks, much more laborious than level walking. We were glad to rest half an hour and take another cup of *cha*. Our friends at the hotel were anxious I should remain two or three days, and I would have been glad to do so, but I had two men under pay, and time being limited, I could not think of prolonging my stay. After paying the one and a half yens for the accommodations I had had, Tage Ro and I walked two miles more down to the village, where the riki and other man were. In walking among the simple but pretty wild flowers I gathered some to add to those I had already gathered, and a small boy of about five years, seeing me thus engaged, at once divined that I wished the wild flowers. The little fellow, with the native kindness of disposition, in which these people so abound, gathered a handful of white iris and other flowers, and ran after me nearly a quarter of a mile to give them to me. When he was about to start back I called to him and handed him two copper coins. I had walked on quite a distance when here came the little fellow reaching out another handful of flowers. Of course two more coins had to be forthcoming, but I told him the market was supplied, and if forced, prices must decline; but not being familiar with financial parlance, he set himself about gathering more, and after a little again he came running after me with another handful. I then told him the market was closed, and that as his selections were not of the A No. 1 grade, further offers would be withheld. After giving him one more coin and throwing his gatherings away he comprehended the situation and brought no more.

Reaching the riki, and feeling that I had done walking enough for one day, I was quite willing to take my seat in it, when Tage Ro, apparently none the worse for his mountain jaunt, and his fresh companion trotted off at a good rate, and by the time the evening shades had well set in we were twelve miles on the Takaido, on our return to Yokohama.

In the *yadoya* which we patronized here I was placed in a rear room, in the ell on the first floor, where the same kind attention was shown me as on the two previous nights; the same little teapot holding one good large cupful, with the spout and the handle at right angles; the tiny cup, the plate of confectioneries, the same paper covered *andon*, the same sliding partitions and doors, the same clean white mats, and the same soft, padded quilts for a bed; and the same smiles, low bows, and kind attentions were showered upon me. In the morning a part of my breakfast was furnished, and for all this only half a yen—33½ cents—was the bill.

It was the work of the following day to reach Yokohama, and the task was easily accomplished by three o'clock, feeling highly satisfied with the interesting trip I had had. In the middle of the day I stopped at a pretty large town and inspected a noted old Buddhistic temple, with its tank of holy water, its soft-toned bell, its usual paraphernalia of images, altars, incense, etc. I also walked into the crowded cemetery where there was more variety in the tombstones than I had before seen.

I must speak in the highest terms of my riki-man, Tage Ro. He was not only very prompt and efficient before the riki, but also as guide and *vallet de chambre* as well. He took care of the few effects I had with me, carried them to my room in the evening, and back to the riki in the morning. He brought me warm water in the morning for washing my hands, and looked after all my little wants with the utmost faithfulness. The only drawback was his ignorance of English and my ignorance of Japanese; otherwise I could not ask a better man.

CUSTOM HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

I had shipped to me to Yokohama from London a stereopticon, or magic lantern, with accompanying apparatus, and four or five hundred views of the most noted scenes in the various countries of the world, to show my friends when I return to my own country. I wished to get these out of the custom house to look them over and see if all was right. Of course I did not wish to offer them for sale nor to do anything with them that would in the slightest degree affect the Japanese government. Gen. Van Buren wrote a letter for me to the superintendent of customs, stating these facts, and saying that I would leave on the next steamer for San Francisco, and would take the instrument and apparatus with me. I presented his letter, and at first they talked as though my wishes should be answered, but before I left it was decided that I must pay the regular duties for the two weeks I would remain in the country, the same as if I were going to stay for life. To this decision I submitted and made application in the usual way, to pay the duties, as I wished to examine the goods. But I found that red tape has much to do with affairs in Japan, the same as in our own country. Before I was able to get possession of my goods and everything settled, nearly two days had passed. When, however, I got them I found

them all right, and I was pleased. I thought, nevertheless, while I dancing attendance around the custom house, that double as many men are employed as are necessary. The Japanese officials, however, seemed to understand their business, and were as efficient as men of any other nation.

This letter has reached proportions sufficiently extensive and I will draw it to a close.

Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

Japan Continued.

CITY OF TOKIO.

YOKOHAMA, May 19, 1882.

DEAR READERS: In the remaining time I have to spend in "the land of the rising sun," of course it was the most proper thing I could do to visit the capital, the city of Tokio, and also Nikko, one of the holy cities of the empire. I have visited Jerusalem, the holy city of the Jews; the site of Heliopolis, one of the holy cities of the Egyptians; Rome, the holy city of Christians; I passed Mecca, the holy city of the Mussulmans—for no Christian or Infidel can scarcely look upon that city and live; I have seen Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos; I have been near the city of Saranath, the holy city of the Buddhists; and it now becomes a part of my duty to visit Nikko, one of the holy cities of the Japanese.

Tokio, being on the route, was the first place to be reached. On the morning of May 4th I took the railroad train for the capital, which is on the plain of Yedo, eighteen miles east of Yokohama. With the five stops at the different villages along the way, it takes an hour to make the distance. This is the only railroad in the eastern part of Japan, but it is in active operation, a train going each way every seventy-five minutes through the day. It is well constructed; the stations are solidly built, and it seems to be conducted upon the European system throughout. There are three classes among the passengers, the same as in Europe. The first-class coach is finely cushioned and morocco lined, but the rates are high, and but few ride in that class. The second-class seats run lengthwise of the car, one on each side, and are decently fitted up. More people travel in this class than in the first. The third-class coaches are plainly finished, with board seats, uncushioned, with no backs, and placed as they are in our cars. These are largely patronized by the Japanese, who take readily to railroad riding. The prices are respectively 1 yen, 60 sen, and twenty-five sen. It is said the earnings of this road, eighteen miles long, are $8,000,000 per year.

The road runs through a portion of the plain of Yedo, which is ninety miles in length, and very fertile. Here are thousands of acres of barley and wheat, though a large proportion of the ground that can be irrigated is reserved for rice culture. The fields here have the same remarkable freedom from weeds already noted.

The original name of Tokio was Yedo, at which time it was the capital of the shoguns or tycoons, and when the capital of the mikado was at Kioto; but in the revolution of 1868 the mikado removed from Kioto to Yedo, which became the seat of government, and the name was changed to Tokio, meaning western capital. The town is very extensive in size, being nine or ten miles across each way, and containing one million inhabitants. There are a goodly number of tolerably fair looking buildings, constructed after the cheap American and European models, especially in the quarter occupied by foreigners; but the bulk of the town, the native portion, is unassuming and inelegant in style of architecture, the buildings being one or two stories high, and principally of unpainted wood and sometimes of stone, plastered, and some of brick, the roofs mainly of tile. The streets are of good width, some of them decidedly wide, and regular. The city is said to be composed of one hundred and twenty-five villages, so, as may reasonably be supposed, the streets are not laid off through the whole area with regularity and precision; though they are by no means badly arranged. They usually run at right-angles, or approximately so, are not crooked, and are kept pretty clean. They are not paved with stone, but are packed hard with earth and gravel. Sidewalks are not an oriental institution, and they need not be looked for here.

There are a good many canals, or moats, here, which are full at high tide, but empty, muddy, and ill-looking when the tide is out. The lotus plant—the Buddhistic emblem of purity—is largely grown in these canals; the leaves are now abundant, and when in blossom, in August, they must present a beautiful sight. A river of good size runs through the city and empties into the bay.

TEMPLES OF SHIBA.

The time being still rather early when I reached Tokio, and deeming it too soon to call upon our American minister, Judge John A. Bingham, of Ohio, I secured a riki, of which there are twenty-five thousand in the city, and made the young man who had charge of it realize that I wished to look around the city and to visit the most noted temples. He accordingly trotted lively through many streets and to the quarter of the city in the western portion called Shiba. Here were the finest temples, and I found there were more of them than it will be profitable to describe to you. I will say, however, that there are a great number of these temples, some Shinto and some Buddhistic; and many of them blaze with gold, polished lacquer-wood, paintings of dragons, animals, etc., in most brilliant colors. They are mostly large and capacious structures, with tall, heavy, sweeping roofs, running up high, and sharp at the ridges, and concave at the eaves, which project sufficiently to cover a veranda. The timbers which support the roof are painted with vermilion, and partially gilt. The Shinto temples have the torii in front, while the Buddhistic temples have very rich gateways or portals, often of two stories and with heavy projecting tile roofs, the wood-work richly painted and gilt.

The Shinto temples are plainer than the Buddhistic, and though lavishly decorated with shining lacquered wood, they have not so much painting and gilt, not such rich altars, not so much gewgawry. In the large front courts of the temples, some of them containing several acres, are great numbers of what are called lanterns, some of bronze and some of stone. They are eight or ten feet high, with a wide ornamental cap on top, in or below which is a place for a lamp to give light to the dead when they return to earth, as they are supposed to do at stated periods. I judged these bronze lanterns to weigh half a ton each, and the stone ones to weigh from one to two two tons each, with a great amount of work upon them. In some of the larger temple grounds there must be over two hundred of these showy and singular lanterns, which must have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, contributed by the shoguns, who had in their possession the wealth of the country. The temples in this quarter of the city alone must have cost millions of dollars. I will partially describe one of them.

The temple of Shim-mei, Shinto, dating from the eleventh century, having been plundered, and fallen into decay, was restored in the sixteenth century, was burnt in 1876, and then rebuilt and dedicated to the sun goddess. It is in pure Shinto style, and plain.

The temple of Zo-jo-je, Buddhistic, is near by, including a monastery; built in 1620; destroyed by fire in 1874, and since rebuilt. Here are preserved the mortuary temples of several of the shoguns, whose expensive tombs are near. The inside of this temple is very rich. Passing along a passage filled with cases of Buddhistic books, and up a red and lacquered gallery, one enters the mortuary temple attached to the tombs, and finds himself in a blaze of gold, coloring, and elaborate arabesques, which quite dazzle the eye with their brilliant beauty. Ascending to the altar, which is separated from the antechamber by a bamboo blind, bound with silk, of which there are numbers in various places, and which temper the brilliancy of the other decorations, here are two double-roofed shrines of the most gorgeous gold lacquer, picked out with body-color below the eaves, and held together by costly elaborate metal-work. The one on the right contains a wooden image of the seventh shogun, and the other of the ninth.

On either side of each shrine stand in couples wooden images of the Four Heavenly Kings, who, according to Buddhistic belief, guard the world against the attacks of demons. In front of them are Kwannon and Benten. The back is all gilt, while the altar and two tables in front are of splendid red lacquer. The rich decorations around are too numerous to attempt to describe. Descending into the ante-chamber, the paneling of the ceiling of the oratory is exceedingly rich and the decorations magnificent. Lions and dragons are on the walls. Lacquer boxes on the tables contain portions of the Buddhistic scriptures.

Emerging from the temple, I was conducted by a priest past a colonnade painted with red and gold, and richly adorned with open-work carvings of birds and flowers, and then through a gate, with paintings of Apsaras, or angels, on the ceiling, and out into the middle court, which contains a stone cistern of holy water, and on the left a belfry, the bell in which is rung only on the 12th and 30th of each month. All around this court are arranged in rows over two hundred of the stone and bronze lanterns already mentioned. The gate leading out from this has carved wooden columns, with dragons twisted around them, and which were originally gilt over vermilion.

The tombs of the shoguns whose ashes rest therein are very rich and expensive, in bronze and cut stone; but I will not undertake a description; but several of them are mausoleums worthy the greatest potentate that ever lived. Of the carvings and decorations in the mortuary temple too much can hardly be said. The red wall is divided into compartments, with large gilt medallions of open-work carving representing the peacock and pine, wild duck and sagittaria, and colored squares of chrysanthemums floating on the water, emblems of immortality. In the oratory the spaces between the horizontal beam of the cornice and the lintel are filled with finely painted and gilt wood carvings of white lilies, peonies, etc. The coffered ceiling is decorated with the flying dragon in gold on a dark-blue ground in a medallion on a gilt ground.

In connection with this temple and the several buildings, shrines, etc., are gorgeous gates, gilded walls, gilded paneling, huge gilded pillars, rich lacquer-work, etc., until one becomes wearied with looking at it, regretting that so much treasure should be expended in so useless a cause, and where it benefits needy humanity so little. And what is true of this temple is also true of the several others in the vicinity. One is made sad with the waste of money which might have been employed in making poor people more comfortable and happy. Here is a striking exemplification of the way in which men for hundreds of years have been lavishing their wealth upon gods and religions, and leaving their fellowmen to suffer and die. If man could have been content to do less for the gods and more for himself he would have been very much wiser and happier.

TEMPLE OF KWAN-NO.

The temple of the Chinese goddess by this name—the same as mentioned in my letter from China—probably the most popular deity in Japan, is situated in the part of the city called Asa-kusa. The edifice is of the same character as other Buddhistic temples—the same tall, sweeping, thick, heavy concave roof, with projecting eaves and continued veranda below; the same square hall in the center of the temple; the same high altar and shrine, with a figure of Buddha; the same bronzes, brasses, tablets, banners, and shrines; the same symbols, images, adornments; the same incense-burning and ecclesiastical claptrap. The foundation consists of square stones, on which the uprights rest. These are of elm, and are united at intervals by longitudinal pieces. The great size and enormous weight of the roof arises from the trusses being formed of a heavy frame built upon another heavy frame, and diminishing in size going upward. They are richly painted and ornamented with gold.

In this temple, it is said, fair and festival are kept up the year round. I did not have time to see very much of it, and will be glad to avail myself, in part, of Miss Bird's description: "A broad paved avenue, only open to foot passengers, leads from the street to the grand entrance, a colossal two-storied, double-roofed *mon*, or gate, painted a rich dull red. On either side of this avenue are lines of booths, which make a brilliant and lavish display of their contents, toy-shops for smoking apparatus, and shops for the sale of ornamental hair-pins predominating. Nearer the gate are booths for the sale of rosaries for prayer, sleeve and bosom idols of brass and wood in small shrines, amulet bags, representations of the jolly-looking Daikoku, the god of wealth (the most popular of the household gods of Japan), shrines, memorial tablets, cheap *ex votos*, sacred bells, candlesticks, incense-burners, and all the endless and varied articles connected with Buddhistic devotion, public and private. Down a paved passage, on the right there is an artificial river, not over clean, with a bridge formed of one curved stone, from which a flight of steps lead up to a small temple with a magnificent bronze bell. At the entrance were several women praying. In the same direction are two fine bronze Buddhas, seated figures, one with clasped hands, the other holding a lotus, both with the 'light of the world' upon their brows. The grand red gateway into the actual temple courts has an extremely imposing effect. Hundreds of men, women, and children passed to and fro through the gateway in incessant streams, and so they are passing through every daylight hour of every day in the year; thousands becoming tens of thousands on the great festival days, when the *mikoski*, or sacred car, containing certain symbols of the god, is exhibited, and after sacred mimes and dances have been performed is carried in a magnificent antique procession to the shore and back again. Under each gateway on either side are the *Ni-o*, or two kings, gigantic figures in flowing robes, one red and with an open mouth, representing the *yo*, or male principle of Chinese philosophy; the other green, and with the mouth firmly closed, representing *in*, or female principle. They are hideous creatures, with protruding eyes, and faces and figures distorted and corrupted into a high degree of exaggerated and convulsive action. These figures guard the gates of most of the larger temples, and small prints of them are pasted over the doors of houses to protect them against burglars. Attached to the grating in front were a number of straw sandals, hung up by the people who pray that their limbs may be as muscular as those of the Ni-o. Passing through this gate is reached the temple itself, a building of imposing hight and size, of a dull red color, with a grand roof of heavy iron-gray tiles, with a sweeping curve which gives grace as well as grandeur.

"The timbers and supports are soldid and of great size, but in common with all Japanese temples, whether Buddhist or Shinto, the edifice is entirely of wood. A broad flight of narrow, steep, brass-bound steps lead up to the porch, which is formed by a number of circular pillars supporting a very lofty roof, from which paper lanterns ten feet long are hanging. A gallery runs froms this round the tem-

ple, unmatted, and an inner one behind a grating, into which those who chose to pay for the privilege of praying in comparative privacy, or having prayers said for them by priests, can pass. In the outer temple the noise, confusion, and perpetual motion, are bewildering. Crowds on clattering clogs pass in and out; pigeons, of which hundreds live in the porch, fly over your head, and the whirring of their wings mingles with the tinkling of bells, the beating of drums and gongs, the high-pitched drone of the priests, the low murmur of prayers, the rippling laughter of girls, the harsh voices of men, and the general buzz of the multitude. There is very much that is highly grotesque at first sight. Men squat on the floor selling amulets, rosaries, printed prayers, incense sticks, and other wares. *Ex votos* of all kinds hang on the wall and on the great round pillars. Many of them are rude Japanese pictures. The subject on one is the blowing up of a steamer in the Sumidagawa with the loss of a hundred lives, when the donor was saved by the grace of Kwannon. Numbers of memorials are from people who offered up prayers here, and have been restored to health and wealth. Others are from junk-men whose lives have been in peril. There are scores of men's queues and a few braids of women's hair offered on account of vows or prayers, usually for sick relatives, and among them all, on the left hand, is a large mirror in a gaudily gilt frame, and a framed picture of the P. M. S. China. Above this incongruous collections are splendid wood carvings and frescoes of angels, among which the pigeons find a home free from molestation. Near the entrance there is a superb incense burner in the most massive style of the older bronzes, with a mythical feast rampant upon it, and in high relielf around it the Japanese signs of the Zodiac, the cat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, and hog. Clouds of incense rise continually from the perforations round the edge, and a black-toothed woman, who keeps it burning, is perpetually receiving small coins from the worshipers, who then pass on to the front of the altar to pray. The high altar, and indeed all I should regard as properly the temple, are protected by a screen of coarsely-netted iron wire. This holy of holies is full of shrines and gods, gigantic candlesticks, colossal lotuses of gilded silver, offerings, lamps, lacquer, litany books, gongs, drums, bells, and all the mysterious symbols of a faith which is a system of morals and metaphysics to the educated and initiated, and an idolatrous superstition to the masses. In this interior the light was dim, the lamps burned low, the atmosphere was heavy with incense, and amidst its fumes shaven priests in chasubles and stoles moved noiselessly over the soft matting round the high altar on which Kwannon is enshrined, lighting candles, striking bells, and murmuring prayers. In front of the screen is the treasury, a wooden chest, fourteen feet by ten, with a deep slit, into which all the worshipers cast copper coins with a ceaseless clinking sound. There, too, they pray, if that can be called prayer which frequently consists only in repetition of an uncomprehended phrase in a foreign tongue, bowing the head, raising the hands and rubbing them, murmuring a few words, telling beads, clapping the hands, bowing again, and then passing out, or on to another shrine to repeat the same form. Merchants in silk clothing, soldiers in shabby French uniforms, farmers, coolies in 'vile raiment,' mothers, maidens, swells in European clothes, even the Samurai policemen, bow before the Goddess of Mercy. Most of the prayers were offered rapidly, a mere momentary interlude in the gurgle of careless talk, and without a pretense of reverence; but some of the petitioners obviously brought real woes in simple 'faith.' I specially noticed two men in stylish European clothes, who prostrated themselves over and over again, and remained before the altar several minutes, offering low-voiced prayers, with closed eyes, and every sign of genuine earnestness, and several women in obvious distress, probably about sick persons, who offered their prayers with a pleading agony, no less real than that which ascends to 'our Father in heaven' from anguished hearts in England.

"In one shrine there is a large idol, spotted all over with pellets of paper, and hundreds of these are sticking to the wire netting which protects him. A worshiper writes his petition, or, better still, has it written for him by the priest, chews it to a pulp, and spits it at the divinity. If having been well aimed, it passes through the wire and sticks, it is a good omen; if it lodges in the netting, the prayer has probably been unheard. The Ni-o and some of the gods outside the temple are similarly disfigured. On the left there is a shrine with a screen, to the bars of which innumerable prayers have been tied. On the right, accessible to all, sits Binzuru, one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples. His face and appearance have been calm and amiable, with something of the quiet dignity of an elderly country gentleman of the reign of George III., but he is now worn and defaced, and has not much more of eyes, nose, and mouth than the Sphinx, and the polished red lacquer has disappeared from his hands and feet, for Binzuru is a great medicine god, and for centuries sick people have rubbed his face and limbs, and then rubbed their own. A young woman went up to him, rubbed the back of his neck, and then rubbed her own. Then a modest-looking girl, leading an ancient woman with badly inflamed eyelids and paralyzed arms, rubbed his eyelids, and then gently stroked the closed eyelids of the crone. Then a coolie, with a swelled knee, applied himself vigorously to Binzuru's knee, and more gently to his own. Remember, this is the great temple of the populace, and 'not many sick, not many noble, not many mighty' enter its dim, dirty, crowded halls. But the great temple of Kwannon is not the only sight of Asakusa. Outside it are countless shrines and temples; huge-stone *Amainu*, or heavenly dogs, on rude blocks of stone; large cisterns of stone and bronze, with and without canopies, containing water for the ablutions of the worshipers; cast-iron *Amainu* on hewn stone pedestals—a recent gift; bronze and silver lanterns; a stone prayer-wheel in a stone post; figures of Buddha, with the serene countenance of one who rests from his labors; stone idols, on which devotees have pasted slips of paper inscribed with prayers, with sticks of incense rising out of the ashes of hundreds of former sticks smouldering before them; blocks of hewn stone with Chinese and Sanskrit inscriptions; an eight-sided temple, in which are figures of the 'five hundred disciples' of Buddha; a temple with the roof and the upper part of the walls richly colored, the circular Shinto mirror in an inner shrine, a bronze treasury outside with a bell, which is rung to attract the god's attention; a striking five-storied pagoda, with much red lacquer, and the ends of the roof-beams very boldly carved; its throne was fringed with wind bells, and its uppermost roof terminating in a graceful copper spiral of great hight, with the 'sacred pearl' surrounded by flames for its final. Near it, as near as most temples, is an upright frame of plain wood with tablets, on which are inscribed the names of donors to the temples, and the amount of their gifts. Among the many shrines is an *Inari* or Fox temple, fox-worship being one of the most universal superstitions in Japan. The foxes, however, are only the servants of a mythical personage named Uga, to whom is ascribed the honor of the discovery and cultivation of the rice plant. Popularly, however, the honors due to Inari Sama (the name under which Uga was deified) are paid to his servants. Before two gilded foxes in this shrine there was a tray, on which small bowls of rice and foxes in sugar were placed as offerings. Shinto *gohei*, strips of paper cut and folded in special fashion, and usually attached to a white wand, and supposed to represent the Shinto *kami*, or gods, who are simply deified heros, were in the same temple, and there were Shinto *torii* in wood and stone near the entrance.

"There is a handsome stone-floored temple to the southeast of the main building; it is lofty and very richly decorated. In the center is an octagonal revolving room, or rather shrine, of rich red lacquer, most gorgeously ornamented. It rests on a frame of carved black lacquer, and has a lacquer gallery running around it, on which several richly decorated doors open. On the application of several shoulders to this gallery the shrine rotates. It is, in fact, a revolving library of the Buddhist scriptures, and a single turn is equivalent to a single pious perusal of them. It is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of ancient decorative lacquer-work. At the back part of the temple is a draped brass figure of Buddha, with one hand raised—a dignified piece of casting. All the Buddhas have Hindoo features, and the graceful drapery and oriental repose which have been imported from India contrast singularly with the grotesque extravagances of the indigenous Japanese conceptions. In the same temple are four monstrously extravagant figures carved in wood, life size, with clawed toes on their feet, and two great fangs in addition to the teeth in each mouth. The heads of all are surrounded with flames, and are backed by golden circlets. They are extravagantly clothed, in garments which look as though they were agitated by a violent wind; they wear helmets and partial suits of armor, and hold in their right hands something between a monarch's scepter and a priest's staff. They have goggle eyes and open mouths, and their faces are in distorted and exaggerated action. One, painted bright red, tramples on a writhing devil, painted pink, another painted emerald green, tramples on a sea-green devil, an indigo-blue monster tramples on a sky-blue fiend, and a bright pink monster treads under his clawed feet a flesh-colored demon. I cannot give you any idea of the hideousness of their aspect, and was much inclined to sympathize with the more innocent-looking fiends whom they were maltreating. They occur very frequently in Buddhist temples, and are said by some to be assistant torturers to Yemma, the lord of hell, and are called by others 'The Gods of the Four Quarters.'

"The temple grounds are the most extraordinary sight. No English fair in the palmiest days of fairs ever presented such an array of attractions. Behind the temple are archery galleries in numbers, where girls hardly as modest looking as usual, smile and smirk, and bring straw-colored tea in dainty cups, and tasteless sweetmeats on lacquer trays, and smoke their tiny pipes, and offer you bows of slender bamboo strips, two feet long, with rests for the arrows, and tiny cherry-wood arrows, bone tipped, and feathered red, blue, and white, and smilingly, but quite unobtrusively, ask you to try your skill or luck at a target hanging in front of a square drum, flanked by red cushions. A click, a boom, or a hardly audible thud indicate the result. Nearly all the archers were grown-up men, and many of them spend hours at a time at this childish sport. All over the grounds booths with the usual charcoal fire, copper boiler, iron kettle of curious workmanship, tiny cups, fragrant aroma of tea, and winsome, graceful girls invite you to drink and rest, and more solid but less inviting refreshments are to be had. Rows of pretty paper lanterns decorate all the stalls. Then there are photograph galleries, mimic tea gardens, tableaux in which a large number of groups of life-size figures with appropriate scenery are put into motion by a creaking wheel of great size, matted lounges for rest, stands with saucers of rice, beans, and peas for offerings to the gods, the pigeons, and the two sacred horses, Albino ponies, with pink eyes and noses, revoltingly greedy creatures, eating all day long and still craving for more. There are booths for singing and dancing, and under one a professional story-teller was reciting to a densely packed crowd one of the old popular stories of crime. There are booths where for a few sen you may have the pleasure of finding some very ugly and greedy apes, or of watching mangy monkeys who have been taught to prostrate themselves, Japanese fashion. One of the greatest sights is a collection of tableaux, life-size figures, the work of an artist who, after visiting the thirty-three great temples of the Goddess of Mercy, was so impressed by her power and goodness that he created thirty-five groups in order to show his countrymen the benefits of her *cultus*. These figures are wonderfully true to life and wear real garments. In most of the tableaux the goddess is represented as a lovely and gentle woman—a Madonna, but with divine power. Mr. Griffis, in the "Mikado's Empire," gives an interesting account of each. The two most curious, as representing two articles of the Buddhist faith—future punishment and metempsychosis—are tableaux of a hungry robber appropriating the temple offerings, with a painting near him showing his coming destiny, in which there are devils and a red-hot cart with axles of fire, and one of a man suffering from violent headache, who is directed by Kwannon to the spot where the buried skull which belonged to him in a former state of existence is split open by the root of a tree which is growing through the eye-socket. On removing the root the pain ceases. The catalogue of sights is only half exhausted."

There are temples in many other parts of the city, but a small portion of which I was able to see, but I looked in at a number that I need not name, where I saw the huge lanterns, large brazen images of Buddha, with golden halos over his head, much after the style of the halo around the heads of Jesus and his virgin mother, though I saw none so large as the Dai-butsu at Kamikana. But I was more and more impressed with the ceremonies, the show and glitter of Buddhist temples and worship and that of the same in Catholic cathedrals and churches, the images, the symbols, the incense, the robes and appearance of the numerous priests, and all the paraphernalia, gewgawry, modes of obtaining mercy, the uses of beads, etc., etc., are wonderfully similar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cause in Fargo.

MR. EDITOR: Once more I subscribe to your valuable paper. If you remember I am a three-year-old subscriber, which covered the time of my residence in New York. I left New York and visited my parents in England this last Christmas, when I also attended several meetings of the National Secular Society, and I was particularly struck with the zeal in which this society is performing its work, and feel sure that the Liberals of this country could learn a lesson from them.

I hav recently arrived in Fargo, which is one of the booming towns of the West. I hav been unable to find any Liberal club here, although it has a population of 7,000, and many churches—I guess one church to each thousand. What is the matter with Liberals? Why are they not at work in their towns, at least as soon as Christians? What is the good of their waiting till towns are thoroughly Christianized before Liberals commence their work? So far I hav only been able to meet one Liberal in Fargo—a Mr. Nugent, who was formerly president of a Liberal club in Lansing, Mich. This gentleman possesses rare scholastic acquirements, and seems to be well adapted for advocating, and certainly qualified for defending, Liberalism, but at present he is so much taken up with business, as everybody is in Fargo, that he does not feel inclined to undertake any Liberal work alone; but he certainly would if he had he assistance of some others. If you hav the address of some Liberals in Fargo or vicinity please let me hav them. Hoping that Mr. Bennett's health is remaining good through his travels, I remain,

HENRY W. THOMAS.

Fargo, D. T., Aug. 10, 1882.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

The Watkins Convention.—Concluded.

The services Saturday, the fourth day of the meeting, after the morning conference was ended, began with an address upon Physical and Social Reform, by Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee. For more than an hour she closely held an attentiv and interested audience. She was followed by John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kansas, in a finished oration on Thomas Paine. Everybody was pleased with both its matter and manner.

At 2 P.M., J. P. Mendum gave a discourse on Paine Hall, describing the condition of the property, explaining the flourishing condition which it is now in; that the income amounts to nearly two thousand dollars a year more than the interest on the sum due on the hall; and that $38,000 of the stock still remains untaken. It is to be hoped that this will not long be the case, for the stock will be profitable to hold, and it will seem so much better to hav the property entirely free from debt.

J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, followed with one of the ablest discourses of the meeting, upon the Design Argument, and reviewing the strongest points that the advocates of a god or gods are able to present. Some of his points were new and decidedly strong. We shall probably be able ere very long to lay this speech before our readers. Mr. Burnham's address was followed by a short but humorous speech from M. Babcock, of St. Johns, Michigan.

In the evening Mr. S. P. Putnam gave one of his earnest and finished discourses upon the "Glory of Liberalism." This was followed by some brief remarks by the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER upon Egypt, after which he presented some two hundred fine views of Egypt, the "Holy Land," China, and Japan. These views were thrown upon canvas by means of a splendid stereopticon, purchased in London, this being the first time they had been shown in public. The audience claimed to be much edified by them, and the hope was expressed that many audiences over the country may have an opportunity of looking at them.

On Sunday, the fifth and last day, in the morning conference several persons, as usual, made short speeches. Among them were James Tillson, of Elmira; R. Bacon, of Poughkeepsie, and S. D. Moore, of Michigan. The first regular discourse was by Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage, upon Woman's Rights and Female Suffrage. She combated the notion that on the theory of humanity women should hold a subordinate position, and she attributed to this notion in Christianity the one great fact of its worthlessness. She called woman the great unpaid laborer of the world, and accused the church of being the great robber of her sex. She claimed that each person should be a revelation to himself, and felt that she was born equal to any human being in the world. The address was an elaborate one, and was rendered with marked ability.

George Chainey was next introduced by the chairman as the formerly "Reverend," but now more than reverend. He gave a very able discourse upon Walt Whitman and "Leaves of Grass." The effort was a masterly one, displaying both oratory and a fine command of language. It was an enthusiastic tribute to one whom the speaker called pre-eminently the poet of to-day and the poet of the future. He called our government as at present a grab-bag for thieves, and said that there never was such a mass of insincerity and hypocrisy in the world as there is now in the church. He gathered some lessons from the book. A grand idea is gathered from its name. We learn from it the unspeakable worth of to-day—our true relation to nature. He thought if there is any God it is his duty to love and serve us, not our duty to love and serve him; and declared that absolute property in land will some day come to be considered in the same light as we now regard absolute property in man. His eulogy of Whitman was of a most fervid character.

The great feature of the afternoon meeting, and perhaps of all the meetings, was the address of the ex-Rev. George C. Miln, of Chicago, who arrived during the previous night. His able discourse was of a finished character, though doubtless considered by some as being not so radical as the most of those which had previously been delivered. Probably the gentleman will still continue to grow in radicalism, and by the time a few more years hav passed by will use more decided expressions with regard to the claims of supernaturalism. We hav not space for his entire discussion, but the following paragraphs are among the best:

"Having quietly withdrawn after ten years' service therein from the Christian ministry and turned my face toward another and, as I think, no less honorable profession, I had anticipated absolute silence on my part touching the old themes of debate. I hav been forced from my retreat, however, by the urgency of your invitations, and will grasp this opportunity of saying some things touching the strength and weakness of that institution in whose service all my young manhood has been expended.

"It is not necessary for radical thinkers to assert the restlessness which at present disturbs the Christian church, for Christian apologists themselves are engaged in making the confession. Andover Seminary has just revealed her "true inwardness" to the world, to the distress of a few denominational watch dogs and to the amusement of mankind at large, while but yesterday Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most brilliant and vacillating men of this century, set the ecclesiastical world agog by some theological declaration sadly at variance with the standards of orthodoxy he is supposed to support. We cannot fail to notice that the restlessness which pervades the rank and file of the gospel ministry is a poor apology for the orthodoxy of their respective creeds as dispensed to-day. Emasculated dogmatism prevails within the church — indifference and incredulity without. Christian apologists are to-day more troubled with 'fightings within' than by 'fears without.' What time, then, could be more appropriate for a just estimate of the strength and weakness of the church?

"The organized church of modern times presents many features of attractivness and strength, the presence of which accounts for its hold upon public thought despite its manifold weakness. And radical thinkers can be guilty, I think, of no greater folly than to sweepingly deny that the church possesses such elements. For my own part I most sincerely deprecate the wholesale condemnation of ministers and equally deplore undiscriminating denunciation of the church itself.

"These very features which are the boast of the church are the subject of intensest criticism for us. We do not select the weakest points in her armor, but the strongest, and against them direct our shafts.

"For example, the very antiquity of which I hav spoken is undoubtedly in our day an element of weakness Theology, unlike the juice of the grape, does not necessarily improve with age. All the pages of history are full of the story of the church, but every page is stained with blood and horrible with some ecclesiastical atrocity. I do not care to call the long list of horrors laid up against the church, but it must be said that he at least is an optimistic philosopher, who, upon balancing the good and evil achieved by the church, finds the difference in favor of the good."

After the lecture the following resolutions were read by S. P. Putnam, and were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

1. That the discussions in science, the inventions of the mechanica, arts, and the general progress of society in knowledge, refinement, comfort, and good morals which distinguish the present from the past, are the natural outgrowth of the cultivation of the human intellect and freedom in the various departments of inquiry.

2. That the only men in the world who cannot rejoice in the freedom of thought, and whose material interests are prompted by ignorance, are the clergy, who oppose it and its advocates because the spirit of untrammeled research in the field of criticism threatens to destroy the claim they make in behalf of the Bible; that it is a revelation from heaven, plainly and infallibly inspired, and that they are the divinely-commissioned and only authoritativ expounders of its contents. We owe it, however, in justice to the Bible to say that the Bible itself teaches no such doctrin. but that the claim was hoisted by the English clergy at the time of its translation to save their selfish and ambitious ends, since the only passage in it (2 Tim. iii, 1) which served to teach the dogma of plenary inspiration has been correctly rendered by the revised New Testament, and proved to teach that the profitableness of any writing is the test of its inspiration.

3. That the war upon the church, unlike the war upon us, is simply one of unselfishness; that our motto being "Equal rights for all and special favors for none," we now earnestly contend for the right to believe her creeds in all their variety, and contend for the right to reject them; that all we ask under a secular constitution of government, designed to serve the purposes of this world, is that there should be no discrimination made by the law in favor of any class of citizens or on account of their religious opinion, as in the case of the exemption of church property from taxation, and in the employment at the public expense of chaplains to say prayers for the religious gratification of congressmen, soldiers, sailors, and others who may be there.

4. That whereas the church, although a small minority of the people in point of members, exercises her power for evil by dint of her organization and the sleepless vigilance of her agents in watching their chance and carrying out their purposes, we earnestly urge upon the Freethinkers of the United States the duty of associating together in local Leagues, auxiliary to the National Liberal League, for the purpose of defending themselvs against the wiles of the church, and preserving the secularity of the national Constitution. To this end we advise the promotion of Liberal libraries for circulating Liberal books, newspapers, and pamphlets among the people, the encouragement of the monthly paper called *Man*, and the employment by the National League of a general agent, to be supported by the voluntary, yet monthly, contributions of the local Leagues, and whose duty it shall be to visit and encourage the Leagues, organize new ones. to increase the circulation of Liberal journals, and marshal the hosts of Freethinkers, so that the public may know who they are and what are their opinions and purposes

5. That we scorn to play into the hands of our enemies by any apologetic explanations, defenses, and disavowals on the vile and hackneyed subject of obscenity into which we are treacherously inveigled, believing that, wherever there are Freethinkers at all, they are, almost without exception, remarkable for their intelligence, purity, patriotism. and general excellence of character in all the relations of life. Neither can we condescend to retaliate upon an adversary, as we easily might, by calling the public attention to the statistics of the prisons and penitentiaries of the country, and instituting a comparison between the number of clergymen and church-members on the one hand and Freethinkers on the other who hav forfeited their liberty by forming the criminal class of society.

6. That we. as Liberals of this country, embrace the Spiritualists, Nationalists, Deists, Agnostics, and other classes of thinkers who, although honestly differing from each other in their speculativ opinions, agree in their practical opposition to the encroachments of the church and in preserving the secular character of the national Constitution and laws, and we earnestly urge that they, in their journals and public meetings and efforts of all kinds, try to cultivate mutual respect and consideration as allies in a great moral work, not using their weapons upon each other, but reserving them in all their sharpness for the common enemy.

The following, on "Woman and Her Cause," were also adopted:

Resolved, That having abolished the sovereign rights of kings and priests we believe in the same rights of labor; that it should be the sovereign of the earth; that labor creates the wealth of the world, and the wealth of the world should be justly distributed among those who produce it. We extend our hearty sympathy to those many toilers in our own land and others who do not receive their due reward. We assert that Freethought makes room for industrial liberty. It is churches and theology that hav crushed the masses. It is other worldliness that has made this world a hell to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their face. We believe in the dignity of work, and it is through work that the worship of the future shall be expressed.

Resolved, That we look with favor upon the efforts of the Liberals of the West to found a National Liberal Orphans' Home at Liberal, Mo., and we most heartily recommend the noble enterprise to the earnest consideration of our friends, and solicit their support in aid of the undertaking.

A resolution of condolence with Mrs. Ernstine L. Rose, of London, for the death of her husband, was also adopted. Mrs. Gage gave a comprehensiv sketch of the life of Mrs. Rose and the effectiv labor she performed in America as lecturer and reformer.

The following telegraphic correspondence was read and the reply warmly approved:

To the President of Freethinkers' Convention: All hail the power of Jesus' name. We are building more than one Methodist church for every day in the year, and propose to make it two a day. (Signed) C. C. MCCABE,
Secretary Board of Church Extension, M. E. Church.

[REPLY.]

Let us hear less of Jesus' name and see more of his works; build fewer churches and pay your taxes on them like honest men; build better churches, since liberty, science, and humanity will need them one of these days, and won't want to pay too much for repairs. (Signed) T. B. WAKEMAN,
Prest. Pro tem. of Freethinkers' Convention.

The evening meeting being the last session was well filled out. As a token of regard a Frethinkers' badge pin was presented by a few friends to Charles Bright, of Australia, whereupon he made a beautiful little speech, expressing his gratitude for the honor thus conferred.

W. S. Bell next delivered one of the best addresses of the Convention, on Christian Morality. We hope to some time be able to lay it before our readers. Mr. Palmer, acting as chairman, introduced Mr. T. B. Wakeman as the person who had most contributed to his, Palmer's conversion, and had taught him constructiv Liberalism. Mr. Wakeman followed with an excellent speech on Science, Liberty, and Humanity, taking for his text the era of man, and showing why our years should cease to date from the era of any mythical god, but rather from the era when man particularly began to set up the revelations of science in place of theological and ecclesiastical superstitions. He urged the general adoption of dating from the year in which Bruno was executed. His speech in other directions was carefully listened to and elicited the warmest approbation.

After Mr. Wakeman's address a resolution was carried, to the effect that the New York Freethinkers' Association hold its next annual meeting at Saratoga Springs. It being found that money enough had not been received to defray all the expenses, some over two hundred dollars were raised by contribution, Courtlandt Palmer very generously giving the sum of fifty dollars.

Omitting many short speeches, made in the difierent meetings of the Convention, as well as various other proceedings, it must be said the adjournment took place in the best of spirits, all feeling that good work had been perfected and much progress made.

Our ride home to New York *via* the Erie road, on Monday, the 29th, was a most pleasant one. The weather was as lovely as could be asked for, and the almost endless picturesque and pleasant scenery were quite enough to fill an enthusiastic beholder with transports of joy. May we liv to see many such reunions and to enjoy many such beautiful rides.

A Pleasant Sunday Excursion.

On Sunday last, friends William H. Peck, Daniel E. Ryan, and ourselvs, as per agreement, took the 9:45 A.M. steamer, Sam Sloan, for Glen Island, a comparativly new place of pleasure resort at the upper end of the East River, near where it broadens out into Long Island Sound. The ride is one of the most interesting in the world. Passing down the lower portion of the North River, or the Hudson, and rounding at Castle Garden and the Battery into the East River, great numbers of huge ferry-boats, excursion steamers, extensiv piers, vast warehouses, and depots hav a bewildering effect upon the beholder. There is not another harbor in the world equal to New York harbor, and there is not another place on the globe presenting such a water surface surrounded by such cities as New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken, with such a countless number of steamers coming and going in all directions, loaded ships and schooners being towed to their moorings, and hundreds of pleasure craft of all denominations at at a safe distance.

Just about the entrance of the East River on the West Side is always to be seen the greatest amount of shipping to be found at any port in the world, and lying so compactly at the docks that their naked masts look like a dense, tall forest discarded of limbs, foliage, and bark. The great suspension bridge, connecting New York and Brooklyn, which

has already cost millions of dollars, is passed under, and which, looking up at the progress made in laying the roadway and floor, we are assured that many months will yet be required to complete. The execution of such an enterprise is an honor to America, and to the age of the world in which we liv.

Passing up for miles between New York and Brooklyn, Wallabout Bay and the Navy Yard on the right, much more of wealth, costly steamers, edifices, warehouses, docks, dry-docks, and all the paraphernalia of commerce, with the continuous life and activity connected with it, and which abounds on both sides of the river, is not easily described. A volume almost would be required in space, and a ready, well-informed writer to do the subject justice. It will not be attempted in this case.

With the numerous pleasure-seekers which embarked at the pier at the foot of Cortlandt street, what we took on at the landing below Fulton street in Brooklyn, and the large accession from Thirty-third street, our steamer was densely packed, with two or three thousand men, women, and children, all fondly seeking a day of recreation and pleasure.

Having a band of Italian musicians on board, the passage up was enlivened with some of the best European and American airs, and a few cents each from the generous passengers paid the bill. We had a fine view of Blackwell's Island and the vast prisons and reformatory establishments it abounds with, the larger of which are capable of providing cells for some thousands of prisoners. These large prison-houses are very suggestiv, and recall unpleasant memories. It is unfortunate that our modern and improved civilization feels the need of depriving so many men of their liberty, and some, even, unjustly. Oh, that justice and morality might more largely prevail!

The insane asylums on Ward's Island are extensiv and imposing edifices, apparently capable of accommodating five thousand patients. This is another sad commentary upon the nature of our civilization. How mournful that such large numbers, in their eagerness to obtain gold and religion, or from improper modes and practices of life, should thus lose their reason and become lunatics and maniacs! It is most sad, too, that even within these stately walls, erected in the professed interest of human welfare, many unfortunate men and women are cruelly and unjustly confined. If a true history of the experiences of the inmates of the vast piles on these two islands for the last quarter of a century could be written, what appalling narrativs would be presented to our gaze! What a record of wrong, misfortune, of heart-breakings, and human agony! But this is a day for the enjoyment of pleasure; let us not indulge in saddening meditations.

We passed very smoothly through "Hell Gate," and saw neither Charon, Typhon, Ahriman, Rackshasas, Ravana, Mephistopheles, Apollyon, Beelzebub, nor "Old Splitfoot." These evil beings have gracefully retired to the shades of oblivion and forgetfulness, and it is to be hoped they will trouble the sons and daughters of men no more.

There are many islands in the upper part of the East River, and to know their names, even, and their history is more than we can boast. Two are called "The Brothers," one is David's Island, which belongs to the government, and is used for military and naval purposes.

Glen Island, the point of our destination, is, as remarked, some eighteen or twenty miles from the Battery, and near where the East River becomes the Sound; and a ride of an hour and a half brought us to its pier. We had passed many scores of steamers, schooners, sloops, and yachts, for the day being pleasant, and a fine breeze stirring, almost everything was afloat, and everybody in pursuit of pleasure.

Glen Island contains from fifty to one hundred acres, largely rocky, thinly covered with soil; and we were surprised to see what a metamorphosis has taken place here within the three years since it has been adopted as a place of popular resort. Mr. John H. Starin, upon the purchase of the Island, has expended some hundreds of thousands of dollars in erecting dining halls, pavilions, concert halls, carousels, bathing houses, towers, pagodas, and all the appliances and auxiliaries of a first-class pleasure resort. An hour or two was very pleasantly passed in strolling over the smooth concrete walks to the various houses and places of interest. The commodious dining hall is one of the largest to be seen, and seemed capable of accommodating a thousand persons. There are also several others of smaller proportions. The facilities for bathing are good and ample, and here sea bathing may be enjoyed without the heavy surf which nearly always prevails at Coney Island, Long Branch, and similar places on the coast.

An interesting feature on the grounds are the pleasant accommodations for family parties and private groups. In the grove assigned to this are numerous tables, large and small, to accommodate parties of three and four up to twenty. Here they unload their baskets, spread their edibles, and take their dinner or lunch in true picnic style. This is a fine place for women and children to be taken to spend a day. The place is entirely orderly and is respectably kept, thus proving offensive to none. We found one steamboat load had preceded us, so two or three thousand persons were there, and every hour after other steamers in the line arrived, bringing many other thousands of those who wished to retire from the city and seek a day of pleasure and rest. Music and the chiming of bells in the pagoda upon our arrival made us welcome.

Here is also a fair collection of animals and birds, including buffaloes, gnus, zebus, deer, bears, 'coons, eagles, vultures, hawks, cranes, pheasants, owls, cockatoos, etc. There is no extra charge for looking at these; and it must be said that the prices for refreshments and amusements are very reasonable. In the artificial pond were swans and a family of seals disporting in the water, and sunning themselvs on the floats.

In a commodious building are several bowling alleys, billiard tables, etc., and it is perhaps enough to make the pious and self-righteous howl in mental anguish to see both men and women here enjoying themselvs rationally in these games on Sunday. To one of ordinary, obtuse mind it seems better than wearing a long, hypocritical face to church. And as there were at least twenty-five thousand persons on the island, with more than a hundred thousand at Coney Island, Rockaway, and other places of Sunday resort, it seems there are many others who think so. To walk around in the pleasant shade, to hear harmonious music, to look at beautiful flowers and statuary, to look upon the river, the sound, and the numerous craft flitting in all directions, cannot be harmful, and should not offend the most fastidious god ever conceived.

After "taking in" all the beauties of Glen Island (including but a small quantity of fluids), we took the steam ferry to the main-land near the noted Neptune House, where we took an omnibus to New Rochelle, nearly two miles away, and a pleasant Westchester town of some six thousand inhabitants, with many charming residences. It was in the program to take dinner at the German hotel there, and this was satisfactorily carried out, mine host setting before us such a meal as no reasonable man could complain of.

This over, our pious proclivities asserted themselvs, and we farther carried out the program by chartering a carriage to convey us two miles north on a pilgrimage to the monument of the ever-to-be-revered Thomas Paine, which was repaired, re-cut, and re dedicated in May, 1881. We found it in perfect good order, looking bright, beautiful, and new. No mutilations hav been made since the repairing, and as the corners were smoothly rounded off, it is far less easy to do than formerly. Thanks to the generous friends who sent in their little contributions for the purpose, Paine's monument is no longer a disgrace to his admirers over the country, and particularly to the sight-seers and desecrators who defaced it. It is now a credit to us all, and is decidedly a beautiful monument to one of the ablest and best of men who ever lived.

Of course, standing there in that sacred inclosure, by the side of that monument, covered with the inscriptions of the choicest quotations from the illustrious author, and there under the shade of those beautiful trees which hav now attained fine proportions, we realized the reverence and gratitude due from all loyal and appreciativ Americans to the memory of Paine. We felt that we were standing on a spot sacred to free thought and mental liberty. We felt that the faithful in our ranks—especially in this vicinity—should every year make a pilgrimage to this place to show our respect for a man who braved the world's frowns and condemnation to speak the words of truth and reason in writing the "Age of Reason." And while standing there by the side of that marble pillar, we resolved ourselvs into a committee of three to recommend this course to our friends and to see that the effort to carry it out be duly made. Were our decision put in the form of words, it would read in this wise:

Resolved, That every year after the year in the era of man, 282, on Decoration Day, the 30th of May, the admirers of Thomas Paine, or as many of them as practical, residing within one hundred and fifty miles of this place, and even at a greater distance, be recommended to make a pilgrimage to this sacred spot to spend the dav in doing honor to the memory of a great and a brave man, in listening to speeches and soul-stirring music, and in recalling to mind the valuable services of him who sacrificed so much to giv physical and mental freedom to his fellow-beings.

The locality is a very favorable one for passing an entire day pleasantly, and should the time come when the friends would choose to take tents along and make a two or three days' stay *a la* camp-meeting, the place will still be adapted to the purpose.

As pilgrimages are practiced in all parts of the world, and by the believers in all systems of religions, there is no good reason why the admirers of Paine should not once a year meet together to commemorate our great teacher and to strengthen each other in right-thinking and well-doing. Let this matter be not forgotten.

Upon returning to Glen Island we met our old friend Capt. George Loyd, of New Rochelle, and he took us out for a pleasant sail in his yacht Kapp; and after this we found Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., with his new and beautiful yacht "Mascot"—the genius of good luck—in which he evidently takes much pride. We looked around for Eugene, with his yacht "Sadie"—for it must be known that he proudly boasts of a yacht by that name—but he failed to put in an appearance, thereby causing some disappointment.

We arrived home just as the shades of evening were approaching, feeling highly satisfied with the pleasant manner in which the day had been spent, deeming it infinitly better than going to church to hear the old chaffy legends and claims of supernaturalism repeated. We also hoped that on many recurring Decoration Days we may meet at the monument of Paine large numbers of his friends and admirers.

In his sermon last Sunday the theological gymnast and harlequin Talmage, among his usual amount of senseless rubbish, got off the following: "Through the supernatural lens of what I might call a prophoscope dying Jacob looked down through the corridors of the centuries until he saw Christ the center of popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. A picture on the wall of a city, recently exposed by the archæologist, evidences the contempt in which he was held by many in his day. It represents a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription, 'Jesus, the Christ whom the people worship.' The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. The scoffers hav become the worshipers. Of the twenty most celebrated Infidels of Great Britain in our day, sixteen hav come back to Christ, trying to undo the blackened mischief of their lives." If more bosh and falsehood can be packed into the same number of lines we are considerably mistaken. Instead of there being sixteen celebrated Infidels of Great Britain who hav gone back to Christ there is not one. Where there is a single Infidel who has become a Christian there are hundreds of Christians who hav become unbelievers in theological absurdities. Mr. Talmage is earnestly requested to name the sixteen converted prominent Infidels, and if he fails to do so, all sensible men will justly consider him a common falsifier.

Complimentary.

The Spiritual Offering, a bright and sprightly weekly, has several times spoken very kind words concerning us, both while we were in foreign lands and since our return to our own shores. In the issue for the 2d inst, in introducing a portion of our remarks on the occasion of the reception banquet given us in this city, it speaks as follows, but perhaps too complimentary. We nevertheless appreciate the kindness:

"Next to Col. Ingersoll, D. M. Bennett is to-day probably the most popular among the many distinguished men of marked ability in America, denominated as Liberals. From being the best abused and decidedly the most hated by church bigots and envied by some would-be leaders in the ranks of Liberalism, he has by a most wonderful determination and honesty of purpose, strict adherence and perseverance in a course that he believed to be right, triumphed over his enemies; and now, on his return home, has been accorded fraternal greetings and public receptions such as hav never before been extended to any Freethinker of the world. At the reception tendered him in New York city, where were assembled a host of distinguished men of Freethought principles, he was most enthusiastically greeted."

Charles Bright, of Australia, will speak before the Liberal Club, on 15th street, Friday evening, the 8th inst. on the subject of Evolution. Those who are present will enjoy a rare scientific and oratorical treat.

The next number of the *North American Review* to be published September 15th, will contain a significant article by H. M. Hyndman, the English Radical leader, on "The Coming Revolution in England;" also an interesting account by Dr. Henry Schliemann of his recent very important discoveries at Ancient Troy.

Lecturing.

TO THE LIBERALS OF WESTERN NEW YORK AND NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

I would like to get opportunities to lecture during this fall in places within a hundred miles of my home. A few evenings since I lectured in my own town, and this is what our local paper, the Cattaraugus *Republican*, edited by orthodox men, said of my lecture:

"Our townsman, H. L. Green, Esq., delivered an entertaining lecture at the Opera House last Sunday evening. His theme was 'The Religion of Good Deeds,' which was treated from a Liberal standpoint. Mr. Green is a good talker and enters earnestly and enthusiastically into the theme before him. While the *Republican* can not indorse all Mr. Green's iconoclastic views, we certainly giv him credit for being conscientious in his efforts to demolish what he terms 'religious superstitions.' The lecture was attentivly listened to, and deserving of a larger audience than was present. The proceeds were for the benefit of the fire department."

I will make my terms satisfactory.

H. L. Green.

Communications.

The Watkins Convention.

The Watkins Convention was in every respect a representativ gathering, and will, without doubt, giv a great impetus to Liberal thought. Many aspects of the living questions of the day were adequately discussed. J. E. Remsburg, of Kansas, gave us a fine and noble presentation of the life and services of Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty. J. P. Mendum spoke in behalf of Paine Hall, that magnificent memorial to the martyr-hero, and which, in spite of every difficulty, must be preserved for liberty. J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, gave a keen and brilliant analysis of the design argument, and showed its logical absurdity. Mrs. Juliet Severance expressed some very valuable ideas concerning physical religion. That brave little woman, Mrs. Lake, delineated the elementary forms of Liberalism and their final unity in the glow of one grand purpose. H. L. Green poured forth a dashing bit of eloquence; a shower of vivid sparks from his pioneer experience. M. Babcock was the Mercutio of the Convention, and flashed his sparkling humor, laden with truth, in the midst of more serious discourses. How he did make the parson's money fly! T. L Brown, the president, knew how to set us all to thinking, and he touched upon the origin of ideas with philosophic grasp and his usual scintillations of elastic "holy spirit." Walser, all the way from Missouri, brought the western breezes and their breathing hope for a broader and better humanity. Matilda Joslyn Gage spoke a thrilling and needed word for the rights of woman. A. B Bradford demonstrated the folly of the church's monstrous demands upon the intellect and heart of the nineteenth century. Dr. Farlin opened the poetic riches of spiritual evolution, and painted to the mind's eye the illuminated pillars of the republic. Courtlandt Palmer surpassed himself in his forcible and splendid burst of oratory, portraying the man era as opposed to the God era. Charles Bright, of Australia, thundered forth one of the culminating addresses of the Convention, the fire and spirit of which made an impression not to be forgotten. The Liberty Bell rang forth his "tintinnabulations" with awakening effect. Prof. Peck moved our Liberal pulses with the genuin music of the future.

Bennett's banquet was a supreme success. It was the flowering forth of a long captivity and arduous travels. It was a noble and heartfelt tribute to a loyal soldier. The pilgrim has received the welcoming honors, and he goes forth to the world and to his future task with the seal of manhood upon his brow.

George Chainey's lecture, "Leaves of Grass," touched the shining hights of the oratory and thought of the occasion. It throbbed with the poetry of to-day. It touched every living issue with a master's hand. It bristled with every reform. There was no half-way work or spirit. All that the world hopes for out of a new and ever-advancing democracy found utterance in this admirable discourse. His criticisms of Walt Whitman were appreciated, and, on the whole, just; though we do not think Walt Whitman is quite so great a poet as Chainey makes him out to be, for, after all, he givs us only "Leaves of Grass." He does not giv us the flowers, the beautiful artistic form and coloring. Is not splendor of form and coloring necessary to supreme art? But the grandeur of Walt Whitman is undeniable, and Chainey's lecture fully voices this grandeur, and it should be heard everywhere by all Liberals as a vivid expression of what is most glorious in our present work.

Mr. Miln's address was simply superb. Its rhetoric was of the highest order. He spoke with the silver tongue of Chrysostom. He was like a flaming spirit in some parts of his discourse, so intense was his dramatic action; yet he was perfectly self-contained, and held the audience spellbound by the deliberateness of his utterance. His attack on the church was skilful, brilliant, and effectiv. Like a veteran and wise general, he counted all the forces of his adversary. He made every allowance. No Christian could hav painted the church with more glowing beauty. All that was best and most beautiful was brought forth with fascinating speech; and then when the church was exhibited in its wondrous and mystical glory, with terrible and incisiv logic the orator struck a giant's blow right at its shining head, and the hollow brilliance fell, and the darkness and horror upon which it rested were revealed. The church was shown to be utterly weak, even at its very best. Its strength was but the outside glare of an awful disease within.

We hav no doubt of Mr. Miln's success upon the stage. He is a born actor. He is full of dramatic movement and vivacity; his vitality is abounding. He has the best elements of success—a powerful and exquisitly-modulated voice, a splendid presence, a fine physique, a world-wide reputation, indomitable pluck, and a magnificent conception of the characters he purposes to interpret. He has studied deep into Shakspere. The subtleties and delicacies, as well as sublimities, of the poet's thought are not hidden from this new aspirant. His conception of Hamlet, while essentially the same as that of all great critics, is yet in some parts so striking and original that it must command the attention of all lovers of dramatic art. We may not agree with him altogether, but the strength and beauty and intense dramatic power of what he seeks to unfold is undeniable. That he has a splendid ideal, and the intellectual and physical vigor to interpret it even to the ordinary theatergoer, will, to my mind, be fully demonstrated.

Mr. Wakeman's lecture was, as usual, the summing up of the Convention's thought and motiv in a profoundly philosophical and also, to our mind, a vividly poetic discourse. It will be published in the *Alliance*, and the Liberal who does not read it will make a very sad mistake indeed, and lose a glimps into the promised land that will repay him for many a hard day's toil.

Mr. Bennett's illustrated lecture went off quite successfully. It furnishes a pictorial display of his travels, which is very entertaining and instructiv. Those who hav followed the pilgrim in thought should not miss seeing these admirable views.

Finally we must remember the words of Leland, the Napoleon of our Liberal organization, who is taking us over stupendous difficulties. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the price of *Man* is one dollar per year.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A Good Word for Chainey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your reply to the strictures of the nameless "Agnostic" of Boston on Geo. Chainey was very good and right to the point. While one particle of superstition exists, while theology is taught and disseminated, while religion and Christianity curse the world, Chainey, Ingersoll, and Bradlaugh are needed, whether their methods please "Agnostic" and the managers of that impotent *Index* or not. What would better please the great mass of Christians in this country and England than to hav the voices of these three great iconoclasts silenced? What would giv their dying cause a chance to recuperate and regain a portion of its lost power so quickly as the extermination of Freethought organs and orators? Chainey's lectures are needed, for they are constantly heard and read by those whose eyes are blinded and intellects clouded with the essence of superstition, which is the sum and substance of Christianity. Because "Agnostic" has got out of the woods into the sunlight of science and reason, does he care nothing for those who are unfortunate enough to be in the dark? Is he unwilling that others should gain the mental freedom that he enjoys; or is he one of the managers of that semi-religious *Index* with a praying editor, and therefore envious of Chainey's success? The mental pabulum found in that insipid organ, which clings to Christ and religion, is like water gruel to beefsteak compared with Chainey's lectures and the contents of those Liberal journals which never had to drop part of their name to gain subscribers. The man who straddles the fence in politics or religion generally lacks backbone, and such are never very successful as leaders, for the man with positiv convictions is the one that wins and gains a following. Chainey is bold, enthusiastic, positiv, and logical; he is doing a more important work than the *Index* is or ever will, and those who doubt it hav only to observe that a great difference exists between the enmity of Christians toward him and that organ. We know nothing of God and hav no use for religion. All that is needed to make this world a desirable place of residence is simple justice between man and man, and that is what Chainey is trying to demonstrate. When religious persecution ceases, and social ostracism for unbelief is done away with, then will be time enough to ask Chainey to pursue a different course and feed the people with pap *a la Index*. Until that time, which as yet is not very near, aggressiv warfare must be sustained to prevent the encroachments of religious sects and sectarians, who would mold and shape public opinion in their own narrow channels by force, had they the power. Men will soon learn "how to liv in this world" when the principal part of their time is no longer devoted to trying to get into the next one. First free the mind from every taint of superstition, and draw the attention of man from the supernal regions to the earth below. When that is done, and he no longer creeps and cringes before an imaginary God, he will brace up and take a different view of life. Hoping Chainey will continue to meet with the success that has attended his past efforts, I am yours for death to superstition and every form of mental tyranny, C. SEVERANCE.

El Paso, Aug. 24, 1882.

Prohibition Run Mad.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* As free discussion is the sifting-screen of the intellect, and THE TRUTH SEEKER the advocate of truth and not error, I beg leave to differ with your correpondent "Liberta," as to an article that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 29th, from the pen of that writer, and headed "Liberalism Run Mad," and which I think should read, "Prohibition Run Mad." I know it is unpopular to differ with those prohibition people, but perhaps not more so than to be an Agnostic; and, as the old adage has it, "one may just as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb." Here goes. Liberta starts in by making the wild assertion that "Liberty itself was born of prohibition in that early day when the idea of law, order, and individual right first entered the savage breast of man." Prohibitory nonsense! Liberty was not born of anything, It always existed. It was here before man was to express it. Liberty and prohibition are opposit terms. Ideas do not produce their opposits only when carried to extremes, which makes opposition necessary. Liberty is the order of nature and the birthright of every living being. Prohibition seeks restraint and undertakes to reverse nature's plan of human liberty. Comstock is a prohibitionist as well as a suppressionist. He carried prohibition to its logical conclusion when he laid his slimy fingers upon D. M. Bennett (the noblest man and the greatest light of the nineteenth century), and dragged him to state prison, to be worked for thirteen months like a brute, by the side of thieves and cutthroats. Don't prohibition work nice when carried to its logical conclusion? "Liberta" refers us to "prohibitory provision against murder, treason, larceny, bigamy, incendiarism, swindling, and gambling." Now, I claim, those laws are not strained so as to meet the demands of the prohibitionists in reference to the liquor question. The law punishes crime upon those who break the law, but does not in any sense remove the possibility of crime being committed by stamping out all the causes of crime. We hang for murder, but we cannot remove the whole human family from the man-slayer. We cannot abolish government that none may commit treason, or cease to acquire property that thieves may find nothing to steal. We cannot put all the women beyond the reach of the bigamist, nor do without houses and other buildings that evil-disposed persons may find nothing to burn. We cannot cease to do business because there are swindlers amongst us, neither can we stamp out all the instruments used by the gamblers in their different games to ruin each other.

"Liberta" next makes the sweeping remark that "the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage causes more than three-fourths of crimes and accidents and more than seven-eighths of the poverty, disease, vice, and wretchedness?"

This is an orthodox lie. I heard it preached from the pulpit fifty years ago. Three-fourths of our criminals are not drunkards. The preachers, the great advocates of prohibition, will run as high in the criminal calendar (according to numbers) as any other class if the truth can be reached. An educated thief is a dangerous man; but must we abolish education in order to get rid of that class of men? Accidents mostly happen upon railroads, steam and other boats, in factories, and around engins attending our industries, and a very few of them can be traced to drunkenness, as claimed by "Liberta." As for poverty and wretchedness, drunkenness does too much, goodness knows; but why magnify its horrors by falsifying to mislead the public? I maintain, without fear of contradiction, that usury causes more poverty and distress, smashes more brains, sends more to untimely graves, and is the indirect cause of more crime than all other causes known to man; but our orthodox ministers and prohibitionists are as silent as death upon this subject, yet it is unnecessary, as our business can be done with a bill of exchange, without borrowing, and our financial system is financial plunder. It sets from two to three hundred thousand American citizens on to the streets annually, and Christian Shylocks scoop in those homes and then tell us whisky does it, while their clerical tools and prohibitionist dupes sing the same song. Christian blacklegs get up corners in wheat, flour, pork, butter, oils, corn, and cotton, as well as money panics, by which honest men are bankrupted by the tens of thousands, causing hunger and want in a land of plenty, driving men to suicide and lunacy; but we are told whisky does it all. Christianity has made the world a gambling hell, and Christian aristocratic usurpers hav got all the nations of honest, industrious people into bondage, holding them down at the point of the bayonet: but our prohibition folks charge it all to whisky, and the people are gulled by it. Now, I must quit; I fear I am encroaching too much upon your good nature as to room and time. I congratulate you upon your safe arrival home to your dear wife and friends. May you liv long and retain the enjoyment of your faculties while life holds out, with an abundance of this world's goods. Many thanks for the splendid letters from the east to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours truly, WALTER SIMONDS.

Grand Island, Aug. 19, 1882.

More of Slade.

The very long minute account given in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Slade the medium's exposure causes me to think over the contradictions of life. I ask myself, Has Slade been really exposed at last? For twenty years he has followed a career that has no parallel in all history for success. When Spiritual phenomena were derided almost out of existence on account of dark seances, Slade stepped forth into the light, doing all the old tricks and some new greater ones in broad daylight. I saw surprise and consternation gathering around those who opposed the thing called Spiritualism, then fear, then hate. Then there came exposures. I was deeply interested, not that I had the slightest belief in a future state, but because of the continued existence of the "humbug of Spiritualism" for so many years in spite of the open, glaring exposures of its mediums. I was in the habit of thinking that "truth crushed to earth rises again," but here was error crushed and recrushed, yet rising again. So I examined carefully the exposures and concluded they did not amount to much. Then came more wonderful accounts of phenomena through Slade, and still more exposures. Finally, after investigating the exposures and finding them more unsatisfactory than the tricks themselvs, I concluded to go and call on Slade suddenly some day without letting anyone know about it. I reached New York, where no one knew me that I was aware of, and visited Slade one afternoon. He had just moved into the house, and things were in confusion. The person who came to the door told me that he could not see me at first on this account. A voice from above called out to know "who was there." The door-opener replied, "A gentleman to hav a seance," or some such words. The voice said, "Let him come up." I went up and met a feeble-looking, mild-mannered man, who bade me enter a door just at the head of the stairs. I did so and was in a room perphaps 24x10 feet in size. The man turned around facing me; the room was light, the time about 2 P.M., November; the sun shining, window blinds all up. As he turned to me, just as I had gotten midway into the room, none but ourselves visibly present, he asked me what kind of a seance I wanted—was it medical aid or his services as a doctor? I replied that I wanted what was called a "spiritual seance," and we both laughed. He said something briefly, and stood perhaps five feet from me, but my attention was taken up with a very singular occurrence just as he began to speak. It was this: something like a hand caught my right sleeve and jerked it, and as soon as I looked at the sleeve the left one was taken in the same way, just as if some one had taken it in his fingers and pulled it. I saw the cloth pinched up as though held by invisible fingers, and I saw it pulled out from the wrist; then it began on the right sleeve again, and as soon as I looked it began on the pants, down where the pants join the boot on the right leg, and then passed over to the left. I observed the cloth of the pantaloons to be pinched together. I said to myself, "This is perhaps some trick, and a good one too." Then the hands, still invisible, took hold of one of mine. All this occurred in two seconds, and while Slade was offering me a seat, or rather was asking me to sit down. When the hand took hold of mine I said to myself, "This is something like the big things we read of—this is a good thing." I had lately seen the Davenports so thoroughly exposed that I had lost all confidence in the genuinness of the phenomena, and had come to see Slade in a frame of mind little disposed to credit anything I might see. I sat down, saying nothing to Slade about my feeling anything touch me. No sooner had I sat down than seeming hands repeatedly clasped mine, large and small hands, but no sooner did the idea present itself to me to grasp them tightly than they let go. Evidently the movers of the hands knew my mind sooner than my hands could obey it. The hands would rest confidingly in mine so long as I was content to hold and lightly press them, but evidently the owners did not desire me to imprison them. Finally one came and clasped my hand tightly and I returned the clasp. No effort seemed made by it to withdraw. I held tightly, and noticed that my hand was evidently around some invisible material. The hand, after pulling and shaking a little, seemed to melt away. All of these hands felt like healthy human ones, but perhaps a little cooler than the average human hand.

Now I do not intend to go on and tell you minutely all that occurred. About everything of the kind that usually occurs as reported at Slade's seances happened, except visible materializations. Slate writing, bell ringing, accordion playing, table moving, etc., etc., all happened. But the point I make is this—that I held the slate alone, after thoroughly cleaning it off; held it on my head and close to and under the table; yet though Slade was so far from me he had to reach as far as he could to put the slate into my hand, I reaching also as far as I could to take hold of it, the writing took place every time I held it on my head or under the table, and the names of deceased relativs, certainly never heard by Slade, were signed to the communications. The communications amounted to nothing—the usual twaddle and nonsense. My grandmother had certainly become a most angelic fool to giv me a no more satisfactory message. Then, again, although Slade seemed to try to hold the accordion, it was violently jerked from him on to the floor, and he cried out, "Don't do that, you'll break the instrument," and I remember thinking he was very careful of his old ragged accordion, yet I took hold of it, saying, "Let me see if I can hold it." So I sat down holding it tightly in one hand, bracing my wrist with my other hand, with the keys toward me. The other end of the instrument was grasped and violently pulled and pushed with great rapidity, while the keys rose and fell so as to play "Home, Sweet Home." After the tune was played through and it was beginning to go through it again I silently requested the tune "Hail Columbia" to be played. I continued to silently repeat the request over and over again, and that tune was then begun and played through. I remarked to Slade, "I think I will hav to charge you for this seance, for I seem to do it all." He replied, "You of all men ought to be best satisfied, for nearly always I hav to touch the table or hold the slate or instrument." "Then," said I, "do you believe it is because I am a medium?" "No," he replied. "It is because your friends are determined to convince you. You hav investigated earnestly. You hav long thought of coming here, and they were prepared." Then he said: "But you can settle the question if you are mediumistic; go to the table and put your hand on it, and see if it will come up as you raise your

hand." I did so, while he cried "Up, up;" but no result. Then he came and placed his hands on it calling to me to notice how far he stood off from the table; and, raising his hands, the table followed up some three feet.

When I came home I read in the New York *Sun* of a great exposure of Slade that happened a week or so later. Some people came to me and said what a pity Slade had been exposed. I asked myself how it was possible to expose him in such matters as I had experienced. Since then I hav read of his being exposed repeatedly. In one case he was exposed and arrested while in London, and came near to being put into the penitentiary on account of his being detected. After that he went to Leipsig, Germany, where the famous Zollner and three other learned and famous professors investigated in broad daylight at various times during a whole month. Incredible and impossible things occurred. Not only was the invisible made visible, but the visble and tangible tables and chairs were made invisible and intangible. Impossible knots were tied, and solid rings of wood were placed around the stems of stands whose tops and bottoms are much larger than the rings. The knots and rings are there to-day with the living witnesses to swear to the facts. Some of the most expert slight-of-hand men in the world hav witnessed these performances of Slade's, and do confess they cannot understand them to be connected with the illusions of their profession. Meanwhile, if we believe anything, we must believe that there are some little children, and some very simple, ignorant old women who do the same kind of works that Slade does. Is it possible that Slade and these old ladies and children hav learned an art more delusiv than the necromancers at which they are expert enough to deceive the Boscoes and Haydens of the profession? Singular thoughts crowd on my mind while reflecting over these exposures of Slade. Had it not been that so many great and famous men hav been deceived by such men as Slade equally with myself, I would be very shy of expressing the fact that I also hav been fooled.

But will some one please explain to me how he did those tricks I hav described? How did he do the hands? How did he do the slate writing? How did he play the accordion? How did he get the names of my friends? for I will swear that I neither gave my own nor my friends' names to him. Will some one please expose this to me? CLARKE IRVINE.

Oregon, Mo.

Were the Jews in Egypt?

Much uncertainty seems to envelop the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. In Genesis xv, 13, we read: "Thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, ... and they shall afflict them *four hundred* years." And in Acts vii, 6, this is repeated. Exodos xii, 40, and Gal. iii, 17, would appear to fix the period at *four hundred and thirty* years; while the chronology of King James's version makes it *two hundred and fifteen* years.

Josephus says (Antiquities, Book 2, chap. iv): "They left Egypt in the month Xanthicus, on the fifteenth day of the lunar month, *four hundred and thirty* years after our father Abraham came into Canaan, but *two hundred and fifteen* years only after Jacob removed into Egypt." This would settle the matter if Josephus's testimony was conclusiv, but experience has taught us to accept Josephus's statements with a large grain of allowance.

The real question at issue is not "How long were the Jews in Egypt?" but "Were they in Egypt at all?" Moses, the putativ author of the story of the sojourn in Egypt, omits to state under which Pharaoh the transactions recorded took place; but it is stated, Gen. xlvii, 2, that "Joseph placed his father and his brethren . . . . in the land of Rameses." And in Ex. xii, 37, it is stated: "And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth," by which it would appear that Rameses was the name of the particular part of Egypt which the children of Israel inhabited. But in Ex. i, 2, we read: "And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithon and Raamses," which would indicate that the Israelites originated the name Rameses. How far these allusions tend to confirm the conjecture that Rameses was the reigning sovereign in the time of Joseph must be a matter of opinion. According to Bible chronology Israel journeyed into Egypt in 1706 B.C.; but according to Manetho this was during the reign of the kings of the seventeenth dynasty, and Rameses I. did not reign till four hundred years later.

If the Jews occupied Egypt at all, some account of it should appear in the records of that country, as well as in the records of the Jews themselvs. Unfortunately the material at our command is very limited, and so far has thrown no light on the subject. Josephus, it is true, makes a desperate effort to bolster up the Bible narrativ, but with very indifferent success. In his essay, entitled "Against Apion" (Book i, sec. 14), he quotes Manetho's account of the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos, or "Shepherd Kings," as evidence of Jewish occupation of Egypt. That this is a blunder, both as to time and circumstance, is evident to every scholar, nor is he more fortunate in his quotations from Phœnician and Greek authors.

Daniel Wyttenbach in his "Opuscula," vol. ii, pp. 416 to 431, says: "The Jews first came into notice among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great; and the historial monuments preceding that period make not the slightest mention of any Jewish transaction. Homer (the contemporary of Solomon) mentions nothing whatever of the Jews. Thales, Solon, Pythagoras, Democritus, and Plato, led by the love of wisdom, visited remote countries, as Egypt, Phœnicia, and Babylon, yet their writings contain no mention of the Jews whatever. There is no mention of the Jews in any part of the works of Aristotle. Herodotus and Xenophon make no mention of the Jews. All the historians of the transactions of Alexander who are worthy of any credit, are totally silent as to the Jews." And he further says: "Josephus's arguments and citations prove nothing in support of his position, that the name, the religion, and the rites of the Jews were generally known abroad."

To this testimony of Wyttenbach I will a add note from "The Lion," published by Richard Carlile at London in 1829. The Jews first became known under Ptolemy Lagus, who over-ran that coast of the Mediterranean, and when the rage for making collections of books and literature took place at the new-built city of Alexandria. Previous to the collection of Jewish and Chaldean tracts then made, and translated by the Jewish translators of the Septuagint, no mention can be found in any ancient author of any of the books in the collection now called the Old Testament, or of any of the facts related in them. Now, with the Bible and Josephus on the one side, and the negativ testimony of all authentic history on the other, how shall we decide?

Under these circumstances the words of Mariette-Bey are of peculiar significance: "It is certain that if ever one of those discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus." May not Mariette-Bey's prophecy be fulfilled by a careful examination of the papyri discovered by Herr Emil Brugsch in June, 1881, and deposited in the Boulak Museum at Cairo? As these papyri were found with the bodies of the Theban sovereigns, it is fair to presume that they may throw some light on the period of Egyptian history immediately preceding, or that in which the Jews are supposed to hav inhabited the country. With the fact of the mutilation which Manetho's history suffered at the hands of Christian fanatics before me, I confess to a feeling of solicitude for the safety of the Boulak treasures. Hav they only escaped Cambyses to be destroyed by Arabi Pasha? or if so fortunate as to survive the present "unpleasantness," can the scientific world afford to allow them to fall into the hands of the Christian Procrusteans?

My object in writing is to call attention to the present state of the case, and I hope those who hav the facilities, and are competent to examin into the subject, will do so.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 18, 1882. HARRY HOOVER.

An Open Letter to the Book Burner.

FRIEND EPPERLY: I hav been thinking for a week or more that I would write to thee, and ask thee if thee really thinks it is honest, upright, and brotherly to "purchase" goods from a fellow-man and then refuse to pay for them?

Now those books thee bought of Mr. Barnes were purchased by thee in a fair trade. He did not demand of thee that thee should read or believe them, and thee was perfectly right in burning them, so long as thee thought them harmful and injurious, providing thee owned them as thy personal property. I never think a thing is mine till I hav paid for it. And as thee owns to not having fulfilled thy contract with Mr. Barnes by delivering him the promised wool, it looks to me as if thee had burnt what belonged to another.

Is this honesty? It may be Christianity, for I think Christ taught his followers to take no thought for the morrow, but to help themselvs to grain, horses, and whatever they might desire as they tramped over the country, preaching and preying, and ranting and condemning all who did not believe precisely as they did.

I think if thee had studied the "Sages" and the "Humphrey-Bennett Discussion" thee would hav learned how much wiser, better, and more honest were most of the heroins and heroes whose biographies were contained in the "World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," than were Christ and his disciples.

I hav known a great many men and women who once believed in Christianity, but who found it was only myth and delusion, and so they abandoned it, and became Infidels and Atheists; but never one of them grew more dishonest, untruthful, or immoral from this change of opinion; but, with added light, knowledge, and truth, they grew wiser, better, and happier. They grew more honest, more kind, and more loving. Christ wanted his enemies brought before him and killed. We Infidels want our enemies to become good, honest, and lovable humanitarians. We do not believe in murder by law any more than by private individuals.

We do not desire that any harm should befall thee for burning the books belonging to the old man, who is trying to make a living for himself and his little family. His sick wife may hav a few less comforts in her humble home because of the loss of the dollars thee has robbed her husband of, and he may hav to deprive himself of needed rest, so as to try and sell a few more books or yards of goods to some *honest* purchaser who will pay for what he buys. Does thee suppose the truth can be burnt up? If thee had quietly payed thy honest debt, and *then* quietly burnt the books, thy church would hav been the gainer and a little more truth suppressed a little longer; but now every one of the thousands who hav read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of thy dishonest act, and every one who hears of it in thy own neighborhood and wherever the story goes, will mark thee down as guilty of a great wrong to an innocent man. There is, moreover, a gain for Infidelity in the whole proceeding.

An inquiry is going about as to the nature of the burnt books, and to-day I am ordering copies of them both from the publisher; and I hope to hav the pleasure of selling great numbesr simply from thy advertisment of them.

"Never a truth has been destroyed—
You may curse it, and call it crime,
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time:
But ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever justice is done.

Snowville, Va., Aug. 21, 1882. ELMINA.

A Plea for Infidelity.

Has it ever occurred to you, my dear coadjutants, what a courteous, condescending, conciliating class of creatures we Infidels are? Deferential, reverential, even, 'umble as Uriah Heep, yet never a word of thanks. Crouch, cringe, and cower as we may; repudiate, humiliate, and dissimulate, meekly stand with uncovered heads as the herd of "respectability" go by, and not the shadow of requital for the sacrifice. An Infidel is an Infidel, distinctly marked as the "man with the branded hand," and there is no use in playing the pharisee, nor hiding within the covert of a pseudonym.

Under this *bete noir* of an over-cowardly faith, in the silent catacombs of meditation, minds hav unremittingly labored for mental liberty. By this irrepressible energy little is heard to-day save the roaring and crashing of creedal convulsions, breaking in upon and reverberating along the weakening lines of belief. Due to the unflagging exertions of Infidelity, impediments once making progress an impossibilty hav been swept away, as has the sunlight of reason dispelled the lurid gloom of preceding centuries. In the execution of its lofty purposes, sovereignty, so long maintained as a kingly right, has become a common heritage; imperialism has been shorn of its purple, and the galling bonds of feudalism unriveted. In the name of freedom it is sounding the knell of despotism, heard in the voice of Ireland's discontent, in the doleful plaint of papacy, or the groans of exiled Nihilism, reaching far beyond the green Isle of Erin, the vine-clad vales of Italy, and Siberia's steril wastes. It has distributed wealth hitherto concentrated, scaled the inhibited walls of learning, unwrapped the esoteric veil of secrecy, and ungrudingly dispensed its discoveries. In contributing to humanity it has humbled arrogance, changed contumely into respect, and in defiance of time-honored codes accorded pre-eminence to the peers of intellect.

In compliance with the dictates of justice, it condemns duplicity, honors sincerity, criminates guilt, exonerates innocence, drags corruption from its lurking-places, and avenges it victims. That such results are inuring to the benefit of the world, candor at least will not deny, and just now they are boldly challenging reluctant recognition. Of this brave champion, wearisome hav been the efforts, herculean the task, with no indemnity save the conciousness of well-doing. Treading the paths of obscurity, eating the crust of penury, dwelling in the deserts of isolation, yet forced to witness the purloining of its benificence. Let us hope there will not be a renaissance of such ghostly portraitures as Bruno at the stake, Galileo in torture, or philosophy expiring under the edict of pagan antipathy.

This word Infidelity, so long the synomym of obloquy, shall yet be the shekina of history, as it has ever been of reason, science, and philosophy, the *mare clausum*.

Concord, Ky., 282. OLD VIRGINIA.

BATTLE CREEK, Aug. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For more than a year, during the whole time of your absence in making the tour around the world, I hav refrained from giving any notes for THE TRUTH SEEKER, in part because of the superabundance of other and perhaps more important matter constantly pressing upon its liberal and open columns. Although I hav been silent, I hav not been indifferent or inactiv, but I hav been constantly "on the wing," passing from place to place, and laboring in the general interest of Freethought and reform, in the lines in which THE TRUTH SEEKER is at work.

Just previous to coming to this place I visited the old conservativ town of Marshall, and I obtained a good list of subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER in that town among the most wealthy and intelligent inhabitants of the place. And I hav also received a liberal list of subscriptions in Battle Creek—fourteen new subscribers in each of these places. And the probability is that a goodly list of permanent subscribers will be established here as in Union City, Kalamazoo, Jackson, and numerous other places which I hav visited during the past two years in the interest of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the various standard works published at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. I believe I hav taken about five hundred trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER since January, 1881. And no person can possibly measure the beneficial results of this large list of new subscribers to such a reformatory journal as THE TRUTH SEEKER. In fact Liberalism and Freethought are becoming quite respectable. It is largely a matter of numbers with Mother Grundy. There are very few minds among the masses who can look beneath the surface of popular opinion, and popular opinion is simply the faith of the multitude. As H. L. Green once remarked of R. B. Hayes—"Mr. Hayes would as soon be in affinity with Freethought and Reform as with the Christian church if Freethought becomes as common or as popular as the Christian system of religion has been." The advocates of constitutional rights hav never sought to institute systems of torture and inquisition. In these times the defenders of constitutional rights hav been far in advance of the Christian church. My own opinion is that we cannot be saved in, and through, or by the Christian church, but rather we must hope to be saved from it and its bloody persecution.

There are very many classes of professedly free worshipers, but none of them seem as a body to care for the imprisonment and persecution of many of the best and most intelligent people we hav in our own country. The lines of demarcation, however, are being more intelligently and more closely drawn, and by and by it will be more clearly seen, and more definitly understood, that the fundamental principles upon which the American government was founded were not upon the same basis with the Christian church, but directly the reverse. This government was established to authorize and inaugurate the era of human rights, and not to glorify the gods or to stigmatize the devils.

I go from Battle Creek to Kalamazoo, where THE TRUTH SEEKER and its proprietor has many earnest and very intelligent friends.

Fraternally yours, C. S. ROWLEY.

HARDISON'S MILLS, TENN., Aug. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find two dollars, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER three months, fifty cents, and the balance please use as directed.

There are very few Liberals in this vicinity, and a man who does not blindly indorse all the absurdities and contradictions of the Bible is looked upon with great contempt by this Christian and enlightened community; and, unfortunately, I am not possessed of sufficient hypocrisy to accept their unreasonable dogmas, but speak my opinions boldly, and think I hav a perfect right to judge according as reason and facts may dictate, and not by the precepts of an ancient and superstitious tradition which has been handed down from age to age and been transmuted to accord with the individual caprices of the rulers and philosophers of the multifold nations which hav had their minute existences at some period of the world's age, and which has been so thoroughly disseminated throughout the human mind that there remains to-day scarcely a single individual who has not at some period of life been astonished at the readiness with which the world accepts the monstrous doctrin, and had himself almost decided to believe, without pausing to consider or question even the possibility of a doubt as to its real existence. But, fortunately, a few less credulous minds have denied its truth, and by reason and a constant study of the laws of nature proven its gross monstrosity and mythology. And I think Liberalism is vastly on the increase, and at no great distance in the future man will require evidence instead of faith to establish any fact. However, any creed, no matter how unreasonable, taught to the infant mind, clings to it almost with the tenacity of life itself; but the truth is mighty and will prevail, in spite of ecclesiastical compulsion and a sweet promis of a happy and everlasting domicil in that bright and beautiful lake of hell-fire and brimstone.

Yours for truth and liberty of thought,
W. M. HARDISON.

Letters from Friends.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Aug. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Welcome home, from a long and tedious journey faithfully accomplished for Freethought and mental liberty. Well may we all welcome you home again. Long may you liv in the hearts of the people. MRS. MARGARET JONES.

CLEAR WATER HARBOR, FLA., Aug. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Welcome home, faithful Truth Seeker, and many thanks for many truths and more light which your trip round the world has brought to your readers. I want your books, and will hav them, but must deny myself until winter when I sell my orange crop. Yours, etc., M. C. DWIGHT.

ELMWOOD, ILL., Aug. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are more than glad to welcome you to your nativ shores again—the so-called land of the free. After having filled your mission so well, and giving to the world an extended history of your travels, we again say thrice welcome to D. M. Bennett, and may his influence liv forever in the hearts of the American people! F. WATKINS.

DETROIT, July 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like your Liberalism. I am glad you hav got home again safe and sound. You hav certainly triumphed over Anthony, Colgate, Crosby, Benedict & Co. most grandly. I am glad of it. But I am afraid it will be a long time before the hold of superstition on our government will be broken, in spite of all D. M. Bennett, R. G. Ingersoll, T. B. Wakeman, and all the rest of the friends of Freethought, free mails, and free press can do to break it down. I expect this government will become so corrupt that it will fall to pieces, and that anarchy and ruin will follow, and then every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost; and that is, in fact, about how it stands now, so far as our politicians are concerned.

Yours truly, JAMES HALE.

THE MAGNOLIA-BAY-TREE.

CROCKETT, TEXAS, Aug. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: This beautiful tree, of Southern growth, needs no description to persons living in the southern portions of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas; but it would be a rare treat to many persons living in the states to see one of these trees in full bloom, dotted with their large white flowers in contrast with the dark green leaves of the tree. This tree I regard as one of the most beautiful evergreens of the South, and it seems strange that there should be so few of them found in the yards of our Southern people. This tree I think could be grown in hot-houses at the North, until it got too large. For the benefit of your readers I make this proposal: All who will send me their post-office address and fifteen cents in stamps, I will keep a record of their names and address, and send them a package of the seed in the fall. I hav applications now from persons living in twenty-three different states for seed to be sent in the fall.

Truly yours, ALEXANDER KING.

HAMPTONVILLE, CAL., Aug. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I was in hopes to hav taken you by the hand as you passed through California, but I could not, and now I suppose I never shall. I hear that you are getting some mud and slush flung at you by your enemies, but you are getting more than enough honor and praise to counterbalance anything they may do. Their malice is of envy and spite. You hav nothing to fear. It is the duty of every person to leave a record in this world that they will not be ashamed of. You hav left a mark that you and your friends may well be proud of.

Now let me say to you, welcome home! You say that the man is blessed who loves only water for drink. If that is so I hav the blessing, for I hav not touched nor tasted any intoxicating fluid for fifty years, and for the last twenty hav only drank water, with a little milk. I work some every day, and my health is good. I never used tobacco in any form, and hav passed seventy-nine years, and expect to pass many more. Yours truly,

GEORGE PADDINGTON.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Aug. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see a paragraph in THE TRUTH SEEKER recommending the formation of Liberal libraries. I think more good may be done by advertising that the Liberal League will donate or sell at a nominal price the works of Voltaire, Paine, and other Liberal writers, to any well-established library which will place them on their shelvs for general circulation. I got the idea from an advertisment of the Swedenborgian Society, New York, which agreed to giv the whole of the works of Swedenborg, twenty-one volumes, on these terms. I being president of the committee of I. O. O. F. Library of this place, at once accepted it, and now hav the works on our shelvs. Our society is not sectarian, and we already hav Joe Cook's Boston lectures and Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" side by side with Bishop Colenso and McElvaine's "Evidence of Christianity," and Paine and Colenso are read five times to one of the others. I should like to hav the idea laid before the National League Convention at Watkins, but it is too late for that, I suppose. I am satisfied that Liberal works of all kinds will find more readers in a regular library than in one exclusivly Liberal or confined to Liberal works, as many men, and women too, and even preachers, come to us and take out Paine or Colenso or Renan that would be afraid to be seen going to an acknowledged Infidel library.

Very respectfully yours, JOHN DOWNES.

OAK BAR, CAL., July 28, 282.

FRIEND BENNETT: I herewith send the two dollars, for which I want credit on THE TRUTH SEEKER account. And as thou hast just returned from a trip around old Grandmother Earth, and hast rode the elephant, escaped from the swift waters of the River Jordan, and the poisonous fangs of the cobras, etc., I just thought I would trouble thee for thy opinion about that scripture called the Golden Rule: "As ye would that others do to you, do ye even so unto them." This seems to me an imperfect, precarious rule, left to our minds and judgment. The rule extends to mind as well as body. Then if a subject of this rule is in difficulty or distress about religion; a Catholic and Protestant would giv him antagonistic advice; a Calvinist and Methodist, ditto; and so on through the whole four hundred and fifty different denominations of the Christian orders. He would soon be confused enough to kill him. If he needed medical aid the same differing would exist. One would want to giv him a big dose, one a little one, one bleed and calomelize him, one steam him, and one pass him over to the spirits. They, too, might confuse him to death. So I don't take much stock in the Golden Rule. What's thy opinion of it?

I don't want thee to wrongly take me for some drone of a preacher, or an Anthony Comstock spy. I am a member of the National Liberal League. I vote the Greenback ticket and read THE TRUTH SEEKER. Besides I hav long since learned that the ignorant may look in vain to the learned for knowledge of the existence of a God, either in or out of nature.

Thine fraternally, T. M. KELLY.

[Our friend's criticisms on the "Golden Rule," hav point, though the maxim as a whole has hardly been surpassed; but it was not original with Jesus. The same sentiments were enunciated hundreds of years earlier by others.—ED. T. S.]

FLEMING, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: This communication to you is from a true friend of long standing. With the writer you are not personally acquainted; perhaps you never heard of me until you arrived home. I see a statement in your paper of your safe arrival, and I am glad to learn you sailed into the port where you started from all sound and in good order, and was welcomed and warmly received after sailing around the world. Mr. Bennett, you must allow me to express my feelings in regard to you. I am not a flatterer, and I do not want you to receive this in that way. I never saw you; only a shadow of you, your portrait. I hav read your writings. You are the greatest hero of the age—honest, brave, noble-minded. You are doing and hav done more to enlighten the people than any other man that ever lived on this globe that I ever read or heard of. Your travels, investigating the different kinds of gods and religions and hells that poor, ignorant, fallible being, man, has made, if I mistake not, will clear away some of the fog and mist that hav beclouded poor inhumanity's eyes so many thousand years; for inhuman they are to use each other as they are now doing, and hav done in the past, making their imaginary tyrant gods and all kinds of hells for others to eternally suffer in, and themselvs go free. I do not wish those hell-makers any harm, but I am in favor of some kind of a hell after we pass from what is called this life, so that some of these god and hell-makers will get their just reward for torturing and persecuting the innocent here. How that will be of course I know not; but Mr. Bennett, if you keep on you will put out the fires of the Christian hell certain. It is about smothered now, and I will help you all I can. I hav been fighting the flames of hell all of my life. I would like to grasp your hand; perhaps I may some time.

From your friend, GERARD DOAN.

THE TRUTH SEEKER AROUND THE WORLD.

Aug. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading Vol. II. of these wonderful books, and I think I appreciated the volumes better and better as I read them over and over and marked their strong superiority over any other book of travels ever penned by priest, missionary, or pietist; and even other Liberals who hav traveled hav never dared to tell the plain truth about the religion and morals of the heathen. They knew it would make their books unpopular, and so tacitly assented to keep up the farce that "our religion, our God, and our Bible" were far superior to all others of all other nations, and, consequently, our morals and merits were also the best and nearest perfection. But these books tell the plain, unvarnished truth, and tell it so simply, earnestly, and pleasantly that conviction strikes every reader. I am glad to see these large, handsome, and instructiv volumes selling so rapidly. They ought to be in every League library and every home library of the land. I take great pleasure in lending mine to pious neighbors. This is a realistic age, and travels are just the reading that most interests the average man and woman. To know just what the people of other lands are doing, thinking, and feeling; to see right into their minds, hearts, and homes, is precisely what we all like and enjoy, and no other man has ever given us so perfect and yet so simple a picture of the whole as is to be found in these books. They are the cheapest, best, and most comprehensiv books of travel ever placed before the people. They take the reader right there, and all is as plain and distinct as if seen with one's own eyes, and more so in many cases, for the educated eye sees so much more than one that is untrained.

Many will read these books for the history in them, and in doing so they will, all unaware, imbibe much of the truth of our philosophy.

That they may sell like "hot corn" is the wish and hope of Thine truly, ELMINA.

PIPESTONE CITY, MINN., Aug. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav the pleasure to inform you and the Liberals of America that Mr. E. C. Walker, of Iowa, so well known in the Infidel ranks as an earnest, thorough, unflinching worker in the cause of Freethought and its organization, has been here among us sowing the seeds of liberty, and already they hav taken root and grown into an organized Liberal League of twenty-four members, embracing, among the number, several subscribers to your excellent paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER.

If we could hav a few such men as E. C. Walker speaking to the people of southern Minnesota upon the question of theological tyranny and usurpation, it would kindle such a flame of liberty in the hearts of her people as would forever destroy the power and business of Christ, Holy Ghost & Co., and establish in the hearts of her sons and daughters that principle of justice, humanity, equality, fraternity, and love which would ere long spread the blessings of liberty over this fair earth.

Oh, the incomparable love and kindness of our Christian friends! How freely they do manifest it at times toward us!

An exhibition of heavenly love was so marked on this occasion that it demands special notice from us. Mr. Walker in the commencement of his lecture most cordially invited any criticism they thought proper to present, which they withheld until the last evening of his lecture; they then came forward with the strongest argument that they hav ever been able to present—rotten eggs. But most fortunately the talented and gentlemanly speaker was not struck with any of them, though thrown directly at him through an open window. Some of the audience were spattered with one. That was all at the schoolhouse, but after the lecture five or six men followed Mr. Walker, myself, and family some distance, and threw more eggs, but none of them struck any of us. But I need not mention such argument; it is as old and rank as orthodoxy.

Hoping this communication will find our beloved brother Bennett home again to his faithful wife and waiting friends, I remain yours for the cause of truth and justice. JOB WHITEHEAD.

GRATTAN, MICH., Aug. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I congratulate you on your safe return. Probably a journey of the magnitude you hav just accomplished is seldom completed with less reverses than you hav experienced. You hav seen and learned much that has been a source of enjoyment to yourself, and I hope, in future years, may prove a benefit to the world through the increased amount of good and truthful information you may be able to giv in your valuable paper.

Our people need all they can get from every source that will make them wiser and better every day. You will be able to giv them much from the large fund you hav accumulated; and your good judgment, discretion, and common sense, ripened by mature years, it may be hoped, will giv an impetus to the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER that will giv you pecuniary reward, and be a blessing to many who are seeking to know and do more for the good of people in this life.

I hav been an invalid so long (eleven years) that I hav reason to feel and know, more than many others, the importance of learning how to liv and less of how to die. During my invalid life friends hav been very anxious that I should learn how to be prepared for death. I hav given the matter much serious thought, and hav formulated a little creed of my own, which, in short, is about as follows:

A RELIGION OF DEEDS VS. A RELIGION OF CREEDS.

"All men, women, and children should try to learn everything that will tend to make their lives better, brighter, and happier, and should do what they can to assist others. Discountenance enmity and strife, bigotry and superstition; cultivate honesty and economy, industry, temperance, charity—everything that will tend to make this a happier life and the world better for our having lived. So much then will be gained for this life, of which we hav some knowledge, and that we know we possess. This should be a stimulus to cultivate a hope for future and immortal life, because it can do no harm, and often givs pleasure. In case, then, that there proves to be a future state of existence, if eternal justice rules and controls all things, we may reasonably expect that we shall start out in that life with just as much more good capital as we hav accumulated by good acts

and deeds here. By acting and living thus much will be gained." Yours truly,

CONVERSE CLOSE.

THE CLIMAX OF HUMBUG.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 16, 1882.

Perhaps there is no other man living to-day who hath seen more to convince the unprejudiced mind that religions over the whole earth are unmitigated humbugs than D. M. Bennett of the New York TRUTH SEEKER. His traveling experiences are complete, and ought to be quite sufficient to expel every doubt as to any kind of religion being any more than a miserable invention of priestcraft in different places, according to the drift of the ignorant conceptions of the mobs. There is not one particle of divinity in or about any of it. The whole business are so many put up jobs, and run in the interests of the swarms of idle lying priests, monks, friars, nuns, etc. There is but little variety in the different systems, in one respect, they are on a par, and that is the scheme of plunder. Nothing can be more clear than that. Religions hath been foisted on the world for a twofold purpose, plunder and power. The great masses of the people had to be enslaved in order that the church, temple, and priest power may control and dominate over them; and this is what all religions are doing to this day. The people are like soft wax in the hands of the crafty, designing priesthood. They and their minions mold and fashion their dupes from infancy to maturity, for no other purpose than grinding the almighty dollar from them, or any other money in circulation on this planet. Greed and avarice is the chief trait in the character of clerical drones. They peddle all kinds of religions, and you pay your money and take your choice; and if you do not pay you can go to hell gratis. Such are religions.

But, oh! what fools these mortals be to invest a red in such insipid trash. None of their jargon is worth a snap. It's the thinnest of shams, and the sooner they make the discovery the better, for it is by no means desirable to liv and die a fool, and certainly there is no wisdom in the rites, ceremonies, and mummeries of any of the vast number of religions now inflicting the world with their whimsical and nonsenical humbug. Everybody should read Brother Bennett's book of travels round the globe. It will spread your eyes wider open to the deceitful practices of priestcraft than any other process, and fill your knowledge-box chock full of the best sense that man can acquire during the term of his natural life.

Yours for a grand success,

THOS. WINTER.

BIGGS, Aug. 6, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I received a letter to-day from friend Garwood, of Baltimore, and I was truly surprised at the attention and respect of one so far away, and whom I never saw. I hav often heard advocates of mental liberty denounced from the pulpit as unfriendly, cold, and selfish, but my observation teaches the reverse, for the pursuit of truth invariably inspires and establishes a sort of Free Masonry, while the propagation of error and supernatural dogmas is prolific of dissension and strife.

I desire through your columns to thank the brother for his expression of civility and congratulation elicited by my letter ot July 22d, which I expected would be consigned to the domain of the waste-basket, as it was my first. I feel glad that I hav joined the ranks of such a noble army, and henceforth my exertions shall be directed to the cause of truth against priestcraft and ignorance, for my Bible, THE TRUTH SEEKER, has taught me that it is my duty to my fellow-men. Throughout the United States to-day we are addressed by 70,000 men, styled reverends, right reverends, elders, fathers, priests, parsons. preachers, pastors, bishops, and archbishops, upon a subject that is enslaving, degrading, and disgraceful. They are teaching, engendering, and fostering fear, a deadly, hideous weapon that has assassinated the joys and peace of millions, and is still murdering the hearts and minds of our children by wholesale. All worship of the unknown is the emanation of fear; although they teach that it is the offspring of love, the serpent of fear is coiled within. These 70,000 men are all employed to feed and keep alive a crawling, deadly, slimy serpent of superstition and fear to poison and destroy all human joy. The page of history amply proves that its destructiv influence has embittered the lives of the human race. Men hav been led to inflict upon their poor bodies the most excruciating tortures. They hav tormented themselvs with strifes, hunger, and thirst, and every conceivable method of suffering has been resorted to in the vain hope of appeasing the wrath of a villainous bloodthirsty God, the baseless fabric of fear. O Freethinkers, this corrupting and disgusting cancer is still upon the body politic. This horrid skeleton is still stalking among us, making our nights hideous and our days sickening and sad. The gloom and terror of a false fear is still nursed by 70,000 men whose black robes are symbolic of the monster they cherish. Our sweet lovely chileren are still within reach of its poisonous fangs. Let us arouse ourselvs to duty; let us stand upon the watch-tower as sentinels; let us array ourselvs in battle with our illustrious captain, D. M. Bennett, leading, displaying our standard, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Victory for truth, freedom, peace, love, and happiness will be the result. The hideous form of fear will take to itself wings and fly from the habitation of man. The pallid, ghostly skeleton of superstition will crouch no longer among us. We shall be a free people. O hasten, glorious age! I hear the sound of distant drums.

Millions on millions, a countless people rise,
A vast, wide-spreading, and all-conquering race,
Whose gorgeous banner, floating to the skies,
All other earthly emblems shall displace.

A myriad people boldly climbing far
Above the groveling of the past;
Before them glistens victory's glorious star,
And echoes wide the joyous trumpet blast.

So in the van fair science richly shines,
And radiant over all reigns white-winged peace;
The bigot's intolerance in the dust declines,
And superstition's power henceforth shall cease.

Their industries fill every smoking vale,
Their lofty mansions crown each verdant hill;
Their bounteous yellow harvests never fail,
Joy circles all, and bloody strife is still.

Yours in truth, JOHN D. STANLY.

EXIRA, IOWA., July 31, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: First of all, I will congratulate you on your safe return to your home and friends and family after so long and perilous a journey. I must further commend your industry in furnishing your appreciativ patrons such a storehouse of useful and authentic information of the many wonders of foreign lands and of ancient and modern times. Your description of the "Holy Land," so called, interested me very much, as I had never read a pen picture of that country, written by a man who was at liberty to tell the truth as it presented itself to him. Men with "Rev." prefixed to their names are nothing more or less than slaves, whose masters are a set of ignorant dupes who feed principally on superstition and the wonderful, which they draw from mythological history written in uncritical ages by men who believed more in witches, ghosts, and dreams than they knew about philosophy, honesty, and the true nature of things. When these "Revs." go over there they are obliged to write just such a description of the "Holy Land" as their non-progressiv readers at home will like, or they will lose their fat positions and their ease and social life. It is a conceded fact that the learned men of to-day who are at liberty to write what they think discard the mythological nonsense and unscientific trash written in books by ambitious priests, ignorant dreamers, speculators in unknown and unknowable things, whether these books be called bibles, mythologies, revelations, or what not. But those who are not at liberty to write what their study and researches hav brought to light (the clergy, generally), are still feeding the people on the superstitions emanating from the ages of midnight darkness.

But I started out to not only congratulate you, but to commend, with sincere thanks, "Liberta," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 29th, for his or her criticisms on E. C. Walker's attack on the prohibition movement in our state. This is characteristic of Mr. Walker. He is always attempting to drag down Liberalism by attacking the principles held dear by a large number of our best and worthiest friends. As good Liberals as the sun ever shone on stood at the polls and worked for prohibition all day, and, thanks to their energies, we carried the measure. And, let me inform Mr. Walker, we did not work for a "sumptuary law" either. We worked for a law to protect our homes, our wives, daughters, and friends from the insults of drunken wretches staggering from a dirty hell-hole by the wayside, the lives and honor of our children, and to preserve the respect, peace, and dignity of our towns and communities. Walker votes for a law to protect his property. I vote for a law to protect the honor and life of my son, and neither of us are voting for a sumptuary law; it protects his son and his home, his wife and daughter, as well as mine. If he will persist in taking into the stomach a substance that will steal away his brains and make him a senseless, raving, dangerous animal, it is my duty, as a good citizen, to prevent him from endangering society with his drunken fits of lunacy. The groggeries and hell-holes that this amendment will close up are nothing but way stations on the road to misery and ruin; and to vote for a law to close them is not voting or enacting a law for a class or a few, but it is general in its character and as broad as our great commonwealth. This idea of Mr. Walker's is a borrowed one from the Democratic platform of last year, and possesses just about as much patriotism and true philanthropy as that party has been able to muster for the last quarter of a century.

Please pardon this long communication, but I could not hav said less concerning this attack upon our prohibition amendment.

Yours for Liberalism and temperance,

J. A. HALLOCK.

CHENEY, WASH. TER., Aug. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am proud of the recognition and kindness that hav been shown to D. M. Bennett on his way through the continent home, and that we did not let the other nations get ahead of us in appreciating true service in freedom's battle. How sad that many otherwise intelligent people do not understand or value this service! A California correspondent tells me the San Francisco papers, with the exception of the *Jewish Times* and the German paper, did not even mention the arrival of Mr. Bennett. The German notice speaks only patronizingly of Mr. Bennett, saying he is inoffensiv looking, no speaker, and told his audience nothing we were not aware of before, etc., was not the man, in the opinion of the writer, to take the lead of the Freethinkers of this country—as if he had not done so already. Who of us hav braved and done so much for Freethought? His philosophical and historical works will liv after him. [Possibly the scurrilous pamphlets sent from Boston to all the Pacific press may hav had some effect.—ED. T. S.]

When U. S. Grant, a man of only ordinary ability, incapable of research and depth (another of his party doing work of book-making), arrived at San Francisco from around the world, he was treated like a royal personage, the streets being decorated with banners and flowers in profusion in his honor, the daily papers being filled with nauseating accounts of this flattery of one who happened to be in the winning battle of the late war. But a man many years older than Grant, who has fought a more bitter war for freedom than the latter, who is capable of instructing his fellow-beings, whom the thinking portion of the country delegated to inform them of facts concerning the rest of our common earth that we cannot see ourselvs, and if we did would probably not learn one-twentieth of what we now hav from the acute D. M. Bennett, with his wonderful perceptivs and memory—when this man touched his nativ shore after his ten months' hard writing, after being recognized for his intellectual worth abroad, not even the common courtesy of a general announcement was given him. I told my correspondent (who thought the German paper probably spoke the truth, thinks Bennett has been much overrated, etc.) that in my opinion these silent editors of San Francisco, as well as the German scoffing one, were afflicted with the same disease as Underwood & Co.—jealous envy. No other editor in the country has been commissioned as has D. M. Bennett, and I think all are more than satisfied. His name will go down to posterity with that of Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll, and other friends of humanity. Everyone I loan my book of travels to is perfectly delighted with it, of whatever belief they may be.

I agree with Mrs. Lake and Susan Wixon that women should cease merging their identity after marriage; and this is just as sure as all the other reforms, to happen. I think there would be no trouble, as some fear, about naming the children. Giv the name of both parents, and one surname, as many do now.

Much as I admire E. C. Walker and his noble industry, I think he is mistaken in not taking stand for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. It was long before I came to this conclusion—hav only now done so. Even if it is a Christian movement it may be good (though I realize they hav never before been the first in real reform). So let us not only help but take the lead in it. Are not all laws prohibitory? If this vile stuff composed of a hundred ingredients, called whisky, is not made or sold, we shall prevent the weak fools who drink it from making themselvs bold enough to be criminals, as they are doing almost hourly. Not forgetting, too, the blood of future generations is being poisoned. This is the saddest feature of all. Self-defense demands prohibition of adulterated food or drink.

In a controversy with a Christian lady I am holding in our suffrage journal, the *New Northwest*, my opponent referred me, in order to get rid of the Bible in all its teachings, to a tribe of savage Indians in South America, who torture their medicin women to death when a chief dies, advising me to become one of these. I proudly pointed to Liberal, Missouri, in the center of our own country, where I could, and shall, go to get rid of the Bible in all its teachings. I showed her it was superstition that caused these ignorant people to blame their women for nature's laws, and superstition caused her to be so uncharitable toward myself, etc., that this Liberal colony had no churches or saloons, accepted only the good and moral from all sources, without the superstition necessary for god-worship, etc. This lady's abusiv throwing down of the gauntlet to me, finding that I was an Infidel, after I had corrected a few of her misstatements as to the treatment of English women, was not approved even by many Christians. The Duniway Publishing Company proprietors wrote me they would be pleased to hav a reply, and I regarded this, from a paper with so many Christian readers, as a grand compliment, not personal, but to the advancing spirit of progression.

Dear readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, be sure I did my best, quoting from Draper and others, and from the indorsements I received think I proved my position.

I am sorry we can no longer boast of our strictly secular Liberal. If Christians wished to remain to themselvs, and as an experiment in morality hav no Liberals among them, would the latter thrust themselvs in and refuse to allow the Christians a hearing in public? As Mr. A. L. Andrews exhorts, let us redouble our defense. ANNIE EVEREST.

My String of Pearls.

BY AUGUSTA E. NICHOLS RICH (ETHEL ETHERTON).

I had a string of lovely pearls;
Two noble boys, two wee. fair girls;
Strung on the rainbow-ribbon—hope;
A clasp beneath each sun-white throat—
A golden clasp—strong, pure, and fine—
Wrought from the gold of love divine;
A love eternal as the song
Upon our savior's natal morn,
Sung by the angels, clear and sweet,
While kneeling at Jehovah's feet;
And o'er the earth the blessed refrain
Fell soft and sweet as April rain.
Alas! my rainbow-ribbon, hope,
Was frail as fair; too soon it broke—
And half my pearls, despite my tears,
Slipped off. The agony of years
Seem crowded into those few hours,
When first I saw my pearly flowers
Lie crushed! O God! those hours of pain!
Oh! may their like ne'er come again!
So sudden fell my first sweet pearl—
My little, loving, lisping girl—
I could not feel that it was *death;*
Not even when I saw her breath
Was gone—her heart was still—
I did not say, "Father, thy will,
Not mine, be done." Nay, do not chide,
For the kind angel by my side
Said it, and gently sealed my lips,
While o'er me passed death's first eclips.

Yet once again that angel hand
My string of lovely pearls unbound,
And took my laughing boy away
For "Lexia's" sake. What could I say?
I bowed and strove to kiss the rod—
The angel said, "Thy will, O God!"
These shadows, like the ocean spray,
Damp all the blooms of sunny May—
Or, like the breath of the simoon,
Waft echoes only from the tomb.
But through the mist bright forms are seen,
Sweet voices mingle with each dream;
And still each day I count my pearls—
One—two—three—four—two boys, two girls.

Mind—What Is It? Spiritual or Material?

Mind, as a spirit, an immaterial nothing, is so devoid of being characterized in any comprehensiv language, that Webster—in his Dictionary—is obliged to resort to a palpable contradiction in naming spirit as "an immaterial substance," which so muddles all possible meaning as to become ridiculous. And how can it be otherwise than ridiculous to attempt to depict or define nothing, a spirit-nothing, an immaterial-nothing, which he names as two opposits, that is, "an immaterial substance;" which is an immaterial-nothing and substance-something, at the same time? Therefore, any attempt at a conception of nothing, *i. e.*, immateriality, is idle twaddle; and so should not be entertained as a rational thought of an existence. In other words, mind should not be called a spirit, as such word is devoid of any meaning; without any comprehension, or connection, to associate anything with such nothingness.

Then there is only one other mode of conceiving of mind as an actual existence—which we know it to be—and that is as the function or quality of a material (however subtil), an actual something, with which other somethings or materials are in interdependent connection; in mutual relations of impression and expression, as dynamical effects—matter acting upon matter, the one upon the other.

There are two kinds of *material*-minds *supposed*—the one is that mind has its origin in our organization, as the product of brain-matter, growing with and dying when brain dies. Such doctrin is illogical, as that would degrade mind to the level of unintelligent matter, when we know that mind is infinitly different and superior to unintelligent matter, and therefore cannot be the product of such unconscious materials. That unintelligent matter cannot generate intelligence; but must be the product of conscious materials, is self-evident.

The other and only logical conception is that mind is a function, or quality of a separate entity of a subtil-material, foreign to our organizations, and so existing without and independent of our organizations, but capable of associating with and being instructed of our environments, by such connection, through sense-nerves. In more explicit language, that there exists in the universe only two kinds of matter, the one as having the function or attributes of intelligence, and so is capable of conceiving, inventing, and designing purposes, with will-power to execute or enforce its behests upon that other matter, which is not intelligent; and so such unconscious matter, having no discrimination, has its laws of action from and thus yields to the paramount force—called potentiality—of mind-matter, only, in forcing such unconscious materials into all phenomenal arts; just as our minds force all unconscious materials to perform our behests. Such are the dynamical relations of the two kinds of cosmic matter. Unconscious matter having no volition, no choice, has no impetus to action without mind co-operation. Such subtil mind-matter as a separate entity associated with our organizations, may be as readily conceived to be *attracted* to and associate, temporarily, with our most delicately prepared sense-nerves (which center in the brain); as that oxygen, which is equally foreign to our organizations, should be absorbed by our *prepared* lungs; or those other foreign elements, solar-light, heat, actinic effects, food, and liquids, should be incorporated into our *prepared* bodies, for their sustentation. And in *proportion* to the *sensitiveness* of our nerve-structures, is cosmic mind-matter attracted to and developed by such organizations; which, in their diversity of perfection, fully and as rationally account for the diversity of minds in all grades of animals, from classes to families, and marked variations in their individual differences. All finite—animal—minds being alike in kind, but differing in degree of developments, by their varying impressiv and expressiv effects, from varying sensitivness.

Such subtil-materiality of mind, as existences and separate entities, having their independent individual lives—apart from all organisms—from the infinit to the lowest finite minds, are the only material forces in nature, as the exclusiv origin and only coherent incitements to action of common matter, which we call its potentiality, whether developed in nature or by art, in the uses of unconscious matter. And as such minds are all functions of a cosmic mind-material, they never can become immaterial; therefore all such minds are by necessity, as well as scientifically, thus proved to be immortal and eternal dynamical forces in the universe, and are its most important element.

Cosmic mind-matter constitutes the infinit mind, and its individualized parts constitute all finite minds—being of the same kind, but infinitely differing in perfection and scope. The first is the universal potential forces, or creator in the disposition of unconscious matter; and the last are limited potential forces, or co-creators, to promote their own advancement, and as aids in perfecting worlds. Thus the infinit cosmic mind element, individualizes and animates its own organic creations, as the most conclusiv scientific truth of induction.

Thus, and thus only, are explained the wondrous discrimination, in the co-operation of nature's unconscious elements, as the evident products of intelligent action, in design and controling power, to force all the coherent actions of unconscious matter, through its discriminating co-operation—the exclusiv domain of mind. This conception of cause, alone accounts for the unconscious elements combining in definit proportions for varied effects, differing in each, and embracing coherent adaptations, in productions, for coming needs; wondrous mechanisms and evolutional progress in everything, as foreseen purposes; with the crowning glory, in *prepared* organisms, for finite mind attachments, or association. And such *material*-mind associations, are alone explanatory of the origin of finite minds, their relations to unconscious matter, in impressions and expressions; by which, interdependently they become acquainted with their environments, and manipulate as well as control—more or less—surrounding unconscious matter; including mind attachments in other organisms.

I hav prepared for THE TRUTH SEEKER, a much more elaborate and complete confirmation of these views, than is here given; which will be furnished as soon as desired—entitled "The Universe, Materiality of All Minds; Their Origin, Attributes, Immortality," etc.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.
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IF we are to be deterred from answering a well-considered conclusion of our own on the subject of religion by the circumstance, the grave, learned, and good men deliberately reject this conclusion of ours and abide by the contrary of it, we shall indeed be the sport of the winds, without the possibility of any stable ground for our minds to rest on. The many upright and able men who conclude against Christianity will then, by the very fact of their so concluding, forbid us to be Christians; and if you confine the argument to the Christian world it will debar us from every sect and opinion in turn because of the weight of wisdom and excellence arrayed in opposition.—*Waters's Through Rome On.*

AN able man who thinks there is something to be done here, and who has therefore every day to strive, to fight, and to work, leaves the future world to itself, and is activ and useful in the present world. . . . . I could be well content that, after the close of this life, we should be blessed with another life; but I would beg not to hav in it for companions any who believed in it here.—*Goethe.*

O RURAL retirement, when shall I again behold thee? and when shall I be able to pass through the pleasing oblivion of a life full of solitude, one while with the books of the ancients, another while in sleep and leisure? . . . . Then—after supper—conversation arises, not concerning other people's villas and houses, nor whether Madame Lepes dances well or ill; but we debate on what is more to the purpose, and what it is pernicious not to know—whether, for instance, men are made happy by riches or by virture; or what draws us into friendships, interest, or moral rectitude, and what is the nature of "good," and what is its highest perfection.—*Horace's Satires, Book II., Sat.* 6.

WHEN one has so effectually hushed his reason as to believe that a man like unto other men, walking, talking, sleeping, eating, handled, suffering, failing, despairing, giving up the ghost, was the Supreme Being, the absolutely uncaused or eternal one, there is thenceforth, for that believer, no absurd or incredible doctrin whatever, provided it lie within the pale of his own education and traditional sympathies A believer in the incarnation and proper deity of Christ is estopped from pleading reason againt transubstantiation. . . . . A god-man is as monstrous and irreverent as god-bread.—*R. N Waters.*

THE only freedom which deserves the name is of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to attain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily or mental or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to liv as seems good to themselvs than by compelling each to liv as seems good to the rest.—*Mill's Liberty.*

A PEOPLE which takes pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their remote descendants.—*Macaulay.*

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself
Now her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
—*Shakspere's King John.*

THOSE actions that are in wide discrepancy with good breeding, such, for instance, as singing in the forum, or any such absurdity, are so easily discernible that they require no great degree of reprehension or advice. But faults that seem to be inconsiderable, and such as are discernible only to a few, are to be more carefully avoided. As in lutes or pipes, however little they may be out of tune, it is perceived by a practiced ear; so in life we are to guard against all discrepancy, and the rather as the harmony of morals is greater and much more valuable than that of sounds.—*Cicero*

THE lightnings of heaven fall as frequently on granaries as on slave-ships. It is better at all times to abstain from exposulating with God, and more especially on the righteousness of his judgments and the delay of his vengeance.—*W. S Lander.*

MANY a Christian will say he is not afraid of any truth, but is ever willing to follow it wherever it leads. But, alas! how few know truth when they see it? All manner of errors, delusions, and falsehoods, are stalking abroad, robed in the stolen garments of truth, adopting her name and pasing for her very self. Every mythology, every erroneous philosophy, and everything "that leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," comes in the guise of truth and seems righteous to those who believe.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

THERE are no reformers but Freethinkers, who are willing to giv themselvs up, as German philosophers do, to the consequences of logical argument and reasoning, which alone can sustain the true balance of the mind and prevent mental and moral insanity from suspending their drawn swords over the human intellect. Some persons reiterate the idea that none but splendidly organized persons must marry. But the worst evils are more than skin deep, sympathies are more powerful than laws, and if all men and women are pure and benevolent, we shall soon hear very little about diseases or bad marriages. It is selfishness which prevents a man from giving up animal food, and if his diet is plain, he can sometimes divide it with a poor neighbor. A greedy stomach will never produce an affectionate heart, although the land were filled with Christian benevolent societies, who talk much and do little. A savage, isolated temper can, by a system of neglect, fill the land with small-pox, cholera, and all other diseases, while a woman who really loves her own sex could fill a city or village, as Mr. Graham did, with happy and industrious females, but not by greediness, meddling, or disdain.—*Alhaza,*

Odds and Ends.

NO DIFFERENCE.

"What's the difference between a waxed mustache and a young lady's crimp net?" asked Miss Summerbreeze's youngest brother of her beau, while he was waiting in the parlor.

"Well, I really never gave this highly important subject very much consideration," replied the young man rather pompously.

"Never did, eh?" snorted the young hopeful. "Well, when you and sister sit on the back parlor sofa, I'll be darned if I can see any difference."—*Judge.*

ARCH-STREET CHURCH (Presbyterian) clergyman coming out, encountering a backsliding young man passing.

Backsliding young man: Ah, doctor, how d'd do? Fine weather.

Clergyman: Bad weather; hot; empty benches.

B. Y M. (seeking to propitiate): I had the pleasure of hearing you preach last Sunday.

C. (suspiciously): Me? Preach! Eh? What was my text?

B. Y. M. (floored, but recovering): Why, doctor! Is it possible you hav forgotten? (Catches a car.)

A HAPPY NEIGHBORHOOD

"Mr. Jones," began Smith, the other morning, as they met at the corner to wait for the car, "is it positivly necessary that your son must play the accordion until midnight for six nights a week?

"Not at all, Mr. Smith," was the prompt reply. "Not any more necessary than it is for your daughter and her beaux to sit on the front steps seven nights per week and keep us awake until 1 o'clock in the morning."

"My daughter, sir, has a perfect right to hav a beau!"

"And my son, sir, has a legal right to play his accordion!"

"Gentlemen," began Mr. Thomas as he came up, "I don't want to offend you, for we are neighbors; but if you, Mr. Jones, would clean out your alley, and you, Mr. Smith, would poison your nuisance of a dog, I believe I would gain five pounds of flesh per week."

"Hello, Thomas!" saluted Brown from the rear platform of the car for which they had waited, "I've been waiting to see you for a week past. Your confounded old horse stands and stamps all night long, and none of us can get a wink of sleep. Just for a change, and to be neighborly, suppose you knock him on the head with an ax.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DUCKWATER JIM, a battered and tattered Piute, who claims to be a forty-second cousin of Captain Sam, has of late taken a good deal of interest in things beyond this vale of tears. He likes to hear about heaven, the "place of the long rest," as he calls it. Cocking his old and battered plug hat on one side, and almost closing his eyes in his effort to obtain a realizing sense of this very desirable place of rest, Jim says: "White man up there no more wuk um mine—no more run um railroad?"

"No, Jim, no; no more work at all."

"What white man do?"

"Well, Jim, play all the time on a big golden harp."

"And Injun, what he do?"

"Well, he will hav a big harp, all the same as the white man."

"Guess not," says Jim, shaking his head dubiously; "Injun maybe play little on jewsharp. But what you tink 'bout catch um plenty watermelon?" and Jim opened wide both his eyes and looked as though much depended on a favorable answer to the question.

THE NEW COMEDY.

The touching episode of Mrs Langtry's departure from Albion's shore, next November, has been hit upon by a popular dramatist as a splendid subject for a new comedy. Already he has outlined it, as follows:

Scene:—The steamer's deck. Mrs. Langtry and the Prince of Wales discovered by the rail.

Mrs. Langtry: Good-bye, Albert.

Albert Edward (taking her hand and compressing it royally): Good-bye, Lily.

Mrs. L.: You *are* sorry I'm going, aren't you?

A. E.: *So* sorry!

Mrs. L: And you'll write often?

A. E.: Every steamer.

(*Enter Mrs. L.'s Maid*)

Maid: Man wants to see you.

Mrs. L.: Who is it?

M.: Mr. Langtry.

Mrs. L.: Tell him I'm busy just now.

M.: He says the steamer leaves in ten minutes.

Mrs. L.: I'll be with him in a moment.

(*Maid retires.*)

Mrs. L: You must not forget all your promises.

A. E.: Never fear, sweetheart. In case I should miss a mail, you will recollect that I'm pretty busy making a bluff about going to Egypt and getting my royal mother to prevent me.

Mrs. L: Yes, I know. But you musn't go and run the risk of getting shot. Oh, I should die if you did.

A. E: Never fear. Indigestion and gout are all the perils of war that will bother me, and I can find them in London.

(*Enter Mr. Langtry.*)

Mr. Langtry: The bell is ringing, dear, and everybody must leave.

Mrs L (tearfully): Good-bye, Mr. Wales. You've been very kind to me, and I'm sure I never shall forget your courtesy.

A. E: Good-by, madam. I'm greatly pleased to hav met you. *Bon voyage.*

Mrs. L. (composedly): Langtry, did you bring down the steamer chair?

Mr. L.; Yes.

Mrs. L.: And the champagne?

Mr. L.: Yes.

Mrs. M.: And you havn't forgotten any of the parcels?

Mr. L.: No.

Mrs. L.: Well then, you may kiss me. (Kisses her.)

Mr. L.: Good-bye.

Mrs. L.: Ta-ta.—*Dramatic World.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupfferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

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Notes and Clippings.

THE oat crop of Illinois for 1882 is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels.

SUNDAY is a great day for base ball games in the West, immense multitudes gathering to see contests between professional clubs.

A RELIGIOUS newspaper can always be distinguished from others by the way it steals paragraphs and has its sermons copyrighted.

YOU don't often hear of a self-made woman. Fact is, as a lady friend assures us, no woman who had her own making would make herself a woman.

PREACHING Protestant sermons is a very unhealthy occupation. Nearly every man engaged in that business is obliged to go away for his health in the summer.

THE Rev. Andrew J. Rope, of Taylorville, Ill., is under arrest on a charge of forging a note for $200, with which money he paid the expenses of his wedding tour.

FLORIDA has a preacher who does his best while under the influence of liquor. He is not "poor in spirit," therefore his hopes of a heavenly inheritance are extremely slim.

"TOTAL DEPRAVITY" was the subject of the sermon of Rev. Mr. McDonald of San Rafael, Cal. While he was preaching it a thief stole his lap robe from the buggy in the horse shed.

REVIVALIST BARNES says that he is now divinely commissioned, not only to save souls and cure the sick, but to cast out devils. He has returned to Kentucky to try his new power.

"YES, sir," said the Louisville man, "I argued with Ingersoll for four hours and made him admit that a man could be in hell." And the Louisville man didn't understand why the listeners laughed.—*Boston Post.*

A PROSPEROUS Michigan baby-carriage factory had its origin in the birth of fifteen babies in the town in thirteen days. A carpenter got the job of making carriages for the whole number, and from that start the business grew.

A NORTH CAROLINA clergyman has been living for the past eleven years on a salary of three dollars per week, but now announces that he must hav a raise of a dollar or ten shillings, or be compelled to accept a call to do cooper work.

OWING to the frequency of suicides from the summit of the Vendome Column, Paris, the authorities hav thought fit to exclude the public from that building. In thirty-two years eighty-two visitors hav thrown themselvs from the gallery.

IT is stated that ex-Rev. Miln, the Chigago Agnostic, has ordered a full wardrobe for the roles of *Hamlet*, *Iago*, *Othello*, and *Richelieu*. If he appears in all the characters at one time everybody will be satisfied and justice will hav been meted out.

ONE of the iron-workers in Pittsburgh, arrested for stealing potatoes and cabbage, explains that he was driven to theft because his family were starving, and the strikers would not let him go to work. There is a world of suggestivness in a story like this.

EVA BRIGGS, of Lawrence, Mass., who was claimed to hav been relieved of hip disease recently by the faith cure, at Old Orchard, Me., was taken to the Danvers Insane Asylum in a crazed condition, owing, it is said, to religious excitement. Possibly some prayed too hard.

TWO sons of a Presbyterian minister in Ohio, aged respectivly twelve and fourteen years, chloroformed and robbed their father of $4,000 recently. It is said that they had been reared up to that time under exceedingly rigorous religious disciplin, which is no doubt true, but from the number of ministers' sons who turn out bad one is led to believe that less religious disciplin and more trunk strap is what is needed in that branch of the human family.

MRS. A.: "We had a beautiful sermon this morning, didn't we?" Mrs. B.: "Beautiful, and did you notice Mrs. Smithson's bonnet?" Mrs. A.: "Notice it? Well, I should say I did. I couldn't keep my mind off it the whole service." Mrs. B.: "Nor I, neither."

"BUT I pass," said a minister, recently, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of eucher. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

THE Salvation Army is in bad repute again in Paterson, having refused to abandon their outdoor meetings, although requested to do so by the city physician, who is trying very hard to prevent the spread of the small-pox. The so-called army may be very zealous, but its zeal should be tempered by discretion—else the law may step in.

A PUBLIC Sunday performance in Lima last month consisted of a terrific fight between two dogs and six large cats that were shut up together in a cage. The sport came off in one of the public squares, and was witnessed by a large multitude, who enjoyed it, by way of variety, much more than a bull fight. Most of the spectators had been to church in the morning.

THE hatred of Chinamen in San Francisco is not so invariable as to prevent Wun Lung's restaurant from becoming rather fashionable. Wealthy people go there to drink tea, which is served without sugar or milk, in the most delicate of decorated cups, and closely covered to precent the escape of aroma. Chinese dried fruits and other dainties are also attractions.

AT Rotherham station, Eng., the other day, a porter promptly offered the bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the bishop, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

YEARS ago, Long John Wentworth, then in Congress, once told a Methodist chaplain of the house: "I am not going to vote for you again. You giv us too much hellfire in your sermons. Now, there's a man at Cincinnati who promises to save the whole of us. He's the man for me." "Ah, Mr. Wentworth, but he doesn't know you as well as I do, or he wouldn't undertake to save the half of you."

DR. HOWARD CROSBY'S Business Men's Moderation Society has made a formal demand upon the Lager Beer Brewers' Association for the $1,000 reward offered by the latter for the detection of adulteration in beer. The demand is founded upon the alleged discovery that the brewery of Gluck & Scharman, in Brooklyn, uses large amounts of glucose in the manufacture of its lager. The money demanded is to be paid to various charities. This is business, and the brewers will of course keep their word.

"GLORY! Glory! Oh! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" shouted an apparently devout and enthusiastic worshiper at Ocean Grove, in the crowded tabernacle when the camp-meeting fervor was at its hight. If the shouter had not been quite so demonstrativ as he was, the fact that he was stealing a watch from the man next to him might hav escaped observation. As it was, he overdid the business so greatly that he was easily caught. The crowds at Ocean Grove during the camp-meeting which has just closed were so thick that many pickpockets reaped a quiet harvest and then silently stole away.

WE hav among us some men possessed of considerable ability and culture, who, because they hav acquired some reputation as pulpit orators, or men of letters, assume to solve offhand the most profound and intricate political problems. If they were not often persons for whom, in the line of their specific vocation, we entertain respect, we should be disposed to designate them briefly as cranks; for they propound their political or social nostrums with the headlong zeal and serene complacency which are characteristic of a warped rather than a sound intelligence.—*Sun.*

THERE is a deplorable split in the Austin Blue Light Colored Tabernacle. A visiting clergyman, who is chaplain to a colored militia company, and much given to using military phrases, preached a very eloquent sermon, in which he continually repeated the words, "I tells yer, brederen and sistern, hold fast to yer colors." About a dozen very dark "sistern" left the building, leading out their light saddle-colored children. One of them, who was as black as the ace of spades, was heard to remark, "Hit's pretty late in de day for dat pasture to be preaching dat ar strange doctrin to an Austin cullud congregation."

AT the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention the following-named individuals were appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of establishing a Liberal institute at some place in the United States, and to report upon the same at the Freethinkers' next Convention: Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, Washington, D. C.; Courtlandt Palmer, New York; George Chainey, Massachusett; J. H. Burnham, Michigan; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, New Jersey; Col. M. E. Billings, Iowa; Hon. C. B. Waite, Illinois; G. H. Walser, Missouri; ex-Gov. Charles Robinson, Kansas; Hon. John F. Engles, North Carolina; Hon. A. B Bradford, Pennsylvania.

THE Salvation Army is not going to hav a monopoly in the saving trade. The Salvation Navy, under Admiral Tug, possibly a connection of the illustrious pugilist, has been started, and those ranging themselvs under its flag are cheered by a parody of a famous old sea song, viz.:

"Come all you sinners young and old,
With hearts once cast in 'eaven's mold
And join our Christian Navy bold
On board of the 'Allelujah!
We're bound to floor the forts of sin
And the devil himself will soon cave in;
Then join the side that is sure to win—
On board of the 'Allelujah!"

A NATIV of Cairo, N. Y., describing a recent revival there, says: "They had not made much headway, but the Widow Van Cott came along and she made the gospel fur fly, I tell you. She preached in the Methodist church, of course, for none of the others would hav her. She set it right down to 'em hot, now, and no mistake. Them as she couldn't coax or drive into Zion she grabbed right ahold and yanked 'em in by the hair of their head. She made Cairo a regular gospel-tent, and every boy and young man in the place was praying like a Chinese prayer machine. But there must hav been something the matter with the virus, for it didn't take very well. There was something over two hundred converts, but they all backslid."

BEFORE Congress reassembles there should be a strong expression of public opinion in favor of reducing the postage on letters from three cents to two. This would be in accordance with precedent in the growth of the postal system, for only a little more than half a century ago letter postage for distances of over four hundred miles was twenty-five cents, and at the shortest distances was not less than six cents. That was the rate as late as 1825. During the successiv reductions in postage since that date the postal revenues invariably increased soon after the reductions were made. It is well known that the post-office department is now self-sustaining. Good authority estimates that it will show two millions of surplus at the end of the present fiscal year. It is not desirable that this department should be a money-making one. All its earnings should be expended in giving cheaper postage and greater conveniences to the people. Shall we hold out these prospectiv millions as a bate for Star route jobbers and other plunderers, or giv the benefit of them to the people?—*Sun.*

News of the Week.

THE price of corn is declining in Chicago.

YELLOW fever is spreading in Florida and Texas.

THE longshoremen's strike at Boston has come to an end.

AN outbreak among the Cheyenne Indians is feared by the officials.

HENRY GEORGE, who was arrested in Ireland, is now lecturing in London.

THE signs of a war between Turkey and Greece are considered quite good.

A BETTER feeling exists in Ireland between the constabulary and the government.

IN the practicing for the international rifle match at Creedmoor the British team are making the best scores.

VERMONT went Republican by a greatly reduced majority. The Greenback vote showed a falling off except in one place.

A BREAK has been made in the iron strike at Pittsburgh. Several finishers hav withdrawn from the union and gone to work.

MOST of the preachers hav got back to town and resumed their pulpits, but a close observer will not notice any diminution of sin.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is still using government property and spending government money running up and down the coast on a vacation.

TAMMANY has resolved to hav nothing more to do with the Anti-Monopolists—which is not the worst thing that could happen to the latter.

THE Lord sent an earthquake to the Isthmus of Panama last Thursday, and nearly destroyed one of his finest cathedrals. In Aspinwall several lives were lost by it.

THE Egyptian troops attacked the English on the 9th, and gave them the first real battle since the bombardment of Alexandria. Arabi, of course, was defeated, but the British lost many men.

THE Republicans hav carried Maine by from 5,000 to 10,000 plurality. Ladd, the Greenbacker, is reported defeated for Congress. In state representativs and senators the Republicans hav made large gains.

IT is said by correspondents of the daily papers residing at St. Petersburg that the Russian government is growing uneasy at England's conduct in Egypt, and that it is not unlikely she will take a hand in the game.

THE Ford boys, who killed Jesse James, are now in Chicago, spending the money they received for their treachery. They are the heroes of the slums, and hav been engaged by a variety theater manager to draw crowds.

WIDOW STEVENS, of Morris, Conn., has established a prayer business, getting rain on payment of $10, and doing various other things equally remarkable. What share of the profits the silent partner of the concern gets is not stated. She has taken a contract to convert a skeptic of her town, but so far her success is not flattering.

The jury in the Star route cases convicted Miner and Rerdell, exculpated Turner, and disagreed on J. W. Dorsey, S. W. Dorsey, Brady, and Waite. They were then discharged from further consideration of the case. The two guilty ones were taken to jail, the Dorseys, Col. Ingersoll's clients, drove off in their carriages, and the rest scattered to take what consolation they could in the fact that but for three jurymen being suspiciously obstinate they would all hav been in the penitentiary. Mr. Merrick, of counsel for the prosecution, gave notice that the government would continue the fight to the bitter end, and it is probable there will be another trial before long. Charges of bribery are made against the jury, but nothing definit has been elicited as to which side is concerned in the dirty business.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Japan Continued.—Tokio and Nikko.

THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

After spending as much time with the temples as I felt like devoting to them, I directed my riki-man to the American Legation. I found a pleasant brick residence near the shores of Yedo Bay, surrounded by capacious grounds and a full growth of flowers and shrubbery. An addition is being made to the residence, which seems already large enough. Judge Bingham received me pleasantly and gave me considerable information relative to Japan, particularly with regard to the embarrassment under which the government labors, from the nature of the treaties which England and other European powers forced upon Japan, by the conditions of which Japan is precluded from levying more than five per cent duty upon her imports, which practically prevents her from realizing any revenue from imports, as it costs about the entire five per cent to collect it. He deemed it very unjust to Japan that, while in the United States and other countries the duties upon imports average from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent, the Japanese are compelled to charge but five per cent. He seemed decidedly of the opinion that the British government is too officious and dictatorial touching the affairs of Japan.

From oriental and European politics we somehow glided into the question of Christian civilization, on which subject we did not quite agree. The Judge being a decided believer in the Christian claim that the world is indebted to that system of religion for all the civilization and learning it has, I combated the position with such arguments as I had at command, and aimed to show that we have the civilization and education which we now have in spite of Christianity, rather than from its procuring. He is positive and rather dogmatic in treating the subject, and perhaps did not quite like my opposing his ideas. I did not, however, call upon him to discuss religion, but more particularly to obtain a passport preparatory to my visit to Nikko. That little matter being arranged, I left him to meditate upon how the Christian church had aided Copernicus, Bruno, Vanini, and Galileo in their scientific investigations, how much the art of printing in its incipiency was encouraged by the church, and how much the church was to be benefited by the science and learning which were conserved by the Moors and Saracens, from whom Christian Europe derived the elements of much of the learning which she is able to boast of to-day.

ABOUT TOKIO.

Leaving the American Legation, I called at the large new Shinto temple in the vicinity, which was erected in memory of the victory achieved by the reigning mikado in subduing the rebellion which was inaugurated to overthrow him. The temple is an imposing structure, being two hundred feet square, with steps over a hundred feet wide leading up to the main hall, in the center of which is the long altar not far from a hundred feet in length, before which a dozen or two men were kneeling and bowing in worship, with two or three score of people lounging around the exterior. The interior is exceedingly plain though neatly finished, and with the exception of a few rich-looking narrow banners, I remember seeing no ornament or symbol save a large circular steel mirror, hanging in front of the altar, which, had it large teeth cut in its circumference, might have passed for the largest-sized circular saw, with an extra degree of polish given to it. The contrast between its plainness and the gilt carving and images of the Buddhist temples is very striking. Shintoism is unquestionably a plain religion, and does not trouble itself much about devils, gods, and invisible worlds, whether of pleasure or pain.

I visited a few of the better class of stores where Japanese manufactures are sold, and looked into hundreds of others, as I rode through the principal streets. I took particular interest in looking through a very extensive establishment called the bazar, which occupies the two floors of a block of buildings completely filled with almost every article of Japanese handiwork, including articles in silk, cotton, wood, lacquer, porcelain, and earthenware, bronzes, metals, etc. The railings and divisions are so arranged that visitors enter at one point and wind through the wilderness of exquisitely ingenious manufactures and wares, first on one floor and then another, seeing all, and making the egress at a door at the opposite end of the building from the entrance. A similar institution is in Yokohama, and at either place purchases can be made of any article desired.

I visited the quarter of the city called Ueyno, in which are located public gardens, parks, and the new museum, all of which are a credit to the city. The museum is a new brick building, which I estimated to be six hundred feet in length by one hundred and fifty feet in width, with two high stories. I cannot give anything like a detailed description of the antiquities and fine manufactures it contains, and will not attempt it, but will only say it is replete with nterest and compares very favorably with the museums in the cities of several nations which make more pretensions than does Japan. I was particularly interested in the department of agricultural implements, and was fully impressed that in almost everything in this line Japan is far behind us. There were many kinds of plows, but not one of them would turn a furrow; they are merely steel hooks or points, to be dragged along four inches under the surface, simply disturbing the upper portion of the soil, but not turning it over. I saw no reaping or mowing machines, no threshing machines, no churns, no cheese presses, no root cutters, no corn shellers, very few carriages, a few seed sowers, a few queer-looking cultivators and inventions for stirring the surface of the ground, a full line of queer and clumsy-looking hoes, mattocks, pruning-knives, etc. The products of the country by way of crops are fully shown, as well as large numbers of beautiful woods, grasses, seeds, fruits, etc. The display of Japanese manufactures is very fine. Natural history is well represented, but the great exhibit of Japanese antiquities is the most interesting feature.

There are other museums in Tokio connected with the educational department, and some of them of a very creditable character. If the three or four museums of the city were united, the collection would be excelled in but a small number of countries; as it is, the partial spirit of rivalry between them in maintaining a separate existence prevents such consolidation.

Tokio is justly noted for its parks and gardens. The climate is favorable for luxuriant vegetation, and the soil on the plains of Yedo is fertile enough to produce almost any growth. Few Asiatic towns have public grounds and gardens so attractive. The parks are not so highly cultured and trimmed as our Central Park, nor is landscape gardening so well understood here. The parks of Tokio are far less artificial, and nature less controled than in our Central Park, and it cannot be denied that nature has its charms as well as art.

There are necessarily many places in Tokio I could not visit in the brief time I had to spend there, but I put in the day to the best advantage. But as the shades of evening drew on, I retired to the hotel. Rain fell freely during the evening, and I feared the prospects for starting for Nikko, nearly a hundred miles away, were not cheering.

In the morning, however, though the rain was still slowly falling, the clouds began to break away and I concluded to start on my pilgrimage, though to commence a journey of one hundred miles in a hand-cart, with a pretty good chance of the roads being muddy, was not quite so promising as a ride by rail. I wished, of course, to have one riki-man with me who could understand me, and whom by some possibility I could in part understand. I made a contract with a pleasant-looking Japanese named Setallo, with an assistant, to convey me to Nikko and return for fourteen yen. He could partly speak a few words in English, and I had not much difficulty in making him understand my wishes. He said he had been to Nikko eight times, so we duly started out with the best wishes for a pleasant trip.

We trotted off pretty briskly. The whether improved, the streets were firm, a little water standing here and there, but no mud. My fears and forebodings passed away with the clouds, and I hoped for the best. But we had not got more than six or seven miles, not yet to the city limits, when Setallo said he would have to abandon the journey for his knee had become lame and it would not do for him to go. As his assistant could not speak nor understand English, I felt a little discomfited at this intelligence. I was at a loss what to do. I had advanced three yen to the assistant, whose name is Sangedo, whose wife was sick; he had sent the money home, so, of course, I could not discharge him; he must go with me to Nikko. We had got too far on my journey to turn back, and the only way was to make the best of the situation. An oldish man, named Rocha-kee, was secured by Setallo to take his place, but he could talk less English than Sangedo, and this fact I contemplated with uneasiness. I was very sorry that Tage Ro was not with me. I fancied Setallo was playing false with me, pretending that his knee was lame when it was not. As his legs were naked, I looked at his knee and could see nothing the matter with it, and as he walked without a limp I told him I feared he was "one bad man." "No, no," said Setallo; "me knee hurt; it lame very bad." So I had to part with him, trying to take a charitable view of his thus early forsaking me. I am inclined to think his representations not wholly unfounded, for upon my return to Tokio I met him, and he had a bandage around the knee, though I could not see that he showed much lameness.

Well, Sangedo and Rocha-kee and myself set our faces firmly toward Nikko, which is almost due north from Tokio. It seemed to take a long time to get out of the far-reaching city, the suburbs seeming to extend away out into the country; but as the roads were level and pretty hard, we made good time. At length we got beyond the limits of the town and found thrifty-looking barley and wheat fields on either side, presenting the same regularity, the same thriftiness, and the same cleanliness from weeds before spoken of. I noticed several additional crops, peas, beans, rape, etc. Numerous fields are being prepared for rice, of which grain a large acreage is grown. Numerous beds of the young plants look green and promising, and much ground is being prepared for it, with the usual dykes or banks for confining the water.

Where the land can be irrigated rice is the favorite crop; its yield of fifty or fifty-five bushels per acre pays better than any other general crop, and it is the great staple of food which the people are more fond of than anything else. Some nine or ten varieties of rice are grown in this country, but with the exception of one kind, which grows on dry land, they all require abundance of water. Where sloping land is terraced in narrow benches, and streams of water are elevated enough to flow the upper levels, it is very easy to inundate all; but on this almost dead level the water has to be raised from the river and canals near, by means of wheels from four to ten feet in diameter, according to the hight the water has to be raised. The wheels are light, and may be carried on a man's shoulder; the journals of the wheels work in two upright pieces of bamboo, and they are operated like a tread-mill, the operator stepping on the floats on one side and the water being raised into a short trough on the other.

The broad plain extends far on each side, with but a low ridge of hills to be seen in the far distance. For this reason the same continuous plains of wheat and barley fields grow a trifle monotonous, making one wish for a few hills by way of change. We had scarcely left the city behind before the villages grew frequent, and to watch the busy tide of life, the steady plodding in the various avocations pursued by this industrious people, offered sufficient room for observation and study, though the similarity which one village bears to another is marked. The various manufactures such as hewing out and shaping the wooden clogs, the braiding of straw shoes, the making of baskets, and scores of other kinds of industries seem to be conducted in these country villages the same as in the city. The women are no less industrious than the men, and weaving is the most noticeable industry among them. I often saw in the open houses I passed, two, and in a few instances as many as five or six, weaving in one large room, the beating of the looms keeping up a lively rhythm. The children also seem to be utilized in taking care of those still younger than themselves, and their old-manish and old-womanish looks are often enough to provoke a smile, as they move sedately and demurely around, clad in the same padded over-garment, with big flowing sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, worn by their fathers and mothers. I met many heavy man-carts, by the means of which from two to four men transport charcoal, lumber, timber, rice, grain, vegetables, saké, wood, stone, and whatever commodities require to be transported. These loads often seem enormous in proportion to the amount of muscle employed to propel them. Several times I have also seen women hauling these carts with loads heavy enough for men. Pack-horses and pack-oxen are met in moderate numbers, while men carry-heavy loads by means of shoulder sticks are plentiful.

There are no fences here at all, nor hedges, save now and then before a private lot or garden in a village. I saw a few live bamboo-line hedges cropped close, and sometimes a short piece of fence, made of small bamboo cut in proper length, set close together, and then held by being laced one to another. In fact, bamboo is worked into fences in very many different ways. In a letter from India I gave some of the uses to which bamboo is put, but I scarcely enumerated one-tenth part of them. Scarcely a day passes that I do not see new uses to which this very valuable material is applied. It grows abundantly here, its neat feathery foliage presenting itself almost continuously.

The sameness of the dwellings, the sameness of fashion in wearing apparel, and the cheapness in the cost of the food of this people lead me to realize the great difference in the cost of living here in the Orient and with us in America. The food which sustains a Japanese or Chinese costs less than a fourth of what the food for an average American costs. And fashions in dress never change here; the blissful Japanese do not have to worry their lives away in anxiety as to what the latest style of dress is, and garments never have to be cast aside because they are out of fashion. Fashions remain the same year after year. The tastes of the people are simple in all things, and one cares not to outshine his neighbor. It is the same with their dwellings. There is no rivalry as to which shall have the most stylish residence; there is little difference in them, and new styles of architecture are not sought for nor desired. Could our people be content to live in this way, they would not need to work half as hard as they do now, and would probably be quite as happy as they are with their numerous wants and desires, some gratified and some not.

My riki-men, every four hours or thereabouts, call at a *chaya*, a roadside tea-house, and take a bowlful or two of rice or macaroni, some pickles, and a cup of tea, after which they take a very brief smoke. It takes but a very little tobacco to constitute a Jap-

anese smoke. Their small metal pipes hold about the third part of a little girl's thimbleful, and three or four whiffs finish it; the ashes are knocked from the tiny affair, and the job is over. I sometimes join them in taking a small cup of tea, but not in the other luxuries named.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we reached a point where we had to cross the river, by the side of which for hour after hour I had been bowled; the riki was placed in a moderate sized boat or scow, with room enough for us also, and two ferrymen poled us over a somewhat rapid stream twenty rods wide. The ranges of hills ahead had grown a little nearer. We then trotted along for another hour between an avenue of tall pines to the large village of Kona, if I understood it correctly, where we stopped for the night.

I realize not a little difficulty in communicating with my riki-men, and what little information I obtain from them is accomplished with much earnest and repeated effort. Let me give you an instance. Upon arriving in a village where the men and women are busily at work, and where the young damsels wear ruddy and smiling faces, I naturally wish to know the name of it. I endeavor to obtain the information in this wise:

"Sangedo, what name this town?" He looks at me very intelligently, and deliberately answers, "Yes." Then I renew the effort.

"But, Sangedo, you misunderstand me. This village—what is its name?"

Again the reply is, "Yes, yes."

I do not like to fail in any laudable undertaking, and so make another trial.

"But see here, Sangedo, this place, this town (throwing my hands around very comprehensively), what its name? What you call it?"

"Yes, yes, yes," says Sangedo. Then having tried three times without avail, I conclude it does not make much difference whether I know the name of the town or not, and very soon have my attention attracted in another direction. This is a fair sample of my average success in speaking and understanding Japanese.

I was not quite as well pleased with the *yadoya* which I stopped at in this town as those where I had put up on previous nights. It was conducted on the same general plan, but my room was on the ground floor in the rear, and the surrounding odors were not quite as lovely as might be desired, and the attendance was not quite equal to what I had had before. Besides, Sangedo is not so genial and intelligent as Tage Ro had shown himself on my former trip, and the difficulty of making him understand anything, or to understand anything from him, made traveling among those who know but a word of English somewhat embarrassing.

On Saturday morning, May the 6th, we started betimes, it being not later than six o'clock when we rolled out of the town on our way north toward Nikko. The air was a little cold, so much so that an overcoat was not uncomfortable. The roads, however, were very smooth, and we glided along the avenue between the pine and cryptomeria-trees, which continued thirty miles in extent. The riki men seemed to have rested finely through the night, and were in good condition for traveling. Our road was pretty well lined with villages and residences, and a general air of industry and contentment seemed to pervade the country.

In the forenoon we passed a moderate-sized village where a festival was being held, and toward which hundreds of the Japanese were bending their steps from various directions. The grounds where the gathering was taking place was highly decorated with fantastic-looking banners and flags, and those there assembled seemed to be intent on getting out of the affair all the pleasure possible. I heard some native music, but it did not strike me as being a first-class article. The Japanese, like most of the orientals, know little about regular tunes, and their music seems to be a medley of sounds without meter or rhythm. Probably the people were decked out in their gayest attire, but Americans can discount them some in display. The Japs, however, seem fond of brilliant and strong colors. The dresses of the women have a rather clumsy appearance, which probably arises from the thickness of the material and the looseness of the garments. They wear no corsets and do not need dress reform. They are not deformed, nor placed in torture by tight and excruciating garments.

It is very pleasant riding along this fertile plain to look off and see the low mountain ranges, both to the right and left. The highlands, in the north in the vicinity of Nikko—the point of destination—and beyond, raise their heads far above the plain and afford a very good object upon which to fasten my gaze as my human horses trot steadily along. Even Fuji-yama, some seventy-five miles toward the west, so rears its lofty head and snowy summit that its stately proportions loom skyward far above all surrounding objects, and command respect before all the highlands of Japan. I sit in my riki as Sangedo and his companion haul me along and fondly keep my eyes upon Fuji-yama, revering it as one of the grand objects in nature.

We passed this day about the usual number of villages and tea-houses along our journey. We called at some three or four of these institutions, as my two men feel the need of occasionally refreshing themselves with rice, pickles, and tea. I sometimes joined with them in the rice and tea, and as five or ten sen pays for all one wants of these luxuries the expense is very moderate. In most of these tea-houses I find the people very genial, and could I only converse with them I could pick up many little items of information and while away fifteen or twenty minutes with them very pleasantly. I often have occasion to realize what I miss by being unable to converse with these genial, friendly people.

An hour or two before sunset we reached quite a populous town, the name of which I understood to be Yama, though that, I think, is the Japanese term for mountain. From the book I should judge the name of the place to be Imaichi, though from the natives I cannot learn that such is its name. It is a rather unsatisfactory state of things when a traveler cannot learn the name of the town where he stops over-night. At all events, the *yadoya* which gave me accommodation was a most excellent one, and I was treated with marked respect. I was taken through a pleasant court, beautified by flowers and shrubbery, and through which a stream of clear water bubbled and gurgled along, and conducted up one flight into a pleasant room, where I had a fine view of the town, the surrounding country, and the mountains at a distance. We had traveled forty-five miles during the day, and though I was not particularly weary, I could well understand that the two men who had wheeled me that distance were quite willing to enjoy a long rest.

Mine host and all the attendants of this yadoya were unusually respectful and attentive. The master of the house visited my room, and, dropping upon his knees and bowing his head twice to the floor, commenced to talk in a rapid and animated manner, and kept it up almost without intermission for ten or fifteen minutes. He seemed to have an important message to deliver to me, or some essential information to impart, but while I was most attentive sitting there beside him on the neat white matting, I could not, greatly to my regret, understand a word he said. At one moment I thought it might be my passport that he wanted, to take the same to the proper official, but, upon my producing it, I learned from his motions and manner that the passport was not what he wanted, though at a subsequent visit he took the document I had obtained from Judge Bingham and bore it away with him and returned it after a time. At one moment I imagined that he was trying to learn what I wished for supper, and I tried to tell him some rice and tea would suffice, as I had some food with me, though from his earnest manner and his continuous talk I was led to think that some subject besides supper was upon his mind. But, owing to my utter ignorance of his language, neither you nor I can ever know what important matter he communicated to me.

My bed at this yadoya was the richest I had seen. It consisted of several soft quilts with silk exteriors, giving them a costly appearance. The covering was a large loose silk overcoat, thickly padded and reaching down below my feet, and very warm withal. Several calls were made upon me during the evening to see what my wishes were, and even after I had retired to rest other calls were made. A greater desire to be useful and to render satisfaction could hardly be evinced. It would seem by the attention they paid me that I was regarded as more than an ordinary person.

In the next room to me was an apparently well-to-do Japanese, with wife and daughter, who also seemed to be traveling. The gentleman was very polite and social, shoving one of the partition frames aside and entering my room to interview me and engage in some conversation with me. But from our ignorance of each other's language we could do little more than to exchange cards, with which we were forced to be content.

On Sunday morning, May 7th, we were up betimes, and, after partaking of a very fair breakfast of boiled rice, and tea with some of the food I had with me, we were soon upon our journey toward Nikko, which was now only five or six miles away. The thirty or forty miles of avenue, with tall pine and cryptomeria-trees on either side, still continued, though the grade now became ascending, having to rise a few hundred feet to reach the city of Nikko. Several moderate-sized villages had to be passed on the way, and a brisk stream of mountain spring water, rushing along by the side of our road, tended much to enliven the scenery.

NIKKO AND ITS TEMPLES.

Two hours of steady but gradual ascent brought us to the ancient city of Nikko, with its rich, grand temples and holy shrines in great numbers. The town has much greater length than width, being principally one continuous street rather more than a mile long, lined on both sides with shops and stores where Japanese manufactures and curios are largely disposed of to the numerous pilgrims and visitors who make their way to this quiet, antique city. A strong, clear stream of mountain water rushes down the middle of the descending street, confined by planking which keeps it within proper bounds. This is the water which supplies the town, and all along through the place numerous women and children are at all times dipping out the fluid for domestic use, and by the side of the stream women are seen doing their family washing. The buildings of the town, aside from the temples, are by no means imposing, being usually but two stories in hight, and uniformly of the plain Japanese style of architecture.

On the east, north, and west pretty lofty mountains rear their heads, the tops of which through the greater part of the year are covered with snow. Some of the taller ones are worshiped as gods, and are really more worthy of worship than the ill-looking images with which the temples abound. Nantaisan is the highest of this group of mountain tops, and he is particularly revered as the most powerful among the mountain gods, and patches of snow are to be seen upon his upper surface during all the months of the year, save perhaps July and August. The surrounding forests are bountifully supplied with magnificent timber. The surface of the surrounding country is greatly diversified, deep ravines, mountain gorges, and leaping cascades abounding in large numbers.

The meaning of the word Nikko is "sunny splendor," but the name is really appropriate for the town but a portion of the time, as it abounds much in rainy weather. This morning the bright-red sky in the east portended rain, and we had not much more than reached Nikko when the drops began to gently fall, though not with sufficient vigor to prevent sight-seeing, particularly the grand temples principally located just above the city. A good-sized stream comes down from the mountains, and at the upper end of the city dashes along over and between the rocks and boulders in a most picturesque manner. In the vicinity are many beautiful waterfalls, celebrated for their grandeur, wildness, and attractiveness. "The deep abyss of Keyon into which the waters of Chiuzenjii plunge from a hight of two hundred and fifty feet; the great beauty of the falls of Kiri Furi; the loveliness of the gardens of Dainichids; the somber grandeur of the passes through which the Daiyagawa forces its way from the upper regions; a gorgeousness of azalias and magnolias, and a luxuriousness of vegetation perhaps unequaled in Japan, are only a few of the attractions which surround the shrines of the great shojuns."

It is hardly to be expected that I shall give a full description of the many rich temples and shrines for which this holy city is so distinguished, but I must of course give some account of them, though I do not do these sacred edifices full justice. Suffice it to say many of the temples are extremely rich, not being surpassed in size, grandeur, carvings, gold and lacquer work by the magnificent temples of Shiba at Tokio. In gazing upon these structures of the past one is thoroughly impressed with a feeling of pity for the poor people who were forced to contribute the funds necessary to erect them, rich in gold and ornamentations of all kind, but really of so little real use to either gods or men.

The holiness of Nikko has an ancient record. In the year 720 a priest named Ku-kai (canonized after his death as Ko-bo Dai-shi), visited the place, and made a road to the neighboring cavern, and he it was who gave the name Nikko to the locality, because he deemed it "a mountain of the sun's brightness." And it is claimed by the devout that from that moment fearful storms ceased to devastate the locality.

Up to the close of the seventeenth century a family of Shinto priests named Ono were in the habit of paying semi-annual visits to this now sacred cavern, to perform certain exorcisms, the secret of which had been imparted to their ancestors, by Ku-kai, and the effect was to keep the hurricane winds quiet. It is with pleasure, however, I am able to state that since these exorcisms have been discontinued the high winds have prevailed to no greater extent than when they were kept up. A cavern situated high up on an inaccessible cliff, on the way to Chui-zun-ji, is solemnly pointed out by the guides as the very place where the strong winds were so effectually stayed. Two volcanoes are in close proximity to the Holy City, one of which has shown life within the past ten years, while the other has remained quiet as long back as the memory of the living extends.

From the earliest ages of which any reliable record remains, a Shinto temple seems to have existed at Nikko. In the year 767 the first Buddhist temple was erected there by Saint Sho-do Sho-nin. Later on, in the beginning of the ninth century, Ku-kai, and in the middle of the same century the priest Ji-gaku Dai-shi added to the holy places. Sho-do Sho-nin was born in 735, in the eastern portion of Shimo-tsuke. His parents had long desired to have a son, and at last their wish was granted by the great goddess, the thousand-handed Kwan-non, of the Idzura caves, to whom they had offered up their prayers for an offspring. Various miraculous portents are said to have accompanied his birth—loud thunder was heard, an unnatural cloud hung ove

the cottage, flowers fell from heaven into the court-yard, and a most agreeable perfume permeated the air. From his earliest years this holy saint was devoted to the interests of the Shinto religion, and probably of no Christian saint could more be said for his piety and zeal in promoting his religion. When even a small child he amused himself by rearing toy pagodas and shrines of earth and stone to the honor of the gods. To such an extent did he carry this that he received the name of "temple-builder." In his twentieth year he secretly quitted his father's house and took up his residence in the cave of the thousand-handed goddess, Kwan-non, at Idzura. After passing three years at this secluded place, which were spent in prayer and meditation, he had, in mid-winter, a remarkable dream of a great mountain north of Idzura, on the top of which lay a sword more than three feet in length. On awaking he left the cave and endeavored to make his way in the direction of the mountain of which he had dreamt, but he found the snow so deep as to present almost insurmountable difficulties. But he vowed to sacrifice his life rather than abandon the enterprise, and he struggled through the snow until at last he reached the summit, where the sword was awaiting him. This story is almost as remarkable as that of Moses and the burning bush, and of Jesus when he went up into a mountain to be tempted of the devil.

This saint, Sho-do Sho-nin, remained at the top of this holy mountain for some time, and gave himself up to austere self-discipline, and was sustained by most delicious and heavenly fruits brought to him by supernatural beings. After passing three years in this extraordinary manner, he returned to Idzura, and visited the temple Yak-u-shi-ji, where the attendant priests admitted him as a novice. Here he remained, leading a most devout life for five years, when he journeyed once more to the sacred mountain, Kabu-ga-hara. From the summit of this holy place he beheld amongst the mountains farther north four miraculous clouds of different colors, rising straight up into the sky, and he at once set off to reach them, carrying his prayer-books and godly images in his bundle on his back. Upon reaching the place whence the clouds had seemed to ascend, he found his way barred by a broad river, which poured its torrents over huge rocks and looked utterly impassable. The holy man fell at once upon his knees and offered up a prayer, when a heavenly personage appeared upon the opposite side of the river; this being had a string of skulls hung around his neck, and was dressed in blue and black robes. He shouted to the praying saint that he would assist him in crossing the furious river, as he had assisted other saints before him. He then threw a pair of green and blue snakes which he still held in his right hand, and in an instant a long bridge spanned the river like a rainbow, floating among the hills. What a fine thing it would have been if our people of New York and Brooklyn could by prayer or any other means have secured the services of this wonderful being in constructing a bridge between the two cities over the East River; it would seem so much better to have a bridge made in a minute than to be under the necessity of working five years to accomplish it. But after all perhaps the work of this rapid bridge-builder would not have answered the purpose for steady wear, for the structure which he built for this holy saint did not last any longer than was necessary for the saint to make his transit upon it, and as soon as he had crossed the snake bridge it suddenly vanished, as well as the god who had constructed it. But Sho-do Sho-nin was on the right side of the river, and he at once pressed on his way, and hard by built himself a hut in which to practice his religious devotions.

One night a man appeared to him in a vision and broke to him the intelligence that the hill on the north was called the "Mount of the Four Gods," and was inhabited by the Azure Dragon, the Vermilion Bird, the White Tiger, and the Somber Warrior, who respectively occupied the east, west, north, and south peaks. In consequence of this important information the saint set out upon another journey. He climbed these four summits, and found that he had at length reached the goal of his ambition and desires, for there were the four clouds rising up around him. The first thing he did was to build a shrine, in which he placed an image of the thousand-handed goddess, and named it the "Monastery of the Four Dragons"—Shi-hon-rici-ji. In the year 767 he undertook the enterprise of ascending the highest peak of the group, and after duly preparing himself by fasting, prayer, and other religious exercises for two weeks, he began to make the ascent. After proceeding the distance of forty *ri* (equaling ten miles), he came to a great lake, Chin-zen-ji, on the flank of the mountain, Nah-tai-zan, but notwithstanding all his prayers he found it impossible on account of the deep snow to proceed any farther; and the terrific peals of thunder which burst around his head frightened him not a little. He therefore prudently retraced his steps to Nikko, where he passed fourteen years in fitting himself for a repetition of the task he had been compelled to abandon. This he did by repeating countless prayers and performing numerous penances. This course had such a marvelous effect upon the invisible beings that in the year 781 he renewed his attempt to reach the summits. He was chagrined, however, to discover that he had not prayed and fasted long enough, and he found himself compelled to return and wait for another year, when, accompanied by some of his disciples, he finally reached the summit. The place pleased him very well, and he regarded it as a fit residence for the gods; in fact, another Olympus, and he proceeded to build two temples—one Shinto and the other Buddhist. In the latter he placed the image of the thousand-handed goddess, and in the former an image of the god Gon-gen. He also built a shrine to the "Great King of the Deep Sand," at the very point where he had formerly crossed the stream. This great saint lived till 817, where he died in the odor of sanctity. The Catholic church can scarcely produce a greater saint than Sho-do Sho-nin.

Now we will make a jump of nearly eight hundred years. In 1615 the priest Ten-kai, acting upon the dying injunctions of his father, sent two holy priests to Nikko to find a resting-place for the dead Iye-yasu, the great mikado. They located a site for his mausoleum on the southern slope of a hill called Hotoke Iwa, behind the hill where the temple of Gon-gen had stood from ancient times. They returned from Yedo on the 21st day of the ninth month with a plan of the spot. Kadrusa was appointed chief superintendent, and the buildings were commenced in the eleventh month of the same year. In the next year the chapel and some of the surrounding edifices were completed, and the corpse was removed from Kuno-zan, where it had been temporarily interred. An imposing funeral procession accompanied the corpse. Shoguns and other dignitaries visited the mausoleum to pay their respects to the dead. New titles of honor were conferred upon the departed hero by the orders of his successor, the mikado. Elaborate religious ceremonies were performed at the tomb, and among other things during three successive days the Ho-ki-kio (the Sutra of the Lotus of the Law) was recited ten thousand times by a crowd of priests. Many court nobles and a priest belonging to the imperial family took part in the ceremonies.

Down to the revolution of 1868 the abbot of Nikko was always a prince of imperial blood. He usually resided in Yedo, and visited Nikko three times a year. As a historical fact it may be mentioned in connection with Nikko that in 1868 the prince-abbot was carried off to the north and proclaimed mikado by the remnants of a political party. After the capture of the castle of Wakamatsu in Aidzu in November of the same year, he surrendered to the imperial forces, and having been subsequently admitted to the mikado's favor, was sent to Germany to attend one of the institutions of learning in that country.

At the upper end of Nikko one of the objects which most attract attention is a somewhat quaint red bridge spanning the rushing Daiya-gawa, about forty feet wide between the stone walls which confine its waters at this point. It is supported on stone piers of great solidity, fixed into the rocks between which the stream flows, and its color forms a picturesque contrast with the deep green of the cryptomeria grove on the opposite bank. It is, of course, a sacred bridge, and was formerly closed to all persons save the shoguns and pilgrims to the holy shrines in the neighborhood. Its name, Mi-hashi, simply means the bridge; and, according to the legend, it occupies the exact place where the great saint Sho-do Sho-nin crossed the river when on the way to the holy mountain. The present bridge is eighty-four feet in length, and was constructed in 1638. It is said not to have required any repairs since that time. The gates at each end are kept constantly closed and locked except for pilgrims, when at certain times in the year visiting the shrines. Another bridge a short distance below, which lays no special claim to holiness, is used for common sinners, and is largely patronized. Near the north end of the sacred bridge is the shrine of the god Jin-Ja Dai-O, which, as may well be supposed, abounds in sanctity.

Crossing the lower bridge and turning to the left, the visitor ascends the Naga-sake through a grove of cryptomerias, and arrives at the back of Man-gwan-ji, a monastery occupying the site of the Hombo or abbot's residence, a magnificent building, destroyed by fire in 1871. On the right is a monastery, the rooms in which are often let to visitors, and where stood a rough stone erected to the memory of the trusted servant of Yoritomo, the same who cheated his master into marrying Masago, the famous nun Sho-gun. The road passes along the south wall of the Man-gwan-ji inclosure and up its west side. In the north part of this inclosure the Sam-butsu-do, or hall of the three Buddhas, is erected. These three Buddhas are the thousand-handed Kwan-non and Amida Nio rai; with them is a wooden statue of Sho-do Sho-nin. The thousand-handed, as a matter of fact, has but forty arms, which, however, are utilized by holding out Buddhist emblems, such as the lotus flower, the wheel of the law, the sun and moon, a skull, a pagoda, and an ax. In the pair of hands folded on its lap is the bowl of the mendicant priest. The horse-headed Kwan-non is an image with three faces and four pairs of arms; two are clasped before its breast in a form emblematic of the lotus flower; another pair hold the axe and wheel, which are symbols of the cutting off of worldly cares; another pair grasp two variations of the vaga, or diamond club, with which the foes of the Buddhist church are to be crushed; of the remaining pair, the left holds a cord to bind the wicked with, and the right hand is extended open emblematic of alms-giving. It takes its name from a horse's head carved above the forehead of the central face. Amida Nio-rai is represented with hands lying on the lap with thumbs placed end to end. The spot on the forehead is emblematic of the wisdom which streams forth from this Buddha, and the bare space in the hair is the sign of his humility. Close by is a pillar called the Sorinto. It consists of a cylindrical copper column forty-two feet high, of a black color, supported by horizontal bars crossing through its center, which rest on shorter columns of the same material. The top is adorned by a series of six cups in the shape of a lotus flower, from the petals of which depend small bells. Just below the lowest of these cups are four small medallions, formed by the Tokugawa crest of three asarum leaves in gold, of which precious metal the Nikko people believe all the brass work to be composed. This pillar is one of the six which are said to exist in Japan, and was first erected by the tomb of Iye-yasu in the year 1643.

Ascending some broad steps between two rows of cryptomerias planted on stone-faced banks, a granite torii is reached, or Shinto archway, erected in 1618. Its total hight is 27½ feet, and the diameter of the columns 3½ feet. On the left is a five-story pagoda of graceful form, painted in bright but harmonious colors. It is 104 feet high, and the roofs measure 18 feet on each side; it was erected in 1650. Round the lower story are placed the twelve animals of the Duodenary cycle, to wit: the rat, bull, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, ape, cock, dog, and pig, carved in wood and painted in a life-like manner. On each side of the gate is a gilt monster called Ame-inu and Koma-inu. It is probable they are meant to represent lions. There is much carving about this gateway, somewhat variable in character, but there is too much of it for me to weary you with a description of it.

Passing through the gateway a court-yard is entered, high above the approach, inclosed by a timber wall and painted a vermilion red. The three handsome buildings arrayed in a zig-zag are storehouses in which are kept utensils used at the religious ceremonies performed in memory of Iye-yasu, together with pictures and furniture used by him when alive. In a sumptuous stable hard by a sacred pony is kept expressly for the use of the god Jimme. Yes, by Jimme this horse is supposed to be driven, when exercised at all. Immediately under the roof are some cleverly-executed groups of monkeys, severally represented as closing their ears and mouths, and shading their eyes with their hands. They are called the monkeys of the three countries, India, China, and Japan. The next building is a guard room. A very interesting object is the *on-chodza-ya*, containing the holy-water cistern, made of a solid block of granite and protected by a roof resting on twelve square pillars of the same material. It is so constructed that the water, conducted through a long series of pipes from the cascade behind the hill, bubbles up and pours over the edge in exactly equal volumes of the holy fluid, so that it seems to be a solid block of water rather than a piece of stone. The pediment of the roof contains a pair of winged dragons, carved in wood and painted. The beautifully decorated building beyond the holy water basin is called the Kio-zo, and is the depository for the complete collection of the Buddhistic scriptures, which is contained in a fine revolving octagonal cupboard, with red lacquer panels and gilt pillars. In front stand the figures of the god Fu-daija and his sons. In the center of the court stands a torii with the Toqu-gawn crest in gold on the tops of the pillars and on the tie beam.

A flight of wide steps leads into another court, along the front of which runs a stone balustrade. Just inside are two stone lions, just in the act of leaping down. On the right stands a bell tower of beautiful workmanship and decoration, a bronze candelabrum, and a bell presented by the king of Corea. On the left stands a bronze lantern, also from Corea, and a candelabrum from Holland; a drum tower to match the bell tower is opposite. Behind these is a temple dedicated to the god Yaku-Shi Nio-rai. Seventeen birds are here carved with decided skill. The whole number of lanterns, and presented from different sources, amount to one hundred and eighteen.

Ascending another flight of steps, another court is reached, and on the platform here stands the beautiful gate called Yo-mei-mon. The columns which support it are elaborately carved and painted white. The capitals of the columns are formed by the heads of the fabulous beast called ki-rin. The architrave in the second story is adorned with dragon's heads

where the cross-beams intersect, and in the center of each side and end is a magnificently executed dragon with golden claws. Above the architrave of the lower story projects a balcony which runs all around the structure. The railing is formed of groups of children playing various kinds of childish games. Below again is a curious net-work of beams and groups of Chinese sages and rishi. The roof is supported by gilt dragon's heads, with gaping crimson throats, and from the top a gilt demon looks down. The outer walls of the cloister are decorated with carvings of trees, birds, and flowers, colored and otherwise patterned after nature—fifteen compartments on the right and eight on the left.

Passing through the gate, a second court is reached, on three sides of which is the cloister mentioned, where the candidates for the honors of the Buddhistic priesthood used to say their prayers. One of the two buildings on the right contains a stage for the performance of sacred dances called *kagara*. In the other building is an altar, on which are burned sacred odors while the prayers are being offered up. On the left is the building containing the cars carried in the procession on the first of June, when the deified spirits of Iye-yasu, Hidayoshi, and Yoritomo are supposed to occupy them. In the midst stands the inclosure called the *Tama-gaki*, which contains the *hai-den*, or oratory, and the *honden*, or chapel. The Tama-gaki forms a quadrangle, of which each side measures one hundred and fifty feet, and is constructed of gilt trellis, with borders of colored geometrical decorations running along above and below. Above and underneath these, again, are carvings of birds in groups about eight inches high and six feet long, with backgrounds of grass, carved in relief and gilt. The gate called *Kara-mon*, through which this inclosure is entered, is composed of Chinese woods inlaid with great skill and workmanship. Visitors are here required to take off their shoes, for this is indeed holy ground. The folding doors of the oratory are beautifully decorated with arabesques of lotus flowers in gilt relief. Over the doors and windows of the front are nine compartments, filled with birds carved in relief, four on each side of the building. There are also four more on each side of the corridor, in the rear, and leading to the chapel. The interior is a large matted room, fifty-two feet long by twenty-seven feet in width, with an antechamber at each end. The carvings in the ceilings of the main compartment and in the antechambers require more description to give them in detail than either you or I have the patience to attempt, but that it is elaborate and extensive enough you may safely rest assured.

From this very rich edifice, on which has been expended a vast amount of labor and wealth, some two hundred steps lead to an inclosure on the hill-top where is the tomb of Iye-yasu, who was a man while living, but now, since his death, has become a god. After passing through the torii of the last flight an oratory is reached, which is to be used when the one below is undergoing repairs. The tomb is a single bronze casting of a light color, said to be produced by the admixture of gold, and is of the same shape as those of the late tycoons of Shiba at Tokio. In front stands a low stone table, bearing an immense bronze stork with a brass candle in its mouth, an incense-burner of brass, and a vase with artificial lotus flowers and leaves in brass; the whole is surrounded by a stone wall, surmounted by a balustrade, the entrance being through a bronze gate, the roof of which, as well as the gate itself, is a solid casting; before it sit imposing bronze images.

A word more should be said in connection with this magnificent temple of Iye-yasu, and that is with reference to the masonry of the vast retaining walls, the stone gallery, the stair-case and its balustrades, all put together without mortar or cement, and so accurately fitted that the joints are not even affected by the long rains, the perennial damp, or the aggressive vegetation of two hundred and sixty years. The steps of the stair-case are monoliths, and the coping at the side, the massive balustrade, and the heavy rail at the top are cut out of solid blocks of stone from ten to eighteen feet in length.

THE TEMPLES OF IYE-MITSU

Are near the temples of Iye-yasu, just described, and though not quite so magnificent are quite as bewildering. They are still in Buddhist hands, and are crowded with the gods of the Buddhist pantheon, together with the paraphernalia of Buddhist worship, the same being in striking contrast with the simplicity and plainness of the lonely Shinto temples, with their simple mirrors without the flare, the glitter, and the gorgeousness of the rich Buddhist sacred edifices. There is nearly as much difference between the Buddhist temples and the Shinto as there is between a Catholic cathedral in Milan or Rome and a Methodist chapel in the newer countries of America. There are, indeed, scores of points of resemblance between the Buddhists and the Catholics. And inasmuch as Buddhism is six hundred years the senior of Christianity, it is not strange that when Father Huc paid the oriental countries a missionarying visit he was surprised to find so great a resemblance between the ceremonies, the dress of the priests, the paraphernalia of the altars, the litany, the images of saints, and all the rest of it, that he had to resort to the claim that the devil, the most knowing creature in existence, and who, hundreds of years before Christianity came into existence, knew precisely what its feature were to be, and got up a prophetic counterfeit or *fac-simile* of it centuries before Christianity was born. What a knowing devil the Christians have, to be sure; there is scarcely his equal in all the devils the different nations are able to boast of, with all the gods thrown in, for that matter.

In the grand entrance gate of the temple, now attempted to be described, are gigantic Ni-o—the Buddhist god—and Moyog, vermilion colored, and enriched with draperies painted in imitation of flowered silk. A second pair of these gods are painted green, and set in niches within the gate. A flight of steps lead to another gate, in whose gorgeous niches stand monsters almost hideous in appearance, though in human form, which represent the forces of nature, wind, and thunder. Wind has crystal eyes and a half-jolly, half-demoniacal expression, and perhaps that kind of representation befits the character of wind with considerable correctness. He is painted green and carries a wind-bag on his back, which is a long sack tied at each end. The ends of the same are brought over his shoulders and held by the hand. The conceptions of the Grecians of the god of the winds was not much better than this. The god of thunder is painted red, with purple hair on end, and stands on clouds, holding thunderbolts in his hand. The thunder of the Grecians and the Scandinavians was not superior to this.

More steps, and another gate contains the Tenno, or the gods of the four quarters of the globe. These are boldly carved and represented as in fierce action with strong eye-teeth. The forces of nature have nearly always been represented by fierce and powerful gods or images. After this the principal temple is reached. Within is a gorgeous shrine, and when the curtain of cloth of gold is drawn aside the imposing interior is exposed to view. Buddha and two other gilded figures of brass are seated cross-legged on lotus flowers, with rows of petals several times repeated. The same look of eternal repose is depicted on their countenances that beings in Nirvana may be supposed to wear. It is the same that is attempted to be reproduced in every temple and in every roadside image. In front of the shrine several candles are constantly burning, and here are the floral offerings of such devotees as wish prayers to be offered up for their benefit. A dim, holy light pervades the place. And here is a devil also, for it seems there are few systems of religion able to carry on business without a devil, and here he sits uneasily crouching upon the steps of the altar. Though he is represented as being subjugated, his face wears a look of grim irony, and he is made to carry at all times a heavy incense-burner. Perhaps it is not strange that a devil who has no faith in any such nonsensical paraphernalia should wear an ironical look, when compelled to be constantly on hand before the dumb and silent gods. Here are a hundred gods, standing in rows, many of them life size, some of them trampling devils under their feet, and showing their anger toward those infernal beings. Is it not curious that though the gods are forever trampling down the devils and overcoming them in their unceasing conflicts, the devils still remain just as powerful as ever, and no more subdued than they were a thousand years ago? Why, a devil over in America is said to be more powerful now, and to be wielding more influence, than ever before, for he is said to be drawing fully nine-tenths of the people after him, and even three-fourths of the very elect seem to be more under the influence of the devil than that other personage. If the godly powers succeed no better in destroying the devil in the future than in the past, what assurance have we that the devil will be put down and destroyed a thousand years in the future? Are not the "good times" we hear so much about always coming but never get here?

The truth is, the gods never kill the devils, nor do the people who believe in gods. The devil's are too important in the systems which these sustain to ever be got along without. The system of religion in our country could not live a year if the people could be thoroughly convinced that the devil is dead. The devil is fully as important as the god, and will maintain his existence just as long as his big brother, the god, does. They both belong to the same system, and that system must hopelessly collapse when either the god or the devil no longer exists in the belief of the duped people. So long as the priests make fat livings by holding to gods and devils, so long will they preach them, and so long will the deluded men and women, who ought to have more sense than to bow down before these invisible conceptions, continue to do so. But, thanks to the increased knowledge of our age of the world, this mistaken faith is rapidly losing ground; the devil is losing his grip, and the god is also fading into irrecognition. Even these Japanese priests readily admit that they do not believe in these gods and devils as they used to do. As science and knowledge increase in the world, the gods and devils must inevitably retire to the shades of forgetfulness and non-existence, the same as the belief in fairies, genii, nymphs, byaderes, witches, hulders, and gnomes has almost entirely passed away, save in the haunts of ignorance and darkness.

It is only two hundred years since these impossible existences were strongly believed in in nearly all religious countries, but now it is impossible to find a well-informed person who will admit that one of them ever existed. The gods and devils are doomed to the same fate. Nature has no need for gods and devils, and in time the people will find out this fact. A high order of intelligence and the diffusion of science will bring this state of things about when all the monstrosities which in the dark past have been persistently believed and feared will no longer trouble sensible men and women. The gods will never kill the devils. They may still be pretending that the gods are trying to kill the devils, but it is only a sham; the devils will flourish as long as the gods. It is men and women who are to kill the devils. These devils and monstrosities simply mean ignorance. When ignorance is thoroughly dispelled the devils will take their flight; they will exist no more, and the gods will go with them. When this fully takes place a host of priests will be thrown out of a fat job, and they will be compelled to look to some other means for obtaining a livelihood. But a few generations have passed away since a great number of witch-finders and witch-punishers were kept constantly occupied in looking after witches and in putting to torture and death the thousands and millions who were supposed to be in alliance with witches. And the aggregate of human agony which was thus produced can never be fully portrayed, for no less than nine millions of human beings, largely women, were tortured to death in Christian Europe, to say nothing of those whose lives were not quite taken; but now a person of intelligence cannot be found who believes that such a thing as a witch ever existed. Let the gods and devils fear and tremble, for they are doomed to take the same road.

But I see I am wandering a trifle. I was talking to you of the temples and godhouses of Nikko, particularly the temple of Iyemitsu. Great muscular development is given to these gods of the temple; their legs and arms are swelled with immense muscles, and their very eyeballs seem almost ready to leave their sockets with sheer strength, fury, and indignation; but it is all sham. They have not a particle more strength or power than any other dead block of wood or stone. These exaggerations are simply lies. The poor gods and devils are perfect imbeciles, and have not even the strength of a child but one year old. It matters not how these gods and devils are represented, whether carved out of wood, cut in stone, painted on canvas, or delineated and described by designing and imaginative priests and preachers, it is all the same. All alike are the creatures of invention, all alike are unreal and untrue, and all alike are doomed to be submerged in the waters of oblivion. Let the good time hasten on, say I, for the world has long suffered from the rule of these gods and devils. Their reign has been long and cruel. Their exactions have been most heavy. They have caused human blood to flow in countless rivers. Their legions of priests have been a most expensive incubus—a costly luxury—drawing for thousands of years from the tillers and toilers of the earth at least a tenth of all they could produce. They have even so impoverished some countries and some peoples that to-day they are in a state of physical, financial, intellectual, and moral degradation. But let it be hoped that the time for gods and devils is short, and that the time is close at hand when in all countries the gods and devils will no longer be believed in, and when the great evils which they have produced will no longer exist. A greater degree of happiness will then prevail over the earth than poor god-bewildered man has ever yet enjoyed.

The teeth of the Japanese gods are unpleasantly conspicuous; but these teeth, after all, possess no force. They are no more to be feared than the teeth of an old dog just in the throes of death. They can no longer bite. But the priests of Japan still find dupes among the people of their country, who are still strong of faith, and to them they sell small pieces of paper, on which are inscribed the names of the particular gods in this temple (and it is the same with the others), and these bits of paper are supposed to act as charms to keep away the evils of life, such as shipwreck, disease, famine, and the failure of the rice crop. This mistaken piety is much the same as that which prompts Christians to buy candles, amulets, etc, which the priests have blessed, and which are supposed to be productive of all sorts of good luck. There is little difference in these senseless delusions, whether of Hindoo, Chinese, Japanese, or Christian origin. They are all equally absurd, and equally degrading to the human intellect—the highest result which nature has produced, so far as we know anything about it.

The roofs of these temples are fringed with wind bells which, in furious storms, and in commotions of the earth from earthquakes, are made to ring. On such occasions the priests rush into the temples and beat the drums and ring the holy bells with the soft dulcet tones, to inform the gods that they are derelict in duty, and are not duly attending to their

business. But can it be thought very strange, since these gods have become so stupid and helpless that they have to be often reminded of the duty which they are so prone to neglect.

The tomb of Iye-mitsu stands upon the top of a high hill and is reached by a long flight of steps, much like that of Iye-yasu. The style of both tombs are much the same, save that the gates in front of the tomb of Iye-mitsu are inscribed in large Sanskrit characters on bright brass. Perhaps one of the most beautiful of the many views is the temple. When the sun shines upon it, the bright tints of the surrounding cryptomerias is said to present a most beautiful effect. Yes, the rays of light, and the various intricate forces of the universe, are infinitely superior to all the monstrous and clumsy gods that man ever devised.

There are other rich temples and shrines at this holy city of Nekko; there are other pagodas; other storehouses of holy things; and they are massive, rich, and gorgeous, bountiful in vermilion, in lacquer and gold, rich in carvings and gilding, and bountifully supplied with gods of all calibers to preside over the different offices, but I am sure you will excuse me if I do not enter into a prolonged description of them. The similarity between them is great, and when you have had the details of one or two, you may be as well satisfied as though I described a dozen. Tickets of admission are sold to enter these holy places, and after one has paid to enter half a dozen or so, and realizes how little the gods have done for ignorant man, he is content to let the others pass with merely an external and superficial inspection. While one feels assured that the money paid for looking into these holy places is for the benefit of the gods, or rather for their hungry priests, he still feels little inclined to be too generous in his contributions in this direction, thinking it no hardship for this celestial aristocracy to do as the most honest men have to do, earn honorably their own bread. If the gods really are gods they ought not to have need of the help of man, and if their priests are not paid by the gods for the service they perform, they had better seek other employers who can pay them for what they do. That the honest workers among men should be compelled to make up the deficiencies of the gods to pay their worthless priests for their useless services will not always be tamely submitted to in Japan, in Europe, nor in America. It is indeed a pretty poor sort of god that is not able to pay his own taxes and the wages of those in his employ, without calling upon his enemies, or those who feel indifferent toward him, and do not count themselves as his saints.

Some of these temples and sacred storehouses are roofed with sheet-copper, though the larger portion are covered with a fine article of tiles. It has been justly said that tiling has been elevated to a fine art in Japan. The tiles are of a coppery-gray color, with a coat of metallic luster. They are slightly concave, and the joints are covered by others quite convex, which come down like massive tubes from the ridge of the roof and terminate at the eaves in disks on which the Tokugawa badge is emblazoned in gold, as it is everywhere on these shrines. The roofs are massive and heavy, and require great strength in the timbers below, which are also heavy and massive, and as they are in full sight from below they are usually carved and painted in vermilion and profusely gilded so as to produce a dazzling and gorgeous effect when the eyes are cast upward.

The shrines are believed to be the most wonderful work in Japan and in their stately setting of cryptomeria, many of which are twenty feet in circumference at the base, almost as straight as an arrow, with their tall tops reaching to a hight of one hundred and twenty-five feet, are enough to inspire the grandest emotions of admiration. In spite of the seeming incongruity in the use of colors by these people, when measured by Western taste, one is compelled to acknowledge the beauty of forms and combinations of color not hitherto known, and that lacquered wood is capable of lending itself to the expression of a very high art. Gold, as remarked, has been used in profusion, and black, dull red, and white have been employed with a breadth and lavishness hardly to be conceived.

The bronze fret-work is of itself a study, and the wood-work requires weeks of close study to take it all in and do it full justice. The ideas and details almost baffle the closest observer. One screen or railing has sixty panels, four feet in length, carved with marvelous boldness and depth, in what is called open work, representing peacocks, pheasants, storks, lotuses, peonies, bamboos, and foliages of different kinds. The accuracy in form and color, and the reproduction of the gracefulness of motion call for the highest praise. The flowers are perhaps the best executed of all. Here the artists reveled in their congenial labor without let or hindrance. The lotus leaf retains its dewy bloom, the peonies their shades of creamy white, the bamboo leaf with exquisite feathery neatness almost trembles on the graceful stem, in contrast with the rigid needles of the pine, and countless corollas, in all the passionate coloring of teeming life, unfold themselves amidst the abundant leafage of gorgeous tracery. These carvings are from ten to fifteen inches in depth, and single feathers in the tails of pheasants stand out not less than six inches in front of peonies nearly as prominent.

It is hard for the memory to long retain a vivid recollection of the picturesque masses of black and red lacquer and gold, gilded doors opening without noise, halls laid with matting so soft that not a foot-fall is ever heard. Across these rich works of art the morning and evening sunbeams fall aslant on exquisitely arabesqued walls and panels, carved with an endless variety of birds and flowers; and on ceilings paneled and wrought with elaborate art, of inner shrines of gold, with golden lilies six feet in hight, and curtains of rich brocade. Further, should be mentioned the incense fumes, the colossal dulcet-toned bells, the golden ridge-poles, of the mythical fauna, the mythical dragons, together with the elephants, apes, tigers, inter-blended and mingled with flowers, trees, golden tracery, diaper-work on golden ground, and lacquer screens, pagodas, not to omit bronze lanterns in the courts, shorn priests in gold brocade, Shinto attendants in black lacquer caps, monumental urns, and back of all a mountain side covered a with majestic cryptomeria forest with rose-azalias lighting up the sacred shades. These are the beauties, the attractions, and the fascinations of the Nikko temples to which thousands of pilgrims annually flock to pay their devotions to the holy shrines. It is difficult to decide whether the professed followers of Buddha or of Christ excel the other in the gewgawry, glitter, tinsel, and lavish expenditure of money in their places of worship.

SURROUNDINGS OF NIKKO.

It was my wish to spend two or three days in the vicinity of this holy city visiting the several noted places within a few miles in various directions, for here, even in short distances, are places of natural scenery rarely surpassed in any country, among which the following may be mentioned: One hour's walk from the town takes one to Jakko, where there is a temple, and what is better, a Nama-taki—a beautiful cascade far in a recess of rocks. It consists of three falls of about fifty feet each.

Nearly as far in another direction brings one to Yama, an eminence whence is obtained splendid views of the surrounding country. An hour and a half's walk over an undulating country takes one to Kiri-feori-no-taki, a picturesque cascade of the falling mist. At the source of the Inari Kawa, a small stream which empties into the Daiya-gawa, are seven cascades, where the water pours over a line of low cliffs. Urami-ga-taki is another fine cascade. A picturesque view of the basin, overhung with trees, the cascade and the deep pool into which it tumbles, with the various streams gushing out of the rocks around, are said to be interesting.

There are other places not far away where tourists make it a point to visit, but after I had finished looking at the temples, and had taken in their grandeur and magnificence, the rain had set in and the horizon was closed as though a three-days' storm was in store; so, after looking some more over the town, and purchasing some Japanese curiosities and works of art, I indicated to Sangedo that the carriage might be brought up and we would turn our faces toward Tokio. This was but a short task, and, after bringing up the paper apron to my eyes to keep the rain from annoying me, my team were soon trotting down the street and the descending road to Yama, or Imaichi, here thinking it desirable to return to Tokio by a road different from the one which we took in coming out, as it is, of course, desirable to see as much of the country as possible rather than to pass twice over the same thoroughfare. With this view we took the right-hand road at the village where we had stopped over-night, and this took us a few miles further west than the one we patronized in coming out.

This western road took us over several active streams spanned by good bridges. I noticed in several places what I had seen on my former trip to the mountains, an invention for preventing embankments and piers from being washed away by high water. These were long tubes of open basket work, made of bamboo, some twenty-five or thirty inches in diameter, and fifteen or twenty feet in length. They are filled with round stones of the size of a child's head, and the ends being secured or braided together, the whole is rolled wherever wanted and piled three or four tiers high as necessity dictates, forming an excellent breakwater—nearly as good as a solid wall, save that after a certain number of years the bamboo splints must decay and cease to longer hold the stones in the same round form they now occupy.

We passed through several towns on our homeward way, among which were Kasawara, Kanuma, Nireji, Kassembra, and others. We had gone but a mile or two before the rain had entirely discontinued and farmers were out in the fields at work. I absolutely saw two instances of men plowing with horses, or, rather, with a single horse in each case; but the fields being plowed were little larger than a common family garden, and the plowing was of the most indifferent kind. The plows were of an antique pattern, little better than a hook, which really did not turn a furrow, but made a scratch in the soil a little better than a stiff boot if well loaded might do, or the knot of a tree made of proper shape. I passed several fields of hemp, now three or four inches high, and the rows some sixteen inches apart. The fields, like those I had seen before, looked remarkably clean of weeds, and the soil being mellow and fertile, the prospects of a good crop are promising.

In the night we stopped at the village of Tochigi, over twenty-five miles from Nikko, and fully fifty miles from Tokio. We had made splendid time after leaving Nikko, though the rain attended us a part of the way. Kassembra, the last town before Tochigi, is noted for its houses of prostitution. It is said there is no town in Japan of its size that has so much of that sort of thing. Let me repeat, however, what I have said before, that prostitution is not so debased in Japan as it is in Christian countries. It does not seem to degrade the females to the same extent it does in our country, nor does it disgrace their lives as it does the lives of American women, for girls who live here that sort of life for a year or two very often succeed in marrying good husbands, and are afterwards as much respected as though they had all the time been at home with their parents. In fact, it is thought they stand a better chance of picking up husbands in these houses—where they are often hired out by their parents, the same as girls with us are hired out to do hotel or factory work—than though they were living at home. This may seem incredible to many American people, but it is nevertheless true.

Though this is the Christian Sabbath, the people hereabouts seem to know nothing about its being a holy day, for they are working the same as though it was not God's day, or was the devil's day the same as the other six. I to-day met an unusual number of men hauling heavy man-carts loaded with different kinds of material, including charcoal, lumber, stone, *saké*, etc. I do not mean that all these commodities helped to form the burden on the same cart, but that I met different carts having loads of one article only, and in the aggregate embracing all the articles named. I also saw women pulling heavy carts the same as men. It is almost astonishing what large loads they thus haul over the country.

My night's lodging at Tochigi was not unlike the others I had experienced on other occasions. I met with the same neatness, the same respectful attention, the same obsequiousness, the same politeness, the same low and profuse bowing. My bill, however, was somewhat higher here than I had been charged at other places, and it is possible the landlord of this yadoya may consider his house the *bon ton* establishment of the neighborhood.

Monday morning, May 8th, we were, as usual, up with the sun, and a breakfast of boiled eggs, boiled rice, some tea, and also a drink of warm water with a flower floating in it was promptly dispatched, when we were again rolling away toward Tokio, which place I hoped to reach before again seeking rest. The air was clear, pleasant, and balmy, and upon turning my eyes back toward Nikko I saw that the higher portions of the mountains were white with snow; while it had rained in the valleys, it had snowed at the higher altitudes and remained white and hoary throughout the day. But I was most interested, as I was riding southward this pleasant day, to keep my eyes upon Fuji-yama, seventy-five miles or more away in the southwest rising up like an eternal sentinel as it is, its snowy, conical summit making a beautiful contrast with the blue sky. Yes, I love to gaze upon it, if not regarding it as a god as many of the natives do, though it is a thousand times more worthy of worship and respect than any and all of the gods which men have bowed down to for the last five thousand years, not omitting the cruel Jew God which for a time feebly flourished in the western part of Asia, but after meeting with a most ignominious failure in that quarter deserted the miserable, small country and emigrated to Europe, and subsequently crossed the Atlantic to the New World, where he has done a pretty flourishing business, inasmuch as he pays no taxes upon his somewhat extensive possessions, and gives nothing to the seventy-five thousand men who work for him, leaving them to collect their money from those who can be induced to listen to them. Yes, I like Fuji-yama better than all the gods and devils combined that I have ever heard of, for about Fuji there is no deception, no falsity, no humbug, nothing imaginary, nothing hypocritical, nothing unreal, but a great truthful, actual, eternal fact, a great natural result of the forces of nature, and worthy not only of the respect of every dweller in Japan, but of every man and woman in the world who has information concerning it. It is indeed a beautiful mountain—a regular cone, as true as a pyramid, and almost as symmetrical as a chiseled monument. For hours to-day I kept my eyes toward its towering summit, thirteen thousand feet above the surrounding plain. I take pleasure in contemplating its grandeur and beauty.

Let me mention, before I forget it, the manner in which the Japanese saw their lumber. I have in many places, as I have been traveling around, seen this kind of work being performed. It is all done

by hand. The usual way is to raise one end of the log which is to be converted into lumber to an angle of about forty degrees, when the man or boy, as the case may be, takes a short, wide, and stout saw, not more than two feet long, and commences at the top on the upper side with the sawing process, the cutting being effected by a pulling motion instead of pushing. Perhaps in course of ten hours he saws a course through from end to end, making it a slow, tedious enterprise. All the sawing in this country is done by pulling the saw toward the body instead of pushing it from the body as we do. Planing is done in the same way; the planer alway pulls his plane toward him.

When within fifteen miles of Tokio our road led back into the same one on which we made our northern journey, so that from that point the towns through which we passed were the same as we saw on our outward trip. When within ten miles of the city Sangedo and Rocha-kee seemed to be weary, and essayed to stop for the night, but I pantomimed and talked to them, persuading them to add ten miles more to what they had already accomplished. After a certain amount of my pretty talk, with a moderate amount of other consideration, they concluded to see Tokio before they slept, and so I was again rolling over the smooth roads toward the capital of the country, which every moment grew nearer and nearer. Steady trotting over a smooth level road will, after a time, entirely wear away ten miles, so just as the shades of evening were approaching we passed through Tokio, and I immediately made my way to the railway station that I might the same evening return to my lodgings in Yokohama.

It was not more than seven in the evening when we reached the station, having made a little over fifty miles during the day, since half past six in the morning. A horse having made that distance would doubtless have shown more weariness than did Sangedo and Rocha-kee. It took but a short time to disburse the fourteen yen which I had consented to pay them for making the trip. I think the little matter of my promising this sum whether they made the journey in three, four, five, or six days had something to do with the speed we had made in traveling. We had been out but four days, which is much shorter than usual, even were no time used in looking over the temples. As it was, and including the rain, we had made remarkably good time with a single team and without change of horses. The holy city Nikko had been visited nearly ninety miles away at an expense of fourteen yen, or between eight and nine dollars for the team.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

While waiting at the station for a train I heard that his excellency, the mikado, was expected on the next train from Yokohama, where he had been for a few hours. Of course I wished to see the ruler of thirty-five millions of people, and cheerfully waited the twenty minutes required for the train to arrive. When the train reached the station the mikado walked off with the crowd just about as any other man, minding his own business and attending to that of no other man. He was attended by a soldier or two, but otherwise there was no pageantry or display shown whatever. He was dressed in citizen's dress of the European or American style, and had I not known that he was the mikado I would not have discovered he was anything of an extraordinary character. I should judge him to be not far from thirty years of age, some five feet eight inches in hight, and weighing one hundred and forty pounds. He has a little of the African type of countenance, and does not impress one as possessing unusual ability. He wears a beard on the lower part of the face, which is not very long, and curls slightly. He appears to be loved by his subjects, as is his queen, the empress, who is represented as an amiable and sensible woman. The mikado evinces a disposition to give his people a tolerably free government, and has promised that by the year 1890 they shall have a representative parliament elected by the people. That will be quite as soon as the people will be ready for it, for a great bulk of them are still ignorant and know nothing about self-government.

In an hour's time after leaving Tokio I was in Yokohama, and upon arriving at the station it was but a moment's work to secure a riki—the man with paper lantern in hand—to convey me to my lodgings. As I had been gone but five days, and in the time had gone a hundred miles and back to Nikko, besides doing up the great city of Tokio. It was conceded on all hands that I had been expeditious.

On the following morning I found the steamer Oceanic had arrived, and on Saturday, the 15th, would start her wheels for San Francisco. That was my steamer, for being anxious to see my own land again, the country that can boast of one hundred thousand miles or railroad, and, besides not far from a hundred million of dollars stolen by its public servants every year, is able to reduce its debt over a hundred million of dollars annually. I could not think of stopping over another week. I made a trip out to the Oceanic, and deemed she would answer my purpose, though I very much disliked to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for the privilege of a small room and board on her for the period of eighteen days. I looked at the steerage accommodations, for which some eighty-five dollars only is charged, but as some drunken sailors were occupying the only room for steerage passengers, and as it was closely surrounded by eleven hundred Chinese, I concluded without a protracted deliberation that those quarters would not suit an old man of my size, so I saw no other way but to fork over the two hundred and fifty dollars.

I had four days before the day of sailing, and I occupied them in looking more over the town, selecting a lot of photographs, paper goods, small Japanese manufactures, and some curios which I wished to take home with me. My stereoptican views also had to be packed, passsd through the custom house, and seen aboard the steamer. This, with some writing I had to attend to, sufficed to keep me busy. But this letter has been drawn out to sufficiently elongated proportions, and I will say good-bye.

D. M. B.

From Our London Correspondent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is somewhat difficult to say whether the prosecutor of the *Freethinker* is a friend or foe to the Freethought party, as one would scarcely think a bitter opponent would take so much trouble to advertise the leaders and their papers. But defenders of the faith are not generally overstocked with wisdom, and very little common sense falls to their share, so they go blindly blundering along, trying to do mischief, but in the end do more harm to themselvs than their opponents. As Sir Henry Tyler avows himself a friend of God, we must take his word for it that such is the case. He caused some diversion the other evening when in the House of Commons he asserted that, in his opinion, the Hall of Science was not a proper place, and Dr. Aveling, Mrs. Besant, and the Misses Bradlaugh not proper persons to teach science, and therefore the government grant ought to be taken away. When he stated the barefaced lie that he brought the question forward in no party spirit and with no personal ill-feeling, he was answered with derisiv laughter and cries of "Oh!" This was rather too much for his fellow-Christians who were present. He very kindly read for the benefit of the members several extracts from the *National Reformer* and various Freethought pamphlets, and, as a consequence, I hav no doubt that the circulation of this class of literature will be considerably extended. It is satisfactory to know he again failed in his endeavor to do mischief, and it is to be hoped he will succeed no better in his law-suit.

Curiously enough, a clergyman is the chairman of committee of these classes, and he has been called to account by the bishop of London for being connected therewith. He made a most excellent reply, and I am sorry space will not permit me to transcribe it. In his letter he reminded the bishop that he and others could find plenty of defense for the wildest extravagances of the Salvation Army, while for a priest who was without bigotry, and doing his best to extend knowledge, a wet blanket and plenty of cold water were the best things.

One of the duties of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in return for his £15,000 a year, is to manufacture special prayers when the ordinary ones are not supposed to be efficacious enough. The latest one is for the benefit of the troops now in Egypt, and all Christians of the established church are requested to join him in a fervent solicitation that the soldiers and sailors "may be preserved evermore from all perils." It is anticipated that this will hav the same effect as armor plating without the expense, but, as some of the English hav been killed, it is to be presumed that the prayer did not reach the throne of grace in time, or that the other side has put up an effectiv prayer, and as both parties hav no connection with any but the only true God, it must be rather difficult for him to know what to do under the circumstances; but as we hav it, on the authority of the first Napoleon, that he is always on the side of the biggest battalion, the present case will probably prove no exception to the rule, though if the Egyptians get the worst of the contest the archbishop will doubtless take the credit, and there will be a fresh proof of the power of prayer.

There has been a split in the Salvation Army—one of the captains, known as "Gypsy Smith," having received the present of a watch, was ordered to giv it up to the general, who is determined to hav all the plunder. The captain being stiff-necked, and blinded by the evil one, declined acceding to the request, with the awful consequence of the sentence of excommunication being passed upon him. It did not seem, however, to do him any very considerable amount of damage, for he at once started an opposition establishment, which is to be called "Christ's Army," and as brotherly love has ceased to continue between the rival commanders, some lively times may be expected.

It turns out that only about half the amount required for the purchase of the lease of the Grecian Theater was collected, and the balance had to be borrowed from "a few friends" possessing more money than sense. It is exceedingly problematical if they will ever see their loans again, and they will hav to be satisfied that they will get it all back with compound interest in the New Jerusalem.

There has been a slight epidemic just lately amongst the clergy of indecently assaulting young girls, and one, a Roman Catholic priest, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment; one or two were fined, and others managed to get off.

G. J. Holyoake has just started for the States, but as he goes only to report on the subject of emigration, he will, no doubt, confine himself to that subject.

Charles Watts leaves in the course of a few days, and will be in New York shortly. I believe he intends making a lecturing tour, and I trust he will meet with plenty of support among the friends of the cause. He is a very able lecturer as well as writer, and is well worth hearing. Being a most excellent debater, it is to be hoped he will hav an opportunity of displaying his abilities in that line. The audience will be well repaid for their attention. Fraternally yours, J. L. D.

London, England, August 21, 1882.

A Discussion in the Far West.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Once in a while, when our Liberal Pacific coast press won't do its duty, I find myself compelled to molest you. I hope you will giv me the space for the following:

The great blast from the horn of Oregon's champion of the Bible, Mrs. Overlin, of East Portland, as published in the *New Northwest*, came to a sudden stop. Finding herself not capable to parry the blows of Mrs. Everest's, our great Liberal come batant, any longer, she withdrew her forces from the field by announcing that she would renew the battle in a different shap and style after a more thorough preparation.

Reasoning more conclusiv in refutation of Mrs. Overlin's doctrins (if such they were) than Mrs. Everest furnished could not be adduced, while Mrs. Overlin left Mrs. Everest's argument totally unanswered; and while Mrs. Everest, the champion of Liberalism in Washington Territory, showed through her whole argument the true Liberal milk of human kindness, her antagonist only proved her genuin gloomy and unrivaled orthodox Christian character.

No other argument but one so horrid that it will put the devil to flight can bring those gospel-suffering ladies on their knees. Such an argument I am willing to propose to East Portland's Bible champion, who intends to use her God as main pillar in all future debates. Now it is just this God of hers and his book I should like to combat, and show that the Bible when it is stripped of its false garb of divinity, is a book of imperfection, of contradictions, of falsehoods, and of obscenities. Can a book be divine that sanctions lying? Is a God who must resort to deception, if not downright lying, in order to accomplish his purpose a God worth recognizing? And yet the Bible records this, and this Bible God sanctions it.

A person's conscience must be hardened beyond description when, in face of such Bible evidence, such persons say that the Bible condemns lying. The devil, who is generally called a liar, and the father of lying, is honest in comparison. There is not one single passage of scripture to prove that the devil ever lied. It is the same Bible that teaches witchcraft, and when the godly Puritans hung Mary Dyer to the elm-tree on the Boston Common they only carried out the instruction and commands of the Christian Bible.

"Our God is immutable," Christians say. I think not, or else his own word, the Bible, tells a gross falsehood about him.

The Bible also records many scenes of debauchery that were approved, the Christain statements to the contrary notwithstanding. Yes, even holy debauchery is recorded in the Bible.

The Bible is the enemy of woman, and her desires were not taken into consideration at all, thus doing damnable injustice to women. Neither is the Bible record favorable to the pedigree of Christ. Strange that the few women mentioned in the Bible genealogy of Christ should, all of them, be those who were found guilty of crimes against common decency. Neither is the Bible God, according to his own word, all-powerful. If the Bible record is true, no sophistry can gainsay this assertion.

I regard the Bible as a very obscene publication. Should any other book contain one-quarter as much filth as appears in the Bible, the publishers of the same would be held as senders of obscene literature.

Some of THE TRUTH SEEKER reading Liberal friends of mine in Oregon and Washington Territory are requested to send THE TRUTH SEEKER with the foregoing challenge to Mrs. Overlin to East Portland, Oregon, the more the better, so she can distribute them among her assistant dark horses.

The great champion of supernatural religion of East Portland will oblige me by making the necessary arrangements with any paper she may choose; however, it has to be a journal that won't shrink from printing such passages from the divine holy book as I may see fit to cite, even should they bring a blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. It will, nevertheless, be the word of God. On my side no further preparations are required, and I hope the Christian champion will lose no time. I shall allow her to retain the assistance she had in her last argument, though I wish that the "godly" man would this time set his brain in quicker motion, otherwise I shall advise her to engage East Portland's whole clergy and all the rest of the piousblessed race. These dark horses are permitted, but no substitute will be accepted. I promis to drive the champion from chapter to chapter through her whole book, thus giving her the opportunity to get a fair view of the chasm, so commonly known as the cooking-stove, which heats the sacerdotal saucepan, at which her eternal father is chief cook, and in which he makes roasts and bakes his beloved children.

Come, champion, before Gabe's horn calls you to "kingdom come;" or else take your book, which you stomach has proved not vigorous enough to digest, with you into obscurity.

Æsop's heathen had a god and beat him,
Enlightened Christians make a god and eat him

Nevada City, Aug., 1882. E. W. FITZNER.

A New Music Book.

He who produces a good song is a public benefactor. The people will sing, and the more of noble sentiment and of refined musical expression with which their songs are laden the more of pleasure and of culture will the people find. Every good song becomes, therefore, a public benefaction. If this be true of a single song, what shall be said of him who gathers in one book the best songs of the many gifted composers, and who thus places a whole galaxy of gems within the reach of those who sing?

Messrs. Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia, well known as enterprising publishers, hav done a genuin service for the people in the production of their splendid new issue, "Treasury of Song." It contains nearly 300 of the choicest gems of song suited for home use, extending over 500 royal octavo pages, the whole printed on superior paper from clear, new type, and bound in so flexible a manner as to be really charming. Its editor, Professor D. H. Morrison, of Philadelphia, is a distinguished musical instructor and a superb baritone artist. He knows the favorits of the people, and has met their wants most happily.

Myron W. Whitney, the great American basso, says of this book, "I am happy to express to you my cordial indorsement of 'Treasury of Song' as a most desirable book for the home circle, and the excellence of its selections as deserving great praise."

A specially attractiv feature of this work is a series of sketches ank portraits of distinguished composers and singers. In all respects the book is unquestionably first class.

THE Ausyrii, a sect peculiar to the Lebanon mountains of Syria, hav a singular creed. They say "There are five persons in the godhead. These five are three, these three are two—this five, this three, this two are all one!" What silliness! How sensible and simple and consonant with common sense, logic, and authentic is our own creed in preference, that there are three persons in one. Foolish people to say five are in one.—*Walpole's Ausyrii.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

Five Questions and Five Answers.

STONE, PA., Sept. 4, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Several copies of your paper hav been purposely thrown in my way by one of your subscribers, and as I hope I am not altogether invulnerable to truth through my early training, I come to you for a little light on a few subjects that are dark to me. I append a few questions which I hope merit an answer.

1. If the Christian religion is true, what advantages will you derive from destroying our belief in it?

2. If your work was already accomplished, would you not hav despoiled man of all those virtues which make life worth living?

3. If the world is bad with religion, can Liberalism make it better, and how?

4. Do the Liberals suppose that scientific lectures delivered every Sunday will turn men from their unlawful lusts, make them better men, and exalt their natures?

5. What has Infidelity done for the world, and what does it propose to do, that we should place any confidence in it?

Respectfully yours, W. M. WHITEHEAD.

REPLY.—It affords us decided pleasure to giv what light we are able, to any person in search of truth. We do not claim to hav more truth than many others of our fellow-beings, but what we possess we are quite willing to impart. We will at once proceed to answer our correspondent's questions.

1. If the Christian religion is true, there is no advantage to be derived from destroying belief in it. Reason and justice forbid that truth should be destroyed. But that little word *if* is terribly in the way, and at that very point hinges all the argument between Christianity and a non-belief in it. It is just because we believe that Christianity is *not* true that we oppose it. Believing it is as false as the older myths and absurd systems upon which it is founded, we disbelieve it is as we do them, and we oppose it as we would oppose them were they as persistently pressed upon us.

We conceive Christianity, like the most of the religions of the world, to be founded upon a radical and incurable error, and that is supernaturalism. Equal with the ancient religions of India, of China, of Persia, of Assyria, of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of Greece, of Rome, of Germania, of Scandinavia, and many other countries, Christianity is founded upon the belief in a power superior to nature—a power that created nature and the entire universe from nothing; and this supernatural being is held to be the author and first cause of everything that exists. This, as remarked, we regard as the great fundamental error upon which nearly all religions are founded.

We conceive it to be one of the axioms of truth that something was never made from nothing. It is utterly impossible for a man or a god, or a million of men or gods, to create one ounce of something from absolute nothing. The thing is utterly unthinkable. What, then, exists to-day always did exist in some form. The changing of matter from one form to another is not creation; it is evolution. The only thing that can truthfully be termed creation is making a part of a world, a whole world, or thousands of worlds from nothing, which, to repeat, is an utter impossibility. It is more unreasonable to hold that the universe came from nothing than that God came from nothing. If the universe must necessarily hav had a beginning, so must the creator. If it is reasonable to say the creator always existed, it is equally so to say the universe always existed.

It is clear that the supernatural theory of Christianity is just as absurd and just as untrue as the theory of all the other religions based upon supernaturalism. Every event that has ever taken place was natural—produced by a natural cause. No event has ever taken place that did not hav a natural cause to produce it. All causes are natural causes. All results are natural results. There is nothing above nature, nothing below it, nothing beyond. All existence belongs to nature, and is but a part of it. The most absurd idea that ignorant man has indulged in is that there is a power or a being superior to nature. The God idea is the great central error which man has conceived. The belief in gods and devils is the central superstition around which all other blinding superstitions hav clustered. Because man, in his ignorance, but slightly understood nature, he foolishly decided that nature is limited, and must hav had a maker. Nature is too great, too grand, too universal, to ever hav had a beginning, or to hav been brought from nothing. To imagin a creator of nature, then, has been the great error of man. Nature, we know, exists—there are millions of proofs of it. We hav no proof that any god exists. It is wiser, then, to accept what *is*, rather than to spend our lives in imagining what *is not*.

Christianity probably rests upon a more slender and insecure foundation than any other religion in the world, or at all events it may be truthfully said there is no more unfounded religion known to man. It simply rests upon a fable and a dream. It is an outgrowth of Judaism, and that religion rests solely upon the fable of the creation of the world (less than six thousand years ago) in six days; of the forming of man from the dust of the earth, and of woman from the man's rib; of their being placed in a fine garden, where knowledge and eternal life grew upon trees, where a learned snake spoke human language fluently and persuaded the woman to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, by which the pair were not only cursed, but by which simple act countless millions of their unborn children and descendants were cursed also. We may well know the story to be a fable, for in all cases where animals are said to speak the language of men the story is a fable. Æsop did a good deal of this sort of fable-telling, making all kinds of animals to talk the language of men, but he did not suppose any sensible person would believe that the animals really spoke human language, but he simply used that mode to teach moral lessons. He told fables, knowing everybody would understand they were only fables, and the world was not deceived.

According to this Jewish and Christian fable, the world, including man, has existed less than six thousand years, the earth is older than the sun, and trees, shrubs, grasses, and plants of all kinds grew and produced flowers, fruits, and seeds before the sun came into existence. There is nothing now much better understood than that this fable possesses not the slightest truth. There is abundance of proof that the earth is not only tens of thousands of years old, but it is highly probable that it has existed hundreds of millions of years—yea, that in some form it has existed forever. The strata of rocks forming the crust of the earth positivly prove that the earth has existed through prolonged eras, upon which no limit can be placed. No scientist now believes that the sun is younger than the earth.

Nothing, again, is better demonstrated than that man has lived on this earth for more than six thousand years. The shortest era of man upon the earth is now set down by scientific men at fifty thousand or a hundred thousand years. Human fossils imbedded in the rocks of the earth's surface, human bones found in England, Wales, and other places, in caves, side by side with the bones of animals which for thousands of years hav been unknown in those localities and which only liv in the torrid zone; the great periods of time necessary for the poles of the earth to so change as to place England in the torrid zone must hav begun very, very long ago. The implements of the stone age, found in various localities, all afford incontestable proofs of man's great age upon the earth. Other proofs of the same fact are far too numerous to be mentioned in this connection. But the great age of the earth and the age of man upon it were wholly unknown to the writer of the book of Genesis, and the rational and truthful conclusion is that that story is merely a fable, and therefore untrue, especially as it all rests upon the simple assertion of an unknown person.

This is the foundation upon which Judaism and Christianity rest, and it is a foundation of untruth. If the foundation of a system of religion is false, the system itself must be false. Nothing can be truer than this.

The dream, which is the twin pillar of Christianity, is all the authority which the world has that Jesus was the son of divinity and that he was begotten upon the person of a young virgin. This dream was told by a person said to be Matthew, in a sort of narrativ attributed to him. The earliest period which is claimed to be the time when Matthew wrote that story is fifty years after the advent of Jesus, and almost half a century after the old man Joseph had gone to his grave, for he was an old man when the dreaming was done. What is the real value of a dream, whether by an old man, a young man, or a woman of any age? Has a dream any real value? If a person dreams that he finds sacks of gold, that he is made a great king, or that he is elected president of the United States, does it for one moment make it true? No; dreams are wholly without value; and if they are regarded as of any consequence the regarder is sure to be misled. They are often the result of unsound sleep, of an overloaded stomach, or of a diseased and impaired condition of the body, and are the most valueless of all the vain imaginings which flit across the brain. No person of sound mind attaches importance to dreams. But this dream which the old man Joseph is said to hav dreamed is the only foundation on which to base the claim that Jesus was divinely begotten and that his mother was a virgin—a most frivolous foundation indeed upon which to establish such an unlikely event and upon which to build up the only system of religion capable of saving the world. But if the dogma that Jesus was virtually the son of God or of the Holy Ghost is taken away, the entire system is destroyed. If he was *not* the begotten son of God, and if he was *not* sent into the world by his divine father to save it and make it possible for a portion of the earth's inhabitants to escape eternal flames, then the divinity and the truth of the Christian system tumbles to the ground. Yes, if that dream is a fallacy, then Christianity is a fallacy.

But if there was any truth in that dream, and if it is of any consequence to the world what Joseph dreamed, it would seem a little more reliable could Joseph hav told it himself. There is not, however, the slightest intimation that the old man ever said a word about his having dreamed such a dream, or that anybody ever heard him relate it. Matthew appears to be the only person who ever knew anything about it. The writers of the three other gospels seem not to hav known anything about what Joseph dreamed, or if they knew of it, they deemed it of not sufficient consequence to say a word about it.

What chance, pray, had Matthew to know what Joseph had dreamed fifty years before? If any person now were to undertake to tell what Jack Downing or San Slick dreamed fifty years ago, would the recital be worth a single straw? Of course not, unless the invention might serve to amuse the reader for the moment. It would certainly be a weak foundation upon which to build a system of religion. But when the fact is learned that it was not Matthew who told the dream, nor wrote the story bearing his name, that the writer palmed off as Matthew, was not Matthew at all, the whole affair appears in its true light—a bald fabrication. Few facts are now better established than that the four narrativs named after Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were unknown in the world and had no existence until the latter part of the second century, a hundred and fifty years after Jesus was dead and buried. This fact is fully and unmistakably proved in the great English work called "Supernatural Religion" and in the "History of the Christian Religion to the year 200," by Judge Waite. There is not a particle of proof that those four "gospels" were known previous to the year 180. With this truth in view, the dream story, attributed to Matthew, but which was not told till a hundred years after Matthew was dead, falls utterly to the ground, possessing no more historical value than the story of "Old Mother Hubbard," or of "Jack and his Bean Stalk"—a frivolous basis, indeed, for a system of belief which the world is commanded to accept as divine truth.

So much for the fable and the dream which form the foundation of the Christian religion. They are wholly valueless and false. They merit not the slightest respect from any sensible person who is really in search of the truth. They are the inventions and vagaries of designing but ignorant men, and should no longer be gulped down as divine truth by an unthinking world. As no fountain can rise above its source, so no religious system can be truer than the foundation it rests upon. In this light, then, Christianity is unfounded and false. No belief among men is more so.

Space will not be taken to enlarge upon the fact that the doctrin of a demi-god, or of a son begotten by God, of a virgin's conceiving without the services of a man, was not first held by Christians. These dogmas were common in several of the older pagan religions. Christna of India is a striking instance of this kind, and he was believed in a thousand years before the time of Jesus.

The second question is, "If your work was already accomplished, would you not hav despoiled man of all those virtues which make life worth living?" To this the answer is emphatically and forever "No." There is no virtue in man's believing senseless fables and dreams to be divine truth. There is no virtue in believing falsehood. There is no merit in accepting vagaries and inventions as truth and reality. A sham is a sham, and though repeated millions of times it is still a sham, and can never be anything else. Virtue consists in truth and in disseminating it among men. Real truth is in nature or the universe, not in idle fables and dreams, the inventions of a designing, wily class of men, who liv by playing upon the fears of credulous dupes. Man is never filled with virtue by believing a lie, and is never despoiled of virtue by being taught the truth. The great mistake of all the religions based upon supernaturalism is their falseness. The foundation being false, they cannot be otherwise than false. Let it be repeated, there is no virtue in telling a falsehood, though a thousand times repeated; there is no virtue in believing a falsehood.

It is the greatest mistake to say that Jesus taught the best morals in the world, and that Christianity has a monopoly of good morals. Waving entirely for the present the unhistorical character of the story of Jesus and of his divine parentage, which, unfortunately, is wholly unsupported, it must be admitted that good morals were taught in the world long before the time of Jesus. Menu taught good morals; Zoroaster taught good morals; Buddha taught most excellent morals—in many respects superior to those of Jesus; Confucius taught very good and practical morals; Thales taught good morals; Pythagoras taught excellent morals; so did Socrates, Plato, Bias, Zeno, Aristotle, Epicurus, Cicero, Seneca, Philo, Hillel, and very many others. It is also a very false claim to set up that Christianity

possesses all the virtue in the world. No greater mistake could be made. From a recent trip around the world, and a visit to all the principal countries of the earth, we hav arrived at the conclusion that Christian nations are guilty of ten times as much cheating, lying, robbing, drunkenness, prostitution, and crime generally, in proportion to numbers, as the pagan world.

In Asia alone there are five hundred millions of believers in the teachings of Buddha—about twice the number of all the believers in the teachings of Jesus; and it is a great truth borne out by observation and the statistics of the various countries that there is fully ten times as much immorality among the nations which hav embraced Christianity as among the followers of Buddha. This statement can be thoroughly sustained by proof of the most reliable character.

Another truth is that, the doctrins of Christianity are not calculated to make the believer in them happy or tranquil in mind. On the contrary, the promulgation of Christian dogmas has produced more unhappiness among men than all other religions combined. Christianity possesses nothing new or original in its creed, being made up of the old patches and fag-ends of the systems of religligion which existed a thousand years before it; but still it has a more malicious and cruel God, a more powerful devil, a hotter and more perpetual hell than any other religion, All this can be fully demonstrated. Let now a single case be alluded to.

The last issue of the *Sunday Mercury* contains a full account of John C. Paulison, a prominent lawyer of Paterson, N. J., becoming hopelessly insane from listening to preaching in a Methodist camp-meeting near that city, where the burning and lurid flames of hell were so vividly described as to make a painful and fatal impression. So affected was this lawyer with the description of hell which he listened to that his mind became wholly unbalanced, and he thought he had died and was taken to the place of terrible torment of which he had heard. Yes, even while this infernal talk was being indulged in, Mr. Paulison suddenly threw up his arms and made a dash for the woods, yelling at the top of his voice, "I am dead; I am in hell." He raved on until he fell with exhaustion, when he called upon those who had come to his aid to cover him with dust and ashes, again declaring that he was dead and his soul lost. He grew worse until it took six persons to manage him. He was taken in a carriage to the railway train, and then home, where his raving continued, he still insisting that he was dead and must be buried. He recognized his wife, and insisted that she was in hell with him. In a few hours he became much worse and had to be conveyed to an insane asylum, and it is now thought he can liv but a few days.

This is one of the legitimate results of believing the Christian religion. In fact, it is difficult to understand how any person can keep his senses for fifteen minutes who really believes in the hell which Christianity teaches—a hell prepared by the creator of the world, in which to burn, and that to all eternity, more than nine-tenths of all his offspring. If a man believes that his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his wife and children, and himself, too, hav but one chance in ten of escaping that horrible fate, insanity is the most natural result. By believing this harrowing doctrin thousands and millions of men, women, and children hav been rendered utterly wretched, and this belief has caused more unhappiness to those who hav accepted it than all other religions in the world. It is for this reason, and others akin to it, that THE TRUTH SEEKER so earnestly opposes the Christian religion. Well would it be could a religion which causes such unhappiness and such insanity be obsolete in the world.

The third question is, "If the world is bad with religion, can Liberalism make it better, and how?" The answer to this is, Truth is more conduciv to goodness and happiness than is falsehood, and therefore Liberalism is more productiv of happiness than Christianity, which, by its devotees, is held to be the only true religion.

Liberalism is founded upon the truths of nature, and accepts fully the teachings of science. These are the basis of man's good and happiness, as well as the basis of all truth. Christianity, it is claimed, supersedes nature, nature's laws, science and its teachings as well, and sets up in place of these a belief in supernaturalism, opposing the highest sources of truth known to man. Liberalism wants many teachers of nature, science, and true morality, but no priests of supernaturalism; Christianity wants few teachers of nature and science, and employs hundreds of thousands of pedlers of supernaturalism.

Liberalism proposes to benefit the world by educating the human race in the truths of nature and reason, and to show up the falsity of ecclesiastical shams and absurdities. Christianity seeks to fasten these shams and absurdities upon the race, and to discourage confidence in nature and her infallible laws. Liberalism teaches naturalism and truth, while Christianity teaches supernaturalism and falsehood. To repeat, inasmuch as truth and nature are more conduciv to man's good and happiness than falsehood and superstition, so Liberalism is superior to Christianity.

To the fourth question—"Do the Liberals suppose that scientific lectures delivered every Sunday will turn men from their unlawful lusts, make them better men, and exalt their natures?"—the answer is unequivocally, *Yes!* True lectures are always better than false lectures; naturalism than supernaturalism. The teachings of true knowledge, which is only another term for science, is infinitly better than any form of supernatural falsehood. Liberalism teaches that man is responsible for every act that he performs, whether good or bad; that he must abide the consequences himself, without the slightest regard to his belief in another, or the merits of that other person's conduct. Liberalism teaches that man should perform good deeds because they are right and are more productiv of happiness than evil or unwise deeds. Christianity teaches that though a man may commit all the wrongs and all the sins in the calendar, if he will only believe in the merits of the blood of a person who died over eighteen hundred years ago, his evil deeds and his sins will all be wiped away, and he will become happy by the merits of that person, and simply by believing.

The term "unlawful lusts" is not very definit. Man's lusts and passions are a part of his being, and without them he would not amount to much. The true object of life is to keep these in abeyance to the reason which far outranks passion. This is done by cultivating the intellect and increasing love of truth. The teachings of supernaturalism do not destroy men's lusts and passions. As a proof of this it may be stated that even the teachers of supernaturalism themselvs often indulge in the lowest forms of passion and lust. A recent publication, termed "Crimes of Preachers," givs over seven hundred well-authenticated cases of lustful indulgences on the part of clergymen within the past six years; and it is probable that not one case in ten comes to light. Christians hav no stones to throw at Liberals on the score of "unlawful lusts."

The fifth question is, "What has Infidelity done for the world and what does it propose to do that we should place any confidence in it?" Infidelity, rationalism, and scientific investigation, which may all be ranked together, hav done very much to show the errors in the teachings of supernatural religions and the fallacies of the theological theories of creation, the era of man on the earth, the superiority of nature's laws and truths, of the facts of science over the blind and deluding character of supernaturalism —of mythical beings and their absurd revelations. They hav furnished to the world such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Servetus, Spinoza, D'Holbach, Voltaire, Volney, Paine, Hume, Combe, Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Draper, and many others who hav brought the truths of science and reason to the knowledge of man, thereby doing a thousand times more benefit to the world than all the priests of supernatural religions which hav lived in the last five thousand years.

The advocates of science and truth propose to continue in the search of nature's truths, to learn more and more of her deep mysteries and hidden lessons, and to make these known to the world. They believe that truth is the greatest treasure which man can possess, and that the investigation of truth is infinitly better than embracing falsehood and error. They feel positiv that truth, as it exists in nature, is a thousand times more elevating and useful to mankind than all the myths about gods and devils and hells that ignorance and priestcraft hav ever devised. This investigation of truth, this search of the real, and the study of nature, are well calculated to inspire and strengthen the confidence of reasoning, thoughtful people.

It is to be hoped that the questions of friend Whitehead are satisfactorily answered and in accordance with the truth revered by all good men. Should he wish to ask any other questions, let him not be diffident. We will endeavor to reply to them as well as we know how, and to giv him the truth as we understand it.

Liberal Reforms.

In the progress of life, and in the advance which we should make in the cause of Liberalism, there is much good work which, from time to time, should engage our attention. It will not answer for people who claim to be progressiv to set stakes and say, "Here only will we abide," nor to be content to always remain in one locality. We should rather seek to advance in whatever will conduce to improve society and to lessen the ills under which we labor, and to increase the well-being of the community.

We cannot expect the time will ever come when there will not longer be ills to assuage and no charities to dispense. The poor and the afflicted we shall always hav with us; orphans will need to be succored, and the aged and helpless will need to be provided for. Children will always hav to be taught in the various branches of science and learning, and the schools for such purposes should be free from theological bias and error.

So far as practicable Liberals should sustain these institutions among themselvs, and should v i to make some sacrifices to do so.

It is cheering to see that a begininng has been made in Liberal, Missouri, to found a home for orphans, where they can be properly educated, and be taught habits of industry and thrift. Our Polish friend, A. Minski, made a very liberal bequest of one thousand dollars to begin this orphan asylum in Liberal, and others hav made smaller contributions in the same direction. A kind of stock company has been formed, the shares being made as small one dollar each. Certificates are given for each share, and every share-holder is entitled to a vote in the business meetings pertaining to the officers and management of the asylum.

This movement is a commendable one, and it is to be hoped the time is not far distant when Liberal orphan asylums may be organized in other portions of our country. It is not proposed that none but the children of deceased Liberals shall hav a home in this asylum, but that any homeless orphans may be eligible. The stipulations are that the education shall be of a secular character, and that theology shall form no part of the inculcations placed before the children. The principle is right; it is worthy of a wide following.

Schools and institutions of learning will always be in order. At the Watkins Convention considerable was said about the establishment of a Liberal university, or at least a school, where the children of Liberals can be sent, and where they may be taught the various branches of education common to other creditable schools, and entirely free from sectarian and doctrinal features. A considerable fund will be necessary to make such a school a practical success.

But it is a feasible undertaking for the Liberals in towns to hav schools in their communities where Liberal teachers can be employed at a reasonable expense, and where no theological lessons or ceremonies will be fed to the pupils. There are many towns in the country where there are Liberals enough to support a school of this kind without being severely taxed, if co-operation and liberality are the incentivs. This can be done in connection with Liberal lectures, the same person acting as both teacher and lecturer. On another page, W. S. Bell, of Boston, has a brief and very sensible article upon this subject, and it should not be overlooked. Such persons as are capable of giving instructiv lectures once or twice a week to the adult class and can teach the children of the same through the week should not be allowed to remain idle. They are too useful to be unemployed. The objections of Liberals to sending their children to sectarian schools, or where sectarian dogmas form a portion of the course of education, are so great that those able to help defray the expenses of a Liberal teacher should not be slow in moving in this matter. There should be dozens of Liberal schools in our expanded country.

LIBERAL INSURANCE

Is a subject upon which several Liberals feel much interested. It is proposed to add to the Liberal League movement an element of mutual insurance. This proposition strikes us favorably. To begin with, life insurance is a desirable thing if conducted on a fair and equitable basis and is not too expensiv. Mutual insurance is unquestionably better than that of stock companies. There are several mutual companies in successful operation, and which hav proved satisfactory to the parties interested. Notably among them are the United Workingmen and the Legion of Honor. These hay been organized several years, and hav become very popular with those who hav helped to build them up. No large capital is required to run the business; the officers are paid moderate salaries, economy being a quality largely encouraged. Small yearly dues only are required to meet the running expenses, the premiums being made up by assessments upon members, and which are only made when the death of a member takes place. Those who pay two dollars per year are entitled to two thousand dollars for the wife and family when they depart this life. To pay this sum upon the death of a member is not a heavy tax, and the sum of two thousand dollars is very convenient for the widow who is left to struggle through the world alone.

There are Liberals enough in the country to organize several mutual insurance companies. The machinery and officers of the Liberal League is sufficient without making it necessary to incur much additional expense. It is believed the movement will impart life and tenacity to the League. The tendency for Leagues is to become dull and lifeless, and to practically die out. This is much because there is no money interest in them to keep up the movement. It is thought that the insurance feature in connection with the League will not only serve to induce persons to join the League, but will afford something to keep up its life and to sustain its interest.

A movement of this kind has been inaugurated by the Liberals of Port Jervis, N. Y., and it cannot be seen why the thing should not be general over the country. Let the matter be agitated in the approaching Liberal League congress to assemble on the 29th at St. Louis. More on this hereafter.

Communications.

Liberals Should Look on the Bright Side.

A FEW WORDS TO A CORRESPONDENT.—NO. I.

The few Liberals I am personally acquainted with hav not, to my belief, increased their chances of happiness. They hav lost the hope of the future, and hav gained nothing in its place. They are lonely, while the Christian has his church, his Sunday-school, his concerts, picnics, etc. The Liberal has nothing. He seems to be aimless, without any motiv to sympathize with his co-believers. With perfect freedom to obey all natural law, I find that they hav no better health, no greater pleasures, no better success financially, than their Christian neighbors. A.

If our friend was blessed with a more hopeful and sanguin disposition, perhaps he would see more of the bright side of Liberalism, and realize how rapidly progress and improvement are gaining ground under the fostering care and protection of Infidelity. He would see that every progressiv movement, and every invention of importance, are compelled to make their way in spite of the efforts of the church to stop them. Does not every labor-saving machine, every invention that adds to the comforts or pleasures of this life, "add to our chance of happiness?" If we hav "lost the hope of the future," was it a real loss? Was it more than the empty shadow of a false, delusiv dream? If I spend twenty years of my life hoping I shall invent perpetual motion, is it a loss when I learn the phantom I pursued was only a chimera of my own imagining? To lose the hope of an impossible nothing is to waste no more time grasping at empty air. It is to leave the mind free to do something useful and beneficial to ourselvs and the world.

And if we hav lost this *ignis-fatuus* of a falsity, we hav gained the deep, pure joy of knowing that hell is an empty void, and all its horrors are wiped out from the pages of our minds. We see no more young, tender girls standing on plates of red-hot iron for endless ages; no more devils pitching poor, helpless unfortunates into boiling lava and sulphureous flames. We see no more serpents twisting and coiling around writhing forms of suffering brothers and sisters who happened to be born under a cloud or led astray by unfortunate environments. Is all this loss not a pure gain of joy, hope, and happiness to every kind, tender, benevolent, and charitable spirit? Is it no gain to feel that man's destiny is in his own hands? That gods do not create the lunatics, the deformed, and the idiotic? That they do not send whirlwinds, pestilence, fire, and flood? That they do not kill and take from us our darlings whom we love more than life itself? Is it no gain to know that we hav power to generate a race of beings who shall as far transcend the present race as we do the wild savages of central Africa? Is it nothing to know that the universe is governed by laws, and that we are free to learn these laws and make them our servants and helpers toward creating purer and higher aspirations and achievements?

As to Liberals being "lonely," I do not see it in this light. If we hav no congenial companions with whom we can meet socially, we are free to stay at home and commune with the best minds of the earth, living and dead. We hav the best thoughts of the best writers, in cheap, handy volumes within the reach of all, and we can enjoy the delights of those upper ten at any time we choose. We can write and exchange thoughts with other Liberals all over the land; and right here let me tell you there is a world of joy and a delightful school for improvement to be found in a good correspondence earnestly carried on, and if possible let the two be of different views and beliefs, so there will be room for friendly argument and careful comparison of views. There is another side also to this "lonely" question. We can always hav society if we seek it; always hav meetings if we get them up. There is no special need of one's companions believing just as they themselvs do to make social meetings agreeable and useful. There are good, kind, intelligent, and interesting men and women who believe in gods, hells, devils, and bibles, and swallow the whole creed of faith. All that is needed to make meetings between Christians and Infidels just as pleasant as one could desire is common courtesy and a broad, wide, and loving charity that remembers we are all what we are by force of circumstances.

Now I hope every lonely Liberal who wants more society, will at once take steps and obtain it. It is in our own hands if we only labor to achieve it. We are the only Infidels in Snowville, yet we are never "lonely." When a good preacher comes to the town the people take pains to let us know it, and we often go and hear him. If we learn nothing new, we hav the social meeting with neighbors and friends, and get our enthusiasm for truth stirred up by hearing the fables and delusions rehearsed and rehashed. Then I helped to inaugurate a Ladies' Reading Club, which has met weekly for some years, and though there are four preachers' wives in the club, I hav always been president, and I hav read many Liberal books in it. The two large volumes of the autobiography of that excellent and most remarkable woman Atheist, Mrs. Harriet Martineau was read, and now I am reading "The History of Woman Suffrage," by Anthony, Stanton, and Gage. These are live books, that only live thinkers care to read, and the perusal of them proves that our club is a live one, if there is only one Infidel in it.

And this club has started several others; one out at Liberal, Mo., where they also hav a Liberal Sunday-school, for which Elmina writes "Little Lessons," thus doing something to drive away the demon of loneliness. Has friend A. tried to do his share in this line? We ought not to complain of the evils and discomforts of present conditions unless we also do our level best to improve them.

"All hail to the man of cheerful heart!
Who tells of the joy yet in store for all,
Who holds that each soul has an angel part,
And never is goodness beyond recall."

ELMINA.

Great Rejoicing in California.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A real sensation has been produced here by the full reports sent by telegraph of the great Freethinkers' Convention, which lasted five days and terminated yesterday at Watkins Glen, N. Y. The leading dailies of the city published this morning the resolutions in full as passed at the Convention yesterday, and it is no exaggeration to say that they are magnificent resolutions, worthy of the great cause we advocate and of the great men who hav made the Watkins Glen Convention famous all over the United States. The telegrams published in the city dailies of the 26th inst. gave the names of all the leading Freethinkers present, with Col. Ingersoll at the head. One of the journals in the telegram of that day said that $300,000 was subscribed at the Convention for founding a Freethought university, while the telegraph made a rural journal put the figures at $30,000.

In a word, the proceedings as published in the press here startled the Christians, for they did not know that a great convention of American Freethinkers was being held; in fact, were in total ignorance on the subject. Imagin their astonishment to see such full and striking reports. No event has ever transpired that has given such an impulse to Freethought on this coast as the Watkins Glen Convention. All are praising that heroic worker, H. L. Green, for his masterly work of organization, for it is but truth to say that were it not for him there would be no such Convention. All praise also to such great minds as Col. Ingersoll, Judge Waite, Courtlandt Palmer, T. B. Wakeman, D. M. Bennett, ex-Governor Robinson, George Chainey, S. P. Putnam; Burnham, of Michigan; Ingall, of North Carolina, and others who made the Convention such a grand success.

The Freethinkers of this city hav rejoiced in heart, and especially do we hail the prospect of a Freethought university as one of the noblest projects of the great and universal Freethought movement. Let us forward it and the Liberal Natural Orphan Home and other practical works. At last we begin to see the beautiful light approach. We hav watched and waited long, and the triumph is at hand. Let all Freethinkers rejoice. Personally let me congratulate my noble friend Green for his triumphant success. BYRON ADONIS.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 21, 282.

Liberal Education.

At the Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, held at Watkins, N. Y., Aug. 23–27, the question of education came up for discussion, and it was the unanimous opinion of those present that the time had come when the Liberals of this country should begin to giv direction to the education of their children. Heretofore, and even now, the children of Liberal people must submit to recitations and religious exercises which are loaded with superstition and mummery. And there is no redress. The father is taxed for the support of the common school, but if he complains that his child is being taught certain religious doctrins which he does not want taught to him, he gets no redress. The only alternativ is to withdraw the children from the school, but he must bear the burden of a school tax all the same.

Most of the Liberals of to-day hav suffered greatly from the barbarous teachings of the common schools. And now the only way to overcome this evil is to begin, even if it must be in a small way, to establish schools upon whose doors shall be written for the eyes of superstition, "Positivly no admittance." There are doubtless many places in the country where small schools composed of the children of Freethinkers might be instituted. In not a few towns and cities the office of lecturer and teacher might be combined in one person. A lecturer upon Liberal questions on Sunday and a week-day school in which there would be no nonsense or rubbish crammed into the youthful minds, would not fail to soon make itself felt as a great moral power in the community. Besides, the combination of the offices of lecturer and teacher in one would make it practicable where Liberals are yet not very strong.

Personally I am so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of this method that I am willing to try the experiment. We need to start schools for our children if we would save them from the nightmare of superstition and bigotry.

I shall be pleased to correspond with the Liberals of the country upon this matter, and initiate this new movement by starting a school in connection with a Freethought lectureship in some eligible place. W. S. BELL.

38 *Upton street, Boston, Mass.*

Justice.

There is an old adage that to me seems to contain within its unpretending wording a grand and sublime principle of justice, viz., "They who would be free, themselvs must strike the blow."

This was practically demonstrated in not only the war of the Revolution, but in the war of the Rebellion; the first, liberating the people of the United States from the enslaving conditions that England, or "the mother country," as she was called, imposed, the latter not only the Southern slaves, but the slave-holder also. For the bond-holder is a slave to his selfishness as well as the bondman is subject to the restraint that slavery imposes.

Men hav prated long and loud about the freedom of American institutions, but to the close observer it exists more in name than in fact. How many of our institutions of learning admit woman to their educational privileges and emoluments? Very few. Then "taxation without representation" is the rule where women hold property in their own right. And then again the humble artisan is not considered entitled to equal respect with the priest, doctor, lawyer, merchant, or legislator, when were he weighed in the even scale of justice, he would be quite as likely to raise the scale as either, in moral worth and spiritual growth.

Cannot enlightened minds see a way out of such a state of things? We think they can. Then why do they not unite their physical and mental strength, also moral and spiritual power, to bring about an amicable adjustment of these difficulties or differences?

One says, "I cannot associate with people that I do not like;" another, "I love to be looked up to too well to leave my position, even while I know that I'm living false to a principle of exact justice." And says a third, "I must hav bread and butter for myself and family, and know no other way that I can secure it so easily, and ride on the popular current."

Thus each pursues the wrong while many know the right. With this state of things existing, what are the hopes of the future for the human race to rest upon, if the majority rather sacrifice principle than to humbly and unselfishly liv out its claims, because of the carpings of Madam Grundy, love of notoriety, or, more common still, love of self? White-robed Justice may hold the scales evenly balanced until doom's-day, and the world never be saved from these limitations and consequent privation and suffering, whereas, were professed reformers, whether Materialistic, Spiritualistic, or scientific, to make practical what they perceive to be the truth pertaining to physical, mental, and moral well-being, there would be a long step taken in the right direction, bringing, "heaven, or harmony, down to earth," where each and every one could and would seek that field of useful activity they were the best adapted to work in worthily and well, which would entitle them to respectful consideration at the hands of all with whom they were called to associate.

The human organism is made up of many parts, that unitedly make a perfect machine, if all the parts are in their right place and property adjusted. And what is society itself made up of but the human form duplicated, or multiplied?

The human organism has a head, body, arms, hands, feet, etc., but the head cannot slight the claims of the hands with impunity, neither can the hands say to the feet, "We hav no need of you;" and all being necessary to make the whole a properly adjusted and perfect working model of use and beauty.

Thus it should be in society. That class of individuals best adapted to furnish mental force or activity to act in the capacity of head, those who are better adapted to labor with their hands, etc., furnish the physical necessities of the head, and receiving in exchange light, guidance, protection, etc., without humiliation on the one hand, or arrogance and selfish ambition or aggrandizment on the other.

Thus could all the heterogeneous elements in society be properly adjusted so that all could work for the good of each, and each for all, thereby fulfilling the requirements of the Golden Rule; or, in other words, meet the demands of nature, reason, science, equality, fraternity, and justice.

JULIA C. FRANKLIN.

"REMEMBER," said the venerable Brother Gardner, as he brought the proceedings of the Lime Kiln Club to a close the other evening; "remember, as we percolate homewards, dat while a pusson may ha va woice like a tornady an' a mouth like a woodshed, de man who winks wid his left eye allus gets de bes' glass of sody water."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Infidels, Tremble!—The Grand Army of Infidels Completely Squashed.

We hav a divine in Modesto said to be the best of the eight expounders of Jesus's doctrin, and representing the branch of the church's saints known here as North Methodist. He last Sunday attempted to prove clearly the existence of a personal God. You know such a feat has been tried time and again by the greatest thinkers—yes, ever since religion has had an existence—with a complete failure. It has been left for a Modesto divine to hav the grand honor of producing the lacking evidence in such a way and "kind that produce a telling effect upon all intelligent disbelievers." I now quote from the *Farmers' Journal* of Aug. 3d, which duly reported the sermon; and, as it might prove of great interest to Infidels at large as well as it has here, I will quote the portion giving the proof of a "personal God:"

"The existence of a God, though denied by a few, who as the fool in the Bible, went about trying to quiet the inward monitions of his conscience and the daily teachings of his experience by saying, 'There is no God; I know there is no God,' and yet is the same unbeliever confronted with the assertions of the whole civilized world that there is a God. Let this same man enter into the court-house either as witness, litigant, or juryman, and before he is allowed to testify or take any part in the proceeding he takes an oath, administered with his right hand extending toward heaven, and closing with the words, 'So help me God.' He must call on God to help him tell the truth, or he is not allowed to open his lips. This form has been prescribed by our legislature, and the combined wisdom of the whole civilized world has deemed it necessary to embody it as part of the law of the land. And why? Because just so much as God helps that man to tell the truth, just so much nearer will he come to tell nothing but the truth. In many courts, and indeed in most all the higher courts in this and all other civilized countries, in addition to taking the oath as here prescribed, they are required to kiss the Bible—the book of all books. Again, there is no one of the older and prominent societies in the world into which a man can enter unless in the most solemn form he declares his belief in the existence of God, and this declaration is made with God's book open before him, and its divine authority admitted. Why, let me ask the Atheist, is all this done? Because the experience of the whole world is that no man can be trusted to make a good neighbor, to do his duty to his brother, as he ought to, to dispense charity with a loving hand, to love and be kindly disposed to all around him, unless he believes in a God, and the stronger that belief is engendered in the member the better brother is he, the more charitable will he be, and in every respect will he make a better member of society."

Now, TRUTH SEEKER readers, can't you take in the position of this intelligent divine with "his visible evidences of the invisible existence and presence of an omnipresent, omnipotent God?"

I wish to state right here, and to the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, that this reverend gentleman and I had a sort of controversy in one of our local papers last February, I contradicting his assertion that Infidelity was all evil and Christianity all good. On proof being demanded, he threw foul aspersions on the character and teachings of our most prominent Infidel writers, amongst others those false charges against D. M. Bennett and Ingersoll. On demanding proofs, he backed down simply because the British Encyclopedia Britannica and he did not agree about the character of Hume, Bolingbroke, and others, against whom he launched volley after volley of gross abuse. Hon. A. Schell, of Knights Ferry, of this county, also demolished him so completely that it is only lately that he has commenced lying against Infidels. If he had any good sense he would notice in our daily papers that crimes are not committed by Infidels, but by deacons and divines.

Having interviewed D. C. Coleman, a noted Infidel who started D. M. Bennett around the globe, he says: "Damn; no. Urmy has not converted me, but if he was a Christian I swear I would giv up the church after hearing such a sermon."

Captain James says: "I am as firm as a rock. I am surprised that he is such a ninny as to hav such stuff printed and allow us Infidels to read it. I think less of him now than I did before. I thought he had a little sense."

C. C. Luther laughed loudly when I asked him if he was converted. "Well, it beats all, what our ministers will fall back on when driven to the wall." What! are you not converted? "Ha, ha, such stuff as that convert me? no, not by a damned sight!"

No; Infidelity is yet safe at this place, and the danger is now passed, and we can breathe freely again. If anything emanates from this eminent divine, and he dares to publish it, I will duly inform your readers. Who knows? there may something "come out" of Modesto yet! Yours for truth, and nothing but the truth, A. A. GILMOUR, M.D.

Modesto, Cal.

Theism.—Reply to Otto Wettstein.

No intelligent Theist believes in a creator or a creation. The universe consists of matter, force, and intelligence, all eternal and self-existent. There was no "great first cause," for all that is exists uncaused. Thus far we agree with the Atheist; but when he says that intelligence and force are only properties of matter made manifest under certain combinations, we halt, and beg leave to inquire how he knows that force and intelligence are attributes of matter? The fact that intelligence can be made manifest only under certain conditions of matter, which we call "organization," proves nothing on this point, for matter itself requires conditions before it can materialize, and it will retire utterly from the cognizance of the senses when the conditions are wanting. Who knows but that matter is only a manifestation of force and intelligence? That nature possesses within itself all the potencies and possibilities necessary to produce any known result, we believe, and that one of these potencies is intelligence, which, combined with force and matter, originates all the phenomena of nature. What intelligence is in its essence is an infinit mystery, and so is force an inexplicable mystery, and matter no less so—utterly beyond human comprehension.

A god who created nature is a monstrous absurdity; but a universal spirit existing as a part of nature is as rational to conceive of as to conceive of force. Think of force as an attribute of matter, and if you think deeply you are overwhelmed in the inconceivable. If you ask why this unseen intelligence pervading nature does not answer prayer and alleviate human misery, I reply, because it has but one mode of operation which will ultimate in the highest good of all. How there can exist an eternal spirit is no more of a problem than the existence of eternal force. MRS. C. HEDDON.

Mr. Hale Criticised.

MR. WINTER DISPOSES OF HIM IN A SUMMARY MANNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Excuse these remarks on the article by J. Hale, Esq., whose title should be Old Brains. He seems to be submerged with brains and entities; some for this small world, and quite a supply for others. No doubt plenty of brain is a nice thing to hav, when it is not befogged with crude and whimsical notions. But I fail to see any other quality in those funny ideas peculiar to that long string of nothings, stretched out for egotistical effect, all of which is about as clear as mud. Pity persons hav not got sense enough to write a few plain and sensible words with a clear mind, if they desire to benefit others, and not seek to put a wrong construction on simple truths; for this gentleman must know well enough that no mental power can possibly exist distinct from a living, healthy brain. No man in his right mind can hav any other conclusion or conviction but what there must be an organized living brain to produce one single thought. That speculativ folly about an undying existence is all moonshine and the source of every pious swindle. If these Spiritualistic folks can liv just as well without brains as with it, why do they not get their brains scooped out and giv the thing a test? Brains do not seem to be of much use to them anyway. It would really be a pretty nice thing if all those immortality mongers were in full possession of the article. The hard-headed Materialists could do without their muddled or addled pates. This world is good enough for sensible people; senseless ones are a bore and can quit. It's awful sad that these wonderful fellows having such a superabundance of consciousness, and that without any material life, do not display it by making all sorts of wonderous things known to the world in a most unaccountable, unmistakable, and irrefragable manner, leaving everybody without one grain of doubt as to genuin life after death and decay. Go ahead, ye Spiritualistic cranks, and show up a grand circus of disembodied spooks, so that everybody might see the fun, and perhaps get a grain of faith therein. All statements without proof are worthless. Materialists cannot be satisfied with anything short of proof. Just show one real genuin spook and no sham; that will be a winning card. Trot him out, friends, that doubt and unbelief may vanish from the earth. A big reward is offered for the spook of old Nero, with his fiddle and bow. T. WINTER.

Cincinnati, O.

MISAPPLIED GENDER AND PERSONALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is not my purpose to either attack or defend the main argument, "Is Mind Material," of your correspondent James Hale, in TRUTH SEEKERS No. 34 and 35, but to call attention to an important fact, viz., that all defenders of a "supreme intelligence," and who avow "reasons for the belief in a spiritual, eternal power, intelligence, mind that controls the material universe," etc., are compelled to resort to the masculin gender of the Christian's personal god in order to express themselvs.

For instance, Mr. Hale says, page 554: "I can conceive of a supreme intelligence. . . . I do conceive of such an existence, and I believe that existence to be the only living and true God, though I cannot see *him* [a male god] through these material organs of vision." Again he says, on the same page: "It [Materialism] claims to dethrone the great eternal, banish *him* [masculinity] from the universe, and endow inanimate matter with an inherent force that does not belong to it to supply *his* [masculinity again] place in the universe."

It will be here seen how difficult it is to express one's idea of a "first great cause," "divine essence," "an intelligent invisible power—a mind, a spirit, a god—who handles matter as *he* [sex again] pleases," etc., without endowing these characteristics with the personality and sex of a man-god. Why should not Mr. Hale call "supreme intelligence," "invisible spiritual eternal power and mind" *it*, the same as he called idolatry and Materialism *it*, unless he believes this "intelligence, power, mind, spirit, or god" is a personal being of the male sex? Why should he designate these qualities or virtues—metaphor aside—with the personality and gender of he, his, him, himself, etc?

Let us, who do not believe in personal gods and goddesses, divest ourselvs of these terms and titles, these nouns and pronouns, and call it *it*, leaving such follies to the pagans who originated them and to the Christians, who hav copied their errors and rejected their wisdom. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., Sep. 1, 1882.

A Workingman's Reply to Mr. Petty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Criticism, when employed in a right spirit and for mutual benefit, I consider to be the most potent factor that can be employed in any reformatory movement. Hence I use it without fear or favor, and court it in return, for "I would rather be right than president."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 28th J. Petty had a communication headed, "A Talk With the Workingmen." In THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 1st I criticised some of the points of that communication, supplementing the criticism with some thoughts of my own on the subject in question.

In the same paper of July 22d friend Petty criticises the critic in such a bungling manner that I do not like to let it pass uncorrected.

I termed friend Petty's communication a disinterested effort. To this he replies, "I am sorry for that; I did not intend to make it so." Brother Petty, did you intend to tell the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that in writing that communication you were prompted by a selfish motiv—that you had a personal end to serve, an ax to grind? Now, you were either disinterested or you were selfish. Which horn of the dilemma will you take?

Brother Petty assumes to quote from my communication, "Is it not possible that a few of the Greenback organizations possess a Petty in amount of information on the subject of finance?"

The above quotation is equal to Guiteau's jumble on the gallows. It is no child of mine.

Again Brother Petty assumes to quote, "If Patrick Ford of the *Irish World* had no religion I should be apt to fall down and worship him." That is another child of Brother Petty's that he seeks to drop at my door, but it does not look the least like me, and I will not take it in. There are persons whom I love, and objects that I admire, but none that I worship, nor can any intelligent person draw any such inference from what I did say on the subject.

I suggested that organization was the thing most needed to advance the cause of the laborer, to which Brother Petty asks: "What prevents organization? Is it intelligence, or is it ignorance? If you say intelligence, then the more ignorance a man possesses, the better he is off."

If my friend Petty has not learned that it is much more difficult to organize independent thinkers than it is to organize ignorant plodders, then he has examined the subject with little profit. Let him select twelve of the most intelligent persons in his neighborhood and endeavor to organize them for a particular purpose, and within five minutes from the time he opens for business he will hav twelve different propositions to harmonize, and the differences would multiply on his hands. Let him select twelve ignorant persons for the same experiment, what would they hav to differ over? what would he hav to harmonize? But in taking this position I do not accept his conclusion "that then the more ignorance a man possesses the better he is off." If it is less difficult to organize the ignorant than it is the intelligent, it does not logically follow that the organization of the ignorant would answer the desired purpose. Our only hope is through organized effort directed by general intelligence.

Brother Petty still quotes, "We must become welded into one solid phalanx," and asks, "Will ignorance do it?" I do not see the pertinence of the question, as I hav made no plea in favor of ignorance; but I will answer the question, Yes. The church is a solid phalanx, and its cohesiv force is ignorance. The Democratic party is a solid phalanx, and its cohesiv force is ignorance. The Republican party is a solid phalanx, and its cohesiv force is ignorance. These phalanxes are led by intelligent knaves. We want a phalanx that will be governed by the general intelligence of those composing it. Now, Brother Petty, let you and me endeavor to harmonize our differences and help to that extent the organization of our forces that is slowly but surely going on. A WORKINGMAN.

A Letter from Charles Watts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The following letter I received too late to read at the Watkins Convention. Will you please giv it a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER?

LONDON, ENG., Aug. 17, 1882.

H. L. GREEN, *Dear Sir:* Your kind invitation to the Watkin's National Convention has reached me this day. You will see from the date that it is quite impossible for me to get there in time. I am sincerely sorry, for it would hav given me great pleasure to hav been with you on such a memorable occasion. However, kindly giv my fraternal greeting to the Liberal friends with whom you come in contact, and say I wish their noble undertaking to emancipate the human mind from all phases of theological superstition every success.

I cannot state the exact date of my arrival in New York or Boston, as I hav to call at St. Johns and other places on my way in reference to some family business. On my arrival in your country I will communicate with you. In the mean time I shall take it as a special favor if you could collect the names and addresses of societies for which I could lecture throughout the states. In a few days you shall hav another from me with full particulars as to the route I shall take to get to New York. I expect to leave England about Aug. 23d. With kindest regards for one and all,

Yours in the cause of human progress,

CHARLES WATTS.

I shall be pleased to hear from Liberal friends or societies that would like to engage our distinguished friend from England. He should be kept constantly in the lecture field while here. And, by the way, our great Freethought Convention at Watkins should be followed up with Freethought meetings in all parts of the country. The ball should be kept rolling. H. L. GREEN.

[We hav just received a letter from Mr. Watts, saying he will not arrive in this city till the fore part of October, when he will be ready to begin his course of American lectures. The following is his list of subjects, and certainly they are sufficiently varied to meet the tastes of all Liberal communities. We hope Mr. Watts may receive a generous patronage. Letters for him may be addressed in care of THE TRUTH SEEKER office.—ED. T. S.]

MR. WATTS'S LIST OF SUBJECTS FOR AMERICAN LECTURES.

1. Secularism: Its Nature and Position.
2. Is Man necessarily a Religious Being?
3. Morality: Its Nature and Development.
4. Christianity: Its Origin and Growth.
5. Behold How Men Make Gods!
6. The Fallacies of Christian Theology.
7. Civilization: Its Aids and Obstacles.
8. The Wonders and Difficulties of the Bible.
9. Martyrdom: Secular and Christian.
10. The Modern Defense of Christianity.
11. A Secular View of the Doctrin of a Soul and a Future Life.
12. Philosophy and Theology: Which?
13. Christ: His Life and Death.
14. The New Testament Uncertain in its History and Unreliable in its Statements.
15. The Triumph of the Nineteenth Century.
16. Atheism and the Horrors of the French Revolution.
17. Miracles no Proof of the Divine Origin of Christianity.
18. Bible Characters.
19. Fanaticism: Its Cause and Cure.
20. Education: True and False.
21. Atheism and Theism: A Contrast.
22. Monarchy and Republicanism.
23. The Oath Question and the British Parliament.
24. Ireland: Past, Present, and Future.

Letters from Friends.

HOOPER, UTAH., Aug. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Much obliged to you for continuing to send it so long after my time was run out. Will endeavor to keep up with the times hereafter. Never stop my paper if possible to send it. I will remit as soon as I can. Think you will hav another subscriber for your excellent paper from this place right away, or at least very soon. Yours as a life subscriber to the excellent TRUTH SEEKER,

ROBERT SIMPSON.

MOBERLY, MO., Aug. 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $1 to renew my subscription for four months. I hav taken your paper for six years, and I hav received every copy but one, and I shall continue to take it as long as I am able to pay for it. Let me congratulate you on your safe return home and the kind reception that you met while crossing the continent. I hope you may liv to be one hundred and ten years old, and your eyes may not become dim nor your natural strength abated.

Yours truly, H. W. JOHNSON.

EVANSPORT, O., Sept. , 282.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a hearty shake of the hand and a warm congratulation upon your safe return from your round-the-world trip. But as I suppose your are not at this time so much in need of congratulations as of "the one thing needful," I also inclose five dollars, three of which is to renew subscription, one dollar for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and the balance I throw in for "scripture measure" and for postage on the books. I received the first volume in due time, and have also received the second volume all right. Yours truly, D. L. COE.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are very glad to learn that you hav returned safe to your home and your many friends, who were anxiously looking for your return. I cannot use words to express enough of praise to you in your never-tiring advocacy of Freethought. Your description of oriental religions and their comparison with Christianity is good. The superstitions of both are the same, although they worship, as they think, different gods. My closing prayer is that you may liv long and enjoy health to defend our cause, as you are to-day without a peer in the cause of Liberalism. Yours fraternally, H. B. MAXWELL.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 7, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I am greatly pleased to learn that you hav arrived home safe and in good spirits. Your letters are a decided success in every respect, and are entertaining and instructiv. You hav certainly performed a great and good work, and how you ever found the time to render so much work in the brief amount of time allowed you between arrivals and departures on your journey is indeed a mystery. However, I am happy to notice you proved such an invincible thorn in the side of the slanderous and lying Joe Cook, of Boston, in Bombay. Permit me to congratulate you upon the complete victory and overthrow of the villain's schemes.

Yours for liberty, JAMES METCALF.

LA CROSSE, Sep. 1. 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad that you hav returned once more to your family and friends, notwithstanding the prayers of Comstock, Colgate & Co. to their God that you might never see the shores of America again. But they are like the man whom we read of in their holy Bible, viz., Satan stands at his right hand and his prayers become sin.

Inclosed please find $10—$3 for your paper from January, 1881, to January, 1882. Also please send me the bound volumes as fast as they are ready of your travels around the world, the "Godly Women of the Bible," etc. I wish that I could step in and see you and yours and have a good social chat about things both new and old. I still liv in hope that we may see each other again. Please accept my best regards to you and yours. Yours truly, JOSEPHUS SEELEY

CROTON LANDING, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1, which please place to my credit for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I also send fifteen cents to pay postage on the second volume of my Round-the-World books. I think it is too much for you to giv three such nice books as they for $4.55. You shall hav the whole $5 for my books, and more if it's called for.

I herewith send you one of my truth seeker pinks, the only seeds out of the six varieties that came up. This little flower may bring some fond recollections of the Holy Land to your mind.

I hope you are quite rested after your long journey. I don't suppose there ever was a missionary sent on so long a journey who has had the benefit of so little prayer as yourself, and one who returned safer and sounder. CHARLES E. PETERSON.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Are we living in the dark? A Rev. Mr. Nye surely thinks so, when he "lauds to the skies" the libertin Solomon. This man had seven hundred women whom he called wives, and three hundred paramours. Fair, is it not, to presume these one thousand women were pure when they met this holy blackleg? If so, did not this inspired rake seduce and debauch nine hundred and ninety-nine women? Where, then, was the Rev. Nye's just and merciful God? Was he paralyzed or asleep? In the language of Ingersoll: "No help from heaven. The skies are deaf, and dumb, and blind." If woman is to be protected man must do it. Millions hav been ravished upon the roadside while Nye's God stood looking on. In vain they cried to heaven for help. Their prayers died upon their quivering lips. Had they implored mercy from hell they would hav received as much. No wonder the Rev. Nye apologized for his God, and seeks to shield him behind man's words by singing,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Yours truly, W. W. FOSTER.

RICHFORD, VT., Sept. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad you hav performed the circuit of the globe and furnished us poor mortals with more information about men and things than ever was known since America was discovered—of the tremendous working of priestcraft and kingcraft; how they make our holy religion of the blessed Jesus, and the fabrical Ha Mashiac, the anoi nted of the Lord, save an ignorant world from an awful hell after we are dead. Palestine seems to be a fair specimen of what may be done in America, when the farm is all cleared up, and we get two holy gospel workers at each man's shoulders, screaming for backsheesh!

Well, this is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes. No more so than the man-trap in the Garden of Eden. Palestine shows to-day how we are all getting out of that trap. Our intellects are chained in childhood to old theologism; it is fashionable; it is popular. Whoso goes against the popular is damned, and damned if he does. That seems to be the holy idolatry all over the world. Mystagogs control the minds of men with early training, hell and immortal soul. An established fact. But I am getting old, and am glad to see the snare getting rotten. I hav been highly entertained with your letters; they are a choice treasure. Real fact alone is valuable. JOSEPH NOYES.

JACKSON, MICH., Sept. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just returned from the Spiritualist and Liberal camp-meeting, where much good seed has been sown. On Sundays there were about three thousand people on the ground, all eager to learn. Good order prevailed throughout the meeting. There was a slight attempt made to drop the word "Liberal" from the name, but it was tabled very quickly. There is some feeling that may show itself at the next annual meeting. It is hoped, however, not to result in a separation.

Let me say to the Liberals the cause of this feeling is because you do not turn out to the meetings and help to fight the enemy. You must know that Spiritualism is doing a work that you cannot do—reaching those you cannot reach. I cannot see why the Infidels (so called) cannot see the truth of Spiritualism. The public tests given by Mrs. Porter were the most astounding and convincing it has been our pleasure to witness.

The effort to start a camping-ground at Pine Lake, called Memoka, looks very encouraging. We were over the grounds and around the lake on the beautiful steamer that plows its waters. It is just the spot for a camp ground, a country home, college, and Liberal medical school, all of which will spring up at Memoka. I am ready to go forth in the spread of the truth as it is in Spiritualism and Liberalism or Rationalism. I hav been at it for the past fifteen years in the West. Will now answer calls from the East from Spiritual societies and Liberal Leauges. Or, where there are no societies, if parties will furnish to me a hall and advertise, I will stop at their place and work up an interest and organize if possible. J. W. KENYON.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 5, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to make a few remarks in defense of George Chainey against the highly cultivated consensus of the competent; not but what Bro. Chainey is well able to defend himself against every foe, but to show that others can step to the front, when such a man is assailed, and charge right home on the enemy. In all these United States there is but one Chainey, and this is to be deplored, inasmuch as there should be a thousand the very counterparts of that brave and solid man, who hath percolated through the muck and muddle of Christian theology, and none so honestly and vigorously attack the rotten fraud and struggle to reproach the cause on which all these cheats are founded. He clearly shows the impossibility of any God existing in the sky or any other place in the whole universe. He knows that all these systems of religion are the outcome of ignorance and knavery, and hang on the necks of millions a perfect incubus; and because he fearlessly exposes these vile shams and tries hard to enlighten the mental darkness on these questions, some pious cranks must assail him, but he is a match for all of them, and must win.

Unbelievers in religious superstitions should fraternize with each other all over the world, and try in every way to defend and console each other under trying circumstances, and use every effort to rid mankind of so vile a deception, which keeps them in groveling ignorance and plunders them through life.

I hope, friend Bennett, I do not trouble you needlessly. I am now over seventy years, and I strongly desire to spread the honest truth as found in nature. When dead, my work is done. T. WINTER.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

BERHAMPUR, BENGAL, INDIA, July 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You are aware how the Christian missionaries are striving hard to make proselytes of the nativs of this country by misrepresenting the biblical records and by fraud. We cannot any longer allow the wily and deceitful missionaries to go on that way when we hav come to know Christianity to be a pure fraud. I hav therefore commenced delivering addresses and lectures against Christianity, proving the fallibility of the Bible from the works of Western reformers to the school-boys and the masses, who generally fall victims to those religious and pious cheats; and, with the view of disseminating truth, I hav opened a Liberal and reformatory library, and commenced publishing my addresses, etc., both in English and Bengali. This movement is the first of the kind in this country, and I therefore need your earnest co-operation and sympathy for the cause of truth. To maintain a library will necessarily cost more than I can afford, so I hope our American authors and publishers of reformatory books, tracts, etc., will help me in my movement against mission-work in Bengal by donation of such books, tracts, pamphlets, etc., as they think will do best. Unless the American Liberal brothers help me for the sake of truth, I do not think I shall be able to go on with my work long. I intend to translate and publish in Bengali the American Liberal works and start a Liberal reformatory journal in the Vernacular, which, I am sure, will do a great deal to expose the false and delusiv doctrins of the so-called "miraculous and infallible book of Revelation." Reformatory and Liberal books and journals are a great desideratum in this country. Donations of Liberal and reformatory works, etc, will be thankfully received from the American brothers, who I hope will do their best to co-operate with me for the dissemination of truth, and will come forward with donations of Liberal and reformatory works to bring their Indian brothers into light as regards the true character of the Bible and Christianity.

I hav great confidence in you, and hope to hav your earnest co-operation and sympathy in this movement. I hope you will help me with a copy of your world-wide known journal THE TRUTH SEEKER and other anti-Christian works you think will do best to stop the missionary work in this country.

I hope you will insert this in your journal for the information of the American brothers who may take interest in this cause for truth, with such remarks as you may deem necessary.

KEDARNATH BASU, M. C. A. S.

[We mailed a number of books and pamphlets as above, and if other friends who feel so disposed will do the same, we are sure they will be duly appreciated.—ED. T. S.]

FOREST GROVE, OREGON, Aug. 20, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Here is our hand in congratulation upon your safe arrival home. I am very glad to hear of your return, and to read of the grand receptions tendered to you at home and abroad. Well, you hav, in my estimation, nobly earned them all. I hope your work of travels will meet with a large demand. I am very well pleased with the two volumes issued, and consider them the most interesting and instructiv books of travels I hav ever perused.

I was in hopes that you would giv Oregon a visit while you were on this coast, but I got disappointed. I think your presence in this town would exert a great deal of influence in mollifying the evil-minded followers of the mythical Jesus. Two of the leaders of the tribe hav lately fallen from grace; one, the Rev. Vandersall, of the Congregational church, was a short time ago expelled from his church for being too familiar with one of the sisters; the other, a Capt. Wilkenson, a street preacher, figured very conspicuously in a love affair, and the consequences were the reverend gentleman became very popular by having his photograph emblazoned in the New York *Police News*. Both of the above reverend gentlemen, before their evils were made public, were very vemonous in their attacks on Infidels. They were always telling what immoral people Infidels were. Yes, behind their large obscene Jew-book in the cowards' castle, they would lie, misrepresent, defame Infidels. Both of these men hav repeatedly told their dupes what a corrupt man R. G. Ingersoll was, and what evil effects his teachings were having upon the morals of the young and old. The Rev. Vandersall once told me that he wouly not hav a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER in his family because it was so filthy. I challenged him to produce a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER that contained a filthy passage, but he did not produce it.

Whenever I hear or see a preacher that is fanatical, I set him down as a slimy hypocrit, and I don't believe I miss it once out of a dozen times. I hav been in business the past five years, and I can giv you my word and honor as an Infidel that I hav

never during that period lost one dollar by crediting Infidels; but I can show several hundreds of dollars of bad debts on my books opposit the names of believers in the Christian religion. They believe that Jesus pays it all; but I don't. If he does, and I knew his post-office address, I would send him a statement of accounts.

Inclosed please find post-office order for $9.00, for which credit as follows: $3.00 apply to the account of Mr. Bisby, Forest Grove, Oregon; $3.00 to the account of Mr. Bennett, of Greenville, Wash. Co., Oregon; I forget his initials, but he is, I think, the only subscriber you hav by that name at Greenville, so you can fix it that the money is to go on this account for THE TRUTH SEEKER. The remaining $3.00 credit to the occount of myself, $2.00 in payment for the book "Ingersoll on Talmage," and balance to apply on subscription of THE TRUTH SEEKER. With best wishes to yourself and wife and Macdonald, I remain your Infidel friend, W. C. CLOW.

MANKATO, MINN., Aug. , 2.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 as subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. The trial subscription is exceedingly satisfactory.

We are having a camp-meeting here, inflicted by the Free Methodists. It is none of your new-fangled milk-and-water affairs, but one of the genuin old Indiana backwoods style, "where the screams and the groans of the sinners rose" and where the ground was thickly strewn with sinners themselvs filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, especially the women.

We hav had a number of similar exhibitions here, but these were all females. One of them, who would not lie still where she fell, but kicked and screamed furiously, was carried into the adjoining house, rented and kept by the ministers of God, when the noise soon subsided. This reminded me of the story of the spider and the fly.

A gentleman from an adjoining county informs me that under the influence of these meetings held there some two months since, his niece, a very good but rather simple-minded young lady who has lately lost her mother, was affected to insanity when a prayer-meeting was called to cast the devil out of her, but for some cause unknown to the writer the Lord refused to answer their prayers, and she was taken to the hospital for the insane at St. Peters. She was sent home, however, with the doctor's orders that she be kept from these meetings; but her father, not having much force of character, again permitted her to attend, and she is now as bad as ever, and her friends fear that she is hopelessly insane.

Is it very wonderful that some people are driven mad at these orgies? Is it not more wonderful that any can pass through the ordeal of this pandemonium and retain their senses?

These people are perfectionists, and in their experience-meetings it is customary for them to say that they know they are beyond the possibility of committing sin. They stoutly maintain that they are absolutely perfect. It is refreshing to hear them try to picture the horrors of hell and the awful agonies of the damned. It reminds one of his boyhood days, when but few people had read geology and none knew the name of Charles Darwin.

When conversing with the refined and intelligent, we do not realize the vast amount of superstition still existing in free America. To read Henry Ward Beecher's article on "Progress of Thought" one would think it impossible for these fanatical Free Methodists to convert a single soul. Their success reminds us that there is still a great work to be done. That beautiful light which we see is only the dawn; or if the sun of truth has risen, it is still obscured by great clouds of superstition. Many generations may come and go ere those clouds shall all be rolled away, so that the benign light of truth shall illumin every mind in all the earth. If not all, many parts of the world hav had their periods of retrogression. In spite of all the progress that we hav made, new Christs may yet come on earth and establish new systems of religion that shall again drag us down to the level of the dark ages. Let us hope not; and let us endeavor to reach a plain of thought so high that superstition shall never again enslave the minds of men.

W. O. FISHER.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

KEADY, IRELAND, Aug. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Will you kindly send me a catalog of Freethought literature published at your office, also a specimen copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, stating price of quarterly subscription postpaid to this country? If I like the journal I shall hav pleasure in becoming a subscriber and bringing it under the notice of my heterodox friends.

Freethought has made very little progress in this country. There is nothing which my countrymen stand so much in need of as intellectual emancipation from the mass of dogmatic absurdities which impede all real progress and foster the demons of intolerance and party hate. I fully agree with the dictum of the great French physiologist, Jules Soury, in speaking of creeds with all their power of latent mischief and slumbering fanaticism, that they are a standing menace to civilization. But, happily, education is spreading amongst all classes of the people, and is silently paving the way for the downfall of all sectarianism and sacerdotalism. Already a branch of the National Secular Society has been formed in Dublin, and I trust the day is not far distant when similar branches will be established in all our large towns. It must not be forgotten that Ireland has also given some toilers to the cause of intellectual emancipation—in the tenth century, John Scotus Erigena, of whom Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," writes, "He displayed on all questions a singular disdain for authority, and a spirit of the boldest Freethought." In the fourteenth century, Adam Duffe O'Toole, who, for denying the absurdities of dogmatic Christianity and scorning the pretensions of priestcraft, was burnt at the stake. In the last century, Toland, one of the "fathers of Freethought," whose most important work, "Christianity not Mysterious," gave great offense. The grand jury of Middlesex were induced at once to present it as a common nuisance. Their example was followed by the grand jury of Dublin. Two years afterward the Irish Parliament deliberated upon it, and, refusing to hear the defense of the great Deist, passed sentence that the book should be burnt by the common hangman and its author imprisoned. And in our own time we claim Tyndall, whose name is known and honored in every part of the world where the light of science has penetrated.

These are our Freethought martyrs and confessors to whose influence we of to-day owe so much. I trust the day may speedily dawn in Ireland when the opinions for which they suffered shall become as wide-spreading as the existing systems of belief.

Mr. G. J. Holyoke has, I believe, started for America, and Mr. Charles Watts has announced his intention of visiting America on a lecturing tour.

You hav doubtless ere this heard of the proceedings instituted against Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. G. W. Foote, Mr. Ramsey, and Mr. Whittle for blasphemy. The articles upon which the charge is founded appeared in *Freethinker*. But the bigots will be foiled. To attempt to put the old blasphemy laws in force now would be to act contrary to the spirit of the age. Freethinkers in England hav now a powerful organization behind them, and in the person of Mr. Bradlaugh they hav leader who has never known defeat. THOMAS G. WALLACE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please let me congratulate you upon your safe return to your family and sanctum, and your ability both mentally and physically to resume your old place therein. You are now doubtless enjoying the intellectual feasts at the Watkins Convention, where but a short time since you fell into the clutches of the delectable obscenity-hunter, Anthony Comstock, who perchance is prowling around again for another grab. I trust, however, he'll be defeated, and the meeting will prove a grand success for the cause of mental freedom, and only wish I might be with you. Orthodoxy and church bigotry are stamped upon everything in this portion of "Dixie," and a man or woman who utters an opposing word is considered unworthy of respect. Churches, saloons, and apothecary shops may be seen on almost every corner and street, while church rows, drinking, and wife whipping are frequent, and indulged in seemingly for pastime.

The question was asked me by an Episcopal saint and light of that order, just previous to the death of a lady friend who was a good woman, and who had all her life been a consistent Christian, if she had been made cognizant of her approaching dissolution, and whether or no she was prepared to meet her savior. I replied I thought not, and that unless she expressed a wish to talk upon the subject it had better not be broached; that ofttimes great harm was done the patient to be told that it could not recover, that it would soon be called upon to appear before its maker, etc., and that she had all the while dreaded death and expressed much unwillingness to die; and to be told she could liv but few hours at most would only excite and hurry her off the sooner; and as she was now free from pain and suffering, and had made lifelong preparations for this event, I thought it a pity as well as a great wrong to thus disturb her. He thought it quite unsafe for her to die without a test of her faith, and felt the great importance of having the minister come and ascertain the true state of her mind, as the enemy of souls was ever watching and ready to poison the mind with evil thoughts. Being commanded to watch and pray, he felt the great necessity for her future happiness, to make her election sure, to hav the minister come and pray with her. "Do you suppose," said I, "that God has no more regard for, and interest in, the souls of those who are good and obedient, who hav always lived consistent Christian lives, than to forsake them upon their dying beds to the enemy of souls?" "Oh, no," said he, "God has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in him, and we only want to know if she is still firm in the faith." If God knows, what more is needed? What the use of disturbing her simply to gratify idle curiosity? Has not her life been one of constant preparation for death, and the meeting of her savior after it? What more could be required by any god? "Admitting that as I do," said he, "I will furthermore say that notwithstanding she has been a moral, virtuous, honest, and upright woman, has wronged no one, and done all the good she was perhaps capable of doing, without God's saving grace, should she die with one skeptical thought even, she would never see God's face." What a wonderful display of divine wisdom and ignorance combined, thought I, and what a beneficent God, too, is yours!

After making some further exhibitions of his perfect understanding of God's great plan of redemption, saving grace, blood atonement, etc., we very naturally drifted back into the Garden of Eden for the origin of sin requiring all this foolishness.

After descanting upon Adam's extraordinary knowledge in giving names to all the animals, etc., not once thinking he was so very ignorant as not to know he was perfectly naked, and too stupid and helpless to clothe himself, which, it seems, God had to do with the skins of the animals, we wound up with the war that occurred in heaven, revealing the origin of Satan, the serpent-tempter in Eden, who was once an angel in heaven, but cast down and out during the war. His idea of heaven was a fixed place above in space, of spotless purity and holiness, free from sin or any conception of it. Then how did war occur there? I asked. "Well, I don't know, but suppose it was occasioned from the evil disposition of the fallen angel." But havn't you admitted there could be no sin or evil there, not even a conception of it? "Yes, but—well—that's a new idea never occurring to me before. I'll think about it and talk with you again. Am glad for having this talk with you," he added, "for as a rule I find religious conversation rather stale."

Yes, Brother Bennett, religion itself is stale, and for such persons as he needing something better I inclose money for the Liberal publications herein named. J. S. LYON, M.D.

GEORGE CHAINEY, after the Watkins Convention, journeyed west as far as Ohio and delivered several lectures. On his way to Boston he gave us a call, and seemed in good condition for resuming the fall campaign in Paine Hall, which commences on Sunday, the 10th inst. He will attend the League congress at St. Louis, and may be engaged to deliver lectures while enroute. He also may be secured through the fall months to fill lecture engagements.

MR. CHARLES BRIGHT, of Australia, delivered before the Liberal Club on the evening of the 8th inst. an able and interesting lecture on Evolution, its purposes and possibilities. Few speakers are capable of presenting arguments in a clearer or more impressiv manner. Liberal communities in this part of the the country who wish the services of a good speaker cannot do better than to employ him.

THE following circular has been sent out to the Leagues:

To the Secretary of the Auxiliary Liberal League.

DEAR SIR: In accordance with the call of the president of the League, which has been published in *Man* and other Liberal papers, the National Liberal League will hold its Sixth Annual Congress in the Young Men's Temperance Hall, N. W. corner of 10th and Locust streets, St. Louis, Mo., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 29th and 30th of Sept., and 1st of Oct. next.

Your Auxiliary is specially urged to send your full quota, five delegates. We beg you to send as many of these five delegates as possible, and certainly at least one. If you are too distant, or too inconveniently situated to send a delegate, please to send a communication and hav substitutes, or authorize them to be chosen by some one who will be present. Send also, if possible, a remittance of money to help pay the expenses of the congress.

Headquarters of the League officers will be at St. James's Hotel, St. Louis. All communications to the secretary, mailed after Sept. 20th, should be addressed there, and checks and postal orders made payable in St. Louis.

The issues mentioned in the call will be pressed and made practical questions. The question of the adoption of a new calendar will come up for discussion and action in the congress. Also, a proposition for a benefit insurance attachment to the N. L. L. will be made, and will hav to be discussed. Also other important Liberal questions of the day will come up; and we shall need your aid and counsel on them all.

In your communication, if you hav not already done so, please state the number of the members of your Auxiliary, as we hav to make up a statement of our numbers for the Census Bureau at Washington,

And now, fellow-Leagues, let us all rally to the congress on the 29th, and make it the largest, most noble, most influential gathering of Liberals that has ever yet assembled in this country. We hav just had a remarkable convocation of Freethinkers at Watkins, N. Y., which has exerted a wide influence, settled some differences, and done a world of good. The press reported this convention more fully and fairly than ever before, Now let us see if we cannot rival this gathering in the East by our congress in the West, and add another stroke to Liberal work, which will close up our conventions for the year. The cause needs you and invites you to this decisiv field of action at the front.

T. B. WAKEMAN, President.
T. C. LELAND, Secretary,
744 Broadway, New York.

Sept. 7, E. M. 282 (1882).

SOME men appear to believe that the Supreme Being regards outward forms more than real virtue, and that he will punish a person who tells a falsehood in one way with far greater severity than he will one who tells it in another. According to their view of the case, a man under oath, making a statement which is false, but otherwise harmless, would be caused to suffer more acute agony in the future world than one would be who, not under oath, told a wilful and malicious lie, which (as he intended it should) caused an irreparable injury. Are we not to suppose that it is the falsehood itself, and the intent to deceive, which are considered by the Supreme Being? Or does he regard the particular forms under which it is told?—*Judge E. A. Thomas in N. A. Review.*

My Boy.

BY JOHN E. M'CANN.

The lady who is supposed to be speaking in these verses is one of the best-known literary lights in America. Her son, a young man of twenty-six, rich, talented, and a universal favorit, left his home in New York for a trip West for the benefit of his health. His mother received a telegram three weeks after his departure to hurry to his side, as he was dying. She actually did kneel, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, in the center of her parlor, and asked the all-wise, almighty, and merciful God to spare her son's life until she could look upon his living face. Her son was dead—had passed from this laud into No-land, before she had reached his bedside. I myself heard the Rev. Robert Collyer speak for one-half hour over all that remained of one who had everything to liv for, but whom an all-wise, merciful God "removed." And the reverend gentleman wound up his remarks by saying: "His will be done! It is all for the best!" Perhaps the poor mother thought as he thought.

Do we miss him? Yes, we miss the cheery voice
 that used to ring
 In boyish play, upon the green, beyond my window there;
His merry laugh, his boyish chaff, his cherished violin
 No more will make us think that angels hover in the air.

You see, he was so handsome, so chivalrous, and so kind—
 Ah! he is not here to listen to the praises that I sing;
If they only could be borne by some sweet spirit on the wind
 Till, soft and low, the cadence in my darling's ear would ring,

He would then know that he wasn't quite forgotten by his mother;
 He was so sorry that he could not kiss me ere he passed away;
And I knelt down there and prayed to God to spare him till another
 Day would bring me to him. God did not hear me pray.

Why could he hav not taken me away instead of him?
 He had happy years before him. I've left happy ones behind.
You say, "His will be done!" When I talk like this I sin.
 Well, I hav a right to reason, or why hav I a mind?

Why could he not hav spared him till I looked upon his living face?
 I humbly asked him, on my knees, to grant me that sweet boon;
What lesson did his refusal teach this mighty human race?
 I might hav meekly bowed my head had he let him liv till noon.

Do me miss him? why, his very presence in a room would make
 The sun shine brighter, dance fantastic measures upon the parlor floor.
I'll miss him while I liv, until I die, until I awake.
 I wonder if there is across the Styx another shore?

Heaven.

BY ALHAZA.

I went to heaven one evening.
 I stood 'mid its glare and din;
And the roar of sacred music
 Seemed much like the pomp of sin.

I longed for a quiet shadow,
 A streamlet's fairy rune,
Where I could dream in silence,
 And with my heart commune.

The beasts shook out rich odors
 From mane and golden wreath;
But sweeter in some valley,
 The wild-flowers' perfumed breath.

I thought of sad hearts pining
 In dismal dens below;
Bright angels never cheer them,
 And sooth their hours of woe.

The poor are faint with weeping,
 They wait all still and numb;
The heart of the world is breaking,
 But God sits cold and dumb

On a throne of dazzling whiteness,
 While heavenly harpers play;
Better one tear of pity,
 Than this insane display.

Our Baby.

BY LUCIUS O. WEST.

There came to us in summer time—
When happy birds from every clime
Filled all the air with merry rhyme—
A tiny babe—with music's chime.

Almost unwelcome to the earth
It came—a burden from its birth—
But now, to hearts then filled with dearth,
It proves a gem of priceless worth.

Like twinkling, diamond stars of night,
Its laughing eyes, so blue and bright,
And hands and feet so pink and white,
All form for us a charming sight.

As playful as a lamb that skips
When clover blossoms sweet he nips,
The bee ne'er sweeter nectar sips,
Than comes each day from cherry lips.

No softer strains were ever sung,
No sweeter notes were ever rung,
On strings of harp such tones ne'er hung,
As come from baby's lisping tongue.

Like golden threads of silk, its hair;
Its dimpled chin and cheeks, so fair;
There's naught on earth that will compare
With "Baby Lea," we declare.

Ah! bless our precious baby-love,
The winsome, dancing, little dove,
Bright angel sent from realms above,
To fill our hearts with sweetest love.

The Rancher's Opinion.

I know it's a fact, parson, jist as ye say,
 That sin is a gatherin' force,
An' increasin' around us day arter day,
 Which is rough on your business, of course;
But I beg to remark, in passin' along,
 That it ain't all outside o' your church,
And thar's thousand singin' the piety song
 That's a gwine ter git left in the lurch.

My cows an' Bill Murray's got mixed up, somehow,
 Into one big promiscuous flock,
An' strayed from the ranches, when Bill left the plow
 An' went to to look arter the stock.
They's bin strayin' six months an'—right thar again
 My side of the argument wins—
When Murray came home my cows had no calves,
 While his were all blessed with twins?

"'Twar a curious freak o' natur'," he said,
 "An' almos' past human belief;"
An' then he looked puzzled, an' scratched of his head,
 But I knowed 'twar the freak of a thief.
'Twar no use to fly roun' an' kick up a muss
 An' try his ka-rac-ter to smirch;
For I am a wicked, rantankerous cuss,
 While he's the head deacon in church.

As I said at the start, again I repeat
 That sin rises up all around,
An' sometimes appears to spring up jist as wheat
 Springs spontaneous up from the ground.
But it isn't confined to outsiders like me;
 Your church folks don't all toe the mark;
An' thar's just as good men floating out in the sea
 As ye'll find aboard piety's ark.

Circular.

To the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada:

I propose to publish immediately a pamphlet containing the Articles of Association of he New York State Freethinkers' Association, including its creed and platform, viz: The demands of Liberalism, the resolutions passed at the late Watkins Convention, with the names of the officers of the association and an alphabetical list of the members with the full post-office address of each.

This association, in many respects, is national in its character. Its articles of association confine its membership to no section of country, and at each convention the Freethinkers of all the states and of Canada are invited to participate. And I wish to hav every person in the United States and of Canada, who desires to be known as a Freethinker (who has not already done so), to at once unite with this association, so that his or her name and post-office address may appear in the pamphlet. All that is necessary to become a member, is to send your name and twenty-five cents to me. The price of the pamphlet and postage will be thirty cents.

Those who are members are requested to immediately forward to me their names written in full with their full post-office address. These addresses should be written very plain so that no error shall appear when published.

Now, Liberal friends, whether you are known as Materialists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, or Agnostics, at once send in your names, that we may hav a full and perfect list of the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada.

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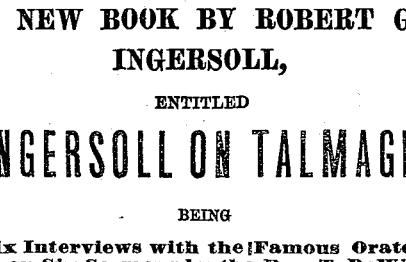
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Gems of Thought.

THERE is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, and now the fact is failing it. —*Matthew Arnold.*

EVERY man is bound to develop his individuality, to endeavor to find the right way of life, and to walk in it. He has the will to do so; he has the power to be himself, and not the echo of somebody else, nor the reflection of lower conditions, nor the spirit of current conventions. True manhood comes from self-control—from subjection of the lower powers to the higher conditions of our being.—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

IN the galleys of the river Loire, whither John Knox and the others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as galley-slaves, some officer or priest, one day, presented them an image of the virgin mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. "Mother? Mother of God?" said KNOX, when the turn came to him, "this is no mother of God; this is a 'pented bredd' [painted board], a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshiped," added KNOX, and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting, there; but come of it what might, this thing to KNOX was and must continue nothing other than the real truth, it was a "pented bredd;" worship it he would not.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

A COLLAPSE of religious belief of the most complete and tremendous kind is now apparently at hand. . . . No one who has watched the progress of discussion and the indications of opinions in literature and in social intercourse can doubt that, in the minds of those whose views are likely to become—and in an age when all thought is popularized soon to become—the views of society at large—belief in Christianity, as a revealed and supernatural religion, has given way. Science and criticism combined hav destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the inspiration of the Bible.—*Goldwin Smith.*

ORTHODOXY has not been reinforced to any large extent for the last ten years by fear of future punishment or of an angry God. On the contrary, it has prospered and taken new life and interest [so far as it has done so] because of its absorption of rationalism by keeping its old dogmas out of sight and by carefully looking after its business affairs. Should orthodoxy attempt to depend upon its doctrins, for which it claims such wholesome social power, it would soon discover its downward tendency.—*Annie L. Diggs.*

ABNDON supernatural Christianity, it is alleged, and you must abandon theism and immortality; abandon these, and you must abandon every moral distinction. In many instances no doubt the fear is genuin, but oftener it is a convenient subterfuge—an admirable decoy that draws off men's attention from the direct observation of the critical and historical problems which must be settled, if at all, on critical and historical grounds. If upon these grounds the supernatural claims of Christianity prove to be wholly invalid, I do not see that any moral consequences would giv them back their old prestige. We cannot make believe that Christianity is supernatural in order to economize some reflex moral influence of such a belief. Such a belief, in order to be operativ, must be real. A conscious lie never yet engendered any considerable amount of moral earnestness; it never will at any future time.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

I NEVER go into a store and see the long row of corset boxes but I feel to wish every one was in the bottom of the sea and the art of making them forgotten. The waist that is stayed and boned until it cannot support itself is not the waist that nature loves to behold in her children. The wise and esthetic Greeks knew better than to wear these engins of torture; and even to this day artists delight in draping their statues and female figures in the softly-flowing folds of something that does not bind, compress, and misshape "the human form divine." Right dressing, pure air, clear water, and good diet count largely toward making good girls and boys who shall develop into good men and women. If mothers teach these things to their children they will be ingrained into their growth and become so much a part of their nature as to abide with them all their lives.

"Let each and all, in joyous strain,
Sing loudest notes of praise,
And worship Health—be this our aim,
In whatsoever place.
In deepest cave, or mountain high,
In science or in art,
This goddess bright, let none decry,
But cherish in the heart."

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

CHRISTIANS are of the opinion that every thing connected with our organization is a failure, requiring magical means for its restoration. An incantation, called prayer, results in a spell called grace. Doubtless the constitution of our bodies could be improved by means within our reach, and the soul profits by such exertions. If we are perfectly satisfied with our present organization, although in nine cases out of ten it produces much sorrow and pain, we will never exert ourselvs to improve it. There is an elevated region into which we are able to soar, with a refined artist or scientist instead of an ignorant Christian to guide us. The imagination which feeds upon our entire previous experience makes us burn for the completion of some-requisit picture, of which we hav had but one ravishing glimps. Engaged in such studies every day finds us further from the sphere of sense, and we shall triumph only when we find it impossible to fall back into those old ruts, where our lowest faculties are appealed to, to make us convenient tools or stepping-stones, by means of which the clergy can obtain the comforts and luxuries of life.—*Alhaza.*

Odds and Ends.

A WRIT of attachment—a love-letter.

WAIST paper—a bustle made of newspapers.

NOAH'S grandsons via Ham were called Hamlets.

HOW to acquire short-hand—Feel around a buzz saw.

THE man who was forced to drink muddy coffee had grounds for complaint.

"A FELLOW feeling makes us wondrous kind." Not if he's feeling in your pockets.

APPROPRIATE sign for a dentist's door—"Pull;" for a live business man—"Push."

THE chimney-sweep is the happiest mortal in existence: he is always well sooted.

ONION eating has a double effect on the young ladies. It prevents the lips chapping and the chaps lipping.

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

BY a mother-in-law, "You can deceive your gaileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never.

WHAT women would do if they could not cry nobody knows. What poor, defenseless creatures they would be!

WOMEN kiss each other, not because they like it but to make men mad at the reckless waste of affection that is going on.

DOES the night mail go by the bed post?—*Exchange.* No; it's the gate post, and he usually makes a long stop there.

A MAN can stand being considered an infernal villain; it's the idea that he's been played for a sucker that makes him sick.

THERE are waves and waves. Some are waves of the serf, some are hot waves, and some are Saratoga waves. But we waive this topic.

"NEVER swear before ladies," says a preacher. What are we to do? Wait until the ladies swear first, and then swear after them? An early reply solicited.

CONVERSATION between society belles: "My dear, what is this mixed metaphor that we hear so much about?" "Why, you little goose, it's the latest kind of cake!"

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John?" said Joshua, as they stopped opposit the leopard's cage. "Waal, yes," said John; "but he's dreadfully freckled, ain't he?"

"I LIKE your new hat very much," said he; "it's chic; that's a sort of abandon ——" "There ain't any sort of a band on it," she said, pouting; "it's a real ostrich feather."

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says, "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."

DIALOG near the sea, on a hotel piazza: "I do not see how you ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.

A LONG BRANCH girl has caught a husband with her hair. It is likely that the poor fellow will eventually find out catching by the hair is a feminin accomplishment which is somewhat common.

IT takes a fellow just once trying to find out that when he takes two different sizes of bracelets of different prices to his girl to try on and select one for a present, she is going to make the most expensiv the fit if it is a possible thing.

"I PUT a secret kiss under the postage stamp for my darling," wrote a Cincinnati man to his girl. She deftly removed the stamp by steam, but found no kiss, only some remnants of plug tobacco and a strong odor of beer. They are not married yet, and not likely to be.

ENGLAND claims to be fighting to secure the peace of Egypt. This is modesty itself on the part of John Bull. We had supposed that the fighting was to secure the whole and not a piece of Egypt. Blessed are the piecemakers, for they shall gobble the territory.

A PHILADELPHIA young man who married a young girl named Rose, placed over their sitting-room door a handsomely worked motto, "Rose by any other name would be as sweet." A year or so afterward he took it down and put in its place, "No Rose without a thorn."

MY dear Miss: If you'll be mine,
You shall hav every spring a new hat;
And we'll liv in the cosiest of rooms
To be had in the gorgeous new flat.

My dear sir: I don't want to be yours;
Though of course I should like the new hat,
Yet I never could make up my mind
To inhabit a flat with a flat.

"DRAP dat watermilyon!" said an old colored parson down below South Chicago to a young darkey who was endeavoring to glide away softly with the stolen fruit.

"But, parson, you —"

"Drap dat watermilyon, or I'll break yer in two and set yer jaw a-straddle of yer neck!"

"But, parson, you said only las' Sunday dat de Lord helps dem what helps demselvs."

"Drap dat watermilyon, or I'll shake nineteen Satans right outen yer."

"How are the colored voters coming out on Onion Creek?" asked an Austin candidate of a darkey with a load of hay.

"Dare's a heap sickness out dare among colored folks."

"What is it, malaria?"

"I reckon dat's de name ob de stuff. Hit am somfin what he got from de druggery shop."

"What stuff are you talking about?"

"De stuff a white man out dar puts on his watermilyons to keep de colored folks from mistakin 'em for dar own watermilyons."

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"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."
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Notes and Clippings.

ELECTRICITY displaces oil in forty-two light-houses on the French coast.

LONDON *Truth* says Mr. A. C. Swinburne, the poet, contemplates a tour in the United States, where he will giv a series of readings.

IN the German army more and more attention is being paid to the science of aerostatics, and officers are being trained to make balloon ascensions.

DOES the weather change with the moon? Sir William Thomson tells the British Science Association that there is no connection between the two things, as far as he can discover, and he has studied them.

SCHOOL libraries are greatly on the increase in France. In 1865 the number was only 4,833, and in 1874, 16,648. There are now 25,913. This does not include the teachers' libraries, which number 2,348, with an aggregate of 500,000 volumes.

A CHURCH session at Emlenton, Pa., has decided that dancing is an immoral practice. Some of the elders had evidently witnessed the can-can species. It may not be long now before a church session will decide that church fair lotteries are as wicked as dancing—*Norristown Herald.*

A TRAVELER saw in Portland, Me., while waiting half an hour in a railroad station, a barrel of ale rolled into a saloon, an intoxicated man fight a hack driver, and two men drink whisky from a bottle. He concludes it possible that the Maine prohibition law is sometimes broken in Portland.

DURING service in the cathedral at Ragusa some days ago the officiating priest, a member of the Society of Jesuits, was stabbed to death by a girl whom he had betrayed. She inflicted five wounds. The congregation poured amid wild excitement into the streets, and the girl was taken into custody.

A DEACON and his pastor had a personal difficulty. The latter, in a very exciting manner, said, "Do you know what the D.D. at the end of my name means?" "Doctor of divinity." "No, sir; it stands for death to deacons." At the next church conference the pastor had the deacon turned out.—*Richmond paper.*

MR. AND MRS. YARNALL lived in the same house for forty years, at Media, Pa., without once speaking to each other, each adhering stubbornly to a resolution not to make the first advance toward reconciliation. When the husband was stricken by fatal illness the wife was asked to relent, but she refused, as did he, and death soon made their separation complete.

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, minister in the island of Iona, has used his church at one time as a pigsty, at another as an inclosure for his cattle, and the grounds about it every winter as a stock yard. One Sunday during the winter of 1880 the people who assembled to attend the service found that one door of the church was closed, the lobby being stored with straw and corn.

THE bell of a Massachusetts woolen mill was rung at 5 o'clock every morning except Sundays. It weighed two thousand pounds, and was intended to awaken every employee, which it did, as well as every one else in town. It was complained of as a nuisance, and a Supreme Court judge enjoined the owners not to ring it before 6:30 A.M. The decree has been affirmed on appeal to the full bench.

REV. E. B. BARY, of St. Charles, has resigned. He is the man who preached poor James Burchell into hell. The St. Charles Baptists hav not been able to get along with a pastor lately. They are a combativ lot. A long time ago in a row over a pew, one man arose in the majesty of his Christian wrath and chased another out of church with a butcher knife, returning in time to enjoy a whack at the benediction. The above is a fact.

POLISH journals call attention to a memorial tablet in a Warsaw church which contains the record of the age and death of the oldest man concerning whom there is any authentic account in existence. The priest Cybulski is shown by this tablet to hav been born in 1500, and to hav died in 1667. There is said to be unquestionable evidence of the correctness of these dates.

To say of a man of strong propensity to theft that he would steal a red-hot stove can no longer be reckoned an amusingly exaggerated hyperbole. The saying has been made cold and commonplace by Phipps, the late superintendent of the Philadelphia Almshouse. Among his many other thefts he stole the copper roof off the building. Henceforth it may be proper to say of an extraordinary thief that he is a regular Phipps.—*Sun.* Phipps is a Christian.

REV. BARNES, the mountain evangelist, having failed to make as many conversions as he expected, and also failed to receive a "call" from this city, has retired to his nativ mountains of Kentucky to engage in the business of casting out devils. If, when he gets his devils cast out, he will bottle up a few of them or confine them safely in cages and exhibit them around the country, a big pile of money might be secured. It is so long since the people hav seen a real simon-pure devil that they would pay handsomely for the sight. Bro. Barnes, hurry around with your devils.

THE American Missionary Association has been getting in arrears; it costs so much to support in a high degree of comfort so many ease-taking priests in foreign countries that a few months ago $300,000 were called for to make up the deficiency. The faithful having money, and who believe that by dispensing it freely in the cause of Christ they will buy a front seat in the New Jerusalem, shelled out liberally, and only $26,000 remains unraised. The close of the fiscal year having arrived, the generous among those having great faith and great fear are still requested to shell out.

THE latest miracle that has been announced is of a deaf and dumb boy, thirteen years of age, in the South, who has been cured of his deafness and dumbness by being converted to Christianity in a revival. This is a little out of the ordinary course of things; if a belief in Christianity is so potent, why has not this power been shown much earlier? There are more than ten thousand deaf mutes in the country, and Christianity and its expounders hav been lying round loose all these years, and this is the first case of the kind cured by them. One cure in ten thousand is not very great success in any system of practice. Brethren, pray harder.

WE see that another victim of the law's penalties declared that "he would die as became a soldier of Christ." Does it not occur to any of our salaried soul savers that by this special double-action necktie method they are surrounding Christ with a lot of cutthroats who, saved or unsaved, are a safe crowd to keep away from. During our recollection there has been thousands of these bloody-handed scoundrels sent direct to heaven—men who were slaughtered here as being unworthy to liv are heralded in their send-off as new recruits to heaven. It's about time to stop, before heaven is chock full of murderers, amongst whom no honest man wants to be found.—*Breckenridge (Col.) Daily Journal.*

THE Dubuque *Daily Herald* publishes an account of the sinfulness of the Rev. John Allison, Presbyterian clergyman of Jesup, Iowa, who seems to hav made vile, repeated, and persistent attempts to draw one of the sisters, Mrs. Alice Moffit, from the path of virtue. He made all sorts of frivolous excuses to call upon her after she had forbade him the house. Even when she was quite ill he entered the house and penetrated into her private bedroom and attempted improper liberties. Highly indignant at his ungentlemanly boldness, she ordered him to leave instantly, and sent word to her father to hav steps taken to prevent a repetition of the clergyman's insults. The Presbytery hav expelled him from their organization, so he will no longer break the bread of life with their sanction.

ABOUT the best way in the world to kill a good newspaper is for those who subscribe for it to loan it to their neighbors, and for those who like the paper to run or send around town to borrow it. A friend of a newspaper or newspaper editor never borrows that paper, but subscribes for it like a man, and thus helps the editor and publisher to liv, and at the same time proves by his patronage that he is a defender of the principles it advances, whatever they may be.—*Great West.* These are words of truth, and TRUTH SEEKER readers ought to take a hint from them. If every one who reads borrowed TRUTH SEEKERS would subscribe and pay for their own paper like a man, it would be better for all, especially for us at this end of the line.

THE deacons of a negro Baptist church in Baltimore say that the pastor put in a bill for $150 rent of his parsonage when he had paid only $120, and they voted that he was too honest to preach. He insisted upon occupying the pulpit, but one deacon snatched away his Bible and another pulled him out. A still livelier outbreak occurred in a negro Methodist church in Alabama. The minister announced that everybody who had given ten cents at the passing of the hats could join in the communion service, which was about to begin, and he invited all who were thus qualified to take the front seats. Among those who went forward was a brother whose contribution had consisted of a battered and punched dime. The pastor excluded him. A fight ensued, and during the tumult somebody escaped with the bread and wine. Thus went the body and blood of a God.

SOME official statistics hav just been issued in France of the suicides that hav taken place in fifty years. They show that since 1830 the number of suicides has trebled. In 1830 there were 5 suicides for every 100,000; in 1850, 10; in 1860, 11; in 1870, 13; in 1880, 15. The total of suicides in the last year reached 6,650, of whom 79 per cent were men. The Seine department stands at the head of the gloomy list, and Corsica has the smallest number of suicides—only two per 100,000 inhabitants. A painful fact is the growing frequency of suicides among children. Betwen 1876 and 1880 198 boys and 40 girls below 15 years of age destroyed themselvs. Of these 209 were over 12 years of age, 21 between the ages of 12 and 10, 4 were 10 years old, and 6 were below 9, the youngest being only 7 years old. It appears that by far the greatest number of suicides take place in the summer, the proportions per cent being, summer, 39; spring, 19; autumn, 24; and winter, 18.

IN India there is a brisk opposition to the circulation of Christian literature. In Lucknow and Cawnpore forty-five publishing houses are engaged in issuing antichristian books and tracts. One house recently received a donation of $4,000 to aid in printing Mohammedan works. A Hindoo prince presented another house with enough money to issue a million Hindoo tracts. More than one hundred papers are published in the interest of paganism and Mohammedanism, and against Christianity. One Hindoo publishing house at Lucknow recently sent to London an order for $25,000 worth of paper, on which antichristian tracts and other works are to be printed. Some people hav an idea that all the missionaries hav to do in India is to make speeches in the street to a lot of ignorant people, who believe what is told them without taking the trouble to argue against it. This is a radical mistake. The learned among the Hindoos know far more than an average missionary; and this, with the poor quality of the Christian religion, is the reason why such a meager number of conversions are made in India and other Asiatic countries.

News of the Week.

THE British rifle team won the internationa match at Creedmoor last week.

COURTNEY is redeeming his reputation as an oarsman by recently winning two races. Perhaps he makes more money that way.

THE *Sun* definitly announces that Tilden has retired from public life. Dana will still pitch into Hayes, the fraud, all the same.

FOUR thousand people met at Irving Hall in this city last Sunday to mourn the death of August Bebel, a leading German Socialist.

ENGINEER MELVILLE, of the Jeanette, has arrived home. The prolonged anxiety attending his absence has unsettled his wife's mind.

THE passenger steamer Asia went down in a gale on Lake Huron last week, and only two of the many aboard are known to be saved.

THE Republican convention to nominate a candidate for governor met at Saratoga this week, and the Democratic convention at Syracuse.

GARABALDI's hoe, which he used in his garden at Caprera, has just been given by Vecchi to the Garibaldian Museum, soon to be opened at Rome.

THE star-route cases will be speedily tried again. Col. Ingersoll says the former verdict was idiotic. He thinks his clients, the Dorseys, are innocent.

JOHN E. REMSBURG is still in the Liberal lecture field, and will be glad to do good service this winter in the West. His permanent address is Atchison, Kansas.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY MCKEON has notified his subordinates that they will not be allowed to attend the political conventions. With him civil-service reform begins at home. He is a Democrat.

WM. MCDONNELL, the Liberal novelist, is in this city arranging for the production of his new opera at some theater. This work is said by those who hav read the MS. to be of very superior merit.

THE fighting in Egypt is over, Gen. Wolseley having captured the rebel army and Arabi and most of his generals with it. The diplomatists of the interested countries will now settle the matter, with England holding the best hand.

A WOMAN was shot in Ireland last Monday by a constable because she resisted the seizure of her pig for rent. It is no wonder the British rule in that land is unpopular. The landlords and the priests are Ireland's worst foes. The one keeps the people poor, and the other ignorant.

THE Rev. Hyatt Smith, of Brooklyn, has made a sorry figure in politicts. The Democrats who took him up two years ago hav dropped him like a hot potato, and the Greenbackers want none of him, but he has turned up at the Republican door, knocking to be let in, and muttering about what he will do if he is not received. Preachers should keep out of politics. Their reputations are bad enough already.

A TOUGH story comes from Bethel, N. C. It is that a boy, deaf and dumb from his birth, attended a camp-meeting, and, although never having heard a word before, was enabled by divine grace to get the benefit of the preacher's exhortation, and when he went forward to the anxious bench spoke out boldly and proclaimed his conversion. That this story comes from one of the most ignorant and superstitious parts of the country, and has no proof to support it, will probably make no difference to the pious people who stand ready to swallow a camel or a whale in connection with their religion, but THE TRUTH SEEKER stands ready to make over, to anybody who will prove it, one of the many mansions Jesus went to prepare. A warranty deed will be given, and the title defended against all comers.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Japan Continued.—Farming and Other Matters.

YOKOHAMA, May 12, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: While still in the "Land of the Rising Sun," I will spend a few hours in describing to you more of this beautiful country, and in what I may say I propose to draw pretty freely from Consul-General Van Buren's works already alluded to. As agriculture is the basis of wealth and prosperity in all countries, let me refer to it more fully in connection with Japan. In this country agriculture is the chief industry. The people, from their geographical position and former policy of isolation and seclusion, have been essentially tillers of the soil. Trade and manufactures lacked the stimulus of foreign commerce, and were limited, and, as compared to agriculture, insignificant. The powerful feudal system, with the imperial court at Kioto and the military court of the shogun at Tokio, 260 daimiyo courts in the provinces, surrounded by more than 400,000 men at arms, and their families of nearly 2,000,000 people, and an official priesthood numbering 200,000, were all supported and maintained almost entirely by the agricultural interest of their country.

The daimiyos alone drew annually from this interest revenue to the value of 115,000,000 yen per year.

Field farming ever has been, and still is, as I hav already observed, unknown; but the tillage is really gardening, and is of the most thorough character. Fully one-half of the population are farmers, and of the day-laboring or coolie class a large number are employed in the cultivation of the soil. The average size of these garden-farms is about half an acre.

Much of the land bears its winter as well as its summer crop. The thoroughness of the spade or mattock cultivation, and the careful attention to fertilization, produce larger returns and preserve the bearing capacity of the soil better than our superficial plowing and rough fertilization.

Although the annual rainfall is greater than in the regions of the largest precipitation of the United States, irrigation is universal.

The fee simple of the soil, formerly in the feudal lord, is now held by the farmer. The area of cultivation has been extended fully one-fifth within the last ten years, and probably will in the future as rapidly, as the means of inland transportation are improved, fertilizers secured, and the demands of commerce increase.

The country, embracing all its islands, extends north and south through fifteen degrees of latitude, and the cultivated areas are at all altitudes, from the sea level to 10,000 feet, with a climate of the temperate or sub-tropical zones. Japan possesses 50,000,000 acres of tillable soil, but a little over one-fourth of that quantity is in actual cultivation. This is owing to the lack of good roads and proper means of transportation.

Woolen clothing was formerly unknown, and animal food was prohibited to all classes by their religion and their economical habits of life. A few horses and cattle were employed for military uses, to a limited extent for carrying purposes, and little or none for agricultural work. Thus it will be seen, as already indicated, the resources for farming are much smaller than with us. Night soil has been the principal fertilizer of the Japanese farmer, and the limited supply has, of course, prevented extensive farming operations. The introduction into the country of farm stock, as cattle, sheep, and hogs, has been conducted to a very limited extent and with little success.

About seven million acres are cultivated in rice, which is more than half the quantity of all that is cultivated. All the alluvial lands of the sea-shore, rivers, valleys, and creek bottoms grow lowland rice, and the richer upland soils produce the upland rice. The first is the best and most productive. The average yield of the lowlands over all the country, north as well as south, is about forty bushels per acre. Some of the richer and better districts, however, average about fifty bushels, and some fields even produce seventy bushels per acre. The total estimated crop of rice is over 200,000,000 of bushels per year, the average value of which is $1.25 in silver, making the grand total of $250,000,000.

As you have already learned, rice is the staple food of the Japanese people, and the amount of hard, thorough work which it enables them to perform is the surprise of every traveler, and seems quite incredible to our meat-eating countrymen. It, however, occasionally gets so high in price that the poor can ill afford to use it, when thousands are deprived of it. Then serious consequences follow, and much suffering is engendered. But the patient and cheerful industry of the people, and their economical habits, are guarantees against any extended or severe suffering.

Wheat is grown in all parts of the empire, and is of the variety we call winter wheat. It is, however, produced in much smaller quantities than rice. The total wheat crop amounts to about 40,000,000 bushels, worth about fifty cents per bushel; the average yield is twenty bushels to the acre. It is largely used in the form of cakes without fermentation and in the manufacture of macaroni. The grain is coarsely ground, and the flour imperfectly bolted.

The uplands are preferred for wheat growing. The soil is thoroughly dug up and pulverized with a long, wide-bladed mattock. It is then divided into small plots, each of which is furrowed into rows three or four inches deep, and twelve or fifteen inches apart. Into these furrows ashes and thoroughly decomposed compost is scattered, and then in October the seed is dropped by hand, about one or two bushels to the acre, and covered with the mattock to the depth of one and a half inches. The ground is turned up two or three times per month, and liquid manure is applied three or four times during the winter and spring, to the roots of the plants. In the autumn some kinds of hardy vegetables are planted between the rows of wheat. The wheat ripens in May, and is cut with a knife, much like our old corn knives, and bound into small bundles, which are either hung up on trees or bamboo poles, or laid on hard ground to dry, when it is carried to the farm-house, where it is threshed. This threshing process consists of first pulling off all the kernels of grain, by means of a row of iron teeth, long and saw-like, closely set in a stick of wood. Between these teeth a few wheat heads at a time are rapidly drawn, tearing off the kernels and their coverings. The grain is separated by threshings on mats with the flail, much like the old-fashioned instrument formerly used in our country. The chaff is separated by the wind, the grain being slowly poured from a scoop-shaped basket, held four or five feet from the ground. If the wind is not blowing sufficiently to answer for this purpose, artificial wind is produced by an enormous fan. More wealthy farmers sometimes have winnowing mills, with sieves and screens, somewhat like ours. These were first introduced by the Dutch more than a hundred years ago. The wheat is then put into straw sacks and carried, either on hand-carts or on the backs of horses, to market. Some attempts have been made to export wheat, but as the quality is inferior to the grain usually sold in Europe, the enterprise has not been successful.

Barley is grown more extensivly than wheat; 60,000,000 bushels is the usual crop, and is worth fully as much per bushel as wheat. It is more universally used for food than wheat. A portion is made into coarse flour, and much is cooked or used without fermentation. When eaten whole, it is hulled somewhat like rice, and in the manner I have heretofore described. The yield is about twenty-five bushels per acre. It is much used in the distillation of *saké*. Winter barley is the kind almost universally grown; its general cultivation is much like that of wheat.

The sugar manufactured by the Japanese is made from the Chinese sorghum plant, which grows luxuriantly in the southern portion of the country, but not much north of the thirty-sixth degree of latitude. The whole product of the country is about 70,000,000 pounds per year, and more than that quantity is imported from China. The plant is not grown from seeds, but from cuttings. In September selected stalks are cut and buried in trenches a foot deep. Through the winter, from the joints of the stalks, sprouts grow. In the spring these joints are cut off and set out in rows, fifteen to eighteen inches apart, and about the same distance from the plants in the rows. The ground has previously been dug up and pulverized with the mattocks. The fertilizers used are ashes, fish, decomposed hay, seaweed, and night soil. The plants are cultivated with the hoe, and the ground kept free from weeds. In October and November the leaves are stripped off and the stalks are cut; the hard outer covering is then removed, and the remaining portion is ground between rollers of stone or hard wood. The juice is then boiled in iron kettles till the granulation takes place, when it is placed in bags and pressed dry. The expressed syrup is used as molasses. Dry upland soils are required for the successful growth of the cane, and the expenditure of labor and fertilizers is as great, if not greater than with any other crop.

Although the Japanese have several kinds of potatoes, the common Irish variety is principally grown, and that in the vicinity of the sea-ports where Europeans reside. The yam, or sweet potato, grows in all parts of the country, south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. There are five species of this root grown here, three of which are peculiar to Japan. They form a considerable portion of the diet of the people, especially in autumn. The price is very low, usually about fifteen cents a bushel.

Carrots, onions, parsnips, and turnips are very successfully cultivated. When turnips are grown alone, enormous crops are realized. There are also some kind of roots grown here, not known with us, and lily bulbs are considerably grown and used as food, they are rich in sugar and starch. There is a great variety of herbaceous articles raised for food, of which the Japanese are extremely fond; among these are cabbages, beets, kale, artichokes, onions, asparagus, spinach, mallow, sorrel, rhubarb, mustard, lettuce, endive, water, and garden cress, etc. The annual crop of these is estimated at 25,000,000 yen. These are mostly grown on land that raises two other crops in a year—the summer crop of rice, and the winter crop of other grain.

The cultivation of tea is a large branch of business. The amount exported has increased from 3,000,000 pounds in 1865 to 46,000,000 pounds in 1880. The total product of the present year is thought to be 100,000,000 pounds. The whole population of the country drink tea, which is the national beverage from infancy to old age. It grows in all parts of the empire, but its most favorable locality is south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. The soils best adapted to it are the sheltered hill-sides, although it flourishes on the plains along the sea-shore. When wild lands are to be used for tea, the soil must be thoroughly tilled and subdued. The plants begin to yield some return in the third year, and in the fifth season the yield is good Twenty-five hundred pounds to the acre is considered a fair yield, but more than 3,000 pounds is often produced.

The silk culture is conducted to a considerable extent. The mulberry-tree is grown in nearly all parts of the country south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. The foreign demand has increased so much within the last ten years as to have nearly doubled the amount. Large districts of wild land have been subdued and devoted to the mulberry-trees, within a few years. The table-lands of the middle and northern part of the main island have been largely taken up for this purpose, and the area will be farther widened according to the demand. The taxable value of the silk product is about $35,000,000 per year, but the whole value is of course much greater.

The variety of mulberry most grown is the *morus nigra*. It grows ten feet high, and is cultivated ten to twelve feet apart. The small crop of leaves gathered in the third year increases gradually to the eighth or ninth year, when the trees are fully matured. Two methods are employed for gathering the leaves, in different localities. One is to partially strip the leaves from the branches, and carry them to the place of feeding, another to cut the branches and carry them in bundles on horses, or the backs of men. In the latter case, the young shoots grow with remarkable rapidity, and are large, and give the usual amount of leaves the following year. Light upland soils are used entirely for mulberry plantations. Crops of both summer and winter plants are grown between the rows of trees, and the soil is carefully cultivated and fertilized. Night soil, fish manure, compost of dry leaves, grass, ashes, seaweed, etc., are used as fertilizers. The presence of trees seems to make no difference in the yield of the other crops, the principal requirement being a liberal amount of fertilizers.

Hemp is grown on the lower and richer soils, in drills sixteen inches apart. It is sown in March or April, and receives the same careful garden tillage as all other products of the soil of Japan. During the summer it is frequently hoed, and fertilizers are applied to the root of the plant. All hemp lands are flooded three or four times in the season from the irrigating ditches. The stalk is ready for harvest in August, grows from four to seven feet high, and is pulled and spread on the ground, when it rots and the fiber is easily separated. This is done by beating with a bamboo stick. The resinous substance is removed by hand, scraping with a sharp-edged bamboo knife. The fiber is uncommonly long, strong, and glossy; if it could be completely cleaned of the resinous matter, it would be in demand in all foreign markets; but until that can be done it will not be a very important article of agriculture. Flax is not grown in the country.

Too much praise can hardly be given to the thoroughness of Japanese tillage; and to this cause may be attributed their uniform good crops. The divisions of land, as at present cultivated, are so small that anything but this garden cultivation would be impossible; but in view of the yield that is realized, it would seem advisable for our farmers in America to pursue the same course to some extent. As before observed, the great portion of the land is dug with the mattock. When the little old Chinese plow is used, the soil is plowed and re-plowed, from four to eight times. In this way the soil is made fine and mellow, the fertilizers incorporated with it, and worked six or eight times during the growth of the crop. The yield per acre is often enormous. It is reported of a single acre, that 70 bushels of rice, with 3 1-2 tons of straw, were taken from it, when it was prepared for a winter crop of equally large proportions.

Tobacco is an important product in this country, as in all other Asiatic countries. What a pity it is that man everywhere has made such extensive use of this filthy weed. It is grown on the uplands by means of the same patient, thorough tillage as the crops just described. The seed is planted the last of March or first of April in rows fifteen inches apart. In September the lower leaves are picked; the first of October, the middle; and during the last of October the upper leaves. These are dried and packed in small bales. The leaf is much cut up by tobacco worms, and but a small portion of it is used in

cigar making. Cigars are much less used in Japan than with us. About $200,000 worth of tobacco per year is exported to Europe.

Beans, peas, and all other leguminous plants are extensively cultivated in Japan. Probably there is no country in the world where this class of food or this class of plants enters into the diet of the people so largely as here.

Without any scientific knowledge of the nutritive properties of food, the natural demands of the human system has led to this uncommon use of beans and peas as a complement to their other starchy food. More than forty varieties of beans, and a dozen kinds of peas and lentils, are produced. It would be an interesting and instructive economic study to ascertain how far the cereals, combined plentifully with leguminous food, have been made here to supply cheap, healthy, and nutritious diet for a laboring population, taking, in a great degree, the place of animal food. An almost endless variety of these starchy caseine foods are made and eaten by these people, and they are enabled to labor more steadily than by the use of animal food. The annual crop of peas and beans is about 50,000,000 bushels, worth about $30,000,000.

I have previously given you to understand that fish is an important article of diet with the Japanese, they having invented an infinite variety of methods of preparing and preserving fish. Of course the fisheries are an important part of the industries of the people, a large number being constantly engaged in it, and the value of the fish thus secured amounts to a large sum.

MANUFACTURES.

The most important manufactures of Japan are silk, silk thread, cotton, tea, porcelain, lacquer, bronze, and embroidery, although iron and woodenware and various articles of use and ornament are made in large quantities. With the exception of porcelain, most of these industries are carried on in the houses of the laborers.

SILK.—The value of silk exported during the year ending June 30, 1880, as gathered from the customs return, is as follows: silk floss, 104,983 yen; silk waste, 749,280 yen; raw silk, 10,233,980 yen; silk manufactures, 33,086 yen; cocoons, 404,067 yen; waste cocoons, 29,554 yen.

The value of the whole product during the same period I find stated in the Statistical Table of the Home Department as about fifty-four and a half millions of dollars.

PORCELAIN.—The older manufactures of porcelain in Japan have long been sought after, and secured as treasures, by those professing taste and knowledge of such wares. The improvements, however, made in the modern styles, will undoubtedly in time precede the older fashions. The chief want in Japanese porcelain is regular symmetry in the pieces, and uniformity in a set or any number of pieces. The absence of these is owing to the non-use of machines and forms for molding, and to defective ovens, through which the heat is not evenly distributed. The decorations, however, are so charming, and so different from any seen elsewhere, that the defects of shape are made tolerable; but what a great advance will be made when a radical cure shall be effected in the directions indicated, is seen in instances of sets of well-shaped foreign porcelain, finely painted by Japanese artists.

Manufacturers here are now manifesting much interest in the question of how to improve in the character, symmetry, and uniformity of their wares, and there is every reason to believe that in a few years competition with foreign manufacturers and in exportation will be active. The clay pits belonging to some of these establishments have been worked for two thousand years or more, and the enormous deposits seem scarcely more than scraped. Cobalt, used in coloring, is found in the same hills, and the clay being of excellent character, no reason seems to exist why the introduction of foreign molding machines and improved ovens should not turn out a largely increased yearly product of excellent ware, so formed and prepared as to please the taste and supply the wants of foreigners.

The United States imports about $20,000,000 worth of Japanese porcelain every year. Labor is so cheap, plentiful, and skilful in this country, and the artistic taste of the people is so universal, that beautiful articles of porcelain can be manufactured and placed upon the market in sufficient quantities, and at prices so low as to be within the reach of the majority of the inhabitants of the civilized world.

MINES AND MINING.

Mining in Japan is older than any accurate history of the industry. The government retains for itself the title and control of all mines and minerals, and grants licenses to work them. There is a ground tax of one yen for every six square rods, whether the mine is worked or not. When worked there is a royalty tax of three to twenty per cent of the net profit realized. Much of the mining is carried on by the different departments of the government. Some have had able scientific foreign advisers, and there are a few natives who are educated mineralogists and metallurgists, but it is safe to say that the greater part of the mining is still old and crude in character.

Returns for the year 1879 show the following product: gold, $233,843; silver, $451,094; copper, $1,436,061; lead, $25,933; pig iron, $107,759; coal, $1,712,493. In addition to these there was a small production of sulphur, sulphuric acid, petroleum, antimony, and tin. The total value was about 4,250,000 yen. As the coal out-put has considerably increased, the value for the last fiscal year may reach five million dollars.

IMPORTS.

The larger share of the goods imported into Japan, consisting chiefly of cotton and woolen goods, are from England. The principal goods imported from the United States are kerosene oil, clocks, watches, lamps, firearms, canned meats, and some fruits. A good deal of canned butter, purporting to be prepared in England and Switzerland, is brought here from the former country, but is said to be largely of American manufacture, exported to England in firkins, and then worked over and put up in cans. If Americans, with their usual enterprise, will put up in cans a good article of butter, well freed from the buttermilk, a large trade for it could be established in all these Asiatic cities. No good butter is made in any of these countries, and the amount consumed by Europeans alone is very large.

The amount of kerosene sent from the United States to Japan amounts to about $2,500,000 per year; clocks and watches, $242,000; provisions and butter, $110,000; of firearms, $125,000; lamps and fittings, $125,000. American manufactures of cotton seem to be too high in price for this market. It seems singular that England can send here cotton fabrics at lower prices than our people.

THE GOVERNMENT,

As I have told you, was changed by the revolution of 1868. Previous to that time it was an absolute and irresponsible monarchy, with an emperor at its head, who held all authority by divine right, and who ruled through a number of feudal princes, at whose head stood the shogun, or tycoon. The laborer had no privileges except such as his immediate prince gave him. He was absolutely under the control and in the power of his feudal lord and that lord's retainers.

There were no courts for the trial of causes which might arise between a laborer and his superiors. The position of the laboring man was so immeasurably below that of the ruling class that it was as much as his life was worth to even petition his prince or appeal to the shogun or emperor against any act of the upper classes. The laborers were bound to the soil, and could not leave it without permission. Their lives, even, were in the hands of their immediate superiors, and fancied insolence or insubordination was sufficient justification for ending them. The people were divided into five general classes as follows:

1. Military and official—this class included the emperor and his blue-blooded nobility, the tycoon and the daimiyos, and their retainers.
2. Farmers who held land under lease.
3. Artisans.
4. Merchants and bankers.
5. Laborers, or the coolie class.

There was the widest possible gulf between the first class and all the others. The others had no rights which the first class were bound to respect.

After the revolution of 1868 a great change was made—the feudal system was abolished, the feudal lords were pensioned, and their power taken from them and assumed by the general government. Although the laborer still has no voice in the making and execution of the laws, he has been materially benefited by the change. A system of courts has been established wherein he can be heard against even the highest classes. He can demand the intervention of these courts to insure the payment of his wages, which he could by no means do under the old order of things.

A vast and burdensome body of men-at-arms, with absolute authority, was set aside, the old divisions of the people abolished, and in the eyes of the law all made of the same class. It is true the power and influence of the old class system is still felt, and must be for years to come; but it will gradually die out until the laborer occupies ground equal to all others.

The empire is divided into districts called *ken* and *feu*, over each of which is placed an officer, known as the *ken-rei* or *feu-chiji*, meaning much the same as the word governor with us. At the office of this official every native resident must be registered, and he or she cannot remove to another ken without permission is first obtained; and upon arrival at the new home must again be registered there. So strict is this supervision that a Japanese cannot travel or even sleep out of his district without permission of the authorities. A block of every ten houses has its supervising officer, and each hundred a superior official, keeping watch and ward over the movements of the occupants, so that any change or movement, even for a day, is immediately known, and this interference by the government is not confined to the movements of the people, but extends to all their trades and industries. Monopolies are granted to certain parties, either of trade or transportation, and the government itself often becomes a buyer or seller in the market.

LAND TENURE.

All the land of the empire was the emperor's. Through the shogun it was granted to the military favorites for the maintenance of the military power. These favorites leased it in small divisions to farmers, who held it at the pleasure of the lessors. So long as the lessee paid the stipulated price, in produce, he was left undisturbed. Such was the tenure up to the revolution of 1868. Since that time the federal system has been abolished, the land tenure has been changed, the land has been sold to the tiller, and is now held in fee simple. This important reform has been of great benefit to the farming class, making home the property of the occupant, and giving him much more of independence. About one-third of the tillable land is now in the ownership of the cultivators, the remainder being owned by larger proprietors, or still belonging to the government.

SOCIETY

Was formerly here, as in other parts of Asia, essential patriarchal. The father had almost unlimited control over all the members of his family. The whole course of the life of a child was invariably marked out and directed by the father. Marriages were entirely under his authority. No son or daughter, whatever their age, could leave the paternal roof without the consent of the father. The husband held similar power over the wife. She could be divorced and sent away from her children at his will and that of his family. But much of this absolute power on the part of the father and husband has been done away with, though it still remains greater than is the custom in Western civilization.

The education of the higher classes was in former times Chinese. The literature, philosophy, and science (if the latter term is permissible) were all Chinese. There was no illiteracy among the higher classes, for all could read and write. Nearly all the other classes, although not learned, could also read and write sufficient for business purposes. There were some exceptions, but of the male farmers and artisans nine-tenths could read and write. Schools existed in large towns of the provinces, and also in many of the smaller villages. When schools were not available, reading and writing were taught in a primitive way at home.

The most highly educated in Japan knew some thousands of Chinese characters, a few books of the Chinese classics, the books of ceremonies, and some of the truisms and proverbs of Chinese sages, and could write impromptu poetry in Chinese characters. It is not deemed necessary that he should even know the history of his own country, much less that of any other portion of the world. He had no knowledge of anything worthy the name of science. In art he could usually paint and draw. By this it will be seen that even the best educated were not highly learned.

The lower classes, in place of this Chinese culture, know just enough of arithmetic to serve their daily use, and could read and write in Japanese characters. There was some knowledge of Japanese history, mixed up with the mythical and marvelous, gleaned from books or learned from the traveling story-teller, who, by the roadside, recited to gaping crowds the stories of the wars and amours of the olden time.

The whole system of education, from what I have already told you, has been greatly remodeled since 1868. Public schools have been established, and scientific text-books from Europe and America have been translated and brought into great use. Perhaps the illiteracy of the lower class has not been greatly reduced by the introduction of Western customs and learning; but the learned class are much better educated than formerly, and in the place of the useless proverbs and superstitions of former ages, the inculcations of scientific minds have been accepted, and the prospect for the future is most encouraging. At the present rate of progress, in another decade the commonest laborer may be benefited by the Western system of education.

MORALS.

It is somewhat difficult to write accurately of the morals of a country, especially of these Asiatic countries, so as to convey any intelligent understanding of the subject to Western people. The habits and customs of centuries, in which the relations of the sexes in this country have been looked upon so differently to those to which we have been accustomed, have created a code of morals, if the term be permitted, from which morality, in this connection, has been excluded. The relation of master and concubine is here considered perfectly proper, and neither party loses caste or respectability. Parents sell their daughters for this purpose, and even to become inmates of houses of prostitution. From these latter places it not unfrequently occurs that girls are taken to become excellent wives and mothers. After marriage the wife is expected to be true to her husband, and it seldom happens that she fails in this duty. As mothers, Japanese women are

models. None can be kinder or more affectionate to their children; they will spare no pains to amuse or instruct them, and seldom use force to compel obedience or punish a fault. As wives, these women are simply slaves to the humors and caprices of their husbands; they have absolutely no rights, and are often subjected to seeing the attentions of their lords transferred to some favorite concubine, to whom they are obliged to be considerate and respectful.

The males in Japan greatly exceed in number the females; and in consequence of this fact, and the additional one of concubinage, so largely practiced, the number of unmarried men among the laboring classes is very large. These persons frequent houses of prostitution, and spend much of their earnings in gambling and drinking. It must be said, however, that drunkenness is exceptional, especially among the better class of laborers. The Japanese, like all Eastern people, are somewhat given to exaggeration in their speech; but their great suavity and politeness to each other are always conspicuous.

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

The islands of Japan are long and narrow. There is no point in the center of the larger island more than one hundred miles from navigable water. Cheap ocean transportation is therefore everywhere easily available. On the alluvial plains of the eastern and western coasts, besides the tidal rivers, there exists an extensive system of canals. In the interior in former times there was no general system of roads worthy of the name. It is true, the Tokugowa tycoons and some of the daimiyos had built a few roads, but they were ill adapted to carriage traffic, and in places were entirely impassable, except for footmen and pack-horses. Such carriage is slow and costly, and ruinous to both producer and consumer. As a tax it bears heavily on the shoulders of labor, and will do so until better roads are built by the government. So much man-packing is not only laborious, but degrading. It prevents production, consumption, and trade.

The building of good roads and the providing of cheap transportation must be a condition precedent to the settlement and development of the wilds of the country. By sea, river, and canal the means of transportation are reasonably good and cheap. Lines of steamers and sailing vessels of foreign construction have been established to all the principal ports of the country. The fleet of vessels owned by one company, the Mitsu-Bishi, represents in round numbers a gross tonnage of 50,000 tons. This company has had the countenance and support of the government; its fleet is being constantly increased, and the service rendered more effective.

In addition there are many smaller companies in Tokio, Osaka, and Nagasaki, which run steamers and sailing vessels of foreign style to some of the smaller ports. Some of these smaller steamers are Japanese built, and, although not of the best construction, give promise that in time Japan will be independent of foreign countries in ship building. There are no means available for giving accurate data as to the number and tonnage of the old style of native sailing vessels, known as "junks." The gross tonnage must be very large. They run along the coast to and from all the ports, and give cheap service, much cheaper than steam or foreign sailing vessels. Latterly loud complaints have been made of the interference by the government with the vessels in the interests of the steam monopolies. Experience will certainly compel an abandonment of such attempts, which, if persisted in, must result disastrously both to the government and the people.

As bearing upon the question of inland transportation of the products of labor, the statistics of the number of cattle and horses of both Japan and the United States may be properly inserted here so that the contrast may be seen.

In Japan her 35,000,000 people have 900,274 horses and 814,324 cattle. In the United States in 1870 the 38,000,000 people had in round numbers 10,000,000 horses and mules, and 26,000,000 cattle. This will show what burdens the laborer carries on his back, and what unnecessary calls are made upon his earnings in the way of conveying his products.

The mail transportation that has been established within the last ten years, both coastwise and inland, is cheap and excellent. The number of miles of mail routes aggregate 36,052. The number of letters carried for the year ending June 30, 1880, was 55,775,206, and that of newspapers 11,203,731. These figures throw great light upon the volume of business of the country and the amount of reading and writing done by the people.

TENEMENTS.

In forming an opinion of the tenements of the laborer the climate of the country must be borne in mind. Although there are unlimited quantities of good, durable building-stone everywhere in the mountain range, and vast deposits of firm clay for making brick, no stone or brick houses are built. The frequency and severity of earthquakes make the use of any but wooden structures impracticable. Timber is scarce, and there is nothing worthy the name of forests except in a portion of Yezo in the far north.

A large majority of the buildings are one story, and, compared to those of America and Europe, small. But the reader must bear in mind that the requirements of this oriental civilization are less than with us. A laborer's house, will, at most, have no more than four little rooms. Generally there is one main room, which serves as a sitting, dining, and sleeping room, and, in addition, a small nook for cooking, and another for bathing. That the uses of one room for the purposes of eating, sitting, and sleeping may be understood, it should be remembered that the rooms are covered with clean soft mats, upon which no boot or shoe ever treads. When meals are served, small tables, not more than a foot high, are used, and the family sit on the floor like tailors on their benches. When the meal is finished the table is removed and the room is ready for a sitting-room, the mats serving as seats. At night, cotton comforters are brought from a small clothes-press, and spread on the mats, and lo! a sleeping chamber. Thus much of the room occupied by the laboror of our western civilization is saved. A Japanese laborer's house, with three rooms, can be built for from twenty-five to one hundred yen. And the furniture, including matting and sliding partitions, will not exceed fifty yen. The house, by reason of non-use by the people of boots and shoes, is neat and clean. The bath, found in almost every laborer's house, is in daily use, and, cheap and small as the house is, it is comfortable.

None of the houses are built with a view to ventilation or warmth, the partitions and sides being of paper, protected in cold weather and storms by strong wooden shutters. The vast majority of the houses are thatched, and therefore stovepipes and chimneys are impossible. In fact, there are no stoves nor grates in Japan. In villages and towns the house is warmed, if at all, by a small fire-box, filled with charcoal, but more generally by a square zinc or copper-lined fire-place, sunk in the middle of the floor, in which the wood is burnt, the smoke from which rises and escapes through a hole in the roof. But little heat is generated in this way, and much discomfort from the smoke is experienced, and diseases of the eye are prevalent.

As a rule, the principal protection from cold is by additional padded clothing. The laborer, however, suffers in the three winter months, when, although in many parts of the empire the thermometer does not mark very low, the cold storms of snow and rain are exceedingly uncomfortable. The drainage from sinks and cess-pools in the vicinity of tenements, is, as a rule, extremely defective, and is doubtless a powerful agent in producing epidemic diseases.

In 1875, when the population was 33,300,675, there were 7,389,371 houses, or tenements, the average number of occupants to each being, therefore, less than 5. In Tokio, the number is 4; in Kanagawa ken, 4.5; Nagasaki ken, 4.7; Firkushima ken, 5.5; Miyaga ken, 5.9; Awomori ken, 5.8; Osaka City, 3.7.

The houses of cities seem to be less crowded than those of the poor, rural districts.

The fuel, which is used chiefly for cooking and heating baths, is charcoal, cut and split wood, brush, and dried grass. Charcoal is made in the wooded regions, burned in small, clay pits, and carried to the settlements on the backs of men and horses, in straw sacks. The selling price varies according to the distance from which it is brought; from 25 to 50 cents per 100 pounds. But wood is sold in small bundles of six sticks, each stick being about 18 inches in length and 2 inches in diameter; 80 to 100 bundles are sold for one dollar. I am quoting the rates of districts remote from the foreign settlements.

Brush and dried grass are gathered from the wild lands, to which certain rights of commons attach, as in England in early times. The value of the fuel bought and sold in 1875, was as follows: wood $6,107,974; charcoal, $2,219,986.

As the farmer and country laborer gets his fuel from his own land, or from the commons, this must have been mostly used in the larger villages and cities, showing how little is consumed for house-warming even by the richer classes.

FARMERS.

As has been said, the farmer, under the old system of classes, ranked next to the samurai, or governing class. In the new order he holds the same position in public opinion and general estimation. He is now owner of the soil he tills, and is taxed according to its producing capacity.

The kocho, or village officer, in all agricultural villages, has always been a leading farmer, and some villages had and still have the right to choose the officer. He had little more than a general supervision of village affairs. He settled petty disputes, maintained the peace, kept the register of the inhabitants, granted traveling permits, arrested thieves, and was a general advisor for the village.

Within the past three years the government has taken a step which has greatly enhanced the position and influence of the landholder. A decree has been promulgated by which local elective assemblies have been created, the electors of which are confined to such of the landholders as pay at least $10 land tax.

At present the power of these assemblies is only deliberative and advisory. The governor of the province submits his fiscal estimates for local expenditures, and they examine and pass upon them. If they disagree with him, the whole matter goes to the general government for decision. Although these assemblies possess no legislative power, they contain the germ of representative local self-government. The system needs to be extended, so as to include, among the representatives, intelligent people of all classes, and to have the power now exercised materially increased. That this consummation will be achieved is almost certain. Nor will reform in this direction stop here. As I have remarked, the mikado is pledged that an elected legislature shall be inaugurated by the year 1890.

'The agitation pervading all classes in Japan in favor of a national representative assembly is manifested daily in petitions to the emperor and his ministers, in conferences and lectures, and in newspaper communications and editorials. The question is so prominent, and the determinations to achieve success so universal, that the Genro-in, the deliberative and advisory council of the empire, is now said to be taking it into serious consideration; and probably the country before the lapse of many years, possibly months, will find itself in possession of some such chamber, wherein the views of all the people may be presented and discussed, and laws for their welfare enacted. That it will be entirely free to act as its members may be inclined is not probable, and it may be a matter of doubt if such freedom would at present be wise.

'Farmers in Japan have no seasons of rest as in colder climates, the climate in nearly all portions of the country being so mild in winter as to admit of raising the hardier crops. A considerable percentage of the land-owners are not workers, large numbers of the tea, silk, rice, tobacco, and sugar-raisers being able to employ laborers for that purpose. Almost every farmer can read, write, and keep his farm accounts. He sends his sons to some school to learn the same, and has his daughters taught music and needle-work at home.

'All labor on farms is, to the present time, mere hand-work. A plow is seldom seen. Sometimes in the lowland rice-fields an implement five feet in length, with a wooden cross-piece and depending iron teeth twenty inches in length, set four or five inches apart, is used with a horse as a pulverizer of the soil after the latter has been thoroughly dug up and worked over with a mattock. Ninety-nine per cent, however, of all labor is still manual. In 1878 the number of farmers, out of a population of 35,000,000, was something over 15,500,000, of which 7,000,000 were women; but as a large number of these latter, including the old and young, are engaged in household duties, spinning, weaving, making clothing, etc., there were probably not more than two or three millions of women employed in field work.

'The wages of an able-bodied farm hand is about $35 per year, with board; and without board, $50. Per day with board it will not average more than fifteen to twenty cents. Female labor is much cheaper. To do work in a house or on a farm stout, healthy women are engaged at from $8 to $10 per year, with food; and without food, $25 to $30, and by the day at from ten to fifteen cents. The number of hours of labor will not average nine, and probably not more than eight. The Japanese farmer is an easy task-master, and treats his hired labor with great kindness. In ordinary farming there is little skilled labor, but in tea, silk, and sugar cultivation and preparation, skill and experience are required, and are paid higher prices. A good tea-firer on a tea plantation, or a silk winder, receives double the wages of the unskilled laborer.

CLOTHING.—'The clothing of the farm laborer in summer is little more than nature sent him into the world with; in winter a cotton garment or two is worn, with straw sandals or wooden clogs. The whole clothing of a year will not cost more than four or five dollars.

HOLIDAYS.—'Several holidays are allowed each year, such as religious festivals and family celebrations. When a man and his wife work for yearly wages they will receive, without board, about $75. From this he has to pay $8 to $10 for a two or three small-roomed house, and buy clothing for a family of four or five, amounting, perhaps, to $20. He will have a small garden with his house, from which one half of his living is produced; a few chickens and ducks, tended by the children, will buy many articles of necessity or of ornament for holiday use; a child of six or seven years, perhaps with a babe of six months strapped to its back, will gather brush or dried grass on the commons for fuel; and by great frugality in eating, and scrupulous care of clothing, at the end of the year he finds he has supported his family, had several enjoyable holidays, and has a few dollars hidden away in some secret place.

ARTISANS.

'The Japanese artisan, like the farmer, has always held a respectable position. He was in a class above the merchant and banker, but in reality his position, pay, and privileges were no greater. For a thousand years a very high mechanical art has existed. The Japanese articles and implements of steel were of the best. Some of the old swords are worthy to

be classed with the Toledo and Damascus blades. Their lacquered wares have been and still are unrivaled, and they made beautiful porcelain long before Palissy and Böttcher were born. Their silk, cloth, embroideries, and silk tapestries were exquisitely beautiful at a time when some Western people wore the coarsest stuffs. Their oldest bronze compares with the finest products of Europe. Their paintings on silk and paper, porcelain and lacquer, excites the warmest attention. Their ivory and wood carvings are wonders of skill, ingenuity, and patient labor.

'There is hardly a house in Japan where some mechanical trade is not carried on. Even in the households of the higher classes, silk, cotton, and other goods are made by the servants, and the members of the family have some knowledge of the art. Every farmer's house has its wheel and loom. Many of the smaller merchants make more or less of their goods. In this view there are many more artisans in the country than are shown by the census of 1875. The number, as I have previously stated, is placed between 700,000 and 800,000. I believe that there are more than double that number who devote the greatest share of their time to manufacture, and five or six millions who work more or less at mechanical trades.'

Many of the wares used for home consumption require no special skill in their production, and therefore the labor wages are low. In the manufacture of silk, lacquer, enamels, bronze, embroideries, and in their paintings skilled labor must enter, and is paid proportionately.

Labor-saving machinery of any kind is almost wholly unknown in Japan, as it is in China and all other parts of Asia. There are said to be but two sawmills in the entire empire. There are few countries in the world where there are fewer inventions in the way of new machines. Porcelain is manufactured in all the provinces, the aggregate amount being some $3,000,000 per year, but it is chiefly done in the same manner as followed a thousand years ago, very few of the later methods used in more modern countries having been introduced.

The clay is manipulated in the ancient style, and the same wheel is employed as is shown in hieroglyphics on the walls of the tombs of Egypt. Some advance, however, has of late years been made in the way of designs and decorations, and in various articles of ornamentation. No more beautiful or exquisite ceramic articles are made than come from the hands of Japanese artisans. Love of beautiful pottery has been a natural passion for more than a thousand years. Skilled labor necessarily commands a higher price than unskilled labor. Much of the coarser work is done by apprentices and common journeymen; but a good turner at the pottery wheel gets from fifty to seventy cents per day; and the best painters from seventy-five cents to a dollar and twenty cents per day. The average, however, is much less; and makers of flowers and figures of birds, etc., for ornamenting the larger vases and jars in bas-relief, secure from fifty to seventy cents a day. Safe persons, skilled in baking the ware, can demand from forty to sixty cents a day; clay washers and mixers, twenty or thirty cents.

'Makers of enameled copper and bronze work receive about the same wages as the porcelain workers; although the highest skilled laborers in inlaid bronzes sometimes command as high as a dollar and a half per day; but ordinary mechanics in this line get from thirty to seventy cents. Ivory carvers get from ten to twenty dollars per month; carpenters from twenty-five to fifty cents per day. Blacksmiths work still cheaper, and get from eighteen to forty cents per day.'

Modern lacquer workers, in the best product of the art, rank with porcelain and bronze workers; wages ranging from twenty cents to a dollar and twenty cents per day, according to the skill of the artisan and the quality of the work turned out. Ship-builders are of course employed on the coast and near seaports, and their wages average considerably higher than those of mechanics in the interior. A good ship carpenter gets from forty to fifty cents per day, while a good foreman commands from fifty to sixty dollars per month. There is, however, little danger of American mechanics coming over to Japan on account of the high wages paid here.

PROFESSIONAL LABOR.

Physicians, as a rule, do not charge for the visit to the patient, but for the medicine administered; but as a physician of high reputation charges more for the same medicine than a physician of less reputation, it amounts to about the same thing as with us. An ordinary physician receives patients at his office, and during regular hours, at twelve to twenty cents. If visits are made to the residences of the patients, the prices are doubly as high. Surgery was unknown in the old Japanese practice, but has been introduced by those who have learned in European and American schools. The better educated physicians, in order to receive practice, are compelled to be governed by prevailing prices, otherwise they would receive but few calls.

Until recently Japan was so happy as to have no lawyers, save among the foreigners; but with the introduction of modern civilization, even native lawyers are coming into fashion. It can hardly be said, however, that they have yet succeeded in establishing a footing, or that the profession has a well-defined existence. As no civil code has been adopted, and as the criminal code has been little modified, it may be some time before Japanese lawyers flourish equal to English and American lawyers.

Writers, translators, and interpreters receive all prices, from ten to fifty dollars per month. Clerks, salesmen, and book-keepers command from ten to twenty dollars per month, including board.

COOLIE OR COMMON LABOR

Is, of course, the lowest in Japan. As has been observed, these people were the serfs of the soil. Although the whole class system has been done away with, yet, as must be understood, the effect of the customs of a thousand years cannot all be removed in a short time. Not a little of the old degradation of the lower class still remains. The year 1868 found this class in utter poverty. Not one in a hundred of them owned a foot of land, or the rude roof which illy sheltered their heads from the storms. Fourteen years have done much to improve this condition. Many now own their own houses and their tools. Some have bought land, and are now farmers on their own account. Wages have been raised, and the children of the laboring classes are receiving a degree of education.

The carriers are undoubtedly the hardest-worked class in the country. This class includes the packers, who carry freight upon their backs and shoulders; the carmen, who haul heavy loads on man-carts and the jin-rik-sha men, whom I have pretty fully, described. These last, as I have told you, trot from thirty to fifty miles per day, on good roads, till the perspiration pours from them profusely, when, perhaps, they have to stop for an hour or more, without any protection, in the cold, harsh wind; and it is not strange that colds, consumption and short life are the result. Many own their own carriages and earn sixty centy cents a day, but in more numerous cases the jin-rik-shas are owned by companies or guilds and command a rental of six to ten cents per day from the poor fellows who haul them. There are thought to be four hundred thousand of these man-wagons in the country.

There are two kinds of cart carriage—one by men, the other by a bull or a cow. Those for men are heavy, requiring from two to six men to manipulate them. The loads hauled in these are often enormously heavy. All sorts of teams are in use here. An old man and a young woman with a child strapped to her back are sometimes seen hauling a loaded cart together. Ten to twelve miles a day with a loaded cart is considered a good day's work. Six or seven hundred pounds is an average load for two persons. I have seen a ton pulled along the streets of Yokohama by six men; and for this heavy work the sum of ten to twenty cents a day per man is paid. However cheerless this picture, these simple natives manage to find some enjoyment in it all. Through the country they go in a train of several carts, taking their food, rain-coats of straw, and sun-hats, and at intervals stop by some stream of clear water with pleasant shade, and here laughter and light-heartedness cheer them in their hard toil, while their simple meals satisfy the demands of hunger.

Bull carts are drawn by a single animal, by the side of which the driver walks, guiding him by a small rope fastened in the nose with an iron ring. The bull is stout, quiet, and gentle, and will travel fifteen miles a day, hauling several hundred pounds. Such an outfit, including man, bull, and cart, earns about fifty cents a day.

Packers are of two kinds—men and women, who carry loads of produce and goods on their backs over the mountain paths and along the highways down to the rivers and sea-coast, and those who use horses for the same purpose. Men and women carry from eighty to a hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and travel from twelve to fifteen miles per day, by which hard service the sum of from ten to sixteen cents a day is earned. The horses and cattle for packing are fed little but grass. They are invariably shod with straw shoes, which in the interior cost two cents a set; on stony roads two sets a day are required.

FISHERMEN.

Surrounded on all sides by the ocean, indented everywhere by broad gulfs and bays, all the alluvial portions of the country cut up by tidal streams and canals, the waters swarming with a great variety of fish suited for food, it is the most natural thing in the world that thousands of the Japanese should be fishermen. Every shore has its fishing villages. All the bays and inlets on fair days are white with the sails of fishing boats. This is the lowest class in the country. Their houses are the poorest of any, and they possess the least intelligence and culture. There are fewer schools in these isolated villages than elsewhere, and the percentage of illiteracy is decidedly greater. Physically these fishermen are equal to the rest of the population of the country, as they always have plenty of fish for food, but their general ignorance doubtless arises from a lack of culture. There is no religious prejudices against fish as food, so this fishing population has no need to go hungry.

A good fishing boat for two men costs about seventy dollars. As an average, sixty to ninety cents' worth of fish are caught per day in a boat. The wages of able-bodied fishermen by the day are fifteen to twenty cents. Women and children work along the shores at low tide gathering oysters, clams, etc.

The preparation of salted fish gives employment to large numbers of the cheaper class of laborers. This numerous fishing population, the island character of the country, the number and variety of fish in all the waters, the cheapness of transportation from the fisheries to the centers of population on the seashores and river banks, all have an important bearing upon the welfare of the laboring class. In the larger towns the fish-markets are all under the control of guilds, and in some places the boats are owned and the men employed by these guilds. In some of the larger fishing towns the guilds own as many as twelve hundred boats and employ four thousand men. Some of the boats carry eight or ten men. The sales of fish of a single guild amount to $1,500,000 per year. Fish are to be had at all prices from two to twelve cents a pound, according to the quality and locality where sold. The product of the fisheries in 1878 amounted to $10,000,000.

MINES.—The mines of Japan, in value of the product, do not take high rank. The total value from all mines and quarries in 1878 did not exceed $5,000,000. Labor is cheap, and for poverty and ignorance the miner takes the position side by side with the fisherman. His lot is harder, and his pleasures less. Common mine labor can be had for from eight to twenty cents per day, and by the month for still less. Exactly what the mine wealth of Japan is cannot be ascertained at present, and probably will never be known until the country and its hidden resources are open to foreign skill and enterprise; and this may be said with equal truth as to the cultivated lands. If worked in large tracts by skilled labor and by modern foreign implements the taxable wealth of the country would be vastly increased.

I will give you a few more paragraphs from Cousul-General Van Buren's work.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The national games and sports of Japan were less active and athletic in character than those of Europe and America. The samurai were fond of horseback riding, but the laboring classes were not allowed to ride on the public roads. Even now, when the packhorses are returning unloaded from the market, and the drivers ride a portion of the way, they make sure to dismount in the presence of any of the old higher class. Foot races, or walking-matches, are not in vogue; so of boat-racing. Exclusively warlike games and practices were indulged in by the higher class. They practiced archery and fencing; and, on eating and drinking occasions, had trials of strength and skill within doors.

The lower classes had a more active class of sports. Under the harvest moon you may see a whole village collected to witness wrestling, racing, and fencing. Theatrical performances are popular, and traveling troupes of actors go from village to village, erect bamboo and mat shelters, and give entertainments for a week at a time. On such occasions the laboring classes turn out in great numbers, with all their holiday finery on, and enjoy every incident of the performance. Laboring men, in the evening, go to tea-houses, drink a light wine made from rice, sing songs, play games of skill, and recite in dramatic style from the old historians and poets. Women and girls gossip in groups at some neighbor's house, or at the public baths. Women play a simple game of checkers, while men are skilled in chess. The children have battledore and kite-flying.

In addition to this, the Japanese are great travelers. In certain months, when farm labor is not pressing, twenty or thirty friends and neighbors will arrange a pilgrimage to some of the noted shrines and temples in the mountains, going on foot as far as 150 or 200 miles. They walk leisurely along the roads and paths, talking, laughing, and singing. In the middle of the day, when tired, they sleep in the shade of the groves, eat rice, and drink tea, and are as happy as the day is long. These pilgrimages are an important feature in the social life of the laborer. They afford mental and physical relaxation, give extended observation of wide regions of country, of new, varied, and better industries, and an insight into the life and habits of their far-off countrymen.

There is another amusement to be met with on festival days, which, in the smaller villages of the interior, still exerts an influence upon the lower classes. I allude to the wayside story-telling. This afforded the only means which certain classes had of knowing the history of the country. The story-tellers have rude booths, and for a mere pittance recite by the hour the civil and military history of the different dynasties which have ruled the country. They speak the pure old Japanese, unmixed with Chinese words, which the learned affect, and thus are perfectly understood by their hearers.

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

Every branch of labor and trade has its guild, although not, like those of Western countries, original-

ly formed to protect labor from the exactions of capital. The government, for purposes of revenue, farmed out to favorites exclusive privileges of trade or of labor, and these persons formed guilds and levied taxes upon all engaged in each occupation. These organizations, in time, fell more and more under the influence and control of the taxed. They gradually grew to be used for the protection of the interests of the trades. They could petition the local authorities, and, from their numbers and unity, had no inconsiderable influence.

Although the government has abolished this practice of farming these guilds, and substituted therefor individual license, the guilds still exist and zealously guard the interest of their members.

As has been said, there are no manufactories employing large capital and great numbers of operatives; but the manufactures of Japan are distinctively household. In some cases a few outside laborers are employed, but in many, perhaps a majority, of these household workshops the laborer is interested in the capital and profits of the manufacture.

If labor-saving machinery, large capital, and great establishments, employing hundreds of people, shall ever be introduced, these guilds, now operating partially in the interest of labor, may assume the importance and influence of the labor organizations in the United States.

PAUPERISM.

In all time Japan had her beggar class, who were permitted to solicit alms by the roadside and to live in huts on the waste lands. The origin of this class is unknown. Whether they are descended from the lepers, or from pardoned criminals, and thus outcasts, or from the conquered aborigines, is uncertain. Although they may still be seen here and there by the roadsides, the government discourages these proceedings, and in many cases they are arrested and subjected to punishment. There was an attempt some years since by the various local authorities to reduce the number of these beggars by furnishing them with labor, food, and clothing, but without marked success. With this exception, the government has never made any provision for the extremely poor. Farms for the poor, pauper asylums, systems of out-door relief, were and are unknown. So little food and clothing will supply the wants of the poor that the near and distant relatives of which the class are formed were enabled to provide that little. As the influence of the family organizations grow weaker, and their responsibility less, the necessity of some public provision begins to be felt.

There is another feature of society here which makes numbers of aged, indigent people less dependent upon public charity. The family never becomes extinct; the line of descent never ceases. If there are no male children to bear the name, a younger son of another family is adopted, who takes the family name, and upon whom the aged and decrepit lean for support.

SCENERY.

The remarkable beauty of Japanese scenery has won the admiration of every visitor. Her grand mountain ranges, covered with trees and shrubs, clothed in perpetual green, towered by the world-renowned Fujiyama, rearing its shining summit above the clouds, reverenced by millions of her people as the highest exhibition of nature, and the holy shrine, to which thousands of pilgrims yearly bend their steps; the charming and picturesque valleys, carpeted with richest verdure and blossoming with flowers of a thousand hues, including the lotus, queen of lilies, which fills the atmosphere with its rich perfume; the rushing torrents and winding rivers, sparkling with clearest water; her numerous and varied islands; her indented coasts, bays, and harbors; her variety of shrubs and trees, and her skies of purest blue, all combine to make their impress on the character of her people.

Cheerfulness of disposition and love of the beautiful are striking characteristics of the natives of the Niphon. Born and reared amidst such charms of nature, forms of beauty become to them every-day familiar objects, and it is no matter of wonder that they bring into existence some of the loveliest works of art that human hands have ever formed, or that the smiles of sky and earth, air and sea, should be reflected on their faces and in their lives. The laborer sings at his toil, goes cheerfully to his simple meal, and engages with the enthusiasm of boyhood in his holiday sports.

ETHNOLOGY.

It is perhaps too early to state with certainty to which of the families of the human race the Japanese belong.

Morton, long since, after examining a number of Chinese crania, decided that they are not of Chinese origin. Their language, which is always considered the strongest evidence of race, makes it certain that they are neither Chinese, Polynesian, nor of that aboriginal race to which the inhabitants of northeastern Asia belong. Whitney and Muller are inclined to place them in the great Indo-European family. If so, the conquerors of these islands must have started from the central regions of Asia, and instead of traveling west, as the other migratory hordes did, came east, crossed to Japan, and wrested the country from the Ainos, the then possessors of the soil.

ORIENTAL CIVILIZATION.

The distinctive characteristic of oriental civilization, as compared to ours of the West, is its extreme simplicity of food, dress, houses, household appurtenances, and general style of living. The precepts of religion, the maxims of government, and the times inculcate and commend the practice of frugality and rigid economy, while the whole influence of Western civilization tends to lead the laborer to habits of show and luxury beyond his means. Our styles of architecture, of food, and of clothing are incomparably more costly than those of the orient.

If a Japanese laborer had to live in our style of house, eat our animal flesh and pastries, and wear our clothing, to say nothing of the social demands upon his time and means, the cost of his living would be more than quadrupled, and the price of his products enhanced accordingly. This question of the comparative simplicity and cost of living and of production of the two civilizations will grow in importance as the two systems are brought more and more into contact and competition.

There are seven or eight hundred million people dwelling on the southern and eastern shores of Asia, the majority of them workers, living up to the requirements of this oriental simplicity, who are all ready to compete with our people in every branch of human industry. And it may be worth our while to inquire if the demands of our social system do not handicap our laborer too heavily in the contest. Of course it is not to be contemplated that our laborers are to be put upon rice, fish, or vegetable diet of these Eastern workers. Our climate alone utterly forbids such a consummation, if, in any view, it were desirable. The labor-saving machinery, created from the active brains of our inventors, so often looked upon by laboring men as destructive of employment and ruinous to their interests constitutes for the present the barrier which protects them and their interests against the rapid and perhaps lowering competition of the vast mass of laborers to which I have alluded. But this is not all that is needed. The reduction to taxation and equalization of the burdens of our government, as far as possible, the multiplication of cheap means of transportation, the building of economical and comfortable houses in cities, the positive prevention of swindling in food and clothing, the rigid scrutiny of all beverages sold, and the prohibition, under the severest penalties, of the sale of impure drinks, and the encouragement of proper co-operative associations for the purchase and sale of good, cheap provisions, are all necessary for the welfare of our great laboring population, the producers of our wealth and prosperity. So much for Van Buren.

YEZO AND THE AINOS.

I have simply mentioned the savages living on the northern-most island of the Japanese archipelago, called Ainos, but have had very little to say about them for the simple reason that I did not visit them. Their country lies farther north than I have penetrated, consequently they entirely escaped my observation. But as a description of Japan will not be complete with an account of the Ainos omitted, I must tell you something of them, availing myself of the interesting history of them given by Miss Bird in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."

The island named Yezo, which is the home of the Ainos, is separated from the mainland by the Tsugaru Strait, and is in shape an irregular triangle, extending from east langitude 139° 50′ E. to 146° E., and from latitude 41° 30′ N. to 45° 30′ N. It has a climate of singular severity, a heavy snowfall, and in its northern part a Siberian winter. Its area is 35,739 square miles, or considerably more than that of Ireland, while its population is but 123,000. It is a mountainous country, with grassy plains, well watered valleys, impenetrable jungles, and impassable swamps. It has several active volcanoes, and the quietude of its extinct ones is not to be relied upon. Its forests and swamps are drained by innumerable short, rapid rivers, which are subject to violent freshets. In riding round the coast they are encountered every two or three miles, and often detain the traveler days upon their margins.

There are but few safe harbors on the coast, and though exempt from typhoons, it is swept by heavy gales and a continuous surf. The cultivated land is mainly near the sea. The interior is forest-covered, and the supplies of valuable lumber is almost inexhaustible, and are said to include thirty-six kinds of useful timber trees. Openings in the forest are heavily grassed with the *Eulalia Japonica*, a grass higher than the head of a man on horseback, and the forest itself is rendered impassable, not only by a dense growth of the tough and rigid dwarf bamboo, which attains a hight of eight feet, but by ropes and nooses of various vines which grow profusely everywhere. The soil is usually rich, and, the summer being warm, is favorable to the growth of most cereals and root crops. It is too far north for rice, but is well adapted for wheat. European fruit-trees are said to do better here than any part of Japan. The valleys and plains are said to be so fertile that they will produce good crops for twenty years or more without manure. The rains are so frequent that irrigation is not resorted to.

Yezo is rich in coal fields, but the government seems to be jealous of the introduction of foreign capital, and until this embargo is removed it is not likely that much development of the rich mines will be made. Mr. Lyman, at the head of the Geological Survey, estimates the quantity of coal in the Yezo coal fields at 150,000,000 tons, or in other words, that though as much coal were to be taken from those beds as is annually taken from the beds of Great Britain, it would require a thousand years to exhaust them.

The government has spent large sums of money upon Yezo, some of which has been sunk in profitless enterprises, while others bear fruit in productive improvements. Appropriations of over $300,000 a year have been made for such improvements. The island differs so much in its general features and natural productions from the rest of Japan that it is exempt from the ordinary taxes and is subject to special imports on produce, which bring in a revenue of $360,000 annually, a pretty large sum to be paid by a population so small.

The chief and most hopeful operation in the island is an agricultural college, on the model of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, under native direction, on the staff of which are four professors. Its graduating course is four years, and the number of students is limited to sixty. It gives a sound English education, with special attention to surveying and civil engineering, as required in the construction of highways, railroads, drainage, and irrigation works.

The government is supposed to have two objects in view in developing Yezo. One is to provide a field for emigration for the inhabitants of those portions of Japan which are supposed to be over-populated, and the other, by building up a population in Yezo, to erect a sort of bulwark against aggressive designs which are supposed to be entertained by Russia, a power which is as much distrusted in Japan as in England. Colonies have been settled in several favorable regions, grants of land have been made to a great many of the samurai class, and at Satsuporo nearly a thousand soldiers are settled with their families, in detached houses. Seeds and fruit trees are sold to settlers at a very low price, and many agricultural advantages are provided which do not exist on the main island; but either from a natural disinclination to emigrate, or from a dread of the taxes imposed on produce, Yezo fails to attract a population, and a region which could support six millions has a scattered sprinkling, and that mainly around the coasts, of only 123,000. The fisheries of this island are magnificent, and rival those on the opposite coast of Oregon; but they are over-taxed, the tax levied being from ten to twenty-five per cent on the yield. Salmon is a specialty, but cuttle-fish, seaweed, and other fish, are also important articles of export. There are many fishing stations on the southern coast. Salmon fishing there is one of the sights of Japan; some of the seines are four thousand feet in length, and require seventy men to work them; a pair of such, making three hauls a day, sometimes catch 20,000 salmon, averaging, when cured, ten pounds each. The revenue of the fisheries of Ishkari River alone is $15,000 a year. The fish of Yezo are not only sent throughout the interior of Japan, but are also shipped to China. The Ainos are largely employed in the fishing, and an immense number of the emigrants from the provinces of Japan resort to Yezo for the fishing season.

From the interior, in Hakodate, the port town, at different seasons of the year, are to be bought, at moderate price, hares, grouse, deer, quail, snipe, teal, venison, wild ducks and bears. Bear furs and deer skins are among the important articles of export.

The chief objects of interest to the traveler in Yezo is the remnant of the Aino race, the aborigines of Yezo, and not improbably of the whole of Japan. They are peaceful savages who live on the coast and in the interior, their principal occupation being hunting and fishing. They stand in relation to the Japanese subjugators as do the Indians of America to their conquerors. As regards taxes, they pay partly in money and partly in kind.

These savages are often called "hairy Ainos." They are stupid, gentle, good-natured, and submissive. They are a wholly distinct race from the Japanese. In complexion they resemble the people of Spain and southern Italy; in the expression of the face, and of the manner of showing courtesies, European, rather than Asiatic. They are not taller than the Japanese, but much stronger. Their hair is a jet black, very soft, and on the scalp forms thick masses, occasionally wavy, but never showing any tendency to curl. The beard, moustache, and eyebrows are thick and full, and there is frequently a heavy growth of hair on the chest and limbs. The neck is short, brow broad, high, and massive, the nose broad and inclined to flatness, the mouth wide and well formed, the lines of the eyes and eyebrows perfectly straight, and the frontal sinuses well marked. Their language is a very simple one. They have no written characters, no literature, no history, few traditions, and have left no impressions on the

land from which they have been driven. In Yezo, the traveller is conscious of a freer atmosphere than he has breathed on the main island. It is not only the air that circulates more freely, but men and beasts have more elbow room. There are very few restrictions toward travelers who visit this island. One can ride around the place without being stopped by a trespass notice; he can leave the roads and gallop for miles over breezy commons, by the seashore, covered with roses, and can lead a half savage life, and swim rivers, and climb mountains, and light fires in the woods, without breaking any regulations. In short, he can do all that can be done on the mainland. Apart from the interest of investigation and observation, there is a charm about the thinly peopled country, a fascination in the long moan of the Pacific, in the glorious loneliness of the region around Volcano Bay, and in the breeziness and freedom of Yezo life, in some respects the most delightful to be found in Japan.

After passing three days with these savages, the Ainos, Miss Bird writes of them as follows: "I am in the lonely Aino land, and I think the most interesting of my traveling experience has been the living for three days and two nights in an Aino hut, and seeing and sharing the daily life of complete savages, who go on with their ordinary occupations just as if I was not among them. I found yesterday a most fatiguing and over-exciting day, as everything was new and interesting, even the extracting from men who have few if any ideas in common with me, all I could extract concerning their religion and customs, and that through an interpreter. I got up at six this morning to write out my notes, and have been writing for five hours, and there is shortly the prospect of another savage seance. The distractions, as you can imagine, are many. At this moment a savage is taking a cup of *saké* by the fire in the center of the floor. He salutes me by extending his hands and waving them toward his face, and then dips a rod in the *saké* and makes six libations to the god—an upright piece of wood, with a fringe of shavings, planted in the floor of the room. Then he waves the cup several times toward himself, makes other libations to the fire, and drinks. Ten other men and women are sitting along each side of the fire-hole; the chief's wife is cooking, the men are apathetically contemplating the preparation of their food; and the other women, who are never idle, are splitting the bark of which they make their clothes. I occupy the guest's seat—a raised platform at one end of the fire, with the skin of a black bear thrown over it.

"I have reserved all I have to say about the Ainos till I had been actually among them, and I hope you will have patience to read to the end. We took three horses and a mounted Aino guide, and found a better track the whole way. It turns into the forest at once on leaving Sarufuto, and goes through the forest the entire distance, with an abundance of reedy grass higher than my hat on horseback along it; and, as it is only twelve inches broad and much overgrown, the horses were constantly pushing through leafage soaking from a night's rain, and I was soon wet up to my shoulders. The forest trees are almost solely the *ailanthus glandulosus* and the *zelkowa keaki*, often matted together with a white-flowered trailer of the hydrangea genus. The undergrowth is simply hideous, consisting mainly of coarse, reedy grass, monstrous docks, the large-leaved *polygonum cuspadatum*, several umbelliferous plants, and a 'ragweed,' which, like most of its gawky fellows, grows from five to six feet high. The forest is dark and very silent, threaded by this narrow path, and by others as narrow, made by hunters in search of game. The main road sometimes plunges into deep bogs; at others, is roughly corduroyed by the roots of trees, and frequently hangs over the edge of abrupt and much-worn declivities, in going upon one of which the baggage horse rolled down a bank fully thirty feet high, and nearly all the tea was lost. At another the guide's pack-saddle lost its balance, and man, horse, and saddle went over the slope, pots, pans, and packages flying after them. At another time my horse sank up to his chest in a very bad bog, and, as he was totally unable to extricate himself, I was obliged to scramble upon his neck and jump to terra-firma over his ears.

"There is something very gloomy in the solitude of this silent land, with its beast-haunted forests, its great patches of pasture, the resort of wild animals which haunt the lower regions in search of food when the snow drives them down from the mountains, and its narrow track, indicating the single file in which the savages of the interior walk with their bare, noiseless feet. Reaching the Sarufutogawa, a river with a treacherous bottom, in which Mr. Van Siebold and his horse came to grief, I hailed an Aino boy, who took me up the stream in a 'dug-out,' and after that we passed through Beroka, Saruba, and Mina, all purely Aino villages, situated among small patches of millet, tobacco, and pumpkins, so choked with weeds that it was doubtful whether they were crops. I was much surprised with the extreme neatness and cleanliness outside the houses; 'model villages' they are in these respects, with no litter lying in sight anywhere, nothing indeed but dog troughs, hollowed out of logs, like 'dug-outs' for the numerous yellow dogs, which are a feature of Aino life. There were neither puddles nor heaps, but the houses, all trim and in good respect, rise clean out of the sandy soil.

"Buatori, the largest of the Aino settlements in this region, is very prettily situated among forests and mountains on rising ground, with a very sinuous river winding at its feet and a wooded hight above. A lonelier place could scarcely be found. As we passed among the houses the yellow dogs barked, the women looked shy, smiled, and the men made their graceful salutation. We stopped at the chief's house, where, of course, we were expected guests; but Shinondi, his nephew, and two other men came out, saluted us, and with most hospitable intent helped Ito to unload the horses. Indeed their eager hospitality created quite a commotion, one running hither and another thither in their anxiety to welcome a stranger. It is a large house, thirty-five by twenty-five, and the roof twenty feet high; but you enter by an antechamber, in which are kept the millet-mill and other articles. There is a doorway in this, but the inside is pretty dark, and Shinondi, taking my hand, raised the reed curtain bound with hide, which concealed the entrance into the actual house, and leading me into it, retired a footstep, extended his arms, waved inward three times, and then stroked his beard several times, after which he indicated by a sweep of his hand and a beautiful smile that the house and all it contained were mine. An aged woman, the chief's mother, who was splitting bark by the fire, waved her hands also. She is the queen-regent of the house.

"Again taking my hand, Shinondi led me to the place of honor at the head of the fire, a rude, movable platform six feet long by four broad and a foot high, on which he laid an ornamental mat, apologizing for not having at the moment a bearskin wherewith to cover it. The baggage was speedily brought in by several willing pairs of hands; some reed mats, fifteen feet long, were laid down upon the very coarse ones which covered the whole floor, and when they saw Ito putting up my stretcher they hung a fine mat along the rough wall to conceal it, and suspended another on the beams of the roof for a canopy. The alacrity and instinctive hospitality with which these men rushed about to make things comfortable were very fascinating, though comfort is a word misapplied in an Aino hut. The women only did what the men told them. They offered me food at once, but I told them I had brought my own, and would only ask leave to cook it on their fire. I need not have brought my cups, for they have many lacquered bowls, and Shinondi brought me on a lacquered tray a bowlful of water from one of their farm wells. They said that Benri, the chief, would wish me to make his house my own as long as I cared to stay, and I must excuse them in all things in which their ways were different from my own. Shinondi and four others in the village speak tolerable Japanese, and this is of course the medium of communication. They have never seen a foreign woman, and only three foreign men, but there is neither crowding nor staring as among the Japanese, possibly in part from apathy and want of intelligence. For three days they have kept up their graceful and kindly hospitality, going on with their ordinary life and occupations, and though I have lived among them in this room by day and night, there has been nothing which in any way could offend the most fastidious sense of delicacy. They said they would leave me to eat and rest, and all retired but the chief's mother, a wierd, witch-like woman of eighty, with shocks of yellow-white hair and a stern suspiciousness in her wrinkled face. I have come to feel as if she had the evil eye, as she sits there watching, watching always, and forever knotting the bark thread like one of the Fates, keeping a jealous watch upon her son's two wives, and on other young women who come in to weave—neither the dullness nor the repose of old age about her, and her eyes gleam with a greedy light when she sees *saké*, of which she drains a bowl without taking breath. She alone is suspicious of strangers, and she thinks my visit bodes no good to her tribe. I see her eyes fixed upon me now, and they make me shudder."

After partaking of a hospitable supper with these simple people Miss Bird asked them many questions concerning their religion and customs. Later on she witnessed the natives partaking of a stew which the women had prepared, which was dipped out into lacquer bowls and eaten with wooden spoons, after which *saké*, which is their curse, was pretty freely drank, though before partaking of it a portion is always offered to their god, which is little more than a wooden post, and six libations are religiously made to the fire. Unfortunately these people believe there is a religious virtue in drinking freely of *saké*. They think their gods are pleased with these oblations and libations; drinking *saké* enters into all their worship. There is no question but what they please themselves by their worship far more than their gods, and this remark will apply equally to all other gods and worshipers.

The gods of these Ainos are rudely carved posts of wood, with festoons of shavings hanging around the upper part. Household gods form an essential part of the furnishing of every house. At the left of the entrance are ten white wands, with appended shavings attached to the upper end; the wands are stuck into the wall, while the others end project out of the window which faces the rising sun—the morning sun being a special object of adoration with all races and tribes. The great god, a white post two feet high, with spirals of shavings depending from the top, is always planted in the floor near the wall on the left side opposite the fire. The least that can be said about these gods of the Ainos is that they are harmless and not malicious, and that is far more than can be said of other gods, especially the one so largely worshiped in Europe and America. Could he be converted into an immovable post, the fears and unhappiness of his worshipers would be greatly lessened.

Miss Bird says there cannot be anything more vague and destitute of cohesion than the Aino religious notions. With the exception of one shrine of Japanese construction, dedicated to the god Yoshitsune, they have no temples, and they have neither priests, sacrifices, nor worship save the drinking of *saké*. They seem to have retained the crudest ideas of nature-worship, with a high veneration for departed ancestors. It has been thought that the religion of the Ainos is the crude origin of the ancient Japanese Shinto. They attach a vague sacredness to trees, rivers, rocks, mountains, the sea, forests, the fire, the sun and moon, and also have vague notions of the power of good and evil. Here is doubtless preserved in its purity a very fair specimen of primitive religion, conceived by man when in a low, savage state, and which is the parent of all religions and conceptions of supernatural power.

They are simply admirers of animate and inanimate nature. The outward symbol of their religion—wands, posts—seem to somewhat correspond with the Shinto *gohei*. These are sometimes set up in their houses to the number of twenty, and also on precipices, banks of rivers and streams, and mountain passes, and these wands are also thrown into the rivers as the boatmen descend rapids and dangerous places.

With the exception of the god Yoshitsune, the most popular hero of Japan history and a special favorite, the Ainos' ideas of deity are extremely vague, and the whole sum of their religion is a few loose fears and a suspicion that there are things outside themselves more powerful than themselves, whose good influences may be obtained, or whose evil influences may be averted by libations of *saké*, of which their worship consists. By waving bowls of this intoxicating drink they imagine their gods are pleased, and who can say they are not as near right as those who perform the similar absurdity of partaking of bread and wine, which they profess to believe to be their God? Their worship of the sun and moon, and of the forest and sea, is the grandest portion of their religion. The wolf, the black snake, the owl, and several other beasts and birds, have the word kamoi-god attached to them, as the wolf is the howling god, the owl the bird of gods, and the black snake the raven god, but none of these are now worshiped, wolf worship having quite lately died out. Thunder is thought to be the voice of the gods, and inspires them with fear. The sun, they correctly say, is the best god, and the fire their next best; these are the divinities from whom their greatest benefits are received. Some idea of gratitude pervades their rude notions, as in the case of the worship paid to Yoshitsune. In their chants and recitations at the Saturnalia, held in honor of this god, they use these words:

"To the sea which nourishes us, to the forest which protects us, we present our grateful thanks. You are two mothers that nourish the same child; do not be angry if we leave one to go to the other. The Ainos will always be the pride of the forest and of the sea." Really this is far more sensible than many chants that are made to gods less known than this.

The solitary act of sacrifice which they perform is the placing of a worthless dead bird, something like a sparrow, near one of their peeled wands, where it is left until it reaches an advanced state of putrefaction. "To drink for the god" is the chief act of worship, and this drunkenness and religion are inseparable, as the more *saké* the Anios drink the more devout they are, and the better pleased are the gods. It seems there is nothing but *saké* of sufficient value to please the gods, simply because *saké* pleases the worshipers better than anything else. The libations to the fire and the peeled posts are never omitted, and are always accompanied by the waving of the *saké* bowls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Married.

John W. Abbott, of Canton, Ill., and Flora A. Patton, of Stevensville, Pa., were united in marriage on September 6, 188 , using Form First of "The Truth Seeker Collection"—form for self-marriage. The ceremony was witnessed before A. C. Porter, J. P., of Wyalusing, Pa.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

More Christian Questions Answered.

Few things afford us more pleasure than answering the honest questions of Christian friends, believing it to be always a worthy object to dispense the blessings of light and truth, especially to those sitting in darkness, and to whom the light of nature has not been revealed. It is always well to be charitable and generous to those less favored than ourselvs.

The following questions are from the Rev. John Smith. This somewhat numerous personage has often been heard from in various parts of the world, and in various situations. He was first known as Captain John Smith, whose life was saved by Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of Powhatan, in Virginia; since that time he has turned up in numerous places. A short time ago it was given out that John Smith had sailed for Australia; a little later it was announced that John Smith had been engaged in a fist-fight in Alabama, and had got badly whipped; and later still, just a few weeks ago, the papers stated that John Smith had committed suicide, somewhere in Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg. But these accounts must hav been mistakes of the printers, for now it appears that John Smith has become a reverend, and is preaching the gospel out in Oregon. We will, however, answer his questions all the same, and hope he will receive light enough so as after awhile to understand nature and her laws better than he does at present, and become a sensible, earnest Liberal. Here is his letter:

HILLSBORO, OREGON, Aug. 30, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* About one year ago, while you were abroad, I wrote and sent an article to E. Macdonald for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER; the article was in refutation of infidel arguments against the flood and Noah's ark. The article was printed, and brought forth what purported to be a reply from Macdonald. Soon after I submitted to him a series of questions, with the request that he would answer them; but I failed to bring forth a response, hence I arrived at the conclusion that Macdonald either did not favor a discussion, and chose to avoid it, or that it was a forbidden topic. I believe in discussion, and believe it is the proper method to arrive at the truth, and if you are of the same opinion, and willing to discuss, I would like to submit for your consideration a series of questions which I would like you to answer in a fair and square manner. I am willing for you to submit the same number of questions to myself, to which I will giv fair answers and an honest examination. If my proposition meets with your favor, we may all learn some truth by so doing. The following questions and answers are relativ to Jesus as a historical character, and to his divinity:

1. Is it not a self-evident fact that Jesus Christ once existed, and was a notable character superior to man, from the very fact that his birth, life, and death were the cause of a chronological era being inaugurated, styled A.D., or the year of our Lord Jesus Christ?

2. Is it not a fact that millions of Christians exist to-day as a monument to Christ's memory sufficient evidence to prove that he must hav had an existence, and also that he must hav figured very conspicuously among people of his time to hav made so many followers as early as the year 40 A.D.?

3. If Christ never had an existence, and was only a myth, how did a sect of people become possessed of the name Christian? For an illustration, the Mohammedans derived their name from Mohammed; Christians, from Christ.

4. Can you cite a parallel case where a sect of people ever assumed the name of a myth?

5. Did not Buddha, Mohammed, and other notable men hav followers who assumed the name of Buddhists, Mohammedans, etc.? The sect of Mohammedans to-day proves that Mohammed once existed by their name and other proofs, as do Christians prove the existence of Jesus.

6. Infidelity not only claims that Bible personages are mythical, but claims that personages of quite modern history are myths, as I see claims that William Tell of Switzerland is a myth. I find by history that William Tell was a real historical character. It would be interesting to me, and probably to some of your readers, if you would giv some authority on that William Tell myth idea. To me it is as amusing as your claim that Jesus is a myth. Hoping you will giv my questions an honest examination, and answer them in a fair spirit,

Yours in Christ, REV. JOHN SMITH.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Rev. John Smith's previous questions were not duly published and answered, but Eugene avers that he was overcrowded, and also that he did not regard the inquiries as of much importance. However, to make amends for his lack of space and appreciation, we will endeavor to answer Bro. Smith's foregoing questions the best we know how.

1. Our reply to the first question must be, No. It is not a self-evident fact that Jesus Christ once existed and was a notable character, superior to man. The assertion that any person existed is not a "self-evident fact" that he did exist unless there is some proof to verify the claim. The existence of the sun's rays is a self-evident fact on a bright day in July, to one who is compelled to stand bareheaded and uncovered for a few hours in its scorching light. Cold is a self-evident fact to one who has to ride a few hours insufficiently clothed, facing a northwest wind, when the mercury stands at twenty-five degrees below zero. But the simple assertion that Jesus Christ once lived is not a self-evident fact any more than is the assertion that such characters once lived as Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, Sindbad the Sailor, the Old Man of the Sea, or Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday. Millions of people hav existed whose names never came down to our times, and thousands of names hav been repeated to us of imaginary persons who never had an existence.

There might hav been a humble individual named Jesus, and it is quite possible he may hav been put to death for claiming a right to assume the rulership of the country where he lived, or for some other cause, but there is no historical proof that such a character ever lived. If he did liv, he was not superior to man, for he was a man; the claims that he was begotten by God, that his mother was a virgin, that he performed miracles, that he rose from the dead and ascended bodily up into the upper atmosphere, are claims mythical and unproved. There is no history to sustain such claims, and the most of them were not even set up until the latter part of the second century. The matter of connecting remarkable events and wonderful powers with an individual a long time after his death has been very common in all ages of the world. In scores of instances noted characters hav been credited with exploits which they never performed. The tendency toward hero-worship, and the deification of rulers, generals, and other distinguished persons, has been very great. The simple claim of miracle-working set up for any one is not in itself worth a cent unless substantiated by the strongest proof.

The belief in Christ is no more a proof that such a person had an existence than the belief in Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, proves that this latter personage has an existence. There are millions of children who have the fullest confidence that their favorite Santa Claus is a veritable character, for see, what tangible proofs they have of it; every Christmas eve they hang up their stockings, and lo and behold! the same are filled with toys, sweets, goodies, and various other interesting trinkets so prized by the little folks. They are clearly convinced that he not only exists, but calls upon them personally once a year and bestows his blessings upon them. It may be regarded as childish in these little people to so easily believe in a myth, but there is just as much proof that their god has an existence as the god or Christ of the older children, who in the matter of proof have no advantage of them.

The matter of a chronological era being founded on the story of Jesus proves nothing, except that it was adopted on account of the popularity his story attained. The application of A.D., *Anno Domini*—the year of our Lord—was not made till the sixth century. It was first made use of by Dionysius the Little, a Roman abbot, and began to be used in Gaul in the eighth century, though it was not generally adopted in that country till a hundred years later. It was adopted in England toward the close of the same century. The fact that a system of chronology was adopted eight hundred years after the supposed birth of Christ has not the slightest bearing upon the question of his real existence, for the Romish abbot who first started it knew nothing about whether Christ had existed more than is known to-day, nor did those who adopted the same style of counting years two or three centuries later know anything more about it than he did. All of them together knew just nothing at all. The thing was indefinit and uncertain at best, for there is a diversity of opinion, even among Christian authorities, as to which year it was in which Jesus was born—a difference of four years according to some, of seven years according to others, and much more than seven years still according to others. The year of the birth of Jesus is no more settled than the month in which he was born. Nearly every month in the year has been claimed by various Christian writers as the month in which he was born. It is extremely difficult to establish myths with any kind of certainty.

The 25th of December was finally settled upon by the Christian church as the birth-day of their God, because that day had long been kept as a festival by many pagan nations, from the Persians down to the Romans and the Druids, as the birth-day of their gods, particularly the sun, which on that day may be said to be born, or to begin to rise from the state of night or death into which for six months it had been sinking. The church showed its usual shrewdness in appropriating this great pagan festival and making it its own, especially as it was just as easy to say its God was born on that day as any other. From the story in the four gospels there is no indication as to which of the days of the year was his birth-day. There is a wide range for choice, one having as much authority as another.

There hav been many eras or systems of counting years among men in different nations and in different periods of time. Thus, we hav what is called the era of the creation of the world, the Chinese chronology, the Indian chronology, the Egyptian era, the era of Yezdegird, or Persian era, the Jewish era, era of Nabonassar, era of the Seleucidæ, or Macedonian era, era of Alexander, era of Antioch, era of Tyre, era of Constantinople, era of Actium, the Julian period, era of Augustus, era of the Armenians, the Mohammedan era, or era of the Hegira, etc. Last of all came the adoption of the Christian era, which proves nothing more than that by the consent of the nations who believed in the system it was adopted. It is both vague and without importance as a matter of proof. The adoption of the Christian era was not because it was known that such a person as Jesus had actually lived, but because a belief in him had prevailed in several countries.

2. The answer to the next question must also be no. The existence of Christians to-day is not sufficient proof that Jesus once lived any more than the belief of millions of India in Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and Christna is a proof that those myths once had a real existence, or than the belief of the Greeks and Romans in Jupiter and Apollo was proof that those myths ever existed. If the two hundred and fifty millions who profess to be believers in Christianity prove its truth, then the five hundred millions who believe in Buddhism must necessarily prove it to be twice as true as Christianity.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Jesus figured conspicuously among the people of his time, neither did he hav a great number of followers about the year 40, nor for a hundred years afterward. There is no proof to that effect. If he lived, he was simply a sort of tramp, roving around from place to place, followed by some obscure fishermen and other idlers; no historian of the time knowing anything about him or saying anything about him. There is no claim that he ever committed a word of his teachings to writing, or that he organized a church, or established a society. Those who believed in him did not become very numerous nor powerful till the fourth century, when Constantine, for political and selfish reasons, embraced the so-called religion of Christ. Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and even Mormonism, spread far more rapidly than did Christianity.

3. My reply to the third question may be this: On the basis that Christ never had an existence it is no more strange that a sect grew out of a belief in him than that sects in India called Vishnuites, Sivaites, believers in Christna, etc., grew out of belief in those divinitie. The world has greatly abounded in sects and religions who claimed to believe in characters and gods that never had a real existence. The presence of Buddhism and Mohammedanism would not be sufficient to prove the existence of Buddha and Mohammed were there not corroborating proof, which is lamentably deficient in the Christian story.

4. To the fourth question—"Can you cite a parallel case when a sect of people ever assumed the name of a myth?"—the answer is, Yes, hundreds of them. For thousands of years sects hav existed which assumed the names of myths. It is necessary to mention but a few of them. Among the most prominent, however, of the myths of the past in which numerous sects hav believed may be named Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Rama, Christna, Changti, Pak-Tai, Kwan-Tai, Kwan-Non, Osiris, Isis, Horus, Neph, Amun, Ra, Pthah, Khem, Sati, Neith, Maut, Seb, Serapis, Thoth, Anubis, Anouke, Athor, Khunsa, Pecht, Anu, Anata, Bel, Baal, Hea, Ninip, Merodach, Nergal, Ishtar, or Ashtoreth, Nebo, Beltis, Ashur, Adad, Anab, Melkart, Asherah, Moledah, Chemosh, El, Molock, Jupiter, Juno, Saturn, Neptune, Apollo, Mercury, Minerva, Diana, Venus, Pan, Bacchus, Hercules, Esculapius, Prometheus, Jason, Theseus, Castor, Pollox, Perseus, Odin, Thor, Balder, Frey, Frigga, Morino, Anyamber, Taaroa, Oro, Allah, Mumbo Jumbo, and any quantity of others. These were all myths. They hav been believed in by hundreds of millions, and there is just as much proof of the existence of these as of Jesus, or his reputed father, Jehovah, Yahweh, Adonai, El Shaddai, or whatever else he may be called.

5. To the fifth question the answer, yes, should be given to a part of it. The followers of Buddha and Mohammed were named after the leaders they believed in, so were the Vishnuites, the Sivaites, the Christnaites, and the Ramaites, named after the personages they believed in, though these latter ones were absolute myths, and no unduped person believes they ever had a real existence. The fact that the believers in Christ are called Christians does not prove that he existed any more than the believers in Siva and Christna prove that those myths existed as persons, or the existence of the Mormons proves that Mormon was a real person. There is no question but there hav been more inventions, more myths, and more falsehoods gotten up in the domain of religion than in all the other forms of thought or belief.

6. Now as to the case of William Tell. While it is not improbable that there might hav been a Swiss man by the name of Tell who opposed the tyranny of the Austrians, represented by Gessler, the story about shooting an apple from the head of his son was simply a repetition of an old sun myth not less than five thousand years old, handed down to us

from the ancient Aryans, the early inhabitants of Central Asia, from whom we largely obtained our modern languages, our religions and worshipful notions, the basis of our literature, and many of the nursery tales which for thousands of years hav been recited to the children of succeeding generations, and by the mothers and nurses of our generation transmitted to another, just as the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," "Jack the Giant-killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and many other similar beautiful tales, used even in our day, are traceable back to the ancient Aryans. When they emigrated into the Western countries, which were afterward called Europe, they took their favorit tales and legends with them, and that is the way in which many of those charming stories became so general in Europe, and were still later brought to this continent and became the folk-lore of our own beloved land. We owe very much to those ancient Aryans. Our nursery stories, our adoration of the grand and beautiful in nature, our myths, our religious sentiments and superstitions, the foundation of our language and literature, we naturally inherited from them as any inheritance descends from parents to children. Let me quote what Prof. Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S., a learned English writer, says of the story of William Tell in his "Childhood of Religions:"

"The story is well known how in the 1307th year after Christ the cruel Gessler set a hat upon a pole as a symbol of the ruling power and ordered every one who passed by to bow before it. A mountaineer named Tell refused to obey the order and was at once brought before Gessler. As Tell was known to be an expert archer, he was sentenced by way of punishment to shoot an apple off the head of his own son. The apple was placed on the boy's head, and the father bent his bow; the arrow sped and went through the apple. Gessler saw that Tell before shooting had stuck another arrow in his belt and asked the reason. Tell replied, 'To shoot you, tyrant, had I slain my child.' Now although the crossbow which Tell is said to have used is shown at Zurich, the event never took place. One poor man was condemned to be burnt alive for daring to queston the story, but the poor man was right.

"The story is told not only in Iceland, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Russia, Persia, and perhaps India, but is common to the Turks and Mongolians, while a legend of the wild Samoyedes, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen. In its English form it occurs in the ballad William of Cloudesly. The bold archer says:

'I hav a sonne seven years old;
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself, with a broad arrowe,
Shall cleave the apple in towe.'

"The story is an old Aryan myth. Tell is the sun-god whose arrow (light-rays) never miss their mark, and likewise kill their foes."

The same author then continues to give the same source for the touching nursery story of the faithful dog Gellert killing the wolf which came to destroy Llewellyn's child, and how when the prince came home and found the cradle empty, and the dog's mouth smeared with blood, he quickly slew the brave creature, and then found the child safe and the wolf dead beside it. He says, "At Baddgelert in North Wales you may see the dog's grave neatly railed round." He then continues: "Now this story occurs in all sorts of forms in the folk-lore of nearly every Aryan people, and is found in China and Egypt. In India a black snake takes the place of the wolf, the ichneumon that of the dog, while in Egypt the story says that the cook nearly killed a wali for smashing a potfull of herbs, and then discovered among the herbs there lurked a poisonous snake. *It is safe to conclude that marvelous things which are said to have happened in so many places never happened any where.*"

He then goes on to show that the beautiful Greek story of Cupid and Psyche, of Cinderella, Samson and Delilah, and other old stories of a similar kind, are simply ancient Aryan sun-myths that hav been repeated millions upon millions of times in the thousands of years that hav passed since the their origin.

To return to Tell, a quotation upon the subject from Johnson's Cyclopedia will be in order:

According to Swiss legends Tell was a celebrated marksman with the bow, living as a hunter at Burgelen, in the canton of Uri, and a member of the conspiracy which was formed against Austria at Grutli, November 7, 1307, by Walter Furst, of Uri, his father-in-law, Werner Stauffacher, of Schwytz, and Arnold von Melchthal, of Unterwalden, and which finally succeeded in freeing the country from the foreign yoke.

The story of the pole with the hat on it, of Tell's refusing to bow to it, of his being compelled, as a punishment, to shoot an apple from his son's head, is related, and this high authority concludes thus:

Of this story about Gessler, Tell, Stauffacher, etc., the oldest Swiss chroniclers, Johannes, of Winterthur, Justinger, of Berne, and Hemmerlin, of Zurich, know nothing. The first mention of these names and incidents is made in the latter part of the fifteenth century by *Das weisse Buch*, and a complete narrativ does not occur until the middle of the sixteenth century in the *Chronicon Helveticum*, by Ægidias Tschudi. The monuments erected in various places in honor of Tell are of a much later date. These circumstances early made the story of Tell somewhat suspected, though as a general rule it was considered as real history; even Johannes von Muller accepted it. Later critics, however, hav proved that the whole story is nothing but a legend common among the nations of the Aryan race, found, with all its principal features, in the Persian poet Ferid ed-Din Attar, the Icelandic "Vilkinasaga," the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, the English popular song on William of Cloudesly, and only modified to suit Swiss circumstances.

Here, then, is the whole thing in a nutshell. There might hav been in Switzerland between five and six hundred years ago a man by the name of Tell, who, perhaps, was a brave and valorous defender of liberty, or at all events there was a legend of such a character, and nearly two hundred years from the date of his birth the Aryan sun-myth about the apple was vaguely added to the story, and some two centuries later it was fixed up more definitly and was accepted, by those who did not know to the contrary, as absolute history, when, in fact, there was not a word of truth in the matter. That is the way in which legends hav been accepted as history in hundreds of cases.

So, in all reasonable probability, it was with the mythical story of Jesus. There might or might not, to begin with, hav been such a person as Jesus, and he might hav been put to death for political or other reasons, as thousands upon thousands of others hav been, both before and since, and within two hundred years from the time of his birth, when all the world had with reference to him were vague legends, these were dressed up and changed to suit the popular Christian demand; and the miraculous conception, his mother being a virgin, the visit of the Jew-God to see her, his wonderful miracles, his resurrection from the dead, and his ascension to heaven were added to the legend, and in the course of centuries such men as the Rev. John Smith hav accepted it as history, when, in reality, it is not history at all; it is not corroborated in the slightest degree by contemporaneous history, or writers of the time.

It is agreed by all reliable authorities that the writings of Paul are much older than any other parts of the New Testament—at least a hundred years older than the four gospels; but while his whole hobby and song was "Jesus and him crucified," he has not a word to say about Jesus being begotten in a miraculous manner by the Jewish deity; not a word about Jesus being the son of a virgin; not a word about his miraculous ascension; not a word about the wonderful miracles he performed. Neither does Peter in his Epistle (and one of them is considered genuin) set up any such claim. These facts, together with the additional one that these miraculous claims were not set up till the latter part of the second century, go very far to convince the candid thinker that the Tell tactics were employed in the case of Jesus. If he did exist, his story was greatly changed by the imaginativ and false writers of the second century, as was done in the case of Tell and the apple story. It is a matter of history that the myth of virgin and child—Isis and Horus—was believed in in Egypt nearly two thousand years before Christianity existed, and that in India the myth of a god overshadowing a virgin, of her conceiving and bringing forth an infant god, of his being sought by an arch enemy and large numbers of infants being slain, of his growing up and leading a wandering life, followed by disciples to whom he taught excellent morals, of his performing wonderful miracles, of his finally being put to death by his enemies upon a tree, and for the good of mankind, was believed nearly a thousand years before Christianity was known. It is known, too, that with different nations such demigods—divinely begotten—as Crite, Taut, Fohi, Zulis, Devatat, Prometheus, Esculapius, Adonis, Hercules, and several others were believed in and worshiped, all of them not less than five hundred years before the time of Jesus, and several of them were claimed to hav been crucified by their enemies. There was thus no more difficulty in finding material to finish out the legend of Jesus in the second century than there was with William Tell two hundred years after his time. And judging from the characters of the early fathers and leaders of the church, it is very easy to understand that they were the very persons capable of borrowing the miraculous features from the older nations and systems. That such appropriations were made there is the very best reasons for believing.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. John Smith's questions are answered to his satisfaction, to the enlightenment of himself and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that the same is done in a "fair and square manner." If we hav failed to do this we will try again. We believe in discussion as much as himself. If the reverend gentleman has other questions upon which he wishes us to throw some of our strong light, he has only to apply; we will do the best by him we can. The same offer holds good to all others, whether Christian or otherwise. Whoever wants some of the light which we hav, or whoever wishes to know the reasons for the faith we hav within us, shall receive respectful attention by applying at our shop.

Since the Rev. John Smith was so kind as to say we might propound the same number of questions to him that he has to us, we will cheerfully avail ourselvs of his generous offer. Here they are:

1. Is there any reliable history in the world about Jesus save what is contained in the four narrativs attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? If yes, please name it.

2. Is there any contemporaneous writer who can be relied upon as genuin and truthful who ever does so much as mention the name of Jesus Christ? If yes, please name him.

3. Is there the slightest proof that the four gospels attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were written by them?

4. Is there any proof whatever that those four gospels were known by the early fathers, by any of the bishops, by any of the earlier churches, or by anybody else before the year 181?

5. Is there a single dogma, rite, or sacrament in the Christian creed that was not hundreds of years earlier held by the pagan religions of Asia and Egypt?

6. Is there any more proof that the legend of Jesus—his divine parentage, his miracles, his teachings, his death on a tree—is any more authentic or trustworthy than the story of Christna in India, or the sun-myth legend of William Tell and the apple shooting from Aryan folk-lore?

If our friend will reply to these inquiries the same shall appear in these columns.

Book Notices.

THE SABBATH. By M. Farrington, of Denver, Iowa.

This is a series of twenty well-written articles, which were originally published in the Bremer county, Iowa, *Independent*. A thorough examination is made of the Sunday question by a full investigation of both Old Testament and New Testament authorities, and he finds no requirement at all in the latter that any particular day should be kept more holy than others. He finds there is no Christian authority for keeping any day as the Sabbath. Price only 10 cents. Sold at this office.

WAS JESUS DIVINE? By M. B. Craven. Barclay & Co., Philadelphia.

The author is clear, pointed, and concise in his various publications, and this pamphlet of thirty-two pages is no exception to the rule. The manner in which the subject is treated is able, and the conclusions arrived at, to Liberal views, entirely correct. Price 10 cents. Sold at this office.

METHODS OF ANALYSIS VERSUS DOGMA; or, The Data of Time versus The Speculations of Super-nature. By W. M. Lockwood, Ripon, Wis.

This is a pamphlet of some fifty large pages, in which the realities of nature are ably contrasted with the sophisms and fallacies of super-nature. The author says: "We affirm there is no analogy in nature for super-nature, and he who predicts a hypothesis for this unthinkable realm upon any fact or truth of time not only begs the whole question but perjures his own reason and would proselyte civilized methods with falsehood. There can be no mistaking the issues involved in a belief between nature and super-nature. Upon the former are established all human research, discovery, data, and truth known in civilization; out of the latter hav evolved wrangling, contention, violence, bloodshed, and the groans of wasted life." Price 25 cents.

CHARLES BRIGHT lectured in this city Sunday night. He will accept a few more engagements before departing for Australia.

FRIEND GEO. E. HARTLEY, of Turner's Falls, Mass., made us a call last week. He is now engaged in the manufacture of an arrangement for guiding and stopping sleds, which is an excellent thing, and one we confidently expect will make a fortune.

Organize, Organize!

Liberal men and women in the four counties of Dubuque, Delaware, Jones, and Jackson, in Iowa, let us unite in one solid body of soldiers of liberty, the better to fight the battle of mental freedom. Will not each one of you write me on the subject, and by that means open the way for united work? We work at a disadvantage, by going at it single-handed. Our forces are too much scattered, as it were. If we would do our best for the cause and principles which we advocate, we must work together. In the four counties named we are sufficiently numerous to form a very strong organization. Even our numbers, if fully counted, would giv us a power that we do not now enjoy. Then, friends, let us pound the superstition out of the masses with the club of mental liberty, wielded by the strong arm of organism.

I would like to hear from every Liberal in the four counties named. Yours "for three years, or during the war,"

Farley, Iowa, Sept. 10, 282. H. GILMORE.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months new subscribers for 50 cents.

Communications.

A Reply to Agnostic.

In a certain sense "Agnostic" is hardly worth replying to—he writes in so petty and narrow a spirit, as if he had reached the finality and knew the whole universe by heart. He seems entirely satisfied with his ignorance and is put out because others are not as well satisfied as he. He has reached the goal. Having knocked down all that is in his own particular way, he comfortably seats himself on the ruins and smokes the pipe of peace, and don't care a whiff what becomes of the rest of humanity. His shins are now safe, and he don't want any more trouble. Like the orthodox themselvs, he wishes to take a quiet nap. In another sense, however, I think it best to reply, for in so doing I can show what to my mind is the genuin purpose of Liberalism—a purpose to which "Agnostic," fluttering in the gray twilight of "Free Religion," is as blind as a bat.

In the first place the work of destruction must go on more relentlessly and radically than ever before. The old authority is by no means dead. The air is saturated with it. It is in our politics and social morality. In every way it deadens our progress. It is entrenched in institutions, and only by the most persistent efforts can it be dislodged. To let orthodoxy alone at the present stage of the world's progress would be sheer madness. There must be a thorough cleaning out of the ancient ideas. He who helps to do this is a benefactor, and is worthy of our heartiest support. If this is all one does, he is still a noble reformer. He is not fighting the air, but a tremendous and direful reality. The iconoclastic work of Chainey is immeasureable in its value. Every Liberal who believes in the new should aid him unflinchingly. Every stroke that he strikes is needed and helpful. He is simply making room for the better things to come. He who does not welcome the iconoclast to-day is at heart the ally of the dungeon and stake of the supernaturalist.

But what I want to point out more especially is this, that Chainey, although he seems to be altogether iconoclastic, is animated by a profoundly constructiv spirit. "Agnostic" is so agnostic that he does not perceive this. I presume it is a constitutional difficulty. No doubt he was born blind—not for nine days only, but for his whole lifetime.

His blindness is seen in the fact that he puts Underwood forward as a specimen of the constructiv school of thinkers. Now Underwood is anything but constructiv. He may want to be, but he can't be. In endeavoring to be constructiv he is simply *conservativ*. He is at a stand-still, and thinks that because other people are going right by him therefore they are going to the devil. Underwood is a born critic. Like Iago, he is nothing unless critical. He can only demolish. He is a first-class debater, I grant; but the mere debater is not an orator and therefore not a builder. Underwood has done a good thing in his day. He has been a successful skirmisher. He has hit off the enemy with some sharp shots. He has been a fighter, that is all. As to what is required after the theological fort is taken he has no comprehension. His shortsightedness is seen in the fact that he does not consider the question of liberty, as presented so brilliantly and powerfully by Tucker, worthy of discussion—a question which touches the most vital issues of the world's progress, and which every living and forward thinker must grasp and settle with the most searching analysis. Yet Underwood sees no importance in it. Nothing could so fully show that as far as the Liberal movement is concerned, he is laid forever on the shelf. Like his books, he has become stereotyped matter. His books are useful still. They are valuable criticisms. They are on the whole a very illustrious monument to their dead author. He has no more to say—they do hav something to say worthy of attention. Underwood, as I hav said, is only a critic. He has not the soul of a poet or artist. He has no deep insight. He is not even profoundly philosophical. This is demonstrated by his late criticism of Abbot, in which he utterly misapprehends the point that Abbot makes, and misses its immense importance. He cannot even understand Abbot, much less can he understand the Liberal movement and the work that Chainey is doing. Underwood does not appreciate Chainey for the same season that a formal critic cannot appreciate an original poet. Chainey is beyond the ken of Underwood. The building that is being built is invisible to his eyes.

The fact is that, though outwardly destructiv, inwardly, Chainey is most thoroughly constructiv. He aims for structure and not for ruins. He has a splendid ideal before him. He is full of the spirit of art. To be an artist in the grand sense of that term is his sublime ambition. All his discourses breathe of the magnificence of this new life of man; they are surcharged with its poetic fervor.

"Agnostic" can't see this. He is a dried-up scientist. He thinks that knowledge is all—that we are simply to know. He does not seem to realize that knowledge must flow to *action;* that action is the supreme thing. Knowledge is the means, but *to do* something is the end of all—the glowing fruit of knowledge. Science is not highest, but art. It is not science but art that transforms the world. Chainey looks beyond science to art—the application of truth, so that life shall become gloriously good and beautiful. "Agnostic" is so wedded to his ignorance that he does not see this. He wants science from Sunday to Sunday; that is, the mere skeleton of human progress, not the living flesh and blood; that is, *truth applied to life.*

"Agnostic" is satisfied simply to know. Chainey wants something done. His cry is, "Know and do." It makes me indignant to see "dry-as-dust" Liberals like "Agnostic" and his fry criticise a worker like Chainey, who is constantly building, but building so fine and deep that they can't discover it. They are as stupid as the orthodox themselvs. The fact of it is that the Liberalism of the *Index*, Underwood, "Agnostic," and that class is the Liberalism of a sophomore—of a *dilettante*. It has no sympathy with the vast and wonderful changes now going on in human thought and society. It hugs orthodoxy. It dwells under the shadow of the old. Its tongue is loose, but its hands and feet are bound. It is nothing but a voice. The *Index* has reached its limit. I honor it for its past, to a certain extent, but I despise it altogether for its future. It has no future. Hereafter it will be only an echo and a wail. It is the worst foe of a true and advanced Liberalism. It is already beginning to feel the dead-rot of insincerity. It meets no living issue. It lingers like a ghost over the grave of its bygone achievements.

"Agnostic" has no conception of Liberalism and of the wondrous future that lies before it. He sees not the work that is to be done—the poetry and art that is to be created. He is a self-satisfied bigot. The new light is too much for him; it has put out his eyes altogether.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Apocryphal Evidences of Christianity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached a sermon on Sept. 3d, in which he is reported as saying:

A picture on the wall of a city recently exposed by the archeologist evidences the contempt in which Christ was held by many in his day. It represents a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription, "Jesus, the Christ whom the people worship."

This is probably a second-hand reference to a supposed caricature of Christ crucified, a *fac simile* of which is given in a book published in London in 1865, entitled "Gnostics and their Remains" We transcribe therefrom the following passage:

By this, too, we are enabled rightly to understand a rude drawing lately discovered on the wall of a vault of the Palatine (the cell of a slave, one of Cæsar's household), which represents this jackal figure nailed to the cross, with the inscription *Alexamenos cebete theon* [Alexamenos worships God], in reality the work of some pious Gnostic, but which is usually looked upon as a heathen blasphemy, because the jackal's head is taken for that of an ass.

The original picture is preserved in an Italian museum. A man with a jackal's head is extended on a cross, beside which stands Alexamenos with upraised hands.

But the idea of an ass's head in derision of Christianity first appears about A. D. 200, or later, when Tertullian wrote this passage:

But lately a new edition of our God has been given to the world in that great city [Rome]. It originated with a certain vile man who was wont to hire himself out to cheat the wild beasts, and who exhibited a picture with this inscription: "The God of the Christians, born of an ass. He had the ears of an ass, was hoofed in one foot, carried a book [Bible], and wore a toga. Both the name and the figure gave us amusement. But our opponents ought straightway to hav done homage to this bi-formed divinity, for they hav acknowledged gods dog-headed and lion-headed, with horn of buck and ram, with goat-like loins, with serpent legs, with wings sprouting from back or foot."

In the same sermon Dr. Talmage adduces an alleged discovery of a copper-plated table on which is inscribed the following:

In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius, and the 24th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of Praetory, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him to the place of execution.

This death-warrant is said to be signed by:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. Johannes Robani; 3. Raphael; 4. Capet, a citizen.

Various versions of this pretended discovery hav lately appeared. In every new one the dates and names differ. One account dates the discovery in 1810; another in 1820; a third in 1280, and now Dr. Talmage, if correctly reported, has it in 1200. One version has the death-sentence March 27th; another March 25th, and another March 24th, which last is Dr. Talmage's date. The plate is said to be now in the chapel of Caserta, six miles southeast of Capua, in Italy, and a *fac simile* is said to hav been bought by one Lord Howard for 2,980 francs.

If any such plate exists, or is alleged to hav existed, it is as big a fraud as the pretended plates of the book of Mormon. Presuming that March 27th is a clerical or typographical error, and that March 24th is the true date of the pretended relic (for in two of the versions it is March 24th), a sufficient exposure of the fraud is the fact that the Passover feast day, on which Jesus is said to hav been crucified, never occurs before March 26th (Chamb. Enc.).

Furthermore, the seventeenth year of Tiberius Cæsar was A. D. 31. But the latest authorities are compelled to abandon all other dates for the crucifixion but A. D. 29, which agrees not only with ancient authorities, but with recently discovered Syriac documents of a very early period. Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian positivly affirm that Jesus suffered in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, *i. e.*, A. D. 29.

The credulity of Dr. Talmage is further shown in quoting from the apocryphal Report of Pilate to Tiberius Cæsar these words, "In all the world they lighted candles from noon until evening." Why didn't the doctor quote the preceding sentence of the report, which says that Archelaus (who had been dead some twenty years) was one of those who delivered up Jesus to be crucified? And how about Pilate's subsequent account of the full moon being like blood, and not shining at all, while the sun shone forth more brilliant than ever before, and ceased not all the following night? See "Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations," Antenicene Christian library, vol. xvi, for different versions of this and other apocryphal literature. It is all as true as "Gulliver's Travels," and as entertaining as Talmage's sermons. In the days of the church militant babes in Christ grew fat on the milk of the apocryphal word, but it is apt to curdle on their stomachs now.

All attempts to prove a Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate are vain. Every scrap of testimony is a Christian forgery. The fact is, there never was any Christ crucified at all, but there was a Jesus stoned and hanged on a tree for sorcery by the Jews about a hundred years before the time of Pontius Pilate. The Talmud frequently refers to that Jesus, but never to the Jesus of the gospels, who is as much a myth as Robinson Crusoe.

Paul was doubtless a disciple of the Jesus who was stoned and hanged about 75 B. C. Paul flourished before the year 63 B. C., when Aretas, king of Arabia Petrea, held and governed Damascus (2 Cor. xi, 32). From the time that Pompey conquered Syria, 63 B. C., Damascus had an uninterrupted succession of Roman questors, propraetors, proconsuls, or legates for at least a hundred years (see Syria, in Smith's Bible Dictionary). Nor was it possible for any petty king of Arabia Petrea during all that time to march an army two hundred and fifty miles and take the strong city of Damascus out of the hands of the Romans.

Christianity, like all other religious systems, is founded in ignorance and imposture.

ANTICHRIST.

The Logic of Theism and Death.

From the Rochelle Register.

"Until Mr. Wettstein establishes his premises his arguments will scarcely convince."

In reply to your correspondent, "B. F. P.," in the last *Register*, I will endeavor, as briefly as possible, to comply with his demand and establish my premises, but request that, in reply, he will establish the premises of his belief as well, and this request I make the more freely because, in the discussion, he assumes, affirms, thus placing the burden of proof entirely upon himself. I simply deny, and, in so doing, "hav the argument," unless, indeed, he establishes his premises and thus proves the affirmativ.

Then, on the other hand, I affirm, and the premises for my belief I readily establish beyond doubt. But I admit that in this matter I shall be forced to appear very selfish, verging on avariciousness, as after I shall hav completed the massiv foundations for my premises, and then erected the lofty structure of my creed, there will, alas! be naught remaining but endless vacuum for my friend to build his faith upon.

To begin with, I take the great all of nature, filling endless space, which is not God. I take an absolute, infinit, eternal, self-existing universe for the grand basis of my faith. Every atom of matter, every known force, every chemical element and physical attribute; all that is, exists, and moves in the vast realms of space; all things specially and the great all of nature in its immense aggregate, all are at my service to erect the grand temple in which alone I worship.

And this comprises all we can see, feel, hear, comprehend, understand, conceive, imagin, reason, or think about; all we can discover by the aid of our microscopes and telescopes; all we can analyze in our laboratories; in short, all elements, things, powers, forces, potencies, functions, attributes, and phenomena, all these prove and absolutely establish beyond dispute the premises of the naturalist and Materialist; all outside of all these things, all outside of all—nothing—this alone is the "material," subject to the services of the Theist, to build his faith upon.

Imagin the sum total of all existence to be represented by 1,000,000. This million is not God. Now subtract 1,000,000 from the original sum and the remainder—0—this alone is God. The original million, it is conceded, is not God—this is nature; but the 0 is absolutely the only equivalent to a god; and if the combined wisdom of the church proceed to bring proof they cannot increase this 0 to a solitary unit.

But my premises require no proof. The universe existing to-day; this self-evident fact is absolute proof that at no time in the past could it possibly hav *not* existed. The contrary implies a beginning, and a beginning implies an eternity of time previous to this beginning, when all was forever dark, empty vacuum, nothing. But if six thousand or six millions of years ago all had been nothing, possessing no qualities, attributes, or potencies whatever to become the factor of something, of everything, and having, during the vast eternity of beginningless time preceding any supposed beginning, produced

nothing, this nothing could not possibly *ever* produce something, and then of course nothing would exist to-day.

Therefore Materialism requires no proof; it alone is absolute, supreme, and established in the minds of all who hav given the subject abundant thought and a fearless investigation. It alone is all the church claims for God, only, contrary to God, it proves itself. Existence, consciousness, knowledge, science, the five senses, and common sense, all demonstrate and prove it.

And it is not incumbent on me or reasonable to demand that I should "prove the non-existence of a God or hold my tongue." A simple denial is all-sufficient to do that, unless, indeed, God is proven first. A. says he saw an actual live mermaid in Lake Michigan, and his brother Gullible insists that he actually came in contact with a real dragon the other day. We simply deny these assertions, and it proves their non-existence unless A. and his brother demonstrate to the world their actual existence. The affirmativ must ever be established. A person is arraigned in court, he pleads "not guilty," and this establishes his innocence until his guilt is proven.

So the burden of proof falls upon the Theist, who claims that in addition to this grand infinit universe there exists somewhere, outside or inside of this universe, or here and there and everywhere, another infinit something, force, spirit, power, person (about the exact nature of which being, however, no two agree), which is anterior and superior to all nature; but, alas! of which being we or science or the church cannot possibly form the slightest conception or obtain a shadow of proof! And it is insisted we must accept this imaginary being as the true premis of our faith in spite of the fact that it or he (why not a she?) is absolutely beyond our comprehension, and that by the light of latest scientific developments it is established that all things, effects, and phenomena are positivly the inevitable necessary result of preceding natural causes, all again in turn necessary effects of the spontaneous action and attributes of matter and force and its manifold variations, and not, never, the handiwork of a personal God.

And therefore we must conclude that if there is a God he is absolutely superfluous in the grand economy of nature, all forces and phenomena acting and appearing entirely without such divine assistance or personal caprice, and, furthermore, entirely without any evidences of design or wisdom.

But our friend seems to be sadly shocked at such doctrins, because he sees in their tendencies the agencies to blast his fondest hopes and most cherished aspirations, and not aware that these feelings properly defined are nothing less than cowardice and unworthy to be entertained by a brave and fearless man. Truth is desirable no matter where it leads. And if an old Calvinian hell of fire and brimstone and a special host of ten thousand devils to punch up the blazes for the benefit of all Infidels were a fact, the writer would strive and rejoice to obtain such proof.

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will."

But fortunately truth leads not to eternal torment, neither to imaginary or fictitious joys, but to that greatest boon of nature which, if we only knew it, alone makes life tolerable—eternal rest! And this inevitable condition of man after death is no more to be dreaded than the condition of man previous to birth. Both are identical, equally free from pain and grief; and when all phases of this belief are properly analyzed and thoroughly understood, our final fate—eternal sleep—will be received by all the world with feelings of greatest delight and unmingled happiness.

The trouble now is, we are unable to fully comprehend a condition of absolute individual annihilation, and imagin that, when dead, we will still be partially conscious of our non-existence, separation from our loved ones, and our obnoxious condition of dissolution in the grave.

Therefore the dread and the desire to liv forever, even though the terrible alternativ must stare every believer in the face that the chances are small, and that, according to the "book," a vast majority are ever rushing o'er that "broad road" to eternal damnation!

But, I insist upon it, that when the world shall finally throw off ancient superstition and discard transmitted notions, and become truly wise and philosophical, they will find in the very event they now most dread—death—the source of their greatest joy and consolation through life.

A hundred years hence the 150,000,000 people now living will be no more; 200,000,000 or more will exist then who are absolutely non-existent, unconscious, and virtually dead and annihilated now. Who now mourns for this vast throng of our children's children not yet born, and who are non-existent now? Who pities their "dreadful fate," and who looks upon it as a terrible calamity that these millions should and do not now participate in all the joys and pleasures of all the multitudes living before them? Did you ever think of that, Bro. "B. F. P.?" No; it has never occurred to you! Why? Simply because non-existence is not a state to be dreaded or feared, but, on the other hand, the greatest and kindest gift bestowed upon man!

Then, if it must be conceded that the non-existence, now and in the past, of our successors in life is not a calamity, it must likewise be granted that our non-existence, when they shall exist, cannot possibly be a calamity. We miss them not, we mourn for them not, and both conditions are equally void of sensations or emotions, and consequently cannot possibly be a reasonable or legitimate source of fear.

See the infant slumber sweetly in its cradle. Tranquil and beautiful! Would you rudely awaken your darling from its glorious sleep of unconsciousness? Yet this is death; momentary death for the time being; nothing more, nothing less. We also long daily for the hours of this precious boon, and we accept joyfully from Mother Nature these delicious moments of absolute repose—unconsciousness—death! Then, supposing this night, after having fallen into a tranquil sleep, and, previously unknown to us, our hearts would cease to beat, and we should never awaken from this identical, unchanging, peaceful condition of total unconsciousness, would, could it possibly be a calamity to us, who, with the last throb of our hearts, are absolutely incapable of another thought or sensation?

Impossible! We hav simply returned to that eternal condition we were in during the long eternity previous to our birth. We hav lived and feasted (some more, some less; this is an inexorable law of nature); the festiv board is removed, and we must be content to retire and permit others to participate in the joys and vicissitudes of life. We shall miss the pleasures of life no more, but neither shall we be burdened any more with pain and cares and sorrows and grief.

And if investigation and truth lead to this doctrin, let us rejoice that death has now indeed lost its sting, and that the terrible doctrin of an eternal, continuous (impossible) condition of happiness for a select few, and eternal sufferings of a vast majority of frail humanity, which is the most monstrous doctrin ever conceived by brutal man and cunning priests, is fast disappearing from the face of our beautiful earth, and that the day of deliverance is near! And also that this "hangman's whip to keep the wretch in order," and the few sugarplums dealt out so stingingly by the church, hav ever been the cause of keeping mankind, now and in the past, in large proportion superstitious, vile, ignorant, and miserable, overlooking entirely the far grander code of morals which teaches us to do good without hope of reward, and avoid evil without fear of punishment, as this alone constitutes true manhood. And this grand natural law, independent of all religion, will eventually revolutionize the world and make it truly better!

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Rev. George O. Barnes, the Evangelist, and W. H. Lamaster, the Infidel.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Extremes meet occasionally, and such a conjunction occurred when the Evangelist Barnes admitted the Infidel Lamaster into heaven and asserted if the Infidel were not saved the evangelist would be willing to be damned. It seems that the Infidel Lamaster was at one time in his life a Christian, who now, according to the teachings of Mr. Barnes, is "going through an awful stage of spiritual lunacy." Lunacy is "mental derangement—madness in general," and such is Lamaster's affliction, as Mr. Barnes views his case. According to Mr. Lamaster's conclusion Mr. Barnes is the lunatic, and he, Lamaster, the man whose mind is sound, whose reasoning faculties are free from disease, whose perceptions are clear, and whose conclusions are based upon reason. Mr. Lamaster, in his youth, was a Christian—believed in God and in his son, Jesus Christ. As he advanced in years, as his head enlarged, giving ample space for his great brain to exercise its powers, Mr. Lamaster massed his intellectual energies and concentrated them upon the Bible. He says in his *Iconoclast:* "We once believed as strong as he (Barnes) or any other Christian in the Christian religion. We accepted Christ as our Savior, believed that he was indeed the son of God, and that he was commissioned by God to come to earth to save sinners. We once had no doubts regarding all those doctrins, but after years of reading and study of the Bible our mind has undergone a very radical religious change. We began to reason, and soon our belief began to fade away. Skepticism began to take the place of faith, and at last, instead of remaining a Christian, we found ourselvs an Infidel."

Now Mr. Lamaster denounces God and his son, Jesus Christ, the world's redeemer, and avails himself of every opportunity afforded him to flaunt his unbelief in the face of the world; indeed, he creates opportunities to bring to the attention of society the remembrance of the Bible declaration that "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Some days since Mr. Lamaster addressed the Evangelist Barnes a communication, in which he said: "I am an Infidel. I abhor the God of the Bible, reject Jesus Christ as a savior, and look upon faith, religion, and the church as huge impositions," and this is the man whom Mr. Barnes believes is "passing through an awful stage of spiritual lunacy," but who will be saved finally with an everlasting salvation, and who asserts, if such is not the case, he (the Evangelist Barnes) is willing to be damned.

It will occur to many readers of the *Sunday Sentinel* that the Evangelist Barnes and the Infidel Lamaster represent the extremes of belief and disbelief—one is all faith, the other is all faithlessness. They are antipodal; diametrically opposit; as unlike as light and darkness. The Evangelist Barnes glories in the light; every window of his soul is open to heaven's sunshine. If there is ever a cloud in the sky of his faith it is made radiant with bows of love and joy. Lamaster gets away from the light; prefers a cave, a dungeon; ranks himself with the beasts that perish; is willing to die and rot without resurrection or immortality, and still the Evangelist Barnes will hav it that the Infidel Lamaster is finally to inherit heaven and bask and bathe in supernal felicities. How grandly extremes meet! How harmoniously they blend! God be praised for a faith that takes all the "poor wanderers of a stormy day" at last into a haven of rest! It is no part of the business of the *Sunday Sentinel* to add to religious infelicities, to magnify doubts, or intensify errors. If the Evangelist Barnes can get the Infidel Lamaster into heaven at last the *Sunday Sentinel* will not object. Let mercy and forgivness hav full sway. The voice of joy is better than the wailings of despair. Heaven's hallelujahs are preferred to the howlings of hades. If to confess Christ is to receive an eternity of bliss after life's fitful fever is past, all hail! The *Sunday Sentinel* sends greetings of gladness to its fifty thousand readers. If Infidelity is a disease we rejoice to know there is balm in Gilead and a great physician who can heal the infirmity. We recall as we write the unfortunate man in the land of the Gadarenes. A legion of devils had possession of him. He loved to be in the neighborhood of tombs. He made day and night hideous. He was cursed. The devils were forced out of him and permitted to enter into a herd of swine. Right! Let the hogs hav all the devils and let men be clothed in their right minds and work together to bless the world. We like men who represent calm devotion, on whose brows the peace of heaven is forever brooding, and whose eyes are ever lifted to celestial glories; men who, having drank deeply at the fountains of love and forgivness, see at last the emancipation of the world from sin, and, in the grandeur of their conceptions of an "unsearchable God"—the God of the "old family Bible"—takes us all at last, evangelists and Infidels, all poor storm-tossed mariners, into the port of peace.

It is encouraging that evangelists and editors of leading journals are willing to do the fair thing by an Infidel—one who wholly disbelieves the claims of current theology. The Rev. Barnes is specially magnanimous to be willing that the editor of an Infidel paper should finally hav a seat in heaven, to wear a crown, and play a harp with himself. This is a great advance from the position heretofore held by the leaders of the Christian church, who hav not only consigned unbelievers to the fiery lake through the endless ages of eternity, but hav sought to make this life as unhappy for them as possible. When clergymen and evangelists can find it in their hearts to say a kindly word for an opponent, it looks somewhat as though Christianity is gaining in decency and liberality. But, unfortunately, while there is one Barnes there are many Cooks, Talmages, Fultons, Moodys, Crosbys, Newmans, and the thousands of others so fond of dealing hell and damnation to those who cannot accept all their demands. The editor of the *Sentinel* is also deserving of praise for the equal consideration he givs those whom he conceives to be at such opposit extremes. Let it be hoped that the thought of the world is becoming more fair and Liberal.

Book Notices.

"This bright world laboring in the eclips
Of priestcraft and of slavery."

The "Crimes of Preachers," second edition, is out, enlarged and revised, and containing so many new cases of criminality of these "mouth-pieces of Yahweh" that even the most prejudiced of pietists must acknowledge them to be the very worst instead of the best class of society.

The extra education and careful surroundings that should make them refined, cultured, and just are more than counterbalanced by the want of activ labor and real industry, as well as the habit people hav of worshiping these reverends as next to deity himself.

While we deplore the necessity of stirring all these cesspools of iniquity, we must own that it is absolutely necessary that the world should know the evils of a system of theology that breeds the majority of criminals in its own pulpits.

This last book of Mr. Billings contains a new list of 202 criminal preachers, all collected in one year, and from the northern half of the United States and Canada, and these 202 priests are charged with an aggregate of 500 crimes—more than one for every day of the year! And probably not more than one sin in twenty comes to light, for murder don't always out, nor anywhere near it.

It is the duty of all Liberals to help circulate such books as this, and I shall do my level best to scatter all I can of them. If we succeed in showing up these priests as they are we shall destroy their influence, and the go-betweens once out of the way we shall discover that the gods they pretend to communicate with are as surely myths as were all the gods of Greece and Rome.

It is the slowest of all works to destroy ancient superstitions; but remember every step is so much gained. One book well read will do a "power of work," especially if sent off into a back country place where the Bible, almanac, and county paper constitute far too often the whole library. We hav only one life to liv. Let us fill it full of good well done. Let us teach all of truth we can, and sow seeds of purity, goodness, and honesty. Only 25 cents will secure this record of the detestable doings of priests and preachers.

"Too long hav lordly priests
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
Withering about us, like devoted beasts,
Dragged to the shrine, with faded garments tied."

ELMINA.

"The First Epistle of Bennett the Apostle to the Truth Seekers" is a nice little pamphlet, and full to the brim of good, sound, first-rate advice. Better than any creed or system of theology ever yet gotten up is the code of morals advocated in this volume. Yes, better, because there are no passages one has to twist, and turn, and jump over, lest one go astray by heeding them, as in the apostolic writings of the God-book and guide-book of the Christians of the land. Just this one paragraph is enough to make the follower of its suggestions wise, good, and generous:

"Let justice and right be the standard by which you govern your actions, and never forget that the grandest thing a man can perform is to do what is right under all circumstances."

Not satisfied with giving us a fine code of morals garnered up by a lifetime of experience, Mr. Bennett has in this little book given us many "re-echoes from the teachers of olden times." If anyone can rise from the perusal of even a single page of this epistle and not feel a resolve toward renewed righteousness, the hereditary instincts of that individual must be of the worst possible character.

I hope every Liberal will adopt this epistle as the "code of Infidel morals," and when friends ask us of our reconstructiv aims hand them this epistle of Bennett, the thinker and worker. Tell them here are rules for the guidance of all. Rules written on the very borders of the Holy Land, by one who has traveled in all lands, and carefully judged of methods and modes among many nations.

ELMINA.

The Tama Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The Tama Meeting was a complete success. We had fine weather (save Sunday forenoon), good speeches, good crowds, and good feeling. Our expenses were met on the spot to within $30. Dr. Severance, Mrs. H. S. Lake, W. F. Peck, M. Farrington, Col. M. E. Billings, Col. and Mrs. N. P. Fox, S. D. Moore, and the secretary, were the speakers. Besides these, many others spoke in the conference hour, which session was always a very lively and instructiv one. We had an abundance of good music, furnished by Prof. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Caywood and daughter, of Albion, Iowa, and Mrs. Viva Alexander, of Carroll City.

Live issues were discussed fearlessly, especially by Mrs. Lake and Dr. Severance. The best of harmony prevailed—the harmony that is born of a free platform. Spiritualists and Materialists fraternized most grandly, and the influence for good left in Tama and vicinity will not soon depart. Our audiences reached as high as eleven hundred, and were large at all sessions.

And now credit where credit is due. Our Tama friends attended to the local expenses, and so are that much ahead of Marshalltown and Cedar Rapids, where the previous conventions hav been held. I am under especial obligations to Mr. Matt. Baker and Mr. S. D. Dye, of the Local Committee. But for their assistance the Convention and Camp-Meeting would hav fallen far short of the complete success which it was.

I hav to-day only time for this brief synopsis; will soon send fuller account.

E. C. WALKER, Sec'y.

And now I send a message to my prohibition opponents. J. H. Cook and Mrs. Everest write as friends and as Liberals, recognizing the fact that a man may oppose the legislation they favor and yet be a friend of temperance. But "Liberta" and J. A. Hallock cannot conceal their churchly parentage and education. With the priests of the dying faith, whose creed is the mother of prohibition, they imagin that abuse is argument, the aspersions upon the character or motivs of an opponent are a refutation of his statements, an exposure of his inaccuracies, and a demonstrating of his faulty logic. Being prohibitionists, it is next to impossible for them to treat fairly those who fight beneath the banner of individualism. So mote it be. I shall attend to these gentlemen next week, and before I am through with them they will most heartily wish that they had not grappled with a subject altogether too large for the caliber of their old-fashioned ordnance.

E. C. WALKER.

Letters from Friends.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find check for $10 to pay my this year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $6.50 for "Around the World," in four volumes. I want them bound in sheep, library style. And I also want "The Truth Seeker Collection."

W. N. TRUMBLE.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 3, 1882.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: Pardon my carelessness in not sending my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER before now, for I had everlooked it, not discovering that it was due three or four months ago, so please find $10 inclosed, $3 for the paper and the rest for your books of travel. Allow me to congratulate you on your safe return to your friends and home.

Yours for the truth, L. I. PUTNAM.

CARBONDALE, KAN., Aug. 29, 1882.

BROTHER BENNETT: Please count me as a life-subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I herewith send post-office order for $5. Please pardon my neglect, and accept my promis to do better in future. All my spare time from business for the last year has been spent in reading those splendid letters of the round-the-world traveler. Sorry I hav allowed myself to get in arrears. Hoping you may liv long to edit THE TRUTH SEEKER, I am, Yours truly,

WM. BROWN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I would heartily second the proposed resolutions in your late issue in reference to annual meetings of the Liberals at Paine's monument, and would suggest that the Fourth Liberal League, of which you are president, take the initiativ in the matter. This would be a fitting sequence to its course in reference to the repairing and re-dedication of the monument previous to your journey around the world. Let it be considered a fixed fact.

Yours truly, A. C. M.

WAVERLY, IOWA, Sept. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The annual meeting of the Liberal League of Northern Iowa was held the fourth Sunday in August at M. Farrington's schoolhouse. After the opening exercises were concluded the League proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: M. Farrington, President; D. P. Walling, Vice-President; Mrs. Eli Barns, Treasurer; W. P. McCormack, Secretary. Delegates to the State Convention and an Executiv Committee were also chosen. Respectfully,

W. P. MCCORMACK, Sec'y.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. J., Sept. 11, 1882

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is just the paper I wanted. It was by accident I learned of its existence. My friends will not let me keep one in the house; they carry them off to read and pass them from one to another. Please send a three months trial copy to Mr. Henry Bigler, Butler, N. J.; also the "Real Blasphemers," J. R. Kelso, to my address.

Find inclosed the sum of $1 for the same.

CHAS. KRAHMER.

P. S.—I expect some more subscribers in a few weeks.

PORTLAND, Sept. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I rejoice that you hav been able to circumnavigate this green old earth and return to your many friends again. Long may you liv to spread truth and justice from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to all the inhabitants of the islands of the sea.

Brother Bennett, you hav not one thing to fear, for every true man and woman that walks the earth is your friend, and is ready to gird on the whole armor and enter the wide field of combat, and fight for truth until the seventy thousand lazy ministers are driven from the coward's castle, and made to earn an honest living. The conquest is ours, and our army is on the advance. Looking and contending for the right, I remain your true friend,

H. A. LAMB, M.D.

PINE GROVE, PA., Sept. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I take the liberty and pleasure to inform you of the fact that Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, Pa., has a young Thomas Paine. Mr. Alfred Paine, a well-doing merchant, with an amiable, industrious little wife, of this place, had the good and noble principle (by a kind and encouraging word from a Liberal and Thomas-Paine loving friend) to call their first-born son "Thomas." This act, however, raised quite a breeze among the three old women and the preachers in the town. One old lady visited the house of the young "Thomas," asking the mother of the child to recall that name if possible, having, said she, in substance, no objection to Thomas, but that horrible Paine should be removed. In a congratulating conversation with the mother, Mrs. Paine (admiring, as I did, little Thomas), she told me that a certain preacher said to her that he could never baptize that child by that name. I hav the pleasure of seeing the about-three-years-old Thomas Paine daily, a very bright, lively child, strong and healthy. I met him this morning on the street. Said I, "Good morning, Thomas; are you well this morning?" His reply was, "Ah, ha!" vigorously tossing a big green apple in his play basket, showing considerable independence and attention to his own business. I love and admire that child over all others in town, for its name.

Your well-wishing friend, J. F. HALDEMAN.

COLCHESTER, ILL., Aug. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar, as I see that I am somewhat in arrears on my subscription; will remit some more money to you soon. Am glad to hear of the grand reception tendered to you all along the line from the Pacific to the Atlantic. That is what should be done. Let us show the church and its saintly crew that we are a power, and that we intend to be heard from now and then. I was in hopes to hav met you somewhere on your road home, and to hav had the honor of shaking hands with the hero Infidel of our time. Wake up Underwood, Abbot, Bundy & Co. It seems they will never get through throwing dirt at you, but it is not doing you any injury; but with them it is, I think, and it is just what they deserve. Hoping that you will see proper to make a canvass of every state in the Union, and giv to the people the benefit of your travels in a series of good lectures, I remain as ever your well-wisher and a truth seeker, F. H. SHERWOOD.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Sept. 5, 107.

MR. EDITOR: I am not certain that my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER has expired, but if I understand the print on the wrapper correctly it has; but, however, that matters not (except, if in arrears, injustice to you), I send draft for six dollars for the continuation of the paper from the time my subscription did or may expire.

Should you make the contemplated trip over the United States, I will take a copy of the book which you may write up concerning the trip, and we should be pleased to hav you shape your course so as to call on us here.

We hav had a Liberal organization here for many years, but not an auxiliary of the National Liberal League. Our society is composed of Materialists and Spiritualists, and we meet regularly the year round. We are not so illiberal but what we can listen to views not in accordance with our own, believing that diversity of belief is only destroyed by the establishment of facts. Respectfully, WM. HART.

DUNDEE, MINN., Aug. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see I am among the number of subscribers to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER who hav not paid up. I could not get the money when my time ran out, and hav not enough now to pay you all, but I will soon get it. We are intending to sell our farm. My husband's health is poor, and he cannot work. If we sell, I will buy your books of travel round the world. I hav read all of your letters as they came in the paper, and had many a good laugh over them, especially what you wrote about Yahweh leaving the courts above to come down into that dark cave to visit little Mary. The Catholics hav a book they claim no one can read and remain a Protestant. I do not believe an honest Christian could read your "Truth Seeker Around the World" and not change his opinions. We hav been doing what little we could to strengthen the cause of mental liberty.

Since writing the above I had the good fortune to get a five-dollar bill. Inclosed I send it to you.

LURY A. CRAPSEY.

MODESTO, CAL., Sept. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3 with which I renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Please send me another dozen of "Deity Analyzed, and The Devil's Defense." This book sells well here, and the demand for it is increasing. "The Real Blasphemer" also sells well. The pulpit demagogs are beginning to help advertise these books by warning their congregations not to read them. These warnings help me a good deal.

For many years we hav had a Sunday law in this state, but it has never been enforced. This law is now creating considerable interest in our political circles. The Democratic party has adopted a platform in which the repeal of this law is demanded. The Republican party has adopted a platform in which the retention and the enforcement of this law are demanded. In this fight, which is growing quite hot, the Liberal Republicans are taking sides with the Democrats, and the most zealously religious Democrats are taking sides with the Republicans. Few Californians care much for party lines. They mostly vote to suit themselvs. This is particularly the case with the Liberals. Yours truly,

JOHN R. KELSO.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Aug. 18, 1882.

BROTHER BENNETT: Accept my kindest congratulations on your safe return to your nativ shores. How Anthony & Co. must hav torn their hair when they heard of the attention shown you wherever you went, and especially after you reached American soil again! I can imagin how they gnashed their teeth when they saw how the *Inter-Oecan* had to take it all back and giv you the fair history which you desired. So truth does rise again, it seems.

If our crops do well we intend to send for the celebrated four volumes, written by D. M. Bennett, entitled, "A Truth Seeker Around the World." We believe in this trinity heart and soul, and thank you for it.

My daughter, C. M. Finch, received the flower seeds in due time, and sends her thanks. The letter you wrote her while at San Francisco she will keep as a memento.

Before closing I must congratulate you on the many flattering receptions you hav had and the noble speeches that hav been made in behalf of Freethought, and whose greatest living champion and martyr the world sees in D. M. Bennett. With best wishes and regards for yourself, Mrs. Bennett, and Eugene, I am, Most truly yours,

MARY B. FINCH.

ANGOLA, IND., Sept. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad that you hav outrode the storm of abuse and lies of the church and hav got home safe and happy. And now, as the church has seen fit to drag their God and religion into our public schools here as well as elsewhere, I herewith offer an opening prayer for our schools: "Let us pray. Almighty God, once more we fall on our cowardly knees, asking thee to make one in our midst this day. And, O Lord, whilst we try to do our duty as teachers in this school, wilt thou, our father, keep these little sinners strict? And, O God, if any of these little children should in any manner offend thee, wilt thou, O God, run out some of thy old she-bears and let them tear up about forty of them in the name of Jesus? And we further pray thee, O Lord, that in case any of the big girls should escape the jaws of thy she-bears, wilt thou, O God, turn them into pillars of salt for Christ's sake? And O our dear father, wilt thou leave them standing as a salted monument to the folly and greed of our present school officers of the state? These favors we ask in the name of the murdered Jesus, and the church can hav all the glory. Amen."

Will Mr. Babcock. of St. John's, Michigan, please get us up a closing prayer for our schools?

C. H. WOODWORTH.

ADRIAN, MICH., Sept. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I look upon your paper, after having read it with increasing interest for several years, as truly Liberal, in the proper sense of the term. In its columns any of the various kinds of Liberals may hav a hearing; and, as far as I hav learned, all are treated fairly. Although others may be doing a good work in their own way, I think it must be admitted that THE TRUTH SEEKER is giving the common enemy by far more formidable blows than any of its fellows. I doubt not it was the intention to crush D. M. Bennett and destroy his paper. There are probably thousands of sincere, devout Christians indulging a secret wish that prison fare would wind up the career of this old Infidel. But how very different the sequel! Who that has been familiar with this history cannot plainly see that the trial and imprisonment of this honest man hav operated overwhelmingly against his accusers? Those that are watching closely the signs of the times can see clearly the elements of self-destruction in the great fabric of Christianity. The structure is already tottering, and when its days are fully numbered it must crumble to the earth. Jacob, the liar and deceiver, has nearly had his day; and Esau, the honest youth, whom the Hebrew God hates, must hav his. If honesty and truth are better than lying and deception, then I think the new and approacing epoch will be superior to the present.

Yours in hope, WM. F. LYON.

SOMERSET, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1882.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: I do not wish to be regarded as a complainer or grumbler, but there are some things I cannot complacently endure. You agreed to furnish two volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," postage paid, for $5; then you had the audacity to ask us to take three volumes, postage paid, for $5; and now, as if not satisfied, you propose to inflict upon us still another for $1.50, you paying postage on the whole. Against all this, sir, do I beg respectfully to protest. You are asking us to take more than we bargained for, and, assuming a little too much, you are asking us to accept of your liberality at the expense of our generosity, and we can't afford thus to be outdone in the exercise of the virtues.

It seems to me that if we get three books instead of two for $5, and then get the fourth book for $1.50, we ought to pay the postage on the whole. It would be but a small thing for each of us, but a big thing for you to do—much more than was written in the bond, and, for one, I don't propose to let you do it, sir, but will pay the postage myself, and I trust you will pardon our fault-finding and accept the postage as a simple act of justice, then will I get the books at least fifty cents per volume less than first proposed, and you will receive $6.50 net for the four volumes, only $1.63 per volume, instead of $2.50 gross, or say $2.10 net. Your getting more subscribers than we anticipated is your good luck, and makes it no harder for me to pay than if there were less, and I am not a bit afraid of your getting too much. I am, sir, Most truly yours,

F. N. ALBRIGHT, M.D.

[We thank friend Albright for his kindness in sending us the amount of the postage on the books. It is true, the postage is decidedly an important

item; on the four volumes it will amount to over one thousand dollars. It is not a large matter for each patron to pay his own postage; but for us to pay it all, it is a heavy tax. We are glad our friend thinks the work low in price. It certainly is. There is hardly any work in America where so much matter has been brought out for the same money. We hope this fact will be generally appreciated.—ED. T. S.]

PITTSBURGH, PA., Sept. 3, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me as one of the thousands of your friends to congratulate you upon your safe return home. We hav really to congratulate ourselvs upon your great success, as the success of the Liberal cause in general, and truth seekers in particular. Your description of your travels is worth more than all the so-called sacred writings of the Christians, and will do much toward enlightening minds darkened by falsehood and superstition. The exposition of the knowledge acquired during that trip around the world, as given in your letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER and in your books, will win more souls from Christ than the millions of Christian money expended by fanatics will make up by conversion in many years to come.

But, Mr. Bennett, the truth seeker's "harvest is ripe and the reapers are few," and we need your new and improved double-edged sickle-harvester to garner the grain from Hell's Gate to Golden Gate; we need you in Pennsylvania and in old "smoky city." Thousands will come to hear you speak where only tens will read your gospel, and thousands more will hear and afterward think and read and induce others to do the same.

Come, father Bennett, swing around the circle and see and grasp the hand of your friends and enlighten the dark places of the earth from the rich storehouse of truth and knowledge you hav acquired.

Our League here opened the ball to-day, after a two-months' summer vacation, with Mrs. Colby, of St. Louis, subject, "What is Truth?" and with her accustomed eloquence and powers of logic she left the old veil of the temple of darkness and superstition in rags and tatters. She is to be with us a month, and we expect the harvest to be great. Our League is alive and doing a good work.

Yours in the cause, J. F. CALDWELL.

CAMPBELLTON, TEXAS, August 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to congratulate you upon your safe arrival home, in spite of Comstock, Cook, *Inter-Ocean*, and the balance of the jealous deadheads. They remind me of so many curs barking at a train of cars as it swiftly passes on to its destination—and their cursed howls are of about as much significance. It only indicates that death to them has commenced. Now, old chief, you hav been around the world, and hav done great good for the *cause*, and put a star in your crown of which you may well be proud.

I propose now that the Freethinkers send you on a canvassing and lecturing tour around the United States, and, as a sign of good faith, you can just put my name down for $10 (ten dollars,) and notify me when you want the wherewith and I will remit at once. Now I mean business, and I want to see the thing carried out. The most of the Freethinkers are too far off to come to see you, and I want that you go to see them; and I would like very much that you take Bob Ingersoll along as companion, and if you giv out he can probably help you with a few remarks. My gods are Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll—the trinity—and I expect to go to them when I die.

Freethought is a-booming now, and now is the time to hit. We want a few lively men out in the field. Now, brother Freethinkers, come, chip in. I ain't got much, but I am good for a ten, and more if necessary. Let's hear from you. With our chief in the field, scattering the light of Liberalism, I think we can confidently count on having a funeral, and on the tombstone of Christianity will be written, "Here lies the remains of Christianity. Gone to the arms of its sweet Jesus."

Sincerely yours, H. BUNDY.

RENO, NEV., Sept. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing that many of your patrons would like to know something about their favorit, viz., Dr. J. L. York, I now proceed to giv them an account of his rest and work while in our little town of Reno. Having learned of his illness, contracted while living in the miasmatic city of Sacramento during his service in the legislature, Mr. John Sunderland invited the great champion of human rights and mental liberty to come to Reno to recruit, if possible, in this healthy locality, and regain his former strength and endurance. He arrived here July 18th, and gave his first lecture August 20th. September 3d he closed his series of six lectures to good audiences in the largest theater in the town. His success in this benighted city will soon be apparent by inaugurating the Reno Liberal Union, which is being formed at the present time. Soon he will take his departure for his home in San Jose, with another call to return and giv us a few more of his highly entertaining Freethought lectures in December next.

Three of our daily papers hav given him gratifying mention. The *Nevada State Journal* has the following remarks upon one of his lectures: "The lecture at the theater last Saturday night was well attended, and was listented to from the beginning to the close with the closest attention. The speaker said, after alluding to the advertised topic for the evening 'Common Sense:' 'As the average good judgment which men and women attain to, relating to the various pursuits and business of this life, and for the purpose of his lecture, he desired to apply the same common sense as an instrument in reaching truth relating to inspiration in a natural sense, as opposed to the long-cherished notion held by the religious world that in the far off past God inspired to write books containing complete truth relating to the salvation of mankind.'

"'From what we may know of the divine activities there is a connection between deity and the soul of man—not in a supernatural but in a natural sense—as there is between light and the eye, sound and the ear, food and the palate, truth and the intellect, beauty and the imagination. So, as we obey the laws of the body, we hav health; so, as we obey the law of the mind, we get wisdom and skill for the mind; so, also, as we obey the law of the moral faculties, we hav moral life and peace of conscience for the mind or soul; for as we hav bodily senses to lay hold upon matter and supply our physical needs, so also we hav mental faculties which lay hold upon nature and upon deity, the soul of nature, and thus supply our mental or spiritual wants.

"'Inspiration is the breathing or infusing of the spirit of justice, purity, and love into the mind or soul of man, and is therefore the light of our being and the great background of all human faculties.'"

Yours fraternally, MARTHA J. YOUNGLOVE.

CARVERSVILLE, PA., Aug. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: As I appear to be almost alone in my outspoken convictions of what I believe to be truth, will you publish this, my concludent opinion, on popular Christianity? After weighing pro and con evidence furnished to my mind on the subject—being now in my seventy-fifth year, and yet a youth scarce of age, having been nurtured and ground in the Quaker theological mill—I hav always felt a deep interest to understand truth from error, believing with Thomas Jefferson that "if there is a God, he must more approve the dictates of reason than blind ignorance"—hence, whilst

Some assert there is a God,
And some assert a devil;
I believe that all is God,
And that there is no devil;
That heaven is a blissful state
Of harmony divine,
Found in every soul
Where the virtues shine;
That hell is a degraded state,
Where virtue is not known,
So man becomes a devil,
The only devil known.

Now, finding that many of the best developed minds after a careful examination of history, hav come to the grave conclusion of doubt whether such a person as Jesus Christ of the Bible ever existed or not, but if a fact, he was only a singular person of his time, no uncommon thing, and the priesthood of the time seized upon and magnified his character as that of a god, to perpetuate a priestly rule over the mass of mankind that they (the priests) might liv in luxury and ease, free from the common business of life properly belonging alike to all the children of earth. Here, waving again the opinions of others, let me remark if the Jesus Christ testified of in the New Testament was a veritable person, without detracting from his many virtues, might he not properly be styled the "King of Tramps" according to his own reported words, that he "had not where to lay his head," and yet claimed to be the Lord of creation?

Wonderful, wonderful! how could it be,
The Lord of creation, no home could he see?
Granting it true, how does it sound,
The Lord of creation no home for him found?
Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful mind.
Such a tramp on the roads we never shall find
(Though we search through creation with candles and lamps
As said Lord of creation and king of the tramps!

CHORUS.—Lamps and candles, candles and lamps,
Lord of creation, king of the tramps,
Can it be possible, can it be true?
Lord of creation, what shall we do?
Oh!!!
Bogus Christianity, church-anity-vanity,
Plague of the world, curse of humanity,
Has slaughtered thousands in its course,
Till common sense subdued its force.
Oh, the misery suffered by it.
And not a soul that can deny it.
Hence the greatest humbug of our race,
The sum and scum of all disgrace,
Upheld by priests who fatten and thrive
From others' labor, as drones in a hive;
Whom Jesus cursed with awful woe,
At least we find it written so—
Matthew 23d chapter particularly so.

A TOAST TO D. M. BENNETT.

Hail to our chief from his long weary roam,
To the land of the free, his own nativ home;
May he liv to enjoy the fruits of his labor,
And rival forever his Comstock neighbor. E. W. A.

Bold, outspoken pioneers,
I honor and admire,
Who stand for truthful justice
And hail opposing fire;
Meet it with a firm resolve
Of high progressiv thought,
Till priestly rule shall vanish,
Become a thing of naught.

Respectfully, E. W. ALLEN.

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1 for my subscription, which ran out on the 1st. I hav done wrong in not sending it before, but I wished to say a few words to the many poorer readers who begin to feel the slavery of our false system of finance.

Mr. Petty, in May 28th, wrote a good article for workingmen, and a workingman answered it, but neither of them seems to see the cause of the evils that fill our land with vice, misery, and crime, and as Sada Baily, in July 1st, asks that everyone who has a remedy for our evils should ventilate it, I will try and do so.

First, the cause, and I want every Liberal who reads this paper to carefully read it, think on it, study it, for it is the most important question ever yet discussed. It is not money nor the love of money, but the *want* of money in circulation, that is the root of all evil. Do not forget it, my friends and fellow-sufferers, a contracted currency always makes the many the slaves of the few. It is the life of monarchies, aristocracies, and monopolies for twenty years past. The Republican party hav so fixed the finance laws that one dollar has become of more value than five hundred dollars ought to be. It has beeome more valuable in the sight of the millions than lands or homes, or wife or mother, or any other consideration, for all manner of crimes are readily committed for a few dollars or even cents of that money which should be furnished a full legal tender by the government only in such unlimited quantities that no man need to borrow or ask for credit, and no man could keep a pawn shop under three balls, or as a bank, nor any man liv by loaning money at interest. This is the remedy, and I freely challenge any man on earth to giv one sensible, unselfish reason why it should not be so. Had there been money enough twenty-five years ago to do all of the business that could and would hav been done on a principle of pay cash down, there would hav been no slaves in the South to free, and there would hav been no war for the Union. Had there been $500,000,000 issued by the government at the close of the war there would hav been no cry of "bloody shirt" for years after. In the past twenty years by speculating upon the credit of labor, labor has been put under a falsely so-called debt of $16,000,000,000 or more, which it is never intended that they shall pay, it is only hoped that they will quietly pay the interest while they sink into abject servitude. If all of the debt of England or Russia or France or Turkey, etc., were put into legal tender government money, all their crowns would drop off, aristocracies crumble away, and all distinctions of caste soon be leveled.

For twenty years past the children of this country hav been drilled and educated to be liars, thieves, robbers, murderers, and prostitutes. The laborers hav been taxed to build gallows, prisons, workhouses, insane asylums, and poorhouses. Nineteen men hav been hung on one gallows; thousands of men and women for want of money in circulation to set them at work hav been sunk to the lowest depths of vice and misery. Mr. Thompson, the oldest banker in New York, told the Bankers' Association last fall that there had never been money enough in circulation, and that at that time there was not five per cent yet of the amount then needed. Think of this, my Liberal and laboring friends, that a banker admits that last fall we needed twenty times as much money in circulation as there was then. But I tell you that we needed five hundred times as much money in circulation as we then had. I tell you that the want of money in circulation is the root of all the evil fruit that curses this land to-day with poverty, drunkenness, vice, and misery, and if there is a reformer of any kind who reads this article, let me say to them this is the only remedy, this is the cause, the support of all the evils. You can find all the rest are but effects of this everlasting evil root. Labor earns everything and never goes in debt, yet by contracting the amount of the medium of exchange labor has been blindly driven into a supposed or fictitious debt of over one-half of all the value of the whole country, and labor is exhausted to pay interest on this enormous amount, while at the same time he supports and sustains six thousand curses more vile, called national banks or pawn shops, to which the amount of interest paid no man is able to enumerate.

If the Liberals of this nation wish to separate church and state, and make this a free land, let them start a party with only one plank in their platform—"Free and unlimited legal tender money makes a free people." He or she that hath ears to hear let them hear, for I assure you there is no name given under freedom's banner whereby labor can be saved. But you must all prepare to bear a hand at repudiation, inflation, ruin, rag-baby that will beat the howls of the old man Judah that Elmina tells about in your paper of the 19th, for when labor claims its own the laborers must expect all the curses that the thieves can invent. But this is the only remedy. It is simple; it is just and right.

With a hearty welcome to our leader, Bro. Bennett, I am Fraternally, J. H. WOOD.

The Hebe of Canova.

BY ALHAZA.

"What grace divine
Did here with human workmanship combine!"
—*Sophocles.*

Full heavily a drop of deep regret
Falls like an Indian ruby on my heart;
But a sweet, snowy form of maiden grace—
Delicious sight—to me can peace impart.

That bosom white, from purest marble wrought,
And airy tread beneath a chiseled fold,
Convey more treasure to my aching heart
Than purple sail and mast of beaten gold.

How sweet was pagan art! No Christian frown
Chilled lovely Hebe in her flowery way;
So brightly bold, so exquisitly shy,
And charmed great Jove in beauty gliding by.

She met you as a zephyr meets a rose;
Her dalliance with the lilies by the stream
Made gods sink down, heart-smitten from the sky,
When morning gray disturbed their starry dream.

Her smile made autumn seem like glowing spring,
And cast a glow upon some ancient tomb,
Till holy Pan would fondly loiter there,
Slighting the sweetness of Arcadia's gloom.

(And frowning nymphs, with proud, disdainful lip),
The hymn that heaved sweet Hebe's snowy breast
Seemed woven in many a trembling mesh,
Where 'neath the sea bright shells and corals rest.

And cruel words may break my trusting heat,
But I can turn away and sadly gaze
On snow-white marble's budding loveliness;
Those melting lines hav no harsh Christian ways.

Perhaps Canova's heart was wounded sore
Till the sweet sky seemed sorrowing, sad, and dim,
And this angelic Hebe came in dreams,
And with her beauty cast a spell o'er him.

Not coldly sculptured, to a rock enchained,
But stepping gently from a marble stair,
A lovely priestess from an altar pure,
Who lightly moves and seems to tread on air.

Not earthly beauty has his soul adored,
His yearning bosom something craves divine,
As a sweet dryad sips the evening dew
And turns its essence to ambrosial wine.

For the pale artist never meets his love
But thorns are planted in that dangerous path;
Oh, better far to toil for high renown,
A glowing coronal, a fadeless wreath.

Are drops of peace within that carven cup,
With snowy violets wreathed about the brim?
"Press the chill marble to thy patient lip,
He will not liv for thee, then die for him!"

A Wonderful Ride.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

Old Satan once took Jesus up
Into a lofty mountain top,
A pig back, that is, pick-a-pack,
And luckily did not let him drop.

Of all gymnastics e'er performed,
Adapted most to make us stare,
It was Christ bestraddling Satan's back,
And flying up into the air.

Then every country in the world
The devil pointed out to him;
This part we don't believe at all,
Though it be told with holy vim.

We know no mountain does exist
From whence the world can all be seen,
Should one reach even to the moon,
Believe it still, we're not so green.

It proves who e'er made up the tale
Just thought the world was spread out flat,
And thus a flat mistake was made—
We'll kindly set it down to that.

No need for comment on the rest,
Why should we wish the tale to blight?
We'd gladly giv a quarter for
A chance to see the funny sight.

The Mother.

BY UNCLE LUTE.

Baby-girls delight our fancy
With their guileless, winning way,
Maidens blooming into beauty
With our hearts a havoc play;
And a vision of the glory
Of a bride in her new joy
Proves a poem to our senses
Freed from passion's fell alloy;
But the halo round a mother,
With her baby on her breast,
Fills our souls with a completeness
Sweeter, grander than the rest.

Honor to the tender mother!
Poets, minstrels, let us sing;
Waft ye winds of every season,
Argosys love's gifts to bring;
Though we loiter at the cradle,
Kiss the maiden's blushing cheek,
Yield the bride an adoration
Greater than our words can speak,
Yet our sweetest benedictions—
Love creations of our art—
We will yield the faithful mother
With her babe pressed to her heart.

A JUNIOR clerk in an English government office was recently summoned before his chief and fined for having been seen in the possession of heretical books, including Paine's "Age of Reason." What makes this exhibition of tyranny doubly disgusting is the fact that the victim must keep strict silence under penalty of dismissal. These petty despots hav not even the courage of their villainy.

Our Auxiliaries.

From the Iconoclast.

The unprecedented progress of Mr. D. M. Bennett across the United States, if it has served no other good purpose, has been useful in drawing Liberals together, and in demonstrating to the people what the Liberal strength of this country is.

Even the most superficial observer must realize that Liberalism has immensely increased and thriven, both in numbers and in moral force, since the attempt to "stamp out" Mr. Bennett's paper first took practical form. This is shown in a great variety of ways. In the ovations which were everywhere tendered to Mr. Bennett. In the increased subscription list of THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers. In the putting forth by new Liberal papers of their claims to public recognition. In the general decadence of the churches and the occasional squeals which we hear from the so-called "religious" press about the lack of interest in their matters. In the respectful attention and applause which await the utterances of Colonel Ingersoll whenever he addresses the people. In Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's recent article in the *North American Review*. In the adherence and support of Mr. George Miln; and in the enthusiasm shown at the Watkins Convention of Freethinkers just adjourned, and in the great number of people who considered it worth the pains and exertion to attend there from long distances. "Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the Kindom of Man is at hand."

At the banquet given to Mr. Bennett upon his return to New York, Mr. Louis F. Post, editor of *Truth*, in reference to the toast, "The Independent Press," said: "I am not oversanguin in asserting that the religions of superstition and faith are rapidly losing their holds on the minds of men. This fact is attested by the evidence of keener and less partial observers than I. Henry George, one of the clearest investigators and most eloquent writers on social questions, and a man who still clings to the religious traditions of his childhood, in his work on 'Progress and Poverty,' says that 'in the popular mind Christianity is dying at the root, as the old paganisms were dying when Christianity entered the world.'"

And Mr. Post went on to say: "What has produced the great change in public opinion? Not the press, but the labors, the sacrifices, the humiliations, the honest purpose and steadfast conduct of men like Thomas Paine, who laid the corner-stone of Infidelity and Freethought; like Bennett, who is rearing the superstructure, and like Ingersoll, who adorns the edifice with his eloquence and guards it with shafts of sarcasm shot from the bow of humor."

To the men Mr. Post has named, and to those who work in sympathy with them, much is certainly due. But there is another and a different class of men who hav done quite as much as they to impart momentum to the Freethought movement, and whose labors should not pass unnoticed, nor be overlooked in our estimate of the causes which are helping on the work of Liberalism. Let us be quite fair. Let us giv the devil his due. We refer to those self-constituted leaders who assume to represent the sentiments and feelings of Christianity, and whom the great body of Christians very unadvisedly allow to retain positions of leadership to the great detriment and disgrace of their cause. Men whose impertinences repel the thoughtful without winning the thoughtless. No one can find fault with the Christian system of morality. It is as good a moral system as has ever been presented to the world, or ever will be, but the men who preach it, and with their lives belie it, are constantly driving from its churches disgusted multitudes. These men are powerful workers for Liberalism, and we insist that they hav due recognition as such. It would require a man of wonderful persuasiv power to entice away from the church as many souls as were driven from it by the defaulter Pursell.

Consider this very case of Mr. Bennett's, which has attracted so much attention, and around which hovered, like vultures, several of the most efficient workers in the church and against it. There never was a clearer verification of Paine's maxim, that "there is nothing like a wrong to quicken the sentiment of justice," and the injustice of that case, practiced as it was by churchmen, and as they thought for the benefit of the church, has driven from the church many who, if they had not seen this injustice, would still hav been the church's firm supporters. The fact that Joseph Cook, who not only professes to be a leader in his sect but actually finds some support for such professions, should make use of such a disreputable tool as the infamous Benedict to accomplish the vilest purpose a man ever undertook, that he should sit in court and in cold blood egg on the prosecutor and encourage the judge in his work of injustice, and gloat over the result of his scheme, and glory over what he thought was going to be his triumph, and what he probably hoped would be the death of his victim. These facts, we say, giv the lie direct to his pretensions to morality, and no thoughtful man wants to be found in Joseph Cook's company. After the conviction and imprisonment of the victim, Howard Crosby arose jubilant on the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association, and with priestly unction gave his estimate of the great importance and immense value to his church of the atrocious imprisonment. He stated that value to be very large, but some how or other no one can now fail to see that the advantage must be expressed by a negativ quantity, and that by the Bennett outrage the church has lost what she can never regain in this country, the respect of thinking men. The church engineered the scheme, the church approved of it, and the church is abundantly welcome to all the glory she has got from it. Mr. Bennett will go on and liv in the grateful remembrance of free Americans long after Crosby and Cook shall be forgotten.

What shall we say of the jackanapes and theological straddlebug, Talmage, who has made the religion he professes a thousand times more ridiculous than all Ingersoll's sarcasm ever could or can make it? What shall we say of Morgan Dix, who preaches forbearance and forgiveness, and metes out to the man who plays a practical joke on him a most fiendish revenge? We consider Dix to be as much the murderer of poor Williamson as if he had driven a knife to his heart. Shall we not thank these men for the work they hav done and are doing for Liberalism? Shall we not thank them for driving over to our camp the best and the purest and the brightest men of our age? Shall we not also include in our grateful remembrance each and every man whose name figures in that long list of criminal preachers which Col. Billings has with so much diligence compiled?

Different men from Paine and Bennett and Ingersoll are doing work for Liberalism, and perhaps as much as they. Who shall say that the men who advertise Walt Whitman, and cause the people to seek his noble book and read it, hav not done as much substantial good as Whitman himself? Is not he that waters as worthy as he that plants?

Therefore, when our enemies howl about us like the wild bulls of Bashan, let us not be in the least discouraged, for they are doing our work. They are "building better than they know." Let us always bear in mind what an impulse Freethought has received from the Bennett outrage. Let us remember that Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" was little read for fifteen years, until some nasty fellows announced to the world that they saw reflected in its purity the obscenities of their own base minds. Let us unite with the spirit of Thomas Jefferson around the standard of eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man, and let us be encouraged by the conduct of the enemies of Freethought, and congratulate ourselvs that we hav such enemies; confident that they will contribute largely, however involuntary, to do our work for us, and to do just that part which we could not do ourselvs.

Talmage's Last.

From the Montreal Daily Star.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, is nothing if not a scholar. It may be remembered that he violently assailed the revised version of the New Testament, and hinted that he could hav got a much better one made without going far from home. To be sure, the specimens of scholarship which he givs to his Brooklyn congregation from time to time are not such as ordinary students are apt to admire; but then that is because they are ordinary students, while he is an extraordinary divine and acrobat. The word acrobat means, in fact, one who walks upon dizzy summits; so that the reverend gentleman has earned the title in a double sense. He performs physical feats in the rostrum which would dislocate every joint in most men's backs, and at the same time he soars upon the high places of philosophy, theology, and erudition.

The last demonstration the reverend gentleman has given of his profound acquaintance with the Greek language is the invention of the word "prophoscope" as applied to some instrument through which Jacob of old "looked down through the corridors of the centuries." Poor Jacob! We don't believe a word of it. The telescope would hav bothered him a good deal; the telephone would hav made him "hello;" but the prophoscope—what would he hav done with it? It is a comfort indeed to think the poor old man whose days, as he told the Egyptian king, were "few and evil" had not to grapple with this fearful contrivance of Talmagian genius. That the word has no possible derivation or meaning is, we suppose, an irrelevant and almost impertinent consideration. It has a grand Talmagian sound; it was built to echo and re-echo through the vast expanse of the Brooklyn Tabernacle; sound and not sense was what was wanted, and "prophoscope" just fills the bill. As a real "comforting word" for pulpit use we think it beats either of those old favorits Mesopotamia and Cappadocia; for the meaning of these might some day be found out—and then where would their comfort be?—but the meaning of "prophoscope"—never! It is full of impressiv and mysterious suggestions. What might it *not* mean? It is a word of infinit terror to those evil-doers who study Greek roots; while to the ignoramuses who admire Talmage it sounds like a Pindaric strain of victory.

It is not every man who can thus grandly fling a new word into the vocabulary of his nation; but Talmage can do it. The next thing is to get it into Webster. It may not mean anything, as we hav said, but still let it go in and occupy the ground, and let a note appear that the meaning is in course of discovery, and will probably be ready for announcement in the next edition. Even if no meaning should ever be discovered, the word is grand in itself, and might easily be put to a variety of uses. How often it happens that we cannot find a word that exactly expresses what we want to say; and in such a case how convenient to take up some spare word of imposing sound, and wholly indeterminate sense like "prophoscope." Or in controversy with a formidable opponent whose logic was getting the better of us, how the tide of battle would turn if we could only tell him that, examined in the light of the "prophoscope," his argument appeared utterly frivolous! Even as a simple weapon of offense its effect would be prodigious. There are few unlettered men, or lettered ones either for that matter, who could stand for a moment being called "prophoscopes." The word sophomore is sometimes used in a derisiv way with great effect; but giv the right accent and intonation to "prophoscope," and you hav a term of contempt that would brand and hiss itself into the very toughest hide. The word would also be largely available in scientific discussions among persons wholly ignorant of science. In this respect it would far surpass the word "coprolite," which we hav heard very effectivly bandied to and fro by persons ignorant of its meaning.

The great need of the hour, therefore, is to get the word "prophoscope" into the dictionary. Leave it there, we say, as a spare word for use in emergencies of all kinds. It is Talmage's gift to the people, so let us keep it. If anybody seeing it breathes a devout wish that its inventor were so far down "the corridors of the centuries" that not even a "prophoscope" with a ten-foot reflector could bring him within sight, we may be sure it will only be some crusty scholar who fails to understand this progressiv age, or to realize how greatly an admixture of the mountebank improves the character of a modern minister of the gospel.

Circular.

To the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada:

I propose to publish immediately a pamphlet containing the Articles of Association of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, including its creed and platform, viz: The demands of Liberalism, the resolutions passed at the late Watkins Convention, with the names of the officers of the association and an alphabetical list of the members with the full post-office address of each.

This association, in many respects, is national in its character. Its articles of association confine its membership to no section of country, and at each convention the Freethinkers of all the states and of Canada are invited to participate. And I wish to hav every person in the United States and of Canada, who desires to be known as a Freethinker (who has not already done so), to at once unite with this association, so that his or her name and post-office address may appear in the pamphlet. All that is necessary to become a member, is to send your name and twenty-five cents to me. The price of the pamphlet and postage will be thirty cents.

Those who are members are requested to immediately forward to me their names written in full with their full post-office address. These addresses should be written very plainly, so that no error shall appear when published.

Now, Liberal friends, whether you are known as Materialists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, or Agnostics, at once send in your names, that we may hav a full and perfect list of the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada.

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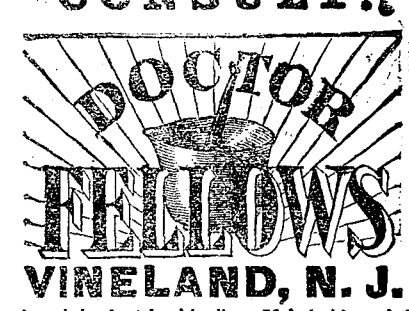
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Gems of Thought.

JUSTICE and freedom for herself is woman's latest and highest demand.—*History of Woman Suffrage.*

NOBLE work is the true educator. Idleness is a thorough demoralizer of body, soul, and conscience. Nine-tenths of the vices and miseries of the world proceed from idleness. Without work there can be no activ progress in human welfare. No more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Imagin an idle man condemned to perpetual youth, while all around him decay and die. How sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance! "The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating his powers on a single object can accomplish something, whereas the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish anything."—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

IN the morning when thou risest unwillingly [the emperor is soliloquizing and addressing his thoughts to himself] let this thought be present: I am rising to the work of a human being. Why, then, am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I was brought into the world? Or hav I been made for this to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? But this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure and not at all for activ exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?—*M. A. Antoninus.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard! Consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?—*Proverbs vi*, 6-9.

ONLY those who hav taken as their guide knowledge instead of faith, those who submit to no authority as authority but bow solely to the dictates of reason, those only hav a right to reject the Bible as a moral teacher. There is no logical standpoint between entire submission to authority and entire freedom of judgment. Our opponents are continually urging this on waverers as a threat, and we reiterate the assertion as a deliberate and solemn warning. We had better quietly accept whatever is presented to us for our homage with a fair show of authority if we are not prepared to take the trouble to "prove all things" and to follow, at whatever pain, the guiding torch borne in the hand of Freethought.—*Mrs. Annie Besant's True Basis of Morality.*

THE present is the past grown older and wiser—it is time better understood. Free religion is religion grown older and wiser; it is God and man better understood. The highest fruit of a religion is a better religion. We are to honor the Christian protest for the liberty it secured the world. [When and where?] It is not for the result that the Reformation produced, but for the precedent it established that we value it. We respect the protest, not the Protestantism, of the reformers. That is the only true reformation that allows itself to be reformed. Free religion is the assertion of man's rights—of man's freedom; it is humanity in freer relations with man and in truer relations with the universe; it is human life not bound by creeds, not limited by customs. Its attitude is not of submission, but that of independence.—*L. K. Washburn's Free Religion.*

Is it natural that people should pursue an honest course through life when they are taught from their mother's knees, in the Sunday-school, and at every church they attend during childhood, youth, and mature age that however black their crimes, however base their sins, however dishonest or iniquitous their conduct may be, that it can all be blotted out; that their record can be made spotless and clean; that their sins, though as red as scarlet, can be made as white as wool; that they can be washed in the blood of an innocent lamb and be rendered immaculate, pure, and spotless; that however great the score of indebtedness that may be posted up against them in the great ledger, a kind-hearted individual will settle it all if they will simply believe in him—that "Jesus will pay it all?"—*D. M. Bennett's Truth Seeker Tract No.* 64.

To liv well is the best preacher. To set a lofty example is the richest bequest a man can leave behind him, and to exemplify a noble character is the most valuable contribution a man can make for the benefit of posterity.—*Dr. Samuel Smiles.*

ALL things hav I seen in the days of my vanity. There is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness.—*Ecclesiastes vii.*, 15.

OUR feelings are but little guide to go by. The feeble woman who has always been braced by whalebone and corsets says she cannot hold herself up without them, nor could she stand up if she had always been depending on props. If a faculty is not used it becomes weakened, and just so with any portion of the body. Keep it inactiv and it becomes helpless. It is said that God helps those who help themselvs; and a truer truth is it that we are as we make ourselvs. I read once of an old woman who had so long scalded and depraved her stomach with hot tea and coffee that even a moderate drink of pure cold water would produce painful cramps and convulsions. And there are wise, good men who hav contracted a habit of using tobacco, and know and feel that it is injurious to them, yet find it is almost worse than death to giv it up. To cease from its use makes them cross, irritable, and ill-natured, and often causes a loss of memory and mental power. There is but one way out of the trouble for these inebriates, and that is to adopt a pure, vegetable diet and cleanse out the whole system by hygienic living.—*Elmina D. Slenker,*

Odds and Ends.

IT was not as the doctors said,
Caused by a torpid liver,
But when the angels beckoned her
She went without a quiver.

"THAT," said Biggling to his wife when she told him that a new silk dress was necessary for her health and happiness, "is too diaphanous." "Now, Biggling," she answered tartly, "I want you to understand that I am not to be put down by musical terms. You may call it a fortissimo or a trombolo, but I'm going to hav that dress."

AN Indianapolis girl, forbidden by her parents to marry the man of her choice, appeared to be abundantly consoled by the promis of a grand birthday party. When all the guests were assembled on that occasion, she walked in on the arm of her lover, who had within the hour been made her husband by a clergyman round the corner.

HIS FODDER.

"What is your name?" asked a justice of a little saddle-colored darkey who was up for stealing clothes from a yard on Austin avenue.

"Bill."

"What is your father?" asked the justice, trying to elucidate the occupation of the culprit's parent.

"My fodder am what ebber I kin pick up in de way ob cold vittles."

"I mean who is your father?"

"Oh, yer means who am my fodder. Hain't got no sich fodder. De missuble, low-down, wufless, no-'count skunk went into de court and swored out ob hit. He has done swored off from being my fodder yeahs and yeahs ago, and I havn't had no fodder since, so my mudder says, and I reckon she knows.

AN EATING HOUSE "RUN BY A STOCK COMPANY."

It was on the line of the Q. and M. railroad in Michigan; a railroad traveler rushed into the eating-house and called for quail on toast.

"Sorry, sir, but quail are out of season," was the reply.

"Any partridges!"

"None."

"Any turtle soup?"

"Just out of soup, sir."

"Any spring lamb?"

"No spring lamb."

"Any spring chicken?"

"Served the last yesterday."

"You must hav roast beef?"

"No roast beef."

"Any leg of mutton?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what hav you got?"

"Coffee, corned beef, and sandwiches, sir."

"And you call this a first-class eating-house?"

"No, sir; this is an eating-house run by a stock company. Some want spring chickens on the bill of fare, and some say that ham is good enough; and so the cook splits the difference and sets out corned beef. Don't speak so loud, sir, as the stockholders are just now having a meeting in another room, and hav presented a resolution to buy fifty pounds of chicory per month to brace up our coffee."

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

A lion who had lived for several years in a certain neighborhood and gained general respect for the manner in which he had conducted himself, was suddenly made the object of slanders and abuse. When he came to trace these stories back he found that they had been started by a mouse.

"Why hav you slandered me?" demanded the lion.

"Because the people will only accept me as a mouse," was the reply.

"But am I to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not; but why should you be a lion, able to strike down the ox, while I am but a puny mouse, able only to frighten women and children? What grieves me is the fact that nature made a mistake."

"Very well," said the king of beasts, "you go forth and roar and kill, and I'll become a mouse."

The mouse stalked into the forest and began to growl and roar, but his efforts were received with laughter. After he had tried it again and again, the owl dropped down beside him and observed:

"Instead of making me afraid, you only disturb my slumbers and annoy my friends. Come inside, out of the malaria."

MORAL.—The mouse who nibbles at crumbs is doing all that is expected of him. Secondly, He who looks for the mistakes of others simply shows the world his envious feelings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

HE.

Och, Katie O'Brien!
Plaze stop now, your cryin',
Or me heart ye will shplit into shplinters, I'm shure!
I shwear I was foolin'
But jist Mag Doolin,
For she's no moore to me than the durt on the flure!

SHE.

Arrah now, me Danny!
I'v lovers so manny;
It's yourself is the worsht—troth, I tell it to you;
Divil the humbuggin'—
I saw ye Mag huggin',
An' ye ought to be bate till ye're jist black and blue.

HE.

But shurely, me own dear,
If I had not known, dear,
By practicin' betwone toimes I'd love ye the moore,
I'd thought av it niver—
Be me sowl or me liver,
Now, I shwear, that was it, darlint, open the dure!

SHE.

Ah! blesht be the word, dear,
I now can afford, dear,
To tell ye that Paddy's in coortin av me;
I, too, hav been larnin'
Since sunroise this marnin'
To "practice" wid Paddy whoile a waiting for ye.

—*Vicksburg Herald.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupf rschmidt, the secretary, says:
"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."
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Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. William R. Brooks, of Hampstead, R. I., is accused of having three wives. Should not the holy man be recommended for his moderation?

AN English "Public Analyst" says that all cheese should be washed before using, as a custom prevails among manufacturers of brushing them over with a solution of arsenic to keep the flies away.

THE catalog of the British Museum, now being printed, will fill five hundred volumes, and at the present rate it will require forty years to complete it, by which time there will be new matter enough to begin afresh.

THE colored preacher who was shot at Chattanooga the other night while stealing potatoes had been trying to liv on a salary of $2 per week. A preacher can't stand an empty stomach any better than other folks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Salvation Army in England is now divided against itself, a large faction refusing to submit to the rigorous disciplin hitherto maintained by Gen. Booth. Opposing processions occasionally fight on meeting one another in the streets, and break up rival meetings. At Hanley a riot was quelled by the police.

LOMBARDY, although one-half of it is occupied by arid mountains, contains, probably, the densest agricultural population in the world. According to recent official reports, the provinces of Milan and Cremona hav 161 inhabitants to the square kilometer, and even in the mountain region of Como there are 67 dwellers on each square kilometer. On the same area England has only 30, France 40, and Ireland 60.

IN Dr. Blyth's new work on foods, a true "milk-tree" is described under the name of *Brosimum glactrodendron*. On incising the trunk it yields a slightly thick fluid in abundance, which, on analysis, is found analogous to ordinary milk. It has albuminous and fatty principles, sugar, and phosphates. The tree is found in Central America. Next a tree ought to be discovered that bears first-rate fresh eggs.

THE Rev. J. B. Courtney was trying to write a sermon, in London, when an organ grinder began to play under his window. The minister felt no profanity, he declares, when he said to the musician, "You fellows make this street a hell upon earth." A woman in the same house, however, liked the noise, and paid for its continuance. That led to an altercation, and all were taken to a police court, where they were fined.

HERESY is said to be rife in Lane Theological Seminary, where the Presbyterian orthodoxy used to be beyond reproach. Two of the professors are accused of teaching the students that the Pentateuch was not, as a whole, the work of Moses, that the Jewish ritual grew by a process of evolution, and that the Pentateuch was written by many men at remote periods and finally compiled into a body of records. There is similar trouble at the Ohio Methodist University, President Scott being charged with denying the trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the resurrection of the body. What is poor Christianity coming to?

A STORY of a Kentucky orator is told by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He had received $100 for defending McLarens, and only $10 from Ragg, who was on trial under the same indictment for larceny. Closing his appeal to the jury, he said: "And may it please you, gentlemen of the jury, when the last trumpet note is sounded, and the quick and the dead arise in the presence of the Awful Judge, on that final day, when the earth and the seas melt away, the angel of the Lord will be seen kneeling before the throne exclaiming, 'McLarens is innocent! McLarens is innocent!'" and suddenly remembering his ten-dollar client, he added in a subdued voice, "and also Ragg!"

THE clergymen of Springfield, Ill., hav undertaken to discourage young folks from going to justices to get married. They do not care for the loss of fees, but they regard marriage as a ceremony that ought to be religiously solemnized. More correctly stated, they wish to keep control of people from birth to death, including marriage, child-bearing, etc. They wish no important movement of life to be made without their sanction.

A PHYSICIAN at Lawton, Michigan, is also a clergyman. In a bill which he recently rendered for "professional services" was an item of $8 for visits which, as the patient claimed, were made solely to administer spiritual consolation, and therefore payment is refused. The doctor, on the other hand, declares that while it is true that he spent most of the time of these calls in prayer, he gave medicin for the body, too, and his charge is only for the latter. A lawsuit is to settle the dispute.

DR. VOEKER, in the *Dairy Association's Journal* (England), says: "None of the five samples of condensed milk analyzed by me were produced from whole new, but from more or less skimmed milk. Really good condensed milk, as a matter of fact, is always made from skim milk or a milk poor in cream. Condensed milk is not a perfect substitute for new milk, either chemically or physically. At the best, most kinds of good condensed milk are milk syrups, consisting of condensed skim milk and white sugar."

THERE is something the matter with the ministry of the country, and unless some explanations are made it will be mighty hard work to get any of us good men to occupy the pulpit. A minister fainted away in his pulpit the other day, another was stricken with paralysis a day or two after, and now an Illinois preacher is in a swoon, and the people can't tell whether he will liv or not. How much better it is to be an editor, with only the chance of being knocked down with a club when we turn the corner against us.—*Peck's Sun.*

JACOB LIVENGOOD is a wealthy Dunkard of Salisbury, Pa., and he seems to hav obeyed the command of his church to know nothing of the wicked world. Two men made his acquaintance. One was "the Rev. Wm. Miller" and the other "ex-Judge Wilson," and their pretended errand was to interest Mr. Livengood in Wilson's candidacy for Congress. They told him about a wonderful curly-haired horse on exhibition in a circus side show, and took him to see it, but managed to show him a bunko game. They suggested that a large amount of money might be won, and turned over to church uses. Livengood fell into the snare, and lost $3,000.

"WELL, what next, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, looking up from her evening paper. "What with boy preachers and Sancho and Moody derangelists and salivation armies, things is coming to a pretty pass. Daniel and I sot under Parson Jones for nigh onty thirty years, and we never thought of asking for anything better. The parson used to giv us the true doctoring without any ifs or ands, and he made as many convicts as any of these newfangled folks ever did or ever will, I'm thinking." And the old lady glared at the paper with a look of severity on her dear old honest countenance that ill became it.—*Boston Transcript.*

BISHOP HUNTINGTON declares that the "task of life" is fearfully aggravated throughout the Connecticut Valley by malaria. "Laboring men," he says in the *Congregationalist*, "are disabled about half of their time. Hard-working women, needing every ounce of their strength and every hour of the week, are prostrated. Children are interrupted at school, and become objects of anxious care at home. The household economy is sorely strained. Spirits are depressed. In some instances important branches of industry are embarrassed enterprises are checked, business engagements are broken, temper and patience are tried. The moral atmosphere is disturbed with the physical." The bishop is hopeful that the nature of malaria will soon be determined exactly and remedies provided. He is inclined to accept the theory that the disease germinates in the human body from very minute spores. Assuming that the spread in that region may be due to mill dams, with their frequent exposures of damp ground and decaying debris, he says: "The great factory interests of New England are important to all classes. Some way must be found to secure the water-power without endangering life. When it becomes a question between life or health for the many and the fortunes of the few, it is plain which must finally go to the wall."—*Sun.* Is not this a good opportunity for the bishop and some of the noted experts in prayer to try their hand?

THE prize offered to the most beautiful woman at the people's festival in Buda Pesth, Hungary, created a national sensation, and attracted an immense multitude to witness the competition. Over 150 women presented themselvs before the bench of judges. They were inspected one at a time, and each canidate, as soon as judged, was passed on to a waiting room. When the whole number had been reviewed they were again taken before the judge singly, and finally all were placed together in a line. After critical inspection, the two most beautiful ones were selected and the rest dismissed, and then from this smaller number the two loveliest of all were chosen for the first and second prizes. But this was a work of difficulty, and was not settled to the satisfaction of all. The victor in the tournament was Miss Cornelia Szekely, a maiden of 16, the daughter of an official in the imperial household. Her claims to beauty rest upon a charming transparent complexion, melting brown eyes, a small mouth, rich dark-brown hair, and a form of youthful grace; but her features are not wholly regular, and the mouth and the head are not perfect in shape. Her photograph, taken in a dress that is being made for her by the first dressmaker of Hungary, is to be sent to all the illustrated journals of Europe for publication. The prizes were bracelets of gold inlaid with precious stones and of rare workmanship. This competition is said to hav shown the Hungarians that they can boast of every type of female loveliness, and they are taking advantage of the privilege.

ANOTHER fal len minister! The Barnesville (Ohio) *Enterprise* contains a painful account of the lechery and villiany of the Rev. Mr. Bedall, of the M. E. church, and located the past two years at Beallsville, O. To outward appearance he was a pious, godly teacher of the people, and was believed to be an efficient worker in the cause of Christ, but really he appears to hav been guilty of the vilest conduct, having seduced a girl named Rosa Arnold, fifteen years of age, working in his family. When his crime with the girl was discovered his wife caused the girl to be sent home, and in a few days the clergyman invented the falsehood that his mother was very ill and he must go to her, but instead he went to the home of the girl, when they eloped together. He added blackness to his crime by writing to his wife, asking her to meet him at Armstrong's Mills, and to bring the children with her. To do so she was forced to spend seventy-five cents of the only dollar he had left her, only to learn that he had played false to her and had gone in another direction with the young girl. The wife and children are left in utterly destitute circumstances, while the reverend villain took with him the various conference collections that had at different times been taken up, besides $400 collected at the dedication of a new church at Ozark. The notice of the man's crime is concluded by saying that Bedell's preaching to prove the existence of a hell may hav convinced many of his hearers, but that his conduct goes far to prove that there should be one to punish such scoundrelism as he is guilty of. Had he found saving grace?

News of the Week.

A COMET was seen near the sun on the 18th. It was traveling westward.

THE Connecticut Republicans hav nominated Gen. W. H. Bulkely for governor.

SIXTY new cases of small-pox were discovered in Pensacola, Fla., in one day last week.

GEN. BUTLER has been nominated for governor by the Massachusetts Democrats.

DILLON has retired from Parliament and politics, alleging as the reason his continued ill-health.

THE Massachusetts Republicans will vote for Robert R. Bishop for governor, and Oliver Ames for lieutenant-governor.

A CIRCUS train was wrecked near Lancaster, Ky., on the 24th, and three men were killed, three fatally and several severely injured.

THE great sugar refinery of Harrison & Havemeyer in Philadelphia was destroyed by fire on the 24th. Two men connected with the works cannot be found. Loss about $1,000,000.

FIFTY families hav been evicted in one town in Ireland during the last week by the police and military, and the remaining neighbors ordered not to shelter them. England is a Christian country.

BANDS of Egyptian soldiers are still surrendering. Admiral Seymour and Gen. Wolseley are to be made peers of the realm for their services in subduing the khedive's rebellious subjects.

THE Republicans hav nominated Judge Folger, now Secretary of the Treasury, for governor, B. Platt Carpenter for lieutenant-governor, A. B. Hepburn for congressman at large, and Judge Andrews was renominated for the Court of Appeals.

THE Harlem rapid-transit train telescoped the Portchester special train in the tunnel at 87th street in this city last Friday. Two persons were killed outright, and many severely if not fatally hurt. The accident was the result of carelessness on the part of the railroad employees.

IN saluting the French frigate Minerve last Monday at Castle William, on Governor's Island, in New York harbor, four cannoneers had their arms blown off by the premature discharge of two cannons, and so badly injured that two of them died, one is not expected to recover, and a fourth will be maimed for life.

THE Democrats hav nominated Grover Cleveland, now mayor of Rochester, for governor; David B. Hill for lieutenant-governor; Henry W. Slocum, of Brooklyn, for congressman at large, and Wm. C. Ruger for Court of Appeals. Tammany Hall was admitted to their State Convention, and will, so far as it suits John Kelly, work for the election of their candidates.

NEW YORK and vicinity within a hundred miles of here was visited last week with the most destructiv freshet that has been known for years. In this city many basements were flooded, and in the level streets water stood several inches deep. The cages of the animals at Central Park were submerged. Brooklyn sustained damages of several thousands of dollars. At Little Falls, N. J., a dam gave way, causing immense destruction. At Hohokus $75,000 worth of property was destroyed. At Plainfield a boy is missing yet, probably swept away and drowned by the rush of waters from broken dams above. Many were injured by the falling of bridges and buildings. At Bound Brook the water stood twelve feet high in the main street, and the residents were forced to to the second stories of their houses. The inhabitants of the low lands along Jersey City were compelled to take to rafts. On Staten Island the railroads were in several places washed entirely away. The Pennsylvania road is one of the heaviest sufferers, and mails over that road were long delayed.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Japan Continued.—The Ainos.

The peculiarity which distinguishes this rude mythology is the worship of the bear, the Yezo bear being one of the finest of his species, and it is hard to surmise why they pay him their worship, though, after all, he is a far better god than many people have worshiped. They set up the bear's head in their villages, yet they trap it, kill it, eat it, and also sell its skin. Perhaps this wild beast inspires more of the feeling which prompts their worship than the inanimate forces of nature; and the Anios may be distinguished as bear-worshipers, and their greatest festival of Saturnalia is the festival of the bear. Gentle and peaceable as they are, they have a great admiration for fierceness and courage; and the bear, which is the strongest, fiercest, and most courageous animal known to them, has probably in all ages inspired them with veneration. Some of their rude chants are in praise of the bear, and the highest eulogy on a man is to compare him to a bear. When they wish to bestow the highest praise on a special favorite they call him a young bear. In all Aino villages, epecially near the chief's house, there are several tall poles with the fleshless skull of a bear on the top of each, and in most there is also a large cage made gridiron fashion, of stout timber, and raised two or these feet from the ground. Such cages contain young but well-grown bears captured when quite small in the early spring. After the capture the bear cub is introduced into a dwelling-house, generally that of the chief or sub-chief, where it is suckled by a woman and played with by the children, till it grows too big and rough for domestic ways, and is placed in a strong cage, in which it is fed and cared for till the autumn of the following year, when, being strong and well-grown, the festival of the bear is celebrated. The customs of this festival vary considerably, and the manner of the bear's death differs among the mountain and coast Ainos, but everywhere there is a general gathering, accompanied with much *saké*, and a curious dance, in which men alone take part.

Yells and shouts are used to excite the bear, and when he becomes much agitated a chief shoots him with an arrow, inflicting a slight wound, which maddens him, upon which the bars of the cage are raised and he springs forth, very furious. At this stage the Ainos run upon him with various weapons, each one striving to inflict a wound, as it brings good luck to draw his blood. As he falls down exhausted his head is cut off, and the weapons with which he has been wounded are offered to it, and he is asked to avenge himself upon them. Afterwards the carcass, amidst a frenzied uproar, is distributed among the people, and amidst feasting and riot the head, placed upon poles, is worshipped, *i. e.*, it receives libations of *saké*, and the festival closes with general intoxication. In some villages it is customary for the foster-mother of the bear to utter piercing wails while he is delivered to his murderers, and after he is slain to beat each one of them with a branch of a tree. When a bear is trapped or wounded by an arrow, the hunters go through an apologetic or propitiatory ceremony. They appear to have certain rude ideas of metempsychosis, as is evidenced by a prayer to the bear and certain rude traditions, but whether these are indigenous, or have arisen by contact with Buddhism at a later period, it is impossible to say.

"They have no definite ideas concerning a future state; and the subject is evidently not a pleasing one to them. Such notions as they have are few and confused. Some think that the spirits of their friends go into wolves and snakes; others, that they wander about the forests; and they are much afraid of ghosts. A few think that they go to 'a good or bad place,' according to their deeds; but Shinondi said, and there was an infinite pathos in his words, 'How can we know? No one ever came back to tell us!' On asking him what were bad deeds, he said: 'Being bad to parents, stealing, and telling lies.' The future, however, does not occupy any place in their thoughts, and they can hardly be said to believe in the immortality of the soul, though their fear of ghosts shows that they recognize a distinction between body and spirit.

"Their social customs are very simple. Girls never marry before the age of seventeen, or men before twenty-one. When a man wishes to marry, he thinks of some particular girl, and asks the chief if he may ask for her. If leave is given, either through a 'go-between' or personally, he asks her father for her; and if he consents, the bridegroom gives him a present, usually a Japanese 'curio.' This constitutes betrothal, and the marriage, which immediately follows, is celebrated by carousals and the drinking of much *saké*. The bride receives as her dowry her ear-rings and a highly-ornamented kimono. It is an essential that the husband provide a house to which to take his wife. Each couple live separately, and even the oldest son does not take his bride to his father's house. Polygamy is only allowed in two cases. The chief may have three wives, but each must have her separate house. Benri has two wives, but it appears he took the second because the first was unfaithful. It is also permitted in the case of a childless wife; but there is no instance of it in Biratori, and the men say that they prefer to have one wife, as two quarrel.

"Widows are allowed to marry again with the chief's consent; but among these mountain Ainos a woman must remain absolutely secluded within the house of her late husband for a period varying from six to twelve months, only going to the door at intervals to throw *saké* right and left. A man secludes himself similarly for thirty days. So greatly do the customs vary that around Volcano Bay I found that the period of seclusion for a widow is only thirty days, and for a man twenty-five; but that after a father's death the house in which he has lived is burnt down after the thirty days of seclusion, and the widow and her children go to a friend's house for three years, after which the house is rebuilt on its former site.

"If a man does not like his wife, by obtaining the chief's consent he can divorce her, but he must send her back to her parents with plenty of good clothes; but divorce is impracticable where there are children, and is rarely if ever practiced. Conjugal fidelity is a virtue among the Aino women; but 'custom' provides that, in case of unfaithfulness, the injured husband may bestow his wife upon her paramour if he be an unmarried man, in which case the chief fixes the amount of damages which the paramour must pay; and these are usually valuable Japanese curios.

"If one man steals from another he must return what he has taken and give the injured man a present besides, the value of which is fixed by the chief.

"They have few amusements, except certain feasts. Their dance, which they have just given in my honor, is slow and mournful, and their songs chants or recitative. They have a musical instrument, something like a guitar, with three, five, or six strings, which are made from sinews of whales cast up on the shore. They have another, which is believed to be peculiar to themselves, consisting of a thin piece of wood, about five inches long and two and a half inches broad, with a pointed wooden tongue, about two lines in breadth and sixteen in length, fixed in the middle and grooved on three sides. The wood is held before the mouth, and the tongue is set in motion by the vibration of the breath in singing. Its sound, though less penetrating, is as discordant as that of a jewsharp, which it somewhat resembles. One of the men used it as an accompaniment of a song; but they are unwilling to part with them, as they say it is very seldom that they can find a piece of wood which will bear the fine splitting necessary for the tongue.

"They are a most courteous people among each other. The salutations are frequent—on entering a house, on leaving it, on meeting on the road, on receiving anything from the hand of another, and on receiving a kind or complimentary speech. They do not make any acknowledgments of this kind to the women, however. The common salutation consists in extending the hands and waving them inward, once or oftener, and stroking the beard. The formal one, in raising the hands with an inward curve to the level of the head two or three times, lowering them and rubbing them together; the ceremony concluding with stroking the beard several times. The latter and more formal mode of salutation is offered to the chief, and by the young to the old men. The women have no 'manners.'

"They have no medicine-men, and though they are aware of the existence of healing herbs, they do not know their special virtues or the manner of using them. Dried and pounded bear's liver is their specific, and they place much reliance on it in colic and other pains. They are a healthy race. In this village of three hundred souls there are no chronically ailing people, nothing but one case of bronchitis, and some cutaneous maladies among the children. Neither is there any case of deformity in this and five other large villages which I have visited, except that of a girl, who has one leg slightly shorter than the other.

"They ferment a kind of intoxicating liquor from the root of a tree, and also from their own millet and Japanese rice, but Japanese *saké* is the one thing that they care about. They spend all their gains upon it, and drink it in enormous quantities. It represents to them all the good of which they know or can conceive. Beastly intoxication is the highest happiness to which these poor savages aspire, and the condition is sanctified to them under the fiction of 'drinking to the gods.' Men and women alike indulge in this vice. A few, however, abstain from it totally, taking the bowls in their hands, making the libation to the gods, and then passing it on. I asked one who abstained why he did not take *saké*, and he replied, with truthful terseness, 'Because it makes men like dogs.'

"Except the chief, who has two horses, they have no domestic animals, except very large yellow dogs, which are used in hunting, but are never admitted within the houses.

"The habits of the people, though by no means destitute of decency and propriety, are not cleanly. The women bathe their hands once a day, but any other washing is unknown. They never wash their clothes, and wear the same by day and night. I am afraid to speculate on the condition of their wealth of coal-black hair. They may be said to be very dirty—as dirty fully as masses of our people at home. Their houses swarm with fleas, but they are not worse in this respect than the Japanese yadoyas. The mountain villages have, however, the appearance of extreme cleanliness, being devoid of litter, heaps, puddles, and untidiness of all kinds, and there are no unpleasant odors inside or outside the houses, as they are well ventilated and smoked, and the salt fish and meat are kept in the godowns. The hair and beards of the old men, instead of being snowy, as they ought to be, are yellow from smoke and dirt.

"They have no mode of computing time, and do not know their own ages. To them the past is dead, yet, like other conquered and despised races, they cling to the idea that in some far-off age they were a great nation. They have no traditions of internecine strife, and the art of war seems to have been lost long ago. I asked Benri about this matter, and he says that formerly Ainos fought with spears and knives, as well as with bows and arrows, but that Yoshitsune, their hero-god, forbade war forever, and since then the two-edged spear, with a shaft nine feet long, has only been used in hunting bears. Benri appears to exercise the authority of a very strict father. His manner to all the men is like that of a master to slaves, and they bow when they speak to him. No one can marry without his approval. If any one builds a house he chooses the site. He has absolute jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases, unless (which is very rare) the latter should be of sufficient magnitude to be reported to the imperial officials. He compels restitution of stolen property, and in all cases fixes the fines which are to be paid by delinquents. He also fixes the hunting arrangements and the festivals. The younger men were obviously much afraid of incurring his anger in his absence.

"An eldest son does not appear to be, as among the Japanese, a privileged person. He does not necessarily inherit the house and curios. The latter are not divided, but go with the house to the son whom the father regards as being the 'smartest.' Formal adoption is practiced. Pipechari is an adopted son, and is likely to succeed to Benri's property, to the exclusion of his own children. I cannot get at the word which is translated 'smartness,' but I understand it as meaning general capacity. The chief, as I have mentioned before, is allowed three wives among the mountain Ainos, otherwise authority seems to be his only privilege.

"The Ainos have a singular dread of snakes. Even their bravest fly from them. One man says that it is because they know of no cure for their bite; but there is something more than this, for they flee from snakes which they know to be harmless.

"They have an equal dread of their dead. Death seems to them very specially 'the shadow feared of man.' When it comes, which it usually comes from bronchitis in old age, the corpse is dressed in its best clothing and laid upon a shelf for from one to three days. In the case of a woman, her ornaments are buried with her, and in that of a man, his knife, *saké*-stick, and—if he were a smoker—his smoking apparatus. The corpse is sewn up with these things in a mat, and, being slung on poles, is carried to a solitary grave, where it is laid in a recumbent position. Nothing will induce an Aino to go near a grave; even if a valuable bird or animal falls near one he will not go to pick it up. A vague dread is for ever associated with the departed, and no dream of paradise ever lights for Aino the 'Stygian shades.'

"These Ainos doubtless stand high among uncivilized peoples. They are, however, as completely irreclaimable as the wildest of nomad tribes, and contact with civilization where it exists only debases them. Several young Ainos were sent to Tokio and educated and trained in various ways; but as soon as they returned to Yezo they relapsed into savagery, retaining nothing but a knowledge of Japanese. They are charming in many ways, but make one sad, too, by their stupidity, apathy, and hopelessness, and all the sadder that their numbers appear to be again increasing; and as their physique is very fine, there does not appear to be a prospect of the race dying out at present.

"They are certainly superior to many aborigines, as they have an approach to domestic life. They have one word for *house* and another for *home*, and one word for *husband* approaches very nearly to *husband*. Truth is of value in their eyes, and this in itself raises them above some peoples. Infanticide is unknown, and aged parents receive filial reverence, kindness, and support, while in their social and domestic relations there is much that is praiseworthy."

Thus much I have taken from Miss Bird's account of the Ainos, which I trust you will find not wholly uninteresting. And now, presuming that I have told you as much about the country and people of Japan as you will care to read, I will detain you no longer at this time. Very truly yours, D. M. B.

Japan Continued.—Joseph Cook.

YOKOHAMA, May 12, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: While still lingering on these pleasant shores I must tell you a little more about the false and slanderous Joseph Cook. The walls of houses and the fences here for several days were placarded with large posters saying Joseph Cook would at the City Hall on the afternoon of the 11th deliver his lecture, "Does Death End All?" I decided I would once more listen to the great sophist and falsifier, so I made one of his audience on the occasion, which, by the bye, was one of some fifteen hundred, for as there was no admission price, a goodly number of both Europeans and natives honored him with their presence. Here, as in all other Asiatic cities, lectures, instead of taking place at 8 P.M. are set at 5 P.M., before the dinner hour. Consul-General Van Buren presided, and made a very neat opening speech, in which he paid a fine compliment to Mr. Cook as a well-known orator.

For nearly two and a half hours Joseph worked hard to make appear true that which in my judgment is the greatest and central falsehood of the world, the one huge superstition, the parent of all the religious superstitions of mankind, and around which all darkening beliefs have clustered, and upon which they have depended for their life, and that is the existence of a personal creator, who brought existence out of non-existence, who created a universe of matter from a vast expanse of nothing—the great "weaver," who has done all the weaving performed in nature's looms. It was in part the same lecture which I listened to in Bombay, and it struck me as being as replete with sophistry as anything I had had occasion to listen to for a long time. One of the arguments he largely depended upon to prove his position was the concurrent testimony of the world, or the unity among men as regards a belief in a god and the immortality of man, as though the belief of millions will have the slightest effect in making true that which in itself is not true.

Besides talking about the "weaver," he said: "There is in the universe thought not our own. There cannot be thought without a thinker, and the thinker is a person. Some one made righteousness. All nature is bursting with evidences of thought. The thinker is God." Of course thought pertains to the universe; no thought can exist save in the matter and forces of which the universe is composed, and the same must be duly organized as in animal bodies, including the stomach and circulatory apparatus, the brain and nervous system, before any thinking can be done. He might as well have said that nature is bursting with evidence of eyesight, and that where there is seeing there must be a seer, and that seer is God. He might as well talk about a grand central eyesight, a grand gushing fountain of hearing, or of tasting and feeling, as of a grand bursting thought. All these are processes of nature, and are more or less developed in every form of animal life. The brain no more argues the existence of a personal deity than does the eye, the ear, the limbs, or any part of an animal. In the grand economy of nature all these phenomena take place in obedience to its laws; they contain no argument whatever of a personal deity. Cook sneered at the Agnostics and Atheists of the day, and said he could only regard them as fools for denying the existence of a supreme being. If they are fools, it is to be hoped that at all events they are not so false as he has shown himself to be.

He illustrated his arguments with two charts, on one of which were representations of animal cells highly magnified. He gave some description of the manner in which cells are built up, and characterized the process as a kind of "weaving," insisting when that kind of work is done a "weaver" is necessary. He would have it that a weaver stands back of all the processes of nature, and personally directs everything that takes place. This argument struck me as being particularly weak. If the weaver was powerful enough to create from nothing such a universe as this, it would seem he ought to have made it so grand and perfect that all its operations could be performed without his presence being necessary to throw the shuttle in every instance, for if it is necessary for him to do so in a single instance, it must be in all.

This is the way which I believe it to be. Nature is perfectly able to perform everything that transpires, and that without the aid of a superintendent, a "weaver," or a god. With nature all things are equally simple. It is no more for nature to evolve from nebulous mist a world, and set it in motion, moving in harmony with other worlds, around a common center, than to cause water to run down hill, the sun to produce light by its currents striking our atmosphere, the "weaving" of vegetable and animal cells, and the "throwing of the shuttle" in every case. Nature is equal to every emergency. All her operations are in obedience to unalterable laws, and everything is forced to take place just as it does, because under the circumstances it cannot be otherwise. There is no "chance" or "happen" in the matter. There is no "chance-work" with nature. Every effect requires a cause, and every cause must produce its legitimate result when conditions are favorable. These causes and effects are strictly natural. There are none but natural causes and effects. Such a thing as a supernatural cause, or a supernatural effect, never existed. Millions of men may have imagined them, but no man can point out a supernatural cause or a supernatural effect. Matter and force are ever present, and there is not a possibility that can arise where law and causes are not present to govern results.

If there is a being capable of creating such a grand and glorious machine as nature, producing all matter and force from nothing, and he is unable to set it in motion so it will run itself and perform all there is for it to do, without his standing by to turn the crank or to "throw the shuttle," he stands confessed of inability on his part to make a perfect machine; for a machine that cannot run indefinitely, without the maker standing by, either to turn the crank, to tighten the screws, to push when hard work is to be performed, and to keep it at all times from going to "eternal smash," is not a perfect machine. He cannot be a being of infinite knowledge and power to make a machine that cannot run itself.

The fact is, nature comprises all matter, all force, all motion, all power, all intelligence, all existence, all possibilities. She is infinitely and eternally independent of all superintendents, designers, directors, governors, conductors, managers, crank-turners, weavers, and shuttle-throwers. Those are really guilty of blasphemy and wicked falsehood who maliciously and ignorantly deny nature her grandeur and power, and supinely set up a little one-horse crank-turner or weaver to propel it, to direct her looms, and to keep all her machinery in motion.

But Joseph Cook and the rest of the theologians are not grand and truthful enough to be able to conceive that nature possesses all the power, all the qualities, and all the abilities which they so readily ascribe to their imaginary god, and they must needs devise and conceive a superintendent to direct grand old Nature, and show her in every instance how to perform her work. This absurd and essentially false business of god-making, getting up weavers and shuttle-throwers to aid nature and attend to all the events which transpire in the universe, is what is called theology—the science of God—the most false and most utterly contemptible employment which ignorant man, either in his primitive condition, or since he has become further advanced, has ever engaged in. Yes, I repeat, it is arrant blasphemy for Joseph Cook or any other theologian to despoil eternal Nature of her grandeur and glory, and set up some little, puny, feeble, fickle, fractious, changeable, passionate, angry god to show her how to perform her constant work.

Nature consists of all that is. There is nothing above, nothing below; nothing inside, nothing outside of nature. It is the Most High, the Eternal, the Ever-Present, the All-Powerful, the Self-Existent, the Uncreated, the Almighty. Nature is as much superior to all the thousands of gods which for millenniums short-sighted and ignorant man has been inventing and setting up to worship, as the glorious orb of day is superior to a farthing candle, and that after it is burnt out and nothing is left.

It is a narrow and pitiful mind that is unable to grasp the great truth that nature was never invented; never devised, never formulated, never started, never set a-going, never brought into existence from nothing. Like time and space, it never began, and like time and space it never can end. Why cannot Theists who so easily accord eternal existence to a deity they have never seen, and which nobody has ever had any proofs of, generously yield to nature, of which there are millions of proofs, the same eternal existence.

Is it any more difficult to accept the truth that the universe always existed than to think the creator of it always existed, and that for millions of ages he dwelt in a vast expanse of nothing, when one day or one week he took it into his head to make a boundless universe from nothing, but got it up so imperfectly that he has since had to personally supervise and direct every movement of it? Is it not as much a mystery for the designer to have an existence as the universe itself? Does it do away the mystery at all to say the universe was made? for how about the maker; whence came he? If the universe, being so great and grand, must needs have a designer and creator, does not the same designer and creator, necessarily possessing qualities superior to what he produced, also require a designer and creator? The truth is, the imaginary creator is a creation of man, while the universe is eternal, and never required a creator. When many say "Ah, but there must have been a beginning to the universe," they might more sensibly say, "There must have been a beginning to deity or the creator."

To me it seems far easier to accept the evident truth that existence or nature always was, than to believe the utter impossibility of the same ever emerging or being produced from nothing. It is only the ignorance of man of the great system of nature and its perfect and infallible code of laws that caused him to imagine some monster must have made it, as a man makes a wagon. A wagon, of course, has to be made, but the most skilful workman in the world could make but very poor headway in turning out a wagon without material of which to make it, for a wagon never comes from nothing. It is she same with the universe; it never came from nothing. It is vastly more reasonable to think it eternal, though ever changing, than that at a certain period in time it had a beginning and came forth from nothing.

If Brahma, Ormuzd, Osirus, Zeus, Yahweh, Odin, or Mumbo-Jumbo ever made the universe, he must necessarily have had something to make it of. In that case it was not a creation, but simply an evolution. If the material of which it is composed had a previous existence, the forces which permeate it must also have existed, and in that case we have nature eternal, without a beginning and without a designer; for what always was, needed no designer no originator.

When it is remembered that, with all the knowledge and power in existence, not an ounce of matter can be either made or unmade, neither created nor destroyed, neither increased nor decreased, some conception of the eternal character of the universe may be arrived at. Yes, it is far easier to think it always was than that there was a time when it was nothing, and suddenly, by the magic wand of an imaginary god, was converted into something.

Nature is replete with mysteries, subtle forces, and powers not yet understood, and which are being more and more known as we progress in the knowledge of its qualities, possibilities, and laws. And more and more as man progresses will he understand that there is no director or weaver needed to see that its eternal laws never cease to act.

I will not attempt to follow the sophisms of the false and conceited Cook in trying to cook up a theory in opposition to the foregoing, but let me assure you that bosh and bombast make up the bulk of his remarks. He flippantly takes up one author after another, culls a quotation here and there as it suits him, and then throws it down with the air of one who deems himself superior to all authors. Conceit, assurance, and dishonesty are his strong characteristics. He is never fair in describing the opinions of his opponents. In the first place, he claims as Christians the distinguished thinkers of the world, including such men as Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the former of whom he styles as an "Old Testament Christian," and the latter a "Christian Theist," while those he does not care to claim as Christians he denounces and misrepresents.

This is the man who announces that he is "not a clergyman, but a teacher of axiomatic theology," a man who abounds in dishonesty and fustian.

Let me give you a specimen of his style of grandiloquent bombast: "Whoever ascertains the trend of the historic constellations through long periods obtains a glimpse of the hem of the garment of Almighty God." He does not tell us which garment the hem is on. We are left in ignorance whether it is his cloak or his shirt-tail. Could a man utter more ridiculous nonsense?

While listening to his lecture I thought if time would permit I would like to reply to him, if I could have the same audience, to show up his sophistry, his unfairness, and his misrepresentations; but there is not time. The steamer will sail on Saturday, and I must be duly on board.

On the day after Cook's lecture in Yokohama, however, I received from a friend in Colombo a a copy of the *Ceylon Observer*, in which was a full report of Cook's lecture in that city, in which he paid especial attention to your humble servant. It has been a long time since I have seen more condensed falsehood in a single lecture than this one contains. That I may not do even a slanderer injustice, I will here quote a few paragraphs from the printed report of his lecture. It will be remembered that I had been in Colombo before his Cookship, and delivered several lectures, in which, comparing Christianity with Buddhism, the former was placed at decided disadvantage. When the pious Joseph arrived there and learned these facts he of course must needs slander me and my friends in order to set aside the truths I had uttered. Here are some of his falsehoods as per the reports:

Turning again to America, he said that there were two kinds of Infidelity there—vulgar and the learned. Vulgar for two reasons, because its objections were ignorance mostly founded upon caricatures or exploded forms of objection, and because it was frequently associated with immorality. To look at the vulgar in contradistinction to learned Infidelity, he would do so frankly. While the church had increased in power, there had been a large increase in freedom of thought. Freedom of thought characterized every free nation. Every man in these days, in free nations like England and America, was learning to exercise his judgment, but every man had not judgment to exercise. It was the glory and peril of modern ages that multitudes were passing through the days of little knowledge, and a "little knowledge was a dangerous thing." In carrying the masses from a state of barbarous ignorance up to a state of half culture they must pass through the twilight. The trouble of our days possibly was largely to be found in this transitional state of the masses. Americans held it to be an axiom that every man must have an education. They wanted every man educated as high as his talents push him on without a large amount of spurring. Every facility was given to people to educate themselves. In Massachusetts the public was furnished not merely with common schools, but also with high schools open o the children of the poor as well as of the rich. His father ent no child to school for thirty years past, but he had been axed for the maintenance of schools all the same. They be

lieved that property should be taxed to support education, and so carry the whole mass of the population upwards. They were, perhaps, aware that in American colleges there were four classes, the second of which was the sophomorical class. They had now reached the sophomorical stage; there were more squires to the square acre than ever. There were some parts of the world that had not come to college yet. The Americans were passing through the sophomorical stage to the stage in which people think for themselves, and now, he begged leave to say that it is easy to read the signs of the times in England and America. With regard to the idea that the world has been turned upside down by modern thought, it meant only that certain diseases of childhood were passing away; in effect it indicated the vigor of the constitution. It would grow into better things after a time, and now it is upon the sophomorical state of the mass in our Western nations that vulgar Infidelity seized. They had in the United States about 150 Liberal Leagues, most of them in the Mississippi valley. They were not much troubled with them in New England. He should not have known of the existence of those Infidel organizations if they had not called public attention to their enterprise. Five or six years ago those Liberal Leagues petitioned the American Congress for—what? The American law, like the English law and like laws of other civilized nations, forbade the transmission of infamous books through the post-office. The Infidels petitioned Congress for the abolition of that law. The foremost Infidel in the United States, a newspaper editor, was Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, who headed the petition. The speaker had stated those facts in the presence of Mr. Ingersoll's friends in Washington, and there was no doubt about them. Congress replied that the petition of Robert G. Ingersoll and others could not be granted, because the post-office of the United States was not established to transmit over the land poisonous and infamous publications and instruments of vice. He had held that Congressional document before many an American audience, and he held it up here as a proof of the immorality of the majority of the Infidels of the United States. Who defended that petition? An editor in New York who was lately in Bombay. He published a paper never found in the public shops, and only to be obtained by looking for it—a paper that had some influence with the Liberal Leagues. It was ascertained that that editor was in league with some of the ogres and worse characters of New York city, who lived by pandering to the vices of the people. That man was found to be selling certain publications for which a man had already been put in jail. The editor was arrested and brought before a New York jury, which was not a very squeamish body, as they all knew. That man was proved before the judge and jury to be a thoroughly dangerous citizen. He had been sending dangerous publications into schools of girls and boys, and had been poisoning youth by transmitting utterly infamous publications. He was sent to jail and kept there for thirteen months. Robert G. Ingersoll, to do him justice, I will say, ceased to make a hero of this jail-bird editor. Several of the purer Infidels repudiated the man, and so he was the cause of division in the American Liberal Leagues, about ten of them going against and more than one hundred being in favor of him. He came out of jail and tried to make himself a hero in crowded places, where it was easy to get up a meeting for anybody, as they might easily do in some parts of London.

The editor of *Scribner* thought it worth while to point the moral of this procedure, and an impartial, just man wrote down the facts of the case; the title of the article was "The Apotheosis of Dirt." That jail-bird editor left his country for his country's good, and while the speaker was in Bombay he was there. Who was it that received him and made a hero of him? That hand of his that had poisoned youth and had been manacled by the only too tardy justice of a rather lax New York judiciary, into what palm was that stained hand received? Iuto the spotless palm of Colonel Olcott—into the lily-white hand of Madame Blavatsky. That editor, utterly infamous as he was, as the leaders of Theosophy in Bombay knew him to be, was taken by the leader of Theosophy and led to the front of the platform at one of their anniversary meetings, and allowed to make a long speech containing very virulent attacks upon Christianity. The editor of the *Times* of India met the speaker in a Bombay club, and asked him if the article in *Scribner* was true. He assured him it was. That editor (the editor of the *Times* of India) gloriously exposed the jail-bird editor. The speaker thanked him for doing it, and also the other good sheets which had spread through the continent the exposure which had appeared in the *Times* of India. It was the speaker's fortune to assist in that exposure. The editor thus exposed came to his lecture with a horsewhip under his coat, but did not use it, having found there was no use for it. In that exposure the leaders of Theosophy, knowing what indignant public sentiment in Bombay was, led this man again to the platform, Col. Olcott calling him one of the three martyrs of modern times, the other two being Ingersoll and Bradlaugh. Now he would put the question to the plain common sense of the citizens here, whether Infidelity of that sort was not vulgar? Bradlaugh and Ingersoll were simply new editions of Tom Paine, and Paine was out of date even with Infidels. Bradlaugh and others got a hearing simply because of their political connections. Bradlaugh called himself a republican, and Americans said: "God save us from our friends." He represented red republicanism, if republicanism at all, and red and American republicanism differed. He lectured in many towns where Bradlaugh has friends, and he found that it was only by quoting his political views that he gained influence with the operatives in England. Those operatives should be improved considerably, although Parliament had given more attention to that and the factory acts than in America; but in the English operative class there was a great number who are not well educated as to Christianity. They got soured concerning the church, and soured about politics, and were malcontents; and a man who would take up their grievances would get a hearing for anything he said. For instance, in America Bradlaugh could scarcely get an audience; there were no political grievances which he could fan. The fact was, he fanned the political enthusiasm of some of the English people into a flame, and then toasted his Atheistical ideas before it.

In the extract here made I have counted more than two dozen falsehoods, some of which I will take the trouble to enumerate:

1. The Liberals of the United States are not vulgar; they are as intelligent and as moral as any portion of the American public.

2. They are not associated with positive immorality; there is far more immorality in the church than in our ranks.

3. The petition referred to, presented to Congress for the abrogation of the Comstock laws, was not specially the work of the Liberal Leagues; nineteen-twentieths of the seventy thousand persons who signed it were not members of the League.

4. It was not an Infidel petition; many Christians and believers in Christianity signed it.

5. Robert G. Ingersoll is not a newspaper editor.

6. He did not head the petition.

7. THE TRUTH SEEKER is found in many public shops, and is kept for sale by the largest newspaper dealers in America, and by them sent to the principal towns of the country.

8. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER was never in league with ogres and the worst characters of New York city, who live by pandering to the vices of the people.

9. The editor of it was not proved before the judge and jury to be a thoroughly dangerous man. No person has been endangered by him.

10. He had not been sending dangerous publications into schools of girls and boys; the fact is, I never sent to any school-child, whether boy or girl, any publication, either good or bad.

11. He has never poisoned youth by transmitting utterly infamous publications; I have never circulated any infamous publication whatever. The matter upon which I was convicted was declared by the president, by the members of his cabinet, and by many other sound minds, to be no violation of the law of the land, or of good morals.

12. I was not kept in prison thirteen months; two months were deducted for good behavior.

13. The pure Infidels did not repudiate me; those who opposed me were the worst of our class.

14. I did not upon coming out of prison try to make myself a hero in crowded places; my friends tendered me a welcome home, which, of course, I gratefully accepted.

15. I did not leave my country for my country's good; my country was neither benefited nor injured by my leaving it, nor do I think it will be damaged by my return.

16. I did not attempt to poison the youth of Bombay, nor any other portion of the world. While in Bombay I neither sent nor gave out a pamphlet or a circular of any kind to any youth.

17. I have never been manacled by justice, tardy or not tardy, lax or not lax.

18. My hands have not been stained with wrong-doing.

19. I am not utterly infamous, as Cook declares me to be.

20. The leaders of Theosophy in Bombay did not know me to be infamous, but just the reverse.

21. I did not make a long speech on the occasion referred to; my remarks lasted only fifteen or twenty minutes.

22. In that speech I did not make virulent attacks upon Christianity.

23. I did not attend Joseph Cook's lecture with a horsewhip under my coat, nor a weapon of any kind; I never carried a weapon in my life.

24. Col. Olcott did not say that Col. Ingersoll is a martyr.

25. Thomas Paine is not out of date with Infidels; more people respect him to-day than ever before.

26. Bradlaugh does not represent red republicanism.

27. Bradlaugh did not attain his first popularity by giving political lectures, but by his anti-theological discourses.

Did any word-weaver ever weave into but a part of a discourse more absolute and blatant falsehoods? What can be thought of a man who publicly makes such reckless and utterly false statements? What kind of a man is he thus to positively accuse me of what I never did—to say I had been connected with ogres and vile characters, that I had sent foul and immoral books to boys and girls, that I had carried a horsewhip under my coat to attack him, etc., when there was not one word of truth in it all? This man probably stands to-day at the head of the lecturers of the Protestant branch of the Christian church in all the world. He may be a fit person to stand up before an audience and attempt by sophistry to prove the existence of a mythical, impossible god; but, whatever he may accomplish in that direction, when he makes statements about those opposed to him, he utters the most arrant falsehoods. I pronounce him, here and at all times, a malicious slanderer and a bold-faced liar, wholly unworthy the confidence and respect of good men.

He pretends to be the advocate and defender of the pure teachings of the "meek and lowly one," but were that personage alive and on the earth to-day and knew Joseph Cook as I know him—a contemptible liar—I am sure he would avoid him and spurn him as the detestable hypocrite that he is. If the occupants of the Christian heaven are to be made up of such as this man Cook, I am sure that I wish not to intrude even my nose in its precincts. I would much rather breathe pretty strong fumes of sulphur, and even suffer a little uncomfortable warmth, than be compelled to endure his company, or any others of the Christian clergy who lie as does he.

It was of this very man that Col. Ingersoll used the following emphatic language: "Meanness cannot descend beyond the level of him who will endeavor to blacken the reputation of another simply because he could not answer his arguments. I despise, I execrate with every drop of my blood, any man or woman who wilfully attempts to destroy the reputation of another."

In contrast to the malice and falsehood of Cook let me give you an extract of a letter I received here to-day from a friend in Colombo who also mailed to me the paper from which the foregoing extract is made. It is so much more appreciative, so much more congenial with my feelings, and puts such a different face upon the result of the effort I made in Ceylon, that I ask you to excuse me for placing it before you.

COLOMBO, April 30, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: I send you by this mail the Pali address chanted to you by a Buddhistic priest after your lecture at Panadure. The poem is also translated into English. I also mail you a copy of the *Ceylon Observer*, containing a report of your friend Cook's lecture here.

I could have sent you these earlier but for Cook, the report of whose lecture I wanted to send you at once. He seems to be a *pretty fellow*, for the stage rather than for the platform or pulpit. He delivered his lucubrations at Kandy, Galle, and Colombo, and in all of these places he blessed you and the Theosophist leaders alike. His lecture at this place was pretty well attended, and at the close of it we distributed two or three hundred copies of extracts from the *Theosophist* containing challenges made by you and Col. Olcott. The same were eagerly received by the audience, thinking they were issued by the Christian party in favor of Cook; but they found out their mistake when too late. Even among the Christians—those not bigoted—the impression Cook left was not favorable; they admired his eloquence, but despised his slanders of absent persons; so, in short, his mission here was a failure.

You will be glad to hear that your lecture delivered here is now translated into Singalese, and, as the public opinion is that it is the best lecture ever given in Ceylon with regard to Christianity and Buddhism, it will have a very wide circulation, more so because it is detrimental to the interest of the former and necessarily advantageous to the latter.

Your visit to other countries has benefited you and your people chiefly; but your visit to Ceylon has done more, inasmuch as it has benefited the poor Singalese Buddhists, who are indeed grateful to you, and has secured among them respect and honor to the memory of your name.

By a careful perusal of the report of Cook's lecture and the translation of the Pali address, you may judge of the (Christian) love of a Christian padre of your own country and that of a Buddhist priest of quite a different country far away in the East.

Wishing you good speed on your journey, I am,

Yours truly and fraternally, J. ROBERT DE SILVA.

There; is there not a striking contrast between the lies of the Christian slanderer and the truthful and kind utterances of this excellent and esteemed Buddhist? The good work I had performed in Ceylon, and which the black-hearted Cook inevitably heard of upon his arrival there, of course incited him to do his utmost to injure me in the estimation of the people of that country; and as naturally as a skunk throws his vile and offensive secretion around, so this blatant Christian threw out his slanders and falsehoods. But it seems he even defeated himself. His abuse and lies injured him more than they did me, who was a thousand miles away.

Cook made further allusions to me in his Ceylon lectures other than those which appear in the quotations given, in which he berated and arraigned Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky for recognizing me and treating me with common courtesy, he calling me a "jail-bird" over and over again. This seems to be his favorite epithet for me, thinking, doubtless, that if he can only bring the fact to the minds of his hearers that I have been in prison they will of course regard me as a depraved character. According to his rule, Peter, Paul, Jesus, and many other worthies of the Christian pantheon, ought to be very lightly esteemed, for they were not only charged, arrested, imprisoned, tried, and convicted, but they were executed (if the story is correct), thus showing them to be more despicable characters than myself. Cook professes to esteem Jesus, Peter, and Paul because they were unjustly condemned and punished, and he hates Bennett for precisely the same reason. Such is the inconsistency of a hypocritical blatherskite.

It may be noticed of this man that his tactics vary according to circumstances and locality. He knows that I am here in Yokohama, and he makes not the slightest allusion to me; but when he delivered his several lectures in Ceylon he knew that I had taken my departure, and he proceeded to slander me to his heart's content. This, at least, is not an indication of fair and honorable dealing. Why did he not make his attack upon me when he knew I was present to defend myself? He professes to despise and ignore me on the ground that I am a "jail-bird;" but he does not despise to slander me and lie about me when I am a thousand miles away and cannot know of his villainy. Such is the course of this dishonorable man.

But whatever may be said of Cook and his ability as a speaker, it must be decdied that he is full of unfairness, sophistry, and charlatanism, and this has been observed by persons far abler than myself. A friend has loaned me a copy of the *North American Review* for March, 1881, in which is a scholarly article on the charlatan Cook, by John Fiske, than whom there are but few fairer and abler minds in America. It is far less severe than I would feel inclined to write of Cook, but is eminently just and true. I am so well pleased with it, that I will insert it here entire, and ask for it your careful consideration:

THEOLOGICAL CHARLATANISM.

"The small philosopher is a great character in New England; his fundamental rule of logical procedure is to guess at the half

and multiply by two [Applause]." (Cook's Boston Monday Lectures: Biology, p. 51). It is only two or three years since the "philosopher" from whom this text is quoted was himself "a great character in New England," inasmuch as he could give a lecture once every week in one of the largest halls of New England's principal city, and could entertain his audience of two or three thousand people with discussions of the most vast and abstruse themes of science and metaphysics. The success with which he entertained his audience is carefully chronicled for us in the volumes made up from the reports of his lectures, in which parenthetical notes of "laughter," "applause," or "sensation" occur as frequently as in ordinary newspaper reports of stump speeches or humorous, convivial harangues. As a social phenomenon, this singular career of Mr. Cook possesses considerable interest—enough, at any rate, to justify a brief inquiry as to "his fundamental rule of procedure."

Among the wise and witty sayings of the ancients with which our children are puzzled and edified in the first dozen pages of the Greek "Reader," there is a caustic remark attributed to Phokion on the occasion of being very violently applauded by the populace: "Dear me," said an old statesman, "can it be that I have been making a fool of myself?" So when three thousand people are made to laugh and clap their hands over statements about the origin of species or the anatomy of the nervous system, the first impulse of any scientific inquirer of ordinary sagacity and experience is to ask in what meretricious fashion these serious subjects can have been treated in order to have produced such a result. The inference may be cynical, perhaps, but it is none the less likely to be sound. In Mr. Cook's case one does not need to read far in the published reports of his lectures to see that his fundamental rule of procedure is something very different from any of the rules by which truth is wooed and won by scientific inquirers. Among Mr. Mill's comprehensive canons of logical method one might search in vain for a specimen of the method employed by Mr. Cook. Of the temper of mind, indeed, in which scientific inquiries are conducted Mr. Cook has no more conception than Laura Bridgman could have of Pompeian red or of a chord of the minor ninth. The process of holding one's judgment in suspense over a complicated problem; of patiently gathering and weighing the evidence on either side; of subjecting one's own first-formed hypothesis to repeated verification; of clearly comprehending and fairly stating opposing views; of setting forth one's conclusions at last guardedly and with a distinct consciousness of the conditions under which they are tenable, all this sort of thing is absolutely foreign to Mr. Cook's nature. To Mr. Cook a scientific thesis is simply a statement over which it is possible to get up a fight. The gamecock is his totem. To him the bones of the vertebrate sub-kingdom are only so many bones of contention, and the sponge is interesting chiefly as an emblem which is never, on any account, to be "thrown up." He talks, accordingly, of scientific men lying in wait for Mr. Darwin, ready to pounce on him like a tiger on its prey. He is very fond of exhibiting what he calls the "strategic point" of a scientific book or theory, and altogether his attitude is bellicose to a degree that is as unbecoming in a minister of the gospel as it is out of place in a discussion of scientific questions.

His favorite method of dealing with a scientific writer is to quote from him all sorts of detached statements and inferences, and, without the slightest regard to the writer's general system of opinions or habits of thought, to praise or vituperate the detached statements according to some principle which it is not always easy for the reader to discover, but which has always doubtless some reference to their supposed bearings upon the peculiar kind of orthodoxy of which Mr. Cook appears as the champion. There are some writers whom Mr. Cook thinks it necessary always to berate, no matter what they say. If they happen to say something which ought to be quite satisfactory to any reasonable person of orthodox opinions, Mr. Cook either accuses them of insincerity or represents them as making "concessions." This last device, I am sorry to be obliged to add, is not an uncommon one with theological controversialists whose zeal exceeds their scrupulousness. When a man makes a statement which expresses his deepest convictions, there is no easier way of seeming to knock away the platform on which he stands than to quote his statement and describe it as something which he has reluctantly "conceded." With the principal writers on evolution Mr. Cook is continually found resorting to this cheap and vulgar device. For example: When Prof. Tyndall declares that "if a right-hand spiral movement of the particles of the brain could be shown to occur in love, and a left-hand spiral movement in hate, we should be as far off as ever from understanding the connection of this physical motion with the spiritual manifestations." When Prof. Tyndall declares this he simply asserts what is a cardinal proposition with the whole group of English philosophers to which he belongs.

With Prof. Huxley, as well as with Mr. Spencer, it is a fundamental proposition that psychical phenomena cannot possibly be interrupted in terms of matter and motion, and this proposition they have at various times set forth and defended; and, what is still more to the purpose, have proved it. In the chapter on "Matter and Spirit" in my work on "Cosmic Philosophy," I have fully expounded this point, and have further illustrated it in treating of the "Unseen World." With the conclusions there set forth the remark of Prof. Tyndall thoroughly agrees, and it does so because all these expressions of opinion and all these arguments are part and parcel of a coherent system of anti-materialistic thought adopted by the English school of evolutionists. Yet when Mr. Cook quotes Prof. Tyndall's remark he does it in this wise, "It is notorious that even Tyndall *concedes*," etc., etc.

By proceeding in this way Mr. Cook finds it easy to make out a formidable array of what he calls "the concessions of evolutionists." He first gives the audience a crude impression of some sort of theory of evolution, such as no scientific thinker ever dreamed of, or, to speak more accurately, he plays upon the crude impression already half formed in the average mind of his audience, and which, to do him justice, he seems to share himself. The *average* notion of the doctrine of evolution possessed in common by an audience big enough to fill Tremont Temple would no doubt seem to Mr. Darwin or to Mr. Spencer something altogether fearful and wonderful. Playing with this sort of crude material, Mr. Cook puts together a series of numbered propositions, which remind one of those interminable auction catalogues of Walt Whitman, which some of our British cousins, more ardent than discriminating, mistake for a truly American species of inspired verse. In this long catena of statements almost everything is easily seen to disagree with the crude general impression to which the speaker appeals, and almost everything is accordingly set down as a "concession." And as the audience go out after the lecture they doubtless ask one another, in amazed whispers, how is it that sensible men who make so many "concessions" can find it in there hearts to maintain the doctrine of evolution at all? Sometimes Mr. Cook goes even further than this, and, in the very act of quoting an author's declared opinions, expressly refuses to give him credit for them. Thus he has the impudence to say: "Even Herbert Spencer, *who would be very glad to prove the opposite*, says, in his biology, 'The proximate chemical principles or chemical units—albumen, fibrine, gelatine, or the hypothetical proteine substance—cannot possess the property of forming the endlessly varied structures of animal forms.'" Mr. Cook here lays claim to a knowledge of his author's innermost thoughts and wishes which is quite remarkable. For a fit parallel one would have to cite the instance of the German who flogged his son for profanity, though the boy had not opened his mouth. "You dinks tamn," exclaimed the irate father, "and I vips you for dat."

As there are some writers whom Mr. Cook thinks it always necessary to vituperate, no matter what they say, so there are others whom he finds it convenient to quote, as foils to the former, and to mention with praise on all occasions, though it is difficult to assign the reasons for this preference except on the hypothesis that Mr. Cook has an implicit faith in the simple and confiding nature of his audiences. Before giving these lectures Mr. Cook had studied a while in Germany, and his citations of German writers show how far he deems it safe to presume on New England's ignorance of what Germany thinks. It is nice to have such a learned country at one's disposal to hurl at the heads of people whose "outlook in philosophy does not reach beyond the Straits of Dover;" it saves a great deal of troublesome argument, and still more painful examination of facts. This English opinion is all very well, you know, but it comes from a philosopher "whose star is just touching the Western pines," and a German whom I am about to quote, whose book I "hold in my hand," and "whose star is in the ascendant," does not agree with it. All this is extremely neat and convincing, apparently, to the crowd in Tremont Temple. With all Germany at his disposal, however, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Cook makes a very sparing use of his resources. He quotes Helmholtz and Wundt every now and then with warm approval, though wherein they should be found any more acceptable to the orthodox world than Tyndall and Bain it is not easy to see, save that the ill-repute of German Freethinkers takes somewhat longer to get diffused in New Enland than the ill-repute of English Freethinkers. Then, among these great Germans who are to set the English-speaking world aright, we have Delitzsch! To speak of Wundt and Delitzsch is as if one were to speak of John Stuart Mill and Stephen Pearl Andrews! And then comes the admirable Lotze, whom Mr. Cook is continually setting off as a foil to Herbert Spencer. On page 179 of the lectures on "Heredity" he enumerates with special importance with regard to the relations between matter and mind, and then proceeds to deprecate the "thunder" which he presumes he has evoked "from all quaters of the Spencerian sky." But, considering that the propositions he quotes from Lotze express the very views of Herbert Spencer, only somewhat inadequately worded, it would seem that the alarm Mr. Cook expresses cannot be very real, and the thunder in question is only a kind of comic-opera thunder, manufactured behind the curtain for the benefit of the acquiescent audience. For example, the fourth proposition quoted with approval from Lotze by Cook reads thus: "Physical phenomena point to an underlying being to which they belong, but do not determine whether that being is material or immaterial." Now, this is Spencerism, pure and unmitigated, and it is a crucial proposition, too, pointing out the drift of the whole philosophy before which it is set up. The fact that Mr. Cook adopts such an opinion when stated by Lotze, but vituperates the same opinion when stated by Spencer, reveals to us, with a pungent though not wholly delicious flavor, "the true inwardness" of his "fundamental method of procedure."

That method, it must be acknowledged with due reverence to the *bon mot* of the old Greek statesman, is a method well adapted to conciliate the favor of an immense audience, even in so cultivated a city as Boston. We are descended from fighting ancestors, and many of us, who care little for the disinterested discussion of scientific theories, still like to see a man knocked down or impaled, provided the knocking down be done with a syllogistic club, or the impaling be restricted to such a hard substance as is afforded by the horns of a dilemma. It satisfies our combative instincts without shocking our physical sympathies or making any great demand on our keener thinking powers, which most people do most of all dislike to be called upon to exercise. To this kind of feeling Mr. Cook's lectures appeal, and the peculiar character of his success seems to show that he knew very well how to deal with it. In a moment of winning frankness he exclaims: "Do you suppose that I think that this audience can be *cheated?* I do not know where in America there is another weekly audience with as many brains in it; at least I do not know where in New England I should be so likely to be tripped up if I were to make an incorrect statement as here" (Biology, page 67). After this persuasive little dose of what the newspapers call "taffy," Mr. Cook proceeds to show his respect for the learning of his audience in some remarks on *bathybius*, which, as he condescendingly exclaims, is derived from two Greek words meaning *deep* and *sea!* The profound knowledge of elementary Greek thus shown is quite equaled by his account of bathybius from the zoological point of view. He began by telling his hearers that, in a paper published in the *Microscopical Journal* in 1868, Prof. Huxley announced his belief that the gelatinous substance found in the ooze of the beds of the deep seas is a sheet of living matter extending round the globe." Furthermore, of "this amazingly strategic (!!) and haughtily-trumpeted substance . . . Huxley assumed that it was in the past, and would be in the future, the progenitor of all the life on the planet." Now, it is not true that, in the paper referred to, Prof. Huxley announces any such belief or makes any such assumption as is here ascribed to him; but we shall see in a moment that Mr. Cook's system of quotation is peculiar in enabling him to extract from the text of an author any meaning whatever that may happen to suit his purposes. This slanderous misrepresentation enables the lecturer to come in with great effect at the close of his third lecture, and earn an ignoble round of applause by holding up the current number of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* (which he would appear to have picked up at a bookstore on his way to the lecture-room) and citing from it, as the fifty-first and closing "concession" of evolutionists, "that bathybius has been discovered in 1875 by the ship Challenger to be—hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth!—sulphate of lime; and that when dissolved it crystalizes as gypsum. [Applause]." This is what Mr. Cook calls striking with the "latest scientific intelligence" at the "bottom stem" of the great tree of evolution. The "latest scientific intelligence" with him means the last book or article which he has glanced over without comprehending its import, but from which he has contrived to glean some statement calculated to edify his audience and scatter the hosts of Midian. In point of fact, the identification of bathybius with sulphate of lime was set down by Sir Wyville Thomson only as a suspicion, to which Prof. Huxley, like a true man of science, at once accorded all possible weight, while leaving the question open for further discussion. Only a mountebank, however, dealing with an audience upon whose ignorance of the subject he might safely rely, could pretend to suppose that the fate of the doctrine of evolution was in any way involved in the question as to the organic nature of *bathybius*. The amazing strategy was all Mr. Cook's own, and the haughty trumpeting appears to have been chiefly done with his own very brazen instrument.

I said a moment ago that Mr. Cook's system of quotation is peculiar. The following instance is so good that it will bear citing at some length. According to Mr. Cook, Prof. Huxley says, in his article on Biology, in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica:" "*Throughout almost the whole series of living beings, we find agamogenesis, or not sexual generation.*" After a pause, Mr. Cook proceeded in a lower voice: "When the topic of the origin of the life of our Lord on the earth is approached from the point of view of the microscope, some men, who know not what the holy of holies in physical and religious science is, say that we have no example of the origin of life without two parents." Mr. Cook then cites the familiar instance of parthenogenesis in bees and silk moths, and proceeds: "Take up your Mivart, your Lyell, your Owen, and you will read [where?] this same important fact which Huxley here asserts, when he says that the law that perfect individuals may be virginally born extends to the higher forms of life. I am in the presence of Almighty God; and yet, when a great soul like the tender spirit of our sainted Lincoln, in his early days, with little knowledge, but with great thoughtfulness, was troubled by this difficulty, and almost thrown into Infidelity by not knowing that the law that there must be two parents is not universal, I am willing to allude, even in such a presence as this, to the latest science concerning miraculous conception [sensation]."

Concerning the good taste or the orthodox propriety of "approaching the origin of the life of our Lord on earth from the point of view of the microscope," something might be said were there need of it. The rhetorical vulgarity of the above passage will be as obvious to most of our readers as its logical absurdity. All that I am now concerned with, however, is its unscrupulous misstatement

Let us look back for a moment at the italicized quotation from Prof. Huxley upon which Mr. Cook builds up the statement "that the law that perfect individuals may be virginally born extends to the higher forms of life." Then let us turn to Prof. Huxley's article and see what he really does say. Treating of the whole subject of agamogenesis in the widest possible way by including it under the more general process of cell-multiplication, Prof. Huxley says: "Common as the process is in plants and the lower animals, it becomes rare among the higher animals. In these the reproduction of the whole organism from a part in the way indicated above ceases. At most we find that the cells at the end of an amputated portion of the organism are capable of reproducing the lost part, and in the very highest animals even this power vanishes in the adult. . . . *Throughout almost the whole series of living beings, however, we find concurrently with the process of agamogenesis, or sexual generation,* another method of generation, in which the development of the germ into an organism resembling the parent depends on an influence exerted by living matter different from the germ. This is *gamogenesis*, or sexual generation." (Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition, Biology, page 636). Comparing the italicized passage here with Mr. Cook's italicized quotation, we see vividly illustrated the "fundamental method of procedure" by which the "Monday Lectureship" jumps from a statement about the reproduction of a lobster's claws to the inference that a man may be born without a father. Every one has heard of the worthy clergyman who introduced a scathing sermon on a new-fangled variety of ladies' head-dress by the appropriate text, "Top-knot, come down." On being reminded by one of his deacons that the full verse seemed to read, "Let him that is upon the housetop not come down," the pastor boldly justified his abridgment on the ground that any particular collocation of words in scripture is as authoritative as any other, since all parts of the Bible are equally inspired. Probably Mr. Cook would justify his own peculiar principle of abridgment on the familiar ground that the end sanctifies the means, and that if a statement seems helpful to "the truth" in general it is no matter whether the statement itself is true or not.

Enough of this. If we were to go through with Mr. Cook's volumes in detail we should find little else but misrepresentations of facts, misconceptions of principles, and floods of tawdry rhetoric, of which the specimens here quoted are quite sufficient to illustrate his "fundamental method of procedure." I have not treated him seriously or with courtesy, because there is nothing in his matter or in his manner that would justify, or even excuse, a serious method of treatment. The only aspect of his career which really affords matter for grave reflection is the ease with which he succeeded for the moment in imposing on the credulity and in appealing to the prejudices of his public. The eagerness with which the orthodox world hailed the appearance of this new champion—whose very orthodoxy, withal, seems to be but little sounder than his science—cannot but remind one with sad emphasis of Oxenstjern's famous remark, "*Quam parva sapientia mundus regitur.*"

JOHN FISKE.

The reader cannot fail to perceive the justness of Mr. Fiske's remarks touching the dishonesty of the great charlatan who, in order to prove Christianity true, must needs slander and defame men far better than himself. If the system which he so valiantly supports is no truer than himself, it is false indeed. It is a question, perhaps, not easily solved—What would the meek and lowly Nazarene think of such a false and malicious man as this Joseph Cook? Would he accept him as one of his apostles and defenders were he in the flesh to-day? It is my opinion if he understood the pompous and false maligner as I do, he would not even be seen walking with him on the street.

Besides all the falseness and malice of the man, he is inherently an ill-mannerly boor, a coarse, disagreeable, self-conceited mortal, such as scarcely any man in the world would wish as a companion. He makes an unfavorable impression upon nearly all who come in contact with him. I have met with a friend who some two years ago made a visit to the Yosemite Valley, and it chanced to be just after Cook had been there, and the friend tells me that a most unpleasant opinion was held of this man Cook by the hotel keepers, the stage drivers, and the guides of that locality who came in contact with the great "blow-

hard." They pronounce him little better than a hog; a man who would not relinquish a seat in favor of a lady; a man who selfishly insists upon having the best place, the choicest advantages, with little or no respect for the rights and comforts of others. The people of the Yosemite Valley insist that the term "*hog*" better describes the character of Joseph Cook than any other. But did they know him as well as I do they would think the term *liar* would be equally appropriate.

Perhaps a trifle of charity should be extended to this Christian defamer on the score of an unsound mind. It is well known that he has served a term in an insane asylum, and it has been thought he was liberated quite too soon, and that he ought, by right, to have been retained till the present time. If, however, it is true, as is asserted by those who claim to know, and to be able to prove, that he became insane in consequence of excessive self-abuse, there are less grounds for charity. But, be that as it may, that he is a lying, black-hearted slanderer I stoutly affirm.

I learn that Cook will sail from Shanghai to Australia and New Zealand, but that his wife will not accompany him, instead thereof taking an early steamer for San Francisco; so she will arrive home several months before her coarse and false "lord and master."

This letter shall not be a long one. I purposed in it to merely tell you a few things with reference to Cook and his very Christian conduct, and, having accomplished the little that I attempted, I will not now detain you longer. I have some small matters to attend to before embarking on board the Oceanic, so, with your permission, I will bid you good-bye, and get ready for going to sea.

Yours truly, D. M. B.

Homeward Bound.—Across the Pacific.

On Board the Oceanic, May 13, 1882.

Dear Friends: Here I am, on the steamer which is to bear me across the bosom of the Pacific and transport me to the land of my birth, the land I prize and love above all others. It is with pleasure that I now turn my face homeward, with the assurance that the next landing I make will be on American shores. In fact, I am growing a little impatient; I have been so long away that, although I am not absolutely homesick, I feel desirous to be in my own country once more, and to be able to take by the hand the many dear friends I know are there holding out their palms to receive me. I long to again tread the soil of what is called the New World, where enterprise and thrift abound more fully than in any land I have visited. This is not wholly because our loved America is in all respects superior to the rest of the world, but because it is certainly, all things considered, not inferior to other countries, and more especially because it is my home, and because it is the home of those I love.

I have seen the better parts of the earth, extending my visits to many latitudes and longitudes far separated from each other; I have seen the blooming of gay and beautiful flowers, the abundance of rich and luscious fruits; I have seen abundant crops growing upon thousands of broad acres; I have seen millions of the sons and daughters of the oriental world toiling in the sun and pursuing various avocations in their shops and other shaded places; I have witnessed wealth and poverty, affluence and indigence, plenty and beggary, grandeur and squalor, but far before all the lands and races I have seen I prefer America and Americans. It is true, we have our faults and defects; we are, perhaps, conceited and boastful; we worship the almighty dollar with more devotion and persistency than any pagans worship their idols; we are not as sympathetic and watchful over those who need our aid as we should be; we are often hard-hearted and unfeeling; we are selfish and grasping; in our eager scramble for wealth and self-promotion we too frequently show but slight consideration for the rights and needs of our fellows; but, America, with all thy defects, and Americans, with all your imperfections, I love you still. To me you are dear, and in truth I can say I have seen no land, no city, no quiet, secluded country, no place on this side of the globe, which I have felt like accepting in exchange for my home in America.

I have been highly interested in the many countries I have visited; I have enjoyed the long journey I have made; I have with pleasure viewed these Eastern lands and peoples of which I have read since the days of my childhood; I have watched with interest the varying manners and customs of the inhabitants of the many lands I have visited; I have looked upon the grandest mountains upon the globe, with ten to twelve thousand feet of their summits clad in eternal snow and ice, whereon the foot of man has never trod; I have ridden over the finest plains and valleys to be found in any country; I have seen and rode upon the large and famous rivers — even holy rivers — of the world; I have seen the teeming growths of many tropical lands, with flowers, fruits, and foliage quite unlike our own; I have visited many ancient temples and shrines, watched the religious ceremonies of many kinds of worshipers, serenely and reverently bowing before their numerous polyform and nondescript gods; I have seen the countries whence came the elements of our language, our literature, our philosophy, our superstitions, and our religion; I have traveled over the lands where the human race has lived for many millenniums; I have visited the localities where many wars and battles have raged, where the hands of thousands of men have been raised in deadly strife against the lives of other thousands of their fellow-men; I have seen the countries laid waste and desolate by those bloody conflicts; again, I have visited crowded cities, the marts of many countries; I have watched the toiling millions at their daily labors in their thousands of workshops and attending to their almost endless stores and bazars; I have seen the myriads of peoples in different climes, often smiling and gay as though bathing in the sunshine of happiness and contentment, while other myriads were sad, despondent, in evident want and wretchednees. Much have I looked upon which thrilled me with emotions of pleasure or pain which I cannot now recall, but after spending the better part of a year in visiting these varied lands and peoples and seeing quite as much that is wonderful and varied as I expected; and now that my mind is charged with both pleasing and unpleasing memories of the endless panorama of busy life, and sometimes of living death, that has for months been passing before me, it is with positive pleasure that at last I feel myself "homeward bound," and that I have embarked upon the ship that is to bear me to my own land.

Yes, I return home feeling fully assured that though other lands have their grandeurs, their antiquities, their beauties, and their attractions, America, young and vigorous as she is, and full of promise, after all her drawbacks and disadvantages, is really the finest and most desirable portion of this earth's surface. I turn my face toward beloved America feeling convinced that she contains the elements and possibilities of greater prosperity, progress, and happiness than is to be found in any other quarter of the globe. America presents herself to my yearning vision as the present and future home of hundreds of millions of our race, affording advantages not to be found in any other land, spreading her broad domain as she does over far more thousands of square miles, and including a greater extent and variety of climate, soils, and productions than any other country on the earth. Yes, America, I turn my eager eyes toward thee, and proudly declare thee *the Land of the Blest*.

All is life and activity on our steamer to-day. We are lying a mile or more from the docks, so it is quite a little journey in small boats to reach the noble craft that is to bear us to the Western hemisphere; though to reach it we go directly east. Almost everybody is on board in pretty good season, many being sculled out in the small Japanese boats, while others make the passage in small steamers which ply around the harbor in all directions.

Chinese Passengers.

The number of cabin passengers is not very great, amounting to less than a hundred, all told; but when the deck passengers are taken into consideration the amount of human life on the Oceanic seems very abundant, for we are conveying from this port to California eleven hundred Chinamen. About this number are taken as live freight upon every steamer, and this will probably continue until Congress gives the word of command, *Halt*, which is now daily expected to be heard. The population of China—estimated at 400,000,000—is teeming and overflowing, and America offers her promising homes for the overplus millions seeking advantages they cannot find at home.

This exodus from China to America would be beneficial were it not for the drawbacks which inevitably exist. They have many qualities most desirable on the part of emigrants to our New World; they are healthy, industrious, temperate, energetic, peaceful, and well-disposed, but like armies of locusts, they are able for years to pour into our country in such overwhelming numbers as to absolutely swamp us with oriental life and customs. They can work and lay up money on one-third the amount required to keep an American family in only tolerable comfort. They are the bane of the American working classes, for they can thrive and amass wealth where the the American artisans and laborers with their families must almost starve. Chinese life and civilization are inimical to the prosperity of American workingmen. For the capitalist and heavy operators of America the cheap muscle of China is a great desideratum, for as a rule the Chinese are faithful, reliable, and apt, but an American laborer cannot live in any comfort upon the wages with which a Chinaman is perfectly content. When the dignity of labor is destroyed in any country then the prosperity of that country receives a fatal blow. This is the very effect which the influx of Chinamen is having in America.

It seems un-American, too, to say to the quiet and industrious Chinaman: "You shall not approach our shores. Our country and our cities are open and free to the people of all other lands, but the men of China shall not seek homes among us." It does not seem in keeping with the spirit and genius of our institutions, which boastfully offer a home to the downtrodden of all lands. But if it it true that the influx of Chinese labor in America is promoting idleness, pauperism, thriftlessness, prostitution, degradation, and crime, self-preservation, the first law of nature, would seem to say, Stop, this must go no farther. America's own children must not starve and become paupers and criminals that the sons of China may improve their condition.

One of the worst features of this Chinese question is the permanent distinction which exists between Americans and Chinamen, and the unassimilability of the Chinese with Americanism. The Chinese must ever remain a foreign element with us. They do not become American citizens in the sense that people of nearly all other countries do. They may reside with us and toil with us for a quarter of a century, but they do not assimilate with us; they do not become American citizens. They emigrate to our shores for a limited period only, to earn wages, to make money, which they will not spend with us, but hoard it up to take back with them to the Flowery Kingdom when they take themselves back, which every one sooner or later intends to do who visits our shores. Though residing with us and toiling with us, they do not become of us. They are emphatically a permanently foreign element that will not Americanize. They simply remain a Chinese colony, holding itself in antagonism to American sentiment and institutions. They visit us to stay a few years, to get all the money they can, and then return with it to their own land. Their religious prejudices and superstitions impel them to this. The Celestial Kingdom is to them the holy land of promise, the haven of felicity, the only land where the bones of the faithful ought to repose. To such extent is this carried that most of the Chinamen who die in America and other lands are sent back to their own country, which they believe to be the only place where their bodies and their spirits can rest in peace. No, the Chinese will never become American citizens.

The Oceanic's Cargo.

For two or three days Japanese coolies or alongshoremen have been busy in putting aboard our cargo, which largely consists of tea. Lighters having one thousand or two thousand chests of tea are rowed out from the shore, and here they wait, perhaps for hours, for their turn to come up "alongside" to discharge their burden, to help make up the ship's cargo. The chests are rapidly handed up on a staging before an open door in the hull of the vessel and are rapidly passed inside and carefully packed away in the spacious hold, while tally-men stand by and take note of every chest as it passes in. It takes but little over an hour for one of these lighters to be thus discharged and the burden to be transferred to the much larger craft. Thus is packed away in the nether regions of the Oceanic the very tea, in all probability, prepared within the past two weeks by the scores of Japanese women whom I saw making their way to the tea-curing houses, as early as five o'clock in the morning. I looked in, you will remember, one of these establishments, and saw the various curing, packing, and enveloping processes going on.

As fast as the chests are completed and made ready for export they are conveyed to the ship to next set sail for foreign shores; and within the last day or two before sailing shipping the tea is specially active. I learn that through the night a steady stream of tea-chests was pouring in from the lighters to the bosom of the Oceanic, so that betimes today the tea was all aboard, leaving the preparing establishments to get ready a cargo for the next steamer. The main portion of the tea exported from Japan goes to America, it being held in much higher favor there than in Europe. My favorite tea is the Japan, and I do not drink it strong. I like a good grade of tea, but prefer it weak. I notice hundreds of sample parcels varying from three to fifteen pounds each, have been sent aborad, marked for dealers in San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, and Philadelphia. These, of course, are samples sent on of the new crop, with the hope that heavy orders will be returned. The tea business of the world is indeed an immense thing; and we are taking enough along with us on this passage to make many a grateful, refreshing cup. The officer having charge of the freight department informs me that the Oceanic's cargo comprises of tea 18,710 packages of about 80 lbs. each; vegetable oils, 1,770 cans; raw silk, 883 bales; sample parcels of tea, 162; coffee, 471 sacks; opium, 100 packages; saltpeter, 535 bags; sugar, 91 packages; tapioca, 200 packages; tobacco, 28 bales; cigars, 25 cases; spices, 140 bags; assorted merchandise, 1,810 packages. Of the tea 1,473 chests are for San Francisco, and 17,237 are to go overland to the Eastern cities. Of other freight 1,093 tons are for San Francisco, and 1,465 tons to go overland to New York and other cities.

Although the cabin passengers are not extremely numerous, a large amount of baggage has been sent aboard, and a considerable proportion of it seems to be curios, antiquities, and specimens of oriental manu-

facture. Many who are returning to America are taking far more of this kind of merchandise with them than I am myself. I would have availed myself of the opportunity of taking home with me more of the curious oriental wares than I have done, but having only a single satchel in which to transport my luggage I have made it my constant care not to burden myself with more of the articles to be found everywhere in this Eastern world than I could accommodate in my limited space.

GODS, ETC.

I fear, however, that I have made a mistake in not taking with me a much larger supply of gods. Many of the Americans are such a godless set of people, having only a single god, and he one that was gotten up by the Jews three or four thousand years ago, that I believe should I take a thousand of the Asiatic gods home with me, I could find market for them in our god-poverty-stricken country. Even many of you who have faith in no god would undoubtedly avail yourselves of the opportunity of laying in a stock of two or three of them just to have before you specimens of the gods worshiped on this side of the globe. Even with those who have no god of their own, and find no need of one, to bow down to and say their prayers to, and to ask favors of, it is nevertheless sort of handy to have a god or two in the house, if only a sample god, to show to those not posted on the god question as to what kind of gods men are still worshiping.

Yes, I have made a mistake in not taking home more gods, and I have doubtless also missed doing a pretty extensive business in the godly line. The next time I make the tour of the world I think I will lay in a large trunkful of gods, just as a speculation. I have certainly visited god factories enough to have selected a large variety of gods of assorted sizes and materials, at such prices as could hardly fail to pay a handsome profit. But as Birmingham, England, has now engaged in the manufacture of gods for the worshipers of the Eastern world, I can, perhaps, send an order over there and obtain all the gods I will need to supply home demand. And as our people in America are very enterprising and ingenious, should a demand spring up for an unlimited number of gods, I have not the slightest doubt that they could be turned out at short notice in our mechanical country. Pittsburgh, Pa., and Waterbury, Conn., ought themselves be able to manufacture or create a great number of gods, should the demand justify the enterprise. But inasmuch as the intelligent portion of the world are learning more and more every year that they can get along just as well without gods as with them, it is hardly to be supposed that many god factories will need to be started in America for some time yet. The Asiatics have been *par excellence* the god-makers of the world, and from them many other countries have borrowed the gods which the latter have used.

We cannot forget that the God which is principally worshiped in America is of Asiatic origin, having been gotten up in the western portion of that continent, while the more Eastern nations have indulged in a much greater variety of godly characters. The gods of Central and Eastern Asia have chiefly been content to remain at home, foregoing the temptations of a residence in foreign lands, while the god of Western Asia has entirely left the country where he was devised—that contracted bit of land which he is said to have selected as a residence in preference to all other parts of the world—and emigrated to countries far removed from the place where he was born and reared. From a lack of inventive ability in the god-making line, or from some other cause, this god of Western Asia has been adopted in several populous countries, and his fame and following have thereby greatly increased. His own original worshipers have never been but a mere handful compared with the millions who have peopled the earth, and this has been a lucky circumstance for him, as but for this his reputation would have been vastly less than it is. As a matter of fact, however, he appears to be an uncertain quantity, a mere unknown quotient, and equally a mythical character with the more numerous gods of Central and Western Asia. But in the conflicting claims for recognition by the sons of men which exist among these Asiatic gods, it is perhaps difficult to decide which has the prior claims upon our respect and which presents the strongest proofs that he is entitled to our belief and worship. To me there is not very much difference betwixt them—between Baal, Chemosh, Melodah, Asherah, Adad, Ormuzd, Varuna, Agni, Brahma, Vishnu, Pak-Tai, Chang-ti, Fohi, Yahweh, Allah, and scores of others of these Asiatic gods. I certainly can see but little difference as to reality, authenticity, and actual existence between the gods of Eastern, Central, and Western Asia. To me they alike seem mythical, diaphanous, and totally unreal, and I do not believe one of them ever had an existence save in the superstitious brains of their designers and worshipers.

I notice among the personal baggage or freight a large, neat-looking box for Gen. U. S. Grant, and am informed that it contains Japanese paper. The people of this country excel in the manufacture of paper, turning out a smooth, tough, and durable article, probably superior to what is manufactured in America. It is not generally understood that Gen. Grant does so much writing that he is under the necessity of importing his paper. It is more probable that he made use of Japanese paper when here, and since prefers it.

JAPANESE FIREWORKS.

An hour or two before the Oceanic was ready to weigh anchor, we who had nothing to do but look at what was passing in the busy bay were delighted to look at the very fine display of air rockets which were sent up perhaps for our benefit. For nearly an hour were fired up at intervals of a few minutes a lot of rockets which not only went very high in the air, but which presented many features which I had not seen in rockets before. Some of them upon bursting threw out a kind of smoke or effect which assumed the shape of enormous spiders, more than fifty feet across, with dozens of enormous legs spreading about strikingly in the air. Other forms of animal and vegetable life were also presented, most curious to look upon. And what was also quite new, upon the bursting of the rockets at their highest altitude, the figure of a woman, apparently as large as life, and gaily decked out in robes of brilliant colors, standing upright in the air, sank very slowly toward the water, bowing repeatedly with true Japanese politeness and grace during the several minutes consumed in reaching the surface. It was a wonder to all beholders how such perfect-looking women could be so suddenly evolved from a sky-rocket. They had somewhat the appearance of being made of extremely light tissue paper in very bright colors, which upon the bursting of the rocket became inflated with air or gas, and being slightly weighted so as to make them assume the proper upright position, descended in that position gradually to the water below. The rockets were sent up by two or three Japanese in a small boat by themselves, and they succeeded in contributing very much to our amusement. As it was perfectly free, and no one even came around with a hat to ask for a few sen, we could not complain that the exhibition was expensive.

GOOD BYE TO JAPAN.

Just before the hour of 11 A.M., all the passengers having arrived, all the tea and other freight being aboard, the adieus and kisses between those departing and those remaining being duly exchanged, and all the preparations being consummated, we started on our long journey across the Pacific of five thousand miles.

The morning was thick, and almost of a disposition to rain, and it was with difficulty that we could take a parting glance at grand old Fuji-yama as we steamed out of the capacious harbor and took our last view of Yokohama and the bluffs west of the city. Feeling a high respect for Fuji, I strained my eyes to their utmost to obtain a farewell look at his snowy summit, feeling almost positive I would never look upon him or his equal again. For an hour or two, and perhaps more, we steamed along in sight of the coast, thus having a good opportunity to throw our good-byes to the Land of the Rising Sun, with its thirty-five millions of industrious, plodding, and very polite inhabitants, whose genial and friendly characteristics I shall long remember. It is with pleasant memories its green hills and lovely plains recede from view, and as we lose sight of them altogether we realize the fact that the next land we see will be grand old America.

Soon after riding out into the Pacific the rain began to pour down, and a northeast wind rushed roughly and strongly away from the neighborhood of Kamschatka, causing us to shiver and shake, and to wish the weather would get warm again; the steamer rolled in a manner anything but pleasant and reassuring. We had fancied that the Pacific is true to its name, and indeed pacific in its character, and we were led to expect a very pleasant voyage; but we were soon ready to conclude that the name of this great ocean is a misnomer.

Sunday, May 14th.—A heavy northeast wind prevails, and almost amounts to a gale. The Oceanic is thrown far over on her starboard side, and the heavy billows now and then dash entirely over the upper deck, producing anything but pleasurable sensations. My berth, or room, is No. A on the main deck, and the foremost of a large series of rooms. In ordinary fine weather it is a very pleasant room, but in a severe storm as we are experiencing now it is the very reverse of pleasant. The immense waves ever and anon come against the broadside of the steamer, striking my room with such force and anger as seem calculated to wash the whole upper works of the steamer into the unpacific ocean. And when those immense surges come rushing entirely over my apartment, the water flows freely in at the windows, and even finds its way through the iron roof, suggesting shipwreck and discomfort. The carpet on the floor is saturated with the water of the sea, and even the bed is well dampened with a fractional part of the furious waves which appear disposed to overwhelm us and send us to the bottom. I cannot think it was much rougher when the tourist Jonah embarked from Joppa, on his sea voyage to Tarshish; neither could I think that the storm and roughness of the ocean is on account of my presence on the Oceanic, for I have been on several other waters where placidity, quietness, and smoothness were the prevailing elements. I am, accordingly, very glad my fellow-passengers do not regard me as a Jonah, and, by casting lots or throwing dice, fasten guilt upon me, and in consequence reach the conclusion that I must be thrown overboard. Should they take this notion, believing that that I am under the ban of the god of the ocean, who is disturbed by my presence, and then to appease him proceed to cast me headlong into the furious waves. I feel very sure it would be the last of me, for I cannot think any big fish is prepared to take me in out of the wet and to furnish me with comfortable quarters for three or four days, and then deposit me safely on *terra firma*. All this is saved me, and I remain as quietly on the Oceanic as under the circumstances could be expected.

THE REV. T. F. CLARK.

This gentleman traveled in my company from Singapore to Hong Kong, thence to Canton, where we looked over the city together; then from Hong Kong to Nagasaki and Yokohama, making an aggregate of some two thousand miles. Although an ardent Methodist, and charged with considerable confidence that he has the "boss religion" of the world, I found him a very genial companion, and far more liberal and tolerant than the average orthodox clergyman is in the habit of showing himself. Of course we could not quite agree upon theological subjects, not arriving at the same conclusions with regard to revelation, the divinity of the scriptures, the truth of Christianity, and the nature of supernaturalism generally, but we were able to discuss pleasantly upon these subjects and not lose our temper. He more than once admitted the force of my arguments, and I sometimes hoped that he would see the superiority of naturalism over supernaturalism, but by pondering upon my remarks over night, his love of Jesus returned, and he seemed to regard his religion as still better than mine.

As Mr. Clark and I had got along so pleasantly together in the two thousand miles we had traveled, finding that we are also to be fellow-passengers on our voyage across the Pacific, I deemed it would be pleasant for us to become room-mates during the voyage. Mr. Clark is also on a tour around the world, and having undertaken it on a sum of money very much smaller than I thought it necessary to provide myself with, he was unable at Yokohama to procure a cabin passage, which, as I said, costs two hundred and fifty dollars. He secured a steerage passage, which required him to room with some rough, drunken sailors, and to be closely surrounded by the eleven hundred Chinamen aforesaid. I deemed this too unpleasant for such a gentleman to endure, and I took it upon myself to see if his condition could not be somewhat ameliorated. I saw the purser of the steamer, and described to him that Mr. Clark is a gentleman of too fine taste and intelligence to be obliged to lodge with a lot of brawlers down in the hold of the steamer, and I requested him to allow Mr. Clark to room with me. He gave his permission. The steward of the steamer, a very genial German gentleman, agreed to see that Mr. Clark is duly supplied with meals during the passage; so Clark becomes my fellow-passenger and occupies the room with me. We compare notes freely together, and have, of course, many interesting conversations, and during this severe storm the steamer rolls so excessively, and is so much of the time lying over on her side, that we are compelled to keep our berths, deeming it fortunate, in the lurches of the steamer, that we are not thrown out on the floor. We manage, however, through all this fearful commotion, to keep our equanimity of mind and to be cheerful under adverse circumstances. When a specially heavy lurch comes upon us, and it seems as if the iron steamer itself would be shivered to atoms, I sing out merrily, "Brother Clark, let her roll!" And his response is in the same cheerful spirit, "Brother Bennett, let her roll!"

During this long-protracted storm on the Pacific, when the sea is far rougher than I experienced in either of the three times I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, or what I saw upon the Adriatic Sea, the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, from Singapore to Java, the passage up the China Sea, and from Hong Kong to Nagasaki and Yokohama, on nearly all of which I was more or less affected with sea-sickness, strange to say, I am not sea-sick at all. True, I am compelled to keep a horizontal position, but my stomach does not revolt; it retains the food I eat, and makes no disturbance, and for this I feel duly grateful.

Although this day has been Sunday, and we have several clergymen on board, no public service has been held, save the reading of the English service by an officer of the boat. No sermon was preached and no prayers made, save those read from the English prayer-book. This is a little out of the ordinary course for Christians, but I manage to survive the deprivation. I am glad to keep my room and my berth, omitting my dinner, thinking I will be better without it.—(*To be continued.*)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

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Mr. Whitehead Again.

Two weeks ago we published five questions propounded by W. M. Whitehead, and made what we hoped would be satisfactory replies, but it seems they did not quite answer the purpose, and that the person who asked the questions is not pleased with our responses. He has written us again, and here is what he says:

STONE, PA., Sept. 20, 1882.

Mr. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* A short time ago I asked you a few questions, and in answering them you labored hard to show that the religion of Christ was false and unworthy of belief, and that it was founded on a fable and a dream.

The account of creation, as given in the Bible, you regard as a fable; we regard it as veritable history. You make the Bible say the earth was created six thousand years ago, and you expect us to gulp it down without questioning the assertion. We hav searched for the place in the Bible where it is definitly stated when it was created, but we hav failed to find it. The first passage in the book says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and that affirmation stands to-day unchallenged by science. There is not a fact or principle that is established in science that is inconsistent with it. It is not a fable; it is history.

Of course, you will claim that the Mosaic cosmogony is utterly inconsistent with the demonstrated truths of geology. We hope you will show wherein they differ. Both records show that the ocean givs birth to the dry land and givs inhabitants to the sea first. Allow me to call your attention to the consistency and the harmony of the Bible and the teachings of science on this point. Turn to the 104th psalm and we read: "Who laid the foundations of the earth? Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a mantle" (the original chaos.) In the 24th psalm, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, for he hath founded it upon the seas and established upon the floods." Solomon, in the eighth chapter of Proverbs, says, "When there was no depth I was brought forth." You may find lots of objection to revelation if you are so disposed. Every page of the Bible, as well as every appearance of nature, will furnish plenty of food for your skepticism. We do not, however, feel disposed to esteem a few unwarranted assertions as unanswerable arguments against the truth of revelation. We feel disposed to cling to our religion until we understand thoroughly what we are embracing in its stead.

Another objection (and you are not alone in urging it(is the eternality of matter. But however well you know that matter is eternal, I do not know any such thing. I know it cannot be annihilated by any process we can subject it to. But because we cannot destroy it does not prove it to be eternal. It would hav been as consistent for you, while in Egypt, to hav butted the pyramids, and when you had discovered that it was useless to try to destroy them in that manner, to hav said they are eternal. "In the presence of eternity the mountains are as transient as the clouds." But what is matter? It certainly is not a philosophical abstraction known by that name, nor is it a single substance, but a great variety of them. We hav hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, carbon, iodine, and many others, all of which resist the efforts of chemists to reduce them to anything simpler. Which is the eternal matter you speak of? Is it iron or clay? If it is any particular one, where did the others come from? If it is all of them, hav we between sixty and seventy kinds of matter that are eternal? and are they eternal in their present combinations? or is it the simpler elements that are eternal? But should we grant that matter is eternal, how would that account for the formation of the world and the origin of life? The world is governed by law. Who or what first opposed a rule of action upon inert matter? Where did the first life-germ come from? and how did it assimilate to itself a material body?

"We may speculate about questions of this character; we may examin the lowest manifestation of life as it connects itself with the lowest organized being, still the nature of life and the manner of its union with materiality no one may know. To know where the inertia of matter ends and ths motion of life begins is and will be forever beyond the limit prescribed to the human intellect." Where inertia ends and life begins is a mystery inconceivable, unthinkable, and impossible according to your theory of things.

We believe the Mosaic account is about right in the time given of the existence of man on earth. We regard the small multiplication of human species as a demonstration of truthfulness on the part of Moses. But that the earth was created when man was first placed upon it I do not believe.

Geology is a broken reed upon which no dependence can be placed. One new discovered fact sometimes upsets a whole theory. Every new theory is the epitaph on the tombstone of the old. It would be difficult to find two geologists who agree either in their facts or theories. Their facts are generally as airy as their theories. Mr. Barnes says, "On the one subject of geology, so early as 1806, the French Institution counted more than eighty theories hostil to scripture history, not one of which has stood to the present day."

It will hardly do to say that the New Testament is "founded on a dream." The vision was given to quiet the jealous fears of the "old man" Joseph respecting the condition of the girl to whom he was engaged. This circumstance is established by the fact that he sought to put her away privately.

To say that the gospels are inventions of "ignorant and designing" men is rather absurd. The invention of such a character as Christ by any man, wise or simple, would be a greater miracle than the fact. When Jesus was presented as the Lord of life to the Romans and Jews, so far from admiring him as a hero, they crucified him as an impostor. The authors of this "ignorant" invention suffered too much persecution for any man to believe for an instant that they would thus suffer in order to palm off on the world a lie of their own manufacture. Such a thing is "utterly unthinkable."

It certainly does look strange that the gospels were not known until the year 180, and stranger still is the fact that Celsus had written a book before that time refuting the doctrins contained in the gospels which did not exist. Is it not self-evident that if Celsus wrcte a reply to the gospels they were then in circulation and commanded some belief?

But there was another heretic, the celebrated Marcion, who lived in the beginning of the second century, and had every opportunity of discovering forgeries if any then existed, but not one word does he say. It will not do, friend Bennett, to tell us that the gospels were not known until the year 180. The gospels are as well authenticated as any other books in existence. They were so acknowledged in the apostolic age. They were quoted "word for word by the immediate scholars of both Paul and John, viz., by Barnabas of Cyprus, the patron and companion of Paul in his first apostolic tour (Acts ix, 27, etc.), by Clemens Romanus, bishop of Rome, A. D 91, 92, and the disciple of Paul (Phil. iv, 3); and by the following disciples of John: Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, who died A. D. 106 or 115; Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, who died A. D. 169; and Papius, bishop of Hieropolis, in Syria, who lived about that time, and, according to some, was a fellow-disciple of Polycarp under the apostle John" (Wheeler's Summary of N. T. History, p. 26).

"The teachers of the church in general recognized the apostolic writings, and especially the gospels. Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, who went into Gaul and became bishop of Lyons in A.D. 177, expressly declares that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote the gospels; Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, who died A.D. 184, wrote a commentary on the gospels; and Clemens of Alexandria (between 211 and 218) repeatedly cites passages out of the gospels and epistles. In the same way Tertullian (220) and Origen (254) and the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius (340) speak of the books contained in our New Testament, which at this time were almost universally spread and acknowledged" (Wheeler's Summary of N. T. History, p. 28).

I think enough has been said to show that Christianity is not founded on a fable and a dream, and that the New Testament is not the invention of "designing" men, but what it pretends to be, the word of God. Respectfully yours,

W. M. WHITEHEAD.

It is quite possible that we may not be able to induce Mr. Whitehead to accept the correctness of our opinions, but we can do no better than to defend them with such ability as we possess, and show such good reasons as are at hand.

Our friend will not consent that Christianity is founded upon a fable and a dream, but it does not appear that he has rebutted the proofs adduced by us to show the fact. Mr. Whitehead being a Christian, it is not to be expected that he will easily relinquish the ground upon which his system rests. A religion in which $600,000,000 are invested, with 250,000 priests living upon those who accept it can not be expected to be relinquished without a very earnest struggle. The main hope we can indulge in is that our correspondent, and others like him, will accept the truth when they see it. We cannot expect them to do so before.

Our friend's first effort seems to be to claim that the "beginning" spoken of in Genesis was far more than six thousand years ago, and that consequently the earth is much older than that. But how can he deny the record? The first chapter in Genesis in which the beginning is spoken of, the entire creation, of the earth, all it contains, and all other suns and worlds, is given as being performed in six days.

On the first day the heavens and earth were created; light was made and divided from darkness (whether darkness was made at that time we are not told), and day and night were named.

The second day was occupied in creating heaven over again, and naming it the firmament and the office of this uncertain something was to divide the waters under it from those above it, and hold the upper lot from falling down aud mixing with the lower lot—mythical proceeding altogether.

The third day's work consisted in teaching the water to run down hill, so that the mountains and elevated lands could appear. After naming the dry land earth, and the water seas, he caused the earth to bring forth grass, herbs, fruit, trees, perfecting their seed and fruit the same day. This was a remarkable rapid growth of vegetation, and no day since has begun to compare with it.

The fourth day was occupied in making the sun and moon, and apparently for good measure, the stars were made also. When it is borne in mind that the sun is a million times as large as the earth, that some of the planets are several thousand times larger than the earth, that including the asteroids and satellites there are over two hundred of them in the solar system, that some of the stars are more than a thousand times larger than the sun, some of them hundreds and even thousands of billions of miles away, and that there are millions of them, some slight idea may be formed of the fourth day's work, compared with the other five. Inasmuch as light had already been created, and as vegetation was so perfect that grasses, herbs, and trees could perfect themselvs and produce seeds and fruits in a single day, it would almost seem that that hard fourth day's work was unnecessary, and the question naturally rises, Why that great effort? This is answered by the information that the sun and moon were created to mark and govern time, the sun, the the day, and the moon the night. What the stars were for we are not informed.

The fifth day was a tolerably busy one, though not a millionth part so much as the day before. On the fifth day the tens of thousands of fishes, from the minnow up to the whale, that inhabit the waters were made; also the birds of the air. No one ought to complain of that day's work; but

The sixth day was still a busier one, for on that day all the creeping things, all the amphibious animals, all the reptiles, all the worms, bugs, and insects were made long before sundown, for there was still ample time to make man and woman, as we are told in the next chapter, of the dust of the ground, at least the man was made of dust, and the woman of one of his ribs. The last job of all is thought to be the best of the lot.

The six day's work thus described seem to hav been quite fatiguing, for on the seventh God found it necessary to rest, thus finishing up the week. For this reason the Jewish Sabbath was founded, and every seventh day has been kept as a day of rest by both Jews and Christians.

Thus we hav an account of the first seven days that existed. If time existed before that it is supposed that nobody knew it, or knew how to divide it. Whether God went to work on the eighth day, and what he did on the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and subsequent days, we hav no information.

It is, however, one of the simplest things in the world, according to the record, to calculate how long ago "the beginning" was. It was but a short time after seven days before Adam and Eve became acquainted, and after that they raised Cain, and after a subsequent acquaintance Abel came along. An unpleasantness, however, arose between the two brothers, and Abel ceased to exist, when Cain emigrated to the land of Nod and married a wife.

But when Adam was one hundred and thirty years old he begat Seth; when Seth was a hundred and five years old he begat Enos; when Enos was ninety years old he begat Cainan; at the age of seventy Cainan begat Mahalaleel, who at sixty-five begat Jared, who at one hundred and sixty-two years begat Enoch, who at sixty five begat Methuselah, who, having a good long time before him, led a quiet bachelor life, and at one hundred and eighty-seven years begat Lamech, who at a hundred and eighty-two years begat Noah, who after leading a celibate life for five hundred years begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth. When they had become men the flood took place, and they all took the remarkable cruise described in the eighth chapter of Genesis.

This damp affair, according to Bible chronology, took place 2,349 years before the Christian era, so by adding to the sum the 1,556 between the time Adam was created till the time of Noah's sons, adding thirty years for them to grow up, and seven years for the necessary periods of gestation of the nine generations between Adam and Shem, and these, added to the 1,882 years of the Christian era, and we hav the sum total of 5,824 years, and seven days, since the beginning. If Bible language has any meaning at all that is the period since the creation, and it is hard to see how Mr. Whitehead is to escape from it. If a day means a day, and a year means a year, no other conclusion can be arrived at.

If, then, proofs are found that the earth is older than the 5,824 years which the Bible calls for, the claims of that book are entirely at fault, and are of no value. It so turns out that these proofs are abundant. There are the strongest proofs that the earth is millions of years old, and that man has lived not less than fifty thousand years. These proofs were alluded to in our former replies, and as they hav not been set aside by our friend, it is not necessary to repeat them. In the state in which Mr. Whitehead livs (Pennsylvania) there are thousands of proofs that the earth has existed far more than six thousand years. Her immense strata of coal, the result of a rank vegetable growth, which must hav taken place long before man appeared in the world, and these strata in many places being covered hundreds of feet in depth, showing that immense changes in the earth's surface took place long ago; this, with the fossils in the strata of rock, the effects of the glacial period, which was before the era of man, are conclusiv as to the vast antiquity. There are millions of proofs of the earth's great age, but they need not be enumerated.

It will not answer for believers in the Bible story to claim that by the days mentioned in Genesis eras of millions of years were meant, for the language will admit of no such construction. The person who wrote that account meant a day, with a morning and evening—a day of twenty-four hours, and nothing more was meant. If it meant millions of years, then the first Sabbath must hav lasted millions of years, for that day was of the same length with the other six, and Adam must hav been millions of years older than Eve, for in the second chapter of Genesis Adam is said to hav been created before the animal kingdom was created. God made the garden, and Adam named the animals as they passed in review before him before Eve was created. Thus it is seen if the days of creation are claimed to mean millions of years the extremely awkward predicament arises that God must not only hav remained idle in a state of rest for millions of years, but Adam must hav lived the same great length of time before his rib was taken out and a woman made of it. So which ever horn of the dilemma is taken, the result is disastrous to Christian claims. But so great is the credulity of some people that they can believe it was either way, or both ways if necessary.

Our friend says some very disparaging things of geology, and quotes a defender of theology to show that the former is a failure and that its advocates are greatly at variance. This appears unjust. In the earlier days of geology, when its teachings first attracted attention, it is not strange if different theories were held as to the age of the world, its former state, the condition of the interior of the globe, the era of man, etc., but it is beyond all dispute one of the most grand, instructiv, and reliable of scienes, and of a thousand times more value than all the theological claims of supernaturalism that priests and Bible writers hav set up.

Our friend asks what geology teaches that the Bible story does not teach. The reply is easy: Geology teaches that the earth was once a fused fluid mass of rocks and minerals, and that upon the cooling, congealing, and crystallizing of the surface, varlous strata of rocks hav been formed; that these strata are divided into four general divisions, and again subdivided into lesser portions, and between the formation of the different strata immense periods of time must hav elapsed. The Bible has not a word of this.

Geology teaches that great numbers of volcanoes hav existed in many countries of the globe. All Europe was once volcanic, and living volcanoes still exist in Iceland in the north, and in Italy and Sicily in the south, Asia was also largely volcanic. Java has forty-five volcanoes, many of which are still activ. Sumatra and many other islands of the Indian Archipelago hav had almost countless volcanoes, and many still exist. Japan has a score or two, some extinct and some alive, one of them forming an independent mountain thirteen thousand feet in hight, disconnected with mountain ranges and rising like a pyramid, or cone, from the surrounding plains. Our own continent has greatly abounded in volcanoes. From the southern part of South America to the northern part of North America a range of volcanoes once existed, some of them, like Teneriffe, forming mountains twelve thousand feet in length. West of the Rocky Mountains are abundant proofs of extinct volcanoes—4,000 square miles of trap rock once in a melted state are found there. The Sandwich Islands and the islands of the Pacific hav had many volcanoes. Volcanoes hav burst up far below the deep waters of the ocean, and in time hav formed high mountains. In our own part of America are many proofs of former volcanoes and melted rocks. Geology teaches all this, while the Bible is as mum as the grave upon the entire subject.

Geology thus teaches that the earth must once hav been a fused mass of molten rocks and minerals. The numerous volcanoes, only a few of which hav been named, and which once existed in nearly all parts of the earth, the great number of hot springs in various portions of the earth, the fact that as we descend in mines and excavations the heat increases one degree of Fahrenheit every fifty descended, all prove that the interior of the earth must still be highly heated; and the same is made more than certain by the rivers of lava which still, at intervals, are poured out from the bowels of the earth. But the Bible has not a word of all these important and incontestable truths.

Geology teaches that the rocks forming the crust of the earth are of two classes—the igneous and the aqueous; the first are brought to the condition in which they are found by the action of fire; the second by water. A very large portion of the rocks of the earth, including trap, basalt (cooled lava), etc., are of the former class, while perhaps a larger portion of the earth's rocks were formed by deposits made in water, the same being formed in layers or strata not found in the igneous rocks, and which, in process of long epochs, became hard rock. That these rocks were once in a soft, plastic state, is proved by the thousands of impressions found in the same made by the feet of animals, and also great numbers of fossils of animals, reptils, insects, worms, limbs, leaves, etc., are found in these rocks, great numbers of which forms of life hav not existed on the earth for thousands of years. All this geology emphatically and unmistakably teaches, but the Bible story has not the first word upon the subject.

Geology teaches that very long periods of time must hav elapsed between the formations of the different strata of rocks from the lower to the higher; that in the lower rocks of earlier periods, called the Eozoic, are found very few forms of life, and hence is called "The Period of the Dawn of Life." The next division or formation, called the Paleozoic, divided into the Cambrian, or Primordial, the Siluro-Cambrian, the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian periods, is called "The Period of Ancient Life." The next ascending division, the Mesozoic, subdivided into the Triassic, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous periods, is called "The Middle Period of Life." The Upper grand division, the Neozoic, subdivided again into the Eocene, the Miocene, the Pliocene, and Post-Pliocene, is called "The Recent Period of Life." Geology teaches that these four grand divisions of time in the earth's existence must hav been incalculable ages apart; but the Bible has nothing at all of it.

Geology teaches how small marine insects called polyps, and which exist in countless numbers in tropical seas, by the secretion of carbonate of lime, build up vast masses of what is termed coral, the same often being found upon volcanic cones beneath the waters of the ocean, and covering areas of many square miles in extent and rising a few feet above the surface of the ocean. Hundreds of these coral islands are known to exist, besides large reefs which utterly preclude the passage of vessels. There is an almost endless variety of these formations, many being as beautiful as the most intricate vegetable growths, including elaborate flowers; but the Bible says nothing of this, simply because the writers knew nothing of it.

Geology teaches of the carboniferous era, when in a vastly distant age of the world the great and extensiv strata of coal found in many countries was produced by a wonderful growth of the coal plant, and which, by the action of water and other forces of nature, was gathered into strata and covered with earth and rock. But the Bible has not a word to say about coal, nor petroleum, nor any of its products.

Geology, in its teachings of the order in which animal life came into existence, differs materially from the Bible account. The latter says the aquatic animals were created on the fifth day, and of course did not exist before that time, that the birds of the air were created on the same day, and these before the reptils and creeping things of the earth. Geology teaches very differently; that the remains of marine animals are found in the lowest strata of rocks, and long before birds had an existence. It also teaches that reptils and creeping things on the earth existed much earlier than birds. Here the Bible and geology decidedly clash. The discrepancy in the order of creation, given in the first and second chapters of Genesis—the first chapter stating that all forms of animal life were created before man, while in the second chapter it was directly the reverse, man being created first, and the beasts of the field before the birds of air—shows how incorrect the Bible story is. One statement must surely be wrong. Animals were either created before or after man. It could not hav been both ways.

Geology teaches that there was a time when the granite and metamorphic rocks covered the whole globe; on them the water rested, and of them the land-surface was everywhere composed; though at the present but little of this primitiv surface remains. It has been covered by sediment, carried down or worn down by the waters, and only those portions which hav not been worn away or under water, and so hav never been covered by sediment; but the Bible has nothing upon this subject.

Geology teaches that the pebbles and the gravel found in such almost endless quantity on and near the surface of the earth are disintegrated portions of rock, and in the course of ages hav been worn round and smooth by the action of water. The Bible has nothing to say of this.

Geology teaches of the glacial period, which must hav been long before the era of man, when large portions of the earth's surface must hav been covered with vast bodies of ice, which moved somewhat as glaciers do now on the elevated mountains of Switzerland, in Greenland, and other cold countries, and carried immense bodies of rock, cutting and plowing into the surface rocks of the earth, cutting grooves and furrows, and making the rocks thus carried smooth and roundish in form. In thousands of cases these large transported boulders are found at a distance of hundreds of miles from where kindred rocks exist and from where they must hav been taken. In this way, by rock-grinding and wearing away for great periods of time, together with the oxydization of rocks, soils were produced. But the Bible tells us nothing of all this.

Geology teaches that great changes hav taken place on the earth's surface. Where large bodies of dry land once existed is now covered by waters of the ocean, while in numerous other cases land, and even mountains, hav been thrown up from the sea. On some of the spurs of the Himalaya Mountains marine fossils, coral remains, sea-shells, etc., are found, which prove that those mountains were once forced up from the level of the ocean. The same proofs are found high up on other mountains, and we hav the same in our own country. Certain portions of the earth's surface hav been depressed, while other portions hav been greatly elevated. But the Bible teaches nothing of this kind.

There are many other lessons taught by geology which are not alluded to in the Bible, and which were wholly unknown to those who wrote the fragmentary books of which the Bible is composed. It is the same in the grander portions of the universe. Astronomy teaches that the sun is a million times larger than our earth, that some of our sister planets are thousands of times larger than the earth, that many of the fixed stars are immense suns and centers of other systems, and that they are vastly larger than our sun, and many of them so far away that light, which travels nearly 200,000 miles per second, requires millions of years to travel from them to us. This is additional proof that the universe has existed for inconceivable periods of time. But the writer of Genesis knew nothing of all this. He clearly did not know that the earth is round, turns daily on its axis and revolves annually round the sun. He did not even know of the Western hemisphere on which we liv. His knowledge was far less than that of a schoolboy of our time, ten years of age.

Still Mr. Whitehead insists that the very crude and imperfect story of the Bible must be taken not only as veritable history, but as the word of God. Before even the credit of history is accorded to it we should know when it was written, by whom it was written, what facilities were possessed for obtaining information, whether the writers were reliable and worthy of credit. But unfortunately we hav none of this information. We hav no knowledge as to when the book of Genesis was written nor by whom. Whoever wrote it could not hav lived till millions of years from the time of the creation he attempts to describe, but of which he clearly knew nothing. His story is not entitled to credit, and falls far, far below the dignity of "history." It is merely fable.

It is commonly ascribed to Moses as author, as are the first five books in the Bible, called the Pentateuch, but there is not an iota of proof that the claim is correct, for it is nowhere stated in the books, nor in any part of the Bible, that Moses wrote them. But there is positiv proof that he could not hav written them because they refer to events that did not occur till long after his death—for instance, of the city of Dan, and the kings of Judah. It is asking quite too much that we must believe he could write correctly of what took place thousands of years before he was born, and hundreds of years after his death, as well of his own death and burial. The greater portion of the Bible is of the same anonymous character. Nobody knows who wrote it nor when it was written, and the writers do not claim they wrote by divine aid. Yes, theology makes far too heavy demands upon our credulity. As there is no merit in believing that of which there is no proof, it is absurd to accept groundless statements as truth.

The soundest and most reliable students and critics of the Bible are of the opinion that Genesis was not written till a few centuries before our era, and that the Pentateuch is the work of different individuals. It is belived that the cosmogony of Genesis was borrowed from the Babylonians when the Jews returned from their captivity in that country. It is clearly proved by the earthen tablets found in Nineveh and Babylon, and which are now in the British Museum, that the people of those cities had such a theory of cosmogony nearly four thousand years ago. That the Jews borrowed this theory seems highly probable, and there is certainly no proof to the contrary.

The aid of inspiration in the writing of Genesis or the Pentateuch is not even claimed in those books, and there is not the slightest reason for thinking that Moses or God had anything to do with the writing of them. The story of creation and the Garden of Eden is clearly allegorical or fabulous, and was written by one who knew less about the origin of things than is known to-day. Mr. Whitehead is clearly too intelligent a man to think for a moment that they are "veritable history," or should receive any more credence than any other ancient fable, written by those who knew nothing of what they wrote.

We hav replied to but a portion of Mr. Whitehead's remarks, but will hav to defer the remainder till our next.

We wish to return thanks to the numerous kind friends who hav responded to our appeals to square up arrears. It is unpleasant to be compelled to make calls of this kind, but when friends respond so promptly our gratitude is awakened.

Dr. M. Rowe, just returned per the Inman line from a four months' tour to Europe, in company with his wife, called upon us last Sunday, and reported himself in good health and much pleased with his journey. He is a warm friend to The Truth Seeker. Long may he wave.

Friend White, an page 619, makes the inquiry whether Origen renounced Christianity in the latter part of his life. We hav the authority of Robert Taylor, in his "Diegesis," that he did, and he says an account of the same is to be found in Origen's own writings, and is confirmed in his Life in the Greek of Suidas, although Eusebius and Lardner make no mention of it. There may be some doubt upon the subject, though Mr. Taylor certainly cites very high authority.

The Liberal Age.—We hav received the first two numbers of this sprightly monthly published in Milwaukee, and it should hav been noticed earlier. It is conducted with ability, is an earnest advocate of free thought, free speech, a free press, and free mails, and is specially opposed to such ecclesiastical influences as seek to interfere in any way with these vital principles. This new candidate for Liberal patronage is well worthy of support, and from the low price at which it is published should receive it. Price 50 cents per year; five copies for $2.00. Address Liberal Age Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Communications.

A Letter from Kansas.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Welcome, thrice welcome home, Brother Bennett! You hav not fought with the beasts of Ephesus, St. Paul-like, but with the powers of ignorance and Christianity, the Young Men's Christian Association, Judge Benedict, Comstock, and fraudulent Rutherford B. Hayes. But you hav conquered them all with "The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times." The reception the Liberals gave you at Chickering Hall was another broadside at old ship Zion, and she lowered her flag half-mast when the Liberals commissioned you to circumnavigate our mundane sphere. With your descriptiv powers you make lasting impressions on the minds of your readers. I regret to think that the Liberals neglected to make the necessary arrangements for you to hav extended your travels into other parts of the Old World, to hav given us the customs, habits, and religions of those peoples, as well as those you visited. Your letters on Occultism in India open up new avenues of thought on physical and mental science, and admonish us that with all of our progression in the different sciences, the Theosophists of the oriental world are far in advance of us in the psychological laws governing the human mind. I hav been of the opinion for a number of years that we as a people were very deficient in the powers and sphere of the human mind. And will not the science of Occultism help explain the mysterious phenomena of Spiritualism which hav baffled the wisdom of some of our most profound thinkers, and the searching skill of our astute scientists, and which, combined with the other orders of Liberalism, are undermining the whole superstructure of Christianity, and are causing her to seek refuge in the pretense of harmonizing science with the Bible? There is an undercurrent of Liberalism here in Burlington that dares not speak out for fear of the church. This is the case with all business men, office-seekers, and office-holders. This policy is owing to the fact that this class of Liberals do not read sufficient to understand the numbers there are in the country that do not believe in Christianity.

We hav here in Burlington, with a population of about three thousand, eight church houses of different denominations—Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Christian, and colored Baptist. In round numbers their membership will not exceed six hundred—about one-fifth of the population. I think that about the ratio of church membership throughout the country, and I am satisfied in my mind that if all Liberals would withdraw their influence and money from the support of the church, it would soon be numbered with the institutions that were. I believe that the Liberals outnumber the church-members two to one.

I will write a verse that I think givs my views of the money question:

> Money is the god of civilized life,
> The cause of wars and civil strife;
> Worshiped by priest, and king, and slave,
> Adored by sinner, saint, and knave.

I hav often thought of the prediction of the late Henry Wilson, while making a tour of observation through the Southern states in about the year 1868 (his letters published in the New York *Tribune*), to view the ravages that the late war had caused. In one of his letters he writes, "The curse of African slavery is obliterated from our national government; the next enemy that our country will hav to contend with will be combined monopolies." And anyone that will giv the question a careful investigation will be convinced that the late vice-president was a true prophet, for the monster, monopoly, has developed nearly to full proportions It has captured many of our state governments, has nearly taken in the federal government, and is devouring our manufacturies and public lands. To sum it up in a small compass, I will make this prediction, that in a few years we will hav one of the largest land aristocracies in the world. It is estimated that we hav four billion dollars' worth of railroad property in the United States, and seven railroad magnates control three billion of it. President Jackson, in his veto message against re-chartering the old United States Bank, in 1834, claimed that a capital stock of twenty-eight millions of a bank monopoly was dangerous to our institutions, for they were granted exclusiv privileges at the expense of the people. If twenty-eight millions is dangerous, what of our present national banking monopoly, with a capital stock of three hundred and fifty millions of untaxable United States bonds, drawing from three to six per cent interest, paid by the industries of our country? And I consider that the destruction of the greenbacks and fractional currency by the Republican party, and creating them into a bonded debt, one of the most accursed outrages that ever was perpetrated on the American people. The greenbacks are claimed to be a part of the national debt by national bank advocates. If so, who are we in debt to for them? I hav pressed the question in that form, and the answer given is, To the government. Then the question arises, Who are the government? Answer, The people. Then we owe them to ourselvs, and are no debtors. They were created as a war measure, and they were an important factor in saving the country from desolation, and now the Shylocks hav taught the people to say that they are not money and worthless and not fit to be used in time of peace!

I fear this article is already beyond limits, but bear with me while I giv you a few items on prohibition in Kansas. There is quite a difference of opinion in regard to the execution and the effects of the prohibitory law. I cannot say that it is a success or a failure here, where I am acquainted with its effects. It is claimed by those who profess to know, and perhaps with some truth, that there has been as much liquor drank here in Burlington during the fifteen months since prohibition took effect as there was under the dramshop law for that length of time prior to May, 1881, when prohibition became the law of the state, and what is true here is true in other parts of the state. Instead of liquors being sold by licensed saloons, beer is shipped in by express by the case (two dozen bottles in the case), and bottles of beer packed in dry barrels as glassware, and other liquors are shipped by express and as freight. And my opinion is that when the people hav the appetite for strong drink they will hav it some way, and there will be others to sell to them and defy the law. For we should remember that adults are children of larger growth, and we all know by experience that when we wish to restrain a child by force from wrong habits, it has a tendency to create in them a desire to persist in their waywardness.

There is but one way to make the question a success, and that is by education, and not by the force of law. The lawyers and the officials whose duty it is to execute the prohibition act are making a rich harvest. The evil effects arising in the execution of the law is that the witnesses on the stand and jurors in the box are charged with perjury by the losing party on either side. I do not vouch for the truthfulness of the charges, but it would not be strange if they did prevaricate when we take into consideration that one of the highest tribunals ever conveped in our country in 1877, composed of judges and statesmen to agitate the case of Hayes *vs.* Tilden as to their claims to their being president, each and every one of them voted according to their political convictions. I came to Burlington in 1871, a radical prohibitionist; but by careful observation and reflection on the question, I am now a conservativ. I do not believe that all liquor dealers are murderers and thieves, as they are denounced by radical temperance people. I find honest, upright men among them; as in all classes of society, they engage in the traffic for the money there is in it.

If The Truth Seeker will giv me space at some future time, I will giv my views how to solve the question. But this is an inexhaustible subject, and I must leave it.

Wheat in this section is harvested, and considerable of it threshed, and report says it will average here in Coffey county twenty-three bushels per acre. Potatoes and corn promis an abundant yield. Fruit of all kinds promises us a good supply. Taking all things into consideration, the people of Kansas hav reason to feel grateful to the farmer and weather that we hav a good supply of cereals, vegetables, fruit and hay.

In conclusion, we repeat, we welcome you back to our common country with your pen, which is more powerful than the sword. Chris. Brown.

Burlington, Kan., Aug. 7, 106.

Making it Warm for Winter.

BRAIN WAVES VS. SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav been somewhat amused at one of your correspondents, Mr. T. Winter, who has such a summary way of answering his opponents in arguments. He assumes that there can be nothing which he cannot taste, feel, see, etc., and that the highest form of any matter must come within his grasp. He seems to hav arrived at the conclusion that the highest form of matter is brain, at all events, brains seem to be his hobby, and brains are his conception of the highest conditions of matter. When he learns, or acknowledges if he knows, that there are many kinds or forms of matter that he cannot grasp by the ordinary use of his sensations, he will be in a fit frame of mind to learn something about what "spooks" are made of, and he will find that they are not devoid of matter either. The misfortune of such minds is that they are too grossly material, if I may use the expression, to candidly weigh any evidence that goes to establish a future life, or the true life of this organism we inhabit; for in spite of all external reasoning and contention, the consciousness of animal life is something more than organization, and the brain of man is as much an organ, and but an organ, as any other portion of his body.

The most absurd theories are from time to time invented to account for those manifestations claimed to be spiritual. The latest is called "brain waves." A short time ago a family residing in England, and having a brother in the army at Alexandria, heard one day the words, "Mother, mother, mother," three distinct times, spoken aloud in their home, and supposing it to mean a death notice, went to the publication and telegraph office to find out whether any dispatches or news had arrived that day from Egypt. They were informed that none had arrived, but were anxiously awaited. In the course of the afternoon they came, and it was also stated in them that this brother, on patrol duty in Alexandria, had been shot that day, and corresponding to about the time (making due calculation for locality) that these words were heard by the family.

Now, the class of minds of the T. Winter stamp are ready to acknowledge any absurd theory to account for this and similar things, rather than to candidly investigate them and see what bearing they hav upon a future life.

Now, to be a little critical, suppose a brain wave could take place to make an effect upon another brain for a thousand miles, to what attenuation must the wave be reduced at such a distance! Then by what manner of means could a brain wave speak the name of "mother" three distinct times! If this theory is not a thousand times more absurd and impossible than any spook story, I would like to hear something to equal it.

A friend of mine went to Philadelphia about a year ago, and by a mere accident called upon a medium whom she had never before met; she was quite alone. This person began describing her brother John, sisters, and friends in the spirit world, and finally said, "Your spirit sister Helen is here, and wants you to do her a favor. Before her last sickness she went shopping one day and called upon a Mr. ———, a merchant, and bought some articles amounting to $1.60, and she bought also from another merchant, Mr. ——— (giving the full names in each case) a little bill of $1.20. Please go there when you return home and pay those small bills for me, and I will ever befriend and love you." Now, here was a fact to be tested, and on getting home she went to these merchants and found it to be just as stated, $1.20 and $1.60, and she paid these bills. Here are facts that bear no corelation except on the ground of an outside intelligence, for there was nothing in the mind of the inquirer to giv any clue to the medium if she had been a clairvoyant.

Mr. Winter says that "Materialists cannot be satisfied with anything short of proof," but the misfortune is there are no proofs can reach such minds. They do not seem to be able to comprehend a plain solution, but are quite ready to assume and invent all sorts of nonsense instead, and the cry is still, "Proof, proof!" You might as well try to demonstrate an abstruse mathematical problem to a booby as to attempt to convince such minds of the truths of immortal life. They hav neither patience, honesty, or brains enough to comprehend an argument on the subject, and as the future can get along without them, and as there is no hurry nor necessity to hav them investigate or believe in a future life, the better way is to let them alone to enjoy their absurdities as they please. In fact, the world is so full of evidence of an outside intelligence that is outside of the medium, that ponderable objects are being conveyed about from place to place, and that these movements are taking place in daylight, and are conveying an intelligence which is beyond dispute, that it sounds refreshingly ignorant to hear our extra substantial Materialists shouting for proof of immortality. Why, gentlemen, we hav been rapping, rapping, and rapping at your shallow theories and obfuscated brains for thirty years, and with all your profundity of intellect you hav failed to account for one tiny rap, or the intelligence these raps convey. I challenge Mr. T. Winter and the whole school of material thinkers to make or explain one rap. Prof. Sunderland and all the rest are deceiving themselvs when they think they hav solved this nineteenth century wonder.

It is a noticeable fact in the Freethinker movement that fully two-thirds of all the persons it embraces are Spiritualists, or hav strong leanings that way. In fact, when they hav followed up their investigations sufficiently they invariably land in that camp, and when Spiritualists hav acquired sufficient backbone and strength to unceremoniously kick out, with less show of charity, all the pretenders and mountebanks that want to make a living by deceiving their fellows, it will become the universal faith of the world, the fires of hell will become extinguished, and a pure, natural, scientific religion established, free from the festering dogmatic sins of the past, and its priesthood.

Time and again hav such persons as Mr. Winter in The Truth Seeker classed Spiritualism with superstitions, to be routed and put down, while in fact there is no superstition connected with it. It is the only reasonable solution of the phenomena that are before us, and is gaining more converts than any other movement of this day. In fact, one well attested fact, such as there is an abundance of, is better than a thousand negations of the uneducated and ignorant, who, while they cry for light, more light, are actually unable to see the noonday sun of this age as it sheds its luster of immortality upon us, and

are holding a heavy screen before their mental vision. They cannot see if they desired to do so.

Now when these philosophers hav disposed of the little things, we will "trot out the larger spooks" for their inspection and consternation, and they will find they did not know it all afterward. What the world wants is truth, and we want to be seekers of truth, no matter in what department of life we find it.

Yours for honest and fair investigation,

J. R. PERRY.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 16, 1882.

A SORT OF CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your paper of the 16th inst. I notice in T. Winter's criticism on Mr. Hale's article these sayings: "All statements without proof are worthless. Materialists cannot be satisfied with anything short of proof." If T. Winter or any of his friends will prove by demonstrations to my senses that man does not liv as an individual man after he leaves the physical body, I will pay as much or offer as great a reward as is offered for the spook of old Nero with his fiddle and bow. It is time that wisdom like Mr. Winter's should demonstrate what it claims to believe.

Alleghany City, Pa. MRS. A. H. COLBY.

LET HIM READ THIS AND REFORM.

"Pity persons hav not got sense enough to write a few plain and sensible words with a clear mind if they desire to benefit others." So thought I when I had read Mr. Winter's criticism of Mr. Hale in No. 37 of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I wondered how a man who professes to be a Liberal could be so dogmatical. His whole article, instead of being a criticism, is mere balderdash "stretched out for egotistical effect."

He stretches up on tiptoe and seems to use all his strength in his effort to make his mud-balls strike the "Spiritualistic cranks."

"No doubt, plenty of brain is a nice thing to hav," but the way some "hard-headed Materialists" talk causes me to think of the old darkey woman, quarreling with one of her own sex and color, who said, "You ain't got no brains nohow—nuffin but a little dirty water in your head."

"Get their brains scooped out" is good; but as it is Mr. Winter and the "hard-headed Materialists" who want the test, suppose he or some of the "hard-headed Materialists" scoop out his or their brains and giv the thing a test.

I do not claim to be a Spiritualist, though perhaps I lean that way, but I hav many friends who are what Mr. Winter is pleased to term "Spiritualistic cranks," and knowing them to be intelligent, truthful, just, and kind, I naturally feel a little indignation when I hear such an epithet applied to them.

Now I am eager for the truth. The Spiritualists tell me that "the spirit livs and death does not end all," and that they are convinced and can giv me proofs if I choose to investigate. The Materialists tell me that death ends all; now can Mr. Winter prove to me that there is no spiritual existence after death? Spiritualists hav thousands of well-authenticated facts to bring forward in proof of their belief. There are many things that cannot be accounted for except through Spiritualism. I say this from my own experience, having once lived in a haunted house. Mr. Winter will probably indulge in a scornful smile at the bare mention of such a thing as a *haunted house*, but neither scornful smiles nor scornful words hav ever obliterated facts.

It does appear to me to be the *ne plus ultra* of bigotry and egotism for a man to completely ignore the testimony of hundreds, even thousands, of honest and intelligent people. If one is not convinced in one's own mind, why giv the lie to every one of his neighbors who claims to hav seen?

"It would really be a pretty nice thing if all those immortality-mongers were in full possession of the article." Yes, it would be a "pretty nice thing" for the small minority to which Mr. Winter belongs, but I don't think it is a pretty nice thing to say, for really, you know, some people might construe the remark as emanating from a feeling of jealousy and intolerance.

"Muddled or addled pates" may be a pretty nice term to apply to all those people who disagree with one, but there is not much logic or reason in such terms

Any allusion to Spiritualism seems to intensely irritate Mr. Winter, so that he frequently presents himself before the public something after the style of a tempest in a teapot.

Why fight so bitterly against that which in our hearts (or heads, more properly) we pray (wish) for—we long, viz, a continuation of life after the death of the body? Perhaps Mr. Winter does not long for such a condition. They say there are exceptions to all rules, but I will boldly assert that it is the secret—if not openly—expressed hope and wish of ninety-nine hundredths of the human race.

What does all our education and progression amount to if we are to be in a few years mentally annihilated? We might as well eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Why cultivate our minds to all the higher sentiments when death will soon end all—all the longing to do good—the wish to penetrate into the mysteries beyond? I, for one, would protest against being placed here with mind to think, to feel, to love, to know, only in the end to come down to a level with beast and reptil, bird and fish. Is it not a debasing, repulsiv thought? Ah, think of the grand men and women who hav lived and died, of those who are living now, and ask yourself if it seems in accordance with grand old nature that such a thing as a human mind should die!

Better be an Agnostic, Mr. Winter, if you can't believe in Spiritualism.

WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL

Loudonville, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1882.

MR. WINTER INDORSED.

MR. EDITOR: Infidelity, to me, is a grand word, full of liberty, peace, and human happiness.

You may not believe in conversion, but I do, and for the best of reasons—I hav been converted. Robert G. Ingersoll, to my mind the grandest man of this century, and yourself did the business—converted me from superstition to the truth as it is in nature and common sense; so that from being a class-meeting Methodist of the strictest type, I hav evoluted into a full-fledged, perfect, Infidel. Henceforward for me there is no superstition, no gods, no devils, no heaven, no hell. Your correspondent, T. Winter, hits the nail on the head, and strikes the key-note of the gospel of truth, every time he writes. Like him I cannot see that there is any halting-place on the road between orthodoxy or blind faith, and absolute Atheism, or perhaps, as some would hav it, Agnosticism. I was much interested in the articles on the Slade exposure, fully believing that Spiritualism, with Barnum, is one of the world's humbugs, but could not understand whether it was definitly settled, that the Belleville man was the genuin Henry Slade or an impostor. If you hav the knowledge, and can set me right, I shall be obliged. Another question, and I am done. You appear to be so full and running over with information that, while my hand is in, I feel like improving the opportunity offered. It was stated in an article written by the editor during your absence that Origen, the famous Christian father of the second century, and the opponent of Celsus, before he died renounced Christianity and relapsed into paganism. Is this a correct statement? Judge Waite, in his masterly work, says nothing about it, and I hav seen no mention of it in any of the various works I hav read on early church history.

If you can giv me the desired information on these two points, you will confer a favor on at least one reader, and perhaps many others.

Your friend, WM. H. WHITE.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1882.

Liberals Should Look on the Bright Side.

A FEW WORDS TO A CORRESPONDENT.—NO. 2.

Our friend A. says, "Infidels seem to be aimless, without any motiv to sympathize with their co-believers." Is not this a mistake? Why do we see so many warm, sympathizing letters sent to our "co-believer" D. M. Bennett, if the writers are "aimless?" Why hav thousands of letters been sent to take him around the world, if none felt sympathy with his labors? Why hav we built Paine Hall as a home for the *Investigator* and place where Liberals might meet for social communion, pleasant recreation, or earnest effectiv work, if we hav no sympathy for co-believers? Why are Leagues forming and lecturers traveling and newspapers springing up all over, if we are so cold, aimless, and indifferent?

Why are we trying to kill the demon of theology and destroy the weed of superstition, if we hav no aim to improve humanity? Why, when a Liberal is Comstocked for opinion's sake, do all his "co believers" become indignant and enthused with a desire to right the wrong and foil the aim of the oppressor? As to health, I do not know that the Liberal has any more "perfect freedom to obey the natural law" than the Christian has. Should I feel a desire to hoe an hour in the garden on Sunday for exercise, would I hav perfect freedom to do so any more than has my Cambellite neighbor? Would I not be liable to a fine? Indeed, we Infidels are obliged to be even more careful not to infringe on the law than Christians are; for we are always under vigilant observation and suspicion, just as one who has once stolen is always liable to be suspected of doing so again. I think, too, that as a general thing Liberals are healthier than others, as they study better modes of dress and hygienic diet, pure air, and other disease destroyers I know I'm the only woman in Snowville who generally answers the question, "How are you, ?" by saying, "Very well." Most of them are never more than "tolerable."

As to finances, perhaps the reason why there are so few rich Liberals is because it is the reading and thinking class generally who outgrow and outstudy the myths, and their minds run more towards laying up truth than gold and silver. If it be a true rule to judge by one's self, I must say that in all my work for Liberalism I do not think I've cleared one dollar. If a little pay comes from one source, it is used for some work in another direction. To keep the ball rolling is the idea, and not to become wealthy working for truth. Our friend says "he has taken two Liberal papers for over a year, and they hav not in all that time published a dozen articles calculated to make man better or happier." Now I take those same papers, and I must say I hav been made better and happier by hundreds of articles in them. Every new idea we get makes us better and happier. Every noble aspiration we read helps to make us better. Every line of good advice is an aid to well doing. Every argument against intemperance in eating or drinking, or any other way, is a helper. Every one who sends money or sympathy to the unfortunate is a pointer that guides us to a better way. I don't believe our friend could read carefully one page of any prominent Liberal paper and not find on it some sentiment, some word of advice, or some suggestion which is "calculated to make man better or happier." If he can, I am sure I cannot. Here is a sentiment I just clipped from THE TRUTH SEEKER:

"For benefits return benefits; for injuries return justice without any admixture of revenge.—*Confucius.*"

Would it not make us all better and happier were we just and yet never revengeful?

"A bitter warfare against Christianity seems to be the one idea that possesses the Infidel press," is the next complaint. Well, if we wished to kill rum and tobacco with papers, would we not fill them with this one idea? Would we not giv all the testimony we could collect to prove them injurious to mind, morals, and physical health? And is not this just what Liberal papers do as regards their mission of destroying error and establishing truth?

"The future, which is hid from view,
Is full of hope *if men prove true*
And follow reason's call;
For then is progress sure to prove
That peace and plenty, joy and love,
Will be the lot of all.
—*Truth Seeker Collection.*

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Bible Morality in the Town of Webster.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* One of the most priestridden towns in the state of New York is the town of Webster, in Monroe county. With a population of about three thousand, they hav a dozen churches and about the same number of clergymen, who are hired to do the thinking for the inhabitants and preach the infamous doctrin of hell-fire, in all its pristine cussedness, to their orthodox hearers. As a natural result, Solomon, with a thousand women, is considered the author of much scriptural wisdom and morality; David, the keeper of concubines, the destroyer of all domestic felicity, whose hands were red with innocent blood, is considered "a man after God's own heart," and the polluting rottenness of the Bible is accepted as the divinely-inspired word of God, which we must all believe or be damned.

These foul records of scripture hav been recently illustrated by some of the lambs of the flock in said town, which has caused no little scandal. One of the most deluded of the good Methodist brothers began to rejoice at the prospectiv addition to his family, but his good Christian wife said, "Nay, do not rejoice, for, like the Virgin Mary, I hav been overshadowed, and it is not your child." The parties involved do not charge it to God, as the Virgin Mary did, but one of the good orthodox brethren acknowledges himself guilty of the overshadowing during the absence of her husband, and the letters of resignation are now pouring into that good Methodist church.

These revelations hav caused some to begin to think for themselvs in this vicinity. Some even think that good old Solomon should hav been satisfied with 999 women—that to make it an even 1,000 was a little off, and that good old father Abraham, of scripture fame, should not hav destroyed the virtue of his maid-servants; in a word, that the Bible records of murder, slavery, polygamy, and falsehood among God's chosen (too obscene for decent publication) is an inspiration of wickedness and shame unworthy of our respect.

The erring brother in Webster was not as depraved as David, for David murdered Uriah after he had ruined his wife; nor was his act worse than that of the orthodox God when he is said to hav destroyed the virtue of Joseph's wife to produce an illegitimate son, in the seed also of the monster David, yet the church and clergy unite in declaring this book, the Bible, the most sublime code of morals ever given to the world.

We hav no desire to deny that many excellent people are still connected with the orthodox church. They are better than their faith. Their deeds are better than their creeds. Their faith is the result of early training and orthodox influences. The masses are beginning to discover that all the hell we need to fear is the poverty, iguorance, vice, and superstition of this world.

The Bible and its teachings are the products of a barbarous age, and are fast giving way to the spirit of advancing thought and scientific inquiry, which hav made possible the grand achievements of modern times. GEO. W. TURRELL.

West Webster, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1882.

IN this land of freedom no particular religious faith is recognized. Why should ancient forms of religion and of superstition be insisted upon? While liberal laws have been enacted which permit a person to be affirmed or to swear in the presence of the Everliving God without making use of the gospels if he so desires, what benefits can accrue from maintaining a practice which shocks the sensibilities of one class of the community and excites the derision of another? Why would it not be sufficient if the laws provided ample penalties against all who should giv false evidence upon the witness-stand, and that the clerk of the court should distinctly state to each witness at the commencement of his examination what those penalties were?—*Judge E. A. Thomas: Oaths in Legal Proceedings. N. A. Review.*

Letters from Friends.

MONTPELIER, OHIO, Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find post-office order for $10, for which you will please giv me credit. Thus I pay more in advance than I hav been in arrears. Yours truly, I. M. SNYDER.

BRONSON, MICH., Sept, 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to learn of your proposed trip around "Free America," and had thought of suggesting it, but didn't want to "crowd the mourners," and sometimes wonder if you ever rest.

Yours, FRANCIS RUGGLES.

MANSFIELD CENTER, Sept. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Excuse me, I am one of the kind that are going to do big things but never get at it. "All is well that ends well." Here is $10 for the support of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Yours forever,

J. S. MACFARLANE.

HANSON STATION, KY., Sept. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find herein $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would send more, but I am old and don't know how long I will need it. I voted for General Jackson in 1828, and still vote the Democratic ticket.

Ever your friend and well-wisher, D. HAYNES.

FORRESTON, ILL., Sept. 18, 1882.

BROTHER BENNETT: I hope I hav been the worst patron you hav had. Money has been scarce with me, and I am very thankful to you for bearing with me as long as you hav. I am much pleased with the paper, and would rather be deprived of almost anything than it. Very respectfully, C. E. NICODEMUS.

MONMOUTH, ILL., Sept. 17, 1882.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: We are glad you are safely at anchor in THE TRUTH SEEKER harbor, and hav been delighted with your letters while on your journey round this little globe, upon which so much ado has been made about its Creator having so much to do in peopling and taking care of it.

Yours truly, S. W. SMITH.

LEESBURG, OHIO, Sept. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I never was so glad in my life as when I read of your safe arrival home. I am not much on the mutual admiration business, but permit me to say to you that I think you hav done more to enlighten the world than any man that has ever lived in it. That is saying a good deal, but I think it is true nevertheless, Voltaire did much, Paine did much, but neither of them made the voyage of the world. Yours, H. R. JOHNSON.

FARMER CITY, ILL., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your appeal of Sept. 20th, reminding me of my carelessness in not remitting what I owe you, is just received, and I hasten to comply with your request by mailing you a draft for $3, which will pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER until Jan. 1, 1883. I hav taken your paper from the publication of the first number in Paris, Ill., and hav no notion of stopping as long as you continue to publish it in advocacy of truth and in opposition to error.

Yours truly, O. J. SMITH.

DAVIS, LA., Aug. 26, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I am very glad indeed that you hav finished your long journey. I congratulate you upon your reception at San Francisco, and along the line of your travel home. These Liberals hav acted grandly. What an ovation to the convict! What a stinging rebuke to Comstock, Hayes, Benedict, & Co.! I hope that Brother Macdonald will accept my congratulations and my thanks for the very able manner that he conducted the paper while you were away. Yours fraternally, W. V. TAYLOR, M.D.

SAUNDERSVILLE, MASS., Sept. 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your appeal to me for what is justly your due is not without avail. I am in urgent need of the gospel of truth (not faith), for which I am most willing to pay, and I hope you will excuse and forgiv me for not remitting sooner. THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav received regularly up to date, for which I am greatly obliged. If it should happen that I should ever get in arrears again send along another bombshell and I will rebound it with the price postpaid. I inclose $3 to pay up to February, 1883.

Respectfully yours, N. L. RANDALL.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Sept. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You don't know how many glad hearts your arrival home again has made in these United States, but they are thousands. I should hav remitted promptly, but did not know whether we would go North, East, South, or West, nor do we yet know. However, send the paper till it is time to renew, and then if you do not hear from us you will stop my paper and conjecture I have passed in my checks or removed to parts beyond the reach of the best bible we ever had the happiness of reading, to wit, THE TRUTH SEEKER. We shall ever esteem you one of the greatest giants of this era. Yours truly,

J. W. BABBITT, M.D.

SEATTLE, W. T., Aug. 28, 1882.

MR EDITOR: I hav just had the pleasure of reading H. W. Beecher's sermon on the progression of thought in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I feel like expressing thankful congratulations to you and all the great and lesser thinking minds who hav been brave enough to express in public, by the press, in the lecture field, and in private conversation, the great Freethought question in all its bearings, until it has become possible for a preacher of Henry Ward Beecher's world-wide reputation and vast ability to dare to preach such a sermon as that from a pulpit dedicated to an orthodox god. L. E. HALL.

CHAMBERLAIN, D. T., Sept. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is with deep regret that I hav delayed paying for your paper. I hav been hard pushed to raise money, even so little. But I cannot afford to do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I cannot afford to read it without paying for it. Inclosed find $2 to pay up to January, and I will before that time renew for another year.

I would congratulate you if you needed it. The truth seekers hav done it manfully. I am over seventy years old, but hope to liv two or three more to see Christianity reeling under your heavy blows.

Yours truly, CALVIN GRISWOLD.

CLINTON ILL., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5—three of which is to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year, $1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and fifty cents to help pay the postage on the same, and I hope many Liberals will do likewise.

Allow me to congratulate you on your safe return to home and friends. I am of the opinion that Christianity has received a telling blow and Liberalism has been much advanced by your trip around the world. And so may it ever be, is the prayer of,

Yours respectfully, G. W. CROWDEN.

WESTVALE, MASS., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, to be credited to me on THE TRUTH SEEKER account, and please excuse me for withholding what is your just due, and I will try and be more prompt in the future, as I intend to take the paper as long as I liv if I hav to go without one meal a day, for I feel that I owe that much to you for what you hav done for the liberation of bondaged slaves. I am happy for your safe return to wife and friends. I do hope to see you once more and take you by the hand, and my husband hopes to some day hav the honor of looking on your face. We wish you many years of health and happiness. Yours respectfully, A. P. JOYCE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 18, 1882.

FRIEND BENNETT: Your notice of my delinquency in not paying my subscription came duly to hand, and inclosed you will please find the amount due you. I am truly sorry that I should cause you the trouble and expense to notify me, and I shall try hereafter to be promptly on time, as I think all the patrons of your paper and lovers of truth should faithfully sustain it and its noble editor and champion of Freethought. And now, in conclusion, I congratlate you on your safe return home. I hav followed you every step on your journey with a great deal of interest and pleasure. I hav loaned your letters to a good many persons, who were highly pleased with them; and one person told me your splendid lecture, delivered in Ceylon, had made a convert of him. May you liv many happy years and make many converts to the religion of humanity! Yours truly,

S. H. BROWN.

WEST BELLVILLE, ILL., Sept. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: My subscription has expired. Find inclosed $3.00 for another year. The good reading it contains is worth more than the subscription price. It is a cheap paper, a fearless defender of human liberties, an heroic advocate of truth, a brave soldier in the great army of justice, a gun in the fort of Freethought, a terror to the opponents of reason, truth, liberty, and the right to think and expression of honest thought. It is a chief, a champion, a leader on the broad field of human rights. While the murderer of Bruno and Servetus, the haters of light and liberty, the admirers of Moses and Isaiah, the builders of the Inquisition, the leaders of religious wars, the slanderers of Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll, the men who would hav Bibles in our schools, their unknown, unknowable God in our Constitution to control our affairs, while they are forgotten, their deeds abhorred, THE TRUTH SEEKER will liv and flourish. Yours for the whole world's liberty,

WM. T. BECK.

ATALISSA, IOWA, Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received your kind notice stating my financial standing, which I will settle without delay, and think it is high time on my part to square up the account, which is $3 up to the end of this year. It is negligence on my part, not paying sooner than this, and I will try to remember that you would like to hav pay-day come as well as the rest of us. Inclosed please find the amount due you for the present year, with no ill feeling toward you or your paper, for I must confess that it was THE TRUTH SEEKER tnat made me a Liberal to-day, though from my boyhood up I hated the idea of hell, but did not know exactly how to handle the subject. I once came pretty near being a Methodist; when I happened to get hold of one of your papers, then it was that my eyes were opened. I began to see the dawn of reason come to me, and now I am converted, not as my friends wished me to be, but according to my own humble judgment and what little reasoning powers I hav, and with the aid of THE TRUTH SEEKER I became satisfied that no one need be afraid of hell, god, or devil, or of Methodist preachers.

Yours truly, JACOB VAUBLE.

GIRARD COLLEGE.—HAS IT BEEN STOLEN BY THE ORTHODOX CHURCH?

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to notice that the *Investigator* has taken this matter up for consideration. At the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention a committee of legal gentlemen should hav been appointed to investigate the subject. I hope such a committee will be appointed at the National Liberal League Congress, soon to be held in St. Louis. And, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me I will now nominate that committee, viz., Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Washington; Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakemann, New York, and Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago. These gentlemen are all able lawyers, honest men, and distinguished Freethinkers. Let them be requested to fully examin the subject and then make their report. And if Mr. Girard's will is not being carried out in good faith, let steps be taken to correct the injustice.

Yours truly, H. L. GREEN.

LONGMONT, COL., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been behind in my subscription since commencement of year, for which I am ashamed. Will make amends by paying for two years now, also for the fourth volume of your travels. Therefore please find money order for $7.50; 6 00 on subscription, and $1.50 on said fourth volume.

In case you decide to make the tour of our country, which we hope you will, you may count on my advance cash for said volume.

We hav received the two first volumes of your travels, and value it more than any books of travels we hav ever seen; but I must say I do not like the style of "Chronicles" from the land of "Yahweh." I prefer straight, common-sense English in mine; but we cannot all be suited in these matters. If I can find some one to take these books, we will send for those leather bound.

With kindest regards to yourself, Mrs. Bennett, and Mr. Macdonald, I remain your friend,

M. H. COFFIN.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to ask, through your valuable paper, W. M. Whitehead what advantage it is to any one in believing in the Christian religion? Does he prefer prayer for work, war instead of reasoning, stupidity for knowledge? If he does, he is a Christian and not an Infidel.

Had it not been for Infidelity there would hav been little accomplished. The man that follows the pursuit of electricity, or any other occupation, instead of Christian religion, finds more pleasure worth living for.

Religion means slavery, obedience to priest and king. Liberalism sets man free and self-ruling and shows him by being his own master how much better it is.

Let me ask what Christianity has done for the world. Why, it tells man to pray instead of to work in order to gain knowledge, wealth, and health, and this is all it ever did. Why should we Infidels place any confidence in it?

Inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Respectfully, AUGUST BUESING.

GREENE, MICH., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If all Liberals would do by you as I do, you might be spared the trouble of making mistakes and the embarrassment arising from the wrongs of others. I regret very much that you hav occasion to dun anyone. It does seem to me that people ought to realize how hard you hav worked to make the best Liberal paper in this country, and how well you hav succeeded. And my opinion is that every Liberal who does not pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER in advance should feel ashamed of himself, and should at once pay up and also buy books enough of you to giv you one dollar net profit. I always pay for my papers in advance, and if the time comes when I can't, I shall say, Stop till I can pay. And I am forced to think that some others would do well to go and do likewise.

In view of your many trials and vexations I want to make a suggestion to each and every one who signed the petition for your pardon when you were in prison, to buy of you, in the course of the year 283. books to such amount that you realize one dollar net profit, and thus provide themselvs with good reading, and giv you the means to insure yourself against financial difficulties.

I was sorry when you started on your long journey around the world, for I thought you might not be able to swing around the circle, but now that you hav performed the task I am glad you went. You hav learned a great deal that you never could hav acquired at home. Yours truly, A. HUNT.

GARDEN GROVE, CAL., Sept. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I read in your paper that you contemplate an excursion over the United States. I hav long wished you would travel in our own country, and giv us the scenes and customs of different localities. I am anxious to see this Chinese question ventilated properly. No greater curse ever fell upon any enterprising people than this Chinese one. The white laborer is practically driven out, and the small farmers are gradually leaving their homes in this part of the state. Large farmers employ Chinese, and at low wages, and poor white men with families cannot pay interest (in many case) to say nothing of principal, on the small farms they hav purchased for a home. I hav been here seven years, and I hav had short time to admire the beauties of this southern California, yet I would not exchange locations with anyone east of the Rocky Mountains, even if I had to work out by the day at Chinese wages.

You may rely on my subscription to your books of travel in the United States, whatever they are. This is the third year of your paper in my house, and it is appreciated by all who read it. J. S. DEMING.

CROSSWICKS, N. J., Sept. 8, 1882.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: Since thee came home it has been our intention to drop thee a line and to offer thee our most earnest and hearty congratulations on thy safe arrival home to thy family, friends, and country after the long and perilous journey round the world. No doubt but that thee most thoroughly enjoyed it with all the attendants of fatigue and annoyance that accompany inevitably such a long journey. We hope thy health is so established and renewed that many years are added to thy life. May thee liv to see a hundred years if thee continue in health to enjoy this life and this beautiful and bountiful world, and continue thy efforts in the future in the cause of Liberalism and breaking and clearing the ruins and superstitions that continue to exist at the present time!

The four sets of books of thy travels round the world are all distributed to appreciativ friends, who are greatly pleased and gratified with them.

Inclosed please find $1,50 for thy fourth book of travels. Thine for reformation,

CAROLINE S. ELLIS.

NEW ALBANY, PA., Sept. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for my paper for this year. Please pardon me for not paying sooner. I intended to pay you at the Watkins Convention, but I did not see you except when the convention was in session. I must say I hav attended a great many camp-meetings and other meetings, but I never enjoyed myself as well at any as I did at Watkins.

I would like to say a few words in regard to my experience in prayers. I hav been a praying man some thirty-five years of my life, and am satisfied that all the answer I received was from my own thoughts, and my opinion is that every hour spent in prayer is so much time lost. My folks are good church-members, and are very much alarmed about me. I tell them I am getting too old to waste my time with such nonsense. I hav wasted too much time that might hav been better employed at something better than going to church on Sunday and hearing something on hell. I take my pail and pick a pailful of berries, and my family can eat them just the same, and they don't make them sick.

Freethought is very low in this place. There are four or five Germans here, all Freethinkers, and as for me, I am going to fight it through on this line if it takes the balance of my life. A. HEVERLY.

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS, Sept. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.50 to pay for your paper. I hav been a trial subscriber for the last three months, and hav come to the conclusion that I can't get along without it, for with its help I am able to knock some of the superstitions higher than a kite; for out here in this portion of Texas, ignorance and superstition abound on every side, although in the last few months they hav been losing ground. There is in this portion of the country about twenty of us Liberals, and I hope we are gaining ground. We are assailed on every side by the orthodox Christians, for we hav a variety in Texas of all kinds and creeds, and we hav some clergymen that hav the audacity to contend with us that D. M. Bennett has not been on a tour around the world—that he has been in New York all the time writing those letters for THE TRUTH SEEKER to gull in the Liberals and get their money for subscriptions to his paper. I am sorry to say that some of the Christian clergy are ignorant enough to believe what they say. With all the evidence they hav, and enough it is, to prove the fact to any thinking person beyond a doubt, they can disbelieve that Mr. D. M. Bennett has been on a tour around the world. But just think what they can believe! They can believe the creation and snake stories, and the flood and Holy Ghost and Joshua stories, and drink them down and say they know it is all so, when they hav not a word of proof of its truth. All the Liberals of this portion of the country shouted for joy at Mr. D. M. Bennett's return to his home and friends; may he liv long, and still search deeper and deeper after truth is the wish of all. We are only a handful here, but we make the clergy think we are a big handful when they tackle us on Liberalism. As this is my first, and being a new beginner, I will say nothing more.

Yours for truth and justice, D. O. SULLIVAN.

ZANESVILLE, O., Sept. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received a notice in regard to my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would say that my subscription has been paid up, ending Jan. 1, 1883. I hav never let the paper go in arrears from the commencement clear back when you published a two-page paper. I deem it but just to say that it has become my weekly mental food, taking a full Sunday to digest its contents. Your TRUTH SEEKER is one of the best papers published, and the hard knocks you giv in demolishing the structure of supernaturalism are immense. We are surrounded on every side here in Zanesville with orthodoxy; in fact, we hav it east, west, north, and south; surrounding my residence; got it so close that even when I shut doors and windows the blasted thing comes down the chimneys until I exclaim, "No rest for the wicked!" I believe in a population of twenty thousand people there is only myself who speaks out boldly for the cause of Liberalism, and I shall henceforth, as I hav in the past, fight error wherever found.

There is no use talking, I cannot do without your paper. I hav received the first and second volumes of "The Truth Seeker Abroad," and I am well pleased with it. You may set my name down for the fourth volume, and I will send the money for it this week. I remain Yours for the cause, J. BURGESS.

BISHOP CREEK, CAL., Sept. 11, 282.

FRIEND BENNETT: There are several letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 2d inst. that I wish to notice—one from Thomas Winter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the necessity of Liberals combining together for more effectiv work in the future. Let me suggest as a preliminary to this end that we send in our names with twenty-five cents each and hav them printed with each one's address in little pocket pamphlets for reference, and that all such shall be considered as open to be addressed by any and all such subscribers. Then we could discuss subjects of interest in a more private manner than we might care to in THE TRUTH SEEKER or you hav space to print. Some "badge" to wear, especially when traveling, would be highly beneficial among strangers. I hav felt this to be a need of the times.

Also that from Mr. M. J. Rountree, of Springfield, Mo., in alluding to "Elmina's" Atheism. I hav long wanted to say something of the same to her, but as I believe in the broadest liberty of thought and individuality, I did not wish to say to a thinking mind like hers, "Come up higher" when she was doing such effectiv work in her present position. I hav thought that some people, like birds, are made to sing better by having light excluded; they seem to see more deeply into the real condition of things by disbelieving in a life beyond this. But I fail to see wherein anyone could enthuse in dying for their country or in sacrificing life in any way, when it is the only heritage we hav, and nothing to gain above the coral insect that livs and dies to build continents it is never to inhabit. No; this may be a well of truth, but its waters when we drink thereof make us thirst again, while that of immortality is a spring forever welling up within us, and we thirst no more, especially when faith is lost in sight and knowledge.

What Mr. J. Hacker, of Berlin, N. J., says of "land being free to each tiller of the soil" is of vital importance to the happiness and prosperity of the world. The monopoly of land will, if not checked, result in the slavery and degradation of the laboring population, and our boasted "equal rights for all" will ultimate in a condition of serfdom and aristocrats. But I hav faith in humanity, and the eternal priciples of justice, which, though slow in growth and evolution, will yet unfold mankind to ripeness, from bitter to sweetness, from war to peace.

L. HUTCHINSON.

OSCEOLA, IA., Sept. 14, 1882.

BENNETT, THE TRAVELER AND TRUTH SEEKER: Absolute truth is unattainable by man; but the search for it is his noblest occupation. Truth can be found in a palace or in a prison—these diverse buildings are seldom far apart—but the prison is apt to hold the greater measure of truth. Bennett trod the path of rectitude, and it led through a corrupt law court to a prison. In the latter he learned the truth that many who are in a Christian bastile ought to be outside of it, and many outsiders ought to be in. His late experience has told him truth smothered by *ex parte* doings of a Christian court can shine through prison bars. "Truths refined as ever Athens taught" lie scattered on the highways of modern nations, and Bennett's mission to pick them up and present them to his readers has been well performed. Among other reasons, he learned baptism by immersion is a dangerous experiment even when sanctified by the waters of Jordan. Bennett as a missionary abroad has done more good in a few months than any Christian bishop and all his satellites can do (or undo) in as many years. His footprints in India especially will long remain. What a contrast for the educated Hindoo to witness—the benevolent missionary Bennett on one side and the vindictiv Joe Cook on the other. Christianity is at cross purposes with itself. She shuts Bennett in prison for a year, hoping to kill him, and that very act sends him around the world and givs him new life. She dispatches Joe Cook as a missionary to India, and the contrast between him and Bennett drives all proselytes into Bennett's fold. Christianity plays her cards badly, and reminds one of the game of whist when a spectator inquired of a player how he got along in the game. "Pretty well," said he, "considering I hav *three* opponents." Cook played his game in India so badly that Bennett won all the honors, and unsought he had all the benefit of Cook's tricks, too.

Bennett's travels tends to confirm the growing opinion that morality and happiness among mankind are independent of creed.

I congratulate Mr. Bennett on his successful trip and safe return. F. J. EMARY.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I found my last article on "Materialism of Mind" in the last TRUTH SEEKER all right, and I wish to thank you for your kindness. It is so different from the treatment we generally receive from the advocates of Christianity, who would not only shut you out of their papers, but would shut your wind off if they could for daring to say or even think contrary to the received dogmas of their church and creed. It is refreshing to come across a man, especially the publisher of a paper like yours, crowded as it is with matter, who will grant a hearing to one diametrically opposed to his own views on a subject of discussion. I take an interest in your welfare; hav since you were imprisoned for conscience's sake. I admire the fortitude you hav shown in your afflictions, and wonder at the wonderful amount of writing you hav done—"Behind the Bars," "The Gods and Religions," besides other letters almost innumerable while in prison, and working prison hours. It seems impossible that a man could hav done so much in the time; and your letters while on your journey around the world fill volumes. Can't possibly see how you could write so much besides traveling around to see it all first.

I would buy your books of travels, but, it is true, I hav read only the first volume of "The Gods and Religions" yet. I hav not had time to devote to it, and the first volume would not hav been read yet probably if I had not had a cancer on one of my hands and improved the time that I was disabled from work to read it. I don't get my ideas from reading, but by thinking for myself, and it is nature and not books that furnishes subjects for thought.

I expect that before long you will make a tour of the United States. Tell the people what you hav seen among the idolatrous nations you hav visited, and what you think of their prospects for "kingdom come," as you hav done in your letters. A great many might hear you that do not read your letters, and you could make sale of books and get subscribers to your paper, and enjoy your victory over Anthony, Benedict, Crosby, Colgate & Co. It is grand now, and that would be better still. JAMES HALE.

LOCKPORT, ILL., Sept. 4, 1882.

DEAR MR. BENNETT: Your friends are legion, all of which greet your return with heartfelt joy. We are in unison with them in this regard. I should hav met you in Chicago could I hav learned in season the exact date of your call there. When I did learn, a prior engagement for that date prevented me, which fact was a source of genuin regret to wife and myself. Now that you are back, and hav received the most satisfactory assurance that your life and labors are highly appreciated, we do hope you will stay at home for a reasonable season before you again take wing for any extended or extensiv flight. Your trip took much less time than I anticipated, and, were it measured by the work you accomplished, it would honestly cover three years at the least. As regards quantity and quality of matter, we are perfectly satisfied, and the "V" subscribers, as well as all able to get the work, will find the investment wise and profitable. We hope that it will, in all respects, be a paying investment to you and yours.

When I read of your narrow escape from drowning in the River Jordan I could but feel how very near Comstock and the saints were to the greatest victory of their lives. Your physical resistance and persistence of purpose not to slip out by the way of this divine stream had the effect of nipping in the bud a desire they prayed for, doubtless, during your whole journey. There is no disguising the fact that you are as intensely hated by many church leaders as ever Paine or Voltaire was, to say nothing of the class of illiberal Liberalists whose petty ambition cannot brook you well-earned and truly-deserved popularity. 'Tis hard to tell which of the two elements most heartily desires your utter destruction and ruin. It is, however, easy to understand which are animated by the most detestable spirit. I rather like the priests and Comstock for their opposition; it is refreshing and consistent; for them, their role is an honest one; they can do so and be true to their theological notions and cultured or natural instincts. With the other fellows it is different; their conduct belies their intellectual conviction, and their infamous baseness is an evidence how low human nature can descend when influenced by that selfishness that seeks to ruin where it cannot rule. There are several matters I wish to treat upon that I will defer till embodied in an article. So much of THE TRUTH SEEKER was occupied with your well-written letters and other important matters that my last was put in a back corner or the waste-basket. I will wait till a more opportune time and room present themselvs before I make another attempt. GEO. LYNN.

The Pilgrim.

BY ALHAZA.

He wandered forth, a pilgrim from our shores,
No wealth, but scollop-shell and sandal shoon,
He came where Socrates leaned down to die,
Near the white columns of the Parthenon.

He sought no triumph, but, like morning light,
It showered from minaret and golden fane,
And learned priests forgot their mystic lore,
To press a hero to their hearts again.

Hymettus's bees composed his fleeting thoughts,
And Helicon ran clearer 'neath his gaze;
Quaint Eastern birds some inspiration caught,
Cheering his labors with their harmless praise.

The pyramids forget their silent ways,
And breathed of eld, a quaint and dreamy tale;
Arabia's balm dropped clearer on his sight,
Weeping with love in many a fragrant vale.

The snow-capped mountain and the silent stone
Told him how nature wrought beneath the skies,
And Java's covert wild of tropic gloom,
Recalled Silurian heat and throbs and sighs.

No pearly tower, no dragon's dark abode,
Where human hearts are sold on foreign shore,
Can tempt him longer from his waiting friends;
Henceforth he leaves his nativ land no more.

Rhyme and Reason.

BY GRACE LEE MALLONEE.

There's a tumult and commotion
In the thelogic air;
In the sanctums of devotion
Lurk a pit-fall and a snare;
Inasmuch as men of science,
Mighty Atheistic giants,
Bid defiance
To the tenets of theology,
Say that an enlightened view
Shows that pagan, Christian, Jew,
All are chips of the same block;
All spring from that savage stock
Which bowed down before the sun
As the great and holy one
When religion first begun;
That the only good apology
For the Bible,
With its tribal
Contradictious, incongrnities,
Is that it sets forth (though few it is
Yet that know
This is so)
A perfect system of astronomy,
That it givs an expose,
In an allegoric way,
Of sidereal economy.

Won't results, beyond a doubt,
Be highly comical,
If the Bible should turn out
Astronomical?
Let us trace
A curious feature
Of the case:
Every preacher
On his elevated perch
In each consecrated church
Will be left
In a most appalling lurch;
For his sentences rhetorical—
Now bereft
Of all biblical-historical
Solid ground—
Will be found
As extremely metaphorical
As their basis allegorical!
Woe to all poor mortals plastic
Chained to rocks ecclesiastic
In that day when light scholastic
Breaks the unenthusiastic,
Cold, effete, and sunless gloom
Of their spiritual tomb,
If no strength to break away
Energizes their dull clay!

Honestly, 'twixt you and me,
Where will all the churchmen flee?
In that fearful *dies irae*—
Day of retribution fiery—
When unable
To prove stable
That old fable
Which they hold no sort of key to,
What new scheme will they agree to?
Will they rally in that crisis
Round the standard of grim Isis,
With her taurine, weird devices?
Will they kneel and ask Aquarius
To forgiv their acts nefarious?
When they lose faith in the flood
Will they go and worship Buddh,
Or avow, in words delirious,
The supremacy of Sirius?
Or will these religionists
Fight old Satan with their fists?
Let us hope that there will be
Some obliging deity,
Who will bless—if they obey—
And, if they transgress, will slay
In the same old Christian way
Their Lord practices to-day.

Wouldn't an old deacon frown
Were he told the harp and crown
Which he holds before his eyes—
His reward in paradise—
Are this moment shining down
From the high
Vaulted sky
On the vilest man in town
As on him of church-renown?
Won't all men of saintly pattern
Be surprised to learn that Saturn,
Venus and the Pleiades,
Bright Orion, glowing Mars,
And a host of minor stars,
Hav as much to do with them
As their promised diadem?
That while they, upon their knees,
Pray for crowns and harps of gold,
Those same tokens, centuries old,
Mock with pure, celestial fires
Their auriferous desires.

What a universal leaven
Is this great belief in heaven—
Is this humble, modest hope
(Of surprisingly wide scope,
By the bye)
That enables man to fly
From temptation and to buy
Shares in heaven and deny
His own wishes and rely
On pursuing
Through the measure of his days
(Simply for his master's praise)
All the calm and peaceful ways
Of well-doing!
We, poor sinners, who, less wise,
Practicing self-sacrifice
For the good that therein lies,
Find our heaven in the eyes
Of our grateful fellow-men,
Feel constrained to wonder when
Christians tell us God will bless
Nothing pure and good unless
Intermixed with selfishness,
Outgrowth of that noxious weed
Orthodoxy terms a creed.

How our orthodoxal brother
Would his holiest scruples mother
And go in
For his little share of sin
If he knew rewards post-mortem
(Though he did his level best to extort 'em)
Were but as an idle jest
Quite unrecognizable
By any power manifest!
How that orthodox would rave
On discovering death gave
Nothing but a yawning grave!
It is not advisable,
Upon the whole
To take away
From such poor clay
Faith in the immortality
Of its small soul,
Lest its individuality
Merge into condensed rascality.

My moral, brethren, must be clear:
Do right and find your heaven here.

What Dr. Siemens Expects from the Gas Engin.

From the New York Sun,

In his recent inaugural address as president of the British Association, Dr. Siemens suggested that the time might not be far distant when the gas engin would displace on board our ships "the somewhat complicated and dangerous steam boiler" now in use. The advent of such an engin and of the dynamo-machine, he declared, must mark a new era of material progress at least equal to that produced by the introduction of steam power in the early part of the century.

The great advantage of the gas engin is believed to be its saving of fuel. According to Dr. Siemens, the best steam engin yet constructed does not yield in mechanical effect more than one-seventh part of the heat energy residing in the fuel consumed, whereas the factor of efficiency of the gas engin is one-quarter. If, therefore, it shall be adapted to vessels, the gas engin, being of half the weight of the present steam engin and boilers, and working with only about half the present expenditure of fuel, will admit of an addition of thirty per cent to the cargo of "an Atlantic propeller vessel, no longer to be called a steamer." That improvement accomplished, the balance of advantages in favor of such vessels would be sufficient, as he says, to restrict the use of sailing craft chiefly to the regattas of sportsmen.

As it is now, steam is rapidly driving sails from the ocean, just as iron and steel are superseding wood for ship construction. Out of the 780 vessels building, or preparing to be built, in the United Kingdom, on the 30th of June last, only 130 were sailing craft, while 650 were steamships; and of this whole number only 49 sailing vessels and 6 steam vessels were of wood, while steel or homogeneous iron, which is destined to become the great material for ship building, was used for 89 steam and 11 sailing vessels.

The great advances hitherto made in steam vessels hav been in the direction of saving fuel, in lighter machinery, in the substitution of the screw for side wheels, and in the use of iron and steel instead of wood for their construction. A wooden ship could not be built to perform like the Alaska or the Arizona. Whereas in the days of the old Collins line the steam was expanded only twice, and the pressure carried was only 18 pounds. The expansion now is ten or twelve times, and the pressure is 90 to a 100 pounds. The old Cunarders, the Asia, Africa, and Canada, carried a pressure of 10 pounds merely.

The consequence has been the enormous increase in the size of the ocean steamers and the great advance in their speed. In April, 1838, the Sirius first crossed the Atlantic in seventeen days from Liverpool and fifteen days from Queenstown. She was of 700 tons and 320 horse-power. The Servia, built in 1881, has an extreme length of 530 feet, and a displacement of 13,000 tons. The City of Rome, built in the same year, is 600 feet long, and has a displacement of 13,500 tons. The Alaska, which is 500 feet long, and of 12,000 tons displacement, has done the distance between Queenstown and New York in 7 days, 4 hours, and 32 minutes, and the return voyage in 6 days and 22 hours, a mean ocean speed of about 17 knots an hour, or more than double that of the first steam vessels which crossed the Atlantic.

Undoubtedly if the gas engin shall be able to do what Dr. Siemens anticipates, it will giv ocean navigation another and a strong impulse. Its far greater lightness as compared with the steam engin and boilers, and its lesser consumption of coal to produce the same effect, will admit of a much larger cargo, and greater speed may be obtained without too much sacrifice of the cargo capacity of the vessel.

A Modern Sermon.

SHOWING HOW MUCH MAY BE MADE OF A SIMPLE TEXT BY AN INGENIOUS PREACHER.

Brethren, the words of my text are:

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old solitary widow.

Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! "She went to the cupboard." And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

We hav seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are "the cupboard."

Not "one of the cupboards," or "the right-hand cupboard," or "the left-hand cupboard," or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the stair, but just *the* cupboard. The one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too.

We can imagin the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation maybe—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is.

You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there.

There are no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left.

With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches.

The cupboard was bare!

There was but one, only one, solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would hav been different, the incident would hav been otherwise.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry: "The widow no doubt went out and bought a dog biscuit."

Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard.

She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand.

She did nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then at this point our information ceases.

But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there?

Must we imagin her still standing at the open cupboard door—depict to ourselvs the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else?

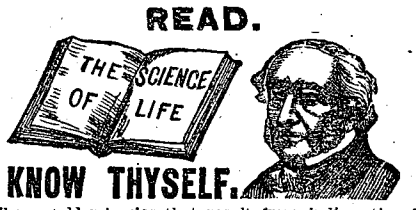
Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice for us to glean from this beautiful story its many blessings; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies.

National Convention of Spiritualists

At Detroit, Mich., in Royal Templar's Hall, corner of Woodward and Grand River avenues. on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Oct. 27, 28, and 29, 1882. This convention is for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of organization among Spiritualists upon a rational, scientific, philosophical, and moral basis. Many hundreds hav indorsed this call, and it is hoped each devoted true Spiritualist will either be present or send communications, or at least their name and address, as in sympathy with this movement. Among a few of the many who hav signified their intention of being present if possible, are Maria W. King, A. J. King, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Capt. H. H. Brown, J. P. Whiting, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Chas. A. Andrus, A. B. French, J. H. Palmer, etc.
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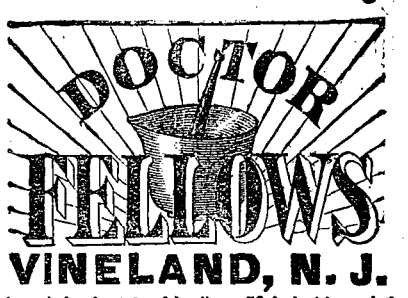
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Gems of Thought.

BECAUSE we cannot explain the whys and wherefores of all we see around us, is no reason that we should adopt the theories of other men or bodies of men, who think they know all about it. If I cannot tell the origin and end this is no proof that I am wrong in disbelieving the opinions of those who profess to make these things as "clear as mud."—*Elmina D Slenker.*

THOUGH woman needs the protection of one man against his whole sex, in pioneer life, in threading her way through a lonely forest, on the highway, or in the streets of the metropolis in a dark night, she sometimes needs, too, the protection of all men against this one? But even if she could be sure, as she is not, of the ever-present, all-protecting power of one strong arm, that would be weak indeed compared with the subtil, all-pervading influence of just and equal laws for all women. Hence woman's need of the ballot, that she may hold in her own right hand the weapon of self-protection and self-defense.—*History of Woman Suffrage.*

MAN is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they hav been
Themselvs the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; hav been kind to such
As needed kindness, for the single cause,
That we hav all of us one human heart.
—*Wordsworth.*

UNLESS the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we hav no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and, the absence of such testimony, the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks you will soon find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance.—*Goldwin Smith.*

THERE is probably no great religion in the world the establishment of which has been altogether dissociated from miracles. They form the most striking, most indisputable, most intelligible proof of the divine will. Not indeed that there is any close logical connection between the performance of a wonder and the truth of the wonder-worker's doctrines; but popular imagination jumps readily to the conclusion that a man whom rumor or tradition has invested with supernatural powers must also be in possession of correct opinions, or even of superhuman knowledge, on the mysterious questions with which religion deals. Hence ecclesiastical historians, of all ages and countries, hav sought to show that those from whom they deduced the systems in which they wished their readers to believe were either themselvs gifted with thaumaturgic faculties, or were the subjects of special marvels worked upon them. Such miracles hav always served as their credentials, indicating their high character, and entitling them to demand the obedience of mankind to the commands they brought.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religion.*

MANY, who only wish for some excuse for an immoral life, will, it is possible, jump at this [*i. e.*, the idea that morality has religion as its sole foundation], which is so persistently offered them. And there may also be some loss of moral tone in men who are not evilly disposed, during the time when, the old sanctions having lost their force, the new hav not yet come into place and power. The South Sea Islander, who, having been converted to Christianity, ate his superfluous wife in order that he might receive Christian baptism, was not a singular being. The essential quality of his act is always seen where men adopt a creed which differs widely from the creed they hav been hitherto holding. The new creed does not at once assert its moral force. A process of progressiv adaptation must go on for a considerable time before the new sanctions will be as efficient as the old.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

ORTHOYY defined: I do not think that Mr. Graves can possibly be right in calling me "an orthodox clergyman." I suppose that orthodoxy means to believe in the Trinity, the deity of Christ, his atoning sacrifice, the verbal and plenary inspiration of the Bible, total depravity of man, irresistible conversion, and the everlasting punishment of the wicked. I do not believe, never hav believed, and am never likely to believe any of these doctrins I hav been opposing them all my life.—*Dr. J. F. Clarke.*

ORTHODOX! orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—
There's a heretic blast
Has been blawn in the Wast,
That which is not sense must be nonsense.
Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
You should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense
Upon any pretense
Is heretic, damnable error. —*Burns.*

IN Great Britain, where a few gentlemen consider it their province to make religion, politics, and morality for the people, it is counted ridiculous presumption that common persons should attempt to form opinions upon these subjects for themselvs. I know the danger to progress brought about by those whom Col. Ingersoll happily calls its "fool-friends." Nevertheless, to me this humble and venturous activity of thought at Chautauqua was a welcome sight. Eccentricity is better than the deadness of mind, but of the crude form of an idea the perfect idea comes at last.—*G. J. Holyoake.*

IT is only by the exercise of reason that man can discover God. Take away that reason and he would be incapable of understanding anything, and in this case it would be just as consistent to read even the book called the Bible to a ham as to a man. How, then, is it that these people pretend to reject reason?—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

Odds and Ends.

SAYS a cynical young lady: "Very handsome mothers are often proud of their ugly babies. I wonder if butterflies are proud of their caterpillars"

"CAN you tell me," asked a Sunday-school teacher of a little girl, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't gold enough to make a cow," was the reply.

WHILE boring an artesian well in Boston recently, the workmen struck a baked bean six hundred feet under the ground. It is supposed to hav been placed there before the flood.

"BRIDGET, I told you to hav my hot water ready the first thing in the morning." "Sure, sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night so as to hav it in time?"

IF you are roasting so hard that your collar is almost melted, and you want to get cooled off, don't go and giv fifteen cents for a glass of lemonade. Just attempt to light a cigar with your last match. Then a breeze will start up.—*Puck.*

AN esthetic invitation to dinner concluded with these words, "I hav asked four minds to meet you." "Thanks," replied the uncultured one, "I'm awfully sorry not to come, but hav accepted an invitation to meet four stomachs the same night.

PROPOSING a remedy for musketoes, the Hammonton *Hornet* says: "Place a small piece of raw meat on a plate in your sleeping-room, and the 'birds' will light on it and never fly away." Our "birds" would fly away with the meat, plate and all.

PEOPLE living in the interior of Alaska are said to know little of gratitude and to hav no expression for "I thank you." Don't be offended because the lady to whom you surrender your seat in a street car makes no acknowledgment of the civility. Perhaps she was raised in Alaska.

A YOUNG Austin lawyer was appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury was in the box the young lawyer challenged several jurymen whom his client said had a prejudice against him.

"Are there any more jurymen who hav a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer.

"No, boss; de jury am all right, but now I wants you to challenge de jedge. I has bin convicted under him seberal times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to hab prejudice agin me."

TACKLING THE KHEDIVE.

"Well, what did you hear about the keydive?" said a last-chance man yesterday in front of the post-office.

"He's having quite a picnic as near as I can get at it. Old Gum Arabic and the kerdive hav had a set-to, it seems, at Alexander," said a man from the Oregon short line.

"Well, now that Arabi Bey has soured on the khedive, I suppose we may look for perdition to be poppin' purty plenty," said the fat man from Council Bluffs.

"Speaking about the kerdeeva," said a young man with tight pants and a wealth of peeled nose, "what is his position relativ to the Egyptian government?"

"Why, the keddiv is the high tycoon; the big injun; the high mucky-muck of the ranch. He's the governor, and Arabi Bey has throwed off on him," said the train-despatcher of the North Park branch.

"Well, what did he want to throw off on the kerdeeve for?" interrogated the cow gentleman, just in from the trail.

Just then, however, the man was called away, so that he never got at the true inwardness of the Egyptian trouble, and is a little mixed also in the pronunciation of the khedive's name.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

"Is this the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle?" said a kind-of-out-of-reason man, entering the library of a well-known Little Rock minister.

"Yes, sir: hav a seat."

"I hav called to transact a piece of business which to the world may seem ridiculous, but which, viewed from a spiritual eminence, is of importance."

"What is it?"

"I want you to love me."

"Love you," gasped the good man, regarding the petitioner and inwardly vowing that he had never before met a more repulsiv-looking man.

"Yes, sir, I want you to love me," and he sat down and closed his eyes as though he intended to await the announcement of the decision. "The command is to love one another. I confess that I love you, and opening his eyes he leered at the preacher.

"Well, sir," said the minister, "your demand after all is simple. I suppose that you hav been lost for many years, and hav just tasted grace, and that you especially want the love of ministers. Yes, I love you."

"Thank you. Now, when we love anyone we are willing to help him. Gimme a dollar, sir, gimme a dollar. Out of the love you bear me, gimme the dollar."

The minister arose, took down a box and handed the visitor a dollar. "Good-bye; I hope you will always love me," and the lover was gone.

"How did you make it?" said a rough-looking man when they reached a street corner not far away.

"Fine. Never met but one preacher that got away with me, and he was an old Baptist that insisted upon ducking me into the river before he could love me. Preachers like something odd. The old style of striking 'm is repealed."

"Let me see the money."

'Here she is; a new dollar. Let's go take something."

"I guess not. The thing is counterfeit." It was a vile imitation, and the two thieves looked at each other in silence. The minister poked his head over the fence and laughed. The dollar had come to him in a contribution box.

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hooykaas, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

One of the most favorable reviews of the history was made by the learned Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

DEACON WM. RICHARDSON, of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has been expelled for immoral conduct.

CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, says that four fifths of the crime that comes into court results from drink, for which Britishers pay over $500,000,000 a year.

BROTHER BARNES, of Kentucky, is called the "Mountain Evangelist," yet the pious people of the towns that he attacks pray that "this mountain be removed and cast into the depths of the sea."

MOODY and Sankey are in Paris. They giv only two Sundays to that city, as they are not at all handy in their use of the French language. After that they return to their work where English is spoken.

BARNES, the Kentucky Evangelist, says that he has constant bad luck since he left the "dark and bloody ground and made a pilgrimage North." The preachers of Columbus, Dayton, and Indianapolis discountenanced him, and the people would not listen to him. He is now in Cincinnati, where he thinks the outlook is better.

GEN. OGLETHORPE, the founder of Georgia, used to tell of a missionary who, flattering himself that he had thoroughly imbued an American Indian with the right spirit in which to take the Lord's Supper, said: "Do you not feel a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from that holy cup?" "It is very good," said his promising proselyte, "but," with a smile, "rum is better."

DEACON IRA CAMPBELL, of the M. E. church of North Volney, turned two boys out of church for wearing sunflowers, and gave notice at the same time that no one should be admitted into church bearing those showy flowers. Parson Brown has joined the deacon in this pious crusade against this symbol of estheticism, and the world is left to infer that the sunflower is a sinful plant belonging to the realm of the devil.

THE Hudson River Baptist Association, North, at a recent meeting, resolved to withhold fellowship from the Baptist church at Greenbush. A Baptist council recently recommended that the pastor of that church, the Rev. G. B. Simons, be removed for writing love letters to a young lady of his church. The pastor is married. His church refused to remove him, hence the withdrawal of fellowship by the Baptist Association.

A FULL and humorous account is given in *Texas Siftings* of a bitter quarrel now raging in Weatherford, of that state, between the Rev. Mr. Penn, Baptist, and the Rev. Mr. Price, Methodist. They speak of each other in the hardest terms, and the epithets, "liar," "slanderer," etc., hav been passed freely between them. What love, indeed, they must bear to each other! The editor says when they get to heaven he wishes to be there and see the rest of the fun.

ALTHOUGH the Rev. Mr. Eddy, who has just been buried in Philadelphia, had been known as such a notorious miser, a hard-fisted and ungenerous man, and a voluntary dweller in filth and squalor, two of the brethren who exhorted at his funeral spoke of him in a manner not only polite, but highly eulogistic. One of these called him a reformer. This was in allusion to his habits of saving, in contrast with those of the other colored people of the neighborhood where he lived, who always spend every cent they earn, and then run in debt to anybody who will trust them. The Eddy funeral was attended by enough colored people to pack the Bethel church. It was a dismal occasion, although there was nobody to mourn the death of the wretched old miser. His relations are now fighting over the $150,000 he left. Nobody loved the old man.

THE Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of the First Identity church in Brooklyn, is pegging away at his hobby, which is to establish the proposition that the Anglo-Saxons are identical with the ten lost trices of Israel. He believes that if this is once established in the mind of the Christian public "there will not be room on this earth for Infidelity to squeeze in one of its dark, foreboding thoughts." There is, as far as heard from, no "Second Identity" church.

A CHINESE teacher in Hong Kong has completed a present which he intended for the British princess. It consists of a stanza of poetry, composed by the teacher himself, and contains thirty-three distinct and well-formed Chinese characters, written out without any contractions, on one grain of unhulled rice. The grain of paddy is inclosed, under a magnifying glass, in a silver locket. Another Chinaman has inscribed sixty Chinese characters on a single sesamum seed.

THE Methodist Conference at Portage, Wis., has kindly acquitted the Rev. Mr. Atwater for sitting on a log in the woods close to a pretty school-marm up in Dunn county, holding her on the log, and keeping his arms around her a good long while, and talking the very sweetest kind of talk; he is also reinstated in his position, and is once more entitled to feed the lambs of the flock with such crumbs as he is able to break off from the big loaf of the bread of life. It is evident the conference look upon the log exercise as proper for preachers, and that they feel most kindly disposed toward such cases, knowing just how it is themselvs.

IT is now announced that the gross receipts of the post-office department for the last fiscal year were more than five millions greater than those of the previous year. Auditor Ela believes that when the returns of expenditures hav been ascertained there will be found a net revenue for that year of a million dollars. It is well known that the post-office receipts still continue to increase very fast, so that it is fair to presume not only that no appropriation at all will be required from Congress next winter, but that the end of next June will see a surplus of several millions, which the department will not know what to do with. Shall this be left to excite the cupidity of the Star route and other thieves, or shall letter postage be reduced to two cents?—*Sun.*

THE following dispatch was sent to the daily *Press:* "The National Liberal League, in session in St. Louis, adopted a resolution favoring political action. Resolutions were also adopted condemnatory of the action of an attorney of Boston (Alex. Stephens) in suppressing the works of Walt Whitman; also of the censorship exercised over mail matter by the post-office authorities and private societies as contrary to the principles of the republic, and a restriction of the liberty of the press; condemning the introduction of Bible reading and psalm singing in Girard College as a violation of the stipulations of Stephen Girard's will, and recommending that the executiv committee of the National Liberal League be empowered to take such action in the matter as may be necessary. The order of business for to-morrow (Oct. 1st) will be the changing of the calendar from the commencement of the Christian era to some other date."

A LAZY British clergyman can now buy lithographed sermons at the rate of about sixpence a week. The sermon trade is on the increase, and is managed either by publishing concerns or by clergymen who want to eke out a slender support. A clergymen who has been conducting this business on the sly informs his patrons that he will receive only a limited number of subscribers, and that the lithographs will be prepared in his own house, and mailed only by his hands. He will so arrange affairs connected with the issue of these sermons that no two neighbors will be likely to receive the same sermon. The clergyman who is to receive a sermon gets it on Friday. This givs him all the time he needs to become acquainted with it by Sunday. At first a man has a mean feeling as he turns over the pages of a purchased sermon on the pulpit desk, making his people believe as he reads it that he wrote it during the week. After a few months of this sort of deceit he becomes hardened to it, and can deliver the lithograph almost as naturally as if it were his own.—*Sun.*

CONGRESSMAN W. E. ROBINSON, of Brooklyn, has written a letter to the *Sun* advocating penny postage on letters, reducing the postage on all letters weighing not over half an ounce to one cent each. The arguments he uses are effectiv. He shows that all previous reductions of postage hav resulted in an increase of revenue. He shows that while books are carried in the mails at eight cents per pound, weekly newspapers at two cents per pound, and members of Congress send not less than two thousand pounds each per year for nothing, letters are charged ninety-six cents per pound. He believes if newspapers can be carried for two cents per pound that letters can be carried for thirty-two cents. He says: "If we hav an honest administration of the service such reforms can be worked as greatly to lighten the expenses. The cost of railway service can be reduced, Star route expenses can be diminished, salaries can be cut down, and with the application of business principles to the postal service the people can hav a uniform penny postage at very little increase of cost to the government."

ELLWOOD COOPER, of Santa Barbara, the leading oliv grower of California, says that he has trees eight years old that hav produced two thousand gallons of olivs to the acre. This would be equivalent to 250 gallons of oil to the acre, and the oil finds a ready market at $5 a gallon. The yield of one acre would thus be $1,250, which for a hundred-acre ranch would be a pretty fair income. But these figures are not represented to apply to any except the very choicest trees and an uncommonly good year. But even computing the profits of oliv culture at as low a figure as one-tenth, a twenty-acre ranch would support a family very comfortably after six or seven years of waiting. One of the great advantages of oliv culture is the fact that irrigation is not needed. In a climate where there is often such a scarcity of rain as in California, this is a matter of much importance. The oliv-tree also grows very old. There are oliv-trees in Asia Minor that are known to be over 1,200 years old, and are still in full bearing. In considering the profits of fruit culture, however, the danger of insect pests, disease, and over-production must be kept in mind; and these are usually passed by without mention in the glowing descriptions of southern California.

THE telegraph has within the last few days brought about the usual number of clerical peccadillos. The following are some of them: St. John, N. B., Sept. 27th.—A constable from Thomaston, Me., has been here for some days looking for Edwin H. Ellis, a Baptist clergyman of that place, who is alleged to hav fled with the wife of a member of his congregation. The parties were found to day, and an application was made to a magistrate for a warrant, but it was refused, the magistrate not having jurisdiction. Cincinnati, Sept. 27th.—The Rev. Mr. McCleniheim, pastor of the United Presbyterian church of Avondale, Coshocton County, Ohio, was to-day assaulted and beaten with a club by Robert Hood, one of the elders of the church, on account of ill-feeling growing out of a church trial. Jackson, Miss., Sept. 27th.—At Charleston, this morning, Alacon Leigh was shot dead while standing by the side of his wife, in front of his residence, by Vernon White, the son of a Presbyterian minister. The assassin fled, and a mob threatens to hang his father. The Rev. J. C. Sullivan was the elderly and respected pastor of the Methodist church at Salem, O., but he had to resign when it came out that he wrote to young Mrs. Halwie, one of his converts: "I hunger to press your pouting, pretty, and persimmon-like lips to to mine." Writing letters is sometimes dangerous business.

News of the Week.

RIOTS wherein Christians mob Jews are reported from Austria.

THE British steamer Venice, hither from Yokohama, lost her chief officer in a storm the day before reaching port.

THE Rev. Mr. Cleniheim, of Cincinnati, got into a fight with one of his elders last week, and was severely beaten.

A VETERAN of the war of 1812, and who fought at Sacket's Harbor, died at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 30th ult., aged 92

HERBERT SPENCER is in Baltimore. He is under medical treatment for a troublesome carbuncle, and unable to leave his hotel.

A SORT of Nihilistic society has just been discovered to exist in Ireland, the object of which is the extermination of landlords and bailiffs.

WINSTON, N. C., claims an invalid cured by prayer. As usual it was a woman. Like others of the kind, this report may safely be set down as a lie.

THE Mississippi excursion steamer Robert E. Lee was burnt on the 30th ult., with a loss of about twenty lives. The cause of the fire is unknown.

PROF. GOULD, of the chair of New Testament Interpretation in the Baptist Theological Institution of Boston, has been dismissed for being too Liberal.

THE Salvation Army recently sent out a detachment to Calcutta to convert the nativs; but the force was met at the steamer by the local authorities and lodged in jail for the sake of public peace.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S poem "Marmion" is objected to by the high-school authorities of Ontario, Can., on the ground that it is immoral. Archbishop Lynch also denounces it as insulting to Catholics.

A MAN in this city, named Theodore Stein, attempted suicide with a revolver on Sunday the 1st. He had emplied the revolver and deposited seven bullets in his person before his object was effected.

A PROSPECTIV and promising young divinity student of Yale College has just spoiled his chances of becoming an ornament to the clerical profession by getting caught at swindling his fellow-students to the extent of $500.

NEW YORK seems liable to lose the statue of Liberty which is to be presented by France to the United States. The committee are much disgusted with the inaction of New Yorkers with regard to the matter, and are inclined to giv the statue to Boston if arrangements can be made.

REMARKABLY high tides prevailed in the rivers surrounding New York last week. It raised the ferryboats so high that they were temporarily inaccessible to loaded teams, and caused the ship Undaunted to knock off her topgallant mast by coming in contact with the roadway of the East River Bridge.

MR. GLADSTONE, of England, has recommended that the Archbishop of York set apart a day for special thanksgiving and prayer for the success of British arms in Egypt. While they are about it, it might not be out of place for all patriotic Britons to thank God for Tug Wilson's getting the best of Sullivan, which was likewise a famous victory.

THE Rev. Edwin H. Ellis, a Baptist minister, came to St. Johns, N. B, to break bread to the bluenoses; but the effectivness of his efforts was somewhat lessened by the discovery of the fact that the woman accompanying him was not his wife, and that he had neglected to pay his board bill in the town where he had previously ministered. He was furnished with board and lodging in one of those institutions the peculiarity of which is that the underpinning reaches to the eaves.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Across the Pacific.—Continued.

Monday, May 15th.—The terrible storm continues through to-day; the water several times found its way freely into our room; there is great complaint from various parts of the ship. Many are sea-sick, and the dining-table is largely deserted. The poor Chinamen, huddled together in their close quarters under the deck, are objects of pity; many of them are much troubled with sea-sickness, and they have doubtless come to the conclusion that going to America is not wholly pleasureable.

The Oceanic belongs to English owners, and is chartered by the Occidental and Oriental line, as are its companion steamers in the same line. The principle officers are English, while the purser, steward, etc., are Americans. There appears to be a slight defect in the construction of this steamer, so far as my room is concerned, for the water should not come in this way into any well-built vessel. But this storm is unusual, and the steward complains bitterly of the water making most unwelcome ingress to many parts of the vessel. The company of this line are doubtless doing a very good business, as the amount of passengers and freight passing over the route is increasing. The governing interest, however, is the Pacific Railroad Company between San Francisco and Omaha, which company is running this line of steamers. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company formerly had the business principally in their own hands, but from some mismanagement the value of their stock and business has declined and the Occidental and Oriental are in the ascendant, though, as I understand, the two companies are now somewhat in connection.

Tuesday, May 16th.—The North wind continues very strong and cold, though attended with less rain than on the past two days. Heavy rolling is still the great cause of complaint, and not more than half of the passengers go to the table. We have on board some six American missionaries who are returning home, some on a furlough of a year, and some permanently. The Rev. Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, is of the latter class, and seems to be troubled with a bronchial difficulty. He has for eight years been located in China, and speaks in very high terms of the character of the Chinese. He informs me that during his residence there he has not seen an intoxicated person. He corroborates the reports I have before received that the people of that country are industrious, frugal, and usually well-disposed.

Two of the returning missionaries are lady physicians, the practice of medicine and Christian propagandism having been their occupation for several years in China. I have conversed with one of them and received the same general account from her of the good incentives of the Chinese people. Parents make it a rule to teach respectful and moral conduct to their children. She related an incident when on one occasion some children on the street shouted out to her and a companion, calling them Christians and speaking some ill-mannerly words. She halted and mildly rebuked them for their conduct. The mother of one of the children came out when she learned that insulting language had been used to the ladies, and chided the children in an impressive manner, when they knelt and asked pardon of the ladies. Other instances were given of the native kindness and good behavior of the people.

So far as the schools are concerned which the missionaries established in their fields of labor, there can be very little question that they do good. The modicum of Western civilization they are able to infuse into the juvenile mind of the Chinese is perhaps of benefit, but whether the theological dogmas and the claims of supernaturalism which they seek to impress upon the people of that country are very much better than their own superstitions is another question. Of course the Christian party believe their religion to be superior to all other religions, and that the present and future happiness of the pagan world depends upon this religion being accepted. This, as a matter of course, to me seems an error. If the best civilization and the proper education in the laws and principles of nature, can be given them, together with the natural duty of man to man, the claims of supernaturalism and duty to the gods may well be omitted.

The number of converts made to Christianity among the Chinese is very small, and perhaps it is just as well so. The morals of Confucius and Buddha, if given to the people as dispensed by those great teachers, being equal to any the world has known, will meet all the necessities of life; and the missionaries who pass years among them in the name of Christianity can receive their salaries all the same and have a genial climate and country for a residence. As a paying investment, however, foreign missions are decidedly not a success. But to those who hold that the value of a single soul is more than the whole earth; that those who embrace Christianity are saved, while all who fail to do so are eternally lost, a single brand, here and there plucked from the burning, makes full amends for all their efforts and sacrifice, and they regard the profits secured as ample remuneration. It is this belief, and the zeal which it engenders, that prompt the effort that is made to spread the gospel of Christianity over the entire pagan world. Those of my way of thinking, however, regard this as all a mistake. If the great lessons of nature and humanity are duly understood and lived up to, it makes little difference which gods and devils are believed in; and if none at all it is still better.

The greatest of respect is due to Confucius and Buddha. They were unquestionably as great teachers as the world has produced. To me their doctrines and lives had special value from the fact that they taught little of gods or devils; little of supernaturalism of any kind. The moral maxims of Confucius referred mostly to this life and our duties here and to one another. Buddha was probably a greater thinker, more of a philosopher, and more a metaphysician; but he recognized no creator—no personal deity—no head center devil or personal evil. To this extent both these great teachers stood on higher and truer ground than the founders of any other system of religion known to the world. The great thing to be regretted is that their followers have taken on the superstitions of gods and devils, and that the higher and truer education of nature and its laws has not been sufficiently regarded.

One of the female missionary physicians is evidently returning home to die, for consumption has already marked her for a victim. She wears a sad countenance, from which I read that the pleasures of good health in this life are more desirable than the fancied joys of a paradise above the clouds. But when consumption once lays its withering hand upon a person, though comparatively young in years, an adieu to the pleasures of life must soon be taken and the mysteries of the "beyond" investigated. I am firm in the belief that in that investigation the claims of theology and supernaturalism will not be found true.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I was in hope—before I understood the course which the San Francisco steamers take from Yokohama—that our passage would lead that way, and that I would be able to make a visit to those lovely islands, but I learn that they lie some two thousand miles south of the line we take. I am somewhat surprised to learn that while San Francisco is almost due east of Yokohama, in making the passage we go ten degrees, or nearly seven hundred miles, north of a straight east and west line, and that by doing this the distance between the two points is lessened some three hundred miles. This appears paradoxical at first, but by taking an orange or apple, and marking two points between its equator and its stem, and the same nearly one-third the circumference apart, it will be seen that by curving up toward the stem the distance is shorter than a direct line roundwise. It may be easily demonstrated by measuring with a bit of thread. Thus it will be seen that the curvature of the earth is greater and requires more travel than when diverging a few hundred miles northward of an eastward line. Owing to the severe north wind we have encountered we have not gone quite so far northward as usual, but far enough to reach the frigid polar winds, in strong contrast with the warm, balmy air of the tropical regions left behind.

Thus it will be seen that a visit to the Sandwich Islands is entirely out of the question; and though I would gladly have explored some of its charming country and scenery, I will have to be content with imagining that its tropical riches are not unlike what I have seen in Southern Asia. In connection, however, with the Sandwich Islands, and also the cause of the missionaries, which I have several times alluded to, I will dwell a short time upon the nature and effects of missionary work in the Sandwich Islands. I have very reliable information from a valued friend upon this subject, and will freely use the notes with which he has kindly furnished me. From his truthful representations it will be clearly seen that the lovely Sandwich Islands, as well as the other charming islands of the South Pacific, which, from nature, received advantages fully equal to any other portion of the earth's surface, entitling them to be regarded as veritable heavens, have been, by the blasting effects of Christianity, converted almost into absolute hells. Christian missions in those islands have indeed proved anything else than a blessing. But let me give you my learned friend's notes upon the subject:

"The islands of the Pacific Ocean have been for generations the favorite stamping-grounds for the proselytism of orthodox Christianity, the ability of which to turn Edens into hells has nowhere been, in modern times, so fully exemplified as in regard to the unfortunate inhabitants of these natural paradises. Prior to Christian intercourse no people on earth were or are as happy as these people; at present none are more miserable than are such of the inhabitants of these islands as are controlled by Christians—especially missionaries or their descendants.

"These are strong assertions, but they are fully borne out by concurrent testimony ranging over a period of fifty years.

"The first to which attention is invited is that of Herman Melville in his books entitled 'Omoo' and 'Typee,' published in 'the forties.' In the first edition of one of these he fully exposed the villainous pride of the missionaries, whose wives rode in carriages drawn by natives, who were pricked or whipped by their drivers as horses would have been. These and similar incidents were, however, carefully weeded out in subsequent editions by those pious Methodistic frauds, the Harper Bros., in accordance with their usual conscienceless tactics.

"When in the southern part of California, a few years ago, I fell in with some very intelligent gentlemen who sojourned for long periods in the South Sea Islands some thirty or forty years ago. Their testimony was that the introduction of white customs as to religion and government had been uniformly pernicious to the islanders in every respect. American forms were introduced for the political benefit of favored officials at great cost to the people, increasing the expenses of living, taxes, etc., out of all proportion to the increase of wages; while the natives were compelled to lose their independence and become wage-laborers, as their lands were gradually gobbled up under the new regime of pious grabbing, sustained and engineered by missionary organizations. It must be considered that in such climates very little labor is required, and what in cool climates would be no more than moderate is there excessive, exhausting, and repulsive. Thus the free people of these islands are being gradually transformed into serfs of Christian grabbers.

"But as these latter cannot as yet obtain by this process a sufficient supply for their infernal greed, slaves from Australia and the Sandwich Islands are in the practice—worked at by all the Christian governments—of making descents upon such of the islands as have hitherto remained partially free from missionary contamination. These people are then cajoled or compelled to sign 'contracts' for labor for a term of years, and their rights even under these contracts totally ignored whenever conflicting with the views of their 'owners.' Venereal diseases, unknown previous to the advent of whites, are also rapidly extirpating the native population.

"The natives, however, are too few to satisfy the rapacious demands of 'missionary' and other slave-drivers, speculators, and monopolists. Hence China, the Azores, Sweden, and Norway have been recently visited for the purpose of securing laborers for the Sandwich Island sugar plantations. These last operations are mainly based on a 'Reciprocity Treaty,' concluded by the United States with the Sandwich Islands in 1875, by which sugar is admitted therefrom to the United States free of duty. This treaty gave just such a stimulus to slavery in the Sandwich Islands as the invention of the cotton-gin did to slavery in the United States.

"The nature and extent of their nefarious operation in connection with the sugar plantations were kept very quiet until in June last C. Chlausen—one of a cargo of three hundred and fifty-three Swedes, induced by gross misrepresentations to embark and sign a 'labor' contract—succeeded in escaping to San Francisco and telling his story. The Sandwich Islands consist of one large and a great number of small islands; the difficulties of inter-communication and the native administration of their laws are such that it is quite easy to enforce without resistance the vigor and the cruelties attributed to slavery in the United States before the war. Indeed, according to the statements of negroes who have experienced both, that of the Sandwich Islands is the more atrocious.

"Chlausen's statements, however, were doubted until another victim reached San Francisco who had shipped as one of a cargo of men from the Azores to the Sandwich Islands. His statements more than confirmed those of the Swedish fugitive. The Azorean was nearly starved to death, and only granted the passports (which are indispensable to permit any one to leave the islands) because he could not long have survived had he remained. The slaveocratic agents in San Francisco, however, saw fit to deny his statements somewhat explicitly; and these people are so powerful in that city as to silence four out of the five principal daily papers. But immediately after these denials several letters from responsible persons—including a journalist, a merchant, and the chief officer of a vessel on which emigrants from the Azores had been transported—made explicit statements abundantly confirming those of the escaped Swede and Azorean, and adding instances of extreme and revolting sexual degradation forced upon the unhappy female victims. Even the Honolulu papers—bound in general to silence in the interest of slave-owners, who until very recently ruled the islands—published facts proving that the emigrants are held in a hideous servitude by force of arms, the military and police being used to compel by force not only the fulfilment of contracts made by frauds, but the performance of more labor than that for which the contracts provided, and securing their enforcement only so far as the slave-owner was benefited.

"A. Nielsen, mate of the barkentine Ella, previously

overseer and interpreter on a Sandwich Island plantation, related in February last numerous instances in proof of the revolting slavery to which the Norwegians there were subjected. In the *Drammens* (Norway) *Times* of April 17th, is a letter from H. Lange, commisioner for Norwegian immigrants, based on direct testimony and his own observation. He states that one Norwegian girl was sold for seventy-five dollars to a Finlander, another to a negro, and a third to a missionary. (The word missionary as used in the islands means not only what we understand by it, but their descendants also.) Mr. Lange's statements are vouched for by the signatures of forty Norwegians. On Feb. 1, 1882, thirty-nine Norwegians working on the Papaikon plantation signed a letter published in the Chicago *Scandinavian*, detailing the slavery to which they were subjected, and the total denial of justice by the authorities of the islands, who appear to be owned by the planters.

"We now have even *clerical* testimony to the same effect. In the *Budstiken*, of Faribault, Minn., recently appeared a letter from Rev. Erik L. Petersen, recounting a conversation with Rev. Mr. Whipple, a brother of the well-known Episcopal bishop of Minnesota. Mr. Whipple resided on the islands for several years; he says that the Norwegian laborers are certainly *slaves*, under the sole authority of arrogant and unfeeling planters; that they are held as such for an indefinite period, that in general can terminate only with their lives, and are worse off than the negro slaves of the South before emancipation. Mr Petersen expects that Dr. Willis, Episcopal bishop of the Sandwich Islands, will report a similar state of facts to the Norwegian government.

"The limits of this article will not permit even an outline of the atrocities perpetrated under missionary rule in the Sandwich Islands. Bear in mind that until a very recent election these people had complete control there both of church and state, and are fully responsible for all these outrages, as are *their backers in Great Britain and the United States*, including the 'Congregational Club' of San Francisco ministers, who, after a full exposure had been made, volunteered to the defense of the perpetrators.

"We will now briefly specify two of their cunning outrages in the South Seas.

"In June, 1881, lying side by side at a Honolulu wharf, were two vessels—one the missionary brigantine Morning Star, flying the American flag; the other was the slaver Storm Bird. On the former there were daily prayers and hymns; 'everything was in order, and the fare and surroundings were luxurious enough for princes of the church. On the slaver there was an ominous silence. Chains, firearms, and a small howitzer were her ornaments.' On June 21st the Storm Bird sailed on her body-slaving expedition. On the 23d the other sailed for her soul-*slaving* destination, both in the South Seas. '*The very men who sang hymns on the missionary craft—the elite of Honolulu—were the very men who had furnished the chains, the shot-guns, and the Howitzer for the slaver.* . . . The Storm Bird is owned by the Hawaiian government; the Morning Star was paid for, I believe, with ten-cent subscriptions from the Protestant school-children of the United States.'

"The witness to the above also details the horrible oppression to which the defenseless South Sea Islanders in the Sandwich Islands are subjected at the hands of their pious owners. In one case a new arrival (a newly-born child) was allowed to die on board the vessel to avoid breaking the Sabbath.

"At Taputeonea, one of the Line Islands, a branch of the London Missionary Society was started under Kabu, a native of the Sandwich Islands, who succeeded in converting the entire community, and *securing their arms*. Afterward one section of them became dissatisfied with his exertions, on which Kabu preached a crusade against them and massacred not less than one thousand men, women, and children; after which the wounded were collected together, piled in a heap and *burnt*, the Christian Kabu himself firing the combustibles.

"This intelligence was brought by the schooner Elizabeth to the Fiji Islands, and published in the *Fiji Times*, April 30, 1881. Of course this was afterward denied, but in the December following the schooner Pannomé returned to San Francisco from a trip to the Line Islands, and from its officers a full confirmation of the massacre was obtained. Kabu came to the Sandwich Islands in the slaver Storm Bird above mentioned, and was privately 'investigated.' He returned by the same conveyance to the Line Islands, '*invested with the office of a bishop*. He still resides on the island carrying on trade and converting the heathen.' Now, then, pass around the box for more missionary contributions, and let us have a few hundred more Kabus to convert the natives or dispatch them to the other side of Jordan."

This is, indeed, a picture as mournful as true; the conduct portrayed is as abhorrent as it is wicked, and presents to the reader a faithful exhibit of the effects which Christianity produces upon the natives of pagan countries; and it enables one to arrive at a correct estimate of the real effects of spreading Christianity over the Edens of the Pacific Ocean, and in a similar manner over the pagan world generally. The same causes produce the same effects.

I will remark that the information here conveyed is fully verified and confirmed by other persons of the highest credibility whom I have met and who have visited the Sandwich Islands, and also the islands of the Southern Pacific. They narrate the same mournful tale, and describe in touching language the pernicious effects which Christian missionaries have produced upon those once fair and happy lands. It is well known that the introduction of Christianity into those islands was attended with an introduction, also, of venereal diseases, which, with other causes, has taken off two-thirds the original amount of population. By the knowledge of such facts as these the truth must dawn upon candid and intelligent people that Christianity is not the heavenly blessing to the world which its ardent admirers and advocates so persistently affirm, and that, sometimes at least, it is productive of great mischief and unhappiness.

STEAMING ON.

During the 17th, 18th, and 19th the heavy northern winds prevailed, attended some part of the time with rain, but as the wind changed from northeast to northwest the rain ceased, though the air remained chilly, making overcoats a decided necessity. The furious winds gradually abated, so that the ocean did not roll and toss so badly as it had in the several days past, and we made better time on our way to America's shores, which all are anxious to see. By the 20th the ocean had become comparatively calm, and we could walk the decks, move about in our rooms, or sit and converse with tolerable comfort. We all rejoice at this favorable change, and sincerely hope that the latter portion of our passage will be more pleasant than the first. For several days, however, the northwest wind was brisk enough to make the ocean rough, with white-caps in sight on all sides. But it is so much an improvement over the first three days that cheerfulness pervades all minds.

A DAY GAINED.

It is well known that in traveling west the days are lengthened out in proportion to the distance traveled; while in journeying east the reverse is the case, each day being shortened in the same proportion. In steaming east the day is shortened from thirty to forty minutes, according to the distance from the equator. At the equater the circumference of the earth east and west is twenty-four thousand miles, while at the poles it is nothing, or next to nothing. At the intermediate latitudes the circumference ranges from that of the equator to that at the poles, so that midway betwen the equator and pole it takes but about half the travel to make the circuit as at the equator.

It follows that in going round the world in an easterly direction a day is gained in number, though no more hours are seen, each day being a little shorter than the regular length; while in going round in the opposite direction one day is lost by each day being longer than a day at any one point. Some place, then, must be pitched upon where the day begins and ends, and that point is the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude from Greenwich (near London), which is precisely on the opposite side of the globe; thus, when it is noon at London it is midnight at the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, and by the usage of mariners the day begins at the latter point; and in traveling east when reaching that degree of longitude two days have to be counted of the same date. Thus, as we arrived at that meridian on Sunday, the 21st of May, we had two of Sunday, May the 21st, otherwise when we reach San Francisco we would be one day ahead of the reckoning. Accordingly we had virtually "two Sundays come together," but which was the holiest of the two the clergymen and missionaries on board have not decided in my hearing. There was also very little worshiping done on either Sunday. I thought perhaps Bro. Clark would be invited to hold forth in the way of a sermon, in which case I would somewhat transcend my regular rule of total abstinence from intoxicating or irritating sermons, and would have gone and heard him; but no such invitation was extended, and Bro. Clark did not preach. We conversed and debated all the same, and were undoubtedly just as happy as though one had preached and the other listened.

Of the passengers making up our number we are a somewhat mixed class—some Americans, several English tourists, some Scotchmen, a few Germans, several Japanese on their way to America on business or to acquire education, a few Frenchmen, and some of other nationalities. The Americans and English predominate. The latter are largely "globe trotters," as those are familiarly called who make the tour of the world. Two of the young men aboard are those I traveled with from Calcutta to the Himalaya Mountains, and afterwards met in Ceylon. We occasionally compare notes of travel, and talk of the remarkable things we have seen. They propose to spend two or three months in the United States. Several of the Englishmen with us are decidedly intelligent men, of whom much can be learned. Upon the whole, we have an agreeable company. Some of the young returning Americans spend their time in playing cards, but there is far less gaming on this steamer than is usually seen on the fashionable Atlantic lines. Though we are as a whole a most respectable class of people, we have one lively, jolly female returning home to America, and who has no companion. She seems, however, to be on very good terms with the purser, with an occasional smile for the captain. If she can obtain a passage with a few smiles it is cheaper than to fork over two hundred and fifty dollars. The captain is a young man, and quite affable at the table and elsewhere. The physician of the steamer is a well-informed, social gentleman, quite interesting in conversation. The first steward visits our room nearly every day, and being very fond of telling stories, we have heard enough of them to make a good sized volume were they written out in full. He is quite Liberal in his religious views, and I notice he seems more in sympathy with my heterodoxy than with Bro. Clark's orthodoxy. So we while away the tedious hours and days wishing the passage to end and the piers of the Golden Gate to heave in sight.

Friday, May 27th.—For four or five days the wind has been southerly, sometimes southeast, and sometimes southwest, with much cloudiness and some rain. The air has also been cold, though the wind has been from a warm direction. We have such an abundance of wind that the Pacific is in fact quite unpacific. The waves run tolerably high, and the rolling of the vessel hardly finds a cessation. When, however, it is reasonably smooth I put in my time pretty steadily at writing. Some days I have written nearly fifty pages of two hundred words each. I sometimes think it is well that I have writing to do, for the passage is so monotonous that there is little or no variety. It is probably one of the most untraveled routes on any of the oceans. We steam along day after day and never see a steamer, a sailing ship, or craft of any kind. There is also not an island or bit of land to be seen beteen Yokohama and San Francisco. In fact there is nothing to be seen save the almost endless waste of water, the white-caps upon its surface, the leaden, gloomy sky, with a dozen or so of black sea birds, probably "Mother Carey's chickens," which keep near the steamer day after day. If a ship should be wrecked in these lonely waters it would probably be weeks and months before any friendly ship would happen along to give a helping hand. There is o little traffic being carried on in the vicinity of the North Pole that ships here are few and far between. A more lonely portion of the earth can scarcely be found unless by going five hundred miles still further north. There a ship is never seen unless it is some poor adventurer in search of the North Pole, or looking for some one who has himself been in search of the same mythical pole.

I have had occasion to think while passing over these thousands of miles of watery waste: What an amount of room unoccupied! Here are five thousand miles of water without any land whatever. Here is room enough for a large continent, and still leave five hundred or a thousand miles of water on each side. Here is space for landed territory enough for homes for hundreds of millions of people, and now it is wholly unoccupied, save by the fishes. We occasionally see some of these, particularly porpoises in schools, rolling and tumbling along as though intent on some important enterprise. I heard the captain say a whale or two had been seen some little distance from the steamer, but I was not fortunate enough to bring my vision to bear upon his whaleship.

Saturday, May 28th.—We have had some sun to day, this being about the first we have seen of his majesty since we left Japan. We have almost begun to conclude that the god of the solar system does not reign up in this northern country. Indeed, it has been so long since we have seen the sun that even the most devout Christian feels an inclination to offer a few oblations to his bright countenance.

The engine stopped for half an hour to-day, and the passengers were suddenly thrown into a troublous panic. The worst apprehensions were indulged in by some, fearing that an accident had happened which might keep us back a few days longer from San Francisco, which we now feel is almost in sight. The damage, however, was very slight; a nut had got off, or something of the kind, and a journal somewhat heated. These difficulties were soon adjusted, and we were again steaming on our way, bearing in a southeast direction toward the port of destination. As we are now making south we are leaving the frigidity of the northern latitudes and are finding a more genial air—a change agreeable to all. We are at last so nearly approaching the haven of rest that we are anxiously counting the hours to the time when the Golden Gate will meet our gladdened gaze. The record of the days' runs in miles we have made since leaving Yokohama is as follows, taken at noon each day: 230, 299, 202, 253, 298, 305, 273, 270, 262, 268, 275, 276, 276, 298, 273, 273, 248, 276. The latter figures bring us up to 12 o'clock to-day, leaving at that hour one hundred and sixty miles yet to be traveled to reach San Francisco, making a total of 4,815 miles, that distance occupying eighteen and a half days; for we will undoubtedly

be inside of the Golden Gate before daylight to-morrow morning. The severe storm we encountered in the fore part of the passage detained us fully a day and added not a little to our discomfort. The steamers of this line do not make as good time as some of those running on the Atlantic between New York and Liverpool. There is no competition, and the saving of coal is a very important item. The passage from Yokohama to San Francisco has been made in fifteen and a half days, but that is unusual, eighteen days being the more common time. The passage from Yokohama to San Francisco is usually two or three days shorter than the return trip, in which case, on account of winds or something else, no divergence is made to the north as in the eastward-bound passage.

LAND, HO!

Tuesday, May 30th.—The expectation of reaching the Golden Gate (the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco) in the latter part of the night caused my sleep to be hardly as sound as usual, and I was up betimes, for I was anxious to get an early view of the outer portals of the gate. It was not yet four o'clock when I was on the upper deck, and, sure enough, here directly before us loomed up the two portals of the Golden Gate, as welcome bits of rocky terra-firma as have ever met my gaze. I was truly glad once more to set my eyes upon rock or land that belongs to America. It is just ten months this morning since the Ethiopia sailed out of New York and bore me away out of sight of the Eastern shores of America, and the period of that length has set a keen edge upon my appetite to look upon the Western confines of the same grand continent.

I was among the earliest of the passengers who put in an appearance on deck to welcome the first appearance of land, but I found on watch one of the missionary doctresses, who, having been absent many years, I could easily understand she must be anxious to look again upon the American continent. I found her conversational, and we passed an hour or more in descanting upon the welcome sight of the Golden Gate as we slowly steamed into the entrance of the grand harbor, the appearance of the rocks on either side, as well as some reminiscences of China, where for seven years has been her home. The morning air was cool, but, being otherwise pleasant, overcoats and wraps protected us sufficiently from the morning chill.

I need not tell you that we welcomed the Golden Gate most cordially, and, aside from its being the avenue to our homes, three thousand miles further east, we thought it grand and picturesque. Golden Gate consists of a wall of rock five miles in length, on each side of a channel a mile in width, though the outer entrance is not so wide. The rocks vary in hight, but the highest portions are only a few hundred feet above the ocean. The sun had not yet risen, but we had light enough to enable us to obtain a tolerably good outline of the rocky passage. We could hardly determine how much soil there is upon the rocks, whether there is much vegetation, or whether there are residents on these bleak outposts. It is unlikely, however, that many would choose to make their homes here. As we entered the harbor we saw here and there, at a distance, buildings in elevated positions.

At the ebbing and flowing of the tides the current in this harbor entrance is necessarily pretty strong; but as there is at all times a depth of thirty-two feet, the largest ships and steamers have not the slightest difficulty in making ingress or egress. The harbor of San Francisco includes a portion of the bay, which is some fifty miles in length, with a width of about nine miles. It is decidedly the best harbor on the Pacific coast, and behind but few in the world. All the ships on the globe could find a safe retreat here, with room to spare. A large tonnage enters and departs through the Golden Gate every year; and for a hundred years to come, and more, must largely increase. San Francisco must for all time be the principal commercial port of the whole Pacific coast, thousands of miles in extent. When the United States obtained possession of California it was a great acquisition indeed. It forms the western boundary of one of the greatest countries on the globe, where dwells a people gathered from nearly all countries and possessing an aggregate of greater advantages than can be found in any other land.

With the dawn of day all hands were on deck gladly seeing what they could of the grand harbor, and after we had cast anchor within the entrance some hours were passed principally gazing upon what could be seen of American shores. Some government posts and forts are to be seen, but I did not learn enough of these to give much information with reference to them.

We soon learned that we could not steam up directly to the dock, as Atlantic steamers usually do when they arrive from Europe after a brief visit from the quarantine officers; but along in the morning, after we had been lying at anchor two hours or more, the government physician visited us with his little steamer to see whether we were in a sufficiently healthy condition to be permitted to approach the dock, go ashore, and mix with the good people in the city. Our having eleven hundred Chinamen as live freight came near proving a serious disadvantage to us. The prejudice against this immigration is so active that steamers bearing the Celestials to these shores are scarcely welcome, and are sometimes detained several days in quarantine. We soon learned that two steamers which had come into the harbor several days ago were still detained, though the anxiety of officers and passengers to go on shore is of the most active character.

Here was a trouble staring us in the face which we had hardly anticipated. We had fancied that when within the Golden Gate it would be but a short time before we would be alongside the dock, and after an examination of the custom-house officers would be permitted to swell the population of the city, and to seek friends wherever we could find them. But here a vexatious trouble rose before us. After stemming the storm and tempest, the wind and waves, for eighteen days and a half, eager to again tread upon American soil, here arose before us the unwelcome prospect that we might be held one, two, five, or more days in quarantine before we would be allowed to set a foot upon land. This was intensely uncheering, and made the faces of the passengers of the Oceanic elongate very perceptibly. "Oh, this is too bad," said everybody; "after being out on the stormy and lonely ocean as long as we have, and now after getting so near the safe haven of our hopes, to be detained for a week, or even a day, is too bad, quite too bad; in fact, perfectly awful."

For two or three hours we were in this state of painful suspense, oscillating between hope and fear, wholly ignorant as to what our fate would be. And the officers of the ship were unable to relieve our anxiety. They were in hopes we would be allowed to pass on in a few hours, but they did not know but we would be detained a week; such power has the quarantine officials over a poor, hapless, storm-tossed bark of the ocean. The anxiety of the officers of the Oceanic was by no means less than our own. Some of them have homes and families in San Francisco, which of course they were most anxious to visit; and as the steamer has but a limited number of days in which to discharge her cargo and take in another, and start on her return trip, they were naturally extremely averse to lying at anchor out in the harbor for an uncertain length of time. But who can tell what men with a little brief authority may decide to do? As we have a great body of Chinamen as a part of our cargo, and public prejudice is so strong against them, this slight excuse, as remarked, will perhaps be sufficient to prevent their being landed, and the passengers, as a matter of course, will have to abide the same fate. Our anxiety and uncertainty for a few hours can be easily understood.

We were, however, in a clean, healthy condition, and that was very much in our favor. There had not been a case of disease or dangerous sickness, even among the Chinamen, during the entire passage. One of the celestials had accidentally met with a fall and broken his arm, and that was the most serious thing that had taken place. Our cleanliness and healthiness were very much to our advantage. We learned that one of the steamers held in quarantine has some seventy-five cases of small-pox on board, and it is not strange that that steamer should not be suffered to touch the shore. But our condition was so unlike that that our fate seemed more merciful. The physicians from the quarantine station, on a prominent island a mile or two away, after making a thorough inspection, and finding everything in such a clean and healthy condition, and the ship's doctor having such an excellent record to present of the healthiness of the ship's passengers, graciously ordered that after a thorough fumigation among the Chinese portion of the live freight, we might in the afternoon steam up beside the wharf and disembark. This was welcome news. We concluded we could endure a few hours more of detention, if by two or three o'clock we could make our entrance into the city. A more cheerful cast of countenance was worn by all the passengers. Hope again remained with us.

GREETING FROM FRIENDS.

The agent of this line of steamers, who early visited our steamer after we had cast anchor, brought a letter for me, which, though unexpected, was more than welcome. I perused it even with avidity, and was made happy by the knowledge that dear friends in the city are standing with outstretched hands to receive me. It was more than I had looked for. The letter was from my good friend Byron Adonis, and had evidently been written several days, it not, of course, being known when I might arrive. It had been left with the parties who early visit the steamer, with instructions that it be delivered at once upon arrival. As flattering as the letter is, let me lay it before you:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 25, 282 (Bruno Calendar).

ILLUSTRIOUS AND HONORED CHIEF: Hundreds of thousands of faithful friends and noble Freethinkers greet you, and with beating hearts await your coming. We have lighted the fires for you, and they are burning brightly all along the line from the Pacific to the Atlantic. We are pushing the priestly enemy to the wall.

Arrangements are being made for you at the Baldwin Hotel—the palace erected by the famous "Lucky Baldwin," who is, I am informed, a front pew-holder in the Temple of Nature. Friends will be at the wharf to meet you when the steamer touches. This note is forwarded by special favor of Capt. Hoyt, of the Merchants' Exchange Service, who intercepts the steamer. Hail and welcome is the greeting that awaits you.

Fraternally, BYRON ADONIS.

Of course such a letter could not do otherwise than make me happy. Accompanying the letter was a printed circular, designed for sending over the country; and though it may have the appearance of vanity on my part, I will venture to give you the following portions of it:

ALL FOR THE NOBLE CAUSE.

To the Liberals of the Pacific Coast, collectively and individually.

Dear Sir: The undersigned, an Executive Committee, appointed by Auxiliary Liberal League 190, of the National Liberal League, to make preparations to tender an ovation to Mr. D. M. Bennett, respectfully address you on this matter of vital importance to our noble cause.

You are aware that the bigots and fanatics have tracked Mr. Bennett with a merciless persecution; and they finally, by decoy letter, through their vile tool, Anthony Comstock, had him arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. You are aware that the notorious and infamous trinity of Benedict, Colgate, and Comstock reveled in this triumph of their Christian ingenuity and deadly hate. They thought that the penitentiary would be Mr. Bennett's grave, and that, entombed with him in that grave, would lie the fearless TRUTH SEEKER, and the great publishing house he had built up for the destruction of Superstition.

You are aware that Mr. Bennett survived his tortures and torturers; that he was received, upon his release, with the greatest honors in a great public demonstration in New York. This demonstration, and the largest petition ever sent to Washington praying for his release, while yet a prisoner at Albany, are evidences of his innocence, of the justness and nobleness of the cause for which he suffered, and the deep public appreciation of the man. You are aware that the Liberals of the United States sent him to Europe; that he returned, and again the Liberals sent him on his around-the-world tour. He is coming back to us, and will at an early day arrive in this city from China and Japan.

Never in human history has there been a more noble display of friendship and fidelity than the Liberals of America, Canada, and England manifested toward Mr. Bennett during his persecutions, trial, and imprisonment, and never did man more worthily deserve this friendship and fidelity. He has stood up boldly and bravely for the sacred cause of mental liberty and for civil and religious liberty, and he has bravely and boldly hurled defiance at the bigots and fanatics who sought not only the destruction of his property, but even of his life, by swearing it away, and incarcerating him in the bastile at Albany. With what fortitude and heroism did this venerable sage endure this merciless imprisonment! With what devotion and unselfishness did the Liberals of America stand by him to the bitter end, never failing, never flinching in their touching, beautiful, and heroic devotion. Glorious triumph of the man and the men who could thus do and dare for Truth and Liberty.

You remember the plaudits of true and loyal souls that greeted Mr. Bennett as he departed by the Atlantic! Let true and loyal souls greet him as he returns by the Pacific! Let us unite as one man to give him a hearty and hospital welcome. Let us open our hearts and purses to give him a Pacific Coast welcome that will ring along and across the continent, that will be glad music to his ears as he journeys, after his long and perilous travels, to the sanctum made sacred to us by his sufferings and sorrows.

All true lovers of civil and religious liberty, whether Freethinkers, Jews, Christians, or others, must unite solidly to prevent any and all encroachments of the church upon the state, must unite to oppose and defeat all special legislation like that carried through by Comstock's Society for the (alleged) Suppression of Vice, but really for the extermination of Freethought publications; or such special legislation as now attempts to enforce a Christian Sabbath upon the people of California. Dangers threaten the republic. The arrest and imprisonment of D. M. Bennett was a blow at the rights of every citizen who dares to express his honest convictions as becomes an American and a freeman, who has too much pride and manhood to bow to bigots, or believe in organized superstition, based upon immaculate frauds. We must be united, we must carry on the conflict against superstition with unflinching courage; we must triumph, for in that triumph is the perpetuity, peace, and prosperity of the republic, and the final happiness of the human family. Keep the sacred fires of Liberty burning all along the line.

BYRON ADONIS, DR. J. D. MCLENNAN,
A. BERENZ, SR., DR. G. C. HOADLEY,
DR. J. L. YORK, JOHN R. KELSO,
PHILIP COWEN.

These documents bore unmistakable evidence to me that I was being looked for, and that my friends were disposed to extend to me a hearty welcome. This assurance caused my heart to swell with gratitude. No appreciative man could fail to be happy with the possession of such friends.

I should state that while the quarantine physician was making his examination a small harbor steamer approached, bearing my friend A. Berenz, Sr., who had come out several miles with the steamer to take me on shore. I felt highly honored by this mark of kind appreciation, and would gladly have accompanied him to the city; but upon application to the quarantine physician for permission, he decided that the Oceanic would be permitted to go to the wharf and that all the passengers must remain on board; so the little steamer returned without me.

In a few hours the process of fumigation, or smoking by the use of disinfectants the hold, the steerage apartments, and the state-rooms, was completed, and after partaking of one more dinner on the Oceanic, the steam was again applied, and at two o'clock we were alongside the wharf—our long journey over the Pacific—which with us had not been pacific—being ended.

Numerous persons who were expecting friends by the Oceanic had received intelligence of her arrival, and assembled to the number of some hundreds in all, to meet the long-expected. Mine were among

the number. I soon spied the committee who were in waiting for me, Mr. Berenz who had called upon me out in the harbor being one of them. The others were Byron Adonis, Dr. J. L. York, and H. W. Walker. As the steamer was rounding the corner of the wharf to come alongside and enter the slip, I reached down from where I was standing and took them by the hand and had a hearty shake, glad indeed to receive such a greeting from such true and steadfast friends.

In a few minutes I was down with them, and though all was hurry and bustle in the landing of passengers and their baggage, it was not long before the custom-house officials were looking through the trunks, packages, and parcels to see if silks, jewelry, opium, cigars, or other contraband goods were to be found. I am pleased to say I had nothing that detained them long, or that they deemed liable to duty. The box containing my stereopticon and views was sent to the custom warehouse for future examination, and I was able early to accompany my friends to the Baldwin, where most excellent accommodations had been prepared for me. I must admit I was very glad to reach the fine and flourishing city of San Francisco, and to meet such a cordial reception from dear and true friends.

And now, kind readers, as you have seen me safely across the Pacific, and as I propose to pass some two weeks in the Golden State, this seems a fitting place to close this letter. Sincerely yours, D. M. B.

Twenty Days in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: Since arriving here I find very little opportunity for writing, so many friends call to see me, and I have so many places to visit, that my time is wholly occupied; but I must give you some account of what I am doing here, as I propose to make a pretty full report to you from the time I left home until I reach it again. Let me say, then, that from the steamer we proceeded directly to the Baldwin House, where a suite of rooms were awaiting my occupancy. I soon made a visit to Mr. Adonis, where I found nearly a hundred letters and TRUTH SEEKERS awaiting me—letters from friends in all parts of the country. I am so often reminded of the partiality of my numerous friends that I can not forget it. My gratitude has unceasing cause for exercise, and I love to remember the many kindnesses so freely poured upon me. I received more invitations to visit towns in various parts of the Western states than I can possibly accept. Gladly would I go to every town where patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER reside, and take my many friends by the hand and make their personal acquaintance, but as it is laid down on my programme to be home in a year from the time I left it, I will be compelled to visit but a small portion of those who have bid me come.

So many are anxious to see me and call at my rooms that I cannot find time to even read all the letters and papers I received this day, though I prolong my inspection to the small hours of the night. During the evening quite a number of ladies and gentlemen called at my rooms, and I was only too glad to see them, and cheerfully passed several hours in conversation.

Wednesday was spent in answering the most urgent letters I had received, in overhauling the books which had been sent me from home, and in receiving calls from friends.

Thursday, the first of June, was faithfully occupied in putting up the flower seeds which I had brought with me from the "Holy Land" and other places, and mailing them to the hundred parties who had kindly written me to Yokohama. As six kinds of seeds were for each person, and had to be put up separately, marked and stamped, it may be easily understood it was no small job to accomplish, and that day had to be prolonged into the night to finish it up.

Friday, June 2d.—On this day I made a trip out to Petaluma. I took a steamer for San Quentin, then the cars twelve miles to San Rafael, and then changed to another train for Petaluma, the whole distance being about forty miles. This route abounds in the most picturesque scenery; the ride up the bay is lovely, and the hills about San Rafael are very beautiful. The great drawback in connection with the hills of California is their losing their verdure so early in the season. Here at the first of June, when everything should look green, the hills are sere and yellow. In the spring the wild oats which universally abound upon the hills have a very green appearance, but with the discontinuance of the rainy season and the short life of the oats, they early become yellow and dead. There appears to be very little native grass grown in California. The pasturage is mostly of the wild oats alluded to, and the hay for stock of all kinds is wheat and oats, cut a little before they are ripe, and cured in the same way as hay in the East. The farmers are just now busily engaged in cutting this hay. The crop is abundant, and the shocks are numerous in many a field I pass. I judge a good yield here is about three tons to the acre. Cattle and horses eat it well and thrive upon it. Clover and timothy seem to be unknown; a good deal of the alfalfa is grown, and is well adapted to this climate. If rains are not too deficient three crops are cut during the season, yielding in the aggregate five or six tons to the acre. This is a very good substitute for clover, and is readily eaten by horses and cattle.

There is a deficiency of trees upon the hills and mountain ranges, which if they were clothed in green would much improve the appearance of the landscape Though the hills and pasture lands are sere and yellow as described, the wild oats though dead afford excellent feed for stock, which thrive well through the summer.

Arriving at Petaluma I found my friend Philip Cowen awaiting me. I stopped a few hours at his store; several friends called to see me, with whom I was glad to become acquainted. After taking dinner with Mr. Cowen and his family, he took me in a carriage several miles across the valley among the farms to an old missionary house of former times, built of adobe dried in blocks and used somewhat like bricks. Not a little soil in the valley is of this adobe; it is fertile in a high degree, and produces excellent crops. It has to be worked soon after rain, being very stiff and intractable at other times. I passed many fine residences and pleasant homes. This is the noted Sonoma Valley, and is one of the many fertile valleys of California. Crops of wheat and oats are abundant, but little Indian corn is raised here. The fences are mostly of wire, and are kept in very good order.

After returning to Petaluma I called with Mr. Cowen upon the two editors of the town, and had some pleasant conversation, touching various countries of the world. After this Mr. Cowen took me some six miles in another direction to the residence of Mr. W. H. Pepper, an intelligent patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and here I stopped over night. Mr. Pepper has a beautiful place and a very fine residence. His business is growing fruit and fruit-trees. He has a fine nursery, with a fair proportion of ornamental trees and shrubbery. He has some forty acres in fruits, principally cherries, apricots, peaches, and pears. The cherries are just in their prime, and the pickling and packing of them and sending them to market makes very busy times. His cherry crop is very large, and, if I remember correctly, will amount to some hundreds of bushels. California is certainly one of the very finest fruit countries in the world. I have seen nowhere a better display of fruit than the San Francisco markets present. Apricots are far more abundant than I have ever seen them anywhere. They are lovely, both in appearance and flavor.

Mr. Pepper has offered his beautiful farm and home for an educational institution and home for orphan and friendless children, where they can learn agriculture, horticulture, and other practical branches of business, and all to be entirely free from sectarian education and dogmatical instruction. His purpose is at the next session of the legislature of the state to offer to them this beautiful property for the purposes indicated, with the guarantee from them that his stipulations shall be adhered to, and that they shall take the management of the institution under their supervision. If he fails to effect a satisfactory arrangement with the legislature he intends to present the property to the Liberals of the state, and for the same purpose, if they will carry out his instructions and conduct the institution upon the general plan which he wishes to see executed. His object is a grand one, and his generous purposes praiseworthy in the highest degree. Every state should have an institution of the character Mr. Pepper contemplates, where the orphans and the friendless can be taught useful and practical branches of industry, and where their education shall be entirely free from ecclesiasticism, supernaturalism, and sectarianism. I would be glad to see the enterprise carried into successful operation. I can but admire Mr. Pepper's unusual generosity and commendable public spirit. There is much yet to be done in a similar direction in various other parts of the country. Education for the young, and homes for such of them as are helpless and unfortunate, where they may not be forced to imbibe theological dogmas, are necessities which will always exist. It does not appear that a "kind Providence" takes sufficient care of the fatherless and homeless, and this most needful work is left for man to attend to.

I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Pepper. The latter is a woman of fine intelligence, and one of the neatest of housekeepers. The *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER are taken and read here with great interest, and no people stand higher among those who best know them. A pleasanter home is not found among ten thousand. Mr. Pepper showed me over the entire place of two hundred and fifty acres, and then took me in a carriage back to Petaluma. Several days could have been very agreeably passed in such a quiet and pleasant retreat; and I was urged to remain longer, but could not take the time to carry out the kind invitation.

After having pleasant interviews with several friends and Liberals of the locality, Mr. Cowen accompanied me on my return to San Francisco. Mr. Cowen is an earnest, devoted Liberal, and has made not a few sacrifices in sustaining what he believes to be the truth. He is a Hebrew by birth, but is wholly emancipated from the theology and superstition inherited from his people. He is a consistent and intelligent worker in the Liberal cause, and has done much to aid THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal publications in the struggle for existence, which seems to be their fate.

The next day, Sunday, was largely passed in my rooms in entertaining friends who called upon me, and a few hours were pleasantly spent with Mr. Cowen in looking over the more aristocratic portions of the city, particularly "Nob Hill," where the wealthy ones reside who have made vast fortunes in mining stocks, railroad stocks, banking, etc. Here are homes which cost a million or two of dollars, and possess all that could be desired in the way of grandeur and convenience. I notice most of the dwellings are constructed of wood, though many of them are large, showy, and expensive, four and five stories high, with bay windows in abundance and exterior decorations elaborate in character. The finer buildings are painted of a light color to represent stone, and are sanded over, so that to a casual observer they easily pass for stone edifices. I think the wood is largely used for dwellings in consequence of the general apprehension of earthquakes, the shocks of which are more frequent on the Pacific slope than on the eastern side of the continent. Wood and frame buildings of course stand up much better under the trying ordeal of earthquake shakings than houses of stone and brick. Houses of wood, also, are not so much affected by the dampness of the sea air and fogs which greatly prevail here. The larger hotels and business houses are of stone or brick, but of the 35,000 buildings in the city over 20,000 are constructed of wood.

The knobs or hills on the southern side of the city are more abrupt and steep than would be just desirable, making the climbing up and down the steeps rather laborious for a city, but many of the richest residences are on the summits of these hills, two or three hundred feet above the city level.

I see here a feature in street railroads which I have not met with before, and that is the cable roads. The cars are run by stationary engines, which operate a wire cable, perhaps an inch and a half in size, running in an excavation below the track. Roads from two to four miles in length have a double cable the entire distance, operating on pullies and rollers, and this is kept in constant motion. The cars clasp and let go of this cable by means of a clamp or grip, which seizes the cable in an instant and goes along with it until a passenger wishes to get off or on, and this is accomplished much quicker than cars, drawn by horses, can stop and start, and the speed made is better, and this the same up and down these steep hills, at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour. It is easier for these roads to run in straight lines, but they nevertheless turn corners and curve considerably without difficulty. The expense of building roads of this kind is obviously several times greater than ordinary roads, but they have many advantages over horse roads, and when travel is extensive perhaps in the end are not more expensive. Three lines of these roads in the city, I learn, have been in successful operation for several years and are regarded a success. Two or more cars go together, accomodating three times as many passengers as a horse car, with the same conductor, the manipulator of the grip or clamp taking the place of the driver. Probably also less help is required to run the engine which furnishes the power for the entire line of cars than would be required to care for the horses, were they depended upon to do the same work. In riding up these steep hills the steam power is certainly preferable, and the passenger does not have to expend the same amount of sympathy and pity for the steam-engine two miles away, and wholly unseen, which he would be compelled to bestow upon the poor horses were they forced to struggle up these laborious hills and pull up ten or fifteen people behind. I almost wonder why New York and other eastern cities have not adopted these cable roads. Fire and water connected with the engine can certainly perform the labor easier than horses.

SAN FRANCISCO

Is certainly a wonderful city when its age is taken into consideration, which is really but about thirty-five years. Something over one hundred years ago some Spanish Franciscan friars established a post here for the conversion of the Indians to Christianity, and the same was maintained till 1835. In the following year a town was laid out, called Yerba Bueno, the first house in it being built by an American. The present name was given it in 1847, when it had less than five hundred inhabitants. In the following year it lost the greater share of its male inhabitants, who rushed to the "gold-diggings," which had just been discovered; and in the next year, 1849, it became one of the most famous places in the world, and was suddenly numbered among the noted commercial ports of the earth. Its harbor, however, was filled with shipping, deserted by their crews, who rushed to the mines to make their fortunes far

more rapidly than by following the sea. Thousands from the Eastern states flocked over the plains, and the general scramble for gold exceeded anything ever before known. A large portion of the people of the young town lived in tents, and the prices of the necessaries and comforts of life reached enormous figures.

The city grew up like a mushroom; but in 1850 it was devastated by five great fires, which swept away every building in the business quarter, and destroyed property to the amount of $16,000 000. But every fire was followed at once by a better class of buildings; and for years the merchants, for prudential reasons, kept the most valuable portion of their wares stored in ships and other vessels far out in the harbor beyond the reach of fire.

For five years the "diggings" turned out gold most bountifully, amounting to not less than $10,000,000 per year, and San Francisco grew as never city grew before. But in 1854 the gold yield began to decline, wages fell, importations decreased, and many business houses and dwellings were without tenants. But after another five years the agricultural resources of this remarkable country began to be developed, which contributed to the healthy growth of the city.

Soon after this the discovery of the Comstock Lode in Nevada, and other circumstances, brought great prosperity to San Francisco, and upon the flood tide of this wonderful good fortune the city steadily rose till 1869, when another reaction took place, arising from over-speculation and inflation in land and the anticipated benefits to be derived from the trans-continenal railroad, bringing the Pacific coast in direct communication with the East. But temporary depression could not long keep San Francisco down; general business became active, and wages remained high.

In 1851 to 1856 vigilance committees took control of the city to counteract the demoralizing effects of the lawless scoundrels who flocked here in large numbers. Summary proceedings were resorted to in many instances, and the city was largely freed from their presence. In 1850 the population was 34,000; in 1860, 56,000; in 1870, 150,000. At the present time it is not far from 250,000, some 25,000 of whom are Chinese.

The assessed value of the land is $150,000,000; the buildings, $50,000,000; the personal property, $75,000,000. These estimates are probably low, as the entire wealth of the city is estimated at $500,000,000, besides the $250,000,000 in other places owned by the wealthy men of the city, making the entire wealth of the city $750,000,000—a wonderful result in thirty five years. There are twenty-five commercial banks, with a banking capital of $50,000,000, besides fifteen savings banks, with 75,000 depositors and $75,000,000 in deposits in all. The dividends of incorporated companies amount to about $30,000,000 annually, nearly half of which is from mining interests, and the balance from banks, gas and water companies, railroads, etc. Monopoly is supreme here, and rules with its usual heavy hand. Fully two-thirds of the dividends named are from property outside of the city, and is held by persons who own not one-twentieth of the property of the city.

In 1875 the sales of real estate in the city amounted to $35,000,000, and of the mining stocks at the stock boards to $260,000,000. Though the city cannot equal London, Paris, and New York in the magnitude of its stock operations, it is not, considering its age, very far behind. Extensive stock-gambling operations have been conducted here for years. When the silver lodes of Nevada were discovered, San Francisco capitalists were required to furnish the money to open the mines and build the mills, but they also drew the immense profits which were realized in those bonanzas, and they thereby were able to keep in their hands the stocks and proceeds of the same.

This was indeed a wonderful piece of good luck for a city almost in its infancy to be able to control such vast wealth as the Comstock mines turned out. This ownership, however, had two sides to it, for while one set of mines had paid out $70,000,000 in dividends, another set had called for $40,000,000 in assessments before the end of 1875. Three companies had collected each more than $2,000 000 in assessments, five others each more than $1,500,000, three others more than $1,000,000 each, and ten others more than $500,000 each. The greater part of these levies were made to open and work mines, which have never paid a dividend, and never succeeded even in finding any considerable amount of mineral.

The annual tax paid in San Francisco for state and municipal purposes is $6,000,000, in addition to a greater sum for federal purposes. $8,000,000 per year is paid in duties on imported goods. The internal revenue is $1,500,000 per year. The total taxes of the city are not less than $25,000,000. Is there another city in the world thirty-five years old that is able to make and pay out one-half of that sum?

The enterprise that has been shown in making solid real estate where the bay once covered is wonderful in itself. Where hotels and business houses now stand, more than half a mile from the water of the bay, ships and schooners once rode and lay at anchor. Fully three hundred acres of the business portion of the city have thus been taken from Neptune and devoted to the service of Mammon. Where the tide once rose and fell, where large vessels floated and fishes swam, is now solid land, covered with towering warehouses and stores. $30,000 000 was used in this way, and the level area of the city thereby greatly increased.

The business portion of the town is about a mile square, while retail stores, residences, etc., extend for miles south and west. The streets are wide and regular, the most of them running at right angles. A considerable portion of the buildings are stately and rich, far exceeding in magnificence and architectural beauty those of many cities I have seen, more than a thousand years old.

THE HOTELS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Would be an honor to the finest city in the world. In fact, the city can boast of the largest hotel on the globe. Let me speak of the Baldwin House, in which I have very pleasant rooms. It was completed in 1876; it is located in the very center of the city; it occupies an entire square, fronting on Market, Eddy, and Powell streets. It is six stories in hight, and has 480 rooms, with accommodations for 600 guests. The interior is magnificently frescoed; its dining-room being a marvel of elegance; its billiard-room is replete with every modern convenience; its reading-room is stocked with all the publications of the day and the necessary concomitants of ease and quiet; its office is adorned with a splendid counter of Mexican onyx and marble—something not often met with. Within the same building is the now famous Baldwin Theater, rarely excelled in elegance and beauty. This hotel is one of the most complete structures of its kind in the United States; neither expense nor labor has been spared in its construction. Its internal arrangements are most perfect, while the beauty of its adornment are all that could be desired. As a place of residence for families or single people it combines the seclusion of home, desirableness of situation, easy access to stores and hacks, and every other mode of conveyance in the city.

I was taken through the basement story of this large structure, and was highly interested to witness the perfect order and system pervading the different departments. The cooking is done by the most extensive and improved modes, in a room far cleaner than the kitchens of most hotels. The bake-room is also large, well-fitted up with all the necessary conveniences, and here bread, cake, and pastries, etc., are turned out in large quantities. The store-room is nearly seventy-five feet square, and fully supplied with all the articles necessary in the hotel; a storekeeper is here at all times to fill the orders of those wanting supplies, and every person is charged with whatever he gets. There are large refrigerators for meats, others for butter, and cool cellars for vege tables of all kinds. Another large department is the laundry. Here are several washing machines in constant operation, propelled by the steam engine, ironing machines as well, and everything as neat as the most tidy housewife could wish. The wine room is almost a marvel to behold. Mr. Baldwin has extensive vineyards in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and manufactures his own wine, of which he has hundreds of casks on hand. I was shown a sample of brandy of his own manufacture; I thought it equal to any I had ever tasted; of this he has an immense quantity, larger than I dare to state.

The patent apparatus for the elevator is on this floor, and is so constructed that an accident can hardly occur. The whole of this immense floor is thoroughly ventilated, clean and sweet; no bad smells can be perceived. The establishment manufactures its own gas, and is independent of gas companies, and I think also of the water works. It is supplied with water from a deep well, which is pumped to the top of the hotel, from which reservoir the entire building is supplied. Every room is furnished with hot and cold water. The parlors are beyond my ability to describe; their lace, silk, and damask curtains are finer than I have ever seen. The furniture is of the richest description. I can hardly speak in too high praise of this well-conducted hotel, and cheerfully recommend it to all my friends who may have occasion to stop a few days in San Francisco.

THE PALACE HOTEL

Must also have a passing notice, for it is the largest and most imposing hotel in the world. It occupies an entire block of land on the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, and being three hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and seventy-five. It is seven stories high, and has in all seven hundred and fifty five rooms for guests alone, all of which are richly furnished throughout. Twelve hundred guests can be accommodated. No less than two and a quarter acres underlie this magnificent pile. The general style of architecture, both within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength, and permanence reign in every part of this imposing structure, with almost myriads of bay windows diversifying its four immense fronts from top to bottom, and partially relieving the oppressive massiveness which would otherwise characterize its literally stupendous proportions, and its absolute immensity. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest chamber has its own private toilet, ample closets, and fire-grate. The site cost $1,000,000, the building $1,750,000 more, and the furniture $500,000, making a total investment of $3,250,000. In the center of this edifice is a court one hundred and forty-four by eighty-four feet, which affords ample light to all the inside rooms. The breakfast room is one hundred and ten feet by fifty-five; the dining-room one hundred and fifty by fifty-five; the music and ball room, sixty-five by fifty-five; the reading-room forty by forty, with waiting-rooms, billiard-rooms, barber shops, etc., of capacious size.

The building is duplex—a huge self-supporting frame of iron of enormous strength, within massive walls of firm-set brick and solid stone. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire, the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquakes. The lower story is twenty-seven feet in hight, and the upper sixteen. A roof of glass covers the entire court.

THE LICK HOUSE

Must also not be neglected, for it was built by that earnest Freethinker, James Lick, who made such generous donations for various educational purposes, among which was one of nearly a million dollars for the construction and erection of the largest observatory in the world, on Mount Hamilton, in the vicinity of San Jose. This hotel was built in 1861; it consists of three elevated stories, and is capable of accommodating nearly four hundred guests. It is essentially a family hotel, conducted upon the European plan. The dining-room, eighty-six by sixty-eight feet and about forty feet in hight, is a marvel of beauty, and is admitted to be the handsomest room on the Pacific coast. It is embellished by ten large, magnificent oil paintings by Denny, Hill, and Marple, illustrating among other things incidents in the history of California. The frames are extremely rich, and are said to have been made by Mr. Lick himself, who, it will be remembered, was an excellent cabinetmaker and piano manufacturer. The whole hotel was thoroughly renovated a year and a half ago, and its marble floors and rich appointments are equal to most hotels of the country. The room was pointed out to me where Mr. Lick breathed his last.

Among the other popular hotels of the city are the the "Grand," the "Occidental," the "International," the "American Exchange," and others, but I presume you have had enough upon the subject of hotels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Snakes.

According to the Bible, God made man, and he made snakes. But whether he made man for the snake, or the snake for man, depends upon which one comes out ahead in the fight. Sometimes the man gets the snake, and sometimes the snake gets the man, and at other times it seems to be about a draw game.

But at the outset evidently God was not governed by the law of supply and demand, for he made a great many more snakes than men. It is said that there are over five hundred different kinds of snakes, so that God must hav made at least one thousand snakes whilst he made but one man and one woman. But of what use are snakes anyhow? When we reflect that in India it is estimated that annually ten thousand persons die of snake-bites, it would seem as a matter of business, that if God, in his great wisdom, had come to the conclusion that man and the world could manage to get along without snakes, that the snake manufacturing business might hav been dispensed with. But it would seem that after some fifteen hundred years, at the time he drowned the world, God considered that snakes were a success, so he had them all taken into the ark and preserved for future use. If Noah had been like some men, when he saw a thousand snakes crawling up the gangplank, he would hav suggested to the Lord that as he had a few lady passengers on board who might get a little nervous, it might be well for him to furnish a few barrels of snake-bite medicin, to be used for medicinal purposes only. It is possible, however, that Noah, the same as did Moses, made a brass snake and hung it upon a pole, so that in case of being bit, all they had to do was to take a look at the brazen serpent and liv. A brass snake as a snake-bite cure was even better than whisky. Moses says, "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived" (Num. xxi, 9). But in these times whisky is more popular than brass snakes as a snake-bite medicin. To giv the snakes a fair chance, as I suppose, Noah let them loose on the top of a mountain, which was so high up as to be above the line of perpetual frost. But they seemed to hav done well, and managed to get into a warmer climate in course of time.

Moses could make a snake out of a stick, and so did the Egyptians, but Moses's snake swallowed all of the other snake, and then Moses turned his snake back into a stick again. But it is a mystery as to what became of the snakes that had been swallowed.

Now I will tell a story about one of the smartest of all snakes. He was not only a good talker, but he could beat God, his maker, in discussing the fruit question; and after Mrs. Adam had listened to his remarks she decided that for an off-hand speech, made without notes, that it was ahead of anything that she had ever listened to. This little speech raised the very devil with the human family, and the devil has been to pay ever since. When we think of all of the misery that has been caused by snakes in the boots and other snakes, I think that God could hav spent his time better than working so long at the snake-making business.

M. BABCOCK.

Prohibition.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 9, 1882, an article signed "Walter Simonds," and entitled "Prohibition Run Mad," critising an article signed "Liberta," published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 29, 1882. Now, in "Prohibition Run Mad," I find nothing but a criticism of what the writer regards as the extravagant assertions of "Liberta." The article is throughout an evasion of the real question at issue between the writer and "Liberta." The question at issue is, "Is it within the just province of free goverments to prohibit the liquor traffic?" "Liberta" affirming and Simonds denying.

I find in "Prohibition Run Mad" not a syllable that tends to evince the injustice of prohibitory legislation, besides the implication that prohibition is one with persecution, except the insupportable assertion that the legitimate result of prohibition is an invasion of the inalienable rights of man.

To promulgate this doctrin is to say that man is answerable to no tribunal but his own conscience; that he need consult no statute book but his own inclination; and to admit this is to wipe all forms of government from the face of the earth, to annihilate the science of jurisprudence, and undo all that the statesman, the patriot, and the jurist hav done for the world since man was man. If this doctrin is unpopular I am glad that the majority for once is right, for purely the conception of such a thought is a disgrace to the intellect of civilized man. The origin of liberty is foreign to this question. It occurs to me that as man emerges from savagery one of his first ideas of government is that each idividual must surrender a portion of his liberties for the good of the whole society; and the truth of this doctrin becomes so apparent that the first denial of it givs truth to prohibitory legislation and penal statutes. Prohibition held within just bounds is not oppressiv. It is the abuse of the prohibitory power that is an invasion of individual rights. So also an abuse of individual liberty is anarchy. Prohibition and liberty must mutually restrain each other. It is monstrous and absurd to contend that any class of men hav an inalienable right to do wrong or to engage in a business that is detrimental to society.

Mr. Simonds concedes the right of the state to enforce penal statutes against wrong-doers. This virtually surrenders all that is contended for by "Liberta."

Mr. Simonds contends that the prohibitory provisions against murder, larceny, etc., cited by "Liberta," and the justice of which he admits, are not parallel to the prohibition legislation asked against rum-sellers. Now I insist they are paralleled in every particular, especially so when Mr. Simonds virtually admits the justice of enforcing penal statutes against those who become drunk and disorderly. We do not ask that the human family be exterminated that there may be no one to become intoxicated, nor that all liquors be swept from the face of the earth that there may be nothing to drink.

Now the law not only punishes the murderer, but it also punishes those who sell him deadly weapons for the purpose of committing murder. And all we ask is that the law punish not only the drunkard, but the man who sells him the means of intoxication for the purpose of intoxication. Our position is that it is competent for the state in all cases to punish him who sells the means of doing wrong for the purpose of doing wrong.

What proportion of the crime of the country is due to drunkenness I will not assume the province of determining, nor is it material to the issue.

I challenge Mr. Simonds to show me one benefit that the world has ever derived from the rum shop; while, on the other hand, he concedes that they are the cause of a great deal of poverty and wretchedness. They are therefore detrimental to society and should be restrained or abolished.

Mr. Simonds says an educated thief is a dangerous man, but must we abolish education to get rid of that class of men? On whom does he expect to impress this as paralleled to anything asked for by those who seek to abolish the liquor traffic. It is a misrepresentation of our proposition, and the bait would not suffice to catch gudgeons. Education is a source of power, and there always hav been, and perhaps always will be, men who will abuse their power; but at the same time it is a source of power from which great blessings are derived. The rumseller, on the other hand, givs no equivalent for what he takes from his customers; he confers blessings on none. All that his customers derive from their dealing with him is degradation and untimely graves for themselvs, and want and wretchedness for their families. His occupation must therefore be classed with that of the gambler and the highwayman; highway robbery being the best of the three, as it does not degrade its victims.

And when the rum-seller has taken from the husband and father that which should be given to his wife and children, and given him that which brings him in the prime of his manhood to a drunkard's grave, by what means does he seek to prove that his hands are free from blood? Why, he says: "I hav a right to sell, and he was at liberty to buy my liquor or let it alone. If his manhood could not protect him from temptation, he must suffer the consequences." This is to say with guilty Macbeth, "You cannot say I did it. Shake not those gory looks at me."

And you, Mr. Simonds, professing to be a lover of truth, degrade your intellect to poison the world's mind with the same sophistry.

Suppose, sir, that some poor, persecuted rum-seller comes to you to lease a part of your dwelling-house, and you lease it to him, for the purpose of carrying on his trade, and he keeps in your home a den resorted to for the purpose of drinking and carousing, as you contend he has the inalienable right to do, and you permit this till your beardless sons are made drunkards and blackguards; can you deny that you prove recreant to your trust? Will you then hav the hardihood to say, "If their manhood cannot protect them let them suffer the consequences?" And when the bright boy of whom you were once so fond sleeps in a drunkard's grave, will you dare to say that you are innocent of his blood? And if it is incumbent on a father to protect his home from these evils, who shall tell us that a great nation must giv up the fairest portion of the earth to drunkenness and debauchery because, forsooth, it is the rum-seller's inalienable right to carry on his debasing traffic!

How long, oh, how long! will men of intelligence bow down before the rum-seller and lick the dust from his feet? How long, oh, how long! will they prostitute their genius to justify the infamous conduct of those who deal out destruction to the world, and then defraud justice by perjury and subornation to perjury?

D. S. IRWIN.

Book Notice.

HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE. Illustrated with steel engravings. Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Complete in three vols. Vol. II., 952 pp., 8vo; 13 portraits. Price, cloth, $5.00; sheep, $6.50 per vol. Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

The second volume of this elaborate work has just been placed upon our table. It is a magnificent volume, appears equal to Volume I., and does full credit alike to authors and publishers. To do the volume adequate justice requires more time and study than we will be able now to giv it; but to all persons interested in the struggle which woman has made in our country for the recognition and exercise of the rights to which by nature and reason she is justly entitled, it cannot than otherwise be highly appreciated.

The first volume of this great work appeared some fourteen months ago, and in about the same time the third and completing will follow. Ample proof is here presented of the labor and ability required in the preparation of a work of this magnitude, and also the wide interest taken in the question of woman's rights—her rights of labor, of education, in the house, over her children, over her property, and in the affairs of law and government. The work will and does constitute a library within itself of the earnest struggles that hav been made by the heroins who hav given their lives and strength to this righteous cause.

The first volume comprises fifteen chapters, besides a voluminous appendix. The present volume contains eleven longer chapters and a full appendix. No mere sketch can do the work the justice it merits. It is an important and grand addition to the history of our country and of needed reform. The work is neatly printed, and contains fine steel engravings of Anna Dickinson, Clara Burton Clemence, Sophia Lozier, M.D., Olympia Brown, Jane Graham Jones, Virginia L. Minor, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Belva A. Lockwood, Ella Clark Sargent, Myra Bradwell, Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, and Mary A. Livermore.

The subjects of the eleven chapters of the present volume are: Woman's Patriotism in the War: Congressional Action; National Conventions in 1866–67; The Kansas Campaign, 1867; The New York Constitutional Convention; Reconstruction; National Conventions, 1869; New Departure Under the Fourteenth Amendment; National Conventions, 1873, '74, '75; Trials and Decisions; American Woman Suffrage Association.

The first chapter possesses decided interest, presenting many interesting incidents, delineating woman's patriotism and devotion in that great struggle.

In subsequent chapters speeches are given from such eminent persons as George William Curtis, O. B. Frothingham, Henry Ward Beecher, Antoine Brown Blackwell, Ernestine L. Rose, Theodore Tilton, Wendell Phillips, Olympia Brown, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Moses Colt Tyler, Hon. G. F. Hoar, etc. The volume presents abundant food for thought, and is well calculated to stimulate renewed consideration of many vital questions. It is a work in the great interest of reform, and should be in the library of every lover of reform.

To Freethought Lecturers.

I will publish free in the "Freethinkers' Directory" the name and post-office address of every Freethought lecturer who will furnish the same to me before Nov. 1st.

H. L. GREEN.

Mr. Green's Projected Book.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: I heartily indorse the movement of Mr. H. L. Green, the secretary of the Freethinkers' Association, in procuring and publishing in pamphlet form, with the "articles of association," etc., the names of all those in the United States and Canada who are willing to unite with the association and be known as Freethinkers. I earnestly urge every Liberal to send in his or her name and order one or more of the pamphlets. For the good of the Liberal cause we should circulate such a pamphlet.

T. L. BROWN.

Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1882.

The Hacker Fund.—August Statement.

The following named parties hav each voluntarily promised to contribute not less than twenty-five cents a month to the above fund. The list is always open for additional names.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va., paid to Oct., 1, 1882.	
Eliza Drake, Pleasant Valley, N. Y., to Jan. 1, 1883,	.75
J. S. Weeks, Onekama, Mich., to Jan. 1, 1883,	1.00
G. C. T. Hall Nossville, Pa.,	.00
A. Minski, Superior, Neb.,	.00
John T Gray, Branch Junction, Mich.,	.00
W. T. Porter, Philadelphia, Pa.,	.00
W. Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.,	.00
John Earnshaw, Greenville, Conn., to Dec. 1, 1882,	1.00
Elias Livezey, Baltimore, Md.,	.25
C. Garwood, Baltimore, Md.,	.25
E. W. Fitzner, Nevada City, Cal.,	.00
V. J. Borrette, White Rock, Nev.,	.50
Wm. Black, Carrollton, Ill., paid to February 1, 1883.	
Dr. Fairchild, New Brunswick, N. J.,	.50
Owen Webster, Benson, Arizona, paid to Nov. 1, 1882.	
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.	
Mr. and Mrs. Prouty,	.75
Total,	5 05

BERLIN, N. J., Sept. 1, 1882.

Received in August through the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER, $3.50; from a friend in Massachusetts, $2.00; from C. Garwood, $5.05.

J. HACKER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dignity of our courts of justice, the customary methods of tendering oaths are far from impressiv, and to people possessed of great veneration are somewhat shocking. The person who administers them is not usually eminent for piety. To obtain the position of clerk, he must rather hav evinced political shrewdness and profound sagacity. He is far better acquainted with the voters of the Ninety-ninth ward than with the Psalms of David or the holy gospels. He hardly seems to be the proper person to invoke the Supreme Being to aid a faltering witness, or to denounce the wrath of heaven upon the one who givs false testimony. Upon the opening of a term af court, one of the first duties of the clerk is to swear the grand jury. Directing the one who has been selected as foreman to stand up, he hurries through with the prescribed form in a manner scarcely intelligible to those even who are familiar with it. The rest of the grand jury are then sworn in squads and platoons, without having the oath repeated to them, and at the close the man of cleanliness and refinement is compelled to bow down and kiss the same ancient and greasy volume which for years has been used for similar purposes, with his next neighbor whose mouth has never known a toothbrush, whose lips are dripping with tobacco-juice, and whose breath is redolent of whisky and onions. Is it remarkable that some should prefer to be sworn with the uplifted hand? Then as each witness takes the stand, the Supreme Being is again called in by the clerk to assist in the judicial proceedings and to brace up the witness to do his duty. Jeremy Bentham, in 1817, wrote of oaths in his strange style: "On the supposition that, by man over the Almighty, power should to this, or any other purpose, be exercised or exercisable, an absurdity than which nothing can be greater, cannot be denied to be involved; man the legislator and judge, God the shiriff and executioner; man the despot, God his slave. . . God is a negligent servant indeed, but still a servant; he disobeys the orders nine times out of ten, but he pays obedience to them on the tenth."—*Judge E. A. Thomas: Oaths in Legal Proceedings. N. A. Review.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

Further Replies to Mr. Whitehead.

Our friend objects to the term fable as applied to Genesis, but any story that tells of a garden spot where four rivers hav their source, about knowledge and long life growing upon trees, about men being made of clay. and woman, with her nerves, tissues, flesh, and blood, being drawn out from a small rib bone, about a snake, which has no organs of speech, conversing in human language, about water descending upon the earth for forty days at the rate of seven hundred and fifty feet per day, about all forms of animal life, amounting to millions, being got together and kept in a big box for thirteen months, is only worthy the term of *fable*. It cannot be true. It is absurd to call it "history." And, what is cheering, the lessons of geology, of astronomy, and other sciences are being more and more accepted by the thinking among men; and the silly stories about the creation, about the formation of man and woman, about the talented snake ruining them and defeating his maker at the same time, about that impossible flood, are being less and less believed. It certainly seems that Mr. Whitehead has intelligence enough not to longer giv in his adherence to such groundless, unsupported, and senseless stories. He would do well to read Col. Ingersoll's "Some Mistakes of Moses," Prof. Westbrook's "The Bible, Whence and What," or Bronson Keeler's "Short History of the Bible." He should not revere falsehood because it has antiquity, and should not believe as true that of which there is not the slightest proof.

As Mr. Whitehead objects to being made to "gulp down" the statement that, according to the Bible, the creation of the earth and of man took place less than six thousand years ago, we also decidedly object to "gulping down" the absurd claim that the writings of wholly unknown persons, written in an unknown period, and afterward massed into one volume, as both reliable history and the word of God, when neither is so much as claimed by the writers themselvs. It seems very easy for our friend to "gulp down" the latter, whether the former will "gulp" or not. The ease with which our Christian friends accept the claim that these unknown writers wrote by the help of God, and that they know what took place hundreds and thousands of years before they were born, shows the remarkable facilities possessed for "gulping down." If the Christians do not "gulp" fable for truth, no people ever did.

The following facts with reference to the older part of the Bible may be stated. It is equally unknown when and by whom they were written. It is not even known when and by whom they were compiled and made into a book or canon. It has been thought it was done by Ezra after he had led a portion of the Jews back to Palestine from Babylon. It is far more probable that he and his scribes wrote them than that they were written by the persons whose names they bear. The canon was probably fixed up long after he was dead. But all is uncertainty and doubt. It was not at first thought that the books were written or inspired by God; that was wholly an afterthought. It was a claim set up by priests long after the writers were dead.

We hav not the books now in the form in which they were written; parts were left out and parts added, according to the whim of the compilers. Nothing prevented their making such changes as they pleased. The crudeness and carelessness with which they performed the work is exemplified in the facts that the last two verses of 2 Chronicles and the first of Ezra are the same; that nearly half the books attributed to Isaiah were not written by Isaiah at all, but by an unknown person in Babylon, and some two hundred and fifty years after the time of Isaiah; still later pieces were also added to the collection attributed to Isaiah; that the book of Daniel, which has been looked upon as a wonderful mass of prophecy, was not written by Daniel at all, and not till the Maccabean period, about 165 B C.—four hundred years after Daniel was dead, and long after the events had taken place referred to by the pretended prophecy. To this forgery ascribed to Daniel were added the Prayer of Azarias, the Song of the Three Children, the History of Susannah, and Bel and the Dragon, and these are to-day by half the Christian world—the Catholics—regarded as divine as the other portions of the Bible. All these things show how easily the "gulping" process is performed by those who are compelled to "gulp down" fables and unknown writings as "history" as divinely inspired. The credulous believers, like our friend, are ready to "gulp" whatever is stated in that collection of unknown authors; such accounts as the waters of Noah's flood reaching five miles high; of the forms of animal life existing together in a close vessel over a year; of the river Nile being turned to blood, and other equally impossible plagues of Egypt; of the Red Sea parting its waters and walling up on each side, making a dry roadway through it, for one set of human beings to be saved and another set drowned; of two or three million of people with all their cattle living in an arid desert for forty years, all their food for that period being sent from heaven in the form of manna; of stones being thrown down from heaven to kill human beings, and, upon their giving out, of Joshua's stopping the sun and moon that he might hav daylight for committing more slaughter; of Samson killing a lion with his hands; of his catching three hundred foxes and tying their tales together, and setting corn fields on fire; of his slaying a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass; of his carrying off the heavy gates of Gaza and overthrowing the pillars of a temple with his hands and killing three thousand people; of three young men being cast into a highly-heated furnace without the slightest injury; about Daniel being cast into a den of lions; about Jonah being swallowed by a fish, retained three days under water without air, and then vomited safely on dry land, and much more of a similar character needless to mention. Our friend has to accept all these as "history" and the inspired word of God. We are compelled to regard it as *fable*, and of not the slightest reliability or truth.

In treating the subject of the authenticity of Bible books, no less a Bible scholar than Prof Samuel Davidson admits the truth of much set forth in the foregoing. In speaking of the changes and modifications which hav been made by collectors and compilers of the unknown writers, he says:

> Men of prophetic gifts wrote in the name of distinguished prophets, and put their productions with those of the latter, or adapted and wrote them over after their own fashion. The fiftieth and fifty-first chapters of Jeremiah show such overwriting. To Zechariah's authentic oracles were attached chapters ix and xiv, themselvs made up of two parts (ix–xi; xii–xiv) belonging to different times and authors prior to the destruction of the Jewish state by the Babylonians.
>
> The soferim, as the successors of the prophets, must hav corrected and revised the sacred books to some extent. We need not hesitate to allow that they sometimes arranged parts and *even added matter of their own*. In the time of the canon's entire preparation they and the other priests, with writers and scholars generally, redacted the national literature, excluding or sanctioning such portions of it as they saw fit.
>
> From Ezra's treatment of the oldest law books we infer that he did not look upon them as inviolate. Venerable they were, and so far sacred; but neither perfect nor complete for all time. . . . The redaction to which he submitted them shows no superstitious reverence. With him *canonical* and *holy* were not identical. Nor does the idea of an *immediate divine* authority appear to hav dominated the mind of Nehemiah and his scholars in the selection of books.
>
> The scribes who followed Ezra, "Seeing what he did, would naturally follow his example *and would not scruple, if it seemed best to revise the text in substance as well as form. They aid not refrain from changing what had been written, or inserting fresh matter.*"
>
> The differences between them (the Palestinian and Alexandrian versions of the prophets and the Hagiographa), often remarkable, *prove that those who had most to do with the books did not guard them as they would hav done had they thought them infallibly inspired.*

Thus, as this ablest of Bible scholars admits that the various books composing the Bible were freely changed by those who took upon themselvs their compilation and consolidation; as he confesses they subtracted and added according to their own desires; as it is unknown who were the authors of the Pentateuch, of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, the two books of Samuel, the two books of Kings, the two books of Chronicles, of Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and others; as these books were not for a long time thought to be the product of the divine mind, it is somewhat amusing to see how readily the whole—the claims of divinity, infallibility, and all—is "gulped down" without a question by those who hold that believing without proof is a virtue. As gulpers, the world can show no superiors. With such credulous people, if the claim were set up by the fathers of the church that the moon is composed of green cheese, or that the sun is but little larger than a cartwheel, it is highly probable they would easily accept it.

The two vague quotations given by our friend from the poetry of the Bible amount to little more than as though he had quoted from Shakspere or Milton. They show no knowledge of the early state of matter, nor of the composition of the world. That they do not absolutely contradict the teachings of science amounts to very little. He may think Moses and the other supposed Bible writers are "about right," but we think the proof is that they are about wrong. Those who accept them as "the infallible word of God" do so on the most slender proof in the world. The stories are fable more than history.

As to the eternality of matter, so long as it is impossible to increase matter in the slighest degree, or decrease it in the slightest degree; so long as it cannot be created nor destroyed; so long as it is impossible to comprehend how something can come from nothing, it is more reasonable to look upon matter as eternal than to think it an evolution of nothing. It is surely a no greater stretch of the imagination than to imagin a creator and that he is eternal. While our friend insists that he does not know that matter is eternal, it may be as truthfully insisted that he does not know that it is not eternal. When he can show how it is possible for matter to come from nothing it will be time enough to believe it had a beginning. His analogy of butting against the pyramids of Egypt, and then concluding they are eternal, seems not to possess special force. The matter of which the pyramids are composed is, of course, eternal, but the form in which they now are had a beginning. The forms and combination of matter are always changing, more or less rapidly, but matter itself never comes into existence and never goes out.

Our friend brings no new fact to light when he asserts that matter is not a simple element, but comprises over sixty distinct elements, including oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine, carbon, sulphur, potassium, sodium, iron, gold, silver, copper, etc. No person will dispute this. But when he asks which of these is eternal, and whence the others come, the rational answer is, they are all eternal; one can neither be converted into another, nor can one of them come from nothing. They are capable of combining endlessly with each other in new combinations and organizations, but none of them comes into existence—none goes out. The fact of the ever-varying combinations that may be formed of these elements is the only rational explanation of the origin of the world. There is clearly a possibility for the elements to unite in the form they now are, and the conditions must hav been favorable to the result or it would not hav taken place. There was a natural cause for every result that has taken place. Causes, forces, and material may be regarded as eternal, but results, combinations, and conditions come and pass away.

The "inertia of matter" is another mistake. Strictly speaking, matter is not inert, but is eternally charged with life, or the possibility of entering into new combinations, producing new forms, and developing new life. There is inorganic life as well as organic, and without the one the other would not be possible. The inherent powers of matter are equal to all the results which hav been produced by the myriads of combinations that hav taken place. If matter is really inert no form of life could be possible. Where inorganic forms of matter end, and organic forms begin, is a deep and intricate subject, and not yet fully understood; but it is not difficult to comprehend that the gradation of the coarser forms of matter to the higher forms of life is a regular and natural one. Matter in the inorganic domain exists in numerous degrees, and it is the same in the organic world—almost endless forms are found to exist. The connecting link between the inorganic and the organic is as natural and simple as the rest if as well understood. It is known that certain combinations and qualities of inorganic matter are essential to organic life, that the subtle forces of nature (the concomitants of matter) hav an important office in the premises, and that the lower forms of organic life are but a slight remove above protoplasmic, or properly combined organic matter. Without these conditions organic life would not be possible; but every step from the lowest form of inorganic matter to the highest form of organic life is perfectly natural, for nothing strictly unnatural ever took place. Let it be reiterated, all causes are natural causes, all laws are natural laws, all processes are natural processes, and all results are natural results. Nature does everything and super-nature nothing. Nature is the highest; nature is the lowest; nature is all.

Now for the *dream* part of Christianity. If our friend will notice what we said he will see that we did not say that "the New Testament is founded on a dream," as he has it in his last, but that Christianity is founded upon a dream. This proposition is certainly easy of confirmation. The fundamental claim of Christianity is that Jesus was miraculously begotten by God, that he is absolutely and to all intents and purposes the son of God, that he had not a natural father, that he was sent into the world to die as a propitiation or atonement for the sins of the world, and that all who believe this are to enjoy the beatitudes of heaven forever, while all who do not or can not believe must suffer the torments of hell to all eternity. If, then, Jesus was not the son of God, if he was not miraculously begotten, if his mother was not a virgin even after her conception and bringing forth, then the foundation of Christianity is taken away, and all the dodging, sophistry, and special pleading in the world cannot prevent it.

It is but simply stating the truth that all the grounds there are in the world that such an unnatural thing ever took place is the dream which a pretender falsely wrote that Matthew narrated over fifty years after the dream was dreamed. If Mr. Whitehead can show any other authority on which to base the divinity of Jesus, or his heavenly parentage, he is requested to produce it. In the story accorded to Luke he mentions a vision that Mary had of a call from the angel Gabriel, on which occasion the angel is said to hav told the young girl of a visit

his master, or the Holy Ghost would make her, when a little overshadowing would be performed; but all this was in the future, and the story does not say that the visit and the overshadowing ever took place. All the authority the Christian church has, then, that Jesus is the begotten son of God is that dream narrated by the pseudo-Matthew, nearly two hundred years after the dreamer ceased to exist. If, then, we are not justified in saying that Christianity rests upon a fable and a dream, let it be clearly shown. The claim that "the vision was given to quiet the jealous fears of the old man Joseph respecting the condition of the girl to whom he was engaged" is begging the question. That is all the proof there is that Jesus was begotten by a ghost or spirit, and had the story not been told to incite the faith of the Christian world in the divinity of Jesus, it might better hav not been told. If the dream satisfied Joseph, and that was all the object to be produced, there was no necessity for repeating the dream. Joseph was already pacified, and that was all that was necessary. The dream-gossiper had better held his peace.

Our friend fain would make it appear that the four gospels in the New Testament were known to Barnabas, Clemens Romanus, Ignatius, Polycarp, Papais, etc. Although he quotes Wheeler to boost up the claim, it positivly cannot stand. Not one of these persons knew of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, neither did Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Hegesippus, Basilides, Valentinus, Marcion, Tatian, Dionysius of Corinth, Melito of Sardis, Claudius Apollonaris, Athenagoras, Ptolemus, Heracleon, nor any others of the early fathers and authorities up to the time of Irenæus after the year 180. This latter, as before observed, was the first to mention the four gospels, in the New Testament. It is most clear that up to his time they were unknown, and the reasons that Irenæus givs why there were four gospels, and could be no more and no less, are of the most frivolous character—because there are four quarters of the world, because there are four general winds, and because cherubims hav four faces. More sophistical reasons and props to sustain four unauthentic gospels could not be devised; and it must be insisted upon that a person, whether bishop or not, capable of advancing such arguments in favor of unsupported pretensions is unworthy of credit.

It is not strange after an examination into the character of the fourth gospel that the learned author of "Supernatural Religion" should use such language as this: "We hav seen that whilst there is not one particle of evidence during a century and a half after the events recorded in the fourth gospel that it was composed by the son of Zebedee, there is, on the contrary, the strongest reason for believing that he did not write it." It is not strange that when speaking of the authenticity of the gospels and of the period when the claim for them was set up Dr. Westcott should call it "the dark age of Christian literature." There is most undeniably a great want of proof of the authenticity of the gospels, and the whole story of Jesus, and of the immaculate conception, of the miracles performed by Jesus, of his rising from the dead, and of his physical ascension up into the ethereal regions. These things were clearly untaught and unknown in the first century, and were not taught by the apostles nor their immediate disciples in the first century. They were wholly the inventions of the more unscrupulous fathers and writers of the second century when a necessity, in order to satisfy the prevalent love of the supernatural and wonderful, was thought to exist.

In his able work, the "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," Judge Charles B. Waite, A.M., after years spent in examination of all the early authorities upon the Christian religion lays down these propositions which cannot be successfully disputed:

1. No one of the four gospels is mentioned in any other part of the New Testament. [This assuredly would not hav been the case had they been the oldest, and the foundation upon which the whole was built.]

2. No work of art of any kind has ever been discovered, no painting or engraving, no sculpture or other relic of antiquity which may be looked upon as furnishing additional evidence of the existence of those gospels, and which was executed earlier than the latter part of the second century. Even the explorations of the Christian catacombs failed to bring to light any evidence of that character.

3. The four gospels were written in Greek, and there was no translation of them into other languages earlier than the third century.

4. No manuscript of the gospels are in existence dating farther back than the fourth century. Of that century, or the next, there are three or four, and some twenty or thirty, more than a thousand years old.

5. No autograph manuscript of any of the gospels has ever been known, so far as there is any authentic record, nor has any credible witness ever claimed to hav seen such a manuscript. No one has ever claimed to hav seen such a manuscript of either of the four gospels in the hand-writing of Luke, Mark, Matthew, or John. If the autograph manuscripts had ever existed they would hav been preserved among the most sacred relics of the church.

6. During the first two centuries tradition was esteemed of more value, and better evidence of the gospel history, than any written books or manuscripts.

7. The dialect in which the New Testament books were written, a sort of Hebraistic Greek, has been considered evidence of their antiquity. But this dialect prevailed three centuries after Christ, and was in full use during the second century. The same or similar Hebraisms abound in the apochryphal gospels of that age.

8. The canonical gospels were selected by the bishops from a large number then in circulation.

In the conclusion of his exhaustiv and careful work of 450 pages this author says:

In taking a generel review of the first hundred and seventy years of the Christian religion the first thing that strikes the mind is the dearth of material from which to construct a reliable history. It is seen at once how much must rest upon probability in its different degrees—how much must be relegated to the province of speculation. The works of the only church historian who wrote during that period, lost or destroyed, the few fragments that are left being of comparativly no value—the writings of Porphyry and others who wrote against Christianity, and those of the heretic Christians, all destroyed—there remain only the works of some of the orthodox fathers, and the text of those in a mutilated and corrupted condition.

Such is the material at the hands of the historian. Of course he cannot rely implicitly upon the unsupported assertion of any such writer for the truth of any historical fact whatever. In every instance he is obliged to scrutinize carefully, and endeavor to ascertain whether any ulterior motivs may hav prompted whatever statement may be under consideration. If he can find none, and the fact stands uncontradicted by other writers, it is cautiously accepted. Under such circumstances progress is slow and uncertain. The most that any writer can hope to accomplish is to place in proper shape what is already known, and to establish here and there a landmark for the benefit of subsequent historians.

In conclusion, as the result of this investigation, it may be repeated that no evidence is found of the existence in the first century of either of the following doctrins: the immaculate conception—the miracles of Christ—his material resurrection. No one of these gospels is to be found in the epistles of the New Testament, nor hav we been able to find them in other writings of the first century.

As to the four gospels, in coming to the conclusion that they were not written in the first century, we hav but recorded the conv ction of the most advanced scholars of the present day, irrespectiv of their religious views in other respects; with whom the question as now presented is "How early in the second century were they composed?"

Discarding as inventions of the second century, having no historical foundation, the three doctrins above named, and much else which must necessarily stand or fall with them, what remains of the Christian religion?

Mr. Whitehead speaks of quotations that were made from what were called *gospels*, by some of the fathers of the second century. Right enough; that is quite possible. The first few centuries of the church were full of "gospels" and "epistles" some of which have been preserved to the present time and many of which have been lost. We have what is called the Apochryphal New Testament in which are the gospel of the Birth of Mary, the Protevangelion, the First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, Thomas's Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, the Gospel of Nicodemus or the Acts of Pontius Pilate, the same followed by numerous epistles of an apocryphal character. Among the lost gospels are the Gospel of Paul, the Gospel of the Hebrews, the Gospel of the Egyptians, the Gospel of Perfection, the Gospel of Philip, the Gospel of Andrew, the Syriac Gospel, the Gospel of Matthias, Gospel of Judas Iscariot, Gospel of Apelles, Gospel of Barnabas, Gospel of Basilides, the Clementine Gospel, Gospel of Bartholomew, Gospel of Eve, Gospel of Cerinthus, Gospel of Encratites, the Eternal Gospel, Gospel of the Gnostics, Gospels of Hesychius, Gospel of Justin, Gospel of James the Less, Gospel of Jude, Gospel of the Lord, Gospel of Lucius, Gospels of Lucianus, Gospel of Life, Gospel of Longinus, Gospel of Manes, Gospel of Marcion, Gospel of Merinthus, Gospel of Scythianus, Gospel of Simonides, Gospel of Thaddeus, Gospel of Tatian, Gospel of Truth, and almost as many more as may be desired. It is claimed that within the first three centuries of the Christian era, there were two or three hundred gospels and epistles named after some apostle, disciple, father, or bishop. It is not claimed they were written by the men whose names they bore, nor that they were written by inspiration, but there seems to have been a mania for writing gospels. Many of the young priests and zealous believers conceived it their privilege to write a gospel and give it the name of such distinguished disciple, saint or teacher as they fancied. The same right was exercised to write a gospel as is now used by many in writing an account of Garfield's death, or Guiteau's execution.

Admitting the correctness of our friend's claim that Barnabas, Clemens, Ignatius, Papias, and others quoted from gospels, they must have been some of the foregoing or others, and not the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, which most positivly were not known to one of the persons named. The gospels which were read in the early churches previous to the year 180 were not either of our present four gospels of the New Testament and those decided to be apocryphal. In the contentious and quarrelsome councils of bishops which assembled to decide which gospels and epistles should be accepted as genuin it is well known that in some councils books were discarded which are now considered genuin, and some were accepted which hav been since discarded. The whole affair seems to hav been a medley of confusion and uncertainty. There is nothing to show that the finally accepted books are any more genuin than those discarded. But let it be remembered by Mr. Whitehead and every person seeking after the truth that the four gospels were not mentioned until Bishop Irenæus called a tention to them when he gave his absurd reason for just those and none others. The gospels that had been alluded to before and quoted from were the other gospels since discarded as not being truthful nor inspired.

There is great probability that there was more or less similarity between many of the gospels—some borrowing from others and all borrowing from the legends and traditions in existence. That many of them are strictly unreliable is clear to be seen; that one of them was penned by divine aid there is not the first particle of proof. There is claimed to hav been a gospel of Matthew, and that it had also been called the gospel of the Hebrews, but it clearly was not the gospel which we call the gospel of Matthew. That was written in Hebrew, while this never was in Hebrew, and was written in Greek.

Our friend gets the gospels somewhat confused when he intimates that Celsus wrote against the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the time when Celsus lived; and it is said there were two persons by that name. It is claimed by some that the Celsus against whom Origen wrote flourished about the year 160, while others insist that he was a contemporary of Origen, who lived in the fore part of the third century. Whatever time Celsus lived, however, very little is known of what he wrote, for his Christian adversaries took very good care to destroy his writings, as they did the writings of Porphyry and others who were opposed to them. All that is known of what he wrote is what Origen was rather compelled to hand down to us in the paragraphs which he quoted to refute. One thing is certain, that Celsus did not so much write against any particular gospels out of the two hundred which existed as against the general claims of Christianity, according to the legends that had been preached for a hundred years or more. It must be seen that Celsus is a weak prop to hold up the four canonical gospels.

The same may be said of Marcion. He, though a heretic, had a gospel of his own, from which it is believed that the gospel of Luke was partially composed, but he assuredly had nothing to say, pro or con, of the four gospels, now declared to be the inspired word, but which were unknown till after his time.

When Mr. Whitehead makes the assertion that the gospels are as "well authenticated as any other books in existence" he certainly makes a very extravagant statement, and one that is not at all borne out by the facts. If he means all of the two hundred gospels alluded to it is only necessary to say that all but four of them hav been discarded by the various councils that hav been held to act upon them, and by the common consent of the church, while the four that hav been retained are shown to hav been unknown till after the year 180, and consequently spurious forgeries or frauds, not written by the pretended authors of them. If this most damaging character means "well authenticated," it must be that language has obtained new meaning. If there are any books in the world less authenticated we would like to know which they are.

The fact adduced that Christians were persecuted, and from that the argument urged that their doctrins are true, will hardly work, or, what is equally unfortunate, it proves too much. If being persecuted proves a belief to be true, then as Christians hav persecuted others a thousand times more than they hav been persecuted themselvs they hav proved the belief of their victims a thousand times truer than their own.

As to the fathers being designing and ignorant, a few words may be said. The charge of "ignorant" may be qualified to this extent, that while they were so ignorant as not to be acquainted with many of the simplest facts and laws of nature, they were not so ignorant as not to know their right hands from their left or to go in the house when it rained. We propose, however, to let a few excellent witnesses bear testimony as to their ignorance and superstitions, as well as to the correctness and moral qualities of some of them. First let Prof. Davidson say a few words:

The infancy of the canon was cradled in an uncritical age, and rocked with traditional ease. Conscientious care was not directed from the first to the well-authenticated testimony of eye-witnesses. Of the three fathers who centributed most to its early growth, Irenæus was credulous and blundering; Turtullian passionate and one-sided; and Clement, of Alexandria, imbued with the treasures of Greek wisdom, was mainly occupied with ecclesiastical ethics.

Irenæus agrees that the gospels should be four in number, neither more or less, because there are four universal winds and four quarters of the world. The Word or Architect of all things gave the gospel in a four-fold shape. Accerding to this father the apostles were fully informed concerning all things, and had a perfect knowledge after their Lord's ascension.

He says, "Matthew wrote his gospels while Peter and Paul were preaching in Rome, and founding the church." Such assertions show both ignorance and exaggeration.

Tertullian affirms that the tradition of the apostolic churches guarantees the four gospels, and refers his readers to the churches of Corinth, Philippi, Ephesus, etc., for the authentic epistles of Paul. What is this but the rhetoric of an enthusiast?

Clement Contradicts himself in making Peter authorize Mark's gospel to be read in the churches, while in another place he says the apostle "neither forbade nor encouraged it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Communications.

The Case of Ireland.

To Patrick Ford, Esq., *Editor of the Irish World:* I am a constant reader of the *Irish World.* I greatly admire your editorial ability, your zeal and self-sacrifice in the cause of Ireland. I hav no prejudice against the Irish race. Ethnologically I place them above the Englishman in some of the best attributes of the human character. I hav no words sufficiently strong to express my detestation of the British government for its long-continued, mean, and merciless treatment of your nativ country. Next to the Jews, the Irish hav been trodden under the heel of power for a longer time and more ruthlessly than any other race; and, as a consequence, although the island is a natural paradise in climate and fertility of soil, no people are so poverty-stricken, so ignorant, so squalid, and such beggars.

It may seem strange, at first blush, that Ireland, in her centuries of struggle against her English oppressors, has never had the activ sympathy of any other nation. Her degradation is so complete that all other peoples stand aloof and despise her. Hence she has had to depend on herself alone for counsel, and upon her banished children everywhere for material aid in her abortiv attempts to regain her ancient autonomy. In our struggle against the British government, which began in 1776, we had the help of France, Poland, and Prussia. But even without their aid we could and would hav secured our independence; for, although a handful, we were a people that could not be enslaved. Now, instead of five millions of the Irish race occupying Ireland, suppose, for a moment, it were five million of Yankees. With only half so good a case as Ireland has, so far from waiting five centuries, they would do one of two things in five years—either overthrow the English power by all the means known to an oppressed people, or make Ireland a desolation where neither men nor animals nor grass would grow. No body of Americans would submit to such oppression as the Irish hav endured an hour longer than was necessary either to throw it off or to die in the attempt. Why is it, then, that the nations of Europe, with all their just jealousy of and hatred to England, regard the Irish struggle with indifference? Why is it that, even in the United States, where the people know what liberty is, and value it above all price, we can get up no efficient sympathy for Ireland beyond a curse, now and then, from some public man against her oppressor?

There is a reason for this. The conviction is universal and deep, outside of Ireland and the Irish, that if the Irish were permitted to secede from the British empire, and set up a government for themselvs, it would be a *priestly* government, modeled after the late "*states of the church*" in which the pope, cardinals, and bishops of Rome were the supreme authority. The world knows that, during the temporal reign of the popes in Italy, priests and beggars swarmed; that the popular ignorance was so dense, vice and crime so rampant, and the despotism so absolute that the population, although Catholic, rejoiced when the papal power was compelled to succumb to Victor Emanuel.

But it would not be so in Ireland. The people are so blind and so degraded in their attachment to the church that they would esteem it an honor to be converted into donkeys, *provided* the blessed priests of God would ride them, instead of the landlords and the British government. Even Davitt, I fear, would yield to the popular clamor, and be willing to make Ireland *politically* tributary to the pope, as she has been for ages *spiritually*. Even you, Mr. Ford, when Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, played the tyrant and insulted and threatened the women of his diocese with excommunication if they did not relinquish their public efforts in behalf of the Land League, knuckled to his authority, and advised the women to submit. If an *American* Catholic in the eighty-second year of the nineteenth century shakes like an aspen leaf before a bishop of the church, what would not an *Irish* Catholic do in the way of submission in a country where the people still liv in the gloom and bondage of the Dark Ages? A people who sincerely and devoutly believe that they can eat their God on Sunday, in the shape of a wafer of bread, and evacuate him from their bowels on Monday, cannot be free. Their intellects and their consciences are enslaved to an iron superstition, and their bodies are only fit for servitude and chains. And this is the misfortune and suicidal crime of Ireland. She has allowed the vampire of the church to fasten itself upon her bosom, where for ages it has been sucking away her life's blood, till, pale and weak, she has not strength enough to drive it away.

In saying this, I am not denouncing the Catholic religion *as a religion.* I am only, as a statesman and a philosopher, examining into the causes of things, and commenting on religion as a factor in the civilization and progress of the human race. If I were going to become a professing Christian I would join the Catholic church, for the doctrin of the mass is a New Testament doctrin. Jesus, the incarnate God, says plainly, in John vi, 53: "Verily, verily I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye hav no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood [as we do his body, blood, and divinity in the mass], hath eternal life; for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him."

This language justifies me in saying that by the process called *faith*, which believes anything on mere authority, the incarnate God, Jesus, may become an article of food to a devout Christian, and that after serving the purposes of the soul, may, like other food, be cast out into the draught. No, I am not as a sectarian, putting reproach upon the fundamental doctrin of your creed. I am only trying to show why a people so strong in numbers, so homogeneous in blood, in opinion, in feeling, in interest, and who hav so good a cause, should hav lain for long centuries at the proud foot of the conqueror, and should be so helpless and hopeless now. Their religion is their bane. It is a far greater enemy to their political freedom and welfare than the British government. From center to circumference Ireland is permeated by a superstition that paralyzes her intellect, confuses her perceptions, and cuts the hamstrings of wise and successful endeavors. With ever so powerful a lever there is no fulcrum by which she could be raised up from her prone condition even enough to let air under her, much less elevate her to a plane where she could make a fight for her liberty. She reminds me of a stalwart negro I once met in slavery times on a wharf-boat at Maysville, Ky., and who, when I urged him to get his freedom by running off into Ohio, where he would find friends, replied, "I is afraid, massa! I is afraid de Abolitionists eat me." Nothing could be done for *that* negro.

The pope, and most of the Irish bishops, are only half-hearted in the cause of Irish emancipation. They know full well, from what they hav seen in Italy and France, that the love of liberty and the freedom of thought, which are indispensable to their success in breaking away from their *political* bondage, would, in the end, lead them to shake off the chains of their *spiritual* bondage. How *could* the Catholic hierarchy be more than luke-warm when in the very epistle of Paul, inspired of God, and addressed to the church at Rome, a doctrin is laid down which, had it been believed in and submitted to, would hav made every government on earth today an irresponsible despotism, and all the people uncomplaining slaves? Listen, Mr. Ford, while I quote the inspired language, which is as obligatory now as it was eighteen hundred years ago (Romans xiii, 1): "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive unto themselvs damnation."

This is the doctrin of Christianity in regard to the relations which men and Christians sustain to political government. But the Americans, in 1776, openly rejected this "divine" teaching, and startled the whole world by proclaiming in their immortal Declaration the very reverse of it, viz., that all men are created equal; that by virtue of being men, and not things, they are endowed by their creator with the inalienable right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness; that simply to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that when a government fails to secure these blessings of liberty the people hav the right, and it is their duty, to revolutionize and reform that government, and make it do what it was ordained to do. The Americans, as a nation, in this respect became infidel to the New Testament and its religion; and when the war for these Infidel principles ended victoriously they proceeded to form a Constitution of government which ignores all gods and all religions entirely, and hence the wonderful prosperity of the republic. Our fathers, when only three millions strong, took the British bull by the horns, and after a struggle of seven years threw him, and then marched off conquerors. The Irish patriots, six millions strong, take hold of the same bull, not, however, by the horns where they could control him, but by the tail, and are slung contemptuously and mercilessly into the slough of despond. How dare you, and Parnell, and Davitt, as Christians, demand Irish liberty and autonomy when Almighty God, through the lips of his servant Paul, says, virtually, "Let every Irish soul be subject to the higher power of England. There is no power on earth which does not derive its strength and authority from God. The powers—king, lords, and commons—that be in England are the very ones that are ordained of God. Any Irishman, therefore, or any Irish-American who, by making speeches, giving countenance, and sending money, rouses up a spirit of resistance among the subjects of the British crown, resists the ordinance of God; and whoever thus resists shall receive damnation in hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?

This doctrin of Christianity is the bludgeon that knocks the successful rebel spirit out of Ireland and makes her a mere groveling, grumbling slave to England. The Catholic religion, true and Christian as it is, has always sided with kings against the people, and, as I hav shown, has scripture for so doing. The pope and his bishops cannot consistently cheer on the Irish patriots in an attempt to break up their allegiance to England and establish their own nationality, but are bound by their religion to pronounce such an effort a rebellion that must end, even if successful, in damnation. Therefore they are only half-hearted, sympathizing as men and co-religionists with the peeled and plundered Irish, but, as theologians and churchmen, bound by a higher obligation to sustain the God-given rights of England over all her subjects. The heroic labors of Davitt and Parnell, as well as your own and those of Mr. George, in destroying landlordism, are only a daubing of the walls with untempered mortar. The cement takes no bond, and the wall cannot resist the pressure of its own weight. The Russian Nihilists, both for courage and effect, put all Ireland to shame.

I know, Mr. Ford, that you will reject my advice, although I am a true friend to Ireland. But I giv it, nevertheless, and place it upon record. It is that, first and foremost, you liberate Ireland from the paralyzing superstition imposed on her by the Catholic church. Free the souls of her children from this terrible condition, and bring them out into the glorious liberty of the sons of light, and then it will be comparativly easy to break their allegiance to the English government and establish the Irish republic. But so long as the masses of your countrymen are not only in bonds to superstition, but are contented with their bondage, and would not hav it otherwise, so long will they remain poor, helpless, and hopeless.

Barneveldt.

The Tama Meeting.

Everything seems propitious for the Tama Convention of the Iowa Liberal League and secular and Spiritualist camp-meeting, and nothing more so than the weather.

On Wednesday evening appeared the first arrivals, and by 10 A. M. of Thursday several counties were represented, and, of the speakers advertised, Mrs. Lake, Prof. Peck, Dr. Severance, Col. Billings, Nettie Pease Fox, and Col. Fox were on the ground. At this hour the Convention was called to order by Vice-President A. Clegg, of Des Moines, a veteran in the reform ranks and a gentleman of dignified manners and commanding presence. The secretary then read the minutes of the First Annual Convention, after which Prof. Peck sang the stirring words of Annie Besant's "Hold the Flag."

On motion of M. E. Billings a committee of three on resolutions was appointed, consisting of M. E. Billings, of Bremer; F. J. Emary, of Clarke; and Mrs. Eli Barnes, of Bremer. On motion of Walker a committee of three on nomination of officers and delegates to St. Louis was appointed. The chair named E. C. Walker, of Benton; W. F. Peck, of Chicago; and Nettie Pease Fox, of Wapello. Committee instructed to report at Saturday forenoon session.

Vice-President Billings now took the chair and made a short speech, explaining the purposes of the League and the objects of this meeting. He was followed by the secretary, who said that the League was for the establishment of justice, and included in its ranks men and women holding all varieties of views on religious matters, the mortality or immortality of the soul, etc. Both Materialist and Spiritualist could and, if Liberal, would work in its ranks side by side and in perfect harmony with those believing directly opposit to them on metaphysical questions.

The question of membership and qualifications of voters coming up, Walker moved that a committee of three on amendments to the constitution be appointed, with instructions to report at Friday forenoon session. The chair named as such committee E. C. Walker; A. Clegg, of Polk; and Bertha M. Lee, of Benton. A short conference, concluding with music by Prof. Peck, ended the first session.

AFTERNOON.

Music. Then followed the opening lecture of the camp-meeting, "Why are We Here?" by Dr. Juliet H. Severance. She answered the question most ably and aptly, showing that reformers need never be alarmed lest they should find themselvs without an occupation. There were plenty of evils to be removed, plenty of wrongs to be overcome, much injustice to be destroyed. Liberty was menaced with deadly dangers on every hand, by none more so than such laws as the recently-adopted prohibitory amendment, which, in the name of morality and temperance, aims at the destruction of the only source and guarantee of either. "Individual Sovereignty." This opened the floodgates of debate upon the much-mooted liquor law question; a debate continued by Col. Fox in a twenty-five-minute speech (not all devoted to this subject, however), and participated in by the secretary, Prof. Peck, Mrs. Lake, and others, and carried over into the conference hour of Friday. This second and very interesting session closed, as

did all others, with music by Prof. Peck. I will say right here, to save space and avoid iteration, that Professor Peck led in the musical exercises, ably assisted in singing and playing by Mrs. E. S. Caywood and Miss Caywood, of Albion, and Mrs. Viva C. Alexander, of Carroll. Mr. H. Caywood accompanied the organ with his violin, eliciting from its strings a very fine quality of the "devil's own music."

EVENING.

We had a rare treat, indeed, this evening. Prof. Peck delivered his very thoughtful and radical lecture, "What is Truth?" It was clear, logical, terse, abounding in telling hits and raining heavy blows upon popular falsehoods. The lecturer reached the conclusion that no man could decide for another what is truth; that each person must work out his or her own salvation, no authority, ecclesiastical or civil, being competent or having the right to enter into or to seek to control the private thought or action of any individual.

Following Mr. Peck came Nettie Pease Fox in a polished discourse upon "Spiritualism: What it Is and What it Teaches." She took strong ground against some of the previous speakers touching some points, notably the temperance question.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8TH.

The Convention was called to order by Vice-President Billings. After the transaction of some routine business the committee on amendments to the Constitution submitted its report, recommending, in short, the wiping out of all compulsory membership fees, and permitting annual members to vote in all conventions of the year. Report accepted and adopted.

Now send in your names. If you think that you can go with us to the end of the journey, say so, and I will send you a certificate as life member. But if you think that you want to take us on probation, or that we ought only to take you in that way, why, all right; I will send you an annual certificate. We hav taken down the monetary bars. We invite you to come in without money and without price. It remains with you to say whether or not you will support the Iowa Liberal League by your voluntary contributions. It takes money to hold annual conventions, print constitutions and certificates, carry on a large correspondence, etc. If you think the cause a worthy one I hav no doubt you will help support it. To think otherwise would be to admit that secularism does not furnish a sufficient motiv to good action, that it is not a logic of life to those who nominally accept its teachings.

To return to the Convention, Friday morning. The Demands of Liberalism, as adopted at Marshalltown, were now read, whereupon M. E. Billings commented upon them at length. Exceptions being taken to one clause of the eighth demand, quite a discussion arose, participated in by Mrs. Lake, Dr. Hastings, Mr. Peck, H. W. Becket, the secretary, and others.

President Farrington just now arrived and was escorted to the chair. He briefly addressed the Convention in his ever-happy manner, impressing all who heard him with the conviction that the Iowa League had as its president the right man in the right place.

Some thirty-five new members joined the League during this session. The conference hour was a most interesting season—a time of spiritual outpouring, as it were.

AFTERNOON.

The first lecture of this session was given by Dr. Severance. Subject, "The True Republic." It was in this gifted lecturer's happiest vein—keen, cutting, humorous, radical, startling the timid by its bold flight along the dizzy pathways of forbidden themes, and shocking poor Mrs. Grundy almost out of her few remaining wits. It was very gratifying to the pioneers of social progress to hear the applause elicited by Dr. Severance's burning words.

After some desultory remarks by the secretary, and the appointment, on motion, of M. E. Billings of a special committee on amendments to Constitution, the Convention adjourned until 7:30 P.M.

EVENING.

Mrs. H. S. Lake opened the exercises of this evening with her lecture, "Death and the After-Life." One never tires of listening to Mrs. Lake, however much he may differ from her in the arguments employed or the conclusions reached. And she cannot talk even for a short time upon Spiritualism without weaving in so much of good, wholesome, secular truth as to command the admiration and win the assent of the most pronounced Materialist.

Now comes Col. D. M. Fox with a forceful lecture upon Spiritualism; then some more good music, and the second day of the Convention closes with the prospects bright and everybody happy.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9TH.—9 A.M.

Convention opened with President Farrington in the chair. Routine business, and then report of committee on resolutions as follows:

Resolved. That we again indorse the platform and principles of the National Liberal League; that we remain irrevocably pledged to continue our efforts until all are equal before the law, without regard to belief or unbelief, until the state takes the mailed hand of law from the throats of unoffending men and women who deny the authority of church and priest.

Resolved. That woman has all the rights of man, including the same right to vote and hold office; and that she is only deprived of the exercise of those rights by the power of force by man; that the Christian superstition and the Bible hav been the prime causes of degrading woman by commanding her to be silent and obey the behests of her lord and master in all things; under the ludicrous pretense that her sex is cursed into this condition of mental, physical, and sexual slavery because Eve picked an apple for Adam to eat.

Resolved, That as all wrong is the result of ignorance, and all right the offspring of education; therefore we advocate the broadest education in all domains of science until the light of knowledge shall penetrate all the dark and noisome cellars of human ignorance and superstition.

A resolution was also adopted thanking the mayor and citizens of Tama for courtesies extended.

Committee on nominations next reported.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, M. Farrington, Denver. Vice-presidents, A. Clegg, Des Moines; J. L. Johnson, Ogden; M. E. Billings, Waverly; Mrs. A. C. McKinney, Decorah. Secretary and chairman of the executiv committee, E. C. Walker, Norway. Ass't secretary, Maria L. Follett, Le Claire. Treasurer, Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington.

Besides the president, secretary, and treasurer, the board of directors consists of Leroy Dutton, Grand Mound; Abner Kimball, Wyoming. Delegates to St. Louis Congress: M. Farrington, Denver; E. C. Walker, Norway; Mrs. H. S. Lake, at large; Dr. D. C. Hastings, Quasqueton; M. E. Billings, Waverly.

The secretary takes this occasion to earnestly thank Mrs. Lake, Dr. Severance, Mr. Peck, and Mr. Farrington for kind words spoken in his behalf, and the friends from all parts of the state who so promptly responded to their appeal.

AFTERNOON.

S. D. Moore, of Michigan, was the first speaker at this session. His subject was "Human Progress," and it was well handled. Mr. Moore is of imposing presence, and he likes to talk upon his favorit themes. He has no faith whatever in any of the old superstitions. The next address was by the president, M. Farrington. He told us all about "The Great Storm," in which all of the human family, save a few favorits of the impartial God, got caught. Though laboring under the disadvantage of being the second speaker of the session, he had close attention to the close of his very instructiv discourse.

EVENING.

There was but one address on the program this evening—"Is the Bible God's Word?" by M. E. Billings. In it Col. Billings presented, in his accustomed forcible way, the unanswered and unanswerable arguments of the Freethinker against the claim that the Bible is something more than a human production.

After the lecture there came music, then one of those breezy conference hours, which are the delight of every true Freethinker's heart, for then all sides are heard, and falsehoods in dogma are exposed to the gaze of all. The church does not allow such freedom of expression in her meetings; she does not, for to do so would be to commit suicide. But Freethought and science thrive upon it. Discussion is the life of the agitator and the hope of humanity.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10TH.

We had a very severe thunderstorm in the early forenoon of Sunday, and it was feared for a time that it would continue and break up the meeting; but it partially cleared up about ten o'clock, and we all repaired to Merchant's Hall, which had been offered us free of charge.

There was a lively conference hour, in which participated M. F. Aldrich, of New York; P. C. Welch, of Pella, one of the subtlest thinkers and most fascinating speakers on the Iowa Greenback-Labor platform; Alexander Risk, of Winthrop, who hates the old Bible superstitions as he does a stingy man; H. B. Smith, of Glidden, who went straight to the heart of the heredity question in one of the neatest, most effectiv ten-minute speeches of the whole meeting; Bro. Moore, and others. Then came the address, "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," by Nettie Pease Fox. We heard this lecture very highly commended by Christians as well as by those of her own faith.

AFTERNOON.

All now returned to the Fair Grounds, and we found our audience much augmented by large arrivals from the surrounding country, which would hav been still more numerous had it not been for the morning's storm.

"Is Jesus a Historical Character?" was the first lecture of the afternoon, by Col. M. E. Billings, and his answer was a learned and exhaustiv negativ. Col. Billings's positivness holds his auditors quiet while they listen to the most "blasphemous" arguments and demonstrations, and they go from his lecture wondering whether it be indeed a fact that "Jesus" is only a name and their religion but a patch-work fable; and when doubt enters in, their faith sits upon a shaky throne.

"Evolution versus Creation" was the scientific lecture of the whole convention. In it Prof. Peck contrasted the creation and development theories in a masterly manner, showing the utter untenability of all theories of special creation of universes and organic forms, and presenting a concise summary of the arguments and facts in favor of what is commonly called the Darwinian hypothesis of man's evolution from the lower forms of life, but which has been demonstrated by Ernst Haeckel, and is no longer a mere working theory or hypothesis. One great advantage to the ordinary listener is Mr. Peck's non-technical and perfectly clear language. Scientifically and grammatically accurate as he is, yet he manages to express the most erudite truths in words so plain and simple that his facts find ready lodgment in the minds of his hearers.

EVENING.

"The Mission of Liberalism," by Mrs. Lake, was the opening lecture of Sunday evening. Grandly beautiful in its fearless exposure of the evils and frivolities of our modern life, logical and radical in the remedies proposed, and sublime in its prophecy of that grand future when liberty, equality, and fraternity shall bless mankind, this lecture of an hour and a half was listened to with closest attention by an audience of more than eleven hundred persons. Can not we claim the Tama meeting to hav been a success when that many men and women were brought out in one evening to hear the gospel of liberty, love, and justice?

Dr. Severance gave the closing lecture of the evening and of the camp-meeting. It was a late hour when the last syllable fell from the lips of the speaker, and yet her audience remained, and had she spoken for an hour longer the number of listeners would not hav been sensibly diminshed. This discourse was more largely upon Spiritualism than any of the doctor's previous lectures, though she touched stirringly upon other topics.

Now came Prof. Peck, with his "Over the Garden Wall," putting the great crowd in the best of humor; then all were brought back to a sense of the stern duties of life by Matthew Farrington's thrilling benediction, asking the blessing and presence of Liberty to be upon and with all there assembled to the end of their mortal pilgrimage. Liberty! Ah! that is the watchword of the Freethinker; it is the sign in which we conquer; it is the central fundamental principle of all dissent; it is that for which we battle and toil, in whose sacred cause we suffer, and, if need be, are willing to enter the shadowy portals of the everlasting silence.

And to Matthew Farrington, our honored president, be meed of rightful praise for life-long devotion to Liberty, for consistent and persistent warfare in behalf of human rights, from young manhood's emprize hour to this 18th of Sept., 282, when the full measure of sixty rounded years pours at his feet the fair fruits of a well-spent life.

The second Annual Convention of the Iowa Liberal League and Secular and Spiritualist Camp-Meeting hav come and gone. Be it for us to apply the lessons of usefulness so freely taught by our gifted speakers. May we liv to enjoy and hav to enjoy many more such seasons of physical, mental, and moral growth.

To the local committee of Tama Liberals I return grateful thanks for help rendered and kind favors bestowed. Especially are we to render just praise to Matthew Baker and S. D. Dye. Without their efficient assistance and hearty co-operation our meeting would not hav been the complete success that it has. And to their families we are also under deep obligations.

E. S. Beakley and E. R. Bowe hav my hearty thanks for their ready help and many courtesies. L. S. Brown, our vigilant deputy-policeman and ever-handy *aid-de-camp*, must not be forgotten. To all other assisting Liberals and friends of Tama and vicinity, thanks. I cannot name you all. Fifty-four new members for the League during the Convention. Let us hav more. Fraternally,

Norway, Iowa. E. C. WALKER, Sec.

A Call for Recruits for the Army of Progress.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* We gained a glorious victory at Watkins Glen for universal mental liberty and progress. No such convention was ever held before, and no Freethought gathering ever received so extensive and fair notice from the secular press. It has put new life into the Liberal movement. Liberals are everywhere enthusiastic. And now this enthusiasm must not be allowed to die out. The flame must not only be kept burning, but increased. In another column of THE TRUTH SEEKER the reader will see I am calling for recruits for the army of progress. I shall publish my pamphlet about Oct. 20th, and I want three thousand names before that time to send out as the great Liberal army. Such a pamphlet will cause as great a sensation as did the Watkins Convention.

Reader, not only send me your name, but act as a recruiting officer in your neighborhood and send me all the names you can get. The membership fee is but twenty-five cents, and the price of the pamphlet thirty cents. So soon as the pamphlet is out you will see that every name will be utilized for the good of the cause in many ways. Forward!

H. L. GREEN, Sec. N. Y. S. F. A.

Letters from Friends.

OAKLAND, OR., Sept. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: For the inclosed $8 please send the Round-the-World volumes and THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year to JO. MCGLOTHELIN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 for the Round-the-World books. Will send for the others soon.

Yours for the truth, G. W. NAILOR.

GYPSUM, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hope I may always be able to take your valuable paper, which is doing so much toward enlightening mankind. Keep on in your good work, and your name will stand out as a monument on the pages of history for all time.

Yours truly, A. D. SCHUTT.

LINDSAY, ONT., Sept. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I feel rejoiced to think that, even for our priest-cursed Canada, there is hope. Ten years ago such a word as an "Infidel" paper would indeed very seldom be heard. But how changed! They are now household words, and THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* are, I may say, common property. Yours for the exercise of reason and the overthrow of dogma, THOS. A. MIDDLETON.

CHENEY, WASH. TER., Sept. 9, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.50 for Vol. IV. of "Around the World." I am in favor of Mr. Bennett's writing up our own country as part of the series of travels, and herewith pledge $1.50 per volume for such a work. I think it would be only fitting and proper for our old friend and teacher, with Mrs. Bennett accompanying him, to visit the principal towns and cities in the United States and become acquainted with the Liberals of the country.

Yours truly, ANNIE EVEREST.

PALMYRA, NEB., Sept. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed five dollars. I am sorry that I hav made you wait so long. I want the whole number of books of your travels round the world. You may appropriate the fifty cents over and above the $4 50 for paying postage on books.

I find a few of your TRUTH SEEKERS are delivered at this office and very highly appreciated. We hav a good number of Freethought people in this vicinity, but a few of them are afraid to express themselvs publicly. I think your late travels one of the grandest moves made to start people to thinking. May they liv to improve, is my prayer!

J. T. REED.

HARWICH, MASS., Sept. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.15 to be applied on subscription to your paper. I sincerely hope every subscriber will feel under obligation to square up promptly and thus insure success to our indispensable paper, without which our cause would suffer immensely. We cannot afford to clog the wheel of reformation by being tardy and delinquent; let us make the cause our own and feel our responsibility. A little self-denial on the part of each subscriber would enable them to pay promptly, and in doing so all the machinery at headquarters would be lubricated and start up afresh. Will we not do it? I trust we will. B. F. ROBBINS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The *Herald*, speaking of the death of a Paterson young lady, says: "Her brightness was so promising that one can hardly appreciate why providence should hav called her so soon." The young man of the *Herald* should remember that the "Lord's ways are not our ways." Had she lived she might hav been tempted by the devil and fallen from grace. And suppose she failed to get grace back, what then? At death she would hav been saluted with "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Perhaps the *Herald* can now "appreciate" why providence was in a hurry.

W. W. FOSTER.

DOWLIN, TEXAS, Sept. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please publish this note gratis and send two copies of that issue to me, and I promis to try to giv your useful paper a lift in Texas. Tell your subscribers that I was born in the eighteenth century, Jan. 31, 1799, and I wish everyone who reads or hears of this note to send me a postal card, giving name, place, and creed. I will simply say that I am a constant reader of the Boston *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Agnostic*, *This World*, and some others; so you can guess who I am. I aim this note only for those who were born as long ago as I was. I shall try and answer such of the brothers and sisters as send me the postal card. The list will doubtless be short, for we all know that few attain fourscore. I intend to mail at least twenty copies of this note to different editors. J. A. RUTHERFORD.

HOWE, TEX., Sept. 24, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1.50, the amount due on subscription up to Jan. 1, 1883. I am sorry that I again find myself in arrears. But I hav waited until I could find some chance to earn the money without having to ask it of my husband. For although he is not a Christian, he takes little, if any, interest in the growth and spread of Liberal ideas, and I sometimes fancy that he would prefer that I should discontinue the paper, and not be quite such an outspoken Freethinker. I hav a family of eight children, and find no time to work for others, but I am going to raise my girls and boys to swell the ranks of Liberalism. My eldest son, a boy of fifteen, says we must still hav THE TRUTH SEEKER if we hav to stop the other papers. Hoping you may experience a local flood of $1 50's. I am as ever,

Your friend, ANNA M. BROOKS.

BLOOMVILLE, O., Sept. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading your paper for some weeks, and I find in it notices of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." I hav tried to get a copy, but so far hav failed. Now I send direct to you. I am a school-teacher and an open and avowed Infidel, with a big *I*, hence I find some difficulty in obtaining employment, for the church is so Christian in its character as to be chock full of rank prejudice and even hatred. I wish that I could find some community so Christian that common sense instead of prejudice dictated therein. I would like to go and teach the children of men, and even the men, the true doctrin of universal progress. We hav some eight or ten Infidels in Bloomville who dare talk as they please, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is making more every week.

Send me the "Leaves of Grass" if you can, and I will be obliged. [Price, $2.] If you make a tour of the United States next, stop at our place if possible.

Yours to all interests and purposes, J. N. SEE.

COOLIDGE, NEW MEX., Sept. 9, 1882.

DEAR OLD FRIEND BENNETT: I believe that a whole year and more has elapsed since I hav troubled either the editor or THE TRUTH SEEKER with a line. I followed you, however, on your trip around the world; hav read with intense interest your letters to us from every clime you visited. And now that you are again in our "land of the free and home of the brave," like Rip Van Winkle I rouse from what seems to me to be a long, troubled dream to extend my welcome home to you. I simply seem to float with the Liberal elements in doing so. Such a great bereavement or misfortune has befallen me since my last letter, over a year ago, that I hav relapsed into a silence toward those I love and once knew, having no wish to thrust my sorrow upon others, some of whom may hav heavy burdens to bear as well as myself. I hope, however, on this particular occasion I will be pardoned for thrusting myself into sight to extend my heartfelt and sincere congratulations to you for the renown you hav won and the thousands of new friends you hav made in your trip around the world, and ask to be remembered by all THE TRUTH SEEKER friends everywhere, especially Elmina, Susan, Dr. Lyon, and many others whom it has been my pleasure to know by correspondence. Yours truly, J. ALLEN EVANS.

MASON, MICH., Sept. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: My Christian friends tell me that the intellect is the soul, but I say it is not. If I get so drunk that I do not know my own name I would hav no intellect; so, then, I would not hav any soul. Or if a man became a raving maniac, then he would hav no soul! Otherwise the soul cannot be the intellect.

And others of my Christian friends tell me that the breath is the soul. But I tell them that this is absurd, for if that were so, every breath that they drew would be a new soul, and moreover every animal would hav a living soul.

The Bible tells us that God is the alpha and omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. Then the Christian tells us that the soul of man will liv forever. If that be so—that the creator is the first and the last, and that the soul of man shall exist forever—then it must be that the soul of man is of god. Admitting this, a certain portion of the divine creator himself must perish in hell! I think that he is a short-sighted creator that made man subject to sin, foreknowing all things, placing the evil before man when he knew that he would partake of it; and finally paying the transgression himself by dying on the cross. It is absurd to think of. I hope my Christian friends will soon hav a better opinion of a divine creator. H. WIXSON.

SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS., Sept. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Had circumstances permitted I had intended to be with our friends at Watkins. But, as one said, "sarcumstances are mighty onsarten." We arrange beforehand what we will do; we lay our plans with great assurance; we say we will do so and so. But something occurs to upset all our calculations, all our plans, all our intentions. Still, notwithstanding all this, we meet plenty of people every day who assert and reassert in a most positiv manner that we are all "free agents." Do they really know what a free agent is? If we could act independent of surrounding events and circumstances we might with some propriety call ourselvs free agents. But how is it with us? We say to-day, perhaps, that, if nothing happens, we will go to Boston, or New York, or some other place to-morrow. Why do we qualify our language in this way—by interpolating the three words, "if nothing happens," if we are free to act in the full sense of the word? The very fact that we thus qualify our words is evidence that we are so completely surrounded on all sides by incidents and occurrences that we are not free in our movements. Then, again, there is another thing to be taken into account in this connection. But perhaps it is only putting the thing in a little different shape. I refer to the fact that we are not able to discern the future—what is to take place at some date ahead of the present is unknown to us. Could we with an "all-seeing eye" look into futurity, and thus find out what is to occur, we should then, indeed, be free agents in every sense. Till this occurs we may as well cease trying to vainly persuade ourselvs that in all our acts and deeds we are perfectly free, unhampered, and unconfined. I hav met with many of late who are identified with the church and who hold to the teachings of the theologians who are fully persuaded in regard to the truthfulness of the doctrin of free agency. These church people and believers in theological dogmas furnish very good timber out of which to construct a class who so credulously hold to the doctrins of "free agency."

Yours, EDWIN H. BARTLETT.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Sept. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find printed letter of a correspondent of our daily paper:

AUSTIN, Sept. 21, 1882.

Editors Express: The dispatches stating that the Rev. J. D. Shaw, of Waco, had given evidence of a departure from the so-called orthodoxy is causing a great deal of comment here. Groups of people may be seen almost anywhere on the streets discussing the views of that prominent divine. I had a talk with several church-members, only a few of whom showed enough liberality to even admit that Mr. Shaw had any right to hav views of his own reflecting on or differing from the teachings of the books put into the hands of the studious religionist by his church. But I heard many use the usual charity that seems to be a concomitant and necessary part of a purely spiritual-and-a-belief-in-the-supernatural and mystified religion called Christianity, said charity being expressed in such terms as, "Oh, he is crazy," "He is trying to raise a sensation," "He was never honest in professing to be a Christian," "No honorable man would use a pulpit to preach against the church that made him," and other usual Christian expressions. There is a general sentiment among liberal and generous thinkers who are not mere sentimentalists, that Mr. Shaw has not so much for which to thank the church, unless a man with a very brilliant mind and strong brain should feel grateful for having been brought up to read only one side of a great question and taught to believe that to look into the other side was heretical and dangerous. It is also freely remarked that the usual uncharitableness of charity preaching professors of the Christian religion are using the only weapons at the command of an intolerant dogmatism when they accuse Mr. Shaw of insincerity and hypocrisy, and that Mr. Shaw need not expect either sympathy, just treatment, or a fair hearing. I will remark that I hav Mr. Shaw's sermons in full, having heard him deliver them both, and having taken them, with the permission of the gentleman, to publish them, and am preparing them for publication.

One by one they come marching forward out of the wilderness of bigotry and orthodoxy to kneel at the altar of truth and science. Wishing you success, I remain Yours fraternally, CHAS. L. SAUER.

A LETTER TO BE READ AND DIGESTED BY THOSE WHO BORROW LIBERAL PAPERS, BUT WHO ARE ABLE TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THEM.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1882.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: As you are aware, Robert S. Shoemaker, of Rush, Pa., is one of the most earnest and faithful Liberal workers in our ranks, and it pains me to learn that it is feared that consumption will soon deprive us of his most valuable aid in the cause of Freethought. I just received the following letter from him, and I desire to hav it published for the benefit of those who are able to subscribe for Liberal papers, but prefer to get the reading of others for nothing. H. L. GREEN.

RUSH, PA., Sept. 25, 1882.

Dear Friend Green: I see you are about to publish a pamphlet containing the names and addresses of members of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. Of course, I want a copy of it, for which I inclose you the stamps. My wife and I are both members of the Association. We lived at Wyalusing when we joined, but now liv in Rush, Susquehanna county, Pa. I think it a good idea to publish such a work in order to let us know where to find Freethinkers when we wish to do so. I am glad you had a good convention at Watkins Glen. I was so sorry I could not be with you.

I still continue distributing Liberal papers, tracts, and pamphlets through this section, and a great many say to me that they believe about as I do, but they are afraid to come out openly and advocate the Liberal cause. They are so afraid of Mrs. Grundy.

The great shame of Liberals is that they do not patronize Liberal papers. Although I can count up fifty Freethinkers in this vicinity, there are only two besides myself who subscribe for Liberal papers. The balance of them depend on borrowing their Liberal reading of my brother and myself or go without. I keep trying to get them to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER or *Investigator*, but don't hav much success. Some plead poverty, and some say their wife won't hav these papers in the house, etc.—any way to get out of doing their duty. I do feel cross about it sometimes, especially when people who are much more able to buy their reading matter than I am depend on some one else to furnish it to them free of charge. It is all right when they are under the thumb of the church; then I am willing to supply them; but when they get their eyes open and leave the church, they ought then to do to others as I hav done to them. With best wishes to Mrs. Green and yourself, I am,

Fraternally yours, ROBERT S. SHOEMAKER.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: This is to acknowledge receipt of your postal card and book entitled "Crimes of Breeches"—I mean "Crimes of Preachers"—it's all the same, though, for most of the crimes are those of the

former—a valuable book to read from, especially where one's Christian neighbors are within hearing distance. The facts are so stubborn that they hit the mark every time. No book, no matter how full of convincing argument it may be, will touch the generality of Christians as this one, for they are continually praising their ministers as if they were saints on earth instead of that criminals the nine-tenths of them prove themselvs to be. Since the "Crimes of Preachers" was published the criminal ministers and priests seem to be on the increase, as if their villainies were now going on through spite, from pure cussedness. Show them up, Bro. Billings, and you, Mr. Bennett, can slash priests and ministers as well as any man whose works I ever read. Your blunt, straightforward manner in dealing with your opponents is greatly to be admired. They don't hav the field all to themselvs when you enter into a discussion with them. I hope you may liv many years to disseminate your views upon religious and social questions, for I admit to the reading of your works (so kindly sent me by that good old gentleman, Mr. Frank, of Buffalo) that I owe my conversion from Christianity to Liberalism, and if you should think fit to print this, and it should meet Mr. Frank's eye, I hope he will believe that I am indeed thankful to him for his endeavors to Liberalize me, who was a mere stranger to him. I hope he is well and prosperous, for a kinder, human man I hav never met. I send you a newspaper received a few days ago from India. That is my home, strictly speaking, and I intend going back during next month some time. I'll call and see you while in New York, for if you hav any message to friends in Bombay I shall be happy to deliver it. I marked off an article in the paper I send with this, entitled, "Hill Chaplaincies." Read it; it's good. The paper may be interesting to you. Yours sincerely, WM. DALY.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 30, 1882.

MR. D. M. BENNETT: I received the books in good condition, and am well pleased with them. Please find inclosed five dollars, four of which is due you on the books of travel; for the balance you may send me five copies of Col. Billings's "Crimes of Preachers." I am glad to know that some one has been keeping tally for the lecherous bellwethers of the Christian flock; and I trust the colonel's book will serve as a "whip [of facts] to lash the rascals naked through the world" and show them up as they really are—a nuisance, which the people, if they only think, can get along without. Every Sunday-school should be supplied. These preachers know they are wrong. A preacher, it would seem, must necessarily be either a hypocrit or a fool. If he is a fool people will find it out. If he is a hypocrit they ought to know it, and Billings's book will be just the thing for the faithful lambs to chew.

I hav an uncle who is a minister of the old United Presbyterian church, a regular, full-blooded, five-points, predestination, hell-and-damnation, total-depravity, infants-in-hell-a-span-long, Calvinistic, nobody-will-be-saved-but-us sort. I think he is one of the hypocrit order. I once sent him a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing a list of sinful clergymen, to show him how things were getting along in God's "moral" vinyard, but it only increased his faith. He wrote me a sickly reply, trying to make out that they were only the bad "unbelievers" of the flock that were described in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and quoted some Bible slush to show that God had prophesied that there would be some hard cases, black sheep, etc., creep into the holy flock. "Why doesn't God put his stamp on the genuin article?" I replied, and wanted to contrast the best ministers with the great Infidels of the past and present, but the reply I received was that he "did not want to discuss that subject." That is the way with the hypocrit stripe. The fool stripe, like Elder Shelton, Humphrey, Talmage, etc., make a great noise with their orthodox boomerangs, but the hypocrits keep their mouths shut. By this craft we hav our grub; and he that hath no sense comes unto us, and we will take him in for Christ's sake and all the money he will giv.

Yours for truth, J. L. MCKELVEY.

J. PETTY'S REPLY AGAIN TO "WORKINGMAN."

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry to hav to trespass on your space and time again, but I cannot bear to be misrepresented; so please giv me another hearing to vindicate myself.

"Workingman" says, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 16th, I "write in a bungling manner." Why does he not tell me something I do not know? I never write in any other way. He then asks me, "Did you not intend to tell the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that in writing that communication you were prompted by a selfish motiv and had a personal end to serve—an ax to grind?" Now, what an insult! Is that what you take me for? and then tell me "you were either disinterested or you were selfish," and then ask me "Which horn of the dilemma will you take?"

"Workingman," I never was prompted by selfish motivs nor a personal end to serve, nor can you prove it. All that kind of things were hatched in your own jobbernowl, not in mine. You add, I "assume to quote from your communication." I did quote; I did not assume. Did you not ask me, "Is it not possible that a few of the Greenback organization possess a Petty amount of information?" Did I not say, "I acknowledge the corn?" And then you charge it to me, saying "it is equal to Guiteau's jumble on the gallows," when it was your own jumble and your own child. Then you assume to saddle it on me, and then add, "If Patrick Ford had no religion I'd be apt to fall down and worship him." This, you say, is another child of Petty's, when it is your own assertion and you want to drop it at my door. But it is just like you, and you will hav to take it in. You add, "There are none that you worship, but you would worship Patrick Ford, you said, if he had no religion." You appear to agree with my proposition when I said that "the more ignorance a man possesses the better he is off," when you add that "ignorant people can be harmonized with less difficulty than independent thinkers," and then add again, "I do not accept his conclusion that the more ignorance a man possesses the better he is off." Now, what can we do with such a man, who says ignorant people can be organized with the least difficulty, but will not hav them because they are not independent thinkers? Yet he believes that organization is the balm in Gilead. You assert, "The church is a solid phalanx, and its cohesiv force is ignorance. So," you add, "is the Democratic party; so is the Republican party;" and add, "These are led by intelligent knaves." I do not believe it. I believe they are led by selfish and rascally knaves, which is not intelligence. I believe with you when you add, "We want a phalanx that will be governed by intelligence." In conclusion you add, "Let you and me harmonize our differences and help to the organization of our forces." How can you expect any such thing when I am such a bungler? But to conclude this squabble, I will giv you an anecdote. There was once an eccentric character very much like myself, and he got into jail. He had but one friend. (I do not know whether I hav one or not.) He went to see him, and said, "Jack, what brought you here?" "Well, Bill, I will tell you; I said the world was crazy, and the world said I was crazy, but the world being stronger than I, they put me in here."

J. PETTY.

LOCUST VALLEY, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In your replies to W. M. Whitehead's queries of the advantages of Liberal views over those of the Christian belief, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 16th, they are very lucid, and would be perfect by adopting and incorporating my associate philosophy, that there exists a cosmic mind-material or element which has the function of infinit intelligence, and a will-force acting co-operatingly, and thus dynamically and mechanically adequate upon its associate interdependent materials, which are not conscious or intelligent, in giving their laws of action for a purpose in the production of all phenomena as the only origin of their coherent potentiality. As all matter co-operates in varying proportions suited to different phenomena; and as co-operation we know to be an exclusiv act of intelligent impress and direction, therefore intelligent design and will-force impress are the only possible origin or impetus to motions or acts of unintentioned and unconscious matter of any kind. And of nature's coherent acts in mechanisms and adaptation to existing and coming needs, nothing but mind co-operation can giv such coherent purposes to such unconscious materials.

Such conjoint reply to above queries would assuredly be triumphantly complete; and, with the necessary association in my philosophy that all finite minds are individualized parts of that cosmic mind-material attracted to our prepared organisms and developed in proportion to their sensitiv structure, and so are as immortal as the source from which they come, would add to the happy results and conviction in such rational and scientific views of nature in its associate intelligent and non-intelligent materials as interdependent forces.

Such doctrin would be the most rational and happy substitute for the desecrating Christian, Jewish, and all other mythological religions, and so in conformity I believe would rapidly change the supernatural religions of the world by conviction of its truths into a natural and much-needed reform of simple adoration for and gratitude to such exclusivly good intelligent first cause as manifested in bounteous provision for every intelligent and animal gratification when rightly used. Thus, too, insuring us, our minds, with having that only satisfying immortality which is a necessity of our individuality partaking of such cosmic mind-element, and alone accounts for our intelligence as being co-creators for our own advancement in utilizing the adaptable materials of nature, as disposed by intelligent and beneficial direction,

Thus intelligent and unintelligent matter hav always existed in interdependent relations of coherent cause and phenomenal effects between controler and controled, as enforced mental oppressions upon and impressions from all such acts of unconscious matter in its useful and esthetic disposition which constitutes creation, while evolution is the foreseen and provided disposition in laws thus coherently impressed upon unintelligent matter as its potential mode of co-operation from the simple to the complex in ever increasing adaptability and usefulness which unintelligent and unintentioned matter of itself only could not provide for or co-operate to effect such coherent accomplishments.

With a high estimate of your general intelligence, acquirements, love of justice and kindness, I am persuaded that with unprejudiced close consideration of my philosophy of infinit and finite minds and of unconscious matter, our views may readily combine into a unique and scientific harmonious whole for the permanent enlightenment and advance of our race, intellectually, morally, and religiously, such as the world has never attained in philosophical completeness of appreciation of nature and its intelligent origin as cause and effects in the disposition of matter, not in the creation of matter by a mythical personal god as in all priestly religions assuming to rule men's minds. I would like to hav your valuable aid in promulgating such consummation.

Most truly yours, CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

MR. EDITOR: My last article for THE TRUTH SEEKER was written nearly two months ago at Battle Creek. I had been spending a few days in this enterprising town of ten thousand inhabitants, and was about to leave for Kalamazoo, when I received a cordial invitation to spend the Sunday with the family of H. Crocker, occupying one of the finest residences on North avenue, in the western part of the city. On Saturday evening we had a kind of parlor entertainment, and I spent an hour in the recital of original poems, with much apparent satisfaction to the domestic circle. On Sunday morning the family carriage was brought into requisition, and we passed a large proportion of the day at Guquack Lake, Oak Hill Cemetery, and through the principal streets of the city generally. As Mr. and Mrs. Crocker are both very social and intelligent people, the several hours' ride was the more refreshing and enjoyable.

I had visited the great machine shops of Nichols & Shepard, and spent several hours among the workmen, and I am pleased to report that among the mechanics employed at these extensiv shops I met with many workmen who are orderly and systematic readers, and who are intelligent enough to select a line of historical and reformatory reading matter as far above and beyond the sectarian and fictitious lines as the light of day is clearer and brighter than the darkness of the night.

From Battle Creek I passed on to Augusta and Kalamazoo. There are several very earnest and practical friends and patrons to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its proprietor at Augusta, and they expressed much regret that they had not been apprised of the time of your visit at Kalamazoo, as they would hav availed themselvs of the opportunity of seeing you in person.

There are many activ, earnest Liberals all over the state of Michigan who hav read your journal and the many and important books you hav written and published, and there is a general desire to see you and hear directly from you upon the various topics which hav engrossed your attention so many years.

I spent a full week at Kalamazoo, stopping at one of the most popular boarding-houses in this charming city. While I was walking upon the street one morning in this city I met with a young and frivolous-appearing man, who said he was canvassing the town for a new edition of the Christians' Bible. I inquired of him if he did not think he was assisting to promote and perpetuate an idolatrous veneration for an old relic of the darker ages of ignorance and superstition. He answered very promptly and conclusivly. Yes, he knew he was, but he didn't care a d——n. He said very emphatically, "It is their money I am after, and so long as they will pay me their money freely I don't care a d——n what they do with the books. As long as the people like to be humbugged I like to humbug them, especially if they will pay me well for it." He went on to tell me how much he had done already that morning, and how much better he thought it paid to cater to the superstition of the people than to encourage them in reading scientific, philosophical, and reformatory works. He said he had tried both sides.

I parted with this stranger, reflecting upon the frailty, the weakness, and the depravity of human nature in its individual manifestations, but hoping that in the aggregation of human life there might be enough of intelligence and integrity to leaven the whole mass, when there shall be sufficient time for all the qualities and forces to find their equal and legitimate action in the development of the races.

At Kalamazoo, as at Marshall and Battle Creek, I found a large class of reading and Liberal-minded people. Not one of the former subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER refused to renew their subscription, and several who had taken it some years ago concluded to take up the line of march with the increasing army, fifty thousand strong, who are now readers of this strongest exponent and defender of constitutional rights and individual liberty. There were added to the old list at Kalamazoo twenty new and substantial recruits, making nearly a half hundred in all, and it is strongly hoped that none will fall off, but that the number will gradually and permanently increase, not only in this town, but all through the state and the country generally. THE TRUTH SEEKER, with such correspondents as Elizur Wright, T. B. Wakeman, T. C. Leland, Putnam, Pillsbury, Palmer, Elmina D. Sienker, Grace L. Parkhurst, Susan Wixon, and a host of other dear minds and warm, earnest hearts, will operate like a strong and ever-increasing force to clear away the rubbish of ignorance and superstition and to erect and establish institutions and enterprises which will look forward to a more hopeful and happy future for the race,

Yours truly, C. S. ROWLEY.

Only a Girl.

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

Close the door carefully, muffle the tread,
Drop the soft curtains round the white bed,
A pale mother's sleeping, aye, giv her rest,
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast;
She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death;
Her's is the victory; let not a breath
Awaken her slumbers; hark, there's tread
Nearer and nearer approaching her bed;
Manly his bearing, yea, noble his mien;
Lowly he bends the fair sleepers between,
Lifts the frail floweret, with womanly care,
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer.
No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow;
"It's only a girl"—a hush as of death
For the moment suspended each listener's breath;
In the pause, the pale sleeper uplifted her eyes,
"I must hav been dreaming," she said with surprise;
"I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my heart,
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
Pierced my soul to its core; I sprang for my babe!
'It is only a girl!' were the words I heard said,
And Elmer, O Elmer, that voice was like thine;
That hand—angels spare me—once warmly clasped mine,
As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
And yet it was when I was only a girl!
If a girl is thus dear, then the mother and wife
To every true man is as dear as his life!"
She clasped the cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow,
The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
Then her words, quick and scathing, burned into the soul;
Emotion swayed reason beyond her control;
"It's only a girl"—O man in thy strength,
Know that God measures souls by their depth—not their length.
The streamlet may wind o'er miles of fair earth,
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth.
A man may hold kingdoms, and nations control!
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?
The germ in your strong arms unfolded with care
May, like Harriet Hosmer, or Rosa Bonheur,
Move the world by her art or lull it to rest
With poesy's magic, the balm of the blest,
The mission of motherhood! Man! do you dare,
With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of prayer,
This holy of holies, this mightiest dower?
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
Ah! Whence were the monarch, the duke, and the earl?
Had not each a mother, once "only a girl?"
And whence came thy being and all the proud van
You marshaled in battle—yes, every man?
The magnet that led them through storm and through strife
Was a mother, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife,
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,
And yet each fair image was "only a girl."
It was only a girl that Deity chose
To incarnate the Christ. The story in prose
Sweeps down through the ages like stars through the night
To illumin the world with its God-given light.
'Twas only frail woman that wept at the tomb
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone;
And woman that bore the glad tidings to man
That Christ, the beloved, had risen again.
'Twas "only a girl" in a womanly form
That steered a brave ship through tempest and storm
When the captain lay dying—dismayed the whole crew;
That vessel by woman was piloted through.
Still another, more noble, courageous, and brave,
Saved a burning ship's crew from a watery grave;
In an hour of dire peril, when every breath
Was a prayer, for the breakers were talking with death;
When no man on shore would imperil his life,
This beautiful girl, in her beautiful faith,
Gave humanity one hand, the other to God,
And landed them safe on the briny-washed sod.
Another as self-sacrificing, as brave,
Whose youth, strength, and beauty are given to save
The aqueous traveler whose bark would strand
On ocean-jagged rocks and bars of sand.
Without her beacon-light outshining far,
As if God had let down a guiding star,
And trusted it, so fraught with life and death,
To a weak girl, but strong in holy faith.
But countless numbers, like a torrent, rush
Into my mind. I see God's burning bush,
And by its light I gather gems and pearls—
In every age and clime once "only girls."
Go to the reeking battlefields of yore
And read the records writ in human gore
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
And point me to one name that's carved above
The name of woman in such deeds as these,
And I will pray to heaven, on bended knees,
That every child henceforth may be a boy,
That every father's heart may leap with joy.
But ere in scorn you breathe "Only a girl,"
Look, lest you cast aside the greater pearl,

Two Ministers Disagree Totally.

From the New York Sun.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby lately told a reporter of the *Times*, who interviewed him with regard to the religious condition of the city, that he saw nothing discouraging in it. Indeed, that Presbyterian pastor was very well satisfied with the way things were going on, saying:

I was born in New York, and I may say that I know this city through and through, and because I know it I feel free to say that, all things considered, the religious aspect is quite satisfactory. Here is where a large part of the rascals of America and a goodly proportion of the dregs of Europe congregate, and this is very bad material to deal with. I believe the ministers of New York, of all denominations, work as hard as any body of ministers in the world; and if the results fall below the numerical exhibits of other parts of the country it is because it is in the nature of things that it should be so, and I know of no way in which the matter can be mended.

Is not that a rather remarkable statement for a Christian minister to make? In substance, Dr. Crosby declared that the material of the population of New York was in large part so bad that Christianity could not be expected to show the progress here it was making in other places. "I know of no way in which the matter can be mended," he added. By that he seems to hav meant that, for one, he gave up hopes of any improvement, and was entirely satisfied to let things remain as they are.

But it is true, as Dr. Crosby claims, that the low state of religion in New York shown by the statistics of church membership is due to the congregation here of nativ rascals and "the dregs of Europe?" If that is so, then the major part of the population of the city must be made up of those rascals and dregs, for the majority of the inhabitants are so far indifferent to religion that they do not attend the churches at which Dr. Crosby says the ministers are working so hard and so faithfully.

Everything that is bad in New York, in our municipal government, in our social life, and in our public morals, is very often attributed by observers like this Presbyterian minister to those nativ rascals and foreign dregs. That corrupt and degraded part of the population which, after all, must be numerically very small in proportion to the whole, is given by such philosophers an extraordinary amount of influence in the city.

The Rev. Dr. Rylance, of the Episcopal church, however, took a different view of the religious situation in New York. So far from regarding the condition of religion here as satisfactory, he did not hesitate to say that "I deem it very unsatisfactory—to a degree that is almost discouraging." The hot haste of the population after money he held to be one of the causes of the prevailing religious indifference; for he agreed with Mr. Richard Grant White that New York was like a mining camp, crowded with adventurers, "a reckless class, full of dash and spirit, and bent on gratifying every desire"—trying to get rich or to make the most of their riches rather than to save their souls. But Dr. Rylance found another more general cause for the trouble. It was the growth of skepticism, which is something far more serious than mere thoughtless neglect of religious observances.

"It is in the cities," he explained, "that scientific skepticism has struck deepest root, for there the most reading and thinking is done." The statistics of church membership, not long ago published by the *Times*, discouraging as they were, "were more favorable to organized religion than the facts," said Dr. Rylance, who added:

I am sorry to say that in nearly all church returns there is much dead wood. Often there are names on the books that can be duplicated from grave-stones, especially in the larger organizations. But this is nothing compared to the number who continue to figure on the roll and hav dropped away through indifference or other causes. They hav not left the church in form, but nevertheless hav ceased to be members. Their faces are never seen in the churches, they contribute nothing, and cannot be counted as religious factors.

Nor is that the worst. "I fear," he said, "that many good men still attend church from mere habit, or because they deem it wise to keep up a semblance of belief," and do not wish to lend personal aid to the disintegration of religious faith they see going on. "This leads to half-heartedness and mere convention, both in pulpit and pew."

Does not that read very much like what the *Sun* has so often said? It is not because of "the rascals of America and the dregs of Europe" that the religious condition of New York is so alarming, but because there is an actual decline of religious faith both inside and outside of the churches, both in the pulpits and in the pews. And so far from the situation being satisfactory, as Dr. Crosby says, it is, to use the words of Dr. Rylance, "very unsatisfactory—to a degree that is almost discouraging."

And the Episcopal clergyman differed just as squarely from the Presbyterian minister as to the responsibility of the churches for this declining interest in religion and this growing disintegration of religious faith. "I think," said Dr. Crosby, "all the churches are doing a good work, and should not be held accountable for what, in the nature of things, is inevitable." But to the question what is to be done, Dr. Rylance replied:

My answer is a despairing one. The chief obstacles to a better state of things are in the churches themselves, in the maintenance of notions and forms that are not vital to true Christian religion, and only tend to place the church in a false position toward, and out of harmony with, the world. Some things we can do, and these should be done. My idea is to preach and practice the Christian ethics with a minimum of doctrin, laying particular stress upon man's brotherhood and God's fatherhood, and dismissing things in hundreds that hav hitherto been insisted upon, especially in the way of mere ecclesiasticism. I think such a course would be in the right direction. What we need is less dogma and a higher order of Christian or spiritual ethics.

The only thing which can check advancing Infidelity is genuin Christianity, not only preached but practiced also. Churches which are maintained as a sort of religious clubs for the delectation of their privileged members, outraging Christianity in their very constitution, can never stem the progress of that tide.

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At Detroit, Mich., in Royal Templar's Hall, corner of Woodward and Grand River avenues, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Oct. 27, 28, and 29, 1882. This convention is for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of organization among Spiritualists upon a rational, scientific, philosophical, and moral basis. Many hundreds hav indorsed this call, and it is hoped each devoted true spiritualist will either be present or send communications, or at least their name and address, as in sympathy with this movement. Among a few of the many who hav signified their intention of being present if possible, are Maria W. King, A. J. King, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Capt. H. H. Brown, J. P. Whiting, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Chas. A. Andrus, A. B. French, J. H. Palmer, etc.

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Circular.

To the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada:

I propose to publish immediately a pamphlet containing the Articles of Association of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, including its creed and platform, viz: The demands of Liberalism, the resolutions passed at the late Watkins Convention, with the names of the officers of the association and an alphabetical list of the members with the full post-office address of each.

This association, in many respects, is national in its character. Its articles of association confine its membership to no section of country, and at each convention the Freethinkers of all the states and of Canada are invited to participate. And I wish to hav every person in the United States and of Canada, who desires to be known as a Freethinker (who has not already done so), to at once unite with this association, so that his or her name and post-office address may appear in the pamphlet. All that is necessary to become a member, is to send your name and twenty-five cents to me. The price of the pamphlet and postage will be thirty cents.

Those who are members are requested to immediately forward to me their names written in full with their full post-office address. These addresses should be written very plainly, so that no error shall appear when published.

Now, Liberal friends, whether you are known as Materialists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, or Agnostics, at once send in your names, that we may hav a full and perfect list of the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada.

H. L. GREEN,
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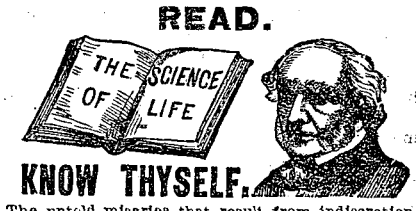
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Gems of Thought.

As the influence of woman has been uniformly elevating in new civilizations, in missionary work in heathen nations, in schools, colleges, literature, and in general society, it is fair to suppose that politics would prove no exception.—*History of Woman Suffrage.*

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith or unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That, by and bye, will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
A little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly molders all.
—*Tennyson's Idylls of the King.*

Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered, how everything does co-operate with all. Not a leaf rotting in the highway but is an indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word, or act of man but has sprung, withal, out of all men and works sooner or later, recognizably or irrecognizably, on all men. It is all a tree—circulation of sap and influence - mutual communication of greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the kingdom of hela and death, and whose boughs overspread the highest heaven.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

There is no cruelty so inexorable and unrelenting as that which proceeds from a bigoted and presumptuous supposition of doing service to God. Under the influence of such hallucination all common modes of reasoning are perverted and all general principles are destroyed. The victim of the fanatical persecutor will find that the stronger the motivs he can urge for mercy are the weaker will be his chance of obtaining it, for the merit of his destruction will be supposed to rise in value in proportion as it is effected at the expense of every feeling, both of justice and of humanity.—*Colton's Lacon.*

If a father's economy degenerates into a minute and teasing parsimony, it is odds but that the son, who has suffered under it sets out a sworn enemy to all rules of order and frugality. If a father's piety be morose, rigorous, and tinged with melancholy, perpetually breaking in upon the recreation of his family and surfeiting them with the language of religion on all occasions, there is danger lest the son carry from home with him a settled prejudice against seriousness and religion as inconsistent with every plan of a pleasurable life, and turn out, when he mixes with the world, a character of levity and dissoluteness.—*Paley.*

After hearing the pastor of a Unitarian church ascribe the post-office to Christianity, nothing surprises me. That pious people should giv Protestantism credit for the printing press and the submarine cable seems rational. The same folk believe that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands and that thunder is the cause of lightning.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

Not in the Bible, but in the Koran, do I find a sentence that best enunciates the great need of the hour—reform in civil service of the republics. It reads, "A ruler who appoints a man to office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for the position, sins against God and against the state."—*Chadwick.*

Those who can read the signs of the times read in them that the kingdom of man is at hand.—*Prof. Clifford.*

Assertion to some people is as conclusiv as proof.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton.*

If Christianity has civilized the world, it is her duty to explain the principle on which it has been done. The diluted, emotional philosophy, which first gave currency to faith, could not confer firmness and purity upon human motivs. Christians in all ages hav had the good taste to admire stoical virtues and to preach them, but hav not been able to practice them. Austerity, self-denial, and even suffering hav alone raised humanity to a higher plane of thought and feeling, and carried the soul somewhat out of the sphere of sense. Self-indulgence has never subdued selfishness and pride, but rather causes men to neglect their suffering friends. For a time Christianity came to the relief of those who could not bear the strong meat of the stoics, but it presents to the masses no saving principle to cause them to love morality for its own sake. And we all know by experience that although we hav sought pleasure rather than pain, the hard lessons which hav done us the most good hav been forced upon us by trouble and misfortune; but this is not the language of theology.—*Alhaza.*

When the church was small and poor, what public charity did it aid? Hear what Ingersoll says of the "morning" of Christianity: "How many hospitals for the sick were established by the church during a thousand years? Do we not know that for hundreds of years the Mohammedans erected more hospitals and asylums than the Christians? Christendom was filled with racks and thumbscrews, with stakes and fagots, with chains and dungeons, for centuries before a hospital was built. Priests despised doctors. Prayer was medicin. Physicians interfered with the sale of charms and relics. The church did not cure—it killed. It practiced surgery with the sword. The early Christians did not build asylums for the insane; they charged them with witchcraft and burnt them. They built asylums, not for the mentally diseased, but for the mentally developed, and these asylums were graves."

"Oh, what a night was that which wrapped
The human mind in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which breaks this day
On superstition's doom!

Ten thousand happy voices join
To hail the glorious morn;
We'll scatter blessings far and wide
On nations yet unborn."
—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

When the funds are unsteady—When money is tight.

Gladstone says the fear of becoming ridiculous is the best guide in life. Ladies who follow the fashion are without a guide.

It is claimed that some of the beef now sold is impregnated with garlic. They hav to strengthen it so it can hold up the price.

A Kentucky book agent was attacked by robbers the other day, but he succeeded in talking them to death before the villians could escape.

"A reputashun," says Josh Billings, "once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the krack was."

Mrs Maloney.—"That's a foin child ov yours, Mrs. Murphy. How old is he?" Mrs. Murphy.—"He'll be two years to-morrow. He wur born on the same day as his father."

"What made the mule kick you?" they asked of the gentleman who had been seen flying through the roof of a barn. And he answered: "Do you think I was fool enough to go back and ask him."

"What is periphrasis?" asked the lady of the city editor. "Why, madam," said he, "it's simply a circumlocutory pleonastic cycle of oratorial sonority, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

There was a young lady in Worcester
So scared by a crow of a rorcester
That her mother cried, "Hannah,
I'm surprised at your mannah!
Why don't you behave as you orcester?"

A young man who undertook to trace his family back two centuries, struck a penitentiary before he had exhausted one century, and concluded to stop. He feared he would collide with a gallows before reaching the objectiv point.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What will I do with my hens if they do not lay?" Let them get into your neighbor's garden among the vegetables. If they do not lay, the neighbor will probably lay them. The only trouble about the method is the hens are laid out so soon.

"We hav banished that tall, long-necked fellow from our set," said a Fifth avenue belle to a young Egyptian. "Yaas," drawled the descendant of a mummy, "I see he is ostrich-sized." Music by the band and the surf on the shore drowned the subsequent conversation.

Iconoclastic photography: The horse has always been spoken of as a noble animal: but the instantaneous photographs which hav been made of him threaten to bring him into well-merited contempt. You can't respect an animal whe looks like a kangaroo with a broken back.

Lizzie, aged seven. Her mother tells her she must not take the jam, because God sees her. "Can he see me in the closet if I shut the door?" "Yes, certainly." "Could he see me if I got in your pocket?" "Yes, God sees every one." "But could he see me if I got under the table and pulled the cloth over me?" "Yes, I tell you, God sees you all the time." Lizzie (poutingly)—"Oh! pshaw! I would like to be by myself some of the time!"

Ministers will hav their little jokes like other people. "Come over and preach for me to-night," said a divine to a clerical friend whom he met in the street. "I can't to-night," was the reply; "I'm right down ill with a sick headache." "Well," drolly observed the other, "that won't matter, for if you preach as you usually do you won't hav to use your head." They both laughed, and poked each other in the ribs and said it was a good one, just as though they had been the worst kind of sinners all their lives.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Ella Wheeler wants to know if we are going "where the summer shadows dance." No, love, we are not. We are going to sit in the skylight of the Commercial Building and howl for paste, and claw the exchange fiend, and pray for the man who stole the scissors, and swear that the deaf editor wrote that obnoxious paragraph. That's our vocation. Perhaps some other people will change their shirts and go, but if the summer shadows hav any business with us—with us personally—they must come around to the office, Ella, and sit beside us for a while when the foreman announces that the column is short.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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"Here's that yeast," said a little girl to the lady of a family who had recently moved into the neighborhood.

"Why, couldn't your mother use it?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, we buys all our bread at the bakers."

"Buy all your bread! Then what did you want of my yeast?"

"Oh, ma says she couldn't think of anything she needed to borrow just then, and she wanted to see if you could be depended on in a case of emergency, so she tried you on the yeast."—*Chicago Journal.*

"Parson," said a man approaching an Arkansaw minister, "I reckon you'd better take my name off your church books and let me go!"

"Why so?" asked the preacher. "You hav always been a consistent church-member."

"Well, you see I stole a mule and I thought that it wouldn't be healthy for the church for me to belong to it."

"When did you steal the mule?"

"About six months ago."

"Why, since that time you hav assisted in several revivals. When were you seized with remorse?"

"To-day."

"Was there a cause that influenced you to make an acknowledgment?"

"Yes, something of a cause."

"What was it?"

"They proved that I stole the mule. So I hav concluded to quit the church. If they hadn't proved it, I would hav remained longer."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupferschmidt, the secretary, says:

"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a criticism of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."

The author has also received congratulatory letters from the author of "Supernatural Religion," in England, from two of the editors of "The Bible for Learners," in Holland, and others. One of these, Dr. I. Hooykaas, says, "With great and thankful surprise I received your letter with a copy of your valuable history."

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Notes and Clippings.

PAUPER lunacy is largely on the increase in London. The greatest difficulty is experienced in finding accommodation.

GIVEN a good quartet and a fine organist, a fashionable church can get along with very cheap preaching.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NOW the vexed question is whether John Bunyan was decended from Scotchmen, Italians, or Gypsies. It is claimed that the first Bunyan in the British Islands was an Italian mason who came to labor on Melrose Abbey. In the Melrose Abbey graveyard the oldest tombstone has on it the uame of Bunyan.

AN unmarried clergyman in Vermont discoursed learnedly upon the evils arising from the use or wearing of corsets by the softer sex. And now the curious women folks of his congregation want to know, you know, how he found out all he knows so knowingly about things that unmarried men know nothing about.

MR. MARROWFAT was reading at the breakfast table an account of a very sad affair. It related to the case of a fashionable lady who, disregarding the love of a devoted husband and careless of the fate of three beautiful children, had eloped with another man. When his father had finished the account little Miltiades suspended his attack upon the hash and asked quite solemnly, "Papa, what church has lost its pastor?"

THE prohibitory liquor law is still openly violated in nearly all the cities of Kansas, though pretty strictly enforced in the rural districts. Leavenworth has 117 barrooms, in which business is not interfered with, and the owners pay the old city license, just as they did before the law was passed. Topeka has 104 public bars, and Atchison 70. The largest place where liquor is sold only out of sight is Emporia, with 6.000 inhabitants.

"You do not shine very brilliantly in the role of a prophet, Mr. Fogg," said Parson Jones; "I thought Mr. Crapo was going to get the nomination." "Now, look here, Mr. Jones," replied Fogg, "it's all very well for you to talk. I confine my predictions to this world, and you to the next. When you make a slipup nobody this side of the graveyard knows anything about it; but you just try your hand on mundane politics, and you'll see the difference."

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, who was not long ago turned out of the Methodist church for alleged heresy, says that he is happier now than ever before. He carries on his preaching in connection with the People's church. This organization does not possess a house of its own, with the customary equipment of first, second, and third mortgages, but rents Hooley's Theater, and manages its affairs on a cash basis of revenue and expenditure from week to week. Dr. Thomas draws large audiences that seem to be very glad to hear him preach. He receives an ample salary.

IN Boston a confectioner has been fined ten dollars for sending ice cream to his customers on Sunday that they might hav it for dinner. The court which inflicted this fine decided that ice cream is not one of the necessaries of existence in such a sense as to warrant sending it out on Sunday. The old-time practice among the Puritans of Boston and its vicinity was to hav cold dinners on Sunday. The absence of hot cookery on the day of rest was considered the essence of household godliness. The degenerate sons of these staid old sires hav introduced the modern luxuries of hot Sunday dinders, ice cream being the only really cold thing on the table to remind them of early days. It will be a sad hardship for many a family if this frigid confection is legally torn away from the Sunday dinner table. In this city the Sunday delivery of ice cream for dinner is as common as that of milk for breakfast.

AN original sect is reported to exist in Finland, the fundamental principle of which is the sovereign authority of woman in the family. The disciples of the sect, whether married or living in concubinage, take an oath to submit themselvs entirely to their wife or mistress, and to confess to her once a week. On their side the women choose one of their number as sovereign, whose duty it is to see that the men remain faithful to their oath, and to punish them if they transgress. There are some villages entirely devoted to this new religion. The only analogy to this sect is to be found in Siberia, where the Purifiers recognize equally the authority of women.

PROF. JOSEPH LECONTE, of the University of California, has examined the footprints which hav lately attracted attention at Carson, Nevada. He savs that the strata exposed in a quarry consist of heavy bedded sandstones, alternating with thin layers of shale. The stone has been removed down to an even stratum of shale, which forms the floor. The whole area thus cleared is literally covered with tracks of many species of mammals and birds. Le Conte concludes that they were made in the early age of man's existence, but he does not believe that any of them are the imprints of human feet, though some may possibly be so. Those of gigantic elephants are unmistakable, and others are of extinct species of birds.

THE Rev. Dr. Patton, president of Howard university, and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, hav had a disagreement over the question whether lying is ever justifiable. Dr. Patton says that a lie intended to deceive a murderer and thereby saving a life is sinful, and he blames Dr. Buckley for teaching otherwise. Dr. Buckley reasserts his views as follows: "In case of an attempt to commit murder or any other high crime, a denial of the presence of the person or an announcement of his departure seems to me to be right. The man about to do murder has no claims upon me growing out of human or divine law. If possible, I must seize and confine him and hand him over to the officers of the law. If this cannot be done by force, I must prevent his act; if this be impossible or hazardous, any stratagem to accomplish the end is right."

MUCH curious information is conveyed in the "Report of the Health of Wenchow," compiled by Dr. D. J. Macgowan. The author has gathered together a miscellaneous collection of memoranda concerning many of the superstitions prevalent in the celestial empire. Epidemic frenzies are very common in China, the most conspicuous recent instance being the terror created in 1876 by the supposed supernatural clipping of queues. Sorcerers are in the habit of scattering charmed bits of paper representing men, which are the means of disseminating evil spirits throughout the community. When one of these spirits enters a house he proceeds to cut off a piece of the queues of the inmates, and the sorcerer, on obtaining possession of this, can evoke at will the soul of its owner, which he is able thereafter to use as a servil demon, while the man dies through the loss of his spirit. The only cure is for the sufferer to cut off an inch or two more of the remainder of his hair and keep it for eighty days soaking in a cesspool, thus severing the mysterious connection between his head and the portion of hair in posssession of the sorcerer. But for prevention, reliance is placed on amulets and charms. In 1876 the governor of Kiangsu issued a proclamation embodying a charm of his own invention, to be posted over the doors of dwellings or to be worn as an amulet. He further recommended an anathema attributed to Tao-Tsze, the founder of Taoism, which was to be chanted while copying it on yellow paper with the blood of a cock mixed in vermilion, the paper being thereupon burnt and the ashes swallowed. There was scarcely a house door that was not protected by a charm, and scarcely an individual who did not wear an amulet on cap or sleeve.

THE population of the earth has long been a fascinating study for statisticians Behm and Wagner, who hav just published an emended edition of a former work in Germany. They giv the total as 1,433,887,500—which is about 22,000,000 less than their estimate of two years ago. They hav concluded that China has 50,000,000 less than they formerly supposed. There has thus been an actual increase of about 28,000,000 in the population of the globe—an increase, however, which must be spread over ten years, as many of the recent censuses are decennial. For Europe the present population is rated at 327,743,400, showing an increase of about 12,000,000 over the previous figures by the operation of the censuses. In Asia, making allowance for the readjustment of the population of China, there has been an increase of 20,000,000, the present population being set down at 795,591,000. Of course the estimates must sometimes be little better than guesses, for example, for such places as Africa. For this continent Dr. Rohlfs maintains that an estimate of 100,000,000 is quite enough, while Behm and Wagner retain the old figures of 200,000,000 with considerable hesitation.

A YOUNG student of Jena who had been reading Darwin's works found that they raised religious doubts in his mind. They could not fail to do that, provided their philosophy had gained control over him. Accordingly the young man wrote to the late Mr. Darwin, who replied as follows: "Sir, I am very busy, and am an old man in delicate health, and hav not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every man must draw bis own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities. Wishing you well, I remain your obedient servant, Charles Darwin, Down, June 5, 1879." This candid declaration of the philosopher contrasts strongly and favorably with the more or less disingenuous attempts of some of his disciples to reconcile what we know as Darwinism with religion. In acknowledging that he did not believe in revelation, and looked on immortality as doubtful, Mr. Darwin only accepted the logical consequences of his principles. Mr. Darwin and his disciples, with their theory of evolution and its inductiv method, allow no place for revelation. If their theory is true, the doctrin of divine revelation taught by theology is untrue. The only evidences offered of it, or which can be offered, are, in their view, not worth attention. The intellectual basis of religion is swept away; and Christian theology has no more foundation than the mythologies it replaced. This is the logical consequence of the teachings of Darwin, which are so widely accepted by science, and now so profoundly influence human thought. It is an inevitable conclusion, and makes the dominant scientific philosophy of this generation the most uncompromising antagonist theology ever had. "Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other," wrote Mr. Darwin to the young student. But that was because the science taught by Mr. Darwin does not admit of the possibility of a divine incarnation; and there was no use in arguing about a consequence of its teachings which was obvious. And as to immortality, according to that science, it is something for poets to dream about, but of which man can know nothing. In the view of the Darwinian philosophy, an oyster, an ant, a dog, or an ape is as much and as little immortal as a man. "Every one," as Mr. Darwin said, "must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities." This is practically a denial of immortality, certainly such as Christian theology teaches. On one side is the church based on the supernatural. On the other is the scientific philosophy of Mr. Darwin, which knows nothing and admits nothing except the natural. They are, and they must ever be, irreconcilable antagonists.—*Sun.*

News of the Week.

THURLOW WEED is quite sick.

THE comet's tail is 50,000,000 miles long.

THE price of hops is unprecedentedly high.

AN Indian outbreak is threatened in Mexico.

YELLOW fever is rapidly disappearing in Texas.

THE President has quit fishing and gone to Boston.

A STRIKE of iron workers has taken place at Richmond, Va.

THE Chicago Base Ball Club won the championship for 1882.

CENTRAL AMERICA has been visited by several earthquakes the past week.

A SUNFLOWER has been grown in New Jersey twenty-one inches in diameter.

MR. DILLON is going to reconsider his withdrawal from English and Irish politics.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS was elected governor of Georgia by something over 50,000 majority.

ARABI-BEY demands to be tried by Englishmen, as the khedive wants him killed off-hand.

THERE is a man in Texas who has eight times been convicted of murder, and is alive yet.

JOHN L. BARSTOW was inaugurated governor of Vermont on the 5th. He says the state debt is $209,583.

THE potato crops in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Islands are exceedingly large this season, and prices are expected to be very low.

TALMAGE distributes himself equally between the two great political parties. The defeated party should speak for his mouth to hide itself in after election.

FRANK JAMES has surrendered to the Missouri authorities. He wants to liv free from the persecutions of the law, and will probably next be heard of as a deacon of the church.

THE steamship Herder of the Hamburg-American line ran ashore near Cape Race on the 9th. All her passengers and mails were saved, but the steamship will be a total wreck.

GEN. B. F. BUTLER has written a very good letter to the Democrats of Massachusetts. He and the president of the Liberal League seem to draw their political inspiration from the same fount.

ALL the political candidates for office of this state hav written their letters of acceptance and made the usual number of promises, which will be broken after election the same as heretofore.

THE coroner's jury, in considering the recent tunnel disaster, hav censured all the officials of the road, and the two-dollar-a-day conductor has been put under bonds, while ten-million-a-year Vanderbilt is junketing over the country in a palace car. To make the farce complete the train water-boy should be imprisoned.

IT is said that at the last battle with the Egyptians the British commanders issued orders to their soldiers to bayonet the wounded enemy, which, if true, puts them on a level with the Egyptian naval captain who brutally keelhauled two of his men to death, and shows that Christian and Mohammedan warfare is not many removes from barbaric.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK raided the pool rooms at Hunter's Point last Monday, aided by a *posse* of deputy-sheriffs. He entered the rooms with drawn revolver in good old-fashioned bandit style, and arrested three men and seized $10,000 worth of gambling material. He was afterward arrested himself for assault and larceny and paroled by the judge. The gamblers made loud threats against him, but contented themselvs with that. If he had been killed by a thief some people might regard with more favor the doctrin of divine retribution.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in California.—Continued.

PACIFIC COAST RECEPTIONS.

DEAR READERS: I must tell you of the kind reception which my friends of San Francisco tendered me on the evening of the 5th inst. at Platt's Hall. I have already sent you some account of the meeting, to be published long before these lines will see the light, and will necessarily have to make some repetitions. The platform was tastefully decorated with floral adornments, a wreath was woven around a lithograph of myself, and large cards bearing the names of Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, and Mohammed were on the front part of the stage, with this motto: "True teaching founded on reason we follow."

Mr. Fred Schuenemann-Pott, who has recently returned from an eastern lecturing tour, was requested to preside at the meeting, and would have done so had not, unfortunately, his own society been advertised to hold their annual meeting on the same evening for the election of officers and the transaction of other important business. I had, in the middle part of the day, a very pleasant interview with the distinguished Freethinker, and of course found him a very genial and intelligent gentleman. At that time he hoped he might be able to be present at the reception and to preside, but a little later in the day the following letter was received from him:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5, 1882.

DEAR SIR: Having been honored by your kind invitation to preside at the Bennett reception to-night, I feel very sorry to state that I am unavoidably prevented from attending your meeting. Let me add, although it is hardly necessary, that on this occasion, as on every similar one, all my sympathies are fully engaged in the cause of universal mental liberty.

Yours for the sake of justice and truth,

FRED SCHUENEMANN-POTT.

From the inability of Mr. Schuenemann-Pott to be present, an invitation was extended to Mr. James Fell, of Victoria, B. C., to preside, which he accepted. He is a prominent wholesale merchant in the flourishing young town where he resides. He is an earnest patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has made the journey to San Francisco at this time mainly for the purpose of meeting me and to invite me to visit his portion of the Pacific coast. I could not feel otherwise than honored by such friendship, and was much pleased to have him preside at my reception. As he is a large, fine looking gentleman, and a ready speaker, he presided with ability and grace.

After the band secured for the occasion had played two or three airs, Mr. Fell, being introduced by Byron Adonis, made the introductory speech, in which he described the advance which Freethought is making on our continent, with complimentary allusions to myself and what I have done in aid of general mental liberty. He felt there is much to encourage all to press forward in the work of emancipation of man from the tyranny of priestly superstition and bigotry under which the world has been struggling for centuries.

My kind friend, Byron Adonis, editor of the *Jewish Times*, made an earnest and thrilling speech, in which he denounced the oppression which has come from the power of the church, with the purpose of crushing the spirit of individual right for each person to examine and believe for themselves. He denounced ecclesiastical oppression and intolerance, and praised the great spirits of the world who have struggled to free their fellow-men from bondage of that kind. He dwelt at some length upon the wrongs that have been done me, calling attention to the fact that I had been incarcerated in a prison cell because I had presumed to raise my voice in defense of mental freedom, of the right to oppose popular errors, and to sustain free speech, a free press, and free mails. He ranked me among such martyrs as Socrates, Bruno, and others who laid down their lives in defense of the right to think, speak, and act.

He next read several letters from eastern friends who could not be present at this meeting, together with a poem of welcome by S. P. Putnam. As they too will meet your eyes long before this, it is not necessary to repeat them here.

Some resolutions which you have seen, or will see, in defense of the position I have occupied, and condemnatory of the wrongs that have been done me, were read and adopted.

After this I spoke for twenty or thirty minutes. I expressed my gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and dilated somewhat upon what I had witnessed in foreign lands, particularly with reference to the worship of innumerable gods in the Asiatic countries, and the numerous god-factories conducted in those godly lands. I also bore evidence to the civility, kindly disposition, the good conduct, and general morality of the people of pagan lands.

The chairman called for three cheers for me, and they were heartily given. He spoke of my books of travel, and hoped they would have as wide a reading as the Bible.

Dr. J. L. York made the closing speech of half an hour's length. His style is earnest and eloquent. He holds his audience to strict attendance upon what he has to say. His remarks were substantially as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The occasion which calls us together to-night is to me a source of gladness which I am unable to express—not that I believe in hero-worship of any kind, but to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and unto Bennett that which is Bennett's, is, to my mind, simple justice to an able exponent of Freethought and one of the torch-bearers of the light transmitted from the Infidels of the past. And all the more is the significance of this occasion intensified by the memory of persecution and injustice which have been meted out to him at the hands of prejudice and Christian bigotry from which he has so recently escaped. And it does seem to me that if there is anything which deserves to be called a crime, ingratitude, indifference, and cold neglect at the hands of those we serve is a cruel crime against heaven and man. And how can I better pay tribute to our honored guest than to pass in brief review the history of Infidelity, and so far as I can in the brief space of time allotted to me do homage to some of the great Infidels whose lives have illuminated the darkness of the past and to whom we owe the political and religious freedom we enjoy to-day?

It is said that men and women are known by the company they keep. This is so; human sympathy taking root in similar views is the cohesive band which holds us together. I know there are some who are ashamed to be called Infidel, growing out of a want of knowledge as to what Infidelity is and the grand service it has rendered in the enfranchisement of our race, and it shall be my purpose to speak of its history, its principles, and some of its leaders whose lives have graced the age which produced them, and who yet live in the world of mind like the fragrance of a thousand flowers wafted down to us from the twilight and childhood of our race.

And I assure you, dear friends, that when you become fully acquainted with the principles, object, and service of Infidelity, you will find no cause for shame for the company you are in to-night or that larger number of great souls whose names are dear to us as Infidels of the past, whose heads have been lifted above the night and darkness of superstition. The word Infidel for centuries has been used as a word of opprobrium to stigmatize those who dare step aside from the usual or well-beaten paths of religious thought. From early boyhood I have been taught that Infidels were bad people, and not until late in life did I discover the fallacy of measuring human character by the standard of any religious belief. There are no religionists on earth who do not hold all to be Infidel who do not embrace the faith they hold, and do not see the truth as they see it, and worship the same God in the same way they worship him.

From the commencement of the Christian era every effort has been made by the church to force all people to hold the same religious opinion. The effort grew out of the belief that God wrote a book, and in that book the command that everybody should believe the same things, and failing to do so, should be damned; hence Infidelity or unbelief, which is simply a struggle for liberty and mental freedom, grew up in the world. As the church has always held that unbelief is a sin and crime, thus heresy and Infidelity are the result of religious evolution.

In every period of the world's history a few men have been brave enough to speak out and give their honest thought to the world; and for the destruction of these Infidels the church has always used all of the power she possessed; she has sown the seeds of discord everywhere in all lands, and the sacred ties of family and kinship have given away before the flood-tide of religious superstition; fire and sword have consumed innocent people whose only crime was that of honesty, and the cruel waves of war, like mountains, have flooded the world, and over all has floated the bloody banner of the triune God religion.

Religion, like everything else, is the subject of evolution. Change and progression is the law of the universe. The philosophy and science of five thousand years ago do not contain the sum total of knowledge to-day. No; the world moves, and men and women everywhere are feeling about them for the rudiments and roots of all of the dogmatism of the present day, and this effort to know the truth is called Infidelity.

The religions of the past have been the clothing of the childhood of our race, and adapted to the people who originated them; the stepping-stones to higher truth, the eyesight of an age when the eye was dim. The creeds of the world have been the crutches upon which the race has hobbled when it was lame with ignorance, feeling its way midst doubt and fear, in darkness and superstition.

So far as may be known, the religions of the world have grown from one stem, and by history we find that ancient India is the birthplace and mother of the religions, morals, literature, and language of the world, and our best oriental scholars inform us that this early religion inspired the Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman civilization, and permeates the economy of the laws and usages of our present civilization. Cousin says that the history of this early Hindoo religion is the abridged history of the philosophy of the whole world. And thus did the wise men of India precede the wisdom of Moses and give her laws, customs, and religion to Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome.

Thus it happens that the story of Christna precedes the story of Christ and the story of the virgin mother in the Brahman religion is many centuries older than the story of the virgin mother of Bethlehem, and without a doubt the latter has borrowed from the earlier, and the Infidelity of our age consists in not believing that Jesus of Nazareth was the only crucified savior of men, and that the early story was copied from the later story.

If I could say that Brahmanism and Buddhism were copied from Christianity, and that the beautiful Vedas, the scriptures of the Hindoos, were copied from the Hebrew, and that all of the light and knowledge and moral life of the world had eminated from Christianity, I might be a Christian instead of an Infidel. To my mind Infidelity is an inspiration. All inspiration is an inbreathing from the infinite universe, and has not been confined to any country or people, and the Infidelity of the world is the result of inspiration quite as much as the religion of the world.

From the dust-covered centuries of the twilight ages; from the martyred souls of the far-off past in every condition of life, among all peoples inspired thoughts, like shocks from the battery of truth, have blessed the throbbing heart of humanity. From the dim distance of more than five thousand years comes the voices of the Hindoo law-giver, the prototype of Moses of the Jews, and of Buddha, the divine man and prototype of Jesus of Nazareth, giving forth an inspiration quite as divine as anything in the Old and New Testaments.

For more than twenty-five centuries, from Zoroaster, Prometheus, Pythagoras, and Confucius, has poured forth a stream of inspiration which, in point of wisdom and moral beauty, is at least equal to anything in the four gospels attributed to Jesus the Christ of God. For more than two thousand years, from Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Lucretius, and down to Apollonius and Jesus, there has been a constant stream of knowledge, moral life, and goodness shed forth to enlighten the world, and there has been no age deprived of inspired men in morals, art, science, and religion. Infidelity is as old as man, for as long as men have worshiped gods, so long has there been people who did not believe in gods, and have been the Infidels of ancient times.

Old Diagoras, the Greek sage and thinker of twenty-three hundred years ago, was a decided Infidel. He said his gods were the atoms, and he would sooner worship no God and believe in none than to worship gods who tolerated wickedness or were powerless to prevent it. Religious people put a price upon his head, and he had to flee to save his life.

This was ancient Infidelity; so also is it the Infidelity of our day, for that is the doctrine of Tyndall and the leading scientists of our day. The atom and the law inherent in it stand between us and God, and, like Diagoras, we can't get behind the atom to see if there be a God or not. There may be a thousand gods, for aught we know, instead of three, and I am glad to join hands in spirit to-night with the Infidels of the past, such as Socrates, that grand old Deist, who held such an exalted belief when the world was polluted with false religions. We owe a debt of gratitude to those Infidels of ancient times who gave up their lives for the sake of truth; like Campanella, who was kept in prison twenty-seven years and put to the torture seven times; or like Vanini, who had his tongue torn out and was burnt at the stake, and Servetus and Bruno, two grand men, who perished at the hands of Christian deviltry. For the sake of science and truth, I am proud that I can claim a kinship in sentiment, spirit, and purpose with these old worthies of the past, like Voltaire, that brave and polished Infidel of the eighteenth century, who bearded kings on their thrones, and pointed the finger of scorn at all the living priests of Europe; whose intellect was as clear as the sun, and whose wit and satire were like a two-edged sword, and yet with goodness and benevolence as kind and tender as a woman. He it was who said the only gospel we should read is the grand book of nature, written with God's own hand and stamped with his own seal. Who can but feel a sense of pride to be counted in sympathy with the spirit and life-work of such noble men as D'Holbach, Kant, Jefferson, Franklin, Humboldt, Comte, Hugo, Buckle, Garrison, Lincoln, Draper, and a host of others whose lives have shed light and glory in the world? Who can but feel a sense of reverence and gratitude for such a life as that of Thomas Paine?—name ever dear to all true lovers of justice and liberty. Born in poverty he was, and yet how rich in true wealth! Born amid the surging breakers of despotism, he arose like a Samson in his might and carried away the gates of the enemies of liberty in both church and state. Who but the immortal Paine could have uttered these heaven-born words, "Where liberty is not, that is my country?" There is not in all the scriptures of the world words more sublime than these.

A few more years of infidelity to error; a few more years of Freethought; a few more Bennetts in prison for the sake of principle; a few more men like Ingersoll to carry the torch of mental freedom, handed down from the Infidels of the past, and superstition will flee away like fog before the morning sun. Infidelity has been the savior of the world; doubt and unbelief have opened the door for science, which has scattered its blessings in the pathway of our race, and is to-day the hope of the world. Infidelity is not unfaithfulness to duty. Let no man pride himself on being Infidel unless he be a seeker and lover of truth. Free thinking is not loose thinking; true religion is simply goodness, and Infidelity, the crown of a well-rounded manhood, is freedom to think and liberty to utter our best thought for truth and humanity.

After the meeting was over a great number of friends pressed forward to take me by the hand and express their friendly regard. This was kept up for nearly half an hour, after which I retired to my hotel, grateful for the honors that had been done me.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

Tuesday, June 6th.—Mr. George Hanson to-day took me in his carriage to Golden Gate Park, some three or four miles northwest of the city. Here over a thousand acres of sandy waste have been reclaimed and converted into a splendid park, with serpentine drives and avenues and plats of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. It is hardly equal to our Central Park in New York, but the metamorphosis which has taken place from the desert sands to the present luxurious growth of vegetation is indeed wonderful. Nearly a quarter of a million of dollars has been expended upon the grounds and the glass conservatory or Palm House, recently constructed near the center of the beautiful park.

The scrub oaks which originally covered some of the knobs, by a system of trimming and cultivation, have greatly improved and become very respectable trees; and by their side foreign strangers, which have been introduced and acclimated, now spread their umbrageous boughs, embellishing the grounds in a beautiful manner. Walks and drives have been made, arbors trained, grottoes built, mounds constructed, and summer-houses placed in sequestered nooks. Here art has greatly surpassed nature, and converted into an Elysium what was once a lonely waste, the smooth sward and well-kept flower-beds lying in the close proximity to the high grass and tall, yellow-blossomed lupims, now in full bloom. The circuitous and winding drives in the park amount to over ten miles, and the walks nearly five miles. Several lakelets beautify the landscape.

The conservatory or palm house is two hundred and fifty feet in length, oriental in style, graceful in outline, and highly ornamental. The main entrance or reception room is twenty feet square, with a showy fountain in the center. It opens into the rotunda or palm house, a circular room fifty-six feet in diameter, and about the same number of feet in hight. An octagonal space in the center is filled with palms, cycas, ferns, pandanus, and many other

varieties of rare tropical plants. A group-fountain of neat design ("Out of the Rain") is in constant play, and furnishes the necessary amount of moisture for the growing plants. On the right of the rotunda is the orchid house, an arched room thirty-five by fifty feet. It is well filled with fine specimens of this variety of plants. An arched room on the extreme right is occupied for the cultivation of rare equatorial plants. A circular pond, twenty-eight feet in diameter, is furnished with the necessary heating apparatus. Some fine specimens of the victoria regia, with circular leaves over seven feet in diameter, are flourishing here. The queen lily is the object of general attraction. Here are also fine specimens of nelumbiums and other rare plants.

Some departments of the building are set apart for flowering and ornamental foliage plants, while other portions are used for hard-wooded plants, such as japonicas, azaleas, etc. In the rear are two propagating pits, fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, and a growing-house, seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide; also a potting-room, thirty by thirty. A heating apparatus beneath the potting room supplies the requisite warmth to all the chambers. The conservatories cover an area of fifteen thousand feet. Thirty-five tons of glass cover them, and tons of putty were used in their construction. The conservatories were purchased from the Liberal, James Lick, who imported them from France, and were erected after the design of the royal conservatories at the Kew Gardens, near London. Mr. Lick made a very generous donation in connection with these conservatories, for which the citizens of San Francisco hold him in grateful remembrance.

THE CLIFF HOUSE.

Some three miles over a very pleasant smooth road brought us to the Cliff House, a romantic place of resort on the coast, not far from the Golden Gate, and some seven miles from the city. The hotel stands upon a rocky bluff one hundred feet or two hundred feet above the water, and thousands flock here to have a good view of the ocean, as well as the hundreds of sea lions, a large variety of seals, constantly sporting in the water below and climbing on the rocks to sun themselves, not far from the shore. Here I met Doctor and Mrs. J. L. York and daughter by appointment, and we passed an hour or more very pleasantly taking in the grand scenery which abounds here. It is a curiosity to watch the sportive, intelligent-looking sea-lions climbing the steep rocks, and then diving off from ten to twenty feet into the deep water. There are said to be five hundred of them in this locality, and some of them very large, ten to twelve feet in length, and estimated to weigh over a thousand pounds. They are natives of the northwestern coast, and occasionally reach enormous size—sixteen feet in length, and affording forty gallons of oil. Their food is exclusively live fish, which abound in the waters they frequent. These animals do not a little barking, so that when two or three dozen of them are exercising their lungs at the same time, it is said the din rises so high as to be distinctly heard above the ceaseless roar and dash of the Pacific as it beats against the rock-bound shore.

CHINESE QUARTERS.

In the evening it was proposed to visit the Chinese quarter of the city. Every stranger who visits the Golden Gate city is expected, at least during one evening, to pay his attention to the Chinese quarter, where he can obtain about as good a view of China as in Hong Kong or Canton. Some half a dozen of us made up the party, and that no mistake might befall us we secured the services of a policeman well acquainted in that particular portion of the city. We made pretty thorough work of the matter, and visited the boarding-houses, opiums dens, gymnastic rooms, theaters, places of worship, and restaurants, which occupied our time until past midnight.

A noticeable feature of Chinese life is the compactness with which they live. An ordinary three-story house seems to be enough to contain a colony of them. Even the basement and sub-cellar are divided into small compartments—six by eight feet wide—and in these small places, away from the light and with but little air, two or three celestial Mongolians seem to flourish and find happiness. In such boarding-houses as these, actors, tradesmen, and laborers of various kinds manage to get along as pleasantly as an American family would in three ordinary rooms. It is a wonder how in these underground rooms they can obtain fresh air enough to sustain vitality and health. We were in several places of this kind where the inmates were in, perhaps whiling away the time by performing upon native or American musical instruments, or playing cards, or other games. It is noticeable how peaceful and quiet they are thus packed together; how as a matter-of-course they seem to take the life they live, and how little disturbed they are by our intrusion. When they look up and see the policeman who is our guide and protector, they seem entirely acquiescent and pleasant, not showing a frown or displeased look, though we even intruded into their private apartments, and into their very "holy of holies."

A narrow hallway, not more than four feet wide, often runs through the basement of a house nearly a hundred feet in length, a glimmering lamp at each end; and through these narrow, dark passages scores of Chinamen pass many times a day, and their rooms on either side seem little more than berths on a steamer. In one small apartment, seven by nine, the cooking for the establishment is being performed by one or two of the celestials, with as much apparent contentment as cooks of other nationalities would display in the most spacious quarters. These people seem to possess the ability to make themselves comfortable under circumstances that would be deemed very adverse by an average Anglo-Saxon-American.

Some few are reading as they recline upon their beds or cots, some are engaged at various kinds of mechanical work, but the majority are playing on musical instruments, or at some game of amusement. The Chinese are very found of gambling, and the hard earnings of days and weeks are often lost at games of chance. They have sort of club-rooms where gaming is carried on on a large scale, and considerable money lost and won. The police usually "go for" these places, and it is amusing to see how sharp the celestials are in ascertaining when a policeman is in the vicinity, and how soon by signs, words, or grunts the intelligence that a "cop" is about is communicated to the entire inmates of a house and locality, when in an instant all objectionable indications are removed, and nothing is to be seen but what is approved.

"For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

We visited a number of

OPIUM-SMOKING DENS,

or establishments where the fumes of the smoking drug seem sufficient to prevent a good breath being obtained. These places are indicated by large red cards bearing Chinese characters, which, being interpreted, mean, "Pipes and lamps always convenient." The smoking-rooms vary in size, are dingy in appearance, and are well supplied with lounges, or wide shelves, where the dissipating Mongolians happily recline while they inhale the entrancing smoke, which makes the pleasant, dreamy state come over them, and causes the memory of trouble and unhappiness to vanish for the time being, as a whisky-guzzler's fiery fluid "drives dull care away." I saw many indulging in the pernicious habit, but none that seemed so far gone as to be entirely oblivious to the things of earth, though it is quite probable that they sometimes reach that state. The police often raid these smoking dens, and the wary Mongolians are constantly on the alert to see when danger is near. The greatest dread and trouble of their lives are the police, who seem very fond of dropping down upon the usually quiet orientals and interfering with their manners and customs. There is a chronic antipathy between the two races, which will probably never become wholly obliterated. The Irish police are extremely fond of arresting Chinamen and exercising power over them, while the celestials regard the police as mortal enemies.

One of the worst features connected with opium smoking is the spread of the evil practice among Americans. There are said to be considerable numbers of men, women, and boys who regularly visit these smoking dens and smoke there or take the opium home with them. A few months devoted to the practice invariably tells upon the health of the smoker, making him look wan and cadaverous.

CROWDED STREETS.

Most of the streets in the Chinese quarter are compactly filled with human beings, and present a close resemblance to the narrow streets of Canton. There are stands where Chinese food and dishes are offered for sale, while food is often carried around with other commodities on large trays and baskets, by means of shoulder-sticks, giving the beholder the impression that he is almost in China proper, for all seems a dense hive of Chinese life and customs.

The signs are usually large Chinese characters in flaming vermilion, often pendant, hanging from the door-cap, or upper portion of the building, or running up and down by the side of the entrance. Many of the signs are Chinese names in English letters, and such cognomens as Hop Wo, Wo Ki, Hop Yik, Hop Lee, Tin Yuk, Yan Kee, Shun Wo, Hang Hi, Chung Sun, Yan Ko, Chung Kwong, Shan Tong, and Wing On Tsiang, are common enough. I am informed that these familiar signs are not always the real names of the occupants—not the appellations of the dignified, long-tailed individuals who sell you silks, Chinese wares, or bear you a smoking cup of fragrant tea; nor do these signs always indicate the special business conducted in the establishment to which they are attached. Those who read the signs and are able to translate them say they are often poetical sentences or some favorite motto or maxim. Thus, when the cigar-maker hangs out the sign, "Shun Wo," it does not certainly mean that Mr. Shun Wo is conducting the establishment, and that he is impelled by conscientious motives to announce to the world the name of the individual transacting the business affairs of this cigar emporium, but perhaps he is simply making an abstract statement or conveying to the world the information that in that very place is the seat of "faith and charity." In the same way Hong Ki, the laundryman, puts up a sign which means "the sign of prosperity," perhaps wishing to impart the idea that where prosperity abounds the linen must necessarily be well washed and ironed. Wung Wo Shang means "everlasting harmony producing wealth." Kwong on Chiang is "extensive peace and affluence." Hip Wo is "mutual help and concord." Tung Cheung is "unitedly prospering." Tin Yuk has the beautiful meaning of "heavenly jewel." Tak Tseung are very good words, for they mean "virtue and felicity," while Yan On Cheung means "benevolence, peace, and affluence." Almost everybody should be in favor of Yan On Cheung. Wa Tun means "the flowery fountain." Chung Sun stands for "sincerity and faith," and at the same time Man Li stands for "ten thousand profits." But all the signs are not of this character, though the most poetical phrases are sometimes placed over the meanest shops. Perhaps the hanging, vertical sign by the side of a grocery reads thus: "Dried fruit, sugar, oil, rice. All sorts of goods from north and south to furnish customers." Thus it will be seen that Chinamen are not materially unlike other people, and that they know how to use beautiful phrases and sentiments equal to the most pious Christian.

Each store has its particular sign, and a motto is usually adopted, which becomes a sort of trade mark, and the object often is a sort of superstitious notion that particular mottoes will bring good luck and a profitable trade to the establishment. These inscriptions in Chinese characters, when interpreted, mean "peace and felicity," "perennial spring," which, in its fullest meaning, is, "may health flow in as an unfailing spring." "Virtue and peace" may be read "wealth gotten virtuously will be enjoyed peacefully." Again are "virtue and harmony," "everlasting plenteousness," "all things complete," "glorious abundance," "eternal affluence," "the spring of increase," "superabundant harmony," "the sign of the bird," "peace and contentment," "abundant happiness," etc. It certainly speaks well for a people to delight in signs and sentences of this kind. When kindness, harmony, contentment, and integrity bubble up around the daily life of a people, and they pursue an honest course, it is not a bad people; and who shall say they are not as heavenly-minded and well disposed as those who bear the Christian name and believe in one god's dying to please another?

I saw several apothecary shops, where the curatives are kept for sale in the form of roots and herbs, barks and seeds, and sometimes the cured parts of certain animals. The signs of these establishments are rather expressive; thus, interpreted, we have, "the hall of the approved medicines and of every land," "fresh and perfect medicines decocted," "the hall of two peaks," (this was also the appellation of a noted ancient physician), "great life hall," "promise life palace" (meaning, take our medicines and live many years), "benevolence and longevity hall," "hall of harmony and the apricot forests," "hall of everlasting spring," "hall for multiplying years," "hall of all peace," "vast age hall," "hall of joyful relief," "hall for promoting harmony," etc. Our patent medicine men and cure-all doctors cannot do much better than that.

Clothing stores have inscriptions which are read as follows: "New clothes, shoes, stockings, and hats." "New goods for family use." The name selected for the shop may be "Union and harmony," "Elegant and ornamental," "Union and peace," "Rich and luminous," etc.

Restaurants are numerous, and several of them were visited by our party, and at one occupying three floors in a good sized house, and richly decorated with an abundance of gold and vermilion, carved work, etc., from China, the whole outfit having a most rich appearance, we called for a cup of their best tea. After waiting a few minutes some small china tea-pots, one for each person, were brought forward, and beautiful gilt china cups, and the tea we all pronounced the best we had ever drank. It had a most delicate and rich flavor, far beyond what ordinary tea possesses. Several kinds of cakes and confections of Chinese style and manufacture were also furnished, all of which we partook of with unfeigned pleasure. The price was but twenty-five cents each, and it would be difficult to get up a more agreeable repast, or to be served in more genteel style. I made inquiry as to the price of the tea furnished us, and learned it is worth four dollars per pound. This, however, is not the dearest article; the rarest and most expensive tea is sold at twenty dollars per pound, but is tea that would throw almost any devoted tea-drinker into absolute ecstasy.

The signs of the restaurants are said to have this meaning: "Manchau and Chinese, animal and vegetable food by the meal, with wine, diversions, and entertainment;" "The place for comforting the inner man." Each restaurant has its particular style or title, thus: "The almond flower chamber;" "The

chamber of the odors of distant lands;" "Fragrant tea chamber;" "Garden of the golden valley;" "All fragrance saloon;" "Balcony of joy and delight," etc.

Butcher's signs read in this way: "We receive the golden hogs—that is, we take whole hogs to roast;" "We see them roasted whole for sacrifice in golden skins." As greasy and common-place as their business may be, they also hav an eye and ear for the beautiful, and the term "golden" has the same charm for them as for the great bulk of their people. They apply these choice sentiments to their shops: "grand concord;" "virtue and harmony;" "brotherly union;" "constant faith;" "everything complete;" "virtue abounding." It is hardly to be expected that butchers would naturally delight in such poetical sentiments.

On the pawnbrokers' shops are such sentiments as these: "Great and glorious pawnbrokers;" "Mutual benefit pawnbrokers;" "Honest profits only desired;" "Let-each-have-his-due pawnbrokers;" "Live and let live;" "Peaceful affluence pawnbrokers."

Workers in gold announce their business in this way: "Gold and silver ornaments;" "Convenient exchange," that is, deposit your gold and silver to be made up as ordered. Like the tailors, they have selected characters for their signs, and generally express a beautiful sentiment, and which also give some indication of the business, like "Flowers and delight" (they engrave flowers on the ornaments they manufacture); "Oriental gold;" "Precious jewels;" "Flower pearls;" "Gold and precious stones," etc.

The slipper manufacturers are not behind others; their vertical signs not only announce their business, but they vie with their neighbors in the employment of characteristic sentiments which awaken poetic thought in the minds of Chinese scholars, and often serve to call up the memory of admired Chinese classics. The same is true of tinners, florists, intelligence offices, etc. They all abound in poetic sentiments similar to the foregoing. In some shops paper shrines and emblems for the gods are manufactured, and there the various paraphernalia of worship are gotten up in the most approved style. We visited two joss-houses, or places of worship, where, besides the images representing their gods, were altars, shrines, incense-burning, with long, slim bamboo sticks for burning a holy smoke very pleasureable to the gods. I bought a package of them, and perhaps when I am particularly anxious to appease or mollify the gods, and dispose them kindly toward me I may light one of these bamboo splints and produce a marvelous effect. A number of priests are always in attendance at the joss houses, and are ready to take in what they can by the sale of various prayers and oblations on bright-red paper, with amulets and charms of various kinds. The priests of all religions are similar in character; they are alike fond of money, filthy lucre, the root of all evil. For this they will make all sorts of promises of welfare and happiness, present and future.

On various other shops peculiar and characteristic signs are employed. Thus the cigar makers have "Harmony and profit;" "Abounding happiness;" "Fountain of righteousness;" "Excellent thoughts;" "Fountain of the most excellent;" "Constant increase of wealth." Lottery establishments have "Lucky and happy;" "Follow profit and overtake it;" "Winning hall," etc.

The Fan Ton, or gambling saloons, have also their insignia and street advertisements, as, "Get rich;" "Please come in;" "This evening the skin is spread;" "Straight enter the winning doors;" "Great perfection;" "Winning happiness;" "Twin delights;" "Lucky and happy;" "The fortune path;" "The stony brook;" "Overflowing abundance;" "Happy thoughts;" "Justice and harmony;" "Ever-flowing riches;" "Heavenly felicity;" "As you wish it;" "Forest path," etc. The barbers have also similar mottoes, and the emblem of their trade is a wash-stand and basin placed outside the door.

Chinese doctors are by no means scarce, more than with other nationalities. One hangs out a board on which is painted, "Yeary Tsze Ying feels the pulse and writes prescriptions for internal and external diseases;" "Doctor Ma Yu Yuk feels the pulse and heals thoroughly the most difficult and unheard of diseases;" "Dr. Tseang Ling cures wounds caused by falling or by being struck, also broken bones." Another advertises to cure small-pox; another proclaims that he attends to the diseases of children; others again, as with us, advertise themselves as successful treaters of diseases brought about by vice and immorality. Clairvoyant physicians are not wanting. They are men, and profess to be mediums, and to cure nearly all the ills flesh is heir to.

Fortune-tellers also abound. Mr. Yee Tin (or rainfield) proclaims himself the scion of the family of the renowned Shin Hong Chit, and a divine reckoner by the "eight diagrams" of man's destiny. There are others who have distinguished ancestors, and are able to hold intercourse with the departed dead, and convey messages from them. They also tell fortunes by looking at the palm of the hand and reading therein the lines of destiny.

Within the stores and shops of all kinds are to be seen scrolls hanging on the walls, with sentences written upon red paper and pasted upon them, over the doors, over the shelves and money-chests and receptacles. On the scrolls are quotations from the classics of a moral character. The red papers are a sort of prayer to the gods. Some of them are said to read in this manner: "New Year, great good fortune. In all things may our desires be met. Let the four seasons abound in prosperity. Merchandise revolving like wheels." "Goods flowing out and coming in." "Let the east and west assist our plans." "Wealth arising like a bubbling spring." "Profits come in like rushing waters; customers coming like clouds," etc.

It is not customary for wholesale dealers in opium to put up a special sign for the wholesale branch of their business, but the red cards of the retail dealers which are posted on the glass windows and the doors of their stalls are of large number. These cards read in this wise: "Opium dipped up in fractional quantities," "Foreign smoke in broken parcels," "No. 2 opium on sale at all times." This No. 2 opium is what is scraped from the pipes after use, and prepared again; it is sold to those who cannot afford to buy the first-class article.

In various shops are inscriptions in Chinese characters, which when put into English read in this way: "Goods honest, the price true;" "Neither young nor old will deceive;" "Once seeing and once speaking fixes it;" "Not two prices." Customers, however, are advised that the market price of goods may change, even in the course of a single day, by such notices as this: "The price in the morning may not be the price in the evening."

On scales for weighing, such mottoes as these are often seen: "Scales be busy and prosperous;" "Daily weigh your thousands of gold." On the safe is inscribed: "Heap up gold," "Amass precious stones." Over or at the side of the entrance are inscribed: "Ten thousand customers constantly arriving," "Let rich customers continually come."

In the sitting room such mottoes as these are posted in conspicious places: "Sit with honorable men;" "Point to the day of returning" (meaning the day when they will be able to return to their native land); "All things as you desire" (may your wishes be gratified); "What the heart desires may the hand perform." Over the doors of dwellings are placed such mottoes as this: "Let the Five Blessings come to this house." On the inner side may be seen: "May good fortune fill this house;" "Man and things are flourishing;" "Old and young in health and peace." At the stairway is, "Ascending and decending in safety and peace." On the red cards pasted on the walls of school-houses are sentiments like the following: "Become famous in poetry and books;" "Thorough study, final success."

These mottoes and maxims seem quite as proper as our painted beer mugs overflowing with the foaming liquid, a pair of billiard cues painted on the window, a big wooden Indian offering a wooden cigar to a wooden smoker—no, I should say one of flesh and blood, and, who ought to have more sense than to indulge in such filthy practices—or a gourmand with a rib of roast beef smoking before him. In point of morality and poetic beauty the Chinese seem in this direction fully our equals.

It is said that when Chinamen meet on business they do not immediately plunge into conversation wholly referring to merchandise, profits, exchange, rise and fall in prices, the briskness or dullness of trade, the liability of neighbours to fail; but rather the first thing to be attended to is to take together a choice cup of fragrant tea, for a pot of the herb is constantly kept warm in every respectable Chinese store, and among those who smoke time is taken for pipes; and mutual compliments are passed, when the mottoes on the walls are read and commented upon, and also the lessons they teach. It has been said by those well acquainted with the customs and character of the Chinese that in such respects they are in advance of the mass of people in Europe and America. The frequent reading and hearing the moral maxims so freely dispensed in places of business and in dwellings have a good effect, and they also tend to cheer and strengthen them in making the struggle of life. Their respect for morality, and their observance of moral maxims, is not surpassed by the people of any Christian country.

There are a few theaters in the Chinese quarter, which were not in operation on the occasion of our visit, though we called and looked through them. One we visited, however, was in full blast, though the last night of the season. We, of course, did not see the entire play, and this cannot be thought strange of when it is remembered that Chinese plays are pretty lengthy, sometimes requiring three weeks to complete them. It was, however, strictly oriental in character, and was played by exclusively Chinese actors, and the spoken words and singing were altogether in the Chinese language. Their theaters do not abound in scenery to the extent ours do, but they have some transformation and some pendant scrolls, on which are quotations from the classics of Confucius and Mencius. The orchestra is immensely inferior to ours, and in music generally the Chinese, like all Asiatic nations, cannot compare with the music of Europeans and Americans. The orchestra is usually placed at the back of the stage, and from it issue the most unmusical and discordant sounds that can be imagined.

On either side of the recess are doorways, whence enter and exit the actors who take part in the performance. On the stage stand the immense chests which contain the wardrobes of the actors, and by the side of them the largest Saratoga trunks sink into insignificance. Here and there are tables, over which the actors recline between their parts. They use no curtain, as in our theaters. The shifting of the scenes, when done at all, is in full sight of the audience; and when in the play a man is killed, he drops upon the stage, lies dead as long as is thought necessary, when a resurrection takes place by his leisurely picking himself up and walking away. I could hardly make out the nature of the play we stopped a while to witness, as it seemed a jumble of unintelligible jargon; but the actors seemed to enjoy it, and the celestials, standing closely packed, seemed to appreciate it. Acrobatic and gymnastic feats are plentifully interspersed in the dialogue of the play. The costumes are gorgeous and grotesquely beautiful.

We visited also a gymnasium, where some half dozen of young Chinamen were practicing a great variety of difficult feats with ropes, hoops, spears, swords, knives, etc., very difficult to describe. They displayed great agility, and their feats of strength seemed remarkable. Their evolutions are very rapid and precise, and one is struck with surprise at the great variety of feats so rapidly performed. As acrobats and athletes they compare favorably with other nationalities.

The entire twenty-five or thirty thousand Chinese who reside in San Francisco do not conduct business in the Chinese quarter. Laundrymen, shoemakers, pedlers, etc., are found elsewhere among the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. Of laundries alone there are three hundred scattered over the city. Of cigar-makers, between three and four thousand Chinese are employed. Of pedlers, five hundred. They carry on some thirty clothing manufacturing establishments, ten or fifteen slipper manufactories, while many hundreds are engaged in the manufacture of shoes and gaiters. It is said nine-tenths of the shoes worn in the city and state are made by Chinese workmen. A large proportion of women's and children's underwear is made by the Chinese. Shirts of every description are made by them.

Of Chinese lodging-houses there are some fifty, where the inmates herd and pack together in a manner prejudicial to health and comfort. Most of the domestics employed in the families of Americans sleep in these lodging-houses in the Chinese quarter. The rooms contain from six to twenty, according to size, and even forty are said to sleep in a single room. How they live under such circumstances and preserve any health at all is a marvel. Closed at all points, the atmosphere, upon entering one of these places in the morning, must be terrible beyond description. Over five thousand Chinese are employed as domestics in the city, and the other towns of California are said to have a proportionate number.

It is sad to state that the Chinese are about as bad as the Europeans and Americans in the evil of prostitution. There are said to be not less than one hundred and fifty of them, generally small houses, in the Chinese quarter. The inmates of these degraded houses are brought from China for the express purpose of serving several years as prostitutes, and they are nothing more than slaves. If they wish to reform and lead better lives there is no chance for them to do so. Their masters or mistresses—for both sexes keep these vile places—are inexorable, and hold their hapless victims to the occupation which they are kept to perform, and there is no hope for them but to sink lower and lower in degradation till they are kicked out in the gutter to die, when they are no longer able to earn money for their soulless masters. There are two classes of these disreputable houses, one patronized by Americans and Europeans, and the other by the Chinese. The latter will not patronize houses visited by Americans, considering them heathens, and they utterly despise their own women who will let themselves descend so low as to be on a level with Christian barbarians. It is a mournful truth that there are large numbers of Americans and men from Europe who think no better of themselves than to patronize these Chinese houses of prostitution. In fact, their very existence shows they are patronized. Were there no demand for a thing of that kind they would cease to exist. Were it not for the ungoverned passions of the male sex there would be no prostitutes of any nationality.

These Chinese prostitutes do not abandon themselves wholly to a life of shame, as do those of Europe and America. Through the day they work at various kinds of employment, such as making shirts, slippers, men's and women's underwear, etc., and at the close of the day they are compelled to resort to their abandoned homes and subject themselves to that which, under many circumstances, must be most repulsive. This cheapening of labor at the honest and respectable modes of employment must

act very injuriously upon well-disposed American girls who wish to work for a livelihood.

There is no question that the influx of Chinese into California has worked and is working a great evil to the people of the state. For heavy farmers, fruit growers, and manufacturers who wish cheap labor, they are unquestionably a desirable acquisition. They are, as a rule, ingenious, patient, and faithful, and can perform nearly every kind of work they are set about; but to the working class of Americans, who depend upon their labor for their livelihood, they are an unmitigated curse. They cheapen the wages to a point at which American laborers cannot live, and they so degrade it that a proud-spirited American almost despises to be known as a laborer. A Chinaman, in consequence of his cheap diet, the frugal habits of his country, and his limited needs, can live and lay up money on one-fourth the sum it requires to support an American laborer, and when a single state has over a hundred thousand of these Mongolians employed it necessarily throws out of employment an equal number of American young men and women, who have either to leave the state, work at starvation wages, resort to crime, or simply starve. It is hardly possible for a state to prosper where its working population are not employed, or are not receiving pay enough to afford them a decent living.

There is no doubt that a considerable portion of these people from China are guilty, more or less, of loose morals. They are addicted to lying and stealing, and fall into the various temptations incident to other nationalities. Human nature is much the same with the inhabitants of all lands. Dishonesty and a desire to possess themselves of money not legitimately earned is perhaps no more singular with Asiatics than with the people of the Western hemisphere. It is the report of the policemen of the city that a large proportion of the Chinamen are thieves, and that they will resort to all manner of artifices and tricks to obtain money; and they are sharp and apt enough to learn from Americans all the dark and devious ways employed to get something for nothing. They are credited with being very shrewd in avoiding detection as well as in evading the meshes of the laws when caught. They have very little respect for our laws, and very little for the oath administered in our courts of justice. The Christian Bible is no more sacred to them than a last year's almanac, and an oath upon it possesses no sacredness to them. They have far more sense of sacredness for an oath on the intestines of a rooster than for all the Jewish and Christian Bibles ever printed.

They do not and never will assimilate with the American people. They never will become Americans. They never will become attached to our institutions and laws. They come here, as a few years of exile from their homes, to make all the money they can to take with them upon their return. Their study is to get all the money they can while here, and to spend as little of it as possible among us. Indeed, their presence here, so far as trade and patronage are concerned, amounts to very little. They buy very few American manufactures. Their clothes and shoes and clothes are largely brought from China, and even much of their food comes from the mother country. They are, indeed, very poor customers for anything produced in America. They are very willing to leave the result of their muscles here, but they wish to take with them when they go every possible dollar.

It will, of course, be remembered that it is mainly the lowest or coolie class of Chinese that come to this country. They are the class easily bought up in the parent country and brought here to work on a contract for a certain number of years. It is incorrect to judge the entire Chinese nation by the low classes of criminals and dishonest people brought here. There is probably as much integrity among the Chinese as any nation, but the class usually brought to this country are the low, the vicious, and abandoned. If they do not make perfect models of excellence, it should not excite wonder. Unfortunately there are many thousands born upon our soil no better than they. The natives of this country are not nearly so upright as they should be. We have but few stones to throw at the children of the celestial kingdom. They can easily see that the "grab game" is the one largely played here, and their ability to follow and imitate stands them in good stead.

Not a little pains have been taken to Christianize the Chinamen brought to our shores, but the success thus far met with is of a meager character. They attend Sunday-schools for the sake of learning English, and though they may seem to take interest in the religion of the country they really do not. They are astute enough to perceive that the Christian religion has nothing superior to the teachings of Buddha, Laotse, and Confucius, and they can find no reason for embracing it. If they do, for the advantages thought to be derived from professing the Christian religion, seems to embrace it, it is usually only a pretense to further ulterior designs; and when they return to their own country they never profess Christianity longer, leaving it with the land where they sojourned.

With the enactment of the Chinese bill in Congress this continued large influx of Chinese population it is supposed must soon cease, though how the same is to be wholly cut off seems not quite clear; for they can be landed in British Columbia to work on the projected railroads, or for other purposes, and from there can make their way down through Washington Territory and Oregon into California and as many other states as desired. They are sharp enough to avail themselves of all sorts of shifts, and it will be but little for them to travel across land five hundred or a thousand miles to reach any desired portion of our country. That they will still continue to come, though in decreased numbers, seems not improbable. Those already here are not opposed to the embargo being placed upon the influx of others, for thereby better opportunities for labor and business are afforded them. They are not so obtuse as to be unable to perceive that if unlimited millions of the people of China continue to be poured into this country they themselves will be inevitably injured by the immense competition produced. There are many difficulties and evils connected with this emptying of China into our country which will probably never be entirely removed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. E. Heddon's "Universal Spirit."

"A universal spirit existing as a part of nature is as rational to conceive of as to conceive of force."—MRS. C. HEDDEN in TRUTH SEEKER, Sept. 14th.

It is a pleasure to meet an intellectual woman of original thought. Such is evidently your interesting critical correspondent. She is earnest in her conclusions, firm in her belief, and evidently rejoices that she has outlived the superstitions of the past. She scornfully discards a creator or creation; yet, alas! like thousands of others of our best thinkers, the great fundamental error and principle idea underlying all religions she disdains to repudiate. An eternal God, to her, is an absurdity; but "an eternal spirit is no more of a problem than the existence of external force." Yet both ideas are identical, both are the product of fiction, both equally impossible as a fact in nature.

Has our good friend ever considered that the present status of her belief is but the fruit or surviving relic—somewhat rationalized through the evolution of scientific thought—of the crudest form of a personal god-worship, and that if in former years she had not been subjected to the hereditary influences of such a belief, but, instead, to rational thought and a scientific education, this present aspect of her Theistic belief would appear as absurd to her now as the old orthodox view of God she has discarded?

The trouble with our progressiv brethren and sisters of the Swing, Savage, and Beecher school is that they will involuntary, and in spite of their awakened reason, persist in some methods of "logic" as the churches they hav left behind, and ever soar far off into the realms of—nothing, and there seek supernatural agencies to solve the natural.

What difference to us, in our researches, whether the universe, force, and all the manifold phenomena of nature are a mystery or not? We know they exist, are real, and that all particles and elements act according to their several inherent potencies. But of a god or a universal spirit we know absolutely nothing. Therefore, if we desire to penetrate the causes and methods of their existence and operations, we must strictly confine ourselvs to the means within our reach, to the knowable, the actual, remain within the realms of nature, and in it and from thence find all requisit solutions for existing mysteries.

But seeing harmony and order in nature and favorable conditions and environments to man's existence, and being partially ignorant as to the causes producing them, it does not justify us, or explain the mystery, to *assume* the existence of a far greater mystery, which, if real, would infinitly more resemble the handy-work or design of a creator, and, then, consequently, more imperativly than man necessitate another creator to this creator, and this one another *ad infinitum*.

A god and Mrs. Hedden's universal spirit, as well as all other Theistic or Spiritistic ideas, are all alike, unthinkable, unknowable, superfluous, impossible, and, consequently—nothing. There is no intelligence without a brain, no light without eyes, and no sound without ears. Eternal darkness reigns supreme throughout the realms of space, until that necessary agent to produce light—the eyes—is first forthcoming! Exterminate all animal organism from the face of the earth, and where would a single germ of consciousness remain, or a single thought be manifest? Return to the nebular or carboniferous periods of our earth, and will our friends please and produce one solitary ray of intelligence transmitted to us from the clouds and mists, rocks and trees, or forces and potencies existing then? Or one thought, idea, or truth from those preadamite ages before animal life was possible on earth? Surely it will not be argued by our progressiv friends that intelligence was necessary to evolve our world from nebulæ into its present favorable condition to life? that intelligence is necessary to shape the rock, tree, crystal, flower? that it needs the special consent or act of a god or spirit to cause fire to burn, corn to grow, certain drugs to cure, others to kill, etc.? But similar as all other effects are produced, so man is formed. Precisely as these, so man is but a purely physical cause. Topsy's answer, "I growed," is about as philosophical and correct a solution as any.

From an article in the New York *Times* I quote the following: "The minutest forms of organic life yet discovered, the primary monads, are minute transparent spherules, about one four-thousandths of a millimeter in diameter, with dancing movements, the simplest form under which living matter exists." Now, it seems to me, whether science can reveal the *modus operandi* or not, if inorganic matter and its wondrous and numerous potencies, acting spontaneous of its own inherent attributes, and without the aid of intelligence from within and without, can and does produce all the above effects and infinitly more, and does thus transform the inorganic into living, sentient, crudely intelligent creatures, then this same potent matter can do all else in the universe.

And all other and higher class of beings are but a higher degree of development in the grand chain of evolution which pervades all nature.

Intelligence is an attribute of a living body. Before birth of the organism, mind in the individual is unknown. As a living body can only be limited, finite, local, so mind can only possess like attributes, and never be infinit or universal. We can conceive practically, and logically predicate infinitude of space and matter. We can infer the existence of an infinit number of animals and men (each a special minor intelligence) existing upon an infinit number of planets throughout endless space, all possessed of individual minds or spirits, but the idea of a universal, all-pervading sea of spirit, or vast reservoir of the concentrated extract of intelligence, or even a god, however grandly conceived, if without a material organism is, I insist, utterly absurd and absolutely unthinkable.

Intelligence is individual, and can never be omniscient or omnipresent. It is thought-activ mentality, and implies concentration, application for a certain subject at a certain time in a certain direction, and this local application or concentration of thought positivly excludes all other subjects at the same time and in all other directions. Therefore there cannot possibly be such a thing as universal spirit or intelligence, and the idea is infinitly more difficult of comprehension, and the problem becomes vastly more complicated and mysterious than without this assumed agent.

A force acting in New York and one in Rochelle, one on our earth and a like force on Sirius, all this is thinkable; but a mind concentrated upon every spot of this earth, here and in China, in-doors and out, and upon every one of the countless millions of worlds and suns and systems in endless space at the same time, this is unthinkable!

Therefore, knowing a great deal about the wonderful potencies of matter and force, but knowing absolutely nothing concerning intelligence without a brain, let us remain within the beauteous realms of nature, within the boundaries of the knowable, and here patiently labor among the infinit glories of matter and its magical and potent attribute to unravel the difficulties of the mysteries of cosmic existence.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Rochelle, Ill., Sept., 282.

AN anti-Semitic congress was held at Dresden, in the kingdom of Saxony, Europe, recently. At the instigation of Herr Stoecker, the infamous clergyman who initiated the anti-Jewish crusade, eight resolutions were passed. They begin by stating that the present condition of the Jews is dangerous to themselvs and to the whole civilized world. That their condition is dangerous to themselvs reads something like an edict of the Inquisition, which burned its victims' bodies in order to save their souls. Another reason given why the Jews should be extirpated was that their influence is in no way proportioned to their numbers or justified by their abilities, and that they hav no scruples as to their methods of making money. This is regarded by these Christians as sufficient excuse for killing off such Jews as they can. Furthermore, it was alleged that their habits of intermarriage, their hygienic and alimentary customs, and their strange language unfit them for amalgamating with the people among whom they reside. The reverend gentleman goes on in a similar strain, dilating in a manner totally opposed to all principles of liberalism or any of the ideas of the nineteenth century. This German bigotry finds its opposit in France, where the most Atheistic government of modern times is making money unsought out of the religious superstition of the people. Some years ago one of those miraculous appearances of the Virgin Mary which are reported from time to time occurred at Lourdes. "Our Lady" appeared to a little girl and her brother in a certain grotto. The peasantry believed the story. Wonderful cures were said to be wrought, and thousands of pilgrims flocked to the shrine. The church, nothing loath, consecrated the legend and the grotto, and the fees paid by pilgrims returned a handsome annual income. Recently the bishop died, and his see is still vacant. But the fees of the pilgrims continue to flow in, and the prefect of the department, at a loss what to do with them, sends every cent to Paris to the minister of finance. That official is not likely to object to the source from which the money comes, and in some future budget may make an item of revenue from miracles.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE.

Its Sixth Annual Congress Held at St. Louis.

IMPORTANT MEASURES RESOLVED UPON.

The Best and Most Harmonious Congress of the League Ever Held.

MORNING SESSION.

The Congress opened, pursuant to the published call, at the hall of the Young Men's Temperance Union (formerly the First Congregational Church) at St. Louis.

The churchly appearance of the walls and seats, which had so lately echoed only hymns, sermons, and prayers, caused many of the delegates to remark that the telegram of the president of the League at the Watkins Freethinkers' Convention, to the Methodists, that "liberty, science, and humanity would soon hav need of the churches, and wouldn't wish to pay too much for repairs," was coming true.

In the absence of the president, Mr. Wakeman, and of Hon. Elizur Wright, the first vice-president, Mr. T. C. Leland called the Congress to order, and Mrs. Dr. Juliet Severance, of Milwaukee, presided at the morning session, and opened with a short and appropriate speech.

About fifty delegates were present at the opening, but they continued to arrive during the day, so that in the end the Congress was the largest as to actual delegates ever held.

The secretary, Mr. Leland, Mrs. L. K. Jackson, E. A. Stevens, and E. C. Walker were appointed a Committee on Credentials and Proxies.

While this committee attended to their duties short addresses were delivered by Mr. Doty, of Port Jervis, New York; Mr. Hall, of Illinois; and Prof. A. P. Severance, of Milwaukee. The latter gave a very amusing account of the squabble the bigots had got into over the Sunday laws at Milwaukee.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The president, Mr. T. B. Wakeman, who had arrived during the morning session, presided, and opened the business of the Congress by an address of about half an hour in length as to the general purposes of the League and the business to come before it. His address was warmly approved and applauded. It will doubtless be written out and published in due time.

At the conclusion of the address the secretary read the following telegram:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 28, 1882.

"*To the National Liberal League Congress, St. Louis, Mo.:* California Freethinkers send golden greetings. Please adopt 282. "BYRON ADONIS."

After this many letters were read from Leagues, delegates, and friends who could not be represented or present. These were of the most encouraging character.

The Committee on Credentials then presented a partial report, showing that nearly all of the Leagues were represented by delegates, proxies, and letters to appoint them.

Mr. Leland then moved, pursuant to notice that had been given in *Man*, the organ of the League, that the annual members of the League present who had paid $1 to become such be admitted to votes and seats in this Congress on a par with the delegates, but that this action should not be regarded as precedent to future congresses. This subject excited a lively debate. It was contended that it would open the door to those who might wish to pack the Congress at a dollar a head, by those who had a pet measure to pass or an ax to grind, and that even politicians, or, what was worse, even Christians, might pack the Congress and steal the whole League as they had Girard College.

The majority, however, considered that this danger would be provided against by the wisdom of the future congresses, and admitted all annual members present to vote.

Mr. John Steves, of Durand, Ill., then moved the appointment of a committee on resolutions and recommendations to the auxiliary Leagues. This motion was carried, and the Chair upon Nominations from the Congress appointed the following committee: John Steves, Durand, Ill.; Dr. Miller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. H. S. Lake, California; George Chainey, Boston; E. A. Stevens, Chicago; E. C. Walker, Iowa; Dr. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee.

On motion of Mr. H. L. Boyce, of Nebraska, it was resolved to appoint a committee to propose nominations for officers of the League for the next year. The Chair upon Nominations of the Congress appointed this committee as follows: H. L. Boyce, of Nebraska; Prof. A. B. Severance, Milwaukee; W. J. Gorsuch, Baltimore; Mrs. L. K. Jackson, of St. Louis; T. C. Leland, of New York; W. T. Doty. of Port Jervis; Charles Eckhard, of New York.

Mr. W. J. Gorsuch, of Baltimore, rose and spoke in regard to taking political action on the part of the League by means of a committee. Several members arose and objected to taking up the subject so late in the afternoon, and it was moved that the subject be deferred to the next morning session, and that Mr. Gorsuch should hav half an hour to open the subject and present his proposition.

Mr. W. T. Doty, of Port Jervis, then called the attention of the Congress to the subject of life insurance and benefit and relief societies. He explained at some length the printed papers and forms which were in use in his League at Port Jarvis, and advocated the policy of having that or some similar plan adopted by the Leagues generally.

Mr. Follet, of Illinois, strongly inclined to favor the project, so far as the benefit of members of the Liberal Leagues were concerned.

Mr. Leland wished also to hav some benefit to the League result from the insurance of members, and that its protection and the publicity it would giv to the persons managing any benefit or life insurance association of League members would be a benefit to them worth at least a dollar for every person insured.

Mr. Wakeman gave instances of benefits which had accrued to voluntary benefit associates among the employees in the New York Post-office, the police, and others. He remarked that hundreds of similar societies were in successful opperation in New York and other states, and that this mode of union of many to protect each from the calamities of death, accident, and sickness was being made, cheap, safe, and practical, and was in the air. Why should not Liberals adopt it?

Mr. Jackson, president of the St. Louis League, arose to show why not, and made the most terrific and personal speech of the Congress. He thought that the whole subject was foreign to the League, and that its officers were being imposed upon, or had a hobby or purpose of their own in this matter.

Mr. E. C. Walker, of Iowa, showed that Mr. Jackson thought as he did because he did not understand the subject and the general interest among the Leagues and Liberals in regard to it. Why should we pay millions to general life insurance companies, mostly under the control of Christians, when better and surer protection could be obtained by Liberals among themselvs.

Mr. E. A. Stevens gave a narrativ of his extended experience in benefit associations, and was in favor of them, but feared to make a money matter of them for the benefit of the League.

Mr. Longley, of St. Louis, Dr. Hall, of Illinois, and several others, took part in this discussion.

Mr. Leland read a letter from Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, warmly recommending it to the consideration of the Congress as a great practical measure.

The following resolutions were finally moved by Mr. Follett, and passed almost unanimously:

Resolved, That this Congress recommend that each auxiliary League establish a relief and benefit department or association, and appoint a committee to aid its members in misfortune, sickness and at death.

Resolved, That a committee of four be appointed to consider and report to the Board of Managers upon the desirability and practicality of adopting some method of life insurance and benefit to the League and its auxiliaries, for any League to act thereupon before the next Congress if it so desires.

Thereupon the Congress nominated the president, appointed as such committee Benjaman Bancroft, Hon. Elizur Wright, T. J. Burke, and W. T. Doty. To this committee the Congress added Mr. T. B. Wakeman as chairman.

THE EVENING SESSION,

On the 29th. was devoted to public addresses. Mrs. Dr. Juliet Severance delivered a very able discourse upon the relations of Liberalism to woman, and advocated the right and sound policy of woman suffrage in a manner eloquent, logical, and conclusiv.

Mr. Chainey concluded the session by a short address, which was received with the highest satisfaction.

MORNING SESSION.—SEPT. 30TH.

The president opened the session promptly at ten o'clock.

The first business in order was the reading of letters and communications from Liberals who could not attend, but wished to be present in letter and spirit. The communications were from Carl Jenetz and W. T. Hill, of Little Rock, Ark., League; H. W. Heat and Walter Walker, of Farmington, of the Utah League; H. L. Green, of the State League of New York; Samuel Whittles, of the Fall River, Mass., League; J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., League; John Kelly, of Fillmore City, Utah; V. J. Borrette, of White Rock, Nevada; J. Deming, of Bushnell, Ill.; Dr. S. T. DeJones, president of the Pittsburgh League, Pa.; D. J. Vandiamant, of Solomon Valley, Kanas. Walter C. Wright, of Medford, Mass, chairman of the Executiv Committee of his state, sent a letter by way of report and suggestion. He says:

"As to the insurance matter proposed for discussion at the Congress, the best disposition appears to me to be to refer it to any auxiliary wishing to make the trial. This, in case it might not hav the success anticipated by its friends, would not involve the whole Leagne. If successful, it would naturally spread from League to League."

As Mr. Walter C. Wright is, like his father, Hon. Elizur Wright, an expert in life insurance by profession, his suggestion will doubtless hav great weight with the committee appointed on that subject. Many of the letters favored the new era, 282, and none opposed it. Others gave or favored insurance or benefit suggestions, and some inclosed money from one dollar to five.

After the letters the order of the day—the subject of political action—was taken up. Mr. Gorsuch opened by an address, mostly written, which occupied over half an hour, and which had a decided effect upon the Congress. It will probably be printed, and only an intimation of its contents can be given here. He contended that the great problem of this age is industrial emancipation, and that upon its achievement the future welfare of our republic, and indeed of the whole race, was dependent; that the various labor parties, having many names, and generally short-lived, yet ever recurring, in Europe and America, were attempts, ill prepared but prophetic, of a general movement in this struggle for the emancipation of labor and the productiv classes, which in the end must succeed; that the old religions were allied with selfish capitalists and monopolists—classes who used them and their priests to keep down the people while they were being robbed; that the old political parties, even in this country, were under the control of robber and parasite classes of society, and could do little more than make laws to enable them to get and keep their plunder and extortions; that Freethought had been educator of the people to a sense of the injustice of the present distribution of the products of labor, and that upon Freethought it devolved to offer any suggestion and to put forth any effort it could toward a union of all those who must co-operate, *politically*, in this country if the objects they desired were ever to be attained.

Mr. Gorsuch spoke with great power and feeling, and at the conclusion of his address moved these resolutions, which were seconded:

Resolved, That a permanent committee of five be appointed on political action, said committee to correspond with all labor and labor-sympathy organizations, to discover their sentiments in regard to combined national action, and also shall endeavor by all means in its power to impress upon such organizations the absolute necessity of such combination.

Resolved. That this committee, acting in conjunction with the Board of Managers, shall be empowered to call a national politico-labor convention if, after thorough investigation, a majority of said committee and Board of Managers decide favorably thereupon, said convention to be composed of delegates from all labor and reform unions or bodies, time and place of convention to be appointed by this committee.

Mr. Stevens, of Durand, Illinois, was willing to hav the League send out a committee to see what could be done with the warring labor and reform factions, but he was not very sanguin as to the results. Such people were only theorizing and were not ready to advance along the whole line. He was favorable to Henry George's plan of nationalizing the land, the general adoption of co-operation, including transportation and distribution.

Mr. J. H. Walser, the presiding genius of Liberal, Mo., spoke on the other side. The people who clamored for political action had not yet reached the first idea of what was necessary in order to make it successful. For instance, Mr. Gorsuch had spent much of his time in abusing lawyers and politicians, yet the lawyers, as a class, were honest and honorable, and, in the present state of society, indispensable. Every particle of the property of the country passes through their hands once in every thirty years, and it would be hard to find any other class of the community as honest when things are fairly considered. So as to politicians, they were also the necessary tools of political action, which must be by political parties. It was absurd to begin political action by the abuse of lawyers and politicians, which are the tools you hav to use, or to create others in their places. And would your new ones be much better than the old ones? The reason that all the labor parties break up is that they can't trust the lawyers and politicians they try to put in the place of the old ones. They are pretty sure to steal what money is collected, or to sell out to the old parties as soon as they can get influence enough to sell. He feared that taking political action now might injure the Liberal cause by its failure. All other parties, papers, and the churches, are against any such party. [A voice, "Let them come!"] Yes, let them come, but I prefer meeting them in detail. What we do at Liberal is to hold the balance of power between the parties, and so we are feared and respected by all, and we get our share of Liberals elected every time. Can you do better than that?

Mr. E. A. Stevens, of the Chicago League, in reply, said that he had no respect for the balance of power. It meant simply being used by the other parties for their purposes in turn, and the Liberals were pretty surely cheated in the end. The fact was that the old parties had no living principles now, and consequently their politicians lived for and by lying, and so gained office for private ends only and often for shameless peculation and swindling. The living principles of the Liberals would find and raise up honest men who would not abuse or betray the people. Yet the people needed education in true political economy. The thrift and economy commonly preached to them was nonsense. If everybody stinted and became economical there would be a general standstill and then bankruptcy. Everybody has a chance under competition, we are told.. Yes, but just as every boy has a chance to be

President; but there are so few Presidents in a hundred years that the chances won't begin to go around. The trouble was there were not consumers enough. Politicians had no ideas on these subjects; they only knew how to run their machines. The people must educate them, and must first be educated. Laboring men must hav an intelligent ballot or it would be worse than no ballot at all. The best definition of intelligence now is the recognition of injustice and falsehood. Let this committee be appointed as a step in that direction. Let it send forth circulars and documents explaining to the people that they must overcome the present injustice in the distribution of the products of labor by an intelligent ballot, or it would be done by inevitable revolution, which, in all other systems of government, had been resorted to to sweep away injustice.

Mr. Thomas Curtis, of St. Louis, next took the floor, and was introduced by the chair as one of the original charter-members of the League at its organization in Philadelphia in 1876, and that from long service in the Liberal cause, those who knew him were accustomed to weigh his words as well as count them. He said, in substance, it did seem foolish at first for the Liberals of the country to try to move, politically, fifty millions of people. It was like the old story of the tail trying to wag the dog. The trouble will be that these very labor and reform organizations you may try to combine in order to wag your dog are largely composed of your religious opponents. The thousands of Catholics in them will obey not you but their priests, and so with the Protestants, and even the semi-Liberals. Until these men are liberated from their old religious bonds they cannot co-operate with themselvs nor with you. To educate in the direction toward justice is well. Every Liberal should become an educativ political center. He should preach, teach, and write against those parties which had sustained injustice in the forms that had been indicated. In this way the Liberals would gradually combine upon one of the parties now in existence as their organ. It would soon feel its dependence upon them, seek their assistance, and become educated to execute justice often by them as its candidates. Would not this be better and cheaper than to try to build up a new party?

Mrs. Dr. Severance strongly favored the resolutions and the appointment of an earnest committee. The proposition was not to turn the League itself into a political party. Nothing of the kind was contemplated. The League would go on and do its own work as before. Nor would the members be harmed by the new party in any way unless they choose to act with it. Heretofore the League Congresses had passed resolutions of sympathy with reform; now it was proposed to go a little further than empty words and see if reformers were ready to do something practical, and, if so, to help them. There is no reason why the most conservativ leaguer should object to this. The reformers of all kinds should favor this effort, for all reforms are related to Liberalism at bottom, and it is from thence that the common union should spring.

Mr. Alexander Longley, though not opposed to the appointment of a committee, strongly urged Liberals to consider the views which had been presented by Mr. Walser and Mr. Curtis. These views could be carried out now in the next canvass. The committee may not succeed, and we must not be discouraged from doing what is practical in the event of its failure. The building of a great party is a very great and a very expensiv undertaking—more so than its projectors imagin.

Dr. Hall, of the St. Louis League, thought that reformers did not consider that capitalists were products of society, much as the carnivorous animals are products of nature. Capitalists had come to act toward the working classes just as the *carnivora* toward the herbivorous and granivorous animals, that is, as their proper food. The trouble is that they had learned to do this as a matter of course, and without the slightest idea that there was anything wrong about it, or that things could be run in any other way. The doctor illustrated this from zoology and comparativ physiology in a very amusing manner. The press, unfortunately, had become one of the decoy hunters for the capitalists, and in all the range of nature he had not found a meaner instance of this kind of co-operation in order to plunder.

Mr. Follett, of Illinois, did not care to discuss zoology or biology to find excuses for social lions, tigers, or hyenas. He had become disgusted with the word policy. He wanted to strike straight from the shoulder. No reform was ever effected without that. He should vote for the appointment of the committee.

Dr. Hall, of Illinois, did not wish to be confounded with his zoological namesake of St. Louis. He was a reformer, and for that reason had stood off from political parties for thirteen years. He had felt like the woman in the story of the fight between her husband and a bear. "Go it husband, and go it bear," was all there was to say of the old parties, He had sacrificed much, professionally and otherwise, and was still ready to sacrifice if necessary. He should vote for the committee.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hall's remarks the Congress took a recess until 2 o'clock.

AFTEROOON SESSION.—SEPT. 30TH.

The president, Mr. Wakeman, at the request of several members, gave a short account of the attempt of the League to set on foot the National Liberal Party at its Congress at Cincinnati in 1879. He said that it was well known that a political convention was called in conjunction with the Congress of the League in that year, and was held at the conclusion of the Congress with great enthusiasm. It promised much. The Liberals, the Socialists, the reformers among the employers, and Col. Ingersoll took part in it. A platform was framed acceptable to all in a remarkable degree, and a complete body of officers and committees were appointed to begin its operations.

That was the last that was heard of it. Why? As chairman of its executiv committee I will report. It was fatally officered. The most blatant leader of the Socialists, who had backed the effort in convention, accepted a place on one of John Kelly's newspapers in New York, sent his children to a Roman Catholic convent, and has spent much of his spare time since in abusing his former comrades and Liberal movements and societies.

The reform capitalist who was elected president of the new party was too pure for open contact with this world. He was a professed admirer of the astonishing purity of our former president, Mr. Abbot, and it was with great difficulty that he could be brought to co-operate with the Liberals who were opposed to Comstockism.

When I looked around to find him to lead the new party I found that he was under indictment for forgery and bigamy, and had some half dozen wives on hand to illustrate his purity.

The fate of Col. Ingersoll, who was looked to as the chief of the new party, was almost equally unfortunate. We can all remember him swinging his hat at the front of the platform calling for three cheers for the new party. Those cheers were all that the new party ever had of him. He went right out and was rebaptized into the Republican party, and has been the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for it ever since. And the astonishing thing about it is that he seems to like his position. We told him when he gave three cheers for that new party that it would make him President of the United States. So it would if he had but been true to it.

But you will say these men were not workmen. Are you sure that workmen would hav done better? It is a strong man who is strong enough to own his own vote in this country. As a friend and member of the Liberal societies in New York I hav had much experience in political parties started by labor re formers. They generally die in a year or two from the untrustworthiness or suspicions of their members. The stories they tell of each other are an amusing study in human nature. There is much reason to believe that only those who hav a lively sense of a material hell, or those whose souls hav passed under the spell of the religion of humanity in some form, can withstand the temptations of an electioneering fund or the promis of an office, for much more than a year.

Yet from past failures I learn not to despair, but to try again. If this committee is ordered, I will giv it a majority of workmen if possible, and also all the assistance in my power. For the conviction remains that only those who hav broken with imagined autocracy and aristocracy above the skies can lead effectivly the break from the real autocracies and monopolies on the earth.

Mr. Parker thought that it might be best to limit the action of the League to the maintenance of liberty and the suppression of superstition.

Mr. S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich., coincided with the views of the last speaker; that as long as there was $500,000,000 of church property in the United States it might be well to attend to that, and that new political parties could grow without any start from the League.

Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, explained that the new party, if formed, would not hamper, but would doubtless aid, the League in its original constitutional work. The new party would hav its own officers and organization. This seemed to him to remove the principle objections that had been made to the resolutions.

Another member arose and pointed to the vacant seats as a reminder to those present of the interest exhibited in their discussions and plans by the labor organizations and other societies, the co-operation of which they expected to secure.

The president next arose and read the following letter, which had just been handed him, as germain to the question under discussion. It was addressed to the president, and headed "Socialistic Labor Party:"

Late last evening I obtained from Dr. Donai your letter to him relativ to the Convention. Although rather tardy in aiding you, I hope that there will yet be time to rally sufficient of our St. Louis comrades to make a good audience. Hav written to several alreadv. When will that independent political action be taken? You know how we feel about it, considering the masses want action and are fully ripe enough.

May your efforts result in the inauguration of a vigorous movement, emancipated from the old quacks, mediums, and word wrestlers that hav hampered progress, is the earnest hope of Yours impatiently, PHILIP VAN PATTEN.

William J. Gorsuch, of Baltimore, who introduced the resolutions for the organization of a political party, then addressed the meeting, and reminded his hearers that religionists were so divided and arrayed against each other that the Liberals had an equal show, and would, he thought, be welcomed by the Democratic party, at least to some extent.

Prof. Peck, of Milwaukee, next addressed himself to the task of removing the impression created by reference to the unfilled condition of the seats, and stated that the Knights of Labor, to whom he belonged, were rapidly becoming imbued with the principles of Liberalism, so much so, in fact, that while formerly the members were bound to secrecy and unity by an oath, with license to reveal the nature of their obligations to the priest, an affirmation is all that is required at present owing to the reform introduced by the Liberal and Socialistic spirit.

Cries of "question" followed the delivery of this speech, and Gorsuch's resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority, there being only three dissenting votes.

The chair upon nominations from the Congress announced the following as the Committee on Political Action: William J. Gorsuch, Matthew Farrington, Byron Adonis, Juliet H. Severance, E. A. Stevens, of Chicago, and E. C. Walker, of Iowa.

Then followed the offering of various resolutions on a great variety of topics, all of which were referred to the Committee on Resolutions. They related largely to the Christian theft of Girard College, political action, the new era, insurance, and church taxation.

The next order was the report of the officers of the state Leagues. Reports were made by Mr. Follett, of Illinois; Vandiamant, of Kansas; Mr. Howe, of Texas; Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Walker, of Iowa, and Mr. Jackson, of St. Louis.

Mr. Jackson made a remarkable speech, and afforded his listeners much amusement by his vehement denunciation of Missouri. "I represent," said he, "the meanest state in the Union. Bob Ingersoll has said that St. Louis was like a diamond pin in a dirty shirt, and I'll represent the pin and let all else go. We hav a peculiar element here. St. Louis is the Rome of America, and makes more priests in a year than New York—which is said to be the stronghold of Catholicism—does in five. We hav a good League here, and it is a 'nukelus' around which the state of Missouri revolves. [Laughter.] The city of Liberal is pretty good, but gravitates toward Kansas City. Missouri ought to be obliterated from the face of the earth; it is an ulcer on the United States, and I am ashamed to represent it. There is one thing, however, to be said in her favor. It is that she was the first to telegraph to Philadelphia that she had liberated her slaves, but she forgot to add that they had been liberated in compliance with a forcible request of Union soldiers." [Laughter.]

The impression of the Congress evidently was that Mr. Jackson was too severe on his state; and at his request Mr. Thomas Curtis was put on as chairman for that state next year, in the hope that better things would be heard from her. The other reports were that good progress had been made the past year in every state.

George Chainey, of Boston, then came in at the head of the Committee on Resolutions, and read the following:

1. *Resolved*, That we reaffirm our devotion to the fundamental principles, and the neglect of which by the government of these United States has called us into existence as a League, namely:

First. Total separation of church and state, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution; and this separation we mean to include the equitable taxation of church property, secularization of the public schools, abrogation of Sabbatarian laws, abolition of chaplaincies, prohibition of public appropriations for religious purposes, and all other measures necessary to the same general end.

Second. National protection for all citizens in their equal civil and religious rights, irrespectiv of race or sex, or belief or unbelief, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, and protection to be afforded through the United States courts.

Third. Universal education the basis of universal suffrage in this secular republic, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, requiring every state to maintain a thoroughly secularized public school system, and to permit no child within its limits to grow up without a good elementary and secular education.

2. While the members of the present Congress well know that the accomplishment of these ends is the dearest wish of every member of the League, it is well aware that there exists some diversity of opinion (as is natural among free men and women) touching the wisest methods of working for their achievement.

As a guide to present action, this Congress adopts the following resolutions:

First. *Resolved*, That, pending the proposed formation of a separate political party, each auxiliary League and individual member of this body make it their constant care to secure in their separate communities the nomination of such men for office as publicly declare their belief in the principle of the absolute secularization of the state.

Second. *Resolved*, That it is our higher duty to secure the secularization of the people who compose the state; that for this end we recommend the diffusion of scientific and Liberal literature; the maintenance of competent secular lecturers; the establishment of independent secular schools, free public libraries, and reading-rooms; and any agency that has for its aim the physical, mental, and moral completeness of mankind.

Third. *Resolved*, That in all the other reform tendencies of the age, such as woman's demand for enfranchisement, the just claim of labor to be freed from the greed of heartless corporations, and the unjust privileges accorded to capital, the growing desire for a social condition founded on the equal distribution of such natural bounties of nature as are the product of no man's labor; the demands of civil service reform, and anti-monopoly leagues, we recognize the same fundamental sense of justice struggling in the birth throes from which shall at last be born a state wherein every opportunity in politics, education, and nature shall be eligible to the weakest and poorest member of society on the same terms as to the wealthy and the strongest. (*Continued on page* 650.)

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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Reply to Mr. Whitehead.—Concluded.

Prof. Davidson, in further remarks upon the incapacity of the fathers, says:

The three fathers of whom we are speaking had neither the ability nor inclination to examin the genesis of documents surrounded with an apostolic halo. No analysis of their authenticity and genuinness was seriously attempted. In its absence, custom, accident, taste, practical needs, directed the tendency of tradition. All the rhetoric employed to throw the value of their testimony as far back as possible, even up to or very near the apostle John, is of the vaguest sort. Appeals to the continuity of tradition and of church doctrin, to the exceptional veneration of these fathers for the gospels, to their opinions being formed earlier than the composition of the works in which they are expressed, possess no force.

The ends which the fathers in question had in view, their polemic motivs, their uncritical, inconsistent assertions, their want of sure data, detract from their testimony. Their decisions were much more the result of pious feeling, biased by the theological speculations of the times, than the conclusions of a sound judgment. *The very arguments they use to establish certain conclusions show weakness of perception.* What are the manifestations of spiritual feeling compared with the result of logical reasoning? (Davidson on the Canon, pp. 123, 124).

Thus we hav the testimony of one of the ablest and clearest minds that has ever written upon the canon that the fathers most depended upon to establish the authenticity of the small books forming it were "ignorant," "credulous," "blundering," "passionate," "one-sided," "uncritical," "inconsistent," "possessed undue enthusiasm, with contradictions," "exaggerations," "not possessing ability or inclination to examin," "attempting no analysis of genuinness," "an unreasonable apostolic reverence," "custom, accident, taste, and the tendency of tradition taking the place of careful examination," "a disposition to misrepresent," "exceptional veneration of the fathers for the gospels older than the composition," "want of data," "their decisions the result of pious feeling," "based upon [incorrect] theological speculations," "unsound judgment," "weakness of perception," "lack of logical reasoning." These are the characteristics of the fathers depended upon to establish the authenticity of a gospel story which has no solid foundation to rest upon, and which is clearly of an apocryphal character. The charge of *ignorance* is thus most clearly established.

The opinion that the early supporters of the gospel story were incapable, uncritical, and dishonest, and that many fraudulent productions were foisted into notice, is supported by other testimony. Mosheim, the great ecclesiastical historian, givs the following evidence:

There were a number of commentaries filled with impositions and fables on our Savior's life and sentiments, composed soon after his ascent into heaven [an unauthentic and improbable event] by men who, without being bad, perhaps were superstitious, simple, and piously deceitful. To these were afterward added other writings, *falsely ascribed to the most holy apostles by fraudulent individuals.*

He adds the very damaging testimony that the early Christian fathers and others fell into the pernicious error of deeming it not only lawful but commendable to deceive and lie for the sake of creed and piety. He continues in this way:

This vice early spread among the Christians. Of this no one will doubt who calls to mind the numerous forgeries of books under the names of eminent men, the Sibyline verses, and I know not what besides, a large mass of which appeared in this age (the second century) and subsequently. I would not say that the orthodox Christians forged all the books of this character; on the contrary, it is probable that the greater part of them originated from the founders of the Gnostic sects. Yet that the Christians who were free from heterodox views were not wholly free from this fault *is too clear to be denied.*

The ignorance and superstition of the early fathers are made clear by what they taught. Clement of Rome, at the end of the first century, taught as true the fable of the phenix, which was said to renew its life every five hundred years, rising from its dead ashes. He believed this mythical bird had a real existence, and quoted what he supposed to be a fact to prove the doctrin of the resurrection of the body. Tertullian believed the same absurdity, and after Celsus had shown the fallacy, Origen defended the fable, also believing in its truth.

Barnabas, or the person who wrote the epistle bearing his name, ignorantly believed that the hyena changed its sex every year, being alternately male and female; that a hare bears as many young as it is years old; that a weasel is impregnated in the mouth; that the reason why men should eat only animals with a cloven hoof was because the righteous people lived in this world, but had expectations of the next.

Justin Martyr believed in demons, and that they were a hybrid between angels and the daughters of men; that insane people were possessed by devils or demons. He said the food of angels consisted of manna. Athenagoras also believed in demons; that angels were distributed over the universe to keep it regular, and that they cohabited with the daughters of men and produced giants and demons. Theophilus argued that the pains of women in child-birth and the fact that snakes crawl upon their bellies were proofs that the fable of creation and the Garden of Eden is true. Tertullian held that the hyena annually changes its sex, and that the stag renews its youth by eating poisonous snakes. He also taught that eclipses and comets were indications of God's anger and forerunners of great calamities. He held that volcanoes were the chimneys of hell, and that the volcanic condition is a punishment inflicted upon mountains as a warning to wicked men; that demons are the cause of diseases and that they send them upon human beings to torment and annoy them; that they cause blight to grain, and are the source of all the accidents and misfortunes that befall people in this world. He taught the monstrous absurdity that a corpse once moved along of itself in a cemetery to make room for another corpse to lie beside it. He recommended magistrates to summon before them persons possessed with a devil, and said if the devil did not acknowledge himself to be a devil he would falsely claim to be a god, and then must be killed.

Clement of Alexandria taught that hail storms, tempests, and plagues are caused by demons; that "*credulity is necessary to render faith easy;*" that events in the life of Abraham were typical and prophetical of arithmetic and astronomy. He was so generous as to teach that the Jews and Gentiles would hav the gospel preached to them in hell. He was also lascivious. It has truly been said that "his chapter on the immorality of pagan women in the bath betrays the hatred of the *canaille* for the upper classes, and shows if the bishop of the church could use such language, that the early Christians of Alexandria must hav been from the very lowest grades of society." His book was so unseemly that his translators were forced to omit the most indecent parts.

Origen taught that the sun and moon are living beings endowed with reason and free will, and that they occasionally committed sin. He was not quite sure whether their souls were created at the same time with their bodies or existed before. He was also rather uncertain whether their souls would be released at the time of the destruction of their bodies at the end of the world. He claimed that their light was the knowledge and wisdom reflected from the eternal light surrounding God's throne. That they had free will he proved by a quotation from Job (xxv, 45): "How, then, can man be justified with God? Or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold, even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight!" That the stars are rational creatures he inferred from the fact that they move. He said, "As the stars move with so much order and method that under no circumstances whatever does their course seem to be disturbed, is it not the extreme of absurdity to suppose that so much order, so much observance of disciplin and method can be demanded from or fulfilled by irrational beings?" He held that the sun, moon, and stars are subject to vanity, and that they prayed to God through his only begotten son. Famin, the blighting of vines, fruit trees, and other crops, the destruction of beasts and man, he believed to be directly the work of demons.

Lactantius believed that demons enter men and injure them through the viscera, producing both physicial diseases and mental distempers. He believed, further, that the symbol of the cross was potent to drive them away, so all that a person had to do to keep the devils out was to wear the figure of the cross around the neck or other parts of the body. He strongly ridiculed the rotundity of the earth and the possibility of there being people on the opposit side of the globe. He held it to be utterly impossible that the sun, moon, and stars could ever be under the earth, and that snow, hail, and rain could, by any possibility, fall upward to the earth. This ignorant philosophy of his was written in his work entitled "The Divine Institutions."

Cyril believed in the fable of the phenix, and declared that God created it expressly to enable man to believe the doctrin of the resurrection. But as wonderful a bird as he conceived it to be he greatly regretted that it was irrational, that it could not sing praises to God, and knew nothing of his only begotten son.

Chrysostom believed the air is peopled with angels, Thomas believed it filled with demons, St. Augustine also believed it filled with demons, and that they try to deceive men by appearing to be gods. He taught that there is a class of satyrs and fauns called *Incubi*, to whose lascivious attacks women are constantly subject. He held that there was so much evidence of this, to deny it is an impertinence. He believed that numerous miracles took place in his day, and narrated difficult and impossible cures which had been performed upon many people, by the relics of some dead saints or by the rite of baptism being performed; he taught that evil spirits were cast out of cattle by prayer. He also ridiculed the rotundity of the earth and the belief in antipodes. Nearly all the early fathers wholly disbelieved in the rotundity of the earth; the doctrine came from the Greeks, and it was denounced as an untrue heathen doctrine. Patricius, Diodorus, of Tarsus and other historic theologians taught the same. The Christian religion was staked on the flatness of the earth, and when science demonstrated that the earth is a globe, theology received a more deadly blow than ever before, and will never recover from it. The fathers believed all exact learning to be of the devil.

Keeler says:

The erroneous and grotesque beliefs of the Christian fathers could be quoted until they filled a large volume, but a few are sufficient to illustrate the intellectual condition of the ages which originated and transmitted the Bible to us. It will be said the fathers were as good as their times. That cannot be maintained. They were not even as good. There were men in those days who saw that the world is round. The fact that Augustine, Lactantius, and other fathers opposed the theory shows that there were men who advocated it. . . . . In short, the sum of the charges against the fathers is that they were not competent to tell what was evidence of a fact and what was not. They cited as evidence of a theory things which are not in the slightest degree such, and they would look directly into the face of evidence which established theories they did not indorse and still would be unable to say it was evidence. Now, if the fathers were great scholars, they should not hav been so persistently in the wrong. They should hav seen the truth, at least as others did. What has become of the names and memories of the men who stood up for the truth? Are they even yet called great? The Christian church has been honoring the wrong persons.

The ignorance of the fathers not only pertained to nature but embraced literature as well. Very few of them understood Hebrew. Justin Martyr quoted from Jeremiah and called it Isaiah. Clement of Alexandria quoted as scripture passages found in no book of the Bible. He also quoted from Paul words which Paul did not use. In quoting from other writers he often put in words and sentences not in the writings of the persons quoted. Tutullian quoted as in Leviticus a passage not to be found in that book. He also misquoted history. He pretended to quote from Isaiah a passage not found in that book, but to be found in Revelation. He committed many similar inaccuracies. The gospel writers made like errors. The person who wrote the gospel of Matthew attributes to Jeremiah a passage found only in Zechariah; and the writer of Mark credits to Isaiah a passage which is in Malachi. The fathers quoted from apocryphal books the same as though they were genuin; and they also quoted from heathen poets and writers, and often called the same scripture. When Paul, even, uses the maxim, "It is more blessed to giv than to receive," and attributes it to Jesus, he uses a passage not found in the four gospels, and his quotation "Evil communications corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. xv, 33) was taken from the "Thais" of Menander, one of the seven wise men of Greece. The familiar quotation "For in him we liv and move and hav our being" (Acts xvii, 28) is from the Greek poet Aratus, and from the "Hymn to Jupiter" of Cleanthes. The passage "The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies" (1 Titus i, 12) is taken from the Greek poet Epimenides, who is called a prophet. Paul quoted as scripture passages not to be found in the Old Testament. The writer of Matthew made the same mistake. He pretended to quote as the words of a prophet "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which hav been kept secret." There is no such prophecy, no such language in the Old Testament.

By way of repetition it may be said that in the early churches such apocryphal writings as "The Revelation of Peter," "The Revelation of Paul," "The Epistle of Clement," "The Shepherd of Hermas," "The Gospel of Barnabas," "The Gospel of Nicodemus," "The Gospel of the Hebrews," and many other similar apocryphal and unauthentic productions were read and accepted by the fathers as scripture divinely inspired, but there is not a thing to show that the four books *according to*, not *by*, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were ever read or known till late in the second century. We hav here the strongest proof that what was then regarded as the word of God was afterwards rejected by the councils which subsequently convened to decide which is the word of God, and such writings as early had not been accepted and were wholly unknown afterwards, were accepted as the only genuin article.

That the charge of *ignorance* justly attaches to many of the fathers of the church, and that of *dishonesty* as well, there is abundant evidence, but a small portion of this can be given here. Mosheim, in part ii, chap. 3, of his "Ecclesiastical History," says:

The interest of virtue and true religion suffered yet more grievously by the monstrous errors that were universally adopted in this century, and became a source of innumerable calamities and mischiefs of succeeding ages. The first of these maxims was *that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie* when by that means the interest of the church might be promoted; and the second, equally horrible, though in another point of view, was "that errors in religion, when maintained and adhered to

after proper admonition were punishable with civil penalities and corporal tortures." The former of these erroneous maxims was now of long standing. It had been adopted for long ages past, and had produced an incredible number of ridiculous fables, fictitious prodigies, and pious frauds to the remarkable detriment to that glorious cause in which they were employed. And it must be frankly confessed that the greatest men and the most eminent saints of this century [the fourth] were more or less tainted with the infection of this corrupt principle, as will appear evident to such as look with an attentiv eye to their writings and actions. We would willingly except from this charge Ambrose and Hiliary, Augustin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome; but truth, which is more respectable than these venerable fathers, obliges us to involve them in the general accusation.

At another time he says, as translated by Vidal:

At the time when he [Hermas] wrote, it was an established maxim with many of the Christians to avail themselvs of fraud and deception, if it was likely they would conduce toward the attainment of any considerable good.

He again says:

It was considered that they who made it their business to deceive, with a view of promoting the cause of truth, were deserving rather of commendation than censure.

The French Protestant writer, Casaubon, talks in a similar way, thus:

It mightily affects me to see how many there were in the earliest times of the church who considered it a capital exploit to lend to heavenly truth the help of their own inventions in order that the new doctrin might be received by the wise among the gentiles. These officious lies, they said, were devised for a good end.

Le Clerc, corroborating these opinions, says:

Dissemblers of truth are nowhere to be met with in such abundance as among the writers of church history.

M. Daille, another learned and impartial French writer, in his celebrated work, the "Use of the Fathers," says:

We find them saying things which they did not themselvs believe. They are mutually witnesses against each other, that they are not to be believed absolutely on their bare word.

In book 1, chap. 6, he states, upon the authority of St. Jerome, that:

Origen, Methodius, Eusebius, Apollonaris, hav written largely against Celsus and Porphyry. Do but observe their manner of arguing, and what slippery problems they used. They alleged against the Gentiles, not what they believed, but what they thought necessary.

Jerome himself adds:

I forebear mentioning the Latin writers, as Tertullian, Cyprian, Minutius, Victorinus, Lactantius, Hiliary, lest I should rather seem to accuse others than defend myself.

Daille adds of the fathers:

They made no scruple to forge whole books.

An able writer in the *Eclectic Review* of 1814, page 179, speaks of the fathers in this way:

When we consider the number of gospels, acts, epistles, revelations, traditions, and constitutions which were put in circulation during the first three centuries, and which are unquestionably spurious, we find sufficient reason for examining with care and receiving with extreme caution productions attributed to eminent men in the primitiv church. Some of the early Christians do not appear to hav possessed, in some points, a nice sense of moral obligation. The writing of books under false names, and the circulating of fables, were not accounted violations of duty; or, if the impropriety of such conduct was felt, the end proposed—the promotion of the Christian cause—was thought to justify the means employed for the accomplishment.

Let us glance a little further at the characters of these fathers, upon whom we depend for the sacred writings of the New Testament. It is to Origen more than to any other that we are indebted for the collection of the books called the canon; for it is principally upon his authority that these books were selected out from the others and regarded as inspired. It was upon his *ipse dixit* that the council of Laodicea adopted his collection as the inspired word of God. It is well to see what kind of a man he was. Bishop Horsely, in his reply to Priestly, states:

Origen was not incapable of asserting in argument what he believed not, and that a strict regard to truth in disputation was not one of the virtues of his character.

The bishop further remarks:

Time was when the practice of using unjustifiable means to serve a good cause was openly avowed, and Origen himself was among its defenders.

It is, however, sad for the memory of this greatest of the Christian fathers that there are strong grounds for believing that late in life he renounced the system of Christianity he had labored so hard to establish. That this was the case, Robert Taylor says:

It is to be found, however, in Origen's own writings, and is confirmed in his life in the Greek of Suidas. His dolorous lamentations and repentance after this outrageous apostasy present us with the most authentic and, at the same time, the most demonstrativ view of the interior characters of the most primitiv Christianity; and must satisfy those who dream of a state of Christianity at any time before the Protestant reformation, when what are called the principles of the reformation were the principles of Christianity, how grossly their Protestant teachers hav deceived them.

Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, was another of the most important Christian fathers. In fact, he is about the only authority for the early history of the church. It has been said by able minds, that "without Eusebius we should scarce hav had any knowledge of the history of the first ages of Christianity, or of the authors who wrote at that time." All other writers of church history begin where Eusebius left off. It is of no slight importance that we should know, then, what manner of man he was. Truth, then, requires it to be said that he was not a man who had an exalted estimate of truth. In the twelfth book of his "Evangelical Preparation" he devotes a whole chapter to proving that falsehood ought to be used whenever it is required, and he heads the thirty-first chapter with this question "how far it may be proper to use falsehood for a medicin, and for the benefit of those who require to be deceived." In another place he says, "I hav related whatever might redound to the glory, and I hav suppressed all that could tend to the disgrace, of our religion." Baronius, a sincere advocate of the Christian faith, calls Eusebius "the great falsifier of ecclesiastical history, a wily sycophant, a consummate hypocrit, a time-serving persecutor, who had nothing in his known life or writings to support the belief that he himself believed in the Christian system." This man is confessedly a hypocrit and falsifier, and it is greatly to be regretted that all we hav of the early history of the church, and the apocryphal writings which compose its scriptures, is from him.

It is little better with the truthfulness of the other fathers, but these points must be briefly stated. Of Irenæus and Papias Dr. Whitby wrote, and with undoubted truth, "as having scandalously deluded the world with fables and lying narrations."

Of Justin Martyr, Mosheim, in an emphatic manner, says, "Much of what Justin says is wholly undeserving of credit."

Of the fathers Clement of Alexandria and Lactantius the Rev. Mr. Jones, in his "New Full Method of Settling the Canonical Authority of the New Testament," page 34, part ii, says "it was the practice with them to make use of testimonials out of forgeries and spurious books to prove the very foundation of Christian revelation."

St. Jerome, author of the Vulgate or Latin translation of the Bible, and esteemed as one of the first dignitaries of the early church, says quite enough to convict himself, and in these words: "I do not find fault with an error which proceeds from a hatred toward the Jews, and a pious zeal for the Christian faith."

Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople, and surnamed "the divine," admitted to Father Jerome that "a little jargon is all that is necessary to impose upon the people. The less they comprehend the more they admire. Our forefathers and doctors of the church hav often said not what they thought, but what circumstances and necessity dictated to them."

Bishop Heliodorus, in his "Romance of Theagnes and Chericles," modestly says, "A falsehood is a good thing when it aids the speaker and does no injury to the hearers." St. Synesius further declares that the "people were desirous of being deceived. We can not do otherwise respecting them." The same saint further says, "For my own part I shall always be a philosopher, but in dealing with the mass of mankind I shall be a priest."

As specimens of the kind of truth St. Augustine dealt in, it is enough to say that he stated as a positiv fact, and "as true as the gospel," that "while he was bishop of Hippo Regius he preached the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to a whole nation of men and women who had no heads, but had their eyes in their bosoms;" and in countries still more southerly he preached to a nation "amongst whom each individual had but one eye, and that situated in the middle of the forehead."

The apostolic father St. Hermas confesses to a truly bad character of himself. In his gospel, as quoted by Cooper, he wrote, "O Lord, I never spake a true word in my life; but I hav always lived in dissimulation and affirmed a lie for truth to all men, and no man contradicted me, but all gave credit to my words!" And as the same gospel sets forth, the angel who heard the above admission made answer in this way, "As the lie was up now he had better keep it up; as in time it would come to be believed it would answer as well as the truth."

It hardly can be denied that we hav shown conclusivly that the fathers were not only ignorant of many of the simple truths of nature, but that they substituted for the same the most arrant pretensions, frauds, and falsehoods. Possibly Mr. Whitehead may not be able to see these things in the light we do, but candid minds must certainly admit that we hav adduced strong and reliable testimony on these two important points.

As vague as it is who wrote the books of the New Testament, as uncertain as it is when the most of them were written, it is nearly as uncertain at what particular time they were first formed into a canon and were accepted by the church as the inspired word of God. True, Origen was the first to make a list of the books composing the New Testament, and his list was afterwards adopted by some of the subsequent councils; but still there was a great amount of wrangling between conflicting fathers and contentious councils as to which books should be admitted into the canon and which should be rejected. For the first two centuries there was no canon—no New Testament as such. Hundreds of gospels, epistles, etc., were in existence, presenting about equal claims for credit and divine origin, and it was a long time before the vexatious question was allowed to rest. The selection of the books and the agreement as to the list were slow and unsatisfactory in process, and, as Westcott says, it is "impossible to point to any period as marking the date at which our present canon was determined." The same competent writer further says:

This result (the formation of the canon) was obtained gradually, spontaneously, silently. There is no evidence to show that at any time the claims of the apostolic writings to be placed on an equal footing with the Old Testament, which formed the first Christian Bible, were deliberately discussed and admitted. . . . . Step by step the books which were stamped with apostolic authority were separated from the mass of other works which contained the traditions of less authoritativ teachers.

It is not at all strange that the bishops and priests of the early Catholic church, deeming it advisable to sift over the numerous gospels, epistles, and revelations claiming recognition, should select out the few which they chose to dub the "word of God," and throw the rest away. But we hav seen that they did not select the oldest gospels, nor those whose authors were known. They seemed to choose those of comparativly late origin, and whose writers were wholly unknown and possessed very weak claims to divine aid or dictation. The way in which the matter was quarreled over, and even fought over, is worthy of note; and the modes by which it was decided which books to use in forming the canon should not be lost sight of. If some of the gospels and apostles were genuin, and some were spurious, there is very slight grounds for telling that the genuin were accepted and the spurious discarded.

As we hav seen, it was in the third century that Origen made a selection of the many books in various hands and formed his list. The council of Laodicea, which sat in 363, ratified Origen's selection. So it follows that in all probability we are indebted to the choice of this tricky priest for the compilation comprising the New Testament. Had he from freak made a different choice, our so-called word of God to-day would doubtless be very different from what it is. How the priest Origen and the bishops and priests who met at Laodicea were able to select those inspired and separate them from those not inspired bids fair to remain a mystery. William Penn had a just conception of the difficulties in these premises when he thus wrote:

I demand of our adversaries if they are well assured of those men who first collected, embodied, and declared them (the scriptures) authentic by a public canon, which we read was in the council of Laodicea, three hundred and sixty-three years after Christ. I say how do they know that these men rightly discerned true from spurious? Now, sure it is, that some of the scriptures taken in by one council were rejected by another for apocryphal, and that which was left out by the former for apocryphal was taken in by the latter for canonical. Now, visible it is, that they contradict each other, and as true that they hav erred respecting the present belief.

The means sometimes taken to tell which books were genuin and which not is thus described by Pappius, in his "Synodicum of the Council of Nice," in these words: "By placing all the books under a communion table, and, upon the prayers of the council, the inspired books jumped upon the table, while the false ones remained under."

Several councils were held at different periods during the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and they were generally noisy and very inharmonious. A few quotations will suffice to show the character of them, even in the eyes of zealous Christian writers. Tindal, in the 195th page of his work entitled "Rights of the Christian Church," quotes St. Gregory Nazianzen, who, in his letter to Procopius, gives his opinion of the councils in this language: "That he fled all assemblies of bishops, because he never saw a good and happy end of any council, but that they did rather increase than lessen the evil; that the love of contention and ambition always overcomes their reason." The pious Nazianzen again givs his reasons for not attending further councils, thus: "Because nothing is to be heard there but geese and cranes."

Tindal, in speaking of the first council convened by Constantine in 325, writes thus:

If these accusations and libels which the bishops of the Council of Nice giv in of one another to the emperor were now extant, in all probability we should hav such calls for scandal that few would hav much reason to boast of the first Ecumenical Council, where, with such heat, passion, and fury, the bishops fell foul of one another, insomuch, that had not the emperor by a trick burnt their church memorials, probably they must hav broke up in confusion. After that council was over the bishops made so great a disturbance and were so unruly that the good emperor was forced to tell them that "if they would not be more quiet and peacable for the future, he would no longer continue his expedition against the Infidels, but must return to keep them in order." Indeed, says the same Christian writer, "the confusion and disorder were so great amongst them, especially in the synods, that it sometimes came to blows; as for instance, Dioscorus, bishop of Alexandria, cuffed and kicked Flavianus, patriarch of Constantinople (at the second synod of Epesus) with that fury that within three days after he died."

St. Hiliary, bishop of Poictiers, expressed himself in this way about the councils and synods:

Since the Nicene synod we do nothing but write creeds; we fight about words; we raise questions about novelties; we quar-

(*Continued on page* 653, *second column.*)

(*Continued from page 647.*)

Fourth. *Resolved*, That we regard the independent Liberal papers springing up all over our land as one of the mightiest among the agencies that are ever widening the bounds of light, and we therefore commend to the earnest and generous patronage of all Liberals such papers as *Man* and THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York; the *Investigator*, *Banner of Light*, and *This World*, of Boston; the *Alliance*, of Chicago; the *Age* and *Iconoclast*, of Indianapolis; the *Liberal Age* and *Freidenker*, of Milwaukee; the *Lake Pepin Gazette*, of Lake Pepin, Minn.; the *Agnostic*, of Dallas, Tex.; the *Mind and Matter*, of St. Louis, Mo; the *Liberal*, of Liberal, Mo., and other papers and periodicals of a Liberal character. We welcome every new birth of this order as an aid and a promis of hope of man's deliverance from the long night of ignorance and fear of superstition.

Fifth. *Resolved*, That in the late impertinent attempt of Oliver Stevens, district-attorney of Massachusetts, under the instigation of one of the agents of Anthony Comstock, to suppress the publication of "Leaves of Grass," that most splendid piece of wit and wisdom, as many believe, of the good gray nurse and poet, Walt Whitman, and which has been publicly recognized by some of the sanest and brightest intellects of the world as the chief literary glory of America, we discern a vindication of the original claim of this League—that any censorship of the mails or press by amateur societies under state laws, or through postal officials under United States laws, is imminently dangerous to the liberty of thought, of speech, and of the press, which is at once the dearest right of our manhood, and the most healthful, intellectual, and moral influence which can be exerted upon society. That we therefore repeat our demand that all laws that endanger such rights and liberties be repealed.

Sixth. *Resolved*, That since the proposition of the Watkins Convention (an auxiliary of this body) to establish a secular university, from which all theological and ecclesiastical influences shall be excluded, has been ridiculed by the religious papers, one of them (*The Methodist*) impudently and falsely saying "we [the Liberals] will do no such thing unless we can creep into some Christian university and steal it," we beg leave to remind Christians that Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, a Liberal in every sense, thoroughly imbued with our principles, formerly established such an institution, but that in spite of his will and of every attempt by law to exclude from it all ecclesiastical control and theological influence we learn with amazement that Christian sects hav crept in like a thief in the night, and are now using it as an agency of theological propagandism. That we hold this treachery and theft in measureless contempt, and we recommend immediate steps to dispossess these thieves of their ill-gotten gain. We authorize to that end the Executiv Committee of this body to take any steps necessary, legal or otherwise, to recover this noble and wise benefaction of a Liberal man, and to secure that it be carried out according to his original intent.

Seventh. In addition to these resolutions governing our actions, we wish to make the following expressions of our feelings:

(1) *Resolved*, That we extend our sympathies to those in other lands who are struggling against still stronger and more oppressiv tyrannies than we That we bid them good speed in the fight with injustice in all its forms of oppression in both church and state, and that we especially recognize the great secular movement in England under the leadership of those brave champions of Liberty—Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant—as substantially identical with our own; and that in his arduous struggle against the injustice of the British Parliament in making a dogma of theology a bar to political and legal justice we extend to him our heartiest sympathy, in the full faith that we shall yet see him triumph over all his foes, and take possession of his rightful seat in Parliament amidst the plaudits of all liberty-loving men and women the world over.

(2) *Resolved*, That we cannot, while assembled in this Congress, fail to recall to memory the devoted services and life-long consecration to every cause of liberty, science, and humanity of our former president, Hon. Elizur Wright, and that while we regret his absence we send to him renewed assurances of our esteem and admiration, sincerely wishing that he may be long preserved to be a tower of strength and a crown of glory to the cause of liberty.

(3) *Resolved*, That as soldiers at the front depend upon and are stimulated by those who at home furnish the sinews of war, therefore, we, as activ laborers in the great Liberal movement, express our appreciation of and gratitude to the silent workers who in country and town throughout the land are making sacrifices of time and means to sustain the principles which we proclaim.

These resolutions, reported by the committee, were passed unanimously.

After the adoption of the resolutions the Congress recommended the Board of Managers to call the next Congress at Milwaukee, and thanked Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Severance for their generous invitation to meet there, they offering to pay all local expenses.

The session then adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.—SEPT. 30TH.

Newspaper report.

A large number assembled at eight o'clock to listen to addresses by Mrs. H. S. Lake and Dr. Williams of Milwaukee. The services were opened by the recital of a poem, "The City of Light," by Mrs. Lake. This was followed by a song from Mr. Lake, borrowed in part from the Christian hymn-book, but remodeled to suit Liberal ideas. The chorus of this song afforded peculiar satisfaction and pleasure to the audience because it seemed expressiv of the iconoclastic idea of the Liberalist.

Mrs. Lake then began her address, which was quite lengthy, and elicited frequent applause. The subject of the discourse was, "The Mission of Liberalism." The history of the origin, development, and purpose of Liberalism was narrated in forcible language. The different creeds or isms were reviewed and defined. The mission of Liberalism, as explained by the speaker, seemed to be to undo what Christianity had done in the way of infusing into the minds of its adherents superstitious beliefs. The so-called labor of saving souls by means of revival meetings and other ingenious methods known to Christians was scoffingly portrayed, while the task of the Liberalist who did not work merely on the emotions and sympathies of men, but appealed to his intelligence, was painted in a manner to make him a veritable hero.

The address of Mrs. Lake was succeeded by singing, and Dr. Williams, of Milwaukee, then discoursed on the "New Dispensation," painting in glowing colors a vision of Liberalism triumphant and Christianity buried in the mausoleum of dead superstitions.

MORNING SESSION.—OCT. 1, A.D. 1882.

The president called the Congress to order at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Frank Rivers arose and asked unanimous consent to make a statement. He said that he formerly resided in Boston, and was known as a Liberal there, but had lately removed to St. Louis. He believed that the press of St. Louis preferred to treat the Congress with fairness, but that they had made some mistakes, and he wished one to be corrected.

The mistake referred to was in attributing the authorship of "Cupid's Yokes" to D. M. Bennett, when such was not the case. Mr. Rivers stated that Mr. Bennett had only been arrested for selling the book, and that it had been written by Ezra H. Heywood, who had never belonged to any Liberal League, and had sold the book without opposition before Bennett's imprisonment. He claimed that the mere fact of Bennett's Freethought propensities being distasteful to the people brought about his imprisonment for selling the book. Mr. Rivers also claims that Mr. Bennett never indorsed a line of the work, and only sold it to demonstrate his right to do so.

As Mr. Bennett is coming West soon for the purpose of delivering a lecture, I desire to set him right before the people of St. Louis.

But still more, said Mr. Rivers, should the League be set right. Nothing had been said on the subject at this Congress. The League had nothing whatever to do with it, nor with "Leaves of Grass," nor with any other book, except to vindicate the liberty of the press, of speech, and the inviolability of the mails. The press was certainly presenting a strange spectacle in going out of its way to try and hunt up something against those who had labored and suffered for its defense, and for nothing else.

Mr. Curtis, of St, Louis, concurred in the remarks of Mr. Rivers, and said that the prosecutions referred to in this country, and of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant in England, were instituted only out of theological malice. Those same books had been sold constantly before the trials, during the trials, and ever since without a word of objection by the prosecuting parties; that those charges were only made against Liberals to get them into trouble and break down the freedom of speech, liberty of the press, and the privacy of the mails, and that the press should never go back upon the Liberal editors who were the last who had suffered for the common benefit.

As to the offenses, they amounted to nothing that would not be forgiven or whitewashed in a moment if they only had been Christians.

The next order of business was the annual report by the secretary, Mr. Leland, and of the treasurer, Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Palmer had sent a telegram that in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Palmer he had found it impossible for him to attend, as he had fully intended and arranged to do. He wished the Congress every possible success.

Mr. Leland read both reports, which will be printed in due time. They showed that the League had doubled itself in members, means, and auxiliaries within the last year in spite of all drawbacks; that in order to open an office in New York, and to found the *Man* newspaper, the managers had advanced $800 over the $1,500 receipts. The question of the continuance of *Man* and of its needful support was submitted to the Congress.

The Congress had no doubt on the subject, and the reports were adopted unanimously.

Mr. Follett, whose appearance supported the assertion, announced that he had once been a hard-working Baptist. He commented upon the report, and said that they should not be discouraged by the apparent expense, as the Baptist denomination in its earlier days had grown far more in debt by sending missionaries out to convert the heathen who had a much better religion than the missionaries themselvs; yet to-day the denomination was wealthy enough.

Mr. Wakeman said that if *Man* was to be continued funds must be supplied or pledged. At this point Mr. Cowan, of Illinois, became warmed up, and, rising in his seat, said he wanted to giv five dollars. Somebody suggested that this had better be deferred until the proper time. "You had better strike while the iron's hot," said Mr. Cowan, and looked as if he might be cooling.

His suggestion was acted upon with celerity and his five dollars taken with no more objections. The example was contagious, and the scene for a short time afterward remained one of a revival, with this great difference that the converts offered their money instead of their souls on the altar. Ten or twelve men not members of the League came forward with their five-dollar bills, and each man took the stand and delivered a short but impressiv speech while he waved his greenbacks over his head.

At this point, Mr. Cowan, the first contributor, proposed a love feast. It was seconded enthusiastically, but the opportunity was too good to be lost, and subscription solicitors were started circulating with the gratifying result of something near a hundred dollars in additional donations. The entire amount collected was over $200.

Pledges for future subscriptions were then taken with good results.

Mr. Clarke, of St. Louis, then moved that the secretary of the National Liberal League be directed to forward blanks to each auxiliary League for the purpose of procuring subscriptions from individual members and friends of the cause for the League and for *Man*, which was unanimously adopted.

It was moved by Mr. Gorsuch and passed unanimously,

That this Congress earnestly impress upon the auxiliaries the extreme desirability of raising money for the national treasury, and that each League be allowed to use the method to accomplish the same that seems best to itself; further, that each delegate or Liberal present be constituted a committee of one, to individually exercise every power to further this very important object in his League and neighborhood.

The Committee on Nominations then reported the proposed officers for the next year, Mrs. Jackson acting for the committee:

For President, T. B. Wakeman, of New York.

Secretary, T. C. Leland, of New York.

Treasurer, Courtlandt Palmer, of New York.

Chairman of Executiv Committee, E. A. Stevens, of Chicago.

Chairman of Finance Committee, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of California.

And then followed a long list of vice-presidents and of executiv officers in each of the states, which will be published in due time.

The committee had been unanimous as to all of the principal officers except the chairman of the executiv committee. As to that two names had been presented—Mr. E. C. Walker, of Iowa, and Mr. H. L. Green, of New York—but all had agreed upon Mr. Stevens as soon as his name was mentioned.

The report was received with applause.

As to the matter of two life members, Mr. Leland said that Mr. Charles Eckard, a delegate from New York, in the greatness of his heart, had put up the money, $50, for the election of two ladies; as his acquaintance with the Liberal ladies of the country was limited, he desired the secretary to make the selection for him. The secretary fell into embarrassment over the subject and desired the Congress to help him out. Thereupon Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, of Snowville, Virginia, and Mrs. Lizzie K. Jackson, of St. Louis, were nominated, with applause. Mrs. Jackson at once arose and suggested Mrs. Lake to her place, and declined; but the Congress would hear of no declining, and both ladies were at once chosen.

The long list of vice-presidents and executivs of the several states were revised, subject to further revision by the Board of Managers, and then the whole report was adopted and the officers elected.

During the discussion as to the officers for the several states many interesting speeches were made. For instance, when Kentucky was called, a stalwart-looking man, Mr. Bennett, came forward and said:

I am a radical in both politics and religion. I do not belong to any League, but stand alone in my community as an Infidel. I came all the way from home, a distance of five hundred miles, on purpose to see Infidels, and I am proud of the name. I am the only man in my neighborhood who dares to say what he thinks. According to the Christian theory, I will hav to roast in — [here several suggested hades as better than the word used to fill the blank], but they say in my town that Guiteau went to heaven direct from the gallows, and I would rather be in — with a decent company of Liberals, for they never murdered anybody. My friends, you talk right, but you don't yet work right. You must make this a political party. Dare to do what is right and take the consequences. [Great applause]. This is Sunday, I believe, but Sunday don't belong to theologians, and I hav got as good a right to it as anybody. I hav made friends of three or four ministers, and they all quit preaching when they associated with me awhile.

Mr. Bennett was unanimously elected as Liberal executiv for the state of Kentucky.

When the executivs of the states were present they were called out and were introduced, and made speeches generally, both instructiv and amusing.

After this business was concluded, Mr. George Chainey, of Boston, arose and said that several resolutions and suggestions relativ to a new secular calendar had been referred to the Committee on Resolutions, and that they desired him to report the following, which he read:

THE MODERN ERA.

WHEREAS, The uncertain and mythical origin of the Christian calendar now in general use commits those who use it, to some extent at least, to the Christian theology; and,

WHEREAS, It would be a relief to many and a great convenience to hav a more certain modern and purely secular date for recording time,

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend all those who do not wish to express their adherence to the Christian theology to unite in all parts of the world upon a common, secular, universal date as the year *one* of a modern era; and,

WHEREAS, Three great events common to the whole human race, and which gave mankind a new heaven and new earth, point to the year known as "A. D. 1600," making our present year 282, as the proper beginning of the modern era; we call special attention to those facts, viz.:

1. The general publication and acceptance of the new or Copernican system of astronomy.

2. The discovery of the unity of the human race (*i. e.*, humanity in its solidarity and continuity) by the extension of commerce and European civilization to Asia, Africa, and Australia, and the recognition of progress in the success of the ages and generations of the human race.

3. The foundation of International Law by Hugo Grotius (begun in 1600 and published in 1625); and,

WHEREAS, These events, which changed the face of the world, are fitly consecrated by the martyrdom of the great Liberal of his age, Giordano Bruno, who was burnt to death by the Christian church at Rome, on the 16th day of February, 1600, for proclaiming the new astronomy, the true solar system, the infinity of the heavens and of worlds; and,

WHEREAS, This modern date may be most conveniently used to succeed the old era, having its last two figures the same, and being capable of a familiar contraction to '82 for 282, just as the old date, 1885, is contracted to '82; therefore,

Resolved, That the national Liberal League adopt this date, and earnestly recommend its general use.

The resolution was adopted unanimously and with applause.

A discussion then arose as to whether it would be more proper to describe the new era as the Age of Reason, the Era of Science, or the Era of Man, so as to hav a proper substitute for the "Year of our Lord" (Anno Domini) of the old era.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, of California, moved that the Era of Man (contracted E. M.) be recommended as the new style. This was seconded by Mr. Thomas Curtis, of St. Louis, Mo., and others.

Amendments were offered that the Era of Science (contracted E. S.) be used; but this, and also the sug-

gestion to use Age of Reason, did not prevail. The motion to recommend the Era of Man was then passed by so large a majority that it was almost a general consent.

The last vote on the subject of the new era was taken at twelve o'clock, and the Congress then adjourned until the afternoon session. Many were the hand-shakings and congratulations over the harmonious and important work of the morning.

AFTERNOON SESSION — SUNDAY, OCT. 1, E.M. 282.

From St. Louis Press.

The afternoon session was occupied entirely with a lecture by George Chainey, a former Methodist minister, and an admission fee of fifty cents was charged at the door. There was no perceptible decrease in the attendance, which had been very good all day. Mr. Chainey's lecture was, properly speaking, a eulogy of Walt Whitman and a criticism, extremely favorable, of his prohibited work, "Leaves of Grass." Aside from this it was principally an assault upon the Christian religion, which he saddled with whatever of wrong there was in the world.

As a fluent, poetical, and well-composed lecture it was deserving of credit, and reminded one somewhat of Ingersoll in those respects. It was received with frequent applause.

The meeting was adjourned after the lecture until eight o'clock P. M.

The evening session, Sunday, October 1, E. M., 282, was set apart by general consent to hear Mr. Wakeman's address on "The Era of Man and its Scientific Foundation."

I will giv you first what the local press says:

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Mrs Severance. The opening program was, Recitation, entitled "The King and the Painter," by Mr. Gorsuch, of Baltimore; song, "Pat and the Pig," Prof. Peck, of Chicago; song, "Angel Footsteps," Prof. Peck. An unwritten discourse was then delivered by President Wakeman on Science, Evolution, and the Foundation and Progress of Liberalism. In the light of a scientific lecture, Mr. Wakeman's effort was very commendable. The Darwinian theory of evolution was explained and indorsed, and it was compared with the accepted theories of Christianity. He described the structure of Christian religion as being composed of three stories—hell, earth, and heaven, and demonstrated that Liberalism had done away with the two extremes and dwelt in the safe structure of the earth and the present. He read extracts from Goethe and Emerson, and closed by an exhortation not very dissimilar to the ordinary orthodox exhortations, except that Man was substituted for God. President Wakeman is an extremely radical evolutionist and Liberalist, with a very ministerial aspect, and the effect of his appearance in the pulpit of what was not long since a church, laying aside God, quoting famous Infidels, and invoking an infinity of space containing nothing higher than man, with uplifted hands and eyes, the place before him on the pulpit once consecrated to the Bible, now usurped by the works of Goethe and Ingersoll, the congregation applauding his particularly blasphemous sentiments, was at once impressiv and suggestiv.

Thus it struck this pious reporter, but the audience did not take it so coolly. Before Mr. Wakeman concluded his hour and a half discourse the applause was very frequent, and at the conclusion there was round after round. The audience had followed him through a thorough exposition of the whole historical and scientific basis of the new era of Liberalism, Science, and Humanity into a new world, as he called it. One member thought an adjournment should be had, so that nothing should mar in their minds the effect of that address, which he said was to him marvelous.

A delegate from Texas said he had long thought how to spend the time and money to attend this Congress, but that discourse repaid had him a thousandfold. He should return home a new man.

Another delegate said that he now felt what it was to be born again. Mr. Wakeman had taken him up like a child in his arms and carried him from the Old World into the New.

Several others followed in a similar strain, until finally an elderly gentleman of St. Louis, strongly resembling Santa Claus, nearly exploded in his attempts to express the effect of Mr. Wakeman's speech upon him. This had an amusing and sedativ tendency, and the Congress settled down to finish its business.

A resolution of thanks to Mr. Wakeman was passed, with the request that the speech be written out and printed at the expense of the League.

Mr. Wakeman returned thanks for the compliment, and said that he was requested to giv the same address as near as he could for Mr. Chainey at Paine Hall on Sunday, Oct. 18th, and that then it would appear in *This World* without expense to the League, but he could not promis it would be the same speech, for the present occasion was a large part of it.

Mr. Curtis offered a resolution of thanks to the newspapers of St. Louis for their "tolerably fair" reports of the Congress.

To this objection was made that boy reporters had been sent to the Congress who had not general intelligence enough to know what the Congress was about. "What can an ordinary reporter make out of such an address as we hav had to-night," said another delegate; "the press ought to be told that they must send educated men here or none."

With this admonition the thanks were given.

Mr. Leland said that some had spoken to him to the effect that Mrs. Lake and Mrs. Severance should be made life members of the League, as well as Mrs. Slenker and Mrs. Jackson. To do that, he said, it was necessary to raise $50.

The audience in a few minutes raised the amount, and the ladies returned their thanks, and said the funds would be applied in their Liberal work.

Mr. Gorsuch expressed his gratification at the work of the Congress. It had placed the Liberal cause in the United States upon an indestructible basis. The demons of the night of superstition, the selfisness, the narrowness, the discords of the past, were vanishing in the light and warmth of the new era.

Others took up the strain and gave their experiences in speeches of five minutes, until the hand at 12 o'clock brought an end to the "love feast," and compelled the Congress to adjourn until another year.

Mr. Hale Replies to His Critics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you permit me to offer a few words in reply to Mr. T. Winter's criticism of my communication on the "Materialism of Mind," published in your paper of September 2d, the title of which, he thinks, should be "Old Brains?"

If vituperation and sarcasm are to be received instead of argument, then no doubt I am most summarily disposed of; but if truth and logical reasoning are to be adopted, then I think I shall be able to stand the racket a while yet.

I would remind Mr. Winter that invectivs and ridicule prove nothing more than that the one who uses them has nothing better to offer, that all argument is played out, that it is his last resort; and most certainly Mr. T. Winter's communication is nothing more nor less than a tirade of invectivs and sarcasm; and if I should indulge in a little of that in my reply to him I think it ought to be excusable under the circumstances.

Mr. Winter seems to think I am a Spiritualist, but I am not of the kind he thinks, for the Spiritualists phenomenal cannot fellowship me. I am not conscious of ever having had any communication whatever with spirits out of the body, as Spiritual ists claim to hav. I will not attempt to reply in full to that tirade, for it would only be a waste of time, and would do no good. There has not been a solitary argument advanced to reply to. My proposition stands unanswered, That if material organization or evolution is the cause of all things, then all things are the result of that cause. That proves itself. That is all there is of it. It is all in a nutshell. Any child of ordinary intellect, with a small amount of brains, can understand that; and if Mr. Winter's brains are not in good working order enough to comprehend that, he had better get them repaired before he ventures to criticise subjects beyond his capacity to understand.

Mr. Winter says that speculativ folly about an undying existence is all moonshine and the source of every pious swindle. I would reply that if his theory of Materialism is true and the cause of all things, then every pious swindle is the result of that, for there can be no other cause, and so on through the whole catalog.

Mr. Winter says all statements without proof are worthless. That is just what I claim. Now let him prove his statement that no mental power can possibly exist distinct from a living, healthy brain, which he says I know well enough. I know nothing of the kind. If he does, let him giv his proof. I defy him to prove his statement.

I will not stoop to make any other reply to his sarcasm about Spiritualist folks living as well without brains as with than to say that such nonsense is unworthy of a reply.

Mr. Winter says, "Go ahead, ye Spiritualistic cranks, and show up a grand circus of disembodied spooks," etc., and seems to be very much excited, as if he had found a veritable mare's-nest. Now all I hav to say about the spook business is that I know nothing about spooks. I only know that, if his theory of Materialism is true and the cause of all things, then all of these false theories and shams, as he calls them, are the offsprings of that theory, and I trot them all out for his inspection, to see whether he will acknowledge the "corn." A man over seventy years old ought to know enough to know his own children when he sees them, and here they are, of all grades and sizes—all that ever hav been from the year one down to this time, including Old Nero with his fiddle, the goose that cackled and saved a city, and every theory and humbug that has ever existed; they are all the result, the offspring, of Materialism, if that is true, for there can be no other cause if that is the only cause.

Mr. Winter seems to be in about the same fix the old lady was in who did not wish to lend her washtub to a neighbor who wanted it. She said she hadn't got none, that the bottom was knocked out, and she wanted to use it herself. That is about what his tirade amounts to. I shall pay no more attention to Mr. Winter until he can present some argument worth noticing.

In regard to Ella E. Gibson's criticism, I will say that I admit the correctness of the criticism in reference to misapplied gender, and in part as to the personality of a supreme intelligence, and realize the difficulty of expressing our ideas of a great (I will not say first cause, but eternal) cause without endowing such an existence with the characteristic of person if not of gender. But it strikes me that the word *it* would be more objectionable than the male or female characteristic. The prefix *it* seems to me too insignificant when applied to the Great Supreme Intelligence of the universe. The very thought of such a being overwhelms us with the ideal of an ineffable majesty that makes the word *it* seem to be entirely out of place in such a position. We must hav some words to express our ideas, and if I hav failed in selecting the most appropriate in which to express my thoughts, I hav no fears that the Almighty will be annihilated in consequence any sooner than if a Materialist had said that no such being existed at all.

If I ever attempt again to write on any subject that involves these points for criticism, I will try and use such terms as will not mar the harmony of the universe.

JAMES HALE.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 17, 1882.

Thoughts by the Way.

The infinit exists within the limits of matter and motion, but above the plane of all sentient ideas. We are sympathetically but not intellectually associated with the infinit, and the endeavor to intellectualize what is only sympathetic has given rise to all the crudities the world has ever entertained respecting the character and attributes of the infinit.

Jesus Christ placed no pecuniary value upon his invaluable communications, but, with a soul broad as humanity's wants, taught without money and without price, and urged upon the listening multitude to emulate his example, and as they hav freely received to freely giv.

If a man is weak enough to believe in the Trinity, in vicarious atonement, and in eternal damnation, he is too weak to resist temptation, and therefore should not be trusted.

Theology has reached the lowest possible point of human degradation when beings formed in the image of God can be made to believe that infinit justice requires eternal pain.

The Old Testament is principally a catalog of the crimes and cruelties of the Jewish nation, and as such is as worthy the name of a revelation from God as the story "Cyclopean Giants" would be of a place in the archives of heaven.

Priest or minister: A concentration of theological errors, which he reflects upon his congregation.

Ultima thule, or the duty of man: Let every sentence you utter be worthy of remembrance; let every action of your life be worthy of imitation.

N. SAWYER.

Keystone of Monopoly.

Can grain be made into flour without the use of millstones? We will suppose it cannot, anyhow. If it should happen that the millers own the means of making millstones we might be in a bad predicament, for they would charge as they saw fit for grinding. The price of grinding added to the price of the wheat would make bread dear. Bread being the staff of life, and necessarily used by everybody, and being so increased in cost, would hav its influence on every business of life. In some way or other, by reducing wages and enhancing prices, it would make life harder to the many. The power of money would be increased—a power ever hostil to the poor. All this would happen unless millstones could be imported from abroad in such quantities that the millers could not buy them all up and destroy them, as of late monopolists hav done with potatoes, coffee, and quinine. But if our government had made a law to tax everyone who sought to introduce millstones as though he were an enemy, and to tax him so high as to prohibit or restrict him from so doing, this tax, called a tariff, would protect the millers. This would be what is called "protecting the American industry against foreign imports." Those opposed to such a law would be called as "bribed with British gold by the Cobden Club." If any person or persons should attempt to make millstones they would hav their trouble for their pay, as the millers would never patronize them. It might happen that the millers would in time care nothing for their mills and look only to their profits in the millstone production. How long would a free people tolerate such a monstrous monopoly?

Is not this precisely the same monopoly as that which the railroad rings of this country enjoy? Controling all the great lines of the road, they had only to secure a monopoly in the business of furnishing the material for building and running railways to be masters of the situation. Accordingly they procured the enactment by Congress of a law to restrict the importation of all such materials under a penalty of twenty-eight dollars per ton. Canadians may build railways at a cost of twenty-eight dollars per ton for rails, more or less, but our roads are laid at a cost of fifty-six to sixty dollars per ton, every cent of which extra cost goes to the great stock and bondholders of the roads. They run all the rail-mills and factories. Let a competing company try to build a line. Why should it do so? It must pay to these monopolists their price, or import at the same price. Shall it make its own material? That is all it can do. It cannot sell to its rivals. Nothing but mighty com-

binations can succeed here. Just imagin one railway company setting itself up in opposition to the combination, refusing to pool, making its own rails, going alone in all respects. It would be crushed out or bought out very soon. No! The combinations are too mighty to withstand. Like the supposed case of the millers, they hav a monopoly of the manufacture and of the consumption of material essential for the public use. But for such tariff the monopoly could not exist another day. Repeal it, and cheaper material will flow in, cheaper roads be built all over the continent. HOLT.

Oregon, Mo.

Letters from Friends.

BOUNERSBURG, O., Sept. 28, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $11 for two years' subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 for the trip round the world. Truly yours, C. HULL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I intend to keep upon your list as a subscriber as long as your paper is as good as it has been for the last four or five years. Will be up to see you as soon as business allows.

Yours truly, R. H. CRESSINGHAM.

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH., Sept. 29, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3 on subscription of Harlow S. Vinton. He is a hard-working man, and a true Liberal. He says your paper is a noble one, and fills the bill exactly; and that you may rely upon it that he will resubscribe just as soon as he feels able. Yours, WORTHY PUTNAM.

ARLAND, MICH., Sept. 27, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 for the fourth volume, including postage on the whole round-the-world books. And if you make the tour of the United States, which is talked of (which, I think, ought to include South America, going on one side of the mountains and returning on the other), you may put me down as a subscriber. Yours truly,

FRANKLIN ELMER.

HARRISBURG, PA., Oct. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for $40, $3 for my yearly subscription, $35 for seven copies of the round-the-world books, and $2 for tracts. We hav no Liberal League in Harrisburg. We were crowded out by Christian influence. We had a balance of $37, and we all agreed to buy your "A Truth Seeker Round the World." In hopes you may enjoy good health and liv many years to come, I sign myself Your devoted friend, JACOB TAUSIG.

HAMILTON, ONT., Sept. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The time has arrived when the money for the fourth volume of your travels should begin to flow into your hands, and I sincerely trust your friends will come down with the cash at once; also pay for the postage on the volumes. Herewith please find inclosed $2 for the fourth volume when ready, and postage on the same. I am pleased to inform you that the seed of the China pink grew beautifully, and is now in full bloom. The other packages failed to germinate. With best wishes, I remain, Yours truly, GEORGE MADDOCKS.

IRWIN STATION, PA., Sept. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Though a stranger to me, you hav been a friend. Your visit around this world of ours, and cathedrals, churches, fine palaces, and many other places of interest is ended, and we are happy to see you at your post once more to keep the wheel of liberty going. Your letters hav been very interesting, and much enjoyed by me and other friends.

I received the first two volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and I am more than pleased with them. Please find inclosed $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. MOSES JONES.

MARKHAM, VA., Oct. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, for which please renew my subscription to that wicked paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am the only patron you hav in this place. I enjoy all the reading to myself; even the "sinners" will hardly read it. My Christian friends think it is a horrible paper. They say the devil will get both of us—you for publishing the paper, and me for reading it. Friend Bennett, if you think it will be any benefit to help make you a Christian I will think of you in my prayers. Hoping there is prosperity and long life in store for you, I am, Truly yours, ALFRED VAUGHAN.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find post-office order for $2.50, which will carry my subscription and that of James Garrett up to the 1st of January, 1883.

I think you can count on us both as life-long subscribers, or patrons; and if at any time we fail to remit for paper promptly, don't, for "Christ's sake," stop the paper.

I am so glad to know that the Rev. Mr. Clark, of our city, respected an Infidel sufficiently to admit of his associating with you as room-mate. I am very glad you were instrumental in obtaining for him better accommodations. I believe he will sincerely appreciate you kindness. With best wishes,

J. C. TERRY.

HEALDSBURG, CAL., Sept. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: There is a Methodist Episcopal church (South) camp-meeting in full blast within about a mile of my house, and I hav been there and witnessed several performances. There was some grand and lofty tumbling last night that amused the most of the congregation greatly, so much so that they laughed right out in meeting. It is very wicked, of course, to laugh when we see anything funny, but it seems to be extremely natural. I hav been branded by the priests as the worst boy in all this region. They say I hav poisoned the minds of all the youths in the neighborhood against the Bible. Well, they do hav a hard time of it making converts, but I didn't suppose I was the stumbling-block, for I hav never preached any. Well, I expect they must giv somebody hell, so let them pile on the bark; I am able to stand it. D. W. BRADFORD.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, Sept. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: That you may know all true prophets are not dead yet, I wish to make a little prophecy "on the side," which is this: I predict that inside of five years the church will claim R. G. Ingersoll to be a product of the Christian religion, and a true exponent of its doctrins. I claim no inspiration from above. It is all from below. I predict this prophecy on what we all know of the beastliness and dishonesty of the church in claiming every man after his death whose theories or teachings hav become popular. Ingersoll's sentiments are growing too rapidly in popularity, are too grand; he is too eloquent an exponent, and he is too young a man for them to wait till after his death. Therefore, the church, always having an abundance of cheek, sufficient to do anything, and having enough left to cover a multitude of sins, will never withstand the temptation. It will try to kidnap Bob while yet alive. He should be warned of his impending danger. So sayeth the Lord! THOS. BURK.

CASEY, IA., Oct. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.50, for which please send my bible and prayer-book, THE TRUTH SEEKER; for the 50 cents please send the latest edition of "Crimes of Preachers," and also your travels through the Holy Land with Melchisedec.

I hav received two volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." They are full of interesting accounts of things that thousands of people would never know or even dream of had you not made the voyage around our globe. Time and again did I think of you when you were in what is called heathen lands, and also I had some fears that Jesus Christ might fix some kind of a snare for you to get tangled in. But may the powers of nature be praised that you came home all right to battle for a score or more years for Freethought, which one would almost say a blind man ought to see is a taking the front seat. I wish we could hav one good Infidel lecture in our town. Yours for the right to the end,

J. W. HAGER.

HOULTON, ME., Oct. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith find $3 to pay for the next year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER

I notice that there is considerable cheap talk over the subject of Spiritualism. I would like to know why it is necessary for the Atheists to keep banging away at any other class of Liberals who are willing to work with them to bring about the important reforms claimed by all Liberals. The Spiritualist does not ask the Atheist to be a Spiritualist until he has sufficient evidence to convince him of its truth.

I, for one, hav, or think I hav, that evidence, and I don't intend to be laughed out of it. And while Mr. White indorses Mr. Winter, I take the liberty to indorse Mr. Perry.

I think it desirable to keep to the question, and all pull together until the great object for which we are striving is accomplished; and then, if we cannot find better employment, and feel like it, we can tear each other's bonnets just a little. A. P. HEYWOOD.

DENVER, COL., Sept. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I find I am behind some four months or more on this year's paper. So I herewith inclose you the amount ($3), which please place to my delinquent credit.

I came to this country some months since to make a temporary sojourn, and in the multiplicity of business neglected to send it sooner, but hope it is better late than never. It would hav been a great pleasure to hav taken you by the hand and welcomed you home from the trip around the world. But circumstances, somewhat inexorable, prevented me from enjoying such pleasure, and saved you from the pain of what might hav been too severe a pressure for comfort. So what has been my loss has been your gain.

I hav not seen a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, and sincerely hope that in the absence of its salutary teachings and missionary labors I may not be left to drift into the great Christian maelstrom, in whose turbid waters lurks many a hungry whale ever ready to swallow up any poor unfortunate Jonah who may happen to be thrown in reach of their insatiable maws. W. K. BOOTH.

FARMINGTON, UTAH, Sept. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to tell you an item or two of some movements that are happening hereabouts, and are somewhat interesting to us here who are working in the interest of separation of church and state. As you are aware, we hav the commissioners here to attend to the requirements of the "Edmund's bill." Well, as a consequence, our League has been called to usefulness, and Hector W. Haight, the president of our League, was appointed, and has been acting as chief registering officer for the county, and myself, for Farmington, and Michael Pilling, for Kaysville City, hav been acting as deputy registering officers. So much for our League. And now, in accordance with the "Hoar amendment," Hector W. Haight has been appointed by the governor of the territory as judge of the probate court of this (Davis) county, and myself selectman for same county. I expect we will hav an interesting time getting in, as the other side will do their best to evade giving up the offices. The leading law firms of Salt Lake City are retained on both sides to try the issue. I expect others of our League will be called on to act during the November election. To us these are signs of a coming day. So mote it be!

Fraternally yours, WALTER WALKER.

BEAVER DAM, WIS., Oct. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am glad you hav returned from your journey and got back home right side up with care. While orthodoxy and bigots hav been praying that the deep sea might engulf you, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness may overtake you, we are glad to know that these prayers hav not been heard, but, like the prayers offered up for Garfield, all hav been in vain. Common sense men, and men who dare think for themselvs, hav hoped that you would accomplish the work your patrons laid out for you, and that you would return safe, and we hav not been disappointed. You hav more than filled our expectations. Your letters hav been all that we could wish, and the two volumes of your travels already received are much better than I could ask. We are thankful that Joe Cook and Comstock hav not had it in their power to annihilate you, and we hope there are many years of usefulness yet before you. I herewith send you $5—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, 25 cents for the "Crimes of Preachers," by Col. M. E. Billings, and the balance for the fourth volume of travels. The three pictures I got of you—Bennett, Ingersoll, and Paine—are hanging in three large frames in my parlor. They are just splendid.

Yours truly, H. E. DAVIS.

BARRE, MASS., Sept. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Among so many I cannot imagin that you hav missed my congratulations, but would fain send them along with the rest, if it is not too late in the day to be acceptable. I need not tell you how interested I hav been in your letters, or how much I prize the two volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," for you must be aware of that fact. You hav great reason to be proud of your friends, and pleased with your success. More I cannot say at present, so please accept my mite for what it is worth in the market of good wishes and honest purposes.

In reply to Wineford V. Aspinwall versus Mr. Winter and his article upon James Hale (see THE TRUTH SEEKER, the 16th and 30th ult), permit me to remark I think he and others fell into the same mistake I did, that Mr. Winter accused those who did not agree with him as devoid of brains. He states "no mental power can possibly exist distinct from a living, healthy brain," and ridicules the idea of "Spiritualistic folks" living without brains. I think Mr. Winter means Spiritualists claim the mentality of "folks" exists after death without bodies, including loss of brains; and, in a jocose way, he inquires why such believers do not "get their brains scooped out" and liv here without brains the same as over there. If I am not correct, let Mr. Winter rise and explain. I cannot justify his tirade minus argument, of which he is more or less guilty, for I hate slang as much as Mrs. Aspinwall, or any one else, but want justice done him. And should you, Mr. Editor, see fit to publish Mr. Hale's reply to him and myself, I will esteem it a great favor and a privilege to explain further, ELLA E. GIBSON.

LOOKINGGLASS, OR., Sept. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you $7.25 to be credited as directed. We extend to you our congratulations upon your arrival home, and also to friend Macdonald for the able manner in which the paper has been conducted in your absence. If you should conclude to make the tour of our own country we will expect you to visit Oregon, where you would meet with a hearty welcome.

I hav read friend Rountree's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 2d, in which he thinks Deist and Atheist alike dogmatic, for either affirming or denying the existence of God. According to friend Rountree's logic, Paine, for asserting his belief in a universal first cause, which he says we call God, was dogmatic. Now, if our friend does not believe this

he will probably deny it. In this case he belongs to that ultra class of Atheists of whom he speaks. I confess that I hardly know where to place our friend, but hope he belongs to that intelligent class of Atheists who do not deny in a positiv manner the existence of God, but only say they hav no knowledge of any. I hope some one competent to the task will reply more fully to our Liberal friend and enlighten him a little if they can, and at the same time put the same pertinent question to him that he does to others, *i. e.*, "What do you know about it?"

Respectfully, F. WARD.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Oct. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am a new recruit in the ranks, being one of your trial subscribers, but will become permanent as soon as my time expires. The truth is spreading very fast even in this stronghold of orthodoxy, where a Liberal or Spiritualist cannot even hire a hall. Rays of light from that central luminary, THE TRUTH SEEKER, are gradually permeating the darkness. In proof of this I send you herewith a new subscriber, a young man, the son of one of our best ministers. It was handed in voluntarily, too. The minister himself is so intelligent and well educated that he does not fear to hav his children read both sides, evidently believing that if his religion cannot stand the test of investigation and science it is not worth having. Would that all our ministers were as Liberal.

A word to our friends, the truth seekers. Do not quarrel over the questions of spirit and matter. We who believe in a future existence simply because we hav seen undoubted proofs of it must not expect others who hav not had such proofs to believe.

The challenge to T. Winter by Sister Colby, in the last TRUTH SEEKER is simply amusing. The idea of asking any one to prove a negativ! It is like an orthodox friend's challenge to me last week, viz., "Prove, if you can, that God did *not* make this world." No, friends; the proof must come from our side of the house on this great question, and when we consider the fact that thousands of humbugs hav masqueraded under our banner, we cannot wonder that such minds as Winter's and Elmina's reject it.

Yours truly, TRUTH WANTER.

NEWPORT, ME., Sept. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Why you print Otto Wetstein's communications I do not know. If death is an eternal sleep, in the name of all that is just and right never print another paper. If this life, with its poverty, starvation, injustice, lying, cheating, stealing, crime, and indescribable misery is all, a man is more than insane to attempt to reform it. The time is worse than wasted. Of all the cold, chilling, desolating doctrins that ever startled mankind, Infidelity or "death ends all," is the most chilling and terrible. This life all! If that is true, there is absolutely nothing to liv for. A philosophy that has no music in it is not worth one moment's notice. There is no music in Infidelity, for there is nothing to make it out of. If this life is all there is for us, compensation is a mockery. If Infidelity is true, there is not a particle of incentiv to do one good deed. A few short years of starvation and misery and then go to eternal sleep. That is Infidelity. There is more beauty, sunshine, hope, joy, and gladness in one short hour of Spiritualism than in a whole eternity of cold, blank Infidelity.

Bro. Bennett, if Infidelity is true, if this life is all, why spend your precious time in trying to better this world? It is worse than a waste of time. For thirty-five years I hav labored ceaselessly night and day, without money and without price, to try to help make a better world, because I felt that the better people were here the happier they would be in the Spiritual world. But could I be made to know that "death ends all," I would stop immediately.

Your indescribably grand letters from abroad show more clearly the necessity for some other place for happiness for the poor, starved creatures you speak of, for surely they hav none here.

Your friend, SEWARD MITCHELL.

"THE BRIGHT SIDE."

MRS. SLENKER: Your comforting suggestions to "lonely Liberals" in last week's TRUTH SEEKER hav prompted me to rise and speak.

I am a Liberal, but not lonely, for I think I hav philosophical reasons for believing in a glorious destiny for the human race, and a grander meaning in the processes of the universe than that of a ceaseless rush of blind forces, propelling senseless matter "through Time's rough billows into Night's abyss." If I believed that this world comprised the whole term of man's existence, I should be lonely indeed, for what is this fleeting life to the mind that can conceive of eternity?

You say that we ought to be very thankful and happy because we "hav learned that the universe is governed by law," and that we can make these laws our servants and helpers," but does not this very knowledge increase our desires to liv on?

Does the knowledge of the fact that we can control matter make us willing to be blotted out? And because we no longer suffer torment through fear of hell, ought we to welcome annihilation?

"If we hav lost hope of a future life, was it a real loss?" Yes, Elmina; it was a real loss.

Whether there is a future state or not, the hope, the expectation of immortality, is the grand stimulus which moves all the machinery of the world. It is the soldier's heroism, the patriot's inspiration, the student's incentiv, the courage of the toiler, the solace of love and sorrow. It is this dream of a hereafter which thrills the pulses of the world with energy and joy.

There is no greater mistake than the proposition so often urged by Materialists that a belief in a future existence is detrimental to a proper discharge of the duties of this; that it tends to impede progress by diverting the mind from present realities to visionary speculations.

Man's nature is manifold, and it is for his advancement that every faculty should find scope. The poetic sentiment in man is the spiritual, it is the reaching out after the unseen, and it must be fed and nourished or the symmetry of the mind is destroyed. Can it subsist on the dry husks of Materialism? What is a glorious sunset or a beautiful landscape to one who believes only in unconscious matter and blind force? What is a high-wrought work of art to one who thinks the artist has no soul? What is the light of love in human eyes—in the eyes most dear to him who sees only dust and ashes in the form of his beloved? What is all the glory and grandeur of nature, the rolling waters, the towering mountains, the star-lit sky, if there is no illuminating spirit behind or within all this pageantry?

No, Elmina, there is no poetry in Materialism. It leaves one part of our nature starving, and therefore it cannot be true. It is withering to all the finer feelings of the soul, therefore it is not adapted to man's development. It takes away the strongest incentiv to human endeavor, therefore it will not aid progression.

I am not aiming in this short article to argue the question of immortality, but only wish to insist on the utility of believing in it. No matter through what struggles of war and carnage this faith may hav led mankind in darker ages, the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution had its rise in man's faith in Republicanism—the Inquisition in man's faith in God; the horrors of both prove nothing against God or against Republicanism. The world will yet be one great republic, and all humanity will some day recognize the presence of the divine in nature.

Yours truly, MRS. E. HEDDON.

DESMOINES, IOWA, Oct. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I had a strong dssire to accompany you in your journeyings, but adverse circumstances preventing such indulgence, I enjoy myself very much while reading your plain, straightforward descriptions of the men, places, things, and conditions that attracted your attention. You must hav kept a keen eye on passing events to secure such an amount of interesting matter. For many years I hav been nursing a desire to at some future time make about such a journey as you hav just completed, seeing broad seas, towering mountains, and laminated plains; works that man has wrought, what man is doing, and what there is yet for man to do. Of these your descriptions are so connected and full that, for my part, I feel satisfied to stay at home and ramble in your books describing these; and I am fully persuaded that any one who desires to take a trip around the world in a book cannot do better than to subscribe for "A Truth Seeker Around the World."

Yours truly, A. CLEGG.

Reply to Mr. Whitehead.

(*Concluded from page 649.*)

rel about things doubtful and about authors; while we contend in parties, there is almost none that is Christ's. We decree every year of the Lord a new creed concerning God; nay, every change of the moon our faith is altered.

Such were the men and such the councils which took it upon themselvs to decide for the world which anonymous writings of their time were inspired by God, and what the creed of the church must be. Such are the men to whom we are indebted for Christianity. It will be seen at once how poor the authority upon which the New Testament and the Christian religion rests, and what a large swallowing capacity a credulous soul must hav who can "gulp" it all down and swear it is *divine*.

Much more can be said in the same direction, but these remarks must be brought to a close. We hav endeavored to establish the following propositions:

1. That the foundation of Judaism and Christianity is a fable.

2. That the fable is anonymous and was not written by Moses.

3. That the chronology of the Bible regarding the age of the world is wholly wrong.

4. That the narrativ of the fable is utterly at variance with truth and science.

5. That there is no valid authority for the Old Testament canon, that there is no reason for believing it inspired, or that it was written by the persons and at the periods claimed.

6. That matter in all its forms is eternal, and never was made from nothing, and hence that the story of creation is absurd and all supernaturalism entirely false.

7. That nature is grander, truer, and more to be adored than all the gods and devils superstitious and ignorant man has devised.

8. That the New Testament is as unauthentic and unreliable as the Old, and that there is no historical confirmation that such a person as Jesus lived, especially the Jesus of the gospels. If he did liv, he was no diviner than other folks.

9. That the principal dogma of the Christian religion has only a dream to rest upon, and that dream told by a forger who knew not the first thing about the dream nor the dreamer.

10. That the four gospels of the New Testament were unknown till the latter part of the second century, and that their authors were likewise unknown.

11. That the authors of Acts, six of the epistles ascribed to Paul, two to Peter, one each to James and Jude, as well as of Revelation, are unknown.

12. That the fathers who decided upon the merits of the New Testament books, and the doctrin of the church, were ignorant, superstitious, and dishonest, and clearly unfit to found a religion of truth.

13. That the claims of divinity for man to believe in as regards the New Testament and Christianity fall prostrate to the earth.

14. That the truths of Liberalism and science are infinitly superior for the human family to the sophistries, pretensions, superstitions, inaccuracies, and falsehoods of Christianity.

15. The final conclusion is that sensible men and women should discard all books and wily priests who teach absurdities and lies, and turn for knowledge to the great volume of nature, which never uses hypocrisy, never lies.

Shall we hear further from Mr. Whitehead?

Moving Is in Order.

We notice in the last *National Reformer* that it and the Freethought Publishing Company are about moving from their old quarters in Stonecutter street, London, to 63 Fleet street, the very locality once occupied by that brave Freethought publisher and advocate, Richard Carlile.

Here is seen a slight coincidence, for within the next week THE TRUTH SEEKER is to move from its old quarters to 21 Clinton Place, a short distance west of Broadway, and on really the same street which for over six years has been its home.

We are forced to this, because in our present quarters we hav too little room. It will be remembered that Bro. W. F. Jamieson, in writing of THE TRUTH SEEKER office, once said it is "a little larger than a dry-goods box." But as small as it is, for it and two other rooms, one on the second floor and one on the third, the heavy rent of seventy dollars per month has been paid; so much does it cost to stay here in New York.

In our new home we will not hav lower rent, but more and better room, and at the same time we shall be one story nearer the ground. We will hav much more room for keeping books, and propose to carry a much larger stock, including not only Freethought, Spiritualistic, scientific, and philosophic works, but a general assortment of standard and miscellaneous books. We hope to be able to sell our friends all the books they want; that they will want lots of them, and that we will hav the pleasure of filling many orders.

Our address will be 21 Clinton Place. All our friends are invited to call and see us when they come to the city.

Mr. Charles Watts,

Freethought lecturer, editor and publisher of the *Secular Review*, London, has just arrived in New York by the Inman line, and has made us a call, reporting himself in good health, having had a pleasant voyage over the Atlantic, and now ready for the lecturing season which is before him in this country. He is a good speaker, and should be kept steadily employed. His accomplished wife accompanied him. We wish them both a pleasant and profitable sojourn in our country. Communications for Mr. Watts may be addressed in our care.

The National Liberal League Congress,

Held at St. Louis on September 29th, 30th, and October 1st, will be found fully reported in these columns, and we bespeak for the account a careful reading. It is a cause for congratulation that the Congress was so successful and that it passed off so pleasantly.

Our Eugene

Is just now unusually proud and happy. His wife, on the evening of the 6th inst., presented him with a second son. Mother and child are doing well. The prospect for a growing crop of young Liberals seems indeed very good. Thus may it ever be!

Mrs. J. W. Fletcher,

Who was sent to prison in London by Christian influence, is engaged to speak during the month of October to the Spiritualists, at Frobisher Hall, 23 East Fourteenth street. We heard her last Sunday evening and were much pleased. Her subject was, "Has Hell any Terrors for an Honest Man?"

A Boy! A Boy!

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

Now the bounding pulse beats swift and strong,
And sparkles the eye with joy,
While the breath comes laden with the glad song
Of the heart—a boy! a boy!

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy
In the battle-field of life,
Where sorrow sips at the board with joy
And peace is purchased with strife;

Where strength of sinew, of bone, and brain
Is needed at every turn;
Where truth sits weeping beside her slain
And the lamps of error burn;

Where the field is ready for the plow,
The harvest the keen-edged knife,
The desk awaiting the stainless brow,
The dying the bread of life.

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy,
Imbued with the thought "I can,"
With the godlike possibilities
Foretold of "the coming man;"

To make of iron and polished steel
Nerve, muscle, almost brain,
To be the creatures of thy will
Alike on land and main;

To tear from bigots' darkened brows
The sin-wrought plats of storm,
And where weak superstition bows
Rear knowledge's potent form;

To shield the weak, to nerve the brave,
To lead truth's armies on;
To see her fadeless banners wave
When victory is won.

'Tis a godlike thing to be a boy!
March in progression's van,
In this, the nineteenth century—
All hail! The coming man!

"U. M. L."

Could half the joy a mind enfranchised brings
Be told in numbers that to it belong,
The world would say, "A poet 'tis that sings
Whose wayward fancy hath inspired his song!"
Too early still the day, too late the dawn,
For all mankind to yet behold the light
That shines on those who know of coming morn,
And greet its glow from freedom's lofty hight.
But time may come—when dust of ours shall lie
Mute as our papers, yellowed with their age—
When those to-day who plainest truths deny
The present poet will esteem a sage.
His worth shall liv upon the lips of fame,
And grateful praises consecrate his name.

G. E. M.

My "Confession of Faith."

BY A. W. L.

I don't believe in Adam's fall,
That we are totally depraved,
That Eve first ate an apple,
Then coaxed Adam till he caved.
I don't believe in gods and myths,
Ghosts, devils, priests, nor shams,
That three are one and one is three;
And don't believe God's lambs
Are better than some human folks
I've read of. Some I've seen
Were worthy to be lords and kings,
Some women fit for queens.
I don't believe a hundred things
I've heard preached all my days,
About the one who made this world,
And his mysterious ways.
They tell us God made all that is;
Then who made God? pray tell.
If self-existent, then why not
The universe as well?

An Apparently Fair Proposition.

To the Spiritualists of America:

As numerous articles hav appeared in Spiritualistic and Liberal papers regarding the Slade exposure, which took place in this city on July 6th, and as some doubt the truth of it; others say that Henry Slade can never expect fair treatment on British ground, and others insinuate that Slade is ready to meet us in the United States, we feel called upon to make the following offer: We will send a committee to any place convenient to Canada, as Buffalo, Detroit, New York, Oswego, or Rochester, provided that Henry Slade or his friends first deposit one hundred dollars in some reliable person's hands, to cover our expenses in case Slade fails to appear. If Slade is unable to produce phenomena, when the conditions for fraud are unfavorable, it ought to convince even the most credulous his admirers of his falsity and trickery.

Hoping to hav this challenge accepted, and to meet the "doctor" again, we remain, Yours, etc.,

J. L. LEWIS,
S. D. BRADSHAW,
J. R. NORTHCOTT,
JOSEPH TEMPLETON,
A. MCGINNIS.
} *Committee.*

Belleville, Ont, Oct. 2, 1882.

"ALCOHOL," said the professor, "has killed more people than the yellow fever." "That is true," said the somewhat bibulous student; "but that is only because more people hav taken it, you know."

Men of the Hour.



GROVER CLEVELAND,

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The gentleman nominated at the recent Democratic convention held in Syracuse, N. Y., for the first position on the ticket, is a nativ of Caldwell, Essex county, N. J., and was born March 18, 1837. His father was a minister. After receiving such instruction as was procurable from the common school in various places of the parental residence, young Cleveland was sent to the academy at Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y. Upon leaving this seat of learning he went to New York city, where he filled for some time the position of clerk in an institution of charity. He is next heard of making his way West, in company with an enterprising young man, with Cleveland, O., as his objectiv point; but visiting, while on the way, an uncle residing in Buffalo, he was induced to remain in that city as clerk in the store of his relative. He was eighteen years of age at the time, an ambitious young man, possessed of an earnest desire to become a successful lawyer. His uncle favored this aspiration, and we soon find the youth a clerk in the office of a prominent law firm, and at the same time enjoying the comforts of a good home at his uncle's house. He was admitted to the bar in 1859. His first political office was that of assistant district attorney for the county of Erie under C. C. Torrance. He held the position three years, until the end of his superior's term of office, when he was nominated for district attorney on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. In 1870, five years after this failure, he was elected sheriff of Erie county, and in November, 1881, was elected mayor of Buffalo by a decisiv majority. His incumbency of the office is successful and popular. We are not informed as to Mr. Cleveland's religious convictions, but we understand that he is a man of Liberal views. He is a bachelor.

How Mr. Blank Was Converted.

A FACT.

A.: Good morning Bro. Blank. Going to the meeting to-night?

Mr. B.: No, guess not.

Mr. A.: Well, I guess you had better come to see the new minister. Ah, he is such a good preacher!

Mr. B.: Not to night.

Mr. A.: Well, will you come on Thursday night?

Mr. B.: If I am well, I may go to hear him.

Mr. A.: Very well, I'll call for you; don't forget. Well, good-night.

Mr. B.: Good-night.

Mr. A. goes to the meeting. The minister announces that on Thursday night he will convert every sinner in town that will come.

Mr. A.: Well, I see you are all ready.

Mr. B.: Yes, all ready.

Mr. A. and B. walk arm-in-arm to the meeting. Mr. A. feels very proud, for he has captured a sinner and is bringing him into the fold.

Bro. D. tells his experiences, what a bad man he had been; but now, since he has been converted, and believes in the little word Jesus, he is saved. So do Messrs. C. and F. and S., and so on.

Mr. A. givs his experience, what a bad man and sinner he had been, how he had cheated and deceived his neighbors all his life; but since he has become a Christian, thank God, and believed in Jesus, he is saved.

Minister: Let us hear from the other gentleman on your right.

Mr. B.: My dear friends, as for myself, I hav nothing to say, but as to Mr. A. here, I bear ample testimony to what he has said this evening is true.

Mr. A. Springs to his feet, shakes his fist in Bro. B.'s face, and says, "You're a liar and a scoundrel, and if you come outside I'll lick you."

Mr. A. has not invited Mr. B. to the meeting since. C. K.

The Freethinkers' Association.

MR. EDITOR: I intend to spend nearly all my time the coming winter perfecting the organization of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. As has been suggested, I would like to see such an organization in every state in the Union, also in Canada; but so long as this is the only one in existence I am in favor of asking everybody to join it who is willing to be known by the name of Freethinker. I hav just sent the following communication to each of the vice presidents of the association. Will you giv it a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER?

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Oct. 5, 282.

DEAR SIR: At the annual meeting of the above-named association, held in Watkins, Aug. 23d, you were duly elected vice president for your county.

The "Articles of Association" of this society provide that "the vice president of each county shall immediately after his election appoint two other persons in the county to act with him, and the three shall be the Freethought and Liberal League Committee of the county, the vice president to be the chairman, and it shall be his duty to notify the corresponding secretary of this association who his associates are when they are appointed.

I hav decided, as secretary of the association, to devote nearly all my time for the next year in perfecting this organization, and I desire your earnest co-operation.

1st. Are you willing to accept of the position to which you hav been elected? If not, will you so indicate to me and name some live, activ Freethinker to take your place? If you accept the office, then please appoint your two associates at once, and send me the name and post-office address of each.

2d. And as soon as the county committees are thus organized, I propose that the first work we engage in be to get all the Liberals in each county who are willing to be publicly known as Freethinkers to join the association. And I would suggest that each county committee appoint one person in each election district to solicit memberships. Printed circulars like the one inclosed will be provided by me on application.

3. About November 1st I shall publish a "Freethinkers' Directory," containing the names of all members procured up to that time, and other editions of the same thereafter from time to time. When we get their names all before us we will be in condition to engage in practical work. 1. We can then make an efficient effort to get each member of the Association to subscribe for some Liberal journal. 2. We can mail to each circulars and documents showing the importance of organization. 3. We shall know who to call upon to giv the cause material aid when desired. 4. We shall be in condition to make a united and vigorous effort this winter for the taxation of church property. 5. We shall know our own strength and be in a position to use it in various ways for the advancement of Liberal ideas and humanitarian work.)

4. And before our next annual meeting we must hav at least one activ Liberal League in each county and be able to send a delegation from each county of not less than fifteen delegates to our Freethinkers' Annual Convention. And so soon as we can get organized in each county we must agitate the subject of building Liberal halls wherever it is possible to do so. In most places it costs about as much to hire a hall for a Liberal lecture as it does to pay the lecturer. But if we had one good Liberal hall in each county, what an advantage it would be to our lecture system (when we hav one)! Then a lecturer could start at one end of the state and lecture forty or fifty times while passing through it; and as it would not cost so great a sum for railroad fare, he or she could afford to lecture much cheaper than at present.

5. Now if every Liberal in the state will immediately join the Freethinkers' Association and pay the small membership fee of twenty-five cents, and as many as can subscribe for the "Freethinkers' Directory," price thirty cents, these receipts will pay all necessary disbursements for the coming year. We made a grand advance this year at Watkins Glen. Let us keep the ball rolling during the year, and our next annual convention at Saratoga, or wherever it may be held, will astonish the world. H. L. GREEN, Cor. Sec.

Salamanca, N. Y.

P. S.—If you will send me the name of one activ Freethinker from each election district of your county I will mail him circulars. H. L. G.

To Hopeless Invalids.

Anyone who is sufficiently liberal and progressiv to search for the truth, and has a mind capable of being convinced by the demonstration of truth, has only to read the evidence we offer and be convinced that no method ever before employed has been so successful in conquering disease as the application of magnetism on the Wilsonia principle. The array of testimonials we hav from well-known former sufferers who are now released from the slavery of disease to the enjoyment of life and vigorous health is an interesting study and full of hope to afflicted humanity. Send for pamphlets to Wilsonia Magnetic Clothing Company, 25 E. 14th st., New York.

National Convention of Spiritualists

At Detroit, Mich., in Royal Templar's Hall, corner of Woodward and Grand River avenues, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Oct. 27, 28, and 29, 1882. This convention is for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of organization among Spiritualists upon a rational, scientific, philosophical, and moral basis. Many hundreds hav indorsed this call, and it is hoped each devoted true spiritualist will either be present or send communications, or at least their name and address, as in sympathy with this movement. Among a few of the many who hav signified their intention of being present if possible, are Maria W. King, A. J. King, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Capt. H. H. Brown, J. P. Whiting, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Chas. A. Andrus, A. B French, J. H. Palmer, etc.

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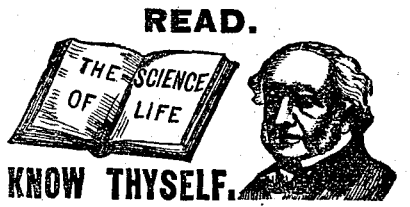
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[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

Gems of Thought.

PETERBOROUGH: We cannot enlighten men if we shock their prejudices too violently.

PENN: The shock comes first, the light follows.

PETERBOROUGH: Most people will run away from both. Children are afraid of being left in the dark; men are afraid of not being left in it.—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

THE men of the Reformation conquered for us the right of free inquiry in scripture; but modern science has conquered for itself the right of free inquiry *about* scripture.—*Strauss.*

THERE is no doubt but a man, while he resigns himself up to the brutish guidance of sense and appetite, has no relish at all for the spiritual, refined delights of a soul clarified by grace and virtue. The pleasures of an angel can never be the pleasures of a hog. But this is the thing that we contend for, that a man, once having advanced himself to a state of superiority over the control of his inferior appetites, finds an infinitly more solid and sublime pleasure in the delights proper to his reason, than the same person had ever conveyed to him by the bare ministry of his senses.—*Dr. Robert South* (1633-1716).

IF the existence of good in the universe implies a "benevolent creator," by the same rule the existence of evil implies a "malevolent creator." The evil is not less certain than the good. No refining can do away with this fact. Your hope that evil will cease, and good continue to exist seems without any foundation in reason. Why not good cease and universal evil remain? You "wish" that this should not be, and you "think" that it ought not to be. But if your wish and opinion could prevail, there would be no evil now, would there? Evidently your wish and opinion are not according to the "design" of the universe. The existence of evil, which no sophistry can explain away, shows that evil is incompatible with the nature of things. We cannot understand the nature of things, nor account for it in any possible way. To suppose a Theos does not help the matter in the smallest degree, but makes it worse, and is besides utterly gratuitous.—*Waters's Through Rome On.*

OBLIVION is infinitly preferable to the Christian theory of a future state, for if we become insensible to happiness we are also beyond pain. Death will be an eternal, dreamless, unconscious rest. According to Christian teachings, on the other hand, ninety-nine of every hundred human beings are consigned to a never-ending torture of indescribable horror. If my wife, if my children and friends, are doomed to endless torment, there can be no heaven of happiness to me; all the crowns of glory, all the golden harps, all the songs of heaven's host could not bring to me a single hour of happiness, much less the eternity of enjoyment that is promised to the faithful.—*Dr. Arter's Bible—Is It of Divine Origin?*

BETTER is death than life! ah, yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it and are still.
—*Longfellow's Golden Legend.*

DOUBT is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore when we are in any doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we hav gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselvs of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we hav not bought but borrowed it.—*Colton's Lacon.*

WE speak of Constantine as the first Christian emperor, but every student of history knows that in that fatal alliance, Christianity lost more than it won; it was far more paganized by Constantine than Constantine was Christianized by it.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

To reject any truth is but to defraud ourselvs. If it is a truth, it must be God's truth, and therefore sacred; and we incur greater danger in rejecting the general verdict of science than by devoutly accepting the same. At all hazards, we must squarely and manfully look truth in the face and not try to substitute wry faces and hard names for argument. To know the truth, and the whole truth, is man's most sacred duty and highest religion.—*Dr. Brigham's Evolution, etc.*

IN the bitter cry that was wrung from Jesus on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast *thou* forsaken me?" we look down for a moment into an abyss of misery, which it is painful to contemplate; physical suffering and a shaken faith, the agonies of unaccomplished purposes, and the still more fearful agony of desertion by his loving father in whom he had put his trust. But Jesus, though he knew it not, had done his work. Nay, he had done more than he himself intended. After ages saw in him, what he saw only in his God, an ideal to be worshiped, a power to be addressed in prayer, we who are free from this exaggeration of reverence may yet continue to pay him the high and unquestioned honor which his unflinching devotion to his duty, his gentle regard for the weak and suffering, his uncorrupted purity of mind, and his self-sacrificing love so abundantly deserve.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

JESUS CHRIST was an amiable and virtuous man. The morality that he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind; and though similar systems of morality had been preached by Confucius and by some of the Greek philosophers many years before, by the Quakers since, and by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

WE should always accept what is contrary to known laws of nature with great care, doubt, and hesitancy, and submit it to all possible tests and criticisms. This I hav done as regards God, Christ, and the Bible. Neither has stood the test, and so I reject them all, and hav advised others to do likewise, and hope all men, women, and children may some day see the real truth and become "wise unto salvation."—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Odds and Ends.

A GRAND RAPIDS man swears his mother-in-law is not like his umbrella, because he can shut up his umbrella.

AN aged colored man in Arkansas says his "idea ob de better worl' is whar dar is a 'lection goin' on all de time, case den de white folks is allers perlite."

A MISSOURI newspaper claims that the hogs are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and judge by the sound.

DURING a thunderstorm out West a book canvasser took shelter under a tree and was struck on the cheek by lightning. The doctors say the lightning can't liv.

AN Illinois boy was choked to death on a grain of coffee. This ought to be a warning to the man who goes out between the acts to stick to cloves or lemon peel.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Partington the other day, "young girls nowadays are not what their mothers were. Half them are sufferers from nervous prespiration."

"WHO was it that said it is not good for man to be alone?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of his class. A bright boy answered, "Daniel, sir, when he was in the lion's den."

"ADOLPHUS, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, Evangeline: no more margins for me." (Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week.)

"YES," he said, "I used to believe everything—was the most credulous fellow alive. But," he added, "since I hav had this confounded sore throat it is hard for me to swallow anything."

"WHICH do you like best, your father or your mother?" inquired the visitor of a chubby little fist. "Oh, I like ma the best. She spanks me with the soft side of her hand; pa takes a shingle."

A YOUTH who went to work in the country wrote his girl—a June graduate—that he was raising a calf. Imagin his feelings when the girl replied, "I am glad you hav begun to support yourself."

A LITTLE boy whose parents are always moving from one home to another was asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay the rent," was the reply.

"PEOPLE are not marrying at such an early age now as they used to," remarked Stuggins the other day. "True," replied Fizzleum, "they cannot afford to be tied to the steak in couples at the present high price of beef."

THERE was a young man of Kildare,
Who courted a girl in a chair;
But the treacherous thing broke,
And it ended in smoke,
With the lover's heels high in the air.

A WESTERN paper suggests that every one who eats fruit should plant the seeds by the roadside. For some time every one who eats bananas has planted the skins by the roadside, but no good results in the way of banana crops hav followed.

MR. WRIGHT went out to fish,
And he became a Wright angler.
He thought he would try and catch a shark,
And became a try angler.
He laughed to think how smart he was,
And he became a cute angler;
But he did not see the shark with its nose under
the stern of his craft,
He was such an obtuse angler,
Until the creature tipped over his boat,
When he became a wrecked angler.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked a judge of a colored woman.

"Yes, sah; I reckon I does."

"You know, then, what it is to swear?"

"Yes, sah; I reckon I does."

"Hold up your hand and swear." She held up her hand and ripped out an oath which almost took the judge's breath.

"I'll send you to jail for this, you miserable creature."

"Fur what, judge?"

"For using profane language in this courtroom."

"I doesn't know what yer mean by 'fane language. Yer tole me ter swar, an' I swar'd. White folks gittin' so high up it gins a nigger a crick in de naik ter look up at 'em. I'se gwine ter leave dis town, case I wa'n't borned in Arkansaw, nohow."

WHEN Gratiot county first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and soon after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor, named Meacham, for assault and battery. To save the constable a six miles' trip the defendant walked in with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with a gun on his shoulder. Davison halted him:

"'Squar, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry; come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to hav a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?"

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for him three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so."

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home and don't bother me another minit. My son just came in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm goin' to hav some bear meat if it upsets the Supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Prof. Volkmar writes to the author of "The History of the Christian Religion," inclosing the official letter of the society, in which Pfarrer Kupfschmidt, the secretary, says:
"In the name of the Society of Critical Historical Theology I hav the honor to inclose to you a few lines with the letter of our venerated Prof. Volkmar. With great interest did we receive information of your book, 'History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred.' One of our members, Herr Kappeler, has thoroughly examined the work, and has made to us a report concerning it, which became the subject of an animated discussion in the society. I leave it to Prof. Volkmar to enter into a critic'sm of your scientific work. It is for me to communicate to you that the whole society is rejoiced that that department of theology in which we are specially engaged has found in America so able a representativ. An unprejudiced and thorough presentation of the writings connected with the origin of our Christian religion, such as we hav found in your admirable book, places theology in accord with science; while, differently treated, it sometimes appears in contradiction to it."
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Notes and Clippings.

PULPITS are now filled with their regular occupants, and the war upon sin glides on serenely without a ruffle.

ON a small island near Fiji a soft material is found which, on exposure, hardens and looks much like firebrick.

A RURAL paper predicts that before the election is over many a dark horse will be feeling like a very light jackass.

UPON a modest gravestone in a Vincennes, Indiana, cemetery, appears this plaintiv legend, "His neighbor played the cornet."

A TRIAL has been made of a Siemens and Halske's telephone, laid under ground between Cologne and Elberfeld, with very favorable results, every word being distinct.

A MILWAUKEE congregation hav decided after a long debate that church lotteries are wicked. They will therefore continue to rely for funds on pew rents and beer festivals.

MORSE, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf and mute wives. This shows what man can do when his wife will only hold her tongue.

THE First Baptist church of Detroit, as soon as they heard that their pastor had received the degree of D.D., raised his salary $500. This fixes the precise value of that honorary title—D. (500) D. (dollars).

A CONTRIBUTION box passed among a Cincinnati audience captured, among other things, a plug of tobacco and three beer tickets. The people of that city cannot lose consciousness of their secular concerns even in church.

A WASHINGTON clergyman shouted out the names of several brands of champagne under the impression that his congregation would take them for Latin quotations, and three deacons gave away their knowledge of drinks by getting indignant.

A COLORED preacher introduced into his sermon this true remark, "Ef de descendants ob de rooster dat crowed at Peter was to make a noise ebery time a lie is told dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't hear the hens cackle."

A BOSTON theologist thinks that twenty-five minutes is time enough for the best preachers to say their sermons, and wants the time cut down one-half for the poorer ones. That's all very pretty, but where's the man who will risk his life by selecting the poorer ones?

TALMAGE has an article in one of the November magazines on the question "Ought Christiane to hav any fun?" But while there are such queer divines as Talmage around it is about impossible to discover how Christians and other folks can help having some fun.

"GOD made Adam," said the colored divine, "and set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" shouted one of the audience. "Hush up da'; hush up da', you black brudder!" replied the preacher; "such questions as dem distracts de whole Christian theory ob religion."

"IF you don't like my sermons, pray what kind do you like?" said a petulant minister to an over-candid parishioner. "Well," was the reply, "I like the kind that drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him. When you preach like that I shall be converted."

CONGRESSMAN DINGLEY is as strong as Neal Dow in support of the Prohibitory law in Maine, but he does not hold that it greatly lessens the consumption of liquor. He says: "Even though it be but spasmodically enforced, it is better than license for it is a solemn witness to the sentiment of the state. The objection that prohibition cannot stop drinking is unreasonable, for no law absolutely kills out crime."

SCANDAL followed the Rev. Dr. Hoffman for many years, but he was not formally accused until last summer, when he was arraigned before the Methodist Conference of Lincoln, Ill., as a forger, perjurer, and social pest. He made a stubborn defense, but has at last been convicted and deposed from the ministry.

MR. BRADLAUGH, in notes from South Wales, where he has recently been delivering lectures, describes a visit to a heavy steel establishment where steel rails for roads are manufactured on a large scale, where 364 tons of steel rails are turned out in a single day, and where the whole process, from the pig iron to the completion of the rails, is effected in twenty-four hours time.

THE governor-General of Kieff lately told a Jewish deputation at Balta that many of them had been compelled to return from America, while in Palestine they were starving. If they only knew it, they were better off in Russia than anywhere else. He accused them of producing false evidence, and advised them to giv to their country a little of the love they lavished so inordinately on money.

"WHAT other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked an old colored man. "I speculates a little." "How speculate?" "Sells chickens." "Where do you get the chickens?" "My boys fetch 'em in." "Where do they get them?" "I doan know, sah. I's al'les so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax. I was agwine ter inquire de udder day, but a 'vival come on and tuk up all my time."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

IN a lecture at Boston on Sunday Mr. Parton said that at Eton College, England, the students made in 1880 a five-horse-power steam engin, which turns the lathes in their shops. This is a great change from the almost exclusiv Latin verse-making of bygone days, and one which the Etonian destined for New Zealand or Australia will highly appreciate. Many of the bigger boys at Eton hav their own forges, at which they hammer and mold. To Cornell must be given the credit of originating this wholesome, industrial move.

A YOUNG man in an Illinois town stepped into a church door a moment one Sunday while the services were going on, and the smart minister saw him and shouted, "Go out, young man, she is not here." The young man was embarrassed for a moment, and then remembering the several ministerial scandals that were in the courts, he said, loud enough for all to hear him, "Yes she is, you old duffer. You hav got her hid behind the organ, and you want to go home with her yourself!" The minister blushed and said the services would close by singing the doxology.

THE unusual phenomenon of a worm-eaten church building is seen in Andover, Mass. Within the last four years boring insects hav attacked the timber of which the church is built. Their work was first noticed by reason of the little piles of dust they left upon the carpet near the wall. It has gone on until much of the woodwork of walls and pews is riddled with holes. In some places the shell which the borers hav left is hardly thicker than paper. The church people are afraid that what is left of their church will some day tumble on them. Possibly this worm-eaten church, just ready to tumble down at almost any moment, is somewhat symbolical of the decaying and worm-eaten system of religion taught therein.

LONDON has a larger population than many a European state with a sovereign and a parliament. At the census of 1881 the area of metropolitan taxation and police contained 4,764,312 persons. Thus there are in London more than double the number of people in Denmark, including Greenland; nearly three times as many as in Greece; more than eighteen times the population of Montenegro; some thousands more than Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira; nearly treble the population of Servia; more than double that of Bulgaria; three-quarters of a million more than in Holland; more than Sweden or Norway or Switzerland. And yet this splendid capital, the most populous and wealthy city the world has ever seen, is practically without a government.

THE Rev. Frederick A. Thayer had been employed by the Union Congregational church of Quincy, Ill., whither he had been called from Massachusetts, and had delivered several trial sermons. He seems to hav given satisfaction, and was to hav been duly installed a few Sundays ago; but it was discovered that he was not fully orthodox, and a council of sixteen clergymen were appointed to examin into the correctness of his views, and this on the very morning set apart for his installation. It took several hours to get the matter of his orthodoxy settled, and the time passed by when the installation should hav taken place. The organist and the choir entertained the audience the best way they could for two hours, but the waiters and listeners became very impatient. At length word was sent in that the installation would not take place. Eight of the sixteen reverend examiners had voted the Rev. Thayer to be unsound in his religious belief, while the other eight voted that the clergyman was within the bounds of orthodox Congregationalism. His unsoundness, in the opinion of the first eight, was in relation to the inspiration of the scriptures, the atonement, and the state of man after death. On these points he was a little shaky. On the following day, however, a large majority of the congregation passed a vote that he should be retained, and he accepted the situation despite the eight dissenters. This is only another indication of growing Rationalism, and that even the clergy are becoming impregnated with it.

ANOTHER clerical scandal! The *Sunday Morning*, of Youngstown, Ohio, has over four columns describing a case of improper conduct on the part of the Rev. J. C. Sullivan, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who for nearly two years has been in charge of a congregation in Salem, Ohio. To state the matter briefly, the Rev. Sullivan is a popular preacher with a wife and seven children, and nearly fifty years of age. He has been holding a revival meeting for some time, at which Mrs. A. L. Halwick, twenty-seven years of age, and Miss Emma Foote, twenty-one (living with the former), were converted. The shepherd took special interest in his ewe lambs, and visited them every two or three days at first, staying two or three hours at each visit. His greatest love seemed to be for the married lady, Mrs. Halwick, whose husband was much of the time away from home. His care for his ewe lambs so greatly increased that his visits became as frequent as two or three times a day, and were sometimes protracted into the night. The clergyman and the married lady usually retired to a room by themselvs. The girl, Miss Foote, was often sent away on some errand, and perceiving that she was not wanted, remained away some hours; but when she returned she found the clergyman and his convert still together shut up in a room by themselvs. He baptized them both, and they became full members of the church. After this his visits were still more frequent and prolonged. At length the husband came unexpectedly home and discovered all, together with very ardent and affectionate love-letters which had been written by both the clergyman and the newly-converted sister, and some of these hav been published. The girl, Emma Foote, played the part of Bessie Turner and told all. The result is, Mrs. Halwick has left the place and returned to her friends. The husband is nearly distracted. The Conference hav tried the erring clergyman, and, despite his great worth in bringing souls to Jesus, hav turned him out of the church. In closing his comments on this unfortunate case, the editor says, "These clerical scandals are becoming so numerous the cause of Christianity is being very much injured."

News of the Week.

BEECHER says he will not vote the prohibition ticket.

IT is reported that the Russians are intriguing in Eastern Roumelia.

MR. HENRY GEORGE, the well-known writer, arrived from England last Monday.

THE revolutionary disorders at Montceaules-Mines, in France, hav broken out again.

THE spectrum of the comet has undergone a complete change since it was first discovered.

THE closing public session of the Tariff Commission was held at Philadelphia Monday.

SEVERAL notable Englishmen are interceding for Arabi, and one prominent lawyer has gone to Egypt to defend him before the court martial.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain) has begun a suit against the American News Company and others to protect the use of his name.

THERE is a ministerial crisis in Turkey. It is reported that there is a good prospect of a friendly understanding between France and England.

PROOF of Arabi Bey's complicity in the Alexandria massacres, it is reported, will not be obtainable. Victor Hugo has issued an appeal against his execution.

EDITOR COCKRELL, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, shot and killed Col. Slayback of that city on Friday, the 13th. Politics was the cause of the ill feeling.

AN outbreak of pauper Russian Jews occurred on Ward's Island last Saturday. Several of their keepers were injured by them, but they were finally subdued by the police.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has asked a conference to be held at Albany on Wednesday to consider the necessity of an extra session of the legislature to take action upon the condition of the Capitol.

OSCAR WILDE got into trouble with the Y. M. C. A. at Monckton, N. B., last week. The young Christians claim he broke his contract in not lecturing for them. They expected to make money off him.

JUDGE THAYER, of Pennsylvania, has just decided that the act of 1794, in that state, inflicting a penalty for engaging in a worldly employment on Sunday is valid. The point was raised by a number of barbers who were arrested and fined for shaving on Sunday.

GOVERNMENT officials say that the affidavits concerning the Star-route jury bribery prove nothing except that the Department of Justice unwittingly hired two men to work on the case who had been already employed by the conspirators, and that these men purposely endeavored to compromise the Department of Justice.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER came from Washington to this city on the 13th inst. and went to the Windsor Hotel. At his request his name was not registered, because he did not want to receive callers. Mr. Spencer's health has not improved. He has left the hotel only once or twice, and he remains in his rooms nearly all the time. He is restless, and complains of sleeplessness. It is not certain how long he will stay here.

A UNION of the Democracy of this city on a county ticket was perfected Monday evening by the Conference Committee. The County Democracy will nominate the county clerk, Irving Hall the sheriff, and Tammany Hall two judges of the Superior Court and three coroners. The conventions of the three organizations nominated the harmony ticket Tuesday of last week. Franklin Edson is the candidate for mayor.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in California.—Continued.

TO THE GEYSERS.

Tuesday, June 7th.—On this day I made a very pleasant trip to the celebrated Hot Springs of California, or the Grand Geysers, as they are usually called. Dr. J. L. York, having never visited the Geysers, kindly bore me company. We took the steamer at the wharf, and, passing out of the harbor amid the shipping from all parts of the world, made our way up the beautiful bay to San Quentin, where we took cars for San Rafael, and so on to Petaluma, the same route as before, and then on by rail to Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, and Cloverdale. This ride up the Sonoma Valley and the Russian River Valley is an interesting one, the fertile plain, the coast range of hills on the west, and the Mayacmas range of hills on the east, some of the higher peaks reaching an altitude of four thousand feet, affording a great amount of picturesque and changing scenery.

One cannot travel far in any direction in California without being almost painfully reminded of what a very religious people had the naming of the towns and localities of the country. I think there are more places named after the saints in this state than in any other state in our Union. The crop of saints on the Pacific coast was a most prolific one. Sometimes it is "saint" in the broad Saxon, but much more frequently in the Latin, *san* for masculine, and *santa* for feminine, both of which mean holiness. Thus we have, to begin with, San Francisco, San Quentin, San Rafael, Santa Rosa, San Jose, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Diego, San Bernardino, Santa Clara, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, San Luis Obispo, San Andreas, Saint John, San Pablo, San Ramoon, Saint Lawrence, San Emigdio, San Fernando, San Gabriel, Santa Ana, Santa Monica, San Antonio, Santa Rita, Saint Helena, San Benito, San Dieguito, San Jacinto, San Luis Rey, San Joaquin, San Miguel, San Simeon, San Mateo, Santa Maria, San Felipe, Saint Louis, San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, besides plenty of others that need not be named. There is a vast amount of holiness represented in all these sainted names; but as holiness is a quality somewhat repugnant to my feelings, I cannot say that I am fond of these saintly cognomens. They recall to my mind a host of useless mortals who spent their time in rolling up their holy eyes to an imaginary big ghost above the clouds, who has a wife and son, the latter of which the big ghost caused to be put to death in the most ignominious manner, and all for his own pleasure and glory. These holy saints, with turned-up eyes, much like a dying calf, who thought much more upon things above the clouds than upon the affairs of this world, have been of little use to the latter, and could easily have been spared, for any use they have been to mankind. The names of these numerous ecclesiastical worthies suggest that many of them were doubtless intolerant, bigoted priests ready to crush to the earth those who had the independence to presume to differ in opinion from themselves. That has been the character of saints in the past ages of the world. I must repeat, I do not admire saints and holy persons. But let us leave them for the present and pursue our journey to the Geysers.

Santa Rosa is the first town of much size north of Petaluma. It is the county seat of Sonoma county, and this is the way in which it received its name: A Catholic missionary, named Juan Amoroso, was once upon a time located very near the site of this town, where he showed great zeal in propagating the religion of Jesus and his mother, and he was fully determined to make Christians of those in the vicinity. His zeal was so great that he was disposed to use force if persuasion could not be made to answer the purpose. On one occasion, in company with one Jose Cantua, when scouring this part of the country in pursuit of somebody to persuade or force to be a Christian, he came to the territory of the Cainemeros tribe of Indians, who resided on the river Chocoalomi, now called Santa Rosa Creek. At a point in the creek opposite "the old adobe" he spied an Indian girl, and in his religious zeal he captured her, and forced her, *nolens volens*, to become a Christian by baptizing her at once in the creek and giving her the new name of Santa Rosa, from the fact that that was the very day kept in honor of Santa Rosa of Lima, and the same name was given to the town which was afterward started near the scene of this forcible conversion. The men of the Indian tribe did not like his manner of coercive conversion, and they pursued Amoroso in anger, and he was compelled to seek refuge from their wrath in his mission at San Rafael.

Santa Rosa is beautifully situated in the midst of Russian River valley, in a magnificent agricultural district, with teeming plenty on all sides. The valley is interspersed with oak-trees, which at a distance give somewhat the appearance of an extensive forest. It is somewhat noted as a place of summer resort.

Fifteen miles further north, and sixty-five miles from San Francisco, is Healdsburg. It is in the same valley and occupies a beautiful position on the same Russian River. It is situated on somewhat rising ground where Dry Creek and Russian River unite. It is also surrounded by an excellent farming country, and is a prosperous place. It takes its name from Harmon Heald, who settled here in 1852. It was incorporated in 1867. Litton Springs and Skaggs's Springs, places of some resort a few miles away, are reached by carriage from Healdsburg.

Cloverdale, a pleasant town with two hotels, situated at the head of Russian River valley, and surrounded by hills on the east, west, and north, appears to be the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad. Here we stop long enough for dinner, when we take stage for the Geysers, most of the way through a wild and very picturesque valley, a distance of seventeen miles up the Pluton River, which empties into the Russian River near Cloverdale. There were enough of us going to the Geysers to fill two capacious stages, and soon we were making our way up one of the wildest gorges or canons through which I ever traveled. Our course up the valley of the Pluton is in a southeast direction, and ascends gradually nearly all the way to the Geysers. It is such a country as one would suppose a good carriage road could never be made through; but two such enterprising men as Van Arnam and Kennedy accomplished it, though at a great expense. They are now receiving their profits by a pretty constant tide of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers who patronize their line through this wild region. The character of the road somewhat reminded me of some places among the Alps in Switzerland, where, if the horses or the driver should make a mistake, or some accident should occur, we might be precipitated two or three hundred feet to the foot of the gorge, where the river winds and dashes among the rocks. We passed here on the Pluton many such places where, by the slightest mishap, the stage and contents might go tumbling, rolling, and dashing to the very bottom of the ravine. But we put our confidence in the driver (I think Providence does not dwell in this sulphurous valley), and he used the lash very freely, and we often went upon the gallop, going up or down ditches, and whirling around bends enough to make one's hair stand on end in hurried contemplation of what a fearful state of things might occur should we by some accident lose our balance and get a little over the bank of the narrow roadway. The ride was, indeed, a grand one, though startling and almost hazardous. The drivers and the horses, however, are thoroughly accustomed to it, and understand their business, and there is really not so much danger as might be supposed.

PROFILE ROCK.

At a distance of about two miles from Cloverdale we passed a large projection from the crest of the mountain near the roadway, the outlines of which have much the appearance of a man's head in profile. Of course we had to stop and look at this Old Man of the Mountain who has been grimly standing sentinel here, probably for scores of thousands of years. We however leave the old man to still stand at his post thousands of years longer, while we wind and climb around and between other rocks, and take in with enraptured gaze the kaleidoscopic beauties which constantly reveal themselvs to our wondering eyes.

The rugged hills rise abruptly on both sides of our devious course. The craggy rocks are sufficiently covered with soil to afford, much of the way, a luxuriant growth of laurel, with its shining leaves, the madrona, the shrubby manzanita (Indian name for little apple), and the fragrant and profuse-blossomed buckeye, which grows in the greatest abundance. This last growth reaches the size of small trees, thirty feet high, and their profusion of foliage and large clusters or spirals of pretty flowers, now in full blossom, add great beauty to the continued scene of grandeur and loveliness combined. Higher up the abrupt hillside the pine flourishes to some extent, but in many places at a considerable elevation there is such a scarcity of moisture during much of the year that the growth of trees and bushes is stunted.

Pluton River seems not inaptly named, for, notwithstanding the blooming buckeye in such abundance, the ruggedness of the scenery, the jagged and precipitous character of the rocks and hills, and the slight sulphurous odor arising from the springs above, give the impression that we are approaching the regions where Pluto might be supposed to make his residence. If he prefers deep, rocky glens, hemmed in by sharp and craggy rocks rising a thousand feet or two on either side, with the dashing river bringing down the water from the heated springs above, which gush from the fervid earth, this place must suit the old fellow exactly. He ought to reign here in contented glory.

THE GEYSERS.

I will not attempt to describe all the scenery along our winding way, but it will be sufficient to say it was interesting and grand, the diversity being sufficient to prevent one becoming wearied with sameness, while an almost continued line of enchantments is kept up. We reached our destination, the Geysers, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The hotel at which sight-seers find accommodation stands in a narrow portion of the ravine, with the hills or mountain ranges rising abruptly on both sides. The hot springs which abound here in considerable numberf are east of the hotel, and are located in lateral ravines and on the side of the rugged hills.

This is, indeed, a wonderful locality. It must be in close proximity to the infernal regions, and here Pluto or Old Nick ought to reign in undisputed sway. Hell seems to come nearer the top of the ground right here than at any other portion of the earth I have visited. Within a quarter of a mile of the hotel the steam issues from holes and crevices in the mountain sides in at least a hundred places, and from the way it rushes out and the heated waters bubble up, an imaginative person can easily believe that the old fellow with the pitch-fork is busy at stirring up the fires.

This place is some seventeen hundred feet above the ocean, and is surrounded by wild scenery almost baffling description, and with all its grandeur there is a plenteousness of infernality about it that must be painful to a person troubled with a belief in the roasting regions, where a merciful being casts his own offspring for doing what he made and calculated them to do and knew they inevitably would do. A Scotchman might well call it an "uncanny place."

These springs and the healing qualities of their waters were known to the Indians long before the eyes of a white man rested on them. One of the places where the stream rises plentifully from a fissure in the hill is called the "Indians' sweat bath," by taking repeated baths in which many a rheumatic patient and many a one troubled with aches and pains has been greatly relieved. Perhaps instead of calling this place a suburb of the infernal regions it might more properly be named nature's laboratory and hospital, for to it many resort to be treated for the ills to which flesh is heir. The first thing I did after arriving was to wind my way down to the Pluton bath house, in the very bottom of the ravine, where the stream from nature's caldron pours out plentifully, and where the water heated by nature's furnace is brought in in abundance. There are numerous apartments in this bath house, one end being for men, the other for women. Here one can sit or recline on the benches, surrounded by a cloud of steam, until a profuse perspiration is induced, and then step under a generous stream of water, almost hot, conducted in from a spring on the hillside close by; or, if he prefers, he can have a dash of cold water, conducted in from another spring not heated by nature's fires; for, curiously enough, springs but a short distance apart afford water very different in temperature. It is almost like a first-class hotel, where both hot and cold water are conducted into every bedroom, and where either can be had by simply turning the faucets. It is needless to say I enjoyed this warm bath very highly. The bath house, the neighboring hot springs, and the precipitous and rugged character of the country reminded me of the hot springs I visited at Miya-no-shita in Japan, though I missed here the geniality and kindness which I met with among the simple-minded natives of the "Land of the Rising Sun." Americans will never become, I fear, so pleasant and polite as the heathen Japanese.

This is the way in which these springs first became known to white men. In the month of April, in 1847, William B. Elliot, a farmer, residing on Mark West Creek, in company with his son was on a hunting expedition. He tracked a bear to the summit of the opposite mountains, but here the track was lost. The father and son, however, discovered smoke or steam arising in the valley below, and naturally supposed it must be the home of some farmer or hunter; but upon closer inspection they saw no signs of human life about the locality. They descended the mountain side to a shelf or small plat, where they found awaiting them a large grizzly bear, which, however, they soon dispatched. Here on this level spot the first house was built at the Geysers, which was long known as the Old Homestead, and which was remarkable for having on its site an old grapevine twelve inches in diameter.

The first wagon road to the Geysers was from Healdsburg, over the steep range of hills called Hog's-back ridge, and the first journey over it was made in May, 1861. The main travel to the Geysers was over this Healdsburg road until 1874, when the road over which we rode was made, up the Pluton valley. The Hog's-back route is said to be extremely grand, abounding in interesting and beautiful scenes. The points for taking observations being so elevated, a much wider view of the beautiful country lying in every direction can be easily taken in. A fine view is afforded of the Great Russian River valley, of the great stretch of beautiful country, of the mountain ranges, and of the sea beyond. But the ascent is so sharp as to be very laborious for teams, so upon the completion of this valley road Hog's-back was pretty much abandoned. It must, however, have been an interesting route. One who traveled it thus expressed himself: "What a gorgeous panorama is there to be seen from the highest point of the road! In the immediate foreground are the steep mountain sides, covered with a dense foliage

of varied hues. From the depths of the gulches sturdy pines rear their lofty pinnacles until they seem almost within reach. Southward stretches out the Russian River valley, interspersed with gardens and grain fields; and through its center, sparkling in the sun's rays, the river winds its tortuous way, concealed at times by the luxuriant growth of oaks and clinging vines upon its banks. Far beyond the valley the hills and mountains rise in graceful succession; and farther on the verge of the horizon, the Coast Range hems in the view, and is dimly visible in the soft hazy atmosphere, so peculiarly Californian."

As must be well understood, the name Geysers is given to the series of hot springs and steam escapes which abound in this locality, as the same name is applied to similar hot springs in other parts of the world, particularly in Iceland. These springs extend along the line of the Pluton River, six miles above the hotel, and two and a half miles below; though the most remarkable springs are in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, not more than half a mile away. I put in the remainder of the day in exploring these infernal regions, and I am sorry to say that Dr. York is so afflicted with a lame back that he did not feel adequate to the climbing necessary to seeing all the marvels of the locality. With stick in hand, by myself, and without a guide, I made my way up the

DEVIL'S CANON,

A deep and unsightly gorge, the mouth of which joins the Pluton River, some two hundred feet below the hotel. This gorge is literally filled with the steam which exudes from the numerous apertures and passages abounding here.

First an iron spring is reached, and then the Pluton River is crossed on a narrow foot-bridge. The stream here is about thirty feet wide, and the bed is full of large, smooth boulders, which for thousands of years have been made rounder and smoother by the ceaseless action of the Plutonic waters. A little past the bath house is the Eye Spring, with its dark-hued water; next Proserpine's Grotto, in the Devil's Canon, where epsom salts are found on the rocks in plentiful crystals. Here we are in what is called the Devil's Machine Shop, surrounded by infernal springs bubbling and boiling, with their alum and mineral solutions, and among the rest the Devil's Ink Bottle, so called from the darkness of its waters, as though the devil, besides attending to his numerous duties of constantly punching poor damned souls beneath the fiery flood, looking after every human being upon the earth, and continually plying his vilest arts to induce hapless mortals to step aside and yield to temptation, could find time to do so much writing that he requires so large an ink bottle! The ground here becomes almost unbearably hot, and the conclusion forces itself most strongly upon the mind that hell or internal fires cannot be very far away. The steam rushes out of the many holes in the hillsides and under one's feet. Alum springs abound, also solutions of niter or saltpeter, and a kind of soft clay called putty. The whole surroundings are so peculiar and unusual that a feeling of awe creeps over one, as well as the apprehension that danger possibly lurks around. On the sides of the banks on the right and left are carbonates of magnesia and various salts of iron.

A few yards further on up the canon the greatest wonder of all is reached, the Witches' Caldron, a large cavity six feet by eight, and four feet deep. It is full of a dark, boiling liquid, containing iron, sulphur, and alum. Although boiling and bubbling day and night, very little fluid runs away. It seems to be more heated air than water that escapes from the cavities below.

THE DEVIL'S CANOPY

Is a little above, on the right—a projection from the banks, composed of stalactites of sulphur and iron. The head of the canon is near, and the Steamboat Springs are also here. These are not in the bottom of the gorge, but are elevated some twenty feet. Here steam is profusely and constantly escaping, and rising three hundred feet high, very naturally suggesting a steamboat under a full head of steam. Among the noted spots in this remarkable canon are the Devil's Arm-Chair, which is a stone seat that almost blockades the path, and is narrowed down to a few inches in width between the rock and a tree growing out of the very narrow strip of earth bordering the canon, and from which an occasional puff of steam is visible. A few feet further on are huge rocks rising on the left, red as vermilion and soft like putty or hard paint. A little below is White Sulphur Spring, the waters of which are clear and cool, pouring from a pure white basin formed by the minerals gradually deposited there.

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

May well be regarded as a place of interest. So much has been said about his Satanic majesty that the place where his meals are cooked cannot be otherwise than very interesting, though from the appearance of the surroundings we readily come to the conclusion that a good meal of victuals never was gotten up here. Jets of steam are seen puffing out all around, with hot water in abundance, which bubbles up smoking hot; but no dishes, no pots and kettles, and nothing edible is in sight. If Lucifer or Splitfoot ever kept a hotel or boarding-house here he must have found his patronage light, and he quit the business in disgust, for his Kitchen looks deserted and untenanted. If old Splitfoot ever visits his Kitchen now it is done on the sly and so quietly that nobody sees him or even smells him, though a strong odor of sulphur pervades the Kitchen. The rocks rise abruptly thirty or forty feet high, and are seamed with white, red, green, and black stripes blending together at intervals, and there is a combination of bubbling, hissing, puffing, sputtering, and rumbling sounds that would seem to argue that the personage who owns the Kitchen is but a short distance below the surface.

In Pluto's Punchbowl the black water is tossing about, making a hollow, cavernous sound, while puffs of steam are ejected from numerous crevices.

The Witches' Caldron attracts much attention, and every visitor closely approaches its brink to gaze down upon its bubbling, murky waters of uncertain depth. It is said the lower edge of the Caldron was formerly bordered by a rim of rock and mineral deposit, and that in 1860 it was destroyed by a terrific explosion, which was heard at a great distance, and which shook the earth for a long way around. The waters of this spring reach the boiling point, or 212 degrees, while the other hot springs in the neighborhood do not rise above 190. The entire canon, by the torrid vapors which arise, is kept in a pretty high degree of warmth, quite sufficient, at all events, to stimulate the witches to "boil and bubble" their caldron to their heart's content.

A jet of steam issues from the foot of the Devil's Canopy and seems to come out with great force, sometimes enveloping the entire canon in a dense atmosphere of fog. From a small crevice issues heated air, which is very perceptible when the surrounding atmosphere is at a low temperature. Standing near the upper end of the canon and looking toward the lower end, watching the steam-jets spurting out in every direction and puffing away on every side, the effect of the chemical action taking place beneath the surface, the air thick with vapor and suffused with an odor of sulphur, it can easily be agreed that the man who once took it all in and shouted out to his companions that "hell's broke loose!" was not far out of the way.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT

Is a rocky promontory which seems to be thrust out, nearly dividing the canon, and from which, from base to summit, issues steam in small puffs, great waves, and frequent jets. If the devil ever used this rocky eminence for delivering sermons, he must have had his imps and victims for an audience; and there is no reason why he should not have become well warmed up to his subject, and the humidity from the many steam jets would have been sufficient to keep him from becoming unduly dry. There is room enough in the canon for a large audience of those who would wish to listen to his persuasive arguments; and then, when preaching was over, they would have but a short distance to go to reach home. If such meetings are now held, and the devil really occupies his pulpit for preaching, it is unknown to the few who reside in the neighborhood. No notice is given out of the sermons, and no one knows of their taking place.

From the upper end of the canon, by making a little extra exertion, one can climb over the rough ridge, which presents the appearance of once having been highly heated, and at a distance of three or four hundred feet in an eastward direction other springs are bubbling up and other jets of steam are bursting from crevices in the earth. These places have the same devilish names as are attached to the localities just visited, carrying the idea that the domain of his sulphurous majesty extends for considerable distance around; thus we have the Devil's Oven, the Devil's Tea Kettle, the Devil's Washbowl, etc. The latter, also called the Crater, is somewhat in the form of a washbowl, and is thought to be an old witch's caldron boiled dry, the broth having been evaporated years ago. The ground in this locality seems to be cavernous, and vibrates when stamped upon. The number of wonders within a circuit of half a mile of the hotel will be seen are not a few—and it is unquestionably one of the most wonderful of nature's laboratories.

The causes which produce the phenomena of the Geysers are an almost unceasing theme for discussion. The more common opinion is that the molten mass of metals and rocks which constitute the center of the earth here comes nearer the surface than usual, hence the surface heat, on the same basis that volcanoes are simply the chimneys or vent places for the same internal molten mass, the difference being only in degree. Scientists and naturalists, on the other hand, regard the heat as being produced by the action of opposing chemical substances which exist below the surface, and that the Geysers are simply one of nature's laboratories, where heat is engendered the same as it is when water is added to lime. The steam and hot water are the result of spring water running into the chemical composition. This theory is probably more correct than the first. Whichever theory is true, the Geysers are truly wonderful phenomena of nature, and well worthy a visit from those who like to witness the grand and marvelous in existence.

Away a short distance from the Geysers are several natural beauties well worthy of notice. Somewhat below is what is called

THE LOVERS' RETREAT,

A little emerald arbor, beautiful, picturesque, and romantic. A rustic seat extends along the trunk of a fine laurel-tree which grows horizontally out from the mother trunk about three feet from the ground. The body being hollow for some distance, the aperture is used for a post-office, and is filled with cards, notes, etc., left by tourists. Here, of course, lovers fondly sit and commune upon tender subjects, and find notes for them left by others. A leafy bower near the Pluton Creek has the pleasing appellation of "Lovers' Rest." It is a pleasant place to rest, even for those who are not lovers.

The hotel is surrounded by very pleasant scenery. The range of high hills on the west side of the valley, though very steep, are well covered with green trees, and though they are Alpine in appearance, they are far from tiresome to the eye. From the pleasant and elevated look-out afforded by the upper veranda the view is truly a magnificent one, volumes of steam rolling slowly upward and rising like gossamer cloudlets into the clear sky, on the east. From the top of the western range a most beautiful view is said to be obtained, not only of the Plutonic valley, with its numerous hot and sulphurous springs, but of the Russian River and Sonoma and Napa valleys, which stretch away to the south as far as the eye can follow them, and disclosing one of the most fertile and productive countries on the globe. It is well worth the climbing to obtain this glorious view.

The attendance at the hotel is quite equal to the accommodations, all the rooms being filled. Those who wished seats in the morning for Calistoga on the return trip to San Francisco had to give in their names on the previous evening. Having seen the wonderful Geysers, Dr. York and myself concluded to return by the first stage. The return route is entirely different from the one which brought us out—that is to say, by way of Calistoga by stage and then by rail down the Napa Valley to the upper part of the bay of San Francisco.

At half-past seven in the morning two stages were up before the hotel, and in these some twenty-five tourists speedily seated themselves, and we were again wending our way up the rugged and picturesque gorge. For five or six miles the ascent was gradual but constant, our tortuous course winding around curves and nearing precipices, somewhat the same as the day before. Near the summit of the mountain we passed in view of a cone-shaped peak rising abruptly seven hundred feet above the surrounding hills, called the "Lovers' Leap," and connected with it is a legend that from a steep precipice on the top of it an Indian brave and maiden who ardently loved each other but were not permitted to marry, carried out a firm resolve to jump, and thus together end an existence no longer desirable.

The mountain sides and the narrow valleys are covered with a profuse growth of laurel and manzanita, some of which reach a hight of ten feet, and several similar growths which I do not know, together with the flowering buckeye and other trees in abundance. When the crest of the mountain range is reached, and we have passed over Hog's Back, a view of the valleys leading off to the south is obtained, which is grand in the highest degree, the skilful driver sends his team off at a rapid gait, and we follow our course down the winding descent for miles. The ride is exhilarating, and we have what may be termed a bird's-eye view for many miles away of the valleys and ranges of hills before mentioned, presenting such a landscape as but few places afford.

When pretty well down the several miles of almost constant descent, we pass through a region of quicksilver mines, where formerly pretty large quantities of the ore were obtained, but now are not worked. We stopped to change horses at a station where is a store, at which the curiosities abounding in this locality, such as petrified wood, Indian relics, etc., are kept on sale; then we roll on again to the level of the valleys below. Our driver is the son of the somewhat famous Clark Foss, of Fossville, who has resided here many years, and has run the line of stages between Calistoga and the Geysers, often sending three stages per day each way. A tourist who several years ago passed over this romantic route made these remarks about this noted stager: "A trip to the Geysers without Foss, the accommodating and world-renowned driver, who originated and owns the line between Calistoga and the Geysers, is like the play of Hamlet with that melancholy young gentleman left out. Not only is he an unequaled driver, but he is a man of genius and a philosopher. In person he stands six feet and two inches in his stockings, is as strong as a giant, has the voice of a tragedian, weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, and is as fine a specimen of muscular development and vigor as ever went forth from the hills of the Granite state. With a fresh team of six horses, and a load of appreciative passengers, Foss

is in his glory. Alternately coaxing and encouraging his horses up the steepest acclivities, his eye sparkles at the top as he gathers the reins carefully, places his foot on the brake, turns half round to see that the passengers are all there, when crack goes the whip, a shout to the horses, and away we go down the steep mountain side. Trees fly past like the wind, bushes dash angrily against the wheels; the ladies shut their eyes, and grasp the arm of some male passenger and speed down the declivity with lightning rapidity, the horses on a live jump, and General Foss, whip in hand, cracking it about their heads to urge them on. The effect [upon the timid] is anything but pleasant. At every lurch of the coach one feels an instinctive dread of being tossed high in air and landed far below—in a gorge, or perchance spitted upon the top of a sharp pine. If a horse should stumble or misstep, or the tackle snap, away we should all go down a precipice. The angle of descent [in places] is exceedingly sharp, and down this declivity the horses are run at break-neck speed for two and a half miles, making thirty-five turns, and some of them extra short ones."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editorial,

Cultured Liberalism.

William Emmette Coleman, a bit of ordinary humanity, residing in Presidio, one of the suburbs of San Francisco, is out in nearly four columns of the *Index* of the 12th inst., in which he takes rather severely to task the class of Liberals who are not "cultured" and who oppose theological claims. He says:

What a rarity is strictly accurate knowledge upon any subject, save in cases of the few specialists who may be devoted thereto! Some vague, general idea of the trend of modern science and of rational religious thought is abroad in the world; but, in most cases, even among those tolerably well-informed, naught but a mere smattering is known. Freethought and rationalism, we know, are in the air, so to speak; and yet how crude, how superficial, are most of its expressions! The world needs a cultured Freethought, an accurately comprehended and accurately-expressed rationalism. To further this *desideratum* the Free-Religious Association is sustained; but how little is it doing to relieve the ignorance and crudeness of radical propagandism! Mr. Underwood has recently, in the *Index*, written quite plainly concerning the anti-theological madness of much that passes current for Freethought, and I most heartily indorse his truthful and timely utterances thereanent. By what means are the masses being led into free-thinking forms of thought? What is the character of most of the literature and the oratory of the Liberalism of the day, and what their effects upon its converts and devotees? In sorrow be it said that coarseness, crudeness, intolerance, bigotry, misrepresentation, slander, are very largely represented in its make-up. Books, papers, tracts flood the country, filled with exhibitions of this anti-theological mania. These productions are as rabid against Christianity in spirit as the Roman Catholic church was against the heresy of the Reformation. Scurrilous abuse and misrepresentation of Jesus, the Bible, and Christianity pollute the pages of this literature, and disgrace Freethought oratory in large measure. With these writers and speakers, everything that can be collected derived from the four winds of heaven abusiv of these three, without regard to truth, honor, or decency, is greedily seized upon and scattered broadcast, to the disgrace of true Liberalism and an enlightened, conscientious rationalism.

With many of the adherents of this *soi-disant* Liberalism, for a true friend of genuin Liberallsm to protest against this coarse, illiberal species of Freethought proselytism, and to deplore its unhappy effects, is, seemingly, for him to commit one of the worst possible crimes; for, let any cultured rationalist express his honest convictions concerning the bad effects of this rabid antichristian folly, he at once becomes the target for the abuse, ridicule, and denunciation of those in sympathy with this inferior type of Liberalism. His private character is assailed, his culture and scholarship laughed at and denied, his motivs impugned, and expletivs and epithets showered upon him in rich profusion. Of course this class of Liberals embraces the Free-lovers, the obscenity law repealers, and the "tag-rag and bob-tail" of Freethinkers, as Mr. Underwood aptly termed them a few years since.

The misleading and illiberal character of much of the "Liberal" literature accessible to the masses necessarily has a more or less pernicious effect upon its readers. They gather incorrect ideas concerning religion, Christianity, the Bible, Jesus, the apostles, the Jews, etc., such literature being largely permeated with untruth and error, born of prejudice, ignorance, or love of falsehood, some writers erring ignorantly, some knowiugly and maliciously. And, through such writings, the masses of Liberals are being indoctrinated with prejudice, spite, illiberality, bigotry, and dogmatism as baneful in their tendency as the same qualities when manifest in the orthodox. Illiberal Liberalism is poisoning the people with its noxious dogmas, its falsehoods, and its maliciousness, and still the evil goes on. We need a higher standard of Liberal thought and endeavor at work among the masses. As it is, they are practically left to the mercy of the lower, more popular, and more unscrupulous advocates of a crude, coarse, perverted Liberalism. Converts from orthodoxy crowd the Liberal ranks, bringing with them the heritage of a long line of ancestral superstition, infolerance, narrowness, and spite. In many cases, these qualities seem to be intensified after acceptance of so-called Liberal views; and this keeping alive and intensification of such deplorable mental qualities are largely due to the character of the popular Freethought literature, in much of which these qualities are strikingly manifest. Now, as of old, sea and land are compassed to make one proselyte; and, when he is made, he is tenfold more the child of hell (bigotry and intolerance) than before.

There are several falsehoods in the foregoing extract from the conceited, self-righteous, and would-be "cultured," semi-advocate of theology, the Bible, Christianity, Jesus, and the apostles; it besides contains several flings, innuendoes, and insinuations, meaner, if possible, than lies themselvs. It is equal to the best that Joseph Cook or Anthony Comstock could get off. It is quite clear that he means the gist of his tirade of abuse for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the Truth Seeker publications, though Voltaire, Paine, Taylor, Bradlaugh, Seaver, Ingersoll, Watts, Denton, Chainey, and several others must necessarily come in for a share of his diatribe against those who oppose theological claims, the divinity of the Bible, Christianity, and Jesus. All these were, or are, opposed to those claims, and hence, according to the superior opinion of William Emmette Coleman, they must be very low and coarse fellows, false Liberals; they are not only "coarse," but "crude," "intolerant," "bigoted," and also abound in "slander" and "misrepresentation." They hav the "anti-theological mania," and reek with "scurrilous abuse," "misrepresentation of Jesus, the Bible, Christianity," and "pollute the pages of literature, and disgrace Freethought oratory in large measure." They are "*soi-disant* Liberals," guilty of untruth and error, or, "born of prejudice, ignorance, love of falsehood," the same committed "ignorantly, knowingly, or maliciously." These are the men who "indoctrinate with prejudice, spite, illiberality, bigotry, and dogmatism, as baneful in their tendency as the same qualities when manifest in the orthodox." Again, these are the men who are "advocating crude, coarse, and perverted Liberalism;" they are poisoning the people with their "noxious dogmas, falsehoods, and maliciousness."

As it is upon our humble head that these vials of wrath are principally poured, we must say a word in reply. If we are coarse and ignorant we are hardly responsible for it, for we act out our nature, and are just what the conditions which control our being hav made us. But we submit it to the self-conceited, mental coxcomb of Presidio, whether it is not a species of cruelty to taunt a man, less favored than himself, with ignorance, coarseness, crudeness, and falsehood. If a man is lame in one leg, or cock-eyed, or has a big nose, or is a little under size, or has a dark complexion, or red hair, is it kind or gentlemanly to taunt him about it, and hold him up to the world as an object of contempt and scorn? If it is wrong to do this for physical defects, how much more wrong to call attention to his mental deficiencies! Can a man who has no brains help being a fool, and is it a humane and manly person who tells him over and over again that he is a fool, an ignoramus, and don't know anything? Suppose Emmette was not quite as able as some other men, would he like to be abused about it and be told that he is coarse, ignorant, and vile? We readily acknowledge that we do not know so much as we would like to, and do not find as much time for reading as we wish to, but we hav looked into theological claims sufficiently to be convinced that they are all wrong, that theology is an absurdity, that there is no *science of God*, that the claims of supernaturalism are false, that nature is the Supreme Power, that the Bible was not written nor dictated by God, that Jesus was not begotten by a ghost, that he was begotten, if at all, by a natural father, the same as all other men; that miracles hav not been performed in any age of the world, and that the claims of Christianity are untrue. Being satisfied that we are correct in our conclusions we hav been, and are still, disposed to oppose these errors to the extent of our ability. If we do not know so much as the great (in his own conceit) William Emmette Coleman, we will do the best we can with such abilities as we do possess. We hav thought what we lack in quality we might make up in quantity. We are honest in the work we are doing, and try to do no injustice to the questions we treat, and so far as we know we hav not been guilty of falsehood or misrepresentation. If Mr. William Emmette Coleman had pointed out some of our falsehoods and misrepresentations it would hav been more manly than being content to make the charge without the slightest proof to sustain it. If we hav at any time been led into an error we will most readily correct it when specifically apprised of the fact.

It can be said of William Emmette Coleman that he has read extensivly, more perhaps than one man in fifty thousand. We confess, without a moment's delay, that he has done ten times the reading we hav; but it is a serious question whether his reading has been of great utility to him. It is to be feared that it has made him conceited and book-proud. There is a passage in the book which he reveres, and thinks should not be opposed or spoken of lightly, which reads thus: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hopes of a fool than of him." A man may hav read over thousands of volumes and still be lacking in fairness, charity, truthfulness, and the essential qualities of a gentleman.

If, with all his reading and culture, Mr. Coleman has shown remarkable powers of mind superior to other men, it has not been widely discovered.

But Mr. Coleman has either deteriorated or advanced, according to the standpoint from which he is viewed. Now, he seems to think it is very coarse and crude, exhibiting a great amount of ignorance and malice, to say anything against the claims of theology, against the Bible, against Christianity and Jesus. We remember that it is but a few years since we published three or more small pamphlets or tracts written by Mr. Coleman, in which he displayed not a little ability in writing against the claims of theology and Christianity; in fact, they were decidedly anti-theological. The first is a very strong argument that the Bible and the Bible God are disproved by nature, and cannot be true. In the second he examins the relationship which exists between Jesus, Jehovah, and the Virgin Mary. He throws not a little ridicule upon the supposed relation between the three, and makes out Jesus to be his own son, his own grandson, likewise his own father and his own grandfather. He makes the virgin to be mother, daughter, and sister to Jesus., and at the same time the daughter, wife, mother, and sister of God. This may be very learned and cultured, but it is certainly anti-theological and anti-Christian. To an ordinary observer this seems about as coarse, as crude, and malicious toward the Christian cause as anything we remember having written. His third pamphlet was against the Sabbath observance, and its aim is to destroy faith in the institution. We think we hav never said anything more radical upon the subject. At all events, it is very offensiv to our Christian friends, and is held by them to be very anti-theological and anti-Christian. (We sell the three for twenty cents.)

It is the same with his friend Underwood. He is now very tender upon the Bible and upon Christianity. He thinks nothing offensiv should be said against them. He has shown the same inconsistency in the change he has made that Mr. Coleman has. Although he deems it far amiss to say aught against theology, the Bible, and the Christian claims, he has himself in the past done not a little in that line. He has held several debates to prove Christianity false, he has delivered hundreds of lectures for the same purpose, he has ably shown in his "Influence of Christianity" the pernicious effect it has had upon the world. In comparing Christianity with Materialism he says very uncomplimentary things of the former. He has also made a fearful arraignment of Christianity by vividly showing up its "crimes." He has in another publication shown the failings and imperfections of Jesus, and has made fearful attacks upon the Bible, exhibiting its falsities and crudities. How can Mr. Coleman approve of such coarse conduct? But Mr. Underwood is not doing that sort of thing now; he has become too "cultured," too esthetic. It is no longer cultured Liberalism to do those things, it belongs to coarse, crude, and ignorant persons like ourselvs to perform such malicious and wicked things.

Mr. Coleman briefly explains the evolution he has made in this direction. He says:

It is but just to say that the writer [himself] was a few years ago considerably affiliated with this wing [the anti-theological] of Liberalism, but having by a process of mental evolution passed beyond its influence, his sympathy therewith, he is confident, can never be revived.

It is probably the same with Mr. Underwood. He has passed through a process of mental evolution until he now deems it improper to say anything derogatory to theology and Christianity; and they should probably be ranked with the proselytes whose last stages constitute them "ten times more the children of hell (bigotry and intolerance) than before." But the world is large, and there is abundant room for all of us. If there is a constituency of "cultured" Liberals who object to anything harsh being said in an anti-theological vein—anything opposed to the Bible and Christianity, we are entirely willing that Messrs. Underwood and Coleman should minister unto them; we will not object. If they even wish to join the church, and become cultured orthodox instead of cultured Liberals, we will not raise an objection; or if, like Oscar Wilde, they decide to wear sunflowers in the lapels of their coats as badges of their esthetic culture and purity, we will not raise a disturbance about it. We care not how far they depart from old-time Liberalism, but we claim some rights for ourselvs and ask to be left at peace in the enjoyment of such rights without censure or abuse. We regard theology a blind belief in the divinity of the Bible, and the intolerance and untruth of Christianity as our foes and the foes of the race; and we shall continue to oppose them so long as we retain our present views, and we are sustained by those who hold similar opinions. We here emphatically express the decision that we much prefer to continue the course we are pursuing in co-operation with such men as Voltaire, D'Holbach, Meslier, Paine, Taylor, Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, Wakeman, Seaver, Watts, Bright, Chainey, Putnam, and others than to train with such "cultured" Liberals as Coleman, Abbot, Ellis, Underwood, and Henry Clay Neville. Let us each continue his own course, and the more we keep apart the better. Of course, this is a sad thing to lose the countenance and approbation of such apostles of culture as Coleman and Underwood; but we shall endeavor to survive the loss so long as such a goodly number of plain, common-sense people as now approve of our efforts. If the opposit party hav true Liberalism, we promptly avow we want none of it. We had even rather be called coarse and ignorant and be lied about by hypocrits. We are content that Under-

wood and Coleman should write for the "cultured" few if we may be permitted to contribute according to our ability for the plain, uncultured, common-sense people of our country. We do not write for students, ex-reverends, and super-cultured souls, but are happy if we can adapt ourselvs to the working, unpretentious, but worthy class of our population.

Mr. Coleman seems very sensitive because what he calls "slander" has been somewhat used; but let him tell who began the use of slander. Let him say whether we ever said a word derogatory of Abbot, Bundy, and Underwood, until after they had abused us, and repeatedly said the most unkind things of us. Mr. Coleman seems like the unjust judge who was not annoyed when his bull had gored his neighbor's ox; but is excessivly annoyed when the neighbor's bull gores his. It is a trite old maxim that the man who hides is as mean as the man who steals, so Mr. Coleman has not and never has had a word to say in condemnation of the base and cruel attacks made upon us when in prison, but he is loud in condemnation of us if we retort somewhat, and state a few unpleasant truths. Let the cultured soul be assured that we can prove the charges we hav made, and by men more truthful and more fair than the esthetic gentleman himself, if the test is made. We think we can prove even more than is charged in the indictment.

The most contemptible feature in Mr. Coleman's cultured screed is when he quotes his friend Underwood's language and sentiment to the effect that the patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the "repealers" are "the tag-rag and bobtail of Freethinkers." What can a man think of himself, and what can others think of him, who will thus blacken and denounce thousands of worthy people with whom he has not the slightest acquaintance? No gentleman would indulge in such billingsgate. And this is the man to cry out "slander" in connection with others. How does he know who are bobtails? Pray, may he not himself be a bobtail? How shall it not be known whether he is a bobtail or a longtail? Can he not giv us a cultured treatis on bobtails and longtails?

He also has a slur and sling at "Freelovers." Are all those Freelovers who are not "cultured?" Whom does this impudent slanderer mean by "Freelovers?" Does he refer to the man who travels over the country and has his *liaisons* and illegitimate children in nearly every state, or does he mean those who are so uncultured as to to read arguments and facts in opposition to theology, the Bible, and Christianity? If he means that the readers and patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER are Freelovers, he is guilty of the most contemptible slandor, of which he has not the slightest means of knowing whether it is true or false. It is simply a reckless and malicious assertion, made with reference to people far more honorable than himself. We do not believe there is one in three thousand of the patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER who is a Freelover; and it is possible cultured Liberalism might furnish nearly that proportion. But let Mr. Coleman hurry up his cultured school of Freethought for the *elite* of his class. We will try to still get along without it. If he can cultivate fairness and truth it will doubtless be as fine a species of culture as he can adopt.

We are sorry that THE TRUTH SEEKER and THE TRUTH SEEKER man are so much in the way of these cultured individuals, and that the placidity of their tempers should be so disturbed in consequence of such a "coarse," vile, and ignorant sheet. It has for a long time been a source of grief to them, and it has been feared they would sink into a state of hopeless melancholy. But we do not see wherein we are to blame for it, or what we can do to change matters. We are just what we are, and cannot make ourselvs over even to suit men we esteem so highly. But perhaps we can giv them a little good advice. If they will just attend to their own business, stand up bravely for Jesus, and, both directly and by innuendo, let THE TRUTH SEEKER man severely alone, he will be very sure not to harm them.

How It Was.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your reporter's account of the late League Congress at St. Louis is mainly very correct and intelligently well done. On two points only does it need a restatement.

First. Where he says that the secretary's and treasurer's reports "showed that the League had doubled itself in members, means, and auxiliaries within the past year," his statement is true as to members, as the life and annual members hav more than doubled since the Congress of '81. At that time there were 106 annual members and 13 life members. Up to this year's Congress there were 242 annual members and 29 life members. The means were nearly doubled—last year $1,119.87; this year, $1,912.50. But it is quite erroneous to say the auxiliaries hav doubled. We added twenty-four new Leagues last year, which is a very gratifying increase, but we could hardly expect to double so large a number as we had last year. There are now 242 auxiliaries.

Second. The $50 contributed to make Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Slenker life members should be credited to two gentlemen—Mr. Orlando Child, of Moline, Ill., and Charles Eckhard, of New York—$25 each, and not to Mr. Eckhard alone. Both these gentlemen were already life members. They know how pleasant it is to dwell in the tents of the League themselvs, and they needed some helpmeet, for life, in the good work. Hence they "*proposed*," like gallant gentlemen as they are. Mr. Child indicated a preference for Elmina if the Congress would approve, but Mr. Eckhard left his beneficiary entirely to the selection of the Congress. Thereupon Mrs. Severance arose and nominated Mrs. Lizzie K. Jackson, of St. Louis, as some recognition of her services as secretary of the auxiliary in that city. That is how it was.

T. C. LELAND.

Secularism.

Charles Watts gave us a splendid discourse before the Liberal Club on Friday evening, the 13th, concerning the fundamental points of secularism. He showed how thoroughly adapted it is to all the needs of humanity, moral, intellectual, and social. Secularism is as many sided as human nature itself. It seeks to develop every faculty that man possesses. It sticks to facts indeed, but to facts in all their infinit variety of meaning. It accepts the greatness of the universe. It has no narrow theory of the world's advancement. It looks to the ideal side as well as the material. It believs in poetry and romance; in the glory of the imagination and the splendors of art. It objects only to those artificial wants which hav been created by a false theology; the desires for a heaven hereafter, and a reward for goodness, besides the act of goodness itself. Secularism finds in this world all its motiv powers to action. One may be an Atheist, or Agnostic, or Theist, or Spiritualist, but his aim must be the life that now is, its perfection in the condition which we actually know, and not another life in unknown relations and with unknown duties. Secularism allows a vast range of opinion. It is based upon no opinion whatever, only upon the all-commanding importance of this present sphere of action. Here, indeed, one finds scope for his amplest faculties. Here he can exercise all his manhood. Here is a field for the display of the sublimest morality. To be moral is to be useful. There are no duties to God. Our duties are to man, and the foundation of those duties is what makes for the happiness of all. If the doctrin of utility is selfish, it is selfish in a very noble sense, for it is the welfare of the universal race which is to be sought and not that of any one individual. Secularism embraces in its theory *life* only, and not death. It does not seek to prepare for death—only for life. If one knows how to liv well, then he certainly will hav the power to die heroically. He will hav a fortitude that will front the eternities with a serene faith.

Secularism does not deny faith, only it says that faith must be based upon reason. It must spring from our knowledge and not from our mere fancy. We must reach the heart through the head, and not the head through the heart. The judgment must predominate. Faith is beautiful when born of scientific experience. Then its wings are indeed golden, and glisten with unfading luster. Such a faith in nature, in humanity, in progress, would Secularism cherish. It would make man hopeful and buoyant as he treads the upward way, only he must walk on the firm earth. Still his eye can be far-reaching and his purpose lofty.

Such are some of the ideas which form the basis of secularism to which Mr. Watts gave eloquent and lucid utterance. He is in many respects a powerful speaker. He is full of thought, and his thought is arranged with great skill. His points are definitly made and well put, without undue amplification. In this way he traverses in one lecture a vast field. He suggests many things, and the mind of the hearer is kept constantly on the alert. He is very enthusiastic. He has the magnetism of evident conviction. He captures his audience with the dash and abandon of his fervid speech. All the time, however, his deliberate judgment guides his fiery onset. He is not a mere exhorter. He is a teacher. He arranges; and from the beginning to the end of his discourse the hearer constantly progresses and sees new things, and the intellect is fed while the heart is exalted.

Every Liberal League should hear this orator. He has the right word for us. English Secularists, I think, understand the high art of organization and work much better than we do. Their achievement in this direction has been admirable. We should study their methods. Their practical experience will be of immense benefit in the future for the mighty work which lies before our onward path.

Mr. Watts comes to us with these rich experiences and practical insight. He has studied deeply into all the problems of the present time, and has a wise word to say; and if he does not solve every problem he will, I think, put forth no vague and foolish theory. He evidently builds upon common sense. He is a thoughtful evolutionist and knows that the future good must grow out of past achievement, and so he would reject only the errors and superstitions of the past, while the real life of the past he would unfold and carry on to greater issues in connection with the new light which we are constantly gaining. He is a profound historic student, and, with the wisdom of the true scholar, would make what man has reasonably done the basis of that grander good which he will yet accomplish.

Any League or body of Liberals who desire sound thought, advanced scholarship, genuin philosophy, and splendid eloquence should secure the services of Charles Watts. He will giv them the best of these things, I know, because I hav heard him myself.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

California Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I congratulate you on your safe arrival home, and the many honors you hav received at the hands of our people on your route across the continent, and especially am I glad at the great success of the Watkins meeting, and great credit is due to the management for wide-spread notices which hav appeared in the press of this coast.

One such well-noticed convention is worth a thousand still-born meetings, and nothing would hav pleased me better than to hav taken part with those noble men in shaping public sentiment in favor of mental freedom.

That is a homely adage which says that "every dog has his day," and the day of the church dogs has been, to our kind, a long and dark day. But thanks for the courage and true manhood and womanhood of our workers, who are pushing forward the enfranchisment of our race from ignorance and superstition.

By the way, lest I forget it, let me commend and shake hands with Samuel P. Putnam for his able and terse criticism in reply to "Agnostic." We need more such writers as he to take the wrinkles and dry-rot out of some of the fossils who bear the name of Liberal. Bigots are not alone confined to the church, but in our own ranks they can be met simom-pure. A conservatism which can build nothing and do nothing but destory is fit only to sit in the corner and croak—a monument of departed usefulness.

We ought to be united as Liberals in the cause of every true reform, and stand heart to heart in aggressiv warfare against false religion in whatever form. What better am I that I hav rid myself of Methodism and then set about the work of taking on another cargo no less full of rubbish than the first? A conservatism which weighs well the assorted cargo as it takes it in, and then cuts loose from the worm-eaten wharf and moves out and tries to reach somewhere, deserves commendation.

I am still at home, but much better in health than when we parted at the train in San Jose, and hope soon to swing the battle-ax as heretofore.

I met our mutual friend, Adonis, in San Francisco a day or two since, and, true to his nativ impulses, is moving in the matter of calling a Liberal convention in 'Frisco, to meet on Paine's memorial day. Good angels speed the man and the cause so noble and true.

Now one thing more. I feel like writing an open letter to Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Michigan, asking him in all kindness to desist from the violence he is doing to the cause of truth as reported in notes of camp-meeting at Lansing in the *Religio* of Sept. 16th. In his blind attempt to drive apart the Liberals and Spiritualists of Michigan, he has taken leave of both common sense and truth, when he says that a disbelief in a hereafter leads to all that is sensuous and degraded. While a belief in spirit life compelled mortals to hold sacred their bodies, while Materialism taught a contempt for it, nothing but a softening of the brain can be pleaded for such a departure from truth and the facts of every-day observation.

I wish it were true that a belief in the Christian religion made people honest and good. But, alas! it does not. I wish it were true that a belief in ghosts made its believers honest and virtuous, but the facts forbid such conclusion, and a claimed knowledge, much less a belief, on the part of Spiritualists has had no such results as the emaculate Dr. Spinney would lead you to believe.

Men and women are made of one stuff, and they act out their life in harmony with their individual organism, be they Materialist, Spiritualist, or Methodist. Now, go forward, friend Spinney, and pull in pieces what others quite as good as yourself hav toiled to build under the title of Spiritual and Liberal Association of Michigan, and then, like every other ism, build a fence about yourselvs and fossilize, and thus become a stench along the highway of progressiv life. Sincerity and true genius unite men and women in a common cause, while fanatical crankism, through fear of absorption, spreads disunion in its path. Yours for truth. From a Materialistic-Spiritualist,

Dr. J. L. YORK.

San Jose, Sept. 30, 1882.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent to new subscribers three months for half a dollar. Let those who are interested in the spread of Freethought induce their friends to become trial subscribers.

Communications.

Dialog.

B: Mr. A, I hav been very thoughtful and reflectiv all day, menaced by the sermon we heard yesterday at church. I could not deny the sincerity of the preacher; his tears and his earnestness convinced me of that. I hav spent the day thinking, and hav arrived at the conclusion that if religion is true nothing is of so much moment to mankind; and if it is not true, no imposition is as great; so I thought as you hav been so long a church-member, you would understand the question as well as any of my neighbors; therefore I hav come over this evening to ask an honest, close, and logical analysis of at least the fundamental doctrins of the Christian religion; to facilitate this investigation I hav arranged a series of questions. I hav long been satisfied that truth, like gold, never suffers from analysis. My first query is, What are the fundamental doctrins of the Christian religion as distinguished from all other religions?

A: I will answer you as well as I can, as I also feel disposed to probe it to the bottom, feeling assured that truth will appear the brighter when fully brought to view, and to giv you a candid answer as I understand the subject. The fundamental doctrins of the Christian religion, as I understand it, are two —first, the entire sinfulness of mankind by the sin of Adam, and called original sin; second, the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ.

B: Mr. A, what do you understand by morality?

A: I understand it in short to be manners, the acme of which is, "Do as you would be done by."

B: Would not a man who had always done that be saved without a belief in the above two doctrins?

A: No; for that would be salvation by works, whereas the only condition of salvation is faith without the deeds the law requires, for by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight, so that morality is not Christianity.

B: Well, then, let us examin Christianity proper, the first doctrin of which you say is the sinfulness of man by the sin of Adam. Now one of two things must be true, that whatever were the effects of Adam's sin upon his race, they must hav been natural or penal. It is evident from our own experience and observation of the world around us that no change or deterioration in mental or physical powers results from a simply moral offense. If the results were natural, they would hav followed every offense of the kind from that day to this. But this is impossible, as we know, for that would make you punishable for every sin committed by your ancestors of father and mother from Adam to yourself.

A: I think from the narrativ that the results must hav been penal, for the act *per se* of eating an apple was nothing, but the doing it was violation of law and involved punishment.

B: That is true; but as the offense was very limited, the punishment in justice could not hav been unlimited. While it was just to punish the guilty, ought not the punishment to stop there? If mankind suffer anything because of Adam's offense, it must be by the infliction of the penalty of his offense upon his children. It is pertinent here to inquire what is the sum total of sufferings consequent to us upon Adam's offense.

A: I could quote to you our Confession of Faith, but then, to be short, it is all we suffer in this world, and a liability to eternal wrath in another.

B: And all that inflicted upon unnumbered millions for an offense committed thousands of years before they were born. As well suppose a man guilty for being a man, and liable to the gallows for being born blind. The following question must be settled. Can the innocent be justly punished?

A: But we do suffer because of the conduct of our parents, and that for life; but the sufferings you speak of appertain as much to animals as men, and result from infraction of organic law, and not from judicial administration. God would as justly punish animals for physical imperfection as to punish man for the same. No blame can attach to any being for what he is by nature; and if Adam's physical, mental, and moral nature were degenerated as a penalty and curse of the law, it must hav been executed by God himself, and how could infinit love fasten the penalty of eternal anguish upon unborn posterities? Can it be that our religion rests upon injustice so manifest to all! It seems so, if the race of man was cursed for Adam's offense. Yet this is the doctrin of all the orthodox churches, and what rests upon justice is not reliable. But is that the only objection you can urge against the system?

B: No; there is another fundamental doctrin as faulty as the one we hav considered, and which ought to be considered solemnly and with close attention, for if it is true it is the most momentous to mankind; but if it is not true it is the greatest imposition on the world.

A: What is that doctrin?

B: It is that this same fallen race was redeemed by Jesus Christ.

A: Can you find any fault with that doctrin, Mr. B?

B: Not with the doctrin itself, but I hav no evidence of its truth.

A: Why not true, Mr. B?

B: This involves me in the necessity of making some very careful steps, for in this matter I hav as much at stake as any man else, and, first, this redemption must relate to the curse consequent to Adam's offense. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This means death, and is corroborated by Paul who says, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so that death has passed upon all men for that all hav sinned." Again he says, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, and the law said, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them, and the first commandment of the law was, Thou shalt not eat of it." If the above is true, redemption means the deliverance from the curse of the fall, whatever that be. The Episcopal church says, "For he is the very paschal lamb which suffered for us, and hath taken away the sin of the world, who by his death hath destroyed death, and by his rising to life again hath returned to us everlasting life." If that is true, why are people dying every day? The Methodist church says Christ made by his oblation of himself once offered a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. The Presbyterian church says, Christ satisfied the justice of his father. Other churches support the same. All the churches hold that the curse of the law included all the suffering and death of this world and eternal perdition in another. From these Paul says Christ hath redeemed us. Let us see: Has there been no sufferings and death in the world since the time of redemption? If justice is satisfied, and the judgment paid, whether by the debtor or his friend, ought not the execution to be returned satisfied and prosecution cease, especially in regard to infants, who hav never sinned, but were made sinners only by falsely imputing to them the sins of another? How in justice could a father see a babe suffer and die from a false imputation? Mr. A, where is justice in this case, to say nothing of love or tender mercy? Can such a case be thought just among men? Could you think a law just that would punish your little boy for an offense of your grandfather in his boyhood?

A: Mr. B, you must remember that God don't see as man sees.

B: But if man sees what is just, don't God see it so too? If he does, don't he see as man sees in that case? Justice is a principle. It cannot be pretended that man sees all that God sees, but when a man sees what is right and proper, God must see it so too, so that justice with man is justice with God. Yet just think of it; all the distress and anguish, suffering and death, inflicted upon us because Adam, not a week old, not knowing good from evil, was persuaded by a talking snake to eat an apple! Can it be true that God imputed Adam's offense to all his posterity, and then treated them and punished them as if they were guilty, when he knew they were not? Tell it not in Gath. Is that principle just? If that principle can be just with God, why not just with man? And yet upon this doctrin hangs Christianity; that is, that God can be just and yet punish the innocent. This seems to be its first foundation-stone.

A: I do not pretend to understand it all; it is a great mystery. You know it says, "Great is the mystery of godliness."

B: But what good will it do to believe a mystery when you hav no evidence of its truth? If it is a mystery, of what use is it to us? A thing is not more likely to be true for being mysterious. But the principle under consideration is *justice*, not the application of justice in obscure cases, but the principle. Is it right, on principle of equity, to punish the innocent, not only so, but to punish myriads of innocent beings down to the end of time, for the same one offense of one man? But to counteract all effects of Adam's offense, it is set forth in the second doctrin of the Christian church that Christ came into the world. Now, Mr. A, this is a very serious subject, and I feel much interested to find the truth of it; and if I cannot find it I shall hav acquitted myself by doing the best I could. And, first, the redemption must relate to the sin of Adam and all its consequences, or to something else. If it relates to man's sinfulness, as derived from Adam, then it must be a provision for his entire recovery or only a part. But before we enter upon our inquiry of what has been done, I wish to know who the Redeemer was and what he could do?

A: He is said to possess two whole and perfect natures, very God and very man. The very God is said to be the son of God, equal in substance, power, and eternity with his father. This son, very and eternal God, united himself to a human fœtus and was born of a woman, and is now called Christ, the savior.

B: Why, according to that there is more than a trinity in the godhead, for there was a trinity always before Christ, as such, existed. And then to constitute a Christ, another whole and perfect nature of man was added, and certainly a perfect man must be a personality, and hence with utmost propriety it may be said there are four persons in the godhead. But to effect this redemption of all mankind somebody must die. Men hav been dying from the beginning down to that period, and yet the death of millions was insufficient for the redemption of a single man. What must do it?

A: No one could do it but Christ. Paul says Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law.

B: But as Christ possessed two whole and perfect natures, both those natures must hav died, or only one. Do you claim that the son of God, who was coeternal with his father and essential to the godhead, died? Can an infinit being die, either per force or by his own volition? The godhead died or he did not. We want the facts in the case. If I cannot get facts I must decide it a modern mythology. Truth has nothing to fear from error on a free rostrum. If the godhead did not die, then the manhood did die; and, if so, the salvation of the world hangs on the death of a man. All men before him died, and all since are dead or will die; why should there be so much more value in the blood of Jesus than in the blood of Joshua or all the world besides? Were the claims of God on man such as to be satisfied with the blood of one man and two or three hours' suffering? What did that blood and suffering do for God? Was the pleasure he felt in seeing the blood and writhing of an innocent man such as to satisfy him for the sins of the whole world? Your church says that Christ satisfied the justice of his father; another church says Christ was a complete and perfect satisfaction and propitiation for the sins of the whole world; now mark, if God did not die it was only a man that did die. He who worships what died worships what is not God. He who worships what is not God is an idolater. Mr. A, if my logic is not correct, please set me right. I am in earnest to find the truth, for I am satisfied that all truth is reasonable, and forty years is long enough for a man to liv and not know whether the Christian religion is true or not, or whether it may not by and by be called Christian mythology as well as the old Roman and Greek religions are now called heathen mythology. Nothing is true because it is mysterious. How can you explain or enlighten me on this point?

A: I can only say it is a deep subject. I never allowed myself to question it because there were greater minds than mine that decided in its favor, and I thought I must believe, for without faith it is impossible to please God.

B: But, Mr. A, would God ask a man to believe a thing without evidence? Would a faith that was based on a falsehood please him, or is there any virtue in faith *per se*? If there is, then it matters not what we believe, so that we believe it, whether Mohammedanism or Mormonism, that faith pleases God, does it? But I must return to the question of redemption, for every theory that is not demonstrable is unreliable and remains but a theory. If Jesus satisfied the justice of his father, ought not the judgment to be discharged and the execution called in? Yet little babes are suffering the curse of the law every day. Why is this if the debt has been paid and the judgment canceled? If the debt has been paid, it matters not by whom, and payment acknowledged, infants for almost two thousand years hav a just claim to damages for false imprisonment. If redemption, satisfaction, atonement, and propitiation for the sins of the whole world do not mean an entire counteraction of and salvation from the fall of Adam, what do they mean?

A: I suppose that salvation in another world is what is meant.

B: If it is taken to mean life in another world, it is very safe to promis it in some world of which nobody knows a thing; and if that world be as far off as the poet sings,

> "Beyond the bounds of time and space
> Look forward to that heavenly place,
> The saint's secure abode,"

The soul must travel much faster than light or be a great many years on the journey. Redemption must cover all the liabilities of Adam's offense. But does that harmonize with the Bible? Does not Paul say, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin?" You see, therefore, that death, with with all its inducing ills, was the curse of the law. And yet Paul said, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of law." If this is true, where is the human being that has ever been saved? But enough for the present; good-night. . . . .

Good evening, Mr. A, I hav come over this evening to finish up our talk, for I confess I could not sleep much last night for thinking, and this morning I picked up a book from the table and saw it was the "Presbyterian Confession of Faith" that a neighboring lady had lent my wife. I thought, now I will see what that man believes that I heard preach last Sunday, who started me to thinking. So I commenced with the creed and read on to the fortieth page, which said: "The son of God, being very and eternal God, did take upon himself man's nature, so that two whole and perfect and distinct natures, the godhead and the manhood, were insep-

arably joined together in one person, which person is very God and very man, yet one Christ." At this point a serious query arose, Did Christ die? The godhead without the manhood was not Christ, nor was the the manhood without the godhead Christ; so if Christ died, then both godhead and manhood died. I could not conceive it possible for an infinit God to die. I therefore almost came to the conclusion that the whole was made up in an age when people did not read or reason. If that is the case, that is the reason why no human being has yet been saved.

A: Mr. B, it is a very serious thing to question the ways of God to man. His ways are past finding out.

B: That saying may be for the purpose of stopping us from investigation, lest we should find out the mystery and discover the source of all this theology. I confess I hav less confidence in it than I had when I began thinking, for then I knew less about it. I am not afraid of offending God by thinking to get at the truth amid so many errors. Why, Mr. A, if you were to-day in Turkey and talking with a Mohammedan and reasoning with him about the improbability of Mohammed being a prophet of God, he would with equal force turn to you and say, "It is a serious and even perilous thing to speak irreverently of God's prophet." It is time to worship after we find out what to worship. It is time to believe when we hav good evidence of what is true. God himself couldn't ask you to believe before. As I hav gone so far, I want to take one step further, and then I'll subside. We are told that many great and precious promises are given to the followers of Christ. Now, if those promises are fulfilled, it is proof of their divine authenticity. But if they are not fulfilled, one of two conclusions must be arrived at; 1st, they are a failure, or, 2d, that he has no followers at the present day. The followers of Christ are described as being regenerated, born again, hav passed from death unto life, hav been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear son, hav become heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and do not commit sin, for his seed remained in them, and they cannot sin because they are born of God. The above describes his people, and now for the promises. "They shall ask what they will, and it shall be done. If any two of them shall agree on earth as touching anything, they shall ask, and it shall be done. They shall cast out devils in his name. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them, and nothing shall be impossible to them. And these signs shall follow them as proofs of their faith." Now, where are the proofs? Where is there even a minister that does not send for a doctor if his family are sick? The most astounding instance of the failure of the promis "Ask what you will and it shall be done unto you" is seen in the case of President Garfield, when the believers of several nations asked God during two months and a half for a cure and got nothing. Now, Mr. A, to sum the matter up, it seems to me that the following are legitimate conclusions: 1st, No child can be justly punished for the sin of an ancestor; 2d, No son can be as old as his father; 3d, No infinit being can die; 4th, Whoever did die was man; 5th, No death of one man could atone for the offenses of the whole world, for if a child may be punished for Adam's sin it might be for the sin of every father and mother from Adam to itself, and as all men die, the death of that one man is unavailable; 6th, If redemption does not save us from the curse of the law in this world, what assurance hav we that it will in another? Good-night.

Organization.

The two first counties to perfect their Freethought and Liberal League county committees are the following, and are as follows:

Jefferson county: L. D. Olney, chairman, Watertown; Charles Kellogg, South Rutland; David Andrews, South Champion.

Ontario county: John Peck, chairman, Naples; E. W. Mitchell, West Junius; G. G. Reed, Canandagua.

I hope the other counties of the state will follow the above example at once. H. L. GREEN, Sec.

"Leaves of Grass."

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: I hav lost my position as president of the Woman's Reading Club here because the preachers' wives could not bear the odium of my owning, reading, and circulating that horrid book, "Leaves of Grass." But the more I read it the fuller do I find it of strong, vigorous, pure. and wholesome truths. Now, I want some good to grow out of evil, so I wish to sell "Leaves of Grass" as many as I can. Price $2. Address ELMINA.

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

This notice will appear but once. Clip it, save it, and act upon it.

MRS. COLBY and Mrs. Smith will occupy the rostrum in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., during October. Calls for week evening lectures will be acceptable. Address Mrs. Colby and Smith, *Banner of Light* office, Boston.

Ideology.

By ideas the world of mind is controled, true or *false*, as the case may be. All ideas are human in their origin. And while the human mind is the perfection of chemism, and really subsistent as the organism is from which it is evolved, all its *ideals*, by which it is equally controled, are never real, but always *imaginary*. And when Mr. James Hale (TRUTH SEEKER, Aug. 26, 1882,) and others undertake to convince us that the human mind is not the sublimation of innervation, he should first prove that in nature's order the core or seed is not the result of plant life in the vegetable kingdom! Thus, in the vegetable, *instinct*, *vitality*, *nutrition*, and *growth;* in animal life, *innervation* and *sensation* are added; and still progressing to manhood, we hav all we know of *consciousness*, *thought*, *ideality*, and *ideas*. The little girl with her doll follows her own ideality (unconsciously), as the Christian does when he falls upon his knees, shuts his eyes, and talks to the ridge-pole. The mind not only follows its own ideal unconsciously evolved in each mind for itself, but it has no power for cognizing its own mental processes of faith, fear, hope, or joy. It has no faculty for discriminating between the truth and the falsehood of ideas, in themselvs considered, except what is implied in human thought and reason. And hence it becomes manifest how it is that we are victimized by our ideals of the unknown, even from youth down to old age.

The mind grows from within.—This is indeed the definition that has been given us of instinct; it is from within! And so of all upon this planet; it is from within. That the human mind is a real substance, as the body is, is found by its dependence upon perfect nutrition, from its freedom from pain, and its continued growth after the body has ceased to grow. This occurs about the twentieth year, when the osseous system has become fully matured. How long the mind may continue its growth we do not know. Within five years past, while preparing a volume for the press, on "Longevity," I hav collected a list of more than six thousand centinarian cases, and ranging all the way up to two hundred and seven years. The body thrives best from pure air, perfect food, appropriate exercise, and uninterrupted nutrition. And, similarly, the mind "grows by what it feeds on," but it only increases in the direction of manhood when it is enabled to do its own thinking on all subjects, and to discriminate between truthful and false ideas.

The human will.—There is much error prevalent among Christians, mesmerists, and modern mediums on this mental function, all of them ignoring the truthful idea of selfhood and self-control, upon which our humanity is dependent. The human will is the power of choice in the use of means or methods. It is the same in all minds, as personality and selfhood are the same. To surrender these is witchcraft. In no sense is the mind free and independent so really as it is from the possibility of control by any other mere will. And nothing sooner shows how ignorant certain classes are when they speak of one "will" as stronger than another. The necessity of a will or choice at all implies human ignorance. Hence of omniscience no "will" can be affirmed, as no "choice" can be necessary where there is this absolute perfection in knowledge. Mere volition has no power beyond the brains exercising it. And Mesmer was deceived in this regard by not knowing what is due to the laws of association, and the established relations such as exist between the ox and its owner, and the hunter and his faithful dog.

Jesus is reported to hav unwittingly admitted, that his cures (Mark i, 41) were not wrought by his "will," but were self-induced, when he said, "According to your faith be it unto you" (Mat. ix, 28). No "god" or "spirit," no mesmerist nor miracle worker, has any power except that with which he may chance to hav become invested by the dominant ideas in the faith and confidence of the people.

The law of self-induction.—This law of psychology the author first announced in New York, under the name of Pathetism, in 1840. And Webster, in his quarto American Dictionary, on this term explains that it is "another name for mesmerism," whereas the scientific experiments in my lectures from 1836 to 1850 were proof of the utter falsehood of the mesmeric theory. In that theory I never believed. My method was confined wholly to ideas, and it ignored mesmerism and theology. And speaking of it, here is what a Boston editor (Hon. Elizur Wright) said: "LaRoy Sunderland is well known as transcending all who hav attempted to explain to us the mysteries of the human mind. No lecturer has ever attracted such crowds or held them by such a spell! No one has ever produced results so magical, doing with no visible means far more than all others hav done with them" (Boston *Chronotype*, November 10, 1847).

Manifestly, were sinners "converted" by the "will," as is alleged of "God" on high, no "prayers" nor "preaching" would be necessary. But all the so-called "means of grace" are for drilling the mind into the habit of certain ideas, and false as they are, we see in Christianity and Methodist "revivals' what a power they become over the ignorant masses.

All sermons, hymns, and prayers are sensational, and excite faith, fear, hope, and joy; and controled by this law, they kill (Acts v, 1) or cure, as the case may be. Certainly, it was "saving faith" that instantly killed Ananias and his wife. And it was this same Christian idea that cured and crazed Miss Eva Briggs, a Lawrence girl, who was claimed to have been relieved of hip disease recently by the faith-cure at Old Orchard, and now has been taken to an insane asylum, crazed by her religious excitement.

I giv this recent case as I find it quoted in the papers. And I hav before me a volume of similar cases of "miraculous cures," and "miraculous deaths," all caused by sensational ideas, or "saving faith," whichever term you like the best. And if it should suit the editor's pleasure, I will ere long giv his readers my views of "the trance," whence hav come "visions and revelations from the Lord," and in modern times we hav "messages" from the dead.

Ideas supreme in power.—My limits in this contribution do not permit that elaboration which the importance of this subject demands. But I will state a few of its aspects that I think must be understood without argument:

1. The power of ideas is controled by this law of selfhood, as is manifest in self-nutrition, self-control, and self-induction, in sudden death, by faith, fear, love, or joy. I could fill a volume with the statements of cases of persons in sound health who hav been instantly killed by the sensational excitement of faith, fear, or joy. Nor is it possible for the human mind to hav any knowledge of any power purely mental above that which instantly annihilates the vital system, when the victim falls dead as suddenly as if smitten upon the head with a sledge-hammer. And surely a power like this is sufficient for all the cures called "miraculous," and also all the healing of disease attributed to pills, powders, and medical nostrums. It is sufficient for inducing all the "revival" phenomens, and all that makes up the "Christian experience." And this is "the power" that induced the trance of Paul, when he imagined himself in heaven, and had his "visions and revelations from the Lord."

2. This power of ideas is creativ, disintegrating, materializing, and precipitating new parts, shapes, forms, and colors in the fœtus, corresponding, with the (unconscious) idea in the maternal mind. Dr. Joslin narrates an account of a child born with one hundred and twenty small-pox pustules, filled with purulent matter. The mother never had small-pox, nor was she ever exposed to it except by a sensational idea of it in her own mind. Here was the real materialization and creation by the chemism in the mother's mind. Thousands of similar cases could be given; and I might here refer to what are known as occult phenomena in India, where persons sink into a state resembling death, and are buried for a month or more, and yet are resuscitated when more dead than alive. And when ideas are conjugated in two minds (of "adepts") a thousand miles apart, materializations and creating occur when, as the modern mediums style it, "the conditions are favorable"—a statement indeed that we may find a use for in the whole of things. I think favorably of Mr. A. P. Sinnett's book on "The Occult World," as I hav myself witnessed similar phenomena, and am sure that our Spiritual friends are deceived when they admit their materializations as proof as to the personal identity of those now dead.

3. And is not our living humanity itself the resultant phenomena from the dual (male and female ideas) forces in the whole of things? And whether we say "death, and what then?" or "birth, and what then?" the answer to both these problems must be the same. We hav no mental powers for knowing. There is a vast difference between what we know and what we merely hope for and believe. Any one who has reached thirty years of age may be truly said to hav forgotten more than he now knows. And is not this the order of humanity throughout the whole of human life? Learning new ideas and forgetting, as in common sleep, the emblem of the final sleep that wipes out our consciousness and memory of this life forever, in Humanity's lap to rest!

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., Sept. 4, N. E. 107.

The "Freethought Directory."

A GOOD IDEA.

J. W. Matthews, of Indianola, Ill., writes: "I for one heartily indorse this movement. Now, if the Freethinkers thus registered will consider themselvs introduced to each other, and get up a friendly correspondence all over the country, I think it would hav a beneficial tendency." The "Freethought Directory" will be much larger than at first intended, some thirty pages, and I cannot get it out before Nov. 15th. So, friends, continue to send in your names and address for the book. H. L. GREEN.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

Replies to More Christian Arguments.

The following two letters hav been sent us for publication. They readily explain themselvs:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Sept. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you a letter received some two years since, which I never answered because it entered into a field too broad for me, so much so that I did not feel competent to do so. Since reading the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER and your answers to W. M. Whitehead's questions, I concluded to send you Mr. Breed's letter, thinking an answer to it would be of value to your numerous readers. Hav followed you around the world, and read you otherwise to great profit, and I will read your answer to Mr. Breed with great interest should you think it worthy of publishing, which I hope you may, for he is a very popular divine at St. Paul, our neighboring city.

Yours respectfully, B. M. SMITH.

MR. BREED'S LETTER.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 30, 1880.

B. M. SMITH, *Sir:* Your very frank and courteous letter should hav been answered before this, except that the time has been lacking. It is evidence not only of an honest mind, but of a friendly spirit that you do not deal at all in sarcasm or scorn. And I do not mean to indicate that such characteristics belong exclusivly to unbelievers. But no matter to which side the man may belong who calls his opponent hard names or "throws mud," as we say, the practice is contemptible, and ministers only to hard feeling and further strife.

There are several things in your letter to which you will permit me to refer.

It is very evident that your mind is not at rest, because you use the language not of conviction but of doubt. You are "more than half convinced," etc. You speak of those who are "hungering and thirsting for something better," as though you included yourself in the number. Such is always the characteristic of the mind which rejects Jesus; it cannot settle on anything but a negativ. And what is a negativ? Nothing. You doom yourself to unrest! You say that the only evidence for the life of Jesus is found in the New Testament. Hav you forgotten the writings of the apostolic fathers—men who lived and wrote in the very same age as Josephus, and some of whom had conversed with the apostles themselves? Hav you forgotten that the writings of the very enemies of Christianity—such as Celsus and Porphyry, who lived in the second century, and whose knowledge of Christ's life was as complete as our knowledge of the war of 1812, and that of Celsus, removed no further from it—that their writings demomstrate the facts of Christianity which you doubt?

But considering only the writings of the four evangelists, they hav been examined by Simon Greenleaf, D.D., the ablest of all authorities on "Evidence," in a large book, by the very rules of evidence which obtain in law courts, and the conclusion reached that their testimony is reliable and to be accepted. Yet when you rule out these four witnesses and their four histories, you do just as I should do were I to rule out the published histories of the Revolution and of George Washington, and then deny their existence because other historians did not speak of them. Moreover, if your rule is to challenge all histories of men and nations written by their friends and admirers, how many histories of any sort will you hav left? Who will receive the testimony of any enemy, anyway?

You reach the conclusion that the character of Christ is a fabrication, which grew up little by little—perhaps founded upon that of Judas of Galilee. Hav you ever compared it with other fabrications? Do they possess its symmetry or unity? Suppose it is an intellectual creation (whether by growth or otherwise), then you are forced to the conclusion that such men as the followers of Judas created an ideal not only much more grand than their own characters, but holier, more loving, more lofty intellectually than anything earth has ever seen. Is that reasonable? Can the stream rise so high above its source?

You say that people to-day are disposed to attach importance not to what a man believes, but to what he does. Let me ask if it is possible for a man to act without any reference to religious belief? or if our belief does not always control our action?

Finally, you wish me to direct my talents to the elevation of mankind, and not so much to dogmas. I do not know exactly what you mean by either term. But if by the elevation of mankind you mean teaching the ignorant, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and comforting the sorrowing, it will be worth your while to make careful examination (as I hav done) on this point, and you will find that four-fifths of the support of all the schools not under state patronage, four-fifths of all the support of orphan asylums, hospitals, and other kindred institutions are derived from Christian people, and flow from the church of Christ.

I do not know you personally, and am therefore ignorant of facts; but my observation has taught me that a deterioration in life often precedes and accounts for a failing in faith.

I do not say it has been so with you, as I am not acquainted with you. I hope your unbelief may be pardoned, and that the holy spirit may bring you back to light and rest again.

Very truly, DAVID R. BREED.

REPLY.—We make no profession of superior ability in meeting the arguments and inquiries of our opponents, but in so far as we are able we cheerfully defend what seems to us to be truth, and point out what appear to be the mistakes and errors of our ecclesiastical friends who entertain views entirely different from ours.

It is pleasing to see that the Rev. Mr. Breed writes in a friendly spirit, and that he keeps up at least an appearance of fairness. He condemns calling hard names and mud-throwing, which is commendable in him to do, and we wish it might always be acted upon by his brethren of the cloth, for it cannot be forgotten that many clergyman hav said false and very unkind things about those who presume to differ from them on the tenets of supernaturalism. Whenever a professional clergyman shows a disposition to be fair and gentlemanly it is refreshing and givs encouragement to the belief that humanity and civility will, occasionally at least, crop out and rise superior to religious dogma. This spirit of fairness is quite right in the reverend gentleman. But that he entertains some errors is not at all difficult to perceive. We will mention a few points wherein we think he is in error. Here are some of them:

1. Mr. Breed argues that because Mr. Smith appears somewhat unsettled and in doubt, he is in error. He says, "Such is always the characteristic of the mind which rejects Jesus," and condemns those "who are hungering and thirsting for something better." He is clearly wrong in this position. An unsettled mind is no indication of error. Doubt leads to agitation and investigation. If no doubt is indulged in as to the errors of past ages of superstition and ignorance, no new truths wlil be brought to light. If no uneasiness is felt at the blinding exactions of dogma, inquiry and science will not lead us to new treasures of nature and reason. Those are the most settled in their convictions, the least inquiring for something better, who are most sunken in gross darkness and superstition. The fetish worshiper is fully satisfied that he is right; he firmly believes his stupid objects of adoration are potent and watchful, and he would of course strongly condemn those "hungering and thirsting for something better." It is the same with the worshipers of many gods, and who bow down to those gods in the form of idols. They are perfectly at rest in their mode of belief, and scorn those who hunger and thirst for something better. In like manner it is with all believers in supernaturalism and ecclesiastically prescribed lines of thought—those who believe in personal gods who beget sons upon human females, and then cause the same sons to be put to death for their own gratification.

There hav been many such personal gods and begotten sons believed in, the believers in them are just as sure that they hav the only truth in the world worth having as that they exist. They are supremely contented with the doctrins which they hav accepted; they want nothing better nor higher; they are positiv that everybody who thinks differently from them is in the dark, and loaded down with error; and they scorn all who giv way to an appetite for higher truth, and hunger and thirst for something better. With this class of self-satisfied believers who accept whatever is handed out to them by their ecclesiastical teachers and mind-keepers without daring to raise an objection or a dissenting voice, they will remain settled; they will not doubt; they will make no inquiry; they will not seek or desire anything better. They believe that the dogmas taught from two to four thousand years ago possessed the whole truth; that they are perfect, and that no new discoveries can be made, and no further advances taken. They want nothing higher, and will not tolerate those who hunger and thirst for higher things. It is different with those who are not satisfied with the old husks of theology and creed, and seek always for the best that is to be had, and are not content so long as higher and better truths are to be learned. Mr. Breed may ally himself with those who are perfectly contented and settled, but Mr. Smith and ourselvs will be numbered with those who "hunger and thirst for something better"—the truest and best that is to be had.

2. Mr. Breed dissents from the claim that there is no authority for the existence, or for the life and doctrins, of Jesus, save the four gospels in the New Testament. If he knows of any historian who corroborates those four gospels, and makes it clear that such a person existed, taught the doctrins attributed to him, and performed the remarkable miracles with which he is credited, it is a great pity he does not produce him. If he knows of any such reliable writer within a hundred years from the time Jesus is said to hav lived, we urge him to bring him forth. We hav recently had something to say upon this subject, and it seems hardly necessary to go the ground all over again. But we will make the assertion, and challenge proof to the contrary, that there is no reliable writer, no credible history, that substantiates the claims of those four gospels. We further showed that those four gospels, as such, were wholly unknown by the Christians of the first century, unknown by the Christians of the second century, and that it was not until more than three quarters of the second century had passed away that those four gospels were so much as named or quoted? If Mr. Breed can show that the contrary is true, will he be so so kind as to do so? Thus while the four gospels which are wholly relied upon for the Christian story were unknown till the year 181, the numerous spurious gospels written before and after were denounced and rejected as spurious and unworthy of belief. This leaves the authenticity of the gospel story in a most unfortunate dilemma. And shirk it and evade it as much as Mr. Breed and his brother clergymen please, the great damaging truth still remains—the four gospels is all there is to depend upon, and there is nothing to corroborate them. The books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John clearly were not written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The world has been deceived in this matter. A lot of forgers hav led the world astray. Spurious gospels are all there is to depend upon, and an original of any one of them was never seen by any of the apostles or early fathers of the church. If there is one who ever claimed that he had seen the original of either of the four, will Mr. Breed be kind enough to point him out? The truth is that copies of copies of spurious gospels are all that the world has to depend upon to uphold the belief that a virgin bore a child without the aid of a natural father, that this miraculously begotten son performed such miracles as raising dead persons to life, and of himself rising from the dead and ascending bodily above the atmosphere surrounding the earth. The copies of copies of forgeries and spurious stories is indeed the worst possible foundation for such improbable and impossible claims to rest upon.

And just granting for the moment that the four gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, what credibility can attach to their narrativs when they attempt to write an account of what took place when they were not present, and report sermons, the delivery of which they did not hear? Matthew did not hear the Sermon on the Mount, for he had not then been called as a disciple. It takes a man of remarkable memory to correctly report a speech or sermon thirty years afterward, even if he heard it; but when he did not hear it it requires a still smarter man, for he has to draw wholly upon his own imagination. Again, how could Matthew possibly know what Joseph dreamed fifty years before the story was written? How could Luke know what kind of a vision Mary had more than fifty years before, and when he was not present? If Matthew and Luke wished to establish the alleged fact that Jesus was by blood a lineal descendant of the house of David, why did they giv the genealogy of Joseph in order to prove that of Jesus? Does that prove it at all? And then if they gave the genealogy of Joseph correctly, why did they disagree so widely, one giving twenty-eight generations, and the other forty-two, with an entirely different line? Can both be true? If one is true, which is it? and is not the other false? Could John write the truth when he so totally differed from the other three writers in the character of Jesus, in what he said, in the miracles he performed, the length of his ministry, the number of times he visited Jerusalem? Could the four tell the truth when they told an entirely different story in scores of instances? Can truth contradict itself and prove itself a lie? It is mournful, too, that this record called the New Testament has been changed more or less in the copying and different renditions that hav been made to the number of thirty-two thousand. Can much respect be had for a story that has been changed so many times? Ah, Mr. Breed, what you choose to denominate "history," and to hav palmed upon the world as divine truth, is most defectiv, unreliable, and unworthy of credit.

3. Mr. Breed cites Celsus and Porphyry as proofs of the truth of Christianity. They are indeed a weak prop for the mythical system to lean upon. They both wrote expressly to prove that Christianity is untrue, and their tetimony was so damaging to the false claims that had been set up that their writings were entirely destroyed by Christians, so that a single paragraph has not come down to us save a few that Origen quoted of Celsus in order to reply intelligibly to him. A system must indeed be reduced to great straits to be driven to prove itself true by witnesses who totally deny its truth.

4. Mr. Breed attempts to prove the validity and truthfulness of the four canonical gospels by Simeon Greenleaf, D.D., whom he is pleased to call "the ablest of all authorities on 'evidence.'" We do not know how able the reverend doctor of divinity was upon "evidence," for we hav never read what he says in his "large book;" but if he has really succeeded in finding any real evidence that Jesus lived save what is contained in the four canonical gospels, or if he can find the slightest proof that either of those four gospels was written by the persons whose names they bear; if he can find any evidence of any person who ever saw the original manuscripts from the hands of the evangelists; if he has any evidence that these four gospels were read, mentioned, or known of by any one before Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, well along in the last quarter of the second century, he is earnestly requested to produce it. Simeon Greenleaf, D.D., was a theologian—a clergyman; one who makes his livelihood by endeavors to induce people to believe that Jesus really lived, that he was begotten by a ghost, that his mother was a virgin both before and after the begetting process, that Jesus never had a natural father, like most of the other people who hav lived in the world, that he performed impossible miracles, and that he ascended away up into the upper atmosphere, or entirely beyond the atmosphere, where he is engaged at sitting at the right hand of his ghostly father, and at preparing mansions for those who can be induced to giv credence to the story. Mr. Green-

leaf, being a doctor of divinity, was doubtless fond of money. Many of the fraternity evince that kind of love. They find filthy lucre very convenient to meet the wants of life, and it has been discovered that they will not toil to any great extent, even to save souls from an eternal burning hell, unless they are paid the cash in advance, or hav a reasonable prospect of getting it. They will not preach without money. Their standing motto is, "No pay, no preach." This they act upon with decided unanimity. Now Simeon Greenleaf, D.D., no longer has uses for money, as nearly fifty years ago he departed this life and went where, possibly, he has been able to test the truthfulness of the system of religion he toiled so earnestly to defend; but if any of those clergymen who admire him, any D.D. who thinks Greenleaf, D.D., established the fact that such a person as Jesus of the gospels had a real existence, and that the four gospels were really written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and were known or alluded to before the year 181, they can doubtless be able to make a good sum of money by producing from Greenleaf or any body else the proof so greatly needed and desired. There is a great number of persons who would willingly giv large sums of money if undoubted proof of the kind indicated can be given. We are not able to giv very much, but think we might safely offer one thousand dollars reward if the lost and missing proof can be produced. Possibly Mr. Breed will undertake the contract.

5. It will hardly do to giv implicit confidence to the mythical characters who it is claimed saw Jesus and his disciples, for upon examination they will be found to be dissipated into thin air. These claims were undoubtedly gotten up by the authors of the gospel story; and it could hardly be expected that men capable of inventing the four gospels which Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John assuredly did not write, would hav failed to speak of some of the fathers who at least had seen some of the apostles. Testimony of that kind will be found weak and unreliable. When scrutinized closely it vanishes.

6. Mr. Breed asks "if it is possible for a man to act without any reference to religious belief." We answer, We think it is. Although the majority of human beings hav a religious belief of some kind, there are many who hav no settled religious belief, while taking the whole world over there is but about one in ten who even professes to believe in the religion called Christianity. But human incentivs, the natural emotions of human character, are more activ and will act sooner than religious belief. If almost any man who has no fixed religious belief sees a fellow-being drowning, or a house on fire with human beings in it likely to burn to death, or if he sees a child playing upon a railroad track with the rushing train rapidly approaching, he will do his utmost to save those thus in imminent danger, without stopping for a moment to think what his religious opinions are about gods, devils, or hells. When soldiers are upon the battle-field engaged in deadly conflict with a common foe they rush into the hottest of the fight, where the danger is the greatest, and without stopping a moment to mouth a prayer, to engage in a religious rite, or to think whether they hav a religion or not. Human impulses are stronger than religious impressions, and men never stop in cases of emergency to consult the latter.

7. The Rev. Mr. Breed, in conclusion, says, "My observation has taught me that a deterioration in life often precedes and accounts for a failure in faith;" or, in other words, that those who believe in the doctrin of Christian theology lead better lives than those who do not. This is unkind and untruthful in every sense of the word. Its untruthfulness is most apparent, whether the pages of history are examined, whether travels are extended to the countries of all religions, or whether our country is made the field of our search. By perusing the pages of history it will be found that believers in Christianity hav taken more human life, hav caused the blood of their fellow-men to flow far more profusely, than the believers in any other system of religion. They hav persecuted unbelievers more cruelly, hav applied torture for exercising the sacred right of opinion, hav used worse and more implements of agony, hav applied their hellish inventions in prison cells and underground dungeons; they hav tortured on the rack, they hav burnt at the stake, and practiced many other horrible modes of torture and death a thousand times over more than the believers of any other system of religion, and far more than all of them added together. Buddhism, the greatest system of religion in the world, which has existed six hundred years longer than Christianity, and had twice the number of adherents, has never persecuted on account of its religion; it has never proselyted by the sword; it has never burnt at the stake, and has never used implements of torture in the name and doctrins of its great founder. Christians hav done all this for centuries.

We hav within the past twelve months visited the lands where Mohammedanism, Brahmanism, Zoroastrinism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism are strongly believed in, and where Christianity has little or no foothold, and we found those people more honest, more moral, more disposed to lead upright lives, freer from frauds and deep designs against their fellow-beings; less of cheating and swindling, less of intemperance, less of prostitution, less of crimes which take them to prison and make them outcasts in the world, than is found in Christian nations. This is positivly true and cannot be disproved.

It is not found that professors of Christianity in our own country lead any better lives, are any more human or sympathetic, exhibit any more charity, are any more kindly disposed, any less inclined to lechery and licentiousness, any more moral in any way, than those who make no profession of Christianity and do not pretend that they hav been "born again." As a rule an unprofessor of Christianity will perform a kindly act, will do a good deed to a fellow being, as willingly and as disinterestedly as the professor. Even the teachers of Christianity, those who claim to act upon a commission from the throne of God, somewhere above the clouds, to break the bread of life to the faithful, and to act the part of the good shepherd, and lead the lambs of the flock to the fold of safety and protection, prove themselvs to be as carnal-minded, as sinful, as much addicted to the lusts of the eye, the lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life as any other class of men we hav among us. We hav published authentic accounts of nearly a thousand clergymen in our country who within the past six years hav been guilty of various crimes dishonorable to themselvs and to the human race, particularly the crime of adultery and licentiousness; these being the cases that hav been reported by the secular press of the country. There is no profession, whether lawyers, doctors, or teachers, who hav proved themselvs to be half so bad in the directions named as these professed meek and lowly disciples of Christ and self-constituted teachers of the masses; and it is probable not one in ten of the cases of their licentiousness and adultery is brought to the light. Far the larger proportion of these are "hushed up" and kept from public knowledge.

No, Mr. Breed, it will not do to undertake to establish the claims of Christianity, or to show that unbelievers are wrong, upon the ground of the superior purity and sinlessness of its professors. It is most untrue, in the face of history, observation in other countries and religions, and even a casual glance at our own country, that those who doubt the truthfulness of Christian claims are any more immoral than Christians, or that "a deterioration in life precedes and accounts for a failing in faith." If a belief in Christianity is sure to make its professor moral and pure, how is it that so many Christian teachers and communicants easily fall victims to lust and crime? If the belief in Jesus and his religion makes them sinless and pure, they must be arrant hypocrits. Unbelievers are certainly no more sinful in these directions than believers, and it is a species of clerical impertinence to insinuate it.

Perhaps we hav replied to the reverend gentlemen's arguments; and if we hav given satisfaction to himself and Mr. Smith we are truly glad. If we can perform other work in a similar direction, we will cheerfully address ourselvs to it.

Anthony Comstock.

This individual is out in the *North American Review* for November in an article praising his Society for the Suppression of Vice, and boasting of the work it has performed, the hundreds he has arrested, and the tons of obscene matter he has seized. It is the same old story over again, mere boast and bombast. He makes strong assertions that he never uses means of decoy, and that no one has been requested by him to do otherwise than the business the victim was engaged in, and that sealed letters hav never been violated; he repeats the frightful charges about the mass of bad matter sent to school girls and boys, all of which are false.

Comstock has unquestionably done much good in driving indecent publications out of the market, but this was principally accomplished under the old state laws, showing the new oppressiv and dangerous statues which Congress passed at his instance to be wholly unnecessary. He dilates upon the number of evil-doers he has brought to justice, but he says nothing about the innocent persons he has sent to prison and disgraced, the agony and ruin he has needlessly brought upon many, nor the diabolical spirit of bloodhoundism and fiendishness he has evinced, in which qualities he has rivaled Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, in England, two hundred and fifty years ago, who caused hundreds and thousands of innocent but unfortunate persons to be brought to the most intense sufferings, and the most horrible deaths. This modern Matthew Hopkins says nothing of his insolent officiousness, the perjuries he has committed, the persons he has persistently tried to ruin; he inveighs loudly against "the blasphemy of Infidel publications," which he reckons in with "the vile schemes for corrupting the rising generation." When he obtains all the power he desires he will probably make renewed efforts to suppress all Infidel publications, as he has many times boasted he would do. His will is ample in this direction, but his power is not yet adequate to the undertaking.

O. B. Frothingham follows in reply to Comstock, giving him first all the best praise possible for his earnestness and the good work he has done, but further on criticizing Comstock's modes, expressing fears of evils that may arise from societies and individuals to prescribe what others may read and possess, and particularly condemning Comstock's methods to decoy and his threats to put down Infidelity. He hoped the Society for the Suppression of Vice would not be a permanent necessity, and that it may be superseded.

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley completes the symposium, speaking, of course, wholly in praise of Comstock's modes and purposes, and sees nothing to criticize or condemn. There are two sides to this matter, and it is to be regretted that misrepresentation and falsehood are persistently employed in misstating facts. We would all rejoice in the good that has been done, had not so much evil and cruelty and oppression been blended with it.

Beecher's New Departure.

On another page we giv the account of Beecher's withdrawal from the Congregational Association with which he was connected for a third of a century together with his confession of faith which he entertains at the present moment, or rather what he wishe the world to accept as his belief. It is gratifying to all Liberal minds that Mr. Beecher has had the moral courage to place himself squarely upon the record in denying the existence of hell and the truth of the doctrin of the atonement—of justice being appeased by the innocent tasting death for the guilty. He sees that quality to be not godlike nor loveable.

But thousands will regret that Mr. Beecher could not hav shown more honesty, and gone farther in stating what he does not believe. He has a great mind. Few men hav stronger organizations than he, but he has more than once exhibited the quality of falseness. It is one of the grandest things in a man's character not to deny the truth Had he, when arraigned before the bar of justice for his deflections from a virtuous life, possessed the sterling truthfulness to confess his fault and acknowledge his error, instead of perjuring himself daily for two weeks, the world would hav thought far more of him, and would readily hav forgiven him, and blessed him with renewed love. But he was not capable of rising to the grandest situation which a man can occupy. He was false to himself, and false to the world.

So it is to be feared he is now when he attempts to tell his countrymen what he believes. It is clear to many that he claims to believe what he does not believe. We, for instance, cannot think he believes in a personal God, in the divinity of Jesus Christ—not being begotten by a natural father like other men; in miracles, beginning with the creation of the universe from nothing, and in the government of a personal something called Divine Providence. We do not think Beecher believes in supernaturalism, or in any of those things. He has too often expressed his convictions upon the subjects for it to be held for a moment that he believes them. If he could only hav been grand enough to rise and be bravely honest in this business, and told all he does not believe, he would be more honored to-day, and more revered in all coming time. He has misimproved one of the grandest opportunities of his life.

Bright's Lecture.

There will be a complimentary benefit for Charles Bright before the Liberal Club on Friday evening, Oct. 27th. Mr. Bright will giv his lecture, "Scientific Morality." There will also be special addresses by Wakeman, Andrews, Palmer, and others. A rich treat may be expected. Mr. Bright has been with us for a few weeks, and has won golden opinions by his ability and eloquence. He is one of our best lecturers, and is thoroughly advanced and radical. He has the courage of his opinions. He has been doing a noble work in Australia, to which he now returns. The Liberals of America should giv him a cordial welcome, and make him feel that we appreciate his noble services for our cause in a far-off continent. Let all come and bring their friends with them to the lecture.

THE disagreeable task of moving is now pretty well accomplished, though we hav not become fully settled yet. We are pleased with our new quarters, and hav much better and more room than before. We hav added considerably to our stock of books, and hope to see an increased demand for them. We are prepared to fill orders for libraries, public and private, and to furnish books of all kinds on the best terms. We trust our friends will remember that our address is now 21 Clinton Place, and that, as remarked, we wish to fill numerous orders for books.

MR. BEECHER has formally declared his disbelief in hell and the atonement, but he still holds on to Christ as the only begotten son of God, and believes in the immaculate conception. That is to say, he thinks the Virgin Mary was just as innocent as Elizabeth Tilton. ANTICHRIST.

Communications.

What Are Brains?

HOW ARE THEY MADE? AND WHAT IS THAT WHICH SURVIVES THEIR USE AND LOSS WHILE IN THE BODY DURING PHYSICAL LIFE?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav prepared what follows to show that the brains of animal life are but an organ of the body, and that the doctrins of "reflex actions" and the "combustibility of organic life" are self-destructiv. Also that, from the standpoint of substance and materiality, a future life is predicated; and that the real substance, life, force, or whatever terms we may apply to existence and organization, is the controling, organizing, and developing principle. That as we are sure of the use of five senses, there must, also, from the peculiarities of structure, etc., be a grand controling and combining sense in man of "consciousness," and to some extent to all animal life below him, until it (consciousness) finally disappears, and the life principle of the earth only is seen. The vital properties which reside in organized bodies, or living bodies, are characterized by what is termed a "molecular arrangement" not producable by ordinary physical attractions and laws. Matter thus organized consists of solids, usually so disposed in a network of laminæ and filaments as to hav fluids of various natures to take up the intervening spaces, and in which the various forms of solids are separated into somewhat distinct organs. "Texture or tissue" is the anatomical term by which such assemblages are distinguished; of these the cellular is most elementary, being the only make-up of several, and a partial component of all the others.

Although the phenomena which are designated as vital are never found apart from organization and are held by some naturalists as identical with it, yet in the order of succession vital actions necessarily stand to organization, or organic structures, in the relation of antecedents; for the production of even the most rudimentary forms and textures implies the previous operation of life-combining tendencies or "vital affinities." The origin and early tendencies of these vital forces and combinations into the present developed structures are beyond the scope of the most astute mind. The data upon which to build a positiv philosophy are too conflicting and irreconcilable, and while the state of science safely rejects the supernaturalism of the theologian, it is equally safe to say that the origin is beyond the knowledge of man, and has baffled the most profound thinkers of all times; but it is a certainty that life is the product only of life; that every new plant or animal proceeds from some pre-existent being of the same form and character.

The experiments upon animals by vivisection for the purpose of ascertaining the peculiar functions of the various parts of the animal economy, hav been so conflicting that much of the testimony is of no value. It has, however, led to a knowledge of a more thorough character as regards the nervous structure and the characteristics of the matter of which the brain is composed.

Man is organized with five senses, as usually taught, but upon a careful observation of his nervous structure it will appear that neither of them has a direct connection with the cerebrum. Of the sense of hearing it will be seen that the nerves terminate in the cerebellum. In fact, all the lines of communication emanate from this part of the head. Hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling, and the general sense of feeling all hav their origin in that part of the head which is the seat of animal life, or what may be termed the motiv power of organic life. The connection that is formed between these various nerve structures and the brain proper is by a fibrous material radiating from the surfaces of the ganglions and by that means envelope the convolutions of the brain, analogous to the wires of a number of telegraphic lines, and their office seems to be to inform the brain of what the eye sees, the ear hears, the tongue tastes, etc. For instance, the eye receives through the optic nerve an image which has been impressed upon the retina by means of the crystalline lens. The light which has become focalized makes its impression as a heat picture. This picture is of no account, however, until conveyed by the optic nerve into the part from which the nerve emanates, and until the impression is conveyed by means of the telegraphic wires or fibers from the cerebellum to the cerebrum; and it is equally clear that the whole structure of the cerebrum is brought into contact with this picture, but the image is seen or felt upon the retina. In fact if the whole brain could be removed from the head, and the retina and optic nerve left unimpaired, and the picture observed from without by another, it could be seen as upon the retina, and not in any part of the brains. This brings us to see that the cerebrum, or brain, is, after all, but a secondary contrivance for registering the impressions that are taken in by means of the nervous channels of the body, and are distinguished by the consciousness according to the feelings which each class of nerves generate by their molecular actions.

The especial feature that I wish to introduce here is this: Whatever knowledge of external nature we hav comes through the sense of feeling. We feel everything; we feel morally, intellectually, and selfishly, or animally, according to the states of mind and body. And in the same way we feel every thought and every emotion. Phrenologists hav divided the brain into various departments and organs, and hav made distinctions between the intellect and the selfish and animal propensities, but it is only a distinction of words. The school boy feels his way to the solution of a problem that has baffled his skill in figures, and delights with exuberance of joy when he has gained the victory of solution; and in the same way the inventor, by experimentation and comparing of thoughts which convey feelings of certainty or doubt, eventually arrives at the truth, and when it comes it has been by a process of feeling from the beginning to the end of it.

It is a very significant fact that the brains are the last arrangement in the combination that leads from the inner consciousness or life to the external world around us, and that often are the actions so slow along the communicating channels that a great deal of injury is done to the body before the person is aware of it. The nerves are able to transmit or receive impressions only about two hundred feet per second, which is too slow to prevent injury from contact with fire, frost, etc.

The principle of life, or, in man, his consciousness, must be something more and different from brains, which, by physiology, is clearly shown to be only an organ to receive impressions. There are thirty-two pairs of nerves of similar anatomical origin and composition, which are used to receive and communicate motions and sensations, and they are divided into distinct systems. But the important question is, how do they retain these impressions for years? and by what means are they (the impressions) remembered, when we are taught that not a particle of any nerve, fiber, tissue, bone, muscle, or brain will last but several years at most? If the whole body is subject to decay and change at least once in seven years, there must be something of a more permanent character about it than its anatomical structure.

That thing is the life-principle which existed in the animalcule or germ, which took up its residence in the female ovum, from which the body was built up, and not excepting the brains themselvs, and which germ always has manifested its ceaseless life through the organization of the human body. So that although your body has changed continually during a long life, and thereby has discharged every particle of its materials, brains and all, several times, the same life-germ that wiggled like a tadpole (and had its appearance) has now added to its proportions materially by a more complete organization, and is now equal, or perhaps superior, to its progenitors. That germ inherited the peculiarities, both mentally and physically, of its parents, and those parents from antecedent progenitors, and so on back into the oblivious past, beyond the possibility of anything but a partial conjecture of the origin of mankind or of animal life on this planet.

It is quite plain to perceive, then, that all this talk about "brain waves," and about what the brains do in the way of originating memory and life, is an error, as the brain, like all the rest of the physical body, was built up by slow efforts of the life-principle, contained in the germ; and just as the acorn contains the undeveloped oak, or the chestnut the undeveloped chestnut-tree, so does the human germ contain the undeveloped man or woman, or animal germ of some other department of animal life. Life and matter are co-eternal, but the life is the controling force; and when scientists tell us that matter developed life they are asking us to believe that the engin is pulling the load instead of the steam.

One word more about the doctrin of reflex action, recording ganglia, etc. Dr. Draper, and most others of the Materialistic medicos, assert that "the cerebrum originates the nervous force, and also that it becomes the repository of every species of nervous manifestation. In the registering ganglia thoughts and impressions are stored away, the previous existence of which is almost forgotten, until by some incident they are recalled in all their pristin vigor and clearness." Again, "The cerebellum is the binding-room of the printing-house of the brain, in which the plates and pages that hav been formed in the engravers', compositors', and press-rooms, or ganglia, of the establishment, are placed in proper form and relation to each other, so as to form a book which may be boxed up with other works taken from the repository, or cerebrum, and sent down the dumb-waiter, or spinal cord, to fill an order received through the telegraph, or afferent nerve, by the railroad of the efferent nerve." This is a splendid analogy, and in good illustrativ phraseology of the doctor's idea; but the misfortune is that by his own theory of the "combustibility of organic life," the one theory destroys the other. The physiologist of the present day demonstrates by experiments which we cannot refute that the oxidation of the materials introduced into the system as food is one of the essential conditions for the maintenance of life. And of course it follows that because the various substances are a necessary sustaining power, the body to which they administer must be constantly throwing off the substance of this necessary supply, and of course these brains, nerves, muscles, fibers, tissues, bones, ganglia, etc., are constantly wasting away and being restored by new brain, ganglia, etc. Now, if this be so, how can the new ganglia, by any incident, recall an event of a record made upon the old materials, which hav become worn out and wasted away? The idea is absurd. This, then, establishes the fact of a soul or life-principle independently of the worn-out materials which it used to maintain itself and grow upon, and which regulates and controls all the ganglia and nerves, etc.

What is reflex action? When a body is thrown by any force against another body, such as a ball against the side of a house, it will rebound away; or if the sun shine upon a smooth surface it will reflect any object in some other direction, according to the angle of incidence; but the reflex action in such case must take place immediately and as a result of the force or impingement of the body it strikes. It is just so with the reflex action of a nervous force; its action must be immediate. You might as well expect to throw a ball against a house and hav it stick fast and at some future time rebound, or hav the sun shine upon a person or the water and hav his reflection at some future time after he had walked away, as to expect the reflex action of the ganglia to account for the manifestation of the mind. In the language of Robert, "It won't do, gentlemen; it won't do."

Will our friend, T. Winter, and his school of thinkers, please examin into and see what originates brains and what they do in life? I might add that the doctrin of reflex action cannot account for direct action. A reflection must correspond in nature and appearance to that which produced it. It (the ganglia) cannot reflect something which it (they) did not receive; or, in other words, all new thoughts and actions are a direct contradiction of the latest-taught ideas on the subject of mind from a Materialistic standpoint. And it follows that if the life-principle can survive the wasting materials of the body during this life there is no good reason why it may not continue to exist where the old body is entirely worn out and rejected. J. R. Perry.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct., 1882.

Donkey Editorials.

The New York *Times* has a funny editor, whose fun consists in maintaining some ludicrous absurdity with an air of solemn earnestness, as, for instance, attempting to show that nobody has seen the comet, or that a human baby was kidnapped and educated by a cow.

It has also a solemn and philosophical editor, whose business it is to speak as an oracle on all disputed questions. But there is nothing in the editorial columns to signify whether an article has been written by the funny editor as a sample of absurdity or by the philosophic editor as the profoundest wisdom; and sometimes we are greatly puzzled, on the first reading, to tell whether the article was meant for profound fun or profound wisdom. Both writers are equally profound and grave, and sometimes it is difficult to tell which is the more absurd.

For example, the following passage in the *Times*, which the pressure of duties prevented our noticing when it first appeared, would be recognized by the most intelligent readers as one of the solemn efforts of the funny man—the dignified clown of the *Times:*

> When a person steps out of the ranks of *comfortable and common-place humanity* and gets off somewhere by the side of the road and labels himself Positivist, Freethinker, Atheist, etc., the world speedily *sets him down as an ass*, and in nineteen cases out of twenty the world is right. The twentieth case is usually one of simple lunacy.

If this was an effort of the clown of the *Times*, it would be well for his employers to confine him to subjects more nearly on the level of his capacities, and to hand over such subjects as science and religion to writers who are capable of discussing them sensibly, for there are some sensible writers whose thoughts appear in the columns of the *Times*.

The article from which we quote was written with such apparent mock-heroic earnestness that the majority of readers would take it for a fair specimen of the principles and ability of the *Times*.

That paper is thus editorially committed to the position that all such men as Ingersoll, Paine, Hume, Valtaire, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Haeckel, Humboldt, and a majority of the most eminent scientists of to-day are ninety-five per cent of them jackasses, and the remaining five per cent lunatics; and thus the donkey editor has settled the question.

If Mr. Jones, of the *Times*, can stand such nonsense as this, and continue to pay salaries to donkey editors who discredit respectable journalism, let him go on; it is not our funeral! B.

Montaigne, the essayist, took his son in front of a crucifix once, and said: "You would reform the world; behold the fate of a reformer!"

What Is Character?

It is not that which possesses unlimited wealth, seeks high places by fair means or foul, and arrogantly lords it over the lowly. It is not that which flaunts in velvets and laces and jewels, simpering frivolous *persiflage*, or drawling fashionable nonsensicalities. It is not that which pays ostentatiously to the calls of charity, striving for distinction by handsome presentations, yet at heart begrudging the poor a penny. Nor does it consist in the sanctimonious whinings of insignificant duties, or the maudlin pratings of prudence, a word so dwarfed by its puritanic disciples, there is not pith enough left in it to afford a clever theme, even for the ingenious pen of an Emerson. Nor yet is it that which fills the midday air with shrieks unearthly when a truth of nature is unveiled, yet in the security of privacy shaming silence with its vulgarisms. The names of such as these hav no claim to character. They are mere nonentities, rotting in oblivion as soon as consigned to their nativ element, and making despicable even the stone that bears them.

To love knowledge, to climb the hights, to descend the depths, to explore the sides, at whatever cost, at whatever risk; to search for truth wherever it may be found, and honestly, daringly, defiantly express it—this is character. To manfully work for liberty here, and then go where liberty is not; to be given stones when hungering for bread; to destroy with cyclonic ruthlessness false images, and receive as a meed the prison, the torture, and the stake; to liv a life of vicarious expiation, be buried in the cerements of calumny, and in a hundred years the remains be disniterred (the purifying breath of time having bleached to spotless whiteness the sullied robes) and embalmed in the universal love of all nations—this is character. After having served as paving stones for the feet of an existing generation, to be rehabiliated, to be crowned kings of grand principles, queens of noble sentiment, to be greeted by posterity as the paladins of truth, the honor-scarred defenders of right, the paragons of history. OLD VIRGINIA.

Concord, Ky., 282.

An Open Letter to Rountree from Eimina.

FRIEND M. J. ROUNTREE: I comply with thy request and "rise to explain" why I take the ground of Atheism. First and foremost, I cannot find one single proof of the existence of a god, and next I do not see any need for one.

Men created gods out of their ignorance, and why should we believe in the "infinit" Deity of the civilized nineteenth century any more than in those of heathen lands or the gods of Greece and Rome who dwelt on Mount Olympus? All this talk about not being able to grasp the infinit is only going around the subject. What we want to know is where the idea of gods originated and on what it is founded. We find every time we trace it back that it is only a name for causes that are wrapped in mystery—only a name for the unknown—only a word to express "I don't know," just as Spiritualists use the word *spirit* in explanation of phenomena they cannot divine the wherefore of.

And why call it "dogmatic hardihood" to assert there is no God any more than to assert that no man can liv on after his head is cut off or his heart taken out? If I assert that in the middle of the earth dwells a race of people who far surpass those on its surface, it is my place to prove it possible for them to be there—to giv at least one proof of their existence; therefore god-creators must prove the gods to be. And why deem it a want of "sympathy" when one denies the impossible?

Gods are impossible, unnatural, and wholly inconceivable. Now suppose there is a God, just for a moment; may I ask, then, where he is and why he is (not she), and what real enjoyment such a lonely being can hav? What happiness is possible to any existence that has no wants, no hopes, no desires, or aims?

Is it a want of sympathy that labors to kill off all superstitions and absurdities—that wishes only truth and reality to prosper? God is the great central superstition, and as long as we leave this tree to grow, and only lop off a limb here and there, we fail to kill the grand source of the disease. We nourish the fountain, and only clean out a few cesspools.

Atheism may be "impatient of contradiction," but it is that indignant, virtuous impatience that longs for error and delusion to giv place to truth and reality. It is such slow work to uproot wrong and establish right that I often feel almost out of heart trying.

I had worked tooth and nail against the monstrous evil of tobacco-using for thirty years before I heard of one man who, because of my labors, had laid down his pipe. Those of my own blood, those near and dear to me, used the filthy weed in spite of continual remonstrance. But did it discourage me? No, it only rendered me more "impatient" to kill the foul fiend. If I had the last tobacco-seed to-day I'd grind it to powder and burn it to cinders, even though millions were offered me as its purchase money, and this, too, as much as I want more means to kill gods with.

"Impatient of contradiction!" Yes, when we see so much of wrong, of error, of false belief everywhere, and spend a lifetime trying to sow truth and right in its place, how can we help being impatient?

I do feel a deep sympathy for all who suffer, and if I were a god I'd exterminate all misery as far as it was possible for it to be done. But as I am not I can only do my little toward killing the gods who create evil, and teaching poor misguided humans how to avoid a few of the pitfalls by which they are surrounded.

When I see great, strong, brutal men whipping poor, ignorant, badly-born and badly-reared children I wish for a little godly power to pour into the parental brain the knowledge that children are just what their heredity and training make them; and if the whip is deserved the parent's back should feel the blow. One of the pious God-believers of this place often whips his child the whole length of the street, right here in Snowville, forcing us all to hear its pitiful shrieks and appeals for mercy. What but a belief in a cruel and revengeful God creates cruel and revengeful parents?

"Injustice often conquers,
Pain curses every hour;
The good and true and beautiful
Are trampled like the flower.
You say he is our father—
That which he wills doth stand;
If he is thus almighty,
Why don't he lend a hand?

What is this monarch doing
Upon his golden throne?
To right the wrong stupendous,
Giv joy instead of moan?
With his resistless majesty,
Each force at his command,
Each law his own creation,
Why don't he lend a hand?

Alas, I fear he's sleeping,
Or is himself a dream—
A bubble on thought's ocean,
Our fancy's fading gleam!
We look in vain to find him
Upon his throne so grand,
Then turn your vision earthward,
'Tis we must lend a hand."

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Truth—A Poem in Three Parts.

PART FIRST.

Our answer to the learned Cyrus Smith.
It proves that his religion is a myth.

PART SECOND.

By evolution let us if we can
Learn the true origin of worlds and man.

PART THIRD.

If orthodox religion you despise,
What will you giv us in the place of lies?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Truth is the most important subject in the universe; hence the absolute necessity of a truth-seeker's newspaper, where all denominations get an impartial and equal hearing, such as no other paper in this world does giv. Extensiv, indeed, are the heavens! Where do they begin? Where do they end? What is their extent? Can angels answer the question? Hav angels traveled the vast circuit? Can angels measure the bounds of space? No. It is boundless, it is unknown, it is amazing all.

How charming, then, to reflect that truth is as great as the heavens—as extensiv as the skies! Transporting reflection! Let us indulge thee once more; and while we think over the past, present, and future victories of truth over myth and falsehood add one to the number of advocates of truth.

CANTO I.

Truth is what all mankind desire to know;
To find the truth, alas! where shall we go?
Go to the perfect, never-erring rules—
Nature, philosophy, and reason's schools.
Master all sciences the truth to find,
This most important maxim mind:
However learn'd in human creeds in youth,
Use common sense or never find the truth.

All Christian creeds were once but pagan frauds,
Consisting of a trinity of gods.
The ancient heathen gods and all their deeds
Were changed to Hebrew, then to Christian, creeds.
Gods, heaven, hell—man's fall—god's plan
Were all the fancies from the fears of man.
The Christian's Bible-books mankind did make,
Their heathen origin who can mistake?

From Bible tales came Brother Smith to know
That gods make devils, sin, and endless woe?
Will learned Cyrus tell us if he can
About man's fall, the devil's, and God's plan?
'Tis our ambition perfect truth to find
From Smith's infallible inspired mind!
The Bible pharisees, indeed, we know
Better and wiser than all men below.

Do Bible devils new'days get in hogs?
Does good St. Patrick banish snakes and frogs?
No, Christian creeds are getting more sublime!
The gods are getting wiser all the time!
Will some learned orthodox, some stupid dunce,
Be kind enough to answer us at once?
Are all things possible with gods, do tell,
Can gods make Infidels believe in hell?

Gods, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and dreams
Can't save us all. This is the truth, it seems,
For Jesus came a bloody sword to bring;
Christ givs us hell, and its infernal sting.
All Jewish gods are not so bad as he,
From inspiration all mankind may see.
If man is God's, will some good Christian tell
Why Jesus God don't save all souls from hell?

Is it the truth—to save all souls gods tried?
For this grand purpose hav gods lived and died?
And hav their deaths and all their efforts failed?
What hav their mummeries and myths availed?
But few are saved—gods Jesus Christ did tell!
And all mankind *deserve* to go to hell!
Mankind begin to see the Bible frauds;
That snakes and devils *are* outwitting gods.

CANTO II.

Were trees and fruits perfected in the shade
Before the sun and moon and stars were made?
Is it the truth gods did make man with dust?
Believe this fable or be damned we must.
May it not be a biblical mistake
From Adam's rib gods did a woman make?
Was no dust left to make dear mother Eve?
This Bible tale can any fool believe?

Eve ate an apple—it digested well!
For this sweet apple must we go to hell?
This is not truth. You see the truth below,
Mankind fall up instead of down, we know.
Progression is the skeptic's holy word,
This is no fiction, fable, or absurd.
This is the truth—the perfect honor bright!
So help us, Yahweh! this is truth and right!

Did the gods know Eve would their apple eat,
And that would all the plans of gods defeat?
If hell and brimstone are the gods' best plan,
Who is to blame, the maker or the man?
We sometimes question who the deuce made gods!
Who knows that Bibles are not myths and frauds?
Without the Bibles and the devils too,
What would God's holy clergy find to do?

God's holy clergy soon would turn to tramps!
For many of them now are private scamps!
Is it the truth that gods delight in blood?
Is it the truth—the fable of the flood?
Is it the truth—Saint Jonah and the whale?
Will devils always over gods prevail?
Is it the truth, Lot's wife turned into salt?
No, 'tis a lie; for she was not in fault.

What fool believes that Baalam's ass did talk?
And snakes at first upon their tails did walk?
Is it the truth the sun did once stand still?
That God's elect should murder, slay, and kill?
Is it the truth the moon at noon shone bright
So gods could see to help the Jews to fight?
Was infants' blood by gods in torrents spilled?
By holy bears were little children killed?

Were virgins saved, male population slain?
To-day do gods delight in human pain?
Do Hebrews liv in the most dreadful fire?
Do unbelievers now and then expire?
Is it the truth from God's inspired pen
That lions eat none but ungodly men?
Such cruel gods and holy Bible lies,
And infant murder, who can help despise?

CANTO III.

Did Hebrew poets ever raise the dead?
Is it the truth, Ezekiel's dung-made bread?
Saint Samson's hair, his foxes, and his lies
Skeptics and Infidels indeed despise.
Is it the truth the gods did leave their thrones
To pregnate Mary without flesh or bones?
Is it the truth that gods and virgins can
Produce a god without the aid of man?

God-making business is a pagan view
That never was and never will be true.
God-making business in God's holy word
To human reason is the most absurd.
Is it the truth, or is it Bible lies,
That Yahweh's blood and bones did both arise?
If God and Christ are absolutely one,
Christ is God's father, and God is Christ's son.

Is it the truth one God can ever be
By any process multiplied to three?
Is it the truth gods always are the same?
Is it the truth gods never were to blame?
If hell and devils both are God's designs
Is it a wonder that gods changed their minds?
Is this the reason gods do now relent
For making man? And do they still repent?

To show what truth is we will first explain
What is not truth, and make the subject plain.
It is not truth that gods did make themselvs;
Gods made by man, truth says, upon the shelves.
Is it the truth, that dear old Bible rule,
Believe in gods or be proscribed a fool?
Is it the truth gods said, "Let us make man?"
Is it the truth gods made a brimstone plan

Truth seekers, spurn all cruel, man-made gods,
For science proves them only myths and frauds!
Is it the truth from nothing gods did make
All that exists, including brimstone lake?
Did gods make all things by a single word?
Did gods make devils? Heavens, how absurd!
Did gods make evils, and did gods relent?
Did gods make brimstone, and did gods repent?

Is it the truth a war in heaven was waged
In which the gods of heaven were engaged?
Is it the truth God's savages did rebel?
Did Mumbo Jumbo's banish them to hell?
Great gods, how many seas of blood were spilled?
How many trillions of gods angels killed?
Dear Brother Smith, please tell us all about
Who drove the rebels and the devils out.

Letters from Friends.

ERIE, PA., Oct. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Last week I asked Mr. House to get me two copies of "Crimes of Preachers." Some of my acquaintances hav seen or read the book, and all were astonished at the horrible arraignment. I inclose you $1 for four more copies. I wish every family could hav one. Perhaps their homes would be more carefully guarded.

Respectfully yours, D. M. JOHNSON.

ROSWELL, N. M., Sept. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6.50—$5 for "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I hav been a subscriber for your paper for four or five years, and hav intended to hav the books ever since they were spoken of, but circumstances hav prevented until now. I am glad that you hav returned safely home again. I wish you as long life, as much good health, as much happiness, and as much prosperity as any man that takes your paper or ever read it.

Yours for the truth, SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM.

ALLIANCE, O., Oct. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received your notice last evening. No, I do not want my paper stopped. I knew my time was up, but I was not quite prepared to meet it when I should, but I am now, and send herewith $2—one for the rest of this year and one to commence the next year with. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the first number you printed in Paris, Ill., all the way through till now. I wish I could do more for it, but circumstances are against me. I hav helped get you a few subscribers. My next birthday will count seventy. If I liv I want THE TRUTH SEEKER. Yours truly, JAMES HARTLEY.

CHARLEVOIX, MICH., Oct. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I notice I am about a month behind. Please excuse me. We hav a sort of independent Liberal club in this town, which has been in existence about two years. We hav had a good attendance at our meetings, and I am confident we hav done considerable good. The churches hav tried hard during that time to make conversions, but hav failed entirely, while the Liberal sentiment has steadily gained ground, and we intend to keep hammering away. I am glad to know you hav returned home safe and sound, and I hope I may sometime be fortunate enough to meet you.

Truly yours, E. CARPENTER.

SAGINAW CITY, MICH., Oct. 6, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Your card came to hand. I am heartily glad to hav you become acquainted with me, for many hav told me that I am not like anybody else. I hav followed you closely since Anthony's first attack, through his mock trial, and your imprisonment in jail and at Albany. Hav been in deep sympathy with you, in sorrow and joy, all around the world, on Jordan's muddy banks, and in the bare bull-cart under a scorching tropical sun, to the happy reception at home. As I could not hav the privilege of partaking of that welcome love-feast, I thought of the substantial three dollars which would soon become due. I will now inclose two dollars for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and postage on the books.

My respects to yourself and wife, and the faithful Eugene. The friend of free government,

W. G. ELMER.

CARLISLE, WARREN CO., IA., Oct. 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry you were under the necessity of sending me notice that my time had expired. You need not be afraid to send THE TRUTH SEEKER to your patrons here in Carlisle. We will never desert you without due notice. We are all true to the cause of Freethought and liberty of speech. We hav no Liberal League established here yet; but we hav a fair sprinkling of out-spoken Liberals, notwithstanding there are four churches in our town of only four hundred inhabitants. But we are holding them level in the management of our schools; we hav a Liberal principal teacher.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor. I admire the course you hav taken in battering down orthodox and fighting for man's liberty. Enough of this. You will please find post-office order for $5.50, to be applied as directed. Yours truly, M. GUISINGER.

P. S.—In evidence of the growth of Liberalism, and the passing away of superstition, we find the following inscription on the monument of Charles Hastings (in the cemetery of this place), who was a practical Freethinker: "'Neath the shade of this beautiful tulip repose is sweet. No faith in the blood of priests, nor in the Jewish mythical monster, God."

M. G.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Oct, 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I heartily approve of Mr. Green's suggestion to inquire into the manner in which Stephen Girard's will is being carried out. But a few months ago I heard a clergyman boast that through a flaw in the will the church people had been enabled to steal the institution, and were running it to suit themselvs. He said the hand of God directed him to leave out one word so that the Christian people of this country could stop the bitter stream of Infidelity pouring forth from that institution; that the Bible was now taught as the standard of morals interpreted by a pious Methodist layman. I could not help thinking it a handy thing for Christians that they had a god upon whom they could lay all their deviltry. He exposed his ignorance or untruthfulness when he said that Infidelity was ever taught there, the terms of Mr. Girard's will being such that no religious or anti-religious teaching was to be allowed. No doubt the congregation took it all in, and devoutly thanked God that the chance to steal a dead Infidel's property had been improved. Who ever knew them to leave such an opportuity unimproved. As Col. Ingersoll, in one of his political speeches, says of the politicians: "They steal everything they can get their hands on, and, my God! what hands." I hope the Liberals of this country will take an interest in this matter, and, if necessary, contribute liberally toward righting this great wrong to one of their number. W. L. WEVER.

NAPLES, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Of course I want THE TRUTH SEEKER, for more reasons than I will be able to write on this small sheet.

In the first place, it is the paper for the masses. I would not say anything against other Liberal papers, and wish more were published and more read; at the same time I believe more people will read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that it is better calculated to rouse the people from their lethargy and stimulate thought than any other paper with which I am acquainted. Nor is this all; I believe that many of the Liberal papers are indebted to THE TRUTH SEEKER for their existence, for had it not been for the old pioneer, religious would still be read by hundreds who are now the readers of Liberal papers. It was the plowshare of the old TRUTH SEEKER which first broke up the ground and rendered it possible for these later papers to flourish. God bless the old TRUTH SEEKER, and if he has an eye to business he will. And when I go up to the gate of the holy city I shall take one along, and as soon as St. Peter sees it you'll see him begin to fumble for the big key.

Since I hung up my new decalog at the late Watkins Convention the ministers hav been preaching at me and writing letters to me and giving me fits. Well, its nothing more than I expected. I console myself by the reflection that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." When ministers get mad it may be taken for granted that some live Liberal has been to work. So many full, and I may say fair, reports of the Watkins Convention seem to gravel the kidneys of the ministers, and so they must giv the Liberals an overhauling. Yours truly, JOHN PECK.

MEMPHIS, MO., Oct. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Some of our Materialistic friends appear to be about as dogmatic as the sectarians of the churches. They declare in the most positiv manner that there is no proof that man livs at all after what we call death. It would be much more modest and philosophical for them to say, We hav seen no proof of such a thing.

A distinguished astronomer is said to hav declared it to be dangerous to pronounce the word impossible outside of positiv science. We know that twice five ever did and ever will equal ten. Every one who can count can verify it. But because we can't see the spiritual man leave the physical body at the moment the heart ceases to beat is no more proof that there is no immortal part than the fact that our inability to see electricity in its quiescent state proves that it does not exist. So far as my observations hav extended, those who affirm with so much vehemence that man consists wholly of flesh, blood, and bones, that all his mental attributes result entirely from his physical organization, seem to take good care not to investigate the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. It looks as if they feared if they paid any attention to the subject that they could no longer repeat so heartily their favorit formula, "Death ends all." And such persons seem not to know that many of the most eminent scientists of the age, after exhaustiv investigations, avow themselvs Spiritualists.

The cause of this stolid repugnance to the idea of a future life is to be found in the diabolisms of Christianity; the pictures of either hell or heaven, drawn by a hireling priesthood, are disgusting to every clear head and sympathetic heart which was not distorted in childhood. STEPHEN YOUNG.

WELLAND, ONT., CAN., Oct. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just returned from Norwich, where I hav been visiting amongst my old friends for a month. It is a good country, and the people are good staunch Christians, as we know them to be who hav been brought up in that faith, and never know anything else, and abounds in Christian charity, if you know what that is. And I suppose there is no man that has a better right to know than yourself. I had to be careful and watch my opportunities to say a word at variance with their creed. I did manage sometimes to get in a few wedge-shaped words which I thought might possibly set them thinking a little, though to them it is a very up-hill job to think of anything that is at variance with the tradition in which they hav been brought up. I don't suppose there is a TRUTH SEEKER comes to any post-office within ten miles of them, but I did succeed in getting one man to express a willingness to take THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months, and he actually gave me fifty cents to pay for it, so please do not fail to send it to him, as it is quite likely to prove a good missionary. I hope soon to be able to send you more. Charge it to me at present. My opinion is that there is not one sensible person in fifty who can read THE TRUTH SEEKER three months that would like to giv it up; and if they do not become converts to its creed their faith in their ortho-dox creed will become considerably weakened. With some it takes a longer time than with others to unlearn or get rid of those views that hav been impressed upon their youthful minds, and hav become like a second nature in them.

I will conclude, and with feelings of sincere friendship remain Yours truly, JOHN RAY.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see that you cannot get your journey into three volumes, making it necessary to publish a fourth. I hav been delighted in reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER your travels in different countries, and I am very glad I subscribed for the three volumes, two of which I hav already received. I cannot do without the fourth volume.

I hav observed that in your descriptions of the religions of different countries there is but little difference in the superstitions to which they are all devoted. They all worship something; they pray to something unknown; they hav their temples, their priesthoods, their ceremonies. All these only vary a little in form. They are all the same thing, Christianity not at all excepted. Although brought up in strict orthodoxy, and belonging many years to the Baptist church, I now renounce it all. Lately I hav been reflecting upon this idea of worship. I am satisfied that the worship of anything personal is degrading; no matter how high or glorious a being is, if he is tangible, or is capable of being seen, felt, or can occupy any local spot in the universe, he is not entitled to any worship any more than we are from creatures below us. The only god who is adorable, and it requires no prostrations and self-abnegation to properly regard him, is Principle. All there is in the universe, all life, all consciousness, all matter, all intellect, whether of gods or men, are amenable only to principle. Here is where the awful mistake is made in the world. Oh, the ocean of tears shed, the sacrifice of millions upon millions of money, the wretchedness entailed upon the world by this idea, that somewhere in the universe there is a personal being high above us to whom we owe something! If there is any such being he is under the same obligations to this other god, Principle, as we ourselvs are, and he must govern himself accordingly, and he is held accountable in the same way.

I am very glad you hav arrived home all safe, and hope you will be spared to do a large amount of labor for Liberalism yet in the future.

Yours truly, S. G. MCEWEN.

BOTLAND, KY., Oct. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please accept my thanks for sending the paper after my subscription had expired. I am am almost compelled to say that I could hardly do without it. I find so much information in its columns that when I receive a number I cannot lay it aside until I hav perused every page. I can truly say it was the main instrumentality in pointing me to the truth. Until I saw a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER I believed all the miraculous, unnatural, and impossible stories in the "holy Bible;" since then I hav renounced supernaturalism *in toto*. My belief in the Bible was, I suppose, owing more to circumstances than anything else. I liv in what is called a Christian community—a land of Bibles, churches, and Sunday-schools—a village where it is hardly known that a great number of intellectual persons hav found that the Bible is but the work of man, and that a god had no more to do with the conception of Jesus than he did with the thousands who hav lived and died in all ages past, and that a god never inspired man to write a word of the Bible. I had much rather believe that Paine was inspired by God to write his "Age of Reason" than to believe some portions of the Bible were inspired, for Paine tells the truth as I understand it, and that is more than I can say for parts of the good book. I accept the teachings of the Bible only when they are in accordance with common sense and nature. I recognize one god, *i. e.*, the whole material universe. I believe it to be eternal; I believe it has always existed in some form and will never cease to exist. I cannot conceive of a power over or superior to nature. I cannot believe the universe was made of nothing in six days a few thousand years ago. According to my belief, life and death are entirely holocryptic, owing to unknown and hidden laws of nature yet to be discovered. Great minds are constantly discovering some law or force of nature that was unknown hundreds of years ago. Scientific investigation has revealed many things to be natural that were once considered miraculous.

The mind of man is incomprehensible. Nothing is beyond the power of its ability to comprehend when there is volume enough in aggregation for the purpose, and I fully and truly believe the time will come when all the laws of nature that are now hidden will

be found and explained, and the phenomena that are now shrouded in mystery will be as clear and plain as that which we now understand. I am not over-anxious about that which I know nothing about. I came into the world with no effort of mine; I go out in the same way. If my soul or mind had an existence before I was born (which is as natural to conclude as it is that it exists after I die) the great cause which produced and took care of it before it came into my possession will surely care for it after I die; and as I hav no evidence of a mind existence in the past ages, so I see no use in there being one in the future. I had much rather believe that a dreamless, everlasting, unbroken sleep awaits me that affords no fear than to think of a future life of excruciating torments forever and ever. If beyond this life there is a state of existence now shut from our vision, the best way to prepare for it is by attending to the duties of this life. "One world at a time" is sufficient.

Let us direct all our energies to self-improvement, and let reason be our teacher; we should study to find the hidden laws of nature and improve thereby. All the evil we experience is due to and governed by natural causes, so by studying nature we can generally overcome and remove those evils after we acquaint ourselvs with their nature and relations. The present is our, and is much better than the past; but the golden age is in the future.

As I hav made this letter longer than I had intended, I will close for this time. ARTIE.

SUNDAY LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

MODESTO, CAL., Oct. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I would call attention to the article below, taken from the *Wasp*, of San Francisco, upon the subject of the odious "Sunday law." The gist of the article may be summed up in a few lines. A determined effort is being made to commit the Republican party in favor of the law and in opposition to the Democrats, who go for repeal.

Frank Pixley, of the *Argonaut*, suddenly becomes a saint, and now uses his brains, his courage, and his conscience for the "better observance of the Sabbath."

The Sacramento *Record-Union* has also gained the choir of which Pixley is professor, and with the aid of railroad monopolists are in full chorus, "Holiness-to-the-Lord plank in our platforms!" And, like seraphim and cherubim, they continually do cry. I hope before next November's benediction and doxology they will see their error and cry for something different than this sacred music, and go back to those principles which they taught for so many years, that it is not the duty of every man to uphold the "Sunday law;" that it is not necessay for him to believe in God, the Christian religion, the gods Jupiter, Josh, or in the prophets Jeremiah or Joe Smith, but simply to keep "ecclesiasticism out of politics," their paws out of our treasury, and their clerical noses out of our public schools. The Sabbath is the entering wedge. With it our churches hav become rich and powerful, and with its aid they hav worked their own ambitious ends and aims, but I assure you not for the conversion of man and woman to the grand type of character of Jesus of Nazareth, but that they must accept the divinity of minister and priest, and look upon them astheir superior and a higher order of beings than all things else. By the aid of Sunday they get our youths and educate them up to these false doctrins, which undoubtedly mold their conduct through life. Napoleon has truly said, "Let me d ucate the youth, and I will govern the country." Therefore let us, as Liberals, unite in abolishing the sacredness of the Sabbath, and let our motto always be, "Perfect freedom to worship or work whenever the people may deem fit, always recognizing one day as a legal holiday." Inclosed find $3 for one year's subscription.

[The following is the article referred to from the *Wasp*. It is surmounted by a picture representing Pixley in the character of Jesus Christ, a halo around his head, blessing little children. A small dog in the foreground seems also to be sharing the bene diction.—ED. T. S.]

PIXLEY AS JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, fo of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In this pic-ture our lit-tle readers are shown how the good Mis-ter Pix-ley call-ed the boys and girls to-geth-er the oth-er evening at Child-ren's Hall and taught them pol-it-ics, which means how to get to Sac-ra-men-to as a del-e-gate "at large" because a wicked man once said of him that the state pris-on yawn-ed before him and the ward-en stalked be-hind, and Mis-ter Pix-ley wants to show that the war-den has not yet caught on.

He told the lit-tle boys how sin-ful it is to be wick-ed on the Sab-bath day, and said once there was a bad boy who was wick-ed on that day, and there was a great big Dem-o-crat which had eyes like sau-cers, and it came out of the woods and ate the bad boys all up ex-cept his soul, which went to Rome and was stuck with a red-hot pitchfork by the pope

Mis-ter Pix-ley told the lit-tle boys and girls that it was wick-ed to drink beer and eat pret-zels and Bo-log-na sau-sage, and that all Dutch-men ought to be kill-ed and their cor-ner gro-cer-ies sold and the mon-ey giv-en to the rich.

When the lit-tle boys that were at Child-ren's Hall the oth-er eve-ning grow up to be men and hav two votes a-piece we hope they will go to the pri-ma-ries and work for Mis-ter Pix-ley and the an-gels; and then when they die they will be Re-pub-li-cans and go to the state con-ven-tion.

The ring which you see in the pic-ture, a-round Mis-ter Pix-ley's head, shows that he is a good and ho-ly man. It is a brand-new ring.

Yours as ever, A. A. GILMOUR, M.D.

ADRIAN, MICH., Oct. 11, E. M., 282.

MR. EDITOR: On arriving at home, and, taking up THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 9th, I noticed a little article signed by our mutual friend J. W. Kenyon, of Jackson, Mich., in which he gave the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER a little account of the semi-annual meeting of the State Association of the Spiritualists and Liberalists at Pine Lake. He tells us there was a slight attempt made to drop the word Liberal from the name, but it was tabled very quickly. Then, addressing himself to the Liberals, he says: "The cause of this feeling is because you do not turn out to the meetings and help to fight the enemy. You must know that Spiritualism is doing a work that you cannot do, reaching those you cannot reach. I cannot see why the Infidels (so-called) cannot see the truth of Spiritualism." Then he goes on to tell us about some astounding and convincing tests that they had there of the truth of Spiritualism that it was his pleasure to witness.

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to say to our Spiritual and Liberal friend, Mr. Kinyon, that while we believe that Spiritualism has done a good work in calling the attention of many minds from the church to that of Spiritualism, which is one step in the direction of losing their faith in the superstitious rituals of the Christian mythology, but as some of their best lights hav declared that Spiritualism is no test of character, neither is it any reformation in and of itself, but that it adapts itself to the condition of those that accept it. We who hav been close observers of its workings for a number of years can bear witness to the truth of this testimony from its leading exponents; and hence we don't care to fritter our time away when we come many miles at a great expense with something that don't seem to make its devotees any better. As regards the truthfulness or untruthfulness of Spiritualism, we think it is all time wasted in discussing this matter in public conventions; and hence, as this state association has most fully assumed the position of a Spiritual meeting, our interest in it, as of it, is not so great as we were in hopes it would hav been when the association was legalized at Battle Creek two years ago last March. Spiritualism, as explained by its best exponents, means simply that we are dead in person, and that when this body dies the spirit still livs on, and that, the conditions being favorable, it can communicate with its friends on earth.

Liberalism as adopted by the American Liberal League means an entire separation of church and state. Hence the great difference between the meaning of these two words would seem to portray such a difference in the ultimate object, that it would be hard to hav them work together in harmony; and so the Liberals, seeing this, as Liberals, are willing that their Spiritual friends should hav their own way as formerly, and they quietly giv up the association to them to run it to their own liking, and so it seems from friend Kenyon's report of the Pine Lake meeting. They had some grand Spiritual tests there that were very convincing to the faithful. This part of his report put me in mind of some of the meetings of the early Christians, when the faithful would be all gathered together in one place, with Jesus in their midst, when they would hav great displays of his wonderful mediumistic powers. Then again in other places, with other environments, he could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief. What kind of a feeling may be manifested at the annual meeting next spring time only can tell; but I trust there will be no division. Indeed, judging from the past, I can't see as there is any danger. I hope and trust that the time will soon come, in this state, when the truly moral, intelligent Freethinkers, regardless of every sect or ism, yet embracing all the truly Liberal from all sects and isms, can come together in the capacity of a state convention, to consider secular matters as belonging to this present life, in this present world; and if our Spiritual friends will help us here and now, we will agree to help them on the other side, if in the future we find that we are still living and that there is still work to do.

And now, in closing, as friend Kenyon givs the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER notice that he will answer calls from the East from Spiritual societies or Liberal Leagues, or wherever there are no societies, if parties will furnish him a hall and advertise, I will say that I will be willing to do the same within the radius of my own state, if the winter is not too cold and my health will permit. My object will not be to build up any sect or ism, nor yet for the love of Jesus, but simply for the cause of mental liberty that leads to human progress. S. D. MOORE.

[Brother Moore is an earnest worker in our ranks, and we cheerfully recommend him to all our Michigan friends. We hope they will giv him all he wants to do.—ED. T. S.]

SPIRITS ON THE RAMPAGE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It looks very much as if a fearful hornet's nest hath been stirred up in your sacred den, and perhaps they are disembodied hornets; but be that as it may, they seem very venomous, and would doubtless sting the life out of your old Infidel correspondent, Thomas Winter. But all their venom and abuse falls harmlessly on this aged rock of unbelief. Why, what man of bold Materialistic grit can be disconcerted at the wild vaporings of a whole army of ghostists? Fire off your wads, ye dealers in tricks which are dark and highly deceptiv. You are powerless to impair this fearless advocate of Materialistic philosophy. And there is another thing you cannot do: you can show no proof to convince a sound Materialist that where life is extinct it is still existing. No, no; a thousand times no. It is true, my brain is not inflated with any unnatural speculations, therefore those imponderable phenomena which enter so largely into the make-up of Spiritism are useless to me. As a first-class Infidel, I cannot see it. Perhaps if the lady Colby could only lend me her very smart and beautiful peepers I might be able to see spirits darkly. Some of those awful nice, wise, and extremely civil Spiritists should be a little bit charitable and loan this benighted Materialist a small dose of their ponderable brains or some organ whereby this sturdy old unbeliever could hav just one peep, or one square look, into the famous and fabulous summer land, and right there and then hold some sweet and holy confab with the most refined lady spooks, which might be the means of bringing about a high-tone polish and exquisit refinement quite equal to the "consensus of the competent."

Oh for the all-penetrating optics of the mediumistic spook-dealer, whose powers of vision are so utterly telescopic, enabling such prodigies of the unnatural to see right through a stone fence into the very center of wonder and blunder land—de shining shore! But no more spook talk at present. Wait until I get the right grade of organism, *a la* Spiritism, then I'll burst on the world like a soap-bubble.

Spiritualists in general, please don't get mad and tear your shirts; keep cool and pull down your vest. Winter is an honest old Infidel, and perhaps some fine morning he might wake up and be a first-class spook—a member of the celestial poultry, with gauzy wings, etc. But, Mr. Editor, these awful brainy people of phenomenal proclivities call loudly for explanation and proof to sustain my anti-supernatural basis. Who, I ask, ever knew any individual who was once dead positivly ever to come back to life again? Every past story to that effect is a priestly falsehood. Also, if millions hav the strongest desire for an eternal perpetual existence, does that imply that nature hath so provided? Nothing of the kind. All animal life is on a par as to production, life, and death; there are different degrees of brain power growing from the advantages of education and other environments. But no matter how highly trained, the man is mortal still; he is born mortal, livs mortal, and dies mortal, and all the sophistry in the whole world can never make him immortal.

I also flatly deny that any land exists where disembodied humanity eternally exists. It's a burlesque on all natural laws, and there are thousands of scientific men who will indorse my sentiments. I stand firmly and squarely on the great plain of nature, and if I am wrong nature itself is wrong. That false idea of a dual life is the outgrowth of speculativ superstition very far back, of a primitiv and undeveloped species of animal, which might be called a man in embryo, whose child-like ideas are altogether out of place in this age of superior knowledge. Superstition hath raged amongst illiterate people for many ages; but is it ever to rule and blind the masses for the benefit of pious frauds and clerical bummers? No, no. The time is rapidly coming when mankind will not only detect shame, but suppress them as an outrage on simple credulity. Mr. Editor, it is a pretty clear proof that much weakness exists, otherwise so many devotees of Spiritualism would not kick, rave, squirm, and bet so heavily against one old Materialist. It is proof enough that bluster and brass are the factors of this illogical buncombe. They evidently fear that the solid truth, as found in nature, may strike their shadowy props and shake the whole miserable phantom and cause it to vanish in something much thinner than nothing.

Once for all, I emphatically deny that man hath two lives or can realize a second state of existence. Man is nothing but an evolution from a lower grade of creature, and begins life with his first drawn breath and ends it with his last. Now, sir, I shall take no further notice of superstitious cavilers and make no reply to their scurrilous scribbling. Those who like my views will sustain them, and those who do not are at liberty to reject them. I am a sincere friend to humanity, free from shams and hypocrisy.

Yours truly, T. WINTER.

JOSEPH COOK met with a painful accident on his way to Japan. During the prolonged continuance of most vehement meteorological disturbances and electrical discharges and phenomena, accompanied by irregular and violent undulations and movements of the saline aqua, he was abruptly impelled from his insecurely established footing on the superior deck to a recumbent position on the deck subjacent The boardness of the deck, aggravated by the nailness of the spikes, dismembered the cartilaginousness of the enribbed sides. The injuries caused by the fallness of the fall were skillfully ensurged by the chirurgeon, and in the near To-be, the ecrocharmiliated antichism resultant from the saline-aquatic porphyritic blendings will leave no residue of their one-time hereness in the system of the sufferer, who will remember them only by their ever-present goneness.

Hero-Worship.

BY ALHAZA.

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Come, holy truth, our brother let us own,
The lowly zoophyte, rooted to a stone;
Let us not rise, like Plato, with a star,
To love a spirit floating from afar.
From Emerson's sweet mouth such thoughts hav flown,
And bees might hover round that aged brow.
But lo! an Indian seer is passing now,
A sparkling zone he clasped around the world,
While truth's bright flag the fragrant breeze unfurled.

What art thou, love? We know we love our chief.
His words are calm, his kind reproofs are brief;
Say, where was love when chaos yet was rife?
What sign of life?
Some buds were there, and bright with pearly dew
And Eros came, while heaven filled his view;
He nursed each blossom with his balmy breath,
And life awakened beauteous, sleeping Death.

How he would sigh, that pale enamored youth!
He could not rest, he loved the spirit of truth.
No rack had they in that melodious grove,
No thumb-screws tortured the yearning spirit of love;
While 'mid the flowers the scented night wind grieves,
And sighs its requiem o'er the faded leaves.

Then Orpheus came; a tender lute he bore,
Like gales that whisper Bennett's Indian lore;
Gentle his love of every herb and flower;
How thrilled the rocks, beneath his magic power!
Now there is music in the lion's roar,
An angel's song the bulbul, murmurs o'er.
All nations caught the spirit of his strain,
And tyrants sought to smother it, in vain.
He sung of freedom, friendship, love, and truth,
And perfumed isles that bloom in endless youth;
Embalmed each holy thought DeSilva gave,
On India's soil by many an ancient grave,
Sweet counsel to the palmer, when did rave
This foe, as wakens a hyena's cry,
Who deems his midnight howlings victory.

Men of the Hour.



HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER,

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

After one of the most bitter factional struggles ever engaged in by the Republican leaders of New York Mr. Folger has been nominated for the high office of governor. The President's political strength in his own state has been demonstrated, and the weakness of Gov. Cornell, with all the machinery and patronage of a great state at his command, made plain. But now that the family quarrel is over the astute leaders will all fall in line, no doubt, and present an unbroken front to the opposition.

Charles J. Folger is a nativ of Nantucket, Mass., where he was born on the 16th of April, 1818. He went with his parents, when a boy, to Geneva, Ontario county. He graduated with honors at the Geneva college in 1836, and three years after he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court at Albany, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Geneva. His advancement was rapid, and in 1844, under the old Constitution, he was appointed judge of the Ontario Court of Common Pleas, and was also master and examiner in chancery. In 1851, he was elected county judge of Ontario county, and held that office for four years. At that time he was known as a Silas Wright Democrat, but with a considerable number of his party who disagreed on the slavery question, he allied himself with the Republicans, identifying himself with the party in the most pronounced manner. It was in the fall of 1861 that he was first elected to the state Senate, and so popular was he in his district that he was re-elected in 1863, 1865, and 1867, serving eight years in succession and acting as president *pro tem.* of the Senate for a long time. An acknowledged leader of his party, he was a power in the state conventions. When Mr. Folger's senatorial term expired in 1869, President Grant appointed him United States sub-treasurer in New York city, and he continued to hold the position until 1870, when he was elected judge of the Court of Appeals. In May, 1880. Governor Cornell designated him as chief justice, and he was afterward nominated and elected as such in the fall of the same year. In October, 1881, he was confirmed as secretary of the treasury. While in the state legislature he was known as the persistent opponent of jobbery.

Judge Folger's chance of election is considered rather more than doubtful by many who are in positions to know of the amount of influence operating for and against him. Greenbackers, Anti-Monopolists, and many disaffected Republicans hav arrayed themselvs on the side of Cleveland, and the pulpit has also tailed on to a considerable extent. Dr. Crosby, perhaps more influential than any other Christian minister in New York, in a letter to the Anti-Monopoly organ, *Justice*, declares himself, for various reasons, opposed to the choice of Folger for governor. Whether or not the support of such a man as Crosby has shown himself to be by his aid and indorsement of Comstock in his persecution of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER would be of any moral advantage to either candidate, is a matter concerning which there is likely to be a difference of opinion; but the number of voters he will carry with him is unquestionably large. It will be regarded by many as a hopeful sign when men like Dr. Crosby are at last seen to be on the side of the people as against "bribery, fraud, and the tyranny of the money power," which Folger is popularly supposed to represent.

Beecher's New Departure.

Henry Ward Beecher astonished the meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational churches in the Park Congregational church, Brooklyn, last week, by withdrawing from membership. He had been assigned to open the discussion on the subject of "Spiritual Barbarism." He said that this subject had not been selected by him. He supposed it was intended to open the discussion on those forms of holding spiritual truths which might be called barbaric, not in an offensiv sense, but as representing the primitiv and ignorant methods of looking upon spiritual life. But it had occurred to him that this subject might hav been selected on account of his expression of views in the *North American Review* last August, in which he had described some theological doctrins as barbaric. As this article had led to many inquiries and comments concerning his own theological views, he thought this a good opportunity to stat e those views more fully than he had ever done before, especially as he had determined to close his remarks with withdrawal from membership in the association.

He said he felt, as a Christian gentleman, that it was not right for him to lay upon anyone the responsibility of his peculiar position. His views had not materially changed in forty years. Although they had developed, the development was all on the original lines. During that period he had often felt that his ministerial brethren were called upon to bear an undue share of responsibility for him, and now he had definitly determined not to keep this association or its members in such a position, and that his defense should be no further part of their duty. He believed that he should not be any less in sympathy with them, but rather in closer bonds of love. He would do anything for them or their churches, even more freely and heartily than before; but it was right that he alone should be called upon to explain his own views and doctrins, and that no one else should be answerable for them. He then stated some views of the nature of God, as set forth in the Westminster Confession. He said the eternal decree of God, as set forth, to create a large part of men and angels for the purpose of eternal torment was barbaric, as putting a monster in the place of a loving father. Such doctrins he rejected with an impetus that touched the very foundation of his soul. The doctrin of man's total inability to obey the laws of God he also rejected, as well as the gross and physical representations of future punishment. He believed in future punishment thoroughly, but he believed the wholesome and restraining influence of that doctrin had been largely destroyed by substituting the slaughter-house notion, the gross, carnal, corrupting, and diabolical notion of hell. That, he said, was barbaric.

He regarded the whole doctrin of original sin as founded on the fall of Adam as barbaric. That was the conception of men who were ignorant and uneducated on the subject.

He then proceeded to state formally what he did believe at a much greater length than he had stated his views of what he did not believe. He expressed in strong language his full belief in a personal God, and utterly repudiated all Pantheism, and also the theory of Matthew Arnold that God is nothing but a tendency, a mere blind power not within ourselvs. He believed, although he could not pretend to explain it, in the doctrin of the trinity. He thought he saw analogies in the higher developments of nature. In the lowest forms of existence everything was single. In the higher forms not only were mind and matter united, but each soul included a multitude of faculties. Man had a physical nature, and also a mental, moral, and spiritual nature more or less developed. He saw no reason why, in the highest range of being, there might not be a unity composed of three persons really distinct yet really one. Of course, he said, we could not understand this, but that did not prove that it was not true. He made no attempt to divide the functions, offices, and work of the trinity. All his own thought and faith were concentrated upon Jesus Christ. So literally did he believe Christ to be divine that he could not really pray to any other being. He sometimes tried to pray to the father, but always ended by addressing his prayer to Christ. His faith, therefore, in the divinity of Christ was stronger than words could express. Yet he believed that Christ, in taking the elements of human nature, became subject to all the laws that govern man: that he renounced not only external glory, but also the knowledge and wisdom which he otherwise had; that when Christ was a child he had only the knowledge of a child, and grew in knowledge as literally as he grew in stature. His belief in the absolute divinity of Christ lay at the very foundation of all his creed.

He also believed in divine providence, both general and special. He believed in answer to prayer. He thought there were millions of prayers that were not answered, because they ought not to be; but that millions of prayers were answered, not merely by reaction upon the soul of the person praying, but in other ways. He believed in miracles, because he believed they were just as possible to-day as they ever had been if only the same circumstances should happen. He emphatically believed in the two great miracles of the New Testament, the miraculous conception and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. He thought there was nothing in all these things that was inconsistent with science or philosophy. He had always been accustomed to keep up with the state of science in its developments, and he accepted it cordially; nor did it ever disturb his faith in these fundamental things, although it increased his want of faith in some of the old formal interpretations and creeds. He then passed to the inspiration of the Bible, concerning which he said that he could accept most every word contained in the Confession of the American Presbyterian church. The inspiration there stated was not that of the book, but that of the men who wrote the book. He did not believe in verbal inspiration, but he believed in the direct influence of God upon the souls of men who wrote the different books of the Bible, although in very different degrees.

Thus far Mr. Beecher proceeded without interruption, but when he passed to the subject of the atonement he was interrupted with many questions. The result of his statement upon the whole was that he did not believe in the theory of substitution, or in the doctrin that all punishment which belonged to the human race or any part of it was concentrated upon the head of Christ. He held that human souls may only be saved through suffering, and that Christ, as the representativ of the divine nature on earth, suffered beyond all others for the sake of men, and as an exhibition of the eternal love of God and of God's willingness to suffer in order to save men.

This part of his statement appeared to giv the least satisfaction to the association, although several members expressed their approval. He closed with a few words on the subject of future punishment, repeating in substance what he had said before. He then formally bade the association farewell, assuring the members of his continued love and of his belief that they would not be separated from him in heart or in sympathy, and that they and he probably could work together in more complete harmony without having any special ecclesiastical relation.

Mr. Lloyd offered a resolution requesting Mr. Beecher to reconsider his withdrawal, which was referred by unanimous consent to a committee consisting of Dr. H. M. Storrs and the Rev. W. C. Stiles.

Thomas G. Shearman, one of the lay delegates of Plymouth church to the association, when asked concerning the significance of this step of his pastor, said:

"Plymouth church does not withdraw from the association. This is only Mr. Beecher's withdrawal of his personal membership. He is not delegated by the church, and is not necessarily a member on account of his ministerial office. He has belonged to this association thirty years. Several other ministers, members of the association, are in sympathy with him. The denomination permits its ministers perfect liberty in this matter. Some ministers do not belong to any association. Some belong to Presbyterian associations. Mr. Beecher's chief difference of views is with reference to the doctrins of the atonement and of future punishment. It is now agreed that a minister is not to be excluded from the pastorate of a Congregational church by reason of holding these views of future punishment. That has been decided by two councils, one in Connecticut and the other in Illinois, representing fifty churches. It was unanimously held that such views are not a ground for refusing fellowship to a church or its pastor. Among the Congregational ministers whose faith is similar to Mr. Beecher's are the Rev. Newman Smyth, of New Haven, the successor of Dr. Leonard Bacon, and the Rev. John M. Whiton, of Newark. I hav no reason to think that Mr. Beecher's expression of his views will create any dissension in Plymouth church. He has expressed pretty much the same views at various times in detail, although never all at one time."

The Hacker Fund.—September Statement.

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Berlin, N. J., Oct. 5, 1882. J. HACKER.

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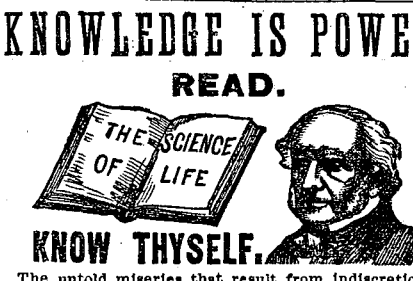
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Gems of Thought.

It is more pleasant to think as those around us do than it is to combat their views and deny their statements. Love, harmony, peace, and purity are very desirable blessings, but they must be won and not compulsory. Law, force, discord, and war are slowly dying out. Civilization has killed the devil, put out the fires of hell, humanized all the gods, and now it is fast eliminating strife and combat from the world.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Innumerable tracts and pretty stories impress upon us that Sabbath-breaking is rather worse than stealing, and leads naturally on to Materialism and murder. Less than a hundred years ago, sacrilege was punishable in France by burning, and murder, by simple decapitation.—*Clifford's Ethics of Religion.*

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much wishing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. . . . What some men lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deported care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth.—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

Chesterfield: I do not admire Mr. Locke.

Chatham: Nor do I; he is simply too grand for admiration. I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he was both philosophically and grammatically one among the most elegant of English writers. What would you think, my lord, if you discovered in Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspere?

Chesterfield: I should look upon it as a wonder, not to say a miracle; Newton, like Barron, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham: His words are these: "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to hav been like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

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You hav no right to hold an opinion on any subject whatever till you hav used the utmost thought, study, and care to make sure that the opinion is true. You hav no right to an opinion because it is your opinion. If there were only a vagrant law in the intellectual realm, the great majority of opinions that are walking up and down the earth would be arrested for lack of "visible means of support" You hav no right to hold an opinion, I say, simply because it is yours, because you hav inherited it, or because you hav chosen to adopt and patronize it.—*M. J. Savage.*

If the rule of providence in this life be one of injustice, there is no reason to believe that a future life, under the same providence, will be differently ordered, so as to be just and happy; and if this order of the present life be right, there can be no need of a future life as a scene of reparation. Our "wish" to be rid of what is bad and painful, and secured in what is good and pleasant, of course, does not affect the argument. The existence of a "wish" does not imply that it will ever be gratified.—*N. R. Waters.*

The God *wish* is not the true God.—*Carlyle.*

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> "Yet let not this too much, my son,
> Disturb thy youthful breast;
> This partial view of human kind
> Is surely not the last!
> The poor, oppressed, honest man
> Had never scarce been born,
> Had there not been some recompense
> To comfort those that mourn,"

I much fear me that "the high chief of Scottish song" has fallen into *cant*, or, as Carlyle would say, "has spoken from the truth outwards"—an infirmity that the sage and seer of Chelsea was himself not altogether free from. Alas! what preacher or poet, or even philosopher, is free from it? As Horace observes, *Nerno omnibus horis sapit* [No man is wise at all hours]. We must be patient with one another and make a liberal allowance for human weakness.—*C. W. C.*

Those who hav resources within themselvs, who can dare to liv alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad company, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—*Colton's Lacon.*

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. . . . . The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.—*Proverbs* xxvi, 12 and 16.

Odds and Ends.

Coming episode: The gothic style of hand-writing now so popular among young ladies, may hav its disadvantages It is said that a young man who received a specimen of it could not tell, for the life of him, whether it was, "Yes, with pleasure," "No, thank you," or a sketch of a picket fence.

Cook: "Madam; may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress: "What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely you can't expect me to say that I am satisfied with you." Cook: "Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."

"I should so like to hav a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I'm afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

Speaking of spiritual consolation, and the comforting assurance that the eternity of the just shall be blessed, a Chicago clergyman told a story the other day that is worth printing. There was an old lady in his church who was noted for her penuriousness as well as her piety, and while talking with her about her hopes of the hereafter, he asked:

"Mrs. S——, did you ever stop to think what will gratify you most in heaven?"

'Oh, yes," she replied, "it will be such a cheap place to liv in."

The kangrew ain't much ov a recommend for the factory which made him, or maybe he knu in himself when the riginal diergrams was in the safe, and rakin up such organs as wuz lef over he made his ownself. He looks in the face like a shaller goose and when you see him walkin' on his narrativ you don't blame nachur for givin him that expression. His legs mus been made on dif'rent tables, cauz the last iz long as a torchlite pechesin but the front ones haz got too much shortnin in. Sum kangrews has their cloze made so tha kin carry thare familys round in thare overskurts, but if I wuz a boy kangrew ide rather paddle mone kanew. Kangrews wear mustaches like cats, but a mule kin giv em a yard start on the ear question an' beet em like sicksty.

It is related that a Buffalo man who had been in the coffee business for several years was led to believe that he was a sinner, and to come out on the side of religion. The morning after he had taken this step he reached his factory to find business suspended, and upon demanding an explanation his son replied:

"Well, father, I didn't know what to do. I didn't suppose after what you said last night that you would mix any more beans with the coffee. I presumed it would make a difference."

"Yes, it will make just a little difference," calmly observed the old man. "We hav heretofore been mixing one barrel of beans to four of coffee, havn't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, take out a few of the beans—about two quarts, I guess."

Look out, backslider, whar you walkin,'
Make a misstep, shu' you bo'n;
I tell you what, it's no use talkin,'
Ef you slip up, chile, you gone.
De road is full er stumps and stubble,
Ruts and sinkholes eberywhar';
I spec' dey'll gib you heap er trouble,
Ef you don't stop foolin' dar.
It's dark as pitch an' mighty cloudy,
Spec de debbil's walkin' roun,'
Fus' thing you know he'll tell you "howdy"—
Lif' his hoof an' stomp de groun'.
Man, can't you see a sto'm a brewin',
Hear de awful thunder peal!
Look! blazen lightnin' threatnin' ruin—
Oh, backslider, how you feel?
Drap on yo' knees and go to prayin';
Ax de Lawd to help you out.
Chile, tell him you's a lam' a strayin'—
Done got los' an' stumblin' 'bout,
An' den you'll see the stars a gleamin'—
Luminatin' all de way,
'Bout ten thousan' twinklin' beamin'—
Smack until de break er day.
But ef you fail de debbil get you,
Fetch you slap right in yo' eye.
You'll feel mos' like er grapeshot hit you,
Drapped from half way to de sky!

A citizen called recently at the water registrar's office and introduced himself and his business by saying: "I'm Misther Jerry Muldoon, and I carries fifty votes. My cellar is full of water, and my hins will be drowned if it isn't fixed; so I want you to fix it." Mr. Muldoon was informed that nothing could be done for him there, when he again remarked, "I carries fifty votes, d'ye moind, and I want the water out of my cellar." "But we hav nothing to do with such matters," said the official; "you should employ a plumber to attend to it, Mr. Muldoon." This suggestion did not appear to strike the caller favorably, for he again declared: "I want you to understand that I carries fifty votes- fifty votes, you see—and I want you to fix my cellar. The water is in it, and my hins will be drowned if it isn't got out." There was some further conversation of this kind, and Mr. Muldoon was finally recommended to see the mayor in regard to the cellar, when he departed. Two or three days later he reappeared. "I come again to see about that cellar," said he; "I'm Misther Muldoon, you know, and I carries fifty votes. My cellar's worse than ever." "But we told you the other day, Mr. Muldoon, that we can do nothing about it here." "Yes, but I carries fifty votes, and my cellar must be fixed, or my hins will all be drowned." "Well, Mr. Muldoon, did you see the mayor about the matter?" "Indade I did," replied Mr. Muldoon. "And what did the mayor say?" "What did he say, is it? 'Misther Muldoon,' says he, 'why don't you kape ducks!'"—*Boston Journal.*

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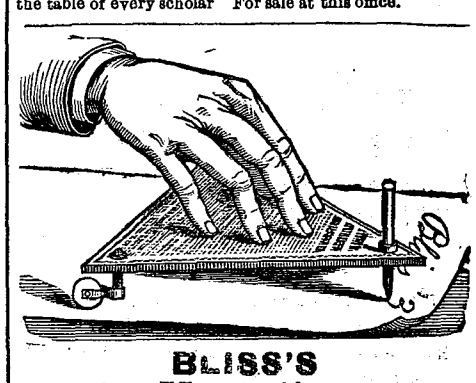
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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE gallows is now mentioned by a Kentucky paper as "the rope route to heaven."

A BOSTON deacon is to be put under disciplin for inserting in his dry goods advertisment: "High, low, jack, and the game."

PROF. TYNDALL has built himself an iron house at Hind Head, on the Hampshire Downs, within a walk of Aldworth, Mr. Tennyson's residence.

"HADN'T I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" said a Binghamton minister, Sunday. "Not to-day, dominie, I think," was the prudent reply; "the wind isn't right."

A LONDON paper demands "live preaching," and says the ministers should "pitch into" the vices of their hearers. Nonsense! A preacher likes to be popular as well as other folks.

Two church missionaries, William F. John and John Williams, and their wives, are being tried at Sierra Leone, in Africa, for the wilful murder of a nativ girl by flogging and other ill-treatment.

THE excavations for a lock on a caual which is being made near Mons, in Belgium, hav brought to light the bed of an ancient river, in which hav been found bones of mammoths and other animals.

THE length of the submarine cables in the whole world is estimated to be 64,000 miles, and their value to be $202,000,000. The length of all the wires in the world would reach forty-eight times around the earth.

THE Rev. Mr. Waite, of Savoy, Mass., wrote a letter to "Darling Truey," and, as the person thus lovingly addressed is a giddy girl of twenty, who had accompanied the parson to a camp-meeting, Mrs. Waite is trying to get a divorce.

SINCE it was discovered that a family at Logan, Kan., had lost five servant girls in succession by marriage the state commissioner of immigration is overwhelmed with letters from Eastern maidens, asking the speediest means of reaching that house.

THE comet has brought thousands of North Carolina negro sinners to repentance. They regard it as a forerunner of the world's end, and are making their preparations accordingly. This is a fair specimen of the effect of unusual phenomena of nature upon ignorant minds.

HIGH French authorities hav found by experiments on animals that while small doses of arsenic seemed to do good at first, they resulted ultimately in poverty of blood, and that a post-mortem disclosed in the liver, lungs, and kidneys the characteristics of fatty degeneration.

EVANGELIST BARNES has finished his revival work in Cincinnati, and acknowledges that he has failed to do much good to the sinners of that city. "I hav had night after night the same audience of Christians," he says, "but my mission is to reach sinners." If Mr. Barnes can not find sinners enough to satisfy him among Christians, it is hard to say where he should look for them.

WE hav news from London of the cremation of the bodies of two English ladies who died some years ago. Now that this way of disposing of the dead has been begun there, we shall doubtless hear of its practice in other cases. We hav accounts from time to time of cremation in Germany and in Italy, and there hav been several examples of it in the state of Pennsylvania.

PROF. GOULD leaves the Newton Theological Seminary, a Massachusetts Baptist institution, because his views hav swerved from Calvinism. These cases are becoming so common that they longer cease to excite remark. Probably in view of the general unbelief which pervades the ranks of the clergy they had better forswear the whole theory and no longer hang on the antiquated errors.

IN the old times when people traveled by diligence in France one traveler was killed in every 335,000, and one wounded in every 30,000. Now, when they travel by rail, one is killed per 5,178,590, and one wounded per 580,450. Railway traveling is thus nearly twenty times as safe as traveling by diligence.

THE director of Fine Arts in Paris has authorized an old woman who claims to hav a divining rod to dig in the vaults of the church of St. Dennis for the buried treasure of the cathedral, which disappeared during the Revolution. She has deposited a sum of money as security, and is prosecuting her researches by the aid of what appears to be an ordinary divining rod. So far, although workmen hav dug down to a depth of five feet, they hav discovered nothing.

MR. HAMMOND, engineer and general manager of an important Brazilian railroad, bears strong testimony to the value of coffee as a preventiv against miasmatic fevers. He instances the case of Father Vaughan, who, on a journey through a most unhealthy country from Panama to the river Platt, considered that he owed his health to taking strong coffee, and mentions that since the nativs in pestilent districts in Ecuador hav taken to drinking it the death rate has fallen considerably.

BOSTON has heretofore taken the lead of the Eastern cities in the number of applications for divorce from chains matrimonial, but Philadelphia seems to be now striving for this bad preeminence. Of the cases docketed at the September term of one of the courts of that city forty-seven were for divorces growing out of matrimonial infelicity. Some of the other courts are also burdened with the same complaints, showing plainly that the matrimonial current is not altogether a smooth one in the City of Brotherly Love.

ALTHOUGH the Congregationalists hav a large and prosperous weekly paper in Boston, which bears the name of their denomination, some of the brethren are so far from pleased with it that they want to establish a rival paper. This has been talked about for some time, but has not taken very definit shape until now, for the lack of cash capital. It is now said that enough money has been raised, and that the learned Joseph Cook is to be invited to the editorial chair. If the person named is to be the editor of the proposed new paper, it will undoubtedly contain more lies and slanders than any other paper in the country.

THE Rev. Obadiah Huse was eighty, and had been in the ministry half a century, when he was shocked by reading that he was "a pretentious old humbug." That assertion was made by the president of the Women's Educational Aid Association of Evanston, Ill., and was coupled by the specific charge that Huse had appropriated to his own use some money collected for the society. He promptly sued for damages. On the trial over twenty women, from rich philanthropists to poor laundresses, testified that he had borrowed from them without ever repaying, and in some of these cases his conduct amounted to swindling. He lost the suit.

MRS. STOW, a San Francisco dress reformer, has informed the police that on Jan. 1st she will begin to wear trousers in public, and she demands protection in case street crowds insult her. But the chief of police seems to think that it will be his duty to arrest her, on the ground that her conduct would be disorderly. As to the form of the proposed garment, Mrs. Stow says: "My trousers are made with a plait, and descend just to the line of beauty in the calf of the leg, just where the dresses of young girls come; and if young girls wear their dresses there, why should not old girls adopt the same fashion?" She is advised by a lawyer that California has no law under which she can be prevented from dressing in that fashion.

A CHURCH-MEMBER in Memphis was disciplined for his sins and turned out of church. Instead of being humbled by this process and brought to a state of penitence, his anger was excited at the pastor and the church people. When communion day came round this ex-brother wanted to be allowed to partake of the sacrament, and made his application to the pastor. The pastor refused him, whereupon the ex-brother threatened the servant of the Lord with a horsewhipping. On being told to come and do his worst, he went for the pastor, but was astonished to find himself in receipt of a sound thrashing. The minister is exultant over the victory he gained, and the ex-brother is recovering from his bruises.

THE French astronomers who hav just arrived in this city on their way to Florida to observe the transit of Venus, hav brought with them a very complete outfit of scientific instruments, which hav been passed free of duty through the Custom House. They intend to apply in their observations the photographic method, known since the transit of 1874 as the American method, and which, it is believed, will giv more trustworthy results than any other plan yet devised. The French hav sent out seven other expeditions to various parts of the world to observe the transit, and astronomers hav also started from the other principal European countries and from the United States for the same purpose. The transit does not occur until Dec. 6th, but it is requisit that the astronomers should be on the ground, and hav all arrangements made in due time.

THE writing of a letter to the wife of a member of his church was what brought the Rev. J. C. Sullivan, of Salem, O., to his downfall. "My precious darling," he said in the course of several pages of equally tender sentiment, "I can never be reconciled to the cruel circumstances that prevent our enjoying each other's society. I feel like defying all the rules and circumstances of society; and, indeed, if I did not fear that it would cause you more perplexity and anxiety by my coming to see you and walking on the street whenever I had the opportunity, I would certainly do so regardless of the gossip of the people. As I came down from the church this evening and saw no light in your window, such a sense of loneliness came upon me that I could hardly bear up under it. Oh, my sweet pet, if you can think of any way that I can come to you at any time I hope you will tell me; and if there is any place that you can meet me at any time, I will be willing to do so." The husband found the letter.

IF the story which comes from Alexander, in Texas, is true, a Texas revival is hardly more to be desired than an earthquake. The statement is made that a noisy man disturbed the meeting which Evangelist Penn was holding in hopes that he might be able to convert some of the wicked Alexanderites. Penn prayed for divine punishment on this disturber of his peace, whereupon the man is said to hav dropped dead. From Alexander Penn went to Lampasas, where a giddy girl giggled and disturbed the devotions. Penn prayed that the Lord would punish her, whereupon she upset a kerosene lamp, and, according to the veracious Texan who sends the account, was burnt to death. The next judgment which followed in the wake of this evangelist's march was a sudden and unexpected tornado. This overturned the gospel tent and overwhelmed the affrighted congregation, being almost as destructiv as a railroad disaster in its results of maiming and killing. The panic is described as having been dreadful in the extreme. As the place where the tent stood was flooded to the depth of two feet, most of the congregation became as wet as if they had been baptized by immersion. Such an evangelist as Penn must be more of a terror than a blessing to the community he invades. Why not utilize the prayer power of such a man to run railroad trains, clear up wild land, etc.?

News of the Week.

THERE arrived at this port on Monday last 4,484 emigrants.

A FIRE in a church at Calais, Maine, did $1,700 damage on the 22d.

MRS. LANGTRY, the famous English beauty, arrived in this city on the 22d.

A SIX-DAY'S walking match was begun in this city on Sunday night last.

IT is expected that the German law against Socialists will be speedily repealed.

CEREMONIES in memory of Garibaldi were held by the Italian masons of New York on the 22d.

IT is said that the Democratic victory in Ohio has had the effect of lowering the price of provisions.

A SOCIETY has been formed in this city, the object of which is to encourage agriculture among Hebrews.

MR. GEORGE MILN, the recent convert to Liberalism, has taken the stage and scored a success as Shakspere's Hamlet.

A WOMAN has just died in New York, aged 96, who saw Washington take the oath as first president of the United States.

A WASHINGTON undertaker has sent in a bill of $1,896.50 for materials and services during the obsequies of the late president.

WALTER MALLEY, of unwholesome notoriety in the case of the murdered Jennie Cramer, is now complainant in a blackmailing case.

PROF. FELIX ADLER renewed his lectures last Sunday at Chickering Hall. His subject was, "The True Method of Religious Reform."

THE office of the Union Theological Seminary and the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER are nearly opposit each other on the same street.

MANY Republican government clerks in Washington are said to be going home to Massachusetts to vote for Butler for governor of that state.

TALMAGE said in his last Sunday's sermon that Susannah Wesley would get a higher throne on the last day than either Charles or John Wesley.

THE 200th anniversary of the landing of William Penn, the founder of the state of Pennsylvania, was celebrated by the Society of Friends on the 22d.

A NEW comet of much smaller dimensions than the great comet has been discovered by Prof. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y. It is supposed to be a detached fragment of the larger one.

THE Presbyterian synod in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 23d declared itself in favor of prohibition, and almost unanimously agreed not to support any candidate not in sympathy with it.

HENRY GEORGE, the author of "Progress and Poverty," was given an enthusiastic reception at Cooper Union on the 20th, and on the 21st he was tendered a dinner at Delmonico's.

THE workingmen of Brooklyn hav erected a church in that city called "The Church of Our Savior—Humanity." Beer drinking was indulged in during last Sunday's services, but was interrupted by the police.

A CERTAIN Doctor Newborough, a dentist of this city, has just published a new bible, the name of which he spells "Oahspe" (though how the same is pronounced no man knoweth), and which he claims was written by inspiration from "Jehovih." Newborough is a Spiritualist, and more or less mediumistic.

BEECHER is under indictment for breach of contract to write a "Life of Christ" for Samuel Wilkeson, publisher. The agreement was made fourteen years ago, Beecher signing a contract to furnish the manuscript in eighteen months, and receiving $10,000 for his signature to the same. He broke his agreement, it is alleged, hence the suit.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in California.—Continued.

After reaching the valley below, we found a fine farming country, and passed some very pleasant localities. One of these is a small place called Kellogg's, a place of considerable resort in the summer season. The hotel is a commodious one, capable of accommodating a large number of pleasure-seekers, who often patronize it. A few miles more of our agreeable ride brought us to Fossville, the home of the noted stage-man, and a pleasant little village, The general keeps a house of entertainment, where his passengers are supplied with a first-class dinner. We agreed that we had not partaken of a better dinner in many a day. His wife and daughters seem to understand how to keep a hotel as well as the husband, son, and father know how to drive a stage. When next we took the coach we had the general himself for driver, and we found that he filled the programme laid down for him.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

From Fossville to Calistoga there are two routes, one the direct road, the other by way of the Petrified forest, one of the curiosities of California. A part of our number, filling one stage, took the former route, the remainder the other. By the direct road it is about six miles to Calistoga; by the Petrified Forest it is two or three miles farther.

Let me give you a brief description of this noted relic of the past. What is termed the Petrified Forest consists of three or four hundred trees, or parts of trees, now prostrate on the earth, and covering some thirty acres of ground, somewhat up the mountain side, but not very high above the level of the valley. These trees all fell in one direction, the tops toward the valley, and the roots turned up toward the mountain top. It would seem they fell together by some terrible force of nature in the form of a tornado, and by some other process they have been converted into stone. They are now partially covered by earth, but one noble specimen of a tree, nearly seventy feet in length and eleven feet through, at the base, is pretty much uncovered. From the large size we are led to think the growth must have been the celebrated red-wood of California, which sometimes attains to the enormous proportions of thirty feet in diameter. This tree records a growth of eleven hundred years, the grains or layers to that number being distinct and easily counted. There are in a distance of three hundred feet thirty-six of these prostrate monarchs, though not all so large or perfect as the one just mentioned. Many are broken, and others nearly covered. Many portions of these trees of stone have been taken away to be added to museums of curiosities in various parts of the world. It is, indeed, a wonder how this ancient forest of fallen trees thus became converted into solid stone. Many theories have been advanced upon the subject; but the one most accepted is that after having been laid prostrate by some terrible cyclone a neighboring volcano—perhaps Mount Helena—threw out a flood of fire and lava charged with saline and mineral matter, submerging these enormous trees, and thus gradually changing them to stone. Considerable quantities of petrified charcoal are also found here, indicating that a portion of the forest was subjected to a degree of heat sufficient to char the wood before the process of petrifaction took place. The portion of the stone which was once charcoal seems quite different from that of the uncharred wood, and can be crumbled or broken apart much easier than other portions more thoroughly converted into stone. This fact seems to indicate that the fallen wood was acted upon by a high degree of heat before the petrifying process had advanced far. The largest log mentioned has its bark on in a pretty perfect state, though now all is solid rock. The ground in places is covered with petrified chips and fragments of trees. One is thrown into a reverie of wonder at the marvelous history these fallen monarchs of the forest must have had in the ages long past. An unknown number of centuries have come and gone since these mammoth trees were in their infant state and started upon their wonderful and eventful career.

Here is also a growth which attracts some attention. It is somewhat in the form of a Druidic temple, twenty feet in diameter and fourteen feet high. It seems to be composed of the trunks of the petrified trees; but how they came into the position they now occupy is a matter of unlimited speculation.

CALISTOGA,

Twenty-six miles from the Geysers, is reached in an hour's ride from the Petrified Forest, and appears a fine and flourishing town. It is well laid out, and makes a pleasant home for those whose fortune has brought them here. It is a place of considerable resort by reason of its warm and medicated springs. Many invalids come here on account of these curative waters and baths, and much benefit is said to be imparted by them. We had an hour here, passed in the pleasant company of J. C. Weybright, a patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who resides three or four miles from the village, and who, having had a letter from me, and thus being apprised of my expected visit, met us here. He urged us to stop over and make a visit to his place, and also to deliver a lecture in the village; but we felt that time would not permit, and that we must hurry on our way back to the city. Friend Weybright is engaged at vine growing for raisins, this part of the state being one of the noted vine regions of California. Hereabouts thousands of acres are in vines, which look very flourishing, though they go several months together without rain. I notice that the vines are usually about six feet apart, in rows running each way, so that they are easily cultivated by horse. They are not staked nor trained on trellises as they are in many parts of the world, but grow up like low bushes, three or four feet high, and are cut back every year. Many farmers turn their attention almost exclusively to the culture of the vine.

Calistoga is the northern terminus of the California Pacific Railroad, the southern terminus being at Vallejo, on the northwestern portion of San Francisco Bay. The first point passed on our southern ride is St. Helena, a small village not far from the road. Here the valley becomes narrow, little more than a ribbon, but soon again broadens out many miles in width. Not far from the village are located the White Sulphur Springs, also a resort of those in search of health, who often remain here for weeks for the benefit to be derived from the medical waters. A good hotel is said to be kept there for the accommodation of guests, with small cottages for those who prefer to live more by themselves. Not far away is Mount St. Helena, the highest peak in the neighborhood, having an altitude of 4,343 feet. From its summit a magnificent view is said to be obtained of the mountain ranges, the luxuriant valleys, and even of the Pacific.

The Soda Springs lie again to the south, in Napa county, and east of Napa City, and give out a constant supply of natural soda water, the white stone building standing in proud prominence one thousand feet above the level of the valley, to the left, as we speedily roll along down the Napa River. This place is also noted for the fine view it affords, Vallejo, and even San Francisco and its shipping, being seen when the air is clear. There are said to be twenty-seven springs here in all, though only about a fourth part of them are made use of. A bottling establishment is over one of them, in which four hundred dozen of bottles are filled per day and shipped to all parts of the world. This should, perhaps, be considered the Saratoga of California. A beautiful pagoda is built over one of the springs, the solid stone pillars and floor forming an appropriate setting for the natural stone basin, from which flows an abundant supply of medical waters from another of nature's laboratories. Within easy reach of this lovely retreat are said to be growing orange-trees, loaded with golden fruit, through the rich dark foliage of the groves of which are to be seen glimpses of the brilliant blossoms of the oleander, and also roses and jasmine; above all soars the towering pines, which lend majesty to the abundant loveliness.

The Napa valley is one of the most fertile in the state. It is about forty-five miles in length and irregular in breadth. It contains about 450,000 acres, and nearly equally divided between valley and upland. The soil is of the richest description, and produces abundant crops. The fields are now teeming with golden grain—wheat, barley, and oats—save where it has been cut, and hundreds of shocks show the prolific yield afforded to requite the husbandman's toil. The long season here without rain makes the grain harvest a period free from apprehensions of wet weather. The grain can stand in shocks for ten or twenty weeks without danger from rain.

Napa City is a beautiful town, a short distance from the railroad, its highest houses being seen above the tops of the plentiful trees. It is said to be a stirring business place, though its beautiful cemetery, with its fine monuments and tombs, in which its citizens take pride, would seem to indicate quiet. Two or three miles away, and on the opposite side of the railroad, but in full view of the cars, is a state insane asylum, a fine-looking and extensive edifice, capable of accommodating from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred patients. I learn that some more than a thousand patients are now confined there.

The ride from Napa to Vallejo is beautifully diversified between level plain and knobs and ridges not far away. The hills are gray and sere, but the valley abounds in fertility, the area seemingly divided between the culture of grain and the vine, the latter increasing upon the former.

At Vallejo we make a very slight halt, and are soon transferred to the fine steamer to take us to San Francisco. Here I chanced to fall in company with two somewhat distinguished Liberal women—Mrs. Slocum and Miss Clara Foults, a female lawyer of considerable ability. We reached San Francisco by the time the shades of evening had set in, feeling highly pleased with our trip to the Geysers and all the beautiful country and scenery we had witnessed.

MORE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

I have, in all, spent three or four days looking about the Golden Gate city, taking in the many interesting features which attract attention. A part of this time I have been accompanied by my friend H. W. Walker, who has seemed to take pleasure in escorting me about and showing me the interesting features of the town. I will not mention these wholly in the order visited, but as they now present themselves to me. The first shall be

THE UNITED STATES MINT,

One of the handsomest buildings in the city, and situated on the northeast corner of Fifth and Mission streets. It comprises two high stories and a basement. The portico is supported by six fluted columns of elegant design. The architecture is Doric. It has a frontage of two hundred and seventeen feet on Fifth street and one hundred and sixty-one feet on Mission. From its roof rise two chimneys one hundred and forty-two feet in hight. These are doubtless for the purpose of carrying away beyond possibility of inhalation the fumes of the metals and chemicals used in the process of smelting and refining. Coining was commenced in San Francisco in 1854, in a smaller building in another part of the city, but in 1874, this grand structure being completed, the business was removed to this edifice. About two hundred and fifty persons are employed the premises in the various branches of the business conducted here, millions of dollars in silver and gold being turned out each month. Through the kindness of the superintendent we were allowed to look over the establishment as thoroughly as we desired. The edifice is of dressed stone, the upper portion being Oregon freestone and the basement of granite.

It is no small curiosity to see the different processes, from the refining to the finishing up of the coins, weighing and counting them ready to be sent away for Uncle Samuel's favored children to put in circulation. I shall not undertake to describe all these processes, but will be content to give you some points of information.

Crude bullion is received at the mint and is operated on in the following manner: The bars of silver—or *d'ore*, as they are called from the fact that they usually contain a certain percentage of gold, copper, lead, and other metals, though silver predominates in much the largest proportion—are received, weighed, and numbered in the receiving department, and then are turned over to the melter and refiner, who causes each bar to be melted separately, thoroughly mixed, and poured into square bars, an assay being taken from the top and one from the bottom of the melt while in a molten condition. The bullion is purchased according to the assay and weight after melting. Gold deposits are received and treated in the same manner. The melter and refiner then causes one hundred and fifty pounds of *d'ore* bullion to be melted with fifty pounds of gold deposits, or amounts of each in that proportion, to be thoroughly mixed and to be poured into large tanks filled with cold water. The metal falls to the bottom in small flaky particles; this is called "granulating," and is done in order to obtain a thin surface for the acid to act upon in the process of refining. The water is drawn off and the granulated particles of the metals are placed in boxes and taken to the refinery. Here they are placed in porcelain jars and the silver dissolved in nitric acid. The solution of nitrate of silver is then drawn off by means of a gold syphon—that metal not being acted upon by nitric acid—and emptied into a large vat of brine or very salt water, which, being constantly stirred, precipitates the metal in chloride of silver, the cholric acid in the salt taking the place of the nitric acid. It is then reduced to a metallic form by diluted sulphuric and zinc granulations in proper proportions. The silver is then pressed in cakes, dried, melted, and poured into 800 or 1,200-ounce bars. Two assays are taken from each melt, one from the bottom, the other from the top, and the fineness ascertained. The usual purity is 998—1,000 being absolute purity. An exact weight of each bar is taken, a computation is made, and the necessary amount of copper as alloy is added to reduce the metal to the standard fineness, which is 900 for both gold and silver coins, ten per cent of the coinage of each being copper. The ingot melter then melts the pure metal and the alloy together, thoroughly mixing them, and then casting the same into ingots. A silver dollar ingot is twelve inches long, one and a half inches wide, and one-half an inch thick. There are thirty-five ingots in a melt. After the nitrate of silver is drawn from the porcelain jars, the gold that was contained in the granulations, and which of course the nitric acid could not dissolve, is then removed and refined by boiling in sulphuric acid, after which it is treated in the same manner as refined silver.

Mr. Alexander Martin, melter and refiner in this mint, has had twenty-two years' experience in refining the precious metals in our mints, and he thoroughly understands everything connected with the department. Jacob Stadtfeldt, the gold ingot melter, is one of the best in the United States; he has had twenty-five years' experience. John Feix, foreman of the refinery, has been employed in our

American mints for thirty years. Probably he knows as much about the refining of the precious metals as any man in the world. The facts here presented were kindly furnished me by Mr. La Blanc, employed here in the mint.

The refining of gold is largely performed in the furnaces, and by the aid of flues. All the baser metals are comparatively oxidized by the aid of heat, or, in other words, "burnt out," whereas gold does not so oxidize, and may be exposed to the action of fire for an indefinite period of time without being converted into an oxide. I was told, however, that if the heat of the furnace is too intense the gold is converted into a vapor, and is carried off up the chimney, and is often deposited in a metallic state upon the roof. This was news to me, as I was not aware that gold could so be subjected to a process of distillation. Probably the process must be very slow.

The machinery in the mint for rolling out the strips from which the coins are cut with a die and punch, as well as the stamping or milling, is of a very perfect description. The engine is one hundred and fifty horse-power, and one of the finest in the world. With the gold coins and silver dollars every piece is weighed and brought to the exact weight before it is stamped. This is done by women, of whom large numbers are employed in the mint. The reducing of the weight is effected by filing and sand-papering. The precious dust is all carefully saved, and in the course of a year this, with the other waste of the establishment, amounts to a large sum. The entire institution is managed in an excellent manner, and kept as neat as a pin. The officials were very polite, and allowed me all the privileges I could ask for, save, perhaps, carrying away a good-sized box full of the yellow coins, but they were not giving out bags of coin the day I called upon them. This mint gives excellent situations for superintendents, assistants, overseers, foremen in the different parts, and the entire corps of employees. The pay is good, and the labor by no means excessive. I made up my mind I would rather own the mint, its contents and business, than any other establishment I have seen in the city.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

Is another government establishment which I had occasion to visit a number of times. My stereopticon and views were sent there for examination, to see if I would have any duties to pay upon them. As the tariff on that class of goods is forty per cent, and as the goods had cost some five hundred dollars, I naturally was a little anxious to learn how much duty I would be obliged to pay. I am pleased to be able to say that I found the officials and assistants in the Custom House very genial and accommodating, much more so than is often the case with government employees. I found that in consequence in part of my having used the apparatus in Yokohama, and more particularly because they are "tools of trade," to be used to illustrate lectures, no duties applied to them, and they were admitted free. They were also very obliging and generous with the curios, paper goods, and other articles of Japanese manufacture I brought home with me. They admitted all free of duty. Thereby I felt that I had been saved the unpleasant duty of paying out some two hundred dollars, which would have been the amount to disburse had I been forced to pay the regular tariff. It is so usual in such places to meet with short and crusty replies that the obliging and gentlemanly treatment received here was duly appreciated. How much pleasanter this world would be than it is now if everybody would treat everybody else with courtesy and politeness.

MANUFACTURES.

I called at several of the manufacturing establishments of this flourishing city, and was pleased to find so much enterprise and industry manifested here. The West Coast Furniture Manufactory is doing a very large business, employing some two hundred hands, and turning out a vast amount of beautiful furniture, which is shipped all over the state, up and down the coast, as well as to the islands of the Southern Pacific. They have the late improvements in manufacturing machinery, such as band-saws, dove-tailing machines, etc. The latter perform the work of fifteen men, and do it beautifully. The woods used is this manufactory are many of them quite new to me, and several kinds are very showy. Among them are Toa, South Sea Tamano, Sardwish, Trimavasa, Mexican laurel, California laurel, Oregon ash, tiger-wood, etc. Some are very hard; some are showy, and admit of a fine finish. The establishment is doing itself great credit in the great quantity of beautiful work it is turning out.

Adjoining this establishment is the "Seal Rock Tobacco Works." I have no special affection for tobacco, and think if every plant of it in existence should suddenly die, and every tobacco seed refuse to grow, the world would not meet with a very serious loss; but as this company has built up a large business, which bids fair to grow still larger, I could hardly do less than walk in and look at them; and as many of you are chewers and smokers, I cannot well do less than tell you a little about this particular tobacco establishment.

The company is from Lynchburg, Va.; has been here less than two years; uses six thousand pounds of tobacco per day; works two hundred and fifty hands. Its weekly pay roll is $1,000. It keeps on hand at all times $100,000 worth of the raw material, and the same amount of the manufactured goods. The average price of the manufactured article is sixty cents per pound. All kinds of manufactured tobacco are turned out. Male and female hands are employed, and they work complacently side by side, wrapping up the leaves of the nicotine, the males being principally negroes from Virginia. Some of the stock is dipped in a mixture of licorice, etc., to make it sweet and dark, while some is wrapped in the natural state. Copperas, glucose, and other substances are used in the manufacture of this filthy weed. As I stood looking at the scores of busy hands preparing this narcotic herb, adding the mixture to make the certain brands, I could not help thinking how many thousands of people will engage in chewing it; how uncleanly and ridiculous the habit, and how much better the world would be if the baneful qualities of tocacco had never been discovered or used. The pressing is done by hydraulic power, and is applied very quickly. A fifty-pound box is pressed in two minutes. The plugs are made long and short, from two ounces to a pound. When I meditate upon the uncleanly habit of using the weed, and realize the uselessness of it, perhaps I am like the Pharisee who thanked his God that he was not sinful like other men. I am very glad that I never contracted the habit of using tobacco.

We visited one of the large canning establishments where California fruits are put up in immense quantities, and where hundreds of hands are employed in the business. We did not see so much of the details of the business as we otherwise would have done had the man in charge evinced more courtesy. As it was, he was so boorish and ungentlemanly that we did not press our investigations. There are several canning establishments in the city. California surpasses all countries in the world for fruits, and must necessarily excel in fruit canning.

We called at the ice manufactory, and were much interested in the process employed and the results obtained. I will not now undertake to tell how many thousands of feet of pipe are employed for conveying ammonial gas, which absorbs the warmth in water, thus congealing it into ice. The chamber where the freezing is done is about fifty by twenty-five feet, and some sixteen feet in hight. The water is allowed to trickle down somewhat slowly, the freezing process taking place promptly, and by the addition of layer after layer of ice the chamber becomes ultimately full of solid ice, containing in all some hundreds of tons. I have almost forgotten how many hours are required to complete the freezing, but think it is about thirty. The ice is easily gotten out in large cakes, and besides supplying the city, the ships in the harbor are also supplied, and large quantities are shipped up and down the coast and to the Pacific islands. A large engine is employed to perfect the freezing process. I have seen large bodies of ice in my time, but I do not remember having ever seen such a mass of pure, congealed crystal.

I called to see a patron in the large machine shop for making stamps, mills, crushers, etc, for mining purposes, the same conducted by Joshua Hendry. Here are quartz mills, rock breakers, ore feeders, battery mortar, battery irons, battery stamps, with hydraulic machinery of all kinds, with saw mills for lumber, and all the machinery thereunto pertaining. It is a busy establishment, and here machines of various patterns and styles are kept on hand, so that all desires could be pleased.

OTHER IRON ESTABLISHMENTS.

There are in the same quarter of the city a great number of iron manufactories and machine works of a wide range in character. Here milling machinery and appliances are gotten up for all conceivable purposes. Much more of this kind of work is done here than at all other points on the Pacific coast, and all evinces the spirit of industry and enterprise which prevails here. Among the large iron working establishments of this active city, I will mention a few. The Fulton Iron Works, Hinckley, Spiers & Hays, proprietors, have three hundred men employed; use two hundred and fifty tons of iron per month, and their annual business amounts to $800,000. They are now completing a sixty-stamp mill for Mexico, with two Corliss engines, twenty-four inch bore, and forty-eight inch stroke, with six boilers fifty-four inches in diameter and sixteen feet long; thirty-six five-inch pans; eighteen eight-feet settlers; four rock breakers, etc. They are also making a twenty-stamp mill for the Total Wreck Mining Company of Arizona, with Corliss engine, twenty-inch bore, forty-eight inch stroke, with four boilers, forty-four inches in diameter, sixteen feet long; fourteen five-inch pans, and seven eight-feet settlers. Also a number of engines, boilers, etc., for smaller mills. Also a Corliss engine with thirty-inch bore, forty-eight inch stroke, with ten boilers for the Pacific Iron and Nail Company, about commencing business in Oakland.

The Golden State Miners' Iron Works are also turning out a great deal of heavy work. They employ eighty men, and use one hundred tons of iron per month. The largest job they have on hand at present is extensive dredging machinery for the Panama Canal. It appears that they are able to do the work cheaper, even, than it can be pone in Pittsburgh, or any other point East, even when the difference of freight is taken into consideration. The whole thing will be completed, ready for shipment in August. The company have eight engines and four boilers, and under favorable circumstances handle fifteen hundred cubic yards of material in an hour.

The Pacific Iron Works, Rankin, Brayton & Co., proprietors, cover two fifty-*vara* lots; number of workmen employed, one hundred and seventy-five; amount of coal and wrought iron consumed monthly, two hundred and fifty tons. They manufacture all kinds of mining machinery; plants for gold and silver mills, water-jackets, smelting furnaces, hoisting works, and pumping machinery, Wheelock's automatic cut-off engine, Walker's compound steam pump, Howell's improved white furnace, Pacific patent revolving dryer, ore crushers, concentrating machinery, sample works, etc. The water-jacket smelting furnaces are used for galena silver and copper ores, and embrace many features of practical utility, covered by letters patent, and not possessed by others. It is said no other furnace can compare with them for durability and capacity for uninterrupted work. More than sixty of them are now running on the Pacific coast, giving satisfaction in all cases.

The Etna Iron Works, Pendergast, Smith & Co., manufacture iron castings and machinery of all kinds. They employ about one hundred hands, and use one hundred and twenty-five tons of iron per month.

The Union Iron Works, Prescott, Scott & Co., employ six hundred men, and use from twenty-four to thirty thousand tons of rough material in the year.

I could not, of course, take time to visit all the iron and machinery works of the city; but it must be admitted that for a young city San Francisco has done wonders in this direction, as well as in many others. These numerous busy establishments give steady employment to great numbers of workmen, and dispense every month hundreds of thousands of dollars to merchants and traders of the city.

MARKETS AND EXCHANGES.

The markets of San Francisco are well worth visiting. In a land where nature has been so prodigal of her benefits, nowhere, perhaps, in the world may be witnessed such a display at all times of the year, fish, flesh, fowl, tubers, fruits, and vegetable, as to be seen in the various markets appropriated to the sale of each. From the South in early March come strawberries, and as the season advances so do the fruits keep pace; until late in autumn they are supplied with luxuries from countries lying north. Thus in this city of plenty its fruit stalls, its vegetable stalls, and meat stalls may be seen heavily laden with the fatness of the earth, and at seasons when in other parts Jack Frost reigns supreme.

California Market was opened August 1, 1867, and occupies a space from Pine to California streets, between Kearney and Montgomery streets. Here is to be found at all seasons of the year offered to families and consumers a full and splendid display of comforts and delicacies of all kinds.

Center Market is situated at the southeast corner of Dupont and Sutter streets, and was opened in July, 1874. It is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet by two hundred feet, with entrances on both Sutter and Dupont streets.

New Metropolitan Market, on the southeast corner of New Montgomery and Mission streets, and the *San Francisco Market*, running from Clay to Merchant street, between Mongomery and Sansome streets, are the other institutions of like nature. The wholesale market where the vegetable and fruit are disposed of by wholesale, and where the retail dealers of the city obtain their supplies, is a busy place in the morning. Through the center is a wide roadway, through which heavily loaded wagons are driven, and on the sides are wide stalls or divisions into which wagons drive to unload. Perhaps one hundred tons of vegetables are sold here every day, and fruit in proportion.

I visited the Merchants' Exchange and the Produce Exchange, and received some figures as to the amount of business transacted therein, but as I failed to set them down my memory is too treacherous to permit me to give them accurately. The amount of business, however, is very large. At the Produce Exchange the membership is set at very high figures, as the advantages thereby derived are very great. Here immense amounts of grain change hands, hundreds of thousands of bushels being sold at a single operation. Here every morning dealers who are members gather in at ten o'clock, and thirty or sixty minutes are used in effecting private sales, which are often very extensive. Every member has his desk, perhaps with his samples of grain and produce, and the place is a very busy one, with the bargains that are effected. At the appointed time auction sales begin, when a certain number of hundreds

of bushels of a certain grain are offered to the highest bidder. The bids are sometimes lively. In the public way very large quantities of grain in the aggregate are sold, and to be shipped to various parts of the world. As a grain-growing state California cannot be excelled.

LIBRARIES.

San Francisco is well supplied with these very useful institutions, and some of them compare favorably with similar institutions in much older cities.

The Mercantile Library Association, situated at 216 Bush street, was organized January 24, 1853, and contains fifty thousand volumes, and is the largest and best assorted library in the state. The building is elegant and substantial, and constructed of brick and iron. In the commodious reading-room are kept the principal periodicals of the world.

The Free Public Library occupies what was formerly known as the Pacific Hall, over the California Theater, on Bush street, between Kearney and Dupont streets. It is supported by the levy of a tax authorized by the Board of Supervisors for the city and county. It contains about 25,000 volumes, with a circulation of 40,000 volumes per month. Tickets to remove books are issued on form of application, the same being signed by some responsible person.

Odd Fellows' Library Association was organized December 30, 1854, and reorganized May 21, 1870. It contains 38,000 volumes, with an annual circulation of over 100,000 volumes. The various departments of literature are well represented here, as well as many works considered rare. A comfortable reading-room contains the leading periodicals of the times, and is usually crowded with intent readers. The institution is mainly supported by the lodges of the city. Its doors are always open to members of the order from all parts of the country. It is said to be the largest and best conducted library belonging to a similar order or organization in any part of the country.

The San Francisco Law Library was started in September, 1865, and was first located in the third story of the City Hall; then in the Exchange Building on the northeast corner of Washington and Montgomery streets. From this latter place it was removed to rooms No. 27 and 28 in Montgomery Block, a large edifice containing between one and two hundred rooms. The library contains 22,500 volumes, chiefly of law books, and is also well supplied with books of legislative and political record, and works of references, which include bibliographs, encyclopedias, dictionaries, directories, gazetteers, history, travels, discovery, etc.

The Masonic Library numbers 1,271 volumes, and are such as are more particularly connected with Masonry. It is situated in the Masonic Temple at the corner of Post and Montgomery streets.

The Mechanics' Institute Library contains 30,000 volumes, among which are said to be very rare tomes. On its shelves is a complete set of the British Patent Reports, 3,538 volumes, all well bound and dating from 1617. This set is considered of great value. Here are also many other valuable works, including the Pyramids of Egypt, Arabian Antiquities, Hogarth's Works, a complete set of Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, Russell's Naval Architecture, Transactions of the Linnean Society of London, Encyclopedia Britannica, Knight's Cyclopedia, and a great collection of scientific works.

There are seven daily newspapers published in San Francisco, the *Chronicle*, the *Morning Call*, the *Examiner*, the *Alta-Californian*, the *Abend Post* (German), the *Evening Bulletin*, the *Evening Post*. Chief among the weekly papers, besides the weekly editions of those just named, are the *Argonaut*, the *News Letter*, *Pacific Life*, *Spirit of the Times*, the *Wasp*, etc.

San Francisco is well supplied with schools, among which are a High School for each boys and girls, a Latin School, the Lincoln Grammar School, Denman Grammar School, Rincon Grammar School, Washington School, Union Grammar School, Broadway Grammar School, Clarke's Point Grammar School, Spring Valley Grammar School, Hayes' Valley Grammar School, Cosmopolitan School, and several others.

Of Hospitals, the city has five, the German Hospital, San Francisco Female Hospital, San Francisco Lying-in and Foundling Hospital, City and County Hospital, French Hospital.

Of asylums there are also five, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum, with the Almshouse and benevolent and charitable societies.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Is claimed to be equal to any in the world. The force of the department consists of over three hundred men. The apparatus consists of twelve steam fire engines, five ditto in reserve; twelve tenders, two-wheeled, six ditto (reserve); five four-wheeled hose-carriages, one ditto (reserve); four hook-and-ladder trucks, one ditto (reserve); one chief engineer's buggy, one assistant-chief engineer's buggy, and seventy-two horses.

Throughout the city are 55 cisterns, having a capacity of 2,011,856 gallons, and not less than 1,346 hydrants, together with 39 large gongs, 32 small gongs, one bell weighing 4,500 pounds, four weighing 2,000 pounds each, one weighing 800 pounds, and two of 300 pounds each.

One hundred and twenty miles of wire are used for telegraphing, one hundred of which is run on poles, and the balance on the housetops. There are 361 stations, duly numbered, and when an alarm is given at either one of these stations the exact locality of the fire is at once made known at headquarters.

STEAMSHIP LINES.

San Francisco is also well supplied in this direction. Being the half-way house of call, commercially speaking, between the orient and the occident, it is a point from which steamers of every build are constantly departing, while perhaps nowhere else in the world is such complete system apparent and such strict regard observed as to time of both departing and arriving.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company I have already spoken of. The fine steamers in this line ply to Japan and China, and to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and to Panama. It has eight steamers in all; but owing to some mismanagement, the stock of the company is worth much less than a few years ago.

The Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company is the one I patronized from Yokohama to San Francisco. The steamers of this line run only to and from Japan and China. They are employing four or five large steamers.

The boats of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company ply between Victoria, British Columbia, and Puget Sound. Two boats run in this line. San Diego and southern ports, four boats run in this line. Eureka, Humboldt, etc., are reached, and two steamers are here employed.

Other routes occupy some fourteen steamers, large and small.

Steam ferries across the bay to Oakland and other points are one of the institutions of this enterprising city. Most of them run in connection with railroad lines.

THE DOCKS

Of the city are also worthy of notice. With its immense import and export trade San Francisco necessarily needs extensiv dock facilities.

The California Dry Dock is capable of accommodating the largest ocean-going steamers. It is located at Hunter's Point, about four and a half miles from the city. Its length is 416 feet; width, 90 feet; depth of water on sills in spring tide, 24 feet; at neap tide, 22 feet.

The Balance Floating Dry Docks are situated near the first, and are capable of receiving first-class vessels of 1,500 tons register.

Besides these there is a marine railway slip for vessels of no more than 800 tons burden.

The Mission Rock Grain Dock and Warehouses are located on an island, about six hundred yards from the city front, near the wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and connected with the shore by a steam ferry. The island covers an area of about fourteen acres, with sufficient depth of water to load and float ships of the largest class. Trips to the warehouses are made by ferry-boat every half hour (free), from the landing at the foot of Second street.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, instituted in 1851, has a world-wide reputation. Its quarters comprise a series of well-arranged departments, whence parcels may be forwarded all over the United States, and, in fact, to any part of the world. They connect with western companies, and have agencies in many important eastern cities. They also have six or eight European agencies.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Among these may be named the New City Hall, the Old City Hall, the Industrial School, the House of Correction, the County Jail, the United States Mint, the United States Sub-Treasury, the Custom House, San Francisco Stock Exchange, Merchants' Exchange, the Masonic Temple, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Appraisers' Building, the Safe Deposit Block, the Art School.

I might mention the churches, for the city is blessed or cursed—according to the standpoint from which one judges—with a goodly lot of them, but my inclination is so faint in that line that I will pass them by with slight notice. Suffice it to say that San Francisco has a Trinity church, Grace church, a Calvary church; St. Luke has one; St. Ignatius is well enough off to have one; St. Mary has a cathedral; St. Francis, a church; St. Patrick, a church; while the Jews have a fine synagogue; many others I have not mentioned. I did not put myself to the trouble to look up the high-salaried clergymen who exhibit their talents in these magnificent god-houses, being more anxious to make the acqaintance of honest and skilful mechanics. I, however, did see the capacious church or tabernacle in which the Rev. I. S. Kallock preaches, and I had the opportunity of looking upon the holy man himself. He looks like a jolly, worldly sort of a fellow who enjoys a generous dinner, a horse-race, and is a good judge of female loveliness. I believe he thinks a good deal more about this world than the one that is said to succeed it.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

Should not be overlooked. They before have been in part incidentally alluded to, though not in detail. The city boasts of an opera house; and among the theaters are the California Theater, the Baldwin, the Bush Street Theater, the Standard, the Fountain, the Adelphi, the Bella Union, the Tivoli Garden, the Winter Garden, the Vienna Garden, and Woodward's Gardens. I visited the Baldwin and the Tivoli Gardens, and found myself duly amused, but cannot speak from personal experience of the others.

I visited

WOODWARD GARDENS,

For the theater there is not in operation during the day, which was the time of my calling. The grounds are very interesting and well worthy of a visit. The late R. B. Woodward commenced the laying out of these gardens in 1860, after having visited the Eastern states and Europe, and three times subsequently, not only to obtain information, but to procure valuable works of art and antiquity, fine educational types of natural history, a large and well-selected library, and all the treasures of art and science, together with a daily increasing number of specimens that form the high reputation of the four museums—the Zoographicon, the Art Gallery, the Marine Aquarium, Conservatories, Plant-Houses, Menageries, and Statuaries. The entire expenditure has been from $50,000 to $100,000 annually, while scarcely a day passes but what some new curiosity is added to the already vast collection of beasts, birds, and fishes, and these from the most distant parts of the world. On Saturday and Sunday an afternoon performance is given in the very capacious auditorium, supplied with a large stage. At the time of my visit a company of young men and women were enjoying themselves on roller-skates.

For promenading purposes the capacious grounds are almost unsurpassed. The asphaltum walks are kept in fine order, as they wind around the ornamental flower-beds, the lake, the cages for animals, and the almost ceaseless variety of rare vegetation.

The Museum of Zoology, contains a fine collection of birds and beasts, principally American, placed in cages duly classified and numbered. Among the buildings, departments, etc., are the Rotunda, the Conservatory and Orangery, the Art Gallery, the Marine Aquarium, Tropical Greenhouses, the Conchological Gallery, the Menagerie, the Fox Inclosure, the Engine House, the Bear Pit, the Monkey House, the Donkey Inclosure, the Amphitheater, the Promenade, the Camera Obscura, Large Animal Cage, Large Animal Inclosure, the Aviary, the Deer Inclosure, the Cattle Inclosure, the Gymnasium, the Swings, the Kangaroo House, the Great Aviary, the Fountain, and Large Pavilion, in which are the Skating Rink, Music Hall, Orchestrion, and numerous restaurants. Besides these, near the last-named building, are the Condor Aviary, the Geological and Ethnological Museums, etc. Within the grounds is a colossal bust of Washington, mounted on a concrete pedestal twenty-five feet in hight. Flowers, foliage, and ferns, meet the eye at every turn. There are few more interesting places to pass a few hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Closing Word from Mr Whitehead.

STONE, PA., Oct. 20, 1882.

MR. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* When I asked the questions which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 16th I had no intention of entering upon a discussion relativ to the merits of the Christian religion and the credibility of the Bible. I hav no such intention now. You and I entertain opinions that are almost diametrically opposit. Both of us cannot be right; both may be equally wrong. Nothing that either might say on the questions at issue between us can in any way affect the real truth. My real object was to gain light on what I considered to be some of the difficulties of Liberalism. You cannot deny but that it is attended with many difficulties. But, as before stated, I am not after a discussion, and will not stop to enumerate the difficulties of Infidelity nor say anything of your reply to my last letter, although a great deal might be said in opposition. I thank you for answering the questions propounded, and subscribe myself, Your friend,

W. M. WHITEHEAD.

REPLY.—It seems our friend gracefully throws up the sponge and declines longer to discuss the merits of Christianity. Perhaps he has chosen the wiser course. There is really not much to be said in defense of the mythical and unauthentic character of Christianity in the early centuries. There is a weakness—a lack of connection—in the proof that must be painful to the thinking and investigating Christian devotee. There is really no history worthy of the name that givs assurance that such a person as Jesus had an actual existence, especially the Jesus of the gospels. If there was an obscure man by the name of Jesus, who itinerated and wandered about the country, followed by some illiterate fishermen, and was finally executed for setting up some claims to the throne, there is no earthly probability that such a character as Jesus of the gospel ever lived; who was begotten by a ghost upon the body of a little virgin Jew girl, who performed miracles, raised people from the dead, raised himself from the dead

and then ascended bodily up above the atmosphere surrounding the earth. There is no history testifying that such a person existed; there is nothing upon which to base such a claim, save what are called the four gospels, and we hav plainly shown that those had no existence, or were not known till the closing part of the second century. There is nothing to show that Peter or Paul, or any of the disciples who are claimed to hav lived at the time Jesus did and to know him, ever said a word about Jesus having no natural father, about his mother being a virgin, about his performing wonderful miracles, like raising people from the dead, about raising himself from the dead, about his ascending, physically and bodily, up and away from the earth. No claim was set up for any of these impossible things until the second century, when the wily "fathers" deemed that the new system of religion needed those supernatural qualities to make it popular with the superstitious masses who demanded those marvelous and most extraordinary features. This is, no doubt, the reason why the miracles and supernatural parts of the story were invented and handed out to the credulous masses as the revealed word of Heaven. There is certainly no proof nor probability to the contrary. This is a vital point to the claims of Christianity. Here is where the system is fearfully weak, and here is where proof is needed which is wholly unable to be furnished. If Christians can furnish such proof they assuredly would do so without urging from us; and that they do not do so is sure proof that they cannot. If they cannot furnish this important proof they ought, like honest men, to acknowledge their inability and confess that their system of religion is without historic reliability, and that myth and falsehood are all it has to rely upon.

Mr. Whitehead certainly appears to be a man of sufficient intelligence to see this, and he ought to hav honesty enough to confess this patent truth. Why should he or any other man still hold on to that as divine which has nothing to sustain it save the erroneous assertions of unknown persons, who, if they lived, are not known to possess truth, candor, and reliability.

He is clearly correct when he says that he and we entertain different opinions, almost diametrically opposed; that both of us cannot be right. There is no chance for an argument between us on these propositions. One of us must be in the wrong. The claims of Christianity are true or they are false. We feel positiv that our friend is in the wrong and that the claims of Christianity are false. We claim that we hav established this by the strongest kind of proofs, and we think too highly of Mr. Whitehead's intelligence to believe for a moment that he cannot clearly perceive it. The trouble is, he was reared in the belief that Christianity is what it pretends to be. Perhaps his livelihood depends upon sustaining the defectiv system (we imagin he is a preacher), and it is a herculean task to throw away at once the teachings and dogmas instilled into our minds in the days of our childhood, and it is not a pleasant thing for a man to separate himself from long-sustained associations; to be ostracized by those who hav for years yielded love and respect, but this is the sacrifice and homage which truth demands, and no honest person, whether clergyman or otherwise, ought to evade this duty.

Mr. Whitehead seems still to find some difficulties and obstacles on the part of Liberalism, though he fails to giv the slightest indication what the difficulties are. It is to be regretted he did not state what they are, for possibly they are more imaginary than real, and such as can easily be dispelled. There is perhaps nothing in the world but what has more or less difficulties connected with it. For instance, the simple matter of breathing air and drinking water, as essential as they are to our health and existence, are not wholly free from difficulties. The lungs are often compelled to take in noxious vapors, injurious gases, deleterious and poisonous air, and the water we drink is often charged with impurities, with earthy and mineral substances in solution, which are not unfrequently detrimental to health. So, perhaps, there is no function connected with our organization, no feature of our existence or the phenomena of nature, that has not some difficulties connected with it. But because such is the case it does not follow that we should discontinue breathing the atmosphere nor drinking the purest water we can obtain; that we should hesitate to use any of the functions of our being, or that we should not use any of the provisions of nature. Though we may often find difficulties in our path, we should not sink before them, but rather rise superior to them, and valiantly overcome them.

So far as we are concerned, we see no difficulties in Liberalism, or at least nothing to deter a brave and candid spirit. Liberalism is only another name for naturalism, and everything pertaining to nature is freer from difficulties than anything else in existence. Liberalism is easy to believe because it is so natural, so easy, and so true. It is the claims of supernaturalism, of ecclesiasticism, of myths, of superstitions—monstrous demands about gods and devils—that are so replete with difficulties. To accept them a man has to throw away his reason, stifle the spirit of investigation, close his eyes to the light of truth, and swallow like a young robin whatever is given, without a question or clear perception. Here is where the principal difficulties are to be found. If these are only bravely cast aside, the light of truth will be sure to shine clearly, and all difficulties and doubts will flee away.

We thank Mr. Whitehead for his courtesy and gentlemanly conduct, and we hope he will continue in the search of truth, and that he will hav the honesty and candor to accept it when found. May he become an intelligent and clear-sighted Liberal.

Delay in Filling Orders.

The confusion and broken-up condition attendant upon moving has prevented our filling orders with usual promptness. We beg our friends and patrons to be considerate under the circumstances, and we promis, as soon as we are fully settled in our new quarters, to again fill orders promptly. The past week has been a very busy one with us.

It has been announced in the *Index* and other papers that B. F. Underwood is soon to start out on a grand and "cultured" lecturing tour. Inasmuch as it has become "coarse and low" to oppose theology and the Bible, and as his mind has passed through a course of mental evolution, a question has been raised in this corner of the moral vinyard whether the "cultured" gentleman will go forth under the auspices of the Bible Society, or the Young Men's Christian Association, and whether he desires the "tag-rag and bobtails" to come out and hear him. If he no longer opposes Christianity and theological dogmas, he ought to get a large hearing from the Christian element.

Tadpole Liberalism.

Dear Bennett: I smiled over the transfixing of Wm. Emmette Coleman on your free lance last week. But the holding of this malformed, unfinished creature up to the Liberal public gaze was a painful sight. You should hav waited an age or two, till he had grown presentable Starting as a kind of jelly-fish Liberal, his struggle with existence has developed him up only to the tadpole stage, while millions of his race hav shed their tails and taken to the free air and solid earth long ago. He can only wiggle with his caudal propeller yet, even in the sea of thought. I hardly know what his small baby-frog croakings mean. Do you? It seems to me I hav heard something of the kind, ages ago, in some stage of my biological development; but now, in the higher gift of clear, rugged English speech, I hav forgotten the language of the toady. I shall hav to get some modern amphibian to interpret Mr. Coleman's polliwog (nowhere near arrived yet to polyglot).

Your mention of H. Clay Neville, aforetime correspondent of the *Index*, brought up a flood of recollections. Neville is a very dear souvenir of mine. I had to defend him from the cold neglect of a heartless world a few years ago. His wisdom cried in the streets, when no man regarded. I regarded. I translated him, and set him right before the Liberal public. I got him understood, and just as soon as he was understood he was satisfied, and never peeped more. He was the "O Czar of Ozark," who went howling up and down the Mississippi Valley, and publishing his wailings in the *Index*, after this distressing fashion:

> I think that skepticism is already spreading faster than conservativ Liberalism could desire. The new gospel of liberty is making more converts than it has wholesome provisions for. To inculcate doubt merely on the great question of religious belief, without educating the heart and conscience to a higher conception of right, is not making any progress toward a better life. The world needs its conscience elevated and strengthened more than it needs theology demolished. Liberalism needs its moral standard adjusted more than it needs a fresh supply of new recruits. There is yet much good in Christianity for the world; and conservativ Liberalism will be careful how it deals with this venerable faith lest it make untimely attacks on a religion which it is not prepared to supplant.

Now this is stuff off the same piece with the weaving and weeping of this latter day saint, Coleman. Wm. Emmette succeeds H. Clay beautifully. His style of croak is very much the same. He is a tardy survival of the same fossilized age. Spawned out of the same ooze, he is just about equal to the products of the same Clay. He, too, is so sorry for the Christians, for Jesus and the Bible. Christianity has always been so tender toward its own children, and especially toward other people's children! In its preaching of the gospel to every creature, it has preached so carefully, with so much consideration for the feelings of its hearers! Whenever there was a mechanic's vise lying around it has always been so kind to the thumbs of those who could not convert easily. If any one saw the stars with a different twinkle from the Christian system, he immediately saw stars with a Christian club over his head, and was kindly granted free admission to the fireworks. And, generally, if anybody invented anything, improved anything, or discovered anything that the prophets hadn't foretold, or Jesus taught, or the Bible recorded, Christians gently and affectiontely burnt him up. "For these and all other blessings, good Lord," don't let us "abuse Jesus, and the Bible, and Christianity, and pollute the pages of Liberal literature, and disgrace Freethought oratory in large measure." ("In large measure" is good. It is one of the witticisms of H. Clay, and that is why I knew these two beauties are twin polliwogs.)

These hav been the practices and policy of Christianity in the past, but the whirligig of time has brought about changes. It is our turn now. Christianity is the under dog in the fight. We all remember its history, but nobody thinks now of serving Christians the same sauce. No Freethinker proposes to put Christians through a course of thumbscrew, and rack, and fagot. All the revenge he cares to take is to twit them of their crimes and enjoy the flinging away of their old, worn-out, theologic toggery, the unloading of their creeds, the smashing of orthodox baggage, and the rollick and rout generally along the whole line of retreat. The printing-press and the platform were invented expressly that we might "jaw back," now that our turn has come; but Mr. Coleman won't allow us this poor privilege. He would set Comstock's bloodhounds on us, and suppress our press so that "Jesus, the Bible, and Christianity" may hav a dignified gala-day march of it in good order down into oblivion, holding on to their supremacy and their tyranny till their last fatal plunge is taken. He would not hav their feelings hurt by any reminders of their savagery in the days of their power. That's what Coleman's screed amounts to. He is sorry for the Christians, and begs us stalwart, unforgetful, unforgiving Infidels not to be too hard on them. He has made no headway himself in fearless, robust Liberalism, so he calls us all to a halt. He has not survived, and so the whole conquering Liberal army must "trend" to his level. ("Trend" is another quite too superlativ word that the pseudo esthetes do much affect.) Well, let's don't. Let's let them up to please Mr. Coleman.

He writes all this to Mr. Underwood as to a congenial spirit. He knows this bird-of-a-feather to a charm. Underwood, too, if he ever got beyond the tadpole stage, is relapsing back to it. He, too, croaks and talks polliwog talk, and don't want poor Christians hurt. He is growing a manifest tadpole tail. He don't like "bob-tails" as far as he has got, He can't liv on good, solid, Liberal land; and strong. stirring, Freethought air doesn't agree with him; so he takes to a warm puddle with the polliwogs—and with tails.

I hope Neville is "on this bank and shoal of time" yet, if not on the right bank of the Mississippi. As soon as he hears the blast of these young frog-horns he will rise out of the earth if he is underground, or descend from the air if he is there, and make a trio of delectable polliwogs in a puddle together. There will be the starting-point of a *conservativ*, Christian-fearing Liberal League, such as Dr. Monroe, of the *Age*, is not "sanguin" about.

I would like to treat Mr. Coleman's fulmination seriously, but he utters his platitudes of sympathy for the poor, "abused Jesus, Bible, and Christianity" in such a solemn way, and wants us Freethinkers to stop persecuting them, with such saut, saut tears in his eyes, that it makes me laugh. If I could be serious in the matter, I would say, Seriously, Mr. Coleman, I wouldn't be got up so finically; I would not be projected for a lifetime on the fainting edge of existence, just going to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." I wouldn't be so awfully esthetic, so cultured within an inch of my life, for all the kid-gloves that nanny-goats bought and sold and skinned hav ever made. I would remind him that "a cat with mittens catches no mice." The common proverbs of the common people express their contempt for him when they say, "I would be a man, or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat!" I would be *something*. I wouldn't be *nothing*. I wouldn't liv on the border line between substance and the inane. I would place firm foot on solid earth. I would cultivate an intimate acquaintance with stern, rugged nature, and not be afraid of a spatter of mud. I would hav some influence. I would write to be read and talk to be heard. I would not talk only just sheer unmitigated nonsense. As it is, what he writes has no more effect than an idle breeze through a dry tree. Nobody pays the least attention, except to laugh at him. Here is the sentence that Emerson passes on such as he:

> Alas! that one is born in blight,
> Victim of perpetual slight:
> When thou lookest on his face
> Thy heart saith, "Brother, go thy way!
> None shall ask thee what thou doest,
> Or care a rush for what thou knowest,
> Or listen when thou repliest,
> Or remember where thou liest,
> Or how thy supper is sodden."

Now we look for a proclamation from the three polliwogs to a bemuddled world. Tee Cee Lee.

We hav received from the Doerflinger Book and Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., a copy of the *Freidenker-Almanach* (Freethinker's Almanac) for 1883. Not being acquainted with the language of the Faderland, we are unable to catch on to the full significance of all contained in this little *brochure*, but can confidently recommend it to our many and esteemed German patrons as worthy of their notice.

The Right of Contract.

The only freedom which deserves the name is of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impeach their efforts to attain it. Each is the proper guardiau of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to liv as seems good to themselvs than by compelling each to liv as seems good to the rest.—*John Stuart Mill.*

The question of the regulation of the liquor traffic is one which many Liberals do not care to hav discussed through the Freethought press and from the platform of the League and of the secular convention. They think it is a subject with which we, as Liberals, should hav nothing to do. But in this they are much mistaken. From truly Liberal men and women must come in the future, as it has in the past, the genuin, rational temperance work. No attempt to wean men from the use of intoxicating liquors can be successful which does not build upon the enduring basis of science and order all its methods in harmony with Liberty. Neither the crusade-revival red-ribbon-reformed-drunkard-prayer-and-psalm way of going at it, nor the knock-him-down-with-a-club argument, will avail any more than they hav in the past to prevent the mighty evils flowing from the use of the various excessivly strong stimulants. It is these considerations, with others, which hav induced me to lay before your readers, in a somewhat extended form, my answers to my various critics. I commend to the careful consideration of them all the quotation found at the beginning of this article, put there, not as the utterance of authority, but because I esteem it to contain, in brief compass, the essential thesis of the Republican, the Freethinker, and the Free-Drink advocate. "Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual," says Mill, and I am in full accord with him. This is the extent of my offense; no more.

Now I want Mrs. Everest, C. H. Cook, "Liberta," and J. A. Hallock to deny and disprove the truth of Mill's postulate. If they do not succeed in doing this, then they hav no quarrel with me. "But," they will say, "you require us to prove a negativ." Precisely, and that is the same task we giv to pope and king, to priest and plantation overseer. All these usurpers deny man's right to the control of himself. But in the denial they affirm the right of an external authority to control individual thought and action. The standing challenge of the Republican, the Freethinker, and the Abolitionist to them is to prove this monstrous assumption. And this is just my challenge to the prohibitionist. King and pope hav never been able to establish in the court of equity the legitimacy of their claim of authority over the minds and liberties and lives of men; and the potent moralist will be no more successful in his attempt to prove his right to regulate the moral and bodily health of his neighbors. I warn my critics that I shall tolerate no verbal jugglery with my primal postulate, and that they must face the issue squarely, either admitting or denying the right of private judgment. They cannot deny the right of individual choice in one direction and not deny it in all. Fundamental principles cannot thus be warped and disturbed to suit the interests of sects. And yet this is precisely what professed Liberals and alleged Republicans do when they attempt to defend the principles and methods of prohibition. But logic and common sense invariably trap them. There is no secure stopping-place between reason and Rome; neither is there between liberty and despotism.

Now to my critics individually. My esteemed friend, Annie Everest, is much confused. She asks, "Are not all laws prohibitory?" No; not in the sense in which we speak of prohibitory legislation. The law does not prohibit me from purchasing a knife at the hardware store. But if I kill or mutilate any person with that knife, then the law steps in to restrain or punish me. The law can only cognize overt acts, or such as amount to overt acts, violent threats, etc.

"Self-defense demands prohibition of adulterated food or drink." Who denies this? Not I, certainly. The purchaser has a natural right to get that which he thinks he is buying. He may be entirely wrong in his estimate of the qualities and effects upon himself of that which he is procuring; but in that, as in all things else, we hav no right to attempt to force him to think as we do. To admit our right to do that is to stab Freethought in the house of its friends and deliver ourselvs, bound hand and foot, into the clutches of the Christian majority. And all adulterations should be curbed. Ground peas are less injurious than coffee; but putting them in the coffee and selling the whole mixture for genuin Java is adulteration and fraud nevertheless.

Now to Prof. Cook. First, as to terms used, Brother Cook speaks of "temperance prohibition laws." This is a most unfortunate and bewildering expression. Temperance is purely individualistic in its initiativ, but both personal and social in its effects; that is, you cannot by law make a man temperate; but by being temperate yourself you not only benefit yourself but exert a beneficent influence upon those with whom you come in contact. Temperance is of the individual, not of the state. The individual is primary, not the state. The individual can be drunk or sober, the state cannot. Talk of prohibition and the state, and I will not demur to the terms used. But temperance and the state are just as ill-assorted as are morals and the state, and I know that my friend Cook wants nothing of the latter. You say, "From what you say against prohibition, am I not logical in inferring that your general rule is that no human being should be driven or forced to do anything or prohibited from doing anything he wants to do?" I am a little surprised that Prof. Cook, usually so clear in his thought and ready in his apprehensions of principles, should be so confused in the very alphabet of self-government. Each man's liberty ends where that of another begins. Each man has a right to do whatever is not an infringement of the equal right of any one else to do the same thing. I hav a right to my life, but it would be the very quintessence of absurdity to say that the possession or assertion of the right logically gave me the right to deprive Brother Cook of his. The affirmation of my right to my apples logically carries with it the denial of my right to steal his apples. Is his question answered?

Again, "Let me say here that it is as clear to me as that two and two are four that human beings hav a natural and just right to protect each other from the bad or evil effects of all uses, habits, or actions." With the consent of each other, yes; against the refusal, never. Or would Brother Cook force his advice and services upon his friend, *nolens volens?* There is a proverb to the effect that proffered service has not the sweet smell of new-mown hay, and I should suppose that forced service would be still more malodorous.

Brother Clark has started out to carry the principle of state interference to its logical conclusion—to take it into every closet of the physical life and, though he hesitates a little here, into the brain itself; for it is self-evident that when you deny to a man the expression and practicalization of his thought you hav, in effect, circumscribed his liberty of thought. In a word, Prof. Cook denies the thesis of Mill, and hereafter through life has no guide but the ever-shifting weathercock of majorities. Why our friend should complain of the treatment he has in past years received at the hands of Christians, is more than I can tell. They had, according to Prof. Cook, a perfect right to suppress that which they deemed to be productiv of evil. And the gentleman does not seem to hav profited by the lesson either, for he appears just as eager to compel others to act as he thinks on the subject of heredity, etc., as he is to compel the people of Kansas to act as he thinks on the subject of liquor-drinking. But where, then, would be the liberty, in love for which the professor so zealously contends?

As to what our friend says relativ to "protection, prevention, defense," being synonymous with "prohibition," I will briefly say that that is the old song of the usurper of human rights; that only in liberty is there protection, prevention, and defense; that men never gain that security which they giv up their liberties to obtain; that the "innocent wives, mothers, and children" will be benefited by repeal of existing legislation denying freedom and property rights, not by the enactment of more laws perverting choice and limiting growth; that there is not a single fact going to show that intemperance is decreasing through the operation of any kind of statute law, and that there is nothing more obnoxious to the spirit of a genuin protection than the attempt to perform the impossible. It brings all just laws into contempt through its own continued and flagrant violation.

Compare the past with the present—one hundred years ago with to-day. How many total abstainers were there then? What has wrought the great change? Law? No, it is enlightenment. The prohibitionists hav cause and effect transposed. It is public opinion which has made the law, not the law which has molded public opinion. Men and women, perceiving the evils of intemperance, hav sought a remedy, and for the most part they hav groped blindly. It is a prevaling popular fallacy that law is the great panacea for all social ills, and our sumptuary friends are but a portion of the victims of the almost universal craze. Will Mr. Cook be kind enough to giv me the name of some total abstainer who is such through the operation of any statute law? Just name one, please, professor; only one; not that I deem this a "test," but simply to show the complete scarcity of results of the tyrannous legislation of the past thirty-five years.

Mr. Cook's eleventh paragraph I hav disposed of in commenting on his fourth, and I only pause now to say that I take no position analogous to that he assumes for me, to the effect that there should be no human law to limit any man's action. I believe in the protection of personal and property rights, and that is why I oppose prohibition. I do not believe in murder, arson, robbery, or rape, and I know that the right of self-defense against all of these inheres in each man by virtue of his being, and that for convenience he can delegate the exercise of this right to an organization we call government. Is that clear? Well, then, hav I not shown where "human law is right, just, and compatible with human rights?" But how does that help the cause of prohibition? Do not get confused now. Bear in mind always that the state can do that only which the individuals composing the state had a right to do prior to and independent of the existence of all states. To illustrate, Prof. Cook sees his neighbor, Carl Schmidt, cruelly assaulted by a rough, and he immediately rushes to his assistance. Good. He had a right to offer his help on the spot. His neighbor's natural rights had been invaded. It needed no "law" to justify Mr. Cook's action. But, again, Carl Schmidt is seen by Prof. Cook in the act of purchasing a glass of beer. Imbrued with his old idea of "protection," up rushes the prohibitory professor and knocks the glass from Schmidt's hand. The barkeeper and Schmidt both glare at my venerable friend for a moment, and then they simultaneously "reach" for him. Good again. I like to see boycotters get boycotted. Nothing against the professor, but when he gets entirely off his base and acts like a Christian by trying to make people do as he thinks they ought, it is time for a little awakening.

Next our friend gets hold of Demands of Liberalism, and he evidently thinks he has a big "find." Let us see. Prohibitory, are they? Yes, they are of the same genus as all just laws—not of the Comstock and sumptuary kind. All that I hav said previously applies to this objection. When the church secures the exemption of her property from taxation she virtually prohibits others from enjoying their religion as cheaply as she does hers. The same as to the chaplain clause, and so on to the end of the chapter. We demand the prohibition of this unjust action. But the prohibition of the invasion of another's right is something entirely different from legislation prohibiting the freedom of individual action within the sphere of self. And our friend says that if you repeal a law you prohibit its execution. I am much surprised that he should stoop to such a trivial play upon a word, for that is all to which this paragraph concerning the Demands of Liberalism amounts.

In conclusion, Brother Cook, I do not "despair to search," for I know that one good thing is coming out of this prohibitory Nazareth. A sumptuary wave is sweeping over the country, and its course will not be stayed for some time; but the discussion provoked thereby will do much to enlighten the people and disgust them with statecraft. The storm will be a violent one, but it will purify "a stagnant and death-laden atmosphere." The discussion of prohibition will serve to open the eyes of men and women upon tariff, compulsiv taxation, usury, officery, and other legalized crimes.

I shall hav very little to say in reply to "Liberta," for his article covers almost the identical ground bounded by Prof. Cook's, and my reply to the latter shall also—save on one or two points—be my answer to my anonymous correspondent. "Liberta" is, in common with most anonymous writers, much more inclined to declamation, vituperation, and abuse than to calm reasoning and dispassionate argument. But let that pass for the present.

"The principle of prohibition involves the restraint by law from the doing of that which is a crime *per se* as well as that which is a crime because forbidden." "That which is a crime because forbidden!" Phew! Will "Liberta" tell me how the "law" can make a crime of that which is not itself a crime? It was once a crime to help fleeing black men on their way from slavery to liberty; but it was only a manufactured crime; that is, no crime. When shall we be done with such disgusting legal gammon? "Liberta" knows, as does every other moderately intelligent man, that the class of enactments, of which the Prohibitory liquor law is a fair sample, are in their very nature and every principle entirely different from the natural laws against murder, theft, arson, etc.; and this attempt to identify, or make to appear as the same, the vitally Calvinistic principles underlying the two classes of legislation, is simply a piece of petifogging utterly unworthy of any one but a writer who carefully conceals his name and abuses his opponent.

And "liberty itself was born of prohibition." The desire for liberty is itself the parent of all natural laws, which are the only just laws, and the fact of liberty, such as we hav had, was born of that desire, not of prohibition. Statute law is the result, not the cause, of certain human aspirations. Man first had the desire to be secure in his person and property or he would never hav enacted laws prohibiting murder and theft. But as man cannot be free when his life may be arbitrarily taken away at any moment by an irresponsible power, and when his earnings are not his to dispose of as he sees fit, we readily perceive those laws which "Liberta" seeks to confuse in our minds with the real prohibitory statutes, were all the children of liberty, rather than its parents, as "Liberta" groundlessly assumes. It is simply wonderful, this faculty which the Prohibitionists possess for getting the cart before the horse. And now I bid "Liberta" farewell. His personalities I shall let pass. We expect such from men who step

into the arena of debate armed with the club of force.

"This is characteristic of Mr. Walker. He is always attempting to drag down Liberalism by attacking the principles held dear by a large number of our best and worthiest friends," avers Mr. J. A. Hallock. Thank the gentleman for his good opinion. He continues to race through nearly a third of a column in the usual irresponsible, wild, hit-or-miss way, saying, among other things, that "if he [Walker] will persist in taking into the stomach a substance that will steal away his brains and make him a senseless, raving, dangerous animal," etc.

The cowardly insinuation, for he did not dare say anything more definit, contained in this is also very characteristic of those who believe in, as C. M. Overton says, a system of "injected righteousness." I scorn to make any denial of this implied charge. Those who know me need no assertion of mine, and those who do not are interested only in my principles and teachings.

Continues the Exira gentleman: "This idea of Mr. Walker's is a borrowed one from the Democratic platform of last year, and possesses just about as much patriotism and true philanthrophy as the party has been able to muster for the last quarter of a century." If he could not get a chance to make political capital against the Democratic party out of every subject under discussion, your average Republican editor or ex-editor would be inconsolably miserable. I do hate to take away this last prop and support of the virtuous Mr. Hallock, but truth compels me to say that I hav been unalterably opposed to all prohibitory legislation during the nearly seven years that I hav been "dragging down Liberalism." Still it is good old Democratic doctrin, all the same; this, that there are some things with which the state has no business to meddle. Of course it is entirely opposed to the principles of the later Republican party, but then that fact only makes it worse for the said later Republican party. But we cannot depend upon any old party for earnest reform work.

When Mr. Hallock comes to revise the chart of his Liberalism he will discover that this idea of mine is indeed not original, that it is only one expression of the principle of individual choice and responsibility underlying the whole Freethought protest against a superimposed authority; and that it is he himself who is drifting from his anchorage in the secure but stagnant harbor of the church out into the tempestous ocean of practical reform with neither compass nor anchor aboard, with a mutinous crew and an old leaky craft, and, worse than all, having himself no faith that he will ever reach a harbor where force is not the regnant principle in moral shipbuilding and launching.

Now, as to "sumptuary." When you wish to stir a Prohibitionist to the very depths, just remark to him that he favors a sumptuary law, or that prohibition says to the citizen that he shall not drink certain beverages. With righteous indignation he will tell you, as "Liberta" and Mr. Hallock do me, that it is no such thing, that prohibition does not dictate what the citizen shall drink, but simply prescribes what he shall not manufacture and sell.

This is a distinction with a vengeance, but the difference is in favor of the admitted sumptuary law, for while the latter only assumes to regulate the habits of the citizen by prescribing certain rules by which he is to abide; the former not only does this, in effect and interest, but takes one step further in the direction of despotism and interferes with the primary right of contract, saying that the citizen shall not sell and buy certain articles, for no one but a shyster or very ignorant person would for a moment contend that when you forbid the sale of a certain article you do not in that inhibition necessarily lay an interdict upon the purchase of that article. This is one of the thinnest of all diaphanous subterfuges. "Liberta" says that sumptuary laws were "either for economic purposes or to foster some particular trade or industry." This is misleading. Webster says that "sumptuary" means "relating to expenses; regulating expenses or expenditure;" "sumptuary laws or regulations, such as restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, or the like." Is not that the intent of those who enact such laws, and their effect if enforced? Why do you seek to pass such laws if you do not intend and expect thereby to change the habits of the citizen and limit or prohibit his expenditures in the matter of drink? You profess to wax mightily wroth when we say that your laws, if enforced, will hav the very effect you intend them to hav. How honest you are!

Why, the only definition of a "prohibitionist" to be found in Webster's dictionary is this: "One who favors prohibitory duties in commerce." Does not this show the common source of all these various ideas and words as applied in the English language? In fact, tariff robbery, license robbery, sumptuary robbery, and prohibitory robbery are only differently colored strips torn from the same piece of striped cloth, and they all bear the same tell-tale stamp, "Invasiv paternalism."

And Mr. Hallock also is troubled about the word "sumptuary." Now, I am going to let the Minneapolis *Pioneer-Press* finish this answer for me, and I hope that Mr. Hallock will be satisfied with the Republicanism of the witness.

A correspondent had thus sung the same old song: "You call it sumptuary. A sumptuary law declares what a man shall eat and drink. [Take notice, "Liberta."] Prohibition declares what he shall not manufacture and sell; certainly such a law is not sumptuary."

Then the editor puts Mr. Reeves under his finger and crushes him in this effectual and remorseless manner: "Let us dispose of the shallow pretense that prohibition of the manufacture and sale of certain beverages does not interfere with the natural right of the citizen to drink what he chooses. To purposely deny the sole means to an end is to purposely deny the end. The express and sole purpose and effect of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is to prevent their use as beverages by making it impossible to obtain them. To prohibit the means by which these beverages can be obtained is, in intention and effect, to prohibit the use of such beverages. It is essential to any clear understanding of the issues involved to get rid of this absurd pretense, which is the main element of confusion in all prohibition logic, that to prohibit the manufacture and sale is not to prohibit the drinking of alcoholic beverages. When it is once understood that in purpose and effect prohibition is the arbitrary interference of the state with the oldest primal right of every citizen to drink what he chooses, the confusion resulting from putting the liquor traffic in the foreground will disappear. However much the advocates of total abstinence from all intoxicating fluids may be disposed to involve the assistance of the law, when it is a mere question of closing saloons and rumholes, and the subject is artfully presented to them, exclusivly on that one side, they are likely to take a different view of the legitimacy of such state interference when it is presented nakedly, for what it is, as simply an assumption by the state of the right to prescribe what beverages its citizens shall or shall not drink, or, in other words, the right of the majority to regulate the beverages of the minority. If the prohibition were written out in these words, to wit: 'It shall be unlawful for any citizen of this state to drink ale, beer, wine, cider, or any other beverage containing any proportion of alcohol,' the men are few, and those few very bigoted or stupid, who would not at once recognize such a law as a wholly unwarrantable assumption of force and an intolerable piece of despotism."

Mr. Hallock will please bear in mind that this thorough exposure of prohibition sophistry and vindication of natural right is not "from the Democratic platform of last year," but is from an editorial in the leading Republican paper of the northwest, west of Chicago. How does the gentleman like the dose, so far as it has gone? It will now be in order for him, in accordance with his usual tactics, to accuse the *Pioneer-Press* of "dragging down" Republicanism. Such an accusation would be just as much in place as the one he leveled against me.

The anti-prohibitionist labors to upbuild a commonwealth of men and women who go in the right way, though no legal fence prevents them from choosing the wrong, rather than a state composed of automatons who dance just as their masters pull the strings, having neither the power nor the experience necessary to a choice between the right and the wrong. We battle for individual choice and mutual agreement, that is, for the sacred right of contract. And we squarely and distinctly challenge all the paternalists, all the medicin-men of the state, to dislodge us from our impregnable position. We are not here to attack the character or impugn the motivs of any disputant, but should he deecend to that method of warfare he need not be surprised, nor should he complain, if against him we use every weapon of logic, sarcasm, and ridicule. Come, gentlemen, quit your abuse and meet us fairly on the issue. And if you cannot do this, you confess yourselvs beaten at the outset. If we Liberals cannot among ourselvs discuss this question dispassionately and without aspersing each others' motivs, who can? The question before us is, "Is prohibition in harmony with the basic principles of Freethought?" I answer, "No."

E. C. WALKER.

A Criticism of "Is Mind Material."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 26, 1882, was begun a discussion of the subject "Is Mind Material?" The same was closed by the second article, published Sept. 2d. Mr. Hale, the author, states that he wrote four different articles, which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER during the fore part of last year. I was not a reader of the paper at the time his first two articles were published, and as I gave a number of my first papers to a friend, I hav not the privilege of referring to any of those articles, and therefore I will not extend my remarks further than to notice the arguments set forth in his two articles of recent date.

Mr. Hale states that he took the position, 1st, That mind was (is) an immaterial spiritual (entity); 2d, That it is the I am that I am, the thinking, reasoning myself; 3d, That thought is a volition of the mind, as is walking or speaking a volition of the physical organs; 4th, That I hav the control of my own will, my own thought, my own actions; 5th, That mind is the power that governs every act of our lives, etc.

In support of No. 1, Mr. Hale tells us that the mind often kills the body, and thus the material organization has committed suicide. (I will remark here, by way of explanation, that he has been pleased to use the term "organization" in a sense in which I may hav occasion to prefer using the term organism.) Now, if he means that what he calls "the I am that I am" (the mind) has the power to come to the conclusion at any time "just for fun," or because it can, and this wholly independent of any outside influence or force, to put itself into such an excited state as to kill the body, or, as he puts it, "the effect destroys the cause of its existence," I deny it; but if he simply means that the mind may be so highly excited as to cause death, disorganization, then I agree with him, for this is a proof that the mind is material. This illustrates the principle, which he acknowledges, that "every effect must hav a cause," and he should know, also, and perhaps does, that every effect in its turn becomes a cause. If, then, an outward force or cause is brought to bear upon the mind to such a degree as to produce the most intense excitement, that is, an abnormal or violent action of its different organs, a disorganization will be the result, the effect, and here this effect becomes a cause. A cause of what? A cause of the destruction of the body, that is, a complete destruction of the man as an organism. Also a destruction of the body will result in a destruction of the mind. Why? Because they are inseparably connected. The mind and body may be considered the chief divisions of the man; but they do not exist independent of each other, they are dependent one upon the other for its existence; they are mutual in their make-up. Science at present seems to point to the fact that the brain and nerves are the chief organs employed in thought; then they are the mind, the intellect, the brain being the great nervous center or seat of thought from which the nerves or ramifying cords extend to all parts of the body, thus mutually connecting body and mind. This being the case, a destruction of either body or mind must necessarily result in the destruction of the other, and the very fact that this is the case goes to prove that they are mutual in their make-up. It is now apparent that if Mr. Hale had proved the assertion he made, and I admit it, he would hav proved just what he intended to deny.

For fear I should be misunderstood I will explain a little farther. I hold the brain to be the leading organ of the mind. Its leading functions seem to be mental. Here the nerves center and deposit their influence, and, as well, take it from or carry it outward, and thus the mind appears to some extent, or some part of it at least, to be located in or distributed through the body. Let the nerves be injured, as by indiscretion, and just in proportion will the intellect be found to be injured. The truth of this position is further substantiated by the following practical test, to wit: It has been observed in some cases where the head has been instantly severed from the body that the body performed intelligent actions in the way of resistance and in manifestations of pain. If this be true, the body must possess, to some extent, or contain in some measure, intellect or mind, for intelligence or thought cannot exist apart from it.

Further, Mr. Hale states that "we see life, instinct, if not reason," manifest in some of the lower animals. I agree with him that many of them reason, and therefore hav mind. I will bring up from this standpoint, then, a practical example to prove the truth of my position. Take, for example, the common hare, and when its head is severed from the body, does not the latter, by its vigorous leaps and agonizing struggles, giv unmistakable evidence of severe pain? Now, I ask, can a body or organism experience and manifest pain and at the same time possess no intelligence whatever? The answer is certainly no, because, as above stated, intelligence proves intellect, and hence the truth of my position.

Now for the summing up. I hold the brain, located in the head or upper part of the body, to be the principal, but not the sole, organ of mind. I hav shown the mind to be thoroughly diffused through or connected with the body, as outwardly observed. It follows, then, that they are dependent one upon the other for existence, and that the destruction of one must result in the destruction of the other; that is, the disorganization of the living organism, and this upon the materialistic hypothesis. Again, I say, Mr. Hale's assertion is in favor of Materialism.

In conclusion, I will remark that I intended to notice both articles, but I hav written already more than I aimed to, and as the whole question hinges upon the point I hav noticed, I will pass the rest by. I may hav occasion before long to notice Mr. H. le's last article, published the 2d of September. Mr. Hale will not understand this as a challenge, but simply my objections, briefly stated, to his position.

Columbus, Kan. L. N. WALLIS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

Response to a London Christian's Argument.

The following letter from a gentleman of London, with whom we hav had some business transactions, is worthy of attention:

LONDON, ENG., Sept. 30, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, *Sir:* Yours to hand. I am pleased to hear that you found your goods all right; I knew they were all right. There is no doubt you are placed in a very awkward position, as a little knowledge is dangerous in science as in theology and relativ knowledge of character. Your views and mine are very different, but that will not lessen my appreciation of the best side of your nature. But, Bennett, my friend, you must be careful what you do; it is a hard thing in this world to go through it without a base and a rock. The young, particularly, want to become enamored of that which is pure and noble. I hav in vain looked around for an antidote against the folly of youth, but I find nothing acts so well as simple faith in Christ. I hav had a large experience in the world, and mingled with all classes of society, but I find more sobriety and pureness of heart among Christian people than I do apart from them. Evidence to me, which I hav, is everything in that direction. I do not look to renegades or others who are what they do not represent. I'm sick of the rascality of the masses, and if it were not for the influence of Christian teaching I would wish to be out of the world. However, I hav no time now to enter into a discussion; but, Bennett, it seems to me you are trying to pick out all the false people and pit them against those who are true and faithful. In all grades of society there always has been and always will be hypocrits, but that says nothing against simple and pure Christianity. I hav seen beautiful instances of calm resignation to the reverses of fortune, as well as beautiful peacefulness in the hour of death. Voltaire shrieked with horror when his end was approaching, and Tom Paine would hav given worlds had he not written his "Age of Reason." My friend, your acquaintance through antagonism with Christian thought and feeling precludes you from estimating its value. It is always easy enough if one is so inclined to rake up filth and dirt even out of palaces laden with precious stones, but that does not alter the gems that are therein.

Yours faithfully, W. C. HUGHES.

REPLY.—The forgoing is a prelude to a business letter, the writer being the gentleman who manufactured the stereopticon, views and accompanying apparatus, which we purchased in London for the purpose of illustrating our lectures. We had with him several limited discussions upon religious subjects, and though he has to considerable extent a scientific turn of mind, he still seems not a little at fault upon theological matters. We hav made the remark to him that he is a better judge of magic-lanterns and artistic views than of the intricacies and absurdities of theology, which remark undoubtedly contains not a little truth.

Like most persons who would be champions of the character of Christianity, our friend seems to hav a decided tendency to be in the wrong, and for this reason we hav deemed it proper to reply to some of his errors. Indeed, whenever we attempt to discuss with a devotee of the Christian system we find nearly always the same unpleasant task lying before us—we find our opponents in deep error, and greatly in need of the light of truth to overcome and dispel their errors. In replying to friend Hughes we told him we had not time then to answer the theological part of his letter, but would do so in the columns of our paper; hence the following:

1. Our friend says we are "placed in an awkward position, as a little knowledge is dangerous in science as in theology." There need be but little discussion on this proposition. Of course a little knowledge is not so good as a large measure, but a little is better than none at all. There is no condition so awkward as total ignorance and thorough bigotry—a fatal contentment to remain in error, lured by the delusiv belief that truth is found. We can none of us better employ our time than in increasing our knowledge, and in divesting our minds of the darkness and errors which for hundreds of years theology and superstition hav been throwing around the world.

2. Our friend deplores the misfortune of having "to go through the world without a base and a rock." It is true every person should stand upon a firm foundation where he will not sink and swamp in the mire and overwhelming morasses of superstition and theological error. The best base we can find to stand upon is the firm rock of TRUTH as it is in nature. It is infinitly superior to the delusiv and insecure ground of revelation and supernaturalism—that of which there is and can be no proof. Millions hav floundered and struggled upon that insecure standing-ground, only to sink in the worst forms of superstition and ignorance to which mankind hav been dupes.

Whenever nature is set aside in favor of supernature, when the supernatural has precedence of the natural, a bad state of things exists, and the worst of darkness and error is the consequence. It is the most important of all that we find the firm rock of truth to stand upon, and are not content with the quicksands of revealed religion and a belief in infuriated gods and devils. Above all things let us be founded upon nature, for there is nothing so true, nothing so great; nothing can rise superior to it, nothing can in anywise equal it.

3. Our friend speaks of "the pure and noble," and infers that "more of it is found in Christianity than elsewhere." The pure and noble are always grand, always to be revered and bowed down to as vastly superior to the unclean, the vile, and the base. To be pure is to possess a clean character, to be just with all men, to do deeds of kindness and mercy to the needy, the low, and the humble; to abstain from base and unclean actions, and everything of a defiling character. To be noble is to delight in elevated deeds, to despise that which is low and groveling, mean and debased. Men can take a high or low stand in life according to their natures, and the manner in which they are trained in childhood and youth.

If, however, our friend means there is more of the pure and noble in Christianity than in other forms of religion, he is assuredly mistaken. The assumption that devotees of the Christian religion are any more pure, any more noble, any more self-sacrificing, any more devoted to faultless lives, than the devotees of other religions, is wholly unsustained by proof. Christians are as great lovers of wealth, of opulence, of grandeur and display, as any other people in the world. They are as dishonest, as wily, as designing, will exhibit as much meanness and hypocrisy to gain their ends and defraud a fellow-being, as any people in the world. There is no more cruelty, heartlessness, selfishness, falsehood and lying in existence than is found in Christian nations.

4. Our friend says he "has in vain looked around for an antidote against the folly of youth, and nothing will do so well as a simple faith in Christ." This is simply an error. So far as Christ taught pure morals and an upright life and his teachings are lived up to, they prove an antidote to the follies of youth precisely the same as do the moral teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Confucius, who at least taught morals as pure and faultless as those of Jesus. There is nothing very peculiar in the moral code of Jesus that is not found in the teachings of others. It is found that the devotee of any great teacher is partial to his particular teacher, and claims him to be superior to all others. The followers of Zoroaster regard their great teacher as the most remarkable and true the world has known. It is the same with the followers of Buddha; they consider him the most divine teacher, the utterer of the purest morals, the best being in every sense of the word, who ever appeared upon the earth. It is impossible to convince the believers in Buddha that another person so godlike, so faultless, so pure as he ever lived. They are entirely sure that a faith in Buddha is of far more consequence than faith in any other being.

It is again the same with the followers of Confucius. His moral teachings hav influenced the lives of many millions of people, and to-day not less than one hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants of China aim to square their lives by the high moral maxims which he uttered twenty-three hundred years ago. They hav good reason to think their moral teacher has never had an equal. They take great pride in him, and they take pleasure in pointing to his moral teachings and his almost faultless life.

So it may be said of the 150,000,000 to 250,000,000 who acknowledge themselvs the followers of the Arabian prophet. His Koran and his moral instructions hav been the guide to his followers for more than twelve hundred years, and they stoutly insist that he was superior to all other teachers of the world. It is not strange, in view of the adoration which the devotees of each of these great teachers pay to their captains and leaders, that the followers of Jesus should do the same, and imagin that their savior, or their demi-god, is superior to all other saviors and demi-gods who hav been believed in by others. It is not strange that the claim should be set up that "faith in Christ" is superior to faith in any other person.

5. Our friend says he "finds more sobriety and pureness of heart among Christian people than apart from them." This, again, will not stand close investigation. A thorough examination proves the claim unfounded. Christian nations and Christian people are not more moral, not more sober, not more pure, than the believers in other religious systems. He says he "has had a large experience in the world, and has mingled among all classes of society," but he must admit that our age is greater than his, that we hav also visited many countries which he has never seen, and hav mingled among the believers of more systems of religion than he has known. We shall hav to insist that our experience has been greater than his. We hav not only passed two periods in his own country and city, but we hav visited nearly all lands, and witnessed the conduct and customs of nearly all peoples. As the result of our observations, we can say that in the religious country of England—the first Christian country in the world—we hav seen more insobriety, more crime, more impurity, more prostitution, than in any other country we visited during our late tour around the world. Yes, we may say still more, and speak within the bounds of truth; we saw in the Christian city of London, in a single night, more crime, more insobriety, and more evidences of prostitution than in the six months we spent in the pagan countries of Asia. By the statistics of prisons in those countries, many of which we visited, we learned that, in proportion to population in Christian and pagan countries, there are but about ten per cent of the number of prisoners incarcerated for stealing, robbery, highwaymanism, and murder in the pagan countries than there are in the Christian nations of Europe and America. It is most untrue that Christians are any purer, abound more in chastity and sobriety, than the votaries of other systems of religion. Of course, there are pious and devoted Christians, and so there are millions of pious and devoted Buddhists, of Brahmanists, of Confucians, and of Mohammedans. It is very egotistical and self-conceited for any people to boast of their superior morality and purity, and unless the claim is founded in truth, such boasting is almost insufferable. Our friend's own countryman, Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was minister plenipotentiary for twenty years at Pekin, the capital of China, which afforded him the best of opportunities for learning the vices and excesses of the Chinese people, in comparing them with the vices of English people, stated that while the Chinese spend, on an average, about twenty-two cents per capita for opium to smoke, the average paid out by the inhabitants of Great Britain for intoxicating drinks is over twenty-five dollars per capita; thus conclusivly showing that the Christian people of Great Britain pay more than a hundred times as much for intoxicants as do the pagan people of China. We saw missionaries and physicians who hav resided for thirty years in a Chinese city of nearly two millions of people, who assured us that during that protracted period they had not seen more than one intoxicated person in a year. Can any person who has lived in England for a quarter of that period say anything of the kind? We traveled across the Pacific ocean with several missionaries who had passed several years in China, and the testimony of more than one who had resided eight years in that country was that they did not see an intoxicated person during the eight years they lived in pagan China. The fact is, there is more insobriety and drunkenness in England than in any other country I visited upon the entire surface of the globe. It is a most inconsistent and untruthful claim for an English Christian to make, that there is more purity and sobriety among Christian believers than unbelievers. This is about a fair sample of the superiorities claimed by Christian votaries. As remarked, there are many individual cases where Christians lead lives of self-denial, and there is abundance of the same among the Brahmans and Buddhists. We met considerable numbers in Asia who, from a sense of leading pure religious lives, are denying themselves of most of the pleasures of life. They eat not the flesh of animals, milk being about the only article of diet; they live strict lives of celibacy, and do not give way to angry passions. If Christians lived such abstemious lives, they would be regarded as saints. There is probably the fewest number of Englishmen who deny themselves to the same extent. We were forcibly struck while in England with the hollowness and shallowness of the English Church; with its fashion, pomp, hypocrisy; its livings bought and sold; its mechanical clergy, brought up to their business precisely as are blacksmiths and engineers—the second and third sons of gentlemen, who take to the cloth simply to make a livelihood, without any more concern for the life and example of Jesus than that of Simon Magus. We could not help thinking, What a fraud! And to support this corrupt church, the government taxes the laboring classes heavily. How unlike the teachings and example of the obscure and humble Jesus! who, were he to appear here now as is reported he appeared eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, would neither recognize those who now shout in his name, nor would they for a moment accept him.

6. Our friend says he is "sick of the rascality of the masses," and were "it not for the influence of Christianity he would wish to be out of the world." There is little doubt but what he has good opportunities for witnessing much rascality and dishonesty, for probably no country upon the globe has more of it than England and her American descendants. These traits do indeed seem to keep pace with the prevalence of Christianity. The more of the latter a nation has the more they are disposed to take various advantages of their fellow-beings. Christian nations hav gotten up more and bloodier wars than any other nations; they hav made human blood flow in rivers far more extensivly than the believers in other systems of religion. The Christian religion has not been a peaceful religion. It has been spread over many countries wholly by the sword. It has done more persecuting on account of religious opinions than any other system of religion, yes, far more than all others put together. What a contrast between it and the far superior religion, Buddhism, which to-day has 500,000,000 adherents, and has had double the number that hav professed Christianity,

and which has never raised the sword to spread itself, and has never taken the life of a human being because it did not accept its system. It has never persecuted nor inflicted torture. Ah! how much cleaner has been its record than that of Christianity! Has it never occurred to our friend that Christianity has been a great failure? That it has not succeeded in making the world either better or happier? Were the record of its wars, like the wars of the Crusades; its persecutions, including the tortures which for five hundred years were kept up in the underground dungeons of the "Holy Inquisition;" the millions of hapless mortals that hav given up their lives under the greatest inflictions of pain human beings are capable of enduring—the pulley, the rack, the pincers, the thumbscrew, the iron boots that were thousands of times resorted to (in the Tower of London our friend can see many of these horrible inventions which were used by the Christians of his own country)—of those who were burned at the stake alone the number has been estimated at five millions of persons, while scarcely one has taken place under the power of other religions—were the whole agony of Christian rule in the world thus written, it would be far more cruel, far more merciless, far more bloody, than the acts of all other religions combined.

Has it never occurred to our friend that Christianity is responsible for much of the "rascality of the masses?" Christianity is the only system which teaches that all the sins and wrongs a person may commit are forgiven, and a home in heaven secured by a simple belief in Christ. The result of such teachings is that no matter how much wickedness, how much rascality a person may commit, the fact that Jesus died eighteen hundred and fifty years ago atones for it all, and his blood will wash the blackest sinner as white as wool. In this way, no matter how many crimes are committed, no matter how many wrongs are done, "Jesus pays the bills." Christianity has well been termed a "bankrupt system of religion," wherein the merits of one person atone for the misdeeds of hundreds of millions. It would be far better to teach people that they must be accountable for every misdeed performed in the course of their lives, and that they cannot escape the legitimate results of any conduct they perform. This kind of instruction would be far more conduciv to good morals than the absurd doctrin that the blood of one individual washes away all the sins of the world. Right here the superiority of Buddhism over Christianity is apparent. Though Buddha taught the purest of morals and enjoined the best of lives, he never held up the idea that his good deeds or his righteousness could be imputed to the impure, and they thereby become as meritorious and as fit candidates for heaven as himself. Christianity is the only religion which promulgates such absurd nonsense.

7. Our friend says it seems to him that we are "trying to pick out all the false people and pit them against those who are true and faithful." Oh, no! not at all; we hav not picked out one in many millions of those Christians who do badly. True, we hav sometimes shown up the shortcomings and crimes of those who profess to be followers of Jesus, to show how little truth there is in their claims that they hav "all the sobriety and all the purity there is in the world." It is quite legitimate to bring them to the light and scrutiny of truth, and see whether their lives are equal to their professions.

8. Our friend says the abundance of hypocrisy which prevails "says nothing against simple and pure Christianity." Here he is again mistaken. A system of religion which cannot do better than rear up an immense crop of hypocrits, so that the simple and pure are merely an exception, it is not what the world needs, and it should giv way for something better. A religion that cannot prevent hypocrisy among its votaries is not a perfect system.

9. Our friend says he has "seen beautiful instances of calm resignation to the reverses of fortune, as well as a beautiful peacefulness at the hour of death." We do not doubt it. We hav seen the same again and again. The great bulk of mankind, regardless of their religious opinions, meet death placidly and peacefully. Death is a form of sleep, and dying is like dropping away to sleep. There is probably not one in a thousand who passes the portal of death that does not do so peacefully and quietly, and there is not probably a hundredth part the suffering in the process of dying that is usually supposed. It is generally painless and happy. We hav known many unbelievers in the dogmas of Christianity who came to the hour of death as peacefully and contentedly as a little babe falls asleep. And why should they not? They are children of nature the same as when they were born into the world. They are still in the hands of nature, and hav no more to fear in leaving this world than they had in entering it. To a man who has done his duty in life there is nothing to be feared in death. It is the Christian religion and Christian priests that hav raised horrors in the human mind about the awfulness of death. Their doctrin of a terrible place called hell, to which an angry God will consign nine-tenths of his offspring, the earth's inhabitants, to eternal torture of the most excruciating kind, for living up to the natures with which they were created, is what has caused more wretchedness and terror in this direction than all other causes combined. They are really the creators of hell, and it is they who thrust people into it. Dying is just as much an act of nature, just as much a necessity, as birth, and it is an unfortunate and culpable system of religion that has filled it with horror, terror, and forebodings. The wrongs which Christian priests hav done in this way can never be atoned for.

It is quite a mistake that Christians die any more happily than others. Believers in all systems of religion die happily, and those who are unbelievers die happily. Samuel Johnson was probably about right when he said

> It is a glorious thing to die—
> A boon that can't be prized too high.

When the turmoils and troubles of life are over it is sweet to lie down and die, to go to sleep, and leave our cares and afflictions behind, and it is a horrible system of religion that makes people believe that they are to be tortured through an endless eternity for the mistakes they hav made here.

Christians often die in greater mental agony than those who are unbelievers. Their system of belief induces this very state of things. They are taught to believe that but one in ten is to be saved, if that many; and as they know their lives hav been full of faults, they are not sure that they are of the small fractional part who hav been washed clean by Jesus's blood. There is inevitably an uncertainty about this which fills them with the keenest torture. The very reverend Mr. Barnes may be quoted as a case in point, after preaching fifty years. With the prospect of death before him, he used such language as this:

> I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world, why the earth is strewn with the dying and dead, and why man must suffer to all eternity. I hav never seen a particle of light thrown upon these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind, nor hav I an explanation to offer, nor a thought to suggest, that would be a relief to you. I trust other men—as they profess to do—understand this better than I do, and that they hav not the anguish of spirit that I hav; but I confess when I look on a world of sinners and sufferers, upon death-beds and graveyards, upon the world of woe, filled with hearts to suffer forever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow-citizens; when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger; when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all *dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it* (Practical Sermons, page 124).

As regards meeting with loss of fortune with equanimity of mind, religious creeds hav little to do with it; it mainly depends upon the natural characteristics of the minds of persons meeting with heavy losses. Some place a higher value upon wealth than others, and are more overwhelmed with grief at the loss of it. Some are organized to bear such losses far more philosophically than others, and Christian dogmas hav nothing to do with it. At all events, Christians seem to place as high a value upon gold as any other people in the world, and it seems to hurt them as badly to part with it. Any superiority which they possess over other men in this direction is wholly imaginary.

10. Our friend says, "Voltaire shrieked with terror when his end was approaching." In making this statement our friend simply repeats a priestly lie. There is not a particle of truth in the claim. Voltaire never shrieked at the approach of death, but that priests said he did is very likely. They hav been the authors of villainous lies without number. The facts in the case are these: Voltaire never fully severed himself from the church, and when he became advanced in life, and he thought he was about to die, he did not wish to be buried as an outcast by the roadside, but rather in "consecrated ground," where his grave would be attended to with becoming respect. To secure this he went through the form of confession. But it is wholly false that he shrieked at the approach of death, and our friend should never again repeat such a falsehood.

11. Again our friend says, "Tom Paine would hav given worlds had he not written the 'Age of Reason.'" Here is another unblushing falsehood. It is wholly devoid of truth. Paine never expressed a regret at the approach of death or at any other time that he had written the "Age of Reason." The only annoyance he had at the hour of death was that produced by officious priests who persistently tried to be present in his room. He repeatedly said he did not wish their presence and requested them to leave. He never expressed a regret that he had written the "Age of Reason." If Christians are driven to the employment of such miserable falsehoods their case is hopeless indeed. We hav seen two or three persons who knew Thomas Paine when here, and they were positiv that he never expressed a regret at a word he had written. Christians showed Paine great unfriendliness while living, and they wish to damn his name with calumny now that he is dead. Such is the nature of Christian hate.

By the bye, our friend does not use Paine's correct name; it was Thomas Paine, and not "Tom" Paine. It would not be very respectful to speak of Gladstone as Bill Gladstone, or Macaulay as Tom Macaulay.

12. Our friend thinks a spirit of antagonism precludes us from estimating Christianity at its true value. This is not correct. Few persons hav studied Christianity more closely than ourselvs, and we yield to none in the disposition to estimate it fairly. cause we are not blind to its glaring defects we not necessarily incapable of estimating it.

13. In conclusion our friend says, "It is always easy, if one is so inclined, to take up filth and dirt." One who claims all the "purity and sobriety" in the world should not complain if some filth and dirt be brought to his door. The fact that filth and dirt are so easily found proves that the claim for sobriety and pureness is entirely without foundation. A pure man should not be unwilling to hav his hypocritical associates occasionally shown up. It does not require silence toward hypocrits and frauds for gems and precious stones to be duly appreciated.

14. The most false thing about Christianity is its claims of supernaturalism. All religions which claim to be founded upon supernaturalism, upon a revelation from heaven, are false; as false, even, as is the claim that there is a harmony between the teachings of science and the dogmas of Christianity. The attention of our friend is called to the last published letter of his own countryman, the late Charles Darwin, than whom a greater and truer man has not been produced in his or any other country. The letter was a reply to a young student of Jena who appealed to him to settle some doubts upon religious subjects, and reads as follows:

> SIR: I am very busy. I am an old man in delicate health, and hav not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every man must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities.
>
> Wishing you well, I remain, Your obedient servant,
> *Down*, June 5, 1879. CHARLES DARWIN.

This is the whole truth in a nutshell, and if the wise old philosopher was right, there is nothing in Christianity worth a groat. He very tersely says, "*Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other*," and it is getting to be pretty well understood that the unfailing teachings of science are infinitly superior to the claims of any supernatural religion. If the wise Mr. Darwin is correct, that *no revelation has ever been made*, the quicker the absurd claims of Christianity are renounced and men taught to look to the only source of truth for guidance, the better for the world.

Similar in Character and Conduct.

It has been the persistent cry of Anthony Comstock and Joseph Cook that we are "poisoners of youth." The former, over and over again, accused us of poisoning the minds of youth by our Infidel publications which he threatened to suppress and "stamp out." The latter has more frequently denounced us as a poisoner of youth. A favorit term of his which he applied to us in his Boston lectures was "cancer-planter," as though we were busily engaged in planting cancers in the minds of American youth. On his recent tour around the world he many times denounced us as a poisoner of youth. This he did in Bombay and other places in India. He did the same at several points in Ceylon, and when he arrived in Australia he again took it upon himself to denounce us as a poisoner of the young. He has unquestionably told lies enough in this line to doom him to eternal hell fire, if such theological monstrosities are sent to that terrible place. But recently he has gained an assistant. He has a new recruit in his work of defamation. The great William Emmette Coleman, in the *Index*, has joined the false and conceited Cook in denouncing us as a poisoner of the young. All these men speak words of falsehood. They lie as easily as they breathe. We never poisoned the mind of a single youth in our life. A thousand dollars is offered for any youth we hav ever poisoned.

It is very easy for conceited liars and hypocrits to denounce another as being a poisoner, when the real venom is within their own breasts. In the efforts we hav made we hav endeavored to speak to old and young the words of truth, though in opposition to the claims of theology and ecclesiasticism. It is they who teach falsehoods about angry gods and devils, and who poison the minds of old and young. It has been to furnish the antidote to such poison as this that we hav toiled. We hav endeavored to supplant the poison of priestcraft and supernaturalism with the truths of nature. This has been our crime, and this is what we hav done to be denounced by the three C's—Comstock, Cook, and Coleman. But as they must inevitably appear in their true character of defamers and liars, we are quite content to let the worthy trinity do their utmost. We neither fear them nor respect them, and shall continue on in what we conceive to be our duty the same as though they did not exist.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

Communications.

Ideology.

THE TRANCE IDEA IN HISTORY.

The highest glory, Humanity sings,
Above our ignorance and tears,
Its truest thoughts, as to the whole of things,
All, all, are human ideas.

The first man that the Christian God created he entranced in order to create him a wife, else there could hav been no humanity, nor any serpent with a human tongue and speech. And from that same state of trance Christianity has come, with its visions and revelations from the Lord. The Bible was written by barbarians, who thought a state of entrancement the best for hearing God's voice and for being "caught up to paradise." And, similarly, the modern form of mysticism is founded upon this state of trance, from which messages are made from the dead.

The printers hav a good maxim, to "follow copy if it leads out of the window." And shall not science follow "plenary inspiration" in defining the trance, that state of the human mind whence Christianity has come? Is not the Bible an "inspired," infallible witness as to those states of the human mind whence its "visions and revelations" were derived? And, moreover, what if we find that both the Bible and classic lore are perfectly agreed in their definitions of the "trance" or ecstasy?

The Trance Defined.—In the Greek it is:

Existemi or *Existao.*—I remove out of my place or state; am out of my wits; am beside myself; am transported beyond myself; am astonished; amazed; astounded.

And this term occurs in Acts x, 10; xi, 15; xxii, 17; 2 Cor. xii, 1–4.

In the Hebrew it is thus defined:

Tar-dai-mah.—Sleep, heaviness, sluggishness, from the root *Ra-dam*—He sank down; was overwhelmed, as in water; was asleep; overcome with sleep.

It is found in Gen. ii, 21; xv, 12; Num. xxiv, 4–6; and Dan. x, 9.

And is not the present trance mania illustrativ of both these definitions? It is not of the Spiritualists as a Liberal, progressiv class of people that I speak. They are head and shoulders above the old form of mysticism. And but for the fact that I speak of what I know to be true in regard to the trance, and for science and humanity, I might not, perhaps, refer to the fact that this modern form of mysticism, by its "faith" in the "mystic nap," adopted and indorsed Christianity, the old boss "devil," hell-fire, and the "resurrection of the dead." I hav now before me an 8vo pamphlet, published in Auburn, N. Y., in 1849, containing "messages" purporting to come from the dead through Mrs. Benedict, the medium, to a company of Millerites, confirming their views as to the "resurrection of the dead" and the immediate destruction of our planet, thus showing that while modern mediums are "inspired" as really in a state of trance as Abraham and Peter and Paul were, the so-called spirits that control them "communicate" nothing that they cannot previously learn through the trance brains of a medium and those to whom the "message" is made. Hence the trance in this modern form of mysticism is estimated as a "royal road," an open door, as Paul said, to "the thin heavens" and the condition of all the dead. In the "trance" of a modern medium death's seal upon the past in human life is taken off and the secrets of the grave exposed to the light of noonday. A "rap" on the table leg by forms of force of which we can know nothing materializes human ideas.

Gabriel, Jesus, and Isiah
Hav made the "rap" so very loud,
That no mystic thunder could be higher
Or gather such another crowd.

Modern Spiritualism (without hell) is a repetition of Christianity in its "trances," "visions," and "inspiration;" in its *motiv* power (both in things unknown) it is the same. It is based upon mediums, precisely the same as the Bible and Christianity; and while the latter claims that its trances and visions are superior, because of their having been, even long ago, superinduced by "almighty God," the modern mediums claim that their trances are produced by those now dead. They hav no "creed," each one speaks for himself, and "the devil take the hindermost." Mediums are always the *eyes* and the *ears* of all gods and ghosts! Myths, and invisibilities, of all grades, are utter know-nothings and do-nothings, without the trance and a medium's brains. Had they any knowledge of us no mediums would be necessary; and all Spiritualists rely upon what they find themselvs able to believe, as to the grades and authority of invisible spooks that reveal "messages" to them, in a state of trance; hence any medium like Miss Lizzie Doten, through whose entrancement Edgar A. Poe repeats his rhymes (that were not original with him), is considered at the head of the list in the ranks of modern mediumship now, and since her publication of her sensation in her own state of trance (in my estimation) she holds rank with St. Paul in this regard. As the apostle shows in his account of his own case how really he was "out of his wits" in the trance, so Miss Doten, in behalf of Spiritualism, shows in her account how perfectly she was bamboozled in her own entrancement. Hence she affirms of her state that it was "dizzy, frenzied, abnormal, mysty, petrifying, embryonic, weak, vaporish, faint, and horrible!"

Nor is it any marvel that so many, victimized in this manner, should cut their own being short by suicide. I hav now before me accounts of more than a dozen mediums that hav thus ended their own lives; all of them melancholy cases. Miss Hattie A. Eager, of Boston, aged 22, was one case; John W. Lyman, a Spiritualist, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1856, murdered Cornelius Cannon; Judson J. Hutchison, 1850, of the Hutchison family, was the first one to become victimized by the idea of being "entranced" by a ghost! From that hour he was insane, and so he remained for a number of years, and hung himself on High Rock, Lynn, Mass., the very spot where the wonder monger-in-chief, A. J. Davis, had invoked his "congress of spirits," when he foretold future events; but his "eye of faith" was not big enough to see that victim of his mysticism hanging by the neck.

Rev. Luke Haskell, a medium, suicided in 1855, and so did Charles H. Whipple, aged 19, in Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1857. But my space does not allow me in this direction. Within a short distance from my office, where this is written, is the cemetery for the town of Quincy, Mass. And thereby hangs a tale too long to report here of the murder and suicide which caused one tombstone to be thus inscribed:

"Erected to the memory of John R. Grieve; died Nov. 12, 1850, aged 22 years. And Hannah Banks, his wife, died Nov. 12, 1850, aged 15 years. Both of Zanesville, Ohio. Deluded by the writings of A. J. Davis."

That young wife "consulted the spirits about suicide." Soon after they walked out together, when he shot her, and then put his revolver to his own head; they obeyed the advice given them from that dark unknown!

There is a manifest kinship in all those states known as somnambulism, catalepsy, mediumized, hallucinated, and entranced. And such is that state of the human mind, believed to be in a "superior condition" for "messages from the dead" and "revelations from the sky. And does the reader marvel that for more than half a century the writer has persisted in his charge of a gigantic fraud against Christianity? And some hav doubtless thought this was too severe, admitting as he does that Christians are good people, as I did not giv the scientific grounds upon which my indictment was predicated.

Historical.—To the trance my attention was at first compelled by so frequently witnessing this state in the revival spasms I got up when a minister in the Methodist Episcopal church. They were not anticipated, but resulted from the nervous disturbances superinduced by sensational ideas peculiar to the Methodist creed. During my first sermon the entire audience (principally young people about my own age) fell upon the floor, entranced. In the slang of the ism, they were declared to hav "lost their strength" and to hav "been struck down" by the Holy Ghost. Similar phenomena followed in all my "revivals" throughout the New England states for twenty years. In 1836 a Frenchman by the name of Charles Poyen gave lectures on "Animal Magnetism" in Pawtucket, R. I. Only one person became entranced at his suggestion, and that was Miss Cynthia Gleason. I saw her and noticed it was similar to all the trances I had seen. And Poyen explained to me Mesmer's notions as to the subduction of one will by the mere volition of another—notions in which I never invested, as I knew better. I had already seen more cases of catalepsy or trance than Mesmer, who was of an inferior mind, as I judge from his picture now before me. Nor were my converts entranced by my will, and I then had doubts as to any will of the Holy Ghost that could be the cause of the physical and nervous phenomena that were characteristic of Methodist revivals.

At that time my residence was in New York. And soon after my family, at 131 Varick street, were visited by Rev. Charles McReading, a Methodist, and his wife—a lady who had been entranced and "caught up to the third heaven" under one of my sermons some years before. On my referring to the case of Miss Gleason, Mrs. McReading informed me that she herself had been thus entranced frequently, whereupon she instantly passed into that state, merely from my suggestion, and precisely so, by *suggestion*, the artificial trance always comes on, no matter what processes may be adopted for that purpose. The first thing Mrs. McReading did on becoming entranced she stretched out, and, grasping my hand, she exclaimed:

Oh, Brother Sunderland, don't you remember that sermon I heard you preach in Situate Harbor, Massachusetts, in 1824, when I was entranced and saw Jesus and the angels? Well, this is the same state I was in when caught up to heaven. Oh, this is the most delightful state I was ever in!

Thus it was in 1836 the hint that fell from the lips of that entranced lady set my own mind upon a career of experimental investigation that I hav neither regretted nor abandoned to this day.

My Experiments.—Since I severed my connection with the church in 1840 (after having suffered its bitter persecutions on account of my opposition to slavery for the space of five years), I hav always considered its persecutions as the best thing that Methodism ever did for me. Nor hav I ever had any reason for regretting my experience in "getting up" revivals. Those revivals afforded me ample opportunity for acquainting myself with a class of nervous and mental phenomena that I never could hav witnessed anywhere else, and they prepared me for the discovery of the psychological laws, by which I can now prove beyond all successful contradiction how all those phenomena, and all that is induced in "Christian experience," are brought about. It was certainly a vast advantage to me to hav, in the beginning of my psychological investigations, so large a number of Christian people who had been "converted" and "sanctified" under my preaching. And these "converts" I always found in all the cities where I afterward gave scientific lectures. They were always friendly, and I was greatly assisted by them, and I may as well state the reason here. As a general rule, all persons who are the first to be "converted" are the most easily entranced. It is only the few that are saved—only the few that are miraculously cured. In comparison with the mass, only a few are insane. Only a few hav the right temperament for catalepsy and somnambulism so as to become entranced in that sensational movement known as modern mediumship. And, as a general rule, I believe it will be found that each of these, including insanity, are confined to one and the same class of temperaments.

Hence, my new theory of *selfhood*, and my success in "miraculous cures," attracted a good deal of attention, both here and in England. I had letters from the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, of the church of England. In 1839, he had published a 12mo volume, entitled "Facts in Mesmerism." I had correspondence, also, with Dr. John Ellistian Contab, F.R.S., and the author of a large 8mo on "Human Physiology." He was also president of St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

The Law of Self-induction.—I hav refered to my experiments, by which I demonstrated this law of self-induction in selfhood, because I know it has *supreme* control over the instinctiv, the vital, the nutritiv and the mental forces, as I long since proved by experiment, the only method recognized and adopted by the scientific world. The human mind is not to be weighed in the balances of the chemist, nor is it to be measured with a carpenter's rule. *The mind is measured by the ideas it evolves.* Nor is it, perhaps, unsafe to admit that any mind must be tinged with the trance or insanity whenever it is so hallucinated as to imagine that it has the power of uttering any idea more than human. Such an idea is not very far from a state of trance and insanity. And still so learned a scholar as F. Max-Muller, the German philologist, in his "Essay on Monotheism," speaks of Abraham (who was entranced), and says he did not by his own brains invent the idea of one god! Muller says that idea was injected into Abraham's mind by supernatural power, and he did not himself acquire it in a state of trance, nor by clairvoyance, nor in a dream! I refer to this merely to show to what an extent a truly scientific man may become warped and perverted in his mind by mysticism. Ideas hav no existence until they are evolved by thinking in the human brains. And when expressed they are still human ideas, nothing more.

For twelve years, and throughout the principal cities of the United States, I gave illustrativ lectures on Pathetism, in which this law of self-induction was "substantiated," and by the only method that could put it beyond all doubt.

And Webster, in the quarto edition of his American dictionary, in defining the term Pathetism, has rendered me liable to be understood as indorsing the notions of Mesmer; whereas, I never believed in that theory, nor did I ever use that term for designating the phenomena by which I demonstrated its falsehood. The psychological experiments I performed throughout the country were purely scientific. I never meddled with the nervous system of a human mind solely for the purpose of amusing an audience. And I am sure, if psychology were sufficiently understood, no one would ever consent to be drilled by false ideas into a state of mental hallucination merely to cause a laugh by the fantastic capers they cut up in that state.

My principal experiments were in the cases of persons who had surgical operations performed on them, without pain, in a state of self-induced "trance." Timid women held lighted candles in each hand, while their molars were drawn, when there was no change in their pulse, nor any movement of a muscle. And this was done when the surgeon, also, was entranced, and his eyes blindfolded, while surrounded by numerous other surgeons, editors, clergymen, and men of science. Thus of persons self-entranced, who had tumors cut out, and one had his thigh amputated! Not one of these marvelous states were superinduced by my "will." My method was confined wholly to ideas, and it ignored mesmerism and

theology. Of my method, a Boston editor, still living and venerable for his age, his philanthropy and scholarly attainments (Prof. Elizur Wright), when my lectures had been continued in that city for sixty-four nights in succession, said:

La Roy Sunderland is well known as transcending all who hav attempted to explain to us the mysteries of the human mind. No lecturer has ever attracted such crowds or held them by such a spell! No one has ever produced results so magical, doing with no visible means far more than all others hav done with them (Boston *Chronotype*, November 10, 1847).

In Boston I state what I know when I affirm that after I had lectured there for twelve years, more or less, the mass had become so familiarized with those physiological conditions and laws by which all revival and mental epidemics are got up, that for thirty years after no "revivals" occurred in that city. And when it was assaulted by Moody and Sankey recently, they only victimized a few young people that had been born one age since my lectures were concluded. My theory of selfhood covers all the facts in the "miraculous cures," in "revival scares," and all the nervous phenomena attributed to supernatural causes and the sudden deaths that hav occurred from the sensational excitement of faith, fear, hope, and joy. And moreover, it accounts for mental contagion, mental epidemics, "mothers' marks," and other correlativ phenomena that hav never been explained, either by medicin or theology.

The Trance a Popish Miracle.—When I speak of the artificial, either in connection with the trance or Christianity, I refer only to the methods used. The trance is always a spontaneity, similarly as sleep, fits, and dreaming are so considered. The trance occurred before it had any name; and as it occurred then, so it occurs now; however, it may be suggested to the mind for that purpose. And in those cases where it becomes a habit, and the victim is under the control of superstition, it is considered miraculous! Hence in the popish church, where it occurs in the nuns, everything is made of it by the priests as "a miracle, produced by the power of almighty God." I hav now before me a popish pamphlet by "the Earl of Shrewsbury," entitled "The Virgins of the Tyrol," two Austrian girls who, for eight years, had been in the habit (when receiving the sensational communion) of falling into this state. This tract I hav reviewed at length in my work on "The Trance" (now out of print). It contains pictures of each of these nuns, showing the bleeding scratches they had made on their faces, feet, and hands, as similar to what was believed to hav been done to Jesus when he was crucified and swooned on the cross. If he died at that time, he died in utter despair. Two facts in regard to these popish cases may be mentioned here:

That females only fall into the trance in the popish church. And it so happens that it is only the nuns who hav ever had these scratches which they call "the real stigmata," by which they signify their faith that those marks on their feet, hands, and temples are made "by the miraculous power of God;" whereas, these stigmata are made by each nun when entranced (and it may, in some cases, be that they do not remember it), each one for herself. Entranced persons often act from strange or insane motivs. And the nuns, controled by the popish ideas of Jesus, produce these scratches to gratify their "confessors" and the priests. This I prove, both by the history of these popish cases and by similar cases that hav occurred in papists and Protestant Christians, entranced under my own personal observation.

A nun, entranced in San Francisco in 1872, was detected in scratching her own hands and feet for the stigmata. F. Giard, a popish priest, was tried in France in 1833 for the liberties he had taken in kissing the "stigmata" which a nun had shown upon her person. The account of this case represents that this nun charged the priest with having bewitched her, as (from the laws of association) she invariably fell into the trance whenever he visited her, as he often did. No doubt the bewitchment was reciprocal.

I utter what I know when I affirm that the best Christians that can be found in the popish church, or in Christendom, when entranced, will deceive and falsify for the purpose of gratifying their priests or those they think the most of in their normal state. I could giv the name of one who I believe to hav been as honest and truthful as any Christian woman ever was, a young lady whom I recovered from a state of insanity and epilepsy. She was indeed the best case of "clairvoyance" I ever knew (all the best clairvoyants are in cases of insanity). And yet, to increase my estimation of her clairvoyance, this lady, when entranced, took articles from me that she hid, and then told me that some other persons had stolen them. But when she made these averments to me that these articles had been stolen, I had never missed either of them; and she added, when entranced: "I will watch for the thieves and recover them for you." So one morning I was called to attend her; she was wild, and her clothes were torn. She said she had chased the thieves in the streets and had a tussle with them, and thus her garments had become torn. In view of these facts, I ask if it can be supposed scarcely possible for Christians to be deceived by any ideas of anything, so much as to imagin a state of trance to be oracular, and produced by supernatural power.

As we hav seen, in reality, certain different terms must essentially hav one and the same signification. Hence it must mean a similar state of things when we say "mediumized," "converted," "sanctified," "entranced," or "insane." The writers of the Bible were "mediumized" by "plenary inspiration," it is said, and this was "the highest degree of inspiration," the "royal road" to paradise.

The Bible opens with an account of the "devil" having inspired and "mediumized" a snake, by which it talked and argued with a human tongue! And hence in all the history of ancient and modern mediumship both "the devil" and "the serpent" held rank, and stand at the head of that list, even above God and the rest of mankind. Nor is it apparent why Christians should not freely admit that the serpent was as really "entranced" by the devil, and more than Adam could hav been by his creator! At any rate, as it is manifest that the devil having inspired and mediumized that serpent was the occasion that resulted in sin, Christianity, heaven, and hell, it follows that the Bible and all that credulity has made out of that old barbarian book hav resulted from the devils having mediumized and "inspired" that snake with human speech.

The Case of St. Paul.—He was the chief apostle, and had two spells of entrancement. Rev. Edward Robinson, in his edition of Calrust's Bible Dictionary, says that in the year A.D. 44, "Paul was enraptured into the third heaven and saw ineffable things." This orthodox writer could not say that Paul was "entranced." And Paul speaks of what he "heard" in heaven, not, as Mr. Robinson says, of what he saw there. Paul's account is the most minute, and here it is entire:

I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body. God knoweth). Such an one was caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth). Now, that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter (2 Cor. xii, 1, 4).

Any full-grown man or woman, not a Christian, to hear such a statement as this, would instantly pronounce it a case of insanity. Nor could a better illustration be given of the definition of the trance than I hav quoted. A man whose mind is in a state that does not allow him to be conscious of his own selfhood and self-control, or to know whether he is dead or alive, is insane. He may tell us what "God knoweth," and of words that he never heard spoken, and also of "visions and revelations from the Lord." But "such a man" is "beside himself and out of his wits." He himself cannot know. That persons entranced are sometimes "enraptured" I very well know. And among the Christians and the ministers I hav seen entranced in my lectures, I hav had numerous cases where they were so "filled with joy" and enraptured with delight that they hav declared it was "far above any prayer-meeting or camp-meeting," which they never would hav said in their normal state.

The Case of St. Peter.—Of this case of trance the popish church makes most. They put him at the head of the list. And here I quote the "inspired" account of Peter's bewilderment:

Peter went up upon the house-top to pray [sensational associations], and he fell into a trance. And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air (Acts x, 10).

But nowadays, when modern mediums fall into this same state of trance and describe what they see, Christians ridicule them in scorn, just as if they themselvs did not believe in such stuff as that! But Peter was highly favored by the Lord. He was on the "royal road" to heaven, and all Christians follow in that track!

The Trance of Abraham.—And when the sun was gone down (tar-dai-mah), deep sleep fell upon Abraham; and lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him (Gen. xv, 12).

Observe, it was not till Abraham was entranced, that he could hear what his idea of God said unto him! And but for this dreamy, insane state of trance, there never could hav been any humanity but Adam. And since he got his wife from his entrancement, and the race has increased, we are indebted to this same state of trance for all "inspired" writings and our ideas of personality in gods. Hence this trance is pronounced by Dr. Adam Clark the "highest degree of inspiration," and it is the Christian's "royal road" to heaven!

The Trance of Balaam.—Balaam, the son of Beor, lifted up his eyes and the spirit of God came upon him. And he took up his parable and said: Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said, and the man whose eyes are open, hath said. He hath said, which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open (Num. xxiv, 12).

The reader will notice the tautology is the same here as in Paul's account of his own case. Shakspere has the case of one whose "eyes were open when their sense was shut." I hav seen many cases of this kind.

The Trance of Daniel.—I retained no thought. Yet I heard the voice of God's words; and when I heard the voice of his words then was I in a (tar-dai-mah) deep sleep and my face toward the ground (Dan. x, 8).

Thus, in the "revival" excitement, people "lose their strength" and fall upon the ground, as Daniel said he did, as without the trance no "voice of God" is ever heard! And it is noticeable that a book like this, made out of this crazy state of trance, has in past ages and down to the present time been quoted as the authority for predicting the end of this world, and a general "smash up" in the whole thing. Charles F. Freeman and his wife were Adventists, who, in May, 1879, murdered their infant child, under this infatuation. And about the same time a Christian mother in Erie, Pa., under the same delusion, murdered her own babe to secure its admission into the heaven from which St. Peter saw the beasts and the creeping things coming out!

The Trance of Adam.—And the Lord God caused (tar-dai-mah) a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And of the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man (Gen. ii, 21).

As this account is inspired, as really so as any other part of the Bible, it may hav come from the trance of some one not named. When this stuff was originally written a few thousand years ago, it was not so generally known as it is at the present day that man had at that time existed on the planet uncounted hundreds and thousands of years.

And no matter by what name you call that state of trance, "converted," "mediumized," "born again," "inspired by the Holy Ghost," or what "God has or done," the supposition that it is true involves many corollaries that follow in despite of "faith" in mysticism. For if our ignorance and superstition giv to this God a personal identity and a priority in the production of a state of trance, and for the purpose here stated, then it follows that as he produced the first case of trance, he also produced the first and the last pain, the first and the last sorrow, the first and the last crime, and the first and the last calamity that has or ever will befall man or the human race. Such are the scientific facts in regard to the trance, upon which all forms of mysticism, ancient or modern, are founded. Let the candid weigh them.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Crush the Rum Traffic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In our beloved TRUTH SEEKER of October 7, 1882, D. S. Irwin attempts to set the matter of difference between "Walter Simonds" and "Liberta" to rights. I am grateful to D. S. Irwin for the splendid generous support he givs me in my efforts to convince Liberals of the duty they owe themselvs, as well as the advantage it will be to the cause of Liberalism to be on the moral side of this question of prohibition.

It is to be regretted that some of our German friends are very desirous of drinking lager beer on Sunday. Sometimes I hav feared that they narrowed this whole question of Liberalism to that of a free Sunday, and that by a free Sunday they meant no more than the right to drink lager to drunkenness on each recurring seventh day.

Now I do not believe the question of Liberalism should be so belittled. We are not striving for the privilege of doing ourselvs and society a wrong on any day of the week. Liberalism, guided by intellectuality, must be against everything which is *per se* immoral. This opposition to prohibition because some of the churches are beginning reluctantly to support it is unworthy educated, liberal-minded men and women. The churches are undoubtedly against theft and murder, but I should despise the Freethinker who did not take his position by their side and lend them the strength of his hands and of his mind to effect the protection of these crimes.

Here and there we may find a Liberal, as we may find thousands of Christians, so befuddled with alcohol as to be blind, mad, and bigoted an this subject. How preposterous it is to assume that there is a right to do wrong, for that is clearly wrong which crowds our poorhouses with paupers, our jails with criminals, our asylums with the idiotic and the insane!

In the places of all these degraded people Liberalism desires to put earnest, intelligent, happy men, women, and children. That part of the community who make up the churches are not altogether blind to the things we are striving to bring about. When they cease their insane raving about Jesus Christ and him crucified, to cry for the prohibition of the death-dealing, crime-breeding, rum traffic, they are acting like sensible people and merit our applause and our co-operation.

When the Christians say unto us, "You go forth with your irresistible sledges to break down the mighty structures religion has built, to tear asunder the strong bonds with which it has fettered human minds, 'bring all in captivity unto Christ,' in the

day of your success, what will you put in the place of them?"

Let us answer as becomes Liberals, "Let us replace them with liberty, with morality, with temperance, with intelligence, with happy families and homes where never the wolf of despair nor the demon of driveling, drunken idiocy can enter."

Would not such an answer be better than the one some misguided people are endeavoring to put into our mouths about to this effect, "We are going to put in the place of your religion drunkenness under the name of moderation (that is a pleasant word for drunkenness, more seductiv, and consequently more destructiv to the young), and in the place of your churches we are going to put beer gardens, rum shops, breweries, and distilleries."

No, no! my, friends, let us stop this folly. The Christians themselvs hav almost drowned the world in alcohol. To-day they are slaying the negroes of the South with rum, as our sweet-tempered Puritan ancestors slew the North American Indians with New England rum. Should the Christians tire of this work, as it is to be hoped they will, are the Liberals to take it up and work at it seven days per week instead of following the Puritanical moderation rule of "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy rum drinking, but on the seventh in sobriety shalt thou make a still greater ass of thyself?"

We cannot be too much in earnest. The first great practical work for us to do—either as citizens of a republic, or as moral, intellectual Liberals—is to crush the rum traffic. LIBERTA.

Letters from Friends.

NETTLETON, Mo., Oct. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In renewing my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER I cannot help congratulating you on your return to your friends and family. I hav read your notes of travel with interest and profit to myself and family. Inclosed find $8, which please use as directed. W. H. SLOANE.

NEW HOLSTEIN, WIS., Oct. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The reading of your valuable paper is one of the necessities of my life. Sorry I should be if I should miss a number of the same, though my time is pretty much taken up to attend to my business, the card of which you see above, and of which firm I am a member. So please find inclosed $3 in payment of another year's subscription.

Yours very truly, GUSTAV SLOBERG.

MILLEDGEVILLE, ILL., Oct. 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Your financial "poke" of September 20th strikes me square. The argument therein contained is correct, and I hereby admit the force of the same by sending you three inches, or three links, or three yards, or three dollars' worth of the "root of all evil." The above amount of "root" squares us financially for 1882.

Fraternally yours, J. P. HUNTER.

GRATON, DAK. TER., Oct. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $6—$3 to renew the subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $3 for Frank Douglass. I, for one, hav stopped lending THE TRUTH SEEKER to those who call themselvs Liberals and, in place of supporting papers of this kind, stand on the street corners and try to preach their belief to others, when if that time was spent in work it would pay for four papers. JAMES H. GILES.

ROBERT S. SHOEMAKER.

[FRIEND BENNETT: I just received this letter from our friend Shoemaker, that I think is worthy a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Consumption has not the power to dampen his ardor for the cause of Freethought. H. L. GREEN.]

RUSH, PA., Oct. 20, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND: Yours received last night with the three certificates all right. I saw in last week's TRUTH SEEKER my scolding letter to you. "I did not suppose my scoldings were worthy of publication." I wish I were able to do more for the Liberal cause. I had a very severe hemorrhage of the lungs again last night, which makes me feel rather poorly to-day, but still I am overseeing my business to-day. During my spare time I am reading Bennett's "A Truth Seeker Around the World," as it is a splendid work, but I don't think quite equal to his "Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times." I think that is the grandest work I ever read. And how Bennett was ever able to write it during his confinement at Albany is a mystery to me. I stood beside Bennett when he and Bell and Miss Tilton were arrested at Watkins, and I cannot get over the disappointment of not being able to meet them there again this year. With best wishes to you and Mrs. Green, and hoping to be able to send you more orders for your book, I am, Truly yours,

ROBERT S. SHOEMAKER.

PRINCETON, MINN., Oct. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3 to renew for THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I can't do without it. It is the only really Liberal paper that I hav ever taken. I hav the *Religio*-Bundy, Roberts-*Matter*, and hav read the *Banner of Light* and *Seymour Times*. I am a Spiritualist in religion, an Independent in politics. I hav read so much of cultured Liberalism and Spiritualism that I almost detest the words. The great cry for culture and purity reminds me of the French and German soldiers. "How does it come," says the Frenchman, "that you Germans always fight for money, while we French fight for honor?" "Vell," replies Hans, "I 'spose each von fights for dot he most lacks." When Freethinkers hav nothing to harp on but cultured Liberalism and the higher phases of mediumship, they hav no business any longer in this naughty world of ours; they can be spared with profit, since their mission will hav been filled. To my mind, we want more Liberals and not so many pretenders. I see that the temperance and Sunday law wave has struck Ohio and has been somewhat broken. It is well. Let all Sunday laws share the same fate! W. J. CRAVENS.

ITHACA, MICH., Oct. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am very poor, and a cripple at that, but I don't see how I can do without your paper. I get more knowledge by reading it than I could by eating apples, butter, or honey. I am called the wickedest man in this town by the Christians because I take THE TRUTH SEEKER and try to get others to take it, and speak what I think without fear or favor. I hav been challenged to several debates by some Christian big heads. I hav always accepted, and had no trouble in putting them to flight. One big-headed minister and Sunday-school superintendent asked me to discuss the question of the infallibility of the Bible. He argued that it was the infallible word of God. We met in a school-house, and it was the first discussion of the kind ever held in our town. There was a large audience. It was my first effort, but I made it hot for him. He was so put to it for argument that he resorted to slang and rage; he tore around like a madman; told the people that I was an old Infidel, full of hell, and ought not to be allowed to speak in public. I laughed at his rage. He quit the school-house and never came near it again. Surely the righteous are as bold as a lion. I hope and expect to send you several new subscribers by the first of January. I followed you all around the globe with intense anxiety for your welfare, and was rejoiced at your safe return. You hav done a great work in a short time. That you may liv many years and do much good is the desire of your friend, ISAAC GABBION.

PERRINSVILLE, MICH., Oct. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please forgiv me. Unavoidable circumstances hav kept me from the good rule of remitting in advance for your highly esteemed TRUTH SEEKER another year. For this you will find inclosed $3. I fully indorse the highly merited congratulations sent to you from all classes of our best people in the world. I do not like to weary your patience, yet I would like to say a few words about Mr. Whitehead's God of the Bible, and show that no true religion can be built upon the Christian's God-foundation, for it seems to me that in the making of his children God has made a great mistake. In the first place he forgot to put knowledge into the heads of Adam and Eve, instead of a tree, and for that reason became grandfather to a murderer. That he did not want Cain to be hurt or killed must hav been for the reason that Cain was of such close connection to him—his only grandchild. How, I should like to know, could a perfect God get himself into such a condition? Does it look reasonable to command some of his own posterity to stone all those who spoke of greater gods than himself? It must hav looked so to him since he wanted to be the biggest one. Was it a big thing to wrestle with Jacob, yet never save the lone mother and child from the knife of a high way robber, or the crew of a sinking ship of any number of persons praying to be saved?

What if he counts the hairs of the head, and notices the sparrow's fall from the roof too late to save him? If God was so great as to drown nearly all of his family so as to save the rest that came by another god, he must indeed not only be a great but an inexplicable something, which alone makes a foundation to support any religion.

Thanking you for your patience, I remain,

Yours truly, WM. C. HERR.

ESCANABA, MICH., Oct. 17, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me, even at this late hour, to congratulate you on your safe return home from your trip around the world. I had many doubts when you started that you would complete the journey; but it seems God, in his wise providence, allowed you to do so, and I am glad that he, she, or it did so, as I hav been very much interested in reading your letters, and even my little son, Roy, who is only nine years old, got so interested in your travels that I had to read them aloud to him, and he would sit with his geography and point out the places and follow you in your journeyings on the map; and I hav myself learned more about the geography of the Eastern continent than I ever knew, and I thought I was pretty well posted. Had not my business prevented I would hav met you on your return at Chicago or Milwaukee, but I could not do so at that time. But I trust I shall hav the pleasure of meeting you at some future time, although it does not look very favorable just now, as I intend to start with my family on the 15th of next month for Santa Barbara, Cal., to spend the winter, and perhaps may conclude to locate there. I thought it would be best to pay up my debts before I left this part of the country, and I knew you would be glad to hear from me in the shape of a remittance, so here it is, an express money-order for $6.00, for which please send me "The Occult World" and "The Christian Religion," by Ingersoll and Black, and the balance apply on subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. You may send the books here to Escanaba, and I will write when I wish my address changed on the paper. Mrs. Hiller joins me in sending regards to you, and we wish you to remember us to Mrs. Bennett and to Eugene and wife, whom we had the pleasure of meeting a year ago. Yours truly, J. N. HILLER.

WOODHULL, Oct. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It has been some time since I hav troubled you with the scratches of my pen, and I trust you will overlook this, my intrusion upon your attention. Think not I hav forgotten you, though I regret you failed in your extensiv travels to find the remains of Mother Lot or Nebuchadnezzar's pasture field. But there is one consolation, it proves that which does not exist cannot be found; so you are exonerated from censure or neglect.

I welcome you home to the bosom of your family and your office, and congratulate you on your good fortune in returning in good health. But, oh, if the river Jordan had swallowed you, are you able to conjecture the result?

I hav read the "Pictorial History of the World," written by James S. McCabe, who says the land of Palestine or Canaan is about the size of New Jersey one hundred and eighty miles long and forty-five miles wide, covering about eight thousand square miles, and a great portion is covered with mountains and rock. The river Jordan, he says, is not navigable, but fordable most of the time; no bridges until after the Roman conquest. There could hav been but little energy or enterprise in the Jews as a people. He speaks of some nine different nations (Bible account), and names them, when Joshua entered Palestine with an army of 601,730 fighting men and numerous cattle. It would be fair to say that there were the same number of gentiles, making in all 1,203,460 soldiers. Estimating one soldier out of five in a family, there were 6,017,300 inhabitants in all, making 7,521 to each square mile and their cattle. If any one should think this unreasonable, let them also think all things are possible with God, and if he is not satisfied with this explanation we will appeal to the Bible record, which warrants us there were at least one hundred times as many gentiles as there were Jews. It makes one Jew equal to one hundred of these enemies in battle. This is plain to be seen by the number killed on each side, so we think if the Bible account is true of the many battles and the number killed on the part of their enemies, our estimate of the number of inhabitants is correct. And failing, as they did, to kill off all the Canaanites at the rate of at least one hundred to one of the Jews, we are warranted to say there were 300,865,000 gentiles besides the Israelites. Now, Bro. Bennett, as you hav seen the country, do you think the description given of the land of Canaan by Mr. McCabe is correct as to size and otherwise? And, providing every acre tillable was well cultivated, how many inhabitants would it support? Also, the probability of a nation of people living in the mountains defending themselvs in irbn chariots in defiance of an army of 600,000 under such a commander as Gen. Grant.

Inclosed find $3 for another year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. May it liv and do good is the wish of an old subscriber, though his time in this life is almost out. Whether he will be able to renew his life is a question with some.

I am corresponding with a father in the Catholic church who has promised to answer any question I see proper to ask, but I cannot persuade him to hav our correspondence published. He has answered questions. Respectfully yours, ISAAC PADEN.

XENIA, O., Aug. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I feel inspired to place before your readers a true version of the Bible god and the Bible devil, as given in the first three chapters of Genesis, and see which has been the best friend to the human race. In bringing the two before the thoughts of the people I shall admit that they both existed at that time, and both said and did just as the Bible says, and if they do not pan out to suit our Christian friends they cannot blame us.

On the first day God created the heavens and the earth, but the Bible fails to tell us what he created it out of, as create means to make something out of nothing. The Bible fails to tell us where that nothing came from. On the same day he produced light out of water. "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and said, Let there be light, and there was light." On the same day, after he saw that the light was a good thing to hav, he divided the light from the darkness, and called the light day and the darkness night. In this age and day there is no such division made; light and darkness are produced by the earth turning upon its axis once in twenty-four hours. I suppose at that time God had not set

it to whirling at the rate of seventeen miles a second and way out about a thousand miles an hour in the other way, and had not given it an oscillating motion once in six months.

On the second day God made the firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters, and he called the firmament heaven. So we see that heaven is part of the waters that were at one time on this earth. On the same day he gathered the waters of the earth to one place and called the waters seas, and the dry land he called earth.

On the third day he made the earth bring forth grass and the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, and he saw it was good. But how he made all these things grow without the sun is a mystery to me; since my earlest recollections I hav been certain that grass and fruit-trees could not grow and bear seed without the sun. But they tell us that God can do anything; it may be he can, but I doubt his ever doing what the Bible says he did on the third day.

On the fourth day he made the sun, moon, and stars. That was the greatest day's work he ever did, as there are but three stars in the universe that we know of smaller than this earth; the rest of them are from thirteen to five thousand times larger. On the same day he made the sun on purpose to giv light by day and the moon to giv light by night; now, what became of the light that made day and night the first three days, or what became of the light he made out of the waters on the first day of his work?

On the fifth day he made the animals, birds, fish, snakes, insects, and creeping things, and after he saw them he pronounced it a good job. Now, he worked very hard the first five days, and still he had not made a man. So he took a partner on the sixth day and says to his partner, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them hav dominion over all. So they made (what?) both man and woman, male and female created he them, both the same day, and had a long lalk with them, and told them to be fruitful and multiply, and subdue the earth and control the animal creation, and told them they might eat anything that grew out of the earth. He, in this chapter, made no reserve of anything, but in the second chapter we find that he changed his mind. Before entering the second chapter I will say that the man who wrote the first chapter told a falsehood in regard to God, or the man who wrote the second chapter told a falsehood.

The great trouble with our ministers consists in their striving to make the Bible mean different than what it reads, and at the same time they will tell us that any one that adds to or takes therefrom is in danger of hell-fire.

The first verse of the second chapter tells us that "thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." Now mark, there was more than one heaven, as the text says heavens. Then God took a rest of one day from all his works. The fifth verse tells us that every plant of the field before it grew on this earth was as made by this God. Now any schoolboy or girl knows that was not true. The same verse tells us the reason that nothing had grown upon the earth was because there had never been any rain as yet, and it was the eighth day. The sixth verse tells us, "But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the earth." This does not correspond with the first chapter, where it tells us that the whole earth was covered with water the first day of the creation. The second chapter tells us that the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the earsh and planted out a garden and put him in it. The first chapter does not warrant any such conclusion, as he made him on the sixth day, and that was after that. God or the Lord God put all kinds of fruit-trees in this garden, and in the center he placed the tree of knowledge, and told him he might eat of the fruit of every tree in the garden except the tree of knowledge. In the first chapter he made no reserve, but everything that grew out of the ground was to be food for him. This God did not intend the man to know any more than a mule, or he would never hav forbad him eating of the tree of knowledge. At this time the man did not know that he was naked. Up to this time God had not made a woman. The first chapter says he made them both the same day and at the same time. The Lord God caused all the animals to pass before the man, and then he made the discovery that none of them would be a mate to the man. So he put him into a deep sleep and cut out one of his ribs, sewed up the wound, and out of that bone he made the first woman. The first chapter says this was a lie, and so does every intelligent man and woman on earth. We see by the second chapter that it was the intention of God to keep these people in ignorance to such an extent that they were not to know that they were naked. Now, wouldn't the human race hav been in a pretty fix if this God had had his own way, and had it not been for the devil we should be as ignorant as the brutes, as we will prove by the third chapter.

The third chapter tells us that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field that God had made. If this serpent was the devil, this God made him, and, knowing all things, as the clergy claim, knew just what influence he would hav over the woman. And he said unto the woman, "Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." This talk of the devil was the truth, and what God said to her was false. As soon as they partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge their eyes were opened, and they made a discovery, and that was that they were naked; and they lived over six hundred years afterwards, and if the Christian religion is true they are still alive, either in hell or heaven.

Now, I think, according to these three chapters, the devil was the best spirit of the two, for had it not been for him we would all hav been as ignorant as mules, and there is nothing that we could put our eyes upon (that does not grow out of the ground) that would hav been in existence had it not been for the devil.

I will close this article by quoting the twenty-first verse of the third chapter and asking a few questions. "Unto Adam and his wife did God make coats of skin and clothed them." Where did he get the shears to cut out the clothes with? Where the needle and thread to sew them together? and what kind of skins were the suits made out of? Remember that I contend that the text means just what it says, or it has no meaning, as God never inspired a man to write one thing and at the same time mean something else.

J. D. SEELEY.

IMMORTALITY—WHAT IS IT?

ITHACA, N. Y., July 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Thankful for former favors, but would crave space in THE TRUTH SEEKER to answer the above question, which has been asked, but no special answer given. The principle is so far away from the views of many that to do the subject justice by the manner of evidence I introduce that it may require more space than could reasonably be allotted me. The principle being an important one, and the time come to understand and apply it. And in order to establish evidence of this important principle, I will begin by saying every principle has a positiv and a negativ position. The positiv is, of necessity, the material foundation, and the negativ is in contradistinction the mental or moral. Nature, the eternal male and female progressiv cause, is a producing power, whose laws cannot be defined only from what it produces. I judge from what my natural and mental eyes behold, that if nature has any design it is the perfection of man and his surroundings. I will go to nature's history as she embraces all that actually takes place in her sphere of action, and of course the Old and New Testaments are included, whether the record is good or evil, or mistakes and myths; yet I view it as the animal Adam, our representativ humanity, as at first it had no moral capacity, yet progressiv, while the elements of his animal nature were being developed, signified in the history of him by the production of fishes, fowls, cattle, beasts, and all manner of creeping things, could it be expected a more perfect history from poor, weak, animal man, having little or no mental capacity, while his animal organs must first be developed, such as marvelousness, secretivness, acquisitivness, combativness, destructivness, and philoprogenitivness, while none of the intellectual organs were being developed, while on the sixth day (so called) these animal elements were compacted; and then came forth nature's man, and he was pronounced good. Here, then, stands forth the positiv, the corruptible, yet not fully developed, but represented by John the Baptist, of whom Jesus said that no greater prophet had arisen. And here was the positiv evidence of progressiv nature, for John had conceived the idea of a change in the progressiv; yet he went forth baptizing with water unto repentance, and the people had somehow got an impression that an inspired leader was soon to come, and supposed it might be John the Baptist, but he confessed that he only baptized with water unto repentance, as the kingdom of heaven was at hand. And that there was one among you of whose shoe-latch he was unworthy to unloose, and that he should baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. The kingdom of heaven seemed to giv them a new idea, that it was a condition of peace and pleasure. But in the progress of time Jesus stood forth and proclaimed himself to be the son of man, and also the son of God, and, as it is said of him, he was made of a woman, which has several significations, but in this place it has a mental signification, a virgin of the law, a progressiv condition above animal, he was made under the law, that he might hav knowledge to redeem them that are under the law. Thus he came in possession of advance progression, in mental capacity. And Jesus said, I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword, and he began to preach the kingdom of heaven, and as they were expecting a righteous king to reign over them, they thought to crown him, but he told them his kingdom was not of this world (not a temporal kingdom), and then he stood forth to explain it by saying the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a husbandman who sowed good seed in his field, and an enemy came while men slept and sowed tares, and while they thought to extract the tares from the wheat he said to let them grow together until the harvest, and then divide and gather the tares and burn them, showing that the kingdom was not a condition of peace, but of agitation, and enemies; and his disciples being in doubt asked him when his kingdom would come, and the end of the world. His reply was that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Behold, the kingdom of God is within you, showing it to be a sentiment, and not a territory.

He said, "I come not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it;" he came to perfect the animal, and to introduce the mental. As is recorded, God finished his work, and rested the seventh day; and on the eighth day God saw there was no man to till the ground, as he had not caused it to rain on the earth, therefore there was no mental moisture; and the Lord God (male and female) formed man out of the dust of the ground. The animal he had already formed was the dust from which he formed him (or John the Baptist), and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life (the mental capacity or preparation); and Jesus, the tiller of the ground, did his best to develop the mental organ, but only succeeded in gaining a few fishermen as his followers, who, after all, did not understand the mental principle he came to teach, which was hard for the animal man to understand, though he might be a teacher in Israel.

He spoke of going to his father, when Philip said, "Shew us the father and it sufficeth us." And he said, "Philip, hast thou been so long with me and hast thou not known me; if thou hast seen me thou hast seen the father; I and my father are one." Showing that he (Jesus) was the outgrowth of the first Adam, or animal humanity, who was the father and he the representativ son; and thus the progressiv work of nature is carried forward by establishing the moral or mental organs, which is a step toward putting on immortality. Thus Jesus sacrificed his life to establish his kingdom, but only laid the foundation of it; but while agitating and combating his enimies his disciples found fault, and asked why he did not speak plain to the people and not in parables. And Jesus said, "Because it is given to you to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but it is not given to them." I think he did not fully establish it with his disciples, from what followed, for they soon after forsook him in the fatal hour of his trial. He suffered alone upon the cross, and was heard to say, "My God, why has thou forsaken me?" showing that he had given up the hope of establishing his pet sentiment.

Now, the resurrection of the personal Jesus on the third day is not true, in the sense of the letter (which killeth); but in the mental idea, the people of this age are rising from the corruptible death to the literal resurrection of the dead Jesus. Thus came the end of the personal Jesus. He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, which principle was placed in a new sepulcher wherein men never look;" signifying that the way, truth, and life has been confined in the new sepucher of orthodoxy, and the stone of sectarianism is rolled upon it. But just now the Freethought of Liberal truth and life has arisen, and is appearing to many like a spirit. Yet, as we handle him through THE TRUTH SEEKER, we see he hath flesh and bones and the prints of the nails that fastened his hands and feet to the cross of the animal kingdom; but he is about to ascend, as he sticks no stakes, and will not bind himself to Materialistic or special ideas. And this is the corruptible that must put on incorruption while siting at the right hand of the father (animal) and pleading for forgivness. But he (THE TRUTH SEEKER) cometh the second time, not in personal individuality, but without a sin-offering, as a sufferer on the cross, unto salvation, but now delivering up his pet sectarian kingdom to the father (invincible nature), and thus the last enemy, which is sectarianism, is destroyed.

As you will observe, sectarianism is death, because it divides. Liberalism is life, because it unites. Sectarianism engenders strife; Liberalism engenders charity. Strife is mortal; charity is immortal. Charity hides a multitude of mistakes and myths. It is the one eternal; it is the organ of comparison; it is the intellectual capacity, from which emanates reason; it is the beautiful bridge, the lamb, wife, the negativ; united with the position, it is the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God; it is the Melchisedec of the age; it is a continual priesthood, without beginning of life or end of days; it never faileth; it proceeds from the only one living and true god—progressiv nature, immortality.

First, then (as in the above), the objectiv, the animal man, Adam of the earth, earthy. Secondly, the moral man, the Lord from heaven, the subjectiy; and thirdly, the union of the two, the objectiv and the subjectiv, by unerring charity—love. Thus this corruptible (the first Adam) must put on incorruption, and this mortal (the second Adam) must put on immortality, which is the union of the two—the positiv (male), and the negativ (the female); the whole experimental.

ZENAS KENT.

Mr. Charles Watts's Lecture Tour in America.

Mr. Watts has just left for the South. He intends visiting New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Dallas, Sherman (Texas), St. Louis, Mo., and Indianapolis, and will be glad to hear from friends in the above places as to lecturing. Mr. Watts will be in New Orleans Nov. 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. In Texas from Nov. 13th to 23d. In St. Louis Nov. 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. In Indianapolis Dec. 8th. Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

Marcion's Soliloquy.

BY ALHAZA.

He indorsed no gospel but Luke, and altered it as he pleased.—*Dean Milman.*

We must hav something new; the world is old,
And ripened fruit should drop upon our path.
Stale thoughts, incongruous, suit not thinking men.
How sickening is the mass of legendary lore
Poured on our ears by tricksters everywhere!
The ears of generations hav been stunned,
And no sane person should record the same.
But lies will sell—the masses love the cheat;
They love wild dreams and sentimental hopes;
They bound to bliss from agonies below,
Or fly to heaven on faith's voluptuous wings.
I will be bold and honest; I will throw
A torrent of reproach on Jah's great name,
Who flung his thunderbolts on harmless men—
Who gloried in the light of burning towns
And cries of murdered dames and helpless babes,
And maids dishonored by a beastly crew.
I will be a god myself. No gory spot
Shall stain the page that my disciples read;
An idol men will hav—an eon pure—
A lowly Christ; a suffering spirit form
I will portray to meet their longing gaze.
For centuries these tales hav been in vogue—
A Christ or Jesus the familiar name;
He miracles and wonders must perform,
Or priests would starve within each holy shrine.
From Persia's fountain ages yet shall draw—
Great Zoroaster's name will never die;
He stains not God with evil. Satan's breath
Awoke the world of form, but rain and dew
Can rouse no life until the light appear
And soul develops in each bud and leaf.
A heretic I am, who has the right.
Yes, I will sweep a host of lies away
Till foolish gospels and epistles fly;
I'll choose out Luke, some decent thoughts
I there hav found, and very soon can change
The erring text and make it new and pure,
With a few words from Paul—a teacher rough.
First, I will teach that soul from soul has sprung,
Then bind a chain on all that can corrupt,
And men will soon be perfect. Earthliness
Is not akin to heaven; press it down
And fasten wings to every impulse pure.

Thus thought great Marcion, but Abaddon came,
And Mammon and a host of deadly fiends,
And lo! the church was soon a serpent's den.
But men disdain our oriental thoughts
And feed on husks and unsubstantial food.
The great negation of all forms, we know
The infinit God could not a body take
And lead a gross, impure, and fleshly life.
How could a human brain sustain God's mind?
All infinit conceptions spring from him,
And in that sea he is forever lost.
Of gods who never act we only dream,
Then let us think of a great Demiurge
Who scorned perfection to create a world,
Whose pinnacle of power cast so deep a shade
That in the darkness mankind deeply sinned.
This shade was Satan's dark Titanic form,
And earthliness grew rank without a light.
Slowly it organized till great reflection came,
And it evolved a soul. But tear its props away,
Can the poor shade liv on unless it deigns
To dwell a hermit in some humble shape
Of beast or bird and haply rise again?
I feel, I know, that great Heraclitus
Hath sown the air with wild, delusiv dreams
Of three great natures blended into one.
These woven rays of light, most radiant, beamed
On the Nicene Council's clamors dire,
But I decide that bishops should retire
And change each noisy actor once a day.

Not Fit to be Kissed.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

Published by Request of Elmina.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;
"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me."

"But, mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—
"Do you like kisses of 'bacco and smoke?
They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls
I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papas hav moufs nice and clean?
With kisses like yours, mamma, that's what mean!
I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,
But kisses don't taste good that hav such a smell!

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit,
And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit!"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,
As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen
That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;
Caresses lose something of nectar and bliss,
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

The Dawn.

Air—"The Bridge." A Paraphrase.

WORDS BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

I stood by the church at nightfall,
As the stars began to appear,
And the moonbeams fell like silver,
Inspiring me with fear;
For 'midst the spires and steeples,
The demons seemed to play,
As if waiting for souls in the churchyard
To arise, then bear them away.

As lingering, sighing among them,
Rose the fresh evening breeze,
It swept out into the moonlight
The leaves of maple trees—
Each leaf a spirit seeming,
Forever whirled through space;
While memory marked the changes
Since first I saw that place.

How often, Oh, how often,
In the dreamy days of youth,
I had paused by that church at nightfall,
And wondered if this was truth!
How often, Oh, how often,
I had wished that some storm-cloud low
Would waft me away on its pinions,
Far beyond the reach of woe!

For my heart was sad and doubting,
And my soul was ill at ease,
And the faith the church asked of me,
My reason could never seize;
But now the bright dawn of Freethought
Sheds abroad the light of day,
And only the sorrow of others
Casts a shadow on my way.

And I think how many thousands
Of priest-encumbered men,
Deluded with fables supernal,
Hav passed that church since then!
Forever and forever,
Humanity shall be free,
As long as the mind has reason,
And Nature shall decree!

No longer the old superstitions
With their shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of life eternal
And its broken image here!

Men of the Hour.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER,

DEMOCRAT NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Having twice unsuccessfully sought the Republican nomination for governor, twice nominated to the same office by the Democrats, and as many times defeated, the irrepressible Butler is now candidate for the position of the Bay State executiv, on the Democrat ticket. There seems to be a good chance for his election, as he will get the entire Democratic vote and a large part of the Republican. Benjamin Franklin Butler is a strong man, a scholarly and well-equipped lawer and fine speaker; a man possessing an unconquerable will and extraordinary strength of character, but still gentle and good-natured; a jolly fellow whose possible variableness is easily forgiven.

He is a nativ of New Hampshire, born Nov. 5, 1818. When twenty he was graduated from Waterville College. Having read law and been admitted to the bar, he began practice at Lowell, Mass. His first political office was that of member of the Massachusetts House of Representativs, to which he was elected in 1853. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts in the same year. In 1859 he took his seat as state senator. He served as delegate in the Democratic Conventions of 1860, held at Charleston and Baltimore. At the outbreak of the civil war he entered the Union army as a brigadier-general, having already attained rank and experience in the militia. He was made a major-general in May, 1861, one month afterward, and served throughout the war. He was first located at Baltimore, then at Fortress Monroe. In 1862, in connection with the naval forces under Farragut, he assisted in the capture of New Orleans, of which he was afterwards governor. His command in 1863 was in Virginia and North Carolina. The next year he made an unsuccessful attack on Petersburg. After failure to take Fort Fisher in the same year, he was relieved of his command. He was returned to Congress as a Republican in 1866, and re-elected to the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses. Beaten as a candidate for the Forty-fourth, he was elected to the Forty-fifth. Since the expiration of his term, he has cultivated a remunerativ practice with occasional deviations into politics.

On religious matters it is pretty well known that Butler is Liberal or an unbeliever in the dogmas of theology and supernaturalism. There are few abler men in the country. In executiv talent he has no superior. It is to hoped he will be elected.

Special Notice.

The manuscript for the "Freethinkers' Directory" is in the hands of the printers, but will be held open for names to Nov. 10th. I shall giv a full history of the organization of the Freethinkers' Association and of the since annual conventions and other interesting matters. Hav just had some splendid certificates of membership printed for framing. So friends will help fill up the books with Freethinker's names. Membership, 25 cents; "Directory," 30 cents; in all, 55 cents. H. L. GREEN.

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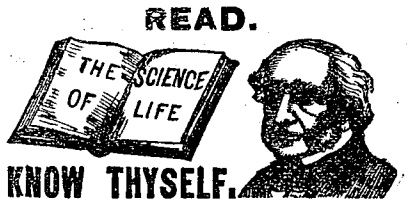
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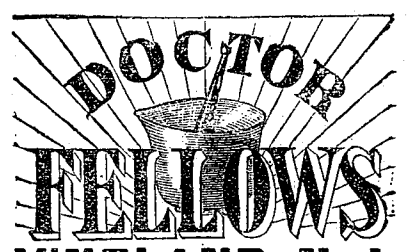


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Gems of Thought.

ECONOMY, thrift, and industry are worthy virtues, but beware of avarice and miserliness Lay by, if possible enough for all the needs of life, but do not hoard for the mere love of gain It is better to invest thy money in good works while thou livest to see that thy designs are carried out than to die and trust to others to do thy will, and know not but they will fail in the end.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

EVEN the wisest do not reflect on the most important and the most certain of things, which is, that every act of inhumanity and injustice goes far beyond what is apparent at the time of its commission, that these and all other things hav their consequences, and that the consequences are infinit and eternal. If this one truth alone could be deeply impressed upon the hearts of men it would regenerate the whole human race.—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

PERHAPS we are anxious to maintain a reputation for consistency. If I believed and said a thing yesterday I will stick to it, whether it is true or not. That is the attitude, I think, of the great majority of people. Or a person has a prejudice against a new truth, he does not like it, and therefore he will not look at any evidence in its favor. Whether for one reason or another, it makes no matter what it is, people are not truth-seekers so much as they are anxious defenders of certain opinions that they happen to hold.—*M. J. Savage.*

THOUGH all the winds of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to doubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. . . . . Who knows not that truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensing, to make her victorious. These are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power.—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

DOWN with the useless and the rotting props
That cumber only and deface each wall!
Off with the antiquated cloth that drops—
Moth-eaten draperies around the columns tall!
Nor needs the heavenly architect our small,
Superfluous tricks of ornament and gilt
To deck the royal courts his wisdom planned and built. —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

THERE is no cause of insincerity, prevarication, and falsehood more powerful than the practice of administering oaths in a court of justice. All attempts to strengthen the obligations of morality by fictitious and spurious motivs will, in the sequel, be found to hav no tendency but to relax them.—*Goodwin's Political Justice.*

OUR Quaker friends do not, I imagin, perjure themselvs oftener than other people, but they never take an oath. The discontinuance of this custom is not something to be deprecated, but a consummation devoutly to be wished. The custom is a premium upon every-day lying. Indeed, we hav Jesus himself with us on this matter; "Swear not at all," he said. And, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the way in which oaths are administered is not very solemn or impressiv. Religion and piety are degraded every time an assessor or attorney rattles off or mumbles over that little formula; and every earnest person, when subjected to it, must wish the land well rid of such an idle superstition.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

IT is urged against Atheism that it is negativ, and that out of a negation no fruit can spring. But it is an error to regard any truth as negativ and barren, for all truth is positiv and fruitful. The contradiction of error, when error is supreme, is necessary to make possible the affirmation of truth. The destruction of falsehood is not negativ work, but is the necessary preliminary to the assertion of the truth which the falsehood has negated. . . . The denial of an error is the affirmation of the antagonistic truth. The denial of the supernatural is the affirmation of the sufficiency of the natural. The denial of the usurped supremacy of God is the affirmation of the rightful sovereignty of man.—*Annie Besant's Gospel of Atheism.*

SURELY human souls are not made any more than ships, to lie at anchor, with flukes buried in any blue clay of infallibility, however good the holding ground. Man has a momentous voyage to make, in which, if he be wise, he will use the very best charts from the most recent surveys, the best compass, with all the variations of careful observers marked, but relying, not on chart or compass alone, but upon his own cautious judgment, his good common sense, and upon the knowledge freely gained each day from celestial observations.—*W. A. Tilden.*

THE first property was a portion set apart for the gods; this is for the conjurers or priests. Shortly, those who decided on subjects of litigation took presents for their good offices and by degrees claimed rewards. Hence originated two classes or professions, which hav absorbed, in the course of ages, more by many times than the fee-simple of the whole cultivated earth.—*Lander.*

MANY men firmly embrace falsehood for truth, not only because they never thought otherwise, but also because—thus blinded as they hav been from the beginning—they never could think otherwise, at least without a vigor of mind able to contest the empire of habit and look into its own principles, a freedom which few men hav the notion of in themselvs and fewer are allowed the practice of by others, it being the great art and business of the teachers and guides in most sects to suppress, as much as they can, this fundamental duty, which every man owes himself and is the first steady step toward right and truth in the whole train of his actions and opinions.—*Locke.*

NOR love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Liv well—how long or short, permit to heaven.
—*Milton.*

Odds and Ends

TAFFY turneth away anger.

SOLOMON'S Song: "So hellup me gracious! that coat fits you like the paper on the vall."

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NEXT we shall hav a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the coat-tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."

"REMEMBER, young man," said Uncle Mose. "dat de best frien' yer's got on dis earth is a better frien' ter himself den he is ter you."

IF we could get together all the tombstones we hav set up over broken resolutions we should hav material enough to erect a marble palace.

IT is a very fortunate thing if you hav "a great mind" to do something, because then you needn't do it, and you will still hav the "great mind."

IF you ever hav the good fortune to get to heaven you will find there a great many people whom you didn't expect to see, and you'll miss a great many others whom you expected to find.

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A GENTLEMAN who was playing billiards in Toronto happened to touch one of the billiard balls with the lighted end of his cigar. The billiard ball immediately took fire and burned rapidly. It was made of celluloid.

TEACHER: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

"I DECLARE, Julia," exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat as her eldest daughter seated herself at the breakfast table, "your lips are all broke out in a rash." "Yes," returned Julia with bashful candor, and a heightened color that looked as if the rash was spreading all over her face, "Charley has begun to let his mustache grow again."

A CHICAGO clergyman has crammed a whole sermon against selfishness in a single illustration: "Said a bystander to an old man busily engaged in setting out young trees: 'My old friend, why are you planting trees? You will not liv to gather the fruit.' As the veteran of eighty mopped the sweat from his brow, he replied, 'Somebody planted trees for me before I was born!'"

A BOY who wanted a drum very much was told by his parents to pray for it when he went to bed, and this was the way he did the praying: "Our father, I want a drum, which art in heaven I want a drum, hallowed be, I want a drum, thy name, I want a drum; thy kingdom, I want a drum, come, I want a drum, thy will, I want a drum, be done, I want a drum, Amen!" During the prayer his father had put the coveted drum on the foot of his bed, and when the boy opened his eyes he exclaimed, "Where the devil did that drum come from?"

A COACHMAN calls upon the doctor to ask what can be the matter with him. "My good man," said the prince of science, "you've got dropsy—that's what ails you." "Dropsy! What's that?" It's a morbid collection of fluid in the serous cavities within the body—in your case, I take it hydroperitoneum caused by cirrhosis of the liver, but curable by paracentesis." "I know, but what is it in English?" "You are full of water inside." "Water? Oh, that's nonsense." (Reflects a moment) "That scoundrel of a saloon-keeper must hav watered his liquor, and yet he swore to me he didn't."

JUST back of Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, while following the highway to reach Tunnel Hill, I came across a little church half hidden in the woods. The building was primitiv, and the old darkey who sat on a log by the door was more so. After I had made inquiries about the route and was ready to go on, he said:

"Better git down, boss, an' come in to meetin'."

"Do you hold services this afternoon?"

"Yes, sah. We am gwine to open in 'bout five minits, an' I 'spects de sermon will be a powerful one."

I got down and took a seat beside the old man. After a few minutes spent in general talk he said it was time to go in. I followed after him, and found myself the sole audience. I next found that he was the preacher who was to deliver the powerful sermon. He opened services in regular form and with all due solemnity, and then announced his text and began preaching. I stood it for fifty-five minutes, and then as he had only reached the "second G," I waited until he closed his eyes and then made a slide for the door. It was no go. I hadn't gone six feet before he stopped his sermon and asked:

"S'ranger, must you be gwine?"

"Yes, I feel that I must."

"An' you can't heah the rest?"

"No"

"Den I'll chop off right whar' I is."

"Oh, don't do that You can go on with your sermon just the same."

"But you see dar mus' be a collecksbun tooken up arter de sermon," he protested in anxious tones "If you'll obleege me by takin' a seat I'll sing a hymn an' pass de hat."

I sat down, and when he had read and sung a hymn he passed the hat, transferred the quarter to his vest pocket, and observed as we went out:

"I didn't git down to de moas' powerful part ob de sermon, but if you happen 'long dis way nex' Sunday I'll giv you de odder half. Dat quarter comes jist in time to encourage me to keep de good work bilin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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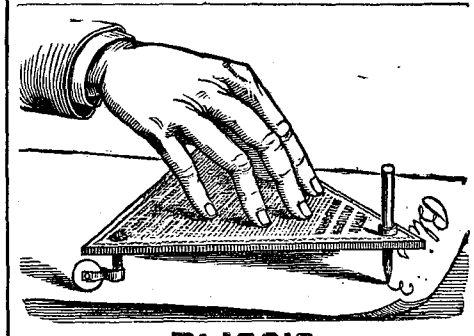
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Notes and Clippings.

M. DUPREZ, at the Munich Electrical Exhibition, worked a plow by means of electricity, the current being transmitted about forty miles.

THE people of Rutland, Vt., are triumphant over the sentence of a liquor seller to imprisonment for thirty-five years. There were two hundred counts, for as many different offenses. The liquor seller was a woman.

SPOOPENDYKE says of his wife that if she had red cushions and a rack nailed up in front of her, she would only need an over-due mortgage and a fight in the choir to be a dodgasted fashionable church.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE deacon's son was telling the minister about the bees stinging his pa, and the minister inquired: "Stung your pa, did they? Well, what did your pa say?" "Step this way a moment," said the boy; "I'd rather whisper it to you."

THE Boston *Globe* reports that lightning struck a contribution plate in a Western church, just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck this plate for three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

OVER the grave of a Springfield, Mass., man in the old Methodist grounds, who died from the kick of a horse, is the following quaint epitaph cut in cold marble:

> Blame not the beast who sent me to the dust.
> For the God of nature said he must.

"LITTLE girl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solemn-looking old man of a bright child seated on the church steps. "Yes, sir; it's God's, but he ain't in," she added, as the old gentleman was about to walk up the steps, "and his agent's gone to Europe."

SAID the Denver man to his friend, the clergyman: "My dear fellow, you must really let up on driving fast horses and frequenting variety shows. There's a heap of scandal floating round about you." And the clergyman replied: "Is there? Oh, joy! That's what I've been working for! I shall hav some audiences now!"

THE *Central Baptist* says that a Scoth Presbyterian preacher recently said in a sermon: "The children of unbaptized or unconverted persons, dying in infancy, are now in hell." This is hard on the children. Brighter light is shed on the subject by the *Presbyterian Journal*, which says: "We Presbyterians believe in the salvation of the infant dead, though often charged with the contrary view."

"FRIENDS," said a Salvation Army orator, "a year ago I was as big a blackguard as any one here; but now I am a-travelin' on to heaven above. I wants some of you fellers to come and git along with me. Sa-a-ay; will ye go? will ye go?" There may be some people who are much moved by this style of persuasiv eloquence, when something less personal and more refined might fail to attract their attention.

A PATENT has just been taken out in Germany for an engin, the piston of which is driven backward and forward by small charges of gunpowder supplied at each end by an automatic arrangement. The ignition is effected by the motion of the piston, which draws in a flame of gas or spirit, the access being regulated by side-valves, which open outlets for the escape of the gases of combustion.

HANNAH MICHAEL, a Jewess, is an inmate of the girls' prison at Middletown, Conn. She refused to take part in the Christian services held in the chapel, further than to attend them with the rest of the convicts, and the matron, after insisting in vain that she should join in certain responses, whipped her so severely that her arms and back were scarred when shown to a visitor two weeks afterward.

GEN. BOOTH, of the Salvation army, says that what is required for efficiency in gospel work is not learning or mental power, but "a hallelujah hurdy-gurdy in the insides, constantly played upon by the Holy Ghost." It might safely be said that with several evangelists and their aids, in bringing souls to Jesus reason and common sense are discarded, and that in place of these they hav "a hallelujah hurdy-gurdy in their insides, played upon by the Holy Ghost."

GEOLOGICAL examination of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about 300 miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this description hav been observed, which, it is believed, must hav succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some hav been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees hav grown over the stumps of others equally large. From these facts, geologists hav assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at 10,000 years, or 100,000 for all.

THE Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, preached a sermon on newspapers. "People often hold," he said, "that the world is more wicked now than ever it was before An explanation of this, I believe, will be found in the fact that no man, who is not so utterly alone and so far away that what he does and says cannot be reported as news, is safe to-day in the commission of crime, for the chances are that very soon he will see his name in a newspaper telling all about him; and this, if you think of it, is the one thing that the average man fears more than he fears God, more than he hopes for heaven, and more than he dreads hell." On the other hand, Mr. Savage blames the newspapers because he thinks they are generally cynical in tone.

THE following telegram, respecting a worthy evangelist, zealous in bringing souls to the fountain of blood which washes away all stains, comes over the Eastern wires: "St. John, N. B., Oct. 28.—About four weeks ago Edwin H. Ellis, who had been traveling through Maine as an evangelist, and Mrs. John E. Rose, of Thomaston, Me., arrived here and registered at a hotel, under assumed names, as man and wife. Mrs. Rose's husband tracked the eloping couple to this city, and procured Ellis's arrest here, under an old law, on the charge of adultery. In the county court today Ellis was found guilty and fined $400 or two years' imprisonment, the full penalty of the law. Ellis deserted his wife, who lives at Neponset, Mass., and has three children. As Mrs. Rose stands by Ellis, the fine may be paid."

THE correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* in Egypt writes from Cairo: "Herr Janson, the correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagblad*, saw with his own eyes how the Egyptians wounded in the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, half an hour after the attack, were killed by English soldiers. He counted eight wounded, incapable of offering any resistance, who were shot in his presence, and one who was stabbed. Lieut.-Col. Thurneisen, a nativ of Austria, and one of those officers in the Egyptian service who, by way of taking part in the operations, were attached to the English headquarters, also witnessed the slaughter of the wounded in a helpless condition. He saved the lives of several. Two other persons hav told me the same story. By none of the numerous English officers with whom I hav spoken has the killing of the wounded been contradicted."

THE Presbyterian ministers of Pennsylvania take strong ground against the "desecration of the Lord's day." One of the closing acts of the synod which adjourned on Monday, in Harrisburg, was the adoption of a resolution appealing to the legislativ, judicial, and executiv authorities of the commonwealth "to maintain that system of governmental sanction and support which has hitherto been employed to secure the day of holy rest to the Christian people," asking the railroad and other corporations for travel and transportation to "suspend their violations of the Sabbath," and protesting against the running of excursion trains or boats, "whether openly for purposes of pleasure or in the name of religion." The Presbyterians are a large and influential denomination. It will be of interest to watch what effect this resolution has upon the authorities and corporations to whom they appeal.

KING MTESA is more troublesome to the missionaries than any other of the petty monarchs of Africa. He has an unpleasant habit of falling from grace and turning his back on the convictions of which he has been proud. He disdains to hold theological arguments with any of the missionaries. It is enough for them that he orders them to clear out of his territory. Having tired of all the religions he knew, he sent three commissioners to England to obtain further information as to the ecclesiastical and political outlook. These commissioners returned with a long report, which he refused to let his people see. But, after hearing what they had to tell about England, Mtesa announced that he would let the missionaries of any persuasion from that country come into his dominions on one condition. That condition was that Queen Victoria should giv him one of her daughters in marriage. For the present the missionaries are laboring elsewhere, and it is their impression that King Mtesa is an unprofitable sinner.

THE Rev. Dr. Hepworth defines the faith cure as "that religious idiosyncrasy," and says it is "the product of the emotional nature when it is swayed by an inexplicable mysticism and becomes indifferent to such a low order of materials as facts and law." He devotes an *Independent* article to a consideration of recent cures claimed as miracles, and concludes: "Suppose my father to be attacked with typhoid fever, shall I resort at once to those means of recovery which hav been providentially afforded, and which the educated physician is acquainted with, or shall I send for the officers of the church to make a prayer? I think I ought to do both, but especially to send for the doctor. The messenger who does my errand should go to the physician first, and to the minister afterward. If either of them is out of town, I earnestly hope it may not be the doctor. If I ignore the agency of God in the cure of disease, I am an Infidel; and if I ignore the fact that the Lord has provided for just such an emergency in the skilled physician, I am without that ordinary common sense which the Lord expects me to use."

A SCANDALOUS scene was enacted at St. Jude's Church, Liverpool, one Sunday recently, when the incumbent, the Rev. Ernest Fitzroy, was assaulted. On the previous night an orange-colored placard was posted in the neighborhood, as follows: "God save Protestantism. The parishioners oppose the profanation of the services because of, first, monkish cassocks; second, a surpliced choir; third, processions; fourth, preaching in the surplice; fifth, intoning the prayers; sixth, early morning (fasting) celebration of the Lord's Supper; seventh, naming the Lord's table the 'altar,' and bowing to it; eighth, a cross and flower vases on the Lord's table; ninth, teaching the 'real presence' and baptismal regeneration; tenth, turning to the east and bowing is antiscriptural and papistic, and therefore likely to promote tumult. Protestants, help in opposing these pranks until they are withdrawn." On Sunday morning the Protestant party gave vent in the church to disagreeable sounds, and when the incumbent and the choristers proceeded down the aisle an attempt was made to stop them. A disgraceful struggle was the consequence, and Mr. Fitzroy and the choristers took off their surplices on the spot. Several blows were made at the incumbent, who warded them off as well as he could. The police appearing on the scene, a young man was given into custody.

News of the Week.

SEVENTY-FIVE Nihilists hav just been arrested at Odessa.

NIHILISM is said to be rife in France. Many arrests hav been made.

NEARLY 200,000 voters hav registered in this city for the coming election.

THREE hundred and twenty-seven Germans arrived at this port on the 29th ult.

A HURRICANE on the 29th ult. nearly destroyed the Swiss village of Grindelwald, near Berne.

SIDI-MOHAMMED-EL-SADOC, the bey of Tunis, died on the 27th ult. His brother succeeds to the throne.

THE Rev. Thomas Payne, of Monroe, W. Va., has just been married to a girl eleven years of age.

A BOY was sent to the Reform School from this city last week for breaking into a child's bank and stealing one cent.

REPORT says that the people of Western Ireland are in great distress from lack of food, and that many are in danger of starving.

EX-LIEUT-GOV. DORSHEIMER, of New York, has been nominated for Congress by the County Democracy, and by Irving and Tammany halls.

FOREMAN DICKSON of the star-route jury has been arrested and placed under $10,000 bail charged with having attempted to improperly influence the jury.

THE steamer Alene was spitted on the iron prow of a man-of-war lying at anchor in New York Harbor one day last week, and damaged to the extent of $20,000.

BEECHER was in court on the 27th ult. as defendant in a suit for breach of contract in regard to a "Life of Christ" which he had agreed to write. The case was ajourned.

THERE is an egg-hatching machine at the American Institute Fair in this city which every few minutes turns out a live chicken. The chickens are generally sold to the spectators as soon as they can pick up food.

PRESIDENT LYON, of the Third Avenue Railroad of this city, was shot at twice one day last week by his nephew, who then, supposing that he had killed his intended victim, turned and shot himself dead. No cause is assigned for the act.

THE 30th inst. has been appointed by the governor of New York as a "day of Thanksgiving to almighty God" for the manifold etceteras with which he has supplied us. From address to signature the proclamation is as full of sickening slush as an addled egg.

HINDOO SAHIB, a Mohammedan from Calcutta, India, was arrested while entering a church in this city with the avowed intention of addressing the congregation on the subject of Mohammedanism versus Christianity and Freethought. He was locked up over night.

THE Park Theater, in New York city, was burnt on the afternoon of the 30th ult. The following evening the first appearance of Mrs. Langtry was to hav been witnessed, and seats had been sold at enormous prices. Another theater was secured by the manager, and the English beauty will appear on next Monday evening.

FROM the 23d to the 27th were great days for Philadelphia. They were celebrated by exercises commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of Penn. Speeches were made, guns were fired, and the streets were crowded with spectators from the ajacent rural districts. A minister who had never before been heard of caused considerable remark by calling to mind the fact that Friend Penn sold firewater to the aboriginal Pensylvanians, but he was not encouraged in his historical researches. Altogether the citizens of Philadelphia made quite a holiday for Quakers.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in California.—Continued.

AN OLD VETERAN.

I should not fail to mention a visit I made, in company with Mr. Cowen, to see a worthy laborer in the Freethought and reformatory ranks, by the name, if I remember correctly, of Samuel Diller, now eighty years of age, and who, though infirm in body, is still strong and brilliant in his mental capacity. Fifty years ago he edited and published a paper devoted to Freethought, the Land Reform, and other reforms in the interest of the working classes. He is worthy of the highest honors as one who loves his fellow-men, and who has devoted the better part of his life to their best interests. He is an Irishman by birth, and is really one of nature's noblemen.

THE WINE INTEREST OF CALIFORNIA.

I had a pleasant interview with Mr. Henry Kohler, a very intelligent German, who was the first man, by several years, to commence in California the culture of the vine with the view of the manufacture of wine. At first he only met with discouragement and evil prophecies. Everybody was ready to decide that wine-making never could be a success on the Pacific coast. But Mr. Kohler saw promise and success ahead, and he pressed on, midst poverty and discouragements, raising a limited amount of grapes at first, and finding difficulty in selling his wine when manufactured; but year by year the demand increased, and year by year the popularity of California wines improved in the judgment of the American people, and thus he gradually enlarged the business until his firm have now two hundred and twenty acres in vineyard, and are planting from two to three millions of vines per year.

The usual yield in the Napa and Russian River valleys is about fifteen pounds of grapes per vine, and that yield constitutes a profitable crop; but in the Fresno Valley, some one hundred and fifty miles further south, the vines, when seven years old, yield sixty pounds of grapes per vine, which must make an exceedingly profitable crop. It would seem that a man could do well to own from twenty to forty acres, in the Fresno country and plant the same in vines, particularly the raisin grapes, as these are fully as profitable as for wine-making; and when sixty pounds per vine are produced, and the vines last for a hundred years, the income is large and steady.

Mr. Kohler informed me that fifteen pounds of grapes make a gallon of wine, and that in the wines of this country no adulterations are used; and as the grape juice itself is cheaper than any substitute that can be used, there is no likelihood that adulterations will be made in the future. The wine is kept from three to eight years before it is offered for sale, and in that time it becomes of excellent quality. The demand for California wine from the Eastern states and from other localities is largely increasing, and the trade has already reached such proportions that Mr. Kohler's firm are very wealthy, counting their assets by millions. They distil largely of brandy, as do all the wine manufacturers of the country, and the brandy is of fine quality. The wine business of California is destined to reach very large proportions, and the amount of grapes that will here be converted into raisins will yet astonish the world. There is not under the sun another country—another such magnificent country—for the grape culture. All the grapes raised in other countries do well here, and the flavor is usually improved, and the yield is fifty per cent greater than in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, or Germany. Many experiments are still being made with new varieties, and usually with good success.

In 1881 ten millions of gallons of wine were here produced. At six months of age it is worth twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon. The usual price of grapes in the fall is from $25 to $35 per ton. Flat lands have chiefly been used for the culture of grapes, but hill lands are coming more and more into use for the purpose, being found fully as good for the purpose, the juice being richer and of finer flavor.

Mr. Kohler is a gentleman of unusual good sense, and is a settled Freethinker. I had the pleasure of adding his name to the number of those to whom I send THE TRUTH SEEKER. He is a man of strict sobriety, and appears like one who, if he uses wine, does so to a very limited extent.

FEMALE LAWYERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Before completing my accounts of this interesting city, I must speak of three distinguished female lawyers in practice here, all of whom are stanch Liberals. Their names are Laura DeForce Gordon, Marion Todd, and Clara S. Foltz. The first I had not the good fortune to meet, but the last two I became acquainted with. Mrs. Todd honored me by a call upon me at my hotel, and I found her a brilliant and interesting woman. The three are actively engaged in the practice of law, occupying offices, and meeting with very fair success. Mrs. Foltz has done an important work in starting the ball rolling, and in enabling women to practice law in the state. Through her influence, colleges have been opened to women, and they now practically stand on a level with the male persuasion. Mrs. Foltz is the mother of five beautiful children, and what, under the circumstances, she has achieved is truly wonderful. She is a genial, smart woman, and is successful in the cases she prosecutes.

Mrs. Gordon is a prominent woman, and stands well with the public. She possesses brain and fervor of no mean degree, but is less impulsive than Mrs. Foltz, and perhaps possesses less of the sympathies which melt a jury. I do not know whether she is a mother of children.

Mrs. Todd has a daughter about fifteen years of age, to whom she seems greatly devoted. She possesses decided individuality of character, with brain force and enthusiasm, which do not fail to carry her audiences with her. She, as well as the two others, has been a regular lecturer for some years, at which she was successful. Mrs. Todd passed the examination for the Supreme Court of the state in July, 1881. She went before them with a class of twenty men, and she was one of the seven only who were admitted. She passed upon the merits of being duly prepared for the ordeal. The second case she brought was against the Geary Street Railroad corporation, and she obtained a judgment in the court below, and procured a dismissal of their appeal in the court above, on technical points. The case produced not a little excitement, and was deemed a decided triumph.

The three women do not agree in politics. Mrs. Foltz is a Republican, Mrs. Gordon a Democrat, while Mrs. Todd is a Greenbacker. The last takes far the most interest in political questions, and has made several speeches on political economy and finance. She has made the money question, land, banks, and kindred subjects, a familiar line of topics. The Greenback party, at the last municipal election, nominated her for district attorney, and her campaign speeches were reported in all the state and city papers, and they were said to evince great thought and research upon all the political questions of the day. Hundreds flocked to hear her. The next state election comes off in the fall, and it is already proposed that Mrs. Todd be made the candidate for attorney general on the Greenback party ticket. She seems to be very popular with that party.

Perhaps I have told you all you will care to read about the Golden Gate City, so I will next tell you something of my visit to other places in the state.

OAKLAND.

One of the prettiest places in California is Oakland, and one of the most interesting visits I have enjoyed was here. My friend, Mr. H. W. Schow, who lives in Oakland, had called upon me in San Francisco and invited me to his home. On Saturday, June the 10th, I proposed to go to Sacramento, as my friends there had been kind enough to tender me a reception, to take place on Sunday evening, so I resolved to start in the morning and make my call at Oakland *en route*. The day was pleasant, and the ride of some eight miles across the bay, passing near Goat Island, is an agreeable one indeed. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that the city of Oakland is located on the east side of San Francisco, and in many respects it has a much finer site for a city than the latter. Had the facilities for large steamers and ships been as good here as on the opposite side of the bay, Oakland would undoubtedly have been *the* city; but in the way of a harbor, San Francisco has a great advantage. A good deal of money, however, has been and is being expended to extend out long piers and to dredge the harbor so the large shipping can approach near the town. Whether this will be sufficient to overcome the natural impediments remains to be seen.

The ferry between San Francisco and Oakland is extensively patronized, five or six millions of people crossing here each year. The boats are fine, and the ride is really a pleasant little excursion. Oakland is practically the terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, for here the principal portion of the travel and freight leave the cars and cross the bay by steamer. There is a branch of the road, which leads around the southern end of the bay, at Stockton, but it is so much more indirect that only a portion of the travel goes that way.

Oakland is frequently called the "bedroom" of San Francisco, for within its limits reside with their families many of the more wealthy and successful citizens who do business in the larger city. Thus Oakland bears the same relation to San Francisco that Brooklyn does to New York, the former city being the home for great numbers who toil and struggle for the almighty dollar in the maddening mazes of the latter. The site of the town of Oakland is all that could be desired, it being principally a level plain, surrounded at a distance on the east, north, and south by higher ground, which has a pleasant appearance at a distance of a few miles. The town received its name from the somewhat plentiful growth of oak-trees which once dotted the plain, and many of which still remain. Throughout the city, however, a large number of shade-trees, many of which are soft maple, have been grown, so that every street in the city is finely shaded.

I soon made my way to the home of my friend in the northern portion of the city, and a lovely, peaceful home it is. Having been for many years a builder, he was enabled to construct for himself such a house as he desired, and around him he has several other buildings which he rents. For many years Mr. Schow was industrious and hard-working, but now he does little more than keep his property in good order and collect his rents. The husband and wife are Scandinavians, but having been successful in this country, they are now in a condition to enjoy life with comfort. A more neat and tidy home is seldom seen.

It was interesting to hear the pair relate their evolution from the church to the plane of Freethought, where they now peacefully reside. The church for many years had had the benefit of their help, and gave them up with great reluctance, but finally were compelled to do so. By the character of the books which now lie upon their center-table and are in the library—the works of Paine, Ingersoll, Darwin, and others—it cannot be doubted that the escape is permanent and complete. They will never again acknowledge allegiance to the doctrines of ecclesiasticism and supernaturalism. Of course the four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and some others of my publishing, will be added to the Liberal works they now have, as I received the orders for the same while with them.

After an excellent dinner had been dispatched, Mr. Schow took me in a carriage all over the town and out into the suburbs, among the residences of the rich, and by the georgeous meeting-houses of the godly. The city is laid out in wide streets, at right angles, so that the squares are regular in shape, and uniform in size. The city, which claims a population of 40,000, is finely built, the dwellings being largely of the best description, with large lots, and an abundance of shade-trees being the rule. It is easy to perceive that dwellings abound more than business houses, the town being more noted for a place of residence than for its trade. Arrangements, however, are being made for some extensive manufacturing establishments here, which will bring in the working people and give them employment. A large percentage of the dwellings are of wood, though of good size. Wood seems to be the favorite buiding material in this locality, being less inclined to dampness from the sea air, and, what is more important, probably, it is less disposed to tumble down when shaken up a little by an earthquake. In the outer parts of the city are many large and elegant mansions, erected by those who have an excess of money, and they have all the comforts around them that wealth can produce. The drives out into the country are very pleasant.

Oakland boasts of some thirty churches, and they are of a rich character, vying with each other in grandeur and ostentation. The Congregational and Presbyterian seem to be ahead in cost and magnificence. These are not such places as the humble Nazarine would be likely to step into if he should chance to stroll around this way as he is said to have strolled around the sea of Galilee. And should just such a person as he was venture to place a foot in these fashionable churches the well-dressed sexton would immediately show him the door and enjoin him to "move on," as that was no place for such as he. How Christianity has changed in eighteen hundred and fifty years! The most humble and obscure individual of that time has become one of the most noted gods of the world, and he has no less than one hundred and fifty thousand temples erected to his honor and worship in Europe and America, and many of them of most extraordinary magnificence; but were he to come back now and be just as he was when here, he would, as remarked, hardly be allowed to step a foot into one of the gorgeous temples, nor would he be permitted to rest his weary limbs therein for the short period of half an hour, so variable are human whims.

It is almost singular how much superior the climate of Oakland is to that of San Francisco, though only eight miles away; but being farther from the ocean, it is far less subject to the harsh, cool winds which prevail on the coast, and the weather is decidedly more mild and pleasant. It gets warmer, too, in the summer, than San Francisco, which is a remarkably cool place, the mercury seldom rising over seventy two degrees. There are few mornings in a year that an overcoat does not add to one's comfort. Oakland is decidedly the pleasanter place for a home.

Among the conspicuous public buildings are the Court House, Hall of Records, the Post-Office, and the Masonic Temple, all of which are fine edifices.

Alameda is a flourishing town, within sight of Oakland, on the east side of the bay, and three or four miles south of Oakland. A ferry also runs to it from San Francisco, and it has railroad connection from Oakland. Like the latter, it is a beautiful place of residence for those who do business in San Francisco.

After a thorough ride all over the pleasant town of Oakland, my friend Schow saw me to the station, where I took the train for Sacramento about 5 P.M.

STATE UNIVERSITY.

The first little town we passed through in coming up on the shore of the bay is Berkeley, called also the university town, for here is a splendid State University, dating from March, 1868, when an appropriation was made of $200,000, the proceeds of sales of public lands, as a portion of the Endowment fund. A Seminary and Public Building fund, amounting to $100,000, previously existed, and was included in the endowment, with the accumulated funds of the old college of California, that had been in existence since 1855, and transferred in its entirety of one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land; this was appropriated to the establishment of an agricultural department. This department was made a section of the University, and thus it became a handsomely endowed institution. The University grounds are two hundred acres in extent, watered by numerous mountain streams, which, with artificial aid, enhance the productiveness of the land, which is beautifully laid out and adorned with flowers and foliage. The institution embraces eight distinct colleges, as follows: Scientific, Agricultural, Mechanics, Engineering, Chemistry, Mining, Medicine, and Law, while the degrees conferred are A. B., M. D., and Bachelor of Philosophy.

THE STATE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM

Is located near the State University, and its farm consists of one hundred and thirty acres. The costly stone edifice, for the use of the scholars, was destroyed by fire on January 17, 1875, but a more expensive building has taken its place, having every arrangement to promote the comfort of the inmates and to secure safety from other devastations by fire. The course of studies pursued here is the same as in the public schools, with the addition of music, which is taught the blind as a means of procuring a livelihood.

SAN BENITO.

After passing San Pablo we made our way to San Benito, where the Sacramento River empties into the San Francisco Bay, and which has to be crossed to pursue our course by rail on to Sacramento. I think this is probably the largest railway ferry in the world. The boat is four or five hundred feet in length, and has two tracks nearly the whole length, capable of taking on the engine and fifty loaded cars, with either passengers or freight. The entire load must amount to thousands of tons. But the boat makes the transit, a distance of a mile, smoothly and easily, the train moving on and off with as little disturbance as if passing over twenty rods of ordinary rails.

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

is a broad and fertile tract of beautiful plain, I think, some ninety miles in length, and from twenty to forty in width. The crops produced here are of magnificent quality, whether in cereals or in fruit, which thrive here finely. About twelve miles south of Sacramento we passed at Davisville through the extensive fruit lands of

G. G. BRIGGS,

who has on several occasions shown great generosity to your humble servant. When I was sentenced to prison he sent me a draft for one hundred dollars, had given presents of twenty dollars on two or three occasions, and soon after my arrival at San Francisco he sent me his check for fifty dollars. Men of such generosity, and who possess the same ability, are somewhat rare. His very extensive fruit farm looks extremely flourishing and well taken care of, and mostly consists of hundreds of acres in apricots, pears, peaches, and grapes. I intended to have called to see him, but could not do so, as he is now on his other extensive property in Fresno county, some one hundred and fifty miles south, where he is opening new vineyards, erecting a dwelling-house and other buildings. He is probably the greatest fruit grower in California, or perhaps in the world, and is as good a Liberal as fruit grower.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

As Sacramento is approached, indications are apparent that the river overflows, and lays much of the valley under water, preventing it from being cultivated. Thousands of acres thus are in grass which would produce good wheat, barley, and oats, were it not for the superabundance of water. The hydraulic system of mining has unquestionably been of great injury to Sacramento and the surrounding country. By this system of mining hills of considerable size are washed away by powerful streams of water, directed against them by tubes and nozzles, under heavy pressure, wearing down the hills of gravel and dirt, and washing the *debris* down into the fertile valleys below, and absolutely covering hundreds of acres with a covering of five or ten feet of hard and worthless gravel and clay. In this way the interests of the mining class have triumphed over the agriculturists, and much excellent land has been perpetually thrown out of cultivation that the grains of gold in the hills may be washed out. It is a serious question here, and one which must again and again come up in the legislature of the state, whether the farmer's right to his land is superior to the miner's, and whether the latter shall have the right to wash down the sterile hills, and hopelessly cover the most fertile land in the world. Sacramento city has itself been very much damaged by this hydraulic mining, the *debris* of the hills being so washed down as to fill the bed of the river several feet, and subjecting the city to serious inundations. The banks of the river have had to be raised several feet to keep the wide and beautiful stream within bounds. The Snow mountains, or extensive ranges of hills, lie from 30 to 250 miles north of Sacramento, and these are the source of the river, and immense supplies of water from them seek to join the ocean.

SACRAMENTO WAS REACHED

early in the evening, and, stepping from the train, I found that Dr. J. L. York and several friends were awaiting my arrival. Among the friends were N. D. Goodell, E. F. Woodward, Mr. Byers, Dr. Hewes, R. Butterfield, and others. A carriage was also awaiting me, and, stepping into it, I was conveyed to the Golden Eagle Hotel, the first in the city, where I had a pleasant visit with the numerous friends of both sexes who called in to make me welcome. Among those who called was Judge Solon Hall, a man of decided intelligence, and who is a recent acquisition to the Liberal ranks, he having become satisfied that the claims of ecclesiasticism are untrue, and that it does not afford the solid ground on which an honest investigator can stand. The visiting was kept up till a late hour.

Sunday, June 11th.—This day was spent in riding about the city and suburbs, accompanied by the Liberal friends of the place. Two carriages were chartered, and in them we rolled from place to place, viewing the many beauties of which Sacramento can proudly boast. It is well known that this city is the capital of California, and here the laws of the state are enacted. We visited the park, the cemeteries, rode through the principal streets, saw the fine residences, and much else that is interesting. The city is about two miles across, each way, the streets in one direction being named numerically from 1 to 26, and the other way they are called after the letters of the alphabet, from A to Z. This is a regular way of naming streets, and gives even a stranger a ready idea of the portion of the city a given street is in.

Sacramento is indeed a beautiful town, and contains a great number of fine houses. The site is perfectly level, the streets are wide and laid out at right angles, and shade-trees of a beautiful character are in abundance. The fine dwellings indicate wealth on the part of the occupants. Mr. Goodell is an architect, and as we rode along he pointed out many fine mansions which he had built, or rather which were built according to the plans proposed by him. They certainly do him great credit as an architect.

We rode out in the edge of the country to the county hospital, or almshouse—or, as we call it in our country, the poorhouse—where the poor and helpless, the sick and indigent, are furnished a home. This edifice was also built after the plans of Mr. Goodell, and is a novelty in its way. The central portion—the residence of the physicians, etc.—occupies the main position, and from this diverge five parts, or additions, for the patients, these being from eighty to a hundred feet in length, by thirty in width, and two or three stories in hight. They diverge like the fingers of the hand when spread, giving a better chance for light and air than could be secured in almost any other form of building.

Dr. White is the presiding physician, and seems well adapted to the needs of the place, having good executive as well as medical talent. The supply of medicines is ample; the drugs are in a well-arranged dispensary, and under the charge of a competent druggist. We walked through the different wards, and saw the sick and ailing, whose fortunes in life have been much inferior to the more favored sons of opulence who have fine homes of their own, with an abundance all around them of what the heart most desires. But it seemed a mercy indeed that so comfortable a home was here provided them, where they are so much better off than hundreds of thousands, and millions over the earth's surface, who are compelled to suffer and starve without any comforts around them, and with little shelter to protect them from the sun, wind, and rain. The number of patients in this hospital is about one hundred and eighty-five.

It being about the dinner hour when we were there, Dr. White kindly pressed us to stay to dinner. We were not hard to persuade in this direction, and in half an hour found ourselves partaking of an excellent dinner, which our ride had given us a good appetite for. We found Dr. White very interesting, and he imparted to us not a little information touching the county hospital affairs. The dinner over, we looked over the grounds, and inspected the mammoth tank, holding one hundred tons of water, and erected on a trestle-work a hundred feet in hight, capable of throwing water over any part of the neighboring buildings. The remainder of the day was occupied in riding along the river bank out in the country, and in visiting a beautiful cemetery, filled with monuments in memory of departed friends.

RECEPTION IN THE EVENING.

At 8 o'clock Turner Hall was well filled with the citizens of the place, who came in to do me honor. Judge S. Solon Hall presided, and made a neat speech, in which he spoke of the advances Liberalism is making in the minds of thousands. He made complimentary allusions to the object of this meeting. The platform was profusely decorated with festoons, bouquets, and baskets of flowers, giving the house the appearance of being highly ornamented in a floral way.

I responded to the welcome which Judge Hall had expressed, and spoke some forty-five minutes, giving my hearers some description of that which I had seen in Asiatic countries. Dr. J. L. York followed in an eloquent speech of three-fourths of an hour, upon the nature and duties of Liberalism. He also directed a portion of his remarks to myself, and spoke in flattering terms of the manner in which I had acquitted myself in the contest I had made with the powers of darkness.

The exercises were made cheerful by duets and solos by Mrs. Godley and Mrs. Fitch, who were accompanied by a gentleman on the piano, all acquitting themselves finely. Miss Brier gave a fine recitation of "The Deed of a Man." Messrs. N. D. Goodell, Byers, Woodward, Butterfield, Martin, and Dr. Hewes acted as vice-presidents. The meeting passed off very pleasantly, and was a most enjoyable affair. The exercises continued for two and a half hours, and were followed with the usual handskakings and cordial congratulations.

Monday, June 12th, was spent in visiting various points in the city, going from place to place in a carriage. Friends N. D. Goodell and Dr. J. L. York accompanied me. We visited, among the first places, the extensive railroad shops belonging to the Central Pacific and located here. The works cover over twenty-five acres of land largely reclaimed from a slough near the Sacramento River. Superintendent Watson was kind enough to show us around, and when he could no longer take the time to be with us, he kindly delegated a subordinate to go with us. The works are very extensive, and comprise twelve different departments.

The main engine is of one hundred and fifty horse-power, and seems a most perfect one, for it has not stopped an hour for repairs in the ten years it has been running. The engine in the rolling mill is still of larger caliber, being a three hundred horse-power. Several others of the shops have separate engines, and besides these a hydraulic engine is largely used, over the entire premises, for straightening and bending heavy iron, operating cranes, etc. For many purposes hydraulic power seems to be better adapted than anything else. This engine has a pressure of 220 pounds to the square inch, and has a weight, in lead, of ten tons on the upper end of the piston. The power is conveyed in pipes to all the shops, and is readily applied to the different purposes for which it is used.

Some of the shops, and they are usually two or three hundred feet in length, are repair-shops, while others are engaged in manufacturing new work, making everything pertaining to freight and passenger cars, from the wheels and springs to the locks used upon the doors. Some of the shops are exclusively blacksmith shops, where forging of all kinds is done. Several steam-hammers are in use, the hammer of the largest weighing five tons. They claim to have made here the largest locomotive in the world, weighing, without the tender, sixty-five tons, and with the tender, ninety-one tons. The engines for the road are not only made here but the passenger and freight cars. The finest finishing is done, as well as upholstering. The timber used for manufacturing the cars, etc., comes from Puget Sound. I saw several sticks of timber twenty-six by twenty-eight inches square, and ninety feet in length. I saw also timber and plank one hundred and twenty feet long. The sills for cars are thirty-five feet in length, and five hundred of these are mortised and tenoned per day by the machinery here.

The rolling-mills and forging-shops usually run day and night, two sets of hands being employed. I think some two thousand hands are employed in the entire establishment. In looking over this immense establishment one cannot help being deeply impressed with the wealth, magnitude, and enterprise of the Central Pacific Railroad. Some of the projectors of this road reside in Sacramento, and though they entered the company with scarcely a dollar in the world, they were in a very few years worth from $5,000,000 to $20,000,000. One of this class was Judge E. B. Crocker, now deceased. He was brother of Charles Crocker, one of the moving spirits of the road, and was taken into the company as legal adviser; and though he put in no money at all, he was worth at the time of his death some $20,000,000. We made it convenient to call at his mansion, where his widow now resides, though she is at present on a journey to the Eastern states. The house is furnished in the richest manner, the furniture in the parlor being of the very grandest description, an elegant mosaic round table top being so expensive that the duty alone on it was one thousand dollars. Many of the vases and other articles of ornament are of the finest and richest manufacture, costing tens of thousands of dollars.

The house throughout is perfect in all its appoint

ments, including the billiard-room, the museum of shells, corals, and other curiosities of nature. But the richest and most noticeable feature of the establishment is the picture-gallery of rare and expensive paintings. These fill several large rooms on the second floor of the mansion, and to walk through them and admire the rich works of art is almost equal to visiting some of the first-class galleries of Europe. Mr. Crocker must have expended hundreds of thousands of dollars on this collection, the greater portion of the works being by the best European artists. It takes a catalogue of nearly two hundred pages to describe the thousands of fine paintings here displayed, the great majority of which would be an honor to any collection in the world.

The Liberals of Sacramento speak in very high terms of Mrs. Crocker, who is herself a Spiritualist and Liberal. She has been generous on several occasions. As samples of her sympathy for the poor it should be said that one day in the week she allows them to visit her mansion and look through the picture-gallery without charge. She has built a fine and expensive conservatory (which I visited) almost on purpose that the poor may have a place where they can obtain flowers without charge. The Liberals and Spiritualists, through the efforts of Dr. J. L. York, who has been laboring here as a lecturer for six months, have formed an organization, and it is their purpose to build a hall where not only meetings can be held and a considerable portion of the building be rented out, to bring in a revenue. Mrs. Crocker is looked to to furnish the principal part of the money for the purpose, as she has given favorable assurances in that direction.

In the afternoon we went to the State House, visiting both the fine Senate chamber and the House of Assemblymen or Representatives. Dr. York served here as a member during one term, so he was partially at home here. The State House stands in the center part of some thirty acres of ground, beautifully laid off and decorated, and is itself a magnificent pile—with, perhaps, the single fault of standing too low. We visited the State Treasury, and were shown by the obliging treasurer some $2,000,000 in gold coin, about $20,000 in a bag. I was able to lift one of them, but if I had to carry it five miles, it would assuredly grow very heavy. The funds on hand in favor of schools and educational purposes are large, for the state has been most generous in this direction; perhaps no state has been more so. We also visited the Governor's room, the library, and others of the public rooms of the institution. It seems almost marvelous that a state so young in her history should have made such rapid advances in acquiring wealth, establishing institutions of learning, and in erecting commodious and splendid public buildings.

We spent the afternoon in calling upon friends and making new acquaintances. In the evening many of the friends called upon me to take their farewell leave. I have had a very pleasant visit to Sacramento, and shall long remember the kindness and partiality of the Liberals of the city.

Tuesday, June 13th.—At six o'clock this morning Dr. York and myself took the train for San Francisco, returning the same way in which I came out. We reached the city about 10:30 A.M., and Dr. York soon took the train for his home in San Jose, leaving me to finish up some matters I had commenced—to make some shipments east of luggage and freight, and to visit several places I had not before attended to.

Thursday, June 15th.—In the afternoon Dr. George Hardcastle and Mr. H. W. Walker kindly saw me to the San Jose station, when I bid good-by to San Francisco and was soon on my way southward, on the west side of the bay, toward the beautiful Santa Clara valley, which is really one of the prettiest in the state.

The towns passed through were San Miguel, Colma, Baden, San Bruno, Milbrae, San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood City, Menlo Park, Mayfield, Mountain View, Murphy's, Lawrence's, and Santa Clara, the whole distance being fifty miles. Some of the points named are mere stations; others are rather pretty villages, as some of the wealthy money lords of San Francisco, such as W. C. Ralston, J. C. Flood, D. O. Mills, etc., hav erected splendid palaces for summer residences.

THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

Lies beautifully, and looks like a continuous garden. The land is nearly all farmed, and orchards and garden-beds are very numerous. As we approached San Jose we passed an onion field containing a thousand acres. In the foreground are substantial and elegant farm-houses, surrounded by orchards and gardens, and the Santa Clara Mountains in the distance, making all a most beautiful picture. Santa Clara valley is acknowledged on all sides to be the finest in California. Snow never falls here, nor is it ever uncomfortably hot. It is twenty miles from the sea, but a range of mountains separates it from the coast, and keeps off the harsh winds and sudden changes of temperature, while a still higher ridge on the east excludes the hot breezes from that direction and beyond. Mineral springs abound in the locality, and the waters of Almaden are bottled under the name of "California Vichy," so closely do they resemble the French original. Warm Springs are on the east and Saratoga on the west, and both are places of fashionable resort.

We arrived at San Jose at about 4 o'clock, and I found awaiting me at the station a goodly number of friends, with carriages to bear us away. Among the friends who thus did me honor, were Mr. L. Mangenheimer, the venerable Samos Parsons, Dr. J. L. York and wife, Mr. R. H. Schwartz and wife, Thomas Jacob, and others. Mr. Mangenheimer is a worthy man, and a patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He has a pleasant home and a pleasant family. I found myself very enjoyably located with them, and could not ask a more agreeable family to visit with. I was taken over the town, and saw that it is extensively lighted by an electric light from a tower two hundred feet in hight and constructed of iron. The town is one of the pleasantest in the state. It is called the "Garden City," because so many gardens and fruit groves surround it in every direction. It has many advantages which other California towns do not have. It is free from fogs and mists, the chilling winds, and the melting heats under which other towns suffer. It has many fine buildings, including the Court House, and numerous dwellings. The Court House is one of the finest in the state, and cost $200,000. The Catholic school and the Academy of Notre Dame are fine buildings, as is also the Opera House. The Catholics were among the early settlers of the country, and gained a strong foothold which they have persistently held. The view from the dome of the Court House is one of the finest in the country, taking in the most beautiful valley in the state, twenty miles across, bordered by a mountain range on each side.

The city is noted for its educational institutions, being, besides the public schools, the large Catholic school named, a day and boarding school for girls, the St. José Institute, a day and boarding school for both sexes; the University of the Pacific (Methodist), connected with which is a seminary for young ladies; and the State Normal School, completed in 1881, at a cost of $275,000. The San Jose Public Library contains four thousand volumes. The city has two fine markets, and, of course, several costly churches. Here as well as elsewhere the god that is worshiped in this country either requires finer temples than he did formerly, or his worshipers have become more wealthy, and have imbibed grander and more extravagant notions than they used to indulge in. The Catholics, being ahead here, have the finest church—St. Joseph's. Whether that particular saint takes any more pleasure in fine churches now than he used to, when he eked out a slender living at the carpenter business, is not clearly stated. This church to the holy carpenter stands on the same ground that the first church occupied, which was built here one hundred years ago, when the place bore the sweet and saintly name of the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe. This town was named after the holy carpenter who did not have the pleasure of being father to the son which his little wife bore him. There are many fine drives about San Jose. Seven miles east of the town is the Penetencia Canyon, a public reservation of the city as a park, in which is situated Alum Rock, several mineral springs, and some fine cascades. The scenery here is grand, interesting, and very accessible; the roads are fine, and the country beautiful in every direction. It is some seven miles northwest of the city that the famous mill property is located—the mill built by James Lick, and donated by him to the Paine Hall enterprise of Boston, and to the lecturing fund. It cost a large amount of money, but the money was not well invested, and the property has never been worth in the market twenty-five per cent of what it cost. I think it is now used for a paper mill. I intended to visit the property, but I have had so many to see, and so many places to visit, that I have not been able to do so.

Ten miles from San Jose are the Pacific Congress Springs, the waters of which contain carbonate and sulphate of soda, chloride of sodium, lime, iron, silicate of alumina, and magnesia, and are resorted for rheumatism and many kindred diseases. The accommodations for visitors are of a good character.

Friday, June 16th.—On the principle, perhaps, that a school teacher in a country district used to "board around," staying a limited time with each family, I was this morning conveyed to the house of my friend, R. H. Schwartz, where I also find excellent accommodations, and as much kindness on the part of both the host and hostess as any one could ask for. It is enough to say they are patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and are strong believers that it is an excellent paper. No pains are spared to make me comfortable, and I shall long hav reasons to be gratified to the friends who so kindly entertain me.

NEW ALMADEN QUICKSILVER MINES.

Friend Schwartz took in his carriage Dr. J. L. York and myself through a pleasant stretch of country to the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, some twelve miles in a southwestern direction. With the exception of the Almaden Mines in Spain, from which these were named, they are said to produce the largest amount of quicksilver of any mines in the world. The history of these mines is an interesting one. In 1835 a Mexican officer met a tribe of Indians with their faces painted with vermilion, which they had obtained from the cinnabar or quicksilver ore. For a consideration he induced the Indians to point out to him the locality where the coloring material was obtained. The mines are in a spur of the coast range of mountains. The Indians had dug fifty or sixty feet into the mountains, when first discovered by Captain Castellero, with their hard-wood sticks. They had probably been acquainted with the mines for many generations. A number of skeletons were found in the passage which the Indians had dug, where probably the earth had fallen and crushed them to death.

Since that time 55,563,327 lbs. of quicksilver have been taken from the mines. Several hundred miners are employed here, being both Mexican and Cornish men. Shafts are sunken several hundred feet in depth, and are being worked two hundred feet below the ocean level. The ore in immense quantities is brought up both vertically as well as on inclined planes. The cars containing a ton or two of the ore are to be seen running along on narrow tracks for the purpose, drawn by mules for a mile or more to the works, where it decends an inclined plane, and is dumped in the vast bins for deposit at the furnaces.

The metal is extracted by roasting the ores by continued heat in large vertical retorts, and the metal arising in the form of vapor is passed through condensing chambers, when it is returned to the fluid state, runs out by a channel or trough, and is conveyed to the place of deposit, where it is put in iron bottles containing over seventy-five pounds.

The retorts, or furnaces, are made in different ways, but most of them are vertical, and thirty feet in hight. They are rapidly filled by the ore being dumped in from cars containing about a ton. I think a full charge is a hundred tons. Several hours are required to distil off the quicksilver from such a mass of ore. The refuse, or debris, thus obtained is enormous in quantity, and is dumped in the bed of the creek hard by. The iron tubes, or pipes, through which the vapor of the metal is conducted and condensed are fully two feet in diameter. Many improvements have been made in the furnaces and the mode of coustruction, and they are now believed to have reached a high degree of perfection. The works are very extensive, there being about a dozen of those large furnaces, constructed of brick or iron, and the buildings to cover them must necessarily be of large proportions. It is easy so see that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended here.

We saw several six-horse teams engaged in hauling the iron bottles containing the metal to the railroad at San Jose. The iron bottles are filled, the stopper which closes them being screwed in, and they are transported by laying them in a horizontal manner. It being one of the heaviest of substances, but a small bulk is necessary to make five tons. Quicksilver has varied greatly in price in the markets of the world—from sixty-five cents to a dollar and a half per pound. The present price is not far from the first figures. Scores of tons of the metal have been used for the manufacture of calomel, that formerly popular medicine being a sub-muriate of mercury or quicksilver. Corrosive sublimate, one of the most virulent and corrosive poisons known, is also a muriate or chloride of mercury. Calomel is comparatively mild, while the corrosive sublimate, containing precisely the same ingredients, but in different proportions, is the harshest and most positive poison known. I remember once witnessing the last hours of a beautiful but unfortunate woman who, in a state of frenzy at being deserted, had rashly taken several grains of corrosive sublimate. I am sure I never saw a human being suffer such excruciating agony for some ten hours as that poor woman did. The poison causes the most active degree of inflammation of the stomach and bowels which nothing can allay or check. The retching, vomiting, and writhing are constant and of the most painful character, continuing for hours, until at last death kindly steps in and closes the scene. I thought then, that however much I might feel inclined to end my existence I assuredly would never employ corrosive sublimate to do it. It is sure, but terribly painful.

The world is to be congratulated that it is now enabled to get along with a much smaller use of the salts of mercury as medicine or curative remedies than formerly. Fifty years ago the major part of the physicians of the country administered calomel for nearly every ailment they were called upon to treat. Calomel was the sheet anchor—the great club of Hercules with which the hydra-headed monster of disease was to be beaten to death. It was thought *sub-murias*, or calomel, was the most useful curative in the entire materia medica. If ever a poor wretch complained of headache, stomachache, torpid liver, constipation, diarrhœa, loss of appetite, rheumatism, billiousness, intermittent fever, malarial fever, and the thousand and one ills which flesh is heir to, he immediately had to swallow from two to twenty grains of calomel, and the smaller doses to be repeated every three hours and kept up for days and

weeks until the system was fully saturated with mercury and a state of salivation produced.

When I was a boy it was not a very uncommon thing to see a person, from the full effects of calomel, with his tongue so swollen as to hang out of his mouth, his breath of the most offensive and metallic odor, his joints swollen or greatly affected with the medicine, the glands of the throat swollen from the same cause, and a state produced infinitely worse than the original disease. Practice was then conducted upon the principle that in order to remove a common or given disease from the system the mercurial disease had to be set up. Thus, it was then almost impossible to find a person who had not been salivated and whose teeth had not been loosened, till perhaps they fell out, from the effects of mercury. In this way the lives of millions were permanently made wretched, and millions carried with them to their graves the effects of mercury poisons which they need never have been troubled with had not the medical practice of the country been fearfully misdirected. Yes, by the undue use of mercury the lives of millions were shortened and a great proportion of what should be life's pleasures totally destroyed. This kind of medical treatment, thanks to the measure of good sense which has been dispensed among the people of the world, and the constant use of this form of mercury, have been greatly lessened, though by far too much is still used. When men and women become as wise as they should be they will find that sunlight, pure air in abundance, pure water, with the benefits that may be gained by many articles of food, are the best curative remedies, and that drugs of any kind, especially poisons, are very little needed by the human system. Instead of making a chemical laboratory of the stomach, it is far better to remove disease by the use of nature's remedies and by controling the diet. The "coming man" will have little use for calomel, arsenic, strychnine, and the endless list of poisons and noxious articles which, for scores of years, men and women have been swallowing under the mistaken idea that they are curatives and health-imparting remedies.

A large amount of quicksilver is used in the manufacture of vermilion, which is widely used for painting and other purposes; but by far the largest share of quicksilver is used in gold and silver mining. In crushing the ores and rocks bearing the precious minerals the particles of gold and silver are liberated, and upon the application of quicksilver the minute particles of gold and silver are thus taken up, for quicksilver has the property of readily uniting with the precious metals, taking up every particle with which it comes in contact. When the quicksilver is thus duly charged with other metal, it is transferred to a retort, and distilled off by heat, it going over in the form of vapor, and again condensed, while the gold or silver, as the case may be, remains in the retort. The extensive gold and silver mines of California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado afford a ready market for the quicksilver obtained at the New Almaden mines. The fumes of quicksilver are necessarily very poisonous and deleterious, and it has long been regarded as extremely unhealthy to work in quicksilver mines or in the furnaces where the ores are reduced, but the furnaces are now constructed with such care and accuracy that but few of the injurious fumes are allowed to escape, and the men working about the furnaces look as healthy as ordinary men.

THE SAN JOSE RECEPTION.

We were back to the city in good time for the reception what my friends had prepared to extend to me in the evening. The affair came off in the California Theater, a very neat and pretty establishment, and where a goodly number of the citizens of San Jose gathered in to do me honor.

The stage was tastefully and profusely decorated with flowers. Mr. Thomas Jacob, the president of the San Jose Liberal League, presided and made the opening speech. The city band, employed for the occasion, discoursed most excellent music. Miss Maud Loud recited "No Sects in Heaven" in an animated and very creditable style. Mr. R. H. Schwartz performed a cornet solo in a fine manner. His wife assisted him, not on the cornet, but in making selections and accompanying her husband by voice.

Dr. J. L. York made the principal speech of welcome, and dilated for half an hour on the purposes and benefits of Liberalism. I followed in remarks of about half an hour, in which I expressed my gratitude for the kindnesss that had been shown me here, and I told them somewhat of what I had seen in the Asiatic world. Thirteen young men of the Turn Verein sang a favorite song in splendid style. The closing and the best speech of the evening was made by Marion Todd, lawyer of San Francisco, who kindly came down expressly to speak upon this occasion. Her speech was an able and finished effort, and I only regret I am unable to giv it entire.

After the meeting came the usual hand-shakings and congratulations, abundant evidence being extended to me that friends here are numerous and appreciative. The meeting was indeed a grand effort, and cannot be soon forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Exquisit "Cultured Liberal."

The late lucubrations of one of this tribe, with the remarks we felt induced to make upon the same, hav brought out some comments upon the cultured individual which seem to be legitimate property of our readers. We will giv in this issue two letters that hav been received in reference to this delectable personage, who seems to regard himself as of much bluer blood than ordinary mortals. Here is one from a friend, who certainly writes moderately:

WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR: Being an unconditional optimist, I look upon everything, however insignificant, as necessary to the working out of the greatest amount of ultimate good, although to the finite mind it may appear like evil only, and that continually. Ever since I began to see Mr. Coleman's effusions in the papers I hav wondered what good could ever come out of such a conceited, pedantic egotist. He seemed like an unmitigated, infinitesimal sphinx.

I heard on good authority that when he lived in Leavenworth he used to borrow books by the armful of a gentleman possessing a fine library, and by dint of selecting passages from different authors and dovetailing them together, produced articles which he palmed off on publishers as original.

But some passages in his tirade, given in a late number of Bundy's *Ridiculo-Pragmatic Journal*, must be his own. He charges Sir Godfrey Higgins, Kersey Graves, Judge Waite, and, I think, others (the latchets of whose shoes he is not worthy to look at), with "infamous falsehoods"—that is his term.

"Nature works in mysterious ways her wonders to perform." I should never hav doubted the necessity of Mr. Coleman's existence had my obtuse mind never caught a ray of light on the subject; but I feel that a clue to his utility is "getting through my hair." His mission in the economy of the universe is to carry pedantry, egotism, and arrogance to such disgusting extremes as to head off his readers who are inclined that way and make amiable, modest, and useful members of society of them. Amen. STEPHEN YOUNG.

Memphis, Mo., Oct. 25, 1882.

Thus this conceited jackanapes, who calls for more culture and more purity, is held up in his true light; and if he is good at perceiving reflections he can now see himself in the light in which others see him.

Here is another brief note from a gentleman with whom we are well acquainted, and who we are sure would send us no report which he cannot substantiate in the fullest particulars. Here is what he says:

MR. D. M. BENNETT: Your castigation of William Emmette Coleman is the finest thing I ever read. He is (I speak from personal knowledge) one of the most vile and immoral men in this country. He was driven out of Philadelphia in front of a shotgun in the hands of an indignant brother of a girl that he had ruined. I know whereof I speak. Yours, J. B.

This, indeed, is a repulsiv photograph of a man who thinks himself better than ordinary Liberals, who prates about superior "culture" and "a higher standard," who holds it to be wrong to oppose ecclesiasticism and theological dogmas, and who is capable of denouncing as unclean men far better than himself. This is the man who pretends to advocate "purity" and "culture," slanders those who do not agree with him as "Freelovers," and applies the epithet of his friend, "tag-rag and bobtails," to those who were consistent Liberals before either he or or his confederate were even known in the ranks. This alleged seducer has been very free in his censures of the editor of this paper, and has held us up as an ignoramus, as coarse and low, and as a person unworthy of confidence and support; but we wish to emphatically assure the cultured gentleman that, as bad as he and others hav represented us, we hav not been a seducer of any man's daughter, wife, or sister, and hav never attempted to be. If he or his friend is able to show the contrary of this to be true, he is hereby challenged to do. He may regard himself as vastly purer and more cultured than ourselvs, but we are sure we are better content with the record we hav made than we should be with such a one as his. Particulars will be furnished if desired.

When a man boasts of his purity and his culture, he may well be marked as a hypocrit and a bad man. He is playing the game of "brag," in which his pretense of purity is made to take the place of the genuin article. Whenever a man pretends to be better than his fellows, and boasts of his superior morality, he should be regarded with the greatest suspicion, for as truly as the sun shines he is simply a pretender and a bad man at heart. It is much the same with the man who needlessly seeks to defame and injure another. Beware of him, for it is morally sure he will not do to depend upon. No truly good man, no gentleman, will boast of his own purity and morality; nor will he be ready to tear down the reputation of another, that he may himself rise upon the ruins thus produced.

The cultured gentleman under discussion appeared very much disturbed because uncomplimentary allusions were made to his friend, B. F. Underwood. It was of course very kind of him to thus stand up for his friend, and cultured gentleman No. 2 ought to be duly grateful. Now, said cultured gentleman No. 2, who is associate editor of the *Index*, should reciprocate the sympathetic feelings of the cultured gentleman No. 1, and come forward to his relief and shield him from the damaging charges made against him. If these apostles of culture, purity, and morality will not stand by each other in adversity, and when the truth is told about them, of what particular good are they any way?

Our readers will be able to decide for themselvs whether the cultured Liberalism advocated by William Emmette Coleman and B. F. Underwood is really superior to old-fashioned Liberalism, with far less pretension, and whether it is desirable that all who embrace cultured Liberalism should become like these pretentious and conceited apostles.

Thieves in the Post-Office.

We request those remitting money to us to send either by registered letter, money order, express order, or by draft on a bank. We hav had recently abundance of reason to believe that letters for us are dishonestly abstracted while in transit, for in a short time more than twenty letters containing remittances hav failed to reach us. Registered letters can be traced up and found what becomes of them. Money orders and bank checks and drafts if lost can be duplicated and the money collected; but if currency is sent in a letter without registering, if it comes to hand, all right, but if a thief takes it, it is hopelessly lost, and there is no chance for redress.

We hav sometimes thought that the clerk thieves who steal our letters are Christian thieves, who think all that is taken from so bad a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER is a real good. This may explain why more TRUTH SEEKER letters than others are stolen and why our friends should be specially cautious. The additional expense of sending by the modes indicated more than make amends in the security given.

New Books, and Cheap.

We will endeavor next week to lay before our readers a part of the miscellaneous works we hav recently added to our stock, and the exceedingly low prices at which we are selling them. We hope our friends will decide to patronize us in purchasing what new books they wish.

The Tuttle Fund.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav received the following for Daniel Tuttle since September 3d: Allen Johnson, Dallas, Texas, .25; Annie Everest, Cheney, Washington Ter., .25; G. P., Cheney, Washington Ter., .25; John Cosgrove, Soldier's Home, Washington, D. C., $1; J. S. Weeks, Onekama, Mich., $1; Dr. Fairchild, New Brunswick, N. J., $1; C. Garwood, Baltimore, Md., .50; V. J. Borette, Nevada, .30. Total, $4 55.

Less than $5 for two months' solicitations, and many of these "crumbs of comfort" hav come through personal appeals to my private correspondents! Here it is almost winter, and this old man, who has spent a lifetime doing pioneer work for freedom, must be left to his bare crust, old clothes, and cheerless hearth, simply because Liberals, who are really able to send a mite now and then, are too careless and thoughtless of his needs and that of his sick wife to take the trouble to do so.

This is my last call, friends, till Christmas; please don't let it be in vain. If each one who writes to me for a book or a paper would send a few stamps toward the Tuttle Fund Elmina will esteem it a personal favor. Just here let me say I feel a little pride in having my friends do a little more to aid me in assisting Tuttle than Garwood's do to aid him in assisting Hacker. He is a man and has money, and can print circulars and postals and all that; I'm only a nobody, owning nothing—not even a vote. I hav only my record as a worker for humanity. On that I base my plea for help for the needy. Shall it be in vain? Address ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va.

Mr. Charles Watts's Lecturing Engagements.

To avoid delay in correspondence all applications for lectures from Mr. Watts can be sent to that gentleman addressed to him at the general post-office in the following towns on the dates here specified. Care should be taken that all applications are posted in time to reach the respectiv towns on the dates mentioned.

Nov. 5th, and during the following week, New Orleans, La.; Nov. 13th, Galveston, Texas; Nov. 14th, Houston, Texas; Nov. 15th, Brenham, Texas; Nov. 16th and 17th, Austin, Texas; Nov. 19th and 20th, Dallas, Texas; Nov. 26th and following week, St. Louis, Mo.

We hope our Liberal friends in the various towns mentioned will at once communicate with Mr. Watts as to lecturing engagements.

LIBERALS OF BUFFALO, N. Y., do not forget on election day Gen. W. F. Rogers for Congress, Col. Richard Flach for assembly, Joseph L. Haberstro for sheriff, and Thomas S. King for police justice, whose opponent is a member of every Catholic order in the city. All the above are members of the Buffalo Liberal League, No. 105. A. C.

Communications.

Who Were the Abolitionists?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Some time ago I received a letter from a friend of your paper and the principles it advocates, who resides in Shawano, Wisconsin, with the request that I would compile a list of the names of the leading men and women in the Abolition movement in order to show their relations to Christianity and Infidelity, for the writer believed that most of the agents of the Underground Railroad, as well as the early advocates of temperance, were parties of the Infidel stripe, and that the claims and assertions of the church that the Bible and their efforts and sympathies were in opposition to the institution of slavery and the liquor traffic were false.

With the permission of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will state who were the Abolitionists and what class constituted the bone and sinew of the antislavery cause. By way of illustration, I will state, as briefly as possible, what came under my own observation, which facts will demonstrate just how the church stood regarding the cause at the head of which stood William Lloyd Garrison. The facts to which I refer occurred in 1841–'42. At that time I was a member (on probation) in the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. William Barnes was the pastor. The main church was at Pottsville, Pa. Such men as Benjamin Haywood, John Madison, and others of like standing, were its leading men. At Port Carbon, two miles distant, we held meetings in a large stone house. It was revival time, and when prayers were started after preaching Mr. Barnes would often ask B. Lewis Jones (colored) to lead in prayer. Mr. Jones had a son Lewis, about my age (nineteen years). The father appealed to me to induce his son to go forward for prayers, saying, "You know, Brother Lynn, he will go at once if you ask him." This was true, for a Scotch boy and myself were the only two young men in all that region that would go to the colored church and teach them how to read, and who devoted our energes for their upholding and the liberation of their race. Yes, it was true, they would do aught we said, so young Lewis followed me to the "mourner's bench." When about half way there this priest mounted the bench, spread out his arms, and said, "Stand back! stand back! We don't want any niggers here!" This, too, after repeatedly asking his father to lead in prayer. Could a satellite from the lowest hell hav done worse? When I remonstrated with him regarding the wickedness of his conduct he said, "Why, Brother Lynn, if we allow this it is as much as to say to a respectable public, 'Stand back! stand back!'"

The next occurred at the Lutheran church at Port Carbon. This church edifice was made out of the old school building, and when the society organized they circulated a petition to the effect that all subscribers, as well as all who gave labor to fence and fix the grounds, should be entitled to free burial. Charles Sinus (originally a slave) was the largest money subscriber of the poor men, besides helping to make the fence, etc. His wife Rachel died and was buried there. One year after Charles came to his death by pleurisy. He requested his body to rest by the side of his wife. I was made administrator, and was at that time acting-superintendent of the Lutheran Sunday-school. When all was ready for the funeral the church refused burial, assigning as a reason that they did not want niggers in their graveyard. I called their attention to the agreement on their petition, stated the request of Charles to rest beside Rachel, and the wickedness of a refusal. My appeals were vain. I used every Christian means that I knew. I tried praying and found it useless. Seeing that interment must take place ere long I hit upon this device. The church was mainly German, so I went to the Dutch doctor and stated the case. He was an honest soul, though saturated with liquor and lager, and brimful of good, honest swearing. I said: "You see how the matter stands; the funeral *must* take place. I hav tried reason, justice, and praying. Now you try reason and swearing." He said, "Come along, Mr. Lynn." I went, and as soon as he met the first one he let off a tornado of full, fat swears that hit like rocks. He then went to another and let off still worse. When he came to the third trustee he uncapped his heavy artillery and executed the grandest display of Greek-fire cursing I ever heard. The saints caved. The request of my old dear friend was complied with, and I was happy.

This experience weakened my orthodoxy, and shortly after I became a Universalist. Being made member of the Pennsylvania Convention, held in Pottsville, the question of slavery and intemperance came up. Of course, I was the only black (Abolition) sheep in the flock. Rev. "Asher Moore" was the priestly defender of moderate drinking and slavery, all of which taught me that S. S. Foster's pamphlet, "A Brotherhood of Thieves; or, a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy," was true to the letter and in nowise overdrawn. After the death of Charles somewhat less than a year, a colored man and his wife, who occupied the late Sinus's residence (the very house used to secrete the fugitivs), were taken back to slavery; the party claiming the husband was a Methodist class-leader, and the person claiming the woman a leading member of the Baptist church. They carried them back to *hell*.

It does not seem necessary to compile a list of names to show who were the friends and who the enemies of human liberty. The church did not hesitate to call us all Infidels because we refused to shut our eyes to the sin of slavery, and exposed its complicity therewith. Instead of the church aiding the antislavery reform, it threw every possible obstacle in the way of our work for the slaves in the South, and our efforts in assisting the fleeing fugitivs to Canada. We could trust any one better than an activ church-member, as a rule, though I say it with pleasure that there were a few honorable exceptions. Though, while the church branded us all as Infidels, the majority of workers known to me were women and men of the largest faith in the goodness and justice of God, with a belief in immortality, and the literal interpretation of those grand words in the Declaration of Independence and the "Golden Rule." The Hicksite Friends, among whom were Lucretia Mott, Isaac and Amy Post, and many others, made the cause their life-work. Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, the Channings, Burleighs, Whittier, and a long, long list who claimed to be Christians, were ever vigilant in defense of liberty, and yet scarcely any were considered quite orthodox. It is true that there was a large body in good and regular standing that clung to the popular faith that were always true to the cause of the slave. In this list stood George B. Cheever, Albert Barnes, Theodore D. Weld, the Grimkies, and still more, that were always right, that held the same religious ideas. It must never be forgotten, and cannot be too often reiterated, that while the churches of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston refused to open their doors to Mr. Garrison, it was the Infidels of Boston that gave him the opportunity to plead the cause of the slave in Julian Hall. Many of these friends were the earnest friends of the downtrodden, and none more so than the noble Charles F. Hovey, the Boston merchant; while dissenting from the multitude, religiously and politically, and while believing that ecclesiasticism and Christianity hav done, and are still doing, an untold amount of evil, we must not violate the principles of truth and justice.

Actuated by this spirit, we are compelled to admit that the great majority of antislavery workers were imbued with a religious faith that God was on the side of justice, and worked with them to establish liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof; and, though it is too true that religion, as understood by the masses, did not make them remember the poor slaves as bound with them, but on the contrary made them excuse the slaveholders and hate or dread the Abolitionists, it is equally true that a certain Infidel element were so busy in lampooning religion, and berating the priests and priestcraft, that they had neither time, nor taste, nor patience to battle with chattel slavery, or join the antislavery ranks.

These are simply my opinions, which twenty-five years of antislavery work crystallized.

Among my personal acquaintances, during my residence in the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Illinois, I never knew scarcely a single case on the part of a man or woman that were activ workers in an orthodox church that were reliable Garrisonians—by which I mean the kind "that would not equivocate, that would not retreat a single inch, and that would be heard"—for the reason that the church was first, and freedom for the oppressed second. They were a species of ultramontaines—God first, the poor slave afterward.

The brazen effrontery of the church is a part of its stock in trade. Who does not know that it bred just such offspring as "South Side" Adams, Orville Dewey, and Henry Ward Beecher; the first, the Bible champion in defense of the "sum of all villanies;" the second, to show his subserviency to slavery and the "Fugitiv Slave law," said, if it was necessary, he would send his own mother back to slavery; and the third, while prating, "in season and out of season," in opposition to the "peculiar institution," could invite slave-holding divines to his pulpit, and not hav sufficient courage to speak from the platform of the antislavery yearly meetings, combining the hypocrit and coward in equal proportions? As earnest workers, we found it absolutely necessary to cut loose from church influences, and we accepted what seemed the most proper and appropriate name, viz., "Come-outers." We ceased for many years to put any trust in the church. We knew it to be our most insidious and persistent foe—what it could not accomplish openly, it sought to secure by the basest insinuations, or the most shameless assumptions. Our constant agitation was the leaven of truth that kept up a perpetual ferment in every pretended or real moral and mental organization. Its power clove asunder sects, and systems, and institutions which imagined they were so firmly rooted and permanent in principle that naught could destroy their equilibrium or integrity. We were a thorn in the side of political parties, a rebuke to dishonest patriotism, and a constant and vigilant detectiv to hunt out and bring to justice all shams in opposition to human liberty, whether done in the name of God, religion, or even science. My letter is too long to giv my opinion of the status of the church on the temperance question forty years ago. Hoping my Wisconsin friend and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will enjoy this article, I am his and theirs, for truth and justice GEO. LYNN.

Knowledge Necessary to Belief.

In an argument, no matter upon what subject, it is ungenerous and unwise for the disputants to descend to personalities. The arguments should be left to speak for themselvs. They are worth their face, no discount being made for the author's character, be he young or old, good, bad, or indifferent, a member of some church, or of no church; whether he believe in one or more gods, or in one or more devils. We care not where the truth comes from, "it is worth only its convincing qualities to the mind which receives it."

The vast majority of the world is governed by custom, but there are a few who will think, speak, and act in accordance with their reason, who will speak their honest convictions, whether they are conventional or unconventional, regardless of what the world shall say of them or of their opinions. They know that truth will finally prevail, even if there is but one man who advocates it against a million, and they are willing to wait a hundred years or more to hav their theories proved—as many a one has done before them—that "facts are of far more importance than reputations;" therefore the present belief of others in regard to their theories does not discourage them.

With uneducated and unreflecting men the personal abuse of a disputant, who entertains what they consider the unconventional side of an argument, undoubtedly has weight; but the thoughtful reader or listener does not look at names; if the arguments reach his soul, and if he is honest and unprejudiced, he judges the arguments by their own merits, not by what is said of the merit or demerit of their author. If we try a pen and find it good, are we to condemn it because its maker was a Chinaman, or because some one pronounces it to be a worthless pen? No. We have proved to our own satisfaction that the pen is a good one, as we prove that the argument is sound—by the dictum of our judgment.

But some will say, "How shall we decide, when doctors disagree?" As long as there is disagreement it is quite evident that there is no supreme authority on the subject; for where there is authority there is no disagreement or investigation. Disagreement leads to investigation, and if it is not permitted, how can perfection be arrived at? If Franklin and Morse had been debarred from making experiments, if they had been compelled to admit that the pen was the best an only means of communication, should we ever hav had the telegraph? Orthodoxy says, "We hav the best, and know it." But some one says: "I don't believe them. To my mind it seems at least possible that it would be better to devote more time to educating children, and men too, in regard to matters pertaining to this world." We should not receive anything as absolutely true, so long as there is any possibility that it may be false. The doctrins that we must not doubt and must not interrogate are the greatest obstacles to progress that can be created or imagined, no matter to what subject they may be applied, or in what book they may be found. There is no proof that the creator of the world had anything to do with books, and until this proof shall be found to exist beyond question, it is a sin to ask a reasonable being to receive the doctrins found in any one of them that are in direct contradiction to his honest convictions. It is bad enough to hav unchangeable belief in regard to what we can know about what we can see; but to hav a settled belief in that which is not absolutely certain, what pertains to the hereafter, to the next world, is very unreasonable and nonprogressiv; to be compelled to believe what we cannot understand, or what we construe differently, is not only unreasonable but monstrous. This has been done for thousands of years, and yet there are those who claim that this course has civilized the world. But a far more reasonable, and, to my mind, the only reasonable, view is, that mankind hav progressed in spite of these enforced dogmas. To fetter a man's mind is as deleterious to his spiritual nature, and interferes as painfully with his mental progress, as placing irons upon his feet and hands.

It is but a few years since mankind were given their freedom of thought and speech, and now that they are comparativly released from their mental serfdom, they are making rapid strides in civilization. Stuart Mill says, "The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectivly, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection." What cause more sacred than to protect a human being in his right to

think for himself—the right to use what reason he has? But thanks to such men as the "great champion of human rights," the world is beginning to breathe the inspiring air of liberty of thought. No pontiff now can inflict inquisitorial torments upon a man for believing and worshiping as he thinks right. In this country, where each man is "king of himself," and where each has "a clear title to his brain, free of encumbrance," any society that compels its members to liv on faith instead of on facts will either hav to append to its constitution a "fifteenth amendment" or stand upon a very infirm foundation. That such a society has been able to exist for centuries we will admit; but since the world has been fit to liv in only a very few years (for a short time ago men and women were bought and sold like sheep in even the most civilized countries), men hav commenced to think for themselvs; and for the next million years the society that says to its members you must believe in any book and let us do your thinking for you, if those members remain it will be for some other purpose than believing and thinking. In one sense, all men of the past and present think for us; that is, we hav the benefit of their thoughts; but we claim the privilege of selecting those that we consider best for us and of adding to and improving upon those thoughts if we can. But to compel one man to accept, unquestioned, the thoughts of another, whether he claim to be inspired or not (inspiration does not add to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of what our judgment says is unwise or false), is worse than a military despotism—'tis *reason despotism*, and that, beyond all others, is the worst, as it destroys freedom of thought as well as of action.

How many new thoughts should we hav to-day if the theory of the church had been carried out? *autos-da-fé* would still be lighted with our quivering flesh; heretics be gasping their last in living graves; heads would be falling by the guillotin, and we believing that heaven was too far above to hear or pity, and that hell was just beneath, waiting to receive and torture our roughly disembodied spirits. Even our Galileos would not dare insist "the earth is round;" the Copernican system would not be believed; and we should still hav literal hell-fire and eternal damnation preached into us. Who is it that has Liberalized the church, those who believe or those who doubt? And the Liberalizing process has but just commenced. The time is coming, yes, has already come, when a man will be allowed to hold his own opinions, as to whether the Lord inspired Moses to write the laws, or whether Moses only thought he was inspired; whether he really saw a burning bush, or whether it was but the reflection of the sun over the hill; whether Lazarus was really dead, or whether there might not hav been some life left in him; whether the sun and moon actually stood still, or whether it was the picture of the sun and moon on the standard bearer's flag that stopped while Joshua fought the battles; whether the story of the flood was a great or small story, was true or false; whether the book called "the Bible" was inspired, or whether the writers thought they were inspired; whether the world is ruled by a personal god, or by natural laws.

Since the church has been constantly changing, as far back as history goes, it is not absolutely certain that it will not keep on changing, and as its tendency has always been toward Liberal views, it is not certain that all of its present dogmas will stand. We may well hope, when we hav such men as Thomas, who cannot swallow the Methodist idea of atonement; as Swing, who talks principally of salvation in this world; as Beecher, who says that pain carried beyond purification is cruel, and that to construe the Bible literally is monstrous; as Ingersoll, who says that "faith is only necessary when the story is unreasonable;" that he thinks more of facts than of faiths, more of reasons than of revelations, more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of names. Compare these sentiments with "He that believeth not shall be damned;" with the doctrin of eternal punishment; with the idea that an infinitly wise and all-powerful god murdered all the finite beings upon the face of the earth by a flood, because they were wicked, when he might hav made them as pure as angels by one word, in the twinkle of an eye. How much less trouble, and how much more humane this would hav been than all that flood business!

If we would hav no belief in regard to what we know nothing about, but try to investigate what has not been already explained satisfactorily, and govern our actions by what we think to be right, life would then be a success, and constantly progressiv. Emerson says, "Think and act yourself, to-day, and if to-morrow you find yourself mistaken, hav the strength of mind to change your opinions." A man who does not change his opinions does not progress. Perfection seems desirable, but in nature, when that point is reached, it is the end. Nothing that is known to be perfect is doubted, and whatever is doubted cannot certainly be considered as true and perfect beyond question. The world of thought is infinit and there is no danger of getting out of material. He who has too much time has too little sense, and deserves to hav fewer years if he cannot make better use of what he has. A man certainly ought not to be punished with time. He can make as much less for himself as he chooses. Those who do not believe in investigation, and who will not investigate, are generally those who hav too much time.

For a thinking being to hav a belief or theory in regard to that of which he knows nothing is an absurdity, but to insist that others shall believe what neither he nor they can understand, or be eternally damned for disbelieving, it is monstrous.

CHAS. M. PATCH.

Revivals.

Now is the season when the voice of the revivalist is heard in the land. He is a man of voice, must necessarily hav a voice of power, and if a sweet singer, so much the better for the cause. He generally knows something of the power of that strange influence, known to the scientist as "magnetism," and to the church as the "power of the Holy Ghost." He watches with eagle-eye the first indication of the manifestation of this wonderful power, using every method at his command to widen and deepen its influence. He calls the brethren and sisters close together, urges them to lay aside every thought but the love of Jesus, insists upon their shaking hands and singing the old familiar hymns, well knowing that any form of intense mental action will retard the work of the "Holy Ghost."

So the magnetist well knows that any form of mental abstraction makes it impossible for him to control his subject. But the revivalist does not stop. Night after night, after giving deep and terrible warning to sinners, followed by tender and loving appeals to "flee from the wrath to come," he calls up the old wheel-horses of the church, both ladies and gentlemen, keeps them praying and singing, thus diffusing "magnetism" until the whole church is filled with the "Holy Ghost." It is then easy for them to believe, for in that condition they do not think. It is then the "precious" promises and pious phrases of church parlance are greeted with an artillery of "amens" and storms of "glory hellelujahs," when proclaimed by this loud-voiced man of God.

When a special effort is made by a strong mind and body, backed up by the accumulation of ages of sacred beliefs that hav grown up around and, so to speak, become a part of the people, it becomes almost omnipotent in its power. It moves a congregation as a storm-swayed forest. They then hav no disposition to resist this influence even if they had the power to do so, for the sensation is pleasant and because they are fully persuaded that it is the very power of God.

Our city was visited by such special effort last winter. The Rev. Prettyman, of Baltimore, Md., did some of this kind of work at the Fourth-street M. E. church, and tried to palm it off as "Holy Ghost" work. Strange to say, the "ghost" did not come at his call. There seemed to be some drag, and sinners did not fall on their faces and call for mercy. Fact is, people are getting an inkling of how this thing is done. They are all on the "*qui vive*" to see who will be the first struck with "conviction" (another name for the same thing), consequently there is but little influence felt. I am informed that he was driven to the dire necessity of calling the Sunday-school children up to the bench in a body, prayed over them over an hour or more, then told them to get up, that they were converted, and were now the children of God. The next day one of the city papers stated that the revival on Fourth street was flourishing, that over fifty had experienced a change of heart in a few days. Such things are getting too thin even for the devout. The reverend gentleman was criticised pretty severely for his off-hand method of doing things. The Rev. Shepherd soon left in search of greener "fields," or, I should hav said, sheep.

The Rev. Mr. Chubb, of the Eighth-street Evangelical church, seems to be better acquainted with the ghost. Night after night, for seven or eight weeks, he kept pouring down hot shot upon the heads of the sinners and calling in, in large numbers, the lost sheep and lambs. Quite a number of old sheep were thus brought into the fold and washed preparatory for the spring shearing, which is the most important part of a good shepherd's work. They were having what they call a glorious revival. This is called by a certain class of Christians "getting religion," "saving souls," "getting a change of heart," "making a bad person good," "enlisting under the blood-stained banner." Many questions come rushing into the mind on witnessing one of these storms of human passion.

Is there any good coming to humanity from its exercise? I think there is. The power exists, it is a patent, potent fact. People become exalted; all the faculties of the mind are aroused; they become, for the moment, generous, affectionate, and some even forgiv their enemies for the time being. The whole being seems lifted up into a purer life. I am not surprised that the sudden possessor of this mysterious power should believe himself baptized by the "Holy Ghost," especially when he has been taught to look upon it as such from childhood. But I hear some one say, "You are a queer Liberal to admit such exercise to be in any way beneficial." I answer, It is not confined to God nor to his self-appointed representativs, the preachers, but is as common as the power to breathe, therefore may be used intelligently. You cannot mingle with your fellows in any department of life without more or less exercising it. It can be and is used, whether consciously or not, in all kinds of intercourse among mankind. It is but little understood, yet enough is known to place it front among interesting subjects before us. It is used in trade, in politics, in social life, in the school, but, most of all, in religion; and it is only because of the long-continued, persistent effort that it is so much more noticeable there than elsewhere.

The religious world has for ages used this power blindly. Although they are just learning that certain conditions produce these manifestations of power, they still try to make their ignorant dupes believe it depends upon prayer and faith.

Admitting that this force may be used injuriously among the ignorant multitude, does not argue that it may not be used with great good when used intelligently. There is no reason why this mysterious power may not be used to further the Liberal cause, as well as to allow the Christians to monopolize it, since there is no patent upon it. It can be used with varying degrees of intensity. It can be exercised over one person, or over the multitude. It is only limited by the mental and physical capacity of the operator.

There is no space here to go into details as to method, but I cannot close without saying that passivity, an unresisting negativ condition of the audience or individual, is necessary. In church parlance, a state of faith.

To produce such a condition, a teacher or speaker should endeavor in the start to produce a gentle ripple of laughter, or in some other pleasing way secure a harmonious feeling in his audience; then, never for one moment, let their minds wander from the subject—never a break in the current of thought. But the speaker must learn the varying conditions of his audience, and to work upon them; the feelings should be frequently varied by the rapidly flowing thoughts of the speaker. The man or woman with plenty to say, and a good voice, will soon learn to appreciate my meaning when I say he can learn to play upon them, as the musician, by touching, brings harmony from his strings. L. E. HUGGINS.

Reading, Pa.

Paine's Theism.

If Paine was an Atheist it could be no reflection upon his character in the estimation of any intelligent person in this enlightened age, and I do not write this to vindicate his memory; but it is the right of every soul to be correctly characterized; especially is it our duty to those who cannot speak for themselvs to use our best efforts to hold them in their true light. So when a man abuses a great opportunity chance has given him to tell to a listening world a downright falsehood respecting a great character—one to whom every citizen of this land is greatly beholden for such uncommon privileges as we boast we enjoy—it is the duty of all of us to cry "shame!"

A lawyer of no great repute, in the Guiteau case, lately abused his opportunity by sneeringly alluding to Thomas Paine as "Paine, the Atheist." Evidently he did not know of what he was talking. It is notorious that Paine was what we to-day call a Unitarian. Moreover, many to-day would deem him superstitious, for he declared more than once, in his published works, that he believed in God—a God who will reward and punish in another world. His statement about a future life is the strongest, perhaps, ever made. "It is not near so wonderful that I shall liv hereafter as that I liv now, never having lived before." He also said that it does not follow because the Deity has conferred life on all men here that all of them shall liv hereafter. Some may not be fit to liv in the future.

Such an exhibition of ignorance as that made by this evident pettifoger is too contemptible to notice but for the great publicity he gave to the slander of the dead—I say slander, for to thus publicly misrepresent so great and good a character is slander, whether legally or not. C. I.

Mr. Charles Watts's Lecture Tour in America.

Mr. Watts has just left for the South. He intends visiting New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Dallas, Sherman (Texas), St. Louis, Mo., and Indianapolis, and will be glad to hear from friends in the above places as to lecturing. Mr. Watts will be in New Orleans Nov. 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. In Texas from Nov. 13th to 23d. In St. Louis Nov. 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. In Indianapolis Dec. 8th. Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVENBER 4, 1882.

A New Departure.

With a view of increasing the number of the patrons and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we hav resolved to lessen the price at the commencement of the tenth volume on January 1, 1883. This is not because we hav been making too much money, nor because by the publication of this fearless weekly we hav been enabled to lay up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal; for, the fact is, we are publishing the largest Liberal journal in the world; and in view of the quantity of reading matter we weekly lay before our readers, we are publishing it at a lower price than any similar publication. We are giving seven hundred inches more of reading matter every week than is contained in any other Liberal journal with which we are acquainted.

No, we hav not made too much profit. We hav many and many a time been at a loss to see how we could weather the tide and be able to pay the heavy bills we hav to meet. Many a time it has been almost an inexplicable problem how we should be able to pay off the hands at the close of the week. More than once hav we had occasion to think that were it not for the little profits we are able to make on books, the income from the paper alone would not be sufficient to keep it up and pay off the bills.

Under such a state of facts it may seem ill-advised and like poor policy to lower the price of the paper below a paying basis. But we hav resolved to test the matter and see if the circulation will not thereby be considerably increased. We desire that the paper shall hav a wide reading at a price that will barely keep it alive, rather than to obtain a generous price for it with a limited number of readers. We shall hardly feel satisfied till we hav tested the matter, and test it we shall.

The price of THE TRUTH SEEKER after January 1st will be $2 50 per year, payable in advance, and we hope friends will not ask us to wait twelve months and more for our money. We hav not made fifty cents clear on each yearly subscriber we hav supplied, and it must be seen at a glance that unless our circulation is largely increased we must be out of pocket in our new departure.

We shall look confidently to our friends that this does not prove a fact. Our friends hav constantly sustained us in all our efforts since we begun our little sheet in Paris, Illinois, over nine years ago. The enemies of mental liberty and the advocates of intolerant ecclesiasticism hav many times attacked us with the fixed determination to ruin us and break up our publishing business, but our friends, scattered all over this broad land, hav as firmly stood by us through discouragements of all kinds; and when malicious men in our own ranks hav conspired with our ecclesiastical foes with the determination to accomplish our ruin, these good friends hav cheered and preserved us. We hav often realized and spoken the truth that if man ever had cause to feel grateful to friends, we are that man. Our friends hav been our comfort, our support, and our life. Without them we could hav done nothing.

We still intend to draw upon the public spirit and generosity of our friends. We look to them to aid us in obtaining new subscribers to our paper. With the lessening of price, with due effort on the part of friends in every state, county, and community, the circulation must be largely increased. Unless it is, we shall feel that we hav made a mistake in decreasing the price, and will unquestionably sustain loss.

It must be seen in a moment that if $3 a year has barely met expenses, the number of patrons must be largely increased for it to be self-sustaining at $2.50 per year. The greatest item of expense in the printing of a paper is the setting of the type, and it costs just the same to set the type for a single thousand as though twenty-five or fifty thousand are printed; so while $5 per copy per year for the one thousand would scarcely meet running expenses, $2 per year for the fifty thousand would leave a handsome profit. This easily illustrates our object in decreasing the price.

Whenever we hav patrons enough to justify the reduction of the price to $2 the reduction shall be made, and we look forward to the time when THE TRUTH SEEKER can be published at $2 per year. Our desire is to hav a large number of readers rather than to make money. So long as the paper is self-sustaining, and is able to meet its own bills, we will be content.

We call, then, upon every friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER to constitute himself an activ agent to obtain as many new subscribers as possible. Those who can send six new names, with the accompanying cash, will be hailed as warm friends of the paper, while those who can send but one new name will be cordially accepted as doing the best they could under the circumstances Some can do much more in this line than others. There are far more liberally disposed people in some communities than in others, but in nearly all communities there are people who ought to take a Liberal paper who spend not a dime a year in keeping up Liberal publications.

In view of the total apathy and indifference which Liberals evince in this direction, we sometimes almost hav to hang our heads in shame at the contemplation of such Liberalism. We mentally inquire, Will these dead souls never show any more life? Will false-hearted hypocrits always contribute their money freely to help sustain the power of priestcraft and the institution of the church, and not be willing to expend two or three dollars per year to help sustain some worthy Free-thought journal? Will men who ought to be independent as well as just, be always willing to stifle their convictions, withhold their aid from the struggling paper which speaks the truths they believe, and willingly see it struggle and starve for the very aid they are withholding, while they readily expend ten times as much money in some foolish enterprise, and even giv their money to keep up the institutions which they do not believe in at all.

We hav had occasion to think that there is not one person in ten who has lost faith in the dogmas of the church and the claims of the priesthood, who takes a Liberal paper that ought to. It is not to be supposed that all these indifferent persons can be enthused with a willingness to pay for a Liberal paper, but is to be hoped many of them may be. If only half of them can be brought to a realizing sense of their duty, a great good will be accomplished.

It is generally conceded that in no more effectual way can a given amount of money be employed in spreading the truths of Liberalism, and in combating the errors of supernaturalism, than in the publishing of a live, outspoken Liberal paper. In no way can a limited amount of money be made capable of doing the same amount of good. Liberal papers should be far more numerously circulated. At least a hundred thousand people should take a Liberal paper who now do not.

As to the quality of THE TRUTH SEEKER during the next volume, it will, perhaps, be enough to say that it will be, as in the past, the fearless, outspoken foe of ecclesiasticism, priestcraft, and supernaturalism. It will oppose the enslavement of the mind to the dogmas of superstition, the same as heretofore. We shall advocate and endeavor to illustrate the truths of nature. We shall continue to show the blighting effects that ecclesiasticism has had upon the world, and the errors that hav grown up under it. We shall still endeavor to show the superiority of nature over supernature, one being always true, the other always false. The pages of the paper will still be open and free to people of diverse opinions. Contributors are not required to think as we do to gain admission to our columns. Those who write sensibly, and hav something to say worthy of being read, will always be welcome.

Volume X. will be printed from new type, purchased for the purpose, and in the first number will be commenced an excellent story by William McDonnell, the author of "Exeter Hall," "Heathens of the Heath," and "Family Creeds," entitled "Reminiscences of a Preacher." This story is remarkably well written, and will run for several months. It alone will be worth the price of a year's subscription.

We ask our friends to interest themselvs in obtaining new subscriptions. We would that every true Liberal should feel a lively interest in having THE TRUTH SEEKER in the family of every Liberal in the country, so far as possible. We shall use what ability we possess to make the paper worthy of general patronage, and we will be glad to hav it generally appreciated and patronized.

Besides lessening the price as above, we will make this additional concession: To such new parties as subscribe now, or before the expiration of the year, the sum of $2.50, we will send the paper for fourteen months, or until January 1, 1884. This offer should bring in many new subscribers. We hope those who hav hitherto been borrowing the paper, and paying nothing to the publisher, will conclude to act the more honorable part, and pay for what they read, and thus pursue a manly course.

We hope the names of new subscribers will flow in freely. To the three persons who send in the greatest number of new subscribers between this time and the first of March next, we will present, according to the number of subscribers sent in, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a set of Dickens's complete works, in fifteen volumes, and a fine edition of Shakespeare's complete works, or other works of the same value as may be preferred. Here are most valuable works offered as premiums, and we trust they may be earnestly contested for. Publication from time to time will be made as to the number of subscribers sent in by different canvassers. Those who can use sample copies of the paper to good advantage will be supplied upon application.

LET THE TRUTH SEEKER LIST ROLL UP.

Right here it seems a fitting time and place to invite those in arrears to square up with us between now and the close of the year. We trust that all will feel disposed to enter upon a new year with clean books and with the old scores of arrearages wiped away. It is not pleasant to hav to dun our friends for trifling amounts, but it is very pleasant to receive the amounts due us, and not realize that thousands of dollars are due us while we are owing thousands of dollars to others.

Let THE TRUTH SEEKER and its patrons make a struggle to not longer be in debt.

Materialism versus Spiritualism.

Standing, as we do, on middle ground, and acting as a connecting link between the believers in the two extremes of thought, it often grieves us to notice the harsh things said by one side concerning those occupying an opposit position, and the want of charity and courtesy each side evinces toward the other. We hav reason to believe both sides contain many honest people, but we are sorry to see that so many persons lack tolerance toward opposing views, and are so ready to denounce others as dishonest frauds and tricksters.

We are differently organized, and it is almost impossible for all to arrive at the same conclusions, even though the same evidence is placed before us. Some are more hard-headed and unconvinceable than others, and it requires four times the amount of proof to make converts of them that it does of those more spiritual—more disposed to the mysterious and marvelous.

All Liberals, however, whether total unbelievers in everything of a spiritual nature, or whether they accept the possibility of invisible intelligences, should train themselvs to exercise a measure of charity toward those who arrive at totally different conclusions. It should be one of the labors of Liberalism to cause its adherents to be liberal and tolerant toward those whose views are diametrically opposed to their own.

We take pleasure in introducing here a reasonable and fair sort of letter from a Spiritualistic friend in Missouri. If all were as considerate as he is there would be slight grounds for bitter contention and rancorous feelings:

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Oct. 24, 107.

MR. EDITOR: I notice of late a tirade of T. Winter in your paper, as also in *The Age* and *Investigator*, against Spiritualism, classing Spirituals as fools, impostors, etc., and throwing out slurs against and heaping epithets upon them. This may be considered a Liberal procedure by him, but I apprehend that these articles, for the reasons alluded to, will be distasteful to Liberal-minded people who may read them.

I wish no controversy or argument with Mr. Winter, for I consider one so rabid or bigoted and set in his ways as he beyond the reach of argument. He reminds me of one of Bible lore who wished "to know nothing save Jesus and him crucified," as his hobby or interest seems to run in but one direction," yet he claims to be well acquainted with nature's laws, when, in fact, the most learned even know comparativly but little of the laws or forces of nature, even when confined to this little globe. This will be readily admitted by those who are the most learned.

Mr. Winter says of those who hav expressed diverse opinions and who are as honest in them as he is in his own, "Fire off your wads, ye dealers in tricks," etc., thereby accusing these people of trickery and dishonesty, while they beyond a doubt consider him honest in his convictions, though rabid or singular in expressing them, and abusiv in assailing the views of others. I believe it best to let these or like articles from him pass unnoticed, or, in other words, let him uninterruptedly throw off his steam and free his boiler from accumulated dirt and scales, and fit it, if possible, for generating something better or more refined. This, of course, is nothing but a "wad" and a suggestion to those who may hear the roar of steam from the Winter generator to pay no attention, for no harm can result, as the pressure grows less and less as the heated mixture from within is belched forth.

Mr. Winter, in all candor, do you not know that diversity of opinion is a law of nature and a stepping-stone to investigation and progression? In view of this, there should be more moderation in the exchange of opinions on all sides.

Fraternally, WM. HART.

This letter is not calculated to exasperate any one's tender feelings, while it evinces a due degree of respect for the opinions of Mr. Winter.

Here is another short letter from the party complained of in the foregoing, and with whom the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are by no means unacquainted. His rough, fervid style has more than once given offense to those who cannot share in his convictions. Here is his last:

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BROTHER BENNETT: A thousand thanks to you for publishing my manuscript. You are a brave man, and I admire you for your pluck. You know that Materialism is right and every phase of supernaturalism is spurious, not excepting Spiritualism; that is the last spasm of the decaying faith in the theological dogma of immortality. Mortality we know, but outside of that we know nothing, one man no more than another. All is speculation beyond the present existence. All the priests or mediums of the whole world can never show one honest proof that man survives the wreck of death or dwells eternally in some unknown world. It is simply a utopian dream of the imagination, and on this dream all the world's superstitions are founded. I do not desire to offend or insult any one, but no man dares to smother the honest truth as nature and sound sense displays it, therefore I must be bold in the exposure of anti-natural assumptions.

I utterly despise any system whose object is to make money out of the ignorance and credulity of the multitude. No advantage should be taken of man's stupidity. Teach the people he right and proper way to liv for this world; that is sense. All the other drivel about worlds on high is the most peuril nonsense. T. WINTER.

We will exercise the liberty of saying that, according to our views, Brother Winter is right in some respects and wrong in others. He will not take offense at our giving our views upon his opinions, for he would not be as good a Liberal as he is could he not allow us that freedom.

"Materialism is right, and every phase of supernaturalism is spurious." That is strictly true according to our belief. But from that it by no means follows that matter only exists in beds of granit, hills of gravel and clay, in the visible elements, and in the various palpable compounds into which they enter.

The question is, Has Mr. Winter full knowledge of the universe and the intricate powers that permeate it? We fear he has not. We fear no living man has. It is probable that but a small proportion of the intricacies of the vast universe is yet understood by a living man. Every year new discoveries are made, new forces brought to light, which, though they hav eternally existed, hav but just been learned. Thus the powers and uses of electricity hav been recently brought to light. It is but recently that men hav been able to harness it, causing it to haul heavy railway trains, to convert it into light, and with it illuminate hundreds of cities with an intensity of light almost rivaling the rays of the noonday sun. It is but recently that the aid of this mysterious force has been used in sending intelligence almost instantaneously from one side of a continent to the other, and for thousands of miles under the ocean. It is but recently the rapid undulations of the sun's surface and the magnetic forces connected with them hav been closely studied, and the immediate connection the same hav with earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and cyclones on our own planet. It is but recently that the extremely rapid vibrations of light, color, and sound are clearly understood and reduced to an accurate enumeration. It is but recently that it has been learned that sound, in the forms of the voice and instrumental music, can be transmitted instantaneously for a hundred miles, so as to be distinctly heard and recognized.

So within a few years a great number of new discoveries of previously unknown existing forces of nature hav been brought to light; and there is every reason to believe that but a fraction of the wonders of this universe hav as yet come to the knowledge of man. Whoever is alive fifty years from this time will undoubtedly be well informed of several deep and intricate truths now wholly unknown to the wisest of men living. And probably in a thousand years from this time, though men keep on making discoveries in geometrical ratio, not even a tenth part of the subtle forces of the universe will be thoroughly understood. The fact is, this universe is an immense institution and possesses powers and potencies far beyond the shrewdest capabilities of any man who draws the breath of life.

It would not hav done even a single fifty years ago for any Thomas Winter to take the position that all about nature was fully understood, and that they were only frauds and fools who held that such a thing was possible as sending intelligence all around the globe, over mountains and under oceans, in a few seconds of time. So ten years ago it would not hav done to uphold the possibility of the human voice or an intricate piece of music being conveyed a hundred miles over a wire, and in a few seconds of time. Neither does it do now for Mr. Winter, or any other man, to say the powers of nature are fully defined and understood, and that all the possibilities of the universe are reached, and all beyond what is now known belongs only to the domain of fraud and trickery.

Of course this argument is not designed to account for the frauds that hav been played upon the people of this country, and it must be admitted that frauds hav been perpetrated. Some claim that ninety per cent of the materializing and other phenomena are fraudulent, and, even if that is so, it does not by a long way prove the other ten per cent also to be fraudulent. It is not intended by the remarks here made that Spiritualism is a sure and settled proof. This is not our purpose, but what we do claim is that a certain class of phenomena do take place under certain circumstances which cannot truthfully be relegated to the domain of fraud; nor can it be true, though ten thousand persons cry out "fraud, fraud," so loudly as to even split their very lungs. It does not make an animal of the canine species really rabid for a thousand intolerant and prejudiced people to cry out "mad dog, mad dog." The popular cry is just as liable to be wrong as anything in the world. And it is always the easiest thing in the world even for people of the best intentions to be mistaken.

We are far from asserting that we know the claims of Spiritualism to be true. We do not pretend to say that we hav proofs that we liv again after death, but we hav honestly investigated this subject, and we think we are disposed to be fair and candid. We do not wish to be a dupe in any direction. We are not afraid to acknowledge the convictions to which we giv our assent. We believe we hav received proofs of invisible sources of intelligence, and having come to the conclusion that intelligence cannot exist without organization, when we find intelligence we conclude there must be organization to produce it.

Much, indeed, that pertains to this globe on which we dwell is, or is capable of being, invisible. Oxygen, so far as is known, forms three-fourths of the ores, the soils, the earths, the waters which surround the globe, and the atmosphere which reaches, so said, forty-five miles from the earth's surface. Oxygen, besides being vital air, the most essential element which imparts life, combines with nearly all metals, rocks, and earths, forming oxides; it is the base of nearly all the acids; it enters largely into the formation of the crust of the earth—still, in its nativ state, it is as invisible as a ghost is said to be. It cannot be seen by the sharpest eyes ever formed. But no one can deny that it nevertheless has as real an existence as a hill of gravel, a bank of clay, or a mass of granit. Thus it will not answer to deny the existence of the most important element in the universe, because in its nativ state, when uncombined with other substances, it is wholly invisible. Visibility is far from being the strongest proof of existence.

It is a mistake to rank Spiritualism with supernaturalism. They are not at all alike. If such a state as spirit life exists, it is a form of nature and helps to make up the grand system as much as any part of it. On the other hand, supernaturalism is in every way opposed to nature, and forms no part of it. Supernaturalism presupposes a creator of immense size and power, who always existed, and once upon a time took up a notion to make a few million worlds, suns, and systems from nothing and sat them whirling in space, which we believe is allowed to always hav existed. This being and all that pertains to him form no part of the system of nature, but are antagonistic to it. Here the difference can easily be seen between the claims of spirit life and miracles and supernaturalism. If the spirit phenomena do take place as claimed, they are just as much in keeping with nature's laws as for water to run down hill.

The most materialistic scientists, after having long been conversant with the three conditions of matter—the solid, the fluid, and the aeriform—are now asserting the fourth condition of matter, or the unconditioned, but which really has an existence as much as either of the other three, and is as much more attenuated and refined than the usual aeriform as the aeriform is more subtle and attenuated than the solid rock. If, then, spirit life is a reality, it may hav some relation to this fourth condition of matter, and thus really exist, though no more visible to the eye than the finest ether in the stellar spaces.

We repeat, this universe is so great and so grand that it is presumptuous to limit it, and say only this, that, and the other is it capable of performing. Whatever is more than these three is superatural, a miracle, a humbug—all trickery and fraud. Matter and force are the cosmos, are other terms for nature or the universe, and they are all one inseparable system. Every law and condition connected with the system is as simple and true, if well understood, as the most simple operation; but it will not do to circumscribe nature, and say, "Only thus far shalt thou go." It is wiser to yield that nature and the universe hav limitless possibilities, and we ought to hold ourselvs willing to embrace its truths, so far as they are brought to our comprehension.

We see that nature is capable of imparting many forms of life. There is the life of the rocks and ores; the life of unorganized matter; the life of air and water; the life of crystallization; all forms of vegetable life; all forms of animal life up to the most finely-developed human being. All these forms of life are from nature, for there is no other source whence they can emanate. There is an important phase of life called fœtal life, which was preparatory to the form of life we now hav, and without this form of life, existence would be for us now impossible. Who, then, shall be able to say that this is positivly the last and highest form of life nature is capable of, and that with this all her efforts terminate? Who is able to say that this is the last, and after this comes nihility? Who shall say with truth that this form of life is not as preparatory and essential to a higher form of existence, as the fœtal condition was preparatory to this? Who has any right to say that with this form of life all the powers of nature end and then it turns upon itself?

We prefer to regard nature as perfectly immense and capable of according to her children continued life in other and higher forms. There are those, of course, who will regard us as a fool for entertaining such chimerical notions, and such will bellow themselvs hoarse by shouting "there is no existence after this; this is all that nature is capable of doing." We are willing to ally ourselvs with those who repose all confidence in nature and believe her capable of performing very much that is yet unknown and not understood.

Belief or choice has nothing to do with settling this matter, and cannot make the slightest difference with the ultimate facts. If a continued life belongs to the great economy of nature it is just as much a fact as our present existence, and denying or affirming cannot make the slightest difference in the general truth. If, however, the matter could be referred to the choice of the human race, whether to continue to exist or cease to exist, a large majority would doubtless be in favor of continued existence. With all its evils and drawbacks, existence is found to be pleasant; and there are but a small percentage of the earth's inhabitants who would, by their own vote, utterly snuff themselvs out of existence.

The nature and existence of mind are closely connected with this subject, but we hav already been so prolix that very little more must be said. The question has been debated in these columns, Is mind material? We answer, Yes; the same as everything else, including all the processes of nature, is material. Whatever is not matter, or material, is nothing. Whatever exists at all is matter in some form.

We do not believe that mind, or intelligence, is an element in a simple form of existence, and that it has a vast sea or fountain where it is stored up, and from which great store every individual obtains what mind or intellect he is able to boast. On the other hand, we hold that mind, or intellect, is produced by a material organization, the same as sight, hearing, taste, and smell are produced by their especial organs. Without a circulatory and digestiv system, and without a brain, no such thing as mind, or thoughts, can be produced. Without a healthy, vigorous body, there cannot be a healthy, vigorous mind. It is the body, with all its parts, which gets up the mind, and this depends wholly upon that for its character and quality. Thus, in a word, the stomach and the digestiv apparatus, with the aid of the brain and nervous system, grind up the bread, meat, and potatoes we eat into mind, into thoughts; in fact, into essays, lectures, and poems, as the case may be, and hence is material.

We will venture once more to say that the universe is a great and glorious system, and those are not the most wise and most truthful who circumscribe its powers and drive down stakes for bounds, to show how far it may go.

In conclusion let us again plead that Materialists and Spiritualists who cannot arrive at the same conclusions treat each other courteously, and not call each other fools and frauds. All should be equally good Liberals and adorers of nature. All should oppose the errors of supernaturalism and theology.

It cannot be denied that Spiritualism has done its share in Liberalizing the world. Spiritualism has doubtless done as much in this direction as Materialism, and does not exhibit any more bigotry, dogmatism, and uncharitableness than the latter.

E. H. Heywood Again in Prison.

We hav received a letter from Mrs. Angela T. Heywood, dated Oct. 27th, in which she states that Anthony Comstock, accompanied by United States Deputy Marshal Enos, visited Princeton, and summarily took Mr. Heywood to Boston, where he was arraigned before United States Judge Hallett, who held him under $1,000 bail, in default of which he as taken to prison, his brother subsequently going his bail.

She did not state the particular charge upon which he was arrested, but probably it was for mailing quotations from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," together with improper matter published in the *Word*.

As much as we are opposed to Comstock's modes and measures, and as much as we regret that Mr. Heywood is again in trouble, we hav fears that Mr. H. has been indiscreet. We are in favor of free mails, the same as free thought, a free press, and free speech, but we are not in favor of sending indecent matter by mail, or in any other way.

And a word here as to Walt Whitman's poems: As a rule they are grand, and doubtless contain the genius of true poetry. Whitman is an honest and earnest man, but it does not follow as a consequence that everything he has written is desirable to be spread over the land, whether by mail, express, or otherwise. There are one or two of Whitman's poems that, according to our views, would hav better been omitted from his book, and cannot be of special benefit to anybody.

These particular poems or parts of poems seem to be the very ones which Mr. Heywood took special pleasure in mailing. We feel in no humor to indulge in censure at this juncture, but we must confess that we hav wondered why Mr. Heywood should decide, under the circumstances, to mail such matter. He has seemed to us not a man with a coarse, animal nature, but naturally as free from such a tendency as one man in a thousand. We must say, however, that he chose to make himself conspicuous by mailing Walt Whitman's most objectionable poem, and by publishing some things which we most certainly would not publish. We could not see what good was to be gained by it, what principle of Liberalism is involved, or how the best interests of any class of the community can thereby be served. There is no reason why any one should unnecessarily thrust his hand into the lion's mouth.

Oriental Stupor, Occidental Vanity, and International Light.

Mr. Bennett's observations corroborate all tourists' accounts of the unprogressiv influence of oriental customs. Homage to mythic monarchs of their souls so largely absorbs life that personal comfort and purity hav small claims, and mental culture less. Greek, Turk, or Arab, 'tis all the same; Moslem or Christian, 'tis all the same; despots of their souls mold their natures to the purposes of despots over their bodies, each limiting the comprehension of liberty. Missionaries from America are of superstitious cast and selfish aim, carrying more slavish element, counterparting, not mending, the Moslem. The difference is but hair-breadth, pagan features equally strong in most church compacts.

A few Freethinkers firm as Bennett, staying there, would light beacons among ruins of ancient and modern ignorance that would desolate cross and minaret in a generation, if the powers permitted their teaching; but to inculcate truth there would be death. It comes very near that here. We blindly boast of enlightenment while dazed and groping. After reasoning on life a century, but few dare act from convictions; a vicious opinion is potent to command; only men hav learned to be physically comfortable.

What could be hoped where priests add ignorance to our superstition and hypocrisy, and men waddle in petticoats? They seem not to crave knowledge, and show as little gumption in caring for the surface as in culturing the inner being. And the foolish women imitate as foolish occidentals, putting dangling obstructions over the trousers which they are bright enough to retain. The men may think, like some I hav heard here, that the sexes should convert their similar outlines into opposits by clothes, so take the tub form, because women keep the natural. Hobbling in leg-cages would giv salutary lessons to our sticklers for women's trammels. They forget how fetters vexed their fathers three centuries ago.

Doubtless Allah directs his women to cover their faces. Paul, when he was speaker for Yahweh, wanted his to cover their whole heads, and learn only of husbands at home. But who in all these latter ages, or the mythic heavens, is it teaching orientals to uncover their bosoms? It can't be men of the present, they are so prudent; can't be Jupiter, Pan, or Pluto—the gods were exemplary, history knows. I partially see the meaning, but who means it? is the query. I think dress reformers might go there and teach both sexes to dress consistently under the burning skies, if sultan, shah, and Allah concurred. But heathens, under sunrise or under sunset, are similar; it might be as easy to giv women consistent appearance among relics of the favorit and worshiped Venus, as here among galleries embellished with *Harper's Bazars*. Yet here some minds grasp the importance of the subject which is being considered. The relation of proper clothing to all progress is known, and hopeful action is seen. Women will not much longer endure distortions that, in proportion to their discomfort, demoralize men, causing discord in the dual sphere of mutual helpers.

This branch of bondage, underlying and interlaying others, must fall with the rest. Through our weekly letters we hav reviewed the orient and deplored its state. Let us look over the occident, choosing its best, the United States of America, and see what difference is apparent in the religious department. Christian sects cover this land as Moslem masses do that. Many people, particularly the women, seem to liv and labor to keep the spread churches in stylish order,, and the poor contribute to the support, though lacking common comforts, the object being to worship one whose death, they are taught, will save them from the effects of their sins if they believe it will, and conform to fixed ceremonies—a more sin-licensing dogma than the Koran contains. The intent, if not the style, of the Testament is, as used, the same as the Koran—produces the same bigotry and superstition and more arrogance, while similarly checking mental growth. With much vanity, these decorate temples above the shining mosques and raise ornate steeples higher than minarets, while poverty pines in their shadows. Yet these do not profess to know this is idolatry just as that is, but, pretending otherwise, go there to enlighten about the saving merit of their faith, though they never get their Bible to suit them, and hav kept changing it ever since compiled. How much above ancient Jerusalem or modern Baalbec has Christianity risen? Is not its elevation all in its conceit? Its better appearance is from the better prosperity it follows. It now holds its adherents by popular culture and affiliation with *ton* and aristocracy. It takes its ease, worships one day in seven, and takes pilgrimages only to the bread-and-wine table, while Moslemism bows daily in the dust or the mosque, and travels annually to Mecca, proving faith by works. Evidently our enterprise and discovery are in the departure from Christian control. When the letters come from the land of Buddhism they may bring flashes of "the light of Asia" displaying less stupidity and deepening the shade Arnold's matchless poem throws the Koran and Bible into.

Light dawned on the occident a century ago, when the partial outgrowing of authority revolutionized despotism in these states, and sent rays across seas evolving growth. But leniency of civil law allowed church rule to encroach till secular light is dimmed, and guile, avarice, and ambition threaten darkness, if permitted sway. Modern unfolding sends forth two larger lights, the one temporal, the other temporal and spiritual. The former givs all thought and strength to improving worldly conditions and elevating humanity to earthly happiness, knowing the decarnating change givs all of the other life, if there be one; the latter aims at accomplishing the same, and believes the knowledge of a deathless spirit in each human being that is cultured by the same, retaining its knowledge and identity in a more refined sphere succeeding this carnal state, still more promotes earthly joys. It sees this laying off the flesh is not death, but natural passing to the next sphere, where there is no monarch, compulsion, or homage; where responsibility is basis of motiv, as it should be here. It sees signs of that life, and thinks such signs led olden ignorance to suppose heroes here became gods there, and that servil natures, seeking authority, peopled imaginations with other despots, till their Jupiters grew to creators, demanding worship. Now, research finds responsible liberty the higher law, and living, loving, and reciprocal goodness above the ever-changing forms of crude matter.

Both these lights, ignoring control and cruelty, can work in harmony for universal beneficence and emancipation, for international intercourse and assistance. If sectarian craft can dwindle out of the way, as implied in spreading science, they may worthily unite in humane administrations and kindly missions, wherever need solicits or want is receptiv, and beam forth fraternally, till the light of liberty illumies the antipodes and poles.

Vineland, N. J. MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Vice-Suppressing Societies.

O wad some power the giftie gie ye,
To see yoursels as others see ye!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The Boston *Commonwealth*, Sept. 2d, says of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" that "it is absurd to rank the work as an obscene or reprehensible one," and that its fleshly pieces "are but beatific adorations of the great gift of maternity." But those fleshly pieces aroused such impure thoughts in the minds of certain Boston officials that they proposed to suppress the poems from circulation. Why do Whitman's poems produce such diverse fruits to different readers? The bee and the wasp suck flowers, and from them the bee elaborates honey, and the wasp poison. A rose-bush and a skunk-cabbage draw out nutriment from the same soil. In the former it becomes a sweet perfume; in the latter a noisome stench. Anthony Comstock and other vice suppressors read Walt Whitman and complain of obscenity. But poets, artists, and Liberal editors praise him. Why these perverse conclusions? Is the impurity complained of in the book or in its reader? Is that picture indecent?" asked Boswell, pointing to a classic engraving of a naked woman. "No, sir," replied Dr. Johnson; "but your question is." A Presbyterian lady censured as nasty one of Miss Lewis's statues because it was naked. "Madam, your mind is nastier than my statue," was Miss Lewis's answer. J. G. Whittier says: "It is the mind that really sees, shapes, and colors all things." Prof. A. Wilder says: "The impure ear pollutes the purest speech." The Apostle Paul, accepted as authority by Comstock and his coadjutors, thus explains, "Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and perfidious* is nothing pure, but even their minds and conscience are defiled" (Titus i, 15). The logical deduction from these premises is that the obscenity complained of by vice-suppressing societies and Boston's prosecuting attorneys, is in their own minds and not in Walt Whitman's poems, and in threatening prosecution they thereby published their own shame. Comstock and many of his associate vice suppressors profess to hav been regenerated, and are members of evangelical churches. Swedenborg says (Arcana Celestia 989) that one cannot be regenerated unless he be affected with love toward his neighbor and merciful to him. As in the blood-stained records of the Inquisition, molder the names, superstitions, and atrocities of its founders and supporters, so will the published reports of existing vice-suppressing societies transmit to future execration the bigotry, barbarity, and obscene-mindedness of their projectors and managers. As for perfidious, lying, deceitful, unmerciful, ferocious, and filthy-minded Anthony Comstock, the accuser of his brethren, he who under the aspect of a sheep nourishes the fangs of a wolf, yet remains in good standing in an orthodox Christian church, which, from its cordial support of him, his lies, and his cruelties, is a conspicuous illustration of a modern evangelical church method of personating purity and piety—his name will become a by-word and a scorn. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place.

And in the time that's coming,
The not distant by and by,
The children sure shall curse him
As soon as they can cry. G.

* The word rendered "unbelieving" in the common version of the New Testament, more exactly translated, is perfidious.

Human Monstrosities.

What enormous monstrosities there hav been on this earth in human form, and living among decent men an women! Monsters born of the human race! Monsters pretending to be the embassadors of the "Prince of Peace," and who spent their lives pretending to preach a doctrin of "peace and good will to men!" and received and adored by honest but ignorant people! Think of John Calvin, the father of that abhorrent and abominable creed that could, and does even to this day, declare that a wise, merciful, and just God created a certain portion of the human race with immortal souls, for the express purpose of torturing those souls through an endless eternity, to show forth to the gaping multitudes of heaven his power and glory!

At a time when priestcraft awed kings and emperors into silence, and had all laws enacted to further their vile purposes, the monster Calvin had a dispute with Dr. Michael Servetus, in which he was worsted. This so enraged him that he had Servetus arrested, tried, and condemned to be burnt at the stake as a heretic, to appease his anger! And after the good man was burnt, the monster wrote a pamphlet in which he justified the act, and called on all good Christians to use their utmost endeavors to exterminate all the accursed heretics as he had Dr. Servetus. Is it any wonder that such a man taught that the human race were born totally depraved? A man finding such depravity in himself might very naturally conclude that all others were as bad as himself.

And then there was that old Calvinistic parson, Oliver Edwards, who said, "One of the chief joys of the redeemed, in glory, would consist in looking down from heaven and witnessing the miseries of the damned, for there they would behold the justice of God!" Justice of God!—a God of love and mercy as well as justice! This would be justice with a vengeance. Justice, if it can ever make punishment a legitimate thing, can never punish the greatest criminal one moment after he says, "I will obey;" for punishment, if it is ever right and proper, can hav no other aim than to reform and save—never tortures to revenge. But old Calvin's victims are not punished for sinning, but because God created them for the very purpose of damning them, to show forth his justice, power, and glory! Away with such a doctrin, and kick the priest into kingdom-come, if you can't convert him, when you find him preaching such stuff to your children!

If I should go to heaven, with angel hosts to dwell,
And see my dear good mother or father writhe in hell;
If I could not relieve them, however I might strive,
I'd curse the god or devil that kept our souls alive.

JER'H HACKER.

Berlin, N. J., Oct. 21, 1882.

Paine Hall.

The following sensible article on Paine Hall is from the *Investigator* of Oct. 25th, and, as it meets our approval, we readily giv it place in our columns. We feel sure that those who take the stock of the hall will make a good investment, and that it will pay a good profit, and at any time in the future be worth what it cost. We will be truly glad to hav all the stock taken, so that the grand old pile may be entirely clear of debt. There are certainly Liberals enough in the country able to take the stock without inconvenience to themselvs:

We wish to say a few words to the readers of the *Investigator* and the friends of Freethought concerning this glorious structure, dedicated to Paine and "Common Sense;" and for the benefit of those who hav lately joined our ranks it may be well at the commencement of this article to briefly summarize its history, by stating that it was erected under almost insuperable difficulties at a cost of $100,000 in 1874. At that period material and labor were at their highest, and, as a consequence, there remained on the building at its completion a debt of $62,000, which, on account of the natural shrinkage in values at that time, rendered its final possession exceedingly doubtful, and caused the stoutest hearts to despair of ever saving it for the purposes for which it was dedicated. As most of you are aware, its vicissitudes are many, and to those of ordinary mold its future looked discouraging indeed, nought but humiliation and final defeat appearing as the ultimatum of the Paine Hall enterprise.

But, fortunately for our cause, there remained a few men made of sterner stuff, who, having successfully breasted the waves of orthodox intolerance for nearly half a century, refused to bow to these obstacles, and, consulting together, as they had under more trying circumstances done, said firmly, "Paine Hall shall be saved!" and hence it stands to-day the only monument in the civilized world dedicated to Thomas Paine and the glorious principles he so ably advocated. How great and how incalculable the advantage that has accrued to Liberalism from the erection and maintenance of this building! Think of it, friends! Here it stands in old Puritantical Boston—a splendid, handsome structure, proclaiming from its lips of marble the glorious sentiments of Paine, instilling into the minds of the rising generation the fundamental principles of Freethought, and remaining forever a menace to the bigotry and superstition of the

times. Is it nothing to hav done this? Is it of no consequence to mankind that in these United States, bristling with spires and steeples in honor of an unknown God, there is maintained one building from whose free rostrum sentiments are voiced that can obtain a hearing nowhere else, and which stands a beacon to the intellectually oppressed of the land? Is it nothing to us, to our cause, that this is done?

If it be conceded that these are steps in the march of progress, let us claim your attention just for a few moments longer. This work, such as it is, has been done in the face of great obstacles, which are now happily almost obliterated, but there still remains much for the Paine Memorial Corporation to do, which it will take in hand in due course of time as it finds itself in position so to do. The only impediment in the path of the grander development of this institution lies in the debt that still remains to weaken its power by consuming its earnings. For it is felt to be a duty to those who hav stood in the breach during the darkest hour of the battle, that every dollar received beyond the running expenses of the building be applied toward the extinguishment of this debt before embarking in still greater enterprises. This is the only obstacle, and this is one which the natural income of the building will of itself remove, as surely as the day will dawn to-morrow, for it is now accomplishing this result at the rate of about $2,500 per year. So you see the final extinguishment of this debt is only a question of time at worst; but time is precious, and at this rate fourteen years of comparativ inaction must pass ere we can hope to appear in the arena full girded for the fight, and it is from a sense of what every Liberal owes his cause that you who read this statement are asked to come, not to the rescue (for that is already done by the little army of pioneers gone before), but to the aid of Paine Hall, and help to place it in a position where it can do more activ service in the work that is dear to us all.

How, then, to accomplish this end? is the great question you will ask. It is easily answered. Let fourteen hundred Liberals step forward and take one share of stock each at $25, and the deed is done, Paine Hall out of debt, and our cause receives such an impetus as never yet has graced it, and a field of action is opened that can only be successfully worked by organized capital. Now, who will be the first to enroll himself in the gallant 1,400? "Let him step forth." And let it remain a burning shame to Liberals if, from the numerous army of Freethinkers in the country, there are not 1,400 who shall insist that on the 29th of January, 1883, the 146th anniversary of Paine's birthday, they shall own at least one temple in the United States dedicated to the development of common-sense ideas.

Truth—A Poem in Three Parts.

BY E. N. KINGSLEY.

PART FIRST.

Our answer to the learned Cyrus Smith,
It proves that his religion is a myth.

PART SECOND.

By evolution let us, if we can,
Learn the true origin of worlds and man.

PART THIRD.

If orthodox religion you despise,
What will you giv us in the place of lies?

PART II.—CANTO IV.

Is it the gods' eternal, loving plan
To damn their offspring just because they can?
Could not the gods as easy and as well
Save all mankind from misery and hell?
Is there one man on earth who can explain
Why gods should let men suffer endless pain?
Men cannot look gods squarely in the face
And charge them with such infinit disgrace.

Are all gods' plans in all the worlds the same?
Is Yahweh there as much as here to blame?
Does Jesus die for every world in space
And bring his Father's infinit disgrace?
If all the worlds like this are truly damned,
Will not God's hell be infinitly crammed?
Is not damnation infinit disgrace
To gods in all the worlds in boundless space?

Who will subscribe to that infernal lie,
Gods will not do as they would he done by?
Who will that other human lie sustain
That finite souls must suffer endless pain?
Is there one fool who absolutely can
Believe the gods will always torture man?
It must be ape, ourang, or Bible fool
Who can believe this devilish Bible rule.

Mankind begins to see the Bible frauds
That snakes and devils are outwitting gods.
We rather die by torture, fire, and stake,
And go to hell in God's sweet brimstone lake,
Than send dear souls to hell for unbelief,
And bring the best of souls to endless grief?
Must parents and their children go to hell,
Where raging, raving demons always dwell?
If this is truth, and God's eternal word,
Mankind must see 'tis damnably absurd.

Christ went to hell, but soon he came away—
So hot the climate that Christ could not stay.
Christ's journey to the regions of despair
Would hav been perfect had he settled there
And modified the climate of that place,
Filled hell with glory, happiness, and grace,
Stopped hellish torture and eternal pain,
Made mercy, truth, and justice always reign.

BIBLE PICTURE OF GOD.

God's picture, nostrils, eyes, mouth, hands and feet,
Does represent the monster most complete.
If large as life, and put in golden frame,
Will giv the artist everlasting fame;
But in the foreground, with a barbed tail,
Put cloven Nick, who always did prevail,
The picture will be worth its weight in gold,
And fifty thousand will be quickly sold.
Some pious Yankee will his fortune make
By this grand picture, there is no mistake.

CANTO V.

All unbelievers should expose the frauds
Of persecutors cruel as their gods.
Think of kind friends who burn but never die,
And brand the Christian with the Bible lie.
Tyrannic gods are an infernal shame—
Their persecuting Christians are the same;
Like gods, like worshipers, is perfect truth—
Both fond of blood—both thirst for gold forsooth;

Both hav a bloody record from the first;
By both mankind hav always been accursed.
Christians hav murdered millions in their spite;
Jesus commands it and it must be right.
"Slay those mine enemies," Christ did proclaim.
Christ's teaching brought him to the cross and shame,
Begins, continues, and it ends in blood.
Be damned or cleansed by Jesus's precious flood.

Christ's teaching was all terture—endless pain
For moral men, but thieves with Jesus reign.
Repentance saves all murderers from sins,
The greatest criminals thus always win.
Truth, justice, honor, nobleness, renown,
To bottomless abyss are tumbled down.
Rogues, ruffians, fools, and tramps with Jesus reign,
But moral men must suffer endless pain;
This gospel, preached for eighteen hundred years,
Its paths bestrewed with murders, blood, and tears;
By this infernal, infamous device,
A premium was always given vice.
Believe in Christ, in heaven you shall dwell,
Dare disbelieve, and be consigned to hell;
Here, in a nutshell, is God's perfect plan
To damn forever this frail creature man.

'Tis wonderful learned Christians cannot see
Gods made things as gods wanted them to be.
We often think if we were gods we would
Make all mankind pure, virtuous, and good,
And, like the Christian's fancy place above,
Fill earth with plenty, happiness, and love.
Gods hav not done so. Are not gods to blame—
Gods, bibles, Christians, put to endless shame?

Christ's miracles, the fig-tree and the wine,
Appear to be not even half divine.
Christ gave the money-changers fits and gripes;
Christ flogged them well—gave them holy stripes.
Christ conquered devils. Did Christ raise the dead?
If this is truth, Christ had a level head;
If this is truth, Christ could hav raised a stone
To life and reason, spirit, flesh, and bone.
When gods and creeds and superstitions fail,
Truth, science, reason, progress, will prevail.

CANTO VI.

If we believe God's inspiration true,
Gods can't save all as they desire to do.
To save all souls if gods will try again,
All intellects will shout: Amen! Amen!
Of all the wrongs mankind has ever heard,
God's murder plan, and hell, are most absurd!
O cruel gods! and Bible most obscene
Of all the pagan bibles that hav been!

Excluded from the mails God's book will be,
When "Cupid Yokes" of science will go free!
We hav no faith, false doctrins will prevail,
With the assistance of the press and mail—
With the assistance of church taxes paid,
And Christians' wealth, by confiscations made;
With all the help of bigotry and frauds,
And the assistance of their man-made gods.

If gods hav millions of good gifts to spare,
Friend Smith, how is it gods don't answer prayer?
Gods certainly will answer if they can,
Or be denounced by future, coming man.
Dear Smith, your prayers do absolutely seem
Like Mary's vision and her husband's dream.
Ten thousand faithful prayers were duly tried
Before our dear, lamented Garfield died.

Saint Guiteau's god—his confidential friend—
Refused his holy agent to defend!
God's promises, he trusted in from youth,
Sad Guiteau proved had not one grain of truth.
Our late rebellion, in our deepest grief,
The gods of battles gave us no relief!
One soldier, with his musket, gave more aid
Than all the prayers for which this nation paid.

The Monitor did more to save our land
Than all the prayers our nation could command.
Fated Chicago, when destroyed by fire,
Gods left their faithful Christians to expire.
Gods never lift a finger, as we know,
In famins, floods, nor hell's eternal woe!
Now, we must all depend upon ourselvs—
Put Bible-gods and prayer-books on the shelvs.

'Tis absolutely useless, foolish, vain,
To pray for aid man never did obtain.
Science and reason hasten on the day
When Truth will hav a universal sway;
Wars, cruel gods, and Christians be no more,
And man progress as never known before;
When Smith's religion and God's plans all fail,
Truth, common sense, and reason will prevail.

CANTO VII.

The gods and Bibles—whether false or true—
Grand evolution we will calmly view.
We make an effort—do the best we can—
To find the origin of worlds and man.
Without beginning, and it never ends,
Eternal matter to perfection tends.
All that has been, or ever is to be,
Existed in some form eternally.

By changing forms forever, nature will
The laws of the grand universe fulfil.
The perfect laws of matter let us choose—
Above the myths of pagans, Christians, Jews.
Suppose the universe was once all fire!
A universal, raging funeral pyre!
A self formed sun revolving planets hurls,
Producing trillions of dependent worlds.

All hav their growth, their acme, and they may,
Perhaps, in time (like man), all pass away.
If worlds and systems all dissolve by heat,
The mighty suns their motions will repeat;
By Nature's forces rolling fragments hurled,
Again produce their systematic world,
Till crudest matter is like gold refined—
Adapted to the highest spirit mind.

Worlds may be forming now, without design,
Beyond the ken of gods and men divine.
Nature produces every distant sun;
In perfect harmony they always run,
Without the gods or any outside force
To keep them in their orbits and their course.
In viewing the great panorama round,
A grand, almighty, center world is found!

Infinit, oldest, largest globe in space—
Perfect, effulgent, beatific place!
The spirit of the universe astound,
With the grand universe revolving round.
Infinit force! If this should lose its power,
The wreck of worlds would follow in an hour;
And all the gods men ever did create
Would perish in a universal fate.

Soul of the universe is this, no doubt,
But who can find the mighty secret out?
Spirits survive destruction—we suppose—
And smile at Nature's dreadful, wildest throes;
Matter and mind refine without one pause,
By universal and eternal laws.
This grand and everlasting truth we scan:
Laws of the universe perfect the man;
Laws of the universe forever sure,
And man's progression always will endure.

CANTO VIII.

Eternal matter to protection tends,
Eternal progress never, never ends.
Infinit force and change that never pause
Form all phenomena and life from cause.
Thus evolution brings forth worlds and man—
Without the gods' infernal cruel plan.
Laws of the universe did form our sun
Before this world was thought of or begun.

A germ from Sol—a law of nature hurled!
In the beginning formed this mundane world.
Suspended worlds in perfect order fly
By gravitation in empyrean sky.
Worlds gravitate into their proper place,
And order reigns in never-ending space.

Nature without intention or design
Formed all that is, both evil and divine.
Grand, thoughtless nature, without mind or plan,
Produces all things—seraphim and man.
We do believe the laws of nature will
Man's highest aspirations all fulfil.
All evil in the universe destroyed,
Then vast eternity will be enjoyed.
Smith, also, will the universe explore
With the vast billions who hav gone before.

Welland, Canada.

The largest list of names I hav received from any one post-office for the directory came from Welland, Canada, sent by John Ray, fifteen in all. A number of other places hav sent twelve, thirteen, and fourteen names. And now Mr. Ray informs me that the fifteen who hold certificates as members of the Freethinkers' Association propose to meet and compare notes, and the prospects are that it will result in a local Freethinkers' association. I hope this movement will produce equally as good results in other places. H. L. GREEN.

W. S. Bell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a few weeks I shall start on a lecture tour extending as far west, probably, as Colorado. I would like to giv lectures at different points as I go out and return convenient to the lines of railroad I shall travel. And before I choose which roads I shall go over, I would like to hear from Liberals of different places, that I may be the better able to select a route that will accommodate the most. W. S. BELL,
18 E. Springfield st., Boston, Mass.

BROTHER BELL is a good lecturer, a sound Liberal, and a very worthy man. The Liberals of the country will only be performing their duty to keep him constantly employed. Let our readers see to it that he receives many applications to deliver a series of his able lectures.

AN old oriental story relates that one day Moolla Mooseerodeen, in a mosque, ascended the desk, and thus addressed his audience: "O children of the faithful, do you know what I am going to say?" They answered, "No." "Well, then," replied he, "it's no use wasting my time on such a stupid set;" and, saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk, and asked, "O true Mussulmans, do ye know what I am going to say?" "We do," say they. "Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you;" and again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they should catch him; and on his putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do, and some of us do not." "Well, then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not."

A COLORED congregation in Austin recently discharged their pastor because he made too frequent and uncomplimentary allusion to "de powers ob darkness." This kind of talk did not match the color of the congregation.

Letters from Friends.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me a dozen or so copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 21st inst., and oblige. Many thanks to you for showing the world what a fraud it has been subjected to these long years.

Yours truly, B. M. SMITH.

DANSVILLE, MICH., Oct. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find draft on New York for $2.25 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER until the 1st of July next. If at that time I am still a resident in the flesh, will try and subscribe again, for of all the papers I ever read, giv me the stanch, liberty-loving TRUTH SEEKER. It deals with facts instead of faith, and so mote it be! Yours for this life, and as much longer as we can retain a conscious existence,

E. J. SMITH.

PRESCOTT, ARK., Oct. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am rather late coming in with my share of congratulations. The orthodox in my community all say it is an Infidel lie, the idea of your going around the world. Why, that's preposterous in the extreme degree. When I told them that you had like to hav drowned in that sacred stream they said it was a great pity that you did not. Now they say I am not fit to liv in society. I tell them I think my reputation will compare very favorably with their best orthodox minister's; and now to show them that it will I inclose twenty-five cents for Mr. Billings's "Crimes of Preachers," latest edition.

With my best wishes for your continued prosperity, I remain, Yours, D. G. MELEAR.

MASON, MICH., Oct. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Bible tells me that John the Baptist is the greatest born of woman; there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist, notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he—Matt. xi., 11. Let us see now who is the least in the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v., 19, tells me that whosoever therefore shall break one of the least commandments shall teach men so he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.

If these passages are divinely inspired, the creator must hav had a poor opinion of John the Baptist; but my opinion is that he thought as much of him as he did of Moses, when he said "If your wife differs from you in religious views, though you love her as you do your own soul, take her out and stone her to death, or hav it done."

I feel thankful that superstition is done with to a great extent, and that a man to-day can say the earth revolves without being imprisoned. The more we are enlightened the more we will love our wives and our children. I love a man who does his own thinking.

H. WIXSON.

TORONTO, Oct. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I owe it to you to say that it is not because I am dissatisfied with the paper or its editor that I discontinue my subscription. I think as much of THE TRUTH SEEKER to-day and its noble editor as ever, and I hav been your subscriber since the wicked and damnable attack made upon you which resulted in your incarnation, at which time I circulated and sent to your office a petition in your behalf.

I hav followed you with interest through your most trying ordeals since the above date, especially Bundy's, Underwood's, and the devil's attack upon you. No words are fit to describe that villainous scheme. That thing was certainly begotten in hearts of corruption and treachery. Nothing seems to me more certain than that persons capable of such infernal purposes will expose their baseness in many transactions, and thereby become known to the world in their true characters. I hope, for the sake of truth, that it will not be long before this posing before the world as saints, when corruption possesses them from center to circumference, will go for what it is worth, not for what it seems.

With many good wishes I must part company with y ofor the present.

Very truly yours, E. B. WILLIAMS.

UTAH LAKE, UTAH, Oct. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read your paper for about two years and became a subscriber soon after you started on your trip round the world. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much, and I feel interested in its welfare. I see by the tab on my paper that my time is up, so I inclose $1.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months and 50 cents for your life-size lithograph, as I wish to hav you where I can look at you when I want to; and another reason why I want your likeness (and also Thomas Paine's, Ingersoll's, and others, as soon as I can spare the means) is, a great many of my neighbors are good saints, and of course are very religious; and nearly all of them, I find, hav one class of likenesses hanging on their walls in their houses; that is, Brigham Young and the twelve apostles of their church. As these people visit me frequently, I think it well to hav a change in my house, so that when they call on me they can see my apostles also. I should hav sent this money before, but I hav two parties here that promised to take THE TRUTH SEEKER on trial for three months, and I hav been delayed in seeing them. I hope to see them soon, and will forward their subscriptions.

Yours for the truth, HENRY S. BROOKS.

CANYON CITY, COL., Oct., E. S., 82.

MISS ELLA E. GIBSON, all hail! In THE TRUTH SEEKER I read your observations on appropriating a masculin pronoun to God. I do not charge the fault, if fault it is, to persons so using it, but to a deficiency in the language. We hav for first person plural, without gender, we, our, us; singular, I, my, me; second person, singular, thou, thy, thee; plural, ye, your, ye. None of the above indicates gender. Then we hav third person, singular, he, his, him; feminin, she, her, her; plural, they, their, them; these last hav no gender. Now we want a third person, singular, without gender. so I propose *e*. Nominativ ee, possessiv eez, objectiv eem. It frequently happens that we speak of a person but do not wish to indicate whom it is, even by expressing gender. These will apply to gods, angels, women, and men. We then shall be able to say of God,

"E plants ez (eez) footsteps in the sea,"
And leaves the land behind em (eem).

Now what do you say to joining me to introduce these into our grammars? There is nothing like starting a good thing and then going ahead. Let *it* stand for inanimate things. What do you say?

A. B. PIKARD.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT., Oct. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken your valuable and interesting paper now going on two years, and must say with all your other subscribers that it is one of the great pleasures of the week to read its contents. I regret having let my subscription run behind, and hereby inclose one dollar to pay up to the end of this year, when I hope to be in a position to subscribe again.

I think it is a good move on your part lowering the price of suscription, and hope sufficient new names will be enrolled on the list to fully make up the difference in price caused by the reduction.

Even in Canada the cause of Liberalism is spreading, and every day recruits are being enlisted in the service, while the same amount of prejudice expressed against the Freethinkers, or Infidels as they are termed by the religious body, is not so severe as in former days. Still a great many reforms are needed, such as the admission of an Agnostic's evidence in court, the taxation of church property, etc. The former reform, I believe, is at present not only being discussed but being pushed by the secular societies of the Dominion, and it is to be hoped that the efforts will prove successful.

Yours fraternally, R. C. FITZGERALD.

ESCANABA, MICH., Oct. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received the last number of your paper, and noticed in it "Elmina's" notice about "Leaves of Grass." I do wish Liberals would hav sense enough to let up on this book, or anything that even borders on obscenity, and not keep continually harping about them. I hav not seen the latest edition of this work, but I hav seen, and hav in my possession, an edition of "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, of 1860-61, which I do know is obscene, and I understand that this edition was suppressed, and I am glad of it. Any man that will publish such a book as this is not a pure-minded person, and I do not wish to read any revised edition of such a book. Any person that keeps constantly talking about prostitutes must certainly be thinking about them, and must know more or less about them; and his writings are not what Liberals should go crazy over. There are enough good books published so that people can find plenty of good reading matter without taking up Walt Whitman; and if they must hav something obscene, let them read the Bible, and especially the Songs of Solomon, which are a good deal like some of Whitman's writings. I am a Liberal in every sense of the word, but I cannot indorse Walt Whitman.

J. N. HILLER.

ALTURAS, CAL., Oct. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is with much pleasure that I now for the first time address you a few lines, and since you occupy the highly-honored position as one of the prime movers in the great field of Freethought, allow an humble co-worker to express the opinion that future generations will do you the honor of celebrating you birthday, as do we that of Thomas Paine, who fearlessly gave expression to his honest sentiments. Though ignorant superstition still has power in the land, her sun must soon set to rise no more. The shackles of theological oppresssion are fast falling off, hence we must soon be free. Truth is conquering, and must conquer until all enemies shall be put under her feet. Her strongest enemy is ignorant superstition. We need a host of able lecturers in the field, more Ingersolls, more Chaineys, and others. Through the press much has been and can be done. Cheap Liberal tracts are wanted by the million. They can be made to reach the masses at a small expense, and in isolated regions where lectures are seldom heard they will hav a good influence. I find in my travels as book agent about three-fourths of the people are Liberal-minded. Many take THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, *Man*, *Liberty*, etc., which are often handed me in numbers for circulation. Should you hav back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send over some; I think I can get you a few subscribers to it. I hav secured a few orders for Liberal books, which find inclosed. Hav been buying in San Francisco, but conclude I can get more for the money from you. Being poor, wish them low. Please find inclosed a two-dollar post-office order to cover book order named.

Fraternally, W. C. GRAHAM.

OREGON, MO., Oct. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Respecting the proposition of certain gentlemen in Canada to meet Slade, the medium, at some point in the United States, allow me a word.

If it be with a view to settle Slade's claims, or generally to settle the question as to the genuinness of spiritual phenomena, of what use can it be? It might satisfy the few who might be present; that would be all. For just go back into the history of this thing, and recall the numbers of times similar propositions to test the matter hav been tried. For instance, was there ever anything done with more pains and care than that inquisition by the London Dialectical Society? Thirty-six committee men were selected—men of the highest capacity—men of great repute—men generally incredulous as to the matter. How long, patiently and carefully, did they investigate? Again, consider the careful, watchful inquiry of Zollner and his three friends, great scientists all, into the claims of this very man Slade.

Beginning with the inquiries instituted by him who was called the American Faraday, Prof. Hare, an Atheist, an unbeliever of most pronounced type, utterly scornful and incredulous, and considering the thousands and thousands of cases from that day to this, investigations running through more than thirty years by all manner of men and women, and summing up the testimony recorded in hundreds or works, the testimony is so much that nothing can be added to it effectivly.

If these gentlemen should meet and become convinced, and proclaim their conviction to the world, it could not add a feather's weight. Next year similar propositions would be made by those who disregard everything except what they themselvs see or hear.

Yours truly, C. IRVINE.

SPRAGUE, W. T., Oct. 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I would crave leave to say a few words to my would-be Christians of days of yore—childhood days when our venerable parson, with wrinkled brow and bowed under the weight of years, stood in the pulpit on those memorable Sabbath-days, and proclaimed, his cheeks wet with tears, that there were infants in hell not a span long. I never can forget while I liv the anguish, care, and sorrow that seemed to fill my heart after hearing the awe-inspiring statement. I, poor soul, brought into the world without my consent, elected to be damned through a never-ending eternity—or to be saved! My mind for a time was so imbued with superstition, generated by the blood-curdling statements from that saintly parson, and solidly imbedded in my youthful brain by hearthstone teachings, that I felt a pervading sense of terror in almost every undertaking. But, thanks to the power of thought, clothed in robes of light, my pathway was illuminated by reason, and I finally overcame those terrifying influences, and now breathe the air of enlightenment. It is joy indeed to feel, to know, that the chains of paganism no longer bind you!

I would ask your readers to cast their eyes and thoughts upon Matthew and his writings. No priest can prove he wrote the book called after him. Christ says repeatedly the kingdom is not his to giv, and yet he givs it to Peter, with the keys of heaven. He also says, "And on this rock will I will build my church," and here hangs the salvation of the whole world. Peter should hav been brave, of great stability, good judgment, calm, and one to be trusted; instead, however, behold him a poor, weak, pussillanimous, cowardly, lying sneak, who would not be worthy of a corporal's guard in these days. "And of such is the kingdom of heaven." Just read, and set Reason on her throne, and priestcraft appears in its true light—a perfect fraud and humbug!

B. F. WARDWELL.

OSWEGO CENTER, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am a Methodist, and as you pretend to be fair and publish "both sides," will you please insert this (when you hav time and space—*if you dare*), and perhaps our "cultured" feelings may go out in sympathy for you a little; though you hav done us no little harm with your vile, coarse, uncultured, Infidel sheet, and you will hav it cast into your teeth, when you arrive in the long, low vaults of a seething hell, that you and your infernal coadjutors hav well-nigh annihilated our glorious church organization in this place; and nine-tenths of our members, who were once cultured and happy, nav landed on the "barren rocks of skepticism," and hav "evoluted" (as you call it) to what we call "coarse, uncultured Freethinkers;" and, though we acknowledge your hellish influence with your coarse publications, we deplore the lost condition of our members, whom we cheerfully consign, with you as

their leader, to a seething flame of sulphur, in a gaping, yawning HELL.

We hav prayed and prayed for you, times without number, but we find that you hav "chariots of iron," and consequently it seems as though the heavens were brass, and our God cannot answer through them. Now, for Christ's sake, let up, and giv us a little fair show, and don't go thundering and crashing along so, with the devil for your engineer; for, be assured, you will soon be "telescoped" in hell, and we (the chosen few) will look over the battlements of heaven and laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.

Your old Infidel TRUTH SEEKER and "Round the World" books, and all the rest of your thousands of publications, will make splendid fuel for the flames of the damned truth seekers, and you'll need none of our onions or horse-radish to make you appear to weep, when we flaunt the *Index*, the *Journal*, and Brother Coleman's cultured theology in your face. I repeat my warning: "Stand from under!" We acknowledge that you carry all the Liberals with you, but you don't carry Jesus and us— METHODISTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Oct. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, which please credit to Joslin L. Park. Excuse for delay is, when I thought of it couldn't attend to it; when I had time, didn't think about it. I am sorry, Brother Bennett, that there is any occasion for fighting lies. It seems that when we reach the period of mature judgment we ought to be able to discriminate between the true and false without much difficulty, particularly in theological matters, as the extremes are so great. We now and then read or hear a lie that we admire and forgiv on account of the ingenuity displayed in its construction; but the old lies of theology are so devoid of merit in every respect, without a shadow of reason, common sense, or principles of justice, to be gleaned from them (unlike many modern fictions, which nearly always contain some good moral or beneficial lesson), it is enough to puzzle any one who really thinks how the old mythological stuff could be peddled successfully by even the most skilful priest.

I think the cause of irritating and humiliating thoughts we more or less suffer while giving attention to the prevailing superstitious dogmas, is not so much the self-evident lies, but rather the fact that certain ones of our acquaintance, whom we wish to regard as mentally sound, claim to believe the monstrous absurdities which are so numerous in our Bible. The laws of the human understanding are made to appear worthless; the boasted intellect a delusion. We dislike to be forced to lose confidence in brains supposed to be healthy. Many otherwise intelligent people evidently deceive themselvs; they in some insane way imagin that they believe in certain "sacred" lies, and hav some way to prevent themselvs from using any common sense. If they hav what they may suppose to be a reason they seem too much ashamed to mention it to a close inquirer.

It must be very gratifying to all who wish the truth, let it cut where it may, that the true inwardness of the old degrading religious system is being critically analyzed and the results fearlessly placed before the people. I think the time is near at hand when the one who claims to believe the old standard Bible falsehoods will be looked upon by all who hav any intelligence as a knave for policy's sake, or as being mentally weak, deserving only pity.

Truly yours, M. GRAHAM.

WINCHESTER, ILL., Oct. 16, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Here I come with a good greenback dollar to pay up my subscription for the grand old herald of light, THE TRUTH SEEKER, till January 1, 283, and twenty-five cents left, for which please send me that new edition of Billings's "Crimes of Preachers." I like to keep posted in regard to the record of these soul-agents, for I used to be one of them, and, like many other ex-reverends, I know their tricks.

It is very gratifying to every true Liberal to see the steady, sure, and exalting steps our cause is taking for the establishment of human independence and the rights of man. Oh, what joy it givs to see the acknowledgment of our cause as it appears in the journals of to-day over the slander and abuse of that of former times! How we love to see the acknowledged worth of our illustrious dead spoken so truthfully in the article I inclose, clipped from the *American Sentry*, as a part of Warwick Martin's brief history of American independence.

THOMAS PAINE.

I could not do justice to this great subject were I to omit the above man as one of the important aids to American independence. It is true he did not fight battles in the field, nor did he belong to the Continental Congress. He, however, performed as great a work as any of them. For a long time he accompanied the army, carrying with him a printing-press and publishing a valuable paper, in which he set forth, as no other man could, the rights of man and the duties of American citizens in the great contest. This was to the people of the United States a most important work, and faithfully did he perform it without compensation. So highly did the Continental Congress appreciate his services to the cause that after independence was achieved they passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him for the services he had rendered.

After the close of the war, when Washington was President, Mr. Paine addressed to Washington a note stating that he wished to travel through the United States, and requesting Washington to send him a letter of introduction and commendation to the people of the United States. Washington sent him the following: "The bearer, Thomas Paine, is too well known to the people of the United States to need any letter of introduction or commendation to the American people." This was the highest commendation he could hav received.

After Mr. Paine went to Europe, and was for so long a time imprisoned by the French during the Revolution in that country, he wrote Mr. Jefferson, then president, that he wished to come to America, and so high was the estimate of Mr. Jefferson of the services he had rendered our cause, that Jefferson caused him to be brought to the United States in a United States government vessel free of charge.

Mr. Paine came to this country and here died, and his mortal remains now repose in peace not far from the city of New York, in the land of his adoption, which he had done so much to make free and independent.

Go on, Brother Bennett, we see the light of liberty's son dawning upon our horizon. We know the day draweth nigh when liberty's sun shall set the world aglow; and oh, better far than the wealth of a Vanderbilt will be the honor bestowed upon those who lead the noble cause! J. B. TRAVERS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: That feature of THE TRUTH SEEKER which makes it an organ of Freethought, all having an equal chance, is what pleases me best. And this conflict between mind and mind is the way to get at truth and bring it out. One truth always finds or begets others, and whether new or old, it is that that lasts always; it is one of the immortals, and some will say divine. And when such minds as Mrs. Hedden, and Wettstein, and many others come in conflict, the sparks fly, a new light is seen, and we lookers-on now and then catch hold of a ray.

And by the way, I do not wish to be taken as a critic or desire to be cynical, but suggest some thoughts that may call out more light on certain subjects that to me are hazy, dark. Mr. Wettstein says, "Confine ourselvs to the means within our reach, to the knowable, the actual; remain within the realms of nature, and in it, and from them find all requisit solutions for existing mysteries." Again he says, "It does not justify us or explain the mystery to assume the existence of a greater mystery.

Apparently he would admit there may be degrees in mysteries—that they may be classified, greater, lesser, and so on. Not logical. A mystery admitted is equivalent to a miracle, and the only word or definition is the one so common now—unknowable. Mr. Wettstein says, "And all other and higher classes of beings are but a higher degree of development in the grand chain of evolution which pervades all nature." Has it ever been proved, or can it be, that the germs or sources of all or any of the suns, systems, or worlds can be found in what astronomers call nebula, or the dim light that requires the aid of the most powerful telescope to locate in the vast abyss of space? I assume it has not yet been done, and their guess, or others, to that effect is no better than the one in the old Jewish story-book, that God made all things in six days from nothing, became weary and rested, and is still resting or idle if that account is true.

Evolution (change) cannot produce or make a particle of matter that did not before exist; and it is contrary to science, logic, and common observation that matter can create itself. Admitting that what is called nebula may be substance or matter, did it create itself on or beyond the bounds of space, remain inert for countless ages, then particles chip off, assume shape, start out on a wild-goose chase, remain in limitless darkness till, reaching the attraction of some convenient and friendly sun that in its infancy traces back to the same source (for if worlds can be accounted for in that way suns and systems can), begin circling round and evolute till they become a fit place for man and animals, and just then men and animals evolute from some lower forms of matter? Will they tell what period of time inorganic matter began to assume shape and life and produce a toad? And when did the toad evolute and become an elephant? and so on, as Mr. Wettstein says, *ad infinitum*. When, in the evoluting process of making a man, did the eye, the ear, and other organs so essential in keeping the machine going, present themselvs? Whoever undertakes an answer may begin and end with this one word, mystery. I am looking for the man or woman that will number and classify them.

J. VAN DENBURGH.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1882.

M. D. BENNETT: My well beloved friend, I well remember my first hand-shaking with you at my boarding-house at Watkins Glen, how it kept a source of friendship that time cannot erase. You accidentally stepped in to avoid a shower of rain then pouring. I had never seen you personally before, but had often looked at your lithograph hanging at the back of my desk. I remember the sympathy I felt for you when you were confined in the penitentiary. I saw at once that you were constitutionally fitted for the burden you then bore. I received a letter at home from you while I was absent in the West. While there I could scarcely talk with any one on the subject of liberty and Freethought but they gave evidence that the whole world was in bondage and groaning to be delivered from animal excess and the slavery of sectarianism.

Your letter reminded me of a few thoughts expressed on paper and handed to Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, who wrote me and said he handed it to you; and you expressed in your letter that you should publish it, but could not at present on account of the press of other matters. My article is entirely at your service. Nature, as you know, takes plenty of time, and is never in a hurry and never out of order, so that when your business will admit of it, it will be just the right time. But it is so long since I wrote it, and having no copy of it, and wishing to add to it, I may make some repetitions, which, if so, I would like to hav corrected. My thoughts running so different from anything I hav ever seen published, and they being purely my own and wholly experimental, I can only say nature will provide. And, as I said, I wish to add a few lines which in justice must hav place somewhere in nature's building, to wit: That everlasting priest, Melchisedec, has been often in communication with me since the Watkins Convention. Although the name is found in the New Testament, yet I am of the opinion that, like many other scriptures, it has a mental signification that is not now understood by Mr. Chainey's *This World*, nor Mr. Wakeman's *Man* in his kingdom, nor Mr. Heywood's *Word* or letter by whom the man and his helpmeet were made; but it (his name) signifies king of justice, or peace, and no fable or myth, but a real mental priesthood, without beginning of days or end of life—a perpetual priesthood, which is nature's special assistant to build the animal man (the Freethought people), consisting of Materialism and Spiritualism united as the man and his helmeet. Nature is possessed of two general principles, namely, the positiv and the negativ, the animal and the mental, the good and the evil, the male and the female; the one cannot be appreciated without the other. And, as you will observe, Nature, in her everlasting progression, has created and has need of all the pagan histories and her great variety of gods, and all the Jewish histories with its gods and bibles, as help, either positiv or negativ, and has taken the gleanings from many fields to possess herself of (this world) the man (the Freethought Liberal people). Though she is blind and dumb and without design, yet through her production (man) design is perceptible. Yet man, having as yet only the breath of life in his nostrils, has not yet become a living soul. And it is plainly seen through all the Freethought and Liberal publications that man is incapacitated, and does not seem to understand that nature embraces all differences, both negativ and positiv, good and evil, as absolute help in progression; but he (man) makes war and battles as with an enemy to gain a victory, not knowing, with all his boasted knowledge, that nature takes the initiatory of both sides and agrees to disagree. And thus the woman, the female of nature, the negativ, the mental of humanity, the sympathy, the beautiful, the magnificent, the all-together lovely, the worshipful, the great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven (agitation) from God (the knowledge of this world), and her light is as clear as crystal, also it has a variety of entrances, or gates, distributed on either side; and the city (intellectual knowledge) lyeth four-square; the length, breadth, and hight are equal, embracing all of unerring Nature's progressiv works, positiv and negativ, pagans, Catholics, Christians, and Protestant Christians and Liberals of all shades from which the animal man (this world) was produced. And there is no temple in it, for the Lord God Almighty and the lamb (male and female nature) are the temple of it. And the city has no need of the sun nor the moon (Materialism or Spiritualism) to shine in it, for the glory of God (the satisfaction that there is nothing included as common or unclean) did lighten it, and the lamb (the fruit of the tree of life which produces all manner of fruit, both good and evil) is the light thereof, and the gates are not shut at all by day, and there is no night there.

The above are a few additional thoughts which possessed me for some time, and it would be satisfactory to your friend to publish them.

Yours truly, ZENAS KENT.

Personal.

Societies or persons desiring to secure Mrs. Lake's services for lectures will address her hereafter at 219 Grand ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 3t44

Freethinkers' Directory.

This publication will be ready for delivery to subscribers Nov. 12th. It will contain about 1,000 names and many pages of reading matter. As only a few more copies will be struck off than what are ordered up to that date, all who desire the book should order at once. Price, 30 cents, including postage. H. L. GREEN.

Salamanca, N. Y.

W. S. Bell.

The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are well acquainted with W. S. Bell, of Boston, and know his reputation as a Freethought lecturer. He informs me that in a few days he starts West on a lecturing tour. He has a number of new lectures that will doubtless giv good satisfaction. Those who desire his services should address him at once at No. 18 East Springfield st., Boston. H. L. GREEN.

Thoughts About the Damned and the Redeemed.

BY ROBERT SWAIL.

Amid the torments of hell-fire
Prayed Dives for his friends,
And none above his prayer of love,
In sympathy attends.

By this it doth appear that saints
To all love bid adieu,
They never grieve when their loved ones
In torments meet their view.

They can behold their wives and babes
Wailing in torture there;
Yea, see their parents, brethren, friends,
And never breathe a prayer

To God to put an end to hell,
Their darling loved ones throw
Back to their first unconsciousness,
And terminate their woe.

Once, at the great Almighty's bid,
To life men entered in;
He made them so depraved and weak,
They could not help but sin.

He made their lives a span in length,
Their brains he made unsound;
With darkness, sorrow, and disease
He circled them around.

All their environments by him
Eternally were planned,
By his fiat, alone, he came
To this sin cursed-land.

And nine-tenths of mankind he dooms
To endless flames, 'tis said,
And neither angel, god, nor saint
Will do aught for their aid.

None of the blessed set will meet
To form a grand crusade,
To pray Jehovah to unmake
Those luckless souls he made,

And sink them everlastingly
Into unconscious sleep,
And let them not for evermore
In bitter anguish weep.

Thus, worse than Dives is each saint—
To hell the good man goes,
And heaven is filled alone with souls
Like Comstock's and Guiteau's.

Our London Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER:

I dare say you wonder I hav not sent a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER lately, but the fact is I hav been away holiday-making, and as I saw no English papers till my return, I was quite ignorant of the doings of the religious or Infidel world, and hav had quite a lot of reading to do since my return, and I hav not got through with my back work yet.

I hav had a long-standing engagement to visit a cousin in the southeast of France, near La Lochelle in the wine district, and as I was prevented through various causes from going last year, I made up my mind to do so this summer if at all possible; otherwise I should probably never hav gone, as he will be leaving for Germany ere long. I was anxious to see the nativs of France right away from Paris, where they had but little opportunity of intercourse with foreigners, and I find they are different in many respects to the Parisians.

I left London by the night train *en route* for the French capital, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, thereby gaining a longer sea trip, which I think far more enjoyable than railway traveling. I was very pleased with Dieppe, which was reached about eight next morning, but as the train only waited an hour, I had only time to get breakfast and walk as far as the market, but I hope to go there and spend a few days on some future occasion. On the pier-head at the entrance to the harbor is erected a large crucifix, gaudily painted, and underneath the figure of Christ was one of a woman, which I presume represented Mary, Star of the a . Since the present republic has been established, and the edicts against religious orders published, superstition has not so many votaries, and these images receive very little attention. I could not see that any of the French sailors on our boat recognized it, as was formerly the custom.

For some distance from Dieppe the natural scenery was very fine, it being a hilly and well wooded and watered district—indeed, I saw nothing equal to it in any other portion of the country I passed through.

As we neared Paris, the sky assumed a gloomy aspect, and in the city the rain was coming down in torrents, so I could not get about much. I concluded, therefore, to push on, so took the midnight train, and reached my destination about mid-day. My cousin was waiting at the station, but we managed to miss one another somehow, and after waiting some time, I engaged a vehicle to take me to his pension. I told the man the name of the street, and he mounted the box to drive off when a thought struck him. He dismounted, and came to the door, and delivered in a most rapid manner what I took to be an oration, or recitation, or something of the kind. I was quite bewildered, as he looked as if he expected an answer, and I had not the remotest idea what it was all about. I asked him to go over the ground again, and take more time about it, as I was not in a hurry. He started somewhat slower, but soon went off at a racing pace. I was still in profound ignorance, and got him to try once more, and this time was fortunate enough to catch a word or two which enabled me to elucidate the mystery. He only wanted the number of the street, and instead of asking the question in two words, he must needs waste about two hundred. I can now understand how it is the French do not overwork themselvs—they use up all their strength in talking. They rattle on at a most fearful rate, and one requires to liv with them for a time to be able to understand them. I found I could make myself understood all right, but was alwaysat a loss to get at their meaning.

Sunday appears to be the busiest day in the week, and the market is always better attended then than on Thursday. The women come in from the outlying villages adorned in their best clothes, and all wearing white caps of all shapes and sizes, some of them being beautifully worked and ornamented with lace. Their values ranged from five to one hundred francs; the more expensiv are often handed down from mother to daughter as heirlooms. Each village has its distinguishing shape, and it can at once be seen by the initiated from what place the wearer comes.

The town in which I was staying rejoices in the possession of four or five churches, Notre Dame being the oldest. In it there are several chapels, that dedicated to the "ever blessed" being the principal; and this contains some fine carving, which is, however, greatly marred by a tawdry fresco painting for background. It is rather a curious picture, and would giv one a first impression of having been originally intended as an advertisment for a life insurance company. It is divided into compartments, each one containing a representation of narrow escapes of life. One showed two trains meeting on a single track, and another appeared to be a sporting scene; I forget what the others were. I found out on inquiry that these various views were records of miraculous preservations from imminent danger, suddenly averted by the "Queen of Heaven." I could not, of course, help believing, as I saw the picture which was considered by the faithful as a most conclusiv proof that it was all true. About half a dozen women were kneeling on prie Dieu chairs in front of this work of art, though whether engaged in admiration thereof, or in praying to the image, I cannot say. Another chapel was devoted to John the Baptist, if I remember rightly, or else the infant Jesus: I can't say for certain, as I omitted to take a note at the time. All I remember is that the carving of a child occupied the most prominent position. This chapel was adorned with a dirty black table, placed close to the altar, just outside the rails, and ornamented with sundry spikes, on some of which were stuck lighted candles of various lengths, and the grease was dropping down from them to the table, and then to the pavement. It scarcely appeared to be in accordance with the fitness of things, but as the *habitues* of the place did not seem to see anything incongruous in it, I could not complain.

The parson business does not appear to be very flourishing in the town, the supporters being chiefly women who hav given up frivolity and are settling down into middle age and religion, trusting, by devoting their old age to patronage of the priests and prayers to the saints, to hav a short time in purgatory. The women who hav gone ahead in their early life are most devout in their declining years. At one of the churches I observed a woman, apparently aged about fifty, going the round of the wretched daubs known as the "stations of the cross," kneeling before each, and mumbling some prayers. I suppose she felt better after it was over.

The priests hav greatly lost their hold upon the people, and even the peasants, who are generally the last to be disinthralled, will now pass a black-coat without taking any notice of him. It is not so long since this class held them in great reverence, and bowed low on meeting one of them.

Marriages are now treated purely as civil contracts, though binding till death, and the aid of the church is rarely evoked.

I happened to see a wedding procession; it consisted of twelve couples, assorted sexes, each female carrying a large bouquet; the bride, attired in an elaborate white dress with a long train, and covered from head to foot by a thin veil, conducted by her nearest male relativ, was in the front, the bridegroom and bride's mother bringing up the rear. The couple were married to the mairie, after which the bridegroom's father took charge of the bride, and they all marched to a *cafe* for the wedding breakfast. The bride is not handed over to the husband till later in the day. As the streets had just been watered, and some oxen and horses had passed along just before the procession, you may imagin the condition of the bride's train, which dragged along the ground. They took the middle of the road, and never stepped aside to avoid the filth.

All the houses and public edifices are built of white stone, which I found very trying to the eyes when the sun is shining, and in summer most of the inhabitants wear tinted eye-glasses in consequence.

There is a very good museum in the town, where I saw a fair collection of fossils, chiefly found in the neighboring quarries. This building is only opened twice a week, for about three or four hours, but the townspeople take no interest in it, and it is only visited by curious strangers. Literature is at a low ebb, the demand being very small. Reading is not at all in favor, with the exception of the short paragraphs in the daily papers. Agriculture seems carried on in much the same manner as it was centuries back; the fields look rough, and as if left entirely to nature. The work of plowing is lazily performed, and the ground is scarcely turned over. When the plowman gets to the end of the furrow, he and his horses or oxen take a long rest before starting on the next one. A Frenchman requires a deal of rest during the course of his work. However, as the population is by no means excessiv, and the wants of the peasants easily satisfied, there is not much need of overwork to get a living. Under the system of peasant proprietorship, a man has a small piece of land, and grows all he wants on it. He has a patch for his vines, growing a sufficiency of grapes to make wine enough to last his family till next vintage time; another for maize, and one for vegetables, and is therewith content. What more can he want? He is his own master, and can work or not, as it pleases him. There is no fear of one farmer removing the landmarks of his neighbor, because such things rarely exist. Now and again you may see the commencement of a stone wall to mark the boundaries of a field, but it is never completed. The fields right in the country are level with and quite open to the roads, and although there is no fence, the owner is very particular to hav a gate made of two upright stones, and a pole or two placed across, and strongly chained and padlocked. Doubtless it is extremely important and necessary that there should be a gate, but it strikes the uninitiated as somewhat superfluous.

I was greatly interested in watching the street pavers and excavators in the town. They would work for a minute or two, and then stop and hav a long gossip before resuming. I believe labor of that description must be paid by time and not by the piece. If a shower of rain came on they at once stopped operations, sat down on anything that happened handy, put up their umbrellas, and talked or smoked until the rain was over. They did not believe in getting wet.

The French are very fond of music, and always crowd round a gratuitous performance; a barrel-organ or a drum, or anything that will make a noise, will do. Quantity, and not quality, is the requisit thing, and it provides an opportunity to loaf, which is a great consideration.

One day I walked to a neighboring village (some ten miles off) with my cousin to visit a very ancient chateau, a relic of the feudal times, so old that its history was completely lost. It was a splendid ruin. The walls were of great thickness, passages, rooms, and staircases being contained in them, and the environs were honeycombed with subterranean passages, most of them now being blocked up. The six towers are still standing, and portions of the connecting walls. The present owner is a utilitarian and takes no interest in antiquities, so the old place is fast crumbling away.

The customs and manners of the inhabitants of the hamlet are very primitiv. The *cafe*, or inn, is distinguished by the old-world sign of a bush hung out of one of the windows. We found the door was fastened, and were wondering how we were going to get refreshment, when the hostess came up and unfastened the door. She had been up the road having a gossip with the neighbors and did not expect visitors, they being few and far between. There was not much choice of liquor, beer in stone bottles being about the only thing in stock. It had a peculiar taste, and its manufacture was probably a secret only known to the manufacturer. It was guiltless of malt or hops, and was probably made from herbs; it, however, had the recommendation of being cool and wet. Food was not to be procured, so we had to content ourselvs with blackberries and walnuts, of which there was abundance.

The main roads are planned on the Roman system—perfectly straight from town to town, but terribly monotonous, and you may tramp for miles without meeting a human being. The people are not great travelers, and will not walk if they can ride. The idea of planting trees along the roads is a good one; but, as they are generally planes, the effect is about as picturesque as a row of telegraph poles. Elms, oaks, or beeches would be far preferable in every respect, but it is not the custom, and they do not care to make innovations on time-honored traditions.

There are immense stone quarries in every direction, and I saw some very fine fossils in stones built into walls. Some of them hav been preserved in the museums, but no one takes much interest in them.

Business hours appear long. The shops open at 6 A.M. and close from 10 to 11 P.M. At one-half past eleven the lamp-man goes round the town and turns off the gas in the street lamps. All respectable people are supposed to be indoors by that time. The water is also turned off, so that in the event of a fire it takes an hour or two before any water can be procured for the engin; but this apparatus is not of much use. The popular way to deal with a fire is to make the spectators form a chain to the river, if near enough, and pass buckets of water from one to the other. The only apparent objection to this plan is that by the time the bucket has reached the fireman its contents have disappeared. The principle is good enough, the only defect being that it fails in practice.

Altogether, I may say I was considerably edified and often amused by the incidents I met with during my stay.

I hav just mentioned a few things I noticed, but hav already written quite enough to weary you; but as one or two observations may be new and perhaps interesting, you must overlook the rest.

J. D.

London, Eng., Oct., 8, 1882.

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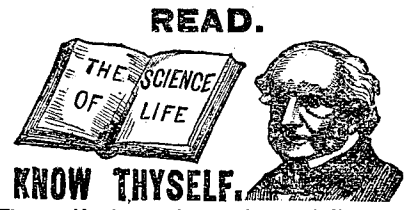
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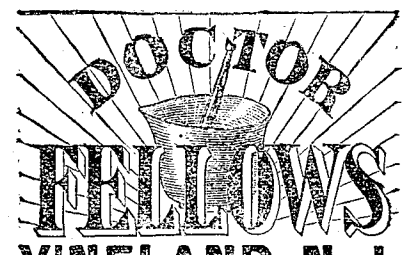


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TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successfu physicians in the United States.

Gems of Thought.

WE should never nurse our sorrows. Life is too short to waste it in useless grievings over the inevitable. "Thy will be done" is only another form of saying "The ills we cannot cure we should patiently endure." Or better still, let us seek for the light. Joy always comes to those who earnestly desire her presence, and seek with a determination to find her.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

CHRISTIANS speak of their private experience as one of the irrefragable evidences of Christianity, but as no two individuals think and feel alike, a logician would find it difficult to construct arguments out of such materials to satisfy the demands of close reasoners St. Jerome declared that there was no end to the credulity of Christians. They suspend their dearest hopes upon props which would cause practical and scientific minds to start with horror, if offered for their use in those precious investigations which are now filling the world with glorious light of truth.—*Alhaza.*

IT was one of the fine sayings of the first Napoleon, one of the veins which redeemed the blackness of his character, when he saw a lady standing in the way of a soldier carrying a load, "Madam, respect the burden."—*London Society.*

BELIEF I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious, indescribable process, that of getting to believe; indescribable, as all vital acts are. We hav our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue (?) but that it may see into something, giv us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that! All manner of doubt, inquiry, skepticism, as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind on the object it is getting to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden roots.—*Carlyle.*

STRANGE how religion, in any form, should hav generated cruelty. The Inquisition, established after Christianity had supplanted paganism, was a system of deliberate cruelty. It was continued for centuries as a pious institution, and will ever be branded as infamous and execrable. Yet its pretensions were based on the name of a gentle loving religion.—*F. W. Newman.*

THEY shall put you out of the synagogs; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think thathe doeth God service.—*John xvi*, 2.

THE great mass of young men who enter the ministry, as soon as they announce their intention to do so, are shut off from the ordinary training given to other men. Instead of being taught science, from which the enemies of Christianity now draw many of their weapons, they are drilled in the dead literatures in order that they may argue with sectarian opponents on the meaning of a word. In the seminaries to which they pass from college, the main object is to fence them in from all contact with the world of temptation and vice which they are to combat. Polemics and ecclesiastical history are the fields in which they are taught to work. The young pastor, when at last he has a charge, is as a rule set apart from the ordinary experiences of life, the rending passions, the mastering temptations which every day wrench the souls of other men. His mild theology, his carefully written sermons, drawn mostly from his knowledge of human nature given him by books, fall gently on the ear of the middle-aged men in the pews very much as do the voices of the boy-choristers overhead piping sweetly of the day of judgment.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread.
Milton's Lycidas.

THE lama of Thibet, at this day, is held forth, not as the offspring or successor of a divine race of princes, but as the immortal God himself, the object at once of civil obedience and religious adoration. This instance is singular, and may be accounted the farthest point to which the abuse of human credulity has ever been carried.—*Paley's Mor. and Pol. Philosophy.*

ALL the great changes that hav taken place in the world hav had to pass through a "Utopian" phase.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

WHAT is called "culture" amounts to little. It may be associated with the meanest moral character, abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly. The fast, idle youth believes nothing, hopes nothing; no, not even the final triumph of good in human hearts. There are many Mr. Tootses in the world, saying "It's all the same, it's of no consequence." It is not all the same, nor will it be all the same a hundred years hence. The life of each man tells upon the whole life of society. Each man has his special duty to perform, his special work to do. If he does it not, he himself suffers, and others suffer through him. His idleness infects others and propagates a bad example. A useless life is an early death.—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

JUDGE every word and deed which are according to nature to be fit for thee, and be not diverted by the blame which follows from any people, nor by their words; but if a thing is good to be done or said, do not consider it unworthy of thee. For those persons hav their peculiar leaning principles to follow their peculiar movement; which things do not thou regard, but go straight on, following thy own nature, and the way of both is one.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

IF the taste of a Quaker could hav been consulted at the creation, what a silent and drab-colored creation it would hav been! Not a flower would hav blossomed its gaieties, nor a bird been permitted to sing.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

Odds and Ends.

MAN wants but little here below;
He is not hard to please;
But every woman that we know
Wants everything that she sees.

THE meanest kind of a man is the one who, seeing another lying in a hammock, howls "dog-fight!" so that he may see the victim try to get out of the hammock quick and get slung about six somersaults with mud in his mouth.

A SAVAGE Illinois woman says that for every young wife that cannot cook there is a young husband who will not make fires, carry ashes, split kindling, or shovel snow, and cannot market, because he does not know a hawk from a hen.

THE mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," explained the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

A MILD-EYED youth, wearing a dessert-spoon hat and polka-dot socks, went into the Middle Park the other day and claimed to be a mining expert. The boys inveigled him into driving a stick of giant powder into a drill-hole at the bottom of a shaft with an old axe, and now they are trying to get him out of the ground with ammonia and a tooth-brush.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

A SUDDENLY rich and very muscular young man from the oil regions stopped at a seaside hotel the other day for the first time, and had great difficulty in getting anything to eat. A sympathizing stranger at his elbow whispered, "You will starve here if you don't tip the waiter." Two minutes afterward the waiter found himself tipped over on the floor. The young man did not starve.

IT is said in the Patent Office Reports that patents were granted last week to women. This is as it should be. We hav thought for years that women ought to hav been patented, and are glad that it has been done finally. They are the greatest invention of this or any other age, and it is ridiculous to think of fortunes being made on the invention of mouse-traps, tobacco-boxes, sewing machines, and breech-loading firearms, when there is no patent on women, the great labor-saving sewing machine and generally useful article. The party who has got a patent on women has got a fortune, as no person who enjoys the society of the patent will kick on paying a royalty. Now let the newly-patented article vote and it is all right.

HE'S HERE.

De liar am wid us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawnin' an' he lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de drygoods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de next week. De iceman charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets are warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, an' de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show.

"WHO is Maria?" was the question that startled Mr. Brown (who talks in his sleep) as he waked the other morning and found Mrs Brown sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in one eye and an exclamation point in the other.

"Maria? Maria who?"

"That's just what I want to know; you repeated the name over and over again last night."

"Let me see. Oh, yes; that's Parker's dog—a splendid animal. I've been trying to buy her."

"You ought to own her, certainly, you are so excessivly fond of her. You asked Parker's dog to put her arms around your neck and kiss you. You even went so far as to tell Parker's dog that you loved her with all your heart, and that when you came to die if you could only lay your head on Parker's dog's bosom you could breathe your life out sweetly there. Then you asked Parker's dog to hav another plate of ice cream, and if the watch you had given her kept good time. During the night you kissed Parker's dog a dozen times, called her all the pet names known, and proved to me conclusivly that you ought to liv with Parker's dog and not with me."

Mrs. Brown has gone to her mother.

A STRANGER with long hair, a white coat, and a white hat with a crape band, entered a Griswold street restaurant yesterday and said to the proprietor:

"Let me explain in advance that I am a singular man,"

"All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's."

"I want six oysters on the half shell—on the left hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them, he said:

"Now take six oysters, run them through a clotheswringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt and water, added milk and sugar, and drank it down and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is $2."

"Impossible!"

"Just $2, sir."

"But that is monstrous."

"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it."

"Then I'll sadden your heart."

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit store, and, without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana, and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose-water.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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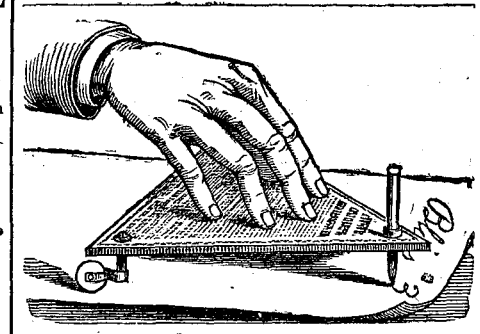
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in which the worship of Yahweh, or Jehovah, is shown to be devil-worship, with some observations upon the horrible and cruel ordinance of bloody sacrifice and burnt-offerings.

By the VERY REV. EVAN DAVIES, LL.D., Arch-Druid of Great Britain. Price, 25 cents.

THE TRUTHSEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

It is stated that those who attend Sunday services the most are the ones who can afford to show new bonnets in church every few months.

The sad suicide of an Arkansas preacher who had devoted himself principally to politics would seem to be a valuable lesson to ministers of the gospel who want to run the primaries and boss the machine.

A Georgia preacher went to a circus to see how many of his flock were wicked enough to go to such places, and half the papers in the country are referring to it as though they thought that dodge a new one.

"What do you think I had better preach about?" asked tha new minister, and the old deacon scratched his head and replied, "Waal, if you preach abaout twenty minutes I think you'll tech our people jest right."

In the new volume of her letters, George Sand, speaking incidentally of the English character, sums it up thus: "Every true Englishman believes himself to be the finest man of the finest country in the world."

Two hundred thousand people are asked to contribute a nickel apiece to build a church in Texas. It should be called the church of St. Nickel-us, and when it is in operation it is to be hoped the old Nick-el hav less to do in Texas.

A certain reverend drone preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them left the church before the sermon was near ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned divine has made a very moving discourse."

The girls of Manayunk are collecting buttons. It is said, and with a fair show of truth, that the father of the girl who has the largest and most varied assortment is a church deacon who takes up the Sabbath collections for the missionary cause and the minister's back salary.

Rev. Rider thinks the world would be better if newspapers would make fewer references to the doings of the wicked. If preachers would make more frequent references to the doings of the wicked instead of delivering pretty essays on hair-splitting differences in creeds, the world would be better yet.

The Salvation Army in England, though supposed to perform merely military functions of a spiritual character, hav been showing a disposition to use the weapons of the flesh. At a place called Yeovil on a Sunday recently, Gen. Booth's troops fought the police, and succeeded in giving the guardians of the peace the worst of it The newspaper report states that one salvationist "cut open a youth's head."

Miller was tried by a Wisconsin Baptist church, of which he is a pillar, on a charge of irreligious conduct in going to a negro minstrel show. His defense was that he started for a temperance lecture, got into the wrong hall, and did not discover his mistake until the show began. He admitted that he was to blame for not instantly withdrawing, and that he remained because the entertainment amused him. He was reprimanded.

The Rev. J. G. Sydenham, a clergyman of the Church of England, has just been prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for neglecting to supply seven dogs with sufficient food. The dogs were in a state of starvation, and ate ravenously when supplied with food, one dog trying to swallow a biscuit without masticating it. The defense was that their condition was due to mange; but a veterinary surgeon said there was no flesh about their bones, and they were suffering solely from starvation. The magistrates said the charge was a very serious one, and they fined the defendant £5, with the option of one month's imprisonment. The fine was paid.

The Kentucky mountain evangelist, the eccentric Brother Barnes, does not find his experiment in Norwich, Conn., an overwhelming success. While many come to his meetings out of curiosity, they do not seem to be much impressed with any gospel message that he has for them. He keeps up his practice of "anointing with oil for the healing of the body," but has not thus far had many patients. The clergy stand aloof from Brother Barnes about as in other places.

Popular belief in the wisdom of vaccination has received a severe blow in a part of Germany where a large number of children, both those vaccinated for the first time and others revaccinated after an interval of twelve years, hav fallen dangerously ill, the flesh about the punctured part decaying and sloughing off, and the bodies being covered with sores and boils. It is thought unlikely that a single one of the affected children will recover. Impure virus appears to hav been the cause of this unfortunate result.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson told the Presbyterian Synod of Indiana that pastors too often made idols of their church edifices. "I had a magnificent church in 1875," he said, "and $35,000 was spent on the interior decoration. Then and there I said to God that I would renounce all the idols of which I had been made conscious. He would only let me do his work. While I was praying for this blessing the church took fire, and in half an hour it was in ashes."

An alleged witch doctor has been indicted on account of his proceedings in Pittsburgh. The story of the treatment he prescribed to remove a "spell" from a patient reads like a chapter from early New England experience. It seems that there are yet people who can be made to believe that witches ride on broomsticks, and that evil spirits can be driven out by silly incantations. It is as easy for the same class of people to believe in the absurdities of supernaturalism, of Jesus having no natural father, and of his casting out an immense number of devils.

The Rev. G. Duncan, an English clergyman, in a recent sermon on "Solomon in all his glory," at Crossland Moore, said that the Song of Songs givs us "the glow, the ardor, the beauty, and fragrance of Solomon's youth." He conjectured "it may show Solomon's great love for Abishag—a love interfered with by the intrigues of the harem." After having 700 wives and 300 concubines, Solomon in all his glory had no more time to write canticles. As a matter of historical criticism there is no evidence of the existence of the Song of Songs until five hundred years after the time of Solomon.

The English clergymen are about as much disposed to evil ways as their holy brethren in this part of the world. The Rev. J. Thomson has recently resigned his charge at St. Marnock's parish under the confession that he has committed grave indiscretions. At a recent funeral in England the presiding clergyman was so drunk he came near tumbling into the open grave, and would hav done so had he not been steadied by the clerk. He also two or three times got his service into such a muddle that he would neither understand it himself or make anybody else understand him.

Much concern is manifested by the ministers and church officials in Massachusetts on account of the decline in church attendance. This is especially true of the western part of the state. In the smaller towns and villages, where in former times almost everybody went to church, there is the greatest falling off. As an instance of this, there is a place not far from Northfield where formerly sixty families attended church; now only nine families attend, and several of them are very irregular. In Deerfield, Wapping, and Whately not one-third as many persons go to church as used to. In some large and comfortable old-fashioned churches which formerly were well filled the numbers of the congregations now are reduced to about fifty each, except when the summer visitors increase them.

A novel theory concerning what is finally to become of the devil is promulgated by Dr Waddell, a Scotch clergyman. In a recent sermon at Glasgow he expounded the statement in the twentieth chapter of Revelation concerning the angel from heaven who came down with a great chain in his hand and the key of the bottomless pit. This angel laid hold of the dragon, bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit. Dr. Waddell says that this means the overcoming of evil, the term for which is dragon, or devil, or Satan. The angel, he says, is the angel of electrical science, who comes direct from heaven. If such an angel brought a chain in his hand it was a coil of telegraph wire and submarine cable. The angel's key was the telegraph key. Dr. Waddell holds that in exactly the proportion that electricity circles the world, the devil will be defeated and the regeneration of mankind will progress. To him the idea of a "bottomless" pit is that of one from which the devil can never be recovered, as he will evidently fall through without possibility of restoration.

A Philadelphia clergyman named Beale has been preaching on feminin fashions, particularly as regards tight lacing. He says that men hold themselvs erect without the use of bones, except such as God gave them; and he cannot see why women should not do the same. He asks, "How can the depths of divine truth reach a heart compressed and squeezed within the narrowest possible limits?" This view of anatomy is that which was entertained by the ancients before modern medical science had shown them that the physical heart was not more than any other natural organ the seat of the immaterial and immortal soul. Mr. Beale's theory is that gospel truth must enter into the part of the system which is girded about by the feminin corset, or else be excluded, to the woman's great disadvantage. He regards the corset as so mischievous that he says, "No ordinary evil is doing more damage to the female sex." At this statement it is more than likely that some of the sisters who were in the reverend gentleman's audience quietly laughed in their sleeves and remarked within themselvs, "Men don't know anything about women's clothes," or something to that effect.

Some of the newspapers yesterday, says a writer in Sunday's *Truth*, gave us one more striking instance of the depraving influence of the Christian religion. It consisted of the account of a young woman in Canada who stood over a fire until she was horribly and fatally burnt. Her last words were: "I am going to Jesus," and the telegraphic account givs us the pathetic intelligence that "she was religiously inclined" and "weary of life." The fact that she was religiously inclined must be a consolation to her friends, and it is to be presumed and hoped that her terrible death was pleasing to Jesus, otherwise he would hav prevented it. Of course, it has been said that horrible suicide was not caused by the religion of the unfortunate victim, and that it should be charged not to Christianity. This assertion need be met by nothing more than a simple denial. Unprejudiced and fair-minded men and women, those who are not degraded and blinded by Christianity, will see that the fact is otherwise; the very ignorant will not be convinced by argument. The same claim was made in the case of Guiteau, and yet that vile man was nothing more or less than what Christianity made him and would make of any man of similar brain and experience. It cannot be too often repeated that Guiteau was the natural, legitimate, and, in his own case, inevitable product of Christianity. Probably many Christians will thank God and Jesus because this unfortunate woman did not sacrifice a few children to them in addition to killing herself. How any person having either intelligence or humanity can get consolation from the Christian religion is a mystery, if it be a fact.

News of the Week.

Piano makers are on strike in New York.

Several villages hav been destroyed by earthquakes in northern Syria.

A greenback candidate for the legislature from this city went about before election and put up his own posters.

Harper & Bros., publishers, of New York, are to erect a six or eight-story building in Cincinnati as a branch publishing house.

Herbert Spencer's journeyings about this country and the relaxation of his literary labors are having a good result in building up his health.

Two theaters were burnt last week in this city—the Park Theater, at which Mrs. Langtry was to hav appeared, and the Alhambra, a sporting resort.

The condition of A. Bronson Alcott, of the Concord, Mass., School of Philosophy, who recently sustained a paralytic stroke, is reported to be improving.

George, the champion short-distance runner of England, was beaten by Myers, the American champion, at the Polo grounds in this city on Saturday last.

Two colored divines of this city are about starting for Liberia in Africa to accept professorships in colleges for the education of their brothers in Canaan.

At the recent Italian elections a former circus rider, a Radical, was appointed to the Chamber of Deputies. The Radicals were victorious in many parts of the country.

Mrs. Seguin, the wife of a physician of this city, shot her three children one day last week and then committed suicide. The cause assigned is mental aberration.

A fresh discovery is reported to hav been made of documents which implicate the sultan of Turkey in connivance with Arabi Pasha in the late Egyptian rebellion.

Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, while at dinner on Friday, the 3d, was seized with some kind of a fit, which largely overpowered his mental faculties.

Black troops are being enrolled in Egypt for service against the so-called False Prophet of Soudan, who has collected a large following and has thus far been victorious in his encounters with the troops sent out to suppress him.

Barnes, the Kentucky revivalist, is doing the Lord's work in Connecticut. He is half preacher and half blackguard (a mixture often met with), but is said to be making little impression on the unsusceptible people of the wooden nutmeg state.

There has been incorporated in Boston a Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association, the purpose of which is to transplant in the "holy land" some of the surplus population of the Hub, together with their virtues, and make a new Boston near the old Jerusalem.

The pope has sent a letter to Queen Victoria thanking her for the interest she has shown in, the welfare of Catholics in her dominions, and for the religious freedom enjoyed under the British government. When it is remembered that the oppression of the Irish people is due to the fact that they are Catholics, and that a man is denied his seat in Parliament because of his religious views, this letter of the pope's must seem to the queen something like irony.

The elections of Tuesday resulted in important Democratic victories. New York elects Grover Cleveland for governor by a majority of between 130,000 and 150,000. Franklin Edsonis elected mayor of the city. Thomas M. Waller (Dem.) has a plurality of 3,000 in Connectiout. New Hampshire is claimed by the Republicans. Massachusetts has especially done herself honor by electing as governor her citizen first in war and first in peace, Gen. B. F. Butler. Both he state and the man are to be congratulated.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Twenty Days in California.—Concluded.

A RIDE TO SANTA CLARA.

Saturday, June 17th.—In the fore part of the day Mr. Magenheimer, with his very fine horse and carriage, took me down the Almeda, an avenue of willows, three miles, to Santa Clara. It is a beautiful drive, the street being wide, bordered on each side with fine and beautiful residences. The willows were planted by the Jesuit fathers in the year 1799. The town is perhaps older than San Jose, but is not nearly so large, and is more remarkable for its schools than for anything else.

Santa Clara College was founded in 1851, while California was yet in its infancy, by a small number of gentlemen warmly interested in the education of youth, in connection with theological instruction. So rapid was the growth of the undertaking that in 1855 the legislature of the state gave a charter to the institution. Since that period the success of the school has been pronounced, and has sent out many representatives, who are now filling responsible positions in many quarters of the state, in law, medicine, music, and in various business avocations. The position of the school to-day is that of the first on the Pacific coast. The staff of professors and tutors numbers twenty-five. Its two professors of chemistry daily use a completely furnished laboratory; a professor of physics, who has at his command the the largest cabinet of apparatus possessed by any college in the United States; telegraphy is taught with four instruments, at different stations in the different buildings, occuping ten acres of ground. Photography is taught in a building erected exclusively for the purpose, and fully supplied with apparatus. Five professors of music give opportunity for making acquaintance with every musical instrument of the day. Mathematics are taught, from arithmetic to the calculus. A professor of English literature lectures four times a week, Greek and Latin classics employ five teachers, and the modern languages are taught each by a native linguist of the tongue in which he instructs.

The most objectionable feature in this school is that its management is exclusively Christian, being under the control of the Jesuits. The religious ceremonies are strictly Catholic, though pupils are received from other denominations. Students are not allowed outside the college precincts. The scholastic year consists of ten months, for which period the scholarship, including board and all expense save clothing, is $350. A school is also here which accommodates five hundred female pupils.

We returned to San Jose by another road, and were within a short distance of a district including hundreds of acres, called the Willows, more exclusively devoted to fruit-growing than any other portion of the vicinity. Seventy-five acres of strawberries are in one body. I must again say that the entire country around San Jose is of a most lovely character.

A TRIP TO MOUNT HAMILTON.

At 1 P. M. eight of us, in a chartered omnibus, with long seats on the sides, and facing each other, started on a most pleasant ride to Mount Hamilton, twenty-seven miles from the city, where the largest observatory in the world is being erected with the money donated by the generous Infidel, James Lick. The party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. York, Mr. Magenheimer, Mrs. Barker, Mr. R. H. Schwartz, Mrs. Anna Folmer, the driver, and your humble servant. It is almost needless to say the drive was a lovely one. For some six miles we rode across the Santa Clara valley, when our course led up the mountain side, but ascending so gradually as to be not exceedingly exhaustive upon the horses, and much of the way so they could trot along gaily. We had four horses in our team, so we traveled in style, stopping at intervals of some miles along the pleasant journey at houses of refreshment, where edibles, lemonade, beer, etc., are sold to the passers by.

When half the mountain has been climbed, it is exceedingly interesting to stop and look back over the charming valley left behind. There are few scenes in the world more exquisitely beautiful. The town of San Jose is fifteen miles away, the lower part of San Francisco Bay is seen shining like a burnished plate of silver, away in the north, and tens of thousands of acres of the most beautiful and level farming country on the surface of the globe, dotted and variegated with fruit orchards, lovely groves, and delightful homes, stretch out like a panorama in bird's-eye view before the enraptured beholder. The scene cannot be adequately described. The ground must be gone over, and the view taken in, in order to be fully appreciated.

Many and many a time did we halt during that afternoon's ride, and gaze back over the beautiful panorama so charmingly spread out for our great pleasure, and till we were almost satiated with delight did we turn and take in the beautiful loveliness of nature and art combined, though nature must always rank a long way first. And thus did the afternoon pass away, as we gradually ascended that beautifully graded road winding in a serpentine manner almost continuously up the towering hight. For fully two hours could we see the observatory on the highest knob—the object of our destination—and it looked so near and the distance seemed so short, that it seemed as though we ought to reach it in half an hour, but the ground to be gone over was very deceiving. We had to wind over serpentine roads—round this hill, on to that—going a long way to gain a little distance in altitude, so that it was about sunset before we reached the mountain-top, where we were to pass the night.

Some of us walked a considerable portion of the distance, climbing up steep acclivities in order to gain long distances, thus giving us abundant time to halt and view the loveliness of the scene thus magnificently spread out before us. But finally the summit was gained. We could, of course, have left San Jose early in the morning, made the trip to the mount, stayed a short time, and have returned the same day; but that would not have filled our programme. We wished to pass a night on Mount Hamilton, to look through the telescopes at the stars which rule the night, and to have the exquisite view early in the morning of the slumbering valley below, while the fogs and partially condensed moisture are spread over it like an immense corrugated covering which hides it from view.

Captain Thomas Fraser and wife are permanent residents in the comfortable and commodious house which has been built, and the captain it is who takes immediate charge in carrying out the specifications regarding the works for the great instrument, which is not yet upon the ground, but is now being constructed in Germany.

Captain Fraser is, I believe, a native of Maine, and it is simple pleasure to state that we found him and his young, genial, and intelligent wife, most agreeable hosts. Armed with the following explanatory little document from the editor of the principal paper of San Jose, we found the doors of the establishment were kindly opened for us, and such a welcome awaited us as is peculiarly agreeable to weary and hungry travelers, and climbers of a mount over four thousand feet above the plain we had left, and soon a sumptuous repast was before us, which, I think I can say, was highly enjoyed. This is the letter we bore:

OFFICE OF THE DAILY MERCURY,
SAN JOSE, CAL., June 17, 1882.

DEAR CAPTAIN FRASER: Let me ask you to kindly entertain the company of friends who will bear this to you. Among them is D. M. Bennett, a somewhat noted man, editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, who is now on his way home from a tour around the world.

The kindness you show to them will be as highly regarded by me as though shown to myself. Yours truly,

J. J. OWEN.

After the supper we ascended the elevation, a hundred feet or two higher than the residence, where the observatory is being constructed—where the earth and rocks have been leveled off and the plateau enlarged so as to afford ample room for the different buildings needed for the main instrument and the auxiliaries, and which are now in course of construction, built firmly of brick, which are burned a few hundred feet lower down the mountain side and corded up.

The evening was very clear, and we had the pleasure of taking a view of several stars through two moderate-sized telescopes duly mounted here. The one is called a comet-searcher, and is so constructed that it can be directed to any part of the heavens, and one can sit in the easy-chair attached to the instrument and look all around the heavens for comets; but unless there is one of these wandering travelers rushing somewhere through the more adjacent parts of the heavens the instrument is not all likely to disclose the erratic strangers. I have to record here that we discovered no new comet that night. We however took a view of many of the stars, and though it seemed to add somewhat to their size and brilliancy, we made no special discoveries worthy of note.

In the smaller observatory already completed is what is called an equatorial instrument, pointing vertically to the heavens, and taking in such stars as cross its disk, which is, I think, a four-inch glass. Capt. Fraser is a thorough astronomer, and with the aid of his electric clock, in connection with his other apparatus and tables, he was enabled to tell within a second when any particular star would cross the disk of the instrument; when, by getting under it, placing the eye to the glass at the lower extremity, a view af the star could be seen with increased brilliancy and clearness. The fixed stars are so far away that only with the largest and most powerful instruments in the world is their size apparently increased. They are so far, far away, that it is wholly unlikely that any instrument will ever be constructed powerful enough to make them seem really much nearer. We never can know much about those blazing suns which for millions of ages have been casting off infinite floods of light, probably upon other worlds wholly invisible to us, which are dependent upon them for life, as we are upon our central orb for all that we enjoy.

While sitting there, in that observatory on Mount Hamilton, built with the money earned and donated by that rigid Infidel, James Lick, and witnessing the difference pointed out between equatorial and mean time, and seeing how the captain could tell within a few seconds of time when a given sun or distant star would pass across the disk of that instrument, I could not help realizing how much more superior nature is, how much more accurate, how much more reliable, how much more satisfactory in all her movements, than is the entire system of theology, with all the absurd twaddle about angry gods and devils that priests have been able to devise. Oh, yes; nature is millions of times superior to all the gods men have created; in fact, there is no comparison to be made between the two, for nature is all that is grand, and great, and true, while theology is the quintessence of ignorance, imagination, and falsehood. Nature, as taught by astronomy, is the great reality, the great truth; while what is pretended to be propounded by theology is wholly fiction, invention, and absurdity. One is reality, the other is simply guess-work and arrogant assumption. One is as free as the air of the heavens to all who will study it, while the other has an excessive price. The immense difference between nature and theology can be easily appreciated within the walls of an observatory.

Upon returning to the house an hour or so was passed away in talking to people in San Jose by telephone, which is in working order between the two points. We called upon several individuals in the city, and had little pleasant conversations with them. Our presence on Mount Hamilton was thus announced, and the same duly appeared in the city papers in the morning. This all over, we were prepared for a good night's rest, and we could not help enjoying the nice beds which were furnished us.

On the following morning some of us were up before the sun, to take the extraordinary view of the slumbering valley below while the clouds of fog or partially condensed vapor were close down to the valley or hugging the city and the country farm-houses. I had never seen such a sight before. Around us all was clear, while we looked down three thousand feet or more below us upon the cloud of fog, which seemed much like looking down upon the ocean thrown into billows moving with ceaseless unrest or upon windrows of snow. It was a grand sight indeed. As the sun rose, the fog in the valley lifted, taking away the desolate ocean, and placing in its stead the same lovely country we had so fondly gazed upon the day before.

We spent three or four hours in wandering over adjacent points of the mountain, where the view of the country, both east and west, is of the grandest character. The country east of the mountain, off toward the Joaquin valley, is for many miles very broken, and does not present the garden-like appearance which the country west of the range of mountains does, though it looks rugged and grand. It presents a much bolder aspect than upon the western side, with very little evidence of homes for human beings.

We also visited the water works belonging to the observatory, or rather the spring house on the mountain side, a mile from the observatory, and several hundred feet lower, where the scanty supply of water from several small springs runs into half a dozen tanks, holding, perhaps, a thousand gallons each, and from which point it is pumped by steam into a large resovoir, located on ground a hundred feet or two higher than the house, and from which the establishment obtains its supply. Many hundred feet of iron tubing of various sizes are used for conducting the water.

There is a small growth of stunted shrubs growing upon the mountains here, but very few trees of large size. The manzanita grows here in considerable quantities, and large numbers of walking-canes are cut from this particular growth. It is a very hard wood, and is prized for walking-sticks. A fine cane was given to me in memory of my visit to Mount Hamilton. The manzanita bears in considerable abundance a kind of fruit called "small apple," from which it is said a fair article of bandy has been made by distilling the fermented juice.

My visit to Mount Hamilton has given me a realizing sense of the magnificent donation of James Lick to the cause of science. If I remember correctly, his gift for this purpose alone amounted to nearly a million of dollars, and I trust it is being judiciously expended. This, as before remarked, is to be the largest observatory in the world, and is to have the largest telescope, the main glasses, I believe, to be six feet in diameter.

It made me feel proud that an Infidel had conferred such a great favor upon science, and I trust our Christian opponents will not continue to charge Infidels and unbelievers with doing nothing to promote science and education, for in proportion to their numbers it is probable they do as much as any other portion of the community. Like the Infidel Stephen Girard, who founded one of the first colleges in our country, Mr. Lick did himself great honor in the very generous bequest which he made for the permanent good of coming generations of his fellow-beings. Long will they have occasion to bless his memory and to give the truthful credit that Infidels occasionally do perform noble deeds worthy of im-

mortalization. May the provisions which James Lick made as to the conduct of his property be more closely followed, with respect to the munificent gift which he left behind, than were those of the good and politic Stephen Girard, who well understood the craft and wiliness of our Christian opponents, and expressly prescribed that the tenets of Christianity should not be taught in the college built and endowed with the money which he gave, and that a Christian priest should never be allowed to enter the grand structure. So far have his prudent conditions been disregarded by the Christian rulers of the city of Philadelphia that the Girard College has practically been forcibly and wrongfully transformed almost into an ecclesiastical institution, where the dogmas of Christianity are not only industriously promulgated, but where priestly influence bears rule, and where psalm-singing and Christian prayers are daily enjoined upon the pupils. Even if it may be claimed that these practices are not only harmless but virtuous, they are certainly in direct opposition to the stipulations made by the great Girard, and show how little integrity our Christian opponents exhibit in carrying out the stipulations of an Infidel bequest. It is a clear exemplication that it will not do to entrust Infidel money to the wily incentives of our Christian foes in carrying out the solemn provisions of a will. How wrong it is for our foes to taunt us with the charge that Infidels never do anything for science and institutions of learning, when where they do give munificently their express and reasonable stipulations are wholly set aside!

About 10 o'clock, after seeing all there was to be seen about Mount Hamilton, and taking in all the beauties that exist in superabundance in that locality, we started on our homeward way; and as the journey is all the way to the valley gently descending, and our team was fully refreshed, we swiftly rolled pleasantly down the skilfully graded road. The day was clear and charming, so we had nothing to do but to take in and appreciate the continued charms of scenery of distant views which were continuously spread out before us. But it should be understood that though much space is not here taken to describe the loveliness of that ride, we were not so obtuse as not to fully appreciate its perfect loveliness.

Our team made excellent time, for they were on their way home, and they needed no urging to cause them to measure off the distance rapidly. We reached the city at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, feeling that we had had a most pleasant excursion, and myself feeling particularly grateful to all the friends who had accompanied me, because the affair was gotten up for my especial benefit. Long shall I remember the kindness of my San Jose friends.

To keep up the "boarding-round" system, I went to the house of my friends, Dr. and Mrs. York, which is allotted me for the remainder of the time I remain in this pleasant city. When I am with Dr. and Mrs. York it is impossible to doubt that I am in the society of two stanch and steadfast friends, and it is impossible to feel otherwise than happy in such society. During a portion of the afternoon I called upon my venerable friend, Samos Parsons, now over eighty years of age, and who for a long time has been struggling against the encroachments and evil influence of priestcraft, and who is in favor of the highest liberties which are man's birthright as an incumbent and heir. He owns a few pleasant city lots, on which he has small dwellings, which readily rent to tenants of humble means, and some of his surplus ground he occupies as gardens, and cultivates numerous vegetables and legumes. His wife was with a daughter a few miles out in the country, so I was unable to see her; but the time of their golden wedding is not far away, when they will have been fifty years in each other's society in performing the journey of life. They are now rapidly nearing the evening of their days, and will ere long relinquish the struggle and lay down to the sweet sleep of nature, which has neither nightmare nor unpleasant dreams. Mrs. Parsons is the sister of my esteemed friend, Daniel R. Burt, of East Dubuque, Illinois.

Monday, June 19th.—Having had a most agreeable visit with my esteemed friends of San Jose, it now becomes my duty to set my face in an easterly direction toward the home which I have not now seen for nearly a twelvemonth; so at nearly 9 o'clock my friends accompanied me to the station, when I took cars for Stockton, from which place I have received invitations to call and make a visit. It was the intention that Dr. J. L. York should accompany me, not only to Stockton, but on so far as Reno and Virginia City in Nevada, and Salt Lake City in Utah; but an illness has been steadily coming over him for the past two weeks, which has increased to such extent as to preclude his making the journey. This was a disappointment to both of us, but we were obliged to say our adieus at the station, with the hope that before very many months have passed away I will be able to return to the Pacific coast, when we may, in company, make the tour of southern California and Oregon and Washington Territory. At first the programme was laid out that we should make the tour of Oregon and Washington Territory, where I have many friends whom I would be very glad to see, and who, I am vain enough to believe, would be glad to see me. But I found that this would require more time than I can now spare, and would keep me too long from my home and Eastern friends. It is laid down in my programme that I must be back within twelve months from the time I left home. I gladly would visit the friends in Oregon and Washington, but I must defer it until I have seen my home and friends still far away in the East.

So Dr. York and I parted, with the hope that it was not for aye, but that we would still be able to travel thousands of miles in company. The doctor has been an excellent friend to my paper and its editor. He has sent in many new subscribers, and has worked almost unceasingly to extend its patronage and reading; and since I have been in California he has shown me unflagging kindness and attention. May he find an abundance of as good friends as he has been to me.

As the train upon which I was a passenger moved out of the station, in a northerly direction, I left all my San Jose friends behind, but my heart was filled with gratitude at the kindness I had received from their hands, and the warm sympathy they had shown me during my brief visit.

We stopped to change trains at Niles, from which point our course was in a more easterly direction. In passing around in the valley of the San Joaquin we go between and near some pretty high and rugged spurs of mountainous land, which, for summer, have a too arid and parched look to compare with the experience of one reared in the Eastern states; but we also passed a large area of beautiful, productive valley-land, which, when the rain is not too deficient, produces abundant crops of cereals. These are now ripe for the reaper, and as I pass thousands of acres of golden grain, the promise seems strongly held out that the toil of the husbandman is liberally rewarded.

At Lathrop, where the road to the south up the Fresno valley diverges, and which is the usual route to the Yosemite valley, we halted for half an hour to leave passengers going south, and taking on others who are journeying from that direction. It had been my purpose to visit the Yosemite country, to look upon the grand scenery of that locality, which is said to throw almost all other scenery in the world into the shade; and also to visit Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Oleander, and two other points from which I had received urgent invitations to give them a call. Yes, I wished to gaze upon the mighty crags, the towering domes, the wild chasms, the beautiful cascades, the ever-varying glades and hollows, which make up the scene of Yosemite grandeur; I also wished to see the big trees of Mariposa; but the lack of time, as well as of money, admonishes me that I must not attempt this excursion now, but defer it till I return to the Pacific coast.

We were soon rolling on through the San Joaquin valley toward Stockton. Often thousands of acres of wheat, oats, and barley were spread out on either side, and the conviction forcibly strikes the traveler that California is a great grain-growing state. When its capabilities are fully developed it will be so productive that it is almost beyond the range of present possibilities to set bounds to what it will be able to produce in the way of grain, fruits, and stock. In another century the Golden State must be immensely rich in all that makes a country great.

We reached Stockton between twelve and one. It lies in the center of an extensive fertile country. It is the county seat of San Joaquin county, and is some three miles east of the beautiful and wide San Joaquin River. It is ninety-one miles from San Francisco by rail, and one hundred and twenty by steamer; for though by the map Stockton seems wholly an inland town, it is favored with water communication with the metropolis of the state. The town is located by a large slough, which has been excavated, and this connects with the San Joaquin River, which empties into the bay, so that boats of considerable size make their way up the river and slough, and after depositing their cargoes, return well laden with grain and the manufactures of the town.

Stockton was laid out about the time gold was discovered in California, and was named in compliment to Commodore Stockton, whose name is prominently connected with the conquest of California. The growth of the city has been gradual, perfectly healthy, and free from excitement. Its limits have been enlarged, and its area of taxable property greatly increased. The streets are wide, and at right angles with each other. The town is well built, giving at once the impression that it is a flourishing business point. The city is supplied with gas and water, the latter being obtained from an artesian well over a thousand feet in depth, which ejects its water eleven feet above the surface of the ground, and furnishes 360,000 gallons daily.

After dinner at the Commercial Hotel I called upon one of my patrons, Mr. G. C. Hyatt, with whom I had corresponded, who is engaged in iron machinery, foundry, and met with a cordial welcome from him. I also called upon Drs. A. S. and A. T. Hudson, with whom I had a pleasant visit. Dr. A. T. Hudson, with his buggy, took me over the city, or over parts of it. He also took me to the home of W. F. Freeman, with whom I have had much correspondence, to whom I have sold many books, and who has been a firm friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Freeman is at present on a visit to his native New England home, so I had not the pleasure of visiting with him. To make some amends, I had a pleasant interview of an hour with Mrs. Freeman, who is an intelligent and genial lady. After an hour Dr. Hudson returned, and spent two or three hours with me, taking me over the city in his buggy to the slough where the boats deliver and take on freight, where considerable wharves and warehouses are constructed. We visited several manufacturing establishments and flouring mills, and also a large and flourishing paper mill, where hundreds of tons of straw are annually ground up into pulp, some of which is made into the ordinary yellow straw wrapping-paper, and much other paper, wherein the straw is bleached and combined with rags, and made into fair printing paper.

Several thousand pounds of paper are turned out here daily. Several mills are in constant operation, grinding the straw and the rags into pulp, when by the most improved paper mills it is drawn out into continuous rolls of paper six feet wide and perhaps five miles long. The pulp is drawn out, of course, in the wet state, but is taken over heated cylinders, which press it smoothly and dry it thoroughly, so that in a very few minutes from the time the material leaves the vat in the form of homogeneous pulp it is drawn out in an even and smooth roll of paper, dried and calendered, and either wound on cylinders for shipping, or cut into sheets of the usual sizes and bound in reams and bundles as the laws of the trade demand. I have visited paper mills before, but am always interested in witnessing the process of taking dirty rags and coarse straw, and by virtue of rapid-running mills, grinding, and bleaching processes, to see this unsightly material converted in so short a time into good commercial paper. Requiring not a little of paper in my own publishing business, I very naturally looked with interest over this extensive establishment. I saw a large body of bales of straw, perhaps containing two hundred pounds each, laid up somewhat in the form of a huge barn, but solid, with a roof over it, the mass being two or three hundred feet in length, seventy-five feet in width, and nearly the same in hight, the whole containing fifteen thousand bales. There can be no doubt, in riding over this San Joaquin valley, that the material for manufacturing straw paper will always be abundant here, and to be had at as reasonable prices as any place in the world.

THE RECEPTION.

At 8 o'clock in the evening a meeting took place at Turner Hall, which was held in my honor, and to give me a welcome to this beautiful city. Dr. A. S. Hudson presided at the meeting, making the speech of welcome and giving very sensible remarks upon the good that scientific thought and instruction have done in advancing the views of mankind. He spoke highly of the labors of Darwin, Huxley, and others, and credited them with doing perhaps more to emancipate mankind from the thraldom of theological errors than all other influences. The music by Dreyfoose's band was very good, and added not a little to the enjoyability of the occasion. I followed in remarks of about an hour, dilating principally upon the religious superstitions I had seen on my journey around the world, and the ignorance in which the great mass of mankind are sunk, growing out of the absurd belief in gods and devils. I corroborated what had been remarked by Dr. Hudson that the teachings of science are infinitely more true and enlightening to the mind of man than all the myths of theology and mythology which priests have been so industriously teaching for thousands of years.

After the meeting, which was numerously attended, filling nicely the capacious hall, I had personal interviews with many friends who stopped to speak and shake hands with me; and what was very satisfactory, within a few minutes after the meeting was over I took in fifty dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER and my Round-the-World volumes. This made an agreeable finale to a pleasantly passed day. Stockton is a pleasant town, and its people must be called equally so.

On the following morning, as I had a few hours on my hands before train-time, I made a visit to the State Lunatic Asylum, located two or three miles outside of the city, in a northerly direction. The grounds are beautiful and the buildings commodious. I judge there are fully one hundred acres of ground belonging to the institution, and the buildings for males and females being some distance apart, there is plenty of room for all. The grounds are well laid off in vegetable gardens, flower gardens, and fruit orchards, interspersed with wide gravel walks, with an abundance of shade trees in the vicinity of the buildings; so that the entire surroundings of the homes of these poor unfortunates are made as charming as possible.

The superintendent, Dr. G. A Shurtleff, received

me politely and escorted me over two or three of the buildings for male patients, and one or two for female patients, which are in about equal numbers. There are somewhat over a thousand now confined here, some one or two hundred being from Nevada, as that state has not an asylum of its own, though it has one now in course of construction.

I was struck with the cleanliness, light, and cheerfulness of the various apartments, corridors, places for exercise, etc. The system of ventilation is of a perfect character, an abundance of fresh air being conveyed to every ward and to every separate apartment. I noticed there was no dirt to be seen, and that everything was in the most perfect order throughout. A first-class hotel, with its hundreds of rooms, could hardly be better conducted.

The patients are classified according to the various degrees of their insanity. Those of a mild type are not allowed to associate with those who are wild and raving; and from fifteen to thirty of those but moderately affected are allowed to associate together in the large halls, where they have nothing to do but talk over their misfortunes and the hopes they entertain of soon being set at liberty.

As Dr. Shurtleff appeared among them in the different parts of the asylum it was almost amusing to observe how eagerly the different men would approach him and plead with him to be sent home to their friends. The great desire entertained by nearly all is to gain their liberty, and to mix in with the outside world. Several, while the doctor was listening to their complaints, supposing I possibly possessed powers to help them, came to me with their complaints and told the pitiful stories of their hardships and deprivations, of how their business was suffering from their being thus confined, of the needs their families felt for their help, and of the most urgent reasons why they should no longer be kept in confinement. Of course I sympathized with them, and gave them to understand that while I feared it was not in my power to do very much for them, if I only could wield omnipotent power for a short time I would materially improve their condition.

Dr. Shurtleff is a man of unusual presence and self-command, and I noticed he met their various complaints with great coolness, kindness, and evenness of temper. He listened patiently to their many petitions, and gave them answers which seemed to satisfy them for the time being. It is well he is a reasonable and kind-hearted man, for his position is one of great power over these poor wretches, and they are the merest and most helpless subjects of his will. He has it in his power to be their true friend, and he also has the power to be harsh, oppressive, and unfeeling toward them. Doubtless many of them are tedious, wearisome, and well calculated to tire him of their senseless importunities and vagaries.

We passed down into the yard attached to the asylum, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high, where there were some thirty or more patients taking the sun and air. The inclosure was thoroughly paved, the wall was impenetrable, and there was about as much chance for the poor, demented creatures to escape as there would be of their flying like birds. They were differently engaged; some, imagining themselves orators, were making powerful appeals to their hearers; some were singing religious songs; some were engaged in some kinds of boyish games, while others were cursing and swearing in a most vociferous manner, and showing an excessive amount of indignation.

One fellow I especially remember; he made an impression upon my mind. He rushed from the opposite side of the area, and came up immediately before Dr. Shurtleff, and, without a moment's warning, began to reel off in this wise: "Doctor Shurtleff, I want you to understand that I am God Almighty, and if I am not let out of this place in one hour, I will level this whole institution to the ground. Yes, by God, I am God Almighty. I don't intend to be shut up here in this damned place any longer. Do you understand, Doctor Shurtleff, that I must be let out of this within sixty minutes, or the worst of fates will befall this institution? Understand, I am God Almighty, and I will teach you a lesson you have never learned!"

Dr. Shurtleff did not cower at all before this self-proclaimed god, and did not look as though he half believed what the fellow said. About all the reply he made was:

"Oh, you had better keep quiet, Jim. You do not want to be locked up in the cell again, do you? Remember, the more quiet you keep, the more liberty you will have."

"Yes, by God, though, I am God Almighty now, and all this business has got to be changed—you understand! and that damned soon. I am not to be shut up here any longer. I give you one more hour, and then you will catch it!"

"Go away, Jim, and keep quiet; that is the best thing you can do. Let me hear no more of this loud talk. Go right away."

Jim seemed to take the hint, and was soon engaged in conversation with some fellow-prisoner, several feet away.

I could not for a moment believe that he was God Almighty, though he so positively asserted that he was. I should hardly believe any one, were he to make the same assertion. True, I thought Jim acted about as Yahweh is represented, when he used to tell Moses he was God Almighty, and work himself up into a fury and threatened to burn up his people in a moment, and cut them off from the earth. Jim looked very much as I imagine Yahweh did when he got into one of his excited moods, for his eyes were wild and glaring, his manner was ferocious and well calculated to frighten children and old women. He raved, and threatened, and swore; but he calmed down like a little kitten, and did not hurt anybody. The institution stood solidly, the earth rolled steadily on its axis, the sun rose and set all the same as if no threats had been made. I don't believe Jim was God Almighty, nor do I believe Yahweh was a particle more. They were both playing a game of brag.

The inmates of the asylum sometimes get so wild and furious that they not only have to be closely confined in small cells, but they have also to be kept in strait-jackets, by which their arms are closely bound to the body, rendering them wholly unable to do harm. I occasionally, in passing through the corridors, heard the wild shriekings of those with too little reason to control themselves in the least degree. What a dreadful thing it is, indeed, for a human being to lose his reason and become worse than an idiot! Where a cure is hopeless the state is far worse than death.

It is said that in the days when Jesus was on the earth and spent a year or so in what is called his mission, he regarded all such cases of insanity as being produced by devils. He is said to have cured many cases of insanity by casting out the devil, or devils, which had caused the mischief. In the case of the poor wild man who was found among the tombs near the Sea of Galilee, there must have been a very unusual degree of insanity to contend with, or, what was about the same thing, an unusual number of devils, for Jesus is said to have driven two thousand devils out of this wretched creature, or enough, at all events, to fill two thousand swine. But that mode of treating insanity is not at all pursued in the asylum at Stockton. I perceived that Dr. Shurtleff and Dr. Brown, and their assistants, do not accept the devil theory of insanity. When an insane patient is brought to them they do not set themselves hunting for devils, nor do they in the slightest degree make themselves busy at trying to drive the devils out. They seek rather to restore the general health of the patient, under the belief that, as a rule, a healthy body produces a healthy mind; and to restore a natural state of the mind then make use of all the aids within their reach to keep the mind quiet, and to remove sources of irritation. They believe in no devils as being the cause of insanity, and they do not the first thing toward trying to cast them out. They disagree entirely with Jesus. He or they must have been in the wrong. Which is it?

I also visited the portion of the asylum for the accommodation of females, and here I found everything exquisitely neat and clean. Many of the patients occupy rooms by themselves, and in some I saw their tables set for a late breakfast, and everything looked as cosy as though they were boarders in an extensive hotel. I occasionally heard shrieks from some parts of the establishment, indicating that some of the inmates were far gone in insanity. Some looked wild indeed, and their eyes rolled in frenzy, while others looked as mild as the most sound-minded woman, and conversed with apparent good sense about their families and their anxiety to return to them.

The superintendent and directors have great power in their hands over the unfortunate beings placed under their control. It is in their power to be merciful and to show themselves good Samaritans, or they can be heartless, unfeeling, cruel, and tyrannical. That they too often show the latter qualities must with pain be confessed. The proofs accumulate in nearly all parts of the country that many persons are sent to insane asylums who are not insane at all. Sometimes a husband wishes to be rid of a wife who is no longer regarded with affection, and if he has money he can easily induce physicians to pronounce her insane, and send her to an asylum. So with a designing wife; if the husband is wealthy, and she wishes to have control of the money, it is not difficult to have him declared insane and immured within the prison cells. It is the same way with brothers and children; they have often exhibited a most unfeeling disposition, and have taken means to confine a brother or father within the dreadful walls of an asylum. It is a disgrace to physicians that they are often found to be pliant tools in this vile business, and it is equally to be regretted that superintendents and keepers are to be found who will aid in carrying out this unrighteous business. Few things are more to be abhorred than for sane persons to be deprived of their liberty and be shut up with the really insane, where they are afraid to show a particle of resistance to the injustice thus done them, lest this very resistance be urged against them as proof positive of their insanity. Many an unfortunate man and woman have in this way been for years deprived of the precious boon of liberty.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

In the last published report of the directors of the asylum, in giving the avocations of 114 patients in the asylum is the following table: Laborers, 28; housewives, 17; farmers, 12; miners, 12; house servants, 2; bookkeepers, 2; sheep-herders, 2; teachers, 2; housekeepers, 2; washerwomen, 2; blacksmiths, 1; policemen, with one each of saloon-keepers, musicians, stewards, book accountants, mechanics, lawyers, salesmen, tanners, stock raisers, confectioners, carriage painters, carriage trimmers, gardeners, wood-choppers, cooks in camp, carpenters, machinists, glove-makers, barbers, cabinet-makers, teamsters, etc.

In another table giving the causes of insanity appears the following: Masturbation, 12; intemperance, 8; business troubles, 6; hereditary predisposition, 6; epilepsy, 5; the same brought on by fighting fire, 1; injury to the head, 4; domestic troubles, 4; dissipation, 2; syphilis, 2; overstudy, 2; Spiritualism, 2; religious excitement, 4; inflammation of the brain, 1; sunstroke, 1; protracted illness, 1; exposure to weather 1, with one each of several other causes.

Of these 114 patients the following classification is made:

Mania, 51.
Monomania, 22.
Melancholia, 12.
Dementia, 29.

Returning to the city, I looked around the town somewhat, and among other places called upon the public library recently organized.

Total number of books, 3,640.
Donated, 450.
Circulated the first year, 1,700.
Orders for books now out, 1,000.
Borrowers having cards, 1,212.

Citizens have the books free; those outside make a deposit of ten dollars. Novels form the great bulk of the books borrowed.

At one o'clock, dinner having been partaken of and finding my bill at the hotel had been paid, I betook myself to the station, and was ready for the train. Three hours through a pleasant, fertile country brought us to Sacramento, where we stopped till nearly sundown, when the regular eastern train came along from San Francisco. Soon it began to grow dark, and ere long we had reached the elevated lands and began to ascend the mountains, and to approach the eastern boundary of the state. And now as the recital of my twenty days in California is over, it is the proper place to come in with

Yours sincerely, D. M. B.

The Rev. John Smith Responds.

This divine livs a long way off, as it has taken from the 23d of September till now for his response to our replies to his questions to reach us. And while he does not bring a formidable array of argument to back up his positions, we must giv place to what he has to say, and reply to such mistakes he so easily runs into. Here is his last:

MR. EDITOR: A copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, containing your answers to my six questions, was placed in my hand by a friend from whom I occasionally borrow Liberal papers. I would subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but there are two serious objections to my doing so. First, there is quite a sprinkling of articles occasionally printed in its columns that border on the obscene; hence, I do not think it would be for the best to allow children to read it. You will perhaps say that these articles are taken from a biblical standpoint and are Bible language; but there is no excuse for you to parade even Bible quotations, if they are unfit for children to read. Obscene language is no purer in THE TRUTH SEEKER than in the Bible. If you claim the Bible is obscene, why print obscene quotations from it in your paper? Do you think it will be any more beneficial for children to read it in THE TRUTH SEEKER than the Bible? I admit that there are passages in the Bible that are unfit for children to read until they hav become of maturity; but pray tell me if Christians teach their children to read such passages? I do not believe one child in one hundred knows such passages exist—and, even then, it probably has been the work of some Infidel who wishes to cast ridicule on the Bible.

Another objection to THE TRUTH SEEKER is, it demonstrates too much of the immoral doctrins of Spiritualism. Of all the beliefs in the world, that is the most silly, the most ridiculous, and the most corrupting. I hav known a great many Spiritualists, and I hav seen but few who were moral people, and I judge from that that Spiritualism has a tendency to corrupt society. It causes more insanity and disturbance in family affairs—more divorce cases—than any belief that has ever been known to man. They teach no teachings that are ennobling or beneficial to the human family; their meetings and seances are nothing but frauds, cheered on by a lazy crowd of mediums and spiritual healers, who bleed the poor dupes of their coin, and laugh in their sleeves at the unsophisticated greenness of people who cannot see through their own superstition. Spiritualism is based on undemonstrable claims. I hav challenged different mediums to answer to some tests, doing so for the purpose of demonstrating the truth or falsity of their claims, but I cannot find one who is willing to stand the test.

Now in regard to your answers to my questions. To my first you make some queer remarks. You say: "That Jesus once lived is not a self-evident fact any more than the assertion hat such characters once lived as Aladdin, Sindbad, Crusoe, nd others." Why, my dear sir, I hav never heard it claimed at they were historical characters; but millions claim that

Jesus was. Is not your comparison rather flimsy, when pagan and Jewish writers of early date admit that Jesus once lived—yes, even learned Infidels admit that he was once a dweller on this earth? Then, again, you admit there might hav been an humble individual who might hav assumed to be the rightful ruler of that country, and was crucified, etc. But it would be queer if an humble, obscure man was served that way. He must hav had power and influence to hav incurred the wrath and jealousy of a king. I would like for you to giv some authority for asserting that the Christian chronology was first instituted in the eighth century. As you are a spreader of light, you should, when making claims, giv the source of your light, as people do not like *ipse dixit* assertions and claims.

To my second, you claim that because Brahma, Siva, and Christna were myths, Christ must hav been. How do you know that even they were myths? They might hav been prominent men, who were deified after death by their superstitious followers.

To my third and fourth questions you address the myth idea to help you out. Infidels use the myth argument to help them out of a hard corner. I suppose you would also claim that Noah, Abraham, Solomon, Philo, Tacitus, and other notable historical characters are myths.

Your reply to my sixth question I admit, after investigation, is correct. Tell was probably a brave man who lived and died in Switzerland, and after death his history has had a great deal of the mythical attached to it.

In regard to the six questions you hav submitted to me, I will gladly avail myself of the opportunity to throw light on some things that look dark to you.

To your first, I would say yes; all the early fathers of the church—Barnabas, Clement, Hermas, Polycarp, Irenæus, Eusebius, and pagan writers, such as Celsus, Porphyry, Emperor Julian, Hierocles, Eunomius—all testify to Christ. St. Paul, I think you will admit, is testimony that cannot be disputed. Is that sufficient for you?

To your second, I shall also emphatically say yes. Does not St. Paul speak of Jesus as a living man and god? Was not St. Paul contemporaneous with Christ? The four gospels must be accepted as genuin until you can prove different. They will stand as testimony to Christ.

To your third: It is immaterial whether the gospels were written by the persons whose names they bear or not. Does it make them any the less reliable?

To your fourth: Yes. Do not the early fathers who lived before the year 181 make extensiv quotations from the gospels? It will not do to say they copied from older existing writings, for even then it would not prove the gospels false. A copy can be as true as the original. Gerostratus, in his apology to the emperor, Adrian, in the year 125, refers to the gospels. Eusebius speaks of Clement's account of the origin of the gospel of Mark; also of the statement of Papias that Matthew wrote his gospel in Hebrew. There is other proof which can be adduced to prove the gospels, or the originals, were in existence before the year 181.

My reply to your fifth question is this: I admit that nearly all of the dogmas and rites of our religion were practiced by pagans. I find some twenty of the early fathers of Christianity testifying to that fact, directly or indirectly; but, even then, does that make those dogmas and rites any the less divine? The pagans borrowed them from the Jews, and the Jews received them from God.

To your sixth I will reply by asking you if Christna was a demi-god or savior? Was he crucified? Did he perform miracles? Was he divinely begotten? If so, please giv your authority for the history and claims of Christna; and we will compare the historical evidences of the two, and leave it to the judgment of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to decide whether you can adduce as good evidence in favor of Christna as can be brought forward in favor of the historical Jesus of Nazareth. If you can do so, please do so. As I am searching for the truth, and as yourself claims to be a truth seeker, perhaps I can help you to find it; or, if you hav some truths which I am not versed in, I am not going to ignore truth, no matter where it comes from. The truth is the truth, even if given or spoken by Satan. I do not wish you to take this as comparing you to Satan. I do not see why you condemn Christianity as it is to-day. I admit some over-zealous Christians of the past hav been a disgrace to the true religion, but what nation, religion, or sect of people hav not persecuted? And right here I would like to ask you this: Is it not a self-evident fact that if the Infidels had the power they would persecute all who differed from them? All religions hav persecuted more or less; but to-day Christianity is a necessity, even if it was not divine, as it teaches men and women to do right. Do Christians persecute now? No. Do they teach immorality? No. Do not Christians build colleges? Yes. Do not Christians favor equal rights to all? Yes. Are not Christian nations the most civilized? Yes. Then why do you fight it?

On the other hand, do Infidels build colleges? No. What do they do? Tear down and do not build. I will admit that the more Atheistical some men are, the less they stray from doing right, and it is a mystery to me why it is so, and to me it is unaccountable why it should be so. I know from my experience with Infidels, I hav always found them honorable and just men and women, while again I hav seen ministers who were villains. I know some ministers make unwarrantable attacks on Infidels, and often misrepresent them in regard to their morals; but they are over-zealous, and Infidels should not judge Christianity by what some of its believers do, but should search for Christ and be saved, for good works alone will not save them.

Search the Bible for truth, pray to God with faith in him, try to seek for comfort in Jesus, and he will answer you. You cannot find out God's love and mercy by ridiculing his works.

Hoping you will publish this and answer it, I remain yours, believing in Christ, (REV.) JOHN SMITH.

Hillsboro, Oregon, Oct. 10, 1882.

REPLY.

It will be seen that the reverend gentleman, before attempting to disprove the answers we had made to his inquiries, undertakes to arraign THE TRUTH SEEKER, calling it an obscene paper. We are sorry to see the gentleman descend to such slander, and to make the charge without bringing a particle of proof to sustain it. Every honorable man, when making such an offensiv charge, should justify it by proof. This the Rev. John Smith does not do. He is content to denounce the paper as obscene without adducing a single instance where if has been so. We undertake to say he charges the paper falsely, and that it is not obscene. It has never published an obscene article or word, unless, possibly, in quoting parts of the Bible, which is held up to us as God's word, and perfect in every particular. It is placed in every family, in every Sunday-school, before every child in the land, and we certainly are entitled to quote correctly from it to show what it contains. If the Rev. John Smith rejects THE TRUTH SEEKER because it is obscene, how much more should he reject the Bible for the same reason! If THE TRUTH SEEKER, because it contains some quotations from the Bible, is unfit for the children to read, how much more unfit is the Bible itself to be placed in the hands of children! When the reverend gentleman admits the Bible contains portions unfit for children to read, why does he not condemn it, cast it aside, or seek to expurgate it of the foul and objectionable features?

Another objection is that THE TRUTH SEEKER "demonstrates too much the immoral doctrins of Spiritualism." We hardly know what the gentleman means. We are not aware that THE TRUTH SEEKER has made such demonstration as he points out. Neither are we aware that the doctrins of Spiritualism are immoral. In many respects they agree closely with the doctrins of Christianity. Spiritualists believe that human beings continue to liv in spirit form after this life is over. So do Christians. Spiritualists believe that the dead hav the power to communicate with the living. So do Christians, and all their claims about the spirits of the dead holding communications with the living are directly upon this claim. Christians are clearly and distinctly Spiritualists, and it cannot be successfully denied.

As to the morals of Spiritualists, we are unable to say what the Rev. Mr. Smith knows about them, but as far as our own experience extends we must say we hav found them as moral and to lead as good lives as any other class of people. They teach that man's condition in the future depends upon his good or bad conduct here, and there is certainly nothing very immoral about that, nor is it the belief calculated to make one immoral. The statement that Spiritualism causes more insanity and family disturbances than any other belief is wholly unproved. The statistics of the various insane asylums show there are far more cases of insanity caused by a belief in Christianity than by a belief in Spiritualism. While the morality of believers in Spiritualism formed no part of the questions propounded in our friend's interrogatories, we trust he will not be unjust, and slander them as being more immoral than Christians.

1. To recur to the questions under consideration, our friend objects to our saying that the assertion that Jesus ever lived is not a self-evident fact. The assertion that any person lived does not make it a self-evident fact. Thousands of characters hav been said to hav lived which never did liv; and the simple assertion that they lived by no means makes it a self-evident fact or a fact of any kind. Nor does the belief of millions that any given character lived make it in the slightest degree true; and unless there is other proof to rest the claim upon it must fall to the ground. Unfortunately, there is a great weakness touching the life and mission of Jesus. There might hav been a person by the name of Jesus, but there is no historical confirmation of it. Our friend is very far from the truth when he says that pagan and Jewish writers of early date admit that Jesus once lived. No such writers do anything of the kind. No pagan writer confirms his existence, and no Jewish writer mentions him save Josephus, and the mention made by him of Jesus is forcibly lugged in without any connection with the text. He is made to speak of Jesus as no orthodox Jew, as he was, could possibly speak of one who was claimed to be the son of God. The allusion to Jesus in Josephus is clearly spurious—an interpolation, and the best judges for hundreds of years hav pronounced it false. And this is the only contemporaneous writer in the first century who does so much as mention the name of Jesus. This is indeed a most weak confirmation by which to establish the validity of the story.

We are at a loss to know what our friend means when he says learned Infidels admit that he was once a dweller on the earth. What learned Infidels does he refer to? None of them hav any means of knowing that Jesus had a real existence, and their admission that such a person might hav lived proves nothing.

Our friend talks as though it is absurd for a humble and obscure man to be executed for making pretensions to the throne. That is by no means true. A great majority of the people who hav been publicly executed were humble and obscure.

2. Our friend calls for authority to sustain us that Christian chronology was first instituted in the eighth century. If he will note closely what we said he will see we did not say it was first introduced in the eighth century. We said the application was first made in the sixth century, was not introduced into Gaul till the eighth century, and into England nearly a century later. For authority for this we refer him to the greatest cyclopedia of the world, the Encyclopedia Britannica, under the article on "Chronology." The People's Cyclopedia says the Christian era was not generally adopted till the middle of the fifteenth century.

3. Our reverend friend suggests that Brahma, Siva, and Christna were real characters, men in the body, not myths; but inasmuch as no claim has ever been set up that they were corporeal persons—yes, and as by the common consent of the literary world they were myths, we are quite justified in so regarding them. We regard all as myths who are held to hav performed wonderful miracles, or, at least, that part of the claims set up about them is mythical. Our friend's slur about Infidels using the myth argument is rather far-fetched, and does not amount to much. Nothing is more certain in the world than that the literature and religious claims of the past millenniums are replete with myths, and the Rev. Smith cannot successfully deny it. We do not claim that Christ was a myth because Brahma, Siva, and Christna were, but because there is much that is mythical in his claims, and because his story is very imperfectly corroborated. Our friend does not go far astray when he supposes that such characters as Noah, Abraham, Solomon, etc., are regarded by us as myths. We do not believe that such persons ever had a real existence. There is no corroborativ proof that such persons ever lived. Abraham was about as close a copy of the Hindoo Brahma as the names are alike. Max Muller, in articles now appearing in the *Nineteenth Century*, is showing how much of the Hebrew theological story was borrowed from the Hindoos. He makes a strong case of it. The Rev. Smith will do well to read it. And again, Moses was simply a copy of the Menu of India, the Menes of Egypt, and the Minos of Greece. who were all noted law-givers. If there was such a wonderful man as Solomon, with his thousand wives and concubines, with his brilliant court, with his magnificent temple, all surpassing in splendor and richness all the other kings of the earth, it is very singular that nobody else ever knew anything about it save the writer of Jewish fable. There were other historians in those days, and who followed on closely afterward, including Berosus, of Chaldea; Herodotus, of Greece; and Diodorus and Xenophon, of the same country. They seem never to hav heard of Solomon and his wonderful glory. Herodotus made two extensiv journeys through Syria, of which Palestine is a part, not long after the time alluded to as Solomon's. He wrote full histories of what he saw and what existed, but he had not a word to say of the riches and glory of such a person as Solomon, and the only rational conclusion is that no such person existed. I repeat, if there was such a man, no other nation or people ever heard of him. The Bible claim that he should be more known and honored of all nations than any other king in the earth is clearly untrue. As to Philo and Tacitus, there is the clearest proofs that they existed. The slur that they were myths amounts to nothing.

4. It is gratifying that Brother Smith has received satisfaction on the William Tell subject, and he is honorable in acknowledging that additions were made to the story of Tell after his death, the same as has been done by many others.

5. As our clerical friend has no objections to bring with reference to what we had to say relativ to the Christian era being founded upon the story of Jesus, though eight hundred years or more afterward; about the number of Christians in existence being no special truth of the story of Jesus; about the probability of Jesus and other religious characters being myths, of the remarks we made about Buddha and Mohammed, it is gratifying to see that he gracefully acknowledges the truth of what we said. If he could hav refuted our remarks he assuredly would hav attempted it.

6. Upon the subject of the questions which we put to him he needs a little more light, which we will cheerfully impart. His replies exhibit a degree of ignorance hardly pardonable in a clergyman who assumes to discuss the subjects and to set Infidels right. To our first question, "Is there any reliable history about Jesus save what is contained in the four gospels attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; if so, please name it?" he replies, "Yes, all the early fathers of the church, Barnabas, Clement, Hermas, Polycarp, Irenæus, Eusebius, and pagan writers, such as Celsus, Porphyry, Emperor Julian, Hierocles, Eunomius, all testify of Christ." Here is dishonesty or ignorance—and which to place in advance we scarcely know. Not one of the persons among the Christian fathers named claimed to ever hav known Jesus, or to hav seen him, and not one of them attempted to write his history. To show how weak and dishonest Brother Smith's positions are it is only necessary to inform him that Irenæus did not flourish till the latter part of the second century, a hundred and fifty years after the time of Jesus's death, and Eusebius was in the fourth century, and knew just as much about the real existence of Jesus as the Rev. John Smith does himself. They neither of them attempted to write a history of Jesus, and had they done so they were so erratic and untruthful that their statements would not hav been entitled to credit. The dishonesty, also, of attempting to prove the existence of Jesus by pagan writers whose main effort was to show that no such

(*Continued on page* 712.)

Communications.

Methodism and Spiritualism Indentical.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am delighted with the true spirit manifested by our noble and outspoken brothers, S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich., and Thomas Winter, of Cincinnati, O., in their letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 21st ult. It is wondrous strange that so many of our professed and supposed unqualified Liberals should include among the noble, outspoken, daring band of Liberal and courageous speaking anti-supernatural fanatics, the class so well known as Spiritualists—a sect that hav existed for more than a century, although at times under other synonymous names, Theosophists, etc., especially since the latter-day developments commencing in the village of Arcadia, N. Y., in 1847, in the family of Michael Weekman, and ultimately "developing" in the family of John D. Fox, who were Methodists, and moved into the house in December, 1847, formerly occupied by the Weekman family, and where the great Fox Spiritual nonsense emanated from, and whence hav grown the numerous Spiritual necromancers that are traveling over the land with their banjoes, bells, horns, and rope-tying nonsense practiced before the thousands of credulous, who sit like so many idiots looking for something mysterious to come from the well-known old "cabinet!" Did ever worse folly exist in a thoroughly organized Methodist camp-meeting? I claim that all of this nonsense is cut from the same piece, and, to giv the doubter positiv evidence, I will quote a portion of a letter from Baron De Liebestoef Kirchberger to Louis Claude De St. Martin, in a work giving a large correspondence between the two last-named individuals, published in London in 1863. This letter was written at Morat, July 25, 1795, viz.: "Accept my thanks, sir, for your kind and interesting letter of the 12th inst. . . . . There are some people for whom the reading of Theosophic works would be too strong diet, to whom, as opportunity offered, we might present the works of Madam Guyon to awaken a love for the spirit of Christianity; but her works are getting scarce in France. . . . . You were good enough to say, sir, in your last letter, amongst other things of much interest on the subject of these powers, that it is necessary to classify them; but, to do this, it is necessary to enumerate them.'

"This is quite a new thing for me, and beyond my competence, beyond my knowledge; I shall therefore most thankfully receive all the information you may think it right to communicate to me on these matters. Your remarks on visions particularly struck me. No doubt in the school you mention the master imparted sufficient ideas for discerning and distinguishing between good powers and those which are not so. I picture to myself that there are both external and internal manifestations, in both of which visions may hav place, so that it is a matter of importance to be able to discern them. I believe the best perscription to insure safety from every unfavorable influence is to hav an entire confidence in the love and power of the great principle, a trust, before which visions will vanish like shades before the rising sun. The school you passed through in your youth reminds me of a conversation I had two years ago with a person who came from England, and who knew a Frenchman living there, Mons. de Hantrive. He told me that this De Hantrive enjoyed, physically, the acquaintance of the activ and intelligent cause, which he arrived at after sundry preparatory operations during the equinoxes, by means of a species of disorganization, in which he saw his own body motionless, as it were, separated from his soul; but that this disorganization was dangerous, on account of the visions, which then hav more power over the soul thus separated from the covering which served it as a shield against their action.

"You can tell me whether, according to your former master's teachings, these proceedings of M. de Hantrive were error or truth. Another cause is that of the Marchioness de Lacroix, who must hav had manifestations. I am told she had them even when in company, and that she suspended the conversation to hear what her friends in another circle said to her. You doubtless hav heard of Madam de Lacroix; was she under illusion or the truth?

"I agree with you entirely 'that since our being is central, it must find all the help needful for its existence in the center where it had its birth.'

"To come to this center, even in this life, is the aim of our desires; between this center and ourselvs there are intermediates; there are obstacles to overcome, and success to receive. The grand thing, no doubt, is the inward secret way. What will help us is, I think, to consider the secondary virtues as agents, not as distributors of favors, and to receive what they giv us with thankfulness to the great giver, but to address our souls and our worship to the fountain-head, the principle himself. One of the grand means of approach which he teaches is, I believe, to do his will. Now, to do his will is to assimilate ourselvs to his agents, and thereby facilitate their work upon us.

"As for the manifestations, whether interior or exterior, I look upon them as means for increasing our faith, our hope, our charity, which is an inestimable advantage; but even in this let us submit all to the supreme will. If he thinks fit to open our eyes, he will do it; if not, the way to faith without light cannot be displeasing to the great principle. Blessed are those who, without seeing, hav believed. How truly you say 'when by grace on high our spirit has attained its full stature, then the elements become its subjects, and even slaves, instead of simply servants, which they were before!' Our spirit attains its proper stature, it seems to me, when we no longer liv our own life, when the verb livs in us in all his fulness, and absorbs all our faculties, and our spirit loses itself, so to speak, in his. This, the highest degree attainable by man, is what may be called the perfecting insurity. Then it is no more we who act, but the creator acting for us, and who commands the elements. That this apostolic state is still possible in our time I do not doubt for an instant; not reason only but experience proves it. I will mention one instance. When Father Lacombe was crossing the Lake of Geneva such a storm arose that the boatmen had lost all hope; then Father Lacombe commanded the waves to be still, and there was an immediate calm. This fact is related by an eye-witness, whose probity is above all suspicion. (See Life of Madam Guyon.)

"You communicate to me a very interesting idea, viz., that the good agents, when they make themselvs visible, make use of a light of their own, which is hidden in the elements.

"The little physical knowledge I possess makes this interpretation more than probable. Please to point out to me the particular treatis of Jacob Boehme where this is affirmed. . . . . I hav before told you that I found a volume of his works in quarto, 1675. I hav now, while waiting, received three volumes more in octavo, 1682. I giv you, at foot, the titles of all the treatises I now possess, that you may refer to them in any explanations you may please to giv me, or that I may help you to their rendering in French, if you should find yourself at fault. The little I hav seen of these works strikes me much. On some points I see a remarkable solidity and clearness; on others, an obscurity which would hav stopped me short if you had not encouraged me.

"Jacob Boehme is truly the foremost man of his age. Hiel and Jane Lead are acquaintances for which I hav to thank you. . . . . You approve of the rule which I consider most essential for progress in the light. It is the very strait gate through which everybody must pass. Madam Guyon calls what is opposed to the suppression of self, *selfhood.* My present letter is so long that I reserve my quotations from the 'Tableau Natural,' and my second observation on elementary nature for another post. I flatter myself with the sweet hope that the same center will bring us continually nearer together, feeling persuaded that the only true and enduring *liaisons,* here below, are those which are based upon the love of the great principle whom we both adore."

Thus all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER can see that all that was characterized in ye olden time as the truly good and at all bordering on the really honest hav, in our modern stamp of Spiritualism, entirely disappeared; and such creatures as now make Spiritualism a profession to travel and use as a swindling machine, would bring the blush of shame over the countenance of the severe old theosophists, or, as now so called, Spiritualists. Let our ranks be kept free from anything of the kind, and let us build our Liberal, intellectual edifice free from anything bordering upon the supernatural; and when a Protestant of any grade, or a Catholic, or Spiritualist, Mormon, or Henry Ward Beecher sloughs off the miracles and their imaginary Jesuses, we will gladly giv them our hand; but such disturbing elements as the past history of the whole lot has shown them to be, are better outside. The same rule that governs spiritual seances and orthodox sacramental tables will, in my opinion, be well for us to adopt. We want none but such as can unqualifiedly say we are not believers in anything but what can be logically shown to be true and really in existence, of which we hav some evidence that at some time in the past it existed.

M. O. WAGGONER.

Professor Haeckel in Ceylon.

"My frugal dinner at an end, I usually took a solitary walk on the shore, or delighted my eyes with the sight of the illumination of the palm woods by myriads of fire-flies and glow-worms. Then I made a few entries in my note book, or tried to read by the light of a cocoanut oil lamp. But I was generally quite tired enough to go to bed soon after nine o'clock, after another careful shaking of the clothes for the expulsion of scorpions and millipeds.

"The great black scorpion (nearly a foot long) is so common in Ceylon that I once collected half a dozen in the course of an hour. Snakes exist also in great numbers. Slender green snakes hang from almost every bough, and at night the great rat snake (*Coryphodon blumenbachii*) hunts rats and mice over the roofs of the huts. Although they are harmless and their bite not poisonous, it is by no means a pleasant surprise when one of these rat snakes, five feet long, suddenly drops through a hole in the roof into one's room, occasionally alighting on the bed.

"On the whole, however, my nights in Belligam were but little disturbed by animal intruders, although I was often kept awake by the howling of jackals and the uncanny cry of the devil bird (a kind of owl, *Syrnium indrani*) and other night birds. The bell-like cry of the pretty little tree-frogs which make their dwelling in the cups of large flowers, acted rather as a slumber song. But I was far oftener kept awake by the whirl of my own thoughts, by the recollection of the many events of the past day, and the anticipation of that which was to come. A brilliant succession of lovely scenes, of interesting observations, and varied experiences mingled in my brain with plans of fresh enterprise and new discoveries for the morrow."

The Bright Side, as Elmina Sees It.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MRS. HEDDON.

FRIEND HEDDON: I take thy letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 14th as an invitation to say a few words more for the Materialistic, or godless and finite, side of the question. I do not call the processes of the universe a ceaseless rush of blind forces, propelling senseless matter "through Time's rough billows into Night's abyss;" but believe there is a never-ceasing, never-ending chain of cause and effect running through all matter, and causing all we see, hear, and comprehend, and all that we do not see, hear, or understand. Saline water crystallizes into its own peculiar crystals, just as saccharine does into its own. Pearls, opals, and diamonds form according to natural and inherent laws or forces inseparable from matter, under those peculiar circumstances that produce them. The "senseless matter" is governed and controled by its own laws and properties, precisely as that which embodies our own human sense and perception. We are but a bundle of "blind forces," as much as is the storm or the whirlwind. The countless causes that combined to form us precisely as we are were just as much the inevitable as anything you may call chance or "blind force." What we are is the result of all past; what we shall be depends upon every incident of the future that influences us or our surroundings. We shall, of course, as individuals, sink at last into "Night's abyss;" but it will be only a dreamless sleep that never ends. If for thee there were no waking from Night's sleep, would it make one jot of difference to thee? Thee could not know it, for thee would be nothing and nowhere. Like the light of a lamp that is blown out, the soul, mind, and self of a person ends when life's flickering blaze is extinguished. I do not say I do not "desire to liv on," but desires do not create certainties, else would we all be forever good, rich, happy, and wise.

As it is inevitable that we die, all that we can do is to try and leave a clean and useful record behind us.

Is it no stimulus to heroism, inspiration, and courage to feel that each good deed done, each good word spoken, and each good thought generated by us will add to the world's happiness all along the coming future of its inhabitants?

The poetic sentiment that "reaches out for the unseen" can revel as gloriously in dreams of beauty, love, and progress, to be realized here on earth, as it can in fancying impossible realms in an impossible future. When a child, I was inordinately fond of reading fairy tales, and all the poetry of my nature was spent in weaving dreams of fairy lands; but they were like thy dreams of the wished-for "summer-land"—empty visions, where reason finds no foothold on reality.

As to admiring a glorious sunset, or a beautiful landscape, through Materialistic eyes, only a true poetic Materialist can judge of this. It is impossible for thee to fancy what a mind differently constituted from thy own can see, comprehend, or feel.

When mythology filled every stream and fountain with its sea-nymphs and water-gods, every tree with its hamadryad, every cool cave, every mountain, and every cloud with its invisible deities, the believers therein would hav termed nature dry and bald indeed with these living spirits gone from it. As we read the lines of the immortal Homer, when he says:

> The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
> Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed,
> With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
> And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light;
> When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command—
> The torch of discord blazing in her hand—
> Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
> And, wrapped in tempests, all the fleet descends.
> High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
> She took, and thundered through the seas and land,

We at once take in the whole grand scene. We see the "saffron morn" represented as the fair goddess Aurora, dressed in her yellow robes, leaving her husband in bed while she stepped out in the yard

and threw back her veil, thus dispersing the shades of night, and then with "rosy fingers" opening the "gates of day" and flooding all the heavens and the earth with "sacred light." We see Eris, or, as the Greeks called her, Discord, with her pale face, torn garments, and eyes sparkling with hate and malignancy, descending in tempest with her blazing torch in hand, and at last standing in the vessel of Ulysses. We feel that old Jove, on his Olympian throne, is as much a real personage as Yahweh on his golden throne, and that life, as Homer saw it, would be dull, tasteless, and unpoetic robbed of all these impalpable deities; but we know them to be only myths, just as are all other gods of which the world has records. All existences save those of earth—those who come up out of unorganized into organized matter, hav their brief existence here, and forever pass away—are as mythical as the lovely Aurora or the baleful Eris. If there are other worlds, where other existences come and go, they, too, are mortal and finite, and are no more to us than is the tiniest insect that flits in the still evening air of the antipodes.

I see nothing more divine in nature than her beauty, her grandeur, and her suitableness to that which is. Good men and good women are the only divinities the future will recognize. We look on the dark side of nature and exclaim with Walt Whitman:

I see all the menials of the earth laboring;
I see all the prisoners in the prisons;
I see the defectiv human bodies of the earth—
The blind, the deaf and dumb, idiots, hunchbacks, lunatics;
The pirates, thieves, betrayers, murderers, slave-makers of the earth;
The helpless infants, and helpless old men and women.

And no god lifts a finger to make one of them good, useful, beautiful, or happy. Then I turn to the "bright side:"

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open wood,
Healthy, free, and the world before me,
The long, brown path before me leading wherever I choose;
I hear the workman singing, and the farmer's wife singing;
I hear in the distance the sounds of children and of animals early in the day.
The earth—that is sufficient;
I do not want the constellations any nearer;
I know they are very well where they are;
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., Oct. 27, 282.

Windy Winter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The communications of Thomas Winter are decidedly windy, and his unsupported assertions and assumptions are equaled by none, excepting those of the pulpit pounder and Bible expounder. His antipathy toward Spiritualists seems on the increase, and all the spite and venom embodied in his nature, which I judge is no small amount, appears to flow forth in unlimited quantities on the heads of those who think man is something more than a structure of organized matter. The thoughts of a future life, where the loved and lost will be united, where a brighter and happier existence awaits us, seem to rouse feelings of anger and resistance, and he is determined that *he* won't liv hereafter, any way.

Perhaps if he could hav been consulted, he would never hav honored *this* world with his presence, but he came without will or desire, and in all probability will thus enter the next. He talks about "venom and abuse which fall harmlessly on him;" and thinks the "ghostists," whom he refers to as hornets, would like to sting the life out of him; and here we see where imagination is working, for he cannot refer to a correspondent that has "abused" him, and as for any "hornet ghostist" wanting to end his earthly career, and the only life he expects to liv, it is the hight of absurdity. Like the man with the tremors, he is pursued with invisible and imaginary enemies, and he clings to the idea that his rabid utterances hav given the death-blow to Spiritualism.

Not so, Mr. Winter, and I hav yet to learn of one Spiritualist whose knowledge has been shaken in the least by any article from your pen. Don't place too much value on the importance of your effusions, and you will avoid serious disappointment.

Spiritualists are not all fools because so regarded by T. Winter; if they were, his communications might hav a different effect. He would do well to heed his own advice about not tearing shirts, keeping cool, etc., for he appears the most excited on this, to him, distasteful subject, of any person who tries to discuss it. I would recommend that he sit on ice when he feels one of these spells coming on, for it might hav a beneficial effect. He sets up a man of straw, and knocks him down with one "right from the shoulder," by asserting that no land anywhere exists which is occupied by disembodied humanity. What Spiritualist ever claimed there was? Set up another, Thomas.

He stands, so he asserts, firmly and squarely upon the great plain of nature, and when he asserts that such and such things are impossible we are to take it for granted that he has penetrated all of nature's secrets. Wonderful, marvelous man! Having done this, when he "emphatically" declares man does not hav two lives and cannot realize a second state of existence, the whole thing is settled—in his mind—and when we die we are as dead as he some time hopes to be.

In closing, his lofty remarks terminate thus: "Now, sir, I shall take no further notice of superstitious cavilers, and make no reply to their scurrilous scribbling." Query: Who are these "scurrilous scribblers" of whom he'll take no further notice? Mr. Winter, you go a step too far, and hav yet to learn what "scurrilous" means, or your hatred of Spiritualism transcends your common sense.

Unsupported assertions are not arguments, and when a man attempts to enlighten others his "I emphatically deny," or "I emphatically assert," soon gets stale; and unless he can support these assertions and denials, his efforts, if intended to accomplish anything, had better be devoted to something else, say muscular labor, where his brain can hav a rest.

Hoping T. Winter will giv this a thought, as well as the ice suggestion, I am, yours truly,

El Paso, Texas, Oct. 27, 1882. C. SEVERANCE.

The Employment of Tobacco.

From the London Lancet.

As long ago as 1854, Marshal St. Arnaud, when at Varna, wrote to the Intendant of the War Department: "Have you sent tobacco for the troops? It is very important, for tobacco is undoubtedly the best means we possess to prevent attacks of nostalgia and to alleviate the miseries of the bivouac." General Brac, again, in his "Traite des avant Postes," strongly insists that a taste for smoking should be cultivated in the light cavalry, on the ground that it keeps him awake, employs spare moments that would otherwise be employed in thinking, and keeps him near his horse, which he sees has its forage and is not abused. "How comforting it is!" he adds; "in the early morning; it drives away sleep, and renders the rain less cold, thirst less severe." The pipe, again, demands a steel and some tinder, and the implements for the production of the bivouac fire are therefore always at hand. But there is another side to all this. Dr. Blanchet, an army surgeon, writes that "constant association with the soldier, and inquiring into the effects of smoking, hav taught him that the illness of many men is to be traced to the abuse of tobacco alone. Ulcers on the lips, in the mouth, on the tongue, in the nose, necrosis of the maxilary bones, are not uncommon results of its use. Others suffer frightfully from gastralgia, gastritis, and enteritis; others from vertigo, mental debility, and even transient attacks of mania." Who is in error here, the general or the surgeon? What hav our English surgeons to say to it? In moderation, as Sir B. Brodie said long ago, it probably acts as a calamativ to the nervous system, especially when in a condition of excitement and worry, and its abuse only should be deprecated.

Mistaken Mr. Perry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Brother Perry uses much obscure language to explain away the clearest facts. Every skilful anatomist knows that the brain is not only the organ of thought, sense, and consciousness, but the grand and only battery for all nerve sensitivness. Not one particle of feeling could be experienced, or one moment's consciousness, if no brain existed; and as to life germs, everything might hav life germs. But it doth not imply that such germs are imperishable—no, sir. If this theological soul is nothing but a germ, then it is the weakest of arguments in favor of an eternal existence. Nothing is more easily destroyed than germs. Beating around the bush, in order to make black white, is unworthy of any man who lays claim to sound sense and honest purposes. Now, I think Brother Perry hath more than a glimmer of intelligence, and if he would only employ it in a better cause, his mind would be less obtuse and far more solid, and doubtless much more content. I hav long discovered that the speculativ portion of mankind on the supernatural axiom are pretty much torn up, all the time, on this antimundane theory. Now, nearly all men of science hav discarded the delusiv idea that mind makes matter. But be it known unto you, Brother Perry, that if your organic matter was *non est*, your present great mind would be so small that the most powerful microscope would not develop it worth the millionth part of a cent? Think again, Brother Perry, you will liv and learn that man is but one organic creature, which livs, and dies, and is forever oblivious, including germ-life? Friend Perry must understand that materialistic philosophy is solid and safe, and all speculativ quibblings must ever be shattered against this rock of common sense. I think I see in the near future that friend Perry will become so well formed and constituted that he will hold the first rank in T. Winter's school fo philosophic Materialism. For be it known to our friend Perry that, had there been no material, there could not hav been any mental. Organic matter hath ever existed, and ever will; but not in fabled worlds in mid-air. Castles in the air are poor structures to build faith on; but such faiths are popular. But, never right or true, and being on a false foundation, it must fail and vanish before the steady light of Materialism.

T. WINTER.

Cincinnati, O.

Truth—A Poem in Three Parts.

BY E. N. KINGSLEY.

PART III.—CANTO IX.

If orthodox religion you despise,
What will you giv us in the place of lies?
We giv you reason, common sense, and truth,
Morality and purity in youth;
We giv you science—Nature's perfect laws,
Teach you to reason from effects to cause.
If you do this, you surely will succeed
To find the truth, and happiness indeed.

Learn Nature's laws, and triumph evermore;
The lovely sunshine worship and adore.
If gods are Christ, gods will on Christmas day
Make grand and perfect infinit display;
And once or twice in each succeeding year,
Like the great sun, to all mankind appear;
By this grand pageant make all nations know
Gods rule above and on the earth below.

All doubting in the world will then be o'er;
Truth and the gods will reign from shore to shore.
Small effort for almighty gods to do!—
To prove their bibles and existence true.
If Christ is gods, gods will save all mankind,
If that is what the gods at first designed.
But, till gods prove Christianity divine,
Truth, and truth only—precious truth!—be thine.

If gods do ride upon the raging storm,
Amazing wonders will they sure perform!
Control the winds, and save all human life,
Stop wars and shipwrecks, famins, floods, and strife;
And holy gods, instead of making evils,
Without delay kill their opposing devils.
By godlike power and an almighty skill
Make all intelligence perform God's will.

By gods' omnipotent, almighty sway,
Make all their creatures perfectly obey.
This is indeed a philosophic view
Of what the future coming gods will do.
Here all mankind throughout the world may see
Exactly what the future gods must be.
Gods soon must change their program and their plan
Or be denounced by future coming man?

If orthodox religion you disdain,
What will you giv in place of endless pain?
We giv you truth instead of Bible gods,
Which true philosophy proves myths and frauds
We giv to you a future life indeed,
Without a damnable, infernal creed.
A perfect future life we will explain,
And try to make the subject true and plain.

CANTO X.

By Nature's law the spirit hopes to rise
To pure, serene, celestial, cloudless skies.
Does Nature giv to man this great desire?
To future life man's spirit does aspire,
And we believe the law of nature will
Man's highest aspirations all fulfil.
And spirit minds forever will expand
In an existence infinitly grand.

From smallest germs of matter, minus mind,
Originate all nations of mankind;
And from a very little germ we see
Grows the great, towering, majestic tree.
Nature by turns produces life and death—
It givs and also takes away the breath;
Produces bodies, spirits, minds, and thought,
And all we see unto perfection brought.

From perished seed, earth, air, sun, dew, and rain,
The precious golden harvests, we obtain.
Delightful music birds from eggs do bring,
Sweet, withered flowers bloom again in spring—
When dreadful storms of winter all are past;
Worms change to butterflies at last.
Bees, flowers, worms—all things that we see—
Proclaim to man a future life may be.

In spring (from larvæ) insects speed away,
And soar triumphant in the blaze of day.
But language fails to giv, in truthful terms,
Man's elevation above creeping worms—
Man's elevation above myths and frauds,
Man's elevation above man-made gods,
Man's elevation while the ages roll,
The never-ending progress of the soul.

If, unassisted, Nature brings man here,
Why not adapt him to a higher sphere?
If evolution forms the shining gold,
Why not refine a soul a thousandfold?
Change men to angels in celestial bowers,
Equal to cherubim's and seraphs' powers?
And unfleshed spirits meet again on high,
Where friendship livs, and flowers never die?

May it be ours to join the spirit bands,
In lovely, shining, perfect summer-lands—
In endless bliss the universe explore,
With kindred spirits who hav gone before;
And labor there for all the human race,
To bring all spirits to their destined place.
Oh, how delightful it indeed will be
To join the spirits who hav guarded thee!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

DURING the service in the cathedral at the Illyrian city of Ragusa, some weeks ago, the officiating priest, a member of the Society of Jesuits, was stabbed to death by a girl whom he had betrayed. She inflicted five wounds. The congregation poured into the street amid wild excitement, and the girl was taken into custody. The cathedral was built by Richard I., and contains Titian's celebrated picture of "The Assumption."

(*Continued from page* 709.)

person lived, is particularly weak, and shows to what straits the defenders of the Jesus story are driven to make out their case. The very fact that the writings of Celsus and Porphyry are brought up to prove Christianity, when the early Christians considered them so damaging that they utterly destroyed them, is in keeping with Christian tactics and fairness. The fact is there is no history corroborating the four gospels, and it it positivly certain that they had no existence till the latter part of the second century.

7. As to Paul, he does not pretend that he ever saw Jesus in the body, or that he knew personally anything of Jesus. He was a warm partisan; he had seized the story of Jesus, whether mythical or otherwise, upon which to build up a new system of religion, which was a very common thing at that time, the Jewish people abounding in many religious sects. The probabilities are that Paul was a restless, enthusiastic sort of person; that he saw in the story attributed to Jesus a sufficient basis on which to start a new religion, and he appears to hav been more the founder of Christianity than Jesus, who never established a church, or perfected any kind of organization. Paul was an ardent, shrewd man, but he never pretended to hav seen Jesus while he lived. He got up a vision story, but it is so differently told in different places that unfortunately it is worthy of but little credit. To lug Paul in as a writer to show that Jesus existed, strongly shows the very little real proof that exists.

8. To our third question—"Is there the slightest proof that the four gospels attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were written by them?"—our friend makes this singular reply: "It is immaterial whether the gospels were written by the persons whose names they bear or not;" and then he coolly asks: "Does it make them any the less reliable?" Well, if this is not yielding the whole subject, we know not how else to understand it. To say that it matters not whether such persons as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had a real existence; to say that four spurious and unknown persons, a hundred and fifty years later, who could not know the first thing about Jesus, undertook to write in the names of persons they never saw, and to pass themselvs off for persons whom they were not, is just as good as though the writers were the persons they pretended to be; that it is just as good to be spurious as genuin, is just as good, just as reliable as though the entire story were true, is a most astonishing position for a reverend gentleman to take. He might just as well admit that the whole Christian story is false and is not worth a straw. When a clergyman is prepared to admit that spuriousness is just as good as genuinness, and that falsehood is just as good as truth he is very far gone; his system has become extremely weak, and the sooner he throws up the Christian sponge and seeks the ranks of truth and rationalism the better. He should no longer defend fable. Can it be possible that our friend believes a spurious person who pretends to be somebody he is not—a person who is a pretender, a fraud, a cheat, and a falsifier, is just as reliable and worthy of credit as one who represents the truth?

9. Our friend evades our fourth question—"Is there any proof that those four gospels (as such) were known by the early fathers, by any of the bishops, by any of the earlier churches, or by anybody else before the year 181?" He attempts to answer "Yes," and then by another question attempts to show that the four gospels were earlier known and quoted from. Here the gentleman is dishonest. He well knows those four gospels were not known and were not quoted from previous to that year. That other gospels which were discarded by the church as spurious were known and quoted from proves nothing. It is of course admitted that such gospels existed. That a gospel by Matthew written in Hebrew had been mentioned proves nothing. The first gospel in our New Testament was not written in Hebrew, but in Greek. Matthew could not write in Greek, and was not the author of the gospel bearing his name. What does it amount to what Eusebius, who lived in the fourth century, said about the gospel of Mark? Our friend simply states a falsehood when he says, "There is other proof which can be adduced to prove the gospels, or the originals, were in existence before the year 181." Then why does he not adduce it? The Christian world has been loudly called upon to produce the proof that the originals of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were known previous to the year 181, and it has not been able to do so. The fact is, no "orig-ignal gospel" has ever been seen by anybody. They are all copies of spurious copies, and no originals of the now called inspired gospels were ever known. It four shows the weakness of Christian claims to show up this fact, but fact nevertheless it is. No matter how damaging truth may be to any pet theories, it should be brought out.

10. It is gratifying to see that our friend admits that "nearly all the dogmas and rites of our religion were practiced by pagans. I find some twenty of the early fathers of Christianity testifying to that fact directly or indirectly." Here our friend has more candor and fairness than might be looked for. If the dogmas and rites existed in the pagan world before the advent of Christianity it clearly follows that Christianity is not an original system. If these wonderful doctrins which are the only hope for the salvation of the world were known in the world long before Christianity was gotten up, it certainly did not require an enormous amount of divine revelation to introduce them into the world. It would seem unnecessary for a god to leave his happy home in heaven to enter a woman's womb, remaining there nine months, then to pass through the stages of infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood, and then to ignominiously die upon the cross to tell the world what they knew all about before. The whole thing cost more than it came to—far more than it is worth. The fact is, the whole story is extremely silly, and it is a wonder how sensible people can giv credence to it. The dishonesty of our friend, however, again crops out when he tries to make it appear that the dogmas of Christianity are divine because the Christians got them from the pagans, "the pagans borrowed them from the Jews, and the Jews received them from God." This is one of the weakest arguments Brother Smith has made. The Jews never had the dogmas of the Christian religion, and the pagans never borrowed anything from the Jews. This is but a fair specimen of the frivolousness and falsity of the entire Christian claims, and clearly shows how little of truth the system has to rest upon. Max Muller clearly shows that the pagans borrowed nothing from the Jews, but that the Jews borrowed much from paganism. Paganism is the real foundation of Christianity, and this cannot be disproved.

11. Our friend attempts to reply to our sixth question by asking a few questions about Christna. He asks if he was a demi-god or a savior. We answer, Yes, he was. He was claimed to hav been begotten by the god Vishnu upon the human virgin Devacki, or Devanaguy. He asks if he performed miracles. We answer, Yes; the claim is he performed many miracles, including raising the dead to life. He asks if he was crucified. We answer, Yes, or something very much like it. He was impaled on a tree by the river Ganges, and he died for the salvation of the world. Our friend calls for authority of the Christna story. We refer him to Sir William Jones's "Asiatic Researches." He acted as judge for more than twenty years in India, and wrote up very elaborately what he learned there. The truthfulness of his statements has never been questioned. We also refer him to the writings of Sir Godfrey Higgins in "Anacalypsis," to Sir Cockburn Thompson, to the writings of Dr. Haug, of Muir, of Max Muller, and of the French writer, Jacolliot. Is it not most absurd to claim that the Hindoos borrowed this story from the Jews? The truth is there is far stronger proof that the story of Christna had a foundation for belief among the Hindoos than that of Jesus had among the Jews. The Hindoos accepted the story of Christna, while the Jews wholly rejected the story of Jesus. That the story of Christna is many hundreds of years older than that of Jesus is proved from Sir Wm. Jones, Dr. Haug, Max Muller, Sir Cockburn Thompson, Jacolliot, and others. That he was held to be before the time of Buddha is clear from the fact that Christna was the eighth avatar of Vishnu, while Buddha was the ninth. Buddha is held to hav been born 625 B.C. In our belief Christna was a myth, but no more so than Christ. Their claims of existence are about equal; neither has much to stand upon.

12. Our friend says he "does not see why we condemn Christianity as it is to-day." We answer, Because we believe it a false system, founded upon false claims, and not the result of divine revelation. We do not believe that God ever begot himself upon the person of a little Jew girl, that he was compelled to take his own life to place himself in an amiable mood toward his creatures. We do not believe he ever created man and woman with passions and failings which must inevitably lead them astray, consigning them to an everlasting hell which he expressly prepared for them. We totally disbelieve in such a hell and such a God. We believe the whole system is wrong, and that it has led mankind from the truth instead of to it.

13. Our friend admits there hav been very bad Christians in the past, but he seems to think they are better now. True, the world has advanced in general intelligence, and Christendom has advanced with it. But what kind of a perfect system of revealed religion is it which changes with the progress which man makes? If it is a perfect, divine system, is it within the power of fallible man to improve it?

14. Our friend asks what nation, religion, or sect hav not persecuted? We answer, the Buddhists, though existing for twenty-five hundred years, now numbering five hundred millions, hav not persecuted. The Confucians hav not persecuted, though they hav amounted to many hundreds of millions. We hav no account that the Therapeuts of Egypt, or the Essenes of Palestine, ever persecuted, while Christians hav been most bloody persecutors—hav taken more life in the name of religion than all other religions in the world. If persecution and life-taking are bad marks of a religion, Christianity is by far the worst religion that has ever existed.

15. Our friend asks, "Is it not a self-evident fact that if Infidels had the power they would persecute all who differed from them?" We answer, No, by no means is any such thing a self-evident fact. Infidels or Freethinkers hav never shown any such disposition. That there might be some among them who would be indiscreet under certain circumstances is barely possible. But it is a belief in an angry, vindictiv, revengeful God who leads his followers to persecute and take life. They wish to help out their bloody-minded and cruel God, hence they persecute and take life. "Those who believe not shall be damned" has been the authority for all the holy murdering and persecuting Christians hav ever done. They believe heretics are doomed to hell forever, and if they can add a little to that hell here they are perfectly willing to do so. Freethinkers believe in no such god and no such hell, hence they do not wish to persecute.

16. Our friend asks, "Do Christians persecute now?" We answer, Yes, they persecute with all the power they possess and all they dare to. They hav persecuted us; they thrust us into a vile prison for a year on a mere pretext, but really because we oppose their views and use arguments against them which they are unable to answer. They aimed to destroy our business and to send us to our grave, but they failed. We still liv and are able to bear the testimony of truth against them.

17. Our friend asks, "Do Infidels build colleges?" We answer, Yes, so far as they are able. They are invariably in favor of the general diffusion of science and education. The Infidel, Stephen Girard, built in Philadelphia one of the finest colleges in the country, but the Christians hav been so mean as to pervert it to uses which he proscribed, and are doing their best to put it to uses he did not wish. The Infidels hav Cornell University in Ithaca in this state; it is confessedly an Infidel institution. And now the Infidels are talking about building another college. Let not our friend crow too loudly against Infidels not favoring colleges.

18. We are pleased that our friend has the fairness to say, "I will admit the more Atheistical some men are the less they stray from doing right;" and again, "I know from my experience with Infidels I hav always found them honorable and just men and women, while again I hav seen ministers who were villains." These are words of truth, though our friend seems to wonder how it can be so. The explanation is, Infidels believe in humanity and not in an angry, revengeful God who punishes his children for being just what he made them. They believe in the rise of man rather than in his "fall," and that the more good he does in the world the better he will be. He looks to himself and his fellow-men around him instead of to a mythical God above the clouds, and it makes him a better man.

19. Our friend winds up by saying, "Search the Bible for truth, pray to God with faith in him, try to seek comfort in Jesus, and he will answer you." We shall do nothing of the kind. We do not believe the Bible is the source of truth. Praying to God we regard as time thrown away, and believe that the prayer of effort is the only prayer that brings answers that amount to anything. We shall not seek comfort in Jesus, for we do not want the kind he is supposed to abound in. We find no proof that he knew more or had more comfort than other people when upon the earth, or that he has very much increased his stock since. We do not believe he will answer us. We tried praying to him daily and sincerely for nearly twenty-five years, and now on looking back we cannot remember of his ever answering us in a single instance. Had we spent that amount of time in the study of truth it would hav been vastly better. We shall search nature for truth, believing she is the only source of truth. We are anxious to learn from her and her eternal laws all we can. She is an unfailing source of truth. We shall turn from all pretended revelations from invisible unknown gods, and regard them only as stumbling-blocks, and blind leaders of the blind. We shall try and do what good we can in the world, and at least to do our fellow-beings no harm. We acknowledge our duty to our fellow-beings and to ourselves, but acknowledge no duty or allegiance to invisible gods and devils. We shall try to make the world a little better and no worse; we shall continue to disseminate truth as we understand it, and according to the best of our ability. We shall try to lead the best life we are able, and abide the consequence.

As the Rev. Smith has had his say, as he has given us the gist of what he has to communicate, we can hardly expect to hear further from him. Brother Smith, good-bye.

Cheap Books.

We hav laid before our readers a list of a part of the standard books we hav recently purchased. We think it will be admitted that they are low in price. We trust our friends will be attracted by these very low prices and send us generous orders. Additions to our list will appear in our next.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

The Heywood Case

Presents some features worthy of attention. He was arrested, in the good old law-abiding state of Massachusetts, which has laws in plenty for the punishment of all its citizens who may be overtaken in wrong-doing, without the general government being called upon to do police duty and to arrest her common law breakers. The great government of the United States certainly descends from the proud position which it ought to occupy when it becomes a spying, decoying, espionage-employing police agent to hunt down individuals and thrust them into prison for offenses which the several states hav made ample provisions for punishing. Heywood was arrested under the laws of the United States, when the state of Massachusetts has upon her own statute books laws in abundance to govern just such cases. We declare it to be totally wrong and dangerous in principle for the general government to engage in the hunt after any individual who has committed no offense which the laws of his own state do not take cognizance of. It is not the duty of the general government to look after the morals or immorals of the citizens of the several states, as this belongs exclusivly to the states themselvs. Herein is where Comstockism has worked an exceeding great wrong in punishing offenses against the common law. Massachusetts has laws sufficient to punish the derelictions of her citizens, but at the instance of Anthony Comstock the general government rushes in and makes the arrest of an humble individual who in justice and common sense should be wholly under the surveillance of one of the original states which has a government older and more sacred than that of the United States. A citizen of another state and of the city of Brooklyn goes over into Massachusetts and forcibly arrests one of her citizens for an offense of which the old Bay state is competent to take full control. This is all wrong. It is humiliating to see our central government thus demeaning itself; and it is subversiv of the great principles of liberty and justice which should be our sheet anchor of safety.

It is pitiful that the United States officials should use the power of the general government to oppress such individuals as a spy may bring before them. Henry L. Hallet, improving his brief lease of authority, is responsible for the gratutious piece of tyranny of locking up Mr. Heywood in the court-house till 4 P.M. on the day of his arrest, forbidding the officials to allow Heywood to see his friends for the purpose of obtaining bail, and this before he had committed the prisoner. This is a piece of petty tyranny of which the government of the United States should be heartily ashamed. When the representativs of our great government hav nothing else to do but to show their power by crushing and trampling upon the rights of individuals, it is indeed humiliating to every liberty-loving person in the entire country.

Another crying evil of the rule of Comstockism in our country is that a self-constituted ecclesiastical society, which possesses no responsibitity to the people, should assume, or be allowed to wield, the power to punish offenses which belong exclusivly to the secular and municipal powers, which belong not only to the government of the states but of the United States. It is wholly subversiv of the great principles of our government for an ecclesiastical society to be vested with the power to arrest citizens and thrust them into prison while the secular officers of the government hav abundance of power to attend to all that kind of business. It is only introducing again the modes and practices of the "Holy Inquisition," when the powers organized in the church overrode and suppressed the civil officers of the general governments. This was a sad rule in Europe, though it continued for five hundred years, and the power of ecclesiasticism will ever be a sad rule in freedom-loving America. Comstockism is the activ force of this power of ecclesiasticism, and all good men ought to frown it down.

A Crying Evil

Of our times is the facility with which sane persons are thrust into insane asylums and kept there for months and years with very slight chances of getting out. Several marked cases hav recently been brought to light where persons as far from insanity as ninety in a hundred, at the instance of a designing brother, son, or wife, upon the examination of two physicians (who doubtless received compensation for their services), hav been declared insane and hurried off to prison (another name for the asylum), where their friends can neither hav access to them, nor letters from them be allowed to reach friends to tell where they are or the condition they are in.

It seems to be at least ten times as easy for a sane man to get into an insane asylum as for him to get out. The certificate of two physicians is all that is necessary to imprison him, but to get him out a trial has to be held, attended with a great amount of red tape, and difficulties of various kinds. It is comparativly mild to say it is perfectly damnable for certain physicians and superintendents to conspire with designing relativs to deprive a sane person of his dearest liberties and immure him almost hopelessly with insane and demented people. Far too much of this is done.

The School of Culture.

Since this school has been organized, and takes upon itself to not only be overwhelmed with unutterable disgust at the mistakes of others, while it looks with quiet complacency upon its own far greater and blacker crimes; since it proclaims to the world and publishes in its own organ the coarseness, lowness, ignorance, vileness, poisoning incentives, etc. of those it esthetically and culturedly proclaims as the tag-rag and bobtails of Liberalism, at the same time holding the persons forming its own school as something far more elevated, intellectual, cultured, pure and immaculate—raising a higher standard of morality and being a far better guide to the world—it is perfectly legitimate that we should now and then look a little at the moral state of this self-constituted consensus of the competent, and see whether their conduct in the past sustains their present extravagant pretensions. Their lives thus become a sort of public property to which the Liberals of the country hav a clear right. On this occasion we will introduce one or two expressions that have been given with reference to the Presidio apostle of culture who has furnished the other apostle something damaging to the "tag-rag and bobtails." Here is the first:

THE CULTURED PLAGIARIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: It may seem cruel to add another blow to the severe castigation given by you and "Tee Cee Lee" to the "cultured tadpole" of Presidio, but as I hav still on hand several hundred copies of the tract of sixteen pages, entitled "Plagiarism," in which I prove W. E. Coleman both a plagiarist and a liar, I hereby giv notice again that I will send the same to any one who wants it.

In March, 1881, Mr. Coleman assailed me with foul epithets in the Seymour *Times*, for arguing that Paine wrote the Declaration of Independence. "Shame on the unreasoning, zealous partisans of Paine's authorship, for thus seeking to brand Mr. Jefferson," etc., said W. E. C. "Shame on William Emmette Coleman," said I, in reply, "for disparaging a writer from whom he has plagiarized;" and I charged that in an article of six columns in THE TRUTH SEEKER, in 1879, he copied verbatim about one-third of it, without credit, from my pamphlet of forty-eight pages, published in 1872, entitled "Sunday Not the Sabbath."

This drew from my adversary several very long articles, in which he attempted to prove that the allegation was false. And when, in a carefully prepared article, I proved that it was true, the editor of the *Times* denied me a hearing. I therefore published the evidence in a tract, in which I prove that W. E. C. borrowed from my pamphlet all that he quoted or summarized from Justin, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Victorinus, Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, Milton, Paley, and Neander; that every reference given by him to the aforesaid authorities was borrowed from mine, and that he added nothing from their works not found in my pamphlet. I spent weeks in laborious research; all that W. E. C. had to do was to copy out my quotations, deductions, and summarized statements, with such slight alterations or abridgment as suited his purpose.

If any one doubts the truth of the above allegation, I can recommend him to procure Coleman's Truth Seeker Tract No. 160, entitled "Sabbath Observance," and send me fifteen cents for "Sunday Not the Sabbath," and then compare the two in the light of my tract, "Plagiarism," which I send gratis.

W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 30, 1882.

A pretty fair glimpse of the true inwardness of this apostle of culture may here be obtained, but, a farther and clearer glimpse, perhaps, may be had by the following few lines from the physician, or the person who acted as physician, to Mrs. William Emmette Coleman. The party thus writes:

"I know, and can swear, that Mrs. Coleman came to me to be treated of a bad disease which she told me she had taken from her husband, William Emmette Coleman. She said she would never liv with him again after that; and I am pretty sure she kept her word till she died."

Here also, as the curtain rises, we obtain a tolerably clear view of the true inwardness of the professors and apostles of the school of culture. They seem extremely ready to slander and cast opprobrium upon those they deem opposed to them, calling them all the vile names which come convenient to them—those they please to denominate tag-rag and bobtails, but who would scorn to be guilty of the base conduct which can be proved upon the cultured long-tails.

The other apostle of culture, who himself not only basely attacks the conduct of his opponents, using insinuation, innuendo, and slander, to show them guilty of offenses which they hav not committed, but willingly publishes the more recent slanders of his fellow-apostle, richly deserves a little showing up, that his true inwardness may also be understood. But let us not be in undue haste; let patience do its perfect work. At the proper time his apostleship shall receive attention according to his merits.

Vol. III. of A Truth Seeker Around the World

Is now being mailed to subscribers. Those who hav paid for it and do not receive it within the next two weeks, are requested to notify us.

This completes what we consider our engagement for the five dollars that were advanced to us. We hav done far more than we originally promised. The first proposition by Mr. D. C. Coleman, who started the "Round-the-World" ball rolling, was that each one who felt disposed should advance five dollars, and that we should write a book descriptiv of what we saw, and furnish it to those who advanced the five dollars. We at once concluded that we could not say it all in one volume, and that it would require two volumes of 500 pages each. These we promised to those who advanced five dollars each. We hav done better than this; we hav furnished three volumes of an average of nearly 900 pages, being more than twice the amount originally promised. Besides, forty-eight cuts—not originally stipulated—costing many hundreds of dollars, hav been added to each volume. We hope there will be none who feel they hav not received their money's worth. But still there is to be one more volume, making four, but it cannot be sent with the three for $5.00. We hav done all we can for the money; but we trust all who hav got the three volumes will wish to complete the set by having the fourth. To those who hav taken the first three, the fourth, of the same size as the others and similarly illustrated, will be furnished for the moderate sum of $1.50. We are now having this volume prepared, and it will be ready to send out within a few weeks. It will contain a full description of the people and country of Japan, of our voyage across the Pacific, and of our journeyings in California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and from thence through Canada to Niagara Falls, Rochester, and on home, together with the several kind receptions tendered us in various places, including the dinners the friends gave us here and at Watkins.

Vol. IV. will also contain a full index to all the volumes, and will be almost indispensable to complete the set. As we wish to know how many of Vol. IV. to print, we will thank all who wish it to notify us, and to remit the sum of $1.50. Those who hav already sent the sum need not send it again. We trust all our friends will be satisfied with the "Round-the-World" volumes.

Book Notices.

LIBERTY AND MORALITY. By W. S. Bell.

Mr. Bell has written many good things, but this is about the best of all. We heard him deliver a part of it at the Watkins Convention in September last, and hav read it since published. We can hardly speak too highly of it. In the fore part he marks out clearly the duties of Liberals, what may be regarded as their morals, while in the latter part he shows up in a somewhat humorous light the selfishness, falsity, and immorality of what are called Christian morals.

It is a neatly-printed pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and is most interesting reading. We hav it for sale, price 10 cents.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER.—A magazine in the interest of Astronomy, conducted by William W. Payne, director of Carleton College Observatory, and published at Northfield, Minn. It is published monthly—or rather ten copies are published in a year—at the sum of $2.00.

It is said to be the only periodical in the United States devoted exclusivly to popular astronomy.

No. 7 of Vol. I. is before us, and among the contents are: Comet Cruls, Drifting Meteor Trains, Standard Time, Transit of Venus, Unification of Time Throughout the World, Observations of Comet B, with several pages of editorial notes. The articles are well written, and it appears to be ably conducted. It would seem it should be liberally sustained.

Answers to Christian Questions.

By special request of numerous friends we hav brought out in pamphlet form the questions and arguments, with our replies to the Rev. John Smith, Mr. W. M. Whitehead, the Rev. D. R. Breed, Mr. W. C. Hughes, and others. It is thought that it will make a very good document for missionary work, and to hand around to Christian readers. The whole will make nearly 150 pages with a cover, and will be mailed for twenty-five cents, or five copies for one dollar. We shall be able to supply the demand.

The Under Dog, Christianity.

In the whirligig of time, says "Tee Cee Lee," Christianity is now the under dog in the fight. But the only punishment "Tee Cee Lee" proposes is to talk to the brute in such a way as to make him ashamed of himself. That would be very well if Christianity were a tolerably decent dog and susceptible of disciplin. But if the animal is at last discovered to be a wolf, the best use to make of him is to kill him.

ANTICHRIST.

Communications.

Mediumship or Insanity?

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav just now finished reading LaRoy Sunderland's article on "Ideology; or, the Trance Idea in History," and I am astonished that he drags into his history so much of a personal character, and that under the guise of a historical narrativ he is aiming his blows at the Spiritualists in particular, although to do so most effectually he givs them a damning of faint praise. They are "head and shoulders above the old forms of mysticism," but his conclusions are that all forms of faith in a future life, or any revelation from the dead, are a sure indication of insanity, and to prove this idea he cites a few cases of suicide resulting from a faith of this character, among them the stale gravestone story about A. J. Davis, which occurred some thirty-two years ago, before Spiritualism was generally known. There is no evidence that either of the party had any consultation with any medium in the case. The facts of the case are that they had disobeyed parental authority in getting married and leaving home to liv among strangers, where, after a time, being unable to make expenses at shoemaking, and otherwise depressed in spirits, they resolved on suicide; and the only evidence that the foolish father had to connect their death in any way with A. J. Davis was that they found one volume of his "Great Harmonica" in their room at the hotel, and the deluded and bigoted father seized upon this pretext to cast a stigma upon an innocent party, and probably thereby shield himself. There is nothing in A. J. Davis's writings to induce any man to commit suicide, and there is no man who ought to know it better than LaRoy Sunderland. Any person wishing for a full account of the affair may find it on page 473 of the "Magic Staff," written by Mr. Davis in defense of his course, and against many such untruthful slanders, then so common. Mr. Sunderland asserts that "that young wife consulted the spirits about suicide [made in quotation marks]; soon after they walked out together, when he shot her, and then put the revolver to his own head; they obeyed the advice given them from that dark unknown." Now I wish to remind Mr. LaRoy that there is not a particle of evidence to prove that either of them consulted the spirits at all, and I defy him to prove it. It is an unmitigated slander from beginning to end, no matter who originated it.

The trouble with this whole article is that while it sets out to giv a historical account of trance, etc., it abounds in nothing but assertions and assumptions. He says, "Myths and invisibilities, of all grades, are utter know-nothings and do-nothings without the trance and a medium's brains. Had they any knowledge of us no mediums would be necessary, and all Spiritualists rely upon what they find themselvs able to believe as to the grades and authority of invisible spooks that reveal messages to them, in a state of trance," etc. There is not a word of truth in that whole statement. Spiritualists do not rely on trance, and much oftener get the best possible kind of evidences while the medium is in a perfectly conscious state of mind. There is no necessity in either rapping, tipping, or writing mediumship for trance at all, and by far the greater number of messages come in this way. There never was a medium who could explain or make a rap at will, and I defy Mr. LaRoy to make one or explain to anybody else how to do it, or how to account for the intelligence which accompanies a rapping message, and until he can do so, his pretended history, and explanations, and assumptions about trance, and his cuts and flings of insanity at Spiritualists are decidedly out of place, and should convince anybody that LaRoy is the know-nothing and the do-nothing in the case. I challenge him to make a single rap, turn a single leaf, or move one particle of inert matter, as is being done in the phenomena of to-day, by the most indubitable authority; until he can do this, his pretended science of what the human mind is or may be is but a species of learned ignorance.

I hav given this subject much attention and earnest thought since 1853, and know what I am talking about when I say that the spiritual idea is the only key to unlock the whole mental fabric. No article having weight can move in my room unless a force is applied sufficient to overcome its inertia, and no weight can describe a motion that conveys intelligence to me unless moved by some intelligence; so that if my jack-knife is moved from the floor, and the blades opened and laid on the table before me, I am justified in assuming it was moved by an intelligent force. If I came to any other conclusion I would be insane surely; and yet such things hav been done for me.

Some few years ago I was writing an article on the divinity of Christ, in a controversy then going on between myself and J. E. Smith, D.D., of our city, and while writing I came to express this idea. I said: "If a man is immortal, it must be owing to something inherent in his nature, and not because somebody died for him." Just as I finished the last word, a perfect shower of raps was made on the table and paper I was writing upon. I immediately put the question, as if talking to persons that knew what I was doing, but whom I could not see: "Does that statement agree with your ideas of the matter?" and again I heard confirmatory raps. I was not aware that any spirits had impressed me to write that statement, and do not now know that they did; but it evidently agreed so perfectly with their sentiments that they were able and did giv expression to their satisfaction by those raps. There was no medium there, nor was I entranced or insane, as our friend would suggest. But see how ready such obfuscated minds are to clutch at straws, when they favor their own conceits. Some time ago this same LaRoy, in an article in The Truth Seeker, was very much gratified to hear of the success of the theosophical doctrins of India, and thought that here was a "probable solution" to this spook question. For the time, he forgot that he had solved it by his personal experiments many years before.

I am as well satisfied that one mind can impress another mind to do and say things, not its own, as I am that water will run from one pitcher into another when held above it. In my psychological experiments, made some thirty years ago, was one case that always impressed me strongly of the absolute independence of the clairvoyant condition. I had a subject who was in the habit of getting epileptic fits, and on whom I was operating to cure. A friend desired to walk along to his house on a Sunday morning, to see the experiments. On the way I said to him, "I will now try to convince you of his absolute subjectivity. When I produce an impression on him, I will cause him to hold out his hand and catch a bird upon it; and the bird shall hav a red ring around its neck, a long fan-tail, black and white speckled, and long bill. I shall simply ask him what he caught, and then require him to describe it to you."

This was a splendid test, as the boy had never heard the word psychology, and did not know what I was going to do. I took him away from the house, after operating upon him for some time, and had forgotten for the time, also, what I had promised my friend, until he reminded me of it, in an undertone not heard by the boy; so we proceeded into the meadow. I stopped and looked up into the air, as if trying to see something, and soon he felt my desire, and in a short time had caught his imaginary bird. I then asked him to describe it minutely, and be particular to tell my friend, impressing him what to say. He said it had a "red ring around its neck, long fan-tail, black and white speckles, and had a long bill." This boy, unconsciously to himself, was giving expression to my thoughts, and even my words.

Upon one occasion I made him to act the part of a general of an army, and to issue his orders and commands. If I had taken down these things, and shown them to him afterward, he would hav said, "I did not do this, as I do not understand those military terms." And with the same propriety LaRoy says no mind can utter anything above the human; and yet a thousand times hav utterances and writings been made far above the ordinary capacity of the medium. Even little children of tender years hav been made to write out whole sentences and paragraphs in the Greek, Hebrew, and other old languages, and of which by the very necessity of the case they could hav had no knowledge. To dispute these facts is only dodging the question, and exposes an ignorance of the subject too profound for successful combat.

It is an easy matter to slur at the productions of mediums, but I venture to say that by comparison with his poetry, at the head of his article on Ideology, Miss Doten's will not suffer, although made in the dreamy condition stated, nor will the writings of A. J. Davis in his "Divine Revelations," made while a mere boy, without education, but under this "superior condition," suffer by comparison with anything that has emanated from this philosopher's pen. Look at this sweeping statement: "The mind is measured by the ideas it evolves. Nor is it, perhaps, unsafe to admit that any mind must be tinged with the trance or insanity whenever it is so hallucinated as to imagin that it has the power of uttering any idea more than human. Such an idea is not far from a state of trance and insanity." This is an ingeniously worded statement, intended to ascribe insanity to any mind who believes that a child can say what only should come from an old man, or that a medium could utter what might only come from a spirit or some intelligence above it, but still it does not say so. The loophole in the statement lies in the word "human." Of course no one supposes that the human mind can receive what is above its capacity. A spirit is but a human being, and if humanity could not receive a thought it desired to giv, or if human speech could not utter it, there would be no effort made to giv it. But this does not prevent a mere child from transmitting by human words the thoughts of an advanced Hebrew or Greek scholar, as has been done on many occasions.

If we admit such statements as the above it places the stigma of insanity on the most advanced minds of the age—such scientists as Varley, Crookes, Wallace, Hare, Zollner, and a host so large that it is unnameable; in fact, almost the whole world, with the very slight exceptions of a very limited few who claim to be ultra Materialists.

It reminds one of the Irishman who had just landed and got into a drunken bender. He went staggering along the street, running against almost every man he met. At last he grabbed hold of one fellow, and wanted to know what kind of a country this was; for, said he, "Bedad, every man I meet is drunk."

There is scarcely a man who can tell whence his thoughts come. They pop into the mind, as Thomas Paine said, and even obtrude themselvs, "uninvited and unannounced;" and he adds further that they are often the most interesting guests, and he had learned to treat them with due courtesy and respect. It is not true, then, that "ideas hav no existence until they are evolved by thinking in human brains." It is usually the case that an idea is by some means felt in the mind, and must afterward be worked out in detail by a process of logical thinking. The idea comes first, and the thinking always afterward, just as the problem is first presented to the scholar, and the solution worked out by a process of thought.

Further on, Mr. Sunderland asserts that his "will" had nothing to do with any psychological experiments "he performed." How he could hav experiments performed without using any "will" to do so, is a puzzle to unravel. Does he intend to intimate that they took place of their own accord? If so, in what manner did *he* perform them? and does it require less "will" to transmit ideas than thoughts? I think it must require a will to transmit an idea.

What can Mr. Sunderland mean when he says, "A rap on the table-leg by forms of force of which we can know nothing materializes human ideas!" How can a rap materialize human ideas? My opinion is that the raps of the modern mediums hav paralyzed some human ideas, or else we would hear some rational and sensible explanation of the phenomena, instead of the old, oft-repeated, and threadbare charge of insanity. The Spiritualist is called insane because he has adopted the only true explanation, and one that will meet the whole case.

The word spirit has become so hateful to some minds that they lose their patience and ordinary good sense when attempting to discuss the question, and remind one of the old German lady who heard of this after life, but said she did not want to liv it. She said, "When I die I want to be dead." "But would you not want to see your husband and friends and children?" said her friend. "Yes," said she, "but if I see mine friends I must see mine enemies, and so sure as I see mine enemies I quarrels mit em. No, no; when I die I wants to be dead." Mr. LaRoy Sunderland's definition of insanity is not a correct one. The word insane means "madness, without reason, unsound in mind and intellect, incapable of consecutiv thought, rambling and raving, delirious, distracted, habitual weakness of the mind; the state of being unsound in mind, incapable to hold the mind upon any subject of thought for any length of time," etc., which implies a general derangement and weakening of the mental powers. Now, by his own showing, the trance is just the reverse of this. It is an expansion of the mind for the time, which enables the entranced to grasp a subject with more ability, greater mental vigor and clearness; is more complete and consecutiv in thought and argument; has a broader reach in the mental sphere, more poetic, grander and more brilliant in fancy as well as fact. Insanity is a permanent disease, while entrancement is a temporary condition. To say that a production like "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis, written in this exhalted state during many months, and at a great number of sittings, is the production of insanity, is a complete and malicious misrepresentation of terms. Or to say that the sublime poetic conception and beauty of expression contained in the poems of Miss Doten or Mrs. Richmond are the ravings of insanity, is a slander in the faces of facts and common sense.

The relation of similar states, produced under the pressure of the church or other trammeled surroundings, is not a fair comparison with those of modern times; and the claim of modern mediums who refer their communications to spirits of departed human beings is the most rational of all solutions yet given.

A few questions for LaRoy Sunderland, and I hav done.

1st. Please explain how the spirit-rap is made.

2d. How are ponderable objects conveyed about and intelligent movements made in day-light?

3d. How can a tune be played upon an accordion in day light, held by yourself, and any such time as you may request, first having examined the instrument?

4th. How can a person who has no knowledge of Hebrew write in that tongue? How can a child medium do it?

5th. How can knots be tied in an endless rope when the ends are held by a person, and when sealed tightly together, as described by Prof. Zollner?

6th. How can materializations of bodies or parts of bodies take place, as seen and described by Prof.

Crookes, who devoted four years to these experiments in his own laboratory, as described by him?

And after you hav answered all these and ten thousand other questions as difficult, you may then write down mediumship as insanity, and the balance of mankind a great pack of fools.

Wilkes Barre, Pa. J. R. PERRY.

Ideology.

"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WONDER."

Prof. Sunderland and all the rest of the Materialists are deceiving themselvs when they think they hav solved the nineteenth century wonder (J. B. Perry in TRUTH SEEKER, p. 618).

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: The above, as it would seem, was written in response to my "Fraternal," in your thirty-second number. In my article my object was to assign reasons why all Spiritualists should join hands with us in a Liberal movement now organized against a common enemy. I made no attack upon Spiritualists, and only alluded to a few aspects of the subject that I thought should relieve our allies from any necessity in the future of complaint of Mr. George Chainey or of any other Infidel merely because we cannot invest in any form of mysticism.

I alluded to the significant fact that while the Spiritual press has been closed against me for twenty-five years, all the Liberal papers hav been open to the criticisms of Spiritualism. And, since my article, the Liberal Congress in St. Louis has made honorable mention of all the mystical papers in the country, and commended them to the patronage of Infidelity. And I honor THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Infidel papers in this regard, that they hav always given an "open ring and fair play," both to ancient and modern mysticism. These considerations, it seems to me, ought to soften the asperities in the censures made by our allies of us, and they should prevent their misrepresentations like that above quoted from Mr. Perry. I never thought that I could explain the "mystic rap," and so I stated in my "Fraternal." I admit all the facts. Nor do I suppose the name of any one living or dead could be given, whose opportunities hav been better than my own for witnessing all the different phases of that class of mediumistic phenomena of which the "mystic rap" is the type. The "rap" is by far the most appropriate for designating both the phenomena and the human movement that "by faith" is founded upon it. As to mediums, I hav had four of the best in my family. The only child I now hav living is 53 years of age, and has been a medium forty years or more. And when she was the only one of this class, and pioneered the mystic rap into the New England states, she was estimated as not only the first, but as the very best. I refer to these facts because Mr. Perry and others of his notions may imagin that "Prof. Sunderland," of whom he has made his misstatement, must hav been ignorant of what the mystic rap has done, whereas it is precisely the other way. I hav witnessed all that this rap has done. It is for this reason that I do not invest in this form of mysticism. I hav been constantly learning, and hav taken more pains to find out what the truth is than any other person ever did, as far as I know. And it is for this reason that I affirm that in this human movement, comprising so many excellent people, there is nothing known but this rap; and when it evinces what we call clairvoyance we do not know whether this power is in the medium or in the rapper. But we do know that there is no knowledge of names, dates, or of anything else in this world independent of the human brains of a medium. And, were it necessary, I could describe the favorable conditions under which this rap has affirmed to me the drift you will find in this article—that if the spirits had any knowledge of us, or memory of this world, no mediums would be necessary.

I state what must be admitted when I say that, as a general thing, mediums are ignorant of ideology, and the anatomy of faith. Hence they are easily victimized by this form of mysticism. In this state of things people are constantly dying, and their sorrowing friends want to hear from them, when they send five dollars to a world-renowned medium in New York, addressed to some one dead, and all the knowledge that comes through reading sealed letters, or through any medium, is obtained by the clairvoyance of some unknowable nondescript ghost, obtained through a medium's brain. The responding spirit knows nothing of you or your wishes until you suggest yourself to some medium, or you are yourself mediumistic, and in that case once victimized by faith in mysticism, I should no more hope, perhaps, to convince you of error than if you believed your soul had been converted by the Holy Ghost. As I know by a long experience, mediums hav been as really converted and born again as any Christian ever was. And under the control of faith and your own idea of mysticism, it would be of little or no use to ask you how I am to cross-examin an invisible witness, nor how my external eyes can see a pure spirit, nor how you can be said to see a spirit when it is a material form you see, and one assumed to suit your own idea, and thus to deceive you. Or if I were to ask any mediumist like Mr. Perry how it can be safe for us to build theories of a summer-land upon mystical phenomena he could only answer for his own faith. And here is a serious problem that I hav put to my Spiritual friends, but to which I never obtained an answer: To what responsibility can you hold a ghost that falsifies? And what is your remedy when a ghost inspires a medium like that beautiful young lady, Miss Hattie A. Eager (and a dozen other similar cases I hav known), to predict her own death when disappointed in love as she was? And then, three months after that prediction, under precisely the same inspiration or spirit control, she commits suicide to fulfil that spiritual prediction. And more still: What shall those that are not Spiritualists think of that Spiritual editor in Boston, Mr. A. E. Newton, who, on my having exposed that suicide, declared in his columns in justification of her mediumship, "Admit that Hattie A. Eager was murdered by the spirits, and what then?" And Mr. Newton's "what then?" I answered at the time that the ism itself was but an infatuation, and of the worst kind, as it was constantly leading to infatuation, insanity (as the statistics of our mad-houses will show), and suicide.

Nature's Order.—Mr. Perry was so much infatuated with his own idea of his "wonder" that he failed to notice what I said in my "Fraternal" of nature's order and laws. In this order, people who reject mysticism sincerely and honestly confide, while we can perceive with one eye half way open that in all forms of "faith" in mystical phenomena, real or imaginary, this order is more or less ignored. Nature's order has made no arrangements for gods and ghosts except as poetical fancies. It has made no provision for gods or ghosts to be born of human mothers. The Hindoos reported a number of such births long before the Holy Ghost dallied with that Jewish maiden. That was believed to hav been a very pious and holy mediumship when Jesus was born.

> It was of Christianity the dawn
> When its illegitimate God was born,
> Believed by Christians most;
> And similar stories hav since been told
> Of modern mediums that hav thus been sold,
> And by a similar ghost.

Nature's order is best, and it is far more providential than the Christian God, that has been said to "hear the young ravens when they cry;" but nature provides our food before we are born or can be heard to "cry;" but it compels our birth without our knowledge of the world into which we are entered at birth, similarly as it compels us to die, and without any knowledge of the condition we enter, when, by death, our relation to this earth is severed forever. And I hav always observed these nondescripts are never able to giv any reliable account of dying or death. Question them as you will, and the answer will be found vague and vaporish, precisely as if there was nothing remembered to be said. And certainly there is no proof that our mind can appreciate that will show that our consciousness of this world is not obliterated by death.

Were it essential for us to know before we are born what our state will be in this world, that knowledge would come to us as the air, the water, and our food comes. And similarly so as to death. Nor is credulity the mental faculty for obtaining a knowledge of to-morrow or anything else. And here, to show how great the error is when "mediums" think to pry into locks where nature furnishes no key, I ask attention to the large proportion of their number that become insane, and the cases I hav already referred to of mediums that hav committed suicide and murder. In haste to get to "the summer-land" they murder their friends and commit suicide.

Christian Spiritualists.—So far as the "mystic rap" is made to indorse Christianity, it thereby has "given aid and comfort to its enemy." But unfortunately for the ism, this has always been done from the first, till now, as it shapes its phases to the ideas of the families and the localities wherever it occurs, Christianity is all fraud, and it is far behind the new ism in its estimation of humanity, freedom, and progression. And just now if you wish to see the death-warrant of the Christian ism, read "A Truth Seeker Around the World." If my voice could reach from pole to pole around the globe I would advise "everybody and his wife," and his children especially, to procure and read these truthful and illustrated volumes. They are historical, containing a vast amount of important information of matters that all should know, and to be found in no other work ever published. These volumes are also ethnological, scientific, and critical, embracing a mass of evidence that should annihilate Christianity at once and forever from the face of our globe. It is the enemy of Spiritualism, as it always has been and always will be of the human race. All young people should read "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Spiritualists should read these volumes and see more and more how those mediums err in various localities by indorsing Christianity and that old barbarian book, the Bible. In the very same way mediums hav adopted the errors of mesmerism in making its passes and its notions as to the human "will;" and whether or no they hav adopted psychometry (a grain of wheat in a cartload of chaff), or that notion has swallowed the medium, I cannot say. But I will here state what I know as to the hole of the pit whence that ism was digged. An "M.D.," whose unfounded assumptions I exposed in New York when he lectured forty years ago, has recently donned the garb of a "Christian Spiritualist." And to increase his stock in trade, this "M.D." has made his psychometry indorse the bogus spirit-photograph of what he calls "that noble woman, the virgin mother of Jesus." The Spiritual press has pronounced that spirit-photograph a fraud; but psychometry declares it genuin. Moreover, this same "M.D." has recently claimed to hav introduced Spiritualism by a mesmeric experiment he performed in 1842. (See the first number of a Spiritual quarterly, issued in Boston, entitled "Facts.") Thus in his book, published in 1842, this "M.D." claims to hav discovered so much that there can be little or nothing left for any other man or woman to discover. Here is what he says, "Such has been my progress in these experiments that but few important principles hav been left for future discovery" (Sketches of Buchanan's Discoveries in Neurology, page 70).

Now bear in mind that the nervous system is an apparatus upon which any tune can be played to suit the whim of the operator, and, moreover, that there is no limit to the invention of ideas; and you see how it has come to pass that this "M.D." should hav gas enough to make such a claim as the above. And this is the "Christian Spiritualist" that has recently appealed to us in the Liberal papers that we should raise and put into his mesmeric hand the modest sum of one hundred thousand dollars to enable him to build a college in which he may teach his psychometry and spirit-photographing.

Mystical Phenomena.—All such phenomena, ancient or modern, fanciful or real, are alike to us. They can be of no practical use to humanity. When Dr. Phelps, at Stratford, Conn., called the "spirits" in his house to explain why they had sent him to Philadelphia on a "tom-fool's errand," the "mystic rapper" gave him this answer:

"I told you that cock-and-bull story to see if you would be fool enough to believe it." And how many, very many, hav been deceived in the same way; and so deceived that they are not willing to find out how it is that they hav been imposed upon! It is the sensational idea that kills or cures. The sensational that drives into extremes of folly, madness, suicide, and murder. It is the sensational ideas of faith, fear, and joy that strike certain persons instantly dead. It is the sensational that gets up "revivals," and excites that faith which is the motiv power of Christianity and all other forms of mysticism. It is the sensational idea to which the Christian prays, and that he worships on his knees as an infinit personality. All there is of goodness, the just, and the true, is in human ideas and human conduct.

I refer to the origin of Spiritualism because I am aware that the mass are not and never hav been sufficiently informed in this regard. The 31st of March has been long celebrated as the birthday of the mystic rap, whereas this same rap, without any idea of spirits or mediums, had occurred in "haunted houses" during preceding ages. In Dr. Adam Clark's account of the Wesley family, of Epworth, England, there is what I believe to be a truthful narrativ of this same rap in the family of Samuel, the father of John Wesley, in which we hav a minute account of its different phases. It materialized badgers and other animals, imitated the rattle of crockery, and then annoyed the family for a long time. Indeed, it followed Emily, a sister to John and Charles, for the space of thirty years, and during all this time there was no idea of spirits or mediumship. Nor in any other of similar annoyances in certain localities, said to be haunted, had there been a human idea as to departed spirits and mediumship. Spiritualism might hav antedated its birthday a thousand years or more. And the history of this rap is fatal to the modern ism built by faith upon it. Thus:

1. This rap is now, as it has always been, sporadic in its occurrence. It has always been confined to certain localities and persons, and for reasons never explained. And I cannot believe that if my dead relativs were conscious of me and of this world, that any medium would be necessary for them to communicate with me. Such an idea is absurd.

2. The history of this rap, from the past to this day, is sufficient to show that this human movement called Spiritualism is individual. The idea of spirits originated in the brain of Mrs. Fox, I am sure; for she herself told me so. And, moreover, that same rap had been heard for more than a year in that identical locality—that same mysterious knocking, as it was then called. The house was occupied in 1847 by an Irish family (Mr. Weekman), who had been so much annoyed with it that they were compelled to move out, and left it. During all that time there was no idea of spirits. Nor was this rap heard again till some four months after the Fox family moved into that house, in December, 1847. And then it so happened, the last week in the following

March, they became annoyed by the raps; so much so that the children were afraid to go to bed, and the mother went to their bed-room with them. The raps were heard, when Mrs. Fox noticed that the raps imitated the snaps that one of the girls made with her fingers, whereupon Mrs. Fox conceived the idea of a departed spirit. And upon this human idea the movement that has made Mr. Perry's wonder is founded. Mrs. Fox herself assured me that her idea was of a departed spirit of some one, perhaps a pedler that had been murdered in that house, and so buried in the cellar. And fixing on this rap as a sign, they were made to signify "yes, yes, yes," to every idea that she suggested for that purpose. And moreover, from the 31st of March, 1848, to this day, it has been characteristic of every so-called test ever given, that nothing whatever is obtained from this rap that has not been previously suggested by a human idea as to a medium, the question, the locality, or sealed letter. And now bear in mind that while there are a dozen or more factors in mystical phenomena that are unknown, there are four that are known:

1. The mystic rap is sporadic in occurrence. So it is, so it was, and so it will be. This is known.

2. The movement based by faith on this rap is a mental epidemic, as really as any Methodist revival ever was. It is a human movement, as really as Christianity is human. Its motiv power is faith in human ideas, both false and true. Its trances are human, and its mediumship spread by the well-known laws of sympathetic imitation., and they are to be accounted for and fully explained by Ideology.

3. The first communication was false as to the burial in that cellar. And the first one entranced, two years after (J. J. Hutchinson), by the spirit was thereby rendered insane, and so he remained until he committed suicide. But, as I hav elsewhere shown, he was not the last one of the many who hav thus been rendered insane, and committed suicide and murder.

4. The rap said, "Yes, yes, yes," to all the ideas suggested by Mrs. Fox, and this adoption of human suggestions and human ideas has been its chief characteristic to this day. It has adopted all the follies, fancies, and fallacies suggested for its approval. It has called itself electricity, the devil, the twelve apostles, and the heavenly father, and rendered its mediums idiotic, and exposed them to suicide and murder.

LaROY SUNDERLAND.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letters from Friends.

NEW BERLIN, UNION CO., PA., Oct. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You need not drop my name from your list so long as I and THE TRUTH SEEKER liv. With many wishes for its success, I am, yours respectfully

M. L. SCHOCH.

MODESTO, CAL., Oct. 28, 107.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed, per money order, $10. Place $7.50 to my credit for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and send to me, addressed as below, one copy of Mr. A. P. Sinnett's "Occult World," and one copy of Edgar C. Beall's "Brain and the Bible," all mail. I am a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and earnestly wish you well.

DR. W. J. WILHITE.

COLEVILLE, TEX., Oct. 20, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received two volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and I want all four of the first order. I also want four volumes bound in leather, making eight in all. If you take another trip, put me down for $5 for that. I am sixty-five years old, and I want to hav some of your writings for my children.

Yours truly,

R. H. LOVE.

NASHVILLE, ILL., NOV. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I see by tab on testament—THE TRUTH SEEKER—of D. M. Bennett, apostle and forerunner of mental freedom, that I am $5.75 in arrears for the best journal published in the land of Uncle Sam. Being a simon-pure kicker out of orthodox harness, and not believing that Jesus ever did or ever will pay it all, I gladly inclose $5.75, with gratitude for liberality and forbearance. Yours truly,

S. M. BROWN.

WINSTED, CONN., Oct. 31, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Thank E. C. Walker for me on account of his glorious article on temperance in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 28th. He is right, profoundly right, and his is the stand which all true Liberals should take. I won't say I'd like to kiss him, for that's nauseating between men, but if he were here I'd like to hav him kiss and hug my wife (with her consent), and that's the greatest evidence of esteem that I could offer any man.

L. V. PINNEY, Editor *Press*.

HOMER, MICH., Oct. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: We are surrounded by all sorts of Christians here, and in talking with them on the subject of religion, they warn us to flee from the wrath to come, and refer us to the great plan of salvation as the only escape from God's wrath. Would it not be more proper to call it the great plan of damnation? I think it would, taking the Bible for our authority. Please giv us your opinion on the subject.

Yours truly, V. BABCOCK.

TRENTON, TEX., Oct. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Continue THE TRUTH SEEKER by all manner of means. It is doing a good work in North Texas, and wherever it goes. North Texas has a boom in the way of good crops, and never did the priests make more arduous efforts to get up revivals; but what a falling off and what a failure—a few young girls and boys make up the sum total; and, oh, what mourning among the orthodoxy and the priests! Infidelity, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and Ingersoll make up the sad refrain. Inclosed find $5; $3 for paper, and balance for books, etc., as described, from a trial subscriber. With best wishes for paper and its editor, I am yours truly,

T. H. MANGUM.

COLD SPRINGS, CAL., Oct. 15, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I received your gentle reminder that I was in area for the glorious TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been painfully aware of that fact for some time. Poverty is inconvenient, and, being only a laborer, and working for a party that seldom has money, I do not often hav any myself. Now, I want you to send THE TRUTH SEEKER to my address until you are notified of my death, and I will do the best I can about the money matters. I liv in the mountains, and it is so distant from a post-office where money orders can be got that I cannot send money when I please without great expense and time in traveling. Stop, you fool! I herewith send you $3, which you will credit on my subscription, and oblige your fast friend,

B. B. TRAVIS.

LEMOORE, CAL., Oct. 27, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER BENNETT: I suppose congratulations hav by this time become rather an old story, but none the less hearty. We express our satisfaction in your marked successes the past year, achieving a grand victory not only in the exposition of idols and image-worship but for the extension of those attributes, and principles of mind that tell for the liberation of our race from all monarchy and mental slavery. The hopes of the world center here, for as fast as the shackles fall the supreme law of the soul strikes its nativ current, and its pure waters nourish and invigorate every sensibility and function of body and mind, while the traces of those dark lines of the past of ignorance and superstition will vanish as loathsome vapors before the clarifying breath and winds of heav . Ever thine in the conquest of truth,

SARAH G. FOX.

LINCOLN, MAINE, Oct. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2, to be credited as follows: One dollar on THE TRUTH SEEKER subscription, which expires next month. Please send me the last edition of "Crimes of Preachers," "The Gods and Other Lectures," "Ingersoll in Canada," and "Garrison in Heaven."

I am a school teacher, and am not afraid to talk with any one on religion. I am proud of being an Infidel, though it is not often that it is to one's advantage to be known as such, in even this "free" country. I talked to-day with an Infidel nearly 80 years of age, and who is nearly to the brink of the grave, yet two days ago he worsted the leading orthodox preacher of the town. Mr. Nathaniel Fellows has always been what he is to-day—a genial, honest, earnest Infidel, and to me, at the age of 23, he is one of the noblest courage-inspiring men I ever met.

GEORGE S. PERKINS.

BERLIN, ONT., Oct. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Pleas stop sending my paper, including tracts, until further notice, as I hav not yet received last paper (that of Oct. 21st), and am afraid the postal authorities hav again spotted my paper, and taken contents and all away; and if nothing worse is brewing for me, I shall be glad, and let the matter drop. But it is rough to hav to succumb to these saintly followers of Jesus—so meek, they do not mind other peoples' business. Should I conclude not to ask you to renew the sending of the paper, you may rely on occasional small donations of money for THE TRUTH SEEKER; that is, I mean to help the cause on as much as I can, little though it be, and were it not for these "bloody" Christians and their influence on the governmental and postal institutions I should strain every nerve to further the ends of correct knowledge concerning all things. You will in the mean time kindly discontinue sending any more papers direct, and oblige yours truly,

C. C. GERMANN.

FLATWOODS, GA., Oct. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav moved again. I hav just come down here from Russellville, East Tennessee, where I hav been doing some Liberal missionary work in the way of social chat and fireside arguments. I would hav lectured some up there, but could not get a suitable building for the purpose. It is certainly the hottest orthodox hole in America. I hav a good many relativs in it, and hav been trying for the last year to break some of the old fetters off of them. I think I hav loosened them on some of them considerably. But I found them hard customers to deal with—the worst fanatics I hav ever met in my life, surely the worst priest-ridden people in America. I talked with men up there who appeared to be men of sense, who said to me that if they knew that all the Bible was false they would not discard it for any other religion because they say no other religion in their opinion can produce as good a state of society, This is what I should say is reducing things to an absurdity of the most horrid kind. But these folks down here hav been born Christians, and hav not been allowed to know anything else from the cradle up. No wonder they are blind. I think I shall stay here this winter with my brother. He is a Methodist preacher, and has been preaching about twenty-five years, and is three years younger than myself. He says he don't want me to talk Freethought to his family, and I hav promised I won't.

Yours truly,

WM. L. WORLEY.

NEWPORT, ME., Oct. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: "Old Virginia's" short communication in your issue of October 21st is worth the price of the paper ten years. My only regret is that so divine a person did not sign her full name.

For fear, Brother Bennett, you will not get the paper, the *Irish World*, containing the article, "Thanksgiving for War and Sin," I make the extracts, and hope you will print them with my letter:

RIGHT REVEREND BROTHER: The signal success which has been given to our army in Egypt demands the thankful acknowledgment of the English people to God, who has endowed our generals with skill and forethought, our soldiers with disciplin and obedience, and our whole army with valor.

And the general thanksgiving should be introduced after the words "and to all men the following:"

We glorify thee for the late victory granted to our army, whereby, as in a moment, peace has been restored to Egypt, the highway between England and our Indian empire has been made safe, and the pursuits of peace hav already been resumed by the Egyptian people.

Teach us to see that thy hand hath done it; that thou wast in the midst of our camp to deliver us and to giv up our enemies before us. Bring us all to love and fear thee and to put our trust under the shadow of thy wings.

Can blasphemy go beyond that? Is there anything on this earth more cursed and damnable than priestcraft? Does not the above infamous mockery called prayer prove the truth of my words that behind all this system of infernalism is this unhung villain, God?

SEWARD MITCHELL.

BOZEMAN, MON. TER., Oct. 11, 282.

MR. EDITOR: As the book entitled "Crimes of Preachers" is revised and enlarged occasionally, perhaps you would like an item from this land of Infidel wickedness. Deeming this sufficient for preliminary, I shall come square to the point. On the 19th ult., while on a bear hunt in the mountains in this vicinity, John Newell, John Williams, and B. F. Walker, men of reputable standing in the community, unexpectedly came upon Thomas Hendrickson, a Campbellite preacher, between sixty and seventy years of age, formerly from Kentucky, in criminal connection with a small black mare. These gentleman will make oath to the above fact, and this letter has been written with their appoval.

When the good man saw he was caught he seemed filled with either the holy spirit or shame, the boys could't tell exactly which; both make a man look simple. It is only necessary to add the saint at once discovered he had urgent business elsewhere, and most unceremoniously tore away from our country, just as if he didn't giv a "tinker's dam" for the salvation of any of our souls.

THOMAS BURKE.

P. S.—Since writing the above I hav looked through "Crimes of Preachers," as given in "Champions of the Church," and although I find some equally, I think, as beastly, this one stands out unique and alone of its kind. This old man's name is an obscene word here now—so much so that it is not used in the presence of respectable ladies and gentlemen. If a Liberal in this community had committed this crime and been caught by the wolfish "pet lambs," he would be looking through iron bars awaiting the meeting of the grand jury. Sometimes I think we are too lenient and do not show the spirit of retaliation that duty demands.

T. B.

LIBERAL NOTES FROM ILLINOIS.

DUQUOIN, ILL., Oct. 20, 282.

FRIENDS OF LIBERALISM IN ILLINOIS: I write you to let you know that I am still alive and on the trail (or rail), with my war-paint all on, battling for the cause of mental liberty. This is the third moon of the third year of my traveling over Illinois, and I hope to complete the circuit of the entire state during another year's travel.

During this fall and winter I hope to be able to visit all of the cities, towns, and places lying between here and the Wabash, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers where there is a possible chance of accomplishing anything for our cause. Friends living in Southern Illinois, wishing me to visit their town or city, will do me a favor by addressing me here. I want to organize local auxiliary Liberal Leagues in every place where there are five or more Liberals, either Materialists, Spiritualists, or those who hav no fixed opinions with regard to a future state of existence. Let us not despise the day of small beginnings. The largest trees often grow from very small seeds. The germ of our American republic was incubated in a gathering of less than six brave

and noble men. I also hope that every one in this state of Illinois who can will become members of our State League. Please bear in mind that one dollar makes any man or woman a life-member of the State Liberal League of Illinois, and every dollar of the money thus contributed is expended in carrying on the Liberal work in the state of Illinois. Just as soon as I receive your names I will return you a certificate of membership. Please do not delay. If it is possible for me to procure the means to do so, when I send out to the members the notices of the time and place of holding the next annual convention of the State League of Illinois, I will accompany it with a pamphlet containing an account of the organization of the State League, the objects of the Liberal League movement, and a full and complete list of the names and post-office addresses of the members up to that date. There is no good reason why the Liberals of Illinois should not hav as large and as effectiv an organization as any other state is the union. We hav more local Leagues than any other state except Kansas, and we had by far the largest representation at the last National Liberal League Congress; and now, if we all take hold with a will, we can hav as good State League conventions as hav ever been held at Watkins or Hornellsville by the State Liberal League of New York. The question for us to decide is, Shall we do it? Now, my Liberal friends, I hope you will giv this matter a serious thought, and then let me hear from you. My post-office address, until further notice, will be P. O. Box 604, Duquoin, Perry Co., Ill. I remain yours for universal mental liberty,

F. F. FOLLET,
Sec'y State Liberal League of Illinois.

McHENRY, Ill., Oct. 30, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 in payment for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I wish, while the pot is boiling, to throw under a chip or two to help increase the flame of prohibition, which E. C. Walker so sorely deprecates. Mr. Walker argues his case as though he thought the community had no rights that a drunkard was bound to respect; that society has no right to protect itself against the evils growing out of a free use of intoxicating drink. I will admit that Mr. Walker's position would appear more plausible if the evil effects of intemperance began and ended with the inebriate. But they do not. The maudlin at his midnight cup is happy, while his wife and family are suffering untold misery and agony as the inevitable sequence of his debauchery. Neither does the evil end with the suffering and degradation of his family. The lives and property of all are in jeopardy, and crime and accident are the result; and the community suffers the loss and pays the expense.

While I am writing, news comes of a probable homicide committed last night within a few rods of my own door. A young man was stabbed in the back with a dirk-knife. Both men were intoxicated. If the young man dies we will hav a murder trial, with thousands of dollars of costs, that we can hav the pleasure of walking (or Walkering) up to the captain's office to settle. I take it that Mr. Walker don't pay many taxes, or he might be made to see that drunkards are not the only persons who hav rights to be considered in this question. His "do-as-you-please" policy is the legitimate parent of not only the aforementioned calamity, but of a majority of the crime and suffering in our land. I am for prohibition—immediate, absolute, and eternal—prohibition of manufacture, sale, and importation. Not but that we use alcohol for medicinal purposes in our family—and if every one would use it as we do, we would think it a blessing rather than a curse—but, knowing as we do the history of intoxicants, we are satisfied that the public good demands total prohibition; and are willing and anxious to forego any and all use we hav for it, for the general good of society. And when the majority come to the same conclusion, I deem it not only our right but our duty to enact such laws as will secure life and property against the damaging effects of alcohol.

Dr. Chapman, of Cawker City, Kan., in writing for THE TRUTH SEEKER last summer, speaks of the prohibition law of that state as a failure. I think he is mistaken. I think that, notwithstanding the fact that the courts hav thrown stumbling-blocks in the way of the law, it has done an immense amount of good, and that it is growing in favor with the better class of citizens throughout the state; and I hope Gov. St. Johns will be sustained and re-elected for his temperance principles.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER for the impartial hearing it givs to friends and foes. I like that the anti-prohibitionist shall hav his say, and we will weigh his arguments, if he has any; and it is a satisfaction to know we hav one editor to whom we can go and giv expression to the result of our conclusions, and place ourselvs right on the record. I am for prohibition especially in the interest of suffering mothers and children, and for free and unqualified political franchise, without regard to sex or color.

Respectfully submitted. GEORGE GAGE.

PARK CITY, UTAH, Oct. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I do not want to miss a single number of the fearless seeker after truth should I liv as long as Methuselah. THE TRUTH SEEKER—long may she liv to disseminate light and knowledge among the children of men to aid them to free themselvs from the slavery of creeds and dogmas!

D. M. Bennett, the war-horse of Freethought, may his great versatil mind and powerful intellect continue to grow to the perfection and wisdom of truth. As he has outlived and put under his feet his persecutors, so may he outliv all error, the greatest of which we, as Americans, are laboring under is our financial and consequent social system.

I am surprised to find among Liberals, who do so much to free the mind from the superstitions and slavery of creeds and dogmas, men who devote so much of their time to continue the enslavement of the body. Pauperism and Liberalism are diametrically opposed to each other. You cannot educate a man who has no time to read or think. You cannot enlighten or Liberalize a man's mind who has no time to spare from his labor to inform himself or accustom his mind to the process of thinking. In no country where the golden calf is worshiped to the exclusion of a medium of exchange adequate to meet the demands of trade can the laborer find time to inform himself or procure the means with which to educate his family.

I hav often asked myself the question, Can a man be sincerely and truly a Liberal, a Freethinker, and yet worship at the shrine and bow the knee to that god who has done more to oppress and enslave mankind than all the other gods combined, and at whose shrine the whole family of man, with often exceptions, continue like cringing slaves to bow crying, "Aba father, great God, and our God, without thee we are as nothing and can do nothing. Thy shining robes and jingling sounds must continue to fill the vaults of Shylock, to enable him to rob us of our just earnings, and send us starving to a pauper's grave. We are willing for the sake of perpetuating the relic of barbarism handed down to us from time immemorial, and suffer all sorts of indignities because of thee, thou sweet morsel of slavery and oppression, for we know of no other god that can take thy place, and that can save us, and we hav no time to lose in searching after one?"

Bob, one of the godhead of Liberalism, Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll, seems to be an ardent worshiper at the altar of god (gold). His stupidity upon the financial question is only equaled by his sublime cheek in introducing it into his theological discussions. His "soup-ticket" speech of two years ago is a standing menace to his credit as a thinker and reasoner. I cannot think Bob is ignorant in regard to the financial question, and I do not want to believe that he is one of the subsidized to continue in power the great class and monopoly legislation party of America. Fie upon Liberalism that, while endeavoring to free the mind, is laboring to perpetuate the slavery of the body. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." As this is my first, and for fear you will not appreciate my effort, and that this will find its way into the waste-basket, I will close by requesting you to answer the following question, What constitutes a Liberal? As I hav only quite recently merged out of the darkness of godism, I would be pleased to hav the answer in full.

ROB ROY.

STOCKTON, CAL., Oct., 282.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to state my views on Mr. Seward Mitchell's communication to your paper. At the commencement he displays a remnant of the spirit of orthodoxy in arrogantly and defiantly condemning the publication of Mr. Otto Wettstein's articles of faith or belief; at though one gentleman of this great, grand, glorious, and free republic of Freethought has not as much right to express his views as another. He says, "If death is an eternal sleep, in the name of all that is just and right, never print another paper." If he has been following after strange gods, if he has been pursuing a fancy of his creation, a phantom of his imagination, and others do not choose to follow him—because of this, THE TRUTH SEEKER must die. What! stop the grand old ship, THE TRUTH SEEKER, because we hav one sea-sick passenger—the life-saving craft that has braved many an ugly storm, and in her onward course has gathered into her spacious hold many a shipwrecked soul grasping at straws and chips from the shattered and sinking hull of orthodoxy! Stop that noble ship that has been successfully sailing for years, and has taken into every port of our globe the fruits and spices, the delicacies and luxuries of freedom and liberty! Why, she is freighted now with a cargo of the refined petroleum of intelligence, to kindle and sustain the new light of truth and universal love, and her destination is around the world. Stop her! Oh, no, Mr. Mitchell; we could not think of it. She is full-rigged and fresh-calked, and her old trustworthy old pilot is aboard. There is no danger.

It is very evident that Mr. Mitchell has been all his life aboard some old orthodox craft, where "honesty, starvation, injustice, lying, cheating, stealing, crime, and indescribable misery" hav been prevalent, and he has become so well accustomed to it that he thinks "a man is more than insane to attempt to reform it, time worse than wasted," etc. Grand reasoning, wonderful logic, brilliant ideas! If our forefathers plowed with a stick and harrowed with a bush, harvested with a jack-knife, threshed with a flail, and ground their meager crops in a stone mortar—thus, through their ignorance of agriculture, producing poverty, starvation and want—because Mr. Mitchell's pet idea is questioned—we must not use the steel gang-plow, the diamond harrow, the header and steam-thresher; we must not avail ourselvs of the improved flour-mill to convert our crops into flour to feed our fellows and keep poverty, starvation, and crime out of our midst; because the lurid flames of hell hav been extinguished and the dull, insipid eternal rest business has been ridiculed and eradicated from the mind of intelligence, we must cease to use our modern improvements that make life happy. We must not invent any more comfort-producing or pain-reducing facilities, because the cold chills creep over Mr. Mitchell's soul as he sees the shoreless lake of fire, with waves of fierce damnation and white-hot billows of consuming wrath quenched and destroyed.

"We are wasting our time even in the performance of one good deed," and there is absolutely nothing to liv for. Has Mr. Mitchell never done one good deed? If he has he ought to know that every good deed bears with it its own immediate reward, and no good deeds are in vain. But he seems to want to pay here and then pay again, and if his greedy soul cannot realize this he can see nothing worth living for.

> For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
> Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower,
> Annual for me the grape, the rose renew
> The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
> To me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
> For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
> Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
> The earth my footstool, my canopy the skies.
>
> —*Pope.*

It has been said that there are moments in human life worth ages, and I think that I may safely affirm that our happiest days, our most delightful hours, our sweetest and most blissful moments, are never associated with thoughts of life beyond the grave. We are not fretful and melancholy because we were not conscious of an individual existence one hundred years ago. As far as we were then concerned, it was eternal sleep; and if one hundred years hence we are again in the same condition, should that interrupt our present joys? We lose nothing that we hav any right to expect to retain—we were clay, inanimate dust, unconscious, inorganic clods; and if we to that state return, has there been injustice done? Better that than to be consigned to that place where "sinners must with devils dwell, in darkness, fire, and chains."

Even if there is really a future life what can we do about it here? We did nothing in causing it to be.

If so be there is not, we are equally as powerless in preventing the flame of life from being quenched. It is worse than a waste of time to engage our whole energies in exchanging a real world for an imaginary one. It will be a happy time when men devote their time and attention in securing the benefits of this world, and let all others take care of themselvs. One truth is clear, that the mind dates its birth from time of the organization of the body, and why th y should not end together is beyond my concepti n. Perhaps Mr. Mitchell's philosophical S rtualistic brain can solve the question.

JOHN D. STANLEY.

REPLY TO A. B. PIKARD.

BARRE, MASS., Nov. 6, E. S., 82.

MR. F KARD: My object in the article you noticed, applying masculin pronoun to God, was more to show that hose who deny the existence of a personal God, but pr ofess to believe in a supreme, spiritual intelligence or power without gender, invariably prove they do not believe their own theory, as they use a masculin pronoun wherewith to express this genderless intelligence. I only suggested "*it*" as a substitute to show their inconsistency.

Yes, the "want of a third person singular without gender" is often felt when we do not wish to indicate the sex of the person. Some thirty-five years since in one of our Massachusetts towns at a teacher's meeting this deficiency was discussed without any remedy being proposed. I am glad if my strictures hav excited your activ interest, and will lend whatever little influence I possess to aid in such a reformation as your propose, which meets my fullest approbation.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

READING, PA., Nov. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I need not say it was not because I was not glad to welcome you home once more that I hav not sooner reached forth the hand of welcome. I knew there would be a rush for your hand and your attention, from all sides, by warm and loving friends; I therefore waited, that I might giv you a more quiet welcome. I prize your letters; I prize your brave missionary work; I prize your method with the priests of a foreign superstition. It is so much better than telling them they are wrong and don't know anything; I prize you for THE TRUTH SEEKER; I prize you for having been in prison—in short, I prize all you hav done in awakening the minds of the world to thought and progress. In view of all this, and much more, most noble traveler, I bid you "thrice welcome" to your glorified sanctum, from which we will still be supplied with the truth as it is in good common sense. I am very much interested in the discussions on temperance, prohibition, mind, matter, and soul. They are deeply interesting. I am truly,

L. E. HUGGINS.

Men of the Hour.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON,
THE GRAT INVENTOR.

New York has quite a large number of public electric lights irrespectiv of those which are already in use in private offices, portions of hotels, and so forth, and the total of electric lighting in the metropolis is very considerable. But it cannot yet be said that the new light has anything like a general application in New York. The time is, however, drawing near when a large and certainly an important portion of the city will be lighted with the electric light instead of gas, in offices, stores, etc. Where the light has been already applied it has been found highly satisfactory. The great inventor whose portrait introduces this article, as the head of a firm, has spent more than a year in providing the huge machinery, miles of wire and other things necessary to the general use of his light in the down-town portion of New York. In but a few weeks from this date it will be used exclusivly in scores of business buildings now illuminated by gas. The time is, therefore, opportune to giv a sketch of the life and inventiv career of the man whose genius has largely contributed to this result, which will doubtless be the pioneer of others of even greater importance.

Edison first saw the light in Milan, Erie county, Ohio, February 11, 1847, so that he is still a young man. The number of patents already granted him approaches two hundred. He is of mixed Hollander and English blood, his grandfather having been a Dutchman who settled near Newark, N. J., and who married into the Ogdens, a family of English descent. Edison began his working life as a newsboy when only about eight years old at Port Huron, Mich. Five years afterward he succeeded in procuring a contract for the exclusiv sale of newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, to which fact is due the report that he is a Canadian. His business grew rapidly under his clever and energetic management, and was supplemented by an essay in journalism, the *Grand Trunk Herald*, which he printed with his own type and his own hands. The progress of the war at this time assisted his paper, which had at one time 450 subscribers. Dropping his publication, he began the study of chemistry, prosecuting it in connection with his newspaper business. When his experiments on the train had resulted in his setting fire to a car by the ignition of phosphorus, he was forced to abandon it. He next pursued telegraphy as a means of livelihood, and became extraordinarily apt as an operator. In 1867, while living in Cincinnati, he began experimenting with the view to send two messages at once over the one wire, and succeeded in doing this in Boston not long afterwards. This was the first of the many inventions which hav earned for him and his country immortal honor. His phonograph first attracted the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe by reason of its exhibition at the French Institute in 1878. No better idea of the multiplicity and value of his inventions can be given than by mentioning the leading features of his exhibit in Paris at the Electrical Exhibition, 1881, where his was the largest, most important, and most varied of the many exhibits. It included his system of electric lighting by incandescence, his disk dynamo-electric-machine, his microtasimeter, which measures the smallest changes in temperature; his odoroscope, which renders visible the presence of certain essential oils and hydrocarbon vapors, and also registers their action; his electromotograph, which produces the human voice at a distance, like the telephone, but with a greater intensity, and so forth. Mr. Edison's career as an inventor, brilli nt though it is, will probably prove but a portion of the obligation which the world will owe him for some of the most delicate as well as serviceable applications of electrical science.

"Crimes of Preachers."

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker,
Sir: "Crimes of Preachers" has become an indispensable book. The fifth thousand has been issued! It is finding its way into the homes of the dupes of priestcraft who are learning that preachers as a class are more apt to be criminals than ten times the number of any other class of men.

When it comes to giving the name, church, place of residence, and crime charged against clergymen, we hav a book worth having. Thanks to the good friends who hav sent me newspapers gi ing accounts of the cuttings up of the guides to holiness. Let this continue, and my next edition will be largely ben e ted, for this labor of love will be issued yearly.

I hav made a list of the crimes charged against preachers from July 10, 1882, to Oct. 28, 1882, which I giv below, omitting the names, as they will appear in the next edition of "Crimes of Preachers."

Whole number of sky-pilots who within that short time hav been charged with crime, 48.

Methodists, 15.	Presbyterians, 9.
Episcopalians, 7	aptists, 5.
Catholics, 5.	Campbellites, 3.
Congregationalists, 2	Lutherans, 2.
Unitarians, 0.	Universalists, 0.

These 48 lambs of God hav been charged with

13 Adulteries,
1 Assault with intent to murder
3 Assault and battery,
4 Bastardy,
2 Beating wife,
4 Bigamy,
4 Breach of nage promis,
4 Desertin wife and children,
3 Drunkenness,
4 Elopement with women,
3 Fornication,
1 Fraudulent divorce,
3 Forgery,
2 Gross fraud,
7 Indecent familiarities with women.
12 Immoral assault on women,
9 Insulting ladies,
1 Indecent exposure of person,
4 Inhuman cruelty to wife and children,
1 Incest,
3 Larceny,
6 Lying,
2 Murder,
1 Nuisance,
2 Perjury,
1 Rape,
5 Swindling,
13 Seduction,
2 Suicide,
2 Slander.

123 heinous crimes in 109 days!

The first edition from May, 1876, to May, 1881, showed 89 criminal preachers to each year. The second edition showed 202 from May, 1881 to May, 1882. This if continued as begun will giv about 170 for the next year.

Of these 123 crimes 67 hav been the common ministerial complaint-sexual!

Let us hope that every Liberal in America will send twenty-five cents to the author or publisher and hav one of these books ready to answer the blatant priests who so faithfully charge all crimes upon Infidels.

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360 Degraw street, cor. Smith.

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cor. Jay and Nassau sts.
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It seems almost incredible that a man so utterly helpless as I was after receiving the best medical treatment, and being told by the doctors that I would never be able to walk again, could be so nearly completely restored to health and strength as I am. But such is the fact, as hundreds of people in this vicinity can testify. I send this testimonial unsolicited by you, believing it my duty to let suffering humanity know that they can be cured without filling the system with poisonous drugs (which in my case did almost irreparable injury). It is impossible for me to describe my feelings, and I can only say, God bless Wilsonia.
I will be pleased to give all the information possible respecting the merits of it, either in person or by letter, to the afflicted. I am, sir,
Yours very respectfully,
WILLIAM H. COCHRAN,
100 Monticello Ave., Jersey City Heights.

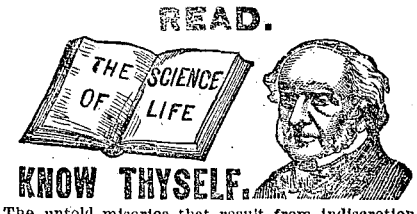
325 Herkimer Street,
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WHEN a man kisses his child, said Epictetus, he should whisper to himself, "To-morrow, perchance, thou wilt die," but those are words of bad omen. "No word is of bad omen," said Epictetus, "which expresses any work of nature, or, if it is so, it is also a word of bad omen to speak of the ears of corn being reaped." Another Greek sage, on learning that his son had died, simply remarked, "I knew all the time that my son was mortal."—*M. A. Antoninus.*

ON THE ILLNESS OF A BELOVED CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayers
I hourly mak' for thee!
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
How can I see him dee. —*Burns.*

"You need not read the book if you don't like it." "But maybe you like it." "I do; it's a very good story." "What makes you think so?" "Because you tell me that the end is melancholy. That is true to nature, for the end of all our lives is melancholy; to ourselvs, because we look back to see how few of our best wishes we hav realized; to those around us it must be full of melancholy, if they care for us at all. I hate sad stories because the whole world is sad." "Oh, rubbish! the world is well enough if we could only take the pleasures that offer themselvs, without waiting for pleasures that can never turn up. It's like the foolish virgin who went through a whole field of wheat without plucking an ear because she always expected to find a bigger one farther on. She ought to hav died of shame at her own greediness when she got to the end of the path and found there was nothing but dwarfed stubbles."—*Charles Gibbon's Queen of the Meadows.*

A SOLDIER dying in the hospital was asked by a super-serviceable agent of the Christian commission if he had found Jesus. "I didn't know that he was lost," was the reply; innocent or sarcastic we need not inquire. But what the dying soldier did not know is the most potent fact of Christian history. Nothing is surer than that Jesus has been lost for more than eighteen centuries. The myth of his transfiguration is the type of his historic transformation. It says, "There came a cloud and overshadowed him." There did indeed; a cloud of legend and myth and fancy and exaggeration, of speculativ mist, of ecclesiastical smoke, the breath of incense, but on this account no more transparent. It says, "He feared when he entered into the cloud." He might well hav done so if he had known how it would falsify his human nature till men should say, "It is a god! it is a god!"—*Chadwick's The Man Jesus.*

THE liberty which Luther claimed was in the main a practical one. In his famous doggerel,

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

But he would not permit much speculativ liberty. The suspension of judgment on which modern science insists, he would hav denounced as doubt, as a temptation of the devil. The obstinate questionings of unseen thing which makes Shakspere's plays so free and human never sounded in his ears, or if they did were dismissed with a text from scripture such as, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

KEEP thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to thy right hand nor to thy left: remove thy foot from evil.—*Proverbs iv*, 23-27.

AT thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves; then dies the same.
—*Young.*

THEN Manahem smote Tiphsah, and all that were therein and the coasts thereof from Tirzah; because they opened not to him therefore he smote it; *and all the women that were with child he ripped up* (2 Kings, xv, 16). Could we permit ourselvs to suppose that the almighty would distinguish any nation of people by the name of "his chosen people," we must suppose that people to hav been an example to all the rest of the world of the purest piety and humanity, and not such a nation of ruffians and cutthroats as the ancient Jews were.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

TRUTH and honesty show themselvs in various ways. They characterize the men of just dealing, the faithful men of business, the men who will not deceive you to their own advantage. Honesty is the plainest and humblest manifestation of the principle of truth. Full measures, just weights, full service, strict fulfilment of engagements are all indispensable to men of character.—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

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OLD cheese is just the correct thing. Mite makes ight, you know.—*New York News.* It never occurd to us before, but it does look that whey.—*Camden Post.* You're a hard kase.—*New York News*

THIS tired-out sanctum joke is again on its travel: A subscriber writes to an editor in the West, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied, "I would not make it any longer even if you did; its present length just suits me."

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When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four hours. I rested my gun right thar on that ledge, and I reckon I killed twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see? This battle was fought in 1864."

"K'rect you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago?"

"Jist about."

"And you are about twenty-five years old?"

"I was twenty-five this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar?"

"Perhaps you were, but you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued, in a very serious voice, and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position. That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once established.

JIM'S EDUCATION.

Old Ned's son returned from college the other day. The old man had looked forward to the event, and had arranged a dinner, to which he invited a large number of acquaintances. The young man was modest, and, to the great humiliation of his father, made no attempt to display his learning. The old man waited several days, and when at last he saw no evidences of his son's education, he approached him and said:

"Jim, it do seem ter me dat yer's putting yer edycation ter a mighty po' use. I ain't heard a big word from yer yet. I can un'erstan' yer jist as well as I did 'fore yer went to dat school. Ef a man's edycated I wants him ter talk so as I can't un'erstan' him. Me an' yer mudder hab been talkin' 'bout dis matter, an' we'se grieved way down in de flesh. Jim, what's de big word for grasshopper?"

"Orthopterous insect of the genus gryllus, according to Webster," replied the young man.

"But de tuther day when dem folks was heah yer spoke ob a grasshopper jest de same as de ignorentest nigger in de country, an' brought shame down on the heads of yer mudder an' myself. What's de big word fur goat?"

"Mammiferous quadruped of the genus capra," answered the young man.

"But why didn't yer say so, 'stead of sayin' goat like a nigger an' bringin' de tingle ob embarrassment ter yer fader's face? What did I gin yer dat schoolin' fur—ter talk like a unedycated son ob a po' white man? Think dat I'se gwine ter keep yer heah in idleness less yer ken refleck credit on de family? Jim, what is de big word for blamed fool?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yer doan'? Den yer ain't 'quainted wid yerself. Yer doan' recognize whar yer stands. Go out dar in de field wid a mule an' identify yerself.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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Notes and Clippings.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words lead to assault and battery.

A REMARKABLY large aerolite, weighing more than half a ton, has fallen at Aix, in the department of the Haute Garonne, France.

AN Ohio paper says, and probably correctly, "The South will make seven million gallons of cotton-seed oil this year, and you will buy some of it nicely put up and labelled finest Italian olive oil, warranted pure."

A YOUNG missionary visiting Thibet for the first time recently expressed his horror at finding the practice of Mormonism reversed under the protection of the king of Cashmere. The law allows women several living husbands, and a lad gave the names of five men when asked who his father was.

NEWS of even a greater disaster than the Manila hurricane comes from the far East. In central Japan whole villages hav been swept away by floods, and thousands of lives are said to hav been lost. The more it is studied the more remarkable the weather of the present autumn appears to be.

THE boys of Northfield College, Minnesota, were having a great deal of fun in changing a physician's sign for that of an undertaker, when a big kettle full of warm tar was emptied upon them from the roof of the house. More than twenty of them had to throw away their clothes and get their hair cut very short.

BECAUSE of an insinuation that he had not properly accounted for money furnished by the Rev. Dr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund for holding normal institutes, and other persons, the Rev. J. W. Denton, Arkansas State Superintendent of Public Education, committed suicide at Fayetteville. The charge against him had been fully disproved, but injudicious persons kept reiterating them, and thus drove the unfortunate man to his doom.

THE Lutheran and Dutch Reformed congregations of Shillington, Pa., held their service in the same house at different hours, but concluded to consolidate their Sunday-schools, the understanding being that the children should become Lutherans or Dutch Reformed, according to the dictates of their own consciences. Charges of proselyting were soon made, and the schools were separated. They are now in the courts with a quarrel over the ownership of the organ, library, and other things.

IN a paper read before the British Medical Association it is stated that delirium tremens is relativly very rare among women, and that alcohol produces fatal effects less rapidly upon them than upon men. These points, said the essayist, were the more remarkable because he had learned that while men were the great consumers of beer, women were the great consumers of spirits. Intelligent publicans had informed him that where they sold one pint of spirits to men, they sold seven to women. It is not mentioned that six of the seven pints bought by women are drank by bibulous husbands at home; but while that fact would disarrange the above conclusion, it is undoubtedly true.

STILL another clergyman of Agnostic tendencies has been installed as a Congregational pastor. He is the Rev. William Hayne Leavel, of Brighton, Mass. He believes in the authority and infallibility of the scriptures "for all purposes for which they are intended by God," but he declines to commit himself to any theory as to the "mode of operation by which the Holy Spirit had secured the absolute correctness of the work of the writer as to all moral and spiritual truth as related to the ends of revelation." But it is his view of the doctrin of atonement that almost, but not quite, brought him under the condemnation of the ministers who installed him. He says that the atoning work of Christ is a mystery, and he has no settled belief regarding it, further than that "to every man will be given an opportunity to become reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, and to be renewed by the power of the Holy Spirit. What the opportunity shall be, when, where, and how it shall be given, God is to decide."

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL was asked for his opinion of the causes of the Republican disaster of election day. The following is his reply, written out by himself: "First, the extravagant appropriations. Secondly, the refusal to reduce taxation. At least $75,000,000 should hav been taken from the burdens borne by the people. Twenty millions should hav been taken from sugar, and the entire tax from tobacco. The Republican party should hav taken such steps that all internal taxation could within one year from now be abolished. People are tired of paying war taxes in times of peace. Thirdly, they want the collectors and treasury agents and all sorts of detectivs and spies discharged. Fourthly, the Republicans should not hav postponed the tariff reform. The Tariff Commission was a mistake. People saw that it was only an affidavit for continuance; a ruse for delay, and that the Republican party was not going to act. Fifthly, prominent Republicans hav been trying to kill each other. The great struggle has been for office. We hav too many politicians and not enough statesmen. The fight against Cornell was unfortunate. Pennsylvania was tired of the Cameron rule, and everywhere there seems to hav been hatred and disgust."

OSCAR F. HEWETT tells this story of Artemas Ward: The following morning was as rare and sunny as was Artemas himself. He could not resist an invitation to visit the "Young Ladies' High School." While walking to the academy a street runaway occurred. A terrified horse went tearing over the pavement with what Artemas called "the fore-quarters" of a wagon clattering at its heels. This incident Artemas ingeniously utilized in his address. "The vehicular elopement which has just taken place, young ladies, has furnished us with a timely topic of discourse. Young ladies' seminaries are ever exposed to runaways. Once, when traveling with my show, I came upon a female institute. There were ladders, and lads, too, as to that, at every window. Manly perpendiculars carrying fainting horizontals to the ground. 'Fire!' I shouted. 'None of that,' replied a solemn voice from the orchard. 'There ain't no fire; these are only young fellows running off with their sweethearts.' There is moral entertainment for man and beast in this runaway. No horse, if attached to a wagon, that is, if sincerely attached to it, will run away with it, but the more a young man is attached to a young woman the more he will run away with her, leaving no traces, in fact none of the harness, behind. Young ladies, since I hav stood before your beautiful faces I hav lost something, and if you or the boy that sweeps out find a red object, looking like a coral breastpin that has been stepped on, you may know it is my poor, busted heart."

GHOST stories, which hav suffered an eclips for some time, appear to be undergoing a revival. Here is one that is entitled to credence, if any are. It is usually only servants or ignorant persons who see ghosts, or visions of the Virgin Mary, but in this case the apparition, according to a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, was seen by two persons simultaneously, both of them possessed of more than common vigor of mind. President Tyler had a sister who was reckoned one of the most gifted women of her day. She was the namesake of Patrick Henry, and the pet of Jefferson. She lived with her father, Gov. Tyler, at Greenway, in Charles City county, Va. One night, while sleeping in the bed with a cousin, a young woman of her own age, she awoke and saw her mother, who had been dead for some months, sitting in the window seat. It was a bright night in summer, and under the window was the bed of a younger sister who was an infant at the time of her mother's death. The apparition leaned over the child and gazed intently on it. Miss Tyler remembered to hav heard that an apparition would remain as long as the eyes were fixed on it. She looked steadily at it without least alarm. Now comes the strangest part of the story. The girl lying by her side said quietly, "Maria, there is your mother." Then the form melted away. Some years afterward, after Gov. Tyler's death, his daughter was at Greenway again. She was then married, and was visiting the first wife of her brother, President Tyler. He was absent in Washington, being in the Senate. One night one of Mrs. Tyler's children became ill, and her sister-in-law went to the nursery to help take care of it. She suggested that she should get a remedy from her own room, and, taking a candle in her hand, started for it. On her return, as she passed the staircase, she saw her father standing before her. The same idea flashed into her mind that she could hold the apparition by her fixed gaze. She observed it carefully, and recognized a certain suit of brown cloth which she had sometimes seen the governor wear, and she was self-possessed enough to look for a mole on his forehead which was a birthmark. Mrs. Tyler after waiting some minutes called to her to hasten, whereupon the figure vanished.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church Congress which met in Richmond, Va., two weeks ago, took as the topic for discussion on one evening, "The Relations of the Church to the Colored Race." The discussion called forth varied and suggestiv opinions. Bishop Howe, of South Carolina, said that the two races ought to be united under one bishop. A general sympathy on the part of the whites and a becoming modesty on the part of the blacks would unite the two races. The difficulty must be met by recogizing in the canon the differences recognized in nature. The Rev. J. E. C. Smedes, of Raleigh, admitted with mortification that the Episcopal church was not doing as much among the colored race as was done by other denominations. The Rev. C. F. Tiffany, of New York, thought the Episcopal church specially fitted for the colored people, "saturated as it is with the elements of morality and religion." The Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Jackson, Miss., said that the very fact that this topic was discussed showed that there was a difference between the relation of the church to the colored and the relation of the church to the white race. He charged the negroes with an innate want of honesty, truthfulness, and virtue. All attempts on the part of masters and others to instil better principles developed the vilest hypocrisy. Dr. Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, entertained views not unlike those of his Mississippi brother. "The African," he said, "mistakes emotion for religion, and after shouting and feeling warm and good he takes that for piety, and it is no matter how many hen roosts he robs." But these views did not meet with a hearty reception. The Rev. Dr. Williams, of Baltimore, spoke especially against the assertions of Dr. Tucker as to the depraved character of the negroes. He laid stress upon their behavior during the war, and showed how they were left to protect the women and children when the men were in the army. The Rev. Mr. Shackelford, of Virginia, also defended the colored race, and contended that in many instances he had known them to be in gratitude and justice in advance of the white men. Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, closed the discussion by saying that great injustice had been done the race by Dr. Tucker. As for himself, he, as a Southern man, was willing to sit with the negro, "be he as black as he may be, if he is the right sort of clergyman or layman." These varied views, as reported, show not only that there is much difference of opinion among Southern men concerning the condition of the negro, but that the importance of arriving at some method whereby it can be improved demands the attention of those who by long association and observance know most about the colored race. They hav a problem before them that is about as far from being solved as it was before the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment.

News of the Week.

FRANKFORT, Ky., was visited by a $70,000 fire on the 12th.

VANDERBILT is reported to hav purchased the Ohio River Railway.

THE queen of Spain has just presented King Alfonso with an infant daughter.

THIRTY-ONE lives were lost in the burning of the Halifax poorhouse last week.

THE vote of the Labor Party in this state on the 7th was about 10,000, while the Prohibitionists claim 7,412.

THE Democratic journals throughout the country have made great displays of poultry in the form of rampant and crowing roosters during the past week.

A YOUNG man of Montreal, Can., after fasting twenty-three days, under the impression that he was thereby obeying a command of God, died on the 10th.

THE trustees of the University of Pennsylvania hav decided that it is "inexpedient at the present time to admit women to the departments of art" in that institution.

GREAT enthusiasm prevails in Massachusetts over the election of Butler for governor. The general was given a banquet and reception on Saturday by the influential citizens of Boston.

FORTY women and girls, accused of street-walking, etc., were arrested in this city last Saturday and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from two months to six months.

THE high priests of the Mormon church hav been instructed that priests and bishops and their councillors are not entitled to hold their positions unless they qualify by becoming polygamists.

HERBERT SPENCER, the great English philosopher, returned to England on Saturday last. On the Thursday evening previous to his departure he was given a reception-banquet at Delmonico's.

TIMOTHY GREEN, of Morrow, Ohio, met Father O'Donoghue, the priest of his parish, and killed him with a blow from a monkey wrench. Father O'Donoghue had traduced Mrs. Green.

GEN. SHERMAN has submitted to the secretary of war a report upon the subject of military posts and forts, in which he recommends the appropriation of $5,000,000 to be expended in extending the army.

THE present week has been appointed by the Young Men's Christian Association as a week of prayer for young men. If any young man feels unusally well he may judge whether or not the prayers hav taken effect.

AN attempt was made to assassinate Judge Lawson in Dublin, Ireland, on the 11th, but was frustrated by the presence of a policeman, who knocked the would-be assassin down as he was in the act of drawing a pistol.

THE United States revenue cutter, Thomas Corwin, in a recent engagement with the Alaska Indians, destroyed two villages and captured their chiefs. The cause of the fight was the seizing and holding of two white men by the Indians.

THE Rev. Charles Spurgeon, known chiefly from the fact that his father is a somewhat noted preacher of England, addressed a Brooklyn audience last Sunday. He is described as having the manner of an exhorter and a voice pitched in a high key. His sermon was addressed to young men.

As the returns of the recent election in this state come in it is found that Cleveland's majority is much larger than was reported last week. It is probable that he obtained about 195,000 more votes than Folger, and it has been sarcastically suggested that his election be made unanimous. The Free Canal amendment was carried by a large majority.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Over the Mountains.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have now to tell you about my journey homeward from the plains of California. After leaving Sacramento on our northeasterly course we passed by several insignificant stations, which hardly need to be mentioned. The first place of much note which we reached is Rocklin, some twenty-two miles from Sacramento. It is principally a railroad town of about a thousand inhabitants, and there is a round house of twenty-eight stalls, and a machine-shop for railroad purposes. The celebrated Rocklin granite comes from here of which the state capital was built.

Auburn, fourteen miles further on, also contains about a thousand inhabitants. It is the county-seat of Plain county. The country is a little rough, but gardens, vineyards, and orchards abound. We have now reached what are called the foot hills of the Sierra Nevadas.

Colfax is twenty-two miles further away, and is a railroad town of about a thousand inhabitants. It was named in compliment to Schuyler Colfax, who was regarded as an early and warm friend of the road. That he found the support of the road somewhat profitable there are grounds for belief.

Gold Run, eleven miles further on, is a small mining town, for now we have reached a rugged country where mining is carried on extensively. Hydraulic mining is employed hereabouts largely, and hills of much size are washed away to be carried down to the valleys below, and to deposit worthless clay and gravel upon the most fertile land. We are now climbing the mountains pretty rapidly and are passing much very grand scenery. We have passed the north fork of the American River, as well as the north fork of the North Fork, and they dash and foam along as they leap over their rocky beds in a truly grand manner. Some of these wild water channels are said to be fifteen hundred feet below the track of the railroad.

Dutch Flat, but a few miles further on, is a mountain mining town of some note. It is situated in something of a hollow, and has two thousand inhabitants. It has many good buildings, with pleasant gardens, vineyards, and orchards. Stages leave here daily for Little York, You Bet, and Red Dog.

Near Shady Run, some seven miles further on, is one of the grandest gorges in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is called the Great American Canyon. At this point the American River is compressed between two walls two thousand feet high, and so nearly perpendicular that one can stand on the brink of the cliff and look directly down on the foaming water below. The canyon is about two miles long, and so precipitous are its sides which are washed by the torrent that it has been found impossible to ascend the stream through the gorge even on foot. It can easily be imagined that this locality possesses special features of grandeur.

Blue Canyon, five miles further on, is a freight and lumber station. A pretty large amount of lumber is got out here, and taken to the towns in the valleys below for market.

Emigrant Gap is five miles further on, and is the place where the old emigrant road crossed the divide and followed down the ridges to the valley of the Sacramento. The emigrants passed over the gap, while the railroad train passes under it, and the speed and ease of traveling are greatly increased. The iron track and horse have made a wonderful change in the facilities for getting through this rough country.

Cisco is eight miles ahead, and formerly, when the Summit tunnel was being made, was a place of some importance, not less than five hundred people being here, but now a few dozens are all.

Cascade is four miles away, and we are now nearing the grandest parts of the Sierras. Here we cross one of the branches of the Yuba, which jumps and leaps down the rocks in a showering of silvery spray. We are now among the snow-sheds and tunnels, which are a peculiar feature of this portion of the road. The snowfall is here some twenty feet per year, and it is an absolute necessity for the roads to be protected from this immense fall. The snow-sheds are constructed of heavy timber, sometimes square and sometimes round, and strongly framed together. The roofs are heavy, and capable of holding up enormous loads. The cost of construction of these sheds is about $10,000 per mile, and there are some fifty miles of them on the higher parts of the Sierras. They sometimes takes fire from the passing trains, but the facilities of the railroad company are so extensive, and the number of their employees so great, that the repairs are soon made. Sometimes these sheds are continuous for miles together, and sometimes there are vacancies of a quarter of a mile or less where the snow does not pack in so badly. These interstices afford a good opportunity for one to look out and take a view of the wild mountainous country, of the hills of granite, and of the numerous fir and spruce-trees, which abound in this mountainous region.

We now are approaching the summit, the highest point of the Sierras, where the railroad crosses them, over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, but by no means the highest peaks of the mountains, for within sight are several elevations ten thousand feet in hight. Here the eternal snows are not wholly lost sight of. In many places I noticed heavy banks of snow now at this warmest season of the year.

There are also several tunnels here through the mountain of rock. The longest is over 1,600 feet in length, while others vary from 800 to 1,000 feet. Between the tunnels and the snowsheds the means for observing the mountain scenery is none too good.

The summit is 245 miles from San Francisco, and the outlook here is wild and bleak in the extreme. We are now on the dividing ridges which separate the head waters of several mountain rivers, which by different and tortuous courses find at last the same common destination—the Sacramento River. On our left, far down in that fir-clad gorge, the waters of the South Yuba leap and dance along as though they enjoy exquisitely this frolicsome sport, and the almost countless rapids, cascades, and waterfalls are a constant source of interest. The stream heads against and far up the summit, one branch crossing the road at a station called Cascade. East of Cisco the head waters of Bear River between the Divide and Yuba, which winds away beyond out of sight, and behind another mountain ridge. The American River is on the right, and these streams alike find their resting-place in the wide and beautiful Sacramento.

There is said to be no grander scenery in the Sierras than in this locality. Here are towering mountains, deep gorges, lofty precipices, sparkling waterfalls, crystal lakes, and vast masses of eternal snow, which remain here from year to year, and probably from century to century. This is a locality of considerable resort by those fond of hunting, fishing, and roaming over the wildest scenery to be found anywhere. It is cool here, even in the summer; the air is pure and bracing, and a few weeks are pleasantly spent here by the tourist who has plenty of time on his hands. The timid deer abounds, and the grizzly bear is not unfrequently met with; angling is excellent, as these mountain streams teem with trout and other excellent fish.

At Summit is a fine hotel for the accommodation of tourists, and from this point excursions are often made to Lake Tahoe, Lake Donner, and other noted and interesting localities.

Soda Springs are situated near the foot of Summit Valley, and their waters, uniting with others, form the head waters of the American River. The springs are very large and much celebrated, the waters being pronounced the best medicated waters in California. It is pleasant to drink, possessing a taste equal to the best manufactured soda water. Great quantities of it are bottled and shipped in various directions. Near the Soda Springs are others of a different quality, and boiling hot. Many people from the western part of the state visit the springs, and pass several weeks in this medicated and romantic locality.

Strong's Canyon is eight miles east of the summit, and bends around the southern end of the valley which borders Donner Lake. The crossing cold stream commences the ascent of the mountains, The snow-sheds and tunnels are continuous here, and but few peek-holes where one can look out to see the grandeur all around. The train now is on the descending grade, and we feel that we shall not permanently remain among the clouds.

Truckee City is five miles further east, and this is a place of some importance. It is situated on the north bank of the Truckee River, in the midst of what was once a heavily-timbered region, but which has been mostly cut away to supply the demand for lumber through the mining towns. Piles of lumber are in all directions around the town, and one easily understands that lumber is the principal business conducted here. The very sharp roofs of the wooden buildings of the town tell the fact that the snow falls here deep and moist, and if they were not constructed in this way they would be inevitably crushed in by the heavy weight which falls upon them. The town has about 2,000 inhabitants, who are directly or indirectly engaged in the lumber business.

A line of stages leaves Truckee daily for Donner Lake, two miles away; Lake Tahoe, twelve miles away; and Sierraville, thirty miles away. A good wagon road connects Sierra City with Truckee, *via* the Henness Pass and Donner Lake.

Lake Tahoe is now so near that I must repeat to you the description given of it, as it is unquestionably one of the most beautiful and romantic lakes in the world. It is said to be located in two states and five counties, the line which separates Nevada from California passing through it. Where this line passes through it the water is 1,700 feet deep. A small steamer, the Stanford, plies on the lake and is much patronized by excursionists. Tahoe City is at the foot of the lake, and here are good accommodations for visitors. Six miles from this point is Sugar Pine Point, a spur of the mountains covered with splendid forests of sugar pine, the most valuable timber found on the Pacific coast. Five streams run into the lake from this elevated land. Emerald Bay is a beautiful, placid inlet, two miles long, which seems to be hiding itself among the pine-clad hills. It is but about four hundred yards wide at its mouth, but widens to a breadth of two miles, forming what is called one of the prettiest land-locked harbors in the world. At the south side of Tahoe, near the site of the old Lake House, Lake Valley creek enters the lake through one continual series of verdant meadows, dotted with milk ranches, where the choicest butter and cheese are manufactured. Several miles away is what is called "The Cave," a cavern on the hillside overhanging the lake and one hundred feet above it. On the north end of the lake are the celebrated Hot Springs, and these are located just within the state of Nevada. Near them is a splendid spring of clear, cool water, and devoid of mineral taste. Cornelian bay is a beautiful indenture in the coast, with a fine gravel bottom. The shores of the lake are generally smooth and gravelly.

The length of the lake is about twenty-two miles, and the width ten miles. The water is remarkably clear, so that fish and pebbles can be distinctly seen from the surface at a depth of more than fifty feet. Tahoe is an Indian name, and means "big water." It is pronounced by them "Tah-oo," while the pale-faces pronounce it "Ta-hoe."

Donner Lake is a lovely little lakelet, often called the "Gem of the Sierras." It is two and a half miles north of Truckee. It is about three and a half miles long, and a mile in width, though of irregular shape. It has a depth in the deepest place of two hundred feet. Like Lake Tahoe, it is thought to be a crater of an ancient volcano, as the surrounding mountains present unmistakable proofs of igneous formations. Like the waters of Lake Tahoe, it is clear and cold; every pebble can be distinctly seen in the deepest places. Donner Lake is surrounded on three sides by towering mountains, covered with a heavy growth of fir, spruce, and pine trees of immense size. This beautiful lake lies so near the railroad that a fine view of it is obtained from the train. Within sight are four tunnels and many miles of snow-sheds, while behind, and seemingly overhanging the road, the mountains, bald, bleak, and bare, massive piles of granite, tower far above their precipitous sides, as though bidding defiance to the ravages of time.

Long before the railroad passed over this rugged country a "Pony Express" was started through this wild region in 1870 to meet the pressing business of the Pacific Coast. The first overland mail was carried between St. Louis and Los Angeles in 1858 in about twenty-three days, three days' shorter time than was required by the mail line via Panama. The "Pony Express," which left St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco, simultaneously, April 3, 1860, succeeded in transporting it through safely on its first trip in ten days, on its second in fourteen days, the third nine days, the fourth ten days, the fifth nine days, the sixth in nine days, a distance of two thousand miles. This rapid transmission of business correspondence was of great value to the business men of those days.

This service required courage and endurance, as well as enterprise and the expenditure of large sums of money. The moment the ferryboat touched land on the opposite shore the pony expressman mounted his horse, and by day or night, in starlight or darkness, whether sun-dried or soaked, snow-covered or frozen, among friends or foes, lonely or merry, onward he sped his way till at the next more-than-welcome station he leaped from his saddle to rest. Here another was ready whose horse, like himself, had been waiting, perhaps without shelter, and with a cheery "Good night, boys!" he galloped off, and was soon lost in the dark or in the distance. He rides on alone over prairies and mountains, whether uphill or down, on rough ground or smooth, until he descries in the distance the goal of his hopes and the station is reached. To tell the losses of men from the Indians, and of horses and other property, both from volunteers as well as from Indians, with the many thrilling adventures of those who participated in this daring enterprise, would require a volume of large size.

As we pass on eastward through this wild region, where lumbering is the principal business conducted, the V flumes for the transportation of lumber are seen all along by the side of the railroad. It is a conduit for water, made of wide boards, usually in the shape of the letter V, and perhaps fifteen inches in depth. In this narrow channel hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber, in the form of boards and timber, are transported for miles. The descent is generally tolerably rapid, and the lumber moves along as fast as a man would wish to walk or run. At the point where the lumber is to be deposited, the terminus of the flume is elevated ten or fifteen feet from the ground, and the water and lumber pour over indiscriminately, the water running away and the lumber piling up in an irregular manner, all sorts together, to be handled, assorted, and piled away accordingly. Logs are often conducted to the

mill in a similar manner. This mode of transporting lumber is much in use here.

Boca is eleven miles east of Truckee. The lumbering business is well represented here, and the rapid Truckee River, by which the railroad runs for many miles, is used for conveying the logs, often singly. An extensive brewery is also here, which enjoys a high reputation for the fine quality of beer it turns out. This rapid river affords an abundance of sites for mills, and the water is in plentiful quantity. After this we are no longer in California, having crossed the line into Nevada.

We pass by the small stations of Bronco, Mystic, Essex, Verdi, to Reno, which is twenty-six miles from Boca. We ride all the way, or nearly so, by the Truckee River, and have an abundance of wild mountainous scenery.

Reno, the county-seat of Washoe county, is a flourishing looking town of over fifteen hundred inhabitants. It was named in honor of Gen. Reno, who was killed at the battle of South Mountain. It has improved very rapidly within the past few years. Now it has two daily papers, and puts on many city airs. Some good farming land surrounds the town, but the land is generally so impregnated with alkali, and has such a scarcity of rain, that it is not very productive.

The greatest mining region in the world is within reaching distance of Reno, Virginia City being located over the mountain to the southeast, at a distance of twenty-one miles by the old wagon-road, and fifty-two miles by rail. Before the completion of the railroad, Virginia City was reached by stage, over a fearfully steep, zig-zag mountain road, but the increased distance is half-a-dozen times made up in the increased comfort of the newer route.

Being anxious to see something of this mining world, I concluded to stop over at Reno, and use a day in visiting Carson City, Gold Hill, and Virginia City.

CARSON CITY.

I had but an hour to wait at Reno before the train on the Virginia & Truckee Railroad started, and I was soon on my way to the capital of Nevada. This railroad was commenced at Carson City, in March, 1869, and was completed to Virginia City in November, 1871. The grade in places is as high as 115 feet to the mile. It has six tunnels, with an aggregate length of 3,000 feet. We passed several small stations. It is over thirty miles from Reno, being situated in Eagle Valley, rather a pretty stretch of level country, surrounded by ranges of hills or mountains of considerable hight belonging to the Sierras. Carson River flows through this valley. It is the oldest town in the state, and has a good many fine private and public buildings. Among the latter are the Capitol, the Court House, the United States Mint, etc. It has about 4,000 inhabitants, is profusely decorated with shade-trees, and has an abundance of good water. Carson City is in the center of the best farming country on Carson River, and the best in this portion of the state. The town has a busy appearance, and is the depot where heavy supplies are obtained for the extensive mining country to the south.

I stopped here to visit the Voltaire Mines, largely owned by my friend, A. H. Frank, of Buffalo. The mill is a mile and a half south of Carson, and I had a pleasant ride out to it, catching a ride with a gentleman with a fine team going in that direction. I passed for some distance by the side of an extensive flume from the Sierras, which brings lumber and fire-wood in abundance for several miles. I found the Voltaire Mill in active operation, under the management of Mr. Coho, the partner of Mr. Frank. The silver ore is carted nearly two miles from the mines to the mill, where it passes through the stamp mill, and is roasted in a furnace for a certain number of hours, which drives off the sulphur and some other elements. It is afterward economically treated with quicksilver, and distilled off in the manner before described. The capacity of the mill is such that it can work up more ore than is obtained from the mine, and considerable is taken in for that reason to manipulate for others. Mining is unquestionably a hazardous business, sometimes attended with great profit, and sometimes a steady stream of money out of pocket. I should judge the Voltaire Mill is doing very well. I succeeded in obtaining a new subscriber or two for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and was ready for the next train for Virginia City, some twenty miles away. We passed through the small places, Lookout, Empire, Silver, and came to Gold Hill, which is really a part of the town of Virginia City. This is an unsightly country, very uneven in character, and thoroughly dotted with mining mills and the small mountains of *débris* which hav been brought up from the bowels of the earth. Virginia is on the southeastern slope of Mount Davidson, at an elevation of 6,200, with the mountains rising 1,627 feet still higher in the vicinity. The town is built on the side of the mountain, with one main street and numerous cross streets, very uneven in character, and upon the whole extremely unsightly.

At both Virginia City and Gold Hill are located great numbers of smelting furnaces, reduction works, and stamp-mills, thundering away day and night. At least this has been the case in the past, when the mines and lodes here were turning out munificently of its precious treasures; but Virginia and Gold Hill are at present under a cloud. The rich veins seem to be exhausted, and new ones are not readily struck. Some of the establishments are working over the refuse which has lain for several years neglected, while others are entirely idle. The town has boasted of 16,000 inhabitants, and when the Comstock lode was booming everything wore a flourishing appearance; but now half the buildings are unoccupied, a general appearance of unthrift pervades the town, and money is not nearly so plentiful as it used to be when the "Big Bonanza" was doing its best—not only making wealth for the money-lords of San Francisco, but dispensing it freely in the vicinity of the mines.

The first gold mines of this locality were discovered in 1857 by James Kirby and some others who commenced mining in the Gold Canyon, called afterward Gold Hill. The working of the mine was continued with indifferent success till 1859. The first quartz claim was located by James Finney, better known as "Old Virginia," on the 22d of February, 1858, in the Virginia mining district, and on the "Virginia Croppings." The old prospector gave his pet name to the city, croppings, and district. In June, 1859, rich deposits of silver ore were discovered by Peter O'Reilly and Patrick McLaughlin on what is now the ground of the Ophir Mining Company. They were engaged in gold-washing and uncovered a rich vein of sulphuret of silver when engaged in excavating a place wherein to catch a supply of water for their rockers. The discovery was made on ground claimed by Kirby and others. A Mr. Comstock was employed to purchase the claims of Kirby and those holding with him, hence Comstock's name was given to the lode.

This lode is about four miles in length, the outcroppings extending in a broad belt along the mountain-side. It extends under Virginia City and Gold Hill, the ground on which these cities are built being honey-combed and undermined in all directions; in fact, the entire mountain is a series of shafts, tunnels, and caverns from which the ore has been taken. The vein is broken and irregular at intervals along its length, so far as traced, owing to the formation of the mountain. It is also very irregular in thickness. In some places the fissure ranges from thirty to two hundred feet in width, while at other points the walls come close together. The greatest variation in width occurs at a depth of six hundred feet from the surface. The principal silver ores of this lode are stephanite, vitreous silver ore, native silver, and very rich galena. Pyrargyrite, or ruby silver, horn silver, and polybasite are found in small quantities, together with iron and copper pyrites, zinc-blende, carbonate of lead, pyromorphite, and native gold.

The number of mills in and around Gold Hill and Virginia City, and at other points which work on ore from this lode, is between seventy five and eighty. They are scattered around through several counties. The product of the Comstock lode has been beyond that of any other vein of which there is any record, furnishing the largest amount of bullion produced upon the Pacific slope. I am unable to give you the number of millions of dollars that have been taken from this rich lode, but the sum is up among the hundreds of millions, and sufficient to make many men extremely rich.

As before mentioned, it was the San Francisco capitalists who were able to manipulate these mines, to furnish the capital necessary to work them, and to receive the enormous accruing returns. The world has seemed to not have produced its equal. But it is to be feared that the glory of this locality has departed, that the mineral wealth has been largely extracted, and these hills may never again see such a booming time as they have enjoyed in the past. Prospecting is still kept up, and the hope is indulged that other rich veins will be struck, and that prosperity will again return to these rough mining towns. I concluded if I could have but a hundredth part what the works hereabout cost, including the shafts, the stamp-mills, the smelting works, the engines, and all the first-class and expensive machinery, it would be far more than I could ever use. I was in one of these establishments, and was struck with the massiveness and perfection of the engine and other machinery. The cost of all of it has been many millions of dollars.

These mines extend down deeper into the earth than any other mines of which I have knowledge. The great depth of 2,300 feet is reached, and the increased heat in making the descent to that depth is so great as to be almost unendurable. It was my desire to go down into one of these deep mines and experience for myself the great change in temperature which exists here, but I found that the day had so far advanced that it would be impossible to make the descent on that day, and that I would be under the necessity of waiting over another day. I felt in a hurry to be getting on toward home, and concluded to not remain over. The descent is made in the steam shafts by steam power, but some of the shafts are more or less wet, so that the descent is not attended in full with absolute pleasure. There is a story in circulation here that Col. Ingersoll two or three years ago made a descent into one of these deep mines, in which he almost roasted, and upon emerging he eagerly took the fresh air and made the the remark that were he to have to go much nearer hell it might be well to join some church.

I called upon several friends and patrons, and they urged me to stop over another day with them, and perhaps speak in the evening, but feeling in haste to get on I did not comply with their wishes. When the train was ready to start for Reno I was among the passengers, and in three hours we reached Reno. Here I stopped over night, and had the pleasure of seeing some TRUTH SEEKER patrons, and in the morning I was ready to resume my eastward journey.

For two or three hundred miles east of Reno the country of Nevada is among the most barren and beautiless of any I have seen in all the world. The land is diversified between hill and plain, but little grows in all this dreary waste but sage-brush, and perhaps another ill-looking shrub called grease-wood. Wood does grow in some places, for I see long ranks of it which have been brought in by mule teams, but there is little that is lovely to be seen. The soil is partially white with the alkali, which seems to abound here everywhere, and nothing but the sage-brush seems to want to grow upon it. I must, however, mention the principal points through which we passed.

Vista is a small station east of Reno, and is situated on the nothern edge of what is known as the Truckee meadows. In early days these meadows were a noted rendezvous of emigrants, who on their wearisome journey to the land of gold tarried here for several days to recuperate themselves and teams after crossing the desert. The meadows have an extent of some twelve miles in length by two miles in width, inclosing a pretty large body of good grass land. Vegetables and small grains are also successfully cultivated here.

Clark's is eleven miles further on, and, although the arid desert occupies the interim, here are fenced fields, and fair crops of vegetables appear to be raised. The mining towns in the south afford a good market.

Salvia is seven and a half miles further east; near it is a lava bluff, called Red Rock.

Wadsworth is over seven miles on our journey, and is situated on the eastern bank of the Truckee River, and is sometimes called the western border of the desert, for west of this the country can hardly be ranked as a desert, for considerable vegetation is grown. The town has some good buildings, and a population of some six hundred. The railroad company have a division shop here, with a round house with twenty stalls, car, machine, and blacksmith shops. A piece of ground has been fenced in near the railroad shops and well watered, so that it looks green and lovely with vegetation. A good deal of freight leaves this point for the mining regions south. Pine Grove Copper Mines lies six miles south of Wadsworth. Ten miles further south are the Desert Mines, which consist of gold-bearing quartz lodes. Some very rich mines are said to be located near there. Ninety miles south, at Columbus, are the famous Borax Mines of Nevada, which are counted very rich.

Desert is seven miles further on, and little can be said for it, save it be that it is truly a desert. We are now descending considerably.

Hot Springs is eleven miles further on our journey. On the left-hand side of the road can be seen several hot and bubbling springs, which are always a decided curiosity. They have been called the escape pipes or safety valves for the superabundance of heat which pervails below the crust of the earth. Extensive salt works are located here, and a carload or more of salt is shipped daily. The salt springs are some four miles west of the station. The Saxon-American Borax Company have erected works here at an expense of $200,000. These are half a mile south and in full view.

Mirage is nearly seven miles further on our eastern journey. The station derives its name from the curious phenomena which take place here, and which are not uncommon in other deserts. In early days the toil-worn traveler, when urging his weary teams across the cheerless desert, has many a time had his heart lightened by the sight of clear running streams, waving trees, and broad, green meadows, which appeared to be but a short distance away. Often has the poor emigrant turned aside from his true course and followed the delusive vision for many weary miles, only to learn the painful fact that he had been following a phantom—a will-o'-the-wisp. It still remains a mystery what causes these optical illusions. Many have seen the green fields and leafy trees—or, rather, the appearance of them—apparently but a mile or so away, and as bright and beautiful as though a presentation of Nature herself. It is easy to understand how disappointed a poor, fatigued, famished emigrant must feel when, after a hard day's travel, as the sun is declining in the west, he sees at a short distance ahead the welcome signs of flowing streams, green mountains, and wav-

ing forests—to only find that he has been deceived, and that there was no reality in it.

White Plains is eight miles further on our journey. This is the lowest elevation on the Central Pacific road east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. As an indication of this fact, the plains immediately in the vicinity are nearly white with the alkali which has at some time been in the form of a solution and then evaporated by the continued aridity which usually prevails in all this section. Solid beds of alkali even slope away to the sinks of Carson and Humboldt lakes. No vegetation here meets the eye when gazing over this dreary expanse. The sun's rays seem to fall perpendicularly down upon this barren scene, burning and withering as though they would crush out any and every attempt which the other forces of nature might make to give the parched earth a carpet of green. The water to fill the big tank at the station is pumped from the "sink" by means of a stationary engine, which is situated about midway between the station and the sink.

Brown's is twelve miles further on, and is situated about midway of the northern shore, directly opposite. Humboldt Lake, a body of water about thirty-five miles in length by ten miles in width, really a widening of the Humboldt River after coursing through three hundred and fifty miles, lies in this vicinity. Through this basin the water flows to the plains beyond by an outlet at the lower end of the lake, uniting with the waters of the sink of Carson Lake, which lies about ten miles to the west. During the wet season, when the swollen rivers have overflowed the low lands around the lakes and united them, they form a large sheet of water, eighty miles or more in length, with a large river emptying its waters into each end, and for this vast volume of water there is no visible outlet.

Across the outlet of Humboldt Lake a dam has been erected, which has raised the water about six feet, completely obliterating the old emigrant road which passed close to the southern shore. The necessities of mining have utilized the waters of the lake, and now they are employed in turning the machinery of a quartz mill. In the lower end of the lake is an island—a long, narrow strip of land—which extends up the lake and near the northern shore. Before the dam was put in the outlet this island was part of the main-land. There are said to be several varieties of fish in the lake, and an abundance of water-fowl during portions of the year.

Leaving the station and passing along the shore of the lake for a few miles, an intervening sand-ridge hides the lake from view, and about eight miles west is observed a fine view of the sink of Carson Lake, which is a small body of water lying a few miles north of the main Carson Lake, and connected with that and the Humboldt during the wet season.

Carson Lake lies directly south of Humboldt Lake, and is from twenty to twenty-five miles long, with a width of ten miles. In the winter its waters are said to cover considerable more area, the sink and the lake being one.

The Carson River empties into the southern end of the lake, discharging a large volume of water. What becomes of the vast body of water continually pouring into these lakes is the problem not fully solved. Probably it soaks away into the arid earth as the waters of the Jordan do into the parched earth about the Dead Sea. Some claim the existence of underground channels, and marvelous stories are told of the unfortunate people who have been drawn down and disappeared forever. If underground channels exist it would seem singular that the lakes, which are ten or fifteen miles apart in low water, are united during the winter floods, and that when the waters have subsided from these alkaline plains, no openings for these channels are visible. Much of the water doubtless escapes by evaporation, and much soaks away into the arid earth. The sun is so powerful on these lava plains in the summer season that the water evaporates as soon as it escapes from the cooling shadows from the hills. It has been demonstrated by experiment that the evaporation of the two bodies of water in hot weather equals six inches every day. In the humid air of winter it is much less.

Carson River, which gives its name to the lake, rises in the eastern slope of the Sierras, south of Lake Tahoe, and opposite the head waters of the American River. From its source to its mouth is nearly two hundred miles. Under the name of Carson Valley, the land bordering on the river has the reputation of being the best farming land in the state.

Lovelocks is sixteen miles further east, and derives its name from an old meadow ranch which is situated near, upon which, during the summer, a large quantity of hay is cut and baled for market. Attempts have been made at farming, but with indifferent success. Cattle and sheep raising is the principal occupation of the people. It is stated that the number of stock in the valleys of the Humboldt and Carson are 963 head of cattle and 30,000 head of sheep.

The great Nevada Desert is the largest portion of the Nevada Basin. Much of it consists of barren plains, destitute of wood and water, and abounding in low broken hills of the most dreary and barren appearance. This is part of the great belt which is traced from Oregon to Arizona, and far into the interior the desert sandhills and flats occur at intervals, but the main bed of the desert is lava and clay combined, one about as deficient in life-giving power as the other. The action of the elements has covered these clay and lava deposits with a coarse dust, resembling sand, which is blown about and deposited in curious drifts and knolls by the wind. Where more sand than clay is found the sagebrush obtains foothold and bravely tries to hold all it gets.

Oceana is reached after passing over twelve miles of dreary road. It is in a rough, uneven section of country. To the southeast are located a number of mining districts, in which are several stamp mills and smelting works. West of the station the desert is especially dreary and desolate.

Ten miles further on is Rye Patch, obtaining its name from a species of wild rye that grows luxuriantly on the moist ground near the station. On the right, against the hillside, is a hot spring, over whose surface a cloud of vapor is generally floating. The medicinal qualities of the water are highly extolled by those who have been benefited by them. On the other side of the track is a ten-stamp quartz mill for working up the ores brought from the mountains. There are several mills a few miles away.

Humboldt is eleven miles further east, and here is a regular eating station, where trains each way stop thirty minutes for meals. Here, also, is the clearest and coolest mountain spring to be found on the entire road. The water is conducted to the station, and shoots up in front of it in a beautiful fountain, causing one to forget for the moment the dreary waste that has been passed over.

In the country around this station are abundant objects for study. These barren plains, broken hills, and curious lakes were once the center of extensive volcanoes. The singular formation of the soil, the lava-deposits of a by-gone age, the fossil remains and marine evidences of past submersions, and, above all else, the grand and unsolved problem by which the waters that are continually pouring into this great basin are prevented from overflowing the low land around them, are objects worthy of the closest study. From this station the noted points in the surrounding country are easy of access. About seven miles to the northeast may be seen the Star Peak, the highest point in the Humboldt range, on which the snow continues to hold its icy sway through the whole year. Two and a half miles southeast are the Humboldt mines, five in number, rich in gold and silver. The discovery of a borax mine is said to have recently been made in the immediate neighborhood. Five miles north are the Lanson Meadows, on which are cut great quantities of grass of an excellent quality. Thirty miles north are the new sulphur mines, where this satanic mineral has been found nearly in its pure state. It is so hard it has to be blasted out the same as rock. Here are to be seen the effects of irrigation in this sandy, sagebrush country. The garden at the station produces vegetables of all kinds. Fruit trees also look promising here.

Mill City is eleven miles further on. It is a place of no great note, though a large cattle business is done here. Stage lines also run from here to towns fifteen to twenty miles away.

Two unimportant stations are Raspberry Creek and Rose Creek, seven and ten miles away.

Winnemucca is the county seat of Humboldt county. It is 416 miles from San Francisco, and 1,451 from Omaha. It is in a somewhat extensive basin, and has an elevation of 4,331 feet. The town was named after a chief of the Piute Indians who formerly resided here. The town has nearly a thousand inhabitants, with many lively business houses. But as mining towns are not very lively at this time, Winnemucca is a little drooping. I met here an esteemed friend and patron who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and subscribed for four sets of around-the-world volumes. He has for several years been a druggist in the town. A good deal of mining is done in this vicinity, and quite a number of mills and furnaces are in operation. In the Winnemucca range many lodes of silver-bearing ore have been located, from which great expectations are indulged. Stages leave here daily for mining camps in all directions and at long distances away. Boise City, for instance, is 255 miles off, and the fare $40.

There are in this part of the state many peculiar lakes, called Mud Lakes. The one that particularly bears this name is fifty miles west across the Humboldt. It receives the water of Quinn's River and several smaller rivers during the rainy season. It has no outlet, and is fifty miles long and twenty wide at high water. In summer it dries up to a mere stagnant pool. At the head of the lake is Black Rock, a noted landmark in this part of the country. It is a bold, rocky headland, rising about 1,800 feet above the lake, bleak, bare, and extending for several miles. It is an isolated prominence, and stands solitary guard over a great expanse of country.

Pyramid Lake is about twenty miles south, and receives the waters of the Truckee River. It is thirty miles long and twenty broad when the waters are at their highest.

Winnemucca Lake is a few miles east of Pyramid Lake, and is another stagnant pond, about fifteen miles long by ten broad. This lake is connected by a small channel with Pyramid Lake, which in turn is connected in a similar manner with Mud Lake. But it is only at high water that they are thus connected. Winnemucca is the western terminus of the Humboldt division of the road.

Six miles on east is Tule, an unimportant station, save that it was here that some mines were early discovered. Mr. Barbeau, in 1860, while herding stock, discovered the silver ore, and from that beginning prospecting was carried on with vigor, and many valuable bodies of ore were located.

Continuing on our journey ten miles further, we came to Golconda, a small station with a few good buildings. Large herds of cattle range near by in the surrounding valleys and on the bluffs, though it looks as if cattle must here find rather dry picking. As the name implies, rich mines of gold and silver are located both on the north and south and within a few miles.

The next point reached is Iron Point, eleven miles east and of insignificant character. The bluffs draw very close to the railroad here, with barely room for a river and a narrow strip of meadow land.

Stone House is twelve miles further on, and was once an old trading post, strongly fortified against Indian attacks. The Stone House stood at the foot of an abrupt hill, by the side of a spring of excellent water, but is now a mass of ruins. South of this station are many more of the hot springs that abound in the Nevada basin. The bottom grows nothing but sage brush, and is both of the volcanic, sandy nature and alkaline. "Dreariness" expresses the situation.

We pass the insignificant stations of Coin and Perite, seven miles apart, and the first seven miles from Stone House, and then four miles to Battle Mountain Station, where the trains east and west stop for dinner. The waiters are Chinese, and they show much activity in waiting upon the hungry travelers. The water which supplies the little fountain in front of the Battle Mountain House is conducted in pipes from a spring in the side of a mountain three miles to the south.

This is the distributing point for a great number of mining districts, towns, and camps, both north and south of the road. Stages and fast freight lines leave daily for the northward to Tuscarora, eighty miles; Cornucopia, one hundred miles. The shipments from Battle Mountain Station average five hundred tons per month, with a steady increase. The surrounding country is alive with herds of cattle, particularly on the north side of the river, and this station has become quite a point for the cattle buyers of California to come to to purchase.

To the south of Battle Mountain runs a three feet gage railroad, organized in September, 1879, and completed three months later, and two years later sold out to the Union Pacific. Its general course is southward, up the valley of the Reese River, ninety-three miles to Austin. The grades are easy, and the country tributary rich in mines, agricultural lands, cattle, and sheep. The stations and distances along the way are as follows: Galena, eleven miles; Mound Springs, ten miles; Bridges, twenty-two miles; Wallers, thirteen miles; Hallsvale, ten miles; Caton's, ten miles; Ledlies, ten miles; Austin, seven miles. Twenty mining districts are tributay to this road, many of which are rich and have stamp mills and melting furnaces.

Austin is situated near the summit of the Toiyabe Range, on the ground where the first silver ore was discovered, in May, 1862, after which prospecting was very lively for two years, many valuable mines being brought to light; and soon mills were erected at different points. Austin contains a population of 2,000, nearly all of whom are engaged in mining operations. There is considerable trade here in supplying the mining district, which extends from fifty to one hundred miles round about. A paper is published here in this mountainous district.

Hot springs abound in the vicinity of Battle Mountain, some of them strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals; but hot springs are so general throughout Nevada that these attract no particular attention.

On our eastward journey we pass over eleven miles of the road and then reach Argenta, formerly an eating station and a distributing point for the Austin and Reese River country, but now descended to a side track. Paradise Valley lies on the north side of the river, nearly opposite the station. It is about sixty miles long by eight wide, very fertile, and thickly settled. The northern part, called Eden Valley, is about twenty miles long and five wide, and is of the same fertile character.

Paradise Creek is a clear, cold mountain stream, and upon it are numerous grist and saw mills. It rises in the Owyhee mountains and flows through these valleys to the Humboldt River. Salmon trout of enormous size are found in the stream and its tributaries. Bears, deer, silver-gray foxes, and other game abound on the hills and in the neighboring valleys. This section of the country is noted for its

stock-raising. Tens of thousands of cattle are roaming along the Humboldt and adjoining valleys and surrounding hills. It is computed that there are not less than 350,000 head between Promontory Mountain and the Sierra Nevadas. One firm near this station has 40,000 head, and one ranch fences over 28,000 acres.

A few miles west of Argenta Reese River Valley joins the Humboldt—coming in from the south. It is very diversified in features, being seven or eight miles wide in some places, and then dwindling down to narrow strips of meadow in other places. Some portions of the valley have a fine soil, capable of high cultivation, while other portions are barren sand and gravel. This valley has also been known by the name of "Whirl Valley," because of the numerous whirlwinds which prevailed here, taking dust and fine sand skyward. Reese River, which flows through this valley, rises in the south, some two hundred miles distant. It has many tributaries, which gather in the mountain slopes. The river sinks in the valley some thirty miles before it reaches the Humboldt, and it is only during the very highest water that a portion of Reese River reaches the Humboldt.

Near where Reese River sinks in the sands was fought a brisk battle thirty years ago, between the whites and the Indians. A party of marauding Shoshones had stolen a lot of cattle belonging to the emigrants and settlers, who banded themselves together and gave chase. Here they overtook the Indians and the fight commenced. From point to point, from rock to rock, down to the water's edge, the Indians were driven, who, when finding themselves surrounded, fought desperately. When night fully set in the settlers found themselves in possession of their cattle, and so many of the redskins had bit the dust that the power of the tribe was ever afterward broken. From this battle the name Battle Mountain was derived.

Resuming our journey, eleven miles more brought us to Shoshone, which occupies an elevation of 4,636 feet. Across the river, to the right, is Battle Mountain, rising clear and sharp from the river's brink. Silver and copper mines of some value have been discovered in this locality. Opposite Shoshone Rock Creek empties into the Humboldt. It rises about forty miles to the northward, and is bordered by a beautiful valley about four miles wide. The stream is well stocked with fish, among which mountain trout are abundant. The country about the headwaters of the stream abounds in a great variety of game.

Ten miles more brings us to Be-o-wa-we, which is in a narrow pass called Copper Canyon. The Cortez mines and mills are located thirty-five miles south of this station, with which they are connected by a good road. Here on the Red Ridge is the dividing line between the Shoshones and Piutes, two tribes of Indians who seem to make it their business to prey upon emigrants and settlers, to steal stock, to eat grasshoppers, and to rob each other and everybody else who comes in their way. The Shoshones, especially, are a very degraded class of Indians, and until recently were like the Ishmaelites of old—their hand against every man's and every man's (in self-defense) against theirs. Since, however, they have found they can do quite as well by begging as by stealing, they have adopted the former and dropped the latter. The term Be-o-wa-we signifies gate, and is literal in its significance.

Passing through this gate, our cars wind along the hillside over the low meadows, which here are narrow. The bottom is broad, but covered with willows, with the exception of the narrow meadows mentioned. Amid these willows the stream winds and twists about through innumerable sloughs and creeks, as though undecided whether to leave this shady retreat for the barren plains below. The traveler very likely may see a flock of pelicans disporting in the water, on their return from their daily fishing excursion to Humboldt Lake. These birds, at certain seasons of the year, are to be found here and there along the river for some twenty miles, and in great numbers. They build their nests in these willow islands, and rear their young undisturbed; for even an Indian cannot penetrate these swampy, treacherous fastnesses. Every morning, it is said, the old birds take their flight to Humboldt Lake, where in the shallow waters they load themselves with fish, returning toward night to feed their young, and then ramble about the bottom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. COURTLANDT PALMER lectured before the Manhattan Liberal Club on the evening of the 10th on "The Glory of Liberalism." Together with a comprehensiv picture of the chaos of old beliefs, he drew a vivid delineation of the new era of scientific expression and belief, illustrating his subject from poetry and philosophy. The chief glory of Liberalism that he depicted was in the development of the altruistic side of human nature in which he saw the utmost possibility for the advancement of the race. The lecture consisted mainly of the devolopment of this branch of the philosophy of Auguste Comte as polished and rounded by the advance of modern Liberal ideas. It was a magnificent effort, and was listened to by a large and appreciativ audience.

Snakes.—Concluded.

It is said that Rev. J. E. Richards, of St. Johns, in a sermon, said that "God must hav made Adam a very small child, and that he afterward grew to be a man." Now, if the Rev. Richards is correct, little Adam must hav been a very smart child, for the good book teaches that the Lord brought all of the animals to Adam, that he might giv them names. If God was of the opinion that owing to the great press of business on hand, he could make a saving in the raw material and save valuable time by making a twenty-pound child instead of a 200-pound man, it is quite likely that the learned theologian is correct in his statement.

But why did not God warn his children against the danger of snakes, by sticking up a notice on every tree in the garden, saying, "Beware of snakes!" Owing to the great press of business on hand, it is likely that God forgot to giv a lecture on the subject of snakes, and warn his children, as he should hav done had he possessed as much love for his children as I hav always had for my children.

I will now tell a big snake story which is fully equal to any of the snake stories of which I hav already made mention.

According to the Shastra, a book in India, which, like the Christian Bible, is said to be of divine origin, the earth is a circular plain, resembling a water-lily. Its circumference is four hundred millions of miles. It is borne upon the backs of eight huge elephants; the elephants stand upon the back of an immense tortoise, and the tortoise upon a thousand-headed serpent. Whenever the serpent becomes drowsy and nods, an earthquake is produced. On such occasions the people rush out of their houses and shout, beat drums, blow horns, and beat gongs, for the purpose of rousing him, and thereby prevent other earthquakes.

Now, owing to our education, we are inclined to think the good people of Hindostan who believe this snake story to be true, are mistaken. And yet, in my judgment, it is just as likely to be true as the Christian snake story about a snake talking to a woman, for which act he was cursed and made to crawl on his belly, instead of crawling on his back, and to liv on dust. But in these times there are some snakes who prefer frogs to dust for a square meal, and God don't seem to care any more about it than he does to see a man in these days work on Sunday, an act for which he used to be killed.

We will venture to tell still another sacred snake story, and I will not say that it is not true, for the reason that it is possible that the divine book from which I take it, like the Christians' sacred book, may hav a passage which reads, "He who believeth not shall be damned." So it is probably the safest way to believe all snake stories.

According to the Shastra, Vishnu, a sort of god or deity, after the destruction of a former world by a deluge, composed himself to sleep on a thousand-headed serpent, which floated upon the surface of the waters. During a nap of some million of years a water-lily grew from his body, and from this flower issued Brahma, the creator. Having formed the world anew and created many gods, he proceeded to create man. But whether he made man a little child, and out of mud (dust), according to Rev. Richards's idea of the origin of the human species, I cannot say. But if I were a god, I think that I could do better than to go to sleep on the back of a big snake, with a thousand heads hissing me to sleep.

However, men differ in their opinions upon the snake question. The deeply-learned theologian, Rev. J. E. Richards, evidently values his opinion on the snake and other questions at a pretty high figure, for I gave my honest opinion as to his religious belief, and, not supposing that he believed the Bible snake story, I said that he didn't believe the Bible was the word of God. So he has sued me "as a Christian duty," for ten thousand dollars damage, and in a few days I shall hav to place my neck on the block, when the great ax in the hands of experts will undertake to cut my Infidel head off at a single blow; after which the good man and his four lawyers will go for my pocketbook, in the interest of Jesus. And if they shall get ten cents—which I do not believe they will—I shall ever after hate all snake-story books.

M. BABCOCK.

Valued Words.

From The Spiritual Offering.

"A New Departure" is announced in the last issue of that stanch Liberal paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. We cannot do better than to giv the first paragraph of Mr. Bennett's editorial upon the subject, thus allowing the veteran editor to speak for himself:

With a view of increasing the number of the patrons and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we hav resolved to lessen the price at the commencement of the tenth volume on Jan. 1, 1883. This is not because we hav been making too much money, nor because by the publication of this fearless weekly we hav been enabled to lay up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for the fact is, we are publishing the largest Liberal journal in the world; and in view of the quantity of reading matter we weekly lay before our readers, we are publishing at a lower price than any similar publication. We are giving seven hundred inches more of reading matter every week than is contained in any other Liberal journal with which we are acquainted.

Of all the so-called Liberal papers (some of them very illiberal) THE TRUTH SEEKER has been the fairest and most favorable to Spiritualism, and we hope this "new departure," reducing the price to $2.50, may add many thousands to its subscription list.

W. F. Jamieson Again in the Lecture Field.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please announce that I will be engaged this winter in giving courses of lectures, and will help on the Liberal work by voice as well as pen. I will write no less, but will speak more than I hav this summer. All who wish to engage lectures will please address me at Pepin, Wis. Respectfully,

W. F. JAMIESON.

Editorial,

A Bitter Fling.

In the issue of *Liberty* for the 11th inst. Benj. R. Tucker, on the arrest of Mr. Heywood, has this passage:

In this connection we must express our indignation at the cowardly conduct of D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who prates about Mr. Heywood's tastes and methods. We do not approve of Mr. Heywood's taste and methods, but neither did we of Mr. Bennett's, when we did our little best a few years ago to save him from Comstock's clutches.

Friend Ben, indeed, seems to labor under a great amount of indignation toward us. We hope it will not strike in and kill him. When we both stand upon the same platform—disapproving Mr. Heywood's taste and methods—it would seem there is hardly sufficient ground for so much indignation; though it is perhaps because we "prate," while he simply makes the assertion that he does not approve of Heywood's taste and methods. Probably our "cowardly conduct" consists in disliking Mr. Heywood's taste and methods the same as Mr. Tucker does himself. If we are guilty of cowardly conduct because we disapprove of Mr. Heywood's taste and methods, how is it with himself? Is he not cowardly at all? Or is it also our "prating" that makes our conduct cowardly?

We hav entertained naught but a friendly feeling for Mr. Tucker, and cannot help regretting that he has such a serious attack of indignation. And then he boasts of what he has done for us. We were not aware that he had made such efforts in our behalf, nor were we aware that we had received any special benefit from his efforts. We shall try to feel grateful, however, all the same. But should we get into Comstock's clutches again, we hope friend Tucker will not unduly trouble himself on our account.

"The Brain and the Bible."

We hav purchased the plates and copyright of Edgar A. Beall's valuable work, "The Brain and the Bible; or, the Conflict between Mental Science and Theology," with a preface by Robert G. Ingersoll. This excellent work was published at $1.50, but we hav resolved to sell it at one dollar. At this reduced price it ought to hav a large sale.

Mr. Beall is a practical phrenologist, besides being a most intelligent Liberal. His work treats upon the science of mind and its organs, and at the same time shows clearly the fallacy of theological claims. Price, bound in cloth, $1.00.

WE announced a week ago that we had commenced sending out Vol. III. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World;" but the binders are holding us back. We beg our patrons to not feel uneasy if they do not receive the book as soon as they expect it. We mail them alphabetically, so those whose names come early in the alphabet will get them first, while those beginning with S, T, W, Y, etc., will necessarily be the last served.

In this connection it should be stated that while $1.50 pays for Vol. IV., that means in cloth binding. Those who wish it in leather binding, with vermilion edges, will need to send in seventy-five cents additional; and those wishing it in morocco, with gilt edges, must remit one dollar extra, or $2.50. We shall mail them as rapidly as we can obtain them from the binders.

WE erred in our statement in last week's paper that W. S. Bell's pamphlet, "Liberty and Morality," sells for ten cents. The price is fifteen cents, and is cheap enough at twice the money. We wish to sell not less than five hundred of them.

LESSIE N. GOODELL, of Amherst, Mass., will lecture at West Pawlet, Vt., Nov. 18th and 19th.

A DANVILLE (Ky.) preacher is endeavoring to get up a boom in the matrimonial market by offering to marry couples from the rural districts at two bushels of corn per knot tied.

Communications.

Pious Missionaries and Tricky Interpreters.

The men who invade the wilds of the far West, bearing the sword of the spirit, are not less aggressiv in their way than those who wield the sword of the flesh. Wherever an Indian agency is established, before a military post has been fairly equipped and manned for the protection of settlers, the man of Bibles, and tracts, and prayers appears on the scene, and boldly begins his ghostly campaign. He strikes at once for the upbuilding of the spiritual kingdom among the children of the forest. It makes no difference in what capacity he goes—whether as Indian agent or inspector, or in the humble character of a servant of the church—he looks first to the interests of Zion, and never loses sight of the cross. As a rule, these pious functionaries bring to their work no knowledge whatever of the real character of the Indian. They know that he is a heathen and a wild man of the woods, and that is all they know about him. Of his habits of thought and peculiarities of disposition; of the fixed and stubborn character of his religious belief, and of the philosophy of that system of worship to which he clings with such pertinacious zeal, they know about as little as the Indian knows of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

It happens, of course, that when the good but green missionary goes forth to expound "the word" and explain the mysteries of dogmatic theology to cunning savages steeped in hereditary hatred of everything that crosses the simple faith of their fathers, he finds himself woefully beset with strange and embarrassing difficulties. He finds that the red brother is not only blindly ignorant of all that relates to the bad conduct of our giddy old grandmother and her luckless spouse in the Garden, the scheme of redemption, regeneration, remission of sins, the mystery of the godhead, etc., but he is provokingly indifferent about all such matters. He is dead against any disturbance of his dream of the Great Spirit and the happy hunting-ground, and the fine talk of the pale-faced medicin man about Calvary and conversion he regards as mere childish fancy or bald sacrilege. As the white man has stolen his lands and driven him like a beggar into the last ditch, he imagins that the ghostly comforter wants to steal his religion, depose the Great Spirit, and rob him of his happy hunting-ground.

But the zealous preacher meets with still another difficulty, which often leads to misadventures that are as disheartening as they are sometimes ludicrous. The Indians are wholly ignorant of the language he speaks, and he knows not a word of theirs. He must employ an interpreter before he can fire a shot at these savage foes of the spiritual Zion. It generally happens that the interpreter is a man who has lived a long time among the Indians; who has adopted their customs and modes of life; who sympathizes with their religious feelings, and respects that curious phase of spiritism which forms the body of their faith; and who, from habit, association, and interest, is practically one of their number. He is so much of an Indian, in fact, that he has little respect for the white man, and sometimes less for his religion. Of course, he makes a dangerous support for the missionary, but the pious teacher can find no other. The interpreter often makes a sad mess of it in turning the preacher's fervent discourse into the lingo of the red man; and in many cases, from sheer love of mischief, he deliberately falsifies the good man's words by a wrong interpretation.

A few days ago an intelligent man, who has lived many years among the Indians, and who is familiar with their language, related to the writer several amusing incidents showing the sad mishaps that befall missionaries who venture to tackle the red-skins under such unfavorable circumstances. Time out of mind there has been with a certain tribe in the Indian Territory an odd character, in the person of an old Dutchman, who is a fine scholar, but rude, reckless, and eccentric. Old Knipper Krauss is a renegade Jew, with still a lingering respect for the ancient faith, a hearty contempt for Christianity, and a great fondness for money and the wild ways of the Indian. He was enrolled as a member of the tribe many years ago, and has acquired a complete mastery of their language. Of course, he is a capital interpreter, and he is a noted liar and a genuin heathen as well.

Not long since a pious preacher, fired with zeal for the cause, was appointed agent for the tribe to which "Old Knip" belongs. When the good man arrived at his post of duty, the first thing he did was to hold forth to the assembled tribe. But two interpreters could be found—Old Knip and the gentleman above referred to. The latter declined, and Old Knip was chosen; but he insisted that the other interpreter should leave the building. He did so, but concealed himself where he could hear all that was said. The tricky Dutchman was now in full command. The preacher discoursed eloquently about the fall of Adam, the thief on the cross, vicarious atonement, the conversion of the heathen, and the fountain of grace revealed in the gospel. He told the Indians that the Savior—the only Great Spirit that can save the poor red man—was nailed to a cross by a lot of wicked Jews, over eighteen hundred years ago, and cruelly murdered; that he rose from the grave and was now interceding for all the lost sheep, including the benighted children of the forest. He advised them to build a church, to open farms, and to liv like white men. Old Knip interpreted rapidly and fluently, and the Indians seemed delighted with nearly every telling point the preacher made. The good man was elated with his success, but my friend knew that the old Jew had cheated shamefully in the transaction.

The next day the Teutonic trickster confessed his fraud on the missionary, when confronted by the only man, except himself, who had understood both the sermon and the interpretation.

"Now tell me," said my friend to Krauss, "what did you tell the Indians when the preacher spoke about the thief on the cross, and the Savior being killed by the Jews?"

"Vell," said Old Knip, "I schpeak it dis vay: 'Pig medicin man he tell you der vhite men not can come schneaken roundt any more, und stealin' der ponies und cattles und lands und eferytings. Dot Great Spirit mit such liars und tiefs make hell right avay—he schust kill 'em.'"

"Ah! I see why the Indians liked that. You are a cunning old dog"—giving Old Knip a friendly punch in the ribs. "And how did you interpret what he said about plowing, building houses, and living like white men?"

"I make 'em read dis vay: 'Dot great father von Voshington he build houses for you, und gif you blows, und horses, und vagons, und guns; und he make you rich already;' und I tell der Indians dot vas all a lie."

"You know, uncle Knip, that the preacher quoted the parable of the lost sheep, and told the Indians that there is more rejoicing among the angels in heaven, when one sinner repents, than there is over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance. How did you interpret that?"

"I schust laugh me vild aboudt dot," said Old Knip, in great glee. "I say nodings aboudt der sheep. I tell 'em: 'Pig medicin schief he say you must right avay sell der mules, und cattles, und horses vot you steal in Texas; und ven you qvit und not can steal any more, all dose naked gals in der picture mit vings vill schmile und pe so glad."

By "dose gals mit vings" he referred to a picture of winged women, appearing as angels in Paradise, which hung on the wall of the council-room where the sermon was preached, and to which he had called the attention of the Indians while interpreting the parable of the lost sheep in the masterly style above given.

In this way the old Dutch sinner had perverted and falsified every sentence of the good man's discourse. His pious expostulations had been turned by old Knipper Krauss into a ridiculous jumble of impiety, sentimental vaporing, cunningly-shaped falsehoods, and very bad advice. REYMOND.

The Mills of Justice.

Despite clerical calumny and cultured Liberalism, the church, in the name of an injured humanity, stands arraigned, and in this attitude must remain until it has expiated a most heinous crime. Of all the outrages ever perpetrated upon a people, that of withholding knowledge is the greatest. Some wrongs may be veiled by forgetfulness, others by the spirit of forgivness; some, again, by the alchemy of philosophy, may be converted into disguised blessings; but this, wholly incapable of extenuation, but deepens and intensifies with time. "Had we but known!" is coming from the lips of millions. Had we but known, of what a world of regret, of what loads of remorse, of what a host of sorrows we might hav been spared. Had we but known, how many a breaker we might hav avoided, how many a bark now lying stranded and shivering might hav passed happily to its goal! For the paths of thorns over which we hav trodden, for the errors which blot the pages of life's history, for the complaints of wretchedness which hav made this otherwise fair earth a pandemonium, to the church we feel largely indebted. Having, by its insatiate greed, its inordinate love of power, made ours the heritage of ignorance when it might hav been wisdom, it cannot, by any manner of means, escape the burden of responsibility. Every aim of its existence has been to keep the minds of men in darkness, every thought calculated to illumine it has strenuously sought to suppress, every book that would hav blessed mankind with instruction it has branded with condemnation, every lover of his race it has, with the malice of a fiend, made the victim of persecution. By its serpentine sinuosities it has possessed itself of society, household, and individual. Scarcely a single mind can be found exempt from its deleterious influence, scarcely a hearth-stone that has not felt the effect of this blighting malaria. It is mainly to this self-assumed instrument of civilization that we owe our almshouses, asylums, and prisons, as well as the myriads of mendicants infesting the highways and byways of metropolis and province. Had this dominant authority encouraged the diffusion of knowledge instead of obstructing it, had it patronized the sciences instead of torturing them, had it employed reason, instead of strangling it, in short, had it been as zealous in promulgating that which the world should know as it has in thst which it never can know, there would hav been little need of those eleemosynary institutions, whereas the culpable omission has made them a mortifying necessity. Had the "Rights of Man" and the "Constitution of Man" been half so sedulously studied, so vigorously propounded, so assiduously inculcated, as hav been the fallacies and sophistries of ecclesiastical teachings and divine commentaries, its mission would not hav been the theme, as it now is, of derision and reproach. By exacting implicit obedience to an imaginary deity, while affecting a contemptuous disregard of natural laws—the only laws to which we do really owe allegiance—it has defrauded humanity of its most sacred right, the nature-conferred right of happiness. Startled from its lair of security, the church well knows the hour of retribution has come. Every pulpit in the land speaks the ominous language, and every denial is equivalent to an acknowledgment. Henceforth it must be either a fugitiv from justice, or a culprit at the bar. After centuries of patience and silence, at last is heard the voice of the avenging Nemesis. Clearer and more distinctly will it ring along the aisles of futurity, until the last trace of this malevolent spirit that dares deny the right to know is extinguished forever.

Concord, Ky. OLD VIRGINIA.

A Reply to Mr. Hale.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It may seem rather late in the day to reply to Mr. Hale's remarks (Oct. 14th) to my questions and suggestions (Sep. 16th) upon his article, "Is Mind Material?" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 26th, and Sep. 2d; nevertheless, I am constrained to do so, as none of his opponents hav taken up his main argument or proposition to Mr. Winter—"That if material organization or evolution is the cause of all things, then all things are the result of that cause." That proves itself, as Mr. Hale asserts, and requires no comment. He then adds, "I only know that if his [Mr. Winter's] theory of Materialism is true, and the cause of all things, then all these false theories and shams, as he calls them, are the offsprings of that theory, and I trot them out for his inspection, to see whether he will 'acknowledge the corn.'"

Let me say to Mr. Hale that I will gladly "acknowledge the corn," whether Mr. Winter does or not, for that "corn" is the very point in evolution that affords me the greatest satisfaction, viz., that "all these false theroies and shams;" all the cruelties, wars, and bloodshed; all the suffering, woe, and misery, sickness, and death; all the tornadoes, earthquakes and thunder-storms; yea, the very existence of rattlesnakes, bugs, and musketoes, are the "result of material organization or evolution," and not caused by a designing god, who, from the foundation of the world, for his own mere good pleasure, elected some to everlasting happiness, and others to everlasting misery.

Oh, how much rather I would feel that we are in the power of the elements and dependent on the forces of nature, than in the hands of such a tyrannical, capricious, unjust being, only almighty in his fiendishness, and eternal but to torment the innocent victims of his infinit wrath. Yes, let me believe that nature is the author of all evil, and in the product of humanity, even, did the best she could, rather than that such a god exists; that she is responsible for all the imperfection of this universe, rather than a god could or would do no better than create but to destroy, and when failure resulted from his experiment, repented, and was grieved at his heart. Yes, grieved; like any poor, short-sighted mortal who, for want of foresight, or from lack of judgment, had made an irretrievable mistake, and afterward discovered the blunder. Yes, Brother Hale, of the two horns of this dilemma, I joyfully "acknowledge the corn," and flatter myself that many another poor wretch will also, rather than accept such a monstrous doctrin as the Bible God embraces. But I must leave this point, only introducing it because every writer *versus* Mr. Hale has apparently dodged the question on the main issue.

I now come to my own strictures, "Gender and Personality of God," which must be used by every one in writing or speaking of him (it) where these attributes are believed to exist. If Mr. Hale, with whom I am on the best of terms, can invent no more significant word than "it" wherewith to define a being without person and gender, I hav no objection; but I hav always observed that those persons who believe in a "spiritual eternal power, supreme intelligence," and deny "it" personality and gender, usually somehow fall into the error of using the masculin pronouns *he, him, his*, when writing or speaking of this impersonal, genderless being or god. So difficult is it to avoid this form of expression, that the believer in a "great first cause" is often betrayed into using *he, him, his*, while denying all faith in a personal masculin deity or god.

Barre, Mass. ELLA E. GIBSON.

Stalwart Liberalism.

I had to take the hide off from a few half-breed Liberals last week. Let me make amends this week by citing a few examples of the stalwart kind. I mean half-breed now in the quite literal, biologic sense; and stalwart in the whole-breed, able-bodied, courageous sense. Our current politics degrade some of our best words and elevate our worst, so that it is necessary to define and explain.

Of the half-breed writers and speakers I am amazed, just at this moment, on starting out to enumerate them, to find how few there are. The fingers on one hand are too many to count them. Of the speakers, Underwood is really the only half-breed who is now on the platform or who has ever had the public ear, or obtained any popularity; and he got that while he was a "bobtail," and before he reverted to the tadpole stage. Now he is losing it—popularity I mean, not the tail—faster than ever he won it. The "bobs" hav the advantage of him now; they hav got something to twist, something to step on and tie tin kettles to; and it is generally supposed by this time he wishes he had stayed with the "tag-rag" and not taken on a new tail.

Of the half-breed writers this man Coleman, who has just made the puddle ring with his tadpole peep, is the only one driving a quill on that side, unless we go into the semi-Spiritual ranks and include some quarter-breeds, like Bundy, Stebbins, Ellis—well, these are all we ever heard of. Not a formidable list at its utmost stretch. Not a woman among them of any account. None but the brave deserve the fair. Of course, these undeveloped cowards don't deserve them, and don't get them.

Now, on the stalwart side, see what a formidable list we roll up. There is our late president of the National Liberal League, our Nestor of Liberalism, Elizur Wright. When you think you hav a half-breed peep from him you may know that you hav got into the wrong puddle.

Then there is Horace Seaver, veteran editor of the *Investigator*.

> "Guess you will toot it till you are yeller
> 'Fore you get" a half-breed note from him.

Then there is T. B. Wakeman, now standing at the head of the organized Liberalism of this country, not only by a few formal votes of the delegates who elected him, but by the heart-warm suffrages of all the genuin Liberals in this republic. He is only later in this list, as he is later by birth, than these veterans in the field. He is coming bravely forward, and will fall heir to their honors by hereditary right. He, the scholar, the thinker, the scientist—he knows what he knows, for certain, and without wavering, and is able to tell it thoroughly and well. Liberalism with him is bred in the bone, and pervades his whole anatomy, from top to toe. Anything half-breed cowers in his presence with a previously unrevealed sense of its own worthlessness.

James Parton, historian, biographer, and wit; in all his writings or lecturings not a half-breed utterance has ever been heard from him. Always "courage, onward, never despair," are the conspicuous words of his dictionary.

Courtlandt Palmer, the earnest student of science and investigating searcher into the origin, meaning, and destiny of the human race—he proclaims by tongue and pen with equal eloquence the results of his studies, and no call to halt in Liberal progress ever comes from him.

Then there is Geo. C. Miln. A man with his symmetrical proportions, keen eye, and superb voice could not but be a stalwart in mind as well. He fears no grip from the Christians' devil, nor no sentence from the Christians' last and only lone-lorn God, and the half-breed pool will get no comfort from him.

Then we come to Geo. Chainey, very much such another man of force and character as Miln, and scarcely less so. His spoken words and essays are as stalwart as the stoutest, and half-breedism gets short shrift from him.

To Miln and Chainey must be added S. P. Putnam. These three are the bright particular stars that Unitarianism has recently contributed to Liberalism, and we are much obliged to Unitarianism for the handsome present. We wish we could reciprocate—if only we had any crabs who could go backward. If Coleman and Underwood could be appreciated for their work's sake, and be deemed any fair return, Unitarianism shall be welcome to them, and we will deliver the damaged goods any day.

Putnam came to New York some years ago as poor as the church mouse he left behind him. He brought with him a little of the flowery declamation of the sermonizer, but he has been growing ever since, gradually leaving off all pulpit and polemical mannerisms and getting down to scientific hard pan. He is now one of our best writers and speakers, and is welcome on every platform in and around New York.

Parker Pillsbury, front rank, fiery-furnaced Nestor of antislavery—prepare to meet thy dearest, most reliable, most protectiv fetich ere you mention half-breed to him.

H. L. Green, born organizer, manager of conventions, ready speaker; the day will never come when he will cry, "Don't! Let's let up on the Christians!" No half-breed badge for him.

E. C. Walker, another born organizer, manager, good speaker, and clear, terse, vigorous writer. The stalwart flame is seven times hotter in him than is needed for any modern Liberal Abednego, and there is not a half-breed hair in his head.

A. B. Bradford, veteran contributor to all our Liberal journals, and a speaker of great force and dignity on our platforms. You may bet your life he takes no half-breed in his.

W. H. Burr, the antiquarian, with the keenest eye for Liberal fossils of any man on this continent. He knows Coleman and Underwood to a charm, and already has them nicely labeled and laid away in his museum of mummies.

W. S. Bell—Liberty Bell, Morality Bell. He has just united "Liberty and Morality" in a lecture now published in a most excellent little book, and he too cannot find it in his heart nor in his head to holler, "Go slow," "I'm tired," "Don't shock the feelings of any tender-hearted, thumbscrew Christian."

In an enumeration of the Liberal writers and speakers some mention ought to be made of Col. Ingersoll. He is a stalwart without qualification as far as he goes. He calls no halt of the Liberal army now in hot pursuit after the Christian rear, and the half-breed standing pool will "cream and mantle" without countenance or contribution from him.

There are many other writers who ought to be mentioned, but this list grows and I must stop somewhere—must stop now.

Of all our Liberal journalists, too, a large majority are stalwart, fearless, courageous, uncompromising. THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, *Man*, *This World*, the *Liberal Age*, of Milwaukee; the *Iconoclast*, the *Liberal*, of Mo.; the Valley Falls *Liberal*, of Kansas; the *Pepin Gazette*, the *Agnostic*, of Texas; the *Jewish Times*, of San Francisco; *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*, of New York—not one of these has any half-breed tendencies.

This is a powerful array of Liberal journals. Now look at the opposit extreme. Count up the only unmitigated, set-in-the-breeching, hold-back, half-breed journals. The whole lot of them amount to only just two—the *Philosophico-Religico* of Chicago, and the *Free Religioso Virtuoso* of Boston; Bundy at one end of the see-saw, and Underwood at the other.

There is one journal, the *Age*, of Indianapolis, that may be deemed on the border-land; but at the same time so keen and vigorous a writer as its editor cannot for any great length of time, nor to any great degree, train in the half-breed ranks.

Now, these writers and speakers and journalists are all men, and I hav not said a word about our Liberal women. The list of them is quite as long as that of the men, but I hav not space to characterize them in detail. I can mention only a few, and leave comment on them for some future article: Mrs. H. S. Lake, Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, Amelia H. Colby, Mrs. E. A. Meriwether, Mrs. Joslyn Gage, Lucy Colman, Augusta Cooper Bristol, Ella Gibson, Mary E. Tillotson. These are all well known, both as writers and speakers. Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, Susan Wixon, and Amy Post as writers—especially Mrs. Post as a moral and social force in Liberalism.

Now these are all nativ tongues and pens, and to the manner born. To close this article, I wish to take prominent notice of one of our Liberal guests who has been with us the past half year, and is now on his way to our Western coast, whence he will sail for his Australian home. We thank Australia for the loan of Charles Bright, the favorit of a season, to us in America. He has quite literally won golden opinions from all sorts of people here. He has spoken with equal acceptance on Spiritual, Liberal, and Infidel platforms. He is thoroughly well read, keeps track of science up to its latest revelations, and knows well how to group his points and present them to his audience. He speaks extemporaneously, referring but rarely to the briefest of notes. He speaks, too, with great fluency, the purest of English, with a trace of tone which reveals that he was born in England, and which is one of the charms of his speech. He is quick in his movements, alert in all his senses, and there is no heavy weight about him. In social life his conversation is as radiant and bright as his name, and one is constantly reminded what a fitting patronymic he was sent into the world to be known by, and tempted to pun on the Bright. He has spoken several times in New York, Boston, and their vicinities. He has been heard with special pleasure before our New York Liberal Club, where his farewell lecture was delivered last week on "Scientific Morals."

It is a matter of special regret with all Liberals that Mr. Bright cannot remain in America. There is a rare field for work and usefulness here if he could only remain, or return, to occupy it. He is one of the few lecturers who are equal to the half-dollar test for a ticket to go and hear him, and he would certainly get a following that would pay. A heart-felt good-bye to Charles Bright.

But welcome the coming while we speed the parting guest. Another lecturer has just landed on our shores, and is making the tour of the United States—Mr. Charles Watts, of England. But of him another time.

THEE CEE LEE.

A Bundy Lie Nailed in Plain English.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

I believe that every truth seeker is ready to denounce a liar wherever he may be found. If we seek after truth we must feel that any person that will wilfully lie to injure another is an enemy to truth.

I hav found a liar—a mean, wilful, lying hypocrit; a whited sepulcher. I want to expose him, and boldly ask the use of your columns to do that work. I do not ask you to become responsible for my words. I am able and willing to stand all the consequences arising from this and any other letter I write.

THE LIAR

Is Col. John C. Bundy, the editor of the *R.-P. Journal*, of Chicago, Ill. Your readers may be disappointed, and say, "Oh! giv us something new, for everybody believes Bundy to be a liar." I answer that is very true, but I hav got something better than belief. I hav got the proof that he is a liar, and anybody that is particular to test the honesty of Bundy can find a first-class opportunity to do so.

Bundy's stock in trade is to prate about his honesty. If we can find a stick long enough to prick that bag of corruption we shall relieve him of that commodity.

The only thing I can do toward it is to publish to the world absolute facts that cannot be denied by Bundy or Bundyites.

THE LIE.

In the leading editorial of the *R.-P. Journal* of Oct. 28th Bundy, among other mean slanders, says: "Heading the procession was the noble form of Bliss, the vulgar and *self-confessed trickster*." (I hav emphasized a part of it that just shows where Bundy *surely* lies.)

I am willing to be called "vulgar" if Bundy is refined, and would not "kick" at anything but the charge of being a Bundyite.

But to the lie, for it is a lie; a lie that never had a covering of the shadow of truth; a damnable lie; a lie concocted by a notorious liar in Boston, published a half-dozen times by the *R.-P. Journal* to injure me in the eyes of my fellow-men. When John Bundy penned those words he knew it was a lie. I know he knew it was a lie. Everybody that ever took the pains to look over the record of my public acts as a medium and a man knows that I never was a "self-confessed" trickster, and that John Bundy lied when he said so.

My enemies, as well as friends, know that Bundy lied. Every judge, lawyer, editor, and visitor to the court-room when I was on trial, knows that Bundy lies about this matter. John C. Bundy knows I was offered my liberty a half-dozen times if I would become a "self-confessed trickster" and save myself from a prison cell, but did I do it? Write to James H. Heverin, counsel for the prosecution in my case, and ask him if I ever "confessed" that I was a trickster. Write to the Philadelphia *Times* and ask them, "honor bright," if I ever confessed such a thing. They will tell you, "No, never; Bliss refused to do it every time." If they tell the truth they will say to you that I lay in a prison cell three and a half months rather than do such a dishonorable act.

Now John Bundy would try to make the world believe that I am a self-confessed fraud. I say he lies; meanly lies; lies to kill. I throw it in his teeth, and dare him to put his statement in the form of an affidavit and place it in my hands, that I may confront him in an open court and put him behind the bars (where he belongs), a convict upon the charge of perjury.

Pardon my outburst of indignation, Brother Bennett. I cannot help it. I am not afraid of the truth, but I am of a lie and a liar. I will some day hold John Bundy personally responsible for this lie, and see which is the better man of the two.

Fraternally yours,
Wakefield, Mass. JAMES A. BLISS.

[Liberal and Spiritual papers please copy.]

W. S. Bell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a few days I shall start on a lecture tour extending as far west, probably, as Colorado. I would like to giv lectures at different points as I go out and return convenient to the lines of railroad I shall travel. And before I choose which roads I shall go over, I would to hear from Liberals of different places, that I may be the better able to select a route that will accommodate the most.

W. S. BELL,
18 Springfield st., Boston, Mass.

Personal.

Societies or persons desiring to secure Mrs. Lake's services for lectures will address her hereafter at 219 Grand ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 3t44

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

Unnecessary Disturbance.

We publish the following, not because of any marked courtesy or argument which it evinces, but to giv even those a chance to be heard who seem neither to fully comprehend us, nor to be able to express themselvs in a gentlemanly manner. It seems to take all sorts of people to make up the world, and this writer is simply a specimen of one of the sorts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is with considerable surprise, and, I must say, pain also, that I hav read your reply to Mrs. Heywood's announcement of her husband's recent arrest. You will probably say that in the position which you now assume there is not anything which can reasonably cause surprise, inasmuch as you hav had your "hand in the lion's mouth" and know full well how hard the animal can bite. Shuddering even now at the retrospection whenever the fangs of the beast are brought to your notice, you are naturally surprised that another, who has had a similar experience, should be so rash as to risk a second experiment. Having yourself tried to play the hero, and at the same time to evade the consequences; and having, after all your gymnastic efforts, been caught and compelled to accept and endure the legitimate reward of your temerity, you do not, of course, desire a repetition of the proceeding. Judging other men's motivs, as well as the strength of their convictions and their powers of endurance, by your own, you do not seem capable of rising to the consciousness that there are *men* in the world—men who, having struggled and suffered for the establishment of a principle, are still prepared to endure and endure again until that for which they spend their lives has been achieved, or the time for rest has been legitimately earned.

Seeing the success with which his methods hav been crowned in your case, it is not a matter for wonder that Anthony Comstock is emboldened to pursue the same course with others. Having discovered and manifested to the world the true nature of the animal, which was concealed by the spurious hide with which you enveloped yourself, it is not surprising that he should imagin himself able to carry to an equally successful issue the same experiment upon another subject. Having heard the whinesome bray which, after the bite, took the place of the simulated roar that preceded it, he is naturally desirous of listening again to the music of a similar transformation. And this is where comes in the pain which your letter causes. It is mournful to see one prove himself so far recreant to the principles which he has, throughout his life, professed to maintain, as to ally himself—in a manner to him the most effectual possible—with the enemy, whose boast and business it is to trample those principles in the dust and persecute their upholders and defenders.

Because forsooth *you* do not approve of all that Walt Whitman has published, therefore Mr. Heywood would do well to refrain from disseminating his writings! And because Mr. Heywood has done some things which, in *your* judgment, had been better left undone, therefore Anthony Comstock is justified in the outrage that he has committed, and no "principle of Liberalism is involved" in the question which is thereby raised! How charming is the logic which Bennett can use when Heywood is under the shadow of the law! How different from that obtained when it was upon Bennett's own head that the panther's claw was placed!

But you do not even wait for definit premises upon which to erect your logical superstructure. You admit that you do not know the charge upon which Mr. Heywood was arrested. You simply make a guess, and make that the text from which to preach your justification of the dastardly proceeding. Your surmise may be right or wrong, and, for the sake of the argument, I will assume it to be the former, and ask whether, in that case, Mr Heywood would now be in any better position than he is had he circulated such literature only as commended itself to your taste? Certainly not, except upon the hypothesis that you hav revised your "views" and made them to accord with those of the Comstock association and society in general. This, perhaps, you hav done, and none could blame you for so doing. You hav had incentiv enough, and no one can censure a little fellow for not being bigger than he is. And again I ask, if Mr. Heywood had confined himself to the circulation of that which was "permitted," and would bring no risk to him, what "principle of Liberalism" could be subserved by it? That would be simply a slavish acceptance of iniquitous legislation and cowardly acquiescence in its decrees.

The principle of Liberalism involved in the matter as it now stands is the right of every individual to the free expression of his opinions, and the unrestricted transmission of that expression through the length and breadth of the earth, without regard to the extent to which such opinions may be obnoxious, agreeable, or indifferent. By his conduct Heywood has dared to maintain this principle. That you are unable to comprehend him is not surprising, since you giv the key to the mystery in the remark that "he has not seemed to us a man with a coarse, animal nature." As kindred natures only can arouse the sympathetic and appreciativ feeling within us, so it is not astonishing that you cannot understand Heywood. We will allow this inability to serve as the mantle of charity with which we will now cover your whole proceeding with regard to this question. Faithfully yours,

Boston, Mass., Nov. 5, 1882. JOHN STORER COBB.

REPLY.—We shall not attempt to notice all the unfair and untruthful insinuations and representations with which the foregoing article abounds, but some of them we will briefly review:

1. Mr. Cobb thinks that scarcely any conduct of ours would need to cause surprise, inasmuch as we hav "had our hand in the lion's mouth and know full well how hard the animal can bite!" He then continues, "Shuddering even now at the retrospection whenever the fangs of the beast are brought to your notice, you are naturally surprised that another, who has had a similar experience, should be so rash as to risk a second experiment." There is not a particle of justice in these insinuations and innuendoes. We hold that our conduct has been consistent, that we hav not changed our position in the slightest degree, and that the "fangs of the beast" hav not caused us to cower, as we will soon show.

2. He further says, "Having yourself tried to play the hero, and at the same time to evade the consequences, and having after all your gymnastic efforts been caught and compelled to accept and endure the legitimate reward of your temerity, you do not of course desire a repetition of the proceeding." This is simply false and contemptible. We hav not tried to play the hero; we hav not tried to evade the consequences of our conduct, nor hav we indulged in "gymnastic efforts." What he means by "gymnastic efforts" we cannot say. We hav never suspected that we are a gymnast in any sense of the word. If one who has been imprisoned for bastardy understands what "gymnastic efforts" are, Mr. Cobb ought to know how it is himself.

Our experience is briefly told. We were arrested for selling a copy of "Cupid's Yokes," which selling was simply done as an act of courtesy to Miss Josephine S. Tilton, Mr. Heywood's sister-in-law, who at a public meeting had a book table next our own. For this we were arrested, detained many days, held to bail, and submitted to much inconvenience and expense. We felt that we had been outraged in our rights as an American citizen. We felt with thousands of others that though the pamphlet was not written in the best possible taste and style, it was the convictions of an honest man, who had a right to express himself upon the vital subject of the social relations, that every person had a right to read his arguments, and that every person had an undisputed right to sell or own his pamphlet.

We announced in our columns that, considering we had a perfect right to sell the pamphlet, we would do so, though a prison was the result. This was while Mr. Heywood was in prison for selling the same pamphlet. If those were "gymnastic efforts," we were not aware of it. We sold many copies of the pamphlet, were arrested again and sent to prison for thirteen months, and served out our time. If we tried to "play the hero," we certainly did not "evade the consequences." Neither hav we changed our position in the matter. We hav sold many of the pamphlets since we left prison, and are selling them to-day. We still claim we possess the right to do so, and if another term in prison is our portion we shall not particularly try to evade "the fangs of the beast."

3. Our correspondent's fling about our incapability "of rising to the consciousness that there are *men* in the world," we will let pass for what it is worth, with the remark that if he is the measure of what constitutes a *man*, we decline to rise.

4. Here is another brilliant passage: "Seeing the success with which his methods hav been crowned in your case, it is not a matter for wonder that Anthony Comstock is emboldened to pursue the same course with others. Having discovered and manifested to the world the true nature of the animal, which was concealed by the spurious hide with which you enveloped yourself, it is not surprising that he should imagin himself able to carry to an equally successful issue the same experiment upon another subject." Insolence can scarcely transcend this. To us it seems that under the circumstances no true gentleman would write in this way. Though Comstock succeeded in getting us in prison, it cannot be considered that his efforts were crowned with success, nor was his position strengthened thereby. Perhaps nothing has hurt him more, and no person has shown him up so effectually. The Christian cause was certainly not strengthened by our imprisonment.

5. Here is another *morceau:* "And this is where comes in the pain which your letter causes. It is mournful to see one prove himself so far recreant to the principles which he has throughout his life professed to maintain as to ally himself—in a manner to him the most effectual possible—with the enemy, whose boast and business it is to trample those principles in the dust, and persecute their upholders and defenders." Hardly anything could be more untruthful than this. We hav not proved recreant to principles which we hav maintained or proposed to maintain all our life, or any considerable portion of it. We hav trampled no principles in the dust, nor hav we attempted to persecute the upholders of principles. Because we defended at the risk of our life the right to sell "Cupid's Yokes," it does not follow that we are under obligations to defend all sorts of nastiness, nor do we believe that the circulation of such nastiness is in any sense a "principle."

6. Mr. Cobb's effort to show that we consider Comstock justified in the outrage he has committed is as false as all the rest of it. We hav never justified anything Comstock has done, nor do we think him capable of performing a good deed from a good motiv. We certainly hope he may not succeed in getting Heywood in prison again. We assuredly hav not reversed our views, nor made them to accord with Comstock or his society.

7. Mr. Cobb undertakes to make a point on us because we had not been fully apprised of the specifications upon which Mr. Heywood had been arrested, but he was no more successful here than in other directions. It seems by subsequent reports in the Boston papers that we were correct.

8. The slur about our being a "little fellow" and about our incentivs, is, perhaps, very sharp. We will let it pass as such. If the correspondent is the model or pattern to which we should try to enlarge ourselvs, possibly we may wait a while before trying the swelling process.

9. To the question, "I ask if Mr. Heywood had confined himself to the circulation of that which was permitted and would bring no risk to him, what principles of Liberalism could be subserved by it?" we hav to answer that he would at least hav violated no principle that we are aware of. We know of no principle of Liberalism that requires a person to outrage decency, or to print and circulate anything that insults the better sense of mankind. We do not believe that any principle of Liberalism requires any one to make it their chief object to circulate that which is indecent, distasteful, or offensiv to ninety-nine people in a hundred. The principles of Liberalism call upon all its votaries to not only lead good lives, but to do nothing in opposition to that which is pure and clean. Such principles as require a man or woman to delve in that which is nasty, unclean, and indecent, whether published in a paper, issued in slips and circulated, or spoken in public meetings, according to our views are not the principles of Liberalism, and had better at once be disclaimed.

10. Possibly we are unable to comprehend Mr. Heywood, and not competent to appreciate the "great principles" which actuate him in giving circulation to that which to us seems improper and indecent, and therefore Mr. Cobb is extremely generous in allowing our inability to so understand to "serve as a mantle of charity to cover our whole proceeding with regard to this question."

11. While upon this subject perhaps it is proper to define our position clearly, though we may possibly repeat ourselvs somewhat. We are decidedly in favor of free thought, free discussion, free speech, a free press, and free mails. We do not believe in prohibiting the expression of honest thoughts and convictions. Still we believe in maintaining purity and decency. Because we regard free speech, a free press, and free mails as a principle worth contending for, and worth suffering for, we do not believe in the practice of talking and circulating that which is impure and offensiv to the usual sense of decency. While we favor free speech, and will do our utmost to defend it, we condemn that looseness of speech which leads one to talk constantly of that which is low and indecent. We are so obtuse as not to be able to see any principle involved in delving in the low and indecent. As much as free speech is to be esteemed, there are certain things, certain duties and functions of human beings, which should be performed in secret, and should not be talked of in public, nor documents circulated in reference thereto. Included with such subjects which decency requires should be tabooed in mixed assemblies, and reading matter for general circulation, are remarks about sexual commerce, and the organs of generation. There are times and places where a consideration of these subjects may be proper, in works upon physiology and in considering the propagation of our species, and the functions of the two sexes. All young persons should be informed of their own functions and their own organizations, with results of excesses and improprieties; but because this is true it does not justify constant allusions to these subjects at improper times and improper places. We can scarcely respect the motivs which impel any one to do so.

12. While we accord to Walt Whitman the meed of a poet, a philosopher, and a good Liberal, we think he has written some things that had better hav been omitted. We do not condemn his works in the volumes as published. They hav been accepted and approved by many of the highest literary judges of our country; and we sell them as we do other works, and are willing to take the risk of being sent to prison for doing so. Every person in America has the right to own and read Walt Whitman's poems; but still we do not approve of selecting out and circulating separately such paragraphs as the common sense of mankind pronounces indecent, and simply because they are indecent. We cannot, as we hav said, see that any "principle" vital to Liberalism is involved in doing so, that Walt Whitman is thereby benefited, or that any good cause or purpose is promoted.

13. We believe that the Liberals of America hav a moral character to maintain, and that it is their duty to defend that which is pure and high-minded. It will never do for them to become the champions of nastiness, filth, and impurity. They are equal to the average public in maintaining purity and morality, and there is no reason why they should be re-

garded as the defenders of indecency and uncleanness.

14. We claim to hav the same right to entertain our convictions upon this subject that we accord to those who differ from us, and we see no reason why we should not exercise the right of giving expression to our convictions, or why we should be abused for such expression. While some condemn us for the views we hold, we hav the best reasons for knowing that many, for whose opinions we hav the highest respect, approve of them. There will probably never be a perfect unanimity of views as to what constitutes the obscene; also as to the exercise of individual rights. What is obscene to some minds is not at all obscene to others; what some regard as impure others look upon as strictly pure. People will undoubtedly ever differ upon these subjects. Neither can one person exactly lay down the rules as to what another may do, or may not do. Some go so far as to maintain that a man has the right to do wrong. He doubtless has, if he does not infringe thereby upon the rights of another. No person has the right to do wrong to another; neither has one the right to outrage the finer feelings of another. A man doubtless has a right to hav any book in his possession which he desires, the same as he has a right to hav any kind of painting, whether physiological or anatomical, portraying the human form; but while having the right to keep such a picture in an interior room of his house, he has no right to offend public sense by giving it an offensiv public exhibition. So it is with questionable selections. While a person has a right to make them for his own use, he has no right to make himself offensiv by forcing them upon others.

15. Among the results of the late election in the change of the rule of political parties, one of the prominent ones will be the curtailing of Comstockism. Under the continued rule of the Republican party he wielded his most oppressiv power, which people will now hav good reason for expecting will be materially lessened. When Republican laws, Republican courts, and Republican presidents cease to be tools in his hands, it may be expected he will be unable to get people into prison with the same facility as in the past. Our hope is that Mr. Heywood will be wise, and that Comstock will not be able to deprive him of his liberty.

"How Are the Mighty Fallen!"

The following has been received from our positiv friend, T. Winter:

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Can it be that the great Infidel paper, the New York Truth Seeker, has become the mouthpiece of a nondescript religious clique, who seem to be neither fish nor flesh, neither Infidel nor Christian (funny sect this), who now regard an honest Infidel Materialist as an enemy and a criminal against their immaculate Spiritualistic piety, and must cease from speaking or be stigmatized as a common disturber of the somnolent Spiritualistic peace? May I, with civility, inquire, Is this Spiritualistic gag to be locked on the jaws of honest and intelligent Materialists, and every vestige of true liberty stamped out? Must the Materialistic pen be still, and the bold and invincible mind of sincere Infidelity stagnate because, forsooth, some anti-Materialistic parties are extremely anxious to flood the world with an unexplainable phenomenon or phantom, much more calculated to distract the human mind than enlighten or edify, and whose tendency is to send credulous persons headlong to some dismal abode set apart for all those unfortunates whose mental aberration and misery lurk where maudlin drivel issues from demented moral wrecks? Who, I ask, ever knew a gennin Materialist insane? None whatever. But now, at this moment, quite a number are hopelessly insane as the result of this Spiritualistic theory. It produces in the minds of nervous and excitable persons a tremulous fear, and ofttimes terror, much better felt than expressed. Apparitions, ghosts, and goblins ever hav terrorized the pueril mind, and it is time to stop that which is adding so largely to the sad inmates for the asylums for the insane. As a Materialist and philanthropist I deplore the serious effects growing out of religious superstitions of all kinds, with its wild and frenzied lunacy, and for no other purpose than to plunder the dupes. And is not this Spiritualism a religion? If not, what is it? From my standpoint it appears the most insidious and deleterious of all faiths, inasmuch as it dumps all humanity into the same fanciful and utopian spot, and that spot no fellow can find out. But these Spiritists seem to want a rest. They do not relish T. Winter's long pole which stirs up the muddle and the puddle, and exposes some of its weak points. They seem to need taffy instead of hickory-nut Materialism. But an honest heart can never play hypocrit. Materialists like to call things by their right names, and if the square and honest truth requires strong words to express its meaning duty must be done if the planets fall. Be it known unto all men that Materialism is not nonsense. But whatever is outside of it can never be regarded by a sound intellect as bearing the genuin stamp of sense. What, I ask, is the use of progress on a false track? Is Materialism stagnation? Never, it's no fossil—nay, ever onward in discoveries of nature, but not supernature. It dabbles not in speculativ fancies or hobbies. All its researches are for material properties, not outside the universe, but in it, and although there is very much yet to learn, all the searching forever will never discover anything immaterial. But if there be minds that can be tickled with a straw, all right; go on with your tickling.

But there is one individual which you can neither tickle nor gull, Which is

T. Winter,
Of Cincinnati, O.

Reply.—Our positiv and dogmatic friend seems to hav a great tendency to run astray, and is extremely liable to be wrong in his conclusions. It is a part of our duty to hold him to the facts, and to show him his errors.

Whether it is correct in any sense of the word to denominate us "mighty," or whether the word should not be spelt *mitey*, is simply a matter of opinion. Some possibly would favor one orthography and some the other. But we deny that we hav "fallen," and that because one accept the possibility of the grand old universe, providing us with a continued life, he must necessarily "fall." It is barely possible it is just as much *rising* as *falling*. Neither is it fair and truthful to term those who accept that possibility as "a nondescript religious clique, who seem to be neither fish nor flesh, neither Infidel nor Christian, who now regard an honest Infidel Materialist as an enemy and a criminal against their immaculate Spiritualistic piety." This is not candid; it is not honest. Mr. Winter appears to be so full of prejudice, so full of hatred toward those who accept the possibility of a continued life, that he can scarcely speak a fair and candid word with reference to them. He does not speak the truth when he denounces them as a "nondescript religious clique," and partly religious sect. They are no more "a sect" than Materialists, "no more "religious," and no more "Christian." Dogmatism and assertion are never arguments.

So far as our "falling" or changing is concerned, we hav a few words to say. We know we held the same views we now do on these subjects when we started The Truth Seeker over nine years ago, and that we hav never said a word since in opposition to, or inconsistent with, the same. We hav not deemed it necessary to be always harping upon the subject, but when we hav been called upon for our views we hav frankly given them. Nearly eight years ago a friend in Idaho wished us to giv our views upon Materialism and Spiritualism, and we cheerfully complied, giving for a few weeks our views upon matter, motion, life, and mind. We extract the following from what we published upon that occasion, or more particularly what we said of our belief of the possibility of a continued life:

It is not our purpose to here cite instances, nor to detail phenomena that thousands of times hav occurred, but simply to recognize the fact that they do take place. In doing this it is by no means necessary to accept all the claims of charlatans, frauds, and enthusiasts, of which undeniably large numbers exist. In all the phases of matter, motion, and life, in order to learn the actual conditions around us, we need to exercise our powers of observation, our reason, and our best judgment, and no less so in this direction than in others. As base coin does not disprove the existence of the true, as falsehood can never disprove truth, nor fiction disprove fact, so fraud cannot disprove that which is real and actual.

Having then received such proofs as convince us that intelligences disconnected with physical or crude bodies do exist, we hav been led by degrees to believe that there is a domain in the universe peopled with beings invisible to us, but nevertheless having an existence as really as we hav, and as really as all the unseen matter and forces we know do exist. We hav gradually come to believe that our existence is *dual*, that this is the *rudimental*, and that the *ultimate* is beyond. We cannot see that this belief or acceptation is inconsistent with any of the known laws of the universe, or of any of the recognized powers of matter. Here we meet the views and hopes of countless billions of human beings of all nations and all lands, who, for many thousands of years, hav entertained a cheering hope of a continued life after the portals of death are passed.

The belief in a future life is by no means repugnant to our consciousness or any of the feelings and instincts of our nature. Life is dear, existence is sweet, and the longer it can be pleasantly continued the better. We recoil not at contemplating the possibility of a future existence, and dwell upon it with no painful emotions. Recognizing the eternal change and progression of matter, of the higher forms of life that hav succeeded the lower, in all time, we can easily accept what appears to us a fact, that we hav not yet reached the *ultimate*—the highest form of life matter is capable of producing. We can not limit the powers of matter and the achievements it yet has in store. Grand and glorious as the universe is in its cruder and more tangible forms of existence, the recognition of the possibility of a continued life for man exalts and enlarges its grandeur and gloriousness immensely. In fact, this may be considered the grandest and sublimest part of the infinit whole, and we embrace the belief or theory with undisguised satisfaction.

It is not easy for us to understand how individual organizations that had a beginning thirty, forty, and fifty years ago can become immortal or never-ending. It has seemed to us a logical proposition that whatever form of existence has *one* end must hav *another*—that what has a beginning must sooner or later hav an end. Thus it has been easier for us to accept the probability of a *continued* existence than an *immortal* one. Though we are frank to confess that if in the powers and possibilities of the universe immortality can be evolved by regular advances and evolutions, we certainly hav no objections, and will gladly accept the fact when made conscious of it. A cessation of existence—a going out again into the darkness of nonexistence—is perhaps as distasteful to the mind when placed ten thousand years in the future as but twenty-five. If, then, in the unlimited powers of the universe there exist the possibility of individualities, persons and beings, having an endless existence, we shall not raise the slightest objection, and shall accept it for the orders of organized life below us as readily as for ourselvs.

It has with many Materialists been a formidable argument against a future existence, that the immortal part, or soul, if composed of matter, though it require but a small portion for an individual, would, in forming an infinit number, exhaust the earth, the solar system, and the entire uuiverse in furnishing material for souls. When, however, we reflect that matter is as infinit as time and space, that it is absolutely limitless and exhaustless, the argument loses its force.

We cannot giv more here of what we said then, but as we talked at considerable length those who wish to read it can procure the pamphlet, "Matter, Motion, Life, and Mind," for ten cents.

We hav said enough to thoroughly disprove Mr. Winter's charge that we hav *changed* or *fallen*. We may be in error in the possibilities we accept, but at all events we hav not changed, we hav not "fallen." We hav on many occasions talked out freely and unreservedly.

The unfairness of Mr. Winter is further shown by such offensiv terms as "Spiritualistic gag, to be locked on the jaws of honest and intelligent Materialists, and every vestige of true liberty stamped out." What utter bosh this is! Spiritualists are certainly no more noted for applying the gag than is Mr. Winter himself. We hav been just as ready to publish the lucubrations of one side as the other, and Mr. Winter, though teeming with unfairness and hate, has been admitted as often to these columns as any other individual. We hav published for both sides, though what has been said was often far from meeting our views. How unfair and untruthful, then, to fling out the whine about the Spiritualistic gag! We hav not published all that has been said on either side simply because it was impossible, but no discrimination has been made against Materialists. We hav willingly published what bore some resemblance to argument, though we must say that dogmatism, drivel, and hate are not extremely welcome. We shall continue to publish what both sides hav to say, but wish to stipulate that communications be tolerably free from dogmatism, unfairness, the calling of hard names, and out-and out misrepresentation. The most ardent Materialists are not required to be "still," nor is the bold, invincible mind of sincere Infidelity to "stagnate." They hav ever had a chance to be heard in our columns, and such flings are simply unfair and uncalled for.

The truth is, Mr. T. Winter seems so completely filled with prejudice, and the spirit of hatred to those who cannot accept his conclusions, that he can scarcely speak of them without spitting out dogmatism and venom, and using unfairness and misrepresentation. If he has abounded in solid argument and candor we hav failed to perceive it.

There is simply a difference in the proof as it strikes different minds. Some think they hav received satisfactory evidence that invisible intelligences exist, and they accept the possibility of the universe producing the same. The opposit party see nothing of this, and are constantly ready to denounce as fools, frauds, and swindlers those who presume to differ from them. The great unsettled question, "When a man dies shall he liv again?" still comes up, and probably will for thousands of years to come.

It would perhaps be fortunate if those who take the negativ of the question had more truth and data to offer than the opposit, but it does not seem to be so. T. Winter & Co. seem to hold no patent upon the powers and possibilities of the universe, nor hav they investigated more thoroughly than others. If they know more than others on this hidden question, it does not quite appear, for dogmatism and calling hard names are not proofs of honest investigation. A man who has *bona fide* proofs and arguments to offer does not need to resort to dogmatism and uncivility. Nor does it appear that T. Winter & Co. hav investigated patiently. They seem to hav arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, and they are willing to denounce those as frauds, fools, cheats, and liars, who hav not been able to reach the same conclusions. If Mr. T. Winter has learned more about the mysteries of the great universe, and has discovered just what it can do and what it cannot, it is fortunate, but it does not appear that he has studied the subject more than others, nor that he knows anything more about it. His special stock seems to consist in harsh expressions, calling hard names, accusing others of being frauds and cheats, and of extreme discourtesy. If, fortunately, Mr. T. Winter knows more than anybody else about the capabilities of the universe, he has considerable yet to learn what constitutes a truthful, courteous gentleman. If he has learned more of the truths of nature than others, let him show us the same, but let him not constantly call us fools, knaves, and liars. Very common persons can use that kind of language. It is not the length of T. Winter's "pole of reason and truth" that is so offensive as his continued spouting of uncharitableness, dogmatism, and insolence. If he drops these his reason and argument will be acceptable.

We will not take the time here to narrate what we hav witnessed to cause us to hold it possible that our life continues, but we hav received them where fraud was impossible. We feel by no means positiv that we hav found all the truth in this direction, but we hav received some evidences that we cannot cast away. We are inclined to regard the possibilities of the universe as grand and great. We hav also met with many hundreds who hav seen more than we hav—men of intelligence, candor, and of an investigating spirit. Many such hav assured us that they hav received proofs which they were bound to accept that we hav another lease of life after this. They may be mistaken in their proofs, they may be mistaken in their conclusions, but that they are honest, and that they hav investigated we feel assured. That their opinion is worth as much as that of Mr. T. Winter, and that they hav as great an amount of intelligence we are prepared to believe.

The Truth Seeker will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

Communications.

Ideology.—Concluded.

Crime against Selfhood.—Every form of mediumship between gods and ghosts, real or imaginary, is a crime against humanity. The yielding up of selfhood and self-control to an idea of an unknown personage cannot be justified. A matured mind can hav no normal right thus to abnegate its own selfhood. Most of the mediums in this country who travel and make a business of giving "tests" I hav had more or less knowledge of, and, while I admit that in all other respects they may hav been very excellent people, yet I am compelled to say that, as far as I know, they were deteriorated in health and in integrity of character by their mediumship. Their lives are shortened, not to speak of the number that commit suicide in order the sooner to reach the "summer land," nor the many that hav been rendered insane by entrancement. For there never was a state of real catalepsy or trance without more or less hallucination. What else can follow when, to become a medium, you must yield up your own selfhood and self-control? Thus Miss Lizzie Doten, alluded to in my contribution on the trance, when she was inspired and under spirit control, I asked her spirit guides to explain to me how I should be able to tell where the human ended and the spiritual began in the trance mediumship. And in answer he, she, or it gave the following reply: "O doctor, you are not on the spiritual plane; we cannot explain it to you." And just here I find at hand, from the pen of T. R. Hazzard, a prolific spiritual writer, in the *Spiritual Offering*, a paragraph that I quote:

> When fully entranced, a well-developed medium becomes, humanly speaking, a mere nonentity, or body without a soul, a thing comparable to a looking-glass, that must perforce reflect the exact resemblance of whatever is placed before, or rather enters into it, whether it be an angel reclothed with mortal elements or a goblin damned. For the time being, during the absence of the spirit, the medium is not one whit more responsible in a criminal, moral, or spiritual point of view, for what takes place in its absence from the body than is the inanimate looking-glass for the objects it reflects."

And this describes the crime against humanity and human selfhood! When the human mind is held in abeyance (or absent, as this writer says, from the body), it is dead to all the purposes of humanity. And this is a crime that with impunity no one can commit.

Mr. Perry's Misstatement.—And what now, if it should appear that Mr. Perry was himself in error, and the most deceived in his statement above quoted? He has erroneously attributed to me what I had, in these columns, explicitly disavowed, not only for myself, but for all other Materialists and the entire scientific world. (See my "Fraternal" in No. 32 of this paper.) Nor can I now determin whether I should account for his misstatement by his careless habits of thought or his obfuscation "by faith" in mysticism. I never ignored nor denied the facts, nor thought that I had solved the problem as to how the rap is made upon the table leg. The rapper has personified itself for any or all the dead of past ages, and adopted any name to gratify the medium and please other parties most interested in that sort of information; for such are some of the well-known factors in Mr. Perry's nineteenth-century thunder!

And I should, perhaps, add here that it is but a comparativly small number of the rappers that are clairvoyant enough to giv what are called tests as to the personal identity of the dead. The mediums in such cases I believe to be more sinned against than sinning. And the number is not large, I think, that indorse Jesus, as the mystic rap has always done. When made in Christian families, as then, it indorsed the Bible, hell, and the devil, Millerism, the resurrection from the grave, and the smash-up of this globe! And yet more than ninety per cent of the rank and file in this movement are Liberal and progressiv. And still a larger proportion of these speakers, of which Cephas B. Lynn is a type, are good and true men and women, that go for progression and humanity. I mentioned, also, Col. D. M. Fox, editor of the *Spiritual Offering*, Ottumwa, Iowa, as I perceived that his was one of the mediumistic papers that did not come to the knowledge of the recent Liberal Convention at St. Louis. It was a generous recognition that convention made of all the Spiritual papers it had any knowledge of.

Mr. Perry's Wonder.—As I hav more cases than I could put in one volume, any one of which would be sufficient to offset and upset all that Mr. Perry has narrated of his wonder, I must beg the reader to bear in mind that I hav to use mediumistic terms. I do not know what a ghost is, nor is it of the unseen that I speak. It is physical phenomena that I describe in illustrating ideas, true or false. And while I can here giv but a few cases, they are tersely reported, and they are characteristic of all so-called test cases. Manifestly no real test can be applied where a part of the factors are unknown. And this is the gap that faith comes in to fill. Now faith, saving faith, is that trust the mind reposes in that evidence the mind itself has created (Heb. xii, 1). Hence in this manner you can make a god or ghost of the North Star. And yet we hear those victimized by mysticism boasting of what they know of the unknowable! It is unknowable for the reason that the human mind has no capacity for such knowledge. Can the factor know its own father and mother? And what greater folly than when mediumists speak of a future immortality as a matter of positiv knowledge! We are all alike in this regard—we can believe as we please. But as to the fact we know just nothing at all, nor is it best that we should know.

I never attended a circle unless invited. The Fox mediums assured me that if any communication was made to me it must come from some one dead whom I had previously known and loved. Upon this statement I relied until I found good reason for pronouncing it an error. And albeit I hav never yet found any mediumistic ghost that had had any previous knowledge of me, I never repelled either the medium or the spirits. I never told a spirit it had falsified to me. When in the presence of a medium that has no knowledge of me I always hav an abundance of messages, and all I need, I am sure. But never did I hear the first rap from any relativ or friend, or from any one else that I ever knew before their death. In the mean time I hav had communications made to me purporting to come from people that were still living, and never had died. Moreover, I could giv the names of a dozen of my friends, who were mediums and Spiritualists, who solemnly promised me before they died that if Spiritualism was true, they would certainly find some medium and make a demonstration to me, and prove their identity beyond all doubt. I always treated the mediums kindly. And if this were the place, I would giv you the statements the spirits hav made to me affirming that all they knew of this external world they had to find out by contact with it, and with the medium's brain, eyes, and ears. A spirit has no external senses for acquiring any knowledge of this physical world, nor do they hav any remembrance of this or any other world as their rudimentary state. And now for my illustrativ cases, as an off-set to those given by Mr. Perry:

1. *A Medium that Never Failed.*—I was in Baltimore, and by a Spiritual friend was taken to see Mrs. F. and the wonderful tests given through her brain. Mrs. F. challenged me to test the spirits, as she affirmed the spirits, through her, never failed. And when this statement was made to me there were sounds upon the table loud enough to be heard all over the house. The next day I addressed some questions to a Mrs. H., a friend of mine who had given me a pledge on her death-bed that if Spiritualism were true she would make a demonstration to me, through my daughter, who is a good medium, that Mrs. H. knew and loved, or, if not through her, she would find a medium if it were possible, in order to fulfil her promis. I allowed Mrs. F. to hav my letter in her keeping twenty-four hours. When I called for the answer the spirits said they were ready, and they were sure the answer was correct. On reading the answer I found it purported to hav been written by my mother, who was not dead, thus:

> My Dear Son: Your mother greets you from the skies, and in the love of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Your aff. mother,
> Cynthia Sunderland.

My mother's name was not Cynthia.

2. *How a Test Medium got Choked.*—I was in this town invited to attend a circle composed of mediums, all of whom were certain that I would get a good test. Mrs P., who sat next to me, as soon as entranced, personified an Indian, and said she (or he) saw streams of light emanating from my head. On my hinting that I did not need any soft soap at that time, she said: "O doctor, I see your mother! She stands behind your chair. She wants to talk to you now." Whereupon I said, "Please ask my mother to tell you what her maiden name was before she was married?" There was a slight pause, when the medium began to shake and cough. She then opened her eyes, and seizing my hand, she said:

"O doctor, I begin to fear there were no spirits in it!"

All the other mediums looked dumbfounded, and Mrs. P. continued to hack and cough, as if something had got stuck in her throat that she could not get up or down.

3. *A Test Decidedly Bogus.*—Dr. R. was an artist well known in Boston. His Spiritual career lasted only one year. He was a rapping and healing medium. The sensational ideas, however false, often result in what are called miraculous cures, or cures in answer to prayer. Dr. R. had a brother who had been absent some ten years—so long that all the family believed him dead; and the manifestations through Dr. R. purported to come from this absent brother's spirit. It gave the brother's name, his age, the name of the ship in which he had sailed, and described the storm in which all were lost. "A good test," Mr. Perry would say; "the wonder of the nineteenth century!" Thus the tests and the healing power of spirits were continued. The neighbors came in crowds and all went away healed and perfectly satisfied. Each one had talked with his dead relativ—father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, and up to the great-grandfather. How could they doubt? It was most wonderful! And thus, while that same nondescript ghost was in full blast at the table-leg, and as Dr. R. was bowed writing its prescriptions for the sick, he heard a rapping upon his outer door, and as he lifted his head he saw his brother enter his office, alive and well. That ended the mystical rapping and healing in Dr. R.'s house forever.

4. *The Test by Writing on the Arm.*—Mrs. L., of South Reading, Mass., had a brother that entered the army in 1861; and, never having heard from him till 1865, she and her family believed him dead. She was a Spiritualist. The medium Foster visited her locality, and Mrs. L. went to see him forthwith. She paid his fee; and without asking him a single question he said to her:

> You are a Spiritualist. I see your brother materialized standing near you. He is a soldier, and I see the place where he was shot—in the side.

While saying this he rubbed his arm, and, rolling up his sleeve, he showed Mrs. L. her brother's name, William, in raised letters on his arm. Nor had she a doubt but these letters must hav been made by her brother, and no one else. She went home weeping. A good test, Mr. Perry would hav said. In about three months after that satisfactory test, that demonstration of the personal identity of a dead man, was made, that brother, alive and in good health, came into her house and assured her that he was not dead, and never had been wounded. As these tests were made, so are they all made, by clairvoyance; and what this is the two cases following will further show.

5. *Magnetic or Clairvoyant Reading.*—My friend, Mr. W. P. Lippincott, formerly of Philadelphia, moved to Iowa with Abner Kneeland. I visited him at Vernon in 1866, when he became so much interested in what I told him I had witnessed that he subscribed for a Spiritual paper. His wife died soon after. He saw in his paper the advertisment of J. V. Mansfield, who announces himself as the "world-renowned medium for reading sealed letters." [Why sealed, but for the deception?] Mr. Lippincott wrote a letter to his wife, and, sealing, he sent it with five dollars to Mansfield. In that letter he addressed her by her full name, and gave his own name, asking her to tell him the name of the fugitiv slave that they had once concealed in their house in Philadelphia. In due time this sealed letter unopened came back, and with the following answer from Mansfield and his associate spirit that has answered others in the same way:

> As near as I can magnetize your letter you want me to tell you where you lived in the city of brotherly love. The exact number I do not now remember. I hav seen John Hughes here, and also Abner Kneeland. Your wife, Eliza.

Mr. Lippincott had known a man in Philadelphia by the name of John Hughes. But notice, 1, That he had not named Abner Kneeland; 2, He had not asked the number of any street; 3, Mr. Lippincott assured me that he had entirely forgotten John Hughes. Whence did Mansfield or that associate ghost obtain a knowledge of that name that the writer of that letter had entirely forgotten? And yet how often we hear of persons victimized by this wonder, boasting of their tests when told of ideas they had forgotten!

6. *The Greatest Test of all.*—A lady at the West, some distance from Chicago, Mrs. T. M. S., wrote to her mother, proposing these questions: "Where does Uncle S. liv? What are the names of his two children? This from your daughter, T. S.," accidently omitting the initial of her middle name. On sending it to J. V. Mansfield it was duly returned, and with the following correct answer, which demonstrates the theory here advocated. The letter explains itself:

> Mrs. T. M. S., Dear Friend: I answer your letter, and giv you the information you want, as your spirit mother is not here. She is afar on a mission. I am here to assist Mr. Mansfield when necessary. Your uncle livs in S., Iowa, and he has two sons, J. and W. But why did you not giv your middle name in your letter? It is M., is it not?

The above case I hav quoted from a Spiritual paper. It is, indeed, a most wonderful manifestation of clairvoyance, the power by which all the tests are made! And when Mr. Perry writes again, perhaps he will inform us why it is not reasonable to believe that all tests are made in the same way.

RETROSPECTIV.

And thus as to my own record. Sixty years in the field of psychology—the science above all bibles, and to be studied before all revelations from gods and ghosts. And during twenty years of this period I was employed by the Methodist Episcopal church as a revered minister. Thus in a Christian pulpit, dogmatizing and drilling the human mind with false sensational ideas (the leading one of theology is as to how a holy ghost came it over a Jewish maiden). Upon this idea the Christian hope of his escape from a lake of eternal hell-fire is based. And those camp-meeting spasms, those love-feasts, those revival harangs, in drilling human ingnorance and credulity! That was an experience I hav never regretted. The late Theodore Parker once expressed to me some re-

gret that he had never had the opportunity of witnessing the mental and nervous phenomena that characterized the revivals I had got up. In the whole of my life I can now perceive what an immense advantage that twenty years of experience and observation has been to me in Ideology, the study of the human mind.

Wonders I hav witnessed, probably, beyond anything my friend Perry ever saw, and under the auspices of Spiritualism too. Did he ever see one of the mediums (in which he has invested somewhat) who reported herself as having been a second Mary —a "mother in the modern Israel," as she had been overshadowed by a ghost (and with her husband's consent), she having gone through a period of gestation and parturition, having given birth to a young ghost—a spirit-baby? All her symptoms were detailed to me by this modern Mary in person. And for any further information as to this wonder I refer to Mr. A. E. Newton, a well-known Spiritualist and author of a pamphlet entitled "The Ministration of Angels Realized." Nor was this the only case of the kind that came to my knowledge; and for the details of this case I can refer to another well-known medium and author, Mr. John M. Spear. And maybe that both these gentlemen would giv Mr. Perry all the details, as they would increase the marvelous in his nineteenth century wonder. One of these "mothers" assured me that the spirits had prepared her for a spirit-babe by informing her that "it would be a sacred Jesus," and she would become a "mother in the modern Israel" similar to Mary of old, of whom the second person in the godhead was begotten and born.

> And thus hav other mediums been cajoled—
> In the same way flattered as of old,
> Coaxed and "taken in."
> But surely that maid was deceived the most
> That believed it done by a holy ghost
> To atone for all sin.

And hav I not seen and heard enough of these wonders, old and new—enough of the tests and the trances, and the visions and the messages from the lips eternally closed in death? Hav I not heard and seen enough to convince any mind open to criticism as to the wonderful power of false, sensational ideas? Of all the ideas in the whole range of human thought, those the most absurd are always, to human credibility and ignorance, the most sensational. Hence the success of any and all forms of mysticism. When the factors are unknown the ideas are sensational, and the "miraculous cure" follows. In Tremont Temple, Boston, and in Odd Fellows' Hall, Philadelphia, on my public platform, my audiences saw, from night to night, this theory demonstrated. They saw hundreds of people, some of them of the highest respectability, Christians and clergymen, entranced by their own ideas of that state when surgical operations were performed upon them without any consciousness of pain, and when forty men and women simultaneously fell instantly to the floor merely by an idea suggested when they were struck down as suddenly as if they had been shot through the heart. And how many thousands of healthy people hav been instantly killed in the same way? Salvation by faith, as death by faith, for faith, is an equal power either way; the results always shape by the dominant idea. Horses, and one case of a monkey, I hav known to be instantly killed by fright. And consider, too, the power of ideas in the mother's mind that creates, forms, and colors, thus materializing one hundred and twenty smallpox pustules, filled with purulent matter, in her babe when born. She never had smallpox, nor was she ever exposed to it, only by fright.

As to ideas, there are none but human ideas. If all the brains now alive could be combined into one cranium as large as this globe its ideas would be only human. And no human brain, however large, can know or comprehend any personal existence above its own idea of its own selfhood, hence the folly of those mediumists, ancient and modern, who tell us what they know of gods and ghosts "beyond the bonds of time and space." The "wonder manager-in-chief" in this country says, "The eyes of his mind are so wonderfully enlarged and strengthened by clairvoyance that there are no boundaries of time or space that can circumscribe their penetration" (Great Har., vol. iii, page 265).

Now to realize the state of a mind that could make such a claim as this, read the obfuscation of Peter, Acts x, 10–13, and Paul, 2 Cor. xii, 1. No idea can be too absurd for human ignorance and credulity; no ideas of gods or ghosts was ever expressed by human lips that were not evolved from the brains that controled those lips in their utterance. And no scholarly author ever made so great a mistake in ideology as Max Müller did when in his "Essay on Monotheism" he says of Abraham's idea of God that it was not the creation of Abraham's own brain, but it was injected into his mind by a mystical power outside of his own mind, whereas Abraham was entranced when he uttered that idea; and the Bible informs us that his mind was bewildered and obfuscated by "a great human darkness that fell upon him" (Gen. xv, 12). Abraham had no knowledge of psychology, nor had Jesus any such knowledge when he told Peter that he had uttered an idea that was not evolved by his own brains (Matt. xvi, 17). Neither Jesus nor any writer of the Bible knew that man had any mental apparatus for the evolution of ideas, nor do the Spiritualists now know that in India, where there are no mediums nor any faith in spirits, and yet by ideas far greater marvels are done than anything included in the "nineteenth century wonder." The occult forces of ideas hav been known in India for centuries; forces by which the living body is materialized to eyes a thousand miles away; metals are disintegrated, and other marvels in India beyond any wonders in modern Spiritualism. Nor is it true, as Christians, mesmerists, and mediums suppose, that ideas, as such, float about in the atmosphere; or that ideas are transferred merely by volition out of one brain into another as ideas. An idea is a creation in each mind for itself. A relation—a rhythmic polarity—may be established between two minds (as in case of the adepts in India), when, if one or both are clairvoyant, and far apart, thus a knowledge of distant ideas may be obtained. But such conditions are rare, and the knowledge is limited to clairvoyance, which is the rarest of all. It is a function often claimed, but not very often manifested. It is indeed an "occult power."

Long before the mysterious knockings or any purely physical phenomena had been dubbed with the cognomen of "Spiritualism," the writer was engaged in this field of investigation. His experimental discovery of the law of "Selfhood in Self-induction" was announced in *Zion's Watchman* and in *The Magnet*, a scientific monthly, edited and published in New York, 1836 to 1843. And he edited and published the first paper ever devoted to Spiritualism. He gave the first lectures upon the "Mysterious Knockings," in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities; and his labors in this regard used up more than three thousand dollars of his scanty means—which, however, he has never regretted. Those good people that he succeeded in dogmatizing into Christianity, and also those of a similar temperament, afterward called mediums, constitute a class by themselvs (referred to by Jesus as the few only that are saved), toward which I hav always felt most friendly. Many a medium I hav recovered from a state of insanity, and many of them hav I defended through the press, and otherwise, when justly charged with fraud. It was enough for me to know that they had been in error, in yielding up selfhood to become a medium, and also that they had been not only deceived, but they had also been fraudulently "controled" by false ideas, in giving tests as to the personal identity of invisible non-descripts that sustain no relations whatever to this earth; hence, under an influence that is deceptiv and false, it is from such associations that mediums should themselvs become so.

Since I found my own mind free from all forms of mysticism, I cannot feel annoyed by any persecution, by any ism, of the unknown. Nor is it any wonder to me that the leading papers, both in theology and Spiritualism, manifest the same unwillingness to allow me through their columns to inform their readers as to the reasons why I remain a friend to them and a brother still. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., Nov. 1, 107.

J. H. Mott.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Knowing that many of your subscribers are Spiritualists, I deem it proper to apprise them as well as others who take an interest in Spiritualism of the character of J. H. Mott, and what reception they would be liable to meet were they to come here to investigate.

I hav known Mr. Mott for five years, and was slow to belive what I know. I am told that before his development as a medium he hardly obtained a comfortable living. But by his mediumship he has become possessed of quite a property, and it might hav been much more but for his dissipated habits. He charges one dollar a seance for each guest, and his circles used often to number from fifteen to twenty. But his patronage is much less now from two principal causes; first, other and better mediums are being developed all over the country; and second, many hav been disgusted with the treatment received at his hand. I hav attended over two hundred of his seances, and hav known him to use strangers who had every appearance of being ladies and gentlemen in a manner that ought to make a savage blush. He sometimes tells them that there will not be room for them, when he has but two or three; at other times he declares that no seance will be held, when he intends to and does hold one. Sometimes he assures them that he will send them notice if he sits, but forfeits his word. Sometimes he begins a seance before the usual hour, and locks out those he expects to come.

Those who read this who hav already visited him, and paid well, need not fear of being refused. Many hav come hundreds of miles and expended fifty or sixty dollars without being able to obtain admittance.

Strangers should approach him in the most obsequious manner, as though they were in the presence of the Great Mogul. It is amusing to see what airs he puts on in a circle of cultivated guests.

I hav come to this conclusion in regard to the twain: Mrs. Mott is after the almighty dollar only, while Harvey's ruling passions are egotism, bigotry, and arrogance. So he lets dollars escape him for the purpose of domineering over others.

But to show the reader that I don't speak behind his back I append the following, which I dropped in the post-office a few weeks ago:

> MR. AND MRS. MOTT: Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults and teach us how to correct them.
>
> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

I feel impelled to add to what I said verbally the other day for the purpose, if possible, of benefiting you. I hav myself suffered as the legitimate result of wrong-doing, but was never so low in the moral scale as yourselvs, and the longer you remain there the more intense will your sufferings finally be.

I am performing an unpleasant duty in thus holding before you the reflection of your lives that you may see yourselvs as others see you. Every one has a mission to perform, and performs it. Then why try to influence another? because that may be another's mission. And your mission, Harvey, I conceive to be to convince many by your mediumship of a future life, and, on the other hand, by your dishonesty, egotism, arrogance, stinginess, and hard-heartiness toward even your near relativs, to disgust others and make them avoid such ignoble traits, and better appreciate all noble thoughts and actions. So you are not living in vain; you are performing your mission, but we pity the missionary. No one so steeped in selfishness can enjoy life. I do not think there is a person in Memphis who has a good opinion of you. You are a dead-weight on Spiritualism here. It is up-hill business to defend it, based on your mediumship, here where you are known. Here is a specimen of my success in that direction.

My opponent starts out with the assertion that you are simply a trickster, and, as you hav no moral basis to fall back on, I can dislodge him from his position only by asking him if he thinks you are capable of deceiving any but the veriest dunces. He acknowledges his defeat on that point, but by changing his base I meet my Waterloo. He takes his position on the devil theory of the churches, and declares that if any spirits ever come through Mott they must be devils. I am silenced.

And, between you and me, Harvey, you are a medium for devilish spirits, and Mary, too, for that matter, in the shape of beer and whisky. But good spirits are so glad to commune with us that they use mediums regardless of their impurity of mind or body. And you are so dishonest, and with a body so full of beer, whisky, and tobacco, that spirits are debased therewith Two of my spirit friends, who were paragons of truthfulness when in their own bodies, hav told me several falsehoods at your circles.

Col. Eaton announced himself by independent slate-writing through the mediumship of your sister three days before we heard of it in any other way. He spoke at first of going to your seances, but five days after said: "I do not think so well of Mr. Mott since I entered spirit life." The following he gave through that honest medium Frank T. Ripley: "I hav been in the spirit world two days. I am anxious to say to my friend, Matt Clary, of Kansas City, Mo., that I hav found more than I realized, but I was terribly fooled about that reincarnation business." He refers to the lies to which he was treated at your seance in Leavenworth some two years ago, when he was made to believe that his spirit daughter and Frank Pierce's spirit son were married. It is not to be wondered at that deceitful spirits congregate where you are.

I never wish to attend another of your circles until you turn and lead a better life. To get reliable manifestations we must hav honest mediums.

Mary says you are the best medium in the world! There are scores to whom you are not comparable. Yet were you to conduct yourself properly and stop drinking you would soon be highly esteemed, and your medial powers probably increased.

I don't know which is the champion liar, but think it is "which and t'other" with you. But I am of the opinion that Mary can discount you on penuriousness; for although I had it on good authority some two years ago that you told many of your guests from a distance that I had never paid you but three or four dollars, one woman heard you say that I had never paid anything, when I had paid you twenty-six dollars in cash, and expended several more in time, stationery, and postage on the Pattee raid. I say although you enjoy lying like Beelzebub, still you are not so miserly as your other half, for after I was admitted at reduced rates you assured me sometimes that I was welcome, but I always offered the money to Mary at the close of the seances, which she always took with thanks and a patronizing smile.

If you had told your falsehoods about me only to those acquainted with all three, I would not complain; but those but little acquainted with either may believe you. Your tongue is no slander here where you are known; it is only those that you speak well of (if you ever do of any one) that are in danger. They may well exclaim, "What wicked things hav we done that this vile man should commend us?"

I suppose you will think that I wish to injure you, but the opposit is the fact. I should rejoice on your own account to see you reform, and would proffer the right hand of fellowship. But, Harvey, should you persist in abusing strangers and making a laughing-stock of yourself, and a shame to Spiritualists, I will make one more effort in your behalf.

I subscribe myself your sincere but frank friend,

STEPHEN YOUNG.

I had not intended to make the above public until I found that it was like to do no good. The worst is yet to be told.

Harvey's sister, Mrs. Work, has developed into a good medium for both independent slate-writing and materializations, and both Mr. and Mrs. Mott are doing their utmost to prevent any one attending her seances, and are angry with all who do.

Mott has no children, and possesses quite a property, while his sister has four small children, and her husband is in poor health. The ignoble twain would take the bread out of the mouths of their sister's children.

I believe it would hav a good effect on this hard-hearted couple were they never to receive another guest, and it is working in that direction.

Memphis, Mo., Nov. 6, 1882. STEPHEN YOUNG.

Letters from Friends.

PESCADERO, CAL., Oct. 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER since the 29th of July last, and I like it very much, especially your replies to Mr. Whitehead's questions. I hav never missed a number of the paper since the first number.

Yours, for universal mental liberty,

SAMUEL A. WHITESIDE.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Oct. 29, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I want your paper, and will send $3 to pay for the same, which I think will pay till a year from next January, if you put it down to $2.50 next year, as you say. I also want the fourth volume of your tour Round the World. I hav received the two first volumes, and am much pleased with them.

SARAH C. HILTON.

GOLDEN, MO., NOV. 4, E. M., 282.

MR. EDITOR: I am the only outspoken Infidel anywhere in this neighborhood. We hav one reverend gentleman here who says I "ought to be burnt for letting people read my Infidel paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER." I tell him he is godlike—a genuin Christian, for he would burn us while here, and his God will keep it up when we are dead.

Your friend for truth, J. P. CLARK.

HAMBURG, NOV. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $9; $5 for another series of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," the other $4 for trial subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months.

By refering to your list you will find that I hav been a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years, and one of the early subscribers for "A Truth Seeker Around the World." JAS. A. TAYLOR.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., NOV. 1, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5—$4 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the balance use as directed.

I am a Spiritualist clean through, not of the Bundy kind, but believe free discussion is the friend of truth, and by free discussion truth is brought to light. May you, sir, and Eugene long liv to run THE TRUTH SEEKER. The two outside pages are worth the price, and I see the price is to be reduced soon.

Yours truly, E. T. SLIGHT.

WEST NEWTON, MASS., NOV. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5.25 for my own paper and a new subscriber. For the twenty-five cents send me the "Crimes of Preachers." Now if all your old subscribers will as promptly send you a new subscriber and renew their own subscription before the expiration of their time, you would soon be able to send $2 a year for the best paper in this country. I hope to be able to get you more subscribers soon. With best wishes for your success, I subscribe myself, Your friend and brother,

C. N. WOOD.

SELBY, ONT., NOV. 7, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your Canadian correspondent of St. Catherine's is mistaken in supposing that the Agnostic's evidence is not admitted in court here. By virtue of an act passed at the last session of the Legislature of this province, Agnostics or Freethinkers may giv evidence by affirmation in all civil cases in all courts in this province. We also hav assurance from the Dominion government that a similar act will in due time be passed, enabling Agnostics to likewise giv evidence in all criminal cases throughout the dominion. Other reforms, such as the taxation of church property, the secularization of the public schools, also of the marriage ceremony, we intend to urge as soon as prudent and convenient.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

SKOWHEGAN, ME., NOV. 4, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: A lecture formerly delivered by Mr. Hastings, editor of *The Christian*, was read by one of our ministers last Sunday, and the statement was made that Tom Paine died a miserable drunkard. Is there any truth in the statement? Please answer through the columns of your paper, and oblige

MANY READERS.

[These statements are simply Christian falsehoods, with nothing but the basest of slanders to rest upon. Some evil-disposed Christian told the lie in the first place, and hundreds of evil-disposed Christians hav repeated it since. It has been refuted again and again, and the fact has been proved that nothing of the kind was true; but the Christian tendency to slander and malign is so great that the falsehood is still repeated, and probably will be for a long time to come.—ED. T. S.]

ALLEGHENY, PA., Oct. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If any person were to ask me what my religion was I should say that I had no religion but science. This, I presume, is what you would say also. But although we both are alike in that matter, I beg to differ with you on one important point. You are a Spiritualist. Now, I wish to ask where you first got the idea of a spirit. You will find mention of spirits in the Bible, but as you do not believe in the Bible, then where do you get your spirits? Please answer in TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours, A. B. KEMP.

[We do not know very much about spirits. Our friend is referred to what we had to say upon the subject in No. 44, also in the present number.—ED. T. S.]

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., NOV. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Brother Leland's article on "Tadpole Liberalism" is very good. I do not mean any disrespect to the tadpole, of course. A healthy, well-behaved tadpole is a good thing in its place, but when a little bit of a polliwog imagins himself a great big whale and challenges all things, animate and inanimate, to heave to and dip their colors, then the case becomes too utterly ludicrous for anything. Brother Walker's article on "Prohibition" is unanswerable. It will be "answered," however, with the usual amount of gush. Those "Liberals" who believe in a state conscience, a state stomach, a state appetite, and a state gauge; who believe in removing temptation—in taking away a man's power to sin, to slide backwards or forwards, or to slide at all; who put no trust in education, progress, or humanity, but hav unbounded faith in coercion and legislation, such Liberals are also in the polliwog stage of development. It was said against a certain politician that he was a Northern man with Southern principles. The faces of some Liberals turn one way, while their toes turn another, and

> It's hard to tell by the looks of the track
> Whether they're coming or going back.

They are simply trying to propagate Liberal teachings by Christian methods—trying to lay Liberal brick with orthodox mortar, and the two won't work together. If Christianity is true, and Christian propagandism is the correct thing, by all means let us make haste to return to it. But all true Liberals worthy of the name hav no further use for Christianity or the Inquisition, or anything else distinctivly Christian. Liberalism is amply complete in itself—equal to all emergencies. It is not a system patched up by man, but a grand and perfect science; the science of the universe; the science of all sciences. Let us study its principles and apply them consistently, courageously, and with unfaltering faith as to results.

S. R. SHEPHERD.

LINDSAY, CAN., NOV. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am very much pleased with and congratulate myself on being a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The opportunity of reading several copies was given me by my esteemed Liberal friend, Mr. T. A. Middleton, and I became deeply interested in the paper. I heartily enjoy your system of dealing with the saintly orthodox, penetrating and illustrating their absurd superstitions, showing the falsity and incorrectness of their claims, driving them from the field of argument in fair battle, bringing confusion upon them in their inability to answer rational questions, and terror in showing them the rapidity with which that great fabrication, the Bible, is losing its influence and power. There are people who would cling to that unscientific, obscene old book, the Bible, no matter how clearly proofs were given of its unauthenticity. They will never find any difficulty in securing a pilot, so long as their treasury holds out and their wives and daughters prove sufficiently tractable. The fate of those wise men, the philosophical and intellectual authors of cultured Liberalism, who were tortured upon the rack and exposed to the fires of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S pitiless, sarcastic columns, will be a warning to honest Liberals never to strive to get beyond the confines of common sense. I am happy to say that THE TRUTH SEEKER has caused me to read more, think deeper, and given me more useful information in the last four months than all the orthodox papers combined. We hav no organization in Lindsay, but know each other pretty well, and hav a fraternal and mutual feeling of friendship and unity in the good cause. I wish to procure some of your valuable books, which I see advertised, at an early date. Hoping your reduction in subscription will prove a success, and wishing yourself and interests all properity, I remain

Yours respectfully, E. ORMANDY.

LUNENBURG, MASS., NOV. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read your remarks acknowledging the receipt of Mrs. Heywood's letter informing you of the arrest of her husband and his imprisonment in Boston, and release therefrom through bail of one thousand dollars, and you will take it kindly, I trust, when I say it was decidedly cool, coming, as it does, from a radical regenerator of moral, social, and, I suppose, political ethics; and, what is more, from one so recently out of prison for the like offense. While I know neither you nor Heywood would wrong any one, I do know that Mr. Heywood is the most persistent and logical reformer throughout the length of the land, if I except B. R. Tucker, of Boston. Mr. Heywood is the champion of freedom. He threw himself when a youth, I may say, into the cause of liberty for all men; and since the major contains the minor, I say he dedicated his life, strength, and talents to liberty. And for these thirty years I hav never found him wavering or faltering or fearful of consequences. I know full well his example has been a beacon-light to my path and a stimulant to many efforts of reform.

Mr. Heywood has declared for individual and collectiv liberty, and most nobly and heroically has he stood his ground. I wish I could say as much for hundreds with whom I hav "stricken" hands in hope and faith. The extracts from Whitman were, I understand, the special parts that Comstock chastity complained of, and through Mr. Heywood and Mr. Chainey I hav read Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." You fear Mr. Heywood has been indiscreet; so was Jesus, so was Bruno, so was John Brown, so was Bennett. Was either wrong? John Adams and John Hancock were indiscreet. It was the indiscretion of the above-named and a thousand others that has made us as well off as we are. A man so pronounced as Ezra H. Heywood, throwing life and liberty into the cause of free thought, free speech, and, as the complement of all, a free press, is no wonder to me. I don't know the man that is able to tell just what I ought to read or what would do me good or hurt, and I wish to be left to decide for myself. While I would be unwilling to die without a heart brimful of that love of liberty in defense of which heroic martyrs hav faced the scaffold and stake, the axe and wheel, I would be as unwilling to die and not leave in my library all the books at my command for the selling of which men hav been prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned, thus abridging the liberty of individual rights, short of which no despotism can survive a day.

A. H. WOOD.

[REMARKS.—We entertain the highest respect for the venerable Mr. Wood, and agree with him that Mr. Heywood is a man thoroughly devoted to what he regards as his "principles." There is a slight difference between us as to what are and are not "principles." While we advocate freedom of speech and freedom of the press, still there are bounds of decency which should not be transcended. Mr. Heywood and ourselvs would not draw this line in the same place, and in this we each but simply exercise the rights which inhere in us. Mr. Heywood seems to insist in circulating that which to us seems indelicate, improper, and indecent. We are not in favor of circulating such matter, and merely exercise the right to say so. We cannot think there is any valuable "principle" involved in such circulation, or that any special good can accrue from it.—ED. T. S.]

COLUMBUS, OHIO, NOV. 5, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I hav spent a goodly portion of the past summer in making an excursion to the state of Missouri, including a sojourn of some two months upon my return in the state of Indiana. Being on the wing, I next alighted at LaRue, Marion county, Ohio, the home of my adolescence, and the present home of my nearest relativs. Here an incident occurred which may not be unworthy of record among the annals of persecution for opinion's sake. Knowing that my scholasticism and experience were all-sufficient, the Board of Education, by a unanimous vote of the five who constituted the meeting, elected me superintendent of the public schools. But the Christian hellites determined that a man who had publicly expressed his disbelief in the superstitions of two thousand years ago should not be instrumental in molding the destinies of their children, and that he must be suppressed at all hazards.

They first resorted to a technicality of the law, which provides that each member of the school board shall be duly notified to attend the meeting, which was accordingly declared illegal by the absent member who, it is believed, absented himself for the purpose of raising an objection upon this point, as he had all the opportunities afforded by his position to apprehend their doings. Moreover, a sort of document, or so-called petition, without sense or meaning, was covertly circulated and signed by all the vulgar who could be induced to stain it with their hieroglyphics. It contained only a base and cowardly solicitation to sign this paper "for private reasons."

That the five men who had voted me the position would pay the least regard to such vile and unprincipled methods did not even cross the limits of my dreamland, nor could they, unless utterly destitute of honor and self-respect, repudiate their own doings. But they were actually frightened into the election of another by the vipers abounding in that cesspool of corruption called the church, whose theology, instead of ameliorating the character of those who are so unfortunate as to become the victims of its chicanery, transforms them into such heartless fiends and devils that it is impossible for them to treat a decent man with respect.

Thousands there are who by nature are endowed with all the noblest qualities of humanity, and with whom it would be the highest pleasure to associate, were it not for their Christianity, the vilest delusion that ever cursed the imagination of man. Because people worship the great Jehovah, instead of the great Manitou, robe themselvs in broadcloth instead of bear skins, and ride in steamers instead of dug-outs, is no evidence of progress out of the wilderness of superstition into the broad and cultivated domain of intellectual liberty.

If the church seeks to make Christians out of Infidel school-teachers by persecuting them, she might as well call off her dogs of war. In vain will all her energies be spent in trying to hew them into props for the support of her rotten institution, or to convert them into doctors of divinity whose combined

ingenuity they are certain could never resuscitate a defunct superstition.

Were I some half-ass bone-setter who had sought revenge by stabbing a brother-man in the abdomen, were I to combine the professions of tending a stud-horse and preaching for a Methodist congregation, or to become an ex-reverend on account of having inherited an uncontrolable penchant to emulate the example of the Holy Ghost in overshadowing innocent females, I would only need to continue shouting for Jesus to induce all the fools and self-righteous hypocrits to favor me with their patronage.

Fraternally yours, J. J. BURDGE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., NOV. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your reply to Red. David R. Breed of the 21st ult. seems to me to answer him fully. I hav favored him with a copy, but as yet get no response. How strange it seems that these presumed learned gentlemen, unless they can establish their claims beyond any question of dispute, can stand up every Sunday and present themselvs as teachers of truth! Is it any wonder the civilized mind begins to regard their pretensions with distrust as dishonest and dishonorable? Mr. Breed's congregation is a large, fashionable society; proud, haughty, but withal great lovers of their church and society. I hav often thought that they would be the last ones to receive into fellowship the humble character of e New Testament if he should present himself in the same character to them now. This very thing is what has driven me to the furthest extreme from the church. My whole nature revolts against it as an institution—not of good, but for the cultivation of pride, haughtiness, and bigotry. In my experience as a business man I hav learned to distrust them more than any other class. Those who hav grown out of the church, as a general rule, are, as a class, noble and generous in their natures, pride themselvs more on their integrity than on piety, and are free and open in their words and deeds. But I started out with another aim in view. I hav long believed that there never was such a real character as the Christ of the New Testament, and regarded the whole pretensions and teachings of the Christian church as a terrible fraud, and that the priests and ministers who advocate it cannot be otherwise than false to their own nature to longer pesist in it, if they hav given the subject a candid investigation, and could not but feel they were either ignorant or knaves—following their calling because it furnished them an easy livelihood. Yet I prefer to hav the more charitable view of them—that they are honest, but hav never thought or investigated outside of their their theological groove, as I find in my contact with them, and Christians generally, they know less about their own religion than do those who do not believe in it. I am quite a traveler, am brought in contact with a great many men, and it is a rare thing to find a business man a believer in Christianity, and when I do he is invariably an ignorant man. Christianity may hav its votaries, but they are very far from being the intelligent, activ, working, enterprising class. You, and Bible critics generally, hav fully established the fact of the unauthenticity of the four gospels—that they are not a historical evidence that such a person as Christ ever lived; but I ask for information and light on this point, for I hav not an answer to it myself. Do not the writings of Paul and the other epistle writers do so? Do they not present more and better evidence of the Christian claims than any other authority? In fact, do they not furnish a basis for the Christian claim of a real Christ? I know the position that Bible critics generally take in regard to them, and in my own mind I hav my views, but they are not entirely satisfactory. You will relieve the minds of hundreds if you can fully say what about Paul and his brother epistle writers, and how far they go toward establishing the Christian claims of a real Christ as a savior of the world. Respectfully yours, B. M. SMITH.

[REPLY.—There is pretty good reason to believe that such a person as Paul existed, and that more than any other person he was the author of Christianity. But there is some uncertainty as to the period when he lived. A learned friend of ours who has investigated the subject deeply is now writing up a series of articles to show that Paul really lived 63 years B.C. The first of these papers will appear in these columns next week. If there was such a person as Jesus it was probably nearly a century earlier than the time usually ascribed to him. The story of Toldoth Jeshu, from the Hebrew, explains this clearly. It is a probable theory that Paul seized upon the story of Jesus, as a fitting basis upon which to build a new religion.—ED. T. S.]

PROHIBITION AGAIN.

BROTHER WALKER: I am not anxious to hav any controversy with you; and the space of THE TRUTH SEEKER is so precious I shall be brief.

I hav an immense individuality and love of freedom, and for forty-five years hav suffered and sacrificed more than words can depict to advocate truth and freedom.

It sits pretty snug on me when you say I am a "pseudo-Liberal" because I defend and sanction prohibition. I think it inconsistent with the principles of Freethought. Jefferson says: "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle."

You "want me to deny" or disprove the truth of Mill's postulate. I shall do neither, for I believe it and make an application of it to my side of the question.

Do you think that during my many years' study of nature and man and his relations I hav been so obtuse I hav not discovered the truth of Mill's statement? I believed what he says thirty years ago as firmly as you do now. I want no better postulate for my argument.

"Pursuing good in our own way so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs," etc. Now I make an application of Mill's statement right here, and ask you most sincerely if those who manufacture and sell and get intoxicated by using alcohol in its various forms do not, more or less, in various ways "deprive others of pursuing good in their own way?" When it is obvious to those who read and observe that more than half of the crimes of this country are caused thereby; when taxation is vastly greater thereby; when wives, mothers, and children, are naked, starved, homeless, beaten, bruised, and murdered by thousands all over our land every day, filling it with want, woe, and misery; when thousands of idiots, inbecils, debauchees, drunkards, and murderers, by the laws of heredity, are begotten every day by drunkards, etc., do you say that neither individuals nor society hav any right to interfere, or to try to prohibit this violation of Mill's conditions of freedom? If the results of making, vending, and using alcohol were not to prevent "others pursuing good in their own way," then I should be with Brother Walker.

But you say prohibition does not prohibit? Well, you can say laws againt murder, arson, or rape do not prohibit. What then? Shall we repudiate and annul all law? Has any man-made law ever prohibited crime or been any protection to individuals or society? I think your and my outspoken tongues would hav been prohibited from wagging long ago if the law had not prohibited our orthodox enemies from doing it.

You virtually say "let ever man do as he pleases, whether at his own cost or the cost of others."

I repeat that every person and society has the right to prohibit, if possible, the evil results of human actions and habits.

Yes, there is a "find" in your Demands of Liberalism. They are full of prohibition.

If you are an evolutionist you must see with me that prohibition, and you and I discussing it, are in evolution's program. It, like every other human law, may be a mixture of good and evil, but I believe it will be a greater good to Freethought than evil, just as the "Comstock laws" hav been.

Why are you so much like Hamlet, frightened out of you wits at this prohibition ghost?

Is evolution "in harmony with the principles of Freethought?" If so, then is prohibition, for it is the inevitable result of evolution. Is war "in harmony with the principles of Freethought?" Every phenomena of nature, every human or inhuman event, every man-made law, however repulsiv to individuals, sects, or parties, is necessary as a means of nature's development and change of forms, forces, conditions, and qualities.

Animals in the form of man must be treated as animals. The love and wisdom, forms and forces of nature are not yet, in the order of evolution, dominant and controling. Use them when they are adopted to produce the desired result. "Some things can be coaxed, but a ten-penny nail must be driven."

Nature has many and various ways and means to accomplish her purposes. I would prefer a sober, temperate, industrious orthodox to a lazy, loafing, dissipating, drunken Liberal (?).

Now, my good Brother Walker, keep cool, and see the salvation of prohibition. There is good in it for our cause. As Gov. Robinson, anti-prohibitionist, says, "Let it be tried."

Now, brother, show me up all you please. I shall not reply, although my stock is inexhaustible.

J. H. COOK.

LANSING, MICH., NOV. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is an easy matter for man to become enveloped in the dark bands of religious faith, seeing that his natural proclivities tend to devotion, and he is easily molded by the influences that surround him, whether Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Methodist, or any other persuasion; and my experience as a minister is that the more ignorant a man is in the mystified tenets which he has espoused, the more tenaciously he is cemented to that dogma, even to the sacrifice of his charity, humanity, and mercy. What is termed religion is merely an obfuscated faith, and the reason thousands of Christian ministers are called smart, or mighty in the scriptures, is because they are gifted in language and equally gifted in ignorance as to the truth and legitimate renderings of Bible phraseology. For instance, in an illustration which I saw in your paper concerning Jacob's blessing to Judah, that the scepter should not depart from Judah "till Shiloh come." Now, the proper rendering of this quotation is, "till he comes to Shiloh." Shiloh was a country, and not a Christ. They reached Shiloh in their journeyings, and there the scepter departed, for they were scattered to the four winds of heaven (see 1 Sam. iv, 4; Psalms lxxviii, 60). In like manner we notice that in Matthew the prophet Jeremiah is referred to as alluding to the Bethlehem massacre, viz., "In Ramah was there a voice heard; Rachel weeping," etc. Now Ramah was in the land of Naptali, where the Ephraimites dwelt, and not in Judea, as was Bethlehem; moreover, Rachel was not the mother of the Judaites, but of Ephraim the son of Joseph, which tribe Jeremiah alluded to as going into captivity with Judah and Israel (see Jer. xxxi, 15). And again, the virgin with child, whose name was to be called Immanuel, spoken of by Isaiah (Isaiah vii, 14; viii, 8), was a sign that Isaiah gave to king Ahaz that he should whip two kings; and Isaiah is proved to be a false witness as well as the writer of Matthew, for the two kings ruined Ahaz and all Israel. according to 2 Chronicles xxviii, 23; besides, it had no reflections upon any coming object later than Ahaz. A sad thought is to realize the ignorance of the clergy who disseminate to their congregations of fanatical zealots what they call the mystery of godliness, when in reality it is nothing more nor less than the stimulus of mythological deception. I hav offered $100 to the Michigan Conference, for the one to receive that will show a word or sentence in the Old Testament that alludes to the Christians' Jesus Christ, and I extend the same offer to the world. Matthew quotes the prophecy of Hosea xi, 1, as relating to Jesus coming out of Egypt after the death of Herod, but treacherously eliminates the first part of the verse, which reads, "When Israel was a child I loved him." In continuation comes the part interpolated in Matthew indirectly, viz., "and called my son out of Egypt." Now turn to Exodus iv, 22, and you will see whom God's son was that came out of Egypt. Does not this characterize the true features of a drunken, pagan, Roman council? And our clergy of Christendom are nursing at the paps of their dissipated concoctions. Not one in a hundred of them knows that Moses was a king in Jeshurun when Israel came to him at Mt. Horeb, despite the reading of the Bible for many years and preaching therefrom, although it stands out so prominently in Deut. xxxiii, 5. And but recently hav they observed the infatuation manifest in the lineage given by Matthew and Luke, making Joseph the father of Jesus, to prove him the root of Jesse and offspring of David, which annuls the virginity of Mary, or neutralizes the lineage, leaving Jesus a nondescript of obscurity.

With these facts staring us in the face, ministers will avow that the Bible harmonizes if a man has brains to understand it, which assertion has so intimidated Infidels that they are afraid to openly attest themselvs skeptic, fearing the grimaces of Christians as bad as their fathers did the Roman sword and fire. If you show to a minister the four different places Jesus ascended up into heaven from, and that no two stories agree, they will brand you as unfit for respectable society, even though they hav been charged with infamy among the elec: sister saints. It is astonishing to see Infidels who hav the eternal truth in their embrace, shrink and fade away before the scepter of fiery-tongued demons, steeped in the accursed stimulants of Bible theology, which is the first and last stage of insanity. Popular sentiment says one is indicativ of truth. This is an argument that the unlearned skeptic cannot resist. Another says if the Bible is not true why hav not those mighty minds who hav for centuries investigated it found it out? I answer because they were too insane in their faith to become susceptible, or concealed their earnest convictions for fear of persecutions, or were branded like Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, and hundreds before them, bearing the reproachful lies of Christians, such as, he is crazy, or he is a fool, and other invectivs. Others with whom I am acquainted fear lest they lose custom in business affairs. Can it be possible that the Christian scepter is again allowed to sink us all into another dark age for want of fortitude and moral mightiness in Infidels to burst the bands of Christian influences and set the captiv souls at liberty? Let the Infidels throw out their influence and inducements, hav their social circles, their preaching, their picnics, festivals, camp-meetings, etc., and fascinate the mirthful as do the churches, and, as sure as there is a sun that shines, the churches would soon sink into oblivion, where they should hav been hundreds of years ago. Are we a band of cowards? If so, shame forever to eternal truth. If not, then let truth glisten from every eye, backed up by the powers of organization, which can only be done by shutting every avenue to what is called Liberals, and stand firmly upon the rock of Infidelity. Is the name Infidelity repugnant to us when eternal truth is our anchor, sure and safe? Can we not stand for truth what Christian martyrs did for myths and fiction? Can we not fight the battles of adversity, strengthening one another against the infernal pandemoniums of religious coteries? If not, then let us snuff the sponge and squat in nihility, never again to lift our heads or voices where human beings dwell. Let us sound the reville and call to rally. Let us set up a standard, establish synagogs, and let the talented come forth to conflict, for we can prevail when we show forth truth and our undying love to all men, whether of the same faith or not, being filled with meekness, gentility, and courtesy; being wise as serpents and harmless as doves, showing to the world that refinement and equity were not born of priestcraft, but of experience and reason. REV. GEO. R. BENNETT.

"Does Death End All?"

BY UNCLE LUTE.

What ought our lives to be, sweet bard,
If death's the end of all?
Think you Truth's march it would retard,
Or cause the right to fall?

No, "right is might," I hear you say,
"And sin will ruin bring,
Though smirking cowards preach and pray,
And brimstone torches fling."

Who is a coward? It is he
Who dons a saintly smile,
And plods the road to Galilee,
Assessing Heaven each mile;

Who boldly asks with cutting leer,
Stern reason to forestall,
"Why need I pay a penance here.
If death's the end of all?"

No alterations, reason sayeth,
We to our course should giv,
Whether to die is all of death,
Or all of life to liv.

Then turn a deaf ear to their jeers,
And seal the heart to strife,
'Mid sorrows, joys, hopes, loves, and tears,
Choose sense a guide to life.

For which is right, or which is wrong,
What power the truth can tell,
When men of creeds, with prayers and song,
Each other brand for hell?

Unco' Guid Men.

BY ALHAZA.

You'll find mankind an unco' squad,
And mickle will they grieve you.
—*Burns.*

Livs there a man so mean and base
That loves not freedom's air to breathe.
Whose hand would wield a traitor's sword
To wear a victor's golden wreath?

Shall persecution hunt us down?
Shall we be plaioned, white with fear,
Nor dare to breathe those sacred truths
That are to us than life more dear?

While ignorance and nodding faith
Insult us with their scornful eyes,
And legend vile and precept vain
Corrupt their stinging, fierce replies.

Shall foul religion spread her slime
On all we think and all we do,
While we repeat her senseless creed
To smooth our pathway as we go?

Her fangs are white, her claws are clean,
That once hav dripped with human gore;
But who shall say her work is done?
Her eyes glare fiercely as of yore.

And if her rage is never calm,
Her greedy bosom never full,
Her quiet ways but sheathe the knife
Which time and silence cannot dull.

Then if a driveling, canting squad,
Possess our bright and beauteous land,
While those who teach the bravest truth
Can scarce find pleasant room to stand,

Giv me a cave, where moans the sea,
Where sea-gulls scream, sea-lions roar;
A weary spirit loves the dash
Of waves that wash Pacific's shore.

Curse of the Cross.

BY G. VAUGHAN.

How much astray
From pure religion, they
Who burn faith's transient candles
In the cloudless day!

How much misled,
Who kiss the wounds that bled;
Spurning the living Jesus,'
To bewail the dead!

With grave concern
Thresh the old straw, and spurn
Harvests of new-risen truths
Scientists discern!

With murd'rous zeal
Smite those who light reveal;
And when ye see them triumph,
All the credit steal!

Who for rich fee,
Rehearse one tragedy;
While at your doors men perish
Most miserably.

See what is done!
Vast temples greet the sun,
By homeless millions built for
God, who needeth none.

Behold each day
New scripture! while fools say,
"God speaks no more to us, who
Need his voice alway."

Ah! not for me
Your heartless tyranny,
And creeds that blaspheme nature,
And humanity.

Ye merchandize
Do make of him who cries—
Forth from white lips of famin—
"Lo! I agonize."

Palaces rare,
Titles and domains fair,
Servants hav of him who laid
In a manger bare.

Hypocrits bold!
Your wealth withhold,
And God beseech to succor
The hungry and cold.

Stand ye aside!
Impotent to divide—
With creed or curse—my soul, and
Jesus crucified.

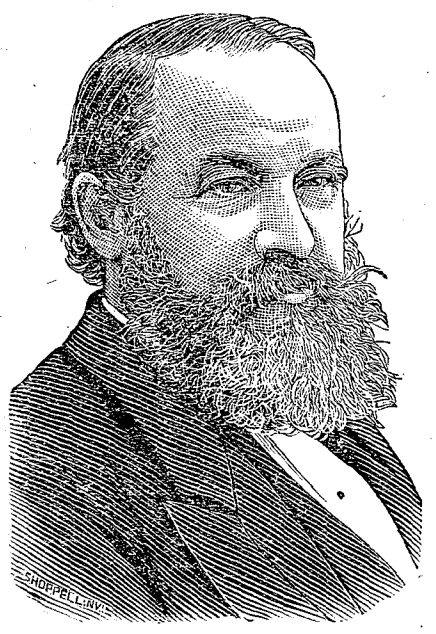
"God-mockers," ye
For lucre bend the knee,
Coining the blood of Jesus
Into luxury.

Men dare despise
Ye, bigots, who devise
For ignorant and starving
Souls grey-bearded lies.

To God ve cry.
Whose image ye pass by.
Squandering on heaven the love
For which millions die.

In vain ye fight
Intelligence; the night
Of crucifix and sword shall
Fade, and truth be light.

Men of the Hour.



D. M. BENNETT.

It may be a question with some whether this subject should be ranked among the "men of the hour," but no good reason appears why he should not. Perhaps no man has been more abused and praised, and none is making greater effort to do what is conceived to be his duty. Besides, we hav the precedent of Shoppell & Co. of this city, who are getting up cuts of those they deem the men of the hour, for they hav added this to their list. We trust the readers of these columns will not object to the appearance of this sketch here.

DeRobigne Mortimer Bennett was born December 23, 1818. He should not hav been born, by rights, till some time in February, 1819, and probably would not hav been had not his mother by an extra exertion brought on premature labor. Thus this unpretentious individual was ushered into this world two months before his time, and on an extremely rough and stormy day, the snow flying and blowing most furiously, so that roads were so blocked that few or none, even of neighbors, could be present at his advent. It is not believed that any angels troubled themselvs to sing to shepherds or unfortunate travelers on that occasion, and the event passed off just the same as though no remarkable affair had taken place. Nature was not reversed; the sun, it is true, was somewhat darkened by the blinding clouds of snow, but rocks were not rent, and the moon did not change to blood.

This humble individual thus born in a cold December storm has been destined in his career through life to see something of storms and tempests, but midst it all he has been able to preserve a tolerable equable state of mind, and it has been the object of his stormy existence to simply perform his duty as he has understood it.

He first saw the light of this world on the shores of Otsego Lake, at Springfield, Otsego county, New York. If it must be called an obscure place it must be admitted that it is a lovely one, for Otsego Lake is a charming body of water, nine miles in length, and three miles in width in the widest places, and surrounded largely by wooded hills and abrupt landscapes. He was the first-born of his mother, who was not yet nineteen at the time of his appearance. Two sisters at three and ten years later constituted the family. He never had a brother.

His parents were poor farmers, and were living upon a rented farm, and they held good to their poverty until the day of their death. This individual has never known anything of affluence, ease, or luxury. Toil and poverty hav been his portion in life. But he has not been dismayed by these, for he regards them as man's natural heritage.

He was a very small specimen of diminutiv humanity when he made his first appearance in this world, weighing but the insignificant amount of four pounds. He however subsequently recovered somewhat from this, for he ultimately was able to raise one hundred and eighty pounds from the floor. He has often felt that he has not had exactly a fair show in this life, for he was not only ushered into this world two months too soon, and on a most unseemly and stormy day, but six months later his young and giddy mother, wishing to make a journey of more than a hundred miles to western Massachusetts, and not wishing to be encumbered by such a troublesome bit of humanity, concluded to wean him and leave him at home; thus the subject of this sketch was deprived of the pleasure of that journey at six months of age, and just think how many caresses of admiring ones he thereby lost! He was left at home with a strange woman to suck away the best he could at a bottle. He has never thought this was exactly the kind of treatment he was entitled to, but he submitted to his fate with the best grace possible, as he has learned to do since on several occasions. But though he thus early became acquainted with the bottle, he has not been partial to it, nor patronized it much since; and he has in late years made such extensiv journeys as to fully compensate for his deprivations in that line in very early life.

His parents failing to make farming profitable, though his father bought a farm in the adjoining town of Middlefield, after a few years of struggle, with the help of the sheriff and a hundred or so of unsympathetic neighbors who flocked in, his father was able to sell out in one day, though at very remunerativ prices, all the effects he had in the world, and this individual is able to remember the assembly that took place at the old home, the crying of the sheriff of the various familiar articles which had made home sacred, of the grief of his mother at seeing them pass into other hands, and of the feeling of sadness that crept over him at seeing them loaded into the various wagons which were hitched about the door, and carried away, never to be seen again. This was a regular old-fashioned vendue sale. Bitterly did his mother weep to see her quilts and bedding, made with her own hands, and the various articles of housekeeping which had been her own, thus taken off at one-quarter prices by strangers, and sad was young Bennett himself to thus see the home and the home gods thus scattered and misapplied.

John Bennett, the father of D. M., was one of the most honest, hard-working, genial, well-intended, and deserving men that ever lived; but he was somewhat deficient in his financial abilities, and though he worked all the day and far into the night he always managed to be behind and to owe more debts than he was able to pay. He was particularly unfortunate. His horses always had the botts, or colic, or something of the kind, from which they invariably died. D. M. can remember that his father lost fifteen horses within the term of a few years.

After being sold out of house and home, the family, when D. M. was about ten years of age, moved into the village of Cooperstown, where the father for a year or two served as laborer in the printing establishment of H. & E. Phinney, but subsequently reverting to teaming, which was his favorit occupation. In this publishing house of H. & E. Phinney young Bennett began the business of life by working as roll-boy or "printer's devil" in the printing part of the establishment. Having thus early become a devil himself he has never since had occasion to be afraid of devils. For his valuable services thus rendered he received the remunerativ sum of $1.50 per week, he boarding at home. But this $1.50 received every Saturday night seemed to him like a pretty large sum of money, and faithfully he took it home and gave it to his mother. Perhaps this small sum was as much as his weight and muscle entitled him to, for he remembers the men in the printing house weighed him with a pair of steelyards, and that he touched the beam at 52 lbs. He was what is understood as a "light-weight," but even at that age he was industrious and an early riser. It was his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning, walk half a mile to the home of the pressman with whom he worked, pull a string connected with a sleigh-bell in the man's bedroom, and thus wake him to go to work. He has ever since been an early riser, and even now rises at two or three o'clock every morning, finding that the most quiet part of the day for writing and accomplishing work.

Those were comparativly the primitiv days of printing; the cylinder press, the Campbell press, and the Hoe press had not yet been invented. All printing was done on hand-presses, all inking was done by hand with composition rollers, and to apply the ink to stereotype plates, and to wash and put away plates was young Bennett's part of the business. They used to print a great many large Bibles, and hundreds of times he has washed in lye the plates of the quarto Bibles thus printed. But as desirable as that salary of $1.50 per week was esteemed, the time came when it was cut off. After serving a year or two as a roll-boy, some ingenious Yankee got up an apparatus to be applied to presses by which self-rolling could be accomplished, and the roll-boys were dispensed with. Thus was young Bennett deprived of his salary and cut off from longer connection with the printing business, save what he was able to do on the *Watch Tower*, one of the two weekly papers published in the village.

His parents did not liv harmoniously together. They were not alike in anything. The father was plain, unpretending, humble, self-sacrificing, and hard-working, though always a little slow and always behind; the mother was proud, spirited, showy, and disposed to blame the father for the misfortunes that had befallen the family. The father, though having one of the best dispositions in the world, was sensitiv to reproof, and chafed under a constant application of it. The mother was religious, was very fond of going to church in fine garments, and the son can remember seeing her baptized in a country stream, and thus united with the Methodist church. The father paid no attention to religion, and though a very moral man who wished to do nothing to wrong anyone, cared nothing for going to church or listening to preachers. He was never so unbelieving as the son has become, but he worried little about the forms and ostentations of religions. They were also unlike in their literary attainments. The mother had a fair education, and was fond of reading, could write easily, etc.; the father had had no advantages for education in childhood, his father having died very early, and he scarcely learned to read and write. The son cannot remember ever seeing the father try to read a book or paper. Though the son thinks he has inherited from both father and mother, he deems himself most like the father.

Suffice it to say the perpetual disagreement between the parents resulted in separation, and when the son was not thirteen years of age the home was broken up, and the parents never again lived together. Young Bennett worked in a wool-carding and cloth-dressing establishment until, at the instance of his mother, he left for Massachusetts to liv with the mother's brother in Berkshire county—a physician—and to carry out a promis made ten years before, when the son got large enough the uncle would take him and teach him to be a physician. The uncle, however, when he saw the hopeful nephew, and that he was extremely small and backward, not weighing seventy pounds, deemed him rather a small specimen for medical honors, and decided that the diminutiv youth had better wait three or four years until he had attained more age and avoirdupois before making the study of medicin a real business.

The nephew was taken to an uncle of the father a few miles away to make a visit before returning to New York,

and here two Shakers chanced to call for a day or two, and they invited young Bennett to accompany them to their home in New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York, some twenty-five miles away. He readily consented. He found the people friendly and genial, and becoming much attracted to them he decided to unite with them, and in a few months the mother and older sister, (the younger sister having died two years before) joined him.

The Shakers are a peculiar people, condemning intercourse between the sexes, believing the fall of man consisted in improper sinful connection on the part of Adam and Eve, and that the most pure and acceptable life is to follow the example of Jesus in strict celibacy and self-denial. They hold their property in common, lead plain and industrious lives, and though they believe in unnatural and absurd notions, they hav the best practical religion in the country. They lead peaceful lives, they dwell innocently and lovingly together, and their aim is to be honest and upright in all their transactions. Here Bennett lived for thirteen years. Here he passed from boyhood to manhood; and he learned many practical lessons which hav been of use to him through life. Here, too, he found his wife, Mary Wicks, who with his sister accompanied him when he left the society, they marrying a month later, and thus setting out together on the journey of life, which they hav since traveled together. She has been a good helpmeet to him, and has sustained him in the various adversities that hav befallen him, and done what she could to make his burdens light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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NOT a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.
—*Campbell's Field Flowers.*

THE Christian's idea of religion is something that ought to suppress free thought and inquiry, get possession of the government, control legislation, govern the schools, regulate public libraries, and run the world generally. The Christian believes in schools, if he can teach them; in books, if he can write them; in governments, if he can administer them; in laws, if he can make them; in churches, if he can preach in them; but he is opposed to anybody else having anything to do with politics, literature, education, or religion.—*L. K. Washburn's Free Religion.*

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THE dews seemed to sparkle more brightly on the green leaves; the air to rustle among them with a sweeter music, and the sky itself to look more blue and bright. Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts exercises, even over the appearances of external objects. Men who look on nature and their fellow-men, and say that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the somber colors are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision.—*Dickens's Oliver Twist.*

IT IS often said that conscience directs man to hate evil and to love good. There is considerable confusion of thought in this idea. Conscience does not enable a man to discern between good and evil—the decision as to the morality or immorality of an action is made by the reason, whether that reason be enlightened or unenlightened. All that conscience does is to urge the man to follow that which the reason declares to be right. When the brain has declared, "Such and such a thing is good," then the conscience says, "Do it." If the reason judge falsely, the conscience will then point to the wrong action as a duty, and thus it has happened that some of the worst actions in the world hav been done at the command of conscience. The most cruel persecutions hav been carried out with perfect conscientiousness, and priests with streaming eyes and bleeding hearts hav burnt heretics to "the greater glory of God." Conscience is not a safe guide—in fact, it is no guide at all; it is not the eye which chooses the path, but the foot which blindly carries us wherever the brain directs.—*Mrs. Annie Besant's True Basis of Morality.*

CONNECTED with liberty, we may notice the growth of humane sentiment in all classes, the governing power included. When we revert to the horrible punishments to which men were subjected in England, not many generations since, not only for real crimes, but out of mere superstitious antipathies, as the burning of witches, we are apt to feel ashamed of our own ancestors, and to congratulate ourselvs on having our lot cast in a milder age.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia; art. "Civilization."*

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POPERY can build new chapels; welcome to do so, at all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than paganism can—which also still lingers in some countries. . . . . The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say the old never dies till this happens, till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical new. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish germ; or, what is inclusiv of all, while a pious life remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too hav appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then, but also not till then, it will hav no charm for any man.—*Carlyle.*

IF thou art worn or hard beset
With sorrow, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
—*Longfellow.*

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WHEN he was eating fast and furiously, piling in the food as farmers do hay into the barn on the eve of a thunder-shower in June, the head waiter stepped up, and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but there's no train out to-night." "I know it," said the man, with his mouthful, "and that's why I'm hurrying to catch a good night's sleep!"

A PERSON, visiting Chicago for the first time, met a Westerner of the genuin type in the street near a church. The stranger politely asked whose church that was. He replied, in a tone which none but one who has been in the West can fully understand: "Wal, I reckon that church belongs to the Almighty; but a man by the name of Collyer runs it for him!"

THE stage of a Western theater took fire last week, but a panic and rush for the door was averted by the manager, who, with great presence of mind, slipped to the front and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we hav prepared a little surprise for you. An immense kettle of whisky punch is now being heated, and in a few moments waiters will pass through the hall and ditribute it."

After that the audience had to be pulled out one by one.

COLONEL SCRUGGINS entertained the Rev. Dr Coxe, Episcopal minister, at tea the other evening, and the highly interesting conversation drifted into monetary topics and a discussion of the effect of the Egyptian war on traffic. "Pa," said the bright little girl with the bangs, "how much is a dam?" "W-h-a-t?" "How much is a dam? Don't you remember you said last Sunday Mr. Coxe's sermon was worth just about two dams?" "What! what! Ah—oh—ho—ah—dimes, you mean, child, dimes. The sermon, practically followed, would be worth a good many dimes, dimes to every one. What silly ideas children do get." And the colonel concealed a gnawing impulse to shake that youngster out of her frock.—*Texan Oddities.*

HOFFENSTINE'S BUGLE.

"Mr Hoffenstine," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections I would like to get from de store avay von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish fort." "Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep avay from de soldiers, and stay mit de store, because you know you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill tell you why:

"Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his hand, and he looks around. I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he tells me to keep his bundle and bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cock-eyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers came in und valk all around, vile dey look at de goods. 'Shentlemens,' I says, 'do you vant anyding?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said von of dem, und afder avile anodder says: 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle, de very ding de Captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. How much you ask for de bugle?' I dells dem dot I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out. 'I vill gif you $50 for it,' said de soldier, pulling his money out. I tells him I don't can sell it because it vasn't mine. 'I vill giv you $100,' he said. My gracious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile he vas leaving de store dot if I buy de bugle from de man vot owns it dey vill gif me $125 for it. I dells dem I vill do it. I see a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de oberation.

"Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back he says, 'Git me my bundle and bugle; I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, 'My little boy Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can because he don't got it. Six times I dakes him in de yard und vips him, und he comes right back and cries for de bugle. It shows you how much trouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier von't dake it, und at last I offers him $50, und he says. 'Vell, I vill dake fifty because I can't vaste any more time, I haf to go to de camp.' Afder he goes avay I goes to de door und vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I haf got de bugle,' und dey say, 'Vell, dam it, vy don't you blow it?' My gr-r-r-cious, Herman, vot you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd und dey make de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und every day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store so as to make me dink how I vas swindled. Her man, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

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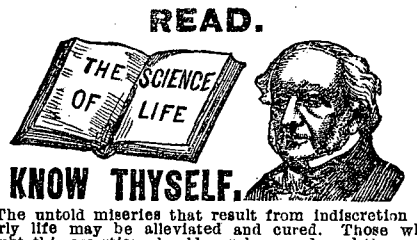
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which is the Doctor's latest and greatest medical discovery, and which he has so far prescribed for this baneful complaint in all its stages without a failure to cure in a single case, and some of them were in a terribly shattered condition—had been in the Insane asylums, many had Falling Sickness, Fits; others upon the verge of Consumption; while others, again, had become foolish and hardly able to take care of themselves.

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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 9. No. 47. { PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. M. BENNETT. } New York, Saturday, November 25, 1882. { NO. 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEAR BROADWAY. } $3 per year

Notes and Clippings.

We understand that church oyster festivals were first introduced by the hard-shell Baptists.

The Moody and Sankey meetings in England hav been interrupted by Mr. Moody's severe illness.

Recently compiled statistics place the death rate from the administration of chloroform at one per thousand.

It costs New York city almost $7,000,000 per year to run her churches. It costs money to pretend to be good.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce denies that he stated at a meeting that he would not giv his wife brandy though it were to save her life.

Connecticut sends idols to the heathen. The next step in the great forward march of Christian civilization will be canned missionaries for the cannibals.

It is said that a clergyman was once reproached for yawning visibly in the middle of his own sermon, and replied that he could not help it, because it was so dull.

"Are churches practical?" asks the New York *Tribune*. Well, they seem to be. They contrive to get money out of tight-fisted old curmudgeons who dodge the tax collector.

According to an official return, the quantity of spirits held in bond in Great Britain is now 49,000,000 proof gallons. This is four and a half times more than was thus stored in 1867.

Cremation has established a firm foothold in Italy. At a convention just held in Modena there were representativs of twenty-seven cremation societies established in different Italian cities.

Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal, has within two years paid off a diocesan debt of a million dollars, the rise of real estate largely helping him. He is now building a $4,000,000 cathedral.

A patent has been taken out in Paris by M. Petit for a substance called dynamogene, intended to replace dynamite. Its manufacture and management are stated to involve no danger, and the cost is forty per cent less than gunpowder.

It may hab been de intention at fust fur preachers to hab a disregard ob money, but show me a preacher dat won't climb down offen a sixteen-hand mule ter pick up a nickel, in de road an' I'll split yer a thousand rails for nuthin'.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

Barnes, the revivalist, says his mission on earth is twofold, "to glorify God and worry the devil." The trouble with Brother Barnes is that he worries easy church-members and everybody in any way connected with the devil. —*New Orleans Picayune*.

Only 611 persons (out of 4,000,000) were charged before the Dutch (Holland) criminal courts last year, of whom 72 were women, and only 11 below 16. This either proves great laxity in the police or most exceptional freedom from crime. Child murder is very rare, the more so that public opinion is very indulgent toward lapses of feminin propriety.

How much it does cost to keep up the great delusiv religion of Christianity, and to send its falsehoods to foreign lands! There are now in the United States 110 theological seminaries, representing fifteen Protestant denominations. Of these fifty-two are connected with the American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance. This alliance has for its object the stirring up of the theological students to Christian activity, but chiefly in the line of leading them to devote themselvs to missionary work in foreign lands. At the recent annual meeting of the alliance which was held in Chicago it was stated that thirteen per cent of the young men now studying for the ministry hav resolved to be foreign missionaries.

A Methodist orator was rather strong in his metaphor. He said: "Rather than undertake to establish a throne, it would be better for a man to go to sea in a stone boat, with iron oars and leaden sails, with the wrath of God for a breeze and hell for the nearest port." One of the peculiarities of the voyage of a man setting out in such a rig would be its exceeding great shortness.

The Detroit *Free Press* knows a clergyman so eloquent that he can hold a man with the nose-bleed through a sermon lasting forty minutes. A man who will sit with the nose-bleed and listen to a sermon three-quarters of an hour long, ought to be given the freedom of heaven without a very prolonged cross-examination, but he should hav some consideration for the sexton.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

It seems a mischievous young man changed parrots with a clergyman in Baltimore, taking away the one given to pious talk and substituting one in its place from a sailors' boarding-house, and which could swear and curse like a pirate. The church sisters who assembled at their pastor's house in the evening were exceedingly shocked at the terrible talk of the wicked bird. The clergyman was utterly at a loss to account for the change that had come over polly until it was learned the birds had been changed.

Sabbatarianism was one of the subjects discussed at tho recent Conference of the Scotch Episcopal Church. The Dean of Carlisle observed that there was nothing in the Book of Common Prayer to show that Christians should behave differently on Sunday to any other day in the week, the services being the same as those for week days, only the communion and special lessons being added. The modern British Sunday is only a thing of the last two hundred years so far as its compulsory dullness is concerned. One of England's legacies from her Stuart kings, he said, was the belief which obtains among her people that secular music and amusing reading would be desecrations of Sunday.

One of Elder Jabez Swan's most graphically descriptiv and characteristic sermons was on Jonah and his trip to Tarshish, a portion of which ran as follows: "Now the Lord sent Jonah down to Nineveh to hav protracted meetings, but Jonah had grown unruly and he made up his mind to go down to Tarshish and hav a time—oyster chowder, turkey supper, or something of that sort. So he took passage and 'paid the fare thereof'—paid his fare—had plenty of money, you see—all fixed for a first-class time, and got aboard. Now, then, the Lord sent along such a southeaster that made even the heathen mariners tremble. Then they dumped Mr. Jonah overboard, and a big fish took him into his private apartments, probably especially lit up with whale oil for the occasion, and by and by, at the Lord's bidding, the fish set him ashore; and then the way that gentleman scrambled over the pebbles, brushed the seaweed from his face, and struck a beeline for Nineveh was a caution, and he hasn't been on an excursion since."

The noble marquis of Queensbury attended recently at a representation of Mr. Tennyson's new drama, which is conceded to be the worst play that has been brought out in London for many years. Mr. Tennyson holds up a Freethinker to public odium as the motiv of his play. The marquis promptly denounced the laureate during the first act, and on the fall of the curtain made an impassioned speech to the audience. It made a great sensation, but his grace was put out of the theater. The affair has become the occasion of a widespread discussion in print and out of it. Freethinkers are gathering to his lordship's support. Mr. Tennyson is abused more than he was by the dramatic critics, and they are having it out according to the new Queensbury rules. The marquis says in the daily papers: "I am a secularist and a Freethinker, and, though I repudiate it, a so-called Atheist, and, as president of the British Secular Union, I protest against Mr. Tennyson's abominable caricature of an individual who, I presume, he would hav us believe represents some body of people, which, thanks to the good of humanity, most certainly does not exist among Freethinkers."

A clerical scandal is just now agitating a parish of south London. It would appear that the wife of the curate of a church frequented by a congregation which suburban society delights to call "fashionable" had given great offense to her neighbors by reason of the varying hues of her hair, her pencilled eyebrows, her artificial complexion, and her general dressy style. A deputation of ladies placed the matter before the vicar, who thereupon wrote to the curate, calling on him to resign. The curate happens to be a thoroughly practical man, who had gained considerable worldly wisdom by service in the army before he took orders. Instead of rendering obedience he forwarded the vicar's letter to the bishop, and appealed to his lordship for protection. The bishop has replied by reproving the vicar for heeding envious gossip, and informing him that he is not justified in dismissing his curate for the trivial reasons stated. The congregation is now divided into two camps, and great curiosity is expressed concerning the result of the squabble.

Hell seems to be improving. The *New Jerusalem Messenger*, which is the organ of Swedenborgianism, is publishing a series of articles on "Hell and Hell Fire." The writer of these is disposed to say a good word for the place of torment. He says that in hell, as elsewhere, there are changes of state, and we need not suppose the internal fires are always raging with equal heat. Sometimes they smoulder, not being quenched, but always likely to break out anew. He also says that hell is by no means a place of unremitting torment. The inmates hav their pleasures, which they are permitted to indulge on condition that they fulfill their appointed tasks, and do no mischief to their companions. These pleasures are of a low and sensual kind, and such as would be disgusting to good spirits and angels. To many persons this picture of hell will be a novelty. It is in striking contrast with that drawn not long ago by a Scotch clergyman, who portrayed a 16-year old girl who had not become a Christian while on earth, and was consequently suffering torments in a red-hot furnace room, standing on a flooring of highly heated iron, with every probability of having to stand there forever and ever.

A Grecian gentleman named Messaros, who has been preaching for a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, provoked the criticisms of some of the brethren in the Presbytery. Having applied to be admitted as a candidate for the ministry, he was told that his literary qualifications were too slender, and that in some other respects, he was not exactly the man that was wanted for a minister. This excited his oriental anger, and in the manner of a nativ Grecian he uttered some words to the brother which were judged unministerial, inasmuch as they hinted at personal vengeance and corporeal castigation. Feeling ran so high thet the matter had to be brought before the Presbytery. Meantime some of the other brethren kindly waited on Mr. Messaros, and told him that, whatever might be the custom in Greece, it was not usual for servants of the Lord in this country to challenge each other to personal combat, or offer to thrash each other with sticks or clubs. When the Presbytery met, Mr. Messaros made ample apologies ror having acted on a misunderstanding of American customs. These apologies were received in the spirit in which they were offered. The Greek continues his candidacy for ordination to the ministry, meanwhile pursuing his studies and preaching on Sundays. He is so eloquent that his pulpit performances hav thrown those of some of the Philadelphia brethren into the shade.

News of the Week.

The yellow fever epidemic in Florida is said to be at an end.

Queen Victoria reviewed the returned Egyptian troops on the 18th.

The authorities of Ottawa, Canada, hav confiscated a lot of Paine's theological works.

The legislature of Canada is to be petitioned to abolish tolls on all the canals of the dominion.

The Eastern Atlantic states were visited by a severe electric storm last week, which rendered telegraph wires temporarily inoperativ.

A workman in the Birmingham (Ala.) Rolling Mills leaped into the blast furnace on the 18th. He leaves a wife and three children.

A party of Indian traders were recently massacred, cooked, and eaten by some Indians on the upper Patumayo River in South America.

Inquiries into the affairs of some of the lunatic asylums in the vicinity of New York are developing the fact that a great many sane persons are illegally confined in them.

Dr. Johann Gottfried Kinkel, the German patriot, poet, and writer on art, died at Zorick last week. He was an ardent democrat, and had been in prison for his political opinions.

The Congregational church at Richmond, Mass., a large frame structure, built over one hundred years ago, was burnt on Saturday evening, the 18th, taking fire from a defectiv chimney.

A Sioux Indian chief called Brave Bear was hanged for murder at Yankton, Dak., on the 15th. He had been a notoriously bad Indian, and had made himself a terror to the community for many years.

Attorney-General Russell has rendered an opinion that parsonages, even though they be on the same lot with churches, are liable to be taxed if the parsonages are owned by church trustees or corporations.

Prof. Henry Draper, distinguished as an astronomer, chemist, physiologist, and original investigator in various branches of science, died at his home in this city on the 20th. His death was caused by acute double pleurisy.

Mrs. Melville, wife of Engineer Melville of the illstarred Jeannette arctic expedition, and who was rendered insane with joy at her husband's return, left the insane hospital at Norristown, Pa., on the 17th. She has regained her health entirely.

William H. Ennis, superintendent of a pious charitable house in Brooklyn called the Good Samaritan, recently disappeared with $350 belonging to the institution. He spent part of the money for rum, and was discovered upon Ward's Island in the hospital for inebriates.

The "Passion Play," representing scenes in the life and crucifixion of Christ, is to be brought out in this city on or before Christmas. As the play will be presented under pious auspices, it is not expected that it will be interfered with by the authorities, as was the case when an ordinary worldly manager attempted to put it on the stage.

Mrs. Robert Best, wife of a respectable tradesman in North Diamond street, Allegheny City, Pa., went insane on the 16th inst. on religion. She had been attending the meetings of the Salvation Army, and the morning in question, while attending to business, began to make wild appeals to the unconverted passers by. The counter was piled full of publications of the Salvation Army, which she gave away and sold. Her actions became so boisterous that her husband had her taken to the lock-up. Physicians then examined her, and found her raving in a delirium of fever. She was taken to her home, and doubts are entertained of her recovery. Still the Salvation Army is encouraged to go on in the good work!

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Over the Mountains.—Continued.

Hot springs again abound along the hillsides of this locality. Columns of steam arising from them are to be seen eight or ten miles away. These springs are sometimes inactive for hours; then come little puffs of steam, then jets of hot water which shoot thirty feet high. Sometimes hot, muddy water and sulphuric wash descend the hillside, desolating everything in their course, and escaping through the bogs of the valley. The waters are very hot, and woe to the unlucky wight who approaches too near and on the windward side of these shooting hot springs, as the spray is hot enough to scald. There are over one hundred of these hot, spurting, sulphuric springs in this vicinity. Some claim that these waters come up from the heated interior of the earth, while others insist that the heat is produced by chemical action.

Eight miles further on our eastward journey brings us to Cluro, simply a flag-station in a kind of open country, with strips of meadow land along the river's brink. Near this point is where the powder magazine belonging to the railroad company exploded in 1868, while the road was being constructed through the canyon.

In early times a party of emigrants encamped in this valley, waiting for the waters to subside. Among them was a young woman of spotless character, who fell sick—probably from the effects of the miasma which exuded from the earth—and despite the watchful care of parents and friends, her spirit peacefully left the body and returned no more. Her friends reared a humble head-board to her memory and placed it at the head of her lonely grave. In course of time, as years passed away, and new companies of emigrants and new companies of explorers journeyed this way, the young maiden's story was forgotten. But when the constructors of the railroad came through here the road came very near the maiden's grave, and found the head-board much decayed. Learning the facts relative to her death, a respectful feeling came over them, and they very properly inclosed the grave with a solid wall and erected over it a Christian cross, with the words "The Maiden's Grave," on one side, and her name, Lucinda Duncan, on the other. It is on the south side of the railroad, and is in fair view of the passengers on the train as they pass.

Eleven miles from Cluro brings us to Palisade, a station in the midst of what are called the Palisades, or Twelve-mile Canyon. Here the walls on either side are high, and the scenery of a grand character. Its bleak, bare, brown walls possess a majestic and glowing grandeur. In moving through this canyon we seem to pass between two walls which threaten to close together ere the outlet is reached. The river rolls at our feet in a boiling, roaring current, tossed from side to side by the rocks which pervert its course. The walls in places have crumbled away, and large masses of crushed rock slope down to the river brink. Seams of iron ore and copper-bearing rock break the monotony of color, showing the existence of large deposits of these materials among these brown old mountains. Near Red Cliff the walls rear their battled fronts eight hundred feet above the water. A colony of swallows have taken possession of the rocks, and have built their curious nests upon the face of the same. From their mud palaces they look out upon the passing trains and possibly form their opinions of the passengers thereon. Maggie's Bower is a brown arch on the face of the cliff, about five hundred feet from its base. It has been remarked that it is pretty hard to tell whether it is the right or left bower, but when we had passed it we concluded it was the left.

Palisade is a busy place of two hundred inhabitants, and is the junction of the Eureka and Palisade railroads, and here are located their workshops. They manufacture their own box and flat cars. The amount of freight handled here is said to be enormous, the greater portion of which is for Eureka, an active mining region, ninety miles south. Several passengers on our train also stopped off here to take the train for Eureka, among others two young ladies who had been attending school at Reno, others of the same class having been dropped at other points we had passed.

On the road to Eureka are several stations, among which are Bullion, eight miles; Evans, four miles; Willards, three miles; Hay Ranch, four miles; Box Springs, nine miles; Mineral, nine miles; Deep Wells, five and a half miles; Alpha, seven miles; Pine Station, ten miles; Cedar, four miles; Summit, seven and a half miles; Gardner Pass, six miles; Diamond, nine miles; and finally Eureka, twelve miles. Eureka is an active town of six thousand inhabitants, all being engaged directly or indirectly in the mining business. Besides the usual number of stores and business houses there are two thirty-stamp mills, seven smelting works, sixteen furnaces with a capacity of fifty tons of ore each daily. These extensive works running day and night, of course make a lively business, and account for the quantities of bullion hauled over the road to Palisade.

The Ruby Hill railroad, which is virtually a continuation of the Eureka and Palisade railroad, runs from the station at Eureka around to the different smelting and refining works and mines of the different companies in the vicinity. It is about six miles in length. The most prominent mines are the Eureka Consolidated, the K. K, the Jackson, Hardburg, Matamoras, and Atlas. From Eureka stages run daily to various mining camps farther away. Eureka is, indeed, one of the most active and prosperous mining districts in Nevada.

As we emerge from the Palisades and roll on our eastern course for nine miles, we reach Carlin, a busy little town of six hundred inhabitants. Here are located the railroad shops of the Humboldt division. They consist of a round-house with sixteen stalls, a machine, car, and blacksmith shop. Rich mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron are south of here.

Eleven miles more bring us to Moleen. The meadow lands passed over are broad and green, but soon the ranges of rocky hills narrow in so that the railroad has to pass through a canyon five miles in length. Through this the river runs rapidly, its clear waters sparkling in the sunlight as it speeds along, when several narrow strips of meadow land are to be seen at intervals. The scenery all through the canyon is almost unsurpassed in beauty and boldness. Soon after entering the canyon we pass several isolated towers of conglomerate rock towering to the hight of two hundred feet.

Before entering the canyon we passed through Susan Valley, a strip of good bottom land about twenty miles long by four wide, bordering the east fork of Maggie's Creek. Among the foot hills of the Owyhee range, to the northward, are many beautiful little valleys, well watered by mountain streams, waiting only the advent of the settler to transform them into pleasant homes. Timber is plentiful in the ravines and on the hillsides—sufficient for the wants of a large population. Maggie's Creek empties into the Humboldt from the north. It was named in honor of a beautiful Scotch girl, who, with her parents, stayed here awhile, "recruiting their stock," in the old times before a railroad was constructed over these mountains. The valley through which the stream flows is from three to five miles wide and very fertile. It extends to the base of the mountains seventy miles away, and is covered by stockmen. The stream affords excellent trout-fishing, and game of various kinds abounds on the hills surrounding the valleys.

Eleven miles east of Moleen is Elko, the county-seat of Elko county. The population is twelve hundred. It is an eating station for all trains east and west, and, as a matter of course, is regarded as a place of importance. The town formerly consisted of wood and canvas houses, but these have been replaced by buildings of a more substantial character. The place has improved very much within the last two or three years. The State University is located here, and cost $30,000. The filthy-looking Piute and Shoshone Indians hang almost constantly around the town, and do little else than beg from passengers passing through. Warm medical springs are located near the town, and are much praised for their health-restoring qualities. Rich mining districts lie eighty miles north, near the head waters of the north fork of the Owyhee country. The Tuscarora mines are fifty miles north, and they are also very rich. Stages leave daily for the mining districts. There are also rich mines in the south. Cattle-raising has also sprung up here, and is being pretty extensively conducted. Elko county is said to contain more cattle than any other two counties in the state, and more cattle are shipped here than at any other station on the road. This is a well-watered country, the mountain streams being abundant. Game of all kinds abounds, and the country is called "Hunters' Paradise." Irrigation is necessary to produce good crops.

Eight miles further on is Osino, at the head of Osino canyon, where the valley suddenly ends. At this point the northern range of the mountains sweeps down to the river bank, and then assumes a tortuous course, seeming to double back on itself in a partially bewildering manner. Across the river the high peaks of the opposite chain rise clear and bold from the valley, contrasting strongly with the black, broken masses of shattered mountains, among which we are winding in and out in an endless labyrinth.

Eleven miles more bring us to Piko, a place of not very much consequence. Just before arriving at the station we cross the north fork of the Humboldt on a truss bridge. This river, when it unites with the main stream, is about equal in size. It rises about a hundred miles north, and receives as tributaries many smaller streams. The valley of the North Fork is from five to seven miles wide, and is covered with a rich growth of grass. The land is not extremely well adapted for cultivation, though some kinds of vegetables do well. It is better adopted for stock-growing than anything else.

Three miles further east is Halleck, a small station. Stores are left here for Fort Halleck, a military station on the opposite side of the river.

Thirteen miles more bring us to Deeth, an insignificant station, and eight miles more to Bishop's, a side track. Bishop's valley here unites with the Humboldt. It is about seventy miles long, with an average width of five miles. It is very fertile, being watered by Bishop's Creek, which rises in the Humboldt Mountains, near Humboldt Canyon, about seventy miles to the northeast.

Five miles from here is Tulasco, a small side track, and seven and a half miles further brings us to Wells, where are located the round-house and machine-shops of a division. It is 644 miles from San Francisco, and 1,250 from Omaha, with an elevation of 4,628 feet. This is rather a thriving point, with railroad shops and general signs of improvement. The chief point of attraction in the vicinity is Humboldt Wells, around which emigrants in early times camped to recruit themselves and teams. The Wells are in the midst of a beautiful meadow, or valley, which slopes away until it joins the Humboldt, or main valley. The springs, or wells, are about twenty, and are scattered over the little valley. The one from which the railroad company obtain their water is within two hundred yards of the road, and about the same distance west of the station. A house has been built over it, and the water is raised into the tanks by an engine. These wells make no particular show save that the grass grows more luxuriantly immediately around them. They have been sounded at great depth, but no bottom has been found. The water rises nearly to the surface of the ground, and soaks away into the sandy soil without any appearance of current. The water is slightly brackish. The springs are six or seven feet in diameter. They are thought to be the craters of long extinct volcanoes, but which once threw up enormous quantities of lava, of which the soil of Cedar Pass is largely composed. The face of the whole country bears evidence of mighty changes which have been wrought here. Lava in hard, rough blocks; lava decomposed and powdered; huge blocks of granite and sandstone in the foot-hills, broken, shattered, and thrown around in wild confusion, are some of the indications to be found of the wild times which once existed here. The valley in which the wells are situated is about five miles long by three in width, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. The change to this from the arid hills around seems like the work of magic. Rich mineral wealth has been discovered in this locality. Proceeding down the valley a few miles the Humboldt Valley is entered; but though it is very fertile, the seasons are too short to perfect the usual crops.

Cedar is a side-track station six miles further on, and three miles more brings us to Moore's, on the summit of Cedar Pass. We have been gradually ascending for over three hundred miles. In general outline this pass resembles a rather rough, broken plateau, bent upward in the middle, forming a natural roadbed from the desert to the Humboldt Valley. It was once covered with scrub-cedar, which was cut off for use by the railroad company and others. About fifteen miles to the north a high, craggy peak marks the point where Thousand Springs Valley bends to the south, and from its divide slopes down to the valley of the Humboldt.

Independence, named from Independence Springs, is six miles further on our way. Here is an abundance of clear, cold water. Independence, Clover, and Ruby valleys lie to the southward. The first two are said to be small and valuless, save for grazing purposes. Seventy or eighty miles south of the Pass is the south fork of the Humboldt, which canyons through the mountain range, running east. The valley is productive, and has an average width of ten miles.

Five and a half miles more bring us to Otego, and six miles further is Pequop, while ten miles further bring us to Toano, until recently the end of the division. Here the railroad company have erected work-shops, and a round house with fourteen stalls. It is in the midst of a successful mining district. The country is considerably broken, but presents an appearance of vegetation.

Loray lies seven miles further on, and nine more bring us to Montello, which has an elevation of 5,000 feet. The country here is rough and uneven.

Tecoma is ten miles east, and in 1874 was the center of considerable mining excitement at the discovery of rich silver and lead mines five miles south in the Toano Mountains. A smelting furnace was erected, and two hundred tons of bullion were produced, worth $36,000. The mines, however, have greatly subsided, and stock raising is now more successful than mining.

Pilot Peak lies thirty-six miles south of this place, and is distinctly seen for fifty miles eastward. It is a lofty pile of rocks, the eastern terminus of the Pilot Mountains, rising 2,500 feet above the barren sands. For about half way from the base to the summit the sides are shelving piles of shattered rock—huge masses crushed to atoms. Above that they rise perpendicularly, the summit looking like some old castle at a distance. To the emigrant in early days this was a welcome landmark, pointing his way to Humboldt wells or Thousand Spring valley, where water and grass for his weary teams awaited him.

Lucin is twelve miles further on, and here water

tanks are found, supplied by springs in the hills at the outlet of Thousand Spring Valley, wihch lies to the north, just behind the first base ridge, one of the spurs of the Humboldt ridge, but a few miles distant. The valley is about four miles wide, and not far from sixty miles long, taking in its windings from this point to where it breaks over the divide into Humboldt Valley. It is little better than one continued bog in the center, the brackish water from the numerous springs of the locality standing in pools on the surface. Good pasturage abounds here.

Bovine is eleven miles further on, and is in a barren country, the principal product of which is bunch-grass and sagebrush. Ten miles further on is Terrace, where the railroad company has erected railroad shops. The hills in sight are brown, bare, and uninviting. Some good mines are reported in the vicinity.

Matlin is an unimportant station eleven miles further eastward. It is on the highland, which sweeps out the Red Dome Mountains. The road lies on the northern border of a vast waste, whereon few signs of verdure are to be seen. It is about in the middle of what is called the American Desert, which extends over an area of about sixty square miles. Over this vast extent the eye wanders in vain for a green object. All is desolate in the extreme. The bare beds of alkali, or wastes of gray sand, are all that meets the vision, if a rocky hill, more barren than the plains, is now and then excepted. This basin was probably once a saline lake, possibly a portion of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. The sloping plain sweeps off toward the body of water, and in places bends down until its thirsty sands are laved by the briny flood. There are many evidences in support of the theory that it was once covered by those waters, although much higher than the present level of the lake.

Ombey is ten miles further on, but there is nothing to be said of it, and eleven and a half miles more bring us to Kelton, or Indian Creek, as it is sometimes called. Here are large water-tanks by the roadside, supplied from a spring in the foothills, some miles to the northward. The Red Dome Mountains show scattered spurs to the north, and to the southeast Pilot Knob, or Peak, can be seen lifting its rocky front far above the desert. From this station a daily line of stages leaves for Idaho and Oregon, touching particularly at Boise City, Silver City, and other points. A goodly number of TRUTH SEEKERS are taken up in Idaho, and it would suit me well to spend two or three days up there had I the time at my control.

Seven miles of dreary travel brings us to Seco, where nothing grows but sage-brush, and seven and a half more convey us to Monument. Here the lake breezes from the east sweep by, bearing the heavy saline and alkaline odors peculiar to this locality. Monument Point, a slim, tapering promontory, stretches far out into the lake, covered with luxuriant grass. We are now on the eastern confines of the American Desert. Lake is a side-track station seven miles east.

Nine and a half miles more bring us to Rose, an unimportant station. We are now nearing the point where the Central Pacific road and the Union Pacific meet, and east of here ten miles of track was laid in a single day. As we passed on eastward we saw the signs announcing the ten miles of track thus laid. During the building of the road a great rivalry existed between the two companies—one coming from the east, the other from the west—as to which could lay the most track in a day. This rivalry commenced in 1868, the "Union" laying six miles. Soon after the "Central" laid seven miles, and then the "Union" came up to seven and a half miles. The "Central," not to be outdone, announced that they would lay ten miles in a single day. Mr. Durant, the vice-president of the "Union," offered to bet $10,000 that it could not be done. Consequently on the 29th day of April, 1860, when only fourteen miles of track remained to be laid, to meet the "Union" at Promontory Point, and in the presence of President Stanford and many other prominent men from the east and west, and a committee from the "Union" to note progress, the work commenced. When the car loaded with ralls came to the end of the track the two outer rails were seized with iron nippers, hauled forward of the car and laid on the ties by four men who attended exclusively to this. Over these rails the car was pushed forward, and the process repeated. Behind these men came a gang of men who half drove down the spikes and screwed on the fish-plates. At a short interval behind these came a gang of Chinamen, two deep, on each side of the track, who finished driving in the spikes which had already been partially driven. The inner men had shovels, the outer ones picks. Together they ballasted the track. The average rate of speed at which all these processes were performed was 1 minute and 47½ seconds to every 240 feet of track laid. To lay this distance of road requires 25,800 cross ties, 3,520 iron rails, 55,000 spikes, 7,040 fish-plates, and 14,080 bolts, the whole weighing 4,363,000 pounds. This amount is required for a single track, exclusive of "turn-outs." To bring this material forward and place it in position, over 4,000 men and hundreds of cars were required. The discipline acquired in the four years of the construction of the road enabled the force to begin at the usual time in the morning, calm and unexcited, and march steadily on to "Victory," as the place was named where they stopped for dinner, at 1:30 P.M., they having laid eight miles of track in six hours. To provide eating material for such a force was by no means a light task, but Campbell, of the Union company, was equal to the emergency. The camp and water train was brought up at the proper moment, and the entire force took dinner without unnecessary delay, besides many distinguished guests. After the "nooning" was over, the army was again on the march, and at precisely 7 P.M. ten miles and two hundred feet had been completed. At this juncture the Union or Eastern company expressed their entire satisfaction and returned to their camp, while Campbell sprang upon the engine and ran it over the ten miles of track in forty minutes, thus demonstrating that the work had been well performed.

Promontory is the station where the Eastern and Western divisions met. Here is where the "last spike" was driven, and here the East and West joined hands, on Monday, May 10th, 1869. It is 1,084 miles from Omaha, and 830 miles from San Francisco, and has an elevation of 4,905 feet. It is said the town was formerly lively, but it is now very dull. A large party was here congregated on the completion of the road, having come from all parts of the Union. Some of them were grave, earnest men, who had left their homes to witness the completion of the greatest enterprise of modern times—1,774 miles of continuous railroad over a large share of an extensive continent, and over some of the grandest mountains in the world.

All around was excitement and bustle on that morning; men were hurrying to and fro. On either road stood long lines of cars, the impatient locomotives frequently snorting out their restlessness, as though they understood the eventfulness of the occasion. Arrangements had been made by which the larger cities of the Union should be notified at the moment when the last spike was driven, and the connection between the East and West effected. The last tie was a beautiful piece of California laurel, on which were silver plates suitably inscribed, and the last connecting rails were jointly laid by men from both companies. The last spikes were then presented—one of gold from California, and one of silver from Nevada, and of gold and silver from Arizonia. President Stanford then took the hammer made of solid silver, and to the handle of which were attached the telegraph wires, and with the first tap on the gold spike at 12 M., the news of the event was flashed over the continent. Speeches were made as each spike was driven, and when all was completed, cheer after cheer rent the air from the enthusiastic assemblage.

Then the Jupiter, a locomotive of the Central Pacific, and locomotive No. 116, of the Union Pacific, approached from opposite directions, meeting on the dividing line, where they rubbed their brown noses together and shook hands. Conviviality was then the order of the day. Eatables and drinkables had been supplied in abundance, and they were partaken of as though the multitude were neither total abstinents nor dietists. Jollification expresses the feeling that prevailed.

We have now passed through Nevada and have reached Utah. Even Salt Lake is not far away. For Nevada I must say, while within its borders are some beautiful oases, where vegetation is abundant and cheering, it is, upon the whole, the most cheerless-looking country I have seen, save it was the desert parts of Egypt and Syria.

On resuming our eastern journey, nine miles brings us to Blue Creek, where we cross the creek on a a trestle bridge, then by a tortuous course we wind around the heads of several little valleys, crossing them well against the hillside by heavy fills. Salt Lake is in sight to the southward.

Twelve miles more of travel bring us to Quarry, which is merely a side track; and nearly eight miles more bring us to Corrinne, which is now less populous than it was a few years ago. The people of the place, however, have had sufficient enterprise to bring the waters of the river Malad eleven miles in a canal, and the water is largely used for irrigating purposes, by which thousands of acres of land are made productive, making stock raising and other farming operations prosperous.

In passing on seven miles more we pass over a long trestle bridge, twelve hundred feet in length, and reach Brigham, at the base of the mountain. Seven miles further bring us to Bonneville, and nine miles more to Ogden, one of the prettiest towns in this part of the world.

My friend John A. Jost was expecting me, and met me at the station. He pressed me to stop and make a visit, but I replied by saying I had purposed to go first to Salt Lake City, and that I would call upon my return. In half an hour the train for Salt Lake City, thirty-six miles to the south, had started, and I was traveling over some of the prettiest parts of Utah,

UTAH TERRITORY

Extends from the thirty-seventh to the forty-second parallel of north latitude, and from the one hundred and ninth to the one hundred and fourteenth degree west longitude, containing a superficial area of 65,000 square miles, with a population of 143,907, including whites, Chinese, and Indians. This area includes large tracts of mountain ranges and wild, barren country. At present, most of the lands under cultivation and the meadow lands are around the lakes and in the neighboring mountain villages, and are very productive when irrigated, grains, fruits, and vegetables maturing readily, and yielding large returns, the aridity of the climate precluding the growing of crops by any other means.

Rich veins of gold, silver, coal, and iron, copper, zinc, cinnabar, antimony, and nearly all the metals found in the Great West exist in Utah, and it is thought that had not the councils of Brigham Young prevailed against prospecting for precious metals, Utah might to-day be the very foremost state in the production of mineral wealth. The whole country within her borders would be illuminated with the perpetual fires of the smelting furnaces, and resound with the thundering echoes and re-echoes of the thousands of stamps grinding out the wealth which, since the completion of the Pacific Road, and the consequent influx of "gentiles," has been exported by millions and most effectually demonstrated the fact that Utah, if not the richest, is certainly next to the richest silver mining country in the world.

In addition, brimstone, saltpeter, gypsum, plumbago, and soda have been discovered in large quantities, and some of them are being worked. While fine clay, marble, granite, slate, red and white sandstone, limestone, and kindred formations exist in almost an unlimited extent. Salt can be shoveled up in the crude state on the shores of Salt Lake, and in the southern part of the territory is found by the mountain in a remarkably transparent and pure state.

Iron ore exists in large quantities in Iron, Weber, and Summit counties. Coal abounds in various parts, but the principal mines now worked are at Coalville, in Summit county, and in San Pete. The latter yields a good quality of blacksmiths' coal, and in large quantities. At the present time there are about thirty organized mining districts in the territory, and there are several of them pronounced rich and inexhaustible. Many of them are producing large quantities of ore.

Fish culture has since 1874 been receiving some attention, and a fish farm, with a superintendent thereof, is located a few miles from Salt Lake City. There are quite a number of smelting furnaces in operation in various parts of the territory, and in Salt Lake City. Utah was first settled in 1847. On the 24th of July the advance guard of Mormon emigration, numbering 143 men, entered Salt Lake Valley. Five days later 150 more men arrived under Captain Brown, and on July 31st Salt Lake City was laid out. At that time the country belonged to Mexico, but by the treaty of Guadaloup Hidalgo, in 1848, it was ceded to the United States.

The summers are very warm and dry, and the winters mild and open. The fall of snow is light in the valleys and heavy in the mountains, the melting of which affords ample water for irrigating the foothills and valleys. Vegetables of all kinds grow large and luxuriantly, and are very superior in quality. Timber is not very plentiful, and is usually found in places difficult of access.

VISIT TO SALT LAKE CITY.

Friday, June 23d, was a beautiful day, and I greatly enjoyed the ride to the city of the Latter Day Saints. We passed up the great Salt Lake valley, and were nearly all the time in view of the lake on our right, while a range of mountains—Promontory Mountains—was on our left, leaving but a few miles in width for the fertile valley between. All along on the mountain range is a bench, or what looks like a shelf, some two hundred feet or more higher than the valley, which the water once came up to and which was once the shore of the Great Lake, when it was far larger than now.

We pass through several flourishing stations, as the valley is a most splendid farming country. These are the names of the stations or villages through which we passed:

Kaysville is surrounded by beautiful farms, finely-kept gardens, with water running through the streets. Fruit and shrubbery are in abundance. This is in Davis county, which comprises five towns, which, with one exception, are traversed by the railroad. The county has seven thousand inhabitants, seven flouring-mills, and three saw-mills.

Farmington, in the same county, is five miles further south. This is the county-seat of the county, and here several copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER are taken, and here I know I have warm friends. The village contains several good buildings, several flouring-mills, and is surrounded by teeming farms and fruitful orchards and gardens. These towns were settled by Mormons, but considerable numbers have apostatized and become "gentiles," or "people of the world."

Centerville is four miles from Farmington, and corresponds very well with those towns already de-

scribed. Wood's Crossings comes next, two miles further on, being the station for the little village of Bountiful on the left. There is said to be no more fertile land in the territory than is here. A considerable strip of the land next to the lake is of no value from the excess of salt which fills the soil.

A little before noon we reached Salt Lake City, or "Zion," as the "Saints" call it. It is indeed a charming place. To one who has been traveling over mountainous and alkali deserts, with little but sagebrush to cheer the eye, this lovely retreat of level, fertile land, the city laid out in wide streets, running at right angles, with a plentiful, clear mountain stream running on each side, and with lovely orchards and gardens looking green and fruitful all over the city, five or six miles square, presents a most lovely sight. He inevitably feels that he has found paradise in reality, and that here he would gladly spend his days. Although the snow is in abundance on the mountains, and is in plain view, the valley is warm, with the air of summer. Everything about the holy city of the Latter Day Saints is about as beautiful as the mind can imagine.

Two or three friends met me at the depot, but there was a slight difficulty in recognizing each other. The hotel, however, was soon reached, when dinner was taken, after which I spent the day in calling upon several friends, prominent among them James Ashman, who is an active agent for THE TRUTH SEEKER and THE TRUTH SEEKER publications. He accompanied me over the city, and we called upon several other friends.

Salt Lake City is some ten or twelve miles from Salt Lake, which is in full view, and as the ground is as level as the lake itself, the distance does not look nearly so far. The town is situated at the foot of a spur of the Wasatch Mountains, the northern limits extending on to the "bench," or level, to which the waters of the lake once reached. I should say the streets are abundantly shaded with large, luxuriant trees, so that the sidewalks are well shielded from the sun. The city has a population of twenty-five thousand, and is divided into twenty-one wards. It contains many fine business blocks, and the principal streets hav a decided city appearance. The portion of the city occupied as residences is laid off in large-sized lots, and so thoroughly screened by shade and fruit trees that the city spreads over a great deal of ground and does not present a very imposing appearance, so far as the dwellings are concerned, though many are very fine. As four railroads terminate here, it may be regarded as quite a railroad center, and, as is well known, is the capital of the territory.

There are hundreds, and possibly thousands, here who once belonged to the Mormon church, but who, losing faith in ecclesiastical claims and the doctrins of revelation and supernaturalism, have, one by one, left the church and became apostates to the old faith. Some of the best business men in the city are of this class. Mr. Ashman is also one of the same class. He was once a devout Mormon, but the time came when he could no longer accept their dogmas. It was a great struggle for many of them to get out of the Mormon church, much the same as other thousands have found it a painful experience to get out of the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and more especially the Catholic church. The retiring member is tabooed; he is called an "apostate;" he is held to be in league with the devil and an enemy to all that is good and of God; he is no longer fellowshiped or recognized as a brother; he is no longer aided in the way of business or work, but every possible obstacle is thrown in his way. But the apostates have now become so numerous that they form quite a society by themselves, and are no longer dependent upon the "Saints" for a livelihood. Many of the anti-Mormons have become Spiritualists and Liberals, some retaining a faith in a future existence, and some not. When one has experienced all the false promises of a supernatural religion, and has become convinced that the promises and doctrines are untruthful, he naturally turns from it with honest discontent and seeks something that is truthful and can be depended upon when the excitement produced by the frenzy of religious teachings has passed away. All the shams about gods and devils ultimately cease to afford food to the thoughtful mind, and the good sense of man instinctively reaches out for that which is real, truthful, natural. He becomes better satisfied with the unerring teachings of nature than with all the dogmas, delusions, and absurdities which supernature falsely teaches. When mankind learn that all supernaturalism is false, that all the sayings of selfish, malicious, and angry gods are false, and that no such gods ever had an existence save in the brains of mistaken human beings; when they learn that all they hear about fiery devils, who delve in fire and sulphur to carry out the behests of the still more cruel gods in bringing suffering upon human beings, is false, it will be better for the people of the world. One of the most saddening reflections to which the human mind is susceptible is the fact that religious dogmas which priests for thousands of years have been promulgating have been the greatest foes to the happiness of the world of anything that has existed. They have all opposed nature; they have all set up systems of religion in conflict with nature, and to this extent they have all been wrong and have loaded mankind down with a weight of wretchedness. In nature there are no gods nor devils, save good and bad men and women, and all which have had a fancied existence have been the inventions of priests and designing people, who have sought to live upon their credulous fellow-beings by exciting their fears and building up a belief which has no real foundation for existence. If all the wrongs which religious creeds have produced in this world were to be written in a series of volumes it would be the most terrible and damnable record which could possibly be penned. It has cost the human race worlds of treasure to keep up these delusions, and the entire sums have been far worse than thrown away.

It is said that the believers in Mormonism in the city are seventy-five per cent of the population, and the unbelievers twenty-five per cent. In the whole territory taken together the believers are reckoned at eighty-three per cent. When on Sunday I saw the thousands of Mormon dupes who turned out to hear the speaking in the Tabernacle, I was inclined to think the believers are as largely in the ascendant as represented. They are held together in various ways. The Mormon co-operative store is open. It is owned by eight hundred Mormon stockholders and is patronized by all the Saints in the vicinity. It is a very extensive establishment, containing goods of all kinds, and enough to fill a dozen good-sized storehouses. It has a cash capital of $750,000.

At the Mormon conference in the fall of 1868, all good Mormon merchants, manufacturers, and dealers who desired the patronage of the Mormon people were directed to place its sign upon their buildings in a conspicuous place, that it might indicate to the people that they were true saints. The description of the sign is as follows: In five lines are these words, "Holiness to the Lord; Zion's Co operative Mercantile Institution." After the first four words in a curved line is the picture of an all-seeing eye, which is supposed to be God's eye which never sleeps. This all-seeing eye has been the cause of much jest among the gentiles, who laugh at it and irreverently call it the "bull's-eye." That term in ancient Egypt would be far from irreverent, for Apis the Bull was one of their greatest gods, and the bull's-eye would to them be the holiest of the holies.

The Mormon people were also religiously instructed and warned not to purchase goods or in any manner deal with those who refused or did not have the sign. The object was doubtless to consolidate their own people, to secure all their trade, and to prevent any of it going elsewhere. The result of this movement was to break up many dealers who were either Gentiles or apostate Mormons, for many were forced to sacrifice their goods and leave the territory for want of patronage. It is said, however, that subsequently the order was not very rigidly enforced. But many of these bull's-eye signs are to be seen upon the buildings of the faithful in the city and through the territory. The Z. C. M. I.—Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution—is in a very flourishing condition. I was through the establishment, and could not but be struck with the magnitude of the concern, and the orderly system which controls it. The structure is of brick, 318 feet long, 53 feet in width, three stories and a full cellar in hight. It also has an addition of 25 by 193 feet, used for a warehouse. The entire building cost some $200,000, and the contents three-fourths of a million more. It has branches in various parts of the territory, so that its purchases must necessarily be very heavy, and its re-shipments of an extensive character. The Z. C. M. I. has undoubtedly the largest building in the territory, and its annual sales are $5,000,000. When it is remembered that it is but about thirty-five years since this vast extent of country was inhabited, it must be realized that the progress made is very great. Walker Brothers are apostate Mormons, and they have built up a very extensive business, said to be the largest in the territory. They require five buildings for the five general departments. If they do not transact more business than the Z. C. M. I., they are the only ones in the territory who make the slightest approach to it. In addition to their other enterprises, they have recently erected a beautiful Opera House, which is just now ready for use. I had the pleasure of seeing M. Curtis play "Sam'l of Posen," in the first representation given in the beautiful theater. The Walker brothers are Liberal Spiritualists, and in the front of the Opera House building they have fitted up a fine and commodious room for the Liberal Society of the city to hold their meetings in. I had the pleasure of adding the name of the principal of the firm to the list of THE TRUTH SEEKER patrons, as well as those who take "A Truth Seeker Around the World."

On Saturday, June 24th, my friend and patron, H. B. Mason, with his gay horse and buggy, took me out two miles or so to the warm spring where there is a commodious bathing-house. Here we took a pleasant warm bath in a large tank five feet deep, twenty feet long, and ten in width, with the same for women in an adjoining room. These waters are counted as possessing considerable medical value. Our ride was extended to other warm sulphur springs, when we returned to the city, and I spent the afternoon with esteemed friends, and among others with several who had come in nineteen miles from Farmington expressly to see me. Among these I might mention Walter Walker and wife, Henry Southworth, James Anderson and wife, and others. I could not help feeling flattered by such marks of friendship, and the five or six hours of time passed off very pleasantly. It was on the evening of this day that the play at the Opera House was witnessed, many of my friends accompanying me. Messrs. Walker, Southworth, and Anderson of Farmington were once devoted Mormons, but they have thrown off the shackles that bound them, are now among the steadfast Liberals who read THE TRUTH SEEKER and believe the truths which it disseminates.

The following Sunday was variously passed. For one thing I attended the Mormon tabernacle and listened for over an hour to George Q. Cannon, who has just returned from Washington, where he was sent as a delegate, but was rejected by the House of Representatives on the ground that he is a polygamist, and has more than one wife. A congressman may have as many concubines or kept mistresses as he pleases, and the godly church people will continue to smile upon him as approvingly as though he were a David or a Solomon, but let him be a Mormon and claim that he practices plural marriage because he believes it was commanded by the Jewish God three thousand years ago, the Christian members will frown upon him, and pronounce him a great sinner, unworthy to sit with them in law-making halls.

Cannon is an effective speaker, and his discourse related principally to the injustice which the Christians of the East show to the Saints of the West. He exhibited not a little dissatisfaction at the injustice which had been shown him, not seeing why the conscience of a Mormon should not be as much regarded as that of any other sort of believer.

After he had completed his remarks, President John Taylor, who occupies the chair filled by Brigham Young, spoke for fifteen minutes, and though he is a venerable, fine-looking Englishman, he did not impress me as being a very able man. I was informed that he frequently becomes so excited in his public remarks as to get carried away with anger and to almost lose the power of utterance. Brigham Young, Jr., made quite a prayer, which, in my opinion, did not get half a mile from the earth. He is a full, florid, plethoric man, of about thirty-five years, who cares far more for the good things of this world than the celestial worlds located above the clouds. He looks to be far more of the earth, earthy than of the heaven heavenly.

During the meeting an extensive display was made by pouring the blood of Jesus from silver pitcher to silver pitcher, three or four dozens of them being in sight and passed around in silver tankards for the faithful to sip from. I am not positive that this was really the blood of Christ, though were I a simon-pure Christian I would have to believe it anyway, for that is a point upon which no faithful soul can dare to doubt. I thought it was simply wine in which no change had taken place in becoming the blood of Christ any more than would take place in a keg of lager beer, which, if wine should become scarce, would make just as good Jesus-blood as the wine itself. But though I was a little thirsty that warm afternoon they did not have the courtesy to hand me any of that blood. They had no means of knowing how much I would have "loved my Jesus."

The Tabernacle is a very singular-looking and a very capacious building. It is about the first object one sees on entering the city. It is oblong in shape, having a length of 250 feet and a width of 150 feet. The immense roof is supported by forty-six columns of cut sandstone, which, with the spaces between, used for doors, windows, etc., constitute the wall. From those pillars or walls the roof springs in one unbroken arch, forming the largest self-supporting roof on the continent. It is not only used for church purposes, but for other public meetings. It will seat eight thousand people. The speaker's stand is on an elevation, but not at the extreme end of the building, perhaps one-fourth the length of the building from one end, so that large numbers of the people are seated behind the speaker.

THE TEMPLE,

Which is a much grander edifice, is not yet completed, but work is progressing somewhat steadily upon it. The dimensions of the foundation are 186½ feet by 99 feet. It is not nearly as large as the tabernacle, and what the use was of building it is hard for an unbeliever to understand, except to use up some of the surplus funds which the saints have on hand. It is located on the same extensive block of ground on which stands the tabernacle, and if God is tolerably pleased with the services held in the tabernacle, it would seem the temple might have been dispensed with. It will require several years yet to complete it.

The audience in the tabernacle was a fair-looking

one, and would compare favorably with most Christian audiences in the country. That they are dupes, however, to mistaken doctrines one can pretty readily discover. The singing was good, and the large organ came in with sonorous sounds.

I saw the residence where Brigham Young lived and where his dozen and a half of wives lived. The finest residence the wives had was for his favorite wife Amelia. She lived in this by herself. In walking about the city she was pointed out to me. I think she was playing lawn tennis. She is a rather fine looking woman. I think she is now some other man's wife.

I took dinner with my friend Ashman, and at his house gathered a goodly number of friends, with whom I had an excellent visit.

A RECEPTION

Was extended to me in the evening in the Liberal Institute, which was well filled. Mr. E. L. T. Harrison presided and made the opening speech, gracefully and cordially welcoming me to Salt Lake city.

After the chairman's speech I detained the audience for an hour and a half, chiefly giving them incidents I had met with on my travels. The usual congratulations followed the regular speaking, together with pretty liberal subscriptions to THE TRUTH SEEKER and my Round-the-World books.

Many of the friends who were in the night previous from Farmington, after driving home the nineteen miles in a wagon, came back again on the evening train to attend my reception. Such marks of devotion are not often seen in Israel. When I returned to Ogden on Monday morning we rode in company, and took our leave of each other at the Farmington station.

I cannot speak too highly of the friends at Salt Lake City. They were extremely kind to me and made my visit among them very pleasant. There are a pretty large number of Liberalists and Spiritualists here, and I hope they will succeed in effecting such an organization as will make them effective for good in advocating the truths of nature and in opposing the wrongs of priestcraft and supernaturalism.

THE RETURN TO OGDEN

Was a pleasant ride, and when I reached the station I found a number of friends with a carriage to carry me to the hotel. A project was soon organized for a ride through the Ogden Canyon, a few miles north of the city. It is nearly seven miles in length, with grand granite walls rising in places on either side to a hight of 1,500 feet, and in places coming within one hundred and fifty feet of each other. The rushing Ogden River, which dashes through the canyon, and is crossed here and there by bridges, adds much to the beauty of the scenery. We stopped at a canyon hotel, which is not a very extensive establishment, and had a very palatable dinner prepared. The table was set in full view of the towering walls of the canyon — within that very cathedral of nature; and that dinner was eaten surrounded by more of nature's grandeur than most of the dinners it has been our pleasure to partake of. The rest of the ride was most enjoyable. Near the mouth of the canyon we visited a Mormon woolen factory where very serviceable yarns, flannels, and cloths are manufactured. The superintendent kindly gave me a package of yarn to take home with me. Considerable time was spent in looking over the pleasant town.

The city is near the mouth of the canyon, and the town is liberally supplied with water from the river which rushes through it. It is the county-seat of Weber county, and has a population of 6,500. Next to Salt Lake city it is the largest town in the territory. The Mormons have a tabernacle, and other denominations have churches the same as with us. There is the same conflict here as to which has the right road to heaven as in most other places in the world. The Mormons are very sure they have got the surest road, and that following the plural marriage which Abraham, Jacob, and others of the old patriarchs used to follow is one of the necessary means of getting there. They consistently argue that if polygamy was ever right, and was ever authorized by the great infinity, who never changes, it is right now. On the other hand, the other denominations know that the Mormons are wrong, and that heaven can never be reached by the road they are pursuing. It is hardly to be expected that this question will ever be satisfactorily settled.

Ogden puts on city airs with very good grace, and the town is lighted by electric lights. It is surrounded by fertile gardens and orchards, much the same as Salt Lake City. Two daily papers are published, one a Mormon sheet, and the other with gentile proclivities. Of course there is no end to the subjects for differences. I should have remarked that Salt Lake City has four daily papers. The *Deseret News* is the organ for the saints; the *Herald* claims to be independent, while the *Tribune* is almost bitterly anti-Mormon; the *Times* is perhaps less belligerent. They each publish weeklies, and two or three other weeklies are also published, one of which is conducted by Mormon women, and advocates plural marriage.

Ogden is the junction for three roads, the Union Pacific in the first place, the Utah Central or Salt Lake City Road in the second place, and the Utah & Northern in the third place. A large amount of business is said to be transacted on the Northern road. It is a three-foot narrow gauge and runs into northern Utah, Idaho, and Montana. The traffic over this road must largely increase.

Rich mines of iron, silver, and slate are reported near Ogden. It is surrounded by the elements of wealth, and must be an important place in the future.

THE RECEPTION

Came off in the evening at the Opera House, which was well filled. Mr. James Horrocks presided and made the opening speech, making me welcome and introducing me to the audience.

Mr. John A. Jost read the following welcome:

"Our honored and highly esteemed friend and brother, we bid you welcome.

"Hero opposer of the Christian church in its desecration of the sacred rights of our glorious constitution, we rejoice to meet you.

"We hav followed you from the shore of the Atlantic with the deepest feelings of love and friendship, and with a fond solicitude for your safety and comfort upon your long and arduous journey eastward to this place, and shall continue to follow you with the same feelings till you shall again reach the most sacred spot on earth you left some eleven months ago—home, sweet home.

"We cannot forego the pleasure of meeting you as you pass through our prospering city, and detaining you while we grasp the hand and look upon the countenance of the great and brave man—the hero opponent of religious persecution of the nineteenth century, who braved the degradation of the prison cell, and the horrors of the priestly inquisition of a Christian bigoted priesthood, through their executive, Comstock, the Torquemada of to-day, that the rights of all should be tolerated—the man who braved contumely to advocate the rights of others to differ from him.

"We glory in your courage and disinterested love in advocating the equal rights of every citizen of this fair land, and for your determined effort to preserve the same from the power of religious tyranny that would, if once in possession of that power, again confront the unbeliever with the rack, the fagot, and the fire.

"Our friend and brother, the sincere desires, wishes, and hopes of thousands disenthralled from religious errors hav followed you with an enthusiasm worthy of the cause in which you are engaged.

"We rejoice that you hav been preserved to return to your native land—the country consecrated to liberty—the home of the brave, which should be the land of the free. We are proud to say that none returned entitled to a more hearty welcome or a more honored reception than the brave, noble, and endeared in the heart of every true Liberal, our beloved brother, D. M. Bennett.

"You will please accept this small token of love and esteem as the outpourings of the hearts and souls of the Liberals of Ogden and vicinity, in unison with the Liberal League of Ogden city, at the hands of this committee appointed by them for this labor of love; and may our fondest hopes be realized in your continued success, and in hearing at an early day of your safe arrival home, of the continued love of warm hearts, the shake of ready hands, and the embrace of your faithful wife.

"JOSEPH SEWELL, JAMES HORROCKS,
"JOHN A. JOST, JOHN HORROCKS,
"C. P. LAMBERT, Sec. Com., F. H. MARSH,
"Committee."

I followed in remarks continuing for about an hour and a half. A reporter of the *Herald* was present and took down the gist of my remarks, which were published on the following morning, but I have not a copy by me to quote from. In brief I will only say that my reception was most cordial. I could not ask for better friends than I found here.

REVIEW OF MORMONISM.

Now as I am about to move on eastward and will soon be away from the dominions of the Mormons, a few reflections on their wonderful career and their leading characteristics may not be out of place. Many systems of religion have risen in the world, but few of them have been attended with more wonderful events than has Mormonism. The prophet Joseph Smith has been called a fraud, and that Book of Mormon which he claimed was inscribed upon plates of gold which he was enabled to read and translate is said to be a novel written by a Methodist minister by the name of Spaulding, which was stolen and made the word of God, the Book of Mormon. Just what the truth is in this matter is not fully known.

In 1830 Smith had six followers, all of his own kin. In 1837 Mormon missionaries went to England; in 1840 to Australia; in 1841 to Palestine; in 1843 to the Pacific Islands; in 1852 to Siam and Ceylon; in 1853 to Gibraltar, Malta, Hindostan, Burmah, China, West Indies, South Africa, and British Guinea; and at the present time in Utah may found inhabitants from every country in Europe. Many of those of South America, and from Hindostan, Burmah, China, Cape Colony, and Navigators' Islands, together with negroes and Indians, all united in one common belief. Certainly Christianity did not have so remarkable a growth in the days of its infancy.

The first organization of the Mormons was in the state of New York. They emigrated to Ohio and there thought to found their New Jerusalem. From there they were again driven out and took up their line of march to Missouri. They had journeyed eight hundred miles in this Christian country, in this American republic, to find a place where they could worship God according to their belief. Their houses were burned, their property destroyed; some were beaten with hickory rods, others were tarred and feathered; many families were massacred; wives and children were driven for shelter to the forests, and without food, raiment, and friends. Missourian prejudice against Free-state settlers, joined to religious animosity, fanned human passions to a white heat, and the Mormons were pursued with almost Indian ferocity. The president, Martin Van Buren, quailing before the vote of Missouri, told the Mormons that he could do nothing for them, though he readily admitted that their cause was just.

Another pilgrimage of four hundred miles brought them to Nauvoo, Ill., where they founded a city, built a temple, and displayed a public spirit worthy of admiration whatever may be thought of their religious claims. Here again they were subjected to continual persecution, and at last were told by state officials that they had better leave, as they could not be protected against the mob, which, with blackened faces, hounded on by a Christian minister, had murdered Joseph Smith and others.

Then that wonderful journey across the plains was undertaken, when material wealth was sacrified for honest convictions. They thought they would go so far into the wilds of the continent that their Christian enemies would never reach them more, and even on this march they were compelled to give to the government, which did nothing to protect them, a battalion of five hundred men for the Mexican war, leaving the women in some cases under the necessity of driving the teams, besides watching over the little ones and preparing the frugal meals upon which they subsisted. The hardships of this long wearisome journey across the plains and the great desert, over the Rocky Mountains and all, can scarcely be overstated. They submitted to sufferings and privations in great number; they sacrificed their property without reserve, and acted as brave and honest men have acted many times before.

Remember, at this time polygamy had not been incorporated into the Mormon creed, and Christians had not that excuse to urge them on in their persecutions and warfare against them. Many of the old men still living in Utah passed through those trying scenes. Brigham Young was baptized in 1832; all these trials and tribulations were part of his life experience. So, too, John Taylor, his successor, the present head of the church. Taylor had stood in Missouri and seen their houses burnt, their property pillaged, their most sacred convictions outraged. He had seen among others martyred to the blind rage of opposition an old Revolutionary soldier, a Mr. McBride, who with feeble frame and tottering steps, unable to run, had cried in vain: "Spare my life. I am a Revolutionary soldier. I fought for liberty. Would you murder me? What is my offense? I believe in God and Revelation." "Take that, you God damned Mormon," was the reply of the Christian Missourian, as with the butt of his gun he dashed out the old man's brains and left him a mangled corpse at his feet as he turned to pursue his work of persecution. Again, at Nauvoo, John Taylor had stood in that jail where, in violation of plighted faith, and himself wounded, he had seen his prophet basely murdered while making the masonic sign of distress, and had heard his dying words, "My Lord and my God."

One of the features of the Mormon church is worthy of mention. Twice every year, April 6th and October 6th the Mormons come from far and near to assemble in semi-annual conference in the great tabernacle which will hold without much crowding 12,000 people, and in which 15,000 can be packed. They pour in with their ox-teams from distant canyons and valleys headed toward Zion, and sometimes a lone old woman with a scant stock of meal and bacon makes a three weeks' journey to get her soul "warmed up" at the conference. These conferences last from four to six days, and they are democratic enough to allow every woman a vote. A male and female humble believer meet there on the common ground of equality. At these conferences every officer in the church, including the president himself, has to be re-elected to whatever position he holds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Pepin, Wisconsin, *Gazette*, has been consolidated with the *Iconoclast*, and Prof. Jamieson will take the lecture field. The editors of the *Iconoclast* will be W. H. Lamaster and W. F. Jamieson. The *Iconoclast* will continue to be published at Indianapolis, Ind.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

Communications.

Paul Lived 63 Years B. C.

The suspicion that Paul lived a century before the time set forth in the book of Acts first entered our mind in April, 1878, while translating the Toldoth Jeshu story. Finding there a reference to Rabbi Simon Kepha, a disciple of the Jesus who was stoned and hanged about 75 years B.C., and supposing that he might be the Kepha (Cephas) mentioned so often in Paul's epistles, we straightway searched those epistles for some possible clue to dates. We found but one, to wit:

"At Damascus, the commander of the army of Aretas, the king, guarded the city of the Damascenes, to seize me. And from a window, in a basket, they let me down from the wall, and I escaped from his hands."—2 Cor. xi, 32, 33.

We quote from the Peshito or Syriac New Testament, Dr. Murdock's translation. The Greek version has for "commander of the army," *ethnarches*—translated "governor."

We next turned to Smith's Bible Dictionary, from which we now transcribe the following:

"*Aretas.*—A common appellation of many of the Arabian kings or chiefs. Two are mentioned in the Bible.

"1. A contemporary of Antiochus Epiphanes (B. C. 170) and Jason (2 Macc., v, 8).

"2. The Aretas alluded to by St. Paul (2 Cor. xi., 32) was father-in-law of Herod Antipas. There is a somewhat difficult chronological question respecting the subordination of Damascus to this Aretas. The city under Augustus and Tiberius was attached to the province of Syria, and we hav Damascene coins of both those emperors, and again of Nero and his successors. But we hav none of Caligula and Claudius [A.D. 37–54], and the following circumstances make it probable [?] that a change in the rulership of Damascus took place after the death of Tiberius. There had been war for some time between Aretas, king of Arabia Nabatæa, whose capital was Petra, and Antipas, on account of the divorce by Antipas of Aretas's daughter, at the instance of Herodias, and also on account of some frontier difficulties. A battle was fought, and the army of Antipas was entirely destroyed (Jos. Ant., xviii, 5 § 1). On this, being a favorite of Tiberius, he sent to Rome for help; and Vitellius, governor of Syria [A.D. 35–39], was commissioned to march against Aretas, and to take him dead or alive. While he was on his march (Ibid. § 3) he heard at Jerusalem of the death of Tiberius (March 16, A.D. 37), abandoned his march, and sent his army into winter quarters, himself remaining at Antioch. By this change of affairs at Rome, a complete reversal took place in the situation of Antipas and his enemy. The former was ere long (A.D. 39) banished to Lyons and his kingdom given to [Herod] Agrippa, his foe (Ant., xviii, 7), who had been living in habits of intimacy with the new emperor (Ant., xviii, 6, § 5). It would be natural that Aretas, who had been grossly injured by Antipas, should by this change of affairs be received into favor, and the more so as Vitellius had an old grudge against Antipas (Ant., xviii, 4, § 5). Now, in the year 38, Caligula made some changes in the east, granting Iturea to Soemus, lesser Armenia and parts of Arabia to Cotys, the territory of Cotys to Rhaemetalces, and to Polemon, son of Polemon, his father's government. These facts, coupled with that of no Damascene coins of Caligula or Claudius existing, make it probable [!] that about this time Damascus, which belonged to the predecessors [?] of Aretas (Ant., xiii, 15, § 2), was granted to him by Caligula [!!] Thus the difficulty would vanish. The other [two] hypotheses—[1] that the ethnarch was only visiting the city (as if he could then hav guarded the walls to prevent escape); [2] that Aretas had seized Damascus on Vitellius giving up the expedition against him (as if a Roman governor of a province would allow one of its chief cities to be taken from him merely because he was in uncertainty about the policy of the new emperor), are very improbable."

This, then, is the naked hypothesis: Vitellius, the Roman governor of Syria, was ordered by Tiberius to take King Aretas dead or alive. The execution of the order was interrupted by the emperor's death. Some changes of governors were made by the new emperor, but not of Vitellius. But Vitellius is said to hav had an old grudge against Antipas, another enemy of Aretas, and might therefore hav favored Aretas. Consequently Caligula may hav displaced Vitellius and put the chief city of Syria under the government of the obnoxious king of Arabia, whose capital was 250 miles distant from Damascus.

The hypothesis is too weak to stand alone, and has nothing at all to support it. Of course there were frequent changes in the governors of provinces; but Vitellius was president of Syria from A.D. 35 to 39, and Petronius from 39 to 42 (Smith's Bib. Dic.); and considering the rarity of ancient coins, it is not at all singular that none should be found for a period of seventeen years minted at Damascus.

But the author of the above article, the late Dean Alford, is mistaken in saying that Damascus formerly belonged to the predecessors of Aretas. Josephus, to whom he refers, does not say so. After describing a battle between Aretas and Antiochus Dionysius, king of Syria, in which Antiochus was slain and his army destroyed, Josephus says:

"After him Aretas reigned over Celesyria, being called to the government by those that held Damascus, by reason of the hatred they bore to Ptolemy Meneus" (Ant., xiii, 15, § 2).

This was prior to 63 B.C. The last Seleucidean king of Syria was probably dethroned, and some time before the taking of Damascus by Pompey, a foreign king, Aretas of Arabia was invited to rule the city. It is not certain that his reign there was more than one or two years. According to Josephus it may hav been many, but other historians take no note of it at all. Josephus mentions one or two other kings of Arabia Petrea named Aretas, one about 7 B.C., and another A.D. 37; but neither of these had any hold of Damascus. It is the annotator who seems to hav misled Dean Alford by a false note on the above passage, saying that "Aretas afterward became a common name to Arabian kings, both at Petra and at Damascus."

But the Dean's hypothesis does not suit the American editor of Smith's Bible Dictionary, which has the following note written by Prof. Hackett, D.D., of the theological institution at Newton, Mass.:

"The view that Aretas seized and held Damascus by force for a short time after the defeat of Herod Antipas, is maintained by Neander, Hemsen, Weiner, Meyer, Guerike, Bleek, and others. It is not easy to believe that the Roman government would so suddenly, of its own accord, confer so important a city on a vassal who had just defeated one of its most faithful allies, and who had been proscribed as an enemy who was to be taken at all hazards, dead or alive."

Here is a serious conflict of authorities. The hypothesis that Aretas seized Damascus by force, wresting it from the Roman governor, Vitellius, though maintained by half a dozen or more leading German theologians, is rejected by the late Dean of Canterbury as "very improbable"; and he cites, in support of his own view, Wiesler and others. On the other hand, the American editor says it is not easy to believe the Dean's hypothesis. Certainly not, any more than the other; there is nothing to support either, and no one would think of upholding either, but for the necessity of accounting for Paul's statement in 2 Cor., xi, 32.

Three or four kings of Arabia named Aretas are mentioned in history, to wit:

1. Aretas noticed above, 170 B.C.

2. Josephus (Ant. xiii, 13, § 3) mentions "Aretas, king of the Arabians, a person then very illustrious." This is the Aretas who was called to reign in Damascus (Ib., 15, § 2). His reign in Arabia was very long. He was contemporary with Alexander Janneus, king of Judea (106—78 B.C.), with Queen Alexandra (78—69 B.C.—called Helena in the Toldoth Jeshu), and with her sons, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus (69—63 B.C.), contending successors to the throne. Hyrcanus fled to Aretas, who aided him with an army against his brother. Meanwhile Scaurus, the Roman general, came to take Jerusalem, but, being offered money by Aristobulus, he raised the siege and ordered Aretas to depart. Aretas resisted, but was beaten. Soon afterward Pompey conquered all Syria, and coming to the country of Ptolemy Meneus (who was so hated by the Damascenes that they called in Aretas to rule them), he accepted a thousand talents to save Meneus's life (Ant., xiv, 1, 2, 3; War., i, 6).

The government of Syria and Damascus had been very unstable for many years, under the Seleucidæ. Rawlinson, in his "Ancient History," says that for a period of about fourteen years, from 83 to 69 B.C., Tigranes, king of Armenia, was called in by the suffering people to govern Syria; and he adds:

"The Syrian throne seems then to hav fallen to Antiochus Asiaticus, the son of (Antiochus) Eusebes, who held it for four years only (69—65 B.C.), when he was dispossessed by Pompey, and the remnant of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ was reduced to a Roman province, B.C. 65."

But it does not appear that Damascus was actually taken till about 63 B.C., and it was not till 62 B.C. that the first questor of Syria, Pompey's general, Scaurus, began to govern that country (Smith's Bib. Dic.). Therefore, notwithstanding Rawlinson's silence concerning Aretas, there was a period prior to the Roman reduction of Syria when Aretas doubtless did, as Josephus tells us, reign in Damascus.

There are two or three different coins extant of this Aretas, with the inscription: *Basileios Aretou Philellenos*—"Of King Aretas, lover of the Greeks." And there is another coin commemorating the conquest of Aretas by Scaurus, mentioned above, about 53 B.C. (Ant., xiv, 5; War., i, 8, note; McCl. & Str. Cyc.).

3. The foregoing Aretas, whose surname was Obedas (Ant., xiii, 13, § 5), seems to hav survived till the latter part of the reign of Herod, the Great. He was succeeded by "Eneas, whose name was afterward changed to Aretas" (Ant., xvi, 9, § 4). The latter was contemporary with at least two successiv governors of Syria, namely, Saturnius and Varus (7 B.C. to 5 A.D.—Smith's Bib. Dic.), and seems to hav been a vassal of the Emperor Augustus (War., i, 29, § 3; Ant., xvi, 10, §§ 8 and 9; xvii, 3, § 2; 5, § 2; 10, § 9).

4. Unless the preceding Aretas continued to reign until A.D. 37, or later, there is a fourth Aretas mentioned once by Josephus (Ant., xviii, 5, § 1). But it matters not whether this is the same or another Aretas; he is the king alluded to by Paul, if Paul was living A.D. 38 and the stories about him in Acts are chronologically true. This is the Aretas who, despite the absolute silence of history and against all probability, if not possibility, is supposed—

1. Either to hav seized Damascus A.D. 38, and expelled the Roman governor, Vitellius;

2. Or to hav been appointed by the Emperor Caligula to supersede Vitellius, who had just returned from an expedition whose object was to take Aretas, dead or alive;

3. Or to hav been invited by Vitellius to put a military governor in Damascus, with a garrison, to guard the city and arrest disturbers like Paul.

Whichever support of this three-legged hypothesis you choose to cling to, you are compelled to kick away the other two legs. And then you are met with the silence of history and the inherent improbability, if not impossibility, of the case.

But there is no difficulty at all in regard to our second Aretas—63 B.C.; he answers clearly to the passage in Paul's epistle. This is our strong point. We hav presented the facts and the arguments, pro and con, fully and fairly. We fear no refutation, and shall adduce corroborativ evidence that Paul lived as early as 63 B.C.

ANTICHRIST.

Evolutionists at Dinner.

A dinner was given at Delmonico's on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., to Herbert Spencer, who sailed for England on the following Saturday. The gathering was large and brilliant. The Hon. William M. Evarts presided, and made the address of welcome to Mr. Spencer, who was greeted in the heartiest manner. He responded in a speech in which he dwelt on the American tendency to overwork. Speeches were also made by Henry Ward Beecher, John Fiske, Prof. W. G. Sumner, Prof. O. C. Marsh, and Carl Schurz. Among those present were Prof. Youmans, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, T. B. Wakeman, Courtlandt Palmer, and some two hundred others, many of whom are foremost in the ranks of science, art, literature, and even theology. Mr. Evarts, in his opening speech, said that as no room in the city would hold all the friends and admirers of the distinguished guest, it was necessary that a company should be made up out of the mass, and what so good a method as natural selection? Now, Mr. Spencer, he continued, we are glad to meet you here. We are glad to see you, and we are glad to hav you see us. We are glad to see you, for we recognize in the breadth of your knowledge—such knowledge as is useful to your race—a greater comprehension than any living man has presented to our generation. We are glad to see you, because in our judgment you hav brought to the analysis and distribution of this vast knowledge a more penetrating intelligence and a more thorough insight than any living man has brought, even to the minor topics of his special knowledge. In theology, in psychology, in natural science, in the knowledge of individual man and his exposition, and in the knowledge of the world, in the proper sense of society which makes up the world, the world worth knowing, the world worth speaking of, the world worth planning for, the world worth working for—we acknowledge your labors as surpassing those of any of our kind.

When Mr. Spencer arose to reply he was received with hearty and prolonged applause. He said that he regarded the present occasion as one on which arrears of thanks were due. He would begin with the time, twenty-two years ago, when his highly-valued friend, Prof. Youmans, making efforts to diffuse his (the speaker's) books here, interested the Messrs. Appleton, who had treated him honorably and handsomely. Mr. Spencer said he must return especial thanks for the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during his late tour. The cordial wishes for his better health he believed had been in a measure furthered by the wish, since all pleasurable emotion is conduciv to health, and the remembrance of the present event would ever continue to be a source of pleasure exceeded by none of his remembrance. And now that he had thanked them, briefly though sincerely, as representativ Americans, he was going to find fault with them. The average American, said he, works too hard and too long, and, in his eagerness to pursue some future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and, when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good. The consequences were the undermining of the physique. Men were permanently incapacitated and spent long years endeavoring to recuperate. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it de-

stroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life. Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties care of the body is imperativ, not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motiv, there are two altruistic motivs which should deter from this excess in work.

Mr. Spencer's concluding remarks were as follows:

Some twenty years ago a good friend of mine, and a good friend of yours, too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the lord rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt for the time that I should hav liked to take up the opposit thesis. I should hav liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but that learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture, as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly ssen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated—that industry, too, bodily or mental, is but a means, and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of activ material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason that the process of evolution throughout the world at large brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for humanity of the future. And there are other reasons which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we hav had somewhat too much of the "gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the Germanic, on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

The chairman next introduced Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College, who, in response to a toast in honor of "Sociology," paid a high tribute to the guest and to the science of sociology. He said:

Unquestionably it is to the great philosophy which has now been established by such ample induction in the experimental sciences, and which offers to man such new command of all the relations of life, that we must look for the establishment of the guiding lines in the study of sociology. I can see no boundaries to the scope of the philosophy of evolution. That philosophy is sure to embrace all the interests of man on this earth. It will be one of its crowning triumphs to bring light and order into the social problems which are of universal bearing on all mahkind. Mr. Spencer is breaking the path for us into this domain. We stand eager to follow him into it, and we look upon his work on sociology as a grand step in the history of science. When, therefore, we express our earnest hope that Mr. Spencer may hav strength and health to bring his work to a speedy conclusion, we not only express our personal respect and good will for himself, but also our sympathy with what, I doubt not, is the warmest wish of his own heart, and our appreciation of his great services to true science and to the welfare of mankind.

To the toast, "Evolution: at first a hypothesis, now an established doctrin of the scientific world," Prof. Marsh responded, and as a conclusion to an able speech, said:

All existing life on the earth is now believed to be connected directly with that of the distant past, and one problem to-day is to trace out the lines of descent. Here embryology and paleontology work together, and the results already secured are most important. The genealogies of some of the animals now living hav been made out with a degree of certainty that amounts to a demonstration, and others must rapidly follow.

In this, and in all other departments of natural science, the doctrin of evolution has brought light out of darkness, and marks out the path of future progress. What the law of gravitation is to astronomy, the law of evolution is now to natural science. Evolution is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated truth, accepted by naturalists throughout the world.

The most encouraging feature in natural science, indeed in all science, to-day is the spirit in which the work is carried on. No authority is recognized which forbids the investigation of any question, however profound; and, with that confidence which success justly brings, no question within the domain of science is now believed to be insoluble. Not even the grand problems now before us—the antiquity of the human race, the origin of man, or even the origin of life itself.

Prof. Marsh was followed by the Hon. Carl Schurz, who responded to the toast, "The progress of science tends to international harmony." Speaking of the claim of Mr. Spencer that too great continuity and intensity of work will necessarily destroy our physical constitutiou, Mr. Schurz said he was sorry to see that in this respect Mr. Spencer himself, whose health is very delicate, appears more like an American than an Englishman.

Leaving the discussion of profound scientific and philosophical problems to others who were reckless of their physical well-being, Mr. Schurz recalled the following reminiscence of the war:

Some nineteen years ago, shortly after the battle of Missionary Ridge, I was camped with my command in winter quarters not far from Chattanooga, where we had so little food for our horses that many of them died, and so little salt that we could hardly make our beef and hard-tack palatable, but I found in my effects a copy of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," and during those long winter nights in my tent I studied them by the light of a tallow candle, and for that beautiful luxury I shall never cease to be grateful to our distinguished guest. I became convinced that if the Southern people had read and thoroughly digested that excellent work, there would never hav been any war for the dissolution of the Union. I essayed to hammer the fundamental principle of the "Social Statics" into the heads of the soldiers; namely, that "every man is entitled to the freedom of doing what he wills, provided he interfere not with the same freedom of any other man."

After some remarks upon the subject of the toast, the speaker continued:

In the distinguished man who this evening honors us we greet one of the foremost representativs of that great development of thought which has burst the bonds of the closet; we greet in him the great apostle of the doctrin of evolution; we greet him as a hero of thought who has devoted his life to the sublime task of vindicating the right of science as against the intolerant authority of traditional belief.

Great applause greeted the peroration of the eminent speaker.

Mr. Evarts then announced as the next toast this more or less dubious sentiment, "Evolution and Religion: that which perfects humanity cannot destroy religion," to which, as it was a double toast, he said there would be a duet of speakers to respond. The first of these was Prof. John Fiske, of Cambridge. In the course of his remarks he said:

Matthew Arnold once summed up the two main propositions of religion very well when he defined God as "An eternal Power, not ourselvs, that makes for righteousness." This two-fold assertion, that there is eternal power that is not ourselvs, and that this power makes for righteousness, is to be found, either in a rudimentary or in a highly developed state, in all known religions. In such religions as those of the Esquimaux or Zulus this assertion is found in a rudimentary shape on each of its two sides—the speculativ side and the ethical side; in such religions as Buddhism or Judaism it is found in a highly developed shape on both sides. But the main point is that in all religions you find it in some shape or orther. I said, a moment ago, that modern civilized men will agree that this two sided assertion is of far greater importance than any of the superficial points in which religions differ It is really of much more concern to us that there is an eternal power, not ourselvs, that makes for righteousness, than that such a power is onefold or threefold in its metaphysical nature, or that we ought not to play cards on Sunday, or to eat meat on Friday. No one, I believe, will deny so simple and clear a statement as this. But it is not only we modern men, who call ourselvs enlightened, that will agree to this. I doubt not even the narrow-minded bigots of days now happily gone by would hav been made to agree to it if they could hav had some doggedly persistent Socrates to cross-question them. Calvin was willing to burn Servetus for doubting the doctrin of the Trinity, but I do not suppose that even Calvin would hav argued that the belief in God's threefold nature was more fundamental than the belief in his existence and his goodness. The philosophical error with him was that he could not dissociate the less important doctrin from the more important doctrin, and the fate of the latter seemed to him wrapped up with the fate of the former. I cite this merely as a typical example. What men in past times hav really valued in their religion has been the universal twofold assertion that there is a God who is pleased by the sight of the just man and is angry with the wicked every day; and when men hav fought one another, and murdered or calumniated one another for heresy about the Trinity or about eating meat on Friday, it has been because they hav supposed belief in non-essential doctrins to be inseparably connected with belief in the essential doctrin. In spite of all this, however, it is true that in the mind of the uncivilized man the great central truths of religion are so densely overlaid with hundreds of trivial notions respecting dogma and ritual that his perception of the great central truths is obscure. These great central truths, indeed, need to be clothed in a dress of little rites and superstition in order to take hold of his dull and untrained intelligence. But in proportion as men become more civilized and learn to think more accurately, and to take wider views of life, just so do they come to value the essential truths of religion more highly, while they attach less and less importance to superficial details.

The chairman then introduced, as the last speaker Mr. Beecher, who made what was perhaps the most remarkable speech of the evening. He spoke in effect as follows:

The old churches used to hav two ministers; one was considered as a doctor of theology and the other a revivalist and pastor. The doctor has had his say, and now the evangelist will hav his. Paul complained that Alexander the coppersmith did him great harm. Mr. Spencer has done us immense harm. I don't believe that there is a thoughtful minister in the United States that has not been put to a peck of troubles, and a great deal more than that, by the intrusion of his views and comparisons with the old views. I can't for the life of me reconcile his notions with those of St. Augustine. I can't get along with Calvin and Spencer both. Sometimes one of them is uppermost and sometimes the other, and I hav often been disposed to let them fight it out themselvs and not take any hand in the scrape. It is to be borne in mind that when a man is driving a team of horses that are just all that he can manage anyhow, he is not in a state of mind to discuss questions with his wife by his side, who is undertaking to bring up delicate domestic matters. A man that has a woolly-headed deacon watching everything that he does, or a gold-spectacled lawyer—not a fat one, but a long, lean, lank one—he can't afford to talk Spencerism; he has got to take care of himself first. He must therefore expect not to come in like an equinoctial storm; he will come in like a drizzle. He will descend as the dew.

But one thing is certain, Mr. Spencer is coming, whether men want him or not, and coming to stay. Mr. Spencer may hav dyspepsia, but his books hav got no dyspepsia. They like the climate, and they are working their way steadfastly in this country. When Mr. Spencer speaks of our being so industrious he speaks like an insular gentleman. You havn't anything to do in England; you hav but about three hundred miles diameter one way and eight hundred the other. We hav got this whole continent to take care of. We are rather an ambitious people. We hav learned from the astronomers that they are five hours ahead of us every day in England, and we hav to work with all our might to make up those five hours.

Now let me say, with a little more approach to sobriety, I think that the doctrin of evolution, and its relation to the work of Mr. Spencer, which takes in that and a great deal more besines, to speak in plain language, is going to revolutionize theology from one end to the other; it is going to make good walking where we hav had very muddy walking hitherto; it is going to bridge over rivers which we hav had to wade, and it is going to cast light on many dark points in biblical literature. There are many points in which the theology of the past did well enough for the past, but it does not answer reasonable questions, and the moral considerations that are brought to bear upon it in our day I had just as lief hav descended from a monkey if I hav descended far enough. The New Testament idea is that religion is the art of putting men on an anvil and hammering them out into perfect manhood. There is no difference between that tendency in Mr. Spencer's work or Mr. Darwin's, or the galaxy of eminent writers that shine in the East, and ourselvs on that subject. On the other hand, the whole business of religion is not merely to insure a man against fire in the other world, but to create an insurable interest in him.

There is nothing more in the quarrel between science and religion than there is in a quarrel between man and wife. In both cases it might be regarded simply as an "adjustment of differences." All that is true and good in the Bible may easily be adjusted to the facts developed by the careful researches of the students of science. Man is certainly a progressiv animal, and just so far as true science opens the way for him to see just so far will his moral status improve. Our physical being is in constant conflict with our moral being. We are constantly in our moral natures resolving to do things which our physical natures refuse to do, but the physical as well as the moral natures are improving from year to year, which carries out the theory of progressiv development. The business before men is the making of themselvs, while they are making also the world in which they dwell. The doctrin of immortality was not known in the Old Testament day. Here we hav Prof. Park, of Andover, and a great many good and godly men in New England, discussing to-da whether a man who don't believe that everybody that dies impenitent will be damned forever and ever, is fit to preach the gospel. Five thousand years ago there was not a man on the face of the earth that knew there was a future.

In conclusion Mr. Beecher addressed these words to Mr. Spencer:

May he who holds the storms in his hands be gracious to you, sir, and may your voyage across the sea be prosperous and speedy, and may you find on the other side all those conditions of health and of comfort which shall enable you to complete the great work, greater than any other man in this age has attempted; and may you liv to hear from this continent and from that an unbroken testimony to the services which you hav done to humanity; and thus, if you are not outwardly crowned, you will wear an invisible crown on your heart which will carry comfort to death, and I will greet you beyond.

Mr. Beecher's remarks were cheered at their conclusion, most of the gentlemen rising to their feet and waving handkerchiefs and napkins.

When the speaker had taken his seat, Mr. Evarts requested the gentlemen to rise and once more to drink the health of Herbert Spencer. When this was done, Mr. Spencer said: "I am too much overcome by the good wishes expressed this evening to say more."

W. S. Bell's Liberty and Morality.

This is a fresh and readable book. It puts morality on the right basis. It is up to the high-water mark of advanced thought. Mr. Bell is not a bit afraid of liberty, because he has a profound confidence in human nature. He takes no stock in the "Gods." The source of morality is man himself. What is morality? It is not that which honors deity, but that which honors humanity. It is not the happiness of a heavenly being that we are to seek, but the happiness of the inhabitant of this planet. Let man be free, and he will surely in the end seek his happiness, and that will constitute the highest virtue.

Mr. Bell puts these pregnant and grandly revolutionary thoughts in a clear-cut and forcible manner. As he is about to enter the lecture field I hope that all Liberal societies will make an effort for the enjoyment and instruction of his live presentation of to-day's truth. He is entirely out of the fogs of the past, is well read, able, and logical and persuasiv in his method of address. His ringing words for liberty are what the hour demands.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Cheap Books.

We hav laid before our readers a list of a part of the standard books we hav recently purchased. We think it will be admitted that they are low in price. We trust our friends will be attracted by these very low prices and send us generous orders. Additions to our list will appear in our next.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

Claiming Too Much.

The following has been received from an old friend and long-time patron of Boston:

BOSTON. NOV. 15, 1882.

D. M. BENNETT, *Dear Sir:* At the convention for the consideration of the anti-death subject, my attention was called to your article entitled "E. H. Heywood Again in Prison," which had escaped my notice before. It somewhat surprised me that, after doing the same that Mr. Heywood has done, and got yourself into prison, *i e*, defied that accursed law, doubtless to keep the agitation among the people in order that sometime the constitutional power of the government, the people, may rise and annul that law pushed through Congress by that accursed Christian lobbyist on the last day and last hour of the session of 1873. when, as I am informed, two-thirds of its members were drunk—and that when the president signed the bill he was so drunk that he had to be held up to do it—you say, "We hav fears that Mr. Heywood has been indiscreet." I had fears when you defied the government, or the law, but did not express it, and stood by you all the same. You wondered why Mr. Heywood should, under the circumstances, mail such matter. Said you "We could not see what good was to be gained by it." Mr. Heywood might hav said the same of you when you put yourself in the same position and made a martyr of yourself. You say, "There is no reason why any one should thrust his hands into the lion's mouth." Supposing that none of us had brought any opposition to the tyranny of the church fiends, or to the miserable frauds of Comstock and his hell-breeding minions, where would you hav been now? Instead of one year in the penitentiary it might hav been ten, and we should not hav had the privilege of reading your beautiful history of your travels around the world. I do hope that the popularity we hav given you by standing by you will not make you a tyrant instead of the Liberal you once were. There are no men that I hav held in higher esteem than yourself and Mr. Heywood, so I hope that you will not turn against us in the fight for right, as Col. Ingersoll, Underwood, and Abbot hav, and prove yourselvs to be all hypocrits. Am sorry to say that I hav found some of the most professed champions of Liberalism the most bigoted that I hav met, even in the orthodox church.

Now, Mr. Bennett, I hav had my say, and I hope you will giv it a place in the good old TRUTH SEEKER, and oblige one of your most sincere advocates for the right, and I will ever remain

Your sincere friend, N. H. DILLINGHAM, M.D.

REPLY.—With all respect for our venerable friend we will try to set ourselvs right upon this subject. We seem, in giving our views upon the Heywood subject, to hav stirred up a pretty lively hornets' nest. Every one of a certain class, among whom may be reckoned those in favor of social freedom, Freelovers, and promiscuityites, is aggrieved and will hav it that we hav proved false to principle; that we hav "flopped over;" that we hav "turned a summersault;" that we are guilty of cowardly conduct, that we hav falsified the principles of our life, and much more in the same line.

We insist there is no ground for these claims. We hav been false to no principle we hav advocated. We hav not changed position. We hav turned no summersault. We hav not even flopped over. The fact that we sold "Cupid's Yokes" and went to prison for it by no means proves that we are bound to favor the circulation of erotic and indecent matter. We hold that "Cupid's Yokes" is in no sense obscene. It is an essay upon the marriage question. Charles Devens, Judge Grey, and the members of Hayes's Cabinet entertained the same opinion. So thoroughly hav we maintained this that we hav continued to sell the pamphlet, as we are doing to-day. But because of this we positivly deny that we are bound to sustain nastiness or that which we look upon as nastiness. We hav never said a word to show that we were in favor of circulating, in any way, salacious and sensuous reading matter. We are not of the number who think that what a dying world is sighing for is the liberty to circulate indecent literature. There is much which to us seems of far greater consequence to our race. We, however, accord to all our friends the full right to arrive at such conclusions as to them seem most proper. If they think the greatest and grandest liberty human beings can attain to is to be permitted to circulate indecent literature, we will not quarrel with them, but we ask them to grant us similar liberty. If it is just for them to exercise the right to be in favor of such circulation, we certainly hav an equal right to oppose it. We shall, at all events, exercise that right. We trust our very Liberal friends will not deny to us the rights we so freely accord to them. If it is right for them to act upon their convictions, we trust they will see it is right for us to do the same. We hope none will insist that we should not hav the liberty of our convictions, for ours are as dear to us as those of others can be to them.

The argument is used that because we hav selected indecent parts of the Bible and circulated them in a book, therefore Mr. Heywood has a perfect right to make similar selections from Walt Whitman, and that we are bound to sustain him. There seems to us to be no logic in this. We are opposed to the Bible. We regard it as a great engin of superstition and error. We hav made it our business to show up its imperfections, its nastiness, and its indecency. We hav published those parts separately in book form, that it may be seen at a glance the indecency the book contains. So long as millions of copies of the Bible are circulated every year; so long as they are in every house, in every Sunday-school, and in the hands of every man, woman, and child, we claim a perfect right to do this. And we do so to show up the Bible in its true light—to work against it and destroy its influence. We do it, not because of any special fondness we hav for nastiness, but to show where it is most to be found. If we wished to damage Walt Whitman it would seem we would be justified in pursuing a similar course, and any one else has the same right. But we do not wish to injure Whitman, and shall not take that course with regard to him. If there are those who claim the right to do so we will not deny them the right, but we certainly hope they will leave us the privilege to express our views.

It ought to be pretty well understood by this time what our object and mission are. It is to oppose the errors of supernaturalism, the tyranny of priestcraft, and the absurdities of the current system of religion. We honestly believe Christianity to be false, to be the greatest sham in the world, without truth in its history, without loveliness in its doctrins, without benefit to the human race, and without anything to sustain it in the hold it has upon the world. We are in favor of advocating the truths of nature, we are glad to aid in disseminating the teachings of science. We are in favor of extending and enlarging the rights of oppressed men and women. We are in favor, so far as possible, of an even distribution of the wealth of the world. We are opposed to a few holding immense fortunes which they never earned, while millions are suffering for the commonest necessities of life. We are opposed to the oppressions of capital and monopoly. We are in favor of all men acquiring a comfortable competence in life, and opposed to one man seizing and holding that which belongs to millions, and is indispensable for their comfort.

We hope those who are in sympathy with us in these respects will sustain us in our efforts, while we cannot ask those who are not to do so. We shall continue on in the work in which we are engaged. We shall not deny to others the right to circulate erotic literature if they think that is the highest good; but we shall not engage in it ourselvs nor advocate it. We trust we hav now defined our position so fully that we shall not again be called upon to "rise and explain."

The Late Prof. Darwin's Position.

It is encouraging when such papers as the New York *Tribune* are willing to print anything decidedly damaging to Christianity, so it is simply the truth. The following is from a late letter from a London correspondent of that journal:

> The controversy about Darwin's letter on Revelation appears to be settled by the publication of the original text. This letter first appeared in England in the form of a translation from the German which was itself a translation from the English. By leaving out a full stop the sentence in question could be made to tail on to the next text so as to read, "I do not believe there has ever been any revelation as to a future life." In this qualification some people found comfort. But what Mr. Darwin really wrote was this:
>
> "Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities."
>
> The date of this letter is June 5, 1879, and it is published in the *Academy* of November 4th. Then follows an extract from the *National Reformer* (Mr. Bradlaugh's paper) of October 29th, giving some account of a visit to Darwin last autumn by Dr. Ludwig Buchner and Dr. Aveling. Darwin is reported to hav said:
>
> "I am with you in thought, but I should prefer the word 'Agnostic' to the word 'Atheist.' . . . I never gave up Christianity until I was forty years of age"—and in reply to a question why he had given up Christianity, "It is not supported by evidence."
>
> It is possible that some worthy people may presently complain that the author of these hard sayings should be sleeping in Westminster Abbey. But they will complain to no purpose. The Abbey is a church, but it is also a pantheon, and the monopoly of it belongs to no creed or sect.

There is far more importance to the few passages here quoted from the utterances of Mr. Darwin than is observable to the casual reader. For such a man, who for honest investigation and soundness of his conclusions has never had a superior in the world, to say that *Christ and science hav no connection*, that he did *not believe there ever has been any revelation*, is just equivalent to taking the ultra ground we do, that Christianity is nothing less than unmitigated fraud and sham.

We hav the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Prof. Ludwig Buchner and Dr. E. B. Aveling, and know them to be the strongest kind of Materialists and Atheists. For him to assure those gentlemen that *he was with them in belief*, and that *he gave up Christianity because it was not supported by evidence*, is pregnant with meaning. There can be no mistaking such utterance. The wise philosopher clearly had not a particle of belief in the most absurd system of Christianity. Many of us may feel more firm in knees and steadfast in back when we know that this, the greatest man that ever lived, professed the same views we do. Oh, haste the day when thousands and millions more of human beings may hav the intelligence and integrity to make the same statement. Let eternal truth triumph over error.

Evils of Our Days.

It is probable all days and eras hav had a plenty of evils, and that in many respects we liv in one of the happiest ages the world has known. Science has advanced beyond any previous limits. Intelligence is more diversified over the earth—there are more of the elements of knowledge diffused among the people than was ever the case before since the era of man upon the earth. The human race ought to be happy. The earth produces abundantly, and more than the children of men can eat. Men know how to construct comfortable dwellings to protect themselvs from wintry colds. They know how to manufacture warm garments to protect their bodies from the biting frosts. They hav more avocations to pursue, and possess more facilities than ever for accomplishing what they desire. Yes, with the abundance which the fertil earth produces, and with the numberless avocations that man can pursue, this ought to be indeed the golden and happy age of the world. But, alas, it is not so! Toil, care, hardship, and oppression seems to be the lot of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the globe. Starvation and the most abject penury is the fate of the great bulk of earth's sons and daughters. Ninety-nine hundredths of the inhabitants of the globe are practically under the heels of the other one-hundredth; and though they toil from twelve to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, they eke out, as a rule, a most miserable existence.

This is the rule in nearly all the countries of the globe. In countries where the climate and fertility of the soil indicate that men ought to be able to make a good living by toiling six hours per day, in fact, though they put in double that amount of time, they barely secure a pitiful subsistence. The truth is, though it is claimed there is less slavery in the world than ever before, the world is still rife with it, and perhaps the worst slavery of all is the slavery of the many to the few, the slavery of labor to capital.

Let us look over the condition in our own country, which for many reasons should be the most prosperous country upon which the sun shines. Here society is divided into four classes. The first is the very rich, who as a rule hav never earned a dollar of the wealth they possess, and perhaps hav never done an honest day's work in their lives. Some of these in the course of a lifetime hav accumulated a hundred millions of dollars, which would be sufficient to giv two hundred thousand comfortable homes, with the means of securing an honest livelihood.

The second class embraces farmers, traders, manufacturers, and mechanics, who know neither poverty nor riches, who by faithful toil are able to secure the comforts of life.

The third class covers the great army of toilers, who work by the day, week, or month, for as small a sum as their moneyed masters are able to obtain their services for. These generally own but little property, and though they toil faithfully they can only hope to secure a moderate livelihood. If sickness visits them and they are unable to pursue their daily toil, their income at once stops, and deprivation and suffering are consequent.

In the fourth class are the paupers, tramps, criminals, and those who will not work on any consideration, and who would not cause the world any loss, for all the good they do, should they starve to death.

The first class are the robbers and the thieves of the world. They obtain that in unlimited quantities to which they hav no real right and which they hav never earned. The wealth of the world, like the air, the water, and the soil, is the natural heritage of all; and he who grasps and takes to himself an unlimited amount of that which belongs to all is simply a robber and should be treated as a robber.

It is indeed a serious question as to what shall be the remedy for this tendency to the enormous accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. To such a pass has this accumulation come that it is no uncommon thing for these wholesale robbers to seize ten millions of dollars per year, an income sufficient for ten thousand men. And sometimes by giving the financial machinery an extra turn, a million, or half a million, is made in a few hours.

Is this great wrong to continue, and is there no remedy for it? Shall we all tamely sit with our thumbs in our mouths and let the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and the Rothschilds thus swing the lash over our heads and make us even fall before the wheels of their golden chariots? So long as the people suffer this outrage to be perpetrated, so long will it continue. If the public will quietly let these robbers still o'erload their safes and treasuries with

the wealth which belongs to the people, the conscienceless criminals will continue to seize all they can grasp.

The remedy is to make it undesirable to be the owner of such vast wealth. No one man should own more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, and when more than this is acquired it should be heavily taxed, increasing the rate of taxation with the increase of wealth. The excessivly rich should be excessivly taxed. Capital, and not labor, should be made to sustain the expenses of state and national government. A new system of taxation should be adopted, and it should be so graduated that the more wealth a man has stolen the heavier taxes he should pay. This is but simple justice, and the people of the country should hav the intelligence, the courage, and the firmness to carry it out. The people hav it entirely in their power to effect this if they will only act in concert and are true to themselvs and each other. They are the creators of the law-making power, and it rests wholly with them whether this great reform shall be inaugurated. Let it be hoped that the people of America will hav the intelligence to look this matter squarely in the face, and hav the determination to see that justice is done.

Reduction of Price—New Subscribers.

We must confess up to this time we hav been somewhat disappointed in the zeal our friends manifest in sending in the names of new subscribers—or rather a want of zeal. By reducing the price of the paper to really less than cost, we expected considerable interest would be manifest in sending in the names of new patrons. Every reader of the paper has a direct interest in having the price as low as possible, and if this price is kept low the circulation must be increased. This is almost a self-evident proposition.

We will be glad if every friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER will exert himself to extend its circulation. To encourage this effort, we hav offered what we consider some generous premiums. When a paper is sent out at less than cost, it cannot be expected that much commission can be given. The following premiums are all we feel able to offer. And right here we must say that if the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER is kept at $2.50 per year, the number of patrons must be greatly increased. To secure the premiums offered, we expect a good long list of subscribers' names sent in.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

To all new yearly subscribers we will send the paper to January, 1884, for the price of the next year, viz: $2.50. At this cheap rate, it would seem that many can be induced to subscribe.

And to encourage our present subscribers to make a little effort, we offer the following premiums:

To the one obtaining the most names for a year's subscription, at the above rate, we will present a set of Chambers's Cyclopedia, in 15 vols.; price, $15.

To the one sending in the next largest list, we will present a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary or a set of Dickens's works, as may be preferred. Value of each set, $12; or any other works of the same price.

To the one sending in the next largest number, we will present a copy of Shakspere's Complete Works, bound in morocco and gold, large quarto edition, worth $6; or any other works of the same value.

These are good, substantial premiums, well worth working for. Chambers's Cyclopedia (now called People's Library of Universal Knowledge) was originally published for $30. The Dickens's Works was published originally for $22.50; and this edition of Shakspere is the same sold throughout the country by canvassers for from $10 to $12. They are all books of enduring worth.

This offer will remain open till March next, and should be the means of adding many new friends to what many Liberals are pleased to call the best Liberal paper published. We trust our friends will see that we do not hav send out these premiums for insufficient consideration. Let all good truth seekers exert themselvs to make THE TRUTH SEEKER list grow.

Christian Influences.

A great deal is said about the sweet and ennobling influences of Christianity, and of its wonderful power in elevating men and women from the low plane where birth placed them. But when particular cases are investigated it quite as often turns out that a profession of Christianity makes people not only arrant hypocrits, but also low and vulgar. One of our city dailies states that "it has been said that Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, is very much of a gentleman, and that his wife is a highly-cultured lady. The effect of associating with such remarkable enthusiasts as those who compose the army has shown itself in Mrs. Booth's style of writing. In an essay on 'Right-hearted People,' she says: 'I believe devils are sitting in council over us every day. The devil has never had such a stewing since he was cast out of heaven.' This may be forcible, and possibly even true; yet nobody will call it elegant. However, it is quite as refined as anything else in the issue of the *War Cry* in which it appears. That paper says: 'Hell's mouth is wide open.' 'The Hallelujah lasses beat the tambourine. Anything to beat the devil.'"

A belief in a system of religion that depends upon a malicious devil to carry out the behests of a still more malicious God is well calculated to engender crude and most erroneous notions. The system can assuredly be well spared from the world.

Joseph Cook.

This blatant, slanderous, false, and semi-insane individual, it appears, has once more touched American soil, and for a week has been bloviating in California towns, boasting of the number of his books that hav been sold, and the proof that is thereby afforded to the world of the truth of the Jesus system of religion. But really his noisy monthings contain but little for an intelligent and candid man to listen to. He is nothing else but a villainous, lying blatherskite. His great effort is to show that there is a close connection between Jesus and science. His entire effort is to sustain a falsehood. Jesus knew no more about science than a ten-year-old boy; and every time Joseph Cook attempts to show to the contrary he simply attempts to hold up a lie. Darwin spoke the truth when he said "there is no connection between Christ and science," and one word from him is worth ten thousand from the arrogant, boastful, slanderous, lying, ungentlemanly, swinish Joseph Cook.

Much For Little.

We hav on hand a goodly number of Volumes I. and II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, published in 1874 and 1875, the same securely bound in good paper covers. The first volume is a monthly, and the second a semi-monthly. Volume 1. contains 160 pages, and Volume II. 256 pages.

We are disposed to send these out to friends who wish them at a trifle above the postage. We will send Vol I. for 25 cents, and Vol. II. for 50 cents They contain a large amount of reading matter, and are worth nearly ten times the amount asked for them. They also are worth not a little to show what THE TRUTH SEEKER was in the first and second years of its existence. Let those who wish to secure these volumes not fail to make their wants known.

Christian Misrepresentation

Is one of the most common qualities met with in our time. Misrepresentation, aspersion, and ostracism seem to be as natural to the current system of religion as its own existence. When one acts upon his honest convictions and endeavors to show that the system is false—not what it purports to be—is not of divine origin, he at once becomes the mark for the most pointed animosity, slander, and abuse. If one presumes to show that any great man was an unbeliever in the system, he is at once hunted down, pursued, spitefully used, and all manner of things said of him falsely. All the dogs, little and big, mangy and lousy, will yelp after him and do all they can to cast disgrace upon him.

These reflections are called out by the vile course that has been pursued toward W. H. Herndon, Esq., of Springfield, Ill., formerly law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and who published to the world that Lincoln was an unbeliever in the Christian system, or, in other words, an Infidel, as the term is understood. We hav received the following letter from Mr. Herndon:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 20, 282.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Inclosed is a card of mine which I hav been compelled in self-defense to publish. I said from 1866 to 1882 that Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel. I said it, wrote it, and published it; and I now repeat it to you. Since those years I think I hav been the best abused *little* man in America. I am simply a private citizen, and yet the Christian people and press still grind out their libels simply because I told the truth. Please read, and, if you can, will you be so kind as to publish it in your excellent TRUTH SEEKER? If you cannot publish the whole please simmer it down, and giv me a good little editorial, and for which I shall be under a thousand obligations to you.

Your friend, WM. H. HERNDON.

A CARD AND A CORRECTION.

I wish to say a few words to the public and private ear. About the year 1870 I wrote a letter to F. E. Abbot, then of Ohio, touching Mr. Lincoln's religion. In that letter I stated that Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel, sometimes bordering on Atheism, and I now repeat the same. In the year 1873 the Right Rev. James A. Reed, pastor and liar of this city, gave a lecture on Mr. Lincoln's religion, in which he tried to answer some things which I never asserted, except as to Lincoln's Infidelity, which I did assert, and now and here affirm. Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel of the radical type; he never mentioned the name of Jesus, except to scorn and detest the idea of miraculous conception. This lecture of the withered minister will be found in *Holland's Review*. I answered this lecture in 1874, I think, in this city to a large and intelligent audience—had it printed and sent a copy to Holland, requesting, in polite language that he insert it in his *Review*, as an answer to the Reed lecture. The request was denied me, as a matter of course. He could help to libel a man with Christian courage, and with Christian cowardice refuse to *unlibel* him.

Soon thereafter, say from 1874 to 1882, I saw floating around in the newspaper literature such charges as "Herndon is in the lunatic asylum, well chained," "Herndon is a pauper," "Herndon is a drunkard," "Herndon is a vile Infidel and a knave, a liar and a drunkard," and the like. I hav contradicted all these things under my own hand often, except as to my so-called Infidelity, Liberalism, free religious opinions, or what-not. In the month of October, 1882, I saw in and clipped out of the Cherryvale *Globe-News* of Sept., 1882, a paper published in the state of Kansas, the following rich and racy article. It is as follows:

LINCOLN'S OLD LAW PARTNER A PAUPER.

Bill Herndon is a pauper in Springfield, Ill. He was once worth considerable property. His mind was the most argumentativ of any of the old lawyers in the state, and his memory was extraordinary.

For several years before Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, Herndon was in some respects the most activ member of the firm, preparing the greatest number of cases for trial and making elaborate arguments in their behalf.

It is said that he worked hard with Lincoln in preparing the memorable speeches delivered by the man who afterward became president, during the debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, and in constructing the Cooper Institute address delivered by Lincoln a short time before the war.

Herndon, with all his attainments, was a man who now and then went on a spree, and it was no uncommon thing for him to leave an important lawsuit and spend several days in drinking and carousing. This habit became worse after Lincoln's death, and, like poor Dick Yates, Herndon went down step by step till his old friends and associates point to him as a common drunkard.

There are three distinct charges in the above article. First that I am a pauper; second, that I am a common drunkard and third, that I was a traitor, or false to my clients. Let me answer these charges in their order. First, I am not a pauper, never hav been, and expect never to be. I am working on my own farm, making my own living with my own muscle and brain, a place and a calling that even Christianity with its persecution and malignity can never reach me to do me much harm. I had, it is true, once a considerable property, but lost much of it in the crash and consequent crisis of 1873, caused in part by the contraction of the currency, in part by the decline in the demand for agricultural products which I raised for sale, in part by the inability of the people to buy, etc., and for no other reasons. Second, I never was a *common* drunkard, as I look at it, and am not now. I am and hav been for years an ardent and enthusiastic temperance man, though opposed to prohibition by law, by any force or other choker. The time has not come for this. It is a fact that I once, years ago, went on a spree; and this I now deeply regret. It however is in the past, and let a good life in the future bury the past. I hav not fallen; I hav risen, and all good men and women will applaud the deed, always excepting a small, little, bitter Christian like the Right Rev. pastor and liar of this city, to whom I can trace some of the above charges. In my case this minister was an eager, itching libeler, and what he said of me is false—nay, a wilful lie. Third, I never was a traitor or untrue to my clients or their interests. I never left them during the progress of a trial or at other times for the causes alleged, drunkenness. I may hav crept—slid—out of a case during the trial because I had no faith in it, leaving Mr. Lincoln, who had faith in it, to run it through. My want of faith in the case would hav been discovered by the jury, and that discovery would hav damaged my client; and to save my client I dodged. This is all there is in it, and let men make the most of it.

Now let me ask a question. Why is all this libeling of me? I am a mere private citizen, hold no office, do not beg the good people to giv me one often. My religious ideas, views, and philosophy are to-day here unpopular. But wait. I will not deny my ideas, views, or philosophy for office or station or the applause of the unthinking multitude. I can, however, answer the above question. It (the libeling) is done because I did assert and affirm by oral language and by print that Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel, sometimes bordering on Atheism, and yet he was among the best, greatest, and noblest of mankind; he was a grand man. Why do not the Christians prove that Mr. Lincoln was an evangelical Christian, and thus prove me a liar? One of my friends, for whom I hav great respect, says that "Mr. Lincoln was a *rational* Christian because he believed in morality." Why not say Mr. Lincoln was a *rational* Buddhist, as Buddhism teaches morality? Why not say Lincoln was a *rational* Mohammedan? By the way, let me say here that I hav a profound respect for an earnest, manly, and sincere Christian or an Atheist, a profound respect for an earnest, manly, and sincere Infidel or Theist, or any other religion, or the men who hold it, when that belief is woven into a great manly character to beautify and greaten the world.

These charges, and I do not know how many more, nor of what kind, hav been scattered broadcast all over the land, and hav gone into every house, hav been read at every fireside, till the good people believe them—believe that I am nearly as mean as a little Christian, and *all because I told the truth and stand firm to my convictions.*

Respectfully,
Springfield, Ill., Nov. 9, 1882. W. H. HERNDON.

W. S. Bell's "Liberty and Morality."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Like yourself, I listened, at the Watkins Convention last August, with deep interest to a part of Mr. Bell's lecture, which he has since thrown into pamphlet form, entitled "Liberty and Morality."

If the Radicals of this country were an organized army Mr. Bell would be assigned to the artillery, for when he trains his gun on the citadel of superstition you may expect to see the dust and splinters fill the air. In his new pamphlet he proves himself to be a master of the logical method, and is not afraid of results; and I well remember, when hearing him at Watkins, that I felt that his address ought to be printed and circulated far and wide among the people so as to correct the false ideas on the subject of disciplin which hav been engendered by the church.

As Mr. Bell wrote his lecture before the second great uprising of the American people, I can easily see how the storms of October and November, by purifying the political atmosphere, would make him, as well as our late illustrious visitor, Herbert Spencer, feel more hopeful concerning the republic, and corroborate the sentiments of Mr. Bell's lecture.

I understand that Mr. Bell contemplates re-visiting the West on a lecturing tour. If the Radicals of that section of country wish to employ one who *finishes* the work he undertakes to do in a workmanlike manner, Mr. Bell is the man for them.

Respectfully, A. B. BRADFORD.
Enon Valley, Pa., Nov. 18, 1882.

Communications.

Our London Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The church congress at Derby met, talked a great deal, and dissolved, with the blissful satisfaction that they had regenerated mankind and put everything straight for another year. But as on various matters discussed the assembly was not always unanimous, it is highly probable that the Holy Ghost did not descend upon these modern apostles, and no doubt they would hav been surprised, not to say greatly frightened, if cloven tongues as of fire had dropped on them.

The proceedings commenced with a speech on the benefits done to the world by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which it appears has been in existence 181 years. This society seems chiefly organized for the purpose of creating colonial bishops, who mostly liv in England, as the circles in which they would hav to move in their own dioceses are scarcely congenial to their tender organizations.

It appears that God is president of the society, but as he only givs his name the expenses hav to be met by the believers on earth, and the income has been dropping off somewhat lately, so the faithful had to be stirred up in the usual manner.

Although we are assured by some of the clergy that the "church of Christ" is making rapid headway, and no doubt they wish to believe such is the case, yet others of them are bound to confess that the reverse is the case, if they can judge by the numbers attending churches and chapels. The bishop of Liverpool dolefully admits that "the working classes as a body are conspicuously absent from the public worship of God on Sundays. This state of things is eminently unsatisfactory; it endangers the very existence of the established church of England. We cannot do without the masses. The church, whose adherents are a minority in the land, will not be allowed to retain her endowments and her connection with the state in this age, and without the working classes our church is in a minority at any parliamentary election." You see, he has let the cat out of the bag. It is the endowments and parliamentary influence these humble disciples of the carpenter of Nazareth want. When the church was in the plenitude of its power, which of its members troubled about the masses, except to keep them in total bondage? But now they possess votes and are getting better educated, their value is discovered, and they are expected to be caught by the childish expedient of putting a little salt on their tails. I think the bishops are rather too late in the day to entrap the working man, and these soft words and piteous cries for help in their distress will scarcely compensate for ages of the direst oppression and tyranny.

The church men are not quite so pleased with the Salvation Army as they were. The latter are getting all the plunder, and, what is much more, sticking to it. They do not intend to cry "halves," and it is now discovered that they are not doing the Lord's work as was at first supposed. Instead of converting wicked Infidels they are converting those who are already in the fold. It is a case of wolf eating wolf. At the licensing sessions held a few days back, amongst the other publicans and sinners, appeared "General" Booth, who desired a renewal license for music and dancing at the Eagle Tavern and Grecian Theater just purchased by him, but as he declined to say what he intended doing with the dancing license they only gave him one for selling liquors. No doubt if he and his family serve behind the bar they will draw plenty of custom. He seems to hav made quite a good sum of money by selling tickets of admission to the marriage ceremony of his son, on whom the mantle of the prophet is to descend. I am curious to know what his next sensation will be, for now he has started he must keep this sort of thing up or the concern will fall to pieces sooner than he intends.

A serious accident has just occurred at Hanley, in one of the salvation halls. The flooring gave way, and many of the dupes were injured, some very severely, but I suppose this will be accounted as a blessing in disguise, one of the Lord's mysterious ways with his people, to test their faith. It is bound to be all for the best, somehow or other.

Canon Farrar has published a book recently on the early history of the church, and I should imagin from what little I hav seen of it that it must be rather an ingenious work. The writer has discovered that Nero was the antichrist and the beast spoken of in that zoological treatis known as the Revelation of St. John; the prophetical numbers came out all right, and everything else tallies, so no doubt it is all correct. It is some comfort to know that all the prophecies hav been fulfilled, all the vials poured out, and the trumpets blown, so we shall not hav it to go through, as other ignorant teachers want to make out. I myself am glad it is all over, but it was a great pity it was not all found out before, as it would hav relieved many of much anxiety. As all that disagreeable business is done with, Freethinkers may go on working without any fear of their efforts suddenly coming to an end before their task is completed. J. D.

London, Oct. 25, 1882.

The New Calendar.

We hav been requested to giv place to the following from the *Investigator:*

FRIEND SEAVER: Will you kindly allow me a little space in your next issue, because I find that my generosity to Mr. Wakeman concerning my 282 Freethought Calendar is being misconstrued, to my great injury, and is even making an enemy of a prominent New York Liberal, who would be a friend but for my large-heartedness in the matter, for I need not hav even *mentioned* Mr. Wakeman in connection with it, but shared the honor with him out of pure good will? Therefore I must now declare, for my own protection, that the credit I so freely giv friend Wakeman is wholly from courtesy and not of right, for until I proclaimed it at a public meeting in the Paine Memorial, neither he nor any other Liberal except myself had the slightest knowledge of a 282 Freethought Calendar, and consequently the assertion that it is Mr. Wakeman's Calendar is a mistake of the largest description.

As Brother Wakeman never originated a calendar at all, there cannot very well be "Bruno-Wakeman" Calendar, but there is a Hill-Wakeman or Liberal Calendar, originated, proclaimed, and started on its mission to humanity by *myself alone;* and in order that I may not hav to suffer wrong again on account of that last of all things for which persons should so suffer, namely, their *kindness*, I hav made this plain statement of fact, and ask Mr. Wakeman to verify it in your columns, so that I may no more be robbed in this manner.

Very truly yours, GEORGE N. HILL.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 10, 282, *Anno Scientia.*

P. S.—As I constructed this Calendar largely as a monument to the heroic Giordano Bruno, I hope that sooner or later all Liberals and their societies will embrace *in full* my idea in starting it, and will giv to science—for love of which Bruno so gallantly suffered death at the stake—the place it so surely deserves both in itself and for his sake as the head of our Freethought Calendar, using the letters A. S. (*Anno Scientia*, or Year of Science) in dating events since the old year, 1600, and the letters B. S. (Before Science) for those previous to that time, then indeed shall we liv in the "age of reason."

Yours, G. N. H.

[We presume Mr. Wakeman will not object to sharing with Mr. Hill the honor of proposing the new Calendar, and that neither Mr. Wakeman nor Mr. Hill knew that the other had proposed it at the time he proposed it. It only proves that two or more great minds often run in the same groove. The proposition to drop the bloody Era of the Lord and adopt the peaceful Era of Man is certainly a good one, no matter how many made it.—ED. T. S].

Where Shall We Find Liberal Wives?

What are we "Liberal" young men going to do for "Liberal" wives? You are aware there are fewer Liberal young ladies than young men, a least so it seems to me. It is something that causes me no little pain. For instance, I become acquainted with a nice young lady, well informed on most subjects, and who no doubt would make a good wife, and then find she is a firm believer in the Christian religion; what is to be done? As far as I am concerned, individually, I could bear it; but when I think of the darling little children (if so fortunate as to hav children) being taught to believe it, and I not allowed to read to them from THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other such publications, I just back right down, and say I will not marry until I find a "Liberal." H.

The first step toward making Liberal women is to make free women.

Giv woman the ballot—make her in all respects man's equal. Make her a responsible being. Make her feel that what she is depends on what she does, and what she is free to do. Let her mix and mingle with the world's workers, winning name, fame, and money of her own. Let her become self-supporting and self-owning. Let her stand side by side with man in every walk and line of life, and she will become as broad, wise, and cultured as only practical workers can.

It is ignorance that builds all our churches, and while women are tied to the kitchen and nursery, or kept as parlor ornaments and helpless dependents on man's bounty, they will be ignorant and superstitious, and gravitate to the church. Living as woman now does—almost wholly for her affections—sentimental, romantic, and self-sacrificing; yielding, pliant, and docil as a slave; she is a too willing tool in the hands of the priest. The religions are almost entirely "heistic," and it is a beautiful dream of romance for the woman who is so often starved for love to think of "falling into the arms of Jesus," and living and adoring him, and looking up with awe and reverential affection to her father—God. But this is an eminently practical age, and slowly are the chains one by one dropping from our sex, and as fast as the fetters fall do the freed thoughts seek truth and independent fields of action. Be ye not in haste, my Liberal brothers, to form ties that are lifelong. Pause and consider well ere you cement an endless partnership with one who loves her God, her savior, and her church more than she loves you. Be assured if she does, she will sacrifice you and your children to the deities she adores. Better to wait than to ruin all. Even though not a church-member, the girl reared among theologians, and ignorant of science, evolution, and all the great bed-rock philosophies, will be only too apt to be narrow, bigoted, and selfish. If she loves, it will be a selfish, craving love, asking all, and bending all to her own narrow ideas.

If there is no Liberal women in your immediate neighborhoods, it is well to advertise in our TRUTH SEEKER for correspondents of the kind you wish for; and when you hav formed an acquaintance in this way, then by careful personal interviews assure yourself that there is no peculiar idiosyncrasy or habit of any kind that will come between you two to make life unhappy. Trifles, when daily and hourly forced upon us, become mountains of misery.

Yet it is not to be expected any two individuals will ever think alike in all things, or be always willing to pull one way. So each must expect to bear and forbear. Be ye always kind, gentle, and courteous; always respectful, thoughtful, and charitable, one to the other; and then harmony and peace shall be yours. Should the little blind archer happen to shoot his arrows so as to link in true love a Liberal youth to a pious maiden, the twain must agree beforehand on a plan of life, each yielding somewhat, and agreeing to giv in where it will conduce to the mutual happiness of both. Perfect openness, perfect frankness, and pure love will make mountains of differences into mole-hills of indifference. Opposition, persistently and stubbornly indulged in, fosters all manner of evil propensities; but gentle, kind remonstrances and loving forbearance will smooth the pathway, and make pleasant almost all roads of life. Be cautious till the union is formed, then strive to blend, unite, and become equal halves of one perfect whole.

Are you the new person drawn toward me?
To begin with, take warning, I am surely far different from what you suppose.
Do you suppose you will find in me your ideal?
Do you think it so easy to hav me become your lover?
Do you think the friendship of me would become unalloyed satisfaction?
Do you think I am trusty and faithful?
Do you see no further than this facade, this smooth and tolerant manner of me?
Do you suppose yourself advancing on real ground toward a real heroic man?
Hav you no thought, O dreamer, that it may be all magic, illusion?—*Whitman.*

Snowville, Va., Nov. 9, 282. ELMINA.

Words in Brief.

Success to you at the reduced price. But Liberal papers of limited circulation and without advertising patronage cannot be afforded at the rates upon which great metropolitan papers thrive. This fact seems to be unknown to the majority of Liberals.

Why is it that the generality of people call nothing indecent which does not in some way pertain to the sexual nature? Men who go into paroxysms of horror at sight of some of Walt Whitman's plain and robust truth take daily into their families papers burdened with the vilest language, falsehood, defamation, slander, prurient insinuation, the very spawn of political hate and reckless ambition. Political papers which murder good manners, crucify the truth, engender suspicion, destroy confidence in their neighbor's moral rectitude, and degrade and defile everything they handle, are read and handed to their wives and daughters by men who are righteously indignant when the sex organs and functions are nakedly mentioned by a fearless poet. Is nothing indecent but an honest statement concerning the parts and processes by which men and women are brought into the world. Whitman's poems are only indecent to those who hav not yet rid themselvs of the old mawkish idea of the natural, inherent vileness and carnality of sex. Mr. Hiller is a gentleman; I know him to be such, but feelings like those he manfests in his recent letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER will do more to keep alive our present degraded conception of these facts of sex life than all other agencies combined, while Whitman's noble candor will drive out of our hearts and lives the filthy mystery and unhealthful "don't-let-anybody-see" ism which are to-day the most blighting curses of our social life and of the race. Let us be done with monasticism. It has damned our fair world altogether too long now.

Let me say to our Liberal friends in the West and Southwest that Mr. W. S. Bell is soon coming this way on a lecturing tour. Those who hav read his "French Revolution," "Resurrection of Jesus," "New Age," and, last and best of all, "Liberty and Morality," need not to be told that Mr. Bell is a man of profound thought and wide research, a thoroughgoing Liberal, and a worthy representativ of the secular cause. He should be kept busily employed during the entire lecture season. Address him at 18 E. Springfield st., Boston, Mass.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER cannot understand why Mr. Heywood sold certain poems of Whitman's, for he says that he never has esteemed that gentleman as possessing an impure mind. This is assuming that those poems are obscene in intent or language, which assumption may fairly be questioned. But waving a consideration of this question for the time being, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Heywood had a motiv in advertising and mailing these leaflets—a motiv which Mr. Bennett should hav had no difficulty in discovering, for it was probably the same which induced Mr. Bennett to advertise and sell "Cupid's Yokes" after his arrest at

Watkins. What that motiv was Mr. Bennett himself may be best able to say, but I do not doubt it was the one which he averred at the time that he sold the pamphlet—to vindicate his right to sell it, to establish more securely the right of printing and transmission through the mails. The motiv was a good one then for Mr. Bennett; and it is an equally good one now for Mr. Heywood. It was the same which made Mr. B. R. Tucker advertise to send "Leaves of Grass" through the mails or in any other way to whoever might desire to procure that work. If it be objected that the selection of certain poems, and printing and distributing them, apart from the work of which they formed a part, was indiscreet and an act of injustice to the book and its author, I then answer that the same objections apply to the action of Mr. Bennett in selecting certain passages from the Bible and publishing them in a separate volume entitled the "Holy Bible Abridged," afterwards sending this volume by mail and express to all parts of the country to whoever desired to possess it.

I myself think it was not quite an act of justice to Walt Whitman to do as Mr. Heywood has done in this instance, not because there is anything wrong in these interdicted poems—for I do not think there is—but for the reason that people who hav been reared in Christian lands are not generally competent judges of what is pure and true. But this was a matter purely between Mr. Whitman, or his publisher, and Mr. Heywood. It was something with which Comstock, the general and state governments, nor we hav anything to do. It was an outrage, this arrest of E. H. Heywood, and we hav but one duty in the premises, and that is to do all in our power to defend and sustain him.

All indications point to the fact that we hav reached a political crisis. Now, are we, as Liberals, prepared to profit by the general break-up? Can we hope to gain anything substantial from the accession of the Democracy to power? Is that party any more true to the fundamental principles of self-government than is the now prostrate Republican party? I think that, in some respects, it is; certainly it is so as regards the questions of protection and prohibition. But we can look to it for no earnest industrial reform work. E. C. WALKER.

Individual Sovereignty "Run Mad."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Feeling an interest in the discussion of the prohibition question, I wish to add a few words from a woman's standpoint. It is a home question which women ought to and will hav a voice in settling. Were I convinced that prohibition laws would rid this land of the curse of intemperance, with both voice and pen I should labor for the enactment and execution of such laws; not only that, but, pronounced Liberal as I am, were the Christians the only temperance reformers on that basis, I would unite my forces with theirs. As it is, I do not favor nor do I oppose prohibition; I am willing to hav the experiment tested. However, were I entirely satisfied that prohibitory measures were of no avail in checking the rum-ruin that is such a blight upon our civilization, I certainly should not oppose them on the ground that they are an invasion of the inalienable rights of man; and I am surprised that intelligent Liberals take that position. I believe in liberty and the rights of the individual to the uttermost bounds, short of infringement upon the rights of others. The whisky-seller and the whisky-buyer, every time and everywhere, infringe upon the rights of families and of society. Were the man who drinks the poison the only individual affected, I should hold my peace and let him drink unto his death, if he chose; but unfortunately the rum sellers and the rum-drinkers are the cause of untold wretchedness and unmeasured degradation to parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and children; and if they hav not the manhood and decency to refrain from such infringement upon the rights of others, they should, if possible, be prohibited from such wholesale wrecking of happiness and of homes. Not only that, but the sober and industrious portion of the community are taxed to support the inmates of jails and almshouses, who are there because of habits of intemperance, and to support beggars that are made such from the same cause. Are not the rights of individuals and of society infringed upon in being compelled to support the vast hordes that whisky-drinking reduces to abject poverty? Are not their rights infringed upon in being taxed in any way or for anything that whisky is responsible for? What nonsense—more, what rank injustice, to contend for the "inalienable right" of the seller to sell the poison that converts a man into a fiend, and of the drinker to become so debased and besotted as to be a curse to family and to society! Is it right for men to hav the legal or "inalienable" right to starve and freeze their children, and to make beggars and thieves of them? Justice and humanity forbid! Such men should be prohibited from doing wrong and violence, and from causing misery in their homes, just as dangerous lunatics are. They are no more fitted to be a law unto themselvs than the wildest madman that ever raved; and yet our Liberal friends who oppose prohibition on the ground of its being an invasion of man's inalienable rights, freely giv to the hardened rum-seller and to the debauched rum-drinker the right to trample upon the sacred rights of family and of society with the iron heel of despotism the most cruel. That is individual sovereignty with a vengeance, but all on the wrong side. It is plain to the common sense of all that no man has a just right to rob families of that which secures their health, comfort, and happiness; and those who contend that individuals hav the right to sell and to drink whisky, and that they should not be prohibited from doing either, guarantee to them the right to reduce families to starvation, beggary, and degradation. Most assuredly a free government has, or ought to hav, the right to use any compulsory measure that will stamp out such an unmitigated curse as intemperance, because it is self-evident that by so doing the rights and welfare of individuals, of families, and of society will be secured and maintained. The only question that requires solution is, What measures will successfully attain that end? Right generation and right education are, without doubt, the true methods of prevention and cure of all the evils that corrupt our social and moral life. Science, together with an enlarged human sense of justice, will finally grapple and solve the problems which now puzzle philosopher and philanthropist. But just here and now—just at this turn of the wheel of evolution—education alone cannot be made effectiv to uplift all, or to stay the overwhelming tide of intemperance that is bearing millions down to a doom of degradation. We might as well talk to the winds as to attempt to educate the conscienceless whisky-sellers and the habitual whisky-drinkers out of the bondage of their appetites for gain and for drink. Meanwhile the begetting of children goes on in the wretched homes of these inebriates, whose blood and brains are poisoned. By the law of heredity these unwelcome babes are born with the appetites of their drunken fathers, and are destined to follow the same paths downward to destruction. Oh, if it is possible, help the helpless by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. Let the government deprive men of their right to do that which degrades and destroys not only themselvs, but, what is infinitly worse, degrades their families. It is a just and saving restriction on individual liberty that prohibits man from bringing degradation to his children and to his fellow-man. The ruin and anarchy that everywhere attend and follow the demon of intemperance are a thousandfold more to be dreaded than any possible "invasion of inalienable rights" that may result from prohibitory measures against the liquor traffic. ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

Janesville, Wis.

"Liberta" Wrestled With.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I noticed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 28th an article headed "Crush the Rum Traffic," by "Liberta," though what that may be I never could find out. It is not to one's advantage to shoot at those under cover. Giv us an open antagonist—one we can see and know, every time. A more inappropriate name than "Liberta" could hardly be found for one who it seems has imbibed, if not the rum, the idea of our Puritan fathers (altering the terms) "coming here and not drinking, and making everybody do the same!" What is the use of being a Liberal if he is to be so illiberal—nay, bigoted? I hav read several "broadsides" from this same source. One writer regrets that Mr. E. C. Walker, so able a man, does not countenance and espouse the prohibition movement. It is too bad; but the fact is that Mr. Walker is opposed to all kinds of tyranny, and is activly at work breaking it down. Perhaps we should hav a law for everything, almost. We should by law be compelled, under penalty of five years in a "Christian institution," to use only Colgate's soap. We should be compelled to use only a certain (by law prescribed) make of clothes, certain food, drink, fuel, furniture; in short, there should be safeguards thrown all around us fallible mortals. What a mighty poor cause it must be that requires the help of law to make people see its justice! I hav talked with Prohibitionists, and am in daily contact with them, but not a solitary argument can I get out of them, except that they want to make the laws, not for themselvs, mind you, but for others. They want to reform somebody else, and never mind their own ginblossomed noses! One of these red-nosed reformers said once in a prayer-meeting that "John Butler took me by the hand and lifted me out of the gutter;" and who do you suppose he thanked for the humane act? Why, God!

Dear Libby, did you ever go back of your blind fanaticism and find the causes that lead men into being drunkards? I am afraid not. But go to some homes (to all outside appearances happy ones); look behind the curtain, and you will see a woman (judging by her dress) and a number of little ones; her gown tattered and dirty, her hair disheveled, and her face and bare arms begrimed with dirt, continually snarling at and abusing the children, who hav the same appearance. The husband comes home from an industrious day's toil, and he is welcomed to his "family" with a frown, and perhaps hard words; and the sights and sounds tear his manhood to pieces. And where does he go? He is driven into a "rum-hole," as you would be pleased to call it. There he meets with no frowning face, no upbraiding, but, if so inclined, comfort and peace. He can sit down without molestation and read before a cheerful fire. This man is perhaps tired of life—but still it is dear to us all—and he begins his career of slow poisoning, which so blunts his feelings as to make him impregnable to his "dear wife's" abuse and the sights around him.

You will say, of course, this is mere twaddle; or, if I call it a real incident, that I lie; and that, perhaps, would be the best refutation you could offer. I infer from your answer to the Christians that all evils are the result of rum, and the picture you draw is indeed beautiful. "Happy families and homes," indeed! and replace "the mighty structures religion has built" with "Liberty, morality [do you mean Christian morality?], intelligence, and temperance." Do you mean by liberty that we should be free to do as *you* please? You are not willing to let us enjoy what little liberty we hav. How, then, can we talk of liberty? I hav not yet seen in all I hav read from your pen any opposition to vice societies, etc.; and from your latest, I should judge you were Liberty's sworn enemy; and, as you want to prohibit, you can't talk of temperance any more than you can accuse a man of intemperance in eating when he has nothing to eat. What is the use of temperance in drinking when you would "prohibit" all drink? Temperance is very good, and if Prohibitionists would only apply a little of it to their zeal for making people good, by law, it would be still better.

When you suggest "co-operation with Christians" the cause of prohibition must be weak and undeserving. I was never aware that anything that ever came contact in with Christianity could retain enough good to champion.

No, "Liberta;" hav your opinion, and also by tongue and pen promulgate your views, but don't call to your aid laws. But do you for a moment suppose that I would, if I had the power, deprive the Christian of his bread and wine? I simply don't want them to make laws for me as long as I don't interfere with their liberties. I would write and vote against oppression, whether of Christian or pagan! The saddest thing of all is that Liberals, in their desire to do good, saddle upon themselvs, unwittingly, oppression in many forms under a cloak of virtue and morality. Yours for liberty to do right,

G. GUNNESON.

Book Notice.

HUMANITY AND THE PROGRESS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Edward W. Searing. Price 25 cents. For sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

This is a very interesting and instructing essay. The growth of international law is the growth of a true civilization; for it is the expression of the universal relations of man. Man must advance as a social individual; must learn to liv together; and the great problem is to preserve liberty and at the same time build up society. It must be recognized that there is one great life in humanity, and it is through the harmony of this life with the individual effort that the amplest progress is attained.

The object of Grotius was to show the community of sentiment which flows from the natural law of morality. He laid the foundations of conduct not upon metaphysical or theological principles, but upon our common humanity.

International law can only be enforced by moral sanctions. Hence it must be thoroughly committed to personal liberty, and assert its authority by reason alone.

Mr. Searing has given us a thoughtful and scholarly essay on this important subject. He has furnished a very complete historic view of this principle of human brotherhood. He shows that its life comes not from the "will of God" but from the will of man. It has grown in spite of theology. Liberals will derive much profit from reading this compact presentation of law in its noblest aspects, freeing itself from mere brute force and becoming a moral power, acting through the consent of man and not upon his fears. The author shows himself a thorough student and intelligent interpreter of history.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Hacker and Tuttle.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: I've been wondering if some of you might not misunderstand my motiv in pleading for Tuttle while Garwood pleads for Hacker. I only intended to show you that we were in a friendly rivalry, each trying to collect all we could. Now I want every one to help Hacker just as much as if I was not working for Tuttle—to not giv Hacker less, only Tuttle more. We all need to be more liberal to both. Besides my twenty-five cents a month, I've sent each of them a dollar's worth of our publications this week, and hope you will each and all do all you can for both the old couples. ELMINA.

Snowville, Va., Nov. 10, 1882.

Letters from Friends.

SANDWICH, ILL., Nov. 9, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year to myself and Mr. Van Klick of this place. He is a new subscriber, so he will expect the paper from now until Jan. 1, 1884. WM. H. CRAPSER.

FILLMORE, UTAH, Nov. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $2 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. We take great pleasure in perusing the paper; in fact, can't do without it. The cause of free thought and free speech is advancing in this priest-ridden land, but the Mormons will fight it to the bitter end. WM. H BISHOP.

LEBANON, PA, Nov. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $7, for which send the following: $2 50 for the paper for the balance of this year and 1883; $1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World;" also $1 50 for the fourth volume for Henry B. Kirch, and $1.50 for the book "From Behind the Bars." J. SHINDLEKRAUSE.

CORSICANA, Nov. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $3 to renew my subscription to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. I don't think I could get along without it. I am under many obligations to you for continuing to send it after my time had expired. You can count me as a life subscriber. Yours, WM. SOUTHERLAND.

BRANDON, Nov. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed check for $5, which please place to my credit. Forward me "Family Health" and "Crimes of Preachers." We hav only a few Liberals here as yet, but the few of us make it a little uncomfortable for the believers in superstition. D. M. MCMILLAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11 282.

DEAR BRO. BENNETT: I hand you herewith $5 against the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and as some expression, though paltry, of the ability and fidelity of your account.

JOHN C LEHMER.

[We return our sincere thanks to Mr. Lehmer for this additional mark of his generosity. He has on several instances proved himself Liberal in more senses than one.—ED. T. S]

BOONTON, N. J., Nov. 13, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50 from your good old friend, Philip Wootton, in payment for the fourth volume of the Round-the-World books. Mr. Wootton (my father-in-law) is in his seventy-eighth year, and has been confined to his bed and room ten long weeks, but now, I am happy to say, is slowly and gradually improving. He is greatly interested in your welfare, and his one wish is that you may succeed in your grand work, and that you may receive the reward you so richly deserve.

Yours respectfully, N. A. MYERS.

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5, for which please continue to send me THE TRUTH SEEKER. I intend to continue taking your highly appreciated paper, having been among the first to take it when a resident of Cawker City, Kansas.

I called at your office last winter when on my way home from a visit o England. I was disappointed in not meeting you, but Mr. Fell of our city met you in San Francisco, and he has almost made me acquainted with you. Trusting you are well after your long travel, and your circulation increasing, I remain, Truly yours, WM JENSEN.

LACENTER, MICH., Oct. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am a Freethinker to the heart's core. I am living in an orthodox nest; hav always been surrounded by its baneful influence; hav passed through many great mental struggles to throw off its shackles, but hav finally—thanks to the teachings of science and philosophy—become perfectly free from its influence. I think as little of it as Ingersoll does. I wish to be known as a Liberal everywhere. May truth and charity reign in our minds till man will no longer persecute for creed's sake. I hav been despised because I would not be led by its teachings and adopt its practices. I believe in Freethinkers exerting their influence in favor of each other. Please circulate my name as a Liberal. OSCAR PARKER.

BRUNSWICK, ME, Nov. 16. 282.

MR. EDITOR: I should hav written immediately on receipt of the last TRUTH SEEKER (for of course we want the other book), but I did hope to get one subscriber, especially since you hav put down the price so low, but it seems impossible among these godly people. for they seem afraid if they look away from that holy Bible for a moment the other fellow will be after them. I hav been trying to get you a subscriber ever since I hav taken the paper. I hav loaned mine, and sent it into the country in hopes to interest people, that they might take it, but thus far hav not been successful, so will wait no longer but inclose a post-office order of $1.50. Meanwhile I shall keep trying for subscribers. With warm regards to all the household, I am. Truly yours,

MRS J. G. COLLINS.

MODESTO, CAL., Oct. 2, A.I., 106.

MR. EDITOR: I heartily agree with you in the grand and noble principles of Liberalism, and shall continue to patronize you by subscribing again for your paper when my time is out. I hope you will meet with abundant success in conquering the enemies of Freethought and universal mental liberty. I fully agree with Dr. J. L. York that you are the chief of all writers of this age or any other. I hav been highly entertained by the perusal of your letters, written while on a tour round the globe. Your letters bear unmistakable evidence of close observation and truthfulness in detail. As a benefactor, you hav reached the highest pinnacles of glory obtainable by man; that is, releasing from bondage and superstition thousands of your fellow-men and women. May you reap a rich reward! Yours for all truth,

C. C. LUTHER.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Nov. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Honor to whom honor is due. Allow me to say that I am a Spiritualist, and, I hope, a Liberalist as well, and seeing the illiberal spirit manifested by some of each class, I was more than pleased with your article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, No. 44, entitled "Materialism versus Spiritualism." You hav thrown more light on that subject than I ever saw before. Giv us more Materialists of the same stamp. Your idea of Spiritualism will do for me. Let me say to you I believe you hav mediumistic power, for no person could perform the mental and physical labor that you did in your round-the-world trip without it. No man has done more or a better work. I admire your justice, humanity, and clear vision. No matter whether you believe in one god, or a whole set of gods, or none at all, you are not far from the kingdom. May you liv long and be happy is the wish of Your friend, L. S. BURDICK.

BENWOOD, W. VA, Nov. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad you made the trip around the world, and that your letters were so well appreciated by your readers. I see there is a regular little war going on in THE TRUTH SEEKER at present between Materialists and Spiritualists. Let them go. They will not hurt each other much so long as they both prove as little as they hav been doing lately. I incline to a belief in a future existence and an overruling intelligence in nature. There is order and adaptation in nature that cannot be accounted for (so far as I am able to conceive) without admitting an intelligent cause, but I certainly do not know, neither do I know that there is a future existence, but the weight of evidence that has been presented to my mind on the subject favors it. There is one thing I do firmly believe, however, and that is that the wisest and most learned man living (whoever he may be) does not begin to know how much he does not know. CHAS. BURSEE.

NEWPORT, ME., Nov. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is 9 o'clock in the morning, and I hav done four hours of productiv work, all that one ought to do in a day if we had a true state of society. I hav not been sitting in a nicely-furnished office, in an easy-chair, concocting some villainous scheme to get my food without first producing it. No, I am a farmer and a mechanic, and do not liv on another's labor. It is a motto with me that, "He that does not first produce that which he is about to consume has no right to anything to consume; and if he consumes that which he has not first produced he consumes that which is not his, and therefore is a thief."

If the above is true—and it will not be disputed—all who get their living by proxy, such as bankers, brokers, usurers, or money-lenders, lawyers, doctors, rent-takers, speculators, every officer and soldier in the army and navy, besides a host of others too numerous to mention, are all drones in the hive of humanity—all non-producers, and therefore thieves.

Your best friend on this earth,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: "Man proposes but God disposes," shouts the *Herald* in its account of the Park Theater fire. In other words, God fired the building.

According to this the *Herald's* god put the torch to nearly five hundred theaters the last century. Between the years '71 and '78 this God committed arson at the rate of thirteen times yearly.

On Dec. 5, 1876, Jehovah (if the *Herald* is right) set fire to the Brooklyn Theater. He then stood and looked on.

How his heart must hav bounded with joy when saw nearly three hundred men and women go down to cinders and ashes!

Were the shrieks of women, the groans of men, music in his ears? Is this the way he proves his assertion that "his loving kindness is over all his works?" What more could we expect of a being who once murdered a world?—of a god who gave woman when pure to savages to ravish? When impure ordered her run through with a sword, her children butchered, her home burnt? Ring down the curtain on such a God. Hate, scorn, defiance are all I hav for such a being. To me his heaven is hell, his hell is heaven. WM. W. FOSTER.

POMEROY, W. T., Oct. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send two dollars to pay subscription for the year. There is much other reading matter under your charge, besides THE TRUTH SEEKER, that I would like to hav, but I must wait with patience till better times. I shall expend more in the glorious cause of Infidelity as soon as I can spare it. I am an Englishman by birth, coming to this country when 17 years of age, with eight other children. We were raised under the rule of Wesley Methodism. I had always lived in terror until I listened to a debate between Universalists and Methodists, when I laid all my foolish and idolatrous beliefs aside, and am now, I hope, safe within the harbor of Infidelity. I feel that your paper is doing an immeasurable amount of good, and I hope your success will be permanent. If every man and woman throughout the length and breadth of the land would take and carefully read THE TRUTH SEEKER, Christianity would soon totter and fall.

Yours forever, HENRY HENDER.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., Nov. 12, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2.50 for renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Now, if you please, a few words on the situation. Although over eighty years in my present form, each year has strengthened my conviction long entertained, that the elements represented in heat and cold underlie all existence, and their interchange by expansion and contraction the source of motion and consequent life, and that it is impossible to get back of these elements, and find a law or being that is independent of them; that all forms are combinations of these elements, and the same law of combination that makes higher numbers from lower ones, making higher grades of being by combination, of lower ones and as in numbers so in forms, the reversion of the rule, the reaction balancing the action, the only proof of correctness, and making two sides an absolute necessity to all grades of being. The interchanging relation of these two sides is fully demonstrated in the roots and tops of each and all grades of vegetable life. The top an outgrowth from the roots, the roots derived from a former top, each hid from the other, and still each born of the other, and this interchange an absolute necessity to each and all vegetables, the top positiv and the roots negativ, or, if you please, the spirit and matter of vegetable life. As the animal, with man at the head of animal life, is an outgrowth from the vegetable, why not subject to the same organic laws? Why not the same interchanging relations exist between the visible animal and to us invisible counterpart that exists between the roots and top of the vegetable, or the heat and cold of the elements? or why not the same system of worlds that exist to-day, coexistent with the elements of which they are combinations and subject to the same laws of production and reproduction, as their constituted parts or outgrowths? That positiv and negativ elements are interchanging, no matter what form they exist in, would seem as evident as that night and day are. Hoping this question may be thoroughly canvassed before being consigned to the waste-basket, I remain, Yours truly, J. TINNEY.

CATHLAMET, W. T., Oct. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your postal card came duly to hand, and contents noted.

What a profound mystry life is, after all! Who amongst us can solve it in its entirety? Take for instance your reminder for the needful, necessary to sustain us in exposing the truth. Something much more pleasant every way arrived at than that antagonistic thereto, and which one would naturally expect to be free as the atmosphere. "Freely hav ye received, freely giv," was the injunction of an ancient reformer. Neither do we read of him, or any that were with him, passing around the ladle before or after they had supplied the multitudes with their savory, or otherwise, tenets. So far from that, discovering their bread-baskets were empty, they set to work and filled them. How they managed will take considerable more faith than I possess to explain, taking into account their own impoverished statement. Yet, from their great grief on finding Alexander the coppersmith had established himself in business in their vicinity, we would be apt to infer "that it is not all gold that glitters." However, my impression is that you hav not yet discovered their business secret, although you contemplate in 1883 a step in that direction. Then who knows but a few years hence will find you not only supplying the mental provender but the physical also, when it is to be sincerely hoped you will hav no occasion to censure any of your disciples on account of their stomachs. But, to be brief, inclosed please find your just dues for another term, and for which should I hav to take in a reef, I mean to continue *ad infinitum*, for without THE TRUTH SEEKER my declining days, I fear, would become a void. Nothwithstanding your several critical exposures while on your round-the-world tour, I am at length happy in being able to congratulate you on your safe arrival once more amongst us, for the continuance of which may your most ardent desires be fully realized, Comstock, Cook, and their entire gang to the contrary notwithstanding. Yours truly, H. A. ELLIOT.

HOME, Sept. 8, 282.

MR. EDITOR: At last retributiv justice has been meted! I am tardy in expressing to you my gratitude for your rejoinder to the Bundy-Abbot-Underwood abuse of the past. I left home August 18th, just before THE TRUTH SEEKER containing said article came to hand, and since my return my dear mother of 77 years, and a good brother from Cleveland, O., hav been with us; and you can better imagin the receptions, dinners, etc., that hav held carnival than I can detail in the narration. A lull has come, and I embrace the same to tell you of my disgust for the meanness of the trio above mentioned, and to assure you that the same has aided mightily in enthroning you in my esteem and love, for I always find my heart enlisted for those unjustly assailed. The villainy of those conspirators put the blush to villainy itself!

The article you referred to, which appeared in advance sheets of the Chicago *Times*, as also in the Cleveland dailies—where I was then living—bore such venom in every line, a fair-minded person could not fail to detect the enmity, spleen, hate, and deceit which prompted the same and actuated the writer.

Behold the haste to rush before the public The "agent" or assistant editor of *R.-P. Journal* could not wait till the weekly issue of that journal, as also of the Boston *Index*, but the slander was foisted in the dailies of our great Western cities, and when the time came for the tardy weeklies to vomit their spleen and hate thousands of extra copies were sent broadcast over the land. Though I had ceased to take the *Religio*, and had never been a subscriber for the *Index*, still both papers were mailed to my address in Cleveland—which could only hav been obtained from your stolen mail-list, or from my letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER. So great was my chagrin on first reading the contemptible falsehood, mingled with venom, feigned innocence, etc., that several times I dashed the unclean, poisoned sheet to the floor, and felt that only Col. Ingersoll's pen was capable of inditing cutting sarcasm suited to the occasion. Determined to know the vile depths of their venom and hate, I took up the leprous sheet, each time spurned, and read it through. The next impulse was to remail it to the publishers, to send the unclean thing back to its source, or to let the fire consume it. Further reflection counseled to save it as a living tablature on the monument of contempt reared to "cussed meanness."

I just paused, took from their "niche" the *R.-P. Journal* of October 25th, 1879, and the *Index* of October 30th, 1879, glanced over the salient points marked, and to my mind came "How hav the mighty fallen; they who sit in high places shall be laid low." The inappropriateness of the application is evident; this trio were never mighty nor highly enthroned in position or in the hearts of the people, while he whom they thought and aimed to crush out has won a world-wide fame, is the honored guest of the honored of all lands, and enshrined in the hearts of tens of thousands, and revered and loved by all who knew him best—fulfilling the truism:

And ever the truth come uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

It seems no wonder that the clergy and their followers and supporters would be glad to hav their gods let alone, for as they are enlightened (more or less), the absurdity of a sky-ruler must be apparent and smack wonderfully of the mythology of Jupiter, Osiris, and all the ancient gods. To these 75,000 priests of our country gods mean bread, butter, elegant houses, kid gloves, soft hands, and the combined sympathy and support of the "sisters." How now about the "beastly persistency," "the name of purity and liberty," etc.? The same old truth is taught us, that they who are pure, who love and practice the same, hav no need to blazon their love of the same to the world. As in the fable, the ass's ears are sure to disclose the animal concealed beneath.

We shall be glad if the time ever comes that the gods and god-ideas no longer challenge to battle that unprincipled men shall not publicly assail, through enmity, those born to loftier deeds, nobler resolves, highter attainments—that our workers may uninterruptedly pursue their labor of emancipation, of regeneration by proper generation, of construction rather than destruction. We hav a distaste for dirty work, but while dens of filth pollute the air, let us manfully continue the toil and a free use of disinfectants.

Loving truth and justice most,

GRACE L. PARKHURST.

XENIA, OHIO, NOV. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Not long since I was in a place of business, and a young theological student was praising up the Christian religion—striving, through his ignorance of facts, to make his listeners believe that we were almost dependent upon the Christian religion for every blessing we hav. As his conversation was not directed to me I allowed myself to become an involuntary listener. After he got through I made some inquiry, and found out that the young advocate of Christianity had never been outside of the state he was born in, hence knew very little of anything about what the Christian religion had done for the human family. I politely gave him an invitation to take a trip with me and I would show him just what Christianity had done for humanity.

I first took him to Italy, where Christianity has ruled supreme for over sixteen hundred years (and I might say the cradle of Christianity), and a more degraded set of people cannot be found on earth, composed of beggars, thieves, robbers, vagrants, and paupers. All that Christianity ever did for the Italians was to rob and keep them in ignorance and poverty. Who can deny it? No man, and tell the truth.

I asked him to come with me to Spain, where they never had any other religion but Christianity—where none but the Christian religion was tolerated, read the history of the Spanish Inquisition, and look upon the low, degraded people. Where can you find a more miserable set of people than in Spain, placed there by and through priestcraft—by men who for sixteen hundred years hav been claiming to teach Christianity? Go with me to Portugal, where Christianity is the national religion, and see the low, ignorant people. Go to Russia, where another phase of Christianity is taught, and see the low, brutal outgrowth of its religion. Look at the poverty and ignorance of the people of that great rich country, with their Christian religion. Go to France, and see the blighting effects of Christianity upon the people. Look at the accursed condition of the people under the influence of Jesuitism. Now contemplate the millions of murdered victims, men, women, and children, that were murdered under the Christian system of religion. Go to Germany and see the poverty entailed upon the people, handed down to the present time, all coming through Christianity, as entailed upon them. Go to merry old England and read the history of the millions of murders committed in that island under the garb of Christianity for over a thousand years. Can any man say that Christianity had anything to do in elevating humanity in Europe for over sixteen hundred years? I say no man can say it did and speak the truth.

Now let us come to the Western Continent. Over four hundred years ago the cross of Christ was planted on the soil of America by Columbus, and the Christian religion established here. In after years Cortez erected the Christian standard in Mexico, and under it robbed and murdered the nativs, with a priest by his side making a foothold for Christianity. Look at Mexico to-day after having the Christian religion preached for over four hundred years. a sk, Has it been of any benefit to those people? And answer, No, but a curse. It has robbed them and kept them in ignorance.

Go to Central America, where the Christian religion has been the only religion for nearly four hundred years, and see the poverty, wretchedness, and ignorance of the people. Go anywhere on earth where the Christian religion has prevailed for centuries, and you find the same poverty and ignorance—I mean, of course, where it has held absolute sway.

When Captain Cook first landed upon the shores of the Sandwich Islands the people were honest, pure in mind and body. What are they now, after living one hundred and fifty years under the baneful influence of this Christian religion? They hav dwindled down from three hundred thousand happy people to about seventy-five thousand leprous invalids, brought upon them by loathsome desires carried there by Christians, or by those that believe in the Christian religion. And it is the same cry all over the world. Take our own country, and you find 99 out of every 100 criminals believe in the Christian religion.

"But," says the young student, "what is it that has brought us up to our present civilization?" I can answer it with one word, and challenge a successful contradiction—*invention*. That is the word to use, not Christianity. Withdraw every article of invention from our homes, and you take the home and all—you take everything that it takes to make a home, and make it refined and pleasant. Could you do that? Do you think that the Christian religion would replace it? I answer, Never, as the past history of the church has been to fight any and every step taken toward the advancement of humanity upon a higher and more intelligent plane of life. Christianity has been a curse to humanity, is to-day a curse, and ever will be a curse, just as long as it holds the human family in ignorance, which is the sole aim of its leaders.

J. D. SEELY.

CARVERSVILLE, PA., NOV. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Being somewhat diverted with the able controversy now going on in THE TRUTH SEEKER between Materialists and Spiritualists, over the dying embers of old theology, will you publish this, my *critique*, on

The trinity of level heads,
According to their sight,
According to development
Of their internal right?

PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

Their heads are level with their creeds
Derived from ancient lore,
That bore despotic, priestly sway
And dyed the earth with gore!

MATERIALISTS.

Their heads are level for this world,
Enough for them to know;
They liv and die like beasts,
At least they tell us so!

And "Winter" he will hav it so,

Without regard to "fools" who prate
In favor of some higher state
Of happiness supremely grand
Belonging to the summer-land.

SPIRITUALISTS.

Their heads are level for all time.
They scan the works of nature,
And credit giv wherever due
To every living creature,
Believing life is more than breath
Of this mundanus sphere,
And that, indeed, there is no death,
As seems apparent here.
Immortal life, it cannot die;
It livs forever on.
Though obscured from mortal sight
When from the body drawn,
Life's inherent in the soul
As light is in the sun;
They ever dwell together
As being dual one.
My *critique*, I know, is strong;
Who, I ask, can think it wrong?

When the mind of the immortal soul is in a proper mood to behold the beautiful order of nature displayed in and among the myriads of rolling orbs scattered in endless space, all governed by immutable, mathematical, chemical law everlasting

That darts the lightning from on high
And rolls the thunder through the sky;
It governs all things everywhere,
And needs no priestly finite prayer;
It reigns supreme in the Great I Am,
The mighty God that is no sham.

All things are one thing,
The universal whole;
All things are one thing
With an immortal soul;
All things are one thing
The universes broad;
All things are one thing,
And that thing is God.

Nevertheless the saying is true, "There are lords many and gods many," for everything is a lord or god to everything else beneath its inherent power derived from the great God of all, the universe, whereof and wherein all things liv, move, and hav their being. Respectfully, E. W. ALLEN.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. NOV. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The following is original, and if you will kindly publish the same my sincere thanks are yours. T. WINTER.

Tom Winter's wind is blowing,
And Severance is aghast;
He knows his chaff must now go up
Through Winter's awful blast.

His anti-mundane nonsense
He knows is on the wane,
And if he's wise he will desist
Before he's quite insane.

His cranium must be "little off"
Through anti-natural things,
And that accounts for all his gas
And all the mud he flings.

I pity him with all my heart
And the clique he doth present,
And hope that wisdom will ere long
Make all the crowd repent.

Such folly is an evil thing
And fraughts with bad results;
Its tricks and shams are awful mean
With all its false occults.

The cure for all this foolish lore
Is found in Winter's truth;
Fall into line, mistaken friends,
Then you are safe forsooth.

[We hav also received the appended verse, which we regard as eminently seasonable. It was apparently written with a philanthropic motiv.—ED. T. S.]

TO T. WINTER.

O Thomas Winter, of Ohio, it is on behalf
A tired world that I would speak,
And cautiously suggest that you desist,
Dry up, desiccate, and subside!
Long years thy loud and vaunting horn
Thou hast exalted, and not sold
A clam. Persistently hast thou refused
To be suppressed. Because of thee
The wicked Spiritist hath had no peace
Nor the weary Materialist ere found
Adequate opportunity for repose.
The sacred theory of spooks,
And that this life may be continued in our next,
Thou hast knocked down and jumped upon
Till it is tired and fain would seek
Time to recuperate.

Oh, giv us rest!
The lengthening shadows of a waning year
Apprise us that a snap of cold
May be expected. There will be snow.
And my request is that you hibernate
And giv your older namesake room;
One winter at a time will quite suffice
To furnish all the blowing we require.
Besides, a man that ever wars with spooks
And fools continually with the unknowable
May get tripped up; for he shall sometime meet
The omnipotent boss spook from Spookville,
Who will hereafter make it warm for him;
And in the supplementary life for which we yearn,
T. Winter'll find the climate no less tropical
Because he kept it always wintry here.

Men of the Hour.

D. M. BENNETT.—CONCLUDED.

Bennett and his sister were married on the same occasion, at the house of a cousin in Cooperstown, a Methodist minister tying the two knots. Bennett had not then learned to dispense with the services of a priest, as he has since. Now, were he to be married half a dozen times, he would require no priest to officiate. His sister married G. W. Allen, who also lived at the Shakers and left soon after.

After the marriage, Mr. Allen's brother having met a gentleman from Kentucky who was conducting a nursery there, was induced to think the party would do well to go to Kentucky and join this gentleman in his enterprise. They decided to go to Kentucky, and in two or three days the five ex-Shakers set out on their journey. This was before the days of general railroading, and they traveled by canal, passing over the Erie to Buffalo, then by propeller to Toledo, thence by the Miami canal to Cincinnati, where a steamboat was taken. The destination was Brandenburg, forty miles below Louisville.

The country and surroundings were wholly unlike those of New York. It was in the days of slavery, and all new arrivals from the East were looked upon as Abolitionists and natural enemies. A very few days sufficed to convince the party that they had made a mistake in coming to Brandenburg. There was nothing to do there, and very poor prospects for the future. Bennett and his brother-in-law went up to Louisville to see if business could not be procured, for they were out of money, and winter was coming on apace. They found the world as here presented wholly different from their quiet Shaker home, and it is not strange that a home-sick feeling settled over the party.

Among the occupations which Bennett had followed with the Shakers were: three years at raising and putting up garden seeds in papers, four years at shoemaking, three years in charge of their medical department—raising and gathering medical roots and herbs, making extracts, syrups, and other preparations—and three years at practicing medicin. He did not attend a medical college, nor graduate, but he had a good medical library, from which, and the old physicians of the society, he learned much, and was deemed successful in the eclectic system of practice. His medical experience seemed to qualify him for the drug business, and he obtained a situation in a Louisville wholesale and retail drug establishment, where he remained a year, in the interim making a commercial tour for selling drugs through Kentucky into Tennessee, visiting the Green River country, the Mammoth Cave, Clarksville, etc.

Bennett and his wife commenced housekeeping in a single room, and in the most primitiv manner. They felt the necessity of living within their income, that their condition might improve. At the close of the year, with their savings and some $200 left to Mrs. Bennett by a deceased brother, Bennett was enabled to fit up and start a drug store of his own, which he conducted eight years, meeting with fair success. He bought property, built rather extensivly, engaged in some enterprises it would hav been better to let alone, and lost money. During this period their only child, a daughter, was born, and, though it was a well-developed child, it did not liv. It died as soon as it was born, or before.

In 1855 Bennett was induced to close out his business in Louisville and move to Rochester, N. Y., where his sister and brother-in-law resided. He engaged some four years in the seed business with Briggs & Bro., and more than half of this time traveled through the Western States, collecting and taking orders.

In 1859 he removed to Cincinnati, where he soon purchased a drug store and engaged in the preparation of proprietary medicins, some seven or eight in number, distributing them among farmers and others through the adjoining country. He began with sending out a single wagon, but in two or three years he had fifteen wagons running. At this time the War of the Rebellion broke out, and the revenue stamps which had to be placed on all medicins increased the expenses so enormously that the business was considerably curtailed. Bennett also engaged heavily in the manufacture of sealing-wax, or cement, for fruit-jars and cans, at which a handsome profit was made. For two or three years the entire business paid a profit of $10,000 per year. In six years $35,000 were made.

Perhaps in an evil day Bennett closed out his entire business for cash, at less than its real value, and engaged in other enterprises, but for two years he was particularly unfortunate, losing heavily at everything he attempted. He lost $7,000 in insurance stock, $10,000 in oil and mineral lands in Tennessee, $4,000 in lithography with two other men, $2,000 in a patent bed-spring enterprise, $4,000 in Sonora mining lands, and $5,000 in an ill-advised building enterprise. These sums took wings and disappeared in less than two years, and from a competence for life a condition of absolute poverty was reached. Sadness filled the hearts of Bennett and his wife. He engaged again in putting up an extensiv series of proprietary medicins, but was not successful.

He was induced by a friend to remove to Kansas City, where he started a drug store. but meeting with more indifferent success than he expected he was induced to sell out at considerable sacrifice, and never received but little more than half the amount he sold for.

The next move was perhaps a singular one. A boyhood friend who had been to California and made a goodly sum of money at stock-raising, lived in New York, wished Bennett to join him in the manufacture of brick on Long Island, forty miles from New York. The idea made a favorable impression, as the brick business had been very good. They removed to New York, but Bennett was disappointed to learn that his old friend had lost all his money, and had not a dollar to put into the business. Other arrangements had to be made, other parties were interested who put in capital. Bennett purchased some clay property on the north side of Long Island, three miles east of Northport. Here buildings were erected, a yard opened, and what was more, Bennett invented an apparatus for drying brick by heat as fast as they came from the mill. This required fifty tons of iron to construct. There was a slight defect in the mode of construction. It required changing. A degree of dissatisfaction grew up on the part of the partners. Exactions were made of Bennett which he could not comply with. He concluded to withdraw from the concern, losing his six months' labor and $1,000 he had put in.

He returned to Rochester and engaged again in the service of Briggs & Bro. as commercial traveler. In 1870 he entered into a contract with a firm in Paris, Illinois, to take charge of a drug store in that small city, and here he remained over a year, when, wishing to engage in business for himself, he embarked in the growing and putting up of garden seeds. He had fifty acres in cultivation the first year, and seventy-five acres the second. Unfavorable and very dry seasons curtailed the crops most seriously. Partners had to be taken. The concern was not harmonious. The partners took an arbitrary course, and a dissolution was inevitable. $2,000 and more were lost here.

In the spring of 1873 Bennett was drawn into a newspaper discussion with two clergymen of the place upon the subject of prayer and several Bible points, particularly touching the divine leadership of Moses. The articles on each side were published in the two weekly papers of the place. At length, one more intolerant than the other refused Bennett's articles because of their radicalism. This naturally offended Bennett, that his opponent should be heard, while his replies were refused. This brought the idea to his mind of starting a paper of his own, in which he could speak his convictions. He resolved to do so. But what should be the name of the newspaper? He wrote down some fifty names which suggested themselvs to him, and submitted them to his wife. THE TRUTH SEEKER was selected from all the others as the best name.

The first number of the little eight-page monthly appeared Sept. 1, 1873. Eight or ten thousand copies were sent over the country to such names as could be obtained. Bennett was unacquainted with the Liberals of America, and the Liberals knew not him. It was a matter of much uncertainty whether he would succeed or fail. He waited patiently for the responses to his first number. It was for some time uncertain whether No. 2 would be issued. But one by one the new subscribers came in, and Bennett was encouraged to get out No. 2; and as the subscribers kept on gradually increasing No. 3 was issued. There was no type or presses in Paris to print the paper, and it had to be done in Terra Haute, Indiana, nineteen miles away.

Having closed his business connection in Paris, Bennett felt that it was not the point whence to issue his little sheet. Several cities suggested themselvs to him, New York the most forcibly. He made a trip there to view the lay of the land, and though meeting with no special encouragement from the Liberals of New York, he felt it was the point whence his paper should issue. He returned and issued No, 4 in Paris, while No. 5 was issued in New York, January, 1874, with sixteen pages instead of eight. This was at the beginning of the several years of financial depression, when scores of pretty well established journals went by the board. It was a matter of uncertainty whether THE TRUTH SEEKER would liv; but the number of its patrons gradually increased .The second volume was a semi-monthly of sixteen pages, and continued sixteen months, closing with the year. From that time it became a weekly, containing, for two years, eight pages each issue, and since that sixteen pages, making it the largest Liberal or Freethought publication in the world, containing each week 700 square inches more of reading matter than any other Liberal paper.

This growth grew directly upon the Christian prosecution with which the paper and editor were visited. THE TRUTH SEEKER is an out-spoken opponent of priestcraft, supernaturalism, and all the errors that belong to them. This inevitably brought down upon the paper and its editor the hatred of the Christian church, of its clergy, and of the Young Men's Christian Association. Clergymen from the country when they came to the city to attend their religious anniversaries, and for other purposes, denounced THE TRUTH SEEKER, and said it ought to be crushed out. Many letters talking in a similar way were written to the city. The Young Men's Christian Association took up the question and debated, "How can THE TRUTH SEEKER be suppressed?"

Anthony Comstock undertook the contract. He visited THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and spent two hours in looking over the tracts and pamphlets published by Bennett. He found two upon which he thought an indictment could be held. One was Bennett's "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," the other was a small tract written by A. B. Bradford for the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "How do Marsupials Propagate Their Kind?" These were submitted to Comstock's Star Chamber advisers, and they were deemed sufficient. Bennett was arrested by a deputy United States marshal, accompanied by Comstock, and was taken before a United States commissioner and held in $1,500 bail, which had to be given or Bennett go to jail. The prospect of sending him to the penitentiary at hard labor was regarded as good.

This was in the fall of 1878. About this time Col. R. G. Ingersoll, of Washington, took the case in hand, and with the two little pamphlets went before the United States authorities in Washington, and asked them if it was their purpose to prosecute a matter of that kind. They concluded not, and orders came up from Washington that the case againt Bennett be dismissed.

It of course angered Comstock exceedingly to be thus frustrated, and he almost swore that he would yet hav Bennett in his power. The following year the Freethinkers of New York held an annual meeting at Watkins, N. Y. Bennett attended it, and took with him an assortment of his publications to sell. Next to his table Miss Josephine S. Tilton had a table for selling the pamphlets and photographs of her brother-in-law, E. H. Heywood, whom Comstock had caused to be thrust into prison for selling and mailing a copy of the pamphlet, "Cupid's Yokes." These Miss Tilton had on sale. When she was absent for a few minutes, Bennett acted for her and sold from her table whatever was wanted. W. S. Bell, who was assisting Bennett, did the same. But orders had been sent up by Comstock in New York to hav any one arrested who presumed to sell "Cupid's Yokes." The result was Bennett, Bell, and Miss Tilton were arrested, taken before a magistrate, and held to bail. After the meeting dispersed they had to remain several days to await the action of the Grand Jury—which at length found a bill against all, and they were again required to giv bail or go to prison.

Bennett, with his companions, felt that they had been outraged; he felt he had violated no law and committed no crime in selling the pamphlet. He so announced in his paper, and that, firmly believing he possessed a full right to sell the treatis to all who wished it, he would continue to do so. He sold many hundreds. Comstock wrote him a decoy letter and got one of them. For this he was arrested and held to bail in March, 1879. He was tried in the following May before the bigoted and unfair judge, C. L. Benedict—the judge of whom Comstock boasted, at Bennett's trial, that Benedict never failed him, but convicted every case brought before him. The trial was exceedingly unfair. The judge would allow no opinions by competent writers, editors, publishers, linguists, and literary men, who were present, that the work was not obscene. He would allow no comparison to be made with standard works; in fact, he would not allow the little work to be read to the jury in its entirety. His rulings and definitions were of the most arbitrary and unjust character. The jury divided, eleven to one, for fifteen hours, but finally, upon the narrow ruling of the judge, the twelfth juror weakly yielded and united with the others to convict.

An appeal was taken to three judges in banc, but Judge Benedict was one of them, and Judges Blatchford and Choate readily sustained their brother judge, Benedict. The sentence was pronounced on the 5th of June, when Bennett was remanded to Ludlow-street Jail to await the action of the President (R. B. Hayes). Such an appeal was never made for an individual to a President before. Petitions for the release of Bennett were sent over the country and they were signed by over 250,000 persons. So many petitioners never signed for a person before. Beside this, fully twelve thousand private letters were written to the President in Bennett's behalf. The Department of Justice, the members of the Cabinet, including the Attorney General, the President's private secretary, and even the President himself, seemed to be in Bennett's favor, and that he should be released. But Mrs. Hayes, an ardent Methodist, and the bishops and priests of the country were against him. The influence that was brought to bear against him was so great that, though the President had promised a pardon should be made out, he wavered, got weak-kneed, listened to the church and his wife, and declined to pardon. Bennett was taken to the Albany Penitentiary July 28th, 1879, and was at once set at work in the shoe-shop, occupying a cell by himself. Prison life is anything but pleasant. The rules are harsh and rigid, and the associates of the most degraded character.

He worked at shoe-making nearly two months, when, being attacked by vertigo, he was sent to the hospital. Here he had favors he could not hav in the cell, and was not again sent to the shop. He was permitted to write, and in a little over six months he wrote two octavo volumes of 900 pages each—"The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times"—the largest work ever written in prison. The first volume was brought out in THE TRUTH SEEKER office while the author was still in prison.

Two months of the thirteen—the term of his sentence—were taken off for good behavior, so he was released in April.

Mrs. Bennett and a committee of friends from New York met him as he emerged from prison, and accompanied him home. On the 2d of May his friends got up a grand ovation in his honor, and Chickering Hall was packed to its fullest capacity, and thousands unable to get in had to turn away. Excellent speeches were made by eight or ten persons, and probably a more hearty reception was never given.

It was soon proposed that Bennett be sent as a delegate to the International Freethinkers' Congress, to be held in Brussels at the close of August. It was proposed that both he and A. L. Rawson go in company, and funds were sent in to defray a part of the expenses. They embarked on August 4th, 1880. The congress was a decided success. After it was over, Bennett continued his travels up the Rhine, through Switzerland and Italy, to Rome, Naples, and other places. He was absent nearly four months, and wrote home pretty full letters to THE TRUTH SEEKER, which made a volume of 850 pages. The first edition was called "An Infidel Abroad," but the name was subsequently changed to "A Truth Seeker in Europe."

These letters were so well approved that D. C. Coleman, of Modesto, Cal., proposed that Bennett make the tour of the world, write up a book of what he might see, and present a copy to each one who advanced the sum of five dollars. He proposed to advance five dollars, but subsequently made it twenty. The proposition was laid before the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and was well received. Hundreds came forward and subscribed five dollars. When they were called upon to send in the amounts, they flowed in freely. Seven hundred responded. Bennett said it would require two volumes to contain an account of all he would see, and that there should be two volumes.

He embarked on the Ethiopia at New York for Glasgow on July 30, 1881, and was absent a year, not varying fifteen minutes from that length of time. He undoubtedly wrote while thus upon the wing the fullest account of his travels ever written under similar circumstances. The work, "A Truth Seeker Around the World," comprises four volumes of nearly 900 pages each, illustrated. It will probably be many a year before the same is accomplished again. In view of the magnitude of the work thus accomplished, T. B. Wakeman says, "Bennett has discounted the past and the future."

Early in the coming year Bennett proposes to make a partial tour of the United States, delivering illustrated lectures upon the countries he has visited. It can hardly be expected that his Christian opponents will patronize him largely, and there is not perhaps enough of his way of thinking to make the enterprise a success. At all events Bennett hopes to liv a goodly number of years yet, and put in considerable faithful service. He trusts his life and labors may not be a failure.

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In all the great events of their lives, the Dyaks, the inhabitants of Borneo, require that human heads shall be procured. When a Dyak wants to marry he must show himself a hero, and the more heads he can obtain the greater the pride and admiration with which he is regarded, not only by his bride, but the whole tribe. When a rajah is dead heads must be secured; for, according to Dyak belief, the victims serve as slaves to the departed rajah in heaven. Whenever a child is born to a rajah (in Long Wai, at least,) heads must be got before it can be named. It is a rule among all the tribes that no youth can regularly wear a mandan, or be married, or associate with the opposit sex till he has been on one or more "head-hunting" expeditions. A mandan is presented to him, probably at his birth, or when he receives a name; but not till he has washed it in the blood of an enemy can he presume to carry it as part of his every-day equipments.—*Carl Bach's Head-Hunters of Borneo.*

The magic of a name is not sufficient to keep the world in innocence and purity. There is no power in amulets because there is no belief in the devil. That is sacred which is in the soul, not that which we pin on the sleeve. Ornaments are not worn today to keep away witches. A cross on the bosom is not a symbol of the religion of the heart; neither are charms around the neck protections to virtue. The soul must arm itself, and when that is strong in the principles of right no power can prevail against it. It is what we think, not what we wear, that protects us.—*L. K. Washburn.*

We are not troubling ourselvs about a future life, and do not propose to; but to giv this life, and what will make it better, our undivided attention. If we arrive at the highest degree of perfection here, which we are capable of attaining to, and spend our time in the most profitable and useful manner, we feel sure that if there is a continued existence we shall be in good condition to enter upon it. Our chief motto is, Let us do the best we can in this life here and now, and attend to the other when we reach it and can know more about it.—*D. M. Bennett (Truth Seeker Tract No. 135).*

The martyr may perish at the stake, but the truth for which he dies may gather new luster from his sacrifice. The patriot may lay his head upon the block and hasten the triumph of the cause for which he suffers. The memory of a great life does not perish with the life itself, but livs in other minds. The ardent and enthusiastic may seem to throw away their lives, but the enduring men continue the fight and enter in and take possession of the ground on which their predecessors sleep. Thus the triumph of a just cause may come late, but when it does come it is due to the men who hav failed as well as to the men who hav eventually succeeded.—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

Oh what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall hav a voice, and giv him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.
—*Longfellow.*

What can purify our politics but individual purity—better men to vote for and better men to vote? Is the press going to save America? For the most part it is a partisan tool. The editor does not ask what is true, what is right. He asks what is safe. The press itself needs saving. And the only way to save it is by getting more cultivated and noble gentlemen into editorial chairs. Is the church going to save America? It does not look much like it. The morality of the press is higher. The church has so long insisted that salvation is an un-moral affair that it has lost the power of making moral distinctions. A religious body, as respectable as any that could be convened, indorses practices which the Stock Exchange would not indorse. The morality of the church ought to shame that of the market, but it falls below it. A man may do that as a preacher, and still keep his pulpit for doing which, as a stock-broker, he would lose his seat. Before the church can save America it must itself be saved.—*Chadwick's Rise of Man.*

To be happy in old age it is necessary that we accustom ourselvs to objects that can accompany the mind all the way through life, and that we take the rest as good in their day. The mere man of pleasure is miserable in old age, and the mere drudge in business is little better. . . . Those who knew Benjamin Franklin will recollect that his mind was ever young, his temper ever serene; Science, that never grows gray, was always his mistress. He was never without an object, for when we cease to hav an object we become like an invalid in an hospital waiting for death.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

One man prays thus: How shall I be able to lie with that woman? Another prays thus: How shall I not desire to lie with her? Another prays thus: How shall I be released from this? Another prays, How shall I desire not to be released? Another thus: How shall I not lose my little son? Then thus: How shall I not be afraid to lose him? In fine, turn thy prayers this way and see what comes.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

Odds and Ends.

An Albany type-setter is training a quartet of flies to put the periods in his "take."

Any kind of cookery in the world, no matter how execrable, is preferable to a family broil.

"Pa, what is a pessimist, and what is an optimist?" "A pessimist, my son, is one who takes the surplus kittens, just after they are born, and chloroforms them. The optimist is one who lets the kittens grow up, to liv a wretched, starving life; to be tortured continually by boys and other thoughtless animals, and to be finally killed with brickbats and left to rot on the streets."

Society life in Des Moines, Iowa: "A young couple in the gallery of the opera house last night were so overcome with the beautiful forms on the stage that they sank into each other's arms with a kiss and a hug. The young man wore an immense wide-brimmed hat, which the young lady worked vigorously as a fan to keep him cool. A rural rooster who saw the performance yelped with envy."

"Father, if mother should sit in a chair and you should want it, you would say, 'Get up dear,' wouldn't you?" "Yes," said I. "But," said the little four-year old, "if I should sit in a chair you wanted, you would say, 'Get down, dear.' Well, what is the difference?" said she; and as if perfectly satisfied that she had given utterance to a poser, she replaced her thumb in her mouth again, and looked sidewise with a roguish smile on her countenance.

Three years ago a seaside summer boarder, while straying along the bed of a stream that had been left partially bare by excessiv drouth, discovered, lying upon the sand, a conchiferous bivalvular mollusk—vulgus, clam—that seemed to be in the last gasp from exhaustion and thirst. Pitying the sore distress of the unhappy bivalve, the stranger took it up and cast it into the deep part of the stream, and went on his way happy in the thought of a kindness done. He speedily forgot the incident. A while ago, however, as he was enjoying again a summer vacation, and sitting near the spot where the event of three years before had taken place, he perceived a clam clambering laboriously over the rocks toward him. Arrived with much exertion at the feet of the amazed observer, the clam opened its shell and disclosed a pearl as large as a hazel-nut. This the gentleman unhesitatingly appropriated, and thereupon the grateful clam, smiling clear around to its back hinge, returned joyfully to the water and disappeared with a gurgle of satisfaction.

EXPERT CRITICISM.

"Good day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the door-way of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell the *Tribune* a story?" he exclaimed.

"What kind of a story hav you ground out?" asked the horse reporter.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and——"

"It isn't one of those 'and as Ethel stood there in the soft moonlight, her little figure sharply outlined against the western sky, there was a crash in Coastcliff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the doughnut jar' kind of stories, is it—because they won't do," said the horse reporter.

"There is nothing at all about doughnuts in this story," replied the visitor, rather haughtily, "but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you giv us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think——"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself, and read as follows:

"'For answer Glady's beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands, and there, under the heavy fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her long ringlets to his lips, he kissed them reverently.'"

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the horse reporter."

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about such ducks."

"Why, I don't see——," began the author.

"Of course you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

The visitor admitted his ignornnce concerning that historical animal.

"Well, Thompson's colt was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now, that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand——"

"Probably not. It is not to be expected of literary people. But I will tell you; this young fellow in your story is out under an apple-tree holding a girl's hands, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he 'raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently.' That right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling around a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecil; you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree racket ourselvs."

"Good day," said the author, starting for the door.

"So long," was the response, "Make George act like a white man in your story, and come around again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Respectfully yours, MRS. A. BRYANT.

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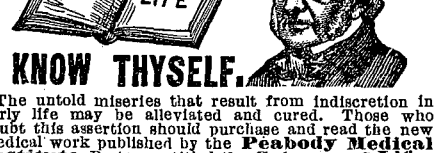
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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

To Invalids and Others: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 9. No. 48. { PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. M. BENNETT. } New York, Saturday, December 2, 1882. { NO. 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEAR BROADWAY. } $3 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

MR. TALMAGE alleges that silence is only music asleep. Just so. And the snoring during a sermon is only the congregation asleep.

A PHILADELPHIA preacher told the women of his congregation that divine truth could not find its way into hearts that were cramped by corsets.

HERBERT SPENCER says Americans don't know how to grumble. He evidently never joined a big congregation going home after a long sermon.—*Puck.*

A WOMAN has just been chosen superintendent of schools at Barrington, R I. It is the first time the position has ever been occupied by a woman in that state.

"WOMAN has too long been a mere hanger on—a camp follower of the Christian host," said Mrs. Melissa A. Stanley, who favors a wider field of action for her sex in connection with the church.

WE speaks ob de innocence ob youth, an' yit a boy would ruther go to a circus den ter go ter church, an' somehow in considerin' de hypocrisy ob de church an' how much ter be seed at de show, dinged ef I blames him.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A PREACHER, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of a sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep them awake!"

REVIVALIST BARNES encounters opposition from the clergy in Connecticut. Pastor Tinker of the Methodist church at Norwich calls his doctrins "damnable nonsense," and the "fag ends of Calvinism." With the same ease with which Connecticut Christians can see defects in Revivalist Barnes's belief we can see defects in the entire system. It is all wrong from beginning to end.

IN some parts of Spain where butter is a rare article of merchandise it is sold not by the pound, but by the yard. It is brought from the mountain districts in sheep's intestins, like sausages that are "tied off" with string in lengths as required by the buyer. To travelers butter by the inch seems rather curious bargaining; the product is usually neither palatable nor particularly clean.

ALL stories respecting Sir Garnet Wolseley are interesting just now, says the London *Truth* It appears that he is fond, like Napoleon, of addressing himself directly to the soldiers under his command. "Now, my man," he said, "if you were told to lighten your kit by half a pound, what should you throw away?" "The 'Soldier's Pocket Companion'" (a pious work by Wolseley himself), answered the man as he respectfully saluted his commander. That soldier's extraordinary good sense should secure his promotion.

SAPHIR was a remarkably ugly Jew, who was deformed in person, who lived several centuries ago in Germany, and who was a marvel of satirical wit. Nobody was ever known to hav got the better of him in repartee. Many of his retorts hav been handed down to the present times. The following was his style of talking back to people: He was traveling in a stage coach in company with two Jesuits, who made allusions to the personal appearance of Saphir, and were disposed to make fun of him generally. He put up with it for some time, but finally he asked: "Who are you two fellows, anyhow?" "We belong to the Society of Jesus." "Which society of Jesus, his first or last?" "What do you mean?" "Well, his first society were donkeys in the manger, and his last were thieves on Mount Calvary. Now I want to know to which of these societies you belong."

A LONG and activ agitation of the question of the Bible in the public schools, in Canada, has culminated in a formal demand upon the Dominion government by those who favor Christian exercises for the pupils. They state their ultimatum as follows: "That the Bible be used not as a reading book, but devotionally, in connection with the prescribed prayer, at the opening of the school each morning, and that both teachers and pupils read together the selection prescribed for each particular school day throughout the year. We do not ask that the Bible be used as a text-book in the public schools. We do not ask that the teachers be required to giv expositions or explanations of the meaning of passages of scriptures."

PROF. SAMUEL H. SCUDDER of Harvard College read a paper on the discovery of a bed of antediluvian cockroaches near Fairplay, Col., last spring, in rocks much older than any which hav before yielded insect remains west of the great plains. The cockroaches numbered eighty, and are of a more modern character than any palæozoic cockroach yet disclosed. They form a group distinct from the living cockroach, and eleven of the seventeen species found might be called *Palæoblatteria* from the shape of their wings. The discovery of these preadamite cockroaches shows that the beds in which they were found belong to the formation known to geologists as intermediate or triassic. Only four such cockroaches had been found in Europe, Prof. Scudder added, and American science may congratulate itself on the new find.

JOHN A. COBDEN, the Superintendent of public schools at Wakeman, Ohio, became enamored of Miss Welsh, a pretty pupil. Having made up his mind to go away with her, and make his wife and children believe that he was dead, he began by pretending ill health. Then he went on a trip as though to recuperate. He wrote home from Milwaukee that he was about to drown himself, and, leaving his baggage at a hotel, disappeared. His family mourned him as a suicide while he was alive and well at Moore's Hill, Indiana, where he and Miss Welsh had obtained employment as teachers in an academy under false names, and were about to get married. Cobden had been an activ church member at Wakeman, and his pastor went to Milwaukee to recover his body, if possible. There the clergyman noted that several valuable books were missing from the drowned man's effects, and he surmised the truth. Working upon that clue the elopers were traced and caught.

THE St. Paul *Dispatch* runs on in the following fashion: "There is no superstition in the acceptance of revelation equal to that of the idolaters who dethrone Vishnu and enthrone protoplasm. There is no credulity in the acceptance of revelationn equal to that of those who invite us to accept a limited infinity, a personal impersonality, a human divineness, and like irrationalities of inconsequentialism. There is no bigotry in the acceptance of revelation equal to that fanaticism of heresy which, having beveled the edges and rounded the corners of unwelcome truth, seeks to ostracize all who repudiate its infallibility. There is no blindness in the acceptance of revelation equal to that monstrous egoism which shells itself up in pretentious conceit and refuses audience to those voices from abroad, 'whose echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever.'" It would be safe to offer a valuable prize to any one who can tell what this fellow is driving at.

A CHRISTIAN father: John Phillips, a well-known citizen of Hudson, Mass., has for some time had the reputation of cruelly treating the members of his family, especially his 16-year-old daughter. On Monday, the 19th ult., the daughter, with the permission of her mother, went to Marlboro' to visit a relativ. As she did not return just at the time specified, the father drove to Marlboro', found his daughter, and started for home. On the way he cut from the roadside a heavy stick. On his arrival home he commanded her to go up stairs and disrobe and await his coming. She did not prepare herself for punishment as he had commanded, so he stripped her to the waist, and, with the stick he had cut on the way home, he beat her until the blood flowed from the cuts. Her screams were heard throughout the neighborhood, and when the facts became known the excitement ran high, and there were threats of lynching. Phillips, hearing of this, hastily left town. He is a leading member of the Baptist church, and the daughter has for some time been a member of the choir there.

EXPERIENCED Sunday-school speakers know the danger of asking questions at random of their juvenil audiences. Novices often blunder into the habit, not knowing its risks. One of these novices, who happened to be a particularly well-dressed young clergyman, tried his hand on a Boston Sunday-school. He began by saying, "Now, my dear children, look at me and tell me where you think I came from." One of the "dear children" held up his little hand and said, "I know, sir." The spruce-looking clergyman benignantly gazed on the young child, and, bestowing ever so sweet a smile on him, said, "Well, my little man, where do you think I came from?" The clerical and benignant smile was changed into an expression of horror when the illiterate youngster blurted out, "From the country, sir." An irreverent guffaw of laughter instantly pervaded the assembly, and the moral atmosphere of the place became such as almost to quench the good man's efforts at Sunday-school oratory. Greatly embarrassed, he struggled on for a little while with his speech, and then floundered to a hasty conclusion.

THIS is the way in which the bishop of Santander, Spain, denounces the newspapers which favor civil and religious liberty in that country: "May Almighty God curse these journals with the perpetual malediction launched against the devil and his angels! May they perish with Nero, Julian the apostate, and Judas the traitor! May the Lord judge them as he judged Dathan and Abiram! May the earth swallow them up alive! Let them be cursed day and night, sleeping and waking, in eating, in drinking, and in playing, when they speak and when they keep silence! May their eyes be blinded, their ears deaf, their tongue dumb! Cursed be every member of their body! Let them be cursed from to-day and forever! May their sepulcher be that of dogs and asses! May famished wolves prey upon their corpses, and may their eternal company be that of the devil and his angels." It is to be remembered that this gentle bishop is the follower of him who uttered the words, "Bless and curse not." As a specimen of murderous hate, bitter malignity, and worse than pagan brutality, this screed of a successor of the apostles is probably unequaled.—*Tribune.*

ON a difference of opinion as to whether Brother Abijah Green did or did not steal certain hymn books, the Union Baptist church of Philadelphia is saturated with the spirit of disunion and discord. Brother Green is a preacher who was sent into the ministry from the Union church and licensed by its pastor. He went to Atlantic City to preach, and while there some of the books belonging to the congregation he preached to were carried off A committee of investigation was appointed, which reported that Brother Green did not steal these books, but that the persons who claimed the ownership of them carried them away. This report was declared by Brother Green's enemies to be an unwarranted piece of whitewashing, for they said they could prove that Green had stolen the books. The debate ran so high that on Wednesday evening there was something very much like what the world's people would call a free fight. The church was packed with excited members, some of whom were, in the general excitement, pushed into the street. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wallace, took a spirited part in the fray, and from the pulpit deliberately announced his intention of killing Brother Abijah Green. Several of the brethren called each other liars and other unpleasant names.

News of the Week.

NEW YORK was visited by a snowstorm last Sunday.

THURLOW WEED, the veteran journalist, died on the 22d ult.

THE erection of a crematory is about to be begun in this city.

A GOVERNMENT detectiv was shot in Dublin, Ireland, on the 26th ult.

HERBERT SPENCER reports that his health is much improved by his trip to America.

IT is stated, but not generally credited, that the so-called False Prophet of Soudan has been captured.

A FAIR is being held in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington in aid of the Garfield monument fund.

THOMAS L. TALLOCK, formerly secretary of state in New Hampshire, has been appointed postmaster in Washington.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, is in an uproar over the marriage of a white girl with a jet black negro. The police are looking for the minister who married the couple.

JUDGE FOLGER, the Republican party's defeated candidate for governor of New York, contemplates resigning his position as secretary of state in President Arthur's cabinet.

A LABOR Lyceum was opened in Brooklyn on Thanksgiving Day. The hall was built by contributions from labor unions, and is dedicated to "agitation, education, and organization."

THE shying of his horse threw the Rev. J.W. Torrence, secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, down an embankment near his home in Danville, Pa., on the 25th ult., and injured him seriously.

IN the representation of the Passion Play, soon to be put upon the stage in this city, it is claimed that the piece of Syrian music will be given, to the measure of which David danced before the ark.

THE Rev. Mrs. Phœbe Hanaford, pastor of a church in Jersey City, decorated her church with sumac leaves, and in consequence is suffering from blood poisoning. "These signs follow them that believe," etc. (Mark xvi, 17).

THE grand jury failed to find a bill against John A. Cockerell, editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* for the shooting of Col. A. W. Slayback about a month ago, and it is not expected that any further action will be taken in the matter.

THE Faith Cure establishment of Buffalo, N. Y., is closed. The efficacy of prayer and sweet oil failed to manifest itself in a case of spinal complaint, and the business being financially embarrassed, it has joined the innumerable caravan of exploded frauds.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has removed from office Chas. E Henry, marshal of the district; Postmaster D B. Ainger, and Assistant-Postmaster M. M. Parker, of Washington; M. D. Helm, foreman of the *Congressional Record,* and ex-Senator Spencer, government commissioner of the Union Pacific Railroad, for complicity in the Star route frauds.

THE Rev. Wm. Martin, a city missionary of Brooklyn, stated last Sunday that that city could no longer be called the "city of churches." Its church buildings, including halls used by Spiritualists and other religious societies, can accommodate but one out of eight of its inhabitants, and but one family in four possesses a Bible.

THE Society for the Extension of Missionary Work among the Jews met last Sunday in Brooklyn. The secretary's report showed that the above variety of missionary work was going on in 201 cities Forty-two thousand tracts had been distributed and $7,173.63 spent in the good work during the past year. No converts were reported.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Over the Mountains.—Continued.

MORE ABOUT MORMONISM.

Of course, Mormons believe in revelation, but Brigham Young never claimed infallibility, nor was it conceded to him. He was regarded as a prophet, though in a lesser degree than Joseph Smith. When the Mormons were expelled from Nauvoo, and Brigham was called to the presidency, he is claimed to have had a "revelation"—one received and acknowledged then and to-day. But never from the day he set foot in Utah to his death did he ever assume to give the church a written revelation of God's will. Had he done so it would doubtless have been received with unlimited confidence, as the faith of his followers was so great in him that they would have accepted as the dictum of heaven any command he might have given.

As to crime among the Mormons, it is well to understand that while Mormons constitute three-fourths of the population of Salt Lake City, and in the county four-fifths, in the city prison there are twenty-nine convicts, and not one of them is a Mormon. The jailer stated that for five years past not one of the inmates of the prison was a Mormon. In the territory eighty-three per cent of the people are Mormons; but still of the fifty-one prisoners in the Utah Penitentiary only five were Mormons. In all the prisons in the territory there are about one hundred and twenty-five prisoners, and of this number not over eleven are Mormons, some of whom were incarcerated for polygamy.

It is stated as a truth that in the twenty counties of the state thirteen are without a dramshop, brewery, gambling-house, or brothel. Out of the two hundred saloons, billiard, bowling-alley, and pool-table keepers, not over a dozen even profess to be Mormons. All the houses of prostitution and other disreputable concerns in the territory are run and patronized by the anti-Mormons or Christians. Ninety-eight per cent of the gamblers of Utah are Christians; ninety-five per cent of the Utah lawyers are gentiles; eighty per cent of all the litigation in the territory is of anti-Mormon origin. Of the two hundred and fifty towns and villages throughout the territory in two hundred of them there is not a prostitute. Of the suicides committed in Utah over ninety per cent are among the gentiles. Of the homicides and infanticides, over eighty per cent are perpetrated by the seventeen per cent of anti-Mormons.

The arrests in Salt Lake city are 1,020 per year, of these 851 are of the Christian portion, which forms one-fourth of the population, while 169 are Mormon, which are three-fourths of the population.

But the great crying sin of Mormonism, from the Christian point of view, is polygamy, a practice which their Bible justifies in the fullest extent. But a great share of this evil is imaginary. It does not exist to the extent that many suppose. There are about 150,000 people in Utah, far more than double the population of Nevada, which is a state, exceeding that of Kansas and Nebraska combined when admitted as states. Let us see if the women of Utah constitute a grand harem.

Massachusetts has a surplus of females of over 64,000—condemned to be old maids, or to swell the ranks of the armies of prostitutes filling the streets of our cities. The census returns show that twenty-two states, or more than half, have a surplus of females; the returns of Utah show that there is and always has been more males than females in that territory. The number of Mormon men having more than one wife amounts to less than ten per cent of the total population. So at the very worst view which may be taken of the vice of this country, it dwarfs into insignificance at the view of one hundred times as many men through all the Christian states who do not lead true lives to their wives, and are again and again guilty of continual adulteries. With all that can be said of the Mormon institution, there cannot be a doubt that the men and women of this country are at least ten times as virtuous—if sexual honesty means virtue—as the Christian men and women who constitute the population of the Eastern states.

POLYGAMY FROM THE WOMAN STANDPOINT.

It is usually supposed that plural marriage is very distasteful to the Mormon women, and that they only submit to it as an act of faith, and simply because their religion imperatively requires it. But from the following quotations from letters of prominent Mormon women it would seem this is not fully so. This first letter is from Mrs. Pratt, a *first* wife:

I have (as you see in all good consciences founded on the word of God) formed family and kindred ties which are inexpressibly dear to me, and which I can never bring my feelings to consent to dissolve I have a good and virtuous husband whom I love. We have four little children which are naturally and inexpressibly dear to us, and, besides this, my husband has seven other living wives, and one who has departed to a better world. He has in all upward of twenty five children. All these mothers and children are endeared to me by kindred ties, by mutual affection, by acquaintance and association; and the mothers in particular by mutual and long exercises of toil, patience, long suffering, and sisterly kindness. We all hav our imperfections in this life, but I know these are good and worthy women, and that my husband is a good and worthy man—one who keeps the commands of Jesus Christ and presides in his family like an Abraham.

Mrs. Eliza R. Snow Young wrote the following:

I am proud to state that I believe in the principle of plural marriage just as sacredly as I believe in any other institution which God has revealed. I believe it to be necessary for the redemption of the human family from the low state of corruption into which it has sunken. . . . Virtue is the foundation of the prosperity of our nation, and this sacred principle of plural marriage tends to virtue, purity, and holiness.

Mrs. Bethsheba W. Smith wrote the following:

As a loyal citizen of this great republic I enter my protest against this unlawful and unhallowed crusade founded on misrepresentations. As well might that honorable body legislate against baptism by immersion as against plurality of wives. God has revealed those principles and they must be sustained. With our own free consent our husbands take more wives, and when children crown our joy, around our sacred family altars we bow the knee and rejoice in his divine favor as legitimate wives with honorable children. We regard our husbands as men of true virtue and integrity, who take upon themselves the great responsibility in honoring the laws of God, and we bear them up in our faith and secret prayers.

Mrs. Zina D. Young wrote thus:

The principle of our holy religion that is assailed is one that lies deep in my heart. . . . We are proud of the principle because we understand its true worth, and we want our children to practice it, that through us a race of men and women, may grow up possessing sound minds in sound bodies.

Mrs. Hannah T. King wrote:

. . . I felt that its laws coincided with the laws of my nature. My daughters entered into the order in all their youth and beauty, educated, as they had been, in all the refinements of the world, and have ever honored it, and been an honor to it and to the church, whose principles they have left home and all its attractions to obey. . . . I hav now been in the church twenty-eight years, and my path has not been one of roses by any means, but I hav no regrets. I would not return to former things for Queen Victoria's throne and all its appendages.

Mrs. Margaret T. Smoot said this:

I have been a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for forty-four years, and have lived now nearly seventy years . . . I am the wife of a polygamist; his other wives and his children by those wives are just as much a part of his family as me and mine, I being his first wife; and his other wives are just as lawful and honorable in the sight of God as I am, and his children I consider to be just as lawful and honorable as any children born in wedlock. These are not only my feelings, but I know them to be the feelings of many others who occupy a position like that which I occupy, and I believe them to be the feelings of this whole community.

Thus wrote Dr. Romania B. Pratt:

The days of silence and patient endurance of calumny on the women of the Latter Day Saints concerning the subject of plural marriage are over; and notwithstanding that "neglected calumny soon expires," the great importance of the fact that our children, and our children's children have been born and bred under the teaching and practice of this great principle, and the sacredness of our duty to preserve hallowed and pure in their hearts the altar of love, though subordinate to our higher duty of obedience to God, is an inspiration not to be neglected or unheeded.

Mrs. Phœbe Woodruff said:

It has been upwards of forty years since my first acquaintance with these doctrines, this people, and the prophet Joseph Smith. I knew him to be an honorable, virtuous, and pure man, and his brother Hyrum also. . . . If I am proud of anything in this world, it is that I accepted the principle of plural marriage and remained among the people called "Mormons," and am numbered with them to-day. I can truly say that I am satisfied for one, and I don't guess at it, nor is it because some one has told me, but it is because the spirit of God has borne testimony to me of the truth of this work, and of this truthfulness I am a witness.

Mrs. E. B. Wells said:

Though I cherish no ill-feeling toward those who hav arrayed themselves against this principle of our faith, plural marriage, yet as they oppose it we must meet it, and we intend to meet it with all the energy we possess, and it will be "diamond cut diamond," I assure you.

Phœbe C. Young said:

The cry has ever been the downtrodden women of Utah. . . . They would have the world believe us the most degraded and neglected beings of all God's creation. Now *we know* this is not so. We enjoy full as much liberty as they do, and a great deal more, with all their boasted civilization. We enjoy all the rights that are accorded to our sex anywhere, which we know as well how to use as any of our compeers in the Eastern cities would. Indeed, we enjoyed more before they kindly introduced so much of their vaunted civilization into our midst. The day has been when one could walk the streets of Salt Lake City at any hour of the day or night, if necessary, without fear of insult, for every man we met would be a brother and a friend.

Mrs. Isabella Horne wrote in this wise:

You say you would like to know how the Mormon women do feel. I will tell you. They all know they are honored wives and mothers, acknowledged in society with their children, and are happy in knowing that their husbands are true to their marriage covenant, whether they have one wife or more. The Lord, seeing the wickedness and corruption on the earth, in his wisdom has revealed the principle of plural marriage to purify society and elevate women from the degradation in which man has placed her. And woe will be unto the man that degrades woman, for she is a gift from God. And I can positively assert that in no place on the earth are chastity and virtue in woman more honored and protected than among people called Mormons.

Emily B. Spencer thus:

Celestial marriage that gives us power over death, that unites in heaven as well as upon earth, and has no dissolution in it, is the present target. Celestial marriage that brings the blessings of the Lord, that is a commandment from heaven, is what they pretend to aim at. Really it is the kingdom of God, the truth from heaven, and the people who obey the commandments of God against whom this hatred exists.

Helen Mar Whitney expressed herself thus:

If the few who believe this principle to be a righteous one can afford to endure it, certainly the stranger ought to leave us to ourselves to work out the "problem." . . . If those who call themselves Christians would come to us with a spirit more in accordance with their profession, if we could not all see alike, we might at least be friends; but the unrighteous and inhuman course taken to root out what they call the "twin relics" only arouses in our hearts a more determined spirit of opposition, and fills every virtuous and sincere Mormon woman with indignation, and we tell them with the same spirit the heroic defenders of liberty at Bunker Hill when they said to the infatuated monarch of England, "We have chosen (religious) war in preference to voluntary slavery," to their false idea and the humbuggeries of acknowledged Mormon-eaters and virtue and life destroyers.

These extracts from letters are not given because I have the least faith in the book about the revealed will of God, or because there is the slightest probability that any god has revealed himself to these people more than to any others. It is an old claim, made by the devotees of various sects and systems of religion, that God has made a special revelation to them, and that they consequently know more about the secret will of the inscrutable being, whom no man has ever seen, than other people; but I have given them to show how intelligent Mormon women feel upon this subject of plural marriage.

A strong writer upon this subject—and withal a gentile—says: "The Mormons shrink from a civilization that introduces the brothel with its advance guard, fills our papers with unmentionable advertisements, and makes of every city a sink of iniquity. A civilization that converts women to prostitution faster than it does to Christian life, fills our ears with clerical scandals and our courts with Christian defaulters; that elevates Restellism into a social institution and leads to a prevalence of fœticide and infanticide which, if its extent were known as only physicians know, might well fill us with horror and dismay."

The Mormon can take the position of accuser, and retort upon the defenders of Christian civilization: In striking down the sacramental obligations with which Catholicity had hedged around the marriage rite, in making it a mere civil contract between a man and a woman for sexual and other purposes, you hav weakened the very foundation of society. The student of social science, seeing the startling increase in divorce statistics, the growing social tolerance given to marital infidelity—the general decadence, in fact, of marriage itself—may be able to comprehend the Mormon feeling of aversion.

The writer quoted from says further: "Mormons have seen a Federal judge and a woman of disreputable character sit side by side on the bench, have found their laws against rum-selling and prostitution inoperative from the protection granted by government officials, and have read in the gentile organ (known to the Mormons as the *Daily Obscenist*), as well as heard from the lips of Christian clergymen, the startling affirmation that houses of ill-fame and saloons are 'necessary reforming agencies' in the 'emancipation' of Mormon youth. They have seen in a recent Fourth of July celebration the carriage of Gov. Murray followed in the procession by that of a woman of notorious moral profligacy, without protest, and have seen those now wearing the judicial ermine shield immorality and vice."

The same writer, in concluding the subject of plural marriage, uses the following language:

"Polygamy in Utah is the consecration, under religious obligations, of the sexual relations, yet the Edmunds bill assumes that it is identical with bigamy, or the betrayal and desertion of a woman through false pretenses. This bill not only brands men as criminals for following out their convictions, in which woman's consent is prerequisite, but proposes to disfranchise even those who contracted plural marriage before Congress declared it to be a crime.

"But in *what* does their crime consist? It is time to close indulging in mere assumption, in appeals to passion and religious bigotry. In New York there is no law on the statute books defining fornication as a crime, and all our pulpits are silent. You may, if unmarried, enter into sexual relations with a dozen women, so long as you do not represent them to be wives; call them your harlots, your concubines—anything but wife—and you are guilty of no criminality.

"Would it follow that if the 'miserable fanatic,' the Mormon, could be induced to strike down the sacramental relation in which he holds marriage, if he should cease to give guarantees to both the woman and society to stand by the results of this relation, he would be less open to clerical rebuke? If he adopted the suggestions of the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, and recognized prostitutes as social missionaries, basing his sexual relations merely on animal passion, following New York rather than biblical precedents, and lived in open and admitted fornication, there would be no law specially drafted to meet his case, the pulpit would be estopped from censure, and Christian society compelled to look elsewhere for its sacrificial goat.

"If polygamy be barbarism, our superior civilization will crush it out. But, right or wrong, be careful how you deny to even a deluded people the right

of self government, brand their children bastards, and turn them over for relief to the sense of equity possessed by a board of politicians. We tolerate the Shaker in seeking to prohibit and prevent marriage—certainly necessary to social existence. Let us endeavor to tolerate the men who regulate marriage on a religious belief, and invariably condemn every plural marriage by an apostate as wanting in that consecration which can alone sanctify. A crusade against those who refuse to recognize civil marriage, as the Catholic, is full as legitimate, and would be attempted were their property centralized in a territory.

"We have learned to tolerate the religious heretic—in law at least—but not the social heretic, and the Mormon problem brings before us a test which will try our boasted liberality to the utmost. When we, as a people, go two thousand miles to deny the right of self-government because the *letter*, not the *spirit*, of the law permits it; when we deprive citizens of the right of franchise for acts of which those interested do not complain but indorse, and which involve no moral criminality; when we do this to a people upon whose moral character the only blot is in the non-Mormon portion, we strike a blow at the American idea of liberty and toleration that might well arouse Thomas Jefferson from his tomb.

"Whatever we may *think* of polygamy as a social system, let us be careful how we *act*, and not fashion a handle for an axe which may one day strike nearer home when wielded by other passions. Are there none of our statesmen who can rise above the level of prejudice and see the danger coercive measures must lead to? If moralists choose to ignore the Golden Rule, a statesman cannot be blind to the peril involved in following a course mapped out by a few political adventurers in Utah. Leave to clergymen the honor of glorying over the possible apostasy of a few thousand Mormons from a faith which has kept them from profligacy and vice, or in their emancipation from moral control, and view the subject in a far broader sense. The Mormons point to the prophecy of Joseph Smith, that the time was not far distant when they alone would be the defenders of the great principle of religious liberty. Shall the fulfilment of this prophecy come through the act of the representatives of a republic founded by Jefferson and his colleagues?

"If the Mormon *home* is not the childless home of the Eastern capitalist, or the home of the factory operativ, in which the bell of the mill connects with the cradle and weaves human life into the manufactured fabric, it is none the less a home, consecrated by family love and sanctified by religious observances, where the mother's devotion guides the feet of loving children. You know the Golden Rule. Apply it in this case, or tell me why not!"

In this connection it seems proper I should give the following part of a letter from Mrs. Belinda M. Pratt to her sister in New Hamphshire:

But, leaving all scripture history or precedent out of the question, let us come to nature's law. What, then, appears to be the great object of the marriage relation? I answer, the multiplying of our species, the rearing and training of children.

To accomplish this object natural law would dictate that a husband should remain apart from his wife at certain seasons, which in the very constitution of the female are untimely; or, in other words, indulgence should not be merely for pleasures or wanton desires, but mainly for the purpose of procreation.

The morality of nature would teach a mother that during nature's process in the formation and growth of embryo man her heart should be pure, her thoughts and affections chaste, her mind calm, her passions without excitement, while her body should be invigorated with every exercise conducive to health and vigor, but by no means subjected to anything calculated to disturb, irritate, weary, or exhaust any of its functions.

And while a kind husband should nourish, sustain, and comfort the wife of his bosom by every kindness and attention consistent with her situation, and with his most tender affection, still he should refrain from all those untimely associations which are forbidden in the great laws of female nature, which laws we see carried out in almost the entire animal economy, human animals excepted.

Polygamy, then, as practiced under the patriarchal law of God, tends directly to the chastity of women and to sound health and morals in the constitutions of their offspring.

You can read in the law of God, in your Bible, the times and circumstances under which a woman should remain apart from her husband, during which time she is considered unclean; and should her husband come to her bed under such circumstances he would commit a gross sin both against the laws of nature and wise providence of God's law as revealed in his word; in short, he would commit an abomination. He would sin against his own body, against the body of his wife, and against the laws of procreation, in which the health and morals of this offspring are directly concerned.

The polygamic law of God opens to all vigorous, healthy, and virtuous females a door by which they may become honorable wives of virtuous men, and mothers of faithful, virtuous, healthy, and vigorous children.

And here let me ask you, my dear sister, what a female in all New Hampshire would marry a drunkard, a man of hereditary disease, a debauchee, an idler, or a spendthrift; or what woman would become a prostitute, or, on the other hand, live and die single, or without forming those inexpressibly dear relationships of wife and mother, if the Abrahamic covenant, or patriarchal laws of God, were extended over your state and held sacred and honorable by all?

While this part of the subject is still before us let me say that in regard to remaining apart from their wives while in a pregnant state, Mormon husbands are model husbands, and are worthy following by all the husbands of America. When a wife has become in that interesting condition all sexual relations are discontinued, and the embryo child is allowed to mature without the irritations and injuries of continued sexual indulgence. In this regard the Mormons are a long way in advance of all the Christian men of the country. Sexual intemperance is one of the crying evils of our times. Tens of thousands of women are deprived of health and their days shortened in the world directly from this cause. Many cases hav been brought to my direct knowledge where clergymen have not only been the cause of the death of excellent wives from this very cause, but where two and three subsequent wives have been absolutely murdered in the same way. Clergyman are by no means the only ones guilty of this sin. It is far, far too common over the broad expanse of our country. Let every man look to his ways in this respect and not become the murderer of the woman whom law and custom have placed in his power.

It should in justice be stated that Mormon wives possess facilities for divorce equal to those enjoyed by those of any state in the Union. Both the first and subsequent wives can obtain a divorce upon almost any ground if they but so determine, even "incombatibility of temperament" being sufficient to annul the bond.

A case is reported of the wife of one of the first twelve, whose name is cherished with love by the Mormons, and who found her married life a burden, her husband shiftless and depending upon her labors for support. When at last he proposed to add to her cares by another wife, patience ceased to be a virtue, and she "spoke her mind" and sought a divorce. This was an instance where a "scandal" might be brought upon a name endeared to every Mormon, one whose reputation was regarded as bound up in the church itself, and pride alone would render the "priesthood" deaf to her claims. But her prayer was listened to and a divorce granted, and this same wife is to-day as devout a Mormon and as sincere a believer in polygamy as ever.

Whatever these Mormon women may say in favor of plural marriage, I cannot think that the fractional part of a man—say the tenth part—is more acceptable, more agreeable, than to have the man they love wholly to themselves. The close equality in numbers in the births between males and females shows that nature has made no provision for plural marriage. The fact that there are more males in Utah than females is a standing and incontrovertible argument against the Mormon theory. Every man who takes to himself more than one woman deprives some other man or men of that which is their natural right; and this is precisely of the same character as a man taking to himself ten times as much of the soil of the earth as is his share, or aggrandizes to himself ten times as much wealth in any form as belongs to him. There is no question but what monogomy—one man for one woman—is the true system of marriage, regardless of all the claims of polygamy which Abraham, Solomon, Brigham Young, and others may set up, or the system of polyandry, which the Thibetians and other orientals may claim. Many women for one man is wrong, and many men for one woman is equally wrong. One man for one woman is nature's rule, and it is unquestionably conducive to the greatest amount of happiness. That the Mormons have some argument upon their side, especially that drawn from the Jewish scriptures, must be confessed; and it is hard to see why they have not a right to that old acknowledged authority for their guide. It is also hard to see why they have not the right to regulate their own social affairs, and why their Christian enemies in the East should take it upon themselves to lay down a law for them. That the Eastern Christians are any more virtuous, or live any purer lives, or any nearer nature's demands, by no means appears. That Mormons are as faultless as their Christian opponents is made most visible.

From remarks that have been made it may be supposed that great partiality is entertained for Mormons. This is by no means the case; the desire has been to simply be just to them. So far as they found their belief and lives upon the claims of some pretended revelation, they stand on the same level with all other believers in supernaturalism, and are equally deceived with all of them. It has been my desire to show the fact that their great enemies, the Christian denominations, are behind them in many of the proofs of morality and a good life, and that those who claim superior excellence to all others are really more corrupt, more sunken in crime and degradation, than those whom they go so far to oppose and suppress In this case, as in the thousands that have preceded it, Christian procedure is rife with injustice, intolerance, and cruelty.

A word as to Mormon imperfections. Their system of ecclesiasticism is as open to condemnation as all similar institutions which the world has known. The same oppression and surveillance over members are exercised; the same or similar cumbersome and expensive church machinery is made use of; a great number of bishops, apostles, with priests, advisers, and watchmen, are constantly employed, and their services have to be paid for by the governed. The expenses of the Mormon church are heavy. The tithing, or the ten per cent of all produced, is rigorously exacted of every man and woman in the territory belonging to the church of the Latter-Day Saints. The machinery for grinding out this ten per cent of the products of every year is kept in active operation, and only shows how much this bogus religion costs the people. True, one tenth is about what it has cost in all nations and in all times to keep up priestcraft and the flummery of supernaturalism; and whether it is paid cheerfully, or is forced out by the grinding of some ecclesiastical law, when a man has no more than his family and himself require, it feels particularly oppressive to give up one-tenth of it all. But God is inexorable, and so are his priests; they must have their share, though they have not lifted a finger to earn it; yes, they must have their share though any number of men and women may starve for the want of it.

It would require a long time to give an account of the oppression by which the dignataries of the Mormon church are enabled to keep the rank and file in desired submission. This crushing machinery is kept in steady operation, and, as before remarked, it is nothing less than a serious affair for a man who has been a submissive member to throw off the ecclesiastical power and become free in mind and opinion. Those who have passed through this ordeal know best how to estimate the power and oppression of the church. It is about equal to that of the Romish church. There is, after all, but little difference between the different kinds of ecclesiastical religions. They are all oppressive of the rights of the individual; they all have ulterior and selfish designs of their own to carry out, and none of them care a straw for the natural rights of a poor man, and will take from him his last bushel of wheat, and almost the coat from his back, on the claim that the church of God requires it. This has been the rule of priestcraft in all time.

A word about Mormon intolerance. There is no question but what Christians have been very intolerant toward them, have mobbed them on several occasions, destroyed their property, murdered them, and treated them, in short, in the true Christian manner. It cannot be denied, however, that when the Mormons have obtained power they have evinced the same intolerant, persecuting spirit in return. There is no doubt about the existence of the murderous bands called the "Danites," and that they operated at the bidding and behest of the highest authorities in the church. There is no doubt that the Mormons feel the same murderous hatred toward their Christian oppressors that their Christian oppressors feel toward them. This has been the nature of all the phases of supernatural religions which the world has known. With a God vindictive, full of wrath, indignation, judgment, and dire punishment, it has been very easy for his believers and worshipers to be willing to take some of this work off his hands, and to some extent act in his stead. The Mormons have been no exception to the general rule. There is no doubt that the Mountain Meadow massacre was wholly a Mormon movement, and was committed by the high orders of the church; and it was one of the most bloody deeds that has been perpetrated on this continent. They doubtless felt that their natural enemies, the Christians, were crowding in upon them, whose ultimate design it was to drive them from the territory they had chosen, and a spirit of deep hatred was undoubtedly felt toward all new comers of their enemies. What they have felt from the encroachments of their enemies can hardly be realized. The government of the United States, moving at the dictation of the Christian churches, has so crowded upon them as to nearly drive them to desperation, to resolve them to destroy all they had accumulated in Utah, to burn their homes and villages, to leave nothing behind but the smoking ruins, and themselves seek a more congenial home within the territory of Mexico. It is probable this resolution is not yet wholly abandoned, and that if the government is too oppressive and undertakes to regulate their social affairs they may at almost any time do as they have done before, abandon their present peaceful homes and seek others under another government.

There is an irrepressible conflict between Mormons and other Christians, though they believe in the same God and in the same savior, and it is not unlikely that bloody work in Utah may grow out of this bitter antagonism. This spirit of opposition and cross purposes crops out in the efforts for Utah to be admitted as a state, although it has three times the population required by law for a territory to become a state, and over six times as much as some of the states have had which have been admitted. This palpable injustice is simply because the Mormons have a large majority in the territory, and if they are admitted as a state it would be wholly under Mormon control. They would have the power to pass just such laws as they please, and to be as oppressive upon their opponents as suited them. To avert such a state of things as this as long as possible every subterfuge will be resorted to to prevent the territory becoming a state, for so long as it is a territory it will be supplied with officials by the general government, and the Mormons are under

their control. But as soon as it becomes a state all this is changed—no more United States officials will be over them, and the Mormons will have everything in their own hands. It is not strange, then, that all the anti-Mormons, whether Christians of other churches or apostates from the Mormon church, are opposed to a state government. They much prefer to endure the evils they now have than to fly to others they know not of, or rather of which they have a pretty clear idea that they will be exclusively those of Mormon rule. The Mormon problem is not yet fully solved, and in the working-out process it is difficult to say what events may occur.

Now, after making a single remark about the productiveness of the soil of Utah, let us proceed on our eastward journey. I have seen a statement that 73½ bushels of wheat on an average have been produced per acre. As a rule, wheat yields 61 bushels per acre and oats 88. The dreary wastes of alkaline plains and sagebrush have given place to luxuriant farms, flourishing gardens, and fruitful forests. But now let us

RESUME THE EASTWARD JOURNEY.

In the morning the train comes in from the West, and in due time we were rolling on our way toward home. The road winds around to the left and follows the base of the mountains, with the river on the right. The country is fertile and dotted with well-tilled farms. Seven and a half miles bring us to Uintah Station. This was the scene of the Morrisite Massacre.

Here five hundred men of Brigham Young's Mormon Legion, and five hundred who volunteered for the occasion, with five pieces of artillery, commanded by Robert T. Burton, attacked the Morrisites, whose offense was that they had presumed to do what Joseph Smith and his fellows did in the infancy of Mormonism. Joseph Morris, an apostate Mormon, had the assurance to set up for a prophet on his own account, and drew around him a goodly number of followers. Almost any man who sets up for a prophet will find a greater or lesser number of willing dupes ready to acknowledge his leadership and divine power. But Bishop Brigham could not for a moment brook that Bishop Joseph Morris should have the right to act as a prophet, and he sent his legions to put him down. General Burton attacked the Morrisites, and after three days' skirmishing, and after over twenty had been killed, the Morrisites surrendered. But the representative of the Latter Day Saints coolly shot Joseph Morris, the would-be prophet, down like a dog.

The followers of Morris consisted of about ninety able-bodied men, mostly unarmed, and over three hundred old men, women, and children. The prisoners were taken to Salt Lake City and condemned, and those who were able to work had their legs ornamented with a ball and chain, and were set at work at picking stone for building the Mormon temple to worship the great God of mercy in. On the 9th of March these unfortunates were all pardoned by the Hon. S. S. Harding, who that spring had been sent out by the United States government to act as governor of the territory.

Devil's Gate is the next station, four and a half miles distant. We have now left the Great Salt Lake valley, and passed through a gorge in the Wasatch Mountains. Whether the devil takes any charge of his gate does not appear, but probably this bit of rough real estate was ceded to him by those who did not own a foot of it, and out of mere good will for the old fellow who has had so much power to do harm, and has exercised the right to so limited a degree. Fifty feet above the seething caldron of waters the roadway passes, and above frowning rocks rear their crests far up toward the black and threatening clouds which hover over the Witches' Caldron. With bated breath one gazes on this wild scene and vainly tries to analyze his feelings, in which awe, wonder, and admiration are blended.

Peterson is the next unimportant station, and something more than nine miles more bring us to Weber, which lies between two Mormon settlements, which together are called Morgan City. The villages are separated by the river which runs through the bottom-land, most of which is under cultivation. The population is about one thousand. The effects of irrigation are to seen here in the good crops produced.

Croydon is the next station seven miles further on. Here the mountains on either side are tall, rugged, and grand. In places they seem almost dovetailed together, and then torn asunder, leaving the rough promontories and rugged chasms as so many obstacles to bar the progress. But here engineering skill has triumphed over all natural obstructions where the road could not be constructed, until it breaks forth into the plains, whence it glides away toward the Great Lake, as though exhausted with its wild journey through the canyon.

Echo City, eight and a half miles from Croydon, is situated at the foot of the bluff, which towers far aloft. It is at the western terminus of Echo Canyon. A little further on is Pulpit Rock, which is an independent tall rock with a kind of capstone. It is said Brigham Young preached a sermon from this rock when he and his band were on their weary journey to Salt Lake City.

Weber River is a stream which rises in the Wasatch Mountains, seventy miles to the south, its waters being supplied by thousands of springs, many tributaries, and the copious, everlasting snows of this mountain range. It empties into the Great Salt Lake just below Ogden, about fifty miles from Echo City. The valley of the Weber from Echo City to its source is very fertile, and thickly settled by Mormons. Coal is found at Coalville and Chalk Creek. Parley Park is a beautiful fertile valley.

Emory is the next station, and from it can be seen the Natural Bridge, a conglomerate formation, spanning a cleft in the wall. It has more than a local reputation, for it gave name to an overland stage station. The canyon here presents many points of attraction. The beauties of Echo Canyon are so many, so majestic, so awe-inspiring in their sublimity, that there is hardly a necessity of repeating their claims. Four miles below Hanging Rock the walls rise in massive majesty. Rain, frost, and time have tended to crumble and destroy the symmetry of the rocks, but in vain. Centuries have come and gone since mighty convulsions shook this locality, the time when Weber and Echo Canyons sprang into existence—"twin children whose birth was heralded by throes such as the earth may never feel again." About six miles below Hanging Rock, up to the topmost hights of the towering cliffs, a thousand feet above the bed of the canyon, can be seen the fortifications erected by the Mormons to defend this pass against the army under Johnson, sent out in 1857 by the general government. The fortifications consist of massive rocks, placed on the verge of the precipice, which were to be toppled over on the heads of the soldiers below. But the plan was never put into operation, and the rocks still remain there for the heads of some other foe.

Seven miles further on is Castle Rock. It derives its name from the long line of sandstone bluffs on the left-hand side of the canyon, and they are worn and torn away until, in the distance, they have the appearance of the old feudal castles, so often spoken of but so seldom seen. For a long distance these rocks line the left-hand bank of the canyon, their massive red sandstone fronts towering from 500 to 1,500 feet above the little valley. In ascending the canyon there is the wildest and grandest scenery imaginable.

A little more than eight miles bring us to Wasoteh, which was once a regular eating station, but a change has been made and the place is now deserted. Eleven miles more bring us to Evanston, which is now the eating station, where the trains stop thirty minutes for meals. Chinese servants wait upon the table and the meals are good. This is the county-seat of Uintah county, and is just half way between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. The railroad company have put up good buildings here; there are some 1,500 inhabitants, and the town has a flourishing appearance.

Thirteen miles over a wild portion of road bring us to Hilliard, with a population of 400. It is a busy place. A V-flume crosses the track, twenty feet above it, in which immense quantities of lumber, ties, telegraph-poles, cord-wood, etc., are floated down from the pineries of the Uintah Mountains from twenty to thirty miles to the south. Just to the left of the station are located rows of J. C. Cameron's curious-looking beehive kilns for burning charcoal. There are about thirty of them, of two different sizes, some with a capacity for twenty, and some for forty cords of wood. These kilns can each be filled and burned three times a month, and from twenty cords of wood 1,000 bushels of charcoal are produced. This coal is mostly shipped to the smelting furnaces within reaching distance.

Aspen, five miles further on, a side track, consists of lumber piles and a water-tank. The station takes its name from the high mountain to the north called Quaking Asp. The summit of this mountain is covered with snow during most of the year. * The quaking asp, or aspen, is a species of poplar that grows in profusion in the gulches and on the sides of the mountain.

Nine miles more bring us to Piedmont, where a few dozen buildings are in sight. Burning charcoal is the principal business done here, and here are more of those curious white, conical kilns. Leroy is a side track of which much cannot be said. Bridger is five miles further on, and is about as unpretentious as Jim Bridger himself, after whom it was named, who, though, was a noted hunter and trapper on the plains. He was a Virginian by birth, and emigrated in his boyhood days to Missouri, where his parents died. Jim, being then alone in the world, joined a band of trappers who were going to the Rocky Mountains. He had not the slightest education, but when he reached the field of destination he was greatly attracted to the business of trapping, and he became very skilful at it. Beaver was the leading game, and by shrewdly studying their habits he was very successful in making captures, and the profits were large. He ultimately explored a vast amount of this mountain territory, and became familiar with its wonderful variety of wild and grand scenery. He pursued his trapping expeditions as far north as the British Possessions, as far south as Mexico, and as far west as the Pacific Ocean. He became thoroughly acquainted with all the tribes of Indians who occupy that vast expanse of country, and he was a great favorite with them. He learned from them much of what he knew of trapping. He had a great list of stories of wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes, with which he entertained the crowds who fondly listened to his recitals. He died in 1875 near Kansas City, Mo., having outlived the sphere of his usefulness, all the wild great West having been explored and opened up to settlement. There are cliffs here five hundred feet in hight, and one pulpit-shaped rock is called "Pluto's Outlook," which he is supposed to have used in making observations. A little further south is his majesty's stone-yard, to which the railroad company several years ago laid a track for the purpose of conveying away the abundance of flat stone which lay around in plentifulness. But a difficulty arose as to the stones. The superstitious masons took up a notion that the stones were bedeviled and would not lie still. They reported that the stones which were laid flat in their places in the after part of the day would be standing up edgewise in the wall in the morning, but after being allowed to remain in quiet they soon peacefully resumed their flat position. But the poor bedeviled masons became so frightened that they could not be induced to continue their work, and they even left the country and have not been heard of from that day to this.

Fort Bridger, ten miles in an easterly direction from the railroad, over the bluffs out of sight, was also named in honor of the celebrated trapper. It was established by A. S. Johnson in 1858.

Ten miles further on comes Carter, eleven miles north of a large sulphur spring, with a calybeate spring near by. Fourteen miles away is a mountain of coal with veins of a total thickness of eighty-seven feet, and traceable for twelve miles.

Ten miles more bring us to Hampton, a side track, and seven miles more Church Buttes, a noted place for moss agates. These beautiful stones are found along the road from Green River to Piedmont. In some places the ground is said to be literally covered with these gems, varying in size from a pea to about five inches in diameter. The outside is a dark gray and a greenish blue in spots. They do not possess very much value.

From here it is twelve miles to Grangers, and nine and a half more to Marston, a station of no importance; and seven and a half miles more bring us to Bryan, a deserted old station. The country around is barren, composed of red sand, and uninviting in the extreme. We continue on an ascending grade five miles more to Peru, and eight more to Green River, an eating station, with railroad shops, and a general air of prosperity. This locality is celebrated for its shales, named by Professor Hayden, the "Green River Shales." The walls of the bluffs rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, and are of a grayish-buff color. They are composed of layers, apparently deposits of all thicknesses, from that of a knife blade to that of two feet. At the base the layers are thick and composed of arenaceous clay, with laminated sandstone, mud markings, and other indications of shallow water or mud flats. The color for a hundred feet up is an ashen brown; next are lighter colored layers, alternated with green and fine white sand. Passing up clay and lime predominate, then come layers of boulders, pebbles, and small nodules. There are also seams of very fine black limestone, saturated with petroleum. Near the summit, under the shallow calcareous standstone, there are over fifty feet of shales, containing more or less oily material.

We next pass Wilkins, a small station, and then nine miles more to Rock Springs, named after a saline spring of water which boils up out of the bluffs, looking very clear and nice, but the waters do not taste nearly as well as they look. An artesian well has been sunk at the station 1,145 feet deep. The water flows to the surface at the rate of 960 gallons per hour, and at twenty-six feet above the surface flows at the rate of 571 gallons per hour. The place has 500 inhabitants. Silver and coal mines are near.

Seven miles more to Baxter, and seven more to Salt Wells. Six miles further on is Thayer, while over five additional miles bring us to Point of Rocks. Here an artesian well 1,015 feet deep supplies an abundance of pure water. Extensive coal mines are worked in the vicinity, and a hundred car loads are daily shipped to Wyoming. Five veins of coal are worked in one bluff, respectively, one, three, four, five, and six and a half feet in thickness. On the bluff just above the coal is a stratum of oyster shells six inches in thickness, which Professor Hayden, the geologist, says "is an extinct and undescribed species about the size of our common edible one." The age of these strata of coal, and this stratum of oyster shells, cannot with accuracy be decided, but it unquestionably reaches much farther back than the "beginning" mentioned in Genesis, less than six thousand years ago, when if the mountains all around the earth were not absolutely made from nothing they were brought into shape from a state

of chaos. Of one thing I am quite sure, and that is that the person who wrote the book of Genesis did not have the first particle of information as to how long that stratum of oyster shells has existed in this Utah bluff, how it came there, or anything about it. The sandstone bluff, at points along the road, are worn by the action of the elements into curious, fantastic shapes, some of which have been named "Cakes of the Sand," "Hermit's Grotto," "Water-washed Caves of the Fairies," "Sanko's Bower," etc. Prof. Hayden says he has found "preserved in the rocks the greatest abundance of deciduous leaves of the popular, ash, elm, and maple." He also says: "Among the plants found is a specimen of fan-palm, which at the time it grew here displayed a leaf of enormous dimensions, sometimes having a spread of ten or twelve feet. These gigantic palms seem to have formed a conspicuous feature among the trees of these ancient forests." When the climate on these mountain elevations was so mild the palms flourished here it must have been long ages ago, and long before the Jew-Bible writers knew aught of our very aged world.

We pass the insignificant points, Hallville and Black Buttes, over fifteen miles to Bitter Creek, where the railroad company have a round-house and a machine shop for repairs. Let it be understood that we are now still on the ascending grade, and have been most of the time since leaving Ogden. We are gradually approaching the most elevated part of the Rocky Mountains which the road touches.

Ten miles of a broken, rough country separate us from Monell, a side track, and the same distance again to Table Rock, on the outer edge of the desert, which has an elevation of 6,890 feet. Off to the right can be seen a long line of bluffs, rising from fifty to five hundred feet above the surrounding country. They are mainly of red sandstone, which is composed in large part of fresh-water shells, worn, cut, and fluted by the action of the elements. One of these bluffs, which gives its name to the station, is level on the top, which rises about five hundred feet from the road and extends for several miles.

Six and a half miles more to Tipton, a side track, and we push on six miles more to Red Desert. It is a huge basin, its waters having no outlet. Several alkaline lakes are found in it, but nothing lives on its surface. The extreme breadth of the desert is thirty-eight miles. Its soil is very poor. It is composed of decomposed shale and calcareous clays, and is deep red, showing the presence of a form of iron. The southern margin of the basin is mainly sand, which is lifted up by every passing breeze, to fall in drifts and shifting mounds.

Nearly ten miles more bring us to Washakie, named after an old chief of the Shoshone Indians, who had always been friendly with the whites. Here is an artesian well 638 feet deep, which at fifteen feet above the ground flows 800 gallons of water per hour.

Eight miles divide Washakie from Latham, which is unworthy of notice, and seven miles more bring us to Creston. Sagebrush and alkali beds are still the rule, and we are on what is called the "great backbone of the continent." Its elevation is 7,030 feet. Two miles and a half west a sign-board has been erected, bearing the words: "*Continental Divide,*" and marks the summit, 7,100 feet above the sea. This is, indeed, the grandest range of mountains on the continent. Amid what seems the wreck of the mountains one can stand and gaze in the vast distance at the receding lines of hill, valley, and mountain peaks. The cold mountain breeze can be felt on the cheek, but it brings no aroma of life and vegetation with its cooling current. To the north the Seminole Mountains rear their heads, and further on, and more to the westward, are seen the gray peaks of the Sweet Water range, and still further on are the Wind River Mountains, and their summits are robed in snow. Were a spring to throw its waters on the ridges of several of these mountain ranges, which constitute the backbone of the continent, a portion of the water would probably flow west to join the Pacific, while another portion would flow east to join the Atlantic. Still, this is far from being the highest point on the Rocky Mountains on the line of the road. Sherman, some 185 miles east, is the summit touched by the road, and is 1,212 feet higher than this point. Still this is called the Continental Divide.

Fillmore is the next station, but it amounts to little, and the train does not stop. Eight miles further on bring us to Separation, which derives its name from the fact that at this place the various parties of surveyors, who had been together or near each other for the last hundred miles, separated to run different lines to the westward. We are now descending again for the time being. Artesian wells are abundant and prolific.

Solon is a small station of little consequence, but Rawlins, six and a half miles further on, is a thrifty place of 800 inhabitants. The company have erected shops and a round-house, and division repairs are done here. The surrounding country is rough and unsightly. Sagebrush and alkali abound on all sides. It is the county seat of Carbon County, and rich mines are located thirty miles north. In reaching this station is a grand pass, 300 feet wide with the bluffs 200 feet high.

It is seven miles to Greenville, and eight more to Fort Fred. Steele. A fort was established here in June, 1868. Two miles west stood Benton City, now entirely abandoned. Three thousand people lived there in tents, but they are there no more. The population was of the hardest description, being largely thieves and prostitutes. But as the road stretched westward these birds of passage moved on also. The gray sandstone bluffs are in sight for a long time. To the south is a long, high ridge of gray granite called the "Hog Back." It runs parallel with the road for some fifteen miles, terminating in the highlands at Rawlins Springs. It is very narrow at the base, exceeding not half a mile in width, and rising from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high. The ridge is so sharp that cattle cannot be driven across it, and it is even hard for a man to cross it. Where this ridge reaches the river bank, about two and a half miles above the bridge, the walls are perpendicular and 1,500 feet high. On the south side of the ridge is a pretty little valley, through which flows a tributary of the Platte. It furnishes fine grazing, and is in marked contrast with the surrounding country.

Many years ago this green and peaceful valley was the scene of a bloody battle between the Sioux and their inveterate enemies, the Utes. The Sioux were encamped in the valley, and were surprised by the Utes, who stole on them in the gray light of the morning and attacked them furiously. Although thus taken by surprise, the Sioux fought bravely, but were surrounded and overpowered. When trying to escape they attempted to cross the "Hog Back," but every one who raised his head above the crest was picked off instantly. A portion of the band escaped in another direction, leaving their dead comrades on the field. But the Sioux were so badly whipped on that occasion that they have had very little use for the Utes since.

Here we become acquainted with the North Platte River, and see more of it several hundred miles further on. It rises in the mountains of North Park, the waters being supplied by many small tributaries. Along by the banks of this noted river once ran the overland stage route. Good lands are found at intervals along the stream. There is much of interest in connection with this valley.

Six miles further on is Wolcotts, an unimportant station. But here is a grand canyon which shows that in the long ago some serious convulsions of nature took place.

Eight miles away is Edson, but it hardly demands much attention from us. Seven and a half miles more is Dana, while six miles more bring us to Percy, a station named from Percy T. Brown, an engineer, who was killed by the Indians while employed surveying the line. During the construction of the road ties, telegraph poles, wood, and bridge timber from Elk Mountain were brought in here in great abundance. Elk Mountain is a noted landmark, and quite a curiosity in its way. It rises to a great hight, and its summit is covered with snow the year round. It has the appearance of being an isolated peak, though it is in reality the extreme northern spur of the Medicine Bow Mountains. It is, however, surrounded by rolling prairie land, and seems to rise boldly from it, rough, rugged, and alone. On the west side, it is said, the summit is easily reached by a good road made by the lumbermen. The mountain is nearly round, six miles in diameter at the base. Its sides are covered with dense forests of pine, aspen, and hemlock, and, it is somewhat peculiar, this is about the only place where hemlock flourishes along the road. It grows in profusion, with spruce in the gorges near the summit. A fine valley, twenty miles long and fifteen wide, lies to the south.

There is not much to be said of Simpson, Carbon, Niles Junction, and Medicine Bow, the next stations passed, from four to seven miles apart. Aurora was formerly called Como, and a short distance from it is a beautiful little lake named after Lake Como of Italy. It has in it a peculiar variety of fish which have legs. Though they have gills like catfish, they are pretty well provided with legs, giving them such powers of locomotion when out of the water that they waddle off several miles on their morning excursions. Here is also a variety of peculiar fossil shells, which are much sought after by tourists.

We next pass Wilcox to Rock Creek, where is a small eating station. Here the road so winds around among the bluffs that almost all points of compass are pursued. A part of the way we pass through a rough, rolling country, with snow sheds to protect the roads from snow.

We next pass over a stretch of rolling prairie twenty-five miles across, where vast herds of elk, deer, and antelope are found at different seasons of the year, the elk being mostly found in the winter, when the snow drives them from the mountains There is nothing to be said of the small stations Miner's, Harper's, Lookout, Cooper Lake, Hutton's, Wyoming, and Howel's.

Laramie City is the next point reached, of which considerable may be said. It is the enterprising county-seat of Albany county, Wyoming, for we are now in that territory, and has much improved within the past few years. A copious spring of clear, cold water which is brought in a few miles from the east flows through the principal streets. Trees line many of the streets, and the great number of new buildings that have gone up indicate a lively state of prosperity. This was for a long time the terminus of the road, and thousands of loads of freight were hauled by team to various points west. The company have extensive shops here, and among them a rolling-mill.

Laramie is noted as being the first place in America, and even in the world, where a female jury was empanelled. Their first case was that of a western desperado. They did not flinch from duty, but found him guilty, as he really was.

Laramie Plains comprise a belt of fine grazing lands sixty miles long, and twenty-five wide. Beef can be raised and fattened as cheaply as in Texas or any point in the United States. The plains are high and the frost appears early in the fall, but the summer sun cures the grass before the frost comes, so that the cold does not injure it. This was once the great range for buffalo, but they have passed away and cattle have taken their place. Stock-raising is now the great interest pursued here. It is computed that 90,000 head of cattle are in this vicinity within forty miles of Laramie, 85,000 head of sheep, and 3,000 horses and mules, valued at $2,250,000. Fifteen years ago five hundred head could not be found in all this section.

Laramie Plains or Park have an elevation of a little over six thousand feet, and they are surrounded at various distances by the Rocky Mountain peaks, rising 12,000 and 13,000 feet. At these higher altitudes snow is never invisible. Some of these mountains are covered with such dense forests of pine and spruce that the rays of the sun never penetrate to the earth. Here are appropriate haunts for such wild animals as bears, mountain lions, mountain sheep, etc. The Black Hill range is some one hundred and fifty miles northward of the plains. Rich mines have been struck in this vicinity, and it is believed many more are to be discovered.

Red Buttes is the first station eastward, and derives its name from the peculiar formations of sandstone lying between the railroad and the Black Hills. Many of the sandstone bluffs rear their peaks from 500 to 1,000 feet above the plain, and are apparently worn and washed by the elements and old time into fantastic shapes and grotesque figures. Rocks, which at a distance might be taken for castles, rise side by side with the walls of what looks to be an immense fort. Churches and cathedrals also rear their lofty hights, almost shading the lowly cottage by their side. Columns, monuments, and pyramids are curiously blended together, as though some powerful Titan had in a freak removed here the vast edifices of some remarkable city.

We pass Harney to Tie Siding, whose only importance is being the point where the greatest quantity of ties and wood were brought in for the use of the road.

The next station is Sherman, the highest point reached by the road, an elevation of 8,200 feet. It is 549 miles from Omaha, and 1,365 from San Francisco. It is far from being such a dreary-looking place as one would expect from the highest point touched by the road. A plenty of snow-capped mountains are in sight, four and five hundred feet above the surrounding country; but the high, rolling prairie looks green and as though grazing is good here and living quite possible. Snow-sheds are frequently seen, but the winters are said not to be excessively severe, and the snowfall not remarkably great. There is much sport in this vicinity in the way of hunting and fishing. The place was named in honor of General Sherman. On a high point just south of the station a monument is being erected to the memory of Oakes and Oliver Ames.

Buford is a small side-track, but here heavy rock work and snow-sheds mark the road. The country here is wild and rugged. The little valleys are covered with a fine growth of buffalo grass, with now and then a stunted pine. On either hand high masses of granite rear their gray sides, piled one on the other in wild confusion. Up, up, still higher in the background are the rocky, pine-clad peaks of the Black Hills.

Granite Canyon is seven miles further on. At this point are extensive stone quarries, whence was taken the rock for the company's buildings in Cheyenne, also for stone warehouses. Limestone abounds here, and numerous kilns show it is being utilized.

After passing Otto we come to Colorado Junction, six miles west of Cheyenne, the junction for the Colorado Central Branch. The track turns off to the south and crosses prairies and hills on its way to Colorado. The next place worthy of notice is Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, and the largest town between Ogden and Omaha. It is equi-distant between Ogden and Omaha, being 516 miles from either point. Its population is 5,000, and its elevation 604 feet. It has many new, fine-looking brick

(*Continued on page 760.*)

Communications.

The Great Deliverance.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir*: By the way of spicing the mental pabulum, I hav felt it my duty to use and investigate, I hav read some of the letters of Mr. Winter and others, who take an especial delight in airing their opposition to Spiritualism. They are very kind, and doubtless sincere, in trying to destroy this (to them) detestable superstition. There are times when their choice of language is not of the esthetical, cultured order, and which doubtless seems to some of us (the deluded) the least bit illiberal, coming, as it does, from those that are so entirely free from all degrading mental tendencies. Some there be of our school of thought and conviction who take exception to this Wintry method of doing things, whose answers are couched in language that stir up Mr. Winter to gather from his vocabulary of choice epithets words and expressions which, to say the least, are more expressiv than elegant.

In all seriousness, let this war of words go on; let the Winters enjoy their "Winters of discontent" at the folly of those who, in their chaste phraseology, believe in ghosts, etc. The last phase of this ponderous opposition comes in the form of the "declaration of war" by Jamieson in the Lake Pepin *Gazette* The fight on his part is to last a year, or, in his own words, "through about fifty numbers, in which he will expose the vagaries, absurdities, and inconsistencies of this pestilent superstition." He says, "one thing at a time," therefore he will abstain from everything else until he has killed the spiritual snake, logically. He further says he does not mean to say a word, personally, against any of us who believe these vagaries, absurdities, and inconsistencies, except the criminal portion, for which generosity he has our thanks; but he does mean, as we assail without stint Christianity, to make us take from him the same kind of medicin. He assures us that he is fully competent to perform all he undertakes, as he has an experience of twenty-five years among the Spiritualists and Spiritualism in all its phases. He is careful to let us know at the outset that he has been persecuted by those with whom he labored for a quarter of a century, and he cannot conceive how, as Liberals, they can be so unjust to one (him) whose clear visions discovered, after over twenty year's investigation, that they and he had been the veriest simpletons to believe such vagaries, inconsistencies, and absurdities; and that instead of persecuting they do not hail him as their great deliverer. Of course, this is all clean work on his part; and though to us it looks the least bit sensational, as well as uncomplimentary to his opponents, to call us fools to begin with, his undoubted honesty, ability, and impassioned desire for our welfare sufficiently sugar-coat the pills he will make us swallow.

Parties will differ, and my experience of Spiritualists and Spiritualism differs widely from Mr. Jamieson's. I hav an experience of over thirty years, hav had very strong evidence of its truthfulness in our own home, and nothing short of the edition of the Lake Pepin *Gazette* has been able to shake my convictions in this (so far) to me, positiv evidence of continued conscious individual life after I pass out of my earthly body. Of course, I defer to him, as he spent his whole time in talking to, with, and for (in the main) this deluded class. He feasted with them, traveled with them, slept at their homes, heard and saw this strange people in all their whims, moods, and peculiarities; and at last, after two decades and more had mingled their histories with past times and seasons, discovered the pestilent superstition that enshrouded them. Marvelous discovery! One so far-reaching in its mental and moral salvation that we are assured the long-looked for "coming man" is here.

Though I think Mr. Jamieson a little mistaken regarding his supposed persecution, as I know nothing of that particular element in our ranks worth the mention, it is true that there is, to some extent, a lack of enthusiasm on our part to run wild over any and every change of a mental nature that takes possession of those who assume to be our teachers and leaders; and there is a growing tendency on our part to think and believe that most of those who spend the greater part of their lives in pure talk-work, and seldom soil their hands or test the endurance of their muscles in manual labor, are less practical than those who do, and really, on general principles, not the best material for human and Liberal leadership.

It is said that "all rules hav their exceptions," and therefore we wish it understood that Mr. Jamieson is the exception to this growing tendency. According to my simple conception, twenty years seems a long time to use in making the discovery of the tissue of vagaries, absurdities, and inconsistencies which the pestilent superstition includes, in order to be fully equipped for its demolition Even with my shallow comprehension, a few months were sufficient to expose the abominations of orthodoxy, the wickedness of chattel slavery, the weakness, as well as folly, to doubt the safety of investigating any and all subjects that directly or remotely relate to the well-being of our race, and the comfort and well-being of the lower orders that contribute to our health and pleasure. We, the common people, desire most earnestly, however, the aid of all influences that will add to our mental freedom and material prosperity; and therefore if Mr. Jamieson, or any one else whose life-work is purely of the mental order, can add to our sum of human happiness a clearer perception of the use and meaning of life in the here and now, he and they shall hav our best wishes for their contributions.

It is a source of genuin mirth to me to witness the persistency and anxiety of the school of Mr. Winter and our dear sister Elmina to rescue the Spiritualists from their delusion and make us more useful in the actual duties of this mundane life. They seem entirely to overlook how much they parade their own superiority by constantly telling us that we, unlike them, ignore or forget a part of our present duty by thinking too much about the duties and pleasures of a future existence. Is it not barely possible that we do our duty in the present as well as they? And is it not also probable that our opinions giv to existence a greater importance from the fact of believing that this is the rudimentary stage, and that the only way to lay its foundations deep and strong, symmetrical and beautiful, is to carry out all the details of honesty, equity, courage, and love in the every-day relations of life?

While they work so energetically in our behalf, we trust their endurance will not be weakened by an over amount of sorrow and commiseration at our condition, for we are unconscious of our sufferings.

The charge that we believe in the supernatural I hold to be downright dishonesty, unworthy the utterance of any person who takes exception to much we do believe. There would be some show of moral and mental decency in these continued iterations against us did we, more than the ultra-Material school, shirk our duty in occupying the front ranks of radical reform. I affirm positivly, to my own personal knowledge, that those who sustain the Liberal League are largely made up of Spiritualists, or those partially inclined that way. The same is true of the supporters of The Truth Seeker; and be they superstitious or not, they are generous, brave, and industrious.

No one will hail with greater delight than myself the displacement of any error, however long or dearly cherished, by placing in its stead the better position of advanced truth; and as agitation is essential for the purpose, we bid it welcome, even though it is clothed at times in a very uncouth and forbidding garb.

We hope that all Mr. Jamieson writes on this subject will be well read, pondered, and digested by those who take his paper and hav the time. I can do neither, as my time is too limited to use in that way, for the simple reason that my duty compels me to choose carefully how the hours left for mental improvement are occupied.

I will be honest with Mr. Jamieson by telling him that I hav read a good many of his reported debates, and though, as a whole, they were smart and logical, yet as they were on (to me) the old threadbare story of the Bible, I was not able to see that they did much to advance human progress. I think that what Herbert Spencer says in his small work on "Education" outweighs the whole. I know many others think differently, and their opinions I respect. I hav none but friendly feeling to Mr. Jamieson, and should he come our way he would be made welcome at our home, and should he lecture, I would spare the time to hear him.

To my Spiritualistic friends I would say, those of you who hav the time, taste, and means to read the Lake Pepin *Gazette*, do so and report; boil down his heavy artillery shots of logic; giv us the exact truth of his scientific warfare. If he is capable of breaking up those glacial formations of superstition, and can hurl them from their beds in the mountain of faith, conviction, and prejudice, giv him the opportunity, and let those of us of this generation that remain to see the result of his herculean efforts, as well as the generations that follow, hail him as the great deliverer—the world's noble benefactor. We earnestly hope that truth, and truth alone, will be the gainer; and whether it comes through scientific logic, egotistic speculation, or plodding, patient groping in the dark for it, when found it is bright and precious, and those who fail to appreciate its value are the losers.

To my conception, Spiritualism, Materialism, or any other, or no ism, are an aid or hindrance just in their proportion to stimulate or make us indifferent to mental, moral, and material progress. To some minds one or the other is best adapted, and there is yet a small per cent that even orthodoxy will do the most good. While there they are activ in some fair missionary work, whereas, when convinced that orthodoxy is false, and any Liberal forms of ideas better, giv up all effort to help others and won't go a cent on their convictions. I don't think there is any continued life for this class of lazy Liberalists Their germ of moral consciousness will die with dry-rot, and no principle in nature can resuscitate it.

However wise we are, or may be, in our present conceits, science will yet demonstrate that "there are more things in nature than is dreamt of in our philosophy." Will Mr. Jamieson please make a note of this, so that in his mighty warfare he may discover and uncap them, to the consternation and dismay of those subject to the vagaries, absurdities, and inconsistencies of the pestilent superstition?

For the truth always,

Lockport, Ill., Nov. 6, 282. George Lynn.

Liberal League Notes from Mrs. Lake.

A chain of unforeseen circumstances has again brought me to Milwaukee, the most beautiful city of the West. It is, in many respects, a paradise as compared with Chicago. But there is one thing of which Chicago has especial reason to be proud, and that is its large and flourishing League. I learn that the hall will not contain the numbers who assemble. But alas for Milwaukee! An evil influence seems to operate against its Leagues. The first died, I believe, of conservatism; the last bids fair to die of too much respectability. You remember, Truth Seeker readers, that it started vigorously and promisingly at the time of Mr. Bennett's reception here; but it has been, unfortunately, officered entirely by men who seem to hav constituted themselvs lay-members, committee, officers, and all combined, managing the affairs of the concern with sublime indifference to the views or wishes of any one else. They hay vigorously and doggedly opposed the equality of women in the organization, and, I understand, as occasion offered, one of these so-called officers has taken it upon himself to question the morals of members, and of a proposed woman speaker. In short, this League seems to be a Man's Rights League, run on the cast-iron, simon-pure, consensus-of-the competent basis of morality.

But it is perhaps as well to hav these questions arise now as at any future time. Sooner or later it must be settled whether the National Liberal League is a moral police force or not. There has been a lively skirmish between Mr. Underwood and Messrs. Wakeman, Bennett, and Leland on this same question. It is about time that others were taking a hand in the matter and endeavoring to arrive at some conclusion.

I hold, with many others, that the National Liberal League is organized for the purpose of secularizing the government; that it welcomes whoever will assist in this work, whether he be religious or anti-religious, conservativ or Socialist, monogomist, varietist, or Shaker. It matters not what the views or the life of an individual are—whether he believe in wine-drinking or in total abstinence; whether he believe in free land, free love, and free money or not. The supreme question is, and the only question is, Will you work for the secularization of the government?

The chief reason, in my opinion, for the decay of Leagues lies in the fact that when they are organized it is not with the thorough understanding that the moral character of every member is something with which the League has nothing whatever to do; and, further, that no question which pertains to the welfare of the human race is to be denied expression on its platform. A Liberal League whose primary and specific object is the secularization of the government is also an educator, or it ceases its activity as a society. It can find but little to hold it together unless its members unite in an earnest purpose to put before the community a variety of ideas for mental development and moral stimulation. Land, labor, and marriage reform, prohibition and anti-prohibition (all functions of government, and things which interest the individual), must find a welcome from the members of a Liberal League.

I think the Chicago League owes its life and popularity to the fact that during the last year the subjects presented on its platform hav been almost everything from God to Nihilism; from voice culture to heredity. And the only question in regard to hearer or speaker has been, Can he speak or can he listen?

No organization composed of such heterogeneous elements as are attracted to a Liberal League can ever expect to be permanent which does not build upon a basis as broad as the sovereignty of the individual.

It is true that there are organizations, like some of the Spiritual associations, which keep up their interest and their work, while limiting the expressions of their speakers and requiring virtually a test of membership. But these hav some sort of a creed or government which a truly Liberal organization cannot formulate. And, if there is one thing more than another that I desire to be instrumental in establishing and perpetuating, it is associations of people which will consider no subject which can be discussed by man too sacred, and no question relativ to the welfare of the human race irrelevant to its work. As Freethinkers, we are interested not only in the form of government under which we liv, but in industry, art, and literature. This is why we read and discuss the poems of Whitman. We do not all come to the same conclusions in regard to them. To some they are immodest and impure, many of them. To oth-

ers they are revelations only of nature, and by them all nature is regarded as worshipful. Whatever my individual opinion may be of "Leaves of Grass," I should consider myself a bigot if I found myself unwilling to listen to Mr. Chainey's views and interpretation of the poet. And if any of the delegates of the St. Louis Congress felt oppressed that he was invited to express himself upon this subject, it appears to me that his or her Liberalism was chiefly confined to anti-Christianity. We must learn to listen to views other than those we entertain, as peradventure we may thereby learn something.

I hav at times been not a little amused, in my lecturing experience, with the bigotry of some members of the Liberal League. I hav in mind now a prominent and influential member of an excellent League for which I spoke for several months. This gentleman was a warm admirer of my anti-Christian work, and had subscribed generously to the lecturing fund. In making my engagement I had stipulated, as I always do, that I should speak upon any subject which I chose. During the course, and being deeply interested in the condition of unhappy Ireland, I gave a lecture on the Irish land question. A large and intelligent audience listened with evidence of approval to the sentiment; but my good friend, happening by the accident of birth to be an Englishman, and not having outgrown national prejudices, was greatly offended at the lecture and refused longer to sustain the course. At another time, the president of the League, who was a Materialist, absented himself from a lecture upon Spiritualism, because he "did not believe in it." I mention these circumstances to illustrate what I consider the illiberality of professed Liberals.

I hav said that we are interested in art as well as government. I yesterday witnessed the efforts of ex-Rev. George C. Miln to interpret Shakspere's great character of Hamlet. I understand there was an old gentleman in the audience who came eighty miles for the same purpose. He was certainly repaid. Mr. Miln is a fine actor, notwithstanding the fact that the *Dramatic News* insinuates that he cannot be because he has "denied his creator." He has an excellent voice, a good presence, an expressiv countenance, and a most clear and intelligent meaning of the author whom he interprets. He has ease, grace, and spirit. He must certainly succeed, and we shall all be glad to hav him do so, because we respect and appreciate a man who will not fill a pulpit as a hypocrit.

It would be well if the nerve to announce convictions could be imparted to the multitude of people who, while thinking differently from the majority, yet apparently coincide with them. We should be truth tellers and truth actors, as well as truth seekers. MRS. H. S. LAKE.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 5, E.M. 282.

California Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Now that the political dust has settled and the tide of human passion, which has for some months past swept like a hurricane over our state, has abated, we are met full in the face by the fact that Republicanism is literally "scooped" in this state. Beer bosses and bolters are responsible for the defeat, as local causes. The Republican platform went just far enough to alarm the German voters on the question of temperance, while it failed to giv satisfaction to the Prohibitionists. It antagonized the liquor element, and yet lost the support of the teetotalers. Thus, between the two fires on one side and lukewarmness on the other, our entire state ticket was defeated.

The course taken by the Germans in this state seems to be confirmed by similar action in the East; hence, we may set it down as a fact that this element of Republican strength—the German vote—will not stand in with any party who threaten to interfere with their individual liberty in the matter of beer and Sunday enjoyments.

A second cause of complaint with voters has been the imperious conduct of the party bosses, who cracked their whip in vain this year to drive voters into the traces.

All over the country the same spirit of revolt has shown itself in uprisings against these dictatorships, and the rebuke to these upstart whip-masters has been complete and, we hope, final.

Thousands of honest Republicans in this state concluded to let the ship sink, in order to drown the rats, bosses, and thieves which swarmed her deck, and thus make her seaworthy for the storm of '84.

Invested power tends to corruption and needs watching and changing hands, and the most effectiv way to correct a corrupt party is to defeat it.

Now let Republicanism take a back seat and browse for the next two years on the pale buds of defeat, and in the mean time learn that the voters of the party need to be consulted, and that bosses should be servants, not masters of the people.

But, while it is true that local causes hav conspired to bring defeat in this state to the Republican party, there is a wide-spread cause operating in every state of this Union.

When Conkling bought New York and Garfield refused to pay the price which made him President, and thereby lost his life, it became apparent to thinking Republicans everywhere that the methods of party warfare are corrupt, and it is only a question of time when the destruction of our republic will come, as the result of a perverted use of political power. And that blow which killed Garfield has fallen like clods on the coffin of Republicanism throughout the land. Bosses and bossism hav by their corrupt practices perverted the power of the people to base uses and personal ends, and the only salvation for our people lies in a speedy return to clean methods and right principles.

To this general cause may be attributed the coldness and inharmony in the Republican party, producing a stampede from her ranks—an infection which has spread like a sheep-rot over the entire land, and like the sheep-rot needs to be dipped in a baptism of correct principles.

I see by the papers that R. G. Ingersoll, in an interview, has set forth the causes of defeat as being corruption in the party which has bred up an army of half-breeds, or half-hearted Republicans, who by their split tickets burst the party wide open, and that Sherman is the available man to unite the factions in '84. Not so. I hope the leaders of our party will be wise, and not tamper longer with false expedients to mislead the people.

We don't want any more old has-beens or military men with only a war record to commend them to the suffrages of the people. Giv us a civilian and statesman, whose record will place him in sympathy with the laboring classes of our country.

The rapid centralizing of wealth, and especially by the transportation companies of the country by unfair discriminations against the producers of the country, has brought anti-monopoly to the front as a living political issue. And if the Republican party is wise she will not bring out any old moss-covered soldier, but a living man, whose heart is in sympathy with the toiling masses—the only producers of wealth and the true supporters of national life and prosperity.

The canvass through which we hav just passed, involving as it did the Sunday law and temperance question, developed some facts which will be a lesson to the wise, if not to the Sunday law fanatics and temperance cranks which abound in this state.

The Sunday law and temperance questions should never be coupled with partisan politics, but should be made separate issues before the people; and the forcing of these issues upon our party by the League of Freedom, or liquor-selling element of this state, was the local cause which broke our back. Prohibition cannot be sustained in this wine-producing country, which is developing so much wealth in the culture of the grape; and that doctrin of force which temperance cranks adhere to is doing no good, but much harm, by creating antagonism and bad blood to no good purpose.

This absolute prohibition of all stimulants cannot prevail in this state; the average man will hav a tipple of some sort. But if the friends of temperance would make war upon distilled liquors, and leave the wine, beer, and cider out of the question, I think they could succeed in such prohibition in this state.

Now, Brother Bennett, in conclusion, let me say you don't know how gratified I was to see your beaming countenance at the head of quite an elaborate sketch of your career as a prominent American Freethinker in the San Francisco *Post*, the fairest, cleanest, and best paper in San Francisco, and I hope to liv to see the day when the *Chronicle*, and other papers here which attempted to cast odium upon you and the people who sustained you, will be dead and damned, as they richly deserve to be. Cultured Freethought is a fine thing; but a common honesty which leads us to a proper appreciation of the men and women who stand in the front against the enemies of mental freedom, toiling night and day to break the yoke of slavery and lift the clouds of superstition, is a better thing.

What the people want to-day is a sincere, frank expression of the truth in good, wholesome English, and not a hair-splitting wordiness which swamps its ideas of truth.

I see that you hav reduced the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER to $2.50, and I truly hope you may realize an increased subscription list to sustain you in keeping up, as I think it the best Freethought paper in the world; and I for one will do what I can to that end. I am now quite recovered in my health, and leave my home in San Jose for a lecture tour through the coast-line of countries, going south, begining at Lompoc colony the 1st of December.

Please find inclosed money-order for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent to a subscriber whose name I picked up while out on a ride a few days ago; and if every one who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER will use just a little effort and secure one new subscriber each, you will double THE TRUTH SEEKER list, make the old man's heart glad, and increase his power for good. Yours for truth, DR. J. L. YORK.

San Jose, Cal.

THE "city of light"—Electricity.

Prohibition, the Jesuit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 7, 1882, is a letter from D. O. Irwin, in favor of prohibition. He appears to think that "it is within the province of a free government to prohibit the right of the citizen to drink a glass" of wine. The citizen has rights that no government, free or otherwise, has any right to meddle with. It is the right of the citizen to wear what color of clothes he pleases, eat whatever he pleases, to drink whatever he pleases, and to believe whatever appears to him true. The right of any government is denied to dictate to the citizen what he must eat or drink, or the color and fashion of his coat, or to interfere with his belief. If a government can dictate what a man must drink, that is telling him what must enter his stomach, and the next will be what must enter his head, and the cut and shape of his hat. A citizen who conscientiously believes that a glass of wine will do him good is to hav his conscience outraged because some one else drank until he became a sot. This sot, in company with other sots, makes a society of repressed reprobates, and then they want to tyrannize over the conscience of sober men and cry for prohibition.

The argument of prohibition is the stronghold of the Jesuit; he prohibits your belief, he denies your right to differ from the church, and the prohibitionist denies your right to differ from the views of the reformed sots.

The reformed sot and his admirers say that drink is the cause of all the misery which is seen to accompany the drinking of alcohol. This is not the logical truth. The cause of all the misery is the love for the drink, the passion for the fuddle. Remove the love for the drink, do away with the passion for the stimulant, then the evil will cease. If the prohibitionists cannot prohibit the love for drink they cannot stop the sot.

The prohibitionist says drink is poison. The vegetarian says flesh (meat) is death, and more destructiv to society than drink. The anti-tobacconist says tobacco is insanity. The anti-vaccinationist says vaccine is filth, and its compulsion a crime. The Freethinker says the Bible is worse than alcohol. What a merry society it would be where each one of these parties could procure prohibition for his favorit hobby! Let us look at the anti-vaccinationist. He is not allowed to protect his own child. The doctor must be the guardian of the child by an act of a "free government," and this is what the prohibitionist wants to protect sober men from becoming sots. Then make a law that shall destroy the love for drink. The anti-vaccinationist asks only to be left to cure his own child. Then let the prohibitionist act likewise—win his cause by fair argument, not by coercion. Prohibition teaches too much. Like the case of the Freethinker, the Bible is more destructiv to human progress than alcohol. Alcohol is bad; the Bible is worse. Prohibit alcohol says the sot admirer. Prohibit the Bible says the Freethinker. Prohibit alcohol and we are rid of the rumseller. Prohibit the Bible and we are rid of the priest. I am a Freethinker, and I say let the Bible stand. It will fall before the march of intellect. I am a sober man, and I say let alcohol stand. Its use will die out as the sensational doctrins die out. Excitement will die under the force of reason and experiment. Never put your hand on your neighbor's throat. It is a bad argument, for he has the same right to your throat. If you hav got a hobby ride it, and let your neighbors ride theirs. Do not ask for a law to stop them, or they may turn the tables on you and ask for a law to break your hobby.

JACK STRAW.

THE Massachusetts Democrats, in convention assembled, on the 19th day of September, 1882, adopted a declaration of principles set forth in separate articles of which the second was in these words: "Equal rights, equal powers, equal burdens, equal privileges, and equal protection by law under the government for every citizen of the republic, without limitation of race or sex or property qualification, whether it be by a tax on property or a poll tax on persons." If these words mean anything they constitute a pledge on the part of the Democrats of Massachuetts to do all in their power to giv women the right to vote. This is a plank of the platform by means of which Major-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler has ascended to the highest place in the glorious old Commonwealth, and alone of all men in the United States has become entitled to be addressed as "Your Excellency." Every woman will rejoice at Butler's success. It means a recognition of those rights which hav been vindicated by so eminent a philosopher as John Stuart Mill, and which no husband should be afraid to see conferred upon his wife. The women of Massachusetts might well adorn with garlands the pathway along which the soldier, statesman, and lawyer will go to Cambridge on commencement day to take the high seat among the august dignitaries of Harvard University. —*Sun.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

(*Continued from page 757.*)

buildings, and has considerably the appearance of a young city. Churches and schoolhouses abound, with banks, two daily papers, good hotels, and all the paraphernalia of modern civilization. But little land appears to be cultivated around the city, and, with the exceptions of a few gardens, the country is principally occupied in grazing.

The early history of Cheyenne is a hard one. On the fourth day of July, 1867, there was one house in the place; but the growth was rapid, for in the spring of 1869 there were six thousand inhabitants. A plenty of roughs, thieves, gambling hells, prostitutes, and most disreputable places disgraced the town. The dance-houses and wild orgies which prevailed here every night were of a most fearful character, and murders and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. This lasted until quiet business men, getting tired of such conduct, organized a vigilance committee and brought the vile offenders to summary justice. Several of the most noted offenders were found swinging at the end of a rope, and ultimately it was discovered to be a rather unhealthy place for evil-doers Many took the hint and reformed their ways, and others had the good sense to leave town and go on with the railroad in its western march. Cheyenne is now as orderly a place as any of its size.

As we are now pretty well over the mountains, and as I propose to take a run of a few days into Colorado, it seems a suitable place to bring this letter to a close. Yours sincerely, D M. B.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America. containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

Mr. Heywood's Preliminary Examination.

On the morning of November 24th the telegraph brought us the intelligence that Mr. Heywood had had his preliminary examination before Commissioner Hallet, in Boston, on the day previous, and had been held for regular trial. Elizur Wright was present, and offered himself as bondsman for Mr. Heywood; but this Mr. Heywood declined, deciding if he could not be held on his own recognizance, or on his word of honor, he preferred to go to prison. Accordingly he was locked up in jail. His decision was very different from what ours would hav been under the same circumstances. We would be in favor of keeping out of prison just as long as possible, and would gladly hav availed ourselvs of Mr. Wright's bail.

It seems Mr. Heywood was examined on "Cupid's Yokes" and the quotations from Whitman, but was held only on the charge of advertising and selling a syringe for the prevention of conception. This specification, or charge, is such a positiv violation of the law that there seems no chance for Mr. Heywood's escape. He must hav been convinced of the risk he was taking upon himself to act so directly in face of the law, and cannot be disappointed at the verdict that is very sure to be rendered.

There is no question but what the law is a most unrighteous one. The prevention of conception is a legitimate right which every married pair can inquire into and practice whenever they choose to do so. If parents hav not the right to take some measures to govern the size of their families, what in the world hav they the right to take into consideration? It would seem that so long as they hav to feed and clothe their offspring, they also hav some right to decide how numerous that offspring shall be. It makes considerable difference whether a poor, delicate woman shall bear four children, or fourteen, and the question of feeding, clothing, and educating them is one of vital importance to the father. Parents hav no just right to bring more children into the world than they are able to take proper care of. There is no destiny, no overruling power, that decides how many children each family shall hav, and it is quite within the province of parents to take this matter into their own hands.

There are many modes of preventing conception, but the most effectual that we hav ever heard of is for the sexes to not come together. If, then, prevention is wicked and unlawful, this is the most wicked of all, and if Comstock's law is right, every person or persons guilty of the outrage should be sent to state prison during life.

This Comstock law, making it a state prison crime to sell or use anything for the prevention of conception, is an exceedingly great outrage, and shows the vast danger of having the enactment of our laws depend in any way upon a meddlesome, unprincipled, ecclesiastical society. The time will unquestionably come, whether it is in our day or not, when this law will no longer be on the statute books of our country, and when fathers and mothers can exercise the right of determining what the size of their families shall be. When a citizen from a given state takes it upon himself to go skulking, sneaking around into other states, like a thief, seeking some one he may entrap and cast into prison, it is time for reform.

It is to be supposed the designing, malicious, and unprincipled Comstock is now filled with Christian happiness. He has succeeded in wresting Mr. Heywood from his family, and has him in prison. That is the kind of thing that givs this characteristic Christian more joy than anything else in the world. We do not pray very much, but we do hope the time will come when this officious, evil-minded person will hav less power in this country than he has had for the last eight or ten years. In the changes which politics promis us, let us hope that Comstockism is not always to rule this land.

It must remain a question whether Mr. Heywood's mode of opposing this Comstock law is the most effectiv one. It would be very desirable for some party of weight and influence to oppose it on the merits of it, and to show up its great injustice; but in the absence of that, whether Mr. Heywood's making a martyr of himself, and lying a year or two in prison for violating it, is going to tend to the death of the law, each person has the right to decide for himself

This much is not difficult to see: E. H. Heywood is now occupying the position of an uncondemned culprit, at the foot of our great Department of Justice. He is regarded as a man who has trampled upon the great laws of our land. At the other extreme of this great Department of Justice sits in regal splendor Attorney-General Benjamin H. Brewster. The daily papers bring us glowing accounts of the richness and grandeur which he has drawn around him, in the way of ebony chairs and lounges, covered with the finest morocco, with a center-table that cost $250, and the lace cover of which cost $100. The carpet cost $1 200, and to walk upon it is enough to cause one to imagin himself to be treading upon down. The rug alone cost $150. But the curtains are more extravagant than all; they are made of the finest silk plush, rich and dazzling in texture, lined and interlined with fine Turkish satin, with cardinal cords and tassels. There are four windows in his office, and as the curtain for each window cost $300, the entire set cost $1,200. The complete outfit of his office cost $10,000.

Here sits in state our attorney-general, who has it in his power, as with the wave of his hand, to cause the charges against Mr. Heywood to be laid aside and he set at liberty. But, surrounded as he is by such luxury, it is scarcely to be expected that he will hav one thought for poor Heywood, who is pining away in a cheerless prison. The difference, however, between the two persons at the two extremes of our Department of Justice cannot be lost sight of.

Since writing the foregoing we hav received a card from Mr. Heywood, dated at Princeton, Mass., from which we infer he is not in prison.

The Infamous Liar and Slanderer.

Joseph Cook is roaring like a bull over the land, retailing more lies and slanders than any other man in the country, and his credulous hearers swallow it down as though it were gospel truth. He is approaching the East, and we get fuller reports of his false mouthings. He took it upon himself to abuse us and lie about us in Asia, and in our letters from that part of the world we showed up his falsehoods; and now since he is repeating the same lies here at home he requires a little more of our attention. The following paragraph is from a report of his speech in Chicago:

> Mr. Cook went on to tell how he exposed the record of D M. Bennett, the New York Infidel editor, while lecturing in Bombay, and how Bennett came to his lecture with a horsewhip which he did not use. He said that contemporaneously with the appearance of Bennett in Bombay there were distributed advertisments of obscene literature. Only south of the Tweed could the Atheist Bradlaugh get a hearing, and if Infidelity dared to be as frank in England and the United States as it was in France everybody would see what it meant. French Atheism declared that the beginning of wisdom was the hatred of God, and the logical implication of Atheism was the deification of the body and of the gratification of passion. Female seminaries in the United States dared not publish catalogs of their pupils for fear the ghouls of Infidelity would use the post-office to carry pollution into the minds of innocent girls. Mr. Cook said he was responsible for every word he uttered, and then went on to say that Atheism and Materialism gravitated naturally to Freelove. Shake apart the husks and the viper would fall out. Ingersoll had done nothing but rehearse Thomas Paine's arguments and was not even abreast of the times in the Infidel camp. The speaker could not believe that he was sincere in his attacks on Christianity, and believed that it would be ridiculous to attempt to answer such frivolous talk. Ingersoll was in a muddle, and had begun to doubt his own doubts Atheism was a creed infinitly ridiculous, and ninety-eight out of a hundred of the most prominent thinkers of the day were believers in a personal God and friendly to Christianity. Thomas Paine had become the scorn of learned Infidels; and there was not a complete edition of Theodore Parker's works in all New England.

1. Here are ten distinct, blatant, and out-and-out falsehoods in this short extract, besides some insinuations meaner than falsehoods. The first, about our carrying a concealed horsewhip to a lecture of Joseph Cook's in Bombay; there is not a particle of truth in the charge. When we attended his lecture, we did so as quietly and properly as any person in the audience, and had with us no horsewhip or weapon of any kind. Besides repeating this lie in Asia and Australia, he is now retailing it here, and what is still worse, he is inducing his wife to repeat the same lie. By one report we see she is said to hav made the same false statement. It is quite enough for him to tell this foolish lie, and he ought not to ask her to demean herself by repeating it.

2. The next lie is meaner and more malicious. He says contemporaneously with our appearance in Bombay were distributed advertisments of obscene literature. This has not a shade of truth. We had no advertisments or circulars of any kind in Bombay, or at any other point on our journey—certainly nothing of an indecent character. If Joseph Cook will produce a single advertisment having the slightest connection with us, and of an obscene character, we will giv him a thousand dollars.

3. His wide jump to Bradlaugh shows the rambling character of the man. Bradlaugh has good audiences north of the Tweed, but it is possible the Presbyterians of Scotland militate against his views. Bradlaugh has large audiences wherever he speaks.

4. The lying insinuation about Infidelity in England and the United States, not daring to be frank, need not be dwelt upon. The liar sticks out in every utterance.

5. We are not able to say very much as to the declaration of principles on the part of French Infidels, but hav no doubt Cook lies egregiously. We do not believe they declare that the logical implication of Atheism is "a deification of the body and the gratification of passion." They unquestionably believe nature infinitly superior to the dogmas of supernaturalism, and so teach.

6. The next lie is the basest and meanest of all, and that is that "female seminaries in the United States dare not publish catalogs of their pupils for fear that the ghouls of Infidelity would use the post-office to carry pollution into the minds of innocent girls." No insinuation or lie could be baser and more despicable than this. Slander and defamation could not go deeper. Joseph Cook is challenged to produce one Infidel in the United States who has used the mails to pollute the school-girls of any seminary. The base liar says he is responsible for what he says. Possibly his responsibility may be tested.

7. The next lie is that Atheism and Materialism gravitate toward Freelove. There is no truth in this. Atheists liv as upright lives as any people in the world. Not a half of one per cent are Freelovers—a far smaller proportion than in the Christian church, and especially among the clergy.

8. The charge that Paine was insincere is a most false one. A more sincere man never wrote.

9. The assertion that Thomas "Paine has become the scorn of learned Infidels" is false in the extreme. Every well-informed Infidel reveres the honesty and vigor of Paine, and his writings hav never had so wide a reading as within the past few years.

10. The lie, "Ingersoll is in a muddle," is on a par with the rest. No man was ever clearer than he, or had the ability to impress his views more upon the minds of others.

Cook seems to take up a bundle of lies and throw them around among his audience as though they were as good as truth. Such is the falsity of the system he advocates that lies seem to answer his purpose better than the truth. Had he common decency, had he the instincts of a gentleman, were he something more than a crude, ecclesiastical hog, it might be worth while to discuss with him the utter falsity of the system he upholds; but he is unworthy any decent man's attention.

Perhaps a little charity should be exercised toward him on account of the unsound state of his mind. An insane asylum was his home, and had he been retained there longer there would hav been less injustice in it than in several cases which hav recently been brought to light.

If, however, the alleged cause of his insanity is true, it lessens the charity that might be exercised. If self-abuse was the cause, but slight sympathy is due him. If he will learn to make some approaches to truth in his public statements, it will be more commendable on his part as a professed public teacher.

MRS. LAKE would like to hear from Liberals on the line of the Iowa Central, Chicago and Alton, Lake Shore, and Michigan Southern railways. She has already some engagements at different points on these several roads, and desires to make others. Terms reasonable Address Mrs. H. S. Lake, 219 Grand ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Conference will hold a three days' meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, Wis., Dec. 15, 16, and 17, 1882. Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of Michigan, and other good speakers are invited to be present. Fred H Pierce (now located at Berlin, Wis.), who at the last meeting is said to

hav given some of the finest tests ever offered in this place, will also be present. Prof. C. P. Longley's music, so well liked by Spiritualists, will be used by the choir through the convention. It is expected that steps will be taken to organize a state society.

The Transit of Venus.

This astronomical phenomenon, which will take place on the 6th inst., will be the fifth transit of Venus recorded in the annals of history. The preceding four took place in the years 1639, 1761, 1769, and 1874. Kepler predicted that a transit would occur in 1631, but it passed unobserved; and it is said that owing to the inaccuracy of his tables he failed to detect the transit that would take place in 1639. This, too, would also hav passed, like its predecessor, unobserved had it not been for the enthusiasm and independent enterprise of a young Englishman, Jeremiah Horrocks by name, the curate of a church in the north of England. Though only eighteen years of age, he had mastered all known astronomical problems. He discovered that the Rudolphine Table, published by Kepler, indicated a near approach of a transit of Venus. The desire to witness the wonderful sight induced him to study by day and night the tables of Kepler. He discovered an inaccuracy in the calculations, worked out a table for himself, and predicted a transit for November 24, 1639. With his intimate friend, William Crabtree, to whom he had divulged his secret, he patiently waited for the advent of the time that should verify his prediction. The 24th of November fell upon Sunday. His astronomical observations clashed with his clerical duties, but he was brave enough to stand at his post. He believed his duty to science to be higher than all others, and the world has indorsed that belief.

The young astronomer sat in a darkened room, with the image of the sun reflected through a small telescope upon a white screen, over which the planet Venus must pass if his predictions were correct. His patient labor was rewarded. On his return from service, which he attended only to secure his release, he discovered the tiny black speck that marked the passage of Venus across his disk. Thus by the neglect of the functions of the priest for those of the scientist he won the honor of being the observer of the first transit ever seen by the human eye.

The untimely death of Horrocks at the age of 22 robbed the world of one who, had he lived, might hav been the greatest of astronomers.

Transits of Venus were for a time looked upon only as astronomical curiosities, until, in 1677, Halley, while observing a transit of Mercury, discovered their scientific value as a means of determining the sun's distance from the earth.

On the 6th of the present month the great events of the inferior conjunction and transit of Venus take place. Such is the importance attached to the phenomena, says the *Scientific American*, that the planetary interest of the month culminates around the fairest and brightest of the solar brotherhood. Few are the persons of ordinary intelligence who will not do as much toward the celebration of the rare event as, with the simple aid of a piece of smoked glass, to follow the course of the planet across the sun's disk at some time during the passage.

The transit will commence over the whole United States at nearly the same minute of absolute time, although owing to errors in the table of Venus the prediction for the time of beginning may vary a minute. The principal phases are as follows, in Washington mean time:

First contact	8 h. 55 m. A.M.
First internal contact	9 h. 16 m. A.M.
Second internal contact	2 h. 38 m. P.M.
Last contact	3 h. P.M.

Observers must ascertain the longitude of their places of observation from Washington [which can readily be done by the aid of an ordinary map], and the local time will easily be found, remembering that every degree of longitude makes a difference of four minutes in time. If the place be east of Washington the time will be later; if it be west the time will be earlier. Thus the transit will commence in New York twelve minutes later than at Washington (at 9 h. 7 m. A.M.), in Boston and all New England, twenty-four minutes later (at 9 h. 19 m. A.M.), in Cincinnati, twenty-nine minutes earlier (8 h. 26 m. A.M.), and so on.

It is to scientific observers that the transit has the deepest significance as one method of determining the sun's distance with more reliable accuracy. Never in the history of the world were such preparations made for the observation of a scientific event. The governments of the most enlightened nations hav furnished the means, the best astronomers direct the expeditions, and the whole world watches the result. Stations dot the western hemisphere and a portion of the eastern, where Russian, German, French, Italian, British, and American observers vie with each other in attempts to solve the vexed problem. The money appropriations will reach millions, the scientific observers will be numbered by thousands, and the labor and painstaking employed cannot be computed in numbers. Unless the whole sky is curtained with clouds on the eventful day there will be good fortune for some of the transit observers.

The True Origin of the New Calendar.

MY DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Our friend, Mr. G. N. Hill, of Boston, is laboring under the painful but false impression that he has been "robbed" of some credit or honor due to him in regard to the new Calendar, 282. He throws out letters, cards, and "open" letters to me in the Liberal press with reckless prodigality. In your note to one of his efforts in your paper of November 25th, you say that you presume (1) that "neither Mr. Wakeman nor Mr. Hill knew that the other had proposed it at the time he proposed it."

(2) In his card Mr. Hill persists in saying that he "originated" this Calendar and is being "robbed" of it.*

(3) Also he says that his claim thereto is "making an enemy of a prominent New York Liberal."

Mr. Hill's illusions on this subject may mislead you and others, and should come to an end at once, inasmuch as he is making aspersions upon others as "robbers."

The truth is that this new-era Calendar was originated and proposed by me in my lectures on the "Harmony and Meaning of the Scientific Gospels." These lectures, after being delivered off and on for four or more years, are now being published by instalments in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and will be finished there as soon as Mr. Bennett's travels giv them space.

The first lecture was published in 1881, and in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 22d and 29th your readers will find this new Calendar fully "originated." No one has ever pretended that it ever originated elsewhere or at any other time than in my lecture in your TRUTH SEEKER.†

When I visited Paine Hall at the Celebration of Paine's Birthday (January 29, 1882), Mr. Hill came to me and said that he had read this proposal of mine in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and wished the Paine Hall Liberals to adopt it, and that he would offer a resolution on the subject. I warmly seconded his proposal, and he wished me to advocate it in a few remarks, which I did, and suggested that it lie over for more mature consideration, as it was a matter of importance not to be inconsiderately adopted, and this course was taken by the meeting. It was also suggested by him that the resolution should be put in a better shape, and that Mr. Hill should write a letter to me, and I reply more at length, so as to bring out more fully the merits of the new idea. This correspondence Mr. Hill was to get published in the *Investigator*.

That plan was carried out. I amended Mr. Hill's Resolution, and struck out complimentary allusions to myself (strangely in contrast with his present pretensions), and rewrote, at his request, the letter he wrote to me, except the personal references, and then wrote the reply to it, setting up the whole subject. This correspondence, including the reconstructed resolution, Mr. Hill tried to get the *Investigator* to publish from February to April, but without success. In March, finding that he could not succeed, I took it to Mr. Eugene Macdonald, in the absence of his much traveling chief, Mr. Bennett, the actual editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He looked it over and said at once that it was a good thing and should be printed. And it was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 1, 282 (1882). Thus, again, but for your paper this babe would never hav had its cry heard! Then it went into the League *Man*, and it has never been printed elsewhere. Thus the whole thing was originated, proposed, and published. Mr. Hill has never been able to get anything printed on the subject, nor to get the Paine Hall people to adopt the resolution; nor has he, to my knowledge, contributed one single new or valuable idea or motiv towards its adoption.

On the contrary, this has been done by others. Mr. Macdonald followed up its publication by an extremely able and learned editorial, which had great influence in its favor. Mr. Byron Adonis, editor of the *Jewish Times*, at San Francisco, followed suit in many able and enthusiastic letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and in all the other papers he could reach, and he reached many. He has sent it to Italy, and all over Europe, and his League, No. 190, was the first to adopt it. He first called it the Bruno-Wakeman Calendar, against my protest that no name of any living person should be connected with it. So successful were these co-laborers that the National Liberal League Congress at St. Louis gladly and unanimously adopted it. The resolutions brought forward by Mr. George Chainey on that occasion are the best short statement on the subject ever made. Mr. Hill did not attend the Congress and had nothing to do with its adoption there. The name "Era of Man" was there selected after full consideration, and so the matter was fully and properly launched before the Liberal world on Sunday, Oct. 1, 282, at 12 M.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Courtlandt Palmer went down to Boston and gave a lecture for Mr. Chainey on the "Era of Man," which was received with great favor, and has been published in *This World*. In it he innocently spoke of and advocated the "Bruno-Wakeman Calendar," as Mr. Adonis had named it.

Thereupon up springs Mr. Hill and says that he is the "author" of this new era, and that Mr. Palmer is trying to rob him, and is becoming his "enemy;" and now you seem to believe that we two originated it "unbeknownst" to each other at the same time! This is simply ridiculous, as the facts above stated show. It originated solely with me, and as I hav stated. Of the persons above named, moreover, there is scarcely one who has not done more for the new-calendar idea than Mr. Hill. Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Adonis hav certainly done much more than he. His volunteering to offer a resolution on the subject at a Paine Hall meeting was a matter for which he received full credit in my reply to the letter written for him, with his "permission," as he now says. But his credit would hav been greater if he had entirely written the resolution himself, and had secured its adoption and the publication of matter effectivly advocating it, and if he had borne himself more modestly in regard to it afterward.

Mr. Palmer and all the Liberals I know of are Mr. Hill's friends, and will continue so to be, probably, if he does not disgust them by charges of "robbery" of what belongs to others as much, or more, than to himself.

Let me conclude with two reflections:

1. The time to claim credit about this matter will be after the new era is generally adopted. To that end let all Liberals join hearts and hands. There is plenty of room for what honor and credit there can be to be won in that field yet. The use of 282 is the best and easiest means of Liberal propaganda as yet known. Learn what it implies, and you will learn the greatest lesson of this age.

2. The claim of any great honor or credit for ideas of this kind belongs to the theological or metaphysical frame of mind, for that allows of revelations and intuitions exclusivly to farvored Christs or Pantarchs, who are the divinely-chosen conduits of knowledge and grace. But in the Liberal world we are all equally "the heirs of time," and our ideas are mostly our "inheritance." During ten years of Liberal work I hav scattered much "originality," as it is commonly called, but I hav never claimed anything. I hav only been too glad to see the seed coming up in the minds of others, as in the case of this New Era Calendar. I should hav let Mr. Hill run off with this whole thing, if he had not made it an injustice to, or an aspersion upon, others, and then called upon me publicly to confirm his claims. So I put the truth on record in THE TRUTH SEEKER, where the new era first appeared.

As ever yours, T. B. WAKEMAN.

New York, Nov. 23, E.M. 282.

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*FRIEND WAKEMAN: I find that the so-called letter of mine which you wrote and published—with my permission—in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 1, 1882, is making me trouble, and so I hereby disown it and withdraw all permission to any person to again publish it or its parts as purporting to come from me.

I am going to publish some card calendars for 283 soon, and am intending to print upon them your—or rather Dr Draper's—words upon Bruno and science in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 15, 1881, that caused me to invent and originate this Freethought Calendar, as well as the resolution, etc., with which I started this movement for the reformation of the civilized world's dating.

Very truly yours, GEORGE N. HILL.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 19, Anno Scienta, 282.

† Yet back of all these horrors lay that fundamental illusion and mistake in astronomy—that the world was a revolving "universe" with an outside. When Bruno *would* lecture and publish upon the "Stability of the Heavens" and the "Infinity of Worlds," the church had no alternativ but to crush him or die. She knew that the crisis in her history had come.

Dr. John W. Draper, in his "Conflict between Religion [theology] and Science," has proposed that some day the scientific world should unite in placing the statue of Bruno beneath the dome of St. Peters, reconstructed to man. That this should be done may not hereafter appear to be more strange than that the Parliament of Italy hav a statue of Bruno in the Eternal City.

But would it not be a surer and a nobler monument than any "enduring bronze" could ever be to date the calendar of the *New Era of Science and Man* from the year 1600 as its year *one*? Thus the martyr's death would consecrate the birth of the new order and life of man in his new heaven and earth. Comte had proposed that this new era should run from 1789, the date or the French Revolution, as the greatest social and political event of our modern revolutions and progress. Many other dates of great events hav been suggested. Americans are partial to their own national birth year, 1776, as the beginning of a new political order, and the antithet of 776 B.C., the first recorded Olympiad, and so the first certain date of European civilization. Still back of all these modern revolutions and steps of progress, as the cause of them all, stand the great world-opening discoveries of 1600, and with them nothing reaches us more striking than the voice and blood of Bruno proclaiming the infinity of worlds and the stability of the heavens. (T. B. Wakeman: TRUTH SEEKER, Oct., 29, 1881.)

Death of a Dear Friend.

CROSSWICKS, N. J, Nov. 24, 1882.

FRIEND BENNETT: I write to inform thee our dear sister, Caroline S. Ellis, died very suddenly of apoplexy on the 8th day of this month. She had been an invalid for a long time, having a complication of diseases, but her death was very unexpected. Some months ago she requested me to write and tell thee of her death when she was gone.

Very respectfully, MAGGIE B. ELLIS.

We regret to hear of the death of this valued friend, as the world needs more instead of fewer of such people.

Communications.

A Brief Synopsis of the World's Commercial Progress, as Relating to the Exchange and Distribution of Wealth.

We are informed by the best scientific authority that man in the early ages of his history was an infant in intellect, and but little above the race of animals called anthropoid apes. He was then a cannibal. His prominent characteristics were ignorance, indolence, and cruelty. His medium of exchange was a club, and his methods of commerce were plunder and slaughter. When driven by hunger, with nó other resources at hand, hostil tribes would fall upon and mutually slay the more helpless among their adversaries, and appropriate their victims as food. This was the primitiv mode of trade.

But as man advanced in intelligence his resources multiplied, and as his wants were more easily supplied the fierceness of his cruelty abated.

For his carnivorous food the flesh of animals sufficed, and by a simple form of barter the exchange of commodities was carried on between the chiefs of alien tribes.

At this stage of man's history, and far beyond it, the common or working people were either slaves, serfs, or vassals. At the second stage of progress, called barbarism, man had farther outgrown his grosser forms of cruelty, though still possessed of a refined selfishness which disposed him to take pleasure only in the welfare and prosperity of special favorits, leaving all others to take care of themselvs or perish. Hence he conducted his exchanges upon the supposed value of wealth, and not upon its cost, his object being to get the largest possible amount of the goods of others for the smallest amount of his own. But as this depended upon superior skill in depreciating goods sought, and appreciating those possessed, the intellectually strong in this contest would be victorious, while the weak would be either reduced to slavery or destroyed.

This mode of exchange might be regarded as an organized system of robbery, for it was established by treaty between alien and foreign tribes, yet it was in accordance with the nature of man in his barbarous state; and as barbarians they preferred to take their chances to plunder or be plundered in trade, rather than as savages to take the risk of being hunted down and slaughtered in the chase.

At this age of the world all governments were monarchies; but to-day we as a nation enjoy the blessings of a free and independent republic, instituted by and for the people. And if there is one glory above another of which Americans may be justly proud, it is the undeniable right which our form of government confers upon all of its citizens to express in a respectable manner, and to publish, their opinions on all subjects which are calculated to promote the welfare of their fellow-men.

Hence the people of this nation hav manifested their right to question the wisdom of continuing the cruel oppression which they hav inflicted upon themselvs by the further use of an adopted form of currency, invented by ancient barbarians, and applicable only to the crude necessities of a comparativly depraved and ignorant race. So universal has this thought become that in the midst of us a new political party has been formed upon this issue; and although its leaders may be commended for their untiring efforts to establish a system of currency that shall be adapted to the necessities of our free republican form af government, in place of the present system we hav inherited from ancient barbarous monarchies, and which was adapted only to an age of tyrants and slaves; yet, while our zealous friends are attempting to correct the misleading errors of their opponents in regard to this question, they still maintain confusing errors of their own, which the results of this inquiry will show as we proceed to answer the following questions, viz.: How did the valuable currency properly called money, and the valueless currency called tokens, originate? What was the difference between them? and, What was the different uses for which they were designed?

A tribe is a family presided over by a patriarch or chief, and within such a family the proper conditions for carrying on trade and commerce between its members, either by simple barter or by the use of money, cannot exist; but only between chiefs or their agents of alien or foreign nations or tribes.

Wealth, being a social product, is therefore created only through the toil and industry of the working members of the household or tribe, each one and all of whom had years of labor expended upon themselvs by others before they were able to co-operate with their fellows; hence the wealth of a family, tribe, or nation, before its just and proper distribution or apportionment, is *absolutely common wealth*, which in the earlier phases of barbarous society was distributed by the chiefs or their agents among the members of the families or tribes in accordance with their supposed merits or necessities. But as they advanced in intelligence, experience taught them that the distribution of commodities could be better and more easily performed by the use of tokens made of inexpensiv material, and distributed among the people to indicate the amount already due them for their labor or service, so when goods were desired they could be obtained by the handing in of tokens at the public storehouse, as we obtain our baggage by presenting our checks at the railroad station.

This mode of dispensing commodities is not commerce in any proper sense. It is not buying and selling. It is not barter. It is simply distributing the wealth of the tribe or nation among the individual members who had co-operated in creating it.

Tokens then were a convenient device by which the common wealth of a tribe or nation was *distributed* for private use among citizens who had previously purchased it by their joint labors, while money was an ingenious invention by which merchandise was exchanged between foreigners who were not joint owners; but both parties were independent owners as well before as after the exchange or sale.

For ages before the invention of money, trade throughout the world had been carried on by simple barter; but as tribes and peoples multiplied, the time arrived when simple barter could no longer answer the demands of commerce. Then it was that many of the sovereigns of the earth called together an international council and sent thereto as delegates some of their most intelligent merchants to devise a scheme that should supersede the old system of barter.

Although this assembly represented many languages, yet it was composed of men who were familiar with the idioms of commerce as they existed at that time. Written languages were then in their infancy, and were understood by few except scribes, a number of whom were employed on this occasion. After a parley of many days these deliberations terminated in a compact or treaty which was afterward ratified by the proper authorities, and thereby became international law, the prominent features of which are presented in the following translation:

1. That the old system of simple barter be supplemented and finally superseded by a more convenient system of complex barter.

2. To accomplish this end, let gold and silver be chosen as possessing, in a superior degree, these three desirable qualifications, viz, condensed value, durability, and portable convenience. These metals, after being brought to a uniform standard of fineness and into pieces of convenient size, shape, and weight, will be especially fitted for the twofold office of pledge and payment; and, when offered at any foreign mart where goods are exposed for sale or exchange, shall be received at sight from all and by all who are parties to this compact in exchange for any and all other forms of wealth.

3. Any tribe or nation which is bound by this treaty, and which may not possess gold or silver in sufficient quantities for use as legal pledges, may issue a provisional or temporary medium of exchange in the form of beeves, sheep, slaves, or any other staple commodity, until the more permanent pledges of gold and silver shall be universally distributed.

4. No tribe or nation acting under this treaty shall be allowed to issue legal pledges of more than one kind of commodity, for the reason that any commodity used for such pledges will be enhanced in value at least twofold, and therefore whoever shall issue two or more kinds will take undue advantage of others who keep within legal bounds and issue but one. The nation issuing gold may not issue silver; and any nation issuing a legal tender in the form of slaves may not in the form of beeves; but after their legal issue they become the common medium of exchange for all. Such use, however, will debar no one of their option from appropriating them as commodities, the gold and silver for ornaments or utensils, the beeves for food, and the slaves for service.

[That slaves were money among the ancient Hebrews is stated in Exodus xxii, 21.]

5. Although the necessities connected with the change from simple to complex barter require in its inception that several different commodities be used as legal medium of exchange, yet we believe that the system will continue to advance in perfection until the various materials at first used shall diminish to a single unit.

Thus much for the translation; now let us inquire for the origin of the word Money. Mr. James Parton says, "It is a curious thing that the origin of the word is still uncertain;" and that "Webster's derivation is improbable."

Other conjectures hav also been given, to which I will add one more if it is not already included. The only legitimate use of money originally was to facilitate the *exchange* of commodities between people of alien of foreign nations; money itself being also a commodity, and could be used as such at the option of the parties receiving it. The legitimate use of tokens, whether of base metal or paper, was to distribute commodities among the citizens of a nation.

Gold and silver currency, when used within a nation among citizens, can, in justice and equity, fulfil only the requirements of simple tokens, in which case they are not money in any proper sense of the word, but simply coin, and, when honestly used, serve only to distribute wealth among citizens, and for that purpose are neither better nor worse than the coin of base metal, which forms part of our fractional currency, and not so valuable for use within the nation among citizens as a paper currency.

Paper money is a misnomer, the brethren of the Greenback fraternity to the contrary notwithstanding. Paper notes issued by the government upon a basis of justice and equity for use within the nation and called money would, indeed, be a desirable currency, but with a misleading name. It is this wrong use of words which has occasioned the confusion of thought and speech which exists to-day on the subject of currency.

As to the derivation of the name originally given, which we hav translated money, I believe it came from this fact: In searching for a mode of exchange which should supersede simple barter, a plan was found and adopted which it was believed would ultimate finally in the selection of some one commodity that would be received in exchange for any and all other commodities, and therefore the name *one*, or *mono*, euphonized *money*, was applied to currency of value.

To show how far the anticipations of the inventors of money hav been realized, it may be noticed that when we reckon the nations who use money by the number of their inhabitants, we find that 877,000,000 use only silver, that 180,000,000 use only gold, and that 132,000,000 use silver and gold.

Thus it will be seen that nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the world who use coin use only that of silver, and one-eighth use only gold, leaving but one-eighth who use a binary currency of gold and silver, but who, being continually unsatisfied therewith, are found in council trying to devise some plan by which they may be enabled either to effect a better adjustment of their present system of *biney*, or, with the rest of the world, to adopt and establish the more simple system of *money*.

Recapitulation.—Geology furnishes evidence that man was developed from non-human primates that existed more than 240,000 years ago (John Fiske, *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1882). In the early stages of his development his wants were few and simple, and, like all other animals, he was governed by his instincts. His intellect was in its infancy, and his moral sense in embryo. As his abilities increased, the belligerency became manifest, and as hordes men made war upon one another, while as cannibals they devoured the victims who fell by their hands. Time and experience improved their character to a degree that inclined them to labor for the production of wealth and to barter for its exchange.

As man advanced toward civilization he invented money with which to trade with alien tribes, and also invented tokens by which to distribute supplies of food and raiment among the members of his own tribe.

These two distinct and separate systems of currency, which were well adapted to the necessities of our barbarous forefathers, hav been handed down to us, and we hav adopted them as our own. As a nation it has been our great misfortune to hav allowed a crude institution of the dark ages to overlap and extinguish the normal light which would otherwise hav resulted from our present advanced intellectual and moral development; and so we find ourselvs utterly confounded and bewildered in regard to the just and proper method of creating, distributing, and exchanging our wealth.

This is the problem before the nation that demands a solution to-day.

WM. U. DAME.

Liberty and Morality.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to say a word in favor of W. S. Bell's speech delivered at the New York State Freethinker's Convention at Watkins, Aug. 26, 1882?

"Liberty and Morality" is a neatly covered pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and throughout its entirety displays the literary acumen for which its author is distinguished.

The gist of the book, plainly discoverable by the reader, is that true liberty is but individual sovereignty minus infringement upon the rights of others; and pure morality is: Do thyself and others no harm.

But the author's most happy hits are under "*Christian* Morality," a few of which are here appended: "No hateful parent can teach his child to love him, nor will a mountain of commandments warm his child's heart into love. The masses lay off, to some extent, their religion when they lay off their Sunday clothes." "Here (the atonement) the moral government of society rests upon a fabulous tradition, which is supposed to hav had its origin some six thousand years ago." "It (prayer) is an effort to persuade God to do better than he otherwise would."

In criticising the Sermon on the Mount he says: "'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow' is a sentiment which no intelligent person accepts." Again: "It may seem a sweeping assertion to say that all distinctly Christian doctrins are immoral." "More than this, the people were immoral who invented them, and what is still more fundamental, the God they worshiped was immoral. It was he who ordained evil. What for? To show his mercy. He created the universe for his own glory." "But he has signally failed in glory. In fact, we find he has failed in all he has ever undertaken. He created Adam and Eve, but they proved an utter failure, drowned the world; turned himself into his own son, and died to save the world; but here, again, he has signally failed. His own people are now deserting him by denying the story about creation; they hav dared to close the doors of hell in the face of heaven."

ELLA E. GIBSON.

The Remarkable Experiences of Mr. Perry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I wish to say a few words by way of defining my position, and at the same time of answering those friends who hav written me postal cards in reference to the matters under discussion in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

To start with, I may say, I hav no faith in any of the thousands of gods manufactured by frail humanity in all past times and set up to take the place of Nature or to govern and control her. The only god that can exist must be a never-ceasing presence, immanent in all things, ever acting, as well in a molecule of matter as in a world; not an organization like unto man, yet ever acting, evolving and developing all that is or ever will be, from the lowest creature in feeling up to the most highly gifted being; a universal principle of life, which is equal to the production of the highest through gradation from the lowest; in which there is no death, but constant and everlasting change, and of which life we are all parts.

If this proposition is granted, then I affirm that as we are a part of nature now, we must hav been a part eternally, and will in some form remain so. Countless millions of ages of duration were consumed before the substance of which we are composed took the germ form; then it became by due course of nature dualized by combining with the ovum, and this developed into a human form, we inheriting from our progenitors all the mental, moral, and physical qualities we each are in possession of.

The foregoing is predicated on the assumption of science, that no matter can be destroyed, and that it is utterly impossible to change something into nothing, as well as to make something from nothing. It will be seen that I stand upon the broad platform of a material, substantial something, and hav no faith in nothing. In fact, "nothing" does not exist; if it did, it were something. There is no place anywhere in nature where nothing exists. If one particular substance we may be in search of at any place is not there, we are sure to find something else.

It follows, then, that as an organized human being we had no existence until born into this life, but just so surely as we were so organized and brought into existence will we continue to exist in some form. The substance that composes our bodies will change and waste away, become food for worms and vegetation; but what becomes of the nerve force that we hav been accumulating during a long life? What becomes of this fine material substance which we hav been engaged in extracting from food, and by which we hav builded up the inner mental and moral man? The whole question centers at this point: Does all the highest and finest and best which nature has developed up to this time cease to exist when the material body decomposes?

Now, aside from satisfactory proofs to the contrary, which I hav in abundance, I assert that nature points to a continuation of this life-force—this intelligent development. It is utterly absurd to suppose that nothing passes away from a body at death. There is no real death; only change. What, then, has changed? I answer, substantially the whole man has gone out, taking with him all the nervous body which he held within the old body. The dead body will not move when touched, simply because the man has left it. The eye may still throw an image on the retina, but the inner man is not there to see it. The tympanum, if not specially injured, may still vibrate to the shock of sounds, but they will not be heard, as the former resident has changed his abode. Ah! you say, this proves my Materialistic doctrin. The organization is destroyed, and so the mind is dead also.

This is just the point where your theory fails. I deny that the organization is destroyed, and to prove it, I attach a magnetic battery to the body, and by passing currents to and through various parts, behold how readily it responds! The man that was dead sits up; he moves his limbs, chatters, rolls his eyes, and points the finger of contempt at you. But, alas! when I disconnect the wire, the man drops as lifeless as a stone.

It will be seen that the manner of controling a human body from within must be analogous to the use of the magnetic experiment alluded to. The mind has the power to will or desire a motion to take place, and, accordingly, a nervous force is put into use, which does it. Now, the force which does an action and the real actor must be distinct. To say that will is the immediate force is an error. The will sets the acting force in motion, just as the man with a battery may cause a magnetic force to raise the arm or finger of a dead man. The only difference in the case is that the man using the battery is on the outside, while in life the man is himself on the inside of the body, and by an effort of his will sets the molecules of his spiritual body into motion to produce the desired result. The real man and his spirit, force, and body, having left the natural body, he must exist on the outside of it; and as the man and his spirit substance are inseparable, they remain so, subject only to new environments. And thus nature has labored not in vain.

If organization were the cause of life instead of the reverse—that is, life the organizing force—then, while a greater portion of the same was intact, as in the case of those persons taken from the gallows, there should be no reason why, under favorable circumstances, they should not be restored, but not a single case is thus far recorded. When the pineal gland is exploded, which seems to be the essential portion of the body, the motiv power of organic life departs never to return to that body.

Having shown that, from a material standpoint, Nature points to a future life, it behooves every man of good sense to add such evidences as may be within his reach to confirm those indications, or to upset them and show what becomes of this life-force and substance that leave the human body at its dissolution, and not pretend that we hav investigated and understand the whole realm of Nature and her laws. And it is just as much the duty of the Materialist to substantiate his assumptions and affirmations, as it is the Spiritualist's to support his. There is no technical difference, as each affirms, and therefore each is in duty bound to state his facts, on immortal life or any life of whatever duration. Our friends M. O Waggoner, Wettstein, and Winter are decidedly in error if they think that intelligent Spiritualists build their hopes of a future life on an "unsubstantial nothing." The Spiritualist is a substantialist; he believes in a body, and it is not made out of a chunk of nothing either.

My friend, T. Winter, has given me lots of good advice in his reply, "Mistaken Perry"; but not an argument of any kind to disprove what I wrote. He intimates that I am "beating around the bush" and trying to make things white that are black, and says "it is unworthy of any man who lays claim to sound sense and honest purposes." I am sorry to find Mr. Winter so organized as to suspect my honesty, or any one's honesty, as we hav nothing to gain by such a course. He says also: "I hav long discovered that the speculativ portion of mankind on the supernatural axiom are pretty much torn up, all the time, on this anti-mundane theory." Let me say, once for all, that Spiritualists hav no faith in any supernatural axiom, or anti-mundane theory, as nothing can be supernatural, and I am surely not torn up on any such nonsense. My faith, founded upon my investigations and knowledge, has made me perfectly contented, and my only concern is to induce others to arrive at a similar peaceful condition by a study of truth as it is in Spiritualism and Mother Nature, and in order to that end I will relate an interesting case for Brother Winter to study on and afterwards explain:

I had a sincere friend who during the late Rebellion went into the army, and having contracted dysentery came home to die—but, as he thought, to get well, for he made strenuous efforts to do so. He came daily to my place of business to exercise himself by sawing and planing, in hopes of gaining strength, but daily he was wasting away. Finding this to be the case, I told him one day that should anything serious occur he should send for me and I would come to his aid. Not long after this he failed to put in an appearance, and I was sent for. He was so far gone that he could not get out of bed, and, being a Spiritualist from a thorough investigation, he was very resigned and prepared to listen to anything I had to say on the subject of death. I said: "Daniel, I fear you are close to the gateway of life. You hav been dying for months, and will soon begin to liv in earnest." "Yes," he said, "I cannot understand this change that is coming over me, unless it means death." I then conversed freely and rationally with him during the day, and lifted him out of and into his bed when necessary, as his body was so wasted away that it weighed little more than that of a child; but his mind—oh, that was as clear and perfect and calm as the most resigned faith and sound philosophy could make it. I never heard him so absolutely himself as on that day, although he could not hold his head off the pillow. He said: "Wife, please get me the picture of George Washington and hang it on the wall behind the bed. When the final moment comes I want to cast a last glance upon that noble face."

Among other things I said, "Now, Daniel, when you are fairly settled in that new home, and if Spiritualism is true, as we believe, I want you to make a strong effort to communicate with me in any way that you can make yourself understood." He promised to do so. About five o'clock I went to my home, he having gone into a stupor or drowsy condition and utterly helpless, and I returned again in the evening. When I approached his bed he seemed suddenly to revive, and he threw back the cover as if with some strength, extending his hand to giv me a good-bye. I took his hand and said, "Good-bye, Daniel." He then turned to Mrs. Perry, shook hands, then to his wife and children, giving them good bye, and finally turned his eyes upon the picture on the wall, and so passed away in about one minute, a perfectly whole man to all appearance, fully conscious of his condition, although he at this time could not utter a word.

After he was prepared, the bed upon which he died was thrown upon the floor, and one of his children attempted to sleep upon it. But just as she would get into a doze she would be pushed out upon the floor. She said she felt hands push her off, and after several attempts she could not be induced to try it again. This was related to me by his wife, who had no faith in Spiritualism, and she was curious to know what it meant. The child, of course, had never heard of it. Perhaps Mr. T. Winter can explain it by calling it imagination.

Several years after this I went to Boston, and, having inquired for a good test medium, I called upon Mrs. Hardy, whom I had never before seen. She told me many things that had occurred upon the trip to Boston, and related a conversation I had with a gentleman upon the subject of Spiritualism, and, among other things, said, "There is a dear friend of yours here, a soldier, who promised to communicate to you, but he cannot yet as fully as he would like. He wants me to say to you that he loves you as well as his own brother." And this was precisely the sentence which I had used in expressing my affection for him, when his father called on me at the time of his funeral. He said he had often been in my shop and made the shavings fly, called me by my full name, and seemed to be generally acquainted with all my affairs. Yet I had not breathed my name to Mrs. Hardy, nor given her any clue whatever to what she told me. He also mentioned the town in which this occurred. Now, to say that Mrs. Hardy did all this by clairvoyance, that she could get into my mind so thoroughly and see incidents that I had long before forgotten (for she described my grandmother and told me her name and things which occurred more than forty years before that visit), is to say that a clairvoyant can read and describe for you things that never were in your mind or her own. She did not see him in my mind, but said he was standing by my chair. How did I, unconsciously to myself, project an exact full-size spiritual picture of my soldier friend, grandmother, and aunt, as well as several other persons, so that Mrs. Hardy could see and describe them, with a history of the relations of each with myself, names, dates, etc.? It is utterly impossible and unreasonable to believe so, and nothing but an opposition to reason and sound sense would require one to discard such testimony. It is better evidence than is required in transacting nine-tenths of all the business done amongst mankind, but of course my friend Winter cannot entertain such facts, as he has faith only in dirt. All the splendid achievements of the intellect of man end in dirt, and the older the world gets and the more advancement is made in knowledge and progress, the sublimer will be the dirt which nature is constantly laboring to make. The mental, moral, and spiritual culture will never enable man to get away from this grand and final dirt heap. That seems to be the result of all the works of grand old nature, and this must be the reason that we are so apt to be slinging dirt at each other, sometimes, instead of sound arguments and good common sense.

When a man dies we know that his body is here with us; but that other something which was the life and soul of it is not here. Now, as neither the one nor the other can be utterly destroyed, it is fair to infer that it must still exist. We never did see the mind while in the body, so that we are no worse off now than before; and if we can recognize its characteristics in some other mode of manifestation we might reasonably infer that it still exists; but here comes our philosopher, LaRoy Sunderland, and settles the whole business with his "Ideology." Mrs. Hardy was insane; she was affected by the "sporadic rap;" and I was insane. This must be the true explanation, because he has studied it from the start, and has had several of these insane persons in his own family, who were thus affected. Oh, folly, that one so wise should resort to an explanation so inadequate and so threadbare as the clairvoyant and insanity dodge at this late day! But this same Mrs. Hardy sometime thereafter was developed into the production of paraffine molds of hands, feet, etc., claimed to be the hands, etc., of spirits. They claimed to materialize a hand, coat it with warm paraffine, dip it into cold water, and then remove the spirit hand and let the mold float upon the water. To prove this fully, a wire box was constructed so that it would be utterly impossible to place any such mold through its meshes, and the warm paraffine was then placed in this box and locked by a committee. In the course of half an hour the spirits rapped out the signal that the work was done, and on removing the cover of the box it was found that a perfect mold of a human hand, or spirit's hand, was floating in the bucket of cold water.

The explanations we hav for these remarkable things is the "sporadic rap," insanity, jugglery, ideology, and, I might add, "tomfoolery." In olden times such things would hav been called "miracles;" but a miracle never was and never can be performed. There must be a rationale to the performance of every act, no matter how mysterious or by whom performed. The greatest wonder is to see how our modern investigators of fact run into fancy.

J. R. PERRY.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Letters from Friends.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Nov. 6, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $6 50, for which send me the four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." F. A. COLLINS.

DUNLAP, ILL., Nov. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I will send you post-office order for $15.50, to use as follows: $3 for George Donaldson and $3 for myself, $3 for Wm. Cook, also $6.50 for your Around-the-World book.

Your friend, JAMES WILLARD.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 11, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1 to apply on my subscription. I could not do without the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER. Allow me to congratulate you on your safe return from your trip around this globe, if it is not too late. O. J. LOVELL.

SCOTTVILLE, MICH., Nov. 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received the third volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and the special notice therewith. Inclosed find express money-order for one dollar and fifty cents, for which please send me the fourth volume and oblige,

Yours truly, G. A. BROWN.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed postal order for $7 50 for this and the coming year's subscriptions to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for Vol. IV. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World;" also Truth Seeker Tract 160, "Sabbath Observance," "Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell, and a few tracts for missionary work.

Yours truly, R. HELM.

NEW ALBANY, IND., Nov. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the three volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" all right, and am well pleased with them. Inclosed find $4.75; apply $2.50 to renewal of THE TRUTH SEEKER up to January 1, 1884, $1.50 for Vol. IV., 50 cents for postage, and 25 cents for the pamphlet "Crimes of Preachers." I am glad of your safe return, and hope you may liv many years to battle for truth and right.

Fraternally yours, JOHN BROWN.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Nov. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I was handed a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER by a friend. As you advertise to send it three months for 50 cents, you will find that amount inclosed. Prof. Fisher, in the last number of the *North American Review*, admits the "decline of clerical authority," and assigns as a reason the "general diffusion of knowledge." I think he is right. and that THE TRUTH SEEKER is one of the channels through which the knowledge is being diffused.

Yours for the right, F. M. CHAPMAN.

WEST AMBOY, N. Y., Nov, 15, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $13—$1.50 for Vol. IV. of the Round-the-World books, and the rest to be applied as directed.

I was born May 4, 1815, and until February, 1831, in consequence of my superstitious education I was a believer in gods, ghosts, devils, witches, hobgoblins, and spooks, but at that time at a great religious revival in Verona, N. Y., I was converted from the darkness of superstition to the light of Freethought, and ever since I hav been known as an activ soldier in the army destined eventually to emancipate the world from the tyranny of priestcraft.

Fraternally yours, P. W. LEETE.

CONCORD, KY., Nov. 20, 282.

MR. EDITOR: We thank you much for presenting your worthy self among the "men of the hour." Judging from your appearance now we would not hav supposed you to be so diminutiv when a boy of thirteen, and would say your brains at this time would preponderate against your whole avoirdupois at that age. We regret to see the bitter flings directed against you, but make much allowance for the acute sensibilities of misfortune. We sometimes fear Liberalism will suffer disintegration from the difficulties befalling it, thus making a splendid triumph for Christianity, but hope deliberate reflection may yet restore that harmony which will make the success of our darling cause assured. Anxious that all may yet be well, I remain as ever,

Truly yours, VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Language fails me to express or to fix a value upon my regards for you and your dear old TRUTH SEEKER, and I hav until now delayed expressing my congratulation for your safe return from your round-the-world voyage. I now acknowledge the receipt of the third volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," for which I hav already sent $5, and now inclose $2 more for the fourth volume and to help pay the postage on the same. As I am to hav the whole story of the voyage round the world in the fourth volume, I shall be glad when it is got through THE TRUTH SEEKER, so as to make more room for correspondents. Ideas often appear in the paper on the various topics of mundane and spirit-life that I would like to reply to.

Life is an eternal principle which never begins nor ends, but is only an elongation of what we doctors hav studied long and hard to learn how to prolong, to save life, and not a soul of us yet has found out what life is, or from whence it comes or whither it goes, and still claim to be the guardians of health and life. Ever your Liberal and true friend,

N. H. DILLINGHAM.

MAUSTON, WIS., Nov. 13, 282.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 11th received last night. I see the third volume has been mailed to the subscribers, and the fourth is in preparation. I intend to send you an extra dollar to help you pay postage on the books. At present I am troubled with that bad complaint called the "shorts," and if you dare trust me with one dollar's worth of your "Answers to Christian Questions" I will send you two dollars the first opportunity—I will, honor bright. I hav just one dollar, and I intend to send that to old Brother Jeremiah Hacker, and then you will be the only man in the world that I owe a dollar to that I know of.

"Antichrist," W. H. Burr, "Tee Cee Lee," and yourself are giving that under dog a dreadful thrashing, but no worse than I would hav done had I been able. In my last letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER I said I had buried a wife and seven children in Marengo, Illinois, instead of a wife and three children. I passed my three score and ten on the 30th of October last. I intend to liv as long as I can see anybody else alive. For nearly forty years I hav lived without a drop of "gospel lollypop," as Rev. R. Taylor calls it, for I hav no doubts nor fears of any rewards and punishments after death, for I hav reasoned long upon that subject—ever since I first read Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," in the year 1844. But I hav tried to liv at peace with all mankind and pay my just debts; and if that won't do for that boy that was born in a cave and in a manger (two places of birth and no earthly father), both him and his blind followers may guess at the rest.

In its proper place I forgot to tell you your "Answers to Christian Questions' is just as I wished you would do—print them in book form, as I was going to take notes from them. You are more than a match for the whole seventy-five thousand blatherskites.

Yours truly, WM. HOLGATE.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 14, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Your three Round-the-World books hav been received and highly appreciated. I herewith send $1.50 for the fourth volume, which completes your eastern history.

While writing, I wish to say a few words which are of importance to me. and which may be to those who are organized like myself, if such can be found. When speaking upon the words hinted at, I apply myself to this world, the kingdom of man, the Freethought people. I care not by what means nature has produced what is called the New Testament. It has a resurrection, and is mentally true. Man (this world) is formed materially through the letter, and Spiritualism, his helpmeet, is off from the same piece—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh—and by whom material man has now a kingdom, and a kingdom necessarily implies a king to rule. But the inquiry is, What is the manner of the platform from which he rules? He has only the breath of animal life in him, which he, by heredity or otherwise, obtained from his ancestors, the sectarians, and thus being made of dust he has not become a living soul, for as yet he subsists on faith and hope. Faith is said to be the substance of things hoped for. Faith is often found (like that of Guiteau) without a well-grounded hope. There is a serpentine, beguiling spirit in animal man (in some more than others) that can believe without evidence. This kind of faith is braced up by ungrounded, selfish hope, and hope begets deceptiv knowledge, and places itself upon the foundation of marvelousness and sublimity, and thus the man without a soul places himself on the foundation of deceptiv knowledge, and this kind of knowledge is always puffed up and never edifying. But what is the other kind of knowledge? It is not obtained through the animal senses. It is the female or mental knowledge of nature, law. She is inexpressibly beautiful, and is well defined in what is called Solomon's Song. She obtains from the higher organs of compassion, and will not submit to the mysterious knowledge of selfishness, but to charity which equalizes all things, and all upon a level. Man in his animal capacity is not to be despised, but is to be brought up through the female of nature to a higher standard of being.

Yours truly, ZENOS KENT.

LONG LAKE, MINN., Nov. 13, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, and apply as follows: $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $2 for the fourth volume of your "Pilgrimage." The first two volumes came duly to hand, and are highly appreciated. My subscription to your paper is paid up to January, but I make it a rule to pay before the time expires. I wish all your subscribers would do so, thus saving you extra trouble. I send money to pay postage too. I am glad you allow all sides a hearing in your paper. All who ake THE TRUTH SEEKER hereabouts are Spiritualists.

Mr. Otto Wettstein's criticism of Mrs. Hedden's statement, in your paper of September 14th, that "a universal spirit existing as a part of nature is as rational to conceive of as to conceive of force," is, in my opinion, rational and correct. Mr. Wettstein writes like a philosopher and scholar, but he has a great deal to learn yet. The positiv Mr. Winter is so well satisfied with himself that he is not likely to learn any more. He "knows" that death ends all, and in his particular case, judging by what he has written, I am willing to concede that he is probably right. There is nothing spiritual about the man—nothing, I fear, worth saving into another state of existence. I think Materialists, as a rule, show as much bigotry in defending their peculiar views as Christians do, at least all with whom I am acquainted do. Many hav gone from the extreme of Christian fanaticism to the extreme of intolerant skepticism. Thus do mankind vibrate like the pendulum from one extreme to the other, but only the truth is found between the two extremes.

Your review entitled "Materialism versus Spiritualism," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 4th, was like everything else you write—good and true; and allow me to say here that no intelligent Spiritualist believes in the supernatural. 'Tis time that word and the word "miracle" were obsolete. Some one has said, "We are just looking into the vestibule of the great temple of knowledge." What do we know of the cause of attraction, repulsion, or gravitation? We know that where matter is there is force, but but *why* we know not. How can finite man measure the infinit? We can hav no appreciation of a boundless space or the beginningless and endless lapse of time. We know that things invisible are the most powerful, as atmosphere, steam, and electricity; and as the chemist can change the hardest substance, even the diamond, to a gaseous, invisible condition, it is fair to presume that all matter our earth contains was once invisible, at least to such vision as ours. What do we know of the possibilities of matter in its most attenuated form, reaching out to the infinit? It is said that man is an epitome of the universe, and, if so, does he not absorb with the other elements of his being—say in the fœtal condition—a portion of spirit from that inexhaustible fountain which some call God? If I may trust the wisdom of my senses, I know that I hav a continued life; and from whence could I draw my immortality save from that source? To those that believe that "death ends all" the world must appear a failure—nay, a grievous fault on the part of nature, because we hav infinitly more of sorrow and suffering than of happiness and pleasure. For my own part, I look on this world as the school-house, merely, where we get the rudiments of an education, which must go on and on forever. With best respects to Mrs. Bennett, yourself, and Mr. Macdonald, I am, as ever, Yours, WM. ARCHIBALD.

ELKHART, IND., Nov. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: About three weeks ago I crossed over the state line between Michigan and Indiana, upon an invitation to visit Dr. Hatch and his family, and to enjoy the hospitality of their house for a season. Dr. Hatch is a close reader and has a retentiv memory, and he weighs the religious and the political institutions of the country in the balance of an impartial and observing mind, and my sojourn in Elkhar and with the Hatch family has been both interesting and mutually profitable.

During my stay in Elkhart I hav taken half a hundred new subscriptions for the stanch old TRUTH SEEKER, and the list will show at least an average of the intelligence of this enterprising city. The names are from all classes, except the ministers. I hav taken subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER in some places among the ministers, but none among this class yet in Elkhart. The lawyers, the physicians, the mechanics, and the laboring classes are all well represented in the catalog of names. These fifty names hav mostly been taken on the three months' trial list, and it is hoped that the paper will be understood and appreciated in its true and impartial character, as an able and faithful advocate and exponent of free speech and impartial inquiry after the highest truth in all departments of human interests. To my own mind, there is no paper published in the English language, or in any other form of speech, which bears a bolder front or a stronger array of talent in reducing the first principles and the original intentions of our honored ancestors and venerated forefathers to an actual, practical reality, as expressed in the Constitution of the United States, more clearly than THE TRUTH SEEKER. Hence it may be regarded as a kind of white flag in time of peace, under which the multitude may rally to defend themselvs from the common enemy of all mankind—ignorance and superstition—and to confer and council together in regard to the best methods of reforming and elevating the race. Let the hearts be fully enlisted and warmed into an activ and earnest practical life among all the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and there are brains enough to perform wonders toward the redemption of mankind from the hydra-headed monstrosities in church and state which hav combined to curse the human family in all the ages past. It is to be hoped that the American people, at least the more liberal among them, will rally to the support of each and every peaceful flag which floats to the breezes in behalf

of true liberty, and unrestricted freedom of speech and of the press.

I expect to go from Elkhart to Battle Creek, Marshall, and Kalamazoo, Mich., and will aim to reduce my travels to order and method, so as to re-visit each place regularly once in three months, until as large a list of regular and permanent subscribers are obtained in each place as can be enlisted.

The Liberals in Elkhart hav assured me that if fifty subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER can be enlisted and maintained in the place, they will hav a Liberal League established here with all the social and intellectual advantages which such an organization would introduce and bring into actual operation. We will all work on, and abide in hopeful expectation for the best results.

Yours truly, C. S. ROWLEY.

BETHESDA SPRINGS, ARK., Nov. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Were I to disclose to you my experience from a "state of nature to a state of grace," and back to nature as a returning prodigal to a loving mother, you would doubtless feel some surprise. I was educated for, and for several years devoted myself to, the ministry. Well, that isn't so much a matter of surprise—to many; but I fell at last, and this is, or will be, matter of surprise to my Christian friends. I do not think I was ever egotistic in my views—only a "little out," for want of a true light to guide me. You will understand my position.

For some years past my mind has been taking a rational turn, only lacking the full sway of untrammeled reason to lead me straight on and out of the dark paths of mysticism. Not very long since, I chanced to drop in at the "Unitary Home," on Rich Mountain, not far from this place, where I found a small band of very peculiar people living together under a common bond as a common brotherhood. A few of the numerous "queer" mottoes which adorned their humble quarters—humble, for there is no ostentation—will serve to explain a part of my experience:

"To the pure all things are pure."—Bible.

"Be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals."—Anonymous.

"Be prudently courteous, cautiously familiar."—Home Maxim.

"Where there's a will there's a way."—Old Maxim.

"Do unto others," etc.—Bible.

"The love of the perfect man is a universal love."—Confucius.

But the most "shocking" of all was:

"The power of the priesthood is the people's pusillanimity."—Home Maxim.

Could this be true? Here were a quiet, orderly, contented, and apparently happy people, practically exemplifying in their every-day walk principles which the clergy everywhere preach as derogatory to the highest interests of humanity. Are they right? Who are right?

In their library I found the customary Shakspere, Byron, etc., together with elaborate physiological works, anatomical charts, etc.; and also Foote's works, Spencer's, Tyndall's, Huxley's, and other lectures, and a copy of the family Bible. Of journalistic literature I found the *Agnostic*, the *Age*, *Liberty*, *Man*, *Woman's Herald of Industry*, the *Word*, and THE TRUTH SEEKER.

After perusing their own publications, which I was somewhat surprised to find founded on Bible testimony, though they deny a personal God, the immaculate conception, vicarious atonement, etc., I instituted a brief examination of the periodicals above alluded to. Suffice it to say that in these I found facts never before disclosed to my mind—facts as irrefutable as are the laws of nature. What should I do? As an honest, free man, what could I do? I saw but one course open before me, *i.e.*, to lay aside prejudice, be true to myself in the inward consciousness of a latent truth within, on which Nature lays the true developing hand to lead us up and out of darkness into the "revealed" light of scientific progress; and henceforth I am one for humanity's sake. God will take care of himself.

On my return home I will make up and send a remittance for THE TRUTH SEEKER and other publications. Fraternally, EX-REVEREND.

COBDEN, ILL., Nov. 20, 282.

MR. EDITOR: A short time since I had occasion to visit Parrish, a little village in the southeastern part of Franklin county, Illinois, for the purpose of perfecting the organization of a Liberal League there. I was very much surprised to find a Liberal town quietly growing up right in the center of Egypt. It is a duplicate of Walser's town of Liberal, Mo., without a god-house or saloon, and scarcely any Christians in the town. And I hav it from the authority of the only Christian lady I met with there, that Parrish is the most orderly and pleasant town to liv in in that part of the state. This is a good deal for a Christian lady to say of a town almost entirely composed of Infidels. And what is the most pleasant as well as most surprising thing to me is that the Liberals of Parrish and vicinity are almost all young men, who hav become Liberals from being raised in the Sunday-schools in the surrounding country, and observing the shams and hypocrisies of Christianity. But I think THE TRUTH SEEKER, of which there are several copies taken there, has had a good deal to do with the development of educated Liberalism in this Liberal Eden.

Dr. F. P. Reagin, president of the Parrish Liberal League, is the only druggist and practicing physician. L. M. and J. L. Jones, two young men who commenced here only a few years ago with a capital of three or four hundred dollars, are the leading merchants of the town. The Joneses commenced in Parrish about three years ago with a small stock of goods. By their square dealing and business integrity they hav in a short space of time become one of the leading business houses in Franklin county, doing an aggregate trade of between forty and sixty thousand dollars a year. They keep a full supply of merchandise, such as dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, crockery, tin, and hardware, furniture, and agricultural implements. And notwithstanding, as they told me, some of their orthodox customers told them, when they first opened business, that if they did not giv up their Infidelity they could not succeed, yet they hav been more prosperous than any firm I hav met with in this part of the state. L M. and J. L. Jones, although young men, hav often held debates with the orthodox clergy, coming out victorious in the contest. To-day they stand among the most influential business men in the county in which they liv. I mention this as an example, and I hav met with a number of such examples in my travels, yet I am sorry to hav to say that I am continually meeting with Liberals who are in business who are the worst kind of moral cowards. They dare not stand up for the truth for fear that it will hurt their trade or business. They allow a false theology to put a bit in their mouths and bridle their tongues, and make them bow and scrape to priestcraft and priestly superstition. I enter many stores, offices, and other places of business where, when I tell the proprietors that I am an Infidel missionary, and that I carry an assortment of Liberal literature and photographs of Freethinkers to sell, they will express both surprise and pleasure that anyone dare to do such a work, but they will take me into some private room or back office, and with closed doors and bated preath, as it were, look over my stock, and if they make any purchases of me they will caution me not to tell anybody of it. They will not, or rather dare not, subscribe for any Liberal paper, for fear somebody will find out they are taking it. To our shame and regret these are facts in regard to over one-half of the professing Freethinkers of this country, and I often say to them, Shame on such Liberalism. I would rather die than lead such a life of moral cowardice. And, in the language of Patrick Henry, "Giv me liberty or giv me death!" To me mental bondage would be more unendurable than physical bondage.

Until further notice my address will be Duquoin, Ill. F. F. FOLLET.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me;
You shall listen to both sides and filter them from yourself.

Thus says Walt Whitman, and thus say I. My defenses for speaking in favor of "Leaves of Grass," after all the obloquy hurled at it by the superficial reader, the thoughtless reader, and the prejudiced reader, are taken from all sides; and as friends read and ponder upon them, I hope they will filter from themselvs a judgment as kind, as tender, as thoughtful, as tolerant, and as charitable as would Whitman himself bestow upon the pet children of their own brains—children born out of their best and holiest aspirations, and heirs to their grandest, purest, and most sublime hopes. Hear him, O ye who plead for free thought and free speech, and mark how he echoes your most daringly bold venture toward the new life of universal self-hood:

I say discuss all and expose all. I am for every topic openly.
I say there can be no salvation for these states without innovators;
Without free tongues, and ears willing to hear the tongues.
And I announce, as a glory of these states, that they respectfully listen to propositions, reforms, fresh views, and doctrins from successions of men and women.
Each with its own growth.
With one man or woman (no matter which one), I even pick out the lowest.
With him or her, I now illustrate the whole law.
I say that every right in politics or what not shall be eligible to that one man or woman on the same terms as any.

Now turn from these utterances to the most seemingly obscene portions of the book. What do you find? Only that the brave thinker "discusses all and exposes all"—

If anything is sacred the human body is sacred,
And the glory and sweet of a man is the token of manhood untainted,
And in man or women a clear, strong, firm-fibered body is more beautiful than the most beautiful face.

And therefore Whitman, out of the purity of his own cleanliness, fears not to talk boldly and bravely of all portions of the body, and giv grand and beautiful advice as to how to generate a race that shall "grow to be mates to the mothers" who are worthy to bear them. I do not wonder that those who hav never studied the hygiene of the whole body and the laws of heredity are somewhat shocked at the plain talk of friend Walt. He not only believes in "open doors," but exclaims:

Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors from their jambs!

Now friend Hiller will remember that it has never been the pure in heart who hav discovered obscenity in things that in themselvs are "whiter than snow." He should carefully read Whitman once more, and he will see that instead of "constantly talking about prostitutes," no poet that ever lived brings together in one small volume of less than 400 pages such a variety and diversity of topics. Take the following lines for instance, and see how vast an immensity the mind must travel to grasp each successiv mention of place or thing; and where in the midst of it does friend Hiller find the "prostitutes?"

See! steamers steaming through my poems!
See, in my poems immigrants continually coming and landing;
See, in arriere, the wigwam, the trail, the hunter's hut, the flatboat, the maize-leaf, the claim, the rude fence, and the backwoods village;
See, on the one side, the Western Sea, and on the other the Eastern Sea, how they advance and retreat upon my poems, as upon their own shores.

See, pastures and forests in my poems—see, animals wild and tame—see, beyond the Kanzas, countless herds of buffalo, feeding on short curly grass;
See, in my poems, cities, solid, vast, inland, with paved streets, with iron and stone edifices, ceaseless vehicles, and commerce;
See, the many-cylindered steam printing-press—see, the electric telegraph, stretching across the continent, from the Western Sea to Manhattan.

Now, lest I weary our readers with too long an article, I will giv a few clippings concerning Whitman an his "Leaves,"

Well begotten and raised by a perfect mother.

Whitman, now 63, "passed through that period of neglect long since, which has crowned with its silence every minstrel yet that has ever come to strike, in some new and unaccustomed method, chords with which all the world is familiar. He has about passed through that period when it is a toss-up whether the flames of martyrdom shall light up his gray hairs or the aureole of the few immortals settle on his head." Recently asked to explain the "Prostitute" piece, page 299, he said: "It is nothing but the beautiful little idyl of the New Testament." Slowly extending his half-palsied arm he repeated in deep voice and eloquent manner the following:

"But Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. So when they continued asking him he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground, . . . and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself and saw none but the woman, he said unto her: Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

After a long pause, Whitman resumed: "But to the color-blind green looks like dirty white. What are the meadows to such, and the boundless foliage of the summer lying all out of doors? The idea of exclusion comes from the far East, barbaric with its eunuchs and its harem. Truth, like the seed sown, must mainly fall upon the rocks. Some few understand it. Women, most of all, see and appreciate it. The babes that are to grow up will breathe it in." There was another long pause, and he added, referring to the Osgoods, "But they weakened"—that was the harshest word he had for them or any one else. He says: "Those who speak ill of me and my book are quite right, from their point of view; from my point of view, I am not half as good as I should be."

Boswell asked Dr. Johnson if a certain picture of a nude woman was indecent. "No, sir," replied the doctor; "but your question is." A Christian lady found fault with a statue by Miss Lewis because it was unclothed; she replied, "Madam, your mind is nastier than my statue."

The Rev. Mr. Chadwick, an eminent Unitarian clergyman, has lately said that it contains not a line which is not pure and high in its intention. The Rev. Mr. Morrow, of the Methodist Episcopal church, has gallantly defended it, affirming that it is robust and viril, but not obscene. The Rev. W. J. Fox, that brilliant English divine, the pure theist and idealist, the valiant and cultured soldier of democracy in England, threw over it the shield of his manly eulogy, saying that it afforded "a clearer conception of what manly modesty really is than anything we hav in all conversational forms of words, deed, or act so far known of;" saying also that "it will in time become a pregnant text-book, from which quotations as sterling as the minted gold will be taken and applied to every form of the outer and the inner life." The illustrious German poet, Freiligrath, the most distinguished of all the modern German poets, devoted to it four masterly articles in successiv numbers of the Augsbury *Gazette*, praising it without stint or qualification, and hailing it as the day-spring of a new and nobler order of poetry. Ruskin has recently eulogized it, declaring that "it carries straight and keen as rifle-balls against our deadliest sins." Thoreau ranked it with the mighty oriental poems, and pronounced it the supreme expression of American democracy, and its author the greatest democrat the world has ever seen. Emerson literally exhausted panegryic upon it in his letter of 1855, incidentally calling it "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom America has yet contributed." "Defended by clergymen, extolled by poets, lauded by scholars and men of letters throughout the civilized world, accepted by the best readers, it may well be guarded in the mails by the postmaster-general."

Now, friends, I hav pleaded my plea, and hope and trust you will "filter from yourselvs a just and generous judgment for a poet," of whom Elizur Wright says: "Let us not be ashamed of ourslvs, or our cause. The God-fanatics will tire at length of biting files—such for example as good old Walt Whitman has presented to their teeth."

And who has been bold and true?
For I would be the boldest and truest being of the universe!
And who benevolent? for I would show more benevolence than all the rest!—*Leaves of Grass.*

I am a Liberal in every sense of the word, and indorse Walt Whitman. ELMINA.

Thanksgiving.

BY GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

When as returns the appointed day
That's set apart for human kind
To leave each thought of toil behind,
And render thanks, and feast and pray;

It stands a thoughtful man in hand
To turn a retrospectiv eye
Upon the past, and ponder why
Thanksgiving reigns throughout the land.

If more than usual, in the main,
We hav been blest in house or store,
Let's trace each blessing's source before
We thank the author for the gain.

Be ever grateful for the deeds
Of those who, in their several ways,
Hav done their part to merit praise
By ministering to our various needs.

Let's thank ourselvs that we possess
Sufficient usefulness to gain
The little lucre we obtain
As pay for our industriousness.

Let's thank the toilers of the earth—
Long may their health and strength abide,
The coughing printer, hollow-eyed,
Be given wealth and broader girth!

Let's thank the tiller of the field
Who grows that which we daily eat.
His days be long, his life be sweet,
His crops return abundant yield!

Let's thank the brave, devoted men,
Who in the face of scorn and hate
Their lives and labors consecrate
To liberty of voice and pen.

Let's thank the heroes of the past,
Those of to-day, and those to come;
The least shall benefit us some,
And help ensue from all at last.

If any good from source unknown
Has come to us the passing year,
Make haste to thank the giver here
For seeds of kindness he hath sown.

Thus far our gratitude extends;
While unto others we accord
Unquestioned right to thank the Lord,
Our voice shall bless our earthly friends.

A Lecture by Col. Ingersoll

DELIVERED IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOV. 11, 282.

Nothing can be more certain than that we do not hav control over our own thought. The brain thinks in spite of us. Everything we see, or hear, or touch, or feel affects the brain, and affects it in spite of us; and everything we see and hear causes thought, in spite of us; and no one, owing to his constitution, can be responsible for his thought any more than he is responsible for the beating of his heart. The blood pursues its old accustomed rounds without consulting us. The lungs fill with air without our will. And so the brain thinks You cannot help it; you cannot stop it—no matter how much you may wish. You hav no control. You can satisfy yourself of this by just thinking for one moment. What are you going to think to-morrow? You do not know. You cannot tell. Why? Because you hav not the control of your brain, and you are no more responsible for what your brain thinks than you are, as I said before, for the beating of your heart.

This being true, no human being can be held responsible for his thought. Yet for a thousand years thought has been taught to be a crime, and thousands and millions hav threatened us with certain fire if we giv forth the production of that brain. Each brain is a field in which nature sows the seed and thought is the crop. It cannot be a crime to gather it or tell it, which simply means the right to sell the product of our brain for the product of other men's brains. Most brains, at least some, are rather poor fields, and the orthodox the worst of all. That is a field producing mostly sorrel and millet, while there are other fields which, like the tropic world, are filled with growth, and where you behold the vine and the palm, royal children of the sun. I then stand up simply for absolute freedom of thought. I do not believe if there be a god that it will be or can be pleasing to him to see one of his children afraid to express what he thinks; and if I were God I would never cease making men until I had made one grand enough to tell his honest opinion.

There has been a struggle between believers in the natural and the supernatural—those gentlemen who are going to a reward in another world, and those who propose to make life worth living now. In times past the priest had been appealed to for everything. [A description was given in everyday language of the process, and affected the audience most comically.]

The speaker's opinion of priestcraft was given in these words: "No clergyman in the world can get one drop of rain out of the sky; no clergyman in the civilized world can save one human life. They hav tried it." They say we don't expect a direct answer; it is a reflection we are after. That is like a man trying to lift himself by his boot-straps—he gets nothing but good exercise. With a doubt on the existence of a mirthful missionary he said: "Missionaries viewed with mirth the prayer of the heathen to his idol, but the stone god delayed the frost precisely the same as ours does." Next there came a sarcastic reference to the claim of the ministry that God selects his exhorters. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, heroes, scientists, and inventors come by chance, but when God wants an exhorter he selects. They tell me also it is wicked to attack the Christian religion. I refer not to the Christianity of the New Testament, but to the Christianity of the orthodox church; and when I refer to the clergy I refer to the clergy of the orthodox church. There was a time when men of genius were in the pulpit, and were orthodox, but the time is past. When we find such a man occupying the orthodox pulpit he is touched with heresy. Next came a recipe for a minister: "There is a young man not strong enough to be wicked. Instantly it is suggested he would make an excellent minister." There are great and glorious openings for men of genius; the pulpit has to put up with the leavings, ravelings, the selvage. These preachers say, "How can any man be wicked enough to attack our religion, and take from the world the solace of orthodox Christianity. What is that solace?" Here the speaker's voice was scorn concreted. "If the Christian religion be true the grandest, greatest, and noblest of the earth are now in hell, and the narrowest and meanest are in heaven." Of the first he mentioned in impassioned eulogy Humboldt, Laplace, Beethoven, Robert Burns, who in four lines giv all the philosophy of life:

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Continuing to quote, he pronounced the names of Charles Dickens, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Darwin, a child of nature, who knew more about his mother than any other child she ever had. "What is philosophy but to account for the phenomena by which we are surrounded—to find the hidden word which unites everything? Charles Darwin has done more than all the priests from Melchisedec to the last exhorter. Shakspere was there too; Harriet Martineau was among the rest. All these are in hell. This is solace. These are tidings of great joy. Who are in heaven? Could there be much heaven without the great mentioned—the great men who hav endeavored to make the world grander—Voltaire, Diderot, Hume, Bruno, and such men as Thomas Paine?" said Ingersoll, pointing to the Rogers statue of the great American Freethinker, which adorned the stairs. "If Christianity is true, that man who spent his life in breaking chains is now wearing the chains of God; that man who would break down the prison walls of hypocrisy everywhere is now in the prison of the most merciful Christ. It won't do. I can hardly tell you my contempt for that doctrin, and, if it be true, I make my choice today. I prefer hell." The applause which greeted the speaker showed that his journey into trackless brimstone would not be a lonely one.

Turning to the other side, he said: "Let us see who are in heaven. John Calvin, John Knox, Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, builders of dungeons, tearers of human flesh, inventors of instruments of torture; men who hav obstructed the march of the human race; men who hav kept the sword of war and cruelty wet with blood for thousands of years, they are in heaven."

Following quick upon this picture of celestial tenantry, he asked: "How can any one be wicked enough to uphold orthodox religion? They say God will never forgiv you?" With the dangers and cruelties in this world he did not wonder that God could forgiv men, but asked himself, How can man forgiv God? He humorously said some of these ministers, perhaps a dozen, had spoken of him and raised a storm of laughter and applause. Some had made it their business to say extremely unpleasant things, among them the Rev. Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a man of not much imagination, but of most excellent judgment. One charge made against him (the speaker), viz, that he was a blasphemer, he refuted by saying that the conditional could not endanger the conditionless. Accepting his accuser's theory of God, he might harm his fellow-man. It was a thousand times more important that he should love his fellow-man. Better to love wife and children than to help Jesus Christ; he is dead; they are alive. "The holiest temple erected beneath the skies is the home; the holiest altar by the fireside. The best church is the family. Blasphemy is a geographical question. In Jerusalem it was blasphemy to say Christ was God; here it is blasphemy to say that he is not. In Constantinople it is blasphemy to say that Mohammed is not the proper god; here it is to do so. You cannot tell whether you are uttering blasphemy or not until you look at the map."

Next it was charged that he had scoffed at the sacred scriptures. Rag-pulp was taken, printed on, and bound in leather, and then they had something holy. Catholics hav a man for a pope; Protestants a book. The Catholics hav the best of it, for if they elect an idict he will not liv forever. It is impossible for us to get rid of the barbarisms in our book. Catholics will not let the common people read the Bible. That is right. If it is necessary to believe it in order to get to heaven, no man should run the risk of reading it. Let a man not read, but simply believe it, and when he goes to judgment, say, "Yes, I never read it."

He spoke of the Sunday-school stories of the miraculous use of the scriptures, and told a parody in which a man, after having neglected his family worship and come to starvation, took down the dust-covered Bible and found a ten-dollar bill in it. He spent it for food for his family, and was about to enjoy gastronomic happiness when a constable stepped in and arrested him for passing counterfeit money.

The biblical story of creation then came in for satirical treatment. The Talmagian theor that God made the world out of his omnipotence was laughed at, and the divine was advised not to attempt to explain anything, because if he succeeded in explaining the miracle was gone, and if he failed he himself was gone. One after another Talmagian theory of the creation was dispatched amidst laughter. "At one time," said the speakor, "if you wanted to know anything you asked the minister; now you ask him if you don't."

The flood was the next thing for comment. Talmage said it was only a partial flood. Why not stand true to his guns and say omniscience drowned this atom? How did the animals get into the ark? Some angels carried them there. The lecturer here scored a point with the audience by interjecting, "I do not believe that is the way the Democrats got to the polls last Tuesday." Instead of the flood to wipe out the wicked, the speaker thought God should hav drowned the snakes.

The triflings with the sun and its motion a divine had attempted to explain by theories of reflection and refraction, while he had better attend more to reflection and let refraction alone.

Talmage said Jonah was not in the whale's belly, though if he were, we could imagin him escaping the dangerous effects of the gastric juice by walking rapidly up and down. Talmage said Jonah was in the whale's mouth The speaker could understand, from looking at a photograph of Dr. Talmage, why the mouth suggested itself. Jonah, then, did not take cabin passage, but went into the forecastle. The speaker could imagin him seated on a back tooth, wiping the sweat and gastric juice from his brow, and looking out of the side for the land. Nineveh, when it heard Jonah's message, immediately went into sackcloth and ashes. What would they say if Jonah came to Chicago to-day with such a story? No man with the slightest claim to intelligence could believe such a story as that. He denounced the Bible because it upheld slavery and polygamy. He reflected upon the acts of Abraham, David, and Solomon. Talmage said yet God pursued them with his wrath. David, says the scriptures, was a man after God's own heart; he died full of days, riches, and honor. Solomon was promised a son who should be preserved as a king over Israel forever. Abraham lived to be 105, and was promised to be the father of a great race. Was that being pursued by the wrath of God?

Regarding the miracles, he asked, Why did they not affect the people who witnessed them? and significantly said in reply, Because they were there, meaning thereby that the miracles never really occurred. God works gradually, it was said. He illustrated this by a supposititious experiment in weaning the cannibal from the error of his ways, saying at first we would not tell him that it was wrong to eat missionary, but to eat him raw. When we had induced him to cook his missionary, we would first add a little mutton, but not enough to excite suspicion; then day by day we would put in a little more mutton and a little less missionary, until, in what the Bible calls the fulness of time, we would hav all mutton and no missionary. That's God's way. Next he was charged with disgracing his parents by the expression of his opinions. He was afraid, if that was the case, foundlings only could enjoy religious liberty. He said the Bible had only words of humiliation for woman. It spoke of her only as a slave and serf of man. Talmage quoted Esther, Ruth, Hannah, Abigail, and Dorcas. The lecturer put their stories into commonplace comparison with others. Alluding to the last named, he said she was raised from the dead and was never heard of again. In a comical strain he deplored the opportunity which had been lost of questioning such an interesting person as one who had been dead, and expressed his surprise that at the next demise no one should hav remarked upon the fact that the corpse had had two funerals. How little women are thought of was shown by the fact that the New Testament records only three sentences which Christ addressed to his mother. Christ, risen from the sepulcher, had for Mary only the chilling words, Woman, touch me not.

The women of the Bible were then compared to the beautiful feminines created by the genius of Shakspere. St. Paul was spoken of as treating women harshly, and cautioning Timothy not to admit a widow into the church under three-score years old. St. Paul liked nunneries and monasteries because he thought the world was going to end right there. Another charge of blasphemy was that he had spoken disparagingly of Queen Victoria. He had always admitted that her reputation was good in the neighborhood in which she resides. All he said was that Queen Victoria wears the garments of power given to her by blind fortune, while George Eliot is wrapped in glory woven in the loom of her own genius. Mr. Ingersoll bitterly took up the next point. He said: "This priest, in order to get even with me, digs open the grave of George Eliot and endeavors to stain her unresisting dust. He calls her an adulteress, the foulest word in all languages of man. He does it because she hated the Presbyterian creed; because she lived without faith, and died without fear; she grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. George Eliot carried tenderly in her heart the faults and frailties of her race. I know that in the court of her conscience she stood acquitted, pure and sinless as a star. George Eliot joined the choir invisible whose music gladdens all the world. Her wonderous lines will reach hundreds of hearts after every sermon of every priest who sought to stain her name shall pass utterly from human lips. I cannot dismiss this better than in the words of Lærtes over Ophelia's grave:

"Leave her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring. I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall this woman be,
When thou liest howling

"I hav no words to express my loathing and hatred for any man who will stain a noble woman's name."

Then figures were quoted to show the power of the sacred scriptures. Talmage says, "We will submit this Christian religion to popular suffrage." That was once done, and the reply was, "crucify him," an infamous result, showing that you cannot depend upon the vote of barbarians. I am told that there are 300,000,000 of Christians. What of that? There are more Buddhists. He admitted Russia with its eighty million people, was Christian, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; which were only now alive by the resurrection efforts of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Carlos, all these were Christian countries. He denied the United States was one. A gentleman the other night reminded him of Delaware. In reply he told the story of a man 110 years old who called himself 50 because he never counted sixty years he had lived in Delaware, and piously hoped God never would. The Christian countries of the world had a debt of $2 500,000 000 representing expenditures for war. Christianity has persecuted the Jews and had driven them away from all other possessions into money and precious stones, so that with a sort of poetic justice they had become the controlers of the money of the world. It did him good to see kings and emperors going to them, hat in hand, to get them to cash their bills. To-day we are laying the foundation of further persecution by teaching our children to believe that the Jews crucified God. They crucified a good man, as every nation had done. Coming back to the Presbyterian belief, he said: "Mr. Talmage would contemplate a little child basking in its mother's smile and say 'You will be damned,' and be quite cheerful about it. If the Presbyterian creed is true, all the soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary war and were not Christians are in hell, all who fought in 1812 to keep our flag floating on the sea; all who fought later to keep our flag floating in the heavens; and all who suffered in prisons of Andersonville and Libby, who were not Christians, are now in the prisions of God, and where the famins of Andersonville and Libby are regarded with joy. This is tidings of great joy. Dives, who said from hell, 'Send Lazarus, that my brothers come not here,' had more sympathy than he who refused him a drop of water." Yet this is orthodox religion, and he was told that it was wicked to speak about it. He hated the Bible for upholding ten things. This decalog of crime was slavery, religion, persecution, extermination, the idea of a world filled with riches and evil opportuuities, the idea of a god who presides over all these things, the idea of one man good from nature, the idea of one man bad from nature, and lastly, and worst, the subversion of justice.

Dropping into his customary abuse of an unfortunate god who had been praised all the morning and must hav taken the change badly, he said the infinit had no right to make a failure. He had no right to make an investment which did not pay a dividend. The lecturer would say: "Let religion go, it is of no use. 'What,' says one, 'shall we swear witnesses on if we throw aside the Biole?' Don't swear them on anything. I am opposed to all swearing; it has the tendency to make the evidence of a rascal as good as the honest man's. I want to see witnesses tell their story under pain of perjury, and juries capable of telling the true from false. A man must depend upon himself. I know nothing about any other world. I am satisfied that there is no world of eternal pain. If there is a world of joys, so much the better. I will never put out the faintest star of human hope that ever twinkled in human night. There was a time that I was not, now I am; and it is just as probable that I should liv again as it was that I should liv before I did. Let religion go. What will be left? Men will be here; women will be here; history will be open; the walls of the world will be adorned with art, the niches with sculpture. Music with its voice, that will be here, and all of love and joy. There will be homes here, and a fireside, as there will be common hope without a common fear. Love will be here, love the first dream of immortality. Love is the morning and the evening star, which shines on the child, which sheds a radiance upon the tomb. Love is the mother of melody, for music is its voice. Love is the enchanter and magician which makes royal kings and queens out of men and women of clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart. Without that sacred passion, without that divine swoon, we are less than beasts, and with its earth is heaven and we are gods."

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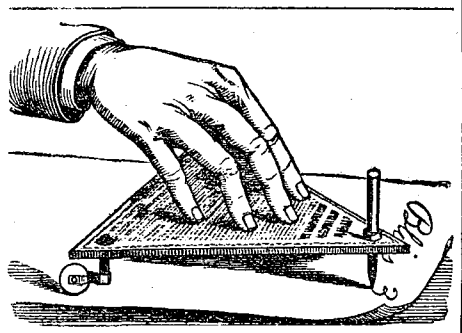
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Gems of Thought.

TO-DAY is all we are certain of. To-day well lived makes to-morrow happy, if to-morrow comes. A life of good works makes a sunny old age. To look back on a clear record and a beautiful past gives to age sweet memories of rich blessings. May these treasures come to us all as the crown of a blissful experience.—*Elmina D Slenker.*

YOUR country is visited with famin or pestilence and you supplicate your God for relief. Your only child lies sick of a dangerous fever; and as a matter of course you are frequent in prayer. You are diligent, indeed, in giving her all the external help you can; but your chief trust is avowedly in God. You entreat him that he will arrest the malady and spare her precious life. What can be more irrational than this? Would you pray, then, for a long day in December? Would you pray that in June the sun shall set at six o'clock? Yet surely the laws of fever are no less absolutely fixed than those of sunset; and were the case otherwise, no science of medicin could by possibility hav been called into existence. The only differeuce between the two cases is that the laws of sunset hav been thoroughly mastered; whereas our knowledge as to the laws of fever, though very considerable, is as yet but partial and incomplete.—*Dr. Ward's Science, Prayer, Free-will, and Miracles.*

IT is a small thing for one man to say to another, "Thou art the Christ;" but, when it is declared that this man is almighty God, that his words are infallible, and that only by believing this are we good and worthy of honor, it is an insult to truth and every instinct of our souls; and every man who has one spark of nature's fire left burning in his heart should proclaim the declaration a lie, an outrage upon humanity, and a reproach to the name of God. It is a sad sight to see men and women clinging, in this age of progress and truth, to a human idol, kneeling before a God that is no larger than their own forms, forsaking their own manhood and womanhood, and depending upon his assumed merit to stand in the place of their own moral worth.—*L K. Washburn's Free Religion.*

FAITH in the immorlality of the soul is, indeed, a sign of reverence for human nature if it be reverently held. But this faith can be held in such a way as to do equal irreverence to God and man. The faith in immorlality, as popularly held in Christendom, is open to this charge. What irreverence is done to God by the assertion that he will press home the agonies of an everlasting hell—I care not whether the hell be physical or moral—on the great majority of human beings for anything that they hav done or failed to do in this present life! Why, if a man should liv to be a hundred years old, and should pack his days with every sort of crime, he could not justly be subjected to eternal misery.—*Chadwick's Higher Reverence.*

THERE is a virtue in passiv endurance which is often greater than the glory of success. It bears, it suffers, and still it hopes. It meets difficulties with a smile, and strives to stand erect beneath the heaviest burdens. Suffering, patiently and enduringly borne, is one of the noblest attributes of man. There is something so noble in the quality as to lift it up into the highest region of heroism. It was a saying of Milton, "Who best can suffer, best can do."—*Dr. Smiles's Duty.*

No endurance is in vain:
The reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
—*Longfellow.*

A MAN'S greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself as the emperor [M. A. Antoninus] says he should not, about what others may think or say. or whether they do or do not that which he thinks and says and does.—*George Long.*

I, TOO, believe in organization. But organization cannot make men. Bad men are no better for being organized. They are worse. Like rotten fruit, they rot the faster when they come together into close proximity. For organizations to be efficient, you must hav intelligent and honorable and unselfish men and women to organize.—*Chadwick's Rise of Man.*

CHRISTIANITY, becoming identified, by means of creeds, with so many dark doctrins, is looked on by many men as a subject for theologians to quarrel about, but too thorny or perplexed for common minds, while it is spurned by many men as an insult on human reason, as a triumph of fanaticism over common sense.—*Dr. Channing.*

WITH respect to mystery, everything that we behold is, in one sense, a mystery to us. Our own existence is a mystery; the whole vegetable world is a mystery. We cannot account how it is that an acorn, when put into the ground, is made to develop itself and become an oak. We know not how it is that the seed we sow unfolds and multiplies itself and returns to us such an abundant interest for so small a capital.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
—*Tennyson.*

HEAR my words, O ye wise men; and giv ear unto me, ye that hav knowledge. For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat. Let us choose to us judgment; let us know among ourselvs what is good.—*Job xxxiv*, 2-4.

Odds and Ends.

IT was Artemus Ward who said there were two things in this world nobody was ever prepared for—twins.

A BALTIMORE belle has married a policeman His beat was in front of her house for over a year and she noticed that he never snored.

WHAT is the difference between an Indian and an agriculturist? The one carries a bow an arrow, while the other carries a hoe and barrow.

"AMATEUR GARDENER" wants to know the easiest way to make a hot-house. Leave a box of matches where the baby can play with them.

"JOHN, did Mrs. Green get the medicin I ordered?" said a doctor to his hired man. "I guess so, for I saw crape on the door this morning."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know "how we pronounce 'Ras-el-tin?'" We don't pronounce it at all; we only write it. Do you suppose we read the papers to the subscribers?

MR MIDDLEDRIB came down at 4:15 to take the express East, and learned that his train had pulled out just a quarter of an hour prior to his arrival. The traveler turned away sadly, "Not lost," he said, "but gone by four."

THE ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly moaned a society lady, who was about shuffling off this mortal coil; "John, if the newspapers say anything about my debut into another world, just send me a dozen marked copies."

POLO is a game played by thin-legged young men who smoke cigarets. They ride sawed-off horses and try to knock a wooden ball across a lot. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and several other men whose memories are held in high esteem never played polo.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE WISHED A PASS.

"Is the superintendent in?" asked a weezen-faced specimen of humanity as he entered the office of a railroad company. "He is," replied the clerk; "do you wish to see him?" "Well, not particularly. Perhaps you will do as well." "What can I do for you?" "I want an annual pass over your most excellent road." "What claim hav you upon this company for a free pass?" "Why, I'm an editor." "Of what paper?" "Of the—that is—I mean I'm a writer." "Of railroad literature?" "No, sir, not that exactly; but I used to address wrappers for an almanac publisher, and I thought that—"

When he was picked up by the porter and laid on top of an ash barrel there wasn't enough left of him to entitle him even to a trip pass.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

HOW TO KISS.

Cream and peaches once a week,
Kiss your girl on the right-hand cheek;
Apples green and apples dried,
Kiss her on the other side.
—*Ashland Review.*

That evinces wretched taste;
Take your girl about the waist,
Lift her to her pink toe tips,
And print it squarely on her lips.
—*Frankfort Yeoman.*

Seize the maiden in your arms,
Blushing with her tempting charms:
And it would, we think, be snugger;
Oft to kiss and tightly hug her.
—*Paris Citizen.*

Take your girl in warm embrace,
Heart to heart, and face to face,
Eye to eye, and nose to nose,
Flippity flop, and away it goes.
—*Fleminasburg Democrat.*

What's the use of all this rhyme;
Take your girl at any time,
Squeeze her till the blushes come,
Shut our eyes and—yum-yum-yum!
—*Evansville Courier.*

If you would do the act *en regle*,
The maiden to your knee inveigle;
Press your lips to hers with unction,
And osculate without compunction.
—*Truth Seeker Bard.*

A POPULAR OLD STORY.

There lived once a plantier,
With a son, his only love;
To whom upon his birthday,
A bran new ax he guv.

The planter had a garding,
All filled with appel-trees,
Which for the city market
He was trying for to reeze.

The boy he takes the hatchiet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the appel-trees
He chops them to the grund.

The father called his serviants
And ranged them in a row;
"Who has chopped down my appel-trees
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazied,
All drawn up in a line;
Then comes a running up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I cannot tell a lie, pa-pa,"
The youthful boy begun,
"'Twas I that chopped the appel-trees;
'Twas I, your little son."

Now who, then, was this fathier,
And who was his filial kin?
It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washingtin.

MORAL.

Then whoso takes a hatchiet
And appel-trees chops down,
If he live long enough will be
A great and pious mown.

80 Court st. Brooklyn

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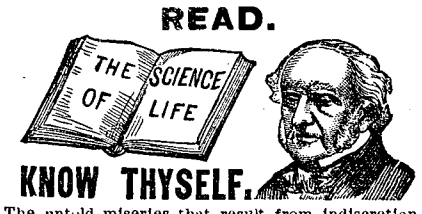
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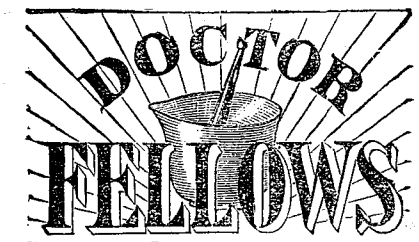
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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

To INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States

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A Liberal young man, 27 years of age wishes to correspond with a lady of means about his own age. Address 4t 8 W. J. BURNS, 323 Eighth ave., Altoona, Pa.

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Vol. 9. No. 49. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. M. BENNETT. | New York, Saturday, December 9, 1882. | NO. 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEAR BROADWAY. | $3 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

BERLIN with over 1,160,000 population has only forty-five places of worship.

OF London's population of four millions, one million are not recognized members of any Christian denomination.

OXFORD examiner on divinity to student: What became of the plague of locusts? Student: John the Baptist ate them, sir.—*Sir.*

IN the opinion of the *Christian Guardian* the sexton is responsible for about one-half of the sleeping done in church, and the minister for very nearly the other half.

AN English clergyman is attempting to substitute a popular mineral water in place of wine at communion. It is strange that cod-liver oil has never been suggested.

NOTHING annoys the manager of a church festival more than to hav one visitor say in a rather loud tone to another: "HAV they ever tried plating war ships with this sort of sandwiches?"

Zion's Herald declares that no man should attempt to preach if he has "sincere doubts about the reliableness of the Bible." And it might be added that no man with sincere doubts about the reliableness of the Bible will attempt to preach unless he is a hypocrit.

AT a recent Salvation Army meeting at Poole, in Dorsetshire, it was announced that a tea meeting would be held the following week. A printed circular gave the day and hour of the meeting, and concluded:

Salvation is free.
But not the tea.

PASTOR DALRYMPLE of the Methodist church at Somers, Conn., is endangering his income by opposition to social kissing. His salary is raised in part by entertainments in which kiss games are a feature; but he has taken a firm stand against such diversion, thus cutting off an important source of revenue.

IT may not be generally known how the game of ten pins, commonly called bowling, and by the Germans kegel bahn, got its present name. Thirty years ago it was called nine pins. The legislature passed a law forbidding its being played on Sunday. The name was then changed to ten pins by adding an extra pin to the game, and the law was not heard of afterward.

"I HATE to see a woman with rings in her ears," exclaimed the good deacon; "they ain't natural. If it was intended for woman to wear them she would hav been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear ear-rings, I'll be bound." "No," remarked the quiet little man in the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was brought to an abrupt close, and the house adjourned without delay.

A CERTAIN church in Michigan has been struck by lightning a dozen times, and now, whenever the preacher shows signs of getting long-winded, and passing from his "seventhly" to his "eighthly," the organist slily imitates the sound of approaching thunder on the pedals. The result is that the preacher finishes his sermon and starts the doxology in an amazingly short time. The congregation has increased the salary of that organist.

A CONSIGNMENT of fifty women will be despatched in a few days from Bordeaux to Numea at the expense of the French government and on the distinct understanding that on reaching their destination they must contract marriage with those convicts whom the local authorities wish to reward for good behavior by conferring wives upon them. It should be explained that these women hav not been pressed into the service. Although old offenders, they are going to Numea of their own free will to settle down as respectable convicts' wives. How the matchmaking will be carried on is at present unexplained.

A PERTHSHIRE minister, more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, was once giving advice to a parishioner on the benefits of early rising, and mentioned as an instance that he had, a few mornings before, composed a sermon and killed a salmon before breakfast. "In fact, sir," said he with self-satisfaction, "it is a fact on which I plume myself greatly." "Aweel, sir," was the pointed reply, "I wud much rather hae had yer saumon than yer sermon."

THE Rev. W. T. Cheney, of Rome, Ga., the son of a prominent Baptist clergyman, in a card published in the *Christian Index*, Atlanta, Ga., has announced to the public his disbelief in the fundamental doctrins of Christianty, and has severed his connection with the church. He is represented as being a young man of brilliant talent. He will no doubt ally himself with the Liberal element of the country. We will publish his card soon.

A GENTLEMAN who has recently been passing a few months in Russia, and who had the opportunity of conversing with many Nihilists tells the London *Truth* that all that they at present demand is to be allowed publicly—and subject to punishment if their allegations can be disproved—to call attention in the press to the peculations of employees and of the imperial household. If this be permitted, the emperor might liv in perfect safety: if not, it is probable that he will be killed. The potentate hardly dares leave his bedroom.

TENNYSON'S new play at the Globe Theater, London, has been withdrawn. It was a failure, as it deserved to be. One of the principal characters was intended to be a modern Infidel, but the character was outrageously misrepresented. Instead of a Freethinker Tennyson had created a sort of renegade Christian, who quoted scripture in justification of his misdeeds. The play was denounced during the first act by the Marquis of Queensberry, president of the British Secular Union. The piece is said to hav received a temporary benefit from the excitement thus caused, but it fell flat again, and by request of the author it was removed from the boards.

THE Salvation Army in Bombay has fallen into more trouble. The soldiers and other braves persisted in marching through the street after they had been told by the local authorities that they must not do so. Their ground of justification was that processions of heathen for idolatrous purposes were freely allowed by the government, and that, therefore, they ought to be allowed similar favors. The consequence of their persistence is that they hav all been arrested and put in prison. This givs them notoriety, but not of a very pleasant kind. Their preaching in Bombay has not been attended with much success. The prejudices entertained against them by the local authorities are shared by the citizens of Bombay.

AN Austin man who made a prolonged trip through Mexico givs us some interesting details of his trip. He says that when he was in the city of Mexico he was shown through some of the old buildings, convents, and jails that were erected by the Spaniards. In the wall of one of these ancient buildings he noticed a small opening, and he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what it meant. He was told that it was one of the buildings in which criminals were walled up alive. "What was the use of that hole in the wall?" "Well, Senor, as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed in to him on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back; but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew the prisoner was dead already, and didn't giv him any more."

W. D. HOYT, son of Rev. T. S. Hoyt, D.D., of Cincinnati, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, shot H. B. Bailey, a telegraph operator, in Lawrence, Kansas, on Sunday, Nov. 26th, and is in jail awaiting trial. Bailey was unarmed and quietly sitting at his instrument chatting with his wife, when Hoyt, a Leavensworth operator, entered and demanded an apology for insulting words used in a quarrel they had over the wires four days before. Bailey said he would apologize if Hoyt would. This not suiting the immaculate son of a D.D., he drew a revolver and shot Bailey through the lungs. The Christian "scheme" don't pan out very well in the rearing of the young. Hoyt used to sing in Sabbath-school: "Yes, Jesus pays it all—all the debt I owe," etc.; that is, be ever so bad all your lives—repent at death, and Jesus pays the bill. What can be more demoralizing?

A CAIRO newspaper says: "The Bedouins were greatly puzzled by the garb of the Highlanders, who they came to the conclusion were not soldiers, but the wives of the soldiers. Distance, of course, encouraged this delusion, as bare legs were obviously more discernible than the men's faces, covered, as they were, with veils. The Bedouins noticed that the soldiers' women camped by themselvs, and they resolved to go down and spoil the Infidel soldiers of their wives; and a body of them actually went, with a result which must hav added to the wonderment of both, for the British harem turned out with rifle and bayonet, and very speedily thirty or forty of the amorous Bedouins bit the dust. After this episode the soldiers' wives were not again attacked by Arab sheiks who wanted to replenish their harems with English moonfaces."

THE Rev. J. D. Shaw, who has been pastor of the Methodist church at Waco for the past four years, surrendered his credentials to the church at Colburn on the 2d inst. The scene is said to be one that will long be remembered by all who were present. The cause of this course was that he could not conscientiously indorse some of the dogmas that hav long been held in great reverence by the church. The main points were: 1. The inspiration of the scripture. 2. The divinity of Jesus Christ. 3. Vicarious atonement. 4. The punishment of the wicked. Rather than renounce his belief on these points he surrendered his credentials to the church to which he then belonged. That Rev. Mr. Shaw was one of the ablest ministers in the church to which he belonged there can be no doubt, and that his withdrawal from the same will retard the interest and usefulness of the same must be admitted. Yet no one will doubt that his act was caused from an honest conviction on his part that he was preaching a dogma that he did not believe, consequently it was his right and duty as an honest man to cease to preach a doctrin he did not believe. —*Hubbard City (Tex.) Herald.*

MINISTERIAL piety: Some time ago Mr. Hoff, an engineer on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, who livs in Hackettstown, began to feel annoyance at the Rev. A. C. Higgins's frequent visits to his house. The minister, a Methodist, had editorial charge of the Hackettstown *Herald*, which he was conducting as a temperance paper, with such moderate success that to make a living he preached as well. He is a man of middle age. Mr. Hoff bade the minister cease his visits, but they were continued, and later the husband found that the clergyman had written to Mrs. Hoff, addressing her affectionately, and urging her to quit home and liv with him. Mr. Hoff told his friends that he intended to leave his wife, and accordingly it was arranged that her brother-in-law should take her to Belvidere, and while she was gone last Monday he began moving out his furniture. He was urged to desist until his wife came home at night, when she should meet the Rev. Mr. Higgins, who was preaching at Clinton, but was to return in the evening. The meeting was had where the Rev. Mr. Higgins was about to hold Bible class. He acknowledged that he wrote the letter, and had called against the wishes of the husband. Mr. Hoff then told the clergyman he would giv him three days to get out of Hackettstown. The next day the clergyman went away, leaving a son and his wife, who is an estimable lady, and has the sympathy of the townsfolk.

News of the Week.

THE British Parliament adjourned on Saturday last.

THE sale of American pork in Germany has been prohibited by law.

GOV. ROBERTS of Texas did not appoint a day of thanksgiving this year.

FIFTEEN aldermen of the city of Brooklyn are in jail for contempt of court.

A METHODIST church in Gloucester City, N. J., was burnt last Sunday. The loss is heavy.

THE wages of the employees of the Illinois Watch Factory hav been reduced ten or fifteen per cent.

CHAMPION GEORGE, of England, vanquished Champion Myers, of America, in a foot race. Thanksgiving Day.

MRS. LANGTRY, the Jersey Lily, has gone to Boston, after having played a successful engagement in New York.

THE note of D. D. Spencer, the absconding president of the State Savings Bank in Chicago, for $750,000 was sold at auction for $801.

THE executiv dean of the Bellevue College of Boston was arrested on the 2d inst. charged with using the mails with intent to defraud.

IT is reported that rich gold and silver bearing quartz has been struck at Winnipeg, Manitoba. Specimens hav assayed $90 to the ton.

THE Most Reverend Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, died on the 3d inst., aged 72.

JAMES FLAHERTY, of Brooklyn, has been sentenced to state prison for life for beating his wife to death while both were in a state of intoxication.

GOVERNORS-ELECT Cleveland of New York and Pattison of Pennsylvania hav declined the presence of troops or display of any kind at their inauguration.

A MEMBER of the Salvation Army was arrested last Sunday for fighting on the street. He urged as his excuse that he was commissioned to chastise the sinner.

A LOUISVILLE, Ky., negro has filed a petition for divorce on the ground that his wife is a white woman. He alleges that he married her believing her to be a mulatto.

ANNA VON BEHREN, a young actress, was accidentally shot and killed by Frank Frayne during the performance of "Si Slocum" in Cincinnati on Thursday, the 30th ult.

THANKSGIVING DAY was accompanied by a snow-storm in New York. Intoxication was somewhat prevalent, and many fowls were butchered to make a Christian holiday.

ARABI PASHA, the unsuccessful Egyptian rebel, pleaded guilty before the court martial to the charge of armed rebellion, and was sentenced to death. This sentence was afterward commuted by the khedive to banishment for life.

PROF. BROOKS of the Phelps observatory asked that prayers might be offered for clear weather during the the transit of Venus on the 6th. Prayer has great influence in clearing the sky. If any one doubts this, let them try it.

SINCE the death of Thurlow Weed an affidavit signed by him has been made public in regard to the disappearance of Morgan fifty years ago. The affidavit in question seems to fix the crime of Morgan's abduction and murder upon the Masonic fraternity.

A LARGE public meeting was held at the Academy of Music in this city last week to arouse enthusiasm in regard to furnishing a pedestal for Bartholdi's statue of Liberty presented by France to the United States. The statue costs France about $250,000, and $200,000 is needed for the pedestal, which is to be raised by subscription.

A Truth Seeker Around the World

Over the Mountains.—Continued.

A FEW DAYS IN COLORADO.

DENVER, July 3, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have had a very agreeable time in this grand rocky state for the past five or six days, and the remaining portion of my duty is to try and give you some account of the same, for I assure you no part of my journey around the world has been finer or grander than through this portion of the American continent.

Colorado, considering its age as a state, or the time when settlements were first made within its boundaries, it is decidedly a remarkable state. She is the youngest in the sisterhood of American states, but to-day she possesses advantages equal to many of the others, while in many respects she stands forth pre-eminently to the others, and even to the whole world.

1. It is claimed for Colorado that she has the largest coal vein in the world.
2. That she possesses the largest number of developed ore-producing mines.
3. The greatest number of mine locations.
4. The greatest number of medicinal and mineral springs.
5. The largest and deepest canyons in the world.
6. The grandest canyon and mountain scenery.
7. The largest substantial city of its age in the world (Denver).
8. The most healthful climate.
9. The highest mountain ranges, peaks, and parks in the Union, and the source of the greatest number of large rivers.
10. The finest, most abundant, and greatest variety of game, feathered and haired, as well as the most numerous streams stocked with the finest trout.
11. The most abundant water-power, mill-sites, and dam-sites.
12. The biggest little railroad in the world.

Let me go back to the day I entered this remarkable young state and give you a brief account of what I saw.

It was three in the afternoon of June 28th that we took train from Cheyenne for the south to this beautiful city. This road, though within constant view of the towering snow-capped mountains to the west, runs through a level, pleasant country all the one hundred and six miles which separate Denver from Cheyenne. Ten miles from Cheyenne is Divide, the boundary line between Wyoming and Colorado. It is ten miles to Caro, and nineteen more to Pierce. These points require no special notice, as they are insignificant. The country on either side is principally used for grazing, and but little advance has been made in general agriculture. Our road lies in the valley of the South Platte, which is a river of large size, and serves an excellent purpose for irrigating the country through which it flows.

Fifteen miles more brought us to Greeley, a charming place. It is the county-seat of Weld county. It was laid out in May, 1870, by the Greeley Colony, under the auspices of Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York *Tribune*. The Colony controls about one hundred thousand acres of as fine land as is in the state. The town is situated on the Cache a la Pandre River, four miles above its junction with the South Platte. Extensive canals and irrigating ditches have been constructed, and the water from the stream named furnishes an ample supply. The town has a population of thirteen thousand, with good business blocks, banks, elevators, hotels, schools, etc. Two weekly newspapers are published.

When the Colony was first started it was treeless, save next the river. The town was laid out in broad streets, young cottonwood trees planted on each side, and a stream of water caused to run near their roots. The tree is a thrifty one, and now Greeley is abundantly shaded, giving it a beautifully cool appearance in summer. A noted feature of the town is the absence of all intoxicating drinks for sale. The physicians can prescribe alcoholic stimulants, and that is the only way they can be obtained.

In passing on to Denver we pass Evans, Julesburgh, Plattsville, Fort Lupton, Brighton, and Jersey, but I will not detain you with a description of them.

It was seven in the evening when we reached Denver, sitting like a queen in a beautiful plain. It is at once seen that the accounts of this flourishing city have not been exaggerated. It is the county, seat of Arapahoe county, as well as the capital of the state. To show what the growth of the place has been, I will state that in 1870 the population was 4,759; in 1880 it had increased to 35,718; now from 50,000 to 60,000 are claimed, and there is no city in the world increasing in wealth in more rapid proportion. New business blocks are being erected with great celerity. Many of the public buildings would be a credit to any city. Its Opera House is pronounced one of the finest in the Union.

I discovered on the following morning that several friends whom I hoped to see were absent from the city, but I found several friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, among them Mr. J. G. Jenkins, many years a patron. I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Edward Pisco, a liberal and intelligent Hebrew, who as member of the legislature did all he could against the Sunday law and in favor of other Liberal measures. He is an enterprising and progressive man. I was pleased to add his name and that of a friend to THE TRUTH SEEKER list, and to the list of subscribers to a "Truth Seeker Around the World." I was also gratified to make the acquaintance of E. A. Napier, a printer employed by the *Tribune*. He has just become acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and subscribed to "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I received a goodly number of letters here sent to the care of M. M. Pomeroy, editor of the *Great West*, but whom I was sorry to find absent from his post.

Friends, this is all I am able to give you this time. These letters are written out from notes taken on my journey, and as my health is not at present such as to admit of close application to work, I will draw this brief instalment to a close, hoping to resume the narrative when the conditions are more favorable, which, I trust, will be at a no distant day.

Yours hopefully, D. M. B.

Some of Herbert Spencer's Impressions.

Discussing the conditions and causes of the immense developments of material civilization, which he has observed in this country, developments of which his previous studies had given him no adequate idea, Mr. Herbert Spencer properly givs a prominent place to the inventivness which has been "so wisely fostered." "Among us in England," he said, "there are many foolish people who, while thinking that a man who toils with his hands has an equitable claim to the product, and, if he has special skill, may rightly hav the advantage of it, also hold that if a man toils with his brain, perhaps for years, and, uniting genius with perseverance, evolves some valuable invention, the public may rightly claim the benefit. The Americans hav been more far-seeing. The enormous museum of patents which I saw at Washington is significant of the attention paid to inventors' claims; and the nation profits immensely from having, in this direction (though not in all others), recognized property in mental products. Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances, the Americans are ahead of all nations."

Touching the probable issue of the gigantic social, political, and racial problems in process of evolution in the United States, Mr. Spencer said:

"No one can form anything more than vague and general conclusions respecting your future. The factors are too numerous, too vast, too far beyond measure in their quantities and intensities. The world has never before seen social phenomena at all comparable with those presented in the United States. A society spreading over enormous tracts, while still preserving its political continuity, is a new thing. This progressiv incorporation of vast bodies of immigrants of various bloods has never occurred on such a scale before. Large empires composed of different people hav, in previous cases, been formed by conquest and annexation. Then your immense plexus of railways and telegraphs tends to consolidate this vast aggregate of states in a way that no such aggregate has ever before been consolidated. And there are many minor co operating causes unlike those hitherto known. No one can say how it is all going to work out. That there will come hereafter troubles of various kinds, and very grave ones, seems highly probable; but all nations hav had, and will hav, their troubles. Already you hav triumphed over one great trouble, and may reasonably hope to triumph over others. It may, I think, be reasonably held that both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but that its ultimate form will be high. One great result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population will produce a more powerful type of man than has hitherto existed, and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think that whatever difficulties they hav to surmount, and whatever tribula tions they may hav to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will hav produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

IN Fayette county, Pa., there is a minister so regardless of Christian propriety that he performed the marriage ceremony for a boy and a girl, the boy being 15 years of age and the girl one year his junior. From the fact that the wedding took place on the roadside it would seem to hav been a runaway match. It is unfortunate that there is no law to punish a minister who will perform such a marriage service as that. In the absence of such a law, the most convenient way of punishing him is to hold him up to public execration as unworthy to be a teacher and adviser of the people.—*Sun*.

Mastodon Skeleton Found.

From the Kentuckian.

While making a cut for the extension of the Kentucky Central Railroad on Joseph Mitcher's farm, Thomas M. Farrow, section foreman, and his gang of hands unearthed the skeleton of a gigantic prehistoric animal, supposed to be a mastodon, but its immense size is larger than the remains even of that huge animal of which we ever heard of being found. At any rate the animal belongs to a species long extinct, and entirely unknown to the postdiluvian world. Mr. Farrow, when he discovered the skeleton, had the earth removed from above it carefully as possible, and made the following measurements, which he has kindly furnished us:

Length of animal, 40 feet.
Hight, 23 feet 8 inches.
Length of head, 15 feet 4 inches.
Across the knee, 18½ inches.
One bone 10¼ inches in diameter, and another 8 inches in diameter.
Leg from shoulder blade to ankle, 14 feet 7 inches.
End at ankle bone, 7 inches in diameter.
Knee socket, 2 feet 1½ inches around.
Shoulder blade, 3 feet 5 inches wide.
Jaw-bone, 15 inches in diameter.
Bone from ankle to knee, 3 feet 8 inches in length.
One tooth 3 inches wide and 5½ inches long, and three teeth 13 inches long.

The skeleton position was on a ledge of rock, embedded in a mass of tough, blue clay, above which was a stratum of yellow clay, covered by about two feet of soil, the whole forming a thickness of some seven feet. The manner in which the teeth are worn indicates the monster to hav been of a herbivorous species, and it is not unlikely, from the position in which the bones were found, that the animal got bogged in the bed of tough mud, fell down in its struggles to free itself, and being too unwieldy to arise perished there. A blast hole charged with a keg and a half of powder had been sunk near the skeleton, which was greatly shattered by the force of the explosion; otherwise Mr. Farrow could hav had it taken out more perfectly. Some of the bones are in good state of preservation, but the major portion of them crumbled upon exposure to the air or the slightest touch. About four feet of one of the tusks has been taken out which measured 15 inches in diameter where it joined the head. The fragments of the remains of this huge animal will afford an interesting study for the scientist, and it is Mr. Farrow's intention to donate some of them to the university in Virginia, of which state he is a nativ.

Pliocene Man in Nevada.

The frequent occurrence, says the *Scientific American*, of wrought stone implements with remains of extinct animals in the gold gravels of California and elsewhere on the Pacific coast has satisfied all who hav critically studied the evidence so afforded that the advent of man in those parts must hav been before the close of the latest division of the Tertiary Period. There is, therefore, nothing startling in the discovery of footprints, apparently of men wearing sandals, in Pliocene sandstone in Nevada; yet we may be sure that the deductions of the California scientists who hav investigated the matter will not be suffered to go unchallenged.

The scene of the discovery is a quarry in the yard of the Nevada State Prison, near Carson. The prison is situated in a valley three miles from the base of the Sierras, the site having been chosen on account of a ridge of sandstone there, in the quarrying of which the labor of convicts could be utilized. The prison was established about twenty years ago. In the process of quarrying from fifteen to thirty feet of rock has been removed from a space of an acre and three-quarters. The layers of sandstone alternate with seams of clay, and at the level of the tracks the rock appears to be the consolidated mud of an ancient lake or pond which had been afterward buried under many feet of sand deposits.

As described by Dr. H. W. Harkness, who was sent by the California Academy of Sciences to study and report upon these supposed traces of ancient man—perhaps the earliest hunting party on record—there are six separate series of tracks of men with sandals or other foot-gear, with from eight to seventeen footprints in each series, besides numerous other tracks of birds and animals, including the mammoth, deer, wolves, and possibly a horse.

The first series of sandal tracks seems to hav been made in a layer of mud perhaps two inches deep. It consists of twelve tracks, to which four were subsequently added by tunneling into the rock, about fifteen feet of rock overlying the continuation of this ancient trail. In his report to the Academy Dr. Harkness says:

In each instance the mud had been raised by the pressure of the foot into a ridge which entirely surrounded it. This mud is only partially solidified, and is still flaxy and easily broken on exposure. Each of the imprints furnishes us with evidence, as we believe, that the feet of the one making the tracks were protected by sandals. In no single impression, perhaps, do we find conclusiv evidence of this fact; but when we study them as a whole we find that that which is wanting in one is furnished by others which follow. In nearly all the toe portion of the sandal is well shown, it being as smooth as the work of a

mason for the distance of two or three inches. Backward from the toe we generally find the impression of the outer portion of the sandal. When studied as a whole we can determin with a good deal of exactness the actual length and breadth of the sandal, which we find to be nineteen inches in length, eight inches at the ball of the foot, while the heel is six inches in breadth. In its outline the impression follows clearly the shape of the human foot. From the great toe outward there is a really graceful curve, which draws in toward the heel; while from the great toe inward the line is drawn toward the instep and thence in an outward curve to the heel. In one series this curve is deeper, showing a slightly different form of sandal. The average length of the stride is two feet three inches. The distance between the feet or the straddle is eighteen inches. In all these tracks the toes are turned well outward.

Near the series of tracks described are eight other tracks, which are attributed to the mammoth. The foot is twenty-one inches in diameter, only the general outline being preserved; also many tracks of wading birds, not differing materially from those of modern herons and the like.

Several quite distinct tracks of deer are also to be seen. Others, again, were found which, in size and length of stride, much resembled those of a wolf. At one point these tracks may be traced for a distance of twenty feet, where they also are lost in the ledge. There are also a few poorly defined imprints of what Dr. Harkness believes to be a horse. Near the western limit were clear indications of animals having wallowed and lain in the soft mud.

Touching the great size of the tracks attributed to man, Dr. Harkness supposes that the feet were protected by sandals of wood. It may be that footgear of exceptional size was used in hunting on soft and muddy grounds. The stride is that of a man of average hight, and the straddling gait a natural one in walking over soft and slippery places.

It is proper to add that Professor Le Conte, of the California University, is not entirely satisfied that the supposed sandal tracks are human footprints. Their great size staggers him, though the peculiar outline of the human foot is distinct. Since Dr. Harkness and Professor Le Conte were at the prison Warden Garrard has developed three more series of footprints, apparently made by men.

One series of more than a dozen prints was uncovered by means of a stream of water turned on the floor of the quarry next to the ledge where the rocks are about thirty feet high. These tracks lead into the cliff, and appear to hav been made by a man who was dragging a heavy load after him through the mud. The tracks are all turned sidewise, as they would be under such conditions.

Ever the Same.

Ever the same is the song of the Prohibitionists—the one dolorous chant, the never-ending, monotonous refrain—the evils of intemperance. And this while no one denies that King Alcohol is a remorseless tyrant, and while none are more earnest and constant in their endeavors to limit the sovereignty of his sway than are thousands of the most uncompromising anti-prohibitionists.

The issue, Messrs. Prohibitionists, is not whether intoxication is an evil—we all admit that—but as to methods and means necessary and fit to diminish it. We base our opposition to the use of your cure-all specific upon the broad ground that it is diametrically opposed to the self-sovereignty of men and women, and that it kills more than it cures. But you close your ears to the calm words of the scientist and open them to the wild rhodomontade of the fanatical revivalist; you shut your eyes to the plainest facts, the most obvious object-lessons of history, and gaze in delighted wonder upon the gymnastic gyrations of some political spouter who no more comprehends the causes of intemperance than did our four-footed ancestors the revolution of the earth upon its axis.

In this country all men are supposed to believe in the right of self government, in the principles of republicanism, using the word in its generic sense, and yet we behold the sad spectacle of hundreds of thousands of good men and women who, in a certain dazed, uncertain way, believe in liberty as an end, ruthlessly trampling under foot every guarantee of liberty; prating of freedom, and yet utterly regardless of the liberty of others. They all seem to think there is a short cut to the Elysian gardens of the better beyond, and that that path leads through the halls of legislation. They cannot understand that men are virtuous only as they are free; that the use of stimulants is as old as the race and will cease only by degrees, through the spread of intelligence and the improvement of material conditions, and that the attempt to force people to act as we think they ought serves only to confirm them in their present course by irritating their combativness and arousing their self-respect to an assertion of their own mastership as against the vicious, though well-meant, meddlesomeness of the law doctors.

Now here comes George Gage with another batch of the stock arguments of his school of thinkers. I hav only the kindest feelings for Mr. Gage, and it is not his fault that he has neither new nor strong arguments to present. He givs us the best that prohibition has to offer. Mr. Gage speaks as though only drunkards' rights were considered by me, that the issue was between total abstainers and confirmed sots. This is another very common blunder of the Prohibitionists. Not one man in five thousand becomes a confirmed drunkard. But a vast majority of these five thousand men drink more or less. I wish that they did not. I also wish that they did not use tobacco; but they do use both, and neither Mr. Gage nor myself hav any right to compel them to desist from such use. Not one glass in a million drank produces a crime, and the drinker's liability to become a criminal is the last argument the Prohibitionist seizes when driven into a corner. To assert, as do all who clamor for a sumptuary law, that to the use of intoxicants is to be attributed a majority of the crimes committed, is to say that which is incapable of proof. I hav no desire to belittle the belief in the evil effects following the use of alcoholic liquors, but when such wild statements are made we lose sight of the other crime-breeders, and spend all our moral strength in an utterly futil attempt to destroy one; futil because we cannot eradicate a habit by an act of the legislature or an edict of a court.

Mr. Gage seems to believe in the efficacy of alcohol as a medicin. Now, I do not; I believe that that which injures a healtby human being can but hav a deleterious effect upon a system weakened by disease. But I hav no right to attempt to force Mr. Gage to accept my view of the matter. But Mr. Gage should remember that thousands of other men believe that alcohol is good in health as well as in sickness. Is our friend going to try to force them to accept his view and yet claim for himself immunity? He says not, but we should bear in mind that while he has a right to willingly giv up that which he deems good, he has no right to force others to a like sacrifice.

It is true that the effects of the use of alcohol do not end in injury done to him who uses it, whether as a beverage or for medicinal purposes, but extend sometimes to many others. But the same is true of everything consumed or otherwise used by man, many of which are very injurious in their effects. But the remedy for these evils lies not in the direction of a further limitation of liberty, but rather in the opposit direction. Through larger liberty shall come wider and more useful knowledge, greater dignity and self-respect, and bettered conditions of industrial and social life. And then when men hav more for which to liv they will not so rashly throw away grand possibilities as well as present joys for the momentary exhilaration of the goblet.

Because one man under the influence of liquor kills another, thus entailing suffering upon the innocent and expense upon society, is no reason why we should deny to all men the right to sell, buy, or drink alcoholic beverages any more than the fact that another man through an unrestrained indulgence of the faculty of acquisitivness murderously assaults a traveler is an excuse for denying other men the exercise of the right to acquire property. Or because Smith, in a passion of jealousy, slays his neighbor, would you then debar all from a legitimate exercise of the love impulse? Read the daily papers and you will see that to a perversion of the faculties or emotions of love and acquisitivness are to be attributed fully as many crimes of violence as can justly be laid at the door of alcoholic intemperance. But in each class of cases all we can do is to restrain the actual offenders, and exert every energy to eliminate, through education and absorbent processes, the diseases of excessiv avarice, jealousy, and intemperance. On every hand the innocent suffer through the acts of the guilty, but the destruction of liberty and consequent individual responsibility is the worst possible attempted remedy.

As Brother Cook informs us that he shall not further reply to my articles, I need not take much space to notice his last letter. Mr. Cook thinks "it inconsistent with the principles of Freethought" that I should say that Prohibitionists are "pseudo-Liberals." But yet he deems it in perfect harmony therewith that the majority should force its views of temperance upon the minority. It seems to me that a "difference of opinion" developing such wide differences in action does amount to a "difference of principle" sufficient to justify the application of the term of which complaint is made. The idea of a man complaining of being called a "pseudo-Liberal" because of his advocacy of prohibition, declaring that the application of such a name is inconsistent with the principles of Freethought; and then cooly assuming that he has not stepped from the Freethought platform when he proposes to *compel* others to do as he thinks they ought! It is a spectacle for all the gods at once!

As to Mill's postulate, no such inference as Mr. Cook draws is deducible from it. Individuals committing overt acts are amenable to the limiting clause of the statesman, but none others are. It is a complete begging of the question to assume that because Brown under the stimulus of whisky commits a crime therefore other men shall be deprived of their natural right to purchase and partake of such beverages as they see fit. Nothing could be more absurd than this.

Mr. Cook, like all other apostles of the gospel of force, is determined to confound actual crimes, such as murder, arson, and rape, with intemperance and other vices. This fact evidences that they are so far utterly unable to sense the real question at issue. How often must the distinction be made clear? How many more times must it be stated that while I hav no moral or civil right to steal from, maltreat, or kill my neighbor, I hav a civil right to sell him a plug of tobacco, a glass of beer or whisky, a pound of pork, a corset for his wife, or any other injurious article? My moral right to do so will depend upon my moral sense, which is the child of education. The distinction between moral right and civil rights cannot be kept too clearly in view. For instance, I hav a civil right to sit up so late every night as to impair my health. Neither Mr. Cook nor the state has any right to say to me that I shall retire at such or such an hour. But hav I a moral right so to do? In other words, is it best for myself and just to others that I should thus undermine my strength? I answer, "No;" but who is to decide at what time I shall seek rest, myself, John Smith, or a thousand John Smiths, known as the state?

Evolution is a fact in nature. To it we must submit whether we like it or not. Prohibition is an outside restraint applied by fellow-prisoners of fate, preventing us from growing into full-statured manhood and womanhood. To it we will not submit. The new integration bears within it the germ of a grander individuality than the world has yet known. Every open page of the book of evolution shows us that the individual grows greater and freer for each step taken, making society stronger through his liberty as it was weak through his slavery. No society is strong or virtuous whose members are the serfs of gods above or kings below, of kings having one head or a million heads, of congresses or legislatures.

I copy from the Chicago *Alliance* the following diagnosis of the case of many Prohibitionists, taken from a recent work by Mr. Lionel S. Beale:

> Doctors are often accused of teaching and encouraging people to tipple, because in certain morbid conditions they hav found it necessary to prescribe stimulating doses of alcohol. For one person, however, recommended to take alcohol by us, how many thousands who hav never consulted a doctor in their lives take it on other grounds—take it because they like it or because they see others take it, or because they like the sensation it produces? Many will admit that they began when they suffered from a "sinking condition," or from nausea, or uneasiness about the stomach; and after having been troubled from time to time discovered that the unpleasant feeling was invariably relieved if they swallowed a little brandy. The little brandy gradually increases in amount. Nausea and other unpleasant sensations, instead of occurring once or twice in the day, occurred a great many times, and the victim will tell you that he was, after a time, obliged to resort to the remedy in order to do his work. Of those who allow themselvs to act thus not a few become slaves to alcohol, and then a more deplorable phase is soon reached. They are no longer able to abstain—all self-command is lost, and the unfortunate people are no longer able to control themselvs in any way, while few will submit to be influenced and controled by others.

So much for the growth of the habit. Now for the reaction in some natures. Professor Beale continues:

> This state may last for a time, and then a new and very remarkable phenomenon is occasionally developed. The intemperate individual abstains entirely, and hates alcohol even more than he loved it before. He despises himself—is overwhelmed with remorse. In a little time he givs up the *role* of sinner and accepts that of saint—and saint of the most despotic and uncompromising kind. For a long time he was quite unable to govern himself, and now he is determined to govern others, and in a very decided manner. He expresses virtuous indignation against all who take or sell or produce alcohol, and thinks it very hard that he is not able to punish every one who prefers wine to water, and who dares even to look at a stimulant. We hav the curious spectacle of a very small minority who, by their own confession, for some time could not keep themselvs within the bounds of reason, now seeking to impose their arbitrary veto upon the very large majority, who hav never had the slightest difficulty in either taking a little, much, or abstaining altogether, as seemed to be the best for their organisms at the time. With as much reason might power be given to convalescent lunatics to put all the sane people in straight waistcoats or shut them up in padded rooms.

That last paragraph hits the nail squarely on the head, and I commend the logic of the extract to the prayerful consideration of the Prohibitionists. Certainly they should be praying men, such earnest believers are they in a fiat morality.

E. C. WALKER.

"The Marriage Bells Are Ringing."

From the American Art Journal.

Mr. Henry J. Thomas, the rising young journalist, was recently married to Miss A. May Hartley, an estimable and accomplished lady of Philadelphia, and is the subject of our congratulations. Mr. Thomas is a writer of originality, a thinker, and reflector, and is destined to win both name and fame in metropolitan journalism, which is in need of more men of his stamp.

We quote the foregoing, first by way of news, and second for the purpose of indorsing its sentiments. Mr. Thomas was formerly employed in THE TRUTH SEEKER office as proof reader, and is now connected with the *Sewing-Machine Journal* in the capacity of editor. We wish him joy.

DURING the Egyptian war a column of leaded telegraphic mess ges cost the London newspapers from $1,000 to $1,250. Seven shillings and two pence (about $1.80) per word was the rate charged.

Selections.

The Influence of Food on Civilization.

From the North American Review.

From time immemorial the contrast has been recognized between races which obtain their food by utilizing the forces of nature, and those which depend for their subsistence on skill in availing themselvs of irregular and casual chances. Those who liv by agriculture on the one hand, and those on the other who liv by hunting, fishing, and so forth, hav become so diverse in their nature that a sentiment even of hostility has arisen between the two classes as between races differing in characteristics other than those which seem directly dependent on alimentation. The reason is not far to seek. That a part of the observed difference in this case (this comparativly rough illustration of the influence of food on human progress) depends on the nature of the food used and the manner of life of those using it, may be admitted. But the most important part of the difference between races which depend on agriculture and pasture, and those which liv by hunting and fishing, arises from differences in which, of necessity, they view nature. To one set of men all the circumstances are such as to suggest the absence of law and order in the workings of nature. They obtain their food precariously; at one time they may hav more than they want, at another they may be in danger of starving; they can recognize no law governing the order of events on which their lives depend—or, which is the same thing, the means by which they liv. On the other hand, those who depend on agriculture and pasture find early that there are laws on which their well-being depends; that by the recognition of such laws, and obedience to them when recognized, nature may be made the servant of man, not a mere chance benefactress. They learn that their fortunes lie in great part in their own hands. Observation and experiment are not only suggested by the very nature of agricultural and pastoral operations—these are themselvs experiments, and experiments only to be made successfully by observant and laborious workers. There must of necessity arise a marked difference in the turn of mind, and in the tone of character, of races thus patiently and observantly obeying, and at the same time guiding nature, and the disposition of men trusting to the chances and caprices of the huntsman's or the fisher's life.

As every nation that has ever become civilized has passed beyond the condition in which men depend on hunting or fishing for subsistence, it is unnecessary to dwell further on effects which in point of fact hav not been considered in comparing different kinds and degrees of civilization. They show us, however, at the outset, how important must be the influence of food, and of the manner of obtaining food, on the fortunes of a race, when we see that whether a people will become civilized or not depends thus on the question whether they advance or not to the state in which men no longer depend on an irregular and capricious supply of food, but on regular processes, partly the result of their own acts, partly the steady work of nature.

In considering the influence of food on civilization it has been customary, until of late, to start from Liebig's chemical division of food into two classes—the heat-producing and the tissue-forming—a division first pointed out in reality by Magendie. It was held that the temperature of the body is maintained by substances which contain no nitrogen, or little, while the wear and tear of the body is repaired by food in which there is an abundance of nitrogen. Liebig maintained that animals cannot possibly form their tissues out of anything but the proteids originally generated by plants. He was not aware that the foods which had been commonly regarded as essentially heat-producing are tissue-foods too. What was essentially right in his doctrin was that animal tissues cannot be formed out of saccharin compounds, as starch and sugar, unless these hav been changed into fat. He also was right in regarding the use of far the greater portion of carbonaceous food as that of fuel for the animal fires—that is, that it served to maintain the animal heat. He assumed, says Dr. Carpenter, "that the only purpose served by the oxidation" (or, as it were, "burning" of the food within the body, by combination with oxygen taken in through the lungs), "was the production of heat; affirming that all the mechanical force exerted by the animal body is the product of the transformation of living muscular fiber into dead—the vital force which was expended by the living tissue being expended in the shape of motion. The oxidation of the dead material he regarded as only a consequence of its loss of power to resist chemical agencies, and as a means of its removal—serving at the same time as an additional source of heat. And rightly judging that this chemical metamorphosis should show itself by the increased excretion of urea in the urin (the kidneys furnishing the channel through which most of the nitrogenous waste is carried out of the body), he appealed, in support of his doctrin, to what he supposed to be the fact of such increase, and its proportion to the amount of work done."

It has been assumed that where either the supply of heat-giving food is abundant, or owing to the nature of the climate, less food of the heat-giving kind is necessary, the population will increase more rapidly, wages be low, and the condition of the laboring classes will be depressed. It is, however, rather, the nature of the food employed, and the way in which it is obtained, that are in question, than any difference in the heat-producing capacity of the food, or the requirements of the inhabitants. For wherever work has to be done, there the food which had been thought useful only for its heat-sustaining qualities must be used to support and repair the muscular energies. The rice which had been thought sufficient barely to sustain life by sustaining heat, in parts of India is found to sustain the working energies also. The Bengalee laborers, for instance, on our Indian railways, work exceedingly well for their size, though they liv almost entirely on rice, with a little ghee (butter), or occasionally a small bit of fish. The low wages and the superabundance of population in India, are not then in reality dependent, as Buckle supposed, on non-nitrogenous food *per se*, but rather on the use of a cereal of great cheapness and abundance, yielding to the laborer a return of from fifty to ninety per cent. In Egypt, again, where dates take the place of the rice of India, and dhourra peas, beans, lentils, and other cheap articles of diet are in use, we find similar results, early and rapid progress, a still more rapid growth of population, exceedingly low wages, and a wide and ever widening disparity among different classes. Whatever discrepancies, as Buckle remarks, may exist between the accounts given by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus respecting the condition of ancient Egypt, both agreed respecting the rapid increase of the people and the servil condition into which they early fell. "Indeed," as he justly adds, "the mere appearance of those large and costly buildings, which are still standing, is a proof of the state of the nation that erected them. To raise structures so stupendous, and yet so useless, there must hav been tyranny on the part of the rulers and slavery on the part of the people. No wealth, however great, no expenditure, however lavish, could meet the expense which would hav been incurred, if they had been the work of free men, who received for their labor a fair and honest reward." Where food is very readily obtained in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the working-classes, there not only are wages low, but population increases with undue rapidity, and, as an inevitable result, the powerful and wealthy squander the lives of the people with recklessness incredible in countries where the balance is better held between supply and demand. Thus only can we understand how, in any nation not absolutely subdued by an invading force, there should hav been such a reckless expenditure of life as occurred in ancient Egypt, where the old Red Sea canal cost, we are told, the lives of a hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians, whilst thrice that number—the entire population of such a city as Chicago or St. Louis—were employed for twenty years to build the great pyramid of Cheops.

In one race and in one only, in modern times, outside of Asia, Africa, and South America (that is, belonging to those nations of Europe and America which we associate with the progress of modern civilization), hav we had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of the use of a very cheap national food—the Irish. It has been remarked of the potato, that, until the appearance of the potato disease, it was cheaper than any equally wholesome and nutritious article of food. Adam Smith states in his "Wealth of Nations," Book I., chapter xi., that land sown with potatoes will support three times as many persons as if sown with wheat; but McCulloch is probably nearer the mark in saying it will support twice as many. As a natural result, in a country where people are thus (or rather were thus) cheaply fed, wages are lower, and the natural increase of the population will be greater than where the national food is dearer. Until the potato disease appeared, the population of Ireland was increasing at the rate of three per cent per annum; the increase in England during the past year, counting all who hav emigrated, was barely half this. It is to this rapid increase of population in Ireland in past times that the difference in the distribution of riches in Ireland and in England has been mainly due. The labor market in Ireland was overstocked. The people were thus compelled to work for such low wages as to be debarred, as Buckle remarks, "not only from the comforts, but from the common decencies of civilized life." This evil condition, he adds, was the natural result of that cheap and abundant food which encouraged the people to so rapid an increase that the labor market was constantly gorged.

In the New World we must revert to ancient times for evidence respecting this important law. In the United States and Canada, as will presently be shown, the operation of the law is at present masked by other causes. It is, indeed, only where the law has had time to operate, almost without check, on a population occupying a large but little changing area, that its full effects can be recognized. In some of the older nations of the American continent this appears to hav happened in such sort as to giv at least as much prominence to the effects due to the law as among Asiatic and African races Materials still exist by which we can form an opinion respecting the condition of ancient Peru and Mexico, the only countries in America where the law affecting the relation of cheap food on civilization could be expected to operate. In these regions the warmth of the climate, by rendering life (mere living) easier, both as respects food and raiment, helps to encourage that which is in fact the real cause of the mischievous consequences we hav described (for cheap food and easy living are not in themselvs evils)—the too rapid growth of a population occupying an unchanging area, however large. So far as mere natural fertility and productivness of soil were concerned Brazil, in South America, and the southern and eastern parts of the United States, in North America, were far in advance of Peru and Mexico; but the fertility and productivness of those regions were in excess of what man in past ages could effectivly deal with. Nature there was overwhelmingly prolific. As Buckle remarks, "when the productiv powers of nature are carried beyond a certain point, the imperfect knowledge of uncivilized man is unable to cope with them or in any way turn them to his own advantage." Civilization would, therefore, never begin in regions where nature is so full of life that we seem to feel, to hear, to see her growth. Only where the powers of nature, though activ, are such as man, in the beginning of his attempts at civilization, can deal with and control, do we find that ancient civilizations began; there, only, would the wealth of nature help man to gather together the materials for that progress which we call civilization.

In Mexico and Peru, a substance even cheaper and more prolific than rice or dates or potatoes has been and is still one of the most important articles of food. Ixtlilxochitl, the Mexican historian, by his passing references to maize or Indian corn, shows that before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico it was in general use. If we can believe all that has been said of the growth of maize in Mexico proper, the yield must hav always been far greater than that of any other cereal the world over. Thus, whereas in California the average yield is, I believe, about eightyfold, it is said to be three or four hundred fold, and, under favorable conditions, even twice as great, in Mexico, Humboldt says, "The fecundity of Ilaolli, or Mexican maize, is beyond all we can imagin in Europe. The plant, favored by intense heat and great humidity, attains a hight of from two to three meters (say seven to ten feet)." He adds that in the fine plains extending from San Juan del Rio to Queretaro a yield of eight hundred fold is sometimes obtained (Nouvelle Espagne, vol. ii, p. 374). The banana, however, both in Mexico and Peru, afforded an even cheaper and more abundant source of food. "I doubt," says Humboldt, "whether there exists another plant on the earth which in a small tract of land will produce so great a quantity of nourishing food." The produce of the banana exceeds that of wheat one hundred and thirty-three times, that of potatoes forty four times. This, of course, does not indicate the life-supporting powers of bananas, wheat, and potatoes. The produce of the three are related thus:

Bananas : potatoes : wheat :: 133 : 3 : 1.

But equal quantities of bananas, potatoes, and wheat hav unequal nutritiv powers, and when due account is taken of the difference we find that equal tracts of land sown (in suitable latitudes and soils) with bananas, potatoes, and wheat hav life-supporting powers proportioned thus:

Bananas : potatoes : wheat :: 25 : 2 : 1.

We might expect to find, then, that in ancient Mexico and Peru the effects we hav been led to attribute to great cheapness and abundance of food, with resulting diminished struggle for mere existence, and consequent over-productivness of the human race, would be found in even more marked degree than in Asia and Egypt. We might expect that wages would be exceedingly low and the laboring population reduced to a very degraded condition, while the upper class (for in these cases there are seldom lower and upper classes, but simply an upper class and a lower one) wealthy, luxurious, and despotic.

Yet, even with the anticipations which we might be led to form from what we hav already seen of the effects of over-population, we could hardly conceive that a people would hav been so utterly degraded as the Peruvians and the Mexicans of the lower class seem to hav been. On the one hand, we find a class possessing practically unlimited wealth, which they expended, or rather wasted, with incredible prodigality and ostentation. On the other we find a class absolutely without possessions, yet, by a strange irony of fate, the sole tax-payers. "The members of the royal house," says Prescott in his history of Peru (vol. i., p. 56), "the great nobles, even the public functionaries, and the numerous body of the priesthood, were all exempt from taxation;

the whole duty of defraying the expenses of the government belonged to the people." It was the same in Mexico. "The inferior folk," says Larenaudière in his "Mexique," "who possessed no property and had no commerce, paid their respectiv shares of the taxes in work of different kinds; by them the crown-lands were tilled, public works were carried on, and the various houses belonging to the emperor were built and furnished."

So utterly sunk were the Peruvians and Mexicans below the level which in our time is regarded as the lowest to which man can be degraded, that they had not even so much of independence as all but the worst slave-owners allowed their negro slaves in former times. "They had nothing," says Prescott, "that deserved to be called property. They could follow no craft, engage in no labor, no amusement, but such as was specially provided by law. They could not change their residence or their dress without a license from the government. They could not even exercise the freedom which is conceded to the most abject in other countries—that of selecting their own wives." In Mexico a similar state of things prevailed; the lower class in Mexico being, if possible, even more degraded than the corresponding class in Peru.

It seems, then, at a first view, as if this broad, general lesson were taught—that where nature is most prolific and productiv, in manageable degree, there will be on the one hand the earliest civilization, and on the other the greatest degradation of the greater number. In the process of evolution, by which nations are first formed, then developed, then destroyed, abundance and cheapness of food seem to be all-important factors, at first creativ, then destructiv—destructiv, because the condition to which nations tend, when over-populated, is one encouraging destructiv action from without, and causing dissolution by processes taking place within, even without external attacks. This condition is in fine one of unstable equilibrium. We recognize it in decaying nations; we recognize the opposit in nations which are growing and thriving. . . . . .

In dealing with this question, by the way, Darwin has referred to the increase of the population of the United States, as if it illustrated the possible natural increase of civilized populations under favorable conditions. At least he has compared it with the rate of natural increase which Euler showed to be possible, six per cent per annum, nothing like which has ever been known, even during a single year. Of course the increase of the population of North America is quite outside all arguments relating to the natural increase possible in the human race. I do not know that in any part of the United States, even under the most favorable conditions, a natural increase of more than three per cent per annum has ever been observed, or, indeed, that it has been possible anywhere to distinguish the natural increase from that which has arisen only from immigration or the shifting of population from one spot to another. Still there can be little doubt that even such an increase as has been observed in the United States, by which the population doubles in about twenty-five years, might occur naturally under favorable conditions. At this rate the present population of the United States, say, roughly, fifty millions, would cover the habitable part of North America, say seven million square miles, so thickly that four men would hav to stand on each square yard of surface, in little more than five hundred (more exactly in five hundred and seventeen) years. In six hundred and seventeen years a surface sixteen times as great would be covered as densely, or one hundred and twelve million square miles, which is much more than the entire land surface of the globe. In less than six hundred and forty years the whole surface of the terraqueous globe would be covered, four men to the square yard, from the present population of the United States alone, at the supposed rate of increase. But apart from such an unusual rate of increase as this, if we take any such rate as one and a half per cent per annum, which is about the rate of natural increase in old and settled countries like England, it would take but one thousand one hundred and eighty-eight years, a mere nothing in the history of the world, to thus crowd the earth's surface, land and water, with the descendants of a present population of fifty millions. It is hardly necessary to say that in a much shorter time, at this perfectly normal rate of increase, the world would be utterly uninhabitable.

We perceive, then, what an important factor that must be of which Darwin has remarked that it is the primary or fundamental check to the continued increase of man, the difficulty of gaining subsistence and of living in comfort. We cannot wonder that the whole character of past civilizations, in the Old World and in the New, should hav been affected by this potent cause, that where the difficulty of gaining subsistence has been unduly small, other activ means of destroying superabundant population should hav come into existence to replace that one which should be the primary force working to that end. In a country like the United States, where subsistence is easy, but where, also, there is plenty of room, we see very rapid growth and development. We may believe that, as Darwin says, if the means of subsistence were doubled in England (or, which would come to much the same thing, if people in England would be content with or could liv in comfort on the cheap articles of food used in Asia and Africa), the population in England would be quickly doubled, and for a while the process of development in a nation undoubtedly gains by those causes which encourage an increase of population. But just as the development of the natural body is part of the progress toward death, and eventually leads to death, so that increase of population by which a nation's first steps to power are determined, becomes, unless checked by the increasing difficulty of securing the means of living, part of the progress toward the nation's dissolution, and toward the surcease of its civilization.

If we consider what are the conditions as to the nature of food used and required, and the abundance of the supply, most favorable to the progress of a nation, we encounter at the outset this difficulty that the favorable conditions of one stage of a nation's history become unfavorable conditions in another. There can be no question, for instance, that the abundance and cheapness of food (of all, at any rate, which is essential for food) in the United States, are at present among the factors which encourage the development of the nation; the chief reason being that America is still in the stage when labor can command good terms. It is unlikely, also, that, for many generations, America can suffer from over-population resulting from undue ease in the conditions under which the bulk of the people obtain sustenance. Yet that danger lurks in the background for America as it has for other nations. Or rather, we can recognize, and in no very remote future, a time when the means of subsistence will no longer be so much in excess of the actual wants of the people as they are at present—when, therefore, the increase of population will no longer be so rapid, and the tendency to cheap labor, which would otherwise hav arisen, will be checked by a hardening of the conditions under which the struggle for life has been carried on. We may recognize in several European nations the action of this safety-valve against unduly rapid development. In England, especially, this has been the case. The conditions under which the bulk of the people in England subsist hav never become and are never likely to become unduly easy. The natural increase of the English people is nevertheless too rapid, and it is only the outlet found in emigration which has saved England in great degree, as it has saved other European nations, in greater or less degree, from the miseries and degradations which arise from an overcrowded population. Where a similar outlet may be found for an excess of population, when that danger is threatened in America, does not yet appear. It may be that safeguards of other kinds may come into action before that danger supervenes. If man differs from the lower animals in this, that, with advancing civilization, an ever-increasing proportion of the race see the folly and wickedness of fighting, that more and more stringent and scientific (therefore more and more successful) measures are used for the prevention of pestilence and disease, and so forth, he differs also from the lower animals in having his passions not as instincts only (though they are that with him, with as all other animals), but under the control of reason. On the one hand, human reason has diminished, and is still further diminishing the action of those causes which correct the unduly rapid growth of population; on the other hand, human reason possesses (though hitherto it has not in the aggregate very fully used, or even absolutely recognized the full right to use) the power of preventing such unduly rapid growth. We may well hope that before the time comes when excessiv population, for which no remedy can be found in emigration, threatens the great world-nation of the future, men will widely and clearly hav recognized the duty of regulating, either by legal or individual restraints, the responsibilities of parentage. Many who differ from Mr. J. S. Mill, in considering that our present notions of liberty in this respect are "misplaced," in so far as they "prevent legal obligations from being imposed in this matter," must agree with him in recognizing moral obligations. As he well remarks, "the fact itself of causing the existence of a human being is one of the most responsible actions in the range of human life. To undertake this responsibility—to bestow a life which may be either a curse or a blessing—unless the being on whom it is to be bestowed will hav at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being; and in a country either over-peopled or threatened with being so, to produce children beyond a very small number, with the effect of reducing the reward of labor by their competition, is a very serious offense against all who liv by the remuneration of their labor." I cannot myself agree with Mill in what he adds, that "the laws which, in many countries on the continent, forbid marriage unless the parties can show that they hav the means of supporting a family, do not exceed the legitimate powers of the state." I think they go far beyond any desirable interference on the part of the state with individual freedom of action, and that a people which would be the better for such interference, so far as material advantages are concerned, must be so degraded that the sooner they pass away, or are absorbed by worthier races, the better for the world. I definitly and earnestly reject his doctrin that, "whether such laws be expedient or not, they are not objectionable as violations of liberty." It appears to me that if laws of that kind were permissible at all, the state might far more reasonably "forbid marriage unless the parties can show that," according to recognized laws of heredity, their offspring are reasonably likely to be strong, able, and worthy members of the body politic. But the vice of Mill's reasoning here, as in much of his writing on such matters, is the assumption that the state can advantageously undertake the duties which belong especially to individuals—the persons who would hav to supervise such matters being unlikely, on the average, to take greater care in the matter than those over whose conduct they would be appointed to watch. In a nation where a majority "cared for none of these things," the state could do nothing with advantage or without mischievous violations of liberty; where, on the other hand, the majority took as just a view on this subject as on more familiar moral obligations, state interference would be unnecessary.

Apart from the influence of moral restraints such as these, we should be compelled, by the evidence alike of antiquity and of our own age, to teach a doctrin precisely the reverse of that advanced by writers who measure progress by the rate of increase of population. "There is one mode," says Prof. Greg, in his "Enigmas of Life," "in which the amount of human existence sustainable on a given area, and, therefore, throughout the chief portion of the habitable globe, may be almost indefinitly increased—*i. e.*, by a substitution of vegetable for animal food. A given acreage of wheat will feed at least ten times as many men as the same acreage employed in growing mutton. It is usually calculated that the consumption of wheat by an adult is about one quarter per annum, and we know that good land produces four quarters. Let us even assume that a man living on grain would require two quarters a year; still, one acre would support two men. But a man living on meat would require three pounds a day, and it is considered a liberal calculation if an acre spent in grazing sheep and cattle yields in mutton or beef more than fifty pounds on an average—the best farmer in Norfolk having averaged ninety pounds; but a great majority of farmers in Great Britain only reach twenty pounds. On these data it would require twenty-two acres of pasture land to sustain one adult person living on meat. It is obvious that, in view of the adoption of vegetable diet, there lies the indication of a vast possible increase in the population sustainable on a given area."

Here, the question whether increase in the density of population (equally well sustained by food) is an unmixed good is not considered. Life may be more cheaply supported by such a change as Mr. Greg suggests; but if the life so supported is found to be cheaper—that is, more cheaply valued—more life may mean more misery. "Man does not liv by bread alone," is true doctrin here. If the extra lives are looked on only for what they may be worth to the capitalist, or as so much food for the man of oppression, or to be consumed in war, it is worse than useless thus thoughtfully to provide for their mere existence. We hav seen that in every case known, cheap food and resulting increase of population hav meant such diversities in the social strata as must result, earlier or later, in destruction by misplacements and upheavals within, or by inroads from without. If there be aught in modern civilization to save nations which become exposed to the same conditions and the same dangers as of old, it should be easy to point out where such safeguards lie. It would not be difficult to show, however, that just so far as modern nations approach, either in whole or in part, the conditions under which older nations perished, they show the signs of decrepitude and decay, which, unless checked, signify approaching dissolution. What does emigration mean but this? We look on complacently at this evidence of over-population and resulting destructiv tendencies; but, as Dr. B. W. Richardson well remarks, "It is the fittest for work and for earning who leave our shores; the unfittest for work, the luxurious and the least powerful, remain. Thus the drain on the first processes of national permanent prosperity is that which is opened by emigration—is that which is exhausting the heart of the commonwealth." And he offers as a remedy the cheapening of food, as if the best part of our general population left the shores of Britain solely because food is dear. They leave, not because food is dear, but because labor is cheap; and the cheaper the food the worse the evil will become, for labor will become cheaper too. When emigration becomes no longer possible, when this safety-valve is closed—it will be within a period very short, indeed, compared with the periods by which men measure history—the consequences observed among the nations of old may affect—on a wider scale—the civilization

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Communications.

Science vs. Superstition.

By the consent of the editor, I will present to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER a few thoughts upon the hostil relations which science and superstition hav hitherto borne to each other; and in the consideration of my subject I shall venture to lend a broader definition to the word "superstition" than Noah Webster allows.

I would not in the present case hav it confined merely to the subject of religious opinion, but would make it include all of the obstructions which ignorance and intolerance hav thrown across the track of scientific research.

As far back as when man first learned the art of recording passing events, either upon soft bark or tables of stone, we find two classes mentally arrayed against each other; the one class clinging tenaciously to what they believe to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; the other class conceiving that all truth, in its relation to man, is only fragmentary, and that a larger acquaintance with the laws which govern the universe of matter and mind is not only consistent with the most exalted religion, but, more than this, is one of its divine behests.

Since a complete knowledge of the relations which man bears to the physical or material universe was not born with him, but comes only through earnest inquiry and persistent research, it is not strange that the pages of history hav been defaced with the records of war for opinion's sake, and the fair face of nature so often been bedewed with humanity's blood, while the savage instincts of uncultured man exercised so large an influence over the mental world.

Superstition was comparativly harmless so long as it contented itself with simply cherishing absurd opinions and beliefs which had no foundation in fact, but it became dangerous and reprehensible in proportion as it became aggressiv, by assuming to dictate to others what they should believe, or attempting to enforce conviction by violent means.

Science is a brilliant "chandelier" in the past as well as the present age. It is continually bringing the focus of its rays to bear upon the dark corners of human understanding, bringing to the light many of the hidden forces in nature which had hitherto inspired only superstition and awe.

Science declares that there is nothing in all the vast universe too sacred to be questioned, criticised, analyzed, and, if possible, fully understood. It is the good architect who lays his broad underpinning in solid stone, leaving no weak spot by which the vast temple of knowledge may be in the future undermined.

The earnest disciple of science says: "Giv me the truth, at whatever cost to myself, even though to possess it be to shatter to atoms my most cherished opinions. Let me drink from the pure fount of nature, that my soul may be nourished by the sweet bread of life; for to learn much of nature is to know more of Go(ɔ)d."

In this spirit some of the most heroic and reverent souls that ever blessed the earth hav struggled and climbed, going over, around, and through the ten thousand obstructions which fiendish prejudice and furious ignorance hav thrown in the pathway of scientific investigation.

The very word superstition ever reminds us of those old heroes, long since departed—Socrates, Servetus, and that brave Bohemian Freethinker, John Huss, besides a host of others who, instead of bartering away the priceless jewel of intellectual freedom, chose rather to yield up sweet life upon the altar of liberty of thought and speech.

Thus has it ever been, in hundreds—yea, thousands—of instances, that the sacrifice of a noble life was the price demanded for some new discovery in nature, which, when understood, proved to be a blessing to mankind, from center to circumference and from pole to pole.

In ages past whomsoever ventured to strike a match—so to speak—within the old citadel of ignorance and superstition, lighting up the dark fortress even for a moment, found he had but furnished the fagots for his own cremation.

Thus, from age to age, hav some of the noblest souls of earth—humanity's saviors—been persecuted and crucified for the grave offense of seeking earnestly for wisdom, and striving to acquire that knowledge which in its application would augment the sum of human happiness. Let us rejoice that every age has furnished some great, heroic souls, whose intelligent convictions the fear of neither incarceration, mutilation, nor death could smother, nor the united voice of a multitude bribe to silence; for to them we owe unfailing gratitude for the advantages of civilization and culture which we enjoy to-day.

Ignorant conservatism coupled with superstition has little faith in the innate goodness of man; therefore it hails with hope and confidence any new invention which will facilitate the prosecution of warfare. It has faith in the wisdom and utility of standing armies. It believes in building prisons, and in keeping the gallows in good repair; in converting the mineral substances of earth into bullets and bombshells, in levying taxes upon the people to defray the expense of hunting, capturing, confining, trying, and executing the morally decrepit sons and daughters of earth who are called criminals.

Science keeps steadily at work striving to discover and remove the causes of evil by dissecting human character, studying human necessity in all directions, and its legitimate claims; striving to search out the most intricate roots from whence all evil actions spring. Science seeks to supersede those laws founded upon ignorant authority by infusing into our social life a more tender regard for humanity everywhere. It enlarges the avenues to intelligence and self-support; it builds colleges, educates teachers, erects almshouses, opens up the forbidden paths to knowledge, looks tenderly after the interests of the unfortunate and down-trodden, carries the sunshine of sympathy, love, and hope to those in prison, and in various ways and through intelligent means strives to promote human welfare, and to steadily and surely attune the discordant elements of human society into a condition of ultimate harmony, usefulness, and peace.

It has ever been the province of superstition to condemn without evidence, to execute without a just tribunal, to believe extravagant improbabilities, and to make war upon certainties. Science is ever the world's attorney, who examins the case before the impartial jury of reason, and renders a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Superstition says: "Don't try to entertain me with any of your new-fangled ideas; I hate your modern fanaticism. Don't attempt to upholster my intellectual furniture; it is the exact pattern I admire, and was bequeathed to me by my remote ancestors, and is all the more sacred for being old; furthermore, your oft-repeated innovations upon my intellectual and moral estate are an unwarrantable transgression. Your ideas are profane and revolutionary in their tendency, and you deserve to be prosecuted, punished, and socially ostracized for your vain heresies."

Science steps into the line of mechanical discovery and invents instruments for calculating the magnitude of the planets and their respectiv distances from each other. Indeed, science has revolutionized the commercial, agricultural, and mechanical business of the world. The telephone and speaking phonograph are among the youngest and most interesting children of modern science.

Again, science converts steam into a power that is many times stronger than the combined efforts of all the domestic animals in the world's employ.

It has deposited in the bed of the Atlantic a line of intelligent commerce, which pulsates from day to day with its freight of thought, bringing the two continents, Europe and America, into the most neighborly and familiar intercourse; and just here I venture to predict that at no very distant day telegraphy will be taught in our common schools.

Aerial navigation, thus far impracticable, is nevertheless no longer utterly impossible. Science, through the art of photography, preserves for us the shadows of our loved ones that we may be comforted in their absence, with the privilege of tracing every lineament of feature, and enjoy even the expression which a passing thought may hav lent to the face.

Through the discoveries of phrenology and anthropology, science finds man to be the exact product of all the forces and conditions which existed anterior to his birth; hence his accountability is found to be limited, rendering him unavoidably and eternally more or less subservient to conditions and circumstances over which he can exercise little or no control.

Here science makes a compromise between what is usually denominated positiv good and positiv evil, placing knowledge where persecution hitherto reigned supreme.

Some thirty or more years ago science declared, through the medium of a periodical published in New York city by the Fowler Brothers, that the moral character and intellectual status of the succeeding generations need not be a matter of great uncertainty. This stroke of information, however, did not jostle the world much; only the "few" and "far between" could comphehend and appropriate the new light! After a lapse of nearly thirty years a man, distinguished for his nativ genius, thrilling eloquence, psycological power over an audience, as well as his ecclesiastical subterfuges—Henry Ward Beecher—opened his mouth in a recent discourse, and proclaimed his confidence in this same great truth, when lo! the whole civilized world was at once electrified by his wonderful announcement. This is still another proof that mankind, as a rule, are reluctant to accept any new truth unless it be heralded by ecclesiastical or political pomp and magnificence, forgetting that in all the past the most useful discoveries and grandest truths hav, in a majority of instances, been born through humble instrumentalities. There ever has been and ever must be a standing hostility between the frontal brain, which reasons, and the back brain, which settles backward like a donkey in the harness, and is governed alone by impulse. The middle top-head is the judge and jury, the standing referee, the mediator; and just in proportion as this is prominent will the person be uniform and consistent in character, and less in need of correction at the hands of either religion or law.

As civilization advances, and the grosser elements in human society become exalted and refined through higher conditions of living, may we not reasonably hope that the generations who are to be our successors may find that scientific knowledge has borne at last its legitimate fruits, which are these: That war has been superseded by peace; that reason is the standing tribunal instead of arms; that munitions of war hav been converted into instruments of husbandry; that swords hav been beat into plowshares and pruning-hooks; prisons hav been changed to homes for the friendless, and austere officers been supplanted by gentle and scientific teachers; and the timbers for the gallows hav been sawed into fuel to warm the shivering children who hav been imprisoned for stealing coal; and lastly, and greater than all these, a time when there shall be a great wedding in the land, where every child of humanity may come with their wedding gifts? And this is when Science shall take Religion by the hand, and by the authority vested in God and nature, declare that they two were made for each other, can liv apart no longer, but are one henceforth and forever!

MARY A. PECK.

A Letter from Ceylon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* By a kind dispensation of the gods your parcel of anti Christian tracts and pamphlets reached me at Baddegama—the nest of the missionaries of the Southern Province—on the very day when I was to lecture there, and was threatened with a disputation by them. As usual, they did not come to time, and so I gave my large audience the plain talk about Christianity which they needed and the missionaries ought to hav heard.

Your selections were judicious and valuable, and I will editorially notice them.

I am greatly pleased with your Palestine letters, of which I hav read every word. I shall recommend them to our Asiatic friends. I will always notice any good things you may choose to send me. If I had a copy of that little pamphlet on the crimes of the clergy I would hav it translated and printed here and in India. I am selling the Sinhalese edition of your Colombo lecture at all these villages, along with the "Buddhist Catechism." I think we may distribute three thousand copies in time. I am having a Sinhalese version of the "Bible Contradictions" prepared.

It may surprise you to hear that I hav taken to healing the sick by imposition of hands. I am perfectly run down by paralytics and palsied people, and hav cured twenty-three in one day. At Galle, on the 3d inst., one hundred patients applied, and the news of my cures having spread like wildfire through the island, patients waylay me at every village I come to on my present tour.

The origin of the affair was this: When I got to Colombo from Bombay I heard that the Catholics had started a "holy well" near Kelanie, after the Lourdes pattern, and that some ignorant Buddhists had become perverts. I told the high priest, jokingly, that he would hav to start an opposition well; and as he could not do that, being a Buddhist, not a Catholic priest, I finally determined to show the Buddhists that desperate cases could be cured in the name of Buddha as well as in that of Jesus. My *gooroo** (whose portrait you saw at Bombay) had no objections, so I began with a patient who had been paralyzed nine years in one arm and leg, and had run the gauntlet of the English and nativ doctors without relief. I gave him no medicin, but simply applying my knowledge of mesmerism and occultism, cured the man in a half hour. Since then he has walked twenty-four miles in one day. The news spread, of course, like wildfire in a prairie, and since then I hav had far more than five men could do thrust upon me. I need hardly say I take no fee or presents of any kind; in fact, I giv alms to very poor and deserving patients. My cures are really as wonderful in some cases as that of good Dr. Newton, the Zonan Jacob, and other noted psycopathists. Among other things, I hav restored speech to a man whose tongue was paralyzed, and cured another in two minutes of a paralyzed arm and leg. I suppose that now I shall be forced to do the same thing all through India, if my *gooroo* don't stop me, which is possible, as it is a heavy drain upon the vital force of a man of fifty. The amusing feature of the case is that the padrés show much tribulation at the unmasking of an unsuspected theosophical battery.

I return to Bombay the latter part of this month, so you need not send me the paper here until next season. If you can spare the extra copy send it to Bombay, as we may hav to cut for quotes.

*A spiritual teacher or guide among the Hindoos.

Our Sinhalese education fund grows apace. I hav got Rs. 6,000 ($3,000) subscribed thus far this season. For poor people like these this is very good.

With respects to Mrs. Bennett,

Respectfully yours, H. S. OLCOTT.

Kumbiya, Ceylon, Nov. 10, 1882.

The Bright Side Again.

DEAR MRS. SLENKER: I do not see any difference between your endless chain of cause and effect and what I termed a "ceaseless rush of blind forces;" as your endless chain has no intelligence connected with it, it amounts to the same thing. I admit that "matter is governed and controled by its own laws," but does this fact prove that we shall "be blown out as a lamp is extinguished?" I know that the grand argument of the Materialist is that intelligence is the result of organization, therefore disorganization will destroy intelligence; but I cannot stop now to discuss that point, but wish to confine myself to what you hav stated concerning the "bright side" of this question.

You ask, "Is it no stimulus to heroism, inspiration, and courage to feel that each good deed done, each good word spoken, will add to the world's happiness all along the coming future of its inhabitants?" I think the amount of inspiration which we can feel in contemplating the "future of the world's inhabitants" depends entirely upon our opinion as to what kind of creatures the world's inhabitants are. If we view mankind as only a higher race of animals, existing for a brief space of time, and then vanishing forever, of what account is man more than the beasts or the insects? Why should we trouble ourselvs about the good or ill of such ephemeral creatures? It will all be over so soon with each individual that it is of little moment, comparativly, whether his condition is bettered or not. I do not say it is of *no moment*, for I would not willingly giv pain to an insect; but my enthusiasm in any enterprise for the good of humanity will be greatly abated when I am convinced that man is a phantom and life without a meaning.

You say that "the poetic sentiment can revel as gloriously in dreams of beauty, love, and progress, to be realized here on earth," etc. What! revel in a beauty that is meaningless—in a love that is soon to be crucified—in the progress of a race of emmets? Take the dignity of immortality from man, take the deific spirit from nature, and all the glories of the universe, but, mock our yearning souls, man becomes a pigmy, and life a cruel farce.

In our League we once discussed the question, "Is life worth living?" Every Materialist said, "No." Every believer in a hereafter said, "Yes." The Materialistic Solomon declared that "all is vanity," and "man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts." A soulless universe, a soulless human race, a brief existence, and then eternal night—all this is a meager, mournful theory, belittling man in his own estimation, and paralyzing all the springs of noble action.

Yours truly, MRS. E. HEDDON.

Dowagiac, Mich.

Stalwart Liberals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your contributor "Tee Cee Lee" does no more than justice to the "stalwart Liberals" whom he enumerates. But he seems strangely to hav forgotten, or not to hav known, that there is such a state as Michigan, and that, in proportion to its size (and it is one of Uncle Samuel's "big boys"—only the seventh in the family of thirty-eight), it contains as many, and as stalwart, Liberals as any other state affords. We count J. H. Burnham as the peer of any; and there is M. Babcock, whose incisiv works are translated into the language of heathen lands to counteract the work of the missionaries. Our townsman, U. K. Booth, now in Colorado, is known to thousands through the masterly address which he gave in this city a couple of years ago. These hav a national reputation. I could giv the names of a thousand or two more in the state, equally pronounced, if less known. Mr. Burnham goes to Pittsburg soon for a seven weeks' engagement.

Some orthodox chickens hav lately come home to roost in the orthodox walls of the University of Michigan. That institution is state supported, but, like everything else, it is usurped by the devotees of superstition. Its officers claim that it is a Christian institution in this, as they claim, "Christian" state (both false). Some years ago I made a protest before the state legislature against this Christian claim and practice in a state institution as violating plain constitutional provisions, which made me plenty of enemies, if no friends.

But now the old Nick is to pay there sure enough. Dr. Frothingham, a professor in the medical department, and whose hat covers a large portion of the brains of the institution, is a Liberal. He is accused of having spoken respectfully of Thomas Paine and Col. Ingersoll in some of his lectures, and (not having a wholesome fear of orthodox bigotry before his eyes) of having also spoken as freely of ministers as of other men, and, worse than all, of having spoken doubtingly or irreverently of superstition in the light of science. This has terribly stirred the ire of one Morgan, a California preacher, who apparently couldn't liv by his trade at home, and is studying medicin at the expense of the people of Michigan for the purpose of bettering his condition. He has made complaint against Prof. Frothingham, and the subject is now undergoing official investigation. For consistency's sake, if the professor is found guilty of heresy he should be burnt. But the rational commentary is that we hav as good a right to insist that a little sense be taught in a state institution as superstition has to demand that *it* be taught. If Dr. Frothingham has struck the shell of superstition that envelopes the institution with the hammer of science, let us hope that he will add blow upon blow until the shell cracks and the sunlight of reason breaks in and dissipates the mists and fogs of bigotry that hav been bred there. S. B. MCCRACKEN.

Detroit, Mich.

John Peck's Infidel Philosophy.

An honest God will never damn an honest man on account of an honest belief.

If God is everywhere, he must be in hell. If hell is a place of torment, must he not feel uncomfortable? If the saved are admitted into the presence of God, are they not in hell, too? *Apropos*, they always raised hell on earth.

If God had foreknowledge, and created the devil, and the devil is the author of sin, and the reward of sin is eternal torment, do not those who go to hell carry out the design of the Almighty?

If the eating of the apple tainted the whole human family, and God drowned the world on account of sin, did he not know that the taint would reach down through Noah and produce another crop as wicked as the first? And would it not hav been a stroke of policy to let Noah go for fish-bait and breed from a new stock entirely?

A portion of the animals of the earth are the natural food for another portion. When the animals were let out of the ark, what was there to hinder the hawks from pouncing upon the "dunghills," the wolves from devouring the sheep, the lions and panthers from killing the deer, the rabbits, etc.?

If God could cause the dead to come forth from their graves, could he not invent some other way to kill men without drowning them? By this method he killed innocent animals, which had not sinned along with man who had sinned. Why should he wish to kill the innocent kids and lambs, the doves and nightingales, and save the voracious sharks, the devil-fish, and hell-benders?

If Christ died to save sinners, and ninety-nine out of every hundred go to hell, was not his death ninety-nine-hundredths of a failure?

If a knowledge of the scriptures is necessary to salvation, and God is all-powerful—and thousands die every year who never heard of them—if he has not adapted means to ends, is he not alone responsible?

If King David, with his score of fancy women, was a man after God's own heart, should not Brigham Young be regarded as a patron saint?

If God sanctioned all the bloody wars we read of in the Bible, will he be likely to send a delegate to the peace congress?

If we cannot feel guilty because Benedict Arnold attempted to betray his country, or because Booth assassinated President Lincoln, or because Guiteau killed Garfield, or because a thousand other bad acts hav been committed, over which we had no control, how can we feel guilty because a woman ate an apple six thousand years ago? We cannot feel guilty for what we cannot help. If God will punish us for what we cannot help, he is incompetent to fill the office of a country justice.

If it is just to hold the whole human family for the bad act of one woman, would it not be equally just to giv the vilest wretch on earth credit for all the good which has been accomplished by the great and good of all ages?

If it is right to teach a child to be good, is it not the hight of absurdity to instill into the mind of that child the idea of original sin, which precludes the idea of being good?

If there is sufficient efficacy in the blood of Christ to snatch a man from the gallows right into the king-row of the heavenly checker-board, will it be likely ever to fail on a decent man?

The Christian believes the Bible to be of divine origin, given by a perfect being—that those who implicitly follow its teachings must be perfect, therefore not susceptible of improvement. The tendency of such belief is forever to hold man at a standstill; and history proves that the Christian has never taken one step forward, only as he has been urged by outside (and generally Infidel) forces.

If God commanded men to be stoned to death for picking up sticks on the Sabbath, and little children to be torn to pieces by wild animals for saying naughty words to an old man, he would not do for a law-maker of the nineteenth century, and I wouldn't vote for him. If God ever suspended the laws of nature in order that a miracle might be performed, what assurance can we hav that the law of gravitation may not cease at any time? Or how could we know that the sun will rise to-morrow morning?

No matter what a man's daily walk and conduct may be; though he may be a drunkard, a gambler, and bruiser; though he may hav robbed the widow and the fatherless; though he may hav the blood of the murdered upon his skirts; though his seduced victims may die in despair; though he may bear the ear-mark of adultery and disease; though a court may decide that he is too vile to liv upon the face of the earth, yet if he only believe in Jesus Christ, and is flush with faith, he can enter the gates of the holy city without being cross-questioned, and hav the full freedom of the celestial city tendered to him.

Though a man may hav spent his whole life in trying to make the world better; though his blessings may hav reached far and wide among mankind; though, like Watts and Fulton and Morse, he may hav made discoveries of incalculable value to the human family, if he does not believe in Jesus Christ, and has no faith to believe that the merits of an individual who died many centuries ago can be of any possible advantage to him, he must be cast into hell without a trial by his peers, and even denied the poor privilege of pettifogging his own case.

If Moses told the truth when he said that Jacob saw God face to face, didn't John tell a lie when he said "no man hath seen God at any time?"

If any human being can deserve hell, it is one who can rejoice while his friends are writhing in eternal torment.

If a man teach his children that the stories as related of Samson, Jonah, Noah, Elijah, Lot, and his wife, Balaam's ass, etc., are the word of God, and that the disbelief of them will incur his wrath, might they not justly infer that the greater the absurdity the more sacredly they are bound to believe, and that the favor of God follows the belief of the biggest lie?

God told our first parents that if they partook of the forbidden fruit they should surely die. They partook of the forbidden fruit and did not die. Which was the more truthful, God or the devil? "You pay your money and take your choice."

The great wrong which has been done throughout Christendom by teaching the young that there is a way by which they can escape the consequences of crime and wrong-doing, can never be computed. The doctrin that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin may hav enabled some deluded mortals to die in hopes of an imaginary heaven; but it has made a hell on earth. A criminal act leaves a fearful scar upon the individual committing it and upon society, and all the blood of ten thousand saviors cannot wash it out. Better a thousand times to teach that every wrong act has an unavoidable penalty here and now, and that there is no escape from its consequences; that a little self-restraint in regard to the commission of crime is worth a world of blood and repentance. Let this lesson be properly impressed upon the minds of the young, and it will be worth more to the people of earth than ten thousand heavens filled with blood-washed criminals.

If it took six days for God to create the heavens and the earth, how much time could he hav saved if the raw material could hav been furnished ready to his hand and a good convenient place to work in, so that he wouldn't hav been compelled to lose any time on account of bad weather?

About the overshadowing business I hav always had a serious doubt. That there was a shadow in some way connected with the operation is reasonable, for if a child was begotten there was somebody around near enough human to project a shadow, "and don't you forget it." He who thinks a child can be begotten by a shadow without somebody to cast the shadow is only a shadow of a thinker.

If the Christian religion has the softening, refining, and humanizing influence over the human family which is claimed for it, is it not about time that the coarser and more brutal crimes were banished from the earth? If after a two-thousand-years' trial the people are no better off than when it found them, is it not about time to run down the curtain and put out the footlights and save expense?

Christianity, instead of making men wise and good, keeps them in ignorance and makes them very dishonest. It makes them pretend to believe what they do not believe. It makes them pretend to feel innocent when they are guilty, and many times they feel guilty when they are really innocent. It makes them lie for the church and for the priesthood. When left untrammeled its tendency is toward barbarism.

The precepts of forbearance, meekness, and charity, scattered here and there through the Bible, are like the spots on the leopard—though not displeasing to the eye, yet they do not neutralize the ferocity of the beast.

"SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE."—The demand for this pamphlet has increased since the reduction in price to 15 cents; and we are informed that since its first publication in 1860 over 30,000 copies hav been sold.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

(*Continued from page* 773.)

of the future. Room for more may be found by the cheapening of food—that is, by the use of cheaper food—and amiable enthusiasts may find here and thus a remedy for the threatened evils. They can at least show that at present even the most populous countries in the Old World are not over-peopled; for, undoubtedly, with due care, and with choice of the cheapest forms of food, twice as many per square mile might exist even in Belgium than at present. But those who consider the dignity of man, as well as his mere numbers on the globe—those who study the evidence afforded by the wide, though unconscious, experiments made by nations in past ages—will entertain a different idea as to the way in which the great life problem should be viewed. Mere increase of population—even though all be supported in health and vigor—is not all that the human race has to look forward to; it may be doubted whether it is worth hoping for in itself, under any conditions; but, assuredly, if along with such increase there should come, as of old, the degradation of the many under the tyranny and oppression of the few, the change which enthusiasts regard so hopefully is one most devoutly to be deprecated.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT $3.00 PER YEAR.

The largest and cheapest Radical Journal published in Europe or America, containing seven hundred square inches more reading matter than any other journal of its kind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

DEATH OF D. M. BENNETT.

D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, died at his home, 27 Clinton Place, on the morning of Wednesday, the 6th, aged 64. His death will be a shock to the readers of his paper, as it was to his numerous friends in this city. He had been in sufficient health to attend to the duties of his office up to Friday, the 1st inst. For a week previous to that time he had been suffering somewhat from malaria, but on the morning of the day in question he was obliged to take to his bed. His disease was gastritis, coupled with an affection of the heart. Hope was entertained of his recovery up to Monday night, when he sank into the unconscious condition in which he died. A strong constitution, which had never been abused, kept until morning its hold on life, which seemed reluctant to leave one who had so blessed it with usefulness. Words can only bear the tidings of his death; they cannot contain the sorrow of his stricken friends.

The funeral will be held at the German Masonic Temple, No. 220 East 15th street, this city, on Sunday morning at half past ten. T. B. Wakeman will deliver the funeral address. All the friends of the deceased are invited to be present.

Reviving Puritanism.

Pushed by a lot of religious zealots, the great state of New York has gone backward from fifty to one hundred years in the last few days. On the first day of this month the New Penal Code went into effect, and among its provisions are these relating to the observance of the alleged Christian sabbath:

Servil Labor.—All manner of servil labor on the first day of the week is prohibited excepting in works of necessity or charity.

Public Sports—All shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming, or other public sports, exercises, pastimes, or shows upon the first day of the week, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day, are prohibited.

Trades, Manufactures, and Mechanical Employments—All trades, manufactures, and mechanical employments upon the first day of the week are prohibited.

Public Traffic—All manner of public selling or offering or exposing for sale publicly of any commodities upon the first day of the week is prohibited, except that meats, milk, and fish may be sold at any time before 9 o'clock in the morning, and except that food may be sold to be eaten on the premises where sold, and drugs, medicins, and surgical appliances may be sold at any time of the day.

[Violation of these laws is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of from $1 to $10, or imprisonment for not more than five days. Goods exposed for sale are forfeited to the poor funds. Persons who uniformly observe another holy day than Sunday may work on Sunday if they disturb no observers of Sunday. Theatrical and similar performances are forbidden under penalty of $500 fine and forfeiture of license.]

Ridiculous as the above provisions are when applied even to small towns, they become not only absurd but personally oppressiv when enforced in a large city, where most people hav but the one day for their recreation. The population of this city work, on an average, ten hours for six days in the week, and Sunday is the only time they can obtain to indulge in that relaxation without which life becomes an endless treadmill of work. The laws were passed very quietly, and great was the surprise when it was found that our police officials were contemplating enforcing them. All these laws had been on the statute books for years, but nobody ever paid any attention to them, except Crosby's society of fanatics, who occasionally endeavored to revive them. But now they are revived and applied to all the small tradesmen, while the corporations with money are allowed to do precisely as they hav been doing for years. The bootblack on the corner who tried to make a few pennies was summarily consigned to a cell, while the preacher in the pulpit, earning his hundred or more dollars, was allowed to go on, and protected by the same legal machinery that arrested the bootblack. Grocery stores, meat shops, barber shops, and all useful and necessary businesses were stopped, and whoever failed to supply themselvs on Saturday night, found their supplies cut off by the interference of ecclesiastical bigots, who, while preaching for pay themselvs, would not let honester men hav a chance to provide food for their families. And, not content with getting the old laws revived and trusting to the police to enforce them, they incorporated another religious society under the name of "Sunday Closing League," and had spies out all day reporting violations of their iniquitous laws.

The constitutionality of the law will undoubtedly soon be tested, several large firms having given notice that they should violate it for that purpose. The Corporation Counsel has already given a very liberal construction to it as to what are works of necessity. A New York court, Mr. Andrews says, held that taking a sick child to Staten Island for recreation was a work of necessity, and would not hold that a pleasure excursion of overworked laborers thither was otherwise. The words "tending lock on a canal" were held to imply necessary work. A statute of 1871 legalized contracts for advertisments published on Sundays. The Court of Appeals had held before that date that printing, selling, and distributing newspapers on Sunday was illegal, and that the proprietor of a newspaper could not recover for advertisments in the Sunday edition. The code, Mr. Andrews remarks, contains no new law. Some of the old laws that it re-enacts—like those in regard to driving on Sunday—hav long been practically a dead letter here. The question how far they shall now be revived and enforced must depend largely upon the decisions of the courts as to their meaning, and upon the support given to the police and prosecuting officers by judges, juries, and public opinion.

It is very safe to say that public opinion will not sustain the ecclesiastics in their new inquisition. The prohibitions are so distasteful and contrary to the general sentiment of the community that they hav long been disregarded in practice, and the statutes which contain them had become obsolete to all intents and purposes, especially in our larger cities. So long, says the *Sun*, as no attempt was made by the authorities to enforce the objectionable provisions of these antiquated Sunday laws the people were content to let them alone; and if anything at all was to be done with them they should hav been repealed, and the observance of Sunday in a decorous and suitable manner should hav been left to the good taste and discretion of the public.

Instead of adopting this course, however, the authors of the Penal Code saw fit to retain all the old and severe enactments which hav lately attracted so much attention, and the result has been an agitation in regard to the Sunday laws much greater than could possibly hav been brought about in any other way.

It is useless to deny that the re-enactment of these harsh laws has given them a fresh and additional sanction which renders them more oppressiv than they were before. The legislature has taken them up and passed them over again, and by so doing has approved, in substance, the principle upon which they are based. This is, that the religious observance of the first day of the week ought to be enforced by law. As though not satisfied with the manner of observing Sunday, which had become customary in the community, and which was certainly satisfactory to a majority of the people, the lawmakers restored and renewed, so far as they could, a lot of obsolete rules and regulations, which hav no reason in themselvs, and which the public do not want, and will not long tolerate.

To show that this view is correct, and that these obsolete laws hav gained fresh vigor by reason of their introduction into the new Penal Code, it is only necessary to refer to their effect upon the magistrates charged with the duty of enforcing them. Really, every police justice in this city was under just as much obligation to enforce the laws against Sabbath-breaking on the last Sunday in November as he was on the first Sunday in December. But he did not think so. A law fifty years old did not seem so mandatory as a statute passed this year. Nor was this effect unnatural. To the judicial mind, as to the people generally, the re-enactment of these provisions at this time has seemed like a declaration by the legislature that laws which had come to be deemed obsolete should be deemed obsolete no longer.

"Every provision in the new Penal Code ought immediately to be repealed which tends in any degree to make the observance of Sunday stricter than it was before, or to interfere with the liberty of persons to do what they like on that day, so long as their acts are otherwise lawful and are not productiv of unseemly disturbance.

"Any attempt strictly to enforce these provisions of the code, according to their letter, has a direct tendency to make the people dishonest. 'All manner of servil labor on the first day of the week is prohibited, excepting in works of necessity or charity,' says the code. Now, there is probably not a clergyman in New York, certainly not one who receives a large salary, who does not violate this provision every Sunday in the year, by procuring or allowing acts to be done for himself or his family, by domestic servants or others, which really amount to servil labor and nothing else. And so it is all through the community. The most religious, as well as those who are not religious at all, will disregard this law. People cannot be compelled to observe it; and the right thing to do with every statute of this sort is to repeal it.

"For a proper and becoming observance of Sunday or any other religious holiday, we should be content to rely upon the sentiments of the people, and not resort to the compulsion of the law."

That is sound doctrin, and if the clergy who wish to stop others from doing what they do would only giv heed to it, they would save themselvs from another set back. The nineteenth century is not the one in which ministers can control the personal walks of the people. That was done one hundred years ago, but citizens no longer hav the superstitious reverence for "the cloth" that they had then, and the result will be that the church will hav less influence than ever. Viewed in that light, this digging up of old laws will hav a good effect. They cannot touch the newspapers, and these will in time so enlighten the people that when the next ecclesiastical craze strikes the city they will sit down very hard upon the bigots.

This "Sunday Closing League" is the same kind of a society as Comstock's, and is fully as dangerous to the liberties of the people. If it can say now that none shall buy groceries or get shaved on Sunday, it will soon want to force everyone to attend some church, and we shall see people who absent themselvs fined and imprisoned as they were last Sunday for driving through the streets. It is very dangerous to clothe ecclesiastics with power, and this last move is well calculated to alarm honest men who love liberty and personal freedom.

Book Notices.

MORAL EDUCATION, ITS LAWS AND METHODS. Governments, churches, and colleges for many thousand years hav striven in vain to conquer crime, disease, and misery. A new method must therefore be adopted. If that method can be found in this volume, does it not indicate a better futnre for humanity? By Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M.D., author of many other works. Published by the author at $1.50.

We cannot hope to do full justice to this volume of 400 pages, but we are fully satisfied that it contains very much of importance to our time in the world. In his note to the reader the learned author speaks in this wise:

For more than a third of a century the doctrins illustrated in this volume hav been cherished by the author when there were few to sympathize with him. To-day there are thousands by whom many of these ideas are cherished, who are ready to welcome their expression, and whose enthusiastic approbation justifies the hope that these great truths may ere long pervade the educational system of the English-speaking race, and extend their beneficent power not only among European races, but among the oriental nations, who are rousing from the torpor of ages.

The author shows the defects in the systems of education in the past, and marks the superiority of the new system. It is pronounced extremely interesting by those who hav seen it, and is indorsed by the professor's wide circle of professional acquaintances.

The new method proposes an entire revolution in education to make it five times as efficient and comprehensiv as at present—not by enlarging the course of study, but by substituting general development for mere schooling.

Dr. Buchanan claims that mere intellectual and literary education, such as we hav had heretofore, does not improve the physical constitution, does not giv men practical ability and skill in useful vocations, by which they can earn a living, and does not make good citizens by elevating the moral character. But as these objects are really more important than literary education, he contends that they should receive as much attention as the literary studies at present pursued, and that instead of interfering with

intellectual education this broad culture will really greatly improve it.

1. There should be regular physiological culture to make a robust constitution, so that the health could be greatly improved by the education.

2. There should be hygienic and medical instruction for both sexes sufficient to qualify them to maintain their health and escape the majority of diseases which are known to be preventable.

3. There should be practical industrial education, so as to make each pupil a thorough and skilful master of one or more vocations by which he or she is to be supported through life. Experience shows that such training does not hinder or retard the study of literature and science, but that boys trained in work make better progress in their books, and in the formation of an honest, manly character.

4. The moral nature should be so cultivated as to eradicate all crimes and vices, and build up an honorable, benevolent, high-toned character. This duty has heretofore been neglected by the school and left to the church, but the church has made a total failure, as the statistics quoted by Prof. Buchanan show that, while colleges and churches hav been extending, crime and misery hav been increasing, for the last fifty years, in all civilized nations. The influence of mere intellectual education, without the moral and practical elements, has impaired both the physical constitution and the moral character.

Moral education united with the industrial (which is the backbone of moral culture) is shown in this work to be capable of revolutionizing society and bringing it up to a splendid condition by many examples of its success. This idea is presented very forcibly in a lecture given by Dr. Buchanan recently at Boston, introductory to the establishment of a new pantological university, based on these principles of which he offers to send a copy to any one who asks for it. The new university is to begin by opening the medical department this winter at Boston. Dr. Buchanan's address is 205 East Thirty-sixth street, New York, and he invites Liberal physicians and students to correspond with him.

Exit Preacher: Enter Actor.

From the American Art Journal.

George C. Miln is one of the marked men of the day. It took pluck to go from the pulpit to the stage, or rather to mount from the valley of shallow blame in which he found himself after leaving the pulpit; as it required pluck to speak honestly the opinions which led the Chicago Unitarians to urge him to step down and out.

That such opinions made his presence absurd in a ministry calling itself Christian is unquestionable; but the candor that made the avowal was most honorable. Mr. Miln's error was in supposing a Liberal congregation would sustain his heresies. The particular utterances which led to his upsetting are in two paragraphs of a sermon on "The Church; its Future." One paragraph relates to the personality of God, and is as follws:

> The individual will be permitted to cherish belief in a personal deity, but he will not be compelled to do so in order to hold his place in the church of the future. . . . The belief in a personal deity . . . "is susceptible of sensible demonstration." It is an inference satisfactory to one man, but unsatisfactory to his neighbor. . . . Many will adhere to the idea of a great world-soul as the energizing cause of the phenomenal universe. Others will say, as some now say, that if there be a personal God, so-called, he discovers a most amazing indifference to the incessant agony with which this world of ours fairly writhes. But neither the one speculation nor the other will be insisted upon as a basis of agreement.

It is a little amusing to find Mr. Miln condemned by Liberals for so mildly hinting his doubts of the divine personality, for Unitarian preachers are often found fault with by comparativly conservativ congregations for affirming that God is a personal being of intelligence and will. "Hot ice and wondrous seething snow." The same wind blows both north and south.

The other paragraph touches immortality.

> It will not be regarded as a belief essential to membership in the church of the future. . . . I am no stranger to the coffin and the grave. I hav stood in many homes of darkness. . . . If I could believe there were a future life, how gladly would I let loose my imagination to picture its possible glories! . . . But I cannot afford to deceive you, and so I say that, however beautiful the dream may be, the chance of its fulfilment seems to me remote and improbable.
>
> Science declares at least that for every thought which disturbs the brain there is a corresponding molecular change, showing the dependence of thought on matter. Even the boldest defenders of orthodoxy do not attempt to demonstrate the separability of mind and body; and the question of questions for us to decide is, if brain is the organ of mind—nay, if mind depends for its activity on brain-action—how will thought go on—how will brain-activity continue—when the brain, weary of its ceaseless toil, is laid at last to rest? "The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," still piques our curiosity, still defies our analysis, and still "puzzles our will." So I say of this, as of other speculativ beliefs, that they will not be insisted upon as a basis of agreement in the future.

This, too, is amusing. It is a common experience to hear doubts of immortality among Liberal church folks. But let not the clerical doubter imagin that such skepticism will be tolerated in his pulpit utterances.

"Do ye really mean it?" asked a stolid deacon of his pastor.

"Why, certainly," replied the minister; "didn't you hear me say so in the pulpit?"

"Well, yes, I heard ye say so, but I didn't suppose ye really meant it."

Strange to say, congregations want things said in the church which they avowedly disbelieve. I can well credit Mr. Miln's statement that members of his congregation fully agreed in private with their preacher's opinions, yet in public took the other side.

"What Bob Ingersoll says is true," said an intelligent young man, "but he ought not to be allowed to say it."

What I admired in Mr. Miln's pulpit course was his absolute frankness. The pulpits are full of preachers who by no means believe what they are supposed to believe. They may not speak with conscious dishonesty, but they use words with private meanings of which their hearers are ignorant.

In their parlors they express doubts and disbelief of common doctrins, but this does not crop out in their sermons.

"We know nothing about these matters," said a very activ pastor, speaking of God and the future life, yet he always preaches and prays as if he knew the whole story. Many affirm tacitly what a popular young minister said to a cluster of his brethren, "I suppose it is well understood that we all hav an *esoteric* gospel and an *exoteric* gospel—the esoteric which we believe in our studies, the exoteric that we preach to the people."

No Infidelity can be as bad as hypocrisy.

Before me lies a pamphlet containing a few lectures by Mr. Miln, from which the above extracts are taken.

His English is clear and strong. His statements are condensed. You can see in his sermons his love of the drama and Shakspere. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should take to the stage as to his nativ heath. His face, which he kindly sends me, is a fine one, though he has written against it "a horrible picture." In the *Alliance*, the weekly he now edits, there are breaths of untrammeled air. It used to be a religious weekly alone. Now it is wider in its range, much to the discomfort of some of its old subscribers, one of whom sends his paper back regularly, but does not send his address so that it can be stopped. The *Alliance* does not giv its own criticism upon Miln's acting, but quotes from various critics. As sailors dislike commanders who hav crept in through the cabin windows instead of emerging from the forecastle, so actors distrust a player who soars at once to the belt of stars. Mr. Miln has not served his technical apprenticeship, but he will thus escape many absurd traditions which a player absorbs almost unconsciously—as a coat, hanging in the ante-room of a lodge, becomes permeated with the fragrance of Eleusinian mysteries—to wit, the tyler's pipe.

On the whole Mr. Miln has won a hopeful criticism. His Hamlet is praised, if not his Iago, and at thirty a man has manhood before him. His handwriting shows the bold, free character of the man.

This he writes me:

> I hav been profoundly misunderstood by the populace and outrageously misrepresented as to my views and purposes. . . . Having reached the end of the theological road, I quietly stepped from a sphere which was no longer congenial.

He adds that he shall hardly visit Boston or New York without a different company, and the critics deplore his disadvantageous surroundings and support. Mr. Miln has met with no such failure as greeted—with gibes and a skedaddle—the efforts, in Boston not long ago, of a Rev. Doctor who essayed Othello. Indeed, Mr. Miln met with no failure, and every lover of dramatic art should wish him godspeed in his lofty aim, which is not only for himself, but for his comrades in his new profession. If women like Mary Anderson and Margaret Mather can vault at once into the queenly saddle, why may not a man begin with Hamlet and Richelieu?

> 'Tis said by Horace, to whose name be glory,
> There always *is* room in the upper story.

Mr. Miln is a Londoner by birth. He has the blood of three nations in his veins. One grandfather, and editor of the *Times*, was a French Huguenot; an ancestor was burnt at the stake in Scotland; a grandmother was a Welsh woman. His father came to America during the Rebellion, and lost his all by the Tallahassee privateer. At twenty Mr. Miln began to preach among the Methodists. Then he cast his lot among the Brooklyn Congregationalists. Outgrowing this coat also, he thought of studying law, but gave up that plan for his Chicago pastorate. Edwin Booth, whom he resembles, is his friend and adviser. W. H. Crane, the comedian, writes him a flattering letter. He has recently played an engagement in St. Paul. He says he shall play Bertuccio, Hamlet, and Richelieu, and leave Iago severely alone for the present. Henry E. Abbey praises him, and Wakeman, the northwestern critic, tempers the wind of journalism to the shorn parson. In hight Miln is four or five inches under six feet. In one way he is a Trinitarian. He says that good acting requires brain, culture, and feeling. When his present contract is over he will go abroad to study European actors.

W.

The Crime of the Nation.

The founders of this government refused to grant to Congress power to punish any offenses save treason, felonies on high seas, counterfeiting United States coins, etc., and offenses in the army, navy, and in districts exclusivly under United States jurisdiction. The Debates on the Constitution are full and clear on that matter. But Patrick Henry predicted Congress would assume power to punish any offense unless the provisions of Amendment No. 10 were made and incorporated in the Constitution, which also declares all enactments contrary to its provisions to be null and void and of no effect.

In a few years Congress, under lead of the old tory spirit, passed a bill to punish sedition, and a bill to punish for frauds committed on United States banks. This aroused the whole nation, and Jefferson and Madison drafted the celebrated resolutions of '98, that declare those acts of Congress null and void, because Congress has no power to punish any offenses except those named. Jefferson was elected president on the issue, and Congress receded from the steps taken by it.

How does it happen that to-day Congress has just passed a bill to punish masters of vessels for landing Chinamen on our coasts?

How is it that Congress punishes for selling tobacco or spirits, or manufacturing them contrary to the act of Congress? It punishes for all manner of frauds, burglaries, larcenies, assaults, forcible resistance to officers, killing them; for advertising business on prohibited paper; for neglecting to use stamps, or to erase them on papers, boxes, barrels; for sending papers prohibited through mails; for charging fees in certain cases, and for embezzlement, and for a thousand other offenses made by act of Congress.

How was it, Mr. Editor, that you were tried and imprisoned by Congress law for sending a pamphlet by mail?

Reading Jefferson's letters, I hav just come across one in reference to this same illegal punishing by Congress, dated September 26, 1798, to Mr. Rowan, in which he says, "The *habeas corpus* secures every man here, alien or citizen, against everything which is not law, whatever shape it may assume." It does so no longer, else why in your case, and those of the thousands of others illegally punished of late, was it not applied for?

It has been construed away. In most cases, from the United States district courts there is no appeal. The accused may be dragged from his county hundreds of miles and tried by juries not of the vicinage, therefore not juries at all. He is compelled to find security, go and come, carry his securities and witnesses, all at his own expense. Mere accusation itself is a dreadful calamity. If acquitted, he is never reimbursed. Higher courts will refuse to issue *habeas corpus*, because the court of trial has jurisdiction, or for some other cause coming within the exceptions of the H. C. act. To enforce these statutes a multitude or spies called agents are necessary. These men liv by blackmail. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his report for the year 1881, says, "Numerous prosecutions hav been instituted for most trivial violations of law, and arrested parties taken long distances and put to great inconveniences and expense, apparently for no other reason than to make costs."

What a grand spectacle! A great nation dragging individuals before its courts as criminals, all done in plain violation of its organic law! Which is the real criminal—the poor accused or the great nation? All the crimes of the decalog committed in one day by individuals do not equal the intense guilt of one deliberate violation of the Constitution. I call on truth seekers everywhere all over the land to consider this. The intent of the law, where there can be any doubt, is to be gathered from the intentions expressed by the lawmakers; the debates and writings of the founders prove their design was to prevent this very abuse of taking people from their counties. They therefore clearly state that they giv to Congress power to punish only the few offenses named. Other offenses against property or officers of the United States were to be punished by the states. Moreover, we can see that every act of Congress that requires such punishing by Congress is in itself unnecessary or arbitrary, and we were better without it.

One false step by Congress calls for others to bolster and sustain it, until finally all our dearest liberties are at the mercy of some thief or forty thousand government officials. They understand and correspond with each other. Bureaus, commissions, and secretaries correspond with courts to advise and instruct. So complete is the network woven over us that at one blow, by one order, the executiv of the nation (as Hayes said, "Of the party which I represent") could hav twenty or more leading men in every county of this Union arrested and dragged hundreds of miles from his home.

But we are a law-abiding people—can't tolerate the word rebel, and every act of Congress is law, so we are taught to believe. A few earnest truth-seekers might open the people's eyes if they would.

HOLT.

Communications.

Now Let Mr. Sunderland Elucidate.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I would not deprive LaRoy Sunderland of his ecstatic joy in ringing his changes on that common word, "mystery," when applied to the poor Spiritualist, if I could. On the contrary, I would fain make him happy over the term in other departments of nature. Let him elucidate any of the most common phenomena around us to the point of freeing them from all mystery. Let him begin with grass and go to the bottom of the matter. I hope he'll dissect and expound, to his own logical mind at least, the inherent attributes of the eternal cause that has resulted in making "grass grow" on our planet. Let him analyze a link in that chain of cause and effect, coming from the eternal past, that was forged so long ago that the surface of the earth would be inadequate to contain an infinitesimal part of the figures that would be required to express the eons of time that hav since rolled away. When that is accomplished he will not hav fairly begun. All beyond will be no less mysterious. Or let him take fire and giv its latest scientific analysis, and he will be as far from dispelling its mysterious origin or intrinsic qualities as the boy was who simply declared that "fire burns because it is so darned hot."

I was a subscriber to Mr. Sunderland's *Magnet*, a monthly published forty years ago, more or less. It was a mystic magazine, yet containing much truth, probably. Yes, mystery is everywhere. But if any one wishes to see "mystification" worse "mystified" he is commended to LaRoy's "mysterious" hobby, "Ideology."

A screw must be loose in either the mental or moral machinery of one who, like Mr. Sunderland, declares that Spiritualists are insane, when such men as Hare, Mapes, Sargent, Garrison, Lincoln, Wallace, Crookes, Zollner, and thousands of others who will not suffer in any respect when compared to Mr. Sunderland, were or are Spiritualists.

Memphis, Mo., Nov. 16, 282. Stephen Young.

"Cynical Carlyle."

If cynicism really was a distinguishing feature in the character of the great author, shall we accept the bare fact and malign accordingly, or with the more gracious charity inquire the reasons? Apart from the alleged malady tendered as an excuse by his friends for his mental distemper, there were evidently other causes co-operating to produce and irritate the one so much complained of. If "boiled grass and meal husks" could furnish a text for a national revolt, it is not strange that the like unsavory pabulum often forced upon him as an intellectual repast should provoke revolt in a mind hungering for the rich succulence of rational thought and the rare vintage of congeniality. While he was honored by many visitors, they were not always such as would admire and understand him, but too often were curiosity-seekers or a kind of parasitic idlers, who thought to add to their own importance by admittance to the presence of celebrity. Although his greatness was inherent, it was by dint of severe labor that the world was brought to know it, and it is not surprising if untimely interruptions did something to both engender and elicit repellent qualities. We all know that to preserve an unruffled composure upon all occasions is not the easiest thing in the world. To be compelled, as Carlyle often was, to entertain those alike averse to his sentiments and indifferent to his interests, made, as it were, a sufferer by sheer effrontery, ought to prove fatal to any patience. Realizing a fact not generally conceded, that words are of small moment unsupported by a principle, he cared as little for their shallow platitudes as they for his splendid genius; and though he may hav cured a few ills by the defensiv armor of a brusque demeanor, it is presumed ills no less grievous shared interment with his remains. Time with such as he was is of the utmost value, and to defraud him of that defrauded him of reputation as well. The rare gems of thought, brilliant ideas, and glowing imagery escaping beyond recovery was an impoverishment that he might hav computed, though the world never will. The broad statement that an overwhelming majority of the race are fools, if not complimentary, is at all events pretty well corroborated; and as it was not possible for him to exterminate this prolific species of animal, to make his intrusion a penal offense cannot be designated unpardonable. Regretting that he was not more munificent in his justification of resistance to tyrants, we must still thank him for taking his place among the meager rank and file of unpopular thought, and with true military skill crossing swords with his opponents. The mind that is not more or less obsequious to public opinion is indeed unusual, and that Carlyle was not more so makes him the hero that he is. Being, as he manifestly was in a measure, subjectiv to this restrictiv influence, against which his better nature must hav contended, the contest was surely trying to his intensely nervous temperament.

Leaving graver charges to be more seriously dealt with, the annoying infringements mentioned may serve as a partial palliation for his sometimes trenching upon fastidious requirements and exacting formulas. Old Virginia.

Concord, Ky.

So, or Not So.

Is human testimony able to establish a doubtful statement? I wish to show how shamefully incredulous and unreasonable some persons act respecting a matter. Nor are they illiterate people to whom I refer. Many of them are cultivated and are accustomed to reason on most subjects.

In examining facts we are obliged to accept the testimony of others as to a great many things. One is very unreasonable to say he will believe only what he himself witnesses. The great mass of people are forever excluded from the opportunity of testing for themselvs. They accept the Copernican theory, the Newtonian theory of gravity, on others' testimony.

Respecting so-called miracles there are some who to-day repeat the specious fallacy of Hume. Yet a very little reflection will show its falsity to be as transparent as the saying "wisdom of our ancestors," or the "after which, on account of which" of the logicians. Either human testimony can establish any statement it may support, or it is not competent to establish anything so far as we are concerned. Let us take Spiritualism for instance. If the educated reader will reflect a moment he will agree with me, I think. The testimony furnished by such names as Judge Edmonds, Drs. Grey and Dexter, Gov. Talmage, Profs. Mapes, Crookes, Huggins, and Wallace; by the committee of the London Dialectical Society; by the thousands of names appended to the petition to Congress in April, 1854; by the at least ten thousand other competent, credible witnesses of character far above the average, ought to suffice. Moreover, the character of the phenomena is so varied as to meet every conceivable objection, being physical, mental, appealing to every sense, in daylight or dark, musical, oratorical, past-telling and foretelling, feats the most trivial and contemptible, and again the most wonderful and terrible. To entirely discredit, after a study of the proofs, one's stolidity and conceit must approximate the asinin of that professor who has so elaborately taught us we are not qualified to trust our own senses as witnesses for the facts, yet never informing us why then we should trust them against the facts, and leaving us to infer that he alone of all the world is the only true expert.

I venture to say that never in this world has there been such a complete and monstrous mass of proof concerning any subject. The mind is simply overwhelmed at its contemplation. The testimony would be impossible to sustain a falsehood.

Oregon, Mo., Nov. 5, 1882. Clark Irvine.

"A Truth Seeker Around the World."

Dear Friend Bennett: I hav just finished reviewing volume III. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and am greatly delighted with it. The illustrations are very valuable, because they show exactly how the reality appears, which words never can do. We see the Hindoo women and the Indian weavers with their odd-looking looms; the heathen temples, with all their varied and grand architecture; the curious-looking gods, that are worshiped with the same honest, earnest sincerity that Christians worship their *ideal* deities. We see the far-famed Ganges lying peaceful and quiet, with its margins of strange-looking plants, grasses, and trees. We see the tea plantations, the tea-pickers, and the process of drying the tea, and wonder to ourselvs how the tea tastes that is valued at twenty dollars a pound. We see the palanquin looking precisely as it used to in our old school geographies, for the Chinese are almost a stationary people in their habits and ways. We see the great car of Juggernaut, and poor, ignorant devotees lying stretched out in its track patiently waiting for martyrdom beneath its enormous weight. We see trees, fruits, and landscapes of these far-off pleasant heathen climes, all looking like pictures of dream-land, so different are they from our own home-scenes, places, and faces. One sketch, "In the Mountains of Ceylon," represents a youth and maiden walking by the water's edge, and perchance discoursing of the old, old story —ever new and beautiful to the new ears that listen to its impassioned utterances of love and devotion.

I think if thee had never published any other books but these they alone would hav immortalized thee, so graphically, artistically, and yet simply is everything narrated, so honestly, too, is the pro and con of it all put before the reader.

The chapters on Occultism interest me deeply, and yet I cannot but think the whole thing some well-devised thaumaturgic operation. I cannot believe that mind can move matter. I'm sure mine never has. Nevertheless it is a privilege to read and know what others hav seen and heard and read, though we fail to comprehend all the processes that produced the events narrated.

In a week or two I shall send the $1.50 for the last volume. Of course, every one who has the rest will want this, as the series will be incomplete without it, and besides this, every one will want to hear about Japan, one of the most interesting countries of the world, and to read of all the places and people thee visited in California, and through the rest of the route on to New York, and the glorious reception there, and will also want the index to the four volumes. I think any one who has read these books can appreciate the lines of Whitman:

I see male and female everywhere,
I see the serene brotherhood of philosophs,
I see the constructivness of my race,
I see the result of the perseverance and industry of my race,
I see ranks, colors, barbarisms, civilizations. I go among them
—I mix indiscriminately,
And I salute all the inhabitants of the earth.
—*Leaves of Grass.*

Elmina Drake Slenker.

Snowville, Va., Nov. 24, 282.

Spurious Epistles of Paul.

If the following passage was written by Paul, then our claim that he lived 63 B.C. must be given up:

Jesus, the Messiah, who attested a good confession before Pontius Pilate (1 Tim, vi, 13).*

But the whole epistle is declared spurious by the following eminent authorities: Schleiermacher, Eichhorn, DeWette, Baur Usteri, Luecke, Neander, Bleek, Rudow; and though most of these do not giv up the authenticity of 2 Timothy and Titus, yet the critics of the Tubingen school do, while orthodox scholars, like Ewald, Mangold, Mey, and Holtzmann favor the supposititious character of all three epistles. The argument is fully presented in Davidson's "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament," pp. 144–185.

It is enough for our purpose that the first epistle to Timothy is spurious; but Dr. Davidson argues that the other two cannot with any logical consistency be saved from the same fate.

The chronological order of the epistles is: Titus, 2 Timothy, 1 Timothy. Schleiermacher, who died 1834, made the first formal attack on the authenticity of 1 Timothy, which he believed to be compiled out of 2 Timothy and Titus. Davidson finds no trace of the epistles prior to A.D. 130, but thinks they may hav been written as early as 120.

No other mention of Pontius Pilate, or of any event occuring about his time, is to be found in any of the New Testament epistles or in the apocalyps. The anointed savior (*mashiach Jeshu—christos Iesous*) of these books cannot be identified with the Jesus of the gospels, except in the spurious first epistle to Timothy. Antichrist.

*We quote from the Peshito or Syriac version of the New Testament, translated into English by the late Rev. James Murdock, D.D., of New Haven, and published in 1851. All our quotations will be made from this version for reasons given in the appendix of Dr. Murdock's English translation. Briefly, those reasons are: 1, It is the purest of all versions; 2, The Syriac is the language in which the greater part of the New Testament was originally written; 3, It is the language which Jesus and the apostles spoke; 4, The Syriac or Peshito version was formed at the very commencement of the Christian church. N.B.—The above reasons are in the exact words of various eminent Christian authorities from 1568 to the present time. See aforesaid appendix, or chap. vi of our "Life of Simon Kepha" when published.

The Old and the New World.

From the New York Ledger.

The notion generally prevails that America is more distinctivly modern than the other quarters of the earth, and it goes popularly by the name of "the New World." It is also assumed that whatever culture and civilization exists on this side of the globe is an importation from some part of Europe. It is true that when Columbus is said to hav discovered America—it had been visited by the Northmen long before, but their explorations came to nothing—that portion of the country which most of us inhabit was an uncultivated wilderness; but there were other regions, in both North and South America, where for thousands of years a civilization had flourished which, in some respects, was in advance of that on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the Old World Egypt was "the cradle of civilization," and the points of resemblance between that wonderful land and certain nations that existed on this continent ages ago are most strikiug. Mexico more truly deserved to be called "the land of pyramids" than Egypt, for they were far more numerous in Mexico than they were in the land of the Nile, and in some cases very much larger. The most gigantic structure of this sort in Egypt is known by the name of Cheops, and it is 746 feet square, covering an area of eleven acres. The pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, as measured by Humboldt, is 1,400 feet square at the base, and covers forty-five acres. The construction is substantially the same in both countries, the pyramids being built of hewn stone, originally covered with cement, and penetrated by small galleries, with openings at some distance above the base. They appear to hav been applied to the same uses as tombs, temples, and observatories, and face the four points of the compass.

Populous cities were to be seen on this continent, laid out with the highest engineering skill in streets,

and court-yards, and parks, and gardens, and the houses adorned with rich and costly furniture, graceful draperies, gold and silver ornaments, and ceramic wares of the nicest finish and most artistic designs. The temples of religion were magnificent beyond description; immense reservoirs were constructed for the public benefit, and supplied with water from the mountains by substantial aqueducts; the walls of massiv prisons are still standing in good preservation; the markets were supplied with fresh provisions by means of "fast expresses;" cotton was abundant and cheap, and the calicoes that were woven and printed a thousand years ago still retain the freshness of their colors; the same tools were in use that we are familiar with, and many of the same implements of war, and a great variety of musical instruments; coins were employed as currency; agriculture was reduced to a science, and the process of irrigation carried to the highest perfection. The inca, or emperor, identified himself with the work of the husbandman by officiating at grand processions and ceremonials in the temple at the opening of the spring and the close of the harvest.

The facilities for traveling were perhaps the most stupendous feature in that ancient civilization. Carefully constructed roads, from 1,500 to 2,000 miles in length, were opened in Peru, with hotels and post-houses at little intervals, where relays of horses were always kept in readiness for the traveler; these roads were carried over a most precipitous and mountainous country, where deep ravines and low-lying rivers had to be crossed by long suspension bridges, sometimes hundreds of feet from the water. What country was there in Europe at the time of the Middle Ages that could boast of such works as these?

The social condition of some of these old American people was, in certain respects, far in advance of that existing in many parts of Europe. In Peru, for instance, there was no abject poverty and no oppression of the government fell heavily upon the laboring classes. Provision by law was made for the families of those who were slain in war, for widows and orphans deprived of their means of support, for the sick and maimed and decrepit. Abundant supplies of grain were always kept in the public store-houses, as a provision in case of famin. Courts of justice existed for the trial and punishment of offenders, and—unlike what we sometimes see nearer home—the laws were rigidly and impartially administered.

The resemblances between the religious ages of the New and the Old World are most extraordinary. The Americans recognized the sun, moon, and planets as the representativs of divinity—they believed in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body—embalming the dead body as the Egyptians did; they had a regular order of priesthood, and a magnificent ritual; like the Roman Augurs, the priests predicted the future from an examination of the entrails of animals slain in sacrifice. There were orders of women vowed to celibacy—vestal virgins or nuns—and the violation of their vows was punished by burning them alive, as was the practice at one time in Europe. The second table of the Ten Commandments was, in substance, the basis of the moral code and of the civil law. The Peruvian high priest alone was allowed to enter the Holy of Holies, and, as was the custom among the Jews, he ate the flesh of the sacrifice offered as an atonement, poured the blood upon the ground, and sprinkled it upon stones and walls, and also upon persons. The rainbow was regarded as a sign that the earth would never again be destroyed by a deluge. Water was poured upon the head of children soon after their birth, and then the mouth and breast were touched by the moistened fingers, and a prayer was offered to the effect that the water "may destroy in thee and put away from thee all the things evil and adverse that were given thee before the beginning of the world." Then it was said over the child: "Now does it liv anew, and anew it is born; now again it is purified and cleansed."

Among the other extraordinary resemblances in the old civilization of America to that of our European progenitors may be mentioned the fact that they divided the year into twelve months and counted by tens. The trade of the father descended to the son, bards and minstrels sang at the great festivals, toasts were drank and good health invoked, triumphal arches were erected to commemorate a victory, and the path of the returning conquerors was strewed with leaves and flowers. Fashionable people made their social calls in the same sort of old-fashioned sedan-chairs that once abounded in the streets of London.

If I had room I might go on to multiply these points of resemblance almost indefinitly, but enough has been said to provoke the question, "How are we to account for such a condition of society on a continent which our European forefathers had never heard of, and more especially for the extraordinary similarity that existed in the usages and opinions of the Western and the Eastern nations, which had never been presumed to hav been brought in contact with each other?"

One thing is certain, they must hav had a common inheritance, and in the beginning started from the same source.

Truth.—A Poem in Three Parts.

CANTO XI.

Spirit philosophy is most sublime
Of all religions since the birth of Time.
That unfleshed spirits often with us stay
To drive our sorrows, cares, and fears away;
That loving friends who passed from mortal sight
Are often with us, both by day and night.
Our spirit friends are infinitly dear
When we do realize their presencé here.

They giv us warning of impending ills,
With joy and happiness our bosom thrills.
They come to comfort us, both night and day,
Amid the sorrows of our earthly way;
And when life's journey, toils, and cares are past,
Conduct us to their happy homes at last.
How joyful for the poor and oppressed
In spirit worlds to be forever blest!

Though dearest friends hav all gone on before
We hope to meet where parting is no more;
True skeptics then will never more complain
When they do find their long-lost friends again.
And Infidels will never, never doubt
When they hav found the laws of nature out.
"Winter"—who takes a superficial view
Beyond the grave—will be a spirit, too!

Lands of immortals and unfading flowers,
Ambrosial fruits and aromatic bowers,
Celestial lands of everlasting love,
Delightful "mansions" in bright worlds above,
Where perfect beings, beautiful as light,
Fill human spirits with supreme delight,
And shining rivers—seas as smooth as glass—
Reflect the lovely beings as they pass!

Grand trees of life, down by the river side,
Where flowers bloom and waters gently glide,
In lovely mansions mid the flowers here
Our dearest friends of early life appear,
And introduce us to the shining bands
In spirit gardens in the summer-lands;
Sweet strains of music, no discordant sound,
Infinit joy and happiness abound.

In robes of white the joyful millions shine,
Always progressing, they become divine,
Surpassing gods in beauty and in grace,
Pefected bliss in every loveiy face.
Youth, beauty, grace, and love the hours beguile,
And glorv beams in each angelic smile;
Each joyful spirit its true mate will find
Adapted to each pure progressiv mind;
Together the grand universe explore,
Upward and onward, thus, forevermore.

CANTO XII.

Oh! what a grand delightful truth is this,
We hasten to the perfect worlds of bliss.
Immortal lands of beatific light,
Effulgent glory, glittering and bright,
With highest intellects, the most profound,
And the vast universe revolving round!
And higher thoughts expand and fill the soul,
While age on age in endless cycles roll.

There unfleshed spirits in supreme delight
Soar over the wide celestial fields of light;
Rivers and seas, as smooth as shining glass,
Reflect angelic beings as they pass,
And soar above those great cerulean plains,
Where intellectual perfection reigns,
And lovely beings from all worlds in space
Do hasten to this dear, delightful place.

And from this earth are spirits coming fast,
Through gates celestial they are crowding past;
The joy and happiness of all complete,
For each arrival on the golden street.
No fiction ever was conceived so grand
As souls progressing in the spirit land.
From world to world in ecstasy they soar,
And the grand universe with zeal explore.

And this unfolds new powers of the mind,
Thus spirit intellects become refined;
Knowledge increases as the ages roll,
This satisfies the pure expanding soul.
Grand panoramas of all worlds in sight
Giv new sensations of supreme delight;
The lovely universe refines and moves,
And all profound intelligence approves.

Laws of the universe, sublime and grand,
Will bring delinquents to their nativ land,
Where pain and sickness, sorrow, sin, and strife
Will be exchanged for everlasting life;
Exchanged for love and ever-blooming flowers,
Rivers and plains, celestial groves and bowers.
Perfect, immortal, everlasting bliss
Will make amends for severed friends in this.

When all the raging storms of life are past,
And worms hav changed to butterflies at last,
Join the grand millions who hav gone before,
Where tears and sorrows will be known no more.
O spirit land of ever-blooming flowers!
When will that grand inheritance be ours?
O sacred Truth! O precious, soothing balm!
For storms of life, an everlasting calm?

CANTO XIII.

Our long-ago unfleshed, departed friends
Await our coming, when life's journey ends,
Where lovely flowers always are in bloom,
And fill the mausions with their sweet perfume.
Our spirit powers, blooming one by one—
Whose first unfoldment were on earth begun—
In spirit lands unto perfection brought,
Become the cherubim's and seraph's thought.

O sacred truth! O grand and lovely theme,
Which separates the real from the dream!
Eternal truth be our unerring guide,
While spirits in the body we abide.
Till "born again," our happy spirits rise
To pure, serene, celestial, cloudless skies.

Then cruel creeds can nevermore control
The highest aspirations of the soul.

The erring creeds of bigots we forsake,
The chains of ancient superstitions break.
From nature and philosophy we trace
The past and future progress of the race.
We thus obtain a spiritual life,
Free from all doubts, anxieties, and strife;
Lay up a treasure that will never rust,
When mortal bodies mingle with the dust.

Be ours to listen to the gods within,
And keep our minds from doubting and from sin,
And calmly wait for that delightful change
When we the grand old universe will range.
Delightful truth and prospect so divine
For thee, O man, to know that this is thine—
That thou wilt yet the universe explore
With the vast billions who hav gone before!

'Tis ours now the universe to scan—
Giv truth and science to the coming man.
Let all the nations understand and see
Our institutions and our minds are free.
Laws of the universe hav all the powers
Of perfect spirits in celestial bowers,
And while the perfect universe endures,
Its law man's final happiness secures.

What sometimes unto man seems dark and drear
In spirit worlds will doubtless disappear;
Mankind will see with clear, celestial sight,
Laws of the universe exactly right;
And unbelievers will no more complain
When they do find the loved and lost again.
Profound intelligences all approve,
While rolling years, decades, and ages move,

CANTO XIV.

Truth changes not like all of earthly things;
Death lays his cold and icy hand on kings,
And in the dust are undistinguished laid,
The crown and scepter with the humble spade.
When states and nations, kings and kingdoms, fall,
Eternal truth will triumph over all.
And this is truth, the laws of matter will
Man's highest aspirations all fulfil.

The bones of monarchs, emperors, and kings
Molder and mingle with all meaner things;
Kingdoms and states and empires all decay—
All earthly things in time will pass away,
But sacred truth will triumph to the last,
Till mundane glory is forever past.
When gods and creeds and Christian tyrants fail
Eternal truth will finally prevail.

Whatever Jew or Gentile may proclaim,
From laws of nature all existence came.
The origin of gods and man is fire;
Without the suns the gods would all expire.
Our dazzling sun produces all we see.
This is the law throughout immensity,
And we repeat, man's origin is fire;
Without the suns the gods would all expire.

Death of the gods will bring eternal peace,
And persecutions will forever cease;
Preachers and spirits will employment find—
Become a real blessing to mankind.
This is the highest thought of thinking man.
All things are good enough without a plan;
The grand old universe is good and sure,
And its progression always will endure.

All human spirits will survive to see
The end of discord—perfect harmony.
We dearly love a good and moral life,
Free from all error, bigotry, and strife.
If there is not a future state of bliss,
We try to make a noble use of this.
A future state or not, no skeptic will,
By Jesus' orders, murder, slay, and kill.

If there are gods, they must be good as man,
And do for all the very best they can.
If there's no god but nature, life, and force,
There is no endless punishment, of course.
Saints go to hell or heaven and rejoice—
Christ pays their money, and they take their choice.
Halls, temples, palaces, and churches grand
Will crumble down by Time's consuming hand;
But sacred truth will triumph to the last—
Till mundane glory is forever past.

CANTO XV.

All nations should, by love and union here,
Now be preparing for a higher sphere—
Stop all oppression, mankind happy make,
Become philosophers for goodness' sake;
Learn from the skeptics not to persecute;
Produce, like Infidels, the best of fruit.
Upward and onward skeptic minds expand,
To an existence infinitly grand.

TRUTH SEEKER patrons, cling unto the truth.
In all life's stages—manhood, age, and youth—
Defending truth, you nobly lead the van;
You carry forward the reforms of man.
Truth still advances, greater light appears,
Always progressing with the rolling years.
Be truth alone your everlasting shield,
Till persecutors and oppressors yield.

The truth will flourish with all noble men—
Truth crushed to earth will always rise again.
That perfect adage never yet did fail,
Great is the truth, and will at last prevail.
The laws of nature let us now obey—
Liv in the sunshine of the present day.
Let matter, mind, and reason harmonize,
Till spirits reach their nativ kindred skies.

When dying strife obstructs the failing breath,
When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death,
Truth will sustain the moral and the just—
Grace their last moments with a perfect trust;
And when the storms of mortal life are o'er,
Join the grand millions who hav gone before.
Truth givs this hope, this precious soothing balm:
For storms of life, an everlasting calm.

THE END.

Letters from Friends.

WALLA WALLA, WASH. TER., NOV. 3, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8.25 Please apply $1.75 to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $6.50 for "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Yours, E. KIMBALL.

TOMS RIVER, N. J., NOV. 26, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your exemplary and straightforward course in stamping out errors and educating and liberating humanity deserves the full support of all Liberals. Please find inclosed my check for $7.60. Wishing you long life, health, and eternal happiness, I remain, Yours for the truth,

THEO. HIRSCH.

ANGELICA, N. Y., NOV. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5—$1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." The balance credit to book account. As some friends hav suggested that you should make a tour of the United States and write up your impressions, I should like to "second the motion" and subscribe for the same. Yours, etc., J. T. BROWN.

EASTMANVILLE, MICH., NOV. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, $2.50 to pay on subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, $2 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" and postage on the same; for balance send me one copy of "Crimes of Preachers," and one copy of "Answers to Christian Questions."

Truly and sincerely yours, GEO. W. AMIGH.

BRUNSWICK, MO., NOV. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to pay for the the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" and my paper for 1883. Please send me the "Crimes of Preachers," last edition. As you see, my hand is very unsteady. Am well up to the time to pass in my checks. I am seventy-one years old, but hav no fear of the future. Yours with more than well-earned respect, WM. TYLER.

LA CROSSE, WIS., NOV. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a draft for $3.15 for another year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER and W. S. Bell's "Liberty and Morality." I send you $3 for the paper because I think it is little enough for the amount of reading you furnish. I sent the $1.50 some time ago for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." J. PETTY.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars to pay for two copies of Volume IV. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." My Liberal library would not be complete without them. I, for one, was not in favor of friend Bennett taking this long and might-be dangerous trip for one of his years; but he has safely returned, greeted by his many friends. Long may he liv! His printed letters are a monument as lasting as time. Truly yours,

O. F. GREEN.

BUCHANAN, MICH., NOV. 15, 8 82.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to apply to my subscription. I don't want to do without THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as my eyesight lasts, and I expect it to hold good for a few years yet. I am now seventy-eight years old, and it is great encouragement to me to witness the immense progress that has been made in the cause of mental liberty during the last few years. I hope you will liv many years yet to battle for Freethought and free speech.

Yours truly, JOSEPH COVENEY.

BIG STONE CITY, DAK., NOV. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Your "Truth Seeker Around the World," Vol. III., received. Please find inclosed $1.50 for Vol. IV. No use for me to say the four volumes are cheap at double the cost, for you know full well yourself they are. Hoping you may (as several hav written you) take a lecturing trip around the United States and visit the northwest, for you hav many friends here who would be glad to shake you by the hand (of course, you want to rest a spell ere you start), I remain, Yours very truly,

C. PUDER.

AYER, MASS., NOV. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find the price of your fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." The story and my library would not be complete without it. Though cheap in price it is rich in historic facts, seen by an unprejudiced eye. Where others hav "seen through a glass darkly," yours has been the clear vision of natural sight, both diffusing and getting the light of reason. When works, instead of faith and profession, are the test of goodness the world will be far in advance of what it now is. Yours, E. MYRICK.

BUSHNELL, ILL., NOV. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5; $3 for my subscription for 1883. It should hav been forwarded a month ago, but I hav been trying to get you a new subscriber. I want your fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Hav received the first two, and am much pleased with them. I think your reduction will pay in the end. I will get you some new subscribers if possible, but orthodoxy has got the most of them; but we are gaining every year. Yours for truth, DWIGHT WARREN.

TAMA CITY, IOWA, NOV. 20, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to apply on my subscription. I suppose you passed through this town on your way home from your trip around the world. If I had known it at the time I should hav been at the depot to take a good look at you. I regret that I was not able to subscribe toward sending you on your journey round the world. I hav just read your reply to John Storer Cobb on the Heywood matter, and am highly pleased with your views on that subject. With best wishes for your success and welfare, I remain, Yours truly, E. S. BECKLEY.

PERRYSVILLE, PA., NOV. 22, 282.

MR. EDITOR: The last order of books has come to hand, also the third volume of your travels around the world. Receive inclosed $9, for which send me the following books: The four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" and two volumes of Burns's Poems. We are Scotch, and mean these books for a birthday present for two of our grandchildren. If you hav an edition which you consider better than this, send it on, and we will pay the difference of the price when we write again.

Your friend, JAMES BEVERIDGE.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., NOV. 27, 1882.

Mr. EDITOR: You may send me Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science," and "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Should you make a tour of North America you may put me down as a subscriber. I like your "Truth Seeker Around the World" very much. I suppose you are in your new place by this time, all settled and hard at work. I don't see how you can write so much in so short a time. You excel everything that I ever read in this way, and I think fully equal in quality. W. D. CURTIS, JR.

LOST CREEK, TENN., NOV. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I received the third volume of your book, "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and also want the fourth and last volume. Please find inclosed $1.50, your price for the last volume, which you will direct as before.

I am highly pleased with the work, which I esteem above all others I ever read. although I hav not read them all yet. Hoping I will receive the last volume in due time as promptly as I did the other three volumes, I will ever remain your friend and admirer, etc. Yours fraternally, JOHN DUNLAP.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., NOV. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4.50; $3 for one year's subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER and $1.50 for Vol. IV. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I received Vol. III. to-day. The people of our city and vicinity had the honor on the 16th inst. to listen to Col. Ingersoll's great reply to Talmage. His lecture was listened to by 1,500 people to their greatest satisfaction. There is no mistake, Col. Ingersoll is the greatest orator of the present day. Wishing you, Mr. Bennett, and all friends of liberty success in the fight for liberty and freedom, I remain very respectfully yours, A. HILDEBRANDT.

WYOMING, IOWA, NOV. 25, E.M., 282.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received three volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I told you if I got the books all right, and you got home, you should hav five dollars extra from me. I thought you would deserve it, and now I inclose $10.50—$5 extra for the three volumes, $2.50 on subscription for 1883, $1.50 for the fourth volume for myself, and $1.50 to pay for the fourth volume for J. K. Conway of this place. I wish every person who is able that has received the round-the-world books would send you an extra "V." ABNER KIMBALL.

AUBURN, N. Y., NOV. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I was, with your numerous friends, exceedingly happy at your safe and welcome return to your home and field of labor where you hav so untiringly and faithfully wrought for the present and future benefit of the human family. I feel, for one, that we hav a true and competent exponent of our noble cause and must succeed.

Inclosed is $12 to be appropriated as follows: The four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" to M. C. Tucker, Lyons, N. Y.; the fourth volume to Jacob Buckeneer, Lyons, N. Y., and the fourth volume to Dr. C. B. Tucker, Auburn, N. Y., and the balance to my credit on the paper for 1883.

Fraternally yours, DR. C. B. TUCKER.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, NOV. 23, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It seems a shame that a letter of "Welcome Home" has been so long delayed by one of your most earnest friends and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I feel ashamed of myself for not sending my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER long before this, but, did you know all, that cutting circular would not hav come to me. This year has been a bad one for me—often without absolute necessities.

Volume III. of "A Truth Seeker Around h e World" has just come to hand. I am surprised it has come so promptly. Often my TRUTH SEEKER has failed to reach me on time. I get so excited over this condition of the mails that I feel like cursing a blue streak to think that voters will permit such derangements in their affairs. Yours truly,

MRS. H. M. LYNDOLL.

SCOTIA, NEB., NOV. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Business first and pleasure afterward. I inclose $5—$2.50 for TRUTH SEEKER for 1883, $1.50 for volume four of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and for the balance left in your hands please send me one dollar's worth of books. I will trust to your judgment to select if you decide to send books.

Isn't Mr. D. M. Bennett just a little bit queer or occult when he calls Yahweh a myth, and ccuses him at the same time of crime? As though a nonentity could commit crimes, be blood-thirsty, etc.!

A. S. KELLOGGS.

[Of course we believe in the existence of no such character, but take the one that is given him and comment upon it.—ED. T. S.]

FRANKFORT, MICH., NOV. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received the third volume of your trip around the world, and I am more than pleased with the set. I note your circular in relation to the fourth volume to complete the set, and here inclose the required amount for same.

As I desire some other publications I hav seen advertised in your valuable paper, also to renew my subscription, which will soon expire, I inclose post-office order for $13, to be applied as follows: Subscription for TRUTH SEEKER, $2 50; fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World, $1.50; "History of Civilization in England" (Buckle), cloth, 2 vols., $5; "History of Woman Suffrage," 2d vol. (edited by Mmes. Stanton, Anthony & Gage), $5. I hav the first volume, and want only the second. Send by mail. Yours very truly, N. A. PARKER.

CARROLLTON, ILL., NOV. 25, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I am really glad you are safe at home again, and, I see, as hard at work as ever. I hav received the third volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and am well pleased with all. You say now you hav filled your contract, so you want $1.50 for the fourth volume. I think you hav not only filled your contract but you hav done a great deal more. I don't see how you can come out even, so I will now send you $1.50 for the other volume, and fifty cents to pay postage on what I hav already got; and as my time is nearly up for THE TRUTH SEEKER I will inclose post-office order for $4.50, which amount will carry me up to Jan. 1, E.M. 284. I see you intend to reduce the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER to $2 50. That will not be very hard to do, provided you can stand it. Hoping to see you out this way ere long, I close. Yours for universal mental liberty, WM. BLACK.

ERIE, PA., NOV. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: You will find fifty cents inclosed, for which you will please send me two copies of the "Crimes of Preachers." I met the Rev. Dr. Eddy, brother of the prominent divine of Detroit, and in a controversy at Corry, Pa., I told him that there was no set of professional men that were convicted of crime as often as ministers of the gospel. Of course he disputed me, and this is one of the reasons I want the "Crimes of Preachers." I gave him the statistics of Auburn prison for the year of 1880, and under the roof of that building there were 1,300 prisoners—1 Infidel, 3 Jews, 54 ministers of different creeds, the balance, 1242 prisoners, according to the Christians, were all Infidels. This is the way they reason. Wishing you success in your new departure of reducing the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER, although I would take it if it cost $6 instead of $3, I remain yours truly, H. C. GREGE.

MILFORD, MASS., NOV. 27, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5.25, for which continue my TRUTH SEEKER till Jan. 1, 1884; also send a copy to a new subscriber, Charles C. Fisk, Milford, Mass., from Dec. 1st to Jan. 1, 1884. While such men as Anthony Comstock hav access to the mails, and would suppress your paper, it is not wise to tempt him to steal by sending greenbacks through the mail, for though not yet decided to be *obscene* they might be *unseen* by you. Had rather trust the unlegalized robbers of the mail, feeling that the greenbacks taken by them would be put to better use. Called at your office last May on my way to Europe, not expecting to see you, yet came very near it, as Eugenr showed me—not the hand-writing on the wall, but in the letters sent by you for publication, and I took them in my hand as the next best thing to greeting their author. The length of the letters conclusivly showed that what had been written about early rising must be true.

Yours for the right, CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

GLEN HALL, PA., NOV. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, to be applied in the following manner: $2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, 50 cents for two pamphlets, "The Crimes of Preachers," 15 cents for one "Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell, 10 cents for "The Sabbath," by M. Farrington, and the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker

Around the World." The three volumes that I subscribed for hav come to hand, and I hav read them and found them very interesting and instructiv. It seems to need the fourth volume to make the chain complete. The last volume, I anticipate, will be the most interesting; it will treat on our own country and show what rapid strides the western states hav made in population and intelligence. They are away ahead of us in Liberal views. They hav their Liberal lecturers, which are very much needed in this part of the vinyard. The professed Christians of the different denominations are having their protracted meetings all around, and I never hav seen so light a harvest in converts. If we were favored with Liberal speakers to entertain the people it would not be many years till the churches would be used for halls for Liberal lectures. The masses are hungry for something reliable. They hav been fed on chaff and husks till it ceases to supply the cravings of an inquiring mind that is being freed from the shackles of superstition and priestcraft.

Yours truly, R. S. LAMBORN.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOV. 28, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received Vol. III. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and am well pleased with it. Seeing the postage cost you some sixteen cents, which shows how cheap Uncle Sam sends the production of the pen, type, ink, and paper all over our beloved country, yet this sixteen cents should not be borne by you, who hav given us more valuable information about foreign lands than all the writers I hav ever known. Your description of Palestine shows what a blunder Jehovah made in choosing that land for his chosen people, when if he had the power attributed to him by the Christian world he could hav placed his people here in our country where they could hav had homes and lands that a god could hav had some credit for planting a colony of his offspring. But as he was to become a mere Jew, an infant of a Jewish girl, vacate all his power over man, and lay aside all laws of nature and become his own father and mother, and his own executioner, perhaps it was wise to choose such a land as he did, and thus totally mystify every idea of nature and nature's laws, so the Christian can found his faith in miracles. I inclose $1 toward paying postage on my three books and the balance for some one who is not able to pay. I hope all who can afford it will do likewise. H. WILLIS.

HAMBURGH, N. Y.

Last Sunday evening I lectured before the Hamburg Liberal League in the Academy Hall in the village of Hamburgh, N. Y., and was pleased to learn that the League there is in such a prosperous condition. It has a membership of some twenty-five intelligent, activ Freethinkers. Mr. James A. Taylor is president, and A. C. Calkins, Esq., secretary. I made the acquaintance of the following named members: Geo. Walker, James Taylor, Mr. Calkins, Levi Brown, E. C. Hubbard, Stella L. Walker, A. E. Williams, Mrs. E. M. Sickmon, Mr. Eli W. Sprague, Mrs. Adelia Sprague, and a number of others whose names I hav forgotten. Mrs. E. M. Sickmon is the vice-president of the Freethinkers' Association for Erie county and is one of the most efficient vice-presidents in the state. She has sent in some fifteen names to the directory.

Hamburg I found to be a very bigoted place. There are a number of orthodox churches in the village in full blast, and as they were engaged in a revival effort they were terribly alarmed to learn that an Infidel was coming there to speak, and the preacher warned all the people to keep away from our meeting. But they did not all keep away. We had present some three hundred people, more than were in attendance at all the churches that evening. Many of those attending, I learned, were orthodox church-members, who, of course, came out of curiosity; but they all listened quietly and attentivly for two hours to what I had to say. It was the first Liberal lecture that was ever delivered in the town, and I hope will result in some good. I was glad to notice a large portion of the audience were young men. I found the Liberals in Hamburgh all admirers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor.

I would like to make engagements to lecture on Sundays in western New York and western Pennsylvania. H. L. GREEN.

BOZEMAN, MON., NOV. 21, 282.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals here congratulate you on your successful trip around the world. Your letters, which are published in book form, will be a valuable addition to any library. We congratulate you also because of your manliness as shown in the last few years. We detest the unmerciful disposition of Christians and their religion in depriving honorable citizens of their inalienable rights. We protest also against the abominable intrigues of Christian churches to force their peculiar sentiments on the country at large through the legislation of the different states and territories. They clamor for liberty in the pulpit, but secretly bind chains around the minds and rights of the individual. Protestant churches are aiming to effect in this country what the papacy has been trying to do in Continental Europe, viz., to subject every citizen to her ecclesiastical laws. It is evidently the duty of every Liberal and of every citizen who would defy the tyranny of the church to sever politics from religion, and giv to each their proper sphere. Let the ecclesiastic follow his business without calling on the politicians to aid him. What Liberalism claims is the extension of equal rights to every citizen, irrespectiv of creed or nationality. If the religionist claims a right to preach his gospel, we claim the right to preach our gospel. If he wishes to express his views on Judaized paganism, we also claim the same right.

What right the church has to order the Bible to be read in the public school, or what right she has to make w tnesses in courts of justice take the judicial oath, or what right she has to make the observance of her Sabbath binding on the citizen, I fail to see. Such coercion is certainly inconsistent with the principles of pure democracy and republicanism. Why do not Liberals throughout the Union manfully combat such organized tyranny? Why do they not, as patriotism and duty demand, compel their political representativs to giv them their unquestionable rights? If Liberalism in this country, especially in the Southern and Western states and territories, allows the church to govern the legislativ halls, then she deserves to be defeated.

Our League here is in a prospering condition. We hav commenced to hav lectures regularly, and some of our members occasionally debate with Christians. Our hall will be erected as soon as possible. By spring we hope to be using it for Liberal purposes. The Liberal sentiment is very powerful and extensiv in Montana. The only inconvenience we experience at present is the lack of proper organization. I hope that Montana Liberals will take the hint and act accordingly.

The churches in Montana (and there are several) do not seem to prosper much. We hear of no revivals. I presume that the Holy Ghost has not yet thought of this place, or is too busy in the states keeping the Christians in good order. The accessions to the churches are generally from churches in the states, and many of the congregations attend church on the principle of policy.

It is difficult to convince Montanaians that a child was ever born without a human father, or that any man ever rose from the dead and took his flight into space to sit on the right hand of a ghost. Neither are they easily convinced that when they die God (if there be one) sends a retinue of black demons to transport them to the tropical climate of gehenna. Consequently we never hear of hell from the most orthodox pulpit. We hear occasionally of Christ coming to set the church and the world right, but we all here think that if he never did come, or if the Christian church never made the pretension that he did come, society would be much purer and loftier than it is to-day. JOSEPH L. ANDREW.

ANN HARBOR, MICH., NOV. 18, 282.

MR. EDITOR: If you will permit me I will giv your readers a little of workings of theology in our part of the country. Here in the University of Michigan at the medical college there has been quite a disturbance created, the report going the rounds that Prof. E. Frothingham was an Infidel, and that he was *trying* to root out the churches, etc.

This was started by a few remarks that the professor had made in one of his lectures. He was explaining the advancement and progression of the different professions, and to the point where he said that a great many men would exaggerate the truth to carry their arguments. For instance, a lawyer deceive to make his side appear the most acceptable, and doctors would often go beyond their assertions, and even theologians (says the professor) would deceive the public in order that their arguments seem clear.

These remarks had quite an effect on some of the students, who were of a sanctimonious disposition; and one of those students took it to heart, and reported Prof. Frothingham to the president of the university, Mr. Angell, who is quite a religious man, and he also thought this quite an offending statement to make in the presence of so many Christians. The student that made the report was Mr. Morgan, of California. He stated to the president that Prof. Frothingham said *all* preachers were *liars*. Of course this was quite rough and insulting to all Christians, etc., they thought.

There was a meeting of the faculty held to investigate matters. During this time it could be heard among some of the students, "Prof. Frothingham ought to be discharged, the faculty ought to bounce him, etc., for 'giving Infidel lectures where he was paid to lecture on medicin," and all such reports and utterances were heard by the writer.

Now, this man Morgan that made the report claims that he himself was a preacher. According to this, he had at one time engaged in the soul-saving business. In other words, "a retired sky pilot," who is now studying medicin. It seems that he thought it was not a paying business, and that perhaps he could accumulate more of this world's treasure by practicing medicin.

As very likely Prof. Frothingham will not get the "grand bounce" for what he said, I think this not much liberty for a state university based on secular principles. Also in the beginning of a term the professor would giv a history of the science of medicin, beginning at some remote period of time, and tracing it down to the present day, and through the dark ages. That science has a peculiar history, and now and then where the church has interfered with its progress and wherever the word "church" was uttered there was always a class or crowd that would hiss, make a hissing noise, endeavoring to insult the professor. It seems to hav gone to the hearts of those "Morgans." It reached the mark every time.

And remarks hav been made by those connected with other departments that in the medical department the professors were trying to make "skeptics" of the students. But the progress of Christianity among the students may be seen when the *Monthly Bulletin* (a small Christian paper printed by the Young Men's Christian Association) comes out, and it is sent to each student gratis, and goes to the post-office and sees those papers on the floor, as they are never taken out of the-office; they are dropped right onto the floor, left to be swept up by the post-master.

This case has caused no little talk. It induces a great many to express their opinions, and causes a great many arguments and disputes.

Another objection that those Christians hav to Mr. Frothingham is that he refers to the works of Charles Darwin as the greatest scientist of the world, and takes extracts from them.

Now, it seems peculiar that those followers of Christ are so irritated when some scientific truth is brought up. Those fellows are behind time. They ought to hav lived several hundred years ago, then their mode of education was in full blast. They might hav been with the majority in those days in putting up obstructions for the progress of science.

I will close, hoping that some at least of this bigotry will cease among the students of the university of Michigan. Yours, etc.,

AN INFIDEL STUDENT FROM OHIO.

The Ohio Materialist.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 19, 1882.

BROTHER BENNETT: I must giv you full credit for scolding. I never remember being so unmercifully scolded before. You must take me for a small boy, and you my ma. I am now a little over seventy years of age, but this terrible scolding makes me feel quite young again. Why, friend Bennett, I think it is a little honorable to be scolded by so great a man, who has seen the whole world and much more. I fear I shall become a wee bit popular as the result of this fearful castigation, moreover. Doubtless it will delight the minds of all those awful penetrating folks who are so well able to see so very deep into a millstone, while the blind and hateful Materialist cannot see one inch from his nose. Oh, what a deplorable condition we poor, ignorant Materialists are in, and T. Winter in particular! He must now take a back seat, right behind all those grand and powerful mental ponderosities whose extraordinary vision can scan the unknowable and the unthinkable, or any other mysticism with as much ease as a chicken lays an egg. Oh, the wisdom and power of some exalted people! It is past finding out. They seem to know everything before they were born, and bushels after they are dead. Why, whatever would this small world be worth were it not for these *matchless* wiseacres? Why, these great little lights of retrogressiv proclivities claim to be able to see and know two worlds at one and the same time. Awful people, that! I think it's a tremendous big feather in the cap of this benighted bosh of a Materialist to be banged and knocked around by such celestial intelligences. I feel as if I was only a very short distance from the shining shore. A few more spiritual kicks and I'll be there. It's awful utterly nice to feel the toe of some lovely spook touching the carnal body of a stubborn Materialist and lifting him right into kingdom come. Oh, what a comedy life is, excepting what is farce! It's all right, for if tragedy was on top the mind would sink beneath a weight of woe, and this beautiful world would not appear to the sensible or insensible Materialist as the very best he will ever know. Think not, Brother Bennett, that I hate anything human. No. It's only what defrauds humanity I oppose I claim to be an unadulterated Infidel, and am proud to confess it. I like no tricks, shams, or deceptions, but honest and square dealing with every mortal, wise or unwise. I think it's wrong to take the least advantage of any person's credulity and make merchandise out of them.

In conclusion, I would say that although you hav scolded me so awful much I hav a grain or two of sense not to resent it. No, you could not offend this Infidel. His head is too level, and don't you forget it. I hav never been personal to anyone. I wrote a little what you might perhaps call doggerel to that man Severance, because he used words unworthy of a gentleman toward me, who never harmed him in my life. I attack not men but systems, and Spiritualism is an open question equally as much as any other system of religious theology. It stands opposed to Materialism, and you know it. Therefore it must expect to bear its share of rebuke as well as all other priestly theologies.

I know billions of people expect a second life, but that does not secure it. Millions of people would like to be in easy circumstances, but no matter how much they wish it it does not come. Some would like to be ever young, but time and nature make them old. It's one thing to desire, but quite another to realize. But I hav done, and I remain as before,

Your friend, T. WINTER.

THE clergymen at Hartford have been discussing the subject of "faith cures." Several of them had great respect for the statements of persons who believed themselvs to hav been cured by this method. There was a general call for increased light on the question, but especially for more definit information, vouched for by trustworthy persons. It was not thought that the persons who say they hav received benefit from faith and prayer were cheats or frauds. Yet the suspicion was expressed that in some instances they might be enthusiasts, deluding both themselvs and others. There was not one of all these scholarly Hartford pastors who was willing to come out squarely in favor of faith cures and recommend them.

Truth and Freedom.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

For the truth, then, let us battle,
Whatsoever fate betide;
Long the boast that we are freemen
We hav made and published wide.

He who has the truth and keeps it
Keeps not what to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave
Is not fit to be a freeman—
He at best is but a slave.

He that hears the truth and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Bold in speech and bold in action
Be forever. Time will test
Of the free-souled and the slavish
Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be, then, like the noble ancient:
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak, no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike but make them hear.

Afterglow.

From Our Continent.

To one abstruse conundrum much serious thought I giv:
Why is it that the good men die, and all the bad ones liv?
Or why is it we never know our neighbor's rare perfections
Till his last will and testament is read to his connections?

Ah! then the daily papers spread his virtues all abroad!
They say he was "an honest man—the noblest work of God;"
How good he was, how wise he was, how honest in his dealing;
What tenderness of heart he had, and what a depth of feeling!

Perhaps the man was one of those—ah! would that they were fewer!—
Who all his life ground hard and close the faces of the poor;
Who drove his debtors to despair by premature foreclosure,
Then paid his pew rent in advance, with infinit composure.

Perhaps he was the lordly head of some unhappy place,
Called home, by use and courtesy, but lacking all its grace.
Who held his children criminals for every trifling error;
Who pinched his household half to death, and kept his wife in terror.

Perhaps he was a lawyer deep, whose quibbling tricks and words
Helped base executors to rob poor widows of their thirds;
Perhaps a thrifty groceryman, whose wheedling, false palaver
Sold toughest steak for porterhouse, and chickory for Java.

Any of these he might hav been—the type are nowise rare—
But when he dies, behold! we passed an angel unaware!
Since type and tongue proclaim his worth, what cynic shall dispute them?
"Many there be who meet the gods," we read, "but few salute them."

Why don't the papers say fine things of men before they die,
And indicate these saintly souls ere yet they soar on high?
Then we might recognize them ere grim death and cold obstruction
Hav made it quite impossible to get an introduction.

Ah! well, perhaps, when I at last beneath my burden faint,
I, too, shall win the titles of a paragon and saint,
And be, when death's cold breath has blown aside life's dust and soiling,
A grain of that peculiar salt which keeps the world from spoiling.

Spiritualism and Arithmetic.

From the New York Sun.

A recent Belgian paper relates marvels of a new lightning calculator, a youth named Jacques Inaudi, far surpassing those recorded by Zerah Colburn and others. It describes his first exhibition at a public hall, in Antwerp, called the Bardo. A large blackboard was on the stage. One of the audience, who is described as a mathematician of considerable force, wrote on it lines of figures, as they were called out by the public, extending to trillions, that is, millions of millions, Inaudi's back being turned to the blackboard. Upon these he performed stupendous operations in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division before the other had time to begin upon them. "Lightning is not quicker," says the *Precursor* of Antwerp.

The exact age of some one in the audience was then asked for. One person (of course not a lady) gave his age as 32 years 3 months and 2 days. In fifteen seconds Inaudi announced correctly the number of seconds he had lived. Let anybody figure that out with slate and pencil. Another person then announced his age with a similar result.

The exhibitor of Inaudi (called his barnum with small *b*, that word having become pretty well naturalized in that sense in the French language) then called on the public for the figures on which he should perform six different operations simultaneously, namely, an addition and a subtraction running into trillions, a not less arduous multiplication and division, and two root extractions, the square and cube roots. Inaudi simply heard the figures announced, never throughout the whole exhibition turning his face to the board. He asked for six minutes for the task, beginning as usual to repeat the figure they had been announced. "How much time hav I left?" he presently said. Three minutes, was the answer. "I hav done," he replied, and the correct results of all the six operations rattled off from his lips. And during the three minutes consumed in his inconceivably gigantic labor of mental arithmetic he had been conversing freely with the audience, and answering all their questions. The *Precursor* wonders that the ceilings and walls were not brought down by the storm of the applause.

Being four times recalled, at the fourth time he offered to repeat, in their order, all the vast array of the figures which had now accumulated on the great blackboard, none having been effaced. And he did it within a minute, playing with millions, billions, and trillions. No wonder that the Antwerp journal exclaims that it was "vertiginous." It almost takes one's breath away to think of those six operations performed in three minutes without sight of the figures, and while conversing with the public and answering all their questions. The *Precursor* thus concludes:

Jacques Inaudi is entirely self-taught, and calculates after his own fashion. He does not know how this science came to him. It was an illumination. It seemed, he told us, that a veil was torn aside in his mind. He was then six years old.

The *Precursor* does not giv the age of this youth or boy, merely calling him "the young Inaudi." But the manifestation of the faculty seems to hav begun suddenly at the age of six years. It is difficult to accept its expression of his "mental faculties." Surely it could not hav been his mind which worked out the six formidable operations simultaneously in three minutes, while at the same time he was conversing with the audience and answering their questions. Nor could there hav been any tricks of preparation in advance, or aid of a confederate, when the figures were given to him on the spot and noted down as they were called out by a crowded, promiscuous audience. It must hav been a case of what the Spiritualists call mediumship, in which an outside intelligence acts through the mind and organs of the medium—analogous to the numerous cases they record in which totally unlettered mediums hav spoken or written in languages unknown to them, languages both modern and ancient, including Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Oriental.

On that theory it may well hav been the spirit of Zerah Colburn, or some of the anterior lightning calculators, probably themselvs similarly mediumistic in their day, though none of them seems to hav equaled the performance of Inaudi. It tallies well with this theory that they all seem to hav lost the faculty as they advanced in years, whereas matured mental powers and long practice ought then rather to hav increased their ability. We hope that young Inaudi's "barnum" will bring him over to this side of the Atlantic, and present him before an audience in the Academy of Music.

The negro musical prodigy, Blind Tom, is also held by the Spiritualists to be a medium, and that it is not he alone, but some great musician of the past who acts through him. It is certain that he was an idiot. He began in childhood on a Southern plantation, where he used to hang about outside under the open windows where his young missuses were playing on the piano, and was one day found perched on the piano stool playing astonishingly for himself. So I was told in London by the late Gen. Wigfall, of Texas (of both the United States and the Confederate senates), who had known the family to which he had belonged. I went to hear him in the St. James Hall in London, where I heard him play three different tunes simultaneously, one with the right hand on the piano, one with the left, while he whistled the third. A well-known musical composer went on a stage and played a long and brilliant performance of his own composition, which had never before been played or published. The blind negro youth then succeeded him at the piano and played the whole with equal brilliancy, and apparently without missing a note. All the musical world of London were there, and the applause was thunderous. When the musician would strike ten different notes with his ten fingers in one crash of mingled sound, Blind Tom would never fail to decompose the sound and tell all the different notes which had been struck. When playing or listening a rapt expression seemed entirely to transform the stupid idiot face of the negro lad, apparently then about eighteen years of age. During the interval between the two parts of the exhibition, I made my way to the retiring room in the rear, introducing myself as a compatriot to two gentlemen whom I found there drinking a glass of wine at one end of a large room. Blind Tom was at the other end, gyrating round in an oval dance with his hands hanging down like paws before his breast, his tongue lolling out, and slobbering in a truly disgusting fashion. About the fact of his absoute and utter idiocy there could be no question, though I hav been told that his mentality has considerably improved since then, a not uncommon circumstance.

NOBODY was more bitterly witty than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client—my lord, my unfortunate client—my lord——" "Go on, sir, go on," said Lord Ellenborough; "as far as you hav proceeded hitherto, the court is entirely with you."

LORD CHESTERFIELD, hearing that a man of low family had married the daughter of a lady not renowned for her morality, remarked that "nobody's son had married everybody's daughter."

MISS MITFORD is giving an account of a conversation Mr. Fields had had with Carlyle: "'So, sir, ye're an American?' quoth the self-sufficient Scothman. Mr. Fields assented. 'Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours, George' (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before?)—'your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs.' 'Really, Mr. Carlyle,' replied my friend, 'you are the last man in the world from whom I should hav expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?' 'Oh, sir,' responded Carlyle, 'George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun. George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out.'"

A VERY curious document has recently been discovered in the state archives of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is the official tariff of Darmstadt and Bessungen, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, to the executioners of those towns for the performance of their duties. To boil a criminal in oil brought the executioner 24 florins, while breaking a man on the wheel gave but 5 florins 30 kreutzers. Criminals were hanged at 10 florins per head, and burnt alive for 14. To apply the torture of the rack brought but 5 florins, and branding on the back or forehead, or cutting off nose and ears were the same price.—*The Antiquary.*

THERE is very little, if anything, says the *Lancet*, to be said against the use of tobacco in an average state of the organism. Those who are unfavorably affected by it should abstain, and it is wholly inadmissible in youth. We would go so far as to say that no young man should smoke before he has attained his majority, and it would be well if he deferred the use of tobacco altogether, and in every form, until the extreme limit of development, which may be placed at the age of 26. It is impossible to giv any precept as to the time and mode of smoking. Speaking generally, the points of caution should be to avoid irritation of the mucus membrane of the mouth and fauces, loss of salivary secretion, and super-excitement of the nerves and nerve centers. Cigars are better than pipes, and far better than cigarets; but no cigar should be smoked for more than three-fourths of its length, even with a mouth-piece. The smoke should be taken into the front of the mouth and ejected as rapidly as possible. Properly and moderately enjoyed, tobacco-smoking, the writer concludes, is not a baneful habit, but one that may be reasonably enjoyed.

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Gems of Thought.

A NOBLE ambition that emulates the virtues and graces of others is worthy of us all. Even envy hath its uses when it leads us to strive for the good and the joy we see others possessing. If our neighbor is full of the elasticity of health, and we feel envious of his treasure, we strive by imitating his conduct and his care of the physical system to secure the same boom for ourselvs. Thus we experience the good of envy and learn that all evils hav their uses as well as abuses.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

NO one meditating on the present condition of the intellectual world can fail to be arrested by the evidences of its deep-seated current. Yeast is working everywhere. Ancient formulas and time-honored creeds are yielding as much to internal pressure as to external assault. The expansion of knowledge is loosening the very earth clutched by the roots of creeds and churches. Rejoice over this or deplore it, the fact is unmistakable. Sects and parties, in the endeavor to sustain their position and to preserve at least their watchwords or the outward semblance of their creeds, now-a-days snatch eagerly at compromises which, a few years ago, would hav been scouted as heresies.—*George Henry Lewis.*

AS to what are called the teachings of Jesus, on which such stress is laid, as making him to be a supernaturally divine revealer, not being original with him, they cannot, whatever their excellence, bear the weight that is laid upon them. In truth, they are not all excellent; and those of them that most challenge our admiration were well known before the time of Jesus, and had long been current among Jews and gentiles. As to the ground taken by Mr. Stopford Brooke and others [such as Parker of the last generation and Savage and Chadwick, also David Swing, of Chicago, of the present day] that the best Spirituality of the New Testament, though not born with or peculiar to Christianity, has received a special unction or power, whether supernatural or not, as delivered by Christ; it seems to me that this is rather a devout fancy than a well-grounded opinion; and, if correct, cannot do more than entitle Jesus to a high place among the most efficient instructors among mankind. To single Jesus out as standing alone and as being the one "who spoke as never man spoke," certainly seems extravagant, and without anything approaching to a foundation in the facts when dispassionately examined.—*N. R. Waters.*

OBSTRUCTIONS are never wanting, the very things that were once indispensable furtherances become obstructions, and need to be shaken off and left behind us—a business of enormous difficulty. It is notable enough, surely, how a theorem or spiritual representation, so we may call it, which once took in the whole universe, and was completely satisfactory in all parts of it to the highly discursive, acute intellect of Dante, one of the greatest in the world—had, in the course of another century, become dubitable to common intellects; become deniable; and is now, to every one of us, flatly incredible, obsolete as Odin's theorem.—*Carlyle.*

HUMANITY must answer when God speaks,
As sure as echo to the human voice;
And every grand o'ertopping lie which breaks
With furious flood and century-defying noise
In the eternal symphony that joys
Along, is but one baser pipe or chord
That shall be tuned again when Reason sits as Lord. —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

MENDICANT orders, bodies of good men doomed to beg, were instituted in the Christian church; a most natural and even necessary development of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on poverty, on sorrow, contradiction, crucifixion, every species of distress and degradation. We may say that he who has not known these things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they hav to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg and go barefoot, in coarse woolen cloak, with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business; nor an honorable one in any eye till the nobleness of those who did so made it honored of some.—*Carlyle.*

THEN let us cheerful acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state.
And, even should misfortune come,
I, here who sit, hae met wi' some
An's thankful for them yet.

They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae otherwhere. —*Burns.*

MAN is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions; and as some set-off against the marvelous things that he has done, we might fairly adduce the monstrous things he has believed. The more gross the fraud, the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.—*Colton's Lacon.*

THE first attempt to murder the Prince of Orange was committed by one who carried, in the same pocket with his pistol, a string of prayers to the Virgin Mary and the angel Gabriel and a catechism of the Jesuits.—*W. S. Lander.*

ON all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant, especially when a wiser and better man than ourselvs thinks differently from us. Religious minds will find an additional reason for humility when they observe such men as Beromec and Fenelon adhering to the religion they were born in, amidst the discussions and commotions of every land around.—*Lander's Imaginary Conversations.*

CURSED be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way. And all the people shall say, Amen.—*Deuteronomy, xxvii, 18.*

Odds and Ends.

HEARD in a boudoir: "Mercy on me, what are those horrible sounds up-stairs?" "Oh, that's nothing but dear George; I suppose he has lost his collar button again."

IT is alleged that there is a man in Plattsburgh, N. Y., whose name is Constant Agony. But we shouldn't wonder, if you got down to solid facts, you'd find his name to be Boyle.

A GENTLEMAN whose vocabulary was mixed wished to praise a certain lady reader. "Yes," said he, "besides being a very fine elocutionist, she has a great deal of ejaculation."

"WHAT station is this?" asked a lady passenger of an English tourist near by. Looking out of the window and reading a sign on the fence he replied, "Rough on Rats, I guess, mum."

THERE seems to be a great kick, so to speak, about ladies wearing their hats in the theater, but not a single complaint has reached us thus far inveighing against their keeping them on at church.

A CASE of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea-table. "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst; that is the fashion."

OUT West when a saloon is blown up with dynamite it is blamed upon the temperance men, and yet the fellows who hav heavy accounts chalked against them on the slate are very much interested in having the place demolished.

THERE is a salt mine in Austria that has been worked for more than one thousand years. The Austrians may hav a great deal of experience in working salt mines, but when it comes to salting mines the Californians can teach them a thing or two.

THERE is nothing sometimes like hitting the nail on the head. At a recent fire at Ottoway some one sent a telegram to the owner, who was in Boston, saying: "Premises all on fire. What shall we do?" The answer came promptly, "Put it out."

A PEASANT comes to a broker to exchange a hundred-mark note for silver. The broker gives him a hundred-mark roll, which the peasant opens to see if it is all right. He counts up to seventy-one, and then puts it all in his pocket. "It was all right so far, so I suppose the rest is right too."

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.

In mounting, face the near side of the horse. The near side is the side nearest yourself. If you stand on the right side of the horse, which is the wrong side when you mount, you will face the crupper. Then everybody will know that your name is Johann Gotlieb Ernisgefolger.

If you cannot mount from the ground lead the horses to a high fence, say "Whoa" two or three times, and jump over the horse's ears. You will light somewhere on his neck, and you will hav plenty of time to adjust yourself while the horse is running away. Another method of mounting, largely practiced by young gentlemen from the city, is to balance yourself on one foot on the fence, and point the other leg at the horse in the general direction of the saddle, saying "Whoa" all the time. The horse, after this gesture has been repeated a few times, backs away, pulls the alleged rider off the fence, and walks up and down the lane with him at a rapid gallop. This gives the rider in about ten minutes all the exercise he wants for a week.

If by some miracle you manage to get into the saddle, hold on with both hands and say "Whoa." The faster the horse goes the tighter you must hold on, and the louder you must "holler."

If you are from New York or Philadelphia you will shorten the stirrup until your knees are on a level with your chin. Then, as you ride, you will rise to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who has stepped on a banana peel. This is the English school. It is hard on the horse, but is considered very graceful. A man cannot wear false teeth, however, and ride in this manner.

THERE was a young man at the Central Market Wednesday who looked the perfect specimen of the greenhorn. His hands were large and red, his clothes didn't fit, and his cowhide boots had just been rubbed down with fried meat gravy. He was looking at everything with open mouth, when a couple of young men who had been driven in by the rain commenced to guy him. One of them asked him if he was on a bridal tour, and the other insisted on calling him Shakspere. Liberal offers were made for his coat and boots, and an attempt was made to secure him for a lecturing tour through the country.

The young man took everything in a calm, matter-of-fact way until a gentleman came along and said to him:

"See here, my friend, why do you stand these insults?"

"Are they insulting me?"

"Of course they are."

"And should I resent it?"

"Certainly you should."

"Then I will. I didn't know exactly what to do, but thought I'd hold on for advice. If you say go in and slam 'em I'll do so."

"I would."

"Then I will."

In the coolest kind of a way he removed his coat and rolled it up and laid it down, placed his hat on the bundle, and without a word of warning he waded in and knocked one off the end of the bench and the other clear over it, and then gave each a lift with his cowhide. He won a complete victory inside of two minutes without receiving a scratch, and as he put on his coat he said to his adviser:

"Much obliged for your kindness, stranger. If that's the way you do here in Detroit I'll hav six months' sickness on my knuckles for the next chap who asks if they had to hire a hall to finish my boots in."

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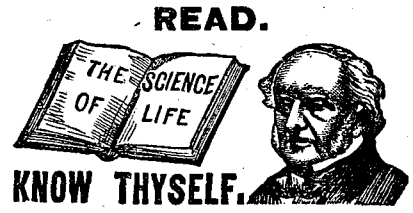
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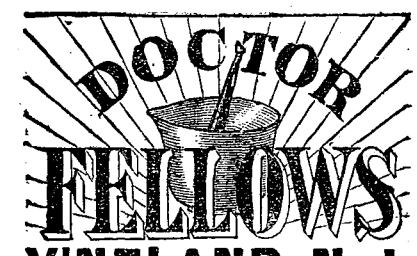


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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 9. No. 50. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. M. BENNETT. | New York, Saturday, December 16, 1882. | NO. 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEAR BROADWAY. | $3 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

Prof. Swing, of Chicago, characterizes the Salvation Army as "bric-a-brac in religion."

Mr. Beecher says that the God depicted in orthodox creeds was an infernal demon, worse than any imagined by Dante, and he would not worship such a God even if he were damned for it.

Speaking of the enforcing of the Sunday law on the 3d, the *Christian Intelligencer* says: "Last Sunday's crusade by that noble army of apostles, the New York police, was shrewdly arranged to bring all Sabbath legislation into odium."

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says that Herbert Spencer looks well, but protests that his bronzed look is only a temporary consequence of the sea voyage, and that he feels in reality the reverse of benefited by his trip.

It is declared that the largest, most elegant, most costly, and in every way the finest church building on the American continent is the Cathedral of Mexico. It was largely built of the stones of the Aztec temple that stood upon precisely the same site, and which was destroyed by Cortez.

An ungodly joke is reported in a Sheffield paper. The promoters of a church bazar received an offer from Manchester of a horse and trap, and gladly accepted it. One of them then went to the railroad station to receive the present, which proved to be a clothes-horse and a mouse-trap.

The days of the so-called False Prophet of Soudan's influence appear to be numbered. Col. Stewart, who was sent to Soudan to investigate the condition of the country, reports that the False Prophet and his followers hav been repulsed by the national troops in two instances, and that Khartoum is safe.

John Wesley, when preaching against riches, said: "To ride in a coach here and to get to heaven hereafter is almost too much for any man to ask." Very few ministers of the present day will regard the opinion of Mr. Wesley as of any great importance, unless they chance to liv within walking distance of their churches.

The Grand Rapids *Times* says: "Three persons hav become insane in consequence of attending the revival meetings of Harrison, 'the boy preacher,' in this city. The last case is a Miss Emmons, who is said to hav become a raving lunatic. She was apparently in good health when she began to attend the meetings."

When Ben Butler was in Washington some time ago he called at the City Hall on some legal business. The venerable clerk of the court, Mr. R. J. Meigs, Sr., said to him, in the course of a conversation about politics, "General, I'm afraid you are getting into bad company." "Oh, no," said Gen. Butler, "I never change my politics; I change my friends sometimes."

Corken was a Congregational preacher at Salisbury Point, Mass. He was rapidly making a reputation as an orator when a village paper reported one of his sermons, and it was found to be identical with an old discourse by Canon Wilberforce. Then he left the pulpit, and became a physician in Lynn, but with no better luck, for he is now under arrest for malpractice,

Dr. Hawks, an eloquent and popular New York divine, once asked the vestrymen of his church to increase his salary because of his increased family expenses. "Don't trouble yourself," said the vestryman; "the Lord has said he will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the clergyman, "but nothing is said about the young Hawks."

The Salvationists seem to think that the devil and his works are specially manifested in Brooklyn. In their *War Cry* they say that the devil has tried harder than ever during the past week to get the best of their Hallelujah Band, but that, as they hav the whole gospel armor on, the old serpent can hiss and hurl his fiery darts until he is tired. They say they are pressing on to glory, and are determined to take with them just as many souls as will go. Brooklyn people generally are invited, without preference as to denomination.

Col. Ingersoll told Judge Wylie, when the Star route trial was resumed on the morning of the 8th, that sometimes he thought his Honor's decisions were right, and sometimes he thought them wrong; but that he (Ingersoll) might be mistaken both times. There was some laughter at this, which Judge Wylie rebuked by telling the audience that they were not at the opera comique.

The divided skirt and the hygienic petticoat having proved hopeless failures, the Women's Dress Reform Association of London will offer prizes this winter for a design intended to do away with the inconveniences of the present styles, without making too marked a departure from "the distinguishing characteristics of female attire." The problem is believed to be a difficult one to solve.

In the Richards-Babcock libel case at St. Johns a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff, Rev. J. E. Richards, with damages at $100. The jury had been given some special questions upon which they were asked to report findings, but they were not equal to solving the conundrums and gave them up. On the question of damages two jurors are reported to hav favored giving $1,000, three $500, two $200, and five 6 cents.

The Rev. Dr. Hicks, of Washington, who acquired some celebrity by appearing as the spiritual adviser of Guiteau, now comes to the front as an outspoken disbeliever in hell. He freely announces his willingness to be damned for holding that there is no such place as hell. His position is a very safe one, according to his own holding; for, if there be no hell, there is in all probability no place to which the damned may be sent.

Lead from church windows facing east is yet believed in some remote country places in Schleswig to be a certain cure for the falling sickness. The remedy cures by the touch, but to be effectiv should be stolen at the hour of midnight by the sick person, who must be alone. Village churches in Schleswig are located in the burying-ground, and as few superstitious persons hav the courage to brave its terrors at the hour when ghosts are abroad, the "cure" is sufficiently rare to hav preserved its reputation for efficacy from the middle ages to the present day.

A Cincinnati woman was nursing her husband, a broken-down sot, when he leaped wildly from the bed, brandished a huge knife, which he had surreptitiously obtained, and threw her on the floor, declaring that he was divinely commanded to slay her. Then ensued a desperate fight, in which the woman held fast to his hands with all her might, and he was only able to inflict a few small cuts. Just as her strength was failing, her screams brought help from several neighbors. His assault seemed to them so atrocious that they did not interfere when he turned the blade against himself, but allowed him to commit suicide unhindered.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, being requested to enforce the Sunday laws of that city, replied that he would not undertake any such thing. "I believe in Sunday as a day of rest," he said; "but what is rest to one man may be labor to another. Rest is not simply doing nothing, but is a change. A man sitting at a desk all the week, occupied with mental labor, finds no refreshment in a stiff-back bench in a church on Sunday. The Sunday of the Puritan fathers was beneficial to them because they spent the week in outdoor labor, but men of sedentary habits need to reverse the usage. Any attempt to compel the people of Chicago to be pious will fail, and it ought to."

Many queer stories are told about the absurd way in which uneducated people muddle the prayer-book, especially the marriage service part of it. A comic paper makes a Hampshire incumbent responsible for the following: He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman: "With my body I thee wash-up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the prayer-book, to take her husband "to 'ave and to 'old for this day fortnight, for betterer horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, the incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture.

In a trial in Germany recently, a curious document was produced, which was called forth by the marriage of the Count de Sulz, a Roman Catholic, to Agatha, Countess of Hanau, a Protestant, in the year 1605. At the wedding the bridegroom solemnly swore to respect his future wife's religious views, and signed, sealed, and delivered a deed to that effect. It was couched in the following terms: "I, Rudolph, Count of Sulz, hereby promis on my honor as a nobleman—or may the devil take me—that I will allow my future wife to remain in her religion, nor will I offer her any inducement in the slightest to abandon it. I hav at home two Bibles; if that is not enough for her, I will get her two more. Let her read in them bravely and industriously. Moreover, it is her body, not her soul, I take. I shall remain in my religion, in which I hav been brought up from my youth. I know that I am on the right road; if she won't go to heaven, let her go to hell. Signed, Rudolph, Count of Sulz."

Rural Sunday-school enterprise in Ohio receives a set back in the decision of Judge Conner, of Cincinnati, that school-houses cannot be used for religious purposes. A school-house in Symmes township had been used for a Sunday-school. Out of this use grew the habit of using it for religious worship by a sect calling itself the "New Lights." The doctrins of the "New Lights" happened to be obnoxious to some of the neighbors, who brought suit against the Board of Education of the township. It is in this suit that Judge Connor gives his decision. The judge holds that school-houses were erected only for purposes of secular education, and not for use on Sundays or for the purpose of imparting a knowledge of religion. A perpetual injunction is decreed restraining the Board of Education from allowing school buildings to be used for Sunday-schools or for religious services. It is a fact worthy of the attention of the courts generally that since the African Sunday-school Union began its missionary work in 1824 a large proportion of the Sunday-schools organized by it missionaries and agents hav had beginning in country school-houses.

SUNDAY DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

Pity the sorrows of our poor police,
And also of our troubled justices,
Who must decide that they themselvs are geese,
Or hold to what some rusty-fusty says.

Each fellow on a Sunday, as he knows,
Must do no sort of work, unless if he
To some official very clearly shows
To be of charity or necessity.

But which is which is where the joke comes in,
And here the best official guesses vary;
'Tis hard to tell what labor is a sin,
And what is charitable or necessary.

The question is quite difficult, indeed—
Beyond all reason and all rhyme it is—
If Parson Bubble's talk fits any need,
Or if an unallowed pastime it is.

If Parson Hotspur's wordy war is right,
It follows by the reasoning's parity
That Jimmy Stryker's quiet chicken fight
May well be styled a work of charity.

"Is blacking boots a sin?" asks Justice Jones.
He ponders well, and cannot guess it is,
Then puts a gamin on his narrow bones,
And classes him among necessities.

Some say you musn't giv a man a drop
To build what Scotchmen call a bleeze in him,
But 'tis a charity to fill him up
With something that will start a freeze in him.

There is a fellow, solid and sincere,
A German voter, whose reliance is
Upon the plea that schooners of his beer
Must rank with surgical appliances.

So many men hav each a separate view,
Such varying wisdom is exhibited,
That some folks say this rule alone will do;
Let all or nothing be prohibited. —*The Sun.*

News of the Week.

Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, is dead.

New York canals closed for the seaon on Saturday last.

The question of two-cent postage on letters is being agitated.

The Royal Alhambra theater in London was burnt last week.

Rome is threatened with inundation by the rising of the Tiber.

London has had a big fire, burning over two acres, and doing damage to the extent of $15,000,000.

The Rev. Frank Hopkins, a Presbyterian minister, of Hempstead, N. Y., has joined a fire company.

The police court of Rutland, Vt., has sentenced a woman to over fifty years' imprisonment for violating the excise laws.

The keeper of the Wolf Trap Lighthouse, in Chesapeake Bay, has resigned because the house is frequented by ghosts.

Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian rebel, is to be banished to the island of Ceylon. Four of his lieutenants were also exiled for life.

The explosion of a steam boiler in Shawneetown, Ill, on the 11th, instantly killed eight men who were seated near it eating luncheon.

The prefect has ordered the police to expel all the Jews from St. Petersburg, and the Senate has decided that no Jews can hold property in Russia.

The American Institute Fair in this city closed last Saturday night. Over one million persons had visited it this season, and about $250,000 was taken at the gate.

The Sunday law was not generally enforced in this city last Sunday, though its rigor varied in different precincts. The bootblacks, barbers, and newsbows were spared.

The Garfield Monument Fair in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington is said to hav been the means of ruining a painting worth $10,000, which is more than the fair netted.

Joe Coburn, ex-prize-fighter, who was sentenced in 1877 to ten years' imprisonment for shooting two policemen, has been pardoned by the governor, and has returned to New York.

The congregation of a church at Tucson, Arizona, frightened by the noise of a heavy thunderbolt, made a rush for the door. Another flash came and killed five persons at the threshold.

Perfectly successful observation of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk were made in many places on the 6th. The transit is regarded as the most important astronomical event of the century.

A story comes from Franklin, Pa., that a resident of that place has unearthed a chest containing $27,000 in gold, the whereabouts of which were revealed to the finder in a dream. The coins are said to be mostly French, and to be dated from 1729 to 1751.

The grand jury of the United States District Court in Boston reported an indictment against Heywood on the 9th. There are two counts; one is sending through the mails extracts from Walt Whitman's poems; the other is in reference to a syringe, the sale of which is against the law.

A man named Cumberland is giving exhibitions in this city of so-called spirit phenomena produced by natural means. Spiritualists claim that he has supernatural aid, but cannot explain why spirits should permit themselvs to be used in the production of phenomena designed by the alleged medium to disprove their own existence. Altogether, the maneuvers of Mr. Cumberland will propably hav very little effect for or against the truths of spiritual philosophy.

Obituary.



D. M. BENNETT.

BORN DEC. 23, 1818; DIED DEC. 6, 1882.

His Influence.

No one has exerted greater influence on the Freethought movement in the United States for the past eight years than the man whose likeness heads this sketch. Bold, aggressiv, hard-working, from the time he first came prominently before the Liberals of the country, he commanded the attention of the Freethinking world, and drew upon himself the hatred of the churches. He made for himself the very best friends, and the very worst enemies. Honesty is always hated by roguery; truthfulness is always detested by hypocrisy. Honesty and truthfulness being the pre-eminent qualities of Mr. Bennett's character, he enjoyed his share of persecution and hatred by the rogues and hypocrits which a decaying theology inevitably breeds. But with the bitter there was some sweet. The loyal friendship and undying love of thousands of good and true people all over the United States were his firm support, and in the darkest hour hav been a ray of light that cheered even the gloomy prison cell to which Christianity had consigned him. Since his liberation from that cell no man has been more honored by his friends, who, remembering his bravery and his stanchness, endeavored to make his life worth living, and the memory of the past a sacred heritage.

His Career.

Mr. Bennett's career has been checkered even more than ordinary by the ups and downs which come to all men. While pursuing the mercantil business he was alternately poor and wealthy. Since he devoted his life to spreading Freethought he was one year in prison for his heresy, and the next, the Freethinkers' honored delegate to a world's convention.

His full name was DeRobigne Mortimer Bennett. Being a plain man, and not fancying complicated titles, he invariaby abbreviated it to D. M. Bennett, and it is by this name that he is known everywhere. He was born in Springfield, New York, on the eastern shores of Otsego Lake, December 23, 1818, and consequently would hav been sixty-four years of age on the 23d of this month. His father, an honest, hard-working man, followed farming till his boy was ten years old, when he moved into the village of Cooperstown, New York, where four years were spent in acquiring such education as could be obtained in those days in district schools. His mother was a Methodist, belonging to the church. He was a constant attendant of the Sunday-school, learned twenty or thirty verses of the New Testament during the week, reciting them to his teacher on Sunday. He grew up a firm believer in orthodoxy. At the age of twelve he obtained a situation in a printing office as "roller-boy." He remained there nearly two years, when a new invention in printing presses, by which "roller-boys" were superseded, threw him out of that employment. After this he labored in a wool-carding establishment for several months, when he went to liv with a Doctor Barker, a brother of his mother, who, when the urchin was but four years old, had promised to take him and make a doctor of him. When the uncle beheld the young candidate for M. D. honors—a slender lad of fourteen, and weighing only seventy pounds—he concluded he was too small to hold all the learning necessary to a physician, and recommended him to wait awhile. He therefore turned his trip into a visiting one, intending to return to his mother. While stopping with one of his relativs, two Shakers came to pass a night. On learning that he was about to journey back to his home, with the kindness characteristic of these people, they offered to take him with them as far as they went. He accepted the offer, and in September, 1833, he first saw the home which for thirteen years was to be his. After staying ten days as a visitor, and receiving innumerable kindnesses, he concluded he would like to liv where children were made so happy, and accordingly he confessed what few sins he had on hand at the time, as required by the rules of the order, and became a Shaker. Besides attending the Shaker school, he was placed in the seed garden as helper. This he followed for three years, when, being troubled with lameness, he was inducted in the shoemaking art. Four years he followed this, when he was again put in the medical department, finally becoming physician to the society, and controling the business of herb raising. He became familiar with botany and chemistry, and having a fair medical library and the benefit of the old retiring physician's experience, he became a skilful doctor. He pursued in his practice the eclectic system with good success.

Marriage.

In the summer of 1846 many of the younger members of the Shaker community grew dissatisfied with the restraints of the order, their faith in the religion which separated the sexes and deprived men and women of the society and mutual helpfulness of each other became less, and this feeling was shared by Mr. Bennett, Mary Wicks, his future wife, his sister and her future husband; and in September of that year these four chartered a carriage, rode to Lebanon Springs, sent back word of what they had done, and waited for the Shaker elders to come up and settle. After the settlement the quartet proceeded to Cooperstown. On October 19th Mr. Bennett was married. Before leaving the Shakers Miss Wicks had been employed as instructress for the little ones who had been taken by the Shakers to rear, and the universal sorrow at her leaving testifies to her worth and gentleness of character. She was beloved by all at the community, old and young; and the friendship with which they regarded her has never ceased. She has been a most estimable helpmeet to Mr. Bennett, suffering keenly with him in his trials, and rejoicing with all her womanly heart in his triumphs. She is a faithful wife, and kindly, steadfast friend, caring not to be seen by the world, but happy in aiding her husband in any way possible. No sketch of Mr. Bennett which omits the virtues of his patient little wife can be complete.

To the careful Shaker training, the inculcation of morality and sobriety, of honesty and hard work, Mr. Bennett was undoubtedly greatly indebted for a long life free from sickness. A healthy body givs a sound mind; and that he did so much work at an age when most men are tired and want to rest, proves that a youth and early manhood spent in quiet industry is the best capital to fall back upon in after years. Good health is better than money in the bank.

After his marriage, upon the representations of a nurseryman named Bryam, Mr. Bennett removed to Bradenburg, Kentucky, some forty miles below Louisville. It was an uninviting locality, and as the Christian institution of negro slavery was then in its palmy days, all northerners were viewed with distrust. The representations of Bryam were also found false. So the newly married couple started for Louisville, where Mr. Bennett soon obtained a clerkship in a drug store, which situation he held for nearly a year. At the termination of this engagement, with the small sum of money he had been able to save and a little left his wife by a deceased brother, he started a drug store of his own. The business went slowly at first, but gradually, by honest work and dealing, improved until he had amassed a snug little sum.

After eight years spent in dispensing drugs the store was sold, and he removed to Rochester and engaged in selling shrubbery and fruit trees for a large Rochester firm. By a cold snap in the west he lost $4,000 at one time. He tried to recuperate the next year, but without success. He then gave up the nursery business for himself and traveled for another man.

In 1859 he removed to Cincinnati, bought another drug store, and commenced putting up proprietary medicins, which he circulated throughout the adjoining country. His early medical practice at the Shakers, and his practical knowledge of herbs, enabled him to make good medicins, and he rapidly grew wealthy, realizing some years a profit of $10,000.

In 1865 he sold out his business, realizing more than enough to hav made him independent for life had he invested it safely; but thinking he could make more, and being incapable of resting in idleness, he embarked in several enterprises, all of which proved total failures. He lost $10,000 in petroleum and mineral lands in Tennessee, $7,500 in insurance stock, $4,000 in mining lands in Sonora, $4,000 in chromo-lithography, $2,000 in bed-spring manufacture, $5,000 in buildings, and various smaller sums in other enterprises. After two years of gloom and ill-success he bought a drug store in Kansas City, and endeavored to get up again in the world. But trade opened dull, and after several months he sold out at a heavy loss and came back to New York and engaged in the manufacture of brick. This experiment also proved unsuccessful.

He then spent a few months as a commercial traveler, after which he manufactured some proprietary medicins at Rochester, but the sale was not encouraging. Receiving an offer to go to Paris, Illinois, and conduct a drug store, he accepted it, and passed three years in that town very pleasantly, but not all in the drug business. After some fifteen months at that he concluded to engage in the seed business again. The first year he contracted for the planting of fifty acres, but the failure of the contractor to keep his engagement, and dry weather, made the crop a short one and unremunerativ. To carry out his ideas more money than he could command was necessary, and he took in some partners. The next year seventy-five acres of seeds were sown, but another dry season caused another short crop.

The Truth Seeker.

It was during this summer and at this town that THE TRUTH SEEKER was started. Mr. Bennett had all along been growing more Liberal in his theological opinions. In 1848 he read, for the first time, an Infidel publication, which shook his confidence in the truth of the Bible and Christianity. Two years later he visited New York, calling upon Gilbert Vale, then editor of the *Beacon*, and purchasing some twenty volumes of Freethought works, among them being Paine's "Age of Reason." He read and re-read that, saw it was unanswerable, and from a strict churchman, praying twice a day, and asking a blessing at each meal besides, he became an outspoken Freethinker.

While still engaged on his seed farm he began a discussion on the efficacy of prayer with a couple of ministers, which dispute was carried on in the local papers. But the editor of one being—as is usually the case with Christian editors—unfair toward Mr. Bennett, he determined to hav a paper in which he could say what he thought about the scheme of salvation. He issued the first number and sent it broadcast over the land. He met with but little encouragement, and it was a doubtful matter whether there would ever be but one number. He decided, however, to issue a few more numbers. Subscriptions coming in more rapidly, he decided to go ahead, trusting there were enough people in the country who had a love for truth to sustain him.

While the life of the paper was hanging in the balance, and a cold breath would hav extinguished it, his troubles in the seed firm culminated. The godly partners took advantage of him and forced a dissolution of copartnership, wronging him out of two years of hard labor and $2,500 in money.

There being nothing further to keep him in Paris, and realizing that it was not the best place from which to issue a paper, he determined to remove to New York. At Paris the paper had been but eight page. On his removal to New York he increased the number to sixteen. At the commencement of the second volume he made it semi-monthly, his ultimate object being to make it a large weekly and an organ of which the Liberals of the country might be proud. At the beginning of Volume III. he reduced the number of pages to eight, and increased the frequency of issue, making it a weekly. Volume V. began as it is now, a sixteen-page weekly—the largest Freethought paper in the world. It is unnecessary to follow the paper in all its trials and embarrassments. It had but little capital to back it, and many times it seemed doubtful whether it would liv or not. But it still livs, and bids fair to for many years to come. It has gained a place in the affections of the people, who love it because it never swerves from the straight path of duty in advocating human rights and mental freedom.

His Persecution.

In 1877 Mr. Bennett's persecution began. There is in New York city an organization known as the "Society for the Suppression of Vice." It is a sort of branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, holds annual meetings in its hall, and is composed of its prominent members. Ostensibly formed for a good purpose, it has been perverted by its too zealous Christian officers into a society for the suppression of Infidelity. It secretary is Anthony Comstock, as dirty and contemptible a villain as can be met with in the whole United States. Mr. Bennett never bothered his head about this society, and the secretary was of course unknown to him. Taking advantage of this, Comstock called at the office and asked permission to look over the books for sale, which was readily granted. He spent some time at it, finally purchasing for eight cents two tracts, "An Open Letter to Jesus Chsist," and "How Do Mar-

supials Propagate?" The first was written by Mr Bennett, and the latter by A. B. Bradford, a re formed clergyman of Enon Valley, Pennsylvania. These were deemed sufficient upon which to institute proceedings for blasphemy and obscenity. In order to bring the case before Comstock's favorit judge, Benedict, it was necessary to hav the pamphlets sent by mail. Accordingly, Comstock wrote a decoy letter, in the name of S. Bender, Squan Village, New Jersey, ordering the two tracts named. The order was of course filled.

On November 12th Comstock visited Mr. Bennett's office, armed with a warrant from a United States commissioner, and accompanied by a United States marshal. He arrested him and took him before United States Commissioner Shields, and also seized and bore away all the tracts of the two kinds named he could find upon the shelf. The commissioner fixed the bail at $1,500, which was given. Comstock went before the grand jury and told his story, and a bill of indictment was found against the accused. A few days after the condemned tracts were by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll brought to the notice of the postmaster-general at Washington and other officials there, and they were asked if it was their purpose to prosecute the publishers and mailers of that kind of literature. The result was that about January 28, 1878, instructions were sent from Washington to New York that the case against Bennett be dismissed. Comstock was displeased at this, and declared he would yet "get even with Bennett," etc.

In August, 1878, the Freethinkers of New York held a four days' convention at Watkins, at the head of Seneca Lake. Mr. Bennett attended with an assortment of his publications for sale. Near his table was one occupied by Josephine S. Tilton, who sold several pamphlets published by her brother-in-law, E. H. Heywood, who, in the preceding June, had been sent to prison two years by the United States court in Boston, for mailing to Comstock, under the fictitious name of E. Edgewell, a copy each of "Cupid's Yokes" and Trall's "Sexual Physiology." When Miss Tilton had occasion to leave her table for a moment, Mr. Bennett frequently acted for her in her absence, serving customers with what they called for from her table. In this way he probably sold one or more copies of "Cupid's Yokes." He had none for sale himself, and all he sold was for her, in which he had not the slightest pecuniary interest. Upon the authority of Anthony Comstock's father, it may be stated that the son had written the Young Men's Christian Association at Watkins to cause Bennett to be arrested if he sold "Cupid's Yokes." A young man named Warren Hurd was delegated to buy a copy of the tabooed pamphlet of Mr. Bennett, and for his handing one from Miss Tilton's table he was arrested, as was also W. S. Bell, who assisted Mr. Bennett in selling books. Subsequently Miss Tilton and George Mosher were also arrested upon the same charge. Bail was easily furnished. The grand jury of the county soon met, and as it was known that the arrests had been made at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Waldo and other leading Christians in the town, a bill of indictment was readily found.

The case was never brought to trial, although Mr. Bennett, Mr. Bell, and Miss Tilton made a journey to Watkins for the purpose. What has become of the indictment is not known.

When Mr. Bennett was arrested and indicted at Watkins he felt that he had been wronged. He knew the pamphlet was not obscene in the meaning of the statute. As an American citizen he considered he had a right to sell it, and although he took no particular interest in the pamphlet, he felt sure it was not illegal to sell it, and he announced in his paper that he would do so. Here was Comstock's opportunity. He again resorted to his system of falsehood and hypocrisy. He wrote in the name of a fictitious personage, professing great sympathy and friendship, ordering books, among them "Cupid's Yokes," which, of course were duly sent by mail. Comstock, upon the meeting of the grand jury, went before them, and easily procured an indictment, and Mr. Bennett was again arrested, making the third time. Truly, Comstock pursued him with persistent hate.

Conviction and Imprisonment.

District Attorney Woodford did not think the grand jury should hav found a bill; he did not regard the pamphlet as obscene. But his assistant, W. P. Fiero, did, being a zealous churchman, and he conducted the prosecution. The result was that Mr. Bennett was convicted, although one of the jurymen wrote to the New York *Herald* afterward that he rendered a verdict of guilty only that the case might come before a higher court. The case was appealed, but as one of the judges was the same that tried the case, the verdict was affirmed, and on June 5, 1879, he was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of $300. After the sentence he was taken to Ludlow-Street Jail and placed in a miserable cell. His first meal in the prison consisted of a piece of bread and cup of tea. Afterward, on agreeing to pay his board, he was removed to a larger and more comfortable cell. Here he remained seven and a half weeks, in pursuance of orders from the attorney-general in Washington, while the president was considering his application for release. A petition bearing nearly two hundred thousand names was sent to Hayes, who was then acting president, and Col. R. G. Ingersoll worked indefatigably for nearly seven weeks to secure Mr. Bennett's release. In a letter to Hon. Elizur Wright, Attorney-General Devens declared that the book was not obscene. Mr. Hayes himself said he did not so regard it. But the Christian ministers all over the country protested against the pardon of the Infidel, and Mr. Hayes was afraid to act in the matter. About fifteen thousand letters were written by the Freethinkers to the president, but in this matter he was controled by the church and his wife, who is very pious. Comstock went about the country getting signers to a petition addressed to *Mrs.* Hayes. It seems he knew where the power lay. Mrs. Hayes controled her husband, and the church controled her. For four years the United States had a woman for president.

On the 28th of July Mr. Bennett was taken to the Albany Penitentiary, and placed at hard labor. He remained at work in the shoeshop about two months, when his health gave way and he was transferred to the prison hospital, where many kindnesses were shown him by the wife and daughter of the superintendent of the prison. He was allowed writing materials, and in the hospital, surrounded by sick prisoners, he wrote two large volumes on "The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times." He was allowed to write home only once in four weeks.

The Martyr's Release and Reception.

He was released April 29, 1880, two months and five days being deducted for "good behavior." He was tendered a reception at Chickering Hall, New York city, by the Liberals, which was a grand ovation. Two or three thousand people were present more than the hall could hold, who were anxious to honor to one whom the powers of the church had sought to disgrace.

In August, 1880, the Freethinkers held an International Congress at Brussels, and Mr. Bennett was chosen by the Liberals of the United States as one of their delegates. They also furnished a portion of the money necessary to make the journey. After attending the Congress, Mr. Bennett devoted a few weeks to seeing Europe, embodying his observations in a volume called "A Truth Seeker in Europe." The letters were also published in his paper.

Around the World.

These letters were very highly prized by his friends, and led D. C. Coleman, of California, to propose that he make a tour around the world and write it up, making a book of the same. Mr. Coleman offered to be one of a number to advance five dollars each to pay expenses of the tour, each subscriber to receive in return a copy of the book. Mr. Bennett accepted the proposition if enough felt like joining to pay expenses, he being too poor to do it himself. In the course of a few weeks several hundred agreed to advance the sum, and Mr. Bennett announced his intention of going. On July 30, 1881, in company with Mr. D. C. Bridges, he sailed, and was absent just one year.

On his arrival at San Francisco from his journey, he was greeted with many honors, and receptions and banquets were held in the various cities passed through on his way to his home, at which he arrived in perfect apparent health and strength on the 30th of last July.

Besides attending to his editorial duties, conducting a large correspondence, and writing the books named, Mr. Bennett found time to write several large volumes, among which are "The World's Sages," "Champions of the Church," "From Behind the Bars" (written while awaiting Hayes's decision on his application for pardon, in Ludlow-Street Jail), "Thirty Discussions, Bible Stories," etc., "Interrogatories to Jehovah," and conducted two debates in his paper, both of which make large volumes, one being with the Rev. G. H. Humphrey, the other with Mr. G. M. Mair, besides innumerable tracts. He was an indefatigable worker, rising at four o'clock nearly every morning and laboring till late at night. His writing has often been compared to Voltaire's. He has an easy, flowing style, plain, and to the point. He was an Evolutionist and Agnostic, and saw enough to convince him that Spiritualism is true, and that this life is not all there is of man. He was kind and genial, full of fun, and at 63 felt, as he has often said, as young as he ever was. Among business acquaintances his word was as good as his bond. He was a good husband, a warm friend, and an implacable foe to what he considered wrong. Honesty in dealing and truthfulness of expression were the two prominent traits of the man. As the Infidel, the opponent of Christianity, the hater of shams, the exposer of priestly frauds, the detester of superstition, the destroyer of dogmas, the crucifier of creeds, he was severe and uncompromising. He was an Iconoclast. With him the whole Christian scheme was false, and all that is false must go. As the advocate of human rights, of mental and physical freedom, he was fearless, and would sooner walk to the dungeon or the stake than abate one jot or tittle of his claims for liberty. His writings abound with eloquent appeals for the cramped and chained of earth's poorest people—the creed-bound slaves of a false theology. In his way he was a deep philosopher. While not possessing a college degree, he was widely read in all the philosophies and reforms of past and present. He was thoroughly familiar with all the arguments of the church, and able to meet them with the truth as known to science. He was an able debater and brought volumes of facts together. When he touched a subject he exhausted it. If he was voluminous he was also thorough. One of his books is a compendium of all the facts known on the subject, and in his practical way he makes his points so plain that none can err or fail in understanding him.

Illness and Death.

During his absence changes had been made in the holders of the building in which he had his office, so that he deemed it best to make a change, and rented the premises now occupied by the TRUTH SEEKER. In fitting up the place the painter he engaged proved to be a worthless fellow, not keeping his engagement. And as no other could be procured, Mr. Bennett, with his usual disregard of himself, pulled off his coat, and worked for several hours at that, which gave him a slight cold, and, as some think, helped to poison his system through absorption of lead. But he attended to the duties of his office regularly for several weeks, and no one, least of all himself, thought it would terminate so sadly and irremediably as it has done. On Friday, Dec. 1st., he came to the office, bringing with him the last three pages of manuscript of Around the World he ever wrote. In response to the solicitous inquiries of the writer and his other employees, he said he did not feel well and thought he would go home and rest, and finish his writing the next day. He went to his home and soon after arriving there complained of feeling weak, and was helped in his bed by his wife.

Up to this time he had had no medical attendance, relying on his own considerable skill for such slight remedies as he thought necessary, but now it was felt to be imperativ, and Dr. E. Guernsey, of 18 West 23d street, one of the very best homeopathic physicians in the city, was called, who pronounced the disease to be gastric fever. Mrs. Bennett was unremitting in her attentions, and nursed her husband through the sad days and nights he lay stricken, never leaving him, and all that affection and medical skill could do was done. No thought was entertained other than that he would soon be up again. Gastric fever is a painful disease, but in response to questions he said he was not in much pain, only he felt a fulness in the chest, which he wished could be relieved. On Sunday he was about the same, lying still and taking but little notice of things around him, except to occasionally giv utterance to his solicitude concerning his wife, and speaking of his incompleted book, which he had struggled so hard to finish. Occasionally his mind wandered. He was felt to be very sick, and the doctor was with him several times. Monday he lay in a half conscious state, but knew the friends whose duties and affections called them to his bedside. But he grew worse. The night was passed in anxiety by his wife and friends, and the coming of the day was watched with fear. The fulness in his chest increased, and the physician confided to his watchers that his heart was affected. He lay all Tuesday with but little change. He knew his friends, but could only make it known by a half-choked whisper. Tuesday night at 10 o'clock he suffered a stroke and sank into a totally unconscious state. The physician who was by him took his weeping wife aside and told her that unless some great change took place shortly her husband must die. All night long he lay in the same way. The agonizingly hoped for change did not occur. The great brain was paralyzed forever. With the coming of the morning his absent personal friends were summoned by telegraph, and they came but to see him die as peacefully as a child goes to sleep. He but stopped breathing.

Throughout all his conscious moments he bore himself as became the great hero he was. His solicitude was for his loved and loving wife, not for himself. If he thought of death, he did not make it known. No man ever journeyed to the end more tranquilly. No soldier was braver, no patriot more undaunted, no statesman more assured, no sage more untroubled. His memory will long liv in the hearts of his friends; his monument will endure in the magnificent works wrought by his own hand for the enlightenment and disenthralment of the world.

Others abler will pay more eloquent tributes to his greatness, but no grief can be so deep as that of the wife left lonely, and none more sincere and heartfelt than that of his stricken personal friends and employees. Time may partially heal the wounds, but it can never bring to us another D. M. Bennett.

If longer life had been vouchsafed to him it would hav been devoted to propagating the doctrin of modern Infidelity and in freeing the race from the domination of theology. He saw the evils which Christianity has wrought, and understood the dangers to our country its control would entail. While he lived he combated error and spread the truth, and when he died

he was willing to take whatever nature had in store for him. During life the friends of liberty had in him a host; by his death the immortals hav one more to share their crown.

The Obsequies.

The news of the death was telegraphed to the leading Liberals of the country, and such brief announcement was made in the paper as we could. The unexpected event brought tears to the eyes of hundreds. It could hardly be comprehended. Every one expressed their grief. Especially were the Boston friends of Mr. Bennett prompt to give voice to their sorrow at the irreparable loss to the Liberals of the country and the world. A meeting was called at Paine Hall, and a delegation chosen to attend the funeral, composed of J. P. Mendum, Lucy H. Colman, W. S. Bell, and Josephine Tilton. Ernest Mendum accompanied his father, who is in feeble health. Mr. Seaver was too ill to come, and W. S. Bell was prostrated at the last moment, and Dr. J. H. Swain came in his place. Mr. Chainey sent his heartfelt sympathy and made his Sunday lecture a memorial service, as did also Moses Hull in Erie.

Here in New York friends were most kind and sympathetic, all uniting in offering their services in making the sorrowful but necessary preparations for burying the friend of thousands.

The remains were laid at rest in his home, watched by the tearful relatives, until Sunday, the day appointed for the last expression of sorrow and final rendering of service to the dead. This office was closed and none but the most important business transacted.

Sunday morning the remains were taken to the German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street, the hall where the Liberal Club holds its sessions, the house being too small to accommodate the hundreds of friends who came to attend. The pall-bearers were Dr. E. B. Foote, Dr. J. H. Swain, Samuel Stoddart, J. D. Center, Henry Stone, and H. B. Brown. The hall was crowded to its utmost limits, among the more prominent New York friends being Courtlandt Palmer, S. P. Andrews, Daniel E. Ryan, Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., Dr. E B. Foote, Jr., E. W. Chamberlain, Dr. Wm. McLaury, Louis Post, T. C. Leland. T. F. Leslie, and hundreds of others personally unknown to the writer. Among those from a distance were J. P. Mendum, Lucy N. Colman, Dr. J. H. Swain, Josephine Tilton, Hiram Wilbur, Capt. Geo. W. Loyd, H. J. Purdy, A. L. Gardner, Mr. Cook, and many others who did not make themselves known.

The body was met at the entrance to the temple by E. W. Chamberlain, chief usher, and the committee of arrangements, consisting of Daniel E. Ryan, E. A. Booth, and E. M. Macdonald. It was borne into the center of the hall and placed upon a large catafalque draped with a heavy black pall. A profusion of floral tributes were upon the casket, sent by the deceased's friends. The Drs. Foote sent an exquisite pillow of roses and camelias with the motto "The Truth Seeker at Rest," in purple flowers. Another beautiful pillow of white roses and calla lilies was sent by the employes of the office, who all loved Mr. Bennett with a devoted affection. Mr. Ryan laid a crown upon the casket as his offering. Others sent beautiful tributes, among them a broken column and sheaf of wheat with a sickle thrust through it by Mrs. Harriet M. Allyn, and an anchor and wreath, by some unknown friends. The organ's solemn tones were hushed and the choir sang:

Cover him over with beautiful flowers;
Deck him with garlands, this brother of ours;
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of his manhood away,

CHORUS—Deck him with garlands, this brother of ours,
Cover him over with beautiful flow'rs.

Give him the meed he has won in the past;
Give him the honors his future forecast;
Give him the chaplets he won in the strife;
Give him the laurels he lost with his life.

CHORUS—Deck him with garlands, etc.

Cover him over, yea, cover him o'er,
Husband and brother, he greets us no more;
Crown in our hearts this dead hero of ours;
Cover him over with beautiful flowers.

CHORUS—Deck him with garlands, etc.

At the conclusion of the hymn, which was taken from "The Truth Seeker Collection," Mr. S. P. Putnam read the following ode written for the occasion:

Into the silent grave
Thy flesh hath passed to change to other light;
But not thy spirit brave
Sinks from our hearts into that mortal night—

For it is like a star;
It glows supremely still with warmth and power;
Where truth and progress are
Still art thou, quick as in life's choicest hour.

Death is the crowning touch;
It gives to earnest work its crystal flame;
It is no nightmare's clutch,
It is the gleaming stillness of grand aim.

The hero sleeps sublime
Upon the solemn hight of busy years,
While viewless hands of time
Weave radiant promise 'mid our blinding tears.

Life's deep is round us now,
The measureless expanse of human worth;
Deep unto deep doth flow
Of joy and grief making for love new birth.

Manhood's immortal grace
Is on thy brow and stars thy coffined dust;
Thy narrow resting-place
Is like a throne where reverence we must.

Truth was thy valiant sword;
Unsheathed thou kept'st it ever flashing bright;
Thou spok'st the living word,
Because a Seeker dauntless through the night.

Thy course is onward still;
In beating hearts of millions yet to be,
In the large hopes that thrill,
In all that poets sing and prophets see.

Thy task is finished quite,
But through the endless years it fruit shall grow;
Thy harvest's golden light
Flings its far wealth into the ages' glow.

Not hopeless do we stand;
Our grief but waters roots of deeper life;
And so new flowers expand
For laurel glories 'mid the future's strife.

We bring fresh flowers to thee,
Thou conqueror, to garland thy soft sleep;
Affection's tribute free
In beauty thus thy memory to keep.

The world rolls on, and we
Go forth to tasks sublimer for thy zeal—
To sweeter liberty,
Because thou answered'st Freedom's dread appeal.

Within the living past
Thy restless spirit finds its peaceful state,
Whence mortal flesh is cast,
And thou art one with all the good and great.

Mr. Wakeman then gave the address, which is unsurpassed as a manly tribute to a departed brother. Its tender pathos often moved the audience to tears, and its strong words of hope did as much as may be done to soothe affection's wounds:

We are here, my friends, in obedience to an instinct as universal as our race, as eternal as time and love; for here is present the fear, the sorrow, the mystery of death. In every age and clime the human heart has responded to the instinct which makes the rude savage deposit with his dead his chief earthly treasure, which makes the barbarians rear over the remains of their dead the cairn or the pyramid, and which causes civilized men to enshrine their memories in the beautiful temple or the spendid tomb; by all these man tries to express his veneration for those whom he loved and honored. It is the burden and the test of every religion to respond worthily and nobly to this sacred and universal sentiment. Every religion has to heed its questions; every religion reveals its strength largely in proportion as it is able to answer them. What is death? What is, or shall be, the day of judgment? What is the immortality which can conquer this death? Those questions come down to us through all the vast processes of ages, from every stage of culture. If we could change religion, they would still remain to be answered. If science takes the place of theology, it assumes only the burden of a more truthful and worthy answer. We are here in this singular position, standing beside a brother who has fallen in the strife of life, and who has bid defiance to the past, and has demanded, with all his soul, that those questions shall receive a different answer from that which the past has given them; we are here to speak his voice, to utter the deepest thoughts of his heart. What is death, in the view of our fallen brother?

In its physical aspect, science gives the answer that he would give. Death in the past has been a terror, a fear, a horror; the hobgoblins of despair have flitted through its domain and covered all with the gloom of terror. To our brother that fear of death was one of the great curses that rested upon mankind which he wished to remove. He had no fear of death. He knew, as science teaches, that it is simply the ceasing to live; that it is simply the fact that the physical system, worn or broken, can no longer continue the process of life and its manifestation; he knew that to die was, in nature, nothing more than to be born, that it was a natural process, and that those who reach it, reach it as though they were but children, to fall asleep again in the arms of nature from which they sprung. He banished all of that gloom of the past from death; he threw sunshine around the end of life; he refused all the feeling which has formerly rested as a curse in connection with the simple end of life. He has, in a beautiful expression of his own, suitable to occasions of this kind, put his thoughts upon record, and I can do no better than express that feeling in his own words. He says:

If at death our consciousness, as many believe, ceases; if our individuality comes to an end; if the gases and fluids of which our organizations are composed gradually disintegrate and slowly return to the fountains and sources of nature whence they came, if we gently fall into a quiet, peaceful sleep which knows no waking; we are at least free from pain, anguish, care, and anxiety, and all ills that may hav a real or fancied existence. If, on the other hand, as others again believe, it is in the economy of the universe that we have a continued existence, that this is not all there is of us, that we pass from a comparatively crude state to one more subtle and refined, from a rudimental, transitory, imperfect life to one ultimate, permanent, and beautiful, we assuredly have nothing to fear. If we have a continued existence there are no just grounds for apprehending that that other life has any more terrors than this. We will doubtless find there the same deity that exists here—possessing no more vindictiveness, no more cruelty, but the same kindness and love. We will meet the same universe with the same powers, the same forces and laws. There cannot be any other. So, whichever belief proves true, we have little to fear in the future. Whichever is correct, it is all right with our departed friend who now has left us.

Let us look upon death, not with apprehension and dread, but as it really is, a necessary change in Nature. Life and death are essential conditions and mutually follow and sustain each other. Flowers, plants, animals, and men are dying each moment, and all these are furnishing the elements, the material, for new forms of life. One form of life is constantly being built up of other forms. The constituents of small plants, upon decaying, enter into larger ones; large animals and large fishes are composed of the elements of smaller varieties, and the human race is made up of both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. In the great law of compensation which abounds throughout all nature there is absolutely no waste nor loss of life-force or principle. Death is essential to life and equally forms a part of the laws of the universe. Let it then be regarded, not as an enemy, but rather as a friend. After the toils of a wearisome day are over, nought is so grateful as repose, nought so sweet as a peaceful, quiet sleep. At the close of a wearisome life we pass into such a rest, such an undisturbed repose. Cares, anxieties, toils, and troubles are superseded by a state of rest. This short word, rest, is full of meaning—full of consolation. To him oppressed with care, with distress, anguish, and pain, how sweet is rest. This word is replete with bliss; more suggestive of a perfect freedom from trouble and sorrow and ills of all kinds, than any other word in our language. Our departed brother is now at rest.

That is a purely physical answer to the question, and a pure, simple, and natural conception, which is consolation in itself. But our brother by no means would stop there. No high religion, no high aspect of life of any kind, in the human economy or in the wealth of human nature, ever stops there. One step further. What is that immortality that can conquer this death? That is the question which always follows the first answer, as to what death itself may be. Two answers have stood before all time; two answers that are as prominent to-day as ever. One is, that the individual, personal consciousness continues; that this life process, in some way not as yet fully known to us, continues in a future life, in some way and form that we as yet but little know. The next answer is, that there is a corporate immortality on earth, which receives all of life's influence, power, and goodness; that the works of a man continue in the human race forever and ever in an indefinite future. Both of these immortalities, and especially the latter, have strengthened during the last hundred years. Both have been substantially adopted by the higher races of mankind. Both were cherished and believed in by our departed brother.

In the first immortality he was induced, from early youth, to look for consolation and encouragement in life; and in his later years he felt that more and more the proofs were gathering around him by which that feeling of hope, consolation, and encouragement could be sustained. He was willing to believe, if it can be shown by actual fact, that that process of life and of personal consciousness does not die with the human frame.

He made a discrimination between the dogmas of the past, which were the curse of mankind and will be swept away, and the hope which, under the laws of science, he could cherish. The continuation of the process of life he distinguished from that theology which had gathered around it and made it a curse instead of a blessing. In that aspect of life we may, his friends may, all those who can may, believe that his own personal consciousness remains; that that power which here was such an unwearied laborer in the right and the good still continues its processes and follows its development in a higher sphere, under better circumstances, and with those who know better how to appreciate the motives and the life of their colaborer who has left us. He was cheered by the assurance that from all the analogies that we know of life, the best possible preparation for any such higher state, the only guaranty of a better and higher life, is a life of fearless, useful, honest activity on earth; and that right, that deed, as I may call it, that title clear, to the higher mansion—if one there be—our departed brother lying here we may feel sure has received. That beautiful vision at the close of the second part of Faust, where the angel bands defeat all the enemies of human hope, happiness, and bliss, where they descend and rescue the pursued wanderer of the earth, where they bear him aloft, ever more to dwell with the angels—that beautiful passage I know is too familiar to repeat to you, but it embodies the truth that in every immortality of every religion and of every age, the fearless, honest, useful man, who has served his term of life, may be sure of his reception above; that no power can defeat that eternal law of right and wrong which demands his continuance as long as time exists.

One thing more, to our brother, was equally clear, and that is, that as the human race advanced there was an immortality—not, perhaps, of personal consciousness, but of personal effort, personal good, personal influence, that continues as the better part of man, the unselfish part, the part that is truly good and beneficent on earth; and he felt assured, more and more as he grew in years, that that kind of immortality known as the corporate or positive immortality was equally true, was certainly beneficent, and was a manifest reality.

In that discourse from which I have read a few lines let me read what would bear upon that view of immortality:

But, friends, let us remember that all that is noble and beautiful is secure from the moldering touch of time. While what appears like the remorseless hand of death is robbing us of our most valued treasures, let us not forget that

"Bright things never die,
Even though they fade,
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made."

In one sense, my friends, we do not die—we cannot die. No noble act, no generous impulse of the heart, has ever perished.

"There is no death in this wide world,
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range."

"There is no death; the senseless clay lives in the waving corn;
Thus earth, a mighty sepulcher, gives up its dead, nor can
It hold them back; each water drop and grain of sand is borne
Alternate into plant, or noble brute, or noblest man."

Good friends, let us not lament the inevitable. We are all in the arms of Mother Nature. The universe has amply provided for all the wants and all the conditions of mankind, in life and in death. Let all that is noble and worthy in the lives and characters of those we hold most dear be fondly cherished in our heart of hearts. Let the same be held in sacred remembrance as an impetus—an inspiration—to those of us who remain behind for awhile, but soon to follow after.

"Powers depart,
Possessions vanish and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat,
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists; immutably survives."

How can I express more eloquently and beautifully the existence of this corporate immortality of mankind? He cherished that hope; it was the impulse of his life and of his sacrifices. He believed in *that* sacred word, *duty*. He did not labor merely for his own personal satisfaction, or aggrandizement, or pleasure, but he felt that impulse back of him that enabled him to do his duty, and to make a stand all alone, fearlessly and without regard to consequences, which, in this day of comparative degeneracy, fits him to be honored by us as a hero. In view of this latter phase of immortality, this latter day of judgment, which grows stronger and stronger as the ages advance higher and higher, the duty is placed upon us of measuring this man, here and now, as far as we can. We must not see the life and memory of this man pass down into the future without some explanation that we can make now, as we, his friends and associates and relatives, stand around his mortal remains. The day of judgment must begin here and now. It may not end now—I feel sure that it will not—for as the years go on one after another, as the Truth Seeker rises stronger and stronger in this corporate immortality, those who have known him to despise will learn to honor him or to fear. The power of this man is but begun; that is my conviction. Let us cast our eye over his life and see.

In 1818, the 23d day of December, DeRobigne Mortimer Bennett was born, upon the shores of Otsego Lake, in New York. His parents, not wealthy, were farmers. They cherished their child, and they gave him all the advantages which such a neighborhood could command. While yet in his childhood one

of his first and bitterest recollections was one of misfortune. His father failed in business, his farm was sold out, and one of the most painful recollections of our brother's life, and one which, let me say, I know too well how to appreciate, was the sad picture of seeing his mother in tears, while the little heir-looms, and the articles of furniture which she had made with her own hands, were sold to satisfy remorseless creditors. That first touch of misfortune undoubtedly gave him the feelings of sympathy which continued with him throughout his whole life, in the form of a tenderness of heart unusual among his class of people.

He worked at farm-work during his youth. He had the hope that he might rise to one of the learned professions and become a physician; but misfortune followed him. His father died, and his mother was unable to provide for him as she wished. During a visit to the Shakers at New Lebanon, N.Y., he was brought into connection with that community. They took a fancy to the youth, and he to them.

It seems that shortly after his father died, he drifted into the Shaker community, at about fifteen years of age. For thirteen years he was under their tuition and influence, and there was laid the second foundation, or stratum, of his character. He was among them always respected; he was a good boy; he did his work well, and he was promoted by them. More and more confidence was placed in his ability, industry, and faithfulness. He adopted their tenets, and he was placed in charge of their business departments, especially that of herbs. He became their physician. He studied medicine, though he took no title of doctor—a title he deserved, perhaps, more than thousands who take it, and he became their eclectic physician on becoming of age. In 1850, when he was about 33 years of age, it occurred to him and to several other young members of the community that that community was not the whole world; that there was within his own nature—that there was, just beyond the bounds of that community—something which it could never satisfy. He mentioned his feelings to one of his colaborers, a young lady in charge of the children who came to the community for education, and who was respected among them as one of their leaders—a teacher named Mary Wicks; and, to his surprise, he learned that she had arrived at a similar state of skepticism as to the completeness and fulness of the Shaker tenets. The result was that they concluded to try the world together; to leave their little Eden and seek another in the world beyond, perhaps without a Providence to guide whither they should go. They left the community with two others, and to the great horror, doubtless, of their good Shaker friends, they perpetrated matrimony, were duly married, made their peace afterward with their Shaker brethren, and started out into the world to make their fortunes or suffer such fate as might await them there.

Mr. Bennett had been skilled in the nursery business, and he tried that. He was also skilled in medicine, and from one trial to another he went until finally, at Cincinnati, he established a large drug business. He acquired a very considerable property; he had met with worldly success. In an unfortunate hour, as it seemed, though perhaps it proved much the best in the end, he sold out his business and invested in other mercantile speculations.

The times changed, and the conditions of life upon which he had based his venture were swept from under him. Thousands failed, and he failed with them. Then followed one step after another to recuperate; he did not meet with the same success, however, but with much disappointment. But during this time his mental growth had received a singular development. The early piety of his childhood, where he had learned chapter after chapter by heart, to satisfy the Sunday-school teachers under whom his mother placed him, and the inspirational development of faculties which he had received among the Shakers, met, in the outer world, a rude contrast. It seemed to him perfectly clear that those tenets and that inspiration were not the whole of life, and that they did not solve the world as it stood before him then. He was led to inquire as to the fundamental validity of those teachings. In 1848 he met with a book which has been the guide and opener of the mind and heart to, I may say, millions—Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." He read that book night and day, with his Bible, with prayer, and with anxiety unspeakable; yes, with prayer. But let me tell you that the Freethought ranks have received no deeper, no more precious souls, than those who have come into them from that singular rebellion of inspiration which was started in England by George Fox, the leader of the Quakers. The Shaker community was but the culmination of Quakerism—it was Quakerism brought to its logical results. They believed in the actual continuance of inspiration; they acted as the representatives of the principle of spiritual life which flowed from the divinity itself. They received their divine *afflatus* at first hand. They went not only to the Bible for inspiration—they went to the divine nature itself, and took part of its own heart into theirs. That was a basis of character very powerful; for a man that is founded upon his God, the highest God that he knows, is simply invincible while he has life; you may kill him, you may crush him out, but you never can conquer him, because you never can conquer that fundamental belief in the right. It is that unswerving conviction which makes him the king, beyond all other men, in regard to his own life, belief and conduct. That invincible nature which comes from that doctrine of direct community with God, taught by the Quaker brethren, has given us the most fearless, the most honest, the most sacrificing and the most beneficent reformers that mankind has ever known. You cannot understand Thomas Paine unless you know that at first, and in a very important sense to the last, he was a Quaker; you cannot understand our departed brother unless you know that he spent his youth in the midst of a feeling of direct communication with the Almighty. The greatest men of our times have taken their pre-eminent conviction of soul from this element of which I speak. To that more than to anything else we owe the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery in England and in this country. They have a belief in an eternal God, they have a conception of an eternal sense of right in the human heart, and they have made others feel it, whether they would or no, through social changes and political revolutions.

Of that stock he was, and upon that foundation, built upon the eternal, our brother rested himself; and when the storms came and the winds blew, they might as well have struck, like the roaring waves, against the ledges on the rock-bound coast of our land. Immovable as a mountain, strong as the spirit of the Almighty God incarnated in man, was that sense and conviction of right which he had inherited, and to which he would sacrifice life and everything before he could prove false to it for a moment.

In that spirit he pursued his inquiry into the history of the dogmas and traditions of the past. He gave his honest verdict upon them—that they are false! and that was enough for him. He saw that in their influence upon mankind they were obstructiv and destructiv and a curse, and that at this stage of the world's progression, when they were no longer credible, they should be, with all reverence, perhaps, but nevertheless peacefully and quietly, buried in the history of the past. He was made to feel the necessity of that by an incident. In his inquiries he had questioned the use and authority of prayer, and the clergy in the neighborhood with whom he had consulted, sprung upon him like a pack of wolves. They began to traduce him, they tried to crush him out. They said he had a bad influence in the neighborhood; they read lectures against him in the pulpit, and when he sought, through the papers which published the sermons of his opponents, to get printed some little statement of his own, written in plain, homespun, farmer's style, would they print it? No. They tried to break up his business, and then he said: "I will stand this no longer. The last dollar that I can earn shall be spent in printing what I believe to be the truth, and these neighbors, the people around me, shall know what manner of man I am." And so he started to print, and his little tracts were scattered from house to house, even thrown into door yards, for he meant to be heard. The days went on. They tried to suppress him more and more. Finally they said, "Who are you?" He said, "I am a truth seeker, and I must know what is true."

Some time after this he started a little paper at Paris, Ill., and called it THE TRUTH SEEKER. Whether it could continue or not seemed doubtful. There was nothing to sustain it except his own indomitable will and his slight earnings, but he printed what he saw to be the truth, and defied the world.

He studied more and more. He saved his money to buy books to study out the truth and to make others see it, because that was the joy and pride of his life. The paper was received a little more favorably. A few earnest friends gathered around him, and they said, "It shall not die." They said it was worthy of a higher place; that it was a candle not to be put under a bushel, but to be set on a hill. They told him to take that paper to New York, or to some great city, and start it there, and to speak just in his own plain, homespun style, to what President Lincoln nobly called "the plain people of the country." That style which has been made immortal by Thomas Paine, which made Cobbett popular with the middle classes of England; which to-day makes Charles Bradlaugh the peer in influence of any man on earth, that was the style of this man. He had more honesty at the bottom, more sympathy and good feeling, more good nature and pure humanity in his heart than any other person; and that feeling and that human sympathy gave him his power to express himself so that he must be heard. That power is the attractive influence, but back of it lies that wealth of sincerity and conviction and human sympathy which is better than all the learning of the schools and all the wealth and power of the learned institutions of society. That paper was placed in New York, and there was then also doubt as to its continuance. Were there any people here who would listen to him? But few. Was the enterprise to be broken down? It looked like it for a while. But that same quality of plain, honest speech and perseverence sustained him; a few people in New York rallied around him, determined to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a permanent institution in the thought and progress of American life. As a Liberal, an Infidel, a Freethinker, he soon attained power, simply because of the instinct to do right and to speak aright.

But he was not only called to speak for liberty but to suffer.

He attended the conventions of the Liberal societies, notably one in Watkins, in 1878. He acquired such pre-eminence that his enemies, interested in supporting superstition, thought it was necessary that he should be "crushed out," and they determined that it should be done. They commenced a persecution for that purpoee, and upon that turned, to a great extent, the future of his life, and, it may be, the future of American liberty. It seemed to be a trifling thing, the passage of those laws by which the power of commencing public prosecution for criminal acts was taken out of the hands of the officers of the law, responsible to the people, elected and paid by the people, and passed into the hands of a few amateur societies, gotten up by church-members. It seemed a trivial thing, and the motives for which those steps were professed to have been taken were so pure and good that it seemed that no one, except out of pure wickedness, could object to the new proceedings which were introduced into our republican law; but Mr. Bennett saw at once that what was apparently simple and pure was an engine which could be used for purposes of oppression, persecution, and wrong; he saw that it was reproducing in this country an ecclesiastical power which would give effects to the beliefs, simply, of those who cherished the older superstitions and the interests connected with them. He saw that if it was continued it was a power for persecution without limit, and that it must end in the destruction of the distinction between the state and national authority in the prosecution of crime, and place both under ecclesiastical methods; that it meant the union of church and state instead of a purely secular government. He was among the first to raise the cry of alarm and of warning. Then they said, "Certainly this man must be crushed out." They sent their "Agent" to his office, in 1877, to hunt over his books to see if they could not find something upon which they could trap him. They found two or three little pamphlets that they tried to make a prosecution lie upon, and he was arrested. But when the matter was laid before the authorities at Washington they said it would not do; it was too thin. Then, you may remember how he went to Watkins Glen in 1878. We held our convention, and at one of the booths held around the stand there was for sale a little pamphlet, a trifling and unimportant thing, and Mr. Bennett, who had been watched, in the kindness of his heart, offered to make sales for a young lady attending one of these booths, who had to be absent for a short time. Thus one of the pamphlets was bought of Mr. Bennett. Two or three persons who were engaged with him in selling at that booth were immediately arrested and brought before a police justice, where they were held to bail to answer an indictment before the grand jury. I remember walking with Mr. Bennett on that occasion to his hotel, and I never shall forget the feeling of humiliation and indignation with which that man was charged. Said he, repeating it over and over again, "Can this be all there is of American liberty?" He said, "As long as I live I will fight this spirit of persecution, and I will make the church see that it can never control this country again; as soon as I get back to New York I will publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER a notice that I will sell that pamphlet in the regular course of my business if it costs me my life." He came back to New York, and the first thing he did was to put in THE TRUTH SEEKER a notice that that pamphlet was for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and he said, "If it means a prison, then a prison let it be." Those were his words. A gauntlet thrown down in that way had to be taken up, and in a short time a decoy letter came from the same "Agent" who had formerly gone through his office to see if he could not find something upon which he might be arrested. He was arrested, he gave bail, he was tried. The proceedings of that trial are published. They say stronger than any words of mine: When the innocent is convicted the judge and law are condemned.

The judge was swift to rule against him, swift to do him injustice as it seemed to us, and to all fair-minded men, as I believe. He was tried with apparent kindness, but the velvet paw scarcely concealed the claws of ecclesiastical persecution. Back of the prosecutor sat the agent of this ecclesiastical society, and back of him sat the leading representative of ecclesiastical fanaticism in this country. In front of those two sat the public prosecutor, one specially employed for this purpose, who did not represent either his principal in office or the power that directed the public prosecutions at Washington, for both of those officials had said that this book was not within the meaning of the law under which the prosecution was attempted. Thus in line sat those three, and the spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance passed from this fanatic through the agent and the public prosecutor, up to the judge, who ruled invariably against the accused. Those were the influences which underlay and controled that whole prosecution. I am sorry for the honor of American jurisprudence, but the stigma of that and similar trials in our United States courts will in time be only second to that of the trials held by Judge Jeffries in England. Time and Liberty will place them where they belong. The record of the American Inquisition will be written yet. Let its minions remember that the immortality of infamy that awaits them is assured by the very laws of progress.

I was not Mr. Bennett's lawyer. I was his friend and bail on that trial; but I believe that his counsel did everything that could hav been done, and I believe that it was a predetermined fact that that conviction had to be had, and that everything was conducted to that end with such unsparing disregard of the ordinary rules of justice, law, and fair dealing that no other result than that arrived at could have been expected. You know he tried to appeal; he tried to get three judges to reverse the decision of one, but in vain.

The very same ground which had been held sufficient on a similar trial in England, in the Bradlaugh case, was overruled directly by the court here. He expected that that ground would be sustained in this country as in England. He sought an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, which could only be done by a divided bench. The bench would not divide. He then appealed to the chief justice of the United States for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The judge held that the only question of constitutional law which could be thus brought up had been passed upon unanimously, by the Supreme Court, and so the writ could not be granted. I state this here because it has been said that he did not exhaust all the remedies of the law. I want to remove that idea and suspicion in regard to our departed brother, and I say that he did everything that was possible to be done to let the law vindicate itself, that the course of justice in these United States might be able to vindicate itself, and remove the stain and stigma which has fallen upon it by reason of that prosecution

He failed. You know how he went to prison. You know how patiently he tried to bear that terrible crushing weight which falls upon the sensitive heart when it feels the prison doors close behind it. For seven weeks or two months he endured the severest prison discipline, and at the end of that time it became perfectly apparent that if that course of discipline was continued he would be a dead man in a short time. I cannot express my feelings of abhorrence at the ignorance of the true nature of this man which led some to suppose that he could simulate an illness which was not real. He had then, while in prison, a touch of this same disease which has placed him before us today. The first touch, the first breaking down of his constitution, was there. His physician recommended that he should be sent to the hospital, and that he should be allowed recreation for his mind, by being permitted to write and compose books, if he chose. They said that unless this man is removed from the strict discipline of the prison and given some occupation for his mind he will be crushed and die. Under that view he was taken to the hospital; and he commenced to write a great work in prison. It is not so much an original work as a compilation, and you know how faithfully he did it. The book is published in two large volumes—"The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times." It is an admirable resume of the progress of thought in past ages. That work enabled him to live; it occupied his thoughts and kept him from that stagnation and death which overtake men who are taken from their intellectual environments and reduced suddenly to enforced labor or inactivity. Imprisonment is not by any means the same to all men. It depends upon the degree of culture, upon the standard of life, and upon the associations and the habits of the individual as to what the punishment may be. To a man who is merely an animal, physical confinement is a very different thing from what it is to a man of large moral and intellectual nature; while to the first it may be a small punishment, to the latter it is often fatal. This great inequality is not regarded by our law, which seems to be made for brutes and to be largely executed by brutes.

Mr. Bennett left that prison, and you know how he was received at Chickering Hall, where thousands were turned away from the door who had come to do him honor. But few, however, in that large audience knew how deeply that man had suffered. From the moment that he went to that prison his heart was broken. His health began to fail, and his apparent good health since has been apparent, and nothing more. Silently, by one means or another, he has tried to fight it off. He went to Europe as a delegate of the Liberals of this country; he went around the world, but he carried that broken heart with him. He came home to write out the history of his travels, and as he came near its end, "What more remains?" he said; "this is my last work; I only hope I may liv to finish it; this is all I ever expect to do; I will then resign the labor of my life to others, and I charge upon you who will be selected as my successors that you continue the work I have begun, and keep alive THE TRUTH SEEKER that it may vindicate the position I have taken in behalf of intellectual and political liberty, and the emancipation of mankind from the slavery of superstition and priestcraft." He was a true soldier. The world knew the worst of him; that was the trouble. He was too sincere; what others merely think he might write down, and the small souls who were so far beneath him in purity of character that they could scarcely understand his nature were willing to pick up and scatter to the winds these loose thoughts, as if they were the whole of the man. Those who knew him knew better. A more childlike, tender, beautiful heart, it seemed to me, a man never carried. And that smile of his, so much like that of our old friend and former president of the Liberal Club, Horace Greeley. Why did it spring to his lips? It was often because he had a heart so tender that only in that way could he shield off the blows that would hav hit and wounded it.

My friends, this mask of dissumulation that civilization has thrown around us, it is well for us that we can wear it, but our brother was too sensitive; he felt keenly; he was too earnest, and that original education of his had make his heart almost as naked to the world as it was to his God. We must cherish the memory of him who thus has suffered more than we can think. We must cherish the memory of him who has fought for the

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Communications.

A Deadly Blow at Political Puritanism.

Amidst the general wreck caused by the political storms which raged all over the country during the months of October and November, there is one result which deserves, but has not yet received, the attention of those who study into the causes and consequences of things. It is the stunning, if not fatal, blow that has been given to what may be called *political Puritanism*.

The distinguishing idea of the Puritans of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their descendants now, was and is that piety toward God, orthodoxy in belief, and good morals in eating, drinking, and wearing clothes, could all and only be put into a man's heart, head, or life by an *act of the legislature*. It grew out of the Pauline teaching that political government was an ordinance of God; that political officers—"the powers that be," and whosoever they might be, whether king or kaiser, are ordained of God, and are the divinely-authorized executors of the last will and testament of Jesus Christ, the king of nations, as that will is expressed in the Bible; that all wrong-doing, whether crimes, or vices, or unbelief, is a sin against God, or non-conformity to his law; and that the function of the civil magistrate, as the minister of God, is to restrain and punish such transgression or non-conformity.

Now, the American idea, embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, is the very reverse of all this. The founders of the republic held that civil government was *not* an ordinance of God, but a human agency, devised by man to secure the rights of man; that all government derives its just powers, not from God, but from the consent of the governed; that when from any cause a government fails to accomplish its only legitimate object of securing the rights of the governed, the people, who are the only source of lawful powér, hav not only the right, but it is their duty, to revolutionize and reform that government, and make it fulfil its mission—not by bloody insurrection against those in office, but in the more peaceful and effectual way of the *ballot*. The American idea is that as God is supreme and can attend to the interests of his own kingdom without the help of mortals, the main object of human law is the protection of the personal and property rights of the citizens; that all the *sin* it knows anything about is the sin against society, and that a large number of the follies and vices of human character, as they develop themselvs in life, should be left for correction to the censure of public opinion as it may be expressed through the mediums of the printing-press, and the free discussion of the platform. Personal habits, whether dressing ridiculously, drinking intoxicating liquors, using opium, tobacco, or other narcotics—all these and others belong to the *individual*, and can not be reached by law. If the law would undertake to prescribe to a citizen what he must eat, drink, or wear, what religious creed he must accept, how, when, and where he must say his prayers and worship God, government becomes a despotism, and the people become slaves. Yet this is political Puritanism. It makes the government protectiv and paternal. That is, to justify its oppression it keeps the people eternally in the swaddling bands of infancy, and constitutes the governing power a father whose duty is to pry into the private habits of his household, and, if wrong, punish them as sins committed against God. It is astonishing and humiliating to read the history of our ancestors when they were under the disciplin of political Puritanism in the seventeenth century, and see the abject bondage they were in, and how patiently they submitted to it. And it shows that religion, whether good or bad, has such an expulsiv and transforming power that it molds men into any shape of character.

But the government of the United States was set up as a protest against the Puritan and European idea that the civil magistrate was a father, and that the people were his unquestioning children. And when we remember that its founders had all been born and educated under this Puritan influence, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States look like divinely-inspired documents, a revelation from heaven, containing truths heretofore entirely unknown. No wonder the monarchs of Europe trembled on their thrones and felt them giving way at the declaration that all men were equal in political rights, and that governments derived all their authority, not from God and by his grace, as kings claim, but from the *people*, their sovereign will being made known by their ballots. These are revolutionary ideas, and they are at this moment doing their work by the slow but safe process of evolution in shaping the destinies of all the kingly governments on earth.

It was the un-American, officious, inquisitorial, and intermeddling political Puritanism which the people of Ohio, and especially the foreign element of her population, so effectually rebuked last October. The countrymen of Luther and of Calvin had been taught by these great reformers that the Jewish law of the Sabbath was not binding on the consciences and lives of Christians, but that all the days of the week were alike holy. The custom of their nativ land was, after the toil of the week was over, for the father of a family to take his wife and children to the beer-garden on Sunday, and there enjoy the innocent amusement of music and social intercourse with his neighbors. But on migrating to this "land of freedom," whose national Constitution is so purely secular that it knows no God, no religion, and no Sabbath, they find themselvs annoyed by state laws which interfere with their personal rights, and which giv a hypocritical sanctity to Sunday not required by the New Testament at all, and in opposition to the teaching and example of all the reformers of the sixteenth century. Roused into indignation by this attempt at persecution, they rebelled against the Puritan politicians and gave the state to the Democrats.

There was another large class of people in Ohio, besides the Germans, who were disgusted with the cant and duplicity of Gov. Foster in starting the project of getting up a day of fasting and prayer for the saving of Garfield's life. Foster is a mongrel Samaritan. That is to say, he ostensibly, and I may say ostentatiously, "fears the Lord, but really serves his own gods." He seems to hav thought that, as nearly all the clergy and church people are in the Republican party, it would be a good stroke of policy to scare away the *lions* (see 2 Kings, xvii.) that might intercept his way to a seat in the United States Senate, and therefore, to propitiate the Puritan sentiment, he suggests to the nation a day of prayer. Of course, at such a time as that, when the country was surging with excitement, the suggestion took; and the world, in the eighty-first year of the nineteenth century, witnessed the ridiculous spectacle of a nation of fifty millions of people down on its corporate knees at the same hour, praying the God of the universe, who is a god of law and order, that a *miracle* might be wrought by preventing a leaden bullet, fired by an assassin into the vitals of a living man, from killing him! Of course the Supreme Being, as might hav been expected beforehand, was not going to reverse all the laws of nature and dislocate all the machinery of the heavens and the earth, even to save the life of our beloved president; and so the bullet and the doctors did their work. Garfield died, and the corporation known as "the United States" became a laughing-stock to the rest of the world, and probably to a vast majority of the people themselvs who belonged to the corporation, and who were forced to go through this solemn mockery. To the honor of the governor of Texas, it must be said that he refused, officially, to take part in this childish pageant, believing that it was a national insult to the God of law to ask him to work a miracle.

But the Puritan philanthrophist and politician asks: "What can we do to stop the tide of intemperance and other bad habits of our people, which are injuring thousands of born and unborn human beings?" I answer, nothing by *legislation*. Bad personal habits, and especially those which are artificial and unnatural, can only be cured by reason and the study of the laws of heredity. Preach physiology and the laws of life and health to the people, beginning at the common school. Teach them the wholesome doctrin that the great power in the universe that works for righteousness has annexed suffering to transgression by a law which is irrepealable; that no violator of law, physical or moral, can go into a bankrupt court, and, by shedding a few tears of repentance, get another person to pay his indebtedness at the rate of a hundred cents on the dollar; but that he must himself pay the debt to the uttermost farthing. Show how the vicious indulgence of unnatural appetites destroys self-respect, forfeits the esteem of others, undermines manhood, and converts men into spent rascals, stamps their children with imbecility and waywardness in their mother's womb, and brings on premature disease and death. Cherish the sentiment of honor among young men, and make them too proud to do a mean act. Teach the duty of self-reliance in the grand struggle of life, and the survival only of those who display wisdom and energy of character. This is the kind of instruction that the world needs in order to make men erect in their walk and free, instead of broken-backed slaves to sin and shame. But it is impossible, from the nature of man, to do it by *legislation*.

If the Republicans two years hence shall place the general government in the hands of the Democrats, as they hav this year entrusted the majority of the state governments, I express the hope of thousands of our most intelligent and upright citizens, that they will fall back upon the true Jeffersonian principles of the Constitution in regard to the proper relation between the state and the church, and banish political Puritanism from our public affairs, root and branch, and thus do for the honor of Christ what the church has never done—vindicate his saying that *his kingdom is not of this world*. Political Puritanism is the fly in our apothecary's pot of ointment which sends forth a stinking savor into the nostrils of all enlightened lovers of their country. It is an anomaly in our free and secular government. It is a nuisance and hypocrisy which ought to be abated.

A. B. Bradford.

Enon Vally, Pa., Nov. 22, 1882.

Prof. Haeckel on Darwin.

In *Nature* appears a report of the remarkable address given by Prof. Haeckel at the recent Eisenach meeting of the German Association of Naturalists on the theories of Darwin, Goethe, and Lamarck. The address is mainly devoted to Darwin and Darwinism, and of both, we need scarcely say, Prof. Haeckel has the highest estimate. He said:

"When, five months ago, the sad intelligence reached us by telegraph from England that on April 19th Charles Darwin had concluded his life of rich activity there thrilled with rare unanimity through the whole scientific world the feeling of an irreparable loss. Not only did the innumerable adherents and scholars of the great naturalist lament the decease of the head master who had guided them, but even the most esteemed of his opponents had to confess that one of the most significant and influential spirits af the century had departed. This universal sentiment found its most eloquent expression in the fact that immediately after his death the English newspapers of all parties, and pre-eminently his Conservativ opponents, demanded that the burial-place of the deceased should be in the Valhalla of Great Britain, the national Temple of Fame, Westminster Abbey; and there, in point of fact, he found his last resting-place by the side of the kindred-minded Newton. In no country of the world, however, England not excepted, has the reforming doctrin of Darwin met with so much living interest or evoked such a storm of writings, for and against, as in Germany. It is, therefore, only a debt of honor we pay if at this year's assembly of German naturalists and physicians we gratefully call to remembance the mighty genius who has departed, and bring home to our minds the loftiness of the theory of nature to which he has elevated us. And what place in the world could be more appropriate for rendering this service of thanks than Eisenach, with its Wartburg, this stronghold of free inquiry and free opinion! As in this sacred spot 360 years ago Martin Luther, by his reform of the church in its head and members, introduced a new era in the history of civilization, so in our days has Charles Darwin, by his reform of the doctrin of development, constrained the whole perception, thought, and volition of mankind into new and higher courses. It is true that personally, both in his character and influence, Darwin has more affinity to the meek and mild Melancthon than to the powerful and inspired Luther. In the scope and importance, however, of their great work of reformation the two cases were entirely parallel, and in both the success marks a new epoch in the development of the human mind. Consider, first, the irrefragable fact of the unexampled success which Darwin's reform of science has achieved in the short space of twenty-three years, for never before since the beginning of human science has any new theory penetrated so deeply to the foundation of the whole domain of knowledge or so deeply affected the most cherished personal convictions of individual students; never before has a new theory called forth such vehement opposition, and so completely overcome it in such short time. The depicture of the astounding revolution which Darwin has accomplished in the minds of men in their entire view of nature and conception of the world will form an interesting chapter in the future history of the doctrin of development."

Describing a visit which he paid to the late Mr. Darwin in 1866, Prof. Haeckel says:

"In Darwin's own carriage, which he had thoughtfully sent for my convenience to the railway station, I drove one sunny morning in October through the graceful, hilly landscape of Kent, which, with the checkered foliage of its woods, with its stretches of purple heath, yellow broom, and evergreen oaks, was arrayed in the fairest autumnal dress. As the carriage drew up in front of Darwin's pleasant country-house, clad in a vesture of ivy and embowered in elms, there stepped out to meet me from the shady porch, overgrown with creeping plants, the great naturalist himself, a tall and venerable figure with the broad shoulders of an atlas supporting a world of thoughts, his Jupiter-like forehead highly and broadly arched, as in the case of Goethe, and deeply furrowed by the plow of mental labor; his kindly, mild eyes looking forth under the shadow of prominent brows, his amiable mouth surrounded by a copious silver-white beard. The cordial, prepossessing expression of the whole face, the gentle, mild voice, the slow, deliberate utterance, the natural and *naive* train of ideas which marked his conversation, captivated my whole heart in the first hour of our meeting, just as his great work had formerly, on my first reading it, taken my whole understanding by storm. I fancied a lofty world-sage out of Hellenic antiquity—a Socrates or Aristotle—stood alive before me. Our conversation, of course, turned principally on the subject which lay nearest the hearts of both—on the progress and prospects of the history of development. Those prospects at that time, sixteen years

ago, were bad enough, for the highest authorities had for the most part set themselvs against the new doctrins. With touching modesty, Darwin said that his whole work was but a weak attempt to explain in a natural way the origin of animal and vegetable species, and that he should not liv to see any noteworthy success following the experiment, the mountain of opposing prejudice being so high. He thought I had greatly overestimated his small merit, and that the high praise I had bestowed on it in my 'General Morphology' was far too exaggerated.

"We next came to speak of the numerous and violent attacks on his work, which were then in the ascendant. In the case of many of those pitiful botches one was, in fact, quite at a loss whether more to lament the want of understanding and judgment they showed or to giv the greater vent to the indignation one could not but feel at the arrogance and presumption of those miserable scribblers who pooh-poohed Darwin's ideas and bespattered his character. I had then, as on later occasions, repeatedly expressed my just scorn of the contemptible clan. Darwin smiled at this, and endeavored to calm me with the words, 'My dear young friend, believe me, one must hav compassion and forbearance with such poor creatures; the stream of truth they can only hold back for a passing instant, but never permanently stem.' In my later visits to Down in 1876 and 1879 I had the pleasure of being able to relate to Darwin the mighty progress which in the past intervals his doctrins had made in Germany. Their decisiv outburst happened more rapidly and more completely here with us than in England, for the reason chiefly that the power of social and religious prejudice is not nearly so strong here as among our cousins across the channel, who are better placed than ourselvs. Darwin was perfectly well aware of all this; though his knowledge of our language and literature was defectiv, as he often complained, yet he had the highest appreciation of our intellectual treasures."

Good as Far as It Goes.

The New York *Advocate* and several other papers hav recently interested their readers by discussing the propriety of allowing congregations to worship in Methodist churches who do not believe our doctrins. Few of these articles exhibit that spirit of Christian liberality which our age demands and enforces, and instead of convincing those who are searching for truth that we are intellectually able to defend our doctrins against any array of opposing forces, they are led to believe that it is still necessary for us to retire behind our physical bulwarks to prevent our people from hearing the doctrins of others, and deserting us for them. Of course, there should be a limit to our liberality; for instance, if a house has been dedicated to the worship of God, downright Infidelity should be precluded from parading its tenets in that house, but the doors should not be closed against any worshipers of God, even though they follow not with us in many important doctrins. If our people hav not the moral power to sit with impunity while adverse doctrins are flaunted in their faces, they are best but poor Methodists. The minister who fears the bold dash of a Robert Ingersoll has certainly been remiss in performing his obligations to his flock, for if Infidelity can overthrow in two or three lectures what the minister and his compeers hav been years in building up, it indicates that the training has been of an inferior kind. Alas! what more hav some congregations to depend upon, so far as the minister is concerned, than a few pathetic stories by which they hav been brought into the church and upon which they hav been nourished ever since? It seems to me that as the warfare is an intellectual and not a physical one, our people should learn from the pulpit a reason for the hope that is within them, and not only so, they should learn the reason why we reject the multifarious teachings of Infidelity, till each one can proudly stand amid the darkest storm

> And say to cold Ridicule and Scorn,
> "Pass on! I heed you not;
> Ye may pursue me till my form
> And being are forgot;
> Yet the spirit which you see,
> Undaunted by your wiles,
> Draws from its own nobility
> Its high-born smiles."

The lecture-rooms hav been frequently closed against Ingersoll, and if persons who hav charge of them feel inclined to shut them against such teachings it is perhaps nobody's business, yet I fail to see in such acts anything to call forth especial rejoicing from Christians. It is not even a sign of the progress of our principles, any more than the fact that doors hav been closed against us is evidence of the progress of Infidelity. I cannot be accused of undue sympathy with Infidelity, but I do object to a physical warfare to gain a spiritual victory. If Christianity cannot stand by reason against all the scoffs, ridicule, and intellectual animosity of its enemies, let it fall. Religion claims the right to exist simply because it has gained in the great contest and intellectual supremacy, and not because it has been physically able in certain districts to crush out its opponents. The true spirit of Christianity invites a thorough, honest investigation of the whole matter. "Come, let us reason together." No man is honest who closes his eyes upon either side of this conflict. The honest man's motto is not "Infidelity," it is not "Christianity," but it is "truth." He searches diligently till he finds the truth, and then inclines either to Infidelity or religion as truth directs. I will say in passing that I believe whoever investigates the whole matter will be intellectually religious, whether he ever has the manhood to liv up to his convictions or not. Our mode of warfare should not be to hide from our people the principles of those who oppose us, but boldly, with the sword of reason, whetted in truth, approach every error and sever it from their minds, remembering that even Infidels sometimes speak the truth, and hav in the past discovered to us some of the greatest beauties of our holy religion. We should never be afraid of the truth, by whomsoever spoken, for it cannot militate against anything that we should hold as an article of faith. The word of God, faithfully preached, properly expounded, and vigorously defended, will insure us the victory. (Rev.) Geo. B. Armstrong.

Ingersoll Defended by a Preacher.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Rev. Dr. Snyder delivered last evening to an intelligent, large, and attentiv audience a discourse upon the attitude of the church toward nineteenth century Infidelity and unbelief. He said that whatever people might think about the brilliant lecturer who had recently appeared in the city, no man of reason would fail to admit that the lecturer deserves consideration from the fact that he represents a vast and voiceless constituency. People do not flock to hear him on account of his eloquence, his wit, his sarcasm, but rather because he boldly givs expression to the fears, the hopes, and even the scorn of men and women who hav broken away from the popular faith. Bitter and merciless though this man be, he is the representativ and spokesman of a vast number of serious and conscientious people, as Bradlaugh is in England at the present day. With the man the lecturer had little to do; but people, Christians, could not afford to remain longer indifferent to the philosophy of which he is the prophet. Christians would be indeed short-sighted were they not alive to the reality of the existing difference between the church and a great mass of people. The old objection to the argument with Infidels, "These things hav been answered hundreds of times; they are all old," will no longer do. The popular faith was never so beset with enemies as now, and orthodoxy and Christianity never more needed doughty champions than it does now. Orthodoxy has its champions in Rev. Mr. Talmage and Judge Jeremiah Black, and they are inclosed in the armor of their faiths. Their method of fighting much resembles that of the celebrated knight, who made such fierce and warlike onslaughts upon the windmill. They wage their war as a forlorn hope. The speaker asked his hearers to take a look into theology to see in how far the celebrated modern Infidel is just and in what respect he is unjust. Through all the creeds, though they may differ in minor respects, run fundamental principles. They all agree that a three-fold deity created two weak persons, not for any benefit to themselvs, but simply for his own glory, and placed them in the way of a tempter who succeeded in bringing about their fall. They fell and the great God imposed upon them a transmissible curse which goes on from generation to generation, from age to age. The entire race must share the guilt of the single sin. To provide a remedy he offers to bear the whole measure of his own wrath and sends his only begotten son to bear the suffering.

Yet this theology maintains that while all men suffer for the original sin, but few hav aquired the grace given by the great expiation. The curse is universal, the blessing is restricted to a few. Then, again, God drowns the whole world, with the exception of a very few, as a punishment for offenses against him. But this great punishment does not interrupt the curse, and thousands are destined to be cast into the ocean of fire whence arise the unending wails of despair and pain. Such being theology, the speaker could not see how any man could avoid Calvin's logic. One link in that logical chain being broken could result only in the utter destruction of the orthodox philosophy. Against such a theology arises the protest of the thinking people of the age. What could man think of a merciful God who creates those people and who from the beginning knows they will fall, yet will curse them for doing so? That an intelligent being will swear to visit punishment upon the race of trangressors, yet visits his wrath upon his innocent son? What could they think of a good and merciful God creating a dismal dungeon called hell, where the transgressors will be punished not until the great suns burn out and die, not till the stain of the mortal crime is obliterated in the fiery ordeal, but forever and forever! What rational hope could there be under such a theology for the salvation of such men and women as Spinoza, George Eliot, Channing, John Stuart Mill, Emerson? The theology looks to the salvation only of those who profess faith in Christ. These people judge Christianity calmly, and calmly judging, calmly reject this theological system. The question is, Will sincerity of living and acting lead to salvation, or is it only necessary to hav accepted spiritually the atonement grace? If the former be true, then the doctrin of the necessity of accepting the grace given by the redemption is a superfluity. If the Atheist and the Infidel hav the same hope for salvation as the Christian, then Spinoza, Emerson, and George Eliot may be in heaven. Is it too much to say that this doctrin is repugnant to the conscience and to human understanding? Concerning the Bible, Ingersoll argues not kindly; but then it is a painful fact that the orthodox Christians hav not always been generous and just in their discussion of the book. If everything in the Bible from the beginning to the ending is to be regarded as infallibly inspired, as the religious meat and the religious gage for all peoples, then all Ingersoll says is pre-eminently just. The Bible does say that God made the world in six days; that he set apart the seventh for his own worship; that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; that King David, murderer and adulterer, was a man after God's own heart; that Jonah remained for three days in the belly of the whale.

The Bible does justify moral actions far below the civilized ethics of modern times. It nowhere condemns bigamy or human slavery. If the decalog is to be regarded as the sole rule of life, and the sole gage of right and wrong, then Ingersoll is right in declaiming its defectivness. Believers in the Bible distort it to show there is no contradiction between Genesis and geology. Even if there be no contradiction, what does it prove for supernaturalism? It has been attempted to maintain a system of geology and science upon a Bible foundation, but the system proved defectiv, and not until science was separated from the Bible did it attain its surety. Science is the revelation instead of the Bible. If a man believes in the Bible he believes in immorality, and barbarism, and savagery. Prof. Irving's case was discussed at considerable length by the reverend speaker, who ridiculed the idea of expelling a minister from the church simply for saying that in his opinion Socrates was probably in heaven and occupied there a higher position than Catharine II. of Russia. A great mass of the thinking people do not believe in the common faith. The living creed is ever different from the written creed. Some dare to courageously express their faith in the living creed. Ingersoll cannot be blamed for refusing to sing the pæans of Calvinism. In the hands of those who receive the book as the sovereign principle of life and thought, as the handbook of social, moral, and political life, the Bible becomes the obstructor of civilization and the obstacle to enlightenment.

Placing the Responsibility.

At a meeting of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, held in Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1882, the speaker of the occasion, Rev. James Morell, of Camden, N. J., submitted substantially the following statements:

1. The preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church are called by God and are employed in his service.
2. That the said preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church are appointed to their respectiv fields of labor by the bishops of said church.
3. That they, the said preachers, are paid more or less satisfactorily by the respectiv churches over which they preside; and,
4. It is desirable to hav some plan by which the responsibility for the payment of said preachers may be definitly ascertained.

Granted that these statements are true, then,

1. God alone is responsible for the payment for the services rendered by the said preachers.
2. The alleged fact that the churches under the care of the preachers are benefited by the services of said preachers, does not make the said churches responsible for the remuneration of said preachers, nor relieve God of that responsibility.
3. While it is alleged that God is wealthy and solvent, as per schedule,

(*a*) "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;"

(*b*) "The sea is his, and he made it;"

(*c*) "The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills;" it is nevertheless true that,

I. There are in the United States one hundred thousand persons engaged in begging for money to carry on "God's work;"

II. It is difficult or impossible to collect the taxes on his property; and,

III. The "house of God" is usually ornamented with a mortgage.

In view of these statements, ordinary prudence would suggest that no preacher accept a call or employment from God without gently, yet firmly, insisting upon payment in advance for his services.

W. F. Jamieson is making arrangements for a lecture tour in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana. While engaged in lecture work he will write no less. For lectures address him at Lake City, Minn.

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right, because from the sincerity of his character he was called to fight when others left the field. And now, in view of such a life, it is very evident that all of the immortalities that the human race has ever imagined, must attach to him. His personal consciousness, let it continue, if possible, among the angels forevermore; his life-long immortality of effort, of goodness, of heroism—that depends on us whether it shall continue or not.

And what consolation there is in the fact that the life that has been ended is thus worthy of every continuance! That is the glory and triumph of life after all. Not wealth, not learning, but sacrifice and duty done, is the crown that insures immortality. It insures, also, comfort and consolation to those who have stood so dear to our brother, who have cherished and loved him beyond expression. Let us pour into that widowed heart the feeling that we will do justice to this noble soul that has departed, and that it will still live in us. Let us say here to her and to those around her, Rejoice that your worthy one still lives; rejoice that the power that he expended in this world still remains as your comfort and consolation, and that there are friends who will rally around you and make the purposes of his life yet a victory. To the still wider circle whom I see represented here I would say: Remember that you came here, as it were, to consecrate these remains and this memory. Remember, also, that you go forth consecrated by them. The power of this man shall not die; but to live, it must find its voice in your hearts. The kingdom of heaven is within you; the heaven of our brother is in you; that immortality which we know is sure and which cannot die is in you. The mortal man goes into the earth and mingles with the elements; his immortality, THE TRUTH SEEKER, lives in you. I would that every one of you should take an oath around these sacred remains that the noble cause for which he lived shall be continued forever as his earthly monument. Let it be, THE TRUTH SEEKER SHALL LIVE! It shall triumph! It shall carry the name of our departed brother down through the depths of the ages until the last enthralled soul is emancipated. Such lives, such souls, cannot die. If they could the world would sink back to barbarism and slavery. We are here to continue that life with all of our energy until the whole world shall feel its blessing and turn in gratitude and thankfulness to it.

Therefore, my friends, it is worthy that those who have been dear to him should bear forth these remains and commit them to his mother earth, the common mother of us all, there to mingle with the elements; there to become perhaps in time a new source of power. But remember that we also bear forth new hearts filled with all the good that he would do and think and feel, and that in the future the great lesson of our lives must be the realization of the highest thoughts and motives for which he lived and struggled. Such is the duty that science enjoins upon us; such is the hope that robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory; that rises in triumph over the grave, and makes immortality not a dream, but an assured certainty. That is the hope and the consolation by which we are inspired. Rise now to the higher life, the newer duty, the consecrated struggle for liberty.

Before the address was finished many of the audience were in tears. At its conclusion the choir sang the song of "Harvested:"

So ripe and full, the garnered sheaf,
Why should the harvest bring us grief?
Bowed down and bent by weight of grain,
His was a life not lived in vain.

Through toil and pain, he bore his load,
Through briars and brambles walked his road.
So grand and true, so great and good,
'Twas the mountain's top on which he stood.

So plain his life to others given,
In duty done, he found his heaven—
The burden raised, dried up the tears,
His glory through eternal years.

When this was done the friends took their last loving look at Mr. Bennett's peaceful face, and the casket was borne to the waiting hearse. Followed by carriages containing the nearer friends it was conveyed to Greenwood cemetery in Brooklyn.

AT THE GRAVE.

Sylvan avenue is one of the most quiet roads in that beautiful "city of the dead," and in one of the most quiet parts of that avenue is the place made sacred by this burial. It is in a valley of evergreens, charming at any season of the year, even in winter. When the burial took place a light snow was melting, and through its white pall here and there islands of brightest green shaded with evergreens seemed to break, as though Nature was refusing to submit to the death the season had thrown over it. When the earth fell upon the coffin, Mr. Wakeman stood forth with uncovered head, and while the cold rain beat upon the faces of the mourners, he spoke the final words:

FRIENDS: The time has come to say, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The mortal remains of our friend must now, by immutable law, return to Nature, from whence they came; to Nature, the mother of all; the mother, the nurse, the sustainer, the harvester of all. They go to become a part of herself and of her mighty, eternal processes of change. From land to sea, from sea to land; in the mighty tempest or sunshine; from age to age, season to season, with day and night, they will pass on and work evermore. But for the present we leave them associated with the fairest of earth, with leaf and bud, with birds and flowers, and the ever-changing hues of the seasons and of night and day. A fit resting-place for the wearied pilgrim at last! But yet more, a fit symbol of his higher life that cannot be buried here. For only nature's mighty forces can body forth to us MAN'S highest powers in the great spiritual tempests of human progress. High and persistent as nature in his sublime motives, wild and resistless as the hurricane or the avelanche, the torrent of human progress sweeps aside with indignation the obstructions of superstition and tyranny. In this highest range of human activity our brother lived and worked. Right well he bore his part in the storms and strifes of his age and time, persistent as nature, but indignant, too, as her clouds and storms.

Nor less did his life harmonize with the milder scene around us. For, from his youth up, he too was mild and gentle, patient and kind of heart. His fellows looked to him for sympathy, advice, and consolation. To know him well was to love him. The friends of his youth never lost their faith in him, but like a crown of glory now gather around his grave. Happy veteran, that the companions of thy youth bring thee at this hour flowers and tears! Not far, then, can'st thou have been astray in heart or life! And this expanse, too, of white and green, of mingling snow and verdure, reveals thy inner, immortal life. The white, pure, sincerity of motive is ever the source of a newer, greener growth and progress. It melts and dies like this snow, only to give forth a higher life. So has it been, so must it ever be with the departed hero. The humanity of his heart atones for all the failings of life. It lifts him to the brotherhood of the good, the blessed, the immortal!

To his earthly form, as we commit it to the earth with grief, tenderness, gratitude unspeakable, we can only say, Farewell, forever FAREWELL!

To the Power of his Soul, this Higher Life, undying, still invincible for good, we open our hearts and receive it with, HAIL, immortal, ever more!

Evening Services.

In the evening the Fourth New York Liberal League, of which Mr. Bennett was the honored president, held a Lodge of Sorrow at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. The room was filled at an early hour by sorrowing friends who came to speak words of esteem and affection for him whom they had that day laid away in eternal rest. It is impossible to print the remarks in full, but we give the substance. It was a meeting of great fraternal feeling. The friends seemed to be drawn nearer together by their grief, and to realize that Liberals should have more social organizations and stand closer together in the bond of brotherhood.

Mr. Stone called the meeting to order. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Dear Friends: I would say we have met this time to do honor, as far as we may, to the memory of our departed and worthy friend, Mr. Bennett. In order that this object may be more fully and perfectly attained, I would suggest the name of our brother, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, as president of this meeting.

Mr. Wakeman was unanimously called to the chair, and said:

Mr. Stone, as vice-president of the meeting, has made this motion. I would have much preferred that he had selected some other person to preside. As I have spoken so fully upon this subject to-day, I shall, of course, leave others to speak this evening.

MR. RYAN: Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: As the chairman said, we are here to-night to do honor to the memory of our dead brother, Mr. D. M. Bennett. It was my privilege to be well acquainted with him, to know him thoroughly as a man, and now it is my privilege to bear testimony to his high character, worth, and moral principle. It would really be a waste of words for me to speak to you in regard to Mr. Bennett's character, because you know it just as well as I can state it; but we have to go before the public with this man's record, and now that he is dead we have got to make the world understand that he died in purity of heart as well as purpose, and that we living witnesses bear testimony to it. We want to fix his memory so indelibly in the hearts of the present that the future cannot assail it; and this is the time and the occasion to speak well of Mr. Bennett. Each man and woman should speak out the sentiments of their hearts, and though, like mine, they may not be expressed in the best language, yet they will be honest sentiments, and the world will be let to know that there is, right here in New York, a coterie of men and women of good character who are only too proud to do honor to Mr. Bennett, and to bear living testimony to their faith in him.

I propose that hereafter this association be known as the Bennett Monument Liberal League, and that to-night we inaugurate a new movement—new because Mr. Bennett's death makes it new. I move that we now reorganize the Fourth Liberal League of New York as the Bennett Monument Liberal League; and I propose that we start this Fourth Liberal League on a new lease of life, to undertake the work of building a monument to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Bennett; a monument which his admirers and supporters, and those that knew the man, may assist in building; a monument that we won't be ashamed of in a hundred years hence—something that would do us honor and do him honor; and I hope my fellow-Liberals are with me in the act.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Stone, and Mr. Ryan called for an expression of the feelings and sentiments of the members.

DR. SWAIN: I have not, like many of you, been intimately acquainted with Mr. Bennett, still I have known him well enough and seen enough of him to appreciate him as a man and as a worker. It may be said, and truly, that men who are weak and unable to do good work are not to blame for it; but it is nevertheless true that it is natural for a human heart to go out in admiration, respect, and even veneration or reverence for those high qualities which are inborn.

It seems to me Mr. Bennett was one of the men possessed of the qualities sometimes spoken of as virtues.. What he did was done without that great display of dramatic power with which many people preface their actions. It seemed to be the natural thing for him to do. It seems to me that the simplicity of action which characterized Mr. Bennett is always and invariably connected with, and the result of, a deep sincerity. Only those people are insincere, it seems to me, although I do not say that all such are insincere, but it seems to me that insincerity of purpose naturally clothes itself in that working for effect. Then, beside this simplicity, and the sincerity from which it sprang, there is another quality—one of the highest, not only of men, but of all animals, and that is persistent courage. Now that same quality was just as natural for such a man as Mr. Bennett to struggle, contest, and contend for what he in all sincerity believed to be right, as it was for him to exist. Looking at Mr. Bennett simply from this standpoint alone, without referring to other characteristics which he possessed, these qualities in him have seemed to me to make him really a superior man.

MRS. COLMAN: It seems to me that our friend Wakeman said everything that could be said in regard to the departed. He best knew him, and he has best spoken of him. I knew very little of Mr. Bennett until the time of his arrest at Watkins. From that time I became his personal friend. I am proud to know it, and a man or woman who suffers for conscience sake is immediately my personal friend. I am proud that I liv in an age that brings out men and women who become martyrs to the cause of truth. The highest honor, the highest eulogium you can pay to Mr. Bennett is, not to sing songs of his goodness, not to say pleasant things of his memory, but to take up the work which he so faithfully did, and carry it through to the end. The struggle of to-day for the emancipation of the mind, great as was the struggle to destroy chattel slavery, is more important. Who of us shall forget to do his duty? I wish I were young. I am sorry that my gray hairs tell of life nearly spent. But, so help me all humanity, I will never give up this struggle until every human being shall be utterly emancipated from superstition.

Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews spoke in favor of a stronger social union among radicals, and explained, in a deeply philosophical way, why the social feeling was not more generally fostered by Liberals.

CAPT. LOYD: I can hardly realize the situation. Saturday night I heard that D. M. Bennett was dead. My personal relations with Mr. Bennett were long and intimate. I was one of six who welcomed him to this city from the West. There were Brother Peck, myself, and some four or five others. I had known and comprehended his financial situation and the troubles he had been through. I pledged him my friendship as a business man and as a co-worker. I first came to the conclusion that Mr. Bennett was a man of quiet, earnest, honest thought; saw that he was determined to live as he thought, and therefore I knew that his life would be a success. So feeling, I urged THE TRUTH SEEKER upon quite a number of my friends, and I am glad to have lived to see the day of his success in the advancement of his opinions and our glorious cause, and to know also that as a business man he fell in the way of success instead of adversity. I feel proud in that light, and I feel sorry that he has left us. To my friend's resolution in reference to perpetuating his memory by erecting a monument, I say that his memory will be perpetuated, monument or no monument; but I am one who believes in those things to great men, honest men—ay, and courageous men. I am willing to do all I can to help erect that monument. I will pledge my reputation and my influence in the future for the monument to Mr. Bennett; and, of course, after that is started and when the means are got, the subject of a site will be a future consideration. I could say a great deal in reference to Mr. Bennett that it is unnecessary to say. I have found him a kind and affectionate man—ay, and an honorable man—and I have felt very proud of his acquaintance.

Mr. Chamberlain, to whom many thanks are due for his efficient services during the day, spoke as follows:

My acquaintance with Mr. Bennett has been only a very brief one; probably I have known him for a less time than any one present. I first made his acquaintance personally a few evenings before the grand Chickering Hall reception; but a year previous to that I had my attention directed to his case, and I was at that time a festive person, leading a purposeless life, you might say, in search of something to work for, some purpose to carry out; and it seemed to me there I had found it. I did not know Mr. Bennett, but I knew Mr. Wakeman as his attorney, and I went and called upon Mr. Wakeman, who received me with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and introduced me to the Liberal Club.

I worked with all my little might for the success of the Chickering Hall reception. I was glad to find in Mr. Bennett a man I could take by the hand and to whom I could open my confidence. A better acquaintance with him led me to revere him, to respect him as a man of the most sterling integrity, a man of the utmost purity. Such men as Mr. Bennett, men of sterling integrity, should be respected when found. I respected Mr. Bennett as I found him, and took occasion to go into his office and to make acquaintance with him.

Mr. Bennett has been cut off in the midst of an important work. His work is unfinished, although his part of it is done. It remains for us to perpetuate the principles for which he fought, and to carry on the work that he began. We also are the custodians of his reputation. Let us see to it that we maintain the integrity of that reputation; let us see to it that the name of D. M. Bennett shall be handed down to the generations in such a way that they must and shall respect it. More than that. There is another thing for us to do. We must see to it, and charge ourselves with it as a solemn duty, that the men who violate liberty of thought and liberty of conscience be made infamous.

MR. WEEKS: I would say that I have been drawn with an irresistible charm, in spite of the multitute of my own engagements, to read his travels around the world and some of his other writings. I read them at a time when scarcely anything else of equal length would have commanded my attention. I have been struck with an admiration of the man, of his earnest industry and genius, and the fact that so few things among his numerous writings are things that either his friends or himself would have wished to blot out. A few perhaps, a very few, might better not have been written. He, however, was among the wonderful men who would see the fault when it was mentioned to him, and would acknowledge it. He had no pride of opinion; he was ready to acknowledge an error. He was emphatically a truth speaker, but was too modest to take that title, so he took the title of TRUTH SEEKER for his paper. No circumstances would cause him to deviate from the truth. Even the notorious Joe Cook, the champion liar of the world, the champion slanderer of this continent and of everything that is good and pure and true, never dared to bring his vile tongue up to the point, I believe, of accusing D. M. Bennett of being untruthful. Obscenity he could accuse him of, for that is a word that could be applied to almost anybody, because nobody could tell exactly what it meant.

We all feel his loss. Those who have known him best feel his loss most seriously; but none of us would have been less acquainted with him for the sake of feeling that loss less. Every one of us that is capable of being inspired by a noble life and example feel ourselves larger, better, and greater for our acquaintance with D. M. Bennett. It must be so. I heartily indorse almost everything that has been said by the others here to-night, and I wish to say that while honoring the man in words and memory we must not forget that his greatest work, that for which we should honor him most by acting in like manner and spirit, was not so much his writings and utterances as his manly throwing himself in the breach against despotism and daring to brave its vengeance.

Let us then take this lesson from the strong point of the character of our friend, his truthfulness, sincerity, and devotion to truth, no matter where it landed him. I told him about the time of his arrest that they would probably make of him the John Brown of this late and last battle for liberty of opinion. He said he did not know but they would. They hav done it, and to-day though we have consigned him to the ground, his soul is marching on, and it will be an inspiration to every Liberal who has got a soul that he dares to call his own. I feel,

for one, larger, stronger, every way more of a man, for the life of D. M. Bennett, and I presume you all do the same.

MRS. FERNANDEZ: This occasion was created to do honor to Mr. Bennett, and I think there could be no more fitting one. But in paying our tribute to his memory we should not forget one that still lives, one that helped him to bear his burdens and to become the man he was. I refer to his wife (applause). We all know how nobly she stood by him in the darkest hours of his trial, when he was slandered and abused, and how faithfully she carried on his work while he was in prison. She lost him then for a long time, but she steadfastly pursued her task and murmured not; and then when after she had so gladly welcomed him home he thought his duty called him to go around the world, she was patient and heroic still, and did all she could till he returned again. And now I wish to say that all Liberals should remember that she is alone, and if by dropping in and paying her a little visit now and then we can help her along and cheer her, and in some way make amends for her terrible loss, I hope we will all do it (applause).

MR. WAKEMAN: Mr. Ryan has suggested an amendment to the resolution that he offered about the monument. He proposes that a committee be appointed and instructed by this meeting of the League to draw up appropriate resolutions to express the feeling of the League upon the loss of their president. Both of those purposes would be accomplished by the appointment of one committee. There will scarcely be time this evening to draw such resolutions. I understand his motion to be that that committee shall be appointed to do that work, and to have it properly published. That will be the resolution that will be put before we adjourn.

MR. SEARING: The reason why I admired and honored Mr. Bennett was, first, he was a man. As he lies now in the grave my thoughts recur to an expression of Shakspere, "The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'Here lies a man.'" Now Mr. Bennett as a friend and associate in all the relations of life was a man. He was honest, he was true; his word was as good as his bond. That is the first reason why I am here to say something in his remembrance. The second is that he was brave. When he thought that it was his duty to go into that breach and to maintain or illustrate the liberty, he went into that breach. In the city of Nuremburg, in Germany, there was an old artist who lived to be seventy, eighty, or ninety years old, and it became the superstition among all the children (he loved all the children and the children loved him) that that man would never die. But he did die, and they put on his tombstone simply the word "Emigravit." He has gone away from us. No artist ever dies.

> "Fairer seems that ancient city.
> And the sunshine seems more fair,
> That he once has trod its pavement,
> That he once has breathed its air."

Now, it seems to me that no matter what New York is, for the sake of the remembrance which his friends will have of Mr. Bennett as a true man, the pavements of this city will seem better and the air more fair for having known Mr. Bennett; and, as Mr. Wakeman said this morning, in consecrating the rites of Mr. Bennett, we not so much do honor to him as to ourselves in consecrating our own lives and our own purposes to higher aims and a nobler duty.

Miss Tilton, of Boston, invited any members of the club or New York Liberals to attend the memorial services in Boston next Sunday evening.

MR. STONE: Although there has been so much said to-day—perhaps all that is necessary—with reference to our friend's uprightness and manhood, mayhap even the half has not yet been spoken. In all my experience with Mr. Bennett, he was a man among men, a man who could feel and sympathize with and grieve over the wrongs of his fellow-sufferers. Look at any article that he has written on his travels around the world: no prison that he visits, no cathedral that he has passed through, but he has thought of those who toiled and suffered, and spent their time and lives in servitude and misery under those who ground them down and forced them, perhaps innocently, behind the prison bars. Every step of his pathway, and every word that I culled from those sacred memoirs that I have searched, from those writings, are filled with these breathings for humanity. He believed in or hoped for a future existence, but his god was Humanity. Let our god be Humanity!

I wish that those sentiments that have been expressed by our friend Mr Ryan may take root amongst us; that we may all feel that now our patriot leader has fallen we are ready to step into his tracks, and manfully take up the burden that he has laid by. I hope that every one here to-night will so inform themselves, if they have not already done so, that whenever the vile tongue of slander is heard they may be able to refute its calumnies and vindicate the honor and honesty that we know he possessed.

In regard to this monumental contribution, I second that with every feeling of my soul, and I hope that from to-night forward the sentiment and action of the New York Liberals will be such that we need not be ashamed of it at any time. Now, thousands of Liberals over this broad country are going to look here to see what action we take. If we step up manfully and do our duty, it will be the greatest revolution that has ever been in the cause. Let us step up and take such action that our Liberal friends throughout the length and breadth of the land will fall in with us at once. And by doing so I believe we shall help the cause that is most dear to the heart of every true freeman.

MR. WAKEMAN: I will say, in regard to this monument, that the place in which Mr. Bennett is buried—Greenwood—is one that is exceedingly beautiful. It is a place where two ways meet, which would make the monument that should be placed there over his remains very conspicuous. It is a very appropriate place, it seems to me, to have a suitable monument to his memory; and if this committee should be appointed and should propose a dollar subscription, for instance, from all the truth seekers in the United States, the fund necessary, it seems to me, could be very soon raised, and with an appropriate inscription, the work that has been suggested by that resolution might be done. I merely throw this out now before the committee is appointed to see if any suggestions may be made that the committee would follow out.

Mr. Putnam paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the memory and worth of the hero dead, concluding as follows: "I hope, friends, as we pass away from this meeting, that we shall have our hearts warm, that they will burn within us toward one another, that we may thus have a beautiful, social life created here within this great city of New York, that we Liberals may know one another, that we may understand one another, that we may not be simple acquaintances, but that we may be true friends, and in and through such a society let us build a noble and an endearing monument, more lasting than the marble, to our dear friend, to our hero, D. M. Bennett."

Mr. Leland said: "As to that marble monument, let us not think of it for a moment. Let it take the shape of a hall for this social life to manifest itself in—a hollow square, with a roof on it, that will hold four, five, or six hundred people. Let it take that shape instead of a mere piece of stone for a grave."

Mrs. Macdonald spoke of the services of the deceased in the cause of woman.

Mr. Cook said: "Where there are so many veterans I think it is scarcely in order for a new recruit. I never saw Mr. Bennett until I saw him in his coffin. His eyes said nothing to me; but your presence does. I thought that I ought to be here, because Mr. Bennett died—suffered and died, I believe, in the cause of what he believed to be the truth. That is enough for me. I care for nothing more. That I believe we should honor above all things; what each one believes to be the truth, that he should have a right to defend. That we have a right to ask, and, I believe, that is what, as men and women, we should strive to win."

Dr. Foote said: "I feel very unequal to my task—what would be a pleasure under other circumstances. It is a very trying time to me. Mr. Bennett has always been a dear friend to me. He was my friend, and I was his, and I feel quite unequal to say what I would like to say. Several speakers have said some things which awakened in my mind something that ought to be said, but I really feel very unequal to it."

Mr. Wakeman said: "Dr. Foote will be remembered as one of those who has suffered under this very law, this same persecution, and I can certainly sympathize with him in his feeling and inability to express himself upon this occasion. He has known too well how it is himself."

Josephine Tilton said: "Mr. Bell was elected as as one of the delegates to be here to-day, but sickness overtook him and prevented. He wished I should say to all present that he regretted that he would be unable to attend."

Mrs. Colman said: "I wish Mr. Wakeman would say that Miss Tilton has also spent more than one night in jail for conscience sake."

Mr. Wakeman said: "Of course it is unnecessary for me to say that when it has just been said; but I may add that she has defied the prosecuting power of the United States and of the several states, especially Massachusetts and New York, continuously year by year, standing in the gap, and that she has escaped simply because, as I think, they think it is better to attack men than women. She has so far; I expect she will yet."

Mr. Stone spoke commending the proposition for a dollar subscription and pledged himself for the first $1, which was followed by a second and third subscription.

Mrs. Macdonald spoke in favor of Mr. Leland's proposition. She thought that a plain simple monument should be erected.

Mr. Leland said that in Boston they have a Paine Hall; New York should have a Bennett Hall.

Mr. Stone spoke in favor of Mr. Leland's plan; said he did not care what sort of a monument it was, and only wanted to get the ball rolling some way or another.

Mr. Leland suggested that if a hall was to be built perhaps the rate of subscription should be placed higher than $1.

Mr. Ryan was in favor of a valuable monument for the whole world outside to see, the Christian and the Liberal; and he could be put down for $50 for the monument outside.

Mr. Swain spoke in favor of a marble monument in the cemetery, "with such an inscription as would be the voice of an angel speaking unto the dead and damned."

Mr. Wakeman said: "The hour proposed for adjourning (10 o'clock) has arrived, and the business of this meeting now will be to pass that resolution. I understand Mr. Ryan to propose in that resolution that a certain sum be appropriated to put up a suitable monument over the remains in Greenwood, and then that a further fund be raised by subscription or otherwise to, if possible, erect a hall in memory of Mr. Bennett—a Truth Seeker Hall. Every newspaper in this city, nearly, has now a public building named by it and generally the name of the founder of the paper is added. And I should like to see THE TRUTH SEEKER after this have a line in it similar to that of the New York *Tribune*, 'Founded by D. M. Bennett;' and then that hall should be one in which all Liberals should feel that they had an interest—where, perhaps, the Liberal Club might meet, and where there would be a continuous home for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for Liberal thought and speech in New York. It is possible now for that to be done; and let the committee that is to be appointed consider the matter and report or frame resolutions which will embody that object if they think proper. The question before the League will be the appointment of that committee."

Considerable discussion followed as to the mode of the appointment of the committee.

On motion it was agreed that Mr. Ryan and the chairman (Mr. Wakeman) be appointed members of the committee, then to elect the other three members and that committee report and act. Some discussion followed. The meeting adjourned to meet Sunday evening next at the TRUTH SEEKER office at 8 o'clock. Mr. Wakeman remarked that in the meantime it is understood that the committee report through THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Memorial Service at Erie, Pa.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Yesterday we held a Bennett Memorial Service in this city. We had a good audience, and all seemed to feel the loss to Liberalism. I gave a history of the life, work, and sufferings of Mr. Bennett. At the conclusion of the lecture the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of D. M. Bennett, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the world has lost one of its most honorable, intelligent, and valuable men.

Resolved. That we, the First Spiritualist Society of Erie, Pa., deeply sympathize first, with Mrs. Bennett, the bereaved widow; second, with the managers of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and third, with the Liberal public at large in their loss.

Resolved. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to THE TRUTH SEEKER for publication.

Erie, Pa., Dec. 11, 1882. MOSES HULL.

Letters of Sympathy.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 7, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I learn this evening with sorrow of the death of "our Bennett" on Wednesday morning at his home. This is a sad blow to his family and to Liberals generally the country over. I trust THE TRUTH SEEKER will not fall also, but be sustained. Convey to Mrs. Bennett my sympathy in her bereavement. C. GARWOOD.

LUNENBURG, MASS., Dec. 8, 282.

MR. EDITOR: I learned last night that our friend Bennett has been removed from his family, friends, and co-workers, and joined the countless throngs ever "passing away, passing away." It is a painful event and so unexpected and unlooked for that I faltered on the intelligence communicated by Heywood through Dr. Foote. His loss must be made good by all the friends of the cause he so long and valiantly labored and suffered for. I trust the same head and hand that guided THE TRUTH SEEKER in Mr. Bennett's absence will stand at the helm, and all will go well for the cause. My sympathy I giv to his wife and friends. His life is a lesson, his death an admonition.

Yours truly, A. H. WOOD.

WELLESLEY, MASS., Dec. 8, 282.

E. M. MACDONALD: I am wholly unprepared for the sad tidings brought me by your communication of yesterday's date, just at hand. Can it be possible? Yet the mourning face of THE TRUTH SEEKER tells me that the sad story is all too true.

The death of such a man as D. M. Bennett. while yet the evening shadows hav scarcely commenced to dim the glory of his noon, is indeed a great calamity. I cannot reconcile myself to it as a loss for greater gain, either to him or ourselvs. It cannot but be all wrong. Of course we must learn to accept the inevitable; but we must also learn from such an event that even the "inevitable" should be held at bay as long as possible, by every attention to the demands of organic life.

Very gladly would I join you and all on Sunday next in the sad solemnities of the day, but this is impossible. Why should we not, however, one and all, whether there or in the privacy of our own family, honor his devotion to the cause of Freethought by consecrating ourselvs anew to the demand for the unrestricted rights of the individual?

With sincerest sympathy for Mrs. Bennett, and for all associated with our departed friend, in this her and their great sorrow, I am, I trust, with you for all that pertains to human advancement and well being.

Truly and faithfully, ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1882.

MESSRS. MACDONALD, WAKEMAN, AND STONE: Dear Friends—It is with a feeling of sorrow and disappointment that I read of the death of poor Mr. Bennett to-day, from your circular—sorrow for the loss of so fine a man, and disappointment at his not being able to liv, even for a few years more, just when his life and career were becoming so promising. It has indeed been a sorrowful duty that you hav been called to do, to notify the Liberals of the country of the death of their chief. I am unable to attend his funeral to-morrow, but I hope (if I am alive) to be able some day to add my mite toward the erection of a fine monument for him, which, I doubt not will soon be commenced. One can hardly realize that Mr. Bennett is no more (as we understand it). If I ever wished for immortality it is now, to compensate him (in a measure, at least) for all he has suffered at the hands of his persecutors. How timely was the history of his life, given for the benefit of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER a few weeks ago! One would really think that he seemed to feel that his life was drawing to a close, and therefore gave us a short sketch of it. The Liberals must feel the loss of poor Mr. Bennett as severely as they would that of a near relativ; it does seem so to me.

Thanking you very kindly for your note, and remembering the grief of his wife, who has now lost her best friend, I am, friends, yours fraternally,

WM. DALY.

Communications.

The Conclusions of a Student.

I should giv millions of gold if the following theological doctrin could be established as true:

1. There is a personal, intelligent God.
2. Man is immortal.
3. There is a life beyond the grave.

To find out for myself whether the above premises were true or false I left home at the age of thirteen and plodded through college, law, and theology, and now at the age of 38 I propose to tell you what I hav found.

In the great treadmill of college I had to grind daily so much of Latin and Greek, and at the end of six years I learned that my teachers had been dead two thousand years. A dead age is teaching a living age. Modern life is feeding upon dead life that lived, did the work of its age, and passed away.

When I stepped out of this Latin and Greek treadmill I found I had paid three thousand dollars for a few manners and the ability to translate a few Latin and Greek phrases that no thorough scholar ever uses, and that I was, by my education and manners, isolated from my fellow-men.

I next tackled law, and after a five years' course, and five year's reading, I found it to be a greater humbug than Latin and Greek. I found it was all built upon dead statutes, passed to third reading and to death by Roman Ciceros, and woven and interwoven with the ignorance and brutality of decaying and dying dynasties for two thousand years. In a word, I found that the law was given by the rich as a legacy to the poor.

When Moses wrote, "Thou shalt not steal," he was at the head of a mob of three millions of vagrants who had stolen everything from their neighbors, the Egyptians, they could lay hands upon, and Moses and the elders around him had stolen everything from these peculiar vagrants; and in order to protect himself and his clique from the mob he thundered the command, "Thou shalt not steal."

So in all ages the rich thieves hav said in their statute books to the poor and little thieves, "Thou shalt not steal."

If a poor man toils and labors for the wealthy (*i. e*, becomes the wealthy man's voluntary slave at a per diem of fifty cents), and his employer refuses payment, the majesty of the law comes to the poor man's aid in the following manner: the poor man must secure the costs before the law will operate at all. If the law compelled the rich man to secure the debt, then one might find a definition for law.

I received the sledge-hammer blows of the majesty of the law in Coke on Littleton, Blackstone's whirligig, drove through two thousand volumes of Roman and British law, and learned at law that "law was a rule of action," or that "water runs down hill instead of up hill; and that the great majesty of the law and its fame was found in clearing the guilty rich, and in making convicts of the poor for civil sheriffs and wardens to grow rich stealing the food from the convicts' stomachs.

I found that in America there were 5,000,000 of these convicts, with 500,000 polished and unpolished public thieves guarding them, stealing their food and stealing their labor. For ten dollars, I found, a rich man could buy of the law an indulgence to flog or cowhide his poor neighbor, while his poor neighbor had to go to prison for the same act. I found that for twenty-five dollars this great government would sell any man an indulgence to manufacture drunkards, paupers, vagrants, thieves, and murderers, while the majesty of the law punished the vagrant, the drunkard, the thief, the murderer, for becoming such, and then set public thieves over him to work him and steal his food. O imperial, majestic law! I left thee and courted thy sister, Theology.

I was told in the lecture-room that theology was from two Greek words, *theo* and *logos*—*theo*, God, and *logos*, word or science of God. Here is what I got for four years' study and two thousand dollars:

1. God existed from all eternity. 2. Nothing else did. 3. God made out of the potentialities of nothing the immense universe of worlds in six days. 4. He saw from all eternity just what mankind would do, so he commenced dying from the beginning of eternity, and manifested said death in time on a wooden cross, in the obscure town of Jerusalem, in the reign of the Cæsars, under the command and warrant of Pontius Pilate. All this was done to save the elect that had been elected to eternal life millions of years before a shaft of light had left the quiver of the red-hot sun.

That God designed everything for man's benefit. He made the grass green to fit the condition of man's eyes, and the seas he made for ships to travel upon. An Irishman just at my left hand remarked, "How in the name of howly Moses, could Columbus hav discovered America if the ocean had not first been made?" Sure enough; but then Columbus might hav rode over or walked.

5. I was taught that a heaven of peace and joy awaited the truly good, and a hell of sorrow, of fire, and brimstone awaited the bad sinner.

Here is what I thought of the above premises after I got true with the study: 1. They tell you there is a God, but offer no proof of it. 2. They teach that something—*i. e.*, countless millions of worlds—was once nothing; that is, that an abstraction existed from eternity, but that something did not; that God lived from all eternity and died from all eternity in order to appease the wrath of himself.

That God was boundless in benevolence and omnipotent in power, and worked and toiled to bless mankind from the eons of eternity, and yet created man naked, with the cold frosts of winter to come and go. He forgot to make a world full of clothing. He forgot to make the steam-engin, the steamship, the telegraph, the printing-press, the telephone, the loom, the mariner's compass, the telescope. But God did not forget to institute human slavery; he did not forget to command fathers to stone their own children to death (see Moses's laws); he did not forget to institute a priesthood and a government of kings to rule with an iron heel, and what the priesthood failed to steal from the poor ignorant people the kings took. O immortal God! how I worship you.

Your reign on earth has been in showers of blood. Your chariot was driven by Joshua axle-deep in the blood of women with child; it was driven by your servant Constantine, who put the cross on the hilt of the sword as a fit sign for the name in which he murdered the earth. Your chariot was driven through seas of blood till you reached the eighteenth century, when the mighty power of thinking men put a stop to your further bloody progress and drove you out of France and compelled you to behave yourself in England and Germany. Your inspired murderers in New England had to call a halt when the Constitution of the United States spread its civil leaves over the continent, and quietly and majestically repudiated Moses's god, Buddha's god, Brahma's god, Zoroaster's gods, Mohammed's god, and all the other gods too tedious to mention.

I never reached a solution of the vast mystery surrounding me. I know that I exist—that I am made up of a corporeal body of nerves, hinges, pullys, bones, and am a sentient, thinking being. I know when I think that every part of my being is in action; that all the wonderful and vast machinery of this body is in play to keep the King Brain in action. I am a vast locomotiv, in motion continually, without a stop; I build the fires in the engin-room, my stomach, daily, which consumes food, another form of fuel. I know that all I am and all I hope for is contained in this body—life, hope, fear, joy, and love. All knowledge is of an intuitiv nature, and all I know of the outside world is conveyed to my internal consciousness through the senses I possess. I know, after studying Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and the German philosophers, that nature never lies. Thales, of Greece, Aristotle, Diogenese, Democritus, Archimedes, Lucretius, and a line of such scientists down to Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton—all found that nature never lies. Let us put these witnesses upon the stand and the prophets. The testimony of all the earth is that no man ever rose from the dead.

The prophets, priests, kings, and apostles say that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, went up to God; that Elijah went up in a chariot of fire, and that one Jesus, after being crucified, a spear run through his heart, and buried, did rise from the dead, because one woman said she found the grave empty one Sunday morning. Is this hearsay evidence of persons dead two and three thousand years ago any evidence to me? I demand, first, that they, the Christian theologians, prove that there is a God; second, that they prove he inspired men to do miracles; third, that those men did perform miracles; and, fourth, that a miracle, or an impossibility, is possible.

Let us bring the resurrection of Jesus into court and look at it for a moment. It is proved and granted on all sides that Jesus was dead when the centurian reported the fact to Pilate. Jesus was crucified on the charge of blasphemy, and hence was a criminal in the eyes of the law, and the executioner had control of the body. The two thieves that died with him were carried to the south of Jerusalem and cast into the fire of gehenna. Had it not been for Joseph, Jesus would hav shared the same fate, but it is represented that Jesus's enemies bethought themselvs the day after Jesus was buried, and asked a guard of Pilate to watch a dead man to keep him from rising from the dead, for they said to Pilate that "this deceiver said after three days he would rise again." If such a scene ever took place, the Pharisees and scribes would never hav called on Pilate at all. Had they believed that there was the remotest possibility of Jesus rising from the dead they would hav had the executioner carry the body along with the two robbers and seen that it was burnt without for a moment losing sight of it. After the arrest of Jesus they never left him a moment until he was dead.

This story would make any judge and jury smile. Science tells us that all nature possesses in itself the seeds of death. Theology says that man was created immortal, and Dr. Haven said to me in the class, "If science proves that man was created mortal we will hav to change our premises." What! change immutable, fixed, and unchangeable premises that God established! If science is true, then Jesus was a mortal god.

When Moses said, "Thus saith the Lord, your God," if Moses was sincere—and I judge he was because he committed a murder before he became the law-giver of the desert—did he know himself who said thus and so to him? Did Jehovah take pains to identify himself to Moses? The nearest Jehovah came to it was when he showed his hind parts to the law-giver. Let us look for a moment at Moses and his God.

This Jehovah at one time came down to see if the rumor about the Sodomites was true; at another time he proposed to perjure himself and violate his oath to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom he had promised that their descendants should be a great nation and sealed it with an oath, and, as St. Paul says, swore by himself because there was no higher power to swear by, and afterward told Moses that he was going to destroy the whole outfit of Hebrews except Moses. Moses touched Jehovah on his honor and told him to "remember thine oath, O Lord, that thou swearest to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob." How is that for a God?

Think of the egotism of a race of priests constituting themselvs prophets telling the people what God wanted and what was in store for them. Would Talmage read for a morning lesson the story of Judah and his daughter-in-law? Could he find some great spiritual phosphorous pointing to Christ as the savior of the world in the cave scene of Lot, or could he become eloquent over the law of apostolic succession in the story of Onan? Will Talmage be so good as to tell us the difference between the inspiration of Ehud, who, dagger in hand, said to King Eglon, "I hav a message from God for you," and Guiteau, the modern prophet? The Bible says, "And he, Ehud, judged Israel forty years."

When Israel divided, and became Israel and Judah, Elijah was leading prophet of Judah, and he enticed over four hundred prophets of Baal or Israel to a worship, and then turned the soldiers loose on them and murdered all of them by divine command.

King David, the sweet singer of Israel, never sang so sweetly as he did when he was told by the prophet Nathan that his seduction of Bathsheba, and the murder of her husband, Uriah, were hidden and covered up by the Lord without even David's asking for the favor.

Time would fail me to tell you of Jonah and the whale, and Daniel in the lion's den, and the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; but I come to the boss act after Joshua had stopped the sun and moon in order that he might see to rip up a few more women with child to glorify Jehovah. I come to Ezekiel. I ask Mr. Beecher, Mr. Talmage, and Mr. Collyer to read to their congregations the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, and say whether they would like to take board, in the name of the Lord, a few months with the prophet, and what they think of a god that would order such a bill of fare.

But enough now of these ancient boss liars who played with the planetary system as a man plays with billiards to-day. Let us look, in closing, at the resurrection of Jesus again. While he was on the cross the Jews told him if he would come down they would believe him. If he rose from the dead and this stupendous miracle actually took place, why did he go sneaking about here and there, in upper rooms and out in the country, and two days after the resurrection pull out of Judea altogether and go seventy miles north into Galilee, and there go fishing with his disciples, and attend a fish-bake in daylight with them?

But Jesus never once appeared in Jerusalem after the crucifixion. Had he risen from the dead and gone to Pilate and said: "Here I am, Jesus whom you spiked to the cross. Here is my side where the spear entered my heart," that would forever hav settled the fact that a god had been crucified. Had he gone into the council chamber of the Sanhedrim and said, "You crucified me because I said I was the son of God; here I am, the risen God," the whole world would hav known it. All history would be full of it, instead of, as it is now, silent. He had nothing to fear; he had risen from the dead; but no, his disciples make him play the part of a sneak around the sea of Galilee for forty days, and then make Jesus suddenly appear at Bethany and ascend into heaven. And now all must be damned who do not believe that Jesus arose from the dead.

I ceased reading the Bible six years ago, and hope never to read it again. When I look around me and see a land full of churches, and controled by two hundred thousand preachers and priests, who are non-producers, who take up collections from the poor twice every Sunday, and for which offense a poor man at Washington, D. C., was sent to the workhouse ninety days a short time ago; when I see these fellows leading dress parade every Sunday, riding in their liveried rigs, while the poor are crying for bread; when I see all this done in the name of him who had not where to lay his head, I say the only difference between a preacher and a saloon keeper is, one sells his wind for one, two, up to

twenty-five thousand dollars per year, while the other sells his fire-water for what he can get. When I see a land full of cripples, a land full of insane asylums, full of workhouses, jails, and prisons, I ask, Is this the result of two thousand years of the preaching of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the fulfilling of his text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to me?"

If there is a God he never ordered that Bible or any other written. If there is a God he would not permit that Bible to exist. If there is a God he would not permit such a world as ours to exist as it now is. He would not permit a few men to own all the gold and reduce fifty millions of people to tribute, for a man who is worth one hundred million dollars keeps two hundred thousand men poor. If man were immortal it would not be necessary to kill him in order that he might liv always. If there is a life beyond the grave, no mortal knows it, and the dead know it not. So said Solomon, and I believe him. I look upon Christianity and all religions as the low lies of all ages. GEORGE H. BETHARD.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 2, 1882.

A Land Reformer.

There's no free thought without free land,
And no land free men buy.
Free men and land together stand,
Or both together die.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* On looking over a past number of THE TRUTH SEEKER my eye meets a letter which interests me exceedingly, signed "A Workingman." In this communication he touches on a subject in which I am above all other issues of the day most interested—free lands. We all know that the kind of land cows are pastured on makes both the quality of butter, and in the end, shapes, molds, and even determins the breed of the cow or fixes her type. And 'tis just so with free land and the people sustained thereon. In proportion as the land is free (and consequently in that proportion are wages high or low) so men become mentally free. A poor slave to a landlord or to an employer will be a slave to superstition and tradition. Poor, distracted Ireland can never become priest free till she becomes land free, therefore the first basic principle with me is free land. By this I mean that our brave old knight-errant, D. M. Bennett, has a right to as much land as he can build a house on, or farm on, wherever such land is not occupied; that every man and woman who is a citizen has as much right to free land as he or she has to the rain or sunshine of the heavens.

I heard George Stuart, of Philadelphia, deliver a lecture in Manchester, England, in which he said that "there is as much land in the Mississippi valley alone as would support all the people in the world were it cultivated as England is." And yet though hundreds of millions of acres of the same are not in use, no one can build or farm on a single acre of suitable land without first paying the "dogs in the mangers" their monopoly prices. It is this state of affairs that builds up Fifth avenues and palatial mansions, and on the other hand creates the wretched hovels of the poor, the debt, the law bond, the mental bond, the mortgage, the stock gambling, and the ten thousand ways by which the non-producers liv off the producers. This truth is self-evident to true philanthropists and real friends of humanity—that land should no more be bought and sold than a human being. Let then everyone advocate to hav whatever land he or she can make use of free, as long as it lasts, and when these United States are all in use and under cultivation, those who want farms and land to build on can go (when this country shall hav become one immense Garden of Eden) to South America or Africa. Why should we monopolize land and thus bring a curse on our children, and children's children in their being obliged to buy on time that land, their own by right of birth or citizenship? See here, in Oregon there are 6,466 farms. Of these 2,416 are rented from landlords, and the balance almost all mortgaged to the railway company, bankers, note-shavers, monopolists, etc. Can truth seeking make any headway under such a state of affairs? Think of it!—about 60,000,000 acres given away by the United States government to the Northern Pacific Railway Co.! The government has no right to giv away an acre except for actual settlement thereon, and when this settlement is not made the land should be forfeited or lapse back for the use of whoever will make it productiv, as in the mines. This is the law of right and justice. Thwart it, war, bloodshed, ruin will follow. Support it and make it a fact, happy homes, an activ people, Freethinkers and truth seekers follow—workers, instead of preachers, lawyers, note-shavers, land grabbers, and human leeches in general who liv off the workman, the widow, and orphan. I, too, could almost worship Patrick Ford for his support of free lands, and for his advocacy of labor emancipation, and forgiv, too, his worship of a fetich—God, Christ, Holy Mary, and the saints. What is this superstition after all to the vital questions of bread and butter, and who knows but that he may be a Liberal at heart but has to be a Catholic in outward appearance? If a child believes in "Mother Hubbard," why undeceive it? The little child is first, in childhood, a little pagan; second, when older, Christian, and finally, when mature, an Infidel, reformer, evolutionist, truth seeker, postivist, German philosopher, Freethinker, Theosophist, scientist, Liberal, or an anti-fetich Christian of some kind.

All honor to D. M. Bennett in the field of truth seeking, and all honor to Ford, I say again, in the field of free land. With both these reformers I am an ardent co-worker.

My wife tells me I hav three hobbies. First, free land; second, all men producers of some kind—workers; third, equal rights of the sexes in all things. I could add others. The sin of going into any kind of debt whatever—this, Mr. Editor, I know you will not gainsay as regards your subscribers—co-operation, etc. HENRY GEORGE GORDON.

Portland, Oregon.

Christianity Reinforced.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: From the Kansas City *Journal* I cut the inclosed account of an interview with the notorious and infamous Frank James, now incarcerated in the jail of Jackson county, Missouri, and shortly to be tried for several murders and any number of highway robberies.

It will, no doubt, delight our Christian friends to learn that so exemplary and holy a man as this colossal murderer and thief is not in sympathy with Mr. Ingersoll, and will doubtless greatly distress the latter to know that his great and noble efforts in the work of releasing the minds of mankind from the thraldom of superstition do not meet with the approval of such a lover of the Bible, such a firm believer in God, as Mr. Frank James, murderer, etc.

R. H. MORTON.

FRANK JAMES ON INGERSOLL.

Scores of persons visited the illustrious prisoner, Frank James, in his cell at Independence yesterday, many of his old friends being among the number, together with the usual crowd who go to see him through curiosity. The morning he reserved for his personal wants, going to the barber shop to get a shave. Late in the evening a *Journal* representativ called at the jail. The usual formality of sending a card to him was omitted, and the scribe was ushered in to the prisoner unannounced.

The prisoner was not so well as a few days since. The reporter intimated that the confinement did not admit of sufficient exercise for health, when Frank said that that was not the reason, but that he had been talked almost to death by the crowds that were coming in constantly. Though a large number visited him yesterday, when approached by the *Journal* man he was as cheerful as ever, and was seated in a cane rocking chair in the upper corridor. He was smoking a Havana—he smokes a great number of cigars, and eats celery to offset the nervousness that otherwise would prostrate him on account of incessant smoking.

The criminal, in speaking of news, said that a reply to Ingersoll would appear in the *Globe-Democrat* of some issue during the week. He requested that a copy of the *Globe* be secured for him. Referring to Ingersoll, he denounced him as a blasphemer and hypocrit.

"Ingersoll," continued Frank, "goes abroad denouncing the Bible, the most sacred of all books. He ridicules its teachings and the savior, and yet amid all this he has hearers to the number of two thousand, while a man for using an indecent word while drunk, will be confined thirty days. My God, how can such a state of affairs be?"

His reference was made to the interview with Bob Ingersoll, as published in the *Journal*, by a visitor who said that it was exaggerated, and that Bob had not said so much against the prisoner as was reported. James replied that "any man who would assail the sacred book would dare do anything," adding: "The Lord is my helper. I care not what men shall do or say against me. Ingersoll is doing unspeakable injury to this nation. He is sowing the seeds of iniquity in the minds of our youth."

A visitor replied: "He is having a good influence upon all. He is causing them to think. He advocates adherence to no doctrin. He is a lover and a helper of his fellow-man."

James then said, speaking to the visitor, "Even in you we hav an illustration of his evil influence upon the youth, who are a young man, and one, I suppose, whose mother endeavored to rear in the light of Christian truth, but in your advocacy of Ingersoll you are on the downward path, and unless you turn from its evil way you will go to hell."

The visitor, endeavoring to retrieve, said that he did not indorse Ingersoll, but believed in free thinking, that God never made man to put him here and giv him freedom, yet bind him by laws which would compel him to pay his allegiance to the Almighty.

To this Mr. James replied: "In man there is an intuition which tells him there is a God, and any man who says to the contrary is a hypocrit. He deceives himself. God does liv, and it seems that he will sometime strike Ingersoll to earth for his blasphemy. How any man can liv and hav his being in this universe and say there is no God, I don't know." Turning to the visitor, who said he would hav to retire, he said: "If you follow Ingersoll you some day may be where I am now, in jail, and I know finally will be in hell, so turn aside. There is no one more lenient than the creator, and you yet may escape the torments of hades."

THE warriors who manage the interests of the Salvation Army in this city claim that they have secured three thousand converts here. They say, however, that the converts "are so afraid of being chaffed" that not one-twentieth of them are willing to appear in public. The army announces its intention to wage war against the hosts of sin in meetings on the steps of the City Hall every Tuesday afternoon until further notice. The pleasure of holding these meetings and of attending them is hardly as great as it might be if the bootblacks and other somewhat irreverent young persons would refrain from chaffing the speakers.

The New Era.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ.

From the Boston Investigator.

FRIEND WAKEMAN: I hav just read your letters, extracts from lectures, etc., to Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, and begin to think that I hav wronged you in my last two cards in the *Investigator*, and that it was more your words than Dr. Draper's that started me to proclaim the 282 Freethought Calendar last January, and also that *you first* conceived the idea of basing a calendar on Bruno and 1600.

I hav disliked you and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer cordially for a few weeks, thinking that through you two I was being more wronged than I perhaps really am, for if you can prove to me that your article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 15, 1881, contained the words that you say immediately followed your reference there to Dr. Draper's idea of a monument to Bruno in St. Peter's at Rome, viz.: "But would it not be a surer and nobler monument than any 'enduring bronze' could ever be, to date the calendar of this new era of science and man from the year 1600 as the year one?" I will more than willingly acknowledge that I hav been wronging you instead of you me, for I as strongly object to robbing others as to being robbed myself, and accordingly, I hereby withdraw my last two cards in the *Investigator*.

Our mutual friend, Josh Billings, says, "It is human to error," and although I now cherish no ill will toward you, I yet feel somewhat pleased to see that your humanity is as evident as my own, for your letter in to-day's TRUTH SEEKER contains more errors than any document of its size in North America. But in view of the fact that the adoption of this calendar by even yourself, as well as all other persons, is due to me, it does seem as though your remark, that other folks hav "done more for the new calendar idea than Mr. Hill," is "thin" enough to defeat itself. Very truly yours, GEO. N. HILL.

Boston, Mass., Dec 2, Anno Scientia, 282.

Petrified Trees.

Stone forests are in many parts of the world. A number of stony trees hav been recently received at the Smithsonian Institute from the West. In many cases they are hardened by the peculiar atmosphere as they stand, and in others they are buried, the parts being replaced by mineral matter. The little Colorado River in Arizona has long been a famous locality for such finds. At one place more than 1,500 cords of trunks and sections of logs were found by government surveyors. Most of them were silicified. Many are 7 feet or more in diameter and from 20 to 70 feet in hight. The greater part of them hav probably been covered in the marl that originally was 1,000 feet thick. Some of the trees are changed to jasper, assuming numerous hues, while others resemble opal and when broken open the core is found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are noted localities for fossil trees. In the former state, several years ago, in turning up the ground, an ancient forest layer was unearthed, and in succession two others below it, and scientists judge from the size of the trees that from the time of the first layer to the last 50,000 years must hav elapsed. In the remains of the glacial drift in Ohio old forests are often discovered. Some hav been buried beneath the water by the sinking of the land. Some of the Ohio trees are not entirely changed into stone, being yet soft, while others are found in all stages from rock to porous sponge matter.

In some parts of the island of Antigua, one of the British leeward group, there are most remarkable examples of stone forests. The trees are in many instances of great size, presenting a curious sight with living birds perched upon their leafless and stony limbs.

The fossil palms are the most remarkable of all these stony forms. They generally hav a cylindrical stem, rising to a great hight, crowned with a canopy of foliage that stands upon the rock in high relief.

Some wonderful stone forests have been unearthed by the workers in the building-stone quarries of the Isle of Portland, from which comes the famous building stone. The workmen had cut down to what they termed a dirt bed, and suddenly came to the stony forest standing upright. There were hundreds of trees a few feet apart. The tops appeared to hav been wrenched off, but many were forty feet in hight. On some of the limbs were the delicate stems, and here and there leaves and twigs. In Van Diemen's Land similar forests are known, the great trunks being calcified and partly silicified, while others are changed into chalcedony. They were found, in most cases erect, with the branches and limbs scattered about their roots. So natural were many of these that a newly arrived laborer sent out to collect wood brought in a load, complaining of its heaviness. They are used, however, being burnt for lime.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

Letters from Friends.

TWIN BRIDGES, MON., NOV. 21, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, which you will place to my credit and continue to send THE TRUTH SEEKER, which has taken the place of the good book in my family. JOSEPH PENNINGTON.

PHENIX, ARIZONA, NOV. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10, for which please send me "A Truth Seeker Around the World," the Ingersoll-Black discussion, and the good old TRUTH SEEKER. W. C. WATKINS.

U. S. IRONCLAD LEHIGH,
CITY POINT, VA, Dec. 1, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5—$2.50 for next year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, $1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," 50 cents for postage, and send the remaining 50 cents to Elmina for the Tuttle fund.

Yours fraternally, FRED SMITH.

FAIR HAVEN, CONN., NOV. 22, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5—half for the renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year, and half for Edgar T. Thomson (new subscriber), New Haven, Conn, I shall want the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World" when completed. Will remit soon for the same.

Yours respectfully, J. E. BISHOP.

BARRE, MASS., NOV. 21, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav this day received the third volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." The engravings alone are worth the price of the book.

I like your reply to T. Winter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 18th. It does you credit. Keep out the slang of all kinds if you can. Sunderland is not very clear. He has some truths, and a multitude of errors. I hav had manifestations he says never did and never could occur. ELLA E. GIBSON.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL., NOV. 25, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Please find post-office order for $5—$2.50 to pay for TRUTH SEEKER from Jan. 1, 1883, to Jan. 1, 1884; $1 50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World;" 75 cents for the "Darwins," by Mrs. Slenker, and 25 cents for "Crimes of Preachers."

By the way, your mailing-clerk has made a mistake in sending the Around-the-World Books. I hav received two each of the second and third volumes. I cannot conscientiously keep them without notifying you. I subscribed for only one copy.

Yours truly, THOS. N. PAINE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT: In this your hour of bereavement let me extend to you my heartfelt sympathy for the loss of your good husband—a loss not only to yourself, but irreparable to the whole thinking community, and while we lay him away to his rest let us be consoled with the thought that his good words and deeds can never die, but serve as a beacon-light to all who come within the pale of their influence.

Please accept the accompanying design of flowers emblematic of the life of one who has reaped his reward by daring to liv in his highest consciousness of right. Very truly and sincerely,

HARRIET M. ALLYN.

CYNTHIANA, KY.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you for publication a communication from George O. Barnes. It is a singular production, coming, as it does, from a popular evangelist. But it shows how even fanatics are drifting away from the superstitions of the past:

Allow me to do a thing I seldom venture upon, viz., correct a report of my utterances. Once and again I am reported as calling Colonel Robert Ingersoll "Bob Ingersoll." Allow me to say that if I am a "crank" I am a gentleman born and bred. No one has a right to degrade me, as above, by putting a false utterance in my mouth. Colonel Ingersoll is a man whom, personally, I respect. He is a noble type of manhood. That makes his teachings so dangerous. If he were blackguard "Bob" he could never do the awful work he is accomplishing. But gentleman as he is, scholar as he is, intellectual giant as he is, and, above all, attacking a theological God, who is wholly indefensible by Dr. Talmage, Judge Black, or any one else, he stands upon such a vantage ground that I do not wonder he is "sweeping the decks" by his oratory and making Infidels of thousands upon thousands of the best thinkers of our nation, old and young. And I frankly confess here, as I hav often said from the platform, that if I had no other God than the God whom Col. Ingersoll so fiercely, justly, and successfully assails, I would gladly take refuge, as he does, in the only comforting thought left—that there is no God. Oh, if he only knew my God, and the God and our father of our Lord, Jesus Christ! I believe he would trust and love and preach him as I do, while abating not a whit of his opposition to the devil enthroned, whom so many thousands in and out of the church are trying to worship and serve. How unsuccessfully, let the dead churches and deader church-goers witness. "The stream rises not higher than its source."

Thinking as above, you see how impossible it is for me to speak of Col. Ingersoll as "Bob." May I ask you to insert this as early as possible, and oblige, Yours truly,

GEO. O. BARNES, Evangelist,

Yours for truth always and forever,

H. A. BEAMER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Can it be true that the great and good man, D. M. Bennett, no longer livs? It is hard for one to realize the fact who has been so recently cheered and encouraged in a lonely prison cell by kind words penned by one who seemed to liv only to make others happy and bring to the greatest number the greatest good. Words cannot express the regret and deep sorrow I feel at reading the sad lines announcing his death, which I received only an hour ago. Every true Liberal and Freethinker throughout the world, around which he has so recently journeyed, must feel as if a member of his or her own household is being laid to rest. Dead! But his spirit still livs, and his deeds and works will ever liv, as will his memory, sacred in the hearts of all Liberals. I speak from personal experience when I say I know he was the friend of the poor and those in distress—held down under the iron hand of despotism and oppression. The first number of my paper, issued yesterday, has testimony to this fact. It is with feelings of much regret that circumstances will prevent me from attending the funeral next Sunday. Please convey to Mrs. Bennett my heartfelt sympathy in this her hour of greatest sorrow. In the loss to the world of D. M. Bennett, humanity has lost one of its greatest, best, and truest friends. The sad news of his sudden death will cause a shock and the deepest sorrow in more than a hundred thousand homes in his own beloved and native land.

Yours in sorrow, SYLVESTER F. WILSON.

BERHAMPUR, BENGAL, INDIA, Oct. 28, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Thank you for your kind donation of tracts and pamphlets, which are of immense value to me in exposing the false system of Christianity. I hav translated some of the tracts and leaflets in the Bengali language, adapting them to Bengali notions and ideas, and I hope you and other Liberal authors will not hav any objections in my translating their works in Bengali for the benefit of the masses. I shall be very glad to be your agent for the sale of anti-Christian and Liberal books, pamphlets, tracts, etc., here in Bengal, for I am given to understand there are no agents here in Bengal for the sale of Liberal and Freethought works. Anti-Christian, Liberal books, etc., are in great demand here in this country to strike the Christian clergy in the face with. I hope you will send me a small consignment of the "Self-contradictions of the Bible" for sale.

The Salvation Army has arrived at Bombay, and some of the "soldiers" were put in jail for rioting in the streets of Bombay. The whole people of India are crying them down and cracking jokes at their expense. I am of opinion that they will soon be routed out of India with hisses. I will send you newspaper reports of their doings in India by the next mail. They are a ridiculous sect of people after all.

I hope you gave my last letter an insertion in your widely-circulated journal, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope that the American Liberal brothers and sisters will take note of that letter and help me in my way to expose the false system of Christianity in this part of the world, where so-called "reverend" missionaries are practicing pious frauds pretty unmolested.

I wish to keep a copy of your photographic portrait in my album, and hope you will kindly take a little trouble to send me one.

I remain fraternally yours, KEDAMATH BADU.

FARLEY, IOWA, Dec. 1, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: If the people, or the majority of the people, in any state may by constitutional amendment prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors merely because the use, or abuse, of them sometimes leads to drunkenness and crime, what is there to hinder the same majority from prohibiting the importation or breeding of horses in the state, as their presence often leads to stealing? Could we not, also, prohibit the preaching of supernatural religion, as thousands of people become insane through religious excitement? Are we children, that we need a parental law thrown about us, guarding our every act lest we be led off into crime? Prohibition means that we, as individuals, are unable to govern ourselvs. If that is a fact, we cannot expect to long participate in the government of others. If unable to govern ourselvs, we ought not participate in the government of our neighbors. Minors and prison convicts are not considered able to govern themselvs, neither are they allowed to vote, hold office, nor execute the laws. Prohibition undermines the basic principles of our free institutions—the principles of self-government.

Every source of human happiness may be rendered an evil through abuse, but it does not follow that we hav the right to inflict a penalty on those who do not abuse their liberties. This is too much like the scheme of salvation, with this difference: it punishes the innocent for crimes which others may commit, instead of what they hav committed.

"Liberalism Run Mad" is where a Liberal gets so smart that he knows better than myself what I should eat, drink, or wear. Until my neighbor becomes fully possessed of this great intelligence, I beg of him not to vote away my liberty. If he does, he should at once join the church; that is where he belongs. Few real Liberals feel competent to dictate in these matters. H. GILMORE.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOV. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The Rev. R. Heber Newton, in a sermon a while ago, says: "The story of Abraham is that of a magnificent manhood; he was courageous, pious, and of fine qualities."

I deny it.

Did Abraham show magnificent manhood in pawning off his wife as his sister? Was it magnificent manhood in him to sell her person to a rich king? Did he prove his magnificent manhood when he received sheep, oxen, asses, camels, and servants as compensation for his wife's shame?

Did he not doubly assassinate his magnificent manhood when he repeated the whole transaction with a second king? Did Abraham exhibit magnificent manhood when he became the father of a child by his wife's servant girl? Did he prove magnificent manhood in allowing this girl (Miss Hagar), with babe in arms, to be driven from his house into the wilderness to perish? Was it the climax of magnificent manhood in him when he deliberately sharpened a knife with which to butcher his son?

It will not do for Rev. Newton to say Abraham's wife was taken from him by force. He was strong enough to hav fought for her. A magnificent manhood would hav fought to victory or death.

Will Mr. Newton deny this?

Not one objection did Abraham make, according to holy writ. His accepting pay, not once, but twice, proves that it was a sale. Gain he wanted; gain he received. Such was the magnificent manhood of Abraham upon earth. He carried it with him to heaven; there he again showed it, by refusing a drop of water to an unfortunate in hell. Here let us leave him.

Rev. R. Heber Newton is an Episcopalian. He preaches a creed that came from the brain of the seducer, adulterer, and murderer, Henry the Eighth. This monarch had six wives, and murdered two.

I respectfully challenge Rev. Mr. Newton to a discussion of the merits of Abraham.

WILLIAM W. FOSTER.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Oct. 31, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The undersigned is one of your subscribers, and has followed you on your Round-the-World trip with the greatest interest. I hav read letters and descriptions from other men and tourists, but their panorama fell far short of your live, all-observing, all-eyed pictures. I rejoice that you returned sound and safe, for it was not altogether a pleasure trip, nor without many dangers. I was one of them who did not like to see you undertaking that trip, while I very much favor a trip through the states, for I was afraid you could not stand the hardships. Now that you hav got through so well I rejoice. I hav been a Freethinker for thirty years, and decisivly outspoken. When I joined the Freemasons I was told I must quit advocating Freethought, but I rather quit them and hav my liberty. But that was not all. Through my whole life I hav been more or less persecuted for opinion's sake, even by friends and brother Masons, who I know were just as free in their belief as I was, but they say you can think what you please, but must keep shut up. They were afraid to deal with me lest they might be set down as Freethinkers. And this has followed me more or less through all my life. In proportion the society of this country is as bad as Spain was in the time of the Inquisition. A few days ago the reverend reformers stuck their heads together to find out how they could get God in the Constitution, arguing that said God was everywhere except in our Constitution, and he ought to be let in. I say keep him in your lunatic brains. We hav no use for him anywhere, far less in our politics or in our great national charter. An intelligent preacher some time ago told me when a preacher has had charge of a church congregation ten years he will feel convinced that he has not a half dozen Christians among them. I told told him that they hav none at all. I hav five sons and one daughter, none of whom are Christians or ever went to church. The two eldest sons graduated at college and hold fine positions. The third is a machinist, and does very well. The fourth and fifth attend high school. I think I gave them something in place of religion.

Yours truly, C. R. LEONHAEUSER.

LONG LAKE, MINN., NOV. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I would mildly inquire who the poetry man of THE TRUTH SEEKER is, or the individual on whose discretion and responsibility some of the alleged poetry appears in THE TRUTH SEEKER'S columns? The readers of your paper are mostly charitable, patient, and long-suffering, but there is a limit to even their patience, and some day, if this thing continues, will appear in New York in their war paint, surround your office, and demand that the party be delivered in their hands for instant execution. Seriously, I think we should be spared the infliction of such horrible doggerel in your columns, even at the expense of gently snubbing a few correspondents who frequently, like Mr. Megg, "relapse into poetry" or rhyme that would put the song of Captain Kidd or any old love and murder song of the last century to the blush. I do not think I am very hard to suit, but I would like to see the poetry at least approach to the excellence exhibited in the other departments of your paper.

I indorse what J. N. Hiller has to say in regard to

Heywood. Any person who will make a sort of a moral scavenger of themselvs, who are on the hunt for dirt, and, when they find it, insist on sending it to some one else, let them take the consequences. It is no quarrel of ours, and his cheap and contemptible effort to be considered a martyr will fail. I am relying on the account given of it in THE TRUTH SEEKER as correct.

I hav read E. C. Walker's labored attempt to defend free rum. It has the same rancor, the same arguments, and sounds very much like the pamphlets that the different liquor dealers' associations are flooding the country with now. You can find them on the bar of most any rum-hole in the country for free distribution—arguments paid for by the blood-money of intemperance. What reform or improvement does Mr. Walker propose with this thing, admitted by all thoughtful people to be the great overshadowing curse of this country? None. His arguments consist in a mere dead negation. His perceptions of liberty are so very fine that he cannot think of interfering in the least with the monster, but will stand back splitting hairs about personal liberty and trying to cripple those who are at least honestly seeking some way of throttling it. What if the churches are moving in the matter? If we cannot wish the church or any other organization success in any movement calculated to better mankind, we do not deserve the name of Liberals.

I admire very much the calm, dispassionate, and rational course you pursue in the article entitled "Materialism versus Spiritualism," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 4th, and also on the same subject in your issue of November 18th. There is just one thing to be regretted in the matter, and that is, it brings this man Winter into undue prominence—far more than his ability warrants. A man who cannot write without exposing such lack of intelligence and such brutal egotism does not deserve to be replied to with any philosophic arguments, and is really not worth the notice of those who hav deigned to reply to his ebullitions. J. H. LYDIARD.

KIOTA, IOWA, Dec. 1, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, which please use as directed. I guess that is the right tune to commence my song with. Yes, you need money, for war is costly, and the arrows hav been flying pretty thick lately. And you neglected to search for the ashes of the golden calf when in Sinai's neighborhood, also forgot to hav the golden animal reproduced by the occult power of Madam Blavatsky, for if she produces brooches, rings, letters, etc., why not calves also? but I guess it takes more than occult power to release a golden bovine from the grip of the priesthood; it takes revolution.

Since you took that long walk you are convinced that nine-tenths of the population of this globe liv in ignorance and misery, downtrodden by the one-tenth that rule, govern, and devour the wealth produced by the nine-tenths. Will not the ignorant hav to begin yon life in the summer-land as they leave this? Will they not consequently be the downtrodden, the dupes there as well as here? Circumstances made us what we are, but to see from the realms of the summer-land the same torment and misery, pain and sorrow, starvation and ill-treatment among our children and descendants, established for eternity, and not hav the power to help and assist them, is about equal to the Christian hell. To claim eternal consciousness as a reward to balance the misery of this life looks to me like curing disease by making it permanent. Would not a settlement between producer and devourer, between labor and capital, muscle and stomach, be more effectiv this side of the tomb? I shall gladly giv my atoms back to the universe to enter into new combinations—would gladly light my own funeral pile if possible. I am happy to know that the functions of the brain end, that the lightning photographs called thought, mind, spirit, must cease when the circulation and warmth of the blood discontinue. Our individual electricity and magnetism which in combination with the same powers of the universe produced all pictures in our brain, from the first impression of our mother's eye to the reading of the last TRUTH SEEKER, must immutably vanish away with the last beat of the heart. Let us look at some arguments of the haunted-house brotherhood. Could not these raps at the door be produced by any civilized cat, as well as Mohammed's white dove played Holy-Ghost rappings on the the table—may be still closer; may be inside the skull, caused by a rush of blood there? I nailed some shingles on my barn lately. Suddenly that barn delighted in a dance. Now, if human spirits delight in muscular actions, as swinging chairs and tables with men on top of them, why could not Caligula's horse's spirit enter one of my horses and swing a barn? In the ordeals of the middle age the monks produced writing, invisible at the beginning of a trial, while covered by some oily liquid, but when the vapors disappeared the judgment of God, always in favor of the church, was there. As to the vision of a London mother and her dying son, an officer in India, allow me to say that my mother had like visions—to hear me call her name, see me wounded and dying, when I did the best I could with the hard crackers and tough beef, and I think that a majority of mothers who had sons in the combat had like visions. These visions are brought on by continued disturbance of sleep, disease, irritation of the nerves, use of opium, etc.

When a boy, I went to an old lady's room who lived on the second of our house to prepare a lunch, the old lady being absent on a visit. I kindled a fire and tiptoed about; but, as it goes, upset a board that leaned against the wall. The old lady suddenly died, twenty miles away, precisely the same hour when I upset that board; and at her funeral the congregation thought it strange that the good old cook departed with the report of a gun.

Hav not thousands, nay millions, distinctly heard the cries and groans of their beloved in the purgatory fire? Hav they not, with trembling hands, given all their possessions to the church to escape the terrible conflagration? till later centuries discovered that wind was blowing on tubes in a hollow wall; but there is a good deal of wind yet blowing in our days. Hav not millions been spent to soothe and quench the tears of the holy virgin? till the laymen learned that some gay and happy fishes caused those tears to flow; and yet how many hollow heads could be made useful as fish-ponds in our days?

You say that, however this eternal existence, this individual consciousness after death, turns up, it must be founded on natural force or power; and three-fourths of the spiritual clan are of the same philosophy, whilst church-member Spiritualists take root in supernatural divinity." A world-wide difference. It may be someway cold where I, Winter and Co. stand, but whoever saw the truth cannot go back to the folds of eternal, conscious, individual existence to warm.

Your TRUTH SEEKER is now, and has always been, very interesting, and I owe thanks to Torquemada Comstock, for by his efforts to crush you I became acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER. May it shine forever to enlighten the dark corners of superstition.

CHAS. NAUMANN.

CENTRAL CITY, COL., NOV. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Of late I read in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER several articles for and against prohibition. While I do not claim to take sides with either, from a general observation of the effects of intemperance during my life of fifty years, my commom sense teaches me that could we remove it entirely from our country we would rid ourselvs of a scorching, demoralizing curse. This no reasoning, observing person can truthfully deny; and, as a Freethinking class, what are we going to do about it?

Our aim, as Liberals, should be to improve and advance ourselvs and our fellow-men to a higher plane of civilization—to a nobler and better life than it is possible to liv under the superstitious teachings and examples of the leaders of the Christian religion. If, then, we see about us every day indications leading in a contrary direction to what we consider right and their result end only in disaster, is it wise, is it human, are we acting well our part and doing justice to our fellow-men when we stand idly by and see them drifting slowly, but drifting surely, into this whirlpool of destruction without putting forth an effort to save them from what we know, from the experience of a lifetime, will deprive them of every motiv tending toward the result to which we as humanitarians aspire?

In THE TRUTH SEEKER, No. 43, E. C. Walker makes use of arguments, which carried further convey quite a different impression than they do at the point where he leaves them.

One is led to the conclusion that he considers a man a free, moral agent; free to eat what he likes; free to drink what and as much as he likes, and do precisely what his pleasure or inclination dictates, without let or hindrance, so long as he keeps within the limits of the law. This is the argument used by a majority of his class, if not by him.

No sensible person will deny to Mr. Walker "the right to his apples;" but any community would most determinedly deny to him the right to destroy them if through the process of their destruction he liberates therefrom any qualities detrimental to the welfare of his neighbors, by which their lives or liberties are endangered, or that would cause them expenses which they would not otherwise hav to incur.

This is just what Mr. Walker's "freedom" does for the people. It deprives them of their liberty through the drunken brawlers frequenting our streets and places of amusements, compelling our female population to either remain at home or to venture out only in company with some burly escort. The drunken rows of almost daily occurrence endangers the lives of the people; and through this same cause we are deprived of our equal rights, when from our honest earnings we are compelled to contribute toward defraying the expenses attending the prosecutions, the outgrowth of this "liberty;" to assist the neglected wives and children of these liberty-loving people and educate their offspring, which the exercise of this liberty makes impossible or of little import to them—otherwise, defeating one of the grandest and most cherished aspirations of Freethought for the coming generations; for instead of aiding civilization this liberty blocks the wheels of progress, and givs us instead naught but ignorance, poverty, and degradation.

Mr. Walker says, "Each man's liberty ends where that of another begins." Very true; but will my friend define the point at which the drinker's liberty should end in order not to infringe upon that of another who does not drink. It strikes me that when investigated critically and justly, with a view to get at the truth, these champions for liberty of action will be compelled to stop far short of the point at which they hav heretofore been stopping. Let me illustrate:

On the mountain side of this city a few years ago a mining company for the cheaper treatment of their ores erected a stamp-mill over their mine. To operate a stamp-mill successfully a certain quantity of water is required. When the supply of fresh water is inadequate it is used over and over from settling tanks, and when too thick with sediment it is turned loose, and, just like friend Walker advocates, is at liberty to go wherever the laws of gravitation carried it. Prior to this mill—we will assume it was a gin-mill—being placed there, the clear water flowed on in its natural channel, interfering with no one; but as soon as the dirty, slimy water began to take the place of the previous stream, it filled up the natural channel, changing the appearance of everything with which it came in contact, and also changing its previous course, taking its way through the streets of our town until they were flooded and overrun with drunkenness—beg pardon, with filth and slime—to such an extent that we could not travel them without having the filthy stuff adhering to us, and which we could not avoid carrying to our homes with us; while our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, try ever so much, could not avoid its obnoxious presence whenever they ventured upon the streets. What was the result? Notwithstanding the mine owners, like friend Walker, insisted that that was a natural water course, and the city authorities had no right to interfere with the liberty of the water, they did interfere, and stopped it, too, because it had become an injury to the people through the change which had been brought about through the operations of their (gin) mill. It is all well enough to talk and preach liberty and the rights of individuals to perform certain things, but when such acts seriously interfere with the liberties of others, we should consider both sides carefully, and if our better judgment and experience teach us that these liberties not only injure us but tend to debase, impoverish, and lead into the lowest degradation those who avail themselvs of it, we should strain this flimsy cord of imaginary liberty to breaking, if necessary, in order to do away with this monster, intemerance.

I would ask Mr. Walker were he a farmer, and here and there would find growing in his field a Canada thistle, would he destroy it that his farm might not be overrun, or would he argue that it had as much right to grow there as the grain. The grain brought to himself and his family comforts and luxuries of life, but as the thistles began to take possession of the ground the luxuries disappear, and by and by the comforts, until finally even the necessaries of life are gone—nothing left save the satisfaction of having demonstrated his theory of equal "liberty." Would it not be better for us not only to pluck from out our own fields these liberty-demanding thistles, but see to it that our neighbor's fields are equally well kept, that we may not be called upon to contribute from our honest toil, depriving our families of the comforts to which they rightfully belong, in order to minister to the wants of our neighbor's starving family, because he believes thistles should hav the same liberty as wheat and corn?

None but a fool will knowingly giv something for nothing, and he is an idiot of the highest order who pays out his hard-earned money for that which is far worse than the biggest piece of nothing the world ever saw.

When the drinking of liquor tends to debase and lower a person in every possible manner, how can you on the silly plea of liberty of action stand up for it when you must know, if you know anything, that the result is all bad and nothing good—no, nothing? When you see the bad results in thousand of cases, and find not one good one, I ask you, in all candor, to sit down and earnestly ponder this matter over, and change the ending of your article so as to read, "The question before us is, is the advocacy of whisky-drinking, with its almost inevitable result—drunkenness—in harmony with the principles of Freethought? I answer, No." If I am not as good a writer as friend Walker I am as honest in my convictions, and think I hav the best interests of humanity in my favor.

D. D. LAKE.

ELLA E. GIBSON'S address for the next three months will be 108 Va. avenue, S.W., Washington, D. C.

W. F. JAMIESON has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures in Minier, Ill., Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d.

Those wishing his radical, uncompromising lectures can address him at Lake City, Minn.

E. H. HEYWOOD'S trial is set for the 19th, before Judge Nelson. He will be thankful for the presence and aid of friends. The day for his incarceration is probably not yet determined on, but it might as well hav been given as the date of his trial.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

Address to the King of Great Britain.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

[Written on a gloomy day during the Revolution.]

Go round the tombs and single out the place,
Where earth itself will suffer a disgrace.
Go spell the letters on some moldering urn,
And ask if he who sleeps there can return.
Go round the numbers that in silence lie,
And learn by study what it is to die.
For sure that heart, if any heart you own,
Conceits that man expires without a groan.
That he who livs, receives from you a grace,
Or death is nothing, but a change of place,
That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs,
And war's the royal raree show of kings.
Else why these scenes that wound the feeling mind,
This sport of Death, this cockpit of mankind?
Why sobs the widow, in perpetual pain?
Why cries the orphan, Oh, my father's slain?
Why hangs the sire his paralytic head?
And nods with manly grief, My son is dead?
Why shrieks the maiden, robbed of ease and sense;
He's gone, he's killed. O heaven take me hence?
Why drops the tear from off the sister's cheek?
And sweetly tells the sorrows it would speak?
Why lisps the infant on its mother's lap?
And looking round the parlor, "Where is pap?"
Why weeps the mother when the question's asked?
And kiss an answer as the easiest task?
Or why with lonely step does pensiv John,
To all the neighbors tell, "Poor master's gone?"
Oh, could I paint the passions I can feel,
Or point a horror that would wound like steel,
To that unfeeling, unrelenting mind,
I'd send a torture, and relieve mankind.
Thou, thou art husband, father, brother, all
The tender names that kindred learn to call.
Yet like an image, carved in massy stone,
Thou bearest the shape, but sentiment has none.
Allied by dust and figures not by mind,
Thou only herd'st, but livest not with mankind,
And prone to liv like some outrageous ape,
Thou knowest each class of beings by their shape:
Since then no hopes to civilize remain,
And all petitions hav gone forth in vain.
One prayer is left, which dreads no proud reply,
That he who made you liv would bid you die.

No Time Like the Present.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves:
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience, worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Hav finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

Contrasts.

A short June night, now brightening fast to dawn,
A house with doors and windows open wide;
A silent sick room, where a dying man
Lies prostrate in his youth and manhood's pride

A bird's sweet carol, entering glad and shrill—
A bird that sings of hope, when hope has fled;
And the sound smites the watcher with a thrill
Of agony, as if some voice had said:

"Weep on—and watch! but I shall sing as sweet
Among the roses—though thy dear ones die;
And all the world shall pass with careless feet,
Although *thy* heart be broken utterly!"

O little bird! how tuneful was that lay,
That fell so bitterly on mourner's ears;
Yet it was summer, and what tongue will say,
"'Twere well if nature too could share *our* tears?"

—*Chambers's Journal.*

Life.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast and go away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies by times, has less and less to pay.

Scriptural Catechism.

Question.—Is God omnipotent, or able to do all things?

Answer.—Yes, except to commit sin.

Proof.—"And the Lord was with Judah; but COULD NOT drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron!" Judges i, 19.

Q. Is God omnipresent? that is, equally present everywhere at the same time?

A. Certainly; consequently he cannot be a locomotiv being, moving from place to place.

Proof.—"And it came to pass, at the INN, the Lord MET him and SOUGHT to kill him!" Ex. iv, 24. "And the LORD WENT his way." Gen. xviii, 33.

Q. Is God omniscient, or all-seeing?

A. Certainly; he sees all things in all places and at all times.

Proof.—"Therefore the Lord was very angry with Israel and removed them OUT OF HIS SIGHT." 2 Kings xvii, 18. "And the Lord LOOKED THROUGH the pillar of fire." Ex. xvi, 24.

Q. Is God subject to grief or pain?

A. No; as this would imply that he had not sufficient power to make himself happy.

Proof.—"And it REPENTED the Lord that he made man on the earth; and it GRIEVED him in his heart." Gen. vi, 6.

Q. Is God subject to fear?

A. No; as this would imply the existence of a power superior to his own.

Proof.—"And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us. And now LEST he eat of the tree of life, and liv fore/er; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden." Gen. iii, 22, 23.

Q. Is God unchangeable?

A. Yes; "for I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are ye not consumed." Malachi iii, 6.

Proof.—"And God came to Balaam at night, and said unto him, if the men come to call thee rise up and go WITH THEM." "And God's anger was kindled because HE WENT!" Num. xxii, 20.

Q. Is God the author of sin or evil?

A. No; "God is of purer eyes than to behold evil and cannot (even) look on iniquity." Habak. i, 13.

Proof.—"I form the light and create darkness. I made peace and CREATED EVIL. I the Lord do all these things." Isa. xlv, 7.

Q. Can any evil proceed from God?

A. Certainly not; as all evil is said to proceed from the devil.

Proof.—"And the EVIL SPIRIT FROM GOD came upon Saul; and there was a javelin in Saul's hand, and Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David with it even to the wall." Sam. xviii, 10, 11.

Q. Does God ever repent, or experience emotion of sorrow in consequence of his own acts?

A. "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent." Numbers xxiii, 19. "And also the strength of Israel will not lie or repent, for he is not a man that he should repent." 1 Sam. xv, 29.

Proof.—"And it REPENTED the Lord that he had made man on the earth." Gen. vi, 6. "And the Lord REPENTED of the EVIL he thought to do unto his people." Ex. xxxii, 14. "And the Lord REPENTED that he had made Saul king over Israel." 1 Sam. xv, 35.

Q. Has God ever been seen by man?

A. No; the scripture is positiv in this point: "No man hath seen God at any time." John i, 18, "And the Lord said, that thou canst not see my face; for there shall be no man see me and liv." Ex. xxxiii, 20. "And thou shall see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen." Ex. xxxiii, 22.

Proof.—"And Adam and his wife hid themselvs from the PRESENCE of the Lord." Gen. iii, 8. "And the Lord spoke unto MOSES, FACE TO FACE, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Ex. xxxiii, 11. "The Lord talked to you FACE TO FACE." Deut v. 4. "Therefore, hear the word of the Lord; I saw the Lord, sitting upon his throne." 2 Chron. xviii, 18. "And SAW the God of Israel." Ex. xxiv, 10. "Also they saw God, and did eat and drink." Ex. xxvi, 11.

Q. Does God ever command people to rob or steal?

A. No; as all that kind of business, we must suppose, belongs alone to the devil. Besides, the commandment says, "Thou shall not steal."

Proof.—"And the Lord said unto Moses speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver and jewels of gold. And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they borrowed from the Egyptians, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment. And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required; and they spoiled the Egyptians." Ex. xi, 2. Ex. xii, 35, 36. "And Jacob set the rods he had peeled in the gutters before the flocks; and the flocks conceived and brought forth cattle, ring-streaked, spotted, and speckled. Thus God took away Laban's cattle and gave them to Jacob." Gen. xxx, 38, 39. Gen. xxxi, 9.

Q. Does God ever put lies in the mouths of his prophets?

A. No, never.

Proof.—"And the Lord said, who shall entice Ahab, king of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramath Gilead?" Then came out a SPIRIT and stood before the Lord (an impudent one, we presume), and said, I will entice him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said I will go out, and be a LYING SPIRIT in the mouth of all his prophets. And the Lord said thou shalt entice him and shall prevail; go out and do even so. Now therefore, the Lord hath put a lying spirit into the mouth of these thy prophets." 2 Chron. xviii, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Q. Does the Lord ever deceive his prophets, and then punish them because they are deceived.

A. No; "Surely God will not do wickedly, neither the Almighty pervert judgment," Job. xxxv, 12.

Proof.—"And if the prophet be deceived, I, the Lord, hav deceived that prophet; and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him in the midst of my people Israel. And they shall bear the punishment of their iniquity, the punishment of the prophet shall be even as the punishment of him that seeketh unto him." Ezek. xiv, 9, 10.

Q. Did God ever giv to mankind laws or statutes that were not good?

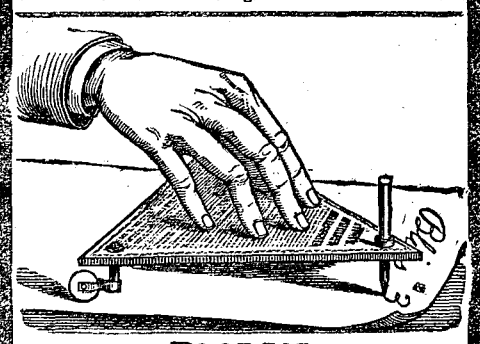
A. No, never.

Proof.—"Wherefore I gave them statutes that were not good, and judgments whereby they should not liv; and I polluted in their own gifts." Ezek. xxv, 36.

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So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place, and genuin piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.
—*Wordsworth.*

THE Bramanas are barely readable. The Avesta is far from attractiv. The Bible, though vastly superior in this respect to all the rest of its class, is yet not easy to read for any length of time without fatigue. Doubtless, if taken as a separate study, with a view to something which we desire to ascertain from it, we may, without difficulty, read large portions at a time; yet we see that Christians who read it for edification invariably choose, in their public assemblies, to confine themselvs to very moderate sections of it indeed, while they will listen to sermons of many times the length. There can be little doubt that a similar practice is pursued in private devotion. Single chapters, or at most a few chapters, are selected: these are pursued, and perhaps made the object of meditation; but even the most fervent admirers of the Bible would probably find it difficult to read through its larger books without pausing. They do not, so to speak, "carry us on." It was essential to dwell on this tediousness of sacred books, because it proves one of their most marked characteristics.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

SCIENCE is penetrating everywhere and slowly changing men's conception of the world and of man's destiny. Doctrins which once were damnable are now fashionable, and heresies are appropriated as aids to faith. Arises no longer the age described by Carlyle—"Destitute of faith, yet terrified by skepticism." It is an age clamorous for faith, and only dissatisfied when skepticism is a resting-place instead of a starting point—a result instead of a preliminary caution. The purely negativ attitude of unbelief, once regarded as philosophical, is now generally understood to be only lauded in the face of the demonstrably incredible.—*George Henry Lewis.*

AND never yet was growth save when it broke
The letter of the dead scholastic form.
The bark drops off and leaves the expanding oak
To stretch his giant arms through sun and storm
The idols that upon his breast lay warm
The sage throws down and breaks their hallowed shrine,
And follows the great hand that points to light divine. —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

WITH what face can you Christians attempt to make us Infidels converts to your faith when you hav not yet decided among yourselvs what Christianity is? Surely it will be time enough to make proselytes of others when you yourselvs are agreed, for Calvin damns the pope, and the pope damns Calvin, and the only thing in which they agree is in damning Socinus, while Socinus, in his turn, laughs at both and believes neither.—*Colton's Lacon.*

ALMS-GIVING—that is, the giving of money to the idle hangers-on of popery—is among the private duties that the church inculcates, we know for what ends. Let us consider with what arguments and incentivs. She assures the alms-giver that he will be richly repaid, and indeed that he can nowhere else find such interest for his money. When he hath given it he not only is quit of old sins in an exact ratio to the sum deposited, but he may run up a fresh account and always stand on the credit side.—*Lander.*

ON every side Sabbath laws are becoming less stringent, or are less and less regarded. Public libraries are being opened, travel is being less curtailed, there is more out-of-door exercise and enjoyment. Is this as it should be, or is it all wrong and must it be opposed by legislativ enactment that has its roots in constitutional law? If the appeal to the past were final or specially significant it might be shown that the Puritan Sabbath is itself an innovation, and that the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath are two entirely distinct institutions; that for hundreds of years after the birth of Christianity work was continued on the seventh day, and that for long after the discontinuance of work amusement shared with worship the privileges of the day. But our appeal is not to the customs of the past but to the needs of the present.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

THOSE who seek the truth only, and desire to own and propagate nothing else, freely expose their principles to the task, and are pleased to hav them examined. They giv men leave to reject them if they can, are willing to hav it detected, that they themselvs, as well as others, may not lay any stress upon any received proposition beyond what the evidence of its truth will warrant and allow.—*Locke.*

Odds and Ends.

A DEVOUT little boy, living inside the corporation, was heard to say, in solemn attitude, the following: "Lord, I've got a cold, awful one, too; I want you to come and cure me—cure me quick, too. I can't see you, but guess you can see me. Wake me up soon in the morning. Don't care whether you wake Henry up or not. Amen."

AN old colored man, with his legs twisted about like corkscrews from rheumatism, and also partly paralyzed, sits on the steps of the Austin Court House and solicits alms. "You must hav a pretty hard time of it, uncle," remarked a sympathetic stranger, handing him a nickel. "Yes, boss, dat's a fact. Dar's six ob us in de family, and I's de only one able to get about an' earn a libin'."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN EPISODE.

A maiden fair livs over the way,
The gutter is muddy, the steps are steep.
Oh, where is the young man, stylish and gay,
That maiden's comp'ny who used to keep?
Hath he sailed or the seas and fickle proved,
Or hath he been shook by his own beloved?

Ah! a sadder fate 'twas his to meet—
The gutter is muddy, the stairs are steep.
The old man booted him out in the street,
And laid him away in the gutter to sleep.
The maiden mourneth over the way,
And the young man buyeth arnicay.

A DOCTOR'S SUBSTITUTE.

He was a young man with a wild, disordered look. He rushed into the office of a prominent city physician yesterday, placed a small cup on the desk, took off his coat and bared his right arm and whispered, "Stick me!"

"Do you want to be bled?"

"I do! Open a vein and let me catch the blood in this cup!"

"Too full in the head?"

"Alas! too full in the heart! My affianced will not believe me when I tell her that I love her better than my life. I will write my love. I will write it in my own blood! Proceed!"

"Is that all you want?"

"All? Is not that sufficient?"

"Young man, you are a dodo! Put on your coat! I keep a red ink here for the very purpose you desire, and I will sell you a whole gill for a quarter."

And the young man was not stuck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MAN from North Billerica, Mass., bought a piece of wild land near Lake Hickpochee because of a wonderful natural curiosity which the land agent pointed out to him. It was a palmetto log wedged into the branches of a water oak twenty feet from the ground. The purchaser moved upon the place and spent his time between meals and grubbing roots in wondering at the log in the tree. One day last week he solved the problem. It rained as it rains only in the Everglades, turning a flood of water from the saw grass region down into Lake Hickpochee, and his neighbors heard him shouting three miles away. He hallooed all night long, and the next morning they went over in a boat and brought him out. He was sitting in the top of the tree with his feet in the water, and, with a long pole, was keeping off floating palmetto logs that were endangering his seat by wedging themselvs in among the branches. The land agent thinks he can sell the place for him at a profit when the water goes down if the flood does not ruin the curiosity.

TEN LITTLE BIGOTS.

Ten little Bigots, chalking out a line,
One couldn't toe it, then there were nine.

Nine little Bigots, full of zeal and hate,
One asked time to think, then there were eight.

Eight little Bigots, fencing roads to heaven,
One cut across lots, then there were seven.

Seven little Bigots, at each other shying bricks,
One's pet creed was smashed, then there were six.

Six little Bigots, fighting who should drive,
One got down and walked, then there were five.

Five little Bigots, wrangling more and more,
One heard of Darwin, then there were four.

Four little Bigots, still could not agree,
One kicked his catechism, then there were three,

Three little Bigots, madder yet they grew,
One cried, "Damn it all!" then there were two.

Two little Bigots, each with loaded gun
Aimed at the other, left was only one.

One little Bigot, crowing all alone,
Tackled Bob Ingersoll, then there was none.

THE "CHIGGER."

And it came to pass that when Noah opened the ark and turned the pig loose on the ranch, that he saw the chigger as he sat upon a sprig of pusley in one corner of the pig-pen, and Noah said unto him, Behold, thou art even the smallest among insects, but because of thy exceeding energy thou shalt hav domain over the sons of men. And behold the pusley is given unto thee as a dwelling-place yet shalt thou inhabit every green herb of the field in its season, but the pusley shall be thine forever.

And it shall come to pass that when the husbandman goeth forth to the field to battle the pusley that cumbereth the soil thereof, then shalt thou pounce upon him and worry him, and poison him, and every man shall scratch, and he shall find no rest till frost comes.

And behold the daughters of the land shall wail in anguish of spirit, and despair shall fill the soul of lovely women, when thou shalt manifest thy lively self beneath the folds of the corset when she appeareth in crowded places and in public halls. And no man shall despise thee because of thy littleness, but all men shall hate thee because of thy exceeding cussedness.

And it shall come to pass that the sons of men shall fight thee with kerosene oil and carbolic soap, yet they shall fight in vain. And the dealers in kerosene oil and soap shall wax rich and become great in the land, yet thou shalt exist forever and the farmer shall not prevail against thee.

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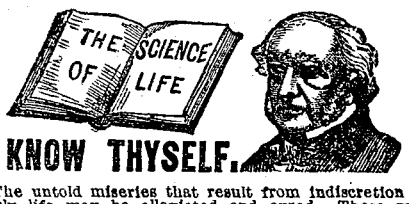
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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control has begun new efforts in London to influence opinion in favor of disestablishment.

THE *Chemical Review* says that recent analyses of water from the holy well at Mecca —where it is eagerly drunk by pilgrims—show it to be ten times stronger than the average London sewage.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* thinks "there is no more beautiful sight than a congregation assembled in families—father, mother, and children seated together in pews;" and, it might hav been added, all asleep.

THE Rev. Dr. Hicks, who was spiritual adviser to Guiteau, announces that the assassin is not in hell, because there is no such place. According to this doctrin, then, the slayer and his victim are both enjoying the advantages of celestial residence, regardless of the merits of either. There is very little room for consolation in the thought.

DR. VIRCHOW, the German naturalist, has shown at the Berlin Anthropological Society some ancient skulls found in the Caucasian district. They are believed to afford proof of the existence of the race called Macrocephali, described by Hippocrates. The heads are large and extremely long or high in form, an effect believed to be due to bandaging in early infancy.

BISHOP BORGESS has forbidden the Roman Catholic churches of Michigan to raise any money by raffles, fairs, excursions, or balls. The first consequence of this is the lessening of the incomes of several charitable institutions, and he has ordered an assessment on his diocese to make up a deficit of $1,300. Between the two evils of extortion and swindling, the bishop has apparently chosen the former as the least.

THE Abbe Prevost, the famous author of "Manon Lescaut," was not rich, and, like the authors of his time, resolved to be on the lookout for a rich patron. He accordingly addressed himself to the Prince of Conti, of whom he asked an appointment as chaplain. "As my chaplain!" exclaimed the prince in astonishment. "But, good heavens, sir, I never hear mass!" "That is precisely why I asked for the appointment," said the abbe; "I never say it!" The prince did not giv him the chaplaincy, but he gave him an allowance of 1,200 livres.

DR. WILD, of Toronto, who is apparently all that his name implies, announces that Adam was seven feet high. His reason for this conclusion is that the first man was perfect, and seven is a perfect number. "Three is the trinity number, and stands for the creator; four stands for the world; thus seven includes the creator and the created. Seven means completion. There are seven virtues that make a perfect man—virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity." The fact that a man will throw seven at dice oftener than any other number may also hav a significant bearing on this important subject.

THE Congregational Club of Boston has been discussing the question how to win young men to Christianity. The Rev. R. R. Meredith said: "The churches to-day do not get the best and sharpest young men. They get the goody-goody ones, easily enough; but those who do the thinking are not brought into the church in great numbers. You cannot reach them by the Bible. How many did Moody touch in this city during his revival days? You can count them on your fingers. The man who wants them cannot get them with the Bible under his arm. He must be like them, sharp. They cannot be gathered by sentimentality. If you say to them, 'Come to Jesus,' very likely they will reply, 'Go to thunder.'"

THE Rev. J. Fletcher Wilcox became pastor of the Christian church in Chicago, with the understanding that, in lieu of salary, he should be permitted to preach whatever doctrins he pleased. This arrangement proved a failure on the first trial. In his opening sermon he told the congregation that the righteous would literally inherit the earth for a thousand years, and that the wicked would be utterly destroyed at death. He was informed by a committee on the following day that the church could not listen to such a belief, and that his pastorate was ended. A hand organ that plays but one tune would suit that congregation.

WHY can't those religious and highly moral people be content with having selfishly secured front seats in the heavenly dress-circle for themselvs and leave us fellows alone to wrangle for our places in the red-hot fiery pit. But they won't. They want the pitites to feel their position, and to understand that they mustn't feel comfortable nor hav any fun in their warm quarters. Hence they pour the dregs of the celestial ambrosia on the heads of us poor groundlings. Now, we protest. Let these fellows sit in their celestial gallery and their heavenly dress-circle in peace; and let us hav our fights and our sports in the pit without being bombarded with religious invectiv and showered with moral slush.—*Exchange.*

PROF. LANGLEY'S discovery of a queer spot of light on the disk of Venus during the recent transit has excited a good deal of interest. The discoverer says he is unable to account for it, though he is convinced it was some phenomenon connected with the surface or the atmosphere of the planet, and not an optical illusion of any kind. Two other observers at Pittsburgh saw the light, and their descriptions of it accord closely with Prof. Langley's account. This discovery, following that made not long ago of a curious network of lines on Mars, which some hav imagined might be a system of gigantic canals, will probably lead to more careful telescopic study of the various members of the solar system. The improvements recently made in spectroscopic appliances and the great size and power of some of the telescopes which hav lately been constructed, or are in course of construction, render it probable that within a few years a great advance will be made in our knowledge of the physical condition of some of the nearer of the other worlds belonging to our system.—*Sun.*

THE *Church Union* does not seem to hav any very clear ideas in regard to the Sunday laws, but it has succeeded in getting off the following: "It has always been a question worth discussing at what point to begin the distinction between liberty and license. The new Penal Code under which New York has just now come furnishes a fresh occasion for considering this question in its provisions which refer to the keeping of the Sabbath. We are free to say that we regret the haste of religious people to present this as a religious question. No doubt it is so in some of its phases, but to so proclaim it on the whole is to foredoom to defeat the efforts of the better portion of the public to enforce the code. Whether good or bad, whether reasonable or reasonless, there is a firm conviction in this land that it is not the business of the state to legislate in the interests of religion. That may be a sword that cuts both ways—but unquestionably the public sentiment of this land is irrevocably committed to that principle. To demand the enforcement of any law on religious ground is in fact to antagonize that sentiment."

THE Toledo *Blade* notices the fact that Chicago has produced a great many heretics. Among the most prominent may be mentioned, Dr. Collyer, Bishop Cheney, Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Wilcox, and Mr. Miln. And in comment, the *Blade* makes this significant statement: "The fact of these ministers giving up orthodox views for what are termed heretical ones would not be so significant but for the truth that they are to-day more popular than ever before and draw larger audiences together. It will not do to put this down simply to their eloquence, but it goes to show a state of things that must be recognized and accepted by the churches and acted upon if they would preserve their influence for good. Go through those of Toledo to-day, and if the members spoke the truth, nine out of ten would express their disbelief in some of the cardinal doctrins, such as eternal punishment, burning in a literal lake of fire and brimstone, the everlasting damnation of unbaptized or non-elect infants, etc. It is a necessity that religious creeds be reconstructed or the churches will lose their hold upon the people more and more every year."

THE sacrifice by John Smith of his boy at Los Angeles, Cal., after the manner of Abraham's contemplated murder of Isaac, was an example of the evil effects of implicit belief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and the adopting of its barbarous teachings and examples as a rule of life. Smith had never read the Bible until within a year, but on becoming a Methodist spent most of his time poring over its pages. He not only convinced himself that he ought to make a human sacrifice, but brought his wife and son, aged 13, to accept that view. "When he talked to me," says the wife, "and persuaded me that a good woman ought to think as her husband did, I got so as to take whatever he said as the truth. He made us fast, and Ben asked him frequently if God had ordered us to starve. He said yes. When he announced that the boy must be killed, we both remonstrated, but finally thought it was all right. On the day appointed for the ceremony he called Ben out of the house, and told him that he had to die for our savior. The little fellow knelt down and I got on my knees by his side. John raised the knife, looked hard into the boy's face, and then drove the knife into his breast." The woman who is now in jail, still believes that the deed was justifiable, though she breaks down on recollecting the sight. "I am always thinking of Ben," she exclaims. "I can bear him all times in the night asking to be brought in and laid on his bed, and begging for a little water before he died."

IN the case of Dr. J. K. Alleon, convicted in the United States District Court of circulating improper matter through the mails, Judge Treat, in that court, on Dec. 15th, alluding to the case, gave the Society for the Suppression of Vice a severe rebuke. Commenting upon its method of securing convicts, he said that the conviction of Alleon rested upon a decoy letter sent by Mr. McAffee, the agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The question was whether the Federal statute had been violated, and then arose the questions, "Who caused the statute to be violated? What right under the statute had the society's agent to exploit in that manner and violate the statute? Did not this amount to manufacturing crime? It matters not how guilty the convicted man is, it matters not for the purposes of this branch of the inquiry whether the mails were used by quacks, humbugs, and worse people. The point is a violation of the federal statute touching the use of the mails for circulating obscene matter—who provoked the commission of the crime? The state courts were open for the punishment of evil-doers. Ought the federal court to be used to aid manufactured crime? The society, no doubt, was composed of excellent persons interested in the moral welfare of the people, but it did not know all the agencies employed to bring the persecutions about. The parties had gone to the wrong forum. The state courts dealt with quacks, specialists, etc. There was another question—whether printed matter that might be construed indecent when mailed to a school girl could be considered so when forwarded to a woman of mature age or professional men? The whole matter deserves careful consideration when such cases are brought to the federal court for treatment under federal statutes."

News of the Week.

TOLEDO, Ohio, has had a $650,000 fire.

PRINCE TARUHITO, of Japan, is in this city.

BISMARCK is suffering from neuralgia, and Emperor William is confined with a cold.

TWENTY-SIX lives were lost last week by the foundering of a British bark off the coast of Ireland.

AN explosion of a powder mill which occurred at Mountain View, N. J., last Monday, killed three workmen, and was felt ten miles away.

AN engineer was beheaded, one postal clerk killed, and four others were seriously injured by a railway collision at Smoky Curve, Ohio, on the 18th.

NEW proclamations hav been issued by Earl Spencer, lord-lieutenant, offering $25,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of the Phenix Park assassins.

A NEWSPAPER called the *Moon* is published on Ward's Island, near New York, and the matter printed in it is prepared entirely by the inmates of the insane asylum.

THE poet Whittier's 75th birthday was celebrated on the 17th inst. His health is good, with the exception of a slight cold, and his mental vigor seems unimpaired.

PREACHERS and Christians generally are protesting against the production of the Passion Play on the stage. They say that it is sacrilege for any man to endeavor to personate God.

MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST BARNES is still holding forth in this city, and preaching the gospel to what he denominates a "world run by the devil." He has not as yet succeeded in drawing large audiences to hear him.

THERE is a little boy in this city four years old who has smoked ever since he was weaned. He is as large as most boys of his age, healthy and bright. The only peculiarity about him is taciturnity, as he never talks while smoking.

THE porte, of Turkey, has issued a proclamation to the representativs of the foreign press to the effect that anything written against the government, and thrice repeated, will secure the expulsion of the writer from the country.

TALMAGE, last Sunday, preached a sermon of protest against the habit which other preachers hav of plagiarizing his utterances. He himself had been accused, he said, of plagiarism, but he wanted to wager $1,000 that it could not be proved.

BEECHER was before the Senate Committee last Saturday, and talked about speculativ trading, otherwise known as stock gambling. He believed in the righteousness of this kind of speculation, and by way of a joke said that it was part of his business to deal in "futures."

THE ten Brooklyn aldermen who were imprisoned for contempt of court were released last Sunday morning, having served out their terms. The last twenty-four hours of their stay in jail are said to hav been passed at a game called poker, at which one lucky alderman won more than enough to pay his fine.

THE attempt to enforce the new Blue laws in this city grows feebler with each succeeding Sunday. By a liberal construction of the law, ice cream is allowed to be sold as a necessity, railroads run their trains, ferry-boats ply the rivers, and ministers are permitted to earn their salaries without molestation from the police.

HERR MOST, editor of the *Freiheit*, of London, arrived on the 11th. His friends had prepared a reception for him, but the delay of the steamer prevented his attendance. Herr Most's notoriety among Socialists is mainly due to the fact that he suffered imprisonment a short time since for advocating their principles. A large meeting was held in his honor at Cooper Institute on the evening of the 18th.

Communications.

A New English Reformation.

The free exercise of human reason has been so generally discouraged by the teachers of all systems of supernatural religion, and so often condemned as an act of positiv outrage against God, that the conscientious seeker after truth must be excused if at the very threshold of his spiritual inquiries he pauses to ask, By what authority and to what end is the fair use of my highest faculty thus denied me?

To this question the apologists of Christianity, of Buddhism, and of Mohammedanism respectivly return replies which are almost exactly similar. They all claim that their religions are, more or less directly, founded upon revelations from God to man, and they all agree that revelations of such a kind are necessarily obscure and mystical, and beyond ordinary human comprehension. Every difficulty which occurs to them, so they affirm, provides them with fresh proof of the divine origin of the religious system which they profess; and it is the evident will of God, so they say, that these mysteries should be accepted by the world in the light, not of reason, which is confessedly incapable of understanding them, but of faith. They assert, in fact, and in spite of the contradiction involved, that the essence of revelation is obscurity, and that it lies without the province of humanity either to prove or to disprove anything which they declare to be based upon divine revelation. Reason, they add, is fatally misleading. It may, and does, guide men aright in the ordinary affairs of business and daily life; but if we applied it to matters of religion, we should be forced to surrender the beliefs which we profess; and the faith in which our fathers lived and died would become meaningless, and even absurd, to our children.

But surely it is an unwarrantable assumption to suppose that the revelation of facts which are deliberately intended to teach men how to save their souls from perdition can be made by God in language so tangled and implicit as to be incomprehensible. It cannot be conceived that God would speak in double acrostics, or that doctrins of the gravest importance should be proclaimed by him in any but the clearest and most explicit words. What, indeed, is revelation if it be not something plain and precise? And if that which is said to be revelation presents any difficulties to the conscientious inquirer, what is there in any law, human or divine, to prevent his making diligent endeavor to try the truth of the claim advanced? The Bible, which has been so often misquoted as a supporter of passiv obedience and childish ingenuousness, expressly advises men to prove all things; and in the case of Thomas, Jesus is represented as having himself gone so far as to directly appeal to the disciples' reasoning faculties. For what purpose, too, were the miracles of the gospels if not to enforce belief upon the most incredulous? It seems, in fact, almost impossible for Christians to put forward any sound argument to show that man is ever expected, even by their own religion, to believe without proof; and yet Christian teachers are, of all men, the most exacting, and, it may be added, in many cases the most inconsistent in this matter. Protestantism is the result of an early skirmish between people who reasoned and people who did not; yet the reasoning party, which was victorious at the Reformation, now denies the exercise of reason to its own followers. A Protestant, it is true, is tolerably wide awake to the credulity of Roman Catholics, but it must be borne in mind that he discovered the weaknesses of the papacy three hundred years ago, and that nowadays he is quite as credulous—though in a slightly different direction—as any papist. He inveighs against popery as being a tissue of absurdities; yet his own spiritual digestiv powers hav proved capable of assimilating so many astonishing dogmas that unprejudiced observation fails to perceive in what respect his credulity falls short of that of his neighbor. It is scarcely fair to speak of the so-called faith of either as anything better than a superstition; for in both instances belief is avowedly founded upon something which would not be considered evidence in any court of justice. But while the church of England, which we may fairly consider to be the best and most representativ exponent of Protestantism as well as the most influential, is an inconsistent institution, that of Rome is at least thorough-going and, to a certain extent, logical. The former denies some improbabilities, yet sets the seal of its approval upon others which are equally startling. The latter, on the other hand, boldly lays claim to infallibility, and, instead of making any concessions to reason, continually advances its forces and increases its pretensions. Both, however, agree in denying to the individual the full and free exercise of his reasoning faculties; and what Christianity denies is also denied to humanity by the teachers of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and all the other old religions of the world.

The grounds, therefore, upon which Christianity is based are no more explicable than the foundations upon which other religious systems are built; nor is it seriously pretended that they are so. If a doubting Moslem were to lay his difficulties before his Ulema, he would be told that the mysteries of Islamism were matters to be received not by reason but by faith; and a doubting Buddhist who sought his priest would be sent home with much the same answer. People are Christians, or Mohammedans, or Buddhists according to their place of birth rather than for any other reason; and no system of supernatural religion even claims to be logical, or to bear with it any proofs which are capable of carrying conviction to a healthy and deliberativ mind.

Reason, therefore, it is plain, must not be exercised by any who, for one purpose or cause or another, desire to hold fast by what is called supernatural religion. It is apparently the bounden duty of every Christian, for instance, to completely silence his own reasoning faculties, and to listen only to the voice of his church; for who can doubt that supernatural religion, if there be such a thing, has laws as immutable as those of nature, and that these laws demand a uniform and general obedience, such as can only be properly rendered by individuals who rule their lives according to some common and infallible interpretation of what is alleged to be revelation?

What, then, can be said for the so-called faith of Christians, when we find that the standard of their belief varies as time goes on? They hav gradually found that some of their tenets are so grossly improbable that it is impossible any longer seriously to defend them; and with an inconsistency, which would be charming were a subject less grave in question, they hav surreptitiously modified their creed so as to make it more nearly fit in with the hard and unyielding facts of practical experience. Fifty years ago orthodox churchmen in England professed to believe that the biblical account of the creation was literally and punctually correct, and that the world and all its contents were made within six ordinary days. That faith is now held by very few save those who are Roman Catholics, and by not all even of them. Geology demonstrated the untenability of the theory, and nine Englishmen out of ten thereupon unblushingly adapted their creed to circumstances, and surrendered their position at discretion. A further surrender had to be made when the question of the deluge came under discussion, although there is perhaps better reason for believing the story of a universal flood than for crediting the biblical account of the creation; and in time, too, the histories of Balaam and Jonah were explained away—so that if English Christianity proceeds upon the lines which it has followed for the last half-century, it will in another hundred years cease to possess a large proportion of its present supernatural elements. And yet it is only upon the supernatural that dogma, the very corner-stone of every system of so-called revealed religion, is founded.

It is not surprising that certain Christian dogmas hav been so easily relinquished by Protestants, when we reflect upon what weak bases many of them rested. Even the major dogmas of the religion are built upon foundations of the flimsiest and most precarious kind. Christians, for instance, believe in the trinity, yet they accept as divinely inspired the whole volume of the Old Testament which does not make the remotest allusion to a triune god; and they argue for the necessity of infant baptism, although it can by no means be proved that such baptism was practiced until long after all the apostles were dead. Is it a matter of faith with Christians that belief in the trinity and the practice of infant baptism are needful to salvation? and, if so, what authority can they adduce for these and a score of other dogmas? It would seem that they can bring forward little or none. Within living memory new dogmas hav been invented, and published as necessary to salvation, by the strictest and most consistent of all Christian communions, the Roman church; and during the last fifteen centuries dozens of other dogmas, many of them being professedly of the highest importance, hav been similarly manufactured and promulgated, certainly without even the most shadowy warrant from the Bible as it is interpreted by unprejudiced minds. The obvious conclusion is that the Christian claim that the religion is entirely based on divine revelation will not hold water, for religion is to dogma what proverbs are to vulgar wisdom—the embodiment and the essence.

Does not the shifting standard of Christian faith of itself prove that that faith, at least in its later developments, is "a fond thing vainly imagined?" If, however, the conscientious inquirer, having made these and similar reflections, be not so far convinced, let him consider the improbability, nay, the impossibility, of the bases of the Christian religion. To do so he must return once more to the subject of revelation.

And what is revelation? It is the demonstration to man of the laws and will of God, the poet of the universe, the unchangeable, the eternal. What is the process? According to Christians, revelation is made chiefly through the medium of inspiration; it is crystallized in the Bible; but according to a still more widely-received view, revelation is made through the operations and results of what are called natural causes. Does anyone who does not altogether deny God, deny that he works in nature? that by him the day and the night succeed each other? that by him the grass and the flowers grow? and that by him everything that is is guided and governed? Yet the views of the Christian and of the man of wider mind are incompatible. According to the Christian view, for instance, on a certain occasion, "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." According to the wider view, and it is susceptible of proof, the sun could never hav been, as the passage implies, above the horizon in Syria for something like twenty-four hours without causing the whole solar system to collapse. Can it be presumed that the unchangeable God has told one story in the Bible and has nevertheless informed the world by the voice of science that that story could not possibly be true? Can it be imputed to God that he ever thus trifled with those whom he intended should liv or die according to their obedience or disobedience to his laws? And can it, if we turn to other circumstances and considerations, be supposed that God, who claims to be just, gave his countenance to the deeds of blood and rapine which are narrated with such unmixed approval in the Old Testament?

It is unnecessary to dwell upon this point, for it is one which has been so often and so carefully dealt with that little or nothing remains to be said about it. The conscientious inquirer may, however, say, "God is all powerful; provided that I hav fair evidence upon which to believe these and other alleged interferences with the ordinary laws of nature and justice, I will believe them." The final question is, therefore, Is there fair evidence? Is there even any evidence at all?

Now it would be clearly unsafe to place implicit trust in any assertion contained in the Bible if it could be plainly demonstrated that other assertions of equal importance were of very doubtful veracity. It speaks much, therefore, for the honesty and fairness of the men who hav recently in England produced a revised version of the New Testament that they hav not hesitated to call the attention of their readers to some of the grosser instances of unwarrantable interpolation and omission in the texts from which the translation of 1611 was made. One of the chief dogmas which must suffer in the popular Christian estimate by the revision is that of the bodily ascension of Jesus into heaven. We may be excused if we briefly consider it, since it serves to illustrate the matter in hand. Matthew makes no historical mention of the ascension. Mark passes it over rather vaguely by saying that "the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken unto them, was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God;" and John, like Matthew, makes no allusion to the matter. Luke, in the version of 1611, is made to say, "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they worshiped him," etc. But in the version of 1881, Luke's language takes a different turn, and states "it came to pass while he blessed them he parted from them, *and was carried up into heaven. And they worshiped him,*" etc. And a marginal note says that "some ancient authorities" omit the words which we print in italics. The only other historical reference in the New Testament to the ascension is the passage in the Acts, which says, "And when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." Upon these words, therefore, rests the whole dogma of the physical ascension of Jesus. Considering that the miraculous event, if it happened at all, is alleged to hav occurred in the presence of a number of the apostles, it is, to say the least, astonishing that the gospels of Matthew and John, who were apostles, pass it by in absolute silence, and that those only of Mark and Luke, who were not, make mention of it. And, if we take it that the Acts is also the work of Luke, we may sum up the matter generally by saying that no apostle makes direct mention of any kind of this wonderful thing which, if it ever occurred, must hav made an indelible impression upon all who witnessed it. As for Luke's version, part of it is, according to the revisers of 1881, of at least dubious authenticity; and, for aught that Mark says of the ascension, the alleged miracle may hav been no miracle at all, for his words, making due allowance for the extravagance of oriental language, will perfectly well bear the natural interpretation that Jesus died, and, in common with all good people, passed to a happier state. At all events, it is plain that the doctrin of the physical ascension of Jesus rests upon very shadowy foundations; and, this being so, is it safe, especially when the supernatural is in question, to place implicit trust in any other assertion contained, or supposed to be contained, in the Bible? Even supposing that the original authors of the New Testament wrote in perfect *bona fides*, it must be conceded that copyists and transcribers had thousands of motivs, *in posse*, if not *in esse*, for adding to or subtracting from the manuscripts as they first stood, and it must at the same time be remembered that there is no existing copy of even a single fragment of the New Testament which is of earlier date than the second century; that there is no existing original manuscript of the

New Testament which was written until after the end of the first three centuries; and that of the chief early manuscripts, *aleph* dates from the fourth century, *A* from the fifth, *B* possibly from the fourth, *C* from the fifth, *D* from the sixth, and *L* from the eighth. Surely, all things considered, such authority as this is not sufficient for the conscientious truth seeker.

And by a similar process it may be shown that other cardinal dogmas of Christianity are based upon evidence which cannot satisfy an unprejudiced mind. Still, however, behind all this doubt and disbelief, there is something certain which the inquirer may grasp by the true and unerring light of reason and science, which last is another name for experience. If God has not revealed himself to man by means of the miracles which the Bible professes to record, he has at least revealed himself, and is revealing himself daily, by methods which, although perhaps revolutionary of all preconceived ideas and aspirations, are utterly and completely convincing. Faith may be challenged and confounded, science cannot; and science is the only revelation. As we approach to perfect knowledge, so shall we approach to perfect wisdom, which is the wisdom of the Poet of the Universe; for the whole wisdom of man, actual and possible, is the eternal wisdom of God. Our knowledge is to-day far, very far, from complete. We are only on the threshold of the dawn, and all is still dark and mysterious about us. For years to come we must continue to raise altars "to the unknown God," and rest content to hope and long and work for the light; but the light of wisdom will come at last, and then, and then only, convinced by the irresistible miracles of the Eternal Wisdom, will all the nations be of one mind and of one faith. Reason is destructiv, but it is also constructiv. It has never yet overthrown a dogma of supernatural religion without demonstrating some new law of nature; and it has never taken away any man's faith without giving that man something truer and better in exchange for what he has been deprived of. What Jesus and Paul did is now being done by science. They asked for proof and found it not, when they encountered the apologists of the older religions. So does science. And according to their knowledge they set about reforming the faith of humanity. So do those who work with the new revelation in their hands. But now all things are growing clearer. The sun is mounting behind the distant hills, and when, in all its perfect splendor, it shall look over their summits, there will be no man so foolish as to deny that it is day.

This course of thought has been suggested by the perusal of a small and hitherto almost neglected volume which has recently been published in England by the author of "The Fight in Dame Europa's School," entitled "The Council of Canterbury." The writer, who is a priest of the Established church, and who relinquished a minor canonry at Salisbury in order to go as chaplain with the late British Arctic Expedition under Nares, appears to hav long been puzzled by the conflict of science with dogma, and to hav now determined to cast in his lot with the former; for his book is a bold and earnest appeal for the fair exercise of reason in the church of England. It is made up of an imaginary dialog between a scientific professor and a Liberal and enlighted archbishop of Canterbury, supported by a high-church archdeacon, an evangelical canon, and a broad-church dean; and the conversation which is chronicled is supposed to arise out of the fact that the archbishop, uneasy at being powerless to deal, to his own or any other reasonable person's satisfaction, with the increasing body of modern unbelief in Christianity, decides to call a council of representativ men of all parties, pledged to discuss the matter fairly in all its bearings, and to weigh and consider every view put forward, the ultimate object being to arrive at uniformity. Those things which can be proved the church of England is to hold and teach; those which cannot are to be relegated to the limbo inhabited by the myths of paganism; and, in an informal kind of way, the five friends rehearse the contemplated council of Canterbury.

The professor is the son of an English clergyman, and has passed through the usual phases of restlessness and doubt, until finally he has been obliged to relinquish the dogmas of Christianity and to reject the theory of the inspirstion of the Bible. The archbishop, who is, we fear, not of the stuff of which archbishops are generally made, says that he is heartily sick of the unreality of his position. He "is ashamed of the cowardice which keeps him and his party forever silent, when all the world is looking toward them and bidding them speak out in God's name," and he considers his position contemptible beyond all words. "Every day," he laments, "somebody is coming to me for help, and I hav nothing to tell him except that he had better leave hard questions alone." Difficulties perpetually evaded and never faced hav, he feels, put the clergy into an utterly false position, and he is bravely determined to do what he can to set matters right. He considers that all fair-minded men hav much the same object in view—the weeding out from among them of that which is false, and the more diligent culture of that which is true; and he asks his friends to join him in confessing their weak points and indefensible positions, and to giv up gracefully what they cannot maintain, owning, if need be, that here and there they hav been in error. The archdeacon, on the other hand, is implacable. He is not in error. "Christ's presence is with us," he asserts; "Christ's truth has been committed to our keeping; the word of God standeth fast forever; and the church cannot err." The canon, too, at once takes up an unreasonable and determined position, and is perpetually begging the question "by referring to holy scripture." He is indignant at the wickedness of the professor, and considers that "the Bible and the whole Bible, just as we hav it, is the full and perfect revelation of God's unutterable truth," and that "its so-called difficulties are such only as we should expect to find in language addressed by the infinit creator to the finite creature." The dean is a little more tolerant. He does not think it impossible that in the future some few passages in the Bible may be cited as curious legends of the past, and may provoke a decorous smile; nor does he "hesitate to confess that there are certain episodes of scripture history which he heartily wishes could be removed. But they involve no important principle of belief," and, if only Christ is left him, he does not mind what else is taken away.

The professor courteously states his difficulties and doubts. He shows that the study of nature forces him to disbelieve much that is in the Bible; he insists upon man's duty to ask a sound reason for all that he is required to believe, especially if it concerns his welfare either bodily or spiritual; he points out the absolute immorality of belief upon insufficient evidence; he laments Christian intolerance; he wonders at the infatuation which impels Christian teachers to profess to believe matters which they confess they cannot comprehend; he comments on the incompatibility of the god of science and the God of the Bible; he pleads that the Bible may be full of interpolations and textual inaccuracies, and that the clergy take no steps to sift these matters; he touches upon the credulity of humanity and its willingness to passivly accept any pleasant doctrin relativ to a savior or a future life; he disposes of the vulgar fallacy that Agnostics are necessarily men of corrupt lives and foul principles; he satirizes the quibbling propensities of theologians; he grieves that, after all, man knows and can expect to know so little; and in a bold and eloquent passage he declares his conviction that "if the archbishop of Canterbury, with the whole hierarchy of the English church, after calm and solemn debate in council, would come out to the people and say, 'We hav been mistaken'" in this or in that; we will henceforth ask you to believe nothing but what is capable of proof, "the flood of touching sympathy that would sustain them, the thunder of honest British cheering that would deafen them, would be something to make life worth living indeed." And he continues, speaking to his friends: "The entire nation would be at your feet, and you might mold every man and woman into any shape you pleased. Not Christ himself won a higher place in the hearts of men than he will win—the brave, clear-headed, lion hearted English priest—who shall dare to stand forth boldly between the church and the world, with plain, indisputable proof of every dogma in his hand, or the nerve to hurl away all dogma into the realm of myth and fable. Whatever value, therefore, you may attach to the moral influence of a supernatural creed, I think it quite conceivable that the abandonment of it might produce an effect more salutary still."

The archbishop, the dean, and the canon temporize with these difficulties as best they may, but they do not answer them. The summing up of the professor is worthy of quotation. "Suppose," asks the broad-church dean, "that you succeed in overturning revealed religion, and setting up science in its stead, what do you expect to gain by it?" "I might reply," he says, "though the answer would be, perhaps, a little bombastic and commonplace, Truth. But I will giv you a better answer. Among many substantial benefits, I expect to gain principally three—time, and thought, and energy. Hav you ever reflected upon the number of hours spent weekly in England alone, to say nothing of the continent, on devotional exercises and the acquisition of religious dogma? I should say that something like a fourth part of the time at every boy's and girl's disposal for purposes of study is thus directly or indirectly employed. Now, if the tremendous articles of your creed be literally true, not one-fourth part, but the whole, of everybody's day would be too little for their study and application. But if many of them should turn out, after careful scrutiny in council, to be pious myths and legends, useful, perhaps, in the baby ages of the past, but unneeded now, surely your church must be held responsible for a most pernicious waste of time. Think what an injury you would thus be guilty of inflicting upon the young! One modern language might be learned, one graceful accomplishment mastered, and one branch of science intelligently pursued, in half the number of years now spent by Christian children in learning diligently by heart what millions of God's children in other land's are taught to regard, by authority from the same God, as neither sacred nor history. Then look at the time and thought which a scholar will consume over a commentary on the Ephesians—energy well enough directed, no doubt, if all that you preach be true, but sadly misapplied if it should prove to be less than true. Your church has attracted to herself some of the grandest heads that ever sat upon men's shoulders. Who shall say what progress might hav been made in the field of science, what unspeakable blessings conferred upon the rich and poor, if such men would hav thrown the weight of their intellect into our cause, instead of thwarting us and teaching the people to mistrust us, and squandering their lives in writing philippics against Infidelity! How many discoveries of inestimable value might hav been treasured up, while half the Christian church was anathematizing the other half, because men could not agree about some technical distinction between the several persons of the godhead! And the innumerable social problems which surround us and which political economists toil scientifically to solve — think how much further we might now hav advanced toward their solution, and how infinitly happier and more prosperous the multitude might consequently be, if you clergy would hav helped these men in their noble efforts, instead of discountenancing their work as almost godless, because it concerns, or appears superficially to concern, this present life only! I think I hav given you quite a sufficient answer. And I expect to gain another benefit yet, which touches to the quick that sense of self-respect so dear to every Englishman. I expect to gain reality. At the present moment it is not too much to say that the general and ever-growing want of confidence in dogmas too big for sober use has made the whole Christian church unreal. Outwardly each man thinks it safe and decent to be orthodox, but in his own heart he appeals ever and again from orthodoxy to God. The consideration that five hundred teachers of equal piety and vehemence bring him five hundred contradictory messages from the same Jehovah, leaves him no choice but to smile respectfully on each, and pay no heed to any. God is better to him than all his messengers. He has taught him in silent moments of communion a pure and holy faith, which does not separate him from his fellows, as it is the loud boast or every other faith to do, but binds him in a sweet and noble brotherhood to all mankind. Faith in the supremacy of truth and order, faith in the final triumph of the fit and good, faith in patient labor and quiet waiting for the light that comes of toil, faith in humility and honesty and love, faith in the still voice within him and the conscience at whose bar he stands, faith also in the future, that it will be with him as he deserves it should be, and that the God who is his guide to-day will be his guide for evermore. I am sure I do not know what you want of a better faith than this; and practically, I take it, this or something not very unlike it, is already the faith of every reasonable man. Yet the professor of such a faith, in the opinion of the orthodox, would be pronounced an Infidel. I want you to reverse this harsh judgment, and to speak comfortably to such a man; I want you to absolve him from the unfair, unpalatable choice between an unreal profession of faith to save his orthodoxy, and a sense of whispered excommunication from the church to save his honesty. Nor is this evident mistrust of the old beliefs confined by any means to the intelligent laity. There are hundreds of parish parsons also who never mention a dogma if they can help it, who hav long since ceased to preach on any subject not purely practical, and who hav virtually expunged from their teaching almost the last remnant of supernaturalism. . . . And not in England only, but in Europe and America their names are known and loved, and their writings eagerly devoured; a clear and most instructiv proof that the whole Christian world mistrusts the old beliefs and is determined that they shall be modified—so thoroughly determined that any influential priest who consents to their modification is hailed by all men as a deliverer, though he lacks, alas! the courage to set his fellows free—is magnified as honest, though indeed he just stops short of being so—is held up as a pattern of liberality, though it must be confessed he has given away little else but doctrins which, as a minister of the church, were not his to giv. And yet such blemishes as these, involving principles of action so generally distasteful to the straightforward English mind, are all forgiven him. . . . If you wish your church to last another twenty years, if you would not bring upon yourselvs and your country the untold horrors of a religious revolution, if you would check, while but a streamlet murmuring in the distance, the flood of turbulent interrogation that must burst upon you ere long, be wise and far-seeing and brave, and take into your own hands a measure which may soon escape beyond control. . . . Here is your golden opportunity of proving your claim as shepherds of the people. . . . Take the long catalog of difficulties which hav been a stumbling-block to millions, and deal with them one by one; defend in heaven's name whatever is defensible, and what you cannot defend let go."

And why should there not be a council of Canter

bury? Is there anything wrong or shameful in honesty? And, on the other hand, are the teachers of the church of England able fairly to say that they are quite satisfied with their position? If Christian dogmas are defensible, it is the church of England which ought to defend them; and who doubts that at the present time some defense is needed? The world wants to know how many more doctrins may be silently let go in face of scientific necessity, and whether or not some tolerable *modus vivendi* can be arranged between science and dogma. Great and startling concession must undoubtedly be made; but under certain circumstances concession is a positiv duty. The honest man does not scruple to confess that he is wrong when his opponent proves him to be so. There are many who think that Christianity can be proved to be baseless and mistaken, and there are also, presumably, many who are as firmly convinced that the truth of Christianity is capable of demonstration. Is it possible that the latter lack the courage of their opinions? It is to be hoped that such is not the case, for, whether true or false, Christianity can never be, as she aspires to be, the religion of all humanity until, brave and confident, she takes her stand in the world and not apart from it, and submits to the same kind of sober and unprejudiced criticism as is leveled in England, as well as here in America, at other professedly revealed religions. And she may be sure of one thing: she will approach the ordeal with everything in her favor. In England, at all events, she has the immense advantage of being in possession; her pure and beautiful teaching is respected even by her most determined opponents, and her generally beneficent influence upon the nation will be readily acknowledged on all hands. It is certainly her duty to take up and deal with the burning problems of the hour, yet for years she has sat silent almost as the sphinx, and as careless, apparently, of the strife that is raging around her. Where is the clear and authoritativ voice with which the church of England ought to speak out to the world? Of what use is she to humanity in its spiritual difficulties? There is, in fact, the greatest possible need for the church and the world to join forces and to come to an understanding, for science has of late made such strides that all men who think must, perforce, ask themselvs whether it is the church or science that is to make the inevitable surrender. At present it is evident that the two cannot for long liv in even that most artificial and unreal kind of harmony in which, teste the English broad church party, they affect to exist. They flatly contract each other daily, and they are perpetually working counter to each other. If, therefore, the church of England has anything which she can say, let her speak in God's name while opportunity offers. Let her face reality and not flinch before facts. If she be true she must stand; and, at the worst, let her remember she has nothing against her save such arguments as may be drawn from the daily revelation of God's law in nature, and from the fair exercise by honest, earnest men of the wits wherewith God has dowered them. Sooner or later she must move. Why not now? The world, which is always increasing in knowledge and perspicacity, has now passed out of its infancy, and can never be brought to uniformity of opinion by the evangelization of any system of religion not based upon reason. But reason is as powerful as it ever was—aye, even more so. It is to day possible to appeal, through reason, to by far the greater part of the human race; and if England were to set a brave example by weeding out all superstition from her national creed the effect upon the rest of the world would be of incalculable importance.

The apostles of reason hav a great and beneficent future before them; but as long as great bodies of men continue to wrap themselvs up in contradictions the religious progress of both hemispheres must be seriously impeded. If the church of England, therefore, possesses any of its often boasted love for truth, and retains any trust in truth and in herself, let her stand up and declare herself ready to meet all comers, for he who has truth in his quiver need never fear the combat.

Let the English hierarchy, then, take to heart the suggestions of the Council of Canterbury. Centuries ago the fathers of the present race of Englishmen bravely purged themselvs of a certain number of irrational dogmas, and there can be nothing foreign to the spirit of justice, consistency, and truth in England's further rejection of the remainder. At the present day she may gracefully rid herself of them, and no one will be the loser, while millions will gain. But in years to come, circumstances must be different, and unless the new reformation be undertaken peacefully and in time the shock with which England will some day awake to true religious liberty will shake half her institutions to their foundations, and lead to results which all sober minds would regret to hear of. Let the English church at least adopt a reasonable attitude, and let her open her eyes and her ears. Objections in this fierce age cannot with impunity be shirked, for there is abroad among all people a questioning voice that insists upon an answer, and unless the answer comes soon and clearly the thunder of the demand will assuredly wrench from terror what it has not been able to obtain from common sense.

WILLIAM L. CLOWES.

Letters of Sympathy.

LINDSAY, ONT., Dec. 11, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT: The sudden news of the death of poor Mr. Bennett caused me great pain. The Liberal cause has lost one of its noblest advocates, and I deeply sympathize with you in your very sad bereavement.

Respectfully yours, W. MCDONNELL.

LOCUST VALLEY, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1882.

EUGENE MACDONALD, ESQ: In the death of D. M. Bennett the world will long grieve for the loss of an able friend—dear to those who personally knew him, and to all valuing knowledge, as the most honest truth seeker and voluminous, searching critic of religious shams ever presented to thoughtful and candid readers; who, for ages to come, will serve, more than any other writer, as an industrious and extensiv thinker, reasoner, and reliable critic—in his numerous published works—to emancipate his race from debasing superstitions of false theisms, cosmogonies, and the rule of priestcraft in all civilized countries. May his compensation be in continued usefulness—of which I hav no doubt—in another world, as the most congenial to his intelligent and philanthropic nature. Yours, in warm sympathy,

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 10, 1882.

MRS. D. M. BENNETT, *My Dear Madam:* The death of your husband has caused a sadness in my heart that words are powerless to express. My sympathies are now with you in your present great bereavement. D. M. Bennett was my friend, and his death I feel to be my loss.

Liberalism had no greater or nobler exponent. His life was one of devotion to the cause of humanity and the rights of man. He was indeed a martyr to the principles of justice and truth. He died as he lived, true to the highest and grandest ideas of human liberty. His name will go down to posterity as one of the saviors of the human race. Rising generations will revere his memory as one who lived and labored for the good of all. Let us be like him for whom you now so greatly mourn. Hope that

> There is no death! What seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian
> Whose portal we call death.

I remain most fraternally your friend,

W. H. LAMASTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 10, 1882.

MRS. D. M. BENNETT: *My Dear Madam:* I know how feeble is the light of condolence in the midnight of grief. Yet words of sympathy bear the only balm that friendship can offer the broken heart.

Your bereavement must hav been as unexpected as it is irreparable. There seems to hav been no premonition of the peril—no forecast of the coming cloud, but the crash came like the thunder-clap that shivers the sturdy oak.

In the presence of your beloved dead, as you bow in uncontrolable grief before the broken idol of your family hearth, let the consolation come to your distracted faculties that a multitude of friends clear into the unfathomable depths of faithful hearts feel acutely the blow that falls upon you with most crushing effect.

Trusting that coming suns may soften the frigid atmosphere that now chills your aching heart and dispel the heavy clouds that now shut from your weeping eyes the prospect of future cheer, I beg to subscribe myself your humble friend,

J. R. MONROE.

153 CHERRY ST., CHELSEA, MASS., Dec. 8, 1882.

E. M. MACDONALD AND T. B. WAKEMAN, *Brothers:* Your invitation to meet with the friends of D. M. Bennett on the 10th inst., to commemorate his physical repose after a life of more than usual activity and success, has just reached me, and I hasten my acknowledgments, that you may know I will be near you in spirit and purpose on that honor-bestowing occasion, though I may not be permitted to join in bodily presence.

Could I mourn as some do, who mistake the silence of transitional repose for the nothingness of an eternal sleep, I should be sad indeed; knowing, as I hav been permitted to know, how many maturing thoughts and useful endeavors hav been interfered with by this sudden departure of our co-worker and friend—but I do not! For, so sure as I know he aspired to liv the life of the immortals, while physically he moved, toiled, and shared his being with us in search of the true and the good, so sure I am there will be no break in his ministry and no failure in the final outcome of his work, as his soul, like that of John Brown, "still goes marching on;" nature knowing no exception to the law that makes destiny proportionate to attraction.

Brothers, I join you in the bestowal of those affectionate regards and appropriate benedictions, which the toiler for humanity and the right has ever received from the appreciating few. May they be worthy of the man, and equal to the consecrating spirit of the hour.

Your brother, J. H. W. TOOHEY.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 9, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT: I cannot adequately express to you the pain I felt on learning of the death of your companion, and I am equally incapable of expressing my deep and heartfelt sympathy for you in this, your time of great grief. Be assured, my dear Mrs. Bennett, that you hav my very tenderest sympathy and the sympathy of many thousands of good people throughout the country. And as they hav loved your husband, and had to do with him, yet they hav all the time loved you, even though they did not make it known to you. But now the people will show you in many ways that they hav held you in their hearts, and they will, through ministrations of kindness, try to make your burden rest as lightly upon you as possible.

I regret very much that sickness prevents me from being present at the funeral. I am much disappointed, as I had made all arrangements to go on with Miss Tilton, Mrs. Colman, and Mr. Mendum. If I am well enough I shall be in New York in course of a few days, and will call and see you. Be as hopeful as you can. Yours fraternally,

W. S. BELL.

NASSAU, MICH., Dec. 11, 1882.

FRIEND MACDONALD: It was with feelings of unfeigned sorrow and regret that I read the announcement of the death of our beloved friend and brother, D. M. Bennett. It seems to me that his friends cannot better manifest their appreciation of his worth than to hav each patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER donate one dollar, to be presented as a New Year's present to his patient and heroic little wife. Now, friends, don't send pledges, but send the dollar at once. There must be at least five thousand subscribers that can respond, and only think how much good it will do her, and we will never feel it.

I sent the money some time ago for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and I hope it will be published up to his last instalment, as it contains the last words that he wrote while in the flesh.

I am not one of those death-ends-all fellows, and I feel that our friend and brother has only been transferred to a broader field of usefulness, and what is our loss is his gain.

Inclosed find one dollar for the New Year's Fund.

Fraternally yours, H. J. WILSON.

MERIDEN, IOWA, Dec. 14, 1882.

EUGENE MACDONALD, *Dear Sir:* It was with much sadness I learned of the death of D. M. Bennett. So unexpected was the sad news I could hardly realize it for a while; and while I desire to express my heartfelt sympathy to you for the bereaved wife of Brother Bennett, that true and heroic wife and lady, who bore with her husband the taunts and sneers and persecutions of a religious world, I will not attempt to express the pain it givs me at the loss of such a brave, noble, and useful advocate and champion of the principles of Liberalism. Though not personally acquainted with Brother Bennett, I still feel as one that was since subscribing for THE TRUTH SEEKER and reading so much of his writings.

I can but think what a brave, honest, and industrious man he was, and of what a grand work and glorious heroic record he has left behind; of how ceaselessly he pursued his labors of dealing death-blows to Christian superstitions and absurdities, even while suffering innocently in prison at the cruel hands of Christian persecutors. The name and works of D. M. Bennett will liv long after all his persecutors will hav been forgotten. How appropriate to the deceased, in the language of Shakspere, is the following:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to the world, "This was a man!"

Yours truly, E. INGERSOLL.

GONE!

> Oh, what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
> And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
> To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: I hav waited a little, till the first deep darkness of thy sorrow shall hav passed by, ere sending thee my great sympathy in this thy hour of trial—the greatest and saddest probably of thy whole life.

Thee is not alone in thy affliction. All over the land are thousands who mourn with thee the loss of a friend, a brother, a leader. Few men hav been so loved and so worshiped as our Bennett—alas! ours no longer. He has left us, and we hav now only his memory and the great works of his life remaining; but these are treasures inestimable. His well-won honors hav encircled his name with a lustrous halo that long ages will not dim or obliterate.

I hav never felt so bereft at the death of any one outside of family relativs as I do at the loss of him whom I hav so long looked up to with reverential affection and almost worshipful admiration.

We hav labored together for freedom and for humanity, and in every good cause our hearts hav beat in unison. If we differed now and then as to ways and means, it was always a loving and friendly difference.

This loss is the greatest one Liberalism has ever sustained. No other man has achieved so much in so little time as Mr. Bennett has. But "all that's bright must fade."

How hard it is for me to relinquish our idols! We know that time will take the very last by taking ourselvs from the few that remain. May we all depart leaving as clean, pure, and beautiful a record behind us as our dear friend has done. More and better we need not aspire to.

How shall I deck my song for the large, sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?
Sea winds blown from the east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies meeting;
These and with these and the breath of my chant
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

Thine, sorrowingly, ELMINA D. SLENKER.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., Dec. 10, 282.

MY STRICKEN FRIEND: Can you imagin our surprise, and consternation even, when on opening our TRUTH SEEKER this morning (for we failed to get it yesterday as usual), at the very hour you were convening, to find the terrible news of your (and our) beloved's death. Words fail to express our sorrow, for was he not *our* dead also? The friend of humanity and champion of equal rights for all! Oh, my precious sister, how can we help you bear up under this heaviest of all blows? We hav ever felt the keenest sympathy for you in all the past, but this seems too grievous to be borne! Our League was meeting for the first time in more than a year, hav been dispossessed of our hall, and we spent the whole session of more than two hours in retrospection of our dead hero.

On motion a committee was appointed to draft the following resolutions expressiv of the feelings of the League:

WHEREAS, It has been the lot of our esteemed and honored friend, D. M. Bennett, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and martyr to the cause of Freethought, to pay the debt of nature at a time which, to us and the whole Liberal world, is very inopportune and unexpected, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death we feel we hav lost the greatest and noblest martyr to principle, and one of the ablest champions of mental liberty the world has ever known.

We resolved we would "buckle on the armor" anew, and try one and all to do more for the spread of Liberalism than ever before, to try and take up the work in our small way where our beloved had dropped it when called so suddenly away. Can it be possible we ne'er shall see him more? We had hoped to hav him again with us ere long in a public capacity of lecturer, with his views, and we all regretted not doing more when he was with us July last. But regrets are useless now, and all we can do is to stay up your hands and heart as best we may. Will inclose a copy of resolutions passed by the League, also our mite, personally, to you, individually, as at such times aid in that direction is acceptable. Mr. Knapp joins us in deepest sympathy and tenderest regards in this great bereavement, as your dead belonged to the nation when alive.

Most thoroughly your friends, ABBIE AND AMOS.

[Mrs. Bennett returns her heartfelt thanks for the kindly sympathy expressed for her, and also for the material aid extended. With the assistance of such friends, and above all, knowing that so many helping hands will be extended, she feels that the work so grandly begun by Mr. Bennett will be continued by her. The burden, so heavy for one to bear, will be lighter if shared by loving and zealous friends.]

AMHERST, Dec. 13, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT: I can never express to you in words the deep sympathy and sorrow I feel in this the darkest hour of your life. To your poor, lonely, breaking heart language must seem cold and inexpressiv, yet through the written words we may sometimes convey the sweet love and sympathy of our souls that will reach the stricken heart, and help to soothe and soften its voiceless anguish. And I would thus come to you, dear friend, as a sister tried and true, and from out my own spirit weave for you a golden mantle of hope and trust that shall ever rest upon your loving heart as a sweet and holy blessing from the angel life. You are not alone, for the dear, kind husband still livs, still loves and watches over you. The beautiful passage of the spirit into a higher life, which is the second birth, has only brought him still nearer to you in that love that alone makes life bright and glorious. In the great hereafter we shall know as we are known, nevermore to walk alone, and to-day your loved one, with the precious child that passed out of your arms so long ago, is with you striving to soothe your aching heart, and with all the affection of his intensified nature endeavoring to impress upon your mind the knowledge that he still livs, and that he will watch over and guard you faithfully until the angel of life shall bid you, too, come up higher, into the the beautiful land of souls. My dear friend, I know this to be true—this life of personal activity, of usefulness, and love beyond the grave. I know it, so far as we can hav a knowledge of that which we hav not actually experienced ourselvs; and I know that dear Brother Bennett will never cease his efforts until you are fully satisfied that he still livs, and can and does communicate with you. I feel like saying to you, as the dear spirit guiding my hand and my heart to-day impels me, that you shall never want for the comforts of life, and that the love and earthly protection you feel is taken away from you shall be renewed tenfold, not only by the one love of your life who is waiting just over the way, but by many dear and true friends, who will gather around and sustain you. It is only a little while that you will hav to remain here; the months and years will glide rapidly away while you are growing strong in spiritual knowledge and preparing yourself for the glorious reunion, for the joyful welcome of husband and child—all the more yours then than to-day, because in the spiritual growth and unfoldment of both you will hav learned to know and love each other better.

Be assured, dear sister, the loved one is with you each day, with his beloved paper and the faithful ones who hav it in charge. He can work for them now, and for you, just as well, and even better in many directions than when he was here. I feel that this spirit of hope, of truth, and knowledge will gradually infil your whole life, and convince you beyond all question of the life beyond. Often when you are alone he, your loved husband, will manifest himself to you in a manner that you will really feel and know that he is by your side. Through the mists and shadows of material life look upward and beyond with your spiritual vision, and your heart shall be satisfied.

I know that your thoughts and your time must be wholly occupied with yourself and immediate surroundings, yet when you hav leisure I should be glad to hear from you, and anything that you may feel like writing to me.

I shall call and see you when I come to the city. Until then, believe me your loving friend and sister,

LESSIE.

FALL RIVER, MASS., Dec. 10, 1882.

E. M. MACDONALD AND T. B. WAKEMAN: I thank you for the invitation to attend the funeral of our mutual friend and co-worker, D. M. Bennett, and regret the circumstance that prevents my being present on the sad and sorrowful occasion; but, while necessarily absent, I shall no less mingle my sympathies and regrets with his family and numerous friends who mourn the loss of a dear friend and noble champion of human rights and human liberties.

The tidings of Mr. Bennett's death came to me, as to many another, like a sudden shock, for he had been so much alive—if I may use the expression—and we had followed him so faithfully in his journeyings, as revealed from week to week in THE TRUTH SEEKER, that it hardly seemed possible he could so soon be laid low. But such is life, and we know not how, or when, or where the swift arrow shall overtake us; yet, when it does come, may it find us, each and all, with armor on and ready for work, as was our friend who has preceded us to the land of shadows.

I had great respect for our friend as an earnest and untiring worker, who has done, in a few years, probably more than any other one person toward destroying the myths and superstitions that hav been so long the bane of our civilization. For that which he considered to be right he was willing to endure and brave all—contumely, imprisonment, martyrdom itself if necessary. I admired greatly his energy, his indomitable will, and that most remarkable industry that so distinguished him from others.

If he had faults (and who has not?) they are now buried, I am sure, with his dissolving dust; but his virtues remain to be considered, honored, emulated.

I am glad he made the journey around the world; it was a satisfaction to him and to his friends, and his most enduring monument is in the works he has left behind.

I subjoin the following lines, from a full heart, to his memory:

D. M. BENNETT.

Rest thee, unconscious sleeper, rest;
Thy labors now are done;
On braver, truer work than thine
The bright sun never shone.

To loose the shackles from the mind,
To set the prisoner free—
This was the task that early won
Thy immortality.

Thy sturdy blows at wrong and crime,
Thy helpful, steady hand,
Ceased from thy grand and noble work
Only at Death's command.

With armor on, thou gently passed
Into thy dreamless sleep;
Yet left a world-wide host of friends
Thy memory to keep.

Around the world thy star shall shine,
While ages take their flight—
A guide, through superstition's gloom,
Into the morning light.

The victor's crown of roses fair
Rests on thy ashen brow,
And friends for thee weave ivy wreaths,
While tears of sorrow flow.

With trembling lips we softly speak
That last sad word, "Farewell!"
How much of grief is in that word
No human speech may tell!

But while we bid the last farewell
To thy dissolving dust,
We feel thy spirit still goes on
In hope and tender trust.

In persevering work and faith
Still doth thy light appear;
In fearless honesty and truth,
Thou seemest ever near.

And listening ears may surely hear,
Like notes of evening bell,
The hopeful words, "Be of good cheer,
For with him all is well!"

Your sincere friend, SUSAN H. WIXON.

D. M. Bennett on Heywood

From the League Man.

Some of the would-be especial friends of Mr. Heywood are just now very bitter upon Mr. Bennett, because he does not see the propriety of all of Mr. Heywood's doings and sayings in the realm of morals. This is all wrong. Mr. Bennett deserves respectful instead of abusiv consideration, and when his three articles on this subject are taken together they show that he takes the same position *Man* does and that Liberals generally hav done. That is, free discussion and opinion in the realm of religion and morals; no Comstockism, state or national, on the subject; and resistence thereto to the uttermost in vindication of free speech, press, and mails. Must those who want to keep Comstock law off from Heywood in the interest of liberty, morally approve of all he may do or say? Certainly not.

Of all men, Mr Bennett has earned the right to speak and hav his views respectfully considered by all friends of liberty the world over. It makes the "judicious grieve" to see how men who hav not borne the heat and burden of the day start up with their flippant wit in reproof of the veteran truth seeker, from whose experience and wisdom they hav much yet to learn.

When Mr. Bennett's articles are read together, they are sound Liberalism and common sense. Those who try to make the people believe otherwise injure him and disgrace themselves.

"Three Measures of Meal."

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened (Mat. xiii, 33).

1. Why was Heaven then called a Kingdom?

Because of the barbarism of the age.

2. Why, in this enlightened age, is Heaven spoken of as a Kingdom?

It is not, except by the slow-coaches, who hope to king it there, or to fatten at the crib of royalty.

3. What is leaven?

Leaven, may it please ye, is pure, Heaven-born Democracy—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Love, and good will.

4. Why did the Woman take the leaven and hide it in the meal?

Simply because no other hand could, or ever can, do that thing. The *Hes* hav, for thousands of years, been tugging away, with might and main, trying to evangelize the world, and—and—and—

We never can enter the Democracy of Heaven except we be born again. Were it possible for any "What is it" to be born either the first or second time, of *He* critters, possibly Barnum might, by that possibility, reach the tip-top of his monstrous ambition—hav the tip-top monster.

5. What are the three measures of meal?

The three measures of meal are all there is of Humanity that is worth a —— bless, if you please.

When humanity is so elevated that all can do as they'v a mind to, all do right, none interfering with the rights of others—nothing indelicate find access to their souls—the morning stars may sing and the little stars dance for joy.

That day must surely come. We may as well be getting ourselvs in shape for it. 'Tis a much better way of amusing ourselvs—looking aloft—than to be digging among the dry bones of the past, or to be stirring up the putrefactions of the present. If they must be stir'd, let somebody else stir them up. We don't want to.

To Mary, DeRobigne, Angie, Loren, and Willie, Love—pure Gospel Love. PRENTISS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents.

The Christ of Paul.

BY ANTICHRIST.

Three years before we suspected that Paul did not liv in the time of Pontius Pilate, we wrote and published in the *Investigator* the following:

The Christ of Christendom is the Pauline Christ, the historical existence of whom depends upon what Paul believed and taught. Now, Paul was a mystic. He preached "Christ crucified"—implying that others preached Christ not crucified. He (or rather some other writer assuming his name) says, in 2 Tim. ii, 8, Christ "was raised from the dead according to *my gospel*"—implying that according to some other gospel he was not raised from the dead. Paul never saw Jesus except in imagination (1 Cor. xv, 8), and never met but two or three of the so-called apostles, namely, Peter (or rather Cephas), James, and John (Gal. i, 18, 19, and ii, 9). Query: Who was this Cephas mentioned by Paul many years before the evangelists wrote their gospels? And who was this James, brother of the Lord, and what kind of a brother was he to the son of God? And who was the Lord Jesus Christ that appeared to Paul in an abnormal state, or as to "one born out of due time"—that is, prematurely born? Rejecting as pure fiction his miraculous conversion, with all its accompaniments, as recorded in Acts—but not at all corroborated by Paul himself in his epistles—and making due allowance for interpolations and mystifications in his writings, may not all he wrote concerning Christ apply as well to the ancient Hindoo Christna as to the Jesus whose fabulous biography was *afterward* composed as a fiction, but after the lapse of a century or two came to be credited by the multitude as fact? (Rev. of Ant., ch. vi.)

We saw then that the testimony of Paul was a formidable difficulty—indeed, the only one of any magnitude—in the way of proving the gospel Jesus a myth. But so strong was the evidence of his nonexistence, and so different was Paul's Christ from the gospel Jesus, that we intended before concluding our work to devote a chapter to the Christ of Paul, making the best argument we could, inconclusiv as it might seem to be. Fortunately, the timely discovery that Paul flourished before the Christian era rendered the discussion of his Christ unnecessary until now.

In the Greek testament the word "cross" is always *stauros;* Latin, *vallus, palus, ligneus, crux;* English, stake, wooden post, cross, gibbet, gallows. From *stauros* comes the verb *stauroo*—to fix pales or palisades, to crucify. The Hebrews first killed the culprit, and then hung him on a stake or tree; the Romans tied or nailed him alive. Sometimes the stake had a cross-bar for the arms; it then became a *crux*, and the culprit was *crucifixus*. The crucifix is a Roman institution. Paul's Christ was doubtless first stoned to death, and then hanged on a stake (*stauros*), or tree (*xulon*), according to the Jewish mode of execution (Rev. of Ant., pp. 18, 19).

Paul's account of the death and resurrection of Christ (1 Cor. xv, 1–8) is as follows:

And I make known to you, my brethren, the gospel which I preached to you, and which ye received, and in which ye stand, and by which ye hav life. In what terms I preached to you ye remember, unless ye hav believed in vain. For I delivered to you from the first, as I had received it: that the Messiah died on account of our sins, as it is written; and that he was buried and arose the third day, as it is written; and that he was seen by Kepha, and after him by the twelve; and after that he was seen by more than five hundred brethren at once, many of whom survive at the present, and some of them sleep. And subsequently to this he was seen by James, and after him by all the legates. And last of them all, he was seen by me, as it were by an abortion. I am the least of the legates, and am not worthy to be called a legate, because I persecuted the church of God."

The contradictions and discrepancies of the four gospels in regard to the resurrection are set forth in the seventh chapter of our Revelations. Let us now compare Paul's six appearances of the risen Christ with the gospel accounts:

First appearance:

To Kepha (Paul).
To two Marys (Matthew).
To Mary Magdalene (Mark, John).
To Simon (Luke xxiv, 34).

Second appearance:

To the twelve (Paul).
To the disciples in Galilee (Matthew).
To two disciples in the country (Mark).
To two disciples going to Emmaus (Luke).
To ten disciples in the evening (John)

Third appearance:

To more than five hundred brethren (Paul).
To nobody (Matthew, Mark).
To the eleven in the evening (Luke).
To the eleven eight days later (John).

Fourth appearance:

To James (Paul).
To nobody (Matthew, Mark).
To the eleven after forty days (Luke, in Acts).
To a few disciples at the sea of Tiberias (John).

Fifth appearance:

To all the legates (Paul).
To nobody (Matthew, Mark, Luke, John).

Sixth or last appearance:

To Paul as to an abortion (Paul).
To nobody (Matthew, Mark, John).
To Paul near Damascus (Luke, in Acts).

Is it not evident that Paul knew nothing of any of our four gospels? How else could he hav omitted the appearances to Mary Magdalen, to the two Marys, to the disciples going to Emmaus, to the ten or eleven disciples in the evening, to the eleven eight days later, to the disciples in Galilee, to the apostolic fishermen at the sea of Tiberias, or to the eleven forty days after the resurrection? And even admitting a possible parallel between the appearance to Kepha (1 Cor. xv, 5) and to Simon (Luke xxiv, 34), likewise between the appearance to Paul (1 Cor. xv, 8) and to the same sinner as described in Acts, ix, what shall we do with Paul's statement about the appearance to the twelve? Did he ever hear of Judas Iscariot? And how can we reconcile the appearance to more than five hundred brethren at once with the evangelist's account prior to the ascension? Was it not the ascended Christ that these five hundred thought they saw? And if so, was any other Christ seen by anybody? Paul himself never saw Jesus Christ in the flesh; and though his language may imply that others saw him alive, yet he speaks ambiguously and only from hearsay. And while he seems to hav believed in a Christ who was not a mere phantom, but a man born of the seed of David, and personally known to surviving brethren, yet he appeals not so much to human testimony for proof of the death and resurrection of the Messiah as to the scriptures. Hence he says "that the Messiah died on account of our sins, *as it is written;* and that he was buried and arose on the third day, *as it is written.*" And lest his brethren should still doubt the fact of the resurrection, he argues thus:

And if the Messiah is proclaimed as rising from the dead, how is it that there are some among you who say, There is no reviviscence of the dead? [Sadducees?] And if there is no reviviscence of the dead, the Messiah also hath not risen [!] And if the Messiah hath not risen, our preaching is vain, and your faith also is vain [!] And we too are found false witnesses of God, for we hav testified concerning God that he hath raised up the Messiah, when he did not raise him up [!!] For if the dead will not rise, the Messiah also hath not risen. And if the Messiah rose not, your faith is inane, and ye are yet in your sins; and also doubtless they who hav fallen asleep in the Messiah hav perished [!!!]

And so he goes on through the whole chapter, staking the hope of immortality solely on the death and reported resurrection of the alleged Messiah. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss Paul's theology—only to show that his Messiah lived a hundred years before Pontius Pilate. For, since it is conceded that the Talmud makes no reference to the gospel Jesus, but repeatedly mentions a Jesus who was put to death for sorcery, about 75 B C. (see "Lost and Hostil Gospels," chap. iv, by Rev. S. Baring-Gould), is it not altogether probable that that Jesus was the Christ of Paul?

By the Way.

After the close of the St. Louis Congress I retured to Iowa, stopping first at Burlington, remaining a few days. In previous letters I hav mentioned most of the activ workers here, and will now name only Joseph Traxiel and George Batchelor, good Liberals, whom I had not previously met. Here, as elsewhere, the chief obstacle in the way of activ organization is the apathetic indifference of the great mass of anti-Christians. The few ever hav to bear the heat and burden of the day.

Next, to LeClaire, where resides that enthusiastic worker, Maria L. Follett. My friend, H. Hodson, of Clinton, came down and remained over Sunday, and together we roamed over the hills and through the entrancing vales lying about classic LeClaire.

Returning to Norway, I remained there several days, making preparations for my winter trip. October 21st I started for the West, stopping at Blairstown, Belle Plaine, Tama, and Marshalltown, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. At Blairstown I met Mrs. B. M. Lee and Webster Ellyson. Belle Plaine gave me, as is its wont, a cordial reception, for though outspoken secularists here are few, they are the genuin article. C. P. Hesser, J. B. Marston, F. E. Zalesky, Jos. Schuthart, and J. B. Filkin are all known to the world as Infidels.

At Tama the beneficent effects of the September camp-meeting are yet plainly discernible. Orthodoxy has learnt a lesson which it will not soon forget. I met this time E. S. Beckley, E. R. Bowe, L. S. and W. B. Brown, J. B. Tims, and Mr. Skinner and lady. Went out into the country and remained over Sunday with friend Beckley and his interesting family.

In Marshalltown I found Messrs. Gingrich, Woodbury, Lawrence, Marvin, Turner, and Williams, also Rev. C. J. Adams of the Universalist church, a very radical minister, though not likely to remain a minister very long. He was one of the very few preachers who had a sufficiently clear comprehension of fundamental principles to enable him to work against the prohibitory amendment.

Gilman was my next halting-place. Met there L. G. Seager, John Johnson, and one or two other Liberals.

T. J. Morgan and Mr. Sanger at Leasboro, and E. M. Stanton at New Sharon are the most outspoken heretics of their respectiv towns.

Grinnell, the unhappy town upon which God, borne upon the wings of the cyclone, descended last June, has quite a number of activ Liberals, chief among whom are Charles Porter, Linden Hambledon, Chas. Proctor, Dr. Howig, Horace Wood, Edward Moore, and A. W. Babcock. To Mr. Porter I am indebted for many favors and kind hospitality. I understand that there is considerable Freethinking done by the students of Iowa College, a Congregational institution which, by the way, was badly wrecked by the cyclone. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.,'

At Newton I remained for four days, making in company with Mr. Hugh Searcy several excursions into the country, visiting A. T. Hinshaw, Alexander Brown, H. L. Moffit, and Aaron Wadsworth. In the town I met D. Sturdevant, Dr. Gorrell, David Watts, F. C. Ehlers, Mrs. Belle Watts, Mrs. Caroline Ehlers, Alva Mershon, Perry Engle, Fred Olleff, and others. Also F. R. Phelps, of Metz. There is abundant material here for a League, but so many secularists seem to attach much more importance to doctrinal points than they do the organization of the new order and the practicalization of the principles of liberty and justice.

Stopped over one day at Colfax, now much noted for its mineral springs, and met Dr. A. B. S. Turner, F. L. Pease, Mrs. Gertie Pease, M. L. Wheat, and Mrs. Mary Wheat. These friends are all Spiritualists, but of the Liberal school. Had a very pleasant visit here. Met at Mitchelville Mrs. S. C. H. Sutherland, and Dr. Seems.

Remaining over Sunday at Des Moines, I proceeded on Sunday to Carlisle, Warren county. I found some number are secularists in this little burg. Was the guest of hearty, genial Matt Farley, who did all possible to make my stay pleasant and promote the sale of Liberal literature. Spoke in the old school-house on the evening of election day to a fair audience. Other Freethinkers are, Mr. Guisinger, Dr. Hull, and Isaac Reynolds.

From Carlisle to Winterset, where I canvassed for one week, lecturing in the court-house Sunday evening to a fine audience. I look for the formation of a strong Leauge here ere long. Among the live Infidels whom I found here are, H. W. and Mrs. E. C. Mercer, Burns Seevers, Geo. W. Seevers, Henry Evans, E. B. Thompson, J. M. Flannagan, S. F Hopkins, Andrew Bennett, A. Gaekle, Mrs. E. Nollrey, W. W. Nollrey, and Messrs. West Bates, Rogers, and Sefford. I am under many obligations to my friends, the Mercers, for the hospitalities of their cheerful home, and efficient aid rendered in the prosecution of my work. My first visit to Winterset will long be remembered with feelings of the keenest pleasure.

After nearly a day of tedious waiting in a box-car station at a railroad crossing, and slow progression ever a narrow gauge road, I reached Osceola, Clark county. Our principal workers here are, J. G. Watts, F. J. Emary, C. W. Dibble, H. W. Becket, J. R. E. Doss, and H. M. Chamberlin. Here the extremes of positiv scientific Monism and positiv Spiritualism meet in the persons of J. G. Watts and H. W. Becket, each of whom is dead sure that the other is wholly wrong. But they are both good men, nevertheless.

At Muncey I received cordial welcome, and found that preparations had been made for lectures Saturday and Sunday evenings. My subject Saturday evening was, "Why We Work for Freethought," and I was honored by the presence of Rev. Leland, pastor of the Baptist church at Corning. In response to my general invitation for criticism he spoke about fifteen minutes, saying, among other equally peculiar things, that he could read and understand "Tom" Paine; that one hundred thousand other men would read the same book, and they would arrive at substantial agreement in their interpretation of the author's meaning. But how was it when he took up that "precious book," the Bible? Why, he could not understand it, and no two men would agree in their readings thereof. By this he knew that the book was divinely inspired—that it is God's word! I pointed out to him that if obscurity of meaning is a proof of God's authorship, then, by his own reasoning, he must admit that his "benificent father" is directly responsible for the millions of Christians slain by their fellow-Christians because of their inability to agree in their interpretation of the scriptures. But it was no use—he could not see it.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wiek, my host and hostess, I render thanks for kind favors received; also to Paul Cheney and S. L. Shreves, my other Liberal friends at Muncey.

Creston has a few good Freethinkers, chief among them being Henry Breitenstein, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Keith.

Prescott has quite a Liberal leaven in her lump of orthodoxy. J. B. Blackburn, E. Clarke, E. E. Clarke, Mrs. E. Clarke, and G. S. Farnham are the most pronounced.

I remained in Corning and vicinity for nearly nine days, making my home with Mr. A. M. Coff, whose roof shelters some sterling Freethinkers. There is no taint of Christianity here, Mrs. Coff, W. B. McGlaughlin, county clerk, and Miss Ida M. Hopper, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coff, being squarely upon the secularist platform. I am requested to say that Miss Hopper, who is eleven years of age, desires to correspond with other Liberal girls. Let such good social educational work receive the encouragement it deserves. While writing to Miss Hopper do not forget Miss Jennie Hollgate, Quincy, Adams county, Ia., another promising young Freethinker.

Through the kindness of Mr. McGlaughlin, who

placed his horse and buggy at my disposal, I drove out one day to Mr. Leon M. Humbert's, who is one of the most activ of the Freethinkers of Adams county. Mrs. Humbert is a thorough-going Infidel woman, of which there are several in this part of Iowa.

The next day I went out to see Capt. Ankeny; from thence on to Quincy, remaining over night with those sturdy English Atheists, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Holgate. They lower their flag of secularism not an inch, and take no part in the Christian idolatries of their neighbors.

Returning to Corning the next morning, I had the pleasure of meeting "Dan" Seward, one of Taylor county's best Liberals, a man who looks you squarely in the eye, and says just what he thinks.

John Bixby, Mr. Sherwood, and A. S. Wells are other Freethinkers of Corning.

From Corning to Bedford, and thence to Valley Falls, Kansas.

Having become associated with Mr. M. Harman in the publication and editorial management of the Kansas *Liberal*, my correspondents will please direct to me at Valley Falls, Kansas, for the present.

Fraternally, E. C. WALKER.

Things Certain and Things Uncertain.

I hav read with reawakened interest the lucubrations of Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Bennett's reply thereto. Some forty years ago I attended the ministrations of an ordained "God's man" whilst he laboriously delivered himself of just such solid sophisms as Mr. Whitehead advances now. I thought then and think still that it is not by any means the fair thing for a God, omnipotent, omniscient, infinit in love, justice, truth, etc., who created all things, and minutely controls all events, who molds man as the potter does the clay, to giv particular hell to any of his children, who, earnestly seeking and honestly trying to speak and act the truth, doubt the testimony of a notorious liar like Eusebius and others of that ilk. Sir, we need no elaborate, incomprehensible divine revelation, with a howling, rapacious host of expounders, to tell us to preserve, enjoy, and perpetuate life. If there is another life of more importance than this, in the proportion that the infinit bears to the finite, why did not God make our knowledge thereof infinitly more explicit and unmistakable, or provide us with an unerring instinct for the certain accomplishment of his supreme desire—man's salvation? They manage things better in hell.

If the eternal weal or woe of the whole human race depends upon their faith in improbable events said to hav occured eighteen hundred years ago, in sprinkling or dipping in water, and unreasoning belief in the slaughter-house scheme of salvation (for without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin), where is the wisdom, love, or justice in making the eternal fate of untold millions of human beings depend upon the testimony or opinions of ancient or modern Joe Cooks or Talmages? A knowledge of the average modern priest does not increase reflecting men's esteem for, or confidence in, the ancient manufacturers of Christianity's missing links. Of what value is the testimony or opinion of men regarding extraordinary or incredible events said to hav happened years before they were born, more especially of people in an age when ignorance and credulity were universal and unbounded; when the the most absurd, improbable statements received ready credence if prefaced by "thus saith the Lord," uttered by some lazy, lousy saint; when devils, demons, supernaturals, were as plentiful and popular as pigs at Chicago; when even the proverbial difficulty of a child's knowing its own father was aggravated by occasional visits of God's sons, angels, and Holy Ghosts?

In this age of newspapers, ubiquitous item-hunters, writers, readers, observers, how many notorious things happen amongst and around us of which we cannot get positiv knowledge of the truth? Law courts abound with such cases. Was H. W. Beecher breachy or blameless in the Tilton matter? Was Hayes or Tilden president-elect, and so forth?

Permit me, by way of illustration, to refer to a famous event of our own time that came somewhat under my own observation, and made a strong impression on my mind. I refer to the famous charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean war. Captain Nolan rode up to the brigade, crying that he carried orders for them to ride into the valley and charge the Russians. He was destroyed by a shell, and Lord Raglan denied having given such an order. The five hundred charged up the valley, and a shattered fragment returned. The accusation was openly made that their commander, Earl Cardigan, did not lead them to battle, but played coward. Such an accusation against such a conspicuous man attracted public attention so much that the British government, shortly after the event, sent Colonels Neill and Tulloch to the Crimea to take evidence on the spot and report. Their report was unfavorable to the Earl, as no man could be found who saw him enter or return from the valley. At the conclusion of the war, with a friendly tory government in power, the Earl applied for a commission to try his case again. The then minister of war, General Peell, appointed a commission to investigate. It sat at Chelsea, England, took evidence, and their report exonerated the Earl from blame or shame. And there the matter rests; and no man knoweth to this day whether the Earl Cardigan was a brave soldier or the other thing. If we cannot get at the truth of actual events that happen in our own day, in view of men of education and observation, is it right or reasonable to blame or damn us if we doubt or disbelieve sayings of proved untruthful men, of interested enthusiasts or ignorant men, regarding unusual, incredible events said to hav happened long before they were born? Is it a fatherly correction for a necessitated unbelief to be eternally damned and doomed to suffer unending, excruciating torments in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone?

Only those with the instincts of savages could or would entertain or avow such ideas. That creed is tottering to its fall that in this age can giv no better reason for its existence than that at some far-distant day some unknown individuals professed a belief in some of its obscure dogmas. It is humiliating to think that professedly educated men will, for self-interest, power, pelf, thrust down our throats, by means fair or foul, a costly creed that has no tangible foundation; that in the heyday of its power, defended itself by unparalleled cruelties, by wholesale butcheries, by almost extinguishing intellect and liberty in the Old World; but now, face to face with a young antagonist, science, that is buttressed on fact and armed with truth, the priests of the bloody faith whine, "Let us alone," or try to stave off their evil day by falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition on the young, ignorant, and unreasoning.

Yours truly, ELIJAH A. SCHURMAN.

Oxford, Nova Scotia.

Teach the Children.

The durability of first impressions on the minds of children is universally acknowledged. The Jesuit fathers used to say that if they could only control the first ten years of a child's life they felt sure that individual would never escape from the influence of their order. It is time for Liberals to recognize the fact that until they systematically educate their children in the religion of science—that is, teach them to look to science for the basis of their spiritual aspirations—they can never make headway against Christianity. For the latter begins its work with children even in their infancy, and lodges its formulas in the child's memory long before the reasoning powers are developed.

Liberal parents are sometimes so foolish as to send their children to orthodox Sunday-schools, saying that what their children learn at the Sunday-school can soon be dislodged from their minds when they are grown and learn to reason. But this is a great mistake. First impressions are seldom if ever entirely effaced. Liberals should see to it that they keep their children from imbibing orthodox superstition, and be on the alert when they hav been exposed to it in order to counteract by rational explanations the false impressions the little ones may hav received. Not content with this, they should directly inculcate rational ideas on all subjects which come within the domain of religion and Christian preaching. No better way of fixing ideas on the mind of a child can be found than that of causing it to learn hymns or poems. These ought always to be such as teach truth and virtue and high aspirations. Christian parents and teachers hav their children to learn hymns and passages of scripture which remain, often for life, fixed in the memory; each one a casket containing some dogma or fossil conception of duty. The "Divine Songs" of Dr. Watts are many of them as fresh in my memory now as on the day I learnt them. Some of them were committed to my memory as a task and sum for the sake of a promised reward. But once learnt they were often repeated and sung, and hence remained unforgotten. Till my dying day I think I shall be able to repeat:

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
Ane may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then let me read and pray
While I hav life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day.
And sent to eternal death.

The hymns of the church, learnt and sung by the children and young people of families in the home circle, hav fixed and perpetuated its doctrins; and if Liberals desire to hav their opinions take root in the hearts of their children, and spread abroad and become a power in the land, they must bring the same means into use. There are now at least two books which are full of choice Liberal songs adapted for recitation and music; one is the "Truth Seeker Collection," price 75 cents; and the other, the "Liberal Hymn Book," price 25 cents half bound, or 40 cents in cloth and gilt. Either of these would make a most appropriate Christmas or New-Year's gift to a young person of any age. Send on your orders, and then "Sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

ELIZA B. BURNZ.

No Union of State and Church.

From the New York Sun.

"Europeans coming to America, as to an asylum from oppression," said the Rev. Dr. King, a Methodist minister, on Sunday, "must not be allowed to bring in the continental Sabbath, and destroy the foundations of liberties secured for them, but without their assistance."

Substantially that remark is often made in our pulpits. The assumption is that by law we hav here an established and characteristic Sabbath which everybody ought to be made to respect. But at the very foundation of this republic lies the separation of state and church. Consequently in the state of New York the first day of the week can only be regarded by the law as a day of rest, as a holiday. Legally it is that, and not a Sabbath which there is any religious obligation to keep. The state has nothing to do with its religious character, except so far as to protect citizens in their right to worship on Sunday without disturbance. Such other regulations as are justifiable are those only which are necessary because of its peculiar character as a weekly holiday.

Moreover, the majority of voters must decide what restrictions shall be put about Sunday; and both in this state and many other states foreigners and the descendants of foreigners who hav come to this country within fifty years are getting to be the majority, or are already the majority. Their ideas as to Sunday, whether it shall be what the Methodist preacher calls a continental Sabbath or otherwise, must inevitably prevail in the long run.

It is true that formerly it was not easy for the lawmakers to stick to their theory, and carry it to its logical conclusion, in their treatment of Sunday. They slipped in restrictions which would only be justifiable if the state undertook religious control. But the laws wherein they so offended became a dead letter, of course, as soon as popular opinion refused to sustain them. And if now they are revived and so enforced as to become troublesome, they will speedily be abolished once for all, for only a small portion of the community, nativ and of foreign birth, would tolerate them as laws to which obedience was actually compelled.

Nor has anybody a right to complain of foreigners because they come here, qualify themselvs as voters, and undertake to make our laws and customs to suit themselvs. That is their right. They were invited to come to this republic on that understanding. They were to hav a share in making the laws when they became citizens. They emigrated from countries where kings and state churches oppressed and hampered them, to come to one where there was liberty of conscience, where religion was an individual matter, and not one of government regulation. To force them to keep Sunday as a Sabbath in accordance with the notions of this Methodist preacher and the small minority he represents in New York, would, therefore, be "to destroy the foundations of the liberties secured for them." It would be to upset our whole republican theory.

THE *North American Review* for December commands attention no less by the eminence of its contributors than by the value and timeliness of its table of contents. First, there is a symposium on "The Health of American Women," regarded from three distinct points of view; Dr. Dio Lewis considers the question as it is affected by the prevailing style of feminin attire, especially by the practice of tight-lacing; Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton points out the many injurious influences of social environment; and Dr. James Read Chadwick sets forth the effects of education, climate, and food, and finally discusses the question whether the modification produced in the European human type by transfer to America lessens the fertility of women. Gov. Buren R. Sherman, of Iowa, writes of the "Constitutional Prohibition" of the liquor traffic in that state, and maintains that the measure is in entire accord with the traditions of the original settlers, and approved by men of all political parties and all nationalities. General Grant, in an article entitled "An Undeserved Stigma," states the facts of Gen. Fitz John Porter's case, and argues that the sentence of the court martial that cashiered him was based on a misconception of the essential circumstances. Richard A. Proctor writes of "The Influence of Food on Civilization," discussing with much learning and force some of the most interesting sociological problems of the present day and of the near future. Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, in defining the causes of "The Decline of Clerical Authority," holds that this decline, which affects the status of church and minister only as a part or function of the secular state, is by no means to be regretted. Finally, there is a symposium upon the conditions of "Success on the Stage," the contributors being six of our most prominent actors—John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell, and William Warren.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - - - Editor.
MARY W. BENNETT, - - - - Publisher.

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SATURDAY, - - DECEMBER 23, 1882.

The Future of The Truth Seeker.

Friends all over the country are awaiting anxiously to know what will become of THE TRUTH SEEKER, now that its founder, editor, and publisher is gone from us; and we must make it known, though it is with the keenest regret that we place other names than that of D. M. Bennett at the head of its columns as conductors of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The future of the paper rests with its old friends and patrons.

Before Mr. Bennett left on his tour around the world he made his Will, leaving everything he possessed, with the exception of a few mementos, to his faithful wife. That Will stands now, exactly as he wrote it, and Mrs. Bennett, instead of Mr. Bennett, is the proprietor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The editorship will be undertaken by the same person that Mr. Bennett confided it to when he was absent in Albany, in Europe, and on his journey around the world. This is in accordance with the wish of Mr. Bennett, often expressed. He used to say that the paper must liv as long as there was a priestly fraud or churchly wrong to fight, and when he fell some one else must seize the standard and bear it on. Though we know we are all unworthy to undertake to finish the work begun so bravely by so grand a man, yet circumstances hav put us forward, and we shall not shirk what seems a plain duty. We hav been associated with the paper since the first, and we owe it to the honored dead to keep green his memory, to finish, so far as we are able, his struggle for freedom for the mind of man, and to force at last from the lips of the church an abject apology for the great wrong done him. The rest of the world will render its tribute as it knows him better, and it shall be our grateful duty to spread that knowledge. And we owe it to his lonely wife to do all that can be done to help her bear the great burden imposed upon her by this death—a burden heavy for the strong man to bear, yet now resting upon a woman's weaker shoulders.

To his friends and patrons it is due that all contracts he made be carried out faithfully. They will miss him, but they shall not miss his soul—THE TRUTH SEEKER. For with him the paper was above life. It is a strong weapon with which to do battle for the right, and to see it broken would hav grieved him worse than death. If there is an immortality, or another life, from whence he watches, it would, for him, turn a shining heaven into bitter night to see his paper weaken and die.

And so we of New York will put our shoulders to the wheel. If Mr. Bennett's former friends and the friends of Liberalism all over the country will do but a tithe as much, the paper can be made strong to do the work needed now as much as ever. We shall hav help from wise heads; men eminent in Liberalism and science will aid us, so far as in their power, with contributions and counsel; we shall look to the friends all over the country to furnish the necessary means by getting new subscribers and paying their own subscriptions promptly. If they do this THE TRUTH SEEKER will be a perpetual monument to its founder; if they are indifferent and apathetic the paper will die.

Friends, it rests with you all. On our part the publisher and editor pledge themselvs anew to the work of enlightening the people regarding the fallacies of superstition and the fraudulent character of the church. As this paper has been in the past, so it will be in the future—a fearless exponent of truth and the outspoken foe of ecclesiasticism. It will oppose all efforts to enslave the mind, made on whatever pretense. The pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER will still be open to all, and opinions, however diverse, may find expression therein.

It is not an entirely new experience to the readers or to us. Though the call is sudden, yet we hav been more or less prepared for it by reason of Mr. Bennett's many and long absences. When the Christians took him to prison, when the Freethinkers sent him to Europe, and when his friends asked him to go around the world, the paper was continued and the business managed satisfactorily to all concerned. We shall not be less activ and zealous, now that he has left us again to enter upon the long journey that all must make sooner or later.

Liberal ideas are fast gaining a hold upon the people of this country, and every year makes it easier to spread the truth. Let THE TRUTH SEEKER be sustained for a few years, and no change which can occur to it will jeopard its existence. We ask its friends to make an extra effort for that time. The paper is larger than any other Liberal journal, and its expenses consequently are greater; and now that the price is reduced, it is by far the cheapest, and should hav a larger circulation to make its income commensurate with the cost of publication. We want to impress these facts upon the minds of Liberals, because we think if they understand them they will make a little extra effort in its behalf.

Let us assure all that the paper will go on, and we hope that all its friends will unite with us in making it a speaking and living monument to the memory of its founder, D. M. Bennett.

A Mournful Coincidence.

The fact that the date of the present number of THE TRUTH SEEKER falls upon the birthday of its founder will recall to many the little incident mentioned in Mr. Bennett's letter from Egypt (vol. ii, p. 620, A Truth Seeker Around the World). He describes it as follows:

A BIRTHDAY BATH.

Dec. 23, 1881.—This is my birthday, and I spent a portion of it in writing my letters to you, to let you know what I am seeing in this far-off part of the world. In the afternoon, as the sun was shining down brightly like that of June, I thought that I would celebrate the day by taking a bath in the Nile. You see, I had never bathed in the Nile on my birthday, and never before been sixty-three years of age. Perhaps I ought to do something unusual on such an occasion as this, and possibly, too, it is my duty to bathe in all the "holy rivers" I meet on my journey around the world. So with these pious thoughts running through my mind, I walked up by the side of the river for nearly a mile, soap and towel in hand, looking for a place where I could safely descend to the water; but not having altogether forgotten my swim in the holy Jordan, and remembering there are still crocodiles in the Nile, I must confess that I viewed with some degree of apprehension the surging, boiling current, making whirlpools as it rushed along, giving proof that the banks were not only very steep and high—quite perpendicular—but that the stream was very deep. I also fancied that the naked farmers working in the fields cast unfriendly eyes at me, and I knew not but that if I should lay my garments off, though they needed them not, they might appropriate them or do me other injury. I cast my eyes over to the west side of the river, and there saw the shore low and gradual, with the appearance of a moderate current. But it was quite a job to get over there, and, whatever my final destiny is to be, I do not quite relish the idea of being chewed up by a crocodile; not but that my meat would taste as sweet to his holiness as that of a Christian, but I cannot someway divest myself of the idea that an unpleasant sensation would for a moment run over a person when he felt the jaws of a crocodile closing upon him. I think I prefer to die of old age. So, with all these thoughts running through my mind, I sort of compromised with myself with regard to the bathing enterprise, and returned down near the steamboat landing, where the bank had been graded down. Here I took off but part of my clothing, and took a partial bath. The water, however, recently from the mountain springs of Central Africa, was not as warm as were the waters of the Dead Sea and the river Jordan. This, too, may be the last time I will bathe in any river on my birthday.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Bennett's travels will be finished as speedily as possible and sent to all who subscribe for it. Many hav already sent in the $1.50, but there are many more yet to hear from. Mr. Bennett was engaged up to the last moment on this work, and the last words he wrote were for its pages. His sad death necessarily causes delay, but in January we hope to hav it completed from his notes and the already published accounts of the receptions given him. It will also contain the account of his death and funeral and the splendid tribute of T. B. Wakeman.

The Bennett Monument.

TO THE LIBERALS OF THE WORLD: A committee to hav a fitting monument erected to the memory of D. M. Bennett having been appointed at the meeting of the "Lodge of Sorrow," it herewith addresses you to set forth its plans and purposes, and to ask your assistance and co-operation in making the enterprise a Liberal and an early success.

It is proposed that all Liberals contribute a dollar each at least, that the monument may thus be a tribute in which all may feel an interest; but a greater amount from any one may be subscribed where the means of the subscriber warrant a larger sum.

It is intended to place as fine a momument over Mr. Bennett as the amount contributed will permit; and we hope to make it an imposing memorial of the love and esteem which will worthily mark the resting-place of one of the greatest Liberals of the age.

That all who subscribe may possess a constant memento of the monument and its surroundings it is proposed to issue to all who subscribe one dollar a fine engraving of it; and to all who subscribe five dollars there will be presented a memorial volume, bound in morocco, being a biography of Mr. Bennett, containing extracts from his most important and valuable writings, an account of his death and funeral, and a list of the names of those who contribute. The book will contain also a splendid likeness of Mr. Bennett and an engraving of the monument. It must be understood that by this plan we are not offering a premium for subscriptions. It is adopted only so that every Liberal may be enabled to possess a highly-prized souvenir of the spot where he lies, which entombs the body, and will be an enduring record of the life of our honored friend and leader.

All subscriptions should be sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and designate the amount for the Bennett Monument Fund Committee.

Plans and progress will be communicated from time to time to the subscribers by THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Let this be a "labor of love," by which you will perpetuate Bennett's memory and sustain the cause he nobly served. Yours fraternally,

DANIEL EDWARD RYAN, Chairman,
THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN,
E. M. MACDONALD,
DR. E. B. FOOTE,
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Committee.

The following subscriptions hav been made to the Bennett Monument Fund:

Daniel E. Ryan,	$50 00
Charles L. Andrews,	5 00
E. M. Macdonald,	5 00
George E. Macdonald,	5 00
Henry Adelman,	1 00
Dr. J. H. Swain,	1 00
Mrs. Ruth S. Briggs,	1 00
M. H. Booth,	1 00
Mrs. E. G. Varni,	1 00
Henry A. Stone,	1 00
Asa K. Butts,	1 00

Resolutions of the Bennett League.

At a meeting on Sunday evening, Dec. 17th, the following resolutions were passed by the Bennett (formerly the Fourth New York) Liberal League:

WHEREAS, D. M. Bennett, the beloved president of this League, and the proprietor and editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has departed this life, and

WHEREAS, His high character, his grand purpose, his fidelity to the right, his patriotism in breaking what he deemed to be an unconstitutional law, his risking his life and sacrificing his liberty to vindicate the rights of others, his unflinching courage in passing through the outrage and ordeal of an unjust imprisonment, his grand battle against the numerous curses of superstition, his masterly exposure of the crimes, the persecutions, the errors, the bigotry, and the hypocrisy of Christian teachers; his thorough love of humanity, his constant effort to elevate the ignorant and down-trodden to intelligence and independence, his never-ceasing effort and hard work to spread light, truth, honor, manly self-reliance, and loving, fraternal principles; his splendid business talent in founding through poverty and trial one of the most successful Freethought journals in the world, THE TRUTH SEEKER, all stamp him as one of the most remarkable men of the century, and one whose honor and good work it becomes our sacred duty to aid in perpetuating; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of D. M. Bennett America has lost a citizen and the world a man whose career and life were an honor to our country and its democratic principles.

Resolved, That his public life and deeds were in accord with those of the founders of the republic whose sturdy "rebel" spirit in defying their divinely appointed kings and unjust laws gave him a noble and inspiring precedent for resisting in our day legal conspiracies against the liberties of our people.

Resolved, That we, his friends, bear witness to the worth and integrity of his life, to his thorough honesty in meeting all of his obligations, to his lifelong strictly temperate and industrious habits, to his love and devotion for his faithful wife, and to the practice of all those good qualities which stamped him as one of nature's noblemen, and insure the continuance for good of his labors and influence.

Resolved, That we also bear witness to the manner of his death, that he died as he lived, a Liberal, relying up to his last moment of consciousness on only nature and nature's laws for the final solution of life and death, and that he utterly repudiated Christianity.

Resolved, That we herewith take up the trust that he laid down only with his life, and that we consecrate ourselvs to the carrying out of his good work by sustaining and perpetuating THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that we call on all true Liberals to aid energetically in the good work.

Resolved, That this League be hereafter known as the Bennett Liberal League, and that it takes on itself the duty of erecting a monument to D. M. Bennett, the monument to be paid for by popular subscription.

Resolved, That we herewith tender our deepest sympathy to his afflicted widow, and we trust that the great sorrow in which it is our privilege to share may be lightened by constant tributes of love from many sustaining friends.

AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Liberal League of Pittsburgh the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That in the death of D. M. Bennett we recognize, not a divine providence, but a natural event; nevertheless an unfortunate one, not only for the Liberals of the United States, but throughout the world.

Resolved, That while we grieve for our and their loss we are gratified that his work was done—and so well done that we may profit by his example.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with his bereaved widow and business associates.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER for publication.

H. HOOVER, Cor. Secretary.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 12, 1882.

Brother Bell Appreciated.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEKKER, *Sir*: We are very glad to learn through THE TRUTH SEEKER that W. S Bell is coming West again. We like him as a lecturer, but we like him still more for his genial, pleasant, and entertaining manners. We do hope that the Liberals of Iowa will wake up and giv him plenty of work in this state. His little pamphlet, "Liberty and Morality," is just splendid.

MRS. FLORA DUTTON.

W. S. BELL made us a call last week on his way to Kansas. He lectured last Sunday at Pittsburgh, Pa. He proposes to locate in the growing West, and his address is Paola, Kansas. He is a logical and fluent speaker, and should be kept busy by the Liberals. He is also going to act as agent of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We hope he will meet with a generous reception.—ED. T. S.

The Death of D. M. Bennett.

From the Liberal.

On reading the notice of Mr. Bennett's death, our first impulse said, "Can it be true? Why did not death claim some one else and spare Bennett, the noblest man of all?" We can scarcely yet reconcile ourself to the thought of his death. Can it be that we will never hear his mild, calm voice again? Is it true that his pen will be still forever? Will the emotions of all that is good, grand, and noble within us never be stimulated and set aglow by his noble appeals again? Shall the eastern star of our hope go down forever? Our impulses say no; our senses say yes. Yet Bennett, whom we all loved, honored, and esteemed, has gone to that echoless hereafter, and will never lead us to victory again. Though he is dead, his work will liv, and man for generations to come will be better, happier, and freer for Bennett's having lived.

A meeting will be held at the hall next Sunday evening to express our sorrow at the death of this great man.

From the Chenango Tribune.

D. M. Bennett, one of the foremost Liberals and Freethought promoters and editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, died at his home in New York city, on Wednesday morning (6th), at the age of 64 years. His death resulted from gastric fever coupled with an affection of the heart. His name will long be remembered by Liberals throughout the world and will forever shine with that of Thomas Paine and Giordano Bruno.

Editor of The Truth Seeker Dead.

From the Kansas Blade.

The death of no person within our memory was so unexpected to us as that of Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, which sad event occurred at his home in New York city Dec. 6, 1882, and after a brief illness, in which he was confined to his bed only one week. Mr. Bennett having survived his tour of the world, and returning in apparent good health, strong hopes were entertained by his thousands of friends that he would liv many years to uphold the right and combat error.

Mr. Bennett's early life was full of discouragements, but being favored with an indomitable will, he persevered over all difficulties and reached the age of manhood well schooled for the struggles and trials that awaited him. There is no school like adversity to bring out the nobler qualities of manhood, if there is any in the man, and Mr. Bennett had plenty of that.

Mr. Bennett died a martyr to truth. There can be no doubt that the course pursued by the villain Comstock shortened his days. His cruel and unjust imprisonment injured his health. That also led to his trip around the world, a stupendous undertaking for a man of his age. The malaria of Egypt and India impaired his health beyond his power of recuperation. Mr. Bennett was an extraordinary man; he was more than that—he was GREAT. He has left behind works that will endure as long as man survives.

There should be no relaxation in the support of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the part of Liberals. That paper has become a necessity to the Liberal cause and must be sustained. Able hands will control it and keep it up to its present standard of ability and interest.

The funeral of Mr. Bennett occurred last Sunday, Mr. T. B. Wakeman delivering the address. The particulars we hav not had, as the daily papers hav made no mention of either his death or funeral. This is greatly to their shame, as it shows them to be in mortal fear of the aristocratic church.

D. M. Bennett.

From the Spiritual Offering.

No sadder news ever came to us, none ever took us more by suprise or caused a greater shock, than that announced in the following words, under date of New York, Dec. 7th, but not received until this morning, Dec. 11th:

DEAR FRIEND: It is with feelings of profoundest sorrow that we are called upon to inform you of the death of D. M. Bennett, so dear to all, which occurred on Wednesday, the 6th instant.

The funeral will be held on Sunday, the 10th, at 10:30 A.M., at the German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. All friends of the deceased are invited to be present.

E. M. MACDONALD,
T. B. WAKEMAN.

In silence we handed it to the editress; the sorrow pictured upon her pallid face and her tear-dimmed eye, with the three words, "*Is it possible!*" told more of the deep, heartfelt grief than we can picture in words. Our aged assistant editor, M. K. Wilson, with hand trembling with emotion and with feelings too deep for utterance, returned the sad message without a word. Silence in such a moment was far more expressiv than words.

We hav no words at command to express the intensity of our grief, our deep sorrow for the irreparable loss sustained by the cause of Liberalism and Freethought not for this country alone but the world; for events of the last few years hav brought him for whom we mourn, into world-wide notoriety as one of earth's prominent leaders in the great work of emancipating the minds of men from superstition's bondage, more degrading than was ever mere bodily servitude.

To this grand work Mr. Bennett's life was devoted; and more especially for the last ten years has every power of this wonderfully earnest man been consecrated to it. We doubt if the world has ever known one in whom was blended more earnestness, sincerity, indomitable courage, persistency, vigor, and activity of mental powers and physical endurance, than was combined in the person of D. M. Bennett. Because of this, he was able to accomplish the gigantic work he has with the pen, so great that it has astonished the world, and yet comparatively few know of its vastness.

During the summer of 1880, in the city of New York, we had for several months, just previous to his departure for his trip around the world, many personal interviews with Mr. Bennett, and learned more of him, of his honesty of purpose, inflexible adherence to what he believed to be right whatever the sacrifice, than we could hav obtained in any other way.

In view of all he had suffered from Christian persecution, and the slander and abuse of men identified with the Liberal movement, before we met the first time after his return from prison, we expected to find him soured in disposition and extremely bitter toward his maligners; we were mistaken; in calmness of spirit, with the gravity and wisdom of a sage, he reviewed the whole history, its bearings upon individuals, and the cause.

Of his labors, of his voluminous works, of his recent tour around the world, and the vast amount of knowledge obtained, it is not our purpose to speak. He has, in bodily presence, left us; but the products of his vigorous and varied mental endowments are left, from which the world will largely profit. Oh! how much we regret that we could not hav had one year added to his valuable earth life, that more of the gems of truth recently gathered could hav been scattered among the people. But we do rejoice that D. M. Bennett has lived to bless the world. His memory will be cherished, and his earth work be remembered and honored, when the pigmies in body and mind, both East and West, who hav maligned him and unsuccessfully plotted his ruin, shall hav been forgotten.

To Mrs. Bennett, to Mrs. Allen, his only sister, ladies whom we know and esteem, we tender our deepest sympathy.

To all Liberalists and Spiritualists we appeal for renewed activity in the cause for which our friend so zealously labored up to almost the last day of his life. In our next number we shall doubtless be able to giv something more of his closing hours of earth life and of the obsequies. We know that D. M. Bennett livs. In that great fact we rejoice as we fully believe he did. Without this knowledge we should exclaim with Southey:

What a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom death had sundered did not meet again!

The Case of Heywood.

The trial of E. H. Heywood for the mailing and advertising of alleged unlawful matter has been set down for Jan. 1, 1883. The following appeal is being circulated:

MEDFORD, MASS., Dec. 13, 1882.

To the National Liberal League and all friends of toleration and fair play:

The trial of Mr. E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., in the U. S. District Court in Boston, will commence on Monday, Jan. 1st.

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers are already apprised of the circumstances which hav led to this trial. Anthony Comstock alone is practically the plaintiff. The counts of the indictment are:

1. That Mr. Heywood has used the U. S. mails for the transmission (upon admitted request) of his pamphlet, "Cupid's Yokes."

2. Also for the transmission of certain extracts from Whitman's poems.

3 and 4. And of advertisments of a syringe.

If Mr. Heywood did these things he did them solely as an exercise and vindication of the right of free thought and speech and private personal liberty.

These are charges upon which no one without a sinister and malicious motiv, or having suffered demonstrable injury thereby, would seek to convict any person, knowing that the prescribed penalties in imprisonment and fine would be outrageously severe. I am told that the penalties which may be imposed upon Mr. Heywood, if convicted, are ten years imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine! The statutes on which Comstock relies for Mr. Heywood's conviction are most unfair and dangerous, in that they do not duly recognize degrees of crime in matters in which degrees and motivs are all-important, and call for no proof of harm. They were enacted through the instigation, at least partly underhanded, of Comstock and his coadjutors.

I believe the real motiv of their enactment was to serve the ends of establishing an inquisition on American soil, with Comstock as prime inquisitor. Their ostensible object of suppressing obscenity is mainly a sham to deceive the general public, while wholly *ex-parte* prosecutions of those whose opinions are opposed to Comstock & Co. may be speedily and noiselessly put through, and the victims stealthily removed from public sight. Liberals, will you tamely permit this? Will you allow bigots to form and fill bastiles in free America with convicts whose only crimes are their opinions? The wicked flee when none pursues. The work of real obscenists has always been done by stealth. But the victims of Comstock, like D. M. Bennett, Dr. Foote, and others, hav done nothing underhandedly. Yet I myself heard Comstock testify before Commissioner Hallett that he only uses "fictitious addresses when necessary." He so addressed Mr. Heywood by his own confession in my hearing. Do any believe it was necessary?

Fortunately the Comstock laws are believed by most able minds to be unconstitutional. To prove them so at this trial would completely frustrate Comstock and his coadjutors. Let Mr. Heywood, therefore, hav all possible aid in his defense! Whether fanatical or not, he has every appearance of being a sincere, true man, and he is certainly a true Liberal, believing in permitting to others every right he claims for himself.

All hints of his general character in the ordinary relations of life, as far as I learn, are that it is good. You can therefore safely act from sympathy as well as policy in aiding to defend him in this attack upon his liberty. His defense involves a principle precious to you all, and is your interest, no matter how widely your tastes or opinions may differ from his, and no matter if he is a bad character instead of what I suppose him—at the very worst a most eccentric but well-meaning man. No just, pure, and benevolent person needs a better excuse for aiding his defense than the fact that his trial is a clear case of persecution for opinion's sake.

I will take charge of any money forwarded to me for the purpose of Mr. Heywood's defense. He is almost wholly without any available pecuniary means of his own. I will report the receipt and disbursement of all money sent me in the columns of *Man* from time to time. There is no danger of sending too much, and on the other hand every dollar will help. Certainly one thousand dollars may be needed, and two or three hundred are needed at once.

Address all communications to me. Box 644, Medford, Mass.

WALTER C. WRIGHT,
Chairman N. L. L. for Mass.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE SUNDAY QUESTION. With Replies to an Objector. By George W. Brown, D.D. Rockford, Ill. Price fifteen cents.

Our friend Brown has made a valuable addition to the few works in existence on the Jewish Sabbath question. He clearly shows it to be a Jewish institution, and that there is nothing Christian about it. He shows that Jesus and his apostles had no more regard for the Sabbath than any other day of the seven. He also examins early and later Christian authorities, thereby showing that the day has no Christian basis to support it. His Reply to Critics and his Appeal to History are important portions of the little work. Those interested in the Sunday question will very naturally wish to see what our friend has to say upon the subject. We expect to make arrangements to hav the work for sale.

A WORK entitled "Diana, a Psyco-fiziological Essay on Sexual Relations," was issued last year for private circulation. We hav just received a copy of the new edition, revised and enlarged, and published by Burnz & Co., 24 Clinton Place, N. Y. The work can be ordered of them. Price 25 cts.

Selections.

Darwin as a "Theological Expert."

From the League Man.

In the New York *Independent* of November 19th may be found an article from the pen of Prof. E. D. Morris, D.D., upon the "Unfaith of Charles Darwin." The text from which the reverend doctor's article was produced was a brief letter written by Darwin to a German student, and as it is a letter that should be given the widest circulation possible, the writer is happy to hav an appropriate occasion for reproducing it into the columns of *Man*. It reads as follows:

SIR: I am very busy, and am an old man in delicate health, and hav not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ hav nothing to do with each other, except in so far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities. Wishing you well, I remain, Your obedient servant,

Downs, June 5, 1879. CHARLES DARWIN.

Now, as I cannot giv space to quote from the professor's epistle, I will briefly state his troubles to the reader. His communication bears evidence that he wrote under a painful state of fear and anxiety lest the influence of Mr. Darwin's name should sway mankind toward discarding theology. The principal point in the reverend doctor's argument seems to be to prove that Mr. Darwin was not a theological expert, consequently "not competent," he says, "to speak upon religious matters."

Now, let me say right here that I agree with the learned professor in his opinion that Mr. Darwin was not a theological expert, and, as I think that he has not made out the case quite as clear as it should be made, I propose helping him in the matter. Does the reader fully realize what it is to be a theological expert? I am inclined to think that the idea of an expert in theology would strike most men at first thought as it did myself, that it is as a sort of excrescence or useless appendage, having no legitimate place in society. I confess, furthermore, that until I had read much of the Christian scriptures and compared their varied teachings, even theological seminaries and colleges had always been a sort of riddle to me, as I could never quite fathom their use. To my stupid mind it had appeared that if the creator had revealed to his creatures his manner of creation, his laws, his commands, a knowledge of the future state, all, in short, that was requisit for their guidance in this world, and, having had this revelation placed before them in a book printed in languages familiar to all, that it would hardly be expected that this revealed word should contain anything so difficult that the most simple mind could not read and fully comprehend it.

These, I would say, were the conceived notions of my boyhood, and consequently I could not discover the necessity for theological institutions, for the purpose of fitting a class of finite beings for teaching their fellows what the infinit had already inspired his prophets and evangelists to write out and place before all in a language which they could read. And I confess that I cannot as yet fully understand why it should not hav been according to my early conceived notions, that is, why the creator, omnipotent and all-wise as he is, had not, in preparing a book of guidance for his creatures, made it so plain, so lucid, that the most ordinary mind might hav comprehended it, that he who ran, in fact, might read. But God's ways, we are told, differ from our ways, and we must not question the wisdom of this book, even though it may addle the brain of the most astute, except he be a theological expert! My early notions of these matters hav long ago vanished, however, and I hav finally arrived at the conclusion that if theological institutions and theological experts are what is needed to ferret out the mysteries, and harmonize the jumble of incongruities which the ordinary man finds in this book, which it is claimed the creator has had prepared for his creatures, then, by all means, let us hav a bountiful supply of theological institutions and theological experts.

But, reader, I want to say to you here that this idea of a theological expert is ever connected in my mind with very strange associations.

I cannot, for the life of me, think of such a character, but my mind associates him directly with some dancing-jack, some figure that I hav at some time seen at a Punch and Judy show, some acrobat or tumbler that I hav seen at the circus, or some wizard or sleight-of-hand performer whose wonderful exploits I hav somewhere witnessed.

The reason, no doubt, why these several figures chase each other pell-mell through my brain whenever I think of the "theological expert," is that such an expert is to my mind a sort of peculiar phenomenon embracing mentally the characteristics and addicting himself in a mental way to many unusual, but similar usages to those performed in a physical way by the several personages mentioned above.

To illustrate: in my mind's eye I behold the theological expert endeavoring to solve the problem and harmonize the variance between the theological dogma of the creation of the earth and the time of its existence, and the rather generally accepted scientific hypothesis of the same; and in his attempt to harmonize these conflicting theories he certainly performs mentally some as wonderful feats of wire-dancing, tumbling, and juggling as any physical performer in these arts that has ever exhibited himself to the gaze of a wondering world.

When the manner of the earth's creation, or formation, as well as the probable period of its existence, was first broached by scientific men, the course of the theological expert was to pounce down upon his scientific opponent and brush him away with a whack, much as we see one figure in a Punch and Judy show brush out of sight another; but now, since the scientific hypotheses of these matters, like the ghost of Banquo, will not down at his bidding, he adopts a milder course and shows us by a peculiar method of theological reasoning that there is really no difference between the scientific theory and his own ancient dogma.

For instance, the little difference between 4,000 to 5,000 years since the creation of the earth according to theology, and several millions of years according to geology, the theological expert accounts for very easily by making a Bible year equal a thousand, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand of our present years, according as it may suit his purpose. Such a manner of disposing of these differences may not be altogether acceptable, at first thought, to the ordinary individual, and here is where the imperativ necessity for the theological expert comes in, in order that our dull heads may become enlightened. The theological expert, we must remember, has had a long and very thorough schooling in this sort of mystery solving, and to harmonize such little discrepancies is a very easy matter for him. He has long been able to discover how three can be one and one three, which men like Mr. Beecher can comprehend, though he cannot quite accept the theological creation, proving quite conclusivly that he, too, is not a skilful theological expert. Why, it is the easiest thing imaginable for a theological expert to set up, side by side, the figures 1 and 3 or 4,000 and 400,000, and then by merely crying out "presto change!" the 1 and the 4,000 vanish, leaving the 3 and the 400,000 still standing and in bold relief, and then by the same method he can as quickly change the 3 into 1 or the 400,000 into 4,000. He not only does this and comprehends it all himself, but he has the faculty also of making it all quite clear to a vast number of his fellow-beings. Such is the transcendent ability and wonderful power of the theological expert, and shall we still say that the day of miracles has past, or that the theological expert has no legitimate place among mankind? Moreover, leaving aside the art of harmonizing theology and science, the great necessity for, and the wonderful juggling exploits performed by, the theological expert in harmonizing the various readings of the Bible, it would be impossible to over-estimate.

To illustrate again: the Bible tells us that the creator is omnipotent and omniscient—that is, all-powerful and all-wise—and further, that he is loving and merciful, loving his creatures even better than earthly parents love their children; and then, on the contrary, it attaches a character to him more malignant, cruel, vindictiv, and fiendish than that which could be rightfully attached, I think, to any human being that ever walked the earth—Nero and Caligula not accepted.

How could we ever harmonize such matters except for the wonderful theological expert? Then the necessity for his wisdom and skill comes in again in explaining the immaculate conception, as well as the ten thousand discrepancies, incongruities, inconsistencies, and downright contradictions that constantly stare the ordinary reader in the face, from Genesis to Revelation.

No, much as we may hav learned to esteem and admire Charles Darwin, we are obliged to acknowledge that he was not a theological expert, for he could do none of the mountebank tricks so easy to the skilled theologian. He was not a prestidigitator, having the skill for turning one into three or 4,000 into 400,000; he could not furnish his admirers with a God the most diabolical and fiendish, and then by a method of skilful juggling make him appear a God of love and mercy, worthy of being reverenced and adored above all else that the universe contains; nor could he ride at one time a thousand donkeys of scripture passages, each going in different directions at break-neck speed, and all rearing, plunging, and kicking in regular donkey order, determined to throw his rider. Moreover, he could not, or would not, quarrel with those who differed with him upon religious or other matters, calling them Infidels and fools, and all the vile epithets his vocabulary could furnish; and even when he himself was defamed, ridiculed, and insulted in a measure which few hav ever been, he kept straight on, without turning to the right or left, in the accomplishment of the great object to which his life was devoted.

No, it becomes evident enough upon examination of the matter that Charles Darwin was not a theological expert, and possessed few, if any, of the requisits that would hav fitted him for such a calling.

But now, while I most cheerfully coincide with the reverend doctor's opinion that Mr. Darwin was not a theological expert, I cannot quite so readily yield my assent to the thesis which the professor's article is written principally to show, namely, that because Mr. Darwin was not an "expert" in theology, therefore his opinions in religious matters are not entitled to that weight that one of his ability would naturally command.

Now the professor does not claim that Mr. Darwin had never read, and read thoroughly, the Jewish Christian Bible, but on the contrary the doctor givs it as his opinion that he (Mr. Darwin) had read and weighed deeply the Christian scriptures. After quoting the sentence in which Mr. Darwin says that he does not believe that any revelation has been made, the professor goes on to say that "here he (Darwin) speaks as if he had examined the question, considered evidences, weighed probabilities, and reached finally a negativ conclusion."

Now, admitting as the professor does, that Mr. Darwin had read thoroughly and digested well the Christian scriptures (and who believes that such a man as Charles Darwin had not?) why, then, let me ask, are not his opinions in regard to revelation or any other matter of fact entitled to all the weight which the opinions of so able a man naturally and rightfully carry with them?

Treating this matter a little more seriously than we hav done before, let us ask here what sort of teachers are really needed by mankind to instruct them in religious matters? Should they be such as take for granted the sacredness and verity in every particular of a book that had its origin in an ignorant, superstitious, and semi-barbarous age, and then attempt to harmonize, in the sort of dancing-jack or juggling way above described, a jumble of contradictions, crushing common sense and reason to the dust in the futil attempt, or should they be those whose utmost endeavor it is to ascertain and point out to their fellow-men what is true, whatever past theories or teachings may be demolished by actual facts? It seems to me that the latter class are our true and proper instructors, and taking this view of the matter, where is the man that has lived in this or any other age of the world whose opinions upon religious matters are entitled to a higher respect, and should rightfully bear greater weight than the opinions of Charles Darwin? I do not know that Mr. Darwin ever read the Christian scriptures in Hebrew or Greek, nor do I consider it all necessary for a full understanding of them that he should hav done so (he probably did at his college), but he certainly understood English, and as these writings all are sufficiently translated into our languages to be compared with the facts of the world, what more is required for a full understanding and comprehension of them than the reading and studying of them in our language?

Will it be claimed that there are still fatal errors in the translation of these writings? If so, then it were better that the theological experts go at it and translate them two or three times more, rather than spend their and our time in attempting to solve knots and tangles of their own bad translations.

The great trouble with our professor plainly is that no matter how able one may be, no matter how much he may hav read and thought over the teachings of the Jewish Christian scriptures, if he dares express an opinion upon any important dogma claimed to be contained in these writings averse to the commonly accepted theological belief and teachings, then he is regarded and disposed of at once by our wise professor as incompetent to express an opinion upon the subject at all! All adverse critics are to be ruled out. Well now, my dear professor, if a correct understanding of the Bible be really as difficult as you endeavor to make out, then I respectfully submit that it would be better for you and all other Protestants to hop right back to the Roman Catholic church. If the Bible is such a book of crookedness and mysteries that it is given only to a few to understand it, and these fortunate few can really understand and fully comprehend it, then it is clear that the Catholics are quite right in their method of interpreting it through their pope and priests, and that the Christian world should all follow their example. They can rule out dissenters at least consistently.

But the time is past when any attempt of a theologian to rule out or to lessen the influence, or to throw dirt at such a personage as Charles Darwin, will hav any effect upon the more sensible portion of our race.

Read the signs of the times and learn that the "theological expert" and theologians in general are taken, if regarded at all, at a large discount by the present age. Any attempt by such to belittle or weaken the influence of one of the greatest of modern scientists, makes their own littleness in our modern world appear the more apparent. The numbers at present are not few, and they are growing rapidly day by day, who believe in their innermost souls that if all theology, all which "theological experts," from

time immemorial hav been thrusting into the Christian scriptures was expunged therefrom, thrust out root and branch, leaving only that morality and humanity which hav been the very life-blood that has sustained all the life of these writings to this day, the so-called Christian scriptures would be vastly improved. For one, I am willing to go further than this, and to say that with all theology expunged from the New Testament the human sentiments of this book in this revised form might become a beacon-light and a suitable guide of life to the present age, and possibly for all ages to come,

But, to conclude, contrast this man with these theological experts. The spectacle presented of this grand old man, Darwin, commencing at a time when the popular sentiment of the age regard as sacrilegious any attempt to show the true origin of species, and in spite of long established theological and scientific dogmas, patiently studying, experimenting and toiling on, kicked, cuffed, ridiculed, insulted, and vilified at every step in his progress, without an unkind word in return, until at last at a ripe old age, with head whitened for the grave, his theories in the main are accepted by all of the most eminent and learned of his time, is a spectacle of human sacrifice, of life-long devotion to the cause of truth in the interest of his fellow-men, the grandest, the most sublime, and most successful the world has ever witnessed. And now the feeble attempt of this embittered theologian to kick the dead lion, to belittle and to destroy the influence of this grand old man's deliberate opinion as to the fact of a "revelation," will hav the reverse of the effect intended, except among that class who regard a doctor of divinity as an oracle of God. To a far greater class the effect will be just the opposit from that intended, causing no small degree of indignation, if not of disgust. But whatever may be the present effect of this labored attempt by a doctor of divinity to escape the influence of Charles Darwin, one thing may not be doubted, and that is, that the name and authority of this prince among men will liv while the earth exists, growing brighter as time rolls on, while it is even now certain that the name and influence of his detractors, of our wise professor for instance, will soon pass into that oblivion which will kindly shield them from the contempt of the generations to come.

ALONZO VAN DEUSEN.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

rom the Springfield Ill., Morning Monitor.

Outside of his political or Infidel notions but few men occupy a higher plane in the esteem of his countrymen than the genial, kind-hearted gentleman who will to-night stand before the largest audience ever assembled in the opera house. We remember him when a young man, unknown to fame, making his first appearance upon the stage of action with such gentlemen as Chief Justice John Scholfield, of our supreme court, and others who hav since distinguished themselvs as lawyers and jurists, and not only made names for themselvs, but reflected the highest credit upon the great state in which they made reputations which hav long since leaped over the state boundary and become world wide. For many years we drank in with pleasure the wine of the feast served up in the court room by such as Ingersoll, Browning, Grimshaw, Bushnell, Logan, Knapp, Haynie, Baker, and others, who hav, like many of those named, gone to lay their life-briefs before the Judge of all. With many now living we remember his younger days as a laywer, and among them all—Infidel and Republican though he be—Col. "Bob" looms up with a pleasure unsurpassed, and in the light of personal regard is eclipsed by none. He is one of America's great, big-hearted, high-toned, elegant gentleman, whom men love to look upon with pleasure as a close approach to the god-like in the dignified attributes of manhood. Among the sweetest pleasures of our checkered life the hours spent in the court-room where "Bob" Ingersoll was a practicing attorney, are the most cherished. We admire his manhood, his independence, his honesty with his own conscience, his reverence for reason, and the grandeur of a mind with the moral courage to face the world with his sentiments regardless of the millions from whom he may differ. It is not necessary to acquiesce in his notions, sing peans of praise to his Infidelity, or to sacrifice cherished beliefs contrary to those of Mr. Ingersoll in order to "mark well this model man among men" that he is, as an orator and scholar. The world could acknowledge his genius, eloquence, and intellect in no more marked manner than by the crowding thousands jostling each other and paying extravagant sums to hear his utterances, when the modern lace-curtained clergy of the church are greeted only with a miserable account of empty benches or the luxurious rest-inviting upholstery of the house of the Lord. He is, beyond doubt, America's greatest orator, because the most original. One of the world's most advanced thinkers. His bravery is unquestioned, his honor untarnished, and is more Christ-like in exemplifying the work of the world's Redeemer in his practical life preaching of the gospel of universal brotherhood, faith in man, and charity for the world's weaklings, than any man of the nineteenth century.

"In Memoriam."

DEATH OF D. M. BENNETT.

From the Boston Investigator.

We deeply regret to make an announcement like this, as it will not only be sad news to all our readers, but it also denotes the great loss to the Liberal movement of a very able, devoted, and successful advocate of its principles and measures. Mr. Bennett died at his residence in New York last Wednesday forenoon, after a few days' illness of inflammation of the stomach. His age was 64. On another page of this paper will be found some notice of the meeting held by his Boston friends in Investigator Hall on Thursday, to manifest their respect for his memory and their sympathy for the loss which his family and friends hav sustained by his death.

Mr. Bennett was a man of much ability, and one of the most industrious, energetic, and persevering workers that Liberalism ever had. Besides editing THE TRUTH SEEKER very acceptably, he wrote quite a number of large books—some of them containing eight or nine hundred pages—and in addition to these he managed to write a great many pamphlets; yet with all this remarkable fluency he wrote well, whether his subjects were theology, history, travels, Freethought, or political and social reform. A full review of his literary work for the past twelve years would show that he accomplished an amount of labor hardly ever excelled if equaled. Probably it was his excessiv toil that at last broke him down and shortened his days.

Mr. Bennett was in manners very modest, quiet, and unassuming, but always in earnest in whatever he undertook, and truly sincere, honest, and brave in the advocacy of what he deemed right and just, no matter what or how many obstacles confronted him in his path. We bid him farewell with regret, for he was a most valuable laborer in the Liberal movement, and he will be long and kindly remembered by his many friends. To his afflicted companion, in this hour of her sorrow and bereavement, we fraternally offer our sincere sympathy and condolence.

The Freethinker's Society at Investigator Hall held a discussion on Sunday forenoon last upon "Free Banking." Remarks were offered by Prof. Wetherell, and Messrs. Spooner, Devine, King, Cooper, and Dr. Wright. The question for next Sunday is, "What is the true value of money?" Opened by Mr. Sumner.

Mr. George N. Hill alluded to the death of Mr. D. M. Bennett, and offered the following resolution of respect and sympathy:

Resolved, That in the death of the late editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. D. M. Bennett, we deplore the loss to humanity of a friend, and to Liberalism of a leader; and while we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy and condolence, we feel that we and all Freethinkers the world over also stand in need of human consolation on this occasion.

The resolution was unanimously adopted and voted to be published in the *Investigator*.

The Transit of Venus.

From the Scientific American.

The sky was overcast throughout a great part of the United States on the morning of December 6th; and, as a rule, the atmospheric conditions during the time of the transit were not favorable for continuous and exact observation. Yet there were but few places at which no observations of value were possible, while at most of the stations enough was accomplished to make the watching astronomers fairly well pleased with the result of their day's work.

In this city the observations were fairly good after the first contact, which was missed, until toward the end of the transit, when the sky became overcast again.

At the Naval Observatory, Washington, all four contacts were observed with the twenty-six equatorial, the first and last contacts through thin clouds. The sun was obscured during the middle of the day, yet a number of good measurements of the diameter of Venus were secured. No black drop or other extraordinary phenomenon was observed, except by Superintendent Sampson at the last contact. Some fifty photographs were secured.

At Princeton, Professor Young observed all four contacts, partly through thin clouds, but on the whole satisfactorily, and took one hundred and eighty-eight photographs, mostly excellent; some were affected by clouds. Complete measures of the diameter of Venus were obtained by both filar and double image micrometers. Spectroscopic examination of the planet's atmosphere showed lines of water vapor conspicuous, and some unknown lines.

At the Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburgh, Professor Langley's observations were only partially successful. Clouds prevented exact determinations of contacts and all photometric and spectroscopical work. He noticed a curious and novel phenomenon as the planet was entering upon the solar disk. When Venus had about one-half entered on the sun's face, a tolerably bright point of light was seen near the circumference of the dark body of the planet outside the sun, and where no direct ray of sunlight could reach it. The position angle of the center of the bright spot was about 172 degrees, and it extended for something like 30 degrees along the planet's limb. It was luminous and distinct, and, Professor Langley thinks, was certainly not a phenomenon of irradiation, nor due to any instrumental cause, but what its physical signification is he could not conjecture. It was observed with the great equatorial and a magnifying power of 244, used with the polarizing eyepiece by Professor Langley, but was seen also and quite independently by his assistant, Mr. J. E. Keeler, with a very much smaller telscope and a power of 80.

Observers in other places noticed light spots in the surface of Venus, some suspecting them to be snow-fields.

The observations of Professor Eastman, at Cedar Keys, Florida, were quite successful, though the first contact was lost by the intervention of a cloud. The second contact was obtained very well; no black drop or ligament was seen, and the limbs of Venus and the sun were very steady. The sky was mostly clear from 11 o'clock to 1h. 40m. One hundred and fifty photographs were taken with dry plates and thirty with wet plates, all good. The third and fourth contacts were very well seen, with no black drop.

The observations made at Yale College were much impaired by clouds. Professor Waldo reports over one hundred and fifty photographs, showing the full sun with a reference line from a horizontal mercurial surface photographed at the same time. The heliometer observations were particularly successful, and the definition of the sun in spite of the clouds was such as enabled the atmosphere of Venus to be clearly visible in the heliometer, and the silvery aspect which this atmosphere assumed between the third and fourth contacts was clearly discerned.

Considerable good work was done at Cambridge Observatory. The German astronomers at Hartford, Conn., secured eight sets of observations with the heliometer. The German party at Aiken, S. C., were less fortunate. The French observers at St. Augustine, Fla., had a clear day. All the contacts were perfectly taken, two hundred photographs were secured, and many micrometrical observations were made. Professor Asaph Hall and the Belgian party at San Antonio, Texas, missed the first two contacts, owing to clouds. The last pair were taken perfectly, no black drop or point of any kind being seen. Professor Houzeau obtained, in addition to these contacts, one hundred and twenty-five measurements. Professors Hall and Woodward got over two hundred good photographs.

At the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, Cal., the day was splendidly clear, and many photographs were taken.

The European observers were generally thwarted by bad weather. Favorable observations are reported from Cape Town and Durban, South Africa.

Professor Davidson's party in New Mexico were favored with a clear sky and steady atmosphere. The contacts were clearly observed. Two hundred and sixteen excellent photographs were obtained, and a large number of measurements were made with great precision. Indeed, not a single item in the long program of the day's work was missed. At nearly all the Mexican stations the weather was good. The observations of the French Commission in Puebla were entirely satisfactory.

Favorable reports are also made by observers in the West Indies and Central America. At Melbourne, Australia, successful observations were made, but observers in Queensland and Sydney were disappointed. The American party at Wellington, New Zealand, took two hundred and thirty-six photographs.

The Freethought Directory.

Persons sending me their names and post-office addresses for the second edition of the Freethought Directory are requested to write the name and address *very* plain, and inclose printed cards when convenient, to prevent errors. I desire to add at least fifteen hundred names to the present list by next issue.

H. L. GREEN.

Salamanca, N. Y.

Book Notice.

THE FIGURES OF HELL; OR, THE TEMPLES OF BACCHUS. Dedicated to Licensers and Manufacturers of Beer and Whisky. By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. Published by the author. A neat little volume of between two and three hundred pages. Price $1.

This is decidedly one of the most activ and aggressiv publications on the temperance question we hav seen. It abounds in statistics, showing the amount of alcoholic liquors imported into the United States, the amount manufactured clearly showing that these poisonous liquors and their effects cost the people of the country more than all the expenses of the government.

This is a very convenient and useful little volume for those who take a deep interest in the temperance cause. We hav it for sale.

Letters from Friends.

ZANESVILLE, O., Dec. 12, 282.

DEAR FRIEND MACDONALD: I hav just read in the Ohio *State Journal* of Mr. D. M. Bennett's death. Is it really so? Can it be possible, and only home so short a time? I feel that I hav lost a dear friend. I am an old subscriber and a firm friend of Mr. Bennett, as well as yourself, for you sustained your part when he was away. Yours, J. BURGESS.

STONE CREEK, OHIO, Dec. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I am extremely sorry to hear of the death of our brave and noble Bennett, and I deeply sympathize with his friends and relations in their sore affliction. It now becomes our duty to go to work with renewed energy to fight superstition and to uphold the glorious cause which he so ably defended. Bennett is dead, but not forgotten.

Fraternally yours, D. HOCHSTETLER.

KEEP THE BANNER WAVING STILL.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Dec. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Within the walls of this orthodox roost—as S. B. McCracken calls it—we are not all dead to the cause of humanity and truth. And it was with pain and sorrow we received the news of the death of D. M. Bennett—that noble and honored American citizen whose name and fame will become nearer and dearer "to the people of this world" as time rolls on. LAW DEP'T MICH. UNIVERSITY.

SOUTH OTSELIC, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1882.

MR. MACDONALD: My TRUTH SEEKER dressed in mourning struck me like a thunderbolt. I could scarcely believe my own senses when I read of the death of our noble standard-bearer. The Freethought army has looked to him so long, how can we spare him now? I rejoice that I had the privilege of shaking hands with him at the Watkins Convention. I feel deeply for his lonely wife whom I never met.

Yours in sympathy, MARY PECK.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 11, 1882.

BROTHER MACDONALD—DEAR SIR: The notice sent with the paper of the death of our well-beloved brother, D. M. Bennett, came to hand. We were very much grieved to learn the sad news, and sincerely sympathize with Mrs. Bennett in the loss of her dear husband. Thousands of people will mourn the loss of one who has done so much for humanity. We hope you will take the helm and keep the old ship going, and we will help her to keep afloat.

Respectfully, E. B. JONES.

JOPLIN, Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: The tidings reach me that your beloved one has passed away—has laid down the staff. All I can do is to weep with you for the fallen great. Yet we must reconcile our minds to such change. 'Tis the eternal law; hence the chastisment. Kind Mother Nature I know is with you to close the flood-gates of sorrow at the best time. Weep on, until the volcano of grief has been emptied, then the calm peace will wrap around you the mantle of reconciliation. J. E. BALL.

EMBREVILLE, PA., Dec. 10, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: While writing these words the obsequies of dear old D. M. Bennett are taking place. How sad and unfortunate that a life so useful should be so brief! In his demise Liberalism loses an able exponent and all mankind a friend. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER may be continued with unabated interest. The world is moving in the line of progress. Though some of our best men are dropping along the wayside, it is hoped that their places will be filled by those equally good, W. I. HARVEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav heard with great sorrow that Mr. D. M. Bennett is dead. He was an able, upright, and Liberal man, who has done a heap of good by striking heavy blows against that biggest shame, worst curse, and greatest fraud of American life, namely, against bigotry. It is very much to be regretted that he has been taken off comparativly early in life, and not been allowed to continue his noble, excellent, and praiseworthy work a great many years longer, Respectfully, JOHN GEO. HERTWIG.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: Permit me to address you this note of sympathy. D. M. Bennett—your husband, my friend, the friend of humanity—I knew to be a grand, noble, pure man, with a heart full of sympathy and love. Every act of his life was prompted by the best motiv. But he is at rest; the warm heart that beat so freely for suffering humanity, that suffered so deeply and felt so keenly the wrongs heaped upon him by men professing to be free, to be liberal, beats no more. Libeled, slandered, abused, imprisoned; but he is at rest, and D. M. Bennett will liv, liv forever. He has built for himself a monument that will liv and "speak" when his enemies are forgotten. Rest, dear brother, rest; no storm can hurt you now. Your words and works will liv to bless the world. I shall hold as dear mementoes his letters to me from different parts of the world, and the many tokens of esteem from time to time. My husband joins me in this expression of sympathy to you, and we breathe a prayer that the work begun by your dear husband will never flag, but continue to grow; that THE TRUTH SEEKER will liv on and be retained as a monument to the life-work of D. M. Bennett.

Yours in sympathy, MAGGIE E. CLARK.

BANGOR, ME., Dec. 10, 282.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: We, the undersigned, Liberals of Bangor, wish to extend to you our sympathy for the great loss you hav just sustained in the death of your dear husband. We feel, too, that we hav met with an irreparable loss. Where shall we look for another great captain?

JULIA LEWIS,	LYDIA LEWIS,
WM. LEWIS,	CLARA LEWIS,
LAURA CHAPMAN,	THOMAS A. CAREY,
GEO. F. CONNELL,	LEWIS THOMAS,
NELLIE LEWIS,	HENRY FLOOD.

BURTON, MICH., Dec. 11, E. M., 282.

DEAR FRIENDS: Please accept our condolence in this hour of affliction. Mr. Bennett has closed up his struggle with life's stormy scenes. He has passed to his happiness and reward. He has done a great work for the world. He knows now of the facts of spirit life. And, like an honest seeker after truth, he gave his hearty evidence of what he has critically observed. He will now work for us behind the scenes, where he can't be seized and unjustly condemned and thrust behind penitentiary and prison walls. Ever yours, D. HIGBIE, M.D.

BELLEVILLE, CAN., Dec. 13, 1882.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: It is with the most sincere regret that I feel impelled to write a letter of condolence with you on the sad loss you hav sustained by the very sudden death of your husband—a loss felt by us all, and one that cannot be replaced. I am sincerely sorry for you in your deep distress, and can only hope that time, the great healer, will do the same for you that it does for us all—gradually wear away the rough edges of your grief. We are all born to hav our share of grief and trouble in this world, but in your case it has been especially trying. Believe me your faithful friend,

J. IRBY ILES.

CONCORD, KY., Dec. 12, 282.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT; Our home, like thousands of others, to-day is filled with mourning. If sorrow for the lost, if sympathy with the bereaved, can giv consolation, that consolation is yours.

The skies, late rife with golden glow,
No more effulgence shed,
For Nature chants in notes of woe,
"Our champion is dead."

As in the casket rests the form,
By fond affection placed,
In sacred memory we enshrine
The life by death effaced.

Sorrowfully yours, VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read the notice you were so kind as to send me of the death of our esteemed friend D. M. Bennett, the fearless champion of free speech and a free press. For trying to exercise these rights he suffered imprisonment, which impaired his health; and now his personal labors are done, but his writings will be read after his bigoted persecutors are buried in oblivion, or remembered to be execrated. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from its first number to the present, and would gladly be at his funeral if consistent, and, with others, drop a sympathetic tear at our great loss, but age (72) and other circumstances prevent.

Respectfully yours, J. S. SHEPARD.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Dec. 12, 1882.

MRS. MARY BENNETT—DEAR FRIEND: We were surprised and shocked last evening by receiving intelligence of the sudden departure from this life of your good husband—my dear, old-time acquaintance of youthful days and fond remembrance. We deeply sympathize with and condole you in your great bereavement. May the good angels be with you and comfort and bless you in the decline of life, and may you feel sure, as we do, that you will again join him in the land of souls when you, too, shall cast off this rudimentary coil of body, to rise in spirit and soar away to the bright summer-land. I hope you will manage to keep THE TRUTH SEEKER running. Please put down my name for the forthcoming, or last, volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." We are well. Love.

H. AND L. D. BLAKEMAN.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Dec. 9, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND: On receipt of THE TRUTH SEEKER today, the sad news of the death of your husband reaches me. Thousands of his warm, devoted friends truly sympathize with you in your bereavement. Oh, how great is our disappointment here in the Great West! Only a few days ago we had hopes of seeing him amongst us again. Where shall we find another D. M. Bennett? The history of his travels around the world should be in every household, as no other writer on the subject has ever given such brilliant descriptions as those contained in this work.

Dear Friend, bear up under this great affliction. You hav laid his earthly form away, but D. M. Bennett has not forsaken you; his beautiful spirit will visit you, and his love and affection know no bounds.

Truly your friend, H. WILLIS.

LYNN, MASS., Dec. 9, 1882.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD: I hav just received your message of sorrow informing me of Brother Bennett's death. It is dreadful bad news indeed. What can I say in reply? I am at a loss, it is so sudden and unexpected. I can assure you that words fail me in attempting to express my deep grief and sorrow at hearing such sad and cruel news.

My wife joins me in sending our sympathy, pity, and regards to poor Mrs. Bennett in her present great affliction, sorrow, and loss. Our hope is that she may hav strength to bear up under this great and terrible trial. Surely Mr. Bennett's Liberal friends will help her bear her present trouble, suffering, and loss.

In conclusion let me say that ill health alone prevents my coming to the funeral. My desire is to go, but my wife, friends, and poor health say no.

Yours respectfully, J. S. VERITY.

READING, PA., Dec. 11, 1882.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD: It is impossible to portray my feelings on receipt of my paper last week. I had not seen any account of Mr. Bennett's death, and the first information flashed upon me as I opened my paper. You can better imagin than I can describe. He was always so strong, always so activ, that we had been led to expect long life for the brave old man. If it would not seem too forward or too presuming please represent my deepest sympathy with Mrs. Bennett, and say that the Liberals all in this part weep with her. She has the consolation of knowing that he livs in the grand work done so well and so faithfully. But his work is not done. It is of such a nature it will go on and increase in force until it will be impossible to compute the work by him accomplished. THE TRUTH SEEKER must not be allowed to languish now; it must be kept aloft as the banner of progress. L. E. HUGGINS.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 10, 1882.

MRS. BENNETT: My pen cannot express the deep sorrow I feel for the loss of our dear, heroic brother, D. M. Bennett. Thousands will unite with me in this sad bereavement, and manifest a very sincere sympathy and condolence. Under this severe affliction, be brave, madam, and bear your trial with true womanly heroism. We all hav to depart this life, it is the decree of nature; therefore none are exempt.

Your husband, madam, will leave behind him a name and a character which will liv and resound to unborn millions. It will and must thunder down the ages, and become a household word.

May his grand life be the pattern for millions more to follow, so that the dark superstitions of crafty and designing priests might ere long cease to exist, and all people who dwell on this beautiful planet, earth, might be quite free from the degrading shackles imposed on humanity by arrogant assumption. Yours, dear madam, with best wishes for future cheer, T. WINTER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1882.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: My heart goes out to you in this hour of your greatest grief on earth. I loved Mr. Bennett, and hav been so willing to overlook his shortcomings, if he had any.

He was so unassuming, so affable, so purely open and candid. His trip around the world, his travels put in book form, his safe return to family and friends, his stand taken as to Heywood's experience with "Leaves of Grass" (which was a grand position for him to take), the short sketch of his life, which will serve as well for his obituary, and his passing away with the transit of Venus, leads me to think no moment of his life so opportune as this to leave this world.

He has done his work, and done it so well; and if there was any superstition in my make up, how gladly would I say I could see the hand of God in this strange coincidence. I hope there is a future, and if there is, I fear not for D. M. Bennett.

Mrs. Bennett, accept my heartfelt sympathy in this moment of great grief. Believe me sincerely yours, with best wishes, IRVING C. TERRY.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 10, 282.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD: With profound sorrow I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 9th inst. of the death of our gallant captain, D. M. Bennett. Like a true soldier, "he died at his post," battling for human rights.

While we weep for our fallen chief, let us remember that bigotry and intolerance are even now singing praises to their fiendish God, and planning a new and more aggressiv campaign. Let us close up the gap in the ranks as best we can, and present a still undaunted front. To that end THE TRUTH SEEKER must liv.

It was a curious coincidence, that just as the greatest astronomical event of the age was about to take place, Mr. Bennett's lamp should go out. December 6, 282, will be as marked a day in the Liberal calendar as it will in the scientific one. I am

glad that Mr. Wakeman speaks to-day at Mr. Bennett's funeral. I will leave it to him to voice my feelings. I close by repeating the words of D. M. Bennett at the funeral of Max Stein, Oct. 21, 1876: "Our friend was one by whose deeds and services the world was made better for his having lived in it. He leaves a memory behind that can be most fondly cherished."

Yours sincerely, HARRY HOOVER.

WELLSBORO, PA., Dec. 10, 282.

TO THE EDITOR: O mournful day! Through the columns of to-day's Elmira *Telegram* I learn that our worthy chieftain, D. M. Bennett, has departed this life. Can this be true? Can this be real? What a great loss to our great and noble cause, when he was most needed to pass from life unto death! He has fought a good fight; he has kept the faith. His name and services will never be forgotten. We all sympathize greatly with Mrs. Bennett in her bereavement. May her health and strength remain. May she be comforted, knowing that thousands of dear, sympathizing friends are remembering her in this great calamity.

While we are painfully mourning our unexpected loss, let us again remember THE TRUTH SEEKER, and resolve that, though its founder has departed, it shall not go down, but shall and must be supported. May it ever be edited with as much ability as before. I regret that I cannot be with my dear friends to take one last look upon our great, good, and beloved chieftain. My sincere regrets and remembrances to you all, one and inseparable. Peace to the ashes of D. M. Bennett. L. DEWITT GRISWOLD.

ADRIAN, MICH., Dec. 12, 282.

MR. EDITOR: How sad was the news that came to us in the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER—of the death of its editor in chief, D. M. Bennett! In commemoration of the greatness of the man, and the labor and sacrifice that he made in the cause of mental liberty, I sat down to write an article at some length, narrating some of the labors and trials that he endured at the hands of narrow-minded Christian bigots, and others from whom we would hav supposed better things.

But finally I concluded that there were other brains and other pens that would probably do this better and more fully than myself, and so I dropped my pen. But since getting your card yesterday I feel as though I would not be satisfied without just dropping one word through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in reference to his faithfulness to what he felt was his duty. How nobly did he stand up for his and our rights when the prison doors were opened for him! Who of us that has been acquainted with Mr. Bennett's labors for the truth and the right through THE TRUTH SEEKER can help admire the greatness of the man whose face and voice we will see and hear no more. And here we will say to our aged and faithful friend of mental liberty, and stanch advocate of free press, free speech, and free mails, and of a repeal of all church laws—farewell!

S. D. MOORE.

IRWIN STATION, PA., Dec. 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Our beloved benefactor, who burst the shackles of superstition which we had been bound with for many years, and set our minds at liberty to think for ourselvs and seek happiness by making others happy—one of the grandest ideas that ever emanated from the human mind—is dead! We hav followed the hero for over four years; when he suffered, we suffered; when he rejoiced, we rejoiced; when he received honors, our heart was made glad. He defended our liberties, even to depriving himself of his own liberty. When he journeyed to foreign lands our love and good wishes followed him, and he rewarded us with a grand description of what he saw. How glad we were when we heard he had safely landed again upon our shore! How glad we would hav been to hav kept him with us!

All that is left for us to do is to cherish his memory and feel thankful for what he has done. We can do him no greater honor than to keep his beloved old TRUTH SEEKER alive for many years to come, till every foe lays down his arms and peace and unity are proclaimed in our land, and light shines in all minds blinded by the teachings of superstition. We cannot find words to express our sorrow at receiving information of the death of one esteemed so highly, and fully sympathize with you all who were more intimate with the good old gentleman. I will close by sending my warmest sympathy for the bereaved widow. WM. N. RIDINGER.

HAMMONTON, N. J., Dec. 10, 282.

DEAR FRIEND MACDONALD: Your notice of the 7th came to hand last evening. We cannot but feel sorrowful at the departure of our dear Brother Bennett (feeling at liberty to call him and Mrs. Bennett brother and sister, since they had much the same experience as ourselvs in our youthful days—judging from the recently published biographical sketch). When I called at his office about two months ago and left some money to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER, I took him by the hand and we had a little chat as to our early experiences. He said he did not regret his experience, and thought it had been of use to him through life. When this conversation occurred there was little in his physical appearance to indicate the change that has taken place.

We are very sorry circumstances will not permit of our presence at the funeral. He has left a good and lasting record. There is no doubt that his writings hav been instrumental in bringing about the change in society machinery that appears to me to be at hand. Old systems and usages are passing away and the glorious truth being substituted. We feel much sympathy for sister Bennett and all who hav been bereft of so noble a companion. We hope the cause may not falter, nor THE TRUTH SEEKER fail, because of this, to us, seeming calamity. The ways of Providence seem not to be ours. It may be he had done his work here, and can do more on the other side to lift mortals out of the slough of superstition and ignorance—the first maintained solely by the prevalence of the latter.

Yours truly, D. R. WOLLISON.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 11, 1882.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD: I hav this day received the startling news of our friend and brother's death—our noble worker—our fearless advocate for Freethought—our D. M. Bennett.

Truly he has fallen face to the foe, and working to the last. I am sorry for us who remain that he has preceded us. I am sorry for Freethought that one of our standard-bearers has left this department of life. But how glad and proud we shall be to know that

He sowed the golden seeds to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.

He has borne much. I wonder the strong heart and untiring brain hav not failed before. We must keep his memory sacred by our activity in his work, and do what we can for the redemption of humanity from ignorance before we join the innumerable caravan. I cannot say what or half I wish; words fail me. Be assured I should hav been present at the funeral had I been where I could. Brave man, noble heart, I believe that his work will still continue where he will be known and valued, and not tortured or persecuted by those who did not know him. I am glad that he has left a golden line of thought "around the world" before he passed on. Remember me as one who esteemed him, and will do what I can to carry on the work he loved.

Yours, C. FANNIE ALLYN.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Dec. 18, 282.

MR. EDITOR: When I received my paper of the 9th inst. this morning I was much surprised to see the reversed column rules and other emblems of mourning, and hastily turned to the editorial page, and was shocked to read the notice of the death of its able editor. I had not heard that he was ill, and as I from time to time perused his letters and vigorous editorials in his journal it seemed as if he would liv many years yet to battle in the cause of truth; but he has been stricken down just when we seemed to need his services the most. No words can express the deep and sincere sympathy I feel for his afflicted family at his sudden death. Mr. Bennett was certainly the boldest, the most outspoken, uncompromising champion of Freethought in America, and by his great ability and untiring industry did more for the cause than any other man in the country. The friends of liberty and reform throughout the land will miss him, but while his body may return to Mother Earth his thoughts and deeds recorded in the pages of his journal and numerous books he has written and published will liv for ages to come, and furnish material to fight the hosts of superstition as long as there is a priest or preacher left.

I regret very much I could not be present in New York to-day to testify my respect for him by attending the funeral.

I trust that the publication of THE TRUTH SEEKER will be continued, that the friends of the cause of liberty and Freethought will rally to its support throughout the land and make its influence more widely and effectually felt than ever before. Hoping that Mrs. Bennett's health is good, and that she may long be spared to further the cause her lamented husband had so much at heart, I am,

Very truly yours, JAMES HUTCHINSON.

AUGUSTA, GA., Dec. 9, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: How very sad I am to-night! I had but a few days ago read your note informing me of the sickness of our worthy friend and brother, D. M. Bennett, and was at the time strongly impressed that he might not recover. Ere the wrapper was fully removed from THE TRUTH SEEKER its draped columns told me too plainly that my worst fears were realized. How very sad to contemplate the great loss to the world of such a life of marked usefulness! The Liberal world is now in deep mourning, and can illy spare him from the great work of Liberal and social reform he was so well adapted to. His large, generous, philanthropic nature made him warm friends everywhere, and few could claim a larger number. His editorials and interesting letters which hav for so long appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, making its weekly visits to thousands of readers, will be missed. You, dear friend, are again at the helm; not this time temporarily, but perhaps to pilot her through the mighty ocean of Freethought. From past experience we doubt not your ability, though unlike then, the entire responsibility now rests upon you. He has long served as a balance-wheel, and now you'll feel his loss greatly, yet the dear TRUTH SEEKER must liv; and having already called to its aid so many able competent contributors, and a world of earnest thinkers and readers, the most of whom are good paying subscribers, I feel assured it will liv, and your efforts be sustained in conducting it. Yes, dear friend, all will miss him, will sadly mourn his loss. He has done his work, and nobly, too, and it will ever stand as a proud monument to his honor, his industry, and his superior intellect. Few hav been his equal as a writer and editor, and none perhaps hav done so much toward liberating the mind from superstition and advancing the cause of Freethought.

Dear Mrs. Bennett and you hav my deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement. as I know you also hav of thousands of others. Indeed, we all mourn with you, oh, so deeply. J. S. LYON, M.D.

WELLAND, ONT., CAN., Dec. 8, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: When the sad news of the decease of our dear and highly esteemed friend, D. M. Bennett, came to this place, the sad intelligence was conveyed from one to another, and we all felt that we had lost a near and dear friend, and could see no way in which our great loss could be made up. We all (I mean the patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER, about sixteen in number), felt like dropping a tear. And we feel a real sympathy for others who, like ourselvs, hav lost a friend in whom their hopes were largely centered, and we fail to see how or by whom his place can be supplied.

His writings hav done much to help emancipate the human mind from ignorance and superstition. He has left us the benefit of his labors, and it now devolves more upon us who hav got some light upon the true science of life to keep the car of progress moving. Do not let us think that because we can do so little we will not do anything. The very least of us all (and I am one of them) has an influence. Even a word spoken is often like seed sown, and has been known to take root and bear fruit years afterward. THE TRUTH SEEKER must be supported and its circulation largely extended, and if it continues to be as good a missionary as it has been its circulation will soon double. But as that rests entirely with its readers, let each one not sit down satisfied until we hav each added at least one more name to its list of subscribers.

I wish to make this communication as short as I can, but must say that whatever monument we may erect to the memory of our dear departed friend, let it be something useful. Instead of an obelisk or a pillar, rather let it be a building, that can be utilized, with a statue worthy of the man at or near its entrance. Whenever this undertaken call upon me, if living, and I will contribute to the best of my ability. I close with feelings of deep sympathy, not only to Mrs. Bennett, but to the thousands of friends who, like ourselvs, hav suffered what appears to be an irreparable loss. Many of Mr. Bennett's friends here unite with me in these expressions. Yours truly, JOHN RAY.

ELKLAND, PA., Dec. 10, 282.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD AND MRS. BENNETT: THE TRUTH SEEKER containing the announcement of the sad, sad event of the death of our beloved Bennett came to hand last evening. Words cannot express our grief, our dismay! The shock disarms normal consciousness! Darkness overshadows! A beacon-light of hope is extinguished! Our heart mourns! Our tears flow in nearest sympathy and love! We honored, loved him as foremost representativ of the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity! If in his "taking off" our heart so sorrows, what intense grief, inconsolable loneliness, must be yours, who shared his dearest love, the sunshine, and radiance of his daily life! Oh, mourn not like those without hope! there is no death, but transition.

"The friends we mourn as lost hav not departed,
They hav but lain aside earth's frail disguise,
And on our dark way shed the light of loving eyes."

He wrote me of his sickness, occasioned by cold from exposure at the time of moving into his new home and office, and inhaling poisoned air from a defectiv and leaking drainage pipe. I did not entertain alarm for his safety, but replied jocosely, nor thought that death could smite him upon whom rested so much to be wrought out for the deliverance of humanity. True, his life was ripe in good works, vast achievements, royal honors won. He had won the highest plaudits of the world, and modestly bore the crown, bejeweled with the unfailing, steadfast love of tens of thousands of loyal, loving hearts.

Now that he has "gone before" we can best prove our devotion, our love, by loyalty to the maintenance of those principles to which he consecrated his life's endeavors. When the hand of oppression was upon him we learned his worth, and loved him more. The cause he championed and for which he endured was the oppressed of the world. Then was renewed our consecration to the truth and right for which he was assailed. The great wave of fraternal sympathy rolled up from around the world, entered the prison doors, defying tyranny and tyrants, demanded his restoration to freedom; this heart-loyalty turned the odium upon the oppressors, welcomed the victor back with honored greetings, sent him forth on a world circuit, during which his matchless achievements stand unparalleled. Now that his banner can no longer lead, may we, a loyal, loving, but stricken band of disciples, bear the regimental standard on to victory. In loving sympathy yours,

GRACE L. PARKHURST.

What Is the Soul?

BY FREDERIC C. COOPER.

What is the soul? So late the question ran,
What is't we designate "the soul" in man?
'Tis thought, intelligence, sensation, will,
Existence manifest, and activ still;
An aptitude to feeling, pleasure, pain,
The sum of all, the motion of the brain.

When the soft zephyr waves her viewless wings
O'er harp Eolian, from the voiceless strings
Sweet *sounds* arise, that else had silent lain,
So unseen forces stimulate the brain.
Whence is this music? Shall that harp exclaim?
From thine own essence, tuneful sprite, it came.
But whither gone? again the anxious cry,
Such heavenly harmonies can never die!
Ask the dull flint and cold, unyielding steel,
Whose hasty union fiery *sparks* reveal,
Where the bright offspring of that senseless pair;
Hark, the response from answering echo—Where?

"But human *souls* shall liv." What tells thee so?
Can the stream higher than its fountain flow?
O foolish mortals, heed the truth I sing,
All human souls from human nature spring;
'Neath cold mortality's resistless blight
Souls, *sounds*, and *sparks* are lost in endless night.

My Own Four Walls.

The storm and night is on the waste;
Wild through the wind the herdsman calls,
And fast on willing way I haste
Home to my own four walls.

Black tossing clouds, with scarce a glimmer,
Envelop earth like sevenfold palls;
But wifekin watches, coffee-pot doth simmer,
Home in my own four walls?

A home and wife I too hav got,
A hearth to blaze, whate'er befalls;
What needs a man that I hav not
Within my own four walls?

King George has palaces of pride,
And armed grooms must ward those halls;
With one stout bolt I safe abide
Within my own four walls.

Not all his men may sever this—
It yields to friends', not monarchs' calls;
My Whinstone house my castle is—
I hav my own four walls.

When fools or knaves do make a rout
With gigmen, dinners, balls, cabals,
I turn my back and shut them out,
Out from my own four walls.

The moorland house, though rude it be,
May stand the brunt when prouder falls;
'Twill screen my wife, my books, and me,
All in my own four walls.

—*Thomas Carlyle* (1825).

My Choice.

Dear Sam, who the camp and the pulpit has tried,
You ask me what system of life I should choose;
To manage my own little farm in my pride,
And to lounge where I like in my dirty old shoes.

In a patron's chill vestibule why should I freeze,
Why dance up and down at the dens of the great,
When to warm my own hearth I can fell my own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small estate?

Who would angle for meals that can catch his own fish?
As honey unbought, what dessert half so sweet?
Giv me eggs of my own in a clean wooden dish,
And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the treat.

While for health I can plow, and for exercise dig.
May the wretch who dislikes me my system forbear;
May he veil his grey locks in an alderman's wig,
Grow gouty while sheriff, and die when lord mayor.
—*Anon.*

M. J. Savage on "Liberty and Morality."

While Mr. Savage undoubtedly ranks among the most talented ministers of Boston, he outranks them all in liberality and in the scientific character of his discourses, for it would be quite improper to call them "sermons." But the reply which I am about to make to his restrictions upon "Liberty and Morality" will appear to flatly contradict these complimentary statements; I must let the reader draw his own conclusions. Mr. Savage alluded to my lecture in the following language:

I had a pamphlet sent to me the other day containing the address of a gentleman given before a large body of people during the last summer, in which he takes his conception of morality from the old Latin word from which the name is derived, as meaning custom; and he givs you the impression that morality means nothing more nor less than social custom; that whatever people agree to approve is all right, and whatever they agree to disaprove is all right, too, if you can manage to do it without incurring punishment; that is, that there is no eternal principle of right and wrong.

How the gentleman could hav received such impressions I am quite unable to understand, as the object of the writer was to make impressions just the reverse of these. If Mr. Savage had taken the pains to read the pamphlet carefully he would not hav fallen into the grave errors he has; and if he had taken the precaution to hav quoted any sentence containing the ideas which left such impressions upon his mind, he would hav seen my thought more definitly, and perhaps expressed his own more correctly. Now, to show that my pamphlet not only does not giv grounds for any such impressions as Mr. Savage received, but that the very aim of the lecture is to leave impressions the very reverse of those, and to avoid falling into error as he did, I shall quote my own words. After affirming that morality cannot be narrowly defined, I say: "To show how imperfect even the best definitions of the word are, we will take Webster's. He defines 'moral' as derived from *mos moris*, custom, habit, way of life."

Now the reader will observe that this is not my definition. I cite it only to refute it. "In other words, custom makes laws, and the law is moral, simply because it is custom. This definition, though loose, sufficiently describes the actual morality of mankind. It is palpable as daylight that public opinion, which is but the voice of custom, is the practical standard of morality as the world goes."

My lecture teems with expressions which repudiate this practical standard. It was the very central thought of the writer to expose the immorality of this standard. I will quote a few passages to substantiate this: "It becomes evident then that custom is necessarily immoral, or the supporter of a low morality in opposition to a higher morality, as it clings to the lower standard of the past and rejects the new and better methods of the present" (p. 4) "The moral tone of society has no leaven of improvement in it; it is to the individual unit contending against society that we must look for new truth and new life" (p. 6).

Nothing can be clearer than the fact that I repudiate public opinion as a standard of practical morality. And as for making the impression that whatever people "agree to disapprove is all right, too, if you can manage to do it without incurring punishment," nothing was farther from my mind. The practical standard of custom will bear such definition, but I maintain that it is man's highest duty to openly and defiantly violate a wicked law. And here is what I say on that point: "There is a dread in the popular mind against violating the statutes, as such violation would place the transgressor in the category of criminals. To violate the spirit and evade the letter of the law is not usually attended with compunctions of conscience. Thousands are doing this daily, who pass for moral people. Their neighbors who discover these "irregularities" in business pass them by as "tricks of the trade." But should some honest and brave man openly disregard and disobey some such despotic enactment as the Fugitiv Slave bill, or the Comstock law, he is immediately branded as an infamous criminal. The simple word criminal fills some minds with holy terror" (p. 12).

"The majority of men submissivly relinquish their rights if the robber comes to them in the name of the 'law.' . . . But liberty and morality demand that every law shall pass the test of reason and justice. If it cannot be shown that the law is founded upon the grounds of equal rights and justice, then it cannot be law; it is simply despotic outrage" (p. 12).

What grounds are there in these quotations for the "impressions" which the gentleman received? I do not take custom as the highest standard of morality, yet I insist that it is the *practical* standard, and as such must be repudiated. I should be pleased to hav Mr. Savage point out the passages in my pamphlet which justify him in making what seem to me to be reckless statements.

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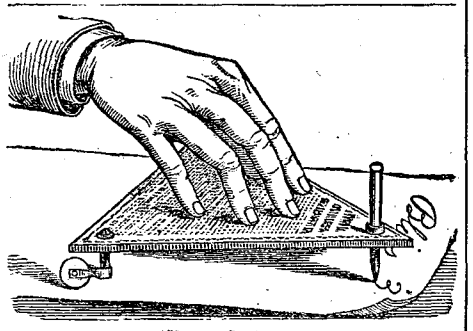
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HOWEVER it be accounted for, the criminal converse of the sexes corrupts and depraves the mind and moral character more than any single species of vice whatsoever. That ready perception of guilt, that prompt and decisiv resolution against it, which constitutes a virtuous character, is seldom found in persons addicted to these indulgences. They prepare an easy admission for every sin that seeks it; are, in low life, usually the first stage in men's progress to the most desperate villanies; and, in high life, to that lamented dissoluteness of principle, which manifests itself in a profligacy of public conduct, and a contempt of the obligations of religion and moral probity. Add to this, that habits of libertinism incapacitate and indispose the mind for all intellectual, moral, and religious pleasures, which is a great loss to any man's happiness.—*Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy.*

THE sacred lowe [flame] o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething may divulge it.

I wane the *quantum* o' the sin,
The hazzard o' concealing;
But, Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! —*Burns.*

WHILE the Bible contains many valuable precepts and much that men could heed with profit, the good is so intermixed with chaff and rubbish, with so much that does violence to our reason and common sense, that it is not possible that the whole could hav emanated from a being to whom we ascribe divine perfection. . . . It is an undeniable fact that Infidels are more constant and inquiring Bible-readers than Christians. The Christian, believing that it is unpardonable to doubt, never grapples with Bible contradictions and inconsistencies, but passes them by as mysteries not to be inquired into; and, taking his faith, accepts them as God's word, without proof or effort of reason, whilst the Infidel examins for himself, accepting nothing that does violence to his reason, or that is inconsistent with the perfections of the [supposed ?] Supreme Being.—*Dr. Arter's "The Bible: Is it divinely Inspired."*

RELIGIOUS beliefs must be founded on evidence. If they are not so founded, it is wrong to hold them. The rule of right conduct in this matter is exactly the opposit of that inspired in the two famous texts: "He that believeth not shall be damned," and "Blessed are they that hav not seen and yet hav believed." For a man who clearly felt and recognized the duty of intellectual honesty, of carefully testing every belief before he received it, and especially before he recommended it to others, it would be impossible to ascribe the profoundly immoral teaching of these texts to a true prophet or worthy teacher of humanity. It will comfort those who wish to preserve their reverence for the character of a great teacher to remember that one of these sayings is in the well-known forged passage at the end of the sacred gospel, and that the other occurs only in the late and legendary fourth gospel; both being described as spoken under utterly impossible circumstances. —*Clifford's Ethics of Religion.*

THIS is not the liberty that we can hope that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth —that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. . . . If it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without books, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. . . . Giv me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

MEN are told, indeed, to inquire for themselvs; but they are also told at what points inquiry must arrive; and the sentence of exclusion hangs over them if they happen to stray, with some of the best and wisest men, into forbidden paths. Now this "Protestant liberty" is, in one respect, more irritating than papal bondage. It mocks as well as enslaves us. It talks to us courteously as friends or brethren, whilst it rivets our chains. It invites and even charges us to look with our own eyes, but with the same breatb warns us against seeing anything which orthodox eyes hav not seen before us. Is this a state of things favorable to serious inquiry into the truths of the gospel? Yet how long has the church been groaning under this cruel yoke.—*Dr. Channing.*

THE temporal power of the pope, so long misused, has finally been taken from him. The Roman populace can do honor to their dead Mazzini and no one shall say them nay. For political purposes the pope is twice as dead as Mazzini, who, being dead, yet speaketh, and all Europe hears his voice.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

THE most important doctrin of a moral character dwelt upon by Mang is that of the essential goodness of human nature, on which he lays considerable stress. According to him, "the tendency of man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downward," and it is shared by all, as all water flows downward. You may, indeed, force water to go upward, but the movement is unnatural, and it is equally contrary to the nature of men to be made to do what is not good."—*Amberley.*

Odds and Ends.

MRS. LILLIPHACE says she uses powder to take the shine off her face, but her little brother says she uses it to take the shine off other girls' faces.

ERRATIC ENRIQUE has a poem going the rounds, entitled, "A Heart Ache." Is not the scalping of an Indian a good subject for a poem on the "Ha'r take?"

WHEN a St. Louis girl puts her foot down emphatically on any subject, there is a dispatch in the papers next day about the terrible earthquake in China.

A NEW remedy is being puffed, "Only cure for rupture." But it's a lie. We hav seen a rupture between two lovers cured by an oyster stew and matinee tickets.

AMONG the late lingerers at the seaside is the inimitable songstress, Miss Quito, of New Jersey, in whose veins the best blood of the noblest Knickerbockers courses.

A MAN at Elgin, Ill., put on a clean shirt with such energy the other day that he broke an arm. It is a duty which one likes to hav off his mind as soon as possible.

"OUT of tune and harsh:" First elder (at the kirk "skellin'"): "Did ye hear Dougal More snorin' in the sermon?" Second elder: "Parefec'ly disgracefu'! He's waukened 's a'!"

FRIEND: "Madder, what is the matter with your nose?" Madder: "The only chance for an artist now is to paint quickly and cheap. I work with both hands, and blend with my nose."

A little boy went out to swim,
And took a cake of soap with him,
And slimed each supple little limb.

And when he on the bank arove
One long, last downward look he gove,
And then into the water dove.

And trying to regain the top,
In vain, alas, he tried to flop—
He went so fast he couldn't stop!

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip—
He couldn't get a half-way grip—
For every time he tried he'd slip.

The water no resistance gave.
And so, beneath the murky wave,
He found a wet, untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud
He struck the misty, moisty mud—
And turkles fattened on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn
To little boys of supple limb
Who soap themselvs before they swim.

LIVING AND DYING.

John Smith was eke a goodly man
As ever lived on earth—
The world admired and loudly praised
His truly pious worth;
His life was full of charity
And free from sinful pride—
But scarce had lived to thirty-four,
When one calm eventide
A mule kicked at him playfully,
And Smith soon after died.

John Brown, a knave of deepest hue,
Dwelt in the selfsame town—
A grosser, meaner, viler scamp
There never lived than Brown.
He cursed, he swore, he smoked, he chewed,
He even keno played,
And down in Texas years ago
They say a man he slayed.
Yet he lived on contentedly
And lots of money made,
Till, finally, a gray-haired man,
John Brown lay down to die.
His wife and children gathered round,
A preacher lingering nigh—
The only token of his death
A quiet, gentle sigh.

We'd like to liv as did John Smith,
Revered by all the town—
But when it comes to dying, we'd
Prefer to die like Brown.
—*Denver Tribune.*

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

A boy of twelve stood leaning against a fence on Duffield street, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose, when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

"Sick?"

"No."

"Any the family dead?"

"No."

"Going to run away?"

"I dunno. I've just been licked."

"Who dun it?"

"Dad."

"Did your ma ask him to?"

"Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month."

"Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck I'm trying my best to git dad to whale me. I'd giv fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting."

"Why?"

"Why! Hae'nt I got three dollars saved up to buy pap and marm Christmas presents, and if I can git 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?"

"Two dollars."

"Bully. You are all right! You'v been licked. and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can git walloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping-knives, and rock candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father! hang my hide on the fence, mother darling!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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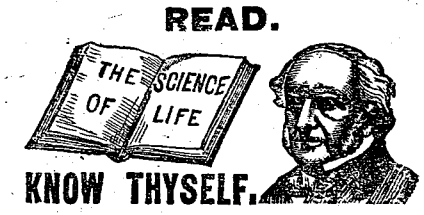
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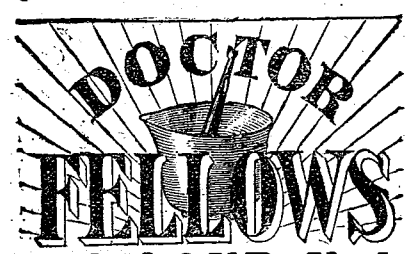


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Notices from the Press.

[*From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times.*]

We cordially indorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows.

[*From the Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.*]

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS: The *Banner* seldom indorses any doctor or medicin, but it is free to say to all interested that Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J., is not only a skilful and reputable practitioner, but one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

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INGERSOLL'S SPEECH ON TALMAGIAN THEOLOGY.

The *ICONOCLAST*, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1882, will contain the Great Speech of Col. Ingersoll on "Talmagian Theology," delivered at Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 11, 1882. The paper containing the speech can be procured at **5 cents** a copy. Twenty-five copies and over at **3 cents** a copy.

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Vol. 9. No. 52. { PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY M. W. BENNETT. } New York, Saturday, December 30, 1882. { NO. 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEAR BROADWAY. } $3 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THE bishop of Manchester classes ritualism and the Salvation Army under "sensuous religion."

THE English revisers of the Old Testament hav completed the second revision as far as the Book of Proverbs.

D. M. BENNETT has reduced the price of THE TRUTH SEEKER to new subscribers to $2.50 per year. This should insure him a large increase in circulation.—*Kansas Blade.*

THE *Osservatore Romano*, jubilant over recent English secessions from Protestantism, says, "Thus is being verified the prophecy of the Holy Confessor King that in three hundred years the united kingdom would be Roman Catholic."

A PREACHER who was not well acquainted with the elecutionary art placed the inflection on the wrong word, following the literal italic in 1 Kings, xiii, 27, and read: "And spake unto his son, saying, saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*."

A STATUE of Robert Burns is to be erected on the Victoria Embankment in London by Mr. Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant. The work will be intrusted to Sir John Steel, the sculptor of the Burns statues recently erected in Dundee and New York. The London effigy of the Scottish poet will be of bronze, the pedestal being of polished granit. The entire monument will be sixteen feet high.

A GOOD deal of matrimonial tribulation was brought to light in the last census returns of Great Britain. Several husbands returned their wives as the heads of the families, and one describes himself as an idiot for having married his literal better half. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases; and in quite a number of instances, "temper" was entered under the head of infirmities opposit the name of the wife.

WHEN the body of a man was taken into Christ church, at Hillier, Ontario, the Rev. John Halliwell, who had been deprived of the right to officiate by his bishop, was found there with his surplice on and book in hand. The Rev. Mr. Loucks, the rector of a neighboring village, had been brought over to read the burial service, and he met the procession at the foot of the aisle in the usual manner. So did Mr. Halliwell Both ministers began to read. Then Mr. Loucks stopped, led the mourners to the grave, and there completed the service, leaving Mr. Halliwell in possession of the church.

ONE of the timely papers in the *Antiquary* for December is Mr. G. B. Leathon's historical article on Christmas, in which he quotes from the Harleian MS. an omen applicable to this year:

If Christmas on a Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill;
But in the summer truth to tell,
Stern winds shall then be and strong,
Full of tempests lasting long;
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born on that day I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealeth ought;
Though thou be sick thou diest not.

EVANGELIST BARNES writes to the *Journal* of Stanford, Ky., which is his home, that his experience in Waterford, N. Y., was not pleasant. "I may say," he explains, "that Waterford kicked us out—bowed and frowned at us, and then kicked us out. The bow, the frown, the kick, all came from the church powers that be. The pastors and officials are our *bete noirs*. The officers of the Waterford church passed a decree that, unless there was a break among the sinners before the close of the week, the further expenses of the meetings could not be borne. The pastor finally announced, at the close of the services one evening, that the expenses of boarding me and my family were too great to be paid without greater results. This last straw broke the camel's back, for our board was only $4 a week each. 'Business is business,' that is all I say. The next morning I left for New York."

AT the request of Prof. Brooks, of the Phelphs, N. Y., Observatory, prayers were generally offered in all the churches of the country for a fair day on Dec. 6th, for taking observations of the transit of Venus—an event of great scientific importance. In Milwaukee, however, the clergy were interviewed on the subject by the *Republican-Sentinel*, and declined to comply with the request of Prof. Brooks, giving as one reason that the astronomers and scientists of the world were generally Darwinian Infidels, and did not believe in the efficacy of prayer. And, as Milwaukee was about the only place in the United States reported by telegraph where they got a good view, one of the professors of the Jennings Observatory in this city—where all due preparations had been made and a failure occurred—suggests that at the next transit of Venus, which takes place 122 years hence, the clergy be respectfully requested not to interfere in the matter.

IN an Episcopal boarding-school the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a "thud" on the floor. Nobody smiled; all were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer-book, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the rector rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He chanced to read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall rise no more; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This caused a general titter; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin; the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

AN interviewer asked Col. Ingersoll the other day, "Colonel, what is your opinion on the prohibition?" and to this was made the following characteristic reply: "I can giv you my opinion by telling you this story: A strong prohibitionist was discussing this question with a gentleman who had not much confidence in making people virtuous by law. The anti-prohibitionist said: 'How would you like to liv in a community where nobody drank any intoxicating liquors—where everybody was perfectly sober?' 'I would be delighted with such a community,' said the prohibitionist. 'And how would you like to liv where everyone was industrious, where they rose early and went to their work and retired in season, where everybody was at home in the evening, and where no one used profane language?' 'Oh, that would be perfectly splendid,' said the prohibitionist. 'And,' continued the questioner, 'how would you like to liv in a community where everybody attended divine service every Sabbath?' 'Why,' said the prohibitionist, 'such a community would make almost a heaven; but there is no such commnnity.' 'Oh, yes,' said the anti-prohibitionist, 'I know several such communities.' 'Where can I find one?' said the temperance gentleman. And the other replied, 'In any well-regulated penitentiary.'"

THE press and the people generally are gradually dropping to the true insignificance of the "Rev." Jo Cook. The New York *World*, the most orthodox of the daily papers of this city, says: "All reasonable persons must regret to see that the Rev. Joseph Cook has returned from New Zealand not only unroasted, but quite as raw as when he left his nativ shore. Humboldt's reported and unkind mention of Bayard Taylor as a 'man who had traveled further and seen less than any one he had ever met' exactly fits the Rev. Joseph Cook. No one expected to find that Mr. Cook had made any acquaintance with the principles of science, or had arrived at an appreciation of his own intellectual unfitness for any task which requires sound knowledge and a respect for truth, during his voyage around the world; but it was not too much to hope that he might hav acquired, by contact with polished races and by the sight of a larger horizon than he had been accustomed to, some sense of his own insignificance, and a corresponding measure of respect for names honored in all lands. But the homely proverb is justified once more. A silken purse is not to be made out of certain kinds of material, and no sooner does the Rev. Joseph Cook feel himself on solid ground within sight of his nativ heath than he takes up his parable against Herbert Spencer, whom he calls a charlatan, and against Professor Fiske, whom he reviles as but the echo of a charlatan. Mr. Cook must not misunderstand this brief notice. *The World* notices him, not because his opinions on anv subject are of the slightest importance to serious people, but because, being a harlequin, he is tolerable only when he is ridiculous, and needs to be corrected when he becomes impertinent."

HERE is a story of a bad boy's revised version of the sacred scriptures: You see pa has been reading out of an old back-number Bible, and ma and me argued with him about getting a new revised edition. We told him that the old one was all out of style, and that all the neighbors had the newest cut in Bibles, with dolman sleeves and gathered in the back, and they put on style over us, and we could not hold up our heads in society when it was known that we were wearing the old last year's Bible. Pa kicked against it, but finally got one. I thought I had as much right to change things in the revised Bible as the other fellows had a right to change the old one, so I pasted some mottoes and patent-medicin advertisments in it, after the verses. Pa never reads a whole chapter, but reads a verse or two and skips around. Before breakfast the other morning pa got the new Bible and started to read the Ten Commandments, and some other things. The first thing pa struck was, "Verily I say unto you, try St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism." Pa looked over his specks at ma, and then looked at me. but I had my face covered with my hands, sort of pious. Pa said he didn't think it was just the thing to put advertisments in the Bible, but ma said she didn't know as it was any worse than to hav a patent-medicin notice next to Beecher's sermon in the religious paper. Pa sighed and turned over a few leaves, and read, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighor's wife, nor his ox, if you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." That last part was a motto that I got out of a paper of candy. Pa said that the sentiment was good, but he didn't think the revisers had improved the old commandment very much. Then pa turned over and read, "Take a little wine for the stomach's sake, and keep a bottle of Reed's gilt-edged tonic on your side-board, and you can defy malaria and chills and fever." Pa was hot. He looked at it again, and noticed that the tonic commandment was on yellow paper and the corner turned up, and pa took hold of it, and the paste that I stuck it on with was not good, and it come off; and when I saw pa lay down the Bible, and put his spectacles in the case, and reach for the fire-power, I knew he was not going to pray, and I looked out the window and yelled dog-fight, and lit out, and pa followed me as far as the sidewalk, and it was that morning when it was so slippery, and pa's feet slipped out from under him, and he stood on his neck and slid around on his ear, and the special providence of sleet on the sidewalk saved me. Say, do you believe in special providence? What was the use of that sleet on the sidewalk if it was not to save sinners?—*Peck's Sun.*

News of the Week.

THE president of the United State of Columbia, S. A., died on the 22d.

A DEFECTIV flue caused the destruction by fire of the Methodist church at Amite City, Miss., on Christmas Day.

C. E. UPTON, president of the city bank, Rochester, N. Y., is under $20,000 bail, charged with being a defaulter to the amount of $200,000.

A QUARREL has been brought about in a Newark, N. J., church by the distribution of one of Talmage's sermons in which whisperers are called liars.

THE English government has ordered the prosecution of the secretary of the organizing committee of the Irish National League for a speech recently delivered by him.

CHRISTMAS passed in this city in quietness and general sobriety. An occasional squad of small boys with tin horns and the din of church bells were about all that disturbed the serenity of the day.

A TELEGRAM from Trautenau, Bohemia, says that fifty Spiritualists residing there hav been summoned before the magistrate. The complaint is that mental derangements result from their practices.

PROF. SALMI MORSE, who has made such extensiv preparations for bringing out the Passion Play, is now experiencing trouble in obtaining a theatrical license. Several theological busybodies hav petitioned the mayor not to license Prof. Morse's playhouse.

CAPT. A. C. NUTT, state treasurer of Uniontown, Pa., was shot and instantly killed on the 24th by A. C. Dukes, a lawyer of the same place. The trouble grew out of the alleged intimacy of Dukes with the daughter of Capt. Nutt.

THE Eisteddfod, or Welsh Literary Conference, held a Christmas session on the 25th. The Rev. G. H. Humphrey, the gentleman who engaged with the late editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER in the "Humphrey-Bennett Discussion," won a prize of $100 and a bard's chair for a Welsh poem on "The Mediterranean Sea."

A POLISH Catholic priest at Bay City, Mich., was convicted of libel in a civil suit for damages there, on the 23d, and $250 damages were awarded the complainant. The libel consisted in his denouncing one of the members of his church from the pulpit, as not being a good Catholic, and warning his flock not to do business with him.

THE Rev. M. Grant, Baptist minister of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been requested to resign. He is charged with conduct unbecoming a minister, the said conduct consisting of the following misdemeanors, viz.: Refusing to attend persons spiritually inclined; rebuking two men who were smoking cigars; wearing a flannel shirt; putting food in his mouth with knife, instead of a fork, and sitting on a sofa with his wife, and both eating from the same banana.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, the tragedian, and his company, were stopping last Sunday at the same hotel with the Rev. F. S. Hyde, in New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Foster, one of the actresses, seated herself at breakfast at the same table with the clergyman and his family. The minister with an offensiv remark requested the waiter to remove her. The lady burst into tears. Mr. McCullough appeared and said to the Rev. Mr. Hyde that he was a miserable dog, and threatened him with personal chastisment. The clergyman apologized abjectly. The lady would not receive his apology, but left him with the remark that the stage was more beneficent and instructiv to the public than the pulpit. If every parson who slanders the profession were to receive as prompt and just a rebuke as has the Rev. F. S. Hyde, we should hear less of it.

Communications.

A Great Scriptural Difficulty.—Old Things Revived.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 6, 1882, the first part of an article, written by an able lawyer in the West, was printed under this head. That article, of which the present one is a continuation, dealt with the difficulties met with by translators and revisers of the Bible in regard to the points, accents, and punctuation of the Hebrew scriptures. The author claimed that the Hebrew was probably never a spoken language, but one invented by the Jewish priesthood in which to preserve their mysteries; that the Septuagint (the Greek version of the Old Testament) was written in the Chaldee language; that Abraham was a Chaldean and used the Chaldee dialect, and that the Ten Commandments were in the same tongue; that the impossible and contradictory stories connected with the Exodus were the result of blunders growing out of the defects of Chaldee characters used in writing, and that the Old Testament was probably compiled in the time of Ezra (500 B C). This brings the writer to the points which he takes up in the following:

Ezra says the whole law was destroyed. In what language did he restore it? We must remember that the priests had their own language and books.

It was miraculously restored by him. (See 2d Esdras, xiv.) We know that if the Jews had any book it was destroyed during some of the terrible calamities that befel them about the period of the captivity. When they were captivs at Babylon no doubt they acquired some literature and taste among a superior people. It is plain much of the prophecies and psalms, etc., were written after the captivity. The idea of David composing psalms describing the captivity is absurd. So Isaiah speaks of Cyrus rebuilding the temple. This was done in Cyrus's day to influence the king. As a prophecy it fails, for the temple was not rebuilt till long after Cyrus. There has been some work done just here to make the prophecies fulfil. But it does not square well. Ezra and David are made to liv too long. Some cunning hand of Jew or Christian during the early ages of the church has doctored here. We, however, know that the Jews kept up their colleges and priestly system. Some date between Ezra's time and later, the priesthood, finding that all knowledge of that peculiar dialect in which the scriptures were kept likely to die out, resorted to some plan of holding it as a perfect written language; for, as it was, it conveyed no sense to the readers. It was a sort of language that required a key. That key was kept separate from the books. It is notorious how secretly all the ancient priesthoods kept their mysteries and creeds, as did all professions and trades. We hav shown now that the Jews, in all probability, never for any time spoke that language called Hebrew, in which the Old Testament was written.

Abraham was a Chaldee, Moses an Egyptian, and so were all his followers, in language. The Egyptian was a Chaldaic dialect. All the people of Palestine used similar dialects. Before the Jews had a literature, or more than one small book of their law, they were carried off by the leading Chaldee nation, and there kept a century or more, only a few ever returning. Coming back, they used the Chaldee of Babylon. Indeed, nearly all of Daniel is in that Babylonic language. What, then, was this Bible Hebrew? It is nothing in the world but a lot of Chaldee consonants strung along without sense or meaning to any one who looked at it who had not the key to the mystery. That key was kept separate by the priests till some date after the captivity, when they applied it to the book, and made sense out of it for common readers. The key is, the shapes of the points, the vowels, and the accents.

Now the reader will see what a fearful charge was that which alleged that this key was first "invented by a school of accursed Christ-murdering Jews of Tiberias, blind and hardened," to quote from the Christian Protestants of the sixteenth century; for it really said that they made that Old Testament. The other party contended that Tiberians had all along remembered these sounds and points and their places. The others said it was not in the power of mortal mind, but that God gave these points, sounds, etc., to Moses, and that he and his successors miraculously remembered them to Ezra's time, when he, Ezra, invented and applied them because then the vision and the prophecy ended, and miracles ceased till Christ should come.

So that readers may see the significance of this controversy, a more especial illustration of the Hebrew must be given. To do this, I quote from perhaps the most exhaustiv review of the question by a learned man, who published it in the first magazine ever printed in the English language, entitled "The Students' Library," being extracts, arguments, and reviews of the most valuable works printed in England or in foreign journals from A D. 65 up to this time (A D. 1692). I hav the original work before me, published in 1692. The article is entitled "A Discourse on the Points, Accents, and Vowels of the Hebrew Language—Their Antiquity." The skeptical reader will see its importance before he gets to the end of this. Says the writer: "This great and mighty subject is of no less consequence than the receiving or rejecting the Bible itself. For without points the Bible is either mute or speaketh whatever men please to hav it say, or is most dubious, having divers and contrary senses. Hence the Jews say of it the points are to the letters what the soul is to the body; and as are vowels to consonants. With them, they may sound and signify; without them they cannot; for the vowels *E, H, E, V, I* are omitted in innumerable places where they are indispensable if there were no points. The like is in no language or book; besides, in many places they are to signify quite contrary to what they impart. To say they were invented as alleged, givs them such an origin as leaves them fitter to be blotted from the Bible, as being the work of 'blind, hardened, unbelieving Jews,' 500 A.D.; for it is impossible that the whole should hav been retained in the memory of men for a thousand years, from Ezra's date till 500 A.D., under that calamitous state of the Jews whilst the tongue ceased to be vulgarly pronounced or known amongst them. The rabbis themselvs complain they had so lost it in that time they could not even explain the *apex legomena*, or words but once used in the scriptures. For instance, where the prophet speaketh of 'sweeping with the *beesom* of destruction,' no one knew what *beesom* meant until by chance one of the rabbis heard an Arab woman say to her girl, 'Take up the *beesom* and sweep the floor.' How, then, was it possible to keep the true sound of all the points, vowels, and accents without shapes when multitudes of them cannot be distinguished by the sound at all? And no memory of man is able so much as once to receive the very pauses and notes of distinction, nor yet the very anomalies of punctuation; nor can the greatest rabbi, by all his skill, learning, and custom to read by points, be able to point an unpointed Bible truly without a copy before him. Therefore, to suppose that for a thousand years, before they had the shapes and points, they could infallibly and perfectly preserve all the pronunciation by oral tradition or use is to build castles in the air."

Such is the statement of the writer. He quotes at length from the writers on his side, who all concur that without these shapes the Bible is nothing, has no sense or meaning in a single line of it, and that to remember the pointing was impossible. They concur in the statement that whoever invented the points, etc., really gave us the Old Testament. They contend that God gave them to Moses, and that by a continued miracle the priests were enabled to remember them down to Ezra's day, when Ezra, knowing that miracles had ceased with him, miraculously invented the present pointing, accents, and vowels. This, to take their own words for it, is equal to saying that Ezra invented the whole Old Bible; for, if it be nothing without this system, then the inventor of it created the Bible, which was a mere jumble of consonants before his day. Had the Infidels alleged that Ezra made their Bible, how scornfully would our Protestants hav denied it! Nay, hav they not taken the greater part of Ezra's book from the scriptures and included it in the apochrypha merely because in his second book he tells us how he made the Bible? (See 2 Esdras, xiv.) This was about the first year of the ruin of the city, when he was at Babylon, this being near 550 B.C. He says: "For thy law is burned, therefore no man knoweth of the things concerning thee." He proceeds to tell us here that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and wrote all the things that had happened in the world down to his time. He must hav lived to a very great age, as we find him recording affairs that happened a century later, unless we apply the words "ruin of the city" to the date when the rebuilding of the temple was stayed.

A few quotations from some writers will make the condition of the scriptures without the points somewhat clearer. The author of "Tsak Sephataim" says: "We must know the Pentateuch was given at Sinai. Not that the tables were pointed, but as God spake the holy tongue, those that heard did understand all the motions and sounds, little and great, exactly as they were pronounced. So they could discern between the *A Kamets* and *A Patheck*, between *E Tsere* and *E Segol*, between the different *O*'s and the *U* with *Van*, and *U* without, *J* with *Jod* and without, etc. Nothing less than the spirit of God could giv to them the sense of the obscure difficult parts."

To get a glimps of the difficulty we will examin the subject called *Keri U Ketib, i. e.*, "genuin writing and reading." There are 848 places in scripture under this head. Of these are seven kinds.

1. Letters that are read in words, but not written, being mostly the letters *A, h, u, J.* Here the letter is pointed without writing it.

2. Letters changed from one to another: 52 are written with *Jod (J)* at the beginning, but read as *Van;* thus *Jachedal* is read *Vachedal*, etc.; 56 are written contrary, viz., *V* is read *J;* 70 with *J* in the middle are read as *V*, and so at the end are 14 such. Also many letters are changed into others of like shape or like sound. "Not" is read for *to him* often, and similar confusions.

3. Letters are transposed—thus, letters written out of place out of rule, are read in place in rule. Of these there are 62.

4. Whole words are written, not read, or read but not written.

5. Words written as one are read as two words, and words written as two are read as one.

6. Words used for modesty's sake.

7. Many words called full or defectiv.

Now, besides all this, the punctuation consists of three parts: (1) vowels, (2) points called *Dagesh* and *Mappek*, and (3) the accents, which are endless to mention. There are irregularities in the vowels; sometimes Shem is written with an *S* called *Segol;* at other times with one called *Tsere*. Also there are irregularities in the points, and numberless ones in the accents.

Now, all admit that the copy kept in the sanctuary was unpointed. One party claims it as proof the pointing was not done prior to Ezra's day; the other claims that it only shows the original Mosaic copy was unpointed. Let anyone read the scriptures and see if the Pentateuch was delivered on Sinai. That idea is one of the stupid blunders we fall into by accepting the first assertion of some one for fact. To go no farther, just consider that the delivery from Sinai was in the beginning of Exodus, whereas the Pentateuch records all the wanderings for forty years after. Yet ninety-nine-hundredths of Christians always think of the Pentateuch as having been thundered from Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments.

Bitterly and long as the controversy raged, finally bringing within the battle-field Jews, Christians of all denominations and nations, we may note that no copy of the scriptures in Hebrew of a date prior to A. D. 500 was brought to disprove the allegations of those who favored the Tiberian school as the inventors of the points. This could hav settled the question. The so-called original copy of the Jerusalem synagog, what was it? Destroyed so often, proven by scripture itself to hav been a small or insignificant affair in Josiah's day, restored by Ezra (or Esdras, as was his Chaldaic name), it was no doubt destroyed when the temple was taken on several other occasions. We may suppose more than one copy existed after Ezra, seeing the Jews had become more cultured and lettered during the captivity. Yet so late as 270 B.C., when the Septuagint was translated, there seems to hav been but one accessible to the high priest, as he sent but the one with such express directions to return it. Various copies in some scattered form may hav existed. How different from each other we may infer from the difference between the one Josephus had and our own, as shown wherever he quotes scripture; yea, how very different, as may be seen from the New Testament itself where Matthew, xxvii, 9, speaks of a prophecy of Jeremiah, when no such words can be found in that prophet. In Numbers xxiv, "the star out of Jacob shall destroy all the world," seeing Noah was of Sheth's posterity, evidently an error, as are ten thousand like cases. When I stated the Bible was a growth I alleged what is self-evident. The Ten Commandments and Mosaic ordinances must hav been in the sacred language of the priests of Egypt or in the common tongue of Egypt. Whatever was written later must hav been in the sacred language or in the common language of the day. Thus the book found in Josiah's day. When Ezra came up from Chaldee captivity the language used by Jews was the common Chaldaic. Thus nearly all of Daniel was in Chaldaic of the day. Later the New Testament was in Syrio-Chaldaic and Greek.

Concerning this "copy of the law of Moses" that is so often spoken of in the Pentateuch, and in Joshua and other parts of the Bible, it may be as well to call the reader's attention to the fact that it must hav been a very small, tersely-written affair; yet it is constantly confounded by commentators and others with the Pentateuch, while the words "Book of the Law" are often confused with the Old Testament itself. Let any one read in Deuteronomy, chap. xxvii, and in Joshua, chap. viii, and consider what it must hav been. Joshua raised an altar and plastered some stones, and put this copy on those stones. Certainly there could hav been no more of it than is contained in the chapters of Deuteronomy that express certain commands, and the probability is that reference is had only to the ten commandments placed upon the two tables of stone, and the cursings mentioned in Deut., chap. xxvii, in the last twelve verses. The Book of the Law is Deuteronomy, and the Copy of the Law itself is the Ten Commandments, with probably those twelve cursings. Probably no book is ever less critically read than the Bible. Were it any other book no person would ever read it without declaring at once several writers had a hand in almost every book in it. It is a fact known to those who are posted that the division of the Bible into books is as arbitrary as the division into verses and chapters. The Jews originally divided the Old Testament into three parts only: The Law, The Prophets, and The Hagiographa. I hav said the Bible was a growth; better to say it is a growth, for changes, additions, alterations, and amendments are even yet being made; and in all probability, if it exists a thousand years longer, no one could recognize the then holy Bible as the one of to-day—new translation and all. 'Tis much

to be regretted that sects hav so misconstrued the Bible that thereby a prejudice against the book has risen in the minds of the more intelligent and liberal classes. The work itself, aside from where it has been interfered with, is the most *naïve*, honest affair in literature. Evidently many generations and various religions hav had a hand in its creation. There are the codes of that darkest, most demoniac religion (save Thugism) that human nature in its most fearful mood ever developed—a religion that sacrificed to its horrible God human victims by millions (see Leviticus, last chapter, verses 28, 29; also the story of Jephthah's daughter; also 2 Sam., xxi, where seven men were sacrificed to God; also whole cities devoted). There also are the expressions of a creed as different as holy light from outer darkness (see Jeremiah vii, and elsewhere).

In truth, the work itself is an epitome of human history. And yet such is the stultifying influence of creeds, the same educated gentlemen who would smile derisivly at whomsoever declares Homer wrote Homer will grandly allege that Moses wrote the Pentateuch. Scholars who reject from the dialogs of Plato certain ones, simply because they mention facts occurring later than Plato's day, overlook hundreds of like references in various biblical books, if they assert Moses, Joshua, Samuel, or David wrote them.

Whiston, who edited Josephus's works and was evidently a very pious Christian, often speaks contemptuously of our copy of the Bible, and contrasts it with the one Josephus quotes from to the great advantage of the latter. To illustrate the extreme difference between the two, read chapter xi, book ix, of "Antiquities of Jews," where Josephus quotes several verses from Nahum, ii, 8–13, and then read the same in our present copy. Josephus's copy reads thus:

Nineveh shall be a pool of water in motion; so shall all her people be troubled and tossed, and go away by flight, while they say one to another, Stand, stand still; seize their gold and silver, for no one shall wish them well; for they will rather save their lives than their money.

For a terrible contention shall possess them, one with another, and lamentation and losing of their members, and their faces shall be black with fear. And there will be the den of lions and mother of young lions.

God says to thee, Nineveh, that they shall deface thee, and the lion shall no more go out from thee to giv laws to the world.

Now take the same from our copy of the Bible, and see how it reads:

8. But Nineveh if of old like a pool of water; yet shall they flee away. Stand, stand, shall they cry; but none shall look back.

9. Take ye the spoil of the silver, take the spoil of gold; for there is no end of the store and glory out of all the pleasant furniture.

10. She is empty, void, and waste; and the heart melteth and knees smite together, and much pain is in all the loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness.

11. Where is the dwelling of the lions and the feeding-place of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walketh, and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid?

12. The lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey and his den with raven.

13. Behold I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts. . . . And I will cut off thy prey from the earth, and the voice of thy messenger shall no more be heard.

Truly, our version is by far the most sublime and perfect as a literary composition. But when we find such differences between our own and that of the ancient people whose record it is a part of, and are told it is the very word of God, to doubt which is damnable, it leaves us in a strait that is nothing less than damnable. C. I.

Oregon, Mo.

A.D. versus A.C.

It may next be asserted that Moses was the author of the Declaration, and that Jonah wrote the Letters of Junius. When men get a theory to cling to they seem blind to everything that disproves it. The assertion that Paul was born long before Christ is most remarkable. It is like asserting that Isaiah lived before Moses. The assertion about Paul is based on a verse or two in the New Testament.

Did such a person as Paul ever exist? The only evidence is in Acts and Epistles, which are a continuation of the gospel story after Christ's death. If Paul was before Christ one would look for some mention of it in one of the four gospels. But in fact the whole life and conduct of Paul, as given to us, is as an apostle of Christ, "born out of due time," as he says. He himself speaks of the death and resurrection of Christ, who, by such resurrection, "became the first fruits" (a little mistaken there, for Lazarus and the widow's son and some others arose before him). The history shows that Paul consorted with Peter and James, and a great many others who must hav lived 65 B C, if "Antichrist" be right. Moreover, there are Felix, Agrippa, Drusilla & Co., with Claudius. So there are Gamaliel and in fact Paul himself to be disposed of, together with whole chapters of Acts and Romans and Corinthians; and there is Paul's appeal to Cæsar, made long before there was ever a Cæsar to appeal to, if this nest be anything more than a mare's. ANNO DOMINI.

In Memoriam.—D. M. Bennett.

From the Boston Investigator.

The Liberalists and Spiritualists of Boston held a meeting last Sunday evening in Paine Hall, to do honor to the name and memory of the late D. M. Bennett. Mr. Seaver presided, and brief addresses were made by the chairman and Dr. Swain, Messrs. Babcock, Verity, and Mrs. Amelia H. Colby and Mrs. Lucy N. Colman. These addresses consisted of a review of Mr. Bennett's eventful life and useful labors in the Liberal cause. We hav not time to report them, and can only say while going to press that they were interesting, candid, and just, and listened to with marked attention and with deserved applause.

Letters were sent from the Hon. Elizur Wright (read by his son, Walter C. Wright), and from Messrs. James Parton and W. S. Bell. Excellent singing was furnished by Mrs. Smith, who sang appropriate hymns. The following resolutions were read by the chairman and adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of D. M. Bennett, the editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, and author of a number of Liberal publications, we lament the loss of one of the most able, devoted, industrious, and successful advocates of free thought, free speech, and a free press.

Resolved, That his earnest and persevering labors in this field of reform, in connection with the great service that he rendered to the cause of universal mental liberty by maintaining the unlimited right of opinion and opposing every species of bigotry, superstition, intolerance, and persecution that conflicts with the exercise of that inalienable right, will entitle his name and memory to be held in grateful remembrance as long as freedom and humanity need a champion, or mental slavery and injustice require an opponent and a reformer.

Resolved, That as in the life and history of D. M. Bennett we recogoize a self-taught man whose remarkable industry and studious habits enabled him to conquer the disadvantages of his early years and rise to eminence, usefulness, respect, and honor, we approve his manly example, and recommend it to the young to follow.

Resolved, That his persecution and long imprisonment for maintaining the freedom of the press and the mails, and his firmness and independence in refusing to make any compromise with his oppressors in order to evade the rigor of an unjust law, fully prove that he had the rare moral courage which always maintains its convictions, and never under any circumstances surrenders to the dictates of policy or fear or self-interest.

Resolved, That in bidding farewell to D. M. Bennett, we will not allow his memory to molder with his ashes, but will retain with pride and pleasure the recollection of his unswerving fidelity to our "common cause," and hold up his good example as a cheering incentiv to Liberals to persevere in their struggle for liberty and equal rights.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the family and relativs of our departed brother in their great affliction and irreparable loss, and though words at such a time are unavailing, yet we hope it may be some mitigation of their grief to know that in his life he was honest and useful, and that his death is deeply regretted by the Liberals of the whole country.

RESLUTIONS OF THE ELGIN, ILL., LEAGUE.

WHEREAS, By death's inevitable claim our loved and faithful champion of liberty, and martyr for truth, D. M. Bennett, editor, proprietor, and founder of that dauntless advocate of human rights, THE TRUTH SEEKER, has been taken from the joys and vicissitudes of this life to the dreamless sleep of the brave; and

WHEREAS, He was ever faithful, untiring, and zealous in seeking to advance the principles of the National Liberal League, sacrificing health and suffering imprisonment in his endeavors to exercise the liberties guaranteed by the founders of this republic, and proclaimed as inalienable rights, therefore be it

Resolved, That the world has lost a most worthy citizen, humanity an unselfish friend, and hypocrisy a foeman, before the sword of whose spirit it has been driven from a thousand fields; that to him more than any other man we are indebted for the rapid increase of Freethought during the last ten years, and to him let gratitude ascribe the honor. Be it also

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of a loyal protector and a loving husband, whose name shall rise above the mortal wreck of human inconsistency, and be held always sacred in the hearts of the members of the Elgin Liberal League. Be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER for publication, and that these be placed on the records of our society. FRANK FELT, Sec.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE CHICAGO LEAGUE.

At the meeting of the Chicago Liberal League, Sunday evening last, Mr. W. F. Peck alluded to the death of D. M. Bennett, and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted and voted to be sent, together with a tribute of respect, also read by Mr. Peck, to THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Man* for publication.

President James K. Magie made a few glowing remarks on the life of the deceased, as also did Prof. P. Baumgras and Mr. E. A. Stevens.

C. A. FRAENKEL,
Sec'y Chicago Liberal League.

WHEREAS, We learn, with feelings of deep regret, that D. M. Bennett, editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, has lately paid the last debt of nature; therefore, by the members of the Chicago Liberal League, be it

Resolved, That in the death of this able and devoted man Freethought has lost one of its most powerful advocates, humanity one of its stanchest friends, and the cause of liberty one of its most distinguished defenders.

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Bennett, his faithful and devoted wife, our most heartfelt sympathies in her afflictions, and to his immediate friends and associates our cordial regret, for this common bereavement of a kind and genial companion.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO D. M. BENNETT, BY W. F. PECK.

The intelligence of the death of this earnest truth seeker falls upon the Liberal heart with a suddenness and power almost benumbing.

Dead! He whom the Liberals of our city met to honor after his return from a long and dangerous journey, in apparently rugged health and spirits, a few short months ago.

Dead! The valiant defender of Liberalism, the brave and earnest seeker after truth, the powerful enemy of priestcraft and superstition, the champion who proved his devotion to liberty by becoming a martyr in her sacred cause.

Dead! Can it be that his trenchant pen is laid aside forever? That his keen logic and clear reasoning shall pierce the myths of theology no more? Shall the genial face and gentle words never again make bright the associations of friends and companions?

Dead! It seems hard to realize that this can be. Whether the immortality in which Mr. Bennett strongly believed be a fact or not; whether he will awaken from the sleep of death to the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and labors, of another life or not, yet his works liv after him, the monuments of his wonderful and almost miraculous industry still exist, and his spirit livs in them, breathing in every word and line an immortality of which any one might be proud, and which the ablest of the earth might sacrifice their all to gain.

Yet he is gone from our midst. The activ hands lie cold and nerveless. The toiling feet that bore him around the globe will carry their earnest master in search of truth never again. The tireless brain will throb no more with thoughts that liv and burn.

Perfection is not vouchsafed to man. The best and wisest hav failings, and the positiv mind that bravely speaks the truth as he sees it becomes the target for all the shafts that malice and envy can hurl. We firmly believe that no human being can lay his hand on his heart and testify that this man ever did him an intentional injury.

Yet his weaknesses hav been magnified, his very virtues condemned as vices, until life may well hav become a burden almost too great to be borne.

But for the credit of humanity let us trust that calumny will stop at the grave—that the tomb will be a shield to blunt the arrows of hate—that the whisper of malice will be hushed in the sighing winds that fan his lonely mound. And tenderly as the drooping branches bend their protecting arms above his last resting-place will the great heart of the people spread its tendrils about his memory. And in the years to come, when time and science will hav confirmed his utterances and emphasized his great services, the wayfarer will pause beside his tomb and with uncovered head pronounce the verdict, "Here lies a hero."

A BRAVE MAN PASSED ON.

From Pomeroy's Democrat.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, dated December 9th, just at hand, we read that D. M. Bennett, well and world-wide known editor of that paper, passed from this life into the next, at his home, 27 Clinton place, New York, on the morning of Wednesday, December 6th, in the 64th year of his age. He had been in sufficient health to attend to the business of his office up to Friday, the 1st inst. For some days previous he had been suffering from malaria, but on the morning of the 1st inst. was obliged to take to his bed. His disease, which so affected his physical man as to release the mental, was gastric fever coupled with an affection of the heart. Probably no man in the world has done more to encourage free thought, and thus to strengthen man in his efforts to individuality, than has D. M. Bennett, who, in his passing away, leaves tens of thousands of hearts, not only in this but other countries, to mourn his departure from a field of great usefulness, and to sympathize with friends and relativs who are in grief at this event. The paper of the 9th contains one of his very interesting letters, describing his trip around the world, said letter being dated Denver, July 3, 1882, at the close of which he announces that his health is not at present such as to admit of close application to work, and that he draws his letter-writing to a close for the present.

THE DEATH OF D. M. BENNETT.

From the League Man.

The sudden announcement of the death of the venerable editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER was a shock through all Liberal circles, and far beyond; for he had many friends beyond them. He had been quite ill for a week or two, but that his decease would be so sudden was expected by none. The immediate cause of his death was gastric fever and its complications; the remote but real cause was a heart broken by the persecutions of the enemies of secular liberty and the detractions and betrayals of its pretended friends. They hav done their work, but let them not rejoice. The lion is dead, but he has left a lot of whelps who will continue his work and fight in the cause of mental, moral, and civil liberty until victory appears, if it takes a century or more. "THE TRUTH SEEKER shall liv," was the voice of every one of the large assembly that gathered around his prostrate form.

His funeral was one of the most remarkable events of a Liberal character that has ever occurred in this city. The hall room at the German Masonic Temple, on Fifteenth street, where the Liberal Club usually meets, was crowded at an early hour. Beautiful music and flowers were there to testify to the love and esteem of thousands who never felt how large a space this man filled in their lives and hearts until he was gone. Mr. Wakeman's funeral address of an hour was one that the occasion demanded. All phases of Liberal thought—Materialists, Spiritualists, and Positivists—united in expressions of the highest satisfaction in regard to it, and a regret that it cannot be reported exactly as delivered. But THE TRUTH SEEKER has done its best, and it appears there in the issue of the 16th inst., in the best form now possible.

The address was concluded at the grave by a few

grand sentences that seemed to all to rightly close and crown the hero's life. Mrs. Bennett has expressed herself as greatly pleased with these final words. They will be found in another column.

In the evening the Fourth Liberal League, of which he was president, held a Lodge of Sorrow at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. The attendance was as large as could be accommodated. Many touching addresses were delivered, and a committee was appointed to prepare the appropriate resolutions and to see that a proper monument and inscription should be placed over his grave at his beautiful resting-place in Greenwood Cemetery, and perhaps for a building also to be founded for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

About this man much more remains to be said, but not now. He died without fear or a thought of change in his views or opinions. His last thoughts were on his work, his last words were how that fourth volume of his voyage around the world could ever be completed. Then he became unconscious, and on the 6th inst., at 11 A.M., he fell asleep like a child with his head in the arms of his beloved wife. It was hard to tell the exact moment when his life ceased.

The man is dead, but THE TRUTH SEEKER will still liv. Under his Will Mrs. Bennett, who was and is thoroughly in sympathy with his views, becomes its proprietor. She, and his friends T. B. Wakeman and Daniel E. Ryan are the executrix and executors of his Will, which was drawn by his own hand, and upon them, with his able assistant, Mr. Eugene Macdonald, he has enjoined the continuance of his life work. Our readers will need no other assurance that it will be effectivly done.

From the Orange City Index.

MR. D. M. BENNETT, the distinguished editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER, died at his residence on Sunday, the 10th inst. Mr. Bennett was one of the most profound scholars in the United States, a man of strong convictions, and earnest in the advocacy of what he deemed to be right. He was persecuted and imprisoned for upholding his principles, but he passed through the fiery ordeal without flinching, and won golden opinions from every man and woman whose good will is worth the having.

From the Worthington Advance.

WE regret his death. He was one of the victims, along with Lant, Heywood, and others, of the devilish Comstock gang, organized in New York to suppress free thought and a free press. We had hoped to see Bennett liv long enough to turn the tables on the devilish Comstock, who entrapped him, and land that infamous spy and bloodhound of the church in the penitentiary. Bennett was undoubtedly a purer man than the bulk of the clergy, and we hav never been able to overcome our horror of the fact that it is possible, in free America, for the church to do, in another way, just what it always did in the dark ages in Europe. It can imprison men for expressing free opinions, it can suppress the publication of free thought, it can still clog and block the wheels of progress. We never saw D. M. Bennett, and had no more interest in him than in any fellow-mortal, yet we hav lain awake many a night thinking over his case and the infernal outrage done upon him. John A. Lant we know personally, and a more upright young man never went out of the city of Toledo, yet the infernal Comstock gang, through their devil of a bloodhound, sent Lant to the penitentiary for two years for publishing a Liberal newspaper!

All this has been going on under our noses, and the American people hav become so besotted with crime, with bloodshed and murder, with high-handed exercise of power by the government, with a system of espionage secret service, with sending men to prison on flimsy pretenses, that a hundred men can be hanged or imprisoned and the people actually not remember it the next day. Before the war, one such case would hav filled the newspapers and startled the country from end to end.

But we suppose it must run its course. After that the new liberty party must come into power, and we hope that thereafter the days of bigotry, and persecution, and churchianity as distinguished from Christianity will be over forever, on this continent, at least. May the god of nature and of humanity move out at last and forever overthrow the cruel, bloody, and demoniac god of priestcraft and churchcraft.

THE following beautiful song was sung at the Bennett Memorial Service held in Paine Hall Sunday, Dec. 24th, by Mrs. Olive K. Smith:

GONE BEFORE.

Gone where the shadows of life cannot come,
Where every stranger may find a sweet home;
Severed the chain that has bound him to earth,
Gone to the land where the soul has new birth,
Where there are treasures of beauty untold—
Home where our loved ones never grow old.

CHORUS:—Weep not to miss one from earth's dreary shore,
Earth has an angel less, heaven one more.

Gone where the angels are chanting in praise,
Freed from the tumult of earth's weary ways;
Gone from the darkness of life's bitter night
Into the stillness of heaven's sweet light.

Only a brief while before we must go
From life's mixed chalice, its joys and its woe.

CHORUS:—Weep not, etc.

Gone where the battle is over and won,
And the true life of the spirit begun;
Gone where the anthems are full and complete,
Sung by the angels in heavenly street;
Gone where the harvest is gathered to God,
Soul to its maker and dust to its sod.

CHORUS:—Weep not to miss one from earth's dreary shore,
Earth has an angel less, heaven one more,
Earth has an angel less, heaven one more.

THE LATE D. M. BENNETT.

Leaves hav their time to fall,
And flowers to fade
At the north wind's breath;
But all—all seasons are thine own,
O Death!

D. M. Bennett, the seeker of truth, the finder of much truth, the lover of all truth when found, is dead. Let not the bigots who but recently tried to murder him slowly by mock trial and imprisonment—let them not rejoice unduly. Bennett has scattered his counterparts all over the land. "His soul goes marching on" for truth, as the soul of Brown for liberty. I firmly believe his constitution was impaired by the incarceration, and that belief alone made me wish him to go so long a journey, with the hope of recuperation. To my mind, his mute form now appeals against his murderers, as did the open wounds on Cæsar's body. But Cæsar died in upholding tyranny; Bennett and Brown in defense of liberty.

You bigots of to-day who ostracize and imprison the good and true; you assassins of character; you who practice slow murder for an opinion—your day of dominion is passing away, and the degradation intended for Bennett and the heroes of life will descend on you.

If, as some say, the spirits of the dead revisit this earth, Bennett will learn that a well-spent life has not been in vain, and the regret of friends at his departure is widespread, real, and lasting. Peace to his ashes. His epitaph should be: "D. M. Bennett, the Truth Seeker." F. J. EMARY.

Osceola, Iowa, Dec. 20, 1882.

The Truth Seeker's Spelling.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The system of spelling adopted in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER attracted my attention some time ago; but, as the matter did not then concern me, I refrained from writing to you upon the subject. In your issue of December 23d, however, you did me the honor of publishing an article of mine, entitled "A New English Reformation;" and as, in spite of my protests, you printed that communication according to your ordinary method, you will, I hav no doubt, allow me a little space in your columns to remonstrate with you upon the, to me, apparently inconsistent system which you pursue.

I notice that you spell the words "respective," "give," "passive," "live," "doctrine," and "infinite," without the final *e*, which common usage demands. In the words "there," "are," "borne," "something," "agree," "free," "therefore," "collapse," "die," "rapine," "finite," "nerve," "three," "deserve," "absolve," and "see," however, you retain the letter which from a phonetic point of view is redundant. Does not this prove your system to be at least an inconsistent one? But I would go further: Etymologically speaking, your system does harm. "Finite" and "infinite" are co-derivativs, and therefore they ought to be spelt upon one and the same principle. I am aware that Dr. Noah Webster givs the last *i* in "finite" as long, and the last *i* in "infinite" as short, but any difference in the plan of spelling the two words dissociates them unnecessarily, and is therefore, I venture to think, inadvisable. On the other hand, I see that you use the form "borne" as well as "born." This is utterly illogical on your part. If you are justified in any circumstances in dispensing with the customary final *e*, it is in the case of the word "borne;" for both it and "born" are past participles of the same verb—to bear—which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *beran*, meaning to bring forth as well as to carry. By the same token you ought to print "therfor" instead of "therefore," the Anglo-Saxon progenitors of the word being *thær* and *for*, and the two ees being consequently not only redundant, but etymologically misleading. The word "some," too, ought etymologically to be spelt without the final *e*, for it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *sum*, and the *u* sound of the English *o* is common enough in such words as "done," "London," etc. "Live," on the other hand, you, as I think, wrongly deprive of its final letter. The word represents the old English *lyve, libbe*, or *leve*. As for "respective," "passive," "doctrine," and similar words, all I wish to say about them is, that if you elect to deprive them of their last letter, you cannot logically leave "collapse," "rapine," "nerve," "deserve," and "absolve" their final ees.

You print "honor," "splendor," "rigor," "vigor," etc., and you are undoubtedly right in doing so; but why "neighbor?" The Latin derivativs never had any *u* in their last syllables, and are not entitled to any; but "neighbour" is not a Latin derivativ, though by spelling it as "neighbor" you make it look like one. It is the Anglo-Saxon *neahbur*, or *nehebur*, and the *u* has a distinct philological value. And why "endeavor?" "Endeavour" is not a Latin derivativ; it comes to us from the French phrase, *se mettre en devoir de faire quelquechose;* and the word *devoir*—meaning "act of respect"—occurs in Chaucer, and, as "devour," was commonly used in the last century. The elision of the *u* spoils the look of the modern word "endeavour," and disguises its etymology. You would be acting more logically if you printed "endeavour." In conclusion, I wish to express a humble opinion that any system of phonetics which leaves the words "three," "free," and "tree" their final letters, and dispenses with the unsounded ees in "live" and "give" is both inconsistent and misleading.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM L. CLOWES.

[The strictures of Mr. Clowes are undoubtedly just, in the main, from an etymological point of view; but the tendency of modern English orthography seems to be more and more toward conformity with pronunciation, hence the abbreviations adopted by THE TRUTH SEEKER, and which hav been recommended by the American Spelling Reform Association. If Mr. Clowes feels critically inclined on the subject of orthography at large, he will find sufficient scope for his pen without trenching on the limited number of reforms instituted by THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Home Journal*, and a few other papers. The practice of printing "endeavor" with a *u* ought to hav gone out of style when "music" and "physic" dispensed with their final *k*. It is evident to all that the silent letters of our language are destined to eventually disappear, as their uselessness becomes more and more apparent. A glance backward at the English literature of a few hundred years ago will illustrate this growth. Take the following, for instance, from Webster's Dictionary, and credited to the beginning of the *Ormulum:*

Annd whase wilenn shall this boc
efft other sithe writenn,
himm bidde icc thatt het write rihht,
swa summ thiss boc himm tæchethth,
all thwerrt ut affterr thatt itt iss
uppo thiss firrste bisne,
withth all swillc rime alls her iss sett,
withth all se fele wordess;
annd tatt he loke wel thatt he
an bocstaff write twiyyess,
eyywhær thær itt uppo thiss boc
iss writenn o thatt wise:
loke he well thatt het write swa,
forr he ne mayy nohht elless
onn Ennglissh writenn rihht te word,
thatt wite he wel to sothe.

Translation.—And whoso shall wish this book again *an*other time to-write, him bid I that he-it write right, so as this book him teacheth, all throughout after that [*i. e.*, according as] it is upon this first exemplar, with all such metre [rhyme] as here is set, with all so many words; and that he look well that he a letter write twice, everywhere where it upon this book is written on that wise; look he well that he-it write so, for he may not else in English write right the word, that wit he well to sooth [*i. e.*, let him know that well for truth].

Any one who learned to spell at the time the foregoing was written would probably hav more fault to find with THE TRUTH SEEKER's spelling than Mr. Clowes does. In regard to the words "rapine" and "collapse," the *e* should be dropped, according to our rule, as Mr. Clowes suggests. Some other cases which he mentions do not come under that rule, which is to omit silent *e* after a short vowel. Further reform in this direction will be undertaken so soon as the advanced state of things in general shall seem to render it advisable.—ED. T. S.]

The Murder of Little Smith.

From Truth.

TRUTH: Anyone who reads the account of the murder by John Smith of Los Angeles, Cal., of his son, "after the manner of Abraham's proposed killing of Isaac," will see an illustration of one of the most beautiful effects of Christianity and the Bible. Mr. Smith had never read the Bible until within a year, and consequently had never murdered anybody; on becoming a Christian, however, he "spent most of his time poring over its pages." He then began to starve his family, because he thought God ordered it; and, finally recognizing in the "light of the gospel" his neglect of due reverence to Jesus, shown by his never having sacrificed anyone to him, he decided, after prayer, no doubt, to kill his son. The murder took place in this way: "He called Ben out of the house and told him that he had to die for our savior. The little fellow knelt down. . . . John raised the knife, looked hard into the boy's face, and then drove the knife into his breast." The foregoing account is in the words used by the mother of the boy, who must hav been a sincere Christian, because she approved of the transaction. She adds, "I can hear him all times in the night, asking to be brought in and laid on his bed, and begging for a little water before he died." To hav complied with his request for water would doubtless hav enraged the savior, so the water seems to hav been withheld.

As long as any man who believes in a god cares as much about pleasing that god as he cares about doing his duty to his fellow-beings, just so long will these atrocious acts of devotion occur. Atheism is almost infinitly superior, as a moral force, to Christianity or almost any other religion. "By their fruits ye shall know them." PHILIP G. PEABODY.

New York, Dec. 15, 1882.

Freethinkers' Association in Welland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Seventeen persons here who hav become members of the New York Freethinkers' Association held their first meeting on the evening of the 8th inst, when the following address was delivered by one of the members. JOHN RAY.

Welland, Ont., Dec. 18, 1882.

MY FRIENDS: It is gratifying to me, and I hav no doubt is to all of you, to meet here to-night for the first time in the capacity of a Freethinkers' meeting. We are the beginning, as far as I know, of a new organization in this country, and if I am not much mistaken we shall be very much misrepresented by those who do not clearly comprehend our aim and object. It is not likely that we shall be credited with being investigators into the true sciences of the laws of nature and truth, but by the church people we are more likely to be styled a few God-denying Infidels who hav for our object the abolition of the Christian religion, by introducing views and doctrins directly opposed to it, and it is safe to count upon the priesthood of the different churches using all their ingenuity to oppose and misrepresent us, nor can we really blame them, for they hav a heavy self-interest at stake, their profession at present is looked upon (in general) as respectable and necessary to the welfare of the Christian religion; they hav many privileges that the merchant, the mechanic or farmer hav not, besides a good, fat living for doing very little, only keeping the people deluded in the greatest of all delusions, a religion founded upon prophecy, mystery, miracle, and inspiration, and of which they know no more than I do—and not as much—for I know it is all founded upon a false basis, and what makes them fear and dread the Freethought movement is, they are jealous that we hav more truth on our side of the question, and if we succeed in removing the wool of ignorance from the eyes of some of their devotees their trade and calling is in danger.

We are met here to-night as a brotherhood of men claiming the right to think for ourselvs instead of having it done by a superstitious and selfish priest.

We are here upon equal terms, recognizing no priest or superior amongst us, only as some may hav got more light upon the true science of life and of nature's laws, and it is from such that we all hope to derive some profit.

For, as I apprehend, we hav all of us been brought up and trained in the belief of Christian theology, and having had this creed so forcibly impressed upon our minds in our babyhood and youth, it is no easy matter to rid ourselvs of it. We hav each one of us been endowed with a capacity for thinking and investigating for ourselvs, and if we would arrive at right conclusions we must use our own thinkers in order to satisfy ourselvs whether the doctrins taught us in youth and up to the present time are founded on fact. So far as we are acquainted with the laws of nature we know of no instance where nature has departed from or violated her own laws, and any doctrin that is at variance with these laws ought to be received with suspicion. For my own part I don't believe that the established laws of nature were ever suspended for the accommodation of anybody; and if that is so, then all the miraculous events we read and are told of are simply not true.

And although there are many good and conscientious people who believe in and preach up this doctrin, it is not surprising, for they, like ourselvs, were taught it in their infancy by their dear parents, whom they loved, and these parents had been taught the same by their dear parents, and so on for generations.

And now these same believers in what we consider myths are much more to be pitied and sympathized with than to be blamed; though I would not be so charitable toward some of them, who, I believe, are infidel to their own honest convictions of the truth, and particularly some of the priests. But many of these zealous Christian professors hav not had the same opportunities for investigation or hav not dared to investigate like ourselvs.

There are but few of the Christian church people who would dare to read such a work as Paine's "Age of Reason," or one of Ingersoll's lectures, or even THE TRUTH SEEKER.

In their present ignorant, priest-ridden, and darkened condition, it would seem to them that ignorance was bliss where it would be folly to be wise, only they don't see how ignorant they are, and as the old saying is, "There is none so blind as those who will not see." At the present time the light of science and truth is making faster progress throughout the world than at any former period, and it is my opinion that it is only a question of time when the principles of truth as revealed by science and good common sense will become the principal religion of the day. That old and ignorant theology has stood it long, having had the support of church and priests, kings and parliament, all having had a selfish interest in its support and propagation. Even now the church is trying to get its God in the Constitution of the United States, and if they do not succeed it will be because the spirit of Liberalism is too strong for the church there. And now, my friends, we are a small band exercising the right to think for ourselvs. Let us show to the world that it does not require to belong to a Christian church to enable us to be upright, honest, truthful, and good citizens, and by making a good showing in these respects, instead of being looked down upon as low, vulgar, God-denying Infidels, we shall be looked up to as reliable, trustworthy citizens, and even the church folks will hav to admit that we are pretty upright people, but that we hav got an awful bad religion.

Jo Cook Rightly Measured.

From the Winsted Press.

We regret that we last week intimated to our readers that we would this week hav something more to say regarding Joseph Cook, his disingenuous ways, etc., for our columns are crowded, and we ought, we confess, to devote space to more important matter. Mr. Cook commands notice only as he is pressed forward by the pulpits in their defense; but we find he is getting more notice than we were aware of. So general is the unfavorable comment of the press in the West as well as the East upon this loud-mouthed incarnation of arrogance and scholarly pretense, as to hav attracted the attention of the journals of Boston, Cook's place of residence. They are evidently indignant that he is regarded in other parts of the country as a representativ Bostonian, and spurn the "soft impeachment." Perhaps the most compact and pungent thing which any of the Boston papers has had to say of Jo is this by the Boston *Post:* "What we object to in the things said about Joseph Cook is that they make Boston responsible for him!" This cleverness of sarcasm could not well be excelled; it nearly tells the whole story of how Cook is regarded where he is best known. Boston cherishes beyond almost any other city in the world its really able men, its Emersons, Phillipses, Lowells, Holmses, Walkers, Fields, Hales, etc., to say nothing of Longfellows, Alcotts, and others whose great names are written in her scroll of honor. If she could possibly find anything in the blatant Cook worthy her regard she would not be slow to proclaim it.

But we must waste as little space as possible upon Jo and will confine ourselvs to a point or two. Last week we charged that Jo in his Friday-night lecture of the week before "abused the sweet confidence of his audience," in respects which we did not detail, but hinted at. As an instance of what we call outrageous lying, because it involved the meanest kind of calumny, but which nevertheless has an apparent basis of truth, we cite the fact which the few who heard him will all remember that Cook referred to a wretched editor, whose name he did not proclaim, but whom he painted in loathsome colors, and at whose trial by the courts for sending obscene literature through the mails he was present, etc.

There was an editor, the late Mr. Bennett, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who was indicted, tried, declared guilty, and imprisoned under the technical charge of sending such literature through the mails. So in one sense what Jo said was true; but in another sense, and the way he meant it, he knew that it was black as night with meanness, malice, and false pretense, which no man knows how better or more delightedly to utter than Jo Cook. Mr. Bennett was the editor of the most widely disseminated journal of Freethought in the country, doing a vast amount of good in spreading the light of reason and exposing the wretched tricks, craft, and cloaked villainy of the churches and superstitious fanaticism. It was a point to be gained if possible by the Young Men's Christian Association to silence Bennett's batteries. He was therefore charged with sending through the mails a little pamphlet entitled "Cupid's Yokes," which was said to be "obscene;" and a weak jury, under the control of a Christian judge, convicted him. So astonished was the bar of New York at the result that a great lawyer present exclaimed, "When the innocent are convicted the judge and law are condemned!" And again referring to the case, "I am sorry for the honor of American jurisprudence."

Now what are the facts? Attorney-General Devens carefully read the phamphlet and declared it in no wise obscene. Hosts of literary men and women who had read this work were ready to testify their opinion that it was not obscene, but their testimony was unjustly, if not illegally, ruled out, on the score that their opinions were not admissible because the jury were the judges of the facts in the case. The then acting president, Hayes, read the book and declared it not obscenee and yet though over two hundred thousand people petitioned him to pardon Bennett, the miserable minion of the churches (to whose wife, not him, a number of vengeful Christians had sent a petition protesting against the pardon) kept the matter in abeyance for a while and then denied the petition on the flimsy ground that Judge Benedict, who sat in the case, was a United States judge, and he didn't wish to seem to disfavor such a judge!

Thus it was that that "dreadful man," whom Cook covered with loathsome words, was convicted—his conviction a disgrace to our jurisprudence. Cook, who well knew all these facts, kept them from his audience on Friday night. He also knew that Mr. Bennett, who was reared in the strict school of the Shakers, and till middle life had been a very devoted dupe of the Christian false theology, was held in the highest esteem by all his acquaintances as an upright, earnest, truthful man and public citizen, benevolent, gentle, sweet spirited in all the minor relations of life, indeed beloved by all, and there were many in his employ, etc. In short, there are but few men in the world of whom so much can be truthfully said in their favor and so little to their discredit as honorable and noble characters as there was said of Mr. Bennett when living—and Jo Cook, on Friday night, well knew all this. This is enough to say for the present, we judge. Mr. Bennett died three days before Jo Cook lectured here. It is charitable to suppose that Cook did not know of his death, though the New York papers had heradled it over the land. Had Cook known the fact we presume we would hav been treated to a picture of "Bennett in hell," and yet the contrast between the latter's daily life and deeds and those of the slanderous Cook, from Mr. Bennett's boyhood to his death, is not a picture which Cook would be apt to be willing to hav drawn by artist's hand—say that of Prof. John Fiske.

Money Received for Daniel Tuttle Since Nov. 8, 282.

Frank J. Stanton, Smyrna, N. Y.,	1 00
A Spiritualist, Buffalo, N. Y.,	5 00
J. Lehmer, Washington, D. C.,	10 00
E. Rhein, Bayonne, N. Y.,	2 00
A School Girl, Bangor, Me.,	62
George G. Meikee, Rockland, Ontario,	2 00
V. J. Borrette, White Rock, Nevada,	1 00
E. B. Foote, Sr., M.D., New York,	1 00
E. W. Fitzner, Nord, Cal.,	50
J. P. Mendum, Boston,	1 00
N. S. Johnson, Sioux Falls, D. T.,	1 00
Dr. Fairchild, New Brunswick, N. J.,	1 00
Bertie Davis (age 11), Elm Falls, N. Y.,	25
Ferd Smith, U. S Ironclad Lehigh, City Point, Va.,	50
Lizzie S. Cook, Mound Creek, Kanas,	25
W. H. Burr, Washington City, D. C.,	3 00
George Maddox, Hamilton, Ont.,	2 00
	$32 12

I am more than grateful to generous Liberals who hav responded to my appeal for Mr. Tuttle, and hope each month will show an increase over the last. Hacker and Tuttle are both old, crippled, and needy; hav no income or means only as it is sent in by Liberals. Both hav sick wives, and need a good girl or woman to keep house for them.

Both hav spent a long life in work for Liberalism. Both published Liberal papers, and both hav claims on every Liberal who can spare a few dollars, or even a few postage-stamps.

I shall not report again for two months, but hope each one of you will remember and do.

It takes a great many dollars to barely liv when one has no income or even strength to cut a stick of wood. We, too, will wear out by and by. But let us try and do the little good we can now, and then we shall not hav to mourn wasted opportunities. ELMINA.

Snowville, Va., Dec. 20, 282.

IT is useless to any longer ask more thoughtful men to believe in a God who is the best, and at the same time ask them to believe in a theory of his government that makes evil stronger than good, and punishes forever the souls he has brought into being. When we ask men to believe in God we should show them the works worthy of a God. Evil may indeed, and does appear in the process, or in the evolution of morals toward the perfect; but that is a very different thing from evil appearing as permanent and ineradicable in the last result. And mankind are asking for a new meaning in the atonement. They can no longer believe in the old doctrin that Christ died to reconcile God; for they naturally ask if God needed such reconciliation, why, if Christ were divine, did he not need to be reconciled? Is Christ less just than God? If God be the best, could Christ be better, or love the world more than God? And the moral judgment of the age is rising up against the injustice that could be propitiated by punishing the innocent instead of the guilty; and it shrinks equally from the sham of imputing the sins of one to another, and then making a show or pretense of punishing.—*H. W. Thomas in the North American Review.*

IN Poland, the Rev. Mr. Alf, a Baptist clergyman, has so often and so greatly incurred the displeasure of the civil authorities by the way he has conducted his religious services that he has been in jail thirty times. He is getting used to it.

Communications.

The Basis of Christian Faith.

If through the carelessness, ignorance, or self-interest of a certain person or persons a house is built upon a sandy instead of a solid foundation, can it reasonably be expected to last long?

The basis of Christian faith is founded on the sentence: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but hav everlasting life."

Suppose a certain candidate for the presidency, being cheated out of his rights to the presidential chair, spoke thus to the American nation:

"Citizens, you hav wronged, deeply wronged me, but I love my country too well to bear it any malice. I am forgiving. Here is my son, my only begotten; make him suffer those tortures which your ingenuity may invent, and afterward crucify him, for only in that way will my anger be pacified, and only his blood can wash off the wrongs you hav done me."

What would the American nation—yes, the whole thinking, intellectual world—say of such an unnatural father, and what would the nation think of themselvs for having nominated such a man as a candidate? First, of course, they would politely decline the generous offer; but the matter would not rest there, and the most probable and most natural thing would be that his own family would object to such a charitable action and place the donator as quickly as possible in a lunatic asylum. And yet on such a tyrannical, capricious, and bloodthirsty act of the supreme being, the supposed almighty God, the most loving and charitable father of all fathers, or at least supposed to be so, if we think for a moment the existence of a god, is based the foundation of our beautiful Christian faith for the holy Bible, that most sacred of books, though containing passages which would make sailors, miners, and soldiers blush—that most sacred of books, which teaches us that only the blood and the sufferings of this innocent man could redeem the world, and that was God's will.

Verily, verily, I tell thee there is true religion in not believing such an act of cruelty committed by a father on his son.

His son! Who and what is God's son?

Joseph and Mary enjoyed a poor but happy domestic life, he being industrious, and she virtuous. This happiness had to be destroyed to suit God's mysterious and capricious purposes, to benefit a wicked world; for the Holy Ghost came, and the rest is known. Joseph acted as every other husband would hav acted; he intended to "sue for a divorce," and to expel his wife, and his first impulse was the most natural, but before "the papers were taken out" the Holy Ghost came in time; and let us giv credit where credit is due, for he acted like a square and sensible gentleman, after the wrong was once committed. Square, as it saved Mary's honor in Joseph's eyes; sensible, as it saved him (the Holy Ghost) many an annoyance.

But how did Joseph and Mary liv after this honor had been bestowed upon them? Was their happy home broken up, and was it as Byron says?—

> "Both did liv, but every morrow
> Woke them from a widowed bed."

Had Mr. Joseph been an American citizen, and had this affair happened in this country and in this age, I guess some enlightened and eminent lawyer would hav advised the gentleman to sue the Holy Ghost & Co. for damages, for breaking up his once happy home and for destroying his domestic happiness, and the verdict of a just and impartial jury would hav been in Mr. Joseph's favor.

Indeed God's ways and notions to save this "wicked world" are mysterious—too mysterious to be any longer accepted by an enlightened and matter-of-fact people.

Further the sentence of this donatiom says that "whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but shall hav everlasting life." So to believe in both father and son secures us everlasting life.

I guess a good many will not accept it in this way, taking in consideration with what blood-money it was bought. Besides, it is hard for a good many to accept it at that price, viz., of deliberately imprisoning their brains.

But in order to make this difficult task a little easier, we see Jesus afterwards perform some miracles to prove that he is worth believing in, and that we are not required to believe in one who does not show his proper credentials.

Let us analyze one of those miracles, for instance, the one done at the wedding. Strictly spoken, analyzing is not allowed, and forfeits the claim to everlasting life, but we'll risk it. We see Jesus at a wedding, a feast where wine was served, as the holy Bible tells us, and where, as a matter of fact, all who had drunk of it were more or less under its influence. Did Jesus drink of it? In the middle of the feast the lady of the house perceives that the wine, the most essential article to keep the ball running, is getting short. Now how did this happen? Did they take in an insufficient supply for the occasion? Did more guests come than were expected, or did those present indulge too freely in it? Anyhow, no matter what caused the shortcomings, the fact was very aggravating to the lady of the house, especially on the occasion of a wedding. What could she do, in such a critical moment? The guests would perhaps ask for more wine, and what a disgrace it would be to let the deficiency be known to such a distinguished company! Woman's mind in such perplexing situations is more inventiv than man's. Necessity is the mother of invention; and besides, was not Mary the mother of Jesus? The conclusion is easily to be drawn. Of course Mary has faith in the divine power of her son, and to him she addresses herself for advice. Here was a chance for both to show to those who did not know it yet that she and her son were more than ordinary people. When a great artist is invited to a dinner or a party, it is generally expected from him to favor the company with one of his masterpieces; firstly, to flatter the vanity of the artist; secondly, to please and entertain the company; and thirdly—and let this not be forgotten—to satisfy the pride and the ambition of the host, but especially the hostess, for entertaining such famous persons as guests. Here was a chance, and Jesus did not fall short of his mother's expectations, for, as the holy Bible tells us, he ordered water to be brought, and at his word and command it changed into wine. Now this is what is called a *coup de théatre;* Jesus humble as usual, even after the glory of performing such a difficult feat; his mother prouder than before of such a great and useful son, the guests dumbstruck, some more practical ones delighted. But still it must hav been humiliating for the lady of the house to hav the fact of her want be known, even if afterwards the supply surpassed the demands.

Now let us analyze this feat at the risk again of being excluded from everlasting life; but the desire of inquiry is too tempting.

Was it the place of Jesus, the son of a God, to assist at such a feast, where wine was served, and which, as an undeniable mattér of fact, created intoxication, or did God or Jesus himself change for this solemn occasion the law of nature in Jesus's behalf, by making wine as harmless as water in order to save Jesus the humiliation of getting intoxicated and so discredit the father?

Had the Commandeur de Gazeneuve or "the Great Hermann" performed the same feat it would hav been to their credit; but was it not below the dignity of God's son to lower himself to such an extent in order to prove his godly mission.

PARVATULI.

The Salvation Army in India.

> Tired of sin, I so long hav been!
> Tired of bearing its burden!
> Tired of woe I hav felt and seen!
> Tired of the course I hav trodden!
>
> CHORUS—Come, Lord, and set me free—
> Thou art the great burden bearer;
> Jesus has died for me,
> That I might be a crown wearer.
>
> —*The Indian War Cry, Nov.* 1, 1882.

And well might Jesus be a burden bearer! The sin that our Indian salvation corps is tired of is their missionary undertaking in a land where the rock of heathen faith defies all the salvation tomfoolery. The burden they are tired of bearing is the honor of Jesus, whose very existence stands on the quicksands of doubt, if not of forgery. The woes of which they justly complain are their recent experiences in the jail to which a heathen magistrate had condemned them, and of which the high court of Bombay and the Christian viceroy, Lord Ripon, approved. The course they hav trodden has been the one foolishly chalked out by General Booth. Indeed, Jesus did set them free, just when it pleased the court to release them. Jesus is the great burden bearer; but the rebellious Salvationists being unwelcome guests here, both to the British government and its loyal subjects, they are a burden to India. And Jesus died in order that his favorit Salvationists should wear the mock crown of a rioter.

The Indian salvation regiment consists of Major Tucker, Captain Bullard, Lieutenant Thompson, Cadets Lane and Carroll, and Mrs. Tucker.

Mr. Tucker was, before joining these fanatics, a deputy commissioner in the northern provinces and an influential officer in India, with good prospects before him. Poor man! he thought it better to accept the title of major in the salvation ranks, and lost all honor and influence. Now both he and his wife, having fallen into the snares of Booth, drink of the bitter cup that the devil has served them.

They erected a tent in the fort of Bombay, and are acting a farce. Their theater is every night crowded by a motley group of sneering Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Parsees. The Christians of this place consider it a shame to co-operate with the actors, who hav made themselvs the laughing-stock of the public. They hav not hitherto made one convert. When challenged by the nativs to discuss upon religion, they politely decline, and refer them to the reverend missionaries. "Our province is," say they, "to fight against the devil." The captain and the major waste their lungs in vain, and cry: "Be prepared to die this night, ye pack of unhallowed pagans, and meet Jesus. Join us in our league against the devil, and let us march on in martial array." Echo alone has, ever since faithful to them, responded to their appeal. One good has this movement done to India. It has pulled down the little regard that the nativs had for Europeans, and succeeded in so short a time in bringing down to the same level the rulers and the ruled. It has alike fooled Christianity well enough. We are not therefore hard upon the poor deluded soldiers of the cross. If they had disturbed the peace of the country by their noisy processions, they hav been interdicted by the government from making riot. Against this order of the presidency, magistrate, and of the Bombay high court, Bahn Keshub Chunder Sen, the thirteenth apostle of Christ, and his followers appealed to the governor-general, who, however, wisely refused to interfere with local judicial government in consideration of public safety. The Christianized Bahn Keshub Chunder Sen little dreams that Hindooism is too perfect and true a philosophy to justify his borrowing any graceless plumes from Christianity.

M. R.

Madras, India.

Infidel Philosophy.

Christians never weary in calling Thomas Paine a drunkard, forgetting that in his day there were no teetotalers, even among the clergy, and that they turned out as many drunkards according to their numbers as any other class of people.

I here submit a portion of an account given by a landlord for the entertainment of ministers who met at his house. The occasion was the ordination of a pastor of "The South Society," in Hartford, in the year 1784. The account is taken from the record of the church, and is given upon the authority of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D.

2 mugs tody,	5 segars,	1 pint wine,
3 bitters,	15 boles punch,	11 bottles wine,
5 mugs flip,	3 boles punch,	3 boles tody.

Creature comforts pretty well enjoyed, one would think, by a lot of ministers at one ordination.

Mr. Beecher further says of an ordination at Plymouth: "When the ministers had done eating and drinking, and taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke you could not see, and the noise I cannot describe. It was the maximum of hilarity." Now does anybody believe that Thomas Paine ever descended so far below the dignity of a man as to participate in such rowdyisms as are here described by Dr. Beecher, and are known to hav been indulged in by these clerical Bacchanalians?

But suppose he was drunk every day, was his drunk any worse than that of the ministers? It ill becomes the clergy to be wiping their polluted feet upon his spotless garments. Besides, if he did get drunk, it does not dull the point of his reasoning. Suppose it should be ascertained that Euclid or Copernicus or Kepler got drunk, would that do away with the eternal principles which they enunciated? Everything goes to show that it is the damaging arguments against the Christian religion and not the big drunks of Thomas Paine which has so long stuck in the throats of the clergy.

The money spent on church edifices and paid to the clergy and otherwise expended to keep the Christian juggernaut rolling, would make every poor family comfortable, and educate all the poor children in the country. The poor are neglected, the children grow up in ignorance, while seventy thousand ministers are petted and feasted, and liv upon the unpaid toil of those whom they enslave. The scriptures should be treated like a witness on the stand. No credit should be given to them after the first lie or contradiction is detected.

The goddess of liberty has been hunted down by the priesthood the world over. Voltaire and Paine received her with open arms, and the Liberals alone can be trusted to defend her. Priestcraft and kingcraft hav gone hand in hand and dealt out their double curses to human kind. Priests hav kept the people in ignorance. Kings hav robbed them, and the spoils hav been mutually divided between the two.

Woman is the natural equal of man, and in some respects his superior. Her flesh and bone and brain are of a finer texture, and her manners susceptible of a finer polish. The Bible makes her the slave of man, and she can never assume her natural position in the human family until she learns to put her foot upon her enslaver. God has called tens of thousands of lazy men to preach the gospel. They hav lived upon the unpaid labor of their slavish dupes, and died in debt to the world for their living; and all experience proves that the laziest man always received the loudest call. A designing priesthood has chained the world down in ignorance. The chains are none the less galling because priests fast and pray. Their fasts and prayers are like patches of gold-leaf—laid on to hide defects in the rotten material.

Is it possible that a god of wisdom and mercy would leave a revelation upon which hangs the hap-

piness of the whole human family to the chances of printing or writing? Search your best printed Bibles and see how many words are blotted or obliterated, materially changing the sense, or destroying it altogether. Frequently a fold in the paper, under the press, will obliterate one or two lines; with all our improvements in printing many books are still very imperfect. The difficulty must hav been augmented a hundredfold before the art of printing was known. I read in one Bible "Thou shalt commit adultery;" in another, "Thou shalt *not* commit adultery." Now, which is the true word of God I am at a loss to know. Judging from the practice of the clergy, I should think the former. Kings David and Solomon evidently understood it in that light. If God would leave the everlasting happiness or misery of one single individual hanging upon a book which anyone could change or alter, and which has been changed and altered in hundreds of instances, he would be too careless for a man, and too contemptible for a god. The strong presumption is that God has never been engaged in the book business to any very great extent.

We hear one man preach, and we know by his ignorance that he believes what he preaches. We hear another preach, and judge from his intelligence that he means to impose upon his hearers. The one excites our pity, the other our contempt.

All that is good, true, pure, and noble in religion no Liberal would wish to destroy. All that is selfish, mean, wicked, and untrue no Christian should wish to preserve. JOHN PECK.

Pre-existence: Evolution.

The immense hosts of spirits who hav separated and left the physical body are always anxious to continue their particular faiths and opinions among their successors on earth. They spare no pains or disguises to effect their purpose. We find no fully trance lecturers who are not controled by such spirits, very little, if any, advanced from when they were in the physical body.

The Greeks and Romans accepted these spirits as their gods; they delivered oracles to them and were accepted by them. Roman Catholics accept them as saints and saintesses. And those who think themselvs philosophical may be deceived by personations, as Socrates, Bacon, Shakspere, Franklin, and the like, with no evidence of the progressiv, advancing intellect of those great souls. How often has Thomas Paine been personated by some ranting medium, instead of his firm, candid, reasoning thought.

The Romans believed that at the battles their soldiers, and those of their opponents, still continued in the conflict after they were slain. Mr. Mouson says, in his life of St. Bernard: "Miracles, ghostly apparitions, divine and demoniac interference with sublunary affairs, were matters which a man in the twelfth century would less doubt of than his own existence."

Seneca compares the birth of man into this life to his birth from the womb of nature into another beginning, into another state that expects us.

"It will be just as natural for you," says a spirit, "to become conscious when entering into the spirit world—you would experience just about the same surprise that a child does when coming into this world or existence.

"A form which vanishes," says Gustave, "is the creation of a new form, or of a being. What we call death is a movement in advance, a progressiv evolution in life."

The past furnishes us proof of this assertion, for it is through the change of anterior forms that we arrive at our present state in life. Suppose that the ovule which is to be some time a man had sensibility and intelligence, would it not take premonitory symptoms of its ovulary organization—that is to say, passing from inferior life to superior? The fœtus has an organization and life distinct from the ovule and the infant. Suppose the sensitiv and the intelligent, approaching the end of life, began to experience the sufferings of childbirth, would not it, or intelligence, believe that the convulsiv embrace to what is termed death is only the death-rattle of agony, and its last adieu to existence? Is not the first wailing of a new-born child its entrance into a new and higher life? And so the end of one life is the commencement of another life more perfect.

It is beyond a doubt that at the endless series of evolutions we shall realize more and more the laws of human destiny, which are revealed to man by our inspirations and infinit desires.

Unless man is eternal in his mental, immortal in personality, infinit in his desires, then there is no immortality, nor omnipotent goodness, nor infinit love, nor eternal justice.

Among the Spiritualists who accept the pure, platonic doctrin of pre-existence we find a Bronson Alcott, a veritable sage. He says "every creature assists in its own formation," souls being creativ and craving form, and through the spirit existence desire creates substance, wherein all creaturs seek conjunction in nature. There is not anything in nature except desire which holds substances together; as all things sway occult forces, or spirit forces, we gain preternatural inspiration, and hav access to sources of information not open to us at all times, and not in our waking hours. For never is the sleep so profound as to obliterate all sense of personality; some sense or idea of ancient consciousness revives, calling previous experience. We hardly are able to believe that our souls are no older than our bodies, and date our nativity from the family register. Time and space cannot chronicle the immortal mind; none of us remember when we did not remember, nor when we were unborn. The poets often avail themselvs of the theory of pre-existence. Virgil, in the sixth book of his Æneid, teaches distinctly the transmigration of souls. "These souls," says Anchisis, "destined for other bodies, drink in the waters of Lethe a long oblivion of things past." Robert Southey remarks, "I hav a strong and lively faith in a continued existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of other stages through which we hav passed seems to me the most benevolent, wise, and probable idea or conclusion." Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, Herodotus, all include pre-existence as well as post-existence—a perpetual succession of temporary lives, each in distinct bodies, each terminating in what is termed death, and each followed by renewed life in another body.

Porphyry conceives that it is to expiate evils in a pre-existent state that we are now clothed with material bodies; and by fulfilling exactly the duties imposed upon us, with resignation, we return to the state of heroes, angels, and archangels. He also says, "There is also a descending scale of diabolical life."

Lord Lytton observes, in his novel of "Lucretia:" "What we call eternity may be but a series of transitions which men call death, abandoning home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier hights. Age after age the spirit, that glorious-named life-force, may change its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it ever its elements, activity, and desire. Why should the soul repose? Labor is the purgatory of the erring, and none the less the heaven of the good."

Walter Scott, in his diary, says (Feb. 17, 1828): "I cannot tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday I was strongly haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence, in a conformed idea that nothing which passed was said for the first time."

Tennyson repeatedly refers to this mood, and in Wordsworth we find the following:

> Our childhood sits upon a throne
> That hath more power than all the elements.
> I guess not what this tells of beings past,
> Nor what it augurs of the life to come.
>
> Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life-star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.
>
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But in hailing clouds of glory, do
> We come, from our past home.

C. A. VON CORT.

Washington, D. C.

The Archbishop Purcell Defalcation.

It will be remembered that a few years ago considerable excitement was caused by the discovery that Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, was a defaulter; that as almoner he had received large sums, amounting to millions, from the Catholics of Ohio, and that he was utterly unable to repay them. His creditors, many of whom hav been reduced to poverty by the mismanagement of the archbishop, hav recently addressed a petition to his so-called holiness, the pope at Rome, praying that something may be done toward refunding their squandered earnings. The following reply to this petition has just been received through Bishop Elder, of Ohio:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Nov. 30, 1882.

PATRICK DWYER, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* His eminence, Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the congregation of the propaganda at Rome, has written to me to the following effect:

"Some of the creditors of your diocese hav sent to the holy father and to me a printed petition, of which I send you a copy. As they request me to giv them an answer and address it to Mr. Patrick Dwyer, I beg you to inform them that I hav received the petition. As for the matter set forth in it, you are much better acquainted than I am with the state of the business, and you will please answer them according to your prudence and discretion."

Consequently, I take leave to say to you that to the chief matters contained in the petition I hav already given an answer, which was published in the *Commercial* of Aug. 19th, and I respectfully refer you to it. If you hav not a copy of it I can furnish you with one. I hav the honor to remain, dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

† WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,
Coad. to the Archbishop of Cincinnati.

This is all the consolation the creditors get as the result of their petition. The probable truth in the matter is that Purcell gave the money to the pope and to the church, and the pope and the church intend to keep it. In the Cleveland *Leader* the creditors publish the following card:

In view of the petition sent to Rome, that is a very singular reply. The creditors accuse Bishop Elder with a do-nothing policy, and his advisers with an open attempt to defend them, and the boss at Rome sends back the petition to him to deal with them at his pleasure and to answer them "according to his prudence and discretion." That is the satisfaction they get from the infallible head of the church, to whom they appeal against the action of their own bishop. The great sympathy of the holy father for the poor and afflicted is well illustrated by that cold and heartless reply of his chief of staff. That is likely to be the last the creditors will ever hear from their petition, praying justice be done them by the head of the church.

No one who knew the Purcells believes that a single cent of the people's money ever stuck to their fingers, and it is a gratuitous insult to their memory for Bishop Elder and satellites to proclaim them as personal defaulters when the world is cognizant of the fact that they spent every dollar of the deposits on what they called religion. The archbishop visited Rome on several occasions, and it is well known that he never approached the "holy father" empty-handed. He considered it a part of his religious duty to fee the infallible, and had the people's money handy for the purpose. All that was not given the pope was spent on churches, school-houses, and other religious institutions in the diocese, and it comes with a very bad grace from the priests he fed, clothed, and educated with the depositors' money to come in at this late hour with the plea that his financial agent was simply a personal banker.

CREDITORS OF ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.

Cincinnati, Dec. 7, 1882.

The Cause in Pennsylvania.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Brother J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., will soon be with us to remain a couple of months. His address will be J. H. Burnham, care of S. F. De Jones, 99 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. S. Bell, of Boston, lectured before our League yesterday on "Liberty and Morality." His lecture is an excellent one, and Brother Bell deserves well of the Liberal public. I understand he is on his way to Kansas, where he will remain all winter. May success attend him. Yours truly,

HARRY HOOVER,
Cor. Sec. L. L.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 18.

A Great Man has Fallen.

From an address by Sereno Edwards Todd, Sr.

> The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged above the common walks
> Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.

The old spelling-book of my young years taught its readers one of the most useful and sublime lessons that finite beings can learn, namely: "To be truly great one must be truly good." This elevating sentiment chimes most beautifully and harmoniously with every noble faculty of our nature. Good, noble, and generous thoughts and corresponding actions constitute the great and good man. Search the record of the long life of our departed friend and co-laborer; read critically the voluminous writings which emanated from his facil and graphic pen; and point, if any one is able, to a single disfiguring blotch in his character, from the days of thoughtless boyhood to hoary age. When beset by bloodthirsty persecutors who ought to hav extended to him a friendly hand and words of cheer; when driven relentlessly to the wall by those who were invested with authority in the court-room, to judge him according to the law, but who condemned him contrary to the law; when dragged to the penitentiary where he was doomed to penal servitude, simply for cherishing an opinion! yes only an opinion different from the erroneous opinions of his mortal enemies, we see nothing in his looks, actions, or words but gentle patience, meekness, and lamb-like submission. In reason's ear, he was an illustrious hero. He was a noble martyr in the glorious cause of science, reason, and Freethought. He was a profound thinker. The immense manual drudgery incident to giving expression to his thoughts, through the medium of the pen and press, proved to be his executioner. But the ingenuous record of his industrious and virtuous life will mold the characters of unborn nations, ages upon ages to come, while his mortal remains, and all there may be of us, will be sleeping in the dust. We do not always appreciate the immense value of the golden moments of life, until the fleeting hours are gone forever from us. We never hav half realized what a true, faithful, and generous friend we had in him whose sudden departure we mourn. If there is a blessed clime formed for the good and the truthful, where life is not a breath, may we not rest confidingly in the thought that the spirit of our departed friend, when he drew the drapery of his dying couch about him, was greeted and welcomed to the free and perfect occupancy of some glorious realm where sorrow and mourning, sickness and death, can never enter?

> O deep, enchanting prelude to repose!
> The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
> Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh:
> It is a dread and awful thing to die.
>
> Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun,
> Where time's far-wandering tide has never run;
> From your unfathomed depths, your viewless spheres,
> A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
> Soul of the just, companion of the dead,
> Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

AMERICAN teacher: Who was the first man? Head scholar: Washington; he was first in war, first in— Teacher: No, no; Adam was the first man. Head scholar: Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was!

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - - - Editor.
MARY W. BENNETT, - - - - Publisher.
21 Clinton Place, New York.

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SATURDAY, - - DECEMBER 30, 1882.

The Resurrection.

The following inquiry from an esteemed friend is sent us for enlightenment:

CISNE, ILL, Dec. 16, 282.

MR. EDITOR: While in argument with a minister a few days ago he said that no leading Infidel denied the resurrection of Christ. If there is one please name him. I could not answer it satisfactorily. Respectfully, W. HOGG.

Mr. Hogg would hav been perfectly safe in saying that every leading Infidel not only doubted the resurrection, but positivly denied it. The thing is so manifestly absurd and impossible that unless a person is prepared to believe all that the priests and ministers say regarding Christianity, he must disbelieve this story. The evidence regarding it is contradictory and of such a character as to be of no value. As Amberley, in his "Analysis of Religious Belief," says, "Upon this momentous question every one of the Christian writers is at variance with every other." And the writers of the gospels, who might be supposed to know something about it, disagree with each other as radically as clergymen of different sects regarding their little tenets of belief.

We know of no Freethinker who does not deny the resurrection, and many who would not so term themselvs deny the bodily resurrection. Greg, in his "Creed of Christendom," says: "It will be seen that we make no scruple in negativing a doctrin held verbally by the church, viz.: the resurrection of the body," and in a spiritual resurrection Mr. Greg has as little faith. Voltaire—and the minister will hardly dispute that he was a leading Infidel—did not believe in it and ridiculed it without mercy. After a long and thorough examination of the alleged resurrection and ascension of Jesus, Thomas Paine wrote his opinion of the farce, which we will quote for the benefit of Mr. Hogg's minister. We presume he will not deny that Paine was a leading Infidel. He says:

I hav now gone through the examination of the four books ascribed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and when it is considered that the whole space of time from the crucifixion to what is called the ascension is but a few days, apparently not more than three or four, and that all the circumstances are said to hav happened nearly about the same spot, Jerusalem, it is, I believe, impossible to find, in any story upon record, so many and such glaring absurdities, contradictions, and falsehoods, as are in those books. They are more numerous and striking than I had any expectation of finding, when I began this examination, and far more so than I had any idea of when I wrote the former part of the "Age of Reason." I had then neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, nor could I procure any. My own situation, even as to existence, was becoming every day more precarious; and, as I was willing to leave something behind me upon the subject, I was obliged to be quick and concise. The quotations I then made were from memory only, but they are correct; and the opinions I hav advanced in that work are the effect of the most clear and long-established conviction that the Bible and the Testament are impositions upon the world; that the fall of man, the account of Jesus Christ being the son of God, and of his dying to appease the wrath of God, and of salvation by that strange means, are all fabulous inventions, dishonorable to the wisdom and power of the Almighty.

Though it is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain as a fact who were the writers of those four books (and this alone is sufficient to hold them in doubt, and where we doubt we do not believe), it is not difficult to ascertain negativly that they were not written by the persons to whom they are ascribed.

The story of Jesus Christ appearing after he was dead is the story of an apparition, such as timid imaginations can always create in vision, and credulity believe. Stories of this kind had been told of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, not many years before, and they generally hav their origin in violent deaths, or in the execution of innocent persons. In cases of this kind compassion lends its aid, and benevolently stretches the story. It goes on a little and a little further, till it becomes *a most certain truth*. Once start a ghost, and credulity fills up the history of its life and assigns the cause of its appearance! One tells it one way, another another way, till there are as many stories about the ghost, and about the proprietor of the ghost, as there are about Jesus Christ in these four books.

Christmas is a good time to drive another nail in the coffin of this story, for on that day from thousands of pulpits was told the tale of Christ's birth, and his birth is nothing to the world without the resurrection, and thousands of credulous dupes will believe that a dead man really came to life and ascended bodily up to heaven, when there is no proof of any kind for it, while there is the clearest and most undisputed evidence and experience that the whole story is an impossibility; and we may, with Mr. Bennett, conclude that "the remarkable statements of the resurrection and ascension belong to the realm of fiction and absurdity, intelligent people of the present day having but little belief in the dead returning to life, or in physical bodies ascending into and living in the ethereal regions above."

The Infamous Cook Again.

We knew that from the moment Jo Cook left India he never let an opportunity pass to lie about and slander Mr. Bennett. We knew also that at Boston on the 8th inst. he repeated his lies, and we supposed he had not heard of Mr. Bennett's death. But now he comes to New York, and in the church of the "Divine Paternity" again tells the lies so often exposed. A man who talks of "obscenity" in a church of the "divine paternity" must hav a strange sense of the proprieties.

Words cannot measure the meanness of him who tears open the grave to attack an enemy. Slander is the weapon of the coward, and lies his ammunition, and Jo Cook is both a liar and coward when he defames the memory of one whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. He tells what he knows to be false, and what can easily be proved to be false by the Indian public before whom Mr. Bennett lectured. The trouble with him is that Mr. Bennett's audiences numbered thousands, while but paltry hundreds were humbugged into hearing him. Well may he say that the greatest danger to Christianity in India was "from the attacks of imported Infidels." Mr. Bennett's visit produced more good than Cook and the missionaries can overcome in years by their harmful labors. That is the secret of Jo Cook's rancor and spiteful animosity.

"A jackass once kicked a lion. The lion was dead."

Tax the Churches.

The *American Sentry*, a Greenback paper, says:

"To tax productiv property yielding an uncertain income and not to tax unproductiv property yielding a certain income, is one phase of modern American statesmanship that is not in harmony with the best interests of free government."

This statesmanship is the secret of the influence of our legislators upon the clergy. A priest can make his people vote as he pleases, and a minister's influence is nearly as great over his congregation. To win votes the so-called "statesmen" of our times hav exempted the churches from taxation and allowed the clericals to draw subsidies from state and national treasuries. The way to stop such injustice is to refuse to support the ministers and send men to the legislatures who cannot be scared by hell nor bribed by heaven. We are glad to see the National Liberal League is circulating petitions to force these priestly robbers from the State House at Albany. Let every Liberal in the state send to *Man* for a petition, and get it signed by all in favor of equal rights.

Truly Christian.

Thankful indeed are we that we are not a Christian! The work which Christians do is so repugnant to every sense of decency that none but the lowest and most depraved could find enjoyment in doing it. To be a consistent Christian necessitates being a coward, a liar, a hypocrit, a defamer of dead men, a despoiler of graves, an assassin of reputations, a slinking cur living on garbage picked from ash boxes and cesspools. This impression of what a true Christian is we get from perusing the *Christian Advocate*, which has an editorial on the death of Mr. Bennett, in which it accuses him of being everything bad, and quotes as authority the *Index* and *R.-P. Journal*.

We wish it were possible to proceed criminally against all the journals who are slandering Mr. Bennett since his death, but it would take an army of lawyers to fight this horde of liars, and it is impossible. It has been the fate of all the world's benefactors to be persecuted in their lives and slandered in their deaths by the church and its hireling preachers, priests, and editors. A list would fill columns, and include the world's grandest minds. It is an honor to be slandered by the church, rather than praised, since the men whom she hates are the ones most to be loved, and the smile of her approbation has been given only to those who deserve and receive execration from the rest of the world.

What shocks the Methodistical *Advocate* most is that Mr. Bennett should hav seen fit to write an open letter to Jesus Christ, in which he asked the questions which naturally occur to an honest man on reading the account of his life as given in the Bible. These questions, it is needless to say, never occur to Christian editors, who call this letter immoral. Now, to us it seems absurd for any man who pins his faith to an illegitimate savior, to call any one immoral who merely disbelieves the story and seeks to remove the stigma of his savior's birth by giving him an honest father. The *Advocate* will do well to cease crying morality, when its own faith is founded on a transaction of the grossest immorality, and its own ministers are the most immoral men of our times.

Much for Little.

We hav on hand a goodly number of Volumes I. and II. of THE TRUTH SEEKER, published in 1874 and 1875, the same securely bound in good paper covers. The first volume is a monthly, and the second a semi-monthly. Volume I. contains 160 pages, and Volume II. 256 pages.

We are disposed to send these out to friends who wish them at a trifle above the postage. We will send Vol. I. for 25 cents, and Vol. II. for 50 cents. They contain a large amount of reading matter, and are worth nearly ten times the amount asked for them. They also are worth not a little to show what THE TRUTH SEEKER was in the first and second year of its existence. Let those who wish to secure these volumes not fail to make their wants known.

A Little Symposium on Ingersoll.

From the Omaha Bee.

A number of local clergymen hav been interviewed as to the causes of Bob Ingersoll's popularity. The reasons they assign can be reduced to three—curiosity, desire to listen to eloquence and wit, and a sinfulness which seeks some escape from the consequences of guilt other than that offered by orthodoxy. It is a little singular that no one has suggested that a large measure of Col. Ingersoll's popularity might arise from the fact that many of the intelligent and thinking public are dissatisfied with the character of the pulpit itself. Not with the moral teachings of religion, but with the narrow and cramped and prejudiced interpretations of truth which are doled out to pew holders Sunday after Sunday in our pulpits. When the teacher is intellectually below the average of his hearers, when the exposition of theory takes the place of preaching whose object is to induce practice, when stale, trite, and slovenly methods of expressing thought on the most important of subjects usurps a clear, practical, and inspiriting teaching, the waning influence of clericalism is not to be wondered at, and the curiosity to listen to so well an advertised man as Ingersoll ought to be no cause for surprise. Col. Ingersoll himself attributes his success in attracting audiences to the fact that others are thinking what he dares to assert. In a limited sense this is so. The tendency of thought for over a century has been toward the assertion of the idea that religion is conduct, not speculation, and that no belief which does not go out into action has any efficacy either in improving the morals of the holder or in ameliorating the condition of society. Of the thousands who listen to the mingled sarcasm and wit, combined often with logic joined to burning eloquence, which pours from the lips of the brilliant orator, a very small proportion accept his conclusions in their entirety. They may laugh heartily at his denunciations of the bigotry, intolerance, and intellectual stagnation of the pulpit; they do not necessarily giv in their adhesion to the lecturer's aguments that the pulpit should be abolished or that good living and good clothes ought to be the chief end of life. They may applaud his biting satire directed against the incrustations with which dogma has surrounded great moral truths, but they do not deny those great truths themselvs. And while with Mr. Ingersoll they shake their sides in mocking criticism of what men hav said about the conduct of life, which after all is the one great aim of all religions, they utter no anathemas against those central ideas which the best men in all ages hav agreed upon as at once vital to the preservation of the highest type of humanity and civilization. It is something more than mere curiosity that draws together nightly thousands of men to listen to Mr. Ingersoll. It must be that he meets some want in his hearers' minds, or reflects, though in an exaggerated degree, opinions which they themselvs entertain. If the pulpit is losing its grip on the masses it is because of that inefficiency of those who occupy it, and the intolerance of men who seem determined to force from the rank of the clergy every man who dares to clothe his thoughts in a garb of originality or to arrray his interpretations of truth in the language of independent thought. The fault does not entirely lie with the people that Col. Ingersoll attracts two thousand persons every night that he cares to lecture, and vulgar curiosity is a shallow explanation of the success of the arch Infidel.

REV. W. J. HARSHA, PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, IN REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEE: Your vigorous editorial in this evening's issue, in regard to the teachings of the pulpit, contains a mistake that I am much surprised to see you fall into. You assert that the pulpit is given up to "exposition of theory," rather than the "preaching whose object it is to induce practice." Shallow minds are apt to fall into this error, but a mind that could issue the editorial mentioned ought surely to hav escaped it. The writer, we must suppose, has formed his views by reading accounts of the preaching of one hundred years ago, rather than by a personal attendance upon the services of the day. Theological hair-splitting was the fashion in the times of the Puritans, but it has gone out of date with their pointed hats.

The truth is, the minister who fails to preach with the practical life of his congregation in view is grossly unfaithful to Christianity. By our commission we are required to preach honesty, truthfulness, temperance, virtue. With this you agree. But we go one step farther. We not only declare the duty but we also supply the motiv for performing it. We say, Be ye honest because there is a personal God in the heavens who will punish dishonesty. Be ye truthful because there is a future judgment when all hearts will be laid bare. Be ye temperate because no drunkard hath part in the kingdom of God. In defending, therefore, the personal existence of God and the reality of the judgment and the purity of God's kingdom, we are simply strengthening the motiv. Whether we can prove these things is aside from the question. The question is, Are we to be blamed because we not only advocate the duty but also supply the motiv? And in the enforcement of the latter are we not using the most effectual means of promoting the the former?

It is a mere quibble to say that the preaching of the day is engaged upon speculation. There is no sentence so frequent upon the lips of ministers as this, "You may believe all the doctrins of all creeds and never be saved; you must repose confidence in Christ as a person and reveal that confidence by taking love for him as the motiv of every action." What is the result? Whoever really follows out this direction becomes a law-abiding citizen, an honest dealer, a virtuous and temperate man. It is one thing to giv a catalog of virtues, it is quite another to inspire a man to practice them. This latter the Bible certainly does.

The editor of the *Bee* hits the nail on the head when he attributes Ingersoll's popularity to the fac that the pew is getting dissatisfied with the pulpit—in other words, the ministers are standing still while the laymen are progressing. It cannot be otherwise, when the clergy are bound to a paper idol, while the hearers are thrown in contact with the world of thought and must receive more or less impression therefrom. They begin to see that the dogmas weekly hurled at them are false, that there has been no revelation, that the scheme of salvation is a monstrous injustice in theory and has no foundation in fact, and that all that the minister says of heaven is mere guess-work.

People are not dissatisfied with true morality, but they are with that morality which is only sustained by the fear of hell, and which has for its foundation the grossest immorality. Flowers may grow from a cesspool, but no one would think of mistaking the cesspool for the flowers. Preachers prate of the morality of the Bible, and thoughtless editors echo them by attributing it to religion, which in their minds is synonymous with Christianity, when the fact is, the Bible is not a moral book, and Christianity is not a moral system. Morality has grown from man's needs. The man who raises a crop of grain is apt to think he has a better right to it than one who sits on the fence and watches him, and he would be very apt to regard it as immoral in the watcher to take it, and he would maintain his rights without reference to the Bible. The Ten Commandments are the result of mau's experience up to the time they were written, not the cause of his action. The Bible was manufactured in about the middle of recorded history, and it is a reflex of the morality of its time and of the people who got it up. But it is no more fit for the people of to-day than the plows or household goods of the Jews. Religion has no more to do with morality than Christ has with science. The *Bee* rightly says that it is more than curiosity that draws thousands to hear Ingersoll. It is an appreciation of facts. Ingersoll givs eloquent expression to their views. They believe he is right, and go to hear him. If the ministers taught the truths he does, they too might hav good audiences.

With the usual perversity of Presbyterians, the minister makes some assertions which would undoubtedly be new to his synod. The Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches are about the only ones that hav not modified their creeds, although some Calvinistic preachers hav been compelled by their people to throw a few drops of cold water on the fires of hell, and now and then rescue some prominent man who may hav been supposed to hav gone there. What a man practices has but little influence on his future compared to his belief, according to that church. It is all theory, and that theory is most barbarous. A man might practice all the virtues in the world, and yet the church can offer him no certainty of getting to heaven—which is the great objectiv point of religion—unless he hold certain theories regarding the city of flowers and gold. In this the Rev. Mr. Harsha also differs from the Rev. Dr. Abbott, who says that church creeds "are for the most part statements, not of religious facts, but of religious theories; and our theological controversies are almost entirely about, not the facts, but the theories." Mr. Harsha givs what he is required to preach. But will simple honesty, or truthfulness, or temperance, or virtue open wide the gates according to the Presbyterian creed? Let us see. The confession says, "We cannot, *by our best works*, merit pardon of sin or eternal life at the hand of God." What can "practice" avail against such a dogma as that? And what are the motivs this minister says actuate him in living—if he does—a moral life? Is he honest because God will punish dishonesty? Does he tell his children that the only reason they must be honest is because he will beat them if they are not? It strikes us that the moment they became too large to thrash they would hardly be good citizens. And he says "be truthful" for the same reason—that you would "catch it" if you were not. Is that a creditable morality for a man of God to teach? Would it not be better to say be honest and truthful because if you are not you wrong your fellows, and no one has the right to injure another? It is better to be temperate because the intemperate man injures himself and all connected with him. If no drunkard has part in heaven, where are all the Bible worthies?—and Jesus was but casting souls into hell when he turned water into wine for the consumption of his fellow bacchanalians. Ministers are to blame for supplying such miserably inadequate motivs as they do—motivs which move but few, and which are founded on falsehood. As for love of Christ being the straight way to heaven, suppose there were no Christ, no crucifixion, and no resurrection? Suppose the whole scheme of salvation is a delusion and a snare; suppose the gospels are untrue, and the records fabrications of designing priests and ecclesiasts. Then where are you? And we hav only supposed what is amply proved by modern research and scholarship. Wouldn't it be better to hav based his hopes of immortality on good works here to his fellow-man, so that if heaven is an unrealized dream he would liv in the hearts of those that came after him as one who loved his fellow-man? If the Bible inspires the practice of virtues, why hav not the devotees of Christianity been more virtuous, more humane, and less inclined to imprison and torture men for their unbelief? Or is it considered a virtue to rack and burn heretics, to beat out the brains of babes, to rip open the bodies of women with the sword, and to commit the thousand other nameless horrors of which Christians hav been guilty? Let the minister ponder on these things, and he will, if he is honest, be less ready to ascribe to the Jewish Bible any saving qualities in the matter of virtue.

Book Notice.

THE BIBLE OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE. By H. S. BROWN, M.D. A book of over 400 pages. Just published. Price $1.50. Sold at this office.

This is one of the most remarkable productions of this remarkable age. If persons wish to know the practical value of inspiration and the true religious teachings of all the sciences, including the science of Spiritualism, they will find it more plainly and explicitly taught in this book than in any other extant.

1. The basic principle taught in this book is that spirit matter, force, and motion, and the laws of growth, maturity, and decay are external substances or principles, and that all of them make the law god, who is omniscient and omnipresent, and fills all space, and never gets tired.

> Or extends through all extent,
> And operates unspent.

2. That the law god rules by the laws of order and progress in exact time and by the laws, growth, maturity, and decay. Every sun, every planet, every satellite, and every insect, bird, beast, as well as man, is subject to these laws. All hav a small and rude beginning, and grow to their greatest maturity and splendor, and then decay. Mankind had a large beastly body at first and little mind, and in the laps of ages has slowly progressed until he has arrived at his present civilized, enlightened, and intellectual condition. And in this progress he has made and worshiped many gods, from reptils to man, from meteors to the sun, from idols of wood to idols of gold and diamonds, and from the spirits of devils to those of man and their god, and, last of all, the great mass of religionists worship a wood god, and are as ready to murder or maltreat all persons who call this the thinnest and most absurd god that man ever made, as the worshipers of any idols ever were. But never in any part of this progress hav they become sufficiently enlightened to adopt the true law god of nature and worship him according to the principles established by the spiritual and material sciences.

3. The science of Spiritualism is the basis of the religion of science, and persons who adopt this religion soon learn that they must obey the laws of order and harmony if they wish to get the best communications from the purest spirits of heaven.

4. The worshipers of these man-made gods hav always persecuted and abused the persons who sought to get a knowledge of the works and ways of the true god of nature, and they fought among themselvs for the mastery, the same as beasts do. Because all these religions were and are on the beast plane, and not on the reasoning human plane, they all demanded sacrifices as the way to salvation, instead of knowledge and reason.

5. Now comes the scientific religion which says to all people, "Settle your dispute by justice, as established by the highest reason of man, or they must be settled by the gage of battle the same as past religious people and beasts hav settled theirs.

All these subjects are treated in the most lucid manner, and the true principles upon which religious and political reforms should be conducted are shown more plainly than was ever shown before.

All these subjects are treated in such a manner in the book as to convince any candid reader that the writer only wants to know religious or scientific truth to state it, and only asks religious people to reason together as scientists do, to establish the religion of truth, justice, and humanity. H.

Chinese Orthodoxy.

After several weeks' drouth, an abundant rainfall has at last refreshed the capital and its environs. All are happy and every one is asking every one else to whom do we owe the celestial blessing. According to what we learn from a well-authenticated source it is no other than our august lord and master who has brought us the rain. In fact, yesterday morning he commanded one of his sedan-chairs and went to make his devotions at the temple of the god of rains and snow (Ta-Nan-tien), in oder to get rain for his subjects. Hardly had our august sovereign knelt down before the image of this god, when the sky opened its flood-gates and sent down a fructifying shower on the earth. This fact is one more proof of the popularity of our emperor with the gods, and how anxious they are to accomplish all his wishes.

The above, from the Pepin (China) *Gazette*, sounds much like an orthodox editorial from the *Observer* or *Catholic Review*. Suppose there had been a Christian in Pepin who also prayed to his God at the same time the "august lord" prayed to his, and the rain had come (or had not, as the case be), which god would hav got the credit?

Discussion.

At Riverside, Iowa, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of January there will be a debate between Col. M. E. Billings, of Waverly, and Mr. Thos. Williams, of Riverside, on the following subjects: 1st, "The Bible is not God's Word." Affirmed by Col. M. E. Billings, denied by Mr. Thos. Williams. 2d, "Jesus is an Historical Character." Affirmed by Mr. Thos. Williams, denied by Col. M. E. Billings. The chair will be taken by Dr. Wm. Ott. Meetings to commence at 7 P.M. and close at 9. Admission free. Everybody invited.

Good Advice.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

Let Boston's Jo Cook go hang himself.

THERE was so much interest aroused by Mr. Jamieson's first course of lectures in Minier, Ill., that he was immediately engaged to giv three lectures more. His second course in Braidwood, Ill., is to commence Dec. 27th. His engagement in Gardner, Ill., is Jan. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 8th. For lectures, address him at Gardner, Ill., until Jan. 10th. Permanent address, Lake City, Minn.

THE *North American Review* for January opens with a symposium in which three of the most prominent advocates in this country of the "Revision of Church Creeds," namely, Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, set forth the grounds upon which such revision is deemed necessary. They admit that modern science and skepticism hav overthrown the old-fashioned Christianity, and claim that it must be modified to meet the religious demands of modern times. But it doesn't seem to occur to them that constant revision and modification will in time entirely sweep away all that is vital in their system and leave nothing but some moral maxims common to all systems, and certainly not original with Christianity. "Universal Education for Women," a question that just now is being warmly agitated both here and in England, is discussed by Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens, who, though he zealously advocates the measure, commands the attention and respect of its opponents by the eminent fairness with which he states the adverse arguments. Prof. Isaac L. Rice givs a "Definition of Liberty," deduced from a profoundly philosophical study of the phases of political evolution, from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times to the present day. "American English," by Gilbert M. Tucker, is a spirited defense of our cis-Atlantic fashion of English speech against the aspersions of sundry British critics. The Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas writes an article that can hardly fail to strike a sympathetic chord in many a mind, on "The Responsibilities of Progressiv Thinkers." "Bigotry in the Medical Profession," by Dr. David Hunt, is a protest from the pen of a respected member of the medical profession against the First Commandment of medical ethics, which forbids association with any but regular practitioners. Finally, Charles T. Congdon, under the singularly apt title of "Adulteration of Intelligence," exposes some of the grave evils to be apprehended from the monopolization of telegraph lines, press associations, and influential public journals.

THE Springfield *Republican* tells how a gentleman took from his pocket after dinner a pair of solitaires and passed them to his wife. "Humph," she said, "prize package, I suppose?" and passed them on to her son. "Dollar store, eh?" commented the youth. Papa smiled and silently replaced the card in his pocket. A few days later mamma said. "Where did you get those earrings you showed us?" "Well, a man submitted them to me at the store. They were only $950, but you are such a poor judge of gems that I thought it wasn't worth while to giv them to you."

Education.

It is in our country that we boast of our superior advantages of education. It is our pride to point with satisfaction to our many thousand public schools, seminaries, colleges, etc., and conclude that we hav reached the acme of perfection in regard to our methods of instruction. We know that the school-house has extended to the very capillaries of civilization, while in the great heart of our country the colleges beat and throb with a life that is creating many a warrior to battle successfully on the great highway of human existence. This we acknowledge to be true; but, while this is the truth, may we not look around us, and discover, if possible, an improvement in this vast machinery that it may run more smoothly, thereby be less crime and misery in the world?

We stand aghast at the fearful inroads that sin and disease are making on the vitals of our people as a nation. They not only permeate with their deadly miasm the abodes of the outcasts of society, but if we pursue our investigations, everywhere we find men and women dying by thousands, morally and physically, in the death valley of ignorance, corruption, and sin. There is too much suffering in not knowing how to liv in this world, to stand still, with arms folded, and look complacently on the struggling, seething mass of human beings not knowing the why or wherefore of their suffering.

In the first place, while we pride ourselvs on our glorious republican institutions of learning, hav we arrived at the standard by which we can boast in reality in regard to their superior merits? Let us turn the mental telescope to Europe; peradventure, we may advance our interests thereby, in the reflected light of her various galaxy of brilliant stars in the shape of schools of instruction.

While in our country the stress has been too much on the mental, in other countries the industries are taught with the text-books, which eminently qualify them to become useful citizens.

France took the lead, in which an organized training was given to girls. Madam Lemonnier commenced her school on a humble plan, and it now has four branches from the main one, teaching yearly six hundred to seven hundred pupils. They receive a good general education, having classes in wood-engraving, painting on porcelain and ivory fans and blinds; a commercial course fitting them to be clerks and book-keepers, drawing and industrial design, needlework and dress-making, and the manufacture of jewelry, etc. France was not content to let Paris enjoy the monopoly in this respect and we find other technical schools at Vitry-sur-Seine, Nautes, Lyons, St. Etienne, and another for printing at Puteaux, near Paris.

The Women's Industrial Union at Vienna enjoys the cordial sympathy of the emperor and empress, the imperial household, and many illustrious men and women. It has eleven schools, which teach the commercial course, drawing, dress-making, lace-making, stenography, etc.

In Prague there are two industrial schools for girls. These schools receive grants from the state. There are several good industrial schools in Munich, Calu, Stuttgard, Biberach, Hamburg, Hanover, and many other towns. Those at Darmstadt were under the special patronage of her royal highness Princess Alice. Another good phase that is peculiar to these institutions, they take the trouble to procure good situations for their pupils that hav passed a successful examination.

The success of the Lette Verein schools at Berlin has been the means of establishing many other similar institutions in other parts of Germany.

In Italy, Milan has been preëminent in these efforts. Turin also has a good industrial school for girls, which finds situations for its pupils all over Piedmont. Benighted Rome is in advance of the United States, for her one industrial school teaches more varieties in the industrial line than any one we hav in our country. Flower and glove making are also taught in a large government school in Naples, and a school of design has been opened in Florence.

Belgium possesses excellent industrial schools, also two or three professional schools for girls. There are housekeeping establishments founded by Prince Chimay, which are peculiar to Belgium. There are now thirteen of these schools, which hav achieved great success.

Industrial schools of a very high order are also found in Sweden. Denmark has a national school of this kind. If we turn our attention to Athens we there discover a school where labor is taught to perfection; then, pursuing our course, we shall be sure to meet with another at Corfu. Russian Finland is graced with a like institution; then again we are still more interested in the one founded at Kelsingfores, for it is there we see boys also learning how to work (scientifically) before they hav learned to form bad habits. In this school, besides teaching many useful arts and industries, sculpture is included in the program of studies.

In our own country some efforts are being put forth in this direction in one of our model seminaries. Miss Parloa's lessons in cookery, at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., has also a well-taught dress-making class which does credit to this institution. The Women's Silk Culture Association established in Philadelphia is another organization tending eventually to an industrial school for the young.

All over the continent of Europe will be found these schools that are founded for practical purposes. Their tendency at a glance would show the great benefits derived from them. They are mostly sustained by their several municipalities, some national and some private institutions.

If in our country the national government should incorporate laws for the adoption of these schools of industry in the statutes for boys as well as for girls, it would be a great step toward reform in our land. Tramps, beggars, criminals, and drunkards would be less, and it would help to pave the way to a purer and better civilization than we can ever experience without such advantages.

There are many species of reform that could be mentioned that, if adopted, would greatly assist in the moral elevation of the coming generations. Much disease and its consequent untold suffering might be avoided if physiology and hygiene were properly taught in every school in our land. To "know thyself" is a thing of the past, not to be thought of in this age of reason and common sense. In the sixteenth century Francois de Saintonges wished to establish a school for girls in France. She was hooted in the streets, and her father called together four doctors of law for the purpose of examining her case, to find out whether she was possessed of a devil in harboring such wild schemes in her brain.

We hear now faint hootings in the distance occasionally when some avatar or reformer wishes to subvert some time-honored custom, but nevertheless the devil marches on doing his work well, for this kind of employment has long been ascribed to his majesty, viz., all manner of reformation that tends to the emancipation of mankind from error in any sense whatever. It is better to pay taxes for a higher order of teaching than to pay such a high tariff on crime. Better to buy largely charts portraying the different stages of a drunkard's diseased stomach than to pay the expenses he incurs sometimes for the crime he commits. Better for the child to see before he takes the fatal draught what effect such a course would hav on his system. His intelligence would direct him into a temperate life, while ignorance would lead him blindfolded to sure ruin.

Other charts should be seen by the young investigator for knowledge, and when properly instructed by a wise teacher that child has learned something of the human body that will be as a sign-board to him or her during the remainder of life in avoiding mistakes that would naturally follow through ignorance of the laws of the human system.

Many will think that a knowledge of all the functions of the human body and of the fearful consequences of the abuse of said body only belongs to the medical institution to instruct in such matters. How many brought forward the argument so very gravely that young ladies would lose all modesty if they recited their lessons in the same class with the young men students about the human form! What a libel on the purity of mankind in general! Those young women are intelligent, refined members of society, capable of doing an immense amount of good to humanity. It is ignorance that is obscene, and it is in constant conflict with all that is divine or holy in life, ever checking the car of progress in its attempt to move over the obstacles ignorance persistently throws in its onward march. Giv us an educated knowledge of the branches of the various industries that are useful, a loftier idea of selfhood, a higher conception of the laws that surround us and control us; then we shall be citizens of a greater republic than we hav to-day.

MARTHA J. YOUNGLOVE.

Reno, Nev.

Keep Up the Refrain.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 9th appears an article, "Ever the Same," by E. C. Walker, decrying Prohibitionists with their "one dolorous chant, the never-ending monotonous refrain, the evils of intemperance." He bases his opposition on the ground that it is opposed to the self-sovereignty of man, and that it kills more than it cures. That is a large word; nothing dolorous about it. Can a self-sovereign ever be amenable to law? Do the self-sovereigns ever advocate a law for any purpose? E. C. Walker says, "Not one man in five thousand becomes a confirmed drunkard." Not one man in eight hundred thousand that rides on a railroad is killed, yet all legislation for preventing another recurrence hinges on the one killed. All law is prohibitory, but it makes a difference in *dolor* as to what is prohibited. If a man does not believe in prohibition for any purpose, will not allow a right to prohibit men from doing certain things, as a sanitary measure, I hav nothing to say to that man. A steamer comes to New York; small-pox breaks out and is epidemic; the law prohibits her from going to the wharf; must be held at quarantine. The self-sovereign has no disease, it may be has business in Chicago; cannot hav the inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness; must wait. Why not? Laws prohibit catching fish at certain seasons of the year. Why not let self-sovereigns fish? The fish need not bite. When a liquor saloon is opened the anti-prohibitionist often says, "A man is not obliged to go in and drink." They act by their talk as it reads in James i, 2, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into temptation." Woodcock are prohibited from being killed at certain seasons; we are prohibited from counterfeiting money, from burning our own house, so as not to endanger another man's property; even prohibited from committing suicide, thus ignoring self-sovereignity at its foundation. E. C. Walker says: "I hav a civil right to sit up so late every night as to impair my health. Is it best for myself and just to others that I should thus undermine my strength? I answer no, but who is to decide at what time I shall seek rest, myself, John Smith, or a thousand John Smiths known as the state?" It is not the time a man may go to rest that is questioned, but his right to do with impunity what endangers my safety and life. Then I am interested and the state must decide. He says, "The use of stimulants is as old as the race." So is superstition. In India, in some conditions of life, the wife was burnt on a wood fire by the side of her dead husband. When the English obtained possession of the country, they prohibited it. Who says it was not right? Presume it was very dolorous to those prohibited. See the millions in India, only a few as to numbers were burnt. It is the one we object to; without the first there would be no second. Prohibition saved them all in India, and it will *not* kill more than it cures from liquor in this country. See the thousands who fill a drunkard's grave in this land, who, as they passed through the fires of liquor, endured almost an eternity as compared to burning on a wood fire in India; yet their sufferings bear no comparison to the unspeakable anguish of their own kith and kin who minister to their wants as they die daily, while the travesty of self-sovereignty is used as a shield, serving, it may be unintentionally, to protect the greatest crime of the age. E. C. Walker says, "Mr. Cook, like all other apostles of the gospel of force, is determined to confound actual crimes, such as murder, arson, and rape, with intemperance." Prohibitionists do not confound them, they blend together, coming from that first glass,

> Small habits well pursued betimes
> May reach the dignity of crimes.

You cannot tell when they become criminals, any more than you can tell when a pig changes to be a hog. Warden Haynes says of the Massachusetts state prison: "Since I hav been connected with it we hav had twenty-one here for killing their wives, two for killing their fathers, and one for killing his mother. Of these twenty-four all but one were not only habitual drunkards, but actually drunk when they committed the crime. They were not bad men, except when under the influence of liquor." Warden Haynes ought not to confound crimes with intemperance in such a manner. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 23d Walker says, "'Liberta' and J. A. Hallock cannot conceal their churchly parentage and education. With the priests of the dying faith, whose creed is the mother of prohibition, they imagin that abuse is argument. Being prohibitionists, it is next to impossible for them to treat fairly those who fight beneath the banner of individualism." Walker is not a prohibitionist, and of course ought to state things fairly, yet "the creed of the dying faith is the mother of prohibition" seems a little lexiphanic, not dolorous. We read that Noah was a just man and perfect in his generation and walked with God—the only one fit to save. Hudibras says of him:

> So Noah, when he anchored safe on
> The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
> And all the passengers he bore
> Were on the new world set ashore,
> He made it next his chief design
> To plant and propagate a vine,
> Which since has overwhelmed and drowned
> Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
> Of wretched mankind, one by one,
> Than all the flood before had done.

It does not read that God reproved him, but that he continued him in favor. Lot, the only righteous man in Sodom, confounded intemperance with crime—no reproof. David, the man after God's own heart, called Uriah to him before he was put in the front of the battle, and he did eat and drink before him, and he made him drunk—no reproof as to using liquor. Solomon said: "Giv strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts." The first miracle claimed for Jesus was turning water into wine for those who had already drank too much. See Paul's epistle to the Corinthians about drinking the blood of Christ at communion to intoxication. He writes to Timothy that the bishops must not take too much wine, and tells him to drink water no longer, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake. To some petitioners in England in favor of unfermented wine at communion, Bishop Lincoln said that "in their present state of mind they are not fit to receive the sacrament at all, as in their Pharisaic self-conceit they

set up their private opinions against the practice of eighteen hundred years." The bishop has faith, but no prohibition. Rev. Wm. Noble, of London, says, "Fully one-half of the Methodist churches in England are in the hands of rum-drinkers as preachers and rum-sellers as Sunday-school superintendents." Dr. Newman Hall says: "Thirty thousand church-members are slaughtered by rum in England every year. Christians hav always sold and drank rum since this country was settled." The *Baptist General Banner* said, "While we as a denomination tolerate dram-drinking, we advise the brethren to use it cautiously, and for God's sake let the sacred, holy ministers of God touch it lightly." No prohibition in that—the ring has the tone of a self-sovereign. The creed of such a showing the "mother of prohibition!" The Prohibitionist cannot make dolorous statements as to the evils of intemperance so wide of the truth as that about the "mother of prohibition." Some church-members want to abate the evil—the large number do not. John B. Gough says, "The churches hav no right to disciplin one member for getting drunk, if they do not disciplin another for drinking." That is good logic. Some Christians would try to relieve the land of its greatest curse. Shall we refuse to work with them because of their religious faith? If so, we are bigots in the full sense of the word. Will we join with men of all creeds to put out the fire that burns our neighbor's house? Then let us unite to quench the fires of alcohol that consume all that makes home pleasant. There is work for all.

Seize upon truth, where'er 'tis found,
Among our friends, among our foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'er it grows.

CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

Milford, Mass., Dec. 13, 1882.

A Year's Missionary Work.

From the Sun,

In 1874 the American Missionary Association, a Congregational society, voted to transfer all of its foreign missions, except that of Western Africa, "and concentrate its efforts on the despised races of men—the negro, the Indian, and the Chinaman."

It seems that during the last year 156 Chinamen "hav ceased from idolatry under the teachings of the association." That is unquestionably a very small number of converts out of a race more numerous than any other in the world.

But of all people the Chinamen are perhaps the slowest to change from their old ways, either religious or social. They detest innovations; and while the Japanese are adopting the European dress and showing themselvs to be apt pupils of Western religious skepticism, the Chinese stick to their queues and their flowing garments, and are satisfied with their ancient religion. Even when converts to Christianity are made among them, it is always very doubtful whether they hav really experienced any change of heart. They are known in China as "rice converts;" that is, they assume the Christian livery in order to get the rations served out to them by the missionaries. At least, so Europeans resident in China report.

Missionary work among the Chinese must also be unusually difficult now, because we refuse to receive them in the public like other immigrants, converted or unconverted, and such harsh treatment cannot seem to them consistent with our Christian professions, with our doctins of the brotherhood of man. Nor hav we heard that the opponents of the Chinese on the Pacific coast were disposed to make any exception in favor of those "who hav ceased from idolatry." Probably the converts were so few that they were hardly worth counting. But if we are unable to so far Christianize the Chinamen who are already here as to make them tolerable neighbors, there does not seem to be much hope of converting them at home, where they are surrounded by heathen influences, instead of the Christian examples and Christian atmosphere of the United States.

For the above reasons we are not surprised at the small number of Chinese converts reported by the American Missionary Association. If, therefore, that body, husbanding its resources to spend them where they will produce the most effect, should abandon the stony field of China, it would at least be excusable. A total of only 156 converts for a whole year's work is a very poor showing.

Nor do we find that the result of its year's labor among the Indians has been much more encouraging. It is true that the Indians are as a mere handful in comparison with the Chinese, but they are at our doors, and it is of the highest necessity that they should be converted from savagism. They menace the peace of the vast regions at the far West, and, instead of softening their fierce hearts, from time immemorial we hav been exciting them to atrocities by infamous breaches of faith, by robbing them, and stimulating their vices. The American church spends tremendous efforts in the conversion of heathens in Asia and Africa, but where else are there people so much in need of the civilizing influences of true Christianity as our own Indians, still in the depths of savageness? Preliminary to that work, however, if success is to crown it, it will be necessary to convert the government to Christian methods of dealing with them.

So far, the American Missionary Association has done little among the Indians. The telegraphic summary of its year's work reports three Indian agents, three Indian missionaries, two churches, and one hundred and six Sunday-school scholars. Regarding the African mission, we are told only that "the survey presents six missionaries, ten nativ teachers and preachers, three churches, nine out-stations, and four schools at the Mendi Mission, and reports the explorations of the Rev. Dr. Ladd and Snow, who went 2,500 miles up the Nile." Among the colored people of our Southern states the work seems to hav been largely educational, where the number of students is given as 8,608, a gain over last year of 500. But the association at one time or another has also established eighty-three churches at the South. The negroes of the South generally, however, are either Baptists or Methodists.

The association received nearly three hundred thousand dollars during the year, which seems to be a great deal of money in comparison with the results accomplished. Perhaps we ought to add that this Cleveland meeting was expected to giv the Fraudulent Hayes an opportunity to temporarily emerge from his obscurity, he being announced as among the probable speakers.

Dreadful Effects of Bible Reading.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Josiah B. Smith, the father who killed his boy because, as he said, he had a revelation from the Lord to do so, is forty years old. He came to Westminster five years ago, and since then, with his wife and family, has been picking up a meager subsistence by odd jobs. Finally the family settled down to fishing, establishing their home on a desolate island off the coast, which could only be reached by a boat. It was seldom visited except by hunters and fishermen, who hired the boat which the murdered boy had charge of. The murder was committed on the 4th inst., but was not discovered until last Thursday, when a party of hunters who called out from the shore for the boy were told by old man Smith that the boy was dead, and that he had been inspired by the Lord to kill his child. The hunting party secured the services of a younger boy, and coolly went on with their sport, only reporting the crime to the authorities that night. A constable and doctor went out next day to the scene of the crime. They drove down to the beach and shouted to Smith, and he rowed over to them. On making the object of the visit known he gave himself up quietly. The mother and children were then brought from the island, and the entire family taken to Westminster Friday morning. Before the officers arrived the boy had been buried about thirty feet from the house.

On arrival of the prisoner and family at Westminster, an inquest was ordered, and Justice Aldridge, accompanied by Dr. James McCoy and others, Smith included, returned to the beach and rowed across to the island. Smith pointed out where the body was buried, the grave was opened, a rough box, which the father had made, was raised and the lid lifted. The sight is described as most sickening. Decomposition had set in to such a degree as to render the moving of the body a difficult and disagreeable task. The unnatural parent looked on complacently, and spoke of the murder with no feeling. Finally, in reply to a question as to how he struck the blow, he stooped over the corpse, thrust his knife into it, and drew it out of the cavity without a sign of emotion. The weapon was an eight-inch butcher-knife. Mr. McCoy carefully examined the body, but, aside from the fatal cut, found no sign of any violence. One death-dealing blow was struck just in the center of the chest, and with sufficient power to cut the breast-bone and enter to the full length of the blade, making a horrible gash, eight inches deep and four inches long.

A few weeks ago Smith gave up fishing, and, being asked why, replied that the Lord had commanded it, and had promised to hereafter provide for him. From that time on he has made, and has commanded his family to make, no effort to gain a livelihood. The boy, however, put no faith in his father's belief, and from time to time purchased tea, sugar, etc., with his own money. On the Wednesday before the murder the boy purchased and took home some sacks of flour, which angered his father, and this was found emptied upon the ground, together with some other provisions, close to the spot where the murder was committed. Except a few green apples, nothing eatable was found in the house.

The crime was committed about three hundred yards from the house. The boy was taken out behind a clump of bushes, both parents being present. They claim that he knew he was to be sacrified, and made no resistance whatever, but calmly knelt before them, ready to be offered up. Whilst in this position, the father struck the fatal blow.

One of the first questions asked, on the arrival of the family at Westminster, was whether they would make further sacrifices of their children, and both father and mother replied if the Lord called on them to sacrifice all, it would hav to be done. At the examination neither Smith nor his wife made any effort to conceal anything, but told the whole story in its horrible details. Smith pleaded guilty as charged, and was committed for trial on the charge of murder. He is now imprisoned in Los Angeles. From the first the murderer has shown no feeling whatever, and regards the crime no more than he would the killing of a hog. He has been quite a purchaser of Canada lottery tickets, and said the Lord was going to send him money from Canada to pay for burying the boy. The family are Mormons in good standing. They hav been considered eccentric, but not crazy. The mother begins to feel great remorse, and to doubt the divinity of their inspiration.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER'S STORY.

A reporter of the Los Angeles *Herald* has been interviewing Mrs. Josiah Smith (now confined in the jail) regarding the recent murder of her son. Following is the interview:

Reporter: Mrs. Smith, you are here to answer the charge of assisting in the murder of your son? Hav you any objections to stating to me what impelled you to this act?

Mrs. Smith: I had nothing to do with it, sir. If I could hav prevented it I would. My husband told me about an hour before he did it that the Lord demanded a sacrifice of us, and that our boy had to die. I begged him to spare my boy; I cried, and besought him to consider well what he was about to do, but all the answer he made me was that Jesus Christ had died for us, and the Lord had told him that our son had to die for his sake.

Reporter: What did your husband do after he had refused to yield to your request?

Mrs S.: He called my boy out of the house and told him that he had to die for our savior. The boy asked him if the Lord had commanded us to starve, and Josiah told him "Yes." Then the little fellow knelt down and I knelt down by his side, and his father stood up. He raised the knife, looked hard in the boy's face, and then drove the knife into his breast. Oh! It was awful, once it was done!

Reporter: What do you mean? Do you mean to say that the slaying of one of your children did not seem awful to you?

Mr. S.: No! I felt bad a little, but when he told me what he was going to do it did not seem to me so terrible. It was only when I saw the boy fall over and a great stream of blood come spurting from his body that I felt how terrible it all was.

[Here the woman went on to narrate the circumstances of the death and burial in almost the same words as her husband, which account was recently published.]

Reporter: Had your husband ever been a religious man? Had he ever shown any symptoms of religious insanity?

Mr. S.: No, sir. He was not a religious man. He believed in God, but did not follow any religion. He took to reading the Bible a great deal a few weeks before this all happened, and used often to read me all they say in the Bible about the sacrifices to the Lord. I begged him not to read them so much, but they seemed to hav a terrible fascination to him. He would read over and over again about the Lord commanding Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, and how he sent a ram to be the victim. He got to talking to his old father, who is now 78 years old, and he said to him, "I am the Lord." His old father argued with him when he saw the way he was going, but it was no use, and my husband would go on saying that he had God in him.

Reporter: How long hav you been married to this man? Has he been a good husband to you?

Mrs. S.: This coming December will be sixteen years. I hav no complaint to make against him, for he has been as good a husband to me as a woman could want. He was always kind to all of us and did all that he could to keep us from want. But just before he did it he said we must all fast, and he would not let us eat anything. The boy asked him frequently if God had ordered us all to starve, and he always said he had. If it had not been that my head was sort of dazed, and if the boy had not given in at once, I might hav prevented the killing, though he was mighty bent on it.

Reporter: How did your husband's talk of this on this subject of sacrifice affect you?

Mrs. S.: Well, I used to feel that if the Lord commanded me to starve or kill people I would not do it. But when he would talk to me and persuade me that a good wife should think as her husband did, I got so as to think that what he said must be right.

Reporter: Do you never think of your murdered child?

Mrs. S.: Oh, yes, sir; I often do. I am always thinking of him, and I can hear him at all times asking to be brought in and laid on his bed, and begging for a little water before he died. I hav his face before me all the time, and I hear his voice in my ears day and night.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will be sent three months to new subscribers for 50 cents. Let friends of the paper get up clubs of trial subscribers.

Letters from Friends.

PRESTON, COL., Dec. 13, 282.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 9th inst. is just at hand, deeply draped in mourning, bringing the sad and mournful intelligence of the death of Bro. Bennett. Through his death the Liberal world loses its best, greatest, and most powerful coadjutor. Rest in peace. JOHN SHOCK.

DANBURY, CONN., Dec. 18, 282.

E. M. MACDONALD: Thank you for the invitation to attend Mr. Bennett's funeral. I should hav done so if I had been blessed with more money and less family. I will giv $1 for the monument and $2 for the Truth Seeker Hall, founded by D. M. Bennett.

With sincere sympathy for the bereaved, I am
Yours truly, G. W. SCOTT.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Dec. 17, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $2, for which send me Vol. IV. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." The extra fifty cents is to pay postage on that and the other volumes, as far as it will go.

I cannot express my sorrow at the loss of our old friend, but it is a consolation to think that he has left that behind him which will outliv theology and all its hosts of believers. C. W. COREY.

LESLIE, MICH., Dec. 13, 282.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Inclosed find $1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World."

I cannot express the sadness that comes over me when I think of the death of Mr. Bennett. I drove fifteen miles last summer to meet Mr. Bennett in Jackson, take him by the hand, and say, "Welcome, dear friend, to your home once more." Thousands will feel as we do, that his work was not completed, but we must submit, for such is life.

SARAH A. HAYNES.

JAMESPORT, MO., Dec. 16, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money order for $4, which please apply as below stated.

Dear Mrs. Bennett and Truth Seekers: Words can never express the grief that the death of our beloved brother and hero, D. M. Bennett, caused. One whose love has sparkled forth in words of cheering truths so often; one who had endeared himself to us by his usefulness. Many eyes hav been moistened by tears of sympathy for him; but, oh, that death has come, tears of sympathy would be a joy. We then had a hope and his kind words to cheer us, but now we must bid a long farewell.

W. D. SHULER.

JACKSON, MICH., Dec. 13, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: The word of Mr. Bennett's death has reached us here. I received my mail at Marshall to-day, and came directly home by first train. My family—wife, sons, and daughters—thought a great deal of Mr. Bennett. We hav all wept at the news of his sudden death. Mr. Bennett, during his sojourn in Jackson, was well received, and he had many warm friends here. His visits at our house are remembered with interest and pleasure. Liberalism has lost one of its strongest defenders, and the American people hav lost a true and an intelligent friend. Sincerely yours, C. S. ROWLEY.

HURON, DAKOTA, Dec. 15, 1882.

MRS. D. M. BENNETT: It is with the deepest regret I hav just read of the passing away of the champion of our cause, D. M. Bennett; yet I can but feel that he has but entered a state of greater usefulness—a wider field of labor. Rest assured that, though unseen, he is with you still, and that he will still labor for the enlightenment of mankind.

I wish to convey to you my warmest sympathy in your bereavement, and hope that THE TRUTH SEEKER will still continue its mission to mankind. Time alone can tell how well his place may be filled. With kind regards, I am

Very respectfully yours, A. H. RISDON.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Dec. 11, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It's a sad heart that pens these few lines. The cause of truth has lost a most substantial friend. We mourn the loss of D. M. Bennett most sincerely. We feel that the great ship of progress has been severely wrecked by nature's most terrific storm. But we hope the builders will be called in to repair her and make her sail proudly on. In the economy of nature what she loses at one port she surely gains at another. We will suppose, as Spiritualists, while we hav lost a brilliant light here they hav had one added in the spirit world. So mote it be! Yours, A. S. CROXTON.

ELGIN, ILL., Dec. 17, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to add my heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Bennett in this her great sorrow. I hope she may receive from the Liberal public not only the sympathy of the heart, but also the pocket, to enable her and you to carry on the good work so nobly begun by our beloved friend. I am proud to know that his last days were so honored. Why should we mourn departed friends who so peacefully drop to sleep, knowing that they hav done their duty to their fellow-man?

Hoping you will be able to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER, which has become a household necessity to so many, I remain Truly yours,

I. W. ARCHIBALD.

ESCANABA, MICH., Dec. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to express my grief. In the death of Mr. Bennett the Liberals of America hav lost a grand and noble worker in the cause of Freethought. Thousands of his friends never saw him, but feel his loss as keenly as if they had been lifelong personal friends. May THE TRUTH SEEKER liv, and its influence never cease to be exerted for good. I want to see it liv until God and Christ, heaven and hell, and every phase of superstition shall be relegated to the dead and buried past, and women are free to express their honest thoughts without let or hindrance. May it liv until truth, knowledge, and intelligence shall be universally diffused over our land is the earnest wish of CALVIN HOWARD.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Dec. 15, 282.

MRS. D. M. BENNETT: I received THE TRUTH SEEKER last night that brought the sad news of your husband's death. Can it be he is gone, when he is so much needed to enlighten the world against superstition and priestcraft? But be assured I extend to you my deepest sympathy in your great bereavement, well knowing it can never be repaired; but I well realize we must soon follow, for my own age is 64. I hope Eugene or some one will take the helm of the old ship, and not let her falter in the least.

I must close, for words are inadequate to express my deep sympathy for you, and regret at the loss the cause of Freethought has met with. Please excuse the liberty I hav taken to write you, for you will ever hav my best wishes.

Yours fraternally, SARAH CLEVELAND HILTON.

ANCORA, N. J., Dec. 18, 1882.

DEAR EUGENE: I was very sick when your card of invitation to the funeral of our late chief was received. Even the paper was kept from my sight for some time. Only once before hav I ever been so affected with the news of one's death. I can scarcely write you now. Words are cheap; I truly lament and bewail. I shall only add a request to you to be so good as to convey my inmost sympathy to poor Mrs. Bennett.

Mr. Bennett still livs in a truer sense for you and me than ever. The truth seeker is dead—long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER! Let us keep his memory green. He has indeed attained the blest nirvana, and we shall soon be there, my boy; "after life's fitful fever, sleeping well."

Most sincerely, T. C. EDWARDS.

PATCH GROVE, WIS., Dec. 12, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for renewal of subscriptions to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

When writing the familiar address in the beginning of this letter the saddening thought came that the noble old hero and defender of free thought, free speech, and free mails had gone to rest in the bosom of Mother Nature, to whom he ascribed the honor and glory of all we see and know. Close up the ranks, good friends; choose another leader and go right on editing the paper. Judging from correspondence given, the influence of THE TRUTH SEEKER must be very widespread. I like the paper under Brother Macdonald's management, and hope he will succeed to the chair and office of D. M. Bennett.

Yours truly, HENRY F. YOUNG.

LOCUST BAYOU, ARK., Dec. 15, 282.

DEAR EUGENE: Our beloved chief gone! I never was so shocked at a death. Say to Mrs. Bennett she has the sympathy of my whole being. Old Death had better sent his dart at me—I could hav been so much better spared.

I want to tell Brother E. C. Walker I love him for his article on prohibition. Dissipation has caused many crimes, but to force the thing on us in that way would be the greater evil of the two; they would want to force us into some other measure.

I hope you will continue the paper, and that its circulation may be increased. I inclose post-office order for $2.50 for the year 283.

Your friend, J. H. HASLAM.

P. S.—I like Brother Peck's Infidel philosophy: "An honest God will never damn an honest man on account of an honest belief," etc.

SHERIDAN, MICH., Dec. 16, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: It is with sorrow that we learn the sad news of the death of Mr. Bennett, and believing that I can show an appreciation of his work in no better way, I hav procured a few subscribers for the indispensable TRUTH SEEKER, and hope to send a few more names with my renewal of the same. Our family is the only Liberal one for many miles in this section, and when we began investigating we had no little trouble to find if there existed such fearless, outspoken papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER.

We are Materialists, and there are others in this benighted locality who are coming to think on these subjects. The fact is, I want to get all the Liberal papers at this post-office possible, as our postmistress is quite religious, and when I got an order the other day to send for *This World*, she said: "Of all things! a *woman* working and talking against Christianity!" She had the worst of the argument, and waited until I was gone to finish her talking. Of a truth this is Christianity.

I inclose $3.50, for which please send THE TRUTH SEEKER as below. Yours very respectfully,

E. A. GLEASON.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 17, 1882.

MRS. BENNETT: I wish you to know of my heartfelt sympathy for you in your great sorrow at the loss of your dear husband. I, myself a widow for many years, know well how to feel for you. Ah! the deep ache that came to my heart on last Tuesday when I received my TRUTH SEEKER all in mourning, and found on opening it that its great editor, D. M. Bennett, was now numbered among the dead! O dear lady, your loss has been great. The world at large has sustained no greater loss since the great Voltaire's death.

And now my love and sympathy go out to Macdonald and the workers in the office, and to all of Mr. Bennett's friends in New York and over the whole world. My tears and stricken heart are with you, and I feel that you will giv comfort and aid to the widow of your lost friend.

ELIZABETH B. DILLON.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Dec. 18, 282.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT: It is with a heart overflowing with sympathy that I write you. The late expression of my feeling is due to the fact that until now I hav hardly felt equal to the task of recognizing so unmistakably to myself the sad fact that your good, brave, and kind husband was gone from among us. I know too well the sorrow you are called upon to bear, and that the sympathy and tenderness of friends is all there is to sustain you in the trial. This, I am glad to see, is most abundantly yours. Let it soften the pangs of your solitude, and cheer the future to remember how nobly and faithfully you hav stood by him whom so many enemies vainly sought to traduce.

We send to you from every part of this great country our tenderest sympathy, and all his friends will pledge themselvs anew to his beloved TRUTH SEEKER. It must be made a monument to his memory. This will be some consolation as the days go by.

With warm regards, MRS. H. S. LAKE.

SALIDA, COL., Dec. 12, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a post-office order for $4, to be used as follows: $2.50 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $1.50 for the fourth volume of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I hav received three volumes, and am so well pleased with them that I must hav the fourth.

It is with much sorrow that I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the death of our dear brother, D. M. Bennett. It is but just to say that my pen cannot describe my feelings when I learned of the death of that great and good man, who has devoted so much of his life to the cause of Freethought. But as death is the last change that we are certain of in this world, and as we know that we must all meet it some time, we must console ourselvs with the thought that death is only a freak of nature, and nature, as I believe, is the beginning and end of all.

Hoping that the cause of Freethought will prosper in the future as in the past, I remain

Yours truly, OTIS WHITE.

FARLEY, IA., Dec. 13, E.M. 282.

DEAR MRS. BENNETT: THE TRUTH SEEKER came yesterday, and with it the sad news of the death of my old friend, Mr. Bennett. I shall attempt no consolation. 'Tis vain in cases like this. But we can cherish the happy reflection that he has gone to the grave honored and respected by all lovers of the race who had the good fortune to know him or his works. Perhaps no man upon American soil to-day can boast of as many true and tried friends as Mr. Bennett has left behind him. His persecution claimed our sympathy; his square and honorable dealing secured our confidence, and his untiring zeal and labor in the cause we hold so dear has created a love that will be transmitted from age to age as long as man writes the history of man. The labors of his life are now over, but his name and his works are immortal. The unbiased verdict of the world must be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Yours with sympathy, H. GILMORE.

SHAKERS, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1882.

MY DEAR EUGENE: You hav an apparently good reason to deem me negligent in responding to your kind notice of the decease of our great and good friend, D. M. Bennett. Few knew him in prosperity and adversity as you and I did. I learned him best, and learned to love him most in the time "that tried men's souls," his soul in particular, behind the prison bars. It was my good fortune to be able to traverse the inner and favored circle of the penitentiary, and I was kindly permitted to solace the mind of that great man, and administer luxuries to his corporeal necessities. Each visit I made him he showed the stout heart, and only once while there in company with his noble wife was there any appearance of a breaking down. He bore his tortures like a hero. I never doubted that he received the

first shock tending to his complete suspension of life at the prison to which he was consigned by the most despicable of men, Anthony Comstock.

It is needless to say that I, in common with so many, was quite unprepared for the fatal announcement, but living or dying, the world had in D. M. Bennett a most scrupulously honest, upright, and high principled man, and in the peculiar line of his work an unequaled agitator of the masses in his searches after truth. Extend to his wife the sweetest of condolence, and with high regards for yourself and hopes for THE TRUTH SEEKER, believe me,

Yours truly, G. A. LOMAS.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 13, 1882.

E. M. MACDONALD: With mute and heartfelt sorrow and grief do I write you. Not that I can say much, for I lack the words to express my feelings. Yes, it is truly a shock to me, and must be to all Mr. Bennett's friends and associates. I was fondling the delusion that I was to see him here this winter, but alas! such hope is dead now. Dead, like him we all loved for his clear, manly, and outspoken words and deeds, for his true patriotism and human rights. Dead! yes, still it is hard to realize of the hero, the martyr that lived and fought the forces of superstion and defied the imps of hell that persecuted him. Mr. Kingsley, the silver-haired, venerable, came to me yesterday and spoke a word, but his speech failed him, and he went his way too full for utterance. I hav no fears for the future of our departed friend, and thus we consign him back to the universe from which we all were born, not with pity, fear, and anguish, but with regrets that we feel when we hav irretrievably lost our dearest possessions. "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might hav stood against the world!"

I hope to know more from the next TRUTH SEEKER, and long may you and it liv to work out the problem friend Bennett left in your hands.

Respectfully yo urs, G. GUNNESON.

IRVINGTON, N. J., Dec. 17, 282.

FRIENDS MACDONALD, WAKEMAN, MRS. BENNENT, AND OTHERS: I was shocked when I received the notice of Mr. Bennett's death, on my way to meet an engagement at Bloomfield on Friday evening, Dec. 8th. My wife was quite sick at the time, and required every spare moment, or I should hav been at the funeral or answered your kind notice immediately. D. M. Bennett was a grand man, and I think that he was one of the greatest victors of modern times. A true friend of liberty has fallen. But who ever erected such monuments as he has for the past few years? They will outshine the pyramids of the past, and will stand and work while his body at least is at rest. I am glad to hav been personally acquainted with him, and hope to be able in some way to help continue the good work which he has helped on so mightily.

Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, founded by D. M. Bennett! My wife and daughter had been with me to see Mr. Bennett. We gave him a photograph of the trio, and he gave us three varieties of his, one in prison garb. We want Mrs. Bennett's now. We unite in sending sympathy to you all. At the League at 202 Market street I saw Messrs. Frankel and Cool, who were at the funeral of Mr. Bennett. They said that it was a most beautiful service. I hav read the whole in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so has Mrs. Marshall, and we like it very much.

Mrs. Knight of Boston lectured before the League this evening on "The Influence of Mind upon Mind, and also upon Matter." She spoke very nobly, and to a fine audience. We hope to go to New York soon, and will call and see you. Very truly yours, for liberty and justice, C. A. MARSHALL.

ELKLAND, PA., Dec. 17, 282.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Hav just re-read the finished, touching, and beautiful tribute of T. B. Wakeman to our fallen hero, D. M. Bennett. Allow me to thank him for voicing so tenderly and truthfully the sentiments of all our hearts. Verily, the sacrifices and duties done insured his immortality. While reading I vowed a new consecration to make the purposes of his life a victory, and to the call for contributions with which to erect a monument and a Bennett Hall, I pledge as a seal to that vow $1 for the monument, and $5 for the hall or temple, with the promis of duplicating the same on the first anniversary of this sad, sacred event.

When the Round-the-World trip was proposed friends responded, knowing if life served a quadruple compensation was to be gained. A grander prize is now awarded to make the purposes, the sacrifices, the labors of his life a victory; to rear a hall or temple to his name, a home for THE TRUTH SEEKER, thus proclaiming to the world the triumph of truth over superstition, science over theology, and right over error and wrong. Thus we can back up the oath proposed by friend Wakeman, that "THE TRUTH SEEKER shall liv!"

Let us be mindful that by working early and late, and living on the merest pittance, the founder was able to conduct it to so marked a success. Who now will perform this arduous toil, impelled only from love of the cause and fidelity to conviction? Echo answers, "Who?" In no way can we so devoutly demonstrate our appreciation, devotion, and love for our fallen leader as in the consecration of life's endeavors to maintain the cause for which he lived, labored, sacrificed, endured, and suffered. Ah, too true, "the prison-door broke his heart!" His, indeed, was a vicarious atonement. "His childlike, tender, beautiful heart" was not formed for so rude a blast. When I greeted him at the late Watkins Convention I saw it all upon that truthful, pallid face, and when I said, "You are not well," the ever genial smile, accompanied by an earnest look, with the response, "I try to be well," foretold the fate that is now upon us! He is gone! Vain are our tears, bitter our regrets! May this irrevocable bereavement make our hearts more tender, our lives more beautiful. May fraternal ties be strengthened, and our life labor be for the triumphant victory of right, truth, justice, freedom, and humanity. "Light, more light." GRACE L. PARKHURST.

EL PASO, TEXAS, Dec. 13, 1882.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD: As a reader and subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER I desire to express my great surprise and deep regret at the sudden and unexpected death of D. M. Bennett. How sad that he should be thus stricken down in the midst of an activ and remarkably useful life, when thousands were waiting and watching for his weekly words of wisdom, deep thought, and calm reason! His influence, though great and wide extended, was rapidly on the increase, and his writings were eagerly sought by those who had and were emerging from the ranks of old theology. The foremost writer of our day on anti-theological subjects; a calm, dispassionate logician, who weighed well his words and spoke not without due forethought, all that he said or wrote was of the despest interest to those who are called Freethinkers. In this age of thought and mental activity, when inquiring minds are seeking truth and knowledge, the loss of such a guide and instructor is deeply felt. Never was his sphere of action more useful than when came the unexpected summons to "pay the debt of nature." He was a power in the Liberal movement, the absence of which will be keenly felt, and though the work he was engaged in will by others be pushed forward with earnestness and vigor, his pen, which is laid aside forever, will be greatly missed, and heartfelt regrets at his untimely death will be experienced by thousands. Though comparativly few of his subscribers could claim a personal acquaintance or ever saw him, he was endeared to all by his genial and friendly nature, his devotion to duty and principle, and his bold and manly warfare on error and falsehood, on superstition and mental tyranny. The name of D. M. Bennett is an honored one, and though religious bigots may seek to defame it, as is customary with them after a person's death who was opposed to their senseless creeds, their attempts will prove abortiv, and generations yet unborn will speak in his praise. His pen, like that of Paine, has made for him a monument, and such endure when marble has crumbled to dust. Whether he sleeps a dreamless sleep or has risen to a higher and better life, is a query that will cause diversity of opinions among his admirers, but as to his life work there will be but one; it was well and nobly done. With feelings of profound sympathy for Mrs. Bennett and his near kin, I am sincerely yours, C. SEVERANCE.

WYOMING, PA., Dec. 17, E.M. 282.

MR. EDITOR: We are called upon to mourn the loss of a great and noble man. The Infidel world will deeply feel the loss of so indefatigable a worker in the cause of truth and liberty as D. M. Bennett. In him the tottering structure of Christianity found one of its ablest and most influential antagonists. From the facts of science and the phenomena of nature he adduced what he thought to be sufficient evidence for belief in a future life. Whether he is permitted to realize the immortality for which he hoped, or whether the closing of his eyes upon this world was but the beginning of an everlasting sleep, we trust that the monument of untiring search for truth which he has left us is destined to endure forever.

There is a fact connected with the death of this great man which should be a source of consolation to all Liberals—he sank in the arms of death as calmly and peacefully as did ever the most ardent Christian.

It has ever been the disposition of the church to enshroud the death-bed of all great Infidels with the accursed pall of obloquy and slander. While the sparkling genius and profound intellect livs to hurl its unanswerable arguments into the face of superstition, the Christian world cowers and trembles with anxious fear behind the massiv shield of silence; but when death has once hushed that thoughtful mind, the cowardly church slinks from her hiding-place, and with her vile and slanderous touch places the deceptiv marks of anguish and remorse upon the calm and tranquil brow of the defenseless dead. Let us be proud, then, of the heroic calmness with which this great Infidel of Infidels resigned to his inevitable fate; and let us herald it to the world in such unmistakable language that the slanderous tongue of the church shall never dare to defame the peaceful death-scene of D. M. Bennett.

It has not been long since I heard a preacher refer with triumphant satisfaction to the dying hours of Thomas Paine. He said that Paine passed his last moments in bitter anguish, recantation, and remorse. To hear the name of one whom I honor above all others thus heartlessly reviled, and to see a thoughless, credulous congregation accepting the slander as truth, sent the hot blood of indignation through my veins; and I said, in an audible tone, "It's a lie!" Oh! how I longed for such complete and undeniable evidence from those who had attended the great Freethinker in his dying moments as would hav forever paralyzed that preacher's calumnious tongue!

I earnestly urge, then, that those who witnessed the peaceful demise of D. M. Bennett make the truth of his calm resignation known to the world in such plain language that it will endure forever as a weapon with which future generations may defend the name of our most noble hero against the slanders of the church. Hopefully yours, H. CLAY LUSE.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., Dec. 10, 282.

MR. EDITOR: Three of the four volumes that contain the pearls gathered by yourself while around the world were duly received, and I can assure you that I feel doubly recompensed, and could not hav made a better investment with the money. But a library is not complete with the missing volume of any work "Away down East." When complete, please send the missing volume away out northwest. The remuneration for the same and for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the year 283 please find inclosed.

Not long since, Col. Ingersoll was in Minnesota, and among the cities that were favored with his eloquence were St. Paul and Minneapolis. His lectures were well attended at both places by a large, intelligent audience. As a natural result under all such occasions the "Fort" of the Young Men's Christian Association trembled on its tottering basis, but the young men of the Association are always on picket duty at such times with guns leveled to discharge their Christian tracts along the stairway and into the hall, and thereby, if possible, retard the march of Freethought, and denounce Infidelity by false representation. But the increase of the audience night after night proved their design unsuccessful.

Among the daily journals of the two cities, the St. Paul *Globe* was the only one that gave a fair account of the Colonel's lectures. But since his departure the others hav opened their theological batteries upon him in good earnest and fired off the guns. Perhaps their intention was to frighten the "Soldiers of Christ" from leaving the gospel ranks and joining the Infidel army. But the dreaded Infidel monitor was allowed to get far enough at sea before any volleys were discharged, as a retaliation might prove disastrous. Tho editor of the *Pioneer Press* was the first to toot his horn and discharge his gun. It proved contagious, and many others fell into rank and file and assisted in the tooting and cannonading, calling upon all around to come and join them.

But, Mr. Editor, the lessons of experience hav long ago taught Infidels not to expect justice or a fair representation from the alliance of Comstock, for it is not in the "calendar" of their master and leader to be either true, just, or fair, as has been repeatedly proven, especially by the late outrage perpetrated by that infamous villain against the editor of the *Word*. Oh, what a shocking affair, to drag any man or woman from business, home, and loved ones, hurry them off to prison, and cast them into a felon's cell, for simply doing that which they hav a perfect right to do against the whole world.

I see some hav denounced Mr. Heywood as having "violated good taste" in selecting certain passages from "Leaves of Grass" and sending the same through the mail. I wonder who are the infallibles who can draw the dividing line as to good taste. What I might consider in good taste might be very obnoxious to any neighbor, and *vice versa*. "To the pure in heart all things are pure," and there is nothing obscene but to the obscene heart, and nothing nasty but to the nasty heart.

Reading of the enforcement of the Sunday laws, or rather the long-ago "blue law," in various cities of this free land of ours, and of the arrests of those who hav committed no offense, I feel like exclaiming: "The age of the Inquisition is returning! Superstition and bigotry prevail! Look out for the burning of heretics at the stake, if Comstock is allowed to hold the reins of this government. Well might Herbert Spencer say the American people are losing their freedom.

And must the young, fair, and intelligent era o man be sacrificed on the altar of superstition, by barbarous era of Comstock? Every lover of liberty must prepare for the coming struggle, for it is surely coming, the battle between right and might, between reason and superstition, between liberty and slavery. Yours in the battle for freedom,

MRS. S. J. LENONT.

P. S.—Since the above was written this morning's mail brought the sad, sad intelligence of the death of our beloved editor. The shock was painful. We mourn his loss. We shall miss from the pages of the dear old TRUTH SEEKER the able, eloquent production of the heart and brain that hav forever ceased to beat and think. Mrs. Bennett has my sincere sympathy in her sad bereavement. Words cannot express my grief.

The Deluge.

BY J. W. WELTON.

And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven (Gen. vii, 23).

Hav you heard how once the rain fell,
Fell for many a day and night,
Till it covered all the valleys,
All the little hills from sight?
How it drove out all the people
From their homes upon the plain,
Drove them back unto the mountains,
While they wept and prayed in vain?

All the birds came to the mountains,
All the beasts, from far and near,
Lions, tigers, fierce hyenas,
Buffalo, and timid deer;
For the waters, they had covered
All the plains and fields below,
Covered all the green earth over,
Save the mountains capped with snow.

Here they watched for ray of sunshine,
All the people watched and prayed
That this world-destroying deluge
By the father might be stayed.
Still the never-ceasing torrent
Fell by night and fell by day,
And the angry flood kept rising
Upward, upward on its way.

Round them laughed the wild hyena,
Laughed in mockery at their prayer,
Cries and shrieks of deadly combat
Rent again the midnight air.
Fell the fierce, destroying eagle
On the dove's defenseless brood,
And the tender little children
Freezing, starving, cried for food.

Higher up the people clambered.
Higher still the waters rose,
Till they reached the barren region,
Reached the limit of the snows.
Here, despairing, they resisted,
Clung to life while yet they could;
And, around the throne in heaven,
Angels murmured, "God is good."

Every day they died by thousands,
Every night by thousands more,
Till the mountains all were covered,
And the work of death was o'er.
All the beauty of creation,
All of life and love were gone;
Naught but silent waste of waters
For the sun to look upon.

And it was the loving father,
Who his creatures thus did doom—
Doomed the innocent, the guilty,
To the silence of the tomb,
Thus he satisfied his vengeance—
Now and ever he's the same;
Round the throne the angels shouted,
"Hallelujah, praise his name!"

A Freethought Psalm.

From the London Freethinker Christmas Number.

Brothers, your hands,
The dark clouds drift away!
Lo, in the night grown gray
The angel of the morning stands.
Brothers, your hands.

I, the singer, heard a singing circled round the circling world,
Like a haze about it clinging ere in cloud caught up and furled,
Hymn lethargic, rising, falling, with a measured pulse and roll,
Land with land united calling to the silent Over-soul!

Shout, ye lands, and be it rolled louder on from sphere to sphere;
Lift your hands, O priests white stoled, to the being ye revere;
Gaze into the empyrean, bow ye humbly to your God;
Proud is he to hear your pean, though he formed you from a sod!

Then I cried, and still they chanted: "Oh, he heard! 'Twas but his way
To put off (or so they vaunted) answers to some other day!
Wait a little, damned skeptic, wait a little; you shall see,
By a taste of hell prolleptic, what the Great One thinks of thee!"

Verily, I cried in answer, that were easy to be borne,
Though it fooled the tropic Cancer or the fevered Capricorn;
Knowledge that he had the power so to bind or so to loose
Would be worth it, though that hour I would curse him for its use.

Listen, priests, ye sons of profits; listen! though you thus consign
To your base and vulgar Tophets those who know not the divine,
Lo, amidst your organ-pealing, your tempestuous song and psalm,
Comes a breath of music stealing, most divinely still and calm.

Laugh, fools! sneer, fools! curse, fools! never doth it 'bate its sweeter chime,
Deepening and swelling ever to an ecstasy sublime;
Though you deem your louder singing its far-reaching potence mars;
Still it speeds, its grand way winging further out amid the stars.

Pull your loudest Diapason, crash forth all the myriad stops,
Sweep your pedal-thundering base on! still your earthquake it out-tops;
See, as its clear notes wax stronger, wheresoe'er its flood hath streamed;
Dead men rise, death's slaves no longer—the real host of the redeemed.

Backward reel the old phantasms that your wizardries maintain,
To their dark and noisome chasms, never thence to rise again;
Man for God and Joy for weeping, Truth for error, Love for strife—
Flood on flood of splendor leaping all the barriers of life. —*M. W.*

In Memoriam.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker,

Sir: One important consideration which induced me to make my late tour into the southwestern part of the state of Michigan was to visit the late residence of Elisha Flint, at Edwardsburg, in Cass county. Mr. Flint left this mundane sphere of life something over a year ago, and while I was in Kalamazoo the last time I received an urgent call from Mrs. Flint to visit their home once more, and I went, with the view of obtaining points and data about this good man's life history. Mrs. Flint has felt, as I felt, that something more than a passing journal notice ought to be published of such a truly noble example of human life as was manifest in the advanced and reformatory career of this very exemplary man.

To the philosophical and reformatory mind, the Koran, the Shaster, the Jewish or the Christian records, are not half so sacred as the beautiful and hopeful memory of our dearest and best relativs, or friends, who hav long walked in the pathways of life with us, and with whom we hav lived and labored in every effort to benefit and elevate the race. We read the record of the lives of those who hav been our intimate companions, and our helpers in the arduous struggles of life, and the lessons we derive from the sacred memories of incidents and circumstances come up with the most refining and elevating effect upon our own inmost lives.

Mr. Flint lived to about seventy-five years. He was born and raised in one of the central counties of New York state, but removed to Edwardsburg, Mich., about the year 1854. Mr. Flint was an early and an earnest abolitionist. He voted for "Birney." They hav also been activ in temperance, land, and labor reforms. And in the time of the great war of the Rebellion they were in the prime of a rich and ripening age, and they took an activ interest in every measure to ameliorate the condition of the poor soldiers, who were falling by the tens of thousands upon the fields of battle, or worse, suffering all the horrors of prison-life in the hostil hands of enemies. Under all these trying circumstances, the Flints were alive and activ in their sympathies and their efforts in behalf of that which they believed to be humane, patriotic, and philanthropic.

We can only ascertain who are in favor of free speech by observation under the most severe and trying tests. The Flints hav proved themselvs equal to every emergency in those most vitally important principles of Americanism. Under the late American inquisitions, when Anthony Comstock raided like a marauder upon the office of The Truth Seeker, and laid John A. Lant, E. H. Heywood, D. M. Bennett, and many others under arrest, and when the test ripened, and the *R.-P. Journal* and some other papers virtually took sides with the inquisitors, the Flints dropped their subscription to the *R.-P. Journal* and rallied at once under the banner of The Truth Seeker. And again, when D. M. Bennett was in Ludlow-street Jail, and R. B. Hayes proved recreant to his own convictions, and turned a deaf ear and a cold and heartless hand to the two hundred thousand petitioners for Mr. Bennett's release, the Flint's inquired of me if Mr. Bennett's lithograph, in life-size, could be obtained, as they wished to take Mr. Hayes's picture down from their parlor-walls, and place Mr. Bennett's in its place. And long before Mr. Flint passed beyond the shining river Mr. Bennett's picture was occupying the place so justly vacated for this substitute. And to-day the full-sized lithograph of D. M. Bennett hangs conspicuous on the walls of the Flint residence, as it does in many residences on this continent, in testimony of a fidelity to the cause of universal mental freedom.

In the former years of Mr. Flint's early life, when military drill was fashionable, he filled the position of captain. And hence, in his ripened age, he was known by the familiar title of "Cap. Flint." While there naturally would be some prejudice among the older and more conservativ or superstitious classes against the Flints on account of their advanced position in all enterprises of reform, Mr. Flint was always an especial friend and favorit with the youths and children, among whom he always manifested the utmost kindness and fraternal interest. And notwithstanding the advanced and radical position taken by the Flints in all matters of reform their whole life histor had been so signally marked with an even-handed consistency that they were accorded one of the largest meeting-houses of the place for the funeral services, and Mrs. Pearsall, of Disco, Mich., was engaged to speak upon the occasion. The house was overcrowded with an audience, many of whom had probably never heard so able an exposition of Liberalism upon a public rostrum before. I had been complimented with an invitation of fully ten years' standing to be present at Mr. Flint's funeral (if I outlived him), and to take some part in the funeral services, but by some oversight or mishap in the mails I failed to receive word in time, and I can now only pay my respects to those old-time and highly valued friends through these imperfect and inadequate testimonials. And although I hav written at considerable length, I trust you will giv place to this memorial tribute as early as possible in the columns of the Flints' favorit journal, The Truth Seeker.

Fraternally yours, C. S. Rowley.

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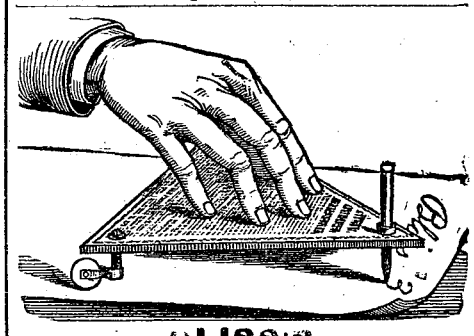
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PAUSE, O friend, ere thou doest wrong. Remember that it is not only the deed itself that will be thy condemnation, but the long train of events that may grow out of it. We are all living examples to others. We must lead those we influence either toward the good or the evil. We hav it in our power to go right or go wrong before we start, but we can never retrace a step after it is once taken.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

FOR my part, I long ago espoused the cause of religious liberty, not because that cause was popular, but because it was just; and I am not disposed to abandon the principles to which I hav been true through my whole life in deference to a passing clamor. The day may come, and may come soon, when those who are now loudest in raising that clamor, may again be, as they hav formerly been, suppliants for justice. When that day comes I will try to prevent others from oppressing them, as I now try to prevent them from oppressing others. In the mean time I shall contend against their intolerance with the same spirit with which I mav hereafter hav to contend for their rights.—*Macaulay's "Speech on Dissenters," Chapel Bill.* 1844. [One of the noblest speeches of the many noble ones that Macaulay has left behind him. It is steeped in the philosophy of Locke and penetrated with the fire of Milton's "*Arecopagitica.*" The occasion of the speech was temporary, and in itself of limited importance; but the principles involved in the discussion are for all times and seasons.—*C. W. C.*]

To go on joined to our idols when we are sufficiently awakened to suspect at least that they *are* idols is an immoral condition that is wide-spread and replete with baneful consequences.—*Waters.*

IN the long run, no doubt, it is almost always true that a man is what he makes himself. But, nevertheless, there is almost sure to be some period or other in his life during which he will be criticised and treated more according to the idea which his friends hav formed, as to his qualities and capabilities, than according to his real merits. And remembering not only this, but also how extremely liable our judgments are to err, let us beware of ascribing either good or bad rashly to any one: and as far or may be possible, let us abstain from judging one another needlessly at all.—*Spectator, Aug.* 20, 1881.

IT is often asserted to believe is the only safe way. If you wish to be safe, be honest. Nothing can be safer than that. No matter what his belief may be, no man, even in the hour of death, can regret having been honest. It never can be necessary to throw away your reason to save your soul. A soul without reason is scarcely worth saving. There is no more degrading doctrin than that of mental non-resistance. The soul has a right to defend its castle—the brain—and he who waves that right becomes a serf and slave.—*Ingersoll.*

No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselvs to think.—*Mill's Liberty.*

TRUTH is compared in scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a searcher in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determins, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

To solicit and persuade one another are privileges which belong to us all; and the wiser or better man is bound to advise the less wise and good; but he is not only not bound, he is not allowed generally speaking, to coerce him.—*Gladstone on Church and State.*

FOR ourselvs, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man but an unnatural father, or a good man but a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to hav been selfishly cruel and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at church.—*Macaulay's Essays.*

THE kind of religion that this country would be the better for having in its governmental affairs is not that which takes the form of theological profession or of official prayers and Bible-readings, but that which has already crystallized into integrity and purity and nobility of character. We want men in the legislativ halls and in the executiv offices who will be servants of their country rather than of self; who will be impervious to any bribes addressed either to their avarice or their ambition; who care more for truth and justice than for any partisan advantage; who, besides being intellectually competent, are of clean reputation in both public and private life.—*W. J. Potter.*

THE leaves of autumn are in number millions; the girl goes into the field, and picks the fairest for her album; the rest drop upon the soil. Those that the girl preserved do nothing. Those that no one observed, fate takes care of; bare, lifeless, discolored, the torn and ragged things drop lightly upon the soil; the cold, shrill winds of autumn spread them about; the dripping, pattering rain soaks them into the ground; they will create in spring a more glorious vegetation. Which leaf is it that made the soil? Every leaf. Whose life has made the world? Every life.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

THE wind and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to assist them.—*George Eliot.*

Odds and Ends.

THE traveler in England always notices a singular anomaly—the weather is always wet and the people are always dry.

"EVERY man according to his *lights*," as the butcher said when he rung in a bogus liver on a poor-paying customer.

"SAM," said an old colored man down at the post-office to another old codger, "what's the meaning of versa versa?" "It means tother from which," answered Sam, with great dignity. "I dunno," said the first one, "I think it means upside down." "No," retorted his friend, "I'se done yuah it means hind side defoah." A third old fellow came by just then, and they appealed the question to him. "I cannot desplain pezactly," he said, "so as to meet wid your compredehension, but wiser-versa am a 'propriation from de Latin and means wuss and wuss and mo' of it. I members stumblin ober it at college. It am a hard word to pronounce." He ambled along with his buck-saw, and the two who had referred to him looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that "one small head could carry all he knew."

SHE SAT ON IT.

Miss Clara Fitzsimmons had traveled abroad,
And when she returned, she resolved to afford
All her friends the great pleasure of hearing her tell
How she flourished in London, and Paris as well.

When she gave her reception the house was well-filled
With sunflower mashers, whose glances oft killed
In a manner æsthetic the maidens so fair,
With their languishing looks and too utterly air.

While at supper, a dandy, whose head was quite light,
Drank a toast to the hostess, 'mid cheers of delight,
And leaning towards her, he said, with a smile,
"Of course, as you've traveled, you've trod the Green Isle?"

"Oh yes," replied Clara, "I was there for a day."
"Well then," said the fop, "I'm delighted to say
That when you were there, you kissed, I will swear,
The Blarney Stone famous they hav over there.

"And as your lips kissed it, suppose I kissed you;
That stone I'll be kissing by proxy, 'tis true."
And advancing, he coaxed her for one little smack,
But she, quite embarrassed, kept waving him back.

"Excuse me, Adolphus, pray loosen your hold;
You're not only fresh, sir, but terribly bold.
That stone, I assure you, I only kissed once,
For I sat squarely on it; so there now, you dunce!"

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

Young King Solomon,
Like all mankind, with life before 'em,
Was a right bold and jolly man,
And thought of wives he'd take a quorum;
With now and then a sort of spouse
Who didn't stand on marriage vows,
To sugar-coat them o'er.
It was a conjugal idea
That might hav sulted such as we are,
With Jerusalem and all Judea
To foot the score,
Young King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
If ever any ache or ill he had,
He soothed it with these balms of Gilead—
Young King Sol!
He drank, and danced, and played the 'cello,
Wrote songs, and sang, like a gay fellow,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Young King Sol!

Brave King Solomon
Kept marrying till people wondered
To see a wise and holy man
Run up a score of seven hundred;
But, though he took the sugar-coats
Right merrily as antidotes,
He got an overdose.
Just think of his domestic bothers!
Seven hundred wives—three hundred others
Almost as bad—and all their mothers—
At once broke loose!
Brave King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
He saw his load, and tried to back it;
But when he had to face the racket—
Brave King Sol!
He danced no more, nor played the 'celio,
But, like a Bashan bull would bellow,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Brave King Sol!

Poor King Solomon,
In youth so gay and level-headed,
Became a melancholy man,
Being too much concubined and wedded:
Oh, pity him his thousand wives,
Ye generous married men, whose lives
Are miserable with one!
For surely he had come to hate 'em,
When he declared them, *seriatim*,
As *vanitas vanitatum*
Beneath the sun,
Poor King Sol—
Fol de rol lol;
He sank at last upon the stony
And cheerless road of matrimony—
Poor King Sol!
With somewhat of his fate before us,
Let's solomonly repeat the chorus:
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lol—
Poor old Sol!

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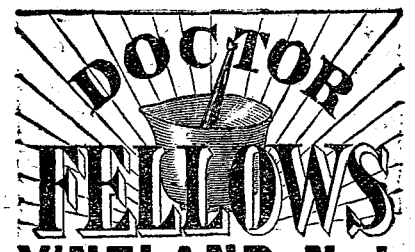


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